

Amphitryo, Asinaria, Aulularia, Bacchides, Captivi eBook

Amphitryo, Asinaria, Aulularia, Bacchides, Captivi by Plautus

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Page 1

THE GREEK ORIGINALS OF THE PLAYS IN THIS VOLUME

In this and each succeeding volume a summary will be given of the consensus of opinion^[1] 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 +Nyx makra+. 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 five^[4] plays in the first two volumes whose scene is not laid in Athens.

The +Onagos+ 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, +So:te:res+. This possibility, together with the fact that the Pellaeon^[7] merchant and the Rhodian^[8] Periphanes travel to Athens— northern Greece and the Aegaeon therefore being pacified and Athens at peace with Macedon—would indicate that the +Onagos+ 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 +dedio:s me: ti to:n eidon ho kapnos oichoito phero:n+. Euclio's distress^[9] 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 +gynaikoi omon+ 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.

Ritschl^[11] has shown clearly enough that the original of the *Bacchides* was Menander's +Dis exapato:n+. The fact that Athens, Samos, and Ephesus are at peace, that the Aegaeon 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 +Dis exapato:n+ was written either between the years 316-307 or 298-296 B.C.

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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. Hueffner[13] considers it probable that the war was that between Aristodemus and Alexander, and the Greek play was produced shortly after 314 B.C. Others[14] 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.

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

[Footnote 2: *Amph.* 203 seq.]

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

[Footnote 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.]

[Footnote 5: *Asin.* Prol. 10-11.]

[Footnote 6: *Asin.* 713.]

[Footnote 7: *Asin.* 334.]

[Footnote 8: *Asin.* 499.]

[Footnote 9: *Aulul.* 299, 301.]

[Footnote 10: *Aulul.* 504.]

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

[Footnote 12: *Bacch.* 912.]

[Footnote 13: Hueffner, *op. cit.* pp. 41-42.]

[Footnote 14: Cf. Legrand, *op. cit.* p. 18.]

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.

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.

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.

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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-Plautine[16]: 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.

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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.

[Footnote 15: The *Asinaria* was adapted from the +Onagos+ of Demophilus; the *Casina* from the +Kle:roumenoi+, the *Rudens* from an unknown play, perhaps the +Pe:ra+, of Diphilus; the *Stichus*, in part, from the +Adelphoi a'+ of Menander. Menander's +Dis exapato:n+ 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 +Emporos+ and +The:sauros+, the *Mostellaria* very possibly is an adaptation of his +Phasma+, the *Amphitruo*, perhaps, an adaptation of his +Nyx makra+.] [Footnote 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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P = the supposed archetype of BCDVEJ.

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AMPHITRUO

AMPHITRYON

* * * * *

ARGUMENTVM I[1]

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (I)

[Footnote 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.]

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 rediere veri Amphitruo et Sosia, uterque deluduntur in mirum modum. hinc iurgium, tumultus uxori et viro, donec cum tonitru voce missa ex aethere adulterum se Iuppiter confessus est. 10While 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.

ARGUMENTVM II



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ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (II)

Amore captus Alcmenas Iuppiter Mutavit sese in formam eius coniugis, Pro patria Amphitruo dum decernit cum hostibus. Habitu Mercurius ei subservit Sosiae. Is advenientis servum ac dominum frustra habet. Turbas uxori ciet Amphitruo, atque invicem Raptant pro moechis. Blepharo captus arbiter Vter sit non quit Amphitruo decernere. Omnem rem noscunt. geminos Alcmena enitur.[2]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.

PERSONAE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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

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.*

Scaena Thebis.

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



PROLOGVS[3]

PROLOGUE

[Footnote 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.]

MERCVRIVS DEVS

SPOKEN BY THE GOD MERCURY

Ut vos in vobris voltis mercimoniis emundis vendundisque me laetum lucris adficere
atque adiuuare 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, 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; et uti
bonis vos vestrosque omnis nuntiis me adficere voltis, ea adferam, ea uti nuntiem quae
maxime in rem vostram communem sient—

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10 nam vos quidem id iam scitis concessum et datum mi esse ab dis aliis, nuntiis praesim et lucro—: haec ut me voltis adprobare adnitier,[4] (13) ita huic facietis fabulae silentium (15) itaque aequi et iusti his eritis omnes arbitri. 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. Nunc cuius iussu venio et quam ob rem venerim dicam simulque ipse eloquar nomen meum. Iovis iussu venio, nomen Mercurio est mihi. pater huc me misit ad vos oratum meus, 20 tam etsi, pro imperio vobis quod dictum foret, scibat facturos, quippe qui intellexerat vereri vos se et metuere, ita ut aequom est lovem; 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, inasmuch as he realized that you revere and dread him as men should Jupiter. 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; 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.

[Footnote A: Actors might be whipped on occasion.]

atque ego quoque etiam, qui Iovis sum filius, 30 contagione mei patris metuo malum. propterea pace advenio et pacem ad vos affero[5]: iustam rem et facilem esse oratam a vobis volo, nam iusta ab iustis iustus sum orator datus. 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

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just for what is just. 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. debetis velle quae velimus: meruimus et ego et pater de vobis et re publica; 40 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. 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 regnator[6] architectus[7] omnibus? 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? 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. 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. Nunc quam rem oratum huc veni primum proloquar, 50 post argumentum huius eloquar tragoediae. quid? contraxistis frontem, quia tragoediam dixi futuram hanc? deus sum, commutavero. 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. eandem hanc, si vultis, faciam ex tragoedia comoedia ut sit omnibus isdem vorsibus. utrum sit an non vultis? sed ego stultior, quasi nesciam vos velle, qui divos siem. 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. teneo quid animi vestri super hac re siet: faciam ut commixta sit: sit tragicomoedia. nam me perpetuo facere ut sit comoedia, 60 reges quo veniant et di, non par arbitror. quid igitur? quoniam his servos quoque partes habet, faciam sit, proinde ut dixi, tragicomoedia. 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

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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. 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; 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. sive qui ambissint palmam histrionibus, sive cuiquam artifice, si per scriptas litteras 70 sive qui ipse ambissit seu per internuntium, sive adeo aediles perfidiose cui dunt, sirempse legem iussit esse Iuppiter, quasi magistratum sibi alterive ambiverit. 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. virtute dixit vos victores vivere, non ambitione neque perfidia: qui minus eadem histrioni sit lex quae summo viro? virtute ambire oportet, non favoribus. sat habet favorum semper qui recte facit, si illis fides est quibus est ea res in manu. 80 '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 enough, if it so be that honour dwells in those whose concern it is to judge his acts. hoc quoque etiam mihi pater in mandatis dedit, ut conquaestores fierent histrionibus: qui sibi mandasset delegati ut plauderent quive quo placeret alter fecisset minus, eius ornamenta et corium uti conciderent. 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. mirari nolim vos, quapropter Iuppiter nunc histriones curet; ne miremini: ipse hanc acturust Iuppiter comoediam. quid? admirati estis? quasi vero novom nunc proferatur, lovem facere histrioniam; 90 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

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new departure, this, Jove's turning actor! etiam, histriones anno cum in proscaemo hic lovem invocarunt, venit, auxilio is fuit[9] (92) hanc fabulam, inquam, hic Iuppiter hodie ipse aget, (94) et ego una cum illo. nunc vos animum advortite, dum huius argumentum eloquar comoediae. 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.

[Footnote B: An allusion to some play in which Jupiter appeared in time to save some situation.]

Haec urbs est Thebae. in illis habitat aedibus Amphitruo, natus Argis ex Argo patre, quicum Alcmena est nupta, Electri filia. is nunc Amphitruo praefectus legionibus, 100 nam cum Telobois bellum est Thebano populo. This city here is Thebes. In that house there (*pointing*) 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. is prius quam hinc abut ipse met 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. Before he himself left to join his troops, his wife, Alcmena, was with child by him. (*apologetically*) 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. is amare occepit Alcumenam clam virum usuramque eius corporis cepit sibi, et gravidam fecit is eam compressu suo. nunc de Alcmena ut rem teneatis rectius, 110 utrimque est gravida, et ex viro et ex summo love. 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. 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 ad simulavit se, quasi Amphitruo siet. 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. Nunc ne hunc ornatum vos meum admiremini, quod ego huc processi sic cum servili schema: veterem atque antiquam rem novam ad vos proferam,

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propterea ornatus in novom incessi modum. 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. nam meus pater intus nunc est eccum Iuppiter; 120 in Amphitruonis vertit sese imaginem omnesque eum esse censent servi qui vident: ita versipellem se facit quando lubet. 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! ego servi sumpsi Sosiae mi imaginem, qui cum Amphitruone abiit hinc in exercitum, ut praeservire amanti meo possem patri atque ut ne, qui essem, familiares quaererent, versari crebro hic cum viderent me domi; nunc, cum esse credent servom et conservom suom, haud quisquam quaeret qui siem aut quid venerim. 130 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. Pater nunc intus suo animo morem gerit: cubat complexus cuius cupiens maxime est; quae illi ad legionem facta sunt memorat pater meus Alcumenae: illa illum censet virum suom esse, quae cum moecho est. ibi nunc meus pater memorat, legiones hostium ut fugaverit, quo pacto sit donis donatus plurimis. 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. ea dona, quae illic Amphitruoni sunt data, abstulimus: facile meus pater quod volt facit. nunc hodie Amphitruo veniet huc ab exercitu 140 et servos, cuius ego hanc fero imaginem. 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. nunc internosse ut nos possitis facilius, ego has habebo 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. To make it easier for you to tell us apart I shall always wear this little plume

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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. *sed Amphitruonis illic est servos Sosia: a portu illic nunc cum lanterna advenit. abigam iam ego illum advenientem ab aedibus. 150 adeste: erit operae pretium hic spectantibus lovem et Mercurium facere histrioniam. (looking down street)* But there is Amphitryon's servant Sosia—just coming from the harbour with a lantern. I'll hustle 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)*

ACTVS I

ACT I

(Time, night.)

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.

ENTER *Sosia*, LANTERN IN HAND.

(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.

[Footnote C: Being a slave]

ita quasi incudem me miserum homines octo validi caedant: 159-160 ita peregre adveniens hospitio publicitus accipiar. 161-162 haec eri immodestia coegit, me qui hoc noctis a portu ingratis excitavit. nonne idem hoc luci me mittere potuit? 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?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. 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

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work enough and more for him, no end, always something to be done, yes, or said, so that you can't rest. ipse dominus dives, operis et laboris expers, 170 quodcumque homini accidit libere, posse retur: aequom esse putat, non reputat laboris quid sit[10] (172) ergo in servitute expetunt multa iniqua: (174) habendum et ferendum hoc onust cum labore. 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.

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

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

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

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

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. 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. quod multa Thebano populo acerba
obiecit funera, 190 id vi et virtute militum victum atque expugnatum oppidum est imperio
atque

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auspicio eri mei Amphitruonis maxime. praeda atque agro adoriaque adfecit populares suos regique Thebano Creoni regnum stabilivit suom. 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. 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 dixerō mendacium, solens meo more fecero. (*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. nam cum pugnabant maxime, ego tum fugiebam maxime; verum quasi adfuerim tamen simulabo atque audita eloquar. 200 sed quo modo et verbis quibus me deceat fabularier, prius ipse mecum etiam volo his meditari. sic hoc proloquar. 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. Principio ut illo advenimus, ubi primum terram tetigimus, continuo Amphitruo delegit viros primorum principes; eos legat, Telobois 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, sese igitur summa vi virisque eorum oppidum oppugnassere. 210 (*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.

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Haec ubi Telobois 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. Teloboae contra ex oppido legiones educunt suas nimis pulcris armis praeditas. 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 panoply. postquam utrimque exitum est maxima copia, dispertiti viri, dispertiti ordines, 220 nos nostras more nostro et modo instruximus legiones, item hostes contra legiones suas instruunt. 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 colloquantur 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. postquam id actum est, tubae contra utrimque occanunt, consonat terra, clamorem utrimque efferunt. imperator utrimque, hinc et illinc, Iovi vota suscipere, utrimque hortari exercitum. 230 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. 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 vulnerum vi viri. 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:

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hostes crebri cadunt, nostri contra ingruunt vi[11] feroces. sed[12] fugam in se tamen nemo convortitur nec recedit loco quin statim rem gerat; animam omittunt prius quam loco demigrent: 240 quisque ut steterat iacet optinetque ordinem. 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. 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.

(*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.

Perduelles penetrant se in fugam; ibi nostris animus additust: 250 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. (*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. post ob virtutem ero Amphitruoni patera donata aurea est, 260 qui Pterela potitare solitus est rex. haec sic dicam erae nunc pergam eri imperium exequi et me domum capessere. The following day their foremost men come tearfully from the city to our camp, their hands veiled in suppliant wise, and entreat

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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*)

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, decet 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. sed quid illuc est? caelum aspectat. observabo quam rem agat. 270(*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 rascal, 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.

Certe edepol, si quicquamst aliud quod credam aut certo sciam, credo ego hac noctu Nocturnum obdormivisse ebrum. 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. 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.

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

(*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.



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

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.

(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.

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

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

Mer.

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

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

Sos.

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

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.



Nullust hoc metuculosus aequē.

(aside) Of all the pusillanimous rogues!

Sos.

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

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

Mer.

Timet homo: deludam ego illum.

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

Sos.



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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.(*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.

Clare advorsum fabulabor, ut his auscultet quae loquar; 300 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.(*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.

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.(*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.

Em, nunciam ergo: sic volo.

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

Sos.

Cingitur; certe expedit se.

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

Mer.

Non feret quin vapulet.

He shall not escape a trouncing.



Sos.

Quis homo?

(aside, anxiously) Who, who?

Mer.

Quisquis homo huc profecto venerit, pugnos edet.

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

Sos.

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

(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.

Haud malum huic est pondus pugno.

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



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Sos.

Perii, pugnosc ponderat.

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

Mer.

Quid si ego illum tractim tangam, ut dormiat?

(*sparring*) What if I should stroke him softly into somnolence?

Sos.

Servaveris,
nam contiuas has tris noctes pervigilavi.

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

Mer.

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

(*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.

Sos.

Illic homo me interpolabit meumque os finget denuo.

(*aside*) That bully's going to do me up and mould my face all over again for me.

Mer.

Exossatum os esse oportet quem probe percusseris.

The face that thou shalt smite in earnest is bound thereafter to be boneless.

Sos.



Mirum ni hic me quasi murenam exossare cogitat.
ultra istunc qui exossat homines, perii, si me aspexerit. 320

(aside) Sure enough he's reckoning on boning me like
a lamprey. I—I object to these man-boners. It's all up if
he catches sight of me.

Mer.

Olet homo quidam malo suo.

(sniffing the air) Ha! I smell somebody, and woe to him!

Sos.

Ei, numnam ego obolui?

(aside) Oh, dear! It can't be he's got a whiff of me?

Mer.

Atque haud longe abesse oportet, verum longe hinc afuit.

Aye, and he must be near at hand, albeit he has been afar
from here.

Sos.

Illi homo superstitiosus.

(aside) The fellow's got second sight.

Mer.

Gestiunt pugni mihi.

My fists are rampant.

Sos.

Si in me exercituru's, quaeso in parietem ut primum domes.

(in low tone) If you intend to put 'em through their
paces on me, for heaven's sake break 'em in first on the
wall.

Mer.

Vox mi ad aures advolavit.

A voice hath flown unto my ear.

Sos.

Ne ego homo infelix fui,
qui non alas intervelli: volucrem vocem gestito.

(aside) There you are! I swear I am an unlucky devil
not to have clipped its wings, and me with such a bird-like
voice.



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Mer.

Illic homo a me sibi malam rem arcessit iumento suo.

Yon wight doth summon me to wallop his beast's back for him.

Sos.

Non equidem ullum habeo iumentum.

(aside) Never a beast do I own, not I.

Mer.

Onerandus est pugnīs probe.

He needs a lusty load of buffets.

Sos.

Lassus sum hercle, navi ut vectus huc sum: etiam nunc nauseo;
vix incedo inanis, ne ire posse cum onere existimes. 330

(in low tone) Oh Lord! and me all done up with that sea trip home! I'm seasick even now. It's all I can do to stump along empty handed, so don't think I can travel with a load.

Mer.

Certe enim his nescio quis loquitur.

Yea, of a truth some one is talking here.

Sos.

Salvos sum, non me videt:
nescioquem loqui autumat; mihi certo nomen Sosiaest.

(in lower tone) Saved! He doesn't see me. It's Some one he says is talking: and my same is Sosia, I know that for a fact.

Mer.

Hinc enim mihi dextra vox auris, ut videtur, verberat.



Yes, a voice from the right here, as it seems, doth strike my ear.

Sos.

Metuo, vocis ne vicem hodie hic vapulem, quae hunc verberat.

(*aside*) I'm afraid he'll soon pummel me instead of my voice for its striking him. (*steps forward timidly*)

Mer.

Optume eccum incedit ad me.

Oho! Splendid! He moves this way.

Sos.

Timeo, totus torpeo. non edepol nunc ubi terrarum sim scio, si quis roget, neque miser me commovere possum prae formidine. ilicet, mandata eri perierunt una et Sosia. verum certum est confidenter hominem contra conloqui, qui possim videri huic fortis, a me ut abstineat manum. 340(*aside*) I'm scared, I'm simply stiff! Good 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. (*tries to swagger*)

Mer.

Quo ambulas, tu qui Vulcanum in cornu conclusum geris?

Whither dost stroll, thou who conveyest (*pointing to lantern*) Vulcan pent within yon horn?

Sos.

Quid id exquiris tu, qui pugnis os exossas hominibus?

What dost want to know for, thou who bonest folks' faces for 'em with yon fists?

Mer.

Servosne es an liber?



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Art slave or free?

Sos.

Utrumque animo conlubitum est meo.

Whichever I please.

Mer.

Ain vero?

So? In sooth?

Sos.

Aio enim vero.

Yes, so in sooth.

Mer.

Verbero.

Thou whipped slave!

Sos.

Mentiris nunc.

You lie: I'm none.

Mer.

At iam faciam ut verum dicas dicere.

(*advancing*) But I shall soon make thee say 'tis true.

Sos.

Quid eo est opus?

(*shrinking back*) Oh, what's the use of that?

Mer.

Possum scire, quo profectus, cuius sis aut quid veneris?



(*sternly*) May I be informed where thou art bound, who owns thee, or why thou camest? (*halts*)

Sos.

Huc eo, eri iussu, eius sum servos. numquid nunc es certior?

(*encouraged*) I'm bound for here—master's orders—and I'm his slave. Are you any wiser now?

Mer.

Ego tibi istam hodie, scelestes, comprimam linguam.

I'll soon make thee hold thy tongue, miscreant!

Sos.

Haud potes:
bene pudiceque adservatur.

No chance, she's chaperoned in nice modest fashion.

Mer.

Pergin argutarier?
quid apud hasce aedis negoti est tibi?

Still at thy quips, eh? What business hast thou at this house?

Sos.

Immo quid tibi est? 350

Well, and what have you?

Mer.

Rex Creon vigiles nocturnos singulos semper locat.

King Creon posts separate sentries about here every night.

Sos.

Bene facit: quia nos eramus peregre, tutatust domi;
at nunc abi sane, advenisse familiares dicito.



(*in superior manner*) 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.

Mer.

Nescio quam tu familiaris sis: nisi actutum hinc abis,
familiaris accipiere faxo haud familiariter.

Thou a family servant, indeed! Unless thou dost disappear instantly, I warrant ye I'll welcome servants of the family with strange familiarity.

Sos.

Hic inquam habito ego atque horunc servos sum.

Here's where I live, I tell you. This is my master's house.

Mer.

At scin quo modo?
faciam ego hodie te superbum, nisi hinc abis.

But knowest thou what? I'll soon be making an exalted man of thee, an' thou decampest not.



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Sos.

Quonam modo?

Exalted! How is that?

Mer.

Auferere, non abibis, si ego fustem sumpsero.

You shall be carried off on people's shoulders—no walking—
once I take my club to you.

Sos.

Quin me esse huius familiai familiarem praedico.

I'm a member of the household here, I do avow.

Mer.

Vide sis quam mox vapulare vis, nisi actutum hinc abis. 360

Kindly consider how soon you want a thrashing, unless you
vanish instantly.

Sos.

Tun domo prohibere peregre me advenientem postulas?

So you want to forbid me the house when I'm getting back
from foreign parts, you?

Mer.

Haecine tua domust?

Is this the house where you belong?

Sos.

Ita inquam.

That's what I say.

Mer.



Quis erus est igitur tibi?

Who is your master, then?

Sos.

Amphitruo, qui nunc praefectus Thebanis legionibus,
quicum nupta est Alcmena.

Amphitryon, now in command of the Theban army, and his wife
is Alcmena.

Mer.

Quid ais? quid nomen tibi est?

How say you? Your name!

Sos.

Sosiam vocant Thebani, Davo prognatum patre.

Sosia the Thebans call me, Sosia, son of Davus.

Mer.

Ne tu istic hodie malo tuo compositis mendaciis
advenisti, audaciai columen, consutis dolis.

Ah! 'twas an evil hour for thee, when thou camest here,
thou pinnacle of impudence, with thy premeditated lies and
patched-up fabrications.

Sos.

Immo equidem tunicis consutis huc advenio, non dolis.

You're wrong, I vow: I've come with my tunic patched up,
not my fabrications.

Mer.

At mentiris etiam: certo pedibus, non tunicis venis.

Ha, lying again! Thou dost clearly come with thy feet, not
thy tunic.

Sos.

Ita profecto.



(*dryly*) Naturally.

Mer.

Nunc profecto vapula ob mendacium. 370

And naturally now get thrashed for fibbing.
(*advances*)

Sos.

Non edepol volo profecto.

(*retreats*) Oh dear, I object, naturally.

Mer.

At pol profecto ingratiis.
hoc quidem profecto certum est, non est arbitrium.

Oh well, naturally that is immaterial. My “naturally,”
at least, is a cold hard fact, no matter of opinion.
(*beats him*)



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Sos.

Tuam fidem obsecro.

(squirming) Easy, easy, for Heaven's sake!

Mer.

Tun te audes Sosiam esse dicere,
qui ego sum?

Durst say that thou art Sosia when I am he?

Sos.

Perii.

Murder! murder!

Mer.

Parum etiam, praeut futurum est, praedicas.
quoius nunc es?

(continuing to beat him) Murder? A mere nothing compared
with what is coming. Whose are you now?

Sos.

Tuos, nam pugnīs usu fecisti tuom.
pro fidem, Thebani cives.

Yours! Your fists have got a title to me by limitation.
Help, Thebans, help!

Mer.

Etiam clamas, carnifex?
loquere, quid venisti?

So? Bellowing, varlet? Speak up, why camest thou?

Sos.

Ut esset quem tu pugnīs caederes.



Just to give you some one to punch, sir.

Mer.

Cuius es?

Whose are you?

Sos.

Amphitruonis, inquam, Sosia.

Amphitryon's Sosia, I tell you.

Mer.

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.

Sos.

Ita di faciant, ut tu potius sis atque ego te ut verberem. 380

(in low tone) I wish to God you were, instead of me, and I
was thumping you.

Mer.

Etiam muttis?

Ha! Muttering, eh?

Sos.

Iam tacebo.

I won't, I won't, sir!

Mer.

Quis tibi erust?

Who is your master?

Sos.



Quem tu voles.

Anyone you like, sir.

Mer.

Quid igitur? qui nunc vocare?

Indeed? And your name now?

Sos.

Nemo nisi quem iusseris.

Nothing but what you order, sir.

Mer.

Amphitruonis te esse aiebas Sosiam.

You were saying you were Amphitryon's Sosia.

Sos.

Peccaveram.

nam Amphitruonis[13] socium ne me esse volui dicere.

All a mistake, sir; "Amphitryon's associate" I meant, sir,
really I did.

Mer.

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.

Sos.

Utinam istuc pugni fecissent tui.



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Oh, how I wish your fists had!

Mer.

Ego sum Sosia ille quem tu dudum esse aiebas mihi.

I am that Sosia you claimed to be a while ago.

Sos.

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.

Mer.

Immo indutiae parumper fiant, si quid vis loqui.

No peace—but I consent to a short armistice, if you have anything to say.

Sos.

Non loquar nisi pace facta, quando pugnus plus vales. 390

I won't say it, not unless peace is made: your fists are too much for me.

Mer.

Dic si quid vis, non nocebo.

Out with what you want: I shall not hurt you!

Sos.

Tuae fide credo?

Can I take your word for that?

Mer.

Meae.

You can.

Sos.

Quid si falles?

What if you fool me?

Mer.

Tum Mercurius Sosiae iratus siet.

(solemnly) Then may Sosia feel the wrath of Mercury!

Sos.

Animum advorte. nunc licet mihi libere quidvis loqui.
Amphitruonis ego sum servos Sosia.

Listen here, sir. Now I'm free to come out plain with anything. I am Amphitryon's Sosia, I am.

Mer.

Etiam denuo?

(advancing) What? Again?

Sos.

Pacem feci, foedus feci. vera dico.

(vigorously) I made peace—I struck a treaty! It's the truth.

Mer.

Vapula.

Be thrashed to you!

Sos.

Ut libet quid tibi libet fac, quoniam pugnis plus vales;
verum, utut es factururus, hoc quidem hercle haud reticebo tamen.

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.

Mer.



Tu me vivos hodie numquam facies quin sim Sosia.

You shall never live to make me anyone but Sosia, never.

Sos.

Certe edepol tu me alienabis numquam quin noster siem;
nec nobis praeter me alius quisquam est servos Sosia.[14] 400

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.

Mer.

Hic homo sanus non est.

The man is crazy.

Sos.

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Quod mihi praedicas vitium, id tibi est. (402) 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? 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? nonne ego nunc sto ante aedes nostras? non mi est lanterna in manu? non loquor, non vigilo? nonne hic homo modo me pugnīs contudit? fecit hercle, nam etiam misero nunc mihi malae dolent. quid igitur ego dubito, aut cur non intro eo in nostram domum? 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?

Mer.

Quid, domum vostram?

What? Your house?

Sos.

Ita enim vero.

Yes, just so.

Mer.

Quin quae dixisti modo 410
omnia ementitu's: equidem Sosia Amphitruonis sum.
nam noctu hac soluta est navis nostra e portu Persico,
et ubi Pterela rex regnavit oppidum expugnāvimus.
et legiones Teloboarum vi pugnando cepimus,
et ipsus Amphitruo opruncavit regem Pterelam in proelio.

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

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 Teloboīs datum est?



(*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.

Pterela rex qui potitare solitus est patera aurea.

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

Sos.

Elocutus est. ubi patera nunc est?

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

Mer.

Est in cistula; 420

Amphitruonis obsignata signo est.

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



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Sos.

Signi dic quid est?

What's on the signet, tell me that?

Mer.

Cum quadrigis Sol exoriens. quid me captas, carnufex?

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

Sos.

Argumentis vicit, aliud nomen quaerundum 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. (*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.

Cadus erat vini: inde implevi hirneam.

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

Sos.

Ingressust viam.

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

Mer.

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

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

Sos.



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

(*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.

Quid nunc? vincon argumentis, te non esse Sosiam?

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

Sos.

Tu negas med esse?

You deny it, do you?

Mer.

Quid ego ni negem, qui egomet siem?

Of course I deny it, being Sosia myself.

Sos.

Per lovem iuro med esse neque me falsum dicere.

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

Mer.

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

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.

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

Mer.



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

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.

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?*(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! 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. 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.

Quo agis te?

(blocking him off) Where now?

Sos.

Domum.

Home.

Mer.

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



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

Sos.

Nonne erae meae nuntiare quod erus meus iussit licet?

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

Mer.

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

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.

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

I. 2.

Scene 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 credet, neque credet huc profectum, ut iusserat. 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 came here as he ordered. erroris ambo ego illos et dementiae 470 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. 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. nam Amphitruo actutum uxori turbas conciet atque insimulabit eam probri; tum meus pater eam seditionem illi in tranquillum conferet. nunc de Alcumena dudum quod dixi minus, hodie illa pariet filios geminos duos 480

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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, alter decumo post mense nascetur puer quam seminatust, alter mense septumo; eorum Amphitruonis alter est, alter Iovis: verum minori puero maior est pater, minor maiori. iamne hoc scitis quid siet? 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? sed Alcumenae huius honoris gratia pater curavit uno ut fetu fieret, uno ut labore absolvat aerumnas duas[15]. (488) quamquam, ut iam dudum dixi, resciscet tamen 491 Amphitruo rem omnem. quid igitur? nemo id probro profecto ducet Alcumenae; nam deum non par videtur facere, delictum suum suamque ut culpam expetere in mortalem ut sinat. 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.

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

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

I. 3.

Scene 3.

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

Iup.

Jup.

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

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.



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

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

Iup.

Jup.

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.

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.

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Mer.

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

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

[Footnote D: Mercury was the patron god of roguery.]

Alc.

Ecastor te experior quanti facias uxorem tuam.

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

Iup.

Jup.

Satin habes, si feminarum nulla est quam aequae diligam?

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

Mer.

Edepol ne illa si istis rebus te sciat operam dare
ego faxim te Amphytrionem esse malis, quam Iovem.

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

Alc.

Experiri istuc mavellem me quam mi memorarier.
prius abis quam lectus ubi cubuisti concaluit locus.
heri venisti media nocte, nunc abis. hocin placet?

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.



Accedam atque hanc appellabo et subparasitabor patri.
numquam edepol quemquam mortalem credo ego uxorem suam
sic ecflctim amare, proinde ut hic te ecflctim deperit.

(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.

Iup.

Jup.

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

(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.

Ah noli.

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

Iup.

Jup.

Muttito modo. 520

You just breathe a word now!

Mer.

Nequiter paene expedivit prima parasitatio.

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



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Iup.

Jup.

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. 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.

Facitne ut dixi? timidam palpo percutit.

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

Iup.

Jup.

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

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.

Lacrimantem ex abitu concinnas tu tuam uxorem.

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

Iup.

Jup.

Tace,
ne corrumpe oculos, redibo actutum.

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

Alc.

Id actutum diu est. 530



That “soon” is a long, long time.

Iup.

Jup.

Non ego te hic lubens relinquo neque abeo abs te.

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

Alc.

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

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

Iup.

Jup.

Cur me tenes? tempus est: exire ex urbe prius quam luceat volo. nunc tibi hanc pateram, quae dono mi illi ob virtutem data est, Pterela rex qui potitavit, quem ego mea occidi manu, Alcumena, tibi condono. 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.

Alc.

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

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

Mer.

Immo sic: condignum donum, qualest cui dono datumst.



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

Iup.

Jup.

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

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

Alc.

Noli amabo, Amphitruo, irasci Sosiae causa mea. 540

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

Iup.

Jup.

Faciam ita ut vis.

(halting) Anything you please.

Mer.

Ex amore hic admodum quam saevos est.

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

Iup.

Jup.

Numquid vis?

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

Alc.

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

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

Mer.



Eamus, Amphitruo. *lucescit hoc iam.*

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

Iup.

Jup.

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

Go ahead, Sosia; I shall be with you in a moment.

[EXIT Mercury.

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

Alc.

Etiam: ut actutum advenias.

Yes, yes—do come back soon.

Iup.

Jup.

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. sed dies e nocte accedat. ibo et Mercurium sequar. 550

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

ACT II

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

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



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Amph.

Age i tu secundum.

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

Sos.

Sequor, subsequor te.

Coming, sir! Right at your heels.

Amph.

Scelestissimum te arbitror.

It's my opinion you are a damned rascal.

Sos.

Nam quam ob rem?

(*hurt*) Oh sir, why?

Amph.

Quia id quod neque est neque fuit neque futurum est
mihi praedicas.

(*angrily*) Because what you tell me is not so, never was
so, never will be.

Sos.

Eccere, iam tuatim
facis tu, ut tuis nulla apud te fides sit.

See there now! Just like you—you can never trust your
servants.

Amph.

Quid est? quo modo? iam quidem hercle ego tibi istam
scelestam, scelus, linguam abscidam.



(*misunderstanding*) What? How is that? Well, by heaven now,
I'll cut out that villainous tongue for you, you villain!

Sos.

Tuos sum, proinde ut commodumst et lubet quidque facias tamen quin loquar haec uti
facta sunt hic, numquam ullo modo me potes deterrere. 560(*stubbornly*) 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.

Amph.

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?

Sos.

Vera dico.

It is a fact, sir.

Amph.

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.

Sos.

Istuc tibist in manu, nam tuos sum.

That rests with you, sir: I am your man.

Amph.

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?

Sos.



Profecto, ut loquor res ita est.

Really, sir, it is just as I say.

Amph.

Iuppiter te
perdat.

Jove's curse on you!

Sos.

Quid mali sum, ere, tua ex re promeritus? 570



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What harm have I done you to be punished, sir?

Amph.

Rogasne, improbe, etiam qui ludos facis me?

Harm? You reprobate! Still making a joke of me, are you?

Sos.

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.

Amph.

Homo hic ebrius est, ut opinor.

The man is drunk, I do believe.

Sos.

Utinam ita essem.

(heartily) Wish I was!

Amph.

Optas quae facta. 575

(dryly) Your wish is already gratified.

Sos.

Egone?

Is it?

Amph.

Tu istic. ubi bibisti?

It is. Where did you get drink?



Sos.

Nusquam equidem bibi.

I did not, not I, nowhere.

Amph.

Quid hoc sit 576
hominis?

(despairingly) What am I to make of the fellow?

Sos.

Equidem decies dixi: domi ego sum, inquam, ecquid audis? 577 et apud te adsum
Sosia idem. satin hoc plane, satin diserte, 578 ere, nunc videor tibi locutus esse? I have
told you how it is ten times over: I am at home, I say. Do you hear that? Yes, and I am
here with you, the same Sosia. There sir, do you think that is putting it plainly enough,
lucidly enough for you?

Amph.

Vah, 579
apage te a me.

(shoving him aside) Bah! Get away with you.

Sos.

Quid est negoti? 580

What is the matter?

Amph.

Pestis te tenet.

You have the plague.

Sos.

Nam quor istuc
dici? equidem valeo ei salvos
sum recte, Amphitruo.

Why, what do you say that for? Really, sir, I feel well,
I am all right.

Amph.

At te ego faciam 583 hodie proinde ac meritis es, ut minus valeas et miser sis, 584a
salvos domum si rediero: iam 584b sequere sis, erum qui ludificas 585a dictis
delirantibus, 585bBut I shall soon see you get your



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deserts: you will not feel so well, you will be wretched enough, once I get back home all right. Be so good as to follow me, you that make a butt of your master with your idiotic drivels. *qui quoniam erus quod imperavit neglexisti persequi, nunc venis etiam ultro inrisum dominum: quae neque fieri possunt neque fando umquam accepit quisquam profers, carnifex; quous ego hodie in tergum faxo ista expetant mendacia.* Seeing you neglected to carry out your master's orders, you now have the effrontery to come and laugh at him, to boot,— with your tales of what can never happen, what no man ever heard of, you rascal. By heaven, those lies of yours shall fall on your own back, I promise you!

Sos.

Amphitruo, *miserrima istaec miseria est servo bono, 590*
apud erum qui vera loquitur, si id vi verum vincitur.

(plaintively) It is hard, sir, horribly hard, on a good servant that tells his master plain facts to have his facts confuted by a flogging.

Amph.

Quo id, malum, pacto potest nam—mecum argumentis puta—fieri, nunc uti tu et hic sis et domi? id dici volo.

Curse it! How in the world is it possible—argue it out with me—for you to be here now, and at home, too? Tell me that, will you?

Sos.

Sum profecto et hic et illic. hoc cuivis mirari licet,
neque tibi istuc mirum[17] magis videtur quam mihi.

I am here and I am there, I positively am. I don't care who wonders at it: it is no more wonderful to you than it is to me, sir.

Amph.

Quo modo?

How is that?

Sos.



Nihilo, inquam, mirum magis tibi istuc quam mihi; neque, ita me di ament, credebam primo mihimet Sosiae, donec Sosia illic egomet fecit sibi uti crederem. ordine omne, uti quicque actum est, dum apud hostis sedimus, edissertavit. tum formam una abstulit cum nomine. 600 neque lac lactis magis est simile quam ille ego similest mei. nam ut dudum ante lucem a portu me praemisisti domum—I say it is not a bit more wonderful to you than to me. So help me heaven, I didn't believe my own self, Sosia, at first, not till that other Sosia, myself, made me believe him. He reeled off every thing just as it happened while we were on the field there with the enemy; and besides, he had stolen my looks along with my name. One drop of milk is no more like another than that I is like me. Why, when you sent me ahead home from the harbour before dawn a while ago—

Amph.

Quid igitur?

What then?

Sos.

Prius multo ante aedis stabam quam illo adveneram.

I was standing in front of the house long before I got there.



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Amph.

Quas, malum, nugas? satin tu sanus es?

What confounded rubbish! Are you actually in your senses?

Sos.

Sic sum ut vides.

You can see for yourself I am.

Amph.

Huic homini nescio quid est mali mala obiectum manu,
postquam a me abiit.

The fellow is bewitched somehow: the evil hand has been laid
on him since he left me.

Sos.

Fateor, nam sum obtusus pugniss pessume.

Right you are! Evil? The way I got beaten to jelly was
damned evil.

Amph.

Quis te verberavit?

Who was it beat you?

Sos.

Egomet memet, qui nunc sum domi.

I beat myself—the I that is at home now.

Amph.

Cave quicquam, nisi quod rogabo te, mihi responderis.
omnium primum iste qui sit Sosia, hoc dici volo.

Mind now, not a word but what I ask you. In the first place,
I wish to be informed who that Sosia is.



Sos.

Tuos est servos.

Your own slave.

Amph.

Mihi quidem uno te plus etiam est quam volo, 610
neque postquam sum natus habui nisi te servom Sosiam.

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.

Sos.

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. 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.

Amph.

Nimia memoras mira. sed vidistin uxorem meam?

(impressed) Strange, very strange indeed! But did you see
my wife?

Sos.

Quin intro ire in aedis numquam licitum est.

Why, sir, never a foot was I allowed to put in the house.

Amph.

Quis te prohibuit?

Who hindered you?

Sos.

Sosia ille, quem iam dudum dico, is qui me contudit.



That Sosia I have been telling of all along, the one that smashed me up.

Amph.

Quis istic Sosia est?

Who is that Sosia?

Amph.

Ego, inquam. quotiens dicendum est tibi?



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I am, I say. How many times do you need to be told?

Amph.

Sed quid ais? num obdormivisti dudum?

(reflecting) But look here, you were not asleep a while ago, were you?

Sos.

Nusquam gentium. 620

Not a bit of it, sir.

Amph.

Ibi forte istum si vidisses quendam in somnis Sosiam—

Then perhaps, if you had seen that, well, that Sosia of yours in your dreams—

Sos.

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

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.

Quis homo?

Who?

Sos.

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

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

Amph.



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

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

Sos.

Verum actutum nosces, quom illum nosces servom Sosiam.

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

Amph.

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

(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)*

II. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Alcmena* INTO DOORWAY.

Alc.

Satin parva res est voluptatum in vita atque in aetate agunda 633
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.

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.

nam ego id nunc exerior 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.
sola hic mihi nunc videor, quia ille hinc abest quem ego amo
praeter omnes. 640
plus aegri ex abitu viri, quam ex adventu voluptatis cepi.

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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. *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 abitum eius animo forti atque offirmato, id modo si mercedis datur mi, ut meus victor vir belli clueat.* 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. *satis mi esse ducam. virtus praemium est optimum; virtus omnibus rebus anteit profecto: libertas salus vita res et parentes, patria et prognati* 650 *tutantur, servantur: virtus omnia in sese habet, omnia adsunt bona quem penest virtus* 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.

Edepol me uxori exoptatum credo adventurum domum, quae me amat, quam contra amo, praesertim re gesta bene, victis hostibus. quos nemo posse superari ratust, eos auspicio meo atque ductu primo coetu vicimus certe enim med illi expectatum optato venturum scio. 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 under my auspices and leadership. Ah yes, my arrival will surely be a very welcome event to her.

Sos.

Quid? me non rere expectatum amicae venturum meae?

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

Alc.

Meus vir hic quidem est.

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

Amph.

Sequere hac tu me.

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

Alc.



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Nam quid ille revortitur, 660 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. (*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.

Amphitruo, redire ad navem meliust nos.

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

Amph.

Qua gratia?

Why?

Sos.

Quia domi daturus nemo est prandium advenientibus

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

Amph.

Qui tibi nunc istuc in mentemst?

And how does that thought happen to occur to you?

Sos.

Quia enim sero advenimus.

Because we've come too late.

Amph.

Qui?

How so?

Sos.



Quia Alcumenam ante aedis stare saturam intellego.

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

Amph.

Gravidam ego illanc hic reliqui, quom abeo.

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

Sos.

Ei perii miser.

Heaven help me!

Amph.

Quid tibi est?

What is the matter?

Sos.

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

(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.

Bono animo es.

(laughing) Cheer up, cheer up!

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.

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.



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

Come now, this way with me. (*moves toward house again*)

I will appoint some one else to that office, never fear.

Alc.

Magis nunc me meum officium facere, si huic eam advorsum, arbitror.



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(*aside*) I suppose it would be more duteous of me to go to meet him. (*advances slowly*)

Amph.

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?(*with playful courtliness*) 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. (*earnestly*) Have you been well all this time? Are you glad to see me?

Sos.

Haud vidi magis.
exspectatum eum salutat magis haud quicquam quam canem. 680

(*aside*) Glad? None more so! Welcomes him about as warmly as she would a dog!

Amph.

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.

Alc.

Obsecro ecastor, quid tu me deridiculi gratia
sic salutas atque appellas, quasi dudum non videris
quasique nunc primum recipias te domum huc ex hostibus?[20] (684)

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?

Amph.

Immo equidem te nisi nunc hodie nusquam vidi gentium. (686)

(*surprised*) Why, why, but I have not seen you—no, nowhere at all except this very instant.

Alc.



Cur negas?

What makes you deny it?

Amph.

Quia vera didici dicere.

Because I have learned to tell the truth.

Alc.

Haud aequom facit qui quod didicit id dediscit. an periclitamini quid animi habeam? sed quid huc vos revortimini tam cito? an te auspiciū commoratum est an tempestas continet? qui non abiisti ad legiones, ita uti dudum dixeras? 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?

Amph.

Dudum? quam dudum istuc factum est?

A little while ago? How little a while ago was that?

Alc.

Temptas. iam dudum, modo.

Tease! Oh, quite a little while ago—just now.

Amph.

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"?



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Alc.

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.

Amph.

Haec quidem deliramenta loquitur.

(to *Sosia*) Upon my soul, she is raving!

Sos.

Paulisper mane,
dum edormiscat unum somnum.

Wait a while till she has slept out just one sleep.

Amph.

Quaene vigilans somniat?

What, awake and dreaming?

Alc.

Equidem ecastor vigilo, et vigilans id quod factum est fabulor.
nam dudum ante lucem et istunc et te vidi.

(*indignantly*) To be sure I am awake, and awake as I
relate what happened. Why, just a little while ago before
dawn I saw that man and you, both.

Amph.

Quo in loco?

Where was this?

Alc.

Hic in aedibus ubi tu habitas.



Here in your very own house, sir.

Amph.

Numquam factum est.

Impossible!

Sos.

Non taces? 700

quid si e portu navis huc nos dormientis detulit?

Hush, sir, hush! What if the ship carried us here from the harbour in our sleep?

Amph.

Etiam tu quoque adsentaris huic?

Ha! you are siding with her too, are you?

Sos.

Quid vis fieri? non tu scis? Bacchae bacchanti si velis advorsarier, ex insana insaniorem facies, feriet saepius; si obsequare, una resolves plaga. (*wisely*) 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.

Amph.

At pol qui certa res

hanc est obiurgare, quae me hodie advenientem domum noluerit salutare.

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!

Sos.

Inritabis crabrones.

You'll be poking up a hornet's nest.

Amph.



Tace.

Alcumena, unum rogare te volo.

Silence! (*to Alcumena, sternly*) Alcumena, there is something I wish to ask you.

Alc.

Quid vis roga.

Anything you please.



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Amph.

Num tibi aut stultitia accessit aut superat superbia?

Are you obsessed by some foolish notion, or is this pride running away with you?

Alc.

Qui istuc in mentemst tibi ex me, mi vir, percontarier? 710

What makes it enter your head to ask me such a question, my husband?

Amph.

Quia salutare advenientem me solebas antithac,
appellare, itidem ut pudicae suos viros quae sunt solent.
eo more expertem te factam adveniens offendi domi.

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.

Alc.

Ecastor equidem te certo heri advenientem ilico,
et salutavi et valuisse usque exquisivi simul,
mi vir, et manum prehendi et osculum tetuli tibi.

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.

Sos.

Tun heri hunc salutavisti?

Welcomed him yesterday, did you?

Alc.

Et te quoque etiam, Sosia.

Yes, and you, too, Sosia.



Sos.

Amphitruo, speravi ego istam tibi parituram filium;
verum non est puero gravida.

Sir, I hoped she was going to bear you a son; but it's no
child she's got.

Amph.

Quid igitur?

What, then?

Sos.

Insania.

A crazy streak.

Alc.

Equidem sana sum et deos quaeso, ut salva pariam filium. 720
verum tu malum magnum habebis, si his suum officium facit:
ob istuc omen, ominator, capies quod te condecet.

(*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.

Enim vero praegnati oportet et malum et malum dari,
ut quod obrodat sit, animo si male esse occeperit.

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.

Tu me heri hic vidisti?

You saw me here yesterday?

Alc.

Ego, inquam, si vis decies dicere.

Yes, I,—if you must be told ten times over.

Amph.

In somnis fortasse?



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In your sleep, perhaps?

Alc.

Immo vigilans vigilantem.

No, no, awake,—and you were awake, too.

Amph.

Ei misero mihi.

Oh, this is terrible, terrible!

Sos.

Quid tibi est?

What ails you?

Amph.

Delirat uxor.

My wife is raving!

Sos.

Atra bili percita est.

nulla res tam delirantis homines concinnat cito.

Bilious attack, sir, black bile. There's nothing sets 'em raving so soon.

Amph.

Ubi primum tibi sensisti, mulier, impliciscier?

When did you first feel it coming on, woman?

Alc.

Equidem ecastor sana et salva sum.

Goodness me! I'm perfectly sane and sound.



Amph.

Quor igitur praedicas, 730 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. 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.

Immo mecum cenavisti et mecum cubuisti.

The idea! You had dinner with me and went to bed with me.

Amph.

Quid est?

What?

Alc.

Vera dico.

I tell you the truth, sir.

Amph.

Non de hac quidem hercle re; de aliis nescio.

Good God! Not in that, anyhow: about other matters I can't say.

Alc.

Primulo diluculo abiisti ad legiones.

And at the very break of day you went away to the army.

Amph.

Quo modo?

