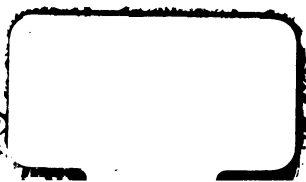
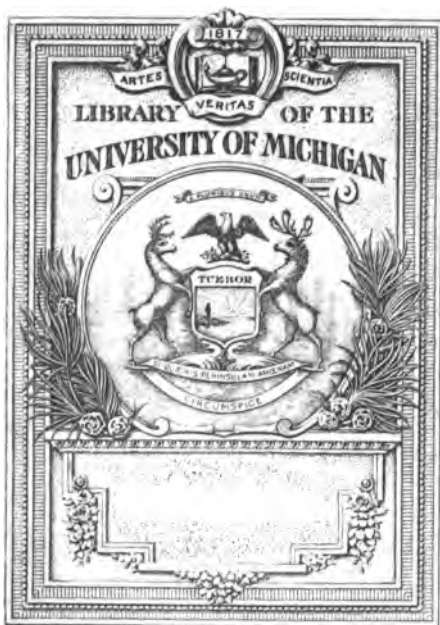


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P L A U T U S,



TRANSLATED INTO

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE,

BY

BONNELL THORNTON.

ASPICE, *PLAUTUS*

QUO FACTO PARTES TUTETUR—

Hor. Lib. II. Epist. 1.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

The SECOND EDITION, Revised and Corrected.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the Strand.

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1769

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Vol II. THE

TREASURE.

(Innumerate)

Mercator

Chelalarie the miser

Rebecca. the shipwreck

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

PROLOGUE, *by* LUXURY *and* POVERTY.

CHARMIDES, *an Athenian Merchant.*

CALLICLES, *his Friend.*

MEGARONIDES, *Friend to* CALLICLES.

PHILTO, *an Old Gentleman.*

LESBONICUS, *Son to* CALLICLES.

LYSITELES, *Son to* PHILTO.

STASIMUS, *Servant to* LESBONICUS.

HIRELING, *employed to counterfeit* CHARMIDES.

SCENE, ATHENS.



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P R O L O G U E.

Enter LUXURY and POVERTY.

LUXURY.

FOLLOW me, daughter, that you may perform
Your office.

Pov. I do follow; but am ignorant,
Where will our journey end.

Lux. 'Tis here :—behold,
This is the house : go in.

[*Exit* POVERTY.]

Lux. (*To the Spectators.*) Left any of you
Be lost in error, I'll in brief conduct you 5
In the right road, provided you will hear.
First then, and who I am, and who she is,
That enter'd here, I'll tell, if you'll attend.
Plautus has given me the name of LUXURY,
The other is my daughter, POVERTY. 10
Now, at my impulse why she enter'd here,
Learn, and be all attention, while I tell.
There is a certain youth dwells in this house,
Who by my aid has squander'd his estate.
Since then for my support there's nothing left, 15
I've given him my daughter, whom to live with.

As for our play, expect not I should tell
 The plot. The old men, who are coming hither,
 Will ope the matter to you. In the *Greek*
 'Tis nam'd *The Treasure*, which *Philemon* wrote. 20
 Our Poet this translated, calling it
Trinummus; and this name, he begs, may stand.
 No more.—Farewell.—Be silent, and attend.

[*Exit.*

V. 20. *The Treasure.*] *Tbesauro*. No reason can possibly be given, why our Author should chuse to reject the original *Greek* title to this play, and to substitute so uncouth an one as *Trinummus*, which signifies *three pieces of money*, the sum given to a person who is hired to carry on a deception in one of the Scenes. As this title, I imagine, would sound but awkwardly to the *Englisb* ear, I have taken the liberty of changing it for that, which was to the original *Greek* Play.

One cannot but wish, that this elegant introduction of the characters of LUXURY and POVERTY, by way of Prologue, had not been so slightly touched upon by our Author, as they certainly might have offered scope for much entertainment as well as instruction. *Claudian* has the same thought in his Poem on *Rufinus*.

Et Luxus populator opum, cui semper adhærens
Infelix humili gressu comitatur Egestas.

And Luxury,
 The waster of men's property,
 On whom, a close concomitant,
 With humble step waits hapless Want.

Our Author has however avoided a fault, which he often falls into, of acquainting the Spectator with too much of the Plot.



T H E

T R E A S U R E.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter MEGARONIDES.

'TIS but an irksome act to task a friend,
And rate him for his failings : yet in life
It is a wholesome and a wise correction.—
Now must I chide this neighbour-friend of mine,
Howe'er unwilling : justice bids me do it.— 5
Our morals are so tainted with corruption,
That our souls sicken with it e'en to death :
And evil manners, like well-water'd plants,
Have shot up in abundance ; we may gather
A plenteous harvest of them. Most prefer 10
A private interest to the public good,
Which yields to partial favour. This is hurtful
In many points, is shocking, and a bar
As well to private as to general welfare.

V. 6. *Our morals, &c.*] *Megaronides*, having entertained a groundless opinion, as it afterwards turns out, of his friend's dishonesty, falls into reflections upon the corruptness of the times ; and it may be observed in general, that no play of our Author abounds with so many excellent moral sentiments.

S C E N E II.

CALLICLES, *in entering.*

See that you deck our God *Lar* with a crown,
And, Wife, do reverence,—that our habitation
With all good fortune may be blest,—and you—
(*Aside*) That I may shortly see you in your grave.

MEG. Oh, here he is,—a boy in his own old age,—5
Has done a fault, for which he should be chid.—
I'll up to him.

CAL. Whose voice is't founds so near me?

MEG. A friend,—if you are such, as I would wish
you,—

If otherwise,—a foe, enrag'd against you.

CAL. Oh, *Megaronides*, my friend, and years-mate, 10
Save you,—how fare you?

MEG. Save you, *Calicles*:
How do you do? how have you done?

CAL. So, so.

MEG. Your wife, how fares she?

CAL. Better than I wish.

MEG. Troth I am glad to hear she's pure and
hearty.

CAL. You're glad to hear what sorrows me.

MEG. I wish 15
The same to all my friends as to myself.

V. 1. *Our God Lar.*] The ancients had in every house a tutelary deity, who was supposed to protect it. See the Prologue to the *Aulularia*, or *Miser*, in this Volume.

CAL.

CAL. But hearkye—how is your good dame?

MEG. Immortal;
Lives, and is like to live.

CAL. An happy hearing!
Pray heav'n, that she may last to outlive you!

MEG. If she were your's, faith I should wish the
same. 20

CAL. Say, shall we make a swop? I take your wife,
You mine? I warrant you, you would not get
The better in the bargain.

MEG. Nor would you
Surprise me unawares.

CAL. Nay, but in troth
You would not even know what you're about. 25

MEG. Keep what you've got.—The evil that we
know
Is best—To venture on an untried ill,
Would puzzle all my knowledge how to act.—
Well,—give me a good life, and that's a long one.—
But mind me now, all joking set apart, 30
I came to you on purpose.—

CAL. For what purpose?

MEG. To rate you soundly.

CAL. Me?

MEG. Pray who is here
Besides us two?

CAL. There's nobody.

MEG. Then why

V. 29. Give me a good life, and that's a long one.] *Proinde ut bene vivitur, diu vivitur.* Some editions give this sentiment to *Calicles*, but it seems to be more in character for *Megaronides*, who abounds in moral reflections of the like nature.

D'ye ask me, if 'tis you I mean to chide?
 Except you think myself would school myself.— 35
 But to the point.—If that the ancient sense
 Of truth and honesty is dead within you,
 If evil manners in your disposition
 Have wrought a change, and that your disposition
 Is chang'd unto those manners, if the old 40
 You keep not, but shake off, and catch the new,
 You'll such a surfeit give to all your friends,
 They'll sicken at your sight, and loath to hear you.

CAL. How came it in your mind to hold this
 language?

MEG. For that it doth behove all honest men 45
 To keep them both from blame and from suspicion.

CAL. Both cannot be.

MEG. For why?

CAL. Is that a question?

Myself of my own bosom keep the key,
 'To shut out misdemeanour; but suspicion
 Is harbour'd in another's. Thus if I 50
 Suspect you to have stol'n the crown of *Jove*,
 From where he stands in the high *Capitol*,
 What though you have not done it, I am free
 However to suspect you, nor can you
 Prevent me.—But I long to know your business, 55
 Whate'er it be.

MEG. Have you a friend, or any one,
 Whose judgment you can trust?

CAL. I'll tell you fairly;
 There are, I know are friends; there are, I think so;
 There are, whose dispositions and whose minds

I cannot

I cannot know, or whether to enroll them 60
 Among my friends or foes. But you I hold
 Of all my fast friends the most fast.—Then tell me,—
 If you do know of any thing by me
 Unwittingly, or wrongfully committed,
 If you accuse me not, then you yourself 65
 Will be to blame.

MEG. I know it ; and 'twere just,
 If I for any other cause came hither.

CAL. I wait for what you'll say.

MEG. Then, first of all,
 The general report speaks ill of you :
 Our townsmen call you *Gripe-all* ; and with some 70
 You go by th' name of *Vulture* ; friends or foes,
 They say you little reck, whom you devour.

CAL. As to this matter, *Megarionides*,
 I have it in my power, and have it not.
 Report is none of mine ; but, that report 75
 May be unmerited, is in my power.

MEG. How say you ? Was not *Cbarmides* your
 friend,

The owner of this house here ?

CAL. Was, and is.—

To win belief let this transaction speak.—
 When by his son's extravagance and waste 80
 He saw his fortune shatter'd, and himself
 Drawn nigh on poverty, his only girl
 Grown up, his wife (her mother) dead besides,
 Departing for *Selucia*, to my charge
 He left his whole estate, and with it too 85

V. 70. *Gripe-all*.] The original is *Turpilucricupidum*.

The maid his daughter, and that rake his son.
Had he not been my friend, he scarce, I trust,
Had trusted me.

MEG. That youth, you knew a rake,
Committed to your trust and confidence,—
Do you reform him? force him to be frugal? 90
That, that indeed it had been fitter far
For you to work,—to make him, if you can,
Of fairer reputation,—not that you
Should to the self-same infamy with him
Be accessary, with his vile dishonour 95
Mixing your own.

CAL. How have I acted?

MEG. Like

A villain.

CAL. Sir, that name is none of mine.

MEG. Did you not buy this house—What, no
reply?—

Where now you dwell?

CAL. I bought it, gave the money,
'Twas forty *Minæ*, gave it to the youth. 100

MEG. You gave the money?

CAL. Yes, nor do repent me.

MEG. O ward committed to untrusty guard!
Have you not giv'n him by this act a sword
To stab himself withal?—Can it be other?—
A fond intriguing spark, young, weak in mind, 105

V. 87. *He scarce, I trust,—Had trusted me.*] *Credo, haud crederet.*

V. 100. *Forty Minæ.*] According to *Cooke*, 129l. 3s. 4d. of
our money.

To

To give him money, wherewith to build up
His folly to the height, already founded.

CAL. Should I not then have paid him?

MEG. No, you should not;
Nor bought of him, nor sold him any thing,
To put it in his power to be worfe.— 110

Have you not gull'd one to your trust confided,
And outed from his house, who gave the trust?
Brave care indeed! a pretty guardianship!
Be you the young man's ward: he'd manage better.

CAL. I am so overcome with your reproaches, 115
That what was trusted to my faith and silence,
Not to impart to any, or divulge,
I'm now of force compell'd t' entrust you with.

MEG. Trust me, and you shall have it on demand.—

CAL. Look all about you,—see if no one's by; 120
Look round.

MEG. There's no one near,—I hearken to you.

CAL. Peace then, and I will speak. When *Cbarmides*
Went hence abroad, he shew'd me in this house
A Treasure, in a certain closet lodg'd—
But look, look all around.

V. 106. *To build up his folly.] Quæ exædificaret suam inchoatam
guarviam.*

V. 111. *Gull'd.] Inconciliasti. Inconciliare, according to Festus,
means per dolum decipere.*

V. 114. *Be you the young man's ward: he'd manage better.]*
The original differs in some editions, but I have followed *Lambin's*
reading and interpretation.

Crede huic tu te; tuam jam melius rem gesserit.

V. 119. *You shall have it on demand.] The original is,
Mibi quod credideris, sumes, ubi posueris.*

MEG. Here's no one near. 125

CAL. Three thousand *Philippeans*.—He and I
 Being alone, with tears he did beseech me
 By friendship and by faith, that I'd not trust
 His son, or any other, who might let
 The secret out. Now, if he safe return, 130
 His own will I restore him; should he die,
 Why then I've wherewithal to portion out
 My charge his daughter, and to see her plac'd
 In such a station as is worthy of her.

MEG. Good heav'ns! how soon, and little said,
 you've made 135
 Another man of me! I came to you
 Quite other.—But, proceed, as you begun.

CAL. What shall I tell you more? the father's
 caution,
 My faithfulness, this secret, the sad son
 Had near o'erthrown from the foundation.

MEG. How? 140

CAL. Being six days in the country, in my absence,
 Without my knowledge, not consulting me,
 He set the house to sale.

V. 126. *Philippeans*.] See the Note on Act IV. Scene VI.
 v. 32. of *Amphitryon*.

V. 131. *Should he die*.] The original is, *Si quid eò fuerit*. It
 is remarkable, that the superstition of the ancients deterred them
 from mentioning in express terms, that any one was *dead*, as it was
 accounted ominous. The *Romans* used therefore to say on these
 occasions, *abiit, is departed*; or *abiit vitâ, departed* (as we say)
this life; *vixit, has lived*; *fuit, has been*, &c.

V. 143. *He set the house to sale*.] *Ædes venales inscribit literis*.
 So in the *Self-Tormentor* of Terence.—*Inscripti illi cædes mercede*.

MEG. The wolf! his stomach
Was sharper set: he watch'd the dog asleep,
To ravage the whole flock.

CAL. And he had done it, 145
But that the dog first smelt him out.—And now
I fain would ask you in my turn, what was it
My duty then to do? give me to know.
Had it been fitter I had shewn the son
This treasure, against which the father pray'd me? 150
Or should I have permitted, that this house
Should own another master, and the gold
Devolve to him that bought it? I myself
Chose rather to become the purchaser;
Paid down the cash, this treasure to preserve 155
Untouch'd, and render back unto my friend.
I bought not for myself, or for my use;
But for my friend this house I purchas'd, paid
For him my money. Was this right, or wrong?
Say, *Megaronides*,—I confess the fact. 160
These, these are my misdoings, this my avarice!
For these are slanders on me spread abroad!

MEG. No more,—the chider's chid.—You've tied
my tongue,
And nothing can I answer.

CAL. Aid me now,
I pray you, with your counsels;—let this be 165
One common care to both of us.

MEG. Agreed.

CAL. Where shall I find you a while hence;

We are told, that the method was, by fixing a bill upon the
house, according to the modern practice, with an inscription,
Ædes locandæ, *Ædes vendundæ*, an house to be let, an house to be sold.

MEG.

MEG. At home.

CAL. Any commands?

MEG. Be trusty.

www.libtool.com CAL. Do not doubt me.

MEG. But hark ye.—

CAL. What is it you want?

MEG. The spark,

Where lives he now?—

CAL. Oh,—when he sold the house, 170
The back part he reserv'd unto himself.

MEG. That's what I wish'd to know.—Now, Sir,
your servant.—

But hearkye.

CAL. Well, what now?

MEG. The maiden, she's

With you?

CAL. She is, and I do tender her
Ev'n as my own.

MEG. 'Tis well done in you.

CAL. Would you 175

Command me farther, ere I go?

MEG. Your servant.

[Exit CALLICLES.]

S C E N E III.

MEGARONIDES *alone.*

In troth there cannot be more errant dolts,
More barefac'd fibbers, and more prating puppies,
Than these officious fools, the Busy-Bodies.
And I too should rank with them, thus to credit

V. 3. *Busy-Bodies.*] *Quos Scurras vocant.*

Their

Their groundless suppositions. Ev'ry thing 5
 They will pretend to know, yet nothing know.
 They'll dive into your breast, and learn your thoughts
 Present and future: nay they can discover
 What the king whisper'd in her highness' ear,
 And tell what past in *Juno's* chat with *Jove*. 10
 They know what never was, nor ever will be:
 Whether they praise or dispraise right or wrong,
 They care not, but invent what'er they please.—
 This *Callicles*, for instance—Men's report
 Pronounc'd him for society unfit, 15
 For that he spoil'd a young man of his fortunes.
 I, prompted by their scandal, sallied forth
 To chide my friend, though blameless.—Ill reports,
 Trac'd to their root, unless it will appear
 What ground and what authority they have, 20
 Should turn on those that spread them.—Public good
 Requires it should be so.—These idle chatterers,
 That know what they don't know, I fain would lessen,
 And shut up their fools tongues within their teeth.

[*Exit* MEGARONIDES.]

* * The opening of this Play is admirable for its conduct.
 The story, on which the whole turns, is contrived to be related
 very naturally and affectingly, without the appearance of a dull,
 uninteresting recital; and the Spectator is prepared for what is
 to follow, without being informed of any particular that is to
 happen;—a fault, that our Author too often falls into, either in
 his Prologues, or addresses to the audience from the characters
 of the Drama.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

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S C E N E I.

Enter L Y S I T E L E S.

WHAT misery to myself do I create,
 On many things thus inward ruminating !
 I teaze me, fret me, weary out my mind,
 Which schools me, as it were, like a strict master.
 It is not plain, nor have I weigh'd sufficiently, 5
 What life 'twere best to follow, whether rather
 Attend to thrift, or yield me up to Love.
 I cannot tell, which is most pleasurable,
 Nor am I rightly satisfied.—Suppose
 We try both fairly :—in the cause I'll be 10
 Both judge and culprit.—Good ! it likes me well,
 I'll do so.—First then we'll discourse of Love.—
 Love only seeks to draw into his toils
 The easy, willing natures ; these he courts,
 Subtly cajoles, and seeks occasions apt 15
 To win them to him. Love's a gentle flatterer,
 An hook that grapples hearts, an errant fibber,
 A dainty-mouth'd, a nice, a greedy niggard.
 A filcher of affections, pimp to those
 That play at bo-peep, skulk in hiding holes ; 20
 A pryer into secrets,—last, a beggar.

V. 4. *Like a strict master.*] *Magister mihi exercitor animus est.*
 In allusion to the instructors in the *gymnastic exercises.*

He

He that is stricken with sharp-pointed kisses,
 Will find his substance in a trice decay.
 "My sweet, my honey, if you love me, if
 "You have the spirit, won't you give? do now." 25
 Then instantly the gudgeon—"Eh! I will,
 "My eyes, my own dear eyes,—aye, that and more;
 "If you require it."—Thus she strikes the fool,
 For more and more still asking. Nor is this
 Sufficient; something more must still be added, 30
 For entertainments, feasting and carousings.
 Grants she the favour of a night? She brings
 Her whole retinue with her, such a train
 Of waiting-women, such a tribe of dressers,
 Minstrels, and lacqueys, all such huge devourers, 35
 Such wasters of his substance, that the lover

V. 22. *Sharp-pointed kisses.*] *Saviis sagittatis.*

V. 26. *The Gudgeon.*] The original is, *Culcuus*, a *Cuckow*.

V. 28. *She strikes the fool.*] *Ferit.* So in the *Phormio* of *Terence*.
 ---*Geta ferietur alio munere.*---*Geta* will *struck* for more.---As *Mr. Colman* has observed, "the familiar *Latin* phrase exactly answers "to the *English* one;" and indeed there are numberless passages in our Author, where the idiom of both languages minutely correspond.

V. 33. *Her whole retinue, &c.*] It was impossible to preserve the exact sense of the original in the translation with any grace.

Ducitur familia tota:

*Vestificæ, unctor, auri custos, stabelliferæ, sandaligerulæ,
 Cantrices, cistellatrices, nuncii, renuncii.*-----

This passage demonstrates, in what prodigious state and splendour the courtesans of old were maintained.

There is an admirable description concerning this very circumstance, and not unlike our Author's, in the *Self-Tormentor* of *Terence*, Act III. Scene II. which I forbear to transcribe on account of its length.

From his extreme complacence is undone.
 When I reflect within me, and consider,
 How cheap they hold one who is little worth,
 Love, get thee gone—I like thee not—Away— 40
 I hold no converse with thee.—Although sweet
 His feastings and carousings, Love has yet
 A smatch of bitter to create disgust.
 Love shuns the noisy bustle of the bar,
 Drives off relations, and oft banishes 45
 Himself from his own fight. There's no one, who

V. 43. *A smatch of bitter.*] The same sentiment with this and the foregoing lines is finely expressed by *Lucretius* in his Fourth Book.

*Adde, quod absument vires pereuntque labore;
 Adde, quod alterius sub nutu degitur ætas.
 Labitur interea res, et vadimonia sunt,
 Languent officia atque ægrotat fama vacillans.*

— — — — —
*medio de fonte leporum
 Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.*

They waste their strength in the venereal strife,
 And to a woman's will enslave their life;
 Th' estate runs out, and mortgages are made,
 All offices of friendship are decay'd,
 Their fortune ruin'd, and their fame betray'd. }

— — — — —
 For in the fountain, where their sweets are sought,
 Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the draught.

DRYDEN.

V. 45. *Banishes—Himself from his own fight.*] *Fugai ipse se a suo contuitu.* The best comment on this passage are the following lines in *Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet*.

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
 Should, in the furthest East, begin to draw
 The shady curtains from *Aurora's* bed,

Away

Would wooe him for companion. Thousand ways
 Love should be held a stranger, kept at distance,
 Wholly abstain'd from. Hapless, into Love
 Who plunges headlong; greater his destruction, 50
 Than to have leapt down toppling from a rock.—
 Love, get thee gone then,—I divorce thee from me,
 Nor ever be thou friend of mine.—Go, torture
 Those that are bound unto thee.—I am bent
 Henceforward to apply my mind to thrift, 55
 Although the toil be great. Hence good men gather
 Gain, esteem, credit, reputation: This
 The price of virtue.—'Tis my choice to herd
 With good men rather than the vain and dissolute.

S C E N E II.

Enter P H I L T O.

PHIL. Where has he ta'en himself?

Lys. I'm here, my father.

Command me what you will, nor shall there be
 In me reluctance. Think not that I skulk,
 Or hide me from your fight.

PHIL. You will do well,

Away from light steals home my heavy son,
 And private in his chamber pens himself,
 Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
 And makes himself an artificial night.

V. 52. *I divorce thee from me.*] *Tuas res tibi babe.* This was the formulary used in divorces. See *Amphitryon*, Act III. Scene II. v. 61.

And like your other actions, to observe 5
 Due reverence to your father. O my son!
 I would not have you with the profligate
 Hold any conversation, in the Forum,
 Or in the street. The manners of this age
 I know: Bad men would fain corrupt the good, 10
 And make them like themselves: Our evil manners
 Confound, disorder every thing: The greedy,
 The envious, turn what's sacred to profane,
 The public good to private interest.—
 They gape for gain, like the parch'd earth for
 showers.--- 15
 This grieves me; this torments me; night and day
 I ring the same peal, bidding you beware.
 These plunderers only can refrain their hands
 From what they cannot touch. The word else with
 them
 Is, touch and take. O but to see these villainies, 20
 Draws tears from me; to think my life prolong'd
 To such a race!—O that I had but follow'd
 Those that are gone before me!—Our vile moderns
 Commend the ancient manners, but withal
 Defile what they commend. O then, my son, 25
 Be not enamour'd of their arts, nor taint
 Your disposition with them. Live like me,

V. 15. *They gape, &c.*] The original is, *hiulea gens*.

V. 20. *Touch and take.*] This expresses the sense of the original, though it is not exactly the same. *Cætera, rape, trabe, late.*

V. 23. *Those that are gone before me.*] *Ad plures penetravi.*—*Ad plures* signifies *the dead*, which are more in number than the living. The *Grecians* used the same expression, *πλεονες*.

V. 25. *Defile.*] *Lutulant.*

Follow-

Following our ancient manners. Do what I
Advise you. For these vile and filthy manners,
Which good men must dishonour, I disdain them. 30

Lys. Sir, from my youth up to my present age
I've bound me to your precepts and commands.
Though free from birth and breeding, to your bidding
I hold me still a slave, and deem it just
My will should bend to yours.

PHIL. Suppose a youth 35
To combat with his will, whether 'twere best
To be, as best his will should think, or rather
Such as his parents and relations wish him :
If the will masters him, all's over with him :
By it he'll be enslav'd : but if his will 40
He masters, while he lives he shall be stiled
A conqueror of conquerors. If your will
You've vanquish'd, you not vanquish'd by your will,
You've reason to rejoice. 'Tis better far
You should be as you should be, than be such as 45
Your will would have you. Fairer their repute,
The will who conquer, than those conquer'd by it.

Lys. This prudence, as a buckler to my youth,
I ever had : I studiously forbore
To go, where vice was plotted as in council, 50

V. 42. *A conqueror of conquerors.*] *Victor victorum.* We find the same sentiment in *Plato's* first Book, *Of Laws*.---To conquer one's self is the first and best of all victories : but to be conquered by one's self is the greatest disgrace and calamity.---*Valerius Maximus* likewise observes, that it is much more difficult to conquer one's self than an enemy. *Mulio seipsum, quam hostem superasse operosius est.*

V. 50. *Where vice was plotted as in council.*] The original is, *Ubi esset damni conciliabulum.*

To roam the streets at mid-night, to defraud
 Another of his right, or to beget
 Vexation, Sir, to you, who are my father.
 I've ever kept your precepts as a rule
 To regulate my conduct.

PHIL. Wherefore this? 55

What's right you've acted for yourself, not me:
 My days are almost past: 'Tis your concern then.
 That man's an upright man, who don't repent him,
 That he is upright; he, who seeks alone
 Self-satisfaction, merits not that title: 60
 The man, that thinks but meanly of himself,
 Shews there's a just and honest nature in him.
 Still follow up good actions with good actions,
 Heap'd on each other.

Lys. For this purpose, father,

V. 57. *My days are almost past.*] It is remarkable, that Cicero quotes this very passage in an Epistle to Brutus—*Sed de hoc tu videris. De me possum dicere idem quod Plautinus pater in Trinummio: Mihi quidem ætas acta fermè est*—As for that matter, it is your concern. For my own part I may say with the old father in *Plautus's Treasure*,—*My days are almost past.*

V. 61.] The two lines of the original in all the Editions stand thus.

*Benefacta benefactis aliis pertegito, ne perpluant.
 Qui ipse se contemnit in eo est indoles industriæ.*

I cannot but be of opinion, that these lines are transposed, as the last line is naturally connected with the sentiment contained in the foregoing lines, and the first is entirely detached from it, but very properly precedes what *Lysiteles* says directly after.

V. 63. *Still follow up good actions.*] The original is,—*Benefacta benefactis aliis pertegito, ne perpluant.* Literally, *Cover good actions with good actions, lest it rain through.*

I would

ACT II. SCENE II. 23

I would entreat a certain favour of you. 65

PHIL. What is it? tell me, for I long to grant it.

Lys. There is a youth here of a noble family,
My friend, and of my years, who his affairs
Too heedlessly has manag'd, too unthinkingly.
I'd fain do him a kindness, if that you 70
Refuse not.

PHIL. What, from your own purse?

Lys. From mine.

For what is your's is mine, and mine is your's.

PHIL. Is he in want?

Lys. In want.

PHIL. Had he a fortune?

Lys. He had.

PHIL. How lost he it? at sea? by commerce? 75
In the slave trade? by traffick?

Lys. None of these.

PHIL. How then?

Lys. In sooth by gentle living, Sir :
Something too much in pleasure has he squander'd.

PHIL. In troth you speak of him as of an intimate:
A man forsooth, whose fortunes were not shatter'd 80
By any good demeanour ;—he's a friend,
A fine one for you, with such qualities!

Lys. I would relieve the wants of one distrest,
One that is free from fault.

PHIL. The beggar's thanks
He scarce deserves, who gives him wherewithal 85
To buy him meat and drink ; for what is given
Is lost, and only serves to lengthen out
A life of misery.—I say not this,

For that I would not do most willingly
 What you desire, but in the way of caution, 90
 That I might shew you, not to pity others,
 So as yourself to others may become
 An object too of pity.

Lys. 'Twere a shame
 To leave, not help him in adversity.

PHIL. 'Twere better *shame* than *blame*, though both
 are spelt 95
 With nearly the same letters,

Lys. Thanks to th' Gods,
 Our ancestors wise care, and your's, my father,
 We have an handsome fortune: then to shew
 A kindness to a friend, is not to *blame*;
 'Twere a *shame* rather not to do it.

PHIL. Tell me,— 100
 If from a sum how large soever you
 Subtract a part, remains there more or less?

Lys. Less surely. But you know, what people cry
 To niggardly curmudgeons.—“May you have not
 “That which you have, and have what you have
 “not,— 105

“Misfortune; since you will not let yourself,
 “Or others have enjoyment.”

V. 94. *Better shame than blame.*] The original is,
Pol pudere quàm pigere præstat totidem litteris.

The opposition between *pudere* and *pigere* also is kept up in what follows; which I have endeavoured to preserve in the best manner I could think of.

V. 104. *May you have not, &c.*] *Quod habes, ne habeas; et illud, quod nunc non habes, habeas malum.*

PHIL,

PHIL. Right ;—but verily,
He that has nothing, son, is fit for nothing.

LYS. Thanks to the Gods, Sir, we have wherewithal
T' enjoy ourselves, and spare for friendly uses. 110

PHIL. I can deny you nothing you would have.
Whose wants would you relieve?—Come, tell your
father :

Speak boldly to me.

LYS. 'Tis young *Lesbonicus*,
Charmides' son, who lives here at this house.

PHIL. He, who has eat up all he had, and more !

LYS. Do not reproach him, Sir : since many things
Befall a man, both wish'd for, and unwish'd.

PHIL. You are mistaken, son, nor judge aright
In what you say. A wise man is the maker
Of his own fortune, and except he prove 120
A bungling workman, little can befall him,
Which he would wish to change.

LYS. Sure, in this kind
Of workmanship much labour there doth need
One's life to frame and fashion with repute.
But *Lesbonicus*, Sir, is young,—consider. 125

PHIL. 'Tis not by years that wisdom is acquired,
But waits on disposition. Wisdom is
The food of age, which lends to wisdom relish.
But say, what would you give him ?

LYS. Nothing, Sir,

V. 119.] What follows is translated agreeably to the transposition of the lines in the original recommended by *M. Limieres*, as it seems to me to make the sense clearer than it is in the other editions.

So you permit me from his hands to accept 130
A gift most rare.

PHIL. What, *thus* relieve his wants?

Lys. This very way.

PHIL. I fain would learn the manner.

Lys. I'll tell you.—Know you not, what family
He's of?

PHIL. I know: of good and reputable.

Lys. He has a grown-up sifter: her, my father, 135
I would fain take to wife.

PHIL. Without a portion?

Lys. Without a portion.

PHIL. Marry her?

Lys. 'Tis so;—

And you no lofer. Thus you will bestow
A special favour on him, neither can you
By any other means assist him more. 140

PHIL. And shall I suffer you to take a wife
Without a portion?

Lys. You must suffer me;
And by it to our family you'll add
Increase of honour.

PHIL. I could here pour forth
A budget-full of sayings, learned saws, 145
And antique stories, which my age would warrant;
But since I see your purpose is to add
New friendships, new connections to our house,
E'en though I were averse to the alliance,
I'd give you my permission, — ask her, marry her. 150

V. 131. *A gift most rare.*] *Lysitiles* means the sifter of *Lesbonicus*.

LYS. The Gods preserve you to me!—Do but add
To this one favour more.

PHIL. That one, what is it?

LYS. I'll tell you: go to him yourself, yourself
Procure her for me.

PHIL. Hey-day! I a pimp?

LYS. 'Twill sooner be transacted, and by you 155
Done firm: one word in this affair from you
Will weigh more than an hundred words from me.

PHIL. I'm willing to oblige you.—I'll about it.

LYS. My most sweet father!—here he lives—this
house—

His name is *Lesbonicus*—do this thing 160
Effectually.—I'll wait for you at home.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

PHILTO *alone.*

This is not for the best, nor do I think
'Tis right, but yet 'tis better than if worse.
I have this consolation to my mind:—
Who thwarts the inclinations of his son
In every point, save those in which himself 5
Alone has satisfaction, is a fool,

V. 154. Procure *her for me.*] The word in the original is, *Concilies*, which bears a double sense, a good or a bad one; and we are informed by the commentators, that a joke was here intended upon that account. I have accordingly preserved it in the translation; though it does not seem to me to be absolutely certain, that any such joke was designed by our Author.

Plagues

Plagues his own soul, nor is the better for it;
 And stirring up a storm that's out of season,
 Makes the hoar winter of old age more sharp.
 But the door opens, whither I was going; 10
 And *Lesbonicus*, he himself comes forth
 Most aptly with his servant. I'll aloof.

[Retires at a distance.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter LESBONICUS and STASIMUS.

'Tis under fifteen days, since forty *Minae*
 You did receive from *Callicles* for this house.
 Is it not, *Stasimus*, as I say?

STAS. Methinks

On due consideration I remember,
 That so it is.

LES. What has been done with them? 5

V. 7. *Nor is the better for it.*] *Factius nibilo facit.*

V. 12. *I'll aloof.*] I have taken the liberty to add this to the text for the sake of perspicuity with respect to the modern reader, who cannot be too often reminded, that the extent of the ancient stage allowed of circumstances, which in the present times could not be admitted as in any degree probable. Among the other inconveniences, which the ancients laboured under on account of their strict attention to the preservation of the *Unity of Place*, may be fairly reckoned the absurdity of keeping some of the characters of the Drama at a distance, while others were engaged in a conversation, perhaps foreign to the business; when at the same time these very characters ought rather to have made immediate advances. This is apparently the case in the beginning of SCENE IV. that follows.

STAS.

STAS. Eat, drank, anointed, washed away in bagnios,
Cooks, butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confec-
tioners,

Perfumers, have devour'd them;—gone as soon,
As is a grain of corn thrown to an ant.

LES. Why, all these must have cost less than six
Minæ. 10

STAS. But what you gave your mistresses?

LES. I count
Six more for that.

STAS. What—I have cheated?

LES. Oh,
In that indeed my reckoning is most heavy.

STAS. You cannot eat your cake and have it too;—
Unless you think your money is immortal. 15
The fool too late, his substance eaten up,
Reckons the cost.

LES. Th' account is not apparent.

STAS. Th' account's apparent, but the money's gone.
You did receive of *Callicles* forty *Minæ*;
He by assignment had your house.

LES. 'Tis true. 20

V. 9. *A grain of corn.*] The original is, *Papaverem*.

V. 14. *Eat your cake, &c.*] I have taken the liberty of substituting a common *English* saying to express the sense of the original, which is——

Non tibi illud apparere, si sumas, potest.

V. 18. *The money's gone.*] There is a singularity in the original. Instead of a *Latin* word, a *Greek* one is introduced.—*Argentum οικηται*.—May we not suppose, that this *Greek* term might possibly be familiar and current in our Author's time, as some *French* words are with us?

V. 20. *By assignment.*] *Mancupio*.

PHIL. (*Overbearing.*) Our neighbour then, it seems,
has sold his house :

And when his father from abroad returns,
He must e'en lodge him in the street, except
He creep into the belly of his son.

STAS. Count to the Banker due *Olympic Drachms* 25
A thousand.

LES. I engag'd for:

STAS. Threw away,
Say rather.—You stood bound for a wild spark,
Who, you declared was rich.

LES. 'Tis true, I did so.

STAS. 'Tis true, the money's gone.

LES. It is indeed.—

I saw him in distress, and pitied him. 30

STAS. For others you've compassion, for yourself
You've neither shame nor pity.

PHIL. (*At a distance.*) It is time

V. 23. *Lodge him in the street.*] The original is,—*In Portâ est locus.* Some commentators explain *Porta* to mean the *Mælian Gate*. See Vol. I. *The CAPTIVES*, Act I. Scene I. v. 27. *Note.* Some Editions read *Ponte*.

V. 24. *Belly of his son.*] *Nisi fortè in ventrem filio correperit.* The meaning is obvious.

V. 25. *Olympic Drachms.*] For the value of these, see *Cook's Table* prefixed to Volume I.

V. 31. *For 'others—you've compassion, &c.*] This is agreeable to the caution given by old *Pbilto* to his son *Lyfiteles*, Act II. Scene II. v. 91.

That I might shew you, not to pity others,
So as yourself to others may become
An object too of pity.

I should

I should make up to him.

LES. Is not that *Philto*,
Who's coming hither? Sure, 'tis he himself.

STAS. I wish he were my slave with all his pro-
perty. 35

PHIL. To *Lesbonicus* and to *Stafimus*,
The master and the servant, *Philto* wishes
All happiness and health.

LES. Heav'n grant you, *Philto*,
All that you wish and want! How does your son?

PHIL. You've his best wishes.

LES. He has mine,---'tis mutual. 40

STAS. Best wishes! what avails that phrase, unless
Best services attend them?—I may wish
To have my liberty, but wish in vain;
My master, to be frugal,—all in vain.

PHIL. My son has sent me to you, to propose 45
A bond of friendship 'twixt you, and alliance.
Your sister he would marry, and I hold
The same opinion, wish it.

LES. Oh, I know you;
Your cruel mockery I perceive:—because
You have an ample and right good estate, 50
You come to flout and jest at my misfortunes.

V. 35. *My slave with all his property.*] *Meum feri servum cum suo peculio.* It should be noted, that *Peculium* signifies the property a slave was allowed to have of his own; and by which he was oftentimes enabled to purchase his freedom.

V. 41. *Best wishes, &c.*] In the original,

Nequam illud verbum est, bene vult, nisi quod bene facit.

PHIL.

PHIL. As I'm a man,—as you are,—the great God
 So love me,—as I came not to deride:—
 Nor do I think you worthy.—What I said,
 Is true:—My son beg'd me to ask for him 55
 Your sister, Sir, in marriage.

Lys. My affairs,
 How they are circumstanc'd, I can't be ignorant:—
 My fortunes are not to be match'd with yours.—
 Then seek another, and more fair alliance.

STAS. Art mad? art in your senses? to reject 60
 This proffer'd match?—Why you have found a friend,
 Will help you at a pinch.

LES. Away, you rascal!

STAS. Were I to budge a foot, you'd bid me stay.

LES. (*To Phil.*) Would you ought else, Sir?—
 You have got my answer.

PHIL. I trust that you will shew to me more favour 65
 Than now I have experienc'd. Or in word
 Or deed to play the trifler, would ill suit
 One of my years.

STAS. Faith, what he says is true.

LES. Add but another word, I'll tear your eyes out.

STAS. Do—I will speak, though blind.

PHIL. You tell me now, 70
 We are not on a footing; that your means
 Don't equal ours.

V. 61, 62. *A friend---Will help you at a pinch.*] The original is, *Ferentarium amicum*. This is in allusion to those soldiers, who were called *Ferentarii*, and who, as they were lightly armed and accoutered, were the more ready to come immediately to the assistance of those, that were in danger of being overpowered by the enemy.

LES.

LES. I say so.

PHIL. What of that?—

If you were present at a public feast,
 And haply some great man was plac'd beside you,
 Of the choice cates serv'd up in heaps before him 75
 Would you not taste, but at the table rather
 Sit dinnerless, because he neighbour'd you?

LES. Sure I should eat, if he forbade me not.

STAS. And I, ev'n if he did;—so cram myself,
 I'd stuff out both my cheeks:—I'd seize upon 80
 The daintiest bits before him, nor give way to him
 In matters that concern'd my very being.
 At table no one should be shy or mannerly,
 Where all things are at stake, divine and human.

PHIL. Faith, what you say is right.

STAS. I'll tell you fairly. 85
 Your great man if I meet, I make way for him,
 Give him the wall, shew him respect, but where
 The belly is concern'd, I will not yield
 An inch,—unless he box me into breeding.
 To me a feast is an inheritance 90
 Without incumbrance.

V. 73. *A public feast.*] *Cæna, quam popularem vocant.* This, in the original, means an entertainment, such as was used to be given to the populace upon any public rejoicing, as at a triumph, for example, as we learn from *Suetonius's* Life of *Julius Cæsar*.

V. 80. *I'd stuff out both my cheeks.*] *Ambabus malis expletis vorem.*

V. 83. *Mannerly.*] The original is, *Verecundari neminem apud mensam decet.*

V. 90. *An inheritance—Without incumbrance.*] This is something like the meaning, though not the direct sense, of the original.—

Sine

PHIL. Ever bear in mind
 This maxim; *Lesbonicus*. The best policy
 Is to be perfect in all good;—if that
 We can't attain to, to be next to perfect.
 The match that I propose for your consent, 95
 Why will you not agree to?—What are riches?—
 The Gods alone are rich: to them alone
 Is wealth and pow'r:—but we poor mortal men,
 When that the soul, which is the salt of life,
 Keeping our bodies from corruption, leaves us, 100
 At *Acheron* shall be counted all alike,
 The beggar and the wealthiest.

STAS. (*To Phil.*) I believe,
 Your wealth you'll carry with you, that, when dead,

Sine Sacris Hæreditas. The same expression occurs in *The Captives* of our Author, for the explanation of which, see Vol. I. Act IV. Scene I. v. 14.

V. 99. *The soul, which is the salt of life, &c.] Salillum animæ.* There have been various interpretations of this passage; but I have followed that of *Taubman*, who supposes, *Plautus* designed by it, “ that the soul was to the body like salt; for as the flesh “ of dead animals will putrify without salt, so our bodies, when “ the soul is gone, are exposed to corruption.” This perhaps may be thought a fanciful explanation; it is, however, not inelegant, and suitable to the seriousness of the whole sentence.

Lambin, however, informs us, that in some MSS. he has found *Tantillum* instead of *Salillum*, which possibly may have been the true reading; agreeably to *Horace's* expression, *Divinæ particulam auræ.*

V. 101. *Counted all alike.]* In the original, *Æquo censetur censu.* This alludes to the custom of *assessing* the people among the *Romans* according to their different ranks and stations. See Vol. I. *The Captives.* Prologue, V. 19. *Note.*

You

You may behave there as your name imports.

PHIL. That you may know it is not wealth we
seek, 105

But value your alliance, I do ask.

Your sister for my son without a portion.

Success attend it!—Is't agreed?—Why silent?

STAS. O ye immortal Gods, a rare proposal!

PHIL. Do but say, *done*.

STAS. Why how now? when he could 110
Get nothing by the bargain, he could say
Done first; and now he's sure to win, he's silent.

LES. That you esteem me worthy your alliance,
I am most thankful; but although my folly
Has cast me down thus low, I've yet a farm 115

V. 104. *As your name imports.*] There is some obscurity in the original of this whole passage.

Mirum, ni tu illuc tecum divitias feras.

Ubi mortuus sis, ita sis ut nomen cluet.

For want of a better, I have been obliged to be content with the interpretation of *Ristorius*. "I verily believe, that you mean "to carry your riches with you to *Acheron*, where you may act "at length after your death agreeably to the sense and import of "your name *Philo*, which signifies *benevolent*; for in this world "you are quite the reverse, and a very miser."

V. 108. *Success attend it, &c.*] *Quæ res bene vertat!* &c. These and the like expressions, which occur in this Scene, are agreeable to the formulary, which was used upon these occasions.

V. 112. *Done first.*] As the humour of *Stafimus's* answer in the original depends upon the double meaning of the word *Spondeo*, I have been obliged to give it another turn in the translation.

PHIL. *Quin fabulare, "Dii bene vertant! Spondeo."*

STAS. *Eheu! ubi usus nihil erat dicto, "Spondeo"*

Dicebat: nunc hic, cum opus est, non quit dicere.

Spondeo signifies to *betroth* or *promise* in marriage, and also to *engage*, or *promise* to pay.

36 THE TREASURE.

Near to the town here: this will I bestow
 Upon my sifter for her portion; this
 Is all, through my imprudence and my folly,
 That I have left me now besides my life.

PHIL. I want no portion.

LES. I'm resolv'd to give it. 120

STAS. Dear master, would you part then with our
 nurse,

That feeds us? our support? think what you're doing—
 How shall we eat in future?

LES. Hold your tongue.

Am I accountable to you?

STAS. We're ruin'd

Past all redemption, if I don't invent 125
 Some sham.—I have it.—*Philto*, a word with you.

PHIL. What would you?

STAS. Step aside this way a little.

PHIL. I will. (*They retire.*)

STAS. The secret I shall now unfold
 Let not my master know, nor any other.

PHIL. Me you may safely trust.

STAS. By Gods and men 130

I do conjure you, let not this same farm
 Come into your possession, or your son's.
 The reason will I tell.

PHIL. I fain would hear it.

STAS. First then, whene'er the land is plough'd,
 the oxen

Ev'ry fifth furrow drop down dead.

PHIL. Fye on it! 135

STAS. A passage down to *Acheron's* in our field.

The

The grapes grow mouldy as they hang, before
They can be gather'd.

LES. He is, I suppose,
Persuading him:—though he's an errant rogue,
To me he's not unfaithful.

STAS. Hear what follows, 140
When that the harvest promises most fair,
They gather in thrice less than what was sown.

PHIL. Nay!—then methinks it were a proper place
For men to sow their wild oats, where they would not
Spring up.

STAS. There never was a person yet, 145
That ever own'd this farm, but his affairs
Did turn out to bad:—some ran away, some died,
Some hang'd themselves.—Why, there's my master
now,

To what sad straits is he reduc'd!

PHIL. O keep me
Far from this farm!

STAS. You'd have more cause to say so, 150
Were you to hear the whole.—There's not a tree,
But has been blasted with the lightning: more—
The hogs are eat up with the mange; the sheep

V. 144. *Their wild oats.*] This familiar expression in our language is agreeable to the meaning of the original.

Hem! istic oportet obstei mores malos,

Si in obserendo possint interfieri.

Interfieri is from *interficio*, and properly signifies *to be slain*, or *to die*.

V. 153. *The hogs are eat up with the mange.*] The original is, *Sues moriuntur anginâ.*—The hogs die of a swelling in the throat.—This we are told by *Pliny*, is a common distemper among hogs.

Pine with the rot, all scabby as this hand :
 And no man can live there six months together, 155
 No, not a *Syrian*, though they are most hardy,
 The *Influenza* is to all so fatal.

PHIL. I do believe it true : but the *Campanians*
 The *Syrians* far outgo in hardiness.—

This farm is a fit spot, as you've described it, 160
 Wherein to place bad men: And as they tell us,
 That in those islands still *The Fortunate*
 Assemble th' upright, and the virtuous livers,
 So should the wicked here be thrust together,
 Since 'tis of such a nature.

STAS. 'Tis th' abode 165
 Of misery. But, without more words,—whatever
 Evil you'd search for, you might find it here.

PHIL. You may go seek it there, or where you will.

STAS. Be cautious how you tell what I have told
 you.

PHIL. You've told it to no babbler.

STAS. Now my master 170
 Would gladly part with it, could he but find
 A gudgeon to his purpose.

PHIL. I'll have none of it.

STAS. If you are wise indeed, you will not have it.

V. 157. *The Influenza.*] *Solstitiali morbo.* Commentators are divided about the particular disease here designed. *Turnebus* imagines it to mean the disorder that is common in the hottest part of summer, and which is to this day called in *Italy*, the *Influenza*.

V. 172. *A gudgeon.*] The original is, *Cujus os sublinat*, that is, *whom he can deceive*.

(*Aside.*)

(*Aside.*) So—I have frighten'd this old hunks most rarely

From taking of this farm : if that were gone, 175
We've nothing to subsist on.

PHIL. *Lesbonicus,*

I now return to you.

LES. I prithee tell me,
What has he said?

PHIL. Think you?—The fellow wants
His liberty, but has not wherewithal
To purchase it.

LES. And I too would be rich,
But cannot. 180

STAS. (*Aside.*) Once you might have been, if
then
You had chose it; now you cannot, since you've
nothing.

LES. What was it you was muttering to yourself?

STAS. Concerning what you said.—You had been
rich,
If it had been your pleasure heretofore; 185
'Tis now too late to wish it.

PHIL. For this portion,
I can determine nothing; with my son
You'll settle it, and to your liking.—Well then,—
Your sister I request for him in marriage.

Success attend it! What? still scrupulous! 190

LES. Well, since you'll have it so, heav'ns blessing
on it!

I here betroth her to him.

PHIL. Never did

A father joy more in a new-born son,
Than I, when you brought forth that word, *betroth*.

STAS. Heav'ns prosper this agreement!

PHIL. 'Tis my prayer. 195

LES. Go, *Stafimus*, to my sifter, and relate
To *Callicles* this transaction.

STAS. I'll be gone.

LES. Congratulate my sifter.

STAS. To be sure!

PHIL. Go with me in, Sir, where this compact we'll
Confirm, and for the nuptials fix a day. 200

LES. (*to Staf.*) Do as I bade you.—I'll be here
this instant.—

Tell *Callicles* to meet me.—

STAS. Prithee go!

LES. To fix the portion.—

STAS. Go.—

LYS. For I'm resolv'd

A portion she shall have.

STAS. Nay, pray be gone!

LES. Nor will I suffer her to lose—

STAS. Go, go!—205

LES. By my neglect.—

STAS. Be gone now.—

LES. 'Tis but just

For my offences.—

STAS. Will you not be gone?

LES. That I alone should suffer.—

STAS. Go—be gone,

LES. My father! shall I never see you more?

STAS. Go, get thee gone! be gone! be gone! be
gone! 210

[*Exeunt* LESBONICUS and PHILTO.

SCENE

SCENE V.

STASIMUS *alone.*

At length I have prevail'd on him to go.
 Ye gods! from wrongly we shall manage right,
 If we but keep this farm: and yet I have
 Some doubt concerning what will be the issue.
 If it be once made over to another, 5
 'Tis over then with me: I must abroad,
 Carry a knapsack, helmet, sword and target:
 He'll fly the city when the wedding's o'er,
 And will enlist him somewhere for a soldier,
 In *Asia* or *Cilicia*.—But I'll go, 10
 Where master bade me; though I hate this house,
 Ever since he, who bought it, turn'd us out.

V. 6. 'Tis over then with me.] *Assump est de collo meo.*

V. 9. He will enlist him for a soldier.] *Ibit latrocinatum.* See the last note on Act I. of the *Braggard Captain*. Terence in the *Self-tormentor* mentions the same circumstance, Act I. Scene I. v. 65.

In Asiam ad regem militatum abiit, Chreme.

Went off to serve the king in *Asia*, *Chremes*. COLMAN.
 So likewise in the *Brothers*, where *Demea* is lamenting his son's extravagance and debauchery, Act III. Scene III. v. 30.

*Videre videor jam diem illum, cum hinc egressus
 Profugiet aliquo militatum.*

I think I see the day when *Æschinus*
 Shall fly for want, and list himself a soldier COLMAN.

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

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S C E N E I.

Enter CALLICLES *and* STASIMUS.

CALLICLES.

HOW said you, *Stasimus*? that your master's son,
Young *Lesbonicus*, has betroth'd his sister?

STAS. The same.

CAL. To whom?

STAS. To *Pbilto's* son, *Lysiteles*,
Without a portion.

CAL. How? without a portion
Married in so rich a family? What you say 5
Is not to be believ'd.

STAS. I cannot help
Your incredulity: if this you don't
Believe, I shall believe that—

CAL. What?

STAS. You hold me
Of no account.

CAL. Tell me, how long ago,
And where was this transacted?

STAS. Here,—before 10

V. 1. *Your master's son.*] The original, *nostrum herilem filium*, has been a stumbling block to some of the commentators, who have proposed to read *vestrum* instead of *nostrum*. *Herilis filius* was a common phrase, signifying the *beir* or *eldest son* of the family; and *Callicles* might with propriety call *Lesbonicus* "*nostrum*," as he was his guardian.

This

This very door,—now, at this very instant.

CAL. Has *Lesbonicus* prov'd a better manager,
Now that his fortune's shatter'd, than when whole?

STAS. Nay, what is more, Sir, *Pbilto* came himself
A suiter for his son.

CAL. It were a shame 15
To send the maiden dowerless: this concerns me :
I'll straight to my corrector, and will ask
His counsel, [Exit.

S C E N E II.

STASIMUS *alone.*

Aye, I smell it out, I guess,
Why he does speed him thither : his intent is
To get the farm too, as he got the house,
From *Lesbonicus*. O my master *Charmides* !
How has your absence your affairs distracted ! 5
Would I could see you safe return'd, to wreak
Due vengeance on your foes, and so reward me,
As I have been, and am, your faithful slave.
'Tis very difficult to find a friend
More than in name, to whom your near concerns 10
Having entrusted, you may sleep at ease.
But see—our son-in-law, *Lysiteles*,
Comes this way with his neighbour *Lesbonicus*.

V. 11. *Now, at this very instant.*] In the original there is a
ridicule on the inhabitants of *Prænestæ*, a city near Rome, on
account of their inelegant idiom.—*Tam modo, inquit Prænestinus.*

V. 17. *Corrector.*] Meaning *Megaronides*, who had taken him
to task in the First Act.

Some

Some difference, what I know not, is between them.
They walk with hasty steps: one holds the other
Fast by the cloak: and now they stop abruptly.

I'll step aside here; for I long to listen

The conversation of these neighbour-youths.

[Retires to a distance.]

S C E N E III.

Enter LYSITELES *and* LESBONICUS.

LYS. Stay prithee, don't oppose me, do not seek
To hide thee from me.

LES. Can't you let me go,
Where I intend?

LYS. I would, if it appear'd
It were for your advantage, fame, or honour.

LES. Indeed, you do it with such ease.

LYS. Do what? 5

LES. You give your friend offence.

LYS. That's far from me;
And such behaviour I am yet to learn.

LES. How learn'd without a master! What would
you

Have done, had you been school'd, to plague me more?
While kindness you pretend, you do me wrong. 10

LYS. I?

LES. You.

LYS. How do you wrong?

LES. In doing that
Displeases me.

LYS. I mean it for your good.

LES.

LES. Are you then friendlier to me, than myself
Am to myself? I understand sufficiently,
And for myself can spy out my advantage. 15

LYS. Is this a proof of understanding in you,
To slight a proffer'd benefit from one,
Who's your well-wisher?

LES. Nothing can I deem
A benefit, if it displeases him
On whom it is bestow'd. I know my duty: 20
Yet all that you can utter will not shield me
From men's report.

LYS. How say you? (for I can
No longer be with-held from talking to you,
As you deserve,) the reputation, which
Your fore-fathers to you deliver'd down, 25
Was it for this, that what their virtue got,
You by excess should lose? Your father, grandfather,
Had oped for you a plain and easy road,
To lead you to renown: you've made it hard
Through vice, and indolence, and shameless manners. 30
Love you have chose, your love you have prefer'd
Before your honour: and can this, believe you,
Cover your faults? ah! no, it is not so.
Take virtue to your mind, be indolence
Expell'd thence: in the Forum dedicate 35
Your service to your friends, and not in bed
To a she-friend, a mistress, as you're wont.
Moreover, I most earnestly entreat you

V. 37. *She-friend.*] This is agreeable to the *antisthefus* in the original.

In foro amicis operam des, haud in lecto amicæ, ut solitus es.

Not

Not to relinquish this same farm, but keep it
 For your support, that those who are your enemies 40
 May not reproach you with extremest want.

L^{ES}. All you have said I know, could sign and
 seal to,—

That I have wasted my inheritance,
 Tarnish'd the glory of my ancestors;—
 Knew how I should have acted, but alas! 45
 I could not do it; by the pow'r of love
 Subdued, by idleness held captive, readily
 I fell into the snare. And now to you,
 As you deserve, I owe my utmost thanks.

L^{YS}. I cannot bear to lose my labour thus;— 50
 That you should slight my counsels! and it grieves me,
 You have so little shame. In fine, except
 You list to me, and act as I advise,
 Screen'd as it were by folly you'll lie hid,
 That honour cannot find you: base obscurity 55
 Will shrowd your brightness, which should blaze abroad.
 The fashion of your mind full well I know,
 How uninform'd:—I know, that you have err'd
 Not of yourself, nor of your own accord,

V. 41. *Could sign and seal to.*] The original is, *vel exsignavero.*

V. 45. *Knew how I should have acted, but alas!
 I could not do it.*]

Scibam ut esse me deceret: facere non quibam miser.

This is agreeable to the sentiment in *Ovid,*

Video meliora proboque,

Deteriora sequor.

I see, and I approve the better way,
 But the worse following I still go astray.

But

But love has blinded you;—and all his ways 60
 To me are manifest.—It is with Love,
 As with a stone whirl'd from a sling;—it flies,
 Nothing so quick.—Love makes a man a fool,
 Hard to be pleas'd.—What you'd persuade him to,
 He likes not, and embraces that, from which 65
 You would dissuade him.—What there is a lack of,
 That will he covet;—when 'tis in his power,
 He'll none on't.—Who so bids him to avoid
 A thing, invites him to it; interdicts,
 Who recommends it.—'Tis the height of madness, 70

V. 61. *It is with Love,
 As with a stone whirl'd from a sling; it flies,
 Nothing so quick.]* The original is,

Ita est Amor, balista ut jacitur : nihil sic celere est, neque volat.

