

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Amphitryo, Asinaria, Aulularia, Bacchides, Captivi, by Titus Maccius Plautus

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AMPHITRYO, ASINARIA, AULULARIA,
BACCHIDES, CAPTIVI ***

A few typographical errors have been corrected. They have been marked in the text with popups.
Greek words that may not display correctly in all browsers are similarly transliterated: ὤς.

Footnotes are collected at the end of each play. Where a footnote refers to an omitted passage,
the verses before and after the omission have been numbered in parentheses:

(182)

(184)

All other line numbers are from the original text.

PLAUTUS

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

PAUL NIXON

DEAN OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE, MAINE

IN FIVE VOLUMES

I

AMPHITRYON
THE COMEDY OF ASSES
THE POT OF GOLD
THE TWO BACCHISES
THE CAPTIVES

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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THE GREEK ORIGINALS OF THE PLAYS IN THIS VOLUME

In this and each succeeding volume a summary will be given of the consensus of opinion¹ regarding the Greek originals of the plays in the volume and regarding the time of presentation in Rome of Plautus's adaptations. It may be that some general readers will be glad to have even so condensed an account of these matters as will be offered them.

The original of the *Amphitruo* is not now thought to have been a work of the Middle Comedy but of the New Comedy, very possibly Philemon's *Νὺξ μακρά*. A clue to the Greek play's date is found in the description of Amphitryon's battle with the Teloboians,² a battle fought after the manner of those of the Diadochi who came into prominence at the death of Alexander the Great. The date of the Plautine adaptation of this play, as in the case of the *Asinaria*, *Aulularia*, *Bacchides*,³ and *Captivi*, is quite uncertain, beyond the fact that it no doubt belongs, like almost all of his extant work, to the last two decades of his life, 204-184 B.C. The *Amphitruo* is one of the five⁴ plays in the first two volumes whose scene is not laid in Athens.

The *Ὀναγός* of a certain Demophilus,⁵ otherwise unknown to us, was the original of the *Asinaria*. The assertion of Libanus that he is his master's *Salus*⁶ is thought to be a fling at the honours decreed certain of the Diadochi, who were called, while still alive, *Σωτῆρες*. This possibility, together with the fact that the Pellaeian⁷ merchant and the Rhodian⁸ Periphanes travel to Athens—northern Greece and the Aegean therefore being pacified and Athens at peace with Macedon—would indicate that the *Ὀναγός* was written while Demetrius Poliorcetes controlled Macedon, 294-288 B.C.

Very slender evidence connects the *Aulularia* with some unknown play of Menander's in which a miser is represented *δεδιώς μή τι τῶν ἔιδον ὁ κάπνος οἴχοιτο φερων*. Euclio's distress⁹ at seeing any smoke escape from his house seems at least to suggest that Plautus may have borrowed the *Aulularia* from Menander. The allusion to *praefectum mulierum*,¹⁰ rather than *censorem*, would seem to show that in the original *γυναικοι ομον* had been written; this would prove the Greek play to have been presented while Demetrius of Phalerum was in power at Athens (317-307 B.C.), where he introduced this detested office, which was done away with by 307 B.C.

Ritschl¹¹ has shown clearly enough that the original of the *Bacchides* was Menander's *Δις ἔξαπατῶν*. The fact that Athens, Samos, and Ephesus are at peace, that the Aegean is not swept by hostile fleets, that one can travel freely between Athens and Phoeis, together with the allusion to Demetrius,¹² lead one to believe that the *Δις ἔξαπατῶν* was written either between the years 316-307 or 298-296 B.C.

The original of the *Captivi* is quite unknown, while the war between the Aetolians and Eleans gives the only clue to the date of this original. Hueffner¹³ considers it probable that the war was that between Aristodemus and Alexander, and the Greek play was produced shortly after 314 B.C. Others¹⁴ assume that the scene of the play would not be Aetolia unless Aetolia had become an important state, and that the war was therefore one of the third century B.C.

¹: See especially Hueffner, *De Plauti Comoediarum Exemplis Atticis*, Göttingen, 1894; Legrand, *Daos*, Paris, 1910, English translation by James Loeb under title *The New Greek Comedy*, William Heinemann, 1916; Leo, *Plautinische Forschungen*, Berlin, 1912.

²: *Amph.* 203 *seq.*

³: Produced later than the *Epidicus*. Cf. *Bacch.* 214.

⁴: *Amphitruo*, Thebes, *Captivi*, Aetolia, *Cistellaria*, Sicyon, *Curculio*, Epidaurus (the Caria first referred to in v. 67 was a Greek town, not the state in Asia Minor), *Menaechmi*, Epidamnus.

⁵: *Asin.* Prol. 10-11.

[6](#): *Asin.* 713.

[7](#): *Asin.* 334.

[8](#): *Asin.* 499.

[9](#): *Aulul.* 299, 301.

[10](#): *Aulul.* 504.

[11](#): Ritschl, *Parerga*, pp. 405 *seq.* Cf. Menander, *Fragments*, 125, 126.

[12](#): *Bacch.* 912.

[13](#): Hueffner, *op. cit.* pp. 41-42.

[14](#): Cf. Legrand, *op. cit.* p. 18.

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INTRODUCTION

Little is known of the life of Titus Maccius Plautus. He was born about 255 B.C. at Sarsina, in Umbria; it is said that he went to Rome at an early age, worked at a theatre, saved some money, lost it in a mercantile venture, returned to Rome penniless, got employment in a mill and wrote, during his leisure hours, three plays. These three plays were followed by many more than the twenty extant, most of them written, it would seem, in the latter half of his life, and all of them adapted from the comedies of various Greek dramatists, chiefly of the New Comedy.¹⁵ Adaptations rather than translations they certainly were. Apart from the many allusions in his comedies to customs and conditions distinctly Roman, there is evidence enough in Plautus's language and style that he was not a close translator. Modern translators who have struggled vainly to reproduce faithfully in their own tongues, even in prose, the countless puns and quips, the incessant alliteration and assonance in the Latin lines, would be the last to admit that Plautus, writing so much, writing in verse, and writing with such careless, jovial, exuberant ease, was nothing but a translator in the narrow sense of the term.

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Very few of his extant comedies can be dated, so far as the year of their production in Rome is concerned, with any great degree of certainty. *The Miles Gloriosus* appeared about 206, the *Cistellaria* about 202, *Stichus* in 200, *Pseudolus* in 191 B.C.; the *Truculentus*, like *Pseudolus*, was composed when Plautus was an old man, not many years before his death in 184 B.C.

Welcome as a full autobiography of Plautus would be, in place of such scant and tasteless biographical morsels as we do have, only less welcome, perhaps, would be his own stage directions for his plays, supposing him to have written stage directions and to have written them with something more than even modern fullness. We should learn how he met the stage conventions and limitations of his day; how successfully he could, by make-up and mannerism, bring on the boards palpably different persons in the Scapins and Bobadils and Doll Tear-sheets that on the printed page often seem so confusingly similar, and most important, we should learn precisely what sort of dramatist he was and wished to be.

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If Plautus himself greatly cared or expected his restless, uncultivated, fun-seeking audience to care, about the construction of his plays, one must criticize him and rank him on a very different basis than if his main, and often his sole, object was to amuse the groundlings. If he often took himself and his art with hardly more seriousness than does the writer of the vaudeville skit or musical comedy of to-day, if he often wished primarily to gain the immediate laugh, then much of Langen's long list of the playwright's dramatic delinquencies is somewhat beside its intended point.

And in large measure this—to hold his audience by any means—does seem to have been his ambition: if the joke mars the part, down with the part; if the ludicrous scene interrupts the development of the plot, down with the plot. We have plenty of verbal evidence that the dramatist frequently chose to let his characters become caricatures; we have some verbal evidence that their "stage business" was sometimes made laughably extravagant; in many cases it is sufficiently obvious that he expected his actors to indulge in grotesqueries, well or ill timed, no matter, provided they brought guffaws. It is probable, therefore, that in many other cases, where the tone and "stage business" are not as obvious, where an actor's high seriousness might elicit catcalls, and burlesque certainly would elicit chuckles, Plautus wished his players to avoid the catcalls.

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This is by no means the universal rule. In the writer of the *Captivi*, for instance, we are dealing with a dramatist whose aims are different and higher. Though Lessing's encomium of the play is one to which not all of us can assent, and though even the *Captivi* shows some technical flaws, it is a work which must be rated according to the standards we apply to a *Minna von Barnhelm* rather than according to those applied to a *Pinafore*: here, certainly, we have comedy, not farce.

But whatever standards be applied to his plays their outstanding characters, their amusing situations, their vigour and comicality of dialogue remain. Euclio and Pyrgopolynices, the straits of the brothers Menaechmus and the postponement of Argyrippus's desires, the verbal encounter of Tranio and Grumio, of Trachalio and the fishermen—characters, situations, and dialogues such as these should survive because of their own excellence, not because of modern imitations and

parallels such as Harpagon and Parolles, the misadventures of the brothers Antipholus and Juliet's difficulties with her nurse, the remarks of Petruchio to the tailor, of Touchstone to William.

Though his best drawn characters can and should stand by themselves, it is interesting to note how many favourite personages in the modern drama and in modern fiction Plautus at least prefigures. Long though the list is, it does not contain a large proportion of thoroughly respectable names: Plautus rarely introduces us to people, male or female, whom we should care to have long in the same house with us. A real lady seldom appears in these comedies, and—to approach a paradox—when she does she usually comes perilously close to being no lady; the same is usually true of the real gentleman. The generalization in the Epilogue of *The Captives* may well be made particular: "Plautus finds few plays such as this which make good men better." Yet there is little in his plays which makes men—to say nothing of good men—worse. A bluff Shakespearean coarseness of thought and expression there often is, together with a number of atrocious characters and scenes and situations. But compared with the worst of a Congreve or a Wycherley, compared with the worst of our own contemporary plays and musical comedies, the worst of Plautus, now because of its being too revolting, now because of its being too laughable, is innocuous. His moral land is one of black and white, mostly black, without many of those really dangerous half-lights and shadows in which too many of our present day playwrights virtuously invite us to skulk and peer and speculate.

Comparatively harmless though they are, the translator has felt obliged to dilute certain phrases and lines.

The text accompanying his version is that of Leo, published by Weidmann, 1895-96. In the few cases where he has departed from this text brief critical notes are given; a few changes in punctuation have been accepted without comment. In view of the wish of the Editors of the Library that the text pages be printed without unnecessary defacements, it has seemed best to omit the lines that Leo brackets as un-Plautine¹⁶: attention is called to the omission in each case and the omitted lines are given in the note; the numbering, of course, is kept unchanged. Leo's daggers and asterisks indicating corruption and lacunae are omitted, again with brief notes in each case.

The translator gladly acknowledges his indebtedness to several of the English editors of the plays, notably to Lindsay, and to two or three English translators, for a number of phrases much more happily turned by them than by himself: the difficulty of rendering verse into prose—if one is to remain as close as may be to the spirit and letter of the verse, and at the same time not disregard entirely the contributions made by the metre to gaiety and gravity of tone—is sufficient to make him wish to mitigate his failure by whatever means. He is also much indebted to Professors Charles Knapp, K. C. M. Sills, and F. E. Woodruff for many valuable suggestions.

*Brunswick, Me.,
September, 1913.*

¹⁵: The *Asinaria* was adapted from the *Ὀναγὸς* of Demophilus; the *Casina* from the *Κληρούμενοι*, the *Rudens* from an unknown play, perhaps the *Πήρα*, of Diphilus; the *Stichus*, in part, from the *Ἀδελφοί α'* of Menander. Menander's *Δις ἑξαπατῶν* was probably the source of the *Bacchides*, while the *Aulularia* and *Cistellaria* probably were adapted from other plays (titles unknown) by Menander. The *Mercator* and *Trinummus* are adaptations of Philemon's *Ἐμπορὸς* and *Θησαυρὸς*, the *Mostellaria* very possibly is an adaptation of his *Φάσμα*, the *Amphitruo*, perhaps, an adaptation of his *Νὺξ μακρὰ*.

¹⁶: It seemed best to make no exceptions to this rule; even such a line as *Bacchides* 107 is therefore omitted. Cf. Lindsay, *Classical Quarterly*, 1913, pp. 1, 2, Havet, *Classical Quarterly*, 1913, pp. 120, 121.

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Ambrosianus (E), 12th century.

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P = the supposed archetype of BCDVEJ.

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AMPHITRVO

AMPHITRYON

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ARGUMENTVM I¹

In faciem versus Amphitruonis Iuppiter,
dum bellum gereret cum Telobois hostibus,
Alcmenam uxorem cepit usurariam.
Mercurius formam Sosiae servi gerit
absentis: his Alcmena decipitur dolis.
postquam redire veri Amphitruo et Sosia,
uterque deluduntur in mirum modum.
hinc iurgium, tumultus uxori et viro,
donec cum tonitru voce missa ex aethere
10 adulterum se Iuppiter confessus est.

ARGUMENTVM II

A more captus Alcmenas Iuppiter
M utavit sese in formam eius coniugis,
P ro patria Amphitruo dum decernit cum
hostibus.
H abitu Mercurius ei subservit Sosiae.
I s advenientis servum ac dominum frustra habet.
T urbas uxori ciet Amphitruo, atque invicem
R aptant pro moechis. Blepharo captus arbiter
V ter sit non quit Amphitruo decernere.
O mnem rem noscunt. geminos Alcmena
enititur.²

PERSONAE

MERCVRIVS DEUS
SOSIA SERVUS
IVPPITER DEUS
ALCMENA MATRONA
AMPHITRVO DUX
BLEPHARO GUBERNATOR
BROMIA ANCILLA

Scaena Thebis.

PROLOGVS³

MERCVRIVS DEVS

Ut vos in vostris voltis mercimoniis
emundis vendundisque me laetum lucris
adficere atque adiuvere in rebus omnibus
et ut res rationesque vostrorum omnium
bene me expedire voltis peregrique et domi
bonoque atque amplo auctare perpetuo lucro
quasque incepistis res quasque inceptabitis,
et uti bonis vos vestrosque omnis nuntiis
me adficere voltis, ea adferam, ea uti nuntiem
10 quae maxime in rem vostram communem sient—
nam vos quidem id iam scitis concessum et
datum
mi esse ab dis aliis, nuntiis praesim et lucro—:
(13) haec ut me voltis adprobare adnitier,⁴
(15) ita huic facietis fabulae silentium
itaque aequi et iusti his eritis omnes arbitri.

Nunc cuius iussu venio et quam ob rem venerim
dicam simulque ipse eloquar nomen meum.
Iovis iussu venio, nomen Mercurio est mihi.
20 pater huc me misit ad vos oratum meus,
tam etsi, pro imperio vobis quod dictum foret,
scibat facturos, quippe qui intellexerat
vereri vos se et metuere, ita ut aequom est

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (I)

While Amphitryon was engaged in a war with his
foes, the Teloboians, Jupiter assumed his
appearance and took the loan of his wife,
Alcmena. Mercury takes the form of an absent
slave, Sosia, and Alcmena is deceived by the two
impostors. After the real Amphitryon and Sosia
return they both are deluded in extraordinary
fashion. This leads to an altercation and quarrel
between wife and husband, until there comes
from the heavens, with a peal of thunder, the
voice of Jupiter, who owns that he has been the
guilty lover.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (II)

Jupiter, being seized with love for Alcmena,
changed his form to that of her husband,
Amphitryon, while he was doing battle with his
enemies in defence of his country. Mercury, in
the guise of Sosia, seconds his father and dupes
both servant and master on their return.
Amphitryon storms at his wife: charges of
adultery, too, are bandied back and forth
between him and Jupiter. Blepharo is appointed
arbiter, but is unable to decide which is the real
Amphitryon. They learn the whole truth at last,
and Alcmena gives birth to twin sons.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MERCURY, *a god.*
SOSIA, *slave of Amphitryon.*
JUPITER, *a god.*
ALCMENA, *wife of Amphitryon.*
AMPHITRYON, *commander-in-chief of the*
Theban army.
BLEPHARO, *a pilot.*
BROMIA, *maid to Alcmena.*

Scene:—Thebes. A street before Amphitryon's house.

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY THE GOD MERCURY

According as ye here assembled would have me
prosper you and bring you luck in your buyings
and in your sellings of goods, yea, and forward
you in all things; and according as ye all would
have me find your business affairs and
speculations happy outcome in foreign lands and
here at home, and crown your present and future
undertakings with fine, fat profits for evermore;
and according as ye would have me bring you
and all yours glad news, reporting and
announcing matters which most contribute to
your common good (for ye doubtless are aware
ere now that 'tis to me the other gods have
yielded and granted plenipotence o'er messages
and profits); according as ye would have me
bless you in these things, then in such degree
will ye (*suddenly dropping his pomposity*) keep
still while we are acting this play and all be fair
and square judges of the performance.

Now I will tell you who bade me come, and why I
came, and likewise myself state my own name.
Jupiter bade me come: my name is Mercury
(*pauses, evidently hoping he has made an*
impression). My father has sent me here to you
to make a plea, yea, albeit he knew that whatever
was told you in way of command you would do,

Iovem;

verum profecto hoc petere me precario
a vobis iussit, leniter, dictis bonis.
etenim ille, cuius huc iussu venio, Iuppiter
non minus quam vostrum quivis formidat malum:
humana matre natus, humano patre,
mirari non est aequom, sibi si praetimet;

30 atque ego quoque etiam, qui Iovis sum filius,
contagione mei patris metuo malum.
propterea pace advenio et pacem ad vos affero⁵:
iustam rem et facilem esse oratam a vobis volo,
nam iusta ab iustis iustus sum orator datus.

nam iniusta ab iustis impetrari non decet,
iusta autem ab iniustis petere insipientia est;
quippe illi iniqui ius ignorant neque tenent.
nunc iam huc animum omnes quae loquar
advortite.

40 debetis velle quae velimus: meruimus
et ego et pater de vobis et re publica;

nam quid ego memorem,—ut alios in tragoediis
vidi, Neptunum Virtutem Victoriam
Martem Bellonam, commemorare quae bona
vobis fecissent,—quis bene factis meus pater,
deorum regnator⁶ architectust⁷ omnibus?

sed mos numquam illi fuit patri meo,⁸
ut exprobraret quod bonis faceret boni;
gratum arbitratur esse id a vobis sibi
meritoque vobis bona se facere quae facit.

50 Nunc quam rem oratum huc veni primum
proloquar,
post argumentum huius eloquar tragoediae.
quid? contraxistis frontem, quia tragoediam
dixi futuram hanc? deus sum, commutavero.

eandem hanc, si voltis, faciam ex tragoedia
comoedia ut sit omnibus isdem vorsibus.
utrum sit an non voltis? sed ego stultior,
quasi nesciam vos velle, qui divos siem.
teneo quid animi vestri super hac re siet:
faciam ut commixta sit: sit tragicomoedia.

60 nam me perpetuo facere ut sit comoedia,
reges quo veniant et di, non par arbitror.
quid igitur? quoniam his servos quoque partes
habet,
faciam sit, proinde ut dixi, tragicomoedia.

nunc hoc me orare a vobis iussit Iuppiter,
ut conquaestores singula in subsellia
eant per totam caveam spectatoribus,
si cui favitores delegates viderint,
ut is in cavea pignus capiantur togae;

70 sive qui ambissint palmam histrionibus,
sive cuiquam artifici, si per scriptas litteras
sive qui ipse ambissit seu per internuntium,
sive adeo aediles perfidiose cui duint,
sirempse legem iussit esse Iuppiter,
quasi magistratum sibi alterive ambiverit.

virtute dixit vos victores vivere,
non ambitione neque perfidia: qui minus
eadem histrioni sit lex quae summo viro?
virtute ambire oportet, non favoribus.

inasmuch as he realized that you revere and
dread him as men should Jupiter.

But the fact remains that he has bidden me make
this request in suppliant wise, with gentle, kindly
words. (*confidentially*) For you see, that Jupiter
that "bade me come here" is just like any one of
you in his horror of (*rubbing his shoulders*
reflectively) trouble^A: his mother being human,
also his father, it should not seem strange if he
does feel apprehensive regarding himself.

Yes, and the same is true of me, the son of
Jupiter: once my father has some trouble I am
afraid I shall catch it, too. (*rather pompously*
again) Wherefore I come in peace and peace do I
bring to you. It is a just and trifling request I
wish you to grant: for I am sent as a just pleader
pleading with the just for what is just.

It would be unfitting, of course, for unjust
favours to be obtained from the just, while
looking for just treatment from the unjust is folly;
for unfair folk of that sort neither know nor keep
justice. Now then, pay attention all of you to
what I am about to say. Our wishes should be
yours: we deserve it of you, my father and I, of
you and of your state.

Ah well, why should I—after the fashion of other
gods, Neptune, Virtue, Victory, Mars, Bellona,
whom I have seen in the tragedies recounting
their goodness to you—rehearse the benefits that
my father, ruler of the gods, hath builded up for
all men?

It never was a habit of that sire of mine to twit
good people with the good he did them; he
considers you grateful to him for it and worthy of
the good things he does for you.

Now first as to the favour I have come to ask,
and then you shall hear the argument of our
tragedy. What? Frowning because I said this was
to be a tragedy? I am a god: I'll transform it.

I'll convert this same play from tragedy to
comedy, if you like, and never change a line. Do
you wish me to do it, or not? But there! how
stupid of me! As if I didn't know that you do wish
it, when I'm a deity. I understand your feelings in
the matter perfectly. I shall mix things up: let it
be tragi-comedy.

Of course it would never do for me to make it
comedy out and out, with kings and gods on the
boards. How about it, then? Well, in view of the
fact that there is a slave part in it, I shall do just
as I said and make it tragi-comedy.

Now here is the favour Jove bade me ask of you:
(*with great solemnity*) let inspectors go from seat
to seat throughout the house, and should they
discover claqueurs planted for the benefit of any
party, let them take as security from all such in
the house—their togas.

Or if there be those who have solicited the palm
for actors, or for any artist—whether by letter, or
by personal solicitation, or through an
intermediary—or further, if the aediles do bestow
the said palm upon anyone unfairly, Jove doth
decree that the selfsame law obtain as should the
said party solicit guiltily, for himself or for
another, public office.

'Tis worth has won your wars for you, saith he,
not solicitation or unfairness: why should not the
same law hold for player as for noblest patriot?
Worth, not hired support, should solicit victory.
He who plays his part aright ever has support

80	<p>sat habet favorum semper qui recte facit, si illis fides est quibus est ea res in manu.</p> <p>hoc quoque etiam mihi pater in mandatis dedit, ut conqaestores fierent histrionibus: qui sibi mandasset delegati ut plauderent quive quo placeret alter fecisset minus, eius ornamenta et corium uti conciderent.</p> <p>mirari nolim vos, quapropter Iuppiter nunc histriones curet; ne miremini: ipse hanc acturust Iuppiter comoediam. quid? admirati estis? quasi vero novom nunc proferatur, Iovem facere histrioniam;</p> <p>etiam, histriones anno cum in proscaemo hic Iovem invocarunt, venit, auxilio is fuit⁹ hanc fabulam, inquam, hic Iuppiter hodie ipse aget, et ego una cum illo. nunc vos animum advortite, dum huius argumentum eloquar comoediae.</p> <p>Haec urbs est Thebae. in illisce habitat aedibus Amphitruo, natus Argis ex Argo patre, quicum Alcumena est nupta, Electri filia. is nunc Amphitruo praefectust legionibus, nam cum Telobois bellum est Thebano poplo.</p> <p>is prius quam hinc abut ipsemet in exercitum, gravidam Alcumenam uxorem fecit suam. nam ego vos novisse credo iam ut sit pater meus, quam liber harum rerum multarum siet quantusque amator sit quod complacitum est semel.</p> <p>is amare ocepit Alcumenam clam virum usuramque eius corporis cepit sibi, et gravidam fecit is eam compressu suo. nunc de Alcumena ut rem teneatis rectius, utrimque est gravida, et ex viro et ex summo Iove.</p> <p>et meus pater nunc intus hic cum illa cubat, et haec ob eam rem nox est facta longior, dum cum illa quacum volt voluptatem capit; sed ita adsimulavit se, quasi Amphitruo siet.</p> <p>Nunc ne hunc ornatum vos meum admiremini, quod ego huc processi sic cum servili schema: veterem atque antiquam rem novam ad vos proferam, propterea ornatus in novom innessi modum.</p> <p>nam meus pater intus nunc est eccum Iuppiter; in Amphitruonis vertit sese imaginem omnesque eum esse censent servi qui vident: ita versipellem se facit quando lubet.</p> <p>ego servi sumpsit Sosiae mi imaginem, qui cum Amphitruone abiit hinc in exercitum, ut praeservire amanti meo possem patri atque ut ne, qui essem, familiares quaerent, versari crebro hic cum viderent me domi; nunc, cum esse credent servom et conservom suom,</p> <p>haud quisquam quaeret qui siem aut quid venerim.</p> <p>Pater nunc intus suo animo morem gerit: cubat complexus cuius cupiens maxime est; quae illi ad legionem facta sunt memorat pater meus Alcumena: illa illum censet virum suom esse, quae cum moechno est. ibi nunc meus pater memorat, legiones hostium ut fugaverit,</p>	<p>enough, if it so be that honour dwells in those whose concern it is to judge his acts.</p> <p>This injunction, too, did Jove lay upon me: that inspectors should be appointed for the actors, to the end that whosoever has enjoined claqueurs to clap himself, or whosoever has endeavoured to compass the failure of another, may have his player's costume cut to shreds, also his hide.</p> <p>I would not have you wonder why Jove is now regardful of actors; do not so: he himself, Jove, will take part in this comedy. What? Surprised? As if it were actually a new departure, this, Jove's turning actor!</p> <p>Why, just last year when the actors on this very stage called upon Jupiter, he came, B and helped them out. This play, then, Jove himself will act in to-day, and I along with him. Now give me your attention while I unfold the argument of our comedy.</p> <p>This city here is Thebes. In that house there (<i>pointing</i>) dwells Amphitryon, born in Argos, of an Argive father: and his wife is Alcmena, Electrus's daughter. At present this Amphitryon is at the head of the Theban army, the Thebans being at war with the Teloboians.</p> <p>Before he himself left to join his troops, his wife, Alcmena, was with child by him. (<i>apologetically</i>) Now I think you know already what my father is like—how free he is apt to be in a good many cases of this sort and what an impetuous lover he is, once his fancy is taken.</p> <p>Well, Alcmena caught his fancy, without her husband knowing it, and he enjoyed her and got her with child. So now Alcmena, that you may see it quite clearly, is with child by both of them, by her husband and by almighty Jove.</p> <p>And my father is there inside this very moment with her in his arms, and it is on this account that the present night has been prolonged while he enjoys the society of his heart's delight. All this in the guise of Amphitryon, you understand.</p> <p>Now don't be surprised at this get-up of mine and because I appear here in the character of a slave as I do: I am going to submit to you a new version of a worn and ancient tale, hence my appearance in a new get-up.</p> <p>The point is, my father Jupiter is now inside there, mark you. He has turned himself into the very image of Amphitryon, and all the servants that see him believe that's who he is. See how he can change his skin when he likes!</p> <p>And as for me, I have assumed the form of Amphitryon's slave Sosia, who went away to the army with him, my idea being to subserve my amorous sire and not have the domestics ask who I am when they see me busy about the house here continually. As it is, when they think I am a servant and one of their own number, not a soul will ask me who I am or what I've come for.</p> <p>So now my father is inside indulging his heart's desire as he lies there with his arms around the lady-love he particularly dotes on. He is telling Alcmena what happened during the campaign: and she all the time thinking him her husband when he's not. On he goes there with his stories of putting the legions of the foe to flight and being presented with prizes galore.</p>
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quo pacto sit donis donatus plurimis.

140 ea dona, quae illic Amphitruoni sunt data,
abstulimus: facile meus pater quod vult facit.
nunc hodie Amphitruo veniet huc ab exercitu
et servos, cuius ego hanc fero imaginem.

nunc internosse ut nos possitis facilius,
ego has habebō usque in petaso pinnulas;
tum meo patri autem torulus inerit aureus
sub petaso: id signum Amphitruoni non erit.
ea signa nemo horum familiarium
videre poterit: verum vos videbitis.

150 sed Amphitruonis illic est servos Sosia:
a portu illic nunc cum lanterna advenit.
abigam iam ego illum advenientem ab aedibus.
adeste: erit operae pretium hic spectantibus
Iovem et Mercurium facere histrioniam.

ACTVS I

Sos.

Qui me alter est audacior homo aut qui
confidentior,
iuventutis mores qui sciam, qui hoc noctis solus
ambulem?
quid faciam nunc, si tres viri me in carcerem
compegerint?
inde cras quasi e promptaria cella depromar ad
flagrum,
nec causam liceat dicere mihi, neque in ero
quicquam auxili
nec quisquam sit quin me malo omnes esse
dignum deputent.

159-160 ita quasi incudem me miserum homines octo
validi caedant:

161-162 ita peregre adveniens hospitio publicitus
accipiar.
haec eri immodestia
coegit, me qui hoc noctis a portu ingratiis
excitavit.
nonne idem hoc luci me mittere potuit?

opulento homini hoc servitus dura est,
hoc magis miser est divitis servos
noctesque diesque assiduo satis superque
est,
quod facto aut dicto adeost opus, quietus ne
sis.

170 ipse dominus dives, operis et laboris expers,
quodcumque homini accidit libere, posse
retur:

(172) aequom esse putat, non reputat laboris quid
sit¹⁰

(174) ergo in servitute expetunt multa iniqua:
habendum et ferendum hoc onust cum
labore.

Mer.

Satius me queri illo modo servitutum:
hodie qui fuerim liber,
cum nunc potivit pater servitutis,
his qui verna natus est queritur.

Sos.

180 Sum vero verna verbero: num numero mi in
mentem fuit,
dis advenientem gratias pro meritis agere atque
alloqui?

The prizes Amphitryon did receive there we stole
—things my father fancies do come easy to him!
Now Amphitryon will return from the army to-
day, and the slave I am representing, too.

To make it easier for you to tell us apart I shall
always wear this little plume on my hat: yes, and
as for my father he will have a little gold tassel
hanging from his: Amphitryon will not have this
mark. They are marks that none of the household
here will be able to see, but you will.

(*looking down street*) But there is Amphitryon's
servant Sosia—just coming from the harbour
with a lantern. I'll bustle him away from the
house as soon as he gets here. Watch now! It will
be worth your while to attend when Jove and
Mercury take up the histrionic art. (*steps aside*)

ACT I

(*Time, night.*)

ENTER *Sosia*, LANTERN IN HAND.

Sos.

(*stopping and peering around timorously*) Who's
a bolder man, a more audacious man than I am—
know all about the young bloods and their
capers, I do, yet here I am strolling around all
alone at this time of night! (*seems to hear
something and jumps*) What if the police should
lock me up in jail? To-morrow I should be taken
out of that preserve closet and get served—to a
rope's end; and not a word would they let me say
for myself, ^C and not a bit of help could I get from
master, and there wouldn't be a soul but what
would reckon I deserved a hiding.

Those eight strong wardens would pound my
poor carcass just as if I was an anvil: that is how
I should be entertained on coming home from
abroad—a public reception. (*disgustedly*) It's
master's impatience forced me into this, routing
me out from the harbour at this time of night,
against my will. Might have sent me on the same
errand by daylight, mightn't he?

This is where it comes hard slaving it for a
nabob, this is where a plutocrat's servant is
worse off—night and day there's work enough
and more for him, no end, always something to
be done, yes, or said, so that you can't rest.

And your plutocrat of a master, that never does a
handsturn of work himself, takes it for granted
that any whim that comes into a man's head can
be gratified: yes, he counts that the fair thing,
and never takes account of how much the work
is. Ah, I tell you, there's a great deal of injustice
this slavery lets you in for: you've got to take
your load and carry it, and that is work.

Mer.

(*aside*) It would be more in order for Mercury to
do some of this grumbling about menial station—
was free this very day, and now his father has
made a slave of him. It's this fellow, a born
drudge, that is grumbling.

Sos.

(*frightened again*) I need a drubbing, I do,
drudge that I am. I was not too quick, was I, to
think of addressing the gods and giving 'em due
thanks on my arrival? Oh Lord! if they took a

ne illi edepol si merito meo referre studeant
gratiam,
aliquem hominem allegent qui mihi advenienti os
occillet probe,
quoniam bene quae in me fecerunt ingrata ea
habui atque inrita.

Mer.

Facit ille quod volgo haud solent, ut quid se sit
dignum sciat.

Sos.

Quod numquam opinatus fui neque alius
quisquam civium
sibi eventurum, id contigit, ut salvi poteremur
domi.
victores victis hostibus legiones reveniunt
domum,
duello extincto maximo atque internecatis
hostibus.

190 quod multa Thebano populo acerba obiecit funera,
id vi et virtute militum victum atque expugnatum
oppidum est
imperio atque auspicio eri mei Amphitruonis
maxime.
praeda atque agro adoriaque adfecit populares
suos
regique Thebano Creoni regnum stabilivit suum.
me a portu praemisit domum, ut haec nuntiem
uxori suae,
ut gesserit rem publicam ductu imperio auspicio
suo.
ea nunc meditabor quo modo illi dicam, cum illo
advenero.

si dixero mendacium, solens meo more fecero.

nam cum pugnabant maxime, ego tum fugiebam
maxime;

200 verum quasi adfuerim tamen simulabo atque
audita eloquar.
sed quo modo et verbis quibus me deceat
fabularier,
prius ipse mecum etiam volo his meditari. sic hoc
proloquar.

Principio ut illo advenimus, ubi primum terram
tetigimus,

continuo Amphitruo delegit viros primorum
principes;

eos legat, Teloboios iubet sententiam ut dicant
suam;

si sine vi et sine hello velint rapta et raptores
tradere,

si quae asportassent redderent, se exercitum
extemplo domum

reducturum, abituros agro Argivos, pacem atque
otium

dare illis; sin aliter sient animati neque dent
quae petat,

210 sese igitur summa vi virisque eorum oppidum
oppugnassere.

Haec ubi Teloboios ordine iterarunt quos
praefecerat

Amphitruo, magnanimi viri freti virtute et viribus
superbe nimis ferociter legates nostros
increpant,

respondent bello se et suos tutari posse, proinde
uti

propere irent, de suis finibus exercitus
deducerent.

haec ubi legati pertulere, Amphitruo castris ilico
producit omnem exercitum. Teloboiae contra ex
oppido

notion to pay me back my dues, they'd
commission some one to mash my face for me in
fine shape on my arrival, now that I haven't
appreciated the good turns they've done me and
have let 'em go for nothing. (*makes sure he is
safe*)

Mer.

(*aside*) Rather uncommon that,—his knowing
what he deserves to get.

Sos.

What I never dreamed would happen nor anyone
else on our side, either, has happened, and here
we are safe and sound. (*magnificently*) Our
legions come back victorious, our foes
vanquished, a mighty contest concluded and our
enemies massacred to a man.

The town that has brought an untimely death to
many a Theban citizen has been crushed and
captured by the strength and valour of our
soldiery, aye, and chiefly under the command
and auspices of my own master, Amphitryon. He
has furnished forth his countrymen with booty
and land and fame, and fixed King Creon firm
upon his Theban throne.

(*subsiding*) As for me, he has sent me on ahead
home from the harbour to tell his wife the news:
how the state was served under the leadership,
command, and auspices of—his very own self.
(*meditating*) Now let me think how I am to tell
her the tale when I get there. If I do work in a lie
or two, it won't be anything extraordinary for me.

The fact is, it was just when they were doing
their hardest fighting that I was doing my
hardest running. Oh well, I'll pretend I was there
just the same, and recite what I heard tell about
it. But the neatest way to narrate my story—and
the words to use—I must practise a bit by myself
beforehand here.

(*pauses*) Here's how we'll begin. (*lays lantern
down and addresses supposed Alcmena
importantly*) First and foremost, when we
reached there, as soon as we had touched land,
straightway Amphitryon picks out the most
illustrious of his captains. These he sends forth as
legates and bids convey his terms to the
Teloboians, to wit: should they wish, without
contention and without strife, to deliver up
pillage and pillagers and restore whatsoever they
had carried off, he himself would lead his army
home forthwith and the Argives would leave their
land and grant them peace and quietude; but
were they otherwise disposed, and disinclined to
yield what he sought, he would thereupon with
all the force at his command make onslaught on
their city.

When Amphitryon's ambassadors had duly made
this proclamation to the Teloboians, they,
doughty warriors, confiding in their courage and
glorying in their strength, made right rough and
haughty answer to our embassy, saying that they
could defend themselves and theirs by force of
arms, and that accordingly they should depart at
once and lead their troops out from the Teloboian
borders. On receiving this report from his
legates, Amphitryon at once led forth his whole
army from camp. And from the city, too, the
Teloboians led out their legions in goodly

legiones educunt suas nimis pulcris armis
praeditas.

panoply.

220 postquam utrimque exitum est maxima copia,
dispertiti viri, dispertiti ordines,
nos nostras more nostro et modo instruximus
legiones, item hostes contra legiones suas
instruont.

After both sides had marched out in full force,
troops arrayed, and ranks arrayed, we drew up
our legions according to our usual method and
manner: our foemen likewise draw up their
legions facing ours.

deinde utrique imperatores in medium exeunt,
extra turbam ordinum colloquuntur simul.
convenit, victi utri sint eo proelio,
urbem agrum aras focos seque uti dederent.

Then forward into the centre of the field stride
the leaders of both hosts, and there out beyond
the serried lines they hold colloquy. This pact
was made, that they who were conquered in this
battle should surrender city and land, shrines,
homes, and persons.

230 ostquam id actum est, tubae contra utrimque
occanunt,
onsonat terra, clamorem utrimque efferunt.
mperator utrimque, hinc et illinc, Iovi
vota suscipere, utrimque hortari exercitum.
tum pro se quisque id quod quisque potest et
valet
edit, ferro ferit, tela frangunt, boat
caelum fremitu virum, ex spiritu atque anhelitu
nebula constat, cadunt volnerum vi viri.

This done, the trumpets blared on either side;
earth echoes; on either side the battle cry is
raised. The generals on either side, both here
and there, offer their vows to Jove, and on either
side cheer their warriors. Then each man lays
about him with his every ounce of strength and
strikes home with his blade: lances shiver: the
welkin rings with the roar of heroes: up from
their gasping, panting breath a cloud arises: men
drop beneath the weight of wounds.

Denique, ut voluimus, nostra superat manus:
hostes crebri cadunt, nostri contra ingruont vi¹¹
feroces.

At last, as we wished, our host prevails: the
foemen fall in heaps: on and on we press, fired by
our might. Yet for all that, none turns in flight
nor yields an inch, but stands his ground and
hews away. They lose their lives sooner than quit
their post. As each had stood, so he lies, and
keeps the line unbroken.

240 sed¹² fugam in se tamen nemo convortitur
nec recedit loco quin statim rem gerat;
animam omittunt prius quam loco demigrent:
quisque ut steterat iacet optinetque ordinem.

hoc ubi Amphitruo erus conspicatust,
ilico equites iubet dextera inducere.
equites parent citi: ab dextera maximo
cum clamore involant impetu alacri,
foedant et proterunt hostium copias
iure iniustas.

When my lord Amphitryon noted this, he
straightway ordered that the cavalry on our right
be led to the charge. Swift they obey, and with
terrific yells swooping down from the right in
mad career they mangle and trample underfoot
the forces of our foes and right our wrongs.
(*wipes his brow and meditates*)

Mer.

Numquam etiam quicquam adhuc verborum est
prolocutus perperam:
namque ego fui illi in re praesenti et meus, cum
pugnatum est, pater.

Mer.

(*aside*) Not a single, solitary word of fiction has
he uttered yet: for I was there myself while the
battle was actually going on, and my father too.

Sos.

250 Perduelles penetrant se in fugam; ibi nostris
animus additust:
vortentibus Telobois telis complebantur corpora,
ipsusque Amphitruo regem Pterelam sua
obtruncavit manu.
haec illic est pugnata pugna usque a mani ad
vesperum—
hoc adeo hoc commemini magis, quia illo die
inpransus fui—
sed proelium id tandem diremit nox interventu
suo.

Sos.

(*gathering himself together*) Their warriors take
to flight; at this new courage animates our men.
When the Teloboians turn their backs we stick
them full of spears, and Amphitryon himself cut
down King Pterelas with his own hand. This fight
was fought out all through the day there from
morn till eve. (*reflectively*) I remember this point
more distinctly because that noon I went without
my lunch. But darkness at last intervened and
terminated the engagement.

postridie in castra ex urbe ad nos veniunt flentes
principes:
velatis manibus orant ignoscamus peccatum
suom,
deduntque se, divina humanaque omnia, urbem
et liberos
indicionem atque in arbitratum cuncti Thebano
poplo.

The following day their foremost men come
tearfully from the city to our camp, their hands
veiled in suppliant wise, and entreat us to pardon
their transgression: and one and all they
surrender their persons, their entire possessions
sacred and profane, their city and their children
to the Theban people to have and to hold as they
deem fit. Then, for his valour, my lord
Amphitryon was presented with a golden bowl
from which King Pterelas was wont to drink.
(*heaves deep sigh of relief*) This is how I will tell
it to the mistress. Now I'll go finish up the job for
master and take myself home. (*picks up lantern*)

260 post ob virtutem ero Amphitruoni patera donata
aurea est,
qui Pterela potitare solitus est rex. haec sic
dicam erae
nunc pergam eri imperium exequi et me domum
capessere.

Mer.

Attat, illic huc iturust. ibo ego illi obviam,
neque ego huc hominem hodie ad aedis has
sinam umquam accedere;
quando imago est huius in me, certum est
hominem eludere.
et enim vero quoniam formam cepi huius in med
et statum,
debet et facta moresque huius habere me similes
item,
itaque me malum esse oportet, callidum, astutum
admodum
atque hunc, telo suo sibi, malitia a foribus
pellere.
270 sed quid illuc est? caelum aspectat. observabo
quam rem agat.

Sos.

Certe edepol, si quicquamst aliud quod credam
aut certo sciam,
credo ego hac noctu Nocturnum obdormivisse
ebrium.
nam neque se Septentriones quoquam in caelo
commovent,
neque se Luna quoquam mutat atque uti exorta
est semel,
nec Iugulae neque Vesperugo neque Vergiliae
occidunt.
ita statim stant signa, neque nox quoquam
concedit die.

Mer.

Perge, Nox, ut occepisti, gere patri morem meo:
optumo optume optumam operam das, datam
pulchre locas.

Sos.

280 Neque ego hac nocte longiorem me vidisse
censeo,
nisi item unam, verberatus quam pependi
perpetem;
eam quoque edepol etiam multo haec vicit
longitudine.
credo edepol equidem dormire Solem, atque
adpotum probe;
mira sunt nisi invitavit sese in cena plusculum.

Mer.

Ain vero, verbero? deos esse tui similis putas?
ego pol te istis tuis pro dictis et male factis,
furcifer,
accipiam; modo sis veni huc: invenies
infortunium.

Sos.

Ubi sunt isti scortatores, qui soli inviti cubant?
haec nox scita est exercendo scorto conducto
male.

Mer.

290 Meus pater nunc pro huius verbis recte et
sapienter facit,
qui complexus cum Alcumena cubat amans
animo obsequens.

Sos.

Ibo ut erus quod imperavit Alcumenae nuntiem.
sed quis hic est homo, quem ante aedis video hoc
noctis? non placet.

Mer.

Nullust hoc metuculosus aequae.

Sos.

Mer.

(*aside*) Oho! about to come this way! I'll step up
and meet him. The fellow shall never reach this
house at present: I won't have it. Now that I am
his double I fully intend to befool the fellow. And
I say, considering I have taken on his looks and
dress, it is appropriate for me to ape his ways
and general conduct, too. I must be a sly
rapscallion, then, shifty as the deuce, yes, and
drive him away from the door with his own
weapon, roguery. (*looking at Sosia who is gaping
at the stars*) What's he at, though? Staring at the
sky! I must keep an eye on him.

Sos.

My goodness, if there's anything I can believe or
know for sure, I surely do believe old Nocturnus
went to bed this night in liquor. Why, the Great
Bear hasn't moved a step anywhere in the sky,
and the moon's just as it was when it first rose,
and Orion's Belt, and the Evening Star, and the
Pleiades aren't setting, either. Yes, the
constellations are standing stock still, and no
sign of day anywhere.

Mer.

(*aside*) Go on as you have begun, Night: oblige
my father: you're doing splendidly in a splendid
work for a splendid deity: you'll find it a fine
investment.

Sos.

I don't think I ever did see a longer night—
barring that one when I got whipped and was left
strung up till morning. And goodness me, in
length this one's way ahead of even that one.
Gad, I certainly do believe old Sol's asleep,
asleep and dead drunk. It's a wonder if he hasn't
drunk his own health a bit too much at dinner.

Mer.

(*aside*) So, you scoundrel? Think the gods are
like yourself, eh? By heaven, I'll give you a
reception to match this talk and roguery of yours,
you gallows-bird. Just you be good enough to
step this way, and you shall meet with a mishap.

Sos.

Where are those young blades that hate a lonely
couch? Here is your lovely night for gallivanting
with an expensive lady.

Mer.

(*aside*) According to this chap, my father's
making good, intelligent use of his time—loving
to his heart's content with Alcmene in his fond
embrace.

Sos.

Now for the message master told me to give
mistress. (*aside as he moves toward house and
sees Mercury*) But who's that fellow in front of
the house at this time o' night? (*halts, frightened*)
I don't like it.

Mer.

(*aside*) Of all the pusillanimous rogues!

Sos.

Mi in mentem venit,
illic homo hoc de umero volt pallium detexere.

Mer.

Timet homo: deludam ego illum.

Sos.

Perii, dentes pruriunt;
certe advenientem hic me hospitio pugneo
accepturus est.
credo misericors est: nunc propterea quod me
meus erus
fecit ut vigilarem, hic pugnis faciet hodie ut
dormiam.
oppido interii. obsecro hercle, quantus et quam
validus est.

Mer.

300 Clare advorsum fabulabor, ut his auscultet quae
loquar;
igitur magis demum maiorem in sese concipiet
metum,
agite, pugni, iam diu est quom ventri victum non
datis:
iam pridem videtur factum, heri quod homines
quattuor
in soporem collocastis nudos.

Sos.

Formido male,
ne ego hic nomen meum commutem et Quintus
fiam e Sosia;
quattuor nudos sopori se dedisse hic autumat;
metuo ne numerum augeam illum.

Mer.

Em, nunciam ergo: sic volo.

Sos.

Cingitur; certe expedit se.

Mer.

Non feret quin vapulet.

Sos.

Quis homo?

Mer.

Quisquis homo huc profecto venerit, pugnos
edet.

Sos.

310 Apage, non placet me hoc noctis esse: cenavi
modo:
proin tu istam cenam largire, si sapis,
esurientibus.

Mer.

Haud malum huic est pondus pugno.

Sos.

Perii, pugnos ponderat.

Mer.

Quid si ego illum tractim tangam, ut dormiat?

Sos.

Servaveris,
nam continuas has tris noctes pervigilavi.

Mer.

Pessimest,
facimus nequiter, ferire malam male discit
manus;
alia forma esse oportet quem tu pugno legeris.

(*aside*) It looks to me as if this fellow wants to
take my cloak off for me.

Mer.

(*aside*) Our friend is scared: we'll have some
sport with him.

Sos.

(*aside*) Oh Lord, my teeth do—itch! He's going to
give me a welcome on my arrival, he surely is,—a
fisty welcome! He's a kind-hearted soul, I do
believe. Seeing how master's kept me awake all
night, he's going to up with his fists now and put
me to sleep. Oh, I'm dead entirely! For God's
sake look at the size of him, and strong, heavens!

Mer.

(*aside*) I'll speak out aloud, so that he can hear
what I say, and then I warrant he'll feel shakier
still. (*loudly, with melodramatic fierceness*) Fists,
be up and doing! 'Tis long since ye have made
provision for my paunch. It seems an age since
yesterday when ye stripped stark four men and
laid them away in slumber.

Sos.

(*aside*) Oh, but I'm awfully scared my name will
be changed here and now, from Sosia to Sosia
the Fifth. Four men he's stripped already and
sent to slumberland, so he says: I'm afraid I'm
going to swell that list.

Mer.

(*tightening his girdle*) There, now then! 'Tis well.

Sos.

(*aside*) Loins girded! He is surely getting ready
for business.

Mer.

He shall not escape a trouncing.

Sos.

(*aside, anxiously*) Who, who?

Mer.

I tell ye, any man that comes this way shall eat
fists.

Sos.

(*aside*) No you don't! I don't care about eating at
this time o' night. It wasn't long ago I dined. So if
you've got any sense, you just bestow that dinner
on the hungry.

Mer.

(*examining his right fist*) There's some weight in
that fist.

Sos.

(*aside*) I'm finished! He's a-weighing his fists!

Mer.

(*sparrring*) What if I should stroke him softly into
somnia?cense?

Sos.

(*aside*) You'd save my life: I haven't slept a wink
for three nights running.

Mer.

(*swinging heavily*) Downright sinful, this! This is
a shame! 'Tis wrong of my arm to learn really to
jab a jaw! (*to arm as he feels biceps*) Merely
graze a man with thy fist and his shape must
needs be altered.

<p>non edepol nunc ubi terrarum sim scio, si quis roget, neque miser me commovere possum praeformidine. ilicet, mandata eri perierunt una et Sosia. verum certum est confidenter hominem contra conloqui, 340 qui possim videri huic fortis, a me ut abstineat manum.</p> <p><i>Mer.</i> Quo ambulas, tu qui Volcanum in cornu conclusum geris? <i>Sos.</i> Quid id exquiris tu, qui pugnis os exossas hominibus? <i>Mer.</i> Servosne es an liber? <i>Sos.</i> Utcumque animo conlibitum est meo.</p> <p><i>Mer.</i> Ain vero? <i>Sos.</i> Aio enim vero. <i>Mer.</i> Verbero. <i>Sos.</i> Mentiris nunc. <i>Mer.</i> At iam faciam ut verum dexas dicere. <i>Sos.</i> Quid eo est opus? <i>Mer.</i> Possum scire, quo profectus, cuius sis aut quid veneris? <i>Sos.</i> Huc eo, eri iussu, eius sum servos. numquid nunc es certior? <i>Mer.</i> Ego tibi istam hodie, sceleste, comprimam linguam. <i>Sos.</i> Haud potes: bene pudiceque adservatur. <i>Mer.</i> Pergin argutarier? quid apud hasce aedis negoti est tibi? <i>Sos.</i> Immo quid tibi est? 350 <i>Mer.</i> Rex Creon vigiles nocturnos singulos semper locat. <i>Sos.</i> Bene facit: quia nos eramus peregre, tutatust domi; at nunc abi sane, advenisse familiares dicito. <i>Mer.</i> Nescio quam tu familiaris sis: nisi actutum hinc abis,</p>	<p>gracious, I don't know where in the world I am, not if anyone asked me. Oh dear, I can't move a step for fear! This ends me! Master's orders are done for, and Sosia, too. But I'm resolved—I'm going to speak right up to him boldly, so that I can make him think I'm a dangerous character and let me be. (<i>tries to swagger</i>)</p> <p><i>Mer.</i> Whither dost stroll, thou who conveyest (<i>pointing to lantern</i>) Vulcan pent within yon horn? <i>Sos.</i> What dost want to know for, thou who bonest folks' faces for 'em with yon fists? <i>Mer.</i> Art slave or free? <i>Sos.</i> Whichever I please.</p> <p><i>Mer.</i> So? In sooth? <i>Sos.</i> Yes, so in sooth. <i>Mer.</i> Thou whipped slave! <i>Sos.</i> You lie: I'm none. <i>Mer.</i> (<i>advancing</i>) But I shall soon make thee say 'tis true. <i>Sos.</i> (<i>shrinking back</i>) Oh, what's the use of that? <i>Mer.</i> (<i>sternly</i>) May I be informed where thou art bound, who owns thee, or why thou camest? (<i>halts</i>) <i>Sos.</i> (<i>encouraged</i>) I'm bound for here—master's orders—and I'm his slave. Are you any wiser now? <i>Mer.</i> I'll soon make thee hold thy tongue, miscreant!</p> <p><i>Sos.</i> No chance, she's chaperoned in nice modest fashion. <i>Mer.</i> Still at thy quips, eh? What business hast thou at this house? <i>Sos.</i> Well, and what have you? <i>Mer.</i> King Creon posts separate sentries about here every night. <i>Sos.</i> (<i>in superior manner</i>) Much obliged. Seeing we were abroad, he's kept guard for us at home. But now you can be off: say the family servants have got back. <i>Mer.</i> Thou a family servant, indeed! Unless thou dost disappear instantly, I warrant ye I'll welcome</p>
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	familiaris accipiere faxo haud familiariter.		servants of the family with strange familiarity.
	<i>Sos.</i>		<i>Sos.</i>
	Hic inquam habito ego atque horunc servos sum.		Here's where I live, I tell you. This is my master's house.
	<i>Mer.</i>		<i>Mer.</i>
	At scin quo modo?		But knowest thou what? I'll soon be making an exalted man of thee, an' thou decampest not.
	faciam ego hodie te superbum, nisi hinc abis.		<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>		Exalted! How is that?
	Quonam modo?		<i>Mer.</i>
	<i>Mer.</i>		You shall be carried off on people's shoulders—no walking—once I take my club to you.
	Auferere, non abibis, si ego fustem sumpsero.		<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>		I'm a member of the household here, I do avow.
	Quin me esse huius familiai familiarem praedico.		<i>Mer.</i>
360	<i>Mer.</i>		Kindly consider how soon you want a thrashing, unless you vanish instantly.
	Vide sis quam mox vapulare vis, nisi actutum hinc abis.		<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>		So you want to forbid me the house when I'm getting back from foreign parts, you?
	Tun domo prohibere peregre me advenientem postulas?		<i>Mer.</i>
	<i>Mer.</i>		Is this the house where you belong?
	Haecine tua domust?		<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>		That's what I say.
	Ita inquam.		<i>Mer.</i>
	<i>Mer.</i>		Who is your master, then?
	Quis erus est igitur tibi?		<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>		Amphitryon, now in command of the Theban army, and his wife is Alcmena.
	Amphitruo, qui nunc praefectust Thebanis legionibus, quicum nupta est Alcumena.		<i>Mer.</i>
	<i>Mer.</i>		How say you? Your name!
	Quid ais? quid nomen tibi est?		<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>		Sosia the Thebans call me, Sosia, son of Davus.
	Sosiam vocant Thebani, Davo prognatum patre.		<i>Mer.</i>
	<i>Mer.</i>		Ah! 'twas an evil hour for thee, when thou camest here, thou pinnacle of impudence, with thy premeditated lies and patched-up fabrications.
	Ne tu istic hodie malo tuo compositis mendaciis advenisti, audaciai columen, consutis dolis.		<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>		You're wrong, I vow: I've come with my tunic patched up, not my fabrications.
	Immo equidem tunicis consutis huc advenio, non dolis.		<i>Mer.</i>
	<i>Mer.</i>		Ha, lying again! Thou dost clearly come with thy feet, not thy tunic.
	At mentiris etiam: certo pedibus, non tunicis venis.		<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>		(<i>dryly</i>) Naturally.
	Ita profecto.		<i>Mer.</i>
370	<i>Mer.</i>		And naturally now get thrashed for fibbing. (<i>advances</i>)
	Nunc profecto vapula ob mendacium.		<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>		(<i>retreats</i>) Oh dear, I object, naturally.
	Non edepol volo profecto.		<i>Mer.</i>
	<i>Mer.</i>		Oh well, naturally that is immaterial. My "naturally," at least, is a cold hard fact, no matter of opinion. (<i>beats him</i>)
	At pol profecto ingratiis. hoc quidem profecto certum est, non est arbitrarium.		<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>		(<i>squirming</i>) Easy, easy, for Heaven's sake!
	Tuam fidem obsecro.		<i>Mer.</i>
	<i>Mer.</i>		Durst say that thou art Sosia when I am he?
	Tun te audes Sosiam esse dicere, qui ego sum?		<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>		

	Perii.	Murder! murder!
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Parum etiam, praeut futurum est, praedicas. quouius nunc es?	(<i>continuing to beat him</i>) Murder? A mere nothing compared with what is coming. Whose are you now?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Tuos, nam pugnisi usu fecisti tuom. pro fidem, Thebani cives.	Yours! Your fists have got a title to me by limitation. Help, Thebans, help!
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Etiam clamas, carnifex? loquere, quid venisti?	So? Bellowing, varlet? Speak up, why camest thou?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Ut esset quem tu pugnisi caederes.	Just to give you some one to punch, sir.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Cuius es?	Whose are you?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Amphitruonis, inquam, Sosia.	Amphitryon's Sosia, I tell you.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Ergo istoc magis, quia vaniloquo's, vapulabis: ego sum, non tu, Sosia.	Well then, you shall be pummelled the more for talking nonsense. You Sosia! I am he myself.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
380	Ita di faciant, ut tu potius sis atque ego te ut verberem.	(<i>in low tone</i>) I wish to God you were, instead of me, and I was thumping you.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Etiam muttis?	Ha! Muttering, eh?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Iam tacebo.	I won't, I won't, sir!
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Quis tibi erust?	Who is your master?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Quem tu voles.	Anyone you like, sir.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Quid igitur? qui nunc vocare?	Indeed? And your name now?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Nemo nisi quem iusseris.	Nothing but what you order, sir.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Amphitruonis te esse aiebas Sosiam.	You were saying you were Amphitryon's Sosia.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Peccaveram. nam Amphitruonis ¹³ socium ne me esse volui dicere.	All a mistake, sir; "Amphitryon's associate" I meant, sir, really I did.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Sciebam equidem nullum esse nobis nisi me servom Sosiam. fugit te ratio.	Ah, I knew quite well there was no servant Sosia at our place except me. You made a slip.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Utinam istuc pugnisi fecissent tui.	Oh, how I wish your fists had!
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Ego sum Sosia ille quem tu dudum esse aiebas mihi.	I am that Sosia you claimed to be a while ago.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Obsecro ut per pacem liceat te alloqui, ut ne vapulem.	For heaven's sake, sir, let me have a word with you in peace without getting pummelled.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Immo indutiae parumper fiant, si quid vis loqui.	No peace—but I consent to a short armistice, if you have anything to say.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
390	Non loquar nisi pace facta, quando pugnisi plus vales.	I won't say it, not unless peace is made: your fists are too much for me.

	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Dic si quid vis, non nocebo.	Out with what you want: I shall not hurt you!
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Tuae fide credo?	Can I take your word for that?
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Meae.	You can.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Quid si falles?	What if you fool me?
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Tum Mercurius Sosiae iratus siet.	(solemnly) Then may Sosia feel the wrath of Mercury!
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Animum advorte. nunc licet mihi libere quidvis loqui.	Listen here, sir. Now I'm free to come out plain with anything. I am Amphitryon's Sosia, I am.
	Amphitruonis ego sum servos Sosia.	
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Etiam denuo?	(advancing) What? Again?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Pacem feci, foedus feci. vera dico.	(vigorously) I made peace—I struck a treaty! It's the truth.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Vapula.	Be thrashed to you!
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Ut libet quid tibi libet fac, quoniam pugnis plus vales;	Suit yourself, do what suits you, seeing your fists are too much for me. (doggedly) But just the same, no matter what you do, I won't keep that back, by gad, not that.
	verum, utut es facturus, hoc quidem hercle haud reticebo tamen.	
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Tu me vivos hodie numquam facies quin sim Sosia.	You shall never live to make me anyone but Sosia, never.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Certe edepol tu me alienabis numquam quin noster siem;	And by thunder, you shall never do me out of being our family's servant. No sir, and I'm the only servant Sosia we have.
400	nec nobis praeter med alius quisquam est servos Sosia. ¹⁴	
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Hic homo sanus non est.	The man is crazy.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
(402)	Quod mihi praedicas vitium, id tibi est.	Crazy? You're putting your own complaint off on to me. (half to himself) See here, dash it, an't I Amphitryon's servant Sosia? Didn't our ship arrive this night from Port Persicus, and I on it? Didn't my own master send me here?
	quid, malum, non sum ego servos Amphitruonis Sosia?	
	nonne hac noctu nostra navis huc ex portu Persico	
	venit, quae me advexit? nonne me huc erus misit meus?	
	nonne ego nunc sto ante aedes nostras? non mi est lanterna in manu?	An't I standing in front of our own house this minute? Haven't I got a lantern in my hand? An't I talking? An't I awake? Didn't this chap just give me a bruising? Lord, but he did! Why, my poor jaws ache even now. What am I hesitating for, then? Or why don't I go inside our house?
	non loquor, non vigilo? nonne hic homo modo me pugnis contudit?	
	fecit hercle, nam etiam misero nunc mihi malae dolent.	
	quid igitur ego dubito, aut cur non intro eo in nostram domum?	
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Quid, domum vostram?	What? Your house?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Ita enim vero.	Yes, just so.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
410	Quin quae dixisti modo omnia ementitu's: equidem Sosia Amphitruonis sum.	You lie, I tell you: your every word has been a lie. I am Amphitryon's Sosia, beyond dispute. Why, this very night we unmoored and left Port Persicus; and we have seized the city where King Pterelas held sway; and we subdued the legions
	nam noctu hac soluta est navis nostra e portu Persico,	

et ubi Pterela rex regnavit oppidum
expugnanimus.
et legiones Teloboarum vi pugnando cepimus,
et ipse Amphitruo opruncavit regem Pterelam
in proelio.

Sos.

Egomet mihi non credo, cum illaec autumare
illum audio;
hic quidem certe quae illic sunt res gestae
memorat memoriter.
sed quid ais? quid Amphitruoni doni a Telobois
datum est?

Mer.

Pterela rex qui potitare solitus est patera aurea.

Sos.

Elocutus est. ubi patera nunc est?

Mer.

420 Est in cistula;
Amphitruonis obsignata signo est.

Sos.

Signi dic quid est?

Mer.

Cum quadrigis Sol exoriens. quid me captas,
carnufex?

Sos.

Argumentis vicit, aliud nomen quaerendum est
mihi.
nescio unde haec hic spectavit. iam ego hunc
decipiam probe;
nam quod egomet solus feci, nec quisquam alius
affuit,
in tabernaclo, id quidem hodie numquam poterit
dicere.
si tu Sosia es, legiones cum pugnabant maxime,
quid in tabernaclo fecisti? victus sum, si dixeris.

Mer.

Cadus erat vini: inde implevi hirneam.

Sos.

Ingressust viam.

Mer.

430 Eam ego, ut matre fuerat natum, vini eduxi meri.

Sos.

Factum est illud, ut ego illic vini hirneam
ebiberim meri.
mira sunt nisi latuit intus illic in illac hirnea.

Mer.

Quid nunc? vincon argumentis, te non esse
Sosiam?

Sos.

Tu negas me esse?

Mer.

Quid ego ni negem, qui egomet siem?

Sos.

Per Iovem iuro me esse neque me falsum
dicere.

Mer.

At ego per Mercurium iuro, tibi Iovem non
credere;
nam iniurato scio plus credet mihi quam iurato
tibi.

Sos.

of the Teloboians by our sturdy onslaught; and
Amphitryon himself slew King Pterelas on the
field of battle.

Sos.

(*aside*) I can't believe my own ears when I hear
that fellow going on so. My word, he certainly
does reel our doings there all off pat. (*aloud*) But
I say—what was Amphitryon presented with from
the Teloboian spoils?

Mer.

A golden bowl that King Pterelas was wont to
drink from.

Sos.

(*aside*) He's hit it! (*aloud*) Where is the bowl
now?

Mer.

In a little chest, sealed with Amphitryon's signet.

Sos.

What's on the signet, tell me that?

Mer.

Sol rising in a four horse chariot. (*blustering*)
Why this attempt to catch me, caitiff?

Sos.

(*aside*) This evidence settles me. I've got to find
me a new name. I don't understand where he saw
all this from. (*reflecting*) Ah, now I'll trick him in
good style. Yes, something I did when I was all
alone, and not another soul there, in the tent,—
he'll never be able to tell me about that, anyway.
(*aloud*) Well, if you're Sosia, what did you do in
the tent when the soldiers were in the thick of
the fight? Answer me that and I give in.

Mer.

There was a cask of wine: I drew off a jugful.

Sos.

(*aside*) He's on the right track.

Mer.

Then I drained it, wine pure as it came from its
mother.

Sos.

(*aside*) That's a fact—I did drink off a jug of wine,
neat. Most probably the fellow was hiding in that
same jug!

Mer.

Well, have I convinced you that you are not
Sosia?

Sos.

You deny it, do you?

Mer.

Of course I deny it, being Sosia myself.

Sos.

No, I am,—I swear it by Jupiter, and swear I'm
not lying, too!

Mer.

But I swear by Mercury that Jupiter disbelieves
you. Why, man, he will take my bare word
against your solemn oath, no doubt about it.

Sos.

Quis ego sum saltem, si non sum Sosia? te
interrogo.

Mer.

440 Ubi ego Sosia nolim esse, tu esto sane Sosia;
nunc, quando ego sum, vapulabis, ni hinc abis,
ignobilis.

Sos.

Certe edepol, quom illum contemplo et formam
cognosco meam,
quem ad modum ego sum—saepe in speculum
inspexi—nimis similest mei;
itidem habet petasum ac vestitum: tam
consimilest atque ego;
sura, pes, statura, tonsus, oculi, nasum vel labra,
malae, mentum, barba, collus: totus. quid verbis
opust?

si tergum cicatricosum, nihil hoc similit similius.
sed quom cogito, equidem certo idem sum qui
semper fui.

novi erum, novi aedis nostras; sane sapio et
sentio.

non ego illi obtempero quod loquitur, pultabo
foris.

Mer.

Quo agis te?

Sos.

Domum.

Mer.

450 Quadrigas si nunc inscendas Iovis
atque hinc fugias, ita vix poteris effugere
infortunium.

Sos.

Nonne erae meae nuntiare quod erus meus iussit
licet?

Mer.

Tuae si quid vis nuntiare: hanc nostram adire
non sinam.
nam si me inritassis, hodie lumbifragium hinc
auferes.

Sos.

Abeo potius. di immortales, obsecro vostram
fidem,
ubi ego perii? ubi immutatus sum? ubi ego
formam perdi?
an egomet me illic reliqui, si forte oblitus fui?
nam hic quidem omnem imaginem meam, quae
antehac fuerat, possidet.

vivo fit quod numquam quisquam mortuo faciet
mihi.

ibo ad portum atque haec uti sunt facta ero
dicam meo;

460 nisi etiam is quoque me ignorabit; quod ille faxit
Iuppiter,
ut ego hodie raso capite calvos capiam pilleum.

I. 2.

Mer.

Bene prospere hoc hodie operis processit mihi:
amovi a foribus maximam molestiam,
patri ut liceret tuto illam amplexarier.
iam ille illuc ad erum cum Amphitruonem
advenerit,
narrabit servom hinc sese a foribus Sosiam
amovisse; ille adeo illum mentiri sibi

For mercy's sake who am I, if I'm not Sosia? I ask
you that.

Mer.

When I do not wish to be Sosia, be Sosia
yourself, by all means. Now that I am he, you
either pack, or take a thrashing, you unknown
riff raff.

Sos.

(*aside, looking him over carefully*) Upon my soul,
now I look him over, and consider my own looks,
my own appearance—I've peeped in a mirror
many a time—he is precious like me. Has on a
travelling hat, yes, and clothes the same as mine.
He's as like me as I am myself! Same leg—foot—
height—haircut—eyes—nose—lips, even—jaw
—chin—beard—neck—everything. Well—well,
well, well!

If he's got a backful of whip scars, you couldn't
find a liker likeness anywhere. (*pause*) But—
when I think it over—I'm positive I'm the same
man I always was, of course I am. (*with growing
conviction*) I know master, I know our house. I'm
sane and sound, I've got my senses. I won't take
any notice of what he says, not I. I'll knock at the
door (*moves toward Amphitryon's house*)

Mer.

(*blocking him off*) Where now?

Sos.

Home.

Mer.

(*advancing*) And shouldst thou climb into
Jupiter's four horse chariot and seek to flee, e'en
so thou canst hardly fly misfortune.

Sos.

I can tell my own mistress what my own master
ordered me to tell her, can't I?

Mer.

Thy own mistress, aye,—whatever likes thee: but
never shalt thou approach ours here. Yea,
provoke me, and thou draggest hence a
shipwreck of a man. (*advancing*)

Sos.

(*retreating*) Don't, don't,—I'll be off! (*aside*) Ye
immortal gods! For heaven's sake, where did I
lose myself? Where was I transformed? Where
did I drop my shape? I didn't leave myself behind
at the harbour, did I, if I did happen to forget it?
For, my word, this fellow has got hold of my
complete image, mine that was!

Here I am alive and folks carry my image—more
than anyone will ever do when I'm dead. I'll go
down to the harbour and tell my master all about
these goings on—that is unless he doesn't know
me, too,—and I hope to Jupiter he won't, so that I
may shave my hair off this very day and stick my
bald head in a freeman's cap.

[EXIT *Sosia*.]

Scene 2.

Mer.

Well, my little affair has progressed finely,
famously. I have sent a confounded nuisance to
the right-about from the door and given my
father a chance to embrace the lady there in
safety. Now when our friend gets back there to
his master, Amphitryon, he'll tell his tale how it
was servant Sosia that packed him off. Yes, and
then Amphitryon will think he is lying, and never

credet, neque credet huc profectum, ut iusserat.
 470 erroris ambo ego illos et dementiae
 complebo atque omnem Amphitruonis familiam,
 adeo usque, satietatem dum capiet pater
 illius quam amat. igitur demum omnes scient
 quae facta. denique Alcumenam Iuppiter
 rediget antiquam coniugi in concordiam.

nam Amphitruo actutum uxori turbas conciet
 atque insimulabit eam probri; tum meus pater
 eam seditionem illi in tranquillum conferet.
 480 nunc de Alcumena dudum quod dixi minus,
 hodie illa pariet filios geminos duos

alter decumo post mense nascetur puer
 quam seminastus, alter mense septumo;
 eorum Amphitruonis alter est, alter Iovis:
 verum minori puero maior est pater,
 minor maiori. iamne hoc scitis quid siet?

sed Alcumenae huius honoris gratia
 pater curavit uno ut fetu fieret,
 (488) uno ut labore absolvat aerumnas duas¹⁵.
 491 quamquam, ut iam dudum dixi, resciscet tamen
 Amphitruo rem omnem. quid igitur? nemo id
 probro
 profecto ducet Alcumenae; nam deum
 non par videtur facere, delictum suom
 suamque ut culpam expetere in mortalem ut
 sinat.

orationem comprimam: crepuit foris.
 Amphitruo subditivos eccum exit foras
 cum Alcumena uxore usuraria.

I. 3.

Iup.
 Bene vale, Alcumena, cura rem communem, quod
 facis;
 500 atque inperce quaeso: menses iam tibi esse actos
 vides.
 mihi necesse est ire hinc; verum quod erit natum
 tollito.

Alc.
 Quid istuc est, mi vir, negoti, quod tu tam subito
 domo abeas?

Iup.
 Edepol haud quod tui me neque domi distaedeat;
 sed ubi summus imperator non adest ad
 exercitum,
 citius quod non facto est usus fit quam quod
 facto est opus.

Mer.
 Nimis hic scitust sycophanta, qui quidem meus
 sit pater.
 observatote eum, quam blande muliori
 palpabitur.

Alc.
 Ecastor te experior quanti facias uxorem tuam.

Iup.
 Satin habes, si feminarum nulla est quam aequè
 diligam?

Mer.
 510 Edepol ne illa si istis rebus te sciat operam dare
 ego faxim ted Amphitruonem esse malis, quam
 Iovem.

came here as he ordered.

I'll muddle up the pair of them, bedevil them
 completely, and Amphitryon's whole household,
 too, and keep it up till my father has his fill of her
 whom he loves: then all shall know the truth, but
 not before. And finally Jupiter will renew the
 former harmony between Alcmena and her
 spouse.

For you see, Amphitryon, will be raging at his
 wife shortly, and accusing her of playing him
 false: then my father will step in and quell the
 riot. Now about Alcmena—something I left
 unsaid a while ago—now she shall bring forth
 twin sons,
 one being a ten months' boy, the other a seven.
 One is Amphitryon's child, the other Jove's: the
 younger boy, however, has the greater father,
 and vice versa. You see how it is now, do you?

But out of consideration for Alcmena here, my
 father has provided that there shall be only one
 parturition: he intends to make one labour suffice
 for two. But Amphitryon, though, as I told you
 some time since, will be informed of the whole
 affair. But what of that? Certainly no one will
 hold Alcmena guilty: no, no, it would seem highly
 unbecoming for a god to let a mortal take the
 consequences of his misdeeds and his
 indiscretions.

(*listening*) Enough of this: there goes the door.
 Ah, the counterfeit Amphitryon comes out with
 his borrowed wife, Alcmena! (*steps aside*)

Scene 3.

ENTER *Jupiter* AND *Alcmena* FROM THE HOUSE.

Jup.
 Good-bye and God bless you, my dear. Continue
 to look out for our common interests, and do be
 sure not to overdo: you are near your time now,
 you know. I am obliged to leave you—but don't
 expose the child.

Alc.
 (*plaintively*) Why, my husband, what is it takes
 you away so suddenly?

Jup.
 No weariness of you and home, I swear to that.
 But when the commander-in-chief is not with his
 army, things are much more liable to go wrong
 than right.

Mer.
 (*aside*) Ah, he's a sly old dodger—does me ^D
 credit, my father does! Notice how suavely he'll
 smooth her down.

Alc.
 (*outing*) Oh yes, I'm learning how much you
 think of your wife.

Jup.
 (*fondly*) Isn't it enough that you're the dearest
 woman in the world to me? (*embraces her*)

Mer.
 (*aside*) Now, now, sir! Just let the lady up yonder
 (*pointing thumb heavenward*) learn of your
 performances here, and I'll guarantee you'd

Alc.
 Experiri istuc mavellem me quam mi
 memorarier.
 prius abis quam lectus ubi cubuisti concaluit
 locus.
 heri venisti media nocte, nunc abis. hocin placet?
Mer.
 Accedam atque hanc appellabo et subparasitabor
 patri.
 numquam edepol quemquam mortalem credo ego
 uxorem suam
 sic ecflctim amare, proinde ut hic te ecflctim
 deperit.

Iup.
 Carnufex, non ego te novi? abin e conspectu
 meo?
 quid tibi hanc curatio est rem, verbero, aut
 muttitio?
 quon ego iam hoc scipione—
Alc.
 Ah noli.

Iup.
 Muttito modo.

Mer.
 Nequiter paene expeditit prima parasitatio.

Iup.
 Verum quod tu dicis, mea uxor, non te mi irasci
 decet.
 clanculum abii a legione: operam hanc subrupui
 tibi,
 ex me primo ut prima scires, rem ut gessissem
 publicam.
 ea tibi omnia enarravi. nisi te amarem plurimum,
 non facerem.

Mer.
 Facitne ut dixi? timidam palpo percutit.

Iup.
 Nunc, ne legio persentiscat, clam illuc
 redeundum est mihi,
 ne me uxorem praeventisse dicant prae re
 publica.

Alc.
 Lacrimantem ex abitu concinnas tu tuam uxorem.

Iup.
 Tace,
 ne corrumpe oculos, redibo actutum.

Alc.
 Id actutum diu est.

Iup.
 Non ego te hic lubens relinquo neque abeo abs
 te.

Alc.
 Sentio,
 nam qua nocte ad me venisti, eadem abis.

Iup.
 Cur me tenes?
 tempus est: exire ex urbe prius quam luceat
 volo.
 nunc tibi hanc pateram, quae dono mi illi ob
 virtutem data est,

rather be Amphitryon than Jove.

Alc.
 Actions speak louder than words. Here you are
 leaving me before your place on the couch had
 time to get warm. You came last night at
 midnight, and now you are going. Does that seem
 right?

Mer.
 (*aside*) I'll go slip a word in and play henchman
 to my father. (*to Alcmena, stepping up*) Lord,
 ma'am, I don't believe there's a mortal man alive
 loves his own wife (*glancing slyly at Jupiter*) so
 madly as the mad way he dotes on you.

Jup.
 (*angrily*) You rascal, don't I know you? Out of my
 sight, will you! What business have you to
 interfere with this matter, or to breathe a word
 about it, you scamp? I'll take my cane this instant
 and—

Alc.
 (*seizing his arm*) Oh, please don't!

Jup.
 You just breathe a word now!

Mer.
 (*aside dryly*) The henchman's first try at
 henching pretty nearly came to grief.

Jup.
 But as to what you say, precious,—you oughtn't
 to be cross with me. It was on the sly that I left
 my troops: this is a stolen treat, stolen for your
 sake, so that your first news of how I served my
 country might come first from me. And now I
 have told you the whole story. I wouldn't have
 done such a thing, if I hadn't loved you with all
 my heart.

Mer.
 (*aside*) Doing as I said, eh? Stroking her down,
 patting her back, poor thing.

Jup.
 Now I must slip back, so that my men may not
 get wind of this and say I put my wife ahead of
 the public welfare.

Alc.
 (*tearfully*) And make your own wife cry at your
 leaving her!

Jup.
 (*affectionately*) Hush! Don't spoil your eyes: I
 shall be back soon.

Alc.
 That "soon" is a long, long time.

Jup.
 It's not that I like to leave you here and go away.

Alc.
 So I perceive—going away the same night you
 came to me! (*clings to him*)

Jup.
 Why do you hold me? It is time: I wish to get out
 of the city before daybreak. (*producing a golden
 bowl*) Here is the bowl they presented me for
 bravery on the field—the one King Pterelas used
 to drink from, whom I killed with my own hand—
 take it as a gift from me, Alcmena.

Pterela rex qui potitavit, quem ego mea occidi
manu,

Alcumena, tibi condono.

Alc.

Facis ut alias res soles.
ecastor condignum donum, qualest qui donum
dedit.

Mer.

Immo sic: condignum donum, qualest cui dono
datumst.

Iup.

Pergin autem? nonne ego possum, furcifer, te
perdere?

Alc.

540 Noli amabo, Amphitruo, irasci Sosiae causa mea.

Iup.

Faciam ita ut vis.

Mer.

Ex amore hic admodum quam saevos
est.

Iup.

Numquid vis?

Alc.

Ut quom absim me ames, me tuam te
absente tamen.

Mer.

Eamus, Amphitruo. lucescit hoc iam.

Iup.

Abi prae, Sosia,
Iam ego sequar. numquid vis?

Alc.

Etiam: ut actutum advenias.

Iup.

Licet,
prius tua opinione hic adero: bonum animum
habe.
nunc te, nox, quae me mansisti, mitto uti cedas
die,
ut mortalis inlucescat luce clara et candida.
atque quanto, nox, fuisti longior hac proxuma,
tanto brevior dies ut fiat faciam, ut aequae
disparet.
550 sed dies e nocte accedat. ibo et Mercurium
sequar.

Alc.

(*taking bowl eagerly*) That *is* so like you! Oh,
your gift just matches the giver!

Mer.

Oh no, not the giver—that gift matches the
getter.

Jup.

(*savagely*) So? At it again? Is there no choking
you off, you jailbird? No? (*advances with
upraised cane*)

Alc.

(*holding him back*) Please, Amphitryon, don't be
angry with Sosia on my account.

Jup.

(*halting*) Anything you please.

Mer.

(*aside*) Love has made an out-and-out savage of
him.

Jup.

(*kissing Alcmena and turning to go*) Nothing else,
then?

Alc.

This,—even though I am not near you, love me
still, your own true wife, absent or not.

Mer.

Let's go, sir; it is getting light already.

Jup.

Go ahead, Sosia; I shall be with you in a moment.
[EXIT *Mercury*.

(*kisses Alcmena again and turns to go*) Nothing
further?

Alc.

Yes, yes—do come back soon.

Jup.

Indeed I will: I shall be here sooner than you
think. Come, come, cheer up! (*embraces her and
moves away*)

[EXIT *Alcmena* INTO HOUSE, SADLY.

Now, Night, who hast tarried for me, I dismiss
thee: give place to Day, that he may shine upon
mortals in radiance and splendour. And Night,
since thou wert longer than the last, I shall make
the day so much the shorter, that there may be
fair adjustment. But let day issue forth from
night. Now to follow after Mercury.
[EXIT *Jupiter*.

ACTVS II

Amph.

Age i tu secundum.

Sos.

Sequor, subsequor te.

Amph.

Scelestissimum te arbitror.

Sos.

Nam quam ob rem?

ACT II

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Amphitryon* FOLLOWED BY *Sosia*. SLAVES WITH
BAGGAGE IN REAR.

Amph.

(*to lagging Sosia*) Here you! After me, come!

Sos.

Coming, sir! Right at your heels.

Amph.

It's my opinion you are a damned rascal.

Sos.

(*hurt*) Oh sir, why?

	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Quia id quod neque est neque fuit neque futurum est mihi praedicās.	(<i>angrily</i>) Because what you tell me is not so, never was so, never will be.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Eccere, iam tuatim facis tu, ut tuis nulla apud te fides sit.	See there now! Just like you—you can never trust your servants.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Quid est? quo modo? iam quidem hercle ego tibi istam scelestam, scelus, linguam abscondam.	(<i>misunderstanding</i>) What? How is that? Well, by heaven now, I'll cut out that villainous tongue for you, you villain!
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Tuos sum, proinde ut commodumst et lubet quidque facias tamen quin loquar haec uti facta sunt hic, 560 numquam ullo modo me potes deterrere.	(<i>stubbornly</i>) I am yours, sir: so do anything that suits your convenience and taste. However, I shall tell everything just as it happened here, and you shall never frighten me out of that, never.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Scelestissime, audes mihi praedicare id, domi te esse nunc, qui hic ades?	You confounded rascal, do you dare tell me you are at home this very minute, when you are here with me?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Vera dico.	It is a fact, sir.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Malum quod tibi di dabunt, atque ego hodie dabo.	A fact you shall soon suffer for—the gods will see to that, and so will I.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Istuc tibist in manu, nam tuos sum.	That rests with you, sir: I am your man.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Tun me, verbero, audes erum ludificari? tunc id dicere audes, quod nemo umquam homo antehac vidit nec potest fieri, tempore uno homo idem duobus locis ut simul sit?	You dare make fun of me, scoundrel, your master? You dare tell me a thing no one ever saw before, an impossible thing—the same man in two places at one time?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Profecto, ut loquor res ita est.	Really, sir, it is just as I say.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Iuppiter te perdat.	Jove's curse on you!
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
570	Quid mali sum, ere, tua ex re promeritus?	What harm have I done you to be punished, sir?
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Rogasne, improbe, etiam qui ludos facis me?	Harm? You reprobate! Still making a joke of me, are you?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Merito maledicas mihi, si id ita factum est. ¹⁶ verum haud mentior, resque uti facta dico.	You would have a right to call me names, if that was so. But I am not lying, sir: it happened just as I say.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Homo hic ebrius est, ut opinor.	The man is drunk, I do believe.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Utinam ita essem.	(<i>heartily</i>) Wish I was!
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
575	Optas quae facta.	(<i>dryly</i>) Your wish is already gratified.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Egone?	Is it?
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Tu istic. ubi bibisti?	It is. Where did you get drink?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Nusquam equidem bibi.	I did not, not I, nowhere.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Quid hoc sit hominis?	(<i>despairingly</i>) What am I to make of the fellow?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>

576	Equidem decies dixi:	I have told you how it is ten times over: I am at
577	domi ego sum, inquam, ecquid audis?	home, I say. Do you hear that? Yes, and I am here
	et apud te adsum Sosia idem.	with you, the same Sosia. There sir, do you think
578	satin hoc plane, satin diserte,	that is putting it plainly enough, lucidly enough
	ere, nunc videor	for you?
	tibi locutus esse?	
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
579	Vah,	(<i>shoving him aside</i>) Bah! Get away with you.
	apage te a me.	
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
580	Quid est negoti?	What is the matter?
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Pestis te tenet.	You have the plague.
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Nam quor istuc	Why, what do you say that for? Really, sir, I feel
	dicis? equidem valeo el salvos	well, I am all right.
	sum recte, Amphitruo.	
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
583	At te ego faciam	But I shall soon see you get your deserts: you will
	hodie proinde ac meritus es,	not feel so well, you will be wretched enough,
584a	ut minus valeas et miser sis,	once I get back home all right. Be so good as to
584b	salvos domum si rediero: iam	follow me, you that make a butt of your master
585a	sequere sis, erum qui ludificas	with your idiotic drive!
585b	dictis delirantibus,	
	qui quoniam erus quod imperavit neglexisti	Seeing you neglected to carry out your master's
	persequi,	orders, you now have the effrontery to come and
	nunc venis etiam ultro inrisum dominum: quae	laugh at him, to boot,—with your tales of what
	neque fieri	can never happen, what no man ever heard of,
	possunt neque fando umquam accepit quisquam	you rascalion. By heaven, those lies of yours
	profers, carnifex;	shall fall on your own back, I promise you!
	quoniam ego hodie in tergum faxo ista expetant	
	mendacia.	
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
590	Amphitruo, miserrima istaec miseria est servo	(<i>plaintively</i>) It is hard, sir, horribly hard, on a
	bono,	good servant that tells his master plain facts to
	apud erum qui vera loquitur, si id vi verum	have his facts confuted by a flogging.
	vincitur.	
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Quo id, malum, pacto potest nam—mecum	Curse it! How in the world is it possible—argue it
	argumentis puta—	out with me—for you to be here now, and at
	fieri, nunc uti tu et hic sis et domi? id dici volo.	home, too? Tell me that, will you?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Sum profecto et hic et illic. hoc cuivis mirari	I am here and I am there, I positively am. I don't
	licet,	care who wonders at it: it is no more wonderful
	neque tibi istuc mirum ¹⁷ magis videtur quam	to you than it is to me, sir.
	mih.	
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Quo modo?	How is that?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
	Nihilo, inquam, mirum magis tibi istuc quam	I say it is not a bit more wonderful to you than to
	mih;	me. So help me heaven, I didn't believe my own
	neque, ita me di ament, credebam primo mihimet	self, Sosia, at first, not till that other Sosia,
	Sosiae,	myself, made me believe him. He reeled off every
	donec Sosia illic egomet fecit sibi uti crederem.	thing just as it happened while we were on the
	ordine omne, uti quicque actum est, dum apud	field there with the enemy; and besides, he had
	hostis sedimus,	stolen my looks along with my name. One drop of
600	edissertavit. tum formam una abstulit cum	milk is no more like another than that I is like
	nomine.	me. Why, when you sent me ahead home from
	neque lac lactis magis est simile quam ille ego	the harbour before dawn a while ago—
	similest mei.	
	nam ut dudum ante lucem a portu me praemisisti	
	domum—	
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Quid igitur?	What then?
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>

	Prius multo ante aedis stabam quam illo adveneram.	I was standing in front of the house long before I got there.
	<i>Amph.</i> Quas, malum, nugas? satin tu sanus es?	<i>Amph.</i> What confounded rubbish! Are you actually in your senses?
	<i>Sos.</i> Sic sum ut vides.	<i>Sos.</i> You can see for yourself I am.
	<i>Amph.</i> Huic homini nescio quid est mali mala obiectum manu, postquam a me abiit.	<i>Amph.</i> The fellow is bewitched somehow: the evil hand has been laid on him since he left me.
	<i>Sos.</i> Fateor, nam sum obtusus pugniss pessume.	<i>Sos.</i> Right you are! Evil? The way I got beaten to jelly was damned evil.
	<i>Amph.</i> Quis te verberavit?	<i>Amph.</i> Who was it beat you?
	<i>Sos.</i> Egomet memet, qui nunc sum domi.	<i>Sos.</i> I beat myself—the I that is at home now.
	<i>Amph.</i> Cave quicquam, nisi quod rogabo te, mihi responderis. omnium primum iste qui sit Sosia, hoc dici volo.	<i>Amph.</i> Mind now, not a word but what I ask you. In the first place, I wish to be informed who that Sosia is.
	<i>Sos.</i> Tuos est servos.	<i>Sos.</i> Your own slave.
610	<i>Amph.</i> Mihi quidem uno te plus etiam est quam volo, neque postquam sum natus habui nisi te servom Sosiam.	<i>Amph.</i> As a matter of fact, I have one too many in you already, and never in my life did I own a slave named Sosia except yourself.
	<i>Sos.</i> At ego nunc, Amphitruo, dico: Sosiam servom tuom praeter me alterum, inquam, adveniens faciam ut offendas domi, Davo prognatum patre eodem quo ego sum, forma, aetate item qua ego sum. quid opust verbis? geminus Sosia hic factust tibi.	<i>Sos.</i> Well sir, you mark my words now: I warrant you you will come upon a second servant Sosia of yours besides me when you reach home, yes sir, one whose father was Davus the same as mine, and who is just like me and just my age, too. Enough said, sir. Sosia has twinned here for you.
	<i>Amph.</i> Nimia memoras mira. sed vidistin uxorem meam?	<i>Amph.</i> (<i>impressed</i>) Strange, very strange indeed! But did you see my wife?
	<i>Sos.</i> Quin intro ire in aedis numquam licitum est.	<i>Sos.</i> Why, sir, never a foot was I allowed to put in the house.
	<i>Amph.</i> Quis te prohibuit?	<i>Amph.</i> Who hindered you?
	<i>Sos.</i> Sosia ille, quem iam dudum dico, is qui me contudit.	<i>Sos.</i> That Sosia I have been telling of all along, the one that smashed me up.
	<i>Amph.</i> Quis istic Sosia est?	<i>Amph.</i> Who is that Sosia?
	<i>Amph.</i> Ego, inquam. quotiens dicendum est tibi?	<i>Amph.</i> I am, I say. How many times do you need to be told?
	<i>Amph.</i> Sed quid ais? num obdormivisti dudum?	<i>Amph.</i> (<i>reflecting</i>) But look here, you were not asleep a while ago, were you?
620	<i>Sos.</i> Nusquam gentium.	<i>Sos.</i> Not a bit of it, sir.
	<i>Amph.</i> Ibi forte istum si vidisses quendam in somnis Sosiam—	<i>Amph.</i> Then perhaps, if you had seen that, well, that Sosia of yours in your dreams—
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>

Non soleo ego somniculose eri imperia persequi.
vigilans vidi, vigilans nunc te video, vigilans
fabulor,
vigilantem ille me iam dudum vigilans pugnīs
contudit.

Amph.

Quis homo?

Sos.

Sosia, inquam, ego ille. quaeso, nonne
intellegis?

Amph.

Qui, malum, intellegere quisquam potis est? ita
nugas blatis.

Sos.

Verum actutum nosces, quom illum nosces
servom Sosiam.

Amph.

(628) Sequere hac igitur me, nam mi istuc primum
exquisito est opus.¹⁸

II. 2.

Alc.

633 Satin parva res est voluptatum in vita atque in
aetate agunda
praequam quod molestum est? ita cuique
comparatum est in aetate hominum;
ita divis est placitum, voluptatem ut maeror
comes consequatur:
quin incommodi plus malique ilico adsit, boni si
optigit quid.
nam ego id nunc experior domo atque ipsa de me
scio, cui voluptas
parumper datast, dum viri mei mihi potestas
videndi fuit
noctem unam modo; atque is repente abiit a me
hinc ante lucem.
640 sola hic mihi nunc videor, quia ille hinc abest
quem ego amo praeter omnes.
plus aegri ex habitu viri, quam ex adventu
voluptatis cepi.

sed hoc me beat
saltem, quom perduellis vicit et domum laudis
compos revenit:
id solacio est.
absit, dum modo laude parta
domum recipiat se; feram et perferam usque
abutum eius animo forti atque offirmato, id modo
si mercedis
datur mi, ut meus victor vir belli clueat.
satis mi esse ducam.
virtus praemium est optimum;
virtus omnibus rebus anteit profecto:
650 libertas salus vita res et parentes, patria et
prognati
tutantur, servantur:
virtus omnia in sese habet, omnia adsunt
bona quem penest virtus

Amph.

Edepol me uxori exoptatum credo adventurum
domum,
quae me amat, quam contra amo, praesertim re
gesta bene,
victis hostibus. quos nemo posse superari ratust,

I don't do my master's orders drowsily. Wide
awake I was, eyes open; I am wide awake with
'em open on you now; I am wide awake telling my
story; and I was wide awake when he hammered
me a while back, yes, and (*ruefully*) he was wide
awake.

Amph.

Who?

Sos.

Sosia, I tell you, that me. Pray do not you
understand?

Amph.

How the devil can any man understand? Such
stuff and nonsense!

Sos.

(*significantly*) Well, you will know what I mean
very soon, once you know that servant Sosia.

Amph.

(*going toward house*) Come then, this way. This
matter needs my investigation first of all. (*stops
to examine house from distance and talks with
Sosia*)

Scene 2

ENTER *Alcmena* INTO DOORWAY.

Alc.

Oh, are not the pleasures in life, in this daily
round, trifling compared with the pains! It is
our common human lot, it is heaven's will, for
sorrow to come following after joy: yes, yes,
and to have a larger share of trouble and
distress the moment something nice has
happened.

Ah, I am learning this now at first hand,
learning it of my own experience—a few short
hours of happiness, allowed to see my husband
for just one night; and then away he goes all of
a sudden before daylight! It does seem so
lonely here now, when the one I love best is
gone. I have felt more unhappy at his going
than happy at his coming.

But there is thus much to be thankful for, at
least: he has been victorious and come home a
hero—that is one comfort. He may leave me, if
only he returns to me with a glorious name: I
will bear his going, yes, and keep on bearing it
to the end firmly and unflinchingly, only let me
have the reward of hearing my husband hailed
conqueror. That is enough for me! Courage is
the very best gift of all; courage stands before
everything, it does, it does! It is what
maintains and preserves our liberty, safety,
life, and our homes and parents, our country
and children. Courage comprises all things: a
man with courage has every blessing.

Amph.

By Jove, my wife will certainly be delighted to
have me home—loving each other as we do!
Especially now that we have been successful,
and the enemy, that every one thought
invincible, beaten, beaten at the first set-to

eos auspicio meo atque ductu primo coetu
vicimus
certe enim med illi expectatum optato venturum
scio.

Sos.

Quid? me non rere expectatum amicae venturum
meae?

Alc.

Meus vir hic quidem est.

Amph.

Sequere hac tu me.

Alc.

660 Nam quid ille revortitur,
qui dudum properare se aibat? an ille me
temptat sciens
atque id se volt experiri, suom abitum ut
desiderem?
ecastor med haud invita se domum recipit suam.

Sos.

Amphitruo, redire ad navem meliust nos.

Amph.

Qua gratia?

Sos.

Quia domi daturus nemo est prandium
advenientibus

Amph.

Qui tibi nunc istuc in mentemst?

Sos.

Quia enim sero advenimus.

Amph.

Qui?

Sos.

Quia Alcumenam ante aedis stare saturam
intellego.

Amph.

Gravidam ego illanc hic reliqui, quom abeo.

Sos.

Ei perii miser.

Amph.

Quid tibi est?

Sos.

670 Ad aquam praebendam commodum
adveni domum,
decumo post mense, ut rationem te putare
intellego

Amph.

Bono animo es.

Sos.