How's that?

Sos.



Recte dicit, ut commeminit: somnium narrat tibi.
sed, mulier, postquam experrecta es, te prodigiali Iovi
aut mola salsa hodie aut ture comprecatam oportuit. 740

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

Alc.

Vae capiti tuo.

Oh confound you, sir!

Sos.

Tua istuc refert—si curaveris.

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



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Alc.

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

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

Amph.

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

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

Alc.

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

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

Amph.

An etiam id tu scis?

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

Alc.

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

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

Amph.

Egone istuc dixi?

I told you that, I?

Alc.

Tute istic, etiam adstante hoc *Sosia*.

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

Amph.



Audivistin tu me narrare haec hodie?

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

Sos.

Ubi ego audiverim?

Heard you? Where?

Amph.

Hanc roga.

(*sullenly*) Ask her.

Sos.

Me quidem praesente numquam factum est, quod sciam.

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

Alc.

Mirum quin te adversus dicat.

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

Amph.

Sosia, age me huc aspice. 750

Sosia, here! Look me in the eye.

Sos.

Specto.

(*obeying*) Very good, sir.

Amph.

Vera volo loqui te, nolo adsentari mihi.

audivistin tu hodie me illi dicere ea quae illa autumat?

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



Sos.

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

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.

Quid nunc, mulier? audin illum?

What now, madam? Do you hear him?

Alc.

Ego vero, ac falsum dicere.



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To be sure I do—telling lies.

Amph.

Neque tu illi neque mihi viro ipsi credis?

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.

Amph.

Tun me heri advenisse dicis?

And you say that I arrived yesterday?

Alc.

Tun te abiisse hodie hinc negas?

And you deny that you left to-day?

Amph.

Nego enim vero, et me advenire nunc primum aio ad te domum.

Deny it? Of course I do. And I say I'm just now coming home
to you for the first time.

Alc.

Obsecro, etiamne hoc negabis, te auream pateram mihi 760
dedisse dono hodie, qua te illi donatum esse dixeras?

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?

Amph.



Neque edepol dedi neque dixi; verum ita animatus fui
itaque nunc sum, ut ea te patera donem. sed quis istuc tibi dixit?

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?

Alc.

Ego equidem ex te audivi et ex tua accepi manu pateram.

Why, I heard about it from your own lips and received the
bowl from your own hand.

Amph.

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.

One moment, please, one moment! (*turning to Sosia*) 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.

Sos.

Neque edepol ego dixi neque istam vidi nisi tecum simul.

By gad, sir, I never told her, no, nor saw her, except here
with you.

Amph.

Quid hoc sit hominis?

(*helplessly*) What sort of a creature have I got here?

Alc.

Vin proferri pateram?

Would you like to have the bowl brought?

Amph.

Proferri volo.

Indeed I should.

Alc.

Fiat heus tu, Thessala, intus pateram proferto foras, 770
qua hodie meus vir donavit me.

Very well. (*calling to maid within*) Ho, there! Thessala,
bring out the bowl my husband gave me to day.



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Amph.

Secede huc tu, Sosia,
enim vero illud praeter alia mira miror maxime,
si haec habet pateram illam.

Sosia! Come over here. (*they withdraw somewhat*) Upon my soul, it will be the most astounding of all these astounding circumstances, if she has that.

Sos.

An etiam credis id, quae in hac cistellula
tuo signo obsignata fertur?

Do you really believe that, sir, when I've got it in this little chest here, sealed with your own signet?

Amph.

Salvom signum est?

Is the seal intact?

Sos.

Inspice.

(*showing chest*) Look and see.

Amph.

Recte, ita est ut obsignavi.

(*doing so*) It is all right—just as I sealed it.

Sos.

Quaeso, quin tu istanc iubes
pro cerrita circumferri?

For heaven's sake, why don't you have her treated for lunacy?

Amph.



Edepol qui facto est opus;
nam haec quidem edepol larvarum plenast.

By Jove, so I should! Why, bless my soul, she's full of evil
spirits!

ENTER *Thessala* WITH BOWL.

Alc.

Quid verbis opust?
em tibi pateram, eccam.

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

Amph.

Cedo mi.

(*dumbfounded*) Give it here!

Alc.

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

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.

Summe Iuppiter, 780
quid ego video? haec ea est profecto patera. perii, Sosia.

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

Sos.

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

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

Amph.



Agedum, exsolve cistulam.

Come, come, unfasten the chest!

Sos.

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

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.



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Certum est aperire atque inspicere.

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

Sos.

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

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

Amph.

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

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

Alc.

Unde haec igitur est nisi abs te quae mihi dono data est? 790

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

Amph.

Opus mi est istuc exquisito.

(curtly) This matter needs my investigation.

Sos.

Iuppiter, pro Iuppiter.

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

Amph.

Quid tibi est?

(excited) What is it?

Sos.



Hic patera nulla in cistulast.

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

Amph.

Quid ego audio?

What's that you say?

Sos.

Id quod verumst.

It's the honest truth.

Amph.

At cum cruciatu iam, nisi apparet, tuo.

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

Alc.

Haec quidem apparet.

This one is forthcoming, at any rate.

Amph.

Quis igitur tibi dedit?

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

Alc.

Qui me rogat.

(*calmly*) My questioner.

Sos.

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

(*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.

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

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

Alc.

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

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

Sos.

Iam illud non placet principium de osculo.



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

Amph.

Perge exsequi.

Go on, go on!

Alc.

Lavisti.

Then you bathed.

Amph.

Quid postquam lavi?

And after bathing?

Alc.

Accubuisti.

You took your place on the dining couch.

Sos.

Euge optime,
nunc exquire.

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

Amph.

Ne interpella. perge porro dicere.

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

Alc.

Cena adposita est, cenavisti mecum, ego accubui simul.

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



Amph.

In eodem lecto?

The same couch?

Alc.

In eodem.

Surely.

Sos.

Ei, non placet convivium.

Oho! This banqueting looks bad!

Amph.

Sine modo argumenta dicat. quid postquam cenavimus?

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

Alc.

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

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

Amph.

Ubi tu cubuisti?

Where did you sleep?

Alc.

In eodem lecto tecum una in cubiculo.

Why, with you, in our room.

Amph.

Perdidisti.

Oh, my God!



Sos.

Quid tibi est?

What ails you?

Amph.

Haec me modo ad mortem dedit.

She has killed me, killed me!

Alc.

Quid iam, amabo?

Why, my dear man, what do you mean?

Amph.

Ne me appella.

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

Sos.

Quid tibi est?

What ails you?

Amph.

Perii miser, 810
quia pudicitiae huius vitium me hinc absente est additum.

Oh, God help me! She's been seduced while I was gone!

Alc.

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?

Amph.

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!



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Sos

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!

Alc

Quid ego feci, qua istaec propter dicta dicantur mihi?

What have I done to be talked to like that?

Amph.

Tute edictas facta tua, ex me quaeris quid deliqueris.

You have recounted your doings yourself—and you ask me what the harm is!

Alc

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?

Amph.

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!

Alc.

Istuc facinus, quod tu insimulas, nostro generi non decet. 820
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.

Amph.



Pro di immortales, cognoscin tu me saltem, Sosia?

Great God! You know me, anyhow, Sosia, don't you?

Sos

Propemodum.

Well, rather!

Amph.

Cenavin ego heri in navi in portu Persico?

Didn't I dine yesterday on shipboard at Port Persicus?

Alc.

Mihi quoque adsunt testes, qui illud quod ego dicam adsentiant.

Yes, and I too have witnesses to corroborate what I say.

Sos.

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.

Amph.

Nescio quis praestigiator hanc frustratur mulierem. 830

Some magician or other has bedevilled the woman!

Alc.

Per supremi regis regnum iuro et matrem familias lunonem, quam me vereri et metuere est par maxume, ut mi extra unum te mortalis nemo corpus corpore contigit, quo me impudicam faceret. (*slowly and impressively*) 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.



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Vera istaec velim.

Ah, I wish it was the truth!

Alc.

Vera dico, sed nequiquam, quoniam non vis credere.

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

Amph.

Mulier es, audacter iuras.

You're a woman; you swear boldly.

Alc.

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

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

Amph.

Satis audacter.

Bold, with a vengeance!

Alc.

Ut pudicam decet.

As innocence should be.

Amph.

Enim verbis proba's.[21]

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

Alc.

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

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

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

Amph.

Delenitus sum profecto ita, ut me qui sim nesciam.

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

Sos.

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

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.

Mulier, istam rem inquisitam certum est non amittere.

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

Alc.

Edepol me libente facies.

Dear me, sir, do investigate, and welcome!

Amph.

Quid ais? responde mihi. quid si adduco tuum cognatum huc ab navi Naucratem, qui mecum una vectus una navi, atque is si denegat 850 facta quae tu facta dicis, quid tibi aequum est fieri? numquid causam dicis, quin te hoc multum matrimonio? See here, answer me this—what if I bring your own relative, Naucrates, over from the ship? He



made the voyaage 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?

A/c.



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Si deliqui, nulla causa est.

None, if I have done wrong.

Amph.

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

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.

Nunc quidem praeter nos nemo est. dic mihi verum serio:
ecquis alius Sosia intust, qui mei similis siet?

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

Abin hinc a me dignus domino servos?

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

Sos.

Abeo, si iubes.

Sure, ma'am, if you say so. [EXIT INTO HOUSE.

Alc.

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



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 Naucrates, one of my own family.

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

ACTVS III

ACT III

(A couple of hours have elapsed)

ENTER *Jupiter*.

Iup.

Jup.

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

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

III. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Alcmena* FROM HOUSE.

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. 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. non edepol faciam, neque me perpetiar probri falso insimulatam, quin ego illum aut deseram aut satis faciat mi ille atque adiuret insuper, nolle esse dicta quae in me insontem protulit. 890 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.

Iup.

Jup.

Faciundum 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. (*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.

A/c.

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Sed eccum video qui me miseram arguit
stupri, dedecoris.

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

Iup.

Jup.

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

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

Alc.

Ita ingenium meumst:
inimicos semper osa sum optuerier. 900

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

Iup.

Jup.

Heia autem inimicos?

Oh, I say now! Enemies?

Alc.

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

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

Iup.

Jup.

Nimis iracunda es.

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

Alc.



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

Iup.

Jup.

Si dixi, nihilo magis es, neque ego esse arbitror, 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. 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. non edepol quo te esse impudicam crederem; verum periclitatus sum animum tuum, quid faceres et quo pacto id ferre induceres. equidem ioco illa dixeram dudum tibi, ridiculi causa. vel hunc rogato Sosiam. 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.

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



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

Iup.

Jup.

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

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

Alc.

Ego illud scio quam doluerit cordi meo.

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

Iup.

Jup.

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

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

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 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*)

Iup.

Jup.

Sanan es?

Are you in your senses?

Alc.



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

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

Iup.

Jup.

Mane. arbitrato tuo ius iurandum dabo, me meam pudicam esse uxorem arbitrarier. id
ego si fallo, tum te, summe Iuppiter, quaeso, Amphitruoni ut semper iratus sies. (*holding
her*) Wait, wait! I'll swear to it—at your dictation—that I believe my wife is virtuous. If I
deceive you in this, then, Jove almighty, I invoke thy curse upon Amphitryon for
evermore.

Alc.

A, propitius sit potius.

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

Iup.

Jup.

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

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.

Non sum.

(*submitting*) No.

Iup.

Jup.



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

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

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.

Iup.

Jup.

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

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.

Ego istuc curabo.

I will attend to that.

Iup.

Jup.

Evocate huc Sosiam; gubernatorem, qui in mea navi fuit 950 Blepharonem arcessat, qui nobiscum prandeat is adeo[24] inpransus ludificabitur, cum ego Amphitruonem collo hinc obstricto traham. (*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 Amphitruon out neck and crop.



Alc.

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

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

III. 3.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Sosia*.

Sos.

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

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

Iup.

Jup.

Sosia, optume advenis.

Sosia, you are the very man I want.

Sos.



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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 960 tristis sit, si eri sint tristes; hilarus sit, si gaudeant sed age responde: iam vos rediistis in concordiam? 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?

Iup.

Jup.

Derides, qui scis haec dudum me dixisse per iocum.

(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.

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

Iup.

Jup.

Habui expurigationem; facta pax est.

I have explained: peace is made.

Sos.

Optume est.

That's grand, sir.

Iup.

Jup.

Ego rem divinam intus faciam, vota quae sunt.

I will make those offerings I vowed, inside.

Sos.

Censeo.

Very good, sir.

Iup.

Jup.

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

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.

Iam hic ero, cum illic censebis esse me.

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

Iup.

Jup.

Actutum huc redi.

Yes, hurry back home. [EXIT *Sosia*.]

Alc.

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

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

Iup.

Jup.

I sane, et quantum potest parata fac sint omnia.

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

Alc.

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

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

Iup.

Jup.

Recte loquere et proinde diligentem ut uxorem decet.

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(*tenderly*) That's the way for an attentive wife to talk.
[EXIT *Alcmena*.]

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. 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. 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. 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*.]

III. 4.

Scene 4.

ENTER *Mercury* HURRIEDLY WITH BURLESQUE IMPORTANCE.

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 minitarius 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. quam ob rem mihi magis par est via decedere et concedere. 990(*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. pater vocat me, eum sequor, eius dicto imperio 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. My father calls me; I come, obedient to his best 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.

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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. 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. capiam coronam mihi caput, adsimulabo me esse ebrium; atque illuc sursum escendero: inde optume aspellam virum 1000 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. 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. 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.

(*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.]

ACTVS IV

ACT IV

ENTER *Amphitryon* WEARILY.

Amph.

Naucratem quem convenire volui, in navi non erat, neque domi neque in urbe invenio quemquam qui illum viderit. 1010 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. 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. nunc domum ibo atque ex uxore hanc rem



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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. aperite hoc. heus, ecquis hic est? ecquis hoc aperit ostium? 1020Now 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*)

IV. 2.

Scene 2.

Mercury, MUCH DISHEVELED, APPEARS ON ROOF.

Mer.

Quis ad fores est?

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

Amph.

Ego sum.

I am.

Mer.

Quid ego sum?

I am, eh?

Amph.

Ita loquor.

(*sharply*) So I say.

Mer.

Tibi Iuppiter
dique omnes nati certo sunt, qui sic frangas fores.



Jupiter and ... all the ... gods ... are surely angry at you
... demolishing our door so.

Amph.

Quo modo?

What do you mean!

Mer.

Eo modo, ut profecto vivas aetatem miser.

Here's ... what I mean ... you're certainly going to have a
bad, bad time of it.

Amph.

Sosia.

(*sternly*) Sosia!

Mer.

Ita, sum Sosia, nisi me esse oblitum existimas.
quid nunc vis?

Just so! That's me ... unless you think I've forgotten. Now
what do ... you want?

Amph.

Scelestes, at etiam quid velim, id tu me rogas.

Rascal! Do you actually dare ask me that—what I want?

Mer.

Ita, rogo. paene effregisti, fatue, foribus cardines
an foris censebas nobis publicitus praeberier?
quid me aspectas, stolide? quid nunc vis tibi? aut quid tu es homo?

Of course I do. You've almost hammered the doors off their hinges, you ... stupid.
Didn't suppose we were supplied with doors at public expense, did you? What are you
staring at me for, you ... booby? What are you after now? Who are you?

Amph.



Verbero, etiam quis ego sim me rogitas, ulmorum Acheruns?
quem pol ego hodie ob istaec dicta faciam ferventem flagris. 1030

You scoundrel! Still asking me who I am, you death on rods,
you? By gad, I'll warm you up with a whip to day for this
insolence!

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Mer.

Prodigum te fuisse oportet olim in adolescentia.

You must have been a waster ... in your ... younger days.

Amph.

Quidum?

How so?

Mer.

Quia senecta aetate a me mendicas malum.

Well ... here you are in your declining years begging ... me for trouble.

Amph.

Cum cruciatu tuo istaec hodie, verna, verba funditas.

You shall soon suffer for this flow of language, you drudge.

Mer.

Sacrufico ego tibi.

I'm sacrificing to ye, I am.

Amph.

Qui?

How?

Mer.

Quia enim te macto infortunio.

(slyly poisoning a pail of water) 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 Alcmene 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 ridiculous by Jupiter.]

Amph.

At ego te cruce et cruciatu mactabo, mastigia. I

But I'll make you an offering of torture and torment, you
whipping post.

Mer.

Erus Amphitruost occupatus. II

The master, Amphitryon, is busy.

Mer.

abiendi nunc tibi etiam occasiost. III (XV LG)

—now you still have a chance to leave.

Mer.

Optimo iure infringatur aula cineris in caput. IV (III)

It would serve you right to have a pot of ashes broken on
your head.

Mer.

Ne tu postules matulam unam tibi aquae infundi in caput V (IV)

You would certainly ask to have one jar of water emptied on
your head.

Mer.

Larvatu's edepol hominem miserum medicum quaerita. VI (VII)

Bewitched! Dear, dear! poor man! Look for a doctor.

Alc.

Exiuravisti te mihi dixisse per iocum. VII (XI)

You swore solemnly that you said it to me in fun.



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Alc.

Quaeso advenienti morbo medicari iube VIII (XII)
tu certe aut larvatus aut cerritus es.

For mercy's sake have this disease treated at the outset;
you surely are bewitched or crazed.

Alc.

Nisi hoc ita factum est, proinde ut factum esse autumo, IX (XIII)
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.

Amph.

Cuius? quae me absente corpus volgavit suom. X (XVI)

Whose? A woman that prostituted herself in my absence!

Amph.

Quid minitabas te facturum, si istas pepulisse fores? XI (V)

What were you threatening to do, if I pounded on that door?

Amph.

Ibi scrobes ecfodito tu plus sexagenos in die. XII (VI)

There dig more than sixty ditches a day.

Amph.

Noli pessimo precari XIII (XVII)

Don't intercede for an utter rascal.

Bleph.

animam comprime XIV (XVIII)

——save your breath.



Iup.

Jup.

Manifestum hunc optorto collo teneo furem flagiti XV (IX)

I have him by the scruff of the neck, an outrageous thief
caught in the act.

Amph.

Immo ego hunc, Thebani cives, qui domi uxorem meam XVI (X)
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.

Amph.

Nilne te pudet, sceleste, populi in conspectum ingredi? XVII (VIII)

Aren't you at all ashamed, you villain, to come out into
public sight?

Amph.

clandestino. XVIII (XIX)

——clandestinely.

Amph. sive Iup.

Amph. or Jup.

Qui nequeas nostrorum uter sit Amphitruo discernere. XIX (XIV)

You who are unable to decide which of us is Amphitryon.

IV. 3.

Scene 3.

Bleph.

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

(*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.

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Blepharo, quaeso ut advocatus mi adsis neve abeas.

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

Bleph.

Vale.

quid opust me advocato, qui utri sim advocatus nescio?

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

Iup.

Jup.

Intro ego hinc eo. Alcumena parturit.

(*aside*) I'm going inside myself: Alcmena's delivery is at
hand. [EXIT *Jupiter* INTO HOUSE, UNSEEN BY *Amphitryon*.

Amph.

Perii miser. quid ego faciam, quem advocati iam atque amici deserunt? 1040 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.(*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!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 seu patrem sive avom videbo, obtruncabo in aedibus. 1050 neque me Iuppiter neque di omnes id prohibebunt, si volent, quin sic faciam ut constitui. pergam in aedis nunciam.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*)

ACTVS V

ACT V

(Half an hour has elapsed.)

ENTER *Bromia* FROM HOUSE, IN A PANIC.

Brom.



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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. 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. 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, nec me miserior femina est neque ulla videatur magis. 1060 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.

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. exsurgite" inquit "qui terrore meo occidistis prae metu."

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: "Alcmena, help is at hand: be not afraid. To thee and thine the sovereign of the skies comes in kindness. Rise," he said, "ye who have fallen in terror, from dread of me." ut iacui, exsurgo. ardere censui aedis, ita tum confulgebant. ibi me inclamat Alcumena; iam ea res me horrore adficit, erilis praevertit metus: accurro, ut sciscam quid velit. atque illam geminos filios pueros peperisse conspicio; 1070 neque nostrum quisquam sensimus, quom peperit, neque providimus. Having dropped, I got on my feet: I thought the house was afire, the way it was all lit up then. 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! sed quid hoc? quis hic est senex, qui ante aedis nostras sic iacet? numnam hunc percussit Iuppiter? credo edepol, nam, pro Iuppiter, sepultus quasi sit mortuos. ibo et cognoscam, quisquis est. Amphitruo hic quidem est erus meus. Amphitruo.



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(sees *prostrate* Amphitryon) 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. (*approaches*) It's Amphitryon! It's my master! (*calling*) Amphitryon!

Amph.

Perii.

(*feebly*) Heaven help me!

Brom.

Surge.

Get up, sir.

Amph.

Interii.

I'm dead!

Brom.

Cedo manum.

Give me your hand, sir. (*takes it*)

Amph.

Quis me tenet?

Who has hold of me?

Brom.

Tua Bromia ancilla.

Your servant maid, sir, Bromia.

Amph.

Totus timeo, ita me increpuit Iuppiter.
nec secus est, quasi si ab Acherunte veniam. sed quid tu foras
egressa es?



I'm paralysed with fear! Oh, Jove, what a bolt! I feel as if I were getting back—from the next world. (*he gets up*) But what made you come out?

Brom.

Eadem nos formido timidas terrore impulit
in aedibus, tu ubi habitas. nimia mira vidi. vae mihi, 1080
Amphitruo, ita mihi animus etiam nunc abest.

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!

Amph.

Agedum expedi:
scin me tuom esse erum Amphitruonem?

Come, come, quick, tell me—do you know me for your master, Amphitryon?

Brom.

Scio.

Surely, sir.

Amph.

Vide etiam nunc.

Here, look, look again!

Brom.

Scio.

(*obeying*) Surely, sir.

Amph.

Haec sola sanam mentem gestat meorum familiarium.

(*half aside*) She's the only one of my household that has any sanity about her.

Brom.



Immo omnes sani sunt profecto.

Oh no, sir, they're all sane, of course they are.

Amph.

At me uxor insanum facit
suis foedis factis.

Well, my wife had driven me insane with her infamous
actions!

Brom.

At ego faciam, tu idem ut aliter 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. (*warmly*) Well, I'll make you change that tune, 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.

Amph.



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Ain tu, geminos?

What's that—twins?

Brom.

Geminos.

Twins.

Amph.

Di me servant.

The gods are with me!

Brom.

Sine me dicere,
ut scias tibi tuaeque uxori decs esse omnis propitios. 1090

Let me go on, so that you may know all the gods mean well by
you and your wife, sir.

Amph.

Loquere.

Yes, yes.

Brom.

Postquam parturire hodie uxor occepit tua, ubi utero exorti dolores, ut solent puerperae invocant deos immortales, ut sibi auxilium ferant, manibus puris, capite operto. ibi continuo contonat sonitu maximo; aedes primo ruere rebamur tuas. aedes totae confulgebant tuae, quasi essent aureae. 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.

Amph.

Quaeso absolvido hinc me extemplo, quando satis deluseris.
quid fit deinde?



For heaven's sake hurry up and don't keep me on tenterhooks!
I have had enough of your trifling! What happened next?

Brom.

Dum haec aguntur, interea uxorem tuam
neque gementem neque plorantem nostrum quisquam audivimus;
ita profecto sine dolore peperit.

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.

Amph.

Iam istuc gaudeo, 1100
utut erga me merita est.

(*heartily*) Well now, I'm glad of that, no matter what her
behaviour to me has been.

Brom.

Mitte ista atque haec quae dicam accipe. postquam peperit, pueros lavere iussit nos.
occepimus. sed puer ille quem ego lavi, ut magnus et multum valet! neque eum
quisquam colligare quivit incunabulis. 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.

Amph.

Nimia mira memoras; si istaec vera sunt, divinitus
non metuo quin meae uxori latae suppetiae sient.

A most astounding story! If it be true, there's no doubt
that my wife received divine aid.

Brom.

Magis iam faxo mira dices. postquam in cunas conditust,
devolant angues iubati deorsum in impluvium duo
maximi: continuo extollunt ambo capita.



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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.

Amph.

Ei mihi.

Heavens and earth!

Brom.

Ne pave. sed angues oculis omnis circumvisere. 1110 postquam pueros conspicati, pergunt ad cunas citi. ego cunas recessim rursum vorsum trahere et ducere, metuens pueris, mihi formidans; tantoque angues acius persequi. postquam conspexit angues ille alter puer, citus e cunis exilit, facit recta in anguis impetum: alterum altera prehendit eos manu perneciter. 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 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.

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

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

Brom.

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

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.

Quis homo?



Who does?

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

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. 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*.

ego Teresiam coniectorem advocabo et consulam
quid faciendum censeat; simul hanc rem ut facta est eloquar.
sed quid hoc? quam valide tonuit. di, obsecro vostram fidem. 1130

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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!

V. 2.

Scene 2.

Jupiter APPEARS ABOVE.

Iup.

Jup.

Bono animo es, adsum auxilio, Amphitruo, 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 Alcumenae usuram corporis cepi, et concubitu gravidam feci filio. Be of good cheer. I am here with aid, Amphitryon, 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. 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. 1140 tu cum Alcumena uxore antiquam in gratiam redi: haud promeruit quam ob rem vitio vorteres; mea vi subactast facere. ego in caelum migro. 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*.

V. 3.

Scene 3.

Amph.

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

(*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!

nunc, spectatores, Iovis summi causa clare plaudite.

(to the audience)

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

[EXIT.]

[Footnote 2: Corrupt (Leo): *Alcumena* MSS: *illa* Bothe.]

[Footnote 4: Leo brackets following v., 14:
lucrum ut perenne vobis semper suppetat.]

[Footnote 5: Corrupt (Leo): *affero* MSS:
fero Acidalius, followed by Lindsay and others.]

[Footnote 6: Leo assumes lacuna here.]

[Footnote 7: *architectust* Pareus: *architectus* MSS.
Lambinus suggests that the actor who took the part of Jupiter may have been a builder.]

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[Footnote 8: Corrupt (Leo): *illi* MSS:
ille illi Ussing, followed by Lindsay.]

[Footnote 9: Leo brackets following v., 93:
praeterea certo prodit in tragoedia.]

[Footnote 10: Leo brackets following v., 173:
nec aequom anne iniquom imperet cogitabit.]

[Footnote 11: *vicimus vi* MSS: Leo brackets *vicimus.*]

[Footnote 12: Corrupt (Leo): “*Convertitur pro convertit,*”
Nonius 480.]

[Footnote 13: Corrupt (Leo): *neme esse* MSS:
among the many emendations is *sane* (Palmer).]

[Footnote 14: Leo brackets following v., 401:
qui cum Amphitruone hinc una ieram in exercitum.]

[Footnote 15: Leo brackets following v., 489-90:
et ne in suspicione ponatur stupri
et clandestina ut celetur consuetio.]

[Footnote 16: Corrupt (Leo): *si non id ita* J.]

[Footnote 17: Leo notes slight *lacuna* here:
mirum MSS: *mirum mirum* Spengel.]

[Footnote 18: Leo brackets following v., 629-632:

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.]

[Footnote 19: Corrupt (Leo): *quom te gravidam* MSS:
quom gravidam Pylades.]

[Footnote 20: Leo brackets following v., 685:
atque me nunc proinde appellas quasi multo post videris?]

[Footnote 21: *enim verbis probas* Lachmann:
probas vel proba's Lindsay: *in verbis probas* MSS.]



[Footnote 22: Leo notes lacuna here. *Ita ingenium* MSS: *Ita ingeni ingenium* Seyffert, followed by Lindsay.]

[Footnote 23: Corrupt (Leo): *duxero* MSS: *adsero* Leo

[Footnote 24: Leo notes lacuna here and suggests *is a Mercurio impransus*.]

[Footnote 25: Corrupt (Leo): *nam iam* MSS: *iam* Gruter.]

* * * * *

[Transcriber's Corrections: *Amphitryon*

Personae:

MERCVRIVS DEUS, SOSIA SERVUS...
spelling unchanged, as in *Captivi*

I. 1. I. 314

nam continuas has tris noctes pervigilavi
text reads *contiuas*

I. 1.

Sos. ...and my name is Sosia
text reads *my same is Sosia*]

II. 1. I. 580

Sos.: Quid est negoti?
Latin text omits speaker's name

V. 2. I. 1142

haud promeruit quam ob rem vitio vorteres
text reads *quam ob tem*]

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

ASINARIA

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THE COMEDY OF ASSES

* * * * *

ARGUMENTVM

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

Amanti argento filio auxiliarier Sub imperio vivens volt senex uxorio. Itaque ob asinos relatum pretium Saureae Numerari iussit servolo Leonidae. Ad amicam id fertur. cedit noctem filius. Rivalis amens ob praereptam mulierem, Is rem omnem uxori per parasitum nuntiat. Accurrit uxor ac virum e lustris rapit. 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.

PERSONAE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

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

LIBANUS, *slave of Demaenetus.*
DEMAENETUS, *an old gentleman of Athens.*
ARGYRIPPUS, *his son.*
CLEARETA, *a procuress.*
LEONIDA, *slave of Demaenetus.*
A TRADER.
PHILAENIUM, *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.

PROLOGVS

PROLOGUE

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 populum. 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*) 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. 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

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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. nunc quod me dixi velle vobis dicere, dicam: huic nomen Graece Onagost fabulae; 10 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. Now I shall say what I said I wished to say: the Greek name of this play is ONAGOS: Demophilus 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.

ACTVS I

ACT I

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

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, si quid med erga hodie falsum dixeris, 20 ut tibi superstes uxor aetatem siet atque illa viva vivos ut pestem oppetas. (*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.

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

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

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

Dem.



Quin tu ergo rogas? 30

Then why not ask your question?

Lib.

Num me illuc ducis, ubi lapis lapidem terit?

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

Dem.

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

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

Lib.

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

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

Dem.

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

(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.

[Footnote A: Where he might be beaten with ox-hide whips.]

Lib.

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

(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.

Fiat, geratur mos tibi.

(spitting) All right. Anything to humour you.

Lib.

Age, age usque excrea. 40

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

Dem.

Etiamne?

(spitting again) Will that do?

Lib.

Age quaeso hercle usque ex penitis faucibus,
etiam amplius.



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

Dem.

Nam quo usque?

Eh? How far?

Lib.

Usque ad mortem volo.

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

Dem.

Cave sis malam rem.

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

Lib.

Uxoris dico, non tuam.

(*hastily*) Your wife's, sir, I mean, not yours.

Dem.

Dono te ob istuc dictum, ut expers sis metu.

(*laughing*) Never fear—for that remark I grant you immunity.

Lib.

Di tibi dent quaecumque optes.

And heaven grant you all your prayers, sir.

Dem.

Redde operam mihi. 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? 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?

Lib.

Quid istuc novi est? 50
demiror quid sit et quo evadat sum in metu.

(*aside*) Hm! What's this surprise? Wonder what it means!
Where it will end is what scares me.



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Dem.

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?

Lib.

Rectam instas viam.
ea res est. sed eum morbus invasit gravis.

You're on the right track, sir. That's how it is. But he has
suffered a severe shock.

Dem.

Quid morbi est?

Shock? What?

Lib.

Quia non suppetunt dictis data.

Well, his presents are falling short of his promises.

Dem.

Tune es adiutor nunc amanti filio?

Are you aiding my son in this amour?

Lib.

Sum vero, et alter noster est Leonida.

Indeed I am, sir, and so is my mate, your servant Leonida.

Dem.

Bene hercle facitis et a me initis gratiam.
verum meam uxorem, Libane, nescis qualis sit? 60



Well, well, my lad, thanks! You are both earning my gratitude. But (*looking cautiously around*) my wife, Libanus, don't you know her temperament?

Lib.

Tu primus sentis, nos tamen in pretio sumus.

(*with certainty*) You feel it first, sir, but we get plenty of it.

Dem.

Fateor eam esse importunam atque incommodam.

(*awkwardly*) I confess that she is ... high-handed and ... hard to get along with.

Lib.

Posterius istuc dicis quam credo tibi.

I believe that before you speak a word, sir.

Dem.

Omnes parentes, Libane, liberis suis qui mi auscultabunt, facient obsequellam[3] quippe qui mage amico utantur gnato et benevolo. atque ego me id facere studeo, volo amari a meis; (*with an air of profound moral conviction*) 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; volo me patris mei similem, qui causa mea nauclerico ipse ornatu per fallaciam quam amabam abduxit ab lenone mulierem; 70 neque puduit eum id aetatis sycophantias struere et beneficiis me emere gnatum suum sibi. eos me decretumst persequi mores patris. 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

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affection, mine, by his kindnesses. These methods of my father's I have resolved to follow out myself. *nam me hodie oravit Argyrippus filius, uti sibi amanti facerem argenti copiam; et id ego percupio obsequi gnato meo.*[4] (76) *quamquam illum mater arte contentequae habet,* (78) *patres ut consueverunt: ego mitto omnia haec.* 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. *praesertim quom is me dignum quoi concrederet* 80 *habuit, me habere honorem eius ingenio decet; quom me adiit, ut pudentem gnatum acquomst patrem, cupio esse amicae quod det argentum suae.* 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.

Lib.

Cupis id quod cupere te nequiquam intellego.
dotalet servom Sauream uxor tua
adduxit, cui plus in manu sit quam tibi.

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.

Dem.

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. (*bitterly*) Sold myself!
Gave up my authority for a dowry! (*pause*) 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. [Footnote
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.]

Lib.

Unde gentium? 90

Where in the world from?

Dem.

Me defraudato.

Cheat me out of it.

Lib.

Maximas 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? 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?

Dem.



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Qua me, qua uxorem, qua tu servom Sauream
potes, circumduce, aufer; promitto tibi
non offuturum, si id hodie effeceris.

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.

Lib.

lubeas una opera me piscari in aere,
venari autem rete iaculo in medio mari.[5] 100

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.

Dem.

Tibi optionem sumito Leonidam, fabricare quidvis, quidvis comminiscere: perficito,
argentum hodie ut habeat filius, amicae quod det.

Have Leonida for your adjutant: manufacture something,
devise something—anything: see you get the money to-day
for my son to give his girl.

Lib.

Quid ais tu, Demaenete?

Look here.

Dem.

Quid vis?

Well?

Lib.

Si forte in insidias devenero,
tun redimes me, si me hostes interceperint?

Suppose I happen to fall into an ambushcade, ransom me, will
you, if I'm intercepted by the enemy?

Dem.



Redimam.

I will.

Lib.

Tum tu igitur aliud cura quid lubet.
ego eo ad forum, nisi quid vis.

(after a pause, airily) Well then, in that case you
may dismiss the matter from your mind. I'm off to the forum,
unless you want me further.

Dem.

Ei, bene ambula.
atque audin etiam?

Go ahead! A pleasant stroll to you! *(Libanus walks away)*
And I say,—listening still, are you?

Lib.

Ecce.

(pertly, without turning) Behold me!

Dem.

Si quid te volam,
ubi eris?

If I want you for anything, where will you be?

Lib.

Ubicumque libitum erit animo meo 110 profecto nemo est quem iam dehinc metuam
mihi ne quid nocere possit, cum tu mihi tua oratione omnem animum ostendisti tuum
quin te quoque ipsum facio haud magni, si hoc patro. pergam quo occepi atque ibi
consilia exordiar. Precisely where it pleases my fancy. *(half aside)* I 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.

Audin tu? apud Archibulum ego ero argentarium.

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

Lib.

Nempe in foro?

In the forum, you mean?

Dem.

Ibi, si quid opus fuerit.

Yes, there,—if anything's needed.

Lib.

Meminero.

(nonchalantly) I'll keep it in mind.
[EXIT *Libanus* TO FORUM.]

Dem.

Non esse servos peior hoc quisquam potest nec magis versutus nec quo ab caveas aegrius eidem homini, si quid recte curatum velis, 120 mandes: moriri sese misere mavolet, quam non perfectum reddat quod promiserit. 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. nam ego illud argentum tam paratum filio scio esse quam me hunc scipionem contui. sed quid ego cesso ire ad forum, quo inceperam? [6]atque ibi manebo apud argentarium. 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*.]

I. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Argyrippus* PRECIPITATELY FROM HOUSE OF *Cleareta*.

Argyr.



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 130 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 acerrumum; nam in mari repperi, his elavi bonis. (*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. ingrata atque inrita esse omnia intellego quae dedi et quod bene feci, at posthac tibi male quod potero facere faciam, meritoque id faciam tuo. ego pol te redigam eodem unde orta es, ad egestatis terminos, ego edepol te faciam ut quae sis nunc et quae fueris scias. 140 All I've given you and all I've done for you gets no thanks, goes for nothing,

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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. 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. 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. 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 esse existumat quem adeat, quem conloquatur quoque irato supplicet? 150 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 while to come to me, talk with me, go on her knees to me, when I'm in a rage?

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

(*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.

I. 3.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Cleareta* FROM HOUSE.

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. (*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.



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Ego pol istum portitorem privabo portorio;
ego te dehinc ut merita es de me et mea re tractare exsequar, 160
quom tu med ut meritus sum non tractas atque eicis domo.

(*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.

Magis istuc percipimus lingua dici, quam factis fore.

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

Argyr.

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

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.

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

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.

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

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.

Quid modist ductando, amando? numquamne expleri potes?
modo remisisti, continuo iam ut remittam ad te rogas. 170



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.

Dedi equidem quod mecum egisti.

Well, I paid you what we agreed on.

Cle.

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

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

Argyr.

Male agis mecum.

You're using me shamefully.

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.

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.



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

Cle.

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

Perdidici istaec esse vera damno cum magno meo.

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

Cle.

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

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.

Non meum est.

That's not my way.

Cle.



Nec meum quidem edepol, ad te ut mittam gratiis. 190 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. 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.

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Quid si non est?

What if I haven't it?

Cle.

Tibi non esse credam, illa alio ibit tamen.

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

Argyr.

Ubi illaec quae dedi ante?

Where is what I gave you before?

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. 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. quom a pistore panem petimus, vinum ex oenopolio. 200 si aes habent, dant mercem: eadem nos disciplina utimur. semper oculatae manus sunt nostrae, credunt quod vident. vetus est: “nihili coactiost”—scis cuius. non dico amplius. 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 despoliato praedicas, longe aliam, inquam, praebes nunc atque olim, quom dabam, aliam atque olim, quom inliciebas 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; 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. ubi quid dederam, quasi columbae pulli in ore ambae meo usque eratis, meo de studio studia erant vostra omnia, 210 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. 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.



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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, 219,220 esca est meretrix, lectus inlex est, amatores aves;(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.bene salutando consuescunt, compellando 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?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.

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

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

Cle.

Remeato audacter, mercedem si eris nactus; nunc abi.

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

Argyr.

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

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

Cle.

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

(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.

At ego est etiam prius quam abis quod volo loqui.

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

Cle.

Dic quod lubet.

Say on, anything.

Argyr.

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Non omnino iam perii, est reliquom quo peream magis. habeo unde istuc tibi quod poscis dem; sed in leges meas dabo, uti scire possis, perpetuom annum hunc mihi uti serviat nec quemquam interea alium admittat prorsus quam me ad se virum. 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 but me is to come near her.

Cle.

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

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. (*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*.

ACTVS II

ACT II

(A couple of hours have elapsed.)

ENTER *Libanus* WITH WORRIED AIR.

Lib.

Hercle vero, Libane, nunc te meliust expergiscier
atque argento comparando fingere fallaciam. 250
iam diu est factum

 quom discesti ab ero atque abiisti ad forum,[8] (251)
ibi tu ad hoc diei tempus dormitasti in otio. (253)

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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. *quin tu abs te socordiam omnem reice et segnitiam 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.* 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. *unde sumam? quem intervortam? quo hanc celocem conferam? impetritum, inauguratumst quovis admittunt aves, picus et cornix ab laeva, corvos parra ab dextera* 260 *consuadent; certum herclest vostram consequi sententiam.* *(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. *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.* *(looking upward again)* What's this, though,—the woodpecker tapping an elm? [C] 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.

[Footnote C: The elm corresponded to our birch in being used for corporal punishment.]

II. 2.

Scene 2.

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

Leon.

Ubi ego nunc Libanum requiram aut familiarem filium, ut ego illos lubentiores faciam quam Lubentias? maximam praedam et triumphum eis adfero adventu meo quando mecum pariter potant, pariter scortari solent, 270 hanc quidem, quam nactus, praedam pariter cum illis partiam. Where shall I look for Libanus now, or young 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.



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

(*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.

Aetatem velim servire, Libanum ut conveniam modo.

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

Lib.

Mea quidem hercle opera liber numquam fies ocus.

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

Leon.

Etiam de tergo ducentas plagas praegnatis dabo.

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

Lib.

Largitur peculium, omnem in tergo thesaurum gerit.

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

Leon.

Nam si huic sese occasionei tempus supterduxerit, numquam edepol quadrigis albis indipiscet postea; erum in obsidione linquet, inimicum animos auxerit. 280 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. For if this chance is let slide, he'll never catch it again, by Jove, not with a chariot and four, white[D] 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.

[Footnote D: White horses were supposed to be the fastest.]

Lib.

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

(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.

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

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

Lib.

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

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.

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Leon.

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

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.

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

(*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.

Adproperabo, ne post tempus praedae praesidium parem.

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.

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.

Gymnasium flagri, salveto.

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

Lib.

Quid agis, custos carceris?

How goes it, gaol guard?

Leon.



O catenarum colone.

Oh you fetter farmer.

Lib.

O virgarum lascivia.

Oh you rod tickler!

Leon.

Quot pondo ted esse censes nudum?

How much do you think you weigh, stripped?

Lib.

Non edepol scio.

Lord! I don't know.

Leon.

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

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.

Quo argumento istuc?

What's your proof of that?

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. 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.

Vae tibi.

You be damned!



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Leon.

Hoc testamento Servitus legat tibi.

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

Lib.

Verbivellationem fieri compendi volo.
quid istud est negoti?

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

Leon.

Certum est credere,

I've determined to trust you.

Lib.

Audacter licet.

You can—boldly.

Leon.

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

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



(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.

Lib.

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.

Leon.

Si istam firmitudinem animi optines, salvi sumus. 320

That's the spirit, hold to it and we're safe.

Lib.

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.

Leon.

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.



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Lib.

Quin rem actutum edisseris? cupio malum nanciscier.

Why don't you hurry up and unfold your tale? I long for some hard knocks.

Leon.

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?

Lib.

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.

Leon.

Ubinam est erus?

(after a pause) Where the deuce is master?

Lib.

Maior apud forumst, minor hic est intus.

Old one's at the forum, young one's inside here. *(pointing to Clearetas house)*

Leon.

Iam satis est mihi.

That'll do! I'm satisfied.

Lib.

Tum igitur tu dives es factus?



Satisfied? So you're a millionaire already, are you?

Leon.

Mitte ridicularia. 330

Don't try to be funny.

Lib.

Mitto.[9] istuc quod adfers aures exspectant meae.

I won't. (*grandly*) My ears await your tidings.

Leon.

Animum adverte, ut aequè mecum haec scias.

Listen here, and you'll know about things as well as I do.

Lib.

Taceo.

I'm dumb.

Leon.

Beas.

meministin asinos Arcadicos mercatori Pellaeo
nostrum vendere atriensem?

(*ironically*) Oh, bliss! Do you remember those Arcadian
asses our steward sold to the merchant from Pella?

Lib.

Memini. quid tum postea?

I do. Well, what next?

Leon.

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.

Lib.

Ubi is homost?

(with a start) Where is he?

Leon.

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
vetulos, claudos, quibus subtritae ad femina iam erant ungulae? 340

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?

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Leon.

Ipsos, qui tibi subvectabant rure hue virgas ulmeas.

Precisely! the ones that used to come down from the farm with loads of elm rods for you.

Lib.

Teneo, atque idem te hinc vexerunt vinctum rus.

I have you: yes, the same ones that carried you off to the farm in fetters.

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. 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.

Quid tum postea?

Well, what next?

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—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.

Quid tum?

What next?

Leon.



Ausculata ergo, scies. 350 extemplo facio facetum me atque magnificum virum, dico me 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.” 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.”

ego me dixi erum adducturum et me domi praesto fore;
ille in balineas iturust, inde huc veniet postea.
quid nunc consili captandum censes? dic.

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.

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Em istuc ago, quo modo argento intervortam et adventorem et Sauream. iam hoc opus est exasciato[10]; nam si ille argentum prius 360 hospes huc affert, continuo nos ambo exclusi sumus. nam me hodie senex seduxit solum sorsum ab aedibus, mihi tibiue interminatust nos futuros ulmeos, ni hodie Argyrippa essent viginti argenti minae; *(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. 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. 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.

Faciam ut iubes.

I'll do as you say. *(moves off)*

Lib.

Ego illum interea hic oblectabo, prius si forte advenerit. 370

I'll entertain him here myself meanwhile, if he happens to come before you do.

Leon.

Quid ais?

(halting) I say.

Lib.

Quid vis?

What do you want?

Leon.



Pugno malam si tibi percussero,
mox cum Sauream imitabor, caveto ne suscenseas.

(*gravely*) In case I punch your jaw for you later on when
I'm imitating Saurea, take care you don't get angry.

Lib.

Hercle vero tu cavebis ne me attingas, si sapis,
ne hodie malo cum auspicio nomen commutaveris.

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.

Quaeso, aequo animo patitor.

Come, come, put up with it patiently.

Lib.

Patitor tu item, cum ego te referiam.

Yes, and you put up with it when I hit you back.

Leon.

Dico ut usust fieri.

I'm telling how it's got to be done.

Lib.

Dico hercle ego quoque ut facturus sum.



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And by the Lord, I'm telling how I'm going to do it.

Leon.

Ne nega.

Don't refuse.

Lib.

Quin promitto, inquam, hostire contra ut merueris.

Oh, I agree, I agree—to pay you back all you earn.

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.

(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.

Quin tuom officium facis ergo ac fugis? 380

(sneeringly) Why don't you play your part then, and—run
away? [EXIT *Leonida*.]

II. 3.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Trader*, WITH SERVANT.

Merc.

Trader

Ut demonstratae sunt mihi, hasce aedis esse oportet,
Demaenetus ubi dicitur habitare. i, puere, pulta
atque atriensem Sauream, si est intus, evocato huc.



(*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.

Quis nostras sic frangit fores? ohe, inquam, si quid audis.

(*stepping forward*) Who's that battering our door so?
Whoa there, I say—if you're not deaf!

Merc.

Trader

Nemo etiam tetigit. sanum es?

No one has touched it yet. Are you in your senses?

Lib.

At censebam attigisse
propterea, huc quia habebas iter. nolo ego fores conservas
meas a te verberarier. sane ego sum amicus nostris.

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.

Merc.

Trader

Pol haud periculum est, cardines ne foribus effringantur,
si istoc exemplo omnibus qui quaerunt respondebis.

