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TERENCE

I

TERENCE

—

VOLUME II

PHORMIO

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

THE BROTHERS



TERENCE.
FROM A CAROLINGIAN MANUSCRIPT
IN THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS.

Terentius Afer, Publius

"

TERENCE

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

JOHN SARGEAUNT

Printed by Richardson

IN TWO VOLUMES

I

THE LADY OF ANDROS
THE SELF-TORMENTOR
THE EUNUCH



LONDON : WILLIAM HEINEMANN
NEW YORK : G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
MCMXVIII

Der

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Henry G. Richardson

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INTRODUCTION

Most of the statements made on the life of Terence are of somewhat doubtful authority. His original name is unknown, but he was perhaps of Iberian blood. His birth is assigned to Carthage and to the year 185 B.C. He was brought to Rome as a slave and became the chattel of a nobleman named Publius Terentius Lucanus. His owner was one of a distinguished circle devoted to Greek literature. The slave received a liberal education and was soon emancipated. Thereon he took, as was usual, two of his master's names and was thenceforward known as Publius Terentius Afer, the last name indicating his place of birth. If the date given for his birth be genuine, he was only in his nineteenth year when he wrote "The Lady of Andros." Among the comedies of the Athenian dramatist Menander (B.C. 342-291) were two with almost identical plots. Terence combined them by taking his dialogue now from the one and now from the other. The play was a success and gossip said, perhaps truly, that the author had received help from his master's friends.

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Probably "The Mother-in-Law," oddly called by translators "The Stepmother," was first produced in the following year, B.C. 165, though as it failed on this occasion it came to be called the author's fifth play. Possibly our copy is a revised version produced with success in B.C. 160. "The Self-Tormentor" appeared in 163, "The Eunuch" and "Phormio" in 161, and the author's last work, "The Brothers," in 160. Four, if not five, of these comedies were translations or adaptations from Menander. "Phormio" was translated from a play of Apollodorus of Euboea (c. B.C. 310-250). The scene of them all is laid in Athens and no attempt was made to adapt them to the manners of Rome. It is said that in 160 Terence went to Greece and there sketched out many more adaptations from Menander. The work was in vain, for in the next year he died.

Terence was a master of style. Though he wrote in verse his words are always the right words and in the right order. The merits and defects of his plots, his characters, and his sentiments, must be ascribed in the main to his Greek originals. The technical faults are on the surface. The scene is always laid in the street, and dialogues are given there which in real life must have been held indoors. A word may here be said on the frequent references to the creaking of a door and on the remarks made by a character on the stage to an unseen person within. The outer door always stands open, and

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the door which is heard to move is at the inner end of the vestibule or passage. This fact will explain incidents which otherwise must seem unnatural. Again it often happens both that a person supposed to be in haste to depart remains some time on the stage and that one person on the stage is not seen by another. The explanation is to be found in the great length of the Roman stage which presented a considerable stretch of the street. The Greek stage too was longer than ours. These considerations mitigate, though they hardly annul, the objections to an unchanging scene. As for time, there are sometimes intervals between the scenes and in one instance a whole night elapses. In the present translation the probable length of the interval is recorded. In the second act of "The Brothers" a retrogression in time has been imagined by some readers. Such a flaw is incredible, and, as the stage directions here given will show, the case may be explained otherwise.

It has been alleged against the plays that they show an undue likeness in plot and character. Some narrowness of range must be admitted. What else could be expected from dramas dealing with a single epoch in a single city where life went easily and great events had ceased to occur? Nevertheless there are many discriminating subtleties which mark the true dramatist.

It should be noted that those who complain that Terence has less of the *vis comica* than Plautus

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demand from the playwright what he does not profess to give. Four of the plays are sentimental comedies and in them at least more boisterous incidents would be out of place. The conventional life and ideals of these well-to-do Athenians lay apart from such incidents as delighted the Roman groundlings. The laughter which they cause is genuine but not often rollicking. Caesar calls Terence a half-length Menander—*o dimidiate Menander*. The criticism was ill-considered. If it meant that sentimental plays should be overlarded with incidents of rough hilarity, it comes perilously near the groundling's view. If it meant that Terence had neglected those Greek originals where such incidents were in place, then the shade of Terence might reply that those who desire such a form of amusement may seek it from other hands. There is a likeness between Miss Bates and Mrs. Nickleby. We laugh louder at Mrs. Nickleby, but Miss Bates is more true to life.

Since the time of Elizabeth four of the plays, nowadays with omissions and adaptations, have been acted at Westminster. Those who have witnessed these performances will admit that even schoolboy actors bring out much that only the closest perusal will unfold to the reader. It may be added that most of the stage directions in these four plays are taken from the use of Westminster.

In this version sums of money are expressed in the terms of English coinage. It should however be

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remembered that a man who in these plays has five hundred a year was as rich as a man of to-day who has two thousand or even more.

The Latin playwrights seem not to have divided their dramas into acts and scenes. The division afterwards made is used for reference in some lexicons and is here noted in the left-hand margin. Other lexicons refer to the lines of the play, here noted in the right-hand margin. The division into acts and scenes here given follows the usage of the stage.

No manuscript of Terence gives his text as he left it. All contain corruptions and ascriptions and the text has been gradually emended by a long series of scholars, of whom the greatest was Bentley. It cannot perhaps be said that the work of emendation is even now complete. The text of *Andria* 940-1 as here given is due to a recent and brilliant emendation of Mr. J. S. Phillimore. Some editions leave ascripts in square brackets even when they ruin the metre or the sense. Some print emendations in italics. Whatever devices be used, no printed text can show or indeed ought to show all the readings of the manuscripts. The present text is therefore printed without defacements according to the principle of Bentley.

UFFA.

(uffa)

WESTMINSTER,
January, 1912.

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THE LADY OF ANDROS

INCIPIT ANDRIA TERENTI . ACTA LVDIS MEGALENSIBUS M.
FVLVIO, M' . GLABRIONE, AEDIL . CVRVL . EGIT L . AMBIVIVS
TVRPIO . MODOS FECIT FLACCVS CLAVDI TIBIIS PARIBVS .
TOTA GRAECA MENANDRV . FACTA PRIMA . M . MARCELLO,
C . SVLPICIO COS

The Lady of Andros by Terence. Acted at the Games of the Mighty Mother in the Curule Aedileship of Marcus Fulvius and Manius Glabrio under the management of Lucius Ambivius Turpio. Pipe-music bass by Flaccus, servant to Claudius. The Play wholly from the original Greek of Menander. The adapter's first Comedy. Produced in the Consulship of Marcus Marcellus and Gaius Sulpicius.

C SVLPICI APOLLINARIS PERIOCHA

Sororem falso creditam meretriculae
genere Andriae, Glycerium, vitiat Pamphilus
gravidaque facta dat fidem uxorem sibi
fore hanc ; namque aliam pater ei desponderat,
gnatam Chremetis, atque ut amorem comperit,
simulat futuras nuptias, cupiens suos
quid haberet animi filius cognoscere.
Davi persuasu non repugnat Pamphilus.
sed ex Glycerio natum ut vidit puerulum
Chremes, recusat nuptias, generum abdicat.
mox filiam Glycerium insperato adgnitam
hanc Pamphilo, aliam dat Charino coniugem.

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NOTE.—This and the other summaries probably date
from the first century B.C.

PERSONAE

SIMO SENEX

SOSIA LIBERTVS

DAVOS SERVOS

MYSIS ANCILLA

PAMPHILVS ADVLESCENS

CHARINVS ADVLESCENS

BYRRIA SERVOS

LESBIA OBSTETRIX

CHREMES SENEX

CRITO SENEX

DROMO LORARIVS

CANTOR

MVTA PERSONA

GLYCERIVM VIRGO

SUMMARY OF THE PLAY

BY GAIUS SULPICIUS APOLLINARIS, A CRITIC OF THE 2ND
CENTURY A.D.

Glycerium, erroneously supposed to be the sister of a courtesan from Andros, was seduced by Pamphilus and being with child received his promise to marry her. His father had already arranged a match for him with a daughter of Chremes, and on discovering his intrigue made as if the marriage were still to take place, hoping in this way to discover his son's real sentiments. Acting on the advice of Davus, Pamphilus raised no objection. When, however, Chremes found that Glycerium had given birth to a child, he broke off the match between his daughter and Pamphilus. Afterwards he discovers to his surprise that Glycerium is a daughter of his own and marries her to Pamphilus. His other daughter he gives in marriage to Charinus.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SIMO, *an old gentleman of Athens.*

CHREMES, *an old gentleman of Athens.*

PAMPHILUS, *son to Simo, in love with Glycerium.*

CHARINUS, *in love with Philomena, daughter to Chremes*

CRITO, *an old gentleman of Andros, cousin to Chrysis.*

SOSIA, *freedman and steward to Simo.*

DAVUS, *servant (slave) to Simo and Pamphilus.*

BYRRIA, *servant (slave) to Charinus.*

DROMO, *servant (slave) to Simo.*

GLYCERIUM, *the Lady of Andros, daughter to Chremes.*

MYSIS, *servant to Glycerium.*

LESBIA, *a midwife.*

PROLOGVS

Poeta quom primum animum ad scribendum adpulit,
id sibi negoti credidit solum dari,
populo ut placerent quas fecisset fabulas.
verum aliter evenire multo intellegit ;
nam in prologis scribundis operam abutitur,
non qui argumentum narret, sed qui malevoli
veteris poetæ maledictis respondeat.

nunc quam rem vitio dent quaeso animum adtendite.
Menander fecit Andriam et Perinthiam.

qui utramvis recte norit ambas noverit :

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ita non sunt dissimili argumento sed tamen
dissimili oratione sunt factæ ac stilo.

quæ convenere in Andriam ex Perinthia

fatetur transtulisse atque usum pro suis.

id isti vituperant factum atque in eo disputant
contaminari non decere fabulas.

faciuntne intellegendo ut nil intellegant ?

qui quom hunc accusant, Naevium Plautum Ennium
accusant, quos hic noster auctores habet,

quorum aemulari exoptat neclegentiam

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potius quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.

dehinc ut quiescant porro moneo et desinant
male dicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.

favete, adeste aequo animo et rem cognoscite,
ut pernoscatis ecquid spei sit relicuom,

posthac quas faciet de integro comoedias,
spectandæ an exigendæ sint vobis prius.

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driven out

follow
confess

In the future

PROLOGUE

When the playwright first steered his thoughts towards authorship, he supposed his sole business was to see that his plays pleased the people. He now finds that it turns out much otherwise, for he spends his time in writing prologues, not to describe the plot but to answer the abuse of a malevolent old playwright.¹ Please now note the fault which is imputed to him. Menander was the author of "The Lady of Andros," and of "The Lady of Perinthus." Know one play and you'll know both. They are not very different in the plot, but there is a difference in the sentiment and the style. Anything that he found suitable in the latter he owns that he has transferred to the former, making free use of it. / For doing this his critics assail him and maintain that two plays ought not thus to be combined into one. Does not this use of their critical faculty show that they are no critics? In censuring the present playwright they censure Naeivius, Plautus, and Ennius, on whose authority our dramatist may rely, and whose freedom he is far more earnest to imitate than the murky accuracy of his critics. Now then he charges them to hold their peace for the future and cease their vituperation under the threat of having their own misdeeds displayed to them.

He begs of you the favour to sit through his play with impartial minds and due attention that you may see for certain what your hopes are for the future, whether his coming plays are to be worth your attendance or to be damned without a hearing.

¹ Luscius Lavinius.

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ACTVS I

- Simo* // Vos istaec intro auferte : abite.—Sosia,
ades dum: paucis te volo.
- Sosia* dictum puta :
nempe ut curentur recte haec ?
- Simo* immo aliud.
- Sosia* quid est 30
- Simo* quod tibi mea ars efficere hoc possit amplius?
nil istac opus est arte ad hanc rem quam paro,
sed eis quas semper in te intellexi sitas,
fide et taciturnitate.
- Sosia* exspecto quid velis.
- Simo* ego postquam te emi, a parvolo ut semper tibi
apud me iusta et clemens fuerit servitus
scis. feci ex servo ut esses libertus mihi,
propterea quod servibas liberaliter :
quod habui summum pretium persolvi tibi.
- Sosia* in memoria habeo. 40
- Simo* haud muto factum.
- Sosia* gaudeo,
si tibi quid feci aut facio quod placeat, Simo,
et id gratum fuisse advorsum te habeo gratiam.
sed hoc mihi molestumst ; nam istaec commemoratio
quasi exprobratiost inmemori benefici. //
- quin tu uno verbo dic quid est quod me velis ?
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THE LADY OF ANDROS

Scene:—Athens. A street, on one side the house of Simo, on the other the house of Glycerium. On the right a street leading from the Piazza, on the left one leading from the Harbour. The scene is unchanged throughout.

ACT I

ENTER *Simo* WITH *Sosia* AND SERVANTS CARRYING PROVISIONS.

Simo You others, take these things indoors; off with you. *Sosia*, stop a minute, I want a word with you.

Sosia No need to say it, Sir; I suppose you want the dinner seen to?

Simo No, it's not that.

Sosia What more can a cook's art do for you, Sir?

Simo That's not the art wanted for the business I have in hand, but the qualities which I have always observed in you, fidelity and secrecy.

Sosia I await your wishes.

Simo You know that ever since I bought you as a mere child you have been treated with mildness and justice in my service. You were my slave and I made you my freedman because you served me with a free man's spirit. I gave you the highest recompense in my power.

Sosia I don't forget it, Sir.

Simo And I don't repent of it.

Sosia I am glad, Sir, if I have done or still do anything to please you and I am grateful for your approval; but one thing grates on me: your recounting the circumstances looks like a reproach for ingratitude. Please tell me in one word what you wish from me.

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- Simo* ita faciam. hoc primum in hac re praedico tibi :
 quas credis esse has non sunt verae nuptiae.
- Sosia* quor simulas igitur?
- Simo* rem omnem a principio audies :
 eo pacto et gnati vitam et consilium meum
 cognosces et quid facere in hac re te velim. 50
 nam is postquam excessit ex ephebis, Sosia, et
 libera vivendi fuit potestas,—nam antea
 qui scire posses aut ingenium noscere,
 dum aetas metus magister prohibebant ?
- Sosia* itast. —
- Simo* quod plerique omnes faciunt adulescentuli,
 ut animum ad aliquod studium adiungant, aut equos
 alere aut canes ad venandum aut ad philosophos,
 horum ille nil egregie praeter cetera
 studebat et tamen omnia haec mediocriter.
 gaudebam.
- Sosia* non iniuria ; nam id arbitror 60
 adprime in vita esse utile, ut ne quid nimis.
- Simo* sic vita erat : facile omnis perferre ac pati ;
 cum quibus erat quomque una eis sese dedere ;
 eorum studiis obsequi : ita ut facillume 64
 sine invidia laudem invenias et amicos pares. 66
- Sosia* sapienter vitam instituit ; namque hoc tempore
 obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit.
- Simo* // interea mulier quaedam abhinc triennium 70
 ex Andro commigravit huc viciniam,
 inopia et cognatorum negligencia
 coacta, egregia forma atque aetate integra.
- Sosia* ei, vereor ne quid Andria adportet mali !

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Simo I will, and I tell you to start with that this wedding, as you suppose the thing to be, isn't an actual wedding.

Sosia No? Then why pretend it?

Simo You shall hear all from the beginning: in that way you will come to know my son's conduct, my own policy, and what I wish you to do in the matter. As soon as my son was grown up and could take his own line in life—(of course till then one had no means of knowing the truth or telling his bent, while he was under the constraint of infancy, fear, and a master?

Sosia That is so).

Simo —As for the usual doings of young men, such as interesting themselves in keeping horses or hounds, or in philosophical lectures, he didn't pick out one of these above the rest, but still he followed 'em all with moderation. I was delighted.

Sosia And quite rightly, Sir: I think the golden rule in life is moderation in all things.

Simo This is how he lived: he fell in easily with the ways of all his acquaintances, gave himself up to his company, and joined heartily in their pursuits. That keeps clear of jealousy and is the simplest way of getting a good name and making friends.

Sosia A wise start in life. Nowadays it's complaisance that makes friends and truthfulness is the mother of unpopularity.

Simo After a time, it's about three years ago, a woman from Andros came and settled here near us, driven to it by poverty and the coldness of her relatives, a beauty and in the prime of life.

Sosia Dear me, I'm afraid of some mischief from the Andrian.

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Simo primo haec pudice vitam parce ac duriter agebat, lana ac tela victum quaeritans ; sed postquam amans accessit pretium pollicens unus et item alter, ita ut ingeniumst omnium hominum ab labore proclive ad lubidinem, //
accepit condicionem, dein quaestum occipit. qui tum illam amabant forte, ita ut fit, filium 80 perduxere illuc, secum ut una esset, meum. egomet continuo mecum "certe captus est : habet." observabam mane illorum servolos venientis aut abeuntis ; rogitabam "heus puer, dic sodes, quis heri Chrysidem habuit?" nam Andriae illi id erat nomen.

Sosia teneo.

Simo Phaedrum aut Cliniam dicebant aut Niceratum ; hi tres tum simul amabant. "eho, quid Pamphilus?" "quid? symbolam dedit, cenavit." gaudebam. item alio die quaerebam : comperibam nil ad Pamphilum 90 quicquam attinere. enim vero spectatum satis putabam et magnum exemplum continentiae ; nam qui cum ingeniis conflictatur eius modi neque commovetur animus in ea re tamen, scias posse habere iam ipsum suae vitae modum. quom id mihi placebat tum uno ore omnes omnia bona dicere et laudare fortunas meas, qui gnatum haberem tali ingenio praeditum. quid verbis opus est? hac fama impulsus Chremes ultro ad me venit, unicam gnatam suam 100 cum dote summa filio uxorem ut daret. placuit : despondi. hic nuptiis dictust dies.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Simo

At first she lived a modest life with thrift and hardship, struggling to make a living by distaff and loom; but when a lover came on the scene offering a price, first one and then another, as the human mind always runs downhill from toil to pleasure, she took the offer and afterwards set up in the trade. It happened that one day those who were at the time her lovers took my son there naturally enough to keep them company. At once I said to myself "He's caught, he's hit." I kept my eye on his friends' servant-lads on their way to and fro. I would call to one or other of them "Here, my lad, be good enough to tell me who was Chrysis' favourite yesterday." Chrysis was the lady's name.

Sosia

I follow.

Simo

Phaedrus, they would tell me, or Clinia, or Nice-ratus; they were all three her lovers at once. "Well, well, but what of Pamphilus?" "Oh, he paid his shot and dined there." I was delighted. I made the same inquiry another day: I found that Pamphilus wasn't at all involved in it. I took it for certain that he had thoroughly stood the test and was a pattern of continence; for, when a man's metal is rubbed against characters of that material and still takes no colour of incontinence from them, you can be sure he may be trusted with the ordering of his own life. My pleasure wasn't the only result, for all the town heaped congratulations on me for my good fortune in having a son endowed with such a character. To cut the story short, Chremes was induced by the world's report to come to me of his own accord and offer his only daughter with a very large dowry as my son's wife. I liked the match, I accepted it, and the wedding is fixed for to-day.

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Sosia quid igitur obstat quor non fiant ?

Simo audies.

fere in diebus paucis quibus haec acta sunt
Chrysis vicina haec moritur.

Sosia o factum bene !

beasti ; ei, metui a Chryside.

Simo ibi tum filius

cum illis qui amarant Chrysidem una aderat frequens ;
curabat una funus ; tristis interim,
non numquam conlacrumabat. placuit tum id mihi.
sic cogitabam " hic parvae consuetudinis
causa huius mortem tam fert familiariter :
quid si ipse amasset ? quid hic mihi faciet patri ? "
haec ego putabam esse omnia humani ingeni
mansuetique animi officia. quid multis moror ?
egomet quoque eius causa in funus prodeo,
nil etiam suspicans mali.

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Sosia hem, quid id est ?

Simo scies.

ecfertur ; imus. interea inter mulieres
quae ibi aderant forte unam aspicio adulescentulam,
forma—

Sosia bona fortasse.

Simo et voltu, *Sosia*,

adeo modesto, adeo venusto, ut nil supra.
quae cum mihi lamentari praeter ceteras
visast et quia erat forma praeter ceteras
honestata ac liberali, accedo ad pedisequas,
quae sit rogo : sororem esse aiunt Chrysidis.
percussit ilico animum. attat hoc illud est,
hinc illae lacrumae, haec illast misericordia.
quam timeo quorsum evadas !

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Sosia funus interim

Simo

THE LADY OF ANDROS

- Sosia* What then is the obstacle to its taking place ?
Simo You shall hear. Within a few days of our making these arrangements Chrysis, our neighbour here, died.
- Sosia* Good luck, Sir: you've made me happy; dear me, I was afraid of Chrysis.
- Simo* At the time my son was assiduously on the spot in company with Chrysis' lovers and helped in arranging the funeral. All the time he was in low spirits and occasionally in tears. His behaviour pleased me at the time. If a scanty acquaintance, I reflected, makes the boy take the girl's death so much to heart, what if he had been in love with her himself? How deeply he will feel the loss of his father! I took it that all these were the kind acts of a sympathetic and tender disposition. In short, out of feeling for him I went to the funeral myself, still without suspicion of anything being amiss.
- Sosia* Bless me, Sir, what do you mean ?
Simo You shall be told. The body was brought out and we followed. Presently among the women in attendance I caught sight of one girl whose figure was—
- Sosia* Not bad, perhaps ?
Simo —and her face, *Sosia*, so modest and so charming, it couldn't be beaten. As her grief seemed to me deeper than the others' and her figure was more elegant and ladylike than the others', I went up to the waiting-women and asked who she was. They told me she was Chrysis' sister. It struck me at once. Ha, that's the secret, that's the source of his tears, that's his compassion.
- Sosia* How I tremble to think what you're leading up to!
Simo Presently the hearse started, we followed and

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

procedit ; sequimur ; ad sepulcrum venimus ;
 in ignem inpositast ; fletur. interea haec soror
 quam dixi ad flammam accessit imprudentius, 130
 satis cum periculo. ibi tum exanimatus Pamphilus
 bene dissimulatum amorem et celatum indicat :
 adcurrit ; mediam mulierem complectitur :
 “ mea Glycerium ” inquit “ quid agis ? quor te is
 perditum ? ”

tum illa, ut consuetum facile amorem cerneres,
 reiecit se in eum flens quam familiariter !

Sosia quid ais ?

Simo redeo inde iratus atque aegre ferens ;
 nec satis ad obiurgandum causae. diceret
 “ quid feci ? quid commerui aut peccavi, pater ?
 quae sese in ignem inicere voluit, prohibui, 140
 servavi.” honesta oratiost.

Sosia recte putas ;
 nam si illum obiurges vitae qui auxilium tulit,
 quid facias illi dederit qui damnum aut malum ?

Simo venit Chremes postridie ad me clamitans :
 indignum facinus ; comperisse Pamphilum
 pro uxore habere hanc peregrinam. ego illud sedulo
 negare factum. ille instat factum. denique
 ita tum discedo ab illo, ut qui se filiam
 neget daturum.

Sosia non tu ibi gnatum . . ?

Simo ne haec quidem
 satis vemens causa ad obiurgandum.

Sosia qui ? cedo. 150

Simo “ tute ipse his rebus finem praescripsti, pater :
 prope adest quom alieno more vivendumst mihi :
 sine nunc meo me vivere interea modo.”

THE LADY OF ANDROS

came to the cemetery, the body was laid on the pyre and the wail raised. Then the sister that I spoke of, not minding what she did, got too near the flames and was in great danger. At that Pamphilus in distraction let out the secret of his well-hidden love. He darted forward, caught the girl round the waist, and cried "Oh my Glycerium, what are you thinking of? Why try to destroy yourself?" Then you might easily see they were no new lovers: bursting into tears she fell back in his arms, oh so trustingly!

Sosia You don't say so?

Simo I came back in rage and vexation, and yet I had no good ground for reproving him. He could have said "What have I done? what's my fault? what's my offence, father? She wished to throw herself on the fire, and I stopped her, I saved her life." The plea's a fair one.

Sosia Rightly reckoned, Sir, for, if you scold a man who helped to save a life, what are you to do to one who should cause loss or harm?

Simo Next day comes Chremes full of complaint: A shocking affair! He had found out that Pamphilus regarded this foreign person as his wife. I zealously denied it, he insisted it was so. Finally we parted in a manner which showed me he would refuse us his daughter's hand.

Sosia And your son, Sir? Didn't you even then—?

Simo No, even then there wasn't strong enough ground for reproving him.

Sosia Why, Sir? Please tell me.

Simo He could have said, "Father, you have yourself fixed the time for these things to end; the day is at hand when I must suit my life to another's ways; till then let me live my own."

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Sosia qui igitur relictus est obiurgandi locus ?
Simo si propter amorem uxorem nolet ducere.
 ea primum ab illo animum advortenda iniurias ;
 et nunc id operam do, ut per falsas nuptias
 vera obiurgandi causa sit, si deneget ;
 simul sceleratus Davos si quid consili
 habet, ut consumat nunc quom nil obsint doli ; 160
 quem ego credo manibus pedibusque ~~obnixè~~ omnia
 facturum, magis id adeo mihi ut incommodet,
 quam ut obsequatur gnato.

Sosia quapropter ?
Simo rogas ?
 mala mens, malus animus. quem quidem ego si
 sensero . . .
 sed quid opust verbis ? sin eveniat quod volo,
 in Pamphilo ut nil sit morae, restat Chremes
 qui mi exorandus est : et spero confore.
 nunc tuomst officium has bene ut adsimules nuptias,
 perterrefacias Davom, observes filium,
 quid agat, quid cum illo consili captet.

Sosia sat est : 170
 curabo. eamus nunciam intro ?
Simo i prae, sequor.
 I.ii Non dubiumst quin uxorem nolit filius ;
 ita Davom modo timere sensi, ubi nuptias
 futuras esse audivit. sed ipse exit foras.
Davos mirabar hoc si sic abiret, et eri semper lenitas
 verebar quorsum evaderet,
 qui postquam audierat non datum iri filio uxorem suo,
 numquam quoiquam nostrum verbum fecit neque id
 aegre tulit.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Sosia Well, Sir, what ground is left on which to reprove him?

Simo Suppose his amour makes him refuse to marry: that is an outrage of which I really must take notice. So I am now endeavouring to get from the pretended marriage a real ground for reproving him, that is if he refuse it; and at the same time, if that rascal Davus has any scheme, to make him waste it now when his tricks can do no harm; and I believe he'll fight tooth and nail for the object, and that more to cross my purpose than to oblige my son.

Sosia Why so, Sir?

Simo Why so? Bad mind, bad heart! If I catch him — (*shakes his stick*) But what need words? If it turn out according to my wishes and Pamphilus make no objection, I have only got Chremes to talk over, and there I hope for success. Now it's your place to show skill in counterfeiting this marriage, to intimidate Davus, and to keep your eye on my son's doings and see whether the two put their heads together.

Sosia Enough, Sir; I will see to it. Are we to go in now?

Simo You go first: I shall come presently. [EXIT *Sosia*. I have no doubt the boy will refuse to marry. I saw how it alarmed Davus to hear there was to be a wedding. Ah, here he comes.

ENTER *Davus*.

Davus (*not seeing Simo*) I have all along been surprised at the thing passing in this way and always dreaded what master's forbearance would end in. From the moment he heard the lady was not to marry his son he hasn't said a single syllable to any one of us and hasn't taken it ill.

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- Simo* at faciet nunc neque id, ut opinor, sine tuo magno malo.
Davos id voluit nos sic necopinantis duci falso gaudio, 180
 sperantis iam, amoto metu, interoscitantis opprimi,
 ne esset spatium cogitandi ad disturbandas nuptias :
 astute.
- Simo* carnufex quae loquitur ?
Davos erus est neque provideram.
- Simo* Dave.
Davos hem, quid est ?
Simo ehodum ad me.
Davos quid hic volt ?
Simo quid ais ?
Davos qua de re ?
Simo rogas ?
 meum gnatum rumor est amare.
- Davos* id populus curat scilicet.
Simo hocine agis an non ?
Davos ego vero istuc.
Simo sed nunc ea me exquirere
 iniqui patris est ; nam quod antehac fecit nil ad me
 attinet.
 dum tempus ad eam rem tulit, sivi, animum ut ex-
 pleret suum ;
 nunc hic dies aliam vitam defert, alios mores
 postulat :
 dehinc postulo sive aequomst te oro, Dave, ut
 redeat iam in viam. 190
 hoc quid sit ? omnes qui amant graviter sibi dari
 uxorem ferunt.
- Davos* ita aiunt.
Simo tum si quis magistrum cepit ad eam rem inprobum,
 ipsum animum aegrotum ad deteriorem partem
 plerumque adplicat.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Simo (*aside*) Ah, but he'll do it now, and, I take it, very much to the cost of your skin.

Davus (*as before*) That was his game, to lead us on, off our guard like, by a groundless joy, all in hope, all fear out of the way, and while we were agape then to jump on us, so that I mightn't have time to cast about for upsetting the match: cunning old dog!

Simo (*aside*) What's the gallows-bird saying?

Davus (*aside*) Master! and I didn't see him!

Simo Davus.

Davus (*not looking round*) Well, what's the matter?

Simo Turn round, Sir.

Davus (*as before*) What does he want?

Simo What's that you say?

Davus (*turning round*) What about, Sir?

Simo You know well enough. There's a report that my son has an amour.

Davus Oh to be sure, the world makes that its business.

Simo Are you attending or not?

Davus Yes, Sir, certainly.

Simo Well, for me to hunt that out now would be like an unjust father; his past doings don't concern me. While the time suited I gave him a free hand in his pleasures; to-day introduces a different life and calls for a change in his ways. From now I require or, if a master should, I entreat you, Davus, to see that he come back into line. Do you ask my meaning? A man with an amour is annoyed at being supplied with a wife.

Davus So they say.

Simo What's more, if a man has taken in the matter a guide who is a knave, he generally steers the mind, love-sick already, on the worse course.

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Davos non hercle intellego. 194

Simo non? hem.

Davos non: Davos sum, non Oedipus.

Simo nempe ergo aperte vis quae restant me loqui?

Davos sane quidem.

Simo si sensero hodie quicquam in his te nuptiis
fallaciae conari quo fiant minus,
aut velle in ea re ostendi quam sis callidus, *Clasf. 5*
verberibus caesum te in pistrinum, Dave, dedam
usque ad necem,
ea lege atque omine ut, si te inde exemerim, ego 200
pro te molam.

quid, hoc intellextin? an nondum etiam ne hoc 201
quidem? //

Davos immo callide:

ita aperte ipsam rem modo locutu's, nil circumitione
usus es.

Simo ubivis facilius passus sim quam in hac re me deludier.

Davos bona verba, quaeso.

Simo inrides? nil me fallis. sed dico tibi:
ne temere facias; neque tu haud dicas tibi non
praedictum: cave.]

Davos Enim vero, Dave, nil locist segnitiae neque socordiae,
I. iii quantum intellexi modo senis sententiam de nuptiis:
quae si non astu providentur, me aut erum pessum
dabunt.

nec quid agam certumst, Pamphilumne adiutem an
auscultem seni.

si illum relinquo, eius vitae timeo; sin opitulor, 210
huius minas,
quoi verba dare difficilest: primum iam de amore
hoc comperit;

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Davus Lord, Sir, I don't understand.

Simo What's that? You don't understand?

Davus No, Sir, I'm Davus, not Oedipus.

Simo I suppose then you would like me to put the rest of it quite plainly, eh?

Davus Why, certainly.

Simo If I discover to-day that you are up to any trickery to stop this marriage taking place or trying to make a show of your cleverness in the case, I'll have you whipped to a mummy and consigned to the mill, Davus, on the condition, the inflexible condition, that if I let you out again I myself will grind in your place. Do you understand that, eh? Or do you still not understand that either? //

Davus Yes, Sir, perfectly; you've put the unvarnished fact so clearly, no roundabout in what you said.

Simo (*angrily*) I'd sooner let myself be tricked in any mortal thing than this.

Davus (*derisively*) Hush, Sir! Don't say "tricked."

Simo You laugh at me, do you? You don't take me in. I give you orders to do nothing rashly, and you shan't say that you hadn't fair warning; so mind.

[EXIT.]

Davus Upon my word, Davus, it's no time for slackness or stupidity, if I took in just now the old boy's view about the match. // If I'm not sharp in looking out, it'll be the ruin of me or else of my young master. And I'm not clear which side to take, whether to help Pamphilus or obey the old man. If I desert Pamphilus I'm afraid for his life; if I help him I'm afraid of his father's threats, and he's not an easy man to trick. In the first place he has detected this love affair, and he's got a deadly eye on me to stop

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me infensus servat, ne quam faciam in nuptiis fallaciam.

si senserit, perii: si lubitum fuerit, causam ceperit, quo iure quaque iniuria praecipitem in pistrinum dabit.

ad haec mala hoc mi accedit etiam: haec Andria, si ista uxor sive amicast, gravida e Pamphilost.

audireque eorumst operae pretium audaciam

(nam inceptiost amentium, haud amantium):

quidquid peperisset decreverunt tollere.

et fingunt quandam inter se nunc fallaciam

civem Atticam esse hanc: "fuit olim hinc quidam senex

mercator; navem is fregit apud Andrum insulam; is obiit mortem." ibi tum hanc eiectam Chrysidis patrem recepissee orbam, parvam. fabulae!

mi quidem hercle non fit veri simile; atque ipsis commentum placet.

sed Mysis ab ea egreditur. at ego hinc me ad forum:

conveniam Pamphilum, ne de hac re pater imprudentem opprimat.

Mysis I. iv Audi, Archylis, iam dudum: Lesbiam adduci iubes.

sane pol illa temulentast mulier et temeraria nec satis digna quoi committas primo partu mulierem.

tamen eam adducam? inopportunitatem spectate aniculae:

quia compotrix eius est. di, date facilitatem obsecro huic pariundi atque illi in aliis potius peccandi locum.

sed quidnam Pamphilum exanimatum video? vereor quid siet.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

any humbug about the match. If he spots me, I'm done for: if the whim takes him, he'll find a pretext right or wrong for packing me straight off to the mill. Besides these troubles there's another on my shoulders: this Andrian (wife or mistress I don't know,) is with child by Pamphilus. And it's just worth listening to their assurance: why, theirs is more like a scheme of lunatics than of lovers. Any child she bears they've decided to acknowledge as legitimate. And now between them they've hatched a wild story that the girl's an Athenian born. "Once upon a time there was an old gentleman, an Athenian, a merchant; he was wrecked on the Isle of Andros; he lost his life in the wreck, the girl was cast ashore, and Chrysis' father took in the poor little orphan." Moonshine! Seems to me a damned improbable story, not but what they're pleased enough themselves with the invention. (*the door of Glycerium's house opens*) Hollo, here's Mysis coming out of my lady's. Well, as for me I'm off to the Piazza to look for Pamphilus for fear his father spring the business upon him unawares. [EXIT.

ENTER *Mysis*.

Mysis (*speaking to the housekeeper within*) I hear, Archilis, I hear: your orders are to fetch Lesbia. On my word she's a drunken reckless creature, not at all a fit person to take charge of a woman in her first labour: am I to fetch her all the same? (*comes forward*) Just look at the old hag's obstinacy, and all because they're pot-companions. Oh heaven, (*lifting her hands*) grant my lady a safe delivery, and if the midwife must bungle let it be with others. (*turns and sees Pamphilus*) Dear, dear, here's Pamphilus: why does he look frightened out

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opperiar, ut sciam num quidnam haec turba tristitiae
adferat.

Pam. Hocinest humanum factu aut inceptu? hocinest
I. v officium patris?

Mysis quid illud est?

Pam. pro deum fidem quid est, si haec non
contumeliast?

uxorem decrerat dare sese mi hodie: nonne oportuit
praescisse me ante? nonne prius communicatum
oportuit?

Mysis miseram me, quod verbum audio!

Pam. quid? Chremes, qui denegarat se commissurum mihi 240
gnatam suam uxorem, id mutavit, quom me inmuta- 241
tum videt?

itan obstinate dat operam, ut me a Glycerio miserum
abstrahat?

quod si fit, pereo funditus.

adeon hominem esse invenustum aut infelicem
quemquam ut ego sum!

pro deum atque hominum fidem!

nullon ego Chremetis pacto adfinitatem effugere
potero?

quot modis contemptus, spretus! facta, transacta
omnia. em,

repudiatus repetor. quam ob rem? nisi si id est quod
suspicio:

aliquid monstri alunt: ea quoniam nemini obtrudi 250
potest,

itur ad me.

Mysis oratio haec me miseram exanimavit metu.

Pam. namquid ego dicam de patre? ah,
tantamne rem tam neclegenter agere! praeteriens modo
mi apud forum "uxor tibi ducendast, Pamphile,
hodie" inquit: "para,

THE LADY OF ANDROS

of his wits? Is there something amiss? I'll wait to see if his confusion means any trouble.

ENTER *Pamphilus* MUCH EXCITED.

Pam. (*not seeing Mysis*) This the act or scheme of a human being? This what a father should do?

Mysis (*aside*) What's he mean?

Pam. Good God! isn't this shameful treatment if ever there was any? He had resolved to present me with a wife to-day: oughtn't I to have had notice? Oughtn't I to have been told beforehand?

Mysis (*aside*) Oh save us, what do I hear?

Pam And Chremes too, Chremes, who had vowed he wouldn't trust his daughter with me, has he changed his mind because he sees I haven't changed mine? Is he stubbornly bent on making me miserable by tearing me from Glycerium? If he succeeds, there's an end of me. That ever a man should be so crossed and cursed in love as I am! Heaven and earth! is there no way for me to get out of marrying into Chremes' family? Every kind of scorn and contempt poured on me! Everything settled and concluded, and then everything changed! They turn me off, and then they recall me; and why? I can't tell unless, as I suspect, they're rearing a monster, and because they can't palm it off on anyone else they come to me.

Mysis (*aside*) Oh dear, his words have struck me nearly dead with fear.

Pam. And my father, what am I to say of him? Think of his handling a matter of all this consequence in that off-hand way! Ten minutes ago passing me in the Piazza. "You're to marry to-day, Pamphilus," says he; "get ready, off with you home." It sound-

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abi domum." id mihi visust dicere "abi cito ac suspende te."

obstupui. censen me verbum potuisse ullum proloqui? aut ullam causam, ineptam saltem, falsam, iniquam? obmutui. quod si ego rescissem id prius, quid facerem, si quis nunc me roget:

aliquid facerem, ut hoc ne facerem. sed nunc quid primum exsequar?

tot me impediunt curae, quae meum animum divorsae trahunt:

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amor, misericordia huius, nuptiarum sollicitatio, tum patris pudor, qui me tam leni passus est animo usque adhuc

quae meo quomque animo lubitumst facere. ein ego ut advorsor? ei mihi!

incertumst quid agam.

Mysis misera timeo "incertumst" hoc quorsum accidat. sed peropust nunc aut hunc cum ipsa aut de illa aliquid me advorsum hunc loqui:

dum in dubiost animus, paulo momento huc vel illuc inpellitur.

Pam. quis hic loquitur? *Mysis*, salve.

Mysis o salve, Pamphile.

Pam. quid agit?

Mysis rogas?

laborat e dolore atque ex hoc misera sollicitast, diem quia olim in hunc sunt constitutae nuptiae. tum autem hoc timet, ne deserat se.

Pam. / hem egon istuc conari queam?

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egon propter me illam decipi miseram sinam, quae mihi suom animum atque omnem vitam credidit, quam ego animo egregie caram pro uxore habuerim? bene et pudice eius doctum atque eductum sinam

THE LADY OF ANDROS

ed to me like saying "Off with you and hang yourself." I stood dumbfounded. Do you think I could have got a word out or produced any excuse however silly, groundless, mendacious? I was clean mute. "If I had known it beforehand, what could I have done?" Is that what some one might ask? I could have done something to avoid doing this. As it is what am I to set about first? My path is blocked with innumerable anxieties, my mind dragged this way and that. There's my passion, my pity for my girl, my worry about the match; on the other side there's my reverence for my father, who has shown me all indulgence up to now and let me follow my bent in everything. Can I oppose a parent like that? Oh Lord, Lord, I can't tell what to do.

Mysis (*aside*) Mercy on me, what will "can't tell" lead to? But now it is absolutely necessary either that he should see my mistress or that I should say a word about her to him. When the mind is in the balance a straw will turn the scale.

Pam. Who's that speaking? Ah, Mysis, good morning.

Mysis Good morning, Sir.

Pam. How is she?

Mysis Surely you know. Racked with the pains of childbirth, torn by the thought that this is the day that was fixed for your wedding, worst of all she fears you will forsake her.

Pam. What I, I bring myself to dream of such a thing? I be so selfish as to let the poor girl be deceived when she has trusted me with her heart, with all her life, when I have made her my heart's darling and treated her as the wife of my bosom? Trained and reared as she has been in virtue and purity,

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coactum egestate ingenium inmutarier?
non faciam.

Mysis haud verear, si in te sit solo situm ;
sed ut vim queas ferre.

Pam. adeon me ignavom putas,
adeon porro ingratum aut inhumanum aut ferum,
ut neque me consuetudo neque amor neque pudor
commoveat neque commoneat ut servem fidem? 280

Mysis unum hoc scio, hanc meritam esse ut memor esses
sui.

Pam. // memor essem? o *Mysis Mysis*, etiam nunc mihi
scripta illa dicta sunt in animo *Chrysidis*
de *Glycerio*. iam ferme moriens me vocat:
accessi; vos semotae; nos soli: incipit
“mi *Pamphile*, huius formam atque aetatem vides,
nec clam te est quam illi utraeque res nunc utiles
et ad pudicitiam et ad rem tutandam sient. •
quod per ego te hanc nunc dextram oro et genium
tuom,

per tuam fidem perque huius solitudinem 290
te obtestor ne abs te hanc segreges neu deseras.

— si te in germani fratris dilexi loco
sive haec te solum semper fecit maxumi
seu tibi morigera fuit in rebus omnibus,
te isti virum do, amicum tutorem patrem;
bona nostra haec tibi permitto et tuae mando fide.”
hanc mi in manum dat; mors continuo ipsam occupat.
accepi: acceptam servabo. //

Mysis ita spero quidem.

Pam. sed quor tu abis ab illa?

Mysis obstetricem accerso.

Pam. propera. atque audin?

verbum unum cave nuptiis, ne ad morbum hoc etiam. 300
teneo.

Mysis

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shall I allow her to be corrupted under the pressure of beggary? Never, Mysis, never.

Mysis I should have no fear if it lay with you alone, but compulsion, can you stand compulsion?

Pam. Do you take me for such a spiritless creature, so unfeeling, so inhuman, so brutish, that neither intimacy nor love nor honour could stir me, could prompt me, to keep troth?

Mysis There's one thing I know, she has earn'd the right to be remembered.

Pam. // Remembered? Oh Mysis, Mysis, there is still graven on my heart what Chrysis said of Glycerium. Almost with her last breath she called for me; I went to her, the rest of you were sent out of the room, we three were left alone. "Dear Pamphilus," she said, "you see the poor girl's beauty and youth, you know how weak a shield all that is to chastity and to property. In the name of your plighted faith and your better self, your own honour and her loneliness, I entreat you not to cut yourself off from her, not to forsake her. As surely as I have loved you like a brother, as she has always given you the first place, the one place, in her affection and always fallen in with your wishes, I give you to her for a husband, a friend, a guardian, a parent; all this property of ours I assign to you, I trust it all to your honour?" She joined our hands and immediately death descended upon her. I took the trust and as I took it so I will maintain it. //

Mysis Indeed I hope so.

Pam. But why are you leaving the house?

Mysis On my way for the midwife.

Pam. Make haste, and, by the way, mind, not a word about the wedding for fear it make her worse.

Mysis I understand.

[EXEUNT SEVERALLY.]

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ACTVS II

Char. Quid ais, *Byrria*? daturne illa Pamphilo hodie nuptum?