Scin quam bono animo sim? si situlam
cepero,
numquam edepol tu mihi divini creduis post hunc
diem,
ni ego illi puteo, si occepso, animam omnem
inter traxero.

Amph.

Sequere hac me modo, alium ego isti rei
allegabo, ne time.

under my auspices and leadership. Ah yes, my
arrival will surely be a very welcome event to
her.

Sos.

What? And don't you think mine is going to be
welcome to my lady friend?

Alc.

(*seeing them*) Why, here is my husband!

Amph.

(*to Sosia*) Here you, this way! (*goes on toward
house*)

Alc.

(*aside*) What in the world is he back for so soon
after saying he must hurry off! Is he trying me
on purpose, does he want to test how much I
miss him when he goes? Bless his heart, I have
no objection to his coming home again!

Sos.

(*seeing her*) We had better make for the ship
once more, sir.

Amph.

Why?

Sos.

No one at home is going to give the new
arrivals a breakfast, that is why.

Amph.

And how does that thought happen to occur to
you?

Sos.

Because we've come too late.

Amph.

How so?

Sos.

(*pointing*) Well, there's mistress in front of the
house, and she has a sort of well-fed look about
her.

Amph.

I had hopes when I went away, Sosia, of being
made a father.

Sos.

Heaven help me!

Amph.

What is the matter?

Sos.

(*disgustedly*) I have got home exactly in time to
draw the water: it is the tenth month since,
according as I follow your reckoning.

Amph.

(*laughing*) Cheer up, cheer up!

Sos.

Know how cheerful I am, do you, sir? Let me
get hold of a bucket, and by gad, don't ever
trust my sacred oath again, if I do not drain
that well of its last breath, once I begin.

Amph.

Come now, this way with me. (*moves toward
house again*) I will appoint some one else to
that office, never fear.

	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
	Magis nunc me meum officium facere, si huic eam advorsum, arbitror.		(<i>aside</i>) I suppose it would be more duteous of me to go to meet him. (<i>advances slowly</i>)
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
	Amphitruo uxorem salutat laetus speratam suam, quam omnium Thebis vir unam esse optimam diiudicat, quamque adeo cives Thebani vero rumiferant probam. valuistin usque? exspectatum advenio?		(<i>with playful courtliness</i>) Gladly does Amphitryon greet his darling wife, whom her husband judges to be the one best lady in all Thebes; yea, and justly do the citizens of Thebes bruit her virtue. (<i>earnestly</i>) Have you been well all this time? Are you glad to see me?
	<i>Sos.</i>		<i>Sos.</i>
	Haud vidi magis.		(<i>aside</i>) Glad? None more so! Welcomes him about as warmly as she would a dog!
680	exspectatum eum salutat magis haud quicquam quam canem.		
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
	Et quom te ¹⁹ gravidam et quom te pulchre plenam aspicio, gaudeo.		Ah, it is splendid to see your condition, dear, and to see you getting on so finely.
	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
	Obsecro ecastor, quid tu me deridiculi gratia sic salutas atque appellas, quasi dudum non videris		Good gracious! Why are you making fun of me with all these greetings and salutations, as if you had not seen me a little while ago and were just this moment back from the war?
(684)	quasique nunc primum recipias te domum huc ex hostibus? ²⁰		
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
(686)	Immo equidem te nisi nunc hodie nusquam vidi gentium.		(<i>surprised</i>) Why, why, but I have not seen you—no, nowhere at all except this very instant.
	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
	Cur negas?		What makes you deny it?
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
	Quia vera didici dicere.		Because I have learned to tell the truth.
	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
	Haud aequom facit qui quod didicit id dediscit. an periclitamini quid animi habeam? sed quid huc vos revortimini tam cito?		It is not a good plan to learn a thing and then unlearn it. Or is this a test of my feelings? But why are you returning so quickly? Were you delayed by bad omens, or is it the weather detains you, that you have not gone away to the army, as you spoke of doing a little while ago?
690	an te auspiciu commoratum est an tempestas continet qui non abiisti ad legiones, ita uti dudum dixeras?		
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
	Dudum? quam dudum istuc factum est?		A little while ago? How little a while ago was that?
	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
	Temptas. iam dudum, modo.		Tease! Oh, quite a little while ago—just now.
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
	Qui istuc potis est fieri, quaeso, ut dicis: iam dudum, modo?		For heaven's sake, how can those statements agree—"quite a little while ago" and "just now"?
	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
	Quid enim censes? te ut deludam contra lusorem meum, qui nunc primum te advenisse dicas, modo qui hinc abieris.		Well, how do you suppose? I am merely trying to make game of you for a change, after your making game of me by saying this is your first appearance here, when you just now left us.
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
	Haec quidem deliramenta loquitur.		(<i>to Sosia</i>) Upon my soul, she is raving!
	<i>Sos.</i>		<i>Sos.</i>
	Paulisper mane, dum edormiscat unum somnum.		Wait a while till she has slept out just one sleep.
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
	Quaene vigilans somniat?		What, awake and dreaming?
	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
	Equidem ecastor vigilo, et vigilans id quod factum est fabulor.		(<i>indignantly</i>) To be sure I am awake, and awake as I relate what happened. Why, just a

	nam dudum ante lucem et istunc et te vidi.	little while ago before dawn I saw that man and you, both.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Quo in loco?	Where was this?
	<i>Alc.</i>	<i>Alc.</i>
	Hic in aedibus ubi tu habitas.	Here in your very own house, sir.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Numquam factum est.	Impossible!
	<i>Sos.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
700	Non taces?	Hush, sir, hush! What if the ship carried us here from the harbour in our sleep?
	quid si e portu navis huc nos dormientis detulit?	<i>Amph.</i>
	<i>Amph.</i>	Ha! you are siding with her too, are you?
	Etiam tu quoque adsentaris huic?	<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>	(<i>wisely</i>) Well, what do you want? Don't you understand? You but cross a Bacchante when the Bacchic frenzy fills her, and you'll make the crazy thing crazier still and she'll hit you all the more: humour her, and she'll call it quits after one blow.
	Quid vis fieri?	<i>Amph.</i>
	non tu scis? Bacchae bacchanti si velis advorsarier,	Humour her? By the Lord, it will be bad humour, that's sure,—arriving home to-day and she unwilling to give me a decent welcome!
	ex insana insaniorem facies, feriet saepius; si obsequare, una resolvas plaga.	<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Amph.</i>	You'll be poking up a hornet's nest.
	At pol qui certa res	<i>Amph.</i>
	hanc est obiurgare, quae me hodie advenientem domum	Silence! (<i>to Alcmena, sternly</i>) Alcmena, there is something I wish to ask you.
	noluerit salutare.	<i>Alc.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>	Anything you please.
	Inritabis crabrones.	<i>Amph.</i>
	<i>Amph.</i>	Are you obsessed by some foolish notion, or is this pride running away with you?
	Tace.	<i>Alc.</i>
	Alcumena, unum rogare te volo.	What makes it enter your head to ask me such a question, my husband?
	<i>Alc.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Quid vis roga.	Because till to-day you used to welcome me on my arrival and greet me as modest wives generally do their husbands. Yet here I come home to find you have dropped the habit.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Alc.</i>
	Num tibi aut stultitia accessit aut superat superbia?	Why mercy me, when you came home yesterday I certainly did welcome you the moment you appeared, and asked you in the same breath if you had been well all the time, and seized your hand and gave you a kiss.
	<i>Alc.</i>	<i>Sos.</i>
710	Qui istuc in mentemst tibi ex me, mi vir, percontarier?	Welcomed him yesterday, did you?
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Alc.</i>
	Quia salutare advenientem me solebas antidhac, appellare, itidem ut pudicae suos viros quae sunt solent.	Yes, and you, too, Sosia.
	eo more expertem te factam adveniens offendi domi.	<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Alc.</i>	Sir, I hoped she was going to bear you a son; but it's no child she's got.
	Ecastor equidem te certo heri advenientem ilico, et salutavi et valuissesne usque exquisivi simul, mi vir, et manum prehendi et osculum tetuli tibi.	<i>Amph.</i>
	<i>Sos.</i>	What, then?
	Tun heri hunc salutavisti?	<i>Sos.</i>
	<i>Alc.</i>	A crazy streak.
	Et te quoque etiam, Sosia.	
	<i>Sos.</i>	
	Amphitruo, speravi ego istam tibi parituram filium;	
	verum non est puero gravida.	
	<i>Amph.</i>	
	Quid igitur?	
	<i>Sos.</i>	
	Insania.	

720 *Alc.*
 Equidem sana sum et deos quaeso, ut salva
 pariam filium.
 verum tu malum magnum habebis, si his suum
 officium facit:
 ob istuc omen, ominator, capies quod te
 condecet.
Sos.
 Enim vero praegnati oportet et malum et malum
 dari,
 ut quod obrodat sit, animo si male esse
 occeperit.
Amph.
 Tu me heri hic vidisti?
Alc.
 Ego, inquam, si vis decies dicere.
Amph.
 In somnis fortasse?
Alc.
 Immo vigilans vigilantem.
Amph.
 Ei misero mihi.
Sos.
 Quid tibi est?
Amph.
 Delirat uxor.
Sos.
 Atra bili percita est.
 nulla res tam delirantis homines concinnat cito.
Amph.
 Ubi primum tibi sensisti, mulier, impliciscier?
Alc.
 Equidem ecastor sana et salva sum.
Amph.
 730 Quor igitur praedicas,
 te heri me vidisse, qui hac noctu in portum
 advecti sumus?
 ibi cenavi atque ibi quievi in navi noctem
 perpetem,
 neque meum pedem huc intuli etiam in aedis, ut
 cum exercitu
 hinc profectus sum ad Teloboas hostis eosque ut
 vicimus.
Alc.
 Immo mecum cenavisti et mecum cubuisti.
Amph.
 Quid est?
Alc.
 Vera dico.
Amph.
 Non de hac quidem hercle re; de aliis
 nescio.
Alc.
 Primulo diluculo abiisti ad legiones.
Amph.
 Quo modo?
Sos.
 Recte dicit, ut commeminit: somnium narrat tibi.
 sed, mulier, postquam experrecta es, te
 prodigiali Iovi

Alc.
 (*angrily*) Indeed I have not, and I pray heaven I
 may safely bear a son. But you, sir, shall have
 an ample supply of aches and pains, if your
 master here does his duty! You shall be well
 rewarded for that omen, Sir Omener.
Sos.
 Really now, ma'am, it's a lady in your condition
 ought to have aches and pains, yes, and an
 apple supply, too, so as to have something to
 chew on in case she gets to feeling seedy.
Amph.
 You saw me here yesterday?
Alc.
 Yes, I,—if you must be told ten times over.
Amph.
 In your sleep, perhaps?
Alc.
 No, no, awake,—and you were awake, too.
Amph.
 Oh, this is terrible, terrible!
Sos.
 What ails you?
Amph.
Sos.
 Bilioous attack, sir, black bile. There's nothing
 sets 'em raving so soon.
Amph.
 When did you first feel it coming on, woman?
Alc.
 Goodness me! I'm perfectly sane and sound.
Amph.
 Then why are you declaring you saw me
 yesterday, when we reached port last night? I
 took dinner there and spent the whole livelong
 night there on board my ship, and I have not
 set foot in this house from the time I and my
 troops started on our campaign against the
 Teloboians and conquered them.
Alc.
 The idea! You had dinner with me and went to
 bed with me.
Amph.
 What?
Alc.
 I tell you the truth, sir.
Amph.
 Good God! Not in that, anyhow: about other
 matters I can't say.
Alc.
 And at the very break of day you went away to
 the army.
Amph.
 How's that?
Sos.
 Quite straight, sir, as far as her memory goes:
 she's giving you her dream. But I say, ma'am,
 this morning after you woke up you ought to

740 aut mola salsa hodie aut ture comprecata
oportuit.

Alc.
Vae capiti tuo.

Sos.
Tua istuc refert—si curaveris.

Alc.
Iterum iam hic in me inclementer dicit, atque id
sine malo.

Amph.
Tace tu. tu dic: egone abs te abii hinc hodie cum
diluculo?

Alc.
Quis igitur nisi vos narravit mi, illi ut fuerit
proelium?

Amph.
An etiam id tu scis?

Alc.
Quippe qui ex te audivi, ut urbem
maximam
expugnavisses regemque Pterelam tute
occideris.

Amph.
Egone istuc dixi?

Alc.
Tute istic, etiam adstante hoc Sosia.

Amph.
Audivistin tu me narrare haec hodie?

Sos.
Ubi ego audiverim?

Amph.
Hanc roga.

Sos.
Me quidem praesente numquam factum est,
quod sciam.

Alc.
Mirum quin te adversus dicat.

Amph.

750 Sosia, age me huc aspice.

Sos.
Specto.

Amph.
Vera volo loqui te, nolo adsentari mihi.
audivistin tu hodie me illi dicere ea quae illa
autumat?

Sos.
Quaeso edepol, num tu quoque etiam insanis,
quom id me interrogas,
qui ipsus equidem nunc primum istanc tecum
conspicio simul?

Amph.
Quid nunc, mulier? audin illum?

Alc.
Ego vero, ac falsum dicere.

Amph.
Neque tu illi neque mihi viro ipsi credis?

Alc.

have taken some salted cakes, or incense, and
prayed to Jove—he has charge of prodigies.

Alc.
Oh confound you, sir!

Sos.
(*innocently*) That would do you good, ma'am—
if you would see to it.

Alc.
There he is, rude to me again, and not
suffering for it!

Amph.
(*to Sosia*) Keep still, you! (*to Alcmena*) And you
—I left you this morning at daybreak, did I?

Alc.
Why, who else but you two told me how the
battle there went?

Amph.
You don't mean to say you know about that?

Alc.
Naturally, since I heard from your own lips
how you took that great city and killed King
Pterelas yourself.

Amph.
I told you that, I?

Alc.
Yes, you yourself,—with Sosia here standing
by, too.

Amph.
(*to Sosia*) Have you ever heard me say a word
of this?

Sos.
Heard you? Where?

Amph.
(*sullenly*) Ask her.

Sos.
You never did so far as I know, leastways with
me at hand.

Alc.
(*ironically*) It is strange he declines to
contradict his own master.

Amph.
Sosia, here! Look me in the eye.

Sos.
(*obeying*) Very good, sir.

Amph.
What I want from you is the truth, no
obsequiousness. Did you ever hear me utter a
syllable of what she says?

Sos.
Well, upon my word, I should like to ask if you
are not crazy yourself, asking me a question
like that—and I just this minute setting eyes on
her for the first time along with you?

Amph.
What now, madam? Do you hear him?

Alc.
To be sure I do—telling lies.

Amph.
You won't believe him, or me, your own
husband, either?

Alc.

	Eo fit quia mihi plurimum credo et scio istaec facta proinde ut proloquor.		That is only because I believe myself most of all, and I know everything occurred just as I tell you.
	<i>Amph.</i> Tun me heri advenisse dicis?		<i>Amph.</i> And you say that I arrived yesterday?
	<i>Alc.</i> Tun te abiisse hodie hinc negas?		<i>Alc.</i> And you deny that you left to-day?
	<i>Amph.</i> Nego enim vero, et me advenire nunc primum aio ad te domum.		<i>Amph.</i> Deny it? Of course I do. And I say I'm just now coming home to you for the first time.
760	<i>Alc.</i> Obsecro, etiamne hoc negabis, te auream pateram mihi dedisse dono hodie, qua te illi donatum esse dixeras?		<i>Alc.</i> And will you deny this, too, pray,—that you gave me the golden bowl to-day that was presented to you there, as you said?
	<i>Amph.</i> Neque edepol dedi neque dixi; verum ita animatus fui itaque nunc sum, ut ea te patera donem. sed quis istuc tibi dixit?		<i>Amph.</i> By heaven! I neither gave it nor said it. But I did intend to make you a gift of that bowl, and do still. Who told you of that, though?
	<i>Alc.</i> Ego equidem ex te audivi et ex tua accepi manu pateram.		<i>Alc.</i> Why, I heard about it from your own lips and received the bowl from your own hand.
	<i>Amph.</i> Mane, mane, obsecro te. nimis demiror, Sosia, qui illaec illic me donatum esse aurea patera sciat, nisi tu dudum hanc convenisti et narravisti haec omnia.		<i>Amph.</i> One moment, please, one moment! (<i>turning to Sosia</i>) It is very extraordinary. Sosia, how she knows I was presented with a golden bowl there, unless you met her a while ago yourself and told her the whole story.
	<i>Sos.</i> Neque edepol ego dixi neque istam vidi nisi tecum simul.		<i>Sos.</i> By gad, sir, I never told her, no, nor saw her, except here with you.
	<i>Amph.</i> Quid hoc sit hominis?		<i>Amph.</i> (<i>helplessly</i>) What sort of a creature have I got here?
	<i>Alc.</i> Vin proferri pateram?		<i>Alc.</i> Would you like to have the bowl brought?
	<i>Amph.</i> Proferri volo.		<i>Amph.</i> Indeed I should.
	<i>Alc.</i> Fiat heus tu, Thessala, intus pateram proferto foras, qua hodie meus vir donavit me.		<i>Alc.</i> Very well. (<i>calling to maid within</i>) Ho, there! Thessala, bring out the bowl my husband gave me to day.
770	<i>Amph.</i> Secede huc tu, Sosia, enim vero illud praeter alia mira miror maxime, si haec habet pateram illam.		<i>Amph.</i> Sosia! Come over here. (<i>they withdraw somewhat</i>) Upon my soul, it will be the most astounding of all these astounding circumstances, if she has that.
	<i>Sos.</i> An etiam credis id, quae in hac cistellula tuo signo obsignata fertur?		<i>Sos.</i> Do you really believe that, sir, when I've got it in this little chest here, sealed with your own signet?
	<i>Amph.</i> Salvom signum est?		<i>Amph.</i> Is the seal intact?
	<i>Sos.</i> Inspice.		<i>Sos.</i> (<i>showing chest</i>) Look and see.
	<i>Amph.</i> Recte, ita est ut obsignavi.		<i>Amph.</i> (<i>doing so</i>) It is all right—just as I sealed it.
	<i>Sos.</i> Quaeso, quin tu istanc iubes pro cerrita circumferri?		<i>Sos.</i> For heaven's sake, why don't you have her treated for lunacy?
	<i>Amph.</i> Edepol qui factus est opus;		<i>Amph.</i> By Jove, so I should! Why, bless my soul, she's

nam haec quidem edepol larvarum plenast.

Alc.

Quid verbis opust?
em tibi pateram, eccam.

Amph.

Cedo mi.

Alc.

Age aspice huc sis nunciam
tu qui quae facta infitiare, quem ego iam hic
convincam palam
estne haec patera qua donatu's illi?

Amph.

Summe Iuppiter,
quid ego video? haec ea est profecto patera.
perii, Sosia.

Sos.

Aut pol haec praestigiatrix multo mulier maxima
est
aut pateram hic inesse oportet.

Amph.

Agedum, exsolve cistulam.

Sos.

Quid ego istam exsolvam? obsignatast recte, res
gesta est bene:
tu peperisti Amphitruonem, ego alium peperii
Sosiam;
nunc si patera pateram peperit, omnes
congeminavimus.

Amph.

Certum est aperire atque inspicere.

Sos.

Vide sis signi quid siet,
ne posterius in me culpam conferas.

Amph.

Aperi modo;
nam haec quidem nos delirantis facere dictis
postulat.

Alc.

Unde haec igitur est nisi abs te quae mihi dono
data est?

Amph.

Opus mi est istuc exquisito.

Sos.

Iuppiter, pro Iuppiter.

Amph.

Quid tibi est?

Sos.

Hic patera nulla in cistulast.

Amph.

Quid ego audio?

Sos.

Id quod verumst.

Amph.

At cum cruciatu iam, nisi apparet, tuo.

Alc.

Haec quidem apparet.

Amph.

Quis igitur tibi dedit?

Alc.

Qui me rogat.

full of evil spirits!

ENTER *Thessala* WITH BOWL.

Alc.

Are you satisfied, sir? There! Your bowl, see!

Amph.

(*dumbfounded*) Give it here!

Alc.

Come now, be so good as to look at it, you that
do a thing and then disown it. I shall refute you
plainly, sir, here and now. Is this the bowl
which they presented to you there, or not?

Amph.

(*taking it*) Jove almighty! What do I see? The
selfsame bowl, it is, it is! This is frightful,
Sosia!

Sos.

By gad, she's either the greatest enchantress
alive, easily, or the bowl must be inside here.
(*pointing to chest*)

Amph.

Come, come, unfasten the chest!

Sos.

Unfasten it? Why? It's sealed all right,
everything is shipshape. You have spawned
another Amphitryon; I have spawned another
Sosia; now if the bowl has spawned another
bowl, we've all doubled.

Amph.

I'm resolved: it must be opened and inspected.

Sos.

You please take a look at the seal, sir, so that
you won't blame me later.

Amph.

(*looking*) Yes, yes, open up! Why, the woman is
bent on driving us mad with her talk.

Alc.

Where did this come from, then, if not as a
present from you?

Amph.

(*curtly*) This matter needs my investigation.

Sos.

(*busy with chest*) By Jove! Oh, by Jove!

Amph.

(*excited*) What is it?

Sos.

There's no bowl in the chest here at all!

Amph.

What's that you say?

Sos.

It's the honest truth.

Amph.

But your skin shall soon pay for it, if it's not
forthcoming.

Alc.

This one is forthcoming, at any rate.

Amph.

(*roughly*) Who gave it you, then?

Alc.

(*calmly*) My questioner.

Sos.
 Me captas, quia tute ab navi clanculum huc alia
 via
 praecurreristi, atque hinc pateram tute exemisti
 atque eam
 huic dedisti, post hanc rursum obsignasti
 clanculum.

Amph.
 Ei mihi, iam tu quoque huius adiuvas insaniam?
 an heri nos advenisse huc?

Alc.
 Aio, adveniensque ilico
 800 me salutavisti, et ego te, et osculum tetuli tibi.

Sos.
 Iam illud non placet principium de osculo.

Amph.
 Perge exsequi.

Alc.
 Lavisti.

Amph.
 Quid postquam lavi?

Alc.
 Accubuisti.

Sos.
 Euge optime,
 nunc exquire.

Amph.
 Ne interpella. perge porro dicere.

Alc.
 Cena adposita est, cenavisti mecum, ego accubui
 simul.

Amph.
 In eodem lecto?

Alc.
 In eodem.

Sos.
 Ei, non placet convivium.

Amph.
 Sine modo argumenta dicat. quid postquam
 cenavimus?

Alc.
 Te dormire aibas, mensa ablata est. cubitum
 hinc abiimus.

Amph.
 Ubi tu cubuisti?

Alc.
 In eodem lecto tecum una in
 cubiculo.

Amph.
 Perdidisti.

Sos.
 Quid tibi est?

Amph.
 Haec me modo ad mortem dedit.

Alc.
 Quid iam, amabo?

Amph.
 Ne me appella.

Sos.
 (*to Amphitryon*) Trying to catch me! The fact is
 you ran on ahead from the ship yourself by
 another road on the sly, and took the bowl out
 yourself, and gave it to her, and then sealed up
 the chest again on the sly.

Amph.
 Oh, ye gods! So now you are abetting her
 delusions, too! (*to Alcmena, with forced
 calmness*) We came here yesterday, you say?

Alc.
 Yes, and the moment you arrived you greeted
 me, and I you, and I gave you a kiss.

Sos.
 Now I don't like that, that beginning with a
 kiss!

Amph.
 Go on, go on!

Alc.
 Then you bathed.

Amph.
 And after bathing?

Alc.
 You took your place on the dining couch.

Sos.
 Bravo, sir! Great work! Now get to the bottom
 of it.

Amph.
 (*to Sosia*) No interruptions! (*to Alcmena*) Go on
 with your story.

Alc.
 Dinner was served: we dined together: I took
 my place on the couch, too.

Amph.
 The same couch?

Alc.
 Surely.

Sos.
 Oho! This banqueting looks bad!

Amph.
 (*to Sosia*) That will do. Let her state her case.
 (*to Alcmena*) What after we dined?

Alc.
 You said you were sleepy: the table was
 removed: we went off to bed.

Amph.
 Where did you sleep?

Alc.
 Why, with you, in our room.

Amph.
 Oh, my God!

Sos.
 What ails you?

Amph.
 She has killed me, killed me!

Alc.
 Why, my dear man, what do you mean?

Amph.
 (*furiously*) Don't speak to me!

	<i>Sos.</i>		<i>Sos.</i>
		Quid tibi est?	What ails you?
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
810		Perii miser, quia pudicitiae huius vitium me hinc absente est additum.	Oh, God help me! She's been seduced while I was gone!
	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
		Obsecro ecastor, cur istuc, mi vir, ex ted audio?	Good heavens! For mercy's sake how can you say such a thing, my dear husband?
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
		Vir ego tuos sim? ne me appella, falsa, falso nomine.	Am I your husband? Oh, you false wretch, none of your false names for me!
	<i>Sos.</i>		<i>Sos.</i>
		Haeret haec res, si quidem haec iam mulier facta est ex viro.	Here's a pretty mess, if he is turned into a woman and is not her husband!
	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
		Quid ego feci, qua istaec propter dicta dicantur mihi?	What have I done to be talked to like that?
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
		Tute edictas facta tua, ex me quaeris quid deliqueris.	You have recounted your doings yourself—and you ask me what the harm is!
	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
		Quid ego tibi deliqui, si, cum nupta sum, tecum fui?	Pray tell me what I have done in being with you, the man I married?
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
		Tun mecum fueris? quid illac impudente audacius? saltem, tute si pudoris egeas, sumas mutuom.	You with me? Of all brazen shamelessness! You might at least borrow some sense of decency, if you have none of your own!
	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
820		Istuc facinus, quod tu insimulas, nostro generi non decet. tu si me inpudicitiai captas, capere non potes.	Such behaviour as you accuse me of does not become members of my family, sir. Angle for me if you wish, you cannot catch me in such unspeakable conduct.
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
		Pro di immortales, cognoscin tu me saltem, Sosia?	Great God! You know me, anyhow, Sosia, don't you?
	<i>Sos.</i>		<i>Sos.</i>
		Propemodum.	Well, rather!
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
		Cenavin ego heri in navi in portu Persico?	Didn't I dine yesterday on shipboard at Port Persicus?
	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
		Mihi quoque adsunt testes, qui illud quod ego dicam adsentiant.	Yes, and I too have witnesses to corroborate what I say.
	<i>Sos.</i>		<i>Sos.</i>
		Nescio quid istuc negoti dicam, nisi si quispiam est Amphitruo alius, qui forte ted hinc absenti tamen tuam rem curet teque absente hic munus fungatur tuom. nam quod de illo subditivo Sosia mirum nimis, certe de istoc Amphitruone iam alterum mirum est magis.	I can't puzzle it out, sir, unless there's some other Amphitryon to manage your business, no matter if you are away, and to do your job for you when you have gone. I tell you what, that sham Sosia was monstrous surprising, but this second Amphitryon is certainly more so.
	<i>Amph.</i>		<i>Amph.</i>
830		Nescio quis praestigiator hanc frustratur mulierem.	Some magician or other has bedevilled the woman!
	<i>Alc.</i>		<i>Alc.</i>
		Per supremi regis regnum iuro et matrem familias Iunonem, quam me vereri et metuere est par maxume, ut mi extra unum te mortalis nemo corpore corpore contigit, quo me impudicam faceret.	(<i>slowly and impressively</i>) I swear by the kingdom of the King on high and by Juno, the matron goddess I most should reverence and fear—so may she bless me as no mortal man, save you only, has taken me to him as a wife.

Amph.

Vera istaec velim.

Alc.

Vera dico, sed nequiquam, quoniam non vis credere.

Amph.

Mulier es, audacter iuras.

Alc.

Quae non deliquit, decet audacem esse, confidenter pro se et proterve loqui.

Amph.

Satis audacter.

Alc.

Ut pudicam decet.

Amph.

Enim verbis proba's.²¹

Alc.

840 Non ego illam mihi dotem duco esse, quae dos dicitur,
sed pudicitiam et pudorem et sedatum
cupidinem,
deum metum, parentum amorem et cognatum
concordiam,
tibi morigera atque ut munifica sim bonis, prosim
probis.

Sos.

Ne ista edepol, si haec vera loquitur, examussim est optima.

Amph.

Delenitus sum profecto ita, ut me qui sim nesciam.

Sos.

Amphitruo es profecto, cave sis ne tu te usu perdis:
ita nunc homines immutantur, postquam peregre advenimus.

Amph.

Mulier, istam rem inquisitam certum est non amittere.

Alc.

Edepol me libente facies.

Amph.

850 Quid ais? responde mihi.
quid si adduco tuom cognatum huc ab navi Naucratem,
qui mecum una vectust una navi, atque is si denegat
facta quae tu facta dicis, quid tibi aequom est fieri?
numquid causam dicis, quin te hoc multem matrimonio?

Alc.

Si deliqui, nulla causa est.

Amph.

Convenit. tu, Sosia,
duc hos intro. ego huc ab navi mecum adducam Naucratem.

Sos.

Nunc quidem praeter nos nemo est. dic mihi

Amph.

Ah, I wish it was the truth!

Alc.

It is the truth, but what of that, when you refuse to believe me!

Amph.

You're a woman; you swear boldly.

Alc.

A woman who has done nothing wrong ought to be bold, yes, and self confident and forward in her own defence.

Amph.

Bold, with a vengeance!

Alc.

As innocence should be.

Amph.

Yes, you're immaculate as far as talk goes.

Alc.

(*quietly*) Personally I do not feel that my dowry is that which people call a dowry, but purity and honour and self control, fear of God, love of parents, and affection for my family, and being a dutiful wife to you, sir, lavish of loving-kindness and helpful through honest service.

Sos.

My word! She's a regular pattern of perfection, if she's telling the truth.

Amph.

Upon my soul, I have been so bewitched I don't know who I am!

Sos.

You're Amphitryon right enough, sir—but just look out you don't lose your title to yourself by limitation, the way folks are getting changed about these days since we came back from abroad.

Amph.

(*to Alcmena, sternly*) This matter shall not escape investigation, madam, I am resolved on that.

Alc.

Dear me, sir, do investigate, and welcome!

Amph.

See here, answer me this—what if I bring your own relative, Naucrates, over from the ship? He made the voyage with me on the same vessel—now if he denies that I did as you say what do you deserve? Have you any reason to give that I should not divorce you?

Alc.

None, if I have done wrong.

Amph.

Agreed! (*turning to Sosia*) Sosia, take these fellows in. (*pointing to slaves with luggage*) I will bring Naucrates here from the ship. (*Sosia sends slaves inside*)

[EXIT *Amphitryon*.]

Sos.

(*to Alcmena, confidentially*) Now then, ma'am,

verum serio:
ecquis alius Sosia intust, qui mei similis siet?

Alc.

Abin hinc a me dignus domino servos?

Sos.

Abeo, si iubes.

Alc.

Nimis ecastor facinus mirum est, qui illi
conlibitum siet
meo viro sic me insimulare falso facinus tam
malum.
860 quicquid est, iam ex Naucraste cognato id
cognoscam meo.

ACTVS III

Iup.

Ego sum ille Amphitruo, cui est servos Sosia.
idem Mercurius qui fit, quando commodumst,
in superiore qui habito cenaculo,
qui interdum fio Iuppiter, quando lubet;
huc autem quom extemplo adventum adporto,
ilico
Amphitruo fio et vestitum immuto meum.

nunc huc honoris vestri venio gratia,
ne hanc inchoatam transigam comoediam;
870 simul Alcmenae, quam vir insontem probri
Amphitruo accusat, veni ut auxilium feram:
nam mea sit culpa, quod egomet contraxerim,
si id Alcmenae innocenti expetat.

nunc Amphitruonem memet, ut occepi semel,
esse adsimulabo, atque in horum familiam
frustrationem hodie iniciam maxumam;
post igitur demum faciam res fiat palam
atque Alcmenae in tempore auxilium feram
faciamque ut uno fetu et quod gravida est viro
et me quod gravidast pariat sine doloribus.
880 Mercurium iussi me continue consequi,
si quid vellem imperare. nunc hanc adloquar.

III. 2.

Alc.

Durare nequeo in aedibus. ita me probri,
stupri, dedecoris a viro argutam meo!
ea quae sunt facta infecta ut reddat clamitat.
quae neque sunt facta neque ego in me admisi
arguit;
atque id me susque deque esse habituram putat.

non edepol faciam, neque me perpetiar probri
falso insimulatam, quin ego illum aut deseram
aut satis faciat mi ille atque adiuret insuper,
880 nolle esse dicta quae in me insontem protulit.

Iup.

Faciendum est mi illud, fieri quod illaec postulat,
si me illam amantem ad sese studeam recipere,
quando ego quod feci, id factum Amphitruoni
offuit
atque illi dudum meus amor negotium
insonti exhibuit, nunc autem insonti mihi
illius ira in hanc et male dicta expetent.

Alc.

no one's here besides us. (*elaborately makes
sure of it*) Do be serious and tell me the truth—
is there another Sosia inside who's just like
me?

Alc.

(*indignantly*) Will you leave my sight, sir—you
slave worthy of your master!

Sos.

Sure, ma'am, if you say so.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

Alc.

Merciful heavens! It's simply unintelligible,
how my husband could think fit to accuse me of
such atrocious conduct without the slightest
cause. Well, whatever it is, I shall soon know
about it from Naucrastes, one of my own family.
[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

ACT III

Jup.

(*in jocular, self-satisfied tone*) I am that
Amphitryon who has a servant Sosia, which same
turns into Mercury on occasion, I being the
Amphitryon who lodge in the upper attic
(*pointing heavenward*) and become Jupiter at
times, when the humour seizes me. As soon as I
wend my way into these parts, however, on the
spot I am Amphitryon and change my clothes.

I now appear out of regard for you, so as not to
terminate this inchoate comedy. At the same
time I am here to help out Alcmena, poor
innocent, denounced as disloyal by her lord,
Amphitryon. For it would be sinful of me, if the
storm I have brewed should descend on the head
of guileless Alcmena.

I will pretend for the present to be Amphitryon
myself, as I have already, and thoroughly
confound this family to-day. Then, after that, I
will eventually clear matters up, yes, and aid
Alcmena in due season, contriving that she give
birth at one time to both the children she carries,
her husband's and my own, without a pang.
Mercury has his orders to attend me closely, in
case I have commands to give. Now for a word
with the lady.

Scene 2

ENTER *Alcmena* FROM HOUSE.

Alc.

I can't stand staying in the house! To be branded
so with shame, disloyalty, disgrace, by my own
husband! How he clamours to make facts no
facts! And what never happened, things I never,
never did, he accuses me of, and thinks I'll
consider it quite immaterial.

Good gracious, but I won't! I won't endure such
an awful, unjustified accusation: I will leave him,
or he must apologize, one or the other, yes, and
swear he is sorry, too, for the things he has said
to an innocent woman.

Jup.

(*aside, dryly*) Hm! It's incumbent upon me to
meet her demands, if I wish the loving creature
to take me into her good graces again. Since my
doings offended Amphitryon, and this love affair
of mine lately occasioned his guiltless self some
consternation, it is turn about now, and my
guiltless self has to suffer for the scorn and
contumely he heaped on her.

Alc.

Sed eccum video qui me miseram arguit
stupri, dedecoris.

Iup.

Te volo, uxor, conloqui.
quo te avortisti?²²

Alc.

900 Ita ingenium meumst:
inimicos semper osa sum optuerier.

Iup.

Heia autem inimicos?

Alc.

Sic est, vera praedico;
nisi etiam hoc falso dici insimulaturus es.

Iup.

Nimis iracunda es.

Alc.

Potin ut abstineas manum?
nam certo, si sis sanus aut sapias satis,
quam tu impudicam esse arbitrere et praedices,
cum ea tu sermonem nec ioco nec serio
tibi habeas, nisi sis stultior stultissimo.

Iup.

910 Si dixi, nihilo magis es, neque ego esse arbitrator,
et id huc revorti uti me purgarem tibi.
nam numquam quicquam meo animo fuit aegrius,
quam postquam audivi te esse iratam mihi.
cur dixisti? inquires. ego expediam tibi.

non edepol quo te esse impudicam crederem;
verum periclitatus sum animum tuom,
quid faceres et quo pacto id ferre induceres.
equidem ioco illa dixeram dudum tibi,
ridiculi causa. vel hunc rogato Sosiam.

Alc.

Quin huc adducis meum cognatum Naucratem,
testem quem dudum te adducturum dixeras,
te huc non venisse?

Iup.

920 Si quid dictum est per iocum,
non aequom est id te serio praevertier.

Alc.

Ego illud scio quam doluerit cordi meo.

Iup.

Per dexteram tuam te, Alcumena, oro obsecro.
da mihi hanc veniam, ignosce, irata ne sies.

Alc.

Ego istaec feci verba virtute irrita;
nunc, quando factis me impudicis abstini,
ab impudicis dictis avorti volo.
valeas, tibi habeas res tuas, reddas meas.
iuben mi ire comites

Iup.

Sanan es?

Alc.

930 Si non iubes,
ibo egomet; comitem mihi Pudicitiam duxero.²³

Iup.

Mane. arbitrato tuo ius iurandum dabo,
me meam pudicam esse uxorem arbitrarier.

(*aside, seeing him*) Ah, there he is—the man that
charges his wretched wife with disloyalty and
shame!

Jup.

I wish to speak with you, my dear. (*circling her
as she turns her back on him*) Turned away?
Where to?

Alc.

It is natural I should, sir: I always loathed looking
at enemies.

Jup.

Oh, I say now! Enemies?

Alc.

Yes, enemies: and that's the truth of it—unless
you intend to term this a lie, too.

Jup.

(*trying to fondle her*) You're too irritable.

Alc.

(*pulling away*) Can't you keep your hands off?
Why surely, sir, if you were sane or had a particle
of sense about you, when you think your wife is
immodest and tell her so yourself, you wouldn't
hold any conversation with her at all in jest or
earnest, unless you were the silliest of silly men.

Jup.

My saying so doesn't make you so any the more,
And I don't think you so, either; and I've come
back to set myself right with you. For I never did
feel sicker at heart about anything than after I
heard you were provoked with me. "Why did you
say it?" you'll ask. I'll clear up that point for you.

Bless your heart, it wasn't because I believed you
were immodest. I was just testing your feelings
to see what you'd do and how you'd take it.

(*forcing a laugh*) Really it was all a joke, what I
said just now, merely a bit of fun. Why, you can
ask Sosia here. (*pointing to house*)

Alc.

(*coldly*) Why do you not bring my relative
Naucrates, as you just now said you would, to
prove you had not been here?

Jup.

If something is said in joke, it's not fair to take it
in earnest.

Alc.

I know one thing—that joke of yours cut me to
the heart, sir.

Jup.

(*seizing her hand*) I beg and beseech you,
Alcumena, by this right hand of yours, do forgive
me for it; pardon me: don't be angry!

Alc.

Your charges are refuted by my honest life; now,
sir, having been guiltless of gross behaviour, I
will not be subjected to gross language. Good
bye. Keep your own things and return me mine.
Will you order my attendants to follow me? (*turns
to go*)

Jup.

Are you in your senses?

Alc.

If you decline to do so, I will go with my woman's
honour as my only escort. (*walks away*)

Jup.

(*holding her*) Wait, wait! I'll swear to it—at your
dictation—that I believe my wife is virtuous. If I

id ego si fallo, tum te, summe Iuppiter,
quaeso, Amphitruoni ut semper iratus sies.

Alc.

A, propitius sit potius.

Iup.

Confido fore;
nam ius iurandum verum te advorsum dedi.
iam nunc irata non es?

Alc.

Non sum.

Iup.

Bene facis.
nam in hominum aetate multa eveniunt huius
modi:
capiunt voluptates, capiunt rursus miserias;
940 irae interveniunt, redeunt rursus in gratiam.
verum irae si quae forte eveniunt huius modi
inter eos, rursus si revertum in gratiam est,
bis tanto amici sunt inter se quam prius.

Alc.

Primum cavisse oportuit ne diceres,
verum eadem si isdem purgas mi, patiunda sunt.

Iup.

Iube vero vasa pura adornari mihi,
ut quae apud legionem vota vovi. si domum
rediissem salvos, ea ego exsolvam omnia.

Alc.

Ego istuc curabo.

Iup.

950 Evocate huc Sosiam;
gubernatorem, qui in mea navi fuit
Blepharonem arcessat, qui nobiscum prandeat
is adeo²⁴ inpransus ludificabitur,
cum ego Amphitruonem collo hinc obstricto
traham.

Alc.

Mirum quid solus secum secreto ille agat.
atque aperiantur aedis. exit Sosia.

III. 3.

Sos.

Amphitruo, assum. si quid opus est, impera,
imperium exequar.

Iup.

Sosia, optume advenis.

Sos.

960 Iam pax est inter vos duos?
nam quia vos tranquillos video, gaudeo et volup
est mihi.
atque ita servom par videtur frugi sese instituere
proinde eri ut sint, ipse item sit; voltum e voltu
comparet
tristis sit, si eri sint tristes; hilarus sit, si
gaudeant
sed age responde: iam vos rediistis in
concordiam?

Iup.

Derides, qui scis haec dudum me dixisse per
iocum.

deceive you in this, then, Jove almighty, I invoke
thy curse upon Amphitryon for evermore.

Alc.

(hurriedly) Oh no! His blessing, his blessing!

Jup.

I trust to have it, for it is a reliable oath I have
given you. (drawing her close) Now you're not
angry, are you?

Alc.

(submitting) No.

Jup.

(caressing her) That's a good girl. Why, life is full
of incidents of this sort. Human beings lay hold
on pleasures and then again on pains. Quarrels
come between them, and then they are
reconciled again. But if any such quarrel as this
does happen to arise between them, then when it
blows over they are twice as fond of one another
as they were before.

Alc.

You should have been careful not to say such a
thing in the first place; but if you apologize so
nicely for hurting me so, I can't complain.

Jup.

Well, well, then, have the sacrificial vessel
prepared for me so that I can pay all the vows I
vowed for a safe return home when I was in the
field.

Alc.

I will attend to that.

Jup.

(to maids in doorway) Call Sosia out. I want him
to invite Blepharo, the pilot aboard my ship, to
lunch with us. (EXEUNT maids) (aside) As a matter
of fact, friend Blepharo will be left unlunched
and looking foolish when I turn Amphitryon out
neck and crop.

Alc.

(aside) I wonder what he's talking about all to
himself! Ah, there goes the door! Sosia's coming
out.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Sosia*.

Sos.

Present, sir. If anything's needed, order away
and I'll fulfil orders.

Jup.

Sosia, you are the very man I want.

Sos.

Is there peace between you two now, sir? I tell
you what, it's a pleasure, it's a joy, to see you
looking peaceful. Yes, and to my way of thinking,
an honest servant ought to stick to this principle:
be like what his betters are, model his expression
on theirs, be in the dumps if they are in the
dumps, and jolly if they are happy. But come, sir,
answer me. Have you made friends again now,
eh?

Jup.

(reprovingly) Mocker! What I said a while ago
was all in fun, and you know it.

Sos.
An id ioco dixisti? equidem serio ac vero ratus.

Iup.
Habui expurigationem; facta pax est.

Sos.
Optume est.

Iup.
Ego rem divinam intus faciam, vota quae sunt.

Sos.
Censeo.

Iup.
Tu gubernatorem a navi huc evoca verbis meis
Blepharonem, qui re divina facta tecum
prandeat.

Sos.
Iam hic ero, cum illic censebis esse me.

Iup.
Actutum huc redi.

Alc.
970 Numquid vis, quin abeam iam intro, ut
apparentur quibus opust?

Iup.
I sane, et quantum potest parata fac sint omnia.

Alc.
Quin venis quando vis intro? faxo haud quicquam
sit morae.

Iup.
Recte loquere et proinde diligentem ut uxorem
deceat.
iam hisce ambo, et servos et era, frustra sunt
duo,
qui me Amphitruonem rentur esse: errant probe.
nunc tu divine huc fac adsis Sosia—
audis quae dico, tam etsi praesens non ades—
fac Amphitruonem advenientem ab aedibus
ut abigas; quovis pacto fac commentus sis.

980 volo deludi illunc, dum cum hac usuraria
uxore nunc mihi morigero. haec curata sint
fac sis, proinde adeo ut velle med intellegis,
atque ut ministres mihi, mihi cum sacrificem.

III. 4.

Mer.
Concedite atque abscedite omnes, de via
decedite,
nec quisquam tam audax fuat homo, qui obviam
obsistat mihi.
nam mihi quidem hercle qui minus liceat deo
minitarier
populo, ni decedat mihi, quam servolo in
comoediis?
ille navem salvam nuntiat aut irati adventum
senis:
ego sum Iovi dicto audiens, eius iussu nunc huc
me adfero.
990 quam ob rem mihi magis par est via decedere et
concedere.
pater vocat me, eum sequor, eius dicto imperio

Sos.
In fun, was it? Upon my soul, I thought it was the
solemn truth.

Jup.
I have explained: peace is made.

Sos.
That's grand, sir.

Jup.
I will make those offerings I vowed, inside.

Sos.
Very good, sir.

Jup.
As for you, convey my invitation to Pilot Blepharo
to come over from the ship and lunch with me
after the sacrifice is done.

Sos.
I'll be here by the time you think I'm there, sir.

Jup.
Yes, hurry back home.

[EXIT *Sosia*.

Alc.
Is there anything else, or shall I go in now and
see to the things you'll need?

Jup.
Do, by all means, and get everything ready as
quickly as you can.

Alc.
Come in as soon as you wish. I'll make sure
there's nothing to delay you.

Jup.
(*tenderly*) That's the way for an attentive wife to
talk.

[EXIT *Alcmena*. There we are! Both of 'em fooled,
servant and mistress, took in thinking me
Amphitryon. A sad mistake! Hark ye, Sosia the
divine, appear! You hear what I say, even though
absent in the flesh. Drive Amphitryon away from
the house when he arrives—any device you
please.

He must be hoodwinked while I proceed to divert
myself with my wife on loan. Kindly see that this
is managed precisely as you know I wish it to be,
and do me service while I am sacrificing to
myself.

[EXIT *Jupiter*.

Scene 4.

ENTER *Mercury* HURRIEDLY WITH BURLESQUE IMPORTANCE.

Mer.
(*to imaginary passers-by*) Get away, get out, get
off the street, every one! Let no man be so bold
as to block my path. (*to audience*) For damme,
just tell me why a god like me hasn't as much
right to hector people that hinder him as your
paltry slave in the comedies? He brings word the
ship is safe, or the choleric old man approaching:
(*magnificently*) as for me, I hearken to the word
of Jove and at his bidding do I now hie me hither.
Wherefore 'tis still more seemly to get out, to get
off the street for me.

My father calls me; I come, obedient to his best

sum audiens;
ut filium bonum patri esse oportet, itidem ego
sum patri.
amanti sub parasitor, hortor, adsto, admoneo,
gaudeo.
si quid patri volup est, voluptas ea mihi multo
maxumast.

amat: sapit; recte facit, animo quando obsequitur
suo,
quod omnis homines facere oportet, dum id modo
fiat bono.
nunc Amphitruonem volt deludi meus pater: faxo
probe
iam his deludetur, spectatores, vobis
inspectantibus.

1000 capiam coronam mi ni caput, adsimulabo me esse
ebrium;
atque illuc sursum escendero: inde optume
aspellam virum
de supero, cum huc accesserit; faciam ut sit
madidus sobrius.
deinde illi actutum sufferet suos servos poenas
Sosia:
eum fecisse ille hodie arguet quae ego fecero hic.
quid mea?
meo me aequomst morigerum patri, eius studio
servire addecet.

sed eccum Amphitruonem, advenit; iam ille hic
deludetur probe,
siquidem vos voltis auscultando operam dare.
ibo intro, ornatum capiam qui potis decet;
dein susum ascendam in tectum, ut illum hinc
prohibeam.

ACTVS IV

Amph.

1010 Naucratem quem convenire volui, in navi non
erat,
neque domi neque in urbe invenio quemquam qui
illum viderit.
nam omnis plateas perreptavi, gymnasia et
myropolia;
apud emporium atque in macello, in palaestra
atque in foro,
in medicinis, in tonstrinis, apud omnis aedis
sacras
sum defessus quaeritando. nusquam invenio
Naucratem.
nunc domum ibo atque ex uxore hanc rem
pergam exquirere,
quis fuerit quem propter corpus suom stupri
compleverit
nam me, quam illam quaestionem inquisitam
hodie amittere,
mortuom satrust. sed aedis occluserunt.
eugepae,
pariter hoc fit atque ut alia facta sunt. feriam
foris.
1020 aperite hoc. heus, ecquis hic est? ecquis hoc
aperit ostium?

IV. 2.

Mer.

Quis ad fores est?

Amph.

and will. (*confidingly*) I am a good son to my
father, as a son should be. I back him up in his
gallantries, encourage him, stand by him, advise
him, rejoice with him. If anything gratifies my
father, it gratifies me infinitely more.

He's in love: he's wise; he does well to indulge
his inclinations. It is what every one ought to do,
that is within due bounds. At present my father
wishes Amphitryon to be fooled: fooled he shall
be finely, I promise you, here and now,
spectators, and under your inspection.

I'm going to put a garland on my head and make
believe I'm drunk, yes, and I'll climb out on the
roof yonder (*pointing to Amphitryon's house*) and
repel our returning hero in glorious style from up
above there. I'll see that he's both soaked and
sober. Then that servant Sosia of his shall
promptly smart for it, Sosia being accused of
doing what I do here. But what of that? I must
humour my own father: it is only dutiful to meet
his desires.

(*looking down street*) But there's Amphitryon
coming! Here and now he'll be finely fooled—if
you'll only take the trouble to attend. I'll go
inside and make up as a person flown with wine;
then I'll up on the roof to keep him off.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

ACT IV

ENTER *Amphitryon* WEARILY.

Amph.

Naucrates, whom I wanted to get hold of wasn't
on the ship, and not a soul can I find at his house
or in the city who has seen him. Why, I've
hobbled through every street, gymnasium, and
perfumery shop: down in the bazaar and the
market, at the athletic field and the forum, too, at
the doctor's, the barber's, the holy temples from
first to last,—I'm tired to death looking for him
and not a sign of Naucrates anywhere.

Now I'm going home and ask my wife some more
questions about this, and (*savagely*) find out who
it is she has prostituted herself for. Ah, I'd sooner
die than let the day pass without having this
matter settled. (*trying door*) Well! they've locked
up the house! Nice doings! Quite in accord with
the rest of it. I'll knock. (*does so*) Open up here!
Hey! is anyone in? Open—somebody! (*knocks
more lustily*)

Scene 2.

Mercury, MUCH DISHEVELED, APPEARS ON ROOF.

Mer.

(*thickly*) Who's at the door?

Amph.

	Ego sum.	I am.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Quid ego sum?	I am, eh?
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Ita loquor.	(<i>sharply</i>) So I say.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Tibi Iuppiter	Jupiter and ... all the ... gods ... are surely angry
	dique omnes nati certo sunt, qui sic frangas	at you ... demolishing our door so.
	fores.	
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Quo modo?	What do you mean!
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Eo modo, ut profecto vivas aetatem miser.	Here's ... what I mean ... you're certainly going to
		have a bad, bad time of it.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Sosia.	(<i>sternly</i>) Sosia!
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Ita, sum Sosia, nisi me esse oblitum	Just so! That's me ... unless you think I've
	existimas.	forgotten. Now what do ... you want?
	quid nunc vis?	
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Scelestes, at etiam quid velim, id tu me	Rascal! Do you actually dare ask me that—what I
	rogas.	want?
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Ita, rogo. paene effregisti, fatue, foribus cardines	Of course I do. You've almost hammered the
	an foris censebas nobis publicitus praeberier?	doors off their hinges, you ... stupid. Didn't
	quid me aspectas, stolide? quid nunc vis tibi? aut	suppose we were supplied with doors at public
	quid tu es homo?	expense, did you? What are you staring at me for,
		you ... booby? What are you after now? Who are
		you?
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Verbero, etiam quis ego sim me rogitas, ulmorum	You scoundrel! Still asking me who I am, you
	Acheruns?	death on rods, you? By gad, I'll warm you up with
1030	quem pol ego hodie ob istaec dicta faciam	a whip to day for this insolence!
	ferventem flagris.	
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Prodigum te fuisse oportet olim in adolescentia.	You must have been a waster ... in your ...
		younger days.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Quidum?	How so?
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Quia senecta aetate a me mendicas malum.	Well ... here you are in your declining years
		begging ... me for trouble.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Cum cruciatu tuo istaec hodie, verna, verba	You shall soon suffer for this flow of language,
	funditas.	you drudge.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Sacrufico ego tibi.	I'm sacrificing to ye, I am.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Qui?	How?
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
	Quia enim te macto infortunio.	(<i>slyly poisoning a pail of water</i>) Why, because I'm
		making you an offering of a ... calamity.

At this point there is a gap in the MSS. Only a few lines have been preserved. Leo outlines the lost part as follows: After Mercury has had sufficient amusement with Amphitryon, the disturbance calls Alcmena from within. She has a dispute with her husband—Jupiter had left her earlier so that he might offer sacrifice—and shuts him out of the house. Perhaps Amphitryon went away to summon friends to aid him: at any rate, Sosia appears with Blepharo and gets a bad welcome from his master, despite Blepharo's patronage, and then escapes. Jupiter comes out of the house. Husband and lover abuse each other vigorously and a scuffle ensues. Blepharo is appealed to by Amphitryon, only to be made

	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
I	At ego te cruce et cruciatu mactabo, mastigia.	But I'll make you an offering of torture and torment, you whipping post.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
II	Erus Amphitruost occupatus.	The master, Amphitryon, is busy.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
III (XV LG)	abiendi nunc tibi etiam occasiost.	— now you still have a chance to leave.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
IV (III)	Optimo iure infringatur aula cineris in caput.	It would serve you right to have a pot of ashes broken on your head.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
V (IV)	Ne tu postules matulam unam tibi aquae infundi in caput	You would certainly ask to have one jar of water emptied on your head.
	<i>Mer.</i>	<i>Mer.</i>
VI (VII)	Larvatu's edepol hominem miserum medicum quaerita.	Bewitched! Dear, dear! poor man! Look for a doctor.
	<i>Alc.</i>	<i>Alc.</i>
VII (XI)	Exiuravisti te mihi dixisse per iocum.	You swore solemnly that you said it to me in fun.
	<i>Alc.</i>	<i>Alc.</i>
VIII (XII)	Quaeso adveniendi morbo medicari iube tu certe aut larvatus aut cerritus es.	For mercy's sake have this disease treated at the outset; you surely are bewitched or crazed.
	<i>Alc.</i>	<i>Alc.</i>
IX (XIII)	Nisi hoc ita factum est, proinde ut factum esse autumo, non causam dico quin vero insimules probri.	If this did not take place just as I state, you have every right to accuse me of unchastity.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
X (XVI)	Cuius? quae me absente corpus volgavit suom.	Whose? A woman that prostituted herself in my absence!
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
XI (V)	Quid minitabas te facturum, si istas pepulissem fores?	What were you threatening to do, if I pounded on that door?
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
XII (VI)	Ibi scrobes ecfodito tu plus sexagenos in die.	There dig more than sixty ditches a day.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
XIII (XVII)	Noli pessimo precari	Don't intercede for an utter rascal.
	<i>Bleph.</i>	<i>Bleph.</i>
XIV (XVIII)	animam comprime	— save your breath.
	<i>Iup.</i>	<i>Jup.</i>
XV (IX)	Manifestum hunc optorto collo teneo furem flagiti	I have him by the scruff of the neck, an outrageous thief caught in the act.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
XVI (X)	Immo ego hunc, Thebani cives, qui domi uxorem meam impudicitia impedivit, teneo, thesaurum stupri	No, no, Theban citizens, I have him, the monster of lust who has brought disgrace on my wife at home.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
XVII (VIII)	Nilne te pudet, sceleste, populi in conspectum ingredi?	Aren't you at all ashamed, you villain, to come out into public sight?
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
XVIII (XIX)	clandestino.	— clandestinely.
	<i>Amph. sive Iup.</i>	<i>Amph. or Iup.</i>
XIX (XIV)	Qui nequeas nostrorum uter sit Amphitruo discernere.	You who are unable to decide which of us is Amphitryon.

IV. 3.

Bleph.

Vos inter vos partite; ego abeo, mihi negotium est;
neque ego umquam usquam tanta mira me vidisse censeo.

Scene 3.

Bleph.

(*disgustedly*) You must untangle your own selves: I'm going: I have an engagement. (*aside*) Never did I see such marvels anywhere, I do believe. (*turns to go*)

Amph.

Blepharo, quaeso ut advocatus mi adsis neve abeas.

Bleph.

Vale.

quid opust me advocato, qui utri sim advocatus nescio?

Iup.

Intro ego hinc eo. Alcumena parturit.

Amph.

Perii miser.

1040 quid ego faciam, quem advocati iam atque amici deserunt?
numquam edepol me inultus istic ludificabit, quisquis est;
nam iam ad regem recta me ducam resque ut facta est eloquar.²⁵
ego pol illum ulciscar hodie Thessalum veneficum,
qui pervorse perturbavit familiae mentem meae. sed ubi illest? intro edepol abiit, credo ad uxorem meam.
qui me Thebis alter vivit miserior? quid nunc agam?
quem omnes mortales ignorant et ludificant ut lubet.
certumst, intro rumpam in aedis: ubi quemque hominem aspexero,
si ancillam seu servom sive uxorem sive adulterum
1050 seu patrem sive avom videbo, obtruncabo in aedibus.
neque me Iuppiter neque di omnes id prohibebunt, si volent,
quin sic faciam ut constitui. pergam in aedis nunciam.

ACTVS V

Brom.

Spes atque opes vitae meae iacent sepultae in pectore,
neque ullast confidentia iam in corde, quin amiserim;
ita mihi videntur omnia, mare terra caelum, consequi,
iam ut opprimar, ut enicer. me miseram, quid agam nescio.

ita tanta mira in aedibus sunt facta. vae miserae mihi,
animo malest, aquam velim. corrupta sum atque absumpta sum.
caput dolet, neque audio, nec oculis prospicio satis,

1060 nec me miserior femina est neque ulla videatur magis.

ita erae meae hodie contigit. nam ubi parturit, deos sibi invocat,
strepitus, crepitus, sonitus, tonitrus: ut subito, ut propere, ut valide tonuit!
ubi quisque institerat, concidit crepitu. ibi nescio quis maxuma
voce exclamat: "Alcumena, adest auxilium, ne time:
et tibi et tuis propitius caeli cultor advenit.

Amph.

Blepharo! Stand by me, for mercy's sake, and be my assistant: don't go!

Bleph.

Good-bye. What's the use of my being an assistant when I don't know which to be it to?
[EXIT *Blepharo*.

Jup.

(*aside*) I'm going inside myself: Alcmena's delivery is at hand.

[EXIT *Jupiter* INTO HOUSE, UNSEEN BY *Amphitryon*.

Amph.

(*wildly*) Heavens! oh, Heavens! What shall I do now when assistants and friends desert me? By the Lord, that villain shall never make game of me and escape, whoever he is! I'll go straight to the king this moment and tell him all as it happened. I swear I'll have my revenge this day on that Thessalian sorcerer who has turned the wits of my household topsy-turvy. (*Looking around*) Where is he, though? Good God! He's gone inside—to my wife, no doubt!

Oh, of all miserable men in Thebes! What shall I do now? Disowned and humbugged by every mortal soul to suit their humour! (*pause*) My mind's made up—I'll burst into the house, and every human creature there I set my eyes on, maid or man, wife or paramour, father or grandfather, I'll cut them down in my halls! And not the will of Jupiter and all the gods shall stop my doing as I've determined! I'll in this minute! (*he rushes toward door: a peal of thunder: he falls to ground motionless*)

ACT V

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Bromia* FROM HOUSE, IN A PANIC.

Brom.

Oh, my hopes and chances of getting out of this alive are dead and buried inside of me! There's not a thing left to keep my courage up now! The way everything—sea, land, sky—does seem set on crushing me, killing me off this instant! Oh dear, oh dear! What to do I don't know.

Such amazing things as did happen in there! Oh, poor me! I feel faint. Oh, for some water! I'm a wreck, I'm all done up. My head's splitting, and I can't hear or see right, either. There isn't a wretcheder woman on earth, or one that could seem so, either.

The experience mistress did have this day! As soon as her time comes she calls on the gods to help her, and there's a grumbling and rumbling and smashing and crashing—what a crash, so sudden and quick and heavy it was! Every one fell flat where he stood at the peal. And then some one or other called out in a mighty voice: "Alcumena, help is at hand: be not afraid. To thee and thine the sovereign of the skies comes in

	exsurgite" inquit "qui terrore meo occidistis prae metu."	kindliness. Rise," he said, "ye who have fallen in terror, from dread of me."
	ut iacui, exsurgo. ardere censui aedis, ita tum confulgebant.	Having dropped, I got on my feet: I thought the house was afire, the way it was all lit up then.
	ibi me inclamat Alcumena; iam ea res me horrore adficit,	Just then Alcmena calls for me to come. I was trembling already at what happened, but fear of mistress prevailed, and up I run to find out what she wants. And there I see she has given birth to twins, boys, and not a soul of us noticed when it happened, or is ready for it!
1070	erilis praevertit metus: accurro, ut sciscam quid velit.	
	atque illam geminos filios pueros peperisse conspicio;	
	neque nostrum quisquam sensimus, quom peperit, neque providimus.	
	sed quid hoc? quis hic est senex, qui ante aedis nostras sic iacet?	(<i>sees prostrate Amphitryon</i>) But what's this? Who's this old man lying like this in front of our house? Why, can it be he's struck by lightning? Why, mercy me, I do believe so! For, good gracious, he's as completely disposed of as if he was a corpse! I'll go find out, whoever it is.
	numnam hunc percussit Iuppiter?	(<i>approaches</i>) It's Amphitryon! It's my master!
	credo edepol, nam, pro Iuppiter, sepultust quasi sit mortuos.	(<i>calling</i>) Amphitryon!
	ibo et cognoscam, quisquis est. Amphitruo hic quidem est erus meus.	
	Amphitruo.	
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Perii.	(<i>feebly</i>) Heaven help me!
	<i>Brom.</i>	<i>Brom.</i>
	Surge.	Get up, sir.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Interii.	I'm dead!
	<i>Brom.</i>	<i>Brom.</i>
	Cedo manum.	Give me your hand, sir. (<i>takes it</i>)
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Quis me tenet?	Who has hold of me?
	<i>Brom.</i>	<i>Brom.</i>
	Tua Bromia ancilla.	Your servant maid, sir, Bromia.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Totus timeo, ita me increpuit Iuppiter.	I'm paralysed with fear! Oh, Jove, what a bolt! I feel as if I were getting back—from the next world. (<i>he gets up</i>) But what made you come out?
	nec secus est, quasi si ab Acherunte veniam. sed quid tu foras egressa es?	
	<i>Brom.</i>	<i>Brom.</i>
	Eadem nos formido timidas terrore impulit	We poor women were struck with the same terror in this house of yours, sir. I've seen the most amazing things! Oh deary me, master, I'm just clean dazed even now!
1080	in aedibus, tu ubi habitas. nimia mira vidi. vae mihi,	
	Amphitruo, ita mihi animus etiam nunc abest.	
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Agedum expedi:	Come, come, quick, tell me—do you know me for your master, Amphitryon?
	scin me tuom esse erum Amphitruonem?	
	<i>Brom.</i>	<i>Brom.</i>
	Scio.	Surely, sir.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Vide etiam nunc.	Here, look, look again!
	<i>Brom.</i>	<i>Brom.</i>
	Scio.	(<i>obeying</i>) Surely, sir.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	Haec sola sanam mentem gestat meorum familiarium.	(<i>half aside</i>) She's the only one of my household that has any sanity about her.
	<i>Brom.</i>	<i>Brom.</i>
	Immo omnes sani sunt profecto.	Oh no, sir, they're all sane, of course they are.
	<i>Amph.</i>	<i>Amph.</i>
	At me uxor insanum facit suis foedis factis.	Well, my wife had driven me insane with her infamous actions!
	<i>Brom.</i>	<i>Brom.</i>
	At ego faciam, tu idem ut aliter	(<i>warmly</i>) Well, I'll make you change that tune,

	praedices, Amphitruo, piam et pudicam esse tuam uxorem ut scias. de ea re signa atque argumenta paucis verbis eloquar. omnium primum: Alcumena geminos peperit filios.		sir, your very own self, and make you realize that your wife is a pious, honest woman, sir. I'll soon give you signs and proofs of that. First of all, she has given birth to twin sons.
	<i>Amph.</i> Ain tu, geminos?		<i>Amph.</i> What's that—twins?
	<i>Brom.</i> Geminos.		<i>Brom.</i> Twins.
	<i>Amph.</i> Di me servant.		<i>Amph.</i> The gods are with me!
	<i>Brom.</i> Sine me dicere, 1090 ut scias tibi tuaeque uxori decs esse omnis propitios.		<i>Brom.</i> Let me go on, so that you may know all the gods mean well by you and your wife, sir.
	<i>Amph.</i> Loquere.		<i>Amph.</i> Yes, yes.
	<i>Brom.</i> Postquam parturire hodie uxor occepit tua, ubi utero exorti dolores, ut solent puerperae invocat deos immortales, ut sibi auxilium ferant, manibus puris, capite operto. ibi continuo contonat sonitu maxumo; aedes primo ruere rebamur tuas. aedes totae confulgebant tuae, quasi essent aureae.		<i>Brom.</i> After she began to feel near her time to-day and her pains were setting in, she called on the immortal gods to help her—as women do, sir, in labour—with clean washed hands and covered head. She had no sooner begun than there was a frightful thunder clap. At first we thought your house was tumbling down: your whole house was shining, sir, just as if it was gold.
	<i>Amph.</i> Quaeso absolvito hinc me extemplo, quando satis deluseris. quid fit deinde?		<i>Amph.</i> For heaven's sake hurry up and don't keep me on tenterhooks! I have had enough of your trifling! What happened next?
	<i>Brom.</i> Dum haec aguntur, interea uxorem tuam neque gementem neque plorantem nostrum quisquam audivimus; 1100 ita profecto sine dolore peperit.		<i>Brom.</i> While this was going on, not one of us heard your wife groan or whimper a bit, sir, the whole time: that's how she bore those boys, sir—never a pang, that's plain.
	<i>Amph.</i> Iam istuc gaudeo, utut erga me merita est.		<i>Amph.</i> (heartily) Well now, I'm glad of that, no matter what her behaviour to me has been.
	<i>Brom.</i> Mitte ista atque haec quae dicam accipe. postquam peperit, pueros lavere iussit nos. occepimus. sed puer ille quem ego lavi, ut magnust et multum valet! neque eum quisquam colligare quivit incunabulis.		<i>Brom.</i> Do let that be, sir, and listen. After they were born she told us to bathe them. We began. But that boy I bathed! How big and strong he was! Not a soul of us could wrap him in his swaddling clothes.
	<i>Amph.</i> Nimia mira memoras; si istaec vera sunt, divinitus non metuo quin meae uxori latae suppetiae sient.		<i>Amph.</i> A most astounding story! If it be true, there's no doubt that my wife received divine aid.
	<i>Brom.</i> Magis iam faxo mira dices. postquam in cunas conditust, devolant angues iubati deorsum in impluvium duo maximi: continuo extollunt ambo capita.		<i>Brom.</i> You'll call this more astounding still, sir, I warrant you. After he was tucked in his cradle, two enormous crested serpents came slipping down into the fountain basin: the next second both of them were lifting up their heads.
	<i>Amph.</i> Ei mihi.		<i>Amph.</i> Heavens and earth!
	<i>Brom.</i> 1110 Ne pave. sed angues oculis omnis circumvisere. postquam pueros conspicati, pergunt ad cunas citi.		<i>Brom.</i> Don't be scared. Well, the serpents glared around at all of us. As soon as they spied the boys they made for the cradles like a flash. I backed away, fearful for the boys and frightened

ego cunas recessim rursus vorsum trahere et
ducere,
metuens pueris, mihi formidans; tantoque angues
acrius
persequi. postquam conspexit angues ille alter
puer,
citus e cunis exilit, facit recta in anguis impetum:
alterum altera prehendit eos manu perniciter.

Amph.

Mira memoras, nimis formidolosum facinus
praedicas;
nam mihi horror membra misero percipit dictis
tuis.
quid fit deinde? porro loquere.

Brom.

1120 Puer ambo angues enicat.
dum haec aguntur, voce clara exclamat uxorem
tuam—

Amph.

Quis homo?

Brom.

Summus imperator divom atque hominum
Iuppiter.
is se dixit cum Alcumena clam consuetum
cubitibus,
eumque filium suum esse qui illos angues vicerit;
alterum tuum esse dixit puerum.

Amph.

Pol me haud paenitet,
si licet boni dimidium mihi dividere cum Iove.
abi domum, iube vasa pura actutum adornari
mihi,
ut Iovis supremi multis hostiis pacem expetam.

ego Teresiam coniectorem advocabo et consulam
quid faciendum censeat; simul hanc rem ut facta
est eloquar.

1130 sed quid hoc? quam valide tonuit. di, obsecro
vostram fidem.

V. 2.

Iup.

Bono animo es, adsum auxilio, Amphytruo, tibi et
tuis:

nihil est quod timeas. hariolos, haruspices
mitte omnes; quae futura et quae facta eloquar,
multo adeo melius quam illi, quom sum Iuppiter.
primum omnium Alcumenaе usuram corporis
cepi, et concubitu gravidam feci filio.

1140 tu gravidam item fecisti, cum in exercitum
profectu's: uno partu duos peperit simul.
eorum alter, nostro qui est susceptus semine,
suis factis te immortalis adficiet gloria.
tu cum Alcumena uxore antiquam in gratiam
redi: haud promeruit quam ob rem vitio vorteres;
mea vi subactast facere. ego in caelum migro.

V. 3.

Amph.

Faciam ita ut iubes et te oro, promissa ut serves
tua,
ibo ad uxorem intro, missum facio Teresiam
senem.

nunc, spectatores, Iovis summi causa clare

for myself, pulling and hauling the cradles along
after me with the serpents a-chasing us all the
angrier. The minute that boy I was telling of sets
eyes on the serpents he's up and out of that
cradle in a trice, rushing straight for 'em and
grabbing 'em one in each hand quick as a wink.

Amph.

Astounding! Astounding! A perfectly horrifying
tale! Mercy on us! why, your very words palsy
me! What then? Go on, go on!

Brom.

The boy chokes both serpents to death. While
this is going on, in a clear voice he calls out the
name of your wife—

Amph.

Who does?

Brom.

The almighty ruler of gods and men, Jupiter. He
said that he himself had secretly shared
Alcumena's bed and that that was his son who had
crushed the serpents: the other one, he said, was
your own child.

Amph.

Well, well, well! I make no complaint at being
permitted to have Jove as partner in my
blessings. In with you, girl! Have sacrificial
vessels made ready for me instantly so that I may
seek the favour of omnipotent Jove with ample
offerings.

[EXIT *Bromia*.]

I'll summon Tiresias the prophet and consult with
him as to what he thinks should be done, and at
the same time tell him all that's happened,
(*thunder*) But what's this? That awful thunder
peal! Heaven preserve us!

Scene 2.

Jupiter APPEARS ABOVE.

Jup.

Be of good cheer. I am here with aid,
Amphytrion, for thee and thine. Thou hast naught
to fear. Seers, soothsayers—have none of them. I
will make known to thee future and past alike,
and better far than they, moreover, for I am
Jupiter. First of all, then, I took thy Alcmena to
myself and by me she was made a mother.

By thee too was she with child when thou didst
go forth to war: at one birth she bore them both.
The one begotten of my seed shall win thee
undying glory by his works. Live again in fond
concord as of old with thy wife Alcmena: she has
done naught to merit thy reproach: my power
was on her. I now depart to heaven.

[EXIT *Jupiter*.]

Scene 3.

Amph.

(*reverently*) Thy will shall be done: and keep thy
word with me, I beg thee. (*after a pause*) I'll in
and see my wife! No more of old Tiresias!

(*to the audience*)

plaudite.

Now, spectators, for the sake of Jove almighty,
give us some loud applause.
[EXIT.]

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1. None of the Arguments prefixed to the plays is by Plautus. Their date is disputed, the acrostics having been written during the first century B.C., perhaps, the non acrostics later.
 2. Corrupt (Leo): *Alcumena* MSS: *illa* Bothe.
 3. The genuineness of the Prologues of these plays has long been a moot question. The tendency of the more recent investigators has been to hold that all were, at least in part, written by Plautus himself.
 4. Leo brackets following v., 14:
lucrum ut perenne vobis semper suppetat.
 5. Corrupt (Leo): *affero* MSS: *fero* Acidalius, followed by Lindsay and others.
 6. Leo assumes lacuna here.
 7. *architectust* Pareus: *architectus* MSS. Lambinus suggests that the actor who took the part of Jupiter may have been a builder.
 8. Corrupt (Leo): *illi* MSS: *ille illi* Ussing, followed by Lindsay.
 9. Leo brackets following v., 93:
praeterea certo prodit in tragoedia.
 10. Leo brackets following v., 173:
nec aequom anne iniquom imperet cogitabit.
 11. *vicimus vi* MSS: Leo brackets *vicimus*.
 12. Corrupt (Leo): "*Convertitur pro convertit*," Nonius 480.
 13. Corrupt (Leo): *neme esse* MSS: among the many emendations is *sane* (Palmer).
 14. Leo brackets following v., 401:
qui cum Amphitruone hinc una ieram in exercitum.
 15. Leo brackets following v., 489-90:
490 *et ne in suspicione ponatur stupri*
et clandestina ut celetur consuetio.
 16. Corrupt (Leo): *si non id ita* J.
 17. Leo notes slight lacuna here: *mirum* MSS: *mirum mirum* Spengel.
 18. Leo brackets following v., 629-632:
630 *sed vide ex navi efferantur quae imperavi iam omnia.*
Sos.
Et memor sum et diligens, ut quae imperes comparcant;
non ego cum vino simitu ebibi imperium tuom.
Amph.
Vtinam di faxint, infecta dicta re eveniant tua.
 19. Corrupt (Leo): *quom te gravidam* MSS: *quom gravidam* Pylades.
 20. Leo brackets following v., 685:
atque me nunc proinde appellas quasi multo post videris?
 21. *enim verbis probas* Lachmann: *probas vel proba's* Lindsay: *in verbis probas* MSS.
 22. Leo notes lacuna here. *Ita ingenium* MSS: *Ita ingeni ingenium* Seyffert, followed by Lindsay.
 23. Corrupt (Leo): *duxero* MSS: *adsero* Leo.
 24. Leo notes lacuna here and suggests *is a Mercurio impransus*.
 25. Corrupt (Leo): *nam iam* MSS: *iam* Gruter.
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ASINARIA

THE COMEDY OF ASSES

Argument	ACT III
Dramatis Personae	Scene 2
Prologue	Scene 3
ACT I	ACT IV
Scene 2	Scene 2
Scene 3	ACT V
ACT II	Scene 2
Scene 2	Epilogue
Scene 3	Footnotes
Scene 4	

ARGUMENTVM

A manti argento filio auxiliarier
S ub imperio vivens volt senex uxorio.
I taque ob asinos relatam pretium Saureae
N umerari iussit servolo Leonidae.
A d amicam id fertur. cedit noctem filius.
R ivalis amens ob praereptam mulierem,
I s rem omnem uxori per parasitum nuntiat.
A ccurrit uxor ac virum e lustris rapit.

PERSONAE

LIBANVS SERVVS
DEMAENETVS SENEX
ARGYRIPPVS ADVLESCENS
CLEARETA LENA
LEONIDA SERVVS
MERCATOR
PHILAEIVM MERETRIX
DIABOLVS ADVLESCENS
PARASITVS
ARTEMONA MATRONA

PROLOGVS

Hoc agite sultis, spectatores, nunciam,
quae quidem mihi atque vobis res vertat bene
gregique huic et dominis atque conductoribus.
face nunciam tu, praeco, omnem auritum
poplum.

age nunc reside, cave modo ne gratiis.
nunc quid processerim huc et quid mihi voluerim
dicam: ut sciretis nomen huius fabulae;
nam quod ad argumentum attinet, sane brevest.

nunc quod me dixi velle vobis dicere,
dicam: huic nomen Graece Onagost fabulae;

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

An old gentleman, whose wife is the head of the household, desires to give his son financial support in a love affair. He therefore had some money, brought to Saurea in payment for some asses, counted out to a certain rascally servant of his own, Leonida. This money goes to the young fellow's mistress, and he concedes his father an evening with her. A rival of his, beside himself at being deprived of the girl, sends word, by a parasite, to the old gentleman's wife, of the whole matter. In rushes the wife and drags her husband from the house of vice.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

LIBANUS, *slave of Demaenetus.*
DEMAENETUS, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
ARGYRIPPUS, *his son.*
CLEARETA, *a procuress.*
LEONIDA, *slave of Demaenetus.*
A TRADER.
PHILAEIVM, *a courtesan, daughter of Cleareta.*
DIABOLUS, *a young gentleman of Athens.*
A PARASITE.
ARTEMONA, *wife of Demaenetus.*

Scene:—Athens. A street running in front of the houses of Demaenetus and Cleareta: between the houses is a narrow lane.

PROLOGUE

Kindly give us your entire attention now, spectators: I heartily hope it will result in benefit to me, also to you, and to this company and its managers, and to those that hire them. (*turning to a herald*) Herald, provide all this crowd with ears at once. (*the herald proclaims silence*)

Enough enough! Sit down—and be sure you put that in your bill! (*to audience*) Now I shall say why I have come out before you here and what I wished: I have come to acquaint you with the name of this play. For as far as the plot is concerned, that is quite simple.

Now I shall say what I said I wished to say: the Greek name of this play is ONAGOS: Demophilus

Demophilus scripsit, Maccus vortit barbare;
Asinariam volt esse, si per vos licet.
inest lepos ludusque in hac comoedia,
ridicula res est. date benigne operam mihi,
ut vos, ut alias, pariter nunc Mars adiuvet.

ACTVS I

Lib.

Sicut tuom vis unicum gnatum tuae
superesse vitae sospitem et superstitem,
ita ted obtestor per senectutem tuam
perque illam, quam tu metuis, uxorem tuam,
20 si quid med erga hodie falsum dixeris,
ut tibi superstes uxor aetatem siet
atque illa viva vivos ut pestem oppetas.

Dem.

Per Dium Fidium quaeris: iurato mihi
(24) video necesse esse eloqui quidquid roges.¹
(27) proinde actutum istuc quid sit quod scire expetis
eloquere: ut ipse scibo, te faciam ut scias.

Lib.

Die obsecro hercle serio quod te rogem,
cave mihi mendaci quicquam.

Dem.

30 Quin tu ergo rogas?

Lib.

Num me illuc ducis, ubi lapis lapidem terit?

Dem.

(32) Quid istuc est? aut ubi istuc est terrarum loci?²

Lib.

(34) Apud fustitudinas, ferricrepinas insulas,
ubi vivos homines mortui incursant boves.

Dem.

Modo pol percepi, Libane, quid istuc sit loci:
ubi fit polenta, te fortasse dicere.

Lib.

Ah,
neque hercle ego istuc dico nec dictum volo,
teque obsecro hercle, ut quae locutu's despuas.

Dem.

Fiat, geratur mos tibi.

Lib.

40 Age, age usque excrea.

Dem.

Etiamne?

Lib.

Age quaeso hercle usque ex penitis
faucibus,
etiam amplius.

Dem.

Nam quo usque?

Lib.

Usque ad mortem volo.

Dem.

Cave sis malam rem.

Lib.

wrote it: Maccus translated it into a foreign
tongue. He wishes to call it THE COMEDY OF
ASSES, by your leave. It is a clever comedy, full
of drollery and laughable situations. Do oblige
me by being attentive, that now too, as in other
days, Mars may be with you.

ACT I

ENTER *Demaenetus*, FROM HIS HOUSE, BRINGING
Libanus.

Lib.

(*very solemnly*) As you hope to have your only
son survive hale and hearty, sir, when you're
gone yourself, I implore you, sir, by your hoary
hairs and by the one you dread, your wife, sir—if
you tell me any lie to-day, may she outlast you by
years and years, yes, sir, and you die a living
death with her alive.

Dem.

(*laughing*) You beg me by the very God of Truth.
Once under oath, I see I must tell you whatever
you ask. Come then, quick! Let me hear what you
wish to know, and so far as I know myself, I shall
let you know.

Lib.

For God's sake, sir, do please answer my
question seriously! No lying to me, sir, mind that!

Dem.

Then why not ask your question?

Lib.

(*anxiously*) You won't take me where stone rubs
stone, sir?

Dem.

What do you mean? Where in the world is that?

Lib.

There at the Clubbangian-Chainclangian Islands,
sir, where dead oxen attack living men.

Dem.

(*reflecting, then with a chuckle*) Bless my soul!
At last I get your meaning, Libanus—the barley
mill^A: I daresay that's the place you mention.

Lib.

(*in grotesque terror*) Oh Lord, no! I'm not
mentioning that, and I don't want it mentioned,
either, and for the love of heaven, sir, do spit
away that word!

Dem.

(*spitting*) All right. Anything to humour you.

Lib.

Go on, sir, go on! Hawk it way up!

Dem.

(*spitting again*) Will that do?

Lib.

Go on, sir, for God's sake, way from the bottom of
your gullet! (*Demaenetus spits violently*) Farther
down still, sir!

Dem.

Eh? How far?

Lib.

(*half aside*) To the door of death, I hope.

Dem.

(*angrily*) Kindly look out, my man, look out!

Lib.

	Uxor is dico, non tuam.	(<i>hastily</i>) Your wife's, sir, I mean, not yours.
	<i>Dem.</i>	<i>Dem.</i>
	Dono te ob istuc dictum, ut expers sis metu.	(<i>laughing</i>) Never fear—for that remark I grant you immunity.
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Di tibi dent quaecumque optes.	And heaven grant you all your prayers, sir.
	<i>Dem.</i>	<i>Dem.</i>
	Redde operam mihi.	Now listen to me for a change. Why should I ask you about this? Or threaten you because you haven't informed me? Or for that matter, why should I fly into a rage at my son, as other fathers do?
	cur hoc ego ex te quaeram? aut cur miniter tibi propterea quod me non scientem feceris? aut cur postremo filio suscenseam, patres ut faciunt ceteri?	
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
50	Quid istuc novi est? demiror quid sit et quo evadat sum in metu.	(<i>aside</i>) Hm! What's this surprise? Wonder what it means! Where it will end is what scares me.
	<i>Dem.</i>	<i>Dem.</i>
	Equidem scio iam, filius quod amet meus istanc meretricem e proxumo Philaenium. estne hoc ut dico, Libane?	As a matter of fact, I know already that my son has an affair with that wench, Philaenium, next door. Isn't that so, Libanus?
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Rectam instas viam.	You're on the right track, sir. That's how it is. But he has suffered a severe shock.
	ea res est. sed eum morbus invasit gravis.	
	<i>Dem.</i>	<i>Dem.</i>
	Quid morbi est?	Shock? What?
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Quia non suppetunt dictis data.	Well, his presents are falling short of his promises.
	<i>Dem.</i>	<i>Dem.</i>
	Tune es adiutor nunc amanti filio?	Are you aiding my son in this amour?
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Sum vero, et alter noster est Leonida.	Indeed I am, sir, and so is my mate, your servant Leonida.
	<i>Dem.</i>	<i>Dem.</i>
60	Bene hercle facitis et a me initis gratiam. verum meam uxorem, Libane, nescis qualis sit?	Well, well, my lad, thanks! You are both earning my gratitude. But (<i>looking cautiously around</i>) my wife, Libanus, don't you know her temperament?
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Tu primus sentis, nos tamen in pretio sumus.	(<i>with certainty</i>) You feel it first, sir, but we get plenty of it.
	<i>Dem.</i>	<i>Dem.</i>
	Fateor eam esse importunam atque incommodam.	(<i>awkwardly</i>) I confess that she is ... high-handed and ... hard to get along with.
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Posterius istuc dicis quam credo tibi.	I believe that before you speak a word, sir.
	<i>Dem.</i>	<i>Dem.</i>
	Omnes parentes, Libane, liberis suis qui mi auscultabunt, facient obsequellam ³ quippe qui mage amico utantur gnato et benevolo.	(<i>with an air of profound moral conviction</i>) Libanus, all parents who take my advice will be a bit indulgent to their children, seeing it makes a son more friendly and affectionate. Yes, and I am anxious to be so myself. I wish to be loved by my own flesh and blood;
	atque ego me id facere studeo, volo amari a meis;	
	volo me patris mei similem, qui causa mea nauclerico ipse ornatu per fallaciam	I wish to model myself on my own father who dressed up as a shipmaster for my sake and swindled a slave-dealer out of a girl I was in love with. He felt no shame at going in for hocus-pocus at his time of life, and buying his son's affection, mine, by his kindnesses. These methods of my father's I have resolved to follow out myself.
70	quam amabam abduxit ab lenone mulierem; neque puduit eum id aetatis sycophantias struere et beneficiis me emere gnatum suom sibi. eos me decretumst persequi mores patris.	
	nam me hodie oravit Argyrippus filius, uti sibi amanti facerem argenti copiam;	Well now, this very day my boy Argyrippus begged me to supply him with some money, saying he was in love: and I heartily desire to oblige the dear lad. No matter if his mother does keep a firm, tight rein on him and play the ordinary father's part, none of that for me.
(76)	et id ego percupio obsequi gnato meo. ⁴	
(78)	quamquam illum mater arte contenteque habet, patres ut consueverunt: ego mitto omnia haec.	

80	<p>praesertim quom is me dignum quoi concrederet habuit, me habere honorem eius ingenio decet; quom me adiit, ut pudentem gnatum acqumst patrem, cupio esse amicae quod det argentum suae. <i>Lib.</i> Cupis id quod cupere te nequiquam intellego. dotalem servom Sauream uxor tua adduxit, cui plus in manu sit quam tibi.</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Argentum accepi, dote imperium vendidi. nunc verba in pauca conferam quid te velim. viginti iam usust filio argenti minis: face id ut paratum iam sit.</p> <p><i>Lib.</i></p>	<p>And seeing he has regarded me as worthy of his confidence, I have special reason to respect his inclinations. Now that he has applied to me, as a respectful son should to his father, I am desirous that he should have some money for his mistress. <i>Lib.</i> You're desirous of something you'll desire in vain, sir, I reckon. Your wife's brought along Saurea, that dower slave of hers, to have more power than you.</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> (<i>bitterly</i>) Sold myself! Gave up my authority for a dowry! (<i>pause</i>) Now, in a word, here is what I want of you. My son needs eighty pounds^B at once: will you see it is procured at once.</p> <p><i>Lib.</i></p>
90	<p style="text-align: center;">Unde gentium?</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Me defraudato. <i>Lib.</i> Maxumas nugas agis: nudo detrahare vestimenta me iubes. defraudem te ego? age sis, tu sine pennis vola. tene ego defraudem, cui ipsi nihil est in manu, nisi quid tu porro uxorem defraudaveris?</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Qua me, qua uxorem, qua tu servom Sauream potes, circumduce, aufer; promitto tibi non offuturum, si id hodie effeceris.</p> <p><i>Lib.</i></p>	<p>Where in the world from?</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Cheat me out of it. <i>Lib.</i> What awful nonsense you do talk! You're telling me to strip the clothes off a naked man. I cheat you out of it? Come, sir, will you kindly fly without wings! I cheat you out of it, when you don't own a thing, unless you've played the same game and cheated your wife out of something?</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Well, me, or my wife, or servant Saurea—do your best, swindle us, rook us, I promise you your interests won't suffer, if you accomplish this to- day.</p> <p><i>Lib.</i></p>
100	<p>Iubeas una opera me piscari in aere, venari autem rete iaculo in medio mari.⁵</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Tibi optionem sumito Leonidam, fabricare quidvis, quidvis comminiscere: perficito, argentum hodie ut habeat filius, amicae quod det.</p> <p><i>Lib.</i> Quid ais tu, Demaenete?</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Quid vis?</p> <p><i>Lib.</i> Si forte in insidias devenero, tun redimes me, si me hostes interceperint?</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Redimam.</p> <p><i>Lib.</i> Tum tu igitur aliud cura quid lubet. ego eo ad forum, nisi quid vis.</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Ei, bene ambula. atque audin etiam?</p> <p><i>Lib.</i> Ecce.</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Si quid te volam, ubi eris?</p> <p><i>Lib.</i></p>	<p>You might as well order me to go a-fishing in the air, yes, and to take my casting net and do some deep sea—hunting.</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Have Leonida for your adjutant: manufacture something, devise something—anything: see you get the money to-day for my son to give his girl.</p> <p><i>Lib.</i> Look here.</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Well?</p> <p><i>Lib.</i> Suppose I happen to fall into an ambushade, ransom me, will you, if I'm intercepted by the enemy?</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> I will.</p> <p><i>Lib.</i> (<i>after a pause, airily</i>) Well then, in that case you may dismiss the matter from your mind. I'm off to the forum, unless you want me further.</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> Go ahead! A pleasant stroll to you! (<i>Libanus walks away</i>) And I say,—listening still, are you?</p> <p><i>Lib.</i> (<i>pertly, without turning</i>) Behold me!</p> <p><i>Dem.</i> If I want you for anything, where will you be?</p> <p><i>Lib.</i></p>
110	<p>Ubicumque libitum erit animo meo</p>	<p>Precisely where it pleases my fancy. (<i>half aside</i>) I</p>

profecto nemo est quem iam dehinc metuam mihi
ne quid nocere possit, cum tu mihi tua
oratione omnem animum ostendisti tuom
quin te quoque ipsum facio haud magni, si hoc
patro.
pergam quo occepi atque ibi consilia exordiar.

Dem.

Audin tu? apud Archibulum ego ero argentarium.

Lib.

Nempe in foro?

Dem.

Ibi, si quid opus fuerit.

Lib.

Meminero.

Dem.

120 Non esse servos peior hoc quisquam potest
nec magis versutus nec quo ab caveas aegrius
eidem homini, si quid recte curatum velis,
mandes: moriri sese misere mavolet,
quam non perfectum reddat quod promiserit.

nam ego illud argentum tam paratum filio
scio esse quam me hunc scipionem contui.
sed quid ego cesso ire ad forum, quo inceperam?
6atque ibi manebo apud argentarium.

I. 2.

Argyr.

130 Sicine hoc fit? foras aedibus me eici?
promerenti optume hocin preti redditur?
bene merenti mala es, male merenti bona es;
at malo cum tuo, nam iam ex hoc loco
ibo ego ad tres viros vostraque ibi nomina
faxo erunt, capitis te perdam ego et filiam,
perlecebrae, permities, adulescentum exitium.
nam mare haud est mare, vos mare acerrimum;
nam in mari repperi, his elavi bonis.

ingrata atque inrita esse omnia intellego
quae dedi et quod bene feci, at posthac tibi
male quod potero facere faciam, meritoque id
faciam tuo.

140 ego pol te redigam eodem unde orta es, ad
egestatis terminos,
ego edepol te faciam ut quae sis nunc et quae
fueris scias.

quae prius quam istam adii atque amans ego
animum meum isti dedi,
sordido vitam oblectabas pane in pannis inopia,
atque ea si erant, magnas habebas omnibus dis
gratias;
eadem nunc, cum est melius, me, cuius opera
est, ignoras mala,
reddam ego te ex fera fame mansuetem, me
specta modo.

nam isti quid succenseam ipsi? nihil est, nihil
quicquam meret;

tuo facit iussu, tuo imperio paret: mater tu.
eadem era es.

te ego ulciscar, te ego ut digna es perdam
atque ut de me meres,
at scelesti viden ut ne id quidem, me dignum

tell you what, from now on I won't be scared of a
man alive, for fear he can do me any harm, after
your showing me all the secrets of your soul.
Why, you won't count for much with me your own
self, either, if I carry this through. (*setting off
again*) I'll go along to where I was bound and lay
my plans there.

Dem.

Look here! I shall be at banker Archibulus's.

Lib.

In the forum, you mean?

Dem.

Yes, there,—if anything's needed.

Lib.

(*nonchalantly*) I'll keep it in mind.

[EXIT *Libanus* TO FORUM.]

Dem.

A more rascally servant than this of mine can't be
found, or a wilier one, or one harder to guard
against. But he's just your man to commit a
matter to, if you want it well managed: he'd
prefer to expire in pain and torment rather than
fail to fulfil his promise to the letter.

Why, I'm just as confident that that money is in
store for my son as that I've got my eyes on this
cane here. But I must be off to the forum, where
I was going. Yes, and I'll wait there at the
banker's.

[EXIT *Demaenetus*.]

Scene 2.

ENTER *Argyrippus* PRECIPITATELY FROM HOUSE OF
Cleareta.

Argyr.

(*violently to those within*) So that's the way, is it?
Thrown out of doors, am I? This is my reward for
all the good turns I've done you, eh? Evil for good
and good for evil is your system. But it will be
evil for you! I'll go direct from here to the police
and leave your names with 'em. I'll humble you
and your daughter! You decoys, you destroyers,
you wreckers of young fellows! Why, the sea's no
sea: you are—the wildest sea of all! Why at sea I
made my money, here I am cleaned out of it.

All I've given you and all I've done for you gets
no thanks, goes for nothing, I find: but after this
all I can do against you I'll do, and do it with
good reason. By the Lord, I'll put you down
where you came from, the depths of destitution, I
will. By heaven, I'll make you appreciate what
you are now and what you were.

You, who before I courted that girl of yours and
offered her my loving heart, used to regale
yourself on coarse bread in rags and poverty:
yes, and gave hearty thanks to Heaven, if you got
your bread and rags. Yet here you are, now that
you are better off, snubbing me that made you
so, curse you! I'll tame you down, you wild beast,
by the famine treatment: trust me for that.

As for that girl of yours, why should I be angry
with her? She's done nothing, she's not at all to
blame. It is your dictates she follows, your orders
she obeys: you're mother and mistress both.
You're the one I'll have revenge on; you're the
one I'll ruin as you deserve, as your behaviour to
me merits. (*pauses and glares at house*) But d'ye
see how the wretch doesn't even think it worth

esse existumat
quem adeat, quem conloquatur quoique irato
supplicet?

atque eccam inlecebra exit tandem; opinor hic
ante ostium
meo modo loquar quae volam, quoniam intus
non licitum est mihi.

I. 3.

Cle.

Unum quodque istorum verbum nummis Philippis
aureis
non potest auferre hinc a me si quis emptor
venerit;
nec recte quae tu in nos dicis, aurum atque
argentum merumst:
fixus hic apud nos est animus tuos clavo
Cupidinis.
remigio veloque quantum poteris festina et fuge:
quam magis te in altum capessis, tam aestus te in
portum refert.

Argyr.

Ego pol istum portitorem privabo portorio;
ego te dehinc ut merita es de me et mea re
tractare exsequar,
quom tu med ut meritus sum non tractas atque
eicis domo.

Cle.

Magis istuc percipimus lingua dici, quam factis
fore.

Argyr.

Solus solitudine ego ted atque ab egestate
abstuli;
solus si ductem, referre gratiam numquam potes.