Balista was an engine made use of in war, to cast or shoot stones or darts. *Shakespeare* has very finely illustrated the same sentiment by a similar image in his *Romeo and Juliet*, where it is said, that Love is

*Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere we can can say it lightens.*

V. 63. *Love makes a man a fool, &c.]* There is a jingle in the original, which our author is too apt to indulge in. *Is moros hominum moros et morosos efficit.*

V. 64.] There is something very much in the manner of our author, and like the present passage, in the play of *Shakespeare* above mentioned, where he speaks of the contradiction in the nature of Love.

*Love—heavy lightness! serious vanity!
 Mischapen chaos of well-seeming forms! &c.*

I forbear quoting the whole passage, as I cannot think it one of the most shining altogether.

Ever to take up your abode with Love.—
 But I advise you,—think and think again,
 How you should act: for if you still go on
 So as you seem to promise, you'll at once
 Destroy the reputation of your house: 75
 You'll set it, as it were, on fire; and then
 Will you want water, to extinguish it;
 Which when you've got, (as is the way of lovers,
 They are so wondrous cunning,) you'll not leave
 A single spark to light it up again. 80

LES. That's easy to be found; and if you ask it,
 Your very enemy will give you fire.—
 But, while you rate me for my misdemeanours,
 Yourself would urge me to a viler course.—
 My sister you would have, and would persuade me 85
 Without a portion to bestow her: but
 It is not fit, that I, who have run out
 So large a patrimony, should be rich,
 And own a farm, while want is all her portion;
 So should I justly be her scorn and hatred. 90

V. 71. *To take up your abode with love.*] The original is,
Insanum est malum in hospitium devorti ad Cupidinem.

V. 76. *You'll set it, as it were, on fire.*] The metaphor in the original is rather dark and confused, neither can it appear very elegant to the modern reader.

*Si istuc, ut facis indicium, conâre, tuum incendes genus.
 Tum igitur tibi aquæ erit cupido, genus qui restringas tuum.
 Atque erit, si nactus, proinde ut corde amantes sunt casti,
 Nè scintillam quidem relinques, genus qui conglicat tuum.*

LES. *Facile est inventu: datur ignis tametsi ab inimicis petas.*

Who bears him gently to his own relations,
Will ne'er shew hard to others.—As I've said,
I'll do,—no longer then oppose me in it.

Lys. And is it better you should suffer want
By reason of your sister, and that I
Should have the farm rather than you, wherewith
You might repair your shatter'd fortune?

LES. No,
My poverty ne'er think on; let me be
Distrest, not infamous; nor let them say,
That in bestowing her without a portion
I gave her into keeping, not in marriage.
I should be held a rascal, no one greater;
And such report would give a grace to you,
But sully me, if portionless you took her:—
You would gain honour, I should meet reproach.

Lys. By giving me the farm, you'd fain be stil'd

V. 91. *Who bears him gently to his own relations,
Will ne'er shew hard to others.]*

Nunquam erit alienis gravis, qui suis se concinnat levem.

V. 97. *Repair your shatter'd fortune.]* *Tua qui vleres mænia.*
For *mænia* some read *munia*, and interpret it,—*wherewith you
may support yourself*; but I rather prefer the other reading, and
the metaphorical sense, in which I have rendered it.

V. 101. *I gave her into keeping, not in marriage.]* The origi-
nalis,

*Mæ germanam meam sororem in concubinatum tibi
Sic sine dote dedisse, magis quam in matrimonium.*

This is a very elegant thought, especially if it be considered,
that it was reckoned dishonourable among the ancients for a
maiden to be given in marriage without a portion. On this cir-
cumstance the force of many passages in this play depends.

A Man of Honour!

LES. 'Tis not in my thoughts:
This, this is honour to an honest man
For ever to be mindful of his duty.

LES. In sooth I know the purpose of your heart; 110
I see it all, I scent it, I perceive it.
Soon as the bond of near affinity
Is knit betwixt us,—when you've given the farm,
And nothing left you here for your support,—
The marriage ended,—straight you'll fly the city 115
A needy wanderer, desert your country,
Relations, friends; and they will say, my avarice
Had frighted you away: then think not, I
Shall suffer it.

STAS. (*advancing*) I can't help crying out,
Bravo! bravo! *Lyfiteles*, encore! 120
You've won the prize with ease; your play's the best;
The subject better manag'd, and the lines

V. 107. *A Man of Honour!*] The exact and literal meaning of the original could not be intelligibly expressed in the translation. Says *Lyfiteles*,

Quid? te Dictatorem censes fore, si abs te agrum acceperim.

“What? do you think, that you should attain to the honour
“of the Dictatorship, if I were to accept of this farm from you?”
This is spoken in raillery, in answer to what *Lesbonicus* had said to his friend before.

V. 120. *Encore!*] My adopting a *French* term is, I hope, justifiable, as our author himself introduces a *Greek* one, *παλις*, in the same sense, and which, it is probable, was applied in the *Roman* theatre in the same manner as the modern word is used by us.—The whole speech is in allusion to the rewards and punishments bestowed of old upon theatrical performers; for an account of which, see the Prologue to *Amphitryon*, v. 30, and 103, with the Notes, Vol. I. of this translation.

Are better.--How then? (*to Lesb.*) Are you such an oaf
Still to dispute it?—Think you of the fine.

LES. Who bid you meddle, and what brought you
hither, 125

To join our councils?

STAS. That which brought me hither
Shall carry me away. (*retires.*)

LES. Come with me home,
Lysiteles, where we will talk together.
More of these matters.

LYS. Nothing am I wont
To do in private, I'll now speak my mind.— 130
If, as I think you ought, you'll give your sister
In marriage to me, and without a portion;
Nor you yourself will after go abroad;
What's mine is yours.—But if you're other minded,
All good betide you!—On no other terms 135
I'll hold you for a friend.—So I'm resolv'd.

[*Exit LYSITELES; and LESBONICUS goes off
directly after.*]

S C E N E IV.

S T A S I M U S *alone.*

He's gone.—D'ye hear, *Lysiteles*?—I want you.—
My master, he is gone too.—*Stafimus*, thou
Art left alone then.—What now shall I do?
Why, strap my knapsack tight together, fit
My buckler to my back, order my shoes 5

V. 5. *Order my shoes to be new soal'd.*] *Fulmentas jubeam suppingi,
soccis.*

To be new foal'd :—we cannot stay.—I see,
 That I must shortly be a soldier's skip :
 My master for support will throw himself
 Into the service of some prince or other.

Faith he will prove himself the best of warriors— 10
 In a retreat ;—he'll fall an easy prey,
 To any one who chances to oppose him.

For me,—when with a bow I'm strongly arm'd,
 A quiver stuck with arrows, on my head
 An helmet,—in the tent I'll sleep at ease. 15
 Now will I to the Forum, and demand

V. 7. *A soldier's skip.*] *Caculam militarem.*

V. 8. *For his support.*] *In saginam.* This means, in general, *good living.* Others read, *sagena*, which signifies a *weel to catch fish in.* See this latter explained in the Note to the *Braggart Captain*, Act II. Scene XVIII. v. 49.

V. 10. *Faith he will prove himself the best of warriors,—*
In a retreat :— he'll fall an easy prey,
To any one, who chances to oppose him.]

The original is,

Credo ad summos bellatores acrem fugitorem fore,
Et capturum spolia ibi illum, qui meo hero adversus venerit.

There does not appear to me, either in the text, or in any of the commentators, any foundation for the turn given to the last line by *Limiers*, though it must be confessed to be an humorous one :

Null aussi pour piller ne fera plus d'exploits.

V. 15. *In the tent I'll sleep at ease.*] This humour is of a piece with that of *Sofia*, in *Amphitryon*, who asks *Mercury*,

If you are Socia, — tell me, — while the armies
Were in the heat of battle, what did you
Do in the tent ? Tell that, and I knock under.

See the whole passage, Act I. Scene I. v. 377.

The talent, which I lent six days ago ;
 That with me I may have something withal
 To bear my travelling charges on the way. [Exit.

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S C E N E V.

Enter MEGARONIDES *and* CALLICLES.

MEGARONIDES.

As you relate th' affair, it cannot be
 By any means, but that a portion must
 Be given with the maid.

CAL. It cannot be
 Right honest in me sure to let her wed
 Without a portion, when I've wherewithal 5
 At home in my possession for that purpose.

MEG. You have a portion, true ;—unless you chuse
 To wait, 'till she's dispos'd of by her brother
 In marriage without dower : then yourself
 May go to *Philo*, tell him that you'll give 10
 A portion, that you do't by reason of
 Your friendship with her father. Yet I fear
 This very proffer might perhaps involve you
 In foul report and scandal with the people :
 That you were friendly to the girl, they'd say, 15
 Was not without a reason, and the dower,
 They will pretend, was giv'n you by her father,
 To give to her ; with that you were so generous.
 Nor even that, would they believe, that you
 Had giv'n her whole, and nothing had sub-
 tracted. 20

E 2

Now,

Now, if the coming you would wait of *Cbarmides*,
The time is very long, and all the while
No portion to the man that marries her.

CAL. In troth all this has come into my mind.

MEG. Think you 'twould be more useful to our
purpose, 25

For me to go to *Lesbonicus*, and
Inform him of the matter ?

CAL. How? discover
The treasure to a wild young spark, brimful
Of love and wantonness? No, by no means :
For I do know for certain, he could eat up 30
That, and the very place too, where 'tis hid :
Where I'm afraid to dig, lest he should hear
The sound, and at a word spoke of the portion
Smell out the very thing.

MEG. What's to be done then?

CAL. The treasure may be dug up privately, 35
When opportunity is found : mean while
I'll borrow somewhere of some friend or other
What money's needful.

MEG. Can you any where
Prevail upon a friend to lend it ?

CAL. Surely.

MEG. No, no,—you'll find they have an answer
ready : 40

V. 23. *No portion to the man that marries her.*] Two interpretations have been given, *ducenti interea abscesserit*. The one supposes *voluntas* to be understood, and then it would mean, that *Lysicles* might perhaps change his mind : but the other sense, which I have followed, seems to me the least forced.

“ Indeed

“ Indeed I have it not, I cannot lend it.”

CAL. Were they sincere in this, I'd rather hear it,
Than have their money.

MEG. Hold—I have a thought ;—
See, if it likes you.

CAL. What's your thought ?

MEG. A brave one,
At least in my opinion.

CAL. Say, what is it ? 45

MEG. Let there be forthwith hired, as soon as can be,
Some man to personate a stranger.

CAL. What
Is he to do then ?

MEG. Let his dress be shap'd
Exactly to the foreign mode ; his face
Unknown, an impudent and lying knave. 50

CAL. What after ?

MEG. To our spark then let him come
As from his father, from *Seleucia* ;
Salute him in the old man's name, acquaint him,
That he is well, and purpos'd to return
Forthwith: two letters he must likewise bring, 55
Which we will forge, as coming from the father ;
One for the son, the other, he must say
To you he would deliver.

CAL. Well,—go on.

MEG. Moreover, from the father let him say
He has brought money for the maiden's portion, 60
Which he has orders to deliver you.—
Do you conceive me now ?

CAL. Most thoroughly,

And hear with pleasure.

MEG. You will give the youth
This money, when the maid shall be dispos'd
In marriage. www.libtool.com.cn

CAL. A most admirable thought! 65

MEG. By this, when you have dug the treasure up,
You will remove suspicion from the youth,
Who'll think the money brought you from his father:
You'll take it from the treasure.

CAL. Very good:—

Though at these years I am ashamed to play 70
A double part.—But hold—When he shall bring
The letters seal'd, for seal'd they must be brought,
Do you not think, the spark's acquainted with
Th' impresson of his father's ring?

MEG. No more:

You'll find an hundred reasons:—he has lost 75
That which he us'd to have, and got a new one:—
What if indeed they were not seal'd at all,
This might be said, that they were open'd, and
Inspected at the Customs.—But in troth
To wear the day in prating of this business, 80
Is merely idleness, and waste of time:—
Though we could spin our talk out ere so long.
Go to the treasure privily,—remove
Your servants, men, and maids;—and hearkye—

CAL. What?

*V. 70. *To play—A double part.*] The original is, *scophantari pudet.*

V. 74. *Th' impresson of his father's ring.*] *Annuli paterni signum.*
The ancients had their seals set in rings.

V. 79. *At the Customs.*] The original is, *apud Portitorem.*

MEG. See, you conceal it even from your wife:-- 85
 For there is nothing she can keep a secret.
 Why do you stand? why do you loiter now?
 Why don't you hence? Dig open, and draw forth
 What sum's sufficient for the purpose, then
 Close up again;—but do it privately, 90
 As I directed:—turn out all your people.

CAL. I'll do so.

MEG. But we talk too long: the day
 Is wasting, while there's need of haste. Believe me,
 You've nought to fear about the seal: th' excuse
 I mention'd is a rare one,—that they were 95
 Inspected at the Customs. And besides,
 Do you not see the time of day? What think you
 One of his nature, of his disposition,
 Can be about? he has been drunk long since.
 He will agree to what you please: and then, 100
 What makes most for us, he that we shall hire
 Will bring, not ask for money.

CAL. I am satisfied.

MEG. I'll to the Forum, hire a Counterfeit,
 And send him with two letters to the youth
 Fully instructed.

CAL. I then will go in, 105
 And straight about the business. You'll take care
 Of your's.

MEG. It shall be done, or I'm a fool else.

V. 103. *A Counterfeit.*] In the original, *Sycophanta.*

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.
www.libtool.com.cn*Enter* C H A R M I D E S.

TO the high ruler of the sea, *Jove's* brother,
 And to his *Thetis*, I give praise and thanks
 With joy and gratitude ; to the salt floods,
 That having in their pow'r my life, my all,
 From their dread realms restor'd me to my country. 5
 To you, great *Neptune*, above other Gods,
 I pay my utmost thanks.—Men call you cruel,
 Rude, and severe, of greedy disposition,
 Blood-thirsty, fierce, unsufferable, outrageous :
 But I have prov'd you other ; in the deep 10
 I found you of an easy clement nature,
 And mild as I could wish.—I've heard before
 This commendation of you, and from great ones,
 That you were wont to spare the indigent,
 And crush the wealthy.—I applaud your justice 15
 In treating men according to their merits.—
 'Tis worthy of the Gods to have respect
 Unto the poor.—I know you may be trusted,
 Though they proclaim you treacherous : for without
 Your aid, your wild attendants in the deep 20
 Had maul'd me sorely, scatter'd all I have,

V. 2. *His Thetis.*] *Nerei Neptuni*, that is, *Thetis*, the daughter of *Nereus*.

V. 9. *Blood-thirsty.*] *Spurcificum*, which *Nonius* explains, by *sævum sanguinarium*.

All

All mine, and me too, through the azure plains.
 Fierce hurricanes beset the ship, like dogs:
 Rain, winds, and waves had broke the masts and
 yards;
 And split the fails, if with propitious peace 25
 You had not been at hand.—Away then: I'm
 Resolv'd henceforth to give me up to ease.—
 I've got enough.—O with what troubles have I
 Struggled, in seeking riches for my son?
 But who is this, that's entering now our street?— 30
 A stranger in appearance, and in dress.—
 Well,—though I needs must long to be at home,
 I'll wait awhile, and see what he's about.

S C E N E II.

Enter THE COUNTERFEIT at a distance.

I'll name this day the Festival of Three Pieces,
 On which I've let my art out for that sum.

V. 32. *Must long to be at home.*] Nothing indeed can appear more unnatural than that *Charmides*, just returned home from a voyage, should wait in the street out of curiosity on the appearance of a stranger, only to know his business. I cannot help thinking, but that this seeming absurdity might have been removed, if the *Counterfeit* had come in first, and *Charmides* had met him, as he was going to his house. There is also the same kind of absurdity at the conclusion of the next scene, where *Charmides* again stops to know the business of another person, whom he sees coming in a hurry.

V. 1. *The Festival of Three Pieces.*] The original is,

Huic ego diei nomen Trinummo dicam.

See the note on the Prologue to this Play, v. 21.

Here am I, from *Seleucia* just arriv'd,
Arabia, Asia, Macedon,—which I never
 Saw with my eyes, nor ever once set foot on.— 5
 Behold, what troubles will not poverty
 Bring on a needy wretch!—For those three pieces
 Am I compell'd to say, that I receiv'd
 These letters from a man, of whom I'm ignorant,
 Who he may be; nor do I know indeed, 10
 If such an one was ever born.

CHARM. In troth

This fellow's like a mushroom: he's all head.—
 His countenance bespeaks him an *Illyrian*,
 His garb too, of that country.

COUNT. He, who hired me,

Brought me home with him, told me what he
 wanted, 15
 Gave me instructions how and what to do:
 If of my own head I should throw in more,
 Our plot will thrive the better.—I'm apparell'd,
 As he would have me:—Money 'tis, that does it:—
 My garb he hired from the Play-house.—Now 20
 If my disguise succeed, I'll prove myself
 No common cheat.

CHARM. The more I see his looks,

The less I like them.—He's some night-adventurer,

V. 12. *Like a mushroom: he's all head.*] *Fungino genere est: capite se totum tegit.*

V. 20. *From the Play-house.*] In the original,—*A Cborago.*

V. 23. *Night-adventurer.*] The original is, *Dormitator*, which is said to mean, *one who sleeps in the day, that he may rob at night.*

Or cut-purse surely.—How he looks about him,
 How he surveys the place, and of my house 25
 Takes special note!—Why sure he marks the place,
 To come and rob it by and by.—'Twere best
 To watch him close what he's about:—I'll do so.

COUNT. This is the spot my hirer pointed out,
 And this the house, where I'm to play my part. 30
 I'll knock then at the door.

CHARM. The fellow makes
 Directly to my house.—Egad, I fancy
 I must keep watch to-night, though just arriv'd.

COUNT. Open the door there—Open—Where's the
 porter?

CHARM. What do you want, young man?—Why
 knock you here? 35

COUNT. Prithee, old grey-beard, I have giv'n ac-
 count

Already, when examin'd at the Customs.—
 I want a young man,—somewhere hereabout
 He dwells,—one *Lesbonicus*,—and another
 With a white pate as yours is;—he, from whom 40
 I had these letters, said his name was *Callistus*.

CHARM. (*Afide*) 'Tis *Lesbonicus* my own son he seeks,

V. 24. *Cut-purse.*] *Seffor Zonarius.* The ancients carried their purses hanging at their girdles, or put their money into the girdles themselves, as is the practice with some to this day.

V. 34. *Where's the porter?*] *Ecquis his foribus tutelam gerit?*

V. 37. *When examin'd at the Customs.*] The original is, *Census cum Juratori rationem dedi.*—*furator*, or *Conjurator*, the commentators tell us, was an officer, to whom all persons coming from abroad were obliged to give in their names, their country, and their business.

And

And *Callicles* my friend too, in whose charge
I left my means and children.—

COUNT. If you know,
Most rev'rend Sire, inform me where they dwell. 45

CHARM. Why do you want to find them out?—

Who are you?

Whence are you? where d'you come from?

COUNT. Hey!—You ask
So many questions in a breath, I know not
Which to resolve you first: but if you'll put them
Gently and singly, one by one, my name 50
I'll tell, and wherefore I have journey'd hither.

CHARM. Well,—as you please. Come,—tell me
first your name.

COUNT. You ask an arduous task.

CHARM. Why so?

COUNT. Because,
Should you set out, before the day began,
With the first part and foremost of my name, 55
The night would go to bed ere you had reach'd
The hindmost of it.

CHARM. He had need of torches
And of provisions, who so undertakes
To journey through it.

COUNT. I've another name though;
A tiny one,—no bigger than an hoghead.

V. 56. *The night would go to bed.*] *Concubium fit noctis.*

V. 57. *He had need of torches—And of provisions.*] *Opus face est et viatico.* *Charmides* means by this,—“if your name is so long,
“that one cannot in pronouncing it get through it in a day,
“one has need to take care, that lights and provisions may not
“be wanting.”

CHARM.

CHARM. This is a rogue in grain!—But hearkye—

COUNT. What? 60

CHARM. What want you with those persons you
enquire for? www.digitallibrary.com.cn

COUNT. The father of the young man *Lesbonicus*,
Gave me these letters.—He's my friend.

CHARM. (*Aside*) I have him,—
He's taken in the manner.—He pretends,
Myself did give him letters,—I will have 65
Rare fun with him.

COUNT. Attend, and I'll proceed.

CHARM. I am attentive.

COUNT. He commission'd me
To give one letter to young *Lesbonicus*,
His son, the other to his friend, to *Callicles*.

CHARM. A pretty joke, i'faith!—I'll keep it up. 70
Where was he?

COUNT. He has manag'd matters well.

CHARM. Where?

COUNT. In *Seleucia*.

CHARM. You had letters of him?

COUNT. With his own hands he gave them into
mine.

CHARM. What sort of man?

COUNT. He's taller than yourself
By half a foot.

CHARM. (*Aside*) Faith he has gravell'd me, 75
To find that I was taller when away,
Than now I'm here.—You knew him, did you not?

COUNT. Knew him? A foolish question!—We
were us'd

V. 64. *Taken in the manner.*] An old *English* phrase, signifying
caught in the act. The original is, *teneo hunc manifestarium*.

To mefs together.

CHARM. Say then, what name bore he?

COUNT. A fair one verily.

CHARM. I'd hear his name. 80

COUNT. (*Hesitating*) It's--it's--ah me!--his name is—

CHARM. What's the matter?

COUNT. I've swallow'd it this instant unawares.

CHARM. How? swallow'd, say you? troth, I like
him not,

Who holds his friends inclos'd within his teeth.

COUNT. I had it at my tongue's end but just now. 85

CHARM. (*Aside*) 'Twas opportune my coming here
to-day

Before this rascal.

COUNT. (*Aside*) I am caught most plainly.

CHARM. Have you yet found the name?

COUNT. 'Fore Gods and men
I own myself abash'd.

CHARM. Behold, how much
You knew him!

COUNT. As myself.—It happens oft, 90
That what we hold in hand, and have in fight,
We look for as if lost.—I'll recollect it
Letter by letter.—It begins with C.

CHARM. Is it *Callicias*?

COUNT. No.

CHARM. *Callippus*?

COUNT. No.

CHARM. Is't *Callidemides*?

COUNT. No.

CHARM. *Callinicus*?

COUNT. No. 95

CHARM.

CHARM. Is't *Callimarchus*?

COUNT. 'Tis in vain to seek it,
Nor do I heed it much, so my own name
I don't forget.

CHARM. But there are many here
Call'd *Lesbonicus*; and, unless you tell
The father's name, I cannot shew them to you, 100
Whom you enquire for.—What is't like?—We'll try,
If we can hit upon it by conjecture.

COUNT. 'Tis like *Cbar*.

CHARM. Is it *Cbares*? *Cbaridemus*?
Or *Cbarmides*?

COUNT. Oh, that.—The Gods confound him!

CHARM. 'Tis fitter you should bless a friend than
curse him. 105

COUNT. A worthless fellow, to have lain perdue thus
Within my lips and teeth.

CHARM. You should not speak
Hl of an absent friend.

COUNT. Why did the knave
Then hide him from me?

CHARM. He had answer'd, had you
But call'd him by his name.—Where is he now? 110

COUNT. Truly I left him last at *Rbadamantb*
In the *Cecropian* Island.

CHARM. (*Aside*) Can there be
A greater simpleton than I, to ask

V. 111. At *Rbadamantb*.] This is a fictitious name, and alludes to *Rhadamanthus*, one of the three judges of the infernal regions,

Where

Where I myself am? But no matter.—Tell me,—

COUNT. What?

CHARM. Let me ask, what places have you been
at? www.libtool.com.cn

115

COUNT. Most wondrous ones.

CHARM. I should be glad to hear,
If 'tis not too much trouble.

COUNT. I'm impatient
To give you an account.—Then first of all,
We came to *Araby* in *Pontus*.

CHARM. How?

Is *Araby* in *Pontus*?

COUNT. Yes, it is;

120

But not that *Araby*, where frankincense
Is grown, but where sweet-marjoram, and wormwood.

CHARM. (*Aside*) 'Tis the completest knave!—More
fool am I though,

To ask him whence I came, (which I must know,
He cannot,) but that I've a mind to try, 125
How he'll get off at last.—What is your name,
Young man?

COUNT. 'Tis *Touchit*;—that, Sir, is my name,
A common one.

CHARM. A very knavish name;
As though you meant to say, if any thing
Was trusted to you, *touch it*, and 'tis gone.— 130
But harkye,—whither did you further travel?

COUNT. Attend, and I'll relate. We journey'd on

V. 127. *Touchit*.] The original is, *Tax*, from *tangere*, to touch,
or to steal, to which *Charmides*'s answer alludes.

Quasi dicas, si quid crediderim tibi, Tax, periisse illic.

Beneath

To the river's head that rises out of heaven
Beneath the throne of *Jove*.

CHARM. The throne of *Jove*?

COUNT. I say it.

CHARM. Out of heav'n?

COUNT. Aye, from the midst on't. 135

CHARM. How! you ascended up to heav'n?

COUNT. We did;

In a small cock-boat were we carried thither
Against the stream.

CHARM. Oh ho!—And saw you *Jove*?

COUNT. The other Gods inform'd us he was gone
Unto his villa to dispense provisions 140
Among his slaves.—Moreover—

CHARM. Psha! moreover
I want to hear no more.

COUNT. Nay, I have done,
If you are tired.

CHARM. How shameless! who pretends,
That he has mounted up from earth to heaven.

COUNT. I'll let you go then, since I see you chuse
it:— 145

But shew me where they live whom I enquire for,
Where I may bear these letters.

CHARM. Hearkye now,
If haply you should see this *Charmides*,
The same that you pretend gave you those letters,
Say, should you know him?

COUNT. Think you I'm a beast, 150
As not to know a man I've past my life with?
Or, can you think, would he be such an oaf,
To trust me with a thousand *Phillippeans*,

Enjoining me to bear them to his son
 And *Callicles* his friend, to whom, he told me, 155
 He had confign'd the charge of his affairs?
 Would he, I say, have trusted me, except
 We had been well acquainted with each other?

CHARM. (*Afide*) Now would I trick this trickster,—
 if I could

But cozen him of those thousand *Phillippeans*, 160
 He said I gave him! though I know him not,
 Nor ever saw him till this day.—What, I
 Trust him with gold? who would not even give
 A dump of lead to save him from an hanging.—
 I must go cunningly to work.—Hoa, *Touchit*, 165
 Three words with you.

COUNT. Three hundred, if you please.

CHARM. Have you the money you received of
Charmides?

COUNT. In *Phillippeans*, told upon the nail,
 A thousand pieces.

CHARM. You receiv'd them, did you,
 Of *Charmides* himself?

COUNT. It had been wondrous, 170
 Had I receiv'd them of his grandfire truly,
 Or his great-grandfire,—who are dead.

CHARM. Young man,
 Prithee give me the gold.

COUNT. Give you what gold?

CHARM. That which you own'd you did receive of
 me.

V. 164. *A dump of lead.*] *Nammum plumbeum.*

V. 168. *Told upon the nail.*] *Numeratum in mensâ.*

COUNT. Receiv'd you?

CHARM. I say it.

COUNT. Who are you? 175

CHARM. Who gave to you the thousand pieces:—I
Am *Cbarmides*.

COUNT. You're not, nor ever shall be,
I mean, the master of this gold.—Away,—
You are a knowing one!—you'd take me in!—
But I too am a knowing one.

CHARM. I'm *Cbarmides*. 180

COUNT. You may be, but in vain.—I bring no
money.

You've crept upon me in the very nick
Most sily. When I said I had brought gold,
You then was *Cbarmides*;—before you was not,
Till I made mention of the gold.—'Twon't do.— 185
So prithee, as you've taken up the name
Of *Cbarmides*; e'en lay it down again.

CHARM. Who am I, if I am not that I am?

COUNT. What's that to me? Be whom you please,
you're welcome,

V. 179. *Knowing one*.] The original is,

Ab isis, nugator! nugari nugatori postulas.

Nugari, and *nugator*, is commonly used by our author to signify *cheating* or *imposing upon*.

V. 185.] The original is,

Ut charmidatus es, rursum recharmida.

There appears to me no reason for the refined supposition of some of the commentators, that an allusion is here made to the derivation of the name of *Cbarmides* from the *Greek*. It seems rather a mere banter, as I have endeavoured to express it in the translation.

So you are not the person I'd not have you. 190
 Before, you was not who you was; and now,
 You are who then you was not.

CHARM. Come, dispatch.

COUNT. How? what dispatch?

CHARM. Give me the money.

COUNT. Sure

You dream, old gentleman.

CHARM. Did you not own,
 That *Charmides* had giv'n it you?

COUNT. I did,— 195

In writing,—not in specie.

CHARM. Prithee hence,
 And leave the place this instant, e'er I order you
 An hearty drubbing.

COUNT. Why?

CHARM. Because myself
 Am that same *Charmides* that you've invented;—
 Who you pretend has giv'n you letters.

COUNT. How! 200

I pray you, are you he?

CHARM. Yes; I am he.

COUNT. What say you? are you he?

CHARM. I am, I say.

COUNT. Himself?

CHARM. I say, I'm *Charmides*,—himself.

COUNT. And are you he himself?

CHARM. His very self.—

Out of my sight;—Be gone then.

COUNT. Now, because 205
Your coming was so late, I'll have you beaten
At the new Ædiles' and my own award.

CHARM. What do you abuse me?

COUNT. All the gods confound you
For your arrival! I had little car'd,
If you had perish'd first.—I've got at least 210
The money for my trouble.—Ill betide you!
And now, or who you are, or who you are not,
I value not a straw.—To him I'll go,
Who hir'd me for three pieces, and acquaint him,
How that his money's thrown away.—I'm gone.— 215
Farewell?—Fare ill!—May all the gods confound
you,
For coming from abroad,—you, master *Charmides!*

[Exit.

V. 207. *Ædiles.*] *Taubman* and others 'of the Commentators confess, that the meaning of this passage is very obscure; and their explanations seem to me far from satisfactory.

The situation in this Scene is highly comic. Mr. *Colman*, in the Preface to his Translation of *Terence*, takes notice, that he does not recollect ever to have seen it observed, that the disguise of the Pedant in *Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew*, his assuming the name and character of *Vincentio*, together with his encountering the real *Vincentio*, seem to be evidently taken from this Scene in our Author.—An incident of the same kind we meet with in the old Play of *Albumazar*, Act IV. Scene VII. which appears likewise to be palpably borrowed from this place.

S C E N E III.

CHARMIDES *alone.*

Now he is gone, I've opportunity
 And time more freely to debate this matter.---
 I am perplex'd, I'm stung at heart, to think
 What business he could have now at my door.---
 Those letters that he talk'd of fill my mind 5
 With apprehensions;—and those thousand pieces,
 What could he mean by them?—The bell doth never
 Clink of itself: unhandled, and unmov'd,
 'Tis dumb.---But who is this, that down the street
 Comes running hither?---I've a mind to watch 10
 What he's about.---I'll step aside. [Retires.

S C E N E IV.

Enter STASIMUS running, at a distance.

STAS. (*to himself*) Run, *Stasimus*,
 Be quick, and hie thee with what speed thou canst.
 Home to thy master, or thy sluggard folly
 Will make thy shoulders shrug for fear.---Then haste
 thee,
 Quicken thy pace;---thou hast been gone from home 5

V. 3. *Stung at heart.*] *Pectus pungit aculeus.*

V. 7. *The bell, &c.*] This is a shrewd conjecture in old *Charmides*, that the *Counterfeit* must have been set on by somebody, and affords perhaps a tolerable plea for his remaining on the stage, when *Stasimus* comes running on in the next Scene.

A long

A long while.—Have a care then that the last
Smack not upon thee, if thou should'st be absent,
When that thy master make for thee enquiry.—

Run, run then without ceasing.—(*Stopping*) Hold
thee,—*Stafimus*,

What a sad fellow art thou, to forget 10
Thy ring, and leave it at the tippling-house,
Where thou hadst warm'd thy gullet?—Back again,
And ask for't ere too late.—

CHARM. Whoe'er he be,

He skips and frisks about, as if an horse-fly
Had him to break, and taught him the menage. 15

STAS. Art not aham'd, to lose thy memory
In drinking but three pottles?—or didst think
The men thou drank'st with were such honest souls,
They'd keep their hands from picking, There was

Theruchus,

Cerconicus, Crinnus, Cercobulus, Collabus, 20

V. 6. *The last—smack not upon thee.*] The original is, *Ne bubuli in te cottabi crepent.* *Cottabus* properly signifies the noise made by the drop in the bottom of a drinking cup, which the ancients were used to throw out smartly upon the pavement. *Cottabus bubulus* is therefore used metaphorically by our author to signify the smack of a whip, when jerked upon the back of the person punished.

V. 11. *Ring.*] *Condalium*, a kind of ring, worn by slaves.

V. 14. *An horse-fly, &c.*] The original is,

Huic, quisquis est,

Curculio est exerciter : is hunc hominem cursuram docet.

Curculio, we are told, signifies a little worm that eats out the pitch of corn, called a weevil. I have taken the liberty to give this passage another turn, as being more intelligible,

A race of broken-shin'd and black-eyed bruifers,
 Knights of the chain, and squires o'th' whipping-post.
 And canst thou hope then from among such fellows
 To get thy ring, when one of them did steal
 A racer's shoe off in his utmost speed ? 25

CHARM. 'Fore heav'n, a finish'd thief!

STAS. What's best to do ?

Shall I, in seeking what is gone for ever,
 Add loss of labour too?—What's gone, is gone.—
 Then tack about, and hie thee to thy master.

CHARM. This is no run-away rogue, that having
 stray'd 30

Forgets to find his way home.

STAS. Would to heav'n!

That the old manners, and the ancient thrift,
 Were held in greater honour now-a-days
 Than the base fashion of our times.

CHARM. Good heavens!

How gravely and how solemnly he talks ! 35
 The old, the old he praises, he is all
 For the old manners.

STAS. Modern uses teach us

To do what best we like, not what is best.
 Ambition is by custom sanctified.
 Freed from the law's restraint :—To throw away 40

V. 21. *Broken-shin'd and black-eyed bruifers, &c.*] *Oculicrepidae, eruricrepidae, ferriteri, mastigia.*

V. 25. *A racer's shoe, &c.*] This hyperbole is only to be excused by supposing that such extravagancies were allowable and even applauded in our author's time.

29. *Tack about.*] *Cape versorium.* *Versoria* means, a cord used to turn the sails of a ship,

'One's shield, and turn one's back upon the foe,
Is licens'd by our manners: to make vice
The ready road to honour, is the practice.

CHARM. Villainous manners!

STAS. To neglect the brave,
And pass them by unheeded, is the custom. 45

CHARM. 'Tis infamous!

STAS. These manners have o'erpower'd
The laws themselves, and hold them in submission
With more authority than children now
Are us'd to sway their parents. The poor statutes
With iron nails are fix'd against the walls: 50
But it were fitter our degenerate manners
Were stuck up in their stead.

CHARM. I have a mind
To join, and enter into talk with him,
I hear him with such pleasure: but I fear,
If I address him, the discourse he'll turn 55
To other matters.

STAS. Nothing now requires
The sanction of the laws; for these are bent
In pliable subjection to our manners,
Which in their wild career destroy, confound
All sacred and all public rights.

CHARM. A mischief 60
Light on these manners!

V. 50. *Fix'd against the walls.*] It was the custom formerly to hang up the laws cut in wood or brass for the public inspection, which *Stafmus* supposes to be done by way of punishment to them.

STAS. Does not this require
 The reprehension of the public state?
 For men of such a stamp, such evil habits,
 Are universal enemies to all;
 They injure the whole people, while they break 65
 Through faith and honesty; nay, they destroy
 All confidence in those, who nothing merit it,
 By rend'ring them suspected like themselves:
 For 'twill be thought that others dispositions
 Resemble theirs.—Now, as for these reflections, 70
 How they have chanc'd to come into my mind,
 A certain matter that of late concern'd me
 Prompted me with them.—What you lend, is lost;
 And when you ask it of your friend again,
 You by your kindness make that friend your enemy. 75
 Still would you press him further, of two things
 You have the choice, either to lose your loan,
 Or lose your friend.

CHARM. Why surely this is *Stafimus*,
 My fellow.

STAS. For example,—with the talent.

V. 78. *Lose your friend.*] This same sentiment is more briefly expressed by *Shakespeare* in his *Hamlet*; but it resembles this passage so nearly, that one could almost be tempted to suppose it taken from our Author.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;

For loan oft loseth both itself and friend.

Act I. Scene VI. *Polonius*:

It must be confessed, that the string of moral reflections, which *Stafimus* here utters, does not seem to come in character from this slave; and it is rather absurd, that he should loiter merely for that purpose.

I lent

I lent a friend, what did I? why, I bought 80

Myself an enemy, and sold a friend.—

But I'm a fool to busy thus my brain

About the public, rather than take heed

To that which most concerns myself, contrive

How to secure my back.—I'll go me home. (*Going*) 85

CHARM. Hola! you,—stop,—hola!—d'ye hear me?

—stop.

STAS. Stop?—I'll not stop.

CHARM. But prithee—

STAS. What if I

Dislike your prithee?

CHARM. How now?—*Stafimus*,

You are too saucy.

STAS. You had better buy

One that will mind your bidding.

CHARM. I have bought, 90

And paid for one; but if he heed me not,

What should I do?

STAS. Belabour him most heartily.

CHARM. Your counsel's right, and I'm resolv'd to do so.

STAS. Except, indeed, that you are bounden to him For his good services.

CHARM. If you are good then, 95

I'll hold me bounden to you; but if otherwise,

I'll do as you direct.

STAS. What is't to me,

Whether your slaves are good or bad?

CHARM. Because

You have a share in't—in the good or bad.

STAS.

STAS. As to the one, I give it to you all: 100
The other (that's the good) place all to me.

CHARM. I shall, if you deserve it.—Turn your head,
And look upon me. I am *Charmides*.

STAS. Ha! who makes mention of that best of
mortals?

CHARM. That best of mortals, he himself,—
'tis I. 105

STAS. (*turning*) O sea! O earth! O heav'n! O all
ye Gods!

Have I my eye-sight clear? and is it he?
Or is it not?—'Tis he!—'tis he, for certain!—
'Tis he indeed!—O my most wish'd-for master,
Save you—

CHARM. And you too, *Stafimus*.

STAS. That you're safe— 110

CHARM. (*interrupting*) I know what you would say,
and do believe you.

Wave other points: resolve me but in this:
How do my children do, whom here I left,
My son and daughter?

STAS. They're alive, and well.

CHARM. Both, say you?

STAS. Both.

CHARM. Gods! 'twas your gracious will 115
To save me for them.—What I more would know,
I at my leisure will enquire within.—

Let's enter.—Follow. (*Advancing to his house*)

STAS. Whither are you going?

CHARM. Whither but home?

STAS. You think then we live here?

CHARM.

CHARM. Where else can I imagine?

STAS. Now—

CHARM. What now? 120

STAS. This house—is none of our's.

CHARM. What's that you say?

STAS. Your son has sold it,—

CHARM. Ruin'd!

STAS. For the *ready*,

Paid on the spot.

CHARM. For how much?

STAS. Forty *Minæ*.

CHAM. Undone!—Who bought it?

STAS. *Callicles*, to whom,

While absent, your affairs you trusted : hither 125

Has he remov'd, and now abides here ; us

He has turn'd out of doors.

CHARM. Where lives my son?

STAS. Here in this back part.

CHARM. Utterly undone!

STAS. I thought 'twould grieve you, when you
came to hear it.

CHARM. What dangers have I past! borne, 'hap-
less wretch, 130

Through oceans vast, to pirates numberless

Expos'd, with hazard of my life!—At length

Preserv'd, return'd in safety, I am lost,

Here perish, and through those, for whom alone,

Old as I am, I struggled with misfortunes.— 135

I'm sick at heart with grief.—Support me, *Stafimus*!

STAS.

STAS. Shall I fetch water?

CHAR. When my property,—
When oh! that sicken'd, then you should have pour'd
Your water on it, ere 'twas past recovery.

S C E N E V.

Enter CALLICLES.

CAL. What noise is this I hear before the door?

CHARM. O *Callicles!* O *Callicles!* to whom
Have I intrusted my affairs? ah nte!
To what a friend?

CAL. An honest and a faithful,
A trusty one, of strict fidelity.—
I am rejoic'd to see you here return'd
In safety.

5

CHARM. I believe it all, if so
You prove yourself as you pretend you are.—

V. 137. *When my property, &c.]* The original is,
Adimit animam ægritudo. Stasime! tene me.

STAS. *Visne aquam*

Tibi petam?

CHARM. *Res quam animam ægebas, tum esse offusam oportuit.*

I cannot wholly agree with *Limiers* and other critics, who think that this witticism, as they call it, is unnatural, and out of character for *Charmides* in this place. It rather appears to me, that no joke is intended by him, but that he seriously means to complain, that *Stasimus* had not taken as much care to preserve his property, as he now shews concern about his person. In this light the passage will perhaps appear truly comic; and there is often great humour in comic characters expressing the most serious sentiments by the most ludicrous terms and allusions.

But

But wherefore thus accoutred?

CAL. I'll inform you.

I have been digging up your treasure here, 10
 To portion out your daughter.—But within
 More fully I'll unfold to you both this,
 And other matters. Come along.

CHARM. Here, *Stafimus!*

STAS. Sir!

CHARM. Run with speed unto the haven;—make
 One running of it;—there you'll find the ship, 15
 That brought me hither: bid *Sangario* see
 The goods unladen, which I order'd;—go then,—
 The impost I have paid.

STAS. I'll make dispatch.

CHARM. Go, get you gone; be back with speed.

STAS. I'm there,

And here too, in a twinkling.

CAL. Will you please 20

V. 9. *Thus accoutred.*] *Quis iste est tuus ornatus?* There is nothing in our Author to lead us to guess in what particular dress, or what accoutrements, *Callicles* makes his appearance. *Lambin* says, he had pull'd off his cloaths, and put on a lighter dress, [*lenonem ornatum*, it is printed, but it should be, *leviorem*] to dig out the treasure. It may be so: or we may suppose he comes in with a spade, or some such instrument, which may be designed by the word *ornatus*.

V. 14. *The haven.*] *Piræum*. *Piræus*, the port of *Athens*.

Make—one running of it.] *Unum curriculum face*.

V. 18. *Impost.*] *Portorium*. See Act III. Scene V. v. 79. of this Play.

V. 20. *I'm there,—and here too, in a twinkling.*] *Illic sum, atque hic sum*.

To

To enter with me?—Come now.

CHARM. I attend you.

[*Exeunt CALLICLES and CHARMIDES.*

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S C E N E VI.

S T A S I M U S *alone.*

This is my master's friend! the only one,
That has stuck firmly to him! he, good man,
Has lov'd him with unchangeable affection!
Oh, he's the only one, I dare be sworn,
That's faithful to him!—Aye,—he has a view 5
To serve himself in serving of my master. [*Exit.*

V. 1. *This is my master's friend!*] The best commentators suppose, that this speech is ironical; and there is the greatest reason to take it in that sense from the conclusion, which I must confess, indeed, is read differently in different editions of the original. That this is not out of character for *Stasimus*, appears from his suspicions of *Callicles* at the beginning of Scene II. Act III.

———His intent is

To get the farm too, as he got the house,
From *Lesbonicus*.

There is a defect in the original, in the middle of this speech, which is variously supplied by the commentators.

*Quanquam labores multos. * * * **

As the sense is not hurt by it, I have intirely omitted taking any notice of it in the translation.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter LYSITELES.

I Am the first of men, surpassing all
 In pleasure and in joy, so happily
 Does every thing befall me, that I wish:
 Still one success is followed by another
 In all I do, and transport seconds transport. 5
 Young *Lesbonicus*' servant, *Stasimus*,
 Met me just now, and told me, *Gbarmides*
 His master was return'd here from abroad.
 'Tis proper I should meet him with all speed,
 That so the compact 'twixt his son and me 10
 May, by the father's sanction be confirm'd:
 I'll go.—But hark, the door I hear is opening:—
 This hindrance now is most unseasonable.

(Retires at a distance.)

V. 1. *I am the first of men.*] The original is, *Hic homo est omnium hominum præcipuus*; by which *Lysiteles* means himself.

V. 11. *May by the father's sanction be confirm'd.*] The original is, *ei rei fundus pater sit potior*: *Fundus* is interpreted by *Festus* to signify *Autor*, the chief author or actor of a thing; and in that sense it is also used by *Cicero*.

SCENE II.

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Enter CHARMIDES and CALLICLES.

CHARM. I cannot think there is a man on earth,
Or ever was a man, or ever will be,
Whose faith and honest firmness to his friend
Can equal thine: had it not been for thee,
He had unhous'd me of my house and home. 5

CAL. If I have serv'd my friend in any thing,
Or acted tow'rds him with fidelity,
I scarce can seem to merit any praise,
But think, I only have avoided blame.
Whatever we confer upon a friend 10
To have and hold for ever, is his own;
But what is only lent him for a time,
May be demanded back again at pleasure.

CHARM. 'Tis as you say.—But now, my honest
friend,
I cannot enough wonder, that my son 15
Should have betroth'd his sister in a family
So wealthy as *Lyfiteles'* *Philtos'* heir.

Lys. (*Behind*) My name he mentions.

CHARM. By my troth, the girl
Has got into the best of families.

V. 5. *Unhous'd me of my house and home.*] This is literally the sense of the original, *exædificavisset me ex his ædibus*, meaning his son *Lyfiteles*.

V. 16. *In a family—so wealthy.*] *In tam fortem familiam*, which *Nonius* explains, as I have translated it, *divitem, copiosam*.

ACT V. SCENE II. 85

Lys. Why not address me to them?—Yet 'tis
better 26

To wait awhile; for the discourse concerns me.

CHARM. Ah!

CAL. What's the matter?

CHARM. I forgot indeed

To tell you, while we were within.—Just now;

On my arrival here, a certain knave

Accosted me, a very knave in grain. 25

He told me; he had brought a thousand pieces

For you and *Lesbonicus*, of my giving;—

Though who he is; I know not, nor did ever

See him before.—But wherefore do you laugh?

CAL. He came by my direction, as from you 30

Bringing me sums of gold, for me to give

In dowry with your daughter; so your son

On the receipt might think it came from you;

Left knowing of the truth, and that the treasure

Was lodg'd in my possession, by our laws 35

He might demand it as his patrimony.

CHARM. A rare conceit!

CAL. Good *Megaronides*,

Our common friend;—devis'd it.

CHARM. I approve,

Applaud his counsel.

Lys. Wherefore do I stand,

Fool that I am, alone here, and afraid 40

To interrupt them in their conversation?

V. 25. *A very knave in grain.*] The original is; *nimis pergraphicus lycophanta*. *Graphicus* is often used by our Author to signify *finished* or *complete*.

Why not about the business I purposed?—

I will accost them.

(Advances.)

CHARM. Look you,—who is this
Coming towards us here?

Lys. (Going up) *Lyfiteles*

Salutes his father-in-law, good *Charmides*.

45

CHARM. Heav'n grant you all you wish!

CAL. And am not I

Worth a salute?

Lys. Yes, save you! *Callicles*.—

But I must give him preference.—My coat,

Dear Sir, is nearer to me than my cloke.

CAL. Heav'n prosper you in all that you design! 50

CHARM. My daughter is, I hear, betroth'd to you.

Lys. If you object not.

CHARM. No, by no means I.

Lys. Your daughter you betroth to me for wife
then?

CHARM. I do betroth her, and will give withal
A thousand *Philippeans* for her portion.

55

Lys. The portion I regard not.

CHARM. If you like

The maiden, you must like the portion too:

In short, you will not have the wife you want,

Except you take the portion which you want not.

CAL. He asks but justice.

Lys. And he shall prevail, 60

48. *My coat—is nearer to me than my cloke.*] The original is, *Tunica propior pallio est*. This is a proverbial expression, the meaning of which is obvious.

Since you're his advocate, and judge betwixt us,
On this condition then you do engage
To give your daughter to me for a wife?

CHARM. I do engage.

CAL. I'll answer for it too.

Lys. Dear kinsmen, health and happiness attend you! 65

CHARM. O *Calicles!* and yet there is a point,
In which I've reason to be angry with you.

CAL. What have I done?

CHARM. My son!—you've suffer'd him
To be debauch'd.

CAL. If wilfully 'twere done,
With my consent, you would have cause indeed 70
To be most angry with me.—But I pray you,
Let me obtain from you this one request,
Which I intreat.

CHARM. What is it?

CAL. You shall know.

Whatever he has done imprudently,
Forget it all.—Why do you shake your head? 75

CHARM. I'm forely vex'd at heart; and O! I fear—

CAL. What do you mean?

CHARM. I'm vex'd that he should prove
Such as I would not have him,—and I fear,
Should I deny you your request, you'd think
I bore me slightly towards you.—Come, 80

V. 64. *I engage.*] As this and the like expressions have been frequently repeated in this place, and in other parts of the Comedy, it may be proper to inform the *English* reader, that this is agreeable to the formulary used by the ancients on these occasions.

I'll not stand out, but do as you desire.

CAL. Now thou'rt a right good fellow:—I will go,
And call him forth.

CHARM. 'Tis hard you will not let me
Take vengeance on him, such as he deserves.

CAL. Open the door there,—open quick,—call
forth

85

Young *Lesbonicus*, if he be at home.—
The cause is sudden, wherefore I require
His presence here this instant.

S C E N E III

Enter LESBONICUS.

LES. Who is it,
With boisterous voice, calls on me to come forth
With speed here?

CAL. A well-wisher, and a friend.

LES. Tell me, is any thing amiss?

CAL. All's right.—

I am rejoic'd, your father is return'd
In safety from abroad.

5

LES. Who says so?

CAL. I

LES. How! have you seen him?

CAL. Yes,—and you yourself

May see him too.

(*Pointing to CHARMIDES.*)

LES. (*Going up*) My father! O my father!
Heav'n's blessings on you.

CHARM.

CHARM. And on you, my son!

LES. Any mischance, good father?

CHARM. Never fear: 10

Nothing has happen'd: I am safe arriv'd;
 And well have manag'd my affairs.—O son!
 If you would but be prudent, *Calicles*
 Has promis'd you his daughter.

LES. Sir, I'll take her,
 And whomsoever else you shall command. 15

CHARM. I could, I am so angry—

CAL. Come,—one misery
 For one man's full enough.—

CHARM. Nay, but for him
 It is too little; were he for his sins
 To wed an hundred wives, 'twere all too little.

LES. But now henceforward I'll refrain myself 20
 From wild and evil courses.

CHARM. So you say:
 Would you but do't!

LES. What hinders, but my wife

16. *One misery—for one man's full enough.*] *Miseria una uni quidem homini est affatim.* I should be sorry to understand this and what follows, with the whole tribe of crabbed commentators, as a designed sarcasm on the ladies, but am willing to think it thrown out by the old fellow in the best humour imaginable as a mere banter; and as such it will appear very lively and agreeable. Yet the grave *Gulielmus* calls it a most virulent and bitter satire on the fair sex; and *D. L'Oeuvre* (the *Delphin* Editor of our Author) is of the same opinion. In short, it cannot possibly be considered in any other light than as an easy, harmless joke upon the young fellow, whose marriage was concluded on to the satisfaction of all parties.

To-morrow I may bring home.

CHARM. It were best:

Then be it so. (*To* LYSITELES) And you, Sir, be

prepar'd

For marriage the day after.—Clap your hands. 25

* * * The art of our Author, in the conduct of this Comedy, is much to be admir'd. The opening of it is highly interesting, the incidents naturally arise from each other, and the whole concludes happily with the reformation and marriage of *Lesbepicus*. It abounds with most excellent moral sentiments and reflections; and the same may be said of it, with equal justice, as is said of the preceding Comedy, the *Captives*.

— *Ad pudicos mores facta est hæc fabula.*

— This play is founded on chaste manners,

The End of the TREASURE.

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THE
MERCHANT,

TRANSLATED BY

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq;

P E R S O N S of the D R A M A,

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**DEMIPHO,
LYSIMACHUS,
CHARINUS,
EUTYCHUS,
ACANTHIO,
COOK,
SERVANTS, &c.**

**DORIPPA,
PASICOMPSA,
SYRA,**

S C E N E, A T H E N S.



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T H E

M E R C H A N T.



P R O L O G U E.

C H A R I N U S.

TIS now my purpose to dispatch two things,
The argument and my amours, at once.
Not like some other lovers I have seen
In Comedy, who to the night, or day,
Or sun, or moon, relate their miseries. 5
For what care: They for the complaints of men?
What are our wishes, or our fears, to Them?
I therefore rather tell my griefs to You.

V. 1. *'Tis now, &c.*] The criticks have very justly censured this practice of introducing one of the characters of the piece, who ought to endeavour to give the representation an air of truth, as the speaker of a Prologue confessing the whole to be fiction, and as it were dividing his person between his real and assumed character. Allowing, however, for that impropriety, the common custom of our author's age, and for the digressive fallies of a rich imagination, this Prologue has great merit.

This

This play, in Greek intitled EMPOROS,
 And written by *Philemon, Marcus Accius*, 10
 Translating it in Latin, stiles MERCATOR.

Know then, ~~'tis now two years~~ I parted hence,
 Sent by my father forth to trade at *Rhodes*.
 There with a charming fair I fell in love ;
 And how I was entangled with that love, 15
 Lend but your ears and minds, I will unfold.
 —In this too I have swerv'd from ancient rules,
 By falling roundly on my tale, ere yet
 I had obtain'd or ask'd your leave.—For love
 Hath all these vices in his train ; care, spleen, 20
 And elegance refin'd into a fault :
 —For not the lover only, but who'er
 Aims at an elegance beyond his means,
 Brings great and heavy evils on himself.—
 But these ills also, which are yet untold, 25
 Are incident to love ; the wakeful eye,
 The troubled mind, confusion, terror, flight,
 Trifling, nay folly, rashness, thoughtlessness,
 Madness, and impudence, and petulance,
 Inordinate desires, and wanton wishes : 30
 Covetousness, and idleness, and wrong,
 And want, and contumely, and expence,
 Babbling unopportune, and ill-tim'd silence :
 Now talking much, and nothing to the purpose,
 Things not to have been said, or not said now ; 35

V. 9. *Emporos*.] A Greek word, *εμπορος*, which, as well as the Latin one, *mercator*, in the next line but one, signifies a merchant.

V. 19. *For love—hath all, &c.*] In the beginning of the *Eunuch* of *Terence* there is a celebrated passage very similar to this of our author.

And

And then again too mute ; for never lover,
 However eloquent, e'er utter'd half
 That might be said in pleading for his love.
 Let not my babbling then offend you now !
 Since *Venus* gave it, when she gave me love : 40
 Love ! the dear subject of my tale, to which
 'Tis fitting now I study to return.

No sooner was I unto manhood grown,
 My boyish days and boyish studies past,
 But I became distractedly enamour'd 45
 Of a young harlot in this neighbourhood :
 Then all my means, without my father's knowledge,
 Were squander'd upon Her ; for she was held
 In slavery by a hungry pimp, whose palm
 Still itch'd, and tongue still crav'd, for fordid gain. 50
 On this my father urg'd me night and day,
 Painting the wrongs, the perfidy, of pimps ;
 Insisting, that his fortunes ran to waste,
 To swell the tide of theirs. All this aloud :
 Anon he growl'd and mutter'd to himself, 55
 Refus'd to enter into converse with me,
 Nay, would deny me for his son ; then ran,
 Bawling and raving, to warn all the town
 To give no credit, and advance no money ; 60
 Crying, that the extravagance of love
 Had ruin'd thousands ;—that I past all bounds ;
 And was a spendthrift and a libertine,
 Who drew, by ev'ry means I could devise,
 His wealth and substance from him ;—that 'twas vile, 65
 To waste and dissipate in vicious love,

What

What he by care and labour had acquir'd ;—
 That he had nurtur'd a domestick flame,
 Whom nothing but repentance could redeem,
 And render fit to live ;—that at my years 70
 He did not, like myself, devote his time
 To idleness, and indolence, and love,
 —Nor could indeed have done it, so severe
 And strict a hand his father held on him—
 But toil'd and moil'd for ever in the country ; 75
 Once in five years allow'd to visit town,
 And then, as soon as he had seen the shew,
 Dragg'd by his father back into the country,
 Where he work'd most of all the family ;
 His father crying all the while, “ Well done ! 80
 “ ’Tis not for me, but for yourself, my boy,
 “ You plough and harrow, sow and reap ; your toil
 “ Will end in joy and happiness at last ; ”—
 That when his father died he sold the farm,
 And purchas'd with the money rais'd from thence 85
 A vessel of three hundred ton ; with which
 He traded to all quarters of the globe,
 And made the fortune which he now possess ;
 —That it behov'd me then to do the same,

V. 77. *As soon as he had seen the shew.*] *Ut spectavisset pepulum,*
 The shew alluded to in the original was the ceremony of the
Panathenaica Magna, the great feasts of *Minerva*, which were ce-
 lebrated but once in five years. The *peplus* or *peplum* was a sacred
 habit worn on these occasions.