Byrria sic est.

Char. qui scis?

Byrria apud forum modo e Davo audivi.

Char. vae misero mihi!

ut animus in spe atque in timore usque antehac attentus fuit,

ita, postquam adempta spes est, lassus cura confectus stupet.

Byrria quaeso edepol, *Charine*, quoniam non potest id fieri quod vis, id velis quod possit.

Char. nil volo aliud nisi *Philumenam*.

Byrria ah, quanto id te satiust dare operam istam qui ab animo amoveas tuo,

quam id eloqui quo magis lubido frustra incendatur tua!

Char. facile omnes quom valemus recta consilia aegrotis damus.

tu si hic sis, aliter sentias.

Byrria age age, ut lubet. 310

Char. sed Pamphilum video. omnia experiri certumst prius quam pereo

Byrria quid hic agit?

Char. hunc ipsum orabo, huic supplicabo, amorem huic narrabo meum:

credo impetrabo ut aliquot saltem nuptiis prodat dies: interea fiet aliquid, spero.

Byrria id "aliquid" nil est.

Char. *Byrria*,

THE LADY OF ANDROS

ACT II

(About a quarter of an hour has elapsed.)

ENTER Charinus WITH Byrria, *slave*.

Char. (*alarmed*) What do you mean, Byrria? She is to be married to Pamphilus to-day?

Byrria That's so.

Char. How do you know?

Byrria Heard it just now from Davus in the *Piazza. Forum*

Char. Good Lord! my mind has been on the rack up to now between hope and fear, and now that hope is lost I'm utterly worn out, utterly paralysed.

Byrria On my word, Sir, as what you wish for is impossible, better wish for what's possible.

Char. I have no wish but for Philumena.

Byrria There now, how much better to set yourself to clear this passion out of your thoughts than say what can only inflame your desires and do no good.

Char. When you're well it's easy to give sound advice to a sick man. Take my place and you'll think differently.

Byrria Well, well, Sir, as you like.

Char. Ah, here comes Pamphilus. I'll leave no stone unturned sooner than be done for.

Byrria (*aside*) What's the man got in his head?

Char. I'll appeal to him in person, entreat him, tell him of my love: I believe I shall at least get him to postpone the wedding for a day or two; meantime something will turn up I hope.

Byrria (*aside*) His something is nothing.

Char. Byrria, what do you think? Shall I go and speak to him?

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quid tibi videtur? adeon ad eum?

Byrria

quid ni? si nil impetres,

ut te arbitretur sibi paratum moechum, si illam
duxerit. // 16

Char.

abin hinc in malam rem cum suspicione istac, scelus?

Pam.

Charinum video. salve.

Char.

o salve, Pamphile:

ad te advenio spem salutem auxilium consilium ex-
petens.

Pam.

neque pol consili locum habeo neque ad auxilium
copiam.

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sed istuc quidnamst?

Char.

hodie uxorem ducis?

Pam.

aiunt.

Char.

Pamphile,

si id facis, hodie postremum me vides.

Pam.

quid ita?

Char.

ei mihi,

vereor dicere: huic dic quaeso, Byrria.

Byrria

ego dicam.

Pam.

quid est?

Byrria

sponsam hic tuam amat.

Pam.

ne iste haud mecum sentit. ehodum dic mihi:
num quidnam amplius tibi cum illa fuit, Charine?

Char.

aha, Pamphile,

nil.

Pam.

quam vellem!

Char.

nunc te per amicitiam et per amorem obsecro,
principio ut ne ducas.

Pam.

dabo equidem operam.

Char.

sed si id non potest

aut tibi nuptiae haec sunt cordi,

Pam.

cordi?

Char.

saltem aliquot dies

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Byrria Of course, so that if he refuses he may take it
/ you're on the way to be his wife's lover if he
marries her.

Char. Damn you and your suspicion, you scoundrel!

ENTER *Pamphilus*.

Pam. Ah Charinus, good morning.

Char. Good morning, Pamphilus. Oh Pamphilus, I
come to you appealing for hope, rescue, help,
advice.

Pam. Heavens, man, I've no time for advice nor means
to help. Well, what is it?

Char. Are you going to marry to-day?

Pam. They tell me so.

Char. Pamphilus, if you do, you will never set eyes on
me again.

Pam. How's that?

Char. Oh heaven! I'm afraid to tell you. You tell
him, *Byrria*.

Byrria I'll tell him.

Pam. What is it?

Byrria He's in love with your wife that is to be.

Pam. On my word I'm not. I say, has there been any-
thing more between you, Charinus?

Char. No, no, Pamphilus, nothing.

Pam. Would there had!

Char. Now as you love me and as I love her, if possible
don't marry her.

Pam. I'll do my best.

Char. If that's impossible or this match is what your
heart desires—

Pam. Good God!

Char. —at least postpone it for some days till I can get
away somewhere so as not to see it.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

profer, dum proficiscor aliquo, ne videam.

Pam. audi nunciam:
ego, Charine, neutiquam officium liberi esse hominis
puto,
quom is nil mereat, postulare id gratiae adponi
sibi.

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nuptias effugere ego istas malo quam tu apiscier.

Char. reddidisti animum.

Pam. nunc si quid potes aut tu aut hic Byrria,
facite fingite invenite efficite qui detur tibi;
ego id agam, mihi qui ne detur.

Char. sat habeo.

Pam. Davom optume
video, quoius consilio fretus sum.

Char. at tu hercle haud quicquam mihi,
nisi ea quae nil opus sunt sciri. fugin hinc?

Byrria ego vero ac lubens.

Davos Di boni, boni quid porto? sed ubi inveniam Pam-
II. ii philum,
ut metum in quo nunc est adimam atque expleam
animum gaudio?

Char. laetus est nescio quid.

Pam. nil est: nondum haec rescivit mala.

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Davos quem ego nunc credo, si iam audierit sibi paratas
nuptias,

Char. audin tu illum?

Davos toto me oppido exanimatum quaerere
sed ubi quaeram? quo nunc primum intendam?

Char. cessas adloqui?

Davos habeo

Pam. Dave, ades, resiste.

Davos quis homost, qui me . . ? o Pamphile,

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Pam. Now listen to me. I don't think it's a gentlemanly thing for a man when he deserves no gratitude to put in a claim for it. I am more desirous to get out of this match than you to get into it.

Char. You've restored me to life.

Pam. Now if either you can do anything or Byrria here, set to work both of you, limbs and muscles, wits and powers, to get her for yourself; I'll do my best to stop her marriage with me.

Char. I am content.

Pam. In the nick of time here comes Davus, my trusty counsellor.

Char. (*to Byrria*) As for you, I swear you haven't given me an ounce of counsel except what was dead useless. Away with you.

Byrria Glad to be out of it. [EXIT.]

ENTER *Davus*.

Davus (*not seeing them*) Blessed heavens, what a blessing of news I've got! But where can I find Pamphilus to clear off his present alarm and fill him chock full with delight!

Char. (*aside to Pam.*) He's pleased at something.

Pam. (*aside to Char.*) There's nothing in it, he hasn't yet heard our present troubles.

Davus I expect if he's heard by now that there's a marriage waiting him—

Char. (*as before*) Do you hear him?

Davus —he's hunting madly for me all over the town. But where am I to look for him? what covert first?

Char. (*as before*) Why don't you speak to him?

Davus (*starting off*) I have it.

Pam. Davus, here, stop.

Davus Who is it that—? Oh, *you*, Sir; the very man I'm

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

te ipsum quaero. euge, Charine ! ambo opportune :
vos volo.

Pam. Dave, perii.

Davos quin tu hoc audi.

Pam. interii.

Davos quid timeas scio.

Char. mea quidem hercle certo in dubio vitast.

Davos et quid tu, scio.

Pam. nuptiae mi

Davos etsi scio?

Pam. hodie—

Davos obtundis, tam etsi intellego?

id paves, ne ducas tu illam; tu autem, ut ducas.

Char. rem tenes.

Pam. istuc ipsum.

Davos atque istuc ipsum nil periclist: me vide. 350

Pam. obsecro te, quam primum hoc me libera miserum metu.

Davos em,

libero: uxorem tibi non dat iam Chremes.

Pam. qui scis?

Davos scio.

tuos pater modo meprehendit: ait tibi uxorem dare
hodie, item alia multa quae nunc non est narrandi
locus.

continuo ad te properans percurro ad forum, ut dicam
haec tibi.

ubi te non invenio, ibi ascendo in quendam excelsum
locum.

circumspicio: nusquam. forte ibi huius video
Byrriam;

rogo: negat vidisse. mihi molestum; quid agam
cogito.

redeunti interea ex ipsa re mi incidit suspicio "hem,
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THE LADY OF ANDROS

looking for. And you, Sir, too; bravo! a happy meeting with both of you, the men I want.

Pam. Davus, I'm done for.

Davus Just hear my news.

Pam. Utterly done for.

Davus I know what you're afraid of.

Char. I'm sure *my* life's in the balance.

Davus And I know what *you're* afraid of.

Pam. My marriage—

Davus I know, I tell you.

Pam. To-day—

Davus Why din it into me when I tell you I know? What you're afraid of is that you'll have to marry, and you, Sir, (*to Charinus*) that you mayn't.

Char. You've got it.

Pam. Exactly.

Davus And your "exactly" hasn't a scrap of danger in it. Trust to *me*.

Pam. For heaven's sake free me at once from this misery and alarm.

Davus Very well, I free you. Chremes won't now give you his daughter.

Pam. How do you know?

Davus I do know. Your father stopped me just now, told me you were to marry to-day with some other remarks which I haven't now time to report. I ran apace straight off to the Piazza to tell you. Not finding you there I went up to a view-point and looked round. You were nowhere to be seen. Just then I caught sight of your friend's man and asked him; he said he hadn't seen you. It bothered me: I thought over what to do. On my way back all on a sudden the circumstances struck me with suspicion. Hollo, I thought, not much stuff for dinner, master

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paululum obsoni ; ipsus tristis ; de inproviso nuptiae : 360
 non ~~cohaerent.~~"

Pam. quorsumnam istuc?

Davos ego me continuo ad Chremem.
 quom illo advenio, solitudo ante ostium : iam id
 gaudeo.

Char. recte dicis.

Pam. perge.

Davos maneo. interea intro ire neminem
 video, exire neminem ; matronam nullam in aedibus,
 nil ornati, nil tumulti : accessi ; intro aspexi.

Pam. scio :
 magnum signum.

Davos num videntur convenire haec nuptiis?

Pam. non opinor, Dave.

Davos "opinor" narras ? non recte accipis :
 certa res est. etiam puerum inde abiens conveni
 Chremi :

Char. holera et pisciculos minutos ferre obolo in cenam seni.
 liberatus sum hodie, Dave, tua opera.

Davos ac nullus quidem. 370

Char. quid ita ? nempe huic prorsus illam non dat.

Davos ridiculum caput,
 quasi necessus sit, si huic non dat, te illam uxorem
 ducere,
 nisi vides, nisi senis amicos oras, ambis.

Char. bene mones :

II. iii ibo, etsi hercle saepe iam me spes haec frustratast. vale.

Pam. Quid igitur sibi volt pater ? quor simulat ?

Davos ego dicam tibi.
 si id suscenseat nunc, quia non det tibi uxorem
 Chremes,
 prius quam tuom animum ut sese habet ad nuptias
 perspexerit :

THE LADY OF ANDROS

dejected, the match a sudden affair, they don't hang together.

Pam. What's it point to ?

Davus I went off straight to Chremes'; when I got there, not a soul about the door ; now I *Was* glad of that.

Char. You're right.

Pam. Go on.

Davus I waited a bit. All the time I saw nobody go in, nobody come out ; no brideslady in the house, no preparation, nothing stirring. I went up and peeped in at the door.

Pam. I see : a sound proof.

Davus Is all this in tune with a wedding ?

Pam. No, Davus, I think not.

Davus "Think," Sir, "Think" ? Your logic's out. The thing's a certainty. What's more as I came away I met a servant of Chremes ; he was bringing a bare three ha'porth of greens and sprats for the old gentleman's dinner.

Char. I'm a man again, Davus, and it's your doing.

Davus Well, you're just not then.

Char. Why not ? I suppose it's clear Chremes doesn't give his daughter to Pamphilus.

Davus Why, you silly gentleman, it doesn't follow from his not letting *him* marry her that *you'll* marry her, unless you keep your eyes open and go praying and canvassing among the old gentleman's friends.

Char. Sound advice, I'll go, though by Jove it's a hope that has often belied me before. Good-bye. [EXIT.]

Pam. What then is my father's meaning ? Why this pretence ?

Davus I'll tell you, Sir. If he were to be angry with you now because of Chremes refusing you his daughter before finding out your attitude towards the match,

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ipsus sibi esse iniurius videatur, neque id iniuria.
sed si tu negaris ducere, ibi culpam in te transferet: 380
tum illae turbae fient.

Pam. quidvis patiar.
Davos pater est, Pamphile :
difficilest. tum haec solast mulier. dictum factum
invenerit
aliquam causam, quam ob rem eiciat oppido.

Pam. eiciat?
Davos cito.

Pam. cedo igitur quid faciam, Dave ?
Davos dic te ducturum.

Pam. hem.
Davos quid est?

Pam. egon dicam ?
Davos quor non ?

Pam. numquam faciam.
Davos ne nega.

Pam. suadere noli.
Davos ex ea re quid fiat vide.

Pam. ut ab illa excludar, hoc concludar.
Davos non itast.

✓
nempe hoc sic esse opinor : dicturum patrem
“ ducas volo hodie uxorem ” ; tu “ ducam ” inquires :
cedo quid iurgabit tecum hic ? reddes omnia,
quae nunc sunt certa ei consilia, incerta ut sient,
sine omni periclo. nam hoc haud dubiumst, quin

Chremes

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tibi non det gnatum ; nec tu ea causa minueris
haec quae facis, ne is mutet suam sententiam.
patri dic velle, ut, quom velit, tibi iure irasci non
queat.

nam quod tu speres “ propulsabo facile uxorem his
moribus ;

THE LADY OF ANDROS

he would think himself in the wrong and wouldn't be wrong in thinking so. But if you refuse to marry, that will shift the blame on to you, and then the storm will break.

Pam. I will bear anything.

Davus He's your father, Sir; it's not so easy. Besides the lady has no champion. As soon done as said, he'll find some pretext for turning her out of the country.

Pam. (*horrified*) Turning her out?

Davus In no time.

Pam. Tell me what I'm to do then, Davus.

Davus Say you'll marry.

Pam. What!

Davus What's the matter?

Pam. Say so? *I* say so?

Davus Why not?

Pam. Never.

Davus Don't say no.

Pam. Don't suggest it.

Davus Consider what comes of it.

Pam. Why, I shall be shut out from there (*points to Glycerium's*) and shut up here. (*points to his father's*)

Davus ✓ Not at all. I take it this way. Your father will say "I want you to marry to-day." You'll say "I will." Pray what quarrel will he have with you on that? All his plans, now quite fixed, you will unfix, and with no risk, for it's past doubting that Chremes won't give you his daughter; but don't let that make you change your ways for fear he change his mind if you do. Tell your father you are willing, so that for all his will he can't be angry with you. As for your hope when you say "with my character I shall easily fend off a wife, nobody will give me his

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dabit nemo": inveniet inopem potius quam te corrumpi
sinat.

sed si te aequo animo ferre accipiet, neclegentem
feceris;

aliam otiosus quaeret: interea aliquid acciderit
boni.

Pam. itan credis?

Davos haud dubium id quidemst.

Pam. vide quo me inducas.

Davos quin taces?

Pam. /dicam. puerum autem ne resciscat mi esse ex illa
cautiost;

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nam pollicitus sum suscepturum.

Davos o facinus audax!

Pam. hanc fidem

sibi me obsecravit, qui se sciret non desertum iri, ut
darem. //

Davos curabitur. sed pater adest. cave te esse trister
II. iv sentiat.

Simo Reviso quid agant aut quid captent consili.

Davos hic nunc non dubitat quin te ducturum neges.

venit meditatus alicunde ex solo loco:

orationem sperat invenisse se

qui differat te: proin tu fac apud te ut sies.

Pam. modo ut possim, Dave!

Davos crede inquam hoc mihi, Pamphile,

numquam hodie tecum commutaturum patrem

unum esse verbum, si te dices ducere.

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Byrria Erus me relictis rebus iussit Pamphilum

II. v hodie observare, ut quid ageret de nuptiis

scirem: id propterea nunc hunc venientem sequor.

ipsum adeo praesto video cum Davo: hoc agam.

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THE LADY OF ANDROS

daughter," he'll find a penniless bride rather than allow you to go rotten: but, if he finds you take it calmly, you'll put him off his guard; he'll take his time to look for another bride and meantime something will have happened to help us. ✓

Pam. You think so?

Davus Not a doubt of it.

Pam. See what you're enticing me into.

Davus Now, Sir, now!

Pam. //I consent, but we mustn't let him know there's a child coming for I've pledged myself to own it.

Davus What rash folly!

Pam. It's a pledge she implored me to give so that she might know she wouldn't be deserted. //

Davus It shall be looked to. Hollo, here's your father: take care he doesn't see you're down in the mouth.

ENTER *Simo*.

Simo (*not seeing them*) I come back to see what they're after, what scheme they're hatching.

Davus (*aside to Pamphilus*) He has no doubt now that you'll refuse to marry. He has been away in some lonely spot chewing it by himself and hopes he has concocted some tragedy speech to make tatters of you; so mind you keep your head.

Pam. If only I can, Davus.

Davus (*as before*) Take my word for it, Sir, your father won't answer you one single syllable if you say you're for the marriage.

ENTER *Byrria* BEHIND.

Byrria (*aside*) My master has told me to drop everything else and keep an eye on Pamphilus to-day so as to find out his plans about the marriage: that's why I am now following the old gentleman's tracks. Ah, there *is* Pamphilus and Davus with him: I'll keep alive.

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- Simo* utrumque adesse video.
- Davos* em, serva.
- Simo* Pamphile.
- Davos* quasi de improvviso respice ad eum.
- Pam.* ehem, pater.
- Davos* probe.
- Simo* hodie uxorem ducas, ut dixi, volo.
- Byrria* nunc nostrae timeo parti quid hic respondeat.
- Pam.* neque istic neque alibi tibi erit usquam in me
mora. 420
- Byrria* hem.
- Davos* obmutuit.
- Byrria* quid dixit?
- Simo* facis ut te decet,
quom istuc quod postulo impetro cum gratia.
- Davos* sum verus?
- Byrria* erus, quantum audio, uxore excidit.
- Simo* i nunciam intro, ne in mora, quom opus sit, sies.
- Pam.* eo.
- Byrria* nullane in re esse quoiquam homini fidem!
verum illud verbumst, volgo quod dici solet,
omnis sibi malle melius esse quam alteri.
ego illam vidi: virginem forma bona
memini videri: quo aequior sum Pamphilo,
si se illam in somnis quam illum amplecti maluit. 430
renuntiabo, ut pro hoc malo mihi det malum.
- Davos* Hic nunc me credit aliquam sibi fallaciam
II. vi portare et ea me hic restitisse gratia.
- Simo* quid Davos narrat?
- Davos* aequae quicquam nunc quidem?
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THE LADY OF ANDROS

- Simo* (*aside*) There's the pair of them.
- Davus* (*aside to Pamphilus*) Now remember.
- Simo* Pamphilus.
- Davus* (*as before*) Look round as if you hadn't seen him.
- Pam.* Oh, is that you, father?
- Davus* (*as before*) Very good.
- Simo* To-day, as I have told you, I want you to marry.
- Byrria* (*aside*) Now I'm afraid for our side what his answer may be.
- Pam.* Neither in that matter nor in any other shall I oppose your wishes in any point.
- Byrria* (*aside*) The devil!
- Davus* (*aside*) He's struck dumb.
- Byrria* (*aside*) What did he say?
- Simo* You are acting as my son should when you grant my request with a good grace.
- Davus* (*aside to Pamphilus*) Am I a true prophet?
- Byrria* (*aside*) Unless my ears deceive me my master has been jockeyed out of his wife.
- Simo* Now go indoors so as not to keep us waiting when you're wanted.
- Pam.* I will. [EXIT.
- Byrria* (*aside*) To think one can never trust a man in any mortal thing! It's a true saying you hear everywhere that every one sets his own good before his neighbour's. I've seen the lady myself. I remember she seemed quite a beauty, and that makes me less against Pamphilus if he would rather *he* than Charinus took her to his arms. I'll go and report; my bad news will be bad for my skin. [EXIT.
- Davus* (*aside*) He thinks how I have a trick for him in my pocket, and that's why I've stopped here.
- Simo* What says Davus?
- Davus* Nothing, Sir, same as before.

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Simo nilne? hem.

Davos nil prorsus.

Simo atqui expectabam quidem.

Davos praeter spem evenit, sentio: hoc male habet virum.

Simo potin es mihi verum dicere?

Davos nil facilius.

Simo num illi molestae quidpiam haec sunt nuptiae eius propter consuetudinem huiusce hospitae?

Davos nil hercle; aut, si adeo, biduist aut tridui haec sollicitudo: nosti? deinde desinet. etenim ipse secum id recta reputavit via.

Simo laudo.

Davos dum licitumst ei dumque aetas tulit, amavit; tum id clam: cavet ne umquam infamiae ea res sibi esset, ut virum fortem decet. nunc uxore opus est: animum ad uxorem adpulit.

Simo subtristis visust esse aliquantillum mihi.

Davos nil propter hanc rem, sed est quod suscenset tibi.

Simo quidnamst?

Davos puerilest.

Simo quid id est?

Davos nil.

Simo quin dic, quid est?

Davos ait nimium parce facere sumptum.

Simo mene?

Davos te.

“vix” inquit “drachumis est obsonatum decem: non filio videtur uxorem dare.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Simo Nothing? Dear me!

Davus Nothing at all.

Simo I thought though you would say something.

Davus (*aside*) It's not what he looked for, I can see, and it bothers my gentleman.

Simo Is it in you to tell me the truth?

Davus Nothing easier, Sir.

Simo Does he feel any unpleasantness in this match because of his association with the foreign lady here?

Davus No indeed, Sir, no; or, if he does, it's a trouble of two or three days only, do you see? Then he'll have done with it. In fact he has reckoned it in his own mind on the right lines.

Simo I commend him.

Davus So long as he might, so long as his years suited it, he had a love-affair. What's more he kept it dark. He was careful that the incident shouldn't ever spoil his good name, as a man of character ought. Now it's time he took a wife, and to a wife he has turned his thoughts.

Simo I thought there seemed the least little trace of gloom about him.

Davus Nothing at all to do with that matter, but one thing he is vexed with you about.

Simo What's that?

Davus A trifle.

Simo What is it?

Davus Nothing.

Simo Will you tell me what it is?

Davus He says you're very niggardly with your money.

Simo I am?

Davus Yes, Sir, you. "Why," says he, "there's a bare ten shillings been spent on the wedding dinner, it's not like marrying a son. How," says he, "can I

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quem" inquit "vocabo ad cenam meorum aequalium potissimum nunc?" et, quod dicendum hic siet, tu quoque perparce nimium: non laudo.

Simo

tace.

Davos commovi.

Simo ego istaec recte ut fiant videro.

✓ (quidnam hoc est rei? quid hic volt veterator sibi?

nam si hic malist quicquam, em illic est huic rei caput.

ACTVS III

Mysis Ita pol quidem rest, ut tu dixti, Lesbia: fidelem haud ferme mulieri invenias virum.

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Simo ab Andriast ancilla haec?

Davos quid narras?

Simo itast.

Mysis sed hic Pamphilus

Simo quid dicit?

Mysis firmavit fidem.

Simo hem.

Davos utinam aut hic surdus aut haec muta facta sit!

Mysis nam quod peperisset iussit tolli.

Simo *o Iuppiter,*
quid ego audio? actumst, siquidem haec vera praedicat.

Lesbia bonum ingenium narras adolescentis.

Mysis optimum.

sed sequere me intro, ne in mora illi sis.

Lesbia sequor.—

THE LADY OF ANDROS

invite any of my friends to dinner, and on such an occasion too?" And, as far as one may say so, Sir, you really are doing it very niggardly; I can't commend you.

Simo Hold your tongue.

Davus (*aside*) That's ruffled him.

Simo I'll see to it at once that that's put right. (*aside*)
 What is there in this? What's the hardened old rascal's meaning? If there's any knavery in it, I'm sure this fellow's at the bottom of it.

ACT III

ENTER *Mysis* AND *Lesbia*.

Mysis (*not seeing the men*) Bless you yes, *Lesbia*, what you say is quite the case: it's very seldom you can find a man to be faithful to a woman.

Simo (*aside to Davus*) Is this a servant of the *Andrian's*?

Davus (*aside to Simo*) Beg your pardon, Sir.

Simo She is.

Mysis But this *Pamphilus*—

Simo (*aside*) What does she say?

Mysis —has kept his word.

Simo (*aside*) The devil!

Davus (*aside*) Would to God either *he* were struck deaf or *she* dumb.

Mysis Yes, he said the child was to be acknowledged.

Simo (*aside*) Good God! what do I hear? All is over if her statement is true.

Lesbia It's a high character you give the young gentleman.

Mysis The best. But come along with me or you may be too late.

Lesbia I'm coming.

[EXEUNT *Mysis* AND *Lesbia*.]

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Davos quod remedium nunc huic malo inveniam?

Simo quid hoc?
adeone est demens? ex peregrina? iam scio: ah,
vix tandem sensi stolidus. 470

Davos quid hic sensisse ait?

Simo haec primum adfertur iam mi ab hoc fallacia:
hanc simulant parere, quo Chremetem absterreant.

(*Gly.*) Iuno Lucina, fer opem, serva me, obsecro.

Simo hui, tam cito? ridiculum: postquam ante ostium
me audivit stare, adproperat. non sat commode
divisa sunt temporibus tibi, Dave, haec.

Davos mihin?

Simo num inmemores discipuli?

Davos ego quid narres nescio.

Simo hicine me si inparatum in veris nuptiis
adortus esset, quos me ludos redderet!
nunc huius periculo fit, ego in portu navigo. 480

Lesbia Adhuc, Archylis, quae adsolent quaeque oportet

III. ii signa esse ad salutem, omnia huic esse video.
nunc primum fac ista ut lavet; post deinde,
quod iussi ei dari bibere et quantum imperavi,
date; mox ego huc revortor.
per ecastor scitus puer est natus Pamphilo.
deos quaeso ut sit superstes, quandoquidem ipsest
ingenio bono,
quomque huic est veritus optumae adulescenti
facere iniuriam.—

Simo vel hoc quis non credat, qui te norit, abs te esse ortum?

Davos quidnam id est?

Simo non imperabat coram, quid facto esset opus
puerperae, 490

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Davus (*aside*) Now here's a pretty thing to find a way out of.

Simo What a business! Is he as mad as that? A courtesan's child? (*a pause*) Ah, now I see it. I was slow enough to smell it out, idiot that I am.

Davus (*aside*) What's he say he's smelt out?

Simo This is the first step in the fellow's scheme of trickery: the childbirth is a pretence so as to scare off Chremes.

Gly. (*within*) Our Lady of childbirth, help me, save me, I pray to you.

Simo Phew! Quick as that? Absurd! The moment she heard I was standing at the door she hastens proceedings. There is something wrong in the timing of your incidents, Davus.

Davus My incidents, Sir?

Simo Have your actors forgotten their cues?

Davus I haven't a notion what you're talking about, Sir.

Simo (*aside*) If the marriage had been actual and this fellow caught me unprepared, what a farce he'd have made of me. Now the risk is his, my ship is in haven.

RE-ENTER *Lesbia*.

Lesbia (*speaking through the doorway*) So far, Archylis, the usual and proper symptoms for a safe delivery, I see them all here. After ablution give her the drink I ordered and in the prescribed quantity. I shall be back before long. (*turning round*) Lor' me, but a strapping boy is born to Pamphilus. Heaven grant it live, for the father's a noble gentleman and has shrunk from wronging an excellent young lady. [EXIT.]

Simo For example now, wouldn't anyone who knew you think you were at the bottom of this?

Davus Of what, Sir?

Simo Instead of prescribing at the bedside what must be

PUBLIUS TERENCE AFRICANUS

sed postquam egressast, illis quae sunt intus clamat
de via.

o Dave, itan contemnor abs te? aut itane tandem
idoneus

tibi videor esse, quem tam aperte fallere incipias
dolis?

saltem accurate, ut metui videar certe, si resciv-
erim.

Davos certe hercle nunc hic se ipse fallit, haud ego.

Simo edixi tibi,
interminatus sum, ne faceres: num veritū's? quid re-
tulit?

credon tibi hoc nunc, peperisse hanc e Pamphilo?

Davos teneo quid erret, et quid agam habeo.

Simo quid taces?

Davos quid credas? quasi non tibi renunciata sint haec sic
fore.

Simo mihin quisquam?

Davos eho, an tute intellexti hoc adsimulari? 500

Simo inrideor.

Davos renuntiatumst; nam qui tibi istaec incidit suspicio?

Simo qui? quia te noram.

Davos quasi tu dicas factum id consilio meo.

Simo certe enim scio.

Davos non satis me pernosti etiam qualis sim, Simo.

Simo egon te?

Davos sed si quid tibi narrare ocepī, continuo dari
tibi verba censes.

Simo falso?

Davos itaque herc e nil iam muttire audeo.

Simo hoc ego scio unum, neminem peperisse hic.

Davos intellexti: itast.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

done for the mother, out she plumps and shouts it at them from the street. Davus, Davus, do you take me for a fool? do you think I'm a fit subject to try and trick with such a shallow device? At least take enough pains to show that, if nothing else, you fear the consequences of a discovery.

Davus (*aside*) By Jove it's he that's deceiving himself now, not I.

Simo I warned you, and with threats, not to do it. Did it frighten you? did it do any good? Do you think I believe your story that she has born Pamphilus a son?

Davus (*aside*) I see his blunder: that shows me how to act.

Simo Why don't you answer me?

Davus Believe, Sir? One might think you hadn't been told beforehand what would be done.

Simo Told? by whom?

Davus Bless me, Sir, did you find out by yourself it was a sham?

Simo The knave mocks me.

Davus Told you were: how else did that suspicion get into your head?

Simo How? Why, I knew my man.

Davus That's as much as to say I put 'em up to it.

Simo So you did, I'm sure of it.

Davus Sir, you don't yet quite know my character.

Simo Don't I?

Davus The moment I've started telling you anything you make sure I'm fooling you?

Simo And aren't you?

Davus The result is, by Jove, Sir, I've no longer the courage to open my lips.

Simo One thing I know: there's been no childbirth here.

Davus You've got it, that's so. All the same/ before long

PUBLIUS TERENCE AFER

sed nilo setius mox puerum huc deferent ante ostium.
id ego iam nunc tibi, ere, renuntio futurum, ut sis sciens,
ne tu hoc posterius dicas Davi factum consilio aut
dolis.

prorsus a me opinionem hanc tuam esse ego amotam
volo.

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Simo unde id scis?

Davos audivi et credo: multa concurrunt simul
qui coniecturam hanc nunc faciam. iam prius haec
se e Pamphilo
gravidam dixit esse: inventumst falsum. nunc,
postquam videt
nuptias domi adparari, missast ancilla ilico
obstetricem accersitum ad eam et puerum ut adferret
simul.

Simo hoc nisi fit, puerum ut tu videas, nil moventur nuptiae.

quid ais? quom intellexeras

Davos id consilium capere, quor non dixti extemplo Pamphilo?
quis igitur eum ab illa abstraxit nisi ego? nam om-
nes nos quidem

scimus quam misere hanc amarit: nunc sibi uxorem 520
expetit.

postremo id mihi da negoti; tu tamen idem has
nuptias

Simo perge facere ita ut facis, et id spero adiuturos deos.
immo abi intro: ibi me opperire et quod parato opus
est para.—

non inpultit me, haec nunc omnino ut crederem;
atqui haud scio an quae dixit sint vera omnia,
sed parvi pendo: illud mihi multo maxumumst
quod mihi pollicitust ipse gnatus. nunc Chremem⁵²⁷
conveniam, orabo gnato uxorem: si impetro,
quid alias malim quam hodie has fieri nuptias?
nam gnatus quod pollicitust, haud dubiumst mihi, 530
56

THE LADY OF ANDROS

they'll bring a child out here in front of the door. I tell you beforehand, Sir, that's what's going to be done, so that you may know and mayn't say afterwards it was Davus put 'em up to it, it was a trick of Davus's. I should like to clear utterly away this opinion you've got of me.

Simo How do you know they will?

Davus I've been told so and I believe it. A hundred things combine to lead me to this guess. To begin with the lady said beforehand she was with child by Pamphilus; that's been proved a lie. Now that she sees the marriage preparations in your house, off she sends a maid straight away to fetch the mid-wife and bring a baby as well. If she couldn't arrange for you to see the baby, there's no stopping the marriage.

Simo But I say, when you saw this was their plan, why didn't you at once inform Pamphilus?

Davus Well, who was it got him away from her if it wasn't me? Why, all of us know how desperately he was in love with her, and now he's eager for a wife. To end it give me the job: all the same go you on with the match as you're doing, and I hope for heaven's help.

Simo Yes, go you indoors, wait for me there, and go on with the necessary preparations. [EXIT *Davus*.
He hasn't pushed me into entire belief and yet all he has said may perhaps be true. However, I don't much mind; the really important thing to me is that my son has himself given his promise. Now I'll look up Chremes and entreat him to give us his daughter. If he says yes, why not have the wedding to-day? After my son's promise, I am clear that if he went back on it I might rightly use

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

si nolit, quin eum merito possim cogere.

- I. iii atque adeo in ipso tempore eccum ipsum obviam.
mo Iubeo Chremetem . .
Chr. o te ipsum quaerebam.
Simo et ego te: optato advenis.
Chr. aliquot me adierunt, ex te auditum qui aibant hodie
nubere
meam filiam tuo gnato; id viso tune an illi insani-
ant.
Simo ausculta paucis: quid ego te velim et tu quod quaeris
scies.
Chr. ausculto: loquere quid velis.
Simo per te deos oro et nostram amicitiam, Chremes,
quae incepta a paruis cum aetate adcrevit simul,
perque unicum gnatam tuam et gnatum meum, 540
quouis tibi potestas summa servandi datur,
ut me adiuves in hac re atque ita uti nuptiae
fuerant futurae, fiant.
Chr. ah, ne me obsecra:
quasi hoc te orando a me impetrare oporteat.
alium esse censes nunc me atque olim quom
dabam?
si in remst utrique ut fiant, accersi, iube;
sed si ex ea re plus malist quam commodi
utrique, id oro te in commune ut consulas,
quasi si illa tua sit Pamphilique ego sim pater.
Simo immo ita volo itaque postulo ut fiat, Chremes, 550
neque postulem abs te, ni ipsa res moneat.
Chr. quid est?
Simo irae sunt inter Glycerium et gnatum.
Chr. audio.
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THE LADY OF ANDROS

53' coercion. // Ah, at the very moment here comes my man.

ENTER *Chremes*.

Simo Chremes, I am glad to—

Chr. (*interrupting*) Ah, the very man I was looking for. ✓

Simo And I for you: just what I wanted.

Chr. Some of my friends have come up to tell me they had heard from you that my daughter is to be married to your son to-day. What I am come to see is whether it's you or they are demented.

Simo Listen a moment; you shall be told what I want of you, and have your question answered.

Chr. I am listening, say what you want.

Simo I pray you in the name of heaven and of our friendship, Chremes, a friendship which began in our boyhood and grew as we grew, in the name of your only daughter and of my son, whom you and you only have now the greatest chance of saving from ruin, to help me in this matter and let the marriage go on as we had arranged.

Chr. Ah, don't entreat me: surely, surely it's no case for listening to an appeal. You don't think there has been any change in me since I offered my daughter? If the match is for the good of both let her be fetched; but, if it involves more misfortune than blessing for both of them, pray think of it in a mutual spirit as though the girl were yours and I were the father of Pamphilus.

Simo Yes, that is the spirit in which I wish it and desire it to take place; I should not ask it but at the prompting of the facts.

Chr. What facts?

Simo My son and Glycerium have quarrelled.

Chr. (*ironically*) Quite so, quite so.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Simo* ita magnae ut sperem posse avelli.
- Chr.* fabulae!
- Simo* profecto sic est.
- Chr.* sic hercle ut dicam tibi :
amantium irae amoris integratiost.
- Simo* em, id te oro ut ante eamus. dum tempus datur
dumque eius lubido oclusast contumeliis,
prius quam harum scelera et lacrumae confictae
dolis
redducunt animum aegrotum ad misericordiam,
uxorem demus. spero consuetudine et 560
coniugio liberali devinctum, Chremes,
dein facile ex illis sese emersurum malis.
- Chr.* tibi ita hoc videtur; at ego non posse arbitror
neque illum hanc perpetuo habere neque me perpeti.
- Simo* qui scis ergo istuc, nisi periculum feceris ?
- Chr.* at istuc periculum in filia fieri gravest.
- Simo* nempe incommoditas denique huc omnis redit,
si eveniat, quod di prohibeant, discessio.
at si corrigitur, quot commoditates vide:
principio amico filium restitueris, 570
tibi generum firmum et filiae invenies virum.
- Chr.* quid istic? si ita istuc animum inducti esse utile,
nolo tibi ullum commodum in me claudier.
- Simo* merito te semper maxumi feci, Chremes.
- Chr.* sed quid ais?
- Simo* quid?
- Chr.* qui scis eos nunc discordare inter se?

THE LADY OF ANDROS

- Simo* So bitterly that I hope he can be plucked away from her.
- Chr.* Idle tales.
- Simo* I assure you it is so.
- Chr.* True in this sense no doubt: lovers' quarrels are love's renewal.
- Simo* Now look here, that's just what I beg you to prevent. While there's a chance, while his passion is barred by insults, before these women's wicked ways and counterfeit tears recall his love-sick mind to pity, let us give him a wife. I hope that the tie of association and marriage with a gentlewoman will make it easy for him to escape from this sea of evil.
- Chr.* That is your view, for my part I can't think it possible for him to show lasting fidelity or me to tolerate anything less.
- Simo* Well but how can you tell if you don't make the trial?
- Chr.* But to make the trial in the case of a daughter is no light matter.
- Simo* Why, at the worst the inconvenience reduces itself to this, the possibility of a divorce, which heaven forbid. But, if the boy is reformed, think of all the advantages. To start with, you will have restored a son to your friend, you'll get a faithful son-in-law for yourself and husband for your daughter.
- Chr.* (*with reluctance*) Very well, if you have convinced yourself of the advantage of this course, I am unwilling to stand in the way of your good.
- Simo* Chremes, you deserve the vast esteem in which I have always held you.
- Chr.* By the way.
- Simo* Well?
- Chr.* How do you know there is disagreement between them?

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Simo* ipse mihi Davos, qui intumescit eorum consiliis, dixit ;
 et is mihi suadet nuptias quantum queam ut maturem.
 num censes faceret, filium nisi sciret eadem haec velle ?
 tute adeo iam eius verba audies. heus, evocate huc Davom.
 III.iv atque eccum video ipsum foras exire. 580
- Davos* Ad te ibam.
- Simo* quidnamst?
- Davos* quor uxor non accersitur? iam advesperascit.
- Simo* audin?
 ego dudum non nil veritus sum, Dave, abs te, ne
 faceres idem
 quod vulgus servorum solet, dolis ut me deluderet
 propterea quod amat filius.
- Davos* egon istuc facerem?
- Simo* credidi,
 idque adeo metuens vos celavi quod nunc dicam.
- Davos* quid?
- Simo* scies;
 nam propemodum habeo iam fidem.
- Davos* tandem cognosti qui siem?
- Simo* non fuerant nuptiae futurae.
- Davos* quid? non?
- Simo* sed ea gratia
 simulavi, vos ut pertemptarem.
- Davos* quid ais?
- Simo* sic res est.
- Davos* vide :
 numquam istuc quivi ego intellegere. vah consilium
 callidum !
- Simo* hoc audi: ut hinc te intro ire iussi, opportune hic
 fit mi obviam. 590
- Davos* hem,
 num nam perimus?
- Simo* narro huic quae tu dudum narrasti mihi

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Simo Davus himself, who is deepest in their secrets, told me so, and he's urging me to hurry on this match as fast as I can. You don't suppose he'd do this if he didn't know it was my son's wish? You shall hear his account with your own ears. (*calls into his house*) Here, tell Davus to come out. Ah, there he is, coming out of doors.

ENTER *Davus*.

Davus I was coming for you, Sir.

Simo What's the matter?

Davus Why aren't we fetching the bride? It's getting towards evening.

Simo (*to Chremes*) Do you hear that? (*to Davus*) For some time I have had my fears about you, Davus, that you might follow the run of servants and trick me because my son had a love-affair.

Davus Really now, Sir, really!

Simo I thought so and it was just that fear which made me keep from you what I am now going to tell you.

Davus And that is?

Simo You shall hear, for now I pretty nearly trust you.

Davus Discovered my character at last, Sir, have you?

Simo There wasn't to have been a wedding.

Davus What? no wedding?

Simo No, I pretended there was so as to test the pair of you.

Davus Impossible, Sir!

Simo But a fact.

Davus There now, I never could have discovered that. Bless me, what a clever plan!

Simo Listen now. After I sent you indoors, luckily I met my friend here.

Davus (*aside*) The devil! We can't be done for?

Simo I told him what you told me just now.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Davos quidnam audio?

Simo gnatam ut det oro, vixque id exoro.

Davos occidi.

Simo hem,

quid dixit?

Davos ego optume inquam factum.

Simo nunc per hunc nullast mora.

Chr. domum modo ibo, ut adparetur dicam, atque huc renuntio.

Simo nunc te oro, Dave, quoniam solus mi effecisti has nuptias,

Davos ego vero solus.

Simo corrige mihi gnatum porro enitere.

Davos faciam hercle sedulo.

Simo potes nunc, dum animus inritatus est.

Davos quiescas.

Simo age igitur, ubi nunc est ipsus?

Davos mirum ni domist.

Simo ibo ad eum atque eadem haec tibi quae dixi dicam itidem ill.

Davos nullus sum.

quid causaest quin hinc in pistrinum recta proficiscar via?

nil est preci loci relictum: iam perturbavi omnia: erum fefelli; in nuptias conieci erilem filium; feci hodie ut fierent, insperante hoc atque invito Pamphilo.

em astutias! quod si quiessem, nil evenisset mali. sed eccum video ipsum: occidi.

utinam mi esset aliquid hic quo nunc me praecipitem darem!

III.v
Pam. Ubi ille est scelus qui perdidit me? — 607

Davos perii.

Pam. atque hoc confiteor iure mi obtigisse, quandoquidem tam iners, tam nulli consili sum.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Davus (*aside*) Oh Lord!

Simo I asked him for his daughter's hand and with some difficulty got his consent.

Davus (*aside*) Blighted!

Simo What's that?

Davus Delighted, Sir, I say I'm delighted with the arrangement.

Simo Chremes raises no further obstacle.

Chr. I shall only just step home to tell her to get ready. In a moment I am back with my report. [EXIT.]

Simo Now, Davus, I beg you, as you alone have brought me this match about—

Davus (*aside*) Yes, I alone!

Simo —to do more and work hard for my son's reform.

Davus I will, Sir, earnestly, I assure you.

Simo It can be done now that he's in a state of irritation.

Davus Be easy, Sir.

Simo Very well then, where is he now?

Davus Sure to be at home.

Simo I'll go and tell him exactly what I've told you. [EXIT.]

Davus I'm lost. Any reason why I shouldn't go straight off to hard labour? No plea for mercy is left. I have upset the cart, I have taken in my master, I have pitchforked my master's son into a marriage, I have made the wedding take place to-day against Pamphilus' expectation and desire. See what it is to be cunning. If I had kept still, there'd have been no trouble. Ah, here he comes. It's death to me, I wish I had a sword to fall on.

ENTER *Pamphilus*.

Pam. // (*not seeing Davus*) Where's that scoundrel who has been my ruin?