Cle.

Solus ductato, si semper solus quae poscam
dabis;
semper tibi promissum habeto hac lege, dum
superes datis.

Argyr.

Qui modus dandi? nam numquam tu quidem
expleri potes;
modo quom accepisti, haud multo post aliquid
quod poscas paras.

Cle.

Quid modist ductando, amando? numquamne
expleri potes?
modo remisisti, continuo iam ut remittam ad te
rogas.

Argyr.

Dedi equidem quod mecum egisti.

Cle.

Et tibi ego misi mulierem:
par pari datum hostimentumst, opera pro
pecunia.

Argyr.

Male agis mecum.

Cle.

Quid me accusas, si facio officium meum?
nam neque fictum usquamst neque pictum neque
scriptum in poematis
ubi lena bene agat cum quiquam amante, quae
frugi esse volt.

Argyr.

while to come to me, talk with me, go on her
knees to me, when I'm in a rage?

(*Cleareta's door opens*) Ah, there she is coming
out at last, the decoy! I wager I'll have my full
say in my own fashion out in front of the door
here, seeing I couldn't do it inside.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Cleareta* FROM HOUSE.

Cle.

(*calmly and pleasantly*) Not a single one of those
words do I part with for golden sovereigns, not if
some purchaser comes along: uncomplimentary
remarks about us from you are good coin of the
realm. Your heart is fastened to us here with one
of Cupid's spikes through it. Out with oar and up
with sail, speed your fastest and scud away: the
more you put out to sea, the more the tide brings
you back to harbour.

Argyr.

(*grimly*) By the Lord, I'll hold back that harbour
master's harbour dues; from this time forth you'll
get the treatment you merit of me and my
exchequer, for this unmerited treatment of me,
this turning me out of the house.

Cle.

(*lightly*) Such things are easier said than done, I
observe.

Argyr.

I, and I alone, am the man that rescued you from
loneliness and destitution; even if I should take
the girl for myself alone, you'd still be in my debt.

Cle.

Take her for yourself alone, if you alone will
always give me what I demand. You can always
be sure of her—on condition your presents are
the biggest.

Argyr.

And what end to the presents? Why, you can
never be sated. Now you get something, and a
minute later you're devising some new demand.

Cle.

And what end to the taking her, to the lovey-
doveying? Can you never be sated? Now you
have sent her back to me, and the next instant
you're crying for me to send her back to you.

Argyr.

Well, I paid you what we agreed on.

Cle.

And I let you have the girl: my policy has been
fair give and take—services rendered for cash.

Argyr.

You're using me shamefully.

Cle.

Why find fault with me for doing my plain duty?
Why, nowhere in stone, paint, or poem is a lady
in my line portrayed as using any lover well—if
she wants to get on.

Argyr.

Mihi quidem te parcere aequomst tandem, ut tibi
durem diu.

Cle.

Non tu scis? quae amanti parcat, eadem sibi
parcat parum.
quasi piscis, itidemst amator lenae: nequam est,
nisi recens;
is habet sucum, is suavitatem, eum quo vis pacto
condias
180 vel patinarium vel assum, verses quo pacto lubet:
is dare volt, is se aliquid posci, nam ibi de pleno
promitur;

neque ille scit quid det, quid damni faciat: illi rei
studet,
volt placere sese amicae, volt mihi, volt
pedisequae,
volt famulis, volt etiam ancillis; et quoque catulo
meo
subblanditur novos amator, se ut quom videat
gaudeat.
vera dico: ad suom quemque hominem quaestum
esse aequomst callidum.

Argyr.

Perdidici istaec esse vera damno cum magno
meo.

Cle.

Si ecastor nunc habeas quod des, alia verba
praehibeas;
nunc quia nihil habes, maledictis te eam ductare
postulas.

Argyr.

Non meum est.

Cle.

190 Nec meum quidem edepol, ad te ut mittam
gratiis.
verum aetatis atque honoris gratia hoc fiet tui,
quia nobis lucro fuisti potius quam decori tibi:
si mihi dantur duo talenta argenti numerata in
manum,
hanc tibi noctem honoris causa gratiis dono
dabo.

Argyr.

Quid si non est?

Cle.

Tibi non esse credam, illa alio ibit tamen.

Argyr.

Ubi illaec quae dedi ante?

Cle.

Abusa. nam si ea durarent mihi,
mulier mitteretur ad te, numquam quicquam
poscerem.
diem aquam solem lunam noctem, haec argento
non emo:
ceterum quae volumus uti Graeca mercamur fide.

200 quom a pistore panem petimus, vinum ex
oenopolio.
si aes habent, dant mercem: eadem nos
discipulina utimur.

semper oculatae manus sunt nostrae, credunt
quod vident.
vetus est: "nihili coactiost"—scis cuius. non dico
amplius.

Argyr.

(*appealingly*) You really ought to use me
sparingly, though, so that I may last you a long
time.

Cle.

(*coolly*) You miss the point? The lady that spares
her lover spares herself too little. Lovers are the
same as fish to us—no good unless they're fresh.
Your fresh ones are juicy and sweet; you can
season them to taste in a stew, bake them, and
turn them every way. Your fresh one wants to
give you things, wants to be asked for something:
in his case it all comes from a full cupboard, you
see;

and he has no idea what he's giving, what it costs
him. This is his only thought: he wants to please,
please his girl, please me, please the waiting-
woman, please the men servants, please the maid
servants, too: yes, the new lover makes up to my
little dog, even, so that he may be glad to see
him. This is the plain truth: every one ought to
keep a sharp eye for the main chance.

Argyr.

I have thoroughly learned the truth of that, and a
pretty penny it's cost me.

Cle.

Tut, tut! If you had anything left to give us, your
language would be different; now that you have
nothing, you expect to get her by abuse.

Argyr.

That's not my way.

Cle.

Nor mine, sir, to let you have her gratis—mercy,
no! But, considering your youth and our high
regard for you, this shall be done, seeing you
have been more of an income to us than a credit
to yourself: just hand me over (*casually*) four
hundred pounds in cash and you shall have this
evening with her, in token of said high regard, as
a free gift from me.

Argyr.

What if I haven't it?

Cle.

(*smiling, but firm*) I'll give you credit—that you
haven't it: the girl shall go to some one else,
however.

Argyr.

Where is what I gave you before?

Cle.

Spent. Why, if it had lasted, you should have your
lady, and not a thing would I be asking for.
Daylight, water, sunlight, moonlight, darkness—
for these things I have to pay no money:
everything else we wish to use we purchase on
Greek credit.

When we go to the baker for bread, to the
vintner for wine, their rule is commodities for
cash: we use the same system ourselves. Our
hands have eyes always: seeing is believing with
them. As the old proverb has it: "There's no
getting"—you know what. I say no more.

Argyr.

Aliam nunc mi orationem despoliatio praedicat,
longe aliam, inquam, praebes nunc atque olim,
quom dabam,
aliam atque olim, quom iniciebas me ad te
blande ac benedice.
tum mi aedes quoque arridebant, cum ad te
veniebam, tuae;
me unice unum ex omnibus te atque illam amare
aibas mihi;

210 ubi quid dederam, quasi columbae pulli in ore
ambae meo
usque eratis, meo de studio studia erant vostra
omnia,
usque adhaerebatis: quod ego iusseram, quod
volueram
faciebatis, quod nolebam ac votueram, de
industria
fugiebatis, neque conari id facere audebatis
prius.
nunc neque quid velim neque nolim facitis magni,
pessumae.

Cle.

219, 220 Non tu scis? hic noster quaestus aucupi
simillimust.
auceps quando concinnavit aream, offundit
cibum;
aves adsuescunt: necesse est facere sumptum qui
quaerit lucrum;
saepe edunt: semel si sunt captae, rem solvent
aucupi.
itidem his apud nos: aedes nobis area est, auceps
sum ego,
esca est meretrix, lectus inlex est, amatores aves;
bene salutando consuescunt, compellendo
blanditer,
osculando, oratione vinnula, venustula.
si papillam pertractavit, haud est ab re aucupis;
savium si sumpsit, sumere eum licet sine retibus.
haecine te esse oblitum, in ludo qui fuisti tam
diu?

Argyr.

Tua ista culpa est, quae discipulum semidoctum
abs te amoves.

Cle.

Remeato audacter, mercedem si eris nactus;
nunc abi.

Argyr.

Mane, mane, audi. dic, quid me aequom censes
pro illa tibi dare,
annum hunc ne cum quiquam alio sit?

Cle.

230 Tene? viginti minas;
atque ea lege: si alius ad me prius attulerit, tu
vale.

Argyr.

At ego est etiam prius quam abis quod volo loqui.

Cle.

Dic quod lubet.

Argyr.

Non omnino iam perii, est relicuom quo peream
magis.
habeo unde istuc tibi quod poscis dem; sed in
leges meas
dabo, uti scire possis, perpetuom annum hunc

It's a different sort of eloquence you use on me
now I've been fleeced, very different, I say, from
that former sort when I was giving you things,
different from that former sort when you were
luring me on with your smooth, suave talk. Then
your very house used to be wreathed in smiles,
when I turned up. You used to say I was the one
and only love in all the world for you and her.

After I'd given you anything the both of you used
to keep hanging on my lips like a pair of young
doves. Whatever I fancied, you fancied, and
nothing else. You used to keep clinging to me. I
ordered a thing, wished a thing,—you used to do
it: I disliked a thing, forbade a thing,—you used
to take pains to avoid doing it: you didn't dare
attempt to do it then. Now you don't care
tuppence what I like, or don't like, you vile
wretches!

Cle.

(still cheerfully superior) You miss the point?
This profession of ours is a great deal like bird-
catching. The fowler, when he has his fowling-
floor prepared, spreads food around; the birds
become familiarized: you must spend money, if
you wish to make money. They often get a meal:
but once they get caught they recoup the fowler.
It is quite the same with us here: our house is the
floor, I am the fowler, the girl the bait, the couch
the decoy, the lovers the birds.

They become familiar through pleasant
greetings, pretty speeches, kisses, cooey,
captivating little whispers. If he cuddles her
close in his arms, well, no harm to the fowler. If
he takes a naughty kind of kiss, he can be taken
himself, and no net needed. You to forget all this,
and so long in the school, too?

Argyr.

It's your fault, if I have: you expelled your pupil
when he was half taught.

Cle.

Trot along back to us boldly, if you find the
tuition fee: for the present run away. *(turns to go
in)*

Argyr.

Wait, wait, listen! Tell me, what do you think I
ought to give you to have her all to myself this
next year?

Cle.

(laughingly) What? You? *(after a pause)* Eighty
pounds: yes, and on this condition—if some one
else brings me the money before you do, good-
bye to you. *(again turning to go)*

Argyr.

But there's something more I want to say before
you go.

Cle.

Say on, anything.

Argyr.

I'm not entirely ruined yet: there is a balance left
for further ruin. I can give you what you ask. But
I'll give it to you on my own terms, and here they
are—she's to be at my disposal this whole next
year through, and all that time not a single man

mihi uti serviat
nec quemquam interea alium admittat prorsus
quam me ad se virum.

Cle.

Quin, si tu voles, domi servi qui sunt castrabo
viros.
postremo ut voles nos esse, syngraphum facito
adferas;
240 ut voles, ut tibi lubebit, nobis legem imponito:
modo tecum una argentum adfero, facile patiar
cetera.
portitorum simillumae sunt ianuae lenoniae:
si adfers, tum patent, si non est quod des, aedes
non patent.

Argyr.

Interii, si non invenio ego illas viginti minas,
et profecto, nisi illud perdo argentum,
pereundum est mihi.
nunc pergam ad forum atque experiar opibus,
omni copia,
supplicabo, exobsecrabo ut quemque amicum
videro,
dignos indignos adire atque experiri certumst
mihi,⁷
nam si mutuas non potero, certumst sumam
faenore.

ACTVS II

Lib.

250 Hercle vero, Libane, nunc te meliust expergiscier
atque argento comparando fingere fallaciam.
(251) iam diu est factum quom discesti ab ero atque
(253) abiisti ad forum,⁸
ibi tu ad hoc diei tempus dormitasti in otio.
quin tu abs te socordiam omnem reice et
segnitiem amove
atque ad ingenium vetus versutum te recipis
tuom
serva erum, cave tu idem faxis alii quod servi
solent,
qui ad eri fraudationem callidum ingenium
gerunt.
unde sumam? quem intervortam? quo hanc
celocem conferam?
impetritum, inauguratumst quovis admittunt
aves,
260 picus et cornix ab laeva, corvos parra ab dextera
consuadent; certum herclest vostram consequi
sententiam
sed quid hoc, quod picus ulmum tundit? non
temerariumst.
certe hercle ego quantum ex augurio eius pici
intellego,
aut mihi in mundo sunt virgae aut atriensi
Saureae
sed quid illuc quod exanimatus currit huc
Leonida?
metuo quom illic obscaevavit meae falsae
fallaciae.

II. 2.

Leon.

Ubi ego nunc Libanum requiram aut familiarem

but me is to come near her.

Cle.

(*cheerfully ironical*) Why, if you choose, I'll
change all the men servants in the house to
maids. In short, bring along a contract stating
how you wish us to behave. All you desire, all you
like,—impose your own terms on us: only bring
along the money, too; the rest is easy for me. Our
doors are much like those of a custom house: pay
your fee, and they are open: if you can't, they are
—(*going into house and closing the door in his
face with a provoking laugh*) not open.

Argyr.

(*drearily*) It's all over with me, if I don't get hold
of that eighty pounds: yes, one thing is sure, that
money goes to pot, or else my life must. (*a pause,
then with animation*) I'll off to the forum this
moment and try to raise it by every means in my
power: I'll entreat, ex-supplicate every friend I
see. Good and bad—I'll up and try them all, I'm
resolved on that: and if I can't get it as a friendly
loan, I'm resolved to borrow it at usury.
[EXIT *Argyrippus*.]

ACT II

(*A couple of hours have elapsed.*)

ENTER *Libanus* WITH WORRIED AIR.

Lib.

By gad, Libanus, you'd certainly better rouse
yourself now and contrive some trick for
collecting that cash. It's a long time since you left
your master and hied yourself to the forum, to
loaf and snooze away there till this time of day.

Come on, shake off all this dull sloth, away with
sluggishness, yes, and get back that old gift of
guile of yours! Save your master: mind you don't
do the same as other servants that use their wily
wits to gull him.

(*pause*) Where shall I get it? Who shall I swindle?
Where shall I steer this cutter? (*looking upwards,
then jubilantly*) I've got my auspices, my
auguries: the birds let me steer it where I please!
Woodpecker and crow on the left, raven and barn
owl on the right. "Go ahead," they say! By Jove,
I'll follow your advice, I certainly will.

(*looking upward again*) What's this, though,—the
woodpecker tapping an elm?⁹ That's not for
nothing! Lord! So far as I understand the omen
of this woodpecker, that certainly means there
are rods in pickle for me, or for steward Saurea.
(*looking down street*) But what's wrong—Leonida
running up here all out of breath? I'm afraid now
that the bird there has predicted trouble for my
artful arts.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Leonida* IN GREAT EXCITEMENT, WITHOUT SEEING
Libanus.

Leon.

Where shall I look for Libanus now, or young

filium,
ut ego illos lubentiores faciam quam Lubentias?
maximam praedam et triumphum eis adfero
adventu meo
270 quando mecum pariter potant, pariter scortari
solent,
hanc quidem, quam nactus, praedam pariter cum
illis partiam.

Lib.

Illic homo aedis compilavit, more si fecit suo.
vae illi, qui tam indiligerter observavit ianuam.

Leon.

Aetatem velim servire, Libanum ut conveniam
modo.

Lib.

Mea quidem hercle opera liber numquam fiet
ocius.

Leon.

Etiam de tergo ducentas plagas praegnatis dabo.

Lib.

Largitur peculium, omnem in tergo thensaurum
gerit.

Leon.

Nam si huic sese occasionei tempus supterduxerit,
numquam edepol quadrigis albis indipiscet
postea;
280 erum in obsidione linquet, inimicum animos
auxerit.
sed si mecum occasionem opprimere hanc, quae
obvenit, studet,
maximas opimitates, gaudio exfertissimas
suis eris ille una mecum pariet, gnatoque et
patri,
adeo ut aetatem ambo ambobus nobis sint
obnoxii,
nostro devincti beneficio.

Lib.

Vinctos nescio quos ait;
non placet: metuo, in commune ne quam fraudem
frausus sit.

Leon.

Perii ego oppido, nisi Libanum invenio iam,
ubiubi est gentium.

Lib.

Illic homo socium ad malam rem quaerit quem
adiungat sibi.
non placet: pro monstro extemplo est, quando
qui sudat tremit.

Leon.

290 Sed quid ego his properans concessio pedibus.
lingua largior?
quin ego hanc iubeo tacere, quae loquens lacerat
diem?

Lib.

Edepol hominem infelicem, qui patronam
conprimat.
nam si quid sceleste fecit, lingua pro illo perierat.

Leon.

Adproperabo, ne post tempus praedae
praesidium parem.

Lib.

master, so that I can make them more delighted
than Delight herself? Oh, the mighty prize and
triumph my coming confers on 'em! Seeing they
guzzle along with me, and chase the girls along
with me, I'll certainly go shares in this prize I've
got along with them.

Lib.

(*aside*) The fellow's been robbing a house if he's
acted naturally. Lord help the poor devil that
minded the door so carelessly!

Leon.

I'd be willing to slave it all my life, only let me
meet Libanus.

Lib.

(*aside*) By Jove, you'll never be free a minute
sooner for any help you get from me.

Leon.

I'll even give two hundred swollen welts from off
my back to see him.

Lib.

(*aside*) He's generous with what he has: carries
all his coffers on his back.

Leon.

For if this chance is let slide, he'll never catch it
again, by Jove, not with a chariot and four,
white horses. He'll be leaving his master under
siege and increasing the courage of his enemies.
But if he's ready to take part with me and pounce
on this opportunity that's turned up, he'll be my
partner in hatching the biggest, joy-stuffedest
jubilee that ever was for his masters, son and
father both, yes, and put the pair of 'em under
obligations to the pair of us for life, too, chained
tight by our services.

Lib.

(*aside*) Chained, he says: some one or other
chained! I don't like it. I'm afraid he's been
trumping up some trumpery that'll involve the
both of us.

Leon.

(*quivering with excitement*) I'm absolutely done
for, if I don't find Libanus at once, wherever he
is.

Lib.

That chap's after a mate to yoke with in a race
for a thrashing. I don't like it! it means
something bad soon, when a man in a sweat
shivers.

Leon.

But why am I holding in my feet and letting out
my tongue, and I in such a hurry? Why don't I tell
it to shut up, with its wagging the day to shreds?

Lib.

(*aside*) Good Lord! Poor devil—choking off his
patroness! Why, once he's been up to some
rascality, it's that same tongue perjures herself
for him.

Leon.

I'll cut along, so as not to procure protection for
the prize when it's too late. (*moves away*)

Lib.

Quae illaec praeda est? ibo advorsum atque
electabo, quidquid est.
iubeo te salvere voce summa, quo ad vires valent.

Leon.

Gymnasium flagri, salveto.

Lib.

Quid agis, custos carceris?

Leon.

O catenarum colone.

Lib.

O virgarum lascivia.

Leon.

Quot pondo ted esse censes nudum?

Lib.

Non edepol scio.

Leon.

300 Scibam ego te nescire, at pol ego, qui ted
expendi, scio:
nudus vinctus centum pondo es, quando pendes
per pedes.

Lib.

Quo argumento istuc?

Leon.

Ego dicam, quo argumento et quo
modo.
ad pedes quando adligatumst aequom
centumpondium,
ubi manus manicae complexae sunt atque
adductae ad trabem,
nec dependes nec propendes—quin malus
nequamque sis.

Lib.

Vae tibi.

Leon.

Hoc testamento Servitus legat tibi.

Lib.

Verbivellationem fieri compendi volo.
quid istud est negoti?

Leon.

Certum est credere,

Lib.

Audacter licet.

Leon.

310 Sis amanti subvenire familiari filio,
tantum adest boni inproviso, verum commixtum
malo:
omnes de nobis carnificum concelebrabuntur
dies.
Libane, nunc audacia usust nobis inventa et
dolus.
tantum facinus modo inveni ego, ut nos dicamur
duo
omnium dignissimi esse, quo cruciatus
confluent,

Lib.

Ergo mirabar quod dudum scapulae gestibant
mihi,
hariolari quae occeperunt, sibi esse in mundo
malum.
quidquid est, eloquere.

Leon.

What's that prize? I'll up and worm it out of him,
whatever it is. (*aloud*) Good day to you—(*raising
his voice, Leonida having paid no attention*) as
loud a one as my lungs allow!

Leon.

Ah there, (*turning and stopping*) you whip
developer!

Lib.

How goes it, gaol guard?

Leon.

Oh you fetter farmer.

Lib.

Oh you rod tickler!

Leon.

How much do you think you weigh, stripped?

Lib.

Lord! I don't know.

Leon.

I knew you didn't know: but by the Lord, I know
for I've weighed you. Stripped and tied you
weigh a hundred pounds—when you're hanging
by your heels.

Lib.

What's your proof of that?

Leon.

I'll tell you my proof and my method. When a fair
hundred- weight is fastened to your feet, with the
handcuffs hugging your hands lashed to a beam,
you're not a bit under or over the weight of—a
good-for-nothing rascal.

Lib.

You be damned!

Leon.

Precisely what you are down for yourself in
Slavery's will.

Lib.

Let's cut short this war of words. What's that
business of yours?

Leon.

I've determined to trust you.

Lib.

You can—boldly.

Leon.

If you've got a mind to help the young master in
his love affair, there's such an unexpected supply
of good luck come to hand—mixed with bad,
though—that the public torturers will have a
regular festival at our expense every day.
Libanus, now we need grit and guile. I've just
now come upon such a deed for us to do, that we
two will be called the worthiest men alive—to be
where the torture's thickest.

Lib.

(*dryly*) Aha! I was wondering what made my
shoulders tingle a while ago: they began
prognosticating trouble was in pickle for 'em.
Whatever it is, out with it!

Leon.

	Magna est praeda cum magno malo.	It's a big prize and a big risk.
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Si quidem omnes coniurati cruciamenta conferant, habeo opinor familiare tergum, ne quaeram foris.	No matter if they all combine to pile the torments on, I fancy I've got a back of my own, without having to look for one outside.
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
320	Si istam firmitudinem animi optines, salvi sumus.	That's the spirit, hold to it and we're safe.
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Quin si tergo res solvenda est, rapere cupio publicum: pernegabo atque obdurabo, periurabo denique.	Pooh! if it's my back that is to pay the score, I'm ripe for sacking the Treasury: then I'll say up and down I didn't, stick to it I didn't, yes, yes, take my solemn oath I didn't.
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Em ista virtus est, quando usust qui malum fert fortiter; fortiter malum qui patitur, idem post potitur bonum.	There! That's courage—to take hard knocks like a man when occasion calls. The chap that endures hard knocks like a man enjoys a soft time later on.
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Quin rem actutum edisseris? cupio malum nanciscier.	Why don't you hurry up and unfold your tale? I long for some hard knocks.
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Placide ergo unum quidquid rogita, ut adquiescam. non vides me ex cursura anhelitum etiam ducere?	Easy then with each question, so that I can get a rest. Don't you see I'm still puffing after that run of mine?
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Age, age, mansero tuo arbitrato, vel adeo usque dum peris.	All right, all right, I'll wait till you're ready, yes, ready to expire, for that matter.
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Ubinam est erus?	(<i>after a pause</i>) Where the deuce is master?
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Maior apud forumst, minor hic est intus.	Old one's at the forum, young one's inside here. (<i>pointing to Clearetas house</i>)
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Iam satis est mihi.	That'll do! I'm satisfied.
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Tum igitur tu dives es factus?	Satisfied? So you're a millionaire already, are you?
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
330	Mitte ridicularia.	Don't try to be funny.
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Mitto. ⁹ istuc quod adfers aures exspectant meae.	I won't. (<i>grandly</i>) My ears await your tidings.
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Animum adverte, ut aequae mecum haec scias.	Listen here, and you'll know about things as well as I do.
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Taceo.	I'm dumb.
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Beas. meministin asinos Arcadicos mercatori Pellaeo nostrum vendere atriensem?	(<i>ironically</i>) Oh, bliss! Do you remember those Arcadian asses our steward sold to the merchant from Pella?
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Memini. quid tum postea?	I do. Well, what next?
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Em ergo is argentum huc remisit, quod daretur Saureae pro asinis. adulescens venit modo, qui id argentum attulit.	Now then! He's sent the money for 'em, to be paid to Saurea. A young chap's just arrived with it.
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Ubi is homost?	(<i>with a start</i>) Where is he?
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Iam devorandum censes, si conspexeris?	Think he ought to be swallowed down the minute you spy him, eh?

Lib.
Ita enim vero. sed tamen, tu nempe eos asinos
praedicas
340 vetulos, claudos, quibus subtrita ad femina iam
erant unguulae?
Leon.
Ipsos, qui tibi subvectabant rure hue virgas
ulmeas.
Lib.
Teneo, atque idem te hinc vexerunt vinctum rus.
Lib.
Memor es probe,
verum in tonstrina ut sedebam, me inquit
percontarier,
ecquem filium Stratonis noverim Demaenetum.
dico me novisse extemplo et me eius servom
praedico
esse, et aedis demonstravi nostras.
Lib.
Quid tum postea?
Leon.
Ait se ob asinos ferre argentum atriensi Saureae,
viginti minas, sed eum sese non nosse hominem
qui siet,
ipsum vero se novisse callide Demaenetum.
quoniam ille elocutus haec sic—
Lib.
Quid tum?
Leon.
350 Ausculta ergo, scies.
extemplo facio facetum me atque magnificum
virum,
dico med esse atriensem. sic hoc respondit mihi:
"ego pol Sauream non novi neque qua facie sit
scio.
te non aequomst suscensere. si erum vis
Demaenetum,
quem ego novi, adduce: argentum non morabor
quin feras."
ego me dixi erum adducturum et me domi
praesto fore;
ille in balineas iturust, inde huc veniet postea.
quid nunc consili captandum censes? dic.
Lib.
Em istuc ago,
quo modo argento intervortam et adventorem et
Sauream.
iam hoc opus est exasciato¹⁰; nam si ille
360 argentum prius
hospes huc affert, continuo nos ambo exclusi
sumus.
nam me hodie senex seduxit solum sorsum ab
aedibus,
mihi tibi que interminatust nos futuros ulmeos,
ni hodie Argyripo essent viginti argenti minae;
iussit vel nos atriensem vel nos uxorem suam
defraudare, dixit sese operam promiscam dare.
nunc tu abi ad forum ad erum et narra haec ut
nos acturi sumus:
te ex Leonida futurum esse atriensem Sauream,
dum argentum afferat mercator pro asinis.
Leon.
Faciam ut iubes.
Lib.

Lib.
Aye, that I do! But let me see, of course you
mean those poor old lame asses with their hoofs
worn away up to their hocks?
Leon.
Precisely! the ones that used to come down from
the farm with loads of elm rods for you.
Lib.
I have you: yes, the same ones that carried you
off to the farm in fetters.
Lib.
Remarkable memory, yours! However, when I
was in the barber's chair he speaks up and asks
me if I know a Demaenetus, the son of Strato. I
say yes at once, and declare that I'm his servant,
and I told him where our house was.
Lib.
Well, what next?
Leon.
He says he's bringing money for the asses to
steward Saurea, eighty pounds; but that he
doesn't know the man at all: says he knows
Demaenetus himself well, though. After he had
given me an account of things this way—
Lib.
What next?
Leon.
Well, listen and you'll find out. Instantly I pose as
a fine, superior sort of creature and tell him I am
the steward. Here's the way he answered me:
"Well, well," says he, "I am not acquainted with
Saurea personally and I don't know what he
looks like. You have no reason to take offence.
Bring along your master Demaenetus whom I do
know, if you please: I'll let you have the money
without delay."
I told him I would bring my master and be at
home waiting for him. He's going to the baths:
then he'll be here later. What do you propose
now for a plan of campaign? Tell me.
Lib.
(*thinking*) That's the point! Just what I'm casting
about for—some way to relieve newcomer and
Saurea of the cash. We must have our scheme
roughed out at once; for let that stranger fetch
his money before we're ready and the next
minute we're both shut out of it. You see, the old
man took me aside out of the house to-day all by
myself: swore he'd made the pair of us perfectly
elmy, if eighty pounds was not forthcoming for
Argyrippus this very day.
He gave us orders to do the steward out of it, or
else his wife: said he'd stand by us whichever it
was. Now you be off to the forum to master and
tell him what our game will be: that you are
going to change from Leonida to steward Saurea
when the trader brings the money for the asses.
Leon.
I'll do as you say. (*moves off*)
Lib.
I'll entertain him here myself meanwhile, if he

370 Ego illum interea hic oblectabo, prius si forte
advenerit.
Leon.
Quid ais?
Lib.
Quid vis?
Leon.
Pugno malam si tibi percussero,
mox cum Sauream imitabor, caveto ne
suscenseas.
Lib.
Hercle vero tu cavebis ne me attingas, si sapis,
ne hodie malo cum auspicio nomen
commutaveris.
Leon.
Quaeso, aequo animo patitor.
Lib.
Patitor tu item, cum ego te referiam.
Leon.
Dico ut usust fieri.
Lib.
Dico hercle ego quoque ut facturus
sum.
Leon.
Ne nega.
Lib.
Quin promitto, inquam, hostire contra ut
merueris.
Leon.
Ego abeo, tu iam, scio, patiere. sed quis hic est?
is est,
ille est ipsus. iam ego recurro huc. tu hunc
interea his tene.
volo seni narrare.
Lib.
380 Quin tuom officium facis ergo ac
fugis?

II. 3.

Merc.
Ut demonstratae sunt mihi, hasce aedis esse
oportet,
Demaenetus ubi dicitur habitare. i, puere, pulta
atque atriensem Sauream, si est intus, evocato
huc.
Lib.
Quis nostras sic frangit fores? ohe, inquam, si
quid audis.
Merc.
Nemo etiam tetigit. sanun es?
Lib.
At censebam attigisse
propterea, huc quia habebas iter. nolo ego fores
conservas
meas a te verberarier. sane ego sum amicus
nostris.
Merc.
Pol haud periculum est, cardines ne foribus
effringantur,

happens to come before you do.
Leon.
(*halting*) I say.
Lib.
What do you want?
Leon.
(*gravely*) In case I punch your jaw for you later
on when I'm imitating Saurea, take care you
don't get angry.
Lib.
By gad, you'd just better take care yourself not to
touch me, if you know what's what, or you'll find
you've picked an unlucky day for changing your
name.
Leon.
Come, come, put up with it patiently.
Lib.
Yes, and you put up with it when I hit you back.
Leon.
I'm telling how it's got to be done.
Lib.
And by the Lord, I'm telling how I'm going to do
it.
Leon.
Don't refuse.
Lib.
Oh, I agree, I agree—to pay you back all you
earn.
Leon.
(*turning to go*) I'm off: you'll put up with it now, I
know you will. (*looking down street*) Hullo!
Who's this! It's he, the very man! I'll hurry back
here soon! You keep him here while I'm gone. I
must tell the old man. (*stops to look again*)
Lib.
(*sneeringly*) Why don't you play your part then,
and—run away?
[EXIT *Leonida*.]

Scene 3.

ENTER *Trader*, WITH SERVANT.
Trader
(*looking at house of Demaenetus*) According to
directions, this must be the house where they say
Demaenetus lives. (*to servant*) Go knock, my lad,
and if steward Saurea is in there, call him out.
(*servant goes toward house*)
Lib.
(*stepping forward*) Who's that battering our door
so? Whoa there, I say—if you're not deaf!
Trader
No one has touched it yet. Are you in your
senses?
Lib.
Well, I was thinking you had touched it, seeing
you were making this way. I don't want you to
beat that door—it's a fellow servant of mine. I tell
you what, I love my fellow servants.
Trader
Gad! No danger of the door being battered off its
hinges, if you answer all callers in that style.

si istoc exemplo omnibus qui quaerunt
respondebis.

Lib.

390 Ita haec morata est ianua: extemplo ianitorem
clamat, procul si quem videt ire ad se
calcitronem.
sed quid venis? quid quaeritas?

Merc.

Demaenetum volebam.

Lib.

Si sit domi, dicam tibi.

Merc.

Quid eius atriensis?

Lib.

Nihilo mage intus est.

Merc.

Ubi est?

Lib.

Ad tonsorem ire dixit.

Merc.

Conveni. sed post non redit?

Lib.

Non edepol. quid volebas?

Merc.

Argenti viginti minas, si adesset, accepisset.

Lib.

Qui pro istuc?

Merc.

Asinos vendidit Pellaeo mercatori
mercatu.

Lib.

Scio. tu id nunc refers? iam hic credo
eum adfuturum.

Merc.

Qua facie voster Saurea est? si is est, iam scire
potero.

Lib.

400 Macilentis malis, rufulus aliquantum, ventriosus,
truculentis oculis, commoda statura, tristi fronte.

Merc.

Non potuit pictor rectius describere eius formam.

Lib.

Atque hercle ipsum adeo contuor, quassanti
capite incedit.
quisque obviam huic occesserit irato, vapulabit.

Merc.

Siquidem hercle Aeacidinis minis animisque
expletus incedit,
si med iratus tetigerit, iratus vapulabit.

Lib.

Here's the way this door has been trained: once
it sights some bully in the distance coming
towards it, it bawls for the porter directly. But
what's your business? What are you after?

Trader

I wished to see Demaenetus.

Lib.

If he was at home, I'd tell you.

Trader

What about his steward?

Lib.

No, he's not in, either.

Trader

Where is he?

Lib.

Said he was going to the barber's.

Trader

I met him. But he has not been back since?

Lib.

Lord, no! What did you want?

Trader

He would have got eighty pounds, if he was here.

Lib.

What for?

Trader

He sold some asses at the market to a trader
from Pella.

Lib.

I know. Bringing the cash now, are you? He'll be
here soon, I, fancy.

Trader

What does your Saurea look like? (*aside*) Now I
can find out if that fellow is my man.

Lib.

(*reflectively*) Lantern-jawed— reddish hair— pot-
bellied— savage eyes— average height— and a
scowl.

Trader

(*aside*) No painter could give me a more living
likeness of that fellow.

Lib.

(*looking down street*) Yes, and what's more, he's
in sight himself, by gad,—swaggering along and
shaking his head! Anyone that crosses his path
when he's angry gets thrashed.

Trader

Good Lord! No matter if he swaggers along as
full of fire and fury as Achilles—if your angry
man lays a hand on me, it's your angry man gets
thrashed.

II. 4.

ENTER *Leonida*, APPARENTLY IN A RAGE.

Leon.

Quid hoc sit negoti, neminem meum dictum
magni facere?
Libanum in tonstrinam ut iusseram venire, is
nullus venit.
ne ille edepol tergo et cruribus consuluit haud
decere.

Scene 4.

Leon.

What does this mean? Does no one mind what I
say? I told Libanus to come to the barber's shop,
and he never came at all. By the Lord, he hasn't
given due thought to the welfare of his hide and
shanks, that's a fact!

	<i>Merc.</i>		<i>Trader</i>
	Nimis imperiosust.		(<i>aside</i>) A precious domineering chap!
	<i>Lib.</i>		<i>Lib.</i>
	Vae mihi.		(<i>affecting terror</i>) Oh, I'm in for it!
	<i>Leon.</i>		<i>Leon.</i>
410	Hodie salvere iussi Libanum libertum? iam manu emissu's?		(<i>to Libanus ironically</i>) Ah, greetings to Libanus the freedman, is it, to-day? Have you been manumitted now? (<i>advancing</i>)
	<i>Lib.</i>		<i>Lib.</i>
	Obsecro te.		(<i>cowering</i>) Please, please, sir!
	<i>Leon.</i>		<i>Leon.</i>
	Ne tu hercle cum magno malo mihi obviam occessisti. cur non venisti, ut iusseram, in tonstrinam?		By heaven, I'll certainly give you good reason to regret crossing my path. Why didn't you come to the barber's, as I ordered?
	<i>Lib.</i>		<i>Lib.</i>
	Hic me moratust.		(<i>pointing to trader</i>) This gentleman delayed me.
	<i>Leon.</i>		<i>Leon.</i>
	Siquidem hercle nunc summum Iovem te dicas detinuisse atque is precator adsiet, malam rem effugies numquam. tu, verbero, imperium meum contempsisti?		(<i>without looking at trader</i>) Damme! You can go on and say Jove Almighty detained you, yes, and he can come here and plead your case, but you shall never escape a flogging. You scorned my authority, you whipping post?
	<i>Lib.</i>		<i>Lib.</i>
	Perii, hospes.		(<i>running behind trader</i>) Oh kind stranger, I'm a dead man!
	<i>Merc.</i>		<i>Trader</i>
	Quaeso hercle noli, Saurea, mea causa hunc verberare.		By Jove, Saurea! Now, now, don't flog him, for my sake!
	<i>Leon.</i>		<i>Leon.</i>
	Utinam nunc stimulus in manu mihi sit.		(<i>paying no attention</i>) Oh, if I could only get hold of an ox goad now!
	<i>Merc.</i>		<i>Trader</i>
	Quiesce quaeso.		Now, now, calm down.
	<i>Leon.</i>		<i>Leon.</i>
420	Qui latera conteram tua, quae occalluere plagis. abscede ac sine me hunc perdere, qui semper me ira incendit, cui numquam unam rem me licet semel praecipere furi, quin centiens eadem imperem atque ogganniam, itaque iam hercle		So as to stave in those ribs of yours that have grown callous to blows! (<i>to trader</i>) Out of my way, and let me murder the rascal that always sets me afire with rage, that never lets one order from me suffice for one job, the criminal, but keeps me commanding and growling the same thing a hundred times over. Good Lord, it's come to the point where I can't stand the work, what with yelling and storming at him!
	clamore ac stomacho non queo labori suppeditare. iussin, scelestes, ab ianua hoc stercus hinc auferris? iussin columnis deici operas araneorum? iussin in splendorem dari bullas has foribus nostris?		Didn't I tell you to carry off this dung from the doorway, you villain? Didn't I tell you to clean the spiders' webs off the columns? Didn't I tell you to rub these door knobs till they shone?
	nihil est: tamquam si claudus sim, cum fustist ambulandum. quia triduum hoc unum modo foro operam adsiduam dedo, dum reperiam qui quaeritet argentum in faenus, hic vos		It's no good: anyone would think I was lame, the way I have to travel around after you with a cane. Because I've been constantly busy at the forum just for the last three days, trying to find some one to place a loan with, here you've been drowsing all the time at home, and your master living in a pig-pen, not a house. There now, take that! (<i>strikes him</i>)
430	dormitis interea domi, atque erus in hara, haud aedibus habitat, em ergo hoc tibi.		
	<i>Lib.</i>		<i>Lib.</i>
	Hospes, te obsecro, defende.		Kind stranger! For heaven's sake protect me!
	<i>Merc.</i>		<i>Trader</i>
	Saurea, oro, mea causa ut mittas.		Come, Saurea, do let him off for my sake.

Leon.
Eho, ecquis pro vectura olivi
rem solvit?
Lib.
Solvit.
Leon.
Cui datumst?
Lib.
Sticho vicario ipsi
tuo.
Leon.
Vah, delenire apparatus, scio mihi vicarium
esse,
neque eo esse servom in aedibus eri qui sit pluris
quam illest.
sed vina quae heri vendidi vinario Exaerambo,
iam pro eis satis fecit Sticho?
Lib.
Fecisse satis opinor,
nam vidi huc ipsum adducere trapezitam
Exaerambum.
Leon.
Sic dederō. prius quae credidi vix anno post
exegi;
nunc satagit: adducit domum etiam ultro et
scribit nummos.
440 Dromo mercedem rettulit?
Lib.
Dimidio minus opinor.
Leon.
Quid relicuom?
Lib.
Aibat reddere quom extemplo redditum
esset;
nam retineri, ut quod sit sibi operis locatum
efficeret.
Leon.
Scyphos quos utendos dedi Philodamo,
rettulitne?
Lib.
Non etiam.
Leon.
Hem non? si velis, da, ¹¹commoda homini
amico.
Merc.
Perii hercle, iam his me abegerit suo odio.
Lib.
Heus iam satis tu.
audin quae loquitur?
Leon.
Audio et quiesco.
Merc.
Tandem, opinor,
conticuit. nunc adeam optimum est, prius quam
incipit tinnire.
quam mox mi operam das?
Leon.
Ehem, optume. quam dudum tu
advenisti?
450 non hercle te provideram—quaeso ne vitio vortas
—

Leon.
(*to Libanus*) Hey, you! Did anyone pay for the
shipping of that oil?
Lib.
Yes, sir.
Leon.
Who to?
Lib.
To Stichus himself, sir, your own deputy.
Leon.
Hm-m! trying to smooth me down! To be sure I
have a deputy, and there's not a slave in the
master's house that is a more valuable man than
that deputy, either. But how about the wine I
sold to Exaerambus the vintner yesterday—has
he settled with Stichus for it yet?
Lib.
I reckon he has, sir: for I saw Exaerambus
bringing the banker here himself.
Leon.
That's the style for me! Last time I trusted him I
barely got the money out of him a year
afterwards. Now he pays his bills: even brings his
banker over to the house besides, and writes his
cheque. Has Dromo brought home his wages?
Lib.
Only half, I think.
Leon.
And the rest?
Lib.
He said he'd give it to you as soon as it was given
to him; claimed it was kept back so that he'd
finish up a job that was placed with him.
Leon.
Those cups that I lent Philodamus—has he
returned 'em?
Lib.
Not yet.
Leon.
Hey? No? (*sourly*) Give things away, if you like,—
give 'em to a friend on loan.
Trader
(*half aside, wearily*) Oh, the devil! The fellow will
be driving me off before long with his
confounded talk.
Lib.
(*aside to Leonida*) Hi, you! That's enough now!
D'ye hear what he says?
Leon.
(*aside to Libanus*) I hear; I'll calm down.
Trader
(*aside*) Silent at last, I do believe. Best approach
him now before he begins to rattle on again.
(*aloud to Leonida*) How soon can you give me
your attention?
Leon.
(*looking at him and affecting surprise*) Aha!
Splendid! How long have you been here? Well,
well, I hadn't noticed you before! I trust you
won't feel offended. I was so angry that it

ita iracundia obstitit oculis.

Merc.

Non mirum factum est.
sed si domi est, Demaenetum volebam.

Leon.

Negat esse intus.
verum istuc argentum tamen mihi si vis
denumerare,
repromittam istoc nomine solutam rem futuram.

Merc.

Sic potius, ut Demaeneto tibi ero praesente
reddam.

Lib.

Erus istunc novit atque erum hic.

Merc.

Ero huic praesente reddam.

Lib.

Da modo meo periculo, rem salvam ego
exhibebo;
nam si sciat noster senex fidem non esse huic
habitam,
suscenseat, quoi omnium rerum ipse semper
credit.

Leon.

460 Non magni pendo. ne duit, si non volt, sic sine
astet.

Lib.

Da, inquam. vah, formido miser, ne hic me tibi
arbitretur
suasisse, sibi ne crederes. da, quaeso, ac ne
formida:
salvom hercle erit.

Merc.

Credam fore, dum quidem ipse in manu
habebo.
peregrinus ego sum, Sauream non novi.

Lib.

At nosce sane.

Merc.

Sit, non sit, non edepol scio. si is est, eum esse
oportet.
ego certe me incerto scio hoc daturum nemini
homini.

Leon.

Heracle istum di omnes perduint. verbo cave
supplicassis.
ferox est viginti minas meas tractare sese.
nemo accipit aufer te domum, abscede hinc,
molestus ne sis.

Merc.

470 Nimis iracunde. non decet superbum esse
hominem servom.

Leon.

Malo hercle iam magno tuo, ni isti nec recte
dicis.

Lib.

Impure, nihili. non vides irasci?

Leon.

Perge porro.

affected my eyesight.

Trader

Nothing strange in that. But I wished to see
Demaenetus, if he is at home.

Leon.

He (*indicating Libanus*) says he's not in. But as to
that money, though,—count it out to me, if you
like, and then I'll engage that your account with
us is settled.

Trader

I should prefer to make the payment in the
presence of your master Demaenetus.

Lib.

(*protestingly*) Oh, master knows him and he
knows master.

Trader

(*firmly*) I shall pay him in his master's presence.

Lib.

Oh now, give it to him, at my risk: I'll make it all
right. Why, if our old man knew Saurea here was
doubted, he'd be furious: he always trusts him
with everything himself.

Leon.

(*very superior*) It's of no importance. He can
keep it, if he wants. Let him stand by with it
there.

Lib.

(*aside to trader*) I say, do give it to him. Oh dear,
this is awful! I'm afraid he'll think I persuaded
you not to trust him. Give it to him, for mercy's
sake, and don't be afraid. Good Lord, it'll be all
right!

Trader

I trust it will be, so long as I keep hold of it
myself, anyway. I am a stranger here: I don't
know Saurea.

Lib.

(*pointing to Leonida*) Well, just make his
acquaintance, then.

Trader

Whether he is the man or not, I don't know, by
gad. If he is, he is, of course. I certainly do know
that when I am uncertain I give this (*showing a
wallet*) to nobody on earth.

Leon.

Be damned to the fellow! (*to Libanus*) Not a word
of entreaty, you! He's puffed up at having the
handling of my eighty pounds. (*to trader*) No one
will take it! Home with you! Away with you!
Don't bother me!

Trader

(*scoffingly*) Quite in a pet! The idea of a mere
slave being arrogant!

Leon.

(*to Libanus*) By heaven, you'll soon pay dear for
it, if you don't abuse him!

Lib.

(*loudly to trader*) You dirty thing, you, you good
for nothing! (*in lower tone*) Don't you see he's
angry?

Leon.

(*to Libanus*) Go on, get at him!

Lib.

Flagitum hominis. da, obsecro, argentum huic, ne male loquatur.

Merc.

Malum hercle vobis quaeritis.

Leon.

Crura hercle diffringentur, ni istum impudicum percies.

Lib.

Perii hercle. age impudice, sceleste, non audes mihi scelesto subvenire?

Leon.

Pergin precari pessimo?

Merc.

Quae res? tun libero homini male servos loquere?

Leon.

Vapula.

Merc.

Id quidem tibi hercle fiet, ut vapules, Demaenetum simulae conspexero hodie.¹²

479

Leon.

484-485 Quid, verbero? ain tu, furcifer? erum nos fugitare censes? ei nunciam ad erum, quo vocas, iam dudum quo volebas.

Merc.

Nunc demum? tamen numquam hinc ferēs argenti nummum, nisi me dare iusserit Demaenetus.

Leon.

Ita facito, age ambula ergo. tu contumeliam alteri facias, tibi non dicatur? tam ego homo sum quam tu.

Merc.

Scilicet. ita res est.

Leon.

490

Sequere hac ergo praefiscini hoc nunc dixerim: nemo etiam me accusavit merito meo, neque me alter est Athenis hodie quisquam, cui credi recte aeque putent.

Merc.

Fortassis. sed tamen me numquam hodie induces, ut tibi credam hoc argentum ignoto. lupus est homo homini, non homo, quom qualis sit non novit.

Leon.

Iam nunc secunda mihi facis. scibam huic te capitulo hodie. facturum satis pro iniuria; quamquam ego sum sordidatus, frugi tamen sum, nec potest peculium enumerari.

Merc.

Fortasse.

Lib.

(*loudly*) You scandal of a man! (*in lower tone*) Do give him the money, for heaven's sake, so that he won't call you bad names.

Trader

Gad! It's a bad time you two are looking for.

Leon.

(*to Libanus*) By the Lord, your legs shall be broken to splinters, if you don't give that shameless rascal a blowing up.

Lib.

(*to trader in low tone*) Oh Lord! I'm in for it! (*loudly*) Come, you shameless rascal, you wretch, won't you help me, poor wretch that I am?

Leon.

(*to Libanus*) Continuing to coax that criminal, are you?

Trader

(*getting indignant*) How is this? You dare to abuse a free man, you, you slave?

Leon.

You be thrashed!

Trader

Be thrashed? Precisely what will be done to you, by gad, the moment I set eyes on Demaenetus to-day!

Leon.

What, you whipping post? So, you gallows-bird? D'ye think we skulk from our master? On with you straight to the master you summon us to, the master you've wanted to see this long time past. (*goes toward forum*)

Trader

At last, eh? But never a penny do you get from me, unless I am instructed to give it to you by Demaenetus.

Leon.

All right, all right! Come, step along, then! Do you want to insult another man and not get it back? I'm as much of a man as you are!

Trader

No doubt. Quite so.

Leon.

Come along this way, then. (*stops*) If I may say so without presumption, let me tell you this now: no one has ever yet accused me justly, and there's not a single other man in all Athens that people think worthy of such confidence as me, either.

Trader

I dare say. But notwithstanding, never will you induce me to-day to trust this money to you, a stranger, (*somewhat apologetically*) "Man is no man, but a wolf, to a stranger."

Leon.

(*encouraged*) Now there, that's decent of you! I knew you'd soon be making amends to a good fellow for doing him an injustice. No matter if I do look shabby, I'm an honest man just the same, and as for the cash I've laid by—it can't be counted.

Trader

(*sceptically*) I dare say.

Leon.

500 Etiam¹³ Periphanes Rhodo mercator
dives
absente ero solus mihi talentum argenti soli
adnumeravit et mihi credidit, nequest deceptus
in eo.

Merc.

Fortasse.

Leon.

Atque etiam tu quoque ipse. si esses
percontatus
me ex aliis, scio pol crederes nunc quod fers.

Merc.

Haud negassim.

ACTVS III

Cle.

Nequeon ego ted interdictis facere mansuetem
meis?
an ita tu es animata, ut qui matris expers imperio
sies?

Phil.

(507) Ubi piem Pietatem, si istoc more moratam tibi
postulem placere, mater, mihi quo pacto
praecipis?¹⁴

Cle.

(509) Hocine est pietatem colere. matris imperium
minuere?

Phil.

510 Neque quae recte faciunt culpo neque quae
delinquent amo.

Cle.

Satis dicacula es amatrix.

Phil.

Mater, is quaestus mihi est:
lingua poscit, corpus quaerit; animus orat, res
monet.

Cle.

Ego te volui castigare, tu mi accusatrix ades.

Phil.

Neque edepol te accuso neque id me facere fas
existimo.
verum ego meas queror fortunas, cum illo quem
amo prohibeor.

Cle.

Ecqua pars orationis de die dabitur mihi?

Phil.

520 Et meam partem loquendi et tuam trado tibi;
ad loquendum atque ad tacendum tute habeas
portisculum.
quin pol si reposivi remum, sola ego in casteria
ubi quiesco, omnis familiae causa consistit tibi.

Cle.

Quid ais tu, quam ego unam vidi mulierem
audacissimam?
quotiens te votui Argyrippum filium Demaeneti

Leon.

Even Periphanes, the rich trader from Rhodes,
counted out two hundred pounds to me when
master was away and we were all by ourselves,—
he trusted me, and he wasn't deceived in doing
so, either.

Trader

I dare say.

Leon.

Yes, and even you yourself, too, if you had only
inquired from others about me, I know you would
trust me with what you've got there, good Lord,
yes!

Trader

(*icily*) I should be sorry to deny it. (*motions
Leonida to lead the way to Demaenetus*)

[EXEUNT THE THREE TO THE FORUM, *Leonida* IREFUL.]

ACT III

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Cleareta* AND *Philaenium* FROM THEIR HOUSE.

Cle.

Have I no power to make you submit when I
prohibit a thing? Can it be that you feel inclined
to rid yourself of your mother's authority?

Phil.

How should I be showing myself duteous to Filial
Duty, mother, if I tried to please you by
practising such practices and doing as you
prescribe?

Cle.

Is this regarding filial duty, to lessen a mother's
authority?

Phil.

I don't find fault with mothers that do right, and I
don't like ones that do wrong.

Cle.

A glib enough little hussy!

Phil.

(*lightly*) All in my profession, mother: tongue
asks, body teases; fancy prompts, circumstances
suggest.

Cle.

I intended to scold you, and here you are turning
on me!

Phil.

Oh, no! I'm not turning on you: I don't think that
would be right. But I do think it's a cruel fate to
be kept away from the man I love.

Cle.

Am I to get some share of the speechmaking
before nightfall?

Phil.

I give you my share and your own, too: you can
be boatswain yourself and give the signal for
talking and keeping still. But goodness me, if I
once lay down the oar, I, and stay by myself
resting in the rowers' room, the progress of this
whole household stops short, you see.

Cle.

Look here! Of all the impudent young misses I
have ever seen! How many times have I
forbidden you to have communication or contact
or chitchat with Demaenetus's son, Argyrippus,

compellare aut contrectare, conloquive aut
contui?
quid dedit? quid ad nos iussit deportari? an tu
tibi
verba blanda esse aurum rere, dicta docta pro
datis?
ultra amas, ulro expetessis, ulro ad te accersi
iubes
illos qui dant, eos derides; qui deludunt, deperis.
an te id exspectare oportet, si quis promittat tibi
te facturum divitem, si moriatur mater sua?
ecastor¹⁵ nobis periculum magnum et familiae
portenditur,
dum eius exspectamus mortem, ne nos moriamur
fame.
nunc adeo nisi mi huc argenti adfert viginti
minas,
ne ille ecastor hunc trudetur largus lacrumarum
foras.
hic dies summum quo est¹⁶ apud me inopiae
excusatio.

Phil.

Patiar, si cibo carere me iubes, mater mea.

Cle.

Non voto ted amare qui dant quonia amentur
gratia.

Phil.

Quid si hic animus occupatust, mater, quid
faciam? mone.

Cle.

Em,

meum caput contemples si quidem ex re
consultas tua.

Phil.

539, 540 Etiam opilio qui pascit, mater, alienas ovis,
aliquam habet peculiarem, qui spem soletur
suam.
sine me amare unum Argyrippum animi causa,
quem volo.

Cle.

Intro abi, nam te quidem edepol nihil est
impudentius.

Phil.

Audientem dicto, mater, produxisti filiam.

III. 2.

Lib.

Perfidiae laudes gratiasque habemus merito
magnas,

(546) quom nostris sycophantiis, dolis astutiisque,¹⁷

(548) advorsum stetimus lamminas,¹⁸ crucesque
compedesque,

549, 550 nervos, catenas, carceres, numellas, pedicas,
boias

(551) inductoresque¹⁹ acerrumos gnarosque nostri
tergi.²⁰

(554) eae nunc legiones, copiae exercitusque eorum
vi pugnando periuriis nostris fugae potiti.

id virtute huius collegae²¹ meaque comitate
factumst. qui me vir fortior ad sufferundas

or to cast your eyes on him? What has he given
us? What has he had sent us? Do you think pretty
speeches are gold pieces, witty words presents?
You make love to him yourself, run after him
yourself, have him called yourself. Men that give
you things you treat with contempt; those that
trifle with you you dote on.

Have you any business waiting for it to happen, if
a man does promise to make you rich, if his
mother dies? Mercy me, while we wait for her to
die, up looms a big risk of ourselves and our
household dying of starvation! Now let me tell
you this: unless he brings me eighty pounds, I
swear to goodness that fellow shall be bundled
out of the house, liberal as he is—of tears! This is
the last day I accept pleas of poverty.

Phil.

Tell me to do without food, mother dear, and I'll
endure that.

Cle.

I have nothing to say against your loving men
who give you something to be loved for.

Phil.

What if my heart isn't free, mother? What then?
Advise me.

Cle.

Look! Consider these grey hairs of mine, if you
really have any regard for your own good.

Phil.

Even the shepherd that pastures other peoples'
sheep has some ewe lamb of his very own,
mother, one that he builds happy hopes on. Do
let me love Argyrippus alone, the man I want,
just for love's sake.

Cle.

Inside with you! Why, mercy on us, a more
shameless minx than you really can't exist.

Phil.

(*tearfully*) You've trained ... your ... daughter ...
to ... be obedient ... mother.

[EXIT *Philaenium* INTO HOUSE, FOLLOWED BY *Cleareta*.]

Scene 2.

ENTER FROM FORUM *Libanus* AND *Leonida*, LATTER
CARRYING A WALLET.

Lib.

(*chanting ecstatically*) All praise and thanks be to
holy Perfidy as she deserves, since by our
swindles, shams, and wiles we have defied hot
irons and crosses and gyves, and thongs, chains,
cells, shackles, fetters, collars, and painters—
painters keen as can be and intimate with our
backs!

All these regiments, battalions, and armies of
theirs have been put to flight, after fierce
fighting, by our fabrications. 'Tis the valour of my
colleague hath done it, with my own kind
assistance. Who's a stouter-hearted hero than I

plagas?

Leon.

Edepol virtutes qui tuas non possis concludare
sic ut ego possim, quae domi duellique male
fecisti.

560 ne illa edepol pro merito tuo memorari multa
possunt:

ubi fidentem fraudaveris, ubi ero infidelis fueris,
ubi verbis conceptis sciens libenter periuraris,
ubi parietes perfoderis, in furto ubi sis
prehensus,
ubi saepe causam dixeris pendens adversus octo
artutos, audacis viros, valentis virgatores.

Lib.

Fateor profecto ut praedicas, Leonida, esse vera;
verum edepol ne etiam tua quoque malefacta
iterari multa

et vero possunt; ubi sciens fideli infidus fueris,
ubi prensus in furto sies manifesto et

569 verberatus,²²

(571) ubi eris damno, molestiae et dedecori saepe
fueris,

ubi creditum quod sit tibi datum esse

(572) pernegaris,²³

(574) ubi saepe ad languorem tua duritia dederis octo
validos lictores, ulmeis adfectos lentis virgis.
num male relata est gratia, ut collegam
collaudavi?

Leon.

Ut meque teque maxime atque ingenio nostro
decurit.

Lib.

Iam omitte ista atque hoc quod rogo responde.

Leon.

Rogita quod vis.

Lib.

Argenti viginti minas habesne?

Leon.

Hariolare.

580 edepol senem Demaenetum lepidum fuisse nobis:
ut adsimulabat Sauream med esse quam facete!
nimis aegre risum contini, ubi hospitem
inclamavit,
quod se absente mihi fidem habere noluisset.
ut memoriter me Sauream vocabat atriensem.

Lib.

Mane dum.

Leon.

Quid est?

Lib.

Philaenium estne haec quae intus exit
atque Argyrippus una?

Leon.

Opprime os, is est. subauscultemus.

Lib.

Lacrumantem lacinia tenet lacrumans. quidnam
esse dicam?
taciti auscultemus.

Leon.

Attatae, modo hercle in mentem venit,
nimis vellem habere perticam.

am at taking thwacks?

Leon.

(*sneeringly*) Good Lord! Your deeds of valour—
you couldn't celebrate them the way I could your
villainies at home and in the field. Gad! you
certainly can be accredited with a lengthy list of
things along that line.

Item, cheated a confiding friend; item, faithless
to master; item, committed perjury consciously,
cheerfully, in set form of words; item, dug your
way into houses through the walls; item, caught
at thieving; item, strung up repeatedly and plead
your case before eight bold, brawny beef-eaters
with a gift for club swinging.

Lib.

I am quite ready to admit that is a just statement
of the case, Leonida; but, Lord! the list of even
your own villainies, too, can certainly be made
lengthy enough, without injustice. Item,
consciously treacherous to a trusting friend;
item, caught stealing redhanded and whipped;
item, repeatedly brought loss, trouble, and
disgrace on your masters;

item, had money left in your keeping and swore
and swore it wasn't; item, repeatedly exhausted
by your toughness eight strong lictors equipped
with pliant elm rods. (*pause*) Have I celebrated
my colleague highly enough to pay him back—eh,
what?

Leon.

(*thoughtfully*) Yes, pretty much what you and I
and our characters deserved.

Lib.

Drop your nonsense now and answer me this
question.

Leon.

Ask your question.

Lib.

(*triumphantly*) The eighty pounds, have you got
it?

Leon.

You're a prophet! By gad, old Demaenetus did do
the handsome thing by us. The way he pretended
I was Saurea—clever, my word! I did have a
deuce of a time holding in when he hauled our
guest over the coils for not being willing to trust
me in his absence. The way he remembered to
keep calling me steward Saurea!

Lib.

(*looking toward Cleareta's house*) Wait, though!

Leon.

What's up?

Lib.

Isn't this Philaenium coming out here, yes, and
Argyrippus along with her?

Leon.

(*in low tone*) Shut your mouth—so it is. Let's do
some eaves-dropping (*they retire*)

Lib.

Both crying and she holding on to the lappet of
his cloak! What on earth is the matter! Let's keep
still and listen.

Leon.

Oh-h! Jove! It has just occurred to me; how I do
wish I had a pole!

Lib.

Quoi rei?

Leon.

590 Qui verberarem
asinus, si forte occeperint clamare hinc ex
crumina

III. 3.

Argyr.

Cur me retentas?

Phil.

Quia tui amans abeuntis egeo.

Argyr.

Vale.

Phil.

Aliquanto amplius valerem, si his maneres.

Argyr.

Salve.

Phil.

Salvere me iubes, quoi tu abiens offers
morbum?

Argyr.

Mater supremam mihi tua dixit, domum ire
iussit.

Phil.

Acerbum funus filiae faciet, si te carendum est.

Lib.

Homo hercle hinc exclusust foras.

Leon.

Ita res est.

Argyr.

Mitte quaeso.

Phil.

Quo nunc abis? quin tu hic manes?

Argyr.

Nox, si voles, manebo.

Lib.

600 Audin hunc opera ut largus est nocturna? nunc
enim esse
negotiosum interdus videlicet Solonem,
leges ut conscribat, quibus se populus teneat.
gerrae!
qui sese parere apparent huius legibus, profecto
numquam bonae frugis sient, dies noctesque
potent.

Leon.

Ne iste hercle ab ista non pedem discedat, si
licessit,
qui nunc festinat atque ab hac minatur sese
abire.

Lib.

Sermoni iam finem face tuo. huius sermonem
accipiam.

Argyr.

Lib.

What for?

Leon.

To whop those asses, if they happen to start
braying in the wallet here.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Argyrrippus* AND *Philaenium* FROM THE DOORWAY
OF *Cleareta's* HOUSE WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN STANDING.

Argyr.

(*sadly*) Why hold me back?

Phil.

(*tearfully*) Because it's dreadful having you leave
me when I love you so.

Argyr.

(*trying half heartedly to release himself*)

Farewell!

Phil.

(*still clinging to him*) I should fare much better if
you'd stay with me.

Argyr.

And God bless you!

Phil.

You ask God to bless me when you curse me
yourself by going?

Argyr.

Your mother said this was to be my last hour; she
has ordered me home.

Phil.

She'll make her daughter die in misery, if I must
be deprived of you.

Lib.

(*aside to Leonida*) By gad! He's been shut out of
the house here.

Leon.

So he has.

Argyr.

(*dismally*) Come, come, let go! (*pulls away from
her and turns to go*)

Phil.

Where are you off to now? Why don't you stay
here?

Argyr.

I will at night, if you want.

Lib.

Hear the chap—how free he is with his attentions
by night? For now in the daytime he's a hard-
working Solon, drawing up laws to bind the
people—oh, yes he is! Rot! Folks that set
themselves to obey his laws won't ever be good
for anything, that's sure,—except drinking day
and night.

Leon.

Good Lord! The fellow wouldn't move a step from
her, if he had his way, not he, for all this rush of
his and threats to leave her

Lib.

Come, make an end of your talk. I want to take in
some of his.

Argyr.

	Vale.		(<i>tragically</i>) Farewell! (<i>starts away</i>)
	<i>Phil.</i>		<i>Phil.</i>
	Quo properas?		Where are you hurrying to?
	<i>Argyr.</i>		<i>Argyr.</i>
	Bene vale, apud Orcum te videbo nam equidem me iam quantum potest a vita abiudicabo.		Farewell! Be happy. I shall see you in the world to come! For upon my soul, this world and I shall now be divorced as soon as possible!
	<i>Phil.</i>		<i>Phil.</i>
	Cui tu, obsecro, immerito meo me morti dedere optas?		(<i>running up and clinging to him</i>) Oh, for heaven's sake, why, why do you wish to condemn me to death yourself, innocent as I am?
	<i>Argyr.</i>		<i>Argyr.</i>
610	Ego te? quam si intellegam deficere vita, iam ipse vitam meam tibi largiar et de mea ad tuam addam.		I you? If I saw your life was ebbing, I'd freely give you my own at once and add my years to yours.
	<i>Phil.</i>		<i>Phil.</i>
	Cui ergo minitans mihi, te vitam esse amissurum? nam quid me facturam putas, si istuc quod dicis faxis? mihi certum est facere in me omnia eadem quae tu in te faxis.		Then why do you threaten me with throwing away your life? For what do you think I will do, if you do what you say? My mind's made up: I'll do to myself just precisely what you do to yourself.
	<i>Argyr.</i>		<i>Argyr.</i>
	Oh melle dulci dulcior tu es.		Oh, you're sweeter than sweet honey!
	<i>Phil.</i>		<i>Phil.</i>
	Certe enim tu vita es mi. complectere.		And you're my very life, I know that. Do put your arms around me!
	<i>Argyr.</i>		<i>Argyr.</i>
	Facio lubens.		(<i>doing so</i>) Yes, yes, gladly!
	<i>Phil.</i>		<i>Phil.</i>
	Utinam sic efferamur.		Oh, if we could only be carried to the grave like this!
	<i>Leon.</i>		<i>Leon.</i>
	O Libane, uti miser est homo qui amat.		I say, Libanus, what a poor devil a chap in love is!
	<i>Lib.</i>		<i>Lib.</i>
	Immo hercle vero, qui pendet multo est miserior.		By Jove, no! A chap hung up by his heels is a much poorer devil, believe me.
	<i>Leon.</i>		<i>Leon.</i>
	Scio qui periculum feci. circum sistamus, alter hinc, hinc alter appellemus. ere, salve. sed num fumus est haec mulier quam amplexare?		I know that: I've tried it. (<i>a pause</i>) Let's surround him, and give him a salute, one from here (<i>pointing</i>) and the other from here. (<i>they station themselves: then, giving the signal to Libanus to chime in, loudly to Argyrippus</i>) Good day, sir! (<i>the lovers give a start</i>) But—this lady you're hugging isn't smoke, is she?
	<i>Argyr.</i>		<i>Argyr.</i>
	Quidum?		Smoke? Why so?
	<i>Leon.</i>		<i>Leon.</i>
620	Quia oculi sunt tibi lacrumantes, eo rogavi.		Well, your eyes are watering; that's why I asked.
	<i>Argyr.</i>		<i>Argyr.</i>
	Patronus qui vobis fuit futurus, perdidistis.		(<i>tragically</i>) You have lost a man who would have freed you and been your patron, my lads.
	<i>Leon.</i>		<i>Leon.</i>
	Equidem hercle nullum perdididi, ideo quia numquam ullum habui.		Lord! I haven't lost any such, no, indeed, seeing I never had any such.
	<i>Lib.</i>		<i>Lib.</i>
	Philaenium, salve.		Good day to you, Philaenium.
	<i>Phil.</i>		<i>Phil.</i>
	Dabunt di quae velitis vobis.		God grant all your wishes, to both of you.
	<i>Lib.</i>		<i>Lib.</i>
	Noctem tuam et vini cadum velim, si optata fiant.		I'd wish an evening with you and a cask of wine, if wishing was having.

	<i>Argyr.</i> Verbum cave faxis, verbero.	<i>Argyr.</i> Hold your tongue, you rascal!
	<i>Lib.</i> Tibi equidem, non mihi opto.	<i>Lib.</i> Oh, wish 'em for you, I mean, sir, not for myself.
	<i>Argyr.</i> Tum tu igitur loquere quod lubet.	<i>Argyr.</i> Then in that case, say what you like.
	<i>Lib.</i> Hunc hercle verberare.	<i>Lib.</i> Like? I'd like to give this chap (<i>pointing to Leonida</i>) a thrashing, by gad!
	<i>Leon.</i> Quisnam istuc adcredat tibi, cinaede calamistrate? tun verberes, qui pro cibo habeas te verberari?	<i>Leon.</i> (<i>ironically</i>) Well, well, who'd believe it of you, you frizzle-headed girl-hunter? You thrash me, you, you that live on thrashings?
	<i>Argyr.</i> Ut vestrae fortunae meis praecedunt, Libane, longe, qui hodie numquam ad vesperum vivam.	<i>Argyr.</i> (<i>tragic again</i>) Ah, Libanus, how far preferable your lot is to mine—I who will never never live till evening!
630	<i>Lib.</i> Quapropter, quaeso?	<i>Lib.</i> How's that, for mercy's sake?
	<i>Argyr.</i> Quia ego hanc amo et haec me amat, huic quod dem nusquam quicquam est, hinc me amantem ex aedibus eiecit huius mater. argenti viginti minae me ad mortem appulerunt, quas hodie adulescens Diabolus ipsi daturus dixit, ut hanc ne quoquam mitteret nisi ad se hunc annum totum. videtin viginti minae quid pollent quidve possunt? ille qui illas perdit salvos est, ego qui non perdo pereo.	<i>Argyr.</i> Because I love her (<i>indicating Philaenium</i>) and she loves me, and (<i>bitterly</i>) never a penny can I find anywhere to give her; and her mother has thrown me out of the house here, me, her daughter's lover. I'm driven to my death by eighty pounds, eighty pounds young Diabolus promised to pay her to-day for letting no one else but him have my girl the whole of this next year. Do you see the power, the possibilities in eighty pounds? The man that loses them is saved. I don't lose them and I'm lost myself.
	<i>Lib.</i> Iam dedit argentum?	<i>Lib.</i> Has he paid 'em over already?
	<i>Argyr.</i> Non dedit.	<i>Argyr.</i> No.
	<i>Lib.</i> Bono animo es, ne formida.	<i>Lib.</i> Cheer up; never you fear.
	<i>Leon.</i> Secede huc, Libane, te volo.	<i>Leon.</i> Libanus! Come over here: I want you.
	<i>Lib.</i> Si quid vis.	<i>Lib.</i> (<i>obeying</i>) Anything to please. (<i>they withdraw and talk, heads close together</i>)
	<i>Argyr.</i> Obsecro vos eadem istac opera suaviust complexos fabulari.	<i>Argyr.</i> (<i>calling</i>) For heaven's sake, you two! You'd find it pleasanter to hug each other, while you do your chatting!
640	<i>Lib.</i> Non omnia eadem aequae omnibus, ere, suavia esse scito: vobis est suave amantibus complexos fabulari, ego complexum huius nil moror, meum autem hic aspernatur. proinde istud facias ipse quod faciamus nobis suades.	<i>Lib.</i> Tastes differ about what's pleasant, sir, let me tell you that. A fond pair like you find it pleasant to hug each other while you do your chatting; but, personally, I don't care for this fellow's hugs, and as for mine, he scorns 'em. So you go on and practise yourself what you preach to us.
	<i>Argyr.</i> Ego vero, et quidem edepol lubens. interea, si videtur, concedite istuc.	<i>Argyr.</i> Indeed I will, by Jove, yes, and gladly. Meanwhile you two go on and step aside there, if you see fit. (<i>embraces Philaenium</i>)
	<i>Leon.</i> Vin erum deludi?	<i>Leon.</i> D'ye want to have some fun with master?
	<i>Lib.</i> Dignust sane.	<i>Lib.</i> That I do, serves him right.

	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Vin faciam ut te Philaenium praesente hoc amplexetur?	D'ye want me to make Philaenium give you a squeeze right before his face?
	<i>Lib.</i>	<i>Lib.</i>
	Cupio hercle.	(<i>enthusiastically</i>) Gad, I long for one!
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Sequere hac.	Come along. (<i>leads the way back to Argyrippus and (Philaenium)</i>)
	<i>Argyr.</i>	<i>Argyr.</i>
	Ecquid est salutis? satis locuti.	Any good news? You have talked enough.
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Auscultate atque operam date et mea dicta devorate.	(<i>importantly</i>) Listen here, you two; pay attention and devour my remarks, (<i>to Argyrippus</i>) First of all, we are your slaves, we don't deny that; but if eighty pounds is produced for you, what will you call us?
650	primum omnium servos tuos nos esse non negamus, sed tibi si viginti minae argenti proferentur, quo nos vocabis nomine?	
	<i>Argyr.</i>	<i>Argyr.</i>
	Libertos.	(<i>eagerly</i>) Freedmen!
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Non patronos?	Not patrons, eh?
	<i>Argyr.</i>	<i>Argyr.</i>
	Id potius.	Yes, yes, patrons!
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Viginti minae hic insunt in crumina, has ego, si vis, tibi dabo.	There's eighty pounds in this wallet here: I'll give it to you if you like.
	<i>Argyr.</i>	<i>Argyr.</i>
	Di te servassint semper, custos erilis, decus popli, thesaurus copiarum, salus interioris ²⁴ corporis amorisque imperator. hic pone, hic istam colloca cruminam in collo plane.	Heaven prosper you for evermore, you guardian of your master, you glory of the populace, you storehouse of supplies, saviour of the inner man, and generalissimo of love! Put it here, hang that wallet here around my neck in plain sight.
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Nolo ego te, qui erus sis, mihi onus istuc sustinere.	Let my master bear such a load? No sir, not I.
	<i>Argyr.</i>	<i>Argyr.</i>
	Quin tu labore liberas te atque istam imponis in me?	Why not take things easy yourself and let me stand the strain?
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
660	Ego baiulabo, tu, ut dacet dominum, ante me ito inanis.	I'll act as porter myself; as for you, you walk on ahead as a master should, empty handed.
	<i>Argyr.</i>	<i>Argyr.</i>
	Quid nunc?	(<i>eagerly</i>) Well now?
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Quid est?	(<i>drawling</i>) Well what?
	<i>Argyr.</i>	<i>Argyr.</i>
	Quin tradis huc cruminam pressatum umerum?	Why don't you hand the wallet over and let it crush my shoulder?
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Hanc, cui daturu's hanc, iube petere atque orare mecum. nam istuc proclive est, quo iubes me plane collocare.	She's the one, (<i>pointing to Philaenium</i>) the one you'll give it to, tell her to ask me for it, tease me for it. You see that plain site you told me to put it on is a (<i>with a sly glance at Philaenium</i>) slope.
	<i>Phil.</i>	<i>Phil.</i>
	Da, meus ocellus, mea rosa, mi anime, mea voluptas, Leonida, argentum mihi, ne nos diiunge amantis.	Oh, Leonida, you apple of my eye, my rosebud, my heart's delight, my darling, do give me the money! Don't separate us lovers.
	<i>Leon.</i>	<i>Leon.</i>
	Dic me igitur tuom passerulum, gallinam, coturnicem, agnellum haedillum me tuom die esse vel vitellum. prehende auriculis, compara labella cum labellis.	(<i>with burlesque fondness</i>) Well then, call me your little sparrow, hen, quail, call me your little lambkin, kidlet, or calfyboy, if you prefer: take hold of me by the earlaps and match my little lips to your little lips.

	<i>Argyr.</i> Ten osculetur, verbero?	<i>Argyr.</i> She kiss you, you scoundrel?
	<i>Leon.</i> Quam vero indignum visum est?	<i>Leon.</i> Yes, it does seem a shame, doesn't it? However,
670	at qui pol hodie non feres, ni genua confricantur.	you don't get the cash this day, by gad, unless you rub my knees.
	<i>Argyr.</i> Quidvis egestas imperat: fricentur. dan quod oro?	<i>Argyr.</i> "Need knows no shame." Rubbed they shall be. (<i>gets down on ground, with poor grace, and clasps Leonida's knees</i>) Won't you grant my prayer? (<i>gets up</i>)
	<i>Phil.</i> Age, mi Leonida, obsecro, fer amanti ero salutem, redime istoc beneficio te ab hoc, et tibi eme hunc isto argento.	<i>Phil.</i> Come, dear Leonida, please, please save your master that loves me so! Buy your freedom from him by this kindness, buy his favour for yourself with this money! (<i>embraces him</i>)
	<i>Leon.</i> Nimis bella es atque amabilis, et si hoc meum esset, hodie namquam me orares quin darem. illum te orare meliust, illic hanc mihi servandam dedit ei sane bella belle, cape hoc sis, Libane.	<i>Leon.</i> (<i>Jeering at her</i>) Ah, you're pretty, perfectly adorable: and if this belonged to me, I'd never let you tease me twice for it, never. But he's the one for you to tease: (<i>pointing to Libanus</i>) he gave it to me to keep for him. At him now, my pretty, prettily. Libanus, catch hold of this, will you! (<i>tosses him the wallet</i>)
	<i>Argyr.</i> Furcifer, etiam me delusisti?	<i>Argyr.</i> What, you villain! Have you been making a fool of me?
	<i>Leon.</i> Numquam hercle facerem, genua ni tam nequiter fricares. age sis tu in partem nunciam hunc delude atque amplexare hanc.	<i>Leon.</i> Bless you, sir, I wouldn't, only you made such a bad job of rubbing my knees. (<i>aside to Libanus</i>) Come on now, will you; you take your turn at fooling him and cuddling her.
	<i>Lib.</i> Taceas, me spectes.	<i>Lib.</i> (<i>aside to Leonida</i>) Shut up: you watch me!
680	<i>Argyr.</i> Quin ad hunc, Philaenium, adgredimur, virum quidem pol optimum et non similem furis huius?	<i>Argyr.</i> (<i>aside to Philaenium</i>) Why not make up to him, Philaenium? He's a very decent sort, Libanus is, gad yes, nothing like this thief. (<i>indicating Leonida</i>)
	<i>Lib.</i> Inambulandum est: nunc mihi vicissam supplicabunt.	<i>Lib.</i> (<i>aside as they approach</i>) Now for some strutting around: here's where I come in for being supplanted. (<i>parades magnificently back and forth</i>)
	<i>Argyr.</i> Quaeso hercle, Libane, sis erum tuis factis sospitari, da mihi istas viginti minas. vides me amantem egere.	<i>Argyr.</i> Hang it all, Libanus, for mercy's sake be a good fellow and save your master's life! Give me that eighty pounds. You see I'm in love and need the money.
	<i>Lib.</i> Videbitur. factum volo.redito huc contemno nunc istanc tantisper iube petere atque orare mecum.	<i>Lib.</i> We'll see about it. Happy if I can oblige. Come back early in the evening. Meanwhile now just tell the lady there to ask me for it and tease me for it.
	<i>Phil.</i> Amandone exorarier vis ted an osculando?	<i>Phil.</i> Tease it from you by loving you, or by kissing you, which?
	<i>Lib.</i> Enim vero utrumque.	<i>Lib.</i> Oh well, try both of 'em.
	<i>Phil.</i> Ergo, obsecro, et tu utrumque nostrum serva.	<i>Phil.</i> (<i>fondling him</i>) And both of us, then,—do rescue us, please, please!
	<i>Argyr.</i> O Libane, mi patrone, mi trade istuc. magis decorumst	<i>Argyr.</i> O Libanus, my dear patron, do hand it over to me! A freedman is the proper person to carry a load on the street, not his patron.
690	libertum potius quam patronum onus in via	

portare.

Phil.

Mi Libane, ocellus aureus, donum decusque
amoris,
amabo, faciam quod voles, da istuc argentum
nobis.

Lib.

Dic igitur med anituculam, columbam vel
catellum,
hirundinem, monerulam, passerulum putillum,
fac proserpentem bestiam me, duplicem ut
habeam linguam,
circumda torquem bracchiis, meum collum
circumplecte.

Argyr.

Ten complectatur, carnufex?

Lib.

Quam vero indignus videor?
ne istuc nequiquam dixeris tam indignum dictum
in me,
vehes pol hodie me, si quidem hoc argentum
ferre speres.

Argyr.

Ten ego veham?

Lib.

700 Tun hoc feras argentum aliter a me?

Argyr.

Perii hercle. si verum quidem et decorum erum
vehere servom,
incede.

Lib.

Sic isti solent superbi subdomari.
asta igitur, ut consuetus es puer olim scin ut
dicam?
em sic. abi, laudo, nec te equo magis est equos
ullus sapiens.

Argyr.

Incede actutum.

Lib.

Ego fecero hem quid istuc est? ut tu
incedis?
demam hercle iam de hordeo, tolutim ni badizas.

Argyr.

Amabo, Libane, iam sat est.

Lib.

Numquam hercle hodie exorabis
nam iam calcari quadrupedo agitabo advorsum
clivom,
postidea ad pistorum dabo, ut ibi cruciere
currens.

710 asta ut descendam nunciam in proclivi,
quamquam nequam es.

Argyr.

Quid nunc, amabo? quoniam, ut est libitum, nos
delusistis,
datisne argentum?

Lib.

Si quidem mihi statuam et aram statuis
atque ut deo mi hic immolas bovem: nam ego tibi
Salus sum.

Phil.

My own Libanus, my little golden treasure boy,
love's gift and glory, oh, I'll adore you, do
anything for you, only give us that money!

Lib.

Then call me your little ducky, dovey, doggieboy,
your swallow, your little jackdaw, your little
tootsie wootsie sparrowkin: (*opening his mouth*)
make a reptile of me and let me have a double
tongue in my mouth; throw a chain of arms
around me; clasp me close around my neck.

Argyr.

Put her arms around you, you gallows-bird!

Lib.

An awful shame, isn't it, really now? Not to have
you saying such shameful things of me free of
charge, you'll carry me on your back to-day, by
gad, that is, if you count on getting this cash.

Argyr.

I carry you on my back—I?

Lib.

See any other way of getting this cash, do you—
you?

Argyr.

O damnation! Well, if it is right and proper for a
master to carry a servant on his back—get up.

Lib.

Here's how those toplofty ones are tamified. Now
then, stand by—the way you used to do years ago
as a boy. Know how I mean? (*Argyrippus sidles
up and bends over*) There! That's it! Good for
you! Capital! There isn't a more knowing bit of
horse-flesh than you anywhere.

Argyr.

Get up, and be quick about it!

Lib.

(*springing on his shoulders*) So I will.
(*Argyrippus moves off slowly*) Hullo! What's the
matter? How you do jog along! By gad, I'll dock
your barley directly, if you don't stir yourself and
gallop. (*Argyrippus gallops*)

Argyr.

There's a good fellow, Libanus,—that's enough
now!

Lib.

Not on your life—you don't beg off this day. Why,
now I'm going to dig the spurs in and trot you up
a hill: afterwards I'll hand you over to the millers
to do some running for 'em at the end of a
rawhide. Stand still! so that I can dismount on
the slope now, even though you are a good-for-
nothing beast. (*gets off*)

Argyr.

How about it now? There's a good fellow! Seeing
you two have had your fill of sport with me, going
to give us the money, are you?

Lib.

Oh well, if you put me up an altar and statue,
yes, and offer me up an ox here the same as a
god: for I'm your goddess Salvation, I am.

Leon.

Etiam tu, ere, istunc amoves abs te atque²⁵ ipse
me adgrederere
atque illa, sibi quae hic iusserat, mihi statuis
supplicasque?

Argyr.

Quem te autem divom nominem?

Leon.

Fortunam, atque Obsequentem.

Argyr.

Iam istoc es melior.

Lib.

An quid est homini Salute melius?

Argyr.

Licet laudem Fortunam, tamen ut ne Salutem
culpem.

Phil.

Ecastor ambae sunt bonae.

Argyr.

Sciam ubi boni quid dederint.

Leon.

Opta id quod ut contingat tibi vis.

Argyr.

Quid si optaro?

Leon.

720

Eveniet.

Argyr.

Opto annum hunc perpetuom mihi huius operas.

Leon.

Impetrasti.

Argyr.

Ain vero?

Leon.

Certe inquam.

Lib.

Ad me adi vicissim atque experire.
exopta id quod vis maxime tibi evenire: fiet.

Argyr.

Quid ego aliud exoptem amplius nisi illud cuius
inopiast,
viginti argenti commodas minas, huius quas dem
matri.

Lib.

Dabuntur, animo sis bono face, exoptata
optingent.

Argyr.

Ut consuevere, homines Salus frustratur et
Fortuna.

Leon.

Ego caput huic argento fui hodie reperiundo.

Lib.

Ego pes fui.

Argyr.

730

Quin nec caput nec pes sermoni apparet.
nec quid dicatis scire nec me cur ludatis possum.

Lib.

Satis iam delusum censeo. nunc rem ut est

Leon.

Come, sir, get rid of that chap, won't you, and
apply to me in person, yes, and let me have those
statues and supplications he ordered for himself.

Argyr.

Ah, and by what name does your godship pass?

Leon.

Fortune, yes sir, Indulgent Fortune.

Argyr.

Now there's where you are better.

Lib.

Eh? what's better for a man than Salvation?

Argyr.

I can praise Fortune and still not disparage
Salvation.

Phil.

Mercy me, they're both good.

Argyr.

I'll know so when I get something good out of
them.

Leon.

Wish for something you want to happen to you.

Argyr.

What if I do?

Leon.

It'll come true.

Argyr.

My wish is to have this lady's attentions this
whole next year through.

Leon.

You've got it.

Argyr.

Really? really?

Leon.

Sure thing I tell you.

Lib.

It's my turn—come over here and give me a trial.
Long for something you most want to come true:
it will.

Argyr.

What could I long for more than something I
haven't got a trace of—a round eighty pounds to
give this girl's mother?

Lib.

Forthcoming. Keep your courage up: your
longing will be gratified.

Argyr.

(*incredulous*) Salvation is at her old tricks,
fooling people, and Fortune too.

Leon.

In lighting on this cash to-day—I'm the one that's
been the head of it!

Lib.

I'm the one that's been the foot of it!

Argyr.

And upon my soul, your discourse is a puzzle
from head to foot. I can't understand your talk, or
why you're making game of me.

Lib.

(*aside to Leonida*) I move he's been fooled with

eloquamur.
animum. Argyrippe, advorte sis. pater nos ferre
hoc iussit
argentum ad ted.

Argyr.

Ut temperi opportuneque attulistis.

Lib.

Hic inerunt viginti minae bonae, mala opera
partae;
has tibi nos pactis legibus dare iussit.

Argyr.

Quid id est, quaeso?

Lib.

Noctem huius et cenam sibi ut dares.

Argyr.

Iube advenire quaeso:
meritissimo eius quae volet faciemus, qui hosce
amores
nostros dispulsos compulit.

Leon.

Patierin, Argyrippe,
patrem hanc amplexari tuom?

Argyr.

740 Haec faciet facile ut patiar
Leonida, curre obsecro, patrem huc orato ut
veniat.

Leon.

Iam dudum est intus.

Argyr.

Hac quidem non venit.

Leon.

Angiporto
illac per hortum circum ut clam, ne quis se
videret.
huc ire familiarium: ne uxor resciscat metuit
de argento si mater tua sciat ut sit factum—
Argyr.

Heia,

bene dicite.

Lib.

Ite intro cito.

Argyr.

Valete.

Leon.

Et vos amate.

ACTVS IV

Diab.

Agedum istum ostende quem conscripsti
syngraphum
inter me et amicam et lenam. leges pellege
nam tu poeta es prorsus ad eam rem unicus.

Par.

Horrescet faxo lena, leges cum audiet.

long enough. Come on, let's out with it. (*to Argyrippus*) Your kind attention, Argyrippus! Your father told us to bring this money to you. (*holding up wallet*)

Argyr.

Oh, you've brought it just in time, just at the right moment!

Lib.

You'll find in here eighty good sovereigns ill-gotten: he said to give 'em to you according to terms agreed upon.

Argyr.

Terms? What terms, for mercy's sake?

Lib.

That you're to give him an evening with this lady, and a dinner.

Argyr.

Tell him to come along, yes, yes! We'll do what he wants, and quite right we should, after the way he's gathered our scattered love to the fold. (*takes wallet from Libanus*)

Leon.

Going to put up with your father's hugging her, are you, Argyrippus?

Argyr.

(*waving wallet*) This will easily enable me to put up with it. Leonida, for heaven's sake run and beg my father to come here.

Leon.

(*pointing to Cleareta's house*) He was in there long ago.

Argyr.

He certainly didn't come this way.

Leon.

Sneaked in by the alley there through the garden, so that none of the servants would see him enter: he's afraid of his wife finding out. If your mother was to learn about the money, how it was—

Argyr.

Hold on there! No ominous remarks!

Lib.

In with you, quick!

Argyr.

Good-bye, you two.

Leon.

And spoon away, you two.

[EXEUNT *Argyrippus* AND *Philaenium* INTO *Cleareta's* HOUSE, *Libanus* AND *Leonida* INTO HOUSE OF *Demaenetus*.]

ACT IV

ENTER *Diabolus* AND *Parasite*.

Diab.

Come on, show me that contract you drew up between me and my mistress and the Madame. Read over the terms. Ah, you're the one and only artist at this business.

Par.

(*producing a document*) I warrant you Madame will shudder when she hears the terms.

	<i>Diab.</i> Age quaeso mi hercle translege.	<i>Diab.</i> Come come, man, for the Lord's sake let's have 'em!
	<i>Par.</i> Audin?	<i>Par.</i> Are you listening?
750	<i>Diab.</i> Audio.	<i>Diab.</i> Yes.
	<i>Par.</i> "Diabolus Glauci filius Clearetae lenae dedit dono argenti viginti minas, Philaenium ut secum esset noctes et dies hunc annum totum."	<i>Par.</i> (<i>reading</i>) "Diabolus, son of Glaucus, has given to Cleareta, Madame, a present of eighty pounds to the end that Philaenium throughout the coming year may spend her nights and days with him."
	<i>Diab.</i> Neque cum quiquam alio quidem.	<i>Diab.</i> Yes, and not with anyone else, either.
	<i>Par.</i> Addone?	<i>Par.</i> Shall I add that?
	<i>Diab.</i> Adde, et scribas vide plane et probe.	<i>Diab.</i> Add that, and see you put it down in a good firm hand.
	<i>Par.</i> "Alienum hominem intro mittat neminem. quod illa aut amicum aut patronum nominet, aut quod illa amicae ²⁶ amatorem praedicet, fores occlusae omnibus sint nisi tibi.	<i>Par.</i> (<i>after doing so</i>) "She is to admit no male outsider into her house. In case she call him a mere friend or guardian, or in case she allege him to be the lover of a friend of hers, her doors must be closed to all but you. She must post a notice on the doors stating that she is engaged.
760	in foribus scribat occupatam esse se.	Or in case she say that a letter from foreign parts has been delivered to her, there must be no letter at all in the house, nor so much as a waxen tablet; and if there be any undesirable picture about, let her sell it: unless she shall have removed it within four days after receipt of your money, it shall be at your disposal: you may burn it up, if you deem fit, that she may have no wax whereon to write.
	aut quod illa dicat peregre allatam epistulam, ne epistula quidem ulla sit in aedibus nec cerata adeo tabula; et si qua inutilis pictura sit, eam vendat: ni in quadriduo abalienarit, quo abs te argentum acceperit, tuos arbitratus sit, comburas, si velis, ne illi sit cera, ubi facere possit litteras.	She must invite no guest to the house: you shall invite them; and she must have eyes for none of them. If her glance has fallen on another man, she must become blind forthwith. She must drink with you only, and drink with you glass for glass: let her receive the glass from your hands, drink to your health, and then do you take it and drink, so that she may have no—(<i>unobtrusively dropping the aspirate</i>) whit more than you, nor less."
770	vocet convivam neminem illa, tu voces; ad eorum ne quem oculos adiciat suos. si quem alium aspexit, caeca continue siet. tecum una potet, aequae pocla potitet: abs ted accipiat, tibi propinet, tu bibas, ne illa minus aut plus quam tu sapiat."	<i>Diab.</i> (<i>not noticing</i>) Quite satisfactory.
	<i>Diab.</i> Satis placet.	<i>Par.</i> "She must keep herself above every suspicion. She must not touch feet with any man when she arises from table: and when she steps upon the adjoining couch, or steps down therefrom, she must take no one's hand. She must give no one her ring to look at, nor ask to look at his. To no man save yourself must she pass the dice. On making a throw she must not say, 'TheeE I invoke!' She is to name your name.
780	<i>Par.</i> "Suspiciones omnes ab se segreget. neque illaec ulli pede pedem homini premat, cum surgat, neque cum in lectum inscendat proximum, neque cum descendat inde, det cuiquam manum: spectandum ne cui anulum det neque roget. talos ne cuiquam homini admoveat nisi tibi. cum iaciat, 'te' ne dicat: nomen nominet.	Let her call upon any goddess she pleases for favour, but upon no god; if she have religious scruples in regard to this, let her tell you, and do you make the prayer for his favour in her stead. To no man shall she nod, wink, or signify compliance. Further, if the lamp go out, she is not to move a single limb in the darkness."
	<i>Diab.</i> Optumest. ita scilicet facturam. verum in cubiculo—deme istuc—equidem illam moveri gestio.	<i>Diab.</i> Excellent! To be sure she mustn't, (<i>pause</i>) But in our own room—cut that clause out—why, I'm keen as can be for her to be lively there! I don't

nolo illam habere causam et votitam dicere.

Par.

Scio, captiones metuis.

Diab.

Verum.

Par.

790 Ergo ut iubes
tollam.

Diab.

Quid ni?

Par.

Audi relicua.

Diab.

Loquere, audio.

Par.

"Neque ullum verbum faciat perplexabile,
neque ulla lingua sciat loqui nisi Attica,
forte si tussire occepit, ne sic tussiat,
ut cuiquam linguam in tussiendo proserat.
quod illa autem simulet, quasi gravedo profluat,
hoc ne sic faciat: tu labellum abstergeas
potius quam cuiquam savium faciat palam.

800 nec mater lena ad vinum accedat interim,
nec ulli verbo male dicat. si dixerit,
haec multa ei esto, vino viginti dies
ut careat."

Diab.

Pulchre scripsti. scitum syngraphum.

Par.

800 "Tum si coronas, sarta, unguenta iusserit
ancillam ferre Veneri aut Cupidini,
tuos servos servet, Venerine eas det an viro.
si forte pure velle habere dixerit,
tot noctes reddat spurcas quot pure habuerit."
haec sunt non nugae, non enim mortualia.

Diab.

Placent profecto leges, sequere intro.

Par.

Sequor.

IV. 2.

Diab.

810 Sequere hac, egone haec patiar aut taceam?
emori
me malim, quam haec non eius uxori indicem.
ain tu? apud amicam munus adolescentuli
fungare, uxori excuses te et dicas senem?
praeripias scortum amanti atque argentum
obicias
lenae? suppiles clam domi uxorem tuam?

suspendam potius me, quam tu haec tacita
auferas.

iam quidem hercle ad illam hinc ibo, quam tu
propediem,

nisi quidem illa ante occupassit te, effliges scio,
luxuriae sumptus suppeditare ut possies.

want her to have an excuse and say the contract
forbids.

Par.

I see, you fear some catch.

Diab.

Exactly.

Par.

Well then, I shall strike that out, as you order.

Diab.

Of course you will.

Par.

Listen to the rest.

Diab.

Go on: I am listening.

Par.

"She must use no phrase of double meaning, and
must know how to speak no language but the
Attic. If she should happen to cough, she is not to
cough so, (*illustrating*) in such a way as to extend
her tongue toward anyone. Moreover, in case she
pretends to have a running cold, she must not do
this: (*purses his lips*) you are to wipe her little lip
yourself rather than let her pucker up her mouth
for anyone so obviously.