V. 86. *Three hundred ton.*] *Metretas tricentis.* According to
 the commentators, the exact amount of a *metreta* of wine was an
 hundred weight.

And shew that I was worthy of his love, 90
 By following so worthy an example.—
 I therefore, seeing that I was become
 The object of my father's hate—my father,
 Whom I was bound to please—tho' mad with love,
 Subdued, however hard the task; my mind, 95
 And told him I was ready to go forth
 To traffick, and determin'd to renounce,
 So he were pleas'd withal, all thoughts of love.
 He thank'd me, prais'd me for my good intention;
 But fail'd not to exact my promise of me; 100
 Builds me a vessel; purchases a cargo;
 Embarks it straight, and pays me down a talent.
 With me he sends a slave too, who had been
 A tutor to me in my infancy,
 By way of governor. We hoisted sail, 105
 And soon arriv'd at *Rhodes*; where I dispos'd
 Of all the merchandize that I had brought,
 Much to my gain and profit, much beyond
 The rate at which my father valued it.
 Having thus rais'd much money, I encounter'd 110
 An old acquaintance at the Port, who knew me,
 And ask'd me home to supper: home I went,
 And sat me down; was handsomely receiv'd,
 And merrily and nobly entertain'd.
 Going to rest at night, behold, a woman, 115

V. 101. *Builds me a vessel.*] *Ædificat navem cercurum.* Called *Cercurus*, from *Coreyra* or *Cetcyra*, an island famous for ship-building; whence *Cercurus* became a general name for all vessels.

V. 102. *A talent.*] The *Attick* talent amounted to sixty minæ, making about 193 *l.* 15 *s.* of our money.

A hand-

98 THE MERCHANT:

A handsomer was never seen, came to me!
 Sent by my host's command to sleep with me.
 Judge too how much she pleas'd me! for next day
 I begg'd my host to sell her to me; swearing
 I would be grateful, and requite his kindness. 120
 In short I bought her, and but yesterday
 I brought her hither. *Yet would I not chuse
 My father should discover I have brought her.
 Her and a slave I've left on board the ship:—
 But how's this? Is't not he that I see yonder, 125
 My slave, that's running hit her from the Port,
 Altho' I charg'd him not to leave the ship?
 I dread the reason of it.

S C E N E II.

Enter ACANTHIO hastily.

ACAN. Do your utmost,
 Try all your force, use all your skill, to save
 Your poor young master! Stir yourself, *Acanthio*;
 Away with weariness; beware of sloth;—
 Plague on this panting! I can scarce fetch breath.— 5
 Drive all you meet before you; push them down,
 And roll them in the kennel!—Plague upon't;
 Tho' the folks see one breathless and in haste,
 None have the manners truly to give place.

SCENE II.] As the Prologue relates part of the fable, and *Charinus* acts in his dramatick character, the entrance of *Acanthio* constitutes the beginning of the second scene: and it is so marked in the *Variorum* edition of the original.

And

ACT I. SCENE II.

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And so one's forc'd to do three things at once; 10
To run and fight, and quarrel all the way.

CHA. (*behind*) What can it be that asks such
wondrous haste?

I long to know what news he brings.

ACAN. I trifle.

The more I stop, the more we are in danger.

CHA. He speaks of some misfortune.

ACAN. My knees fail me. 15

Oh, how my heart keeps thumping in my bosom!

My breath's gone! I should make a woful piper!

CHA. (*behind*) Plague! take your mantle, and wipe
off the sweat.

ACAN. Not all the baths on earth can take away
This lassitude.—But where's *Cbarinus* now? 20
Is he abroad? or to be found at home?

CHA. Oh, how I doubt what this affair can be!
I'll know immediately, to ease my pain.

ACAN. Why do I stand thus? why do I not beat
Our door to shatters?—Open somebody! 25
Ho! is *Cbarinus*, my young master, here?
Or is he gone abroad?—What! nobody
To answer to the door?

CHA. Ho! here am I,
You're looking for, *Acanthio*!

ACAN. (*not seeing him*) Such a school
For servants, as our house!

CHA. What mischief now? (*Going up.*) 30

16. *Oh, my heart, &c.*] *Seditionem facit lien: occupat præcordia.*
Lien properly signifies the spleen.

ACAN. Much mischief to yourself and me; *Charinus*.

CHA. What is the matter?

ACAN. We're undone, *Charinus*.

CHA. Be that the fortune of our enemies!

ACAN. But 'tis *your* fortune.

CHA. Well, whate'er it be,
Tell me this instant.

ACAN. Softly! I want breath. 35
I've burst a vein already for your sake,—
And I spit blood.

CHA. Take some *Egyptian* rosin
Mix'd with a little honey: that will cure you.

ACAN. Plague! drink hot pitch, and that will ease
your pain.

CHA. I never saw so passionate a fellow. 40

ACAN. Nor I one so provoking.

CHA. But why so?
Because that I advise you for your health?

ACAN. Plague take the health that's bought with
so much pain!

CHA. Was ever good without some little ill?
And would you lose the first to 'scape the last? 45

ACAN. I don't know that: I'm no philosopher,
And don't desire the good that's mix'd with evil.

CHA. Give me your hand, *Acantbio*.

ACAN. Here then, take it.

CHA. Will you obey me? ay, or no, *Acantbio*.

ACAN. Judge by experience; when I've burst
myself 50

In running up and down to seek you out,
That you might know the news more speedily.

CHA.

CHA. Within these few months I will make you free.

ACAN. Ah, how you stroak me!

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CHA. Do you think 'tis false?
Before I speak, you know if I would lie. 55

ACAN. Ah! your words weary me still more: you kill me.

CHA. Is't thus that you obey me?

ACAN. What's your pleasure?

CHA. Do, as I'd have you.

ACAN. Well, what *would* you have?

CHA. I'll tell you,

ACAN. Tell me.

CHA. Softly, in your ear.

ACAN. Are you afraid to wake the sleeping audience? 60

CHA. Plague take you!

ACAN. I have brought you from the Port—

CHA. What have you brought me? tell me.

ACAN. Force, and fear,
Torture, and care, and strife, and beggary.

CHA. Death! what a store of evils hast thou brought!
I'm ruin'd then?

ACAN. You are.

CHA. And I'm a wretch? 65

ACAN. Ev'n so: I'll say no more.

V. 60. *Are you afraid, &c.*] Another instance of impropriety, not uncommon in our author, of breaking into the seeming reality of the representation by addresses or allusions to the spectators.

CHA. What is this mischief?

ACAN. Nay, never ask: the heaviest misfortune!

CHA. Ah prithee, good now, ease me of my
pain: libtool.com.cn

You keep my mind too long in this suspense.

ACAN. Softly! I've many things to ask of you 70
Before I'm beaten.

CHA. Faith, you *shall* be beaten,
Unless you speak, or run away.

ACAN. See there!

See, how he coaxes! no man upon earth
So gentle, when he gives his mind to it.

CHA. I beg you, I intreat you, tell me quickly; 75
Since I must turn a suppliant to my slave.

ACAN. Am I unworthy on't?

CHA. Oh no: most worthy.

ACAN. I thought so.

CHA. Is the ship lost?

ACAN. Safe: ne'er fear.

CHA. And all the cargo?

ACAN. Safe and found.

CHA. Then tell me,
Why you ran over the whole town to seek me? 80

ACAN. You take the words out of my mouth.

CHA. I'm dumb.

V. 69. *You keep my mind too long in this suspense.*] He does indeed; and it is to be feared that this trifling of *Acanthio*, though not destitute of humour, will prove as tiresome to many readers of *Plautus* as it seems to *Charinus*.

ACAN. Be dumb then : surely if I brought glad tidings

You would be wondrous pressing, since you urge me Thus beyond measure to tell evil news.

CHA. I do beseech you, let me know the worst. 85

ACAN. I will then, since you challenge it.—Your father—

CHA. What of my father ?

ACAN. Has seen—

CHA. What ?

ACAN. Your mistress.

CHA. My mistress ! Oh, ill fortune !—But inform me—

ACAN. Of what ?

CHA. How could he see her ?

ACAN. With his eyes.

CHA. But how ?

ACAN. By opening them.

CHA. Away, you rascal ! go

To trifle when my life's at stake.

ACAN. How trifle ?

Did not I give an answer to your question ?

CHA. Is't certain he has seen her ?

ACAN. Ay, as certain

As I see you, or you see me.

CHA. But where ?

ACAN. On board the ship, where he stood close beside her, 95

And spoke with her.

CHA. You have undone me, father !

And you, you rascal, wherefore did not you
Prevent his seeing her? How comes it, firrah,
You did not shut her up, to hinder it?

ACAN. Because we were employ'd about our
business, 100

And busy with the tackling. The mean while
Your father came 'long-side us with a boat,
And no soul saw him till he was on board.

CHA. In vain have I escap'd loud storms at sea:
Now, when I thought myself secure on shore, 105
I feel myself the sport of angry waves,
And dash'd upon the rocks.—Proceed: what
follow'd?

ACAN. Soon as he saw the woman, he enquir'd
Whom she belong'd to.

CHA. What did she reply?

ACAN. I ran directly up, and breaking in, 110
Said you had bought her as a serving-maid,
To wait upon your mother.

CHA. Did he seem
To credit this?

ACAN. Entirely.—But the rogue
Began to toy with her.

CHA. With *her*, d'ye say?

ACAN. Why, do you think he'd toy with *me*?

CHA. My heart 115
Melts away drop by drop in briny tears,
Like salt dissolv'd in water. I'm undone.

ACAN.

ACAN. That's true enough: and yet 'tis foolish too.

CHA. What shall I do?—If I should tell my father

I bought this woman for my mother's use, 120
 He'll not believe it: and 'tis shameful too
 To tell my father lies. He'll not believe it;
 Nor is it credible I should have purchas'd
 So sweet a creature to attend my mother.

ACAN. Ridiculous! Have done: he *will* be-
 lieve it: 125
 For he believ'd my story.

CHA. How I dread
 His catching some suspicion of the truth!
 Tell me, *Acanthio*!

ACAN. What is't I must tell you?

CHA. Did he appear to have the least suspicion
 She was my mistress?

ACAN. Not the least: but swallow'd 130
 All that I told him.

CHA. So you might imagine.

ACAN. Nay, but I'm sure he did.

CHA. Confusion! ruin!
 —But wherefore waste I my time here in grieving?
 Why don't I seek the vessel?—Follow me.

ACAN. Go *that* way, and you're sure to meet
 your father: 135
 Who, when he sees you fearful and dismay'd,

Will straight take hold of you, and question you,
 Where 'twas you bought her, what you gave for her,
 And overwhelm you in your fright.

www.libtool.com CHA. Why then,
 I'll go this other way.—D'ye think my father 140
 Has left the Port?

ACAN. It was the very reason
 I ran before to seek you out, for fear
 He should fall on you unawares, and worm
 The secret out of you.

CHA. 'Twas bravely done.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

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S C E N E I.

D E M I P H O.

HOW many ways the Gods make sport of men!
 How strangely do they fool us in our sleep!
 As I last night experienc'd in my dream.
 Methought I bought a beautiful she-goat;
 But lest she should offend another goat, 5
 I had before at home; or lest the two,
 Together in one place, should disagree,
 Methought I gave her to the custody
 Of an old ape; who not long after came,
 Full of complainings and reproaches, to me: 10
 Saying, that by receiving this new guest,
 He had sustain'd much injury and wrong;
 For the she-goat I trusted to his care
 Had seiz'd on his wife's dowry. Strange! said I,
 A single goat should seize an ape's wife's dowry! 15
 Still he insisted on it; and in short,
 Unless I took the goat directly thence,
 Threaten'd to bring her home unto my wife.

15. *A single goat, &c.*] *Ut una illic capra uxoris fimiæ dotem ambaderit.* The intended wit and humour of this passage in the original depends on a play of words between *una* and *ambaderit*; a poor conceit, neither capable nor worthy of being preserved in the translation.

I doating, as I thought, on this young goat,
 No friend at hand to take her to his care, 20
 Was tortur'd with distress and doubt. Mean while
 A kid, methought, accosted me, and told me,
 That he had carried off the goat, and laugh'd;
 While I lamented and bewail'd her loss.

To what this dream should point, I can't devise: 25
 Altho' indeed I half suspect already
 The meaning of that little young She-goat:
 For, having finish'd all my business here,
 I went this morning early to the Port,
 Where I beheld a vessel come from *Rhodes*, 30
 In which my son arriv'd but yesterday;
 It came, I know not how, into my head,
 To visit it; I got into a boat,
 And went from thence on board the ship; wherein
 I saw a woman of exceeding beauty, 35
 Intended by my son to serve his mother.
 Ev'n at first sight I fell in love with her;
 Not soberly in love, but to distraction.
 In former days, 'tis true, when I was young,
 I've been in love indeed; but never thus. 40
 Oh how I rave! with no more sense than this,
 To know that I am mad, and die for love.
 Ay marry, this is the She-goat, I warrant;
 But what the Ape and Kid portend, I fear.
 But peace! I see my neighbour coming forth. 45

44. *But what the Ape, &c.*] I cannot say I much approve of this figurative relation of the antecedent and subsequent parts of the fable in the supposed dream of *Demipho*. With how much more

SCENE II.

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Enter LYSIMACHUS and SERVANT.

LYSIM. (to SERVANT) Now by my troth, I'll have
that old goat gelt,

That gives me so much trouble in the country.

DEM. (*behind*) Oh horrid omen! dreadful augury!
I wish my wife don't treat me like this Goat,
And act the part of that same Ape I dreamt of. 5

LYSIM. (to SERVANT) Go you directly to my
country-house,

And see that you deliver up those rakes
Into my farmer *Pistus* his own hands.

Let my wife know, she is not to expect me,
As I have business keeps me here in town; 10
Say, I've three causes coming on to-day.

more beauty and art has *Shakespeare* introduced a circumstance of the like nature, where he represents *Romeo* as deluded by a flattering dream just before he receives news of *Juliet's* death!

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses on my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Go,

Go, and remember.

SERV. Nothing else, Sir?

LYSIM. Nothing. [*Exit SERV.*]

DEM. (*coming up*) Save you, *Lyfimachus*!

LYSIM. Ha, *Demipho*!
Save you: how is't? how goes it?

DEM. Wretchedly.

LYSIM. The Gods forbid!

DEM. 'Tis the Gods' doing.

LYSIM. What? 15

DEM. I'd tell you, if I saw you were at leisure.

LYSIM. Nay, tho' I'm busy, tell me, *Demipho*:
I've always leisure to assist my friend.

DEM. I know your friendly nature by experience.
—How old do I appear to you?

LYSIM. So old, 20

That you have one foot in the grave; quite aged;
Tottering beneath the weight of years; decrepid.

DEM. You're blind: I am a child, *Lyfimachus*,
A child of seven years old.

LYSIM. Of sev'n years old!

You're mad.

DEM. 'Tis true.

LYSIM. Oh, now I guess your meaning. 25

When a man reaches the last stage of life,

“*Sans sence, sans taste, sans eyes, sans every thing,*”

They say that he is grown a child again.

DEM. Nay, nay, but I'm in better health than ever.

LYSIM. Oh brave! I'm glad on't.

DEM. And if you knew all. 30

My

Stall. As for
the Act II
SC. III

My eyes are better than they ever were.

LYSIM. Very well!

DEM. Very ill, Sir.

LYSIM. Very ill then.

DEM. But may I dare to tell you?

LYSIM. Boldly.

DEM. Hear then!

LYSIM. I'm all attention.

DEM. On this very day

I've been to school to learn the alphabet. 35

I know four letters?

LYSIM. What four letters?

DEM. LOVE.

LYSIM. Love, you old fool! with that grey head,
you dotard!

DEM. Grey head, or red head, or black head, I love.

LYSIM. You mean to play upon me, *Demipho*.

DEM. Cut off my head, if what I say be false: 40

Or, that you may be certain that I love,

Take a knife, cut my finger, or my ear,

My nose, or lip; and if I shrink, or wince,

Or feel that I am cut, *Lyfimachus*,

I'll give you leave to kill me for my love. 45

LYSIM. If you have ever seen, or wish to see

The *picture* of a lover, this is he.

For in my mind an old, decrepid, dotard

Is but a painted sign upon a wall.

DEM. This, I suppose, is meant to punish me: 50

LYSIM. I punish you!

DEM. I don't deserve reproof.

Many great men have done the same before.

'Tis natural to all mankind to love :

'Tis natural to all mankind to pardon.

Upbraid me not; I love against my will. 55

LYSIM. I don't upbraid you.

DEM. Nay, but do not hold me
The less in your esteem on this account.

LYSIM. Ah! heav'n forbid I should!

DEM. Take care!

LYSIM. I will.

DEM. But certainly ?

LYSIM. You pester me.—This man
Is mad with love.—Would you aught else?

DEM. Your servant! 60

LYSIM. I'm going to the Port: I've business there.

DEM. A pleasant walk to you!

LYSIM. Farewel.

DEM. Farewel!

[Exit LYSIMACHUS.]

S C E N E III.

DEMIPHON *alone.*

I have some business at the Port myself:
I'll thither.—But I see my son. Good! good!
I'll wait his coming; and I must consider

[Exit LYSIMACHUS.] This Scene, though at first sight not conducive to the action, is far from inartificial; as it very naturally prepares the part which *Lysimachus* afterwards takes in the fable.

Which

Which way I shall endeavour to persuade him
 To sell this wench, not give her to his mother, 5
 For whom I hear he bought her as a present.
 But it behoves me to be wary, lest
 He find I've set my heart upon the girl.

S C E N E IV.

Enter at a distance CHARINUS.

CHA. Never, I verily believe, was man
 So miserable as myself, so cross'd.
 Whate'er I undertake, I can't effect;
 Whatever wish I form, I can't accomplish:
 Some evil fortune comes across me still, 5
 Destroying my best counsels.—What a wretch!
 I purchas'd me a mistress to my liking,
 Thinking I could conceal her from my father.
 He has discover'd, seen her, and undone me.
 Nor have I yet determin'd what to say, 10
 When he enquires; so many different thoughts
 Fight in my breast, I have not pow'r to chuse,
 But my care's doubled by uncertainty.
 Sometimes I like my servant's counsel well;
 And then again I like it not; and think 15
 My father never can believe I purchas'd
 This woman to attend upon my mother.
 Then if I tell the real truth, and own
 I bought the girl upon my own account,
 What will he think of me? He'll rob me of her, 20
 And send her back beyond sea to be sold.

I am not now to learn his cruelty,
 Too well convinc'd on't e'er I went from home.
 —And is this love then? better plow, than love.
 He thrust me forth from home against my will 25
 To trade abroad; and there this evil seiz'd me.
 What joy's in that, whose pain exceeds the pleasure?
 In vain I hid, conceal'd, and kept her secret.
 My father, like a fly, is every where,
 Enters all places, sacred, or profane: 30
 And I have lost all confidence, all hope.

DEM. (*behind*) What is't my son is muttering to
 himself?

He seems uneasy.

CHA. (*seeing him*) Ha! my father here!
 I'll go and speak to him. (*Going up*) How do you, Sir?

DEM. Whence come you? Why are you so flut-
 ter'd, son? 35

V. 24. *Better plow, than love.*] ARARE *mavelim quam* AMARE.
 Another jest, whose merit consists more in sound than sense.

V. 29. *My father, like a fly, &c.*] The impertinence of the
 fly was proverbial. Curious men were called *Muscæ*, which was
 also the general term of reproach for Parasites. Our own *Jon-*
son, who was a profess'd imitator of the ancients, has accordingly
 distinguished one of the principal characters in the *Fox* by that
 appellation. *Shakespeare* has taken a very natural occasion of
 introducing this familiar image in his *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

More validity,
 More honourable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion flies, than *Romeo*: they may seize
 On the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hand,
 And steal immortal blessings from her lips.

CHA. Nothing.

DEM. I'm glad to hear it. — But what now?
You turn pale. — Are you sick?

CHA. A little, Sir.

I did not sleep extremely well last night.

DEM. Having been out so long at sea, your head
Turns round now you're on shore.

CHA. I fancy so. 40

DEM. Ay, ay, that's it, but it will soon go off.
That is the reason of your turning pale:
Go home then, if you're wise, and rest yourself.

CHA. I have not time: I've business to look after.

DEM. Do that to-morrow, or some other day. 45

CHA. I've often heard you say, Sir, that wise men
Should take care to dispatch their business first.

DEM. Well, follow your own way: I'll not oppose
you.

CHA. (*Aside*) Let him but stick to that, I'm safe
enough.

DEM. (*Aside*) What is it he's consulting by himself?
I'm not afraid of his discovering me; 51
Since I've done nothing foolish or absurd,
As men in love are apt to do.

CHA. (*Aside*) I'm safe.

'Tis plain that he knows nothing of my mistress:
For if he did, he would talk otherwise. 55

DEM. (*Aside*) I'll speak to him about her.

CHA. (*Aside*) I'll walk off.

(*Aloud*) I'll go and execute my friends' commissions.

DEM. Stay, son; not yet: I want to ask you something

Before you go.

CHA. What is your pleasure, Sir?

DEM. (*after hesitating*) How have you had your health since you've been gone? 60

CHA. Very well, all the time I was abroad: But coming into Port, turn'd strangely sick.

DEM. Sea-Sickness, I suppose: 'twill soon away. —But prithee tell me, have not you brought home A slave from *Rhodes* to wait upon you mother? 65

CHA. I have.

DEM. And is she beautiful?

CHA. Not ugly.

DEM. And well behav'd?

CHA. Extremely well, I think.

DEM. Why truly, when I saw her, so she seem'd.

CHA. What! have you seen her, father?

DEM. I have seen her: But she'll not do for us, she's not the thing. 70

CHA. Why so?

DEM. Her person is too delicate. We want a lusty servant-wench, to weave, Grind corn, cut wood, spin, sweep the house, be cudgel'd, And cook the dinner for the family. This girl's not fit for any of these uses. 75

CHA. The very reason that I purchas'd her, As a genteler present for my mother.

DEM.

DEM. No, no: don't give her; do not say you've brought her.

CHA. Heav'n favours me! (*Aside*)

DEM. I shake him by degrees. (*Aside*)
 (To CHA.) Besides, tho' I forgot to mention it, 80
 Such an attendant could not decently
 Follow your mother, nor will I allow it.

CHA. Why so?

DEM. Because it would be scandalous
 To see a girl so handsome in the street,
 After the mistress of a family. 85
 The folks would gaze, and stare, and wink and beckon;
 Hiss her, and twitch her by the sleeve, call to her,
 Grow rude, sing catches underneath her window,
 And scrawl her praise with coal upon our doors.
 And as the world is given to detraction, 90
 They'd say my wife and I were turn'd procurers:
 Now where is the occasion for all this?

CHA. You're in the right: I'm quite of your
 opinion.

—But how shall we dispose her then?

DEM. I'll tell you.

V. 89. *Her praise with coal.*] *Elogiorum carbonibus.* Some understand these words as alluding to defamatory, rather than commendatory verses; alluding that praise was written in chalk, and scandal in coal. *Ille prius CRETA, mox hæc CARBONE.* I have followed; however, the opinion of other commentators, who suppose that in these cases chalk, or coal, or lighted torches, were used indiscriminately, according to the colour of the ground: as a Poet would write a panegyrick in black ink upon white paper, or a Lover delineate the name of his mistress with the smoke of a candle on a white-washed ceiling.

I'll buy your mother a stout strapping wench, 95
 Some *Syrian* or *Egyptian*, plain and homely,
 Fit for the mistress of a family;
 And she shall grind, and spin, and take a whipping,
 And bring no shame or scandal to our door.

CHA. Suppose then I return this girl to him, 100
 Of whom I purchas'd her?

DEM. On no account.

CHA. He said he'd take her back, if not approv'd of.

DEM. There's no occasion for it; no occasion.
 I would not make a difference betwixt you,
 Nor have your faith and honour call'd in question: 105
 And I would rather, if 'twere necessary,
 Endure some little loss, than have this woman
 Bring a disgrace and scandal on our house.
 But I believe that I can sell her for you,
 And make a tolerable market too. 110

CHA. At no less price than I paid for her, father.

DEM. Peace! an old gentleman of my acquaintance
 Commission'd me, some little time ago,
 To purchase for him such a girl as this.

CHA. But a young man of my acquaintance,
 Sir, 115

Commission'd me to purchase one for *him*.

DEM. I think, I can have twenty *Mine* for her.

CHA. But, if I pleas'd, I could have sev'n and twenty
 Paid down immediately.

DEM. But I—

CHA. But I—

DEM.

DEM. Peace! you don't know what I was going
to say: 120

I can bid up three *Mine* more; that's thirty.
(Looking on one side.

CHA. Whom are you turning to?

DEM. The purchaser

CHA. Where is the gentleman?

DEM. I see him yonder:

He bids me add five *Mine* more,

CHA. Plague take him,

Whoe'er he be! *(Apart)*

DEM. He nods to me again; 125

Six *Mine* more!

CHA. Sev'n more!—I am resolv'd

He shan't exceed me. My chap bids the fairest.

DEM. Bid what he will, I'll have her.

CHA. *Mine* bid first.

DEM. No matter,

CHA. He bids fifty.

DEM. For a hundred

He shall not have her. Why d'ye bid against me? 130

You'll have a noble bargain; the old man,

For whom I purchase her, is such a dotard:

He's mad for love of her; and you shall have

Your price, ask what you will.

CHA. Indeed, indeed, Sir,

The youth, for whom I buy, is dying for her. 135

DEM. The old man, if you knew him, is much
fonder.

CHA. The old man never was, and never will be,
More mad for love than this young fellow, Sir.

DEM. Have done: I'll manage this.

CHA. What mean you?

DEM. How!

CHA. I did not take this woman as a slave. 140

DEM. But *he* will take her as a slave; so let him

CHA. You have no right to set her up to sale.

DEM. I'll mind that matter.

CHA. Then too she belongs
To me in common with another man;
And how am I to judge of his intentions, 145
Whether he means to part with her, or no?

DEM. I know he will.

CHA. But I know one that won't.

DEM. What's that to me?

CHA. Because he has a right
To challenge the disposal of his own.

DEM. What do you say?

CHA. I say that she is mine 150
In common with another, not now present.

DEM. You answer me, before I ask the question.

V. 140. *As a slave.*] This refers to the practice of slave-merchants, who, if they warranted the men or women whom they sold to be slaves, were obliged to reimburse the buyer, if he was afterwards defeated of his purchase by their proving to be free. In allusion to this custom, *Charinus* here tells his father that she was not warranted a slave to him. Which objection is over-ruled by *Demipho*, who replies that his friend will run that risque.

CHA.

CHA. You buy my slave, before I sell her, father:
I don't know if my friend and partner in her
Chuses to part with her, or no.

DEM. How then 153

Can t'other man commission you to purchase,
When *he* don't chuse to sell? You trifle with me.
No man shall have her but the man I mean,
I am resolv'd.

CHA. You are resolv'd?

DEM. I am.

Moreover, I'll directly to the ship, 160
And there she shall be sold.

CHA. Shall I go with you?

DEM. No.

CHA. You don't chuse it?

DEM. You had better stay,
And look to the commission you are charg'd with.

CHA. You won't allow me?

DEM. No. Excuse yourself,
And tell your friend that you have done your best. 165
But come not to the Port, I charge you,

CHA. No, Sir.

DEM. (*Afide*) I'll to the Port myself, and lest my son
Discover my proceedings, use great caution,
I will not purchase her myself, but trust
My friend *Lyfimachus* to buy her for me. 170
He said that he was going to the Port.
I'll to him, without further loss of time, [Exit.

SCENE V.

CHARINUS *alone.*

Death and confusion! ruin'd and undone!
 They say, the Bacchanals tore *Pentheus* piece-meal;
 Ah, he was never half so torn as I am!
 Why do I live? why, why am I not dead?
 I'll go and seek out an apothecary, 5
 And kill myself with poison; being robb'd
 Of that, for which alone I wish to live. (*Going.*)

SCENE VI.

Enter EUTICHUS.

EUT. Hold, hold, *Charinus!*

CHA. Who calls?

EUT. *Eutychus.*

V. 3. *Ah, he was never, &c.*] The intended *pathos* in this and some other passages in this Play, uttered by *Charinus* in his distress, rather borders upon the ridiculous.

Pentheus was a king of *Thebes*, said to be torn to pieces by his mother *Agave*, and the rest of the priestesses of *Bacchus*, for attempting to be present at the celebration of their ceremonies.

V. 5. *An apothecary.*] *Ibo ad Medicum, atque ipse me toxico morti dabo.* The word *Medicus* is usually supposed to signify a physician; but as it here refers immediately to the vender of drugs, I ventured to translate it an apothecary. It is not unlikely, that the resolution of *Charinus* may put many readers in mind of *Shakespeare's Romeo*.

Your

Your friend, companion, neighbour, *Eutychus*.

CHA. Ah! you don't know the griefs I labour under.

EUT. I do: from our door I have heard it all. I know the whole affair.

CHA. What is't you know? 5

EUT. Your father means to sell—

CHA. You're right.

EUT. Your mistress—

CHA. You're but too well inform'd.

EUT. Against your will.

CHA. You know too much: but how did you discover

She was my mistress?

EUT. You acquainted me Yourself but yesterday.

CHA. I had forgot it, 10

EUT. No wonder.

CHA. Come, instruct me, *Eutychus*; Tell me, which way I shall destroy myself.

EUT. Peace! never talk thus!

CHA. What then shall I talk of?

EUT. Shall I impose upon your father?

CHA. Ay;

With all my heart.

EUT. And shall I to the Port? 15

CHA. On wings, if possible.

EUT. And buy the girl?

CHA. Ay; with her weight in gold.

EUT. But where's the gold?

CHA.

CHA. I'll beg *Achilles* to lend *Hector's* ransom.

EUT. You're mad.

CHA. True: were I in my perfect mind,
I should not ask your help as my physician. 20

EUT. Shall I pay down whatever price he asks?

CHA. More than he asks; a thousand pieces more.

EUT. Peace; and consider where you'll get the
money,

When you're to settle with your father.

CHA. Somewhere;
Anywhere; something shall be thought of.

EUT. Psha! 25
I am afraid that *something* will be *nothing*.

CHA. Can't you be silent?

EUT. I am dumb.

CHA. But are you
Sufficiently instructed?

EUT. Prithee think
Of something else.

CHA. It is impossible.

EUT. Farewell!

CHA. I can't *fare well*, till you return. 30

EUT. Pity, you're mad!

CHA. Go, thrive, and save my life!

EUT. I'll do it: do you wait for me at home!

CHA. And you return with speed, and bring the
spoil! [Exeunt severally.]

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

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S C E N E I.

Enter LYSIMACHUS, *with* PASICOMPSA,

LYS I M A C H U S.

I'VE acted by my neighbour neighbourly,
And bought this piece of goods at his request.
You're mine now. (*To PAS.*) Follow me:—Nay, do
not weep;

You are to blame to spoil those pretty eyes,
And you shall find more cause to laugh than cry. 5

PAS. Good Sir, inform me!

Lys. Ask whate'er you please.

PAS. What did you buy me for?

Lys. For what?—To do
Whate'er I order you; and in return
I'll do whatever you shall order me.

PAS. I shall in all my best obey you, Sir. 10

Lys. My orders will not be extremely painful.

(*Smiling.*)

PAS. Indeed, Sir, I've not learnt to carry burdens,
Nor to tend cattle, nor take care of children.

Lys. Be a good girl, and you shall be well treated.

PAS. Then I am miserable.

Lys. Why?

PAS. Because 15

I came

I came from whence bad people were best treated:
Nor would I speak what all folks know already.

Lys. 'Fore heaven, that speech alone is well worth
more www.libtool.com.cn

Than I paid for her.—You'd insinuate
That there is no such thing as a good woman! 20

Pas. Indeed I don't say *that*, Sir.

Lys. Give me leave
To ask you one thing.

Pas. Ask it: I'll reply.

Lys. Acquaint me with your name then.

Pas. *Paficompfa*.

Lys. It suits your form.—But tell me, *Paficompfa*,
Could you, if there were an occasion for it, 25
Weave a fine woof?

Pas. I could.

Lys. It follows then

Undoubtedly that you could weave a coarser.

Pas. I fear no woman of my age for weaving.

Lys. Ay, a good girl, I warrant you, and honest,
And of an age to know your duty well. 30

Pas. Indeed I have been well instructed, Sir;
And will not let my work be call'd in question.

Lys. Well, that's the very thing; you'll do, I
find:

I'll give you for your own peculiar use

V. 23. *Paficompfa*.—It suits your form.] *Paficompfa* is a name compounded of two Greek words, and of much the same import with the name of *Aun Lovely* in one of our *English* comedies.

A sheep of sixty years of age.

PAS. So old, Sir? 30

Lys. Of the true *Grecian* breed, extremely fine;
And you will shear it most incomparably.

PAS. Whatever honour's done me, I'll be grateful.

Lys. Now, child, to undeceive you, you're not mine.

Do not imagine it.

PAS. Whose am I then? 35

Lys. You're purchas'd for your master's use again;
And I've now ransom'd you at his request.

PAS. Ah! I revive, if he be true to me:

Lys. Be of good cheer! he'll give you liberty.
'Fore heaven, girl, he loves you to distraction: 40
You charm'd him at first sight to-day.

PAS. To-day?

'Tis now two years that we have been connected;
For since I find you are his friend, I'll trust you.

Lys. How! have you been two years connected?

PAS. Ay:

And bound each other by a mutual oath, 45
Never to know a man or wife beside,
Or yield to an adulterous embrace.

Lys. Good heav'n! has he no commerce with his wife?

PAS. His wife! He is not, nor will e'er be married.

Lys. Would he were *not*! He is a perjur'd man. 50

30. *A sheep, &c.*] Meaning *Demipho*. Much the same kind of conceit occurs in the next scene but one, where *Lysimachus* calls *Demipho* bellweather.

PAS.

PAs. I love no man on earth like that dear youth.

Lys. A youth, you simpleton!—Not long ago
His teeth fell out.

PAs. Whose teeth?

Lys. No matter whose.

Follow me in: he has intreated me
To give you entertainment at our house 55
For one day; since my wife is out of town.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

DEMIPHO *alone.*

I have concerted this intrigue at last,
And purchas'd, by my neighbour's help, a mistress;
Without the knowledge of my wife and son.

I'll recollect old saws, and please my humour:
My race near run, the rest of my career 5
Shall be fill'd up with pleasure, wine, and love:

For to indulge and sate the appetite
In this last stage of life is very meet.

While you are lusty, young, and full of blood,
You ought to toil and labour for a fortune; 10

But in old age, be happy, while you may,
And render all your latter years clear gain.

I by my deeds will prove these maxims true.
But mean while I must call at home: my wife,

I warrant you, is almost starv'd with waiting, 15
And has expected me at home long since.

—Yet if I go, she'll kill me with her scolding:

No:

No: come what may, I'll not go home at present,
 But find my neighbour first, and give him charge
 To hire me some apartments for my mistress. 20
 But see! he's coming forth.

SCENE III.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

LYS. (*speaking to PAS. within*) I'll bring him to you
 Directly, if I find him.

DEM. (*behind*) Meaning me.

LYS. (*turning about*) Demipho!

DEM. Is the woman at your house?

LYS. What do you think?

DEM. What if I go and see? (*Going.*)

LYS. Whither so fast? hold, hold! (*Stopping him.*)

DEM. On what account? 5

LYS. Think what you ought to do.

DEM. And wherefore think?

To enter here is what I ought to do.

LYS. And would you enter, you old bellweather?

DEM. Why should not I?

LYS. Be rul'd by me, and learn
 Certain precautions I think needful first. 10

For shou'd you enter now, you'd run directly
 Into her arms, and talk to her, and kiss her.

DEM. You know my mind: I should do even so.

LYS. You would do wrong then.

DEM. Wrong, with her I love?

LYS.

Lys. More and more wrong with her you love.—

What you!

15

A goat of an old fellow, rank, and fasting,
Go with your stinking breath to kiss a wench?

Your fondness will but make the woman sick.

'Fore heaven, you must doat indeed to think on't.

DEM. Suppose then (since 'tis so) we get some cook

To dress a supper for us at your house

21

Against the evening,

Lys. Well said! now you've hit it.

Now you talk gallantly, and like a lover.

DEM. Why do we stand then? Let's go instantly,

And cater for a jovial entertainment!

25

Lys. I'll follow you; but mark, I give you
warning,

To look out for a lodging for this wench.

She cannot stay with me beyond to-day;

For fear my wife should come to town to-morrow,

And find her here.

DEM. I've settled that. Away!

30

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

CHARINUS *alone.*

Now am not I a wretch, a wretch indeed,

To whom no place can minister repose?

If I'm at home, my mind is gone abroad:

If I'm abroad, my mind remains at home:

Love in my breast and heart so fiercely burns,

5

Did

Did not a sluice of tears defend my eyes,
 My head would be in flames.—Some hope remains,
 Safety is fled; if ever to return,
 As yet I am uncertain. If my father
 Should seize, as he has threaten'd, *Pascompfa*, 10
 Safety is gone for ever. If my friend
 Return successful, he brings safety with him.
 And yet had that same tardy *Eutyclus*
 Been crippled with the gout, he might have been
 Here from the Port ere now.—Oh, he is slow, 15
 When I could wish him nimble as my thoughts.
 —But who comes running hither?—Ha! 'tis he!
 I'll meet him.—And Oh Thou, who seest all deeds
 Of Gods and men, the sovereign governess
 Of every mortal accident, I thank thee 20
 For bringing me this hope!—But may I hope?
 Ah, I'm undone! His aspect likes me not.
 Mournful he comes.—My bosom burns; I doubt;
 —He shakes his head.—Well, friend!

V. 7. *My head would be in flames.*] When *Plautus* affects pathos, he is very apt (as has been before observed) to fall into the ridiculous; and there are few more glaring instances of it, than the passage before us.

V. 19. *Sovereign governess.*] Implying the goddess Fortune. The same address occurs to her in the fifth Act.

S C E N E V.

Enter EUTYCHUS.EUT. Alas, *Cbarinus!*CHA. Ere you take breath, deliver but one word.
Where am I? with the living, or the dead?

EUT. With neither.

CHA. Then I'm safe. I am immortal.
He has redeem'd her, and o'er-reach'd my father. 5
—There's no soul living that can sooner put
His purpose into act.—Come, prithee speak!
If neither here, nor with the dead, where am I?

EUT. No where.

CHA. Confusion! this dull trifling kills me.
When you should speak directly to the point, 10
To beat about the bush thus, is provoking.
Whate'er thy news, tell me the sum of all.

EUT. First, we are ruin'd then.

CHA. Nay, that's no news—
Inform me something I don't know.

EUT. Your mistress

Is torn away from you.

CHA. Ah, *Eutyclus!* 15

You're guilty of a capital offence.

EUT. Of what?

CHA. Of murder: for you put to death
A friend, companion, and free citizen.

EUT. Heaven forbid!

CHA. You've cut my throat. I fall.

EUT.

EUT. Abandon not your mind unto despair! 20

CHA. I have no mind to be abandon'd. I—
Come, speak the rest of your ill news: for whom
Has she been purchas'd?

EUT. That I cannot tell.
She was adjudg'd a slave, and carried off,
Before I reach'd the Port.

CHA. Ah me! you throw 25
Mountains of fire upon me with these news.
Proceed, and torture, executioner,
Since you have once begun.

EUT. Alas, my friend,
This troubles me as sorely as yourself.

CHA. Tell me, who bought her.

EUT. I don't know.

CHA. See there! 30
Is that discharging business like a friend?

EUT. What could I do?

CHA. The very thing, that now
You've seen Me do; have died, but have discover'd
What kind of man he was, who purchas'd her:
And possibly that way have trac'd the woman. 35

V. 20. *Abandon not, &c.*] There is a hardness in the turn of words in this line and the next not well suited to our language, and not very elegant in the original.

Quæso, hercle, animum ne DESPONDE.

CHA. *Nullus est, quem DESPONDEAM.*

V. 24. *Adjudg'd a slave.*] Not only criminals, but slaves also, were formally condemned as such, before the purchasers had a right to carry them off as their property.

EUT. Alas!

(Weeping.)

CHA. Weep not the mischiefs you have done.

EUT. What have I done?

CHA. Destroy'd me; broke your faith.

EUT. The Gods are witnesses I'm not to blame.

CHA. Away! ne'er call upon the absent Gods.

Give me a living witness of your truth. 40

EUT. I have proofs worthy your belief, proofs
worthy

To be produc'd by me.

CHA. You're quick and apt

At disputation; to discharge your trust

Lame, blind, dumb, senseless, weak and impotent.

You promis'd to cajole my father. I, 45

Fool that I was! believ'd you capable:

But now I find you a mere block, a stone.

EUT. What could I do?

CHA. What could you do?

Have ask'd, enquir'd, who? whence he was? what
figure?

A citizen, or foreigner?

EUT. They told me, 50

That he was an *Atbenian* citizen.

CHA. You might at least discover his abode,
If not his name.

EUT. No creature could inform me.

CHA. His figure then you might have ask'd at
least.

EUT. I did.

CHA. And how did they describe him to you? 55

EUT.

EUT. Just thus: bald-pated, bandy-legg'd, pot-bellied,
Wide-mouth'd, short, blear-ey'd, lanthorn-jaw'd,
splay-footed.

CHA. This is not the description of a man,
But a mere bundle of deformities.
Know you ought more about him?

EUT. Nothing more. 60

CHA. Death! his vile lanthorn jaws have ruin'd
me!

I can't endure it. I will fly my country;
And only doubt what city I shall seek,
Eretria, Megara, Corinth, Chalcis,
Crete, Cyprus, Gnidus, Sicyon, Zacynthus, 65
Or *Lesbia*, or *Bootia*.

EUT. Why d'ye think on't?

CHA. Because I'm cross'd in love.

EUT. And what of that?

Suppose you gain your place of destination,
If there you chance again to fall in love,
And be again successless, will you fly 70
That country too? Another and another,
Upon the like occasion?—You will set
No bounds to exile; know no end of flight;
What country, what abode can then be certain?
Suppose you quit this city, d'ye suppose 75

V. 61. *His lanthorn jaws have ruin'd me.*] *Ille oblongis MALIS dedit mihi magnum MALUM.* The original here affords another of those innumerable puns with which the works of *Plautus* abound; puns, which though no translation can render, no reader has occasion to regret.

You leave love here behind you? If you think so,
 If you're convinc'd on't, how much better were it,
 To go into the country, and live there,
 Till this ungovern'd passion wears away?

CHA. You've said?

EUT. I have.

CHA. In vain: for I'm resolv'd. So
 I'll home, and pay my duty to my parents;
 And then, without their knowledge, fly my country,
 Or take some other step as desperate. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

EUTYCHUS *alone.*

How suddenly he took himself away!
 Wretch that I am! if he should fly his country,
 They'd say that my remissness was the cause.
 I will assemble all the publick criers,
 And find this woman out by proclamation.
 If that should fail, I'll to the Prætor, beg him
 To grant search-warrant officers, and raise
 An hue and cry in ev'ry street in town.
 For these I think the only means are left me,

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

DORIPPA, SYRA *following.*

MY husband having sent to let me know
 He could not follow me into the country,
 Like a true woman, I return'd to *Athens*,
 In quest of him, who seems to fly from me.
 —But where's our *Syra*?—I don't see her.—Heav'n! 5
 How slow she comes!

Enter SYRA.

Why don't you follow faster?

SYR. Good faith, I can't, with all the load I carry.

DOR. A load! what load?

SYR. Why fourscore years and four:
 Which, with fatigue, and slavery, and thirst,
 Weigh me quite down.

DOR. Well, give me something, *Syra*, to
 To offer at our neighbour-altar.

V. 11. *At our neighbour-altar.*] VICINI nostri aram. *Apollinis* understood. So in the *Baccides*, Act II. Scene I. *Saluto te, vicine Apollo.* It was usual for the *Athenians* to have at their doors an altar sacred to *Apollo* or *Bacchus*, whom they considered as guardian to the family. And it is evident, from many passages in *Plautus* and *Terence*, as well as from *Donatus*, that these altars always made a part of the theatrical decorations.

SYR. Take

This branch of laurel.

DOR. Now go in.

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SYR. I go. (Goes in.)

DOR. (at the altar) Apollo! I beseech you to grant
peace,And health and safety to our family;
And to my son prosperity!

SYR. (within) Ah me! 15

Ah well-a-day! ah woeful day! ah me!

DOR. Why, how now? are you mad? what means
this howling?

SYR. (entering) Dorippa! ma'am! Dorippa!

DOR. Why d'ye bawl thus?

SYR. Here's a strange woman in the house.

DOR. What woman?

SYR. A harlot-woman.

DOR. Is it possible? 20

SYR. Troth, you were very wise to come to town.
She were a fool indeed, who could not see
This woman was your pretty husband's mistress.

DOR. My mind misgives me, you are in the right.

SYR. In then with me, my Juno! and behold 25
Your harlotry Alcmena!

DOR. In, in, Syra!

I follow you as fast as possible.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

www.libtool.com.cnLYSIMACHUS *alone.*

Is't not enough that *Demipho's* in love,
 But he must be extravagant besides?
 Had he invited ten grandees to supper,
 He has prepar'd too lavishly; and then
 He follows up the cooks, as earnestly
 As pilots urge the sailors in a ship. 5
 I hir'd the master-cook myself; and wonder
 He is not come according to my order.
 —But our door opens: who is this comes forth?

SCENE III.

Enter at a distance DORIPPA.

DOR. (*to herself*) There never was, never will be
 a wife
 More wretched than myself. Ah, what a husband!
 Unhappy that I am! From this time forth
 Be cautious, women, whom ye trust in marriage.
 What, I! who brought a fortune of ten talents! 5
 That I should see, and suffer such affronts!
 Lys. (*behind*) Ha! I am lost: my wife is come to
 town,
 And has found out this wench, I warrant you.

—But

—But at this distance I can't hear.—I'll nearer.

DOR. Ah, woe is me!

Lys. And me.

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DOR. Undone!

Lys. And I. 10

No doubt but she has seen her.—All the Gods
Confound you, *Demipho!*

DOR. Ay, this it was
Prevented him from coming out of town.

Lys. I'll go and speak to her. (*Goes up*) Good-
morrow, wife!

—Our town-folks grow mere rusticks.

DOR. But they act 15
More modestly, than those who don't grow rusticks.

Lys. What! have the rusticks been in fault?

DOR. Much less
Than folks in town, and do themselves less mischief.

Lys. Prithee, what mischief do the folks in
town?

DOR. What wench is that within?

Lys. You've seen her then? 20

V. 15. *Our town-folks grow mere rusticks.*] This passage is somewhat obscure, but is thus explained by the commentators, *Lysimachus* bids his wife good-morrow; but she, being out of humour, pouts at him, and makes no return to the salutation; on which he observes, that the town-gentry are grown as unmannerly as the country bumpkins. This explanation does not appear to be strained or unnatural; but there is certainly an uncountness in the dialogue, as it stands at present, which a word or two from *Lysimachus*, by way of comment on his wife's silence, would have rendered clear and easy,

DOR,

DOR. I've seen her.

Lys. And, "Who is she," do you ask?

DOR. Ay, to be sure; and I'll know too. *You know.*

Lys. You'd have me tell you "who she is" you say?
She—she—Confusion! what shall I reply? (*Afide.*)

DOR. What! do you falter?

Lys. I've not seen her.—

DOR. Tell me! 25

Lys. Give me but leave, I will.

DOR. You should ere now,

Lys. You press me so, it is impossible:

You question me, as if I were to blame.

DOR. Oh, to be sure, you're not at all to blame!

(*ironically.*)

Lys, Say what you please.

DOR. Speak *you!*

Lys. I will.

DOR. Then speak! 30

Lys. She's—Would you have me tell her name?

DOR. You trifle.

I've catch'd you. You're in fault.

Lys. What fault? She is—

DOR. Who is she?

Lys. (*hesitating*) She—

DOR. See there!

Lys. Plague take her name!

Did not I long to tell it, I should hit on't.

DOR. You don't know who she is then?

Lys. Very well. 35

I am

I am her judge.

DOR. Her judge! Oh! now I have it.
You've call'd her here to be your counsellor.

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LYS. No; she is left with me, as arbiter.

DOR. (ironically) I understand.

LYS. Nay, not as you imagine.

DOR. You clear yourself too soon. (ironically,

LYS. This bitter business 40
Has prov'd too much for me, I'm quite aground.

(Aside.

S C E N E IV.

Enter the COOK, with SERVANTS.

COOK. Quick! quick! make haste! for I must
dress a supper

For an old gentleman in love.—Tho' truly

'Tis for *ourselves* we dress it, not for *him*.

For give a lover but his paramour,

He feasts on Her; to languish, and embrace, 5

To kiss, and chat, is meat and drink to him.

V. 36. *I am her JUDGE.—You've call'd her here to be your COUNSELLOR.—She is left with me, as ARBITER.*] These passages relate to ancient usages, and are interpreted thus. The property of *Pascompsa* was supposed to be in dispute, and *Lyfimachus*, by mutual consent, appointed *judge* to decide between the contending parties. On these occasions, it was usual for the person so appointed to call in some friends as *counsellors*, to advise him in his determination; and the thing in dispute was always left in his custody.

But we, I trust, shall go well loaded home.
This way!—But here's th' old gentleman that
hir'd us.

Lys. The Cook here too! Undone again!

Cook. (*to Lys.*) We're come.

Lys. Go back again.

Cook. Go back again!—Why so? 10

Lys. Hift! get away, I tell you.

Cook. Get away!

Lys. Be gone.

Cook. What! don't you want a supper, Sir?

Lys. We've supp'd already.—Now I'm quite un-
done. (*Aside.*)

DOR. What! have the folks, who chose you arbiter,
Order'd in these provisions too?

Cook. Is this 15

Your mistress, that you told me of at market?

Lys. Hush!

Cook. A good pretty tidy wench enough:
And her mouth waters at a man, I warrant.

Lys. Hence, rascal!

Cook. Faith, she's not amiss.

Lys. Confusion! (*Aside.*)

Cook. And, I dare say, a charming bedfellow! 20

Lys. Won't you be gone?—It was not I that
hir'd you.

Cook. Not you? 'Fore heaven, your own self.

Lys. Undone! (*Aside.*)

Cook. By the same token too, you let me know

Your

Your wife was in the country, whom you loath'd
Worse than a serpent.

Lys. Did I tell you so?

25

Cook. Ay, that you did.

Lys. So help me, *Jupiter*,
As I ne'er utter'd such a word, sweet wife!

DOR. Can you deny it?

Cook. No; he did not say
He loath'd *you*, mistress, but his wife.

DOR. 'Tis plain

That I am your averfion.

Lys. I deny it.

30

Cook. And he said too, his wife was in the country.

Lys. This is she, firrah!—Why d'ye plague me
thus?

Cook. Because you said you did not know me.—
What!

Are you afraid of Her!

Lys. And well I may;

For I have none beside.

Cook. Will you employ me?

Lys. No.

35

Cook. Pay me then.

Lys. You shall be paid to-morrow.
Be gone at present.

DOR. What a wretch I am!

Lys. 'Tis an old saying, and I find a true one,
That a bad neighbour brings bad fortune with
him.

COOK.

ACT IV. SCENE IV: 145

COOK. Come, let's be gone! (To SERV.) If any
harm has happen'd, 40

'Tis not my fault. (To Lys.

Lys. You maffacre me, villain.

COOK. I know your mind; you'd have me gone.

Lys. I would.

COOK. Give me a *Drachma*, and I'll go.

Lys. I will.

COOK. Order it, then: it may be paid, while They
Set the provifions down.

Lys. Will you be gone? 45

Will you ne'er cease tormenting me?

COOK. Come then! (To the SERVANTS.

Lay the provifions down before the feet

Of that old gentleman.—The pots and pans

I'll fend for prefently, or elfe to-morrow.

(To LYSIMACHUS.

Follow me. (To the SERVANTS, who lay down the
provifions, and go out after him.

SCENE V.

LYSIMACHUS, DORIPPA, SYRA.

Lys. You're furpriz'd, I make no doubt,
At this Cook's bringing thefe provifions here.
—But I'll explain.

DOR. I'm not furpriz'd at all
At any wrong or wickednefs from You.

V. 43. *A Drachma.*] The *Attick Drachma*, according to *Cooke*,
was equal to feven pence three farthings of *Englifh* money.

But

But be assur'd, I'll not endure this usage. 9
 Fine treatment for a wife! to have your wenches
 Brought home to my own house!—Intolerable!
 —Go, *Syra*, to my father, and intreat him
 To let me see him here immediately.

SYR. I go.

[*Exit.*

LYS. You quite mistake the matter, wife: 10
 I'll take whatever oath you please to frame,
 That I've no business with the wench.—What now?
 Is *Syra* gone? [*Exit* DORIPPA.]

S C E N E VI.

LYS IMACHUS *alone.*

See there! my wife gone too!
 Death and destruction!—Gods confound you, neighbour,
 You, and your mistress, and intrigues together!
 What foul suspicions has he thrown upon me!
 Rais'd me a croud of enemies abroad, 5
 And made a tygress of my wife at home!
 I'll to the Forum, and tell *Demipho*,
 By her own hair I'll drag his doxy forth,
 Unless he takes her hence without delay.
 Wife! wife, ho! (*calling to her within*) Tho' you are
 enrag'd with me, 10
 Be wise, and order these provisions in,
 To make our supper better by and by.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

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Enter severally SYRA and EUTYCHUS.

SYR. Her father, whom my mistress sent me to,
Is not at home; nay, not in town, they say:
And I'm returning to her with this answer.

EUT. (*at a distance*) I'm tir'd of hunting the whole
city through
In chace of this fame girl, and all in vain. 5
—But sure my mother must be come to town;
For I see *Syra* standing at our door.

Syra!

SYR. Who's there? who calls?

EUT. Your master, nurse.

SYR. (*turning*) What, my young master? Heav'n
blefs my child!

EUT. Inform me, is my mother come to town? 10

SYR. Ay, marry, is she; and by great good luck,
Both for herself, and all the family.

EUT. Why, what's the matter then?

SYR. Your sweet papa
Has brought a wench into the house.

EUT. A wench!

SYR. Ay: madam came to town, and found her
there. 15

EUT. Aha, old gentleman! I ne'er suspected
You were addicted to such pranks as these.

Is the wench still within?

SYR. Ay.

EUT. Follow me. [Exit.

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S C E N E VIII.

SYRA *alone.*

Now, by my troth, the poor unhappy women
Are much more hardly dealt with than the men.
For if a husband brings a mistress home,

SCENE VIII. SYRA *alone.*] Nothing can follow the preceding scene more naturally than this soliloquy: and yet the old commentators, never content without sophisticating their author as well as illustrating him, have here foisted in three lines, in order to introduce two dull supposititious scenes; on which *Limiers*, in his examen prefixed to this comedy, remarks, "One may easily perceive, by the difference of stile, that they are not only unworthy of *Plautus*, but rather usefess in the conduct of the plot." The truth is, the scenes in question are not only usefess and impertinent, but diametrically opposite to the evident design of *Plautus*. Had he introduced the wife of *Demipho* into his piece, he would no doubt have derived much pleasantry from the admission of that character; but that he had no such intention, is manifest from the last scene, where we are expressly told, that *Demipho's* wife is utterly ignorant of the whole transaction. Had the author of the supposititious scenes endeavoured to open a source of pleasantry, left untouched by *Plautus*, he might perhaps have deserved some notice; but his interpolation is as dull, as it is injudicious with respect to the design of the author: for *Perifrata* enters, not to produce any comic situation by a jealousy and detection of her husband's amours, but only, like a tender-hearted mama, to lament that her son's mistress should be run away with by his father.

Tho'

Tho' the wife finds her under her own roof,
 There is no law that punishes the man: 5
 But catch *her* rambling with gallants abroad,
 The husband truly fues for a divorce.
 Would the same law held good for man and wife!
 For since a wife, if she's an honest woman,
 Will be contented with her husband; why, 10
 Should not the husband also with his wife?
 I would fain have fair play between them both;
 And then, I warrant you, if ev'ry husband,
 Prov'd a sly wench, could but be divorc'd
 As well as wanton wives, we soon should see 15
 More widowers, than there are widows now.

[Exit.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

CHARINUS *coming from home in a travelling habit.*

ONCE more, ye sacred doors, I bid you hail,
 And to that greeting join, Farewel for ever!
 To-day, for the last time, I lift my foot
 Over my father's threshold. From this hour
 All uses and enjoyments of this house 5
 Are gone, destroy'd, estrang'd from me for ever.
 Ye household Deities, who guard my parents,
 And shed your influence on our family,
 To you I recommend their lives and fortunes.
 I must seek other household Gods, must seek 10
 Another city, and another country:
 At *Athens* I abide no more. Where vice
 Each day grows more and more predominant;
 Where treachery and friendship are so mingled,
 They cannot be distinguish'd; where all joys, 15
 Dearest and best, are ravish'd from me; there
 I would not live,—no, not to be a king.