Davus (*aside*) I'm lost.

Pam. And I own I have deserved this trouble for being

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- servon fortunas meas me commisisse futtili!
ego pretium ob stultitiam fero: sed inultum 610
numquam id auferet.
- Davos* posthac me incolumem sat scio fore, nunc si devito
hoc malum. //
- Pam.* namquid ego nunc dicam patri? negabon velle me, modo
qui sum pollicitus ducere? qua audacia id facere audeam?
nec quid me nunc faciam scio.
- Davos* nec me quidem, atque id ago sedulo.
dicam aliquid me inventurum, ut huic malo aliquam
productem moram.
- Pam.* oh!
- Davos* sum visus.
- Pam.* ehodum, bone vir, quid ais? viden me consiliis tuis
miserum inpeditum esse?
- Davos* at iam expediam.
- Pam.* expedies?
- Davos* certe, Pamphile.
- Pam.* nempe ut modo.
- Davos* immo melius spero.
- Pam.* oh, tibi ego ut credam, furcifer?
tu rem inpeditam et perditam restituas? em quo 620
fretus sim,
qui me hodie ex tranquillissima re coniecisti in nuptias.
an non dixi esse hoc futurum?
- Davos* dixti.
- Pam.* quid meritum's?
- Davos* crucem.
- Pam.* sed sine paululum ad me redeam: iam aliquid dispiciam.
ei mihi,
quom non habeo spatium, ut de te sumam supplicium,
ut volo!
namque hoc tempus praecavere mihi me haud te
ulcisci sinit.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

such a sluggard, such a blockhead. To think of having trusted my fortunes to a good-for-nothing servant! I am well paid for my folly, but he shan't get off unpunished.

Davus (*aside*) I shall have a whole skin for ever, I know that, if I get out of this without a whipping. //

Pam. What can I say to my father *now*? Say I won't marry when ten minutes ago I promised I would? Where can I find the daring to dare it? I don't know what to do with myself now.

Davus (*aside*) Nor I with myself, and I'm thinking hard too. I'll tell him I'll devise something, I must put off the whipping a bit if I can.

Pam. (*seeing Davus*) Ah-h-h!

Davus He sees me.

Pam. Oh yes, my honest gentleman, here's a pretty business! Do you see that your schemes have caged me in misery?

Davus Yes, but I'll soon get you out.

Pam. Get me out?

Davus Undoubtedly, Sir.

Pam. As you did just now, I suppose.

Davus No, I hope better than that.

Pam. Oh, to think of my trusting such a gallows-bird! You set right a tangle of ruin? See the fellow I've relied on who has run me out of a holy calm on to the rocks of matrimony! Didn't I say this would be the result?

Davus You did, Sir.

Pam. What do you deserve?

Davus Crucifixion. But let me recover myself a bit, I shall get light in a moment.

Pam. It's cursed luck that I haven't time to punish you as I should like: at such a crisis I must look out for my own safety instead of chastising you.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

ACTVS IV

- Char.* Hocine credibile aut memorabile,
tanta ~~vecordia~~ innata ~~quoiquam~~ ut siet
ut malis gaudeant atque ex incommodis
alterius sua ut comparent commoda? ah,
idnest verum? immo id est pessimum hominum
genus,
denegandi modo quis pudor paulum adest; 630
post ubi tempust promissa iam perfici,
tum coacti necessario se aperiunt.
ibi tum eorum inprudens oratiost
“quis tu 's? quis mi 's? quor meam tibi?
heus, proxumus sum egomet mihi.”
at tamen “ubi fides?” si roges,
nil pudent hic, ubi opust; illi ubi
nil opus est, ibi verentur.
✓ sed quid agam? adeamne ad eum et cum eo iniuriam
hanc expostulem?
ingeram mala multa? atqui aliquis dicat “nil pro- 640
moveris”:
multum: molestus certe ei fuero atque animo morem
gessero.
- Pam.* Charine, et me et te inprudens, nisi quid di respiciunt,
perdidi.
- Char.* itane “inprudens”? tandem inventast causa: solvisti
fidem.
- Pam.* quid “tandem”?
- Char.* etiam nunc me ducere istis dictis postulas?
- Pam.* quid istuc est?
- Char.* postquam me amare dixi, conplacitast tibi.
heu me miserum qui tuom animum ex animo spectavi
meo!

THE LADY OF ANDROS

ACT IV

ENTER *Charinus*.

Char. (*not seeing them*) Is it credible, is it conceivable, that any man should be so black-hearted as to gloat over misfortunes and buy his own happiness at the cost of another's misery? Is it honest? Honest? It's the worst class of men who at the moment haven't the courage to say no and afterwards when the time comes for fulfilling their promises then under the strain of necessity show their true character. Then with brazen assurance they talk in this style. "Who are you? What are you to me? Why should I give up my bride to you? Look here, charity begins at home." Suppose you ask "what becomes of your promise?" They're shameless when shame is wanted; when it's not wanted, then they have scruples. Now what am I to do? go to him and protest against this wrong? heap abuse on him? But I shall be told "you'll find you've gained nothing by it." I shall though, much: at any rate I shall have vexed him and indulged my temper.

Pam. (*coming forward*) Charinus, without meaning it I have been my own ruin and yours unless heaven favours us.

Char. Without meaning it, eh? You've taken your time to find an excuse. (*fiercely*) Man, you've broken your promise.

Pam. What do you mean by "taken my time"?

Char. Do you think you can still take me your way by words like these?

Pam. I don't understand you.

Char. It wasn't till I told you I loved her that you got sweet on her. Wretched fool that I was to judge your nature from mine.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Pam. falsus es.

Char. non tibi sat esse hoc visum solidumst gaudium,
ni me lactasses amantem et falsa spe produceres?
habeas.

Pam. habeam? ah, nescis quantis in malis vorser miser
-quantasque hic consiliis suis conflavit sollicitudines 650
meus carnufex.

Char. quid istuc tam mirumst de te si exemplum capit?

Pam. haud istuc dicas, si cognoris vel me vel amorem
meum.

Char. scio: cum patre altercasti dudum et is nunc propterea
tibi
suscenset nec te quivit hodie cogere illam ut
duceres.

Pam. immo etiam, quo tu minus scis aerumnas meas,
haec nuptiae non adparabantur mihi
nec postulabat nunc quisquam uxorem dare.

Char. scio: tu coactus tua voluntate es.

Pam. mane:
nondum scis.

Char. scio equidem illam ducturum esse te.

Pam. quor me enicis? hoc audi: numquam destitit 660
instare, ut dicerem me ducturum patri;
suadere, orare usque adeo donec perpulit.

Char. quis homo istuc?

Pam. Davos.

Char. Davos? quam ob rem?

Pam. nescio;
nisi mi deos fuisse iratos qui auscultaverim.

Char. factum hoc est, Dave?

Davos factum.

Char. hem, quid ais? o scelus!

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Pam. You are mistaken.

Char. Did you think your joy wasn't complete without cajoling me in my love and leading me on in a false hope? Take your bride.

Pam. Take her! You don't know what a miserable devil I am and in what a sea of trouble, what vast distresses this fellow's schemes have concocted for me, the hangman scoundrel.

Char. Not so wonderful, if he takes his pattern from you

Pam. You wouldn't say that if you knew me or knew where my heart is.

Char. I know. Yes, you had a quarrel with your father just now and so he's angry with you and he hasn't been able, oh dear no, to make you marry her.

Pam. That isn't it, and you show you know nothing of my troubles. This match wasn't arranging for me and nobody looked to giving me a wife to-day.

Char. Of course not; you were forced into it by—your own choice. (*going*)

Pam. Stop, stop, you're still in the dark.

Char. I've light enough to see that you're going to marry her.

Pam. You'll be the death of me. Listen to this: he never ceased pressing me to tell my father that I would marry, everlastingly urging and entreating till he drove me into it.

Char. And who might "he" be?

Pam. Davus.

Char. Davus? Why?

Pam. I don't know except that it was an evil hour when I listened to him.

Char. Was this so, Davus?

Davus It was.

Char. The devil it was! Scoundrel, may you be damned

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

at tibi di dignum factis exitium duint!
 eho, dic mi, si omnes hunc coniectum in nuptias
 inimici vellent, quod nisi consilium hoc darent?
Davos deceptus sum, at non defetigatus.

Char.

scio.

Davos

hac non successit, alia adgrediemur via:
 nisi si id putas, quia primo processit parum,
 non posse iam ad salutem convorti hoc malum.

670

Pam.

immo etiam; nam satis credo, si advigilaveris,
 ex unis geminas mihi conficies nuptias.

// *Davos*

ego, Pamphile, hoc tibi pro servitio debeo,
conari manibus pedibus noctisque et dies,
capitis periculum adire, dum prosim tibi;
tuomst, si quid praeter spem evenit, mi igno-
scere.

parum succedit quod ago; at facio sedulo.

vel melius tute reperi, me missum face. //

680

Pam.

cupio: restitue quem a me accepisti locum.

Davos

faciam.

Pam.

at iam hoc opust.

Davos

hem . . . sed concrepuit hinc a Glycerio ostium.

Pam.

nil ad te.

Davos

quaero.

Pam.

hem, nuncin demum?

Davos

at iam hoc tibi inventum dabo.

Mysis

Iam ubi ubi erit, inventum tibi curabo et mecum

IV.ii

adductum

tuom Pamphilum: modo tu, anime mi, noli te mace-
 rare.

Pam.

Mysis.

Mysis

quis est? ehem Pamphile, optume mihi te offers.

Pam.

quidnamst?

Mysis

orare iussit, si se ames, era, iam ut ad sese
 venias:

THE LADY OF ANDROS

as you deserve! Oh yes, suppose all his enemies had wished to pitchfork him into matrimony, what advice could they have given him but this?

Davus I have been taken in but I'm not tired out.

Char. Of course not.

Davus We've failed this road, we'll try another, unless you suppose that failing once makes it impossible to set things right again.

Pam. Not at all; I'm confident that if you keep your eyes open instead of one marriage you'll land me in two.

Davus // Sir, it's my duty as your servant to work hand and foot, day and night, and to risk my neck if I can do you any good; it's your part, if the unexpected happens, to forgive me. My attempt is not successful, still I work hard. If you like, find a better course for yourself and dismiss me. //

Pam. That's what I want. Put me back in the position you found me in.

Davus I will.

Pam. But you must do it at once.

Davus Well now—Hollo, I hear Glycerium's door opening.

Pam. It's not your business.

Davus I'm thinking.

Pam. Dear me, at last, eh?

Davus But I shall be no time in having a plan for you.

ENTER *Mysis* FROM *Glycerium's* HOUSE.

Mysis (to *Glycerium* within) Wherever he is I'll make sure to find him at once and bring him back with me, your Pamphilus. Only don't worry yourself, my love.

Pam. Mysis.

Mysis Who's there? Oh Pamphilus, how lucky to meet you.

Pam. What's the matter?

Mysis She told me to beg you, as you love her, my

PUBLIUS TERENCE AFER

videre ait te cupere.

Pam. vah, perii : hoc malum integrascit.
sicine me atque illam opera tua nunc miseros sollicitari!
nam idcirco accersor nuptias quod mi adparari sensit. 690

Char. quibus quidem quam facile potuerat quiesci, si hic
quiesset!

Davos age, si hic non insanit satis sua sponte, instiga.
Mysis atque edepol
ea res est, proptereaque nunc misera in maerorest.

Pam. // *Mysis*, 694
per omnis tibi adiuro deos numquam eam me deser-
turum,
non si capiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos omnis
homines.

hanc mi expetivi : contigit ; conveniunt mores : valeant
qui inter nos discidium volunt : hanc nisi mors mi
adimet nemo. // 698

Mysis ~~resipisco.~~

Pam. non Apollinis magis verum atque hoc responsumst.
si poterit fieri ut ne pater per me stetisse credat,
quo minus haec fierent nuptiae, volo ; sed si id non 700
poterit,
id faciam, in proclivi quod est, per me stetisse ut
credat.
quis videor?

Char. miser, aequae atque ego.

Davos consilium quaero.

Pam. fortis!

scio, quod conere. . .

Davos hoc ego tibi profecto effectum reddam.

Pam. iam hoc opus est.

Davos quin iam habeo.

Char. quid est?

Davos huic, non tibi habeo, ne erres.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

mistress I mean, to come to her at once: she's longing to see you, she says.

Pam. Confusion and misery, the sore breaks out again. (to *Davus*) To think of her and me being plagued and tortured by your doing! Why I'm sent for is that she's scented the marriage preparations.

Char. And how simple to have kept it quiet if this fellow could have kept quiet!

Davus Go it, Sir; if he isn't frantic enough without help, goad him on.

Mysis Lor' yes, that's just it and that's why she's in the dumps, poor thing.

Pam. // *Mysis*, I swear to you by all that's sacred that I will never forsake her, not if I knew that I must face the enmity of the whole world. I wooed her, I won her, our hearts are one; away with those that would part us; death only shall take her from me.

Mysis I breathe again. //

Pam. Apollo's oracle is not more true than my words. If it can be managed that my father doesn't think it my doing that the wedding is stopped, all the better: if that's impossible, I'll take the straight path of letting him think it *was* my doing. What do you think of me? (*looking for praise*)

Char. That you're an unhappy wretch and I'm another.

Davus I'm hunting for a scheme.

Pam. (*sneeringly*) Master Valour! I know that your attempt—

Davus (*interrupting*) This, I assure you, will be a success.

Pam. It must be tried at once.

Davus At once it shall: I've got it.

Char. What is it?

Davus It's for my master, not for you, so you needn't mistake.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Char. sat habeo.

Pam. quid facies? cedo.

Davos dies hic mi ut satis sit vereor
ad agendum, ne vocivom me nunc ad narrandum
credas:

Pam. proinde hinc vos amolimini; nam mi impedimento estis.
ego hanc visam.—

Davos quid tu? quo hinc te agis?

Char. verum vis dicam?

Davos immo etiam:

narrationis incipit mi initium.

Char. quid me fiet?

Davos eho tu inpudens, non sa is habes, quod tibi dieculam 710
addo,
quantum huic promoveo nuptias?

Char. Dave, at tamen

Davos quid ergo?

Char. ut ducam.

Davos ridiculum.

Char. huc face ad me ut venias, si quid poteris.

Davos quid veniam? nil habeo.

Char. at tamen, si quid.

Davos age veniam, si quid.

Char. domi ero.

Davos tu, Mysis, dum exeo, parumper opperire hic.

Mysis quapropter?

Davos ita factost opus.

Mysis matura.

Davos iam inquam hic adero.

— *Mysis* Nilne esse proprium quoiquam! di vostram fidem! 715

IV.iii summum bonum esse erae putabam hunc Pamphilum,
amicum, amatorem, virum in quovis loco
paratum; verum ex eo nunc misera quem capit
laborem! facile hic plus malist quam illic boni. 720

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Char. One for me!

Pam. What are you going to do? Tell me.

Davus I doubt if the day's long enough to act, so you needn't think I've time to talk. Pack yourselves off, both of you, you're in my way.

Pam. I shall go and see her.

[EXIT.

Davus Well, and where shall you go?

Char. Would you like me to tell the truth?

Davus Oh yes, now for another rigmarole!

Char. What will become of me?

Davus Aren't you ashamed to ask? Aren't you satisfied that I give you a poor twenty-four hours' grace, the time I put his wedding off for?

Char. Still, Davus—

Davus Well, what?

Char. —contrive for me to marry her.

Davus Absurd!

Char. Mind you come to me if you find anything can be done.

Davus Why should I come? I have no plan.

Char. Still, still, if anything occurs.

Davus Well, I'll come if anything does.

Char. I shall be at home.

[EXIT.

Davus Mysis, wait you here a bit till I come out again..

Mysis Why?

Davus You must.

Mysis Don't be long.

Davus I shall be back in a moment, I say.

[EXIT INTO *Glycerium's*.

Mysis // Oh dear, nothing's really our own. Heavens! I reckoned once that Pamphilus was a perfect blessing to my mistress, friend, lover, husband, ready to help in any circumstances; and now, poor lady, what distress he causes her! The present bad quite outweighs the past good. // Ah, here comes Davus.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

sed Davos exit. mi homo, quid istuc obsecrost?
quo portas puerum?

Davos Mysis, nunc opus est tua
mihi ad hanc rem exprompta malitia atque
astutia.

Mysis quidnam incepturu's?

Davos accipe a me hunc ocius
atque ante nostram ianuam adpone.

Mysis obsecro,
humine?

Davos ex ara hinc sume verbenas tibi
atque eas substerne.

Mysis quam ob rem id tute non facis?

Davos quia, si forte opus sit ad erum iurato mihi
non adposisse, ut liquido possim.

Mysis intellego :

nova nunc religio in te istaec incessit. cedo!

730

Davos move ocius te, ut quid agam porro intellegas.
pro Iuppiter!

Mysis quid est?

Davos sponsae pater intervenit.
repudio quod consilium primum intenderam.

Mysis nescio quid narres.

Davos ego quoque hinc ab dextera
venire me adsimulabo: tu ut subservias

orationi, ut quomque opus sit, verbis vide.

Mysis ego quid agas nil intellego: sed si quid est
quod mea opera opus sit vobis, ut tu plus
vides,

manebo, ne quod vostrum remorer commodum.

Chr. Revortor, postquam quae opus fuere ad nuptias
IV.iv gnatae paravi, ut iubeam accersi. sed quid
hoc?

740

THE LADY OF ANDROS

RE-ENTER *Davus* CARRYING THE BABY.

Mercy on us, man, what's this about? where are you carrying the child?

Davus Mysis, I want all your ready cunning and wits for this job.

Mysis What's your scheme?

Davus Take the baby, quick, quick, and lay it on our doorstep.

Mysis Mercy on us, on the ground?

Davus Take a bough or two from the altar there and make a bed of 'em.

Mysis Why don't you do it yourself?

Davus Because if I happened to have to swear to my master that I didn't put it there I might with a clear conscience.

Mysis I see; a novel scruple to have got into your brain. Hand it over. (*takes the baby*)

Davus Stir yourself, I want to put you up to it. (*looking round*) Heavens above us!

Mysis What's the matter? (*puts the baby on the doorstep*)

Davus The bride's father comes on the scene. I reject my first plan.

Mysis I don't know what you're talking about.

Davus I'll pretend to be coming down the street the other way. Mind what you say backs up what I say when wanted.

Mysis I don't know what you're at but if my services are wanted, since you see further than I do, I'll stop, so as not to hinder what's good for you and Pamphilus. [EXIT *Davus*.

ENTER *Chremes*.

Chr. I have made all the necessary preparations for my daughter's wedding and now return to have her fetched. (*seeing the baby*) I say, what's this? A

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

puer herclest. mulier, tu adposisti hunc?

Mysis

ubi illic est?

Chr. non mihi respondes?

Mysis

nusquam est. vae miserae mihi!
reliquit me homo atque abiit.

Davos

✓ di vostram fidem, 744
apud forum quid turbaest! quid illic hominum
litigant!

tum annona carast. quid dicam aliud nescio. 746

Mysis

quor tu obsecro hic me solam?

Davos

hem, quae haec est fabula?
eho Mysis, puer hic undest? quisve huc attulit?

Mysis

satin sanu's qui me id rogites?

Davos

quem igitur rogem
qui hic neminem alium videam?

750

Chr.

miror unde sit.

Davos

dictura es quod rogo?

Mysis

au!

Davos

concede ad dexteram.

Mysis

deliras: non tute ipse . . .?

Davos

verbum si mihi
unum praeter quam quod te rogo faxis: cave!
male dicis? undest? dic clare.

Mysis

a nobis.

Davos

hahae!
mirum vero, inpu'denter mulier si facit
meretrix!

Chr.

ab Andriast haec, quantum intellego.

Davos

adeon videmur vobis esse idonei,
in quibus sic inludatis?

Chr.

veni in tempore.

80

THE LADY OF ANDROS

baby, by Jove! My good woman, was it *you* put it here?

Mysis (*looking about*) Where is he?

Chr. Why don't you answer me?

Mysis (*aside*) He's nowhere about. Oh dear, dear, he's been and gone and left me.

RE-ENTER *Davus*.

Davus ✓ Good heavens! what a to-do in the Piazza! what crowds of people squabbling! and, Lord, how dear things are! (*aside*) I don't know what else to say.

Mysis Good gracious, man, why did you leave me here by myself?

Davus Heavens? what farce is this? I say, *Mysis*, where did this baby come from? who brought it here?

Mysis You must be out of your mind to ask such a question of me.

Davus And whom else am I to ask when there's no one else in sight.

Chr. (*behind*) I wonder where it comes from.

Davus Will you answer my question? (*shouting*)

Mysis Oh-h!

Davus (*whispering*) Come away here to the right.

Mysis You're mad: didn't you yourself—?

Davus (*interrupting and whispering*) Mind you answer my question and nothing else. (*aloud*) Abusive, eh? Where did it come from? (*whispering*) Speak up.

Mysis From our house.

Davus (*laughing loudly*) Ha, ha, ha! No wonder such a woman has assurance enough.

Chr. (*aside*) She's a maidservant of the Andrian's, I should say.

Davus Do you regard us as proper persons to make fools of?

Chr. (*aside*) Lucky I came just now.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Davos* propera adeo puerum tollere hinc ab ianua.
mane: cave quoquam ex istoc excessis loco! 760
- Mysis* di te eradicent! ita me miseram territas.
- Davos* tibi ego dico an non?
- Mysis* quid vis?
- Davos* at etiam rogas?
cedo, quonium puerum hic adposisti? dic mihi.
- Mysis* tu nescis?
- Davos* mitte id quod scio: dic quod rogo.
- Mysis* vestri.
- Davos* quoniam nostri?
- Mysis* Pamphili.
- Chr.* hem.
- Davos* quid? Pamphili?
- Mysis* eho, an non est?
- Chr.* recte ego semper fugi has nuptias.
- Davos* o facinus animum advortendum!
- Mysis* au, quid clamitas?
- Davos* quemne ego heri vidi ad vos adferri vesperi?
- Mysis* o hominem audacem!
- Davos* verum: vidi Cantharam
suffarcinatam. 770
- Mysis* dis pol habeo gratiam,
quom in pariundo aliquot adfuerunt liberae.
- Davos* ne illa illum haud novit, quonia causa haec incipit:
"Chremes si puerum positum ante aedis viderit,
suam gnatam non dabit": tanto hercle magis
dabit.
- Chr.* non hercle faciet.
- Davos* nunc adeo, ut tu sis sciens,

THE LADY OF ANDROS

- Davus* Just make haste and lift the baby off the doorstep.
(*catches her arm and whispers*) Stop, don't stir a step from where you are.
- Mysis* Deuce take you! You frighten a poor woman out of her wits.
- Davus* Do you hear me or don't you?
- Mysis* What do you want?
- Davus* More questions? Come now, whose is the baby you've brought here? Tell me.
- Mysis* As if you didn't know.
- Davus* (*whispering*) Never mind what I know: answer the question.
- Mysis* Your master's.
- Davus* The young or the old?
- Mysis* Pamphilus's.
- Chr.* Ha!
- Davus* What? Pamphilus's?
- Mysis* Bless me, and isn't it?
- Chr.* (*aside*) How right to have always fought shy of this match.
- Davus* What monstrous wickedness!
- Mysis* Oh-h! why so noisy?
- Davus* The baby I saw carried into your house last evening?
- Mysis* You impudent wretch!
- Davus* It's a fact: I saw Canthara with a bundle under her cloak.
- Mysis* I thank heaven there were several gentlewomen present at the birth.
- Davus* I can tell you she doesn't know the man her scheme is aimed at. "If Chremes," she thinks, "sees a baby laid on the doorstep, he won't let his daughter marry him." By Jove, he'll let her all the more.
- Chr.* (*aside*) By Jove, he won't.
- Davus* Now just to let you know, if you don't pick up the

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

nisi puerum tollis, iam ego hunc in mediam viam
provolvam teque ibidem pervolvam in ~~luto~~
tu pol homo non es sobrius.

Mysis

Davos

fallacia

alia aliam trudit: iam susurrari audio
civem Atticam esse hanc.

780

Chr.

hem.

Davos

“coactus legibus

eam uxorem ducet.”

Mysis

eho, obsecro, an non civis est?

Chr.

iocularium in malum insciens paene incidi.

Davos

quis hic loquitur? o Chremes, per tempus advenis:
ausculta.

Chr.

audivi iam omnia.

Davos

ain tu? haec omnia?

Chr.

audivi, inquam, a principio.

Davos

audistin, obsecro? em
scelera: hanc iam oportet in cruciatum hinc abripi.
hic est ille: non te credes Davom ludere.

Mysis

me miseram! nil pol falsi dixi, mi senex.

Chr.

novi omnem rem. est Simo intus?

Davos

est.—

790

Mysis

ne me attigas,

scelestes. si pol Glycerio non omnia haec . . .

Davos

eho inepta, nescis quid sit actum?

Mysis

qui sciam?

Davos

hic socer est. alio pacto haud poterat fieri
ut sciret haec quae volumus.

Mysis

hem, praediceres.

Davos

paulum interesse censes, ex animo omnia,
ut fert natura, facias an de industria?

THE LADY OF ANDROS

baby I'll kick it this instant into the middle of the street and roll you in the mud with it.

Mysis Lord ha' mercy, the man's tippy.

Davus One trick on the heels of another! Now I'm told you're whispering about that the girl is an Athenian born.

Chr. (*aside*) The devil!

Davus And that the law will make him marry her.

Mysis Bless me, and she is, isn't she? ✓

Chr. (*aside*) What an absurd scrape I nearly tumbled into unawares.

Davus (*turning round*) Who's there? Oh, it's you, Sir, just at the right moment. Attend to this.

Chr. I've heard it all already.

Davus Really? heard it all?

Chr. I say so, everything from the start.

Davus Mercy on us, heard it all? Ever see such wickedness? She ought to be dragged off and crucified. (*to Mysis*) This is the gentleman: you're not to think it's Davus you're befooling.

Mysis Oh dear, oh dear, I vow, Sir, good Sir, I haven't said a word that isn't true.

Chr. I know the whole. Is Simo in?

Davus Yes, Sir. [EXIT *Chremes* INTO *Simo's*.

Mysis (*Davus touching her shoulder*) Don't touch me, you villain. I vow if I don't go to my lady and—

Davus (*interrupting*) You silly woman you, don't you know what I've been at?

Mysis How should I know?

Davus That was the father-in-law: it was the only way to let him into what we want him to know.

Mysis Goodness, you should have told me beforehand.

Davus Do you think it makes so little difference whether you say things honestly and naturally or after preparation?

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

✓ *Crito* In hac habitasse platea dictumst Chrysidem,
 IV.v quae sese inhoneste optavit parere hic ditias
 potius quam in patria honeste pauper viveret :
 eius morte ea ad me lege redierunt bona.
 sed quos perconter video : salvete.

800

Mysis obsecro,
 estne hic quem video Crito sobrinus Chrysidis?
 is est.

Crito o Mysis, salve !

Mysis salvos sis, Crito.

Crito itan Chrysis ? hem.

Mysis nos quidem pol miseris perdidit.

Crito quid vos ? quo pacto hic ? satine recte ?

Mysis nosne ? sic :

ut quimus, aiunt, quando ut volumus non licet.

Crito quid Glycerium ? iam hic suos parentis repperit ?

Mysis utinam !

Crito an nondum etiam ? haud auspicato huc me attuli ;
 nam pol, si id scissem, numquam huc tetulissem
 pedem.

— semper ei dictast esse haec atque habitast soror ;
 quae illius fuerunt possidet : nunc me hospitem
 litis sequi, quam id mihi sit facile atque utile,
 aliorum exempla commonent. simul arbitror,
 iam aliquem esse amicum et defensorem ei ; nam
 fere

810

grandicula iam profectast illinc : clamitent
 me sycphantam, hereditatem persequi
 mendicum. tum ipsam despoliare non lubet.

Mysis o optume hospes ! pol, Crito, antiquom obtines.
 86

THE LADY OF ANDROS

ENTER *Crito* IN TRAVELLING DRESS.

//
Crito (*looking round*) This is the street in which I am told Chrysis lived, she who chose to get riches here discreditably rather than live creditably with small means in her own country. By her death her property according to the statute has fallen to me. Ah, I see some people to inquire of. Good evening to you.

Mysis Bless me, who's this? Isn't it Crito, Chrysis' cousin? It is.

Crito Oh Mysis, how do you do?

Mysis And how are *you*, Sir?

Crito Is Chrysis really—? eh?

Mysis Yes, she's left us, poor things, she's lost to us.

Crito And you others? how do you get on here? pretty well?

Mysis So so, Sir: as the saying is, we do as we can since we can't as we would.

Crito And Glycerium? has she found her parents yet in Athens?

Mysis Would she had!

Crito What, not yet? It was an unlucky star brought me here then. I swear if I had known I should never have come. Glycerium has always been called and considered Chrysis' sister. She is in possession of the property. Now for an alien like me to go to law—how easy and useful that would be the examples of others instruct me. Besides by this time, I expect, she has got some friend and protector, for she was pretty well grown up when she left Andros. People would cry out at me as a swindler, a beggarly hunter after dead people's money. Besides, I shouldn't like to strip the girl.

Mysis Excellent gentleman! Quite the old-world honesty, Sir, I declare!

PUBLIUS TERENCE APER

Crito duc me ad eam, quando huc veni, ut videam.
Mysis maxume.
Davos sequar hos: me nolo in tempore hoc videat senex.

ACTVS V

Chr. Satis iam satis, Simo, spectata erga te amicitias
 mea; 820
 satis pericli incepti adire: orandi iam finem
 face.
 dum studeo obsequi tibi, paene inlusi vitam
 filiae.

Simo immo enim nunc quom maxume abs te postulo atque
 oro, Chremes,
 ut beneficium verbis initum dudum nunc re com-
 probes.

Chr. vide quam iniquos sis prae studio: dum id efficias
 quod cupis,
 neque modum benignitatis neque quid me ores
 cogitas;
 nam si cogites, remittas iam me onerare iniuriis.

Simo

Chr. at rogitas? perpulisti me, ut homini adolescentulo
 in alio occupato amore, abhorrenti ab re uxoria,
 filiam ut darem in seditionem atque in incertas
 nuptias, 830
 eius labore atque eius dolore gnato ut medicarer
 tuo.
 impetrasti: incepti, dum res tetulit. nunc non fert:
 feras.
 illam hinc civem esse aiunt; puer est natus: nos
 missos face.

Simo

per ego te deos oro, ut ne illis animum inducas
 credere,

THE LADY OF ANDROS

- Crito* Take me to her. As I am come, I may as well see her.
Mysis Certainly, Sir.
Davus I shall go with him. I shouldn't like the old man to see me at this moment. [EXEUNT INTO *Glycerium's*.

ACT V

(About ten minutes have elapsed.)

ENTER *Chremes*, *Simo* FOLLOWING.

- Chr.* I have given enough proof, quite enough proof, by now of my friendship for you, *Simo*. I undertook the facing of quite enough risk. Now don't appeal to me any more. My zeal to gratify you nearly led me into playing away my daughter's life.
- Simo* No, no, now more than ever I beg and implore you, *Chremes*, to let the boon promised just now by your lips be ratified by your deed.
- Chr.* See how unfair your affection makes you. If only you can accomplish your desire, you never reflect either that kindness has a limit or what you're asking of me. If you did reflect, you would cease to load me with wrongs.
- Simo* What wrongs?
- Chr.* What a question! You have driven me, when there was a young man preoccupied in a love-affair, averse from matrimony, to agree to his marrying my daughter, a plunge into discord and unstable wedlock, that her trouble and her pain might be the drug to cure your son. You got my consent, I made the arrangement while it suited. Now it doesn't suit, and you must suit yourself to circumstances. They say his mistress is an Athenian by birth. There's a child born. Dismiss us from the case.
- Simo* As heaven is above us, I implore you not to let yourself believe those people, entirely interested as

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

quibus id maxume utilest, illum esse quam deter-
rumum.

nuptiarum gratia haec sunt facta atque incepta
omnia.

ubi ea causa quam ob rem haec faciunt erit adempta
his, desinent.

Chr. erras : cum Davo egomet vidi iurgantem ancillam.

Simo scio.

Chr. ~~vero voltu, quom ibi me adesse neuter tum praesen-~~
~~serat.~~

Simo credo et id facturas Davos dudum praedixit mihi ; 840
et nescio qui id tibi sum oblitus hodie, ac volui,

V.ii dicere.

Davos Animo nunciam otioso esse impero.

Chr. em Davom tibi!

Simo unde egreditur?

Davos meo praesidio atque hospitis.

Simo quid illud malist?

Davos ego commodiorem hominem adventum tempus non
vidi.

Simo. scelus,
quemnam hic laudat?

Davos omnis res est iam in vado.

Simo cesso adloqui?

Davos erus est : quid agam?

Simo o salve, bone vir.

Davos ehem Simo, o noster Chremes
omnia adparata iam sunt intus.

Simo curasti probe.

Davos ubi voles accerse.

Simo bene sane ; id enim vero hinc nunc abest.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

they are in raising that belief, that he's an utter profligate. To stop the marriage has been the aim of all their doings and schemings. Remove the motive and there's an end of their actions.

Chr. You are mistaken. I was present myself at a squabble between Davus and the maid.

Simo I know, I know.

Chr. There was no imposture: neither of them was aware of my presence.

Simo Quite so. Davus told me beforehand that was what they would do; somehow or other I completely forgot to tell you as I meant.

RE-ENTER *Davus*.

Davus (*to Glycerium within, not seeing the others*) I tell you to be quite easy now——

Chr. (*to Simo*) See where he comes from?

Simo Why out of that house?

Davus (*as before*)—by my help and the foreign gentleman's.

Simo (*aside*) What's the mischief now?

Davus (*comes forward, not seeing them*) In all my life I never saw anything fit so perfectly, man, arrival, and moment.

Simo The scoundrel, whom is he belauding now?

Davus (*as before*) All's in safe waters now.

Simo I'd better speak to him. (*advances*)

Davus The master! What am I to do?

Simo (*sneering*) Your servant, good Sir!

Davus Oh Sir, and you too, Sir (*to Chremes*), all is ready now indoors.

Simo You've seen to it finely.

Davus You may fetch her when you like.

Simo Very good, yes, that's all that's lacking now. Now just answer me, Sir: what's your business in that house?

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

etiam tu hoc responde, quid istic tibi negotist?

Davos mihine?

Simo ita.

Davos mihin?

Simo. tibi ergo.

Davos modo huc ii intro.

Simo quasi ego quam dudum rogem.

Davos cum tuo gnato una.

Simo anne est intus Pamphilus? crucior miser!

eho, non tu dixti esse inter eos inimicitias carnufex?
sunt.

Davos quor igitur hic est?

Chr. quid illum censes? cum illa litigat.

Davos immo vero indignum, Chremes, iam facinus ~~taxo~~ ex
me audies.

nescio qui senex modo venit, ~~ellum~~, confidens catus :
quom faciem videas, videtur esse quantivis preti :
tristis veritas inest in vultu atque in verbis fides.

Simo quidnam adportas?

Davos nil equidem, nisi quod illum
audivi dicere.

Simo quid ait tandem?

Davos Glycerium se scire civem esse Atticam.

Simo hem,

Dromo, Dromo.

860

Davos quid est?

Simo Dromo.

Davos audi.

Simo verbum si addideris . . . ! Dromo.

Davos audi obsecro.

Dromo quid vis?

Simo sublimem hunc intro rape, quantum potest.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

- Davus* Mine, Sir? (*stammering*)
- Simo* Yes.
- Davus* Mine?
- Simo* Yes, yours.
- Davus* I stepped in just now.
- Simo* I'm not asking you how long ago.
- Davus* With your son, Sir.
- Simo* Is Pamphilus there? Torture and misery! Didn't you say there were feuds between 'em, gallows-bird?
- Davus* So there are.
- Simo* Why is he there then?
- Chr.* (*sneering*) Why do you suppose he'd be there? He's there for a squabble. ✓
- Davus* No, Sir, no, I must let you into a shocking affair. There was some old gentleman came just now, what a man! all brass and cunning. To look at him you'd think him worth his weight in gold, his face all sombre truthfulness and his voice enough to make you believe him.
- Simo* What's your story now?
- Davus* I've no story, Sir, it's only what I heard him say.
- Simo* And pray what *does* he say?
- Davus* Says he knows Glycerium is an Athenian born.
- Simo* What? (*goes to his door and calls*) Dromo, Dromo!
- Davus* What's the matter?
- Simo* Dromo?
- Davus* Hear me, Sir.
- Simo* Another word, if you dare! Dromo!
- Davus* One word, Sir, for mercy's sake.
- ENTER *Dromo*.
- Dromo* Yes, Sir?
- Simo* Up with him, in with him, quick as you can.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Dromo quem?

Simo Davom.

Davos quam ob rem?

Simo quia lubet. rape inquam.

Davos quid feci?

Simo rape.

Davos si quicquam invenies me mentitum, occidito.

Simo nil audio :

ego iam te commotum reddam.

Davos tamen etsi hoc verumst?

Simo tamen.

cura adservandum vinctum, atque, audin? quadru-
pedem constringito.

age nunciam : ego pol hodie, si vivo, tibi
ostendam erum quid sit pericli fallere,
et illi patrem.

Chr. ah, ne saevi tanto opere.

Simo o Chremes,

pietatem gnati! nonne te miseret mei?
tantum laborem capere ob talem filium!
age Pamphile, exi Pamphile : ecquid te pudet?

870

V.iii

Pam. Quis me volt? perii, pater est.

Simo quid ais, omnium . . .?

Chr. ah,

rem potius ipsam dic ac mitte male loqui.

Simo quasi quicquam in hunc iam gravius dici possiet.

ain tandem, civis Glyceriumst?

Pam. ita praedicant.

Simo "ita praedicant"? o ingentem confidentiam! §

num cogitat quid dicat? num facti piget?

vide num eius color pudoris signum usquam
indicat.

adeo inpotenti esse animo, ut praeter civium ✓

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THE LADY OF ANDROS

- Dromo* Whom, Sir ?
- Simo* Davus.
- Davus* What for ?
- Simo* Because I choose. Off with him, I say.
- Davus* What's my offence ?
- Simo* Off with him. (*Dromo seizes and lifts Davus*)
- Davus* If you find I've lied any bit, put me to death at once.
- Simo* I am deaf: I'll have you shaken up.
- Davus* If it's true, all the same ?
- Simo* All the same. See he's left in chains and, hark you, bound hand to foot like a calf. Oh yes! (*Dromo carries off Davus*) Sure as I live, I'll show you the risk of taking in your master, and him (*shakes his fist at Glycerium's house*) of tricking his father.
- Chr.* Come, come, don't be in such a rage.
- Simo* Oh, Chremes, my undutiful son! Aren't you sorry for me? All this trouble for a son like that! (*goes to Glycerium's door*) Here, Pamphilus! come out, Pamphilus! Have you no shame?
- ENTER *Pamphilus*.
- Pam.* Who's calling? Confusion! My father!
- Simo* Is this credible? Of all the——
- Chr.* (*interrupting*) Come now, get to business, don't abuse him.
- Simo* How can any name be too harsh for him? Do you dare to say that Glycerium is an Athenian?
- Pam.* They tell me so.
- Simo* They tell you so! What boundless assurance! Does he think what to say? does he feel what he's done? is there the least blush on his cheek to show shame? So weak a mind that in spite of the custom and law of his country and of his father's

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

morem atque legem et sui voluntatem patris
tamen hanc habere studeat cum summo probro! // 87 880
me miserum!

Pam.
Simo

hem, modone id demum sensi, Pamphile?
olim istuc, olim, quom ita animum induxti tuom,
quod cuperes aliquo pacto efficiendum tibi,
eodem die istuc verbum vere in te accidit.
sed quid ego? quor me excrucio? quor me
macero?
quor meam senectutem huius sollicito amentia?
an ut pro huius peccatis ego supplicium sufferam?
immo habeat, valeat, vivat cum illa.

Pam.
Simo

mi pater!
quid "mi pater"? quasi tu huius indigeas patris. 890
domus uxor liberi inventi invito patre;
adducti qui illam hinc civem dicant: viceris.
pater, licetne pauca?

Pam.
Simo
Chr.
Simo

quid dices mihi?
tamen, Simo, audi.
ego audiam? quid audiam,
Chremes?

Chr.
Simo
Pam.

at tandem dicat.
age dicat, sino.
ego me amare hanc fateor; si id peccarest, fateor
id quoque.
tibi, pater, me dedo: quidvis oneris inpone,
impera.
vis me uxorem ducere? hanc amittere? ut potero
feram.
hoc modo te obsecro, ut ne credas a me adlegatum
hunc senem:
sine me expurgem atque illum huc coram adducam. 900

Simo
Pam.

adducas?
sine, pater.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

wishes he is still eager to keep his mistress and disgrace himself past anything!

Pam. Wretched man that I am!

Simo Ah Pamphilus, so you feel your wretchedness at last? It was before, it was before, when you brought yourself to think that you must accomplish your desires, no matter how, it was then that the word you use truly attached to you. But what am I saying? Why torture myself? why rend my heart? why trouble my gray hairs with this fellow's senselessness? Am *I* to be punished because *he* has sinned? No, let him keep her and have done with me, let him live with her.

Pam. Father!

Simo Why "father"? As if you wanted *me* for a father. Home, wife, child, you have got them all against your father's will. You have suborned witnesses to swear her an Athenian: have your way.

Pam. Father, may I say one word?

Simo To me? What will you say to me?

Chr. Still, Simo, hear him.

Simo I hear him? What am I to hear, Chremes?

Chr. Still pray let him speak.

Simo Well, well, I let him.

Pam. That I love Glycerium I confess; if it's a fault, I confess the fault also. I put myself in your hands, father: put any burden on me, give me your orders. Do you wish me to take a wife? to break with my love? I will endure it as far as I can. Only for heaven's sake don't believe that this old gentleman was suborned by me. Let me clear myself by bringing him face to face with you. //

Simo Face to face?

Pam. Do now, father.

H

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Chr.* aequom postulat : da veniam.
Pam. sine te hoc exorem.
Simo sino.
 quidvis cupio, dum ne ab hoc me falli comperiar,
 Chremes.
Chr. pro peccato magno paulum supplici satis est patri.
Crito Mitte orare. una harum quaevis causa me ut faciam
V.iv monet,
 vel tu vel quod verumst vel quod ipsi cupio
 Glycerio.
Chr. Andrium ego Critonem video? certe ist.
Crito salvos sis, Chremes.
Chr. quid tu Athenas insolens?
Crito evenit. sed hicinest Simo?
Chr. hic Simost.
Crito men quaeris?
Simo eho tu, Glycerium hinc civem esse ais?
Crito tu negas?
Simo itan huc paratus advenis?
Crito qua re?
Simo rogas?
 tune inpune haec facias? tune hic homines adules- 910
 centulos
 imperitos rerum, eductos libere, in fraudem inlicis?
 sollicitando et pollicitando eorum animos lactas?
Crito sanun es?
Simo ac meretricios amores nuptiis conglutinas?
Pam. perii, metuo ut substet hospes.
Chr. si, Simo, hunc noris satis,
 non ita arbitrere : bonus est hic vir.
Simo hic vir sit bonus?
 itane adtemperate evenit, hodie in ipsis nuptiis
 98

THE LADY OF ANDROS

Chr. It's a just request: you should grant it.

Pam. Pray don't refuse.

Simo Bring him then. Anything to find that he is not deceiving me, Chremes. [EXIT *Pamphilus*.

Chr. For a great fault a little punishment may content a father.

RE-ENTER *Pamphilus* WITH *Crito*.

Crito Say no more. Any one of these inducements is enough to make me do what you wish, your entreaty or the truth of the statement or my good wishes towards Glycerium.

Chr. Whom do I see? *Crito* of Andros? It's certainly *Crito*.

Crito How do you do, Chremes?

Chr. What brings such a rare visitor to Athens?

Crito I'm come, you see. But is this *Simo*?