Nor shall the Madame, her mother, drop in while
you are having your wine, or say a single abusive
word to anyone. If such a word be said by her,
the penalty shall be this—no wine for her for
twenty days."

Diab.

Splendid document! Capital contract!

Par.

"Then if she bid her maid carry chaplets,
wreaths, perfumes to Venus or to Cupid, your
servant shall observe whether she gives them to
Venus, or to a man. Should she happen to
express a wish for religious seclusion, she must
give you as many hours of love as she has of
loneliness." These be no trifles; these be no
dirges for dead folk, I tell you. The terms are
highly satisfactory. Follow me in.

Diab.

Very well.

Par.

[EXEUNT INTO *Cleareta's* HOUSE: SOUND OF WRANGLING
WITHIN: RE-ENTER *Diabolus* AND *Parasite* FROM HOUSE.]

Scene 2.

Diab.

(*incensed*) Come along! I put up with this? I hold
my tongue? I'd rather perish from the earth than
not let it out to his wife! (*shouting to
Demaenetus within*) You will, will you? You will
play the gay young spark with a mistress and
excuse yourself to your wife on the plea of old
age, eh? You will snatch a girl from her lover and
toss your money to the Madame, eh? You will
filch things from your lady at home on the sly,
eh?

I'd sooner hang myself than let you carry it off so
and nothing said. By the Lord, I'll go to her this
very minute, I will, the woman you're bound to
bring to pauperism shortly,—if she doesn't
forestall you, that is,—just so that you may be
kept in funds for your orgies!

820 *Par.*
Ego sic faciendum censeo: me honestiust,
quam te palam hanc rem facere, ne illa existimet
amoris causa percitum id fecisse te
magis quam sua causa.

Diab.
At pol qui dixi rectius.
tu ergo fac ut illi turbas lites concias;
cum suo sibi gnato unam ad amicam de die
potare, illam expilare narra.

Par.
Ne mone,
ego istud curabo.

Diab.
(827) At ego te opperiar domi.[27](#)

ACTVS V

Dem.
830 Numquidnam tibi molestumst, gnate mi, si haec
nunc mecum accubat?

Argyr.
Pietas, pater, oculis dolorem prohibet.
quamquam ego istanc amo,
possum equidem inducere animum, ne aegre
patiar quia tecum accubat.

Dem.
Decet verecundum esse adulescentem,
Argyrippe.

Argyr.
Edepol, pater,
merito tuo facere possum.

Dem.
Age ergo, hoc agitemus convivium
vino et²⁸ sermoni suavi. nolo ego metui, amari
mavolo,
mi gnate, me abs te.

Argyr.
Pol ego utrumque facio, ut aequom est
filium.

Dem.
Credam istuc, si esse te hilarum videro.

Argyr.
An tu me tristem putas?

Dem.
Putem ego, quem videam aequae esse maestum ut
quasi dies si dicta sit?

Argyr.
Ne dixis istuc.

Dem.
839, 840 Ne sic fueris: ilico ego non dixero.

Argyr.
Em aspecta: rideo.

Dem.

Par.
(*calmly, judiciously*) In my opinion, this is the
way we should handle the case: it would look
better for me to appear in the matter than you;
she might think you were hard hit and did it
more out of jealousy than out of regard for her.

Diab.
Right you are, gad yes, that is better! Then raise
hell for him yourself; stir up a row; notify her
that he's having a daylight carouse with his own
son, one girl between 'em there at her house, and
she herself being rooked for it!

Par.
No advice needed! I shall take care of that.

Diab.
Well, I'll wait for you at home.[27](#)

[EXIT.]

ACT V

THE DOOR OF *Cleareta's* HOUSE IS OPEN, SHOWING
Argyrippus, *Demaenetus*, AND *Philaenium*
BANQUETING, *Philaenium* BEING ON A COUCH BESIDE
Demaenetus AND TRYING NOT TO SEEM BORED BY HIS
GALLANTRIES.

Dem.
You don't mind it, do you, my boy,—her being on
the couch here with me? (*merrily chucks
Philaenium under the chin*)

Argyr.
(*dolefully*) My duty as a son takes the sting out of
the sight, father. Even though I do love her, of
course I can persuade myself not to be disturbed
at her being with you.

Dem.
A young fellow should be modest, Argyrippus.

Argyr.
Ah yes, father, I can behave as you deserve.

Dem.
(*jovially*) Come on then, let's have a lively
banquet—wine and sweet converse, my dears!
None of your filial awe for me: your love is what I
want, my lad.

Argyr.
(*still more dolefully*) Ah yes, father, I give you
both, as a son should.

Dem.
I'll believe that, once I see you looking jolly.

Argyr.
(*with a deep sigh*) You don't think I'm ...
melancholy ... do you?

Dem.
Think so? When you look as sepulchral as if you
were docketed for trial!

Argyr.
Don't say that.

Dem.
Don't be that, and I'll stop saying it soon enough.

Argyr.
(*making a dismal effort to look happy*) Here now!
See! I'm smiling.

Dem.

Utinam male qui mihi volunt sic
rideant.

Argyr.

Scio equidem quam ob rem me, pater, tu tristem
credas nunc tibi:
quia istaec est tecum. atque ego quidem hercle
ut verum tibi dicam. pater,
ea res me male habet; at non eo, quia tibi non
cupiam quae velis;
verum istam amo. aliam tecum esse equidem
facile possum perpeti.

Dem.

At ego hanc volo.

Argyr.

Ergo sunt quae exoptas: mihi quae ego
exoptem volo.

Dem.

Unum hunc diem perpetere, quoniam tibi
potestatem dedi,
cum hac annum ut esses, atque amanti argenti
feci copiam.

Argyr.

Em istoc me facto tibi devinxti.

Dem.

Quin te ergo hilarum das mihi?

V. 2.

Art.

Ain tu meum virum his potare, obsecro, cum filio
et ad amicam detulisse argenti viginti minas
meoque filio sciente id facere flagitium patrem?

Par.

Neque divini neque mi humani posthac quicquam
accreduas,
Artemona, si huius rei me esse mendacem
inveneris.

Art.

At scelestus ego praeter alios meum virum²⁹ frugi
rata,
siccum, frugi, continentem, amantem uxoris
maxume.

Par.

At nunc dehinc scito illum ante omnes minimi
mortalem preti,
madidum, nihili, incontinentem atque osorem
uxoris suae.

Art.

860 Pol ni istaec vera essent, numquam faceret ea
quae nunc facit.

Par.

Ego quoque hercle illum antehac hominem
semper sum frugi ratus,
verum hoc facto sese ostendit, qui quidem cum
filio
potet una atque una amicam ductet, decrepitu
senex.

Art.

Hoc ecastor est quod ille it ad cenam cottidie.
ait sese ire ad Archidemum, Chaeream,
Chaerestratum,

(*dryly*) I wish my enemies were blessed with a
smile like that.

Argyr.

Of course I know why you think my bearing
toward you now is melancholy, father,—because
she's with you. And good heavens, father, to tell
you the truth, I—it does make me miserable; not
because I'm not eager to have your wishes
gratified; but I love that girl. If it was some other
one, I shouldn't mind at all, really I shouldn't.

Dem.

I want this one, though.

Argyr.

Well then, you've got your desire: I wish I could
have the same luck!

Dem.

Oh, you'll take it calmly this one day, now that
I've given you the chance to be with her for a
year, and furnished forth my young gallant with
funds.

Argyr.

Just the point! You have me bound hard and fast
by that.

Dem.

Come then, surrender and be jolly, won't you?

Scene 2.

ENTER *Artemona* AND *Parasite* FROM HOUSE OF
Demaenetus.

Art.

(*tempestuously*) What's that, for heaven's sake,—
my husband carousing here with his son, and
brought eighty pounds to a mistress, and my son
conniving at such an outrage on the part of his
father, his father?

Par.

Never trust me in another thing divine or human,
madam, if you find I have misinformed you in
this.

Art.

But oh dear me! I thought my husband was the
very paragon of men, a sober man, a worthy,
moral man that loved his wife devotedly.

Par.

But from now on you must realize that he is the
very scum of the earth, a toping man, a
worthless, immoral man that hates the wife of his
bosom.

Art.

Mercy yes! unless all that was true, he would
never be acting as he does now.

Par.

I always thought he was a worthy man myself
before to-day, upon my soul I did: but now he
shows himself in his true colours—carousing with
his own son and sharing his mistress with him,
the old ruin!

Art.

Good gracious! This explains his going out to
dinner every day! He with his tales of going to
dine with Archidemus, Chaerea, Chaerestratus,

Cliniam, Chremem, Cratinum, Diniam,
Demosthenem:
is apud scortum corruptelae est liberis, lustris
studet.

Par.

Quin tu illum iubes ancillas rapere sublimen
domum?

Art.

Tace modo. ne ego illum ecastor miserum
habebo.

Par.

Ego istuc scio,
ita fore illi dum quidem cum illo nupta eris.

Art.

870

Ego censeo.
eum³⁰ etiam hominem in senatu dare operam aut
clientibus,
ibi labore delassatum noctem totam stertere:
ille opere foris faciendo lassus noctu ad me
advenit;
fundum alienum arat, incultum familiarem
deserit.
is etiam corruptus porro suum corrumpit filium.

Par.

Sequere hac me modo, iam faxo ipsum hominem
manifesto opprimas.

Art.

Nihil ecastor est quod facere mavelim.

Par.

Mane dum.

Art.

Quid est?

Par.

Possis, si forte accubantem tuum virum
conspexeris
cum corona amplexum amicam, si videas,
cognoscere?

Art.

Possum ecastor.

Par.

Em tibi hominem.

Art.

Perii.

Par.

880

Paulisper mane.
aucupemus ex insidiis clanculum quam rem
gerant.

Argyr.

Quid modi, pater, amplexando facies?

Dem.

Fateor, gnate mi—

Argyr.

Quid fatere?

Dem.

Me ex amore huius corruptum oppido.

Par.

Audin quid ait?

Art.

Audio.

Clinia, Chremes, Cratinus, Dinias, Demosthenes
—and all the time corrupting his children at a
harlot's, haunting houses of ill fame!

Par.

Why not tell your maids to pick him up and take
him off home?

Art.

You just keep still. Oh, but I'll make life
miserable for him, I swear I will!

Par.

I have no doubt about that, just as long as he is
your husband.

Art.

(*too irate to notice unflattering accent*) Yes,
indeed! He busy in the Senate or helping his
clients! He wearied out by his labours there,
there, that he spends the whole night snoring! It
is business away from home that makes him turn
up at night all weary—the business of ploughing
other people's fields and leaving his own
uncultivated. Corrupt himself, he actually goes
on and corrupts his own son.

Par.

Just follow me this way: I'll soon make you drop
on our gentleman in the very act.

Art.

Ah-h-h! There's nothing I'd like better!

Par.

Hm! wait! (*goes quietly to Cleareta's door, peeps
in and comes back*)

Art.

What's the matter?

Par.

If you happened to spy your husband stretched
out on a banquet couch with a garland on and a
girl in his arms—if you saw him, could you
recognize him?

Art.

Indeed I can!

Par.

(*taking her cautiously to the door*) Behold your
man!

Art.

(*peeping*) Dreadful, dreadful!

Par.

(*drawing her aside*) Wait a bit! Let's lie in
ambush and spy what's going on without being
seen.

Argyr.

(*resentfully*) Father! When is that hug going to
end?

Dem.

(*somewhat embarrassed*) I admit, my dear boy,—

Argyr.

Admit what?

Dem.

That this lady is altogether too much for my
sense of decorum.

Par.

(*to Artemona*) Do you hear what he says?

Art.

I hear!

Dem.

Egon ut non domo uxori meae
subripiam in deliciis pallam quam habet, atque
ad te deferam?

non edepol conduci possum vita uxoris annua.

Par.

Censen tu illum hodie primum ire adsuetum esse
in ganeum?

Art.

Ille ecastor suppilabat me, quod ancillas meas
susplicabar atque insontis miseris cruciabam.

Argyr.

890 iube dari vinum; iam dudum factum est cum
primum bibi.

Dem.

Da, puere, ab summo. age, tu interibi ab infimo
da savium.

Art.

Perii misera, ut osculatur carnufex, capuli decus.

Dem.

Edepol animam suaviorem aliquanto quam uxoris
meae.

Phil.

Dic amabo, an fetet anima uxoris tuae?

Dem.

Nauteam
bibere malim, si necessum sit, quam illam
oscularier.

Art.

Ain tandem? edepol ne tu istuc cum malo magno
tuo
dixisti in me. sine, revenias modo domum, faxo ut
scias
quid pericli sit dotatae uxori vitium dicere.

Phil.

Miser ecastor es.

Art.

Ecastor dignus est.

Argyr.

Quid ais, pater?
ecquid matrem amas?

Dem.

900 Egone illam? nunc amo, quia non
adest.

Argyr.

Quid cum adest?

Dem.

Periisse cupio.

Par.

Amat homo hic te, ut
praedicat.

Art.

Ne illa ecastor faenerato funditat: nam si domum
redierit hodie. osculando ego ulciscar
potissimum.

Argyr.

Iace, pater, talos, ut porro nos iaciamus.

Dem.

(to *Philaenium*) Not steal my wife's pet mantle
from home and bring it to you? By heaven, I
couldn't be hired not to—not if she should die
within the year.

Par.

(to *Artemona*) Do you think to-day is the first
time that gentleman has used such resorts?

Art.

Mercy on us! So he was the thief all those times I
suspected my maids, yes, and tortured the poor
innocent things.

Argyr.

Tell them to set the wine going, father; it seems
an age since I had my first drink.

Dem.

(to *servant*) Boy, send round the wine from the
head of the table. (to *Philaenium*) Come, my
dear, meanwhile you send round a naughty,
naughty kiss from the foot. (*Philaenium obeys*)

Art.

Oh-h-h! Good heavens! The way he kisses, the
villain, fit only to grace a coffin!

Dem.

My word! Rather sweeter breath than my wife's!

Phil.

Do tell me, there's a dear—your wife's breath
isn't bad, is it?

Dem.

I'd rather drink bilge water, if it came to that,
than kiss her.

Art.

(*aside*) So? You would, would you? Good
gracious, sir, that fling at me will cost you dear.
Very well! just you come back home, sir! I'll show
you the danger of vilifying a wife with money.

Phil.

Goodness me, you poor thing!

Art.

(*aside*) Goodness me, he deserves to be!

Argyr.

Look here, father. Do you love my mother?

Dem.

Love her? I? I love her now for not being near.

Argyr.

And when she is near?

Dem.

I yearn for a death in the family.

Par.

(to *Artemona*) This gentleman is fond of you, it
seems.

Art.

(*aside*) Oh-h-h! won't he pay interest on that flow
of words! Just let him come back home to-day,
and that will be my favourite method of revenge
—kissing him.

Argyr.

(*pushing some dice toward Demaenetus*) Your

	<i>Dem.</i>		throw, father: come, so that I can take my turn.
		Maxime.	<i>Dem.</i>
	te, Philaenium, mihi atque uxoris mortem, hoc		By all means. (<i>as he throws</i>) Here's to you for
	Venerium est.		me, Philaenium, and my wife for the tomb!
	pueri, plaudite et mi ob iactum cantharo mulsum		(<i>looking at throw</i>) Ha! The Venus! ^E (<i>to servants</i>)
	date.		A cheer, lads, and some mead from the tankard
	<i>Art.</i>		for that throw!
	Non queo durare.		<i>Art.</i>
	<i>Par.</i>		(<i>aside to Parasite</i>) This is intolerable!
	Si non didicisti fulloniam,		<i>Par.</i>
	non mirandum est. ³¹ in oculos invadi optimum		(<i>aside to Artemona</i>) No wonder, if you never
	est.		learned the fuller's ^G trade. Your best plan is to
	<i>Art.</i>		make a dash for his eyes.
	Ego pol vivam et tu istaec hodie cum tuo magno		<i>Art.</i>
	malo invocavisti.		(<i>bursting into house</i>) My heavens, sir, I will live,
	<i>Par.</i>		and you shall pay dear for that petition of yours
910	Ecquis currit pollictorem accersere?		just now! (<i>tableau</i>)
	<i>Argyr.</i>		<i>Par.</i>
	Mater, salve.		(<i>gleefully</i>) Run, some one, and fetch the
	<i>Art.</i>		undertaker!
	Sat salutis.		<i>Argyr.</i>
	<i>Par.</i>		(<i>innocently</i>) How do you do, mother?
	Mortuost Demaenetus.		<i>Art.</i>
	tempus est subducere hinc me; pulchre hoc		Enough of your how d'ye do-ing!
	gliscit proelium.		<i>Par.</i>
	ibo ad Diabolum, mandata dicam facta ut		(<i>aside</i>) Demaenetus is dead. Time for me to retire
	voluerit,		from the scene; the battle waxes finely. I'll off to
	atque interea ut decumbamus suadebo, hi dum		Diabolum and tell him his mandates are executed
	litigant.		to the letter, yes, and suggest our taking dinner
	poste demum huc cras adducam ad lenam, ut		meantime, while they fight it out.
	viginti minas		Then to-morrow when it's over I'll bring him back
	ei det, in partem hac amanti ut liceat ei potirier.		to the Madame so that he may give her the
	Argyrippus exorari spero poterit, ut sinat		eighty pounds and get her permission for his
	sese alternas cum illo noctes hac frui. nam ni		fond self to go shares in the girl here. I do hope
	impetro,		Argyrippus can be induced to let him have her
	regem perdidit: ex amore tantum est homini		half the time. For if I don't get so much out of
	incendium.		him, I have lost a patron—all one blaze of love, as
	<i>Art.</i>		the fellow is.
	Quid tibi hunc receptio ad te est meum virum?		[EXIT <i>Parasite</i> .]
	<i>Phil.</i>		<i>Art.</i>
920	Pol me quidem		(<i>to Philaenium</i>) What do you mean by receiving
	miseram odio enicavit.		this man at your house—my husband?
	<i>Art.</i>		<i>Phil.</i>
	Surge, amator, i domum.		Dear, dear! Why, I'm fairly bored to death by
	<i>Dem.</i>		him, for my part.
	Nullus sum.		<i>Art.</i>
	<i>Art.</i>		(<i>standing over Demaenetus</i>) Get up, my gallant;
	Immo es, ne nega, omnium unus pol		home with you!
	nequissimus.		<i>Dem.</i>
	at etiam cubat cuculus. surge amator, i domum.		(<i>half aside, afraid to move</i>) I'm a dead man!
	<i>Dem.</i>		<i>Art.</i>
	Vae mihi.		Good gracious, no! You're the vilest man living,
	<i>Art.</i>		and you needn't deny it. But he's roosting there
	Vera hariolare. surge, amator, i domum.		still, the cuckoo! Get up, my gallant; home with
	<i>Dem.</i>		you!
	Abscede ergo paululum istuc.		<i>Dem.</i>
	<i>Dem.</i>		(<i>half aside</i>) Oh, I'm in for it!
			<i>Art.</i>
			You are a true prophet. Get up, my gallant; home
			with you!
			<i>Dem.</i>
			Well then, do stand a bit farther off.

	<i>Art.</i>		<i>Art.</i>
		Surge, amator, i domum.	Get up, my gallant; home with you!
	<i>Dem.</i>		<i>Dem.</i>
		Iam obsecro, uxor.	For heaven's sake now, my dear!
	<i>Art.</i>		<i>Art.</i>
		Nunc uxorem me esse meministi tuam?	Now you recollect that I am your dear, do you? A moment ago, when you were saying things about me, I was your abomination, not your dear.
		modo, cum dicta in me ingerebas, odium, non uxor eram.	
	<i>Dem.</i>		<i>Dem.</i>
		Totus perii.	(<i>half aside</i>) It's all up with me, absolutely!
	<i>Art.</i>		<i>Art.</i>
		Quid tandem? anima fetetne uxoris tuae?	You really meant it, did you? Your dear's breath smells, does it?
	<i>Dem.</i>		<i>Dem.</i>
		Murram olet.	(<i>hastily</i>) Smells of myrrh, myrrh!
	<i>Art.</i>		<i>Art.</i>
		Iam subrupuisti pallam, quam scorto dares?	(<i>ironically</i>) Have you stolen the mantle yet to give this creature?
	<i>Phil.</i>		<i>Phil.</i>
930		Ecastor qui subrupturum pallam promisit tibi.	He promised he would steal it from you, indeed he did!
	<i>Dem.</i>		<i>Dem.</i>
		Non taces?	(<i>aside to Philaenium</i>) Shut up, won't you?
	<i>Argyr.</i>		<i>Argyr.</i>
		Ego dissuadebam, mater.	I tried to dissuade him, mother.
	<i>Art.</i>		<i>Art.</i>
		Bellum filium. istoscine patrem aequom est mores liberis largirier? nilne te pudet?	A pretty son! (<i>to Demaenetus</i>) Is this the way for a father to edify his children? Is there nothing you're ashamed of? (<i>helps him off the couch by the ear</i>)
	<i>Dem.</i>		<i>Dem.</i>
		Pol, si aliud nil sit, tui me, uxor, pudet.	Oh Lord! You make me ashamed, my dear, if nothing else would.
	<i>Art.</i>		<i>Art.</i>
		Cano capite te cuculum uxor ex lustris rapit.	(<i>guiding him toward the door</i>) It's your dear that is dragging you from this den of vice, your hoary- headed cuckoo!
	<i>Dem.</i>		<i>Dem.</i>
		Non licet manere—cena coquitur—dum cenem modo?	Mayn't I stay—dinner's being cooked—just till I've dined?
	<i>Art.</i>		<i>Art.</i>
		Ecastor cenabis hodie, ut dignus es, magnum malum.	Good heavens, sir! You shall dine as you deserve today—on dire distress.
	<i>Dem.</i>		<i>Dem.</i>
		Male cubandum est: iudicatum me uxor abducit domum.	(<i>aside</i>) It's a poorish night I'm in for: here I am sentenced, and my wife leading me off—home. (<i>Argyrippus and Philaenium follow them to door</i>)
	<i>Argyr.</i>		<i>Argyr.</i>
		Dicebam, pater, tibi, ne matri consuleres male.	I kept telling you, father, not to play any tricks on mother.
	<i>Phil.</i>		<i>Phil.</i>
		De palla memento, amabo.	Remember about the mantle, there's a dear!
	<i>Dem.</i>		<i>Dem.</i>
		Iuben hanc hinc abscedere?	(<i>to wife</i>) Tell her to get out of here, won't you?
	<i>Art.</i>		<i>Art.</i>
		I domum.	(<i>jerking him along</i>) Home with you!
	<i>Phil.</i>		<i>Phil.</i>
940		Da savium etiam prius quam abis.	Do give me another naughty, naughty kiss before we part.
	<i>Dem.</i>		<i>Dem.</i>
		I in crucem.	Go to hell!

Phil.

Immo intro potius. sequere hac me, mi anime.

Argyr.

Ego vero sequor.

Phil.

Oh no, inside, instead, (*to Argyrippus, as she goes back inside*) Come along with me, darling.

Argyr.

Indeed I will.

[EXEUNT OMNES.]

GREX

Hic senex si quid clam uxorem suo animo fecit
volup,
neque novum neque mirum fecit nec secus quam
alii solent;
nec quisquam est tam ingenio duro nec tam
firmo pectore,
quin ubi quicque occasionis sit sibi faciat bene.
nunc si voltis deprecari huic seni ne vapulet,
remur impetrari posse, plausum si clarum datis.

EPILOGUE

(Spoken by the Company)

If this old gentleman has indulged his inclinations a bit without informing his wife, he has done nothing new or strange, or different from what other men ordinarily do. No one has such an iron nature, such an unyielding heart, as not to do himself a good turn whenever he has any chance. So now in case you wish to beg the old fellow off from a beating, we opine that you can succeed, if you—give us some loud applause.

1. Leo brackets following v., 25-26:

ita me obstinate adgressu's, ut non audeam profecto, percontanti quin promam omnia.

2. Leo brackets following v., 33:

ubi flent nequam homines, qui polentam pinsitant.

3. Corrupt (Leo): *obsequellam* MSS: *obsequellam eam* Acidalius.

4. Leo brackets following v., 77:

volo amori obsecutum illius, volo amet me patrem.

5. Corrupt (Leo): *venari autem rete iaculo* MSS: *reti, iaculo venari autem* Vahlen.

6. Leo notes lacuna here: *atqui ibi* MSS: *ibo atque ibi* Camerarius.

7. Corrupt (Leo): *experiri* MSS: *experi* Skutsch.

8. Leo brackets following v., 252:

igitur inveniundo argento ut fingeres fallaciam.

9. Leo notes lacuna here: *istuc* MSS: *istuc, istuc* Palmer.

10. Corrupt (Leo): *exasciato* Acidalius: *exasceatum* MSS.

11. Leo notes lacuna here: *da* MSS: *dare* Fleckeisen.

12. Leo brackets following vv., 480-483:

in ius voco te.

Leon.

Non eo.

Merc.

Non is? memento.

Leon.

Memini.

Merc.

Dabitur pol supplicum mihi de tergo vostro.

Leon.

Vae te

tibi quidem supplicum, carnufex de nobis detur?

Merc.

Atque etiam

pro dictis vestris maledicis poenae pendentur mi hodie.

13. *etiam nunc dico* MSS: Lindsay excises *nunc dico*.

14. Leo brackets following v., 508:

Cle.

An decorum est adversari meis te praeceptis?

Phil.

Quid est?

A. Where he might be beaten with ox-hide whips.

B. It has seemed advisable to use the terms of the English coinage system throughout this version; the value of the money metals, however, has shrunk very considerably since Plautus's day.

C. The elm corresponded to our birch in being used for corporal punishment.

D. White horses were supposed to be the fastest.

E. Naming one's sweetheart, on making a throw, was a common custom.

F. The highest throw.

G. Fullers being accustomed to unpleasant smells.

[15.](#) Corrupt (Leo): *nobis* excised by Bothe.

[16.](#) *quo est* Leo: not in MSS.

[17.](#) Leo brackets following v., 547:
scapularum confidentia, virtute ulmorum freti.

[18.](#) *advorsum stetimus* Ussing: *qui advorsum stimulos* MSS.

[19.](#) *Inductoresque* Acidalius and others:
indoctoresque MSS.

[20.](#) Leo brackets following v., 552—
qui saepe ante in nostras scapulas cicatrices indiderunt—
and assumes lacuna following.

[21.](#) Corrupt (Leo): *collegae* MSS: *collegae mei* Leo.

[22.](#) Leo brackets following v., 570:
ubi periuraris, ubi sacro manus sis admolitus.

[23.](#) Leo brackets following v., 573:
ubi amicae quam amico tuo fueris magis fidelis.

[24.](#) Corrupt (Leo): *interioris* MSS: *interior* Bothe.

[25.](#) Corrupt (Leo): *atque ad me adgredire* Langen.

[26.](#) Leo notes slight lacuna here. *amicae suae* Gulielmus.

[27.](#) Leo brackets following v., 828, 829:
Argyr.

Age, decumbamus sis, pater.

Dem.

*Ut iusseris,
mi gnate, ita fiet.*

Argyr.

Pueri, mensam adponite.

[28.](#) *et Pius: ut* MSS.

[29.](#) Corrupt (Leo): *fui* Pylades: *fueram* Leo.

[30.](#) Corrupt (Leo). *hominem (aut)* Camerarius.

[31.](#) *non mirandumst, (Artemona. Art.). In Havet.*

[27.](#)

Argyr.

Come father, let's take our places, please.

Dem.

Just as you say, my dear boy.

Argyr. (*to slaves*)

Bring the table, my lads.

AULULARIA

THE POT OF GOLD

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ARGVMENTVM I

Senex avarus vix sibi credens Euclio
domi suae defossam multis cum opibus
aulam invenit, rursusque penitus conditam
exanguis amens servat. eius filiam
Lyconides vitiat. interea senex
Megadorus a sorore suasus ducere
uxorem avari gnatam deponit sibi.

durus senex vix promittit, atque aulae timens
domo sublatam variis abstrudit locis.
insidias servos facit huius Lyconidis
10 qui virginem vitiat; atque ipse obsecrat
avonculum Megadorum sibimet cedere
uxorem amanti. per dolum mox Euclio
cum perdidisset aulam, insperato invenit
laetusque natam conlocat Lyconidi.

ARGVMENTVM II

Aulam repertam auri plenam Euclio
Vi summa servat, miseris adfectus modis.
Lyconides istius vitiat filiam.
Vult hanc Megadorus indotatam ducere,
Lubensque ut faciat dat coquos cum obsonio.
Auro formidat Euclio, abstrudit foris.
Re omni inspecta compressoris servolus
Id surpit. illic Euclioni rem refert.
Ab eo donatur auro, uxore et filio.

PERSONAE

LAR FAMILIARIS PROLOGVS
EVCLIO SENEX
STAPHYLA ANVS
EVNOMIA MATRONA
MEGADORVS SENEX
PYTHODICVS SERVVS
CONGRIO COCVS
ANTHRAX COCVS
STROBILVS SERVVS
LYCONIDES ADVLESCENS
PHAEDRIA PVELLA
TIBICINAE

PROLOGVS

LAR FAMILIARIS
Ne quis miretur qui sim, paucis eloquar
ego Lar sum familiaris ex hac familia
unde exeuntem me aspexistis. hanc domum
iam multos annos est cum possideo et colo
patri avoque iam huius qui nunc hic habet
sed mi avos huius obsecrans concredidit
thensaurum auri clam omnis. in medio foco
defodit, venerans me ut id servarem sibi.
10 is quoniam moritur—ita avido ingenio fuit—
numquam indicare id filio voluit suo,

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (I)

A miserly old man named Euclio, a man who
would hardly trust his very self, on finding a pot
full of treasure buried within his house, hides it
away again deep in the ground, and, beside
himself with terror, keeps watch over it. His
daughter had been wronged by Lyconides.
Meanwhile an old gentleman, one Megadorus, is
persuaded by his sister to marry, and asks the
miser for his daughter's hand.

The dour old fellow at length consents, and,
fearing for his pot, takes it from the house and
hides it in one place after another. The servant of
this Lyconides, the man who had wronged the
girl, plots against the miser; and Lyconides
himself entreats his uncle, Megadorus, to give up
the girl, and let him, the man that loves her,
marry her. After a time Euclio, who had been
tricked out of his pot, recovers it unexpectedly
and joyfully bestows his daughter upon
Lyconides.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (II)

Euclio, on finding a pot full of gold, is dreadfully
worried, and watches over it with the greatest
vigilance. Lyconides wrongs his daughter. This
girl, undowered though she is, Megadorus wishes
to marry, and he cheerfully supplies cooks and
provisions for the wedding feast. Anxious about
his gold, Euclio hides it outside the house.
Everything he does having been witnessed, a
rascally servant of the girl's assailant steals it.
His master informs Euclio of it, and receives
from him gold, wife, and son.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE HOUSEHOLD GOD OF EUCLIO, *the
Prologue.*
EUCLIO, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
STAPHYLA, *his old slave.*
EUNOMIA, *a lady of Athens.*
MEGADORUS, *an old gentleman of Athens,
Eunomia's brother.*
PYTHODICUS, *his slave.*
CONGRIO, *cook.*
ANTHRAX, *cook.*
STROBILUS, *slave of Lyconides.*
LYCONIDES, *a young gentleman of Athens,
Eunomia's son.*
PHAEDRIA, *Euclio's daughter.*
MUSIC GIRLS.

*Scene—Athens. A street on which are the houses
of Euclio and Megadorus, a narrow lane between
them, in front an altar.*

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY EUCLIO'S HOUSEHOLD GOD
That no one may wonder who I am, I shall inform
you briefly. I am the Household God of that
family from whose house you saw me come. For
many years now I have possessed this dwelling,
and preserved it for the sire and grandsire of its
present occupant. Now this man's grandsire as a
suppliant entrusted to me, in utter secrecy, a
hoard of gold: he buried it in the centre of the
hearth, entreating me to guard it for him.
When he died he could not bear—so covetous
was he—to reveal its existence to his own son,

inopemque optavit potius eum relinquere,
quam eum thensaurum commonstraret filio;
agri reliquit ei non magnum modum,
quo cum labore magno et misere viveret.

Ubi is obiit mortem qui mihi id aurum credidit,
coepi observare, ecqui maiorem filus
mihi honorem haberet quam eius habuisset
pater.

atque ille vero minus minusque impendio
curare minusque me impertire honoribus.
20 item a me contra factum est, nam item obiit
diem.

is ex se hunc reliquit qui hic nunc habitat filium
pariter moratum ut pater avosque huius fuit.

huic filia una est. ea mihi cottidie
aut ture aut vino aut aliqui semper supplicat,
dat mihi coronas. eius honoris gratia
feci, thensaurum ut hic reperiret Euclio,
quo illam facilius nuptum, si vellet, daret
nam eam compressit de summo adulescens loco.
is scit adulescens quae sit quam compresserit,
30 illa illum nescit, neque compressam autem pater.

Eam ego hodie faciam ut his senex de proxumo
sibi uxorem poscat. id ea faciam gratia,
quo ille eam facilius ducat qui compresserat.
et hic qui poscet eam sibi uxorem senex,
is adulescentis illius est avonculus,
qui illam stupravit noctu, Cereris vigiliis.

sed hic senex iam clamat intus ut solet.
anum foras extrudit, ne sit conscia.
credo aurum inspicere volt, ne subreptum siet.

ACTVS I

Eucl.

40 Exi, inquam. age exi. exeundum hercle tibi hinc
est foras,
circumspectatrix cum oculis emissicis.

Staph.

Nam cur me miseram verberas?

Eucl.

Ut misera sis
atque ut te dignam mala malam aetatem exigas.
Staph.

Nam qua me nunc causa extrusisti ex aedibus?

Eucl.

Tibi ego rationem reddam, stimulorum seges?
illuc regredere ab ostio. illuc sis vide,
ut incedit. at scin quo modo tibi res se habet?
si hercle hodie fustem cepero aut stimulum in
manum,
testudineum istum tibi ego grandibo gradum.

Staph.

50 Utinam me divi adaxint ad suspendium
potius quidem quam hoc pacto apud te servium.

and he chose to leave him penniless rather than
apprise him of this treasure. Some land, a little
only, he did leave him, whereon to toil and moil
for a miserable livelihood.

After the death of him who had committed the
gold to my keeping, I began to observe whether
the son would hold me in greater honour than his
father had. As a matter of fact, his neglect grew
and grew apace, and he showed me less honour.
I did the same by him: so he also died. He left a
son who occupies this house at present, a man of
the same mould as his sire and grandsire.

He has one daughter. She prays to me
constantly, with daily gifts of incense, or wine, or
something; she gives me garlands. Out of regard
for her I caused Euclio to discover the treasure
here in order that he might the more easily find
her a husband, if he wished. For she has been
ravished by a young gentleman of very high rank.
He knows who it is that he has wronged; who he
is she does not know, and as for her father, he is
ignorant of the whole affair.

I shall make the old gentleman who lives next
door here (*pointing*) ask for her hand to-day. My
reason for so doing is that the man who wronged
her may marry her the more easily. And the old
gentleman who is to ask for her hand is the uncle
of the young gentleman who violated her by
night at the festival of Ceres.

(*an uproar in Euclio's house*) But there is old
Euclio clamouring within as usual, and turning
his ancient servant out of doors lest she learn his
secret. I suppose he wishes to look at his gold
and see that it is not stolen.

[EXIT.]

ACT I

Eucl.

(*within*) Out with you, I say! Come now, out with
you! By the Lord, you've got to get out of here,
you snook- around, you, with your prying and
spying.

ENTER *Staphyla* FROM *Euclio's* HOUSE, FOLLOWED BY
Euclio WHO IS PUSHING AND BEATING HER.

Staph.

(*groaning*) Oh, what makes you go a-hitting a
poor wretch like me, sir?

Eucl.

(*savagely*) To make sure you are a poor wretch,
so as to give a bad lot the bad time she deserves.

Staph.

Why, what did you push me out of the house for
now?

Eucl.

I give my reasons to you, you,—you patch of
beats, you? Over there with you, (*pointing*) away
from the door! (*Staphyla hobbles to place
indicated*) Just look at her, will you,—how she
creeps along! See here, do you know what'll
happen to you? Now by heaven, only let me lay
my hand on a club or a stick and I'll accelerate
that tortoise crawl for you!

Staph.

(*aside*) Oh, I wish Heaven would make me hang
myself, I do! Better that than slaving it for you at
this rate, I'm sure.

Eucl.

At ut scelestas sola secum murmurat
oculos hercle ego istos, improba, ecfodiam tibi,
ne me observare possis quid rerum geram
abscede etiam nunc—etiam nunc—etiam—ohe.

istic astato. si hercle tu ex istoc loco
digitum transvorsum aut unguem latum
excesseris
aut si respexis, donicum ego te iussero,
continuo hercle ego te dedam discipulam cruci.

60 scelestiorem me hac anu certo scio
vidisse numquam, nimisque ego hanc metuo
male,
ne mi ex insidiis verba imprudent duit
neu persentiscat aurum ubi est absconditum,
quae in occipitio quoque habet oculos pessima.
nunc ibo ut visam sitne ita aurum ut condidi,
quod me sollicitat plurimis miserum modis.

Staph.

Noenum mecastor quid ego ero dicam meo
malae rei evenisse quamve insaniam,
queo comminisci; ita me miseram ad hunc
modum
70 decies die uno saepe extrudit aedibus.
nescio pol quae illunc hominem intemperiae
tenent;
pervigilat noctes totas, tum autem interdus
quasi claudus sutor domi sedet totos dies.
neque iam quo pacto celem erilis filiae
probrum, propinqua partitudo cui appetit,
queo comminisci; neque quicquam meliust mihi,
ut opinor, quam ex me ut unam faciam litteram
longam, meum laqueo collum quando
obstrinxero.

I. 2.

Eucl.

80 Nunc defaecato demum animo egredior domo,
postquam perspexi salva esse intus omnia.
redi nunciam intro atque intus serva.

Staph.

Quippini?
ego intus servem? an ne quis aedes auferat?
nam hic apud nos nihil est aliud quaesti furibus,
ita inaniis sunt oppletae atque araneis.

Eucl.

Mirum quin tua me causa faciat Iuppiter
Philippum regem aut Dareum, trivenefica
araneas mihi ego illas servari volo.
pauper sum, fateor, patior, quod di dant fero.

90 abi intro, occlude ianuam. iam ego hic ero
cave quemquam alienum in aedis intro miseris
quod quispiam ignem quaerat, extinguere volo,
ne causae quid sit quod te quisquam quaeritet
nam si ignis vivet, ut extinguere extempulo.

tum aquam aufugisse dicito, si quis petet.
cultrum, securim, pistillum, mortarium,
quae utenda vasa semper vicini rogant,
fures venisse atque abstulisse dicito
profecto in aedis meas me absente neminem

Eucl.

(*aside*) Hear the old criminal mumbling away to
herself, though! (*aloud*) Ah! those eyes of yours,
you old sinner! By heaven, I'll dig 'em out for
you. I will, so that you can't keep watching me
whatever I do. Get farther off still! still farther!
still—Whoa!

Stand there! You budge a finger's breadth a
nail's breadth from that spot; you so much as
turn your head till I say the word, and by the
Almighty, the next minute I'll send you to the
gallows for a lesson, so I will.

(*aside*) A worse reprobate than this old crone I
never did see, no, never. Oh, but how horribly
scared I am she'll come some sly dodge on me
when I'm not expecting it, and smell out the
place where the gold is hidden. She has eyes in
the very back of her head, the hell-cat. Now I'll
just go see if the gold is where I hid it. Dear,
dear, it worries the life out of me! [EXIT *Euclio*
INTO HOUSE.]

Staph.

Mercy me! What's come over master, what crazy
streak he's got, I can't imagine,—driving a poor
woman out of the house this way ten times a day,
often. Goodness gracious, what whim-whams the
man's got into his head I don't see. Never shuts
his eyes all night: yes, and then in the daytime
he's sitting around the house the whole livelong
day, for all the world like a lame cobbler.

How I'm going to hide the young mistress's
disgrace now is beyond me, and she with her
time so near. There's nothing better for me to do,
as I see, than tie a rope round my neck and
dangle myself out into one long capital I.

Scene 2.

RE-ENTER *Euclio* FROM HOUSE.

Eucl.

(*aside*) At last I can feel easy about leaving the
house, now I have made certain everything is all
right inside. (*to Staphyla*) Go back in there this
instant, you, and keep watch inside.

Staph.

(*tartly*) I suppose so! So I'm to keep watch inside,
am I? You aren't afraid anyone'll walk away with
the house, are you? I vow we've got nothing else
there for thieves to take—all full of emptiness as
it is, and cobwebs.

Eucl.

It is surprising Providence wouldn't make a King
Philip or Darius of me for your benefit, you viper,
you! (*threateningly*) I want those cobwebs
watched! I'm poor, poor; I admit it, I put up with
it; I take what the gods give me.

In with you, bolt the door. I shall be back soon.
No outsider is to be let in, mind you. And in case
anyone should be looking for a light, see you put
the fire out so that no one will have any reason to
come to you for it. Mark my words, if that fire
stays alive, I'll extinguish you instantly.

And then water—if anyone asks for water, tell
him it's all run out. As for a knife, or an axe, or a
pestle, or a mortar,—things the neighbours are
all the time wanting to borrow—tell 'em burglars
got in and stole the whole lot. I won't have a
living soul let into my house while I'm gone—

100 volo intro mitti. atque etiam hoc praedico tibi
si Bona Fortuna veniat, ne intro miseris

Staph.

Pol ea ipsa credo ne intro mittatur cavet,
nam ad aedis nostras numquam adit, quamquam
prope est.

Eucl.

Tace atque abi intro.

Staph.

Taceo atque abeo.

Eucl.

Occlude sis
fores ambobus pessulis. iam ego hic ero.

discrucior animi, quia ab domo abeundum est
mihi.

110 nimis hercle invitus abeo. sed quid agam scio.
nam noster nostrae qui est magister curiae
dividere argenti dixit nummos in viros,
id si relinquo ac non peto, omnes ilico
me suspicentur, credo habere aurum domi
nam non est veri simile, hominem pauperem
pauillum parvi facere quin nummum petat.

nam nunc cum celo sedulo omnis, ne sciant,
omnes videntur scire et me benignius
omnes salutant quam salutabant prius;
adeunt, consistunt, copulantur dexteras,
rogitant me ut valeam, quid agam, quid rerum
geram.

nunc quo profectus sum ibo; postidea domum
me rursus quantum potero tantum recipiam.

ACTVS II

Eun.

120 Velim te arbitrari med haec verba, frater,
meai fidei tuaique rei
causa facere, ut aequom est germanam sororem.
quamquam haud falsa sum nos odiosas haberi;
nam multum loquaces merito omnes habemur,
nec mutam profecto repertam ullam esse
aut hodie dicunt mulierem aut ullo in saeclo.

verum hoc, frater, unum tamen cogitato,
tibi proximam me mihique esse item te;
ita aequom est quod in rem esse utrique
arbitremur

130 et mihi te et tibi me consulere et monere;
neque occultum id haberi neque per metum
mussari,
quin participem pariter ego te et tu me ut facias,
eo nunc ego secreto ted huc foras seduxi,
ut tuam rem ego tecum hic loquerer familiarem.

Mega.

Da mi, optuma femina, manum.

Eun.

Ubi ea est? quis ea est nam optuma?

Mega.

Tu.

Eun.

Tune ais?

Mega.

there! Yes, and what's more, listen here, if Dame
Fortune herself comes along, don't you let her in.

Staph.

Goodness me, she won't get in: she'll see to that
herself, I fancy. Why, she never comes to our
house at all, no matter how near she is.

Eucl.

Keep still and go inside. (*advances on her*)

Staph.

(*hurrying out of reach*) I'm still, sir, I'm going!

Eucl.

Mind you lock the door, both bolts. I'll soon be
back.

[EXIT *Staphyla* INTO HOUSE.]

It's agony having to leave the house, downright
agony. Oh my God, how I do hate to go! But I
have my reasons. The director of our ward gave
notice he was going to make us a present of two
shillings a man; and the minute I let it pass
without putting in my claim, they'd all be
suspecting I had gold at home, I'm sure they
would. No, it doesn't look natural for a poor man
to think so little of even a tiny bit of money as not
to go ask for his two shillings.

Why, even now, hard as I try to keep every one
from finding out, it seems as if every one knew: it
seems as if every one has a heartier way of
saying good day than they used to. Up they
come, and stop, and shake hands, and keep
asking me how I'm feeling, and how I'm getting
on, and what I'm doing. Well, I must get along to
where I'm bound; and then I'll come back home
just as fast as I possibly can.

[EXIT *Euclio*.]

ACT II

ENTER *Eunomia* AND *Megadorus* FROM LATTER'S HOUSE.

Eun.

Brother, I do hope you'll believe I say this out of
my loyalty to you and for your welfare, as a true
sister should. Of course I'm well enough aware
you men think us women are a bother; yes, awful
chatterboxes—that's the name we all have, and
(*ruefully*) it fits. And then that common saying,
"Never now, nor through the ages, never any
woman dumb."

But just the same, do remember this one thing,
brother,—that I am closer to you and you to me
than anyone else in the whole world. So both of
us ought to advise and counsel each other as to
what we feel is to either's advantage, not keep
such things back or be afraid to speak out
openly, we ought to confide in one another fully,
you and I. This is why I've taken you aside out
here now—so that we can have a quiet talk on a
matter that concerns you intimately.

Mega.

(*warmly*) Let's have your hand, you best of
women!

Eun.

(*pretending to look about*) Where is she? Who on
earth is that best of women?

Mega.

Yourself.

Eun.

You say that—you?

Mega.

	Si negas, nego.	(<i>banteringly</i>) Oh well, if you deny it—
	<i>Eun.</i>	<i>Eun.</i>
	Decet te equidem vera proloqui; nam optuma nulla potest eligi: alia alia peior, frater, est.	Really now, you ought to be truthful. There's no such thing, you know, as picking out the best woman; it's only a question of comparative badness, brother.
	<i>Mega.</i>	<i>Mega.</i>
140	Idem ego arbitror, nec tibi advorsari certum est de istac re umquam, soror.	My own opinion precisely. I'll never differ with you there, sister, you may count on that.
	<i>Eun.</i>	<i>Eun.</i>
	Da mihi operam amabo.	Now do give me your attention, there's a dear.
	<i>Mega.</i>	<i>Mega.</i>
	Tuast, utere atque impera, si quid vis.	It is all your own; use me, command me— anything you wish.
	<i>Eun.</i>	<i>Eun.</i>
	Id quod in rem tuam optimum esse arbitror, ted id monitum advento.	I'm going to advise you to do something that I think will be the very best thing in the world for you.
	<i>Mega.</i>	<i>Mega.</i>
	Soror, more tuo facis.	Quite like you, sister.
	<i>Eun.</i>	<i>Eun.</i>
	Factum volo.	I certainly hope so.
	<i>Mega.</i>	<i>Mega.</i>
	Quid est id, soror?	And what is this something, my dear?
	<i>Eun.</i>	<i>Eun.</i>
	Quod tibi sempiternum salutare sit: liberis procreandis— ita di faxint—volo te uxorem domum ducere.	Something that will make for your everlasting welfare. You should have children. God grant you may!—and I want you to marry.
	<i>Mega.</i>	<i>Mega.</i>
	Ei occidi.	Oh-h-h, murder!
	<i>Eun.</i>	<i>Eun.</i>
150	Quid ita?	How so?
	<i>Mega.</i>	<i>Mega.</i>
	Quia mihi misero cerebrum excutiunt tua dicta, soror: lapides loqueris.	Well, you're knocking my poor brains out with such a proposition, my dear girl: you're talking cobble-stones.
	<i>Eun.</i>	<i>Eun.</i>
	Heia, hoc face quod te iubet soror.	Now, now, do what your sister tells you.
	<i>Mega.</i>	<i>Mega.</i>
	Si lubeat, faciam.	I would, if it appealed to me.
	<i>Eun.</i>	<i>Eun.</i>
	In rem hoc tuam est.	It would be a good thing for you.
	<i>Mega.</i>	<i>Mega.</i>
	Ut quidem emoriar prius quam ducam. sed his legibus si quam dare vis ducam: quae cras veniat, perendie foras feratur; his legibus dare vis? cedo: nuptias adorna.	Yes—to die before marrying. (<i>pause</i>) All right. I'll marry anyone you please, on this condition, though: her wedding to-morrow, and her wake the day after. Still wish it, on this condition? Produce her! Arrange for the festivities!
	<i>Eun.</i>	<i>Eun.</i>
	Cum maxima possum tibi, frater, dare dote; sed est grandior natu: media est mulieris aetas. eam si iubes, frater, tibi me poscere, poscam.	I can get you one with ever so big a dowry, dear. To be sure, she's not a young girl—middle-aged, as a matter of fact. I'll see about it for you, brother, if you want.
160	<i>Mega.</i>	<i>Mega.</i>
	Num non vis me interrogare te?	You don't mind my asking you a question, I dare say?
	<i>Eun.</i>	<i>Eun.</i>
	Immo, si quid vis, roga.	Why, of course not; anything you like.
	<i>Mega.</i>	<i>Mega.</i>
	Post mediam aetatem qui media ducit uxorem domum,	Now supposing a man pretty well on in life marries a lady of maturity and this aged female

si eam senex anum praegnatem fortuito fecerit,
quid dubitas, quin sit paratum nomen puero
Postumus?

nunc ego istum, soror, laborem demam et
deminuam tibi.
ego virtute deum et maiorum nostrum dives sum
satis.
istas magnas factiones, animos, dotes dapsiles,
clamores, imperia, eburata vehicla, pallas,
purpuram,
nil moror quae in servitutem sumptibus redigunt
viros.

Eun.

Dic mihi, quaeso, quis ea est quam vis ducere
uxorem?

Mega.

170

Eloquar.

nostin hunc senem Euclionem ex proximo
pauperculum?

Eun.

Novi, hominem haud malum mecastor.

Mega.

Eius cupio filiam
virginem mihi desponderi. verba ne facias, soror.
scio quid dictura es: hanc esse pauperem. haec
pauper placet.

Eun.

Di bene vortant.

Mega.

Idem ego spero.

Eun.

Quid me? num quid vis?

Mega.

Vale.

Eun.

Et tu, frater.

Mega.

Ego conveniam Euclionem, si domi est.
sed eccum video. nescio unde sese homo recipit
domum.

II. 2.

Eucl.

Praesagibat mi animus frustra me ire, quom
exibam domo;
itaque abibam invitus; nam neque quisquam
curialium
180 venit neque magister quem dividere argentum
oportuit.
nunc domum properare propero, nam egomet
sum hic, animus domi est.

Mega.

Salvos atque fortunatus, Euclio, semper sies.

Eucl.

Di te ament, Megadore.

Mega.

Quid tu? recten atque ut vis vales?

Eucl.

should happen to show intentions of making the
old fellow a father—can you doubt but that the
name in store for that youngster is Postumus? [A](#)

See here, sister, I'll relieve you of all this and
save you trouble. I'm rich enough, thanks be to
heaven and our forbears. And I have no fancy at
all for those ladies of high station and hauteur
and fat dowries, with their shouting and their
ordering and their ivory trimmed carriages and
their purple and fine linen that cost a husband
his liberty.

Eun.

For mercy's sake tell me who you do want to
marry, then!

Mega.

I'm going to. You know the old gentleman—
rather hard up, poor fellow,—that lives next door,
Euclio?

Eun.

Yes indeed. Why, he seems quite nice.

Mega.

It's his daughter—there's the engagement I'm
eager for. Now don't make a fuss, sister. I know
what you're about to say—that she's poor. But
this particular poor girl suits me.

Eun.

God's blessing on your choice, dear!

Mega.

I trust so.

Eun.

(*about to leave*) Well, there's nothing I can do?

Mega.

Yes—take good care of yourself.

Eun.

You too, brother.

[EXIT *Eunomia*.]

Mega.

Now for an interview with Euclio, if he's at home.
(*looking down street*) Hullo, though! here he is!
Just getting back from somewhere or other.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Euclio*.

Eucl.

(*without seeing Megadorus*) I knew it! Something
told me I was going on a fool's errand when I left
the house; that's why I hated to go. Why, there
wasn't a single man of our ward there, or the
director either, who ought to have distributed the
money. Now I'll hurry up and hurry home: I'm
here in the body, but that's where my mind is.

Mega.

(*advancing with outstretched hand*) Good day to
you, Euclio, yes, and the best of everything to
you always!

Eucl.

(*taking hand gingerly*) God bless you,
Megadorus.

Mega.

How goes it? All right, are you? Feeling as well
as you could wish?

Eucl.

Non temerarium est, ubi dives blande appellat pauperem.

iam illic homo aurum scit me habere, eo me salutatur blandus.

Mega.

Ain tu te valere?

Eucl.

Pol ego haud perbene a pecunia.

Mega.

Pol si est animus aequos tibi. sat habes qui bene vitam colas.

Eucl.

Anus hercle huic indicium fecit de auro, perspicue palam est. cui ego iam linguam praecidam atque oculos effodiam domi.

Mega.

Quid tu solus tecum loquere?

Eucl.

190 Meam pauperiem conqueror.
virginem habeo grandem, dote cassam atque inlocabilem,
neque eam queo locare cuiquam.

Mega.

Tace, bonum habe animum,

Euclio.

dabitur, adiuvabere a me. dic, si quid opust, impera.

Eucl.

Nunc petit, cum pollicetur; inhiat aurum ut devoret.
altera manu fert lapidem, panem ostentat altera.
nemini credo qui large blandust dives pauperi
ubi manum inicit benigne, ibi onerat aliqua zamia
ego istos novi polypos, qui ubi quidquid tetigerunt tenent.

Mega.

Da mi operam parumper. paucis, Euclio, est quod te volo
de communi re appellare mea et tua.

Eucl.

200 Ei misero mihi,
aurum mi intus harpagatum est. nunc hic eam rem volt scio,
mecum adire ad pactionem. verum intervisam domum.

Mega.

Quo abis?

Eucl.

Iam ad te revortar. nunc est quod visam domum.

Mega.

Credo edepol, ubi mentionem ego fecero de filia mi ut despondeat, sese a me derideri rebitur, neque illo quisquam est alter hodie ex paupertate parcior.

Eucl.

Di me servant, salva res est. salvom est si quid non perit
nimis male timui. prius quam intro redii,

(*aside*) There's something behind it when a rich man puts on that smooth air with a poor one. Now that fellow knows I've got gold: that's why he's so uncommon smooth with his salutations.

Mega.

You say you are well?

Eucl.

Heavens, no: I feel low, very low—in funds.

Mega.

(*cheerily*) Well, well, man, if you have a contented mind, you've got enough to enjoy life with.

Eucl.

(*aside, frightened*) Oh, good Lord! The old woman has let on to him about the gold! It's discovered, clear as can be! I'll cut her tongue out, I'll tear her eyes out, the minute I get at her in the house!

Mega.

What is that you're saying to yourself?

Eucl.

(*startled*) Just ... how awful it is to be poor. And I with a grown-up girl, without a penny of dowry, that I can't get off my hands or find a husband for.

Mega.

(*clapping him on the back*) There, there, Euclio! Cheer up. She shall be married: I'll help you out. Come now, call on me, if you need anything.

Eucl.

(*aside*) When he agrees to give he wants to grab! Mouth wide open to gobble down my gold! Holds up a bit of bread in one hand and has a stone in the other! I don't trust one of these rich fellows when he's so monstrous civil to a poor man. They give you a cordial handshake, and squeeze something out of you at the same time. I know all about those octopuses that touch a thing and then—stick.

Mega.

I should be glad to have a moment of your time, Euclio. I want to have a brief talk with you on a matter that concerns us both.

Eucl.

(*aside*) Oh, God save us! My gold's been hooked, and now he wants to make a deal with me! I see it all! But I'll go in and look. (*hurries toward house*)

Mega.

Where are you off to?

Eucl.

Just a moment!... I'll be back ... the fact is ... I must see to something at home.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

Mega.

By Jove! I suppose he'll think I'm making fun of him when I speak about his giving me his daughter; poverty never made a fellow closer-fisted.

RE-ENTER *Euclio*.

Eucl.

(*aside*) Thank the Lord, I'm saved! It's safe—that is, if it's all there. Ah, but that was a dreadful moment! I nearly expired before I got in the house. (*to Megadorus*) Here I am, Megadorus, if

	exanimatus fui. redeo ad te, Megadore, si quid me vis.		you want anything of me.
	<i>Mega.</i>		<i>Mega.</i>
210	Habeo gratiam. quaeso, quod te percontabor, ne id te pigeat pro loqui.		Thanks. Now I trust you won't mind answering the questions I'm going to ask.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
	Dum quidem ne quid perconteris quod non lubeat proloqui.		(<i>cautiously</i>) No-no—that is, if you don't ask any I don't like to answer.
	<i>Mega.</i>		<i>Mega.</i>
	Dic mihi. quali me arbitrare genere prognatum?		Frankly now, what do you think of my family connections?
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
	Bono.		(<i>grudgingly</i>) Good.
	<i>Mega.</i>		<i>Mega.</i>
	Quid fide?		And my sense of honour?
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
	Bona.		Good.
	<i>Mega.</i>		<i>Mega.</i>
	Quid factis?		And my general conduct?
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
	Neque malis neque improbis.		Not bad, not disreputable.
	<i>Mega.</i>		<i>Mega.</i>
	Aetatem meam scis?		You know my age?
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
	Scio esse grandem, item ut pecuniam.		Getting on, getting on, I know that—(<i>aside</i>) financially, too.
	<i>Mega.</i>		<i>Mega.</i>
	Certe edepol equidem te civem sine mala omni malitia semper sum arbitratus et nunc arbitror.		Now Euclio, I've always considered you a citizen of the true, trusty type, by Jove, I certainly have, and I do still.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
	Aurum huic olet.		(<i>aside</i>) He's got a whiff of my gold. (<i>aloud</i>) Well, what do you want?
	quid nunc me vis?		
	<i>Mega.</i>		<i>Mega.</i>
	Quoniam tu me et ego te qualis sis scio. quae res recte vortat mihique tibi que tuaeque filiae, filiam tuam mi uxorem posco. promitte hoc fore.		Now that we appreciate each other, I'm going to ask you—and may it turn out happily for you and your girl and me—to give me your daughter in marriage. Promise you will.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
220	Heia, Megadore, haud decorum facinus tuis factis facis, ut inopem atque innoxium abs te atque abs tuis me inrideas. nam de te neque re neque verbis merui ut faceres quod facis.		(<i>whining</i>) Now, now, Megadorus! This is unlike you, unworthy of you, making fun of a poor man like me that never harmed you or yours. Why, I never said or did a thing to you to deserve being treated so.
	<i>Mega.</i>		<i>Mega.</i>
	Neque edepol ego te derisum venio neque derideo, neque dignum arbitror.		Good Lord, man! I didn't come here to make fun of you, and I'm not making fun of you: I couldn't think of such a thing.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
	Cur igitur poscis meam gnatam tibi?		Then why are you asking for my daughter?
	<i>Mega.</i>		<i>Mega.</i>
	Ut propter me tibi sit melius mihique propter te et tuos.		Why? So that we may all of us make life pleasanter for one another.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
	Venit hoc mihi, Megadore, in mentem, ted esse hominem divitem, factiosum, me autem esse hominem pauperum pauperrimum; nunc si filiam locassim meam tibi, in mentem venit		Now here's the way it strikes me, Megadorus,—you're a rich man, a man of position: but as for me, I'm poor, awfully poor, dreadfully poor. Now if I was to marry off my daughter to you, it strikes me you'd be the ox and I'd be the donkey. When I was hitched up with you and couldn't pull my share of the load, down I'd drop, I, the

230 te bovem esse et me esse asellum: ubi tecum
coniunctus siem,
ubi onus nequeam ferre pariter, iaceam ego
asinus in luto,
tu me bos magis haud respicias, gnatus quasi
numquam siem.
et te utar iniquiore et meus me ordo inrideat,
neutrubi habeam stabile stabulum, si quid divorti
fuat:
asini me mordicibus scindant, boves incursent
cornibus.
hoc magnum est periculum, ab asinis ad boves
transcendere.

Mega.

Quam ad probos propinquitatem proxime te
adiunxeris.
tam optimum est. tu condicionem hanc accipe,
ausculta mihi,
atque eam desponde mi.

Eucl.

At nihil est dotis quod dem.

Mega.

Ne duas.
dum modo morata recte veniat, dotata est satis.

Eucl.

240 Eo dico, ne me thensauros repperisse censeas.

Mega.

Novi, ne doceas. desponde.

Eucl.

Fiat. sed pro Iuppiter,
num ego disperii?

Mega.

Quid tibi est?

Eucl.

Quid crepuit quasi ferrum modo?

Mega.

Hic apud me hortum confodere iussi. sed ubi hic
est homo?
abiit neque me certiore fecit. fastidit mei,
quia videt me suam amicitiam velle. more
hominum facit;
nam si opulentus it petitum pauperioris gratiam,
pauper metuit congregari, per metum male rem
gerit.
idem, quando occasio illa perii, post sero
cupit.

Eucl.

250 Si hercle ego te non elinguendam dederam usque
ab radicibus,
impero auctorque ego sum, ut tu me cuius
castrandum loces.

Mega.

Video hercle ego te me arbitrari, Euclio,
hominem idoneum,
quem senecta aetate ludos facias, haud merito
meo.

Eucl.

Neque edepol, Megadore, facio, neque. si
cupiam, copia est.

donkey, in the mud; and you, the ox, wouldn't pay
any more attention to me than if I'd never been
born at all.

You would be too much for me: and my own kind
would haw-haw at me: and if there should be a
falling out, neither party would let me have
stable quarters: the donkeys would chew me up
and the oxen would run me through. It is a very
hazardous business for donkeys to climb into the
ox set.

Mega.

But honourable human beings—the more closely
connected you are with them, the better. Come,
come, accept my offer: listen to what I say and
promise her to me.

Eucl.

But not one penny of dowry can I give.

Mega.

Don't. Only let me have a girl that's good, and
she has dowry enough.

Eucl.

(*forcing a laugh*) I mention this just so that you
mayn't think I've found some treasure.

Mega.

Yes, yes, I understand. Promise.

Eucl.

So be it. (*aside, starting at noise*) Oh, my God!
Can it be I'm ruined, ruined?

Mega.

What's the matter?

Eucl.

That noise? What was it—a sort of clinking
sound?

[EXIT INTO HOUSE HURRIEDLY.]

Mega.

(*not noticing his departure*) I told them to do
some digging in my garden here. (*looking
around*) But where is the man? Gone away and
left me—without a word! Scorns me, now he sees
I desire his friendship! Quite the usual thing,
that. Yes, let a wealthy man try to get the regard
of a poorer one, and the poor one is afraid to
meet him half-way: his timidity makes him injure
his own interests. Then when it's too late and the
opportunity is gone he longs to have it again.

RE-ENTER *Euclio*.

Eucl.

(*to Staphyla within*) By heaven, if I don't have
your tongue torn out by the very roots, I give you
orders, give you full authority, to hand me over
to anyone you please to be skinned alive.
(*approaches Megadorus*)

Mega.

Upon my word, Euclio! So you think I am the
proper sort of man to make a fool of, at my time
of life, and without the slightest reason.

Eucl.

Bless my soul! I'm not making a fool of you,
Megadorus: I couldn't if I would.

Mega.

Quid nunc? etiam mihi despondes filiam?

Eucl.

Illis legibus,
cum illa dote quam tibi dixi.

Mega.

Sponden ergo?

Eucl.

Spondeo.

Mega.

Di bene vertant.

Eucl.

Ita di faxint. illud facito ut memineris
convenisse ut ne quid dotis mea ad te afferret
filia.

Mega.

Memini.

Eucl.

260 At scio quo vos soleatis pacto perplexarier.
pactum non pactum est, non pactum pactum est,
quod vobis lubet.

Mega.

Nulla controversia mihi tecum erit. sed nuptias
num quae causa est quin faciamus hodie?

Eucl.

Immo edepol optuma.

Mega.

Ibo igitur, parabo. numquid me vis?

Eucl.

Istuc. ei et vale.

Mega.

Heus, Pythodice, sequere propere me ad
macellum strenue.

Eucl.

(265) Illic hinc abiit. di immortales, obsecro, aurum
quid valet.¹

(267) id inhiat, ea affinitatem hanc obstinavit gratia.
Ubi tu es, quae deblateravisti iam vicinis
omnibus,
meae me filiae daturum dotem? heus, Staphyla,
te voco.
ecquid audis?

II. 3.

Eucl.

270 Vascula intus pure propera atque elue:
filiam despondi ego: hodie huic nuptum
Megadoro dabo.

Staph.

Di bene vortant. verum ecastor non potest,
subitum est nimis.

Eucl.

Tace atque abi. curata fac sint cum a foro
redeam domum;
atque aedis occlude; iam ego hic adero.

Staph.

Quid ego nunc agam?

Mega.

(*doubtfully*) Well now, do you mean I am to have
your daughter?

Eucl.

On the understanding she goes with the dowry I
mentioned.

Mega.

You consent, then?

Eucl.

I consent.

Mega.

And may God prosper us!

Eucl.

Yes, yes,—and mind you remember our
agreement about the dowry: she doesn't bring
you a single penny.

Mega.

I remember.

Eucl.

But I know the way you folks have of juggling
things: now it's on and now it's off, now it's off
and now it's on, just as you like.

Mega.

You shall have no occasion to quarrel with me.
But about the marriage—there's no reason for
not having it to-day, is there?

Eucl.

Dear, dear, no! The very thing, the very thing!

Mega.

I'll go and make arrangements, then, (*turning to
leave*) Anything else I can do?

Eucl.

Only that. Go along. Good-bye.

Mega.

(*calling at the door of his house*) Hey,
Pythodicus! quick! [ENTER *Pythodicus*] Down to
the market with me—come, look alive!
[EXEUNT.]

Eucl.

(*looking after them*) He's gone! Ah, ye immortal
gods, doesn't money count! That is what he's
gaping after. That is why he's so set on being my
son-in-law. (*goes to the door and calls*) Where are
you, you blabber, telling the whole
neighbourhood I'm going to give my daughter a
dowry! Hi-i! Staphyla! It's you I'm calling. Can't
you hear!

Scene 3.

Eucl.

Hurry up with the dishes inside there and give
them a good scouring. I have betrothed my
daughter: she marries Megadorus here to-day.

Staph.

God bless them! (*hastily*) Goodness, though! It
can't be done. This is too sudden.

Eucl.

Silence! Off with you! Have things ready by the
time I get back from the forum. And lock the
door, mind; I shall be here soon.

[EXIT *Euclio*.]

Staph.

What shall I do now? Now we're all but ruined,
the young mistress and me: now it's all but public

nunc nobis prope adest exitium, mi atque erili
 filiae,
 nunc probrum atque partitudo prope adest ut fiat
 palam;
 quod celatum atque occultatum est usque adhuc,
 nunc non potest.
 ibo intro, ut erus quae imperavit facta, cum
 veniat, sient.
 nam ecaster malum maerore metuo ne mixtum
 bibam.

II. 4.

Pyth.

280 Postquam obsonavit erus et conduxit coquos
 tibicinasque hasce apud forum, edixit mihi
 ut dispertirem obsonium hic bifariam.

Anthr.

Me quidem hercle, dicam tibi palam, non divides.
 si quo tu totum me ire vis, operam dabo.

Cong.

Bellum et pudicum vero prostibulum popli.
 post si quis vellet, te hand non velles dividi.

Pyth.

Atque ego istuc, Anthrax, alio vorsum dixeram,
 non istuc quo tu insimulas. sed erus nuptias
 meus hodie faciet.

Anthr.

Cuius ducit filiam?

Pyth.

290 Vicini huius Euclionis senis e proximo.
 ei adeo obsoni hinc iussit dimidium dari,
 cocum alterum itidemque alteram tibicinam.

Anthr.

Nempe huc dimidium dicis, dimidium domum?

Pyth.

Nempe sicut dicis.

Anthr.

Quid? hic non poterat de suo
 senex obsonari filiae nuptiis?

Pyth.

Vah.

Anthr.

Quid negotist?

Pyth.

Quid negoti sit rogas?
 pumex non aeque est aridus atque hic est senex.

Anthr.

Ain tandem?

Pyth.

Ita esse ut dixi. tute existuma:
 quin divom atque hominum clamat continue
 fidem,²

property about her being disgraced and brought
 to bed. We can't conceal it, we can't keep it dark
 any longer now. But I must go in and do what
 master ordered me before he gets back. Oh
 deary me! I'm afraid I've got to take a drink of
 trouble and tribulation mixed.

[EXIT *Staphyla* INTO HOUSE.]

Scene 4.

(*An hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Pythodicus* BRINGING COOKS, *Anthrax* AND
Congrio, MUSIC GIRLS, *Phrygia* AND *Eleusium* AND
 ATTENDANTS, WITH PROVISIONS FROM THE MARKET AND TWO
 LAMBS.

Pyth.

(*importantly*) After master did the marketing and
 hired the cooks and these music girls at the
 forum, he told me to take and divide all he'd got
 into two parts.

Anthr.

By Jupiter, you shan't make two parts of me, let
 me tell you that plainly! If you'd like to have the
 whole of me anywhere, why, I'll accommodate
 you.

Cong.

(*to Anthrax*) You pretty boy, yes, you nice little
 everybody's darling, you! Why, if anyone wanted
 to make two parts of a real man out of you, you
 oughtn't to be cut up about it.

Pyth.

Now, now, Anthrax, I mean that otherwise from
 what you make out. Look here, my master's
 marrying to-day.

Anthr.

Who's the lady?

Pyth.

Daughter of old Euclio that lives next door here.
 Yes sir, and what's more, he's to have half this
 stuff here, and one cook and one music girl, too,
 so master said.

Anthr.

You mean to say half goes to him and half to you
 folks?

Pyth.

Just what I do mean.

Anthr.

I say, couldn't the old boy pay for the catering for
 his daughter's wedding his own self?

Pyth.

(*scornfully*) Pooh!

Anthr.

What's the matter?

Pyth.

The matter, eh? You couldn't squeeze as much
 out of that old chap as you could out of a pumice
 stone.

Anthr.

(*incredulously*) Oh, really now!

Pyth.

That's a fact. Judge for yourself. Why, I tell you
 he begins bawling for heaven and earth to
 witness that he's bankrupt, gone to everlasting
 smash, the moment a puff of smoke from his

300	<p>suam rem periisse seque eradicarier, de suo tigillo fumus si qua exit foras. quin cum it dormitum, follem obstringit ob gulam.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> Cur?</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> Ne quid animae forte amittat dormiens.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> Etiamue obturat inferiorem gutturem, ne quid animai forte amittat dormiens?</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> Haec mihi te ut tibi med aequom est, credo, credere.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> Immo equidem credo.</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> At scin etiam quomodo? aquam hercle plorat, cum lavat, profundere.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> Censen talentum magnum exorari pote ab istoc sene ut det, qui fiamus liberi?</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> Famem hercle utendam si roges, numquam dabit. quin ipsi pridem tonsor unguis dempserat: collegit, omnia abstulit praesegmina.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> Edepol mortalem parce parcum praedicas.</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> Censen vero adeo esse parcum et miserum vivere? pulmentum pridem ei eripuit milvos: homo ad praetorem plorabundus devenit; infit ibi postulare plorans, eiulans, ut sibi liceret milvom vadarier.</p> <p>320 <i>Pyth.</i> sescenta sunt quae memorem, si sit otium. sed uter vestrorum est celerior? memora mihi.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> Ego, et multo melior.</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> Cocum ego, non furem rogo.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> Cocum ergo dico.</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> Quid tu ais?</p> <p><i>Cong.</i> Sic sum ut vides.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> Cocus ille nundinalest, in nonum diem solet ire coctum.</p> <p><i>Cong.</i> Tun, trium litterarum homo me vituperas? fur.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> Etiam fur, trifurcifer.</p>	<p>beggarly fire manages to get out of his house. Why, when he goes to bed he strings a bag over his jaws.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> What for?</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> So as not to chance losing any breath when he's asleep.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> Oh yes! And he puts a stopper on his lower windpipe, doesn't he, so as not to chance losing any breath while he's asleep?</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> (<i>ingenuously</i>) You should believe me, I believe, just as I should believe you.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> (<i>hurriedly</i>) Oh, no, no! I do believe, of course!</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> But listen to this, will you? Upon my word, after he takes a bath it just breaks him all up to throw away the water.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> D'ye think the old buck could be induced to make us a present of a couple of hundred pounds to buy ourselves off with?</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> Lord! He wouldn't make you a loan of his hunger, no sir, not if you begged him for it. Why, the other day when a barber cut his nails for him he collected all the clippings and took 'em home.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> My goodness, he's quite a tight one, from what you say.</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> Honest now, would you believe a man could be so tight and live so wretched? Once a kite flew off with a bit of food of his: down goes the fellow to the magistrate's, blubbering all the way, and there he begins, howling and yowling, demanding to have the kite bound over for trial. Oh, I could tell hundreds of stories about him if I had time. (<i>to both cooks</i>) But which of you is the quicker? Tell me that.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> I am, and a whole lot better, too.</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> At cooking I mean, not thieving.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> Well, I mean cooking.</p> <p><i>Pyth.</i> (<i>to Congrio</i>) And how about you?</p> <p><i>Cong.</i> (<i>with a meaning glance at Anthrax</i>) I'm what I look.</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> He's nothing but a market-day cook, that chap: he only gets a job once a week.</p> <p><i>Cong.</i> You running me down, you? You five letter man, you! You T-H-I-E-F!</p> <p><i>Anthr.</i> Five letter man yourself! Yes, and five times— penned!</p>
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II. 5.

Pyth.

Tace nunciam tu, atque agnum hinc uter est
pinguior
cape atque abi intro ad nos.

Anthr.

Licet.

Pyth.

Tu, Congrio,
quem illic reliquit agnum, eum sume atque abi
³intro illuc, et vos illum sequimini.
vos ceteri ite huc ad nos.

Cong.

330 Hercle iniuria
dispertivisti: pinguiorem agnum isti habent.

Pyth.

At nunc tibi dabitur pinguior tibicina.
i sane cum illo, Phrugia. tu autem, Eleusium,
huc intro abi ad nos.

Cong.

O Pythodice subdole,
hucine detrusti me ad senem parcissimum?
ubi si quid poscam, usque ad ravim poscam prius
quam quicquam detur.

Pyth.

Stultus et sine gratia es.
⁴tibi recte facere, quando quod facias perit.

Cong.

Qui vero?

Pyth.

340 Rogitas? iam principio in aedibus
turba istic nulla tibi erit: siquid uti voles,
domo abs te adfero, ne operam perdas poscere.
his autem apud nos magna turba ac familia est
supellex, aurum, vestis, vasa argentea:

ibi si perierit quippiam—quod te scio
facile abstinere posse, si nihil obviam est—
dicant: coqui abstulerunt, comprehendite,
vincite, verberate, in puteum condite.
horum tibi istic nihil eveniet: quippe qui
ubi quid subripias nihil est. sequere hac me.

Cong.

Sequor.

II. 6.

Pyth.

Heus, Staphyla, prodi atque ostium aperi.

Staph.

350 Qui vocat?

Pyth.

Pythodicus.

Scene 5.

Pyth.

(*to Anthrax*) Come, come, shut up, you: and this
fittest lamb here, (*pointing*) take it and go over to
our house.

Anthr.

(*grinning triumphantly at Congrio*) Aye, aye, sir.

[EXIT *Anthrax* INTO HOUSE OF *Megadorus* LEADING
LAMB.]

Pyth.

Congrio, you take this one he's left (*pointing*) and
go into that house there, (*pointing to Euclio's*)
and as for you, (*indicating some of the*
attendants) you follow him. The rest of you come
over to our house.

Cong.

Hang it! That's no way to divide: they've got the
fattest lamb.

Pyth.

Oh well, I'll give you the fattest music girl.
(*turning to girls*) That means you, Phrygia: you
go with him. As for you, Eleusium, you step over
to our place.

[EXEUNT *Eleusium* AND OTHERS INTO HOUSE OF
Megadorus.]

Cong.

Oh, you're a wily one, Pythodicus! Shoving me off
on this old screw, eh? If I ask for anything there,
I can ask myself hoarse before I get a thing.

Pyth.

An ungrateful blockhead is what you are. The
idea of doing you a favour, when it's only thrown
away!

Cong.

Eh? How so?

Pyth.

How so? Well, in the first place there won't be an
uproarious gang in that house to get in your way:
if you need anything, just you fetch it from home
so as not to waste time asking for it. Here at our
establishment, though, we do have a great big
uproarious gang of servants, and knick-knackery
and jewellery and clothes and silver plate lying
about.

Now if anything was missing,—of course it's easy
for you to keep your hands off, provided there's
nothing in reach,—they'd say: "The cooks got
away with it! Collar 'em! Tie 'em up! Thrash 'em!
Throw 'em in the dungeon!" Now over there
(*pointing to Euclio's*) nothing like this will
happen to you—as there's nothing at all about for
you to filch. (*going toward Euclio's house*) Come
along.

Cong.

(*sulkily*) Coming. (*he and the rest follow*)

Scene 6.

Pyth.

(*knocking at door*) Hey! Staphyla! Come here
and open the door.

Staph.

(*within*) Who is it?

Pyth.

Pythodicus.

Staph.

Quid vis?

Pyth.

Hos ut accipias coquos
tibicinamque obsoniumque in nuptias.
Megadorus iussit Euclioni haec mittere.

Staph.

Cererin, Pythodice, has sunt facturi nuptias?

Pyth.

Qui?

Staph.

Quia temeti nihil allatum intellego.

Pyth.

At iam afferetur, si a foro ipse redierit.

Staph.

Ligna hic apud nos nulla sunt.

Cong.

Sunt asseres?

Staph.

Sunt pol.

Cong.

Sunt igitur ligna, ne quaeras foris.

Staph.

360

Quid, impurate? quamquam Volcano studes,
cenaene causa aut tuae mercedis gratia
nos nostras aedis postulas comburere?

Cong.

Haud postulo.

Pyth.

Duc istos intro.

Staph.

Sequimini.

II. 7.

Pyth.

Curate. ego intervisam quid faciant coqui;
quos pol ut ego hodie servem, cura maxuma est.
nisi unum hoc faciam, ut in puteo cenam
coquant:
inde coctam sursum subducemus corbulis.

si autem deorsum comedent, si quid coxerint,
superi incenati sunt et cenati inferi.

370

sed verba hic facio, quasi negoti nil siet,
rapacidarum ubi tantum sit in aedibus.

II. 8.

Eucl.

Volui animum tandem confirmare hodie meum,
ut bene me haberem filiae nuptiis.
venio ad macellum, rogito pisces: indicant
caros; agninam caram, caram bubulam,
vitulinam, cetum, porcinam: cara omnia.

Staph.

(*sticking her head out*) What do you want?

Pyth.

Take these cooks and the music girl and the
supplies for the wedding festival. Megadorus told
us to take 'em over to Euclio's.

Staph.

(*examining the provisions disappointedly*) Whose
festival are they going to celebrate, Pythodicus?
Ceres'?

Pyth.

Why hers?

Staph.

Well, no tipples^B been brought, as I notice.

Pyth.

But there'll be some all right when the old gent
gets back from the forum.

Staph.

We haven't got any firewood in the house.

Cong.

Any rafters in it?

Staph.

Mercy, yes.

Cong.

There's firewood in it, then: never mind going for
any.

Staph.

Hey? You godless thing! even though you are a
devotee of Vulcan, do you want us to burn our
house down, all for your dinner or your pay?
(*advances on him*)

Cong.

(*shrinking back*) I don't, I don't!

Pyth.

Take 'em inside.

Staph.

(*brusquely*) This way with you.

[EXEUNT *Congrio* AND OTHERS INTO *Euclio's* HOUSE.]

Scene 7.

Pyth.

(*as they leave*) Look out for things. (*starting for
Megadorus's house*) I'll go see what the cooks
are at. By gad, it's the devil's own job keeping an
eye on those chaps. The only way is to make 'em
cook dinner in the dungeon and then haul it up in
baskets when it's done.

Even so, though, if they're down there gobbling
up all they cook, it's a case of starve in heaven
and stuff in hell. But here I am gabbling away
just as if there wasn't anything to do, and the
house all full of those young Grabbits.

[EXIT *Pythodicus*.]

Scene 8.

ENTER *Euclio* FROM FORUM CARRYING A SMALL PACKAGE
AND A FEW FORLORN FLOWERS.

Eucl.

Now I did want to be hearty to-day, and do the
handsome thing for daughter's wedding, yes I
did. Off I go to the market—ask for fish! Very
dear! And lamb dear... and beef dear... and veal
and tunny and pork... everything dear,
everything! Yes, and all the dearer for my not

atque eo fuerunt cariora, aes non erat.
abeo iratus illinc, quoniam nihil est qui eman.

380 ita illis impuris omnibus adii manum.
deinde egomet mecum cogitare intervias
occepi: festo die si quid prodegeris,
profesto egere liceat, nisi peperceris.
postquam, hanc rationem ventri cordique edidi,
accessit animus ad meam sententiam,
quam minimo sumptu filiam ut nuptum darem.
nunc tusculum emi hoc et coronas floreas:
haec imponentur in foco nostro Lari,
ut fortunatas faciat gnatae nuptias.
sed quid ego apertas aedis nostras conspicio?
et strepitust intus. numnam ego compilor miser?

Cong.

390 Aulam maiorem, si pote, ex vicinia
pete: haec est parva, capere non quit.

Eucl.

Ei mihi,
(392) perii hercle. aurum rapitur, aula quaeritur.⁵
(394) Apollo, quaeso, subveni mi atque adiuva,
confige sagittis fures thensaurarios,
si cui in re tali iam subvenisti antidhac.
sed cesso prius quam prorsus perii currere?

II. 9.

Anthr.

400 Dromo, desquama piscis. tu, Machaerio,
congrum, murenam exdorsua quantum potest.
ego hinc artoptam ex proximo utendam peto
a Congrione. tu istum gallum, si sapis,
glabriorem reddes mihi quam volsus ludiust.

sed quid hoc clamoris oritur hinc ex proximo?
coqui hercle, credo, faciunt officium suum.
fugiam intro, ne quid turbae hic itidem fuat.

ACTVS III

Cong.

Attatae! cives,⁶ populares, incolae, accolae,
advenae omnes,
date viam qua fugere liceat. facite totae plateae
pateant.
neque ego umquam nisi hodie ad Bacchas veni in
Bacchanal coquatum,
ita me miserum et meos discipulos fustibus male
contuderunt.
410 totus doleo atque oppido perii, ita me iste habuit
senex gymnasium;
attat, perii hercle ego miser,
411a aperit bacchanal. adest,
sequitur. scio quam rem geram: hoc
412a ipse magister me docuit.
neque ligna ego usquam gentium praeberi vidi
pulchrius,
itaque omnis exegit foras, me atque hos, onustos

having any money! It just made me furious, and
seeing I couldn't buy anything, I up and left.

That's how I circumvented 'em, the whole dirty
pack of 'em. Then I began to reason things out
with myself as I walked along. "Holiday feasting
makes everyday fasting," says I to myself, "unless
you economize." After I'd put the case this way to
my stomach and heart, my mind supported my
motion to cut down daughter's wedding expenses
just as much as possible.

Now I've bought a little frankincense here and
some wreaths of flowers: we'll put 'em on the
hearth in honour of our Household God, so that
he may bless daughter's marriage. (*looking
toward house*) Eh! What's my door open for? A
clattering inside, too! Oh. mercy on us! It can't
be burglars, can it?

Cong.

(*within, to an attendant*) See if you can't get a
bigger pot from one of the neighbours: this
here's a little one: it won't hold it all.

Eucl.

Oh, my God! my God! I'm ruined! They're taking
my gold! They're after my pot! Oh, oh, Apollo,
help me, save me! Shoot your arrows through
them, the treasure thieves, if you've ever helped
a man in such a pinch before! But I must rush in
before they ruin me entirely!
[EXIT *Euclio*.

Scene 9.

ENTER *Anthrax* FROM HOUSE OF *Megadorus*.

Anthr.

(*to servants inside*) Dromo, scale the fish. As for
you, Machaerio, you bone the conger and
lamprey as fast as you know how. I'm going over
next door to ask Congrio for the loan of a bread
pan. And you there! if you know what's good for
you, you won't hand me back that rooster till it's
plucked cleaner than a ballet dancer.

(*sound of scuffle in Euclio's house*) Hallo,
though! What's the row in the house next door?
Hm! the cooks settling down to business, I
reckon! I'll hustle back, or we'll be having a
rumpus at our place, too.
[EXIT.

ACT III

ENTER *Congrio* AND HIS ASSOCIATES TUMBLING OUT OF
Euclio's HOUSE, SLAMMING DOOR BEHIND THEM.

Cong.

(*in burlesque panic*) Hi—i—i! Citizens, natives,
inhabitants, neighbours, foreigners, every one—
give me room to run! Open up! Clear the street!
(*stopping at some distance from the house*) This
is the first time I ever came to cook for
Bacchantes at a Bacchante den. Oh dear, what
an awful clubbing I and my disciples did get! I'm
one big ache! I'm dead and gone! The way that
old codger took me for a gymnasium!

(*Euclio's door opens and he appears, cudgel in
hand*) Oh—ow—ow! Good Lord be merciful! I'm
done for! He's opening the den; he's at the door;
he's after me! I know what I'll do: (*retires*) he's
taught me my lesson, my master has. I never in
all my life saw a place where they were freer
handed with their wood: (*rubbing his shoulders*)

fustibus.

III. 2.

Eucl.

Redi. quo fugis nunc? tene, tene.

Cong.

Quid, stolide, clamas?

Eucl.

Quia ad tris viros iam ego deferam nomen tuom.

Cong.

Quam ob rem?

Eucl.

Quia cultrum habes.

Cong.

Cocum decet.

Eucl.

Quid comminatu's

mihi?

Cong.

Istud male factum arbitror, quia non latus
fodi.

Eucl.

420

Homo nullust te scelestior qui vivat hodie
neque quoi ego de industria amplius male plus
libens faxim.

Cong.

Pol etsi taceas, palam id quidem est: res ipsa
testist;
ita fustibus sum mollior magis quam ullus
cinaedus.
sed quid tibi nos tactiost, mendice homo?

Eucl.

Quae res?
etiam rogitas? an quia minus quam aequom erat
feci?

Cong.

Sine, at hercle cum magno malo tuo, si hoc caput
sentit.

Eucl.

Pol ego haud scio quid post fuat: tuom nunc
caput sentit.
sed in aedibus quid tibi meis nam erat negoti
me absente, nisi ego iusseram? volo scire.

Cong.

Tace ergo.
quia venimus coctum ad nuptias.

Eucl.

430

Quid tu, malum, curas,
utrum crudum an coctum ego edim, nisi tu mi es
tutor?

Cong.

Volo scire, sinas an non sinas nos coquere his
cenam?

Eucl.

Volo scire ego item, meae domi mean salva
futura?

Cong.

Utinam mea mihi modo auferam, quae adtuli,

why, when he drove the lot of us out he let us
have big sticks of it, all we could stagger under.

Scene 2.

Eucl.

(going into street) Come back! Where are you
running to now? Stop him, stop him!

Cong.

What are you yelling for, stupid?

Eucl.

Because I am going to report your name to the
police this instant.

Cong.

Why?

Eucl.

Well, you carry a knife.

Cong.

And so a cook should.

Eucl.

And how about your threatening me?

Cong.

It's a pity I didn't jab it through you, I'm thinking.

Eucl.

There isn't a more abandoned villain than you on
the face of the earth, or one I'd be gladder to go
out of my way to punish more, either.

Cong.

Good Lord! That's evident enough, even if you
didn't say so: the facts speak for themselves. I've
been clubbed till I'm looser than any fancy
dancer. Now what did you mean by laying hands
on me, you beggar?

Eucl.

What's that? You dare ask me? Didn't I do my
duty by you—is that it? (*lifts cudgel*)

Cong.

(backing away) All right: but by gad, you'll pay
heavy for it, or I'm a numskull.

Eucl.

Hm! I don't know anything about the future of
your skull, but (*chuckling and tapping his cudgel*)
it must be numb now. (*savagely*) See here, what
the devil were you doing in my house without my
orders while I was gone? That's what I want to
know.

Cong.

Well then, shut up. We came to cook for the
wedding, that's all.

Eucl.

And how does it concern you, curse you, whether
I eat my food cooked or take it raw—unless you
are my guardian?

Cong.

Are you going to let us cook dinner here or not?
That's what I want to know.

Eucl.

Yes, and I want to know whether my things at
home will be safe?

Cong.

All I hope is I can get safe away with my own

salva:
me haud paenitet, tua ne expetam.

Eucl.

Scio, ne doce, novi.

Cong.

Quid est qua prohibes nunc gratia nos coquere
hic cenam?
quid fecimus, quid diximus tibi secus quam
velles?

Eucl.

Etiam rogitas, sceleste homo, qui angulos in
omnis
mearum aedium et conclavium mihi pervium
facitis?

440

ibi ubi tibi erat negotium, ad focum si adesses,
non fissile auferres caput: merito id tibi factum
est.

adeo ut tu meam sententiam iam noscere possis
si ad ianuam huc accesseris, nisi iussero,
propius,
ego te faciam miserrimus mortalis uti sis.
scis iam meam sententiam.

Cong.

Quo abis? redi rursus.

ita me bene amet Laverna, uti te iam, nisi reddi
mihi vasa iubes, pipulo te his differam ante aedis.
quid ego nunc agam? ne ego edepol veni huc
auspicio malo.
nummo sum conductus: plus iam medico merce
dest opus.

III. 3.

Eucl.

450

Hoc quidem hercle, quoquo ibo, mecum erit,
mecum feram,
neque isti id in tantis periculis umquam
committam ut siet.
ite sane nunciam omnes, et coqui et tibicinae,
etiam intro duce, si vis, vel gregem venalium,
coquite, facite, festinate nunciam, quantum libet.

Cong.

Temperi, postquam implevisti fusti fissorum
caput.

Eucl.

Intro abite, opera huc conducta est vostra, non
oratio.

Cong.

Heus, senex, pro vapulando hercle ego abs te
mercedem petam.
coctum ego, non vapulatum, dudum conductus
fui.

Eucl.

Lege agito mecum. molestus ne sis. i et cenam
coque,
aut abi in malum cruciatum ab aedibus.

Cong.

Abi tu modo.

things that I brought there. That'll do for me:
don't worry about my hankering for anything you
own.

Eucl.

(*incredulous*) I know. You needn't go on. I quite
understand.

Cong.

Why won't you let us cook dinner here now?
What have we done? What have we said that you
didn't like?

Eucl.

A pretty question, you villainous rascal, with your
making a public highway of every nook and
cranny in my whole house! If you had stayed by
the oven where your business lay, you wouldn't
be carrying that cloven pate: it serves you right.

(*with forced composure*) Now further, just to
acquaint you with my sentiments in the matter,—
you come any nearer this door without my
permission, and I will make you the most forlorn
creature in God's world. Now you know my
sentiments.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

Cong.

(*calling after him*) Where are you off to? Come
back! So help me holy Mother of Thieves, but I'll
soon make it warm for you, the way I'll rip up
your reputation in front of the house here, if you
don't have my dishes brought back! (*as Euclio
closes the door*) Now what? Oh, hell! It certainly
was an unlucky day when I came here! Two
shillings for the job, and now it'll take more than
that to pay the doctor's bill.

Scene 3.

RE-ENTER *Euclio* FROM HOUSE WITH OBJECT UNDER HIS
CLOAK.

Eucl.

(*aside*) By heaven, wherever I go this goes
(*peering under cloak*) too: I won't leave it there
to run such risks, never. (*to Congrio and others*)
Very well, come now, in with you, cooks, music
girls, every one! (*to Congrio*) Go on, take your
under-strappers inside if you like, the whole
hireling herd of 'em. Cook away, work away,
scurry around to your hearts' content now.

Cong.

A nice time for it, after you've clubbed my head
till it's all cracks!

Eucl.

In with you. You were engaged to get up a dinner
here, not a declamation.

Cong.

I say, old boy, I'll come to you with my bill for
that basting, by the Lord I will. I was hired a
while ago to be cook, not to be thumped.

Eucl.

Well, go to law about it. Don't bother me. Away
with you: get dinner, or else get to the devil out
of here.

Cong.

You just get to—(*mildly, as he pushes in past
him*) one side, then.

III. 4.

Eucl.

- 460 Illic hinc abiit. di immortales, facinus audax
incipit
qui cum opulento pauper homine coepit rem
habere aut negotium.⁷
veluti Megadorus temptat me omnibus miserum
modis,
qui simulavit mei honoris mittere huc causa
coquos:
is ea causa misit, hoc qui surriperent misero
mihi.
condigne etiam meus med intus gallus
gallinacius,
qui erat anu peculiaris, perdidit paenissime.
ubi erat haec defossa, occepit ibi scalpurrire
ungulis
circum circa. quid opust verbis? ita mihi pectus
peracuit:
capiro fustem, obtrunco gallum, furem
manufestarium.
- 470 credo edepol ego illi mercedem gallo pollicitos
coquos,
si id palam fecisset. exemi ex manu⁸
manubrium.⁹
- (473) sed Megadorus meus affinis eccum incedit a foro.
iam hunc non ausim praeterire, quin consistam
et conloquar.

III. 5.

Mega.

Narravi amicis multis consilium meum
de condicione hac. Euclionis filiam
laudant. sapienter factum et consilio bono.

- 480 nam meo quidem animo si idem faciant ceteri
opulentiores, pauperiorum filias
ut indotatas ducant uxores domum,
et multo fiat civitas concordior,
et invidia nos minore utamur quam utimur,
et illae malam rem metuant quam metuunt
magis,
et nos minore sumptu simus quam sumus.

in maximam illuc populi partem est optimum;
in pauciores avidos altercatio est,
quorum animis avidis atque insatietatibus
neque lex neque sutor capere est qui possit
modum.

- 490 namque hoc qui dicat "quo illae nubent divites
dotatae, si istud ius pauperibus ponitur?"
quo lubeant, nubant, dum dos ne fiat comes.
hoc si ita fiat, mores meliores sibi
parent, pro dote quos ferant, quam nunc ferunt,
ego faxim muli, pretio qui superant equos,
sint viliores Gallicis cantheriis.

Eucl.

Ita me di amabunt ut ego hunc ausculto lubens.
nimis lepide fecit verba ad parsimoniam.

Mega.

Scene 4.

Eucl.

(*looking after them*) He's disappeared. My Lord,
my Lord! It's an awful chance a poor man takes
when he begins to have dealings or business with
a wealthy man. Here's Megadorus now, trying to
catch me—oh, dear, dear!—in all sorts of ways.
Sending cooks over here and pretending it's
because of regard for me! Sent 'em to steal this
(*looking under cloak*) from a poor old man—
that's what his sending 'em was because of!

And then of course that dunghill cock of mine in
there, that used to belong to the old woman, had
to come within an inch of ruining me, beginning
to scratch and claw around where this (*looking
under cloak*) was buried. Enough said. It just got
me so worked up I took a club and annihilated
that cock, the thief, the redhanded thief!