V. 1. *Sacred doors.*] Among the ancients the doors of houses were consecrated to particular Deities. *Eugraphius*, in his notes on *Terence*, tells us, that the entrance was called *Vestibulum*, from the Goddess *Vesta*; and the commentators on our author cite a passage from *Tertullian*, in which he mentions *Limentinus*, that is, God of the threshold.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter at a distance EUTYCHUS.

EUT. Fortune! who seest the deeds of Gods and
 men,
 Sole arbitress of all events on earth,
 I thank thee! Thou hast rais'd me from despair.
 Is there a God now happier than I?
 All that I sought and wish'd for was at home. 5
 There I found friendship, life, society,
 Festivity, and joy, and jollity:
 These boon companions chas'd the baleful troop
 Of anger, enmity, disaster, folly,
 Perverseness, sorrow, weeping, banishment, 10
 Distress, and solitude. Oh grant, ye Gods,
 I soon may find *Charinus*!

CHA. (*not seeing him*) I am prepar'd,
 Thus furnish'd as you see. I cast away
 All equipage and pomp: my own companion,
 My own attendant, horse, and groom, and squire: 15
 Master at once, and servant to myself,
 I carry my own baggage.—God of love,
 How absolute thy sway! for thou canst make
 The coward confident, and fright the brave!

EUT. (*not seeing* CHA.) I'm thinking where to
 find him.

CHA. (*to himself*) I'm resolv'd 20
 To seek her over all the world. No river,
 Mountain, or sea shall bar my way. I fear

Nor heat, nor cold, nor wind, nor hail. Let rain
 Descend in torrents, or the scorching sun
 Parch me with thirst, I will endure it all. 25
 No rest, no respite, night or day I'll take,
 Till I have lost my life, or found my love.

EUT. Whose voice is that?

CHA. And Oh ye Gods, who make
 The traveller your care, protect me!

EUT. *Jupiter!*

Is that *Charinus*?

CHA. Citizens, farewell! 30

EUT. Ho! stop, *Charinus*!

CHA. Who recalls me?

EUT. Hope,
 Safety, and victory.

CHA. What would you with me?

EUT. To keep you company.

CHA. Go seek some other.

For the companions that I have at present
 Hold me, and will not part with me.

EUT. Who are they? 35

CHA. Care, misery, distraction, pain, and sorrow.

EUT. Scurvy companions! drive them hence.
 Come hither.

CHA. If you'd speak with me, follow.

EUT. Stop, I say.

CHA. 'Tis idle to delay a man in haste.
 The sun is going down.

V. 28. *The gods, who make, &c.*] These Deities were called
Lares viales, Gods of the road.

EUT. Direct your haste 40

This way instead of that you now pursue,
 And better speed will follow it. This way
 The wind is prosperous, do but shift your sail.
 Here's a fair western breeze, and there the south
 Heavy with rain: this spreads a peaceful calm 45
 Over the bosom of the deep, and that
 Works up the billows to a foam. This way!
 Make towards the land, *Charinus*! Don't you see
 How black the clouds are yonder, how the shower
 Hangs ready to burst over you, while here 50
 Prevails eternal sun-shine, and fair weather?

CHA. The omens that he speaks of should deter me.
 I'll turn that way.

EUT. Ay, now you're wise, *Charinus*.
 Advance this way. Another step! another!
 Stretch out your hand tow'rd mine. D'ye hold me?

CHA. Ay. 55

EUT. Stay! whither are you going?

CHA. Into exile.

EUT. What to do there?

CHA. The same that wretches use.

EUT. Fear nothing: I'll restore you to content,
 Ere you depart.

CHA. I will depart directly.

EUT. Attend, and I'll transport you with glad
 tidings. 60

V. 52. *The omens, &c.*] This is perfectly agreeable to the superstitious manners of the ancients, who considered it as impious to resist certain words and signs, which they regarded as omens or inspirations.

LIMBRS.

Stop! I'm your friend, and bring the best of news.

CHA. What news?

EUT. Your mistress—

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CHA. What of her?

EUT. I know

Where she is—

CHA. Do you?

EUT. Safe and sound.

CHA. Safe! where?

EUT. Oh, I know where.

CHA. But *I* had rather know.

EUT. Can't you be quiet?

CHA. No: I'm all emotion. 65

EUT. I'll make you calm and quiet, never fear.

CHA. Nay, prithee now, inform me where you've
seen her.

Not a word? Speak. You kill me with your silence.

EUT. She's not far off.

CHA. Where? Shew me, if you see her.

EUT. I do not see her *now* indeed, but saw her 70
A while ago.

CHA. And shall *I* see her?

EUT. Ay.

CHA. The least delay is tedious to a lover.

EUT. Still are you fearful? I'll inform you all.

I have no dearer friend on earth, than he

Who has her now in his possession; none

75

To whom I am more bound in love and duty.

CHA. I don't concern myself with *him*, but *her*.

EUT. I'll talk to you of *her* then: tho' indeed
I never thought of telling that at first.

CHA:

CHA. Inform me, where she is then.

EUT. At our house. 80

CHA. A charming house! a well-built house indeed!

Built in a happy hour! If this be true.

But how may I believe it? Have you seen her?

Or do you speak from hearsay?

EUT. I have seen her.

CHA. Who brought her thither?

EUT. What a silly question! 85

CHA. Well, I allow it.

EUT. Don't you blush, *Charinus*?
What signifies who brought her—

CHA. So she's there?

EUT. She's there, I promise you.

CHA. For these good news
Wish what you please!

EUT. Suppose I do?

CHA. I'll pray

The gods to grant your wish.

EUT. Ridiculous! 90

CHA. Let me but see her, all my cares are over.

—Why don't I strip this habit off?—Within there!

(Calling.)

Ho! somebody come forth, and bring my cloak!

EUT. Well done! this pleases me.

CHA. In good time, boy!

(To a lad who enters.)

Here, take this doublet, and this furniture. 95

Nay, never stir: stay there! that if these news

Prove false, I may pursue my journey still.

EUT. Don't you believe me?

CHA. Most implicitly.

But, prithee, introduce me.

EUT. Stay a little!

CHA. Why so?

EUT. It is not time to enter yet. 100

CHA. You torture me.

EUT. There is no need, I say,
That you should enter now.

CHA. And why not now?

EUT. There's no occasion for it.

CHA. No occasion!

EUT. 'Tis inconvenient to her.

CHA. Inconvenient

To her, who loves me; whom I love so dearly! 105

—He trifles with me most egregiously.

Fool that I was to credit him! 'Tis all

A trick to stop me.—Give me back my doublet.

EUT. Nay, do but hear me!

CHA. Here, boy! take this cloak!

EUT. My mother is enrag'd against my father, 110

For bringing *Pasicompsa* to our house,

While *she* was in the country; and supposes

That *Pasicompsa* is my father's mistress.

CHA. (*not regarding him*) I've got my belt.

V. 114. *My belt—and sword—and bottle.*] Each of these composed a part of the traveller's equipage. *Lambinus* tells us, that travellers, as well as soldiers, carried their money at their *belts*; and that neither the *Greeks*, nor *Romans* ever wore a *sword* in the city. The *bottle* was filled with oil, in order to anoint their feet.

EUT.

EUT. And she is now enquiring
The truth of that affair within.

CHA. (*still inattentive*)—And sword. 115

EUT. And should I introduce you now—

CHA. (*still inattentive*)—And bottle.
And thus accoutred I march off.

EUT. Hold, hold!

Hark ye, *Charinus!*

CHA. No, no, *Eutyebus*;
No tricks on travellers!

EUT. I mean no tricks.

CHA. Won't you allow me to pursue my journey? 120

EUT. I can't allow you.

CHA. Why do I delay?

In, boy! (*Exit Boy*) I am already in my chariot;
The reins already in my hand.

EUT. You're mad.

CHA. Why do not I directly on to *Cyprus*,
Seeing my father drives me into exile? 125

EUT. Nay, cease this folly!

CHA. No; I am resolv'd
Never to cease to search for her—

EUT. I tell you,
She's at our house.

CHA. For all, that he has said,
Is falsehood.

EUT. Nothing but the real truth.

CHA. I'm now arriv'd at *Cyprus*.

EUT. Follow me: 130
And you shall see the object of your wishes.

CHA.

CHA. I've enquir'd after her, but cannot find her.

EUT. I'll not regard my mother's anger now.

CHA. Still will I on in quest of her. I'm now
Arriv'd at *Chalcis*: I encounter there 35
My old *Zacynthian* host, and let him know
My errand thither; ask if he has heard
Who brought her thither, and who now detains her.

EUT. Have done this trifling, and walk in with me.

CHA. "Faith," says mine host, "the figs, Sir, at
" *Zacynthus* 149

"Are no bad figs."

EUT. Your host is in the right.

CHA. "As for your mistress, I believe, I've heard
" She is at *Athens*."

EUT. He's another *Chalcas*.

CHA. I go on board, set sail, and come to port;
Now I'm at home, return'd from banishment. 145
Ha! my friend *Eutyclus*, are *You* there? Save you!
How have you been, friend? How are both my
parents?

What! sup with you? I'm much oblig'd to you.

To-morrow, if you please; to-day at home:

V. 140. "Faith," says mine host, &c.] Some commentators have discovered a mysterious meaning in this passage, conveying a moral comparison between youth and green figs. But *Turnebus* justly remarks, that it means nothing more than that the host made an answer nothing to the purpose. We have an instance of the same species of humour in *Shakespeare*, where the Prince answers *Falstaff's* question about the hostess, by saying, "And is not a buff-jerkin a sweet robe of durance?"

V. 143. *Chalcas*.] A priest mentioned in *Homer*, who had the gift of prophecy.

For that's but right and decent.

EUT. You are dreaming. 159

The man has lost his senses.

CHA. Heal me then;

Quick! minister your medicines, like a friend.

EUT. Follow me then.

CHA. I follow.

EUT. Gently, gently!

You tread upon my heels.—But do you hear?

CHA. I've heard too much already.

EUT. You must bring 155

My mother into humour with my father.

For she's enrag'd at present—

CHA. Prithee, hence!

EUT. About the girl—

CHA. Nay, hence, I say.

EUT. So mind!

CHA. So hence, I say! I'll render her as mild

As *Juno*, when she is at peace with *Jove*. 160

[*Exeunt*.

Exeunt.] There is something very unnatural in the behaviour of both the young gentlemen in this scene. *Eutychus* trifles with his friend before he communicates the most interesting news; and *Charinus* trifles after he has heard it. It is very justly observed by *Limiers* on this occasion, that, distant as the manners of the ancients might be from our own, yet the passions of mankind have always been the same.

SCENE III.

DEMIPHO, LYSIMACHUS.

DEM. As if now you yourself had ne'er been guilty
Of such a thing as this?

LYS. 'Fore heaven, never.

Never, I promise you: and even now
I scarce know whether I'm alive or dead.
My wife is so enrag'd about this wench,
She foams again.

DEM. I'll pacify your wife,
Make your excuse, and reconcile you both.

LYS. Follow me then.—But see! my son comes
forth.

SCENE IV.

Enter EUTYCHUS.

EUT. (*to* CHA. *within*) I'll to my father now, and
let him know
My mother is quite pacified; and then
Return immediately.

LYS. (*listening*) This promises.

Well, *Eutyclus!* (*Going up to him.*)

EUT. Ha! well met both!

V. 1. *As if now, &c.*] In some editions eleven spurious lines are prefixed to this scene, probably by the same hand with the two supposititious scenes mentioned in the notes to the fourth act.

LYS.

Lys. What now?

EUT. My mother is appeas'd and satisfied. 5
You may join hands again.

Lys. Good heav'n be prais'd!

EUT. As for you, *Demipho*, I let you know
You've lost your mistress.

DEM. Plague upon your news!
What means all this?

EUT. I'll tell you. D'ye both mark me?

Lys. Both.

EUT. Whene'er men of rank are ill-dispos'd, 10
Their evil disposition stains that rank.

DEM. Very true.

Lys. True indeed: but 'tis a truth
Bears hardly upon you. (To DEM.)

EUT. Why that's true too.

And at your age it ill becomes you, Sir,
To ravish from your son, a youthful lover, 15
His newly-purchas'd mistress.

DEM. How is this?

Is *Pasicompsa* then *Charinus'* mistress?

EUT. How the old fox dissembles!

DEM. Not at all.

My son inform'd me he had purchas'd her
To wait upon his mother.

EUT. For which reason 20
You purchas'd her, young lover? Eh, old boy?

V. 21. *Young lover—old boy.*] Exactly the expressions of the original. *Novus amator—vetus puer.*

Lys. Well said! Go on. I'll second you. Let's both
Work him, as he deserves, for this!

DEM. Confusion!

Lys. (*on one side*) To use his son so ill!

EUT. (*on the other side*) So scandalously!
To drive him into exile!

DEM. Is he gone? 25

Lys. Peace, scarecrow! an old fellow, like yourself,
Should have done meddling with those matters.

DEM. True.

I own I've been to blame.

EUT. Peace, hatchet-face!

Your age should not admit of crimes like these:
For as the several seasons of the year 30

Bring with them different fruit, in human life
So have our actions their fit seasons too.

If then old men, like you, without restraint,
Pass in lascivious wantonness their age,
Where is the safety of the public weal? 35

DEM. Alas! I'm ruin'd.

EUT. Youth alone should follow
The trade of basket-making.

V. 36. *Youth alone, &c.*] In the original, this speech and the next runs thus.

EUT. *Adolescentes rei agenda isti magis solent operam dare.*

DEM. *Jam obsecro vobis herclè habete cum sportis, cum fiscinâ.*

There are various readings in the last speech; but each way it is agreed to be uttered proverbially, signifying, "Take her, with all that belongs to her." The reading I have followed is in *English* literally, "Now then prithee take her, with her baskets and paniers." Wherefore I have made use of a kind of cant phrase in our own tongue, somewhat similar to the language of the proverb in the original.

DEM.

DEM. Well, e'en take

Basket and basket-maker to yourselves!

EUT. Restore them to your son: let him enjoy them.

DEM. With all my heart: I give my full consent. 40

EUT. In good time truly! now you cannot help it.

DEM. Nay, let him ask whate'er revenge he will,

And he shall have it for this injury.

But, prithee, make my peace with him: I beg

He may not be incens'd: for had I known, 45

Had he inform'd me, tho' but jestingly,

She was his mistress, now by *Hercules*,

I never would have tried to tear her from him.

I beg you then, sweet *Eutychus*; intreat you;

You're his companion; lend me your assistance. 50

Take an old fellow under your protection,

And you shall find he will not be ungrateful.

Lys. Ay, ay; intreat him to forgive your crimes,

And spare the follies of your youth. (*ironically.*)

DEM. Again?

Cruel! d'ye persecute me still? I hope 55

"A time will come I may be even with you.

Lys. No: I gave over those pranks long ago.

DEM. Henceforward, so will I.

Lys. Not you. Your mind

Will soon return to its old bent again.

DEM. Nay, prithee now, have done; or if you
please, 60

Horsewhip me!

Lys. Truly you deserve it richly.

And when your wife shall come to know of this,
She'll do it too.

DEM. She need not know of it.

EUT. No, no: she shall not know of it: ne'er
fear!

Let us go in! it suits not your affairs 65
To talk in such a publick place as this,
And make a witness of each passer-by.

DEM. 'Fore heaven you are right: the story too
Will be the shorter; so let's in directly!

EUT. Your son is at our house.

DEM. I'm glad to hear it. 70
We can pass thro' the garden home again.

Lys. Hold, *Eutychus*, I must enquire one thing,
Ere I set foot within the house.

EUT. What now?

Lys. Every man looks to what concerns himself.
Inform me therefore, if you're very certain 75
Your mother's anger is appeas'd.

EUT. Quite certain.

Lys. Take care!

EUT. Depend upon't.

Lys. I'm satisfied.
But prithee don't deceive me!

EUT. Do you doubt me?

Lys. Well, I believe you; yet I am afraid.

DEM. Come, come, let's enter!

EUT. Hold! before we go, 80
Pass we the laws against old men; the laws,
By which henceforward they shall hold them bound!

"Whoever hath attain'd his sixtieth year,

"Be he or husband or old bachelor,

"And shall attempt to wanton with the wenches, 85

- " Be it decreed, we deem him impotent;
 " And for his ill-timed prodigality,
 " Doom him to lose the little he has left.
 " Henceforth let none forbid his youthful son,
 " To wench, or keep a mistress—decently; 90

V. 90. —*decently.*] The latitude here allowed to the debaucheries of young men must be offensive to those who are acquainted with the pure doctrines of Christianity; but was easily reconcilable to the grossness of the Pagan religion.—Such is the just remark of Madam Dacier on the conclusion of the *Brothers of Terence*, where, in like manner, *Demea* allows that his son *Cleisipho* shall keep his mistress.—From the other part of this play, however, which is the main plot, an excellent moral may be deduced. An antiquated libertine is indeed a truly comick character, and a very proper object of satire and ridicule. The play on the whole, though not a favourite with the old commentators, has undoubtedly great merit. There are several happy turns in the fable, which is in general well conducted, and in its construction approaches perhaps nearer to the modern manner, than any other piece in the *Greek* or *Latin* languages. An author of these days would indeed most probably have introduced the wife of *Demipho*, in order to heighten the ridiculous distress of the old dotard after his detection, and by that means have enlivened the catastrophe, which, it must be confessed, appears to be the most unfinished part of this comedy. *Terence*, who, if he had less humour than *Plautus*, had certainly more art, has very happily betrayed the *Lemnos* intrigue of *Cbremes* to his wife *Nausistrata*, in the last act of *Phormio*. But that *Plautus* had no such intention in this comedy, is plain from the following portion of the above dialogue between the parties concerned in this scene.

DEM. Nay, prithee now, have done; or if you please
Horsewhip me!

LYS. Truly you deserve it richly.
And when your wife shall come to know of this,
She'll do it too.

DEM. She need not know of it.

" On pain of losing more, than 'twould have cost,
 " Had he indulg'd him in it!—From this night
 " Be these our laws in force against old men."
 Young men, farewell! and if ye like these statutes,
 Enacted to make fathers dutiful, 95
 Now ratify them with your loud applause!

EUR. No, no: she shall not know of it: ne'er fear!
 Let us go in! it suits not your affairs
 To talk in such a publick place as this,
 And make a witness of each passer-by.

This passage alone would be an irrefragable argument of the spuriousness of the two scenes mentioned in the notes to the fourth act, if their lamentable dullness and insipidity did not afford a still more convincing proof of the interpolation.

The End of the MERCHANT.

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THE
M I S E R.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

EUCLIO, *an old Man.*

MEGADORUS, *Uncle to LYCONIDES.*

LYCONIDES, *Son to EUNOMIA.*

STROBILUS, *Servant to LYCONIDES.*

STROBILUS, *Servant to MEGADORUS.*

PYTHODICUS, *the same.*

ANTHRAX, }
CONGRIO, } *Cooks.*

EUNOMIA, *Mother to LYCONIDES, and Sister
of MEGADORUS.*

STAPHILA, *an old Woman, Servant to EUCLIO.*

PHÆDRIA, *Daughter to EUCLIO.*

S C E N E, A T H E N S,

Before the Houses of EUCLIO and MEGADORUS.



P R O L O G U E.

The HOUSHOLD GOD.

LEST any one should wonder who I am,
 I'll tell you in few words. I am the God
 Domestic of this family, from whence
 Ye saw me come. It now is many years,
 Since I've possess'd this house, protecting it 5
 Both in the grandfather's and father's time
 Of him, who now inhabits it. The grandfather,
 Unknown to every one, intrusted me
 With a rare treasure all of gold: for this
 He dug an hiding place beneath the hearth, 10
 Beseeching me with pray'rs to keep' it for him.
 He died, and was withal so covetous,
 He would not even tell it to his son,
 But rather chose to leave him indigent
 Than shew him this same treasure. On his death, 15

The HOUSHOLD GOD.] Lar Familiaris. Every house among the ancients had its peculiar tutelary Deity, which was called *Lar*.

V. 10. *The hearth.] In medio foco.* This was in the middle of the house, sacred to the HOUSHOLD GOD, on which a constant fire was kept up.

He left his son a bit of ground, from whence
 He might pick up a piteous livelihood
 With industry and labour. Now when he
 Was dead, who with this gold had trusted me,
 I set me to observe, whether the son 20
 Would hold me in more honour than his father
 Had done before him: but he treated me
 With less regard, less honour'd and rever'd me.
 I did the same with him. He also died,
 And left a son, who now inhabits here, 25
 Of the same close and niggard disposition
 As was his father and his grandfather.
 He has an only daughter: she indeed
 Makes ev'ry day her constant supplications
 With frankincense, or wine, or something else, 30
 And gives me wreaths of flowers. For her sake
 Have I caus'd *Euclio* to find out this treasure,
 That, if he please, he may more readily
 Dispose of her in marriage; for a youth
 Of highest quality has made her pregnant: 35
 He knows her, who she is; she knows not him:
 Nor has her father learned, that she is pregnant.
 Now will I cause that the old gentleman,
 Who lives here in the neighbourhood, shall ask
 The girl in marriage; and on this account 40
 I do it, that the youth, who made her pregnant,
 May find the means more readily to marry her:
 For this old gentleman is the youth's uncle,

V. 16. *A bit of ground.*] *Agri non magnum modum.* Horace
 uses the same expression.

Hoc erat in votis, modus agri non ita magnus.

Who

Who forc'd her on the night of *Ceres'* festival.
 But hark!—I hear old *Euclio* now within 45
 Making an uproar, as he's wont to do.
 He's thrusting his old woman out of doors,
 That she should nothing know. Belike he wants
 To see his treasure, if it be not stolen. [Exit.

V. 44, *On the night of Ceres' festival.*] *Noctu Cereris vigiliis.*
 The feasts of *Ceres* were celebrated in the night-time, and without any light; because, as they say, *Ceres* made a search for her daughter *Proserpine* upon mount *Ætna*.

* * This Prologue has been commended on account of the impossibility of the spectator's being informed of many particulars, here related, without the supernatural interposition of a Deity to inform them. But I think it must rather appear to the modern reader as wholly unnecessary; for there seems to be no reason, why any account at all need be given for how many generations the treasure had remained undiscovered in the old man's family. It must, however, have been particularly acceptable to an ancient audience, on account of their religious superstition; and the favour of the Household God, in return for the piety of *Euclio's* daughter, naturally interested them in her behalf.



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T H E
M I S E R.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

EUCLIO *driving out* STAPHILA.

E U C L I O.

OUT of my house, I say;—out of my house;
Nay, but you must and shall;—out of my doors,
Good gossip Pry-about,—poking your eyes,
And peering, here and there, in ev'ry corner.

THE MISER.] The title of this play in the original is AULULARIA, from *Aula* (the same with *Olla*) the diminutive of which is *Aulula*, signifying a *Pot*, in which the treasure was kept, that was found by *Euclio*. *Moliere* took the hint and great part of his comedy called *L'Avare* from this of our author; and we have two comedies on the same plan (one by *Shadwell*, the other by *Fielding*) called *The Miser*. I have adopted this title, as being more familiar to the *English* ear.

V. 3. Good gossip Pry-about, &c.] *Circumspectatrix cum oculis emissitiis. Emissitiis*—A forcible expression, which cannot so well be explained in our language but by a *periphrasis*.

STAPH.

STAPH. Why do you beat me, a poor wretch?

EUCL. To make you 5

A poor wretch;—you shall lead a sorry life on't.

STAPH. Why have you thrust me out o' doors?

EUCL. You jade!

Give you a reason?—Get you from the door,—

There, there—See how she crawls!—Do you know
what?

If I but take a stick in hand, I'll quicken 10

That tortoise-pace of yours.

STAPH. Would I were hang'd

Rather than serve you at this rate.

EUCL. The beldam!

See how she grumbles to herself!—You jade,

I'll tear your eyes out; I'll prevent your watching,

Peeping and prying into all I do. 15

Get farther off there,—farther,—farther still,—

Farther.—So,—stand there.—If you dare to budge

A finger or a nail's breadth from that place,

Or if you turn your head once till I bid you,

I'll send you for a schooling to the gallows.— 20.

(*Aside*) Was ever such a beldam!—I'm afraid,

She'll catch me unawares, and smell the place out

Where I have hid my money.—The curs'd jade!

Why, she has eyes too in her pole.—I'll go,

And see whether my gold is as I lodg'd it,— 25

My gold, which gives me so much pain and trouble.

[*Goes in.*]

S C E N E II.

STAPHILIA *alone.*

Egad, I can't tell what's come to my master:
 He's out of his senses.—Here now in this manner
 He turns me out o' doors ten times a day,
 Ever so often.—Troth, I can't imagine
 What whim-whams he has got into his head.— 5
 He lies awake all night, and then he sits
 Purring and poring the whole day at home,
 Like a lame cobbler in his stall.—And then
 My poor young mistress, she's upon the point
 Of being brought-to-bed; and how shall I 10
 Hide her disgrace?—The best thing I can do is
 To get a rope, and stretch me at full length.

V. 12. *Stretch me at full length.*] The expression in the original is singular—*Ex me ut unam faciam literam longam*—To make myself a long letter; that is, by hanging myself.—The commentators explain this, as meaning the letter I. To which also ver. 20. of the preceding scene is supposed to allude.

* * I cannot but take notice of the admirable opening of this comedy, and how cool and uninteresting in comparison has been the conduct of our author's imitators. They have not introduced us at once to the knowledge of this principal character in the drama, as is here done; and when they bring him in, it is not in so animated a manner. They represent *their* Miser as chasing a pert valet belonging to his son; and have intirely omitted the character of the old woman, which is highly natural, and who is in every respect a fit servant for a person of *Eucleo's* disposition. One capital defect in the conduct of *their* plots may be likewise taken notice of; which is, that they have represented *their* Miser in *love*; whereas in our author every other passion is absorbed in that of *avarice*.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Re-enter EUCLIO.

EUCL. So, so—my heart's at ease,—all's safe within,
(To STAPH.) Come, huffy, get you in now,—and
be sure

Take care of all within.

STAPH. Take care of what?

Will any, think you, run away with the house?
I'm sure there's nothing else to carry off, 5
Except the cobwebs.—Troth, it's full of emptiness.

EUCL. You hag of hags! Why *Jove*, to satisfy you,
Should make me a king *Philip*, or *Darius*.—

Hearkye, I'd have you to preserve those cobwebs.
I'm poor, I'm very poor, I do confes; 10

Yet I'm content: I bear what heav'n allots.—
Come, get you in: bolt the door after you;—
I shall be back directly;—and be sure
Don't let a soul in.

STAPH. What if any one

V. 9. *Cobwebs.*] *Araneas*. This may be rendered either *cobwebs* or *spiders*. Some commentators, according to their usual refinement, would have us to suppose, that *Euclio* expresses his desire of having the spiders preserved, because the ancients reckoned it a good omen, if a spider came spinning down in their presence. But this totally destroys the whole humour of the passage, which is palpably intended as a strong mark of *Euclio's* sordid disposition.

V. 14. *What if any one, &c.*] *Euclio's* speech here in the common editions is continued without interruption; but I find in the *Aldus* edition this is given to *Staphila*, and I think with more force and propriety.

Should

Should beg some fire?

EUCL. I'd have you put it out, 15
 That there may be no plea to ask for any.
 If you do leave a spark of fire alive,
 I'll put out ev'ry spark of life in you.
 If any body wants to borrow water,
 Tell them, 'tis all run out; and if, as is 20
 The custom among neighbours, they should want
 A knife, an ax, a pestle, or a mortar,
 Tell them, some rogues broke in, and stole them all.
 Be sure let no one in, while I'm away;—
 I charge you, even if *Good Luck* should come, 25
 Don't let her in.

STAPH. *Good Luck* quotha! I warrant you,
 She's not in such a hurry: she has never
 Come to our house, though she is ne'er so near.

EUCL. Have done,—go in.

STAPH. I say no more,—I'm gone.

EUCL. Be sure you bolt the door both top and
 bottom.— 30
 I shall be back this instant. [Exit STAPHILA.

V. 17. *A spark of fire, &c.*] This is agreeable to the *antisthefus*, in the original.

Nam si ignis vivet, tu extinguerè extempulò.

V. 25. *Good Luck.*] *Bona Fortuna.*

V. 28. *Though she is ne'er so near.*] *Quaquam propè est.* The commentators would have us suppose, that the temple of *Fortune* or *Good Luck* was near *Euclio's* house, to which (they say) *Staphila* seems to allude. But this supposition is intirely groundless; and there does not indeed seem to be the least occasion for it, if we take the passage in its plain obvious meaning.

V. 30. *Top and bottom.*] *Ambobus pessulis.*

SCENE IV.

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 EUCLIO *alone.*

I am vex'd,
 Whenever I'm oblig'd to be from home.
 I don't care to go out:—but now I must.
 The master of our ward has given notice,
 He shall distribute money to each family. 5
 If I forego my share, and don't put in for it,
 They will suspect I have an hoard at home:
 For 'tis not likely a poor man would slight
 The smallest sum, and not make application,
 Nay now indeed, maugre my utmost pains 10
 To hide it from the knowledge of each soul,
 Yet ev'ry one seems to be in the secret ;
 They're so much civiller than they us'd to be ;
 They come up to me, take me by the hand,
 Ask how I do, and what I am upon.— 15
 Well,—but I'll go now whither I was going,
 And make haste back again as fast as possible.

[*Exit.*

V. 4. *Master of our ward.*] *Magistra Curiae.* The Romans were divided into thirty tribes or wards.

* * * The common editions make this the conclusion of the first act, how improperly, see the note to the beginning of the second act, as it stands in the present translation.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter EUNOMIA *and* MEGADORUS.

EUN. I'd have you think, my brother, what I say
Arises purely from my friendship for you,
And a regard for what concerns your interest,
Such as in short becomes a loving sister.

I know, we women are accounted troublesome, 5
Nor without reason look'd on as mere praters,
'Tis true, there never was in any age
Such a wonder to be found as a dumb woman.—

But to be serious, do but think, my brother,
That I am near to you, as you to me: 10

We should consult with and advise each other
In ev'ry thing we think for our advantage,
Nor should we hide from one another aught,
Or hesitate through fear about communicating
Whatever may advantage either party, 15

On this account I've taken you aside,
And brought you out here, to discourse with you
Upon a subject that concerns you nearly.

MEG. Give me thy hand, thou best of women.

EUN. Ha!

Where is she? and who is—that best of women? 20

V. 8. *Dumb woman.*] *Lambin* very gravely gives *Eunomia* the lie here. “ I myself (says he) who at this present writing am “ in my fifty-sixth year, have seen no less than two dumb “ women.”

MEG,

MEG. Yourself.

EUN. What I? a pretty joke, 'faith.

MEG. Nay,

If you deny it, I deny it too.

EUN. You should say nothing but the truth, good brother.

Your best of women you can pick out no-where:

One is indeed *worse*, brother, than another. 25

MEG. In troth I'm of the same opinion, sifter,
Nor shall I differ with you in that point.

EUN. Joking apart,—attend to me, I beg you.

MEG. Use and command me, as you will.

EUN. I'm going

T'advise you what will be most for your interest. 30

MEG. 'Tis your way, sifter, ever.

EUN. What will bring

Eternal satisfaction. You should have

An heir to your estate.—Heav'n grant you may!—

What say you?—In a word, my dearest brother,
I'd have you marry.

MEG. Oh! I'm slain.

EUN. How so? 35

MEG. You've cut me to the brain by what you've said:
Oh! you speak daggers.

V. 37. *You speak daggers.*] The original is, *Lapides loqueris*.
The expression I have made use of is borrowed from *Shakespeare*.

—Soft, now to my mother.

O heart lose not thy nature; let not ever

The foul of *Nero*, enter this firm bosom;

Let me be cruel, not unnatural.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

Hamlet, Act III. Scene VII. *Hamlet*.

To this we may add, what *Benedick* says of *Beatrice* in *Much ado about nothing*, Act II. Scene IV.

She speaks poniards, and every word stabs.

Aristophanes has a pretty expression of the same kind; ῥόδα
μ' εἶπες, You have spoken roses to me.

EUN. Pho' now, prithee do
As I advise.

MEG. Well,—if you'll have it so.

EUN. It is for your advantage.

MEG. Yes, to die
Sooner than marry.—Look you, my good sifter, 40
If you will have me wiv'd, it shall be only
On this condition:—Let her be brought home
To-morrow, and the next day carried out.
On these terms you may marry me: I'm ready.

EUN. I can indeed help you to one, my brother, 45
That's very rich; but then she is not young;
She's middle-aged. What say you? Shall I ask her
The question for you?

MEG. Shall I ask *you* a question?

EUN. Ask what you will.

MEG. Suppose a man in years
Marry a woman, middle-ag'd we'll say, 50
And she is pregnant by him, can you doubt
But that the child will have the name of *Posthumus*?
Come, come, I'll save you any further trouble.—
Thanks to the Gods, and to my ancestors,
I'm rich enough: nor do I value power, 55
Pomp, honours, acclamations of the people,

V. 43. *Carried out.*] *Feras feretur*, meaning her corpse. So Terence, in the *Andrian*, *Effertur, imus*: On which place says Donatus, *Effertur proprie dicuntur cadavera mortuorum*.

V. 52. *Posthumus.*] *Posthumus, post bimum, post bumatum patrem natus*. Born after the father's death. A name, which is in use to this very day on the same account.

Ivory cars, rich robes, and purple vestments,
Which by their cost may bring a man to beggary.

EUN. Tell me, who is the you would take to
wife?

MEG. I'll tell you. Do you know our poor old
neighbour. 60

Euclio?

EUN. I know him,—a good sort of man..

MEG. His daughter I would marry.—Nay, nay, sister,
Speak not a word,—I know what you would say,—
She has no fortune.—What of that?—I like her.

EUN. Well then,—heav'ns prosper you!

MEG. I hope the same. 65

EUN. Any commands?

MEG. Your servant.

EUN. Brother, your's.

[*Exit EUNOMIA.*]

MEG. I'll go meet *Euclio*, if he be at home.—
But see, he's coming hither,—whence I know not.

SCENE VI.

Enter EUCLIO.

EUCL. My mind misgave me, soon as I went out,
That I should go on a fool's errand: therefore
I went against the grain. There was not one
Of all our ward there,—no one there, whose business
'Twas to make distribution of the money.— 5

V. 58. *To beggary.*] The original is, *In servitutum*, To slavery.

V. 2. *On a fool's errand.*] *Frustrà me ire.*

So now I'll hie me home as fast as possible,
For tho' myself am here, my mind's at home.

MEG. May health and happiness attend you, *Euclio!*

EUCL. Heav'n's blefs you, *Megadorus!*

MEG. How is't with you?

Are you as hearty and as well in health 10
As you could wish to be?

EUCL. (*Aside*) 'Tis not for nothing,
When a rich man speaks kindly to a poor one.
Now to be sure he knows I have got money;
And therefore he's so wondrous complaisant.

MEG. How are you?

EUCL. 'Faith but poorly as to circumstances. 15

MEG. If you are but content, you have enough
To live upon with comfort.

EUCL. (*Aside*) The old woman
Has told him of the gold:—yes, all's discover'd:—
The jade! I'll cut her tongue out, tear her eyes out,
When I get home.

MEG. What is it you are muttering? 20

EUCL. I was lamenting of my poverty;
I have a great girl unprovided for;
And can't dispose of her without a portion.

MEG. No more;—take courage;—she shall be dis-
pos'd of;—
I'll stand your friend;—say what you want, com-
mand me. 25

V. 25. *But poorly. &c.*] In the original.

MEG. *Dis tu, te valere?*

EUCL. *Pol ego baud a pecuniâ perbenè.*

EUCL.

EUCL. (*Aside*) He asks and promises both in a breath:

He's gaping for my treasure, to devour it,—
 And so he thinks to ~~take me~~ like a dog,
 By holding bread in one hand, and a stone,
 Ready to knock my brains out, in the other! 30
 I place no confidence in your rich man,
 When he's so monstrous civil to a poor one:
 If he holds out his hand to you in courtesy,
 'Tis with design to *gripe* you.—Ah, I know 'em;
 They are a kind of *polype*, that hold fast, 35
 Whatever they once touch.

MEG. Attend a while;
 I've something, *Euclio*, to communicate
 In common, that concerns both you me.

EUCL. (*Aside*) Undone!—my money's stol'n.—and
 now he wants
 To enter into composition with me.— 40
 I'll in. (*Going*.)

MEG. Where going?

EUCL. I'll be back this instant.—
 There's something I must look into at home.

[*EUCLIO goes in.*]

V. 28. *Like a dog.*] The original is,

Alterâ manu fert lapidem, panem ostentat alterâ.

The allusion is, according to *Erasmus*, as I have explained it in the translation.

V. 34. *To gripe you.*] The original is, *Onerat aliquam zamiam.* *Zamia*, a Greek word, from *ζυμια*, a load, or burden.

V. 35. *Polype.*] *Polypus*. A kind of fish.

V. 39. *Stol'n.*] *Harpagatum*, from the Greek, *ἀρπάξω*, *rapio*. *Molière* has called his *Miser*, *Harpagon*.

MEG. I verily believe, that when I come
To ask him to bestow his daughter on me,
He'll think I only mean to make a jeff of him. 45
Never was man so close and niggardly!

EUCL. (*returning*) Well, heav'n be prais'd, all's
safe: if nothing's lost,

All's right.—But I was terribly afraid.
Before I went in, I was almost dead.—

(*To MEG.*) You see I am come back;—your plea-
sure, Sir? 50

MEG. I thank you.—Prithee now resolve me
readily

In what I ask.

EUCL. Provided you don't ask
What I don't chuse to answer.

MEG. Tell me then,
What think you of my family?

EUCL. 'Tis good.

MEG. My honour?

EUCL. Strict.

MEG. My actions?

EUCL. Neither bad, 55
Nor wicked.

MEG. Do you know what age I'm of?

EUCL. I know you are advanc'd in years, as also
Advanc'd in circumstances.

MEG. I have always
Thought you an honest fellow free from guile,

V. 57. *Advanc'd in years, &c.*] *Scio esse grandem, itidem ut pecuniam.* There is the same kind of humour in ver. 15 of this scene.

And think so still.

EUCL. Oh ho! he scents the money.— 60
Would you ought farther? (Going.

MEG. Since we know each other,
And what we are, I you, you me, I ask
Your daughter for a wife; and may it prove
A blessing to us all, to me, to you,
And to your daughter!—Give me your consent. 65

EUCL. O *Megadorus*, it but ill becomes
Your character to mock a poor man thus,
Who never gave offence to you or your's,
Or ever merited in word or deed
That you should treat me as you do.

MEG. By heav'n's 70
I come not to deride, I do not mock you,
Nor do I think you merit it.

EUCL. Then why
D'ye ask my daughter for a wife?

MEG. To serve you,
And to promote my good through you and your's.

EUCL. I'm thinking, *Megadorus*;—you are rich 75
And pow'ful, I am of poor men the poorest.
Now if I give my daughter to your worship,
It comes into my head, you'll be the ox,
And I the ass. When I am coupled with you,
Unequal to the load that you can bear, 80
I the poor ass shall founder in the mire,
And you the proud ox will no more regard me,
Than if I never had existed: you
Will treat me with disdain, and my own kind

Will hold me in derision: if we separate, 85
 I shall get stable-room from neither quarter:
 The asses they will bite me, and the oxen
 Will gore me with their horns.—The hazard's
 great,
 To quit the asses to go herd with oxen.

MEG. 'Tis for your interest, the nearer you 90
 Can form affinity with men of worth
 And means. Accept my proffer, hearken to me,
 And give me your consent.

EUCL. But I can give
 No portion with her.

MEG. You need give her none.
 She, that has virtue, has sufficient dower. 95

EUCL. I tell it you, because you may not think
 I've found a treasure.

MEG. Say no more; I know it.—
 You'll give her to me then?

EUCL. O Jupiter!
 I am undone! I'm ruin'd!

MEG. What's the matter?

EUCL. What noise was that there, like the crash of
 iron? 100

[EUCLIO runs in hastily,

MEG. They're digging in my garden.—Hey!
 where is he?

V, 95. *She, that has virtue, &c.*]

Dummodò morata rectè veniat, dotata est satis.

He's gone, and left me in uncertainty.—
 He treats me with disdain, because he sees
 I court his friendship. 'Tis the way of them:
 If a rich man seek favour from a poor one, 105
 The poor man is afraid to treat with him,
 And by his awkward fear hurts his own interest;
 Then, when the opportunity is lost,
 Too late he wishes to recover it.

EUCL. *Returning. (to his Maid within)*

If I don't tear your tongue out from the root, 110
 I'll give them leave to unman me.

MEG. Oh, I see

You think me a fit object for your sport,
 Though at these years; but sure I don't deserve it.

EUCL. Not I indeed;—nor could I, if I would.

MEG. Well, will you now betroth your daughter
 to me? 115

EUCL. Upon the terms I said,—without a portion.

MEG. You do betroth her then?

EUCL. I do betroth her.

Heav'ns prosper it!

MEG. I say the same.

EUCL. Remember,

'Tis the agreement, that she bring no dower.

V. 114. *Nor could I, if I would.*] There is a poor conceit in the original, which it was not practicable to preserve in the translation. *Megadorus* had said, *Ludos facias*, which may signify, *You make sport of me*, or *You give a publick show, play, or spectacle*; in which latter sense *Euclio* takes it, and replies, *Neque si cupiam, copia est*, *I could not, if I would*, by reason of his poverty.

MEG. I shan't forget it.

EUCL. But I know your tricks: 120

'Tis off or on, 'tis done or not done with you,

Just as you like.

MEG. We shall have no dispute.

What hinders but the wedding be to-day?

EUCL. 'Tis best.

MEG. I'll go then, and get all things ready.

Would you aught else?

EUCL. Nothing but what you say. 125

MEG. It shall be done. Your servant.—

(Calling at the door of his house) Strobilus—

(STROBILUS enters)

Here,—follow me directly to the market.

[MEGADORUS goes off with STROBILUS,

V. 121 'Tis off or on, 'tis done or not done with you.]

Pañum non pañum est; non pañum pañum est, quod vobis lubet.
So in the *Phormio* of Terence, Act V, Scene VIII.

Quid vos, malum! ergo me sic ludificamini

Inepti vostrâ puerili sententiâ?

Nolo, volo: volo; nolo rursum; cape, cedo:

Quod dictum, indictum est: quod modò erat ratum, irritum est.

But what a plague d'ye mean by fooling thus,
Acting and talking like mere children with me?

I won't; I will:—I will: I won't again:—

Give, take; say, unsay; do, and then undo.

COLMAN,

SCENE

SCENE VII.

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EUCLIO *alone.*

EUCL. He's gone.—Ye Gods, what cannot money do!
He must have heard, that I've an hoard within;
'Tis that he wants; and therefore has he been
So obstinately bent on this alliance.

(*Calling*) Where are you?—you, that have run
gossiping, 5

And chitter-chattering to all the neighbours,
That I would give a portion with my daughter?
Ho, *Staphila*,—I call you,—don't you hear?

SCENE VIII.

Enter STAPHILA.

EUCL. Make haste, and clean the vessels for a
sacrifice,

I have betroth'd my daughter, and to-day
She marries with our neighbour *Megadorus*.

STAPH. Heav'n's blessings on't!—but 'faith it can-
not be;

It is too sudden.

EUCL. Silence, and be gone; 5

V. 6. *Chitter-chattering.*] *Deblaterâsti.*

V. 1. *A sacrifice.*] *Meursius* informs us, it was a custom among
the ancients before a marriage to sacrifice to *Juno*, *Venus*, and
the Graces.

See

See that all things be ready by the time
I return home from market; and d'ye hear?
Fasten the door: I shall be back directly.

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[Exit EUCLIO.]

S C E N E IX.

STAPHILA *alone.*

STAPH: What's to be done now? we are both of us,
I and my mistress, on the brink of ruin.
She's just upon delivery, and her shame
Must come at last to light; what hitherto
We have conceal'd, we can no longer hide. 5
I'll in, and do what master order'd me
Against his coming. Troth, I'm fore afraid,
Poor I shall have a bitter pill to swallow.

[Exit STAPHILA,

V. §. *A bitter pill.*] It appeared to me impossible to express the exact sense of the original with any tolerable grace.

Nam ecastor malum mærorem metuo nè mistum bibam.

This is indeed variously read, and as variously explained by different commentators.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

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S C E N E I.

Enter STROBILUS, with ANTHRAX and CONGRIO, Cooks, Musick-Girls, and others carrying provisions.

STROBILUS.

AFTER my master had bought these provisions,
And hir'd these Cooks and Musick-Girls, he
bade me

Divide them equally into two parts.

CONG. In troth you shan't split me, I tell you bluntly:
If you will have me whole, I'm at your service. 5

STROB. You put a wrong construction on my
words.—

My master's to be marry'd.

CONG. Ay? to whom?

ACT II.] I have no manner of doubt about making the second act begin here agreeably to the *Aldus* edition, though all the rest have concluded the first act at the second scene, and have this scene in the middle of the second act. *Strobilus* had followed his master *Megadorus* to market but just before what is here made the conclusion of the first act, whither *Euclio* had directly after declared his intentions of going. It would therefore be absurd to suppose *Strobilus* could have returned in so short a time with his numerous attendants of Cooks, &c. &c.

V. 5. *If you will have me whole, &c.*] I have passed over two lines in the original, which, the learned reader will be sensible could not with propriety appear in the translation,

STROB.

STROB. The daughter of our neighbour here, old
Euclio;

And therefore he has bid me give him half
Of these provisions, with one Cook, one Musick-
Girl. 10

ANTH. So he's to have one half, and you the other.

STROB. Just as you say.

ANTH. What! could not he himself
Make entertainment at his daughter's wedding?

STROB. Psha!

ANTH. What's the matter?

STROB. What's the matter, ask you?

A pumice-stone is not so dry as he. 15

ANTH. And is it as you say?

STROB. Be judge yourself.

He's ever crying out on Gods and men
That he is ruin'd, absolutely murder'd,
If any smoke comes from his kitchen-chimney.
Nay, when he goes to bed, he ties a bag 20

V. 9. *Musick-Girl.*] *Tibicina*. These commonly assisted at the entertainments of the ancients.

V. 19. *Kitchen-chimney.*] The original is, *de suo tigillo*.

V. 20. *Ties a bag, &c.*] The commentators have been strangely puzzled to interpret the original.

Quin quum it dormitum follem obstringit ab galam.

Lambin ridiculously explains it, *He ties up the nozzle of his bellows*; which is forced and far-fetched. Others suppose, by *follem* is meant a *purse*; but the plain and obvious sense of this word appears to be any kind of *bag*, which *Strobilus* supposes *Euclio* to fasten to his mouth and throat to catch his *breath* in while he is asleep. The thought is extravagant, but humorous.

Close to his gullet.

ANTH. Why?

STROB. That he mayn't lose
The smallest portion of his breath in sleeping.

ANTH. And does he stop his lower wind-pipe up
For the same reason?

STROB. You may credit me,
As I do you.

ANTH. Well, well then, I believe you. 25

STROB. Do you know further? he will even weep
To throw away the water he has wash'd with.

ANTH. Think you, we can persuade the old cur-
mudgeon
To give us a round sum to buy our freedom?

STROB. Were you to ask for hunger, he'd refuse
you. 30

When t'other day the barber cut his nails,
He gather'd up and brought away the parings.

ANTH. 'Tis a most stingy wretch, as you describe him.
Is he so fordid? does he live so miserably?

STROB. A kite once stole his scrap of supper :
straight 35

Our don went howling to the *Prætor*, begging him
To make the thief give bail for his appearance.

V. 29. *A round sum.*] The original is, *Talentum magnum*. The
Grecians had two kinds of *Talents*, the *great* and *small*. The *great*
Talent was equal to eighty *Minæ*, which is about 258l. 6s. 3d. of
our money.

V. 30. *Ask for hunger, &c.*] The original is,
Famem herclè utendam si roges, nunquam dabit.

V. 35. *Scrap of supper.*] *Pulmentum*, a kind of pottage.

V. 37. *Give bail for his appearance.*] *Vadarier*.

A thousand other things I could relate,
If I had leisure.—Tell me, which of you
Is the most nimble-finger'd?

ANTH. I by much. 40

STROB. I mean by way of cook, and not a thief.

ANTH. I say a cook.

STROB. (to CONG.) And what do you say?

CONG. I am

Just as you see me.

ANTH. He's a paltry cook,

Fit to dress nothing but the feral suppers.

CONG. Why how now, rascal? dare you to abuse
me? 45

You rogue of rogues, you double, triple knave!

STROB. Be quiet you.—The fattest of the lambs—

V. 44. *Feral suppers.*] Suppers set forth at sepulchres in honour of the dead, and only eaten by the meanest sort of people. The original is,

*Cocus ille nundinalis est, in nonum diem
Selet ire coctum.*

The Romans did not begin the solemnities performed at their funerals till the ninth day.

V. 45. *Rascal.*] The original is, *trium literarum homo*, three-letter fellow, meaning F, U, R, that is, *thief*. So in the *Merchant*, Act II. Scene II. ver. 32.

DEM. *Hodie ire in ludum occæpi literarium,
Lyfsmache: ternas scio jam.*

LYS. *Quid ternas?*

DEM. *A M O.*

DEM. I've been to school to learn the alphabet.
I know four letters.

LYS. What four letters?

DEM. *LOVE,*

CONG.

CONG. Is seen with half an eye—

STROB. Do you take, *Congrio*,
 And go in there. *(Pointing to EUCLIO's house.)*
 And do you follow him.

(To a Musick-Girl, and some of the Attendants.)
 The others come along with me.

ANTH. In troth 50
 You have not made a fair division: they
 Have got the fattest of the lambs.

STROB. But you
 Shall have the fattest of the Musick-Girls.
 You, *Pbrygia*, do you go with him; and you,
Eleusium, come with us.

CONG. O *Strobilus*, 55
 Your are a cunning fellow: you have fix'd me
 In here upon this old curmudgeon, where,
 If any thing be wanting, we may bawl
 Till we are hoarse again, before we get it.

STROB. You are a blockhead, an ungrateful
 fellow. 60
 Would any one bestow a kindness, when
 'Tis thrown away upon you?

CONG. How?

STROB. D'ye ask?
 First, you will have no crowd there in that house;
 And what you want for use, you'll bring with you,
 That you may lose no time in asking for it. 65

V. 48. *Is seen with half an eye.*] There is nothing more in the original than one word,—*Licet*; but, according to *Gronovius*, *id quidem videre vel cæco*, or something to that purpose, is understood. I have therefore supplied it in the translation.

Now at our house there is a monstrous crowd;
 Many in family, a tribe of servants,
 Rich furniture, fine clothes, and costly plate.
 If any thing be missing (as I know
 'Tis easy for you to refrain, if nothing 70
 Lies in your way) they'll cry,—The Cooks have
 stol'n it;

Seize on them, bind them, flog them, thrust the rascals
 Into a dungeon.—Nothing of this kind
 Can happen to you yonder, where there's nothing
 For you to steal.—Then follow me.

CONG. I follow. 75

(STROBILUS goes up to EUCLIO'S house.)

Hola, old *Staphila*,—open the door.

STAPHILA. (*within*)

Who calls there?

STROB. *Strobilus*.

S C E N E II.

Enter STAPHILA.

STAPH. What is't you want?

STROB. Take in these Cooks, this Musick-Girl,
 and these

Provisions for the wedding.—*Megadorus*
 Has order'd me to send them in to *Euclio*.

STAPH. This wedding is in honour then of *Ceres*? 5

V. 5. *In honour of Ceres.*] *Cererine has facturi nuptias?* We learn from *Servius*, in his comment upon a passage of *Virgil*, that tho' it was lawful to make use of wine in sacrificing to *Ceres*, it was not allowed at *nuptials* celebrated in honour of that Goddess.

STROB. Why?

STAPH. As I understand, you've brought no wine.

STROB. But 'twill be brought anon, when Sir returns
From market. www.libtool.com.cn

STAPH. We have got no fire-wood.

CONG. How?

Have you no beams?

STAPH. Yes sure.

CONG. There's wood enough then.

STAPH. Why, filthy rogue! wouldst have us fire
the house, 10

That you may dress the supper, and be paid for't?

CONG. Nay, nay, I am not so unconscionable.

STROB. Prithee now shew them in.

STAPH. Come, follow me.

[STAPHILA, Cooks, &c. go into EUCLIO'S house,
and STROBILUS with the rest go into
MEGADORUS'S.]

S C E N E III.

Enter PYTHODICUS.

Keep a sharp watch.—I'll have an eye to what
These cooks are doing.—Verily it requires
The utmost circumspection to look after them,
Except that I could make them dress the victuals

V. 10. *Filthy rogue!*] In the original, *Impurate, quanquam
Vulcano fudes*,—You that are unpurified, though your business is
so much with fire. The allusion is to metals, which are purged
from their dross by fire.

Down under-ground, and draw it up in baskets. 5
 But then if they should eat as fast as cook;
 Our 'bove-stair gentry would go empty-bellied,
 While those below have stuff'd their guts in plenty.
 But I keep chattering here, as though I had
 No business, when our house is full of thieves. 10
 [Exit.

S C E N E I V.

Enter EUCLIO.

I would at last have found it in my heart
 T' have done things handsome at my daughter's
 wedding.

I come to th' market,—ask the price of fish,—
 I find it very dear, lamb dear,—beef dear,—
 Veal dear,—nay, ev'ry thing in short was dear: 5
 What made them dearer still, I had not money.
 Seeing that there was nothing I could purchase,
 I came away in rage, and bid adieu
 To the vile rascals. As I trudg'd along,
 I with myself reflected, “ Feast to-day 10
 “ Makes Fast to-morrow.” So I brought my mind

V. 5. *Under-ground.*] *In puteo.*

V. 10. *Thieves.*] The original is a word humourously coined by our author, — *Rapacidarum*, from *rapax*, as *Æacidae*, *Dardanidae*, &c.

V. 8. *Bid adieu.*] The original is, *adii manum*. This expression is used more than once by our author in this sense.

V. 10. *Feast to-day makes Fast to-morrow.*]

— *Festo die siquid prodegeris,*

Profecū egere liceat, nisi peperceris.

And

And stomach to this wise resolve,—to marry
 My daughter with as little charge as possible.
 I've therefore only bought this frankincense,
 And these few wreaths of flow'rs to place upon 15
 The hearth in honour to our Household God,
 That he may smile upon my daughter's nuptials.
 (*Going up to his house*) But ha! what do I see?—

The door is open!

And there's a noise within! I'm robb'd, I'm plunder'd.

CONG. (*within*)

Go borrow, if you can, a larger Pot 20
 Among the neighbourhood: this is too little;
 It will not hold enough.

EUCL. O I'm undone!

They've seiz'd my gold, they're asking for my Pot.
 I'm a dead man, if I don't run this instant.

Apollo, come to my assistance, kill 25

These robbers with your arrows: you have helped me
 Upon a like occasion heretofore.

But why do I delay from running in,
 Before I'm ruin'd past recovery?

(*Runs in hastily.*)

V. 16. *Household God.*] See the Prologue to this Play.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

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S C E N E I.

Enter ANTHRAX from MEGADORUS's house,

(Speaking to some within)

HERE, *Dromo*, scale those fishes,—and do you,
Machærio, split that conger and that lamprey,
 As fast as possible,—d'ye hear?—and bone them.—
 I'm only stepping to next door to borrow
 A baking-pan of *Congrio*.—See, you pick 5
 That capon clean as a young actor's chin.—
 How now? what means this uproar at next door?
 The cooks are at it, I suppose. I'll in,
 For fear that ours should make the same disturbance.
 [Goes in.]

ACT III.] The editions make this act begin a scene lower; but as this little scene is preparatory to that which immediately follows it, and there is no space of time properly between them, I cannot but think the act should be made to begin here.

V. 5. *A baking-pan.*] *Artopta*.

V. 6. *Clean as a young actor's chin.*] *Glabriorem reddes mihi quam vultus Ludius*. The *Ludii* were young lads employed in the publick spectacles; and our author adds *vultus*, *pluck'd*, because they used at the time of puberty to have the down or hairs pluck'd from their chins, to keep their faces smooth.

V. 8. *At it.*] *Faciunt officium suum*.

SCENE II.

Enter CONGRIO *hastily from EUCLIO's house.*

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Room, room, good citizens, dear countrymen,
 Inhabitants, and strangers, give me way,
 Let me have room to run, clear all the streets
 Before me.—Never did I till this day
 Go cook for *Bacchants* at a *Bacchanal*, 5
 I and my comrades are so bruis'd, so cudgel'd.
 I'm sore all over, I am scarce alive,
 The old hunk has belabour'd me so lustily
 By way of exercise.—I never saw
 A man in all my life so-generous, 10
 So liberal of his *wood*; for he has loaded
 Me and my fellow-cooks with *sticks* in plenty.
 Ha! I am ruin'd, I am dead, I'm done for:
 The *Bacchanal* now opens,—here he comes,
 Close after me----I know what I'm to do,--- 15
 Take to my heels,---for so my master taught me.