Chr. *Simo* it is.

Crito Are you inquiring for me?

Simo So, Sir, eh? Do you say Glycerium is an Athenian?

Crito Do you say she isn't?

Simo You come primed, do you?

Crito What do you mean?

Simo Mean? Are you to do this sort of thing with impunity? you to do it in Athens? Striplings with no knowledge of the world, brought up as gentlemen, and you entice them into wrong, cajole them with temptations and promises?

Crito Are you in your right mind?

Simo And solder up their loose amours by marriages?

Pam (*aside*) Confusion! Will the stranger stand his ground?

Chr. *Simo*, if you were well acquainted with my friend, you wouldn't think as you do. He's an honest man.

Simo He honest? and come so pat to-day, the very day

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

ut veniret, antehac numquam? est vero huic credendum, Chremes.

Pam. ni metuam patrem, habeo pro illa re illum quod moneam probe.

Simo sycophanta.

Crito hem.

Chr. sic, Crito, est hic: mitte.

Crito videat qui siet. 919

si mihi perget quae volt dicere, ea quae non volt audiet. ego istaec moveo aut curo? non tu tuom malum aequo animo feras?

nam ego quae dico vera an falsa audierim, iam sciri potest. Atticus quidam olim navi fracta ad Andrum eiectus est et istaec una parva virgo. tum ille egens forte adplicat primum ad Chrysidis patrem se.

Simo fabulam inceptat.

Chr. sine.

Crito itane vero obturbat?

Chr. perge tu.

Crito is mihi cognatus fuit

qui eum recepit. ibi ego audivi ex illo sese esse Atticum.

is ibi mortuost.

Chr. eius nomen?

Crito nomen tam cito?

Pam. Phania.

Chr. hem,

perii

Crito verum hercle opinor fuisse Phanium; hoc certo scio, Rhamnusium se aiebat esse. 930

Chr. o Iuppiter!

Crito eadem haec, Chremes,

multi alii in Andro tum audire.

Chr. utinam id sit quod spero! eho, dic mihi,

THE LADY OF ANDROS

of the wedding and never been in Athens before?
Yes, quite the man to be believed, Chremes.

Pam. (*aside*) But for my fear of my father I could turn the tables on him with a pretty lecture.

Simo Swindler!

Crito What?

Chr. That's his way, Crito; never mind him.

Crito Let him look to his way. If he persists in saying just what he likes, he shall hear what he won't like. Do *I* stir in your affairs, *I* care about them? It's your trouble, and you've got to put up with it. It won't take long to ascertain the truth or falsehood of what I was told. Some years ago an Athenian was shipwrecked on the coast of Andros and this girl with him, then a child. Being destitute he applied first, as it happened, to Chrysis' father.

Simo The preface to his romance!

Chr. Let him speak.

Crito What does he mean by interrupting?

Chr. Go on, go on.

Crito The man who gave him shelter was a kinsman of mine. In his house I heard from the man himself that he was an Athenian; and in the same house he died.

Chr. (*eagerly*) What was his name?

Crito His name? Wait a moment.

Pam. Phania.

Chr. (*aside*) Lord save us!

Crito Yes, on my honour I believe it was Phania; this I'm sure of, that he said he was a Rhamnusian.

Chr. (*aside*) God in heaven!

Crito The story, Chremes, was known to many others in Andros at the time.

Chr. (*aside*) Pray heaven it be as I hope. (*aloud*) I say,

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

quid eam tum? suamne esse aibat?

Crito

non.

Chr.

quoiam igitur?

Crito

fratris filiam.

Chr.

certe meast.

Crito

quid ais?

Simo

quid tu ais?

Pam.

arrige auris, Pamphile!

Simo

qui id credis?

Chr.

Phania illic frater meus fuit.

Simo

noram et scio.

Chr.

is bellum hinc fugiens meque in Asiam persequens
proficiscitur:
tum illam veritust relinquere hic. postilla nunc
primum audio
quid illo sit factum.

Pam.

vix sum apud me: ita animus commotust metu
spe gaudio, mirando tanto tam repentino hoc bono.
ne istam multimodis tuam inveniri gaudeo.

Simo

Pam.

credo, pater.

Chr.

at scrupulus mi etiam unus restat.

940

Pam.

in malam rem ut dignus es
cum tua religione, odium: nodum in scirpo quaeris.

Crito

quid istud est?

Chr.

nomen non convenit.

Crito

fuit hercle huic aliud parvae.

Chr.

quod, Crito?

num quid meministi?

Crito

id quaero.

Pam.

egon huius memoriam patiar meae
voluptati obstare, quom ego possim in hac re
medicari mihi?

THE LADY OF ANDROS

tell me what he said about the girl. Did he say she was his own daughter?

Crito

No.

Chr.

Whose then?

Crito

His brother's.

Chr.

She's undoubtedly mine.

Crito

You don't mean it?

Simo

What do you say?

Pam.

(aside) Hark, Pamphilus!

Simo

What makes you think so?

Chr.

That Phania was my brother.

Simo

I knew the man and know the fact.

Chr.

He left Athens to avoid the war and follow me into Asia. At the time he was afraid to leave the girl here. From then till now I never heard what had become of him.

Pam.

(aside) I'm almost beside myself, all in a flutter of fear, hope, and joy at such a wonderful, great, and sudden blessing.

Simo

Indeed I'm extremely delighted that she turns out to be your daughter.

Pam.

I'm sure you are, father.

Chr.

There's still one small doubt left.

Pam.

(aside) Confound you and your scruples, as you deserve, pestilent wretch! You look for knots in a bulrush.

Crito

What's that?

Chr.

Her name doesn't agree.

Crito

Lord now, she had another when she was a little thing.

Chr.

What was it, Crito? Do you remember at all?

Crito

I'm thinking.

Pam.

(aside) Shall I let his forgetfulness bar my delight

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

heus, Chremes, quod quaeris, Pasibulast.

Pasibula? ipsast.

Chr.

east.

Crito

Pam.

ex ipsa audivi miliens.

Simo

omnis nos gaudere hoc, Chremes,

te credo credere.

Chr.

ita me di ament, credo.

Pam.

quod restat, pater . . .

✓ *Simo*

iam dudum res redduxit me ipsa in gratiam.

Pam.

o lepidum patrem!

de uxore, ita ut possedi, nil mutat Chremes?

Chr.

causa optumast;

nisi quid pater ait aliud.

950

Pam.

nempe id?

Simo

scilicet.

Chr.

dos, Pamphile, est

decem talenta.

Pam.

accipio

Chr.

propero ad filiam. eho mecum, Crito;
nam illam me credo haud nosse.—

Simo

quor non illam huc transferri iubes?

Pam.

recte admones: Davo ego istuc dedam iam negoti.

Simo

non potest.

Pam.

qui?

Simo

quia habet aliud magis ex sese et maius.

Pam.

quidnam?

Simo

vinctus est.

Pam.

pater, non recte vinctust.

Simo

haud ita iussi.

Pam.

iube solvi, obsecro.

Simo

age fiat.

Pam.

at matura.

Simo

eo intro.

Pam.

o faustum et felicem diem

THE LADY OF ANDROS

when I can be doctor to myself? (*aloud*) I say, Sir, the name you ask for is Pasibula.

Chr. Pasibula, you say? That's right.

Crito That's it.

Pam. She's told me so herself a thousand times.

Simo I believe, Chremes, you believe we're all delighted with this.

Chr. As I hope to be saved I do believe it.

Pam. And now, father——?

Simo The event has reconciled me to everything. ✓

Pam. My dear good father! And Chremes consents to her remaining my wife?

Chr. As well he may, unless your father says differently.

Pam. I suppose you don't, Sir?

Simo Of course not.

Chr. Her dowry, Pamphilus, is two thousand guineas. ✓

Pam. I agree.

Chr. I'm in haste to see my daughter. I say, Crito, come with me for I suppose she doesn't know me.

[EXIT WITH *Crito*.]

Simo Why not have her brought across to our house?

Pam. A good suggestion. I'll tell Davus to see to it at once.

Simo He can't.

Pam. Why not?

Simo He has a job more his own and a bigger one.

Pam. What's that?

Simo He's in chains.

Pam. Father! That wasn't a right punishment.

Simo (*laughing*) No, nor upright either.

Pam. Please have him unbound.

Simo Well, be it so.

Pam. And quickly.

Simo I'm just going in.

[EXIT.]

Pam. Oh, what a happy and blessed day.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Char. Quid agat Pamphilus proviso. atque eccum.

V. v

Pam.

me aliquis fors putet
non putare hoc verum, at mihi nunc sic esse hoc
verum lubet.

ego deorum vitam eapropter sempiternam esse arbitror
quod voluptates eorum propriae sunt; nam mi 960
immortalitas

partast, si nulla aegritudo huic gaudio intercesserit.
sed quem ego mihi potissimum optem, quoi nunc
haec narrem dari?

Char. quid illud gaudist?

Pam. Davom video. nemost quem malle omnium
nam hunc scio mea solide solum gavisurum gaudia.

Davos Pamphilus ubinam hic est?

Pam. Dave.

Davos quis homost?

Pam. ego sum.

Davos o Pamphile.

Pam. nescis quid mi obtigerit.

Davos certe; sed quid mi obtigerit scio.

Pam. et quidem ego.

Davos more hominum evenit ut quod sum nactus mali
prius rescisceres tu quam ego illud quod tibi evenit boni.

Pam. Glycerium mea suos parentis repperit.

Davos factum bene.

Char. hem.

Pam. pater amicus summus nobis. 970

Davos quis?

Pam. Chremes.

Davos narras probe.

Pam. nec mora ullast quin iam uxorem ducam.

Char. num ille somniat

THE LADY OF ANDROS

ENTER *Charinus* BEHIND.

Char. (*aside*) I come to see what Pamphilus is about. There he is.

Pam. (*sol.*) A man might perhaps think that I can't think this real; I do though, because it is just after my heart. To my thought what makes life in heaven eternal is that pleasures there are lasting. Yes, I have won immortality if no sorrow cross my happiness. Now for the man to whom I should most like to tell it all: who is he?

Char. (*listening*) What's this transport?

ENTER *Davus* SHOWING SIGNS OF PAIN.

Pam. Davus! the very man of all! I know he's the only man who'll share my transport to the full.

Davus Where's Pamphilus?

Pam. Davus.

Davus Who's that?

Pam. It's me.

Davus (*still in pain*) O Pamphilus!

Pam. You don't know what's befallen me.

Davus No I don't, but I know what's befallen me.

Pam. (*sympathetically*) So do I.

Davus It's the way of the world for you to hear of my bad fortune before I heard of your good.

Pam. My Glycerium has found her parents.

Davus That's all right.

Char. (*aside*) What's this?

Pam. Her father is a great friend of ours.

Davus Who's he?

Pam. Chremes.

Davus Charming news!

Pam. And there's nothing to stop me marrying her at once.

Char. (*aside*) Is this a day-dream of his wakeful desires?

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ea quae vigilans voluit?

Pam. tum de puero, Dave . . .

Davos ah, desine!

solus es quem diligant di?

Char. salvos sum, si haec vera sunt.

conloquar.

Pam. quis homost? Charine, in tempore ipso mi advenis.

Char. bene factum.

Pam. audisti?

Char. omnia. age, me in tuis secundis respice.

tuos est nunc Chremes: facturum quae voles scio
esse omnia.

Pam. memini: atque adeo longumst illum me expectare
dum exeat.

sequere hac me intro: intus apud Glyceriumst nunc.

tu, Dave, abi domum,

propera, accerse hinc qui auferant eam. quid stas?

quid cessas?

Davos eo.

ne expectetis dum exeant huc: intus despondebitur; 980,

intus transigetur si quid est quod restet.

Cantor Plaudite!

THE LADY OF ANDROS

- Pam.* And then as for the child, Davus,—
Davus Ah, say no more, you're the only favourite of heaven.
Char. All's well with me if this is true. I'll speak to them.
(*advances*)
Pam. Who's that? Charinus! Charinus, you come at the very moment.
Char. I give you joy.
Pam. You heard?
Char. Everything. Come now, in your happiness have some thought for me. Chremes is now your own, I'm sure he'll do anything you wish.
Pam. I have it in mind. What's more it would be tedious to wait for him to come out. Come indoors with me; he's at Glycerium's. Off home, Davus, make haste, send people to bring her across. Why are you standing like that? Get along with you.
Davus I'm going. [EXEUNT Pamphilus AND Charinus.] (*to the audience*) You needn't wait till they come out again: the betrothal will take place indoors and any other business that remains.
Mus. Clap your hands.

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ALTER EXITVS SVPPPOSITICIVS

- Pam.* Te exspectabam: est de tua re quod agere ego tecum volo.
operam dedi ne me esse oblitum dicas tuae gnatae alterae:
tibi me opinor invenisse dignum te atque illa virum.
- Char.* perii, Dave: de meo amore ac vita nunc sors tollitur.
- Chr.* non nova istaec mihi condiciost, si voluissem, Pamphile.
- Char.* occidi, Dave.
- Davos* ah, mane.
- Char.* perii.
- Chr.* id quam ob rem non volui eloquar.
non idcirco quod eum omnino adfinem mihi nollem,
- Char.* hem.
- Davos* tace.
- Chr.* sed amicitia nostra quae est a patribus nostris tradita,
non aliquam partem, sed studui adauctam tradi liberis.
nunc quom copia ac fortuna utriusque ut obsequeretur dedit, 10
detur.
- Pam.* bene factum.
- Davos* adi atque age homini gratias.
- Char.* salve, Chremes,
meorum amicorum omnium mi aequissume.
quid multa verba? mihi non minus est gaudio
me repperisse, ut habitus antehac fva tibi,
quam mi evenire nunc id quod ego abs te expeto.
- Chr.* animum, Charine, quocumque adplicaveris,
studium exinde ut erit, tute existimaveris.
- Pam.* id ita esse facere coniecturam ex me licet.
- Char.* alienus abs te tamen qui esses noveram.
- Chr.* ita res est: gnata[m] tibi meam Philumenam 20
uxorem et dotis sex talenta spondeo.

THE LADY OF ANDROS

AN ALTERNATIVE ENDING.

- Pam.* (I have it in mind) and here comes Chremes (ENTER *Chremes.*) I have been waiting for you, Sir; there's a matter that concerns you. I have looked to it that you shouldn't say I had forgotten your other daughter. I think I have found a husband to suit both you and her.
- Char.* (*aside*) I'm quivering, Davus: it's for my love and life the lot is drawing.
- Chr.* That matter is no new proposal to me, if I had liked it, Pamphilus.
- Char.* Davus, I'm lost.
- Davus* Hold up, Sir,
- Char.* Quite lost.
- Chr.* I'll tell you why I didn't. It isn't that I was altogether against the young man,—
- Char.* (*aside*) What?
- Davus* Hush!
- Chr.* —but I was eager that the friendship which Simo and I inherited from our fathers should be handed on, not diminished but increased, to our children. Now that I have the means and the chance of a double gratification, let her marry him.
- Pam.* That is right.
- Davus* Go up and thank your man.
- Char.* Good evening, Chremes. Of all my friends you are the kindest to me. I need not say much. It is no less a pleasure to have learnt your former attitude towards me than to be successful in my present request.
- Chr.* When the mind, Charinus, is devoted in any direction, you may judge for yourself of the consequent enthusiasm.
- Pam.* The truth of that may be inferred from my own case.
- Char.* My lack of friendliness did not conceal your character from me.
- Chr.* Now then I betroth my daughter Philumena to you and promise a dowry of fifteen hundred pounds.
-
- [EXEUNT OMNES.]

PUBLI

ALTER

Pam. Te exspectabar
operam dedi ne
tibi me opinor

Char. perii, Dave: de

Chr. non nova ista

Char. occidi, Dave.

Davos

Char.

Chr.

non idcirco

Char.

Davos

Chr. sed amici

non aliq-

nunc qu-

detur.

1

Pam.

Davos

Char.

meo

qu-

me

qu-

a

Chr.

Pam.

Char.

Chr.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

INCIPIT HEAVTON TIMORVMENOS TERENTI . GRAECA EST
MENANDRV . ACTA LVDIS MEGALENSIB L . CORNELIO
LENTVLO L . VALERIO FLACCO AEDILIB . CVRVLIB . EGIT
AMBIVIVS TVRPIO . MODOS FECIT FLACCVS CLAVDI . ACTA
PRIMVM TIBIIS INPARIBUS DEINDE DVABVS DEXTRIS .
FACTAST SECVNDA M' . IVVENTIO TI . SEMPRONIO COS

The Self-Tormentor by Terence from the Greek of Menander. Acted at the Games of the Mighty Mother in the Curule Aedileship of Lucius Cornelius Lentulus and Lucius Valerius Flaccus under the management of Ambivius Turpio. Pipe-music by Flaccus, servant to Claudius. Acted the first time with pipes bass and treble, the second with two bass. The adapter's second comedy. Produced in the Consulship of Manius Juventius and Tiberius Sempronius.

C. SVLPICI APOLLINARIS
PERIOCHA

In militiam proficisci gnatum Cliniam
amantem Antiphilam compulit durus pater
animique sese angebat facti paenitens.
mox ut reversust, clam patrem devortitur
ad Clitiphonem. is amabat scortum Bacchidem.
cum accerseret cupitam Antiphilam Clinia,
et eius Bacchis venit amica ac servolae
habitum gerens Antiphila : factum id quo patrem
suam celaret Clitipho. hic technis Syri
decem minas meretriculae aufert a sene.
Antiphila Clitiphonis reperitur soror :
hanc Clinia, aliam Clitipho uxorem accipit.

10

PERSONAE

CHREMES SENEX

MENEDEMVS SENEX

CLITIPHO ADVLESCENS

CLINIA ADVLESCENS

SYRVS SERVOS

DROMO SERVOS

BACCHIS MERETRIX

ANTIPHILA VIRGO

SOSTRATA MATRONA

CANTHARA NVTRIX

PHRYGIA ANCILLA

CANTOR

SUMMARY OF THE PLAY

BY GAIUS SULPICIUS APOLLINARIS

Clinia being in love with Antiphila was compelled by his father's harshness to take service abroad. Afterwards his father tormented himself with regret for his action. After a time the son returned without his father's knowledge and put up with Clitipho whose mistress was Bacchis. Clinia desiring to see Antiphila, Bacchis came to Clitipho's in the character of Clinia's friend with Antiphila in a maidservant's dress. Clitipho's object was to deceive his father, and by the tricks of Syrus he obtained from the old man a sum of fifty pounds to pay for Bacchis. Antiphila is discovered to be Clitipho's sister. Clinia marries her and Clitipho marries Bacchis.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CHREMES }
MENEDEMUS } *old gentlemen of Attica.*
CLITIPHO, *son to Chremes.*
CLINIA, *son to Menedemus.*
SYRUS, }
DROMO, } *servants (slaves) to Chremes.*
SOSTRATA, *wife to Chremes.*
BACCHIS, *mistress to Clitipho.*
ANTIPHILA, *a young lady, beloved by Clinia.*
A NURSE, *in the household of Chremes.*
PHRYGIA, *maid to Bacchis.*

PROLOGVS

L. AMBIVIVS

Neq̄ui sit vostrum mirum quor̄ partis seni
poeta dederit quae sunt adulescentium,
id primum dicam, deinde quod veni eloquar.
ex integra Graeca integram comoediam
hodie sum acturus Heauton Timorumenon.
duplex quae ex argumento facta est simplici.
novam esse ostendi et quae esset: nunc qui scripserit
et quōia Graeca sit, ni partem maxumam
existumarem scire vostrum, id dicerem.
nunc quam ob rem has partis didicerim pauçis dabo. 10
// oratorem esse voluit me, non prologum:
vostrum iudicium fecit: me actorem dedit,
si hic actor tantum poterit a facundia *eloquar*
quantum ille potuit cogitare commode,
qui orationem hanc scripsit quam dicturus sum.

nam quod rumores distulerunt malevoli,
multas contaminasse Graecas, dum facit
paucas Latinas: id esse factum hic non negat
neque se pigere et deinde facturum autumat.
habet bonorum exemplum, quo exemplo sibi
licere id facere quod illi fecerunt putat. 20
tum quod malevolus vetus poeta dicitat,
repente ad studium hunc se adplicasse musicum,
amicum ingenio fretum, haud natura sua:
arbitrium vostrum, vostra existumatio
valebit. qua re oratos omnis vos volo,
ne plus iniquom possit quam aequom oratio,
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*Subdubio
supponitur*

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY LUCIUS AMBIVIUS

It may surprise you that the playwright has given to an old man a task usually assigned to a younger actor. Let me explain before delivering what I am come to deliver. We are about to produce a fresh comedy from a fresh Greek source, the Self-Tormentor. It has been changed from a single into a double plot. I have told you it is a new play and what play it is. Were it not that I thought most of you know, I should now tell you who wrote it and who is the author of the Greek original. I will now briefly explain why I am the speaker of the prologue. //He meant to be a pleader, not only a speaker of this part. He has made you the court and me the advocate, if only the present advocate is as successful in his delivery as the writer of this speech has been pointed in his thoughts. //

As to the malignant rumours, by which he has been mangled, to the effect that he has combined many Greek plays and written few Latin ones, he doesn't deny having done this: he declares he does not repent and will do it again. He has the precedent of good writers, whose example he considers himself entitled to follow. As for the assertion of the malignant old playwright that his devotion to a literary calling is a sudden freak, in which he relies on the genius of his friends, not on his own abilities, on this it is your judgement and your opinion that will decide. I must appeal to you then not to let the remarks of the slanderers have more weight than the remarks of the candid. Be sure that you

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causally
facite aequi sitis, date crescendi copiam.
novarum qui spectandi faciunt copiam
sine vitiis. ne ille pro se dictum existumet, 30
qui nuper fecit servo currenti in via
decesse populum: quor insano serviat?
eius de peccatis plura dicet, quom dabit
alias novas, nisi finem maledictis facit.

calm
ponder
adeste aequo animo, date potestatem mihi
statariam agere ut liceat per silentium,
ne semper servos currens, iratus senex,
edax parasitus, sycophanta autem inpu-
dens, avarus leno adsidue agendi sint mihi
clamore summo, cum labore maximo. 40

mea causa causam hanc iustam esse animum inducite,
ut aliqua pars laboris minuatur mihi.
nam nunc novas qui scribunt nil parcunt seni:
si quae laboriosast, ad me curritur;
si lenis est, ad alium defertur gregem.
in hac est pura oratio. experimini
in utramque partem ingenium quid possit meum. 47
exemplum statuete in me, ut adolescentuli 51
vobis placere studeant potius quam sibi.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

are candid, and allow those to rise in the world who give you the opportunity of seeing new plays free from certain faults. This is not to be taken to himself as a defence by him who the other day represented the people in the street making way for a footman on the run: why be slave to a madman? On his rival's faults our playwright will speak further on his production of other new plays unless that rival put an end to his abuse.

Now follow this play with candour and allow me to represent without interruption a drama of quiet action. The footman on the run, the greybeard in a passion, the greedy sponger, the brazen adventurer, the covetous pandar, are parts that I have no wish to act everlastingly at the top of my voice and with extreme exertion. For my sake bring yourselves to see my plea as a just one that I may have some alleviation of my labours. Yes, nowadays, writers of new plays have no mercy on an old man. A fatiguing part, and it's me they run to: an easy part and another troupe gets it. In the present play you have a natural style. Try the measure of my talents in either line. Set a pattern in my case in order that the young may be more zealous to please you than to please themselves.

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ACTVS I

Chr. Quamquam haec inter nos nuper notitia admodumst
(inde adeo quom agrum in proxumo hic mercatus es)
nec rei fere sane hoc amplius quicquam fuit :
tamen vel virtus tua me vel vicinitas,
quod ego in propinqua parte amicitiae puto,
facit ut te audacter moneam et familiariter,
quod mihi videre praeter aetatem tuam
facere et praeter quam res te adhortatur tua. 60
nam pro deum atque hominum fidem quid vis tibi?
quid quaeris? annos sexaginta natus es
aut plus eo, ut conicio; in his regionibus
meliorem agrum neque preti maioris nemo habet;
servos compluris: proinde quasi nemo siet,
ita attente tute illorum officia fungere.
numquam tam mane egredior neque tam vesperi
domum revortor quin te in fundo conspicer
fodere aut arare aut aliquid ferre. denique
nullum remittis tempus neque te respicis. 70
haec non voluptati tibi esse satis certo scio.
at enim me quantum hic operis fiat paenitet.
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THE SELF-TORMENTOR

The scene is in Attica on a country road without hedges. On one side the house and land of Menedemus, on the other the houses of Chremes and Phania.

ACT I

(Time, Afternoon.)

Menedemus IS DISCOVERED ON HIS LAND. HE IS AT WORK WITH A MATTOCK. TO HIM *Chremes*.

Chr. Young as this acquaintance of ours is, starting in fact from your purchase of the farm next to mine, and I must admit there has been no more business between us, still there's something—it may be your goodness or may be your living next door, a thing which I reckon the half-way house to friendship—something which leads me to admonish you with the boldness of an intimate friend. It seems to me you are working too hard for your time of life, harder than your circumstances demand. Heaven and earth, man, what's your meaning? what's your object? You are sixty years old, if not more, at least I guess so. As for estate there is no one hereabouts has a better or one worth more. You have plenty of men to work it, yet, just as if you hadn't a single one, there you are, straining yourself to do *their* work. However early I go off in the morning, however late I come home in the evening, I always catch sight of you on your farm busy with a spade or a plough or carrying some burden. In a word you never ease off for a single moment, never spare yourself at all. That the work is no pleasure to you I am quite sure. You may say you are dissatisfied with the amount of work done on the place. If the energy which

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quod in opere faciundo operae consumis tuae,
si sumas in illis exercendis, plus agas.

Mene. Chremes, tantumne ab re tuast oti tibi
aliena ut cures ea quae nil ad te attinent?

Chr. homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto.
vel me monere hoc vel percontari puta:
rectumst, ego ut faciam; non est, te ut deterream.

Mene. mihi sic est usus; tibi ut opus factost face. 80

Chr. an quoiquamst usus homini se ut cruciet?

Mene. mihi.

Chr. si quid laborist nollem. sed quid istuc malist?
quaeso, quid de te tantum meruisti?

Mene. ei mihi!

Chr. ne lacruma atque istuc, quidquid est, fac me ut
sciam:

ne retice, ne verere, crede inquam mihi:
aut consolando aut consilio aut re iuvero.

Mene. scire hoc vis?

Chr. hac quidem causa qua dixi tibi.

Mene. dicetur.

Chr. at istos rastros interea tamen
adpone, ne labora.

Mene. minume.

Chr. quam rem agis?

Mene. sine me vocivom tempus ne quod dem mihi 90
124

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

you use up in personal labour were spent in keeping your men to their work, you would make a better thing of it.

Mene. Chremes, have you so much time to spare from your own affairs that you can attend to another man's with which you have no concern?

Chr. I am a man, I hold that what affects another man affects me. You may take it that I am offering advice or asking a question, which you like, so that if you are right I may do as you, if you are wrong I may scare you out of this. ✓

Mene. I have got to do this; *you* may do what you find necessary for your own case.

Chr. Has any man got to torment himself?

Mene. I have.

Chr. If you have some cause of distress, I am sorry; but what is it? what's the trouble? Please tell me what grievous crime you have committed against yourself.

Mene. Oh! oh! (*in tears*)

Chr. Don't, weep, tell me your trouble whatever it is: don't be reserved or afraid. Trust me, I say; you'll find I can help you either by consolation or by advice, possibly by direct assistance.

Mene. You would like to be told?

Chr. Yes, for the reason I have given you.

Mene. Then you shall.

Chr. Well but your mattocks, lay 'em down for the present; whatever your trouble, don't go on working.

Mene. No, no.

Chr. But what's your object?

Mene. Don't prevent me giving myself no moment's holiday from work.

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laboris.

Chr. non sinam, inquam.

Mene. ah, non aequom facis.

Chr. hui, tam gravis hos, quaeso?

Mene. sic meritumst meum.

Chr. nunc loquere.

Mene. filium unicum adulescentulum habeo. ah, quid dixi? habere me? immo habui, Chremes;

nunc habeam necne incertumst.

Chr. quid ita istuc?

Mene. scies.

est e Corintho hic advena anus paupercula;
 eius filiam ille amare coepit perditē,
 prope iam ut pro uxore haberet: haec clam me omnia.
 ubi rem rescivi, coepi non humanitus 100
 neque ut animum decuit aegrotum adulescentuli
 tractare, sed vi et via pervolgata patrum.
 cottidie accusabam: "hem, tibine haec diutius
 licere speras facere me vivo patre,
 amicam ut habeas prope iam in uxoris loco?
 erras, si id credis, et me ignoras, Clinia.
 ego te meum esse dici tantisper volo,
 dum quod te dignumst facies; sed si id non facis,
 ego quod me in te sit facere dignum invenero.
 nulla adeo ex re istuc fit nisi ex nimio otio.
 ego istuc aetatis non amori operam dabam, 110
 sed in Asiam hinc abii propter pauperiem atque ibi
 simul rem et gloriam armis belli repperi."
 postremo adeo res rediit: adulescentulus
 saepe eadem et graviter audiendo victus est;
 aetate me putavit et sapientia
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THE SELF-TORMENTOR

- Chr.* No really, I will prevent you. (*takes the mattocks*)
- Mene.* Ah, that's wrong of you.
- Chr.* What? heavy as this? My good man! (*weighing them in his hands*)
- Mene.* I have deserved it.
- Chr.* Now say on. (*lays them down*)
- Mene.* I have an only son, a mere lad. Ah, what do I say? have a son? No, I had a son, Chremes; whether I have one now I can't tell.
- Chr.* How is that?
- Mene.* I will tell you. In Athens there is a foreigner from Corinth, an old woman of small means. My son fell desperately in love with her daughter, in fact was almost as good as married to her, all this without my knowledge. When I found it out, instead of handling the matter kindly, in the way I ought to have dealt with a stripling's lovesick heart, I took the violent line that is common with parents. Day after day I nagged at him. "So, Sir," I would say, "do you think you're to be allowed such liberties any longer in your father's lifetime, and almost as good as marry a mistress? You're mistaken, if you think so, and you don't know your man, Clinia. I am ready that you should be called my son just so far as you do what befits you; if you act otherwise you will see me find the fitting way to deal with you. Ay, all this comes merely from such a want of employment. When I was young I didn't busy myself with love. No, Sir, I was off to Asia because of my lack of means, and there on service, active service, Sir, got both money and glory." At last matters came to this pass: the lad by having this perpetually and painfully dinned into him was overcome. He reflected that from years and experience

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plus scire et providere quam se ipsum sibi:
in Asiam ad regem militatum abiit, Chremes.

Chr. quid ais?

Mene. clam me profectus mensis tris abest.

Chr. ambo accusandi; etsi illud inceptum tamen
animist pudentis signum et non instrenui.

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Mene. ubi comperi ex eis qui fuere ei conscii,
domum revortor maestus atque animo fere
perturbato atque incerto prae aegritudine.
adsido; adcurrunt servi, soccos detrahunt;
video alios festinare, lectos sternere,
cenam adparare: pro se quisque sedulo
faciebant quo illam mihi lenirent miseriam.
ubi video, haec coepi cogitare "hem, tot mea
soli solliciti sint causa ut me unum expleant?
ancillae tot me vestiant? sumptus domi
tantos ego solus faciam? sed gnatum unicum,
quem pariter uti his decuit aut etiam amplius,
quod illa aetas magis ad haec utenda idoneast,
eum ego hinc eieci miserum iniustitia mea!
malo quidem me quovis dignum deputem,
si id faciam. nam usque dum ille vitam illam colet
inopem carens patria ob meas iniurias,
interea usque illi de me supplicium dabo
laborans, parcens, quaerens, illi serviens."
ita facio prorsus: nil relinquo in aedibus
nec vas nec vestimentum: conrasi omnia.

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ancillas, servos, nisi eos qui opere rustico
faciundo facile sumptum exsercirent suom,
omnis produxi ac vendidi. inscripsi ilico
aedis mercede. quasi talenta ad quindecim

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THE SELF-TORMENTOR

I must know better than he did and could look out for him better than he could for himself. Off to Asia he went, Chremes, to take service with the king.

Chr. Do you mean it?

Mene. Yes, he started without a word to me and has been gone three months.

Chr. You are both to blame, not but what his enterprise shows respect, yes and spirit as well.

Mene. When I found it out from the friends in his confidence I returned home in dejection, completely upset and my mind tottering with distress. I sank into a chair: up ran my servants and pull off my shoes. I see others bustling about, arranging the cushions and laying for dinner, every one zealously doing his best to ease my unhappiness. The sight set me thinking. "What? are all these men to be so solicitous on my account only, for my sole satisfaction? All these maids to look to my clothes? All this vast household expenditure to be for me only, while my only son, who should have shared the enjoyment equally, no, had more of it, since youth is the time for enjoyment,—I have driven the poor boy out by my injustice, mine? I should account myself deserving indeed of any punishment, if I acted in that way. No, so long as he lives that pinched life over there, cut off from his country by my harsh acts, I shall punish myself all the time for his sake, toiling, pinching, accumulating, slaving, all for him." That's what I have been doing from that moment. I left no stick in the house, not a jar, not a curtain, I scraped everything together. The slaves, men and women, except those who could easily make up the cost of their keep by work on the farm, every one of them I

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coegi: agrum hunc mercatus sum: hic me exerceo. //
decevi me tantisper minus iniuriae,

Chremes, meo gnato facere dum fiam miser;

nec fas esse ulla me voluptate hic frui,

nisi ubi ille huc salvos redierit meus particeps. 150

Chr. ingenio te esse in liberos leni puto, 151

et illum obsequentem si quis recte aut commode

tractaret. verum nec tu illum satis noveras

nec te ille; hoc ubi fit, ibi non vere vivitur.

✓ tu illum numquam ostendisti quanti penderes

nec tibi illest credere ausus quae est aequom patri.

quod si esset factum, haec numquam evenissent
tibi. 152

Mene. ita res est, fateor: peccatum a me maxumest.

Chr. Menedeme, at porro recte spero et illum tibi

salvom adfuturum esse hic confido propediem. 160

Mene. utinam ita di faxint!

Chr. facient. nunc si commodumst.

(Dionysia hic sunt hodie) apud me sis volo.

Mene. non possum.

Chr. quor non? quaeso tandem aliquantulum

tibi parce: idem absens facere te hoc volt filius.

Mene. non convenit, qui illum ad laborem hinc pepulerim

nunc me ipsum fugere.

Chr. sicine est sententia?

Mene. sic.

Chr. bene vale.

Mene. et tu.—

Chr. lacrimas excussit mihi

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

put up to auction and sold. My house I advertised for immediate sale. So I got together about four thousand pounds and bought this bit of land. Here I keep myself at work. I have made up my mind, Chremes, that I lessen my wrong to my son in proportion as I make myself miserable, and that I am not entitled to enjoy any pleasure here until he comes back safe and sound and can share it with me.

Chr. You, I think, have the spirit of an indulgent father and he would be a compliant son if he were handled with fairness and tact. As it was, you didn't really know him nor he you. Where this happens there people are not living openly. You never disclosed how much he was to you, and he never dared place in you the confidence which is a father's right. Had that been done, this would never have happened to you.

Mene. That is so, I own it, I have been grievously in fault.

Chr. Still, my friend, for the future I hope for the best and I am confident you will see him return safe and sound and that very soon.

Mene. Heaven grant I may!

Chr. Heaven will. Now if you don't mind—it's the village feast here to-day—I should like you to dine with me.

Mene. Impossible.

Chr. But why? Do pray spare yourself the least bit. Though he's away your son would like you to do so.

Mene. It's not fit that after driving him off to hard labour I should now shirk it myself.

Chr. You are determined?

Mene. Yes.

Chr. Good-bye then.

Mene. Good-bye.

Chr. He has forced tears from me and I am really sorry

[EXIT.]

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

miseretque me eius. sed ut diei tempus est,
tempust monere me hunc vicinum Phanium
ad cenam ut veniat: ibo, visam si domist. 170
nil opus fuit monitore: iam dudum domi
praesto apud me esse aiunt. egomet convivas moror.
ibo adeo hinc intro. sed quid crepuerunt fores
hinc a me? quisnam egreditur? huc concessero.

Clit. Nil adhuc est quod vereare, Clinia: haud quaquam
I. ii etiam cessant
et illam simul cum nuntio hic tibi adfuturam hodie
scio.
proin tu sollicitudinem istam falsam quae te excruciat
mittas.

Chr. quicum loquitur filius?
Clit. pater adest quem volui: adibo. pater, opportune
advenis.

Chr. quid id est? 180
Clit. hunc Menedemum nostin nostrum vicinum?
Chr. probe.

Clit. huic filium scis esse?
Chr. audivi esse: in Asia.
Clit. non est, pater:
apud nos est.

Chr. quid ais?
Clit. advenientem, e navi egredientem ilico
abduxi ad cenam; nam mihi cum eo iam inde a pueritia
fuit semper familiaritas.

Chr. voluptatem magnam nuntias.
quam vellem Menedemum invitatum ut nobiscum
esset amplius,
ut hanc laetitiam necopinanti primus obicerem ei
domi!
atque etiam nunc tempus est.

Clit. cave faxis: non opus est, pater.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

for him. Well, it's getting late and it's time I reminded my neighbour Phania here to come to dinner. I'll go and see if he's in. (*goes to Phania's door, knocks, speaks, and turns back*) There was no need of a reminder, they tell me he has been some time at my house. It is I that am keeping my guests. I'll go in at once. Ah, I hear some one opening my door. Who is coming out? I'll step aside. (*retires behind the door*)

ENTER *Clitipho* FROM *Chremes'* HOUSE.

Clit. (*speaking to Clinia within*) You have no cause to fear yet, Clinia; they are not behind time yet and I am quite sure she will arrive with the messenger. No more of this groundless anxiety which torments you.

Chr. (*aside*) Whom is my son talking to?

Clit. Here's my father; the very man, I'll speak to him. Father, you come at the right moment.

Chr. What is it?

Clit. Our neighbour Menedemus, do you know him?

Chr. Very well.

Clit. And you are aware he has a son?

Chr. I have heard so; he's in Asia.

Clit. He isn't, father; he's at our house.

Chr. At our house?

Clit. He is just come back, I met him on the quay just disembarked and brought him straight here to dinner, for we have been close friends from boyhood.

Chr. Good news, my boy, delightful news! How I wish I had been more pressing in my invitation to Menedemus that I might have been the first to surprise him with this joy under my own roof. And there's time to do it yet. (*going*)

Clit. Don't, father, please; you mustn't.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Chr.* quapropter?
Clit. quia enim incertust etiam quid se faciat.
 modo venit;
 timet omnia, iram patris et animum amicae se erga
 ut sit suae.
 eam misere amat; propter eam haec turba atque 190
 abitio evenit.
- Chr.* scio.
Clit. nunc servolum ad eam in urbem misit et ego nostrum
 una Syrum.
- Chr.* quid narrat?
Clit. quid ille? se miserum esse.
Chr. // miserum? quem minus crederes?
 quid relicuist quin habeat quae quidem in homine
 dicuntur bona?
 parentis, patriam incolumem, amicos, genus, co-
 gnatos, ditias.
 atque haec perinde sunt ut illius animust qui ea
 possidet:
 qui uti scit ei bona; illi qui non utitur recte mala. //
- Clit.* immo ille fuit senex inportunus semper, et nunc
 nil magis
 vereor quam ne quid in illum iratus plus satis faxit,
 pater.
- Chr.* illicine? sed me reprimam: nam in metu esse hunc
 illist utile.
- Clit.* quid tute tecum?
Chr. dicam: ut ut erat, mansum tamen oportuit. 200
 fortasse aliquantum iniquior erat praeter eius lubidi-
 nem:
 pateretur; nam quem ferret si parentem non ferret
 suum?
 huncine erat aequom ex more illius an illum ex
 huius vivere?

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Chr. Why not?

Clit. Because he's still in doubt what to do with himself. He is only just back, he is full of fears about his father's anger and his mistress' feelings towards him. He is desperately in love with her, and she is the source of this trouble and of his going abroad.

Chr. Yes, I know.

Clit. Now he has sent his page to her in town, and I have sent our Syrus with him.

Chr. What is his account of himself?

Clit. His account of himself is that he is miserable.

Chr. Miserable? Whom could you fancy less so? What is there left for him to get of all that are accounted blessings in a man's case? Parents, a prosperous country, friends, family, relatives, riches, he has 'em all, but all these things get their value from the possessor's mind; blessings, if you know how to use them; if you don't, curses.

Clit. Ah, but the father has always been a troublesome old man and now there's nothing I fear more than some passionate outbreak of his against my friend.

Chr. Outbreak? he?—(*aside*) But I will restrain myself; it's good for Menedemus that his son should be in apprehension.

Clit. What are you saying to yourself?

Chr. I will tell you. Be things as they might, your friend ought to have stopped at home. Perhaps his father was a little too strict for his desire: he ought to have put up with it, for whom should he have borne with if not with his own father? Which was right, for the son to suit his ways to the father's or the father to the son's? And as to the lad's

PUBLIUS TERENCE AFER

et quod illum insimulat durum id non est; nam
parentum iniuriae
unius modi sunt ferme, paulo qui est homo tolerabilis .
scortari crebro nolunt, nolunt crebro convivariis,
praebent exigue sumptum; atque haec sunt tamen
ad virtutem omnia.

verum animus ubi semel se cupiditate devinxit mala,
necesses, Clitipho, consilia consequi consimilia.
scitumst periculum ex aliis facere tibi quod ex usu
siet.

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Clit.

ita credo.

Chr.

ego ibo hinc intro, ut videam nobis cenae quid siet.
tu, ut tempus est diei, vide sis ne quo hinc abeas
longius.

ACTVS II

Clit.

Quam iniqui sunt patres in omnis adolescentis iudices!
qui aequom esse censent nos a pueris ilico nasci
senes
neque illarum adfinis esse rerum quas fert adolescentia,
lubidine ex sua moderantur nunc quae est, non quae
olim fuit.

S.

mihī si umquam filius erit, ne ille facili me utetur
patre;

nam et cognoscendi et ignoscendi dabitur peccati
locus:

non ut meust qui mihi per alium ostendit suam
sententiam.

perii! is mi, ubi adbibit plus paulo, sua quae narrat 220
facinora!

nunc ait "periculum ex aliis facito tibi quod ex usu
siet":

astutus. ne ille haud scit quam mihi nunc surdo
narret fabulam.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

pretending his father is hard, that's not the case. The harshnesses of fathers are generally after one pattern if there is any reasonableness in the man at all. They don't wish their boys to be constantly loose in life or constantly at wine and they scant their allowances, but all this is only with an eye to soundness of character. But when once the mind has enslaved itself to vicious appetites, it follows inevitably, Clitipho, that it should take to schemes of the same colour. The wise course is to draw from others the lesson that may profit yourself.

Clit. Yes, I think so.

Chr. I will go in and see what sort of dinner we have got. It's getting late; mind, please, that you don't go far out of the way. [EXIT INTO HIS HOUSE.]

ACT II

Clit// What unfair judges fathers are to all young men! They think it right that we should be born grey-beards straight away and have no touch of the tastes which youth suggests. They hold the reins to suit their own desires, the desires they have now, not those which they had years ago. If ever I have a son, I swear he shall find in me an indulgent father, // shall find means not only for discovering but also for pardoning an offence, not like my father who shows me his sentiments under cover of another man. Confound it, when he has a glass or two in him what pranks he relates of his own. Now "Draw from others," says he, "the lesson that may profit yourself." Cunning old dad! On my word he little knows into what deaf ears he pours his parable. To me at the moment

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

magis nunc me amicae dicta stimulant "da mihi"
atque "adfer mihi":

quoi quod respondeam nil habeo; neque me quisquamst miserior.

nam hic Clinia, etsi is quoque suarum rerum sat agitat, tamen
habet bene et pudice eductam, ignaram artis meretriciae.

meast inpotens, procax, magnifica, sumptuosa, nobilis.
tum quod dem ei "recte" est; nam nil esse mihi religiosiost dicere.

hoc ego mali non pridem inveni neque etiamdum scit pater.