By heaven, I do believe the cooks offered that
cock a reward to show them where this (*looking
under cloak*) was. I took the handle (*looking
under cloak*) out of their hands! (*looking down
street*) Ah, but there is son-in-law Megadorus
swaggering back from the forum. I suppose it
would hardly do for me to pass him without
stopping for a word or two, now.

Scene 5.

ENTER *Megadorus*.*Mega.*

(*not seeing Euclio*) Well, I've told a number of
friends of my intentions regarding this match.
They were full of praise for Euclio's daughter.
Say it's the sensible thing to do, a fine idea.

Yes, for my part I'm convinced that if the rest of
our well-to-do citizens would follow my example
and marry poor men's daughters and let the
dowries go, there would be a great deal more
unity in our city, and people would be less bitter
against us men of means than they are, and our
wives would stand in greater awe of marital
authority than they do, and the cost of living
would be lower for us than it is.

It's just the thing for the vast majority of the
people; the fight comes with a handful of greedy
fellows so stingy and grasping that neither law
nor cobbler can take their measure. And now
supposing some one should ask: "Who are the
rich girls with dowries going to marry, if you
make this rule for the poor ones?"

Why, anyone they please, let 'em marry, provided
their dowry doesn't go along with 'em. In that
case, instead of bringing their husbands money,
they'd bring them better behaved wives than
they do at present. Those mules of theirs that
cost more than horses do now—they'd be
cheaper than Gallic geldings by the time I got
through.

Eucl.

(*aside*) God bless my soul, how I do love to hear
him talk! Those thoughts of his about
economizing—beautiful, beautiful!

Mega.

Then you wouldn't hear them saying: "Well, sir,

500 Nulla igitur dicat "equidem dotem ad te adtuli
maiores multo quam tibi erat pecunia;
enim mihi quidem aequomst purpuram atque
aurum dari,
ancillas, mulos, muliones, pedisequos,
salutigerulos pueros, vehicla qui vehar."

Eucl.

Ut matronarum hic facta pernovit probe.
moribus praefectum mulierum hunc factum
velim.

Mega.

Nunc quoquo venias plus plaustrorum in aedibus
videas quam ruri, quando ad villam veneris.
sed hoc etiam pulchrum est praequam ubi
sumptus petunt.

510 stat fullo, phyrigio, aurifex, lanarius;
caupones patagiarii, indusiarii,
flammarii, volarii, carinarii;
stant manulearii, stant¹⁰ murobatharii,
propolae linteones, calceolarii;
(514) sedentarii sutores diabathrarii,
(516) solearii astant, astant molocinarii,¹¹
stropharii astant, astant semul sonarii.

520 iam hosce absolute censeas: cedunt, petunt
treceni, cum stant thylacistae in atriis
textores limbularii, arcularii.
ducuntur, datur aes. iam absolutos censeas,
cum incedunt infectores corcotarii,
aut aliqua mala crux semper est, quae aliquid
petat.

Eucl.

Compellarem ego illum, ni metuam ne desinat
memorare mores mulierum: nunc sic sinam.

Mega.

530 Ubi nugivendis res soluta est omnibus,
ibi ad postremum cedit miles, aes petit.
itur, putatur ratio cum argentario,
miles inpransus astat, aes censet dari.
ubi disputata est ratio cum argentario,
etiam ipse ultro debet argentario.
spes prorogatur militi in alium diem.

haec sunt atque aliae multae in magnis dotibus.
incommoditates sumptusque intolerabiles
nam quae indotata est, ea in potestate est viri;
dotatae mactant et malo et damno viros
sed eccum adfinem ante aedes. quid agis, Euclio?

III. 6.

Eucl.

Nimum lubenter edi sermonem tuom.

Mega.

An audivisti?

Eucl.

Usque a principio omnia.

you never had anything like the money I brought
you, and you know it. Fine clothes and jewellery,
indeed! And maids and mules and coachmen and
footmen and pages and private carriages—well, if
I haven't a right to them!"

Eucl.

(*aside*) Ah, he knows 'em, knows 'em through and
through, these society dames! Oh, if he could
only be appointed supervisor of public morals—
the women's!

Mega.

Wherever you go nowadays you see more wagons
in front of a city mansion than you can find
around a farmyard. That's a perfectly glorious
sight, though, compared with the time when the
tradesmen come for their money.

The cleanser, the ladies' tailor, the jeweller, the
woollen worker—they're all hanging round. And
there are the dealers in frounces and
underclothes and bridal veils, in violet dyes and
yellow dyes, or muffs, or balsam scented foot-
gear; and then the lingerie people drop in on you,
along with shoemakers and squatting cobblers
and slipper and sandal merchants and dealers in
mallow dyes; and the belt makers flock around,
and the girdle makers along with 'em.

And now you may think you've got them all paid
off. Then up come weavers and lace men and
cabinet-makers—hundreds of 'em—who plant
themselves like jailers in your halls and want you
to settle up. You bring 'em in and square
accounts. "All paid off now, anyway," you may be
thinking, when in march the fellows who do the
saffron dyeing—some damned pest or other,
anyhow, eternally after something.

Eucl.

(*aside*) I'd hail him, only I'm afraid he'd stop
talking about how the women go on. No, no, I'll
let him be.

Mega.

When you've got all these fellows of fluff and
ruffles satisfied, along comes a military man,
bringing up the rear, and wants to collect the
army tax. You go and have a reckoning with your
banker, your military gentleman standing by and
missing his lunch in the expectation of getting
some cash. After you and the banker have done
figuring, you find you owe him money too, and
the military man has his hopes postponed till
another day.

These are some of the nuisances and intolerable
expenses that big dowries let you in for, and
there are plenty more. Now a wife that doesn't
bring you a penny—a husband has some control
over her; it's the dowered ones that pester the
life out of their husbands with the way they cut
up and squander. (*seeing Euclio*) But there's my
new relative in front of the house! How are you,
Euclio?

Scene 6.

Eucl.

Gratified, highly gratified with your discourse—I
devoured it.

Mega.

Eh? you heard?

Eucl.

Every word of it.

Mega.
Tamen meo quidem animo aliquanto facias
rectius,
540 si nitidior sis filiae nuptus.
Eucl.
Pro re nitorem et gloriam pro copia
qui habent, meminerunt sese unde oriundi sient.
neque pol, Megadore, mihi neque quouquam
pauperi
opinione melius res structa est domi.
Mega.
Immo est quod satis est, et di faciant ut siet
plus plusque et istuc sospitent quod nunc habes.
Eucl.
Illud mihi verbum non placet "quod nunc habes."
tam hoc scit me habere quam egomet. anus fecit
palam.
Mega.
Quid tu te solus e senatu sevocas?
Eucl.
Pol ego ut te accusem merito meditabar.
Mega.
550 Quid est?
Eucl.
Quid sit me rogitas? qui mihi omnis angulos
furum implevisti in aedibus misero mihi,
qui mi intro misti in aedis quingentos coquos,
cum senis manibus, genere Geryonaceo;

quos si Argus servet qui oculus totus fuit,
quem quondam Ioni Iuno custodem addidit,
is numquam servet. praeterea tibicinam,
quae mi interbibere sola, si vino scatat,
Corinthiensem fontem Pirenam potest.
tum obsonium autem—
Mega.
560 Pol vel legioni sat est.
etiam agnum misi.
Eucl.
Quo quidem agno sat scio
magis curiosam¹² nusquam esse ullam beluam.
Mega.
Volo ego ex te scire qui sit agnus curio.
Eucl.
Quia ossa ac pellis totust, ita cura macet.
quin exta inspicere in sole ei vivo licet:
ita is pellucet quasi lanterna Punica.
Mega.
Caedundum condux i ego illum.
Eucl.
Tum tu idem optumumst
loces efferendum; nam iam, credo, mortuost.
Mega.
Potare ego hodie, Euclio, tecum volo.
Eucl.

Mega.
(*looking him over*) But I say, though, I do think it
would be a little more in keeping, if you were to
spruce up a bit for your daughter's wedding.
Eucl.
(*whining*) Folks with the wherewithal and means
to let 'em spruce up and look smart remember
who they are. My goodness, Megadorus! I
haven't got a fortune piled up at home (*peers
slyly under cloak*) any more than people think,
and no other poor man has, either.
Mega.
(*genially*) Ah well, you've got enough, and heaven
make it more and more, and bless you in what
you have now.
Eucl.
(*turning away with a start*) "What you have now!"
I don't like that phrase! He knows I have this
money just as well as I do! The old hag's been
blabbing!
Mega.
(*pleasantly*) Why that secret session over there?
Eucl.
(*taken aback*) I was—damme sir,—I was framing
the complaint against you that you deserve.
Mega.
What for?
Eucl.
What for, eh? When you've filled every corner of
my house with thieves, confound it! When you've
sent cooks into my house by the hundred and
every one of 'em a Geryonian^C with six hands
apiece!
Why, Argus, who had eyes all over him and was
set to guarding Io once by Juno, couldn't ever
keep watch on those fellows, not if he tried. And
that music girl besides! She could take the
fountain of Pirene at Corinth and drink it dry, all
by herself, she could,—if it ran wine. Then as for
the provisions—
Mega.
Bless my soul! Why, there's enough for a
regiment. I sent you a lamb, too.
Eucl.
Yes, and a more shearable beast than that same
lamb doesn't exist, I know that.
Mega.
I wish you would tell me how the lamb is
shearable.
Eucl.
Because it's mere skin and bones, wasted away
till it's perfectly—(*tittering*) sheer. Why, why, you
put that lamb in the sun and you can watch its
inwards work: it's as transparent as a Punic^D
lantern.
Mega.
(*protestingly*) I got that lamb in myself to be
slaughtered.
Eucl.
(*dryly*) Then you'd best put it out yourself to be
buried, for I do believe it's dead already.
Mega.
(*laughing and clapping him on the shoulder*)
Euclio, we must have a little carouse to-day, you
and I.
Eucl.

Non potem ego quidem hercle.

Mega.

570 At ego iussero
cadum unum vini veteris a me adferrier.

Eucl.

Nolo hercle, nam mihi bibere decretum est
aquam.

Mega.

Ego te hodie reddam madidum, si vivo, probe,
tibi cui decretum est bibere aquam.

Eucl.

Scio quam rem agat:
ut me deponat vino, eam adfectat viam,
post hoc quod habeo ut commutet coloniam.
ego id cavebo, nam alicubi abstrudam foris.
ego faxo et operam et vinum perdiderit simul.

Mega.

Ego, nisi quid me vis, eo lavatum, ut sacrificem.

Eucl.

580 Edepol, ne tu, aula, multos inimicos habes
atque istuc aurum quod tibi concreditum est.
nunc hoc mihi factu est optimum, ut ted
auferam,
aula, in Fidei fanum: ibi abstrudam probe.
Fides, novisti me et ego te: cave sis tibi,
ne in me mutassis nomen, si hoc concreduo.
ibo ad te fretus tua, Fides, fiducia.

ACTVS IV

Strob.

Hoc est servi facinus frugi, facere quod ego
persequor,
ne morae molestiaeque imperium erile habeat
sibi.

590 nam qui ero ex sententia servire servos postulat,
in erum matura, in se sera condecet capessere.
sin dormitet, ita dormitet, servom sese ut
(591) cogitet.¹³

(599) erile¹⁴ imperium ediscat, ut quod frons velit oculi
600 sciant;
quod iubeat citis quadrigis citius properet
persequi.

qui ea curabit, abstinebit censione bubula,
nec sua opera rediget umquam in splendorem
compedes.

nunc erus meus amat filiam huius Euclionis
pauperis;

eam ero nunc renuntiatum est nuptum huic
Megadoro dari.

is speculatum huc misit me, ut quae fierent fieret
particeps.

nunc sine omni suspicione in ara hic adsidam
sacra;

hinc ego et huc et illuc potero quid agant
arbitrarier.

IV. 2.

(*frightened*) None for me, sir, none for me!
Carouse! Oh my Lord!

Mega.

But see here, I'll just have a cask of good old
wine brought over from my cellars.

Eucl.

No, no! I don't care for any! The fact is I am
resolved to drink nothing but water.

Mega.

(*digging him in the ribs*) I'll get you properly
soaked to-day, on my life I will, you with your
"resolved to drink nothing but water."

Eucl.

(*aside*) I see his game! Trying to fuddle me with
his wine, that's it, and then give this (*looking
under cloak*) a new domicile! (*pauses*) I'll take
measures against that: yes. I'll secrete it
somewhere outside the house. I'll make him
throw away his time and wine together.

Mega.

(*turning to go*) Well, unless I can do something
for you, I'll go take a bath and get ready to offer
sacrifice.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

Eucl.

(*paternally to object under cloak*) God bless us
both, pot, you do have enemies, ah yes, many
enemies, you and the gold entrusted to you! As
matters stand, pot, the best thing I can do for you
is to carry you off to the shrine of Faith: I'll hide
you away there, just as cosy! You know me,
Faith, and I know you: don't change your name,
mind, if I trust this to you. Yes, I'll go to you,
Faith, relying on your faithfulness.

[EXIT *Euclio*.]

ACT IV

ENTER *Strobilus*.

Strob.

(*self-complacently*) This is the way for a good
servant to act, the way I do: no thinking master's
orders are a botheration and nuisance. I tell you
what, if a servant wants to give satisfaction, he'd
just better make it a case of master first and man
second. Even if he should fall asleep, he ought to
do it with an eye on the fact that he's a
servant.¹³

He's got to know his master's inclinations like a
book, so that he can read his wishes in his face.
And as for orders, he must push 'em through
faster than a fast four-in-hand. If a chap minds all
this, he won't be paying taxes on rawhide, or
ever spend his time polishing a ball and chain
with his ankles.

Now the fact is, master's in love with the
daughter of poor old Euclio here; and he's just
got word she's going to be married to Megadorus
there. So he's sent me over to keep my eyes
peeled and report on operations. I'll just settle
down alongside this sacred altar (*does so*) and no
one'll suspect me. I can inspect proceedings at
both houses from here.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Euclio* WITHOUT SEEING *Strobilus*.

Eucl.

Tu modo cave quoiquam indicassis aurum meum
esse istic, Fides:

non metuo ne quisquam inveniatur, ita probe in
latebris situmst.

610 edepol ne illic pulchram praedam agat, si quis
illam invenerit

aulam onustam auri; verum id te quaeso ut
prohibeas, Fides.

nunc lavabo, ut rem divinam faciam, ne affinem
morer

quin ubi accersat meam extemplo filiam ducat
domum.

vide, Fides, etiam atque etiam nunc, salvam ut
aulam abs te auferam:

tuae fide concredidi aurum, in tuo loco et fano
est situm.

Strob.

Di immortales, quod ego hunc hominem facinus
audivi loqui:

se aulam onustam auri abstrusisse hic intus in
fano Fide.

cave tu illi fidelis, quaeso, potius fueris, quam
mihi.

atque hic pater est, ut ego opinor, huius erus
quam amat, virginis.

620 ibo hinc intro, perscrutabor fanum, si inveniam
uspium

aurum, dum his est occupatus. sed si repperero,
o Fides,

mulsi congialem plenam faciam tibi fideliam.

id adeo tibi faciam; verum ego mihi bibam, ubi id
fecero.

IV. 3.

Eucl.

Non temere est quod corvos cantat mihi nunc ab
laeva manu;

semul radebat pedibus terram et voce crocibat
sua:

continuo meum cor coepit artem facere ludicram
atque in pectus emicare. sed ego cesso currere?

IV. 4.

Eucl.

I foras, lumbrice, qui sub terra erepsisti modo,
qui modo nusquam comparebas, nunc, cum
compares, peris,

630 ego pol te, praestrigiator, miseris iam accipiam
modis.

Strob.

Quae te mala crux agitat? quid tibi mecum est
commerci, senex?

quid me adflictas? quid me raptas? qua me causa
verberas?

Eucl.

Verberabilissime, etiam rogitas, non fur, sed
trifur?

Strob.

Eucl.

(*plaintively*) Only be sure you don't let anyone
know my gold is there. Faith: no fear of anyone
finding it, not after the lovely way I tucked it in
that dark nook, (*pauses*) Oh my God, what a
beautiful haul he would get, if anyone should find
it—a pot just crammed with gold! For mercy's
sake, though, Faith, don't let him!

(*walks slowly toward house*) Now I'll have a bath,
so that I may sacrifice and not hinder my
prospective son-in-law from marrying my girl the
moment he claims her. (*looking down street
toward temple*) Take care now, Faith, do, do, do
take care I get my pot back from you safe. I've
trusted my gold to your good faith, laid it away in
your grove and shrine.

[EXIT *Euclio* INTO HOUSE.]

Strob.

(*jumping up*) Ye immortal gods! What's all this I
heard the fellow tell of! A pot just crammed with
gold hidden in the shrine of Faith here! For the
love of heaven, Faith, don't be more faithful to
him than to me. Yes, and he's the father of the
girl that is master's sweetheart, or I'm mistaken.

I'm going in there: I'll search that shrine from top
to bottom and see if I can't find the gold
somewhere while he's busy here. But if I come
across it—oh, Faith, I'll pour you out a five pint
pot of wine and honey! There now! that's what
I'll do for you; and when I've done that for you,
why, I'll drink it up for myself.

[EXIT TO TEMPLE AT A RUN.]

Scene 3.

RE-ENTER *Euclio* FROM HOUSE.

Eucl.

(*excitedly*) It means something—that raven
cawing on my left just now! And all the time a-
clawing the ground, croaking away, croaking
away! The minute I heard him my heart began to
dance a jig and jumped up into my throat. But I
must run, run!

[EXIT TO TEMPLE.]

Scene 4.

A FEW MOMENTS ELAPSE. THEN THE SOUND OF A SCUFFLE
DOWN THE STREET. RE-ENTER *Euclio* DRAGGING *Strobilus*.

Eucl.

Come! out, you worm! crawling up from under-
ground just now! A minute ago you weren't to be
found anywhere, and (*grimly*) now you're found
you're finished! Oh-h-h-h, you felon! I'm going to
give it to you, this very instant! (*beats him*)

Strob.

What the devil's got into you? What business
have you got with me, old fellow? What are you
pounding me for? What are you jerking me along
for? What do you mean by battering me?

Eucl.

(*still pummeling him*) Mean, eh? You
batterissimo. You're not a thief: you're three
thieves.

Strob.

	Quid tibi surrupui?	What did I steal from you?
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Redde huc sis.	(<i>threateningly</i>) You kindly give it back.
	<i>Strob.</i>	<i>Strob.</i>
	Quid tibi vis reddam?	Back? What back?
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Rogas?	A nice question!
	<i>Strob.</i>	<i>Strob.</i>
	Nil equidem tibi abstuli.	I didn't take a thing from you, honestly.
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	At illud quod tibi abstuleras cedo.	Well, what you took dishonestly, then! Hand it
	ecquid agis?	over! Come, come, will you!
	<i>Strob.</i>	<i>Strob.</i>
	Quid agam?	Come, come, what?
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Auferre non potes.	You shan't get away with it.
	<i>Strob.</i>	<i>Strob.</i>
	Quid vis tibi?	What is it you want?
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Pone.	Down with it!
	<i>Strob.</i>	<i>Strob.</i>
	Id quidem pol te datare credo consuetum,	Down with it, eh! Looks as if you'd downed too
	senex.	much of it yourself already, old boy.
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Pone hoc sis, aufer cavillam, non ego nunc nugas	Down with it, I tell you! None of your repartee!
	ago.	I'm not in the humour for trifling now.
	<i>Strob.</i>	<i>Strob.</i>
	Quid ego ponam? quin tu eloquere quidquid est	Down with what? Come along, speak out and
	suo nomine.	give it its name, whatever it is. Hang it all, I
	non hercle equidem quicquam sumpsi nec tetigi.	never took a thing nor touched a thing, and that's
	<i>Eucl.</i>	flat.
640	Ostende huc manus.	<i>Eucl.</i>
	<i>Strob.</i>	Show me your hands.
	Em tibi, ostendi, eccas.	<i>Strob.</i>
	<i>Eucl.</i>	(<i>stretching them out</i>) All right—there they are:
	Video. age ostende etiam tertiam.	have a look.
	<i>Strob.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Laruae hunc atque intemperiae insaniaeque	(<i>dryly</i>) I see. Come now, the third one: out with
	agitant senem	it.
	facisne iniuriam mihi?	<i>Strob.</i>
	<i>Eucl.</i>	(<i>aside</i>) He's got 'em! The old chap's mad, stark,
	Fateor, quia non pendes, maximam	staring mad! (<i>to Euclio, virtuously</i>) Now aren't
	atque id quoque iam fiet, nisi fatere.	you doing me an injury?
	<i>Strob.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Quid fatear tibi?	I am, a hideous injury—in not hanging you. And
	<i>Eucl.</i>	I'll soon do that, too, if you don't confess.
	Quid abstulisti hinc?	<i>Strob.</i>
	<i>Strob.</i>	Confess what?
	Di me perdant, si ego tui quicquam	<i>Eucl.</i>
	abstuli	What did you carry off from here? (<i>pointing</i>
	nive adeo abstulisse vellem.	<i>toward temple</i>)
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Strob.</i>
	Agedum, excutedum pallium.	(<i>solemnly</i>) May I be damned, if I carried off a
	<i>Strob.</i>	thing of yours. (<i>aside</i>) Likewise if I didn't want
	Tuo arbitrato.	to.
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Ne inter tunicas habeas.	Come on, shake out your cloak.
		<i>Strob.</i>
		(<i>doing so</i>) Anything you say.
		<i>Eucl.</i>
		Um! probably under your tunic.

Strob.

Tempta qua lubet.

Eucl.

Vah, scelestus quam benigne: ut ne abstulisse intellegam. novi sycphantias. age rusum ostende huc manum dexteram.

Strob.

Em.

Eucl.

Nunc laevam ostende.

Strob.

650 Quin equidem ambas profero.

Eucl.

Iam scrutari mitto. redde huc.

Strob.

Quid reddam?

Eucl.

A, nugas agis, certe habes.

Strob.

Habeo ego? quid habeo?

Eucl.

Non dico, audire expetis. id meum, quidquid habes, redde.

Strob.

Insanis: perscrutatus es tuo arbitrato, neque tui me quicquam invenisti penes.

Eucl.

Mane, mane. quis illic est? quis hic intus alter erat tecum simul? perii hercle: ille nunc intus turbat, hunc si amitto hic abierit. postremo hunc iam perscrutavi, his nihil habet. abi quo lubet.

Strob.

Iuppiter te dique perdant.

Eucl.

Haud male egit gratias. ibo intro atque illi socienno tuo iam interstringam gulam. fugin hinc ab oculis? abin an non.

Strob.

Abeo.

Eucl.

660 Cave sis¹⁵ te videam.

Strob.

(*cheerfully*) Feel anywhere you please.

Eucl.

Ugh! you rascal! How obliging you are! That I may think you didn't take it! I'm up to your dodges. (*searches him*) Once more now—out with your hand, the right one.

Strob.

(*obeying*) There you are.

Eucl.

Now the left one.

Strob.

(*obeying*) Why, certainly: here's the both of 'em.

Eucl.

Enough of this searching. Now give it here.

Strob.

What?

Eucl.

Oh-h! Bosh! You must have it!

Strob.

I have it? Have what?

Eucl.

I won't say: you're too anxious to know. Anything of mine you've got, hand it over.

Strob.

Crazy! You went all through me as much as you liked without finding a solitary thing of yours on me.

Eucl.

(*excitedly*) Wait, wait! (*turns toward temple and listens*) Who's in there? Who was that other fellow in there along with you? (*aside*) My Lord! this is awful, awful! There's another one at work in there all this time. And if I let go of this one, he'll skip off. (*pauses*) But then I've searched him already: he hasn't anything. (*aloud*) Off with you, anywhere! (*releases him with a final cuff*)

Strob.

(*from a safe distance*) You be everlastingly damned!

Eucl.

(*aside, dryly*) Nice way he has of showing his gratitude. (*aloud, sternly*) I'll go in there, and that accomplice of yours—I'll strangle him on the spot. Are you going to vanish? Are you going to get out, or not? (*advances*)

Strob.

(*retreating*) I am, I am!

Eucl.

And kindly see I don't set eyes on you again.

[EXIT *Euclio* TOWARD TEMPLE.]

IV. 5.

Strob.

Emortuom ego me mavelim leto malo quam non ego illi dem hodie insidias seni. nam hic iam non audebit aurum abstrudere: credo eferet iam secum et mutabit locum. attat, foris crepuit. senex eccum aurum ecfert foras.

Scene 5.

Strob.

I'd sooner be tortured to death than not give that old fellow a surprise to-day. (*reflecting*) Well, after this he won't dare hide his gold here. What he'll most likely do is bring it out with him and put it somewhere else. (*listening*) Hm-m-m! There goes the door! Aha! the old boy's coming out with it. I'll just back up by the doorway for a

tantisper huc ego ad ianuam concessero.

IV. 6.

Eucl.

Fide censebam maxumam multo fidem
esse, ea sublevit os mihi paenissimum:
ni subvenisset corvos, periissem miser.
670 nimis hercle ego illum corvom ad me veniat
velim.
qui indicium fecit, ut ego illi aliquid boni
dicam; nam quod edit tam duim quam perduim.

nunc hoc ubi abstrudam cogito solum locum.
Silvani lucus extra murum est avius,
crebro salicto oppletus. ibi sumam locum.
certumst, Silvano potius credam quam Fide.

Strob.

Euge, euge, di me salvom et servatum volunt.
iam ego illuc praecurram atque inscendam
aliquam in arborem
indeque observabo, aurum ubi abstrudat senex.
680 quamquam hic manere me erus sese iusserat;
certum est, malam rem potius quaeram cum
lucro.

IV. 7.

Lyc.

Dixi tibi, mater, iuxta rem mecum tenes.
super Euchoms filia. nunc te obsecro
resecroque, mater, quod dudum obsecraveram:
fac mentionem cum avonculo, mater mea.

Eun.

Scis tute facta velle me quae tu velis,
et istuc confido a fratre me impetrassere;
et causa iusta est, siquidem ita est ut praedicas,
te eam compressisse vinulentum virginem.

Lyc.

Egone ut te advorsum mentiar, mater mea?

Phaed.

Perii, mea nutrix. obsecro te, uterum dolet.
Iuno Lucina, tuam fidem!

Lyc.

Em, mater mea,
tibi rem potioverbo: clamat, parturit.

Eun.

Ei hac intro mecum, gnate mi, ad fratrem meum,
ut istuc quod me oras impetratum ab eo auferam.

Lyc.

I, iam sequar te, mater. sed servom meum
Strobilum miror ubi sit, quem ego me iusseram
hic opperiri. nunc ego mecum cogito:
si mihi dat operam, me illi irasci iniurium est.
ibo intro, ubi de capite meo sunt comitia.

while. (*hides by Megadorus's house*)

Scene 6.

RE-ENTER *Euclio* WITH POT.

Eucl.

I used to fancy Faith, of all deities, was
absolutely faithful, and here she's just missed
making a downright ass of me. If that raven
hadn't stood by me, I'd be a poor, poor ruined
man. By heavens, I'd just like that raven to come
and see me, the one that warned me, I certainly
should, so that I might pay him a handsome—
compliment. As for tossing him a bite to eat, why,
that would amount to throwing it away.

(*meditating*) Let me think now, where is some
lonely spot to hide this in? (*after a moment*)
There's that grove of Silvanus outside the wall,
solitary, willow thickets all around. There's
where I'll pick my place. I'd sooner trust Silvanus
than Faith, and that's settled.

[EXIT *Euclio*.]

Strob.

Good! Good! The gods are with me. I'm a made
man! Now I'll run on ahead and climb some tree
there so as to sight the place where the old
fellow hides it. What if master did tell me to wait
here! I'd sooner look for a thrashing along with
the cash, and that's settled.

[EXIT *Strobilus*.]

Scene 7.

ENTER *Lyconides* AND *Eunomia*.

Lyc.

That's the whole story, mother: you see how it is
with me and Euclio's daughter as well as I do.
And now, mother, I beg you, beg you again and
again, as I did before: do tell my uncle about it,
mother dear.

Eun.

Your wishes are mine, dear; you know that
yourself: and I feel sure your uncle will not
refuse me. It's a perfectly reasonable request,
too, if it's all as you say and you actually did get
intoxicated and treat the poor girl so.

Lyc.

Is it like me to look you in the face and lie, my
dear mother?

Phaed.

(*within Euclio's house*) Oh—oh! Nurse! Nurse
dear! Oh, God help me! The pain!

Lyc.

There, mother! There's better proof than words
gives. Her cries! The child!

Eun.

(*agitated*) Come, darling, come in to your uncle
with me, so that I may persuade him to let it be
as you urge.

Lyc.

You go, mother: I'll follow you in a moment.

[EXIT *Eunomia* INTO *Megadorus's* HOUSE.]

I wonder (*looking around*) where that fellow
Strobilus of mine is that I told to wait for me
here. (*pauses*) Well, on thinking it over, if he's
doing something for me, it's all wrong my finding
fault with him. (*turning toward Megadorus's*
door) Now for the session that decides my fate.
[EXIT.]

IV. 8.*Strob.*

Picis divitiis, qui aureos montes colunt,
 ego solus supero. nam istos reges ceteros
 memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:
 ego sum ille rex Philippus. o lepidum diem,
 nam ut dudum hinc abii, multo illo adveni prior
 multoque prius me conlocavi in arborem
 indeque spectabam aurum ubi abstrudebat
 senex.

710 ubi ille abiit, ego me dorsum duco de arbore,
 exfodio aulam auri plenam. inde ex eo loco
 video recipere se senem; ille me non videt,
 nam ego declinavi paululum me extra viam.
 attat, eccum ipsum. ibo ut hoc condem domum.

IV. 9.*Eucl.*

Perii interii occidi. quo curram? quo non curram?
 tene, tene. quem? quis?
 nescio, nil video, caecus eo atque equidem quo
 eam aut ubi sim aut qui sim
 nequeo cum animo certum investigare. obsecro
 vos ego, mi auxilio,
 oro obtestor, sitis et hominem demonstratis, quis
 eam abstulerit.

quid est? quid ridetis? novi omnes, scio fures
 esse hic complures,
 qui vestitu et creta occultant sese atque sedent
 quasi sint frugi.
 quid ais tu? tibi credere certum est, nam esse
 bonum ex voltu cognosco.
 720 hem, nemo habet horum? occidisti. dic igitur,
 quis habet? nescis?

heu me miserum, misere perii,
 male perditus, pessime ornatus eo:
 tantum gemitu et mali maestitiaequae
 hic dies mi optulit, famem et pauperiem.

perditissimus ego sum omnium in terra;
 nam quid mi opust vita, qui tantum auri
 perdidit, quod concustodivi
 sedulo? egomet me defraudavi
 animumque meum geniumque meum;
 nunc eo alii laetificantur
 meo malo et damno. pati nequeo.

Lyc.

Quinam homo hic ante aedis nostras eiulans
 conqueritur maerens?
 atque hic quidem Euclio est, ut opinor. oppido
 ego interii: palamst res,
 scit peperisse iam, ut ego opinor, filiam suam.
 nunc mi incertumst
 730 abeam an maneam, an adeam an fugiam quid
 agam edepol nescio.

IV. 10.*Eucl.*

Quis homo hic loquitur?

*Lyc.***Scene 8.**ENTER *Strobilus* WITH POT.*Strob.*

(*elated*) Woodpeckers that haunt the Hills of
 Gold, eh! I can buy 'em up my own single self. As
 for the rest of your big kings—not worth
 mentioning, poor beggarlets! I am the great King
 Philip. Oh, this is a grand day! Why, after I left
 here a while ago I got there long before him and
 was up in a tree long before he came: and from
 there I spotted where the old chap hid the stuff.

After he'd gone I scabbled down, dug up the pot
 full of gold! Then I saw him coming back from
 the place; he didn't see me, though. I slipped off
 a bit to one side of the road (*looking down street*)
 Aha! there he comes! I'll home and tuck this out
 of sight.

[EXIT *Strobilus*.]**Scene 9.**ENTER *Euclio* FRANTIC.*Eucl.*

(*running wildly back and forth*) I'm ruined, I'm
 killed, I'm murdered! Where shall I run? Where
 shan't I run? Stop thief! Stop thief! What thief?
 Who? I don't know! I can't see! I'm all in the
 dark! Yes, yes, and where I'm going, or where I
 am, or who I am—oh, I can't tell, I can't think! (*to*
audience) Help, help, for heaven's sake, I beg
 you, I implore you! Show the man that took it.

Eh, what's that? What are you grinning for? I
 know you, the whole lot of you! I know there are
 thieves here, plenty of 'em, that cover themselves
 up in dapper clothes and sit still as if they were
 honest men. (*to a spectator*) You, sir, what do
 you say? I'll trust you, I will, I will. Yes, you're a
 worthy gentleman, I can tell it from your face.
 Ha! none of them has it? Oh, you've killed me!
 Tell me, who has got it, then? You don't know?

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear! I'm a ruined man! I'm
 lost, lost! Oh, what a plight! Oh, such a cruel,
 disastrous, dismal day—it's made a starveling of
 me, a pauper!

I'm the forlornest wretch on earth! Ah, what is
 there in life for me when I've lost all that gold I
 guarded, oh, so carefully! I've denied myself,
 denied my own self comforts and pleasures; yes,
 and now others are making merry over my
 misery and loss! Oh, it's unendurable!

ENTER *Lyconides* FROM HOUSE OF *Megadorus*.*Lyc.*

Who in the world is raising all this howling,
 groaning hullabaloo before our house here?
 (*looking round*) Upon my word, it's Euclio, I do
 believe. (*drawing back*) My time has certainly
 come: it's all out. He's just learned about his
 daughter's child, I suppose. Now I can't decide
 whether to leave or stay, advance or retreat. By
 Jove, I don't know what to do!

Scene 10.*Eucl.*

(*hearing sound of voice only*) Who's that talking
 here?

Lyc.

	Ego sum miser.	(stepping forward) I'm the poor wretch, sir.
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Immo ego sum, et misere perditus, cui tanta mala maestitudoque optigit.	No, no, I'm the poor wretch, a poor ruined wretch, with all this trouble and tribulation.
	<i>Lyc.</i>	<i>Lyc.</i>
	Animo bono es.	Keep your courage up, sir.
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Quo, obsecro, pacto esse possum?	For heaven's sake how can I?
	<i>Lyc.</i>	<i>Lyc.</i>
	Quia istuc facinus, quod tuom sollicitat animum, id ego feci et fateor.	Well, sir, that outrage that distresses you— (hesitantly) I'm to blame, and I confess it, sir.
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Quid ego ex te audio?	Hey? What's that?
	<i>Lyc.</i>	<i>Lyc.</i>
	Id quod verumst.	The truth.
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Quid ego de te commerui, adulescens, mali. quam ob rem ita faceres meque meosque perditum ires liberos?	How have I ever harmed you, young man, for you to act like this and try to ruin me and my children?
	<i>Lyc.</i>	<i>Lyc.</i>
	Deus impulsor mihi fuit, is me ad illam inlexit.	It was some demon got hold of me, sir, and led me on.
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Quo modo?	How is this?
	<i>Lyc.</i>	<i>Lyc.</i>
	Fateor peccavisse et me culpam commeritum scio; id adeo te oratum advenio ut animo aequo ignoscas mihi.	I admit I've done wrong, sir; I deserve your reproaches, and I know it; more than that, I've come to beg you to be patient and forgive me.
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
740	Cur id ausu's facere, ut id quod non tuom esset tangeres?	How did you dare do it, dare touch what didn't belong to you?
	<i>Lyc.</i>	<i>Lyc.</i>
	Quid vis fieri? factum est illud: fieri infectum non potest. deos credo voluisse; nam ni vellent, nori fieret, scio.	(penitently) Well, well, sir,—it's done, and it can't be undone. I think it must have been fated; otherwise it wouldn't have happened, I'm sure of that.
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	At ego deos credo voluisse ut apud me te in nervo enicem.	Yes, and I think it must have been fated that I'm to shackle you at my house and murder you!
	<i>Lyc.</i>	<i>Lyc.</i>
	Ne istuc dixis.	Don't say that, sir.
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Quid tibi ergo meam me invito tactiost?	Then why did you lay hands on what was mine, without my permission?
	<i>Lyc.</i>	<i>Lyc.</i>
	Quia vini vitio atque amoris feci.	It was all because of drink... and... love, sir.
	<i>Eucl.</i>	<i>Eucl.</i>
	Homo audacissime, cum istacin te oratione huc ad me adire ausum, impudens! nam si istuc ius est ut tu istuc excusare possies, luci claro deripiamus aurum matronis palam, post id si prehensi simus, excusemus ebrios nos fecisse amoris causa. nimis vilest vinum atque amor, si ebrio atque amanti impune facere quod lubeat licet.	The colossal impudence of it! To dare to come to me with a tale like that, you shameless rascal! Why, if it's legal to clear yourself that way, we should be stripping ladies of their jewellery on the public highways in broad daylight! And then when we were caught we'd excuse ourselves on the score that we were drunk, and did it out of love. Drink and love are altogether too cheap, if your drunken lover can do what he likes and not suffer for it.
	<i>Lyc.</i>	<i>Lyc.</i>
750	Quin tibi ultro supplicatum venio obstultitiam meam.	Yes, but I've come of my own accord sir, to entreat you to pardon my madness.

	<i>Eucl.</i> Non mi homines placent qui quando male fecerunt purigant. tu illam scibas non tuam esse. non attactam oportuit.	<i>Eucl.</i> I have no patience with men who do wrong and then try to explain it away. You knew you had no right to act so: you should have kept hands off.
	<i>Lyc.</i> Ergo quia sum tangere ausus, haud causificor quin eam ego habeam potissimum.	<i>Lyc.</i> Well, now that I did venture to act so, I have no objection to holding to it, sir,—I ask nothing better.
	<i>Eucl.</i> Tun habeas me invito meam?	<i>Eucl.</i> (<i>more angry</i>) Hold to it? Against my will?
	<i>Lyc.</i> Haud te invito postulo, sed meam esse oportere arbitror. quin tu iam invenies, inquam, meam illam esse oportere, Euclio.	<i>Lyc.</i> I won't insist on it against your will, sir, but I do think my claim is just. Why, you'll soon come to realize the justice of it yourself, sir, I assure you.
	<i>Eucl.</i> Iam quidem hercle te ad praetorem rapiam et tibi scribam dicam, nisi refers.	<i>Eucl.</i> I'll march you off to court and sue you, by heaven I will, this minute, unless you bring it back.
	<i>Lyc.</i> Quid tibi ego referam?	<i>Lyc.</i> I? Bring what back?
760	<i>Eucl.</i> Quod surripuisti meum.	<i>Eucl.</i> What you stole from me.
	<i>Lyc.</i> Surripui ego tuom? unde? aut quid id est?	<i>Lyc.</i> I stole something of yours? Where from? What?
	<i>Eucl.</i> Ita te amabit Iuppiter ut tu nescis.	<i>Eucl.</i> (<i>ironically</i>) God bless your innocence—you don't know!
	<i>Lyc.</i> Nisi quidem tu mihi quid quaeras dixeris.	<i>Lyc.</i> Not unless you say what you're looking for.
	<i>Eucl.</i> Aulam auri, inquam, te resposco, quam tu confessu's mihi te abstulisse.	<i>Eucl.</i> The pot of gold, I tell you; I want back the pot of gold you owned up to taking.
	<i>Lyc.</i> Neque edepol ego dixi neque feci.	<i>Lyc.</i> Great heavens, man! I never said that or did it, either.
	<i>Eucl.</i> Negas?	<i>Eucl.</i> You deny it?
	<i>Lyc.</i> Pernego immo. nam neque ego aurum neque istaec aula quae siet scio nec novi.	<i>Lyc.</i> Deny it? Absolutely. Why, I don't know, haven't any idea, about your gold, or what that pot is.
	<i>Eucl.</i> Illam, ex Silvani luco quam abstuleras, cedo. i, refer. dimidiam tecum potius partem dividam. tam etsi fur mihi es, molestus non ero. i vero, refer.	<i>Eucl.</i> The one you took from the grove of Silvanus— give it me. Go, bring it back. (<i>pleadingly</i>) You can have half of it, yes, yes, I'll divide. Even though you are such a thief, I won't make any trouble for you. Do, do go and bring it back, oh do!
770	<i>Lyc.</i> Sanus tu non es qui furem me voces. ego te, Euclio, de alia re rescivisse censui, quod ad me attinet; 16 magna est res quam ego tecum otiose, si otium est, cupio loqui.	<i>Lyc.</i> Man alive, you're out of your senses, calling me a thief. I supposed you had found out about something else that does concern me, Euclio. There's an important matter I'm anxious to talk over quietly with you, sir, if you're at leisure.
	<i>Eucl.</i> Dic bona fide: tu id aurum non surripuisti?	<i>Eucl.</i> Give me your word of honour: you didn't steal that gold?
	<i>Lyc.</i> Bona.	<i>Lyc.</i> (<i>shaking his head</i>) On my honour.
	<i>Eucl.</i> Neque eum scis qui abstulerit?	<i>Eucl.</i> And you don't know the man that did take it?

	<i>Lyc.</i>		<i>Lyc.</i>
		Istuc quoque bona.	Nor that, either, on my honour.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
		Atque id si scies qui abstulerit, mihi indicabis?	And if you learn who took it, you'll inform me?
	<i>Lyc.</i>		<i>Lyc.</i>
		Faciam.	I will.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
		Neque partem tibi ab eo qui habet indipisces neque furem excipies?	And you won't go shares with the man that has it, or shield the thief?
	<i>Lyc.</i>		<i>Lyc.</i>
		Ita.	No.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
		Quid si fallis?	What if you deceive me?
	<i>Lyc.</i>		<i>Lyc.</i>
		Tum me faciat quod volt magnus Iuppiter.	Then, sir, may I be dealt with as great God sees fit.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
		Sat habeo. age nunc loquere quid vis.	That will suffice. All right now, say what you want.
	<i>Lyc.</i>		<i>Lyc.</i>
		Si me novisti minus, genere quo sim gnatus: hic mihi est Megadorus avonculus, meus pater fuit Antimachus, ego vocor Lyconides. mater est Eunomia.	In case you're not acquainted with my family connections, sir,—Megadorus here is my uncle: my father was Antimachus, and my own name is Lyconides: Eunomia is my mother.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
780		Novi genus. nunc quid vis? id volo noscere.	I know who you are. Now what do you want? That's what I wish to know.
	<i>Lyc.</i>		<i>Lyc.</i>
		Filiam ex te tu habes.	You have a daughter.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
		Immo eccillam domi.	Yes, yes, at home there!
	<i>Lyc.</i>		<i>Lyc.</i>
		Eam tu despondisti, opinor, meo avonculo?	You have betrothed her to my uncle, I understand.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
		Omnem rem tenes.	Precisely, precisely.
	<i>Lyc.</i>		<i>Lyc.</i>
		Is me nunc renuntiare repudium iussit tibi.	He has asked me to inform you now that he breaks the engagement.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
		Repudium rebus paratis, exornatis nuptiis? ut illum di immortales omnes deaeque quantum est perduint, quem propter hodie auri tantum perdidit infelix, miser.	(<i>furious</i>) Breaks the engagement, with everything ready, the wedding prepared for? May all the everlasting powers above consume that villain that's to blame for my losing my gold, all that gold, poor God forsaken creature that I am!
	<i>Lyc.</i>		<i>Lyc.</i>
		Bono animo es, bene dice. nunc quae res tibi et gnatae tuae bene feliciterque vortat—ita di faxint, inquito.	Brace up, sir: don't curse. And now for some thing that I pray will turn out well and happily for yourself and your daughter—"God grant it may!" Say that.
	<i>Eucl.</i>		<i>Eucl.</i>
		Ita di faciant.	(<i>doubtfully</i>) God grant it may!
	<i>Lyc.</i>		<i>Lyc.</i>
790		Et mihi ita di faciant. audi nunciam. qui homo culpam admisit in se, nullust tam parvi preti, quom pudeat, quin purget sese. nunc te obtestor, Euclio, ut si quid ego erga te imprudens peccavi aut	And God grant it may for me, too! Now listen, sir. There isn't a man alive so worthless but what he wants to clear himself when he's done wrong and is ashamed. Now, sir, if I've injured you or your daughter without realizing what I was doing, I implore you to forgive me and let me marry her

gnatam tuam,
ut mi ignoscas eamque uxorem mihi des, ut leges
iubent.
ego me iniuriam fecisse filiae fateor tuae,
Cereris vigiliis, per vinum atque impulsu
adulescentiae.

Eucl.

Ei mihi, quod ego facinus ex te audio?

Lyc.

Cur eiulas,
quem ego avom feci iam ut esses filiae nuptus?
nam tua gnata peperit, decumo mense post:
numerum cape;
ea re repudium remisit avonculus causa mea.
i intro, exquaere, sitne ita ut ego praedico.

Eucl.

800 Perii oppido,
ita mihi ad malum malae res plurimae se
adglutinant.
ibo intro, ut quid huius verum sit sciam.

Lyc.

Iam te sequor
haec propemodum iam esse in vado salutis res
videtur
nunc servom esse ubi dicam meum Strobilum
non reperio;
nisi etiam hic opperiar tamen paulisper, postea
intro
hunc subsequar. nunc interim spatium ei dabo
exquirendi
meum factum ex gnatae pedisequa nutrice anu.
ea rem novit.

ACTVS V

Strob.

Di immortales quibus et quantis me donatis
gaudiis.
quadrilibrem aulam auro onustam habeo. quis
me est ditior?
810 quis me Athenis nunc magis quisquam est homo
cui di sint propitii?

Lyc.

Certo enim ego vocem hic loquentis modo mi
audire visus sum.

Strob.

Hem,
erumne ego aspicio meum?

Lyc.

Videon ego hunc servom meum?

Strob.

Ipsus est.

Lyc.

Haud alius est.

Strob.

Congrediar.

Lyc.

Contollam gradum.
credo ego illum, ut iussi, eampse anum adisse,
huius nutricem virginis.

Strob.

as I'm legally bound to. (*nervously*) It was the
night of Ceres' festival... and what with wine
and... a young fellow's natural impulses
together... I wronged her, I confess it.

Eucl.

Oh, oh, my God! What villainy am I hearing of?

Lyc.

(*patting his shoulder*) Lamenting, sir, lamenting,
when you're a grandfather, and this your
daughter's wedding day? You see it's the tenth
month since the festival—reckon it up—and we
have a child, sir. This explains my uncle's
breaking the engagement: he did it for my sake.
Go in and inquire if it isn't just as I tell you.

Eucl.

Oh, my life is wrecked, wrecked! The way
calamities swarm down and settle on me one
after another! Go in I will, and have the truth of
it!

[EXIT INTO HIS HOUSE.]

Lyc.

(*as he disappears*) I'll soon be with you, sir. (*after
a pause, contentedly*) It does look as if we were
pretty nearly safe in the shallows now. (*looking
around*) Where in the world my fellow Strobilus
is I can't imagine. Well, the only thing to do is to
wait here a bit longer; then I'll join father-in-law
inside. Meanwhile I'll let him have an opportunity
to inquire into the case from the old nurse that's
been his daughter's maid: she knows about it all.
(*waits in doorway*)

ACT V

ENTER *Strobilus*.

Strob.

Ye immortal gods, what joy, what bliss, ye bless
me with! I have a four pound pot of gold, chock
full of gold! Show me a man that's richer! Who's
the chap in all Athens now that Heaven's kinder
to than me?

Lyc.

Why, it surely seemed as if I heard some one's
voice just then. (*catches a glimpse of Strobilus's
face, the latter wheeling around as he sees
Lyconides*)

Strob.

(*aside*) Hm! Is that master there?

Lyc.

(*aside*) My servant, is it?

Strob.

(*aside, after a quick glance*) It's the governor.

Lyc.

(*aside*) Himself.

Strob.

(*aside*) Here goes. (*moves toward Lyconides*)

Lyc.

(*aside*) I'll go meet him. No doubt he's followed
instructions and been to see that old woman I
mentioned, my girl's nurse.

Strob.

	Quin ego illi me invenisse dico hanc praedam ¹⁷ ? igitur orabo ut manu me emittat. ibo atque eloquar. repperi— <i>Lyc.</i> Quid repperisti? <i>Strob.</i> Non quod pueri clamitant in faba se repperisse. <i>Lyc.</i> Iamne autem, ut soles? deludis. <i>Strob.</i> Ere, mane, eloquar iam, ausculta. <i>Lyc.</i> Age ergo loquere. <i>Strob.</i> 820 Repperi hodie, ere, divitias nimias. <i>Lyc.</i> Ubinam? <i>Strob.</i> Quadrilibrem, inquam, aulam auri plenam. <i>Lyc.</i> Quod ego facinus audio ex te? Euclioni hic seni subripuit. ubi id est aurum? <i>Strob.</i> In arca apud me. nunc volo me emitti manu. <i>Lyc.</i> Egone te emittam manu, scelerum cumulatissime? <i>Strob.</i> Abi, ere, scio quam rem geras. lepide hercle animum tuom temptavi. iam ut eriperes apparabas: quid faceres, si repperissem? <i>Lyc.</i> Non potes probasse nugas. i, redde aurum. <i>Strob.</i> Reddam ego aurum? <i>Lyc.</i> Redde, inquam, ut huic reddatur. <i>Strob.</i> Unde? <i>Lyc.</i> Quod modo fassu's esse in arca. <i>Strob.</i> 830 Soleo hercle ego garrere nugas. <i>Lyc.</i> ¹⁸ <i>Strob.</i> Ita loquor. <i>Lyc.</i> At scin quomodo? ¹⁹	(<i>aside</i>) Why not tell him I've found this prize? Then I'll beg him to set me free. I'll up and let him have the whole story. (<i>to Lyconides, as they meet</i>) I've found— <i>Lyc.</i> (<i>scoffingly</i>) Found what? <i>Strob.</i> No such trifle as youngsters hurrah over finding in a bean. ^E <i>Lyc.</i> At your old tricks? You're chaffing. (<i>pretends to be about to leave</i>) <i>Strob.</i> Hold on, sir: I'll tell you all about it this minute. Listen. <i>Lyc.</i> Well, well, then, tell away. <i>Strob.</i> Sir, to-day I've found—boundless riches! <i>Lyc.</i> (<i>interested</i>) You have? Where? <i>Strob.</i> A four pound pot, sir, I tell you, a four pound pot just full of gold! <i>Lyc.</i> What's all this you've done? He's the man that robbed old Euclio. Where is this gold? <i>Strob.</i> In a box at home. Now I want you to set me free. <i>Lyc.</i> (<i>angrily</i>) I set you free, you, you great lump of iniquity? <i>Strob.</i> (<i>crestfallen, then laughing heartily</i>) Go along with you, sir! I know what you're after. Gad! that was clever of me, testing you in that way! And you were just getting ready to drop on it! Now what would you be doing, if I really had found it? <i>Lyc.</i> No, no, that won't pass. Off with you: hand over the gold. <i>Strob.</i> Hand over the gold? I? <i>Lyc.</i> Yes, hand it over, so that it may be handed over to Euclio. <i>Strob.</i> Gold? Where from? <i>Lyc.</i> The gold you just admitted was in the box. <i>Strob.</i> <i>Lyc.</i> (<i>seizing him</i>) See here, do you know what you'll get?
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Strob.

Vel hercle enica,
numquam hinc ferēs a me.

Strob.

By heaven, sir, you can even kill me, but you
won't have it from me, never—

*The rest of the play is lost, save for a few fragments. Apparently
Lyconides, on returning the pot of gold, was given permission to marry
Euclio's daughter; and Euclio, having a change of heart, or influenced by
his Household God, gave it to the young couple as a wedding present.*

FRAGMENTA

- I pro illis corcotis, strophiiis, sumptu uxorio
- II ut admemordit hominem
Eucl.
- III ego ecfodiebam in die denos scrobes.
Eucl.
- IV nec noctu nec diu
quietus umquam servabam eam: nunc dormiam.
- V qui mi holera cruda ponunt, hallec addunt.

FRAGMENTS

- Instead of those fine saffron dresses, girdles,
trousseau outlay
- How he fleeced the man
Eucl.
- I used to be digging ten ditches a day.
Eucl.
- I never had a bit of rest day or night watching it:
now I shall sleep.
- People that serve me raw vegetables ought to
add some sauce.

[1.](#) Leo brackets following v., 266:
*credo ego illum iam inaudivisse mi esse thesaurum
domi.*]

[2.](#) 299, 300 inverted, Gulielmus: Leo, following
Havet, assumes lacuna after 298.

[3.](#) Leo notes lacuna here. *etiam tu* Leo.

[4.](#) Corrupt (Leo): *stultu's et sine gratiast ibi*
Gulielmus.

[5.](#) Leo brackets following v., 393:
*nimirum occidor, nisi ego intro huc propere propero
currere.*

[6.](#) *Attatae* Lindsay: *optate* MSS: *cives* V2: *vires* B:
vives D V1.

[7.](#) Corrupt (Leo): Goetz deletes *coepit*.

[8.](#) Corrupt (Leo): *manupretium* Leo for *manubrium*.

[9.](#) Leo brackets following v., 472:
quid opust verbis? acta est pugna in gallo gallinacio.

[10.](#) Corrupt (Leo): *myrobaptarii* Leo.

[11.](#) Leo brackets following v., 515:
petunt fullones, sorcinatores petunt.

[12.](#) *curiosam* MSS: *curionem* Gulielmus, followed by
Leo and others.

[13.](#) Leo brackets following v., 592-598:
*nam qui amanti ero servitatem servit, quasi ego
servio,
si erum videt superare amorem, hoc servi est
officium reor,
retinere ad salutem, non enim quo incumbat eo
impellere.*

(595) *quasi pueri qui nare discunt scirpea induitur ratis,
qui laborent minus, facilius ut nent et moveant
manus,
eodem modo servom ratem esse amanti ero aequom
censeo,
ut eum toleret, ne pessum abeat tamquam—*

[14.](#) Corrupt (Leo): *eri ille* Wagner.

[15.](#) Corrupt (Leo): *revideam* Bothe.

[16.](#) Corrupt (Leo): *res* excised by Hare.

[17.](#) *praedam atque eloquar* MSS: Leo brackets *atque
eloquar*.

[18.](#) Leo notes lacuna here: *Non te habere dicis*

[A.](#) The last born, or born after the father's death.

[B.](#) The use of wine was forbidden at the festival
called the *Cereris nuptiae*.

[C.](#) Geryon was a giant with three heads and bodies.

[D.](#) Perhaps of glass, of which the Phoenicians were
reputedly the inventors.

[E.](#) It is uncertain what they did find.

[13.](#)
For when a slave's slaving it like I am for a master
who is in love, if he sees his master's heart is
running away with him, it's the slave's duty, in my
opinion, to hold him in and save him and not hurry
him on the way he's headed.

It's like boys learning to swim: they lie on a rush
float so as not to have to work so hard and so as to
swim more easily and use their arms. In the same
way I hold that a slave ought to be his master's float,
if his master's in love, so as to support him and not
let him go to the bottom like—

aurum Leo.

[19.](#) Leo notes lacuna here: *Verberibus caedere donec reddideris* Leo.

BACCHIDES

THE TWO BACCHISES

Dramatis Personae	ACT IV
Summary of missing text	Scene 2
Fragments	Scene 3
(ACT I)	Scene 4
Scene 2	Scene 5
ACT II	Scene 6
Scene 2	Scene 7
Scene 3	Scene 8
ACT III	Scene 9
Scene 2	Scene 10
Scene 3	ACT V
Scene 4	Scene 2
Scene 5	Epilogue
Scene 6	Footnotes

PERSONAE

PISTOCLERVS ADVLESCENS
BACCHIS - SOROR MERETRIX
BACCHIS - SOROR MERETRIX
LYDVS PAEDAGOGVS
CHRYSALVS SERVVS
NICOBVLVS SENEX
MNESILOCHVS ADVLESCENS
PHILOXENVVS SENEX
PARASITVS
PVER
ARTAMO LORARIVS
CLEOMACHVS MILES

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PISTOCLERUS, *son of Philoxenus.*
BACCHIS OF ATHENS, *courtesan.*
BACCHIS OF SAMOS, *her sister, courtesan.*
LYDUS, *slave of Philoxenus and tutor of Pistoclerus.*
CHRYSALUS, *slave of Nicobulus and Mnesilochus.*
NICOBULUS, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
MNESILOCHUS, *his son.*
PHILOXENUS, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
A PARASITE, *a retainer of the Captain's.*
A PAGE *in the service of the Captain.*
ARTAMO, *Nicobulus's slave overseer.*
CLEOMACHUS, *a Captain.*

Scene:—Athens. A street with the houses of Bacchis and Nicobulus side by side.

The first part of the play is lost, save for a few fragments, together with the last part of THE POT OF GOLD: Leo's summary of it follows:

Pistoclerus has received a letter from his friend Mnesilochus at Ephesus asking for help in his love affair. He has been captivated by a girl there named Bacchis, who has been hired for a year by a certain Captain Cleomachus and taken by him to Athens. Mnesilochus wishes his friend to find Bacchis and obtain her release from the Captain. A servant of Bacchis of Athens has gone down to the harbour and comes back to her mistress with the report that her sister Bacchis has arrived. In charge of

a slave of the Captain's this sister appears. The sisters meet with Pistoclus, who is in search of his friend's sweetheart, and determine to make him useful.

FRAGMENTA

I (IV G)	quibus ingenium in animo utibilest, modicum et sine vernilitate
II (V)	vincla, virgae, molae: saevitudo mala fit peior
III (VI)	converrite ¹ scopis, agite strenue
IV (VII)	ecquis evocat cum nassiterna et cum aqua istum impurissimum?
V (VIII)	sicut lacte lactis similest <i>Bacch.</i>
VI (III)	illa mi cognominis fuit
VII (IX)	latro suam qui auro vitam venditat
VIII (X)	scio spiritum eius maiorem esse multo quam folles taurini habent, cum liquescunt petrae, ferrum ubi fit.
IX (XI)	Cuiatis tibi visust? Praenestinum opino esse, ita erat gloriosus. neque id haud subditiva gloria oppidum arbitrator. <i>Puer.</i>
X (XVII)	ne a quoquam acciperes alio mercedem annuam, nisi ab sese, nec cum quiquam limares caput.
XI (XVIII)	limaces viri
XII (XIII)	cor meum, spes mea, mel meum, suavitudo, cibus, gaudium.
XIII (XIV)	sine te amem
XIV (XIX)	Cupidon tecum saevust anne Amor?
XV (I)	Vlixem audivi fuisse aerumnosissimum, qui annis viginti errans a patria afruit; verum hic adulescens multo Vlixem anteit ² qui ilico errat intra muros civicos.
XVI (II)	quidquid est nomen sibi <i>Pistoc.</i>
XVII	quae sodalem atque me exercitos habet
XVIII	nam credo cuivis excantare cor potes.
XIX	sin lenocinium forte collibitum est tibi, videas mercedis quid tibi est aecum dari, 30 ne istac aetate me sectere gratiis.
XX	Arabus.
	<i>Bacch.</i> Quid si hoc potis est ut tu taceas, ego loquar? <i>Soror</i> Lepide, licet. <i>Bacch.</i> Ubi me fugiet memoria, ibi tu facito ut subvenias, soror. <i>Soror</i> Pol magis metuo, ne defuerit mi in monendo oratio.

FRAGMENTS

Those with a mental make-up of the right sort, modest and civil.
Shackles, whips, work in the mill: frightful cruelty gets to be more frightful.
Sweep (it) up with your brooms: come, be lively.
Some one call out that vile wretch with a big pail and some water.
As much alike as two drops of milk are. <i>Bacch.</i>
She had the same name as myself
A mercenary who sells his life for gold.
I'm sure his breathing's much louder than the puffs from a bull's-hide bellows when they're melting rocks at the iron-works.
Where does he come from, do you think? Praeneste, probably, to judge from his boasting. I don't think the town's fame is at all supposititious.
<i>Page</i>
Not to let you take a yearly fee from anyone else but him, or rub heads with anyone.
Slugs of men.
My heart, my hope, my honey, sweetness, food delight.
Do let me love you
Is it Cupid, or Love, raging within you?
They say Ulysses had an awfully hard time of it, away from home as he was for twenty years, wandering round. But this young gentleman is a long way ahead of Ulysses with his wandering round here inside the city walls.
Whatever her (his) name is <i>Pistoc.</i>
A girl that has been keeping my chum and me exercised
For I do believe you can witch the heart out of anyone you please
But if pandering happens to have caught your fancy, you should consider what price ought to be paid you, that you may not run after me at that time of life for nothing.
Arabian
<i>Bacchis</i> AND HER SISTER ARE STANDING TOGETHER TALKING. <i>Pistoclus</i> APART. <i>Bacch.</i>
How about your keeping a quiet tongue yourself, if possible, and my doing the talking? <i>Soror</i>
Charming! By all means. <i>Bacch.</i>
In case my memory deserts me, see you come to the rescue, sister. <i>Soror</i>
Goodness me! I'm more afraid of sage suggestions failing myself.

Bacch.

Pol ego metuo, lusciniolae ne defuerit cantio.
sequere hac.

Pistoc.

Quid agunt duae germanae meretrices
cognomines?
quid in consilio consulistis?

Bacch.

Bene.

Pistoc.

40 Pol haud meretricium est.

Bacch.

Miserius nihil est quam mulier.

Pistoc.

Quid esse dices dignius?

Bacch.

Haec ita me orat, sibi qui caveat aliquem ut
hominem reperiam,
ut istunc militem—ut, ubi emeritum sibi sit, se
revehat domum.
id, amabo te, huic caveas.

Pistoc.

Quid isti caveam?

Bacch.

Ut revehatur domum,
ubi ei dederit operas, ne hanc ille habeat pro
ancilla sibi;
nam si haec habeat aurum quod illi renumeret,
faciat lubens.

Pistoc.

Ubi nunc is homost?

Bacch.

Iam hic credo aderit. sed hoc idem apud
nos rectius
poteris agere; atque is dum veniat, sedens ibi
opperibere.
eadem biberis, eadem dedero tibi, ubi biberis,
savium.

Pistoc.

Viscus merus vostrast blanditia.

Bacch.

Quid iam?

Pistoc.

50 Quia enim intellego,
duae unum expetitis palumbem,³ perii harundo
alas verberat.
non ego istuc facinus mihi, mulier, conducibile
esse arbitror.

Bacch.

Qui, amabo?

Pistoc.

Quia, Bacchis, bacchas metuo et
bacchanal tuom.

Bacch.

Quid est? quid metuis? ne tibi lectus malitiam
apud me suadeat?

Pistoc.

Magis illectum tuom quam lectum metuo. mala
tu es bestia.
nam huic aetati non conducit, mulier, latebrosus
locus.

Bacch.

(*laughing*) Goodness me! And I'm afraid of song
failing the little nightingale. Come on. (*leads the
way toward Pistoclerus*)

Pistoc.

(*aside, nervously*) What are those two up to,
those harlot sisters with the same name? (*aloud,
trying to assume the air of a man of the world*)
What have you girls settled on in that session?

Bacch.

Something nice.

Pistoc.

By Jove! Unusual in the profession!

Bacch.

(*in apparent dejection*) Oh, there's nothing more
miserable than a woman!

Pistoc.

And what ought to be more so, in your opinion?

Bacch.

My sister here is imploring me to find some one
to stand by her, so that our Captain—so that he
may carry her back home when she's served her
time. Do stand by her in this, there's a dear.

Pistoc.

Stand by her? How?

Bacch.

To have her carried back home when she's
finished her service, so that he mayn't keep her
for his maid servant. Why, if she only had the
money to pay him back, she'd be glad to do it.

Pistoc.

Where is this man at present?

Bacch.

He'll be here soon, I suppose. But this is a matter
you can manage better at our house; yes, you sit
down and wait there till he comes. (*coaxingly*)
You shall have something to drink, too, and after
that I'll give you just the nicest sort of kiss, too.

Pistoc.

Nothing but birdlime, these honeyed words.

Bacch.

Oh now, why?

Pistoc.

Well, because here you are, the pair of you, after
one lone pigeon. (*aside*) Damnation! The limed
twigs are brushing my wings! (*aloud, stiffly*)
Madam, I consider this an unprofitable business
for me to be in.

Bacch.

Bless your heart, why so?

Pistoc.

Well, Bacchis, I'm afraid of Bacchantes and your
Bacchante resort.

Bacch.

How's that? What are you afraid of? The couch's
tempting you to be naughty with me?

Pistoc.

It's not so much the couch as the couch's alluring
occupant I'm afraid of. You're a dangerous
animal. Why, dens of darkness don't become a
young fellow like me.

Bacch.

Egomet, apud me si quid stulte facere cupias,
prohibeam.
sed ego apud me te esse ob eam rem, miles cum
veniat, volo,
quia, cum tu aderis, huic mihi que haud faciet
quisquam iniuriam:
60 tu prohibebis, et eadem opera tuo sodali operam
dabis;
et ille adveniens tuam me esse amicam
suspiciabitur.
quid, amabo, optuicisti?

Pistoc.

Quia istaec lepida sunt memoratui:
eadem in usu atque ubi periculum facias, aculeata
sunt,
animum fodiant, bona distulant, facta et
famam sauciant.

Soror

Quid ab hac metuis?

Pistoc.

(66) Quid ego metuam rogitas? adolescens
homo
penetrem me huius modi in palaestram, ubi
damnis desudascitur?⁴

Bacch.

Lepide memoras.

Pistoc.

(68) Ubi ego capiam pro machaera turturem,⁵
70 pro galea scaphium, pro insigni sit corolla
plectilis,
pro hasta talos, pro lorica malacum capiam
pallium,
ubi mihi pro equo lectus detur, scortum pro scuto
accubet?
apage a me, apage.

Bacch.

Ah, nimium ferus es.

Pistoc.

Mihi sum.

Bacch.

Malacissandus es.
equidem tibi do hanc operam.

Pistoc.

Ah, nimium pretiosa es operaria.

Bacch.

Simulato me amare.

Pistoc.

Utrum ego istuc iocum adsimulem an
serio?

Bacch.

Heia, hoc agere meliust. miles quom huc
adveniat, te volo
me amplexari.

Pistoc.

Quid eo mi opus est?

Bacch.

Ut ille te videat volo.
scio quid ago.

Pistoc.

Et pol ego scio quid metuo. sed quid ais?

Bacch.

(*quite artless*) If you felt like doing anything silly
there with me, I'd stop you my own self. But this
is why I want you to be at my house when the
Captain comes—because no one will do her
(*pointing to sister*) or me any harm when you're
by. You'll prevent it, and be helping along your
chum at the same time; and when that military
man arrives, he'll take me for your sweetheart.
Now, now, my dearie,—why so silent?

Pistoc.

Because those words of yours have a pretty
sound: but when a fellow takes 'em up and tries
'em they're barbed—they pink a heart, run a
fortune through, disable a character and
reputation.

Soror

Why are you afraid of her?

Pistoc.

Why am I afraid of her, eh? A young fellow like
me to enter a physical training school of this sort
(*pointing to Bacchis's house*) where a man only
sweats himself to insolvency?

Bacch.

(*with pretended admiration*) You do say such
clever things!

Pistoc.

Where my sword would be a turtle dove, my
helmet a wine bowl, my plume a woven chaplet,
my spear a dice box, my corselet a downy robe;
where I'd be given a couch for a horse, with a
bad, bad girl beside me for a buckler? Hence!
Avaunt!

Bacch.

Ah, you're too hard on us!

Pistoc.

I am hard on myself.

Bacch.

We'll have to soften you. Yes indeed, I'll take you
in hand myself—(*fondling him*) this way.

Pistoc.

(*submitting reluctantly*) Ah, your handiwork is
too expensive.

Bacch.

Do make believe you love me.

Pistoc.

(*smiling*) Make believe in fun, or as if I meant
business?

Bacch.

(*reprovingly*) Now, now! here's what we'd better
do. When the Captain arrives I want you to hug
me.

Pistoc.

What's the use of my doing that?

Bacch.

I want him to see you. I know what I'm doing.

Pistoc.

Gad! And I know what I'm fearing. But, I say.

Bacch.

Quid est?

Pistoc.

80 Quid si apud te eveniat desubito prandium aut
potatio
forte aut cena, ut solet in istis fieri conciliabulis,
ubi ego tum accumbam?

Bacch.

Apud me, mi anime, ut lepidus cum
lepida accubet.
locus hic apud nos, quamvis subito venias,
semper liber est.
ubi tu lepide voles esse tibi "mea rosa," mihi
dicito
"dato qui bene sit": ego ubi bene sit tibi locum
lepidum dabo.

Pistoc.

Rapidus fluvius est hic, non hac temere transiri
potest.

Bacch.

Atque ecastor apud hunc fluvium aliquid
perdendumst tibi.
manum da et sequere.

Pistoc.

Aha, minime.

Bacch.

Quid ita?

Pistoc.

Quia istoc inlecebrosius
fieri nil potest: nox mulier vinum homini
adulescentulo.

Bacch.

90 Age igitur, equidem pol nihili facio nisi causa tua.
ille quidem hanc abducet; tu nullus adfueris, si
non lubet.

Pistoc.

Sumne autem nihili, qui nequeam ingenio
moderari meo?

Bacch.

Quid est quod metuas?

Pistoc.

Nihil est, nugae. mulier, tibi me
emancupo:
tuos sum, tibi dedo operam.

Bacch.

Lepidu's. nunc ego te facere hoc volo.
ego sorori meae cenam hodie dare volo viaticam:
eo tibi argentum iubebo iam intus ecferris foras;
tu facito opsonatum nobis sit opulentum
opsonium.

Pistoc.

Ego opsonabo, nam id flagitium meum sit, mea te
gratia
et operam dare mi et ad eam operam facere
sumptum de tuo.

Bacch.

At ego nolo dare te quicquam.

Pistoc.

Sine.

Bacch.

Bacch.

Well?

Pistoc.

What if there should happen to be an impromptu
luncheon or drinking party at your house, or a
dinner party, perhaps—the ordinary thing at
resorts like yours—where would my place be
then?

Bacch.

Next to me, darling; a nice boy and a nice girl
side by side. This place at my house is your very
own always, no matter how unexpectedly you
come. Whenever you want to have a nice time
just say, "Give me a comfy place, rosey dear,"
and I'll give you a nice place to be comfy in.

Pistoc.

(*half to himself*) This is a rapid stream:
dangerous crossing here!

Bacch.

(*aside*) My conscience, yes! And a stream you're
bound to lose something in, young man! (*aloud*)
Give me your hand and come along. (*tries to take*
it)

Pistoc.

(*drawing back*) Oh no, not a bit of it!

Bacch.

Why not?

Pistoc.

Because a young fellow couldn't be offered a
more enticing combination than that—wine,
woman, and evening hours.

Bacch.

All right then. Dear me, I don't mind at all except
for your sake, indeed I don't. To be sure he'll
carry her off; but don't you come near me if you
don't like to. (*looks at him sadly and appealingly*)

Pistoc.

(*half aside*) So I've no mind at all, eh—no power
to control myself?

Bacch.

What is it you're afraid of?

Pistoc.

(*pauses, then ardently*) Nothing! Bagatelles! I
surrender myself to you, my lady: I'm all your
own; command me.

Bacch.

That's a nice boy! (*petting him*) Now this is what
I want you to do. I want to give my sister a
dinner to-day to celebrate her coming. I'll tell
them to bring you out some money at once, and
you're to see to provisioning us in perfectly
splendid style. (*turns to call to servant hither*)

Pistoc.

(*eagerly*) I'll stand the provisioning myself: why,
it wouldn't be decent of me to let you give me a
good time, in your kindness, and pay the bills for
it too.

Bacch.

(*glancing slyly at her sister*) But I don't want it to
cost you anything.

Pistoc.

Do let me.

Bacch.

Sino equidem, si lubet
propera, amabo.

Pistoc.

100 Prius hic adero quam te amare desinam.

Soror

Bene me accipies advenientem, mea soror.

Bacch.

Quid ita, obsecro?

Soror

Quia piscatus meo quidem animo hic tibi hodie
evenit bonus.

Bacch.

Meus ille quidemst. tibi nunc operam dabo de
Mnesilocho, soror,
ut hic accipias potius aurum, quam hinc eas cum
milite.

Soror

Cupio.

Bacch.

Dabitur opera. aqua calet. eamus hinc intro,
ut laves.
nam uti navi vecta es, credo timida es.

Soror

(106) Aliquantum, soror.⁶

Bacch.

(108) Sequere hac igitur me intro in lectum, ut sedes
lassitudinem.

I. 2.

Lydus

110 Iam dudum, Pistoclere, tacitus te sequor,
expectans quas tu res hoc ornatu geras.
namque ita me di ament, ut Lycurgus mihi
quidem
videtur posse hic ad nequitiam adducier.
quo nunc capessis ted hinc adversa via
cum tanta pompa?

Pistoc.

Huc.

Lydus

Quid huc? quis istic habet?

Pistoc.

Amor, Voluptas, Venus, Venustas, Gaudium,
Iocus, Ludus, Sermo, Suavisaviatio.

Lydus

Quid tibi commercist cum dis damnosissimis?

Pistoc.

Mali sunt homines, qui bonis dicunt male;
tu dis nec recte dicis: non aequom facis.

Lydus

120 An deus est ullus Sauvisaviatio?

Oh, very well, if you really want to. Hurry along,
there's a dear.

Pistoc.

(fondly) I'll be back before I've stopped loving
you.

[EXIT *Pistoclerus*.]

Soror

You're going to entertain me finely on my arrival,
sister mine.

Bacch.

Indeed? Why do you say that?

Soror

Well, that's something fine in the fish line (*with a
smile toward the retreating figure of Pistoclerus*)
you've landed to-day, at least I think so.

Bacch.

Oh yes, I've caught him all right. Now I must
help you out in regard to Mnesilochus, my dear,
so that you may pick up some money here rather
than go trooping off with the Captain.

Soror

I do so wish you would.

Bacch.

We'll see to it. (*going toward house*) The water's
hot: let's go inside so that you may bathe. For
after that sea trip of yours I dare say you're
feeling shaky.

Soror

More or less, sister.

Bacch.

Come on in with me then, so as to lie down and
get rested.

[EXEUNT.]

Scene 2.

(*An hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Pistoclerus* PRECEDED BY SLAVES CARRYING
PROVISIONS, FLOWERS, ETC. *Lydus* FOLLOWS.

Lydus

(*magisterially*) I have been following you in
silence for some time, Pistoclerus, waiting to see
what you were about with this gear. (*pointing to
slaves and their hampers*) Why, Lord love me, I
do believe Lycurgus^A himself could be led astray
here. Where are you betaking yourself now,
going away up the street with such a train?

Pistoc.

(*pointing to Bacchis's door*) Here.

Lydus

What do you mean by "here"? Who lives there?

Pistoc.

(*rapturously*) Love, Delight, Venus, Grace, Joy,
Jest, Jollity, Chitchat, Kissykissysweetkins!

Lydus

(*shocked*) What commerce have you with such
pernicious, pernicious deities?

Pistoc.

It takes a bad man to say bad things of the good;
you're blaspheming the gods: it's wrong.

Lydus

You mean to say there is a god
Kissykissysweetkins?

Pistoc.

An non putasti esse umquam? o Lyde, es
barbarus;
quem ego sapere nimio censui plus quam
Thalem,
is stultior es barbaro poticio,
qui tantus natu deorum nescis nomina.

Lydus

Non hic placet mi ornatus.

Pistoc.

Nemo ergo tibi
haec apparavit: mihi paratum est quoi placet.

Lydus

Etiam me advorsus exordire argutias?
qui si decem habeas linguas, mutum esse
addecet.

Pistoc.

130 Non omnis aetas, Lyde, ludo convenit.
magis unum in mentemst mihi nunc, satis ut
commode
pro dignitate opsoni haec concuret cocus.

Lydus

Iam perdidisti te atque me atque operam meam,
qui tibi nequiquam saepe monstravi bene.

Pistoc.

Ibidem ego meam operam perdididi, ubi tu tuam:
tua disciplina nec mihi prodest nec tibi.

Lydus

O praeligatum pectus.

Pistoc.

Odiosus mihi es.
tace atque sequere, Lyde, me.

Lydus

Illuc sis vide,
non paedagogum iam me, sed Lydum vocat.

Pistoc.

140 Non par videtur neque sit consentaneum,
cum haec qui emit intus sit et cum amica accubet
cumque osculetur et convivae alii accubent,
praesentibus illis paedagogus una ut siet.

Lydus

An hoc ad eas res opsonatumst, obsecro?

Pistoc.

Sperat quidem animus: quo evenat dis in manust.

Lydus

Tu amicam habebis?

Pistoc.

Cum videbis, tum scies.

Lydus

Immo neque habebis neque sinam; i prorsum
domum.

Pistoc.

Omitte, Lyde, ac cave malo.

Lydus

Quid? cave malo?

Pistoc.

Pistoc.

You mean to say you didn't ever suppose there
was? Oh, Lydus, you are a barbarian! I fancied
you were ever so much wiser than Thales and
here you are, sillier than a barbarian babe in
arms—your age, and not knowing the names of
the gods!

Lydus

I do not like this paraphernalia.

Pistoc.

Well, nobody got it together for you: it was got
for me, and I do like it.

Lydus

Are you actually commencing to make smart
replies to me? You whom it befits to be mute,
even if you had ten tongues?

Pistoc.

We aren't schoolboys for ever, Lydus. The one
thing uppermost in my mind just now is that the
cook may do as creditable a job on these edibles
as their excellence calls for.

Lydus

Ah, now you have thrown yourself away, and me,
and my labour,—me, who many a time gave you
good advice, all in vain!

Pistoc.

I threw away my own labour at the same place
you did yours: your system of instruction is no
good to either of us.

Lydus

Oh, what an obdurate breast!

Pistoc.

You're a bore! Keep still and come along, Lydus.

Lydus

Now kindly look at that! He no longer calls me
"Tutor," merely Lydus.

Pistoc.

It's not the proper thing, it would be out of place,
when the man who bought all this is inside there,
and on a couch with his mistress, kissing her—
and other guests about—to have his "Tutor" there
in their presence.

Lydus

(*horrified*) In the name of heaven! These
provisions bought for such an orgy?

Pistoc.

(*flippantly*) Well, of course man proposes and
God disposes.

Lydus

You to have a mistress, you?

Pistoc.

(*enthusiastically*) Once you see her, then you'll
know!

Lydus

Never! You shall not have one; I will not allow it.
(*taking Pistoclerus by the arm and trying to lead
him back*) Go home this instant.

Pistoc.

(*pulling away*) Leave me alone, Lydus, and
(*threateningly*) look out for trouble.

Lydus

What? "Look out for trouble?"

Pistoc.

Iam excessit mi aetas ex magisterio tuo.

Lydus

149 O barathrum, ubi nunc es? ut ego te usurpem
(151) lubens.⁷
vixisse nimio satiust iam quam vivere.
magistron quemquam discipulum minitarier?⁸

Pistoc.

(155) Fiam, ut ego opinor, Hercules, tu autem Linus.

Lydus

Pol metuo magis, ne Phoenix tuis factis fuam
teque ad patrem esse mortuom renuntiem.

Pistoc.

Satis historiarumst.

Lydus

160 Hic vereri perdidit.
compendium edepol haud aetati optabile
fecisti, cum istanc nactu's inpudentiam.
occisus hic homo est. ecquid in mentem est tibi
patrem tibi esse?

Pistoc.

Tibi ego an tu mihi servos es?

Lydus

(165) Peior magister te istaec docuit, non ego.
nimio es tu ad istas res discipulus docilior,
quam ad illa quae te docui, ubi operam perdidisti.⁹

Pistoc.

(168) Istactenus tibi, Lyde, libertas datast
orationis. satis est. sequere hac me ac tace.

ACTVS II

Chrys.

170 Erilis patria, salve, quam ego biennio,
postquam hinc in Ephesum abii conspicio lubens.
saluto te, vicine Apollo, qui aedibus
propinquos nostris accolis, veneroque te,
ne Nicobulum me sinas nostrum senem
prius convenire quam sodalem viderim
Mnesilochi Pistoclerum, quem ad epistulam
Mnesilochus misit super amica Bacchide.

II. 2.

Pistoc.

180 Mirumst me ut redeam te opere tanto quaesere,
qui abire hinc nullo pacto possim, si velim
ita me vadatum amore vinctumque adtines.

Chrys.

Pro di immortales, Pistoclerum conspicio.
o Pistoclere, salve.

Pistoc.

Salve, Chrysale.

Chrys.

Compendi verba multa iam faciam tibi

I'm too old for you to play the teacher these days.

Lydus

(tragically) Oh, pit, where art thou now? How
gladly would I take thee for mine own! Far better
that I had died than lived for this! A pupil to
threaten his teacher?⁸

Pistoc.

It's a Hercules I'll be, I'm thinking, and you a
Linus.^B

Lydus

Great heavens! I have more fear of your actions
forcing me to be a Phoenix^C and to convey to
your father the news of your death.

Pistoc.

(impatiently) Enough of your tales!

Lydus

He is lost to shame! Great heavens! You gained
nothing that does credit to your years in
acquiring this impudence. The creature is past
redemption! Does it ever occur to you that you
have a father?

Pistoc.

Am I your servant, or you mine?

Lydus

It was a wicked, wicked teacher gave you these
lessons, not I! You are a much apter pupil in
matters of this sort than in the subjects I lost my
labour teaching you.⁹

Pistoc.

(coolly) I've let you rant to your heart's content,
so far, Lydus. Now drop it. Follow me this way
and keep your mouth shut.

[EXEUNT INTO THE HOUSE OF Bacchis, *Lydus*
RELUCTANTLY.]

ACT II

ENTER *Chrysalus*.

Chrys.

(jauntily) Greetings, land of my—master! Land
that I behold with joy after departing hence to
Ephesus two years ago! (turning toward altar
of Apollo in front of house) Thee I greet,
neighbour Apollo, who dost dwell adjacent to our
house, and I do implore thee not to let our old
man Nicobulus fall in with me ere I see
Pistoclerus, the chum of Mnesilochus, to whom
Mnesilochus hath sent a letter about his
mistress, Bacchis.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Pistoclerus* FROM HOUSE OF *Bacchis*.

Pistoc.

(to Bacchis within) It seems curious, your
begging me so hard to come back, when I
couldn't possibly leave you if I wanted, when
you've got me so bound over to you, held fast in
the fetters of love.

Chrys.

Ye everlasting gods! It's Pistoclerus. What ho,
sir! How are you?

Pistoc.

And yourself, Chrysalus?

Chrys.

Here's for saving you the trouble of a long
speech, sir. You're glad I've come: I believe you.

venire tu me gaudes: ego credo tibi,
hospitium et cenam pollicere, ut convenit
peregre advenienti: ego autem venturum adnuc
salutem tibi ab sodali solidam nuntio
rogabis me ubi sit: vivit.

Pistoc.

Nempe recte valet?

Chrys.

Istuc volebam ego ex te percontarier.

Pistoc.

Qui scire possum?

Chrys.

Nullus plus.

Pistoc.

190 Quemnam ad modum?

Chrys.

Quia si illa inventa est, quam ille amat, recte
valet,
si non inventa est, minus valet moribundusque
est
animast amica amanti. si abest, nullus est;
si adest, res nullast. ipse est—nequam et miser,
sed tu quid factitasti mandatis super?

Pistoc.

Egon ut, quod ab illoc attigisset nuntius,
non impetratum id advenienti ei redderem?
regiones colere mavellem Acherunticas.

Chrys.

Eho, an invenisti Bacchidem?

Pistoc.

199, 200 Samiam quidem.

Chrys.

Vide quaeso, ne quis tractet illam indiligens;
scis tu ut confringi vas cito Samium solet.

Pistoc.

Iamne ut soles?

Chrys.

Dic ubi ea nunc est, obsecro.

Pistoc.

Hic, exeuntem me unde aspexisti modo.

Chrys.

Ut istuc est lepidum: proximae viciniae
habitat, ecquidnam meminit Mnesilochi?

Pistoc.

Rogas?

immo unice unum plurimi pendit.

Chrys.

Papae.

Pistoc.

Immo ut eam credis? misera amans desiderat.

Chrys.

Scitum istuc.

Pistoc.

210 Immo, Chrysale, em, non tantulum
umquam intermittit tempus quin eum nominet.

Chrys.

Tanto hercle melior.

Pistoc.

You promise to do the honours and dine me, the
stranger from afar, and so you should: for my
part, I accept. I bring you cordial greetings from
your chum. You'll ask me where he is: alive.

Pistoc.

(eagerly) And well, well, of course?

Chrys.

That's what I wanted to ask you.

Pistoc.

How can I know?

Chrys.

None better.

Pistoc.

Why, how so?

Chrys.

Because if his ladylove has been discovered, he's
perfectly well: if she's not discovered, he's not so
well; he's at death's door. His love is life to a
lover: if she's away, he's lost; if she's there, his
cash is lost, he himself being—a poor good-for-
nothing fool. But you—what have you been doing
about his commission?

Pistoc.

I? Am I the man to let him arrive and find the
request his messenger mentioned unattended to?
I'd sooner pass my days in the lower regions.

Chrys.

Hullo! You haven't found Bacchis?

Pistoc.

Yes, the Samian one.

Chrys.

(affecting terror) Heavens! do see that no one
handles that one carelessly; you know that
Samian ware, how precious brittle it is.

Pistoc.

The same old wag, eh?

Chrys.

Tell me where she is now, for heaven's sake.

Pistoc.

Here in the house you just saw me coming out of.

Chrys.

Here's a go! Residing in the immediate
neighbourhood! Well, well! does she remember
Mnesilochus?

Pistoc.

Remember him? More than that, she thinks he's
the one and only man on earth.

Chrys.

Oh pshaw!

Pistoc.

More than that, what do you suppose her feelings
are? The poor affectionate thing is dying for him.

Chrys.

Quite charming!

Pistoc.

More than that, Chrysalus—look!—she doesn't let
even so much (illustrating) time pass without
mentioning his name.

Chrys.

Humph! So much the better of her.

Pistoc.

Immo—

Chrys.

Immo hercle abiero

potius.

Pistoc.

Num invitus rem bene gestam audis eri?

Chrys.

Non res, sed actor mihi cor odio sauciat.
etiam Epidicum, quam ego fabulam aequae ac me
ipsum amo,
nullam aequae invitus specto, si agit Pello.
sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi visast?

Pistoc.

Rogas?

ni nactus Venerem essem, hanc Iunonem
dicerem.

Chrys.

Edepol, Mnesilochus, ut hanc rem natam
intellego,
quod ames paratumst: quod des inventost opus.
nam istic fortasse auro est opus.

Pistoc.

Philippeo quidem.

Chrys.

Atque eo fortasse iam opust.

Pistoc.

Immo etiam prius:

nam iam huc adveniet miles.

Chrys.

Et miles quidem?

Pistoc.

Qui de amittenda Bacchide aurum hic exiget.

Chrys.

Veniat quando volt, atque ita ne mihi sit morae.
domist: non metuo nec ego quouquam supplico,
dum quidem hoc valebit pectus perfidia meum.
abi intro, ego hic curabo. tu intus dicito
Mnesilochum adesse Bacchidi.

Pistoc.

Faciam ut iubes.

Chrys.

Negotium hoc ad me addinet aurarium.
mille et ducentos Philippum attulimus aureos
Epheso, quos hospes debuit nostro seni.
inde ego hodie aliquam machinabor machinam,
unde aurum efficiam amanti erili filio.
sed foris concrepuit nostra: quinam exit foras?

II. 3.

Nic.

Ibo in Piraeum, visam ecquae advenerit
in portum ex Epheso navis mercatoria.
nam meus formidat animus, nostrum tam diu
ibi desiderare neque redire filium.

Chrys.

More than that—

Chrys.

(*bored*) More than that, by gad, I'd rather get out
of range!

Pistoc.

You don't object to hearing that your master is in
a prosperous situation, do you?

Chrys.

It's not the situations that make me sick unto
death; it's your confounding acting. Even the
Epidicus^E—a comedy I love as well as my own
self—well, there's not a one I so object to seeing,
if Pello's playing in it. But you really consider
Bacchis a fine lively one, do you?

Pistoc.

Do you ask me that? If^F I hadn't lighted on Venus
myself, I'd call her Juno.

Chrys.

(*half aside*) Well, by gad, Mnesilochus, as far as I
can understand the present situation, you've got
your love: the wherewithal is what you need to
find. (*to Pistoclus*) For I dare say there is need
of gold in the affair.

Pistoc.

Yes, and good coin of the realm.

Chrys.

And furthermore, I dare say it's needed soon.

Pistoc.

No, before that, even: for a Captain's due here
soon.

Chrys.

Indeed? A Captain, too?

Pistoc.

Who'll be after money for letting Bacchis go.

Chrys.

(*airily*) Let him come when he wants, yes, and let
him take care not to keep me waiting. I'm
provided: I fear no man and supplicate no man,
not I,—at least as long as this heart of mine can
prompt a good stiff lie. Inside with you: (*grandly
waving Pistoclus in*) I'll take charge here
myself. You tell Bacchis in there that she may
expect Mnesilochus at once.

Pistoc.

Very well.

[EXIT.]

Chrys.

It's my look out, this business of the exchequer.
We've brought twelve hundred sovereigns from
Ephesus, money a friend there owed our old
man. I'll machinate some machinations to-day for
transferring part of said gold to my lovesick
young master. (*listening*) But there goes our
door! Wonder who's coming out. (*steps aside*)

Scene 3.

ENTER *Nicobulus* FROM HIS HOUSE.

Nic.

I'll walk down to the Piraeus and see if any
merchantman has come in from Ephesus. It
worries me to have my son dilly-dallying there so
long and not returning.

Chrys.

220

230

240	<p>Extexam ego illum pulchre iam, si di volunt. haud dormitandumst: opus est chryso Chrysalo. adibo hunc, quem quidem ego hodie faciam hic arietem Phruxi, itaque tondebo auro usque ad vivam cutem. servos salutat Nicobulum Chrysalus.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Pro di immortales, Chrysale, ubi mist filius?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Quin tu salutem primum reddis quam dedi?</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Salve. sed ubinamst Mnesilochus?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Vivit, valet.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Venitne?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Venit.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Euax, aspersisti aquam. benene usque valuit?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Pancratice atque athleticce.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Quid hoc? qua causa eum in Ephesum miseram, acceptitne aurum ab hospite Archidemide?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Heu, cor meum et cerebrum, Nicobule, finditur, istius hominis ubi fit quomque mentio. tun hospitem illum nominas hostem tuom?</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Quid ita, obsecro hercle?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Quia edepol certo scio, Volcanus, Luna, Sol, Dies, dei quattuor, scelestiozem nullum inluxere alterum.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Quamne Archidemidem?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Quam, inquam, Archidemidem.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Quid fecit?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Quid non fecit? quin tu id me rogas? primumdum infortias ire coepit filio, negare se debere tibi triobolum. continuo antiquom hospitem nostrum sibi Mnesilochus advocavit, Pelagonem senem; eo praesente homini extemplo ostendit symbolum. quem tute dederas, ad eum ut ferret, filio.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Quid ubi ei ostendit symbolum?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Infort dicere adulterinum et non eum esse symbolum. quotque innocenti ei dixit contumelias!</p>	<p>(<i>aside</i>) I'll unravel him handsomely now, God willing. No sleepyheadedness allowed: Chrysalus, you must be a golden chrysalis! Here's at him—the man I'll certainly make a GPhruxus's ram here to-day, and by the same token shear off his gold right down to the quick! (<i>aloud, ceremoniously</i>) Greetings to Nicobulus from servant Chrysalus, sir.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Chrysalus! for the love of heaven where is my son?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> (<i>affecting pique</i>) Why don't you return my greeting first, sir?</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> How d'y'e do. (<i>more animatedly</i>) But where on earth is Mnesilochus?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Alive and well.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Has he come?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> He has.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> (<i>fervently</i>) Oh, good, good! That news is like a dash of water! Has he been well all this time?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> In fighting trim, a perfect athlete.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> How about it? The business I sent him to Ephesus for? Did he get the gold from my friend Archidemides?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> (<i>disgustedly</i>) Ugh! My heart and head fairly split, sir, whenever I hear that fellow mentioned. Call that friend of yours fiend, won't you?</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Bless my soul! Why, for heaven's sake?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Good Lord! Because I'm positive the four gods, Fire, Moon, Sun, and Day, never shone on a more abandoned villain.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> Than Archidemides?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Yes, than Archidemides.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> What has he done?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> What hasn't he done? Why don't you ask me that? Well, in the first place he began lying to your son and disclaimed owing you a single sixpence. Immediately Mnesilochus summoned that old gentleman, Pelagon, that's been our friend so long; in his presence he promptly shows the fellow the token, the one you gave your son yourself to carry to him.</p> <p><i>Nic.</i> (<i>anxiously</i>) And what when he showed him the token?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> (<i>indignantly</i>) He cries out it's a counterfeit and not the right token at all. And how he did heap insults on your innocent boy! Said he was an old</p>
250		
260		

	adulterare eum abat rebus ceteris.		hand at counterfeiting.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Habetin aurum? id mihi dici volo.		Have you got the money? Do tell me that.
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
270	Postquam quidem praetor recuperatores dedit. damnatus demum, vi coactus reddidit ducentos et mille Philippum.		To be sure, after the judge had appointed arbitrators, he was finally convicted, and, under compulsion, he handed over twelve hundred pounds.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Tantum debuit.		(<i>with a sigh of relief</i>) That was all he owed.
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Porro etiam auscultat pugnam quam voluit dare.		There's more still, sir,—listen how he wanted to knock us out.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Etiamnest quid porro?		More still?
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Em, accipitrina haec nunc erit.		Now then! (<i>aside</i>) This'll be a regular hawk swoop.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Deceptus sum. Autolyco hospiti aurum credidi.		(<i>hotly</i>) I've been deceived! I've trusted my gold to an Autolycus ^H of a friend!
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Quin tu audi.		Come, come, listen.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Immo ingenium avidi haud pernoram hospitis.		Ah, no, I didn't fathom his greedy soul.
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Postquam aurum abstulimus, in navem conscendimus, domi cupientes. forte ut adsedi in stega, dum circumspecto, atque ego lembum conspicio longum. strigorem maleficum exornarier.		After we got the gold we embarked, eager for home. I was sitting on deck, and while I was looking around, my eye just happened to fall on a long, staunch, wicked-looking galley being fitted out for sea.
280	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Perii hercle, lembus ille mihi laedit latus.		Hell and fury! That galley is ramming me amidships!
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Is erat communis cum hospite et praedonibus.		(<i>with emphasis</i>) It was owned between your friend and some pirates.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Adeon me fuisse fungum, ut qui illi crederem, cum mi ipsum nomen eius Archidemides clamaret dempturum esse, si quid crederem?		(<i>agonized</i>) Could I have been such an imbecile as to trust the fellow when his very name, Archidemides, fairly bawled out that I'd be damned easy, if I did trust him with anything?
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Is lembus nostrae navi insidias dabat. occepi ego observare eos quam rem gerant. interea e portu nostra navis solvitur. ubi portu eximus, homines remigio sequi, neque aves neque venti citius. quoniam sentio quae res gereretur, navem extemplo statuimus. quoniam vident nos stare, occeperunt ratem tardare ¹⁰ in portu.		(<i>warming up</i>) This galley was lying in wait for our ship. I began to keep an eye on their operations aboard her. Meanwhile our ship weighs anchor and moves out of the harbour. When we get outside they row after us fast as a bird, fast as the wind. Now that I noticed what was up, we brought to at once. Now that they saw us lying to they began to slow down there in the harbour.
290	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Edepol mortalis malos. quid denique agitis?		God bless me, what rascals! What did you do then?
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Rursum in portum recipimus.		We put back to the harbour.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Sapienter factum a vobis. quid illi postea?		That was wise. What did they do after that?
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Reversionem ad terram faciunt vesperi.		Toward evening they went ashore.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Aurum hercle auferre voluere: ei rei operam		By the Lord! They wanted to make off with the

	dabant.		gold: that was their aim!
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
300	Non me fefellit, sensi, eo exanimatus fui. quoniam videmus auro insidias fieri, capimus consilium continuo; postridie auferimus aurum omne illis praesentibus palam atque aperte, ut illi id factum sciscerent.		I knew that well enough: I saw through it. That drove me frantic. Now that we perceived that they had designs on the gold, we laid our plans at once; the next day we carried it all ashore publicly and openly while they were by, to let them know it was done.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Scite hercle. cedo quid illi?		By Jove, a neat idea! Come, come, what did they do?
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Tristes ilico, quom extemplo a portu ire nos cum auro vident, subducunt lembum capitibus quassantibus. nos apud Theotimum omne aurum deposivimus, qui illic sacerdos est Dianae Ephesiae.		Looked doleful on the spot, and as soon as they see us go away from the harbour with the gold there's a shaking of heads and they beach their galley. As for us, we deposited all the gold with Theotimus, the priest of Diana there at Ephesus.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Quis istic Theotimum?		(<i>suspiciously</i>) Who is that Theotimus?
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Megalobuli filius, qui nunc in Ephesost Ephesiis carissimus.		(<i>reassuringly</i>) Megalobulus's son, sir, and quite the dearest man in all Ephesus to the Ephesians.
310	<i>Nic.</i> Ne ille hercle mihi sit multo tanto carior, si me illo auro tanto circumduxerit.		<i>Nic.</i> Good Lord! He certainly would be a very, very much dearer man to me, if he should swindle me out of so much gold.
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Quin in eapse aede Dianai conditumst. ibidem publicitus servant.		Oh, but it's stored in the temple of Diana itself. It's in public keeping there.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Occidistis me; nimio hic privatim servaretur rectius. sed nilne attulistis inde auri domum?		Yes, worse luck! It would be a great deal safer in private keeping here. But you didn't bring any of it home, not any?
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Immo etiam. verum quantum attulerit nescio.		To be sure, we did. Just how much we brought, though, I don't know.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Quid? nescis?		What? Don't know?
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
320	Quia Mnesilochus noctu clanculum devenit ad Theotimum, nec mihi credere nec cuiquam in navi voluit: eo ego nescio quantillum attulerit; verum haud permultum attulit.		You see Mnesilochus visited Theotimus on the sly, by night, and he didn't care to confide in me or anyone else aboard: so I don't know just what trifle he did bring along; not very much, though.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Etiam dimidium censes?		As much as half, do you think?
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Non edepol scio; verum haud opinor.		Upon my soul, I don't know; but I don't believe so.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Fertne partem tertiam?		A third, eh?
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Non hercle opinor; verum verum nescio. profecto de auro nil scio nisi nescio. nunc tibimet illuc navi capiundumst iter, ut illud reportes aurum ab Theotimo domum. atque heus tu.		Bless my soul, I don't believe so; however, I don't know. In fact, all I know about the money is that I don't know. Now you'll have to make a voyage there yourself, sir, so as to get it from Theotimus and bring it back home. And, oh, I say!
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>
	Quid vis?		Well?
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Anulum gnati tui facito ut memineris ferre.		See you remember to take your son's ring along.
	<i>Nic.</i>		<i>Nic.</i>

Quid opust anulo?