[*Going off.*]

V. 5. *Bacchants at a Bacchanal.*] *Ad Bacchas veni in Bacchanal coquinatum.* This alludes to the feasts of *Bacchus*, at which the *Bacchanalian* women ran about with frightful gestures, striking every one they met with their *thyrsi*, or wands. See *Amphitryon*, Vol. I. of this translation, Act II. Scene II. ver. 109.

V. 9. *By way of exercise.*] *Ita me iste habuit senex Gymnasium.* The place where they exercised themselves in wrestling and other manly exercises.

V. 11. *Wood.*] This is a joke in the original, alluding to *fire-wood* for dressing victuals, and *cudgels*.

*Neque ligna usquam gentium præberi vidi pulchrius,
 Itaque omnes exegit foràs me atque bos onustos fustibus.*

S C E N E III.

Enter EUCLIO.

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EUCL. Come back,—where are you running?—
Stop him, stop him.

CONG. You fool, why do you bawl so?

EUCL. I will give

Your name in to the magistrate.

CONG. For what?

EUCL. Because you have a knife stuck in your girdle.

CONG. Why so a cook should have. [*Brandishing it.*]

EUCL. What! do you threaten me? 5

CONG. By good rights I should sheath it in your guts.

EUCL. There's not a greater rascal breathing, one
That I should take so much delight to cudgel.

CONG. You need not tell me so; the thing is ma-
nifest;

I know it with a witness: you have made 10

My limbs as soft and pliant as a tumbler's.

But prithee, you poor dog, what has provoked you
To treat us in this manner? what's the matter?

EUCL. D'ye ask? What have I not giv'n you
enough? [*Going to strike him.*]

CONG. Let me alone.—If this head think at all, 15
I'll make you suffer for't.

EUCL. I can't tell what

Your head will think; I now know what it feels.

V. 3. *To the magistrate.*] *Ad Tresviros.* See the note to *Ambi-tryon*, Act I. Scene I. ver. 5.

V. 11. *Tumbler.*] The original is, *Cinædus.*

But pray what business had you in my house,
 When I was absent? did I send you there?
 I should be glad to know.

CONG. Don't make a noise then.— 20

We came to dress the wedding-supper.

EUCL. Plague!

What is't to you, whether I eat my meat
 Or dress'd or raw, except you are my guardian?

CONG. I should be glad to know, whether or not
 You'll let us dress the supper?

EUCL. And I too, 25

I should be glad to know, whether my house
 Is safe.

CONG. I wish I had my things again,
 Which I brought with me, I should hardly meddle
 With any thing of yours.

EUCL. Well, say no more.

CONG. But wherefore won't you let us dress the
 supper? 30

EUCL. D'ye ask, you rascal, when ye have been
 prying

In ev'ry nook and corner of my house,
 Made it a downright thorough-fare?—But had you
 Stuck to your fire-side, as was your business,
 You had not had your crown split, as you've
 merited. 35

But now, that you may know my mind, I'll tell
 you:

Come but a step here nearer to the door,
 Unless I order you, and I will make you

The

The most unhappy of all mortals.—So, —
D'ye know my mind now?—Whither are you
going? 40

Come back again. [EUCLIO goes in.]

CONG. *Laverna*, be my friend!

(*Hollaing after EUCLIO*)

Hearkye me now, if you don't give me back
The utensils I brought here, I'll expose you
Before your own door.—What now shall I do?
I have been hired for a good round sum, 45
But it will cost me more to pay the surgeon.

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter EUCLIO, with the Pot of Money.

EUCL. Well, by my faith, this shall accompany me
Where'er I go, I'll always bear it with me,
Nor will I ever trust it in such danger.—

(*To CONGRIO, &c.*)

Get ye all in, Cooks, Musick-Girls, and all;
Nay, you may introduce too a whole tribe. 5
Of hirelings, if you will. Fry, stew, bake, boil,

V. 41. *Laverna*.] The Goddess to whom thieves addressed themselves. So *Horace*, in his sixteenth epistle, book I.

Pulchra Laverna,

Da mihi fallere, da iusto sanctoque iudici.

Beauteous *Laverna*, my petition hear,

Let me with truth and sanctity appear.

FRANCIS.

V. 43. *Expose you*.] The original is, *Pipulo te differam*. *Pipulo* signifies properly to cluck as an hen does for her chicken, and is used metaphorically to abuse any one.

Make

Make as much stir and bustle as you please.

CONG. Faith in good time, when you have cleft
our skulls.

EUCL. Get you in, sirrah.—You was hired to work,
Not prate.

CONG. Ha! are you there, old gentleman? 10
I shall expect you'll pay me for my bruises:
For I was hir'd to cook, not to be drubb'd.

EUCL. The law is open: don't be troublesome,
Go dress the supper,—or go hang yourself.

CONG. Nay prithee go yourself, Sir, if you please. 15

[CONGRIO goes in.]

S C E N E V.

EUCLIO *alone.*

He's gone.—Good heav'ns! how rash a thing it is
For a poor man like me to have concern
Or dealings with a rich one.—*Megadorus*
Tries to surprize me ev'ry way whatever.
Under pretence forsooth to do me honour, 5
He sent these cooks in to purloin this from me.

(*Pointing to his Pot.*)

The cock too, which belongs to the old jade,
Had near undone me: he began to scratch

V. 8. *Cleft our skulls.*] *Implevisti fusti fissorum caput.*

V. 7. *Belongs to the old jade.*] *Anni peculiaris.* *Peculiaris*, as
has been observed in a note to the *Treasure*, Act II. Scene IV.
ver. 35. signifies that which a slave has in his own right.

The ground up all about, where this was buried.
 It so provok'd me, that I took a stick, 10
 And knock'd him on the head at once;—the thief!
 I caught him ~~in the very act.~~—No doubt
 The cooks had promis'd to reward the villain,
 If he could make discovery; but I snatch'd
 The means out of their hands,---to say no more, 15
 I slew the dunghil knave.---But *Megadorus*,
 My son-in-law, comes hither from the market.
 I dare not pass him: I must stop, and speak to him.

S C E N E VI.

Enter MEGADORUS at a distance.

MEG. I have communicated my design,
 Touching this match, to many of my friends:
 They're lavish in their praises of the girl,
 And say, 'tis wisely and discreetly done.---
 Indeed, were other men to do the same, 5
 If men of ample means would take for wives
 The daughters of the poorer sort unportion'd,
 There would be greater concord in the state,
 We should have less of envy than we have,
 Wives would be more in dread of acting wrong 10
 Than now they stand in; husbands too would live
 At less expence than they are at present.

V. 14. *Snatch'd*—*The means out of their hands.*] The original,
 —*Exemi ex manu manubrium*,—was used proverbially, signifying
 to take away the means or opportunity of doing any thing.

The

The greater part would be advantag'd by it;---
 Though a few niggard wretches might object,
 Whose greedy and infatiate dispositions 15
 No law can check, no magistrate fet bounds to.
 But 'twill be said,---suppose this rule should hold
 In favour of the poor, how shall the rich,
 Those maidens that have portions, get them husbands?
 Why let them marry whom they will, provided 20
 Their portion do not go along with them.
 Were this the case, our girls would be solicitous
 About their manners rather than their portions.
 I would engage, that mules, which bear at present
 A greater price than horses, would be cheaper 25
 Than the poor sorry geldings brought from *Gaul*.

EUCLIO (*overbearing*)

Now by the Gods I hear him with delight:
 I'm sure he loves œconomy by his talk.

MEG. No wife would then say twittingly,---“ I've
 “ brought you

“ A larger portion than your own estate: 30

“ It is but just then I should have fine clothes,

“ Maids, mules and muleteers, lacquies, and lads

“ To carry how-d'yes, carriages to ride in.”

EUCL. How well he knows the fashions of our
 ladies!

V. 21. *Their portions do not go along with them.*] *Dum ne dos fiat comes.* The meaning of this is somewhat obscure.

V. 24. *Mules.*] It was the custom for ladies of rank to have their carriages drawn by mules.

V. 32. *Lads—To carry how-d'yes.*] *Salutigerulos pueros.*

Would he were made inspector of their morals! 35

MEG. Go where you will, you'll see more carriages
Than in the country at a country villa.--

But this is light, compar'd to other charges.--

The scourer comes for payment, the embroiderer,
The jeweller, the clothier, tissue-weavers, 40

Dyers in fundry colours, mantua-makers,

Perfumers, haberdashers, linen-drapers,

Shoemakers, milliners, and many more,

Who gain a livelihood from women's geer.

Well,---these are satisfied: a thousand others 45

Block up your gates like guards before a prison.

You pay them: these are satisfied: yet still

More come, and more; still one damn'd plague or
other,

To teize and press you evermore for money.

EUCL. Now would I fain accost him, but I fear 50

He would cease talking of our ladies' manners.--

I will not interrupt him.

MEG. When you've paid

V. 35. *Inspector of their morals.*] *Moribus præfectum mulierum.* That there was such a kind of officer among the Grecians, we learn from Cicero. *Nec verò mulieribus præfectus præponatur qui apud Græcos creari solet, sed sit censor qui viros doceat moderari uxoribus.*

V. 44. *Who gain a livelihood from women's geer.*] As it was impossible to set down in the translation the precise meaning of many terms made use of in the original, which are expressive of the fashions of ancient times, I am obliged to include them under this general article, not thinking myself at liberty intirely to substitute modern terms in their stead.

V. 46. *Guards before a prison.*] *Phylacistæ.*

These

These nicknack-mongers, trumpery-retailers,
 Comes the tax-gatherer, and demands his rate :
 Away you post, to reckon with your banker : 55
 He, the tax-gatherer, waits the while half-starv'd,
 Expecting of his money: when th' account
 You've settled with your banker, it appears
 Yourself are in his debt, and the collector
 Is put off to another day.—All these, 60
 And many other inconveniences,
 With unsupportable expences, wait
 On ample portions: maidens, that come dowerless,
 Are ever in their husbands' pow'r; but dames
 With full-swoln portions are their plague and ruin. 65

V. 53. *Nicknack-mongers, trumpery-retailers.*] *Nugigerulis*, or, as some read, *nugivendis*.

V. 56. *Tax-gatherer.*] *Miles.* *Varro* explains this as follows. *Tributum dictum a Tribubus, quod ea pecunia, quæ a populo imperata erat, tributim a singulis pro proportione census exigebatur. Ab hoc ea quæ assignata erat, Adtributum dictum. Ab eo quoque quibus attributa erat pecunia, ut militi reddant, Tribuni Ararii dicti; id quod attributum erat, æs militare. Hoc est, quod Plautus ait,—Cedit miles, æs petit.*

V. 65. *Full-swoln portions, &c.*] Notwithstanding the humorous severity of the satire of this scene, it cannot, I think, appear so agreeable, on account of its being contained in a long soliloquy, as that which is not unlike it, but is delivered in dialogue, quite in character, from *Periplectomenes*, a pleasant hearty old batchelor, in the *Braggard Captain*, Act III. Scene II. Vol. I. of this translation. The winding-up, or conclusion, of the reflections in both these passages are very similar. Says *Periplectomenes*,

*Hoc atque hujus familia alia damna multa mulierum
 Me uxore prohibent.*

These, and a thousand other like expences,
 Brought on by women, fright me from me a wife.

But

But see---my father-in-law before his door---

(*Advancing*) *Euclio!* how fares it?

EUCL. I've been greedily

Devouring your discourse.

MEG. You've overheard me?

EUCL. From the beginning, ev'ry word.

MEG. Methinks

You should be somewhat smarter, better dress'd, 70
Upon your daughter's wedding day.

EUCL. Why, ev'ry one

Should cut his coat according to his cloth:

Those, that have wherewithal, should bear in mind

V. 68. Devouring *your discourse*.] *Edi sermonem tuum*. Some editions have *audi* (for *audivi*) instead of *edi*, perhaps not so right. Our author uses the same metaphorical expression in another of his plays, in the *Poenulus*, or *Carthaginian*, Act V. Scene II. ver. 9.

Quàm orationem hanc aures dulce devorant!

How sweetly do my ears

Devour up their discourse!

An expression so very similar occurs in *Shakespeare's Othello*, that I could not help making use of his very words in my translating the above passage. *Othello*, speaking of *Desdemona*, says,

These to hear

Would *Desdemona* seriously incline;

But still the house affairs would draw her thence,

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,

She'd come again, and *with a greedy ear*

Devour up my discourse.

The commentators have taken notice of a similar expression in *Jeremiah*, chap. xv. ver. 16. "Thy words were found, and I did eat them."

V. 72. *Should cut his coat according to his cloth*.] The familiar *English* saying, which I have adopted in the translation, answers to the sense of the original, according to some commentators.

Pro re nitorem, et gloriam pro copiâ.

To

To act becoming of their birth and station.
 My circumstances rank me with the poor, 75
 Nor are they better than opinion speaks them:

MEG. Surely they are, and may the Gods still add
 To what you have at present.

EUCL. (*Aside*) Have at present!
 I don't like that.—He knows what I have got
 As well as I myself: th' old jade has told it. 80

MEG. Why do you talk apart?

EUCL. I was considering,
 How I should rate you soundly.

MEG. What's the matter?

EUCL. D'ye ask me, what's the matter? You've
 undone me,

Fill'd ev'ry nook and corner of my house
 With thieves and pick-locks, let within my doors 85
 Full fifty cooks, all of *Geryon's* race,
 Each with six hands apiece:—if *Argus's* self,
 Who was all eyes, (he to whom *Juno* gave
Io in custody,) if he, I say,
 Was set to watch them, they would 'scape his
 vigilance. 90

V. 81. *Why do you talk apart?*] The original is,

Quid tu te solus è senatu sevocas?

V. 86. *Geryon's race.*] *Genere Geryonæco.* A king of *Spain*,
 who was said to have had three complete bodies, and conse-
 quently six hands.

V. 88. *Who was all eyes.*] *Qui oculus totus fuit.* The fable
 here alluded to is as follows. *Io*, the daughter of *Inachus*, king
 of the *Argives*, was beloved of *Jupiter*, who, lest *Juno* should
 know it, turned her into an heifer, which *Juno* suspecting,
 begg'd her of her husband, and set *Argus* (who was said to have
 an hundred eyes) to keep her.

Then there's a rascal Mulick-Girl among them
 Would drink the *Pyrenean* fountain dry,
 If it flow'd all with wine:—then the provisions—

MEG. I'm sure there is enough to feast a regiment.
 I sent a lamb.

EUCL. A lamb! what sort of lamb? 95
 I never saw an animal more *care-full*.

MEG. *Careful!* what mean you by a *careful* lamb?

EUCL. Nothing but skin and bone, so worn with *care*.
 Hold him but to the light, you'll see his entrails:
 He's as transparent as a *Punic* lanthorn. 100

MEG. I bought him to be kill'd for our repast.

EUCL. 'Faith he is dead already, and 'twere best
 To bury him.

EUCL. Come, come, *Euclio*, I intend
 To take a cup with you.

EUCL. I shall not drink.

MEG. I'll bid them bring a cask of good old
 wine 105

From my own cellar.

EUCL. I'll not touch a drop.
 I am resolv'd to drink nothing but water.

MEG. You shall be soak'd with wine, seas over, you
 That are resolv'd to drink nothing but water.

EUCL. (*Aside*) I know what he designs: he goes
 the way 110

V. 96. *An animal more care-full.*] *Magis curiosam belluam.*
 This is explained by what follows, *ita curâ macet, so worn
 with care.*

V. 106. *From my own cellar.*] *A me.*

V. 108. *Soak'd with wine, seas over.*] *Bgo te faciâm ma-
 didum.*

To knock me up with drinking, and transport
 That which I hold here to another quarter,
 But I'll prevent him: for I'll hide it somewhere
 Out of the house: so shall he lose his labour
 And wine too in the bargain.

MEG. Have you any 115
 Further commands with me? I'll go and bathe,
 So shall I be prepar'd to sacrifice. [Exit.

SCENE VII.

EÜCLIO *alone.*

My dear Pot! thou hast many enemies,
 So has the gold committed to thy care.—
 The best that I can do now is to carry thee
 Straight to the temple of the Goddess *Faith*,
 There hide thee.—*Faith*, thou know'st me, and I
 thee. 5

Beware thee, that thou dost not change thy name,
 If I intrust thee with this charge.—I come,
 Good *Faith*, relying on thy confidence.

[Goes into the Temple of FAITH.

V. 117. *To sacrifice.*] *Ut sacrificem.* The ancients never set
 about any thing of consequence without making a sacrifice, be-
 fore which they used to bathe, that they might come pure to
 the altar.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

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S C E N E I.

Enter STROBILUS, Servant to LYCONIDES.

TIS a good servant's duty to behave
 As I do,—to obey his master's orders
 Without delay or grumbling: for whoever
 Seeks to demean him to his master's liking,
 Ought to be quick in what concerns his master, 5
 And slow to serve himself: his very dreams,
 When sleeping, should remind him what he is.
 If any serve a master that's in love,
 (As I do for example) and he find
 His passion has subdu'd him, 'tis his duty 10
 To keep him back, restrain him for his good,
 Not push him forward where his inclinations
 Hurry him on. As boys, that learn to swim,
 Rest on a kind of raft compos'd of rushes,

Servant to LYCONIDES.] Among the persons of the Drama are set down two of the name of STROBILUS; one of which has already appeared, and is plainly different from the other. It seems strange, that the author should chuse to call them both by the same name.

V. 6. *His very dreams, &c.]* The original is,
Sin dormitet, ita dormitet, servum sese ut cogitet.

V. 14. *Raft compos'd of rushes.]* In the original, *Scirpæ ratis.*

That they may labour less, and move their hands, 15
 And swim more easily; so should a servant
 Buoy up his master, that is plung'd in love,
 From sinking like a plummet.---Such an one
 Will read his master's pleasure in his looks,
 And what he orders haste to execute 20
 As quick as lightning. Whatsoever servant
 Acts in this wise, will never feel the lash,
 Nor make his fetters bright by constant wear.---
 My master is enamour'd with the daughter
 Of this poor fellow *Euclio*, and has learn'd 25
 She's to be married to our *Megadorus*.
 He therefore sent me hither as a spy,
 T' inform him of what passes.---I may feat me
 Close by this altar here without suspicion;
 Whence I can learn what's doing on all sides, 30
 [Sits down by an altar.]

V. 18. *Like a plummet.*] A word or two is wanting in the original,—*tanquam* ***. *Lambin* fills up the deficiency by conjecture with *catapirater maris*, a plummet to sound the depth of the sea. The phrase is used originally by *Lucilius*.

V. 21. *As quick as lightning.*] The original is, *citis quadrigis citius*, quicker than chariots in the race.

V. 29. *Altar.*] The ancients had altars in their publick streets. See the note on Act IV, Scene I. ver. 11. of the *Merchant*, in this volume.

S C E N E II.

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Enter EUCLIO from the Temple of FAITH.

Good *Faith*, discover not to any one,
That here my gold is plac'd: I have no fear,
That any one will find it, it is lodg'd
So privily.—On my troth, if any one
Should find this Pot cramm'd full of gold, he'd
have

A charming booty on't: but I beseech you,
Prevent it, *Faith*.—Now will I go and bathe,
That I may sacrifice, and not detain
My son-in-law, but soon as he demands her
He may espouse my girl, and bring her home. 10
Look to't again, *Faith*, and again, that I
May bear my gold off, safe as I have left it,
Lodg'd in your temple, trusted to your *faith*.

[*Exit*.

V. 10. *Bring her home.*] *Ducat domum*, according to the form used on these occasions,

V. 13. *Trusted to your faith.*] *Fides, tuæ fidei concedidi*. This allusion to the name of *Fides*, or *Faith*, which is kept up in the next scene, and other parts of the play, will not perhaps appear very agreeable to the modern reader.

S C E N E III.

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STROBILUS, from his lurking place.

What did I hear him say?—Immortal Gods!
That he had hid a Pot brimful of gold
Here in this temple.—I beseech you, *Faith*,
Be not to him more *faithful* than to me.—
This is the father, if I don't mistake, 5
Of her my master is enamour'd with.
I'll in, and rummage the whole temple o'er
To find this treasure, now that he's employ'd.—
If I do find it, *Faith*, I'll offer to you
A gallon full of wine, and *faithful* measure.— 10
I'll offer,—but I'll drink it all myself.

[Goes to the Temple of FAITH.

V. 10. *A gallon full.*] *Conpialem*, a measure among the ancients, supposed to be nearly equal to our gallon.

—*Faithful measure.*] *Fidelia*, in the original, means a *jug*, and is palpably used by our author to allude to the name of *Fides*. Though this is not perhaps greatly to be admired, I have endeavoured to keep up the same allusion in the translation.

S C E N E IV.

EUCLIO, *returning.*

'Tis not for nothing that I heard the raven
On my left hand: and once he scap'd the ground;
And then he croak'd: it made my heart to jump
And flutter in my breast.—Why don't I run?

S C E N E V.

EUCLIO, *dragging out* STROBILUS,

Out, earthworm, out, who but a moment past,
Crept under-ground, wert no where to be seen;
But now thou dost appear, 'tis over with thee.
Rascal, I'll be thy death.

STROB. What a plague ails you?

What business have you, you old wretch, with me? 5
Why do you lug me so? what makes you beat me?

EUCL. D'ye ask? you whipping-stock! you vil-
lainous thief!

Not one alone, but all the thieves together!

V. 2. *On my left hand.*] The ancients were very superstitious with regard to omens, and they looked upon it as unlucky, if a bird was seen on their left hand. So *Virgil*,

Sæpe Sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice cornix.

And the hoarse raven on the blasted bough,
By croaking from the left presag'd the common blow.

V. 3. *To jump.*] The original is,—*artem facere ludicram.*

V. 7. *Whipping-stock.*] The original is, *Verberalissime*, a word humourously coined by our author, from *verberabilis*.

STROB.

STROB. What have I stol'n of your's?

EUCL. Restore it to me!

STROB. Restore it? what?

EUCL. D'ye ask?

STROB. I've taken nothing. 10

EUCL. Come, give me what you've got.

STROB. What are you at?

EUCL. What am I at?—You shall not carry it off.

STROB. What is it you would have?

EUCL. Come, lay it down.

STROB. Why we have laid no wager, that I know of.

EUCL. Come, come, no joking; lay it down,
I say. 15

STROB. What must I lay down? tell me, name it
to me:

I have not touch'd, or taken any thing,

EUCL. Shew me your hands.

STROB. Here they are.

EUCL. Shew them me,

STROB. Why here they are.

EUCL. I see.—Shew me your third hand.

V. 10. *I've taken nothing.*] There is a quibble in the original, which could not be expressed in the translation.

STROB. *Nihil equidem tibi abstuli.*

EUCL. *Ai illud quod tibi abstuleras cedo.*

V. 14. *I have laid no wager.*] The learned reader will perceive, that I have given the sense of the original another turn.

V. 19. *Shew me your third-hand.*] *Ostende etiam tertiam.* This has been censured, as being too extravagant, and intirely out of nature; but considering the very ridiculous humour of the Miser as drawn by our author, it will not perhaps appear out of character. *Euclio* talks in the same strain of the Cooks being all of *Geryon's* race, and having six hands apiece. *Moliere*, however,

who

STROB. (*Aside*) Sure the old fellow's crazy; he's bewitch'd. 20

Prithee now don't you use me very ill?

EUCL. Very ill truly, not to have you hang'd,—
Which I will do, if now you don't confess.

STROB. Don't confess what?

EUCL. What did you take from hence?

STROB. May I be curs'd, if I took any thing 25
Belonging to you, or desired it, I.

EUCL. Come, come, pull off you cloak.

STROB. (*pulling it off*) Just as you please.

EUCL. You may have hid it underneath your clothes.

who has imitated this scene, has not ventured this seemingly absurd stroke, as undoubtedly he thought it would appear too *outré* to a modern audience; and our own countrymen, *Shadwell* and *Fielding*, have copied his example, probably for the same reason. But there is a direct imitation of this whole passage in the old play of *Albumazar*, A& III, Scene VIII. where *Trinculo* (who is made to fancy himself *Antonio*) questions *Ronca* about his purse, which the latter had stolen from him.

TRIN. O my purse!

Dear master *Ronca*.

RONC. What's your pleasure, Sir?

TRIN. Shew me your hand.

RONC. Here 'tis.

TRIN. But where's the other?

RONC. Why here,

TRIN. But I mean, where's your other hand?

RONC. Think you me the giant with an hundred hands?

TRIN. Give me your right.

RONC. My right?

TRIN. Your left.

RONC. My left?

TRIN. Now both.

RONC. There's both, my dear *Antonio*.

STROB.

STROB. Search where you will.

EUCL. (*Aside*) The rogue, how civil is he,
That I may not suspect!—I know his tricks.— 30
Once more, shew me your right hand.

STROB. Here it is.

EUCL. Well,—now shew me your left.

STROB. There they are both.

EUCL. Come,—I will search no further,—give it me.

STROB. What must I give you?

EUCL. Psha! don't trifle with me.

You certainly have got it.

STROB. Got! got what? 35

EUCL. So,—you would have me name it;—but I
will not.

Restore whatever you have got of mine.

STROB. You're mad sure.—You have search'd me
at your pleasure,

And you have found nothing of your's upon me.

EUCL. Stay, stay,—who was that other with you
yonder? 40

(*Aside*) I'm ruin'd! he's at work within; and if
I let him go, this other will escape.—

I've search'd him, it is true, and he has nothing.

(*To STROB.*) Go where you will, and may the Gods
confound you!

STROB. I'm much oblig'd to you for your kind
wishes. 45

V. 40. *That other with you yonder.*] This suspicion is very natural in one of *Euclio's* turn of mind, besides that his manner of putting the question is at the same time very artful.

EUCL. I'll in, and if I light on your accomplice,
I'll strangle him.—Out of my fight—be gone.

STROB. I go.

EUCL. And never let me see you more.

[EUCLIO goes into the Temple.

S C E N E VI.

STROBILUS *alone.*

I'd rather die the worst of deaths, than now
Not lay an ambush for this old man's money.
He will not dare to hide it here, I fancy;
But he will bring it out with him, and change
Its situation.—Hush, the door is opening, 5
And out he comes, the old hunk with his treasure.
I'll draw a little nearer to the gate here.

[Skulks on one side,

S C E N E VII.

EUCLIO *returns, with his Pot of Money.*

Faith had more *faith*, I thought: but she has made
An ass of me downright.—If this same raven

V. 1. *Faith* had more *faith*, I thought.]

FIDEI *confesbam maximam multo fidem*

Esse.—————

See the note on Act IV. Scene II. of this play.

V. 2. *An ass of me downright.*] *Sublevit os mihi paenissime,*
This phrase, which is frequent in our author, and used by *Ter-*
rence, is said to allude to tricks played upon persons when asleep,
by

Had not stood by me, oh! I had been ruined.
 Would I could meet this honest bird again,
 That gave me this foreboding! I would give him 5
 Good words at least.—Good words, they say, cost
 nothing.—

Now,—let me see—where can I find a place,
 A lonely one, where I may hide this treasure?
 (*Meditating*)—There is a grove without the city walls,
 That sacred to *Sylvanus*, unfrequented, 10
 Thick set with willows:—on that spot I'll fix.
Sylvanus will I sooner trust than *Faith*.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

STROBILUS *alone.*

I'll run before him, climb into a tree,
 And watch where this old fellow hides his money.
 My master bade me wait here,—but no matter:
 I'll risk mishap in quest of such advantage.

[*Exit.*

by dawbing their faces, and from thence is metaphorically applied to signify imposing upon the dull and half-witted.

V. 6. *Good words, they say, cost nothing.*] There is some obscurity in the original; but the familiar phrase in our language, which I have made use of, will (I imagine) in some sort convey the sense of the original.

Nimis herclè ego illum corvum ad me veniat velim,

Qui indicium fecit, ut ego aliquid illi boni

Dicam. Nam quod edit, tam duim, quàm perduim.

V. 12. *Sylvanus.*] The God presiding over woods, or groves.
 From *Sylva*.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter LYCONIDES and EUNOMIA.

LYC. I've told you all, good mother: you are
now

As well acquainted as myself with all
Concerning *Enclio's* daughter. My dear mother,
I now unask you what I ask'd before:—
Impart it to my uncle, I beseech you. 5

EUN. Your will you know is mine, son; and I trust
I shall obtain my brother's approbation;
And there is reason good, if, as you say,
You us'd her unbecomingly in liquor.

LYC. You cannot think, I'd tell you an untruth. 10

PHÆDRIA *within*.

My pangs come on—Help, help, nurse! I shall die!
Juno, Lucina, save me!

LYC. Hark, good mother!

This is a further proof: she's crying out,
She's now in labour.

EUN. Come then, my dear son,

V. 4. Unask you *what* I ask'd before.] *Resecro quod dudum obsecraveram.* That was, to keep the affair a secret.

V. 12. *Juno, Lucina.*] The Goddesses supposed to preside over child-birth.—The same circumstance with this occurs twice in *Terence*, in the *Andria* and *Adelphi*, in both which plays a very humorous use is made of it. This circumstance (as Mr. *Coleman* remarks) “is not easily to be reconciled to modern notions of decency, though certainly considered as no indecorum in those days.”

You

You shall go in here with me to my brother, 15
 And I'll persuade him to forego his marriage.

Lyc. I'll follow you this instant.

www.libtool.com.cn [EUNOMIA goes in.]

SCENE X.

LYCONIDES *alone.*

I'm amaz'd
 Where *Strobilus* can be, when I had order'd him
 To wait me here. And yet upon reflection,
 If he is absent now to do me service,
 It would be wrong to be offended with him.
 I'll in then, where they sit in judgment on me. 5

[Exit.]

V. 5. *Sit in judgement on me.] De capite meo sunt comitia.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

A C T V.

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S C E N E I.

Enter STROBILUS, with the Pot of Money.

THE Griffins, dwelling on the golden mountains,
 Are not so rich as I.—Of other kings
 I speak not, beggarly, poor, abject fellows,—
 I am king *Philip's* self.—Fine day for me!
 Parting from hence, I got there long before him, 5
 Climb'd up a tree, and waited to observe
 Where the old fellow would conceal his treasure.
 When he was gone, down slid I from the tree,
 And dug this Pot up full of gold:—I then
 Saw him come back to the same place again; 10
 But me he saw not, for I turn'd a little

ACT V.] Though contrary to all the editions, I cannot but think that the fifth act should be made to begin here, as by this sufficient time will be allowed for *Euclio* to go to *Sylvanus's* grove to hide his treasure, and for *Strobilius* to steal it thence. As the division of the acts is a modern devise, the liberty of departing from the established practice in this case may, I hope, be indulged me.

V. 1. *Griffins.*] The original is, *Pici*. These, according to *Nonius*, are the same with *γρύπας* in the *Greek*. These were supposed to dig up gold in the *Hyperborean* mountains. *Herodotus* makes mention of *γρύπας χρυσοφύλακας* among the *Arimaspi*, a people of *Scythia*.

Out

Out of his way.—Ah! here he is himself.
I'll go, and lay this Pot up safe at home.

[Exit.

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SCENE II.

Enter EUCLIO.

I'm dead! kill'd! murder'd!—Whither shall I run?
Whither not run?—Stop thief! stop thief!—Who?
what?

I know not,—I see nothing,—I walk blind,—
I cannot tell for certain where I'm going,
Or where I am, or who I am.

(To the Spectators) Good people, 5

V. 5. (To the Spectators) It must be acknowledged that there is great humour in this passage, though in general nothing can appear more absurd and unnatural to the modern reader than these addresses (so frequent in our author) to the spectators, in the middle of a play, and from the very characters employed in it. *Moliere*, who has imitated this whole soliloquy, has not scrupled to make *bis Miser* also address himself to the audience in like manner. “Que de gens assemblés! Je ne jette mes regards sur
“ personne qui ne me donne des soupçons, et tout me semble
“ mon voleur. Eh? de quoi est ce qu'on parle la? de celui qui
“ m'a derobé? Quel bruit fait on la haut? Est ce mon voleur
“ qui est? De grace, si l'on fait des nouvelles de mon voleur, je
“ supplie que l'on m'en dise. N'est-il point caché la parmi
“ vous? Ils me regardent tous, et se mettent à rire.” For the sake of the *English* reader, I shall attempt a translation of this in verse.

See, what a crowd of people!—I can look
On no body but gives me a suspicion,
And every one appears to me the thief.—

VOL. II.

Q.

Ha!

I pray you, I implore you, I beseech you,
Lend me your help,—shew me the man that took it.
See! in the garb of innocent white they skulk,
And sit as they were honest.—

(*To one of the spectators*) What say You?—
I will believe You:—You're an honest fellow,— 10
I read it in your countenance.—How's this?—
What do you laugh at?—O, I know you all;
I know, that there are many thieves among you.—
Hey!—none of you have got it?—I am slain!—
Tell me, who has it then?—You do not know! 15
Ah me! ah woe is me! I'm lost! I'm ruin'd!
Wholly undone! in a most vile condition!
Such grief, such groaning, has this day brought on
me,

Ha! what is't they are talking there?—Of him,
That robb'd me?—What a noise they make above!
Is it my thief that's there?—For heaven's sake,
If you have any tidings of my thief,
Pray tell me. — Is he not conceal'd among you?—
Look! they all stare at me, and fall a laughing.

I know not what reception this may meet with from a *French* audience; but *Shadwell* and *Fielding* have neither of them ventured to risk it on our stage.

V. 8. *In the garb of innocent white.*] There is a confusion in the original, not easily reconcilable to the rules of grammar, as it stands in all the editions. I am inclined to think, that by reading the *Qui* adverbially this may be removed.

Qui vestitu et cretâ occultant sese, atque sedeni quasi sent frugi!

Vestitu et cretâ is variously explained by the commentators. It is sufficient to observe, that *white* was a common colour in the *Roman* dress. Hence *Candidati*, &c.

V. 17: *In a most vile condition.*] *Pessimè ornatus eo.*

Hunger and poverty!--I am a wretch,
 The vilest wretch on earth!--Oh, what have I 20
 To do with life, depriv'd of such a treasure?
 A treasure, that I kept so carefully,
 And robb'd myself of comfort!--Others now
 Rejoice through my mishap, and make them merry
 At my expence.—Oh! Oh! I cannot bear it. 25
 (*Runs about crying, stamping, &c.*)

SCENE III.

LYCONIDES *entering.*

Who can this be, that moans so bitterly
 Before our house?---Ha! it is *Euclio* sure:
 'Tis he, I think.—I'm ruin'd,—all's discover'd.
 He is acquainted with his daughter's labour.---
 What shall I do?---I'm all uncertainty.--- 5
 Were't best to go or stay?---Shall I accost him,
 Or shun his sight?---I know not what to do,

V. 23. *Robb'd myself of comfort.*]

Egdonæ: me fraudarivi, animumque meum, geniumque meum.

There is a very remarkable passage in the beginning of *Terence's Phormio*, wherein this expression is used; and I the more willingly transcribe it, as the original has been admired for its emphasis and energy in almost every word, which is perhaps no less happily hit off in the translation.

Quod ille unciatim vix de demenso suo.

Suum defraudans genium, comparfit miser.

What he scarce, ounce by ounce, from short allowance,
 Sorely defrauding his own appetite,
 Has spar'd, poor wretch!

COLMAN.

EUCL. Who's that, that speaks there?

LYC. I, Sir.

EUCL. I, Sir, am

A wretch, a ruin'd wretch, such dread calamity,
Such sorrow has befallen me.

LYC. Take courage.--- 10

EUCL. Prithee how can I?

LYC. Since the deed, that now
Troubles your mind, I did,---and I confess it.

EUCL. What do I hear you say?

LYC. The truth.

EUCL. Young man,

In what have I deserv'd such usage from you,
That you should treat me thus, and go the way 15
To ruin me and my poor child?

LYC. A God

Was my enticer; he allur'd me.

EUCL. How!

LYC. I own my crime, I know I am to blame,
And therefore come I to implore your pardon.

EUCL. How durst you to lay violent hands on
that 20

You had no right to touch?

V. 16. *A God.*] The God of Love.

V. 21. *To touch.*] *Ut id quod non tuum esset tangeres.* The learned reader will perceive that an *equivoque* is designed in the use of the word *tangeres*. This whole scene very humourously turns upon *Euclio* and *Lyconides* mistaking one another's meaning; *Euclio* all the while supposing that *Lyconides* is talking of the Pot, when he is speaking of the old man's daughter. This is happily expressed in the original, on account of the *Latin* idiom, the word *Olla* (which signifies a Pot) having a *feminine* termination. *Moliere*, being possessed of the same advantage in the *French* tongue, has availed himself of it, and has managed the ambi-

Lyc. 'Tis past.---What's done
 Cannot be undone.---I believe, the Gods
 Would have it so: if not, it had not been.

Eucl. I believe the Gods would have me hang
 myself
 Before your face.

Lyc. Ah! say not so.

Eucl. But why 25
 Would you lay hands, I pray, on what was mine
 Against my inclination?

Eucl. Love and wine
 Did prompt me.

Eucl. What consummate impudence!
 How dare you come to me with such a speech?
 If this is right, if this excuse will hold, 30
 Why we may strip a lady of her jewels
 In open day-light,---then, if we are taken,
 Plead in excuse, forsooth, that love and wine
 Led us to do it.---Oh, this love and wine
 Is of great value, if it can impower 35
 The lover and the drunkard to indulge
 In whatsoever likes him with impunity.

Lyc. I come to beg you to forgive my folly.

Eucl. I relish not these fellows, who commit
 A misdemeanor, and then dare defend it. 40
 You knew you had no right; not being your's,
 You should have kept hands off.

Lyc. But as I dar'd
 ambiguity of this circumstance with more art and address than
 our countrymen have done.

It being impossible to preserve the *equivoque* of the original ex-
 actly, I have been obliged to use some latitude in the translation.

Make the attempt, I shall have no objection
To have and hold.

EUCL. To have and hold what's mine,
At my disposal?---and against my will? 45

LYC. Against your will I ask not;---but I think,
It is my right, and you yourself will find
I have a just claim.

EUCL. If you don't return me---

LYC. Return you what?

EUCL. What you have stol'n of mine,
I'll have you 'fore the Prætor, and commence 50
A suit against you.

LYC. Stol'n of your's! how? where?
What is't you mean?

EUCL. As if you did not know!

LYC. Not I, except you tell me what it is.

EUCL. The pot of gold, I say, which you confess'd
You stole, restore it to me,

LYC. I ne'er said 55
A syllable about it, nor have taken it.

EUCL. Will you deny it?

LYC. Yes, deny it wholly:
Nor do I know what gold, what pot you mean.

EUCL. That which you stole out of *Sylvanus'* grove.
Come, give it me: I'll rather halve it with you. 60
Though you have robb'd me, I'll not trouble you:

V. 48. *A just claim.*] According to the *Roman laws*, whoever had debauched a girl, that was free, was obliged either to marry her himself without a portion, or to give her such a portion as was suitable to her station.

Come

Come then, restore it to me.

LYC. Are you mad,
To call me thief?---I thought that you had got
Scent of another matter, that concerns me:

'Tis of importance, and if leisure serves, 65
I should be glad to talk with you upon it.

EUCL. Tell me, upon your faith: you have not
stol'n

This gold?

LYC. Upon my faith.

EUCL. Nor do you know

Who took it?

LYC. No, upon my faith.

EUCL. And if

You should discover him, you'll reveal him to
me? 70

LYC. I'll do't.

EUCL. Nor will you take, whoe'er he be,
A portion of the spoil, to hide the thief?

LYC. I will not.

EUCL. What if you deceive me?

LYC. Then

May *Jupiter* do with me what he will!

EUCL. I'm satisfy'd,---Now tell me, what's your
pleasure? 75

LYC. If you're a stranger to my birth and family,
Know, *Megadorus* yonder is my uncle,
My father was *Antimachus*, my name
Lyconides, *Eunomia* is my mother.

EUCL. I know your family.---Then what's your
business? 80

I should be glad to learn.

Lyc. You have a daughter.

EUCL. I have; she is within.

Lyc. If I mistake not,

You have betroth'd her to my uncle.

EUCL. Right.

You know the whole.

Lyc. He has commanded me

To bring you his refusal.

EUCL. How?---refusal,--- 85

When ev'ry thing is ready for the wedding?

May all the Gods confound him! for through him,

Wretch that I am! I've lost so great a treasure.

Lyc. Be comforted: don't curse: but let us hope,
That this affair will turn out happily 90

To you and to your daughter.---Say, Heaven grant
It may!

EUCL. Heaven grant it may!

Lyc. And to me too.---

Now give me your attention. Never was there

A man so worthless, that had done a fault,

But was ashamed, and fought to clear himself. 95

I do conjure you, *Euclio*, to forgive me,

If all unwittingly I have offended

You and your daughter: give her me to wife,

V. 85. *Refusal*.] The original is, *Repudium*. The rejecting of a person betrothed, was called *repudium*; the putting away of one already married, *divortium*.

According to the laws : for I confess,
That on the night of *Ceres'* festival,
Heated with liquor and impell'd by youth,
I injur'd her fair honour.

100

EUCL. Out alas !

What do I hear ? O monstrous villainy !

LYC. Why do you howl thus ? It is true, I've
made you

A grandfire on your daughter's wedding-day :
She's brought to-bed, ten months are past, pray
reckon.

105

On this account my uncle *Magadorus*
Sent a refusal. But go in, enquire
If 'tis not as I say.

EUCL. Undone for ever !

So many evils are combin'd to plague me,
I'll in, and know the truth.

110

LYC. I'll follow you.

[EUCLIO goes in.]

V. 99. *According to the laws.*] See the note on ver. 47. of this scene.

* * * As this scene is admirably work'd up in *Moliere*, the reader will not perhaps be displeas'd with seeing it in an *English* dress. It is sufficient to premise, that *Valere*, a young gentleman, who was in love with the Miser's daughter, had got into his service in disguise ; and when the Miser had lost his money, which his son's servant had stolen, *Valere* was accus'd by another servant, out of pique of having taken it.

Enter VALERE to HARPAGON.

HARP. Come, and confess an action the most black,
The foulest and most horrible attempt,

That

S C E N E IV.

www.libtool.com.cnLYCONIDES *alone.*

So, ev'ry thing is safe, as it should seem.---
But where is *Strobilus*? I can find him nowhere.

That ever was committed. VAL. What d'ye mean, Sir?

HARP. How, traitor! don't you blush at your offence?

VAL. At what offence? HARP. At what offence? you villain!
As if you did not know what I would say.
But 'tis in vain you offer to disguise it:
Th' affair's discover'd: they have told me all.
How, how could you abuse my kindness thus,
And introduce yourself into my house
On purpose to betray me, to deceive,
And play me such a scurvy trick? VAL. Since all
Has been discover'd, Sir, I will not seek
To put a gloss on, or deny the matter.
'Twas my design to speak to you, and waited
But for a fit and favourable time:
But since it thus has happen'd, I conjure you
Don't be displeas'd, but deign to hear my reasons.

HARP. And what fine reasons can you give? vile thief!

VAL. I have not merited these names. 'Tis true,
I have committed an offence against you:
But, after all, my fault is pardonable.

HARP. How! pardonable? what! a wilful murder?
A foul assassination of this kind?

VAL. For heaven's sake, don't put yourself in a rage.
When you have heard me, you'll perceive the damage
Is not so great as you imagine. HARP. Not
So great as I imagine? What! my blood,
My bowels, rogue? VAL. Your blood, Sir, is not fall'n

Into

Where can he be?—I'll wait a while here; then
I'll after the old fellow: in the interim

Into bad hands. I'm of a rank as will not
Let it be wrong'd: there's nothing in all this,
For which I cannot make full reparation.

HARP. 'Tis my intention to oblige you to it,
Make you restore what you have ravish'd from me.

VAL. Your honour shall be fully satisfied.

HARP. Honour! that's not the question.—But inform me,
What led you to this action? VAL. Can you ask?

HARP. Yes truly, I do ask. VAL. A Deity,
That carries his excuse for all he does;

Love. HARP. Love! VAL. Yes, Love. HARP. Fine love!
fine love, i'faith!

Love of my Louis d'ors. VAL. 'Tis not your wealth
Has tempted me,—that has not dazzled me;

And I protest, that I will never make
The least pretence to any of your fortune,
Provided you will let me keep possession
Only of what I have. HARP. I will not do it,

By all the fiends I will not let you have it.—
Behold! what insolence, to wish to keep
What he has robb'd me of! VAL. A robbery
D'ye call it, Sir? HARP. A robbery do I call it?
A treasure such as this! VAL. True, 'tis a treasure,
And doubtless the most precious that you have:

But 'twill not be to lose it, to permit me
To have and hold. Upon my knees I ask it,
This treasure full of charms; and, to do justice,
You ought to grant it me. HARP. I will not do it.—

What can this mean? VAL. We've promis'd one another
A mutual faith, and we have ta'en an oath
Not to forsake each other. HARP. 'Faith, the oath
Is admirable, and the promise droll!

VAL. We are engag'd for ever to each other.

HARP. But I shall break the contract, I assure you.

VAL.

I will allow him time to make enquiry
Of the old maid, his daughter's nurse; she knows
The whole affair.

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VAL. Nothing but death can part us. HARP. Yes, indeed,
He's devilishly smitten with my money.

VAL. I've told you, Sir, already, 'twas not interest,
That push'd me on to do what I have done.

My heart was never wrought on by such springs
As you imagine, and a nobler motive

Inspir'd the resolution. HARP. So,—you'll see

'Tis out of Christian charity, forsooth,
He'd have my money.—But I'll find redress;

And justice, you audacious villain, justice

Shall see me righted. VAL. Use me as you will,

I'll suffer ev'ry outrage that you please:

But let me beg, you will at least believe,

If any harm is done, 'tis I alone

You should accuse; your daughter in all this

Is no way culpable. HARP. I do believe it;

It had been strange, if my own child had been

Accomplice in the crime.—But I desire

To have my own again: prithee confess,

Where you have lodg'd— VAL. Lodg'd! Nowhere but within.

HARP. O my dear casket!—Not remov'd, you say,

Out of this house? VAL. No, Sir. HARP. But tell me now,

Ha'n't you been dabbling? VAL. I, Sir, dabbling! Ah!

You wrong us both: the flame, with which I burn,

Is pure, full of respect. HARP. Burn for my casket!

VAL. I would have perish'd sooner than have shewn

A single thought, that could offend such prudence,

Such honour. HARP. Hey! the honour of my casket!

VAL. All my desires were stinted to the joys

Of sight alone, and nothing criminal

The passion has profan'd, which those fair eyes

Inspir'd me with. HARP. The fair eyes of my casket!

He talks on't like a lover of his mistress.

VAL.

SCENE V.

Enter STROBILUS.

STROB. O ye immortal Gods!
 What joys, what transports have you heap'd upon me!
 To have a pot of gold in my possession,
 Of four pounds weight!—Who is so rich as I?
 Was ever man so favour'd of the Gods? 5

LYC. Surely I hear a voice.

STROB. (*discovering LYCONIDES*) Ha! don't I see

VAL. Dame *Claude*, Sir, knows the truth of this adventure,
 And she can testify,— HARP. How! is my maid
 Accomplice in th' affair? VAL. Yes, she was witness
 Of our engagement; when she understood
 The honourable purpose of my flame,
 She was confederate with me to persuade
 Your daughter to exchange her troth with mine.

HARP. Hey! does the fear of justice make him rave?
 What mean you by this stuff about my daughter?

VAL. Believe me, Sir, 'twas with the utmost pains
 I won her modesty to give consent

To what my love requested. HARP. Modesty!

Of whom? VAL. Your daughter. 'Twas but yesterday
 She brought her mind to't, that we both should sign

A marriage-contract. HARP. Has my daughter sign'd

A marriage-contract with you? VAL. Yes, and I

Have on my part sign'd one with her. HARP. O heav'n!

Another vile disgrace! increase of ill!

Accumulation of despair, &c.

SCENE V.] All the editions make the fifth act begin with this scene, which is apparently wrong; for *Lyconides* had not quitted the stage, but waited on purpose for the coming of *Strobilus*.

Lyconides

Lyconides my master?

LYC. Don't I see

My master *Strobilus*?

STROB. 'Tis he.

LYC. No other.

STROB. I will accost him.

LYC. Best to mend my pace:

I fancy he has been with the old woman, 10

My *Phœdria*'s nurse, as I commanded him.

STROB. What if I tell him I have found this booty,
And ask my liberty!—I'll up and speak to him.

(*Advancing*) Sir!—I have found—

LYC. What have you found?

STROB. Not that

Which boys in play hunt after in a bean, 15

And if they chance to find, cry out for joy.

LYC. What, at your trick of joking, firrah?

STROB. Hold.

I'll tell you, do but hear me.

LYC. Well then, speak.

STROB. I have found riches in abundance.

LYC. Where?

STROB. A pot brimful of gold, of four pounds
weight. 20

LYC. (*with emotion*) What's that you say?

STROB. I stole it from old *Euclio*.

V. 15. *In a bean.*] *Quod pueri clamitant in fabâ se reperisse.*
The commentators explain this to mean a little worm or weevil
which is often found in vegetables. *Strobilus* intends by this
passage, that it is no trifling matter he had found.

LYC.

LYC. Where is the gold?

STROB. At home, fir, in a chest.—

I should be glad you'd give me now my freedom.

LYC. Give you your freedom! worst of rogues!

STROB. Go, go,

I know your meaning;—I was only trying you.—25

How you snapt at it! what would you have done,

If I indeed had found it?

LYC. This evasion

Shall not avail you.—Give me up the gold.

STROB. Give up the gold!

LYC. Come, give it me, I say,

That I may render it to the right owner. 30

STROB. Where should I have it?

LYC. You confess'd just now,

You had it in a chest.

STROB. Oh, I am us'd

To talk thus jokingly.

LYC. (*threatening*) But know you what?

STROB. Nay, kill me, if you please, you'll never get it.

[*The rest of this Play is lost. What follows is added by the Translator.*]

[*The rest of this Play is lost.*] The critics universally agree, that the Supplement, which is generally printed in the editions of our author, is very inferior to *Plautus* both in matter and stile. It was written, we are told; by *Antonius Codrus Ursæus*, professor at *Boulogne*, who lived in the reigns of the emperors *Sigismund* and *Frederick-III.* Besides the poverty of invention as well as expression;—it has also a most capital fault with respect to the catastrophe. The Miser is made all of a sudden to change his nature

LYC. How, rascal!—I shall find a way.

STROB. You cannot.— 35

Tie me up neck and heels; break ev'ry limb;
Load me with chains, and ram me in a dungeon;
Let thongs and elm-rods be my only food;
You will not get the gold.—*There is a way,*—

LYC. Speak, what way?

STROB. Set me free: one stroke will do it, 40

LYC. Tho' you deserve a thousand, I consent
For my dear *Phædria's* sake. Go, bring the pot here,
And I'll reward you with your liberty.

[*Exit STROBILUS.*

S C E N E VI.

LYCONIDES *alone.*

What shall I do now? With the loss of this
Already he's distracted, and I fear me,
Now that he knows his daughter was dishonour'd,

nature intirely; which is to the last degree improbable. *Demea*, it is true, in *Adelphi*, or *The Brothers* of *Terence*, throws off his sordidness and rustick asperity at the conclusion, and takes up the contrary extreme; but then it is palpably done with awkwardness, and his generosity and good-humour are apparently affected. I have, however, thought fit to subjoin a translation of this supplement, such as it is, though I have presumed to add another of my own; of which I shall only say, that I have endeavoured, as much as possible, to imitate the manner of my author, for which reason I have professedly made use of many of his expressions.

V. 40. *One stroke will do it.*] I here mean to allude to the custom observed in the *manumission* or freeing of a slave, which was done by striking him.

He

He will suspect me partner in the plot
 To rob him of his gold; and think I meant 5
 To dig out for myself, against his will,
 A portion with his daughter.—Here comes *Strobilus*.

S C E N E VII.

Enter STROBILUS.

STROB. Come, come along, thou muckworm.

LYC. Whom d'ye speak to?

STROB. *Euclio*.

LYC. He's no where here, nor any other.

STROB. Nay, but he is.

LYC. (*looking about*) I see him not.—Where is he?

STROB. He's here.

LYC. Here! where?

STROB. I've hold of him; he's here.

(*Pointing to the Pot*)

All that he has of life and soul, is here,— 5

Lodg'd in this Pot; the rest is but his shadow;

This is his substance; his heart's blood, his vitals;

'Tis *Euclio* altogether.

LYC. Peace, you rascal;
 Give me the Pot.

STROB. Suppose you sacrifice him
 Upon his daughter's wedding-day.—

LYC. No trifling.—10

STROB. You will at least invite me to a share,

I hope, Sir, of the entrails.

LYC. Give it me,
I say, this very infant; or I'll make
A sacrifice of you

STROB. You'll give me then
My freedom, as you promis'd?

LYC. Never doubt me. 15

STROB. Here—take it. (*Giving the Pot.*)

LYC. I'll restore it to old *Euclio*,
Who will adore me as his Joy, his Pleasure,
His *Jove* Protector, his supreme *Salvation*.—
I'll call him.—*Euclio!*—*Hoa!*—Come forth here.—
Euclio!

EUCL. (*within*) Who calls a wretch like me?

STROB. Your Joy, your Pleasure, 20
Your *Jove* Protector, your supreme *Salvation*.

LYC. I bring you tidings of your treasure, *Euclio*.

V. 12. *Entrails.*] This is founded on a passage in the *Braggard Captain*, Act III. Scene II. ver. 150. where *Periplectomenus*, speaking of his relations, says,

When they sacrifice,
I have a larger portion than themselves:
They take me to the entrails.

See the note upon the passage.

V. 18. *Your Jove Protector, &c.*] So in the *Captives*, Act IV, Scene II. ver. 121.

I am now
Thy *Jupiter* supreme,—thy god *Salvation*,
Thy Life, thy Fortune, thy Delight, thy Joy.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter EUCLIO.

EUCL. Where is he?—have you found him?—
where's the thief?

Where is my gold?—Speak, is it safe?

LYC. How is she?

Tell me, how fares my *Phædria*?

EUCL. Is it whole?

Is it in nought diminish'd?

LYC. Has she bath'd?

Is she refresh'd?

EUCL. I'm talking of my gold. 5

LYC. I'm talking of your daughter.

EUCL. I've no daughter,

No child, no family, except my gold,—
I've no relationship.

STROB. Before he lost them,
He had a numerous offspring.

LYC. How d'ye mean?

STROB. Of *yellow boys*.

LYC. (*to EUCL.*) Lend me your serious ear. 10
What if I find the thief, who stole your treasure,

V. 4. *Bath'd.*] This is agreeable to the custom among the ancients of bathing upon child-delivery. See *Amphitryon*, Act II. Scene II. ver. 58.

V. 10. *Yellow boys.*] A common expression for gold coin. As I am aiming at an imitation of our author's manner, this joke will, I hope, be indulged me in the character of the servant.

And force him to make restitution?

STROB. Hold, Sir;

Let me impose conditions.

Lyc. Speak, what are they?

EUCL. I will consent to any thing, to have
My gold again.

STROB. First you shall give—

EUCL. Give! what? 15

(*Aside*) I smell him, I perceive what he's about:
He means to share it with me.

STROB. You shall give

Your daughter to *Lyconides* in marriage.

EUCL. With all my heart.

STROB. And with her

EUCL. The old jade,

Her nurse: let him take her too.

STROB. You shall give 20

A portion.

EUCL. How a portion?

STROB. From the Pot.

EUCL. I'm dead! I'm slain!—

STROB. And then, since *Megadorus*

At his own cost has furnish'd the repast

In honour of the wedding, in your turn

You shall provide a sumptuous entertainment, 25

Lamb, pork, veal, pullets, hams—

EUCL. Have mercy on us!

The very sound's enough to breed a famine.

STROB. All kinds of fish, cod, salmon, turbot,
mackerel—

EUCL.

EUCL. Would you were choak'd, I say!

STROB. A ton at least

Of *Nardine*. www.libtool.com.cn

EUCL. Peace, you rascal!

STROB. You must hire 30

A dozen Cooks, as many Musick-Girls.—

EUCL. A dozen hangmen.

STROB. Your relations, friends,
Must be invited; the whole city ask'd;—

You shall keep open house, Sir, for a month.

EUCL. You shall provide my feral supper first. 35

STROB. One more condition, and I've done: I'm
sure

'Twill please you.

EUCL. Speak, what is it?

STROB. You shall marry.

EUCL. I'll hang first.

LUC. Prithee now what kind of step-mother
Would you provide me?

STROB. A staid, prudent dame,
No mettlesome young flirt, but past the age 40
Of having children; no cost to be dreaded
On that account;—one that will live on little,
And be a frugal house-wife;—with a portion,—

EUCL. A portion?

STROB. Yes, an ample one.

EUCL. How much?

V. 29. *Nardine*.] A kind of scented wine in high estimation among the ancients.

V. 35. *Feral supper*.] A funeral entertainment. See this farther explained in A& II. Scene I. ver. 44. of this play.

STROB. As much as all the gold that's in the Pot. 45

EUCL. (*Aside*) That's something.—

(*To STROB.*) Old, you say?