Clinia Si mihi secundae res de amore meo essent, iam dudum scio 230
II. ii

venissent; sed vereor ne mulier me absente hic corrupta sit.

concurrunt multa opinionem hanc quae mihi animo exaugeant:

occasio, locus, aetas, mater quoius sub imperiost mala,
quoi nil iam praeter pretium dulcest.

*

Clit.

Clinia.

Clinia

ei misero mihi!

Clit.

etiam caves ne videat forte hic te a patre aliquis exiens?

Clinia

faciam; sed nescio quid profecto mi animus praesagit mali.

Clit.

pergin istuc prius diiudicare quam scis quid veri siet?

Clinia

si nil mali esset, iam hic adessent.

Clit.

iam aderunt.

Clinia

quando istuc "iam" erit?

*S. de ...

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

there's a much sharper point in what my mistress says with her "Give me" and her "Bring me," and I haven't a word to answer. I'm the most miserable dog in the world. As for Clinia here, though he has trouble enough of his own on his hands, still he loves a lady brought up in virtue and modesty and ignorant of the baser trade. Mine is a wild bold creature full of fine airs and extravagant habits, all high and mighty. What is more, my gifts to her don't go beyond saying "All right," for I have scruples about owning that I haven't a penny. This is a plague I have only lately lighted on, and it isn't yet come to my father's ears.

ENTER *Clinia* FROM *Chremes'* HOUSE.

Clinia (to himself) If I had been lucky in love, I am sure they would have been here some time ago; I'm afraid, I'm afraid that while I have been away she has fallen. Many things concur to confirm this impression in my mind, the opportunity, the place, her age, the wickedness of the mother under whose control she is and who has no palate for anything but cash.

Clit. (advancing) *Clinia*.

Clinia Oh dear, dear!

Clit. Now do take care or else some one coming out of your father's house will see you.

Clinia All right, but I have a presentiment of some misfortune, that I have.

Clit. (sarcastically) That's right, settle the point before you have heard the evidence.

Clinia If there were nothing amiss, they'd have been here by now.

Clit. They'll be here in a moment.

Clinia Ah, but when will your "moment" be?

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Clit.* non cogitas hinc longule esse? et nosti mores mulierum:
dum moliuntur, dum conantur, annus est. 240
- Clinia* o Clitipho,
timeo.
- Clit.* respira: eccum Dromonem cum Syro una: adsunt tibi.
- II.iii
- Syrus* Ain tu?
- Dromo* sic est.
- Syrus* verum interea, dum sermones caedimus, illae sunt relictæ.
- Clit.* mulier tibi adest. audin, Clinia?
- Clinia* ego vero audio nunc demum et video et valeo, Clitipho.
- Dromo* minime mirum: adeo inpeditæ sunt: ancillarum gregem ducunt secum.
- Clinia* perii, unde illi sunt ancillæ?
- Clit.* men rogas?
- Syrus* non oportuit relictas: portant quid rerum!
- Clinia* ei mihi!
- Syrus* aurum, vestem; et vesperascit et non noverunt viam.
factum a nobis stultest. abidum tu, Dromo, illis obviam.
propera: quid stas? 250
- Clinia* vae mi misero, quanta de spe decidi!
- Clit.* quid istuc? quae res te sollicitat autem?
- Clinia* rogitas quid siet?
viden tu? ancillas aurum vestem, quam ego cum una ancillula
hic reliqui, unde ei esse censes?
- Clit.* vah, nunc demum intellego.
- Syrus* di boni, quid turbaest! aedes nostrae vix capient, scio.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Clit. Don't you reflect that she lives some way off? And you know women's ways: preparing and getting ready takes 'em a twelvemonth.

Clinia O Clitipho, I'm so afraid.

Clit. Breathe again, man: here's Dromo, and Syrus with him. Here they come.

ENTER *Syrus* AND *Dromo* AT A DISTANCE. THE TWO
COUPLES TALK APART.

Syrus Do you tell me that?

Dromo It's a fact.

Syrus But while we are chattering, the girls are left behind.

Clit. Your lady is come. Do you hear, Clinia?

Clinia Yes, I hear at last and I see and I'm well again, Clitipho.

Dromo No wonder, they've such heaps of luggage; they've a troop of maidservants in tow.

Clinia Damn it! how comes she to have maidservants?

Clit. How should I know?

Syrus They oughtn't to have been left behind: think of all they are carrying.

Clinia Torture!

Syrus Jewels, dresses, and it's getting dark and they don't know the way. We've blundered badly. Off with you, Dromo; go and meet 'em. Make haste, man; why don't you move?

Clinia Confound it, what a hope to be shattered!

Clit. What do you mean? What's troubling you now?

Clinia Troubling me? Can't you see? Maids, jewels, dresses; a girl I left here with one little slip of a servant, where do you think she got 'em from?

Clit. Oh, I see; now I understand.

Syrus Lord save us, what a crowd of 'em! Our house will hardly hold 'em, I know that. Think of all

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

quid comedent! quid ebibent! quid sene erit nostro
miserius?

sed eccos video quos volebam.

Clinia

o Iuppiter, ubinamst fides?

dum ego propter te errans patria careo demens, tu
interea loci

conlocupletasti te, Antiphila, et me in his deseruisti
malis,

propter quam in summa infamia sum et meo patri
minus sum obsequens:

quod nunc pudet me et miseret, qui harum mores 260
cantabat mihi,

monuisse frustra neque eum potuisse umquam ab
hac me aspellere.

quod tamen nunc faciam; tum quom gratum mihi
esse potuit nolui.

nemost miserior me.

Syrus

hic de nostris verbis errat videlicet

quae hic sumus locuti. Clinia, aliter tuom amorem
atque est accipis:

nam et vitast eadem et animus te erga idem ac
fuit,

quantum ex ipsa re coniecturam fecimus.

Clinia

quid est obsecro? nam mihi nunc nil rerum
omniumst

quod malim quam me hoc falso suspicariet.

Syrus

hoc primum, ut ne quid huius rerum ignores:
anus,

quae est dicta mater esse ei antehac, non fuit; 270
ea obiit mortem. hoc ipsa in itinere alterae

dum narrat forte audivi.

Clit.

quaenamst altera?

Syrus

mane: hoc quod coepi primum enarrem, Clitipho:

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THE SELF-TORMENTOR

they'll gobble up and swill down. Won't our old man be a picture of misery? Ah, here are the men I wanted. (*sees the others*)

Clinia God in heaven! where is constancy to be found? Here have I for your sake been gadding about, cut off from my country, madman that I am, and meantime you have loaded yourself with riches, Anti-phila, and deserted me in my distresses, though it's for your sake that I'm all in discredit and am a disobedient son too, and I can't think of my father without shame and penitence, remembering how he used to preach to me about the characters of these women, and all his warnings were wasted, and he never could get me to give the girl up. I'll do it now, though. When I might have done it with some grace I wouldn't. I'm the most miserable dog alive.

Syrus The gentleman has evidently been led into a mistake by what we said just now. (*to Clinia*) Sir, you are under a wrong impression about your lady-love. There has been no change in her way of life or her feelings towards you, at least so I guess from the actual facts.

Clinia What do you mean? Do tell me. There isn't a thing in the world I should better like at the moment than finding my suspicions false.

Syrus Well, Sir, I must begin at the beginning so that you may know the whole story. The old lady, who in those days was said to be her mother, she wasn't her mother. She's dead now: I overheard your lady telling the other one so as we came along.

Clit. Who's the other one?

Syrus Stop, Sir; you let me tell my story out as I've begun: I'll come to your question afterwards.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

post istuc veniam.

Clit.
Syrus

propera.

iam primum omnium,

ubi ventum ad aedis est, Dromo pultat fores;
anus quaedam prodit; haec ubi aperit ostium,
continuo hic se intro conicit, ego consequor;
anus foribus obdit pessulum, ad lanam redit.
hic sciri potuit aut nusquam alibi, Clinia,
quo studio vitam suam te absente exegerit,
ubi de improvisost interventum mulieri. 280
nam ea res dedit tum existumandi copiam
cottidianae vitae consuetudinem,
quae quoiusque ingenium ut sit declarat maxime.
textentem telam studiose ipsam offendimus,
mediocriter vestitam veste lugubri
—eius anuis causa opinor quae erat mortua—,
sine auro; tum ornatam ita uti quae ornantur sibi,
nulla mala re interpolatam muliebri;
capillus passus prolixè et circum caput
reiectus neclegenter; pax. 290

Clinia

Syre mi, obsecro,

ne me in laetitiam frustra conicias.

Syrus

anus

subtemen nebat. praeterea una ancillula
erat; ea texebat una, pannis obsita,
neclecta, inmunda inlue.

Clit.

si haec sunt, Clinia,

vera, ita uti credo, quis te est fortunatior?
scin hanc quam dicit sordidatam et horridam,
magnum hoc quoque signumst, dominam esse extra
noxiam,
eius quom tam necleguntur internuntii.
nam disciplinast eis demunerarier 300
ancillas primum ad dominas qui adfectant viam.
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THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Clit. Be quick.

Syrus Well then to start with; when we came to the house, Dromo he knocks at the door. Out comes an old woman. The moment she opened the door, in went Dromo full tilt and I after him. The old woman shoots the bolt and goes back to her spinning. That's where one could find out, if there's any spot at all where one could find out, what way she's been spending her life in your absence, I mean by breaking in on her unawares. Why, this way we had the means of reckoning her everyday life, and it's that that best tells what a person's character is. When we came in on her she was busying herself at the loom; she was poorly dressed and in mourning, I suppose for the old woman who was dead, and not a trinket on her. What's more, she was dressed like women who dress for themselves, none of that stuff on her cheeks which women use for varnish, her hair not done up, but long and loose over her shoulders, thrown anyhow. There you have it.

Clinia My dear Syrus, pray don't transport me with delight if there is nothing in it.

Syrus The old woman was spinning wool; there was only one little maidservant beside, and she was helping her to weave, all in rags, dowdy, horribly dirty.

Clit. If this is true, Clinia, and I think it is, you are the luckiest fellow in the world. Do you take in about the girl he describes as unkempt in dress and person? That is another sure mark that the lady's life is blameless when the go-betweens are so little cared for. Why, it's the rule with men who are trying to get at the mistress to begin with a tip to the maid.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Clinia* perge, obsecro te, et cave ne falsam gratiam
studeas inire. quid ait, ubi me nominas ?
- Syrus* ubi dicimus redisse te et rogare uti
veniret ad te, mulier telam desinit
continuo et lacrumis opplet os totum sibi,
ut facile scias desiderio id fieri tuo.
- Clinia* prae gaudio, ita me di ament, ubi sim nescio :
ita timui.
- Clit.* at ego nil esse scibam, Clinia.
agedum vicissim, Syre, dic quae illast altera ? 310
- Syrus* adducimus tuam Bacchidem.
- Clit.* hem, quid ? Bacchidem ?
eho sceleste, quo illam ducis ?
- Syrus* quo ego illam ? ad nos scilicet.
- Clit.* ad patremne ?
- Syrus* ad eum ipsum.
- Clit.* o hominis inpuidentem audaciam !
- Syrus* heus,
non fit sine periclo facinus magnum nec memora-
bile.
- Clit.* hoc vide : in mea vita tibi tu laudem is quaesitum,
scelus ?
ubi si paululum modo quid te fugerit, ego perierim.
quid illo facias ?
- Syrus* at enim . . .
- Clit.* quid " enim " ?
- Syrus* si sinas, dicam.
- Clinia* sine.
- Clit.* sino.
- Syrus* ita res est haec nunc quasi quom . . .
- Clit.* quas malum ambages mihi
narrare occipit ?
- Clinia* Syre, verum hic dicit : mitte, ad rem redi. 320

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

- Clinia* On with your account in heaven's name! and don't curry favour by means of falsehoods. What did she say when you named me?
- Syrus* As soon as we told her you were back and inviting her to come to you, the lady drops her thread in a moment and covers her whole face with tears; you could easily tell it was all from her longing for you.
- Clinia* As I hope to be saved I don't know where I am for joy: I was so full of fears.
- Clit.* Yes but *I* knew it was all for nothing, *Clinia*. Now then, *Syrus*, it's time to tell who that other is.
- Syrus* We're bringing your Bacchis.
- Clit.* The devil! Bringing Bacchis? You scoundrel, where to?
- Syrus* Where do you expect, Sir? To our house of course.
- Clit.* To my father's?
- Syrus* The very place.
- Clit.* What monstrous assurance!
- Syrus* Look here, Sir, you can't do anything big or brilliant without risk.
- Clit.* Mark this, you rascal: are you after winning a feather for your cap at the risk of my life? The least slip on your part and I'm undone. What would you do with him? (*to Clinia*)
- Syrus* But indeed, Sir—
- Clit.* (*interrupting*) Indeed what?
- Syrus* If you'll let me I'll tell you.
- Clinia* Let him.
- Clit.* Tell me then.
- Syrus* (*slowly*) The business—at present—is just like—as if—
- Clit.* Why the devil does he start off on a roundabout like this?
- Clinia* He's right, *Syrus*: drop it, come to the point.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Syrus enim vero reticere nequeo : multimodis iniurius,
Clitipho, es neque ferri potis es.

Clinia audiundum hercle est, tace.

Syrus vis amare, vis potiri, vis quod des illi effici;
tuom esse in potiundo periculum non vis : haud stulte
sapis;

siquidem id saperest velle te id quod non potest
contingere.

aut haec cum illis sunt habenda aut illa cum his
mittenda sunt.

harum duarum condicionum nunc utram malis vide ;
etsi consilium quod cepi rectum esse et tutum scio.
nam apud patrem tua amica tecum sine metu ut sit
copiast.

tum quod illi argentum es pollicitus, eadem hac
inveniam via.

quod ut efficerem orando surdas iam auris reddi-
deras mihi.

quid aliud tibi vis?

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Clit. siquidem hoc fit.

Syrus siquidem? experiundo scies.

Clit. age age, cedo istuc tuom consilium : quid id est ?

Syrus adsimulabimus
tuam amicam huius esse.

Clit. pulchre : cedo, quid hic faciet sua ?
an ea quoque dicetur huius, si una haec dedecorist
parum?

Syrus immo ad tuam matrem abducetur.

Clit. quid eo ?

Syrus longumst, Clitipho,
si tibi narrem quam ob rem id faciam: vera causast.

Clit. fabulae:
nil satis firmi video quam ob rem accipere hunc mi
expediat metum.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Syrus All very well, Sir, but I can't hold my tongue : you misuse me abominably, it's past bearing.

Clinia By Jove we must hear him out. Quiet, Clitipho.

Syrus You wish to have a love-affair, you wish to be successful, you wish to have money got to give her ; the risk in securing success, *that* you don't wish to be yours. You're no fool of a wise man, if it's wisdom to wish for luck which you can't have. You must either take the bad with the good or drop both. There are two possibilities, choose at once which you like, though the scheme I've started is the right and safe one, I know that. Your mistress may very well stop with you at your father's with nothing to alarm you. Besides as for the money you've promised her, I shall get it by this same means, and you've been begging me to get it till you've deafened both my ears. What more do you want? //

Clit. (*doubtfully*) If it can be done.

Syrus If? Try it and you'll see.

Clit. Well, well, well, tell me your scheme : what is it?

Syrus We shall pretend that your lady is Clinia's.

Clit. A pretty story! Pray, what will he do with his own? Is she too to be called his, one not being discredit enough?

Syrus No, Sir, no, she shall be taken to your mother.

Clit. Why to my mother?

Syrus It would take too long to tell you why, Sir : there's good reason for it.

Clit. Nonsense! I don't see solid ground enough to make it good for me to live in such apprehension. (*going*)

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Syrus* mane, habeo aliud, si istest metus. quod ambo confiteamini
sine periculo esse.
- Clit.* huius modi obsecro aliquid reperi.
- Syrus* maxume:
ibo obviam huic, dicam ut revortatur domum. 340
- Clit.* hem,
quid dixisti?
- Syrus* ademptum tibi iam faxo omnem metum,
in aurem utramvis otiose ut dormias.
- Clit.* quid ago nunc?
- Clinia* tune? quod boni
- Clit.* Syre, dic modo.
- Syrus* verum age modo: hodie sero ac nequiquam voles.
- Clinia* datur, fruare dum licet; nam nescias
- Clit.* Syre inquam!
- Syrus* perge porro, tamen istuc ago.
- Clinia* eius sit potestas posthac an numquam tibi.
- Clit.* verum hercle istuc est. Syre, Syre inquam, heus
heus, Syre!
- Syrus* concaluit. quid vis?
- Clit.* redi, redi!
- Syrus* adsum: dic quid est?
iam hoc quoque negabis tibi placere.
- Clit.* immo, Syre, 350
et me et meum amorem et famam permitto tibi.
tu es iudex: ne quid accusandus sis vide.
- Syrus* ridiculumst istuc me admonere, Clitipho,
quasi istic mea res minor agatur quam tua:
hic si quid nobis forte advorsi evenerit,
tibi erunt parata verba, huic homini verbera: //

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

- Syrus* Stop; if you're afraid of that, I've another scheme which you would both admit to be free from risk.
- Clit.* Yes, pray find something of that stamp.
- Syrus* By all means: I'll go and meet the lady and tell her to turn back home.
- Clit.* The deuce! Is that your scheme?
- Syrus* I shall soon have all apprehension so swept away that you can sleep on either cheek.
- Clit.* (to *Clinia*) What shall I do now?
- Clinia* Why, when a blessing—
- Clit.* (interrupting) *Syrus*, only tell me.
- Syrus* Go on, go on, you'll wish for it, I can tell you, when it's too late and no use wishing. (turns to go)
- Clinia* —when a blessing is offered you, enjoy it while you can, for you never can tell—
- Clit.* (interrupting) *Syrus*, I say.
- Syrus* (going) Yes, go on: I shall do as I said all the same.
- Clinia* —never can tell whether you may ever get the chance again.
- Clit.* Jove! that's true. *Syrus*, I say, hi, *Syrus*. *Syrus*.
- Syrus* (aside) He's warmed up. (stopping) What's your pleasure?
- Clit.* Come back, come back.
- Syrus* (returning) Here I am. Tell me what you want. You'll soon be saying you don't like this either.
- Clit.* No, *Syrus*: myself, my love, my good name, I trust to you. You are judge: take care you don't get into the dock.
- Syrus* // It's absurd of you, Sir, to warn me in that way. Why, my interest is just as much at stake in the case as yours. If anything happens to go wrong in our scheme, you'll be in for a lecture and poor I for a licking, so it's certainly not a thing for me to

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

quapropter haec res ne utiquam nelectust mihi.
sed istunc exora ut suam esse adsimulet.

Clinia scilicet
facturum me esse; in eum iam res rediit locum
ut sit necessus.

Clit. merito te amo, *Clinia*. 360

Clinia verum illa ne quid titubet.

Syrus perdoctast probe.

Clit. at hoc demiror qui tam facile potueris
persuadere illi, quae solet quos spernere!

Syrus in tempore ad eam veni, quod rerum omniumst
primum. nam quendam misere offendi ibi militem
eius noctem orantem: haec arte tractabat virum,
ut illius animum cupidum inopia incenderet
eademque ut esset apud te hoc quam gratissimum.
sed heus tu, vide sis ne quid imprudens ruas!

patrem novisti ad has res quam sit perspicax; 370
ego te autem novi quam esse soleas inpotens;
inversa verba, eversas cervicis tuas,
gemitus, screatus, tussis, risus abstine.

Clit. laudabis.

Syrus vide sis.

Clit. tutimet mirabere.

Syrus sed quam cito sunt consecutae mulieres!

Clit. ubi sunt? quor retines?

Syrus iam nunc haec non est tua.

Clit. scio, apud patrem; at nunc interim.

Syrus nilo magis.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

be careless in. Now persuade your friend to make believe that the lady is his.

Clinia You may be sure I'll do that: it's come to this that I can't help it.

Clit. You deserve my affection for you, Clinia.

Clinia But take care the lady makes no slip.

Syrus She's had a proper drilling in the part.

Clit. What astonishes me is how you could talk her over so easily when she's so given to refusing, and big people too.

Syrus I came to her at the right moment, which is always half the battle. I found a captain pitiably begging for her favour. She was artfully playing her man so as to inflame his desire by her denial and at the same time make all possible court to you. But I say, Sir, take care no imprudence of yours bring our house about our ears. You know your father is pretty keen-sighted in these matters, and I know you are apt to let yourself go. Double meanings, glances over the shoulder, sighs, hems, coughs, giggles, none of *them*, please.

Clit. You shall compliment me.

Syrus Be careful, please,

Clit. You shall be astonished yourself.

Syrus (*looking along the street*) Hollo, the ladies have soon caught us up.

Clit. (*excitedly*) Where are they? (*Syrus catches him by the arm*) Why do you stop me?

Syrus She's not yours any more.

Clit. I know, I know; at home she isn't, but till she gets there—

Syrus It's all the same.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Clit. sine.
Syrus non sinam inquam.
Clit. quaeso paulisper.
Syrus veto.
Clit. saltem salutare.
Syrus abeas si sapias.
Clit. eo.
Syrus quid istic? manebit. 380
Clit. hominem felicem!
Syrus ambula.
Bacchis Edepol te, mea Antiphila, laudo et fortunatam iudico,
 II.iv id quom studuisti, isti formae ut mores consimiles
 forent;
 minumeque, ita me di ament, miror si te sibi quisque
 expetit.
 nam mihi quale ingenium haberes fuit indicio oratio:
 et quom egomet nunc mecum in animo vitam tuam
 considero
 omniumque adeo vostrarum volgus quae ab se
 segregant,
 et vos esse istius modi et nos non esse haud mirabilest.
 nam expedit bonas esse vobis; nos, quibuscum est
 res, non sinunt:
 quippe forma impulsus nostra nos amatores colunt;
 haec ubi inminutast, illi suom animum alio conferunt: 390
 nisi si prospectum interea aliquid est, desertae
 vivimus.
 vobis cum uno semel ubi aetatem agere decretumst viro,
 quous mos maxumest consimilis vostrum, ei se ad
 vos adplicant.
 hoc beneficio utrique ab utrisque vero devincimini,
 ut numquam ulla amoris vestro incidere possit
 calamitas.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Clit. Let me go.

Syrus I won't, I say.

Clit. Please do, only for a moment.

Syrus I say no.

Clit. Just one kiss.

Syrus You'd be off if you had sense.

Clit. I *am* off. What of him? (*points to Clinia*)

Syrus He'll stop.

Clit. Lucky fellow!

Syrus Trudge.

[EXIT *Clitipho* INTO HIS FATHER'S.

ENTER *Bacchis* AND *Antiphila* AT A DISTANCE, SERVANTS FOLLOWING WITH LUGGAGE. THEY DO NOT SEE *Clinia*.

Bacchis Upon my word, my dear *Antiphila*, I commend you. In my view you are heaven-blest in having set yourself to match your morals to your beauty, and, as I hope to be saved, I don't at all wonder at the competition for your hand. It is your conversation has let me into your character. When I reflect on the life led by you and those like you who keep the herd at a distance, I am not surprised that *you* are of that stamp and *we* are not. Why, you profit by your goodness: *we* can't be good, the men we have to do with won't let us. It is our beauty attracts lovers to court us: when that's faded, they switch off their inclinations, and, if we have made no provision in the meantime, we live in neglect. With you, when once you have determined to pass your days with a husband, with the man whose turn of mind agrees nearest with your own, he links himself to you. By this mutual favour you are so closely bound together that your love cannot be dissolved by any catastrophe.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Anti. nescio alias : me quidem semper scio fecisse sedulo
ut ex illius commodo meum compararem commodum.

Clinia ah,
ergo, mea Antiphila, tu nunc sola reducem me in
patriam facis ;
nam dum abs te absum omnes mihi labores fuere
quos cepi leves,
praeter quam tui carendum quod erat. 400

Syrus credo.

Clinia Syre, vix sufficero :
hocin me miserum non licere meo modo ingenium
frui !

Syrus immo ut patrem tuom vidi esse habitum, diu etiam
duras dabit.

Bacchis quisnam hic adulescens est qui intuitur nos ?

Anti. ah, retine me, obsecro !

Bacchis amabo quid tibist ?

Anti. disperii, perii misera !

Bacchis quid stupes ?

Clinia Antiphila.

Anti. videon Cliniam an non ?

Bacchis quem vides ?

Clinia salve, anime mi.

Anti. o mi Clinia, salve.

Clinia ut vales ?

Anti. salvom venisse gaudeo.

Clinia teneone te,

Antiphila, maxume animo exoptatam meo ?

Syrus ite intro ; nam vos iam dudum exspectat senex.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Anti. I cannot answer for others: for myself I know I have always done my best to draw my contentment from his.

Clinia (*aside*) Yes indeed, dear Antiphila, and so you are the lodestar that brings me home to my country. While I was parted from you all the hardships I bore were light except the having to live without you.

Syrus (*aside to Clinia*) I believe you.

Clinia (*aside to Syrus*) Syrus, I can hardly bear it. Oh the misery of not being allowed to enjoy such a love, to my heart's desire.

Syrus (*as before*) Yes, and to judge from your father's bearing he'll make it troublesome to you for some time yet.

Bacchis (*seeing Clinia*) Who's that young man staring at us?

Anti. (*inclined to faint*) Oh, support me, please.

Bacchis Bless me, what's the matter?

Anti. Oh heavens! Oh, I'm fainting.

Bacchis What's dazing you?

Clinia (*advancing*) Antiphila.

Anti. Is it Clinia? can it be?

Bacchis Who is it you see?

Clinia Oh my life! (*embracing her*)

Anti. Oh my Clinia!

Clinia Are you well?

Anti. Oh, so glad you are safe home.

Clinia Do I hold you in my arms, my Antiphila, my heart's desire?

Syrus In with you all, for the old gentleman has been expecting you ever so long.

[EXEUNT INTO *Chremes'* HOUSE.]

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

ACTVS III

- Chr.* Luciscit hoc iam. cesso pultare ostium 410
 vicini, primum ex me ut sciat sibi filium
 redisse? etsi adulescentem hoc nolle intellego.
 verum quom videam miserum hunc tam excruciarier
 eius abitu, celem tam insperatum gaudium,
 quom illi pericli nil ex indicio siet?
 ✓ haud faciam; nam quod potero adiutabo senem. 16
 item ut filium meum amico atque aequali suo
 video inservire et socium esse in negotiis,
 nos quoque senes est aequom senibus obsequi. 19
- Mene.* aut ego profecto ingenio egregio ad miseras 420
 natus sum aut illud falsumst quod volgo audio
 dici, diem adimere aegritudinem hominibus;
 nam mihi quidem cottidie augescit magis
 de filio aegritudo, et quanto diutius
 abest magis cupio tanto et magis desidero.
- Chr.* sed ipsum foras egressum video: ibo, adloquar.
 Menedeme, salve: nuntium adporto tibi,
 quoius maxume te fieri participem cupis.
- Mene.* num quidnam de gnato meo audisti, Chremes?
- Chr.* valet atque vivit. 430
- Mene.* ubinamst quaeso?
- Chr.* apud me domi.



THE SELF-TORMENTOR

ACT III

(*The next morning at daybreak.*)

ENTER *Chremes* FROM HIS HOUSE.

Chr. The day is breaking over there. I'd better knock at my neighbour's door so as to be the first to tell him of his son's return, though I can see it's against the lad's wishes. Still, when I see his father so grievously tortured by his departure, can I conceal so unexpected a delight when there's no risk to the lad from the discovery? I won't, I shall help the old man all I can. Just as I see my son serving the friend of his own age and allied with him in his affairs, so it's right we old fellows should gratify other old fellows.

ENTER *Menedemus* FROM HIS HOUSE.

Mene. (*not seeing Chremes*) It is certain that either my disposition has a special turn for misery or else there is no truth in the saying I so often hear that time removes distress. My distress about my son grows more acute every day, and the longer he is away the greater my desire, the greater my yearning for him.

Chr. Ah there he is, coming out of doors. I'll go and speak to him. (*crosses the road*) Good morning, Menedemus. I have news for you, the very news you are most eager to hear.

Mene. (*excitedly*) You can't have heard anything of my son, Chremes?

Chr. He's alive and well.

Mene. Oh, where is he? Please now.

Chr. At my house.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Mene. meus gnatus?

Chr. sic est.

Mene. venit?

Chr. certe.

Mene. Clinia

meus venit?

Chr. dixi.

Mene. eamus : duc me ad eum, obsecro.

Chr. non volt te scire se redisse etiam et tuom
conspectum fugitat : propter peccatum hoc timet,
ne tua duritia antiqua illa etiam adaucta sit.

Mene. non tu illi dixti ut essem?

Chr. non.

Mene. quam ob rem, Chremes?

Chr. quia pessume istuc in te atque in illum consulis,
si te tam leni et victo esse animo ostenderis.

Mene. non possum : satis iam, satis pater durus fui.

Chr. ah,
vehemens in utramque partem, Menedeme, es nimis 440
aut largitate nimia aut parsimonia :
in eandem fraudem ex hac re atque ex illa incidet.
primum olim potius quam paterere filium
commetare ad mulierculam, quae paululo
tum erat contenta quoique erant grata omnia,
proterruisti hinc. ea coacta ingratiis
postilla coepit victum volgo quaerere.
nunc quom sine magno intertrimento non potest
haberi, quidvis dare cupis. nam ut tu scias
quam ea nunc instructa pulchre ad perniciem siet, 450
primum iam ancillas secum adduxit plus decem,
oneratas veste atque auro : satrapa si siet

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Mene. My son?

Chr. That is so.

Mene. Come back ?

Chr. Undoubtedly.

Mene. My Clinia come back ?

Chr. I have said so.

Mene. Come along, come along, take me to him, do now.

Chr. He doesn't wish you to know as yet that he is come home. He's skulking from you. His fault makes him fear that your old severity may have positively increased.

Mene. Haven't you told him my state of mind ?

Chr. No, I haven't.

Mene. Why not, Chremes ?

Chr. Because it would be the worst course both for you and for him that you should display yourself with so mild and subdued a spirit.

Mene. I can't help it. I have been the severe father long enough already, long enough.

Chr. Ah, my friend, you are too impetuous both ways, by turns excessive profuseness and excessive parsimony. You'll fall into the same mistake from your present conduct as from your past. Formerly rather than allow your son to keep company with a young woman who at the time was content with little and thankful for anything, you scared him from home. Afterwards she was compelled against her will to get her living on the town. Now when she can't be retained without heavy loss, you are eager to give him whatever he wishes. Just to let you know how admirably the lady is now trained to ruin a man, to begin with she has brought with her more than a dozen maidservants, laden with dresses and trinkets. If her lover were a Rajah he would never

PUBLIUS TERENCE AFER

amator, numquam sufferre eius sumptus queat;
nedum tu possis.

Mene. estne ea intus?

Chr. sit rogas?

sensi. nam unam ei cenam atque eius comitibus
dedi; quod si iterum mihi sit danda, actum siet.
nam ut alia omittam, pytissando modo mihi
quid vini absumpsit "sic hoc" dicens; "asperum,
pater, hoc est: aliud lenius sodes vide":
relevis dolia omnia, omnis serias.

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omnis sollicitos habuit, atque haec una nox.
quid te futurum censes, quem adsidue exedent?
ita me di amabunt ut me tuarum miseritumst,
Menedeme, fortunarum.

Mene. faciat quidlibet:

sumat consumat perdat, decretumst pati,
dum illum modo habeam mecum.

Chr. si certumst tibi

sic facere, permagni illud re ferre arbitror,
ut ne scientem sentiat te id sibi dare.

Mene. quid faciam?

Chr. quidvis potius quam quod cogitas:

per alium quemvis ut des, falli te sinas
techinis per servolum; etsi subsensi id quoque,
illos ibi esse, id agere inter se clanculum.

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Syrus cum illo vostro consusurrant, conferunt
consilia ad adolescentis; et tibi perdere
talentum hoc pacto satius est quam illo minam.
non nunc pecunia agitur, sed illud quo modo
minimo periculo id demus adolescentulo.

nam si semel tuom animum ille intellexerit,
prius proditurum te tuam vitam et prius
pecuniam omnem quam abs te amittas filium, hui,
162

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THE SELF-TORMENTOR

be able to stand her expenses, much less can you.

Mene. Is she at your house?

Chr. Just isn't she. I've had it brought home to me. I have given her and her train one dinner, to give a second would ruin me. To say nothing of other things, the amount of wine she has wasted in mere tasting! "This, father," says she, "is a rough wine, please let me have a mellow." I've opened every pipe and tierce in my cellar. She has kept us all on the move, and all this was a single evening. What do you think will become of you when they are eating you out day after day? Heaven help me, my friend, I was struck with grief for your estate.

Mene. Let him do what he likes, take, spend, squander. I am firm fixed to bear it if only I can keep him with me.

Chr. If you are determined on this course, I think it very important he shouldn't know that you are consciously supplying him with the means.

Mene. What am I to do?

Chr. Anything rather than what you meditate doing. Send supplies through another's hand; let his man trick you out of money, though that's a thing, as I have smelt out, they are at already, plotting together on the sly. Syrus and that fellow of yours are whispering together and communicating their designs to the young man, and you'd better lose five hundred pounds on my plan than five on yours. Money's not the question, but how to give it to the lad with least risk, for if he once sees into your state of mind, sees that you'd rather throw away your life and every penny you have than let your

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

huic quantam fenestram ad nequitiam patefeceris,
tibi autem porro ut non sit suave vivere!
nam deteriores omnes sumus licentia. 483

tu rem perire et ipsum non poteris pati:
dare denegaris: ibit ad illud ilico, 486
qui maxume apud te se valere sentiet:
abiturum se abs te esse ilico minitabitur.

Mene. videre vera atque ita uti rest dicere. 490

Chr. somnum hercle ego hac nocte oculis non vidi meis,
dum id quaero, tibi qui filium restituerem.

Mene. cedo dextram: porro te idem oro ut facias, Chremes.

Chr. paratus sum.

Mene. scin quid nunc facere te volo?

Chr. dic.

Mene. quod sensisti illos me incipere fallere,
id ut maturent facere: cupio illi dare
quod volt, cupio ipsum iam videre.

Chr. operam dabo. S. 562
paulum negoti mi obstat: Simus et Crito,
vicini nostri hic ambigunt de finibus; 499
me cepere arbitrum: ibo ac dicam, ut dixeram 500
operam daturum me, hodie non posse eis dare. 501
continuo hic adsum.

Mene. ita quaeso.—di vostram fidem,
ita comparatam esse hominum naturam omnium
aliena ut melius videant et diiudicent
quam sua! an eo fit quia in re nostra aut gaudio
sumus praepediti nimio aut aegritudine?
hic mihi nunc quanto plus sapit quam egomet
mihi!

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

son leave your side, phew, what a loophole you'll have opened for profligacy and how it will embitter all your future life! We all degenerate in the absence of control. You won't be able to tolerate the ruin of your property and of your boy together. Say you stop supplies; in a moment he'll turn to what he sees gives him the greatest power over you, he'll threaten to be off from you that moment.

Mene. What you say seems a true account of the position.

Chr. On my word I haven't slept a wink all night racking my brains for a plan to restore your son to you.

Mene. Your hand, my friend, your hand: go on, go on, I beseech you.

Chr. I am ready.

Mene. Do you know what I should like you to do now?

Chr. Tell me.

Mene. You have detected their scheme to deceive me, see that they are quick to carry it out. I'm so eager to give him what he wishes, so eager to set eyes on him at once.

Chr. I will do my best. For the moment I have a little bit of business in the way: my neighbours here, Simus and Crito, have a dispute about boundaries and have made me arbitrator. I had promised to attend to it to-day, I'll just go and tell them I can't and be back in an instant.

Mene. Please do. [EXIT *Chremes*] Heavens! how strangely constituted our minds are! Every one of us sees and decides another man's business better than his own. Is it because in our own case we are hampered by excess of joy or sorrow? My friend has twice the head for my business that I have for my own.

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Chr. ✓ dissolvi me, otiosus operam ut tibi darem. ✓
 Syrus est prendendus atque adhortandus mihi.
 a me nescio quis exit: concede hinc domum, 510
 ne nos inter nos congruisse sentiant.

Syrus Hac illac circumcursa; inveniundum es tamen,
 III.ii argentum: intendenda in senemst fallacia.

Chr. num me fefellit hosce id struere? videlicet
 ille adolescentis servos tardiusculust;
 idcirco huic nostro traditast provincia.

Syrus quis hic loquitur? perii. numnam haec audivit?

Chr. Syre.
Syrus hem.

Chr. quid tu istic?

Syrus recte equidem; sed te miror, Chremes,
 tam mane, qui heri tantum biberis.

Chr. nil nimis.

Syrus "nil" narras? visa verost, quod dici solet, 520
 aquilae senectus.

Chr. heia.

Syrus mulier commoda,
 faceta, haec meretrix.

Chr. sane itidem visast mihi.
 et quidem hercle forma luculenta. sic satis.

Syrus ita non ut olim, sed uti nunc, sane bona;
 minumeque miror Clinia hanc si deperit.
 sed habet patrem quendam avidum misere atque
 aridum
 vicinum hunc: nostin? at quasi is non ditiis



THE SELF-TORMENTOR

RE-ENTER *Chremes*.

Chr. I have got off so as to be at leisure to attend to you. I must catch hold of Syrus and give him his lesson. There's some one coming out of my house. Home with you, or they may see that we've put our heads together. [EXIT *Menedemus*.

ENTER *Syrus* FROM *Chremes'* HOUSE.

Syrus (*not seeing Chremes*) Play hide and seek with me, still find you, money, I must. I must set a trap for the old man.

Chr. (*aside*) Didn't I see this was their game? Evidently Clinia's man is a bit of a slow-coach, so the task has been transferred to this fellow of mine.

Syrus Whose voice? (*turns round*) Dash it! can he have heard me?

Chr. Syrus.

Syrus Sir.

Chr. Are you well?

Syrus Quite well, Sir; but I am astonished to see you about so early after last night's deep drinking.

Chr. Not too deep, not too deep.

Syrus Hark at that now! The eagle, they say, has eternal youth.

Chr. Ah ha!

Syrus An agreeable lady this young person, Sir, genteel too.

Chr. I must admit I thought so and on my word a handsome figure. Quite good.

Syrus Not like the ladies of *your* day, Sir, but quite good for nowadays. I'm not at all surprised at the young gentleman's being desperately in love with her; but he's got a horrid miser of a father, a thin bit of soil, Sir, our neighbour here: do you know him? He rolls in riches, but he might have none from the

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abundet, gnatus eius profugit inopia.
scis esse factum ut dico?

Chr. quid ego ni sciam?
hominem pistrino dignum!

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Syrus quem?

Chr. istunc servolum
dico adolescentis,

Syrus Syre, tibi timui male!

Chr. qui passus est id fieri.

Syrus quid faceret?

Chr. rogas?

aliquid reperiret, fingeret fallacias,
unde esset adolescenti amicae quod daret,
atque hunc difficilem invitum servaret senem.
Syrus Garris.

Chr. haec facta ab illo oportebat, Syre.

Syrus eho quaeso laudas qui eros fallunt?

Chr. in loco

ego vero laudo.

Syrus recte sane.

Chr. quippe qui

magnarum saepe id remedium aegritudinumst:
vel iam huic mansisset unicus gnatus domi.

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Syrus iocone an serio ille haec dicat nescio;

Chr. nisi mihi quidem addit animum quo lubeat magis.

et nunc quid exspectat, Syre? an dum hic denuo
abeat, quom tolerare ille huius sumptus non
queat?

nonne ad senem aliquam fabricam fingit?

Syrus stolidus est.

Chr. at te adiutare oportet adolescentuli
causa.

Syrus facile equidem facere possum, si iubes;
etenim quo pacto id fieri soleat calleo.

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way his son ran off for want of a shilling. Do you know, Sir, that that's the fact?

Chr. Of course I know it. The fellow deserves hard labour.

Syrus Who, Sir?

Chr. Why Clinia's man of course.

Syrus (*aside*) Syrus my boy, I trembled for you.

Chr. For letting it come about.

Syrus What could he have done, Sir?

Chr. Done? Found some means, devised some trick, so that the lad might have had means to make his mistress presents, and the crabbed old hunks might have been preserved in spite of his teeth.

Syrus You're not serious, Sir.

Chr. That's what he ought to have done, Syrus.

Syrus Dear me, Sir, do you commend men who deceive their masters? ✓

Chr. If done in season, certainly I commend them.

Syrus Certainly that's right, Sir. (*incredulously*)

Chr. Why of course it's often a cure for great vexations: for instance in this case an only son would have stopped at home.

Syrus (*aside*) Whether he is jesting or in earnest I don't know: anyhow it heartens me up to find more pleasure in tricking him.

Chr. And what is Syrus waiting for now? Waiting for the son to be off again because the father can't stand the cost of the lady? Isn't he shaping a stratagem against the old man?

Syrus Syrus is a thickhead.

Chr. But you ought to help for the lad's sake.

Syrus I can do it easily enough, Sir, if you give the orders: in fact I'm a master in the common line of doing it.

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- Chr.* tanto hercle melior.
Syrus non est mentiri meum. 550
Chr. fac ergo.
Syrus at heus tu, facitodum eadem haec meminervis,
huius siquid simile forte aliquando evenerit,
ut sunt humana, tuos ut faciat filius.
Chr. non usus veniet, spero.
Syrus spero hercle ego quoque,
neque eo nunc dico quo quicquam illum senserim;
sed si quid, ne quid. quae sit eius aetas vides;
et ne ego te, si usus veniat, magnifice, Chremes,
tractare possim.
Chr. de istoc, quom usus venerit,
videbimus quid opus sit: nunc istuc age.—
Syrus numquam commodius umquam erum audivi loqui,
nec quom male facere crederem mi inpunius 560
licere. quisnam a nobis egreditur foras?
Chr. Quid istuc quaeso? qui istic mos est, Clitipho? itane
III.iii fieri oportet?
Clit. quid ego feci?
Chr. vidin ego te modo manum in sinum huic meretrici
ingerere?
Syrus acta haec res est: perii.
Clit. mene?
Chr. hisce oculis, ne nega.
facis adeo indigne iniuriam illi qui non abstineas
manum.
nam istaec quidem contumeliast,
hominem amicum recipere ad te atque eius amicum
subigitare.
vel heri in vino quam inmodestus fuisti,
Syrus factum.
Chr. quam molestus!

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- Chr.* All the better on my word.
Syrus Lying is not my way.
Chr. Do it then.
Syrus But I say, Sir; mind you remember all this if it fall out that anything of the sort—you know, Sir, things *will* happen—should be done by your son.
Chr. There'll be no occasion for that, I hope.
Syrus By Jove, Sir, I hope so too, and I don't mean to suggest that I've noticed anything in him: still, if he does, then don't. You haven't forgotten his time of life, and I do assure you, Sir, I could handle you in splendid style if there were occasion.
Chr. As to that we'll see what's wanted when the occasion arises. For the moment to the business in hand. [EXIT.
Syrus Never in all my life have I heard my master speak more to my liking or give me a better chance of doing mischief with impunity. Who's that coming out at our door?
RE-ENTER *Chremes* WITH *Clitipho*.
Chr. Pray, what is the meaning of this? What sort of conduct is this, Clitipho? Is this the way to behave?
Clit. What have I done?
Chr. Didn't I see you just now put your hand into Miss What's-her-name's bosom?
Syrus (*aside*) All's up: I'm done for.
Clit. Me, father?
Chr. I saw it myself, don't deny it. You do a shocking wrong to your friend in not keeping your hands off. A gross outrage to receive your friend under your roof and then interfere with his mistress. For instance last night at wine how indecent you were,—
Syrus (*aside*) Wasn't he?
Chr. —how offensive! Heaven help me, I was all appre-

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ut equidem, ita me di ament, metui quid futurum
denique esset!

novi ego amantis: animum advortunt graviter quae 570
non censeas.