Chrys.

Quia id signumst cum Theotimo, qui eum illi
adferet,
ei aurum ut reddat.

Nic.

330 Meminero, et recte mones.
sed divesne est istic Theotimus?

Chrys.

Etiam rogas?
quin auro habeat soccis subpactum solum?

Nic.

Cur ita fastidit?

Chrys.

Tantas divitias habet;
nescit quid faciat auro.

Nic.

Mihi dederit velim.
sed qui praesente id aurum Theotimo datumst?

Chrys.

Populo praesente: nullust Ephesi quin sciat.

Nic.

Istuc sapienter saltem fecit filius,
cum diviti homini id aurum servandum dedit;
ab eo licebit quamvis subito sumere.

Chrys.

340 Immo em tantisper numquam te morabitur
quin habeas illud quo die illuc veneris.

Nic.

Censebam me effugisse a vita marituma,
ne navigarem tandem hoc aetatis senex;
id mi haud, utrum velim, licere intellego:
ita bellus hospes fecit Archidemides.
ubi nunc est ergo meus Mnesilochus filius?

Chrys.

Deos atque amicos iit salutatum ad forum.

Nic.

At ego hinc eo ad illum, ut convenam quantum
potest.

Chrys.

350 Ille est oneratus recte et plus iusto vehit.
exorsa haec tela non male omnino mihi est:
ut amantem erilem copem facerem filium,
ita feci, ut auri quantum vellet sumeret,
quantum autem lubeat reddere ut reddat patri.

senex in Ephesum ibit aurum arcessere,
hic nostra agetur aetas in malacum modum,
siquidem hic relinquet neque secum abducet
senex

med et Mnesilochum. quas ego hic turbas dabo!
sed quid futurumst, cum hoc senex resciverit,
cum se excucurisse illuc frustra sciverit
360 nosque aurum abusos? quid mihi fiet postea?

credo hercle adveniens nomen mutabit mihi
facietque extemplo Crucisalium me ex Chrysalo.
aufugero hercle, si magis usus venerit.
si ero reprehensus, macto ego ilium infortunio:

Ring? What for?

Chrys.

Because we arranged with Theotimus that he's to
give the gold to the man that brings him that
ring.

Nic.

I shall remember; well you mentioned it, too. But
is that Theotimus wealthy?

Chrys.

Wealthy, eh? Wealthy? And he with gold soles on
his shoes!

Nic.

What makes him so high and mighty?

Chrys.

He's so rich; he doesn't know what to do with
gold.

Nic.

(*sighing*) Wish he'd give it to me! But who was
there when this money was given to Theotimus?

Chrys.

The whole population, sir: there's not a soul in
Ephesus but knows about it.

Nic.

My son showed sense in that, at any rate,—giving
it to a wealthy man to keep for him. You can get
it from such a man at a moment's notice.

Chrys.

Oh no, he'll never keep you waiting, not—see
here— (*illustrating*) not so long: he'll let you have
it the day you arrive.

Nic.

I thought I had escaped from the seafaring life,
that an old man of my age might really be done
with voyaging. But no choice is left me, I
perceive, in this case—thanks to the tactics of my
charming friend Archidemides. Where is my son
Mnesilochus at present, then?

Chrys.

Gone to the forum to pay his respects to the gods
and his friends.

Nic.

Well, I shall go and try to find him as soon as
possible.

[EXIT TO FORUM]

Chrys.

(*gleefully*) He's nicely freighted, he is, in fact,
overfrighted. Not a half bad sort of web I've
woven here! To set up the young master in funds
for his love affair, I've fixed things so that he can
take as much of the gold as he wants himself,
yes, and pass on to his father as much as he likes
to pass on.

The old man will go to Ephesus to fetch the gold
and we'll be living a downy life of it here, that is,
if the old chap leaves us here and doesn't drag
me and Mnesilochus along with him. Oh, won't I
turn things upside down here! (*pauses*) But
what'll happen when the old man discovers it?
When he finds out he's gone on a wild goose
chase and we've used up the cash? What will
happen to me then?

Gad! I suppose he'll change my name for me the
minute he gets back, and transform me from
Chrysalus to Crossalus on the spot. Oh, well, I'll
run for it, if it looks advisable. If I am caught,

si illi sunt virgae ruri, at mihi tergum domist.
nunc ibo, erili filio hanc fabricam dabo
super auro amicaque eius inventa Bacchide.

ACTVS III

Lydus

Pandite atque aperite propere ianuam hanc Orci,
obsecro.

nam equidem haud aliter esse duco, quippe quo
nemo advenit,
370 nisi quem spes reliquere omnes, esse ut frugi
possiet.
Bacchides non Bacchides, sed bacchae sunt
acerrumae.
apage istas a me sorores, quae hominum sorbent
sanguinem.
omnis ad perniciem instructa domus opime atque
opipare—
quae ut aspexi, me continuo contuli protinam in
pedes.
egone ut haec conclusa gestem clanculum? ut
celem patrem,
Pistoclere, tua flagitia aut damna aut
(376) desidiabula?¹¹
(379) neque mei neque te tui intus puditumst factis
quae facis,
380 quibus tuom patrem meque una, amicos, adfinis
tuos
tua infamia fecisti gerulifigulos flagiti.¹²
(383) de me hanc culpam demolibor iam et seni faciam
palam,
ut eum ex lutulento caeno propere hinc eliciat
foras.

III. 2.

Mnes.

Multimodis meditatus egomet mecum sum, et ita
esse arbitror
homini amico, qui est amicus ita uti nomen
possidet,
nisi deos ei nil praestare, id opera expertus sum
esse ita
nam ut in Ephesum hinc abii—hoc factumst
ferme abhinc biennium—
ex Epheso huc ad Pistoclerum meum sodalem
litteras
390 misi, amicam ut mi inveniret Bacchidem. illum
intellego
invenisse, ut servos meus mi nuntiavit Chrysalus.
condigne is quam techinam de auro advorsum
meum fecit patrem,
ut mi amanti copia esset¹³
nam pol quidem meo animo ingrato homine nihil
inpensiuist,
malefactorem amitti satius quam relinqui
beneficum;
nimio inpendiosum praestat te quam ingratum
dicier;
illum laudabunt boni, hunc etiam ipsi culpabunt
mali.
qua me causa magis cum cura esse aecum,
obvigilatost opus.

he'll have his fill of discomfort: if he's got rods on
the farm, well, I've got a back on my person. Now
I'll be off and let the young master know about
this gold trick and his mistress Bacchis being
found.

[EXIT *Chrysalus.*]

ACT III

Lydus

(*wildly, inside Bacchis's house*) Quick, quick,
open up, I beseech you, unclosethis door of hell!
ENTER *Lydus* HURRIEDLY.

For I verily believe it is nothing else, a place
where no man enters save him who has lost all
hopes of his capacity for good. Bacchises! No
Bacchises these, but the wildest of Bacchantes.
Avaunt, avaunt, ye sisters who suck the blood of
men! Their whole abode is tricked out as a
gilded, gorgeous lure to ruin—as soon as I
perceived the nature of my surroundings I fled,
fled forthwith.

(*violently to those within*) Am I the man to carry
this shut up within me, to keep it secret? To
conceal from your father, Pistoclerus, your
enormities, your extravagances, your horrid
resorts?¹¹ Neither in my sight, nor your own, did
you feel any shame at your actions, actions, you
infamous creature, that make your father, and
me too, and your friends and relatives
accessories to your disgrace. (*making off*) I am
going to clear myself of blame in the matter this
very minute and inform his poor old father of it
all, so that he may hurry and draw him forth from
this filthy slough.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Mnesilochus*, FOLLOWED AT SOME DISTANCE BY
SLAVES CARRYING HIS LUGGAGE.

Mnes.

I've given the question careful consideration, and
what I believe is this: nothing but Heaven itself
excels a friend who is a friend in the full sense of
the term; I've found this is so from my own
experience. After I went away from here to
Ephesus—almost two years ago, that was—I sent
a letter from there to my chum Pistoclerus asking
him to find my mistress, Bacchis, for me. And
find her he did, it seems, according to that fellow
Chrysalus of mine.

(*pauses*) Quite worthy of Chrysalus, that scheme
of his against my father to get the money, so that
my amorous self might have supplies. (*pauses*)
Well, well, to my own mind there's nothing more
expensive than being an ingrate. Letting a
malefactor off is better than turning your back on
a benefactor. The name of being too extravagant
is a great deal better for you than that of being
ungrateful. Good men will speak well of the first
sort of fellow: even rascals themselves will blame
the second.

I must take all the more care, then, how I act and
keep my eyes open. Here's where you show a

nunc, Mnesiloche, specimen specitur, nunc
certamen cernitur,
sine necne ut esse oportet, malus, bonus quovis
modi,
iustus iniustus, malignus largus, comis
incommodus.
cave sis te superare servom siris faciundo bene
utut eris, moneo, haud celabis. sed eccos video
incedere
patrem sodalis et magistrum. hinc auscultabo
quam rem agant.

III. 3.

Lydus

Nunc experiar, sitne aceto tibi cor acre in
pectore.
sequere.

Phil.

Quo sequar? quo ducis nunc me?

Lydus

Ad illam quae tuom
perdidit, pessum dedit tibi filium unice unicum

Phil.

Heia, Lyde, leniter qui saeviunt sapiunt magis.
minus mirandumst, illaec aetas si quid illorum
facit,
quam si non faciat. feci ego istaec itidem in
adulescentia.

Lydus

Ei mihi, ei mihi, istaec illum perdidit assentatio
nam absque te esset, ego illum haberem rectum
ad ingenium bonum
nunc propter te tuamque pravos factus est
fiduciam
Pistoclerus.

Mnes.

Di immortales, meum sodalem hic
nominat.
quid hoc negoti est, Pistoclerum Lydus quod
erum tam ciet?

Phil.

Paulisper, Lyde est libido homini suo animo
obsequi;
iam aderit tempus, cum sese etiam ipse oderit.
morem geras;
dum caveatur, praeter aequom ne quid delinquat,
sine.

Lydus

Non sino, neque equidem illum me vivo corrumpi
sinam.

sed tu, qui pro tam corrupto dicis causam filio,
eademne erat haec disciplina tibi, cum tu
adulescens eras?
nego tibi hoc annis viginti fuisse primis copiae,
digitum longe a paedagogo pedem ut efferres
aedibus.

ante solem exorientem nisi in palaestram
veneras,
gymnasi praefecto haud mediocris poenas
penderes.

id quom optigerat, hoc etiam ad malum
accersebatur malum:

et discipulus et magister perhibebantur improbi.
ibi cursu luctando hasta disco pugilatu pila
saliendo sese exercebant magis quam scorto aut

sample of yourself, Mnesilochus; here's where
you're put to the test whether you're the man you
should be or not—bad or good, whatever you are
—just or unjust—mean or generous—gentleman
or cad. Mind you look out not to let your servant
be your better in doing the kindly thing. No
matter what you'll be, I warn you you can't
conceal it. (*looking down street*) Hullo, though!
Here come my chum's father and tutor ambling
along. I'll listen to what they're up to from over
here. (*withdraws*)

Scene 3.

ENTER *Lydus* AND *Philoxenus*.

Lydus

(*struggling to control himself*) Now we shall see
whether or no you have a heart of fiery feeling
within you. Follow me!

Phil.

(*calmly*) Follow you where? Where are you taking
me to now?

Lydus

To the woman who has depraved, destroyed your
one and only son!

Phil.

Gently, gently, Lydus! "Ire restrained is wisdom
gained." It's less surprising to have a youngster
up to something of that kind than not. I've done
the same sort of thing myself in my younger
days.

Lydus

Oh-h-h dear, oh dear! It is that very tolerance
that has been his undoing. Why, but for you, I
should have made a good moral man of him: as it
is, you and your support have made a debauchee
of Pistoclerus.

Mnes.

(*aside*) Good God! My chum's name! What does
this mean—Lydus running down his master
Pistoclerus so?

Phil.

A man's eager to have his fling for a little while,
Lydus; the time will soon come when he'll
actually loathe himself for it. Give him rein; so
long as he's careful not to go too far in his
indiscretions, why, let him be.

Lydus

I will not let him be, no, nor let him be corrupted
and live to see it, never! But you—with your pleas
for a son so corrupted—was your own training of
this same sort when you were a young man? I say
no, I say you never had a chance during the first
twenty years of your life to stir a single finger's
breadth from the house without your tutor.

Unless you had arrived at the athletic grounds
before sunrise, it was no slight penalty the
Gymnasium Director imposed on you. When this
had happened, this further trouble was added,
that pupil and teacher too were held to be
disgraced. There it was by running, wrestling,
throwing the spear and discus, boxing, ball,
jumping, they used to get their exercise, rather
than by means of wenchies, or kisses: it was there

saviis:
430 ibi suam aetatem extendebant, non in latebrosis
locis.

inde de hippodromo et palaestra ubi revenisses
domum,
cincticulo praecinctus in sella apud magistrum
adsideres
cum libro: cum legeres, si unam peccavisses
syllabam,
fieret corium tam maculosum quam est nutricis
pallium.

Mnes.

Propter me haec nunc meo sodali dici discrucior
miser;
innocens suspicionem hanc sustinet causa mea.

Phil.

Alii, Lyde, nunc sunt mores.

Lydus

Id equidem ego certo scio.
nam olim populi prius honorem capiebat
suffragio,
440 quam magistro desinebat esse dicto oboediens;
at nunc, prius quam septuennis est, si attingas
eum manu,
extemplo puer paedagogo tabula dirumpit
caput.

cum patrem adeas postulatum, puero sic dicit
pater:

"noster esto, dum te poteris defensare iniuria."
provocatur paedagogus: "eho senex minimi preti,
ne attigas puerum istac causa, quando fecit
strenue."¹⁴

(447) itur illinc iure dicto. hocine hic pacto potest
inhibere imperium magister, si ipse primus
vapulet?

Mnes.

Acris postulatio haec est. cum huius dicta
intellego,
450 mira sunt ni Pistoclerus Lydum pugnis contudit.

Lydus

Sed quis hic est, quem astantem video ante
ostium? o Philoxene,
deos propitios me videre quam illum haud
mavellem mihi.

Phil.

Quis illic est?

Lydus

Mnesilochus, gnati tui sodalis.¹⁵
haud consimili ingenio atque ille est qui in
lupanari accubat.
fortunatum Nicobulum, qui illum produxit sibi.

Phil.

Salvos sis, Mnesiloche, salvom te advenire
gaudeo.

Mnes.

Di te ament, Philoxene.

Lydus

Hic enim rite productust patri:
in mare it, rem familiarem curat, custodit
domum,
obsequens oboediensque est mori atque imperiis

they used to spend their lives, not in dark dens of
vice.

Then when you had returned home from the
track and field, all neat and trim you would sit on
your chair before your teacher with your book:
and while you were reading, if you had missed a
single syllable, your hide would be made as
spotted as a nurse's gown.

Mnes.

(*aside* It's torment, hang it, to have my chum
coming in for all this on my account; it's for my
sake he's shouldering this suspicion, poor
innocent.

Phil.

(*soothingly* The customs of to-day are different,
Lydus.

Lydus

Indeed they are! I realize the truth of that. Why,
in the old days a young man would be holding
office, by popular vote, before he had ceased to
hearken to his teacher's precepts. But nowadays,
before a youngster is seven years old, if you lay a
finger on him, he promptly takes his writing
tablet and smashes his tutor's head with it.

When you go to his father with a protest, he talks
to the youngster in this strain: (*mimicking*)

"You're father's own boy so long as you can
defend yourself against abuse." Then the tutor is
summoned: "Hey, you worthless old baggage,
don't you touch my boy merely for acting like a
lad of spirit!" Judgment pronounced, the court
adjourns. Can a teacher exert authority here
under such conditions, if he is beaten first
himself?

Mnes.

(*aside*) Here's a warm protest! Judging from his
remarks, it's a wonder if Pistoclerus hasn't been
punching Lydus's head.

Lydus

(*looking in the direction of Mnesilochus*) But who
is this I see standing in front of the door?

(*recognizing him*) Ah, Philoxenus, that is a man
whose support I should value no less than that of
the gods!

Phil.

Who is it?

Lydus

Mnesilochus, your son's chum. And a youth so, so
different from the one lolling in that vile house!
(*pointing to Bacchis's*) Happy, happy Nicobulus
to have brought up such a lad!

Phil.

(*stepping forward*) How are you, Mnesilochus?
I'm glad to see you safely back.

Mnes.

(*heartily shaking hands*) God bless you,
Philoxenus!

Lydus

Ah, yes, here is a son to rejoice a father's heart:
goes to sea, attends to family affairs, is the
bulwark of the home, observes and obeys his
father's every wish and word. He was

patris.
460 hic sodalis Pistoclero iam puer puero fuit;
triduum non interest aetatis uter maior siet:
verum ingenium plus triginta annis maiust quam
alteri.

Phil.

Cave malo et compesce in illum dicere iniuste.

Lydus

Tace.

(464) stultus es qui illi male aegre patere dici qui
facit.¹⁶

Mnes.

(467) Quid sodalem meum castigas, Lyde, discipulum
tuom?

Lydus

Periit tibi sodalis.

Mnes.

Ne di sirint.

Lydus

Sic est ut loquor.

quin ego cum peribat vidi, non ex audito arguo.

Mnes.

Quid factum est?

Lydus

Meretricem indigne deperit.

Mnes.

470 Non tu taces?

Lydus

Atque acerrume aestuosam: absorbet ubi
quemque attigit.

Mnes.

Ubi ea mulier habitat?

Lydus

Hic.

Mnes.

Unde esse eam aiunt?

Lydus

Ex Samo.

Mnes.

Quae vocatur?

Lydus

Bacchis.

Mnes.

Erras, Lyde: ego omnem rem scio
quem ad modumst. tu Pistoclerum falso atque
insontem arguis.
nam ille amico et benevolenti suo sodali sedulo
rem mandatam exsequitur. ipse neque amat nec
tu creduas.

Lydus

Itane oportet rem mandatam gerere amici
sedulo,
ut ipse in gremio osculantem mulierem teneat
sedens?

nullo pacto res mandata potest agi, nisi
identidem

480 manus ferat ei ad papillas, labra a labris
nusquam auferat?

nam alia memorare quae illum facere vidi

Pistoclerus's chum even when they were boys—
not three days' difference between them so far as
age is concerned, but this lad is more than thirty
years his senior in native sense.

Phil.

(*angrily*) Look out for yourself, and stop speaking
about the lad unfairly!

Lydus

Peace! fool that you are to be pained at hearing
him badly spoken of, when he is bad!¹⁶

Mnes.

(*innocently*) Why are you finding fault with my
chum, Lydus, your own pupil?

Lydus

(*tragically*) Your chum has perished!

Mnes.

God forbid!

Lydus

It's just as I tell you. Ah yes, I myself beheld him
in the act: I am not accusing him on hearsay.

Mnes.

What has happened?

Lydus

He is shockingly infatuated with a courtesan.

Mnes.

(*apparently scandalized*) Oh, don't say such a
thing!

Lydus

Yes, and a perfect maelstrom of a woman: she
sucks down every man who comes within her
reach.

Mnes.

Where does this woman live?

Lydus

(*pointing*) Here.

Mnes.

Where do they say she is from?

Lydus

Samos.

Mnes.

What is her name?

Lydus

Bacchis.

Mnes.

(*with an air of relief*) You're mistaken, Lydus: I
know all about the matter, just how it stands.
That's a false charge of yours, and Pistoclerus is
innocent. Why, he's fulfilling a commission for a
friend and well-wisher of his, a chum, and doing
it zealously. He doesn't love her himself, and you
mustn't think he does.

Lydus

(*sharply*) Does executing this commission for his
friend, and doing it zealously, call for his sitting
down and holding the girl in his lap while she
kisses him? Is there no way of his carrying out
this commission save by his embracing her time
and again in unseemly fashion and never taking
his lips an inch from hers?

Why, I feel ashamed to mention other things I

dispuget:
 cum manum sub vestimenta ad corpus tetulit
 Bacchidi
 me praesente, neque pudere quicquam. quid
 verbis opust?
 mini discipulus, tibi sodalis periit, huic filius;
 nam ego illum periisse dico quoi quidem periit
 pudor.¹⁷

Mnes.

(489) Perdidi me, sodalis. egone ut illam mulierem
 490 capitis non perdam? perire me malis malim
 modis.
 satin ut quem tu habeas fidelem tibi aut cui
 credas nescias?

Lydus

Viden ut aegre patitur gnatum esse corruptum
 tuom,
 suom sodalem, ut ipse sese cruciat aegritudine?

Phil.

Mnesiloche, hoc tecum oro, ut illius animum
 atque ingenium regas;
 serva tibi sodalem et mihi filium.

Mnes.

Factum volo.

Lydus

Melius esset, me quoque una si cum illo
 relinqueres.

Phil.

Adfatim est.

Lydus

Mnesiloche, cura, ei, concastiga
 hominem probe,
 qui dedecorat te, me amicosque alios flagitiis
 suis.

Phil.

In te ego hoc onus omne impono. Lyde, sequere
 hac me.

Lydus

Sequor.

III. 4.

Mnes.

500 Inimiciorem nunc utrum credam magis
 sodalemne esse an Bacchidem, incertum
 admodumst.
 illum exoptavit potius? habeat. optumest.
 ne illa illud hercle cum malo fecit suo;
 nam mihi divini numquam quisquam creduat,
 ni ego illam exemplis plurimis planeque—amo.
 ego faxo hau dicet nactam quem derideat.

nam iam domum ibo atque—aliquid surrupiam
 patri.
 id isti dabo. ego istanc multis ulciscar modis.
 adeo ego illam cogam usque ut mendicet—meus
 pater.

510 sed satine ego animum mente sincera gero,
 qui ad hunc modum haec his quae futura
 fabulor?

amo hercle opinor, ut pote quod pro certo sciam.

verum quam illa umquam de mea pecunia
 ramenta fiat plumea propensior,
 mendicum malim mendicando vincere.
 numquam edepol viva me inridebit. nam mihi
 decretumst renumerare iam omne aurum patri.

saw him do, dreadful, dreadful things, in my
 presence—and never a trace of shame about him.
 Why say more? My pupil, your chum, this father's
 son, has perished; for perished I say he has,
 when his sense of shame has perished.¹⁷

Mnes.

You've wrecked my life, (*with special acrimony*)
 chum! Oh, won't I wreck that woman's! I'd rather
 die a dog's death than not get even with her! Can
 it really be you don't know whom to think loyal to
 you, whom to trust?

Lydus

(*to Philoxenus*) Do you see how he suffers at your
 son, his chum, being corrupted; how his very soul
 is tormented?

Phil.

Mnesilochus, try to control the lad's impulses
 and disposition, I beg you. Save your chum for
 yourself and my son for me.

Mnes.

(*vehemently*) I wish I might!

Lydus

(*to Philoxenus*) It would be better for you to leave
 me with him, too.

Phil.

No, no, he'll manage.

Lydus

Mnesilochus, take charge of him! Go, rate him
 well—for degrading you, and me and his other
 friends with his enormities.

Phil.

I put the whole load on your shoulders. (*turns to*
go) This way, Lydus; come.

Lydus

(*gloomily*) Very well.

[*EXEUNT Philoxenus AND Lydus.*]

Scene 4.

Mnes.

(*tempestuously*) I absolutely can't tell which is
 my worse enemy now, my chum or Bacchis.
 Hankered for him instead of me, did she? Let her
 have him! All right, all right! By heaven, she'll
 certainly pay for this; for may no one ever believe
 my sacred word again, if I don't thoroughly and
 utterly—(*wryly*) love her. She shan't say she's
 lighted on a man she can laugh to scorn, I
 promise you.

For I'll home this minute, and—steal something
 from my father and give it to her. I'll be revenged
 on her in all sorts of ways. Yes indeed, I'll bring
 her to such a pass that—my father will have to
 beg his bread. But can I really be in possession of
 my senses, babbling here in this fashion about
 these futurities? Good Lord! I do believe I love
 her—seeing I know it for certain.

But sooner than let any cash of mine make her a
 fraction of a feather-weight the heavier, I'd
 outbeggar a beggar. By gad, she shan't give me
 the laugh in this world, never! My mind's made
 up—I'll count out every bit of that gold to my

igitur mi inani atque inopi subblandibitur
tum quom blandiri nihilo pluris referet
(519) quam si ad sepulcrum mortuo narres logos.¹⁸
520 profecto stabilest me patri aurum reddere.

eadem exorabo, Chrysalo causa mea
pater ne noceat, neu quid ei suscenseat
mea causa de auro quod eum ludificatus est;
nam illi aequomst me consulere, qui causa mea
mendacium ei dixit. vos me sequimini.

III. 5.

Pistoc.

Rebus aliis antevortar, Bacchis, quae mandas
mihi:
Mnesilochum ut requiram atque ut eum mecum
ad te adducam simul.
nam illud animus meus miratur, si a me tetigit
nuntius,
quid remoretur. ibo ut visam huc ad eum, si forte
est domi.

III. 6.

Mnes.

530 Reddidi patri omne aurum. nunc ego illam me
velim
convenire, postquam inanis sum, contemptricem
meam.
sed veniam mihi quam gravate pater dedit de
Chrysalo;
verum postremo impetravi, ut ne quid ei
suscenseat.

Pistoc.

Estne hic meus sodalis?

Mnes.

Estne hic hostis, quem aspicio, meus?

Pistoc.

Certe is est.

Mnes.

Is est.

Pistoc.

Adibo contra et contollam gradum.
salvos sis, Mnesiloche.

Mnes.

Salve.

Pistoc.

Salvos quom peregre advenis,
cena detur.

Mnes.

Non placet mi cena quae bilem movet.

Pistoc.

Numquae advenienti aegritudo obiecta est?

Mnes.

Atque acerruma.

Pistoc.

Unde?

father this moment.

Then let her try her pretty wiles on me when I'm
poverty stricken and penniless, when it won't do
any more good to coax than if you were to prattle
to a dead man at his tomb.¹⁸ The money goes to
my father, that's final, absolutely final.

At the same time I'll persuade him to let
Chrysalus off for my sake and not to be at all
angry with him on account of his fooling him, for
my sake, about the gold. Yes, it is only right I
should look out for the fellow that lied to him for
my sake. (*to slaves with luggage*) Follow me, you.
[EXEUNT INTO HOUSE OF *Nicobulus*.]

Scene 5.

Fifteen minutes have elapsed)

ENTER *Pistoclerus* FROM *Bacchis's* HOUSE.

Pistoc.

(*to Bacchis within*) Everything else shall come
second to your commission, Bacchis,—to hunt up
Mnesilochus and bring him back with me. Why, I
don't know what to make of his delay, if my
message reached him. I'll go look him up at the
house here, in case he happens to be at home.

Scene 6.

ENTER *Mnesilochus* FROM HOUSE.

Mnes.

I've handed over the whole sum to my father.
Now's the time I should like her to meet me, now
that I haven't a sou—my Lady Disdain! (*pausing*)
But how father did hate to pardon Chrysalus for
me! However, I finally induced him to swallow
his wrath.

Pistoc.

(*approaching Nicobulus's house*) Isn't that my
chum?

Mnes.

Isn't that my enemy I see?

Pistoc.

(*beaming*) It certainly is.

Mnes.

(*glowering*) It is.

Pistoc.

I'll step up and meet him. (*hurries to him*)
Mnesilochus! bless you!

Mnes.

(*gruffly*) Same to you.

Pistoc.

(*enthusiastically*) We must have a dinner, now
you're safe back from abroad.

Mnes.

I have no desire for a dinner that stirs my bile.

Pistoc.

(*wonderingly*) You haven't met with any trouble
on your return, have you?

Mnes.

Yes, of the worst sort.

Pistoc.

What caused it?

Mnes.

Ab homine quem mi amicum esse arbitratus
sum antidhac.

Pistoc.

540 Multi more isto atque exemplo vivont, quos cum
censeas
esse amicos, reperiuntur falsi falsimoniis,
lingua factiosi, inertes opera, sublesta fide.
nullus est quoi non invideant rem secundam
optingere;
sibi ne invideatur, ipsi ignavia recte cavent.

Mnes.

Edepol ne tu illorum mores perquam meditate
tenes.
sed etiam unum hoc: ex ingenio malo malum
inveniunt suo:
nulli amici sunt, inimicos ipsi in sese omnis
habent.
ei se cum frustrantur, frustrari alios stolidi
existumant.
sicut est his, quem esse amicum ratus sum atque
ipsus sum mihi:
550 ille, quod in se fuit, accuratum habuit quod
posset mali
faceret in me, inconciliaret copias omnis meas.

Pistoc.

Improbum istunc esse oportet hominem.

Mnes.

Ego ita esse arbitrator.

Pistoc.

Obsecro hercle loquere, quis is est?

Mnes.

Benevolens vivit tibi.
nam ni ita esset, tecum orarem ut ei quod posses
mali
facere faceres.

Pistoc.

Dic modo hominem qui sit sit: non
fecero
ei male aliquo pacto, me esse dicito
ignavissimum.

Mnes.

Nequam homost, verum hercle amicus est tibi.

Pistoc.

Tanto magis
dic quis est; nequam hominis ego parvi pendo
gratiam.

Mnes.

560 Video non potesse quin tibi eius nomen eloquar.
Pistoclerus, perdidisti me sodalem funditus.

Pistoc.

Quid istuc est?

Mnes.

Quid est? misine ego ad te ex Epheso
epistulam
super amica, ut mi invenires?

Pistoc.

Fateor factum, et repperi.

Mnes.

Quid? tibi non erat meretricum aliarum Athenis
copia

Mnes.

A man I always took for a friend till now.

Pistoc.

(*indignantly*) There are plenty of fellows amongst
us of that character and description, fellows you
regard as friends only to find 'em treacherous
traitors—energetic talkers, lazy doers, and ready
deserters. There's no one they don't envy his
good luck. As for themselves, they take proper
care no one envies them—their own inertness
looks out for that.

Mnes.

(*dryly*) Well, well! You certainly have a very
intimate acquaintance with their characteristics.
But there's this one thing to add: they're cursed
by their own cursed dispositions: friends to no
man as they are, they themselves have foes in all
men. When they're deceiving themselves the
fools fancy they are deceiving others. That's the
way with this man I thought was as good a friend
to me as I am to myself: as far as in him lay he
took pains to do me all the harm he could, to
defraud me of all I had.

Pistoc.

The fellow must be a perfect villain!

Mnes.

Precisely my own opinion.

Pistoc.

(*more indignantly*) By Jove, now! Who is he? Tell
me, tell me.

Mnes.

A man on good terms with you. Yes, but for that,
I'd beg you to do him any damage you could.

Pistoc.

Only tell me who the fellow is: if I don't damage
him somehow, you can call me the most spiritless
wretch on earth.

Mnes.

He's a scoundrel, but good Lord, he is a friend of
yours!

Pistoc.

All the more reason for telling me who he is; it's
little I care for the favour of a scoundrel.

Mnes.

I see there is nothing for me to do but give you
his name. Pistoclerus, (*bitterly*) you have ruined
me, your chum, ruined me utterly.

Pistoc.

(*aghast*) Eh? What's that?

Mnes.

What's that? Didn't I send you a letter from
Ephesus about my mistress, asking you to find
her for me?

Pistoc.

To be sure you did—and I did find her.

Mnes.

What? Weren't there enough other women in
Athens for you to philander with, without

quibuscum haberes rem, nisi cum illa quam ego
mandassem tibi
occiperes tute¹⁹ amare et mi ires consultum
male?

Pistoc.

Sanun es?

Mnes.

Rem repperi omnem ex tuo magistro. ne
nega.
perdidisti me.

Pistoc.

Etiamne ultro tuis me prolectas
probris?

Mnes.

Quid? amas Bacchidem?

Pistoc.

Duas ergo his intus eccas Bacchides.

Mnes.

Quid? duas?

Pistoc.

Atque ambas sorores.

Mnes.

Loqueris nunc nugas sciens.

Pistoc.

570 Postremo, si pergis parvam mihi fidem
arbitrarier,
tollam ego ted in collum atque intro hinc
auferam.

Mnes.

Immo ibo, mane.

Pistoc.

Non maneo, neque tu me habebis falso
suspectum.

Mnes.

Sequor.

ACTVS IV

Par.

Parasitus ego sum hominis nequam atque
improbi,
militis, qui amicam secum avexit ex Samo.
nunc me ire iussit ad eam et percontarier,
utrum aurum reddat ane eat secum semul.
tu dudum, puere, cum illae usque isti semul:
quae harum sunt aedes, pulta. adi actutum ad
fores.

580 recede hinc diirecte. ut pulsat propudium!
comesse panem tris pedes latum potes,
fores pultare nescis. ecquis in aedibust?
heus, ecquis his est? ecquis hoc aperit ostium?
ecquis exit?

IV. 2.

Pistoc.

Quid istuc? quae istaec est pulsatio?

beginning to make love to her, the girl I had
entrusted to you, and trying this underhand trick
on me?

Pistoc.

Are you sane?

Mnes.

I have the whole story from your tutor. You
needn't deny it. You have ruined me.

Pistoc.

(*getting irritated*) Can it be you're bent on
provoking me with this uncalled for abuse of
yours?

Mnes.

Eh? You do love Bacchis?

Pistoc.

Well, but look you, there are two Bacchises in
here.

Mnes.

(*astonished*) What? Two?

Pistoc.

And sisters, too.

Mnes.

Now you're talking rot, and you know it.

Pistoc.

See here now, if you go on making light of my
word, I'll perch you up on my neck and carry you
off inside. (*seizes him*)

Mnes.

No, no, I'll go: wait.

Pistoc.

I won't wait, and I won't have you suspecting me
falsely, either. (*pulls him toward door*)

Mnes.

I'm coming.

[EXEUNT INTO HOUSE.]

ACT IV

ENTER *Parasite* WITH *Cleomachus's* PAGE.

Par.

The parasite of a worthless reprobate is what I
am, the parasite of the Captain that carried the
wench off from Samos with him. Now he has
ordered me to call on her and inquire whether
she intends to pay him back his money, or go
along with him. (*scanning the houses*) Boy, you
came along to the place with her a short time
ago: whichever house it is here, knock. Up to the
door with you directly: (*page obeys, knocking*
timidly)

Get out and be hanged to you! How the imp
knocks! You can devour a loaf of bread three feet
wide: as for knocking at a door, you don't know
how. (*pounds vigorously himself, and shouts*)
Anyone at home? Hi! Anyone here? Anyone
minding this door? Anyone coming?

Scene 2.

ENTER *Pistoclerus* INTO DOORWAY.

Pistoc.

(*angrily*) What's all this? What do you mean by
pounding so? What the devil ails you, to test your

	20	quae te mala crux agitat, qui ad istunc modum alieno viris tuas extentes ostio? fores paene exfregisti. quid nunc vis tibi?	strength on other people's doors this way? You've nearly smashed it off. Now what are you after?
		<i>Par.</i> Adulescens, salve.	<i>Par.</i> (<i>somewhat cowed</i>) Good day, young gentleman.
		<i>Pistoc.</i> Salve, sed quem quaeritas?	<i>Pistoc.</i> Good day. But who is it you're looking for?
		<i>Par.</i> Bacchidem.	<i>Par.</i> Bacchis.
		<i>Pistoc.</i> Utram ergo?	<i>Pistoc.</i> Well, which?
		<i>Par.</i> Nil scio nisi Bacchidem.	<i>Par.</i> Bacchis—that's all I know. Briefly: Captain
590		paucis: me misit miles ad eam Cleomachus, vel ut ducentos Philippos reddat aureos vel ut hinc in Elatiam hodie eat secum semul.	Cleomachus sent me to say she must either pay him back two hundred golden sovereigns, or else go along with him to-day to Elatea.
		<i>Pistoc.</i> Non it. negat se ituram. abi et renuntia. alium illa amat, non illum. due te ab aedibus.	<i>Pistoc.</i> She is not going. She refuses to go. Away with you and report! It's another man she loves, not him. March yourself off!
		<i>Par.</i> Nimis iracunde.	<i>Par.</i> (<i>soothingly</i>) You're too irritable.
		<i>Pistoc.</i> At scin quam iracundus siem? ne tibi hercle haud longe est os ab infortunio, ita dentifrangibula haec meis manibus gestiunt.	<i>Pistoc.</i> (<i>roaring</i>) But d'ye know how irritable? By the Lord, that face of yours is precious close to a calamity, the way these (<i>shaking his fists at parasite, who retreats</i>) tooth-crackers here are itching!
		<i>Par.</i> Cum ego huius verba interpretor, mihi cautiost, ne nucifrangibula excussit ex malis meis. tuo ego istaec igitur dicam illi periculo.	<i>Par.</i> (<i>aside, wryly</i>) To judge from his remarks, I must take care he doesn't knock the nutcrackers out of my jaws. (<i>aloud</i>) All right, I'll tell him about this, and it will be at your risk. (<i>turns to go</i>)
		<i>Pistoc.</i> Quid ais tu?	<i>Pistoc.</i> See here! (<i>advancing</i>)
		<i>Par.</i> Ego istuc illi dicam.	<i>Par.</i> (<i>backing away</i>) I'll tell him what you say.
600		<i>Pistoc.</i> Dic mihi, quis tu es?	<i>Pistoc.</i> Tell me this, who are you?
		<i>Par.</i> Illius sum integumentum corporis.	<i>Par.</i> (<i>impressively</i>) I am the Captain's corporal integument.
		<i>Pistoc.</i> Nequam esse oportet cui tu integumentum improbu's.	<i>Pistoc.</i> A sorry specimen he must be to have a rascal like you for an integument!
		<i>Par.</i> Sufflatus ille huc veniet.	<i>Par.</i> He'll be coming here swelling with rage.
		<i>Pistoc.</i> Dirrumptum velim.	<i>Pistoc.</i> I hope he bursts.
		<i>Par.</i> Numquid vis?	<i>Par.</i> (<i>going</i>) Anything more I can do?
		<i>Pistoc.</i> Abeas. celeriter factost opus.	<i>Pistoc.</i> Yes, get out! And you need to be quick about it. (<i>advancing</i>)
		<i>Par.</i> Vale, dentifrangibule.	<i>Par.</i> (<i>running</i>) Farewell, Sir Toothcracker.
		<i>Pistoc.</i> Et tu, integumentum, vale. in eum nunc haec res venit locum, ut quid consili dem meo sodali super amica nesciam, qui iratus renumeravit omne aurum patri, neque nummus ullust qui reddatur militi.	<i>Pistoc.</i> The same to yourself, Sir Integument [EXIT <i>Parasite.</i>] Now matters have come to the point where I don't know how to advise my chum about his mistress, what with his getting angry and counting out all the gold to his father, and not a

610 sed huc concedam, nam concrepauerunt fores.
Mnesilochus eccum maestus progreditur foras.

IV. 3.

Mnes.

Petulans, protervo iracundo animo, indomito
incogitato,
sine modo et modestia sum, sine bono iure atque
honore,
incredibilis imposque animi, inamabilis inlepidus
vivo,
malevolente ingenio natus. postremo id mi est
quod volo
ego esse aliis. credibile hoc est?
nequior nemost neque indignior quoi
di bene faciant neque quem quisquam
homo aut amet aut adeat.

620 inimicos quam amicos aequomst med habere,
malos quam bonos par magis me iuvare.
omnibus probris, quae improbis viris
digna sunt, dignior nullus est homo;
qui patri reddidi omne aurum amans, mihi
quod fuit prae manu. sumne ego homo miser?
perdidi me simulque operam Chrysalis.

Pistoc.

Consolandus his mist, ibo ad eum.
Mnesiloche, quid fit?

Mnes.

Perii.

Pistoc.

Di melius faciant.

Mnes.

Perii.

Pistoc.

Non taces, insipiens?

Mnes.

Taceam?

Pistoc.

Sanus satis non est.

Mnes.

Perii.

multa mala mi in pectore nunc acria atque
acerba eveniunt.
criminin me habuisse fidem? immerito tibi iratus
fui.

Pistoc.

Heia, bonum habe animum.

Mnes.

630 Unde habeam? mortuos pluris pretist
quam ego sum.

Pistoc.

Militis parasitus venerat modo aurum
petere hinc,
eum ego meis dictis malis his foribus atque hac
platea abegi;
reppuli, reieci hominem.

Mnes.

Quid mi id prodest? quom ipse
veniet,
quid faciam? nil habeo miser. ille quidem hanc
abducet, scio.

penny left to pay the Captain. (*listening*) But I'll
step aside here: (*does so*) the door creaked. Ah,
there's our woebegone Mnesilochus coming out.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Mnesilochus* FROM *Bacchis's* HOUSE.

Mnes.

A hasty fool, a reckless, passionate,
uncontrollable, unthinking fool without method
and moderation, that's what I am—a creature
without any sense of right and honour,
distrustful, hotheaded, loveless, graceless,
crabbed and born crabbed! Yes, yes, I'm
everything that I wish some one else was! Is this
credible? There's not a viler man alive, a man
more unworthy of heaven's kindness, of having a
mortal soul love him or come near him!

Enemies are what I ought to have, not friends;
rascals are the right people to help me, not
honest men. Not a man on earth has a better title
to all the infamy of an infamous scoundrel! I to
give all that gold to my father, and I in love—gold
I had in hand! If I'm not a poor, poor fool! I've
thrown away my own life together with all
Chrysalus did for me.

Pistoc.

(*aside*) I must console him: I'll up to him. (*aloud,*
approaching) How are things, Mnesilochus?

Mnes.

I'm done for.

Pistoc.

God forbid!

Mnes.

(*still more dejectedly*) I'm done for.

Pistoc.

Won't you shut up, you silly fellow?

Mnes.

Shut up?

Pistoc.

You've lost your wits.

Mnes.

I'm done for. Oh, the confounded thoughts that
crowd in on me now, exasperating, excruciating!
To have credited that accusation! I had no reason
to be angry with you.

Pistoc.

Oh well, cheer up.

Mnes.

Where can I get cheer? A corpse is worth more
than I am.

Pistoc.

(*encouragingly*) The Captain's parasite has just
been here after the money: I let him have a volley
of abuse and drove him away up the street here.
I fought him off, flung him back.

Mnes.

(*disconsolate*) What's the good of that to me?
When he comes himself, what shall I do? I
haven't a penny, wretch that I am! Of course he'll
carry her off, I know that.

Pistoc.

Si mihi sit, non pollicear.

Mnes.

Scio, dares, novi tuom.
sed nisi ames, non habeam tibi fidem tantam; eo
quod amas tamen
nunc agitas sat tute tuarum rerum; sin liber sies
egone ut opem mi ferre posse putem inopem te?
non potest.

Pistoc.

Tace modo: deus respiciet nos aliquis.

Mnes.

Nugae. vale.

Pistoc.

Mane.

Mnes.

Quid est?

Pistoc.

Tuam copiam eccam Chrysalum video.
tace.

IV. 4.

Chrys.

640 Hunc hominem decet auro expendi, huic decet
statuam statui ex auro;
nam duplex hodie facinus feci, duplicibus spoliis
sum adfectus.
erum maiorem meum ut ego hodie lusi lepide,
ut ludificatust.
callidum senem callidis dolis
compuli et perpuli, mi omnia ut crederet.
nunc amanti ero filio senis,
quicum ego bibo, quicum edo et amo,
regias copias aureasque optuli,
ut domo sumeret neu foris quaereret.
650 non mihi isti placent Parmenones, Syri,
qui duas aut tris minas auferunt eris.

nequius nil est quam egens consili servos, nisi
habet multipotens pectus:
ubicumque usus siet, pectore expromat suo.
nullus frugi esse potest homo,
nisi qui et bene et male facere tenet.

659-660 improbibus cum improbus sit, harpaget, furibus
furetur quod queat,
vorsipellem frugi convenit esse hominem,
pectus quoi sapit: bonus sit bonis, malus sit
malis;
utcumque res sit, ita animum habeat.

sed lubet scire quantum aurum erus sibi
dempsit et quid suo reddidit patri.
si frugi est, Herculem fecit ex patre:
decimam partem ei dedit, sibi novem
abstulit.
sed quem quaero optume eccum obviam
mihi est.

670 num qui nummi exciderunt, ere, tibi,
quod sic terram optuere?
quid vos maestos tam tristesque esse conspicer?
non placet nec temere est etiam. quin mihi
respondetis?

Pistoc.

If I had any money myself, I wouldn't promise it
to you.

Mnes.

I know, you'd give it to me: I know your way. If
you weren't in love yourself, though, I shouldn't
have such confidence in you. Being in love,
however, you have troubles enough of your own
as it is. But even if you were fancy free, could I
think you able to supply me, unsupplied as you
are yourself? Impossible!

Pistoc.

Oh, do shut up: some god will look out for us.

Mnes.

Rubbish! (*despairingly, moving off*) Farewell!

Pistoc.

(*looking down street*) Wait.

Mnes.

What's the matter?

Pistoc.

(*pointing*) Look! I see your supply station,
Chrysalus. Sh—h! (*they withdraw*).

Scene 4.

ENTER *Chrysalus* IN HIGH SPIRITS.

Chrys.

Here is a man (*patting his chest*) that is worth his
weight in gold: here is a man who ought to have
a gold statue set up for him. Why, I've done a
double deed to-day, been graced with double
spoils. The old master—how cleverly I did take
him in to-day, how he was fooled! Wily as the old
chap is, my wily arts impelled him and compelled
him to believe me in everything.

And now the young master that's in love, the old
one's son, that I drink with and eat with and go a-
courting with—I've furnished him out with regal
supplies, golden supplies, so that he can go to
himself for cash and not look for it outside. I
haven't any use for those Parmenones, those
Syruses that do their masters out of two or three
gold pieces.

There's nothing more worthless than a servant
without brains: he's got to have a precious
powerful intellect: whenever a scheme is needed,
let him produce it from his own intellect. Not a
soul can be worth anything, unless he knows how
to be good and bad both.

He must be a rascal among rascals, rob robbers,
steal what he can. A chap that's worth anything,
a chap with a fine intellect, has to be able to
change his skin. He must be good with the good
and bad with the bad; whatever the situation
calls for, that he's got to be.

(*pausing*) But I should like to know how much
money master took for himself and what he
passed on to his father. If he is worth anything,
he has let his father play Hercules—given him a
tithe and made off with nine parts for his own
use. (*sees Mnesilochus and Pistoclus*) Hullo,
though! Here's a lucky meeting with the man I'm
looking for!

(*to Mnesilochus*) You haven't dropped any of the
coin, have you, sir,—gazing at the ground that
way? (*waits for answer*) What makes you two
look so sad and gloomy? (*waits again*) I don't like
it: no indeed, it's not for nothing. (*waits again*)

Mnes.
Chrysale, occidi.
Chrys.
Fortassis tu auri dempsisti parum?
Mnes.
Quam, malum, parum? immo vero nimio minus multo parum.
Chrys.
Quid igitur, stulte? an tu, quoniam occasio ad eam rem fuit mea virtute parta, ut quantum velles tantum sumeres, sic hoc digitulis duobus sumebas primoribus? an nescibas quam eius modi homini raro tempus se daret?
Mnes.
Erras.
Chrys.
At quidem tute errasti, cum parum immersti ampliter.
Mnes.
Pol tu quam nunc med accuses magis, si magis rem noveris. occidi.
Chrys.
Animus iam istoc dicto plus praesagitur mali.
Mnes.
Perii.
Chrys.
Quid ita?
Mnes.
680 Quia patri omne cum ramento reddidi.
Chrys.
Reddidisti?
Mnes.
Reddidi.
Chrys.
Omnene?
Mnes.
Oppido.
Chrys.
Occisi sumus.
qui in mentem venit tibi istuc facinus facere tam malum?
Mnes.
Bacchidem atque hunc suspicabar propter crimen, Chrysale, mi male consuluisse: ob eam rem omne aurum, iratus reddidi meo patri.
Chrys.
Quid, ubi reddebas aurum, dixisti patri?
Mnes.
Me id aurum accepisse extemplo ab hospite Archidemide.
Chrys.
Em,
istoc dicto dedisti hodie in cruciatum Chrysalum;

Why don't you answer me?
Mnes.
Chrysalus, I'm a lost man.
Chrys.
You took too little of the gold, perhaps?
Mnes.
Too little, eh, curse it! No indeed,—much too much less than too little!
Chrys.
Well, how's that, you blockhead? After my ability won you this opportunity to help yourself to just as much as you pleased, you surely didn't pick it up this way (*illustrating*) with a couple of finger tips? Didn't you know how seldom a man is offered such a chance?
Mnes.
You're making a mistake.
Chrys.
Well, you made another yourself, by not dipping into it deep enough.
Mnes.
(*moodily*) Good Lord! You'd lecture me more than you do now, if you knew more of the facts. I'm a lost man!
Chrys.
Now I foresee more trouble coming, after that remark.
Mnes.
I'm done for.
Chrys.
Why so?
Mnes.
Because I've handed over every scrap of it to my father.
Chrys.
(*dumbfounded*) Handed it over?
Mnes.
Handed it over.
Chrys.
Every bit?
Mnes.
Absolutely.
Chrys.
We're both lost men! What made it enter your head to do such a thing, such an awful thing?
Mnes.
(*awkwardly*) I heard a charge made, Chrysalus, and suspected Bacchis and Pistoclerus here of plotting against me: so I got angry and handed all the money over to my father.
Chrys.
What did you tell your father when you handed it over?
Mnes.
That I had received it on demand from his friend Archidemides.
Chrys.
(*grimly*) Aha! And gave Chrysalus over to torment by the statement; for when he sets eyes on me the old man will promptly hale me off to

	nam ubi me aspiciet, ad carnificem rapiet continuo senex.		the public torturer.
	<i>Mnes.</i>		<i>Mnes.</i>
	Ego patrem exoravi.		(<i>hurriedly</i>) I persuaded him.
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Nempe ergo hoc ut faceret quod loquor?		(<i>dryly</i>) Indeed? To do what I'm saying, I take it?
	<i>Mnes.</i>		<i>Mnes.</i>
690	Immo tibi ne noceat neu quid ob eam rem suscenseat; atque aegre impetravi. nunc hoc tibi curandumst, Chrysale.		No, no, not to harm you, or be at all angry with you for what you did; and a hard time I had getting it out of him, too. (<i>pauses, then in flattering manner</i>) Here's what you must see to now, Chrysalus.
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Quid vis curem?		(<i>sourly</i>) What do you want me to see to?
	<i>Mnes.</i>		<i>Mnes.</i>
	Ut ad senem etiam alteram facias viam. compara, fabricare finge quod lubet, conglutina, ut senem hodie doctum docte fallas aurumque auferas.		To making another march still against the old man. Use your ideas, your devices, your craft, any way you please, stick together some clever scheme to fool the clever old fellow to-day and get away with the gold.
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Vix videtur fieri posse.		It hardly looks possible to me.
	<i>Mnes.</i>		<i>Mnes.</i>
	Perge, ac facile ecfeceris.		You go ahead, and you'll carry it through easily.
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Quam, malum, facile, quem mendaci prendit manifesto modo? quem si orem ut mihi nil credat, id non ausit credere.		Easily, eh, curse it? A man that has caught me in a barefaced lie? A man that, if I should beg him not to believe me in a thing, wouldn't dare to believe even that!
	<i>Mnes.</i>		<i>Mnes.</i>
	Immo si audias quae dicta dixit me adversum tibi.		(<i>smiling feebly</i>) Worse still—if you had only heard what he said to me about you.
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Quid dixit?		What did he say?
	<i>Mnes.</i>		<i>Mnes.</i>
700	Si tu illum solem sibi solem esse diceres, se illum lunam credere esse et noctem qui nunc est dies.		That if you told him the sun there was the sun, he'd believe it was the moon, and that it was night now, not day.
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Emungam hercle hominem probe hodie, ne id nequiquam dixerit.		(<i>thinking a moment, then jubilantly</i>) By Jupiter! I'll clean the man up in glorious shape to-day, that he mayn't say that for nothing!
	<i>Mnes.</i>		<i>Mnes.</i>
	Nunc quid nos vis facere?		What do you want us to do now?
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Enim nil nisi ut ametis impero. ceterum quantum lubet me poscitote aurum: ego dabo. quid mihi refert Chrysalos esse nomen, nisi factis probo? sed nunc quantillum usust auri tibi, Mnesilochus? dic mihi.		Oh, make love—that's all I order. But just apply to me for gold, as much as you like: I'm your man. What's the advantage of my being named Chrysalus, unless I live up to it? Well now, Mnesilochus, what's the paltry sum you need? Tell me.
	<i>Mnes.</i>		<i>Mnes.</i>
	Militi nummis ducentis iam usus est pro Bacchide.		(<i>eagerly</i>) I need two hundred pounds at once to pay the Captain for Bacchis.
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Ego dabo.		I'm your man.
	<i>Mnes.</i>		<i>Mnes.</i>
	Tum nobis opus est sumptu.		Then we must have something for running expenses.
	<i>Chrys.</i>		<i>Chrys.</i>
	Ah, placide volo		Oh, I say, let's go gently and attend to things one

710	<p>unum quidque agamus: hoc ubi egero, tum istuc agam. de ducentis nummis primum intendam ballistam in senem; ea ballista si pervortam turrim et propugnacula, recta porta invadam extemplo in oppidum anticum et vetus: si id capso, geritote amicis vestris aurum corbibus, sicut animus sperat.</p> <p><i>Pistoc.</i> Apud test animus noster, Chrysale.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Nunc tu abi intro, Pistoclerus, ad Bacchidem, atque efer cito.</p> <p><i>Pistoc.</i> Quid? <i>Chrys.</i> Stilum, ceram et tabellas, linum.</p> <p><i>Pistoc.</i> Iam faxo his erunt.</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> Quid nunc es facturus? id mihi dice.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Coctumst prandium? vos duo eritis atque amica tua erit tecum tertia?</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> Sicut dicis.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Pistoclerus nulla amica est?</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> Immo adest. alteram ille amat sororem, ego alteram, ambas Bacchides.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Quid tu loquere?</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> Hoc, ut futuri sumus.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i></p>	<p>by one: after I've attended to this, then I'll attend to that: I'll train my catapult on the old fellow for the two hundred first. If I shatter the tower and outworks with the said catapult, the next minute I'll plunge straight through the gate into the ancient and time-worn town; in case I capture it, you two can carry off gold to your lady friends by the basketful, and gratify the hope of your soul.</p> <p><i>Pistoc.</i> Our soul is in your keeping, Chrysalus.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> <i>(obviously the manager)</i> Now, Pistoclerus, inside with you to Bacchis and hurry back with—</p> <p><i>Pistoc.</i> With what? <i>Chrys.</i> —a stylus, wax and tablets, some tape.</p> <p><i>Pistoc.</i> I'll have them here at once. [EXIT INTO HOUSE.]</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> What are you going to do now? Tell me that.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Is lunch cooked? You two, and your girl with you for a third,—is that the plan?</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> Just so.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> No girl for Pistoclerus?</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> Oh, yes there is! He loves one sister and I the other, both of them Bacchises.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> <i>(surprised)</i> What's that you tell me?</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> Merely our arrangements.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Where is this duplex dining-couch of yours set?</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> What do you ask that for?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> The case calls for it. I want to be told. You don't know what I'm up to, what a monster of a scheme I'm going to get under way.</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> <i>(slyly)</i> Give me your hand and follow me closer to the door. <i>(leads Chrysalus to the house of Bacchis and pushes the door open)</i> Cast your eyes in there!</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> <i>(looking in)</i> Hurray! Perfectly delicious, yes, just the sort of place I longed for it to be! RE-ENTER <i>Pistoclerus.</i></p> <p><i>Pistoc.</i> <i>(to Chrysalus, with mock deference)</i> Orders followed, sir! Good orders to good men instantly executed.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> What have you got?</p>
720	<p> Ubist biclinium vobis stratum?</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> Quid id exquaeris?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Res itast, dici volo. nescis quid ego acturus sim nec facinus quantum exordiar.</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> Cedo manum ac subsequere propius me ad fores. intro inspice.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Euax, nimis bellus atque ut esse maxime optabam locus.</p> <p><i>Pistoc.</i> Quae imperavisti. imperatum bene bonis factum ilicost.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Quid parasti?</p>	<p> Ubist biclinium vobis stratum?</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> Quid id exquaeris?</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Res itast, dici volo. nescis quid ego acturus sim nec facinus quantum exordiar.</p> <p><i>Mnes.</i> Cedo manum ac subsequere propius me ad fores. intro inspice.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> Euax, nimis bellus atque ut esse maxime optabam locus.</p> <p><i>Pistoc.</i> Quae imperavisti. imperatum bene bonis factum ilicost.</p> <p><i>Chrys.</i> What have you got?</p>

	<i>Pistoc.</i> Quae parari tu iussisti omnia.	<i>Pistoc.</i> Everything your mandate called for. (<i>showing writing materials</i>)
	<i>Chrys.</i> Cape stilum propere et tabellas tu has tibi.	<i>Chrys.</i> (<i>to Mnesilochus</i>) Quick! Take the stylus and these tablets, you.
	<i>Mnes.</i> Quid postea?	<i>Mnes.</i> (<i>obeying</i>) And then?
720	<i>Chrys.</i> Quod iubebo scribito istic. nam propterea te volo scribere, ut pater cognoscat litteras quando legat. scribe.	<i>Chrys.</i> Write down there what I dictate. I want you to do the writing, you see, so that your father will recognize your hand when he reads it. Write.
	<i>Mnes.</i> Quid scribam?	<i>Mnes.</i> Write what?
	<i>Chrys.</i> Salutem tuo patri verbis tuis.	<i>Chrys.</i> Oh, some wish—use your own words—for your father's health. (<i>Mnesilochus writes</i>)
	<i>Pistoc.</i> Quid si potius morbum mortem scribat? id erit rectius.	<i>Pistoc.</i> Hadn't he better write sickness and death? That will be more to the point.
	<i>Chrys.</i> Ne interturba.	<i>Chrys.</i> (<i>to Pistoclerus</i>) Don't muddle him.
	<i>Mnes.</i> Iam imperatum in cera inest.	<i>Mnes.</i> That's down now according to orders.
	<i>Chrys.</i> Dic quem ad modum.	<i>Chrys.</i> Let's hear how you've put it.
	<i>Mnes.</i> "Mnesilochus salutem dicit suo patri."	<i>Mnes.</i> (<i>reading</i>) "Mnesilochus sends best wishes to his father."
	<i>Chrys.</i> Adscribe hoc cito: "Chrysalus mihi usque quaque loquitur nec recte, pater, quia tibi aurum reddidi et quia non te fraudaverim."	<i>Chrys.</i> Hurry up, add this: "Chrysalus keeps talking away at me everywhere, father, and talking harshly, because I handed the gold over to you and did not defraud you."
	<i>Pistoc.</i> Mane dum scribit.	<i>Pistoc.</i> Give him time to write.
	<i>Chrys.</i> Celerem oportet esse amatoris manum.	<i>Chrys.</i> A lover's hand ought to be nimble.
	<i>Pistoc.</i> 21 At quidem hercle est ad perdendum magis quam ad scribundum cita.	<i>Pistoc.</i> Gad, yes! but it makes shorter work of cash than correspondence.
	<i>Mnes.</i> Loquere. hoc scriptumst.	<i>Mnes.</i> Go on. That's written.
740	<i>Chrys.</i> "Nunc, pater mi, proin tu ab eo ut caveas tibi, sycophantias componit, aurum ut abs ted auferat; et profecto se ablaturum dixit." plane adscribito.	<i>Chrys.</i> "Now then, father dear, do be on your guard against him—he is laying a rascally scheme to take the gold from you; and he vows he will take it." Write that down plain.
	<i>Mnes.</i> Dic modo.	<i>Mnes.</i> (<i>after a moment</i>) Yes, yes, go on.
	<i>Chrys.</i> "Atque id pollicetur se daturum aurum mihi, quod dem scortis quodque in lustris comedim congraecem, pater, sed, pater, vide ne tibi hodie verba det: quaeso cave."	<i>Chrys.</i> "And besides, he promises he will give it to me to spend on women and to squander in riotous living in low resorts, father. But, father, do see that he doesn't impose upon you to-day: for mercy's sake, take care."
	<i>Mnes.</i> Loquere porro.	<i>Mnes.</i> (<i>finishing</i>) All right, some more.
	<i>Chrys.</i>	<i>Chrys.</i>

Adscribe dum etiam—

Mnes.

Loquere quid scribam modo.

Chrys.

"Sed, pater, quod promisisti mihi, te quaeso ut memineris, ne illum verberes; verum apud te vinctum adservato domi."
cedo tu ceram ac linum actutum. age oblige, obsigna cito.

Mnes.

Obsecro, quid istis ad istunc usust conscriptis modum,
750 ut tibi ne quid credat atque ut vinctum te adservet domi?

Chrys.

Quia mi ita lubet. potin ut cures te atque ut ne parcas mihi?
mea fiducia opus conduxit et meo periculo rem gero.

Mnes.

Aequom dicis.

Chrys.

Cedo tabellas.

Mnes.

Accipe.

Chrys.

Animum advortite.

Mnesiloche et tu, Pistoclerus, iam facite in biclinio cum amica sua uterque accubitus eatis, ita negotiumst, atque ibidem ubi nunc sunt lecti strati potetis cito.

Pistoc.

Numquid aliud?

Chrys.

Hoc, atque etiam: ubi erit accubitus semel, ne quoquam exurgatis, donec a me erit signum datum.

Pistoc.

O imperatorem probum!

Chrys.

Iam bis bibisse oportuit.

Mnes.

Fugimus.

Chrys.

760 Vos vestrum curate officium, ego efficiam meum.

Just go on and add—(*thinking*)

Mnes.

Well, say what.

Chrys.

"However, I beg you to remember what you promised me, father: don't beat him; but tie him up and keep watch on him at home." (*to Pistoclerus*) The wax and tape, you, look sharp! (*Pistoclerus obeys. To Mnesilochus*) Come on, fasten it, seal it, quick!

Mnes.

(*obeying*) For heaven's sake, what's the use of a document like this, telling him not to believe you at all, to tie you up and keep watch on you at home?

Chrys.

Because it suits me. Can't you mind your own business and not bother about me? (*arrogantly*) I was relying on myself when I contracted for this job, and I'll take the risk myself in doing it.

Mnes.

Fairly spoken.

Chrys.

Hand over the tablets.

Mnes.

(*doing so*) Here they are.

Chrys.

Attention now! Mnesilochus, and you too, Pistoclerus, go at once and take your places on your duplex dining-couch, each of you beside his girl—that's the thing to do—and right there where the couches are set at present you hurry up and begin drinking.

Pistoc.

(*turning to go*) Nothing else?

Chrys.

Just this—and one thing more: when you've once taken your places, don't move an inch off the couches until you get the signal from me.

Pistoc.

O peerless leader!

Chrys.

(*bustling them off*) You should have put down two drinks already.

Mnes.

(*in mock terror*) We're running away.

Chrys.

(*grinning*) You two do your duty and I'll attend to mine.

[EXEUNT *Pistoclerus* AND *Mnesilochus* INTO HOUSE OF *Bacchis*.]

IV. 5.

Chrys.

insanum magnum molior negotium, metuoque ut hodie possiem emolirier. sed nunc truculento mi atque saevo usus senest; nam non conducit huic sycophantiae senem tranquillum esse ubi me aspexerit.

versabo ego illum hodie, si vivo, probe. tam frictum ego illum reddam quam frictum est cicer.

Scene 5.

Chrys.

(*doubtfully*) It's some wild, wild work I've got in hand, and what I'm afraid of is that I can't carry it out. (*pauses*) But now I must make the old man feel fierce and savage. For it won't suit this swindle of mine, to have him peaceful when he sets eyes on me.

I'll turn him other end up to-day, handsomely, on my life, I will. I'll see he's roasted like a roasted pea. I'll saunter up to the door so that when he

adambulabo ad ostium, ut, quando exeat,
extemplo advenienti ei tabellas dem in manum.

IV. 6.

Nic.

770 Nimium illaec res est magnae dividiae mihi,
supterfugisse sic mihi hodie Chrysalum.

Chrys.

Salvos sum, iratus est senex. nunc est mihi
adeundi ad hominem tempus.

Nic.

Quis loquitur prope?
atque his quidem, opinor, Chrysalust.

Chrys.

Accessero.

Nic.

Bone serve, salve. quid fit? quam mox navigo
in Ephesum, ut aurum repetam ab Theotimo
domum?

taces? per omnis deos adiuro, ut ni meum
gnatum tam amem atque ei facta cupiam quae is
velit,

779-780 ut tua iam virgis latera lacerentur probe
ferratusque in pistrino aetatem conteras.
omnia rescivi scelera ex Mnesilocho tua.

Chrys.

Men criminatust? optimest: ego sum malus,
ego sum sacer, scelestus. specta rem modo;
ego verbum faciam nullum.

Nic.

Etiam, carnufex,
minitare?

Chrys.

Nosces tu illum actutum qualis sit.
nunc has tabellas ferre me iussit tibi.
orabat, quod istic esset scriptum ut fieret.

Nic.

Cedo.

Chrys.

Nosce signum.

Nic.

Novi. ubi ipse est?

Chrys.

Nescio.

790 nil iam me oportet scire. oblitus sum omnia.
scio me esse servom. nescio etiam id quod scio.
nunc ab trasenna his turdus lumbricum petit;
pendebit hodie pulcre, ita intendi tenus.

Nic.

Mane dum parumper; iam exeo ad te, Chrysale.

Chrys.

Ut verba mihi dat, ut nescio quam rem gerat.
servos arcessit intus qui me vinciant.
bene navis agitatur, pulcre haec confertur ratis.
sed contiscam, nam audio aperiri fores.

comes out I can hand him the letter the minute
he appears. (*withdraws as door opens*)

Scene 6.

ENTER *Nicobulus* FROM HOUSE.

Nic.

Ugh! how it does rankle to have let Chrysalus get
out of my reach as he has to-day.

Chrys.

(*in low tone*) Saved! The old fellow's angry. Now
is the time to approach him.

Nic.

(*aside*) Who's that speaking near here? (*seeing
Chrysalus*) Yes, it's actually Chrysalus, I do
believe.

Chrys.

(*aside*) At him now! (*approaches*)

Nic.

Ah! my good servant, how goes it? How soon
shall I sail to Ephesus to bring home the gold
from Theotimus? Silent, eh? (*more savagely*) I
swear to heaven if I didn't love my son so, if I
wasn't anxious to gratify his wishes, those flanks
of yours would be torn to ribbons with rods this
instant and you should wear out your days in
fettors in the mill. I have heard about your
rascality from Mnesilocho—everything.

Chrys.

(*affecting indignation*) He's accused me, me?
Very fine indeed! I'm the one that's bad, I'm the
cursed criminal! (*significantly*) You just keep
your eyes open; that's all I have to say.

Nic.

What? Threatening, you hangdog?

Chrys.

You'll shortly know what sort he is. He ordered
me to bring this letter to you now. Begged you to
do what's written there.

Nic.

Give it here.

Chrys.

(*obeying*) Take notice of the seal.

Nic.

(*seeing it is intact*) Yes, yes. Where is my son
himself?

Chrys.

(*surlily*) Don't know. The proper thing for me now
is to know nothing. I've forgotten everything. I
know I'm a slave. I don't even know what I do
know. (*aside*) Now our thrush here is after the
worm in my trap; he'll soon be hung up
handsomely, the way I've set the noose.

Nic.

(*having read letter*) Just wait a moment; (*goes
toward house*) I'll soon be back with you,
Chrysalus.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

Chrys.

(*elated*) Oh, isn't he bluffing me! Oh, isn't it
mysterious what he's at! He's fetching servants
from inside to tie me up. A lovely shake-up the
galleon there is getting; the little bark here is
putting up a fine fight! (*listening*) But not a word!
I hear the door opening.

IV. 7.

Scene 7.

Nic.

Constringe tu illi, Artamo, actutum manus.

Chrys.

Quid feci?

Nic.

800 Impinge pugnum, si muttiverit.
quid hae locuntur litterae?

Chrys.

 Quid me rogas?
ut ab illo accepi, ad te obsignatas attuli.

Nic.

Eho tu, ²² loquitasne es gnato meo
male per sermonem, quia mi id aurum reddidit,
et te dixisti id aurum ablaturum tamen
per sycophantiam?

Chrys.

 Egone istuc dixi?

Nic.

 Ita.

Chrys.

Quis homost qui dicat me dixisse istuc?

Nic.

 Tace,
nullus homo dicit: hae tabellae te arguont,
quas tu attulisti. em hae te vinciri iubent.

Chrys.

810 Aha, Bellerophonem tuos me fecit filius:
egomet tabellas tetuli ut vincirer. sine.

Nic.

Propterea hoc facio, ut suadeas gnato meo
ut pergraecetur tecum, tervenefice.

Chrys.

O stulte, stulte, nescis nunc venire te;
atque in eopse adstas lapide, ut praeco
praedicat.

Nic.

Responde: quis me vendit?

Chrys.

 Quem di diligunt
adulescens moritur, dum valet sentit sapit.
hunc si ullus deus amaret, plus annis decem,
plus iam viginti mortuom esse oportuit:
820 terrai odium ambulat, iam nil sapit
nec sentit, tantist quantist fungus putidus.

Nic.

Tun terrae me odium esse autumas? abducite
hunc
intro atque adstringite ad columnam fortiter.
numquam auferes hinc aurum.

Chrys.

 At qui iam dabis.

Nic.

ENTER *Nicobulus* BRINGING SLAVE OVERSEER AND OTHER
SLAVES.

Nic.

(*to overseer*) Quick, Artamo, fasten his hands
there!

Chrys.

(*as Artamo obeys*) What have I done?

Nic.

(*to Artamo*) Plant your fists in his face, if he
breathes a word. (*to Chrysalus*) What does this
letter say?

Chrys.

What are you asking me for? I took it from him
and brought it to you just as it was, all sealed.

Nic.

Oho, you! So you have been giving my son the
rough side of your tongue, because he handed
over that gold to me? Said you'd take it from me
just the same by some rascally scheme, eh?

Chrys.

I said that, I?

Nic.

Just so.

Chrys.

Who's the man says I said that?

Nic.

Silence! No man says it: this letter indicts you,
the one you brought yourself. (*showing it*) There!
This orders you to be tied up.

Chrys.

(*resignedly*) Aha! Your son has made a
Bellerophon¹ of me: I myself brought the letter to
have myself tied up. (*dangerously*) Very well!

Nic.

(*ironically*) I do this merely to make you
persuade my son to join you in riotous living, you
soulless villain.

Chrys.

Oh, you poor poor fool, you don't know you're
being sold this moment; and here you are
standing on the very block with the crier crying
you!

Nic.

(*mystified*) Answer! Who is selling me?

Chrys.

(*sneeringly*) He whom the gods love dies young,
while he has his strength and senses and wits. If
any god loved this fellow, (*indicating Nicobulus*)
it's more than ten years, more than twenty years
ago, he ought to have died. He ambles along
encumbering the earth, absolutely witless and
senseless already, worth about as much as a
mushroom—a rotten one.

Nic.

(*furious*) So I encumber the earth, do I,
according to you? (*to Artamo and slaves*) March
him off inside! yes, and tie him to a pillar—tight!
(*to Chrysalus*) You shall never take that gold
away from me.

Chrys.

(*mysteriously*) However, you'll soon give it away.

Nic.

Dabo?

Chrys.

Atque orabis me quidem ultro ut auferam,
cum illum rescisces crinatorum meum
quanto in periculo et quanta in pernicie siet.
tum libertatem Chrysalis largire;
ego adeo numquam accipiam.

Nic.

830 Dic, scelerum caput,
dic, quo in periculo est meus Mnesilochus filius?

Chrys.

Sequere hac me, faxo iam scies.

Nic.

Quo gentium?

Chrys.

Tres unos passus.

Nic.

Vel decem.

Chrys.

Agedum tu, Artamo,
forem hanc pauxillum aperi; placide, ne crepa;
sat est. accede huc tu. viden convivium?

Nic.

Video exadvorsum Pistoclerum et Bacchidem.

Chrys.

Qui sunt in lecto illo altero?

Nic.

Interii miser.

Chrys.

Novistine hominem?

Nic.

Novi.

Chrys.

Dic sodes mihi,
bellan videtur specie mulier?

Nic.

Admodum.

Chrys.

Quid illam, meretricemne esse censes?

Nic.

Quippini?

Chrys.

Frustra es.

Nic.

Quis igitur obsecrost?

Chrys.

840 Inveneris.
ex me quidem hodie numquam fies certior.

IV. 8.

Cleom.

Meamne hic Mnesilochus, Nicobuli filius,
per vim ut retineat mulierem? quae haec
factiosus?

Nic.

I give it away?

Chrys.

Yes, and beg me, beg me of your own accord, to
take it away, when you learn about that accuser
of mine and what danger, what deadly danger,
he's in. Then you'll be all for liberating
Chrysalis; but not for me, I won't be liberated.

Nic.

Speak, you fount of iniquity, speak—what danger
is my son Mnesilochus in?

Chrys.

(going toward Bacchis's house) This way; follow
me: I'll soon let you know.

Nic.

(following) Where on earth are you taking me?

Chrys.

Three steps merely.

Nic.

Ten, for that matter.

Chrys.

Come on now, you, Artamo; open this door a tiny
bit; easy, don't make it creak. (Artamo obeys)
That will do. (to Nicobulus) Step up here, you.
See that jovial party? (pointing inside)

Nic.

(peeking in) I see Pistoclerus and Bacchis right
opposite.

Chrys.

Who are on that other couch?

Nic.

(peeking again, then with a start) Death and
damnation!

Chrys.

Do you recognize the gentleman?

Nic.

I do.

Chrys.

Kindly give me your opinion—good-looking
female, eh?

Nic.

(angrily) Quite so!

Chrys.

Well, do you think she's a harlot?

Nic.

Naturally.

Chrys.

You're mistaken.

Nic.

For heaven's sake, who is she, then?

Chrys.

(again mysterious) You'll soon discover. But
you'll never get the information from me to-day.

Scene 8.

ENTER *Cleomachus*, APPARENTLY NOT SEEING GROUP AT
DOORWAY.

Cleom.

(blustering) Mnesilochus, Nicobulus's son, keep
her here by force—my woman? What sort of
conduct is this?

Nic.

Quis illest?
Chrys.
Per tempus hic venit miles mihi.

Cleom.
Non me arbitratur militem, sed mulierem,
qui me meosque non queam defendere.
nam neque Bellona mi umquam neque Mars
creduat,
ni illum exanimalem faxo, si convenero,
nive exheredem fecero vitae suae.

Nic.
850 *Chrysale*, quis ille est qui minitatur filio?

Chrys.
Vir hic est illius mulieris quacum accubat.

Nic.
Quid, vir?
Chrys.
Vir, inquam.

Nic.
Nuptanest illa, obsecro?

Chrys.
Scies haud multo post.

Nic.
Oppido interii miser.

Chrys.
Quid nunc? scelestus tibi videtur Chrysalus?
age nunc vincito me, auscultato filio.
dixin tibi ego illum inventurum te qualis sit?

Nic.
Quid nunc ego faciam?

Chrys.
Iube sis me exsolvi cito;
nam ni ego exsolvor, iam manifesto hominem
opprimet.

Cleom.
860 Nihil est lucri quod me hodie facere mavelim,
quam illum cubantem cum illa opprimere, ambo
ut necem.

Chrys.
Audin quae loquitur? quin tu me exsolvi iubes?

Nic.
Exsolvite istum. perii, pertimui miser.

Cleom.
Tum illam, quae corpus publicat volgo suom,
faxo se haud dicat nactam quem derideat.

Chrys.
Pacisci cum illo paulula pecunia
potes.

Nic.
Pacisce ergo, obsecro, quid tibi lubet,
dum ne manifesto hominem opprimat neve
enicet.

Cleom.
Nunc nisi ducenti Philippi redduntur mihi,
iam illorum ego animam amborum exsorbebo
oppido.

Who is that?
Chrys.
(*aside*) The Captain has come just in the nick of
time for me. (*draws Nicobulus farther away*)

Cleom.
He takes me for a woman, not a soldier, a woman
unable to defend myself and mine! Now never
may Bellona and Mars trust me more, unless I
extinguish his vital spark, once I come upon him,
and unless I disinherit him of his existence!

Nic.
(*anxiously*) Chrysalus! who's that threatening my
son?

Chrys.
(*coolly*) He is the husband of that woman beside
your son on the couch.

Nic.
(*in terror*) What? The husband?

Chrys.
That is what I say, the husband.

Nic.
For heaven's sake, is she married?

Chrys.
You'll see a little later.

Nic.
Oh! This is perfectly agonizing!

Chrys.
What now? Do you think Chrysalus is the
criminal? Go ahead now, tie me up and listen to
your son. Didn't I tell you you'd find out what sort
he is?

Nic.
What shall I do now?

Chrys.
Kindly have me loosed, and quickly; for if I'm not
loosed, he'll soon be surprising our gentleman
red-handed.

Cleom.
There is no amount of money I had rather make
to-day than surprise him with her in his arms, so
that I may slay them both!

Chrys.
You hear what he's saying? Why don't you have
me loosed?

Nic.
(*to slaves*) Loose him. (*they obey*) This is awful!
Dear, dear, I'm frightened through and through!

Cleom.
Then that woman who makes a common
prostitute of herself—I warrant she'll not say she
has lit on a man she can laugh to scorn!

Chrys.
You can buy him off for a bit of cash.

Nic.
(*beside himself*) Buy him off, then, for heaven's
sake—anything you like—if only he doesn't
surprise the lad red-handed and slay him!

Cleom.
Unless two hundred pounds are given me at
once, I'll drain them dry, the both of them, of the
breath of life this moment.

Nic.
870 Em illuc pacisce, si potes; perge obsecro,
pacisce quid vis.
Chrys.
Ibo et faciam sedulo.
quid clamas?
Cleom.
Ubi erus tuos est?
Chrys.
Nusquam. nescio
vis tibi ducentos nummos iam promittier,
ut ne clamorem hie facias neu convicium?
Cleom.
Nihil est quod malim.
Chrys.
Atque ut tibi mala multa ingeram?
Cleom.
Tuo arbitrato.
Nic.
Ut subblanditur carnufex.
Chrys.
Pater hic Mnesilochi est; sequere, is promittet
tibi.
tu aurum rogato; ceterum verbum sat est.
Nic.
Quid fit?
Chrys.
Ducentis Philippis rem pepigi.
Nic.
Ah, salus
880 mea, servavisti me. quam mox dico "dabo"?
Chrys.
Roga hunc tu, tu promitte huic.
Nic.
Promitto, roga.
Cleom.
Ducentos nummos aureos Philippos probos
dabin?
Chrys.
"Dabuntur" inque. responde.
Nic.
Dabo.
Chrys.
Quid nunc, impure? numquid debetur tibi?
quid illi molestus? quid illum morte territas?
et ego te et ille mactamus infortunio.
si tibi est machaera, at nobis veruinast domi:
qua quidem te faciam, si tu me inritaveris,
confossioem soricina nenia.
890 iam dudum hercle equidem sentio, suspicio
quae te sollicitet: eum esse cum illa muliere.
Cleom.
Immo est quoque.

Nic.
There! Buy him off for that, if you can. At him, for
heaven's sake: buy him off at any price.
Chrys.
I'll go and do my best, (*approaching Cleomachus*)
What are you bawling at?
Cleom.
Where is your master?
Chrys.
(*loudly*) Nowhere. I don't know. (*gets him farther
from Nicobulus*) Do you want to have two
hundred pounds promised you instantly, on
condition you don't come bawling or bellowing
here?
Cleom.
(*calming down*) Nothing I should like better.
Chrys.
(*in low tone*) Yes, and on condition you take
plenty of hard words from me?
Cleom.
At your own discretion.
Nic.
(*hearing only last words*) How the hangdog is
wheedling him!
Chrys.
Here is (*pointing*) Mnesilochus's father; come on;
he'll promise it to you. You ask for the money;
(*meaningly*) as for the rest, a word will suffice.
(*Cleomachus nods his understanding: they join
Nicobulus*)
Nic.
Well? Well?
Chrys.
I've settled for two hundred pounds.
Nic.
(*ecstatic*) Ah, my salvation! you've saved me!
How long before I say "I'll pay"?
Chrys.
(*to Cleomachus*) You make your demand of him:
(*to Nicobulus*) you promise him.
Nic.
(*eagerly*) I promise: make your demand.
Cleom.
Will you pay me two hundred good honest gold
sovereigns?
Chrys.
(*to Nicobulus*) "I will": say that. Answer him.
Nic.
I will.
Chrys.
(*to Cleomachus*) What now, you beast? Is
anything owed you? What are you annoying that
gentleman for? What are you scaring him with
murderous threats for? We'll give you a horrible
time of it, he and I together. You may have a
sword, but we've got a little spit at home: if you
get me roused, I'll up with it and stick you fuller
of holes than a squealing shrewmouse. Good
Lord! Why, I saw it all long ago—how you're
suffering from the suspicion that he's with the
lady there.
Cleom.
Suspicion? He is there, too.

Chrys.

Ita me Iuppiter Iuno Ceres
Minerva²³ Latona Spes Opis Virtus Venus
Castor Polluces Mars Mercurius Hercules
Summanus Sol Saturnus dique omnes ament,
ut ille cum illa neque cubat neque ambulat
neque osculatur neque illud quod dici solet.

Nic.

Ut iurat! servat me ille suis periuriis.

Cleom.

Ubi nunc Mnesilochus ergost?

Chrys.

900 Rus misit pater,
illa autem in arcem abiit aedem visere
Minervae. nunc apertast. i, vise estne ibi.

Cleom.

Abeo ad forum igitur.

Chrys.

Vel hercle in malam crucem.

Cleom.

Hodie exigam aurum hoc?

Chrys.

Exige, ac suspende te:
ne supplicare hunc censeas tibi, nihili homo,
ille est amotus. sine me—per te, ere, opsecro
deos immortales—ire huc intro ad filium.

Nic.

Quid eo intro ibis?

Chrys.

Ut eum dictis plurumis
castigem, cum haec sic facta ad hunc faciat
modum.

Nic.

Immo oro ut facias, Chrysale, et ted opsecro,
cave parsis in eum dicere.

Chrys.

910 Etiam me mones?
satin est si plura ex me audiet hodie mala,
quam audivit umquam Clinia ex Demetrio?

Nic.

Lippi illic oculi servos est simillimus:
si non est, nolis esse neque desideres;
si est, abstinere quin attingas non queas.
nam ni illic hodie forte fortuna his foret,
miles Mnesilochum cum uxore opprimeret sua
atque obtruncaret moechum manufactarium.

920 nunc quasi decentis Philippis emi filium,
quos dare promisi militi: quos non dabo
temere etiam prius quam filium convenero.
numquam edepol quicquam temere credam
Chrysalo;

verum lubet etiam ni has perlegere denuo:
aequomst tabellis consignatis credere.

Chrys.

(*with unctio*) So help me Jupiter, Juno, Ceres,
Minerva, Latona, Spes, Ops, Virtus, Venus,
Castor, Pollux, Mars, Mercury, Hercules,
Summanus, Sol, Saturn, and all the gods, he is
neither lying with her, nor walking with her, nor
kissing her, nor anything else he has the name of
doing.

Nic.

(*aside*) What an oath! The man is saving me by
perjuring himself.

Cleom.

Where is Mnesilochus at present, then?

Chrys.

His father has sent him out to the farm. As for
the lady, she has gone to the Acropolis to visit
Minerva's temple. It's open now. Go and see if
she isn't there.

Cleom.

In that case, I'll be off to the forum.

Chrys.

Or to blazes, if you like, by gad!

Cleom.

Shall I get the money out of him to-day?

Chrys.

Get it, and be hanged to you! You needn't think
he will sue for favours from you, you rifferaff.

[EXIT *Cleomachus*.]

He's sent packing. (*fervently*) In the name of
heaven, sir, do let me go in here and see your
son, I beseech you.

Nic.

Go in this house? Why?

Chrys.

So that I may reprove him roundly for acting in
such a way as this.

Nic.

Let you? I beg you to, Chrysalus, and I beseech
you, don't spare him in the slightest!

Chrys.

(*virtuously indignant*) D'ye warn me of that, me?
Is it enough, if he hears more hard words from
me this day than ever Clinia^L heard from
Demetrius^L?

[EXIT *Chrysalus* INTO HOUSE OF *Bacchis*.]

Nic.

(*ruefully*) That servant of mine is very much like
a sore eye: if you haven't got one, you don't want
one and don't miss it; if you have, you can't keep
your hands off it. Why, if he hadn't happened by
good luck to be here to-day, the Captain would
have surprised Mnesilochus with his wife and cut
him to pieces for an adulterer caught in the act.

As it is, I have bought my son, so to speak, for
the two hundred pounds I promised to pay the
Captain—two hundred I won't be rash enough to
pay him yet, before I have met the boy. I'll put no
rash confidence in Chrysalus, never, by heaven!
But I've a mind to read this over (*looking at
letter*) once more still: a man ought to have
confidence in a sealed letter.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

IV. 9.

Scene 9.

(*Fifteen minutes have elapsed.*)

Chrys.

Atridae duo frates eluent fecisse facinus
 maxumum,
 quom Priami patriam Pergamum divina
 moenitum manu
 armis, equis, exercitu atque eximiis bellatoribus
 mille cum numero navium decumo anno post
 subegerunt.

non pedibus termento fuit praeut ego erum
 expugnabo meum
 sine classe sineque exercitu et tanto numero
 militum.²⁴

930
 (932) nunc prius quam huc senex venit, libet lamentari
 dum exeat.

o Troia, o patria, o Pergamum, o Priame periisti
 senex,

qui misere male mulcabere quadringentis
 Philippis aureis.

nam ego has tabellas obsignatas consignatas
 quas fero

(936) non sunt tabellae, sed equos quem misere Achivi
 ligneum.²⁵

tum quae his sunt scriptae litterae, hoc in equo
 insunt milites
 armati atque animati probe. ita res successit mi
 usque adhuc.

atque hic equos non in arcem, verum in arcam
 faciet impetum;
 exitium excidium exlecebra fiet hic equos hodie
 auro senis.

nostro seni huic stolido, ei profecto nomen facio
 ego Ilio;
 miles Menelaust, ego Agamemno, idem Vlixes
 Lartius,
 Mnesilochust Alexander, qui erit exitio rei
 patriae suae;
 is Helenam avexit, cuia causa nunc facio
 obsidium Ilio.

nam illi itidem Vlixem audivi, ut ego sum, fuisse
 et audacem et malum:

950 in dolis ego prensus sum, ille mendicans paene
 inventus interiit,
 dum ibi exquirat fata Iliorum; adsimiliter mi
 hodie optigit.
 vinctus sum. sed dolis me exemi: item se ille
 servavit dolis.

Ilio tria fuisse audivi fata quae illi forent exitio:
 signum ex arce si periisset; alterum etiamst Troili
 mors;

tertium, cum portae Phrygiae limen superum
 scinderetur:

paria item tria eis tribus sunt fata nostro huic
 Ilio.

nam dudum primo ut dixeram nostro seni
 mendacium
 et de hospite et de auro et de lembo, ibi signum
 ex arce iam abstuli.

iam duo restabant fata tunc, nec magis id
 ceperam oppidum.

960 post ubi tabellas ad senem detuli, ibi occidi
 Troilum,

(961) cum censuit Mnesilochum cum uxore esse dudum
 militis.²⁶

(966) post cum magnifico milite, urbes verbis qui
 mermus capit,

Chrys.

(*bumptiously*) The two sons of Atreus have the
 name of having done a mighty deed when Priam's
 paternal city, Pergamum, "fortified by hand
 divine," was laid low by 'em after ten years, and
 they with weapons, horses, and army and
 warriors of renown and a thousand ships to help
 'em. That wasn't enough to raise a blister on
 their feet, compared with the way I'll take my
 master by storm, without a fleet and without an
 army and all that host of soldiers. Now before the
 old chap appears, I feel like raising a dirge for
 him till he comes out.

(wailing) O Troy, O paternal city, O Pergamum! O
 ancient Priam, thy day is past! Thou shalt be
 badly, badly beaten—out of four hundred golden
 sovereigns. Ah yes, these tablets here, (*showing*
them) sealed and signed, which I bear, are no
 tablets, but a horse sent by the Greeks—a
 wooden horse.²⁵

Moreover, the words herein inscribed are the
 soldiers within this horse, soldiers armed to the
 teeth and full of fight. Thus has my scheme
 progressed up till now. Aye, and this horse will
 proceed to assail not a stronghold, but a
 strongbox. The wreck, ruin, and rape of the old
 man's gold will this horse prove to-day.

This silly old man of ours—I dub him Ilium, I
 certainly do. The Captain is Menelaus, I
 Agamemnon: I am likewise Laertian Ulysses:
 Mnesilochus is Alexander,^M who will be the
 destruction of his native city; he is the one that
 carried off Helen, on account of whom I now
 besiege Ilium.

At that Ilium Ulysses, so they say, was a bold,
 bad man, just as I am now. I was caught in my
 wiles; he was found begging and almost
 perished, while he was seeking to learn there the
 destinies of the Ilians. What befell me to-day was
 quite similar. I was bound, but released myself
 by wiles: by wiles he likewise saved himself.

In the case of that Ilium, so they say, there were
 three fateful events which would prove her
 downfall: if the image^N disappeared from the
 citadel; still a second, the death of Troilus^O; the
 third, when the upper lintel of the Phrygian gate
 should be torn away. Counterparts of these three
 are three fateful events, too, in the case of this
 Ilium of ours.

For a little while ago when I first told our old
 man that lie about his friend and the gold and the
 galley, I there and then stole the image from the
 citadel. Even then two fateful events were yet to
 come, and the town was still untaken. Later, on
 carrying the letter to the old man, I then slew my
 Troilus, when he thought Mnesilochus a short
 time ago was with the Captain's wife.²⁶

Still later I closed with the noble Captain—who
 captures cities with no weapon save his mighty

confluxi atque hominem reppuli; dein pugnam
conserui seni:
eum ego adeo uno mendacio devici, uno ictu
extempulo
cepi spolia. is nunc ducentos nummos Philippos
militi,
970 quos dare se promisit, dabit,
(972) nunc alteris etiam ducentis usus est, qui
dispensentur
Ilio capto, ut sit mulsum qui triumphant
milites.²⁷

(978) sed Priamum adstantem eccum ante portam
video. adibo atque adloquar.

Nic.

Quoianam vox prope me sonat?

Chrys.

O Nicobule.

Nic.

Quid fit?
quid quod te misi, ecquid egisti?

Chrys.

Rogas? congregere.

Nic.

980 Gradior.

Chrys.

Optumus sum orator. ad lacrimas coegi
hominem castigando
maleque dictis, quae quidem quivi comminisci.

Nic.

Quid ait?

Chrys.

Verbum
nullum fecit: lacrumans tacitus auscultabat quae
ego loquebar;
tacitus conscripsit tabellas, obsignatas mi
has dedit.
tibi me iussit dare, sed metuo, ne idem cantent
quod priores.
nosce signum. estne eius?

Nic.

Novi. libet perlegere has.

Chrys.

Perlege.
nunc superum limen scinditur, nunc adest
exitium Ilio,
turbat equos lepide ligneus.

Nic.

Chrysale, ades, dum ego has perlego.

Chrys.

Quid me tibi adesse opus est?

Nic.

Volo,²⁸
ut scias quae his scripta sient.

Chrys.

Nil moror neque scire volo.

Nic.

Tamen ades.