STROB. Just ripe for *Acheron*,

EUCL. (*Aside*) That's well.—

(*To STROB.*) Will live on little?

STROB. Oh, on nothing

But whey and butter-milk.

EUCL. Her portion—

STROB. Paid

Upon the nail.

EUCL. (*Aside*) That's good.

LYC. (*Aside*) I marvel much

What he can mean.

EUCL. Agreed:—I'll take her.—Speak, 50

Who is she?

STROB. *Staphila*.

EUCL. Confound you!—She

A portion?

STROB. Yes.

EUCL. Who'll give it?

STROB. I.

EUCL. What you?

STROB. Yes, I.

EUCL. Whence can you have it?

V. 48. *Whey and butter-milk.*] So in the *Braggard Captain*,
Act I. Scene I. ver. 26.

I'll resign me up

To be his slave, though, when I'm mad with hunger,

He should allow me nothing else to eat

But whey and butter-milk.

STROB.

STROB. From my own

Peculiar stock.

EUCL. What mean you?

STROB. From the Pot.

EUCL. Away,—begone.—They fool me to distraction!—

55

I'll to the *Prætor*;—if there's any law,
Or right, I'll have him hang'd,—I'll hang you all,—
Hang all the world,—and then—I'll hang myself.

[*Running off.*]

LYCONIDES (*Shewing the Pot.*)

Turn, *Euclio*, turn, and see your treasure here.

EUCLIO (*Turning.*)

O give it me! let me once more embrace it! 60
Villain, wilt hold it from me?

LYC. No, 'tis yours;

And in return you'll give your daughter to me.

EUCL. Ay, any thing.—I'll give an arm, a leg,
Rather than lose my gold.

LYC. You do betroth

Your daughter then?

V. 54. *Peculiar stock.*] This alludes to the property, which slaves were allowed to have in their own right, and was termed *peculium*. So in this play a cock is said to be *anxi peculiaris*, the peculiar property of the Miser's old maid.

V. 58. *Hang all the world,—and then—I'll hang myself.*] This idea is taken from the conclusion of the Miser's soliloquy in *Molière*, after he had discovered the loss of his treasure. “Je veux faire prendre tout le monde; et si je ne retrouve mon argent, je me prendrai moi-même après.”

EUCL. I do. Heav'n prosper it! 65

LYC. I say, Heav'n prosper it!

STROB. Suppose you took
The kernel, and gave him the shell: 'tis all
He has occasion for.

LYC. (*Giving EUCLIO the Pot.*) Here is your treasure
Whole, undiminish'd.

EUCL. (*Embracing it.*) O my life! my soul!
My joy! my all!---Nothing shall part us more. 70

STROB. He talks of it, as tho' it were his mistress!
Yet he's afraid to touch her.

EUCL. O my gold!
Where shall I carry thee? where hide thee?—Never
Will I lose sight of thee again:—day, night,
I'll have thee near me:—I'll not eat, nor drink, 75
Nor take my rest without thee:—while one eye
Is clos'd in sleep, the other shall keep watch.
Rather than lose thee, I will dig a pit,
And bury in't thee and myself together.

[Exit EUCLIO.]

V. 65. *Heav'n prosper it!*] This is agreeable to the form used
at the betrothing of any person in marriage. So in A& I.
Scene VI. of this play, where *Euclia* betroths his daughter to
Megadorus.

EUCL. *Spondeo.*

Isiuc di bene vortant.

MEG. *Ita di faxint.*

EUCL. I do betroth her.

Heav'n's prosper it!

MEG. I say the same.

V. 72. *To touch her.*] This is in allusion to the double mean-
ing of the Latin word *tangere*, of which see the note on A& V.
Scene III. ver. 21. of this play.

SCENE IX.

STROBILUS *and* LYCONIDES.

The wretch! I wish I could devise some means
To plague him more and more.

LYC. Impossible.—

Not *Tantalus*, amidst the reflux flood,
Suffers such keen and cruel punishment:
No tortures of the damn'd can equal what 5
The Miser feels: Himself is his own Hell.

STROB. Now, Sir, my freedom, as you promis'd me.

LYCONIDES. (*Striking him.*)

There,—take it.—Go, and call *Eunomia* hither,
And *Megaderus* to the sacrifice.

V. 3. *Tantalus.*] It will easily be perceived, that I have selected this instance as a punishment most suited to the disposition of an avaricious man. The situation of *Tantalus* in the infernal regions is thus described by *Tibullus*.

*Tantalus est illic, et circum stagna, sed acrem
Jam jam poturi deserit unda sitim.*

There *Tantalus*, surrounded by a lake,
Which ever does his eager thirst forsake;
And at the instant, when he would have quaff'd
It's stores, rolls backward, and denies the draught.

V. 6. *Himself is his own Hell.*] It may be observed, that the ancient drama, contrary to the modern practice, seldom concluded with a profest sentiment, more immediately applicable to the fable, or what is commonly called a *Moral*. I have pointed out something like it at the conclusion of the *Braggard Captain*.

I'll in.—Spectators, do not to imitate 10
 The old man's nature: grudge not your applause;
 Be liberal, and freely clap your hands.

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* * Besides the imitation of this play by *Moliere*, we have seen another in *Italian*, by *Giovann' Batista Gelli*. And as *Plautus* calls his comedy *Aulularia*, from the vessel or pot in which was the Miser's treasure, he calls his, for the same reason, *La Sporta*, *The Baskets*. It is very far from an exact translation; the author having not only adapted the names, but also the manners to those of his countrymen the *Florentines*. It is printed at *Florence*, 1550. Our *Euclio*, he calls *Ghirorgoro*, and our *Megadorus*, *Lapo*: setting up the one as a satire against avarice, and the other, as a pattern of oeconomy. It is in prose; and seems so intirely adapted to the stage, that we scarce doubt of its having been often acted; and may not improbably be on the *Italian* stage at this time. We have seen another by *Il Cav. Lorenzo Guazzesi*, reprinted at *Pisa*, 1763: but when first printed, we have not been able to learn. This is called *L'Aulularia*; and the characters are the same, the names only expressed in the *Italian* idiom. This is in prose; and seems to be a professed translation.

I should likewise take notice, that in the edition of *Ben Jonson's* Works, published by the ingenious Mr. *Wballey*, is a play (undoubtedly of that author, though not printed in the former collections) called *The Case is altered*, in which the character of *Jagues* is palpably founded on that of *Euclio* in our author; though I by no means agree with the above-mentioned learned editor, that the scene, which is copied from what passes between *Euclio* and *Megadorus*, is “with so an high an improvement as determines the palm of applause in favour of *Jonson*.”

The End of THE MISER.

THE
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SUPPLEMENT
OF

ANTONIUS CODRUS URCEUS.



STROBILUS *and* LYCONIDES.

STROBILUS.

NAY, kill me, if you please, you'll never get:
From me the old man's pot of four pounds
weight,
Which I have not.

Lyc. I warrant you, I get it,
Whether you will or no, when neck and heels
I have you tuck'd up to a beam.—But why
Do I not rush upon the rascal's jaws,
And force his breath out by the backward way?
Say, will you give it me, or no?

STROB. I will.

V. 7. *Force his breath out by the backward way?*

Animam protinus

Cur non compello facere iter præposterum?

This is but a very poor attempt at our author's manner.

Lyc.

LYC. You *will*?—But give it *now*, not some time hence.

STROB. I'll give it you this instant;—but I pray you, I O
Let me recover breath.—Ah! ah! good master,
What would you have me give?

LYC. You know not, rascal?
And you will dare deny the pot of gold
Of four pounds weight, which you confess'd just now,
That you had stolen?—Hoa! where are my Slaves? 15

STROB. Hear me awhile.

LYC. I will not hear.—Hoa, Slaves!

S C E N E VI.

Enter SLAVES.

What would you?

LYC. Bring some fetters.

STROB. I beseech you,
Hear me, and then command me to be bound
Ev'n at your pleasure.

LYC. Well,—I hear you: speak,
But make dispatch.

STROB. What if you order them
To torture me to death, behold the consequence: 5
You lose a slave, and then you cannot get
What you desire: but had you tempted me
With the reward of precious liberty,

V. 15. *Slaves.*] *Lorarii.* Slaves (so called from *lorum*, a *ibong*)
who had the punishment of those that had done amiss.

You had obtain'd possession long ago.
 By nature we are all born free ; by nature 10
 We are all fond of freedom : slavery
 Is worse than any ill that can befall us.
 Whom *Jupiter* pursues with his displeasure,
 He makes him first a slave.

LYC. I own, there's reason
 In what you say.

STROB. Now prithee hear the rest. 15
 The masters of our age are all too niggardly.
 I call them Gripe-alls, Harpies, *Tantalusses* :
 Poor are they in the height of affluence,
 And thirsty in the middle of the ocean.
 No riches can content them, not the wealth 20
 Of *Midas*, or of *Craesus* : all the opulence
 Of the whole *Persian* state combin'd together
 Were not enough to glut their hellish avarice.
 Masters deal hardly with their servants ; these
 Requite the wrong by slacking of their duty : 25
 So all things are amiss on either side.
 Old niggardly curmudgeons lock up all,
 Their pantries, cellars, with a thousand keys,
 And bar the entrance even to their children.
 The servants on their part, a knavish, sly, 30
 Designing set of fellows, pick the locks,
 Steal, pilfer, waste, consume, and ravage all ;
 Nor, though you torture them a thousand ways,
 Can you extort confession of their thefts.
 Thus slaves avenge them of their slavery 35

By

By tricks and pranks; and this is my conclusion;
That liberality makes faithful servants.

LYC. Right, but you've been more tedious than
you promis'd.
If I reward you with your liberty,
You'll give me what I want.

STROB. I will.—But hold,— 40
I must have witnessess. Pardon me, Sir,
I have but little faith in what you say.

LYC. E'en at your pleasure; you may call an
hundred,
With all my heart.

STROB. *Eunomia, Megadorus,*
Let me intreat you,—please you to step hither. 45
Come forth—and when the business is concluded,
You may return forthwith.

S C E N E VII.

Enter MEGADORUS and EUNOMIA.

MEG. Who calls us?—So,
Lyconides.---

EUN. So, *Strobilus*.---What's the matter?
Speak.

STROB. It is no great matter.

MEG. But what is it?

STROB. I call'd you to be witnessess.---If I bring
A pot here full of gold of four pounds weight, 5
And give it to *Lyconides, Lyconides*
Shall make me free, and master of myself.

(To

(To LYC.) You promise this?

LYC. I promise.

(To MEG. and EUN.) Have you heard
What he has said?

MEG. and EUN. We have.

STROB. (To LYC.) But swear by *Jupiter*.

LYC. To what vile streights, alas! am I reduc'd? 10
You are too faucy; yet I will submit.
To do what you command.

STROB. A word with you.—

Our age has little faith or honesty.

A record shall be sign'd, there shall be present,
A dozen witnesses, the time and place 15
Mark'd by a notary; yet there shall be found
A pettifogger to dispute the fact.

LYC. Prithee dismiss me straight.

STROB. Here, take this stone.

LYC. (*Taking the stone.*)

If I deceive you knowingly, may *Jupiter*
Throw me from all I'm worth, no place of refuge 20
Left me within the city, as I throw
This stone. (*Throwing it from him.*) Are you content?

STROB. I'm satisfy'd.

I'll fetch the treasure.

LYC. Hie thee with the speed
Of *Pegasus*, and swallow up the way
In hastening back again.

[STROBILUS goes off.]

V. 24. Swallow up the way.] *Vorans viam redi.*

'Tis troublesome 29

To have a servant, that's for ever prating,
 And thinks he has more wisdom than his master.
 This fellow here of mine, e'en let him go
 And hang himself, I care not, with his freedom,
 So he but bring me here the pot of gold, 30
 That I may turn old *Euclio's* grief to joy,
 Hoping to call him father, and obtain
 His daughter, who is just now brought to bed
 In consequence of my embraces.—See!
 Here *Strobilus* comes loaded; as I think, 35
 He brings the Pot, 'tis certainly the Pot.

[*STROBILUS returns with the Pot.*

STROB. *Lytonides*, you see I've kept my promise :
 Here is the pot of gold of four pounds weight.
 Have I been tardy? [Giving it him.

LYC. No.—Immortal Gods!
 What do I see? what have I in possession? 40
 More than six hundred *Philippeans*, three
 And four times told.—Let us call *Euclio* out
 This instant.—*Euclio! Euclio!*

MEG. *Euclio! Euclio!*

EUCL. (*within.*) What is it you would have?

LYC. Come down to us.—

The Gods protect you.—We have got the Pot. 45

EUCL. Ha! have ye got it? or d'ye only jest?

LYC. I say, we have it.—If you can, fly hither.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

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EUCLIO *enters, and takes the Pot.*

O *Jupiter!* O Household God! O *Juno!*
 I have at length had pity on a poor,
 Old, miserable wretch.—My dear, dear Pot,
 With what delight, what transport do I hug you!
 How sweet it is to kiss you!—To embrace you 5
 A thousand thousand times is all too little.
 My hope! my heart! the grave of all my sorrow!

LYC. 'Twas ever my opinion, want of money
 Was of all ills the greatest that could happen
 To lads, to men, to old men, and to all. 10
 Lads it incites to shameful practices,
 Those, that are grown up men, it tempts to thieve,
 And old men it compels to beg:—but now
 I see it plain, far worse it is to have
 Abundance, more than our occasion needs. 15
 Behold! what troubles has this *Euclio* suffer'd
 By reason of the gold which late he lost!

EUCL. Whom must I pay my thanks to, as most
 due?

The Gods, who reverence and respect good men?
 Or else my honourable friends? or both? 20
 Both rather. (*Giving the Pot to LYCONIDES.*)

First then,—you, *Lyconides*,
 The principal, best author of my happiness,

I do present you with this pot of gold;---
 Accept it freely;---I would have it yours;---
 And with it too my daughter.---Good *Eunomia*, 25
 And *Megadorus*, Both are witnesses.

LYC. Your favour I accept, and pay with thanks,
 Good *Euclio*, as you've merited: I've wish'd,
 And long'd to call you father.

STROB. Now, sweet master
 All that remains is,---you will not forget 30
 To set me free.

LYC. Well put in mind.---Be free,
 As you deserve.---Go in now, see the supper,
 Which has been interrupted, be got ready.

STROB. Spectators,---this curmudgeon, this old
Euclio,
 Has chang'd his niggard nature on a sudden 35
 He's become liberal.---Be You so too;
 And, if our play has pleas'd you, loudly clap.

* * There is another short supplement (the author of which is unknown) printed in some of the editions: but as it is a supplement to the imperfect scene only, and leaves the act no less defective, I have scarce thought it worth while to give a translation of it; especially as it seems totally devoid of all merit, and very faintly imitates the manner of our author.

The End of the SUPPLEMENT.

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THE
SHIPWRECK.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

ARCTURUS, *who speaks the PROLOGUE.*

DÆMONES, *an old Gentleman of Athens, now
living near Cyrene.*

PLEUSIDIPPUS, *a young Athenian.*

LABRAX, *a Girl-Merchant.*

CHARMIDES, *his Friend.*

SCEPARNIO,

GRIPUS,

TURBALIO,

SPARAX,

TRACHALIO, *Servant to PLEUSIDIPPUS.*

} *Servants to DÆMONES.*

PTOLEMOCRATIA, *Priestess of Venus.*

PALÆSTRA,

AMPELISCA, *her Companion,*

} *Both belonging to
LABRAX.*

Fishermen of Cyrene.

Slaves.

SCENE, *near CYRENE.*



P R O L O G U E.

ARCTURUS.

WITH Him, who sways all nations, sea and earth,
 I dwell in fellowship, a denizen
 Of heav'ns high city, the abode of Gods.
 I'm, as you see, a fair and splendid star,
 Keeping my regular and fixed course 5

PROLOGUE.] As in the preceding play, *The Miser*, the Prologue is spoken by the *Household God*, because none but a deity could know the particulars revealed by him to the spectators, so likewise (we are told) for the same reason, it was necessary that a God should speak this. There is nothing, however, of which we are informed here, as well as in the other instance, that had not better been concealed from our knowledge, till the play itself had unravelled it. *Echard* has not improperly observed, that “ the narration here of all that passed before the opening “ of the stage, is a thing very inartificial in a *Prologue*, because it “ is spoken immediately and directly to the audience;” whereas it ought rather to have been disclosed, if necessary, in the course of the representation. “ This (says he) was *Plautus's* usual “ way in the rest of his *Prologues*, though not in so ill a manner “ as in that of *Amphitryon*, where he foretells the *catastrophe*, “ which of all things ought to be concealed. The principal “ fault of this [Prologue] is the letting the spectators know, “ that *Palæstra* is *Dæmones's* daughter, which takes away much of “ the pleasure of the surprize, and seems but one degree beneath “ that of the discovery of the *catastrophe*.”

On earth here, and in heav'n: my name *Arcturus*,

By night I shine in heav'n among the Gods,

And in the day-time mix with mortal men,

Passing, with other stars, from heav'n to earth.

Jove, supreme sovereign of Gods and men, 10

Spreads us throughout all nations several ways,

To mark the people's actions, learn their manners,

Their piety and faith, that so each man

May find reward according to his virtues.

Those, who suborn false-witnesses to gain 15

A villainous suit in law, who shuffle off

Due payments by false swearing, we return

Their names in writing to high *Jove*: each day

V. 6. *Arcturus*.] A star, so called from the *Greek*, because it is at the tail of *Ursa Major*.

V. 8. *Mix with mortal men*.] The opinion, that follows, of the signs descending to earth, and mixing among men to observe their actions, &c. is very curious, as it certainly gave rise to the notions of *spirits*, *genii*, *fairies*, and the like invisible agents, who were supposed to be employed about mankind. Thus *Milton* opens his *Mask presented at Ludlow-castle* with an *attendant spirit*, by way of Prologue as it were, who declares his office, and the immediate business, that then called him to earth.

Before the starry threshold of *Jove's* court

My mansion is, &c.

V. 17. ————— *We return*

Their names in writing to high Jove.

Borum referimus nomina exscripta ad Jovem,

So a few lines after,

Bonos in aliis tabulis exscriptos habet.

In other registers are noted down

The upright and the good.

This notion of the good and evil actions of men being registered in a book, is finely imagined. *Callimachus* (as *M. Dacier* observes) has the same thought, where having described the insolent manner in which *Erisichon* speaks to *Ceres*, he adds,

He is inform'd of those that call for vengeance,
 And seek their own perdition by their crimes, 20
 Whoe'er by perjury obtain their cause,
 Or bribe ~~the judge to an unfair~~ decision,
 The case adjudg'd he judges o'er again,
 And does amerce them in a larger fine
 Than they were 'vantag'd by the foul decree, 25
 In other registers are noted down
 The upright and the good.—Yet wicked men

Νεμεσις δὲ κακῶν ἐγραψατο Φωνῶν——

This daring answer *Nemesis* wrote down.

We may fairly suppose, that this opinion was drawn from the highest origin, and founded on the most respectable authority, as we frequently meet with an allusion to it in the Old Testament, as well as New. Thus the Royal Psalmist, Ps. lvi. ver. 7, 8.

“ Shall they escape for their wickedness? Thou, O God, in thy displeasure shalt cast them down.

“ Thou tellest my sittings, puttest my tears into thy bottle.

“ ARE NOT THESE THINGS NOTED IN THY BOOK?”

V. 27. *Yet wicked men, &c.*] I am tempted to transcribe the whole of this fine sentiment (which breathes the spirit of true piety) as it stands in the original, that the learned reader may have an opportunity of comparing it with two passages in other comic authors, which I shall take the liberty of citing for that purpose.

Atque hoc scelesti in animum inducunt suum,

Jovem se placare posse donis hostiis.

Et operam et sumptum perduunt; id eò fit, quia

Nihil ei acceptum est a perjuris † supplicii.

Faciliùs, si qui pius est, a Dis supplicans,

Quàm qui scelestus est, inveniet veniam sibi.

Æschinus, in *Adelphi*, or *The Brothers of Terence*, utters a similar reflection with that which is contained in the two last lines above quoted, when speaking to *Micio*.

† An old word, the same as *supplicatio*,

Fondly imagine they can *Jove* appease
With gifts and sacrifice; and thus they lose

*Tu potius Deos comprecare: nam tibi eos certo scio,
Quò vir melior multò es quàm ego, obtemperaturos magis.*

Aët. IV. Scen. V. v. 70.

Ah, Sir, you rather go, and pray the Gods;
For, being a much better man than I,
They will the sooner hear your prayers.

COLMAN.

Madam *Dacier* (as Mr. *Colman* has observed) imagines *Terence* refers here to a line in *Hesiod*, which says that it is the business of old men to pray. This is doubtless straining the point considerably, as there is not the least similitude between the passages. May we not rather fairly conclude, that *Terence*, if he really copied it from any other than his *Greek* original, took the idea of it from our author? Mr. *Colman*, however, seems inclined to imagine, that *Terence* had an eye to the famous lines of *Menander*, which (as he observes) have already been recommended to the public notice by the learned critic in the *Adventurer*, No. cv. Be this as it will, it is indeed more than probable, from the exact similitude of the passages, that our author, in the first lines above quoted, may have borrowed his reflection from this very passage of *Menander*.

Εἷτις δὲ θυσιᾶν προσφέρων, ὦ Παμφίλε,
Ταυρῶν τε πλῆθος ἢ ἐριφῶν, ἢ, νῆ, Δία,
Ἐτέρων τοιῶν, ἢ κατασκευασµατὰ
Χρυσᾶς ποικίλας χλαµυδὸς ἢ πορφύρας,
Ἡ δὲ ἐλεφαντῖνος, ἢ σµαραγδὸν ζῶδια,
Εὐνὴν νοµιζεῖ τοῦ Θεοῦ καθιστάναι,
Πλανατ' ἐκεῖνος, καὶ φρενας κίφας ἐχει.
Δεῖ γὰρ τοῦ ἀνδρᾶ χρησιµοῦν πεφύκεναι,
Μὴ παρθενὸς φθειρόντα, µὴ μοιχωµένου,
Κλεπτοῦλα καὶ σφαττοῦλα χρηµατῶν χαρίν.
Μὴδὲ βελουῆς ἐναµµ' ἐπιθυµῆς, Παμφίλε,
Ὁ γὰρ Θεὸς βλέπει σε πλεῖστον παρῶν.

The

Their labour and their cost: for no petition
Is acceptable to him from bad men. 30

He that is good and just, will sooner find
Grace from above, in praying to the Gods,
Than will the wicked. Therefore I advise you,
You that are just and good, who pass your days 35
In piety and virtue, persevere,
That so you may rejoice from all your doings.

Now will I tell the subject of our Play,
Which is my errand hither.—First of all
Know, *Dipbilus* has nam'd this place *Cyrene*; 49

The man who sacrifices, *Pamphilus*,
A multitude of bulls, or goats, or sheep;
Or prepares golden vestments, purple raiment,
Figures of ivory, or precious gems;
Thinking to render God propitious to him,
Most grossly errs, and bears an empty mind.
Let him be good and charitable rather,
No doer of uncleanness, no corrupter
Of virgin innocence, no murd'rer, robber,
In quest of gain. Covet not, *Pamphilus*,
Even a needful of thread; for God,
Who's always near thee, always sees thy deeds.

It has been before remarked, that the latter part of this fragment contains almost all the precepts in the second table of the decalogue.

I cannot conclude without observing, that the introductory lines of this Prologue contain as fine and religious sentiments as are to be met with in any of the ancient authors, and bear a great resemblance to many passages in Holy Writ.

V. 40. *Dipbilus*.] A Greek comic poet, from whom, it appears by his being mentioned here, *Plautus* borrowed at least the subject of this play. We learn, by *Terence's* Prologue to *Adelphi*, or *The Brothers*, that our author was indebted to this writer for another play, which is lost,

There in a neighbouring villa, on that spot (*Pointing*.
 Adjoining to the sea, dwells *Dæmones*,
 A good old gentleman, who hither fled
 From *Athens*; not that any misdemeanour
 Forc'd him to leave his country, but himself 45
 By saving others was involv'd in ruin :
 By gentle courtesy his means were wasted.
 He had a daughter when a little child
 Kidnap'd away, whom a girl-merchant bought,
 A villainous knave, and brought her to *Cyrene*. 50
 A young *Athenian* spark, now of this city,
 Saw her returning from the musick-school,

Synapthescontes Diphili comoedia est :
 Eam Commorientes *Plautus* fecit fabulam.

The *SYNAPHTHESCONTES* is a Piece
 By *Diphilus*, a Comedy, which *Plautus*,
 Having translated, call'd *COMMORIENTES*.

COLMAN.

Cyrene is a city in *Africa*, bordering on the sea, opposite to the
 isle of *Crete*.

V. 44. *Any misdemeanour, &c.*] This is thrown in to make the
 character of *Dæmones* appear amiable, and consequently interest
 the spectators in his behalf.

V. 49. *Girl-merchant.*] The original is *Leno*. It is impossible
 to find a term in our language that will exactly correspond with
 this. His business was to traffick in young female slaves, to
 whom he gave an accomplished education, and then sold them for
 prostitution, like the *Georgians* and *Circassians* of the present
 times. He was always accounted infamous, and is frequently
 introduced as a character in the plays of our author, and those
 of *Terence*.

V. 52. *Musick-school.*] *E ludo fidicivo*. So in *Terence's Phormio*,
 Act I. Scene II.

Restabat nihil aliud, nisi oculos pascere,
Œffari, in ludum ducere et reducere,

Nought

And grew enamour'd of her : straight he comes
 To the girl-merchant, bargains for the wench
 At thirty *Minæ*, gives him earnest, binds him 57
 Moreover with an oath. The merchant, like
 A villain as he is, car'd not a rush
 For honour, honesty, or all he swore.
 He had a certain guest, like to himself,
 A villainous old rascal,—a *Sicilian*, 60
 From *Agrigentum*,—of so vile a stamp,
 That he was even traitor to his country.
 This rogue extols the beauty of the girl,
 And of the other damsels, which our merchant
 Held in possession, and, in short, persuades him, 65
 To go with him to *Sicily* : “ There,” says he,
 “ The men are debauchees ; there you may soon
 “ Grow rich ; there damsels bear the best of prices.”
 Well,—he prevails. A ship is hir'd by stealth ;
 All that he had our merchant puts on board 70
 By night ; and tells the youth, that bought the girl,
 He's going to perform a vow to *Venus*.—
 (*Pointing*) This is her temple, where he has invited
 The spark to dinner.—Presently he gets
 On board, and carries all his damsels with him. 75
 The young man was inform'd from other hands,

Nought else remain'd,
 Except to feed his eyes, to follow her,
 To lead her out to school, and hand her home. COLMAN.
 In *Greece* (as *M. Dacier* informs us) there were publick schools for
 the education of young women in musick, and others in like
 manner for young men.

V. 62. *Traitor to his country.*] *Urbis proditor.*

V. 74. *To dinner.*] Meaning to the sacrifice.

How matters were tranſacted, how the merchant
Was fairly gone: he haſtens to the port;
But now the veſſel was far off at ſea.

I, ſeeing that the girl was borne away, 80

Brought her relief, and ruin to her owner.

I rais'd a hurricane, and ſtir'd the billows:

For I *Arcturus* am, of all the ſigns,

Moſt turbulent; outrageous, when I riſe,

And at my ſetting more outrageous.—Now 85

The merchant and his comrade are both caſt

Upon a rock, their ſhip daſh'd all in pieces.

The maid, affrighted, and a damſel with her,

Have leap'd into the boat, and now the ſurge

Drives them aloof off from the rock to land, 90

Close to the old man's villa, which the ſtorm

Has ſtrip'd of all it's tiles, and quite uncover'd it.

This is the ſervant, that is coming forth.

The ſpark, that bought the damſel of the merchant,

Will preſently arrive, and you ſhall ſee him. 95

Now fare ye well, and heartleſs be your foes!

V. 85. *At my ſetting more outrageous.*] *Cum occido vehementior.*
This character of *Arcturus* is agreeable to what *Horace* ſays.

Sævus Arcturi cadentis

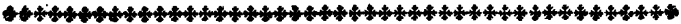
Impetus.

The making *Arcturus* cauſe the ſtorm, in conſequence of which
the incidents of the play ariſe, is prettily imagined.

V. 96. *Your foes!*] That is, the *Carthaginians*, as we are
told that this play was wrote during the time of the ſecond
Punick war.



THE
SHIPWRECK.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter SCEPARNIO, with a spade, as going to work.

HAVE mercy on us! what a dreadful storm
Has *Neptune* sent us over-night!—The wind
Our whole House has uncover'd.—In a word,

THE SHIPWRECK.] The title to this play in the original is *Rudens*, which signifies *The Cable*, and it is so called from the rope, by which a fisherman drags his net to shore, in which is contained the *vidulus*, or *wallet*, which contributes to the catastrophe. But as this title would sound rather uncouth to the *English* ear, I have taken the liberty of following the example of *Madam Dacier*, who has translated this play into *French*, and called it *L'Heureux Naufrage*, *The Happy Shipwreck*.

This play has been esteemed among the best, if not the very best, of our author's; and *Echard* scruples not to say of it, that it is “in several respects a better play than any of *Plautus*'s or “*Terence*'s.” It is difficult to pronounce, amidst the great variety

It was no wind;—but 'twas the rattling peal
In the *Alcmena* of *Euripides*.

5

riety of our author's plays, to which we should give the preference singly, as each of them will perhaps appear to abound with excellencies peculiar to itself. This play is undoubtedly to be admired for its ingenious contrivance; and there is something particularly interesting in the situation of the two girls, especially towards the end of the first act: but I question, whether it will not appear to the modern reader to be too much loaded with that quibbling kind of wit and scurvy jesting, which cannot be reckoned among the greatest excellencies of our author. It is, however, very remarkable for its scenical decorations, which, as it was thought necessary by the ancients to preserve the unity of time inviolably, are presented to the spectator's eye all at once in a most agreeable prospect, and disposed in a very picturesque manner. Madam *Dacier* has observed, that a want of attention to this particular has induced some to find fault with the conduct of the piece; and as it is necessary to have a perfect idea of the scenery, in order to understand the business of the fable, it will be proper to give a description of it, partly taken from that lady.

At the further end of the stage is a prospect of the sea, intersected by many rocks and cliffs, which project considerably forward upon the stage. On one side of the stage is represented the city of *Cyrene* at a distance; on the other, the temple of *Venus*, with a sort of court before it, surrounded by a wall breast high, and in the middle of this court is an altar. Adjoining to the temple, on the same side, is *Damon's* house, with some scattered cottages at a distance.

V. 5. *Alcmena* of *Euripides*.] This is supposed to allude to a tragedy of *Euripides*, called *Alcmena*, in which it is imagined a dreadful storm was represented in so lively a manner, that it became afterwards proverbial to signify tempestuous weather. Madam *Dacier* is inclined to think, that *Plautus* may have made use of this tragedy in his *Amphitryon*; and indeed, if we consider the admirable description of the thunder-storm in the fifth act of that play, it is not wholly improbable. We may even further conjecture, that the more serious parts of that play were

drawn

Troth, it has stript the roof, tore all the tiles off,—
Made our house lighter,—giv'n it store of windows.

www.SlitBook.com SCENE II.

*Enter PLEUSIDIPPUS, talking to three friends,
at a distance.*

I have withdrawn you from your own concerns;—
Nor has the purpose speeded, for which cause
I brought you out with me.—I could not find
This villainous procurer at the port.

drawn from the same source. Our author himself tells us in the Prologue to it,

Veterem atque antiquam rem novam ad vos proferam. V. 118.

I shall present you with an ancient tale,

Made new ———

By which it should seem, that *Plautus* took at least the hint of his play from some *Greek* author (as he did of all his pieces) though he has not mentioned his name. See the note upon the passage, ver. 141 of this translation.

One cannot help smiling at *Madam Dacier's* endeavouring seriously to account for *Sceparnio's* mentioning the above tragedy. “It should be remembered (says she) that this slave had served
“*Dæmones* a long time at *Athens*, where the pieces of *Euripides*
“were often played. *Sceparnio* might therefore have seen the
“*Alcmena*; and as these sort of people are only struck with
“what pleases the eye, or astonishes the ear, it is not to be
“wondered, that he should call to mind the representation,
“which he had there been present at.”

V. 7. *Made our house lighter.*] *Illustriores fecit.* *Ædes* is supposed to be understood. There seems to be no grounds for thinking with *Echard* (who has translated this play) that any kind of pun or witticism is here intended.

SCENE II.] The three gentlemen, whom *Pleusidippus* brings along with him, are all *mutes*. If any of our modern poets had had the management of them, they would undoubtedly have made
made

Yet I'm unwilling to forego all hope 5
 Through my remissness :—Wherefore I have still,
 My friends, detain'd you for some longer space.—
 To *Venus'* temple am I now come hither,
 Where, he inform'd me, he design'd to sacrifice.

SCEP. (*at a distance, falling to work.*)

'Twere best to set about this plaguy clay here, 10
 Though I am work'd to death by't.

PLEUS. Sure I hear

Some voice or other near me.

S C E N E III.

Enter DÆMONES from his house.

Ho! *Sceparnio!*

SCEP. Who calls me by my name?

DÆM. Why, he that bought you.

SCEP. That is to say, you are my master. (*turning*)
Dæmones!

DÆM. Come, dig away; much stuff will be requir'd;

made them speak several things, and perhaps with reason, it being improbable they should be silent all the time they were there. But the ancients, in this point, were extremely fearful of embarrassing the stage, and often to a fault, and too great a limitation to the variety of discourse. *Ecbard.*

If this practice of the ancients appears awkward and unnatural, nothing on the other hand can be more insipid and ridiculous in general than the *friends* and *confidants* of modern plays, who are lugg'd in for no other purpose whatever but to hear a long story or a lamentable complaint, or to be told of some notable scheme or other, which it is necessary the audience should know.

For,

For, as I find, the whole house must be cover'd : 5
It has as many holes in't as a sieve.

PLEUS. (*advancing*) Save you, good father!—Save
you both together!

DÆM. Save you!

SCEP. (*digging*) But are you man or woman, you
Who call him father!

PLEUS. Sure, I am a man.

DÆM. Then seek elsewhere a father.—I had once 10
An only daughter, and I lost that one :
I never had a son.

PLEUS. Pray heav'n may fend—

SCEP. (*still digging*) Send you a mischief, who so-
e'er you are,

That seeing us employ'd would give us more
Employment with your chattering.

PLEUS. Dwell you here? 15

SCEP. Why do you ask?—What! you survey the
premises,

V. 7. *Father.*] This was the common address among the an-
cients of young people to their seniors.

V. 10. *I had once—One only daughter, &c.*] “ *Dæmones*’s men-
tioning the loss of a daughter, was a very necessary circum-
stance for the audience to take notice of, and an excellent
preparation for the main incident.” So far *Echard*. To which
we may add, that the inartificial method of telling us in the
Prologue, that *Palæstra* was this very daughter, totally prevents
the effect of this preparation.

V. 16. *Survey the premises, &c.*]

An quò furatum mox venias, vestigas loca?

A similar passage occurs likewise in *Trinummus*, or *The Treasure*
of our author, Act IV. Scene II.

That you may come and plunder bye-and-bye.

PLEUS. That slave should be a trusty and a rich one,
Who lets his tongue run in his master's presence,
And dares in scurvy terms address a freeman. 20

SCEP. And he should be a filthy knave, a foul one,
An impudent base fellow, who will come
Of his own motion to another's house,
That owes him nothing.

DÆM. Peace, *Sceparnio*. (to *Pleus*.) Prithee,
Good youth, what would you?

PLEUS. I would ill to him 25
For his unmanner'd haste to speak the first,
When that his master's by.—But, sir, an't please you,
I'd ask in brief one question.

DÆM. I'll attend you,
Though I am busied.

SCEP. (to *Pleus*.) Go into the marsh,
Wilt thou? and cut some reeds to thatch our house
with, 30
While it is fair.

*Loca contemplat, circumspicit sese, atque ædes noscitat.
Credo ædopol, quò mox furatum veniat, speculatur loca.*

How he looks about him,
How he surveys the place, and of my house
Takes special note!—Why sure he marks the place,
To come and rob it bye-and-bye.

V. 18. *A rich one.*] *Peculiosum*. It has been more than once
observed in the course of these notes, that a slave was allowed to
have property of his own, which was called *peculium*.

V. 19. *Let his tongue run.*] The expression in the original is
remarkable,—*quem prætereat oratio*;—which, as Madam Dacier
has observed, is a *Græcism*. So Homer, ——— σ' ἄπος ἐκφύγεν.

DÆM.

DÆM. (*to Scep.*) Peace. (*to Pleus.*) Tell me what's your pleasure?

PLEUS. Inform me what I ask you.—Have you seen E'er a grey-headed, frizzle-pated fellow,
A scurvy, perjurd knave, a fawing cogger?

DÆM. Full many an one:—by reason of such men 35
I now, alas! live miserable.

PLEUS. He,
I speak of, brought two damfels with him here,—
To-day or yesterday,—to *Venus'* temple,
In order to prepare a sacrifice.

DÆM. I have seen no one sacrificing there, 40
These many days.—Nor can they sacrifice
Without my knowledge: Here they always come
For water, fire, or vessels, or a knife,
Spit, seething-pot, or something; in a word,
My well, my vessels are for *Venus'* use 45
More than my own:—But now, for many days
There has been intermission.

PLEUS. What you say
Tells me I'm ruin'd.

DÆM. 'Tis no fault of mine.

SCEP. Hearkye me,—you, fir,—you that roam about
To temples for your belly's sake,—'twere best 50

V. 34. *Fawning cogger.*] *Palpastorem*, always used in a bad sense.

V. 44. *Seething-pot.*] *Aulam extarem*. A vessel for boiling the entrails of the victims used in sacrifice. *Extarem* from *exta*.

V. 50: *For your belly's sake.*] *Ventris causâ*. It was the custom of parasites to attend at sacrifices for what they could get. Madam *Dacier* is wonderfully surpris'd, that *Pleusidippus* could bear so gross an affront from this scurrilous slave without resenting it

Order your dinner to be got at home :
Belike you was invited yon to dinner,
And he, who ask'd you, never came.

PLEUS. (*angrily*) Most excellent!

SCEP. E'en take thee home then with an empty
belly ;

There's nothing hinders.—Thou should'st rather be 59
A follower of *Ceres* than of *Venus* :

Love's her concern, but food is *Ceres'* care.

PLEUS. How scurvily this fellow dares to treat me!

DÆM. O ye good Gods! who are those people
yonder (*looking towards the sea.*)

Nigh to the shore, *Sceparnio*?—Look.

SCEP. Methinks 60

They've been invited to a parting dinner.

like a gentleman; and she has hit upon an admirable salvo for his honour. She supposes, in short, that *Plensfidippus* did not understand what the other had said, because forsooth the word *ventris* was pronounced in such a manner as might easily make it pass for *veneris*; consequently no offence could be taken at it. She observes, that the commentators before her had not perceived the *finesse* of this passage: and to confess a truth, I can find no more similitude in the sound of *ventris* and *veneris* than there is between *love* and *loaf*; nor even though we should suppose *Sceparnio* to have used a barbarous or provincial pronunciation, can I easily be persuaded, that any such humour, poor as it is, was ever intended by our author.

V. 57. *Food.*] The original is, *triticum*, wheat.

V. 61. *A parting dinner.*] *Prandium propter viam*. This is a sorry joke, even for *Sceparnio*, on so serious and melancholy an occasion, and cannot be well expressed in our tongue. When the ancients were about to undertake any voyage, they used to make a sacrifice to *Hercules*, before they set off, which was for that reason called *propter viam*; and the custom was, to burn all
they

DÆM. Why so?

SCEP. Because they've bath'd them after supper.
Their vessel's gone to pieces.

DÆM. So it is.

SCEP. And so indeed our house too and its tiles
Are shatter'd upon land.

DÆM. Alas! alas! 65

What nothings are poor mortal men!—See! see!
They are dash'd overboard! Look, how they swim!

PLEUS. I pray, where are they?

DÆM. (*pointing*) This way, to the right,—
D'ye see them?—near the shore.

PLEUS. I see them.—

(*To his Companions*) Follow me.

Would it were He I seek, that worst of villains! 70
Fare ye well.

SCEP. Of ourselves we should have look'd
To that without your bidding.

[*Exit PLEUSIDIPPUS and Friends.*]

they did not eat, Wherefore *Sceparnio* says, *laverunt*, which signifies they have *consumed their all*, as well as they have *bathe'd*, alluding to the ship being lost.

* * * *Pleusidippus*, who goes off here in hopes of finding *Labrax*, misses of him, and does not appear again till the sixth Scene of the third Act, which *Madam Dacier* reckons a considerable fault. See the Note at the beginning of that Scene.

S C E N E IV.

SCEPARNIO, and DÆMONES.

SCEPARNIO, (*looking towards the sea.*)

O *Palæmon,*

Neptune's associate, (nay, thou'rt call'd his partner,)
What do I see?

DÆM. What do you see?

SCEP. I see

Two women sitting in a boat alone.

Poor creatures, how they're tost!—That's good,—
that's good,— 5

Well done!—See! the surge drives the boat away there

Off from the rock towards the shore!—a pilot

Could not have done it.—In my life, I think,

I never saw such billows.—They are safe;

If they can 'scape those waves.—Now, now's the
danger! 10

One is wash'd overboard,—but she is lighted

Upon a flat;—she'll easily wade through it.—

O bravo! bravo!—See, the surge has thrown her

~~Upon the land!~~—She's risen,—makes this way:—

All's safe.—The other too has leap'd on shore! 15

Ha! thro' her fright she's fall'n upon her knees

Into the sea!—Oh,—she is safe,—has got

V. 1. *Palæmon.*] Otherwise called *Melicertes*, the son of *Atbamias* and *Ino*. It is fabled, that his mother, seeing *Atbamias* in his frenzy about to kill them both, threw herself and son into the sea, whereupon they became sea-deities.

Out

Out of the water,—and is now on land.—
 But she has taken to the right;—poor creature!
 She'll wander there all day.

DÆM. What's that to you? 20

SCEP. If she should topple from yon cliff, which now
 She's making to, she'll briefly put an end
 At once to all her rambling.

DÆM. If you mean
 To sup with them this evening, it behoves you
 To be concern'd about them; but if me 25
 You think to eat with, you must mind my business.

SCEP. O to be sure.

DÆM. Then follow me.

SCEP. I follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

* * M. Marolles very justly differs from the opinion of an ingenious critick, that the particular circumstances, which are described in *Sceparnio's* discourse, were actually represented upon the stage by the help of machinery. Such a picture might, indeed, be proper in dumb shew, or in a modern *Pantomime*; but in the present case it would be improper: for, if the real images were presented to the spectator's eye, the description of them would be useless and impertinent.

Our author is in general very happy in description; and nothing can be more natural than the present. As we conceive the speaker's eye to be fixed upon the objects that seem to take up his attention, so "in the mind's eye" we see, as it were, each minute particular, and we feel ourselves no less interested in them than if they had been actually presented to our sight. Of the same kind is the celebrated description of *Dover Cliff* in *Shakespeare's King Lear*.

S C E N E V.

Enter PALÆSTRA, from among the Cliffs, at a distance.

The storied miseries of men's mishaps
 (How sad soe'er relation sets them forth)
 Are far less sharp than those we know and feel
 Ourselves from sore experience.—Has it then
 Pleas'd heav'n to cast me on this stranger shore, 5
 With these drench'd garments, frightened and forlorn?
 Shall I not cry,—“ Why was I born to bear
 This load of misery?”—Is this the meed
 Of my distinguish'd piety?—With ease
 I might endure this labour of affliction, 10
 If I had borne me impious to the Gods,
 Or to my parents.—But if studiously
 I've sought to shun that trespass, then, ye Gods,
 You've dealt with me unfittingly, unjustly.
 How, how will you requite henceforth the im-
 pious, 15
 If at this rate you prize the innocent?—
 Were I but conscious that in any thing
 My parents or myself had done amiss,

Enter PALÆSTRA.] Palæstra was separated from her companion, first by the greatness of her fright, which made her suppose her drowned, then by the different ways they took through the cliffs and precipices; and this makes her appear alone upon the stage. What she says is very natural for one in her circumstances, and agreeable to the doctrine and religion of her time.

ECHARD.

It

It less had griev'd me.—But my owner's crimes
 Have wrought this woe; for his impiety 20
 I'm punish'd.—He has lost his ship and all,
 Wreck'd in the sea;—And I, the sad remains
 Of all that he possess'd :—the damsel too,—
 She that came with me in the boat,—is perish'd.—
 At least had she been sav'd, her gentle aid 25
 Had sooth'd and lighten'd my affliction.—Now
 What hope, what help, what comfort can I find?
 Here am I in this lonely desert; here
 Stand rocks;—here roars the sea;—no living wight
 Comes 'cross my way;—the cloaths that I have on 30
 Are all my riches; and I'm mainly ignorant
 How to get food, or where to find a shelter.—
 Have I an Hope, that I should wish to live?—
 I am a stranger, a new comer hither :—
 Would I could meet with some one, that might shew
 me 35
 A path or road :—my mind is all uncertain
 Whither to make,—to this way or to that.—
 No cultivated land I see before me.—
 Ah; my poor parents! little do you know,
 I'm now the wretch I am.—By birth I'm free:— 40
 But what avails that freedom? Am I now
 Less wretched than if born a slave?—Ah me!
 I never was a comfort or an help
 To those, who gave me birth and education;

V. 40. *By birth I'm free.*] These words seem to have been spoken with no other design than to express *Palæstra's* concern at this time, and they appear only the natural effects of her passion; but the poet designed them as a Preparation towards the main Incident, her Discovery.

S C E N E VI.

Enter AMPELISCA, coming forward from among the Cliffs, at the other End of the Stage.

Can I do better? were't not for my good
 To put an end at once to my existence?
 I am so wretched, and so many cares
 Distract my breast, that weary out my soul!--
 I'm prodigal of life; for I have lost 5
 That hope, which was my comfort.---All around
 In quest I've rambled, crawl'd with patient step
 Through ev'ry covert place, with voice, eyes, ears
 Trying to trace her out, my fellow-slave.
 Yet no-where can I find her!--I am puzzled 10
 Which way to take, or where to seek her further.
 I cannot meet a soul, that I might question:---
 Never was place so desert and forlorn
 As these dread wilds!--yet will I not desist
 From searching; till at length I've found her out, 15
 If haply she's alive.

PAL. (*at a distance*) What voice is that
 Sounds near me?

AMP. (*overbearing*) I am mightily afraid.---
 Who speaks there?

PAL. I beseech you, gentle Hope,
 O come to my assistance---

AMP. 'Tis a woman;---
 A woman's voice.---

PAL. And free me from my dread. 20

AMP.

AMP. (*listening*) Sure 'tis a woman's voice, that strikes my ear.

PAL. Is't *Ampelisca*?

AMP. Is it you, *Palestra*?

PAL. Why don't I call her by her name aloud, That she may know me? (*calling*) *Ampelisca*!

AMP. Ha!

Who's that?

PAL. 'Tis I,---*Palestra*.

AMP. Say, where are you? 23

PAL. Environ'd with misfortunes.

AMP. I'm your partner;

Nor is my share of sorrow less than your's.---

I long to see you,

PAL. In that wish we're rivals.

AMP. Our voices be our guides.---Where are you?

PAL. Here.---

Come forward,---here,---come meet me.

AMP. I am coming. 30

[*They meet.*]

PAL. Give me your hand.

AMP. Here,---take it.

PAL. Prithee tell me,

Are you alive?

AMP. Aye, and would wish to live,

Since 'tis permitted me to feel and touch you:---

(*They embrace.*)

O how you ease me now of all my troubles!

V. 25. *Where are you?*] They were separated by the cliffs, which hindered them from seeing one another, though they might both be visible to the spectators.

PAL.

PAL. You are before-hand, have prevented me 35
In what I would have said.—But let us go.

AMP. Go! whither, sweet?

PAL. We'll keep along the shore.

AMP. I'll follow where you please.

PAL. And shall we roam
In these wet garments?

AMP. That which is befall'n us
We must perforce endure.—But prithee now 40
What's that? (*looking.*)

PAL. What?

AMP. Don't you see a temple yonder?
There, —don't you see it?

PAL. Where?

AMP. Upon the right,

PAL. It seems, 'tis deck'd unto some God.

AMP. Then men
Cannot be far off.—(*They advance towards it.*)

And the site so charming!—
I'll pray unto this God, who'er he be, 45
That he would succour us poor, helpless wretches,
And free us from our sorrows.

[*They kneel before the Temple.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter PTOLEMOCRATIA, *Priestess of* VENUS,
from the Temple.

Who are these?
That lowly bending to my Patroness

Solicit

Solicit her protection? For the voice
 Of some poor supplicants has drawn me hither.
 Their suit is to a good and gracious Goddefs, 5
 A Patroness most gentle, and most kind.

PAL. Save you, good mother!

PTOL. Save you, my sweet girls!

Whence do you come, so woefully array'd,
 In these wet garments?

PAL. Lastly, from a place

Not far from hence, but 'tis a great way off 10
 Whence we were borne at first.

PTOL. Ye came forfooth

By sea then.

PAL. You judge right.

PTOL. Ye should have come

Cloathed in white, and bringing victims with you.—
 'Tis not the practice to approach our temple

V. 3. *Solicit her Protection.*] The original, in the common editions, is *Qui a patronâ preces meâ expetissunt*, but Lambin has altered it to *paces*, which correction Madam Dacier approves of, and observes, that *pax* is a religious term, signifying *favour* or *assistance*, in which sense she says it is used in a thousand places in *Virgil*, *Livy*, and *Sallust*. It may be so; but I very much question, whether it can be found in that sense in the plural number.

V. 11. *Ye came by sea.*] The original is,
Nempe equo ligneo per vias cœruleas
Estis vestræ.

i. e. you were borne by a wooden horse. Madam Dacier has no other foundation than her own opinion for conjecturing, that the original Author of this play in *Greek* borrowed this expression from some *tragedy*, as it seems to be a *Græcism*. But allowing it to be so, is it not rather of the *comic* than the *tragic* stamp, notwithstanding (as she observes) *Homer* calls ships *αὐτὸς ἵππος*, *horses of the sea*?

In such habiliments.

PAL. Ah! whence should we; 19

We that were cast away, have got us victims?

In need of succour, destitute of hope,

In a strange land, we now embrace your knees:

O let your roof receive and shelter us;

Have pity on two hapless wanderers, 20

Who have no place of refuge, no, nor hope,

Nor any thing indeed but what you see.

PTEL. Give me your hands: rise both: no woman ever

Was more inclin'd to pity; but, alas!

My state is poor and mean: hardly indeed 25

I get support, and for a livelihood

I serve our *Venus*.

PAL. Is this *Venus*' temple?

PTEL. The same; and I'm her Priestess.—Such as'tis,

You shall find here a courteous entertainment,

As far as my scant means will give me power.— 30

Come then with me.

PAL. You tender us, good mother,

With a most kind affection.

PTEL. 'Tis my duty.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter FISHERMEN, with their Lines, Nets, &c.

A FISHERMAN.

WE poor folks lead a sorry life, especially
 If we have learn'd no trade, no occupation;
 So of necessity must be content
 With what we have.—Guess ye, how rich we are
 By this our tackle. These poor hooks and rods 5
 Are all we have to live by. From the city
 We come here to the sea in quest of forage;
 Our sport and exercise is catching lobsters,
 Crabs, oysters, cockles, ev'ry kind of fish;
 Some with our hooks, some get we from the rocks. 10
 We draw all our provisions from the sea :

A FISHERMAN.] There is no direction in our Author to point out any individual speaker, but this speech is, in the manner of the antient *Chorus*, a joint address of the whole company.

V. 7. *Forage.]* The original word is *Pabulatum*, which properly signifies as I have expressed it.

V. 8. *Our sport and exercise.]* *Pro exercitu gymnastico et palæstrico.*

V. 9. *Ev'ry kind of fish.]* The original has it,
Echinos, lepadas, ostreas, balanos captamus, conchas,
Marinam concham, musculos, plagustias, striatas.

These are names of fishes, to many of which we are at present strangers; nor would it, we conceive, be any satisfaction to our readers to trace their etymologies.

If

If we catch nothing, then well fous'd and pickled
 We e'en sneak home, and sleep with empty bellies.—
 The sea is now so rough, we have no hope
 Of sport here; and except we get some shell-fish, 15
 We must go supperless.—We will beseech
 Good *Venus* here to favour and befriend us.

[*They advance towards the Temple.*]

SCENE II.

Enter TRACHALIO, at a little distance.

I've us'd my best endeavours not to slip
 My master any where. When he went out,
 He said that he was going to the port,
 And bade me meet him here at *Venus'* temple.—
 But see, some people stand there opportunely, 5
 Of whom I may enquire. I'll up to them.

V. 12. *Well fous'd and pickled.*] *Salsi lanique purè.* Madam *Dacier* supposes, that a joke is intended here from the equivocal meaning of the words, which might signify, that they had been entertained with well-seasoned cates, or, that they had been washed and cleansed with salt water. *Salsi*, (says she) because sea-water is salt. *Purè*, because sea-water washes away all impurities.

* * This Scene of the Fishermen, and their discourse, is a good preparation for the second Scene of the fourth Act; and *Plautus'* lucky choice of a place, to bring them there with probability, is remarkable. The only fault is, their speaking a little too directly to the audience, so mixing the *representation* with the *theatral action*, but not in so open a manner as he does in some other of his plays.

ECHARD.

Save you, ye sea-thieves, ye starv'd generation!
How fares it with you?

FISHERMAN. As with Fishermen;
Dying with hunger, thirst, and expectation.

TRACH. Have you seen come this way, since you've
been here, 10

E'er a fresh-colour'd, stout, well-looking youth,
And three companions with him, drest like soldiers?

FISH. We have seen no one answering your description.

TRACH. Or have you met an old bald-pated fellow,
Hook-nos'd, pot-bellied, beetle-brow'd, squint-ey'd, 15
A sour-fac'd knave, the scorn of Gods and men,
Full of iniquity and vile dishonour,
With two young likely damsels?

FISH. Such an one
In mind and deed is fitter for the gallows
Than *Venus'* temple.

TRACH. Tell me, have you seen him? 20

FISH. NO,—no one has come hither.—Fare you well.

TRACH. Farewell. [Exeunt Fishermen.]

V. 7. *Sea-thieves.*] *Fures maritimi.* There follow two words, *concbitæ atque hamiotæ*, which our Author has coined in allusion to the fisherman's profession, and which could not be well expressed in the translation.

V. 8. *How fares it with you?*] There is an humour in the original, which could not be preserved in our language. Instead of asking the fishermen, *ut valetis?* which was the common phrase of salutation, *Trachalis* addresses them in the opposite term, *ut peritis?*

V. 12. *Drest like soldiers.*] *Chlamydatos cum machæriis.*

S C E N E III.

TRACHALIO *alone.*

I thought so: 'tis as I suspected:—
 My master is deceiv'd; this curst procurer
 Is run away, has got on board a ship,
 And carried off the damsels.—I'm a conjurer.—
 My master was invited by the knave 5
 To dinner here: I had best stay his coming:
 And if I see the priestess, I'll enquire,
 If she can give me further information:
 She may perhaps know more.

S C E N E IV.

Enter AMPELISCA from the Temple.

(*To the Priestess within.*) I understand:
 Your orders are, to knock here at this house
 Next to the temple, and to ask for water.

TRACH. Whose voice is that?

AMP. Bless me! who's that, that speaks there? 5
 Whom do I see?

TRACH. Is not that *Ampelisca*
 Comes from the temple?

AMP. Is not that *Trachalio*,
 I see there, *Pleusidippus'* rogue?

TRACH. 'Tis she.

AMP. 'Tis he.—*Trachalio!* save you.

TRACH. *Ampelisca!*

Save you.—How fares it?

AMP.

AMP. Very ill.

TRACH. Don't say so. 10

AMP. 'Tis right to speak the truth.---But prithee now
Where is your master, *Pleusidippus*?

TRACH. Psha!

As though he weren't within there.

AMP. He is not,

Nor any other man.

TRACH. He is not come!

AMP. You say the truth.

TRACH. That's not my custom. But 15
How near is dinner ready?

AMP. Pray, what dinner?

TRACH. You're sacrificing here.

AMP. What are you dreaming?

TRACH. Why fure your master *Labrax* did invite
My master *Pleusidippus* here to dinner.

AMP. No wonder what you say.—If he deceives 20
Both Gods and men, he acts but like a pimp.

TRACH. Are you not sacrificing? nor my master?

AMP. You've guess'd it.

TRACH. Prithee then what do you here?

AMP. From dire afflictions, from severest frights,
From hazard of our lives, in want of succour, 25
The Priestests took us in, me and *Palæstra*.

TRACH. Ha! is *Palæstra* here, my master's love?

AMP. Yes, verily.

TRACH. There's pleasure in your news,
My *Ampelisca*.—But I long to know
The perils you were in.

AMP. Our ship, *Trachalio*, 30

Last night was cast away.

TRACH. Ship! cast away!