Clit. at mihi fides apud hunc est nil me istius facturum, pater.
Chr. esto, at certe ut hinc concedas aliquo ab ore eorum
aliquantisper.

multa fert libido: ea facere prohibet tua praesentia.
de me ego facio coniecturam: nemost meorum
amicorum hodie
apud quem expromere omnia mea occulta, Clitipho,
audeam.

apud alium prohibet dignitas; apud alium ipsi facti pudet,
ne ineptus, ne protervos videar: quod illum facere credito.
sed nostrumst intellegere ut quomque atque ubi
quomque opus sit obsequi.

Syrus quid iste narrat!

Clit. perii.

Syrus Clitipho, haec ego praecipio tibi?
hominis frugi et temperantis functu's officium?

Clit. tace sodes. 580

Syrus recte sane.

Chr. Syre, pudet me.

Syrus credo: neque id iniuria; quin
mihi molestumst.

Clit. perdis hercle.

Syrus verum dico quod videtur.

Clit. non accedam ad illos?

Chr. eho quaeso, una accedundi viast?

Syrus actumst: hic prius se indicarit quam ego argentum
effecero.

Chremes, vin tu homini stulto mi auscultare?

Chr. quid faciam?

Syrus iube hunc

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hension what would be the end of it. *I* know lovers, they notice with displeasure things you wouldn't think they would.

Clit. But he'll trust me to do nothing of that sort, father.

Chr. Maybe, but at any rate see you get out of their sight for a bit. Love makes a hundred suggestions and your presence puts a check on them. I infer it from my own case. There isn't a single one of my friends before whom I could bring myself to lay bare all my secrets. With one man it's my pride, with another my modesty makes me shrink from looking foolish or wanton. You may take it that your friend is in the same case. We have to be tactful when and where to humour a man.

Syrus (*advancing*) What is this I hear?

Clit. (*aside*) Confound it!

Syrus (*to Clitipho*) Sir, is *this* following my instructions? Was this the part of a man of honesty and morals?

Clit. Be good enough to hold your tongue.

Syrus Very pretty indeed!

Chr. I am ashamed of him, Syrus.

Syrus I'm sure you are, Sir, and quite rightly. I'm vexed with him myself.

Clit. (*to Syrus*) Confound you, you'll be the death of me.

Syrus I'm saying what I take to be the truth.

Clit. (*to Chremes*) Am I not to go near them?

Chr. What, boy! Is there only one way of going near them?

Syrus (*aside*) All's up: he'll let the cat out of the bag before I have managed this money. (*to Chremes*) Sir, will you for once take a fool's advice?

Chr. To do what?

Syrus Tell my young gentleman to be off somewhere.

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abire hinc aliquo.

Clit. quo ego hinc abeam?

Syrus quo lubet: da illis locum:

abi deambulatum.

Clit. deambulatum? quo?

Syrus vah, quasi desit locus

abi sane istac, istorsum, quovis.

Chr. recte dicit; censeo.

Clit. di te eradicient qui me hinc extrudis, Syre!

Syrus at tu pol tibi istas posthac comprimito manus!— 590

censen vero? quid illum porro credas facturum,

Chremes,

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

Chr. ego istuc curabo.

Syrus atqui nunc tibi, ere, istic adservandus est.

Chr. fiet.

Syrus si sapias; nam mihi iam minus minusque obtemperat.

Chr. quid tu? ecquid de illo quod dudum tecum egi egisti,
Syre?

repperisti tibi quod placeat an non?

Syrus de fallacia

dicis? est: inveni nuper quandam.

Chr. frugi es. cedo quid est?

Syrus dicam, verum ut aliud ex alio incidit.

Chr. quidnam, Syre?

Syrus pessuma haec est meretrix.

Chr. ita videtur.

Syrus immo si scias.

vah, vide quod inceptet facinus. fuit quaedam anus

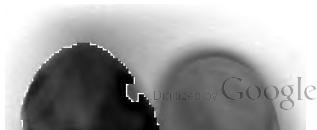
Corinthia

hic: huic drachumarum haec argenti mille dederat
mutuom.

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S, 557
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- Clit.* Where am I to be off to?
- Syrus* Where you like: leave them to themselves: go for a stroll.
- Clit.* A stroll? where to?
- Syrus* Bah! Surely there are plenty of places. Anyhow be off with you, this way, that way, any way.
- Chr.* He speaks on the right side; I vote with him.
- Clit.* The devil fly away with you, Syrus, for shoving me off from here.
- Syrus* Well, Sir, just mind another time you keep those hands of yours off. (*Clitipho shakes his fist at him*) You would, would you? [EXIT *Clitipho.*] You may expect him to do something one of these days, Sir, unless with Heaven's leave you preserve him, punish him, lecture him.
- Chr.* I'll take care of that.
- Syrus* Yes, Sir, it's *you* must look after him now.
- Chr.* I shall.
- Syrus* You will if you're wise, for he minds me less and less.
- Chr.* By the by, have you arranged anything in the matter I spoke to you of, Syrus? Have you hit upon a scheme to your liking yet, eh?
- Syrus* The trick, Sir, you mean? I've just thought of one.
- Chr.* Good fellow! Tell me what it is.
- Syrus* Yes, Sir, but I must speak as one thing followed another.
- Chr.* How do you mean?
- Syrus* She's an abandoned woman, this person.
- Chr.* She seems to be.
- Syrus* You'd say so if you knew. Shameful, Sir! Look what a wicked thing she's about. There was an old lady from Corinth living here: our lady lent her a matter of fifty pounds.

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Chr. quid tum?

Syrus ea mortuast: reliquit filiam adolescentulam.
ea relicta huic arrabonist pro illo argento.

Chr. intellego.

Syrus hanc secum huc adduxit, ea quae est nunc apud
uxorem tuam.

Chr. quid tum?

Syrus Cliniam orat sibi uti id nunc det: illam illi tamen
post daturam: mille nummum poscit.

Chr. et poscit quidem?

Syrus hui,

dubium id est? ego sic putavi.

Chr. quid nunc facere cogitas?

Syrus egone? ad Menedemum ibo: dicam hanc esse captam
ex Caria,
ditem et nobilem; si redimat, magnum inesse in ea
lucrum.

Chr. erras.

Syrus quid ita?

Chr. pro Menedemo nunc tibi ego respondeo 610
“non emo”: quid agis?

Syrus optata loquere.

Chr. qui?

Syrus non est opus.

Chr. non opus est?

Syrus non hercle vero.

Chr. qui istuc, miror.

Syrus iam scies.

mane, mane, quid est quod tam a nobis graviter
crepuerunt fores?

ACTVS IV

Sos. Nisi me animus fallit, hic profectost anulus quem
ego suspicor,

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

- Chr.* What follows?
Syrus The old lady died, leaving a daughter, a slip of a girl.
The girl was left to our lady in pledge for the debt. //
- Chr.* I see.
Syrus That's the girl she has brought with her now, the girl that's with your wife.
- Chr.* What follows?
Syrus She asks Clinia to pay the money at once, and says she won't give him the girl till he does. She demands the fifty pounds.
- Chr.* Demands? Demands, do you say?
Syrus Phew! Do you doubt it? That was her tone, as it seemed to me.
- Chr.* What do you propose to do now?
Syrus Well, Sir, I shall go to Menedemus and tell him she's a captive from Caria, a girl of wealth and rank: if he buys her, there's money in the bargain.
- Chr.* You are wrong.
Syrus How's that, Sir?
Chr. I give you Menedemus' answer now: "I'm not a buyer." How do you meet that?
Syrus It's the very answer I prayed for.
Chr. How so?
Syrus He needn't.
Chr. Needn't?
Syrus Lord, no, Sir.
Chr. How's that? You puzzle me.
Syrus I'll explain it in a moment. Stop though, why is our door opening with all that noise?

ACT IV

ENTER *Sostrata* AND *Nurse* NOT SEEING THE OTHERS.

Sos. (to the nurse) Unless I am mistaken this is beyond

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is quicum expositast gnata.

Chr. quid volt sibi, Syre, haec oratio?

Sos. quid est? isne tibi videtur?

Nurse dixi equidem, ubi mi ostendisti, illico eum esse.

Sos. at satis ut contemplata modo sis, mea nutrix.

Nurse satis.

Sos. abi nunciam intro atque illa si iam laverit mihi nuntia.

hic ego virum interea opperibor.—

Syrus te volt: videas quid velit.

nescio quid tristis est: non temerest: timeo quid sit. 620

Chr. quid siet?

ne ista hercle magno iam conatu magnas nugas dixerit.

Sos. ehem mi vir.

Chr. ehem mea uxor.

Sos. te ipsum quaero.

Chr. loquere quid velis.

Sos. primum hoc te oro, ne quid credas me advorsum edictum tuom facere esse ausam.

Chr. vin me istuc tibi, etsi incredibilest, credere? credo.

Syrus nescio quid peccati portat haec purgatio.

Sos. meministin me gravidam et mihi te maximo opere edicere,

si puellam parerem, nolle tolli?

Chr. scio quid feceris:

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doubt the ring I take it for, the one my daughter was exposed with. ✓

Chr. (*aside to Syrus*) What does she mean by that?

Sos. (*as before*) What do you think? Don't you take it for the same?

Nurse For my part I said when you showed it me, I said at once "That's the ring."

Sos. But, nurse dear, are you sure you have thoroughly examined it?

Nurse Thoroughly.

Sos. Go straight in and if she has had her bath come and tell me. Meantime I'll wait for my husband out here. [EXIT *Nurse*.]

Syrus It's you she wants, Sir; find out what it is. She is a bit depressed; it's not for nothing; it frightens me.

Chr. Frightens you? I can tell you, that wife of mine, parade enough she'll make and all about vast little-nesses. (*advances*)

Sos. (*seeing him*) Ah, my dear husband.

Chr. (*sarcastically*) Ah, my dear wife.

Sos. You're the very person I've been looking for.

Chr. Out with it, woman.

Sos. To begin with I entreat you not to believe that I have ventured to do anything contrary to your express orders.

Chr. You wish me to believe what is past belief? Well, I believe it.

Syrus (*aside*) Her trying to clear herself shows something done amiss.

Sos. Do you remember my being with child and your express orders that if it were a girl you wouldn't have it brought up as ours.

Chr. I know what you have done: you have brought it up.

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sustulisti.

Syrus

sic est factum : domna ego, erus damno auctus est.

Sos.

minime ; sed erat hic Corinthia anus haud inpura :

ei dedi .

exponendam,

630

Chr.

o Iuppiter, tantam esse in animo inscitiam !

Sos.

perii : quid ego feci ?

Chr.

rogitas ?

Sos.

si peccavi, mi Chremes,

insciens feci.

Chr.

// id equidem ego, si tu neges, certo scio,
te inscientem atque imprudentem dicere ac facere
omnia :

tot peccata in hac re ostendis. nam iam primum,
si meum

imperium exsequi voluisses, interemptam oportuit,
non simulare mortem verbis, reapse spem vitae dare.//
at id omitto : misericordia, animus maternus : sino.
quam bene vero abs te prospectumst quod voluisti
cogita :

nempe anui illi prodita abs te filias planissime,
per te vel uti quaestum faceret vel uti veniret palam. 640
credo, id cogitasti : " quidvis satis est dum vivat modo."
quid cum illis agas qui neque ius neque bonum atque
aequom sciunt ?

Sos.

// melius peius, prosit obsit, nil vident nisi quod lubet.
mi Chremes, peccavi, fateor : vincor. nunc hoc te
obsecro,

quanto tuos est animus gravior eo sis ignoscentior,
ut meae stultitiae in iustitia tua sit aliquid praesidi.

Chr.

scilicet equidem istuc factum ignoscam ; verum,
Sostrata,
male docet te mea facilitas multa. sed istuc quid-
quid est

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Syrus (*aside*) True enough; the blessing of another mistress for me and another paying out for master.

Sos. Indeed I haven't, but there was an old woman from Corinth living here, quite respectable: I gave her the child to be exposed.

Chr. Good God! what a fool the woman is!

Sos. Mercy on us! what have I done?

Chr. Done?

Sos. If I was wrong, my dear Chremes, I didn't mean to be.

Chr. One thing I'm certain about, whether you deny it or not, and that is there is no meaning or sense in anything you say or do. In this one act you show countless faults. To start with, if you had been ready to carry out my commands, you should have made away with the child, not falsely asserted its death when in fact you gave it a chance of living. But I leave that point: "compassion," you say, "a mother's affection." I admit the plea. But think how finely you provided for having your wishes carried out: why, your daughter was simply abandoned to that old woman, that's as clear as daylight, and for all your doing she might have been turned on the town or sold as a slave. I suppose your notion was "Nothing is too bad if only she can be kept alive." How can one deal with people who know nothing of justice, reason, right? Better or worse, helpful or hurtful—they have no eye for anything but their own caprice.

Sos. My dear husband, I was wrong, I own it, I give in. Now I entreat you, as your mind is weightier than mine, to be the more inclined to forgive: do let my foolishness find some shield in your justice.

Chr. Of course I shall forgive what you have done, but, Sostrata, my easy temper is a bad teacher for you,

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- Sos.* qua hoc occeptumst causa loquere
 ut stultae et misere omnes sumus
 religiosae, quom exponendam do illi, de digito 650
 anulum
 detraho et eum dico ut una cum puella exponeret :
 si moreretur, ne expers partis esset de nostris bonis.
Chr. istuc recte : conservasti te atque illam.
Sos. is hic est anulus.
Chr. unde habes ?
Sos. quam Bacchis secum adduxit adolescentulam,
Syrus hem,
 quid illa narrat ?
Sos. ea lavatum dum it, servandum mihi dedit.
 animum non advorti primum ; sed postquam aspexi
 ilico
 cognovi, ad te exsilui.
Chr. quid nunc suspicare aut invenis
 de illa ?
Sos. nescio, nisi ex ipsa quaeras unde hunc habuerit,
 si potis est reperiri.
Syrus interii : plus spei video quam volo :
 nostrast, si itast. 660
Chr. vivitne illa quoi tu dederas ?
Sos. nescio.
Chr. quid renuntiavit olim ?
Sos. fecisse id quod iusseram.
Chr. nomen mulieri cedo quid sit, ut quaeratur.
Sos. Philterae.
Syrus ipsast. mirum ni illa salvast et ego perii.
Chr. Sostrata,
 sequere hac me intro.
Sos. / hoc ut praeter spem evenit ! quam timui male, ⁶⁴
 ne nunc animo ita esses duro ut olim in tollendo,
 Chremes !

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in more ways than one. Well, well, be your motive whatever it was for opening the story, say on.

Sos. With a woman's usual folly and miserable superstition, when I gave the baby to the old woman to be exposed I took a ring off my finger and told her to expose it with the child. I didn't want it to die without any share in our possessions.

Chr. There you were right : it was saving your conscience and the child's life.

Sos. This is the ring.

Chr. Where did you get it from ?

Sos. The girl that Bacchis brought with her—

Syrus (*aside*) What ? what ? what's that ?

Sos. —gave it to me to keep while she went to take a bath. At the moment I didn't notice it, but when I did look at it I recognized it at once and hurried out to tell you.

Chr. Have you any guess or discovery about our child ?

Sos. I can't say, only you might ask the girl herself where she got it from : there is the chance of a discovery.

Syrus (*aside*) Damn it ! there's too much hope for my liking. She's our lass, if that's so.

Chr. Is the woman you gave her to still living ?

Sos. I can't say.

Chr. What was her report at the time ?

Sos. She said she had done what I told her.

Chr. Tell me the woman's name : we'll try and find her.

Sos. Philtera.

Syrus (*aside*) The very woman : it's a miracle if the girl isn't saved and I lost.

Chr. Sostrata, come with me indoors.

Sos.// Oh, I didn't dare hope for this : I was so horribly afraid you'd be as hard, Chremes, as you were then about bringing her up.

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- Chr.* non licet hominem esse saepe ita ut volt, si res non sinit.
nunc ita tempus fert mi ut cupiam filiam : olim nil minus. // 67
- Syrus*
IV.ii Nisi me animus fallit multum, haud multum a me aberit infortunium :
ita hac re in angustum oppido nunc meae coguntur copiae ;
nisi aliquid video, ne esse amicam hanc gnati resciscat senex. 670
nam quod de argento sperem aut posse postulem me fallere,
nil est : triumpho, si licet me latere tecto abscedere. crucior bolum mihi tantum ereptum tam desubito e faucibus.
quid agam ? aut quid comminiscar ? ratio de integro ineundast mihi.
nil tam difficilest quin quaerendo investigari possiet.
quid si hoc nunc sic incipiam ? nil est. quid, sic ? tantundem egero.
at sic opinor : non potest. immo optume. euge habeo optumam.
retraham herele opinor ad me idem illud fugitivom argentum tamen.
- Clinia*
IV.iii Res nulla mihi posthac potest iam intervenire tanta
quae mi aegritudinem adferat : tanta haec laetitia 680
obortast.
dedo patri me nunciam, ut frugalior sim quam volt.
- Syrus* nil me fefellit : cognitast, quantum audio huius verba.
istuc tibi ex sententia tua obtigisse laetor.

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Chr. It often happens that circumstances may forbid a man to follow his inclination. In my present situation I am eager for a daughter : at that time there was nothing I desired less.

[*EXEUNT Chremes AND Sostrata.*

Syrus If I'm not mistaken, misfortune will soon knock at my door. This accident pens my forces into a very tight place, unless I espy a way to keep it from the old man that this girl is his son's mistress. As to hopes about the cash or expectation of tricking him, there's nothing in that. It's a triumph if I get off with my flank covered. It's the rack to have had such a lucky morsel so suddenly hooked out of my gullet. What plan now? what device? I must clean all the old figures off the slate. Nothing is too hard for a detective's industry. Let me see let me see : (*meditating*) start that way? That's no go. Or that? No go either. Or that perhaps? No, can't be done. Can't it, though? It can, excellently. Hurrah! I've got an excellent scheme. By Jove, I believe I shall soon retrieve that runaway cash after all.

ENTER *Clinia.*

Clinia (*not seeing Syrus*) Nothing now can ever again intervene bad enough to bring me distress, such a light of joy has dawned upon me. From this instant I resign myself to my father to be steady beyond his desire.

Syrus (*aside*) I was right all through, the girl has been recognized if I caught what he said. (*advances*) I am glad, Sir, things have taken such a satisfactory turn for you.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Clinia* o mi Syre, audisti obsecro ?
Syrus quid ni ? qui usque una adfuerim.
Clinia quoiquam aequae audisti commode quicquam evenisse ?
Syrus nulli.
Clinia atque ita me di ament ut ego nunc non tam meapte causa
laetor quam illius ; quam ego scio esse honore quovis dignam.
Syrus ita credo. sed nunc, Clinia, age, da te mihi vicissim ; nam amici quoque res est videnda in tuto ut conlocetur,
ne quid de amica nunc senex.
Clinia o Iuppiter ! 690
Syrus quiesce.
Clinia Antiphila mea nubet mihi.
Syrus Sicine mi interloquere ?
Clinia quid faciam ? Syre mi, gaudeo : fer me.
Syrus fero hercle vero.
Clinia deorum vitam apti sumus.
Syrus frustra operam opinor sumo.
Clinia loquere : audio.
Syrus at iam hoc non agis.
Clinia agam.
Syrus videndumst, inquam,
amici quoque res, Clinia, tui in tuto ut conlocetur. nam si nunc a nobis abis et Bacchidem hic relinquis, senex resciscet ilico esse amicam hanc Clitiphonis ; si abduxeris, celabitur, itidem ut celata adhuc est.
Clinia at enim istoc, Syre, nil est magis meis nuptiis advorsum.
nam quo ore appellabo patrem ? tenes quid dicam ? 700
Syrus quid ni ?

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

- Clinia* My dear Syrus, have you heard, have you heard?
Syrus Of course I have; why, I lent a helping hand all along.
- Clinia* Did you ever hear of anyone having such a stroke of luck?
Syrus Never anyone.
- Clinia* So help me, I am not so delighted for my own sake as for hers. I am sure she deserves every mark of respect.
- Syrus* No doubt of it, Sir; but now, please, give me a hand in return. We must see to putting your friend's affairs too on a safe foundation, for fear his father get suspicious about the girl.
- Clinia* (*not attending*) O God of blessings!
Syrus Do be quiet.
- Clinia* My Antiphila is to be my wife.
Syrus Why do you interrupt me like this?
Clinia What am I to do? O Syrus, I'm so happy; bear with me.
Syrus Oh Lord! I do, don't I?
Clinia We're to be as happy as they are in heaven.
Syrus Seems to me mine is labour lost.
Clinia Speak on: I'm listening.
Syrus You say so, but off goes your attention.
Clinia I will attend.
- Syrus* I say we must see that your friend's affair too is put on a safe foundation. If you go away from our house and leave Bacchis behind, our old man will discover straight away that she's Clitipho's mistress: if you take her off with you, the secret will remain a secret.
- Clinia* Yes, but, Syrus, nothing could be more flatly against my marriage. With what face could I address my father? Do you see what I could say?
Syrus Of course I do.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Clinia* quid dicam? quam causam adferam?
Syrus quin nolo mentiare:
 aperte ita ut res sese habet narrato.
- Clinia* quid ais?
Syrus iubeo:
 illam te amare et velle uxorem, hanc esse Clitiphonis.
Clinia bonam atque iustam rem oppido imperas et factu
 facilem.
 et scilicet iam me hoc voles patrem exorare ut celet
 senem vostrum?
- Syrus* immo ut recta via rem narret ordine omnem.
Clinia hem,
 satin sanus es aut sobrius? tu quidem illum plane 707
 perdis.
- Syrus* huic equidem consilio palmam do: hic me magni- 709
 fice ecfero,
 qui vim tantam in me et potestatem habeam tantae 710
 astutiae,
 vera dicendo ut eos ambos fallam: ut quom narret senex
 voster nostro esse istam amicam gnati, non credat
 tamen.
- Clinia* at enim spem istoc pacto rursus nuptiarum omnem
 eripis;
 // nam dum amicam hanc meam esse credet, non com-
 mittet filiam.
 tu fors quid me fiat parvi pendis, dum illi consulas.
- Syrus* quid malum me aetatem censes velle id adsimularier?
 unus est dies, dum argentum eripio: pax: nil amplius.
- Clinia* tantum sat habes? quid tum quaeso, si hoc pater
 resciverit?
- Syrus* quid si redeo ad illos qui aiunt "quid si nunc caelum ruat?"
Clinia metuo quid agam.
Syrus metuis? quasi non ea potestas sit tua, 720
 quo velis in tempore ut te exsolvas, rem facias palam.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

- Clinia* What is it? What reason could I give?
Syrus Oh I don't want you to tell him lies: tell him the whole story openly as the facts are.
- Clinia* What, man?
Syrus That's what I recommend. Say you love Antiphila and want to marry her, and that the other girl is Clitipho's.
- Clinia* A mighty honest and just course you prescribe me, and easy too. Doubtless you'll want me next to win over my father to keep it from your old master.
- Syrus* Not a bit of it: get him to tell the whole story straight out.
- Clinia* The devil! You must be either mad or drunk. It's you are now for ruining Clitipho, that's quite clear.
- Syrus* That's my prize plan, my masterpiece, my pride and glory, that I've such force and power of cunning in me as by telling the truth to take in the pair of 'em, and when your old gentleman tells ours that Bacchis is his son's mistress he won't believe it for all that.
- Clinia* Yes, yes, but there again, by your plan you rob me of all hope of the marriage. So long as he thinks the girl is my mistress he won't trust his daughter to me. Perhaps you don't take much account of me so long as you can serve him.
- Syrus* Deuce take it, Sir, do you think I want this pretence kept up for ever? It's only a day till I filch the cash from him. There you are, not an hour more.
- Clinia* Do you think that will be long enough? Pray, what follows if his father finds us out?
- Syrus* Bah! some people ask what would follow if the sky fell.
- Clinia* I'm afraid, I don't know—(*timorously*)
- Syrus* Afraid? Surely it's in your power to free yourself when you like by proclaiming the facts.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Clinia age age, traducatur Bacchis.

Syrus optume ipsa exit foras.

Bacchis Satis pol proterve me Syri promissa huc induxerunt, 723

IV. iv decem minas quas dare mihi pollicitust. quod si is nunc me

deceperit, saepe obsecrans me ut veniam frustra veniet;

aut quom venturam dixero et constituero, quom is certe

renuntiarit, Clitipho quom in spe pendebit animi:

decipiam ac non veniam, Syrus mihi tergo poenas pendet. 728 //

Clinia satis scite promittit tibi. //

Syrus atqui tu hanc iocari credis?

faciet nisi caveo.

Bacchis dormiunt: ego pol istos commovebo. 730

mea Phrygia, audistin modo iste homo quam villam demonstravit

Charini?

Phry. audivi.

Bacchis proxumam esse huic fundo ad dextram?

Phry. memini.

Bacchis curriculo percurrere: apud eum miles Dionysia agitatur:

Syrus quid inceptat?

Bacchis dic me hic oppido esse invitam atque adservari, verum aliquo pacto verba me his daturam esse et venturam.

Syrus perii hercle. Bacchis, mane, mane: quo mittis istam quaeso?

iube maneat.

Bacchis i.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Clinia Well, well, let Bacchis be brought across.

Syrus And luckily here she comes out of doors.

ENTER *Bacchis* WITH *Phrygia*.

Bacchis (*not seeing the men*) On my word Syrus's promises have enticed me here pretty impudently, the fifty pounds he pledged himself to give me. If it turns out that he has deceived me now, he shall have a lost errand with his repeated prayers to me to come. Or else when I have agreed to come and fixed a time, and no doubt he'll carry back word of it, then, when Clitipho is agog with hope, I'll deceive him and not come, and so I shall have my vengeance on master Syrus's back. //

Clinia (*overhearing, to Syrus*) A very pretty promise she makes you.

Syrus (*to Clinia*) What! do you think she's jesting? She'll do it if I don't look out.

Bacchis (*catches sight of the men, aside to Phrygia*) They are napping: on my word I'll touch 'em up. (*louder*) Phrygia my dear, did you hear which house that person pointed out to us as Charinus's?

Phry. I did.

Bacchis Didn't he say the next on the right to this farm?

Phry. I remember.

Bacchis Off with you at a run. The captain is keeping the feast with him.

Syrus (*aside*) What's her scheme?

Bacchis Tell him I am here quite against my will, forcibly detained, but by hook or by crook I'll outwit these people and come to him. (*Phrygia starts off*)

Syrus (*aside*) Ruined, by God! (*aloud*) Bacchis, stop, stop. Heavens! where are you sending her to! Tell her to stop.

Bacchis (*to Phrygia*) Off with you.

PUBLIUS TERENCE AFER

Syrus quin est paratum argentum.
Bacchis quin ego maneo.
Syrus atqui iam dabitur.
Bacchis ut lubet. num ego insto?
Syrus at scin quid sodes?
Bacchis quid?
Syrus transeundumst nunc tibi huc ad Menedemum
 et tua pompa
 eo traducendast. 740
Bacchis quam rem agis, scelus?
Syrus egon ? argentum cudo
 quod tibi dem.
Bacchis dignam me putas quam inludas?
Syrus non est temere.
Bacchis etiamne tecum hic res mihist?
Syrus minume: tuom tibi reddo.
Bacchis eatur.
Clinia sequere hac.
Syrus heus, Dromo.
Dromo quis me volt?
Syrus Syrus.
Dromo quid est rei?
Syrus ancillas omnis Bacchidis traduce huc ad vos propere.
Dromo quam ob rem?
Syrus ne quaeras: eferant quae secum huc
 attulerunt.
 sperabit sumptum sibi senex levatum esse harunc
 abitu :
 ne ille haud scit, hoc paulum lucri quantum ei damni
 adportet.
 tu nescies quod scis, Dromo, si sapies.
Dromo mutum dices.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Syrus Why, the cash is waiting for you.

Bacchis Why, then I stop. (*Phrygia comes back*)

Syrus You shall have it at once.

Bacchis As you like. You don't think I'm pressing for it, do you?

Syrus But I say, do you know what?

Bacchis What?

Syrus You must move across now to Menedemus's and take your train there with you.

Bacchis You knave, what's your game?

Syrus My game? Coining money to give you.

Bacchis Do you think me a fit subject for your practical jokes?

Syrus No joke, there's a reason for it.

Bacchis Any more business I must do with you?

Syrus No, no; I'm only paying you your due.

Bacchis Let us go then.

Clinia Come along. (*goes and knocks at Menedemus's door*)

Syrus Hi, Dromo.

ENTER *Dromo*.

Dromo Who wants me?

Syrus It's me, Syrus.

Dromo What's up?

Syrus Conduct all Bacchis's maids across to your house at once.

Dromo Why?

Syrus No questions. Let 'em take out all they brought with 'em. Our old man will hope his expenses are lessened by this departure. Much he knows: little gain, great loss, that's what it brings. Dromo, you won't know what you do know, unless you're going to be a fool.

Dromo You shall call me dumb.

[EXIT WITH *Bacchis* AND HER TRAIN.]

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Chr.* Ita me di amabunt ut nunc Menedemi vicem
 IV.v miseret me, tantum devenisse ad eum mali. 750
 illancine mulierem alere cum illa familia!
 etsi scio, aliquot hos dies non sentiet:
 ita magno desiderio fuit ei filius.
 verum ubi videbit tantos sibi sumptus domi
 cottidianos fieri nec fieri modum,
 optabit rursus ut abeat ab se filius.
 Syrum optume eccum.
- Syrus* cesso hunc adoriri?
- Chr.* Syre.
- Syrus* hem.
- Chr.* quid est?
- Syrus* te in ipsum iam dudum optabam dari.
- Chr.* videre egisse iam nescio quid cum sene. 757
- Syrus* de illo quod dudum? dictum factum reddidi. 760
- Chr.* bonan fide?
- Syrus* bona hercle.
- Chr.* non possum pati,
 quin tibi caput demulceam: accede huc, Syre:
faciam boni tibi aliquid pro ista re ac lubens. 763
- Syrus* at si scias quam scite in mentem venerit.
- Chr.* vah, gloriare evenisse ex sententia?
- Syrus* non hercle vero: verum dico.
- Chr.* dic quid est?
- Syrus* tui Clitiphonis esse amicam hanc Bacchidem
 Menedemo dixit Clinia, et ea gratia
 secum adduxisse ne tu id persentisceres.
 194

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

ENTER *Chremes*.

Chr. (*to himself*) Heaven help me, I am sorry for Menedemus now, that so much ill luck has fallen on him. Think of supporting that woman with all her establishment! For some days, though, I know he won't feel it, he has longed so eagerly for his son. But when he sees the daily expenses in his house and no limit set, he'll pray for his son to be off again. Ah, there's Syrus, that's lucky.

Syrus (*aside*) I may as well at him.

Chr. Syrus.

Syrus Thank goodness.

Chr. What for?

Syrus Sir, you're the very man I've been longing to meet.

Chr. You seem to have done some business already with my old neighbour.

Syrus About the scheme that we just now—? Yes, with me it was "said and done."

Chr. Upon your honour?

Syrus Upon my honour.

Chr. By Jove, I can't help patting you on the head. Come here, Syrus: I'll do you a good turn for your service, and that from my heart.

Syrus Ah, Sir, if you knew how cleverly it came into my head.

Chr. Bah, only boasting of the lucky issue?

Syrus Oh Lord, Sir, no, Sir; I speak the truth.

Chr. Well, tell it me.

Syrus Clinia has told his father that this Bacchis is your son's mistress and that that's why he brought her with him to prevent your finding it out.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

770

Chr. probe.

Syrus dic sodes.

Chr. nimium, inquam.

Syrus immo si scias.

sed porro ausculta quod superest fallaciae :
sese ipse dicit tuam vidisse filiam ;
eius sibi conplacitam formam, postquam aspexerit ;
hanc cupere uxorem.

Chr. modone quae inventast ?

Syrus eam :

et quidem iubebit posci.

Chr. quam ob rem istuc, Syre ?

nam prorsum nihil intellego.

Syrus vah, tardus es.

Chr. fortasse.

Syrus argentum dabitur ei ad nuptias,
aurum atque vestem qui...tenesne ?

Chr. comparet ?

Syrus id ipsum.

// *Chr.* at ego illi neque do neque despondeo. 779

Syrus non ? quam ob rem ?

780

Chr. quam ob rem ? me rogas ? homini . . . ?

Syrus ut lubet.
non ego dicebam in perpetuom ut illam illi dares,
verum ut simulares.

Chr. non meast simulatio :

ita tu istaec tua misceto, ne me admisceas.

egon quoi daturus non sum, ut ei despondeam ?

Syrus credebam.

785

Chr. minime.

Syrus scite poterat fieri ;

et ego hoc, quia dudum tu tanto opere suaseras

196

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Chr. Good.

Syrus I beg your pardon!

Chr. Excellent, I say.

Syrus Ah, if you knew; but let me tell you the rest of the trick. Clinia tells him that for his own part he has set eyes on your daughter, that her beauty fascinated him the moment he saw her, and he is keen to marry her.

Chr. My newly found daughter?

Syrus Yes, and he'll tell his father to ask you for her.

Chr. But why, Syrus? I am quite in the dark about it.

Syrus Bless me, you're slow, Sir.

Chr. It may be so.

Syrus His father will supply him with money against the marriage for trinkets and clothes to be—see?

Chr. To be bought?

Syrus Just so.

Chr. // But I will neither marry nor betroth her to him.

Syrus No, Sir? Why not?

Chr. What a question! What, to a fellow who—

Syrus [As you like, Sir; I didn't suggest you should marry her to him out and out, only that you should pretend. //]

Chr. [I'm not given to pretending. You must make your cake without kneading me into it. // What, I betroth her to a man I don't mean to let marry her?]

Syrus I thought you might. //

Chr. Not a bit of it.

Syrus It might have been done so cleverly, and it was only your earnest pressings that put me on it.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

eo coepi.

Chr.
Syrus

credq.
|| ceterum equidem istuc, Chremes,
aequi bonique facio. ||

Chr.

atqui quam maxume

Syrus

volo te dare operam ut fiat, verum alia via.
fiat, quaeratur aliquid. sed illud quod tibi
dixi de argento quod ista debet Bacchidi,
id nunc reddendumst illi: neque tu scilicet
illuc confugies: "quid mea? num mihi datumst?
num iussi? num illa oppignerare filiam
meam me invito potuit?" verum illud Chremes,
dicunt: "ius summum saepe summast malitia."

790

Chr.

haud faciam.

Syrus

immo aliis si licet, tibi non licet:

omnes te in lauta esse et bene aucta re putant.

Chr.

quin egomet iam ad eam deferam.

Syrus

immo filium

iube potius.

Chr.

quam ob rem?

Syrus

quia enim in eum suspiciost 800

translata amoris.

Chr.

quid tum?

Syrus

quia videbitur

magis veri simile id esse, quom hic illi dabit;

et simul conficiam facilius ego quod volo.

ipse adeo adest: abi, efer argentum.

Chr.

ecfero.

Clit.

Nullast tam facilis res quin difficilis siet,

IV. vi

quam invitus facias. vel me haec deambulatio,

quam non laboriosa, ad languorem dedit.

nec quicquam magis nunc metuo quam ne denuo

miser aliquo extrudar hinc, ne accedam ad Bacchidem.

ut te quidem omnes di deae quantumst, Syre,

810

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THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Chr. I don't doubt it.

Syrus However, Sir, I resign myself to your view being right and proper.

Chr. Yes, but I am very eager that you should try to bring the thing about, only in some other way.

Syrus So be it; let's look for one. But about what I told you of the money which the old lady owes to Bacchis, that's got to be paid her now, and I'm sure you won't try the shift of saying "What's it to do with *me*? Was *I* the borrower? Did I order it? Could she mortgage my daughter against my will?" It's a true saying, Sir, "strictest law, worst mischief."

Chr. I won't shirk.

Syrus No, Sir, others may but you mayn't: all the world regards you as a man of large and splendid fortune.

Chr. I will take her the money myself at once.

Syrus Better send your son with it.

Chr. Why?

Syrus Why because the suspicion of being her lover has been transferred to him.

Chr. What follows?

Syrus Because it will look more probable if it's *he* gives it her, and besides it will make it easier for me to carry out my scheme. Here he comes, Sir: in with you and fetch out the money.

Chr. I will.

[EXIT.

ENTER *Clitpho*.

Clit. (*to himself*) Nothing is so easy but it is difficult when you do it against the grain. For instance this walk of mine, it wasn't toilsome but it has tired me out. And there's nothing I fear more than being shoved off again from here, to keep me, wretched devil, from going near Bacchis. (*sees Syrus*) Now may all

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

cum istoc invento cumque incepto perduint !
huius modi res semper comminiscere,
ubi me excarnufices.

Syrus ibin hinc quo dignus es?
quam paene tua me perdidit protervitas !

Clit. vellem hercle factum, ita meritu's.
Syrus meritus? quo modo?

ne me istuc ex te prius audisse gaudeo,
quam argentum haberes quod daturus iam fui.
Clit. quid igitur tibi vis dicam? adisti mihi manum;
amicam adduxti quam non licitumst tangere.

Syrus iam non sum iratus. sed scin ubi nunc sit tibi 820
tua Bacchis?

Clit. apud nos.

Syrus non.

Clit. ubi ergo?

Syrus apud Cliniam.

Clit. perii.

Syrus bono animo es / iam argentum ad eam deferes
quod ei pollicitu's.

Clit. garris. unde?

Syrus a tuo patre.

Clit. ludis fortasse me?

Syrus ipsa re experibere.

Clit. ne ego homo sum fortunatus: deamo te, Syre.

Syrus sed pater egreditur. cave quicquam admiratus
sis,

qua causa id fiat; obsecundato in loco;
quod imperabit facito; loquitor pauca.

IV. vii

Chr. Vbi Clitipho hic est?

Syrus "eccum me" inque.

Clit. eccum hic tibi.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

the powers of heaven confound you, Syrus, with your trick and your scheme! You're everlastingly devising things of this kind to make mincemeat of me.

Syrus Get away with you to the place you deserve. Your wilfulness pretty nearly did for me.

Clit. God! I wish it had: you deserved it.

Syrus Deserved it? How? My word, I'm glad you told me *that* before you could touch the money I was on the point of giving you.

Clit. What do you want me to say then? You've tricked me; you brought me a mistress and I mustn't go near her.

Syrus I've got back my temper. I say, do you know where your Bacchis is now?

Clit. At our house.

Syrus No.

Clit. Where then.

Syrus At Clinia's.

Clit. Damnation!

Syrus Cheer up, in a minute you shall take her the money you promised her.

Clit. Nonsense? Where can I get it from?

Syrus Your father.

Clit. Surely you are fooling me.

Syrus Facts shall show.

Clit. Jove! I'm a lucky fellow. Oh, I do love you, Syrus.

Syrus Here's your father coming out. Be sure you show no wonder why it's done. Humour him at the right moment, do what he tells you, say ever so little.

RE-ENTER *Chremes.*

Chr. Where's Clitipho now?

Syrus (*aside to Clitipho*) Say "Here I am."

Clit. (*advances*) Here I am.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Chr. quid rei esset dixi huic? 830

Syrus dixi pleraque omnia.

Chr. cape hoc argentum ac defer.

Syrus i : quid stas, lapis?

quin accipis?

Clit. cedo sane.

Syrus sequere hac me ocius.

tu hic nos dum eximus interea opperibere ;
nam nil est illic quod moremur diutius.—

Chr.// minas quidem iam decem habet a me filia, 835

quas pro alimentis esse nunc duco datas ;

hasce ornamentis consequentur alterae ;

porro haec talenta dotis adposcunt duo.

quam multa iniusta ac prava fiunt moribus!

mihi nunc relictis rebus inveniendus est

aliquis, labore inventa mea quoi dem bona. 841 // 840

Mene. Multo omnium nunc me fortunatissimum

IV. viii factum puto esse, quom te, gnate, intellego

resipisse.

Chr. ut errat!

Mene. te ipsum quaerebam, Chremes

serva, quod in te est, filium et me et familiam.

Chr. dic quid vis faciam?

Mene. invenisti hodie filiam.

Chr. quid tum?

Mene. // hanc uxorem sibi dari volt Clinia. 847

Chr. quaeso quid tu hominis es?

Mene. quid est?

Chr. iamne oblitus es

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Chr. (to *Syrus*) How much have you told him?
Syrus Pretty nearly everything.
Chr. (to *Clitipho*) Take this money and pay her.
Syrus (aside to *Clitipho*) Go to him : don't stand like a log : take it.

Clit. (awkwardly) G—g—give it me. (takes it)
Syrus Come along with me, hurry up. You, Sir (to *Chremes*), will please wait here till we come out again. There's nothing to keep us there very long. [EXIT WITH *Clitipho*.

Chr.// My daughter already has fifty pounds from me which I account an equivalent for her rearing ; there'll be another fifty for her wardrobe : further, this expenditure calls for five hundred pounds by way of dowry. How many unjust things custom makes one do. I must now put business aside to find a man on whom to bestow what I have toiled hard to get.//

ENTER *Menedemus* FROM HIS HOUSE.

Mene. (at the door, not seeing *Chremes*) I reckon I am become the happiest man in the world since I see, my son, that you have recovered your senses.

Chr. (overhearing) What a mistake he makes.

Mene. Ah *Chremes*, the very man I was looking for. Will you do your best to preserve my son and me and our estate ?

Chr. Tell me what you wish me to do.

Mene. To-day you have found a daughter.

Chr. What follows ?

Mene.// *Clinia* wants you to let her marry him.

Chr. Heavens ! What sort of man are you ?

Mene. I don't understand.

Chr. Have you already forgotten our conversation about

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inter nos quid sit dictum de fallacia,
ut ea via abs te argentum auferretur? 850

Mene. scio.

Chr. ea res nunc agitur ipsa.

Mene. quid narras, Chremes?
immo haec quidem quae apud me est Clitiphonis
est
amica : ita aiunt.

Chr. et tu credis omnia.
et illum aiunt velle uxorem, ut quom desponderim,
des qui aurum ac vestem atque alia quae opus sunt
comparat.

Mene. id est profecto : id amicae dabitur.

Chr. scilicet

datum iri.

Mene. ah, frustra sum igitur gavisus miser.
quidvis tamen iam malo quam hunc amittere.
quid nunc renuntiem abs te responsum, Chremes,
ne sentiat me sensisse atque aegre ferat? 860

Chr. aegre? nimium illi, Menedeme, indulges.

Mene. sine :

inceptumst : perforce hoc mi perpetuo, Chremes.

Chr. dic convenisse, egisse te de nuptiis.

Mene. dicam. quid deinde?

Chr. me facturum esse omnia,
generum placere ; postremo etiam, si voles,
desponsam quoque esse dicito.

Mene. em, istuc volueram.

Chr. tanto ocius te ut poscat et tu, id quod cupis,
quam ocissime ut des.

Mene. cupio.

Chr. ne tu propediem,
ut istam rem video, istius obsaturabere.
sed haec uti sunt, cautim et paulatim dabis, 870
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THE SELF-TORMENTOR

the trick, the method by which money was to be got out of you ?

Mene. No, I haven't.

Chr. This is the trick.

Mene. What do you mean, Chremes ? No, no, the girl in my house is Clitipho's mistress. They say so.

Chr. //And you take in every word they say. And they tell you he wants to marry her : and why do they ? Why, that when I have betrothed her to him you may give him the wherewithal to buy trinkets and clothes and other necessaries.

Mene. It is certainly so ; the money will go to his mistress.

Chr. To his mistress, beyond a doubt. //

Mene. Ah, wretched fool that I am, so all my delight was baseless. Still I would even now bear anything rather than let him go. What answer am I now to take back from you, Chremes, so that he mayn't see I have seen through it and be vexed with me ?

Chr. Vexed ? You are too indulgent to him, my friend

Mene. Let me be so. I have taken a line, help me to keep it up all through, Chremes.

Chr. Tell him you have seen me and proposed the match.

Mene. I will. And then ?