Gad! No danger of the door being battered off its hinges,
if you answer all callers in that style.

Lib.

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

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?

Merc.

Trader



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Demaenetum volebam.

I wished to see Demaenetus.

Lib.

Si sit domi, dicam tibi.

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

Merc.

Trader

Quid eius atriensis?

What about his steward?

Lib.

Nihilo mage intus est.

No, he's not in, either.

Merc.

Trader

Ubi est?

Where is he?

Lib.

Ad tonsorem ire dixit.

Said he was going to the barber's.

Merc.

Trader

Conveni. sed post non redit?

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

Lib.

Non edepol. quid volebas?



Lord, no! What did you want?

Merc.

Trader

Argenti viginti minas, si adesset, accepisset.

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

Lib.

Qui pro istuc?

What for?

Merc.

Trader

Asinos vendidit Pellaeo mercatori
mercatu.

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

Lib.

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

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

Merc.

Trader

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

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

Lib.

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

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

Merc.

Trader



Non potuit pictor rectius describere eius formam.

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

Lib.

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

(*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.

Merc.

Trader

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

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.



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II. 4.

Scene 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 decore.

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!

Merc.

Trader

Nimis imperiosust.

(*aside*) A precious domineering chap!

Lib.

Vae mihi.

(*affecting terror*) Oh, I'm in for it!

Leon.

Hodie salvere iussi 410
Libanum libertum? iam manu emissu's?

(*to Libanus ironically*) Ah, greetings to Libanus the
freedman, is it, to-day? Have you been manumitted now?
(*advancing*)

Lib.

Obsecro te.

(*cowering*) Please, please, sir!

Leon.



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?

Lib.

Hic me moratust.

(pointing to trader) This gentleman delayed me.

Leon.

Siquidem hercle nunc summum lovem te dicas detinuisse
atque is precator adsiet, malam rem effugies numquam.
tu, verbero, imperium meum contempsisti?

(without looking at trader) 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?

Lib.

Perii, hospes.

(running behind trader) Oh kind stranger, I'm a dead man!

Merc.

Trader

Quaeso hercle noli, Saurea, mea causa hunc verberare.

By Jove, Saurea! Now, now, don't flog him, for my sake!

Leon.

Utinam nunc stimulus in manu mihi sit.

(paying no attention) Oh, if I could only get hold of an
ox goad now!

Merc.

Trader

Quiesce quaeso.

Now, now, calm down.

Leon.



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Qui latera conteram tua, quae occalluere plagis. abscede ac sine me hunc perdere, qui semper me ira incendit, 420 cui numquam unam rem me licet semel praecipere furi, quin centiens eadem imperem atque ogganniam, itaque iam hercle clamore ac stomacho non queo labori suppeditare. So as to stave in those ribs of yours that have grown callous to blows! (*to trader*) 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!

iussin, sceleste, ab ianua hoc stercus hinc auferri?
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 dormitis interea domi, atque erus in hara, haud aedibus habitat, 430 em ergo hoc tibi. 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! (*strikes him*)

Lib.

Hospes, te obsecro, defende.

Kind stranger! For heaven's sake protect me!

Merc.

Trader

Saurea, oro,
mea causa ut mittas.

Come, Saurea, do let him off for my sake.

Leon.

Eho, ecquis pro vectura olivi
rem solvit?



(to Libanus) Hey, you! Did anyone pay for the shipping of that oil?

Lib.

Solvit.

Yes, sir.

Leon.

Cui datumst?

Who to?

Lib.

Sticho vicario ipsi
tuo.

To Stichus himself, sir, your own deputy.

Leon.

Vah, delenire apparas, 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?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.



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Fecisse satis opinor,
nam vidi huc ipsum adducere trapezitam Exaerambum.

I reckon he has, sir: for I saw Exaerambus bringing the
banker here himself.

Leon.

Sic dedero. prius quae credidi vix anno post exegi;
nunc satagit: adducit domum etiam ultro et scribit nummos.
Dromo mercedem rettulit? 440

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.

Dimidio minus opinor.

Only half, I think.

Leon.

Quid relicuom?

And the rest?

Lib.

Aibat reddere quom extemplo redditum esset;
nam retineri, ut quod sit sibi operis locatum efficeret.

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.

Scyphos quos utendos dedi Philodamo, rettulitne?

Those cups that I lent Philodamus—has he returned 'em?

Lib.

Non etiam.



Not yet.

Leon.

Hem non? si velis, da,[11] commoda homini amico.

Hey? No? (*sourly*) Give things away, if you like,—give 'em to a friend on loan.

Merc.

Trader

Perii hercle, iam his me abegerit suo odio.

(*half aside, wearily*) Oh, the devil! The fellow will be driving me off before long with his confounded talk.

Lib.

Heus iam satis tu.
audin quae loquitur?

(*aside to Leonida*) Hi, you! That's enough now! D'ye hear what he says?

Leon.

Audio et quiesco.

(*aside to Libanus*) I hear; I'll calm down.

Merc.

Trader

Tandem, opinor,
conticuit. nunc adeam optimum est, prius quam incipit tinnire.
quam mox mi operam das?

(*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.

Ehem, optume. quam dudum tu advenisti?
non hercle te provideram—quaeso ne vitio vortas— 450
ita iracundia obstitit oculis.



(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 affected my eyesight.

Merc.

Trader



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

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

Leon.

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

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.

Merc.

Trader

Sic potius, ut Demaeneto tibi ero praesente reddam.

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

Lib.

Erus istunc novit atque erum hic.

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

Merc.

Trader

Ero huic praesente reddam.

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

Lib.

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



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.

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

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

Lib.

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

(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!

Merc.

Trader

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

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.

At nosce sane.

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

Merc.

Trader

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

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.

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

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!

Merc.

Trader

Nimis iracunde. non decet superbum esse hominem servom. 470

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

Leon.

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

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

Lib.

Impure, nihili. non vides irasci?

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

Leon.

Perge porro.

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

Lib.

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

(*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.

Merc.

Trader



Malum hercle vobis quaeritis.

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

Leon.

Crura hercle diffringentur,
ni istum impudicum percies.

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

Lib.

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

(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.

Pergin precari pessimo?

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

Merc.

Trader

Quae res? tun libero homini
male servos loquere?

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

Leon.

Vapula.

You be thrashed!

Merc.

Trader

Id quidem tibi hercle fiet,
ut vapules, Demaenetum simulac conspexero hodie.[12] 479



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

Leon.

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



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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*)

Merc.

Trader

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

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

Leon.

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

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!

Merc.

Trader

Scilicet. ita res est.

No doubt. Quite so.

Leon.

Sequere hac ergo 490 praefiscini hoc nunc dixerim: nemo etiam me accusavit merito meo, neque me alter est Athenis hodie quisquam, cui credi recte aequae putent. 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.

Merc.

Trader

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



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.

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.

(*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.

Merc.

Trader

Fortasse.

(*sceptically*) I dare say.

Leon.

Etiam[13] Periphanes Rhodo mercator dives
absente ero solus mihi talentum argenti soli 500
adnumeravit et mihi credidit, nequest deceptus in eo.

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.

Merc.

Trader

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Fortasse.

I dare say.

Leon.

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

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!

Merc.

Trader

Haud negassim.

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

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

ACTVS III

ACT III

(Half an hour has elapsed.)

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

Cle.

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

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.

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



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.

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

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

Phil.

Neque quae recte faciunt culpo neque quae delinquent amo. 510

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

Cle.

Satis dicacula es amatrix.

A glib enough little hussy!

Phil.

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

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

Cle.

Ego te volui castigare, tu mi accusatrix ades.

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

Phil.

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

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.



Ecqua pars orationis de die dabitur mihi?

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

Phil.



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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. 520I 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.

Quid ais tu, quam ego unam vidi mulierem audacissimam? quotiens te votui Argyrippum filium Demaeneti 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? ultro amas, ultro expetessis, ultro ad te accersi iubes illos qui dant, eos derides; qui deludunt, deperis. 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, 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. an te id exspectare oportet, si quis promittat tibi te facturum divitem, si moriatur mater sua? ecastor[15] nobis periculum magnum et familiae portenditur, 530 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 summus quo est[16] apud me inopiae excusatio. 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.

Patiar, si cibo carere me iubes, mater mea.

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

Cle.

Non voto ted amare qui dant quonia amentur gratia.

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



Phil.

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

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

Cle.

Em,
meum caput contemples si quidem ex re consultas tua.

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



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Phil.

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

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.

Intro abi, nam te quidem edepol nihil est impudentius.

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

Phil.

Audientem dicto, mater, produxisti filiam.

(*tearfully*) You've trained ... your ... daughter ... to
... be obedient ... mother.

[EXIT *Philaenium* INTO HOUSE, FOLLOWED BY *Cleareta*.

III. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER FROM FORUM *Libanus* AND *Leonida*, LATTER CARRYING A WALLET.

Lib.

Perfidiae laudes gratiasque habemus merito magnas, quom nostris sycophantiis, dolis astutiisque,[17] (546) advorsum stetimus lamminas,[18] crucesque compedesque, (548) nervos, catenas, carceres, numellas, pedicas, boias 549,550 inductoresque[19] acerrumos gnarosque nostri tergi.[20] (551)(*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! eae nunc legiones, copiae exercitusque eorum (554) vi pugnando periuriis nostris fugae potiti. id virtute huius collegae[21] meaque comitate factumst. qui me vir fortior ad sufferundas plagas? 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 am at taking thwacks?

Leon.

Edepol virtutes qui tuas non possis concludare
sic ut ego possim, quae domi duellique male fecisti.
ne illa edepol pro merito tuo memorari multa possunt: 560

(*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. 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,



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audacis viros, valentis virgatores. 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.

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 pressus in furto sies manifesto et verberatus,[22] 569 ubi eris damno, molestiae et dedecori saepe fueris, (571) 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; ubi creditum quod sit tibi datum esse pernegaris,[23] (572) ubi saepe ad languorem tua duritia dederis octo (574) validos lictores, ulmeis adfectos lentis virgis. num male relata est gratia, ut collegam collaudavi? 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.

Ut meque teque maxime atque ingenio nostro decuit.

(*thoughtfully*) Yes, pretty much what you and I and our characters deserved.

Lib.

Iam omitte ista atque hoc quod rogo responde.

Drop your nonsense now and answer me this question.

Leon.

Rogita quod vis.

Ask your question.

Lib.

Argenti viginti minas habesne?

(triumphantly) The eighty pounds, have you got it?

Leon.

Hariolare. edepol senem Demaenetum lepidum fuisse nobis: 580 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. 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.

Mane dum.

(looking toward Cleareta's house) Wait, though!



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Leon.

Quid est?

What's up?

Lib.

Philaenium estne haec quae intus exit
atque Argyrippus una?

Isn't this Philaenium coming out here, yes, and Argyrippus
along with her?

Leon.

Opprime os, is est. subauscultemus.

(*in low tone*) Shut your mouth—so it is. Let's do some
eaves-dropping (*they retire*)

Lib.

Lacrumantem lacinia tenet lacrumans. quidnam esse dicam?
taciti auscultemus.

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.

Attatae, modo hercle in mentem venit,
nimis vellem habere perticam.

Oh-h! Jove! It has just occurred to me; how I do wish I had
a pole!

Lib.

Quoi rei?

What for?

Leon.



Qui verberarem
asinos, si forte occeperint clamare hinc ex crumina 590

To whop those asses, if they happen to start braying in the
wallet here.

III. 3.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Argyrippus* AND *Philaenium* FROM THE DOORWAY OF
Cleareta's HOUSE WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN STANDING

Argyr.

Cur me retentas?

(sadly) Why hold me back?

Phil.

Quia tui amans abeuntis egeo.

(tearfully) Because it's dreadful having you leave me
when I love you so.

Argyr.

Vale.

(trying half heartedly to release himself) Farewell!

Phil.

Aliquanto amplius valerem, si his maneres.

(still clinging to him) I should fare much better if you'd
stay with me.

Argyr.

Salve.

And God bless you!

Phil.

Salvere me iubes, quoi tu abiens offers morbum?



You ask God to bless me when you curse me yourself by going?

Argyr.

Mater supremam mihi tua dixit, domum ire iussit.

Your mother said this was to be my last hour; she has ordered me home.

Phil.

Acerbum funus filiae faciet, si te carendum est.

She'll make her daughter die in misery, if I must be deprived of you.

Lib.

Homo hercle hinc exclusust foras.

(aside to Leonida) By gad! He's been shut out of the house here.

Leon.

Ita res est.

So he has.

Argyr.



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Mitte quaeso.

(dismally) Come, come, let go! (pulls away from her and turns to go)

Phil.

Quo nunc abis? quin tu hic manes?

Where are you off to now? Why don't you stay here?

Argyr.

Nox, si voles, manebo.

I will at night, if you want.

Lib.

Audin hunc opera ut largus est nocturna? nunc enim esse negotiosum interdius videlicet Solonem, leges ut conscribat, quibus se populus teneat. gerrae! 600 qui sese parere apparent huius legibus, profecto numquam bonae frugi sient, dies noctesque potent. 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.

Ne iste hercle ab ista non pedem discedat, si licessit, qui nunc festinat atque ab hac minatur sese abire.

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.

Sermoni iam finem face tuo. huius sermonem accipiam.

Come, make an end of your talk. I want to take in some of his.

Argyr.

Vale.



(tragically) Farewell! (starts away)

Phil.

Quo properas?

Where are you hurrying to?

Argyr.

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!

Phil.

Cui tu, obsecro, immerito meo me morti dedere optas?

(running up and clinging to him) Oh, for heaven's sake,
why, why do you wish to condemn me to death yourself,
innocent as I am?

Argyr.

Ego te? quam si intellegam deficere vita, iam ipse
vitam meam tibi largiar et de mea ad tuam addam. 610

I you? If I saw your life was ebbing, I'd freely give you
my own at once and add my years to yours.

Phil.

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.

Argyr.



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Oh melle dulci dulcior tu es.

Oh, you're sweeter than sweet honey!

Phil.

Certe enim tu vita es mi.
complectere.

And you're my very life, I know that. Do put your arms
around me!

Argyr.

Facio lubens.

(*doing so*) Yes, yes, gladly!

Phil.

Utinam sic efferamur.

Oh, if we could only be carried to the grave like this!

Leon.

O Libane, uti miser est homo qui amat.

I say, Libanus, what a poor devil a chap in love is!

Lib.

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.

Leon.

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. (*a pause*) Let's surround him, and give him a salute, one from
here (*pointing*) and the other from here. (*they station themselves: then, giving the*



signal to Libanus to chime in, loudly to Argyrippus) Good day, sir! *(the lovers give a start)* But—this lady you're hugging isn't smoke, is she?

Argyr.

Quidum?

Smoke? Why so?

Leon.

Quia oculi sunt tibi lacrumantes, eo rogavi. 620

Well, your eyes are watering; that's why I asked.

Argyr.

Patronus qui vobis fuit futurus, perdidistis.

(tragically) You have lost a man who would have freed you and been your patron, my lads.

Leon.

Equidem hercle nullum perdidi, ideo quia numquam ullum habui.

Lord! I haven't lost any such, no, indeed, seeing I never had any such.

Lib.

Philaenium, salve.

Good day to you, Philaenium.

Phil.

Dabunt di quae velitis vobis.

God grant all your wishes, to both of you.

Lib.

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.

Argyr.



Verbum cave faxis, verbero.

Hold your tongue, you rascal!

Lib.

Tibi equidem, non mihi opto.

Oh, wish 'em for you, I mean, sir, not for myself.

Argyr.

Tum tu igitur loquere quod lubet.

Then in that case, say what you like.

Lib.

Hunc hercle verberare.

Like? I'd like to give this chap (*pointing to Leonida*)
a thrashing, by gad!

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Leon.

Quisnam istuc adcredat tibi, cinaede calamistrate?
tun verberes, qui pro cibo habeas te verberari?

(*ironically*) Well, well, who'd believe it of you, you
frizzle-headed girl-hunter? You thrash me, you, you that
live on thrashings?

Argyr.

Ut vestrae fortunae meis praecedunt, Libane, longe,
qui hodie numquam ad vesperum vivam.

(*tragical again*) Ah, Libanus, how far preferable your lot
is to mine—I who will never never live till evening!

Lib.

Quapropter, quaeso? 630

How's that, for mercy's sake?

Argyr.

Quia ego hanc amo et haec me amat,
huic quod dem nusquam quicquam est,
hinc med 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 pereor.

Because I love her (*indicating Philaenium*) and she loves me, and (*bitterly*) 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.

Lib.

Iam dedit argentum?



Has he paid 'em over already?

Argyr.

Non dedit.

No.

Lib.

Bono animo es, ne formida.

Cheer up; never you fear.

Leon.

Secede huc, Libane, te volo.

Libanus! Come over here: I want you.

Lib.

Si quid vis.

(obeying) Anything to please. *(they withdraw and talk, heads close together)*

Argyr.

Obsecro vos
eadem istac opera suaviust complexos fabulari. 640

(calling) For heaven's sake, you two! You'd find it
pleasanter to hug each other, while you do your chatting!

Lib.

Non omnia eadem aequè 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. 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.

Argyr.



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Ego vero, et quidem edepol lubens. interea, si videtur, concedite istuc.

Indeed I will, by Jove, yes, and gladly. Meanwhile you two go on and step aside there, if you see fit. (*embraces Philaenium*)

Leon.

Vin erum deludi?

D'ye want to have some fun with master?

Lib.

Dignust sane.

That I do, serves him right.

Leon.

Vin faciam ut te Philaenium praesente hoc amplexetur?

D'ye want me to make Philaenium give you a squeeze right before his face?

Lib.

Cupio hercle.

(*enthusiastically*) Gad, I long for one!

Leon.

Sequere hac.

Come along. (*leads the way back to Argyrippus and Philaenium*)

Argyr.

Ecquid est salutis? satis locuti.

Any good news? You have talked enough.

Leon.



Auscultate atque operam date et mea dicta devorate. primum omnium servos tuos nos esse non negamus, 650 sed tibi si viginti minae argenti proferentur, quo nos vocabis nomine?*(importantly)* Listen here, you two; pay attention and devour my remarks, *(to Argyrippus)* 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?

Argyr.

Libertos.

(eagerly) Freedmen!

Leon.

Non patronos?

Not patrons, eh?

Argyr.

Id potius.

Yes, yes, patrons!

Leon.

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.

Argyr.

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.

Leon.

Nolo ego te, qui erus sis, mihi onus istuc sustinere.

Let my master bear such a load? No sir, not I.

Argyr.

Quin tu labore liberas te atque istam imponis in me?



Why not take things easy yourself and let me stand the strain?

Leon.

Ego baiulabo, tu, ut dacet dominum, ante me ito inanis. 660

I'll act as porter myself; as for you, you walk on ahead as a master should, empty handed.



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Argyr.

Quid nunc?

(eagerly) Well now?

Lean.

Quid est?

(drawling) Well what?

Argyr.

Quin tradis huc cruminam pressatum umerum?

Why don't you hand the wallet over and let it crush my shoulder?

Leon.

Hanc, cui daturu's hanc, iube petere atque orare mecum.
nam istuc proclive est, quo iubes me plane collocare.

She's the one, *(pointing to Philaenium)* 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 *(with a sly glance at Philaenium)* slope.

Phil.

Da, meus ocellus, mea rosa, mi anime, mea voluptas,
Leonida, argentum mihi, ne nos diiunge amanti.

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.

Leon.

Dic me igitur tuom passerculum, gallinam, coturnicem,
agnellum haedillum me tuom die esse vel vitellum.
prehende auriculis, compara labella cum labellis.

(with burlesque fondness) 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.



Argyr.

Ten osculetur, verbero?

She kiss you, you scoundrel?

Leon.

Quam vero indignum visum est?

at qui pol hodie non feres, ni genua confricantur. 670

Yes, it does seem a shame, doesn't it? However, you don't get the cash this day, by gad, unless you rub my knees.

Argyr.

Quidvis egestas imperat: fricentur. dan quod oro?

"Need knows no shame." Rubbed they shall be. (*gets down on ground, with poor grace, and clasps Leonida's knees*)
Won't you grant my prayer? (*gets up*)

Phil.

Age, mi Leonida, obsecro, fer amanti ero salutem,
redime istoc beneficio te ab hoc, et tibi eme hunc isto argento.

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! (*embraces him*)

Leon.

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. (*leering at her*) 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: (*pointing to Libanus*) he gave it to me to keep for him. At him now, my pretty, prettily. Libanus, catch hold of this, will you! (*tosses him the wallet*)

Argyr.



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Furcifer, etiam me delusisti?

What, you villain! Have you been making a fool of me?

Leon.

Numquam hercle facerem, genua ni tam nequiter fricares.
age sis tu in partem nunciam hunc delude atque amplexare hanc.

Bless you, sir, I wouldn't, only you made such a bad job
of rubbing my knees. (*aside to Libanus*) Come on now, will
you; you take your turn at fooling him and cuddling her.

Lib.

Taceas, me spectes.

(*aside to Leonida*) Shut up: you watch me!

Argyr.

Quin ad hunc, Philaenium, adgredimur, 680
virum quidem pol optimum et non similem furis huius?

(*aside to Philaenium*) Why not make up to him, Philaenium?
He's a very decent sort, Libanus is, gad yes, nothing like
this thief. (*indicating Leonida*)

Lib.

Inambulandum est: nunc mihi vicissam supplicabunt.

(*aside as they approach*) Now for some strutting around:
here's where I come in for being supplicated. (*parades
magnificently back and forth*)

Argyr.

Quaeso hercle, Libane, sis erum tuis factis sospitari,
da mihi istas viginti minas. vides me amantem egere.

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.

Lib.



Videbitur. factum volo. redito huc contemno
nunc istanc tantisper iube petere atque orare
mecum.

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.

Phil.

Amandone exorarier vis ted an osculando?

Tease it from you by loving you, or by kissing you, which?

Lib.

Enim vero utrumque.

Oh well, try both of 'em.

Phil.

Ergo, obsecro, et tu utrumque nostrum serva.

(*fondling him*) And both of us, then,—do rescue us,
please, please!

Argyr.

O Libane, mi patrone, mi trade istuc. magis decorumst
libertum potius quam patronum onus in via portare. 690

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.

Phil.

Mi Libane, ocellus aureus, donum decusque amoris,
amabo, faciam quod voles, da istuc argentum nobis.

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!



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Lib.

Dic igitur med anitculam, columbam vel catellum, hirundinem, monerulam, passerulum putillum, fac proserpentem bestiam me, duplicem ut habeam linguam, circumda torquem brachiis, meum collum circumplecte. 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.

Ten complectatur, carnufex?

Put her arms around you, you gallows-bird!

Lib.

Quam vero indignus videor?
ne istuc nequiquam dixeris tam indignum dictum in me,
vehes pol hodie me, si quidem hoc argentum ferre speres.

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.

Ten ego veham?

I carry you on my back—I?

Lib.

Tun hoc feras argentum aliter a me? 700

See any other way of getting this cash, do you—you?

Argyr.

Perii hercle. si verum quidem et decorum erum vehere servom,
inscende.

O damnation! Well, if it is right and proper for a master to
carry a servant on his back—get up.

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.

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.

Inscende actutum.

Get up, and be quick about it!

Lib.

Ego fecero hem quid istuc est? ut tu incedis?
demam hercle iam de hordeo, tolutim ni badizas.

(*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.

Amabo, Libane, iam sat est.

There's a good fellow, Libanus,—that's enough now!

Lib.



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Numquam hercle hodie exorabis nam iam calcari quadrupedo agitabo advorsum clivom, postidea ad pistores dabo, ut ibi cruciere currens. asta ut descendam nunciam in proclivi, quamquam nequam es. 710Not 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.

Quid nunc, amabo? quoniam, ut est libitum, nos delusistis, datisne argentum?

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.

Si quidem mihi statuam et aram statuis
atque ut deo mi hic immolas bovem: nam ego tibi Salus sum.

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 atque[25] ipse me adgredere
atque illa, sibi quae hic iusserat, mihi statuis supplicasque?

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.

Quem te autem divom nominem?

Ah, and by what name does your godship pass?

Leon.

Fortunam, atque Obsequentem.

Fortune, yes sir, Indulgent Fortune.



Argyr.

Iam istoc es melior.

Now there's where you are better.

Lib.

An quid est homini Salute melius?

Eh? what's better for a man than Salvation?

Argyr.

Licet laudem Fortunam, tamen ut ne Salutem culpem.

I can praise Fortune and still not disparage Salvation.

Phil.

Ecastor ambae sunt bonae.

Mercy me, they're both good.

Argyr.

Sciam ubi boni quid dederint.

I'll know so when I get something good out of them.

Leon.

Opta id quod ut contingat tibi vis.

Wish for something you want to happen to you.

Argyr.

Quid si optaro?

What if I do?

Leon.

Eveniet. 720

It'll come true.

Argyr.

Opto annum hunc perpetuom mihi huius operas.

My wish is to have this lady's attentions this whole next year through.



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Leon.

Impetrasti.

You've got it.

Argyr.

Ain vero?

Really? really?

Leon.

Certe inquam.

Sure thing I tell you.

Lib.

Ad me adi vicissim atque experire.
exopta id quod vis maxime tibi evenire: fiet.

It's my turn—come over here and give me a trial. Long for something you most want to come true: it will.

Argyr.

Quid ego aliud exoptem amplius nisi illud cuius inopiast,
viginti argenti commodas minas, huius quas dem matri.

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.

Dabuntur, animo sis bono face, exoptata optigent.

Forthcoming. Keep your courage up: your longing will be gratified.

Argyr.

Ut consuevere, homines Salus frustratur et Fortuna.



(incredulous) Salvation is at her old tricks, fooling people, and Fortune too.

Leon.

Ego caput huic argento fui hodie reperiundo.

In lighting on this cash to-day—I'm the one that's been the head of it!

Lib.

Ego pes fui.

I'm the one that's been the foot of it!

Argyr.

Quin nec caput nec pes sermoni apparet.
nec quid dicatis scire nec me cur ludatis possum. 730

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.

Satis iam delusum censeo. nunc rem ut est eloquamur.
animum. Argyrippe, advorte sis. pater nos ferre hoc iussit
argentum ad ted.

(aside to Leonida) I move he's been fooled with 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.

Ut temperi opportuneque attulistis.

Oh, you've brought it just in time, just at the right moment!

Lib.

Hic inerunt viginti minae bonae, mala opera partae;
has tibi nos pactis legibus dare iussit.

You'll find in here eighty good sovereigns ill-gotten: he said to give 'em to you according to terms agreed upon.

Argyr.

Quid id est, quaeso?

Terms? What terms, for mercy's sake?

Lib.

Noctem huius et cenam sibi ut dares.

That you're to give him an evening with this lady, and a dinner.



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Argyr.

lube advenire quaeso:
meritissimo eius quae volet faciemus, qui hosce amores
nostros dispulsos compulit.

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.

Patierin, Argyrippe,
patrem hanc amplexari tuom?

Going to put up with your father's hugging her, are you,
Argyrippus?

Argyr.

Haec faciet facile ut patiar
Leonida, curre obsecro, patrem huc orato ut veniat. 740

(*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.

Iam dudum est intus.

(*pointing to Cleareta's house*) He was in there long ago.

Argyr.

Hac quidem non venit.

He certainly didn't come this way.

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—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.

Heia,
bene dicite.

Hold on there! No ominous remarks!

Lib.

Ite intro cito.

In with you, quick!

Argyr.

Valete.

Good-bye, you two.

Leon.

Et vos amate.

And spoon away, you two.

[EXEUNT *Argyrippus* AND *Philaenium* INTO *Cleareta's*
HOUSE, *Libanus* AND *Leonida* INTO HOUSE OF *Demaenetus*.]

ACTVS IV

ACT IV

ENTER *Diabolus* AND *Parasite*.

Diab.

Agedum istum ostende quem conscripsti syngraphum
inter me et amicam et lenam. leges pellege
nam tu poeta es prorsus ad eam rem unicus.

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.



Horrescet faxo lena, leges cum audiet.

(producing a document) I warrant you Madame will shudder
when she hears the terms.

Diab.

Age quaeso mi hercle translege.

Come come, man, for the Lord's sake let's have 'em!



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Par.

Audin?

Are you listening?

Diab.

Audio. 750

Yes.

Par.

“Diabolus Glauci filius Clearetae lenae dedit dono argenti viginti minas, Philaenium ut secum esset noctes et dies hunc annum totum.”(*reading*) “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.”

Diab.

Neque cum quiquam alio quidem.

Yes, and not with anyone else, either.

Par.

Addone?

Shall I add that?

Diab.

Adde, et scribas vide plane et probe.

Add that, and see you put it down in a good firm hand.

Par.

“Alienum hominem intro mittat neminem. quod illa aut amicum aut patronum nominet, aut quod illa amicae[26] amatorem praedicet, fores oclusae omnibus sint nisi tibi. in foribus scribat occupatam esse se. 760(*after doing so*) “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. 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. 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. vocet convivam neminem illa, tu voces; ad eorum ne quem oculos adiciat suos. si quem alium aspexit, caeca continue siet. 770 tecum una potet, aequè pocla potitet: abs ted accipiat, tibi propinet, tu bibas, ne illa minus aut plus quam tu sapiat." 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—(*unobtrusively dropping the aspirate*) whit more than you, nor less."

Diab.



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Satis placet.

(*not noticing*) Quite satisfactory.

Par.

“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. 780“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, ‘Thee[E] I invoke!’ She is to name your name.

[Footnote E: Naming one’s sweetheart, on making a throw, was a common custom.]

deam invocet sibi quam libebit propitiam, deum nullum; si magis religiosa fuerit, tibi dicat: tu pro illa ores ut sit propitius. neque illa ulli homini nutet, nictet, annuat. post, si lucerna exstincta sit, ne quid sui membri commoveat quicquam in tenebris.”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.”

Diab.

Optumest. ita scilicet facturam. verum in cubiculo—deme istuc—equidem illam moveri gestio. nolo illam habere causam et votitam dicere.Excellent! To be sure she mustn’t, (*pause*) 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 want her to have an excuse and say the contract forbids.

Par.

Scio, captiones metuis.

I see, you fear some catch.

Diab.

Verum.

Exactly.



Par.

Ergo ut iubes 790
tollam.

Well then, I shall strike that out, as you order.

Diab.

Quid nī?

Of course you will.

Par.

Audi relicua.

Listen to the rest.

Diab.

Loquere, audio.

Go on: I am listening.

Par.

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“Neque ullum verbum faciat perplexabile, neque ulla lingua sciat loqui nisi Attica, forte si tussire occepsit, 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.” 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. nec mater lena ad vinum accedat interim, nec ulli verbo male dicat. si dixerit, 800 haec multa ei esto, vino viginti dies ut careat.” “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.

Pulchre scripsti. scitum syngraphum.

Splendid document! Capital contract!

Par.

“Tum si coronas, sertas, unguenta iusserit ancillam ferre Veneri aut Cupidini, tuos servos servet, Venerine eas det an viro. si forte pure velle habere dixerit, 800 tot noctes reddat spurcas quot pure habuerit.” haec sunt non nugae, non enim mortualia. “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.

Placent profecto leges, sequere intro.

Very well.

Par.

Sequor.

[EXEUNT INTO *Cleareta's* HOUSE: SOUND OF WRANGLING WITHIN:
RE-ENTER *Diabolus* AND *Parasite* FROM HOUSE.]

IV. 2.

Scene 2.

Diab.

Sequere hac, egone haec patiar aut taceam? emori 810 me malim, quam haec non eius uxori indicem. ain tu? apud amicum munus adolescentuli fungare, uxori excuses te et dicas senem? praeripias scortum amanti atque argentum obicias lenae? suppires clam domi uxorem tuam?(*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



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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? *suspendam potius me, quam tu haec tacita auferas. iam quidem hercle ad illam hinc ibo, quam tu propediem, nisi quidem illa ante occupasset te, effliges scio, luxuriae sumptus suppeditare ut possies.* 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!

Par.

Ego sic faciundum censeo: me honestiust, 820 quam te palam hanc rem facere, ne illa existimet amoris causa percitum id fecisse te magis quam sua causa. (*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.

At pol qui dixti rectius. tu ergo fac ut illi turbas lites concias; cum suo sibi gnato unam ad amicam de die potare, illam expilare narra. 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.

Ne mone,
ego istud curabo.

No advice needed! I shall take care of that.

Diab.

At ego te opperiar domi.[27] (827)

Well, I'll wait for you at home. [EXIT.]

ACTVS V

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.

Numquidnam tibi molestumst, gnate mi,
si haec nunc mecum accubat? 830

You don't mind it, do you, my boy,—her being on the couch
here with me? (*merrily chucks Philaenium under the chin*)

Argyr.

Pietas, pater, oculis dolorem prohibet. quamquam ego istanc amo,
possum equidem inducere animum, ne aegre patiar quia tecum accubat.

(*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.



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Dem.

Decet verecundum esse adolescentem, Argyrippe.

A young fellow should be modest, Argyrippus.

Argyr.

Edepol, pater,
merito tuo facere possum.

Ah yes, father, I can behave as you deserve.

Dem.

Age ergo, hoc agitemus convivium
vino et[28] sermoni suavi. nolo ego metui, amari mavolo,
mi gnate, me abs te.

(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.

Pol ego utrumque facio, ut aequom est filium.

(still more dolefully) Ah yes, father, I give you both,
as a son should.

Dem.

Credam istuc, si esse te hilarum videro.

I'll believe that, once I see you looking jolly.

Argyr.

An tu me tristem putas?

(with a deep sigh) You don't think I'm ... melancholy ...
do you?

Dem.

Putem ego, quem videam aequo esse maestum ut quasi dies si dicta sit?



Think so? When you look as sepulchral as if you were docketed for trial!

Argyr.

Ne dixis istuc.

Don't say that.

Dem.

Ne sic fueris: ilico ego non dixero. 839,840

Don't be that, and I'll stop saying it soon enough.

Argyr.

Em aspecta: rideo.

(making a dismal effort to look happy) Here now! See! I'm smiling.

Dem.

Utinam male qui mihi volunt sic rideant.

(dryly) I wish my enemies were blessed with a smile like that.

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.

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.

At ego hanc volo.

I want this one, though.



Argyr.

Ergo sunt quae exoptas: mihi quae ego exoptem volo.

Well then, you've got your desire: I wish I could have the same luck!

Dem.

Unum hunc diem perpetere, quoniam tibi potestatem dedi,
cum hac annum ut esses, atque amanti argenti feci copiam.



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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.

Em istoc me facto tibi devinxti.

Just the point! You have me bound hard and fast by that.

Dem.

Quin te ergo hilarum das mihi? 849,850

Come then, surrender and be jolly, won't you?

V. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Artemona* AND *Parasite* FROM HOUSE OF *Demaenetus*.

Art.

Ain tu meum virum his potare, obsecro, cum filio
et ad amicam detulisse argenti viginti minas
meoque filio sciente id facere flagitium patrem?

(*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.

Neque divini neque mi humani posthac quicquam accreduas,
Artemona, si huius rei me esse mendacem inveneris.

Never trust me in another thing divine or human, madam, if you find I have misinformed you in this.

Art.

At scelestas ego praeter alios meum virum[29] frugi rata,
siccum, frugi, continentem, amantem uxoris maxime.



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.

At nunc dehinc scito illum ante omnes minimi mortalem preti,
madidum, nihili, incontinentem atque osorem uxoris suae.

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.

Pol ni istaec vera essent, numquam faceret ea quae nunc facit. 860

Mercy yes! unless all that was true, he would never be acting as he does now.

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, decrepitus senex.

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.

Hoc ecastor est quod ille it ad cenam cottidie. ait sese ire ad Archidemum, Chaeream, Chaerestratum, Cliniam, Chremem, Cratinum, Diniam, Demosthenem: is apud scortum corruptelae est liberis, lustris studet. Good gracious! This explains his going out to dinner every day! He with his tales of going to dine with Archidemus, Chaerea, Chaerestratus, Clinia, Chremes, Cratinus, Dinias, Demosthenes—and all the time corrupting his children at a harlot's, haunting houses of ill fame!

Par.



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Quin tu illum iubes ancillas rapere sublimen domum?

Why not tell your maids to pick him up and take him off home?

Art.

Tace modo. ne ego illum ecastor miserum habebo.

You just keep still. Oh, but I'll make life miserable for him, I swear I will!

Par.

Ego istuc scio,
ita fore illi dum quidem cum illo nupta eris.

I have no doubt about that, just as long as he is your husband.

Art.

Ego censeo. 870 eum[30] 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. (*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.

Sequere hac me modo, iam faxo ipsum hominem manifesto opprimas.

Just follow me this way: I'll soon make you drop on our gentleman in the very act.

Art.

Nihil ecastor est quod facere mavelim.

Ah-h-h! There's nothing I'd like better!

Par.

Mane dum.



Hm! wait! (*goes quietly to Cleareta's door, peeps in and comes back*)

Art.

Quid est?

What's the matter?

Par.

Possis, si forte accubantem tuum virum conspexeris
cum corona amplexum amicam, si videas, cognoscere?

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.

Possum ecastor.

Indeed I can!

Par.

Em tibi hominem.

(*taking her cautiously to the door*) Behold your man!

Art.

Perii.

(*peeping*) Dreadful, dreadful!

Par.

Paulisper mane. 880
aucupemus ex insidiis clanculum quam rem gerant.

(*drawing her aside*) Wait a bit! Let's lie in ambush and
spy what's going on without being seen.

Argyr.

Quid modi, pater, amplexando facies?

(*resentfully*) Father! When is that hug going to end?



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Dem.

Fateor, gnate mi—

(somewhat embarrassed) I admit, my dear boy,—

Argyr.

Quid fatere?

Admit what?

Dem.

Me ex amore huius corruptum oppido.

That this lady is altogether too much for my sense of decorum.

Par.

Audin quid ait?

(to Artemona) Do you hear what he says?

Art.

Audio.

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.

(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.

Censen tu illum hodie primum ire adsuetum esse in ganeum?



(to *Artemona*) Do you think to-day is the first time that gentleman has used such resorts?

Art.

Ille ecastor suppilabat me, quod ancillas meas
susplicabar atque insontis miseris cruciabar.

Mercy on us! So he was the thief all those times I suspected my maids, yes, and tortured the poor innocent things.

Argyr.

Pater,
iube dari vinum; iam dudum factum est cum primum bibi. 890

Tell them to set the wine going, father; it seems an age since I had my first drink.

Dem.

Da, puere, ab summo. age, tu interibi ab infimo da saviū.

(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.

Perii misera, ut osculatur carnufex, capuli decus.

Oh-h-h! Good heavens! The way he kisses, the villain, fit only to grace a coffin!

Dem.

Edepol animam suaviorem aliquanto quam uxoris meae.

My word! Rather sweeter breath than my wife's!

Phil.

Dic amabo, an fetet anima uxoris tuae?

Do tell me, there's a dear—your wife's breath isn't bad, is it?

Dem.



Nauteam

bibere malim, si necessum sit, quam illam oscularier.

I'd rather drink bilge water, if it came to that, than kiss her.

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.

(*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.



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Miser ecastor es.

Goodness me, you poor thing!

Art.

Ecastor dignus est.

(*aside*) Goodness me, he deserves to be!

Argyr.

Quid ais, pater?
ecquid matrem amas?

Look here, father. Do you love my mother?

Dem.

Egone illam? nunc amo, quia non adest. 900

Love her? I? I love her now for not being near.

Argyr.

Quid cum adest?

And when she is near?

Dem.

Periisse cupio.

I yearn for a death in the family.

Par.

Amat homo hic te, ut praedicat.

(*to Artemona*) This gentleman is fond of you, it seems.

Art.

Ne illa ecastor faenerato funditat: nam si domum
redierit hodie. osculando ego ulciscar potissimum.



(*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.

lace, pater, talos, ut porro nos iaciamus.

(*pushing some dice toward Demaenetus*) Your throw, father: come, so that I can take my turn.

Dem.

Maxime.

te, Philaenium, mihi atque uxoris mortem, hoc Venerium est.
pueri, plaudite et mi ob iactum cantharo mulsum date.

By all means. (*as he throws*) Here's to you for me, Philaenium, and my wife for the tomb! (*looking at throw*) Ha! The Venus! [F] (*to servants*) A cheer, lads, and some mead from the tankard for that throw!

[Footnote F: The highest throw.]

Art.

Non queo durare.

(*aside to Parasite*) This is intolerable!

Par.

Si non didicisti fulloniam,
non mirandum est.[31] in oculos invadi optumum est.

(*aside to Artemona*) No wonder, if you never learned the fuller's[G] trade. Your best plan is to make a dash for his eyes.

[Footnote G: Fullers being accustomed to unpleasant smells.]

Art.

Ego pol vivam et tu istaec hodie cum tuo magno
malo invocavisti.

(*bursting into house*) My heavens, sir, I will live,
and you shall pay dear for that petition of yours just now!
(*tableau*)

Par.

Ecquis currit pollictorem accersere? 910

(gleefully) Run, some one, and fetch the undertaker!

Argyr.

Mater, salve.

(innocently) How do you do, mother?



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Art.

Sat salutis.

Enough of your how d'ye do-ing!

Par.

Mortuost Demaenetus. tempus est subducere hinc me; pulchre hoc gliscit proelium. ibo ad Diabolum, mandata dicam facta ut voluerit, atque interea ut decumbamus suadebo, hi dum litigant. (*aside*) Demaenetus is dead. Time for me to retire from the scene; the battle waxes finely. I'll off to Diabolus and tell him his mandates are executed to the letter, yes, and suggest our taking dinner meantime, while they fight it out. poste demum huc cras adducam ad lenam, ut viginti minas ei det, in partem hac amanti ut liceat ei potirier. Argyrippus exorari spero poterit, ut sinat sese alternas cum illo noctes hac frui. nam ni impetro, regem perdidit: ex amore tantum est homini incendium. Then to-morrow when it's over I'll bring him back to the Madame so that he may give her the eighty pounds and get her permission for his fond self to go shares in the girl here. I do hope Argyrippus can be induced to let him have her half the time. For if I don't get so much out of him, I have lost a patron—all one blaze of love, as the fellow is.

[EXIT *Parasite*.

Art.

Quid tibi hunc receptio ad te est meum virum?

(*to Philaenium*) What do you mean by receiving this man at your house—my husband?

Phil.

Pol me quidem 920
miseram odio enicavit.

Dear, dear! Why, I'm fairly bored to death by him, for my part.

Art.

Surge, amator, i domum.



(*standing over Demaenetus*) Get up, my gallant; home with you!

Dem.

Nullus sum.

(*half aside, afraid to move*) I'm a dead man!

Art.

Immo es, ne nega, omnium unus pol nequissimus.
at etiam cubat cuculus. surge amator, i domum.

Good gracious, no! You're the vilest man living, and you needn't deny it. But he's roosting there still, the cuckoo!
Get up, my gallant; home with you!

Dem.

Vae mihi.

(*half aside*) Oh, I'm in for it!

Art.

Vera hariolare. surge, amator, i domum.

You are a true prophet. Get up, my gallant; home with you!

Dem.

Abscede ergo paululum istuc.

Well then, do stand a bit farther off.

Art.

Surge, amator, i domum.

Get up, my gallant; home with you!

Dem.

Iam obsecro, uxor.



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For heaven's sake now, my dear!

Art.

Nunc uxorem me esse meministi tuam?
modo, cum dicta in me ingerebas, odium, non uxor eram.

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.

Dem.

Totus perii.

(half aside) It's all up with me, absolutely!

Art.

Quid tandem? anima fetetne uxoris tuae?

You really meant it, did you? Your dear's breath smells, does it?

Dem.

Murram olet.

(hastily) Smells of myrrh, myrrh!

Art.

Iam subrupuisti pallam, quam scorto dares?

(ironically) Have you stolen the mantle yet to give this creature?

Phil.

Ecaster qui subrupturum pallam promisit tibi. 930

He promised he would steal it from you, indeed he did!

Dem.

Non taces?



(*aside to Philaenium*) Shut up, won't you?

Argyr.

Ego dissuadebam, mater.

I tried to dissuade him, mother.

Art.

Bellum filium.

istoscine patrem aequom est mores liberis largirier?

nilne te pudet?

A pretty son! (*to Demaenetus*) Is this the way for a father
to edify his children? Is there nothing you're ashamed of?
(*helps him off the couch by the ear*)

Dem.

Pol, si aliud nil sit, tui me, uxor, pudet.

Oh Lord! You make me ashamed, my dear, if nothing else would.

Art.

Cano capite te cuculum uxor ex lustris rapit.

(*guiding him toward the door*) It's your dear that is
dragging you from this den of vice, your hoary-headed cuckoo!

Dem.

Non licet manere—cena coquitur—dum cenem modo?

Mayn't I stay—dinner's being cooked—just till I've dined?

Art.

Ecastor cenabis hodie, ut dignus es, magnum malum.

Good heavens, sir! You shall dine as you deserve today—on
dire distress.

Dem.

Male cubandum est: iudicatum me uxor abducit domum.



(*aside*) It's a poorish night I'm in for: here I am sentenced, and my wife leading me off—home. (*Argyrippus and Philaenium follow them to door*)

Argyr.

Dicebam, pater, tibi, ne matri consuleres male.

I kept telling you, father, not to play any tricks on mother.

Phil.

De palla memento, amabo.

Remember about the mantle, there's a dear!



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Dem.

Iuben hanc hinc abscedere?

(to wife) Tell her to get out of here, won't you?

Art.

I domum.

(jerking him along) Home with you!

Phil.

Da savium etiam prius quam abis.

Do give me another naughty, naughty kiss before we part.

Dem.

I in crucem. 940

Go to hell!

Phil.

Immo intro potius. sequere hac me, mi anime.

Oh no, inside, instead, *(to Argyrippus, as she goes back inside)* Come along with me, darling.

Argyr.

Ego vero sequor.

Indeed I will. [EXEUNT OMNES.]

GREX

EPILOGUE

(Spoken by the Company)



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. 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.

* * * * *

[Footnote 1: Leo brackets following v., 25-26:

ita me obstinate adgressu's, ut non audeam profecto, percontanti quin promam omnia.]

[Footnote 2: Leo brackets following v., 33:

ubi flent nequam homines, qui polentam pinsitant.]

[Footnote 3: Corrupt (Leo): *obsequellam* MSS:

obsequellam eam Acidalius.]

[Footnote 4: Leo brackets following v., 77:

volo amori obsecutum illius, volo amet me patrem.]

[Footnote 5: Corrupt (Leo): *venari autem rete iaculo* MSS:

reti, iaculo venari autem Vahlen.]

[Footnote 6: Leo notes lacuna here: *atqui ibi* MSS:

ibo atque ibi Camerarius.]

[Footnote 7: Corrupt (Leo): *experiri* MSS: *experi* Skutsch.]

[Footnote 8: Leo brackets following v., 252:

igitur inveniundo argento ut fingeres fallaciam.]