Chrys.

Quid opust?

Nic.

tongue—and hurled him back. Next I joined
battle with the old man: aye, and him I struck
down with a single lie; a single blow, and the
spoils were mine. He now will give the Captain
the two hundred pounds he promised him. And
now there is need of another two hundred still, to
be disbursed, on Ilium's capture, that the
soldiery may have wine and honey to celebrate
their victory.²⁷

[ENTER *Nicobulus* FROM HIS HOUSE.] Aha, though! I
see Priam standing before the gate. I'll up and
address him.

Nic.

(*looking round*) Whose voice is that I hear near
me?

Chrys.

(*approaching*) Oh, sir!

Nic.

(*eagerly*) How goes it? What about your mission
—have you accomplished anything?

Chrys.

Do you ask that? Come here, close.

Nic.

(*doing so*) I am.

Chrys.

(*enthusiastic*) I'm the orator for you! I fairly
brought our man to tears, by saying all the harsh,
bitter things I could think of.

Nic.

What did he say?

Chrys.

Not a word; just wept in silence and paid
attention to what I was telling him. Still silent, he
wrote a letter, sealed it, and gave it to me. He
ordered me to give it to you. But I'm afraid it
sings the same song as the other one (*hands
tablets to Nicobulus*) Take notice of the seal. Is it
his?

Nic.

(*examining seal*) Yes, yes; I'm anxious to read
this over.

Chrys.

Do. (*aside*) Now the upper lintel is being torn
away; now Ilium's fall is nigh. The wooden horse
is making a beautiful mess of things.

Nic.

Chrysalus, stay here while I read this over.

Chrys.

What's the use of my staying with you?

Nic.

I wish it, so that you may know what is written
here.

Chrys.

Not for me—I don't wish to know.

Nic.

Never mind, stay here.

Chrys.

What's the use?

Nic.

	Taceas: quod iubeo id facias. <i>Chrys.</i>	(<i>angry</i>) Silence! do what I tell you. <i>Chrys.</i>
990A	Adero. <i>Nic.</i> Euge litteras minutas. <i>Chrys.</i>	(<i>apparently reluctant</i>) Stay I will. <i>Nic.</i> (<i>opening tablets</i>) Well, well! What tiny letters. <i>Chrys.</i>
	Qui quidem videat parum; verum, qui satis videat, grandes satis sunt. <i>Nic.</i>	(<i>innocently</i>) Yes, for a man with poor eyes; they're big enough, if your sight is good enough, though. <i>Nic.</i>
990	Animum advertito igitur. <i>Chrys.</i> Nolo inquam. <i>Nic.</i>	Well then, pay attention. <i>Chrys.</i> I don't want to, I tell you. <i>Nic.</i>
	At volo inquam. <i>Chrys.</i>	But I want you to, I tell you. <i>Chrys.</i>
	Quid opust? <i>Nic.</i>	What's the use? <i>Nic.</i>
	At enim id quod te iubeo facias. <i>Chrys.</i>	See here now, you do what I order. <i>Chrys.</i>
	Iustumst ut tuos tibi servos tuo arbitrato serviat. <i>Nic.</i>	(<i>after reflection, impartially</i>) It's right for your own servant to serve you as you see fit, sir. <i>Nic.</i>
	Hoc age sis nunciam. <i>Chrys.</i>	Now kindly attend to this at once. <i>Chrys.</i>
	Ubi lubet, recita: aurium operam tibi dico. <i>Nic.</i>	Read when you like, sir: I promise you my ears. <i>Nic.</i>
	Cerae quidem haud parsit neque stilo; sed quidquid est, pellegere certumst. "Pater, ducentos Philippos quaeso Chrysalo da, si esse salvom vis me aut vitalem tibi." malum quidem hercle magnum. <i>Chrys.</i>	(<i>looking tablets over with a sigh</i>) He hasn't been sparing of wax or stylus, it seems. But whatever it is, I'm resolved to read it through, (<i>reading</i>) "Father, do for mercy's sake give Chrysalus two hundred pounds, if you wish to have your son safe, or alive." Give him a good sound thrashing, by heaven! <i>Chrys.</i>
	Tibi dico. <i>Nic.</i>	I say. <i>Nic.</i>
	Quid est? <i>Chrys.</i>	Well? <i>Chrys.</i>
	Non prius salutem scripsit? <i>Nic.</i>	Didn't he write a word of greeting first? <i>Nic.</i>
1000	Nusquam sentio. <i>Chrys.</i>	(<i>looking</i>) Not a sign of it. <i>Chrys.</i>
	Non dabis, si sapies; verum si das maxume, ne ille alium gerulum quaerat, si sapiet, sibi: nam ego non laturus sum, si iubeas maxume. sat sic suspectus sum, cum careo noxia. <i>Nic.</i>	(<i>indignant</i>) You won't do it, if you're wise; but no matter how much you do do it, let him look up another porter, if he's wise: for I won't carry it, no matter how much you order me. I am suspected enough as it is, when I'm perfectly blameless. <i>Nic.</i>
	Ausculpta porro, dum hoc quod scriptumst perlego. <i>Chrys.</i>	Listen, further, while I read through what is written here. <i>Chrys.</i>
	Inde a principio iam inpudens epistula est. <i>Nic.</i>	That's an impudent letter, impudent from the very beginning! <i>Nic.</i>
1010	"Pudet prodire me ad te in conspectum, pater: tantum flagitium te scire audivi meum, quod cum peregrini cubui uxore militis." pol haud derides; nam ducentis aureis Philippis redemi vitam ex flagitio tuam.	(<i>continuing</i>) "I'm ashamed to come into your sight, father. I have heard that you know of my wicked intrigue with the foreign Captain's wife." Gad! That is no joke! Two hundred golden sovereigns it cost me to save your life after that

piece of wickedness!

Chrys.

Nihil est illorum quin ego illi dixerim.

Nic.

"Stulte fecisse fateor, sed gaeso, pater, ne me, in stultitia si deliqui, deseras. ego animo cupido atque oculis indomitis fui; persuasumst facere quous me nunc facti pudet." prius te cavisse ergo quam pudere aequom fuit.

Chrys.

Eadem istaec verba dudum illi dixi omnia.

Nic.

1020

"Quaeso ut sat habeas id, pater, quod Chrysalus me obiurigavit plurumis verbis malis, et me meliorem fecit praeceptis suis, ut te ei habere gratiam aequom sit bonam."

Chrys.

Estne istuc istic scriptum?

Nic.

Em specta, tum scies.

Chrys.

Ut qui deliquit supplex est ultro omnibus.

Nic.

"Nunc si me fas est obsecrare abs te, pater, da mihi ducentos nummos Philippos, te obsecro."

Chrys.

Ne unum quidem hercle, si sapis.

Nic.

Sine perlegam.

1030

"ego ius iurandum verbis conceptis dedi, daturum id me hodie mulieri ante vesperum, prius quam a me abiret. nunc, pater, ne perierem cura atque abduce me hinc ab hac quantum potest, quam propter tantum damni feci et flagiti. cave tibi ducenti nummi dividiae fiant; sescenta tanta reddam, si vivo, tibi. vale atque haec cura." quid nunc censes, Chrysale?

Chrys.

Nihil ego tibi hodie consili quicquam dabo, neque ego haud committam ut, si quid peccatum siet,

fecisse dicas de mea sententia.

1040

verum, ut ego opinor, si ego in istoc sim loco, dem potius aurum quam illum corrumpi sinam. duae condiciones sunt: utram tu accipias vide: vel ut aurum perdas vel ut amator perieret. ego neque te iubeo neque veto, neque suadeo.

Nic.

Miseret me illius.

Chrys.

Tuos est, non mirum facis. si plus perdundum sit, periisse suaviust, quam illud flagitium volgo dispalescere.

Nic.

Ne ille edepol Ephesi multo mavellem foret, dum salvos esset, quam revenisset domum.

Chrys.

There's nothing of that I didnt say to him, sir.

Nic.

"I admit that I acted foolishly. But for mercy's sake, father, don't desert me, if I have done wrong in my folly. Wanton desires possessed me, and I couldn't control my eyes, I was induced to do what I am now ashamed of doing." Well, prudence then, rather than shame now, would have been the proper thing for you!

Chrys.

Just the very same words I said to him a while ago, sir.

Nic.

"Do, please, consider it enough, father, that Chrysalus has scolded me very very harshly and has made me a better man by his precepts, so that you ought to be deeply grateful to him."

Chrys.

Is that written there?

Nic.

(*showing him the place*) There! look, then you'll know.

Chrys.

(*piously*) How the wrongdoer does bend the knee to every one, of his own accord!

Nic.

"Now if I have a moral right to beseech you, father, I do beseech you to give me two hundred pounds."

Chrys.

Not even one, by heaven, if you're wise!

Nic.

Let me read it through. "I took an oath in express terms to give the woman this sum before evening comes and she leaves me. Now, father, do see to it that I don't forswear myself, and do rescue me just as soon as you can from this creature on account of whom I have been so wasteful and wicked. See you don't let a matter of two hundred pounds vex you; I will pay it back to you a thousand times over, if I live. Good-bye and do look out for this." What do you recommend now, Chrysalus?

Chrys.

(*vehemently*) Never a bit of advice will I give you this day! I'll take no chance of your saying, if anything goes wrong, that you did it at my suggestion. However, in my opinion, if I was in your place, I should rather give up the money than let him be debauched. There are two alternatives: see for yourself which to choose: you must either lose the money, or let our lover be forsworn. I do not order you, or forbid you, or urge you, either, not I.

Nic.

(*earnestly*) I'm sorry for the lad.

Chrys.

Nothing strange in that, your own flesh and blood as he is. (*casually*) If more must be lost, that's pleasanter than having such a piece of wickedness come to be the common talk.

Nic.

Good Lord! I should certainly much rather have him at Ephesus, provided he was safe, than back home. (*pauses*) What am I to do in the matter?

quid ego istic? quod perdundumst properem
perdere.
1050 binos ducentos Philippos iam intus eferam.
et militi quos dudum promisi miser
et istos. mane istic, iam exeo ad te, Chrysale.

Chrys.

Fit vasta Troia, scindunt proceres Pergamum.
scivi ego iam dudum fore me exitio Pergamo.
edepol qui me esse dicat cruciatu malo
dignum, ne ego cum illo pignus haud ausim dare;
tantas turbellas facio. sed crepuit foris:
ecfertur praeda ex Troia. taceam nunciam.

Nic.

1060 Cape hoc tibi aurum, Chrysale. i, fer filio.
ego ad forum autem hinc ibo, ut solvam militi.

Chrys.

Non equidem accipiam. proin tu quaeras qui
ferat.
nolo ego mihi credi.

Nic.

Cape vero, odiose facis.

Chrys.

Non equidem capiam.

Nic.

At quaeso.

Chrys.

Dico ut res se habet.

Nic.

Morare.

Chrys.

Nolo, inquam, aurum concredi mihi,
vel da aliquem qui servet me.

Nic.

Ohe, odiose facis.

Chrys.

Cedo, si necesse est.

Nic.

Cura hoc. iam ego huc revenero.

Chrys.

1070 Curatum est—esse te senem miserrimum.
hoc est incepta efficere pulcre: bellule
mi evenit, ut ovans praeda onustus incederem;
salute nostra atque urbe capta per dolum
domum reduco integrum omnem exercitum.

sed, spectatores, vos nunc ne miremini
quod non triumpho: pervolgatum est, nil moror;
verum tamen accipientur inulso milites.
nunc hanc praedam omnem iam ad quaestorem
deferam.

(*another pause, then irritably*) Let me hurry up
and lose what has to be lost. I'll go in and get
four hundred pounds at once—the two hundred I
promised the Captain a while ago, poor wretch
that I am, and this last. Wait where you are: I'll
be with you again in a moment, Chrysalus.
[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

Chrys.

(*hilarious*). Troy is being made a waste; the
chieftains are laying Pergamum low! I knew long
ago I'd be the downfall of Pergamum! By gad, the
man that says I deserve to be punished damnably
—I surely wouldn't dare bet him I don't. Oh, the
lovely rumpus I'm raising! (*listening*) But the
door creaked: the booty is being carried out from
Troy. Time for me to keep still!

RE-ENTER *Nicobulus* WITH TWO BAGS OF GOLD.

Nic.

Take this money, Chrysalus: go, carry it to my
son. As for me, I am going to the forum to settle
with the Captain.

Chrys.

(*drawing back*) No indeed, I won't take it. So you
can look further for some one to carry it. I don't
want it trusted to me.

Nic.

Come, come, now, take it: you annoy me.

Chrys.

Indeed I won't take it.

Nic.

But I beg you.

Chrys.

(*firmly*) I tell you just how I stand.

Nic.

(*impatiently*) You're delaying me.

Chrys.

I don't want money put in my charge, I say.
(*pause*) At least, appoint some one to watch me.

Nic.

Pshaw! You annoy me.

Chrys.

(*reluctant*) Give it here, if I must.

Nic.

(*handing him bag of gold*) Look out for this. I
shall be back here soon

[EXIT TOWARD FORUM.]

Chrys.

(*as Nicobulus disappears*) It has been looked out
for—your being the poorest old wretch alive.
Here's the way to carry out your attempts in
style! Ah, this is beautiful luck—to be marching
along in jubilation, laden with booty. Safe myself,
the city captured by guile. I am leading my whole
army back home intact.

But, spectators, don't be surprised now that I
don't have a triumph: they're too common: none
of them for me. But the soldiers shall be
entertained with wine and honey just the same.
(*turning toward Bacchis's door*) Now I'll convey
all this booty to the quartermaster-general at
once.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

Phil.

Quam magis in pectore meo foveo quas meus
filius turbas turbet,
quam se ad vitam et quos ad mores
praecipitem inscitus capessat,
magis curae est magisque adformido, ne is
pereat neu corrumpatur.
scio, fui ego illa aetate et feci illa omnia, sed
more modesto;
neque placitant mores quibus video volgo in
gnatos esse parentes:²⁹

1080

(1082)

ego dare me meo gnato institui, ut animo
obsequium sumere possit;
aequom esse puto, sed nimis nolo desidiaei
dare ludum.
nunc Mnesilochum, quod mandavi,
viso ecquid eum ad virtutem aut ad
frugem opera sua compulerit, sic
ut eum, si convenit, scio fecisse: cost
ingenio natus.

ACTVS V

Nic.

Quicumque ubi ubi sunt, qui fuerunt quique
futuri sunt posthac
stulti, stolidi, fatui, fungi, bardi, blenni,
buccones,

1090

solus ego omnis longe antideo
stultitia et moribus indoctis.
perii, pudet: hocine me aetatis
ludos bis factum esse indigne?

magis quam id reputo, tam magis uror
quae meus filius turbavit.
perditus sum atque eradicatus
sum, omnibus exemplis excrucior.
omnia me mala consecretantur,
omnibus exitiis interii.

Chrysalus med hodie laceravit,
Chrysalus me miserum spoliavit:
is me scelus auro usque attondit
dolus doctis indoctum, ut lubitumst.

ita miles memorat meretricem esse
eam quam ille uxorem esse aiebat,
omniaque ut quidque actum est memoravit,
eam sibi hunc annum conductam,
relicuom id auri factum quod ego ei
stultissimus homo promissem: hoc,
hoc est quo cor peracescit:

(1099)

hoc est demum quod percrucior,
me hoc aetatis ludificari,³⁰
cano capite atque alba barba

1101

miserum me auro esse emunctum.
perii, hoc servom meum non nauci facere esse
ausum! atque ego, si alibi
plus perdididerim. minus aegre habeam minusque
id mihi damno ducam.

Phil.

Certo hic prope me mihi nescio quis loqui visust;
sed quem video?
hic quidemst pater Mnesilochi.

Nic.

Euge, socium aerumnae et mei mali video.

ENTER *Philoxenus*.

Phil.

The more I ponder over the capers my son is
cutting, and the life and habits the thoughtless
lad is plunging headlong into, the more worried,
and the more fearful I get at the danger of his
becoming an irreclaimable rake. I know, I was
young once myself, and did all those things, but I
showed some self-restraint. The attitude I see in
the general run of parents toward their sons
doesn't suit me.

I've made a practice of being liberal to my son, so
that he may follow his inclinations; I think it's the
fair way; at the same time, I don't want to give
too much play to his dawdling. Now I'm going to
see Mnesilochus about that commission of mine,
and find out if he has driven the boy over to the
path of virtue and sobriety by his efforts—as I
know he has, if he found occasion: that is his
natural disposition. (*goes toward Bacchis's door*)

ACT V

ENTER *Nicobulus* IN A RAGE, WITHOUT SEEING
Philoxenus.

Nic.

Of all the silly, stupid, fatuous, fungus-grown,
doddering, drivelling dolts anywhere, past or
future, I alone am far and away ahead of the
whole lot of 'em in silliness and absurd
behaviour! Damnation! I'm ashamed! The idea of
my being made a fool of twice at my time of life
in this outrageous fashion!

The more I think it over, the hotter I get at my
son's devilry! I'm ruined, eradicated, tortured
every way! Every kind of trouble is upon me: I've
died every kind of death!

I've been mangled to-day by Chrysalus, stripped,
poor wretch, by Chrysalus! He has sheared me
clean of my gold, the villain, sheared me to suit
his taste by his wily arts, artless innocent that I
am!

The Captain tells me that the woman that rascal
said was his wife is a courtesan, and he's given
me the full history of the case—how he'd hired
her for this year, how the money I'd promised
him, like an utter idiot, was the sum due him for
the months yet to run. This, this, is what galls
me;

this is the crowning torment—for me to be gulled
at my time of life, for me, poor fool, with my
hoary hairs and white beard to be cleaned out of
my gold! Oh, damnation! My own servant dares
to hold me cheaper than dirt in this fashion! Yes,
yes, if I lost more money some other way, I
should mind it less and regard the loss as less.

Phil.

It surely seemed as if some one was speaking
here near me. (*sees Nicobulus*) But who's this I
see? Mnesilochus's father, upon my word!
(*approaches*)

Nic.

(*grimly*) Splendid! I see my partner in toil and

Philoxene, salve.

Phil.

Et tu. unde agis?

Nic.

Unde homo miser atque
infortunatus.

Phil.

At pol ego ibi sum, esse ubi miserum hominem
deceat atque infortunatum.

Nic.

Igitur pari fortuna, aetate ut sumus, utimur.

Phil.

Sic est. sed tu,
quid tibist?

Nic.

Pol mihi par, idem est quod tibi.

Phil.

1110 Numquid nam ad filium haec aegritudo attinet?

Nic.

Admodum.

Phil.

Idem mihi morbus in pectorest.

Nic.

At mihi Chrysalus optumus homo
perdidit filium, me atque rem omnem meam.

Phil.

Quid tibi ex filio nam, obsecro, aegrest?

Nic.

Scies:
id, perit cum tuo: ambo aeque amicas habent.

Phil.

Qui scis?

Nic.

Vidi.

Phil.

Ei mihi, disperii.

Nic.

Quid dubitamus pultare atque hue evocare
ambos foras?

Phil.

Haud moror.

Nic.

Heus Bacchis, iube sic actutum aperiri
fores,
nisi mavoltis fores et postes comminui securibus.

V. 2.

Bacch.

1120 Quis sonitu ac tumultu tanto nominat me atque
pultat aedes?

Nic.

Ego atque hic.

Bacch.

Quid hoc est negoti nam, amabo?
quis has huc ovis adegit?

woe. Good day to you, Philoxenus.

Phil.

And to you. Where are you coming from?

Nic.

Where a wretched, unlucky man should come
from.

Phil.

Gad! but I'm on the very spot where a wretched,
unlucky man should be.

Nic.

Then we're alike in luck as we are in years.

Phil.

So it seems. But you—what is your trouble?

Nic.

Good Lord! The same as yours.

Phil.

This dolefulness of yours has something to do
with your son, eh?

Nic.

(*morosely*) Rather!

Phil.

The same ailment is worrying me.

Nic.

Well, but Chrysalus—that pattern of excellence—
has ruined my boy and me and all that's mine!

Phil.

What in the world has your son done to vex you,
pray?

Nic.

You shall know: this—he's going to the dogs
along with yours: the both of them alike have
mistresses.

Phil.

How do you know?

Nic.

I saw.

Phil.

(*with apparent conviction*) Oh dear me! Terrible,
terrible!

Nic.

Why don't we go straight up and knock; and call
them both out here?

Phil.

(*lukewarm*) I have no objection.

Nic.

(*pounding on Bacchis's door*) Hi! Bacchis! Be so
good as to have the door opened this instant,
unless you prefer to have door and doorposts
smashed in with axes!

Scene 2.

Bacch.

(*within*) Who's raising such a din and uproar,
calling me and beating on the house?

ENTER THE TWO *Bacchises* INTO DOORWAY.

Nic.

This gentleman and I.

Bacch.

(*to sister after surveying them*) Mercy me, dear,
what does this mean? Who drove these sheep
here?

	<i>Nic.</i> Ovis nos vocant pessumae.	<i>Nic.</i> (<i>to Philoxenus</i>) They're calling us sheep, the sluts!
	<i>Soror</i> Pastor harum dormit, quom haec eunt sic a pecu balitantes.	<i>Soror</i> Their shepherd must be taking a nap, to let them straggle off from the flock this way, bleating.
	<i>Bacch.</i> At pol nitent, haud sordidae videntur ambae.	<i>Bacch.</i> My goodness, though! They are sleek! they seem to be quite spick and span, both of them.
	<i>Soror</i> Attonsae hae quidem ambae usque sunt.	<i>Soror</i> Yes, you see they've both been ever so well shorn.
	<i>Phil.</i> Ut videntur deridere nos.	<i>Phil.</i> (<i>to Nicobulus</i>) Hm! They seem to be making fun of us.
	<i>Nic.</i> Sine suo usque arbitrato.	<i>Nic.</i> (<i>sourly</i>) Let them go as far as they like.
	<i>Bacch.</i> Rerim ter in anno tu has tonsitari?	<i>Bacch.</i> Do you suppose they are generally sheared three times a year?
	<i>Soror</i> Pol hodie altera iam bis detonsa certo est.	<i>Soror</i> Goodness me! that other one (<i>indicating Nicobulus</i>) has been shorn twice this very day for certain.
	<i>Bacch.</i> Vetulae sunt minae ambae. 31	<i>Bacch.</i> They're both rather woolless old—(<i>with a sly glance at her sister</i>) customers.
	<i>Soror</i> At bonas fuisse credo.	<i>Soror</i> But they used to be good ones, I do believe.
1130	<i>Bacch.</i> Viden limulis, obsecro, ut intuentur?	<i>Bacch.</i> For heaven's sake, do you see the little sidelong glances they're casting at us?
	<i>Soror</i> Ecastor sine omni arbitror malitia esse.	<i>Soror</i> Oh well, I don't think they mean anything naughty by it.
	<i>Phil.</i> Merito hoc nobis fit, qui quidem hue venerimus.	<i>Phil.</i> (<i>to Nicobulus</i>) This serves us right for coming here!
	<i>Bacch.</i> Cogantur quidem intro.	<i>Bacch.</i> They really ought to be pushed inside.
	<i>Soror</i> Haud scio quid eo opus sit, quae nec lac nec lanam ullam habent. sic sine astent. exsolvere quanti fuere, omnis fructus iam illis decidit. non vides, ut palantes solae liberae grassentur? quin aetate credo esse mutas: ne balant quidem, quom a pecu cetero absunt. stultae atque haud malae videntur. revortamur intro, soror.	<i>Soror</i> I don't see any use in that, they haven't any milk, or wool either. Let them stand still as they are. They've been worked to their full value; all the fruit has dropped off of them already. Don't you see how they straggle along aimlessly, alone, untended? Why, I do believe they're dumb with age; they don't even bleat at being away from the rest of the flock. They seem perfectly harmless—just silly. Let's go back inside, sister.
1140	<i>Nic.</i> Illico ambae manete: haec oves volunt vos.	<i>Nic.</i> Stay where you are, both of you: these sheep want you.
	<i>Soror</i> Prodigium hoc quidemst: humana nos voce appellant oves.	<i>Soror</i> Dear, dear, miraculous! The sheep are addressing us, quite as if they were human!
	<i>Nic.</i> Haec oves vobis malam rem magnam, quam debent, dabunt	<i>Nic.</i> These sheep are going to give you all the trouble they owe you.
	<i>Bacch.</i> Si quam debes, te condono: tibi habe, numquam abs te petam. sed quid est quapropter nobis vos malum	<i>Bacch.</i> If you owe anything, I'll forgive it you: keep it yourself— I'll never come to you for it. But what's the reason for your threatening us with trouble?

minitamini?

Phil.

Quia nostros agnos conclusos istic esse aiunt
duos.

Nic.

Et praeter eos agnos meus est istic clam mordax
canis:

qui nisi nobis producuntur iam atque emittuntur
foras,

arietes truces nos erimus, iam in vos
incursabimus.

Bacch.

Soror, est quod te volo secreto.

Soror

Eho, amabo.

Nic.

Quo illaec abeunt?

Bacch.

1150 Senem illum tibi dedo ultenorem, lepide ut
lenitum reddas;
ego ad hunc iratum adgrediar, si possumus nos
hos intro inlicere huc.

Soror

Meum pensum ego lepide accurabo, quamquam
odiosum mortem amplexari.

Bacch.

Facito ut facias.

Soror

Taceas. tu tuum facito: ego quod dixi
haud mutabo.

Nic.

Quid illaec illic in consilio duae secreto
consultant?

Phil.

Quid ais tu, homo?

Nic.

Quid me vis?

Phil.

Pudet dicere me tibi quiddam.

Nic.

Quid est quod pudeat?

Phil.

Sed amico homini tibi quod volo credere
certumst.
nihili sum.

Nic.

Istuc iam pridem scio. sed qui nihili es?
id memora.

Phil.

Tactus sum vehementer visco;
cor stimulo foditur.

Nic.

Pol tibi multo aequius est
coxendicem.

1160 sed quid istuc est? etsi iam ego ipse quid sit
probe scire puto me;
verum audire etiam ex te studeo.

Phil.

Viden hanc?

Nic.

Phil.

Because they say our lambs are shut up in there,
(*pointing to house*) two of them.

Nic.

And besides those lambs, there's a dog of mine, a
biter, skulking in there: unless these beasts are
produced for us immediately and let out of doors,
we'll turn into ferocious rams, and immediately
butt you.

Bacch.

Sister, I want a word with you in private, (*takes
her aside*)

Soror

(*inquiringly*) Well, well, there's a dear!

Nic.

Where are they off to?

Bacch.

I give that further old fellow (*pointing to
Philoxenus*) over to you to get nicely pacified; I'll
make up to this bear, (*indicating Nicobulus*) and
we'll see if we can't lure them inside here.

Soror

(*without enthusiasm*) I'll take care of my stint
nicely enough, even though it is sickening to hug
a death's-head.

Bacch.

See you do it.

Soror

Hush! You do your share, and I won't fail to keep
my word.

Nic.

What are they scheming, those two, in that
secret session?

Phil.

(*awkwardly*) I say, old fellow.

Nic.

What do you want?

Phil.

There's something I'm ashamed to tell you.

Nic.

What is it you are ashamed of?

Phil.

But to a good friend like you—yes, I'm going to
own up to what I want. (*pauses*) I'm an ass.

Nic.

I have known that for some time. But why are
you an ass? Explain that.

Phil.

(*with a wry smile*) I'm most confoundedly caught
in bird-lime; my heart's pierced by a goad.

Nic.

Jove! much more to the point, if it were your
nether portions! But what do you mean? And yet
I think I have a pretty fair notion myself what it is
already; however, I'm anxious to have it from
your own lips.

Phil.

Do you see this girl? (*pointing to the Sister*)

Nic.

I do.

Video.

Phil.

Haud mala est mulier.

Nic.

Pol vero ista mala et tu nihili.

Phil.

Quid multa? ego amo.

Nic.

An amas?

Phil.

ναὶ γάρ.

Nic.

Tun, homo putide, amator istac fieri aetate audes?

Phil.

Qui non?

Nic.

Quia flagitium est.

Phil.

Quid opust verbis? meo filio non sum iratus, neque te tuost aequom esse iratum: si amant, sapienter faciunt.

Bacch.

Sequere hac.

Nic.

Eunt eccas tandem probri perlecebrae et persuastrices, quid nunc? etiam redditis nobis filios et servom? an ego experior tecum vim maiorem?

Phil.

Abin hinc?

non homo tu quidem es, qui istoc pacto tam lepidam inlepide appelles.

Bacch.

1170 Senex optime quantumst in terra, sine me hoc exorare abs te, ut istuc delictum desistas tanto opere ire oppugnatum.

Nic.

Ni abeas, quamquam tu bella es, malum tibi magnum dabo iam.

Bacch.

Patiar, non metuo, ne quid mihi doleat quod ferias.

Nic.

Ut blandiloquast! ei mihi, metuo.

Soror

Hic magis tranquillust.

Bacch.

I hac mecum intro atque ibi, si quid vis, filium concastigato.

Nic.

Abin a me, scelus?

Phil.

(*approvingly*) Not a bad one!

Nic.

(*indignantly*) Good Lord! She certainly is a bad one, and you are an ass.

Phil.

(*not listening*) In short, I'm in love with her.

Nic.

You in love?

Phil.

Bien sûr!

Nic.

You, you disgusting creature? You venture to turn lover at your age?

Phil.

Why not?

Nic.

Because it's infamous.

Phil.

(*gathering courage rapidly*) Tut, tut! I'm not angry at my son, and you oughtn't to be angry at yours: if they're in love, they're acting wisely.

Bacch.

(*to sister*) Come along.

Nic.

Ah, there they come at last, the seductive, persuasive pests! (*to sisters*) Well now? See here, are you going to give us back our sons and servant? Or shall I try more vigorous measures with you? (*to Nicobulus, protestingly*) Get out, will you? There's no red blood in you, addressing a sweet little girl (*leering at Bacchus*) in that sour fashion.

Phil.

(*to Nicobulus, protestingly*) Get out, will you? There's no red blood in you, addressing a sweet little girl (*leering at Bacchus*) in that sour fashion.

Bacch.

(*to Nicobulus, as she tries to fondle him*) You nicest old man in all the world, do let me persuade you not to be so awfully opposed to your son's naughtiness.

Nic.

(*struggling to be very stern*) Unless you get away from me—no matter if you are pretty—I'll give you a good sound slap this minute.

Bacch.

(*softly, still fondling him*) I'll take it. I'm not afraid of your striking me so as to hurt at all.

Nic.

(*aside*) What a coaxer she is! Oh, dear me! I'm afraid!

Soror

(*caressing Philoxenus to his high satisfaction*) This one is more peaceful.

Bacch.

Do come inside here with me: yes, and punish your son ever so, in there, if you like.

Nic.

Get away from me, you hussy!

Bacch.
Sine, mea pietas, te exorem.

Nic.
Exores tu me?

Soror
Ego quidem ab hoc certe exorabo.

Phil.
Immo ego te oro, ut me intro
abducas.

Soror
Lepidum te.

Phil.
At scin quo pacto me ad te intro
abducas?

Soror
Mecum ut sis.

Phil.
Omnia quae cupio commemoras.

Nic.
Vidi ego nequam homines, verum te
neminem deteriozem.

Phil.
Ita sum.

Bacch.
I hac mecum intro, ubi tibi sit lepide victibus,
vino atque unguentis.

Nic.
Satis, satis iam vostrist convivi:
me nil paenitet ut sim acceptus:
quadringentis Philippis filius me et
Chrysalus circumduxerunt.
quem quidem ego ut non excruciem,
alterum tantum auri non meream.

Bacch.
Quid tandem, si dimidium auri
redditur, in hac mecum intro? atque ut
eis delicta ignoscas.

Phil.
Faciet.

Nic.
Minime, nolo. nil moror, sine sic.
malo illos ulcisci ambo.

Phil.
Etiam tu homo nihili? quod di dant boni cave
culpa tua amissis
dimidium auri datur. accipias, potesque et
scortum aecumbas.

Nic.
Egon ubi filius corrumpatur meus, ibi potem?

Phil.
Potandumst.

Nic.
Age iam, id ut ut est, etsi est dedecori patiar,
facere inducam animum
egon, cum haec cum illo accubet, inspectem?

Bacch.

Bacch.
Let me persuade you, that's a love! (*tries to draw
him toward house*)

Nic.
You persuade me?

Soror
I'll certainly persuade my man, at any rate.

Phil.
(*returning her embrace with vigour*) No you
won't: I myself beg you to take me inside.

Soror
Oh, you delightful man!

Phil.
But do you know on what condition you can take
me inside.

Soror
Yes, your being with me.

Phil.
The sum total of my desires!

Nic.
(*pulling himself together*) I have seen worthless
men, but never a worse one than you.

Phil.
(*cheerfully*) So I am.

Bacch.
(*to Nicobulus*) Do come along inside with me:
you'll have a lovely time—things to eat, and wine
and perfumes.

Nic.
Enough, enough of your banqueting already—it
makes no difference to me how I'm entertained!
Four hundred pounds I've been tricked out of by
my son and Chrysalus. And I wouldn't forgo
making that slave bleed for it, not for another
four hundred.

Bacch.
Well, but supposing half of it is given back, won't
you come in with me, then? Yes, and pardon their
offences?

Phil.
He'll do it.

Nic.
(*with all his remaining resolution*) Not a bit of it.
I don't want to. None of this for me: leave me
alone. I prefer to take vengeance on that pair.

Phil.
(*aside to Nicobulus*) See here, you—ass! Look out
you don't lose the blessings the gods give you,
and have yourself to blame for it. Here's half the
money given you: take it, and drink and have a
good time with the wench.

Nic.
(*very feebly*) I drink in the house where my son is
being debauched?

Phil.
(*clapping him on the shoulder*) Drink you must.

Nic.
(*giving way temporarily*) Come on then, no
matter what it is, disgraceful though it be, I'll
stand it, I'll bring myself to it. (*after a pause,
doubtfully*) Am I to look on while she's on the
couch beside him?

Bacch.

Immo equidem pol tecum
accumbam, te amabo et te amplexabor.

Nic.

Caput prurit, perii, vix negito.

Bacch.

Non tibi venit in mentem, amabo,
si dum vivas tibi bene facias
tam pol id quidem esse haud perlonginquom,
neque, si hoc hodie amissis, post in
morte eventurum esse umquam?

Nic.

Quid ago?

Phil.

Quid agas? rogitas etiam?

Nic.

Libet et metuo.

Bacch.

Quid metuis?

Nic.

Ne obnoxius filio sim et servo.

Bacch.

Mel meum, amabo, etsi haec
fiunt,
tuost: unde illum sumere censes, nisi quod tute
illi dederis?
hanc veniam illis sine te exorem.

Nic.

1200

Ut terebrat! satin offirmatum
quod mihi erat, id me exorat?
tua sum opera et propter te improbior.

Bacch.

Ne tis³² quam mea mavellem.
satin ego istuc habeo firmatum?

Nic.

Quod semel dixi haud mutabo

Bacch.

It dies, ite intro accubitum,
filii vos exspectant intus.

Nic.

Quam quidem actutum
emoriatur.

Soror

Vesper hic est, sequimini.

Nic.

Ducite nos quo lubet tamquam
quidem addictos.

Bacch.

Lepide ipsi hi sunt capti, suis qui filiis fecere
insidias.

Goodness me, no indeed! I'll be on the couch
beside you, loving you and hugging you.
(*snuggles up to him*)

Nic.

(*aside*) My head does itch! Dear, dear, dear! It is
hard to keep on saying no!

Bacch.

My dear man, doesn't it occur to you that,
supposing you do enjoy yourself all your life, this
life is very, very short, after all,—good gracious,
yes!—and that if you let this chance slip, it won't
come again when you're dead, ever?

Nic.

(*nearly helpless*) What am I to do?

Phil.

To do? The idea of asking that!

Nic.

I long to, and—I'm afraid.

Bacch.

Afraid of what?

Nic.

Of humbling myself before my son and servant.

Bacch.

Oh, honey, there's a dear, now! Even if it's all so,
he's your own boy: where do you think he's to get
money, except from your own generous self? Do
let me persuade you to forgive them.

Nic.

(*half aside*) How she does drill through a man! Is
she actually persuading me against my fixed
intention? (*giving up the struggle and yielding to
Bacchis's caresses*) I'm a reprobate now, and all
because of you and your efforts.

Bacch.

(*softly and tenderly*) Oh, I do wish it had been
your efforts rather than (*giving her sister a
dreary smile*) mine. So I'm actually to take that
as your fixed intention?

Nic.

What I have once said I won't change.

Bacch.

The day is going: go inside and take your places
on the couches. Your sons are within waiting for
you.

Nic.

(*dryly*) Yes, waiting for us to breathe our last
with celerity.

Soror

It's evening: come along.

Nic.

Take us where you please, just as if we were your
veritable bond servants.

Bacch.

(*aside to spectators*) Here they are, prettily
caught themselves—after laying traps for their
sons.

[EXEUNT OMNES INTO HOUSE OF *Bacchis*.]

EPILOGUE

GREX

Hi senes nisi fuissent nihili iam inde ab
adulescentia,
non hodie hoc tantum flagitium facerent canis

SPOKEN BY THE COMPANY.

Unless these old men had been worthless from
their very youth, they would not be guilty of such
an enormity as this to-day when their heads are

capitibus;
neque adeo haec faceremus, ni antehac
vidissemus fieri,
ut apud lenones rivales filiis fierent patres.
spectatores, vos valere volumus et clare
adplaudere.

hoary; nor, indeed, would we have presented
such a comedy, unless we had seen before now
how fathers become their sons' rivals at places of
unsavoury repute. Spectators, we wish you
health and—your loud applause.

1. Leo notes lacuna here: *aedis* Ritschl.
2. Leo notes lacuna here: *fide* Leo.
3. Corrupt (Leo): *perii* MSS: *prope* Ritschl.
4. Leo brackets following v., 67:
ubi pro disco damnum capiam, pro cursura dedecus?
5. Leo brackets following v., 69:
*ubique imponat in manum alius mihi pro cestu
cantharum.*
6. Leo brackets following v., 107:
simul huic nescio cui, turbare qui huc it, decedamus.
7. Leo brackets following v., 150:
video nimio iam multo plus quam volueram.
8. Leo brackets following v., 153, 154:
*nil moror discipulos mihi iam plenos sanguinis.
valens afflictat me vacivom virium.*
9. Leo brackets following v., 166, 167:
*edepol fecisti furtum in aetatum malum
cum istaec flagitia me celavisti et patrem.*
10. *Tardare* Hauptius: *turbare* MSS.
11. Leo brackets following v., 377-378:
*quibus patrem et me teque amicosque omnes
affectas tuos
ad probrum, damnum, flagitium appellere una et
perdere.*
12. Leo brackets following v., 382:
*nunc prius quam malum istoc addis, certumst iam
dicam patri*
13. *sed eccum video incedere* follows in MSS: Leo brackets.
14. Leo brackets following v., 446:
it magister quasi lucerna uncto expretus linteo.
15. *Pistocleri* follows in MSS: Leo brackets.
16. Leo brackets following v., 465, 466:
*nam illum meum malum promptare malim quam
peculium.*
Phil.
Quidem?
Lydus
Quia, malum si promptet, in dies faciat minus.
17. Leo brackets following v., 486-488:
*quid opust verbis? si opperiri vellem paulisper modo,
ut opinor, illius inspectandi mi esset maior copia,
plus viderem quam deceret, quam me atque illo
aequom foret.*
18. Leo brackets the following v., 519a-519c:
*sed autem quam illa umquam meis opulentiis
ramenta fiat gravior aut propensior,
mori me malim excruciatum inopia.*
19. Corrupt (Leo): *tute (etiam)* Seyffert: *tute (eam)*
Lindsay.
20. Leo notes lacuna here: *Quae te (male) mala*
Lindsay.
21. Corrupt (Leo). *At quidem hercle est ad
perdendum magis quam ad scribendum cita*
Camerarius: various readings MSS.
22. Leo notes lacuna here: *tu (scelus)* Ritschl.

- A. The Spartan reformer
- B. Linus was killed by his pupil, Hercules.
- C. Phoenix, Achilles' preceptor, informed Peleus, Achilles' father, of his son's death.
- D. A fragile and (*The Captives* 291) cheap kind of pottery.
- E. One of Plautus's plays.
- F. Venus and Juno not being sisters.
- G. The owner of the ram with the golden fleece.
8. I have no liking for these full-blooded pupils: the sturdy youngster is bullying me, destitute of strength as I am.
9. Good heavens! Such villainy in a lad of your age, concealing such atrocities from me and from your father!
- H. A noted thief, the grandfather of Ulysses.
11. You are doing your best by such conduct to bring ignominy, loss, disgrace, upon every one of us, your father and me and yourself and all your friends, and ruin us.
- I. Rascally slaves in Greek comedies.
- J. Who carried a letter which was to be his own death warrant.
- K. The goddess of war.
- L. Characters in some familiar play.
16. Yes, yes, I should rather have him administer my punishment than my money.
Phil.
Why so?
Lydus
Because if he administered my punishment, there would soon be none left.
17. Why say more? If I had wished to remain but a little longer, I should have had further opportunity to observe his conduct, I suppose, and I should have seen more than was proper, more than became me and him.
18. However, rather than have my money make her a fraction the weightier or heavier, I'd prefer to perish in the pangs of want.
- M. Paris
- N. The Palladium, a statue of Pallas.
- O. A son of Priam, slain by Achilles.

[23.](#) Corrupt (Leo): *Latona Spes* MSS: *Luna Spes*
Bergk: *Lato Spes* Ussing.

[24.](#) Leo brackets the following v., 931:
cepi expugnavi amanti erili filio aurum ab suo patre.

[25.](#) Leo brackets the following v., 937-940:
Epiust Pistoclerus: ab eo haec sumptae; Mnesilochus
Sino est
relictus, illum non in busto Achilli, sed in lecto
accubat;
Bacchidem habet secum: ille olim habuit ignem qui
signum daret,
hunc ipsum exurit; ego sum Vlixes, cuius consilio
haec gerunt.

[26.](#) Leo brackets the following v., 962-965:
ibi vix me exsolvi: id periculum adsimilo, Vlixem ut
praedicant
cognitum ab Helena esse proditum Hecubae, sed ut
olim ille se
blanditiis exemit et persuasit se ut amitteret,
item ego dolis me illo extuli e periculo et decepi
senem

[27.](#) Leo brackets the following v., 973-977:
sed Priamus hic multo illi praestat: non quinquaginta
modo,
quadringentos filios habet atque equidem omnis
lectos sine probro:
eos ego hodie omnis contruncabo duobus solis
ictibus.
nunc Priamo nostro si est quis emptor,
comptionalem senem
vendam ego, venalem quem habeo, extemplo ubi
oppidum ex pugnauero.

[28.](#) *ut quod iubeo facias* follows in MSS: Leo brackets.

[29.](#) Leo brackets the following v., 1081:
duxi, habui scortum. potavi, dedi, donavi, sed enim
id raro.

[30.](#) Leo brackets the following v., 1100:
immo edepol sic ludos factum

[31.](#) *Minae ambae* Colerus: *thimiam* MSS.

[32.](#) *tis* Schroeder: *is* MSS.

[25.](#) Our Epius is Pistoclerus: from his hands were they taken. Mnesilochus is Sinon the abandoned. Behold him! not lying at Achilles' tomb, but on a couch, he has a Bacchis with him, that one of old had a fire, to give the signal,—but this Sinon is burning himself. I am Ulysses whose counsel directs it all.

[26.](#) Then it was I just managed to get free: this danger I liken to that they tell of when Ulysses was recognized by Helen and betrayed to Hecuba. But as he, in former days, got away by means of his honeyed words and persuaded her to let him go, so also I, by means of my wiles, got out of danger and deceived the old man.

[27.](#) But this Priam is far superior to that one, not a mere fifty sons has he; he has four hundred, yes, and every one is unquestionably a choice and flawless specimen. This day I will annihilate 'em all with just two blows. Now, if there is anyone who cares to buy our Priam, I will sell off the old gentleman I have on sale, as a job lot, the moment I have taken the town by storm.

CAPTIVI

THE CAPTIVES

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ARGUMENTVM

Captus in pugna Hegionis filius;
 Alium quadrimum fugiens servus vendidit.
 Pater captivos commercatur Aleos,
 Tantum studens ut natum captum recuperet;
 Et inibi emit olim amissum filium.
 In suo cum domino veste versa ac nomine
 Ut amittatur fecit: ipse plectitur;
 Et is rediit captum, et fugitivum simul,
 Indicio cuius alium agnoscit filium.

PERSONAE

ERGASILVS PARASITVS
 HEGIO SENEX
 LORARIVS
 PHILOCRACTES ADULESCENS
 TYNDARVS SERVVS
 ARISTOPHONTES ADULESCENS
 PVER
 PHILOPOLEMVS ADULESCENS
 STALAGMVS SERVVS

PROLOGVS

Hos quos videtis stare his captivos duos,
 illi qui astant,¹ hi stant ambo, non sedent;
 hoc vos mihi testes estis me verum loqui.
 senex qui his habitat Hegio est huius pater.

sed is quo pacto serviat suo sibi patri,
 id ego hic apud vos proloquar, si operam datis.
 seni huic fuerunt filii nati duo;
 alterum quadrimum puerum servos surpuit
 eumque hinc profugiens vendidit in Alide
 patri huius. iam hoc tenetis?² optime est.

negat hercle ille ultimus. accedito.
 si non ubi sedeas locus est, est ubi ambules,
 quando histrionem cogis mendicari.
 ego me tua causa, ne erres, non rupturus sum.
 vos qui potestis ope vestra censerier,
 accipite relicuom: alieno uti nil moror.

fugitivos ille, ut dixeram ante, huius patri
 domo quem profugiens dominum abstulerat
 vendidit.
 is postquam hunc emit, dedit eum huic gnato suo
 peculiarem, quia quasi una aetas erat.
 hic nunc domi servit suo patri, nec scit pater;
 enim vero di nos quasi pilas homines habent.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

One of Hegio's sons has been taken prisoner in a battle with the Eleans; the other was stolen by a runaway slave and sold when he was four years old. The father, in his great anxiety to recover the captured boy, bought up Elean prisoners of war; and among those that he purchased was the son he had lost many years before. This son, having exchanged clothes and names with his Elean master, secured the latter's release, taking the consequences himself. This master of his returned, bringing Hegio's captive son, and along with him that runaway slave, whose disclosures led to the recognition of the other son.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ERGASILUS, a parasite.
 HEGIO, an old gentleman.
 SLAVE OVERSEER, belonging to Hegio.
 PHILOCRACTES, a young Elean captive.
 TYNDARUS, his slave, captured with him.
 ARISTOPHONTES, a young Elean captive.
 A PAGE, in the service of Hegio.
 PHILOPOLEMUS, Hegio's son.
 STALAGMUS, Hegio's slave.

PROLOGUE

Tyndarus and *Philocrates* ARE CHAINED, IN AN UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION, TO A PILLAR IN FRONT OF *Hegio's* HOUSE.

These two prisoners you see standing here, well, both of those bystanders are men who are—standing, not sitting down. (*Prologue laughs uproariously at his pleasantry*) I leave it to you if so much is not true. The old man that lives yonder—(*pointing to Hegio's house*) Hegio, by name—is this man's (*pointing to Tyndarus*) father.

But how it happens that he is the slave of his own father I shall (*jauntily*) here in your midst proclaim, with your kind attention. This old gentleman had two sons. One of them, when he was four years old, was stolen by a slave who took to his heels and sold the boy in Elis to the father of this worthy (*pointing to Philocrates*) here. Now you take me? Very good!

Bless my soul! That gentleman at the back says he does not. Let him step this way—. (*no move in audience*) In case there is no opportunity to take a seat, sir, you can take a (*pointing to an exit*) stroll, seeing you insist on making an actor turn beggar. I have no intention of bursting myself, merely to keep you from misunderstanding the plot. (*to rest of audience*) As for you gentlemen who do own enough property to pay taxes on, let me discharge my debt—none of the credit system for me.

That runaway slave, as I said before, stole his young master when he decamped and sold him to this (*indicating Philocrates*) man's father. This gentleman, on buying the boy, gave him to this son of his for his very own, the two being of about the same age. Now here he is, back home, his own father's slave without his father knowing it. Ah yes, the gods use us mortals as footballs!

rationem habetis, quo modo unum amiserit.
postquam belligerant Aetoli cum Aleis,
ut fit in bello, capitur alter filius:
medicus Menarchus emit ibidem in Alide.
coepit captives commercari hic Aleos,
si quem reperire possit qui mutet suum,
illum captivom: hunc suum esse nescit, qui
domist.

30 et quoniam heri indauidit, de summo loco
summoque genere captum esse equitem Aleum,
nil pretio parsit, filio dum parceret:
reconciliare ut facilius posset domum,
emit hosce e praeda ambos de quaestoribus.

hisce autem inter sese hunc confinxerunt dolum.
quo pacto hic servos suum erum hinc amittat
domum.

itaque inter se commutant vestem et nomina;
illic vocatur Philocrates, hic Tyndarus:
huius illic, hic illius hodie fert imaginem.

40 et hic hodie expediet hanc docte fallaciam,
et suum erum faciet libertatis compotem,
eodemque pacto fratrem servabit suum
reducemque faciet liberum in patriam ad patrem,
imprudens: itidem ut saepe iam in multis locis
plus insciens quis fecit quam prudens boni.

sed inscientes sua sibi fallacia
ita compararunt et confinxerunt dolum
itaque hi commenti, de sua sententia
ut in servitute hic ad suum maneat patrem:
50 ita nunc ignorans suo sibi servit patri;
homunculi quanti sunt, quom recogito!
haec res agetur nobis, vobis fabula.

sed etiam est, paucis vos quod monitos voluerim.
profecto expediet fabulae huic operam dare.
non pertractate facta est neque item ut ceterae:
neque spurcidi insunt versus, immemorabiles;
hic neque periurus leno est nec meretrix mala
neque miles gloriosus; ne vereamini,
quia bellum Aetolis esse dixi cum Aleis:
60 foris illic extra scaenam fient proelia.

nam hoc paene iniquomst, comico choragio
conari desubito agere nos tragoediam.
proin si quis pugnam expectat, litis contrahat:
valentiosem nactus adversarium
si erit, ego faciam ut pugnam inspectet non
bonam,
adeo ut spectare postea omnis oderit.
abeo. valet, iudices iustissimi
domi duellique duellatores optumi.

ACTVS I

Erg.

70 Iuventus nomen indidit Scorto mihi,
eo quia invocatus soleo esse in convivio.
scio absurde dictum hoc derisores dicere,
at ego aio recte. nam scortum in convivio

Well, you comprehend the way in which he lost
one son. Later, when war broke out between the
Aetolians and Eleans, the other son was taken
prisoner—a common occurrence in times of war
—and a doctor, Menarchus, in that same Elis,
bought the young man. Hegio then began to buy
up Elean captives, hoping to get hold of one that
he could exchange for his son—the captive son,
that is: for he has no idea that this man at his
home is his own child.

And inasmuch as he heard it rumoured yesterday
that an Elean knight of the very highest rank and
family connections had been captured, he had no
thought of saving money if only he could save his
son. So in the hope of getting that son back home
more readily he bought both of these prisoners
from the commissioners who were disposing of
the spoils.

These same prisoners, however, have got
together and laid a scheme, as you can see, to
the end that the slave here (*indicating Tyndarus*)
may send his master off home. Accordingly, they
have exchanged clothes and names with each
other. That one (*indicating Tyndarus*) is calling
himself Philocrates, and this one (*indicating
Philocrates*) Tyndarus: each is posing as the
other for the time being.

And Tyndarus here is going to work out this trick
to-day like an artist, and set his master at liberty.
By so doing he will rescue his own brother, too,
and enable him to return home to his father a
free man, all quite unwittingly,—as in so many
cases before now a man has often done more
good unconsciously than wittingly.

But all unconsciously, in their trickery, they have
so planned and contrived and schemed, acting
upon their own ideas, that Tyndarus will stay
here as his own father's slave. So now it is his
father he is serving unawares. What helpless
creatures we mortals be, when I stop to reflect!
All this will be fact on the boards, fiction for the
benches.

About one thing more, though, I should like to
offer a word or two of suggestion. It will
undeniably be to your profit to pay attention to
this play. It is not composed in the hackneyed
style, is quite unlike other plays; nor does it
contain filthy lines that one must not repeat. In
this comedy you will meet no perjured pimp, or
unprincipled courtesan, or braggart captain. Let
not my statement that the Aetolians and Eleans
are at war alarm you: engagements will take
place off the stage yonder.

It would almost amount to imposition, you know,
for us, in our comedy get-up, to try to present a
tragedy all of a sudden. So if anyone is looking
for a battle scene, let him pick a quarrel: if he
gets a good strong opponent, I promise him a
glimpse of a battle scene so unpleasant that
hereafter he will hate the very sight of one.

(*turning to go*) And so good-bye to you, most just
of judges here at home and doughtiest of fighters
in the field.

[EXEUNT *Prologue* AND *Captives*.]

ACT I

ENTER *Ergasilus* LOOKING HUNGRY AND FORLORN.

Erg.

The young fellows have dubbed me Missy, on the
ground that whenever they're at their banquets I
feel called upon to be with 'em. To be sure, the
professional wags say it is an absurd nickname,

sibi amator, talos quom iacit, scortum invocat.

estne invocatum an non est? est planissime;
verum hercle vero nos parasiti planius,
quos numquam quisquam neque vocat neque
invocat.
quasi mures semper edimus alienum cibum;
ubi res prolatae sunt, quom rus homines eunt,
simul prolatae res sunt nostris dentibus.

80 quasi, cum caletur, cocleae in occulto latent,
suo sibi suco vivont, ros si non cadit,
item parasiti rebus prolatis latent
in occulto miseri victitant suco suo,
dum ruri rurant homines quos ligurriant.

prolatis rebus parasiti venatici
sumus, quando res redierunt, molossici
odiosicique et multum incommodestici.
et hic quidem hercle, nisi qui colaphos perpeti
potest parasitus frangique aulas in caput,
90 ³ire extra portam Trigeminam ad saccum licet.
quod mihi ne eveniat, non nullum periculum est.

nam postquam meus rex est potitus hostium—
ita nunc belligerant Aetoli cum Aleis;
nam Aetolia haec est, illic est captus in Alide,
Philopolemus, huius Hegionis filius
senis, qui hie habitat, quae aedes lamentariae
mihi sunt, quas quotienscumque conspicio fleo;

nunc hic ocepit quaestum hunc fili gratia
inhonestum et maxime alienum ingenio suo:
100 homines captives commercatur, si queat
aliquem invenire, suom qui mutet filium.
quod quidem ego nimis quam cupio⁴ ut impetret:
nam ni illum recipit, nihil est quo me recipiam.

nam nulla est spes iuventutis, sese omnis amant;
ille demum antiquis est adulescens moribus,
cuius numquam voltum tranquillavi gratiis.
condigne pater est eius moratus moribus.
nunc ad eum pergam. sed aperitur ostium,
unde saturitate saepe ego exii ebrius.

I. 2.

Hegio

110 Advorte animum sis tu: istos captives duos,
heri quos emi de praeda a quaestoribus,
eis indito catenas singularias
istas, maiores, quibus sunt iuncti, demito;

sinito ambulare, si foris si intus volent,
sed uti adserventur magna diligentia.
liber captivos avis ferae consimilis est:
semel fugiendi si data est occasio,
satis est, numquam postilla possis prendere.

Lor.

Omnes profecto liberi lubentius

but I protest it's a good one. For at banquets
when the young sparks are playing dice they call
upon their missies, yes, their missies, to be with
'em as they make a throw.

Does missy feel called upon to be with 'em, or
not? Most unmistakably. But by heaven, I tell you
we parasites feel the call more unmistakably still,
for no one else ever feels for us or calls us,
either. Like mice, we're forever nibbling at some
one else's food. When the holidays come, and
men hie 'em to their country estates, our
grinders take a holiday, too.

It's the same as snails hiding in their holes
during the dog days and living on their own
juices when there's no dew falling: that's the way
with parasites during the holidays—hide in their
holes, poor devils, and subsist on their own juices
while the people they could get pickings from are
in the rural regions ruralizing.

So long as the holidays last we parasites are
greyhounds: when they're over we are wolf-
hounds and dear-hounds and bore-hounds, very
much so. And, by gad, in this town, at least, if a
parasite objects to being banged about and
having crockery smashed on his cranium, he can
betake himself to the far side of Three Arch Gate
and a porter's bag. (*ruefully*) Which is precious
likely to be my own fate.

For after my patron fell in with the enemy—the
Aetolians, you see, are at war now with the
Eleans; this is Aetolia, you understand, and it's
there in Elis that Philopolemus is a captive,
Philopolemus being the son of Hegio here, the
old gentleman that lives in (*pointing*) that house
(and a lamentatious house it is! every time I look
at it, it makes me weep!)

—well, now Hegio has taken up his present
business, all for his son's sake, ungentlemanly
business as it is, and quite beneath a man of his
type. He's buying up prisoners of war, to see if he
can't come across one to exchange for his boy.
And Lord! how I do yearn for him to succeed!
You see, it's a matter of his coming home, or my
going hungry.

For our young fellows are absolutely
unpromising—egoists, the whole lot of 'em! But
he is a young gentleman of the old school, that
lad: I never smoothed the wrinkles out of his
brow without getting more than a thankye for it.
His father is just such another perfect
gentleman. Now for a call on him. (*moves toward
Hegio's house*) But there goes his door, out of
which I've often come so full of food I was fairly
tipsy. (*withdraws*)

Scene 2.

ENTER *Hegio* WITH *Slave Overseer*.

Hegio

Attention, please, my man. Those two captives
that I bought yesterday from the commissioners
in charge of the spoils—put the light irons on
them and take off the heavy ones they're coupled
with.

Let them walk out here or inside, whichever they
please; but look after them sharp, mind you. A
captive free is a regular wild bird: once given a
chance to flit, that is enough—you can never get
hold of him again.

Over.

Well, of course sir, we'd all rather be free than

sumus quam servimus.

Hegio
120 Non videre ita tu quidem.

Lor.
Si non est quod dem, mene vis dem ipse—in pedes?

Hegio
Si dederis, erit extemplo mihi quod dem tibi.

Lor.
Avis me ferae consimilem faciam, ut praedicas.

Hegio
Ita ut dicis: nam si faxis, te in caveam dabo. sed satis verborumst. cura quae iussi atque abi. ego ibo ad fratrem ad alios captives meos, visam ne nocte hac quippiam turbaverint. inde me continuo recipiam rursus domum.

Erg.
130 Aegre est mi, hunc facere quaestum carcerarium propter sui gnati miseriam miserum senem. sed si ullo pacto ille huc conciliari potest, vel carnificinam hunc facere possum perpeti.

Hegio
Quis hic loquitur?

Erg.
Ego, qui tuo maerore maceror, macesco, consenesco et tabesco miser; ossa atque pellis sum miser a macritudine; neque umquam quicquam me iuvat quod edo domi: foris aliquantillum etiam quod gusto, id beat.

Hegio
Ergasile, salve.

Erg.
Di te bene ament, Hegio.

Hegio
Ne fle.

Erg.
Egone illum non fleam? egon non defleam talem adolescentem?

Hegio
140 Semper sensi, filio meo te esse amicum, et illum intellexi tibi.

Erg.
Tum denique homines nostra intellegimus bona, quom quae in potestate habuimus, ea amisimus. ego, postquam gnatus tuos potitust hostium, expertus quanti fuerit nunc desidero.

Hegio
Alienus cum eius incommodum tam aegre feras, quid me patrem par facerest, cui ille est unicus?

Erg.
Alienus ego? alienus illi? aha, Hegio, numquam istuc dixis neque animum induxis tuom;
150 tibi ille unicust, mi etiam unico magis unicus.

Hegio

slaves.

Hegio
That seems untrue of you at any rate.▲

Over.
In case I haven't anything else to give you, how about my giving you—the slip?

Hegio
Give me that, and I shall shortly have something to give you.

Over.
I'll copy that wild bird you speak of.

Hegio
Exactly—for then I'll cage you. But enough of this. Mind my orders and be off with you. I'll drop in at my brother's for a look at my other prisoners, and see if they made any disturbance last night. Then I'll return home again at once.
[EXIT *Overseer* INTO HOUSE.]

Erg.
(*with a loud sigh*) It does grieve me to see the poor old gentleman at this gaoler's job for his poor son's sake. (*in lower tone*) However, if he only manages to get the lad back here somehow, let him turn hangman, too,—I can stand it.

Hegio
(*looking round*) Who is that speaking here?

Erg.
(*stepping forward*) I—a man that am all worn out by your woe, that am getting thin, growing old, pining away in sorrow; I'm nothing but skin and bones, I feel for you so. Nothing I eat—at home—ever does me any good, (*aside*) But how I do relish the merest morsel when I'm dining out!

Hegio
Ah, good day, Ergasilus.

Erg.
God bless you, Hegio, bless you bounteously! (*grasps Hegio's hand fervently and bursts into tears*)

Hegio
Don't cry.

Erg.
I not cry for him? I not cry my eyes out for such a youth?

Hegio
(*somewhat moved*) I always did feel that you were a friend to my son, and I realized that he regarded you as one.

Erg.
Ah, we mortals realize the value of our blessings only when we have lost them. Myself now—after your son fell in with the enemy, I have come to understand how much he meant to me, and now I long for him.

Hegio
When an outsider like you takes his misfortune so bitterly, how must I feel, his father, and he my only son?

Erg.
(*choking*) An outsider? I? An outsider to that boy? Oh-h-h, Hegio! don't say a thing like that, don't let such a thought enter your mind, ever! Your only son, yes,—but he was even more than that to me: he was my only only! (*sobs violently*)

Hegio

Laudo, malum cum amici tuom ducis malum,
nunc habe bonum animum.

Erg.

Eheu, huic illud dolet,
quia nunc remissus est edendi exercitus.

Hegio

Nullumne interea nactu's, qui posset tibi
remissum quem dixti imperare exercitum?

Erg.

Quid credis? fugitant omnes hanc provinciam,
quoi optigerat postquam captust Philopolemus
tuos.

Hegio

160 Non pol mirandum est fugitare hanc provinciam,
multis et multigeneribus opus est tibi
militibus: primumdum opus est Pistorensibus:
eorum sunt aliquot genera Pistorensium:
opus Paniceis est, opus Placentinis quoque;
opus Turdetanis, opust Ficedulensibus;
iam maritumi omnes milites opus sunt tibi.

Erg.

Ut saepe summa ingenia in occulto latent;
hic qualis imperator nunc privatus est.

Hegio

170 Habe modo bonum animum, nam illum confido
domum
in his diebus me reconciliassere.
nam eccum hic captivom adolescentem intus
Aleum,
prognatum genere summo et summis ditiis:
hoc illum me mutare confido pote.

Erg.

Ita di deaeque faxint. sed num quo foras
vocatus es ad cenam?

Hegio

Nusquam quod sciam
sed quid tu id quaeris?

Erg.

Quia mi est natalis dies;
propterea te vocari ad te ad cenam volo

Hegio

Facete dictum. sed si pauxillo potes,
contentus esse.

Erg.

180 Ne perpauxillum modo,
nam istoc me assiduo victu delecto domi,
age sis, roga emptum. nisi qui meliorem adferet
quae mi atque amicis placeat condicio magis,
quasi fundum vendam, meis me addicam legibus

Hegio

Profundum vendis tu quidem, haud fundum, mihi
sed si venturu's, temperi.

Erg.

Em, vel iam otium est.

Hegio

I modo, venare leporem: nunc irim tenes;

I appreciate this, that you consider your friend's
disaster your own. (*patting him on the back*)
Come now, take heart.

Erg.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! here's (*rubbing his stomach*)
where it hurts: my whole commissary department
has been disbanded now, you see.

Hegio

(*smiling*) And meantime haven't you hit upon
anyone that could reorganize the department you
say is disbanded?

Erg.

Would you believe it? Every one keeps fighting
shy of the office ever since your Philopolemus, its
duly elected occupant, was captured.

Hegio

Bless my soul! no wonder they fight shy of it. You
need many recruits, of many sorts, too: why, in
the first place you need Pad-u-ans;^B and there
are several kinds of Paduans: you need the
support of Bologna, and you need Frankfurters
too; you need Leghorners and you need Pis-ans,
and furthermore you need every fighter in fin
land.

Erg.

(*appreciatively*) How often it does happen that
the greatest talents are shrouded in obscurity!
This man now—what a generalissimo, and here
he is only a private citizen!

Hegio

Well, well, now, take heart. As a matter of fact, I
trust we shall have the boy back with us in a few
days. For, look you (*pointing to house*) I have a
young Elean prisoner inside here—splendid
family, quantities of money: I count on being able
to exchange him for my son.

Erg.

(*heartily*) The gods and goddesses be with you! I
say, though,—you haven't been invited out to
dinner anywhere?

Hegio

(*cautiously*) Nowhere, to my knowledge. But why
do you ask?

Erg.

Well, to-day is my birthday: so consider yourself
invited to take dinner at—your house.

Hegio

(*laughing*) Well put! But only on condition you
can be content with very little.

Erg.

Yes, only don't make it very, very, very little, for
that is what I regale myself on constantly at
home. Come on, come on, do please say "Done!"
(*after a pause, formally*) In the event of no party
making a better offer, more satisfactory to myself
and associates, I'll knock myself down to you—on
my own terms—just as if I was selling an estate
by auction.

Hegio

An estate indeed! You mean an empty state. But
if you intend to come, come in season.

Erg.

Oho! I'm at leisure this minute, for that matter.

Hegio

No, no, go hunt your hare: you've got only a
hedge-hog so far. For it is a rocky road my table

nam meus scruposam victus commetat viam.

Erg.

Numquam istoc vinces me, Hegio, ne postules:
cum calceatis dentibus veniam tamen.

Hegio

Asper meus victus sane est.

Erg.

Sentisne essitas?

Hegio

Terrestris cena est.

Erg.

Sus terrestris bestia est.

Hegio

Multis holeribus.

Erg.

190 Curato aegrotos domi.
numquid vis?

Hegio

Venias temperi.

Erg.

Memorem mones.

Hegio

Ibo intro atque intus subducam ratiunculam,
quantillum argenti mi apud trapezitam siet.
ad fratrem, quo ire dixeram, mox ivero.

ACTVS II

Lor.

Si di immortales id voluerunt, vos hanc
aerumnam exsequi,
deceat id pati animo aequo: si id facietis, levior
labos erit.

domi fuistis, credo, liberi:

nunc servitus si evenit, ei vos morigerari mos
bonust

et erili imperio eamque ingeniis vestris lenem
reddere.

200 indigna digna habenda sunt, erus quae facit.

Captivi

Oh oh oh.

Lor.

Eiulatione haud opus est, oculis haud⁵
lacrimantibus:

in re mala animo si bono utare, adiuvat.

Tynd.

At nos pudet, quia cum catenis sumus.

Lor.

At pigeat postea
nostrum erum, si vos eximat vinculis,
aut solutos sinat, quos argento emerit.

Tynd.

Quid a nobis metuit? scimus nos
nostrum officium quod est, si solutos sinat.

Lor.

At fugam fingitis: sentio quam rem agitis.

travels.

Erg.

You'll never down me that way, Hegio, and don't
you think to do it: I'll be with you just the same—
with my teeth shod.

Hegio

My meals are perfect terrors, really.

Erg.

Tearers? Do you eat brambles?

Hegio

Well, things that root in the earth.

Erg.

A porker does that.

Hegio

Mostly vegetables, I mean.

Erg.

Open a sanitarium, then. (*turning to go*) Anything
else I can do for you?

Hegio

Come in season.

Erg.

(*cheerfully*) The suggestion is superfluous.

[EXIT.]

Hegio

(*sighing as he looks at the back of his
prospective guest*) I must go in and reckon up my
bit of a bank balance, and see how low it is. Then
to my brother's, where I spoke of going before.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

ACT II

ENTER FROM *Hegio's* HOUSE *Overseers* AND *Slaves*
WITH *Philocrates* AND *Tyndarus* IN FETTERS: THE TWO
HAVE EXCHANGED CLOTHES.

Over.

(*to captives, patronizingly*) Seeing it's the will of
Heaven you're in this box, the thing for you to do
is to take it calmly: do that, and you won't have
such a hard time of it. At home you were free
men, I suppose: since you happen to be slaves at
present, it's a good idea to accept the situation
and a master's orders gracefully, and make
things easy to bear by taking 'em the proper way.
Anything a master does is right, no matter how
wrong it is.

Captivi

(*protestingly*) Oh-h-h-h!

Over.

There's no need of howling or crying. It helps to
take bad things well.

Tynd.

But to be in chains—we feel disgraced!

Over.

But it's disgusted our master would feel later on,
if he took the chains off, or let you loose, when
he's paid money for you.

Tynd.

What has he to fear from us? We realise what our
duty is, if he should let us loose.

Over.

Ah yes, you're planning to run for it! I see what's

	<i>Philocr.</i>				
	Nos fugiamus? quo fugiamus?				afoot.
	<i>Lor.</i>				<i>Philocr.</i>
		In patriam.			Run—we? Where should we run to?
	<i>Philocr.</i>				<i>Over.</i>
			Apage, haud nos id		Home.
			deceat.		<i>Philocr.</i>
			fugitivos imitari.		Get out! The idea of our acting like runaway
	<i>Lor.</i>				slaves!
210					<i>Over.</i>
			Immo edepol, si erit occasio, haud		Lord! why not? I'm not saying you shouldn't, if
			dehortor.		you get the chance.
	<i>Tynd.</i>				<i>Tynd.</i>
	Unum exorare vos sinite nos.				(<i>with dignity</i>) Be good enough to grant us one
	<i>Lor.</i>				request.
			Quidnam id est?		<i>Over.</i>
	<i>Tynd.</i>				Well, what is it?
	Ut sine hisce arbitris				<i>Tynd.</i>
	atque vobis nobis detis locum loquendi.				Merely this—give us an opportunity to talk
	<i>Lor.</i>				together without being overheard by these good
	Fiat. abscedite hinc: nos concedamus huc.				fellows (<i>pointing to slaves</i>) and yourselves.
	sed brevem orationem incipisse.				<i>Over.</i>
	<i>Tynd.</i>				All right. (<i>to slaves</i>) Away with you! (<i>to other</i>
	Em istuc mihi certum erat. concede huc.				<i>overseer</i>) Let's drop back here. (<i>to captives</i>)
	<i>Lor.</i>				Make it short, though.
	Abite ab istis.				<i>Tynd.</i>
	<i>Tynd.</i>				Oh yes, that was my intention. (<i>to Philocrates,</i>
					<i>drawing him farther from slaves</i>) Come this way.
					<i>Over.</i>
					(<i>to slaves still hanging about</i>) Get out and leave
					'em alone. (<i>slaves obey</i>)
					<i>Tynd.</i>
					(<i>to overseers</i>) We are much obliged to you, both
					of us, for the privilege of doing as we wish; we
					owe it to you.
	<i>Philocr.</i>				<i>Philocr.</i>
220					(<i>to Tyndarus</i>) Step over here now, if you please,
					come over, so that no one may catch what we say
					and leave us with a scheme that has leaked out.
					(<i>they move still farther from the overseers</i>)
					Shrewd management is what makes a trick a
					trick, you know: once it gets out, it becomes an
					instrument of torture.
					No matter if you are passing as my master and I
					as your slave, even so we've got to be wary,
					we've got to be cautious, so that our plan may be
					worked out in a clear-headed way, quietly and
					carefully, with discretion and diligence. It's a big
					job we've got in hand: we can't go to sleep over
					it.
	<i>Tynd.</i>				<i>Tynd.</i>
	Ero ut me voles esse.				I will be all you wish me to be, sir.
	<i>Philocr.</i>				<i>Philocr.</i>
			Spero.		I hope so.
	<i>Tynd.</i>				<i>Tynd.</i>
230					For that matter, sir, you already see that to save
					a man I love, I am holding my own life cheap,
					much as I love it.
	<i>Philocr.</i>				<i>Philocr.</i>
	Scio.				I realize it.
	<i>Tynd.</i>				<i>Tynd.</i>
					But remember to realize it when you get what

habebis;
nam fere maxima pars morem hunc homines
habent; quod sibi volunt,
dum id impetrant, boni sunt;
sed id ubi iam penes sese habent,
ex bonis pessimi et fraudulentissimi
(236) fiunt: nunc ut mihi te volo esse autumo.⁷

Philocr.

(238) Pol ego si te audeam, meum patrem nominem:
nam secundum patrem tu es pater proximus.

Tynd.

Audio.

Philocr.

240 Et propterea saepius te uti memineras
moneo:
non ego erus tibi, sed servos sum; nunc obsecro
te hoc unum—
quoniam nobis di immortales animum
ostenderunt suum,
ut qui erum me tibi fuisse atque esse conservom
velint,
quom antehac pro iure imperitabam meo, nunc te
oro per precem—

Philocr.

per fortunam incertam et per mei te erga
bonitatem patris,
perque conservitium commune, quod hostica
evenit manu,
ne me secus honore honestes quam quom
servibas mihi,
atque ut qui fueris et qui nunc sis meminisse ut
memineras.

Scio quidem me te esse nunc et te esse me.

Philocr.

250 Em istuc si potes
memoriter meminisse, inest spes nobis in hac
astutia.

II. 2.

Hegio

Iam ego revertar intro, si ex his quae volo
exquisivero.
ubi sunt isti quos ante aedis iussi huc produci
foras?

Philocr.

Edepol tibi ne in quaestione essemus cautum
intellego,
ita vinclis custodiisque circum moeniti sumus.

Hegio

Qui cavet ne decipiatur, vix cavet, cum etiam
cavet;
etiam cum cavisse ratus est, saepe is cautor
captus est.
an vero non iusta causa est, ut vos servem
sedulo,
quos tam grandi sim mercatus praesenti
pecunia?

Philocr.

260 Neque pol tibi nos, quia nos servas, aequomst
vitio vortere,
neque te nobis, si abeamus hinc, si fuat occasio.

Hegio

you want. For, generally speaking, men have a
habit of being fine fellows so long as they are
seeking some favour; but when they have
obtained it there's a change, and your fine
fellows turn into villainous cheats of the worst
description. In all this, sir, I'm telling you how I
wish you to act toward me.

Philocr.

By heaven, I might call you my father, if I chose:
for next to my real father you are the best one I
have.

Tynd.

I know, I know.

Philocr.

And that's just why I keep reminding you the
oftener to remember what the situation calls for:
I'm not your master, I'm a slave. Now I beg this
one thing of you—since we have unmistakable
proof that it's Heaven's will I should no longer be
your master but your fellow slave, I, who used to
have the right to command you, now implore and
entreat you—

Philocr.

by the common peril in which we stand and by
my father's kindness to you and by the captivity
which the chances of war have brought upon us
both, don't feel less respect for my wishes than
you did when you were my slave, and remember,
remember carefully, both who you were and who
you are now.

Yes, yes, I know that I am you for the time being
and that you are I.

Philocr.

There! manage to remember to keep that in
mind, and this scheme of ours looks likely.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Hegio* FROM HOUSE.

Hegio

(*to those within*) I shall be back directly, if I find
out what I want to know from these fellows. (*to
overseers*) Where are those prisoners I had
brought out in front of the house here?

Philocr.

(*advancing, pertly*) Gad! You guarded against
having to look for us far, I perceive,—see how
we're barricaded with chains and watchmen.

Hegio

The man on his guard against being deceived is
hardly on his guard even when he is on his
guard, even when he supposed he was on his
guard, your guarder has often enough been
gulled. Really though, haven't I good reason to
take pains to keep you, when I paid so high for
you, cash down?

Philocr.

Bless your heart, sir, we haven't any right to find
fault with you for trying to keep us, or you with
us, if we clear out—if we get a chance.

Hegio

	Ut vos hic, itidem illic apud vos meus servatur filius.	My son is kept prisoner there in your country just as you are here.
	<i>Philocr.</i>	<i>Philocr.</i>
	Captus est?	Captured?
	<i>Hegio</i>	<i>Hegio</i>
	Ita.	Yes.
	<i>Philocr.</i>	<i>Philocr.</i>
	Non igitur nos soli ignavi fuimus.	Then other folks besides us have been cowards.
	<i>Hegio</i>	<i>Hegio</i>
	Secede huc. nam sunt quae ex te solo scitari volo.	(<i>leading him farther from Tyndarus</i>) Step over here. There are some matters I wish to ask you about in private. No lying about them, mind.
	quarum rerum te falsilocum mi esse nolo.	
	<i>Philocr.</i>	<i>Philocr.</i>
	Non ero	Not I, sir, not if I know. If I don't know about a thing, I'll (<i>innocently</i>) tell you what I don't know.
	quod sciam. si quid nescibo, id nescium tradam tibi.	
	<i>Tynd.</i>	<i>Tynd.</i>
	Nunc senex est in tostrina, nunc iam cultros attinet.	(<i>aside, cheerfully</i>) Now the old fellow is in the barber's chair, yes, now we have the clippers on him. And master not even willing to throw a towel over him to keep his clothes clean! Is it going to be a close crop, I wonder, or just a trim? —that's the question. If he knows his business, though, he'll dock him handsomely.
	ne id quidem, involucrum inicere, voluit, vestem ut ne inquinat.	
	sed utrum strictimne adtonsurum dicam esse an per pectinem,	
	nescio; verum, si frugist, usque admutilabit probe.	
	<i>Hegio</i>	<i>Hegio</i>
270	Quid tu? servosne esse an liber mavelis, memora mihi.	See here, would you prefer to be a slave or a free man, tell me that?
	<i>Philocr.</i>	<i>Philocr.</i>
	Proximum quod sit bono quodque a malo longissime,	The maximum of pleasure and the minimum of pain, that's my preference, sir; but being a slave hasn't bothered me much, though: I wasn't treated any differently than if I'd been a son of the house.
	id volo; quamquam non multum fuit molesta servitus,	
	nec mihi secus erat quam si essem familiaris filius.	
	<i>Tynd.</i>	<i>Tynd.</i>
	Eugepae, Thalem talento non emam Milesium, nam ad sapientiam huius ⁸ nimius nugator fuit. ut facete orationem ad servitutem contulit.	(<i>aside</i>) Well done my boy! I wouldn't buy Milesian Thales at a thousand thalers: why, he was nothing but the veriest amateur of a wise man compared with master here. How cleverly he's dropped into the servant jargon!
	<i>Hegio</i>	<i>Hegio</i>
	Quo de genere natust illic Philocrates?	Who are Philocrates' people there in Elis?
	<i>Philocr.</i>	<i>Philocr.</i>
	Polyplusio: quod genus illi est unum pollens atque honoratissimum.	The Goldfields, sir,—the most influential and respected family in those parts easily.
	<i>Hegio</i>	<i>Hegio</i>
	Quid ipsus hic? quo honore est illic?	And the young man himself? How does he stand?
	<i>Philocr.</i>	<i>Philocr.</i>
279	Summo, atque ab summis viris. ⁹	Very high indeed, sir,—belongs to the highest circles.
	<i>Hegio</i>	<i>Hegio</i>
	Quid divitiae, suntne opimae?	How about his property? Pretty fat one, eh?
	<i>Philocr.</i>	<i>Philocr.</i>
(281)	Unde excoquat sebum senex.	Fat? Old Goldfields could get dripping out of it.
	<i>Hegio</i>	<i>Hegio</i>
	Quid pater, vivitne?	What about his father? Is he living?
	<i>Philocr.</i>	<i>Philocr.</i>
	Vivom, cum inde abimus, liquimus; nunc vivatne necne, id Orcum scire oportet scilicet.	He was when we left home, whether he's alive now or not, of course you had better inquire below as to that, sir.
	<i>Tynd.</i>	<i>Tynd.</i>

Salva res est, philosophatur quoque iam, non mendax modo est.

Hegio

Quid erat ei nomen?

Philocr.

Thensaurochrysonicochrysidēs.

Hegio

Videlicet propter divitias inditum id nomen quasi est.

Philocr.

(287) Immo edepol propter avaritiam ipsius atque audaciam.¹⁰

Hegio

Quid tu ais? tenaxne pater est eius?

Philocr.

(289) Immo edepol pertinax;
290 quin etiam ut magis noscas: Genio suo ubi quando sacrificat, ad rem divinam quibus est opus, Samiis vasis utitur, ne ipse Genius surripiat: proinde aliis ut credat vide.

Hegio

Sequere hac me igitur. eadem ego ex hoc quae volo exquaesivero.

Philocrates, hic fecit, hominem frugi ut facere oportuit.

nam ego ex hoc quo genere gnatus sis scio, hic fassus mihi;

haec tu eadem si confiteri vis, tua ex re feceris: quae tamen scio scire me ex hoc.

Tynd.

Fecit officium hic suum, cum tibi est confessus verum, quamquam volui sedulo meam nobilitatem occultare et genus et divitias meas,

300 *Hegio*; nunc quando patriam et libertatem perdidisti, non ego istunc me potius quam te metuere aequom censeo.

vis hostilis cum istoc fecit meas opes aequabiles; memini, cum dicto haud audebat: facto nunc laedat licet.

sed viden? fortuna humana fingit artatque ut lubet:

me, qui liber fueram servom fecit, e summo infimum;

qui imperare insueram, nunc alterius imperio obsequor.

et quidem si, proinde ut ipse fui imperator familiae,

habeam dominum, non verear ne iniuste aut graviter mi imperet.

Hegio, hoc te monitum, nisi forte ipse non vis, voluerim.

Hegio

Loquere audacter.

Tynd.

310 Tam ego fui ante liber quam gnatus tuos, tam mihi quam illi libertatem hostilis eripuit manus. tam ille apud nos servit, quam ego nunc his apud te servio.

(*aside*) The situation is saved! Now he not only lies but moralizes.

Hegio

What was his name?

Philocr.

Ducatsdoubloonsandpiecesofeightson.

Hegio

A sort of name applied to him on account of his money, I take it.

Philocr.

(*apparently struck by a new idea*) Lord, no! on account of his being so greedy and grasping, sir.

Hegio

What's that? His father's rather close, is he?

Philocr.

Close? My word, sir! he's adhesive! Why, really, —just so as to give you a better notion of him— whenever he sacrifices to his own Guardian Spirit he won't use any dishes needed in the service except ones made of Samian earthenware, for fear his very Guardian Spirit may steal 'em. You can see from this what a confiding character he is in general.

Hegio

Well, well, come this way with me. (*aside, as they join Tyndarus*) I'll soon get the information I want out of the master here at the same time. (*to Tyndarus*) Philocrates, your servant has acted as a worthy fellow ought to act. Yes, I know from him about your family: he has admitted everything. If you choose to be equally open with me, it will be to your advantage: however, I have been completely informed already by him.

Tynd.

(*with dignified melancholy*) He has done his duty in admitting the truth to you, much as I did wish to keep you in the dark, *Hegio*, about my rank and birth and wealth; now that I am a man without a country, a prisoner, I suppose it is not to be expected that he should stand more in awe of me than of you. The chances of war have put master and man on an equal footing. I remember the time when he did not venture to offend me by a word: now he is at liberty to do me an actual injury.

But you see! fortune moulds us, pinches us, to suit her whims: here am I, the one-time free man, a slave—tossed from the heights to the depths. Accustomed to command, I am now at another's beck and call. And indeed, if I might have such a master as I myself was when I was the head of a household, I should have no fear of being treated unjustly or harshly. There is one thing I should like to impress upon you, *Hegio*,—unless you object, maybe.

Hegio

No, no, speak out.

Tynd.

Once I was free as your son; an enemy's success deprived me of my liberty as he was deprived of his; he is a slave in my country as I am here with you. There surely is a God who hears and sees what we do: and according to your treatment of me here, so will he look after your son there. He

est profecto deus, qui quae nos gerimus auditque
et videt:
is, uti tu me his habueris, proinde illum illic
curaverit;
bene merenti bene profuerit, male merenti par
erit.
quam tu filium tuom, tam pater me meus
desiderat.

Hegio

Memini ego istuc. sed faterin eadem quae hic
fassust mihi?

Tynd.

Ego patri meo esse fateor summas divitias domi
meque summo genere gnatum. sed te optestor,
Hegio,

320 ne tuom animum avariorem faxint divitiae meae:
ne patri, tam etsi sum unicus, decere videatur
magis,
me saturum servire apud te sumptu et vestitu tuo
potius quam illi, ubi minime honestumst,
(323) mendicantem vivere.¹¹

Hegio

(325) Non ego omnino lucrum omne esse utile homini
existimo
scio ego, multos iam lucrum lutulentos homines
reddidit,
est etiam ubi profecto damnum praestet facere
quam lucrum.
odi ego aurum: multa multis saepe suasit
perperam.

nunc hoc animum advorte, ut ea quae sentio
pariter scias.

330 filius meus illic apud vos servit captus Alide:
eum si reddis mihi, praeterea unum nummum ne
duis;
et te et hunc amittam hinc. alio pacto abire non
potes.

Tynd.

Optimum atque aequisimum oras optimumque
hominum es homo.
sed is privatam servitutum servit illi an
publicam?

Hegio

Privatam medici Menarchi.

Tynd.

Pol is quidem huius est cliens.
tam hoc quidem tibi in proclivi quam amber est
quando pluit.

Hegio

Fac is homo ut redimatur.

Tynd.

Faciam. sed te id oro, Hegio—

Hegio

Quid vis, dum ab re ne quid ores, faciam.

Tynd.

Ausculta, tum scies.
ego me amitti, donicum ille huc redierit, non
postulo
340 verum quaeso ut aestumatum bunc mihi des,
quem mittam ad patrem
ut is homo redimatur illi.

Hegio

Immo alium potius misero
hunc, ubi erant indutiae, illuc, tuom qui

will reward the deserving and requite the
undeserving. Just as you long for your son, so
does my father long for me.

Hegio

I know all that—but do you admit the truth of
what this fellow has told me?

Tynd.

I do admit that my father is a very wealthy man
at home and that I do come of very good family.
But, Hegio, I beseech you, don't let my wealth
make your demands too exorbitant: for my
father, even though I am his only son, might feel
that it was better for me to remain your slave,
well fed and clothed at your expense, than to
come to beggary there at home where it would
disgrace us most.

Hegio

I am not a man who regards each and every
acquisition of money as a blessing: plenty of
people have been tainted before now by this
money getting, I know that. There are even times
when it certainly is more profitable to lose money
than to make it. Gold! I despise it: it has led
many a man into many a wrong course.

Now give me your attention. I want you to
understand thoroughly what I have in mind.
(*slowly and emphatically*) My son is a prisoner in
Elis, a slave there among your countrymen: get
him back to me, and without your giving me a
single penny in addition, I will let you go home,
and your servant, too. On no other terms can you
get off.

Tynd.

A very fair and reasonable proposition, sir, and
you are the very fairest of men. Does he belong
to some private person, though, or to the state?

Hegio

To a private person, a doctor named Menarchus.

Tynd.

(*aside*) Jove! why, he's a client of master's!
(*aloud*) Why, this will be just as easy for you as
rain when it pours.

Hegio

Have him ransomed.

Tynd.

I will. But thus much I beg of you Hegio,—

Hegio

(*eagerly*) Anything you please, provided my
interests don't suffer by it.

Tynd.

Listen, and you can see if they will. I don't ask to
be released myself until my servant gets back.
But I do urge you to let me have him under a
forfeit, to send to father so that your son there
can be ransomed.

Hegio

Oh no, I'll send some one else instead when we
have an armistice; that will be preferable: he
shall confer with your father and carry out your

conveniat patrem,
qui tua quae tu iusseris mandata ita ut velis
perferat.

Tynd.

At nihil est ignotum ad illum mittere: operam
luseris.
hunc mitte, hic transactum reddet omne, si illuc
venerit.
nec quemquam fidelioem neque cui plus credat
potes
mittere ad eum nec qui magis sit servos ex
sententia,
neque adeo cui suom concredat filium hodie
audacius.
ne vereare, meo periclo huius ego experiar
fidem,
350 fretus ingenio eius, quod me esse scit erga se
benevolum.

Hegio

Mittam equidem istunc aestumatum tua fide, si
vis.

Tynd.

Volo;
quam citissime potest, tam hoc cedere ad factum
volo.

Hegio

Num quae causa est quin, si ille huc non redeat,
viginti minas
mihi des pro illo?

Tynd.

Optuma immo.

Hegio

Solvite istum nunciam,
atque utrumque.

Tynd.

Di tibi omnis omnia optata offerant,
cum me tanto honore honestas cumque ex vinclis
eximis.
hoc quidem haud molestumst, iam quod collus
collari caret.

Hegio

Quod bonis bene fit beneficium, gratia ea gravida
est bonis.
nunc tu illum si illo es missurus, dice monstra
praecipe
quae ad patrem vis nuntiari. vin vocem huc ad
te?

Tynd.

360

Voca.

II. 3.

Hegio

Quae res bene vortat mihi meoque filio
vobisque, volt te novos erus operam dare
tuo veteri domino, quod is velit, fideliter.
nam ego te aestumatum huic dedi viginti minis,
his autem te ait mittere hinc velle ad patrem,
meum ut illic redimat filium, mutatio
inter me atque illum ut nostris fiat filiis.

Philocr.

Utroque vorsum rectumst ingenium meum,
ad te atque ad illum; pro rota me uti licet:
370 vel ego huc vel illic vortar, quo imperabitis.

orders to your satisfaction.

Tynd.

But it's no good sending a stranger to him: you'll
have frittered away your time. Send him:
(*pointing to Philocrates*) he will transact the
whole affair, once he gets there. You can't send
him a more reliable man, one he would trust
more, a servant that's more to his mind; I may go
so far as to say there is no one he would be
readier to entrust his own son to. Never fear: I
will be responsible for his fidelity. I can depend
on his goodness of heart; he appreciates my
kindness to him.

Hegio

Very well, I'll send him under a forfeit, on your
guarantee, if you wish.

Tynd.

I do wish it. And I wish to have all this an
accomplished fact just as quickly as possible.

Hegio

Have you any objection to paying me eighty
pounds for him in case he doesn't return?

Tynd.

Not the slightest—fair as can be.

Hegio

(*to overseers*) Take the chains off that fellow at
once, off both of them, in fact.

Tynd.

(*as slaves obey*) God grant your every wish, sir,
for your highly considerate conduct toward me
and for releasing me. (*aside, stretching himself*) I
tell you what, it's no unpleasant sensation,
having that necklet off one's neck.

Hegio

"A good deed done a good man yields a large
return of good." Now if you intend to send that
fellow home, inform him, instruct him, give him
full particulars as to the message he's to carry
your father. Shall I call him over here to you?

Tynd.

Do.

Scene 3.

Hegio

(*going to Philocrates*) God bless us all in this, me,
and my son, and yourselves! My man, your new
master wishes you to do something your old
master wishes, and to do it faithfully. The fact is,
I have given you over to him, under an eighty
pound forfeit, he saying he desires to send you
off to his father and let him ransom my son there
in Elis, so that he may exchange my boy for his
own.

Philocr.

I'm quite disposed to do both of you a good turn,
sirs, you and him both; you can use me like a
wheel, I'll turn your way or his, either way,
wherever you like.

Hegio

Tute tibi tuopte ingenio prodes plurimum,
cum servitutem ita fers ut ferri decet.
sequere. em tibi hominem.

Tynd.

Gratiam habeo tibi,
quom copiam istam mi et potestatem facis,
ut ego ad parentes hunc remittam nuntium,
qui me quid rerum his agitem et quid fieri velim
patri meo, ordine omnem rem, illuc perferat.

380 nunc ita convenit inter me atque hunc, Tyndare.
ut te aestumatum in Alidem mittam ad patrem,
si non rebitas huc, ut viginti minas
dem pro te.

Philocr.

Recte convenisse sentio.
nam pater expectat aut me aut aliquem nuntium,
qui hinc ad se veniat.

Tynd.

Ergo animum advortas volo
quae nuntiare hinc te volo in patriam ad patrem.

Philocr.

Philocrates, ut adhuc locorum feci, faciam
sedulo,
ut potissimum quod in rem recte conducatur tuam,
id petam idque persequar corde et animo atque
viribus.

Tynd.

390 Facis ita ut te facere oportet. nunc animum
advortas volo:
omnium primum salutem dicito matri et patri
et cognatis et si quem alium benevolentem
videris;
me hic valere et servitutem servire huic homini
optumo,
qui me honore honestiorem semper fecit et facit.

Philocr.

Istuc ne praecipias, facile memoria memini
tamen.

Tynd.

Nam equidem, nisi quod custodem habeo,
liberum me esse arbitror.
dicito patri, quo pacto mihi cum hoc convenerit
de huius filio.

Philocr.

Quae memini, mora mera est monerier.

Tynd.

Ut eum redimat et remittat nostrum huc
amborum vicem.

Philocr.

Meminero.

Hegio

At quamprimum pote: istuc in rem
utriquest maxime.

Philocr.

Non tuom tu magis videre quam ille suom
gnatum cupit.

Hegio

Meus mihi, suos cuique est carus.

Philocr.

400 Numquid aliud vis patri

Hegio

And you are acting very much to your own
advantage in being so disposed, and in accepting
your slavery as you should. Follow me. (*leading
way to Tyndarus*) There's your man.

Tynd.

(*sedately*) I thank you, sir, for affording me this
opportunity, of making him my messenger to my
parents, so that he may carry to my father a full
account of me and my situation here, and what I
wish him to see to.

(*turning to Philocrates*) Tyndarus, this gentleman
and I have just arranged that I send you to Elis to
father, under a forfeit: if you fail to return, I am
to pay him eighty pounds for you.

Philocr.

And a good arrangement, too, in my opinion. For
the old gentleman's expecting either me or some
messenger to come to him from here.

Tynd.

Well then, I wish you to pay attention to the
message I wish you to take home to him.

Philocr.

I'll do the best I can for you, sir, just as I always
have: anything that makes for your good, sir, I'll
work my hardest for, and follow up with all my
heart and soul and strength.

Tynd.

The proper spirit. Now I wish you to pay
attention. First of all, remember me to my father
and mother and my relatives and anyone else you
may see who is interested in my welfare; tell
them I am in good health here and a slave of this
most estimable gentleman who has always
accorded me the (*with emphasis*) very
extraordinary consideration which I still enjoy.

Philocr.

No instructions needed along that line, sir: I can
remember to mind that easily enough, without.

Tynd.

For really, aside from the fact that I have a
guard, I feel that I am a free man. Tell my father
what arrangement this gentleman and I have
made regarding his son.

Philocr.

Mere waste of time, sir, to remind me of what I
remember.

Tynd.

That he is to ransom him and send him back here
in exchange for us both.

Philocr.

I'll remember.

Hegio

Yes, but just as quickly as possible: that's of the
highest importance to each of us.

Philocr.

You don't long to see your son any more than he
does his, sir.

Hegio

My son is dear to me, as his own son is to every
father.

Philocr.

No further message for him, eh?

nuntiari?

Tynd.

Me hic valere et—tute audacter dicito,
Tyndare—inter nos fuisse ingenio haud
discordabili,
neque te commeruisse culpam—neque me
adversatum tibi—
beneque ero gessisse morem in tantis aerumnis
tamen;

neque med umquam deseruisse te neque factis
neque fide,
rebus in dubiis egenis. haec pater quando sciet,
Tyndare, ut fueris animatus erga suom gnatum
atque se,
numquam erit tam avarus, quin te gratiis emittat
manu¹²;
et mea opera, si hinc rebito, faciam ut faciat
facilius.