Chr. Say that I am entirely agreeable, that I like the son-in-law ; in fact, if you choose, you may say there is a betrothal.

Mene. Good ; that's just what I wanted.

Chr. So that he may the sooner make his demand and you as you desire may give on the nail.

Mene. I do desire it.

Chr. Upon my word in my view of the case it won't be long before you are dead sick of it. But as things are you will give cautiously and by driblets if you mean to be wise.

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si sapiēs.

Mene. faciam.

Chr. abi intro : vide quid postulet.
ego domi ero, si quid me voles.

Mene. sane volo.
nam te scientem faciam quidquid egero.

ACTVS V

Mene. Ego me non tam astutum neque tam perspicacem
esse id scio ;
sed hic adiutor meus et monitor et praemonstrator
Chremes
hoc mihi praestat : in me quidvis harum rerum con-
venit,
quae sunt dicta in stulto, caudex, stipes, asinus,
plumbeus ;
in illum nil potest : exsuperat eius stultitia haec
omnia.

Chr. ohe, iam desine deos, uxor, gratulando obtundere,
tuam esse inventam gnataam ; nisi illos ex tuo in-
genio iudicas, 880
ut nil credas intellegere nisi idem dictumst centiens.
sed interim quid illic iam dudum gnatus cessat cum
Syro ?

Mene. quos ais homines, Chremes, cessare ?

Chr. ehem, Menedeme, advenis ?
dic mihi, Cliniae quae dixi nuntiastin ?

Mene. omnia.

Chr. quid ait ?

Mene. gaudere adeo coepit quasi qui cupiunt nuptias.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Mene. I will, I will.

Chr. Indoors with you, find out how much he asks. I shall be at home if you want me.

Mene. Certainly I want you, for I shall let you know all my arrangements. [EXEUNT SEVERALLY.]

ACT V

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Menedemus* FROM HIS HOUSE.

Mene. That I'm not so very acute or sharp-sighted I am well aware, but this prompter of mine, this instructor, this stage-director, outdoes me in this. Any one of the terms used for a fool is a cap for my head, blockhead, wooden-pate, ass, leaden-wit : not one of them fits him, for his folly is a size too large for any of 'em.

ENTER *Chremes*.

Chr. (*speaking to his wife within*) Oh bother, do at last, woman, cease wearing heaven out with your thanks for the discovery of your daughter. Perhaps you judge the powers above by the standard of your own wits and think they never take a thing in till it's been told 'em a hundred times. (*advances*) But meantime why is that son of mine loitering about all this time with Syrus ?

Mene. Who do you say are loitering, Chremes ?

Chr. Ah, Menedemus, are you there ? Have you told Clinia what I said ?

Mene. Every word of it.

Chr. What's he say ?

Mene. He fell into the transports of a man eager for marriage.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Chr.* hahahac.
- Mene.* quid risisti?
- Chr.* servi venire in mentem Syri
calliditates.
- Mene.* itane?
- Chr.* voltus quoque hominum fingit scelus.
- Mene.* gnatus quod se adsimulat laetum, id dicis?
- Chr.* id.
- Mene.* idem istuc mihi
venit in mentem.
- Chr.* veterator.
- Mene.* magis, si magis noris, putes
ita rem esse. 890
- Chr.* ain tu?
- Mene.* quin tu ausculta.
- Chr.* // manedum, hoc prius scire expeto,
quid perdideris. nam ubi desponsam nuntiasti filio,
continuo iniecisse verba tibi Dromonem scilicet,
sponsae vestem aurum atque ancillas opus esse:
— argentum ut dares.
- Mene.* non.
- Chr.* quid? non?
- Mene.* non inquam.
- Chr.* neque ipse gnatus?
- Mene.* nil prorsum, Chremes.
magis unum etiam instare, ut hodie conficiantur nuptiae.
- Chr.* mira narras. quid Syrus meus? ne is quidem quicquam?
- Mene.* nihil.
- Chr.* quam ob rem, nescio.
- Mene.* equidem miror, qui alia tam plane scias.
sed ille tuom quoque Syrus idem mire finxit filium,
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Chr. (*laughs*) Ha! ha! ha!

Mene. What, are you laughing at it?

Chr. You reminded me of the cunning tricks of my man Syrus.

Mene. That, eh?

Chr. He even makes up people's faces, the rascal.

Mene. My son's delight is a pretence, is that what you mean?

Chr. Just so.

Mene. The same thing occurred to me.

Chr. The old fox!

Mene. You'd think so more if you knew more.

Chr. Eh?

Mene. Just listen.

Chr. // One moment: I want to know first how much you are out of pocket; for, when you told your son of the betrothal, no doubt Dromo at once dropped you a hint that the bride must have clothes, trinkets, yes and maidservants, and asked you for money. //

Mene. No.

Chr. Really? he didn't?

Mene. No, I say.

Chr. Nor your son either?

Mene. Not a word, Chremes. The one thing for which he pressed more and more was the completion of the marriage to-day.

Chr. Your account astonishes me. And my man Syrus? Didn't he say anything either?

Mene. Nothing.

Chr. I can't make out why.

Mene. I am astonished at that when you make out other things so clearly. But that same Syrus made up your son's face as well so rarely that there isn't the

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Mene. quid ni? quo verba facilius dentur mihi.

Chr. derides merito. mihi nunc ego suscenseo:
quod res dedere, ubi possem persentiscere,
ni essem lapis! quae vidi! vae misero mihi!
at ne illud haud inultum, si vivo, ferent!
nam iam . . .

Mene. non tu te cohibes? non te respicis?
non tibi ego exempli satis sum?

Chr. prae iracundia,
Menedeme, non sum apud me.

Mene. tene istuc loqui!
nonne id flagitiumst, te aliis consilium dare,
foris sapere, tibi non posse te auxiliarier?

Chr. quid faciam?

Mene. id quod me fecisse aiebas parum.

fac te patrem esse sentiat; fac ut audeat
tibi credere omnia, abs te petere et poscere,
ne quam aliam quaerat copiam ac te deserat.

Chr. immo abeat potius malo quovis gentium
quam hic per flagitium ad inopiam redigat patrem.
nam si illi pergo suppeditare sumptibus,
Menedeme, mi illac vero ad rastros res redit.

Mene. quot incommoditates hac re accipies, nisi caves!
difficilem te esse ostendes et ignosces tamen
post, et id ingratum.

Chr. ah nescis quam doleam.

Mene. ut lubet,
quid hoc quod rogo, ut illa nubat nostro? nisi quid
est
quod magis vis.

Chr. immo et gener et adfines placent.



THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Mene. Why not? It might be to help the trick played on me. (*laughs ironically*)

Chr. I deserve your ridicule. It's myself I'm enraged with now. A hundred circumstances gave me the chance of seeing through it if I hadn't been a senseless stone. What things I saw! Curse it all! But as I'm alive I swear they shan't get off with impunity. This very moment I'll——

Mene. (*interrupting*) Have you no self-control, no regard for yourself? Aren't I warning enough for you?

Chr. My anger puts me beside myself, Menedemus.

Mene. You to say that! Isn't it a scandal that you should give advice to others, be so wise abroad, and then be unable to help yourself at home?

Chr. What am I to do?

Mene. Do what you charged me with failing to do. Make him feel you are his father, make him be of the mind to trust you in everything, come to you with his requests and demands, for fear he seek supplies elsewhere and desert you.

Chr. No, no; I would rather he were off to the world's end than stopped here and by his ill-doing brought his father to beggary. If I start supplying his extravagances, Menedemus, to the mattock it comes with me in real earnest.

Mene. What distresses you'll get by it if you don't look out! You'll show yourself crabbed and pardon him all the same later on, and then there'll be no grace in the act.

Chr. Ah, you don't know what pain it is to me.

Mene. Well, go your own way. What about my request that your girl may be married to my boy? Or perhaps there's a match you like better?

Chr. Oh no, I am pleased with the match and the connexions.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Mene.* // quid dotis dicam te dixisse filio?
quid obticujisti?
- Chr.* dotis?
- Mene.* ita dico.
- Chr.* ah.
- Mene.* Chremes,
ne quid vereare, si minus: nil nos dos movet.
- Chr.* duo talenta pro re nostra ego esse decrevi satis; 940
sed ita dictu opus est, si me vis salvom esse et rem
et filium,
me mea omnia bona doti dixisse illi.
- Mene.* quam rem agis?
- Chr.* id mirari te simulato et illum hoc rogitato simul,
quam ob rem id faciam.
- Mene.* quin ego vero quam ob rem id facias nescio.
- Chr.* egone? ut eius animum, qui nunc luxuria et lascivia
diffluit, retundam, redigam, ut quo se vortat nesciat.
- Mene.* quid agis?
- Chr.* mitte: sine me in hac re gerere mihi morem.
- Mene.* sino
itane vis?
- Chr.* ita.
- Mene.* fiat.
- Chr.* ac iam uxorem ut accersat paret.—
hic ita ut liberos est aequom dictis confutabitur.
sed Syrum quidem egone si vivo adeo exornatum dabo, 950
adeo depexum, ut dum vivat meminerit semper
mei;
qui sibi me pro deridiculo ac delectamento putat.
non, ita me di ament, auderet facere haec viduae
mulieri,

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Mene. What dowry shall I tell my son you have mentioned? (*Chremes is silent*) What has struck you dumb?

Chr. Dowry?

Mene. Dowry was the word.

Chr. Hm!

Mene. Never mind, Chremes, if you mean to give none. The dowry has no influence with us.

Chr. I made up my mind that considering my means five hundred pounds was enough. But you must say, if you don't wish me and my estate and my son to be ruined, that I have given her all my possessions as a dowry.

Mene. What is your object?

Chr. Pretend you are amazed at it and earnestly inquire of him what my motive is.

Mene. But really really I don't know your motive.

Chr. Why, his mind overflows its banks from self-indulgence and licentiousness, and I want to check it, bring it into the channel, so that he can't tell where to turn.

Mene. What are you about?

Chr. Never mind, let me humour myself on this point.

Mene. Very well: you're sure you mean it?

Chr. Quite.

Mene. So be it.

Chr. And now let him make ready to fetch his wife. [EXIT *Menedemus*] My son's effervescence shall be checked by a lecture, the right way with a son. But as for Syrus, as I live, I'll so dress him and currycomb him that he'll remember me all his days, a fellow who takes me for his laughing-stock and his plaything. Lord love me, he wouldn't have dared to do to a lone widow-woman what he has done to me.

[RETIRES.]

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

quae in me fecit.

Clit. Itane tandem quaeso, Menedeme? ut pater
V.ii tam in brevi spatio omnem de me eiecerit animum
 patris?
 quodnam ob factum? quid ego tantum sceleris
 admisi miser?
 volgo faciunt.

Mene. scio tibi esse hoc gravius multo ac durius,
 quoi fit; verum ego haud minus aegre patior, id qui
 nescio
 nec rationem capio, nisi quod tibi bene ex animo
 volo.

Clit. hic patrem astare aibas.

Mene. eccum.

960

Chr. quid me incusas, Clitipho?
 huius quidquid ego feci, tibi prospexi et stultitiae
 tuae.

ubi te vidi animo esse omisso et suavia in praesentia
 quae essent prima habere neque consulere in longi-
 tudinem:

cepi rationem, ut neque egeres neque ut haec
 posses perdere.

// ubi quoi decuit primo, tibi non licuit per te mihi ⁹⁶⁵
 dare,

abii ad proximum tibi qui erat: ei commisi et credidi.
 ibi tuae stultitiae semper erit praesidium, Clitipho, ⁹⁶⁷
 victus, vestitus, quo in tectum te receptes.

Clit. ei mihi!

// *Chr.* satius est quam te ipso herede haec possidere
 Bacchidem.

Syrus disperii: scelestus quantas turbas concivi insciens! 970

Clit. emori cupio.

Chr. prius quaeso disce quid sit vivere

ubi scies, si displicebit vita, tum istoc utitor.

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THE SELF-TORMENTOR

RE-ENTER *Menedemus* WITH *Clitipho* AND *Syrus*.

Clit. Can it possibly be so, Menedemus? What? in so short a time my father cast off all his affection for me? What is my offence? What sin have I been so unhappy as to commit? It's a thing men do everywhere.

Mene. I know it is much harder and more grievous to you on whom it falls, but I myself am no less vexed because I can't make it out and don't see how to meet it, only I wish you well from my heart.

Clit. Was it here you said my father was?

Mene. There he is.

Chr. (*advancing*) Why do you find fault with me, Clitipho? Whatever I have done in the matter has been done out of forethought for you and your folly. Seeing you to be of a careless disposition, one who regarded the pleasures of the moment as the chief thing and never pushed thoughts into the time ahead, I formed a design to save you from beggary and stop your chance of wasting our possessions. — When your own fault forbad me to give it to you who had the first claim on it, I fell back on your nearest connexion and gave it into his charge and keeping. In him you will always find a shield against your own folly, Clitipho, as well as food, clothing, and a roof to shelter you.

Clit. Good Lord!

Chr. It was better than making you my heir for Bacchis to step into possession.

Syrus (*aside*) Curse it! What trouble I've stirred up, like the wretch I am, without meaning it!

Clit. I wish I could die on the spot.

Chr. Better learn first what it is to live. When you have found out, then, if life is unsatisfactory to you, you may try your dying.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Syrus

ere, licetne?

Chr.

loquere.

Syrus

at tuto.

but safety?

Chr.

loquere.

Syrus

quae istast pravitas
quaeve amentias, quod peccavi ego, id obesse hunc?

Chr.

ne te admisce : nemo accusat, Syre, te : nec tu aram tibi
nec precatorem pararis.

ilicet.

Syrus

quid agis?

refuge

Chr.

nil suscenseo

nec tibi nec tibi ; nec vos est aequom quod facio mihi.

Syrus

abiit? vah, rogasse vellem

Clit.

quid?

Syrus

unde peterem mihi cibum :
ita nos alienavit. tibi iam esse ad sororem intellego.

Clit.

adeon rem rediisse ut periculum etiam a fame mihi
sit, Syre!

980

Syrus

modo liceat vivere, est spes

Clit.

quae?

Syrus

nos esurituros satis.

Clit.

inrides in re tanta neque me consilio quicquam adiuvas?

Syrus

immo et ibi nunc sum et usque id egi dudum, dum
loquitur pater;

et quantum ego intellegere possum,

Clit.

quid?

Syrus

non aberit longius

Clit.

quid ergo?

Syrus

sic est; non esse horum te arbitrator.

Clit.

quid istuc, Syre?

satin sanus es?

Syrus

ego dicam, quod mi in mentemst; tu diiudica
dum istis fuisti solus, dum nulla alia delectatio

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

Syrus Sir, may I—?

Chr. Speak.

Syrus You won't punish me for speaking?

Chr. Speak.

Syrus Isn't it wickedness, isn't it madness, that my fault should be visited on my master?

Chr. Off with you! Don't mix yourself up with it; nobody accuses you, Syrus: you need not fly to sanctuary or look out for an intercessor.

Syrus Your purpose, Sir, is—?

Chr. I am not angry with you nor with you (*to Clitipho*), and neither of you ought to take offence with me for what I do. [EXIT.]

Syrus He's gone, is he? Dash it, I wish I'd asked him—

Clit. What?

Syrus Where I'm to get my daily bread: he has so utterly cut us off. You, I see, have a refuge at your sister's.

Clit. Think of its coming to my being in danger of starving, Syrus.

Syrus Well, if one may only live, there's hope—

Clit. What of?

Syrus —of our having tidy appetites.

Clit. Jest in face of such trouble and not a word of advice for me?

Syrus No, that's just what I have in mind and had too all the time your father was holding forth, and as far as I can see—(*pauses*)

Clit. What?

Syrus It'll come to me directly. (*pondering*)

Clit. What is it, then?

Syrus This explains it. I think you are not their son.

Clit. What do you mean, Syrus? Are you in your senses?

Syrus I'll tell you what occurs to me; you be judge
While you were their only one and they had no

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

quae propior esset, te indulgebant, tibi dabant: nunc
filia

postquamst inventa vera, inventast causa qua te
expellerent.

Clit. est veri simile.

Syrus an tu ob peccatum hoc esse illum iratum putas? 990

Clit. non arbitror.

Syrus nunc aliud specta: matres omnes filii
in peccato adiutrices, auxilio in paterna iniuria
solent esse: id non fit.

Clit. verum dicis. quid ergo nunc faciam, Syre?

Syrus suspicionem istanc ex illis quaere, rem profer palam.
si non est verum, ad misericordiam ambos adduces cito,
aut scibis quouis sis.

Clit. recte suades: faciam.—

Syrus sat recte hoc mihi.

in mentem venit; nam quam maxume huic vana
haec suspicio

erit, tamfacillume patris pacem in leges conficiet suas,
etiam haud scio an iam uxorem ducat: ac Syro nil
gratiae!

quid hoc autem? senex exit foras: ego fugio. adhuc 1000
quod factumst,

miror non continuo abripi iusse: ad Menedemum
hunc pergam.

eum mihi precatorem paro: seni nostro nil fidei habeo.

Sos. Profecto nisi caves tu homo, aliquid gnato conficies
V. iii mali;

idque adeo miror, quo modo

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

Chr. oh, pergin mulier esse? nullamne ego rem unquam
in vita mea

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THE SELF-TORMENTOR

nearer delight, they used to indulge you, give you presents: now that they've found a daughter who is really their own they've found a pretext for turning you out.

Clit. (*sadly*) It seems likely.

Syrus Do you think it was this peccadillo enraged your father?

Clit. No, I don't.

Syrus Now look at another point: mothers usually help their sons in face of a peccadillo, back 'em up when their fathers maltreat 'em: it isn't so here.

Clit. You are right. What am I to do then, Syrus?

Syrus Ask 'em the truth about your suspicion, have it out with 'em. If it isn't true, you'll move the pair of 'em to compassion in no time or, if it is, get to know whose son you are.

Clit. Sound advice: I'll follow it.

Syrus A very happy thought of mine, that. The more groundless my young man's suspicion, the more easily he'll win over his father to his own terms. He may even marry for all I know, and Syrus get no thanks. What's that noise? The old man's coming out, I shall take to my heels. After what's happened I wonder he didn't have me packed off to hard labour at once. I'll go to Menedemus, it's him I build on to intercede for me. I've no trust in our old man. [EXIT INTO *Menedemus's*.

ENTER *Chremes* AND *Sostrata*.

Sos. I am sure, unless you take care, my good man, you'll bring some mischief on our boys, and I can't possibly imagine how such a silly thought could get into your head, no, my dear, I can't.

Chr. Ugh! Still be the woman, will you? Never a thing I wished for in all my life but you set your-

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

volui quin tu in ea re mi fueris advorsatrix, Sostrata?
 at si rogem iam quid est quod peccem aut quam
 ob rem hoc facias, nescias,
 in qua re nunc tam confidenter restas, stulta.

Sos. ego nescio?

Chr. immo scis potius quam quidem redeat integra eadem 1010
 oratio.

Sos. oh,
 iniquos es qui me tacere de re tanta postules.

Chr. non postulo iam: loquere: nilo minus ego hoc
 faciam tamen.

Sos. facies?

Chr. verum.

Sos. non vides quantum mali ex ea re excites?
 subditum se suspicatur.

Chr. "subditum" ain tu?

Sos. sic erit,
 mi vir.

Chr. confitere.

Sos. au, te obsecro, istuc inimicis siet.

Chr. egon confitear meum non esse filium, qui sit meus?
 quid? metuis ne non, quom velis, convincas esse
 illum tuom?

Sos. quod filias inventa?

Chr. non: sed quo magis credundum siet,
 quod est consimilis moribus,
 convinces facile ex te natum; nam tui similst 1020
 probe;

nam illi nil vitist relictum quin sit idem itidem tibi.
 tum praeterea talem nisi tu nulla pareret filium.
 sed ipse egreditur, quam severus! rem quom videas,
 censeas.

Clit. Si umquam ullum fuit tempus, mater, quom ego
 V. iv voluptati tibi

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

self against me, Sostrata! But suppose I asked you where I am wrong or why you do this, you couldn't say, though now you stand up so brazenly against me, you silly woman.

Sos. You think I can't say why?

Chr. Well, you can then: anything rather than have the whole jobation over again.

Sos. Oh, how unfair to expect me to hold my tongue with so much at stake.

Chr. I don't expect it any longer; say your say; I shan't do it a bit the less for all that.

Sos. You will do it?

Chr. Certainly.

Sos. Don't you see what a hurricane of mischief you'll raise by it? He suspects he's a changeling.

Chr. Changeling, eh?

Sos. You will find it is so, my dear.

Chr. Tell him he is.

Sos. Hush, for heaven's sake! Be such misfortunes for our enemies! Me own him not my son when he is?

Chr. What? Are you afraid you can't prove him yours any time you like?

Sos. Because I've proved my daughter mine, do you mean?

Chr. No, but for a much more credible reason, likeness of character; that way you'll easily prove him your son; ay, he's a proper likeness of you, he has no fault over and above the very ones that you have; yes, yes, nobody but you could have been his mother. Ah, here he comes: what a picture of gravity! If you saw the truth, you'd think him that. (*ironically*)

ENTER *Clitipho*.

Clit. If there ever was a time, mother, when I was your delight and was called your son with your own

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fuerim, dictus filius tuos vostra voluntate : obsecro, eius ut memineris atque inopis nunc te miserescat mei, quod peto aut quod volo, parentis meos ut commonstres mihi.

Sos. obsecro, mi gnate, ne istuc in animum inducas tuom, alienum esse te.

Clit. sum.

Sos. miseram me, hocine quaesisti, obsecro ?
ita mihi atque huic sis superstes, ut tu ex me atque 1030
hoc natus es ;
et cave posthac, si me amas, umquam istuc verbum
ex te audiam.

Chr. at ego, si me metuis, mores cave in te esse istos
sentiam.

Clit. quos ?

Chr. si scire vis, ego dicam : gerro iners fraus helluo
ganeo's damnosus ; crede, et nostrum te esse credito.
Clit. non sunt haec parentis dicta.

Chr. non, si ex capite sis meo
natus, item ut Minervam esse aiunt ex Iove, ea causa
magis
patiar, Clitipho, flagitiis tuis me infamem fieri.

Sos. di istaec prohibeant !

Chr. deos nescio : ego, quod potero, sedulo.
quaeris id quod habes, parentis ; quod abest non
quaeris, patri
quo modo obsequare et serves quod labore invenerit. 1040
non mihi per fallacias adducere ante oculos . . .
pudet
dicere hac praesente verbum turpe ; at te id nullo modo
facere puduit.

Clit. eheu, quam nunc totus displiceo mihi,
quam pudet ! neque quod principium capiam ad
placandum scio.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

goodwill, oh please now remember it, pity my need, hear my prayer, my desire, and tell me who are my parents.

Sos. Oh, please, my dear boy, don't get the notion that you are the child of some one else.

Clit. I am.

Sos. Oh, dear, dear, how could you ask such a question? As sure as I hope you may survive your father and me, you are my son and his. As you love me, mind I never hear you put such a question again.

Chr. And as for me, if you fear me, mind I never see such morals in you again.

Clit. What morals?

Chr. If you wish to know, I will tell you. You are a trifler, idler, cheat, glutton, debauchee, spend-thrift: think that, and then think you are our son.

Clit. These are not a father's words.

Chr. If you were born out of my head, as they say Minerva was out of Jove's, Clitipho, I shouldn't a bit the more allow myself to be disgraced by your excesses.

Sos. Heaven forbid!

Chr. I don't know what heaven may do; I shall do my very best. (*to Clitipho*) You are looking for what you have got, parents: for what you have not got you are not looking, a readiness to obey your father and preserve what his industry has acquired. Did you not by tricks introduce into my very presence—there, I am ashamed to use the disgraceful word in your mother's presence, but you were not ashamed, not one bit, even of the disgraceful deed. [RETIRES. (*to himself*) Oh, God! how sick I am with myself, how full of shame, and I don't know how to set about appeasing him.

Clit.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

ENTER *Menedemus*.

- Mene.* (*to himself*) Upon my word, Chremes is too harsh in torturing the poor lad; too inhuman; so I come to make the peace. There they both are: how lucky.
- Chr.* (*advancing*) I say, Menedemus, why don't you have my daughter fetched and secure the dowry I named?
- Sos.* My dear husband, don't now, don't do that.
- Clit.* (*humbly*) Please, father, please forgive me.
- Mene.* Pardon him, Chremes: let their prayers prevail with you.
- Chr.* Present my property as a gift to Bacchis with my eyes open? I won't.
- Mene.* Come, we shall prevent that.
- Clit.* If you don't wish to see me dead, forgive me, father.
- Sos.* Come now, do, Chremes dear.
- Mene.* Come now, Chremes, don't be so obdurate. (*a short pause*)
- Chr.* Oh, very well. I see I am not allowed to carry my design out.
- Mene.* You act as you should.
- Chr.* Just on one condition I will do it, that he does what I think right for him.
- Clit.* Command me, father: I will do anything.
- Chr.* Take a wife.
- Clit.* Father——
- Chr.* Not a word.
- Sos.* I take the responsibility: he shall do it.
- Chr.* Still I don't hear a word from *him*.
- Clit.* (*aside*) Confusion!
- Sos.* Do you hesitate, my boy?

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- Chr.* immo utrum volt.
Sos. faciet omnia.
Mene. haec dum incipias, gravia sunt,
dumque ignores; ubi cognoris, facilia.
Clit. faciam, pater.
Sos. gnate mi, ego pol tibi dabo illam lepidam, quam tu 1060
facile ames,
filiam Phanocratae nostri.
Clit. rufamne illam virginem,
caesiam, sparso ore, adunco naso? non possum, pater.
Chr. heia, ut elegans est! credas animum ibi esse.
Sos. aliam dabo
Clit. immo, quandoquidem ducendast, egomet habeo
propemodum
quam volo.
Chr. nunc laudo, gnate.
Clit. Archonidi huius filiam.
Sos. satis placet.
Clit. pater, hoc nunc restat.
Chr. quid?
Clit. Syro ignoscas volo
quae mea causa fecit.
Chr. fiat.
Cantor vos valete et plaudite!

THE SELF-TORMENTOR

- Chr.* Well, this or that, he is to choose.
Sos. He will do it all.
Mene. (to *Clitipho*) These things are irksome at the start before you know about them: when you are come to know, they are easy.
Clit. I will do it, father.
Sos. My dear boy, I vow I'll find you such a charming wife that you'll find it easy to love her, our friend Phanocratas's daughter.
Clit. What, that red-headed girl, a green-eyed thing with a gaping mouth and a turn-up nose? Impossible, father!
Chr. Bless us, how fastidious we are! You might think his head ran on wives.
Sos. I'll find another.
Clit. No, no, since marry I must, I know of one who would suit me pretty well.
Chr. That's my boy!
Clit. Our neighbour Archonides's daughter.
Sos. I quite approve.
Clit. Father, there's only one thing more.
Chr. What's that?
Clit. I want you to forgive Syrus what he did for my sake.
Chr. Be it so.
Mus. Farewell and clap your hands. [EXEUNT OMNES.

THE EUNUCH

INCIPIT EVNVCHVS TERENTI . ACTA LVDIS MEGALENSIB L .
POSTVMIO ALBINO L . CORNELIO MERVLA AEDILIB . CVRVLIB .
EGERE AMBIVIVS TVRPIO L . ANLIVS PRAENESTINVS . MO-
DOS FECIT FLACCVS CLAVDI TIBIIS DVABVS DEXTRIS . TOTA
GRAECA MENANDRV . FACTA III M . VALERIO C . FANNIO COS .

The Eunuch by Terence. Acted at the Games of the Mighty Mother in the Curule Aedileship of Lucius Postumius Albinus and Lucius Cornelius Merula under the management of Ambivius Turpio and Lucius Antilius of Palestrina. Pipe-music bass and treble by Flaccus, servant to Claudius. The adapter's third Comedy. The whole from the Greek of Menander. Produced in the Consulship of Marcus Valerius and Gaius Fannius.

C. SVLPICI APOLLINARIS
PERIOCHA

Sororem falso dictitatum Thaidis
id ipsum ignorans miles advexit Thraso
ipsique donat. erat haec civis Attica.
eidem eunuchum, quem emerat, tradi iubet
Thaidis amator Phaedria ac rus ipse abit
Thrasoni oratus biduum ut concederet.
ephebus frater Phaedriae puellulam
cum deperiret dono missam Thaidi,
ornatu eunuchi induitur—suadet Parmeno—:
intro ut iit, vitiat virginem. sed Atticus
civis repertus frater eius conlocat
vitiatam ephebo; Phaedriam exorat Thraso.

PERSONAE

PHAEDRIA ADVLESCENS
PARMENO SERVOS
THAIS MERETRIX
GNATHO PARASITVS
CHAEREA ADVLESCENS
THRASO MILES
PYTHIAS ANCILLA
CHREMES ADVLESCENS

ANTIPHO ADVLESCENS
DORIAS ANCILLA
DORVS EVNVCHVS
SANGA SERVOS
SOPHRONA NVTRIX
SENEX [DEMEA SEU
LACHES?]
CANTOR

SUMMARY OF THE PLAY

BY GAIUS SULPICIUS APOLLINARIS

A girl wrongly asserted to be sister to Thais is brought and presented to her by Captain Thraso, who is ignorant of the supposed kinship. She was a freeborn Athenian. Phaedria, a lover of Thais, sends her a eunuch whom he had purchased, and went into the country on her request that for two days he should give place to Thraso. Phaedria's young brother being violently in love with the girl presented to Thais dresses up as the eunuch on Parmeno's suggestion, and so finding his way into the house seduces the girl. Her brother is discovered in the person of an Athenian gentleman who arranges her marriage with the seducer. Thraso gets terms from Phaedria.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AN OLD GENTLEMAN OF ATHENS (*Demea or Laches by name*).

PHAEDRIA } *his sons.*
CHAEREA }

ANTIPHO } *young Athenian gentlemen.*
CHREMES }

THRASO, *a Captain.*

GNATHO, *his dependant and flatterer.*

DORUS, *a Eunuch.*

PARMENO, *a slave, valet to Phaedria.*

SANGA AND OTHERS, *servants (slaves) to Thraso.*

THAIS, *a courtesan.*

SOPHRONA, *a nurse.*

PYTHIAS } *maidservants to Thais.*
DORIAS }

PROLOGVS

Si quisquamst qui placere se studeat bonis
quam plurimis et minime multos laedere,
in his poeta hic nomen profitetur suom.
tum si quis est qui dictum in se inclementius
existumarit esse, is sic existumet,
responsum, non dictum esse, quia laesit prior,
qui bene vortendo et easdem scribendo male
ex Graecis bonis Latinas fecit non bonas.

idem Menandri Phasma nuper perdidit
atque in Thensauro scripsit, causam dicere
prius unde petitur, aurum qua re sit suom,
quam illic qui petit, unde is sit thensaurus sibi
aut unde in patrium monumentum pervenerit.
dehinc ne frustretur ipse se aut sic cogitet
“defunctus iam sum, nil est quod dicat mihi”:

10

is ne erret moneo et desinat lacessere.
habeo alia multa, quae nunc condonabitur,
quae proferentur post, si perget laedere,
ita ut facere instituit. quam nunc acturi sumus
Menandri Eunuchum, postquam aediles emerunt,
perfecit sibi ut inspiciundi esset copia.
magistratus quom ibi adesset, oceptast agi.
exclamat furem, non poetam fabulam

20

dedisse et nil dedisse verborum tamen:
Colacem esse Naevi et Plauti veterem fabulam;
parasiti personam inde ablatam et militis.
si id est peccatum, peccatum inprudentiast
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PROLOGUE

If there are any whose aim is to please as many worthy persons as possible and to avoid giving offence, the playwright professes himself of that company. If there is any man who thinks that somewhat harsh terms are applied to him, let him reflect that this is not in attack but in self-defence as it was he that gave the provocation. In spite of good translation his defective composition has turned good Greek plays into bad Latin plays. He has lately ruined Menander's "The Ghost," and in "The Treasure" he has made the defendant in the suit try to make good his title to the gold before the plaintiff states his case in regard to the ownership of the treasure and the way it got into his father's tomb.¹ Don't let him deceive himself henceforward or say to himself "I am done with now, there's nothing for him to say against me": I charge him not to err and to give up his attacks. I have much more for which at the moment I shall forgive him, but I shall produce it later if he persists in giving me offence on the lines on which he began. When the play which we are about to produce, the Eunuch of Menander, was bought by the officials of the games he got leave to examine it. On a person of authority being present, a rehearsal began. He cries out that the author is a thief, not a playwright, "and yet," says he, "he doesn't take us in. There is an old play of Nae-vius and Plautus called 'The Flatterer'; that's where he has got his parasite from and his cap-tain." If our playwright has been in fault it is a

¹ See note on p. 239.

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poetae, non quo furtum facere studuerit.
id ita esse vos iam iudicare poteritis.

Colax Menandrist: in east parasitus Colax
et miles gloriosus: eas se hic non negat
personas transtulisse in Eunuchum suam
ex Graeca: sed ea ex fabula factas prius
Latinas scisse sese, id vero pernegat.

quod si personis isdem huic uti non licet:
qui magis licet currentem servom scribere,
bonas matronas facere, meretrices malas,
parasitum edacem, gloriosum militem,
puerum supponi, falli per servom senem,
amare, odisse, suspicari? denique

nullumst iam dictum quod non sit dictum prius.
qua re aequomst vos cognoscere atque ignoscere,
quae veteres factitarunt si faciunt novi.
date operam, cum silentio animum attendite,
ut pernoscatis quid sibi Eunuchus velit.

✓ 28

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THE EUNUCH

fault of inadvertence, not a deliberate intention to steal. You will soon be able to judge for yourselves that this is so. "The Flatterer" is a play of Menander's: one of the characters, "Flatterer," is a parasite, and there is a braggart captain. Our playwright does not deny that he has transferred these characters to his play out of the Greek original; he denies any knowledge of the Greek play's having been already used as a foundation for Latin plays. But if our playwright is not allowed to introduce the same characters, how can it be more legitimate to introduce a servant on the run or good old gentlewomen or unprincipled courtesans or a greedy parasite or a braggart soldier or a supposititious child or an old gentleman tricked by a servant or love or hate or jealousy? In fact nothing is said that has not been said before. So you should recognize facts and pardon new playwrights if they present what their predecessors presented before them.

Attend and listen in silence that you may know the meaning of "The Eunuch."

Note.—In the play of "The Treasure" a young spendthrift ten years after his father's death sends a servant to put food in the tomb as directed by the will of the deceased. The son has already sold the tomb, and when a treasure is found in it the present owner claims this treasure on the false assertion that he had himself hidden it there. The son brings an action claiming the treasure. On the trial the case in Luscius's version of the play is opened by the defendant. Terence objects that of course the trial should be opened by the plaintiff.

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PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

ACTVS I

- Phae.* Quid igitur faciam? non eam ne nunc quidem
quom accersor ultro? an potius ita me comparem,
non perpeti meretricum contumelias?
exclisit; revocat: redeam? non, si me obsecret.
- Par.* siquidem hercle possis, nil prius neque fortius. 50
verum si incipies neque pertendes gnaviter
atque, ubi pati non poteris, quom nemo expetet,
infecta pace ultro ad eam venies indicans
te amare et ferre non posse; actumst, ilicet,
peristi: eludet, ubi te victum senserit.
proin tu, dum est tempus, etiam atque etiam cogita,
ere: quae res in se neque consilium neque modum
habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.
in amore haec omnia insunt vitia: iniuriae,
suspiciones, inimicitiae, indutiae, 60
bellum, pax rursus: incerta haec si tu postules
ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas
quam si des operam ut cum ratione insanias.
et quod nunc tute tecum iratus cogitas
“egon illam, quae illum, quae me, quae non . . . ! sine
modo,
mori me malim: sentiet qui vir siem”:
haec verba ea una mehercle falsa lacrimula
quam oculos terendo misere vix vi expresserit,
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THE EUNUCH

Scene:—Athens. A place where four streets meet, on the right the way to the Piazza, on the left to the Harbour. On the right the house of Thais, on the left that of Laches.

ACT I

ENTER *Phaedria* AND *Parmeno* FROM *Laches' HOUSE*.

Phae. What am I to do then? Not go even when she invites me herself? Or would it be better to set myself not to put up with the insults of such women? She shut me out, now she recalls me; am I to go back? No, not if she implored me.

Par. Certainly, Sir, if you could do it, there's no better or more valiant course. But if you attempt and don't stick stoutly to it, and, when you find you can't bear it, then, when nobody is trying to get you, without making any terms you go to her of yourself, which is as good as telling her you're in love and can't get on without her, it's all up, all over, you're done for. She will befool you when she sees that you are mastered. So while there's time think it over, Sir, pretty closely. When a thing lacks method and measure, no method of advice can direct it. Love has in it all these evils: wrongs, jealousies, quarrels, reconcilements, war, then peace again. If you tried to turn these uncertainties into certainties by a system of reasoning, you'd do no more good than if you set yourself to be mad on a system. And as to your now saying to yourself in your anger "What? I return to her after her treatment of me and of another man and so on, by your good leave I would rather die, she shall perceive how much I am a man—" I say all these big words one tiny sham tear, by Jove yes, which grievous rubbing of the eyes has hardly squeezed by force out of her,

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restringet, et te ultro accusabit, et dabis
ultro ei supplicium.

Phae. indignum facinus! nunc ego 70
et illam scelestam esse et me miserum sentio:
et taedet et amore ardeo, et prudens sciens, ¶
vivos vidensque pereo, nec quid agam scio.

Par. // quid agas? nisi ut te redimas captum quam queas
minumo; si nequeas paululo, at quanti queas;
et ne te adflictes. // ¶

Phae. itane suades?

Par. si sapis,
neque praeter quam quas ipse amor molestias
habet addas, et illas quas habet recte feras.
sed eccam ipsa egreditur, nostri fundi calamitas;
nam quod nos capere oportet, haec intercipit. 80

Thais
I.ii Miseram me, vereor ne illud gravius Phaedria
tulerit neve aliorsum atque ego feci acceperit,
quod heri intro missus non est.

Phae. totus, Parmeno,
tremo horreoque, postquam aspexi hanc.

Par. bono animo es:
accede ad ignem hunc, iam calesces plus satis.

Thais quis hic loquitur? ehem, tun hic eras, mi
Phaedria?

Par. quid hic stabas? quor non recta intro ibas?
ceterum
de exclusione verbum nullum?

Thais quid taces?

Phae. sane quia vero haec mihi patent semper fores
aut quia sum apud te primus. 90

Thais missa istaec face.

THE EUNUCH

will quench, and she'll turn the charge on you and positively you'll be the one to be punished.

Phae. Monstrous, monstrous! As you put it I feel her wickedness and my own wretchedness. I am sick of it and yet afire with love, and so knowing and realizing, eyes open and life in me, I go to destruction, and I don't know what to do.

Par. //But I do. Ransom yourself from captivity as cheaply as you can; if you can't do it for a small sum, make the best bargain you can, and don't worry yourself to death. //

Phae. Is that your advice?

Par. If you have sense. Don't add to the troubles which love brings in any case, and for those it does bring keep a straight back. Here she comes out of doors, the mildew on our crops, for what should come to us she steals on the way.

ENTER *Thais* FROM HER HOUSE.

Thais (*not seeing them*) Oh dear, dear, I am afraid Phaedria is a good deal offended and has put a wrong meaning on my action in refusing him admittance yesterday.

Phae. I am all of a quiver and chill, Parmeno, at the mere sight of her.

Par. Courage, Sir! Go near this flame and you'll soon be only too warm again.

Thais (*turning round*) Who is that? Ah, you here, my dear Phaedria? Why stand in the street? Why didn't you come straight in?

Par. (*aside*) Not a word to account for her not being at home to him.

Thais Why don't you speak?

Phae. (*ironically*) Because of course this door is always open to me or because I am first in your good graces.

Thais No more of that.

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Phae. quid "missa"? o *Thais*, *Thais*, utinam esset mihi
pars aequa amoris tecum ac pariter fieret,
ut aut hoc tibi doleret itidem ut mihi dolet
aut ego istuc abs te factum nili penderem!

Thais ne crucia te obsecro anime mi, mi *Phaedria*.
non pol, quo quemquam plus amem aut plus diligam,
eo feci; sed res ita erat, faciundum fuit.

Par. credo, ut fit, misera prae amore exclusti hunc foras.

Thais sicine agis, *Parmeno*? age; sed huc qua gratia
te accersi iussi, ausculta.

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Phae. fiat.

Thais dic mihi

hoc primum, potin est hic tacere?

Par. egon? optume.

✓ | verum heus tu, hac lege tibi meam adstringo fidem:
quae vera audivi taceo et contineo optume;
sin falsum aut vanum aut finctumst, continuo palamst:
plenus rimarum sum, hac atque illac perfluo.
proin tu, taceri si vis, vera dicitō.

Thais mihi mater *Samia* fuit: ea habitabat *Rhodi*.

Par. potest taceri hoc.

Thais ibi tum matri parvolam
puellam dono quidam mercator dedit
ex *Attica* hinc abreptam.

Phae. civemne?

Thais arbitror;

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✓ | certum non scimus: matris nomen et patris
dicebat ipsa: patriam et signa cetera
neque scibat neque per aetatem etiam potis erat.
mercator hoc addebat: e praedonibus,
undē emerat, se audisse abreptam e *Sunio*.
mater ubi accepit, coepit studiose omnia

THE EUNUCH

Phae. Why "no more"? Oh Thais, I would that you and I shared love equally and things were on a level with us, either you having the pangs that I have or I not minding one bit what you have done.

Thais Don't torture yourself, don't for heaven's sake, my life, my dearest Phaedria. I swear it was not loving anyone more or valuing anyone more made me do it. Circumstances were such that I had to do it.

Par. (*ironically*) Quite so, quite natural; poor lady, it was love made you shut the door against him.

Thais Is that the way you deal with me, Parmeno? Well, well, but let me tell you why I had you sent for.

Phae. If you please.

Thais Tell me first though, can your man hold his tongue?

Par. I? Perfectly. But I say, there's a condition to my binding promise: when it's truths I'm told I hold my tongue and let no drop out, but if it's a falsehood or a lie or an invention it's out at once, I'm full of cracks, I leak all over. So if you wish the secret kept speak the truth.

Thais My mother was a Samian, she lived at Rhodes.

Par. That can be kept secret.

Thais { While she was living there a merchant made my mother a present of a little girl stolen from Attica here.

Phae. An Athenian by nationality?

Thais I think so, but we can't say for certain. Her father's and mother's name she told us herself; her country and the clues that might have led to her identification she did not know, in fact from her age could not know. The merchant stated further that the pirates who sold her to him said she was stolen from Sunium. On becoming possessed of her my mother set herself zealously to instruct her and bring her

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docere, educere, ita uti si esset filia.
sororem plerique esse credebant meam.
ego cum illo, quocum tum uno rem habebam
hospite,
abii huc: qui mihi reliquit haec quae habeo
omnia.

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Par. utrumque hoc falsumst: ecfluet.

Thais qui istuc?

Par. quia
neque tu uno eras contenta neque solus dedit;
nam hic quoque bonam magnamque partem ad te
attulit.

Thais itast; sed sine me pervenire quo volo.
interea miles, qui me amare occeperat,
in Cariamst profectus; te interea loci
cognovi. tute scis postilla quam intumum
habeam te et mea consilia ut tibi credam omnia.

Par. ne hoc quidem tacebit Parmeno.

Thais oh, dubiumne id est?

hoc agite, amabo. mater mea illic mortuast
nuper: quois frater aliquantum ad remst avidior.
is ubi esse hanc forma videt honesta virginem
et fidibus scire, pretium sperans ilico
producit, vendit. forte fortuna adfuit
hic meus amicus: emit eam dono mihi
inprudens harum rerum ignarusque omnium.
is venit: postquam sensit me tecum quoque
rem habere, fingit causas ne det sedulo:
ait, si fidem habeat se iri praepositum tibi
apud me, ac non id metuat, ne, ubi acceperim,
sese relinquam, velle se illam mihi dare;
verum id vereri. sed ego quantum suspicor,
ad virginem animum adiecit.