[Footnote 9: Leo notes lacuna here: *istuc* MSS:

istuc, istuc Palmer.]

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[Footnote 10: Corrupt (Leo): *exasciato Acidalius: exasceatum* MSS.]

[Footnote 11: Leo notes lacuna here: *da* MSS: *dare* Fleckeisen.]

[Footnote 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 vostris maledicis poenae pendentur mi hodie.]

[Footnote 13: *etiam nunc dico* MSS: Lindsay excises *nunc dico*.]

[Footnote 14: Leo brackets following v., 508:

Cle. An decorum est adversari meis te praeceptis? Phil. Quid est?]

[Footnote 15: Corrupt (Leo): *nobis* excised by Bothe.]

[Footnote 16: *quo est* Leo: not in MSS.]

[Footnote 17: Leo brackets following v., 547: *scapularum confidentia, virtute ulmorum freti*.]

[Footnote 18: *advorsum stetimus* Ussing: *qui advorsum stimulos* MSS.]

[Footnote 19: *Inductoresque* Acidalius and others: *indoctoresque* MSS.]

[Footnote 20: Leo brackets following v., 552—*qui saepe ante in nostras scapulas cicatrices indiderunt*—and assumes lacuna following.]

[Footnote 21: Corrupt (Leo): *collegae* MSS: *collegae mei* Leo.]

[Footnote 22: Leo brackets following v., 570: *ubi periuraris, ubi sacro manus sis admolitus*.]

[Footnote 23: Leo brackets following v., 573: *ubi amicae quam amico tuo fueris magis fidelis*.]

[Footnote 24: Corrupt (Leo): *interioris* MSS: *interior* Bothe.]

[Footnote 25: Corrupt (Leo): *atque ad me adgredire* Langen.]

[Footnote 26: Leo notes slight lacuna here:
amicae suae Gulielmius.]

[Footnote 27: Leo brackets following v., 828, 829:

Argyr. *Age, decumbamus sis, pater.* Dem. *Ut iusseris, mi gnate, ita fiet.* Argyr. *Pueri, mensam adponite.* 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.]

[Footnote 28: *et Pius: ut* MSS.]

[Footnote 29: Corrupt (Leo): *fui* Pylades: *fuera*m Leo.]

[Footnote 30: Corrupt (Leo). *hominem (aut)* Camerarius.]

[Footnote 31: *non mirandumst, (Artemona. Art.). In* Havet.]

* * * * *

[Transcriber's Corrections: *Asinaria* (*The Comedy of Asses*)



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Prologue, l. 11

Maccus vortit barbare

Maccus translated it

spelling of name unchanged

Il. 2.

not with a chariot and four, white horses

punctuation unchanged

Il. 3.

He'll be here soon, I fancy.

text reads *soon, I, fancy.*

Il. 4.

Trader: ... I don't know, by gad.

text reads *know by, gad.*]

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*	*	*	*	
*	*	*	*	*

AULULARIA

THE POT OF GOLD

* * * * *

ARGUMENTVM I

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (I)

Senex avarus vix sibi credens Euclio domi suae defossam multis cum opibus aulam invenit, rursumque penitus conditam exanguis amens servat. eius filiam Lyconides vitiat. interea senex Megadorus a sorore suasus ducere uxorem avari gnatam deposcit sibi. 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. durus senex vix promittit, atque aulae timens domo sublatam variis abstrudit locis. insidias servos facit huius Lyconidis qui virginem vitiat; atque ipse obsecrat 10 avonculum Megadorum sibimet



cedere uxorem amanti. per dolum mox Euclio cum perdidisset aulam, insperato invenit laetusque natam conlocat Lyconidi. 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.

ARGUMENTVM II

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (II)

Aulam repertam auri plenam Euclio Vi summa servat, miseris adfectus modis. Lyconides istius vitiat filiam. Volt 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. Euclio, on finding a pot full of gold, is dreadfully worried, and watches over it with the greatest vigilance. Lyconides wrongs



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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.

PERSONAE.

DRAMATIS 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

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.

PROLOGVS

PROLOGUE

LAR FAMILIARIS

SPOKEN BY EUCLIO'S HOUSEHOLD GOD

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 thesaurum auri clam omnis. in medio foco defodit, venerans me ut id servarem sibi. 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. is quoniam moritur—ita avido ingenio fuit— numquam indicare id filio voluit suo, 10 inopemque optavit potius eum relinquere, quam eum thesaurum commonstraret filio; agri reliquit ei non magnum modum, quo cum labore magno et misere viveret. When he died he could not bear—so covetous was he—to reveal its existence to his own son, and he chose to leave him penniless rather than apprise him of this treasure. Some land, a little only, he did leave him, whereon



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to toil and moil for a miserable livelihood. 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. item a me contra factum est, nam item obiit diem. 20 is ex se hunc reliquit qui hic nunc habitat filium pariter moratum ut pater avosque huius fuit. 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. 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, illa illum nescit, neque compressam autem pater. 30 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. Eam ego hodie faciam ut hic 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. 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.

sed hic senex iam clamat intus ut solet.
anum foras extrudit, ne sit conscia.
credo aurum inspicere volt, ne subreptum siet.

(*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.]

ACTVS I

ACT I

Eucl.

Exi, inquam. age exi. exeundum hercle tibi hinc est foras, 40
circumspectatrix cum oculis emissicis.



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(*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.

Nam cur me miseram verberas?

(*groaning*) Oh, what makes you go a-hitting a poor wretch like me, sir?

Eucl.

Ut misera sis
atque ut te dignam mala malam aetatem exigas.

(*savagely*) To make sure you are a poor wretch, so as to give a bad lot the bad time she deserves.

Staph.

Nam qua me nunc causa extrusisti ex aedibus?

Why, what did you push me out of the house for now?

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. 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.

Utinam me divi adaxint ad suspendium 50
potius quidem quam hoc pacto apud te servium.

(*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. (*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!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. 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. scelestiorem me hac anu certo scio 60 vidisse numquam, nimisque ego hanc metuo male, ne mi ex insidiis



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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.(*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.

Noenum mecastor quid ego ero dicam meo malae rei evenisse quamve insaniam, queo comminisci; ita me miseram ad hunc modum decies die uno saepe extrudit aedibus. 70 nescio pol quae illunc hominem intemperiae tenent; pervigilat noctes totas, tum autem interdus quasi claudus sutor domi sedet totos dies. 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. 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. 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.

I. 2.

Scene 2.

RE-ENTER *Euclio* FROM HOUSE.

Eucl.

Nunc defaecato demum animo egredior domo,
postquam perspexi salva esse intus omnia. 80
redi nunciam intro atque intus serva.

(*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.



Quippini? ego intus servem? an ne quis aedes auferat? nam hic apud nos nihil est aliud quaesti furibus, ita inaniis sunt oppletae atque araneis.(*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.



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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. 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. abi intro, occlude ianuam. iam ego hic ero cave quemquam alienum in aedis intro miseris 90 quod quispiam ignem quaerat, extingui volo, ne causae quid sit quod te quisquam quaeritet nam si ignis vivet, ut extinguere extempulo. 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. 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 volo intro mitti. atque etiam hoc praedico tibi si Bona Fortuna veniat, ne intro miseris 100 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 agone—there! Yes, and what's more, listen here, if Dame Fortune herself comes along, don't you let her in.

Staph.

Pol ea ipsa credo ne intro mittatur cavet,
nam ad aedis nostras numquam adit, quamquam prope est.

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.

Tace atque abi intro.

Keep still and go inside. (*advances on her*)

Staph.

Taceo atque abeo.

(*hurrying out of reach*) I'm still, sir, I'm going!

Eucl.

Occlude sis
fores ambobus pessulis. iam ego hic ero.

Mind you lock the door, both bolts. I'll soon be back.
[EXIT *Staphyla* INTO HOUSE.]

discrucior animi, quia ab domo abeundum est mihi. 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.
110 nam non est veri simile, hominem pauperem pauxillum parvi facere quin nummum
petat. It's agony having to leave the

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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. *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 rursum quantum potero tantum recipiam.* 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*]

ACTVS II

ACT II

ENTER *Eunomia* AND *Megadorus* FROM LATTER'S HOUSE

Eun.

Velim te arbitrari med haec verba, frater, 120 mei fidei tuaeque 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 saeculo. 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." *verum hoc, frater, unum tamen cogitato, tibi proximam me mihi que esse item te; ita aequom est quod in rem esse utrique arbitremur et mihi te et tibi me consulere et monere;* 130 *neque occultum id haberi neque per metum mussari, quin participem pariter ego te et tu me ut facias, eo nunc ego secreto te huc foras seduxi, ut tuam rem ego tecum hic loquerer familiarem.* 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.



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Da mi, optuma femina, manum.

(warmly) Let's have your hand, you best of women!

Eun.

Ubi ea est? quis ea est nam optuma?

(pretending to look about) Where is she? Who on earth is that best of women?

Mega.

Tu.

Yourself.

Eun.

Tune ais?

You say that—you?

Mega.

Si negas, nego.

(banteringly) Oh well, if you deny it—

Eun.

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.

Mega.

Idem ego arbitror, 140
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.



Eun.

Da mihi operam amabo.

Now do give me your attention, there's a dear.

Mega.

Tuast, utere atque impera, si quid vis.

It is all your own; use me, command me—anything you wish.

Eun.

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.

Mega

Soror, more tuo facis.

Quite like you, sister.

Eun.

Factum volo.

I certainly hope so.

Mega.

Quid est id, soror?

And what is this something, my dear?

Eun.

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.

Mega.

Ei occidi.



Oh-h-h, murder!

Eun.

Quid ita? 150

How so?

Mega.

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.

Eun.

Heia, hoc face quod te iubet soror.

Now, now, do what your sister tells you.

Mega.

Si lubeat, faciam.



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I would, if it appealed to me.

Eun.

In rem hoc tuam est.

It would be a good thing for you.

Mega.

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. (*pause*) 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!

Eun.

Cum maxima possum tibi, frater, dare dote;
sed est grandior natu: media est mulieris aetas.
eam si iubes, frater, tibi me poscere, poscam. 160

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.

Mega.

Num non vis me interrogare te?

You don't mind my asking you a question, I dare say?

Eun.

Immo, si quid vis, roga.

Why, of course not; anything you like.

Mega.

Post mediam aetatem qui media ducit uxorem domum,
si eam senex anum praegnatem fortuito fecerit,
quid dubitas, quin sit paratum nomen puero Postumus?



Now supposing a man pretty well on in life marries a lady of maturity and this aged female 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]

[Footnote A: The last born, or born after the father's death.]

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 servitutum sumptibus redigunt viros. 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.

Dic mihi, quaeso, quis ea est quam vis ducere uxorem?

For mercy's sake tell me who you do want to marry, then!

Mega.

Eloquar. 170

nostin hunc senem Euclionem ex proximo pauperculum?

I'm going to. You know the old gentleman—rather hard up, poor fellow,—that lives next door, Euclio?



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Eun.

Novi, hominem haud malum mecastor.

Yes indeed. Why, he seems quite nice.

Mega.

Eius cupio filiam
virginem mihi desponderi. verba ne facias, soror.
scio quid dictura es: hanc esse pauperem. haec pauper placet.

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.

Di bene vortant.

God's blessing on your choice, dear!

Mega.

Idem ego spero.

I trust so.

Eun.

Quid me? num quid vis?

(*about to leave*) Well, there's nothing I can do?

Mega.

Vale.

Yes—take good care of yourself.

Eun.

Et tu, frater.

You too, brother. [EXIT *Eunomia*.]

Mega.

Ego conveniam Euclionem, si domi est.
sed eccum video. nescio unde sese homo recipit domum.

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.

II. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Euclio*.

Eucl.

Praesagibat mi animus frustra me ire, quom exhibam domo; itaque abibam invitus; nam neque quisquam curialium venit neque magister quem dividere argentum oportuit. 180 nunc domum properare propero, nam egomet sum hic, animus domi est. (*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.

Salvos atque fortunatus, Euclio, semper sies.

(*advancing with outstretched hand*) Good day to you,
Euclio, yes, and the best of everything to you always!

Eucl.

Di te ament, Megadore.

(*taking hand gingerly*) God bless you, Megadorus.

Mega.

Quid tu? recten atque ut vis vales?

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 blandius.

(*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.



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Ain tu te valere?

You say you are well?

Eucl.

Pol ego haud perbene a pecunia.

Heavens, no: I feel low, very low—in funds.

Mega.

Pol si est animus aequos tibi. sat habes qui bene vitam colas.

(cheerily) Well, well, man, if you have a contented mind,
you've got enough to enjoy life with.

Eucl.

Anus hercle huic indicium fecit de auro, perspicue palam est.
cui ego iam linguam praecidam atque oculos effodiam domi.

(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.

Quid tu solus tecum loquere?

What is that you're saying to yourself?

Eucl.

Meam pauperiem conqueror. 190
virginem habeo grandem, dote cassam atque inlocabilem,
neque eam queo locare cuiquam.

(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.

Tace, bonum habe animum, Euclio.
dabitur, adiuvabere a me. dic, si quid opust, impera.



(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.

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.*(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.

Da mi operam parumper. paucis, Euclio, est quod te volo
de communi re appellare mea et tua.

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.

Ei misero mihi, 200
aurum mi intus harpagatum est. nunc hic eam rem volt scio,
mecum adire ad pactionem. verum intervisam domum.

(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)*

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Mega.

Quo abis?

Where are you off to?

Eucl.

Iam ad te revortar. nunc est quod visam domum.

Just a moment!... I'll be back ... the fact is ... I must see to something at home. [EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

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.

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.

Di me servant, salva res est. salvom est si quid non perit
nimis male timui. prius quam intro redii, exanimatus fui.
redeo ad te, Megadore, si quid me vis.

(*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 you want anything of me.

Mega.

Habeo gratiam.
quaeso, quod te percontabor, ne id te pigeat pro loqui. 210

Thanks. Now I trust you won't mind answering the questions I'm going to ask.

Eucl.

Dum quidem ne quid perconteris quod non lubeat proloqui.



(*cautiously*) No-no—that is, if you don't ask any I don't like to answer.

Mega.

Dic mihi. quali me arbitrare genere prognatum?

Frankly now, what do you think of my family connections?

Eucl.

Bono.

(*grudgingly*) Good.

Mega.

Quid fide?

And my sense of honour?

Eucl.

Bona.

Good.

Mega.

Quid factis?

And my general conduct?

Eucl.

Neque malis neque improbis.

Not bad, not disreputable.

Mega.

Aetatem meam scis?

You know my age?

Eucl.

Scio esse grandem, item ut pecuniam.

Getting on, getting on, I know that—(*aside*) financially, too.



Mega.

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.

Eucl.

Aurum huic olet.
quid nunc me vis?

(*aside*) He's got a whiff of my gold. (*aloud*) Well, what
do you want?



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Mega.

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.

Eucl.

Heia, Megadore, haud decorum facinus tuis factis facis, 220
ut inopem atque innoxium abs te atque abs tuis me inrideas.
nam de te neque re neque verbis merui ut faceres quod facis.

(*whining*) 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.

Mega.

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.

Eucl.

Cur igitur poscis meam gnatam tibi?

Then why are you asking for my daughter?

Mega.

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.

Eucl.

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 te bovem esse et me esse asellum: ubi tecum coniunctus siem, ubi onus nequeam ferre pariter, iaceam ego asinus in luto, 230 tu me bos magis haud respicias, gnatus quasi numquam siem. 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 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. et te utar iniquiore et meus me ordo inrideat, neutrobi habeam stabile stabulum, si quid divorti fuat: asini me mordicibus scindant, boves incursent cornibus. hoc magnum est periculum, ab asinis ad boves transcendere. 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.

Quam ad probos propinquitatem proxime te adiunxeris.
tam optimum est. tu condicionem hanc accipe, ausculta mihi,
atque eam responde mi.



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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.

At nihil est dotis quod dem.

But not one penny of dowry can I give.

Mega.

Ne duas.
dum modo morata recte veniat, dotata est satis.

Don't. Only let me have a girl that's good, and she has dowry enough.

Eucl.

Eo dico, ne me thensauros repperisse censeas. 240

(*forcing a laugh*) I mention this just so that you mayn't think I've found some treasure.

Mega.

Novi, ne doceas. desponde.

Yes, yes, I understand. Promise.

Eucl.

Fiat. sed pro Iuppiter,
num ego disperii?

So be it. (*aside, starting at noise*) Oh, my God! Can it be I'm ruined, ruined?

Mega.

Quid tibi est?

What's the matter?

Eucl.



Quid crepuit quasi ferrum modo?

That noise? What was it—a sort of clinking sound?
[EXIT INTO HOUSE HURRIEDLY.]

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 congregiri, per metum male rem gerit. idem, quando occasio illaec periit, post sero cupit. (*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.

Si hercle ego te non elinguandam dedero usque ab radicibus, 250
impero auctorque ego sum, ut tu me cuivis castrandum loces.

(*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.

Video hercle ego te me arbitrari, Euclio, hominem idoneum,
quem senecta aetate ludos facias, haud merito meo.

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.



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Eucl.

Neque edepol, Megadore, facio, neque. si cupiam, copia est.

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?

(*doubtfully*) Well now, do you mean I am to have your
daughter?

Eucl.

Illis legibus,
cum illa dote quam tibi dixi.

On the understanding she goes with the dowry I mentioned.

Mega.

Sponden ergo?

You consent, then?

Eucl.

Spondeo.

I consent.

Mega.

Di bene vertant.

And may God prosper us!

Eucl.

Ita di faxint. illud facito ut memineris
convenisse ut ne quid dotis mea ad te afferret filia.

Yes, yes,—and mind you remember our agreement about the
dowry: she doesn't bring you a single penny.



Mega.

Memini.

I remember.

Eucl.

At scio quo vos soleatis pacto perplexarier.
pactum non pactum est, non pactum pactum est, quod vobis lubet. 260

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.

Nulla controversia mihi tecum erit. sed nuptias
num quae causa est quin faciamus hodie?

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.

Immo edepol optuma.

Dear, dear, no! The very thing, the very thing!

Mega.

Ibo igitur, parabo. numquid me vis?

I'll go and make arrangements, then, (*turning to leave*)
Anything else I can do?

Eucl.

Istuc. ei et vale.

Only that. Go along. Good-bye.

Mega.

Heus, Pythodice, sequere propere me ad macellum strenue.

(*calling at the door of his house*) Hey, Pythodicus! quick!
[ENTER Pythodicus] Down to the market with me—come, look
alive! [EXEUNT.

Eucl.

Illic hinc abiit. di immortales, obsecro, aurum quid valet.[1] (265) id inhiat, ea affinitatem hanc obstinavit gratia. (267) Ubi tu es, quae deblateravisti iam vicinis omnibus, meae me filiae daturum dotem? heus, Staphyla, te voco. ecquid audis?(*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!

II. 3.



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Scene 3.

ENTER *Staphyla*.

Eucl.

Vascula intus pure propera atque elue: 270
filiam despondi ego: hodie huic nuptum Megadoro dabo.

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.

Di bene vortant. verum ecastor non potest, subitum est nimis.

God bless them! (*hastily*) Goodness, though! It can't be
done. This is too sudden.

Eucl.

Tace atque abi. curata fac sint cum a foro redeam domum;
atque aedis occlude; iam ego hic adero.

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.

Quid ego nunc agam? 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 ecastor malum maerore metuo ne mixtum bibam. What shall I do now? Now we're
all but ruined, the young mistress and me: now it's all but public 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.

II. 4.

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.

Postquam obsonavit erus et conduxit coquos 280
tibicinasque hasce apud forum, edixit mihi
ut dispertirem obsonium hic bifariam.

(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.

Me quidem hercle, dicam tibi palam, non divides.
si quo tu totum me ire vis, operam dabo.

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.

Bellum et pudicum vero prostibulum popli.
post si quis vellet, te hand non velles dividi.



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(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.

Atque ego istuc, Anthrax, alio vorsum dixeram,
non istuc quo tu insimulas. sed erus nuptias
meus hodie faciet.

Now, now, Anthrax, I mean that otherwise from what you make out. Look here, my master's marrying to-day.

Anthr.

Cuius ducit filiam?

Who's the lady?

Pyth.

Vicini huius Euclionis senis e proximo. 290
ei adeo obsoni hinc iussit dimidium dari,
cocum alterum itidemque alteram tibicinam.

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.

Nempe huc dimidium dicis, dimidium domum?

You mean to say half goes to him and half to you folks?

Pyth.

Nempe sicut dicis.

Just what I do mean.

Anthr.

Quid? hic non poterat de suo
senex obsonari filiai nuptiis?



I say, couldn't the old boy pay for the catering for his daughter's wedding his own self?

Pyth.

Vah.

(*scornfully*) Pooh!

Anthr.

Quid negotist?

What's the matter?

Pyth.

Quid negoti sit rogas?
pumex non aeque est aridus atque hic est senex.

The matter, eh? You couldn't squeeze as much out of that old chap as you could out of a pumice stone.

Anthr.

Ain tandem?

(*incredulously*) Oh, really now!

Pyth.

Ita esse ut dixi. tute existuma: quin divom atque hominum clamat continue fidem,[2] suam rem periisse seque eradicarier, 300 de suo tigillo fumus si qua exit foras. quin cum it dormitum, follem obstringit ob gulam. 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 beggarly fire manages to get out of his house. Why, when he goes to bed he strings a bag over his jaws.

Anthr.

Cur?

What for?

Pyth.

Ne quid animae forte amittat dormiens.

So as not to chance losing any breath when he's asleep.



Anthr.

Etiamue obturat inferiorem gutturem,
ne quid animai forte amittat dormiens?

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?



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Pyth.

Haec mihi te ut tibi med aequom est, credo, credere.

(*ingenuously*) You should believe me, I believe, just as I should believe you.

Anthr.

Immo equidem credo.

(*hurriedly*) Oh, no, no! I do believe, of course!

Pyth.

At scin etiam quomodo?
aquam hercle plorat, cum lavat, profundere.

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.

Anthr.

Censen talentum magnum exorari pote
ab istoc sene ut det, qui fiamus liberi? 310

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?

Pyth.

Famem hercle utendam si roges, numquam dabit.
quin ipsi pridem tonsor unguis dempserat:
collegit, omnia abstulit praesegmina.

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.

Anthr.

Edepol mortalem parce parcum praedicas.

My goodness, he's quite a tight one, from what you say.



Pyth.

Censen vero adeo esse parcum et miserum vivere? pulmentum pridem ei eripuit milvos: homo ad praetorem plorabundus devenit; inquit ibi postulare plorans, eiulans, ut sibi liceret milvom vadarius. sescenta sunt quae memorem, si sit otium. 320 sed uter vestrorum est celerior? memora mihi. 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, blubbing 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. (*to both cooks*) But which of you is the quicker? Tell me that.

Anthr.

Ego, et multo melior.

I am, and a whole lot better, too.

Pyth.

Cocum ego, non furem rogo.

At cooking I mean, not thieving.

Anthr.

Cocum ergo dico.

Well, I mean cooking.

Pyth.

Quid tu ais?

(*to Congrio*) And how about you?

Cong.

Sic sum ut vides.

(*with a meaning glance at Anthrax*) I'm what I look.

Anthr.

Cocus ille nundinalis, in nonum diem solet ire coctum.

He's nothing but a market-day cook, that chap: he only gets a job once a week.



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Cong.

Tun, trium litterarum homo
me vituperas? fur.

You running me down, you? You five letter man, you! You
T-H-I-E-F!

Anthr.

Etiam fur, trifurcifer.

Five letter man yourself! Yes, and five times—penned!

II. 5.

Scene 5.

Pyth.

Tace nunciam tu, atque agnum hinc uter est pinguior
cape atque abi intro ad nos.

(*to Anthrax*) Come, come, shut up, you: and this fattest
lamb here, (*pointing*) take it and go over to our house.

Anthr.

Licet.

(*grinning triumphantly at Congrio*) Aye, aye, sir.

[EXIT *Anthrax* INTO HOUSE OF *Megadorus* LEADING LAMB.]

Pyth.

Tu, Congrio, quem illic reliquit agnum, eum sume atque abi [3]intro illuc, et vos illum
sequimini. vos ceteri ite huc ad nos. 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.

Hercle iniuria 330
dispertivisti: pinguiozem agnum isti habent.



Hang it! That's no way to divide: they've got the fattest lamb.

Pyth.

At nunc tibi dabitur pinguior tibicina.
i sane cum illo, Phrugia. tu autem, Eleusium,
huc intro abi ad nos.

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.

O Pythodice subdole, hucine detrusti me ad senem parcissimum? ubi si quid poscam, usque ad ravim poscam prius quam quicquam detur.

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.

Stultus et sine gratia es.
[4]tibi recte facere, quando quod facias perit.

An ungrateful blockhead is what you are. The idea of doing you a favour, when it's only thrown away!

Cong.

Qui vero?

Eh? How so?

Pyth.



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Rogitas? iam principio in aedibus turba istic nulla tibi erit: siquid uti voles, 340 domo abs te adfero, ne operam perdas poscere. his autem apud nos magna turba ac familia est supellex, aurum, vestis, vasa argentea: 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. 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. 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.

Sequor.

(*sulkily*) Coming. (*he and the rest follow*)

II. 6.

Scene 6.

Pyth.

Heus, Staphyla, prodi atque ostium aperi.

(*knocking at door*) Hey! Staphyla! Come here and open the door.

Staph.

Qui vocat? 350

(*within*) Who is it?

Pyth.

Pythodicus.

Pythodicus.



Staph.

Quid vis?

(sticking her head out) What do you want?

Pyth.

Hos ut accipias coquos
tibicinamque obsoniumque in nuptias.
Megadorus iussit Euclioni haec mittere.

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.

Cererin, Pythodice, has sunt facturi nuptias?

(examining the provisions disappointedly) Whose festival are they going to celebrate, Pythodicus? Ceres'?

Pyth.

Qui?

Why hers?

Staph.

Quia temeti nihil allatum intellego.

Well, no tipples[B] been brought, as I notice.

[Footnote B: The use of wine was forbidden at the festival called the *Cererin nuptiae*.]

Pyth.



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At iam afferetur, si a foro ipsus redierit.

But there'll be some all right when the old gent gets back
from the forum.

Staph.

Ligna hic apud nos nulla sunt.

We haven't got any firewood in the house.

Cong.

Sunt asseres?

Any rafters in it?

Staph

Sunt pol.

Mercy, yes.

Cong.

Sunt igitur ligna, ne quaeras foris.

There's firewood in it, then: never mind going for any.

Staph.

Quid, impurate? quamquam Volcano studes,
cenaene causa aut tuae mercedis gratia 360
nos nostras aedis postulas comburere?

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.

Haud postulo.

(*shrinking back*) I don't, I don't!

Pyth.



Duc istos intro.

Take 'em inside.

Staph.

Sequimini.

(*brusquely*) This way with you.

[EXEUNT *Congrio* AND OTHERS INTO *Euclio*'s HOUSE.]

II. 7.

Scene 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. (*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. si autem deorsum comedent, si quid coxerint, superi incenati sunt et cenati inferi. sed verba hic facio, quasi negoti nil siet, rapacidarum ubi tantum sit in aedibus. 370 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*.]

II. 8.

Scene 8.

ENTER *Euclio* FROM FORUM CARRYING A SMALL PACKAGE AND A FEW FORLORN FLOWERS.

Eucl.



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Volui animum tandem confirmare hodie meum, ut bene me haberem filiai nuptiis. venio ad macellum, rogo pisces: indicant caros; agninam caram, caram bubulam, vitulinam, cetum, porcinam: cara omnia. atque eo fuerunt cariora, aes non erat. abeo iratus illinc, quoniam nihil est qui emam. 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 having any money! It just made me furious, and seeing I couldn't buy anything, I up and left. ita illis impuris omnibus adii manum. deinde egomet mecum cogitare intervias occepi: festo die si quid prodegeris, 380 profesto egere liceat, nisi peperceris. postquam, hanc rationem ventri cordique edidi, accessit animus ad meam sententiam, quam minimo sumptu filiam ut nuptum darem. 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. 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 strepitus intus. numnam ego compilor miser? 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.

Aulam maiorem, si pote, ex vicinia 390
pete: haec est parva, capere non quit.

(*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.

Ei mihi, perii hercle. aurum rapitur, aula quaeritur.[5] (392) Apollo, quaeso, subveni mi atque adiuva, (394) confige sagittis fures thesaurarios, si cui in re tali iam subvenisti antidhac. sed cesso prius quam prorsus perii currere? 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*.

II. 9.

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Scene 9.

ENTER *Anthrax* FROM HOUSE OF *Megadorus*.

Anthr.

Dromo, desquama piscis. tu, Machaerio, congrum, murenam exdorsua quantum potest. ego hinc artoptam ex proximo utendam peto 400 a Congrione. tu istum gallum, si sapis, glabriorem reddes mihi quam volsus ludiust. (*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.

sed quid hoc clamoris oritur hinc ex proximo?
coqui hercle, credo, faciunt officium suom.
fugiam intro, ne quid turbae hic itidem fuat.

(*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.]

ACTVS III

ACT III

ENTER *Congrio* AND HIS ASSOCIATES TUMBLING OUT OF
Euclio's HOUSE, SLAMMING DOOR BEHIND THEM.

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 coquinatum,
ita me miserum et meos discipulos fustibus male contuderunt.
totus doleo atque oppido perii,
ita me iste habuit senex gymnasium; 410

(*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! attat, perii hercle ego miser, aperit bacchanal. adest, 411a sequitur. scio quam rem geram: hoc ipsus



magister me docuit. 412a neque ligna ego usquam gentium praeberi vidi pulchrius, itaque omnis exegit foras, me atque hos, onustos fustibus. (*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*) why, when he drove the lot of us out he let us have big sticks of it, all we could stagger under.

III. 2.



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Scene 2.

Eucl.

Redi. quo fugis nunc? tene, tene.

(going into street) Come back! Where are you running to now? Stop him, stop him!

Cong.

Quid, stolidi, clamas?

What are you yelling for, stupid?

Eucl.

Quia ad tris viros iam ego deferam nomen tuum.

Because I am going to report your name to the police this instant.

Cong.

Quam ob rem?

Why?

Eucl.

Quia cultrum habes.

Well, you carry a knife.

Cong.

Cocum decet.

And so a cook should.

Eucl.

Quid comminatus
mihi?

And how about your threatening me?



Cong.

Istud male factum arbitror, quia non latus fodi.

It's a pity I didn't jab it through you, I'm thinking.

Eucl.

Homo nullust te scelestior qui vivat hodie
neque quoui ego de industria amplius male plus libens faxim. 420

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.

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?

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.

Quae res?
etiam rogitas? an quia minus quam aequom erat feci?

What's that? You dare ask me? Didn't I do my duty by you—is
that it? (*lifts cudgel*)

Cong.

Sine, at hercle cum magno malo tuo, si hoc caput sentit.

(*backing away*) All right: but by gad, you'll pay heavy for
it, or I'm a numskull.

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.

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.

Tace ergo.
quia venimus coctum ad nuptias.

Well then, shut up. We came to cook for the wedding, that's all.

Eucl.

Quid tu, malum, curas,
utrum crudum an coctum ego edim, nisi tu mi es tutor? 430



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And how does it concern you, curse you, whether I eat my food cooked or take it raw—unless you are my guardian?

Cong.

Volo scire, sinas an non sinas nos coquere his cenam?

Are you going to let us cook dinner here or not? That's what I want to know.

Eucl.

Volo scire ego item, meae domi mean salva futura?

Yes, and I want to know whether my things at home will be safe?

Cong.

Utinam mea mihi modo auferam, quae adtuli, salva: me haud paenitet, tua ne expetam.

All I hope is I can get safe away with my own things that I brought there. That'll do for me: don't worry about my hankering for anything you own.

Eucl.

Scio, ne doce, novi.

(*incredulous*) I know. You needn't go on. I quite understand.

Cong.

Quid est qua prohibes nunc gratia nos coquere hic cenam? quid fecimus, quid diximus tibi secus quam velles?

Why won't you let us cook dinner here now? What have we done? What have we said that you didn't like?

Eucl.

Etiam rogitas, scelestes homo, qui angulos in omnis mearum aedium et conclavium mihi pervium facitis? ibi ubi tibi erat negotium, ad focum si adesses, non fissile auferres caput: merito id tibi factum est. 440A 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. 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. (*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.

Quo abis? redi rursum. 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 mercede dest opus. (*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.

III. 3.



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Scene 3.

RE-ENTER *Euclio* FROM HOUSE WITH OBJECT UNDER HIS CLOAK.

Eucl.

Hoc quidem hercle, quoquo ibo, mecum erit, mecum feram, neque isti id in tantis periclis umquam committam ut siet. 450 ite sane nunciam omnes, et coqui et tibicinae, etiam intro duce, si vis, vel gregem venalium, coquite, facite, festinate nunciam, quantum libet. (*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.

Temperi, postquam implevisti fusti fissorum caput.

A nice time for it, after you've clubbed my head till it's all cracks!

Eucl.

Intro abite, opera huc conducta est vostra, non oratio.

In with you. You were engaged to get up a dinner here, not a declamation.

Cong.

Heus, senex, pro vapulando hercle ego abs te mercedem petam. coctum ego, non vapulatum, dudum conductus fui.

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.

Lege agito mecum. molestus ne sis. i et cenam coque, aut abi in malum cruciatum ab aedibus.

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.

Abi tu modo.

You just get to—(*mildly, as he pushes in past him*) one side, then. [EXEUNT *Congrio* AND HIS ASSOCIATES INTO HOUSE.]

III. 4.

Scene 4.

Eucl.

Illic hinc abiit. di immortales, facinus audax incipit 460 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.(*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!condigne etiam meus med intus gallus gallinacius,

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qui erat anu peculiaris, perdidit paenissime. ubi erat haec defossa, occepit ibi scalpurrere ungulis circum circa. quid opust verbis? ita mihi pectus peracuit: capio fustem, obtrunco gallum, furem manifestarium. 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! credo edepol ego illi mercedem gallo pollicitos coquos, 470 si id palam fecisset. exemi ex manu[8] manubrium.[9] (471) sed Megadorus meus affinis eccum incedit a foro. (473) iam hunc non ausim praeterire, quin consistam et conloquar. 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.

III. 5.

Scene 5.

ENTER *Megadorus*.

Mega.

Narravi amicis multis consilium meum
de condicione hac. Euclionis filiam
laudent. sapienter factum et consilio bono.

(*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. nam meo quidem animo si idem faciant ceteri opulentiores, pauperiorum filias ut indotatas ducant uxores domum, 480 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. 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. 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. namque hoc qui dicat "quo illae nubent divites dotatae, si istud ius pauperibus ponitur?" 490 It's just the thing for the vast majority of the people; the fight comes with a handful of greedy fellows so stingy and

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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?" 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. 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.

Ita me di amabunt ut ego hunc ausculto lubens.
nimis lepide fecit verba ad parsimoniam.

(*aside*) God bless my soul, how I do love to hear him
talk! Those thoughts of his about economizing—beautiful,
beautiful!

Mega.

Nulla igitur dicat "equidem dotem ad te adtuli maiorem multo quam tibi erat pecunia; enim mihi quidem aequomst purpuram atque aurum dari, 500 ancillas, mulos, muliones, pedisequos, salutigerulos pueros, vehicla qui vehar." Then you wouldn't hear them saying: "Well, sir, 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.

Ut matronarum hic facta pernovit probe.
moribus praefectum mulierum hunc factum velim.

(*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.

Nunc quoquo venias plus plaustorum in aedibus
videas quam ruri, quando ad villam veneris.
sed hoc etiam pulchrum est praequam ubi sumptus petunt.



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. stat fullo, phyrigio, aurifex, lanarius; caupones patagiarii, indusiarii, flammarii, volarii, carinarii; 510 stant manulearii, stant[10] murobatharii, propolae linteones, calceolarii; sedentarii sutores diabathrarii, solearii astant, astant molocinarii;[11] (514) stropharii astant, astant semul sonarii. (516) The cleanser, the ladies' tailor, the jeweller, the woollen worker—they're all hanging round. And there are the dealers



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in flounces 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. iam hosce absolutes censeas: cedunt, petunt treceni, cum stant thylacistae in atriis textores limbularii, arcularii. ducuntur, datur aes. iam absolutos censeas, 520 cum incedunt infectores corcotarii, aut aliqua mala crux semper est, quae aliquid petat. 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.

Compellarem ego illum, ni metuam ne desinat
memorare mores mulierum: nunc sic sinam.

(*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.

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. 530 spes prorogatur militi in alium diem. 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. 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? 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?

III. 6.

Scene 6.

Eucl.

Nimium lubenter edi sermonem tuom.



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Gratified, highly gratified with your discourse—I devoured it.

Mega.

An audivisti?

Eh? you heard?

Eucl.

Usque a principio omnia.

Every word of it.

Mega.

Tamen meo quidem animo aliquanto facias rectius,
si nitidior sis filiai nuptus. 540

(*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.

Pro re nitorem et gloriam pro copia qui habent, meminerunt sese unde oriundi sient.
neque pol, Megadore, mihi neque quoiquam pauperi opinione melius res structa est
domi.(*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.

Immo est quod satis est, et di faciant ut siet
plus plusque et istuc sospitent quod nunc habes.

(*genially*) Ah well, you've got enough, and heaven make it
more and more, and bless you in what you have now.

Eucl.

Illud mihi verbum non placet "quod nunc habes."
tam hoc scit me habere quam egomet. anus fecit palam.



(*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.

Quid tu te solus e senatu sevocas?

(*pleasantly*) Why that secret session over there?

Eucl.

Pol ego ut te accusem merito meditabar.

(*taken aback*) I was—damme sir,—I was framing the complaint against you that you deserve.

Mega.

Quid est? 550

What for?

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; 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! 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—Why, Argus, who had eyes all over



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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—

[Footnote C: Geryon was a giant with three heads and bodies.]

Mega.

Pol vel legionis sat est. 560
etiam agnum misi.

Bless my soul! Why, there's enough for a regiment. I sent you a lamb, too.

Eucl.

Quo quidem agno sat scio
magis curiosam[12] nusquam esse ullam beluam.

Yes, and a more shearable beast than that same lamb doesn't exist, I know that.

Mega.

Volo ego ex te scire qui sit agnus curio.

I wish you would tell me how the lamb is shearable.

Eucl.

Quia ossa ac pellis totust, ita cura macet.
quin exta inspicere in sole ei vivo licet:
ita is pellucet quasi lanterna Punica.

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.

[Footnote D: Perhaps of glass, of which the Phoenicians were reputedly the inventors.]

Mega.

Caedundum conduxī ego illum.

(protestingly) I got that lamb in myself to be slaughtered.

Eucl.

Tum tu idem optumumst
loces efferendum; nam iam, credo, mortuost.

(dryly) Then you'd best put it out yourself to be buried,
for I do believe it's dead already.

Mega.

Potare ego hodie, Euclio, tecum volo.

(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.

(frightened) None for me, sir, none for me! Carouse! Oh my
Lord!

Mega.

At ego iussero 570
cadum unum vini veteris a me adferrier.

But see here, I'll just have a cask of good old wine brought
over from my cellars.

Eucl.

Nolo hercle, nam mihi bibere decretum est aquam.

No, no! I don't care for any! The fact is I am resolved to
drink nothing but water.

Mega.

Ego te hodie reddam madidum, si vivo, probe,
tibi cui decretum est bibere aquam.

(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."



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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.*(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.

Ego, nisi quid me vis, eo lavatum, ut sacrificem.

(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.

Edepol, ne tu, aula, multos inimicos habes 580 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 concredue. ibo ad te fretus tua, Fides, fiducia.*(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*.]

ACTVS IV

ACT IV

ENTER *Strobilus*.

Strob.

Hoc est servi facinus frugi, facere quod ego persequor, ne morae molestiaeque imperium erile habeat sibi. nam qui ero ex sententia servire servos postulat, in erum matura, in se sera condecet capessere. 590 sin dormitet, ita dormitet, servom sese ut cogitet.[13] (591)*(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. erile[14] imperium ediscat, ut quod frons velit oculi sciant; (599) quod iubeat citis quadrigis citius properet persequi. 600 qui ea curabit, abstinebit censione bubula, nec sua opera rediget umquam in splendorem compedes. 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.

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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. 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. 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.

IV. 2.

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. edepol ne illic pulchram praedam agat, si quis illam invenerit 610 aulam onustam auri; verum id te quaeso ut prohibeas, Fides. (*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! 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. (*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.

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. (*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.



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ibo hinc intro, perscrutabor fanum, si inveniam uspiam 620 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. 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.]

IV. 3.

Scene 3.

RE-ENTER *Euclio* FROM HOUSE.

Eucl.

Non temere est quod corvos cantat mihi nunc ab laeva manu; semul radebat pedibus terram et voce croccibat sua: continuo meum cor coepit artem facere ludicram atque in pectus emicare. sed ego cesso currere?(*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.]

IV. 4.

Scene 4.

A FEW MOMENTS ELAPSE. THEN THE SOUND OF A SCUFFLE DOWN THE STREET. RE-ENTER *Euclio* DRAGGING *Strobilus*.

Eucl.

I foras, lumbrice, qui sub terra erepsisti modo,
qui modo nusquam comparebas, nunc, cum compares, peris,
ego pol te, praestrigiator, miseris iam accipiam modis. 630

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.



Quae te mala crux agitat? quid tibi mecum est commercii, senex?
quid me adflictas? quid me raptas? qua me causa verberas?

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.

Verberabilissime, etiam rogitas, non fur, sed trifur?

(still pummelling him) Mean, eh? You batterissimo. You're
not a thief: you're three thieves.

Strob.

Quid tibi surrupui?

What did I steal from you?

Eucl.

Redde huc sis.

(threateningly) You kindly give it back.

Strob.

Quid tibi vis reddam?

Back? What back?



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Eucl.

Rogas?

A nice question!

Strob.

Nil equidem tibi abstuli.

I didn't take a thing from you, honestly.

Eucl.

At illud quod tibi abstuleras cedo.
ecquid agis?

Well, what you took dishonestly, then! Hand it over! Come,
come, will you!

Strob.

Quid agam?

Come, come, what?

Eucl.

Auferre non potes.

You shan't get away with it.

Strob.

Quid vis tibi?

What is it you want?

Eucl.

Pone.

Down with it!

Strob.



Id quidem pol te datare credo consuetum, senex.

Down with it, eh! Looks as if you'd downed too much of it yourself already, old boy.

Eucl.

Pone hoc sis, aufer cavillam, non ego nunc nugas ago.

Down with it, I tell you! None of your repartee! I'm not in the humour for trifling now.

Strob.

Quid ego ponam? quin tu eloquere quidquid est suo nomine. non hercle equidem quicquam sumpsi nec tetigi.

Down with what? Come along, speak out and give it its name, whatever it is. Hang it all, I never took a thing nor touched a thing, and that's flat.

Eucl.

Ostende huc manus. 640

Show me your hands.

Strob.

Em tibi, ostendi, eccas.

(stretching them out) All right—there they are: have a look.

Eucl.

Video. age ostende etiam tertiam.

(dryly) I see. Come now, the third one: out with it.

Strob.

Laruae hunc atque intemperiae insaniaeque agitant senem facisne iniuriam mihi?

(aside) He's got 'em! The old chap's mad, stark, staring mad! *(to Euclio, virtuously)* Now aren't you doing me an injury?



Eucl.

Fateor, quia non pendes, maximam
atque id quoque iam fiet, nisi fatere.

I am, a hideous injury—in not hanging you. And I'll soon do
that, too, if you don't confess.

Strob.

Quid fatear tibi?

Confess what?

Eucl.

Quid abstulisti hinc?

What did you carry off from here? (*pointing toward temple*)

Strob.

Di me perdant, si ego tui quicquam abstuli
nive adeo abstulisse vellem.

(*solemnly*) May I be damned, if I carried off a thing
of yours. (*aside*) Likewise if I didn't want to.



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Eucl.

Agedum, excutedum pallium.

Come on, shake out your cloak.

Strob.

Tuo arbitrato.

(*doing so*) Anything you say.

Eucl.

Ne inter tunicas habeas.

Um! probably under your tunic.

Strob.

Tempta qua lubet.

(*cheerfully*) Feel anywhere you please.

Eucl.

Vah, scelestus quam benigne: ut ne abstulisse intellegam.
novi sycophantias. age rusum ostende huc manum
dexteram.

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.

Em.

(*obeying*) There you are.

Eucl.

Nunc laevam ostende.

Now the left one.



Strob.

Quin equidem ambas profero. 650

(obeying) Why, certainly: here's the both of 'em.

Eucl.

Iam scrutari mitto. redde huc.

Enough of this searching. Now give it here.

Strob.

Quid reddam?

What?

Eucl.

A, nugas agis,
certe habes.

Oh-h! Bosh! You must have it!

Strob.

Habeo ego? quid habeo?

I have it? Have what?

Eucl.

Non dico, audire expetis.
id meum, quidquid habes, redde.

I won't say: you're too anxious to know. Anything of mine
you've got, hand it over.

Strob.

Insanis: perscrutatus es
tuo arbitrato, neque tui me quicquam invenisti penes.

Crazy! You went all through me as much as you liked without
finding a solitary thing of yours on me.

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.

(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.

Iuppiter te dique perdant.

(*from a safe distance*) You be everlastingly damned!

Eucl.



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Haud male egit gratias.
ibo intro atque illi socienno tuo iam interstringam gulam.
fugin hinc ab oculis? abin an non.

(*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.

Abeo.

(*retreating*) I am, I am!

Eud.

Cave sis[15] te videam. 660

And kindly see I don't set eyes on you again.
[EXIT *Euclio* TOWARD TEMPLE.]

IV. 5.

Scene 5.

Strob.

Emortuom ego me mavelim leto malo quam non ego illi dem hodie insidias seni. nam hic iam non audebit aurum abstrudere: credo ecferet iam secum et mutabit locum. attat, foris crepuit. senex eccum aurum ecfert foras. tantisper huc ego ad ianuam concessero. 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 while. (*hides by Megadorus's house*)

IV. 6.

Scene 6

RE-ENTER *Euclio* WITH POT.

Eucl.



Fide censebam maxumam multo fidem esse, ea sublevit os mihi paenissimum: ni subvenisset corvos, periissem miser. nimis hercle ego illum corvum ad me veniat velim. 670 qui indicium fecit, ut ego illi aliquid boni dicam; nam quod edit tam diu quam perduim. 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. 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. (*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.

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Euge, euge, di me salvom et servatum volunt. iam ego illuc praecurram atque incendam aliquam in arborem indeque observabo, aurum ubi abstrudat senex. quamquam hic manere me erus sese iusserat; 680 certum est, malam rem potius quaeram cum lucro. 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*.]

IV. 7.

Scene 7.

ENTER *Lyconides* AND *Eunomia*.