What story's this?

AMP. Have you not heard forsooth,
How that our master privately design'd
To carry us away to *Sicily*,
And put on ship-board all that he was worth? 35
Now all is lost.

TRACH. Thanks, gentle *Neptune*: verily
Thou art a cunning gamester: thou hast giv'n him
A pleasant cast i'faith: the rogue is done for.—
But where's the villain now?

AMP. Dead drunk, I fancy;
For *Neptune* had invited him last night 40
To deep potations, and, as I suppose,
Gave him a finishing cup.

V. 37. *A cunning gamester, &c.*] This is a joke in the original, depending on the double sense of the phrase, *jacere bolum*, as also of the word *perdere*.

O *Neptune lepidè, salve!*

Nec te aleator ullus est sapientior: profectò

Nimis lepidè jecisti bolum; perjurum perdidisti.

Jacere bolum signifies the casting a net, as well as casting of dice; and by *perdere* is understood, to cause to perish, or to ruin any one in the gamester's sense.

V. 42. *Gave him a finishing cup.*] *Credo ego anancæo datum quod biberes.* This is an allusion to the custom in some of their great feasts, of finishing all with a larger cup than ordinary, which every one was obliged to drink without losing a drop; and this was called *Anancæum Poculum*, *Αναγκαιον*, a *Cup of Necessity*. So that in effect *Ampeliscæ* said, "that *Neptune* had invited the rogue
" to a feast, and had killed him with a Cup of Necessity."

ECHARD from DACIER.

TRACH.

TRACH. O how I love thee,
 My *Ampelisca*! What a dear sweet creature!
 There's honey in thy words too!—But inform me,
 How escap'd you and *Palæstra*?

AMP. You shall hear. 45
 Seeing the ship borne full upon a rock,
 I hasten'd to untie the rope that held her;
 And while the rest were wrapt in wild dismay,
 Our boat was sever'd from them by the storm,
 Which drove us to the right; and in this wise, 50
 Poor helpless souls, tost by the winds and waves,
 We pass'd the live-long night; till on the morn
 The wind scarce bore us to the shore quite spent—

TRACH. I understand;—'tis ever *Neptune's* way:—
 He's a most dainty *Ædile*, and whenever 55
 He finds commodities stark naught, the word
 At once is, “over with them.”

AMP. A plague on you!

V. 53. *Bore us to the shore quite spent.*] Here *Ampelisca* finishes her narration, which is very short and to the purpose. It is very remarkable how judiciously the poet leaves out all that latter part of the shipwreck, which the audience were already informed of by *Scæparnio* in the first Act. This is a thing that ought carefully to be observed by dramatick poets in all their narrations.

ECHARD.

V. 55. *He's a most dainty Ædile.*] The original is,
Novi; Neptunus ita solet: quàmvis fastidiosus
Ædilis est: si quæ improba sunt merces, jacet omnes.
 It was the business of the *Ædile*, among the *Romans*, to inspect and regulate the market. Among the *Greeks* there was an officer, whose province was the same, who was called *Agoranomos*, which appellation our Author himself introduces in his *Curculio*, Act. II. Scen. III. V. 6.

TRACH. On you, my *Ampelisca*.—But I knew
 The scurvy pimp would do what he has done ;—
 And I have often said it :—I had best 60
 Let my hair grow, and set up for a conjurer.

AMP. A pretty care you took, with all your foresight,
 You and your master, to prevent his going !

TRACH. What could he do ?

AMP. A lover he, and ask you,
 What could he do ? day, night he should have kept 65
 A constant watch, been always upon guard.
 Yes truly,—'tis so like them,—his concern
 And care about her tallied with his love.

TRACH. Do you not know, when a man goes to bathe,
 Let him be e'er so mindful of his cloaths, 70
 They yet are stolen : for he can't devise
 Whom he should have an eye to ; but the thief
 Holds easily his mark of observation
 Point blank before him : all the while our spark
 Kens not the lurking knave.--But bring me to her. 75

V. 61. *Let my hair grow, and set up for a conjurer.*]

Capillum promittam optimum est, occipiamque ariolari.

It was the custom, it seems, for those who were employed in
 divining to wear their hair very long.

V. 67. *Yes truly, 'tis so like them.*] The original is,

Ut multi fecit, ita probè curavit Pleusidippus.

The commentators have put a various construction on this pas-
 sage, some understanding it in this sense,—*ut multi faciunt, fecit*,
 he did as many do,—while others (and among them Madam Da-
 cier) suppose it should be one word, *multi'ecit* ; and then the
 meaning is, that our lover's concern about her was no greater
 than his esteem for her. I have comprehended both senses in the
 translation,

Where

Where is she, pray ?

AMP. Go straight into the temple :
You'll find her sitting there, all drown'd in tears.

TRACH. I'm sorry for't!—but wherefore doth she
weep ?

AMP. I'll tell you. She is vexed to the soul,
That the procurer should have ta'en her casket, 80
Where she had lodg'd some trinkets, which she hop'd
Might lead to a discovery of her parents ;
And now she fears 'tis lost.

TRACH. Where was the casket ?

AMP. He lock'd it in his wallet, to prevent
Discovery of her parents.

TRACH. What a shame 85
To make a slave of one that should be free !

AMP. She thinks it with the ship gone to the bottom.
All the old fellow's treasure too was with it :
Some one, I hope, has div'd, and brought it up :
She is fore-grieved for the loss of it. 90

TRACH. 'Tis fit that I should go and comfort her.
But let her not despond ; for true it is,
Good oft befalls us, when we least expect it.

AMP. And true it is, that when we trust in hope,
We're often disappointed.

TRACH. Patience then 95

V. 80. *Her casket.*] It ought to be observed, that this, and six or seven lines farther, were designed by the Poet to interest *Trachalio* more firmly in *Palæstra's* concerns, and to give a fair pretext for demanding the Casket in the fourth Act, without which the main discovery could never have been brought about. So it is an excellent *Preparation* for that ; but the Spectators could by no means foresee it.

ECHARD.

Is the best remedy against affliction.—

I'll in, except you want me further.

AMP. Go.

www.libtool.com.cn [*Exit* TRACHALIO,

S C E N E V.

AMPELISCA *alone.*

I'll now do what the Priestess order'd me ;
 I'll beg some water here at the next house.
 She told me if I ask'd it in her name,
 They'd give it me forthwith. I never saw
 A worthier old woman, more deserving 5
 Favour from Gods and men. How courteously,
 And with what gentle breeding she receiv'd us
 Trembling in want, wet, cast away, half-dead,—
 And treated us as though we were her children !
 How readily herself did warm us water 10
 For us to wash !—But I must mind her orders,
 That I mayn't make her wait.

[*Knocking at DÆMONES' door,*

Ho! who's within here?

Open the door.—Will nobody come forth?

S C E N E VI.

Enter SCEPARNIO,

Who's at the door there banging so unmercifully

AMP. 'Tis I.

SCEP. What good d'ye bring us?—By my troth

A likely

A likely wench!

AMP. Good day to you, young man.

SCEP. The same to you, young woman.

AMP. I am come to you—

SCEP. I'll entertain you, if you come anon, 5
As you could wish: at present I have nothing
To satisfy your wants.—Ah ha, my pretty one!
My smirking, smiling rogue! (*Offering to embrace her.*)

AMP. Let me alone:—

Fye,—now you are too rude.

SCEP. By heav'ns, the very
Image of *Venus*! What a sparkling eye 10
The jade has!—what a shape!—what a complexion!—
A *walnut*,—a *nut* brown I meant to say!—
What breasts!—what pretty pouting lips!—

(*Lays hold of her.*)

AMP. (*Struggling*) Be quiet!—
I am not for your turn:—d'ye think me common?

V. 12. *A walnut, a nut brown I meant to say.*] The original is,
eja, corpus cujusmodi!

Subvoluturium! illud quidem, subaquilum volui dicere.

As this could not be literally expressed in the translation, I have made use of terms, that I hope in some sort preserve the sentiment. *Sceparnia* meant to describe *Ampeliscia* as being of a brown complexion resembling an *eagle*, but by mistake happens to mention *vulture*, and immediately corrects himself, as thinking it rather an ill compliment.

V. 14. *D'ye think me common?*] The original is, *Non sum polluta pago*, which is thus explained by *Echard*. The word *polluta* is a term borrowed from the sacrifices. When they offered to *Hercules*, that little part of the beast, which was burnt upon the altar, was called *porreSum*; and the rest, which was exposed to the people, was called *pollutum*.

What!

What!—can't you keep your hands off?—

SCEP. Prithee, sweet, 15

May I not toy a little?

AMP. Bye and bye,—

When I'm at leisure, I'll then trifle with you;—

Now let me have your answer, aye or no,

To that which I was sent to ask.

SCEP. What would you?

AMP. Can you not guess by this?

(Pointing to the pitcher.)

SCEP. And can't you guess 20

What I would have of you?

AMP. The Priestess sent me

To beg some water.

SCEP. I am proud and lordly:

Unless you sue to me with low petition,

You will not get a drop.—Our well we dug,

At our own hazard, with our proper tools.— 25

Unless you woo me with much blandishment,

You will not get a drop.

AMP. Why should you grudge

To give me water, which an enemy

Will give an enemy?

SCEP. Why should you grudge

To grant me that same favour, which a friend 30

Will give a friend?

AMP. Well, well, my sweet, I'll do

V. 22. *I am proud and lordly.*] *Ego basificus sum*, that is, I will give myself such airs as persons in high stations are wont to do, when their inferiors solicit a favour.

V. 29, 30. *Enemy—Friend.*] *Inimicus Inimico—Civis Civis.*

All you desire.

SCEP. (*Afide*) O charming!—I am blest!—
She calls me *sweet*.—

(*To AMP.*) You shall have water;—No.
You shall not love in vain.—Give me the pitcher.

AMP. Here,—take it.—Prithee, love, make haste,
and bring it me. 35

SCEP. Stay:---I'll be here this instant, my sweet
charmer! [*Exit SCEPARNIO.*]

SCENE VII.

AMPELISCA *alone.*

What shall I tell the Priestess in excuse
For tarrying here so long?---Oh, how I dread
Ev'n now to look upon the deep!---

(*Looking towards the Sea.*)

Ah me!

What do I see there on the shore?---my master
And his *Sicilian* guest, whom I believ'd 5
Both drown'd!---More evil still survives to plague us
Than we imagin'd.--Why do I not run
Into the temple to inform *Palæstra*,
That we may fly to th' altar ere he come,
And seize us?---I'll be gone:---th'occasion presses 10
And suddenly inspires the thought.

[*Runs into the temple.*]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter SCEPARNIO.

Good heav'ns!

I ne'er believ'd such pleasure was in water ;
 I drew it with such heartiness!—The well
 Methought too was less deep than heretofore ;
 With so much ease I drew it!—Verily 5
 I am an oaf, that I should fall in love now
 For the first time.—Here, take your water, precious!

V. 2. *I ne'er believ'd such pleasure was in water, &c.]*

Prò di immortales! in aquâ nunquam credidi

Voluptatem esse tantam. Ut hanc traxi labens!

Nimio minus altus puteus visus est, quam prius.

Ut sine labore hanc extraxi!

The reflection of *Ferdinand*, at the beginning of the third Act of *Shakespeare's Tempest*, is very apposite to this passage of our Author.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a Log.

There be some sports are painful, but their labour
 Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
 Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
 Point to rich ends.—This my mean task would be
 As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
 The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
 And makes my labours pleasures. - - - - -

- - - - - I must move

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
 Upon a sore injunction. - - - - -

- - - - - I forget;—

But these sweet thoughts do e'en refresh my labour,
 Most busie-les, when I do it.

V. 6. *I am an oaf, that I should fall in love now*

For the first time.] Not so much, as *Echard* observes, for the pleasure of the amour, as the ease of drawing water with half the pains.

I would that you might carry it with that pleasure
Which I myself do; so shall I adore you.

Where are you, dainty dear?—Here, take your
water—www.libtool.com.cn 10

Where are you?—Verily I think she loves me:

The wanton plays at bo-peep.—Ho! where are you?—

A pleasant joke i'faith:—but come, be serious.

Why won't you take it?—Where in the world are you?—

I see her nowhere:—she's upon her fun.— 15

I'll leave it on the ground.—But softly—What

If some one take the pitcher?—It belongs

To *Venus*; and 'twould bring me into trouble.

'Gad I'm afraid the jilt has some design

To trap me by its being found upon me: 20

The magistrate would have a fair pretence

To clap me into chains, if any one

Should chance to see me with it: for 'tis letter'd,—

Tells of itself whose property it is.

I'll call the Priests out, that she may take it. 25

I'll to the door then of the temple. (*Calling.*) Ho there,

Ptolemocratia!—Come, and take your pitcher.—

V. 12. *The wanton plays at bo-peep.*] *Delituit mala.* So *Horace*,
Book I. Ode IX.

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo

Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo.

The laugh, that from the corner flies,

The sportive fair-one shall betray.

FRANCIS.

And *Virgil*, in his third Eclogue.

Et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri.

Then tripping to the woods the wanton hies;

And wishes to be seen, before she flies.

DRYDEN.

V. 23. 'Tis letter'd.] *Literata est, that is, literis inscripta.*

I'll carry it in.—Troth I've enough to do,
If I'm to fetch them water, all that ask for't.

[Goes into the temple.

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S C E N E IX.

Enter LABRAX, followed by CHARMIDES,
from among the Cliffs at the farther End of the Stage.

L A B R A X.

He that would be a beggar and a wretch,
Let him trust *Neptune* with his life and fortune :
Whoe'er has any dealings with that God,
He'll send him home again in this sweet trim.—
Ah, Liberty, 'twas wisely done of you, 5
That thou would'st ne'er set foot on board a ship
With *Hercules*.—But where's this friend of mine,
Who has undone me? (*Looking back.*) Oh, see where
he crawls.

SCENE IX] *Labrax* and *Charmides* were both cast away at the same time with *Palæstra* and *Ampelisca*, but yet 'tis a considerable while after, that they appear upon the stage, because they were thrown ashore on a distant place from them, some time after too, and were searching for what they had lost. ECHARD.

V. 5. *Ab, Liberty, &c.*] The original is rather obscure.

Ædepol, Libertas, lepida es, quæ nunquam pedem

Voluisti in navem cum Hercule unâ imponere.

This passage, says *Echard*, is founded upon the story of *Hercules's* voyages, which were undertaken against his will; from whence the people afterwards took occasion to say, “ Liberty never much cared for an hero's company at sea.” But I am rather more inclined to think with *De L'Oeuvre*, that this alludes to some story, which was very well known at the time, but is now lost to us.

CHARM.

CHARM. What a plague, *Labrax*, whither in such hurry?

I can't keep up with you, you walk so fast. 10

LABR. Would thou hadst died in *Sicily* on a gallows,
E'er I set eyes on thee, on whose account,
Ah me! this vile disaster has befall'n us:

CHARM. Would thou hadst lain in prison, on the day
Thou first admitted me within thy doors! 15
And I beseech the Gods, that all thy life
Thou may'st for ever have such guests as I.

LABR. When I let Thee in, I let in Misfortune.—
Why did I hearken to thee, thou vile rogue?
Why did I thence depart? why go on shipboard? 20
Where I have lost e'en more than I was worth.

CHARM. I marvel not our ship was cast away,
When it had such a rogue as thee on board,
And thy ill-gotten self.

LABR. Thou hast undone me
With thy cajoling speeches.

CHARM. Thou hast giv'n me 25
A more atrocious supper, than which erst
Was set before or *Tereus* or *Thyestes*.

LABR. I die! I'm sick at heart! pray, hold my head.

CHARM. Would thou couldst bring thy lungs up,
for my part.

V. 18. *When I let Thee in, I let in Misfortune.*]

Malam Fortunam in ades Te adduxi meas.

V. 21. *Lost e'en more than I was worth.*] Meaning the advantage he should have made by the sale of the girls, who, he supposed, had perished.

V. 27. *Tereus or Thyestes.*] Both these, as the story goes, had their own children served up to them at supper.

LABR.

LABR. Alas! poor *Ampelisca*, and *Palæstra*, 30
Where are you?

CHARM. Food for fishes, I suppose;
Gone to the bottom.

LABR. Thou hast brought upon me
Beggary and want, because I gave an ear
To thy romancings.

CHARM. Nay, thou ow'st me thanks:
Before, thou wast a dull insipid fellow; 35
I've giv'n thee salt and seasoning to thy wit.

LABR. Go, get thee hence, and hang thyself.

CHARM. Go thou.—
I did as bad, when I embark'd with thee.

LABR. Can there exist a wretch like me?

CHARM. Yes, I,
I am more wretched.

LABR. How?

CHARM. Because I don't 40
Deserve it, but thou dost.

LABR. Ye bulrushes!
I envy your condition, who preserve
For evermore your dryness.

V. 35. *Inspid fellow.*] The joke in the original cannot be exactly preserved in our language.

Te ex insulso salum feci operâ meâ.

The humour of this depends upon the double meaning of the word *salsus*, which signifies *salted*, and likewise, by way of metaphor, *sharp*, *witty*, &c.

V. 37. *Go thou.*] The original is very obscure.

Eas, easque res agebam commodum.

The commentators tell us, that the humour of this passage consists in the playing upon the word *Eas*, which is either a verb or a noun.

CHARM.

CHARM. By my troth

My words come from me broken, and as 'twere
By fits, like lightning, or flash succeeding flash, 45
I tremble so.

LABR. *Neptune*, thy bath's a cold one :
Since I've come out on't in my cloaths, I freeze.
He deals in nothing warm to cheer our hearts,
But gives us only salt and cold potations.

CHARM. How happy are the blacksmiths, who
are ever 50
Employ'd about a fire, are always warm !

LABR. O for the nature of a duck, that now
I might be dry, tho' come from out the water.

V. 44. *My words come from me broken, &c.*] The original is,
Equidem me ad velitationem exerceo :
Nam omnia corusca præ timore fabulor.

This (says *Echard*) is a very difficult passage to understand, and more so to translate. *Velitatio* signifies a *skirmish*, which was usually made by the *Velites*, that is, the *light harness'd soldiers*; and these men always made use of darts, whose points would glitter at a distance, sometimes one way, and sometimes another. Now *Charmides*, trembling with cold, compares himself to these *Velites*, or *Skirmishers*, who never keep their places; and his words, which came out broken, and by piece-meal, to the unequal glittering or flashes of their darts.

V. 48. *He deals in nothing warm.*] The original is,
Ne thermopolium quidem ullum instruit.

The *thermopolia* were certain places, common in *Greece* and *Italy*, where they drank hot waters, sometimes mingled with wine and honey.

ECHARD from DACIER.

CHARM. What if I hire me for a bug-bear?

LABR. Why?

CHARM. Because I chatter with my teeth so terribly.

55

Yes, yes, I own I have deserv'd this ducking.

LABR. Why so?

CHARM. Because I dar'd embark with Thee,
Whose crimes have stir'd up ocean from its bottom.

LABR. Fool! to have lister'd to thy vain pretences,
That in thy country I from girls should draw 60
Huge profit, and amafs a world of riches!

CHARM. Why, thou unclean, unhallow'd beast,
didst think

To gobble up all *Sicily* at a mouthful?

LABR. I wonder what sea-beast has gobbled up
My wallet, with the treasure pack'd within it. 65

CHARM. The same, I fancy; that has got my
pouch,

With all its silver, which was in the wallet.

LABR. Alas! I am reduc'd to this one waistcoat,
And this poor shabby cloak.—Undone for ever!

CHARM. We may set up in partnership together; 70
Our means are equal.

LABR. Were the damsels sav'd,
Some hope were left me.—Now, if *Pleusidippus*,
Who gave me earnest for *Palæstra*, see me,

V. 54. *Hire me for a bug-bear.*] The original is, *pro manduco locem*. *Manducus* (as we learn from *Festus*) was the name given to a strange figure, dress'd up frightfully, with wide jaws and great scranching teeth, which was carried about at their publick-shews.

'Twill cause me much vexation, (He cries.

CHARM. Prithee, gas,
 Why dost thou blubber thus?--Thou'lt never want, 75
 While thou canst wag a tongue! thy perjury
 Will quit all payments.

S C E N E X.

Enter SCEPARNIO, from the Temple.

What can be the matter,
 That these two damsels here in Venus' Temple
 Should so bewail them, and embrace her image?
 They have I know not what strange fears:—they talk
 Of having been last night tost on the sea, 5
 And cast on shore this morning.

LABR. (overbearing) Prithee, youth,
 Where are the damsels, whom you mention?
 SCEP. Here
 In Venus' Temple.

LABR. And how many are they?

V. 6. *Cast on shore this morning.*] By these words of Sceparnio's, Labrax finds out his girls, whom he supposed to have been drowned, which most naturally clears the stage, and finishes the act. The poet's conduct in bringing about this material discovery is excellent. *Ampelisca* is sent out in the fourth scene for water to *Damones's* house, and upon that depends the greatest part of the act. The time Sceparnio is gone in to draw water, she is frightened off the stage, which occasions him to follow her to the Temple, and in his return he drops these words accidentally:—so that nothing could have been brought about more naturally.

ECHARD.

SCEP. As many as you and I make, put together.

LABR. Undoubtedly they're mine.

SCEP. Undoubtedly I
I know not that.

LABR. Of what appearance are they?

SCEP. Good likely wenches.—Were I in my cups,
I could make shift to toy with either of them.

LABR. And young forsooth?

SCEP. Forsooth you're plaguy troublesome.
Go, if you will, and see.

LABR. Dear *Charmides*, 15
Sure they must be my wenches.

CHARM. *Jove* confound thee,
Whether they are or not.

LABR. I'll go directly
Into the Temple.

CHARM. Go into a dungeon,
I care not. [Exit LABRAX.]

S C E N E XI.

CHARMIDES *and* SCEPARNIO.

CHARM. Prithee now shew me some place,
Where I may sleep, good friend.

SCEP. Sleep where you will;
There's no one hinders; the highway is common.

CHARM. D'ye see? my cloaths here are wet thro':
then take me
Into thy house, lend me some fresh apparel, 5
While mine is drying: thou shalt have my thanks.

SCEP.

SCEP. Here, you may take this coarse frock, if
you will,

It's all that I have dry: it serves to shelter me
In rainy weather. Come, give me your cloaths;
I'll get them dry'd.

CHARM. So! Is it not enough 10
The sea has made a broken merchant of me,
But thou would'st take me in too on the land?

SCEP. Broken or whole, I value not a straw:
I shall not trust a rag without a pawn,
Whether you sweat or freeze, are sick or well, 15
I will not let a stranger in the house:
No, no, I've had enough of rogues already.

[Exit SCEPARNIO.]

V. 7. *Coarse frock.*] *Tegillum.* A kind of garment, which countrymen wore in wet weather.

V. 11. *A broken merchant, &c.*] I have been obliged to give a different turn to the original, as it was impossible to express it literally.

CHARM. *Ebo! an te pœnites
In mari quod elavi, n̄ hic in terrâ iterum eluam?*

SCEP. *Eluas an exungare ciccum non interduim.*

The joke here, such as it is, turns on the equivocal meaning of the word *eluo*, which signifies both to *bathe*, and to be *ruined* in one's fortunes. On this depends the wit of *Sceparnio's* answer,—*Eluas an exungare*,—I care not whether you have ruined yourself in *batheing* or *anointing*.

Ciccum non interduim. I value not a straw. *Ciccum* properly signifies the thin skin in a pomegranate that parts the kernels.

S C E N E XII.

CHARMIDES *alone.*

What! is he gone?—Why fure this fellow deals,
 Whoe'er he is, in girl's flesh, he's so mercilefs.
 Wet as I am, why stand I here? 'twere best
 To go into the Temple, and sleep off
 Last night's debauch, which went against my sto-
 mach. 5

Old *Neptune* drench'd us with his damn'd sea-water
 As though 't had been *Greek* wine, and so he hop'd
 To burft our bellies with his briny draughts.

Troth, had he ply'd us but a little longer,
 We had been fast asleep, and now indeed 10
 He has sent us home half dead.—Well, I'll go in,
 And see what's doing by my pot-companion.

[*Goes into the Temple.*]

V. 2. *Deals in girl's flesh*] *Venales ducitavit*, that is, follows the occupation of a girl-merchant or procurer.

V. 6. *Old Neptune drench'd us with his damn'd sea-water, As though 't had been Greek wine.*]

The original is,

Quasi vinis Græcis Neptunus nobis suffudit mare.

Literally,—*Neptune* has mixed us with sea-water, as though we had been *Greek* wine.—The ancients used to mix sea-water with all *Greek* wines, when they transported them, except that of *Chio*, whence *Horace* calls it, *Chium maris expert*,

ECHARD from DACIER.

V. 12. *Pot-companion.*] *Convivam*; meaning *Labrax*, who had been cast away with him.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter D Æ M O N E S.

HOW many ways the Gods make sport of men!
 How strangely do they fool us in our dreams!
 Evèn in sleep they will not let us rest,
 As for example, I myself last night
 Dreamt a most strange and an unheard of dream. 5
 Methought an ape made an attempt to climb
 Up to a swallow's nest, nor could he take
 The young ones out; on which he came to me,
 And ask'd me for a ladder: I replied,
 That swallows sprang from *Philomel* and *Progne*, 10
 And charg'd him not to hurt my country folks.

V. 1. *How many ways, &c.*] It is remarkable, that the first scene of the second act of our author's *Mercator*, or *The Merchant*, begins with nearly the same three lines, and an old man relates a dream about an ape as in this place. *Echard* pretends, that the dream here is "an ingenious preparative for some things that follow;" but it might well be spared, though perhaps the superstition of the ancients, with respect to dreams, might render it more interesting than it can appear to the modern reader.

V. 6. *Ape.*] The original is *Simia*. But it seems necessary to understand it in the masculine gender.

V. 10. *Philomel and Progne.*] These were both daughters of *Pandion* king of *Athens*, and (according to the fable) one was

At this the ape grew much enrag'd, and seem'd
 To threaten me with vengeance, summon'd me
 Before a judge: at last, I know not how,
 Highly provok'd, I caught him by the middle, 15
 And clapt the mischievous vile beast in chains.
 I have in vain endeavour'd to find out
 The meaning of this dream.—But hark! what noise
 Is that I hear in the adjoining Temple?
 I am amaz'd, and marvel what it means. 20

S C E N E II.

Enter TRACHALIO from the Temple, hastily.

Help, help, *Cyrenians*, I implore your help,
 Good countrymen, friends, neighbours; lend your aid
 To impotent distress, and crush at once
 This worst of villainies; let not the power
 Of wicked men oppress the innocent, 5
 Who glory not in crimes: let punishment
 Wait on bold vice, reward on modest virtue;
 O let us live by law, and not oppression!
 Run, run into the temple: I again
 Implore your help, all that are near me, all 10
 That hear my cry! O haste to bring them succour,
 Who (as allow'd by custom) have here fled

[changed into a nightingale, and the other into a swallow; though our author seems to say, they were both changed into swallows. *Dæmones* calls them his country folks, as they were *Arbenians*.

To *Venus* and her Priests for protection.—
Break, break the neck of this vile injury,
Ere it may reach yourselves.

DÆM. Now what's the matter? 15

TRACH. O good old gentleman, who'er you are,
I do beseech you by these knees,—

DÆM. Nay prithee
Let go my knees, and tell me, what's the matter?
What mean you by this uproar?

TRACH. I beseech you,
As you would hope a fair and prosperous vintage, 20
As you would make your exportations safe
To *Capua*, as you wish to keep your eye-sight
Clear and exempt from running,—

DÆM. Are you mad?

TRACH. As you expect, I say, a plenteous crop,
Be not averse to hear what I request. 25

V. 14. *Break the neck.*] Prætorquete *injuriae* collum.

V. 20. *Vintage.*] The original is,

——— *Si speras tibi*

Hoc anno multum futurum firpe et laserpitium.

Sirpe is a plant which they tell us is a species of *Benzoin* or *Benjamin*, from whence the ancients used to extract an odoriferous juice, which was called *Laserpitium*, that is, *Lac Serpitium*. This was very common in *Cyrene*. Hence *Catullus* says, *Laserpitiferæ Cyrenæ*.

V. 24. *Crop.*] In the original, *Mogudarim*. This is the same with *firpe*, being either the seed, or root, or juice of that plant.

DÆM.

DÆM. And I beseech you by your legs and back,
As you would hope a fair and prosperous whipping,
As you expect a plenteous crop of lashes,
Inform me, what's the matter? whence this uproar?

TRACH. Why do you speak me ill? I wish'd you
good. 30

DÆM. I do not speak you ill in wishing you
What you deserve.

TRACH. Pray mind me.

DÆM. What's the matter?

TRACH. Two innocent young damsels in the Temple
Need your assistance: they are safely us'd
'Gainst law and justice; the poor Priestests too 35
Is treated most unworthily.

DÆM. Who dares
Do violence to the priestests?—But these girls,
Who are they? how are they abus'd?

TRACH. I'll tell you,
If you'll attend.—They now embrace the statue,
Which a vile rogue would drag them from by force, 40
Though they are both born free.

DÆM. What is the fellow,
That pays so little reverence to the Gods?

V. 26. *And I beseech you, &c.*] This is a very humorous retorting of *Trachalio's* address, in allusion to the punishments inflicted upon slaves. We find a similar species of humour in the fourth scene of the third act of *Terence's Adelphi*, or *The Brothers*, where *Syrus* turns what *Demea* had said very seriously into ridicule.

V. 27. *Whipping.*] The word in the original is *Vergidemiam*, that is, *Virgarum vindemiam*.

TRACH. A cheat, a profligate, a parricide,
A perjurd, lawless villain : in one word,
He's a Procurer : I need say no more. 45

DÆM. ~~You said enough~~ to prove he merits
hanging.

TRACH. A rascal !—had the insolence to take
The Priestests by the throat.

DÆM. And he shall pay for't.
Turbalio ! Sparax ! ho, come forth ! where are you ?

TRACH. Pray, sir, go in, and take their part.

DÆM. I warrant you. 50
I need not call twice : they'll be here directly.

[TURBALIO and SPARAX enter.]

Come, follow me.

[Goes with his servants into the Temple.]

TRACH. Bid them to tear his eyes out.

DÆM. (*within*) Seize him, drag him along with his
feet foremost,

Like a stuck pig.

TRACH. (*listening*) I hear a rout within.
They're currying him, I fancy, with their fists, 55
I wish they'd knock his teeth out, a vile rascal !
But see, here come the damsels sadly frighten'd.

V. 52. *Tear his eyes out.*] In the original is added, *itidem ut sepiis faciunt coqui* ; but this being a practice in ancient cookery unknown to us, I have omitted it in the translation.

V. 54. *Like a stuck pig.*] *Quasi occisam suem.*

V. 55. *Currying him.*] *Pugnis pectitur.*

S C E N E III.

PALÆSTRA and AMPELISCA appear in the
Temple Court.

P A L Æ S T R A.

Now are we destitute of ev'ry power,
Of ev'ry succour and defence, no hope
Of safety left us, neither do we know
Which way to turn, or whither to betake us,
Dire apprehensions compass us around, 5
Such outrage have we suffer'd here within
From the base rogue our master, who most rudely
Push'd down the good old Priests, treated her
With the most vile indignities, and drag'd us
With violence from the statue.—Seeing then 10
Our state is desperate, it were best to die,
Death is the only refuge in affliction.

TRACH. What do I hear, what sad complaints are
these?

Why don't I go and comfort them?—*Palæstra!*

PAL. Who calls there?

SCENE III.] The beginning of this scene in the original is imperfect, some words being lost, which have been judiciously supplied by *Camerarius*, whose text we have followed in this as well as other imperfect places. Commentators have taken notice, that the opening of this scene is not unlike that of the third scene, act the third, of *Captivi*, or *The Captives*.

TRACH.

TRACH. *Ampelisca!*

AMP. Ha! who's that? 15

PAL. Who is it calls us?

TRACH. Turn, and you will know

PAL. (*turning*) O my best hopes of safety!

TRACH. No more wailings:

Be of good heart: have faith in me.

PAL. If possible,

O save and shelter us from impious violence,

Lest it should force me to do violence 20

To my own self.

TRACH. No more:—you are a fool.

AMP. Seek not to comfort us with words alone.

PAL. Except you find a real safe-guard for us,

We are undone; and I'm resolv'd to die

Sooner than fall into this villain's power. 25

Yet have I but a woman's heart; for when

I think on death, I tremble.

TRACH. Though your case

Is hard, have a good heart.

PAL. Where shall I find it?

TRACH. Don't be dismay'd, sit down here by this altar.

PAL. What can this altar now avail us more 30

Than did the statue, which we late embrac'd,

'Till drag'd from it by force?

TRACH. Do but sit down,

V. 18. *Have faith in me.*] *Me vide.* This was a common expression, signifying, *take my word, or rely upon me.*

I'll guard you : let this altar be your fortress,
 I will defend the works : with *Venus*' help
 I'll stand against the attacks of this Procurer. 35

PAL. We'll follow your instructions.—

(*The Women advance towards the Altar, and kneel.*)

—Gentle *Venus* !

Thus lowly on our knees, and bath'd in tears,
 Embracing this your altar, we beseech you,
 Guard and receive us into your protection :
 Avenge you on those miscreants, who dare slight 40
 Your Temple, and permit us to approach
 Your altar, who last night by *Neptune*'s power
 Were cast away : O hold us not in scorn,
 Nor think it done amiss, that thus we come
 Less seemingly accoutred than we ought. 45

TRACH. They ask but what is right, and you
 should grant it :

V. 33. *Let this altar be your fortress, &c.*] This is metaphorically expressed.

Aram habete hanc

Vobis pro castris : mœnia hinc ego defensabo :

Præsidio Veneris malitiæ lenonis contra incedam.

Madam *Dacier* is pleased to fancy something more is designed.
 “ The commentators (says she) have not understood this passage.
 “ The altar was in the Temple Court, which was closed in with
 “ walls breast high, or even lower : for which reason *Trachalis*
 “ advises the women to place themselves by the Altar, as in a
 “ camp, the entrenchments or walls of which he undertook to
 “ defend.”

V. 45. *Less seemingly accoutred.*] The original is, *minus quod bene esse lautum arbitrare.* The play upon the double meaning of the word *lautum* could not be preserved. The sense is agreeably to what the Priests say at the end of the First Act.

Æquius

You must forgive them: their sad apprehensions.
 Force them to what they do. Yourself, they say,
 Sprung from the ocean, slight not then these outcasts.
 But the old gentleman, our common friend, 50
 Comes opportunely here from out the Temple.

SCENE IV.

Enter DÆMONES dragging LABRAX.

Come forth, thou worst of sacrilegious villains.
 (*To the women*) You, seat you by the altar there.—
 Where are they?
 Where are my slaves?

TRACH. Look, here they are.

DÆM. That's well.

*Æquius vos erat
 Candidatas venire, &c.*

You should have come
 Cloathed in white, &c.

V. 48. ————— *Yourself, they say,
 Sprung from the ocean, slight not then these outcasts.]*

Venus, it is well known, is fabled to have sprung from the sea. I have taken the liberty to give this passage a different turn from the original, which is not very clear.

*Te ex conchâ natam esse autumant;
 Cave tu harum conchas spernas.*

V. 2. *Where are they?*] *Ubi sunt?* Commentators are divided about the meaning of these words, some imagining that *Dæmones* is enquiring about the women, and others, that he is asking for his servants.

A SERVANT. We'd fain be at him: bid him but
come near.

DÆM. (*To LABRAX, who is going towards the Altar.*)

How, rascal, would you sacrifice with us? 5

(*To the Servants.*)

Lay your fists on him. (*They beat him.*)

LAB. I must bear your wrongs,
But you shall pay for't.

TRACH. Does he dare to threaten?

LAB. You rob me of my right; you take away
My girls in spite of me.

DÆM. Make your appeal

To any of the great ones of the senate; 10

And let them try the cause, whether they're yours,

Or else born free; and whether too your knaveship

Should not be clapt in prison, there to lye

Till you have worn it out.

LAB. I have no business

To talk with this hang-gallows slave.—

(*Speaking to DÆMONES.*) 'Tis you, 15

That I must try the cause with.

DÆM. First of all

Try it with him, who is no stranger to you.

LAB. My suit's with you.

TRACH. Your suit must be with me.
Are these your property?

V. 14. *Till you have worn it out.*] *Donec totum carcerem contriveris.* He talks of the prison as of a garment; like as the cant-word is with us,—a *Stone-doublet*.

LAB. They are.

TRACH. Come on then,
Do but touch either with your little finger. 20

LAB. What if I do?

TRACH. I'll make a foot-ball of you,
Swing you about in air, and with my fists
Bandy you to and fro, you perjurd villain!

LAB. May I not take my own girls from the altar?

DÆM. You may not; that's our law.

LAB. I've no concern, 25
Nothing to do, no business with your laws:
I'll take them both away.—Lookye, old gentleman,
If you've a liking to them, you must down
With the hard money.

DÆM. *Venus* does approve them.

V. 21. *Foot ball.*] *Follem pugillatorium.* Properly, a ball, blown up, like our foot-balls, which the ancients used to strike with their hands, and the sport was, not to let it come to the ground.

V. 27. *I'll take them both away.*] The original is, *Istas jam ambas educam foras.* “The commentators (says Madam Dacier) find a manifest contradiction in this passage. For, say they, since all this passes out of the temple, near the altar, which was at the entrance of it, how could *Labrax* say, that he would drag the girls out, (*foras*)? They therefore read, *educam uvidas*,—I'll take them away *ivet*. But the difficulty and the correction are equally ill founded; and they would have made neither one or the other, if they had recollected, that the Altar was in the Temple Court, in the enclosure before the Temple; so that *Labrax* might say with propriety, he would drag them out.” See the note on V. 33. of this Scene.

V. 29. *Hard money.*] The original is, *Arido argento.* The commentators have given us several curious interpretations of the
VOL. II. Y word

LAB. And she may have them, if she'll pay the money. 30

DÆM. I'll pay the money! Now then know my mind: www.libtool.com.cn

If you dare offer them the smallest violence,
Though but in jest, I'll give you such a dressing,
You will not know yourself.—

(*To his Servants*) And you, ye rascals,
If, when I give the signal, you don't tear 35
His eyes out of his head, I'll have you bound
With rods lash'd round you, like those sprigs of
myrtle.

LAB. Nay, this is violence.

word *arido*. One says, that *Silver* (or money) is called *dry*, in opposition to *Quicksilver*, which is *moist* or *liquid*. Another thinks it is called so in opposition to the girls, who were *wet*, on account of their having been cast away. Madam *Dacier* proves with wonderful erudition, that the *Greeks* and the *Romans* used the words *επι*, and *aridus* or *ficcus*, to signify *only* or *alone*: so that she interprets the passage, “there is no need of talking, but money “*only*.” After all, is it not most probable, that by *arido argente* is meant nothing more than a familiar expression, such as I have made use of, — *hard money*?

V. 33. ————— *Such a dressing,*

You will not know yourself.]

————— *Ego te ornatum amittam, tu ipse te ut non noveris.*

V. 37. *Like those sprigs of myrtle.]* It is not an improbable supposition, that, as myrtle was sacred to *Venus*, *Dæmones* here points to the very sprigs, which it may be imagined were stuck about the Temple.

TRACH. You burning shame!
What, do you talk of violence?

LAB. You knave,
You gallows rogue, how dare you to abuse me? 40

TRACH. Well, let me be a rogue, and you forsooth
A man of strictest honesty,—these girls,
Are they a whit less free?

LAB. Free, say you?

TRACH. Yes,
And are your mistresses; both born in Greece;
One an *Athenian*, sprung from gentle parents. 45

DÆM. What do I hear you say?

V. 38. *Burning-shame.*] The expression in the original is, *Flagitii flagrantia*; that is to say, *Qui flagitio flagras*, who burn (as it were) with villainy.

V. 44. *Your mistresses.*] Madam Dacier is of opinion, (as the Commentators are silent upon the point,) that *Trachalis* means to reproach *Labrax* with having been a slave to the father of these poor damsels, and of having run away with them. But this is a mere idle conjecture, and (as *M. Gueudeville* has observed) this learned lady never considered, that *Palæstra* and *Ampelisca* were not sisters.

V. 45. *One an Athenian.*] This passage does not only help to interest *Dæmones* in the girls affairs, but is also a further *preparation* for the main *discovery* in the fourth act, though this does not appear so to the audience, the concealment of which makes the great cunning of the Poet. ECHARD.

This *Discovery* is, however, too much forestall'd by the account given in the Prologue, that *Palæstra* was the old gentleman's daughter. The pathetick reflection that follows, in V. 51. (*O my dear daughter, &c.*) loses also almost all it's effect for the same reason.

TRACH. That she is free;
Was born at *Athens*.

DÆM. How! my countrywoman?

TRACH. What are not you, sir, a *Cyrenian*?

DÆM. No:

In *Greece*, at *Athens*, I was born and bred.

TRACH. I pray you then, defend your country-
women. 59

DÆM. (*Aside*) O my dear daughter!—when I look
on Her,

The want of you reminds me of my troubles.—
I lost her when but three years old, and now,
If she yet live, her size must be the same.

LAB. I bought them both, paid down the money
for them, 55

To him, that own'd them.—What is it to me,
If they were born at *Athens* or at *Thebes*,
So they are properly my slaves?

TRACH. Thou impudence,
Thou cat o'mountain, thou vile girl-catcher,
Would'st kidnap free-born children from their pa-
rents, 60

And then employ them in thy filthy trade?—
This other here, what country she is of
I know not, but I know she's worthier
Than you, you filthy knave!

LAB. Do you say true?

V. 49. *In Greece, at Athens.*] *Athenis Atticis*. There were cities called *Athens* in other countries as well as *Greece*.

V. 59. *Cat o'mountain, — Girl-catcher.*] The original is, *Felis Virginalis*.

TRACH. Nay, let our backs be vouchers for our truth, 65

And if you have not offerings on your back
 More than a first-rate ship has nails, I'm then,
 The veriest liar upon earth. When your's
 I have inspected, look at mine; you'll find it
 Tight and without a crack in't, that there's never 70
 A leathern-bottle-maker but will say,
 My hide is whole, and fitting for his purpose.
 Why don't I give the rogue his belly-full
 Of stripes?—Why stare so at them?—If you touch
 them,
 I'll tear your eyes out.

LABR. Now, because you'd hinder me, 75
 I'll take them both away.

DÆM. What will you do?

LAB. Fetch *Vulcan*; he's an enemy to *Venus*.
 (*Goes towards DÆMONES's door.*)

DÆM. Where is he going?

LAB. (*Calling at DÆMONES's door*)
 Hola! who's within here?

V. 66. *Offerings.*] *Offerumentas, Offerumenta*, according to *Festus*, signifies an *Offering to the Gods*, and as these were fixed to the walls of Temples, *Trachalio* pleasantly calls the lashes or streaks of the scourge, which were fixed to the backs of delinquent slaves, by the same term.

V. 71. *Leathern-bottle-maker.*] *Ampullarius*. It is well known, that the ancients used to put their wine in skins.

V. 77. *Vulcan—enemy to Venus.*] The story is well known of his having surpris'd *Venus* with *Mars*.

DÆM. If you but touch the threshold of that door,
A plenteous crop of blows shall be your portion. 80

A SERVANT. We have no fire, we live upon dried
figs.

DÆM. I'll give you fire, provided I may kindle it
Upon your head.

LAB. Faith, I'll procure it somewhere.

DÆM. What will you do then?

LAB. Kindle a large fire,

DÆM. To burn yourself.

LAB. To burn them both alive 85
Here at the altar.

DÆM. I would fain see that.—

By heav'ns I'll catch you by the beard, and throw you
Into the fire, then hang you up half-roasted
For birds to peck at.—(Aside) Now I think on't, this
Must be the ape I dreamt of, who would needs 90
Have taken these young swallows from their nests
Spite of my teeth.

TRACH. I do beseech you, sir,

V. 80. *Crop of blows.*] The original is, *tibi messis in ore fit mergis pugnetis*. *Merga*, according to *Festus*, signifies a prong or pitchfork, to cast up sheaves of corn with; so that the meaning of this passage is,—as *Echard* (from the Commentators) explains it,—“As they lift up their pitchforks to heap corn, so will I lift up my fists, and heap a whole harvest of cuffs on your face.” This could not be expressed in the translation.

V. 85. *To burn yourself.*] The original is, *Ut humanum exuras tibi*, that is, *to offer up a mortuary sacrifice to yourself*, meaning, as I have rendered it. *Humanum*, according to *Festus*, signifies a sacrifice made for the dead.

Defend these maidens, while I fetch my master.

DÆM. Go then.

TRACH. And let him not—

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DÆM. 'Tis at his peril,
If he dare touch them once, or e'en attempt it. 95

TRACH. You will take care.

DÆM. I will take care.—Be gone.

TRACH. And guard Him too; see that he don't
get off;

For we have promis'd to deliver him

Up to the hangman's hands, or pay a talent.

[Exit TRACHALIO.]

SCENE V.

DÆMONES, LABRAX, PALÆSTRA, AMPE-
LISCA, and SERVANTS.

DÆMONES, (to LABRAX.)

Which do you chuse? to stay here quietly
Without a drubbing, or be forc'd to't with one?

LAB. Your words I value not a fig, old gentleman.
I'll drag them from the altar by the hair
In spite of You, of *Venus*, or of *Jove*. 5

DÆM. Do, touch them.

LAB. (Going towards them.) That I will, by heav'ns.

DÆM. Come on then,

Do but step hither.

LAB. Bid those fellows then

Move off.

DÆM. Nay, nay, they shall move up towards you.

LAB. I would not have them.

DÆM. Why? What will you do?—
If they advance still nearer?

LAB. I'll retire.

But hearkye me, old grey-beard;—if I ever 10
Should chance to light upon you in the city,
Let me forswear the name of pimp for aye,
But I will make most precious sport with you.

DÆM. Do what you menace when you please: mean
time

If now you touch them, you shall pay for't hugely. 15

LAB. How! hugely?

DÆM. Aye, as such a pimp deserves.

LAB. I value not your threats, but I will seize
them

Spite of your teeth.

DÆM. Do, touch them, if you dare.

LAB. Faith, that I will.

DÆM. Do then, you know the consequence;
Turbalio, run with all your speed, and bring. 20
Two cudgels.

LABR. Cudgels?

DÆM. Stout ones let them be:
Make haste.

[*TURBALIO goes in.*]

(*To LABRAX*) I'll give you a reception, such
As you deserve, you rascal!

LABR. (*Aside*) Woe is me!

That

That I have left my head-piece in the ship!
 Now, if I had it, it would be of service.— 25
 (To DÆM.) May I not speak to them at least?

www.libtool.com.cn DÆM. You may not.

[TURBALIO enters, bearing two cudgels.]

Oh, here he comes, the fellow with his cudgels.

LAB. These are design'd for musick, and they cause
 A most melodious tinkling in the ears.

DÆM. Here, ^{Starvax} ~~Labran~~, do you take that other
 cudgel: 30

One of you stand on this side, and the other

On that side of the altar.—Mind me now.—

If he but lay a finger on these girls

Against their inclination, woe be to you,

If you don't briskly ply him with your cudgels, 35

'Till, like a drunkard, he shall scarce be able

To find his way home.—If he speaks to any one,

You answer in their stead; and if he offers

To run away, straight hamper him, by making

V. 26. *Speak to them.*] *Istas appellare.* This may likewise signify,—May I not cite them before a magistrate? may I not try my right to them by law?

V. 28. *Design'd for musick, &c.*] This is agreeable to the sense of the original, though expressed more at large.

Illud quidem edepol tinnimentum est auribus.

V. 35. *Ply him with your cudgels.*] *Ni istunc istis invitassitis.* The word, *Invito*, is a term appropriated to feasts and meetings, where there is hard drinking. It is here metaphorically applied to blows.

V. 39. ————— *Hamper him, by making*

Your cudgels serve as fetters for his legs.]

This is the meaning of the original. *Extemplo amplectitote crura subibus.*

Your

Your cudgels serve as fetters for his legs. 40

LAB. What! won't they let me go about my business?

DÆM. I've said enough.—When that the servant comes,

Who went to fetch his master, then go home.—
See that you carefully observe my orders.

[Exit DÆMONES.]

S C E N E VI.

LABRAX, and SERVANTS. *The two Women as before.*

LABRAX, *walking on one Side.*

Hey-day! the Temple's on a sudden chang'd
From *Venus's* to that of *Hercules* :
For the old gentleman has planted here
Two figures with their clubs.—Now for my life
I know not where to take me ;—sea and land 5
Are both conspir'd against me.—O *Palæstra*!

SERV. What would you?

LAB. Hold! we're at cross purposes:
This is not my *Palæstra*, that has answer'd.

V. 1. ———— *The Temple's on a sudden chang'd
From Venus's to that of Hercules.]*

Labrax says this on account of *Dæmones* having placed his two Servants before it bearing clubs in the manner of *Hercules*. *Hercules* was called by the poets *Claviger*, the *Club-bearer*.

V. 8. *This is not My Palæstra.] Palæstra* was a place of publick-exercising, over the gate of which was a statue of *Hercules*, with

Ho *Ampelisca*!

SERV. 'Ware thee of mishap.

LAB. These fellows give me good advice, however. 10

But tell me, ho! will there be any harm, if I come nearer them?

SERV. No harm to us.

LAB. Will there be any harm to me?

SERV. No, none,

if you beware,

LAB. Of what must I beware?

SERV. An hearty drubbing.

LAB. I beseech you now, 15

Permit me to depart.

SERV. Go, if you will.

LAB. Very obliging this: I give you thanks: No, I'll draw nearer rather to my girls.

SERV. Stay where you are.

LAB. 'Fore heaven my affairs

an inscription, PALÆSTRA. Now, *Labrax*, finding this stout fellow with his club, whom before he had compared to *Hercules*, answering instead of *Palæstra*, he wittily alludes to that statue, and says, THAT *Palæstra* was none of his.

ECHARD from DACIER.

Madam *Dacier* is so fond of this explanation, that she calls this passage one of the clearest in *Plautus*, though no body (she says) had the sagacity to find out the wit of it before herself. With submission I cannot see any reason for this refinement, *Labrax* calls *Palæstra*, and one of the servants answering in her stead, he simply observes, *This is not my Palæstra, that answers.*

Are

Are in a piteous plight.—But I'm resolv'd 20
To lay close siege, and force them to surrender.

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S C E N E VII.

*Enter PLEUSIDIPPUS and TRACHALIO,
talking, at a Distance.*

What! would the rascal drag her off perforce,
By violence from the altar?

TRACH. Even so.

PLEU. Did you not kill the villain on the spot?

TRACH. There was no sword at hand.

PLEU. You should have taken
A club or stone.

TRACH. Shou'd I have ston'd the fellow? 5
Have ston'd him like a dog?

PLEU. Yes, such a villain.

LAB. (*seeing them*) Now I'm undone indeed,—

Here's *Pleusidippus*:

He'll brush my jacket for me;—aye, he'll give me
A thorough dusting.

V. 5. ————— *Shou'd I have ston'd the fellow?
Have ston'd him like a dog?*]

PLEU. Yes, such a villain.

This is agreeable to the original text as corrected by Madam
Dacier, whereas the common Editions give the whole to *Trachalis*.

TRACH. *Quid ego, quasi canem,
Hominem insectarar ladipibus?*

PLEU. *Nequissimum?*

V. 8. *Brush my jacket, &c.]*

Converret jam hic me totum cum pulvisculo.

PLEU,

PLEU. Were the damsels fitting
Then by the altar, when you went for me? 10

TRACH. Yes, and are sitting now there.

PLEU. Who protects them?

TRACH. A good old gentleman, I know not who,
Who lives close by the temple: he has been
Of special use, and of most rare assistance.
He and his servants now protect and guard them: 15
I gave them to their charge.

PLEU. Conduct me straight
To the Procurer: shew me, where's the villain?

[They advance.]

LAB. (to PLEU.) Good-morrow.

PLEU. Hang good-morrow: take your choice
This instant; whether you'd be carried gently
Before a judge, or drag'd there by the throat. 20
Chuse which you will, while 'tis allow'd you.

LAB. Neither.

PLEU. *Trachalio*, run with speed to the sea-side,
And bid the friends I brought along with me
To meet me forthwith at the city-gate,
That they may help to drag this knave to prison: 25
That done, come back again, and guard these damsels.

[Exit TRACHALIO.]

20. *Drag'd there by the throat.*] The original is, *Rapi ob-
torto collo*. When any person was brought before the *Prætor*, they
always threw his gown or cloak about his neck, and led him that
way; and this was called, *Rapi obtorto collo*.

ECHARD from DACIER.

V. 24. *City-gate.*] *Ad Portam*. This is a correction of Madam
Dacier. The common Editions have it, *ad portum*, which cannot
be the meaning.

S C E N E VIII.

PLEUSIDIPPUS, LABRAX, SERVANTS, and
the WOMEN as before.

PLEUSIDIPPUS.

Yes, I will bear this rascal run-away
Before a judge.—Come, come before the judge.

LAB. What is my crime?

PLEU. Crime, ask you?—Did you not
Take earnest of me for this damsel here,
Then bore her off?

LAB. I did not bear her off.

5

PLEU. Will you deny it?

LAB. Yes, because I only
Bore her on board; I could not bear her off,
The more is my mishap.—Did I not say,
That you should find me here at *Venus'* temple?
Wherein then have I falsified my word?
Am I not here?

10

PLEU. Nay, you shall plead your cause
Before the magistrate: I'll hear no more.—
Come, come along. (*Lays hold of him.*)

LAB. (*calling*) Help! help!—Dear *Cbarmides!*
I am laid hold of, drag'd here by the throat.

V. 5. *Bore her off, &c.*] This, and what follows, is a quibble upon the words *avebere* and *provebere*, which I have preserved in the best manner I could think of.

V. 14. *Drag'd by the throat.*] *Rapior obtorto collo.* See the note on V. 20. of the preceding Scene.

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

Enter CHARMIDES from the Temple.

Who calls me by my name?

LAB. Dost thou not see

How I am drag'd?

CHARM: I see it, and look on

With pleasure.

LAB. Wilt not come to my assistance?

CHARM. Who has got hold of thee?

LAB. Young *Pleusidippus*.

CHARM. Bear thy mishap with patience: thou hadst
better

5

Slink quietly to jail: why thou hast got

What most men wish for.

LAB. What is that?

CHARM. To find

What they are seeking.

LAB. Prithee bear me company.

CHARM. Troth thy request is like thee: thou art
drag'd

To jail, and thou would'st have me bear thee com-
pany.

10

What! hanging back?

LAB. O I'm undone for ever!

PLEU. Would it were true!—Do you, my dear

Palestra,

And *Ampelisca*, tarry here the while

Till my return.

SERV. I would advise them rather

To

To go to our house, and there wait your coming, 15

PLEU. I like it: you oblige me.

LAB. Ye are thieves.

SERV. How! thieves?

PLEU. Drag him along.

LAB. Help! help! *Palestra!*

PLEU. On, rascal!

LAB. Guest!

CHARM. No guest of thine: I scorn
To be thy mess-mate.

LAB. Wilt thou flight me thus?

CHARM. I do: I've tasted of thy cheer already. 20

LAB. Plague light upon thy head!

CHARM. On thine, say rather.

[PLEUSIDIPPUS drags ^{Labrax} CHARMIDES off. The WOMEN and SERVANTS go into DÆMONES's House.

S C E N E X.

CHARMIDES *alone.*

I do believe, that men are metamorphos'd;

Some into one brute, some into another.

This rascal pimp here on my faith I think

V. 20. *I've tasted of thy cheer already.*] *Semel bibo.* Charmides alludes to his having been cast away with *Labrax*, and sufficiently drench'd with salt water.

* * There is nothing in our Author, that precisely marks the time of the damsels quitting the stage. It may be either at this place, or when the *Servant* has said to *Pleusidippus*,

————— I would advise them rather

To go to our house, and there wait your coming.

It is plain, from the opening of the fourth Act, that they go into *Dæmones's* house.

Is chang'd into a stock-dove, for ere long
 They'll have him in the stocks, and in the cage 5
 For jail-birds like himself, he'll make his nest.
 However, I will go, and be his advocate,
 If by my help he may be sooner cast. [Exit.

V. 4. *A Stock-dove.*] There is a pun in the original, such as it is.
Illic in columbum, credo, leno voritur;
Nam in columbari collum haud multo post erit.

This answers pretty well in the English, which is *Echard's*. I have been inclined to take a little liberty with the next line, to make it read tolerably in our language.

Madam *Dacier*, in her examen of this play, has taken notice, that *Pleusidippus's* going off in the second act to look for *Labrax*, and not returning till the third act, and that too only on *Trachalio's* coming for him, is out of character for a young lover. She blames him still further for not giving any reason, when he appears, for his not coming sooner. "I know not, says she, whether *Plautus* found the fault ready to his hands [in his original] *Diphilus* : I could hope so, (*pour l'amour de lui*,) from the esteem I have for him."—In answer to this, (*Echard* says) "it may easily be supposed, that the rocks and cliffs, and the distance of the shore, might make him miss of *Labrax* and his companion *Charmides*, and come too late, for they were landed immediately after his leaving the stage. If it be asked, (says he) why he did not give this, or some other reason for it, when he came next on the stage, it may be replied, that neither his haste, business, nor the subject, would admit of such a narration at that time."