410 nam tua opera et comitate et virtute et sapientia
fecisti ut redire liceat ad parentis denuo,
cum apud hunc confessus es et genus et divitias
meas:
quo pacto emisisti e vinclis tuom erum tua
sapientia.

Philocr.

Feci ego ista ut commemoras, et te meminisse id
gratum est mihi.
merito tibi ea venerunt a me; nam nunc,
Philocrates,
si ego item memorem quae me erga multa fecisti
bene,
nox diem adimat; nam quasi servos meus esses,
nihil setius
tu mihi obsequiosus semper fuisti.

Hegio

Di vostram fidem,
hominum ingenium liberale. ut lacrumas
excutiunt mihi.
420 videas corde amare inter se. quantis lautus
laudibus
suom erum servos collaudavit.

Tynd.

Pol istic me haud centesimam
partem laudat quam ipse meritust ut laudetur
laudibus.

Hegio

Ergo cum optume fecisti, nunc adest occasio
bene facta cumulare, ut erga hunc rem geras
fideliter.

Philocr.

Magis non factum possum velle, quam opera
experiar persequi;
id ut scias, Iovem supremum testem laudo,
Hegio.
me infidelem non futurum Philocrati.

Hegio

Probus es homo.

Philocr.

Nec me secus umquam ei facturum quicquam
quam memet mihi.

Tynd.

430 Istaec dicta te experiri et operis et factis volo;
et, quo minus dixi quam volui de te, animum
advortas volo,
atque horunc verborum causa caveto mi iratus
fuas;

Tynd.

(*somewhat at a loss*) Say I am in good health
here, and—(*earnestly*) Tyndarus, speak up boldly
to him, yourself,—say that we have never been at
variance, that I have never had reason to find
fault with you (nor you to think me obstinate) and
that you have served your master to the full even
in such adversity.

Say that a treacherous act, a disloyal thought
were things undreamed of even in the dark hours
of distress. When my father knows of this,
Tyndarus, knows what your spirit toward his son
and himself has been, he will never be so
niggardly as not to set you free at his own
expense; and if I return, I will put forth my own
efforts to make him the more ready to do it.

For it is through your efforts and good will and
devotion and wisdom that I have a chance to go
back to my parents once more, inasmuch as you
informed this gentleman of my family and wealth:
thanks to your wisdom in doing so, your master's
fetters have been removed.

Philocr.

Right you are, sir, so I did, and I'm glad you
remember it. You deserve anything I've done for
you, too; why, sir, if I was to go on like that now
and mention how many good turns you've done
me, it would take all day and more; why, it was
just as if you had been my slave, not a bit
different, the deferential way you've always
treated me.

Hegio

(*half aside*) Bless my soul, what noble natures!
Dear, dear, it brings the tears to my eyes! You
can see they are simply devoted to each other,
The way that splendid slave praised his own
master—a perfect panegyric!

Tynd.

Heavens, sir, he doesn't praise me a hundredth
part as much as he deserves to be praised
himself.

Hegio

(*to Philocrates*) Well then, having been such an
excellent servant, here is an opportunity to
crown your services by carrying through this
business for him faithfully.

Philocr.

I'll be just as keen in actually trying to do it as I
can be for wanting it done, sir; and to prove it,
sir, I swear by God Almighty that I'll never be
unfaithful to Philocrates—

Hegio

(*heartily*) Worthy fellow!

Philocr.

—or ever act any differently by him than I would
by my own self.

Tynd.

(*with increased earnestness*) It is the actual
performance, the deed, I wish to test those words
by; and inasmuch as I said less than I wished
about your conduct, I wish you to pay particular
attention,—yes, and be sure not to take offence

sed, te quaeso, cogitato hinc mea fide mitti
domum
te aestimatum, et meam esse vitam hic pro te
positam pignori,

ne tu me ignores, quom extemplo meo e
conspectu abscesseris,
quom me servum in servitute pro ted hic
reliqueris,
tuque te pro libero esse ducas, pignus deseras
neque des operam pro me ut huius reducem
(437) facias filium.¹³

(439) fac fidelis sis fideli, cave fidem fluxam geras:
440 nam pater, scio, faciet quae illum facere oportet
omnia;
serva tibi in perpetuum amicum me, atque hunc
inventum inveni.

haec per dexteram tuam te dextera retinens
manu
opsecro, infidelior mihi ne fuas quam ego sum
tibi.
tu hoc age. tu mihi erus nunc es, tu patronus, tu
pater,
tibi commendo spes opesque meas.

Philocr.

Mandavisti satis
satin habes, mandata quae sunt facta si refero?

Tynd.

Satis.

Philocr.

Et tua et tua huc ornatus reveniam ex sententia.
numquid aliud?

Tynd.

Ut quam primum possis redeas.

Philocr.

Res monet.

Hegio

Sequere me, viaticum ut dem a trapezita tibi,
eadem opera a praetore sumam syngraphum.

Tynd.

450 Quem syngraphum?

Hegio

Quem hic ferat secum ad legionem, hinc ire huic
ut liceat domum.
tu intro abi.

Tynd.

Ben ambulato.

Philocr.

Bene vale.

Hegio

Edepol rem meam
constabilivi, quom illos emi de praeda a
quaestoribus;
expedivi ex servitute filium, si dis placet,
at etiam dubitavi, hos homines emerem an non
emerem, diu.

servate istum sultis intus, servi, ne quoquam
pedem
ecferat sine custodela. iam ego apparebo domi;
ad fratrem modo captivos alios invisio meos,
eadem percontabor, ecquis hunc adulescentem
noverit.

at what I say. But I beg you, do bear in mind the
fact that you are being sent off home, sent home
at my risk and under a forfeit, and that I am
staking my life for you here:

so don't forget me the moment you are out of
sight, when you have left me here in servitude, a
slave, in your stead; and don't consider yourself a
free man and let your promise go and fail to save
me by bringing back this gentleman's son. Be
faithful, I entreat you, to one who has shown his
faith, and don't falter in that faithfulness. As for
my father, I am sure he will do everything he
should do. For your part, keep me your friend for
ever, and do not lose this friend (*indicating*
Hegio) you have found.

This I beseech you by this hand (*grasping*
Philocrates' right hand), this hand I hold in mine:
don't be less true to me than I am to you. (*after a*
pause) Well, to the work! You are my master
now, my protector, my father, you and you only:
to you I commend my hopes and my welfare.

Philocr.

Enough commands, sir. Will you be satisfied, if I
turn your commands to accomplished facts?

Tynd.

Yes.

Philocr.

I'll come back here equipped to suit you (*to*
Hegio) sir, and you, (*to Tyndarus*) too. Nothing
else?

Tynd.

Return as soon as you can.

Philocr.

Naturally, sir.

Hegio

(*to Philocrates*) Follow me. I must go to the
banker's and give you some money for travelling
expenses: I'll get a passport from the praetor at
the same time.

Tynd.

What passport?

Hegio

One to take to the army with him so that he'll be
allowed to go off home. As for yourself, you go
inside.

Tynd.

(*to Philocrates*) A good journey to you.

Philocr.

Good-bye, sir, good-bye!

[EXIT *Tyndarus* INTO *Hegio's* HOUSE.]

Hegio

(*aside, in high spirits*) Well, well, well, it was the
making of me when I bought those two from the
commissioners! I've set my son at Liberty, God
willing! And to think I hesitated for a long time
whether to buy them or not!

(*to overseers*) Please keep an eye on that
prisoner inside there, my lads, and don't let him
set a foot out here anywhere without a guard. I
shall soon be home myself. I'll just step over to
my brother's for a look at my other captives: at
the same time I'll inquire if any one of them

460 sequere tu, te ut amittam; ei rei primum
praeuerti volo.

ACTVS III

Erg.

Miser homo est, qui ipse sibi quod edit quaerit et
id aegre inuenit,
sed ille est miserior, qui et aegre quaerit et nihil
inuenit;
ille miserrimus, qui cum esse cupit, tum quod
edit non habet.

nam hercle ego huic die, si liceat, oculos
effodiam libens,

ita malignitate oneravit omnis mortalis mihi;

neque ieiuniosorem neque magis ecfertum fame
vidi nec quoi minus procedat quidquid facere
occeperit,

ita venter gutturque resident esurialis ferias.
ilicet parasiticae arti maximam malam crucem,
470 ita iuuentus iam ridicules inopesque ab se
segregat.

nil morantur iam Lacones unisubsellii viros,
plagipatidas, quibus sunt verba sine penu et
pecunia

eos requirunt, qui libenter, quom ederint,
reddant domi;

ipsi obsonant, quae parasitorum ante erat
provincia,

ipsi de foro tam aperto capite ad lenones eunt
quam in tribu aperto capite sontes condemnant
reos;

neque ridiculos iam terrunci faciunt, sese omnes
amant.

nam uti dudum hinc abii, accessi ad adulescentes
in foro.

"salvete" inquam. "quo imus una" inquam "ad
prandium?" atque illi tacent.

480 "quid ait 'hoc' aut quis profitetur?" inquam. quasi
muti silent,
neque me rident. "ubi cenamus?" inquam. atque
illi abnuont.

dico unum ridiculum dictum de dictis melioribus,
quibus solebam menstruales epulas ante
adipiscier:

nemo ridet; scivi extemplo rem de compecto geri;
ne canem quidem irritatam voluit quisquam
imitarier,

saltem, si non arriderent, dentes ut
restringerent.

abeo ab illis, postquam video me sic ludificarier;
pergo ad alios, venio ad alios, deinde ad alios:
una res.

omnes de compecto rem agunt, quasi in Velabro
olearii.

490 nunc redeo inde, quoniam me ibi video
ludificarier.

item alii parasiti frustra obambulabant in foro.

nunc barbarica lege certumst ius meum omne
persequi:

qui consilium iniere, quo nos victu et vita
prohibeant,

is diem dicam, inrogabo multam. ut mihi cenas
decem

knows this young gentleman. (*to Philocrates*)
Come, my man, so that I may send you off; I want
to attend to that first.

[EXEUNT *Hegio* AND *Philocrates*.]

ACT III

(*An hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Ergasilus*, MUCH DEPRESSED.

Erg.

It's sad when a man has to spend his time looking
for his food and has hard work finding it. It's
sadder, though, when he has hard work looking
for it and doesn't find it. But it's saddest of all
when a man is pining to eat, and no food in
range. By gad, if I only could, I'd like to dig the
eyes out of this day, it's made every living soul so
damnably mean to me!

A more hungry day, a more bulged- out-with-
starvation day, a more unprogressive day for
every undertaking, I never did see! Such a
famine feast as my inside is having! Devil take
the parasitical profession! How the young fellows
nowadays do sheer off from impecunious wits!

Not a bit of use have they nowadays for us
Spartans, us valiant benchenders, us
descendants of old Takesacuff, whose capital is
talk without cash and comestibles. The guests
they're after are the ones that enjoy a dinner and
then like to return the compliment. They do their
marketing themselves, too,—that used to be the
parasites' province—and away they go from the
forum themselves to interview the pimps, just as
barefaced as they are in court when they
condemn guilty defendants. They don't care a
farthing for wits these days: they're egoists,
every one.

Why, when I left here a little while ago, I went up
to some young fellows in the forum. "Good day,"
says I. "Where are we going to lunch together?"
says I. Sudden silence. "Who says: 'This way'?"
Who makes a bid?" says I. Dumb as mutes, didn't
even give me a smile. "Where do we dine?" says
I. A shaking of heads.

I told 'em a funny story—one of my best, that
used to find me free board for a month. Nobody
smiled. I saw in a moment it was a put-up job;
not a one of 'em was even willing to act like a
cross dog and at least show their teeth, no
matter if they wouldn't laugh.

I left 'em after I saw I was being made a fool of
this way, up I went to some others, and then to
others, and to others still,—same story. They're
all in a combination, just like the oil dealers in
the Velabrum. [C](#) So here I am back again, seeing I
was trifled with there. Some more parasites were
prowling round the forum all for nothing, too.

Now I'm going to have the foreign law on those
chaps and demand my full rights, I certainly am:
it's conspiracy, conspiracy to deprive us of
sustenance and life, and I'm going to summon
'em, fine 'em—make 'em give me ten dinners, at
my discretion, and that will be when food is dear.
That's how I'll catch them. (*turning to go*) Well,

meo arbitrato dent, cum cara annona sit. sic
egero.
nunc ibo ad portum hinc: est illic mi una spes
cenatica;
si ea decolabit, redibo huc ad senem ad cenam
asperam.

III. 2.

Hegio

500 Quid est suavius, quam bene rem gerere,
bono publico, sic ut ego feci heri,
cum emi hosce homines: ubi quisque
vident,
eunt obviam gratulanturque eam rem,
ita me miserum restitendo
retinendoque lassum reddiderunt:
vix ex gratulando miser iam eminebam.

tandem abii ad praetorem; ibi vix requievi:
rogo syngraphum, datur mi ilico; dedi Tyndaro:
ille abiit domum.

510 inde ilico praevortor domum, postquam id
actum est;
eo protinus ad fratrem, mei ubi sunt alii captivi.
rogo, Philocratem ex Alide ecquis hominum
noverit: tandem his exclamat, eum sibi esse
sodalem;
dico eum esse apud me; hic extemplo orat
obsecratque,
eum sibi ut liceat videre:
iussi ilico hunc exsolvi. nunc tu sequere me,
ut quod me oravisti impetres, eum hominem uti
convenias.

III. 3.

Tynd.

Nunc illud est, cum me fuisse quam esse nimio
mavelim:
nunc spes opes auxiliaque a me segregant
spernuntque se.
hic illest dies, cum nulla vitae meae salus
sperabilest,
neque exitium¹⁴ exitio est neque adeo spes, quae
mi hunc aspellat metum,
520 nec subdolis mendaciis mihi usquam mantellum
est meis,¹⁵
(522) neque deprecatio perfidiis meis nec male factis
fuga est.
nec confidentiae usquam hospitium est nec
deverticulum dolis:
operta quae fuere aperta sunt, patent
praestigiae,
omnis res palam est, neque de hac re negotium
est,
quin male occidam oppetamque pestem eri vicem
meamque.

perdidit me Aristophontes hic qui venit modo
intro:¹⁶

530 is me novit, is sodalis Philocrati et cognatus est.
neque iam Salus servare, si volt, me potest, nec
copia est,
nisi si aliquam corde machinor astutiam.
quam, malum? quid machiner? quid
comminiscar? maxumas

now for the harbour. That's where my one hope
is, gastronomically speaking, if that oozes away,
I'll come back here to the old man's terror of a
meal.

[EXIT *Ergasilus*, LOOKING IN ALL DIRECTIONS FOR A
POSSIBLE HOST.]

Scene 2.

ENTER *Hegio* WITH *Aristophontes* AND *Slaves*.

Hegio

(*highly pleased with himself*) Now what makes
you feel better than managing your affairs
properly and contributing to the common good,
just as I did yesterday in buying these prisoners?
Whenever anyone sees me up he comes and
congratulates me on it! Dear, dear! I was so worn
out with all their stopping and detaining me, it
got to be frightfully hard work emerging from the
flood of felicitations.

At last I escaped to the praetor's. Barely waiting
to catch my breath, I asked for a passport, got it
on the spot, gave it to Tyndarus: he's off for
home. After seeing to that, I first start straight
for home. Then I go on to my brother's where the
rest of my prisoners are.

Inquire if any one of 'em knows Philocrates of
Elis. Finally this fellow (*pointing to*
Aristophontes) calls out that Philocrates is a
particular friend of his. I tell him he's at my
house; the next instant he's begging and
beseeching me for a chance to see him. I had him
unfettered at once. (*to Aristophontes*) Now, sir,
come this way, so as to obtain your request and
meet your friend.

[EXEUNT INTO HOUSE: AS THEY GO IN *Tyndarus* RUSHES
OUT.]

Scene 3.

Tynd.

(*grimly*) Now's the time when I should infinitely
prefer to be underground than on it! Hope,
resources, help—all deserting, all leaving me in
the lurch now! My day has come: I can never
hope to get out of this alive. Done for, and
nothing to be done for it! There's no prospect of
staving off the danger, either, and not a thing to
drape my crafty lies with.

My falsehoods can't beg themselves off, or my
transgressions take to their heels: no lodgings
anywhere for brass: guile can't find
accommodations. The covert's uncovered, our
plot's apparent, everything's out. There's nothing
to do about it: I must drop off disagreeably, and
come to a painful end for master—also for
myself.

He's been the ruin of me, this Aristophontes that
just went inside: he knows me: he's a particular
friend of Philocrates, related to him, too.
Salvation herself can't save me now, if she so
desires: there's no chance unless I can invent
some clever scheme. But what, curse it? What
can I invent? What can I devise? (*reflecting, then*
doubtfully) Oh, this is awful nonsense I'm at,

III. 4.

Scene 4.

Hegio

Quo illum nunc hominem proripuisse foras se
dicam ex aedibus?

Tynd.

Nunc enim vero ego occidi: eunt ad te hostes,
Tyndare.

quid loquar? quid fabulabor? quid negabo aut
quid fatebor?

mihi res omnis in incerto sita est. quid rebus
confidam meis?

utinam te di prius perderent, quam periisti e
patria tua,

Aristophontes, qui ex parata re imparatam
omnem facis.

occisa est haec res, nisi reperio atrocem mi
aliquam astutiam.

Hegio

Sequere. em tibi hominem. adi, atque adloquere.

Tynd.

540 Quis homo est me hominum miserior?

Arist.

Quid istuc est quod meos te dicam fugitare
oculos, Tyndare,

proque ignoto me aspernari, quasi me numquam
noveris?

equidem tam sum servos quam tu, etsi ego domi
liber fui,

tu usque a puero servitutem servivisti in Alide.

Hegio

Edepol minime miror, si te fugitat aut oculos
tuos,

aut si te odit, qui istum appelles Tyndarum pro
Philocrate.

Tynd.

Hegio, hic homo rabiosus habitus est in Alide,
ne tu quod istic fabuletur auris immittas tuas.
nam istis hastis insectatus est domi matrem et
patrem,

550 et illic isti qui inputatur morbus interdum venit.
proin tu ab istoc procul recedas.

Hegio

Ultro istum a me.

Arist.

Ain, verbero?

me rabiosum atque insectatum esse hastis meum
memoras patrem,

et eum morbum mi esse, ut qui me opus sit
inputarier?

Hegio

Ne verere, multos iste morbus homines macerat,
quibus inputari saluti fuit atque is profuit.

Arist.

Quid tu autem? etiam huic credis?

ENTER *Hegio, Aristophontes, AND Slaves.*

Hegio

Where did that fellow bolt for out of the house
just now, I wonder?

Tynd.

(*aside*) It's all over with me, all over with me
now: the enemy are upon you, Tyndarus! What
shall I say? What story shall I tell? What shall I
deny—or what admit? It's a shaky business for
me on every side! What faith can I put in my
luck? Oh, I wish the gods had made away with
you before you made away from home,
Aristophontes,—upsetting my settled plan
completely! The game is up, unless I hit upon
some awfully clever scheme.

Hegio

(*to Aristophontes, on seeing Tyndarus*) Come
along! There's your man! Go up and speak to
him!

Tynd.

(*aside, as Aristophontes approaches*) What
mortal man is in a more confounded hole than
this? (*pretends not to recognize him*)

Arist.

I wonder what you mean by this, Tyndarus,—
avoiding my eye and snubbing me as a stranger,
quite as if you never knew me? I'm just as much
of a slave as you are, to be sure, but at home I
was free: as for you, you've been slaving it in Elis
from your boyhood up.

Hegio

Bless my soul! I'm not a bit surprised if he avoids
you, or your eye, no, nor if he detests you, when
you call him Tyndarus instead of Philocrates.

Tynd.

(*dragging Hegio aside*) Hegio, this fellow was
looked upon as a raving maniac in Elis, so don't
you let him fill your ears with his babble. Why, at
home he chased his father and mother about
with a spear, and every once in a while he has an
attack of the disease that people spit on. **D** So get
out of his reach, then,—well away.

Hegio

(*to slaves*) Keep him off! Keep him off!

Arist.

What's that, you rascal? I'm a raving maniac and
chased my own father with a spear, you say? I
have the disease that calls for my being spat
upon?

Hegio

(*cheerfully*) Never you mind! Many a man's
consumed by that disease of yours, who's been
helped by being spat on, and it's brought him
through.

Arist.

(*to Hegio, hotly*) How's this? You, too? Do you
actually believe him?

	<i>Hegio</i>	Quid ego credam huic?	<i>Hegio</i>	Believe him in what?
	<i>Arist.</i>		<i>Arist.</i>	
		Insanum esse me?		That I'm insane?
	<i>Tynd.</i>		<i>Tynd.</i>	
		Viden tu hunc, quam inimico voltu intuetur? concedi optumumst,		(<i>to Hegio</i>) Do you see him—that angry glare of his? You'd better leave, Hegio. It's just as I said: a fit's coming on. Look out for yourself!
		Hegio: fit quod tibi ego dixi, gliscit rabies, cave tibi.		
	<i>Hegio</i>		<i>Hegio</i>	
		Credidi esse insanum extemplo, ubi te appellavit Tyndarum.		(<i>hastily moving farther off</i>) I thought so, I thought he was crazy, from the moment he called you Tyndarus.
	<i>Tynd.</i>		<i>Tynd.</i>	
560		Quin suom ipse interdum ignorat nomen neque scit qui siet.		Why, at times he positively forgets his own name and doesn't know who he is.
	<i>Hegio</i>		<i>Hegio</i>	
		At etiam te suom sodalem esse aibat.		But he was even saying you were an intimate friend of his.
	<i>Tynd.</i>		<i>Tynd.</i>	
		Haud vidi magis. et quidem Alcumeus atque Orestes et Lycurgus postea una opera mihi sunt sodales qua iste.		(<i>dryly</i>) Quite so! And the fact is that Alcumeus, <u>E</u> in that case, and Orestes, <u>E</u> and Lycurgus <u>E</u> too are intimate friends of mine, just exactly as much.
	<i>Arist.</i>		<i>Arist.</i>	
		At etiam, furcifer, male loqui mi audes? non ego te novi?		Ha! You scoundrel, do you dare go on maligning me? Don't I know you?
	<i>Hegio</i>		<i>Hegio</i>	
		Pol planum id quidem est, non novisse, qui istum appelles Tyndarum pro Philocrate. quem vides, eum ignoras: illum nominas quem non vides.		Good heavens! It's quite plain you don't know him—calling him Tyndarus instead of Philocrates! The man you see you don't know: you name the man you don't see.
	<i>Arist.</i>		<i>Arist.</i>	
		Immo iste eum sese ait, qui non est, esse, et qui vero est, negat.		No, sir! This fellow says he's the man he isn't, and says he isn't the man he really is.
	<i>Tynd.</i>		<i>Tynd.</i>	
		Tu enim repertu's, Philocratem qui superes veriverbio.		(<i>to Aristophontes, meaningly</i>) So you have turned up to beat Philocrates in stating facts!
	<i>Arist.</i>		<i>Arist.</i>	
		Pol ego ut rem video, tu inventu's, vera vanitudine qui convincas. sed quaeso hercle, agedum aspice ad me.		Good Lord! As I look at it, you have been unearthed to browbeat facts by stating falsehoods. But come now, confound it, look me in the eye!
	<i>Tynd.</i>		<i>Tynd.</i>	
		Em.		(<i>doing so coolly</i>) Well?
	<i>Arist.</i>		<i>Arist.</i>	
570		Dic modo: tun negas te Tyndarum esse?		Now tell me: do you deny that you are Tyndarus?
	<i>Tynd.</i>		<i>Tynd.</i>	
		Nego, inquam.		I do, certainly.
	<i>Arist.</i>		<i>Arist.</i>	
		Tun te Philocratem esse ais?		You claim to be Philocrates, you?
	<i>Tynd.</i>		<i>Tynd.</i>	
		Ego, inquam.		I certainly do.
	<i>Arist.</i>		<i>Arist.</i>	
		Tune huic credis?		(<i>to Hegio, exasperated</i>) Do you believe him?
	<i>Hegio</i>		<i>Hegio</i>	
		Plus quidem quam tibi aut mihi. nam ille quidem, quem tu hunc memoras esse,		More than I do you, surely,—or myself. For you see, the fellow you tell me this man is—he went away to Elis to-day to this man's father.

hodie hinc abiit Alidem
ad patrem huius.

Arist.

Quem patrem, qui servos est?

Tynd.

Et tu quidem
servos es, liber fuisti, et ego me confido fore,
si huius huc reconciliasso in libertatem filium.

Arist.

Quid ais, furcifer? tun te gnatum esse memoras
liberum?

Tynd.

Non equidem me Liberum, sed Philocratem esse
aio.

Arist.

Quid est?

ut scelestus, Hegio, nunc iste te ludos facit.
nam is est servos ipse, neque praeter se umquam
ei servos fuit.

580

Tynd.

Quia tute ipse eges in patria nec tibi qui vivas
domist,
omnis inveniri similis tui vis; non mirum facis:
est miserorum, ut malevolentes sint atque
invideant bonis.

Arist.

Hegio, vide sis, ne quid tu huic temere insistas
credere.
atque, ut perspicio, profecto iam aliquid pugnae
edidit.
filium tuom quod redimere se ait, id ne utiquam
mini placet.

Tynd.

Scio te id nolle fieri; efficiam tamen ego id, si di
adiuvant.
illum restituam huic, hic autem in Alidem me
meo patri.
propterea ad patrem hinc amisi Tyndarum.

Arist.

Quin tute is es:

590

neque praeter te in Alide ullus servos istoc
nominest.

Tynd.

Pergin servom me exprobrare esse, id quod vi
hostili optigit?

Arist.

Enim iam nequeo contineri.

Tynd.

Heus, audin quid ait? quin fugis?
iam illic his nos insectabit lapidibus, nisi illunc
iubes
comprehendi.

Arist.

Crucior.

Tynd.

Ardent oculi: fit opus, Hegio;
viden tu illi maculari corpus totum maculis
luridis?
atra bilis agitat hominem.

Arist.

Arist.

(*contemptuously*) Father! What do you mean,
when he's a slave?

Tynd.

Well, you, too, are a slave and once were free:
and (*with emphasis*) I hope to be so myself, when
I have restored this gentleman's son to home and
liberty.

Arist.

What's that, you villain? You tell me you were
born a freeman?

Tynd.

No indeed, my name is not Freeman, but
Philocrates, that's what I say.

Arist.

What's all this? How the rascal's making game of
you, Hegio! Why he's a slave himself—the only
one he ever had.

Tynd.

(*superior*) Just because you yourself are poverty-
stricken in your own country, with nothing at
home to live on, you want to have every one else
put in the same list. There is nothing strange in
that: it is characteristic of poor beggars to be ill-
natured, and envy the well-to-do.

Arist.

Hegio, I beg you take care not to go on with your
rash confidence in this fellow. And for that
matter, he's certainly given you a fall or two
already, I take it. This talk of his about rescuing
your son doesn't please me at all.

Tynd.

(*with an appealing look*) I know you don't want it
done; but I'll bring it about, God helping me.
(*slowly*) I will restore his son to this gentleman,
and then this gentleman will send me back to Elis
to my father. That was why I sent Tyndarus off to
my father.

Arist.

Why, you're Tyndarus yourself: and besides you
there's not a slave in Elis of that name.

Tynd.

Still taunting me with being a slave, eh? A slave
as it happens, because the enemy were too much
for us!

Arist.

(*angrily*) I positively can't control myself any
longer!

Tynd.

(*apparently alarmed, to Hegio*) Aha! Hear what
he's saying? Run, why don't you? He'll be after us
with stones in a minute, if you don't have him
seized.

Arist.

Oh, this is driving me wild!

Tynd.

His eyes are blazing! He's having one, Hegio!
See how his whole body is covered with lurid
spots? It's black fury that's tormenting the
fellow!

Arist.

At pol te, si hic sapiat senex,
pix atra agitet apud carnificem tuoque capiti
inluceat.

Tynd.

Iam deliramenta loquitur, laruae stimulant virum.
hercle qui, si hunc comprehendi iusseris, sapias
magis.

Arist.

600 Crucior, lapidem non habere me, ut illi mastigiae
cerebrum excutiam, qui me insanum verbis
concinnat suis.

Tynd.

Audin lapidem quaeritare?

Arist.

Solus te solum volo,

Hegio.

Hegio

Instinc loquere, si quid vis, procul tamen
audiam.

Tynd.

Namque edepol si adbites propius, os denasabit
tibi
mordicus.

Arist.

Neque pol me insanum, Hegio, esse
creduis
neque fuisse umquam, neque esse morbum quem
istic autumat.
verum si quid metuis a me, iube me vinciri: volo,
dum istic itidem vinciat.

Tynd.

Immo enim vero, Hegio,
istic, qui volt, vinciat.

Arist.

610 Tace modo. ego te, Philocrates
false, faciam ut verus hodie reperiare Tyndarus.
quid mi abnutas?

Tynd.

Tibi ego abnuto?

Arist.

Quid agat, si absis longius?

Hegio

Quid ais? quid si adeam hunc insanum?

Tynd.

Nugas. ludificabitur,
garruet quoi neque pes umquam neque caput
compareat.
ornamenta absunt: Aiacem, hunc cum vides,
ipsum vides.

Hegio

Nihili facio. tamen adibo.

Tynd.

Nunc ego omnino occidi,
nunc ego inter sacrum saxumque sto, nec quid
faciam scio.

Hegio

Do tibi operam, Aristophontes, si quid est quod
me velis.

Now, by the Lord, if this old gentleman did the
wise thing, it's black pitch that would torment
you at the executioner's, and light up that head
of yours!

Tynd.

Now he's got to the raving point! Evil spirits are
hounding the man, Hegio. Heavens! You'd do
more wisely to have him seized!

Arist.

Oh, damnation! not to have a stone to knock out
the brains of this blackguard that's driving me
mad with his talk!

Tynd.

Hear that—looking for a stone!

Arist.

(*struggling to contain himself*) Hegio, I want a
word with you all alone.

Hegio

(*timorously*) Say it from there, if there's anything
you want—from away off there. I shall hear it all
the same.

Tynd.

That's right, by Jove! for if you go any nearer,
he'll bite your nose off.

Arist.

Heavens and earth, Hegio! don't believe I'm
insane, or that I have, or ever had, the disease
he's talking about. However, if you're at all afraid
of me, have me tied up. I am willing, provided
that fellow is tied up too.

Tynd.

No indeed, Hegio, certainly not, tie up the fellow
that wants it.

Arist.

You keep still, now! I'll soon show you up, you
false Philocrates, for the real Tyndarus.
(*Tyndarus makes signs to him behind Hegio's
back*) What, are you shaking your head at me
for?

Tynd.

I shaking my head at you?

Arist.

(*to Hegio*) What would he do, if you were farther
off?

Hegio

See here, what if I should step up to this lunatic?

Tynd.

Ridiculous! He'll make a fool of you, jabbering
something without head or tail to it. Look at this
fellow, and you're looking at a regular Ajax^E—all
but the make-up.

Hegio

I don't care. I'm going to step up to him just the
same. (*approaches Aristophontes hesitantly*)

Tynd.

(*aside*) Now I'm done for entirely. Now I'm
between the axe and the altar, and what to do I
don't know.

Hegio

I'm at your service, Aristophontes, if there's
anything you want of me.

Arist.
Ex me audibis vera quae nunc falsa opinare,
Hegio.
620 sed hoc primum, me expurigare tibi volo. me
insaniam
neque tenere neque mi esse ullum morbum, nisi
quod servio.
at ita me rex deorum atque hominum faxit
patriae compotem,
ut istic Philocrates non magis est quam aut ego
aut tu.

Hegio

Eho dic mihi,
quis illic igitur est?

Arist.

Quem dudum dixi a principio tibi.
hoc si secus reperies, nullam causam dico quin
mihi
et parentum et libertatis apud te deliquio siet.

Hegio

Quid tu ais?

Tynd.

Me tuom esse servom et te meum erum.

Hegio

Haud istuc rogo.
fuistin liber?

Tynd.

Fui.

Arist.

Enim vero non fuit, nugas agit.

Tynd.

Qui tu scis? an tu fortasse fuisti meae matri
obstetrix,
qui id tam audacter dicere audes?

Arist.

630 Puerum te vidi puer.

Tynd.

At ego te video maior maiorem: em rursus tibi.
meam rem non cures, si recte facis. num ego
curo tuam?

Hegio

Fuitne huic pater
Thensaurochrysonicochrysidēs?

Arist.

Non fuit, neque ego istuc nomen umquam audivi
ante hunc diem
Philocrati Theodoromedes fuit pater.

Tynd.

Pereo probe
quin quiescis? idie rectum cor meum, ac
suspende te.
tu sussultas, ego miser vix asto prae formidine.

Hegio

Satin istuc mihi exquisitum est, fuisse hunc
servom in Alide
neque esse hunc Philocratem?

Arist.

Tam satis quam numquam hoc
invenies secus.
sed ubi is nunc est?

Hegio

Arist.

I'll show you, Hegio, that all this you take for a
lie is the truth. But first I want to clear myself
with you, and assure you that I am not insane,
and have no affliction except captivity. And now,
—(*solemnly*) so may the King of heaven and earth
restore me to my native land,—that fellow is no
more Philocrates than you or I.

Hegio

(*impressed*) Hey? Tell me, who is he then?

Arist.

The man I told you he was to begin with, a while
ago. If you find it otherwise, I make no objection
to forfeiting my parents and my liberty and
staying here with you.

Hegio

(*to Tyndarus*) And you—what have you to say?

Tynd.

(*urbanely*) That I am your servant, and that you
are my master.

Hegio

(*impatiently*) That isn't what I'm asking about.
Were you a freeman?

Tynd.

I was.

Arist.

He certainly was not. Absurd!

Tynd.

(*superciliously*) How do you know? Or were you
my mother's midwife, perhaps, that you venture
to speak with such assurance on this point?

Arist.

I saw you when we were both boys.

Tynd.

Well, I see you now we are both grown-ups.
There's one for you! You wouldn't meddle with
my business, if you behaved decently. I don't
meddle with yours, do I?

Hegio

Wasn't his father called
Ducatsdoubloonsandpiecesofeightson?

Arist.

No sir, he was not, and I never heard that name
before to-day. The father of Philocrates was
Theodoromedes.

Tynd.

(*aside, dryly*) I'm jolly well done for. Stop your
noise, will you, heart? Go to the deuce, and be
hanged to you! Jumping up and down, while I,
poor devil, can hardly stand for fear!

Hegio

Am I to take it as absolutely clear that this fellow
was a slave in Elis, that he is not Philocrates?

Arist.

So absolutely that you'll never find it to be
anything different. But where is Philocrates at
present?

Hegio

640	<p>Ubi ego mimime atque ipsus se volt maxume sed vide sis. <i>Arist.</i> Quin exploratum dico et provisum hoc tibi. <i>Hegio</i> Certon? <i>Arist.</i> Quin nihil, inquam, inuenies magis hoc certo certus. Philocrates iam inde usque amicus fuit mihi a puero puer. <i>Hegio</i> Tum igitur ego deruncinatus, deartuatus sum miser huius scelesti techinis, qui me ut lubitum est ductavit dolis sed qua faciest tuos sodalis Philocrates? <i>Arist.</i> Dicam tibi macilento ore, naso acuto, corpore albo, oculis nigris, subrufus aliquantum, crispus, cincinnatus. <i>Hegio</i> Conuenit. <i>Tynd.</i> Ut quidem hercle in medium ego hodie pessume processerim. 650 vae illis virgis miseris, quae hodie in tergo morientur meo. <i>Hegio</i> Verba mihi data esse video. <i>Tynd.</i> Quid cessatis, compedes, currere ad me meaque amplecti crura, ut vos custodiam? <i>Hegio</i> Satin med illi hodie scelesti capti ceperunt dolo? illic servom se assimilabat, hic sese autem liberum. nucleum amisi, retinui pignori putamina. ita mihi stolido sursum versum os sublevare offuciis. his quidem me numquam irridebit. Colaphe, Cordalio, Corax, ite istinc, ecferte lora.</p>	<p>(<i>savagely</i>) Where I least want him, and he most wants to be. Do, do, see if there's not some mistake, though. <i>Arist.</i> No, I'm sure of my ground and fully informed in what I tell you. <i>Hegio</i> You're certain? <i>Arist.</i> You'll never find a deader certainty than this, I assure you. Philocrates has been a friend of mine ever since he was a boy. <i>Hegio</i> So then, I've been trimmed, torn limb from limb, poor fool, by the arts of this rogue, who's taken me in with his tricks to suit his taste! But what does your friend Philocrates look like? <i>Arist.</i> I'll tell you—thin face, sharp nose, complexion fair, black eyes, hair a little reddish, waving, and curled. <i>Hegio</i> That agrees! <i>Tynd.</i> (<i>aside ruefully</i>) Gad! Indeed it does—with my coming into damned unpleasant prominence this day. Alas for those poor whips that are doomed this day to die upon my back! <i>Hegio</i> I see I've been duped! <i>Tynd.</i> (<i>aside</i>) Come on, ye shackles, run up and embrace my shanks, so that I may keep you safe! <i>Hegio</i> Well, haven't those rascal captives taken me in with this day's trickery? The other one pretended he was the slave, while this fellow here played the freeman. I've lost the kernel and kept the shell for surety. That's the way they've daubed my face up for me, ass that I am! (<i>grimly</i>) This one shall never have the laugh on me, at any rate. (<i>stepping to door and calling</i>) Box! Buffum! Bangs! Come! Out with you! Bring your straps!</p>
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III. 5.

Scene 5.

660	<p><i>Cola.</i> Num lignatum mittimur? <i>Hegio</i> Inicite huic manicas¹⁷ mastigiae. <i>Tynd.</i> Quid hoc est negoti? quid ego deliqui? <i>Hegio</i> Rogas. sator sartorque scelerum, et messor maxume? <i>Tynd.</i></p>	<p>ENTER OVERSEERS, CARRYING HEAVY RAWHIDES. <i>Box</i> (<i>merrily cracking a whip</i>) You don't want us to go and tie up faggots, do you, sir? <i>Hegio</i> Clap handcuffs on this rogue. (<i>pointing to</i> <i>Tyndarus</i>) <i>Tynd.</i> (<i>as they obey</i>) What does this mean? What have I done? <i>Hegio</i> Done! You sower and hoer of sin—(<i>more</i> <i>savagely</i>) and reaper, especially! <i>Tynd.</i></p>
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Non occatorem dicere audebas prius?
nam semper occant prius quam sariunt rustici.

Hegio

At tu confidenter¹⁸ mihi contra astitit.

Tynd.

Decet innocentem servom atque innoxium
confidentem esse, suom apud erum potissimum.

Hegio

Adstringite isti sultis vehementer manus.

Tynd.

Tuos sum, tu has quidem vel praecidi iube.
sed quid negoti est, quam ob rem suscenses
mihi?

Hegio

670 Quia me meamque rem, quod in te uno fuit,
tuis scelestis falsidicis fallaciis
deartuasti dilaceravisti atque opes
confecisti omnes, res ac rationes meas:
ita mi exemisti Philocratem fallaciis.
illum esse servom credidi, te liberum:
ita vosmet aiebatis itaque nomina
inter vos permutastis.

Tynd.

Fateor, omnia
facta esse ita ut tu dicis, et fallaciis
abiisse eum abs te mea opera atque astutia;
680 an, obsecro hercle te, id nunc suscenses mihi?

Hegio

At cum cruciatu maxumo id factumst tuo.

Tynd.

Dum ne ob male facta, peream, parvi aestumo.
si ego hic peribo, ast ille ut dixit non redit,
at erit mi hoc factum mortuo memorabile,
me meum erum captum ex servitute atque
hostibus
reducem fecisse liberum in patriam ad patrem,
meumque potius me caput periculo
praeoptavisse, quam is periret, ponere.

Hegio

Facito ergo ut Acherunti clueas gloria.

Tynd.

690 Qui per virtutem, periit, at non interit.

Hegio

Quando ego te exemplis pessumis cruciavero
atque ob sutelas tuas te morti misero,
vel te interiisse vel periisse praedicient;
dum pereas, nihil intererit: dicant vivere.

Tynd.

Pol si istuc faxis, haud sine poena feceris,
si ille hue rebitet, sicut confido affore.

Arist.

Pro di immortales, nunc ego teneo, nunc scio
quid hoc sit negoti. meus sodalis Philocrates
in libertate est ad patrem in patria. bene est,
700 nec quisquam est mihi, aequae melius cui velim.
sed hoc mihi aegre est, me huic dedisse operam
malam,
qui nunc propter me meaque verba vincetus est.

(*politely*) Couldn't you manage to slip in
"harrower"? Why, farmers always harrow before
they hoe.

Hegio

(*angrily*) Now look at that! the bold way he
stands up to me!

Tynd.

A guiltless, harmless slave ought to face his own
master boldly, his own master, of all men.

Hegio

(*to overseers*) Fasten his hands, tight, mind you!

Tynd.

I am yours. Have them cut off, even, for that
matter. But what does this mean? Why this rage
at me?

Hegio

Because as far as in you lay you've sent me and
my hopes to smash, demolished me, with your
rascally deceitful dodges, and spoiled all my
chances, all my prospects and plans. That's the
way you, got Philocrates off—by swindling me! I
supposed he was the slave and you the freeman;
that's what you said yourselves; that's how you
exchanged names.

Tynd.

(*coolly*) I admit it: it is all as you say—yes, you
were swindled out of him, and it was my support
and my scheming that did it. But heavens and
earth, that isn't what sets you raging at me, is it?

Hegio

You shall pay for doing it, though, pay for it with
your own best blood!

Tynd.

(*simply*) Provided it is not for wrongdoing, let me
die—it matters little. If I myself do die here, and
if he does fail to return, as he said he would,
what I have done, at least, will be remembered
when I am gone—men will tell how I saved my
captured master from slavery and from his
enemies, restored him, a free man, to his home
and his father, and how I chose to put my own
life in peril rather than let him die.

Hegio

Well then, you can look in the next world for that
glorious name of yours.

Tynd.

The man that dies in a worthy cause does not
perish utterly.

Hegio

After I've tortured you in the most excruciating
ways possible, and sent you to perdition for the
lies you've patched up, let 'em announce that
you've perished utterly, or that you've merely
died; so long as you're dead, no matter—they can
say you're living, for all I care.

Tynd.

You do that, sir, and I swear it will cost you dear,
if my master comes back, as I expect him to do.

Arist.

(*aside*) Great God! Now I see it! Now I
understand what it all means! My chum
Philocrates is free, has gone home to his father.
Good! And not a friend have I got that I wish
better luck to, either. But I do feel bad about the
cursed way I've treated Tyndarus here! He's got
me and my tongue to thank for being strapped up
at this moment.

Hegio

Votuini te quicquam mi hodie falsum proloqui?

Tynd.

Votuisti.

Hegio

Cur es ausus mentiri mihi?

Tynd.

Quia vera obsessent illi quoi operam dabam:
nunc falsa prosunt.

Hegio

At tibi oberunt.

Tynd.

Optumest.

at erum servavi, quem servatum gaudeo.
cui me custodem addiderat erus maior meus.
sed malene id factum arbitrare?

Hegio

Pessume.

Tynd.

710 At ego aio recte. qui abs te sorsum sentio.
nam cogitato, si quis hoc gnato tuo
tuos servos faxit, qualem haberes gratiam?
emitteresne necne eum servom manu?
essetne apud te is servos aceptissimus?
responde.

Hegio

Opinor.

Tynd.

Cur ergo iratus mihi es?

Hegio

Quia illi fuisti quam mihi fidelior.

Tynd.

720 Quid? tu una nocte postulavisti et die
recens captum hominem, nuperum novicium,
te perdocere ut melius consulerem tibi,
quam illi, quicum una a puero aetatem
exegebam?

Hegio

Ergo ab eo petito gratiam istam. ducite,
ubi ponderosas crassas capiat compedes.
inde ibis porro in latomias lapidarias.
ibi quom alii octonos lapides effodiunt, nisi
cotidiano sesquiopus confeceris,
Sescentoplago nomen indetur tibi.

Arist.

Per deos atque homines ego te obtestor, Hegio,
ne tu istunc hominem perdis.

Hegio

Curabitur;

730 nam noctu nervo vinctus custodibitur,
interdius sub terra lapides eximet:
diu ego hunc cruciabo, non uno absolvam die.

Arist.

Certumne est tibi istuc?

Hegio

Non moriri certius.

abducite istum actutum ad Hippolytum fabrum,
iubete huic crassas compedes impingier;
inde extra portam ad meum libertum Cordalum

Hegio

Didn't I tell you not to deceive me in the slightest
particular?

Tynd.

Yes.

Hegio

Then why did you dare lie to me?

Tynd.

Because the truth would have harmed the person
I was trying to help: as it is, deceit has served his
turn.

Hegio

It won't serve yours, however.

Tynd.

Very well, sir. I saved my master, at any rate, and
I'm happy in having saved the man that my older
master put in my care. Really now, do you think
this was a wrong act?

Hegio

Atrocious!

Tynd.

Well, sir, I differ with you—I say it was right.
Why, just think! if a slave of yours did the same
thing for your own son, what would be your
feeling toward him? Would you set this slave
free, or not? Wouldn't this slave be your
favourite? Answer me that.

Hegio

(*reluctantly*) I suppose so.

Tynd.

Why are you angry at me, then?

Hegio

Because you have been more faithful to him than
to me.

Tynd.

What? Did you expect in a single night and day to
teach a man just recently captured, a slave you
had hardly bought, to consult your interests more
than those of the master I grew up from boyhood
with?

Hegio

Well then, look to him for your thanks for it. (*to
overseers*) Off with him and have him shackled—
heavy ones, solid ones! (*to Tyndarus*) After that
you shall go straight to the stone quarries. There,
while the rest of them are digging out their eight
blocks a day, you're to do half as much again, or
you'll be dubbed The Cracks- collector.

Arist.

Hegio! for God's sake don't let the man be utterly
lost!

Hegio

Lost? We'll see to that! Why, at night he'll be
chained up in a cell and guarded, and in the
daytime he'll be under ground hewing out stone.
It's agony long drawn out he'll get from me; I
won't end it for him all in one day.

Arist.

(*distressed*) Is this your fixed intention, sir?

Hegio

Fixed as death! (*to overseers*) Quick! March him
off to Hippolytus the blacksmith and have some
solid irons forged on him; then he's to be
escorted outside the city to my freedman

in lapicidas facite deductus siet:
atque hunc me velle dicite ita curarier,
ne qui deterius huic sit quam cui pessime est.

Tynd.

740 Cur ego te invito me esse salvom postulem?
periculum vitae meae tuo stat periculo.
post mortem in morte nihil est quod metuam
mali.
etsi pervivo usque ad summam aetatem, tamen
breve spatium est perferendi quae minitas mihi.
vale atque salve, etsi aliter ut dicam meres.
tu, Aristophontes, de me ut meruisti, ita vale;
nam mihi propter te hoc optigit.

Hegio

Abducite.

Tynd.

At unum hoc quaeso, si huc rebitet Philocrates,
ut mi eius facias conveniundi copiam.

Hegio

Periistis, nisi hunc iam e conspectu abducitis.

Tynd.

750 Vis haec quidem hercle est, et trahi et trudi
simul.

Hegio

Illic est abductus recta in phylacam, ut dignus
est.
ego illis captivis aliis documentum dabo,
ne tale quisquam facinus incipere audeat.
quod absque hoc esset, qui mihi hoc fecit palam,
usque offrenatum suis me ductarent dolis.

nunc certum est nulli posthac quicquam credere.
satis sum semel deceptus. speravi miser
ex servitute me exemisse filium:
760 ea spes elapsa est. perdidit unum filium,
puerum quadrimum quem mihi servos surpuit,
neque eum servom umquam repperi neque
filium;

maior potitus hostium est. quod hoc est scelus?
quasi in orbitatem liberos produxerim.
sequere hac. reducam te ubi fuisti. neminis
miserere certum est, quia mei miseret neminem.

Arist.

Exauspicavi ex vinclis. nunc intellego
redauspicandum esse in catenas denuo.

ACTVS IV

Erg.

770 Iuppiter supreme, servas me measque auges
opes,
maximas opimitates opiparasque offers mihi,
laudem lucrum, ludum iocum, festivitatem ferias,
pompam penum, potationis saturitatem,
gaudium,

Cordalus and the quarries. Yes, and tell Cordalus
I want it seen to that he be treated quite as well
as the man that's treated (*ferociously*) worst.

Tynd.

Why should I ask for mercy when you refuse it?
My life is risked at risk to you. After death, there
is no evil in death for me to fear. And even if I
live on and on to the very limits of human life, it's
still only for a short time I shall have to endure
what you threaten me with.

Farewell, sir, and God bless you, no matter if you
do deserve to have me wish you something else.
As for you, Aristophontes, fare you well—as well
as you deserve of me; for it is all on account of
you that this has happened to me.

Hegio

(*to overseers*) Off with him.

Tynd.

But I do ask this one thing of you, sir: if
Philocrates comes back, give me a chance to
meet him.

Hegio

(*to overseers*) Out of my sight with him this
instant, or I'll murder you! (*they seize Tyndarus
and hurry him off roughly*)

Tynd.

(*dryly*) Well, well! This is positive violence, being
pushed and pulled at the same time.

[EXEUNT.]

Hegio

That rascal is bound straight for the prison cell
he's entitled to. I'll make an example of him for
the benefit of those other prisoners, so that none
of them will dare engage in such devilry. If it
hadn't been for this fellow here who disclosed it
all, they'd have bitted me and led me along with
their tricks till the end of time.

Never again do I trust a soul in anything, that's
settled. Once cheated is enough. (*pauses, then
gloomily*) I hoped, poor fool, that I had ransomed
my son from slavery—a hope that's slipped away!
I lost one son, a four-year-old boy that a slave
kidnapped, and never a trace of slave or son
since.

And my older boy in the hands of enemies! What
curse am I under? As if I'd begotten children so
as to be left childless! (*to Aristophontes*) This
way, you. (*going toward brother's house*) Back
you go where you were before. I am determined
to pity no one, since no one pities me.

Arist.

(*wryly*) It seemed a good omen, my getting out of
irons. Now I perceive I must omen myself back to
chains again.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT IV

(*It is to be assumed that several hours only have
elapsed.*)

ENTER *Ergasilus*, ELATED.

Erg.

Great God on high, thou dost preserve me and
prosper me with fatness! Boundless abundance,
yea, sublime abundance dost thou bring me!
Praise, profit, pleasure, jollity, festivity, feasting,
trains of victuals, eatables, drinkables, satiety,
joy! Never will I toady to human being more, I
now resolve it. Why, I can bless my friend or

nec cuiquam homini supplicare¹⁹ nunc certum
 est mihi;
 nam vel prodesse amico possum vel inimicum
 perdere,
 ita hic me amoenitate amoena amoenus oneravit
 dies,
 sine sacris hereditatem sum aptus effertissimam.
 nunc ad senem cursum capessam hunc
 Hegionem, cui boni
 tantum affero quantum ipse a dis optat, atque
 etiam amplius.
 nunc certa res est, eodem pacto ut comici servi
 solent.
 coniciam in collum pallium, primo ex me hanc
 rem ut audiat:
 780 speroque me ob hunc nuntium aeternum
 adepturum cibum.

IV. 2.

Hegio

Quanto in pectore hanc rem meo magis volato,
 tanto mi aegritudo auctior est in animo.
 ad illum modum sublitum os esse mi hodie!
 neque id perspicere quivi.
 quod cum scibitur, tum per urbem inridebor.
 cum extemplo ad forum advenero, omnes
 loquentur:
 "hic ille senex doctus, quoi verba data sunt."
 sed Ergasilus estne his, procul quem video?
 conlecto quidem est pallio. quidnam acturust?

Erg.

790 Move aps te moram atque, Ergasile, age hanc
 rem.
 eminor interminorque, ne mi obstiterit obviam
 nisi quis satis diu vixisse sese homo arbitrabitur.
 nam qui obstiterit, ore sistet.

Hegio

Hic homo pugilatam incipit.

Erg.

Facere certumst. proinde ita omnes itinera
 insistant sua,
 ne quis in hanc plateam negoti conferat
 quicquam sui.
 nam meus est ballista pugnus, cubitus
 catapultast mihi,
 umerus aries, tum genu quemque icero ad
 terram dabo,
 dentilegos omnes mortales faciam, quemque
 offendero.

Hegio

Quae illaec eminatiost nam? nequeo mirari satis.

Erg.

800 Faciam ut huius diei locique meique semper
 meminerit.²⁰

Hegio

(802) Quid hic homo tantum incipissit facere cum
 tantis minis?

Erg.

Prius edico, ne quis propter culpam capiatur
 suam:
 continete vos domi, prohibete a vobis vim meam.

blast my foe, now that this delightful day has
 loaded me down with its delightful
 delightfulness! I've landed a legacy stuffed fit to
 burst, and not a single encumbrance attached!

Now for a race up to old Hegio here. I'm bringing
 him all the happiness he craves of Heaven, yes,
 and more, too. I know what I'll do now: like
 slaves in the comedies, I'll bundle my cloak
 round my neck and run, so that I'll be the first
 man he hears this news from; and I hope to get
 food for ever and ever for my information.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Hegio*.

Hegio

(*soliloquizing moodily*) The more I think it over,
 the sourer I feel. The idea of their playing upon
 me in that style to-day! And I couldn't see
 through it. When it gets known, I shall be the
 joke of the town.

The moment I appear at the forum they'll all be
 saying, "Here comes that smart old fellow that
 got humbugged." (*observing Ergasilus*) But isn't
 that Ergasilus I see over there? With his cloak all
 tucked up, too! Now what in the world is he
 going to do? (*steps aside*)

Erg.

(*with burlesque importance and bustle*) No
 dawdling now, Ergasilus! At it, my boy, at it! I
 give you to wit by all the law's pains and
 penalties that no man stand in my way, unless he
 thinks he has lived long enough. For the man
 that does stand in my way shall stand on his
 head. (*squares off and delivers lusty blows at
 imaginary passers-by*)

Hegio

(*aside*) The fellow is going in for a boxing match!

Erg.

I'll do it, I'm resolved. So everybody keep where
 they belong, and don't anyone bring his business
 into this street! I tell you what, my fist is a siege-
 gun, and this forearm is my catapult, and my
 shoulder is a battering ram, yes, and every man I
 lay my knee into will bite the earth. I'll make
 every man I meet a tooth-collector.

Hegio

(*aside*) What on earth does all this bluster mean?
 Quite unaccountable!

Erg.

I'll make him remember this day and this place
 and me for ever.²⁰

Hegio

(*aside*) What giant undertaking is the fellow at,
 with all this big talk?

Erg.

I give you due notice, that no one may come to
 grief through his own ignorance of the law: stay
 at home: keep away from me—I am a violent

Hegio
Mira edepol sunt, ni hic in ventrem sumpsit
confidentiam.
vae misero illi, cuius cibo iste factust imperiosior.
Erg.
Tum pistores scrofigasci, qui alunt furfuribus
sues,
quarum odore praeterire nemo pistrinum potest:
eorum si quousquam scrofam in publico
conspexero,
810 ex ipsis dominis meis pugnis exculcabo furfures.

Hegio
Basilicas edictiones atque imperiosas habet:
satur homost, habet profecto in ventre
confidentiam.

Erg.
Tum piscatores, qui praebent populo pisces
foetidos,
qui advehuntur quadrupedanti crucianti
cantherio,
quorum odos subbasilicanos omnes abigit in
forum,
eis ego ora verberabo surpiculis piscariis,
ut sciant, alieno naso quam exhibeant molestiam.
tum lanii autem, qui concinnant liberis orbas
oves,
qui locant caedundos agnos et duplam agninam
danunt,
820 qui petroni nomen indunt verveci sectario,
eum ego si in via petronem publica conspexero
et petronem et dominum reddam mortales
miserrumos.

Hegio
Eugepae, edictiones aedilicias hic quidem habet,
mirumque adeost ni hunc fecere sibi Aetoli
agoranomum.

Erg.
Non ego nunc parasitus sum, sed regum rex
regalior,
tantus ventri commeatus meo adest in portu
cibus
sed ego cesso hunc Hegionem onerare laetitia
senem,
quo homine hominum adaeque nemo vivit
fortunatior?

Hegio
Quae illaec est laetitia, quam illic laetus largitur
mihi?

Erg.
830 Heus ubi estis? ecquis hic est? ecquis hoc aperit
ostium?

Hegio
Hic homo ad cenam recipit se ad me.

Erg.
Aperite hasce ambas fores
prius quam pultando assulatim foribus exitium
adfero.

Hegio
Perlubet hunc hominem colloqui. Ergasile.

Erg.
Ergasilum qui vocat?

Hegio

man.
Hegio
(*aside*) Bless my soul! I'll be sworn he's got some
assurance put into his inside. Heaven help the
poor wretch whose larder has set him up so!

Erg.
And as for the millers that keep sows, and feed
waste stuff to their swine, that raise such a
stench nobody can go by the mill,—if I spy a sow
of any one of 'em on the public highway, I'll up
with my fists and stamp the stuffing out of those
sows'—owners.

Hegio
(*aside*) Right royal and imperious
pronunciamentos. The man is gorged: he
certainly has got some assurance stowed away
inside.

Erg.
Then the fishmongers that travel around on a
jogging, jolting gelding, and offer folk stale fish
so strong it drives every last loungee in the
arcade out into the forum— I'll whack their faces
with their own fish baskets, just to teach 'em
what an abomination they are to the public nose.

Yes, and the butchers, too, that bereave sheep of
their little ones, that engage to sell you lambs fit
for slaughter, and then give you lamb as old as
two lambs, and pass off a tough old ram as a
prime wether—if I spy that ram on a city
thoroughfare, I'll make ram and owner the
saddest men alive!

Hegio
(*aside*) Splendid! Why, he is issuing edicts like a
Comptroller of the Victualling: I shouldn't be
surprised if the Aetolians have made him market
inspector.

Erg.
I'm no parasite now, not I! I'm a precious potent
potentate of potentates, with all that invoice at
the harbour for my belly—food, food! But I must
hurry and load old Hegio here with ecstasy.
There's not a luckier man alive than he!

Hegio
(*aside*) What ecstasy is it this ecstatic creature is
going to lavish on me?

Erg.
(*pounding on Hegio's door*) Hi! Where are you?
Anybody here? Anybody going to open this door?

Hegio
(*aside*) The fellow is coming to dine with me.

Erg.
Open this door—both doors—before I knock 'em
to flinders and finish 'em for good and all!

Hegio
(*aside*) I should quite enjoy a word with him.
(*aloud*) Ergasilus!

Erg.
(*still pounding*) Who calls Ergasilus?

Hegio

Respice.

Erg.

Fortuna quod tibi nec facit nec faciet, me
iubes.
sed quis est?

Hegio

Respice ad me, Hegio sum.

Erg.

Oh mihi,
quantum est hominum optumorum optume, in
tempore advenis.

Hegio

Nescio quem ad portum nactus es ubi cenes, eo
fastidis.

Erg.

Cedo manum.

Hegio

Manum?

Erg.

Manum, inquam, cedo tuam actutum.

Hegio

Tene.

Erg.

Gaude.

Hegio

Quid ego gaudeam?

Erg.

Quia ego impero, age gaude modo.

Hegio

840 Pol maerores mi antevortunt gaudiis.²¹

Erg.

Iam ego ex corpore exigam omnis maculas
maerorum tibi.
gaude audacter.

Hegio

Gaudeo, etsi nil scio quod gaudeam.

Erg.

Bene facis. iube—

Hegio

Quid iubeam?

Erg.

Ignem ingentem fieri.

Hegio

Ignem ingentem?

Erg.

Ita dico, magnus ut sit.

Hegio

Quid? me, volturi,
tuan causa aedis incensurum censes?

Erg.

Noli irascier.
iuben an non iubes astitui aulas, patinas elui,
²²aridum atque epulas foveri foculis
ferventibus?

alium pisces praestinatam abire?

Hegio

Hic vigilans somniat.

Vouchsafe me a look, sir.

Erg.

(without turning his head) Vouchsafe you a look,
eh! That is more than Good Luck does for you, or
ever will do, either! Who is it, though?

Hegio

Look around this way. It's Hegio.

Erg.

(rushing up) Oh! oh! You best of all the best men
that tread the earth, you come just in time!

Hegio

You have hit upon some one or other at the
harbour to dine with: that's why you are so
haughty.

Erg.

(rapturously) Give me your hand!

Hegio

My hand?

Erg.

Your hand, I say—give me your hand this instant!

Hegio

(doing so) Take it. (*Ergasilus shakes it
vigorously*)

Erg.

Rejoice!

Hegio

Rejoice—I? What for?

Erg.

Because I bid you to. Come now, rejoice!

Hegio

Good Lord, man! grief takes precedence of joy in
my case.

Erg.

I will remove every grief spot from off your
person for you this minute. Rejoice, rejoice
boldly!

Hegio

Well, I am rejoicing, although I haven't the least
idea why I should.

Erg.

Much obliged! Order—

Hegio

(suspiciously) Order what?

Erg.

—a fire to be built, an enormous fire.

Hegio

An enormous fire?

Erg.

That's what I say—make it a big one.

Hegio

(angry) How's that? Do you think I'm going to
burn my house down for your benefit, you
vulture?

Erg.

Calm yourself, sir. Will you order the pots to be
set near the oven, or won't you—and the platters
washed—and bacon and lovely things to eat to be
warmed up in fire-pans piping hot? And some one
to go and lay in fish?

Hegio

Day dreams, poor fellow!

Erg.

Alium porcinam atque agninam et pullos
gallinaceos?

Hegio

Scis bene esse, si sit unde.

Erg.

²³ Pernam atque ophthalmiam,
horaeum, scombrum et trygonum et cetum, et
mollem caseum?

Hegio

Nominandi istorum tibi erit magis quam edundi
copia
his apud me, Ergasile.

Erg.

Mean me causa hoc censes dicere?

Hegio

Nec nihil hodie nec multo plus tu hic edes, ne
frustra sis.
proin tu tui cottidiani victi ventrem ad me
afferat.

Erg.

Quin ita faciam. ut tute cupias facere sumptum,
etsi ego vetem.

Hegio

Egone?

Erg.

Tune.

Hegio

Tum tu mi igitur erus es.

Erg.

Immo benevolens.
vin te faciam fortunatum?

Hegio

Malim quam miserum quidem.

Erg.

Cedo manum.

Hegio

Em manum.

Erg.

Di te omnes adiuvant.

Hegio

Nil sentio.

Erg.

860 Non enim es in senticeto, eo non sentis. sed iube
vasa tibi pura apparari ad rem divinam cito,
atque agnum afferri proprium pinguem.

Hegio

Cur?

Erg.

Ut sacrifices.

Hegio

Cui deorum?

Erg.

Mi hercle, nam ego nunc tibi sum
summus Iuppiter,
idem ego sum Salus, Fortuna, Lux, Laetitia,
Gaudium.
proin tu deum hunc saturitate facias tranquillum
tibi.

Erg.

And some one else to get pork and lamb and
spring chicken?

Hegio

You know how to enjoy yourself—given the
wherewithal.

Erg.

And ham and river-lamprey and pickled fish,
mackerel and sting ray and tunny, and nice soft
cheese?

Hegio

You will have more of an opportunity to mention
those viands, Ergasilus, than to masticate them
here at my house.

Erg.

Do you suppose I'm saying this on my own
account?

Hegio

What you get here to-day will be a cross between
nothing and next to nothing; make no mistake
about that. So bring me a stomach that is ready
for your ordinary fare.

Erg.

Why, I'll make you long to squander money, you
yourself, even though I should forbid it.

Hegio

Me?

Erg.

Yes, sir, you!

Hegio

Then you are my master, I take it.

Erg.

No, no, your whole-souled friend. Do you want
me to make you a fortunate man?

Hegio

Rather than unfortunate, why, yes.

Erg.

Give me your hand.

Hegio

Here it is. (*Ergasilus again shakes it fervently*)

Erg.

The gods are with you!

Hegio

I wouldn't know it.

Erg.

You wouldn't? Well, you're out of the wood; that's
why you don't twig it. But see they get the holy
vessels ready for worship—quick! Yes, and have
a special lamb brought in, a fat one.

Hegio

Why?

Erg.

So that you may offer sacrifice.

Hegio

To what deity?

Erg.

To me, by gad! For I'm your Jupiter Most High
now, myself; and Salvation, Fortune, Light,
Gladness, Joy—they're all this identical I! So
mind you placate this divinity by stuffing him full.

	<i>Hegio</i> Esurire mihi videre. <i>Erg.</i> Mi quidem esurio, non tibi.	<i>Hegio</i> You need food, I fancy. <i>Erg.</i> No sir, I need food I fancy, not food you fancy.
	<i>Hegio</i> Tuo arbitrato, facile patior. <i>Erg.</i> Credo, consuetu's puer.	<i>Hegio</i> (<i>smiling</i>) Have it your own way: I'm perfectly willing to—crawl. <i>Erg.</i> Crawl? I believe you: it's a habit you—fell into—as a child.
	<i>Hegio</i> Iuppiter te dique perdant. <i>Erg.</i> Te hercle—mi aequom est gratias agere ob nuntium; tantum ego nunc porto a portu tibi boni: nunc tu mihi places.	<i>Hegio</i> (<i>disgusted</i>) Oh, you be damned, sir! <i>Erg.</i> And by Jove, you be—grateful to me, as you ought, for my news. The glorious news from the port I'm just reporting! Now your dinner begins to tempt me.
870	<i>Hegio</i> Abi, stultu's, sero post tempus venis. <i>Erg.</i> Igitur olim si advenissem, magis tu tum istuc diceres; nunc hanc laetitiam accipe a me, quam fero. nam filium tuom modo in portu Philopolemum vivom, salvom et sospitem vidi in publica celoce, ibidemque illum adulescentulum Aleum una et tuom Stalagmum servom, qui aufugit domo, qui tibi surripuit quadrimum puerum filiolum tuom.	<i>Hegio</i> Be off, you idiot: you're behind time, you have come too late. <i>Erg.</i> Well, if I had come before, then you'd have had more reason to say that. (<i>slowly and portentously</i>) Now, sir, prepare for the ecstasy of which I am the vehicle. A few minutes ago at the harbour your son, your son Philopolemus, alive, safe and sound,—I saw him, saw him in a despatch boat, and along with him that young Elean and your slave Stalagmus that stole your little four year old boy.
	<i>Hegio</i> Abi in malam rem, ludis me. <i>Erg.</i> Ita me amabit sancta Saturitas, <i>Hegio</i> , itaque suo me semper condecoret cognomine, ut ego vidi. <i>Hegio</i> Meum gnatum? <i>Erg.</i> Tuom gnatum et genium meum.	<i>Hegio</i> To the devil with you! You're making fun of me. <i>Erg.</i> So help me Holy Stuffing, so may she grace me with her name for evermore—I did see them, <i>Hegio</i> !
	<i>Hegio</i> Et captivom illum Alidensem? <i>Erg.</i> <u>Μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω.</u> <i>Hegio</i> Et servolum meum Stalagmum, meum qui gnatum surripuit? <i>Erg.</i> <u>Ναὶ τὰν Κόραν.</u> <i>Hegio</i> Iam credo? <i>Erg.</i> <u>Ναὶ τὰν Πραυνέστην.</u> <i>Hegio</i> Venit? <i>Erg.</i> <u>Ναὶ τὰν Σιγγίαν.</u> <i>Hegio</i>	<i>Hegio</i> (<i>sceptically</i>) My son? <i>Erg.</i> Your son and my guardian angel. <i>Hegio</i> And that Elean prisoner? <i>Erg.</i> <i>Oui, par</i> Hercules! <i>Hegio</i> And that miserable slave of mine, Stalagmus, that kidnapped my son? <i>Erg.</i> <i>Oui, par</i> Herculanum! <i>Hegio</i> I'm to believe that? <i>Erg.</i> <i>Oui, par</i> Pompeii! <i>Hegio</i> He's come? <i>Erg.</i> <i>Oui, par</i> Sorrento! <i>Hegio</i>
880		

Certon?

Erg.

Ναὶ τὸν Φρουσιῶνα.

Hegio

Vide sis.

Erg.

Ναὶ τὸν Ἀλάτριον.

Hegio

Quid tu per barbaricas urbes iuras?

Erg.

Quia enim item asperae
sunt ut tuom victum autumabas esse.

Hegio

Vae aetati tuae.

Erg.

Quippe quando mihi nil credis, quod ego dico
sedulo.
sed Stalagmus quoniam erat tunc nationis, cum
hinc abit?

Hegio

Siculus.

Erg.

At nunc Siculus non est, Boius est, Boiam
terit:
liberorum quaerundorum causa ei, credo, uxor
datast.

Hegio

Dic, bonan fide tu mi istaec verba dixisti?

Erg.

890

Bona.

Hegio

Di immortales, iterum gnatus videor, si vera
autumas.

Erg.

Ain tu? dubium habebis etiam, sancte quom ego
iurem tibi?
postremo, *Hegio*, si parva iuri iurandost fides,
vise ad portum.

Hegio

Facere certumst. tu intus cura quod opus
est.
sume, posce, prome quid vis. te facio cellarium.

Erg.

Nam hercle, nisi mantiscinatus probe ero, fusti
pectito.

Hegio

Aeternum tibi dapinabo victum, si vera autumas.

Erg.

Unde id?

Hegio

A me meoque gnato.

Erg.

Sponden tu istud?

Hegio

Spondeo.

Erg.

At ego tuom tibi advenisse filium respondeo.

Hegio

Cura quam optume potes.

You're sure?

Erg.

Oui, par Amalfi!

Hegio

Careful now!

Erg.

Oui, par Torre dell'Annunziata!

Hegio

What are you swearing by foreign cities for!

Erg.

Well, because they're the same as you said your
meals were—perfect terrors.

Hegio

Plague take you!

Erg.

My sentiments exactly, seeing you don't believe a
word I tell you in sober earnest. Stalagmus,
though,—what was his nationality when he
disappeared?

Hegio

Sicilian.

Erg.

But he's no Sicilian now: he's a Gaul—he's being
galled, G anyhow, by that thing he's attached to:
he's coupled with the article so as to get
children, I suppose?

Hegio

See here, have you told me all this in good faith?

Erg.

In good faith.

Hegio

Great heavens! I feel like a new man, if what you
say is true.

Erg.

Eh? How's that? You'll still doubt me when I'd
give you my sacred word on it? Very well then,
Hegio, if my solemn oath is insufficient for you,
go down to the harbour and see for yourself.

Hegio

(*excited*) Precisely what I will do. You go inside
and attend to what's needed. Take anything you
want, ask for it, get it from the store-room. I
make you butler.

Erg.

(*wild with joy*) Now by Jupiter, if I don't do some
handsome catering, comb me down with a club!

Hegio

I'll dinner you till doomsday, if it's true.

Erg.

And who's to pay?

Hegio

I and my son.

Erg.

I have your word on that?

Hegio

My word.

Erg.

And for my part, my word to you is—your son has
arrived.

Hegio

(*making off toward harbour*) Attend to everything

the very best you can.

IV. 3.

Erg.

900 Bene ambula et redambula.
 illic hinc abiit, mihi rem summam credidit
 cibariam.
 di immortales, iam ut ego collos praetruncabo
 tegoribus,
 quanta pernis pestis veniet, quanta labes larido,
 quanta sumini absumedo, quanta callo calamitas,
 quanta laniis lassitudo, quanta porcinariis.
 nam si alia memorem, quae ad ventris victum
 conducunt, morast.
 nunc ibo, ut pro praefectura mea ius dicam
 larido,
 et quae pendent indemnatae pernae, eis auxilium
 ut feram.

IV. 4.

Puer

910 Diespiter te dique, Ergasile, perdant et ventrem
 tuom,
 parasitosque omnis, et qui posthac cenam
 parasitis dabit.
 clades, calamitasque, intemperies modo in
 nostram advenit domum.
 quasi lupus esuriens ille metui ne in me faceret
 impetum.
 ubi²⁴ voltus esurientis vidi, eius extimescebam
 impetum
 nimisque hercle ego illum male formidabam. ita
 frendebat dentibus.
 adveniens deturbavit totum cum carne
 carnarium:
 arripuit gladium, praetruncavit tribus tegoribus
 glandia;
 aulas calicesque omnes confregit, nisi quae
 modiales erant.
 cocum percontabatur, possentne seriae
 fervere.
 cellas refregit omnis intus reclusitque armarium.
 adservate istunc, sultis, servi. ego ibo, ut
 conveniam senem.
 920 dicam ut sibi penum alium adornet, siquidem
 sese uti volet;
 nam hic quidem, ut adornat, aut iam nihil est aut
 iam nihil erit.

ACTVS V

Hegio

Iovi disque ago gratias merito magnas,
 quom reducem tuo te patri reddiderunt
 quomque ex miseriis plurimis me exemerunt,
 quae adhuc te carens dum hic²⁵ fui
 sustentabam,
 quomque hunc conspicio in potestate nostra,
 quomque huius reperta est fides firma nobis.

Philop.

Satis iam dolui ex animo, et cura me satis et

Scene 3.

Erg.

A pleasant walk and—backwalk—to you.
 [EXIT *Hegio*.] He's gone! And the whole blessed
 commissariat left to me! Ye immortal gods! how
 I'll knock necks off backs now! Ah, ham's case is
 hopeless, and bacon's in a bad, bad way! And
 sow's udder—done for utterly! Oh, how pork rind
 will go to pot! Butchers and pig-dealers—won't I
 bustle 'em!

Why, if I should mention all the other things that
 go to bolster up a belly, it would be a waste of
 time. I must off this minute to perform my official
 duties and pass judgment on bacon and help out
 hams that are still untried and in suspense.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE HURRIEDLY: UPROAR WITHIN.]

Scene 4.

ENTER *Page*, ANGRY AND EXCITED, FROM *Hegio's* HOUSE.

Page

(*shaking his fist at door*) May all the powers of
 heaven destroy you, Ergasilus, and that belly of
 yours and all parasites and anyone that gives a
 parasite a meal hereafter! Disaster, devastation,
 a tornado, has just fallen on our house. I was
 afraid he'd jump at my throat like a ravening
 wolf!

As soon as I saw that ravenous look of his I
 almost died for fear he'd make a rush at me—
 Lord, how he did scare me, how he kept grinding
 his teeth! In he came and tugged down the meat,
 rack and all—grabbed a knife and lopped the
 choice bits off three necks of pork—and smashed
 every pot and tureen that didn't hold a peck or
 more!

Kept asking the cook if he couldn't possibly use
 the big pickle vats to boil things in! Broke into all
 the cupboards and raided the pantry! (*shouting
 to those within*) Hi, boys! watch him, will you!
 I'm going to find the old man. I'll tell him, so that
 he can get in more victuals for himself, that is if
 he wants any for his own use: for to judge from
 the way this fellow is getting 'em out here,
 there's nothing left now, or won't be long.

[EXIT.]

ACT V

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Hegio*, *Philopolemus*, *Philocrates*, AND
Stalagmus.

Hegio

(*to Philopolemus*) I thank God with all my heart,
 as I ought, for bringing you back to your father,
 and for relieving me of the dreadful anguish I've
 been enduring as day after day went by, and I
 still here without you; yes, and for letting me see
 this rascal (*indicating Stalagmus*) in my power,
 and for this gentleman's (*indicating Philocrates*)
 proving himself a man of honour in standing by
 his promise to us.

Philop.

(*seeing Philocrates is getting impatient*) I've had

lacrumis maceravi,
satis iam audivi tuas aerumnas, ad portum mihi
quas memorasti.
hoc agamus.

Philocr.

930 Quid nunc, quoniam tecum servavi fidem
tibi hunc reducem in libertatem feci?

Hegio

Fecisti ut tibi,
Philocrates, numquam referre gratiam possim
satis,
proinde ut tu pro merito de me et filio.

Philop.

Immo potes,
pater, et poteris et ego potero, et di eam
potestatem dabunt
ut beneficium bene merenti nostro merito
muneres;
sicut tu huic²⁶ potes, pater mi, facere merito
maxime.

Hegio

Quid opus verbis? lingua nullast qua negem
quidquid roges.

Philocr.

Postulo abs te, ut mi illum reddas servom, quem
hic reliqueram
pignus pro me, qui mihi melior quam sibi semper
fuit,
940 pro bene factis eius ut ei pretium possim
reddere.

Hegio

Quod bene fecisti referetur gratia id quod
postulas;
et id et aliud, quod me orabis, impetrabis. atque
te
nolim suscipere quod ego iratus ei feci male.

Philocr.

Quid fecisti?

Hegio

In lapicidinas compeditum condidi,
ubi rescivi mihi data esse verba.

Philocr.

Vae misero mihi,
propter meum caput labores homini evenisse
optumo.

Hegio

At ob eam rem mihi libellam pro eo argenti ne
duis.
gratias a me, ut sit liber, ducito.

Philocr.

Edepol, Hegio.
facis benigne. sed quaeso, hominem ut iubeas
arcessi.

Hegio

950 ubi estis vos? ite actutum Tyndarum huc
arcessite,
vos ite intro. interibi ego ex hac statua verbere
volo
erogitare, meo minore quid sit factum filio.
vos lavate interibi.

Philop.

quite enough bitter suffering, and enough of
wearing myself out with anxiety and weeping,
too, and I've heard quite enough of your distress
of which you told me at the harbour, father! So
now to the main point. (*turns to Philocrates*)

Philocr.

(*to Hegio*) What of me, sir, now that I have kept
faith with you and secured the liberty of your son
here?

Hegio

After the way you have acted, Philocrates, I'm
entirely unable to show gratitude enough for
your treatment of me and my son.

Philop.

No, no, you are able, father, yes, and always will
be able, and so shall I be, and Heaven will give
you the ability to do a deserved kindness to a
man that has been so kind to us. It's just as with
this slave here, (*pointing to Stalagmus*) father
dear; you're able to give him his full deserts.

Hegio

(*to Philocrates*) It's plain enough, sir,—I have no
tongue with which to refuse a request of yours.

Philocr.

What I ask you to do is to give me back the slave
I left here as security for myself—he was always
ready to sacrifice himself for me!—so that I can
reward him for his kindnesses.

Hegio

You have been kind to us, sir, and I shall be glad
to do as you ask; both that request, and any
other, will be granted. (*embarrassed*) And—and I
trust you won't be incensed at me for getting
angry and treating him badly.

Philocr.

(*anxiously*) What did you do?

Hegio

I had him fettered and put down in the stone
quarries when I found out I had been imposed
upon.

Philocr.

God forgive me! To think of the splendid fellow
suffering so, and all for my sake!

Hegio

Well, sir, this being so, you needn't give me a
single farthing for him: take him from me gratis
—he is a free man.

Philocr.

Well, well, Hegio, many thanks! But have him
sent for, I beg you.

Hegio

By all means (*calling to slaves in house*) Where
are you? [ENTER OVERSEERS.] Quick! go bring
Tyndarus here. [EXEUNT OVERSEERS] (*to
Philopolemus and Philocrates*) As for you lads,
step inside. Meanwhile I want to inquire of this
whipping post here (*pointing to Stalagmus*) what
was done with my younger son. You can take a
bath meanwhile.

Philop.

Sequere hac. Philocrates, me

intro.

Philocr.

Sequor.

Come along in with me, Philocrates.

Philocr.

Certainly.

[EXEUNT.]

V. 2.

Hegio

Age tu illuc procede. bone vir, lepidum
mancupium meum.

Stal.

Quid me oportet facere, ubi tu talis vir falsum
autumas?
fui ego bellus, lepidus. bonus vir numquam,
neque frugi bonae,
neque ero umquam, ne erres: spem ponas me
bonae frugi fore.

Hegio

Propemodum ubi loci fortunae tuae sint facile
intellegis.
si eris verax, tua ex re, facies ex mala
meliusculam.
960 recte et vera loquere, sed neque vere neque tu
recte adhuc
fecisti umquam.

Stal.

Quod ego fatear, credin pudeat cum
autumes?

Hegio

At ego faciam ut pudeat, nam in ruborem te
totum dabo.

Stal.

Eia, credo ego imperito plagas minitaris mihi.
tandem ista aufer ac dic quid fers, ut feras hinc
quod petis.

Hegio

Satis facundu's. sed iam fieri dicta compendi
volo.

Stal.

Ut vis fiat.

Hegio

Bene morigerus fuit puer, nunc non
deceat.
hoc agamus. iam animum advorte ac mihi quae
967 dicam edissere.²⁷

Stal.

969 Nugae istaec sunt. non me censes scire quid
dignus siem?

Hegio

970 At ea subterfugere potis es pauca, si non omnia.

Stal.

Pauca effugiam, scio; nam multa evenient, et
merito meo,
quia et fugi et tibi surripui filium et eum vendidi.

Hegio

Cui homini?

Stal.

Theodoromedi in Alide Polyplusio,
sex minis.

Scene 2.

Hegio

(*to Stalagmus*) Come now, you! Over there with
you, (*pointing*) my good sir, my charming piece of
property.

Stal.

(*sullenly*) What can you look for from me, when a
fine gentleman like you tells lies? I've had my day
as a dandy, a charmer; a good sir, or good for
anything, I never was, and I never will be, make
no mistake, don't you build up hopes I will be
good for anything.

Hegio

You have no difficulty in appreciating your
position pretty fairly well. Now be truthful, and
you'll be acting to your own advantage and make
a bad prospect somewhat better. Out with your
story, make it straightforward and honest—
virtues you have never displayed hitherto,
however.

Stal.

When I'm ready to admit a thing myself d'ye
think I should be ashamed of it just because you
say it's so?

Hegio

I'll make you ashamed, though: (*savagely*) I tell
you what, I'll make one big blush of you.

Stal.

(*ironically*) La! La! I'm promised a whipping, it
seems, and I such a novice at it—oh, yes I am!
Look here, get done with that talk and say what
you've got to propose, so as to get what you're
after.

Hegio

Quite a gift of tongue, sir! But oblige me by
saving some of it for the moment.

Stal.

Anything you like.

Hegio

(*half aside*) That compliance he showed as a boy
hardly becomes him at present. (*aloud*) To
business! Now then, pay attention and answer
me fully.

Stal.

Rot! Don't you suppose I know what I deserve?

Hegio

Well, you have a chance to escape a little of it, if
not all.

Stal.

Little enough I'll escape, I know that; for there'll
be plenty coming, and it serves me right, seeing I
ran away and kidnapped your son and sold him.

Hegio

To whom?

Stal.

(*drawling*) Theodoromedes Goldfields, in Elis, for
twenty-four pounds.

Hegio

Pro di immortales, is quidem huius est
pater Philocrati.

Stal.

Quin melius novi quam tu et vidi saepius.

Hegio

Serva, Iuppiter supreme, et me et meum gnatum
mihi.

Philocrates, per tuom te genium obsecro, exi, te
volo.

V. 3.

Philocr.

Hegio, assum. si quid me vis, impera.

Hegio

Hic gnatum meum
tuo patri ait se vendidisse sex minis in Alide.

Philocr.

Quam diu id factum est?

Stal.

980 His annus incipit vicensimus.

Philocr.

Falsa memorat.

Stal.

Aut ego aut tu. nam tibi quadrimulum
tuos pater peculiarem parvolo puero dedit.

Philocr.

Quid erat ei nomen? si vera dicis, memoradum
mihi.

Stal.

Paegnium vocitatust, post vos indidistis Tyndaro.

Philocr.

Cur ego te non novi?

Stal.

Quia mos est oblivisci hominibus
neque novisse cuius nihili sit faciunda gratia.

Philocr.

Dic mihi, isne istic fuit, quem vendidisti meo
patri,
qui mihi peculiaris datus est?

Stal.

Huius filius.

Hegio

Vivitne is homo?

Stal.

Argentum accepi, nil curavi ceterum.

Hegio

Quid tu ais?

Philocr.

990 Quin istic ipsust Tyndarus tuos filius,
ut quidem hic argumenta loquitur. nam is mecum
a puero puero
bene pudiceque educatust usque ad
adulescentiam.

Hegio

Hegio

God bless my soul! Why, he is the father of
Philocrates here!

Stal.

Well, I know him better than you, and I've seen
him oftener.

Hegio

God Almighty, save me and save my boy for me!
(*running to door and shouting*) Philocrates! Here,
here, come, on your life! I want you!

Scene 3.

[ENTER *Philocrates*.]

Philocr.

Here I am, Hegio. If I can be of any service,
command me.

Hegio

(*beside himself*) This fellow says my son—he sold
him to your father—for twenty-four pounds—in
Elis!

Philocr.

How long ago was this?

Stal.

Going on for twenty years.

Philocr.

He's lying.

Stal.

(*indifferent*) One of us is. As a matter of fact,
your father gave you a little four year old boy for
your own, when you were nothing but a
youngster yourself.

Philocr.

(*interested*) What was his name? If your story is
true, come, tell me that.

Stal.

Styled Pettie, he was: later on you folks called
him Tyndarus.

Philocr.

How is it I don't know you?

Stal.

Because it's the regular thing to forget a fellow
and cut him, in case his good will can't help you
at all.

Philocr.

Tell me, was that boy you sold my father the
same one that was given me for my own?

Stal.

(*with a nod in Hegio's direction*) His son.

Hegio

(*eagerly*) Is he alive, this—man?

Stal.

I got the money: that's all I bothered about.

Hegio

(*to Philocrates*) What do you say?

Philocr.

Why, it's Tyndarus himself that is your son, at
least according to this fellow's evidence. For
Tyndarus has been brought up with me from the
time we were boys, and brought up in good
honest fashion.

Hegio

Et miser sum et fortunatus, si vos vera dicitis;
eo miser sum quia male illi feci, si gnatus meus.
eheu, quom ego plus minusve feci quam me
aequom fuit.
quod male feci crucior; modo si infectum fieri
possiet.
sed eum incedit huc ornatus haud ex suis
virtutibus.

V. 4.

Tynd.

Vidi ego multa saepe picta, quae Acherunti
fierent
cruciamenta, verum enim vero nulla adaeque est
Acheruns
1000 atque ubi ego fui, in lapicidinibus. illic ibi demumst
locus,
ubi labore lassitudo est exigunda ex corpore.
nam ubi illo adveni, quasi patricus pueris aut
monerulae.
aut anites aut coturnices dantur, quicum lusitent
itidem mi haec adveniendi upupa, qui me
delectem, datast
sed erus eum ante ostium, et erus alter eum
ex Alide
redii.

Hegio

Salve, exoptate gnate mi.

Tynd.

Hem, quid gnate mi?

attat. scio cur te patrem adsimules esse et me
filium:
quia mi item ut parentes lucis das tuendi copiam.

Philocr.

Salve, Tyndare.

Tynd.

Et tu, quous causa hanc aerumnam
exigo.

Philocr.

1010 At nunc liber in divitias faxo venies. nam tibi
pater hic est; hic servos, qui te huic hinc
quadrum surpuit.
vendidit patri meo te sex minis, is te mihi
parvolum peculiarem parvulo puero dedit:
illic indicium fecit; nam hunc ex Alide huc
reduximus.

Tynd.

Quid huius filium?

Philocr.

(1015) Intus eum fratrem germanum
tuom.²⁸

Tynd.

(1023) Nunc edepol demum in memoriam regredior,
audisse me
quasi per nebulam, Hegionem meum patrem
vocarier.

Hegio

Is ego sum.

Philocr.

Compedibus quaeso ut tibi sit levior filius
atque huic gravior servos.

I feel miserable and happy both, if what you two
say is true! Miserable at having been so hard on
him, if he is my own boy! Dear, dear! how much
more I've done than I ought, or how much less!
It's torment, to think of the horrible thing I've
done—oh, if it could only be undone! (*looking
down street*) Look, though,—there he comes! To
be decked out like that, the noble fellow!

Scene 4.

ENTER *Tyndarus* ESCORTED BY OVERSEERS. HE IS HEAVILY
IRONED AND CARRIES A CROWBAR.

Tynd.

(*dryly*) I have seen a good many pictures whose
subject was torture in Hell: but upon my soul,
there is no hell that can match those stone
quarries where I've been. That place down there
is certainly the one where a weary man can be
dead sure of working off his tired feeling.

Why, when I got there it was just like your young
scions of the nobility being given daws or ducks
or quails for playfellows: my own case exactly—
the moment I arrived they gave me this crow to
have a lark with. (*looking toward Hegio's house*)
But there's my master in front of the door—and,
yes, my other master back from Elis!

Hegio

Oh, how are you, my own longed-for son?

Tynd.

Eh? "My son?" How's that? (*pauses, then with a
weary laugh*) Ah, yes, yes, I see the point of your
father and son chaff: just as parents do, you give
me a chance to behold the light of day.

Philocr.

God bless you, Tyndarus!

Tynd.

And you, sir, for whose sake I'm undergoing this
confounded experience.

Philocr.

But now you shall be a free man, Tyndarus, and a
rich one, I promise you. For here is (*indicating
Hegio*) your father; this slave (*indicating
Stalagmus*) stole you away from him here when
you were four years old and sold you to my father
for twenty-four pounds. And when we were both
small boys, father gave you to me for my own.
That fellow there has proved it all; you see we
brought him back here from Elis.

Tynd.

(*dazed*) What about his son?

Philocr.

Look—inside there—your own brother!²⁸

Tynd.

Great heavens! When I think back I do now at
last remember hearing—in a cloudy sort of way—
my father called Hegio!

Hegio

(*embracing him*) I am that Hegio!

Philocr.

(*to Hegio, pointing to the shackles on Tyndarus*).
Those irons, sir,—for mercy's sake get yourself a
lighter son, and him a heavier slave. (*indicating*

Hegio

Certum est principio id praevortier.
eamus intro, ut arcessatur faber, ut istas
compedes
tibi adimam, huic dem.

Stal.

Quoi peculi nihil est, recte feceris.

CATERVA

Spectatores, ad pudicos mores facta haec fabula
est,
neque in hac subigitationes sunt neque ulla
amatio
nec pueri suppositio nec argenti circumductio,
neque ubi amans adulescens scortum liberet
clam suom patrem.

huius modi paucas poetae reperiunt comoedias,
ubi boni meliores fiant. nunc vos, si vobis placet
et si placuimus neque odio fuimus, signum hoc
mittite:

qui pudicitiae esse voltis praemium, plausum
date.

Stalagmus)

Hegio

Yes, yes, I must see to that first of all. Let's go
inside and have a blacksmith sent for, so that I
may get those irons off of you and make this
fellow (*turning to Stalagmus*) a present of them.

Stal.

Thanks awfully—seeing I haven't a thing I can
call my own.

[EXEUNT OMNES.]

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY THE COMPANY.

Spectators, this play was composed with due
regard to the proprieties: here you have no
vicious intrigues, no love affair, no supposititious
child, no getting money on false pretences, no
young spark setting a wench free without his
father's knowledge.

Dramatists find few plays such as this which
make good men better. Now, if you so please,
and if we have pleased you and have not been
boring, intimate as much: you who wish virtue to
be rewarded, give us your applause.

1030

1. Corrupt (Leo): *vincti quia astant* Fleckeisen.

2. Leo notes lacuna here: (*cette*), *iam hoc tenetis* Schoell.

3. *vel* precedes in MSS: Leo brackets.

4. Leo notes lacuna here: *cupio (fieri)* Schoell.

5. Leo's correction of *multa miraculit* of the MSS.

6. Corrupt (Leo): *ea* MSS: *consili* Schoell.

7. Leo brackets the following v., 237:
quod tibi suadeam, suadeam meo patri.

8. Leo notes lacuna here: *huius (ille)* Camerarius.

9. Leo brackets the following v., 280:

Hegio

*Tum igitur ei cum in Aleis tanta gratia est, ut
praedicas.*

10. Leo brackets the following v., 288:

*nam ille quidem Theodoromedes fuit germano
nomine.*

11. Leo brackets the following v., 324:

Hegio

*Ego virtute deum et maiorum nostrum dives sum
satis.*

12. Corrupt (Leo): *quin te gratiis* MSS: *gratiis quin
te* Schoell.

13. Leo brackets the following v., 438:

scito te hinc minis viginti aestumatum mittier.

14. Corrupt (Leo): *exitium* Pontanus: *exilium* MSS.

15. Leo brackets the following v., 521:

*nec sycophantiis nec fucis ullum mantellum obviam
est.*

16. Corrupt (Leo): *qui venit modo intro* MSS: *modo
qui venit intro* Lindsay.

17. Leo notes lacuna here: *manicas (maxumas)*
Spengel.

18. Leo notes lacuna here: *ut (etiam)* Schoell.

A. Implying that he had not tried to save money to
buy his liberty.

B. Here, as in the lines 880-883, the translator
craves pardon for distorting the ages and spoiling
the climes in his efforts to secure something of the
effect of the original puns.

C. A market district in Rome.

D. Epilepsy.

E. Madmen, celebrated in Greek mythology.
Alcumeus = Alcmaeon.

F. Another madman of Greek mythology.

G. Boia means a woman of the Boii, also a
malefactor's collar.

19. Leo notes lacuna here: *mihi (quod domist)*
Schoell.

20. Leo brackets the following v., 801:
*Qui mihi in cursu opstiterit, faxo vitae is extemplo
opstiterit suae.*

21. *Noli irascier* follows in MSS: Leo brackets.

22. Corrupt (Leo): *laridum ac pernas* Schoell.

23. Corrupt (Leo): *per[n]ful]am* Geppert.

24. *voltus esurientis (vidi, eius extimescebam)* Leo:
A reading doubtful: other MSS omit the line.

25. Corrupt (Leo): *te carens dum hic* P: *carens dum
huc* A.

26. *tu huic* MSS: *nunc* Leo.

27. Leo brackets the following v., 968:
si eris verax, ex tuis rebus feceris meliusculas.

28. Leo brackets the following v., 1016-1022:
Tynd.
Quid tu ais? adduatin illum huius captivom filium?

Philocr.

Quin, inquam, intus hic est.

Tynd.

Fecisti edepol et recte et bene.

Philocr.

*Nunc tibi pater hic est. hic fur est tuos, qui parvom
hinc te abstulit.*

Tynd.

*At ego hunc grandis grandem natu ob furtum ad
carnificem dabo.*

Philocr.

Meritus est.

Tynd.

1020 *Ergo edepol merito meritam mercedem
dabo.*

sed tu dic oro. pater meus tunc es?

Hegio.

Ego sum, gnate mi.

Tynd.

*Nunc demum in memoriam redeo, cum mecum
recogito.*

20.

The man that stands in my path shall forthwith stand
in the way of his own existence.

28.

Tynd.

What do you say? Did you bring this gentleman's
captive son?

Philocr.

Yes, yes, he's inside, I tell you.

Tynd.

By heaven, sir, you have acted fairly and honourably.

Philocr.

Now here is your father: and here is the thief who
stole you away from here when you were small.

Tynd.

But now that we're both big, I'll hand him over to the
executioner for that theft.

Philocr.

He deserves it.

Tynd.

Well then, I'll give him his deserved deserts
deservedly, by gad! But you, sir, speak I beseech
you. Are you my father?

Hegio

I am, my dear lad.

Tynd.

Now at last I remember—when I think it over.

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