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. 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.

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. 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.

Egone ut te advorsum mentiar, mater mea? 690

Is it like me to look you in the face and lie, my dear mother?

Phaed.

Perii, mea nutrix. obsecro te, uterum dolet.
Iuno Lucina, tuam fidem!

(*within Euclio's house*) Oh—oh! Nurse! Nurse dear! Oh, God help me! The pain!



Lyc.

Em, mater mea,
tibi rem potiolem verbo: clamat, parturit.

There, mother! There's better proof than words gives. Her
cries! The child!

Eun.

Ei hac intro mecum, gnate mi, ad fratrem meum,
ut istuc quod me oras impetratum ab eo auferam.

(*agitated*) Come, darling, come in to your uncle with me,
so that I may persuade him to let it be as you urge.

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. 700

You go, mother: I'll follow you in a moment.
[EXIT

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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.

Scene 8.

ENTER *Strobilus* WITH POT.

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. (*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. ubi ille abiit, ego me dorsum duco de arbore, ex fodio aulam auri plenam. inde ex eo loco video recipere se senem; ille me non videt, 710 nam ego declinavi paululum me extra viam. attat, eccum ipsum. ibo ut hoc condam domum. After he'd gone I scrabbled 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*.

IV. 9.

Scene 9.

ENTER *Euclio* FRANTIC.

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 demonstretis, quis eam abstulerit.

(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.

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.
hem, nemo habet horum? occidisti.
dic igitur, quis habet? nescis? 720

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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? heu me miserum, misere perii, male perditus, pessime ornatus eo: tantum gemit et mali maestitiaeqe hic dies mi optulit, famem et pauperiem.

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!

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. 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.

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
abeam an maneam, an adeam an fugiam quid agam edepol nescio. 730

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!

IV. 10

Scene 10.

Eucl.

Quis homo hic loquitur?

(hearing sound of voice only) Who's that talking here?



Lyc.

Ego sum miser.

(stepping forward) I'm the poor wretch, sir.

Eucl.

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.

Lyc.

Animo bono es.

Keep your courage up, sir.

Eucl.

Quo, obsecro, pacto esse possum?

For heaven's sake how can I?



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Lyc.

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.

Eucl.

Quid ego ex te audio?

Hey? What's that?

Lyc.

Id quod verumst.

The truth.

Eucl.

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?

Lyc.

Deus impulsor mihi fuit, is me ad illam inlexit.

It was some demon got hold of me, sir, and led me on.

Eucl.

Quo modo?

How is this?

Lyc.

Fateor peccavisse et me culpam commertum 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.

Eucl.

Cur id ausu's facere, ut id quod non tuum esset tangeres? 740

How did you dare do it, dare touch what didn't belong to you?

Lyc.

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.

Eucl.

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!

Lyc.

Ne istuc dixis.

Don't say that, sir.

Eucl.

Quid tibi ergo meum me invito tactiost?

Then why did you lay hands on what was mine, without my
permission?

Lyc.

Quia vini vitio atque amoris feci.

It was all because of drink ... and ... love, sir.

Eucl.

Homo audacissime, cum istac in 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, 750 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



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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.

Lyc.

Quin tibi ultro supplicatum venio obstultitiam meam.

Yes, but I've come of my own accord sir, to entreat you to pardon my madness.

Eucl.

Non mi homines placent qui quando male fecerunt purigant.
tu illam scibas non tuam esse. non attactam oportuit.

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.

Lyc.

Ergo quia sum tangere ausus, haud causificor quin eam
ego habeam potissimum.

Well, now that I did venture to act so, I have no objection to holding to it, sir,—I ask nothing better.

Eucl

Tun habeas me invito meam?

(more angry) Hold to it? Against my will?

Lyc.

Haud te invito postulo, sed meam esse oportere arbitror.
quin tu iam invenies, inquam, meam illam esse oportere, Euclio.

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.



Eucl.

Iam quidem hercle te ad praetorem rapiam et tibi scribam dicam,
nisi refers.

I'll march you off to court and sue you, by heaven I will,
this minute, unless you bring it back.

Lyc.

Quid tibi ego referam?

I? Bring what back?

Eucl.

Quod surripuisti meum. 760

What you stole from me.

Lyc.

Surripui ego tuum? unde? aut quid id est?

I stole something of yours? Where from? What?

Eucl.

Ita te amabit Iuppiter
ut tu nescis.

(*ironically*) God bless your innocence—you don't know!

Lyc.

Nisi quidem tu mihi quid quaeras dixeris.

Not unless you say what you're looking for.

Eucl.

Aulam auri, inquam, te resposco, quam tu confessu's mihi
te abstulisse.

The pot of gold, I tell you; I want back the pot of gold you
owned up to taking.

Lyc.



Neque edepol ego dixi neque feci.

Great heavens, man! I never said that or did it, either.

Eucl.

Negas?

You deny it?

Lyc.



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Pernego immo. nam neque ego aurum neque istaec aula quae siet scio nec novi.

Deny it? Absolutely. Why, I don't know, haven't any idea, about your gold, or what that pot is.

Eucl.

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.

The one you took from the grove of Silvanus—give it me. Go, bring it back. (*pleadingly*)
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!

Lyc.

Sanus tu non es qui furem me voces. ego te, Euclio,
de alia re rescivisse censui, quod ad me attinet; 770
[16]magna est res quam ego tecum otiose, si otium est, cupio loqui.

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.

Eucl.

Dic bona fide: tu id aurum non surripuisti?

Give me your word of honour: you didn't steal that gold?

Lyc.

Bona.

(*shaking his head*) On my honour.

Eucl.

Neque eum scis qui abstulerit?

And you don't know the man that did take it?

Lyc.



Istuc quoque bona.

Nor that, either, on my honour.

Eucl.

Atque id si scies
qui abstulerit, mihi indicabis?

And if you learn who took it, you'll inform me?

Lyc.

Faciam.

I will.

Eucl.

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?

Lyc.

Ita.

No.

Eucl.

Quid si fallis?

What if you deceive me?

Lyc.

Tum me faciat quod volt magnus Iuppiter.

Then, sir, may I be dealt with as great God sees fit.

Eucl.

Sat habeo. age nunc loquere quid vis.

That will suffice. All right now, say what you want.



Lyc.

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.



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Eucl.

Novi genus. nunc quid vis? id volo 780
noscere.

I know who you are. Now what do you want? That's what I wish
to know.

Lyc.

Filiam ex te tu habes.

You have a daughter.

Eucl.

Immo eccillam domi.

Yes, yes, at home there!

Lyc.

Eam tu despondisti, opinor, meo avonculo?

You have betrothed her to my uncle, I understand.

Eucl.

Omnem rem tenes.

Precisely, precisely.

Lyc.

Is me nunc renuntiare repudium iussit tibi.

He has asked me to inform you now that he breaks the
engagement.

Eucl.

Repudium rebus paratis, exornatis nuptiis?
ut illum di immortales omnes deaeque quantum est perduint,
quem propter hodie auri tantum perdidit infelix, miser.



(*furious*) 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!

Lyc.

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.

Eucl.

Ita di faciant.

(*doubtfully*) God grant it may!

Lyc.

Et mihi ita di faciant. audi nunciam. qui homo culpam admisit in se, nullust tam parvi
preti, 790 quom pudeat, quin purget sese. nunc te obtestor, Euclio, ut si quid ego erga
te imprudens peccavi aut 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. 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 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.

Ei mihi, quod ego facinus ex te audio?

Oh, oh, my God! What villainy am I hearing of?

Lyc.



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Cur eiulas, quem ego avom feci iam ut esses filiai 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. (*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.

Perii oppido, 800
ita mihi ad malum malae res plurimae se adglutinant.
ibo intro, ut quid huius verum sit sciam.

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.

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. (*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*)

ACTVS V

ACT V

ENTER *Strobilus*.

Strob.

Di immortales quibus et quantis me donatis gaudiis.
quadrilibrem aulam auro onustam habeo. quis me est ditior?
quis me Athenis nunc magis quisquam est
homo cui di sint propitii? 810



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.

Certo enim ego vocem hic loquentis modo mi audire visus sum.

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.

Hem,
erumne ego aspicio meum?

(*aside*) Hm! Is that master there?

Lyc.



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Videon ego hunc servom meum?

(aside) My servant, is it?

Strob.

Ipsus est.

(aside, after a quick glance) It's the governor.

Lyc.

Haud alius est.

(aside) Himself.

Strob.

Congrediar.

(aside) Here goes. *(moves toward Lyconides)*

Lyc.

Contollam gradum.

credo ego illum, ut iussi, eampse anum adiisse, huius nutricem virginis.

(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—

(aside) 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. *(to Lyconides, as they meet)* I've found—

Lyc.

Quid repperisti?



(scoffingly) Found what?

Strob.

Non quod pueri clamitant
in faba se repperisse.

No such trifle as youngsters hurrah over finding in a
bean.[E]

[Footnote E: It is uncertain what they did find.]

Lyc.

Iamne autem, ut soles? deludis.

At your old tricks? You're chaffing. *(pretends to be about
to leave)*

Strob.

Ere, mane, eloquar iam, ausculta.

Hold on, sir: I'll tell you all about it this minute.
Listen.

Lyc.

Age ergo loquere.

Well, well, then, tell away.

Strob.

Repperi hodie, 820
ere, divitias nimias.

Sir, to-day I've found—boundless riches!

Lyc.

Ubinam?

(interested) You have? Where?

Strob.

Quadrilibrem, inquam, aulam auri plenam.



A four pound pot, sir, I tell you, a four pound pot just full of gold!

Lyc.

Quod ego facinus audio ex te? Euclioni hic seni subripuit.
ubi id est aurum?

What's all this you've done? He's the man that robbed old Euclio. Where is this gold?

Strob.

In arca apud me. nunc volo me emitti manu.

In a box at home. Now I want you to set me free.

Lyc.

Egone te emittam manu,
scelerum cumulatissime?

(*angrily*) I set you free, you, you great lump of iniquity?

Strob.

Abi, ere, scio quam rem geras.
lepide hercle animum tuum temptavi. iam ut eriperes apparabas:
quid faceres, si repperissem?



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(crestfallen, then laughing heartily) 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?

Lyc.

Non potes probasse nugas.
i, redde aurum.

No, no, that won't pass. Off with you: hand over the gold.

Strob.

Reddam ego aurum?

Hand over the gold? I?

Lyc.

Redde, inquam, ut huic reddatur.

Yes, hand it over, so that it may be handed over to Euclio.

Strob.

Unde?

Gold? Where from?

Lyc.

Quod modo fassu's esse in arca.

The gold you just admitted was in the box.

Strob.

Soleo hercle ego garrire nugas. 830

Lyc.

[18]

Strob.

Ita loquor.



That's what I say.

Lyc.

At scin quomodo?[19]

(seizing him) See here, do you know what you'll get?

Strob.

Vel hercle enica,
numquam hinc feres a me.

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

FRAGMENTS

pro illis corcotis, strophiiis, sumptu uxorio I

Instead of those fine saffron dresses, girdles, trousseau
outlay

ut admemordit hominem II

How he fleeced the man

Eucl.

ego ecfodiebam in die denos scrobes. III

I used to be digging ten ditches a day.

Eucl.

nec noctu nec diu IV
quietus umquam servabam eam: nunc dormiam.

I never had a bit of rest day or night watching it: now I
shall sleep.

qui mi holera cruda ponunt, hallec adduint. V

People that serve me raw vegetables ought to add some sauce.

* * * * *

[Footnote 1: Leo brackets following v., 266:
credo ego illum iam inaudivisse mi esse thesaurum domi.]

[Footnote 2: 299, 300 inverted, Gulielmius:
Leo, following Havet, assumes lacuna after 298.]

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[Footnote 3: Leo notes lacuna here: *etiam tu* Leo.]

[Footnote 4: Corrupt (Leo):
stultu's et sine gratiast ibi Gulielmus.]

[Footnote 5: Leo brackets following v., 393:
nimirum occidit, nisi ego intro huc propere propero currere.]

[Footnote 6: *Attatae* Lindsay: *optate* MSS:
cives V²: *vires* B: *vives* D V¹.]

[Footnote 7: Corrupt (Leo): Goetz deletes *coepit*.]

[Footnote 8: Corrupt (Leo): *manupretium* Leo for *manubrium*.]

[Footnote 9: Leo brackets following v., 472:
quid opust verbis? acta est pugna in gallo gallinacio.]

[Footnote 10: Corrupt (Leo): *myrobaptarii* Leo.]

[Footnote 11: Leo brackets following v., 515:
petunt fullones, sorcinatores petunt.]

[Footnote 12: *curiosam* MSS: *curionem* Gulielmus,
followed by Leo and others.]

[Footnote 13: Leo brackets following v., 592-598:
*nam qui amanti ero servitutem servit, quasi ego servio,
si erum videt superare amorem, hoc servi est officium reor,
retinere ad salutem, non enim quo incumbat eo impellere.
quasi pueri qui nare discunt scirpea induitur ratis, (595)
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—]*

[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—]

[Footnote 14: Corrupt (Leo): *eri ille* Wagner.]

[Footnote 15: Corrupt (Leo): *revideam* Bothe.]



[Footnote 16: Corrupt (Leo): *res* excised by Hare.]

[Footnote 17: *praedam atque eloquar* MSS:
Leo brackets *atque eloquar*.]

[Footnote 18: Leo notes lacuna here.
Non te habere dicis aurum Leo.]

[Footnote 19: Leo notes lacuna here.
Verberibus caedere donec reddideris Leo.]

* * * * *

[Transcriber's Corrections: *Aulularia (The Pot of Gold)*

Argument II

a rascally servant of the girl's assailant
text reads *the girls' assailant*]



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II. 1. I. 141

nec tibi advorsari certum est
text reads *ned tibi*

II. 3. I. 270

Eucl. Vascula intus...

Eucl. Hurry up with the dishes...

speaker not named (continues from previous scene)

III. 6. I. 537

Eucl. Nimium lubenter...

Eucl. Gratified, highly gratified...

Latin scene break adjusted to agree with English]

* * * * *

BACCHIDES

* * * * *

PERSONAE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PISTOCLERVS ADVLESCENS
BACCHIS — SOROR MERETRIX
BACCHIS — SOROR MERETRIX
LYDVS PAEDAGOGVS
CHRYVALVS SERVVS
NICOBVLVS SENEX
MNESILOCHVS ADVLESCENS
PHILOXENVVS SENEX
PARASITVS
PVER
ARTAMO LORARIVS
CLEOMACHVS MILES

PISTOCLERUS, *son of Philoxenus.*

BACCHIS OF ATHENS, *courtesan.*

BACCHIS OF SAMOS, *her sister, courtesan.*



LYDUS, *slave of Philoxenus and tutor of Pistoclerus.*

CHRYSAIUS, *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 Pistoclerus, who is in search of his friend's sweetheart, and determine to make him useful.

FRAGMENTA

FRAGMENTS

quibus ingenium in animo utibilest,
modicum et sine vernilitate I (IV G)

Those with a mental make-up of the right sort, modest and civil.

vincla, virgae, molae: saevitudo mala fit peior II (V)



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Shackles, whips, work in the mill: frightful cruelty gets to be more frightful.

converrite[1] scopis, agite strenue III (VI)

Sweep (it) up with your brooms: come, be lively.

ecquis evocat IV (VII)
cum nassiterna et cum aqua istum impurissimum?

Some one call out that vile wretch with a big pail and some water.

sicut lacte lactis similest V (VIII)

As much alike as two drops of milk are.

Bacch.
illa mi cognominis fuit VI (III)

She had the same name as myself

latro suam qui auro vitam venditat VII (IX)

A mercenary who sells his life for gold.

scio spiritum eius maiorem esse multo VIII (X)
quam folles taurini habent, cum liquescunt
petrae, ferrum ubi fit.

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.

Cuiatis tibi visust? IX (XI)
Praenestinum opino esse, ita erat gloriosus.
neque id haud subditiva gloria oppidum arbitror.

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.

Puer.
ne a quoquam acciperes alio mercedem annuam, X (XVII)
nisi ab sese, nec cum quiquam limares caput.



Page

Not to let you take a yearly fee from anyone else but him,
or rub heads with anyone.

limaces viri XI (XVIII)

Slugs of men.

cor meum, spes mea, XII (XIII)
mel meum, suavitudo, cibus, gaudium.

My heart, my hope, my honey, sweetness, food delight.

sine te amem XIII (XIV)

Do let me love you

Cupidon tecum saevust anne Amor? XIV (XIX)

Is it Cupid, or Love, raging within you?

Vlixem audivi fuisse aerumnosissimum, XV (I) qui annis viginti errans a patria afuit;
verum hic adulescens multo Vlixem anteit[2] qui ilico errat intra muros civicos. 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.

quidquid est nomen sibi XVI (II)



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Whatever her (his) name is

Pistoc.

quae sodalem atque me exercitos habet XVII

A girl that has been keeping my chum and me exercised

nam credo cuivis excantare cor potes. XVIII

For I do believe you can witch the heart out of anyone you
please

sin lenocinium forte collibitum est tibi, XIX
videas mercedis quid tibi est aecum dari,
ne istac aetate me sectere gratiis. 30

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.

Arabus. XX

Arabian

Bacchis AND HER SISTER ARE STANDING TOGETHER TALKING.
Pistoclerus APART.

Bacch.

Quid si hoc potis est ut tu taceas, ego loquar?

How about your keeping a quiet tongue yourself, if possible,
and my doing the talking?

Soror.

Lepide, licet.

Charming! By all means.

Bacch.

Ubi me fugiet memoria, ibi tu facito ut subvenias, soror.

In case my memory deserts me, see you come to the rescue,
sister.



Soror.

Pol magis metuo, ne defuerit mi in monendo oratio.

Goodness me! I'm more afraid of sage suggestions failing myself.

Bacch.

Pol ego metuo, lusciniolae ne defuerit cantio.
sequere hac.

(laughing) Goodness me! And I'm afraid of song failing the little nightingale. Come on. *(leads the way toward Pistoclerus)*

Pistoc.

Quid agunt duae germanae meretrices cognomines?
quid in consilio consuluistis?

(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.

Bene.

Something nice.

Pistoc.

Pol haud meretricium est. 40

By Jove! Unusual in the profession!

Bacch.

Miserius nihil est quam mulier.

(in apparent dejection) Oh, there's nothing more miserable than a woman!

Pistoc.

Quid esse dices dignius?

And what ought to be more so, in your opinion?



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.



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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.

Quid isti caveam?

Stand by her? How?

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.

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.

Ubi nunc is homost?

Where is this man at present?

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.

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.

Viscus merus vostrast blanditia.

Nothing but birdlime, these honeyed words.

Bacch.

Quid iam?



Oh now, why?

Pistoc.

Quia enim intellego, 50
duae unum expetitis palumbem,[3] perii harundo alas verberat.
non ego istuc facinus mihi, mulier, conducibile esse arbitror.

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.

Qui, amabo?

Bless your heart, why so?

Pistoc.

Quia, Bacchis, bacchas metuo et bacchanal tuom.

Well, Bacchis, I'm afraid of Bacchantes and your Bacchante
resort.

Bacch.

Quid est? quid metuis? ne tibi lectus malitiam apud me suadeat?

How's that? What are you afraid of? The couch's tempting you
to be naughty with me?

Pistoc.

Magis illectum tuom quam lectum metuo. mala tu es bestia.
nam huic aetati non conducit, mulier, latebrosus locus.

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.



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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: tu prohibebis, et eadem opera tuo sodali operam dabis; 60 et ille adveniens tuam med esse amicam suspicabitur. quid, amabo, opticuisti? (*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.

Quia istaec lepida sunt memoratui:
eadem in usu atque ubi periculum facias, aculeata sunt,
animum fodicant, bona distimulant, facta et famam sauciant.

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

Quid ab hac metuis?

Why are you afraid of her?

Pistoc.

Quid ego metuam rogitas? adolescens homo
penetrem me huius modi in palaestram,
ubi damnis desudascitur?[4] (66)

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.

Lepide memoras.

(*with pretended admiration*) You do say such clever things!

Pistoc.

Ubi ego capiam pro machaera turturem,[5] (68) pro galea scaphium, pro insigni sit corolla plectilis, 70 pro hasta talos, pro lorica malacum capiam pallium, ubi mihi pro



equo lectus detur, scortum pro scuto accubet? apage a me, apage. 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, nimium ferus es.

Ah, you're too hard on us!

Pistoc.

Mihi sum.

I am hard on myself.

Bacch.

Malacissandus es.
equidem tibi do hanc operam.

We'll have to soften you. Yes indeed, I'll take you in hand myself—(*fondling him*) this way.

Pistoc.

Ah, nimium pretiosa es operaria.

(*submitting reluctantly*) Ah, your handiwork is too expensive.



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Bacch.

Simulato me amare.

Do make believe you love me.

Pistoc.

Utrum ego istuc iocon adsimulem an serio?

(*smiling*) Make believe in fun, or as if I meant business?

Bacch.

Heia, hoc agere meliust. miles quom huc adveniat, te volo me amplexari.

(*reprovingly*) Now, now! here's what we'd better do. When the Captain arrives I want you to hug me.

Pistoc.

Quid eo mi opus est?

What's the use of my doing that?

Bacch.

Ut ille te videat volo.
scio quid ago.

I want him to see you. I know what I'm doing.

Pistoc.

Et pol ego scio quid metuo. sed quid ais?

Gad! And I know what I'm fearing. But, I say.

Bacch.

Quid est?

Well?

Pistoc.



Quid si apud te eveniat desubito prandium aut potatio
forte aut cena, ut solet in istis fieri conciliabulis, 80
ubi ego tum accumbam?

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.

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. 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.

Rapidus fluvius est hic, non hac temere transiri potest.

(half to himself) This is a rapid stream: dangerous crossing here!

Bacch.

Atque ecaster apud hunc fluvium aliquid perdundumst tibi.
manum da et sequere.

(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.

Aha, minime.

(drawing back) Oh no, not a bit of it!

Bacch.

Quid ita?

Why not?

Pistoc.

Quia istoc inlecebrosius
fieri nil potest: nox mulier vinum homini adolescentulo.

Because a young fellow couldn't be offered a more enticing combination than that—wine, woman, and evening hours.



Page 181

Bacch.

Age igitur, equidem pol nihili facio nisi causa tua.
ille quidem hanc abducat; tu nullus adfueris, si non lubet. 90

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.

Sumne autem nihili, qui nequeam ingenio moderari meo?

(*half aside*) So I've no mind at all, eh—no power to control myself?

Bacch.

Quid est quod metuas?

What is it you're afraid of?

Pistoc.

Nihil est, nugae. mulier, tibi me emancupo:
tuos sum, tibi dedo operam.

(*pauses, then ardently*) Nothing! Bagatelles! I surrender myself to you, my lady: I'm all your own; command me.

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. 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.

Ego opsonabo, nam id flagitium meum sit, mea te gratia et operam dare mi et ad eam operam facere sumptum de tuo.



(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.

At ego nolo dare te quicquam.

(glancing slyly at her sister) But I don't want it to cost you anything.

Pistoc.

Sine.

Do let me.

Bacch.

Sino equidem, si lubet
propera, amabo.

Oh, very well, if you really want to. Hurry along, there's a dear.

Pistoc.

Prius hic adero quam te amare desinam. 100

(fondly) I'll be back before I've stopped loving you.
[EXIT *Pistoclerus*.]

Soror

Bene me accipies advenientem, mea soror.

You're going to entertain me finely on my arrival, sister mine.

Bacch.

Quid ita, obsecro?

Indeed? Why do you say that?

Soror

Quia piscatus meo quidem animo hic tibi hodie evenit bonus.

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.



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Bacch.

Meus ille quidemst. tibi nunc operam dabo de
Mnesilocho, soror,
ut hic accipias potius aurum, quam hinc eas cum milite.

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

Cupio.

I do so wish you would.

Bacch.

Dabitur opera. aqua calet. eamus hinc
intro, ut laves.
nam uti navi vecta es, credo timida es.

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

Aliquantum, soror.[6] (106)

More or less, sister.

Bacch.

Sequere hac igitur me intro in lectum, ut sedes lassitudinem. (108)

Come on in with me then, so as to lie down and get rested.
[EXEUNT.]

I. 2.

Scene 2.

(*An hour has elapsed.*)



ENTER *Pistoclerus* PRECEDED BY SLAVES CARRYING PROVISIONS, FLOWERS, ETC. *Lydus* FOLLOWS.

Lydus

Iam dudum, Pistoclere, tacitus te sequor, expectans quas tu res hoc ornatu geras. 110
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?(*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?

[Footnote A: The Spartan reformer]

Pistoc.

Huc.

(*pointing to Bacchis's door*) Here.

Lydus

Quid huc? quis istic habet?

What do you mean by "here"? Who lives there?

Pistoc.

Amor, Voluptas, Venus, Venustas, Gaudium,
locus, Ludus, Sermo, Suavisaviatio.

(*rapturously*) Love, Delight, Venus, Grace, Joy, Jest,
Jollity, Chitchat, Kissykissysweetkins!

Lydus

Quid tibi commercist cum dis damnosissimis?

(*shocked*) What commerce have you with such
pernicious, pernicious deities?

Pistoc.

Mali sunt homines, qui bonis dicunt male;
tu dis nec recte dicis: non aequom facis.

It takes a bad man to say bad things of the good; you're
blaspheming the gods: it's wrong.



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Lydus

An deus est ullus Sauvisaviatio? 120

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. 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

Non hic placet mi ornatus.

I do not like this paraphernalia.

Pistoc.

Nemo ergo tibi
haec apparavit: mihi paratum est quoi placet.

Well, nobody got it together for you: it was got for me, and I do like it.

Lydus

Etiam me advorsus exordire argutias?
qui si decem habeas linguas, mutum esse addecet.

Are you actually commencing to make smart replies to me? You whom it befits to be mute, even if you had ten tongues?

Pistoc.

Non omnis aetas, Lyde, ludo convenit.
magis unum in mentemst mihi nunc, satis ut commode 130
pro dignitate opsoni haec concuret cocus.

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



Iam perdidisti te atque me atque operam meam,
qui tibi nequiquam saepe monstravi bene.

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.

Ibidem ego meam operam perdidi, ubi tu tuam:
tua disciplina nec mihi prodest nec tibi.

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

O praeligatum pectus.

Oh, what an obdurate breast!

Pistoc.

Odiosus mihi es.
tace atque sequere, Lyde, me.

You're a bore! Keep still and come along, Lydus.

Lydus

Illuc sis vide,
non paedagogum iam me, sed Lydum vocat.

Now kindly look at that! He no longer calls me "Tutor,"
merely Lydus.

Pistoc.

Non par videtur neque sit consentaneum, cum haec qui emit intus sit et cum amica
accubet 140 cumque osculetur et convivae alii accubent, praesentibus illis paedagogus
una ut siet. 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



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An hoc ad eas res opsonatumst, obsecro?

(horrified) In the name of heaven! These provisions bought for such an orgy?

Pistoc.

Sperat quidem animus: quo evenat dis in manust.

(flippantly) Well, of course man proposes and God disposes.

Lydus

Tu amicam habebis?

You to have a mistress, you?

Pistoc.

Cum videbis, tum scies.

(enthusiastically) Once you see her, then you'll know!

Lydus

Immo neque habebis neque sinam; i prorsum domum.

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.

Omitte, Lyde, ac cave malo.

(pulling away) Leave me alone, Lydus, and *(threateningly)* look out for trouble.

Lydus

Quid? cave malo?

What? "Look out for trouble?"

Pistoc.



Iam excessit mi aetas ex magisterio tuo.

I'm too old for you to play the teacher these days.

Lydus

O barathrum, ubi nunc es? ut ego te usurpem lubens.[7] 149
vixisse nimio satiust iam quam vivere. (151)
magistron quemquam discipulum minitarier?[8]

(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.

Fiam, ut ego opinor, Hercules, tu autem Linus. (155)

It's a Hercules I'll be, I'm thinking, and you a Linus.[B]

[Footnote B: Linus was killed by his pupil, Hercules.]

Lydus

Pol metuo magis, ne Phoenix tuis factis fuam
teque ad patrem esse mortuom renuntiem.

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.

[Footnote C: Phoenix, Achilles' preceptor, informed
Peleus, Achilles' father, of his son's death]

Pistoc.

Satis historiarumst.

(impatiently) Enough of your tales!

Lydus

Hic vereri perdidit. compendium edepol haud aetati optabile fecisti, cum istanc nactu's
inudentiam. 160 occisus hic homo est. ecquid in mentem est tibi patrem tibi esse?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.

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Tibi ego an tu mihi servos es?

Am I your servant, or you mine?

Lydus

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] (165)

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.

Istactenus tibi, Lyde, libertas datast (168)
orationis. satis est. sequere hac me ac tace.

(*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.]

ACTVS II

ACT II

ENTER *Chrysalus*

Chrys.

Erilis patria, salve, quam ego biennio, 170 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. (*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.



II. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Pistoclerus* FROM HOUSE OF *Bacchis*.

Pistoc.

Mirumst me ut redeam te opere tanto quaesere,
qui abire hinc nullo pacto possim, si velim
ita me vadatum amore vinctumque adtines. 180

(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.

Pro di immortales, *Pistoclerum* conspikor.
o *Pistoclere*, salve.

Ye everlasting gods! It's *Pistoclerus*. What ho, sir! How are you?

Pistoc.

Salve, *Chrysale*.

And yourself, *Chrysalus*?

Chrys.



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Compendi verba multa iam faciam tibi 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. Here's for saving you the trouble of a long speech, sir. You're glad I've come: I believe you. 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.

Nempe recte valet?

(eagerly) And well, well, of course?

Chrys.

Istuc volebam ego ex te percontarier.

That's what I wanted to ask you.

Pistoc.

Qui scire possum?

How can I know?

Chrys.

Nullus plus.

None better.

Pistoc.

Quemnam ad modum? 190

Why, how so?

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. ipso est—nequam et miser, sed tu quid facitasti mandatis super? 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.

Egon ut, quod ab illoc attigisset nuntius,
non impetratum id advenienti ei redderem?
regiones colere mavellem Acherunticas.

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.

Eho, an invenisti Bacchidem?

Hullo! You haven't found Bacchis?

Pistoc.

Samiam quidem. 199,200

Yes, the Samian one.

Chrys.

Vide quaeso, ne quis tractet illam indiligens;
scis tu ut confringi vas cito Samium solet.

(*affecting terror*) Heavens! do see that no one handles
that one carelessly; you know that Samian[D] ware, how
precious brittle it is.

[Footnote D: A fragile and (*The Captives* 291) cheap kind
of pottery.]

Pistoc.

Iamne ut soles?

The same old wag, eh?

Chrys.

Dic ubi ea nunc est, obsecro.



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Tell me where she is now, for heaven's sake.

Pistoc.

Hic, exeuntem me unde aspexisti modo.

Here in the house you just saw me coming out of.

Chrys.

Ut istuc est lepidum: proximae viciniae
habitat, ecquidnam meminit Mnesilochi?

Here's a go! Residing in the immediate neighbourhood! Well,
well! does she remember Mnesilochus?

Pistoc.

Rogas?
immo unice unum plurimi pendit.

Remember him? More than that, she thinks he's the one and
only man on earth.

Chrys.

Papae.

Oh pshaw!

Pistoc.

Immo ut eam credis? misera amans desiderat.

More than that, what do you suppose her feelings are? The
poor affectionate thing is dying for him.

Chrys.

Scitum istuc.

Quite charming!

Pistoc.



Immo, Chrysale, em, non tantulum
umquam intermittit tempus quin eum nominet. 210

More than that, Chrysalus—look!—she doesn't let even so
much (*illustrating*) time pass without mentioning his name.

Chrys.

Tanto hercle melior.

Humph! So much the better of her.

Pistoc.

Immo—

More than that—

Chrys.

Immo hercle abiero
potius.

(*bored*) More than that, by gad, I'd rather get out of
range!

Pistoc.

Num invitus rem bene gestam audis eri?

You don't object to hearing that your master is in a
prosperous situation, do you?

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 Pellio. sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi
visast? 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 Pellio's playing in it. But you really consider Bacchis a fine lively
one, do you?

[Footnote E: One of Plautus's plays.]

Pistoc.

Rogas?
ni nanctus Venerem essem, hanc lunonem dicerem.



Do you ask me that? If[F] I hadn't lighted on Venus myself,
I'd call her Juno.

[Footnote F: Venus and Juno not being sisters.]

Chrys.

Edepol, Mnesiloche, ut hanc rem natam intellego,
quod ames paratumst: quod des inventost opus.
nam istic fortasse auro est opus.

(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 Pistoclerus)* For I
dare say there is need of gold in the affair.

Pistoc.



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Philippeo quidem. 220

Yes, and good coin of the realm.

Chrys.

Atque eo fortasse iam opust.

And furthermore, I dare say it's needed soon.

Pistoc.

Immo etiam prius:
nam iam huc adveniet miles.

No, before that, even: for a Captain's due here soon.

Chrys.

Et miles quidem?

Indeed? A Captain, too?

Pistoc.

Qui de amittenda Bacchide aurum hic exiget.

Who'll be after money for letting Bacchis go.

Chrys.

Veniat quando volt, atque ita ne mihi sit morae. domist: non metuo nec ego quoiquam supplico, dum quidem hoc valebit pectus perfidia meum. abi intro, ego hic curabo. tu intus dicito Mnesilochum adesse Bacchidi. (*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 Pistoclerus in*) I'll take charge here myself. You tell Bacchis in there that she may expect Mnesilochus at once.

Pistoc.

Faciam ut iubes.

Very well. [EXIT.]

Chrys.



Negotium hoc ad me adinet aurarium. mille et ducentos Philippum attulimus aureos 230 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? 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*)

II. 3.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Nicobulus* FROM HIS HOUSE.

Nic.

Ibo in Piraeum, visam ecquae advenerit in portum ex Epheso navis mercatoria. nam meus formidat animus, nostrum tam diu ibi desidere neque redire filium.

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.



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Extexam ego illum pulchre iam, si di volunt. haud dormitandumst: opus est chryso Chrysalo. 240 adibo hunc, quem quidem ego hodie faciam hic arietem Phrxi, itaque tondebo auro usque ad vivam cutem. servos salutat Nicobulum Chrysalus.*(aside)* 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 [G]Phrixus's ram here to-day, and by the same token shear off his gold right down to the quick! *(aloud, ceremoniously)* Greetings, to Nicobulus from servant Chrysalus, sir.

[Footnote G: The owner of the ram with the golden fleece.]

Nic.

Pro di immortales, Chrysale, ubi mist filius?

Chrysalus! for the love of heaven where is my son?

Chrys.

Quin tu salutem primum reddis quam dedi?

(affecting pique) Why don't you return my greeting first, sir?

Nic.

Salve. sed ubinamst Mnesilochus?

How d'ye do. *(more animatedly)* But where on earth is Mnesilochus?

Chrys.

Vivit, valet.

Alive and well.

Nic.

Venitne?

Has he come?

Chrys.

Venit.



He has.

Nic.

Euax, aspersisti aquam.
benene usque valuit?

(*fervently*) Oh, good, good! That news is like a dash of water! Has he been well all this time?

Chrys.

Pancratice atque athleticce.

In fighting trim, a perfect athlete.

Nic.

Quid hoc? qua causa eum in Ephesum miseram,
accepitne aurum ab hospite Archidemide? 250

How about it? The business I sent him to Ephesus for? Did he get the gold from my friend Archidemides?

Chrys.

Heu, cor meum et cerebrum, Nicobule, finditur,
istius hominis ubi fit quomque mentio.
tun hospitem illum nominas hostem tuum?

(*disgustedly*) Ugh! My heart and head fairly split, sir,
whenever I hear that fellow mentioned. Call that friend of yours fiend, won't you?

Nic.

Quid ita, obsecro hercle?

Bless my soul! Why, for heaven's sake?

Chrys.

Quia edepol certo scio,
Volcanus, Luna, Sol, Dies, dei quattuor,
scelestiorem nullum inluxere alterum.

Good Lord! Because I'm positive the four gods, Fire, Moon, Sun, and Day, never shone on a more abandoned villain.

Nic.

Quamne Archidemidem?

Than Archidemides?



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Chrys.

Quam, inquam, Archidemidem.

Yes, than Archidemides.

Nic.

Quid fecit?

What has he done?

Chrys.

Quid non fecit? quin tu id me rogas? primumdum infitias ire coepit filio, negare se debere tibi triobolum. 260 continuo antiquom hospitem nostrum sibi Mnesilochus advocavit, Pelagonem senem; eo praesente homini extemplo ostendit symbolum. quem tute dederas, ad eum ut ferret, filio. 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.

Nic.

Quid ubi ei ostendit symbolum?

(*anxiously*) And what when he showed him the token?

Chrys.

Infit dicere adulterinum et non eum esse symbolum. quotque innocenti ei dixit contumelias! adulterare eum aibat rebus ceteris.

(*indignantly*) 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 hand at counterfeiting.

Nic.

Habetin aurum? id mihi dici volo.

Have you got the money? Do tell me that.

Chrys.



Postquam quidem praetor recuperatores dedit. 270
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.

Nic.

Tantum debuit.

(with a sigh of relief) That was all he owed.

Chrys.

Porro etiam ausculta pugnam quam voluit dare.

There's more still, sir,—listen how he wanted to knock us
out.

Nic.

Etiamnest quid porro?

More still?

Chrys.

Em, accipitrina haec nunc erit.

Now then! *(aside)* This'll be a regular hawk swoop.

Nic.

Deceptus sum. Autolyco hospiti aurum credidi.

(hotly) I've been deceived! I've trusted my gold to an
Autolycus[H] of a friend!

[Footnote H: A noted thief, the grandfather of Ulysses.]

Chrys.

Quin tu audi.

Come, come, listen.

Nic.

Immo ingenium avidi haud pernoram hospitis.

Ah, no, I didn't fathom his greedy soul.



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Chrys.

Postquam aurum abstulimus, in navem conscendimus, domi cupientes. forte ut adsedi in stega, dum circumspecto, atque ego lembum conspicio longum. strigorem maleficum exornari. 280After 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.

Nic.

Perii hercle, lembus ille mihi laedit latus.

Hell and fury! That galley is ramming me amidships!

Chrys.

Is erat communis cum hospite et praedonibus.

(*with emphasis*) It was owned between your friend and some pirates.

Nic.

Adeon me fuisse fungum, ut qui illi crederem,
cum mi ipsum nomen eius Archidemides
clamaret dempturum esse, si quid crederem?

(*agonized*) 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?

Chrys.

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 290 quae res gereretur, navem extemplo statuimus. quoniam vident nos stare, occeperunt ratem tardare[10] in portu.(*warming up*) 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.

Nic.



Edepol mortalis malos.
quid denique agitis?

God bless me, what rascals! What did you do then?

Chrys.

Rursum in portum recipimus.

We put back to the harbour.

Nic.

Sapienter factum a vobis. quid illi postea?

That was wise. What did they do after that?

Chrys.

Revorsionem ad terram faciunt vesperi.

Toward evening they went ashore.

Nic.

Aurum hercle auferre voluere: ei rei operam dabant.

By the Lord! They wanted to make off with the gold: that was their aim!

Chrys.



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Non me fefellit, sensi, eo exanimatus fui. quoniam videmus auro insidias fieri, capimus consilium continuo; postridie 300 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.

Nic.

Scite hercle. cedo quid illi?

By Jove, a neat idea! Come, come, what did they do?

Chrys.

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.

Nic.

Quis istic Theotimust?

(suspiciously) Who is that Theotimus?

Chrys.

Megalobuli filius,
qui nunc in Ephesost Ephesiis carissimus.

(reassuringly) Megalobulus's son, sir, and quite the dearest man in all Ephesus to the Ephesians.

Nic.

Ne ille hercle mihi sit multo tanto carior, 310
si me illo auro tanto circumduxerit.

Good Lord! He certainly would be a very, very much dearer man to me, if he should swindle me out of so much gold.

Chrys.



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.

Nic.

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?

Chrys.

Immo etiam. verum quantum attulerit nescio.

To be sure, we did. Just how much we brought, though,
I don't know.

Nic.

Quid? nescis?

What? Don't know?

Chrys.

Quia Mnesilochus noctu clanculum devenit ad Theotimum, nec mihi credere nec
cuiquam in navi voluit: eo ego nescio quantillum attulerit; verum haud permultum attulit.
320 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.

Nic.



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Etiam dimidium censes?

As much as half, do you think?

Chrys.

Non edepol scio;
verum haud opinor.

Upon my soul, I don't know; but I don't believe so.

Nic.

Fertne partem tertiam?

A third, eh?

Chrys.

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!

Nic.

Quid vis?

Well?

Chrys.

Anulum gnati tui
facito ut memineris ferre.

See you remember to take your son's ring along.

Nic.

Quid opust anulo?

Ring? What for?

Chrys.



Quia id signumst cum Theotimo, qui eum illi adferet,
ei aurum ut reddat.

Because we arranged with Theotimus that he's to give the
gold to the man that brings him that ring.

Nic.

Meminero, et recte mones. 330
sed divesne est istic Theotimus?

I shall remember; well you mentioned it, too. But is that
Theotimus wealthy?

Chrys.

Etiam rogas?
quin auro habeat soccis subpactum solum?

Wealthy, eh? Wealthy? And he with gold soles on his shoes!

Nic.

Cur ita fastidit?

What makes him so high and mighty?

Chrys.

Tantas divitias habet;
nescit quid faciat auro.

He's so rich; he doesn't know what to do with gold.

Nic.

Mihi dederit velim.
sed qui praesente id aurum Theotimo datumst?

(*sighing*) Wish he'd give it to me! But who was there when
this money was given to Theotimus?

Chrys.

Populo praesente: nullust Ephesi quin sciat.

The whole population, sir: there's not a soul in Ephesus but
knows about it.

Nic.

Istuc sapienter saltem fecit filius,
cum diviti homini id aurum servandum dedit;
ab eo licebit quamvis subito sumere.

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.

Immo em tantisper numquam te morabitur 340
quin habeas illud quo die illuc veneris.



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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.

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? 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.

Deos atque amicos iit salutatum ad forum.

Gone to the forum to pay his respects to the gods and his
friends.

Nic.

At ego hinc eo ad illum, ut convenam quantum
potest.

Well, I shall go and try to find him as soon as possible.
[EXIT TO FORUM.]

Chrys.

Ille est oneratus recte et plus iusto vehit. exorsa haec tela non male omnino mihi est:
350 ut amantem erilem copem facerem filium, ita feci, ut auri quantum vellet sumeret,
quantum autem lubeat reddere ut reddat patri.(*gleefully*) He's nicely freighted, he is, in
fact, overfreighted. 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. 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 nosque aurum abusos? quid mihi fiet postea? 360The 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? credo hercle adveniens nomen mutabit mihi facietque



extemplo Crucisalum me ex Chrysalo. aufugero hercle, si magis usus venerit. si ero reprehensus, macto ego ilium infortunio: si illi sunt virgae ruri, at mihi tergum domist. nunc ibo, erili filio hanc fabricam dabo super auro amicaque eius inventa Bacchide.

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.

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If I am caught, 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.

ACTVS III

ACT III

Lydus

Pandite atque aperite propere ianuam hanc Orci, obsecro.

(wildly, inside Bacchis's house) Quick, quick, open up,
I beseech you, uncloset this door of hell!
ENTER *Lydus* HURRIEDLY.

nam equidem haud aliter esse duco, quippe quo nemo advenit, nisi quem spes
reliquere omnes, esse ut frugi possiet. 370 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. 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. egone ut haec conclusa
gestem clanculum? ut celem patrem, Pistoclere, tua flagitia aut damna aut desidiabula?
[11] (376) neque mei neque te tui intus puditumst factis quae facis, (379) quibus tuom
patrem meque una, amicos, adfinis tuos 380 tua infamia fecisti gerulifigulos flagiti.[12]
de me hanc culpam demolibor iam et seni faciam palam, (383) ut eum ex lutulento
caeno propere hinc eliciat foras. *(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.

III. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Mnesilochus*, FOLLOWED AT SOME DISTANCE BY SLAVES
CARRYING HIS LUGGAGE.

Mnes.



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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 misi, amicam ut mi inveniret Bacchidem. illum intellego 390 invenisse, ut servos meus mi nuntiavit Chrysalus. 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. condigne is quam techinam de auro advorsum meum fecit patrem, ut mi amanti copia esset[13] nam pol quidem meo animo ingrato homine nihil inpeniust, malefactorem amitti satius quam relinqui beneficium; nimio inpendiosum praestat te quam ingratum dicier; illum laudabunt boni, hunc etiam ipsi culpabunt mali. (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. qua me causa magis cum cura esse aecum, obvigilatost opus. nunc, Mnesiloche, specimen specitur, nunc certamen cernitur, sisne necne ut esse oportet, malus, bonus quoivis modi, 400 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. I must take all the more care, then, how I act and keep my eyes open. Here's where you show a 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)

III. 3.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Lydus* AND *Philoxenus*.



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Lydus

Nunc experiar, sitne aceto tibi cor acre in pectore.
sequere.

(struggling to control himself) Now we shall see
whether or no you have a heart of fiery feeling within you.
Follow me!

Phil.

Quo sequar? quo ducis nunc me?

(calmly) Follow you where? Where are you taking me to now?

Lydus

Ad illam quae tuum
perdidit, pessum dedit tibi filium unice unicum

To the woman who has depraved, destroyed your one and only
son!

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. 410

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

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. 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.

Di immortales, meum sodalem hic nominat.
quid hoc negoti est, Pistoclerum Lydus quod erum tam ciet?



(*aside*) Good God! My chum's name! What does this mean—
Lydus running down his master Pistoclerus so?

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.

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

Non sino, neque equidem illum me vivo corrumpi sinam. sed tu, qui pro tam corrupto dicis causam filio, 420 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. 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.

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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 saviis: ibi suam aetatem extendebant, non in latebrosis locis. 430 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 wenches, or kisses: it was there they used to spend their lives, not in dark dens of vice. 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. 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.

Propter me haec nunc meo sodali dici discrucior miser;
innocens suspicionem hanc sustinet causa mea.

(*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.

Alii, Lyde, nunc sunt mores.

(*soothingly*) The customs of to-day are different, Lydus.

Lydus

Id equidem ego certo scio. nam olim populi prius honorem capiebat suffragio, quam magistro desinebat esse dicto oboediens; at nunc, prius quam septuennis est, si attingas eum manu, 440 extemplo puer paedagogo tabula dirumpit caput. 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. 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] (445) itur illinc iure dicto. hocine hic pacto potest (447)

inhibere imperium magister, si ipsus primus vapulet?When you go to his father with a protest,



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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.

Acris postulatio haec est. cum huius dicta intellego,
mira sunt ni Pistoclerus Lydum pugnis contudit. 450

(*aside*) Here's a warm protest! Judging from his remarks,
it's a wonder if Pistoclerus hasn't been punching Lydus's
head.