The End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

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S C E N E I.*Enter* D Æ M O N E S.

TWAS a right deed: and 'tis a pleasure to me,
 That I could serve these damsels.—I am now
 Their patron and protector. They are both
 Of a rare age and beauty; but the jade,
 My wife, still watches me on ev'ry side, 5
 Lest I should shew a liking to the damsels.—
 I marvel what my slave *Gripus* is doing,
 Who went last night a fishing on the sea:
 He had been wiser, had he slept at home,
 Such weather, such a night: what he has caught, 10
 I'll dress within the hollow of my hand,

V. 5. *My wife still watches me, &c.*] This seems to have been spoken with no other design than *Dæmones's* complaining of his wife, but in reality it is an ingenious *preparation* of the poet, for *Dæmones* to have a good pretext for bringing out the two young women in the fourth scene of this act, when there was a necessity for their coming upon the stage. ECHARD.

V. 7. *I marvel what my slave Gripus is doing.*] *Echard* observes, that this is a *preparation* for *Gripus's* appearing in the next scene. He further remarks, that the looking for *Gripus* may be supposed to be one reason of *Dæmones's* coming upon the stage.

V. 11. *I'll dress within the hollow of my hand.*] The original is, *In digitis hodie percoquam quod ceperit.*

The

The sea was so tempestuous. But my wife
 Calls me to dinner; I must home again;
 Though she will stun my ears with her vile prattle.

SCENE II.

Enter GRIPUS.

Thanks to my patron *Neptune*, whose abode
 Is in the briny regions stor'd with fishes,
 Since he has sent me from his watry realms
 Full fraught, and laden with the choicest booty;
 My boat too safe, which in the stormy sea 5
 Has blest me with a new and plenteous fishing.
 'Twas a rare chance this kind of fishery,
 How very wondrous and incredible!
 I have not caught me an ounce weight of fish,
 Save what I have here in my net. I rose 10
 At midnight all alert, preferring gain
 To rest and sleep; and though the tempest roar'd,
 I labour'd to relieve my master's wants,
 And help me in my state of servitude.
 I never have been sparing of my pains. 15
 The sluggard's good for nothing: I detest
 Such kind of fellows. He, who in good time
 Would do his duty, should be vigilant,
 Not wait, 'till he is rous'd to't by his master,
 Those who love sleep, indulge it to their cost; 20
 They get no profit, and are sure to suffer.
 I, who was ever diligent, have found

That which will keep me lazy, if I will.
 I found it in the sea, whatever's in it.
 Whatever's in it, by my faith 'tis heavy: 25
 I think there's gold in't. Not a soul besides
 Is privy to the chance. Now, *Gripus*, now
 Thou hast a fair occasion to procure
 Thy freedom of the *Prætor*. This I'll do,
 This I'm determin'd, I'll address my master 30
 With art and cunning, proffer him a sum
 By little and by little for my freedom:
 When I am free, I'll purchase house and lands,
 And slaves, and fit out vessels, and engage
 In traffick; among kings I'll be a king. 35
 And then for my amusement I will build
 A pleasure-berge, and copy *Stratonicus*:
 I'll sail about from place to place: and when
 My greatness is notorious, I will found
 A mighty city, and will call it *Gripus* 40
 After my own name, as a monument
 Of my exploits and fame: there I'll erect
 A potent monarchy.—My mind's resolv'd
 On high and mighty manners.—But 'twere best
 To hide this wallet; and this king must dine 45
 On salt and vinegar, no better cheer. (*Going.*)

V. 37. *Stratonicus*.] He was treasurer to *Philip* of *Macedon*, and afterwards to *Alexander* the Great. He is here mentioned on account of his wealth.

V. 46. *Salt and vinegar*.] *Cum aceto præferunt ut et sale*; the common diet of slaves.

SCENE

SCENE III.

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Enter TRACHALIO.

Ho! stay there—

GRIP. Stay! for what?

TRACH. Till I roll up
This rope here, which you're dragging after you.

GRIP. Let it alone pray.

TRACH. But I must assist you.
Kindness on good men is not thrown away.

GRIP. The weather yesterday was very boisterous: 5
I have no fish, young man; don't think I have.
And don't you see, I bring my net home wet,
With nothing in't?

TRACH. It is not fish I want,
But only to discourse with you.

GRIP. You kill me (*Going*)
With your impertinence, whoever you are. 10

TRACH. (*Holding him.*) I will not let you go.—

Stay.

GRIP. See that you
Repent not.—What a plague d'ye pull me back
for?

TRACH. Hear me.

GRIP. I will not hear.

TRACH. Nay but you shall,

V. 2. *This rope.*] *Rudentem.* Hence the name of the play in
the original.

GRIP. Another time say what you will.

TRACH. But good now,
What I've to tell you is of moment.

GRIP. Speak, 15
What is it?

TRACH. See, if no one is behind us.

GRIP. And how am I concern'd in't?

TRACH. Very much.
But can you give me good advice?

GRIP. What is it?
Tell me.

TRACH. I'll tell you,—hilt!—If you will promise
Not to betray me.

GRIP. Well then, I do promise 20
Not to betray you, whosoe'er you are.

TRACH. List then. I saw a man commit a theft,
And knew the owner, whom the goods belong'd to.
Straight comes I to the thief, and offers him
This fair proposal. Of your theft, quoth I 25
I'm witness, and I know the owner: now
If you will give me half, I'll not discover it.
The fellow makes me no reply. What think you
It were but just that he should give me? Half,
I hope you'll say.

GRIP. Ay truly that, and more: 30
If he don't give it, you should tell the owner.

TRACH. I'll do as you advise me.—Mind me now;
For this is your concern.

GRIP. How my concern?

TRACH. That wallet. I have known the owner long.

GRIP. What's that?

TRACH.

TRACH. And how 'twas lost.

GRIP. And how 'twas found 35
I know, and who 'twas found it : and I know
Who is the owner now : but what is that
To you or me ? I know whose it is now,
You whose it was, No one shall have it from me :
Think not to get it.

TRACH. If the owner comes, 40
Shall he not have it ?

GRIP. No one is the owner,—
Don't be mistaken,—no one but myself,
Who caught it when a fishing.

TRACH. Did you so ?

GRIP. What fish are in the sea, are none of mine ;
When caught, they then become my property. 45
I hold them for my own, at my disposal ;
And no one claims a part : I sell them all
As my own property in open market,
The sea is common unto all.

TRACH. Agreed :
This wallet then, why should it not be common 50
'Twi'x't you and me ? you found it in the sea ;
'Tis common then.

GRIP. Was ever such assurance ?

V. 47. *No one claims a part.*] The original is, *Nec manus afferuntur.*

Afferere manus properly signifies giving freedom to a slave, which Gripus comically applies to fishes, and immediately after says, *vendo pro meis venalibus* ; for slaves were called *venales*.

EDWARD FROM DASHB.

If this were law you talk of, we poor fishermen
 Would be undone; for soon as e'er our fish
 Were brought to market, and expos'd to sale, 55
 No one would buy; but ev'ry one would claim
 A portion of the fish; crying forsooth,
 That we had caught them in the sea that's common.

TRACH. How say you, sauce-box? Will you dare
 to place

A wallet in comparison with fish? 60
 Think you, they are the same?

GRIP. When I have thrown
 My net in, 'tis no longer in my power:
 Whatever sticks to it, I haul it up,
 And what my net has got, is mine alone.

TRACH. Nay but it is not, if you catch a wallet. 65

GRIP. O rare philosopher!

TRACH. Good conjurer!
 Did you e'er know a fisherman, that caught
 A wallet-fish, or carried one to market?
 Would you be jack of all trades as you like?
 Would you, you rascal, deal in wallets too 70
 As well as be a fisherman? But now
 Shew me what kind of fish a wallet is,

V. 66. *O rare philosopher!*] *Philosopher!* spoken ironically.

V. 69. *Jack of all trades.*] The original is,
Non tu occupabis omnes quæstus quos voles.

V. 70. *Deal in wallets, &c.*] *Et victorem ex piscatione esse pastulas.*

Victor signifies a maker of such kind of baskets, as are here understood by *vidulus*. These, we are told, were made of osier, and

Or you shall carry nothing off, that was not
Bred in the sea, and has not scales.

GRIP. What! never
Heard of a wallet-fish before?

TRACH. You villain! 75
There's no such fish.

GRIP. Nay verily there is;
'And I, who am a fisherman, must know:
But it is rarely caught: no fish so seldom
Comes to our coast.

TRACH. That will avail you nought,
You gallows knave; & ye think you can deceive
me? 80
What colour is it of?

GRIP. There are but few
Caught of this colour: some are red, some black,
And some are very large.

TRACH. I understand you.
You will be chang'd into a wallet-fish,
Unless you have a care: first you'll be red, 85
Then black.

GRIP. What rascal have I stumbled on?

TRACH. This is mere talking, and we waste the day.
Whose arbitration, say, shall we abide by?

and covered with leather. As there is no word in our language that exactly corresponds with the *Latin*, I have made use of the word *wallet*, which is designed for the same purposes.

V. 85. *You'll be red,—Then black.*]

Fiet tibi puniceum corium, postea atrum denuo.

Meaning, that he should be heartily scourged.

GRIP.

GRIP. The wallet's.

TRACH. Ay indeed!—You are a fool.

GRIP. Fare you well, *Thales!* (*Going*)

TRACH. (*Holding him*) Nay you shall not have it, 90
Unless you place it in some person's hands,
And chuse an umpire to decide betwixt us.

GRIP. What, are you mad?

TRACH. I'm drunk with hellebore.

GRIP. I'm *Ceres*-struck: yet I'll not part with this.

TRACH. Speak but another word, I'll knock your
brains out; 95

If you don't let it go, like a new sponge,
I'll suck up ev'ry drop of moisture in you.

GRIP. Touch me, and I will dash you to the ground
Flat as a flounder.—Will you fight?

TRACH. What need
Of fighting? rather let us share the booty. 100

GRIP. You will get nothing but your own mishap.

V. 90. *Fare you well, Thales!*] *Thales*, it is well known, was one of the seven wise men of *Greece*; and *Gripus* calls *Trachalis* ironically by that name, in reply to the other's having called him *Fool*. So in V. 66 of this scene he calls him *Philosopher*.

V. 94. *Ceres*-struck.] *Cerritus*. Mad people were called *cerriti*, because it was imagined they had incurred the displeasure of *Ceres*.

V. 98. *Touch me, and I will dash you to the ground,
Flat as a flounder.*] The original is,

Tange: affligam ad terram te itidem ut piscem soleo polypum.

Polypus, we are told, signifies a tough kind of fish, which they used to knock against the ground to make it tender.

So don't expect it. I'll be gone. (*Going.*)

TRACH. But I

Will make your vessel tack about to stop you,

GRIP. If you are at the poop, I'll keep at stern.

Let go the rope, you rascal.

TRACH. Let it go?

105

Do you let go the wallet.

GRIP. You'll not be

A fig the better now for all that's in it.

TRACH. Your bare denial is no proof to me,

But you must either let me have a share on't,

Or you must place it in some person's hands, 110

And chuse an umpire to decide betwixt us.

GRIP. How? what I caught at sea?—

TRACH. I saw from shore.

GRIP. With my own pains, my own net, my own
boat?

TRACH. What if the owner come, whose property

It is, shall I, who saw you from afar 115

Take it, be counted less a thief than you?

GRIP. No, certainly. (*Offers to go.*)

TRACH. Stay, rascal. By what argument

Am I to be a thief, and not a sharer?

Give me to know.

GRIP. I can't, nor do I know

Your city laws; but this is mine, I'll stand to it. 120

V. 107. *A fig the better.*] *Ramenta fortunator.* *Ramenta*, or *Ramentum*, is the dust arising from the scraping or filing of any metal or hard substance.

TRACH.

TRACH. I say 'tis mine too.

GRIP. Hold—I've found a method,
How you may neither be the thief, nor sharer.

TRACH. Well! how is that?

GRIP. Let me depart in peace,
Do you go your own way, and hold your tongue:
You shall tell no one, and I'll give you nothing: 125
You shall be silent, I'll be silent too.

This is the best, the fairest thing that can be.

TRACH. What! will you make me no proposal?

GRIP. Yes;
I have already.—“That you should be gone,
“Let go the rope, and trouble me no longer.” 130

TRACH. Stay; will you take my offer?

GRIP. Prithee take
Yourself away.

TRACH. Do you know any one
Lives hereabouts?

GRIP. Sure I must know my neighbours,

TRACH. Where do you live?

GRIP. Far off in yonder fields.

TRACH. Say, will you leave it to his arbitration? 135
Who lives here at this house?

(Pointing to DAMONAS'S house.)

V. 131. Take my offer—take yourself away.] A joke is intended in the original, from the meaning of the words *refero* and *aufero*.

TRACH. *Mune, dum refero conditionem.*

GRIP. *Te obsecro hercle, aufer te mox.*

V. 135. Say, will you leave it to his arbitration,
Who lives here at this house?]

Trachalio had all the reason that could be, to get the business
referr'd

GRIP. Let go the rope

A little, while I step apart, and think on't.—

(*Aside*) Bravo! all's safe: the prize is all my own.

The fellow summons me on my own dunghill,

Chuses my master for an arbitrator!

140

I dare be sworn, he will not give a doit

Away from his own servant. Sure the fool

Is not aware of what he has proposed.—

(*To TRACH.*) Well, I'll attend you to the arbitrator.

TRACH. What should you do else?

GRIP. Though I know for certain 145

This is my lawful right, I'll do so rather

Than go to boxing with you.

TRACH. Now you please me.

GRIP. Though I am call'd before an arbitrator,

Who is a stranger, and unknown to me,

If he but do me justice, though unknown, 150

It is the same as though we were acquainted.

If not, though known, he's as an utter stranger.

(*They advance towards DEMONES'S house.*)

referr'd to *Dæmons*, he being the only man he knew thereabouts; and *Gripus* had as much reason to allow of that person, (since he was forced to admit of a reference,) because he was his own master. These two things ought to be observed. Now *Trachalio's* design was only to assist the poor girl, whose interests he had most justly espoused; but the Poet's design was greater, to wit, *Palæstra's* discovery, which would not so easily be foreseen by the spectators. This is one great piece of art in *Dramatick* poetry.

ECHARD.

V. 139. *On my own dunghill.*] The original is, *intrà præsepis meas*, which bears the same import.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Enter DÆMONES, with PALÆSTRA and
AMPELISCA, the two SERVANTS behind.*

DÆMONES.

Faith! seriously, my girls, I wish to do
What you yourselves wish, but I fear, my wife
On your account would thrust me out of doors,
Pretending that I brought my misses home
Under her nose, before her eyes.—Do you then, 5
Rather than I, take refuge at the altar.

PAL. and AMP. We are undone!

DÆM. Fear nothing: I'll protect you.
(*To the Servants.*) What brought you out of doors?

Why do you follow me?

While I am present, no one shall molest them.
Go, get ye in, I say, and there stand centinel. 10

GRIP. Save you, good master.

DÆM. How now, Gripus? Save you.

TRACH. Is this your servant?

GRIP. Yes, and no disgrace to him.

TRACH. I've nothing to do with you.

GRIP. Get you gone then.

TRACH. I pray you, tell me, Sir; is this your
servant?

DÆM. He is.

TRACH. So,—best of all then, if he is. 15

V. 6. *Take refuge at the altar.*] *Dæmones* means, that if the
damfels did not quit his house, and retreat to the altar, he him-
self should be obliged to do it on account of his wife's resentment.

Once

Once more I kiss your hands, Sir.

DÆM. I am your's.

You are the fellow, are you not, that went
A little while ago to call your master?

TRACH. The same.

DÆM. What would you now?

TRACH. Is this your servant?

DÆM. He is.

TRACH. So,—best of all then, if he is. 20

DÆM. What is the matter?

TRACH. He's an arrant rascal.

What has this arrant rascal done to you?

TRACH. I would his legs were broke.

DÆM. Why, what's the matter?

What is your contest now about?

TRACH. I'll tell you.

GRIP. Nay, I will tell you.

TRACH. I will; 'tis my business 25

To *move* the court.

GRIP. If you had any shame,

You would *move* off.

DÆM. Peace, *Gripus*, and attend.

GRIP. What! shall he speak the first?

DÆM. Attend, I say.

(To TRACH.) Speak you.

V. 26. *Move the court—Move off.*] This is a joke in the original, which I have endeavoured to preserve in the best manner I could think of. Says *Trachalio*,—*rem facesso*,—meaning, that he was the accuser, and therefore ought to speak first; upon which *Gripus* says,—*hinc facessas*,—*take yourself away*.

GRIP.

GRIP. And will you let a stranger speak
'Fore your own servant?

TRACH. How impossible 30
To curb his tongue!—As I was telling you,
That curst Procurer's wallet, whom you drove
Just now from *Venus'* Temple,—lo! he has it.

GRIP. I have it not.

TRACH. And will you dare deny
What I beheld myself, with my own eyes? 35

GRIP. Would you were blind, I say!—Suppose I
have it,
Or have it not, why d'ye concern yourself
With my affairs?

TRACH. It does concern me, whether
You have possession justly or unjustly.

GRIP. I caught it, or I'd give you leave to hang
me. 40

Since in the sea I caught it with my net,
How is't more your's than mine?

TRACH. He wou'd deceive you:
He has it, as I told you.

GRIP. What d'ye say?

TRACH. If he's your servant, prithee keep him under,
That I, whose right it is, may speak the first. 45

V. 44. *Keep him under.*] *Comprime.* The learned reader need not be told, that there is a double sense in the word *comprimo*.

V. 45. *That I, whose right it is, may speak the first.*] The original is, *quoad primarius vir dicat*; meaning, that as *Trachalio* was the accuser, he had a right to speak the first.

GRIP.

GRIP. How! would you have my master deal with me,

As your's with you? Though he may keep you under,
Our master is not us'd to serve us so.

DÆM. Faith he has match'd you there.—What
wou'd you? tell me.

TRACH. I ask no share, no portion of the wallet, 50
Nor did I say 'twas mine: but there is in it
A little casket of that damsel's, who
I told you was free-born.

DÆM. What her you mean,
My countrywoman, as you said?

TRACH. The same.
And in that casket, which is in the wallet, 55
There are some toys of her's, which when a child
She had: to him they're of no use or service,
But if he give them her, may be the means
For her to find her parents.

DÆM. Say no more,
I'll make him give them.

GRIP. Troth I'll give her nothing. 60

TRACH. I ask but for the casket and those toys.

GRIP. But what if they be gold?

TRACH. Suppose they are,
You shall have gold for gold, of equal value.
Silver for silver.

V. 56. *Toys.*] *Crepundia.* It was a custom with the antients to give trinkets to their children, which were carefully preserved, that, in case of any accident, they might be the means of discovering their parents. On this circumstance depends the *Discovery*, that is to follow.

GRIP. Let me see your gold,
And you shall see the casket.

DÆM. Hold your tongue; 65
Beware thee of a drubbing:—(To TRACH.) You
go on.

TRACH. I pray you, have compassion of this damsel,
If it indeed be the Procurer's wallet,
As I suppose it is; I do not say
'Tis his for certain; but 'tis my opinion. 70

GRIP. (*Afide*) See how the rascal tries to catch his
favour!

TRACH. Let me proceed: If 'tis the rascal's wallet,
These girls will surely know it:—order him
To shew it them.

GRIP. How! shew it them?

DÆM. He asks
Nothing but what is reasonable, *Gripus*. 75

GRIP. 'Tis most unreasonable.

DÆM. Why?

GRIP. Because,
If I produce it, they will cry at once
They know it truly.

TRACH. Rascal! do you think
That ev'ry body's like yourself?—false varlet!

GRIP. I bear all this with patience, while my
master 80
Is on my side.

TRACH. But now he is against you,
And that the casket will bear testimony.

V. 71. *Tries to catch his favour!*] *Ut aucupatur!* metaphorically used.

DÆM.

DÆM. *Gripus*, be silent and attend! (To TRACH.)

Do you

Tell me in few, what is it you would have?

TRACH. I've told you, and I'll tell it you again, 85
If yet sufficiently you understand not.

These damsels, I inform'd you, are free-born;
And one was stol'n from *Athens* when a child.

GRIP. But what is this pray to the wallet, whether
They're slaves or free?

TRACH. You'd have me spend the day go
In telling the whole o'er again, you villain!

DÆM. Spare your abuses, and inform me clearly
In what I ask.

TRACH. There should be in the wallet
A wicker casket, that contains some tokens,
Which the poor girl may find her parents by, 95
And which she had, when stol'n a little child
From *Athens*, as I told you.

GRIP. *Jupiter*,
And all the Gods confound you! Don't you see
The damsels are both dumb? why cannot they
Speak for themselves?

TRACH. Because it more becomes 100
A woman to be silent than to talk.

V. 94. *A wicker casket.*] *Cistella caudea*. This, according to *Festus*, is a small casket made of wicker, and was called *caudea*, from its being shaped like a horse's tail.

V. 101. *A woman to be silent, &c.*] This, as the commentators take notice, is very apposite to a sentiment in *Sophocles*:

Γυναιξί κοσμον η σιγη φερει.

Silence is an ornament to woman.

GRIP. Then by your talk you're neither man nor woman.

TRACH. Why?

GRIP. Talk or not talk, you are good for nothing.

(To DÆM.) Pray, may I never be allow'd to speak?

DÆM. Speak but another word, I'll break your head. 105

TRACH. Pray, Sir, command him to deliver up That casket to the girls, and what reward He asks for finding it, it shall be given: What else is in the wallet, let him have.

GRIP. Ah, so you say at last, now you're convinc'd 110

I have a right to't, though e'en now you wanted To go snacks with me.

TRACH. And I want it still.

GRIP. So have I seen a kite stoop at its prey, And yet get nothing.

DÆM. Can't I stop your mouth Without a drubbing?

GRIP. If he's silent, I'll 115 Be silent too; but if he speak, let me too Speak in my turn.

DÆM. Give me the wallet, Gripus.

GRIP. I'll trust it to you on condition you'll Return it, if there's nothing in't of theirs.

DÆM. I will.

GRIP. There—take it. (*Giving him the wallet.*)

DÆM. Hearkye me, Palaestra, 120 And

And *Ampelisca*, attend to what I say.—
Is this the wallet, that contains your casket?

PAL. The same.

GRIP. So,—I'm undone, I find.—Before
She could well see it, she cries out,—“The same.”

PAL. I'll make this matter plain, and clear up
all. 125

There is a wicker casket in that wallet ;
And each particular that it contains
I'll reckon one by one : you shall not shew me :
If wrong, my word will serve me in no stead,
And all that's in the casket shall be your's ; 130
If right, I pray you let me have my own.

DÆM. Agreed : she only asks for common justice,
In my opinion.

TRACH. And in mine.

GRIP. But what
If she's a witch, and by that means should tell
What's in the casket ? shall a witch then carry it ? 135

DÆM. No, not unless she gives a just account ;
Her witchcraft shall not serve her.—Open then
The wallet ; I wou'd know the truth directly.

GRIP. (*Opening it*) The deed is done !—'tis open'd,
—Ah ! I'm ruin'd !

V. 134. *A witch.*] The original is, *Aut superstitiosa, aut ariola.*

V. 139. The deed is done !—'tis open'd.] *Hoc habet ! solum est.* “ The commentators (*says Madam Dacier*) have not understood this passage. *Dæmones* orders *Gripus* to open the wallet, who falling to work upon it tooth and nail, at length forces it open, and cries out, *Hoc habet.* This expression is

I see a casket.

DÆM. Is this it ?

PAL. The same. 140

In this, my parents, are you lock'd ; in this
My hopes of finding you, and means are lodg'd.

GRIP. Verily you deserve the Gods displeasure,
To cram your parents in so close a compass.

DÆM. Come hither, *Gripus* :—'tis your cause is
trying. 145

(To PAL.) Hearkye me, girl ; at distance where you
are

Tell the contents, and give a just description
Of each particular within the casket.

If in the smallest tittle you mistake,
Though afterwards you'd wish to speak the truth, 150
I'd hold it nothing but egregious trifling.

GRIP. You talk what's fair, and justice.

TRACH. Then of you
He talks not : you and justice are quite opposite.

“ borrowed from the Gladiators, who upon wounding their
“ antagonists were used to cry, *Hoc habet*,—*he has it*, that is, he
“ is wounded.” This remark is further confirmed by a passage
in the *Mestellaria*, or *Apparition*, of our Author, Act III. Scene II.
V. 26. where a servant uses this very expression, (*Hoc habet*,)
speaking of his old master's being about to be imposed upon by
him. Indeed, it was probably a familiar allusion in common
use, as we find it in *Terence* as well as our author. The *Captus*
est, habet, in the *Andrian* is well known.

V. 153. *You and justice are quite opposite.*] This is but an in-
different witticism in the original.

GRIP. *Jus bonum oras.*

TRACH. *Edepol haud te orat ; nam tu injurius.*

DÆM. Speak, girl.—*Gripus*, give ear, and hold your tongue.

PAL. There are some toys.

DÆM. I see them.

GRIP. I am slain 155

At the first onset.—Hold, Sir,—don't produce them.

DÆM. Describe them,—and recount them all in order.

PAL. First, there's a little sword with an inscription.

DÆM. What's the inscription?

PAL. 'Tis my father's name.

Then, there's a little two-edg'd axe, of gold too, 160
Bearing th' inscription of my mother's name.

DÆM. Hold,—what's your father's name upon the sword?

PAL. 'Tis—*Dæmones*.

DÆM. O ye immortal Gods!

Where are my hopes?

GRIP. Nay truly, where are mine?

DÆM. Proceed, I do beseech you, quickly.

GRIP. Gently.— 165

(*Aside.*) Wou'd you were hang'd!

DÆM. Tell me your mother's name
Upon the axe.

PAL. 'Tis—*Dædalls*.

DÆM. The Gods

Are anxious for my welfare,

V. 155. *Slain at the first onset.*] *Perii in primo prælio.*

V. 158. *With an inscription.*] *Literatus.* So in this play, *Scoparnio*, speaking of the pitcher belonging to the Temple of *Venus*, says, *Literata est: ab se cantat cuja fit.*

GRIP. And my ruin.

DÆM. Why, *Gripus*, she must surely be my daughter.

GRIP. She may be so for me.—(To TRACH.) May all the Gods

170

Confound you, that you chanc'd to spy me out;
And me too, that I did not look about me
An hundred times to watch if no one saw me,
Before I drew my net out of the water.

PAL. Then there's a small two-handed silver knife,

175

A little sow too.

GRIP. Would that you were hang'd,
You and your sow too, pigs and all together!

PAL. There is besides a little heart of gold,
Given me by my father on my birth-day.

DÆM. 'Tis she, 'tis she!--I can refrain no longer, 180
I must embrace her, (*They embrace.*)

Save you, my dear daughter!

I, I am *Dæmones*, and *Dædalis*

Your mother is within here.

PAL. Blessings on you,
My unexpected, my unhop'd-for father!

DÆM. Heav'ns bless you!—With what joy do I
embrace you!

185

V. 176. *A little sow.*] *Sucula*. Whether or no this signifies some part of a child's cloathing, according to some commentators, or any kind of trinket, which we are not at present acquainted with, it is plain that in *Gripus's* answer a joke is intended on account of the double meaning of the word, *sucula* likewise signifying a *little sow*. It is not much to be regretted perhaps, that this pun could not be preserved in our language.

TRACH,

TRACH. To me too 'tis a pleasure, since your piety
Has wrought this happy chance.

DÆM. Come, take the wallet,
And bear it in, *Trachalio*, if you can.

TRACH. (*Taking the wallet.*) Behold the roguery
of *Gripus* — *Gripus*,
I give you joy upon your ill success. 190

DÆM. Come, daughter, let us in now to your
mother,
For she can question you of further proofs,
Who has been more accustom'd to you, more
Acquainted with your tokens.

TRACH. We'll all in,
Since we are all concern'd in this event. 195

PAL. Follow me, *Ampelisca*.

AMP. I'm rejoic'd
To find the Gods so favourable to you.

[*Exeunt all but GRIPUS.*]

End of Scene IV.] Here at length the *Discovery* is made, the *Preparations* for which have been contrived with much art; and yet, though we cannot but applaud the conduct of our author in the management of his plot, the effect is in a manner almost totally destroyed, by it's having been previously hinted in the Prologue, that this very *Palæstra* was old *Dæmones's* daughter; consequently we may guess before hand, how every incident will turn out.

With respect to this particular scene *Echard* says, that "perhaps some may think there is too much *trifling* in it." The translator must ingeniously confess, that he experienced the justness of this opinion to his mortification, not only in this, but in too many other scenes throughout the play; and he wishes his reader may not be of the same opinion. Perhaps of all our Author's plays there is no one, that abounds with so many ridiculous jests,

S C E N E V.

G R I P U S *alone.*

Well—what an afs am I, t'have found this wallet,
 And not have hid it in some secret place!
 I thought that I should have a plaguy job on't,
 Because I found it in such plaguy weather.
 Troth I believe there is a deal of gold
 And silver in it. I had best go home,
 And hang myself in private,—for a while
 At least, till I am rid of this vexation.

5

[*Exit.*]

jest, quaint conceits, and low witticisms; which, however they may please in the original, can have but little grace in the translation. The jestings and scurrilities between slaves and other low characters, seem to have been a favourite amusement of the stage in our author's days, as we may judge from his constant introduction of them. The refined taste of *Terence's* age almost wholly exploded them.

V. 1. *An afs.*] The word in the original is *scelustus*, which is frequently used by our author in a milder sense than that of wickedness or villainy.

V. 3. *I thought that I should have a plaguy job on't,
 Because I found it in such plaguy weather.*]

The original is,

*Credebam edepol turbulentam prædam eventuram mihi,
 Quia illa mihi tam turbulentâ tempestate evenerat.*

Turbulentam,—that is, says *Lambin*, *non liquidam neque certam.*

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Enter DÆMONES.

Good heav'ns! was ever man more blest than I,
 So unexpectedly to find my daughter!
 Is it not plain, that when the Gods would shew
 Favour to men, they shew it to the virtuous?
 Thus I, beyond my hope, beyond belief, 5
 Most unexpectedly have found my daughter:
 And I'll bestow her on a noble youth,
 My kinsman, an *Athenian*. I would have him
 Fetch'd here directly; and I bade his servant
 Come forth, that I might fend him to the Forum. 10
 I marvel why he is not come.—'Twere best
 Go to the door.—(*He looks in.*) What do I see?—My
 wife

Hugging and hanging on her daughter's neck.—
 This fondling is absurd, 'tis all too idle.

(*Calling at the door.*)

Nay prithee, wife, a truce with your careffes; 15
 See all things ready for the sacrifice,
 Which we must offer to our household Gods,
 Who have increas'd our family.—We have lambs
 And hogs nurtur'd for sacred use.—But why
 Do ye detain *Trachalio*?—Oh, he comes. 20

V. 14. *This fondling is too idle.*] *Nimis otiosa ejus amatio est.*
 This is the correction of *Heinsius*, and is explained by what *Dæ-*
mones says directly after. Others read *odiosa*.

V. 18. *Lambs and hogs nurtur'd for sacred use.*] *Agni et porci sa-*
cræ, that is, *desinati sacris.*

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

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Enter TRACHALIO.

Trust me, I'll find him out, where'er he is,
 And bring him with me.

DÆM. Tell him what has happen'd
 Concerning of my daughter, and beseech him
 To leave all other matters, and come hither.

TRACH. Well.

DÆM. Tell him he shall have my daughter.

TRACH. Well. 5

DÆM. And that I knew his father, and that he
 Is my relation.

TRACH. Well.

DÆM. But make haste.

TRACH. Well.

DÆM. Befure you bring him here to supper.

TRACH. Well.

DÆM. How! *Well* to every thing?

TRACH. Well.—But d'ye know
 I've a request to make?—that you'd remember 10
 What you have promis'd,—to procure my freedom.

DÆM. Well.

V. 4. *Well.*] The original is *Licet*. *Trachalio* jocularly makes use of this word in reply to every thing that *Dæmones* says; after which *Dæmones* takes it up, and answers *Trachalio* in the same manner. *Molière*, who was a close imitator of our Author, has the same kind of humour in many of his comic scenes.

TRACH.

TRACH. Then persuade my master *Pleusidippus*
To give it me.

DÆM. Well.

TRACH. Let your daughter join
In the request: she'll easily prevail.

DÆM. Well.

TRACH. Farther, let me marry *Ampetisca*, 15
When I've my freedom.

DÆM. Well.

TRACH. And let me find
My services indeed rewarded.

DÆM. Well.

TRACH. How! *Well* to ev'ry thing?

DÆM. Well.--So, methinks
I'm even with you.—Prithee now run quickly
Into the city, and come back with speed. 20

TRACH. Well.—I'll be here this instant.—In the
interim

Get all things ready for the sacrifice.

DÆM. Well.

[Exit TRACHALIO.]

—*Ill* betide him with his *Wells*, say I!
He has so stuff'd my ears with nothing else,
Let me say what I wou'd, but *Well*, *Well*, *Well*. 25

V. 23. *Ill betide him with his Wells!*]

Hercules istum infelicitet cum suâ Licentia!

Alluding to his frequent repetition of the word *Licet*. Madam Dacier, I think, rightly gives this speech to *Dæmones*, whereas the common editions give it to *Trachalio*: though, as both make use of the word *Licet*, it may with propriety belong to either.

SCENE VIII.

Enter GRIPUS.

When may I have a word with you, good master?

DÆM. The matter, *Gripus*?

GRIP. Touching this same wallet:

If you are wise, *be wise*: keep what the Gods
Have graciously bestow'd.

DÆM. D'ye think it just,
That I should claim for mine what is another's? 5

GRIP. And why not, when I found it in the sea?

DÆM. So much the better luck for him, who lost it:
But that don't make it the more your's a whit.

GRIP. 'Tis by your over-righteousness you're poor.

DÆM. O *Gripus*, *Gripus*, there are many traps 10
Laid to ensnare mankind; and whosoever
Snaps at the bait, is caught by his own greediness:
But he, who acts with caution and with care,
May long enjoy what honestly he owns.

We shall get more by parting with this booty 15

Than we were better'd by its acquisition.—

What! when I know another's property
Is fall'n into my hands, shall I conceal it?—

V. 3. *If you are wise, be wise.*] *Si sapias, sapias.*

V. 15. *We shall get more, &c.*] The original is rather obscure.

Mibi istæc vedetur præda prædatum irier,

Ut cum majore dote abeat quàm advenerit.

This is variously explained by the commentators.

No,

No, *Dæmones* will never do't.—The wife
 Can never be too cautious in this point, 20
 Left they become partakers of ill deeds
 With their own fervants. 'Tis enough for me
 The pleasure of the game, and I'm indifferent
 About the winning.

GRIP. So I've often heard
 The players talking in the same wise manner, 25
 And much applauded, while they pointed out
 Sound morals to the people; but when each
 Went his way home, not one of all the audience
 Became such as they bade him be.

DÆM. Go in;

V. 1. No, *Dæmones* will never do't.] *Dæmons*, in the original, thus speaks of himself in the third person :

Minimè istuc faciet noster Dæmones.

Noster (which has puzzled the commentators to explain it, and induced some of them to prefer *Voster*, i. e. for *Vester*) is perhaps emphatical, and *Noster Dæmones*, in the third person, is of the same import as if the old gentleman had said *Ego Dæmones*, in the first. Madam *Dacier* explains it as signifying *our Dæmones*, the *Dæmones* of our family.

V. 23. *The pleasure of the game, &c.*] The original is obscure, and has perplexed the commentators to find out the meaning.

Ego mihi cum lusi, nihil moror ullum lucrum.

I have followed Madam *Dacier*'s interpretation of it. " This, she tells us, is a metaphor taken from Players, who are no farther interested in the game than in the pleasure they take in playing, and are indifferent about getting by it. Our good old gentleman means by this, that he was satisfied with the pleasure he had received in recovering his daughter by means of the wallet, without wishing to reap any further advantage from it."

Don't

Don't be impertinent, but cease your chattering. 30
I'll give you nothing; don't deceive yourself.

GRIP. Pray heav'n, whatever's in the wallet, gold
Or silver, all may be reduc'd to ashes!

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[Exit GRIPUS.]

S C E N E IX.

D Æ M O N E S *alone.*

Th' encouraging of servants in their crimes
is one main reason, why we have such bad ones.
This fellow here of mine, had he combin'd
With any other rascal of a servant,
He would have made himself and his accomplice 5
Both guilty of a theft, and when he thought
That he had got a prize, himself the while
Had been a prize: one prize had caught another.—
Now will I in and sacrifice, and then
Give order for the supper to be dress'd. [Exit. 10

SCENE IX.] This, as well as the preceding scene, is in many parts very obscure in the original; and various have been the explanations of the commentators. I have endeavoured to render them as intelligible as the difficulty of affixing the true meaning would admit.

All the Editions concur in not concluding this Act till a Scene further: but the very little space of time, which the dialogue of *Gripus* with his master takes up, is hardly sufficient (even according to *theatrical* measurement) for *Trachalio*, who had just before left the stage, to have found out and returned with *Plousidippus*, as he does in the beginning of the next Act, as it now stands. For this alteration we are indebted to *Madam Dacier*.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A C T V.

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S C E N E I.

Enter PLEUSIDIPPUS *and* TRACHALIO.

P L E U S I D I P P U S.

TELL it me o'er and o'er, repeat it all
 Again, *Trachalio*, and again;—my life!
 My friend! my patron! nay, my father rather!—
 Tell me, oh tell me,—has *Palaestra* found
 Her parents?

TRACH. She has found them.

PLEU. And is she 5

My countrywoman?

SCENE I.] *Madam Dacier*, as has been already observed, very properly takes notice, that this Scene ought to begin the fifth Act, for the reason given in the note at the end of the fourth Act; though all the editions make it the last of that Act. *Ecbard* observes the same, but does not acknowledge to whom he is indebted for it.

V. 1. *Tell it me o'er and o'er.*] The original is, *iterum iterum*, a pleonasm (*says Lambin*) to express the disposition of his mind more strongly.

V. 3. *My friend.*] In the original, *liberte*, freedman. Slaves, who were made free, were very often remarkable for their attachment to their former masters, who usually placed great confidence in them, as having experienced their fidelity and goodwill. Such a character is *Sofia* in the *Andrian* of *Terence*.

TRACH. I think so.

PLEU. And am I

To marry her?

TRACH. I suspect so.

PLEU. And d'ye think,

That he'll betroth her to me?

TRACH. So I reckon.

PLEU. And shall I then congratulate her father,
That she is found?

TRACH. I count so.

PLEU. And her mother? 10

TRACH. I reckon so.

PLEU. You reckon? what's your reckoning?

TRACH. I reckon, 'tis exactly as you say.

PLEU. Then tell me, what's th' amount?

TRACH. Th' amount? I reckon—

PLEU. Don't be for ever reckoning: what's the
total?

TRACH. I reckon—

V. 8. *So I reckon.*] *Censo.* Trachalis jokes with his master by constantly repeating the word *Censo* in reply to all his questions, in the same manner as he repeated the word *Lies* in his conversation with *Damons* in the eighth scene of the fourth Act.

V. 11. *What's your reckoning?*] *Quanti censu?* It is plain, that the humour of this, and what follows, consists in the double meaning of the word *censo*, which bears another import, besides the simple acceptation of, *I think* or *imagine*; but the commentators are divided about the explanation of it. Some imagine, it alludes to the office of *Censor* among the *Romans*; others, to the value or estimation of things; but I have followed the opinion of *Gronovius*, who supposes it alludes to the *reckoning* of accounts; and as the words *count* and *reckon* are used in our language to signify *belief* or *opinion*, the double meaning of the original is in some measure preserved in the translation.

PLEU.

PLEU. Should I not walk fast?

TRACH. I count so. 15

PLEU. Or rather gently in this pace?

TRACH. I count so.

PLEU. Should I address her, when I come?

TRACH. I count so.

PLEU. Her father too?

TRACH. I count so.

PLEU. Then her mother?

TRACH. I count so.

PLEU. What besides? Should I embrace
Her father, on my coming?

TRACH. I count *not*. 20

PLEU. Her mother?—

TRACH. I count *not*.

PLEU. The maid herself?

TRACH. I count *not*.

PLEU. Woe is me! his 'count is clos'd:
He counts *not*, when I'd have him *count*.

TRACH. You're mad:

Follow me.

PLEU. Lead, my patron, where you will.

[*They go into DÆMONES's house.*]

V. 22. *His' count is clos'd.*] *Delectum dimisit.* This is explained by the commentators as alluding to the *enlisting* of soldiers, which is another meaning of the word *Censo*, but which could not be expressed in the translation.

*** Madam *Dacier* remarks, that our author in this scene draws the portrait of a foolish lover: and she imagines, that this passage gave *M. Moliere* some idea of one of the characters in his *Malade Imaginaire*. The character alluded to is that of *Thomas Diafoirus*, but I cannot perceive, that it at all agrees with this of *Pleustippus*, who does not seem to be drawn more foolish than any

S C E N E II.

Enter LABRAX at a Distance.

Was ever man so wretched? *Pleusidippus*
 Has cast me 'fore the judges, and *Palestra*
 Is taken from me by award.—I'm ruin'd!—
 Sure men of my profession are created
 For sport alone, since all men are rejoic'd 5
 When any evil does betide a pimp.—
 Well,—to the Temple I'll now go, and find
 That other damsel, which is mine:—at least
 I'll bear off *Ampelisca*:—she is all
 That's left me of my property. 10

S C E N E III.

Enter GRIPUS with a Spit, from DÆMONES'S House.

(Entering.) By heav'ns

Ye shall not see *Gripus* alive to-night,
 Unless the wallet be restor'd to me.

LAB. *(Overbearing)* Oh! at the very mention of
 a wallet

young fellow deeply in love might be represented on the occasion, allowing for the extravagant colouring of our author.

V. 2. *Judges.*] *Recuperatores.* Three persons, appointed by the *Prator*, to decide private causes.

I'm ready to drop down, just as if somebody
Had struck me with a large stake o'er the breast. 5

GRIP. That rascal there has got his freedom by it;
But *I*, who caught this wallet with my net,
I,—ye refuse to give *him* any thing.

LAB. O ye immortal Gods! this fellow makes me
Prick up my ears at what he says.

GRIP. 'Fore heav'n 10
I'll have it posted up all round about
In letters a yard long, " If any one
" Has lost a wallet full of gold and silver,
" Let him repair to *Gripus*."—Ye sha'n't carry it,
As ye imagine.

LAB. Verily this fellow 15
Knows who has got my wallet.—I'll accost him.
(*DÆMONES, or some one else, calls GRIPUS from within.*)

GRIP. Why do you call me in again? I'd scour
This spit without doors where I am.—(*Scouring the spit.*)

In troth
'Tis made of rust, not iron; and the more
I rub it, still more red it grows, and slenderer. 20

V. 6. *That rascal there.*] Meaning *Trachalis*.

V. 7. *But I, who caught this wallet with my net,*
I,—ye refuse to give him any thing.]

This is agreeable to the construction of the original, which is

Ego, qui in mari prebendi

Retē atque excepi vidulum,—dare ei negatis quicquam.

V. 12. *Letters a yard long.*] The original is, *Cubitum longis*
litteris. A cubit is supposed to be about a foot and half of our
measure.

This *spit* has *spit* itself in a consumption,
It falls away, it wastes so in my hands.

LAB. (*Advancing.*): Save you, young man.

GRIP. Heav'n's bless you, Goodman Baldpate.

LAB. What are you at?

GRIP. Scouring this spit.

LAB. How do you?

GRIP. Why do you ask? Are you a doctor pray, 25
A medicant?

LAB. I'm more, more by one letter.

GRIP. I understand you; you're a *mendicant*,
A beggar?

LAB. You have hit it.

GRIP. So I thought
By your appearance.—What's the matter with you?

LAB. I was involv'd o'er head and ears, deep in
for't

30

V. 21. *This spit has spit itself in a consumption.*] As the pun in the original could not be expressed in our language, I have taken the liberty of substituting another in its stead.

Hoc Vere natum est Veru, ita in quibus convalescit.

V. 23. *Goodman Baldpate.*] The original is, *cum irraso capite*, Madam Dacier tells us, that those who had escaped from shipwreck used to cut off their hair, and that they did it often during the storm, as also cut their nails, and threw the parings into the sea together with their hair.

V. 27. *A medicant — A mendicant.*]

GRIP. *Quid tu? Num medicus quæso es?*

LAB. *Imò edepol unâ literâ plus sum, quàm medicus.*

GRIP. *Tum tu mendicus es?*

V. 30. *Involv'd o'er head and ears.*] I have endeavoured in some sort to preserve the idea of the original, in which a joke is intended from the double meaning of the word *clavi*, which signifies I have washed or bathed, and I have run out or spent all.

Last

Last night at sea ; my ship was cast away,
And I lost all that I was worth.

GRIP. What lost you ?

LAB. I lost a wallet full of gold and silver.

GRIP. Do you remember what was in the wallet ?

LAB. What signifies it, when 'tis lost ?

GRIP. Well, well then—35

If not of this, let's talk of something else.—

What if I know who found it ?—Prithee now

Tell me the marks, inform me what was in it.

LAB. There were eight hundred pieces in a bag,
All gold, besides an hundred *Philippeans* 40
In a small scrip of leather by itself.

GRIP. (*Aside.*) 'Fore heav'n a noble prize, and I
shall get

A large reward for finding it.—The Gods

Respect poor mortals.—I shall go from hence

Laden with spoil.—'Tis certainly his wallet.— 45

(*To LAB.*) Proceed.

LAB. A silver talent in a purse.

A bowl, a boat, an ewer, and a goblet.

GRIP. Most wonderful !—You had a world of
riches.

LAB. O 'tis a sad word and a vile one, *Had*,—
T'have *bad* and not to *have*.

GRIP. What will you give 50

V. 40. *Philippeans.*] *Denaria Philippea.* Pieces of money so called, because they were coined by *Philip* king of *Macedon*. *Horace* calls them *Philippi*.

Restulit acceptos, regale nomisma, Philippos.

The party that shall find and tell you of it?
Speak quick.

LAB. Three hundred pieces.

www.libtool.com. GRIP. A mere feather.

LAB. Four hundred.

GRIP. Rotten thread.

LAB. Five hundred

GRIP. Nutshells.

LAB. Six hundred.

GRIP. Mites.

LAB. I'll give sev'n hundred.

GRIP. Why

D'ye keep your mouth so close? are you afraid 55
To open it for fear of catching cold?

LAB. I'll give a thousand pieces.

GRIP. You are dreaming.

LAB. I'll give no more: begone.

GRIP. But hearkye me,

If I once go, I come not here again.

LAB. What if I add an hundred to the thousand. 60

GRIP. Poh! you're asleep.

V. 55. *D'ye keep your mouth so close? &c.*] The original is read variously in the different editions. Some have it,

Os calet tibi! nunc id frigidesactas?

This, we are told, alludes to the mouth being half closed, when one draws in one's breath to cool it. Others again read,

Os calet tibi! num git frigidesactas?

Git is a seed hot and pungent like pepper, which, on being ate, causes a person to draw in the air in the same manner. Which-ever reading we prefer, the allusion is palpably to *Labrax's* being loth to speak out; I have therefore made use of a common *English* expression to the same purport.

LAB.

LAB. Speak, how much would you have ?

GRIP. Well then,—to make but one word,—a great talent ;

That is the price ; I will not bate a doit :
Therefore say ay or no.

LAB. (*Afide.*) I see I'm forc'd to't.—

(*To GRIPUS.*) A talent shall be giv'n.

GRIP. (*Going to the altar.*) Come hither then. 65
Venus shall be a party to th' agreement.

LAB. Command me what you will.

GRIP. Here,—touch the altar.

LAB. I touch it.

GRIP. By this Goddess you must swear—

LAB. What must I swear ?

GRIP. What I shall order you.

LAB. Well—dictate what you will. (*Afide.*) I need
not borrow 70

Of any one what I've at home in plenty.

GRIP. Take hold here of the altar.

LAB. I have hold on't.

GRIP. Swear, you will pay me what we have agreed on,
As soon as you've possession of the wallet.

V. 62. *A great talent.*] Among the *Attic* coins, there was the greater and the lesser talent, both of gold and silver.

V. 63. *A doit.*] The original is, *Triobolum*.

V. 70. *I need not borrow, &c.*] *Id quod domi est, nunquam ulli supplicabo.* *Labrax* means, that he is not to seek for perjury, having a sufficient stock of it within himself. This is a common expression often used by our Author. See the note, Act II. Scene II. V. 57, of the *Braggard Captain*.

LAB.

LAB. I will.

GRIPUS *speaks, and LABRAX repeats after him.*

Cyrenian Venus, bear me witness, 75

If I shall find this wallet, which I lost,
With all the gold and silver, and it come
Safe into my possession,—

GRIP. “ Then, I promise
“ This present *Gripus*,”—(To LAB.) Say so after me,
And lay your hand upon me.

LAB. Then I promise 80
This present *Gripus*,—

GRIP. and LAB. *Venus* be my witness,—
That I will give him a great silver talent.

GRIP. Say,—If you cozen me, let *Venus* then
Destroy you root and branch in your profession.
(*Afide.*) And be it so, the moment you have sworn! 85

LAB. O *Venus*, if I falsify my oath,
May curses light on me and all Procurers.

GRIP. (*Afide.*) And so they will, though you should
keep your oath.—

(To LABRAX.) Stay here:—I’ll bring the old man
out:—Be sure

You challenge him directly with the wallet. 90

[GRIPUS goes in.]

LAB. So—though he help me to my wallet, yet
I owe him not a doit. Myself am judge
Of what my tongue does swear.--Hush,—here he comes,
And the old gentleman along with him.

V. 84. *Destroy you root and branch.*] *Eradicet.*

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter GRIPUS, and DÆMONES, with the Wallet.

GRIPUS, to DÆMONES in entering.

Follow me this way—Where is this Procurer?—

(Calling.) Ho!—Hearkye!—Ho there!—

(To LABRAX.) He has got your wallet.

DÆM. I have it; I confess, that I have got it:
If it be your's, e'en take it.—All that's in it
Shall be return'd you safe and whole.—Then take it, 5
If it be your's.

LAB. O ye immortal Powers!

'Tis mine.—Welcome, dear wallet!

DÆM. Is it your's?

LAB. Mine, do you ask?—By heav'ns, if *Jove*
himself

Had got it, it were mine.

DÆM. There's nothing touch'd,
Except one little casket, that contain'd 10
Some trinkets, which I found my daughter by.

LAB. Daughter? what daughter?

DÆM. She that was your property,
Palæstra;—she is found to be my daughter.

LAB. 'Tis a rare chance by heav'ns; and I am glad,
That things have happen'd to your wish so luckily. 15

DÆM. I hardly can believe you.

LAB. To convince you
That I am glad, you shall not pay one doit;

I'll give her to you.

DÆM. You oblige me.

LAB. Nay,

The obligation's on my side, good Sir. (*Takes the wallet.*)

GRIP. Hearkye! you've got the wallet now.

LAB. I have it. 20

GRIP. Come, quick then.

LAB. Quick then? what?

GRIP. Give me the money.

LAB. I'll neither give, nor do I owe you aught.

GRIP. What dealing's this? Not owe me?

LAB. No indeed.

GRIP. Did you not swear?

LAB. I swore; and I will swear

Whate'er I please. Oaths were contriv'd to guard, 25
Not to destroy our property.

GRIP. Come pay me

The silver talent, thou most perjur'd knave!

DÆM. *Gripus*, what talent?

GRIP. Which he swore to give me.

LAB. I chose to swear: what then?—Are you a
Pontiff,

That you can fine me for my perjury? 30

DÆM. On what occasion promis'd he this money?

GRIP. He swore, if I would help him to his wallet,
That he would give me a great silver talent.

V. 29. *Pontiff.*] *Pontifex*. It was the Pontiff's office to punish those, who were guilty of perjury.

LAB.

LAB. Get one to go with me before a judge,
Where I will prove you trick'd me in the bargain : 35
Besides, I'm under age.

GRIP. Here,—go with Him.

www.libtool.com.cn (Pointing to DÆMONES.)

LAB. No, I must have some other: he's your master.

DÆM. You shall not carry off this wallet from him,
Till I have found him guilty.—Did you promise him
The money ?

LAB. I confess it.

DÆM. What you promis'd 40
My servant, of a right belongs to me.—
Don't think your pimp's tricks will avail you here :
They will not do.

GRIP. You thought, that you had got
A fool to deal with, one that you could cozen.
Come, pay the money down : and I will give it 45
Directly to my master for my freedom.

DÆM. Since I have been so courteous, and through
me

V. 34. *Get one to go with me before a judge.*] *Cedz quicum habeam
judicem.* This, and what follows, is agreeable to the forms an-
ciently observed in judicial proceedings.

V. 36. *I'm under age.*] The original is,
nive etiam dum sem
Quinque et viginti natus annos.

By the *Lætorian* law, all persons under the age of five-and-
twenty were deemed Minors, and free from all pecuniary obliga-
tions. Madam *Dacier* remarks, that it is pleasant enough in
Labrax to call himself under five-and-twenty, when he is de-
scribed, by *Pleusdippus*, in the second scene of the first act, as
having grey hairs,—*incanum*.

These

These things were sav'd,—

GRIP. Through me, say not through you.

DÆM. (*To GRIP.*) Don't be a fool, but hold your tongue: (*To LABRAX.*) You ought

On your part to return the obligation. 50

LAB. Yes truly! you defend my right so well.

DÆM. 'Twere strange indeed, should I defend your right

To my own disadvantage.

GRIP. So,—all's well:

The pimp grows softer: I foresee my freedom.

DÆM. This fellow found your wallet, he's my slave, 55

And I have sav'd it for you with it's treasure.

LAB. I thank you for't, and now I see no reason
But you should have the talent which I promis'd.

GRIP. Hearkye me! come then,—if you're wife,
come give it me.

DÆM. Won't you be quiet?

GRIP. You pretend forsooth 60
You're taking of *my* part, when all the while
'Tis for yourself you're acting.—Though I've lost
One prize, you shall not chouse me out of this.

DÆM. Speak but another word, I'll have you drub'd.

GRIP. Nay, you may even kill me, but I'll not 65
Be silent, till my mouth's stop't with a talent.

LAB. 'Tis for your interest he's concern'd: be quiet.

DÆM. (*To LABRAX.*) Come hither, step aside here!

LAB. If you please.

(*DÆMONES and LABRAX walk on one side.*)

V. 62. *Though I have lost one prize.*] He means, the wallet.

GRIP.

GRIP. Do all above board; I will have no whif-
perings.

DÆM. What was the price you gave for *Ampelisca*, 70
That other girl?

LAB. I paid a thousand pieces.

DÆM. Say, shall I make a fair and good propofal?

LAB. I am content, Sir.

DÆM. I'll divide the talent.

LAB. 'Tis well.

DÆM. Yourself take one half for her freedom;
The other give to *Gripus*.

LAB. Very well. 75

DÆM. And for that half I'll fet the fellow free,
Through whom you found your wallet, I my daughter.

LAB. I thank you heartily: 'tis rightly done.

GRIP. Well, shall I have the money out of hand?

DÆM. Th' affair is settled, *Gripus*: I have got it. 80

GRIP. Faith I had rather though, that I had got it.

DÆM. There's nothing for you, therefore don't
expect it.—

You must release him of his oath.

GRIP. I'm ruin'd!

I shall be dead, if I don't hang myself.—

You shall not cozen me a second time. 85

DÆM. *Labrax*, you'll sup with me.

LAB. Agreed, with pleasure.

V. 84. *I shall be dead, if I don't hang myself.*] *Nisi me suspendo, occidi.* I fancy this will appear but a sorry witticism, though *Madam Dacier*, and other commentators, affect to discover great humour in it.

DÆM.

DÆM. Come with me in now both of you.—

(*He addresses himself to the Spectators.*)

—Spectators,

I would invite You too, but I have nought

To give you; I have no good cheer within;

Besides, I fancy you're bid forth to supper.

90

If it shall please you to applaud our play,

I do invite you all to a collation

Sixteen years hence.—

(*To LABRAX and GRIPUS.*) You two will sup with me
To-night.

LAB. With pleasure.

DÆM. (*To the Spectators.*) Give us your applause.

[*Exeunt.*]

* * * This act is wholly taken up in the restoration of the wallet to *Labrax*, and the rewarding *Gripus* with his freedom for having found it. As the main business of the Play, the *Discovery* of the old man's daughter, had been effected in the fourth act, what follows is far from interesting; and it may admit of a doubt, perhaps, whether such a character as *Labrax* is sufficiently punished, or whether he ought to have been received into the good graces of *Dæmones*, and invited home to supper with him. However, upon the whole, notwithstanding there are some trifling and uninteresting scenes in it, this Play has had the general voice of the commentators in pronouncing it one of the very best of our Author's.

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.