Lydus

Sed quis hic est, quem astantem video ante ostium? o Philoxene,
deos propitios me videre quam illum haud mavellem mihi.

(*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.

Quis illic est?

Who is it?

Lydus

Mnesilochus, gnati tui sodalis.[15]
haud consimili ingenio atque ille est qui in lupanari accubat.
fortunatum Nicobulum, qui illum produxit sibi.

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.

Salvos sis, Mnesiloche, salvom te advenire gaudeo.



(stepping forward) How are you, Mnesilochus? I'm glad to see you safely back.

Mnes.

Di te ament, Philoxene.

(heartily shaking hands) God bless you, Philoxenus!

Lydus

Hic enim rite productust patri: in mare it, rem familiarem curat, custodit domum, obsequens oboediensque est mori atque imperiis patris. hic sodalis Pistoclero iam puer puero fuit; 460 triduom non interest aetatis uter maior siet: verum ingenium plus triginta annis maius quam alteri. 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 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.

Cave malo et compesce in illum dicere iniuste.

(angrily) Look out for yourself, and stop speaking about the lad unfairly!

Lydus

Tace.

stultus es qui illi male aegre patere dici qui facit.[16] (464)



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Peace! fool that you are to be pained at hearing him badly spoken of, when he is bad![16]

Mnes.

Quid sodalem meum castigas, Lyde, discipulum tuum? (467)

(innocently) Why are you finding fault with my chum,
Lydus, your own pupil?

Lydus

Periit tibi sodalis.

(tragically) Your chum has perished!

Mnes.

Ne di sirint.

God forbid!

Lydus

Sic est ut loquor.
quin ego cum peribat vidi, non ex audito arguo.

It's just as I tell you. Ah yes, I myself beheld him in the act: I am not accusing him on hearsay.

Mnes.

Quid factum est?

What has happened?

Lydus

Meretricem indigne deperit.

He is shockingly infatuated with a courtesan.

Mnes.

Non tu taces? 470



(apparently scandalized) Oh, don't say such a thing!

Lydus

Atque acerrume aestuosam: absorbet ubi quemque attigit.

Yes, and a perfect maelstrom of a woman: she sucks down every man who comes within her reach.

Mnes.

Ubi ea mulier habitat?

Where does this woman live?

Lydus

Hic.

(pointing) Here.

Mnes.

Unde esse eam aiunt?

Where do they say she is from?

Lydus

Ex Samo.

Samos.

Mnes.

Quae vocatur?

What is her name?

Lydus

Bacchis.

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. ipsus neque amat nec tu creduas. (*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

Itane oportet rem mandatam gerere amici sedulo, ut ipsus in gremio osculantem mulierem teneat sedens? nullo pacto res mandata potest agi, nisi identidem manus ferat ei ad papillas, labra a labris nusquam auferat? 480 (*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



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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? nam alia memorare quae illum facere vidi dispudet: 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] (485) Why, I feel ashamed to mention other things I 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.

Perdidisti me, sodalis. egone ut illam mulierem (489)
capitis non perdam? perire me malis malim modis. 490
satin ut quem tu habeas fidelem tibi aut cui credas nescias?

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

Viden ut aegre patitur gnatum esse corruptum tuom,
suom sodalem, ut ipsus sese cruciat aegritudine?

(*to Philoxenus*) Do you see how he suffers at your son, his
chum, being corrupted; how his very soul is tormented?

Phil.

Mnesiloche, hoc tecum oro, ut illius animum atque ingenium regas;
serva tibi sodalem et mihi filium.

Mnesilochus, try to control the lad's impulses and
disposition, I beg you. Save your chum for yourself and
my son for me.

Mnes.

Factum volo.

(*vehemently*) I wish I might!

Lydus



Melius esset, me quoque una si cum illo relinqueres.

(to *Philoxenus*) It would be better for you to leave me with him, too.

Phil.

Adfatim est.

No, no, he'll manage.

Lydus

Mnesiloche, cura, ei, concastiga hominem probe, qui dedecorat te, me amicosque alios flagitiis suis.

Mnesilochus, take charge of him! Go, rate him well—for degrading you, and me and his other friends with his enormities.

Phil.

In te ego hoc onus omne impono. Lyde, sequere hac me.

I put the whole load on your shoulders. (*turns to go*) This way, *Lydus*; come.

Lydus

Sequor.

(*gloomily*) Very well. [EXEUNT *Philoxenus* AND *Lydus*.]

III. 4.

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Scene 4.

Mnes.

Inimiciorem nunc utrum credam magis 500 sodalemne esse an Bacchidem, incertum admodumst. ilium 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.*(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.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. sed satine ego animum mente sincera gero, qui ad hunc modum haec his quae futura fabulor? 510 amo hercle opinor, ut pote quod pro certo sciam.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.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.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 father this moment.igitur mi inani atque inopi subblandibitur tum quom blandiri nihilo pluris referet quam si ad sepulcrum mortuo narres logos.[18] (519) profecto stabilest me patri aurum reddere. 520Then 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.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.

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*.



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III. 5.

Scene 5.

(Fifteen minutes have elapsed)

ENTER *Pistoclerus* FROM *Bacchis's* HOUSE.

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.*(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.

III. 6.

Scene 6.

ENTER *Mnesilochus* FROM HOUSE.

Mnes.

Reddidi patri omne aurum. nunc ego illam me velim 530 convenire, postquam inanis sum, contemptricem meam. sed veniam mihi quam gravate pater dedit de Chrysalo; verum postremo impetravi, ut ne quid ei suscenseat. 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.

Estne hic meus sodalis?

(approaching Nicobulus's house) Isn't that my chum?

Mnes.

Estne hic hostis, quem aspicio, meus?

Isn't that my enemy I see?



Pistoc.

Certe is est.

(beaming) It certainly is.

Mnes.

Is est.

(glowering) It is.

Pistoc.

Adibo contra et contollam gradum.
salvos sis, Mnesiloche.

I'll step up and meet him. *(hurries to him)* Mnesilochus!
bless you!

Mnes.

Salve.

(gruffly) Same to you.

Pistoc.

Salvos quom peregre advenis,
cena detur.

(enthusiastically) We must have a dinner, now you're safe
back from abroad.

Mnes.

Non placet mi cena quae bilem movet.

I have no desire for a dinner that stirs my bile.

Pistoc.

Numquae advenienti aegritudo obiecta est?

(wonderingly) You haven't met with any trouble on your
return, have you?

Mnes.

Atque acerruma.

Yes, of the worst sort.

Pistoc.

Unde?

What caused it?

Mnes.



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Ab homine quem mi amicum esse arbitratus sum antidhac.

A man I always took for a friend till now.

Pistoc.

Multi more isto atque exemplo vivont, quos cum censeas 540 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. (*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.

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: ille, quod in se fuit, accuratum habuit quod posset mali 550 faceret in me, inconciliaret copias omnis meas. (*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.

Improbum istunc esse oportet hominem.

The fellow must be a perfect villain!

Mnes.

Ego ita esse arbitror.

Precisely my own opinion.

Pistoc.

Obsecro hercle loquere, quis is est?



(*more indignantly*) By Jove, now! Who is he? Tell me, tell me.

Mnes.

Benevolens vivit tibi.
nam ni ita esset, tecum orarem ut ei quod posses mali
facere faceres.

A man on good terms with you. Yes, but for that, I'd beg you
to do him any damage you could.

Pistoc.

Dic modo hominem qui sit sit: non fecero
ei male aliquo pacto, me esse dicito ignavissimum.

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.

Nequam homost, verum hercle amicus est tibi.

He's a scoundrel, but good Lord, he is a friend of yours!

Pistoc.



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Tanto magis
dic quis est; nequam hominis ego parvi pendo gratiam.

All the more reason for telling me who he is; it's little I
care for the favour of a scoundrel.

Mnes.

Video non potesse quin tibi eius nomen eloquar.
Pistoclere, perdidisti me sodalem funditus. 560

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.

Quid istuc est?

(*aghast*) Eh? What's that?

Mnes.

Quid est? misine ego ad te ex Epheso epistulam
super amica, ut mi invenires?

What's that? Didn't I send you a letter from Ephesus about
my mistress, asking you to find her for me?

Pistoc.

Fateor factum, et repperi.

To be sure you did—and I did find her.

Mnes.

Quid? tibi non erat meretricum aliarum Athenis copia
quibuscum haberes rem, nisi cum illa quam ego mandassem tibi
occiperes tute[19] amare et mi ires consultum male?

What? Weren't there enough other women in Athens for you to philander with, without
beginning to make love to her, the girl I had entrusted to you, and trying this underhand
trick on me?

Pistoc.



Sanun es?

Are you sane?

Mnes.

Rem repperi omnem ex tuo magistro. ne nega.
perdidisti me.

I have the whole story from your tutor. You needn't deny it.
You have ruined me.

Pistoc.

Etiamne ultro tuis me prolectas probris?

(*getting irritated*) Can it be you're bent on provoking me
with this uncalled for abuse of yours?

Mnes.

Quid? amas Bacchidem?

Eh? You do love Bacchis?

Pistoc.

Duas ergo his intus eccas Bacchides.

Well, but look you, there are two Bacchises in here.

Mnes.

Quid? duas?

(*astonished*) What? Two?

Pistoc.

Atque ambas sorores.

And sisters, too.

Mnes.

Loqueris nunc nugas sciens.

Now you're talking rot, and you know it.



Pistoc.

Postremo, si pergis parvam mihi fidem arbitrarier, 570
tollam ego ted in collum atque intro hinc auferam.

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.

Immo ibo, mane.

No, no, I'll go: wait.

Pistoc.



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Non maneo, neque tu me habebis falso suspectum.

I won't wait, and I won't have you suspecting me falsely,
either. (*pulls him toward door*)

Mnes.

Sequor.

I'm coming. [EXEUNT INTO HOUSE.]

ACTVS IV

ACT IV

ENTER *Parasite* WITH *Cleomachus's* PAGE.

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. 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*) recede hinc dierecte. ut pulsat propudium! comesse panem tris pedes latum potes, 580 fores pultare nescis. ecquis in aedibust? heus, ecquis his est? ecquis hoc aperit ostium? ecquis exit? 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?

IV. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Pistoclerus* INTO DOORWAY.

Pistoc.



Quid istuc? quae istaec est pulsatio? [20]quae te mala crux agitat, qui ad istunc modum alieno viris tuas extentes ostio? fores paene exfregisti. quid nunc vis tibi?(*angrily*)
What's all this? What do you mean by pounding so? What the devil ails you, to test your strength on other people's doors this way? You've nearly smashed it off. Now what are you after?

Par.

Adulescens, salve.

(*somewhat cowed*) Good day, young gentleman.

Pistoc.

Salve, sed quem quaeritas?

Good day. But who is it you're looking for?

Par.

Bacchidem.

Bacchis.

Pistoc.

Utram ergo?

Well, which?

Par.

Nil scio nisi Bacchidem. paucis: me misit miles ad eam Cleomachus, vel ut ducentos Philippos reddat aureos 590 vel ut hinc in Elatiam hodie eat secum semul.

Bacchis—that's all I know. Briefly: Captain 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.



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Pistoc.

Non it. negat se ituram. abi et renuntia.
alium illa amat, non illum. due te ab aedibus.

She is not going. She refuses to go. Away with you and
report! It's another man she loves, not him. March yourself
off!

Par.

Nimis iracunde.

(soothingly) You're too irritable.

Pistoc.

At scin quam iracundus siem?
ne tibi hercle haud longe est os ab infortunio,
ita dentifrangibula haec meis manibus gestiunt.

(roaring) But d'ye know how irritable? By the Lord, that face of yours is precious close
to a calamity, the way these *(shaking his fists at parasite, who retreats)* tooth-crackers
here are itching!

Par.

Cum ego huius verba interpretor, mihi cautiost,
ne nucifrangibula excussit ex malis meis.
tuo ego istaec igitur dicam illi periculo.

(aside, wryly) To judge from his remarks, I must take care he doesn't knock the
nutcrackers out of my jaws. *(aloud)* All right, I'll tell him about this, and it will be at your
risk. *(turns to go)*

Pistoc.

Quid ais tu?

See here! *(advancing)*

Par.

Ego istuc illi dicam.

(backing away) I'll tell him what you say.



Pistoc.

Dic mihi, 600
quis tu es?

Tell me this, who are you?

Par.

Illius sum integumentum corporis.

(*impressively*) I am the Captain's corporal integument.

Pistoc.

Nequam esse oportet cui tu integumentum improbu's.

A sorry specimen he must be to have a rascal like you for an
integument!

Par.

Sufflatus ille huc veniet.

He'll be coming here swelling with rage.

Pistoc.

Dirruptum velim.

I hope he bursts.

Par.

Numquid vis?

(*going*) Anything more I can do?

Pistoc.

Abeas. celeriter factost opus.

Yes, get out! And you need to be quick about it.
(*advancing*)

Par.

Vale, dentifrangibule.

(running) Farewell, Sir Toothcracker.

Pistoc.

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. sed huc concedam, nam concrepuerunt fores. 610 Mnesilochus eccum maestus progreditur foras. The same to yourself, Sir Integument.

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[EXIT *Parasite*.] 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 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.

IV. 3.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Mnesilochus* FROM *Bacchis's* HOUSE.

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. 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! inimicos quam amicos aequomst med habere, malos quam bonos par magis me iuvare. omnibus probis, quae improbis viris digna sunt, dignior nullus est homo; qui patri reddidi omne aurum amans, mihi quod fuit prae manu. sumne ego homo miser? perdidit me simulque operam Chrysali. 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.

Consolandus his mist, ibo ad eum.
Mnesiloche, quid fit?

(*aside*) I must console him: I'll up to him. (*aloud, approaching*) How are things, Mnesilochus?

Mnes.

Perii.



I'm done for.

Pistoc.

Di melius faciant.

God forbid!

Mnes.

Perii.

(still more dejectedly) I'm done for.

Pistoc.

Non taces, insipiens?

Won't you shut up, you silly fellow?

Mnes.

Taceam?

Shut up?

Pistoc.

Sanus satis non est.

You've lost your wits.

Mnes.

Perii.

multa mala mi in pectore nunc acria atque acerba eveniunt.
criminin me habuisse fidem? immerito tibi iratus fui.

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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.

Heia, bonum habe animum.

Oh well, cheer up.

Mnes.

Unde habeam? mortuos pluris pretist 630
quam ego sum.

Where can I get cheer? A corpse is worth more than I am.

Pistoc.

Militis parasitus venerat modo aurum petere hinc,
eum ego meis dictis malis his foribus atque hac platea abegi;
reppuli, reieci hominem.

(*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.

Quid mi id prodest? quom ipse veniet,
quid faciam? nil habeo miser. ille quidem hanc abducet, scio.

(*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.

If I had any money myself, I wouldn't promise it to you.

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. 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.

Tace modo: deus respiciet nos aliquis.

Oh, do shut up: some god will look out for us.

Mnes.

Nugae. vale.

Rubbish! (*despairingly, moving off*) Farewell!

Pistoc.

Mane.

(*looking down street*) Wait.

Mnes.

Quid est?

What's the matter?

Pistoc.

Tuam copiam eccam Chrysalum video. tace.

(*pointing*) Look! I see your supply station, Chrysalus.
Sh—h! (*they withdraw*).

IV. 4.

Scene 4.

ENTER *Chrysalus* IN HIGH SPIRITS.

Chrys.

Hunc hominem decet auro expendi,
huic decet statuam statui ex auro; 640
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.

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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. *nunc amanti ero filio senis, quicum ego bibo, quicum edo et amo, regias copias aureasque optuli, ut domo sumeret neu foris quaereret. non mihi isti placent Parmenones, Syri, qui duas aut tris minas auferunt eris.* 650 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 Parmenos,[1] those Syruses[1] that do their masters out of two or three gold pieces.

[Footnote 1: Rascally slaves in Greek comedies.]

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. 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. *improbis cum improbus sit, harpaget, furibus furetur quod queat, vorsipellem frugi convenit esse hominem, pectus quoi sapit: bonus sit bonis, malus sit malis;* 659-660 *utcumque res sit, ita animum habeat.* 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. *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.* (*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 Pistoclerus*) Hullo, though! Here's a lucky meeting with the man I'm looking for! *num qui nummi exciderunt, ere, tibi, quod sic terram optuere? quid vos maestos tam tristesque esse conspicio? non placet nec temere est etiam. quin mihi respondetis?* 670 (*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*) Why don't you answer me?

Mnes.



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Chrysale, occidi.

Chrysalus, I'm a lost man.

Chrys.

Fortassis tu auri dempsisti parum?

You took too little of the gold, perhaps?

Mnes.

Quam, malum, parum? immo vero nimio minus multo parum.

Too little, eh, curse it! No indeed,—much too much less than too little!

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? 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.

Erras.

You're making a mistake.

Chrys.

At quidem tute errasti, cum parum immersti ampliter.

Well, you made another yourself, by not dipping into it deep enough.

Mnes.

Pol tu quam nunc med accuses magis, si magis rem noveris. occidi.

(*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.

Animus iam istoc dicto plus praesagitur mali.

Now I foresee more trouble coming, after that remark.

Mnes.

Perii.

I'm done for.

Chrys.

Quid ita?

Why so?

Mnes.

Quia patri omne cum ramento reddidi. 680

Because I've handed over every scrap of it to my father.

Chrys.

Reddidisti?

(*dumbfounded*) Handed it over?

Mnes.

Reddidi.

Handed it over.

Chrys.

Omnene?

Every bit?

Mnes.

Oppido.

Absolutely.

Chrys.



Occisi sumus.

qui in mentem venit tibi istuc facinus facere tam malum?

We're both lost men! What made it enter your head to do such a thing, such an awful thing?

Mnes.

Bacchidem atque hunc suspicabar propter crimen, Chrysale,
mi male consuluisse: ob eam rem omne aurum, iratus reddidi
meo patri.

(*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.

Quid, ubi reddebas aurum, dixisti patri?



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What did you tell your father when you handed it over?

Mnes.

Me id aurum accepisse extemplo ab hospite Archidemide.

That I had received it on demand from his friend
Archidemides.

Chrys.

Em,
istoc dicto dedisti hodie in cruciatum Chrysalum;
nam ubi me aspiciet, ad carnificem rapiet continuo senex.

(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 the public torturer.

Mnes.

Ego patrem exoravi.

(hurriedly) I persuaded him.

Chrys.

Nempe ergo hoc ut faceret quod loquor?

(dryly) Indeed? To do what I'm saying, I take it?

Mnes.

Immo tibi ne noceat neu quid ob eam rem suscenseat; 690
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. *(pauses, then in flattering manner)* Here's what you must
see to now, Chrysalus.

Chrys.

Quid vis curem?

(sourly) What do you want me to see to?



Mnes.

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.

Chrys.

Vix videtur fieri posse.

It hardly looks possible to me.

Mnes.

Perge, ac facile ecfeceris.

You go ahead, and you'll carry it through easily.

Chrys.

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!

Mnes.

Immo si audias quae dicta dixit me adversum tibi.

(*smiling feebly*) Worse still—if you had only heard what he said to me about you.

Chrys.

Quid dixit?

What did he say?

Mnes.

Si tu illum solem sibi solem esse diceres,
se illum lunam credere esse et noctem qui nunc est dies. 700

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.



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Chrys.

Emungam hercle hominem probe hodie, ne id nequiquam dixerit.

(thinking a moment, then jubilantly) By Jupiter! I'll clean the man up in glorious shape to-day, that he mayn't say that for nothing!

Mnes.

Nunc quid nos vis facere?

What do you want us to do now?

Chrys.

Enim nil nisi ut ametis impero. ceterum quantum lubet me poscitote aurum: ego dabo. quid mihi refert Chrysalo esse nomen, nisi factis probo? sed nunc quantillum usust auri tibi, Mnesiloche? 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.

Mnes.

Militi nummis ducentis iam usus est pro Bacchide.

(eagerly) I need two hundred pounds at once to pay the Captain for Bacchis.

Chrys.

Ego dabo.

I'm your man.

Mnes.

Tum nobis opus est sumptu.

Then we must have something for running expenses.

Chrys.

Ah, placide volo unum quidque agamus: hoc ubi egero, tum istuc agam. de ducentis nummis primum intendam ballistam in senem; ea ballista si pervortam turrim et



propugnacula, 710 recta porta invadam extemplo in oppidum anticum et vetus: si id capso, geritote amicis vestris aurum corbibus, sicut animus sperat. Oh, I say, let's go gently and attend to things one 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.

Pistoc.

Apud test animus noster, Chrysale.

Our soul is in your keeping, Chrysalus.

Chrys.

Nunc tu abi intro, Pistoclere, ad Bacchidem, atque ecfer cito.

(obviously the manager) Now, Pistoclerus, inside with you to Bacchis and hurry back with—

Pistoc.

Quid?

With what?

Chrys.

Stilum, ceram et tabellas, linum.

—a stylus, wax and tablets, some tape.

Pistoc.

Iam faxo his erunt.

I'll have them here at once. [EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

Mnes.

Quid nunc es factururus? id mihi dice.

What are you going to do now? Tell me that.



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Chrys.

Coctumst prandium?
vos duo eritis atque amica tua erit tecum tertia?

Is lunch cooked? You two, and your girl with you for a
third,—is that the plan?

Mnes.

Sicut dicis.

Just so.

Chrys.

Pistoclero nulla amica est?

No girl for Pistoclerus?

Mnes.

Immo adest.
alteram ille amat sororem, ego alteram, ambas Bacchides.

Oh, yes there is! He loves one sister and I the other, both
of them Bacchises.

Chrys.

Quid tu loquere?

(*surprised*) What's that you tell me?

Mnes.

Hoc, ut futuri sumus.

Merely our arrangements.

Chrys.

Ubist biclinium 720
vobis stratum?

Where is this duplex dining-couch of yours set?

Mnes.

Quid id exquaeris?

What do you ask that for?

Chrys.

Res itast, dici volo.

nescis quid ego acturus sim nec facinus quantum exordiar.

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.

Mnes.

Cedo manum ac subsequere propius me ad fores. intro inspice.

(slyly) Give me your hand and follow me closer to the door. *(leads Chrysalus to the house of Bacchis and pushes the door open)* Cast your eyes in there!

Chrys.

Euax, nimis bellus atque ut esse maxume optabam locus.

(looking in) Hurray! Perfectly delicious, yes, just the sort of place I longed for it to be!

RE-ENTER *Pistoclerus*.

Pistoc.

Quae imperavisti. imperatum bene bonis factum ilicost.

(to Chrysalus, with mock deference) Orders followed, sir! Good orders to good men instantly executed.

Chrys.

Quid parasti?

What have you got?

Pistoc.

Quae parari tu iussisti omnia.



Everything your mandate called for. (*showing writing materials*)

Chrys.

Cape stilum propere et tabellas tu has tibi.

(*to Mnesilochus*) Quick! Take the stylus and these tablets, you.

Mnes.

Quid postea?

(*obeying*) And then?

Chrys.

Quod iubebo scribito istic. nam propterea te volo scribere, ut pater cognoscat litteras quando legat. 730 scribe.

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.



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Mnes.

Quid scribam?

Write what?

Chrys.

Salutem tuo patri verbis tuis.

Oh, some wish—use your own words—for your father's health.
(*Mnesilochus writes*)

Pistoc.

Quid si potius morbum mortem scribat? id erit rectius.

Hadn't he better write sickness and death? That will be more
to the point.

Chrys.

Ne interturba.

(*to Pistoclerus*) Don't muddle him.

Mnes.

Iam imperatum in cera inest.

That's down now according to orders.

Chrys.

Dic quem ad modum.

Let's hear how you've put it.

Mnes.

"Mnesilochus salutem dicit suo patri."

(*reading*) "Mnesilochus sends best wishes to his father."

Chrys.



Adscribe hoc cito:

“Chrysalus mihi usque quaque loquitur nec recte, pater,
quia tibi aurum reddidi et quia non te fraudaverim.”

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.”

Pistoc.

Mane dum scribit.

Give him time to write.

Chrys.

Celerem oportet esse amatoris manum.

A lover’s hand ought to be nimble.

Pistoc.

[21]At quidem hercle est ad perdundum magis quam ad scribundum cita.

Gad, yes! but it makes shorter work of cash than
correspondence.

Mnes.

Loquere. hoc scriptumst.

Go on. That’s written.

Chrys.

“Nunc, pater mi, proin tu ab eo ut caveas tibi,
sycophantias componit, aurum ut abs ted auferat; 740
et profecto se ablaturum dixit.” plane adscribito.

“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.

Mnes.

Dic modo.

(after a moment) Yes, yes, go on.



Chrys.

“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.”

“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.”

Mnes.

Loquere porro.

(finishing) All right, some more.



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Chrys.

Adscribe dum etiam—

Just go on and add—(*thinking*)

Mnes.

Loquere quid scribam modo.

Well, say what.

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.

“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.

Obsecro, quid istis ad istunc usust conscriptis modum,
ut tibi ne quid credat atque ut vinctum te adservet domi? 750

(*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.

Quia mi ita lubet. potin ut cures te atque ut ne parcas mihi?
mea fiducia opus conduxī et meo periculo rem gero.

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.

Aequom dicis.

Fairly spoken.



Chrys.

Cedo tabellas.

Hand over the tablets.

Mnes.

Accipe.

(*doing so*) Here they are.

Chrys.

Animum advortite. Mnesiloche et tu, Pistoclere, iam facite in biclinio cum amica sua uterque accubitus eatis, ita negotiumst, atque ibidem ubi nunc sunt lecti strati potetis cito. 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.

Numquid aliud?

(*turning to go*) Nothing else?

Chrys.

Hoc, atque etiam: ubi erit accubitus semel,
ne quoquam exsurgatis, donec a me erit signum datum.

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 imperatorem probum!

O peerless leader!

Chrys.

Iam bis bibisse oportuit.

(*bustling them off*) You should have put down two drinks already.

Mnes.

Fugimus.



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(in mock terror) We're running away.

Chrys.

Vos vostrum curate officium, ego efficiam meum. 760

(grinning) You two do your duty and I'll attend to mine.

[EXEUNT *Pistoclerus* AND *Mnesilochus* INTO HOUSE OF *Bacchis*.

IV. 5.

Scene 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. (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. versabo ego illum hodie, si vivo, probe. tam frictum ego illum reddam quam frictum est cicer. adambulabo ad ostium, ut, quando exeat, extemplo advenienti ei tabellas dem in manum. 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 comes out I can hand him the letter the minute he appears. (withdraws as door opens)

IV. 6.

Scene 6.

ENTER *Nicobulus* FROM HOUSE.

Nic.

Nimium illaec res est magnae dividiae mihi, 770
supterfugisse sic mihi hodie Chrysalum.

Ugh! how it does rankle to have let Chrysalus get out of my reach as he has to-day.



Chrys.

Salvos sum, iratus est senex. nunc est mihi
adeundi ad hominem tempus.

(in low tone) Saved! The old fellow's angry. Now is the
time to approach him.

Nic.

Quis loquitur prope?
atque his quidem, opinor, Chrysalust.

(aside) Who's that speaking near here? *(seeing Chrysalus)*
Yes, it's actually Chrysalus, I do believe.

Chrys.

Accessero.

(aside) At him now! *(approaches)*

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, ut tua iam virgis latera lacerentur probe 779-780
ferratusque in pistrino aetatem conteras. omnia rescivi scelera ex Mnesilocho tua. 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 fetters in the mill. I
have heard about your rascality from Mnesilochus—everything.

Chrys.



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Men criminatust? optimest: ego sum malus,
ego sum sacer, scelestus. specta rem modo;
ego verbum faciam nullum.

(*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.

Etiam, carnufex,
minitare?

What? Threatening, you hangdog?

Chrys.

Nosces tu illum actutum qualis sit.
nunc has tabellas ferre me iussit tibi.
orabat, quod istic esset scriptum ut fieret.

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.

Cedo.

Give it here.

Chrys.

Nosce signum.

(*obeying*) Take notice of the seal.

Nic.

Novi. ubi ipse est?

(*seeing it is intact*) Yes, yes. Where is my son himself?

Chrys.



Nescio. nil iam me oportet scire. oblitus sum omnia. 790 scio me esse servom. nescio etiam id quod scio. nunc ab trasenna his turdus lumbricum petit; pendeat hodie pulcre, ita intendi tenus. (*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.

Mane dum parumper; iam exeo ad te, Chrysale.

(*having read letter*) Just wait a moment; (*goes toward house*) I'll soon be back with you, Chrysalus.
[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

Chrys.

Ut verba mihi dat, ut nescio quam rem gerat. servos arcessit intus qui me vinciant. bene navis agitur, pulcre haec confertur ratis. sed contiscam, nam audio aperiri fores. (*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.

ENTER *Nicobulus* BRINGING SLAVE OVERSEER AND OTHER SLAVES.

Nic.

Constringe tu illi, Artamo, actutum manus.

(*to overseer*) Quick, Artamo, fasten his hands there!

Chrys.

Quid feci?

(*as Artamo obeys*) What have I done?

Nic.

Impinge pugnum, si muttiverit. 800
quid hae locuntur litterae?



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(to *Artamo*) Plant your fists in his face, if he breathes a word. (to *Chrysalus*) What does this letter say?

Chrys.

Quid me rogas?
ut ab illo accepi, ad te obsignatas attuli.

What are you asking me for? I took it from him and brought it to you just as it was, all sealed.

Nic.

Eho tu,[22] loquitatusne es gnato meo male per sermonem, quia mi id aurum reddidit, et te dixisti id aurum ablaturum tamen per sycophantiam? 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.

Egone istuc dixi?

I said that, I?

Nic.

Ita.

Just so.

Chrys.

Quis homost qui dicat me dixisse istuc?

Who's the man says I said that?

Nic.

Tace,
nullus homo dicit: hae tabellae te arguont,
quas tu attulisti. em hae te vinciri iubent.

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.

Aha, Bellerophonem tuos me fecit filius: 810
egomet tabellas tetuli ut vincirer. sine.

(resignedly) Aha! Your son has made a Bellerophon[J] of
me: I myself brought the letter to have myself tied up.
(dangerously) Very well!

[Footnote J: Who carried a letter which was to be his
own death warrant]

Nic.

Propterea hoc facio, ut suadeas gnato meo
ut pergraecetur tecum, tervenefice.

(ironically) I do this merely to make you persuade my son
to join you in riotous living, you soulless villain.

Chrys.

O stulte, stulte, nescis nunc venire te;
atque in eopse adstas lapide, ut praeco praedicat.

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.

Responde: quis me vendit?

(mystified) Answer! Who is selling me?

Chrys.

Quem di diligunt adulescens moritur, dum valet sentit sapit. hunc si ullus deus amaret,
plus annis decem, plus iam viginti mortuom esse oportuit: terrai odium ambulat, iam nil
sapit 820 nec sentit, tantist quantist fungus putidus.*(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.



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Tun terrae me odium esse autumas? abducite hunc
intro atque adstringite ad columnam fortiter.
numquam auferes hinc aurum.

(*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.

At qui iam dabis.

(*mysteriously*) However, you'll soon give it away.

Nic.

Dabo?

I give it away?

Chrys.

Atque orabis me quidem ultro ut auferam, cum illum rescisces criminatorem meum quanto in periclo et quanta in perniciē siet. tum libertatem Chrysalo largibere; ego adeo numquam accipiam. 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 Chrysalus; but not for me, I won't be liberated.

Nic.

Dic, scelerum caput,
dic, quo in periclo est meus Mnesilochus filius? 830

Speak, you fount of iniquity, speak—what danger is my son
Mnesilochus in?

Chrys.

Sequere hac me, faxo iam scies.

(*going toward Bacchis's house*) This way; follow me: I'll
soon let you know.

Nic.

Quo gentium?



(following) Where on earth are you taking me?

Chrys.

Tres unos passus.

Three steps merely.

Nic.

Vel decem.

Ten, for that matter.

Chrys.

Agedum tu, Artamo,
forem hanc pauxillum aperi; placide, ne crepa;
sat est. accede huc tu. viden convivium?

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.

Video exadvorsum Pistoclerum et Bacchidem.

(peeking in) I see Pistoclerus and Bacchis right opposite.

Chrys.

Qui sunt in lecto illo altero?

Who are on that other couch?

Nic.

Interii miser.

(peeking again, then with a start) Death and damnation!

Chrys.

Novistine hominem?

Do you recognize the gentleman?

Nic.

Novi.

I do.

Chrys.

Dic sodes mihi,
bellan videtur specie mulier?

Kindly give me your opinion—good-looking female, eh?

Nic.



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Admodum.

(angrily) Quite so!

Chrys.

Quid illam, meretricemne esse censes?

Well, do you think she's a harlot?

Nic.

Quippini?

Naturally.

Chrys.

Frustra es.

You're mistaken.

Nic.

Quis igitur obsecrost?

For heaven's sake, who is she, then?

Chrys.

Inveneris. 840

ex me quidem hodie numquam fies certior.

(again mysterious) You'll soon discover. But you'll never get the information from me to-day.

IV. 8.

Scene 8.

ENTER *Cleomachus*, APPARENTLY NOT SEEING GROUP AT DOORWAY.

Cleom.



Meamne hic Mnesilochus, Nicobuli filius,
per vim ut retineat mulierem? quae haec factiost?

(blustering) Mnesilochus, Nicobulus's son, keep her here
by force—my woman? What sort of conduct is this?

Nic.

Quis illest?

Who is that?

Chrys.

Per tempus hic venit miles mihi.

(aside) The Captain has come just in the nick of time for
me. *(draws Nicobulus farther away)*

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. He takes me for a woman, not a soldier, a
woman unable to defend myself and mine! Now never may Bellona[K] and Mars trust
me more, unless I extinguish his vital spark, once I come upon him, and unless I
disinherit him of his existence!

[Footnote K: The goddess of war.]

Nic.

Chrysale, quis ille est qui minitatur filio? 850

(anxiously) Chrysalus! who's that threatening my son?

Chrys.

Vir hic est illius mulieris quacum accubat.

(coolly) He is the husband of that woman beside your son
on the couch.

Nic.

Quid, vir?

(in terror) What? The husband?



Chrys.

Vir, inquam.

That is what I say, the husband.

Nic.

Nuptanest illa, obsecro?

For heaven's sake, is she married?

Chrys.

Scies haud multo post.

You'll see a little later.

Nic.

Oppido interii miser.

Oh! This is perfectly agonizing!

Chrys.



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Quid nunc? scelestus tibi videtur Chrysalus?
age nunc vincito me, auscultato filio.
dixin tibi ego illum inventurum te qualis sit?

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.

Quid nunc ego faciam?

What shall I do now?

Chrys.

Iube sis me exsolvi cito;
nam ni ego exsolvor, iam manifesto hominem opprimet.

Kindly have me loosed, and quickly; for if I'm not loosed,
he'll soon be surprising our gentleman red-handed.

Cleom.

Nihil est lucri quod me hodie facere mavelim,
quam illum cubantem cum illa opprimere, ambo ut necem. 860

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.

Audin quae loquitur? quin tu me exsolvi iubes?

You hear what he's saying? Why don't you have me loosed?

Nic.

Exsolvite istum. perii, pertimui miser.

(*to slaves*) Loose him. (*they obey*) This is awful! Dear,
dear, I'm frightened through and through!

Cleom.



Tum illam, quae corpus publicat volgo suom,
faxo se haud dicat nactam quem derideat.

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.

Pacisci cum illo paulula pecunia
potes.

You can buy him off for a bit of cash.

Nic.

Pacisce ergo, obsecro, quid tibi lubet,
dum ne manifesto hominem opprimat neve enicet.

(*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.

Nunc nisi ducenti Philippi redduntur mihi,
iam illorum ego animam amborum exsorbebo oppido.

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.

Em illuc pacisce, si potes; perge obsecro, 870
pacisce quid vis.

There! Buy him off for that, if you can. At him, for
heaven's sake: buy him off at any price.

Chrys.

Ibo et faciam sedulo.
quid clamas?

I'll go and do my best, (*approaching Cleomachus*) What are
you bawling at?

Cleom.

Ubi erus tuos est?

Where is your master?

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Chrys.

Nusquam. nescio
vis tibi ducentos nummos iam promittier,
ut ne clamorem hie facias neu convicium?

(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.

Nihil est quod malim.

(calming down) Nothing I should like better.

Chrys.

Atque ut tibi mala multa ingeram?

(in low tone) Yes, and on condition you take plenty of hard words from me?

Cleom.

Tuo arbitrato.

At your own discretion.

Nic.

Ut subblanditur carnufex.

(hearing only last words) How the hangdog is wheedling him!

Chrys.

Pater hic Mnesilochi est; sequere, is promittet tibi.
tu aurum rogato; ceterum verbum sat est.

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.



Quid fit?

Well? Well?

Chrys.

Ducentis Philippis rem pepigi.

I've settled for two hundred pounds.

Nic.

Ah, salus
mea, servavisti me. quam mox dico "dabo"? 880

(*ecstatic*) Ah, my salvation! you've saved me! How long
before I say "I'll pay"?

Chrys.

Roga hunc tu, tu promitte huic.

(*to Cleomachus*) You make your demand of him: (*to
Nicobulus*) you promise him.

Nic.

Promitto, roga.

(*eagerly*) I promise: make your demand.

Cleom.

Ducentos nummos aureos Philippos probos
dabin?

Will you pay me two hundred good honest gold sovereigns?

Chrys.

"Dabuntur" inque. responde.

(*to Nicobulus*) "I will": say that. Answer him.

Nic.

Dabo.

I will.



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. iam dudum hercle equidem sentio, suspicio 890 quae te sollicitet: eum esse cum illa muliere. (to *Cleomachus*) What now, you beast? Is anything owed you? What are you annoying that gentleman for? What are



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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.

Immo est quoque.

Suspicion? He is there, too.

Chrys.

Ita me Iuppiter Iuno Ceres Minerva[23] 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. (*with unction*) 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.

Ut iurat! servat me ille suis periuriis.

(*aside*) What an oath! The man is saving me by perjuring himself.

Cleom.

Ubi nunc Mnesilochus ergost?

Where is Mnesilochus at present, then?

Chrys.

Rus misit pater,
illa autem in arcem abiit aedem visere 900
Minervae. nunc apertast. i, vise estne ibi.

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.

Abeo ad forum igitur.

In that case, I'll be off to the forum.

Chrys.

Vel hercle in malam crucem.

Or to blazes, if you like, by gad!

Cleom.

Hodie exigam aurum hoc?

Shall I get the money out of him to-day?

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. Get it, and be hanged to you! You needn't think he will sue for favours from you, you ruffraff. [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.

Quid eo intro ibis?

Go in this house? Why?

Chrys.

Ut eum dictis plurumis
castigem, cum haec sic facta ad hunc faciat modum.

So that I may reprove him roundly for acting in such a way
as this.

Nic.

Immo oro ut facias, Chrysale, et ted opsecro,
cave parsis in eum dicere.

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Let you? I beg you to, Chrysalus, and I beseech you, don't spare him in the slightest!

Chrys.

Etiam me mones? 910
satin est si plura ex me audiet hodie mala,
quam audivit umquam Clinia ex Demetrio?

(*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*.

[Footnote L: Characters in some familiar play.]

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 manifestarium. (*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. nunc quasi decentis Philippis emi filium, quos dare promisi militi: quos non dabo 920 temere etiam prius quam filium convenero. numquam edepol quicquam temere credam Chrysalō; verum lubet etiam ni has perlegere denuo: aequomst tabellis consignatis credere. 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.*)

ENTER *Chrysalus* FROM *Bacchis's* HOUSE.

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 nunc prius quam huc senex venit, libet lamentari dum exeat. (932)(*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

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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. 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 non sunt tabellae, sed equos quem misere Achivi ligneum.[25] (936)(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]tum quae his sunt scriptae litterae, hoc in equo insunt milites 941 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. 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. 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. 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.

[Footnote M: Paris]

nam illi itidem Vlixem audivi, ut ego sum,
fuisse et audacem et malum:
in dolis ego pressus sum,
ille mendicans paene inventus interiit, 950
dum ibi exquirat fata Iliorum; adsimiliter mi hodie optigit.
vinctus sum. sed dolis me exemi: item se ille servavit dolis.

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. 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

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tria eis tribus sunt fata nostro huic Ilio. 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.

[Footnote N: The Palladium, a statue of Pallas]

[Footnote O: A son of Priam, slain by Achilles]

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. post ubi tabellas ad senem detuli, ibi occidi Troilum, 960 cum censuit Mnesilochum cum uxore esse dudum militis.[26] (961) 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] post cum magnifico milite, urbes verbis qui mermus capit, (966) conflixi atque hominem reppuli; dein pugnam conserui seni: eum ego adeo uno mendacio devici, uno ictu extempulo cepi spolia. is nunc ducentos nummos Philippos militi, quos dare se promisit, dabit, 970 nunc alteris etiam ducentis usus est, qui dispensentur Ilio capto, ut sit mulsum qui triumphent milites.[27] (972) Still later I closed with the noble Captain—who captures cities with no weapon save his mighty 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]

sed Priamum adstantem eccum ante portam video.
adibo atque adloquar. (978)

[ENTER *Nicobulus* FROM HIS HOUSE.] Aha, though! I see Priam standing before the gate. I'll up and address him.

Nic.

Quoianam vox prope me sonat?

(*looking round*) Whose voice is that I hear near me?

Chrys.



O Nicobule.

(approaching) Oh, sir!

Nic.

Quid fit?

quid quod te misi, ecquid egisti?

(eagerly) How goes it? What about your mission—have you accomplished anything?



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Chrys.

Rogas? congregere.

Do you ask that? Come here, close.

Nic.

Gradior. 980

(*doing so*) I am.

Chrys.

Optumus sum orator. ad lacrimas coegi hominem castigando maleque dictis, quae quidem quivi comminisci.

(*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.

Quid ait?

What did he say?

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 content quod priores. nosce signum. estne eius? 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.

Novi. libet perlegere has.

(*examining seal*) Yes, yes; I'm anxious to read this over.

Chrys.



Perlege.

nunc superum limen scinditur, nunc adest exitium Ilio,
turbat equos lepide ligneus.

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.

Chrysale, ades, dum ego has perlego.

Chrysalus, stay here while I read this over.

Chrys.

Quid me tibi adesse opus est?

What's the use of my staying with you?

Nic.

Volo,[28]
ut scias quae his scripta sient.

I wish it, so that you may know what is written here.

Chrys.

Nil moror neque scire volo.

Not for me—I don't wish to know.

Nic.

Tamen ades.

Never mind, stay here.

Chrys.

Quid opust?

What's the use?

Nic.

Taceas:
quod iubeo id facias.



(*angry*) Silence! do what I tell you.

Chrys.

Adero. 990A

(*apparently reluctant*) Stay I will.

Nic.

Euge litteras minutas.

(*opening tablets*) Well, well! What tiny letters.

Chrys.

Qui quidem videat parum;
verum, qui satis videat, grandes satis sunt.



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(innocently) Yes, for a man with poor eyes; they're big enough, if your sight is good enough, though.

Nic.

Animum advortito igitur.

Well then, pay attention.

Chrys.

Nolo inquam.

I don't want to, I tell you.

Nic.

At volo inquam.

But I want you to, I tell you.

Chrys.

Quid opust?

What's the use?

Nic.

At enim id quod te iubeo facias.

See here now, you do what I order.

Chrys.

Iustumst ut tuos tibi servos tuo arbitrato serviat.

(after reflection, impartially) It's right for your own servant to serve you as you see fit, sir.

Nic.

Hoc age sis nunciam.

Now kindly attend to this at once.



Chrys.

Ubi lubet, recita: aurium operam tibi dico.

Read when you like, sir: I promise you my ears.

Nic.

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.*(looking tablets over with a sigh)* He hasn't been sparing of wax or stylus, it seems. But whatever it is, I'm resolved to read it through, *(reading)* "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!

Chrys.

Tibi dico.

I say.

Nic.

Quid est?

Well?

Chrys.

Non prius salutem scripsit?

Didn't he write a word of greeting first?

Nic.

Nusquam sentio. 1000

(looking) Not a sign of it.

Chrys.

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.*(indignant)* 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.

Nic.



Auscultha porro, dum hoc quod scriptumst perlego.

Listen, further, while I read through what is written here.

Chrys.

Inde a principio iam inpudens epistula est.

That's an impudent letter, impudent from the very beginning!



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Nic.

“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 1010 Philippis redemi vitam ex flagitio tuam.(*continuing*) “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.

There’s nothing of that I didnt say to him, sir.

Nic.

“Stulte fecisse fateor, sed qaesio, 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.“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.

Eadem istaec verba dudum illi dixi omnia.

Just the very same words I said to him a while ago, sir.

Nic.

“Quaesio ut sat habeas id, pater, quod Chrysalus me obiurigavit plurumis verbis malis, 1020 et me meliorem fecit praeceptis suis, ut te ei habere gratiam aequom sit bonam.”“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.

Estne istuc istic scriptum?

Is that written there?



Nic.

Em specta, tum scies.

(showing him the place) There! look, then you'll know.

Chrys.

Ut qui deliquit supplex est ultro omnibus.

(piously) How the wrongdoer does bend the knee to every one, of his own accord!

Nic.

"Nunc si me fas est obsecrare abs te, pater,
da mihi ducentos nummos Philippos, te obsecro."

"Now if I have a moral right to beseech you, father, I do
beseech you to give me two hundred pounds."

Chrys.

Ne unum quidem hercle, si sapis.

Not even one, by heaven, if you're wise!

Nic.



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Sine perlegam. “ego ius iurandum verbis conceptis dedi, daturum id me hodie mulieri ante vesperum, prius quam a me abiret. nunc, pater, ne perierem 1030 cura atque abduce me hinc ab hac quantum potest, quam propter tantum damni feci et flagiti. cave tibi ducenti nummi dividiae fuant; sescenta tanta reddam, si vivo, tibi. vale atque haec cura.” quid nunc censes, Chrysale? 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.

Nihil ego tibi hodie consili quicquam dabo, neque ego haud committam ut, si quid peccatum siet, fecisse dicas de mea sententia. verum, ut ego opinor, si ego in istoc sim loco, dem potius aurum quam illum corrumpi sinam. 1040 duae condiciones sunt: utram tu accipias vide: vel ut aurum perdas vel ut amator perieret. ego neque te iubeo neque veto, neque suadeo. (*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.

Miseret me illius.

(*earnestly*) I’m sorry for the lad.

Chrys.

Tuos est, non mirum facis.
si plus perundum sit, periisse suaviust,
quam illud flagitium volgo dispalescere.

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.

Ne ille edepol Ephesi multo mavellem foret, dum salvos esset, quam revenisset domum. quid ego istic? quod perundumst properem perdere. binos ducentos Philippos



iam intus ecferam. 1050 et militi quos dudum promisi miser et istos. mane istic, iam exeo ad te, Chrysale. 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? (*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.



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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. (*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.

Cape hoc tibi aurum, Chrysale. i, fer filio.
ego ad forum autem hinc ibo, ut solvam militi. 1060

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.

Non equidem accipiam. proin tu quaeras qui ferat.
nolo ego mihi credi.

(*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.

Cape vero, odiose facis.

Come, come, now, take it: you annoy me.

Chrys.

Non equidem capiam.

Indeed I won't take it.

Nic.

At quaeso.

But I beg you.



Chrys.

Dico ut res se habet.

(firmly) I tell you just how I stand.

Nic.

Morare.

(impatiently) You're delaying me.

Chrys.

Nolo, inquam, aurum concredi mihi,
vel da aliquem qui servet me.

I don't want money put in my charge, I say. *(pause)* At
least, appoint some one to watch me.

Nic.

Ohe, odiose facis.

Pshaw! You annoy me.

Chrys.

Cedo, si necesse est.

(reluctant) Give it here, if I must.

Nic.

Cura hoc. iam ego huc revenero.

(handing him bag of gold) Look out for this. I shall be
back here soon. [EXIT TOWARD FORUM.]

Chrys.

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
1070 domum reduco integrum omnem exercitum.*(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!



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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. 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. 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.]

IV. 10.

Scene 10.

(*Half an hour has elapsed*)

ENTER *Philoxenus*.

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] 1080The 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.

ego dare me meo gnato institui,
ut animo obsequium sumere possit; (1082)
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.

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*)

ACTVS V

ACT V

ENTER *Nicobulus* IN A RAGE, WITHOUT SEEING *Philoxenus*.

Nic.



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Quicumque ubi ubi sunt, qui fuerunt quique futuri sunt posthac stulti, stolidi, fatui, fungi, bardi, blenni, buccones, solus ego omnis longe antideo stultitia et moribus indoctis. perii, pudet: hocine me aetatis ludos bis factum esse indigne? 1090 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! 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. 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! Chrysalus med hodie laceravit, Chrysalus me miserum spoliavit: is me scelus auro usque attondit dolis doctis indoctum, ut lubitumst. 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! ita miles memorat meretricem esse eam quam ille uxorem esse aiebat, omniaque ut quidque actum est memoravit, eam sibi hunc annum conductam, relictuom id auri factum quod ego ei stultissimus homo promissem: hoc, hoc est quo cor peracescit: 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;

hoc est demum quod percrucior,
me hoc aetatis ludificari,[30] (1099)
cano capite atque alba barba
miserum me auro esse emunctum. 1101
perii, hoc servom meum non nauci facere esse ausum! atque ego,
si alibi
plus perdiderim. minus aegre habeam minusque id mihi damno ducam.

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.

Certo hic prope me mihi nescio quis loqui visust; sed quem video?
hic quidemst pater Mnesilochi.

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*)



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Nic.

Euge, socium aerumnae et mei mali video.
Philoxene, salve.

(grimly) Splendid! I see my partner in toil and woe. Good day to you, Philoxenus.

Phil.

Et tu. unde agis?

And to you. Where are you coming from?

Nic.

Unde homo miser atque infortunatus.

Where a wretched, unlucky man should come from.

Phil.

At pol ego ibi sum,
esse ubi miserum hominem decet atque infortunatum.

Gad! but I'm on the very spot where a wretched, unlucky man should be.

Nic.

Igitur pari fortuna, aetate ut sumus, utimur.

Then we're alike in luck as we are in years.

Phil.

Sic est. sed tu,
quid tibist?

So it seems. But you—what is your trouble?

Nic.

Pol mihi par, idem est quod tibi.

Good Lord! The same as yours.



Phil.

Numquid nam ad filium haec aegritudo attinet? 1110

This dolefulness of yours has something to do with your son,
eh?

Nic.

Admodum.

(*morosely*) Rather!

Phil.

Idem mihi morbus in pectore est.

The same ailment is worrying me.

Nic.

At mihi Chrysalus optumus homo
perdidit filium, me atque rem omnem meam.

Well, but Chrysalus—that pattern of excellence—has ruined
my boy and me and all that's mine!

Phil.

Quid tibi ex filio nam, obsecro, aegrest?

What in the world has your son done to vex you, pray?

Nic.

Scies:
id, perit cum tuo: ambo aequae amicas habent.

You shall know: this—he's going to the dogs along with
yours: the both of them alike have mistresses.

Phil.

Qui scis?

How do you know?

Nic.



Vidi.

I saw.

Phil.

Ei mihi, disperii.

(with apparent conviction) Oh dear me! Terrible, terrible!

Nic.

Quid dubitamus pultare atque hue evocare ambos foras?

Why don't we go straight up and knock; and call them both out here?

Phil.

Haud moror.

(lukewarm) I have no objection.

Nic.

Heus Bacchis, iube sic actutum aperiri fores,
nisi mavoltis fores et postes comminui securibus.

(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!



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V. 2.

Scene 2.

Bacch.

Quis sonitu ac tumultu tanto nominat me atque pultat aedes? 1120

(*within*) Who's raising such a din and uproar, calling me
and beating on the house?

ENTER THE TWO *Bacchises* INTO DOORWAY.

Nic.

Ego atque hic.

This gentleman and I.

Bacch.

Quid hoc est negoti nam, amabo?
quis has hue ovis adegit?

(*to sister after surveying them*) Mercy me, dear, what does
this mean? Who drove these sheep here?

Nic.

Ovis nos vocant pessumae.

(*to Philoxenus*) They're calling us sheep, the sluts!

Soror

Pastor harum
dormit, quom haec eunt sic a pecu balitantes.

Their shepherd must be taking a nap, to let them straggle
off from the flock this way, bleating.

Bacch.

At pol nitent, haud sordidae videntur ambae.



My goodness, though! They are sleek! they seem to be quite spick and span, both of them.

Soror

Attonsae hae quidem ambae usque sunt.

Yes, you see they've both been ever so well shorn.

Phil.

Ut videntur
deridere nos.

(*to Nicobulus*) Hm! They seem to be making fun of us.

Nic.

Sine suo usque arbitratu.

(*sourly*) Let them go as far as they like.

Bacch.

Rerin ter in anno tu has tonsitari?

Do you suppose they are generally sheared three times a year?

Soror

Pol hodie altera iam bis detonsa certo est.

Goodness me! that other one (*indicating Nicobulus*) has been shorn twice this very day for certain.

Bacch.

Vetulae sunt minae ambae.[31]

They're both rather woolless old—(*with a sly glance at her sister*) customers.

Soror

At bonas fuisse credo.

But they used to be good ones, I do believe.

Bacch.



Viden limulis, obsecro, ut intuentur? 1130

For heaven's sake, do you see the little sidelong glances
they're casting at us?

Soror

Ecastor sine omni arbitror malitia esse.

Oh well, I don't think they mean anything naughty by it.

Phil.

Merito hoc nobis fit, qui quidem hue venerimus.

(to *Nicobulus*) This serves us right for coming here!

Bacch.

Cogantur quidem intro.

They really ought to be pushed inside.



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Soror

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 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.

Nic.

Illico ambae 1140
manete: haec oves volunt vos.

Stay where you are, both of you: these sheep want you.

Soror

Prodigium hoc quidemst: humana nos voce appellant oves.

Dear, dear, miraculous! The sheep are addressing us, quite as if they were human!

Nic.

Haec oves vobis malam rem magnam, quam debent, dabunt

These sheep are going to give you all the trouble they owe you.

Bacch.

Si quam debes, te condono: tibi habe, numquam abs te petam.
sed quid est quapropter nobis vos malum minitamini?

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?

Phil.

Quia nostros agnos conclusos istic esse aiunt duos.



Because they say our lambs are shut up in there, (*pointing to house*) two of them.

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.

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.

Soror, est quod te volo secreto.

Sister, I want a word with you in private, (*takes her aside*)

Soror.

Eho, amabo.

(*inquiringly*) Well, well, there's a dear!

Nic.

Quo illaec abeunt?

Where are they off to?

Bacch.

Senem illum tibi dedo ultenorem, lepide ut lenitum reddas; 1150
ego ad hunc iratum adgrediar, si possumus nos hos intro inlicere huc.



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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

Meum pensum ego lepide accurabo, quamquam odiosam mortem amplexari.

(*without enthusiasm*) I'll take care of my stint nicely enough, even though it is sickening to hug a death's-head.

Bacch.

Facito ut facias.

See you do it.

Soror

Taceas. tu tuum facito: ego quod dixi haud mutabo.

Hush! You do your share, and I won't fail to keep my word.

Nic.

Quid illaec illic in consilio duae secreto consultant?

What are they scheming, those two, in that secret session?

Phil.

Quid ais tu, homo?

(*awkwardly*) I say, old fellow.

Nic.

Quid me vis?

What do you want?

Phil.

Pudet dicere me tibi quiddam.

There's something I'm ashamed to tell you.

Nic.

Quid est quod pudeat?

What is it you are ashamed of?

Phil.

Sed amico homini tibi quod volo credere certumst.
nihili sum.

But to a good friend like you—yes, I'm going to own up to
what I want. (*pauses*) I'm an ass.

Nic.

Istuc iam pridem scio. sed qui nihili es? id memora.

I have known that for some time. But why are you an ass?
Explain that.

Phil.

Tactus sum vehementer visco;
cor stimulo foditur.

(*with a wry smile*) I'm most confoundedly caught in
bird-lime; my heart's pierced by a goad.

Nic.

Pol tibi multo aequius est coxendicem.
sed quid istuc est?

etsi iam ego ipsus quid sit probe scire puto me; 1160
verum audire etiam ex te studeo.

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.

Viden hanc?

Do you see this girl? (*pointing to the Sister*)

Nic.

Video.



I do.

Phil.

Haud mala est mulier.

(approvingly) Not a bad one!

Nic.

Pol vero ista mala et tu nihili.

(indignantly) Good Lord! She certainly is a bad one, and you are an ass.

Phil.

Quid multa? ego amo.



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(not listening) In short, I'm in love with her.

Nic.

An amas?

You in love?

Phil.

+nai gar.+

Bien sur!

Nic.

Tun, homo putide, amator istac fieri aetate audes?

You, you disgusting creature? You venture to turn lover at your age?

Phil.

Qui non?

Why not?

Nic.

Quia flagitium est.

Because it's infamous.

Phil.

Quid opust verbis? meo filio non sum iratus,
neque te tuost aequom esse iratum: si amant, sapienter faciunt.

(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.

Sequere hac.



(to sister) Come along.

Nic.

Eunt eccas tandem probri perlecebrae et persuastrices, quid nunc? etiam redditis nobis filios et servom? an ego experior tecum vim maiorem? 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?

Phil.

Abin hinc?

non homo tu quidem es, qui istoc pacto tam lepidam inlepide appelles.

(to Nicobulus, protestingly) Get out, will you? There's no red blood in you, addressing a sweet little girl (leering at Bacchis) in that sour fashion.

Bacch.

Senex optime quantumst in terra, sine me hoc exorare abs te, 1170
ut istuc delictum desistas tanto opere ire oppugnatum.

(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.

Ni abeas, quamquam tu bella es,
malum tibi magnum dabo iam.

(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.

Patiar,
non metuo, ne quid mihi doleat
quod ferias.

(softly, still fondling him) I'll take it. I'm not afraid of your striking me so as to hurt at all.

Nic.

Ut blandiloquast!
ei mihi, metuo.



(*aside*) What a coxer she is! Oh, dear me! I'm afraid!

Soror

Hic magis tranquillust.

(*caressing Philoxenus to his high satisfaction*) This one is more peaceful.



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Bacch.

I hac mecum intro atque ibi, si quid vis, filium concastigato.

Do come inside here with me: yes, and punish your son ever so, in there, if you like.

Nic.

Abin a me, scelus?

Get away from me, you hussy!

Bacch.

Sine, mea pietas, te exorem.

Let me persuade you, that's a love! (*tries to draw him toward house*)

Nic.

Exores tu me?

You persuade me?

Soror

Ego quidem ab hoc certe exorabo.

I'll certainly persuade my man, at any rate.

Phil.

Immo ego te oro, ut me intro abducas.

(*returning her embrace with vigour*) No you won't: I myself beg you to take me inside.

Soror

Lepidum te.

Oh, you delightful man!

Phil.



At scin quo pacto me ad te intro abducas?

But do you know on what condition you can take me inside.

Soror

Mecum ut sis.

Yes, your being with me.

Phil.

Omnia quae cupio commemoras.

The sum total of my desires!

Nic.

Vidi ego nequam homines, verum te
neminem deteriores.

(pulling himself together) I have seen worthless men, but
never a worse one than you.

Phil.

Ita sum. 1180

(cheerfully) So I am.

Bacch.

I hac mecum intro,
ubi tibi sit lepide victibus, vino atque unguentis.

(to Nicobulus) Do come along inside with me: you'll have a
lovely time—things to eat, and wine and perfumes.

Nic.

Satis, satis iam vostris 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. 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.



Quid tandem, si dimidium auri
redditur, in hac mecum intro? atque ut
eis delicta ignoscas.

Well, but supposing half of it is given back, won't you come
in with me, then? Yes, and pardon their offences?

Phil.

Faciet.

He'll do it.

Nic.

Minime, nolo. nil moror, sine sic.
malo illos ulcisci ambo.



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(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.

Etiam tu homo nihili? quod di dant boni cave culpa tua amissis
dimidium auri datur. accipias, potesque et scortum aecumbas.

(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.

Egon ubi filius corrumpatur meus, ibi potem?

(very feebly) I drink in the house where my son is being
debauched?

Phil.

Potandumst. 1190

(clapping him on the shoulder) Drink you must.

Nic.

Age iam, id ut ut est,
etsi est dedecori patiar, facere inducam animum
egon, cum haec cum illo accubet, inspectem?

(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.

Goodness me, no indeed! I'll be on the couch beside you,
loving you and hugging you. *(snuggles up to him)*

Nic.



Caput prurit, perii, vix negito.

(*aside*) My head does itch! Dear, dear, dear! It is hard to keep on saying no!

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? 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.

Quid ago?

(*nearly helpless*) What am I to do?

Phil.

Quid agas? rogitas etiam?

To do? The idea of asking that!

Nic.

Libet et metuo.

I long to, and—I'm afraid.

Bacch.

Quid metuis?

Afraid of what?

Nic.

Ne obnoxius filio sim et servo.

Of humbling myself before my son and servant.

Bacch.

Mel meum, amabo, etsi haec fiunt,
tuost: unde illum sumere censes, nisi quod tute illi dederis?
hanc veniam illis sine te exorem.



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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.

Ut terebrat! satin offirmatum
quod mihi erat, id me exorat? 1200
tua sum opera et propter te improbior.

(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.

Ne tis[32] quam mea mavellem.
satin ego istuc habeo firmatum?

(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.

Quod semel dixi haud mutabo

What I have once said I won't change.

Bacch.

It dies, ite intro accubitum,
filii vos exspectant intus.

The day is going: go inside and take your places on the couches. Your sons are within waiting for you.

Nic.

Quam quidem actutum emoriamur.

(dryly) Yes, waiting for us to breathe our last with celerity.

Soror



Vesper hic est, sequimini.

It's evening: come along.

Nic.

Ducite nos quo lubet tamquam quidem addictos.

Take us where you please, just as if we were your veritable bond servants.

Bacch.

Lepide ipsi hi sunt capti, suis qui filiis fecere insidias.

(aside to spectators) Here they are, prettily caught themselves—after laying traps for their sons.

[EXEUNT OMNES INTO HOUSE OF *Bacchis*.]

GREX

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY THE COMPANY.

Hi senes nisi fuissent nihili iam inde ab adolescentia, non hodie hoc tantum flagitium facerent canis capitibus; neque adeo haec faceremus, ni antehac vidissemus fieri, ut apud lenones rivalet filiis fierent patres. 1210 spectatores, vos valere volumus et clare adplaudere. 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 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.

* * * * *

[Footnote 1: Leo notes lacuna here: *aedis* Ritschl.]

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[Footnote 2: Leo notes lacuna here: *fide* Leo.]

[Footnote 3: Corrupt (Leo): *perii* MSS: *prope* Ritschl.]

[Footnote 4: Leo brackets following v., 67:
ubi pro disco damnum capiam, pro cursura dedecus?]

[Footnote 5: Leo brackets following v., 69:
ubique imponat in manum alius mihi pro cestu cantharum.]

[Footnote 6: Leo brackets following v., 107:
simul huic nescio cui, turbare qui huc it, decedamus.]

[Footnote 7: Leo brackets following v., 150:
video nimio iam multo plus quam volueram.]

[Footnote 8: Leo brackets following v., 153, 154:
nil moror discipulos mihi iam plenos sanguinis.
valens afflictat me vacivom virium.]

[I have no liking for these full-blooded pupils: the sturdy youngster is bullying me, destitute of strength as I am.]

[Footnote 9: Leo brackets following v., 166, 167:
edepol fecisti furtum in aetatum malum
cum istaec flagitia me celavisti et patrem.]

[Good heavens! Such villainy in a lad of your age, concealing such atrocities from me and from your father!]

[Footnote 10: *Tardare* Hauptius: *turbare* MSS.]

[Footnote 11: Leo brackets following v., 377-378:
quibus patrem et me teque amicosque omnes affectas tuos
ad probrum, damnum, flagitium appellere una et perdere.]

[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.]

[Footnote 12: Leo brackets following v., 382:
nunc prius quam malum istoc addis, certumst iam dicam patri]

[Footnote 13: *sed eccum video incedere* follows in MSS:
Leo brackets.]



[Footnote 14: Leo brackets following v., 446:
it magister quasi lucerna uncto expretus linteo.]

[Footnote 15: *Pistocleri* follows in MSS: Leo brackets.]

[Footnote 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.]

[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.]

[Footnote 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.]

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[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.]

[Footnote 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.]*

[However, rather than have my money make her a fraction
the weightier or heavier, I'd prefer to perish in the
pangs of want.]

[Footnote 19: Corrupt (Leo): *tute (etiam)* Seyffert:
tute (eam) Lindsay.]

[Footnote 20: Leo notes lacuna here:
Quae te (male) mala Lindsay.]

[Footnote 21: Corrupt (Leo).
At quidem hercle est ad perdundum magis quam ad scribundum cita
Camerarius: various readings MSS.]

[Footnote 22: Leo notes lacuna here: *tu (scelus)* Ritschl.]

[Footnote 23: Corrupt (Leo): *Latona Spes* MSS:
Luna Spes Bergk: *Lato Spes* Ussing.]

[Footnote 24: Leo brackets the following v., 931:
cepi expugnavi amanti erili filio aurum ab suo patre.]

[Footnote 25: Leo brackets the following v., 937-940:
*Epiust Pistoclerus: ab eo haec sumptae; Mnesilochus Sino est
relictus, ellum 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.]*

[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.]

[Footnote 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]*

[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.]

[Footnote 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.]*

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[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.]

[Footnote 28: *ut quod iubeo facias* follows in MSS: Leo brackets.]

[Footnote 29: Leo brackets the following v., 1081:
duxi, habui scortum. potavi, dedi, donavi, sed enim id raro.]

[Footnote 30: Leo brackets the following v., 1100:
immo edepol sic ludos factum]

[Footnote 31: *Minae ambae* Colerus: *thimiame* MSS.]

[Footnote 32: *tis* Schroeder: *is* MSS.]

* * * * *

[Transcriber's Corrections: *Bacchides* (*The Two Bacchises*)

I. 2.

EXEUNT INTO THE HOUSE OF *Bacchis*
text reads THE HOUSE OF *Bacchus*

III. 5. I. 553

Mnes. Benevolens vivit tibi.
speaker not named in Latin text

IV. 4. I. 640

Chrys. Hunc hominem...
text reads *Cyhrs.*

IV. 9. I. 1065

Nic. Ohe, odiose facis.
speaker not named in Latin text

V. 1. I. 1112

Nic. At mihi Chrysalus optumus homo...
text reads *At mhi...*

V. 2.

waiting for us to breathe our last with celerity
text reads *with clerity*]

* * * * *

CAPTIVI

THE CAPTIVES

* * * * *

ARGVMENTVM

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

Captust 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. Is suo cum domino veste versa ac nomine Vt amittatur fecit: ipse plectitur; Et is reduxit captum, et fugitivum simul, Indicio cuius alium agnoscit filium.* 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.

PERSONAE

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ERGASILVS PARASITUS
HEGIO SENEX
LORARIVS
PHILOCRATES ADULESCENS
TYNDARVS SERVUS
ARISTOPHONTES ADULESCENS
PVER
PHILOPOLEMVS ADULESCENS
STALAGMVS SERVUS

ERGASILUS, *a parasite.*
HEGIO, *an old gentleman.*
SLAVE OVERSEER, *belonging to Hegio.*
PHILOCRATES, *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.*

Scene:—A city in Aetolia. A street on which stands Hegio's house.

PROLOGVS

PROLOGUE

Tyndarus AND Philocrates ARE CHAINED, IN AN UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION, TO A PILLAR IN FRONT OF Hegio's HOUSE

Hos quos videtis stare his captives 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. 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. 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. 10But 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! *negat hercle ille ultimus. accedito. si non ubi sedeat 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. 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

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you gentlemen who do own enough property to pay taxes on, let me discharge my debt — none of the credit system for me. *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. 20 hic nunc domi servit suo patri, nec scit pater; enim vero di nos quasi pilas homines habent.* 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 captivos commercari hic Aleos, si quem reperire possit qui mutet suom, illum captivom: hunc suom esse nescit, qui domist.* 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. *et quoniam heri indauidit, de summo loco 30 summoque genere captum esse equitem Aleum, nil pretio parsit, filio dum parceret: reconciliare ut facilius posset domum, emit hosce e praeda ambos de quaestoribus.* 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. *hisce autem inter sese hunc confinxerunt dolum. quo pacto hic servos suom erum hinc amittat domum. itaque inter se commutant vestem et nomina; illic vocatur Philocrates, hic Tyndarus: huius illic, hic illius hodie fert imaginem.* 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.

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et hic hodie expediet hanc docte fallaciam, 40 et suom erum faciet libertatis compotem, eodemque pacto fratrem servabit suom reducemque faciet liberum in patriam ad patrem, imprudens: itidem ut saepe iam in multis locis plus insciens quis fecit quam prudens boni. 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. sed inscientes sua sibi fallacia ita compararunt et confinxerunt dolum itaque hi commenti, de sua sententia ut in servitute hic ad suom maneat patrem: ita nunc ignorans suo sibi servit patri; 50 homunculi quanti sunt, quom recogito! haec res agetur nobis, vobis fabula. 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. sed etiam est, paucis vos quod monitos voluerim. profecto expediet fabulae huic operam dare. non pertractate facta est neque item ut ceterae: neque spurcidici insunt versus, immemorabiles; hic neque periurus leno est nec meretrix mala neque miles gloriosus; ne vereamini, quia bellum Aetolis esse dixi cum Aleis: foris illic extra scaenam fient proelia. 60 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. nam hoc paene iniquomst, comico choragio conari desubito agere nos tragoediam. proin si quis pugnam expectat, litis contrahat: valentiolem nactus adversarium si erit, ego faciam ut pugnam inspectet non bonam, adeo ut spectare postea omnis oderit. 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.

abeo. valete, iudices iustissimi
domi duellique duellatores optumi.

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(*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*.]

ACTVS I

ACT I

ENTER *Ergasilus* LOOKING HUNGRY AND FORLORN.

Erg.

Iuventus nomen indidit Scorto mihi, eo quia invocatus soleo esse in convivio. 70 scio absurde dictum hoc derisores dicere, at ego aio recte. nam scortum in convivio sibi amator, talos quom iacit, scortum invocat. 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, 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. 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. 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. quasi, cum caletur, cocleae in occulto latent, 80 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. 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. 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, [3]ire extra portam Trigeminam ad saccum licet. 90 quod mihi ne eveniat, non nullum periculum est. 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*)

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Which is precious likely to be my own fate. *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;* 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!) *nunc hic occepit quaestum hunc fili gratia inhonestum et maxime alienum ingenio suo: homines captives commercatur, si queat 100 aliquem invenire, suum qui mutet filium. quod quidem ego nimis quam cupio[4] ut impetret: nam ni illum recipit, nihil est quo me recipiam.—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.* *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.* 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*)

I. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Hegio* WITH *Slave Overseer*.

Hegio

Advorte animum sis tu: istos captives duos, 110 heri quos emi de praeda a quaestoribus, eis indito catenas singularias istas, maiores, quibus sunt iuncti, demito; 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. *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*



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prendere. 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.

Lor.

Over.

Omnes profecto liberi lubentius
sumus quam servimus.

Well, of course sir, we'd all rather be free than slaves.

Hegio.

Non videre ita tu quidem. 120

That seems untrue of you at any rate.[A]

[Footnote A: Implying that he had not tried to save money
to buy his liberty.]

Lor.

Over.

Si non est quod dem, mene vis dem ipse—in pedes?

In case I haven't anything else to give you, how about my
giving you—the slip?

Hegio

Si dederis, erit extemplo mihi quod dem tibi.

Give me that, and I shall shortly have something to give
you.

Lor.

Over.

Avis me ferae consimilem faciam, ut praedicas.

I'll copy that wild bird you speak of.

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 rursum domum.

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.

Aegre est mi, hunc facere quaestum carcerarium propter sui gnati miseriam miserum senem. 130 sed si ullo pacto ille huc conciliari potest, vel carnificinam hunc facere possum perpeti. (*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

Quis hic loquitur?

(*looking round*) Who is that speaking here?

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. (*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



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Ergasile, salve.

Ah, good day, Ergasilus.

Erg.

Di te bene ament, Hegio.

God bless you, Hegio, bless you bounteously! (*grasps Hegio's hand fervently and bursts into tears*)

Hegio

Ne fle.

Don't cry.

Erg.

Egone illum non fleam? egon non defleam
talem adulescentem?

I not cry for him? I not cry my eyes out for such a youth?

Hegio

Semper sensi, filio 140
meo te esse amicum, et illum intellexi tibi.

(*somewhat moved*) I always did feel that you were a friend
to my son, and I realized that he regarded you as one.

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. 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

Alienus cum eius incommodum tam aegre feras,
quid me patrem par facerest, cui ille est unicus?



When an outsider like you takes his misfortune so bitterly,
how must I feel, his father, and he my only son?

Erg.

Alienus ego? alienus illi? aha, Hegio,
numquam istuc dixis neque animum induxis tuom;
tibi ille unicust, mi etiam unico magis unicus. 150

(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.

I appreciate this, that you consider your friend's disaster
your own. *(patting him on the back)* Come now, take heart.

Erg.

Eheu, huic illud dolet,
quia nunc remissus est edendi exercitus.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! here's *(rubbing his stomach)* where it
hurts: my whole commissary department has been disbanded
now, you see.

Hegio

Nullumne interea nactu's, qui posset tibi
remissum quem dixti imperare exercitum?

(smiling) And meantime haven't you hit upon anyone that
could reorganize the department you say is disbanded?

Erg.

Quid credis? fugitant omnes hanc provinciam,
quoi optigerat postquam captust Philopolemus tuos.



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Would you believe it? Every one keeps fighting shy of the office ever since your Philopolemus, its duly elected occupant, was captured.

Hegio

Non pol mirandum est fugitare hanc provinciam, multis et multigeneribus opus est tibi militibus: primumdum opus est Pistorensibus: 160 eorum sunt aliquot genera Pistorensium: opus Paniceis est, opus Placentinis quoque; opus Turdetanis, opust Ficedulensibus; iam maritumi omnes milites opus sunt tibi. 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.[Footnote 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.]

Erg

Ut saepe summa ingenia in occulto latent;
hic qualis imperator nunc privatus est.

(*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

Habe modo bonum animum, nam illum confido domum in his diebus me reconciliassere. nam eccum hic captivom adulescentem intus Aleum, prognatum genere summo et summis ditiis: 170 hoc illum me mutare confido pote. 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

Ita di deaeque faxint. sed num quo foras
vocatus es ad cenam?

(*heartily*) The gods and goddesses be with you! I say, though,—you haven't been invited out to dinner anywhere?

Hegio



Nusquam quod sciam
sed quid tu id quaeris?

(cautiously) Nowhere, to my knowledge. But why do you ask?

Erg

Quia mi est natalis dies;
propterea te vocari ad te ad cenam volo

Well, to-day is my birthday: so consider yourself invited to
take dinner at—your house.

Hegio

Facete dictum. sed si pauxillo potes,
contentus esse.

(laughing) Well put! But only on condition you can be
content with very little.

Erg.



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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, 180 quasi fundum vendam, meis me addicam legibus. 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

Profundum vendis tu quidem, haud fundum, mihi
sed si venturu's, temperi.

An estate indeed! You mean an empty state. But if you intend to come, come in season.

Erg.

Em, vel iam otium est.

Oho! I'm at leisure this minute, for that matter.

Hegio

I modo, venare leporem: nunc irim tenes;
nam meus scruposam victus commetat viam.

No, no, go hunt your hare: you've got only a hedge-hog so far. For it is a rocky road my table travels.

Erg.

Numquam istoc vinces me, Hegio, ne postules:
cum calceatis dentibus veniam tamen.

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

Asper meus victus sane est.

My meals are perfect terrors, really.

Erg.



Sentisne essitas?

Tearers? Do you eat brambles?

Hegio

Terrestris cena est.

Well, things that root in the earth.

Erg.

Sus terrestris bestia est.

A porker does that.

Hegio

Multis holeribus.

Mostly vegetables, I mean.

Erg.

Curato aegrotos domi. 190
numquid vis?

Open a sanitarium, then. (*turning to go*) Anything else I
can do for you?

Hegio

Venias temperi.

Come in season.

Erg.

Memorem mones.

(*cheerfully*) The suggestion is superfluous. [EXIT.

Hegio

Ibo intro atque intus subducam ratiunculam,
quantillum argenti mi apud trapezitam siet.
ad fratrem, quo ire dixeram, mox ivero.



(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.]

ACTVS II



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ACT II

ENTER FROM *Hegio's HOUSE* Overseers AND Slaves WITH *Philocrates* AND *Tyndarus* IN FETTERS: THE TWO HAVE EXCHANGED CLOTHES

Lor.

Over.

Si di immortales id voluerunt, vos hanc aerumnam exsequi, decet 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. indigna digna habenda sunt, erus quae facit. (*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

Oh oh oh. 200

(*protestingly*) Oh-h-h-h!

Lor.

Over.

Eiulatione haud opus est, oculis haud[5] lacrimantibus:
in re mala animo si bono utare, adiuvat.

There's no need of howling or crying. It helps to take bad things well.

Tynd.

At nos pudet, quia cum catenis sumus.

But to be in chains—we feel disgraced!

Lor.

Over.



At pigeat postea
nostrum erum, si vos eximat vinculis,
aut solutos sinat, quos argento emerit.

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.

Quid a nobis metuit? scimus nos
nostrum officium quod est, si solutos sinat.

What has he to fear from us? We realise what our duty is, if
he should let us loose.

Lor.

Over.

At fugam fingitis: sentio quam rem agitis.

Ah yes, you're planning to run for it! I see what's afoot.

Philocr.

Nos fugiamus? quo fugiamus?

Run—we? Where should we run to?

Lor.

Over.

In patriam.

Home.

Philocr.

Apage, haud nos id deceat.
fugitivos imitari.

Get out! The idea of our acting like runaway slaves!

Lor.

Over.

Immo edepol, si erit occasio, haud dehortor. 210

Lord! why not? I'm not saying you shouldn't, if you get the chance.

Tynd.



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Unum exorare vos sinite nos.

(*with dignity*) Be good enough to grant us one request.

Lor.

Over.

Quidnam id est?

Well, what is it?

Tynd.

Ut sine hisce arbitris
atque vobis nobis detis locum loquendi.

Merely this—give us an opportunity to talk together without
being overheard by these good fellows (*pointing to slaves*)
and yourselves.

Lor.

Over.

Fiat. abscedite hinc: nos concedamus huc.
sed brevem orationem incipisse.

All right. (*to slaves*) Away with you! (*to other overseer*)
Let's drop back here. (*to captives*) Make it short, though.

Tynd.

Em istuc mihi certum erat. concede huc.

Oh yes, that was my intention. (*to Philocrates, drawing
him farther from slaves*) Come this way.

Lor.

Over.

Abite ab istis.

(*to slaves still hanging about*) Get out and leave 'em
alone. (*slaves obey*)

Tynd.



Obnoxii ambo
vobis sumus propter hanc rem, quom quae volumus nos
copia est; ea[6] facitis nos compotes.

(to overseers) We are much obliged to you, both of us, for
the privilege of doing as we wish; we owe it to you.

Philocr.

Secede huc nunciam, si videtur, procul. ne arbitri dicta nostra arbitrari queant 220 neu
permanet palam haec nostra fallacia. nam doli non doli sunt, nisi astu colas, sed malum
maximum, si id palam provenit.(to Tyndarus) 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. (they move still farther from the overseers) Shrewd management is what
makes a trick a trick, you know: once it gets out, it becomes an instrument of
torture.nam si erus mihi es tu atque ego me tuum esse servum assumo, tamen viso
opus, cauto est opus, ut hoc sobrie sineque arbitris accurate agatur, docte et diligenter;
tanta incepta res est: haud somniculose hoc agendum est.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.

Tynd.

Ero ut me voles esse.

I will be all you wish me to be, sir.

Philocr.

Spero.

I hope so.

Tynd.

Nam tu nunc vides pro tuo caro capite
carum offerre me meum caput vilitati. 230



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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.

Philocr.

Scio.

I realize it.

Tynd.

At scire memento, quando id quod voles 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 fiunt: nunc ut mihi te volo esse autumo.[7] (236) But remember to realize it when you get what 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.

Pol ego si te audeam, meum patrem nominem: (238)
nam secundum patrem tu es pater proximus.

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.

Audio.

I know, I know.

Philocr.

Et propterea saepius te uti memineris moneo: 240 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—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—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 memineris. 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.

Tynd.

Scio quidem me te esse nunc et te esse me.

Yes, yes, I know that I am you for the time being and that you are I.

Philocr.

Em istuc si potes
memoriter meminisse, inest spes nobis in hac astutia. 250

There! manage to remember to keep that in mind, and this scheme of ours looks likely.

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II. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Hegio* FROM HOUSE.

Hegio

Iam ego revertar intro, si ex his quae volo exquisivero.
ubi sunt isti quos ante aedis iussi huc produci foras?

(*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.

Edepol tibi ne in quaestione essemus cautum intellego,
ita vinclis custodiisque circum moeniti sumus.

(*advancing, pertly*) Gad! You guarded against having to
look for us far, I perceive,—see how we're barricaded with
chains and watchmen.

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? 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.

Neque pol tibi nos, quia nos servas, aequomst vitio vortere,
neque te nobis, si abeamus hinc, si fuat occasio. 260

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.

Philocr.

Captus est?

Captured?

Hegio

Ita.

Yes.

Philocr.

Non igitur nos soli ignavi fuimus.

Then other folks besides us have been cowards.

Hegio

Secede huc. nam sunt quae ex te solo scitari volo.
quarum rerum te falsilocom mi esse nolo.

(leading him farther from Tyndarus) Step over here. There are some matters I wish to ask you about in private. No lying about them, mind.

Philocr.

Non ero
quod sciam. si quid nescibo, id nescium tradam tibi.

Not I, sir, not if I know. If I don't know about a thing, I'll *(innocently)* tell you what I don't know.

Tynd.



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Nunc senex est in tostrina, nunc iam cultros attinet. ne id quidem, involucrum inicere, voluit, vestem ut ne inquinet. sed utrum strictimne adtonsurum dicam esse an per pectinem, nescio; verum, si frugist, usque admutilabit probe. (*aside, cheerfully*) 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.

Hegio

Quid tu? servosne esse an liber mavelis, memora mihi. 270

See here, would you prefer to be a slave or a free man, tell me that?

Philocr.

Proximum quod sit bono quodque a malo longissume, id volo; quamquam non multum fuit molesta servitus, nec mihi secus erat quam si essem familiaris filius.

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.

Tynd.

Eugepae, Thalem talento non emam Milesium, nam ad sapientiam huius[8] nimius nugator fuit. ut facete orationem ad servitutem contulit.

(*aside*) 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!

Hegio.

Quo de genere natust illic Philocrates?

Who are Philocrates' people there in Elis?

Philocr.

Polyplusio:
quod genus illi est unum pollens atque honoratissimum.



The Goldfields, sir,—the most influential and respected family in those parts easily.

Hegio

Quid ipsus hic? quo honore est illic?

And the young man himself? How does he stand?

Philocr.

Summo, atque ab summis viris.[9] 279

Very high indeed, sir,—belongs to the highest circles.

Hegio

Quid divitiae, suntne opimae?

How about his property? Pretty fat one, eh?

Philocr.

Unde excoquat sebum senex. (281)

Fat? Old Goldfields could get dripping out of it.

Hegio

Quid pater, vivitne?

What about his father? Is he living?

Philocr.

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.



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Tynd.

Salva res est, philosophatur quoque iam, non mendax modo est.

(*aside*) The situation is saved! Now he not only lies but moralizes.

Hegio

Quid erat ei nomen?

What was his name?

Philocr.

Thensaurochrysonicochrysidēs.

Ducatsdoubloonsandpiecesofeightson.

Hegio

Videlicet propter divitias inditum id nomen quasi est.

A sort of name applied to him on account of his money,
I take it.

Philocr.

Immo edepol propter avaritiam ipsius atque audaciam.[10]

(*apparently struck by a new idea*) Lord, no! on account of
his being so greedy and grasping, sir.

Hegio

Quid tu ais? tenaxne pater est eius?

What's that? His father's rather close, is he?

Philocr.

Immo edepol pertinax; quin etiam ut magis noscas: Genio suo ubi quando sacrificat, 290 ad rem divinam quibus est opus, Samiis vasis utitur, ne ipse Genius surripiat: proinde aliis ut credat vide. 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

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 est mihi; haec tu eadem si confiteri vis, tua ex re feceris: quae tamen scio scire me ex hoc. 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.

Fecit officium hic suum, cum tibi est confessus verum, quamquam volui sedulo meam nobilitatem occultare et genus et divitias meas, Hegio; nunc quando patriam et libertatem perdidi, 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. (*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

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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. *sed viden? fortuna humana fingit artatque ut lubet: me, qui liber fuero 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.* 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

Loquere audacter.

No, no, speak out.

Tynd.

Tam ego fui ante liber quam gnatus tuos, 310 tam mihi quam illi libertatem hostilis eripuit manus. tam ille apud nos servit, quam ego nunc his apud te servio. 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 tuum, tam pater me meus desiderat. 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 will reward the deserving and requite the undeserving. Just as you long for your son, so does my father long for me.

Hegio

Memini ego istuc. sed fateri eadem quae hic fassus mihi?

I know all that—but do you admit the truth of what this fellow has told me?

Tynd.

Ego patri meo esse fateor summas divitias domi meae summo genere gnatum. sed te optestor, Hegio,



ne tuom animum avariozem faxint divitiae meae: 320
ne patri, tam etsi sum unicus, decere videatur magis,
me saturum servire apud te sumptu et vestitu tuo
potius quam illi,
ubi minime honestumst, mendicantem vivere.[11] (323)

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



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Non ego omnino lucrum omne esse utile homini existimo (325) 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. 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. nunc hoc animum advorte, ut ea quae sentio pariter scias. filius meus illic apud vos servit captus Alide: 330 eum si reddis mihi, praeterea unum nummum ne duis; et te et hunc amittam hinc. alio pacto abire non potes. 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

Optimum atque aequissimum oras optumusque hominum es homo.
sed is privatam servitutem servit illi an publicam?

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

Privatam medici Menarchi.

To a private person, a doctor named Menarchus.

Tynd

Pol is quidem huius est cliens.
tam hoc quidem tibi in proclivi quam amber est quando pluit.

(*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

Fac is homo ut redimatur.

Have him ransomed.

Tynd



Faciam. sed te id oro, Hegio—

I will. But thus much I beg of you Hegio,—

Hegio

Quid vis, dum ab re ne quid ores, faciam.

(*eagerly*) Anything you please, provided my interests don't suffer by it.

Tynd.

Ausculata, tum scies. ego me amitti, donicum ille huc redierit, non postulo verum quaeso ut aestumatum bunc mihi des, quem mittam ad patrem 340 ut is homo redimatur illi. 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

Immo alium potius misero
hunc, ubi erant indutiae, illuc, tuom qui conveniat patrem,
qui tua quae tu iusseris mandata ita ut velis perferat.



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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 orders to your satisfaction.

Tynd.

At nihil est ignotum ad illum mittere: operam luseris. hunc mitte, hic transactum reddet omne, si illuc venerit. nec quemquam fideliores neque cui plus credat potes mittere ad eum nec qui magis sit servos ex sententia, neque adeo cui suum concedat filium hodie audacius. ne vereare, meo periculo huius ego experiar fidem, fretus ingenio eius, quod me esse scit erga se benevolum. 350But 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

Mittam equidem istunc aestumatum tua fide, si vis.

Very well, I'll send him under a forfeit, on your guarantee, if you wish.

Tynd.

Volo;
quam citissime potest, tam hoc cedere ad factum volo.

I do wish it. And I wish to have all this accomplished
fact just as quickly as possible.

Hegio

Num quae causa est quin, si ille huc non redeat, viginti minas
mihi des pro illo?

Have you any objection to paying me eighty pounds for him in
case he doesn't return?

Tynd.

Optuma immo.

Not the slightest—fair as can be.



Hegio

Solvite istum nunciam,
atque utrumque.

(*to overseers*) Take the chains off that fellow at once,
off both of them, in fact.

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.

(*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

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?

"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.



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Voca. 360

Do.

II. 3.

Scene 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. (*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.

Utroque vorsum rectumst ingenium meum,
ad te atque ad illum; pro rota me uti licet:
vel ego huc vel illic vortar, quo imperabitis. 370

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.

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.

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. (*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. nunc ita convenit inter me atque hunc, Tyndare. ut te aestumatum in Alidem mittam ad patrem, si non rebitas huc, ut viginti minas 380 dem pro te. (*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.

Recte convenisse sentio.
nam pater expectat aut me aut aliquem nuntium,
qui hinc ad se veniat.

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.



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Tynd.

Ergo animum advortas volo
quae nuntiare hinc te volo in patriam ad patrem.

Well then, I wish you to pay attention to the message I wish
you to take home to him.

Philocr.

Philocrates, ut adhuc locorum feci, faciam sedulo,
ut potissimum quod in rem recte conducat tuam,
id petam idque persequar corde et animo atque viribus.

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.

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; 390 me hic
valere et servitutum servire huic homini optumo, qui me honore honestiorem semper
fecit et facit. 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.

Istuc ne praecipias, facile memoria memini tamen.

No instructions needed along that line, sir: I can remember
to mind that easily enough, without.

Tynd.

Nam equidem, nisi quod custodem habeo, liberum me esse arbitror.
dicito patri, quo pacto mihi cum hoc convenerit de huius filio.

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.

Quae memini, mora mera est monerier.

Mere waste of time, sir, to remind me of what I remember.

Tynd.

Ut eum redimat et remittat nostrum huc amborum vicem.

That he is to ransom him and send him back here in exchange for us both.

Philocr.

Meminero.

I'll remember.

Hegio

At quamprimum pote: istuc in rem utriquest maxime.

Yes, but just as quickly as possible: that's of the highest importance to each of us.

Philocr.

Non tuom tu magis videre quam ille suom gnatum cupit.

You don't long to see your son any more than he does his, sir.

Hegio

Meus mihi, suos cuique est carus.

My son is dear to me, as his own son is to every father.

Philocr.

Numquid aliud vis patri
nuntiari?



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No further message for him, eh?

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;(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.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 manu[12]; et mea opera, si hinc rebuto, faciam ut faciat facilius.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.nam tua opera et comitate et virtute et sapientia 410 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.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.

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, nihilo setius tu mihi obsequiosus semper fuisti.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

Di vostram fidem, hominum ingenium liberale. ut lacrimas excutiunt mihi. videas corde amare inter se. quantis lautus laudibus 420 suom erum servos collaudavit.(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.



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Pol istic me haud centesimam
partem laudat quam ipse meritust ut laudetur laudibus.

Heavens, sir, he doesn't praise me a hundredth part as much
as he deserves to be praised himself.

Hegio

Ergo cum optume fecisti, nunc adest occasio
bene facta cumulare, ut erga hunc rem geras fideliter.

(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.

Magis non factum possum velle, quam opera experiar persequi;
id ut scias, lovem supremum testem laudo, Hegio.
me infidelem non futurum Philocrati.

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

Probus es homo.

(*heartily*) Worthy fellow!

Philocr.

Nec me secus umquam ei facturum quicquam quam memet mihi.

—or ever act any differently by him than I would by my own
self.

Tynd.

Istaec dicta te experiri et operis et factis volo; et, quo minus dixi quam volui de te,
animum advortas volo, 430 atque horunc verborum causa caveto mi iratus fuas; sed, te
quaeso, cogitato hinc mea fide mitti domum te aestimatum, et meam esse vitam hic pro
te positam pignori, (*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 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: ne tu me ignores, quom extemplo meo e conspectu abscesseris, quom me servom in servitute pro ted hic reliqueris, tuque te pro libero esse ducas, pignus deseras neque des operam pro me ut huius reducem facias filium.[13] (437) fac fidelis sis fideli, cave fidem fluxam geras: (439) nam pater, scio, faciet quae illum facere oportet omnia; 440 serva tibi in perpetuom amicum me, atque hunc inventum inveni. 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



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lose this friend (*indicating Hegio*) you have found. 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. 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.

Mandavisti satis
satin habes, mandata quae sunt facta si refero?

Enough commands, sir. Will you be satisfied, if I turn your commands to accomplished facts?

Tynd.

Satis.

Yes.

Philocr.

Et tua et tua huc ornatus reveniam ex sententia. numquid aliud?

I'll come back here equipped to suit you (*to Hegio*) sir,
and you, (*to Tyndarus*) too. Nothing else?

Tynd.

Ut quam primum possis redeas.

Return as soon as you can.

Philocr.

Res monet.

Naturally, sir.

Hegio

Sequere me, viaticum ut dem a trapezita tibi,
eadem opera a praetore sumam syngraphum.



(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.

Quem syngraphum? 450

What passport?

Hegio

Quem hic ferat secum ad legionem, hinc ire huic ut liceat domum.
tu intro abi.

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.

Ben ambulato.

(to *Philocrates*) A good journey to you.

Philocr.

Bene vale.

Good-bye, sir, good-bye!

[EXIT *Tyndarus* INTO *Hegio's* HOUSE.]

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.(*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! servate istum sultis intus, servi, ne quoquam pedem eferat sine custodela. iam ego apparebo domi; ad fratrem modo captivos alios inviso meos, eadem percontabor, ecquis hunc adolescentem noverit.



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sequare tu, te ut amittam; ei rei primum praeverti volo. 460

(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 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.]

ACTVS III

ACT III

(An hour has elapsed.)

ENTER *Ergasilus*, MUCH DEPRESSED

Erg.

Miser homo est, qui ipse sibi quod edit quaerit et id aegre invenit, sed ille est miserior, qui et aegre quaerit et nihil invenit; 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; 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! neque ieiuniosiore neque magis ecfertum fame vidi nec quoi minus procedat quidquid facere occeperit, ita venter gutturque resident esurialis ferias. ilicet parasiticae arti maximam malam crucem, ita iuventus iam ridicules inopesque ab se segregat. 470A 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! 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. 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

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are in court when they condemn guilty defendants. They don't care a farthing for wits these days: they're egoists, every one.

nam uti dudum hinc abii, accessi ad adulescentes in foro.
"salvete" inquam. "quo imus una" inquam "ad prandium?"
atque illi tacent.
"quid ait 'hoc' aut quis profitetur?"
inquam. quasi muti silent, 480
neque me rident. "ubi cenamus?" inquam. atque illi abnuont.

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. 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 imitari, saltem, si non arriderent, dentes ut restringerent. 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. abeo ab illis, postquam video me sic ludificari; pergo ad alios, venio ad alios, deinde ad alios: una res. omnes de compecto rem agunt, quasi in Velabro olearii. nunc redeo inde, quoniam me ibi video ludificari. 490 item alii parasiti frustra obambulabant in foro. 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.

[Footnote C: A market district in Rome.]

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 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. 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, 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.]



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III. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Hegio* WITH *Aristophontes* AND *Slaves*.

Hegio

Quid est suavius, quam bene rem gerere, bono publico, sic ut ego feci heri, cum emi hosce homines: ubi quisque vident, 500 eunt obviam gratulanturque eam rem, ita me miserum restitendo retinendoque lassum reddiderunt: vix ex gratulando miser iam eminebam. (*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. tandem abii ad praetorem; ibi vix requievi: rogo syngraphum, datur mi ilico; dedi Tyndaro: ille abiit domum. inde ilico praevortor domum, postquam id actum est; eo protinus ad fratrem, mei ubi sunt alii captivi. 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. rogo, Philocratem ex Alide ecquis hominum noverit: tandem his exclamat, eum sibi esse sodalem; 510 dico eum esse apud me; hic extemplo orat obsecratque, eum sibi ut liceat videre: iussi ilico hunc exsolvi. nunc tu sequare me, ut quod me oravisti impetres, eum hominem uti convenias.

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.

III. 3.

Scene 3.

Tynd.

Nunc illud est, cum me fuisse quam esse nimio mavelim: nunc spes opes auxiliaque a me segregant spernuntque se.



hic ille est dies, cum nulla vitae meae salus sperabilest,
neque exitium^[14] exitio est neque adeo spes, quae mi hunc
aspellat metum,
nec subdolis mendaciis mihi usquam mantellum est meis,^[15] 520



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(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. *neque deprecatio perfidiis meis nec male factis fuga est.* (522) *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.* 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. *perdidit me Aristophontes hic qui venit modo intro:*[16] *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.* 530 *quam, malum? quid machiner? quid comminiscar? maxumas nugas ineptus incipisso. haereo.* 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, poor simpleton! (*disgustedly*) Stuck!

III. 4.

Scene 4.

ENTER *Hegio, Aristophontes, AND Slaves.*

Hegio

Quo illum nunc hominem proripuisse foras se dicam ex aedibus?

Where did that fellow bolt for out of the house just now,
I wonder?

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. (*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

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Sequere. em tibi hominem. adi, atque adloquere.

(to Aristophontes, on seeing Tyndarus) Come along! There's your man! Go up and speak to him!

Tynd.

Quis homo est me hominum miserior? 540

(aside, as Aristophontes approaches) What mortal man is in a more confounded hole than this? *(pretends not to recognize him)*

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. 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

Edepol minime miror, si te fugitat aut oculos tuos,
aut si te odit, qui istum appelles Tyndarum pro Philocrate.

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.

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, et illic isti qui insputatur morbus interdum venit. 550 proin tu ab istoc procul recedas. *(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.

[Footnote D: Epilepsy.]

Hegio



Ultrō istum a me.

(to slaves) Keep him off! Keep him off!

Arist.

Ain, verbero?

me rabiosum atque insectatum esse hastis meum memoras patrem,
et eum morbum mi esse, ut qui me opus sit insputarier?

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

Ne verere, multos iste morbus homines macerat,
quibus insputari saluti fuit atque is profuit.

(cheerily) 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.

Quid tu autem? etiam huic credis?

(to *Hegio*, hotly) How's this? You, too? Do you actually
believe him?



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Hegio

Quid ego credam huic?

Believe him in what?

Arist.

Insanum esse me?

That I'm insane?

Tynd.

Viden tu hunc, quam inimico voltu intuetur? concedi optumumst,
Hegio: fit quod tibi ego dixi, gliscit rabies, cave tibi.

(*to Hegio*) 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

Credidi esse insanum extemplo, ubi te appellavit Tyndarum.

(*hastily moving farther off*) I thought so, I thought he was crazy, from the moment he called you Tyndarus.

Tynd.

Quin suom ipse interdum ignorat nomen neque scit qui siet. 560

Why, at times he positively forgets his own name and doesn't know who he is.

Hegio

At etiam te suom sodalem esse aibat.

But he was even saying you were an intimate friend of his.

Tynd.

Haud vidi magis.
et quidem Alcumeus atque Orestes et Lycurgus postea
una opera mihi sunt sodales qua iste.



(*dryly*) Quite so! And the fact is that Alcumeus,[E] in that case, and Orestes,[E] and Lycurgus[E] too are intimate friends of mine, just exactly as much.

[Footnote E: Madmen, celebrated in Greek mythology. Alcumeus = Alcmaeon.]

Arist.

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?

Hegio

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.

Arist.

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.

Tynd.

Tu enim repertu's, Philocratem qui superes veriverbio.

(*to Aristophontes, meaningly*) So you have turned up to beat Philocrates in stating facts!

Arist.

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!

Tynd.



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Em.

(doing so coolly) Well?

Arist.

Dic modo: 570
tun negas te Tyndarum esse?

Now tell me: do you deny that you are Tyndarus?

Tynd.

Nego, inquam.

I do, certainly.

Arist.

Tun te Philocratem
esse ais?

You claim to be Philocrates, you?

Tynd.

Ego, inquam.

I certainly do.

Arist.

Tune huic credis?

(to Hegio, exasperated) Do you believe him?

Hegio

Plus quidem quam tibi aut mihi.
nam ille quidem, quem tu hunc memoras esse, hodie hinc abiit Alidem
ad patrem huius.

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.



Arist.

Quem patrem, qui servos est?

(*contemptuously*) Father! What do you mean, when he's a slave?

Tynd.

Et tu quidem
servos es, liber fuisti, et ego me confido fore,
si huius huc reconciliasso in libertatem filium.

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.

Quid ais, furcifer? tun te gnatum esse memoras liberum?

What's that, you villain? You tell me you were born a freeman?

Tynd.

Non equidem me Liberum, sed Philocratem esse aio.

No indeed, my name is not Freeman, but Philocrates, that's what I say.

Arist.

Quid est?
ut scelestus, Hegio, nunc iste te ludos facit.
nam is est servos ipse, neque praeter se umquam ei servos fuit. 580

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.

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.

(*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, vide sis, ne quid tu huic temere insistas credere.
atque, ut perspicio, profecto iam aliquid pugnae edidit.
filium tuum quod redimere se ait, id ne utiquam mini placet.



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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.

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.

(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.

Quin tute is es:
neque praeter te in Alide ullus servos istoc nominest. 590

Why, you're Tyndarus yourself: and besides you there's not a slave in Elis of that name.

Tynd.

Pergin servom me exprobrare esse, id quod vi hostili optigit?

Still taunting me with being a slave, eh? A slave as it happens, because the enemy were too much for us!

Arist.

Enim iam nequeo contineri.

(angrily) I positively can't control myself any longer!

Tynd.

Heus, audin quid ait? quin fugis?
iam illic his nos insectabit lapidibus, nisi illunc iubes
comprehendi.

(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.

Crucior.

Oh, this is driving me wild!

Tynd.

Ardent oculi: fit opus, Hegio;
viden tu illi maculari corpus totum maculis luridis?
atra bilis agitat hominem.

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.

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.

Iam deliramenta loquitur, laruae stimulant virum.
hercle qui, si hunc comprehendi iusseris, sapias magis.

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.

Crucior, lapidem non habere me, ut illi mastigiae 600
cerebrum excutiam, qui me insanum verbis concinnat suis.



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Oh, damnation! not to have a stone to knock out the brains of this blackguard that's driving me mad with his talk!

Tynd.

Audin lapidem quaeritare?

Hear that—looking for a stone!

Arist.

Solus te solum volo,
Hegio.

(struggling to contain himself) Hegio, I want a word with you all alone.

Hegio

Instinc loquere, si quid vis, procul tamen audiam.

(timorously) Say it from there, if there's anything you want—from away off there. I shall hear it all the same.

Tynd.

Namque edepol si adbites propius, os denasabit tibi mordicus.

That's right, by Jove! for if you go any nearer, he'll bite your nose off.

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 vinciatur. 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.

Immo enim vero, Hegio,
istic, qui volt, vinciatur.



No indeed, Hegio, certainly not, tie up the fellow that wants it.

Arist.

Tace modo. ego te, Philocrates
false, faciam ut verus hodie reperiare Tyndarus. 610
quid mi abnutas?

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.

Tibi ego abnuto?

I shaking my head at you?

Arist.

Quid agat, si absis longius?

(*to Hegio*) What would he do, if you were farther off?

Hegio

Quid ais? quid si adeam hunc insanum?

See here, what if I should step up to this lunatic?

Tynd.

Nugas. ludificabitur,
garriet quoi neque pes umquam neque caput compareat.
ornamenta absunt: Aiace[m], hunc cum vides, ipsum vides.

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[F]—all but the make-up.

[Footnote F: Another madman of Greek mythology.]

Hegio

Nihili facio. tamen adibo.

I don't care. I'm going to step up to him just the same.
(*approaches Aristophontes hesitantly*)

Tynd.



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Nunc ego omnino occidi,
nunc ego inter sacrum saxumque sto, nec quid faciam scio.

(*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

Do tibi operam, Aristophontes, si quid est quod me velis.

I'm at your service, Aristophontes, if there's anything you
want of me.

Arist.

Ex me audibis vera quae nunc falsa opinare, Hegio. sed hoc primum, me expurgare tibi
volo. me insaniam 620 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. 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

Eho dic mihi,
quis illic igitur est?

(*impressed*) Hey? Tell me, who is he then?

Arist.

Quem dudum dixi a principio tibi.
hoc si secus reperies, nullam causam dico quin mihi
et parentum et libertatis apud te deliquio siet.

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

Quid tu ais?



(to Tyndarus) And you—what have you to say?

Tynd.

Me tuom esse servom et te meum erum.

(*urbanely*) That I am your servant, and that you are my master.

Hegio

Haud istuc rogo.
fuistin liber?

(*impatiently*) That isn't what I'm asking about. Were you a freeman?

Tynd.

Fui.

I was.

Arist.

Enim vero non fuit, nugas agit.

He certainly was not. Absurd!

Tynd.

Qui tu scis? an tu fortasse fuisti meae matri obstetrix,
qui id tam audacter dicere audes?

(*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.

Puerum te vidi puer. 630

I saw you when we were both boys.

Tynd.

At ego te video maior maiorem: em rursum tibi.
meam rem non cures, si recte facis. num ego curo tuam?

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?



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Hegio

Fuitne huic pater Thensaurochrysonicochrysides?

Wasn't his father called Ducatsdoubloonsandpiecesofeightson?

Arist.

Non fuit, neque ego istuc nomen umquam audivi ante hunc diem
Philocrati Theodoromedes fuit pater.

No sir, he was not, and I never heard that name before
to-day. The father of Philocrates was Theodoromedes.

Tynd.

Pereo probe
quin quiescis? idie rectum cor meum, ac suspende te.
tu sussultas, ego miser vix asto prae formidine.

(*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

Satin istuc mihi exquisitum est, fuisse hunc servom in Alide
neque esse hunc Philocratem?

Am I to take it as absolutely clear that this fellow was a
slave in Elis, that he is not Philocrates?

Arist

Tam satis quam numquam hoc invenies secus.
sed ubi is nunc est?

So absolutely that you'll never find it to be anything
different. But where is Philocrates at present?

Hegio

Ubi ego mimime atque ipsus se volt maxime 640
sed vide sis.



(savagely) Where I least want him, and he most wants to be. Do, do, see if there's not some mistake, though.

Arist.

Quin exploratum dico et provisum hoc tibi.

No, I'm sure of my ground and fully informed in what I tell you.

Hegio

Certon?

You're certain?

Arist.

Quin nihil, inquam, invenies magis hoc certo certus.
Philocrates iam inde usque amicus fuit mihi a puero puer.

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.

Hegio

Tum igitur ego deruncinatus, deartuatus sum miser
huius scelesti techinis, qui me ut lubitum est ductavit dolis
sed qua faciest tuos sodalis Philocrates?

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?

Arist.

Dicam tibi
macilento ore, naso acuto, corpore albo, oculis nigris,
subrufus aliquantum, crispus, cincinnatus.

I'll tell you—thin face, sharp nose, complexion fair, black eyes, hair a little reddish, waving, and curled.

Hegio

Convenit.

That agrees!

Tynd.



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Ut quidem hercle in medium ego hodie pessume processerim.
vae illis virgis miseris, quae hodie in tergo morientur meo. 650

(aside ruefully) 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!

Hegio

Verba mihi data esse video.

I see I've been duped!

Tynd.

Quid cessatis, compedes,
currere ad me meaque amplecti crura, ut vos custodiam?

(aside) Come on, ye shackles, run up and embrace my
shanks, so that I may keep you safe!

Hegio

Satin med illi hodie scelesti capti ceperunt dolo? illic servom se assimilabat, hic sese
autem liberum. nuculeum amisi, retinui pignori putamina. ita mihi stolido sursum versum
os sublevare offuciis. his quidem me numquam irridebit. Colaphe, Cordalio, Corax, ite
istinc, ecferte lora. 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! *(grimly)* This one shall never have the laugh
on me, at any rate. *(stepping to door and calling)* Box! Buffum! Bangs! Come! Out
with you! Bring your straps!

III. 5.

Scene 5.

ENTER OVERSEERS, CARRYING HEAVY RAWHIDES.

Cola.

Box

Num lignatum mittimur?



(merrily cracking a whip) You don't want us to go and tie up faggots, do you, sir?

Hegio

Inicite huic manicas[17] mastigiae.

Clap handcuffs on this rogue. *(pointing to Tyndarus)*

Tynd.

Quid hoc est negoti? quid ego deliqui?

(as they obey) What does this mean? What have I done?

Hegio

Rogas. 660

sator sartorque scelerum, et messor maxume?

Done! You sower and hoer of sin—*(more savagely)* and reaper, especially!

Tynd.

Non occatorem dicere audebas prius?
nam semper occant prius quam sariunt rustici.

(politely) Couldn't you manage to slip in "harrower"?
Why, farmers always harrow before they hoe.

Hegio

At tu confidenter[18] mihi contra astitit.

(angrily) Now look at that! the bold way he stands up to me!

Tynd.

Decet innocentem servom atque innoxium
confidentem esse, suom apud erum potissimum.



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A guiltless, harmless slave ought to face his own master
boldly, his own master, of all men.

Hegio

Adstringite isti sultis vehementer manus.

(to overseers) Fasten his hands, tight, mind you!

Tynd.

Tuos sum, tu has quidem vel praecidi iube.
sed quid negoti est, quam ob rem suscenses mihi?

I am yours. Have them cut off, even, for that matter. But
what does this mean? Why this rage at me?

Hegio

Quia me meamque rem, quod in te uno fuit, 670 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. 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.

Fateor, omnia facta esse ita ut tu dicis, et fallaciis abiisse eum abs te mea opera atque
astutia; an, obsecro hercle te, id nunc suscenses mihi? 680(*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

At cum cruciatu maxumo id factumst tuo.

You shall pay for doing it, though, pay for it with your own
best blood!

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. (*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

Facito ergo ut Acherunti clueas gloria.

Well then, you can look in the next world for that glorious name of yours.

Tynd.

Qui per virtutem, periit, at non interit. 690



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The man that dies in a worthy cause does not perish utterly.

Hegio

Quando ego te exemplis pessumis cruciavero atque ob sutelas tuas te morti misero, vel te interiisse vel periisse praedicent; dum pereas, nihil intererit: dicant vivere. 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.

Pol si istuc faxis, haud sine poena feceris,
si ille hue rebitet, sicut confido affore.

You do that, sir, and I swear it will cost you dear, if my
master comes back, as I expect him to do.

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, nec quisquam est mihi, aequae melius cui velim. 700 sed hoc mihi aegre est, me huic dedisse operam malam, qui nunc propter me meaue verba vinctus est. *(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

Votuin te quicquam mi hodie falsum proloqui?

Didn't I tell you not to deceive me in the slightest
particular?

Tynd.

Votuisti.

Yes.

Hegio

Cur es ausus mentiri mihi?



Then why did you dare lie to me?

Tynd.

Quia vera obsessent illi quoi operam dabam:
nunc falsa prosunt.

Because the truth would have harmed the person I was trying
to help: as it is, deceit has served his turn.

Hegio

At tibi oberunt.

It won't serve yours, however.

Tynd.

Optumest. at erum servavi, quem servatum gaudeo. cui me custodem addiderat erus
maior meus. sed malene id factum arbitrare?

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

Pessume.

Atrocious!

Tynd.

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At ego aio recte. qui abs te sorsum sentio. 710 nam cogitato, si quis hoc gnato tuo tuos servos faxit, qualem haberes gratiam? emitteresne necne eum servom manu? essetne apud te is servos acceptissimus? responde. 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

Opinor.

(reluctantly) I suppose so.

Tynd.

Cur ergo iratus mihi es?

Why are you angry at me, then?

Hegio

Quia illi fuisti quam mihi fidelior.

Because you have been more faithful to him than to me.

Tynd.

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 exegeram? 720 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

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. 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.



Per deos atque homines ego te obtestor, Hegio,
ne tu istunc hominem perdis.

Hegio! for God's sake don't let the man be utterly lost!

Hegio

Curabitur; nam noctu nervo vinctus custodibitur, interdiu sub terra lapides eximet: 730
diu ego hunc cruciabo, non uno absolvam die. 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.

Certumne est tibi istuc?

(distressed) Is this your fixed intention, sir?

Hegio



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Non moriri certius. abducite istum actutum ad Hippolytum fabrum, iubete huic crassas compedes impingier; inde extra portam ad meum libertum Cordalum in lapicidinas facite deductus siet: atque hunc me velle dicite ita curarier, ne qui deterius huic sit quam cui pessume est. 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 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.

Cur ego te invito me esse salvom postulem? periculum vitae meae tuo stat periculo. 740 post mortem in morte nihil est quod metuam mali. etsi pervivo usque ad summam aetatem, tamen breve spatium est perferundi quae minitas mihi. 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.

vale atque salve, etsi aliter ut dicam meres.
tu, Aristophontes, de me ut meruisti, ita vale;
nam mihi propter te hoc optigit.

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

Abducite.

(*to overseers*) Off with him.

Tynd.

At unum hoc quaeso, si huc rebitet Philocrates,
ut mi eius facias conveniundi copiam.

But I do ask this one thing of you, sir: if Philocrates
comes back, give me a chance to meet him.

Hegio

Periistis, nisi hunc iam e conspectu abducitis.



(*to overseers*) Out of my sight with him this instant, or I'll murder you! (*they seize Tyndarus and hurry him off roughly*)

Tynd.

Vis haec quidem hercle est, et trahi et trudi simul. 750

(*dryly*) Well, well! This is positive violence, being pushed and pulled at the same time. [EXEUNT.]

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. 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



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dare engage in such deviltry. 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. nunc certum est nulli posthac quicquam credere. satis sum semel deceptus. speravi miser ex servitute me exemisse filium: ea spes elapsa est. perdidit unum filium, puerum quadrimum quem mihi servos surpuit, 760 neque eum servom umquam repperi neque filium; 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. 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. 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.

Exauspicavi ex vinclis. nunc intellego
redauspicandum esse in catenas denuo.

(wryly) It seemed a good omen, my getting out of irons.
Now I perceive I must omen myself back to chains again.
[EXEUNT.]

ACTVS IV

ACT IV

(It is to be assumed that several hours only have elapsed.)

ENTER *Ergasilus*, ELATED.

Erg.

Iuppiter supreme, servas me measque auges opes, maximas opimitates opiparasque offers mihi, laudem lucrum, ludum iocum, festivitatem ferias, 770 pompam penum, potationis saturitatem, gaudium, nec cuiquam homini supplicare[19] 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.

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 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!



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nunc ad senem cursum capessam hunc Hegionem, cui boni tantum affero quantum ipsus a dis optat, atque etiam amplius. nunc certa res est, eodem pacto ut comici servi solent. coniciam in collum pallium, primo ex med hanc rem ut audiat: speroque me ob hunc nuntium aeternum adepturum cibum. 780 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.

IV. 2.

Scene 2.

ENTER *Hegio*.

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. (*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. 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? 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.

Move aps te moram atque, Ergasile, age hanc rem. 790 eminor interminorque, ne mi obstiterit obviam nisi quis satis diu vixisse sese homo arbitrabitur. nam qui obstiterit, ore sistet. (*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

Hic homo pugilatatum incipit.

(*aside*) The fellow is going in for a boxing match!

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. 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



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Quae illaec eminatiost nam? nequeo mirari satis.

(*aside*) What on earth does all this bluster mean? Quite unaccountable!

Erg

Faciam ut huius diei locique meique semper meminerit.[20] 800

I'll make him remember this day and this place and me for ever.

Hegio

Quid hic homo tantum incipissit facere cum tantis minis? (802)

(*aside*) What giant undertaking is the fellow at, with all this big talk?

Erg.

Prius edico, ne quis propter culpam capiatur suam:
continete vos domi, prohibete a vobis vim meam.

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 man.

Hegio

Mira edepol sunt, ni hic in ventrem sumpsit confidentiam.
vae misero illi, cuius cibo iste factust imperiosior.

(*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.

Tum pistores scrofipasci, qui alunt furfuribus sues, quarum odore praeterire nemo pistrinum potest: eorum si quousquam scrofam in publico conspexero, ex ipsis dominis meis pugnis exculcabo furfures. 810And 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*

Basilicas edictiones atque imperiosas habet:
satur homost, habet profecto in ventre confidentiam.

(*aside*) Right royal and imperious pronunciamentos. The man is gorged: he certainly has got some assurance stowed away inside.

Erg.

Tum piscatores, qui praebeant 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. Then the fishmongers that travel around on a jogging, jolting gelding, and offer folk stale fish so strong it drives every last loungeur 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. tum lanii autem, qui concinnant liberis orbas oves, qui locant caedundos agnos et duplam agninam danunt, qui petroni nomen indunt verveci sectario, 820 eum ego si in via petronem publica conspexero et petronem et dominum reddam mortales miserrumos.



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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

Eugepae, edictiones aedilicias hic quidem habet,
mirumque adeost ni hunc fecere sibi Aetoli agoranomum.

(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.

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? 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

Quae illaec est laetitia, quam illic laetus largitur mihi?

(aside) What ecstasy is it this ecstatic creature is going
to lavish on me?

Erg.

Heus ubi estis? ecquis hic est? ecquis hoc aperit ostium? 830

(pounding on Hegio's door) Hi! Where are you? Anybody
here? Anybody going to open this door?

Hegio

Hic homo ad cenam recipit se ad me.

(aside) The fellow is coming to dine with me.

Erg.



Aperite hasce ambas fores
prius quam pultando assulatim foribus exitium adfero.

Open this door—both doors—before I knock 'em to flinders
and finish 'em for good and all!

Hegio

Perlubet hunc hominem colloqui. Ergasile.

(aside) I should quite enjoy a word with him. *(aloud)*
Ergasilus!

Erg.

Ergasilum qui vocat?

(still pounding) Who calls Ergasilus?

Hegio

Respice.

Vouchsafe me a look, sir.

Erg.

Fortuna quod tibi nec facit nec faciet, me iubes.
sed quis est?

(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

Respice ad me, Hegio sum.

Look around this way. It's Hegio.

Erg.

Oh mihi,
quantum est hominum optumorum optume, in
tempore advenis.

(rushing up) Oh! oh! You best of all the best men that
tread the earth, you come just in time!



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Hegio

Nescio quem ad portum nactus es ubi cenes, eo fastidis.

You have hit upon some one or other at the harbour to dine with: that's why you are so haughty.

Erg.

Cedo manum.

(rapturously) Give me your hand!

Hegio

Manum?

My hand?

Erg.

Manum, inquam, cedo tuam actutum.

Your hand, I say—give me your hand this instant!

Hegio

Tene.

(doing so) Take it. *(Ergasilus shakes it vigorously)*

Erg.

Gaude.

Rejoice!

Hegio

Quid ego gaudeam?

Rejoice—I? What for?

Erg.

Quia ego impero, age gaude modo.



Because I bid you to. Come now, rejoice!

Hegio

Pol maerores mi antevortunt gaudiis.[21] 840

Good Lord, man! grief takes precedence of joy in my case.

Erg.

Iam ego ex corpore exigam omnis maculas maerorum tibi.
gaude audacter.

I will remove every grief spot from off your person for you
this minute. Rejoice, rejoice boldly!

Hegio

Gaudeo, etsi nil scio quod gaudeam.

Well, I am rejoicing, although I haven't the least idea why
I should.

Erg.

Bene facis. iube—

Much obliged! Order—

Hegio

Quid iubeam?

(suspiciously) Order what?

Erg.

Ignem ingentem fieri.

—a fire to be built, an enormous fire.

Hegio

Ignem ingentem?

An enormous fire?

Erg.



Ita dico, magnus ut sit.

That's what I say—make it a big one.

Hegio

Quid? me, volturi,
tuan causa aedis incensurum censes?

(*angry*) How's that? Do you think I'm going to burn my
house down for your benefit, you vulture?

Erg.

Noli irascier. iuben an non iubes astitui aulas, patinas elui, [22]laridum atque epulas
foveri focus ferventibus? alium pisces praestinatum abire? 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

Hic vigilans somniat.

Day dreams, poor fellow!

Erg.

Alium porcinam atque agninam et pullos gallinaceos?

And some one else to get pork and lamb and spring chicken?



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Hegio

Scis bene esse, si sit unde.

You know how to enjoy yourself—given the wherewithal.

Erg.

[23]Pernam atque ophthalmiam, 850
horaeum, scombrum et trygonum et cetum, et mollem caseum?

And ham and river-lamprey and pickled fish, mackerel and
sting ray and tunny, and nice soft cheese?

Hegio

Nominandi istorum tibi erit magis quam edundi copia
his apud me, Ergasile.

You will have more of an opportunity to mention those
viands, Ergasilus, than to masticate them here at my house.

Erg.

Mean me causa hoc censes dicere?

Do you suppose I'm saying this on my own account?

Hegio

Nec nihil hodie nec multo plus tu hic edes, ne frustra sis.
proin tu tui cottidiani victi ventrem ad me afferas.

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.

Quin ita faciam. ut tute cupias facere sumptum, etsi ego vetem.

Why, I'll make you long to squander money, you yourself,
even though I should forbid it.

Hegio



Egone?

Me?

Erg.

Tune.

Yes, sir, you!

Hegio

Tum tu mi igitur erus es.

Then you are my master, I take it.

Erg.

Immo benevolens.

vin te faciam fortunatum?

No, no, your whole-souled friend. Do you want me to make you a fortunate man?

Hegio

Malim quam miserum quidem.

Rather than unfortunate, why, yes.

Erg.

Cedo manum.

Give me your hand.

Hegio

Em manum.

Here it is. (*Ergasilus again shakes it fervently*)

Erg.

Di te omnes adiuvant.

The gods are with you!

Hegio



Nil sentio.

I wouldn't know it.

Erg.

Non enim es in senticeto, eo non sentis. sed iube 860
vasa tibi pura apparari ad rem divinam cito,
atque agnum afferri proprium pinguem.

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

Cur?

Why?

Erg.

Ut sacrufiges.

So that you may offer sacrifice.

Hegio



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Cui deorum?

To what deity?

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.

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.

Hegio

Esurire mihi videre.

You need food, I fancy.

Erg.

Mi quidem esurio, non tibi.

No sir, I need food I fancy, not food you fancy.

Hegio

Tuo arbitrato, facile patior.

(*smiling*) Have it your own way: I'm perfectly willing
to—crawl.

Erg.

Credo, consuetu's puer.

Crawl? I believe you: it's a habit you—fell into—as a
child.

Hegio

Iuppiter te dique perdant.

(*disgusted*) Oh, you be damned, sir!



Erg.

Te hercle—mi aequom est gratias
agere ob nuntium; tantum ego nunc porto a portu tibi boni:
nunc tu mihi places.

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.

Hegio

Abi, stultu's, sero post tempus venis. 870

Be off, you idiot: you're behind time, you have come too
late.

Erg.

Igitur olim si advenissem, magis tu tum istuc diceres; nunc hanc laetitiam accipe a me,
quam fero. nam filium tuom modo in portu Philopoleum 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. Well, if I
had come before, then you'd have had more reason to say that. (*slowly and
portentously*) 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.

Hegio

Abi in malam rem, ludis me.

To the devil with you! You're making fun of me.

Erg.

Ita me amabit sancta Saturitas,
Hegio, itaque suo me semper condecoret cognomine,
ut ego vidi.

So help me Holy Stuffing, so may she grace me with her name
for evermore—I did see them, Hegio!

Hegio

Meum gnatum?

(*sceptically*) My son?



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Erg.

Tuom gnatum et genium meum.

Your son and my guardian angel.

Hegio

Et captivom illum Alidensem?

And that Elean prisoner?

Erg.

+Ma ton Apollo:.+

Oui, par Hercules!

Hegio

Et servolum 880
meum Stalagmum, meum qui gnatum surripuit?

And that miserable slave of mine, Stalagmus, that kidnapped
my son?

Erg.

+Nai tan Koran.+

Oui, par Hercul-aneum!

Hegio

Iam credo?

I'm to believe that?

Erg.

+Nai tan Praineste:n.+

Oui, par Pompeii!

Hegio.



Venit?

He's come?

Erg.

+Nai tan Signian.+

Oui, par Sorrento!

Hegio

Certon?

You're sure?

Erg.

+Nai ton Phrousino:na.+

Oui, par Amalfi!

Hegio

Vide sis.

Careful now!

Erg.

+Nai ton Alatrion.+

Oui, par Torre dell'Annunziata!

Hegio

Quid tu per barbaricas urbes iuras?

What are you swearing by foreign cities for!

Erg.

Quia enim item asperae
sunt ut tuom victum autumabas esse.

Well, because they're the same as you said your meals were—
perfect terrors.

Hegio



Vae aetati tuae.

Plague take you!

Erg.

Quippe quando mihi nil credis, quod ego dico sedulo.
sed Stalagmus quoniam erat tunc nationis, cum hinc abijt?

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

Siculus.

Sicilian.

Erg.

At nunc Siculus non est, Boius est, Boiam terit:
liberorum quaerundorum causa ei, credo, uxor datast.

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?

[Footnote G: Boia means a woman of the Boii, also a
malefactor's collar.]

Hegio

Dic, bonan fide tu mi istaec verba dixisti?

See here, have you told me all this in good faith?

Erg.

Bona. 890



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In good faith.

Hegio

Di immortales, iterum gnatus videor, si vera autumas.

Great heavens! I feel like a new man, if what you say is true.

Erg.

Ain tu? dubium habebis etiam, sancte quom ego iurem tibi?
postremo, Hegio, si parva iuri iurandost fides,
vise ad portum.

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

Facere certumst. tu intus cura quod opus est.
sume, posce, prome quid vis. te facio cellarium.

(*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.

Nam hercle, nisi mantiscinatus probe ero, fusti pectito.

(*wild with joy*) Now by Jupiter, if I don't do some handsome catering, comb me down with a club!

Hegio

Aeternum tibi dapinabo victum, si vera autumas.

I'll dinner you till doomsday, if it's true.

Erg.

Unde id?

And who's to pay?



Hegio

A me meoque gnato.

I and my son.

Erg.

Sponden tu istud?

I have your word on that?

Hegio

Spondeo.

My word.

Erg.

At ego tuom tibi advenisse filium respondeo.

And for my part, my word to you is—your son has arrived.

Hegio

Cura quam optume potes.

(making off toward harbour) Attend to everything the very best you can.

IV. 3.

Scene 3.

Erg.

Bene ambula et redambula. 900 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. 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!



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.



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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.]

IV. 4.

Scene 4.

ENTER *Page*, ANGRY AND EXCITED, FROM *Hegio's* HOUSE.

Puer

Page

Diespiter te dique, Ergasile, perdant et ventrem tuum, parasitosque omnis, et qui posthac cenam parasitis dabit. 910 clades, calamitasque, intemperies modo in nostram advenit domum. quasi lupus esuriens ille metui ne in me faceret impetum. (*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! ubi[24] voltus esurientis vidi, eius extimescebam impetum nimisque hercle ego illum male formidabam. ita frendeabat dentibus. adveniens deturbavit totum cum carne carnarium: arripuit gladium, praetruncavit tribus tegoribus glandia; aulas calicesque omnes confregit, nisi quae modiales erant. 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! cocium percontabatur, possentne seriae fervere. cellas refregit omnis intus reclusitque armarium. adservate istunc, sultis, servi. ego ibo, ut conveniam senem. dicam ut sibi penum alium adornet, siquidem sese uti volet; 920 nam hic quidem, ut adornat, aut iam nihil est aut iam nihil erit. 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.]

ACTVS V

ACT V

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Hegio*, *Philopolemus*, *Philocrates*, AND
Stalagmus.

Hegio

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Iovi disque ago gratias merito magnas, quom reducem tuo te patri reddiderunt quomque ex miseriis plurimis me exemerunt, quae adhuc te carens dum hic[25] fui sustentabam, quomque hunc conspicio in potestate nostra, quomque huius reperta est fides firma nobis. *(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.

Satis iam dolui ex animo, et cura me satis et lacrumis maceravi,
satis iam audiui tuas aerumnas, ad portum mihi quas memorasti.
hoc agamus.

(seeing Philocrates is getting impatient) I've had 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.

Quid nunc, quoniam tecum servavi fidem 930
tibi que hunc reducem in libertatem feci?

(to Hegio) What of me, sir, now that I have kept faith
with you and secured the liberty of your son here?

Hegio

Fecisti ut tibi,
Philocrates, numquam referre gratiam possim satis,
proinde ut tu promeritis de me et filio.

After the way you have acted, Philocrates, I'm entirely
unable to show gratitude enough for your treatment of me and
my son.

Philop.

Immo potes, pater, et poteris et ego potero, et di eam potestatem dabunt ut beneficium bene merenti nostro merito muneres; sicut tu huic[26] potes, pater mi, facere merito maxime. 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

Quid opust verbis? lingua nullast qua negem quidquid roges.

(*to Philocrates*) It's plain enough, sir,—I have no tongue with which to refuse a request of yours.

Philocr.

Postulo abs te, ut mi illum reddas servom, quem hic reliqueram
pignus pro me, qui mihi melior quam sibi semper fuit,
pro bene factis eius ut ei pretium possim reddere. 940

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



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Quod bene fecisti referetur gratia id quod postulas;
et id et aliud, quod me orabis, impetrabis. atque te
nolim suscensere quod ego iratus ei feci male.

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.

Quid fecisti?

(*anxiously*) What did you do?

Hegio

In lapicidinas compeditum condidi,
ubi rescivi mihi data esse verba.

I had him fettered and put down in the stone quarries when I
found out I had been imposed upon.

Philocr.

Vae misero mihi,
propter meum caput labores homini evenisse optumo.

God forgive me! To think of the splendid fellow suffering
so, and all for my sake!

Hegio

At ob eam rem mihi libellam pro eo argenti ne duis.
gratiis a me, ut sit liber, ducito.

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.

Edepol, Hegio.
facis benigne. sed quaeso, hominem ut iubeas arcessi.

Well, well, Hegio, many thanks! But have him sent for, I beg
you.



Hegio

Licet. ubi estis vos? ite actutum Tyndarum huc arcessite, 950 vos ite intro. interibi ego ex hac statua verberea volo erogitare, meo minore quid sit factum filio. vos lavate interibi. 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.

Come along in with me, Philocrates.

Philocr.

Sequor.

Certainly. [EXEUNT.]

V. 2.

Scene 2.

Hegio

Age tu illuc procede. bone vir, lepidum mancupium meum.

(*to Stalagmus*) Come now, you! Over there with you,
(*pointing*) my good sir, my charming piece of property.

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.

(*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



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Propemodum ubi loci fortunae tuae sint facile intellegis. si eris verax, tua ex re, facies ex mala meliusculam. recte et vera loquere, sed neque vere neque tu recte adhuc 960 fecisti umquam. 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.

Quod ego fatear, credin pudeat cum autumes?

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

At ego faciam ut pudeat, nam in ruborem te totum dabo.

I'll make you ashamed, though: (*savagely*) I tell you what, I'll make one big blush of you.

Stal.

Eia, credo ego imperito plagas minitaris mihi.
tandem ista aufer ac dic quid fers, ut feras hinc quod petis.

(*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

Satis facundu's. sed iam fieri dicta compendi volo.

Quite a gift of tongue, sir! But oblige me by saving some of it for the moment.

Stal.

Ut vis fiat.

Anything you like.

Hegio



Bene morigerus fuit puer, nunc non decet.
hoc agamus. iam animum advorte ac mihi quae dicam edissere.[27] (967)

(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.

Nugae istaec sunt. non me censes scire quid dignus siem? (969)

Rot! Don't you suppose I know what I deserve?

Hegio

At ea subterfugere potis es pauca, si non omnia. 970

Well, you have a chance to escape a little of it, if not all.

Stal.

Pauca effugiam, scio; nam multa evenient, et merito meo,
quia et fugi et tibi surripui filium et eum vendidi.

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

Cui homini?

To whom?

Stal.

Theodoromedi in Alide Polyplusio,
sex minis.

(drawing) Theodoromedes Goldfields, in Elis, for
twenty-four pounds.

Hegio



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Pro di immortales, is quidem huius est pater Philocrati.

God bless my soul! Why, he is the father of Philocrates here!

Stal.

Quin melius novi quam tu et vidi saepius.

Well, I know him better than you, and I've seen him oftener.

Hegio

Serva, Iuppiter supreme, et me et meum gnatum mihi.
Philocrates, per tuom te genium obsecro, exi, te volo.

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!

V. 3.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Philocrates*.

Philocr

Hegio, assum. si quid me vis, impera.

Here I am, Hegio. If I can be of any service, command me.

Hegio

Hic gnatum meum
tuo patri ait se vendidisse sex minis in Alide.

(*beside himself*) This fellow says my son—he sold him to your father—for twenty-four pounds—in Elis!

Philocr.

Quam diu id factum est?

How long ago was this?



Stal.

His annus incipit vicensimus. 980

Going on for twenty years.

Philocr.

Falsa memorat.

He's lying.

Stal.

Aut ego aut tu. nam tibi quadrimulum
tuos pater peculiarem parvolo puero dedit.

(*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.

Quid erat ei nomen? si vera dicis, memoradum mihi.

(*interested*) What was his name? If your story is true, come,
tell me that.

Stal.

Paegnium vocitatus, post vos indidistis Tyndaro.

Styled Pettie, he was: later on you folks called him
Tyndarus.

Philocr.

Cur ego te non novi?

How is it I don't know you?

Stal.

Quia mos est oblivisci hominibus
neque novisse cuius nihili sit faciunda gratia.

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.

Dic mihi, isne istic fuit, quem vendidisti meo patri,
qui mihi peculiaris datus est?

Tell me, was that boy you sold my father the same one that
was given me for my own?

Stal.

Huius filius.

(with a nod in Hegio's direction) His son.

Hegio

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Vivitne is homo?

(eagerly) Is he alive, this—man?

Stal.

Argentum accepi, nil curavi ceterum.

I got the money: that's all I bothered about.

Hegio

Quid tu ais?

(to *Philocrates*) What do you say?

Philocr.

Quin istic ipsust Tyndarus tuos filius, 990
ut quidem hic argumenta loquitur. nam is mecum a puero puer
bene pudiceque educatust usque ad adulescentiam.

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 gnatust meus. eheu, quom ego plus minusve feci quam me aequom fuit. quod male feci crucior; modo si infectum fieri possiet. sed eccum incedit huc ornatus haud ex suis virtutibus. 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!

V. 4.

Scene 4.

ENTER *Tyndarus* ESCORTED BY OVERSEERS. HE IS HEAVILY IRONED AND CARRIES A CROWBAR.



Tynd.

Vidi ego multa saepe picta, quae Acherunti fierent cruciamenta, verum enim vero nulla adaeque est Acheruns atque ubi ego fui, in lapicidinis. illic ibi demumst locus, 1000 ubi labore lassitudo est exigunda ex corpore. (*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. nam ubi illo adveni, quasi patricus pueris aut monerulae, aut anites aut coturnices dantur, quicum lusitent itidem mi haec advenienti upupa, qui me delectem, datast sed erus eccum ante ostium, et erus alter eccum ex Alide rediit. 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

Salve, exoptate gnate mi.



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Oh, how are you, my own longed-for son?

Tynd.

Hem, quid gnate mi?
attat. scio cur te patrem adsimules esse et me filium:
quia mi item ut parentes lucis das tuendi copiam.

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.

Salve, Tyndare.

God bless you, Tyndarus!

Tynd.

Et tu, quouis causa hanc aerumnam exigo.

And you, sir, for whose sake I'm undergoing this confounded experience.

Philocr.

At nunc liber in divitias faxo venies. nam tibi 1010 pater hic est; hic servos, qui te huic hinc quadrimum surpuit. vendidit patri meo te sex minis, is te mihi parvolum peculiarem parvolo puero dedit: illic indicium fecit; nam hunc ex Alide huc reduximus. 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.

Quid huius filium?

(dazed) What about his son?

Philocr.

Intus eccum fratrem germanum tuom.[28] (1015)



Look—inside there—your own brother!

Tynd.

Nunc edepol demum in memoriam regredior, audisse me (1023)
quasi per nebulam, Hegionem meum patrem vocarier.

Great heavens! When I think back I do now at last remember
hearing—in a cloudy sort of way—my father called Hegio!

Hegio

Is ego sum.

(*embracing him*) I am that Hegio!

Philocr.

Compeditibus quaeso ut tibi sit levior filius
atque huic gravior servos.

(*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 Stalagmus*)

Hegio

Certum est principio id praevortier.
eamus intro, ut arcessatur faber, ut istas compedes
tibi adimam, huic dem.

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.

Quoi peculi nihil est, recte feceris.

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Thanks awfully—seeing I haven't a thing I can call my own.
[EXEUNT OMNES.]

CATERVA

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY THE COMPANY.

Spectatores, ad pudicos mores facta haec fabula est, neque in hac subigitationes sunt neque ulla amatio 1030 nec pueri suppositio nec argenti circumductio, neque ubi amans adulescens scortum liberet clam suum patrem. 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. 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 vultis praemium, plausum date. 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.

* * * * *

[Footnote 1: Corrupt (Leo): *vincti quia astant* Fleckeisen.]

[Footnote 2: Leo notes lacuna here:
(*cette*), *iam hoc tenetis* Schoell.]

[Footnote 3: *vel* precedes in MSS: Leo brackets.]

[Footnote 4: Leo notes lacuna here: *cupio (feri)* Schoell.]

[Footnote 5: Leo's correction of *multa miraculitis* of the MSS.]

[Footnote 6: Corrupt (Leo): *ea* MSS: *consili* Schoell.]

[Footnote 7: Leo brackets the following v., 237:
quod tibi suadeam, suadeam meo patri.]

[Footnote 8: Leo notes lacuna here: *huius (ille)* Camerarius.]

[Footnote 9: Leo brackets the following v., 280:

Hegio

Tum igitur ei cum in Aleis tanta gratia est, ut praedicas.]

[Footnote 10: Leo brackets the following v., 288:

nam ille quidem Theodoromedes fuit germano nomine.]

[Footnote 11: Leo brackets the following v., 324:

Hegio

Ego virtute deum et maiorum nostrum dives sum satis.]

[Footnote 12: Corrupt (Leo): *quin te gratiis* MSS:

gratiis quin te Schoell.]

[Footnote 13: Leo brackets the following v., 438:

scito te hinc minis viginti aestumatum mittier.]

[Footnote 14: Corrupt (Leo): *exitium* Pontanus: *exilium* MSS.]

[Footnote 15: Leo brackets the following v., 521:

nec sycophantiis nec fucis ullum mantellum obviam est.]

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[Footnote 16: Corrupt (Leo): *qui venit modo intro* MSS:
modo qui venit intro Lindsay.]

[Footnote 17: Leo notes lacuna here: *manicas (maxumas)* Spengel.]

[Footnote 18: Leo notes lacuna here: *ut (etiam)* Schoell.]

[Footnote 19: Leo notes lacuna here: *mihi (quod domist)* Schoell.]

[Footnote 20: Leo brackets the following v., 801:
*Qui mihi in cursu opstiterit, faxo vitae is extemplo
opstiterit suae.*]

[The man that stands in my path shall forthwith stand in the
way of his own existence.]

[Footnote 21: *Noli irascier* follows in MSS: Leo brackets.]

[Footnote 22: Corrupt (Leo): *laridum ac pernas* Schoell.]

[Footnote 23: Corrupt (Leo): *pern[ul]am* Geppert.]

[Footnote 24: *voltus esurientis (vidi, eius extimescebam)* Leo:
A reading doubtful: other MSS omit the line.]

[Footnote 25: Corrupt (Leo): *te carens dum hic* P:
carens dum huc A.]

[Footnote 26: *tu huic* MSS: *nunc* Leo.]

[Footnote 27: Leo brackets the following v., 968:
si eris verax, ex tuis rebus feceris meliusculas.]

[Footnote 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.

Ergo edepol merito meritam mercedem dabo. 1020

sed tu dic oro. pater meus tune es?

Hegio.

Ego sum, gnate mi.

Tynd.

Nunc demum in memoriam redeo, cum mecum recogito.]

[*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.]

* * * * *

[Transcriber's Corrections: *Captivi* (*The Captives*)

Personae:

ERGASILVS PARASITUS...

spelling unchanged, as in *Amphitryon*]

I. 1.

...have dubbed me Missy, on the ground that...

text reads *on the gound*



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II. 2.

Now the old fellow is in the barber's chair
text reads *barbar's chair*]

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