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Athena

THE EUNUCH

up as her own daughter. Most people took her for my sister. I moved to Athens with the gentleman with whom I was then living, the same who left me all that I have.

Par. These are both fictions, they'll leak out.

Thais How do you mean?

Par. You were not content with one man nor did he alone enrich you: my master has made a good large addition.

Thais True, but let me bring my story to the point. After a time a captain, who had begun to court me, went off to Caria. Soon afterwards I made your acquaintance. You know how dear I have held you ever since and how I make you my confidant in everything.

Par. That too Parmeno will not keep in.

Thais Oh, surely you don't doubt it. Attend, please, both of you. My mother died at Rhodes not long ago. Her brother has a strong strain of covetousness in him. Seeing that the girl was a beauty and a skilful violinist he hoped she would fetch a good price and at once put her up at auction and sold her. Luckily my soldier friend happened to be on the spot. He bought her as a present for me in ignorance of what I have told you and of all the circumstances. Now he is come to Athens, and, finding me acquainted with you as well, he busily feigns excuses not to give me the girl. He says that if he were confident I should favour him rather than you and were not apprehensive that as soon as I had got her I should throw him over he would make me the present, but that that is what he is afraid of. For my part I suspect him of having grown fond of the girl himself.

*get on
73
an*

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Phae.* etiamne amplius?
- Thais* nil; nam quaesivi. nunc ego eam, mi Phaedria, multae sunt causae quam ob rem cupio abducere: primum quod soror est dicta; praeterea ut suis restituam ac reddam. sola sum; habeo hic neminem 147
neque amicum neque cognatum: quam ob rem,
Phaedria,
cupio aliquos parere amicos beneficio meo. 149
id amabo adiuta me, quo id fiat facilius: 150
sine illum priores partis hosce aliquot dies apud me habere. nil respondes?
- Phae.* pessuma,
egon quicquam cum istis factis tibi respondeam?
- Par.* eu noster, laudo; tandem perdoluit: vir es.
- Phae.* at ego nescibam quorsum tu ires: "parvola hinc est abrepta; eduxit mater pro sua; soror dictast; cupio abducere, ut reddam suis": nempe omnia haec nunc verba huc redeunt denique: ego excludor, ille recipitur. qua gratia? nisi si illum plus quam me amas et istam nunc times, 160
quae advectast, ne illum talem praeripiat tibi.
- Thais* ego id timeo? 162
- Phae.* quid te ergo aliud sollicitat? cedo.
num solus ille dona dat? numcubi meam benignitatem sensisti in te claudier?
nonne ubi mi dixti cupere te ex Aethiopia ancillulam, relictis rebus omnibus quaesivi? porro eunuchum dixti velle te,

THE EUNUCH

Phae. Do you suspect anything more?

Thais No, I have asked her. Now, my dear Phaedria, there are many reasons which make me eager to get the girl from him. First, she has been styled my sister, and then again I might restore her to her relations, give her back to them. I am alone in the world, I have no friend or relation here in Athens, and so, Phaedria, I desire to gain friends by some good turn. Please now, help me in the matter, smooth the path for me; let him for the next few days play the first part with me. (*a pause*)
What? No answer?

Phae. Vile woman, I answer you a word when you act like that?

Par. Bravo, our side: well said, it's come home at last, you are a man.

Phae. No, I didn't know the point you were aiming at: "a little girl was stolen from this country, my mother brought her up as her own, she was styled my sister, I am eager to get the girl so as to restore her to her relations." It seems that what all this preamble comes to is that I am shut out and he is admitted. Why? Clearly because you love your soldier more than me, and are afraid that the girl he has brought with him may snatch your hero from you.

Thais (*indignantly*) That? I afraid of that?

Phae. What else worries you then? Tell me that. Is your captain the only man that makes you presents? Have you ever perceived my bounty shut against you? When you said you wanted a little blackamoor maidservant, didn't I throw everything else to the winds and get you one? Then you said you wanted a eunuch because it is only Rances that pos-

PUBLIUS TERENCE AFER

quia solae utuntur is reginae; repperi,
heri minas viginti pro ambobus dedi.
contemptus abs te tamen haec habui in memoria: 170
ob haec facta abs te spernor! //

Thais quid istic, Phaedria?
quamquam illam cupio abducere atque hac re
arbitror

Phae. id fieri posse maxume, verum tamen
potius quam te inimicum habeam, faciam ut iusseris.
utinam istuc verbum ex animo ac vere diceres
“potius quam te inimicum habeam”! si istuc cre-
derem

Par. sincere dici, quidvis possem perpeti.
labascit victus uno verbo quam cito!

Thais ego non ex animo misera dico? quam ioco
rem voluisti a me tandem, quin perfeceris? 180
ego impetrare nequeo hoc abs te, biduom
saltem ut concedas solum.

Phae. siquidem biduom:
verum ne fiant isti viginti dies.

Thais profecto non plus biduom aut . . .

Phae. “aut” nil moror.

Thais non fiet: hoc modo sine te exorem.

Phae. scilicet
faciundumst quod vis.

Thais merito te amo, bene facis.

Phae. rus ibo: ibi hoc me macerabo biduom.
ita facere certumst: mos gerundust Thaidi.
tu, Parmeno, huc fac illi adducantur.

Par. maxume.

Phae. in hoc biduom, mea Thais, vale.

Thais mi Phaedria, 190
et tu. num quid vis aliud?

Phae. egone quid velim?

THE EUNUCH

sess such persons; I found you one, yesterday, and paid a hundred pounds for the pair. Jilted though I was by you, I didn't forget to do this for you, and for this you—turn me off! //

Thais Very well, Phaedria, very well. Though I am eager to get the girl, and think my plan the best way to it, still, rather than have you against me, I will do your bidding.

Phae. (*half yielding*) Would to God you were sincere and genuine in saying "rather than have you against me!" If I thought you really meant it, I could put up with anything.

Par. (*aside*) He's wavering. One word beats him, all in a moment.

Thais My words not sincere, poor thing? Pray, did you ever ask anything of me even in sport without getting it? And you won't grant me even a mere couple of days.

Phae. Yes, if it is only a couple, only don't let them turn into a fortnight.

Thais I assure you, not more than a couple or——

Phae. "Or" be hanged!

Thais It shan't be more. On these terms do grant me this.

Phae. Of course your will must be law.

Thais You deserve my love, you are indeed kind.

Phae. I shall go out of town for these two days and fret myself in the country. That's what I am resolved to do: I must gratify Thais. Parmeno, see to that couple being brought here. (*points to Thais's house*)

Par. Certainly, Sir. [EXIT.]

Phae. For the next two days good-bye, dear Thais.

Thais Good-bye, dear Phaedria. Anything more you wish me to do?

Phae. Indeed yes. When you are with your soldier in

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

cum milite isto praesens absens ut sies;
 dies noctisque me ames, me desideres,
 me somnies, me exspectes, de me cogites,
 me speres, me te oblectes, mecum tota sis:
Thais meus fac sis postremo animus quando ego sum tuos.—
 me miseram, forsitan mi hic parvam habeat fidem
 atque ex aliarum ingeniis nunc me iudicet.
 ego pol, quae mihi sum conscia, hoc certo scio,
 neque me finxisse falsi quicquam neque meo 200
 cordi esse quemquam cariorem hoc Phaedria.
 et quidquid huius feci causa virginis
 feci; nam me eius spero fratrem propemodum
 iam repperisse, adulescentem adeo nobilem;
 et is hodie venturum ad me constituit domum.
 concedam hinc intro atque exspectabo, dum venit.

ACTVS II

Phae. Fac, ita ut iussi, deducantur isti.
Par. faciam.
Phae. at diligenter
Par. fiet.
Phae. at mature.
Par. fiet.
Phae. satine hoc mandatūst tibi? ✓
Par. ah,
 rogitare, quasi difficile sit!
 utinam tam aliquid invenire facile possis, Phaedria, 210
 quam hoc peribit.
Phae. ego quoque una pereo, quod mist carius:
 ne istuc tam iniquo patiare animo.
Par. minime: qui effectum dabo.
 sed num qu'd aliud imperas?
 252

THE EUNUCH

person don't be with him at heart. Night and day love me, yearn for me, dream of me, think of my return, have me in all your thoughts and hopes, find your pleasure in me, be with me heart and soul; yes, give me all your heart, for my heart is all yours. [EMBRACES HER AND EXIT.

Thais

Oh dear, dear, perhaps he doesn't trust me and judges my heart from others. My conscience tells me for certain that I have invented no falsehood, and that no one is dearer to my heart than dear Phaedria. All I have done in this has been for the girl's sake, for I have hopes that I have already all but discovered her brother, a young man of the highest rank, and he has arranged to pay me a visit this very day. I will go indoors and await his arrival. [EXIT.

ACT II

(Ten minutes have elapsed.)

ENTER *Phaedria* AND *Parmeno*.

Phae. Do what I told you, have those people brought across.

Par. Yes, Sir.

Phae. Attend to it.

Par. I will, Sir.

Phae. Make haste about it.

Par. I will, Sir.

Phae. Have you got your orders clear?

Par. Bless me, Sir, it's not such a very hard job. I wish you could find a bit, Sir, as easily as you'll lose this.

Phae. I lose myself as well, and that's a thing that's dearer to me. Don't be so grudging about the present.

Par. Not at all, Sir: ain't I going to see it goes? No other orders, I suppose?

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Phae.* munus nostrum ornato verbis, quod poteris, et istum
aemulum,
quod poteris, ab ea pellito.
- Par.* memini, tam etsi nullus moneas.
- Phae.* ego rus ibo atque ibi manebo.
- Par.* censeo.
- Phae.* sed heus tu.
- Par.* quid vis?
- Phae.* censen posse me offirmare et
perpeti, ne redeam interea?
- Par.* tene? non hercle arbitror;
nam aut iam revortere, aut mox noctu te adiget
horsum insomnia.
- Phae.* opus faciam, ut defetiger usque, ingratiis ut dormiam. 220
- Par.* vigilabis lassus: hoc plus facies.
- Phae.* abi, nil dicis, Parmeno.
eiciunda hercle haec est mollities animi; nimis me
indulgeo.
tandem non ego illam caream, si sit opus, vel totum
triduom?
- Par.* hui,
univorsum triduom? vide quid agas.
- Phae.* stat sententia.—
- Par.* di boni, quid hoc morbist? adeon homines inmutarier
ex amore ut non cognoscas eundem esse! hoc nemo fuit
minus ineptus, magis severus quisquam nec magis
continens.
sed quis hic est qui huc pergit? attat, hic quidemst
parasitus Gnatho
✓ militis: ducit secum una virginem dono huic. papae,
facie honesta! mirum ni ego me turpiter hodie hic 230
dabo
cum meo decrepito hoc eunucho. haec superat ipsam
Thaidem.

THE EUNUCH

Phae. Say what you can to set off our present, and do what you can to keep that rival of mine away from her.

Par. I remember that without your telling me a word.

Phae. I shall leave town and stay away.

Par. I approve, Sir.

Phae. But, I say.

Par. Well, Sir?

Phae. Do you think I can steel myself to not returning sooner?

Par. Lord, no, Sir. Either you'll return at once or else later on, at night, sleeplessness will hound you back here.

Phae. I shall work in the garden and tire myself out so as to sleep quite against my will.

Par. Tired and all, you'll lie awake: that's all you'll get by it.

Phae. Go along with you, you're talking nonsense, Parmeno. God! I must shake off this weakness of mind. I am too self-indulgent. Pray, can't I go without her, if necessary, even for three days running?

Par. (*whistles*) Phew! Three whole days? Mind what you are about.

Phae. My resolution is fixed. [EXIT.]

Par. Lord! what a strange disease it is! Think of men changing so much under love that you wouldn't know one for the same man! There was a time when there was no one less foolish, more grave, or more temperate. Ah, who's that on the way here? As I live it's Gnatho, the captain's hanger-on. And the girl with him for a present to Thais. My word, she's a beauty! It's a miracle if I don't make a mighty sorry show of it with this broken-down eunuch of mine. This girl tops Thais herself.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Gnatho Di immortales, homini homo quid praestat! stulto 232
 II.ii intellegens

quid interest! hoc adeo ex hac re venit in mentem mihi:
 conveni hodie adveniēns quendam mei loci hinc atque
 ordinis,

hominem haud inpurum, itidem patria qui abligurrierat
 bona:

video sentum squalidum aegrum, pannis annisque
 obsitum.

“quid istuc” inquam “ornatist?” “quoniam miser
 quod habui perdididi, em

quo redactus sum. omnes noti me atque amici
 deserunt.”

hic ego illum contempsi prae me: “quid homo”
 inquam “ignavissime?”

itan parasti te ut spes nulla relicua in te sit tibi? 240

simul consilium cum re amisti? viden me ex eodem
 ortum loco?

qui color, nitor, vestitus, quae habitudo corporis!
 omnia habeo neque quicquam habeo; nil quom est,
 nil deficit tamen.”

“at ego infelix neque ridiculus esse neque plagas pati
 possum.” “quid? tu his rebus credis fieri? tota
 erras via.

olim isti fuit generi quondam quaestus apud saeculum
 prius:

hoc novomst aucupium; ego adeo hanc primus in-
 veni viam.

est genus hominum qui esse primos se omnium
 rerum volunt

nec sunt: hos consector; hisce ego non paro me ut
 rideant,

sed eis ultro adrideo et eorum ingenia admiror
 simul.

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THE EUNUCH

ENTER *Gnatho* WITH *Pamphila* AND A SLAVE GIRL.

Gnatho (to himself, *Parmeno* listening) Good heavens! how much one man excels another! What a difference between a fool and a man with brains! That's a reflection suggested to me by this incident: I met to-day in the street a man of my station and rank here, not a bad sort of man, one who like me had guzzled and gobbled away all his inheritance: a sorry sight he was, dirty, sick, a mass of rags and antiquity. "What's the meaning of this figure?" say I. "A poor devil," says he, "who have spent all I had: see what I'm reduced to. All my friends and acquaintances cut me." I was full of contempt for him by the side of myself. "What?" I said, "you spiritless wretch, have you managed things so as to have no hope left in you? Did your wits vanish with your property? Do you see me, a man born in the same station? Here's a complexion, here's sleekness! What of this for dress and appearance? I have everything though I haven't a shilling, I've no property and I want for nothing." "But," says he, "it's my ill luck that I can't bring myself to be a butt for ridicule or blows." "What? do you think that's what does it? You're quite on the wrong road. Once that stamp of man drove a trade, a generation or so ago. Mine is a new way of bird-catching, yes and I'm the original inventor of it. There is a class of men who set up for being the head in everything and aren't. It's them I track: I don't aim at making *them* laugh at *me*; no, no, I smile on them and stand agape at their in-

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quidquid dicunt laudo; id rursum si negant, laudo
id quoque;

negat quis: nego; ait: aio; postremo imperavi ego-
met mihi //

omnia adsentari. is quaestus nunc est multo uberrimus." 253

Par. scitum hercle hominem! hic homines prorsum ex
stultis insanos facit.

Gnatho dum haec loquimur, interea loci ad macellum ubi
adventamus,
concurrunt laeti mi obviam cuppedinarii omnes,
cetarii, lanii, coqui, fartores, piscatores,
quibus et re salva et perdita profueram et prosum saepe:
salutant, ad cenam vocant, adventum gratulantur.
ille ubi miser famelicus videt mi esse tantum honorem, 260
tam facile victum quaerere: ibi homo coepit me obsecrare,
ut sibi liceret discere id de me: sectari iussi,
si potis est, tamquam philosophorum habent disci-
plinae ex ipsis
vocabula, ut parasiti item Gnathonici vocentur.

Par. viden otium et cibus quid facit alienus?

Gnatho sed ego cesso
ad Thaidem hanc deducere et rogare ad cenam ut veniat?
sed Parmenonem ante ostium hoc astare tristem video,
rivalis servom: salva rest. nimirum hisce homines frigent.
nebulonem hunc certumst ludere.

Par. hisce hoc munere arbitrantur
suam Thaidem esse.

Gnatho plurima salute Parmenonem 270
summum suom inperit Gnatho. quid agitur?

Par. statur.

Gnatho video.

THE EUNUCH

telleets. Whatever they say I praise; if again they say the opposite, I praise that too. If one says no, I say no; if one says yes, I say yes. In fact I have given orders to myself to agree with them in everything. That's the trade that pays far the best nowadays."

Par. (*aside*) A knowing fellow, by Jove! He turns fools straight into bedlamites.

Gnatho Our conversation lasted till we came to the market. Up run all the tradesmen delighted to meet me, fishmongers, butchers, pastrycooks, sausagemakers, spratsellers, men who profited by me while I had money and now that I've none profit by me still. They greet me, ask me to dinner, bid me welcome. When that wretched starveling saw me complimented in this way and getting a living so easily, the fellow at once fell to begging me give him lessons in the business. I told him to become my disciple in the hope that, as schools of philosophers have their names from their masters, so hangers-on may be called Gnathonists.

Par. (*aside*) Look at the result of ease and eating another man's meat!

Gnatho But I had better on with this girl to Thais's and invite her to dinner. Ah, there's Parmeno standing before the door and looking glum. He's our rival's man: all's well. No doubt it's a frost on their side. I'm determined to have a game with the rascal.

Par. (*aside*) They think that with this gift Thais is theirs.

Gnatho (*with a mocking bow*) Gnatho wishes a very good morning to his great friend Parmeno. What are you on?

Par. My legs.

Gnatho So I see. You don't see anything here, do you, that you'd rather not?

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

num quidnam hic quod nolis vides?

Par. te.

Gnatho credo; at num quid aliud?

Par. quidum?

Gnatho quia tristi's.

Par. nil quidem.

Gnatho ne sis; sed quid videtur hoc tibi mancupium?

Par. non malum hercle.

Gnatho uro hominem.

Par. ut falsus animist.

Gnatho quam hoc munus gratum Thaidi arbitrare esse?

Par. hoc nunc dicis
eiectos hinc nos: omnium rerum, heus, vicissitudost.

Gnatho sex ego te totos, Parmeno, hos mensis quietum reddam,

ne sursum deorsum cursites neve usque ad lucem vigiles.

ecquid beo 'te?

Par. men? papae.

Gnatho sic soleo amicos.

Par. laudo.

Gnatho detineo te: fortasse tu profectus alio fueras. 280

Par. nusquam.

Gnatho tum tu igitur paululum da mi operae: fac ut admittar ad illam.

Par. age modo, i: nunc tibi patent fores haec quia istam ducis.

Gnatho num quem evocari hinc vis foras?

Par. sine biduom hoc praetereat:

qui mihi nunc uno digitulo fores aperis fortunatus,
ne tu istas faxo calcibus saepe insultabis frustra.

260



THE EUNUCH

- Par.* You.
- Gnatho* Quite so, but not anything else?
- Par.* Why?
- Gnatho* Because you're glum.
- Par.* It's nothing.
- Gnatho* Don't be glum; but what do you think of this for a slave? (*points to Pamphila*)
- Par.* She's not amiss, certainly not.
- Gnatho* (*aside*) It's heart-burn to the fellow.
- Par.* (*aside*) How he's taken in!
- Gnatho* Don't you think Thais will be mightily pleased with the gift?
- Par.* You mean to imply that we are now turned out: look here, it's a world of ups and downs.
- Gnatho* For the next six months on end I'll give you repose, Parmeno. No more everlasting running up hill and down and being out of bed till daylight. Is it a blessing I give you?
- Par.* (*ironically*) Oh, a wonderful blessing.
- Gnatho* My way with my friends.
- Par.* And a very good way.
- Gnatho* I'm keeping you: perhaps you were bound somewhere else.
- Par.* Nowhere.
- Gnatho* In that case do me a small favour; get me admitted to the lady there.
- Par.* On with you, go for yourself: for the moment the doors are open to you since you bring the lass there.
- Gnatho* You don't want anyone sent out to you, do you?
[EXIT WITH *Pamphila* INTO *Thais's*.]
- Par.* Let these two days pass and, though you now open this door with the rap of a single knuckle, happy creature, I'll make you kick your heels against it again and again and nobody answer.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Gnatho* etiamne tu hic stas, Parmeno? eho numnam hic
relictu's custos,
ne quis forte internuntius clam a milite ad istam curset?
- Par.* facete dictum: mira vero militi quae placeant.—
sed video erilem filium minorem huc advenire.
miror, quid ex Piraeo abierit; nam ibi custos publice 290
est nunc.
non temerest; et properans venit: nescio quid
circumspectat.
- Chaer.* Occidi!
- II.iii neque virgost usquam neque ego, qui illam a con-
spectu amisi meo.
ubi quaeram, ubi investigem, quem perconter, quam
insistam viam,
incertus sum. una haec spes est: ubi ubi est, diu
celari non potest.
o faciem pulchram! deleo omnis dehinc ex animo
mulieres:
taedet cottidianarum harum formarum.
- Par.* ecce autem alterum!
nescio quid de amore loquitur: o infortunatum senem!
hic verost, qui si occeperit,
ludum iocumque dicet fuisse illum alterum, 300
praeut huius rabies quae dabit.
- Chaer.* ut illum di deaque senium perdant, qui me hodie
remoratus est;
meque adeo, qui restiterim; tum autem qui illum
flocci fecerim.
sed eccum Parmenonem. salve.
- Par.* quid tu es tristis? quidve es alacris?
unde is?
- Chaer.* egone? nescio hercle, neque unde eam neque
quorsum eam:
ita prorsum oblitus sum mei
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THE EUNUCH

RE-ENTER *Gnatho*.

Gnatho Still standing there, Parmeno? Surely you're not left on the watch to see that no go-between keep trotting secretly from the Captain's to the lady's.

Par. (*ironically*) Very smart, as sayings must be to please the Captain. [EXIT *Gnatho*] Hollo, here comes my master's youngest son. I wonder why he's come away from the Harbour: it's his turn to be on guard there just now. There's something in the wind, he's in a hurry and looking all about him for something or other.

ENTER *Chaerea*.

Chaer. (*not seeing Parmeno*) Confound it, the girl's nowhere to be seen, and I am lost too, as I have lost sight of her. Where can I look for her or track her? Whom can I ask? Which way shall I take? I can't tell. I have only one hope; wherever she is she can't be hidden for long. What a lovely face! Henceforth I blot out all other women from my heart; I am sick of your everyday beauties.

Par. (*aside*) The other boy on the track now! He's chattering about love! Oh the unlucky old father! If this fellow begins, the old man will say that the brother was jest and child's-play to what this one's frenzy will do.

Chaer. (*as before*) Heaven confound that old dotard who stopped me, and me too for stopping, yes and for caring a straw for him! Ah, there's Parmeno. Morning!

Par. What's the trouble? Why this hurry? Where do you come from?

Chaer. Hanged if I know, either where I come from or where I'm going: I've utterly lost myself.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Par. qui quaeso?

Chaer. amo.

Par. hem.

Chaer. // nunc, Parmeno, tu ostendes te qui vir sies.

scis te mihi saepe pollicitum esse "Chaerea, aliquid
inveni

modo quod ames; in ea re utilitatem ego faciam ut ~~309~~
cognoscas meam,"//

quom in cellulam ad te patris penum omnem con- 310
gerebam clanculum.

Par. age, inepte.

Chaer. hoc hercle factumst. fac sis nunc promissa adpareant :

sic adeo digna rest, ubi tu nervos intendas tuos.

haud similis virgost virginum nostrarum, quas matres
student

demissis umeris esse, vincto pectore, ut gracilae sient.

si qua est habitior paulo, pugilem esse aiunt, de-
ducunt cibum :

tam etsi bonast natura, reddunt curatura iunceam :
itaque ergo amantur.

Par. quid tua istaec?

Chaer. nova figura oris.

Par. papae.

Chaer. color verus, corpus solidum et suci plenum.

Par. anni?

Chaer. anni? sedecim.

Par. flos ipsus.

Chaer. ipsam hanc tu mihi vel vi vel clam vel precario

fac tradas : mea nil re fert, dum potiar modo. 820

Par. quid? virgo quoiast?

Chaer. nescio hercle.

Par. undest?

Chaer. tantundem.

Par. ubi habitat?

THE EUNUCH

Par. How, pray?

Chaer. I'm in love.

Par. The deuce you are!

Chaer// Now, Parmeno, you shall show what sort of man you are. You know you've often said to me "Only find something to be in love with, and I'll make you see how well I can serve you."// That was when I used to collect all my father's dainties to take secretly to your room.

Par. Don't be silly now.

Chaer. But I did, you know. Now, please, your promises to the front. It's a case worth straining your sinews for, it really is. It's a girl not like the girls in our society whose mothers try to fit 'em with falling shoulders and straight bosoms to make 'em slim. If one of 'em is the least bit plump she's called a boxer and is docked of her rations. She's all right by nature but treatment makes her like a bulrush. Ay, that's why suitors come. (*ironically*)

Par. And this beauty of yours?

Chaer. An utterly different face.

Par. Wonderful!

Chaer. Complexion natural, limbs firm and plump.

Par. Age?

Chaer. Age? Sixteen.

Par. The perfect blossom!

Chaer. This blossom see that by force or stealth or entreaty you get for me: I don't care how so long as I get her.

Par. Well, whom does she belong to?

Chaer. Jove! I don't know.

Par. Where does she come from?

Chaer. Same answer.

Par. Where does she live?

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Chaer. ne id quidem.

Par. ubi vidisti?

Chaer. in via.

Par. qua ratione amisisti?

Chaer. id equidem adveniens mecum stomachabar modo,
nec quemquam ego esse hominem arbitror quoi
magis bonae

felicitates omnes avorsae sient.

Par. quid hoc est sceleris?

Chaer. perii.

Par. quid factumst?

Chaer. rogas?

// patris cognatum atque aequalem Archidemidem
novistin? //

Par. quid ni?

Chaer. is, dum hanc sequor, fit mi obvian.

Par. incommode hercle.

Chaer. immo enim vero infeliciter;

nam incommoda alia sunt dicenda, Parmeno. 330

illum liquet mihi deierare his mensibus

sex septem prorsum non vidisse proxumis,

nisi nunc, quom minume vellem minumeque opus fuit.

eho, nonne hoc monstri similest? quid ais?

Par. maxume.

Chaer. continuo adcurrit ad me, quam longe quidem, 335

incurvos, tremulus, labiis demissis, gemens:

"heus heus, tibi dico, Chaerea" inquit. restiti.

"scin quid ego te volebam?" "dic." "cras est mihi

iudicium." "quid tum?" "ut diligenter nunties

patri, advocatus mane mi esse ut meminerit." 340

dum haec dicit, abiit hora. // rogo num quid velit.

"recte" inquit. abeo. quom huc respicio ad

virginem,

illa sese interea commodum huc advorterat

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THE EUNUCH

Chaer. I don't know that either.

Par. Where did you see her?

Chaer. In the street.

Par. How did you lose sight of her?

Chaer. That's just what I was so vexed with myself about on the way. I don't think there's a man alive who has had his good luck so turn against him.

Par. What's the misfortune now?

Chaer. Blast it all!

Par. What happened?

Chaer. Why, you know my father's friend and relative, Archidemides?

Par. Of course.

Chaer. While I was in chase he met me.

Par. Cursedly inconvenient!

Chaer. Cursedly unlucky you mean: inconvenient is a word for something much smaller, Parmeno. I may truly swear I haven't set eyes on the man once in the last six or eight months till now, when I could least have wished it and least wanted him. Looks as if the devil were in it, eh? What do you say?

Par. Looks just like it.

Chaer. Instantly up he scurries to me from miles off, bent, palsied, drop-jawed, gasping. "Hi, Chaerea," says he, "Chaerea." I stopped. "Do you know what I wanted to say to you?" "No." "I have an action on to-morrow." "Yes, and——?" "Mind you tell your father to appear in court with me early." It took him an hour to say it. I asked if I could do anything more for him. "No, thank you," says he, and I was off. When I looked this way after the girl she had that moment turned down here into our street.

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in hanc nostram plateam.

Par. mirum ni hanc dicit, modo
huic quae datast dono.

Chaer. huc quom advenio, nulla erat

Par. comites secuti scilicet sunt virginem?

Chaer. verum: parasitus cum ancilla.

Par. ipsast: ilicet.

desine; iam conclamatumst.

Chaer. alias res agis.

Par. istuc ago equidem.

Chaer. nostin quae sit? dic mihi,

vidistin?

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Par. vidi, novi: scio quo abducta sit.

Chaer. eho Parmeno mi, nostin et scis ubi siet?

Par. huc deductast ad meretricem Thaidem: ei dono
datast.

Chaer. quis is est tam potens cum tanto munere hoc?

Par. miles Thraso,

Phaedriae rivalis.

Chaer. duras fratris partis praedicas.

Par. immo si scias quod donum huic dono contra
comparet,
magis id dicas.

Chaer. // quodnam quaeso hercle?

Par. eunuchum.

Chaer. illumne obsecro

inhonestum hominem, quem mercatus est heri, senem
mulierem? //

Par. istunc ipsum.

Chaer. homo quatietur certe cum dono foras.
sed istam Thaidem non scivi nobis vicinam.

Par. hau! diust.

Chaer. perii, numquamne etiam me illam vidisse! ehodum 360
dic mihi:

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THE EUNUCH

Par. (*aside*) He must mean the girl who has just been presented to Thais.

Chaer. When I got to the corner she had disappeared.

Par. Of course there were people in attendance, eh?

Chaer. Yes, one of those spongers and a maidservant.

Par. It's the very girl. All's over, you may give it up. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.

Chaer. You're thinking of something else.

Par. No, I'm thinking of your case.

Chaer. (*eagerly*) Do you know who she is? Tell me. Have you seen her?

Par. I have seen her, I know her, I can tell you where she has been taken.

Chaer. What, my dear Parmeno, you know her and can tell me where she is?

Par. She has been taken to Thais's here, she's a present to her.

Chaer. Who's the Cræsus that can make a present like that?

Par. Captain Thraso, Phaedria's rival.

Chaer. A hard part to play, my brother's, on your showing.

Par. Yes, indeed, and if you knew what a gift he has in his eye to match this gift you'd say so the more.

Chaer. What on earth's that?

Par. A eunuch.

Chaer. Heavens! That ugly creature he bought yesterday, that decrepit nonentity?

Par. That very one.

Chaer. Poor man, he'll certainly be trundled out of doors, gift and all. But I didn't know that Thais lived close to us.

Par. She hasn't been here long.

Chaer. Confound it, why have I never seen her? I say now, tell me, is she the beauty she is said to be?

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

estne, ut fertur, forma?

Par. sane.

Chaer. at nil ad nostram hanc?

Par. alia res.

Chaer. obsecro hercle, Parmeno, fac potiar.

Par. faciam sedulo;

dabo operam, adiuvabo: num quid me aliud?

Chaer. quo nunc is?

Par. domum,

ut mancipia haec, ita uti iussit frater, ducam ad Thaidem.

Chaer. o fortunatum istum eunuchum qui quidem in hanc detur domum!

Par. quid ita?

Chaer. rogitas? summa forma semper conservam domi videbit, conloquetur, aderit una in unis aedibus; cibum non numquam capiet cum ea; interdum propter dormiet.

Par. quid si nunc tute fortunatus fias?

Chaer. qua re, Parmeno?

responde.

Par. capias vestem illius.

Chaer. vestem? quid tum postea? 370

Par. pro illo te deducam.

Chaer. audio.

Par. te esse illum dicam.

Chaer. intellego.

Par. tu illis fruare commodis quibus tu illum dicebas modo: cibum una capias, adsis, tangas, ludas, propter dormias; quandoquidem illarum neque te quisquam novit neque scit qui sies.

practerea forma et aetas ipsast, facile ut pro eunucho probes.

Chaer. dixisti pulchre: numquam vidi melius consilium dari.

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THE EUNUCH

Par. Yes.

Chaer. But nothing to this girl of mine, eh?

Par. That's another story.

Chaer. For heaven's sake, Parmeno, do win her for me.

Par. I'll do my best, I'll work hard to help you. Anything else? (*turning away*)

Chaer. Where are you going now?

Par. Home, to take these slaves by your brother's instructions to Thais.

Chaer. Lucky wretch, that eunuch, to be a present for that house!

Par. Why so?

Chaer. Can't you see? He'll always be eyeing closely a fellow-slave of consummate beauty, talking with her, living under the same roof with her, sometimes taking his meals with her, at times napping in the same room.

Par. What if it were you to be made so happy?

Chaer. How, Parmeno? Tell me, tell me.

Par. You might take his clothes.

Chaer. His clothes? What follows?

Par. I might take you in his place——

Chaer. Quite so.

Par. —and say you were him.

Chaer. I see it.

Par. You would have the enjoyments you said just now he would have, take your meals with her, be near her, and so on. There's not one of them is acquainted with you or knows what you look like. Besides by figure and age you might easily pass for a eunuch.

Chaer. (*catches his arm*) A splendid project! I never knew a case of better advice. Come along, indoors with

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age eamus intro nunciam: orna me, abduc, duc,
quantum potest.

Par. quid agis? iocabar equidem.

Chaer. garris.

Par. perii, quid ego egi miser!
quo trudis? perculeris iam tu me. tibi equidem
dico, mane.

Chaer. eamus.

Par. pergin?

Chaer. certumst.

Par. vide ne nimium calidum hoc sit modo. 380

Chaer. non est profecto: sine.

Par. at enim istaec in me cudetur faba.

Chaer. ah.

Par. flagitium facimus.

Chaer. an id flagitiumst, si in domum meretriciam
deducar et illis crucibus, quae nos nostramque
adulescentiam
habent despiciatam et quae nos semper omnibus
cruciant modis,
nunc referam gratiam atque eas itidem fallam, ut
ab illis fallimur?
an potius haec patri aequomst fieri, ut a me ludatur
dolis?
quod qui rescierint, culpent; illud merito factum
omnes putent.

// *Par.* // quid istic? si certumst facere, faciam; verum ne
post conferas
culpam in me.

Chaer. non faciam.

Par. iubesne?

Chaer. iubeam? cogo atque impero:
numquam defugiam auctoritatem. sequere. //

Par. di vortant bene! 390

THE EUNUCH

us at once. Dress me up, off with me, off, this very moment.

Par. What are you about? I was only joking.

Chaer. Nonsense!

Par. Confound it, what a mess I've made of it! (*Chaerea pushes him towards the door*) Where are you shoving me to? You'll have me over in a moment. Stop, I say, stop.

Chaer. (*pulling him*) Come along.

Par. You *will* have it so?

Chaer. Determined.

Par. Are you sure this isn't a bit too hot, eh?

Chaer. I'm sure it isn't. Give in.

Par. Yes, but I tell you it's I shall have to pay for it.

Chaer. Bother you, no.

Par. We're on a piece of wickedness.

Chaer. Wickedness? What, for me to be taken to a house like that, where there are those torturing things who scorn us and our youth and torture us in every way, and so to pay them back and deceive them as they deceive us? You can't think it would be better to take in my father. Then on detection I should be blamed by the world, but this trick all would think well-earned.

Par. | | (*grudgingly*) Very well, if you're dead set on it I'll do it, only don't afterwards throw the blame on me.

Chaer. I won't, I won't.

Par. It's your bidding, then?

Chaer. Bidding, man? No, it's my enforcement and royal order. I will never shirk the responsibility. Come along.

Par. Heaven send it come out all right.

[EXEUNT INTO *Laches'* HOUSE.]

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ACTVS III

Thraso Magnas vero agere gratias Thais mihi?

Gnatho ingentis.

Thraso ain tu, laetast?

Gnatho non tam ipso quidem
dono quam abs te datum esse: id vero serio
triumphat.

Par. hoc proviso ut, ubi tempus siet,
deducam. sed eccum militem.

Thraso est istuc datum
profecto, ut grata mihi sint quae facio omnia.

Gnatho advorti hercle animum.

Thraso vel rex semper maxumas
mihi agebat quidquid feceram: aliis non item.

Gnatho labore alieno magno partam gloriam
verbis saepe in se transmovet qui habet salem; 400
quod in test.

Thraso habes.

Gnatho rex te ergo in oculis

Thraso scilicet.

Gnatho gestare.

Thraso vero: credere omnem exercitum,
consilia.

Gnatho mirum.

Thraso tum sicubi eum satietas

THE EUNUCH

ACT III

(*A few minutes have elapsed.*)

ENTER *Thraso* AND *Gnatho*.

Thraso (*with pompous delight*) So *Thais* sends me many thanks, eh?

Gnatho Many thousands.

Thraso She's really delighted, eh?

Gnatho Not so much with the gift as with *your* being the giver: on that she's really triumphant.

ENTER *Parmeno* FROM *Laches'* HOUSE.

Par. (*not seeing them*) I am coming on watch so as to take him across at the right moment. (*turning*) Hollo, the Captain!

Thraso I certainly have a peculiar gift that lends grace to all my actions.

Gnatho By Jove, yes, I've noticed it.

Thraso For instance the king was always profuse in his thanks for anything I had done. Other men got less thanks.

Gnatho It often happens that a man by laborious efforts has won great glory, and then, one word, and another diverts it all to himself, if he is a man of wit, as you are.

Thraso You have hit it.

Gnatho The king then held you—?

Thraso Of course.

Gnatho —very dear?

Thraso I should think so: he trusted me with all his army, with his policy.

Gnatho Marvellous!

Thraso Then if he was ever overdone with company or felt

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hominum aut negoti si quando odium ceperat,
 requiescere ubi volebat, quasi . . . nostin?

Gnatho scio:
 quasi ubi illam expueret miseriam ex animo.

Thraso tenes.
 tum me convivam solum abducebat sibi.

Gnatho hui,
 regem elegantem narras.

Thraso immo sic homost:
 perpaucorum hominumst.

Gnatho immo nullorum arbitror,
 si tecum vivit.

Thraso 410
 invidere omnes mihi,

mordere clanculum: ego non flocci pendere:
 ille invidere misere; verum unus tamen
 inpense, elephantis quem Indicis praefecerat.
 is ubi molestus magis est, "quaeso" inquam "Strato,
 eon es ferox, quia habes imperium in beluas?"

Gnatho pulchre mehercle dictum et sapienter. papae,
 iugularas hominem. quid ille?

Thraso mutus ilico.

Gnatho quid ni esset?

Par. di vostram fidem, hominem perditum
 miserumque et illum sacrilegum!

Thraso quid illud, Gnatho,
 quo pacto Rhodium tetigerim in convivio, 420
 numquam tibi dixi?

Gnatho numquam; sed narra obsecro.
 plus miliens audivi.

Thraso una in convivio
 erat hic, quem dico, Rhodius adulescentulus.
 forte habui scortum: coepit ad id adludere
 et me inridere. "quid ais" inquam homini
 "inrudens?"

THE EUNUCH

a dislike for business, when he wished to repose as if—do you know?

Gnatho I understand: when he wished so to say to clear his stomach of all uneasiness.

Thraso You have it. At such times he would take me aside as his sole guest.

Gnatho Ah, a king of real taste!

Thraso Yes, that's what he is: very choice in his company.

Gnatho Mighty choice, I should say, with you for his sole intimate!

Thraso (*not seeing Gnatho's irony*) Everybody envies me and backbites me, I care no straw. They envy me desperately, one of them, though, particularly so, the man who had charge of his Indian elephants. When he's more than usually troublesome, "Pray, Strato," say I, "are you made so fierce by being governor of the wild beasts?"

Gnatho Finely said, by Jove, and shrewdly. My word! that was a throat-cutter. What did he do?

Thraso Struck dumb on the spot.

Gnatho How could he help being?

Par. (*aside*) Lord 'a' mercy, what a wretched hopeless fool, and what a scoundrel t'other is!

Thraso And the other time, Gnatho, the way I touched up the Rhodian at the dinner table, did I never tell you?

Gnatho Never: tell me, for heaven's sake. (*aside*) I've heard it thousands of times.

Thraso This young Rhodian that I tell you of was dining at the same table. There was a girl with me and he tried to be funny at my expense. "What's that you say, Impudence?" said I: "a hare yourself and hunt for game?"

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lepus tute es, pulpamentum quaeris?"

Gnatho hahahahae.

Thraso quid est?

Gnatho facete, lepide, laute, nil supra.

tuomne, obsecro te, hoc dictum erat? vetus credidi..

Thraso audieras?

Gnatho saepe, et fertur in primis.

Thraso meumst.

Gnatho dolet dictum imprudenti adulescenti et libero.

430

Par. at te di perdant!

Gnatho quid ille quaeso?

Thraso perditus:

risu omnes qui aderant emoriri. denique
metuebant omnes iam me.

Gnatho non iniuria.

Thraso sed heus tu, purgon ego me de istac Thaidi,
quod eam me amare suspicatast?

Gnatho nil minus.

immo auge magis suspicionem.

Thraso quor?

Gnatho rogas?

scin, si quando illa mentionem Phaedriae
facit aut si laudat, te ut male urat?

Thraso sentio.

Gnatho id ut ne fiat haec res solast remedio:

ubi nominabit Phaedriam, tu Pamphilam
continuo; si quando illa dicet "Phaedriam
intro mittamus comissatum," Pamphilam
cantatum provocemus; si laudabit haec
illius formam, tu huius contra. denique
par pro pari referto quod eam mordeat.

440

Thraso siquidem me amaret, tum istuc prodesset, Gnatho.

Gnatho quando illud quod tu das exspectat atque amat,
iam dudum te amat, iam dudum illi facile fit

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THE EUNUCH

Gnatho Ha! ha! ha!

Thraso What are you laughing for?

Gnatho Smart, witty, neat, incomparable! Gracious! is that repartee yours? I thought it was old.

Thraso You've heard it before?

Gnatho Often, and it's reckoned one of the best.

Thraso It is mine.

Gnatho A crusher for the foolish and forward young man.

Par. (*aside*) Damn the fellow!

Gnatho And he, pray?

Thraso It did for him. All the company died of laughter straight off. In fact from then all began to be afraid of me.

Gnatho And well they might be.

Thraso By the way, am I to clear myself to Thais about her jealousy of my being in love with that girl?

Gnatho Not for the world: better sharpen her jealousy,

Thraso Why?

Gnatho Why, don't you know that, if she ever mentions Phaedria or praises him, it's fire and brimstone to you?

Thraso In my bones!

Gnatho This is the only way to get rid of it. She mentions Phaedria, you cap with Pamphila. She says, "Let us have Phaedria in to supper," we can call on Pamphila for a song. "Phaedria is a handsome man," says she; "Pamphila is a beauty," say you. In fact give her tit for tat to gall her.

Thraso Yes, if she really loved me that would be the thing.

Gnatho Since she looks for your presents and loves them, she has long loved you and it has long been easy to do what will vex her. She's always apprehensive

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quod doleat; metuit semper quem ipsa nunc capit
fructum ne quando iratus tu alio conferas.

450

Thraso bene dixi ac mi istuc non in mentem venerat.

Gnatho ridiculum; non enim cogitaras. ceterum
idem hoc tute melius quanto invenisses, *Thraso*!

Thais Audire vocem visa sum modo militis.

III.ii atque eccum. salve, mi *Thraso*.

Thraso o *Thais* mea,
meum savium, quid agitur? ecquid nos amas
de fidicina istac?

Par. quam venuste! quod dedit
principium adveniens!

Thais plurimum merito tuo.

Gnatho eamus ergo ad cenam. quid stas?

Par. em alterum:

ex homine hunc natum dicas?

460

Thais ubi vis, non moror.

Par. adibo atque adsimulabo quasi nunc exeam.
ituran, *Thais*, quopiam es?

Thais ehem, *Parmeno*:

bene fecisti hodie; itura. . .

Par. quo?

Thais quid, hunc non vides?

Par. video et me taedet. ubi vis, dona adsunt tibi
a *Phaedria*.

Thraso quid stamus? quor non imus hinc?

Par. quaeso hercle ut liceat, pace quod fiat tua,
dare huic quae volumus, convenire et conloqui.

Thraso perpulchra credo dona aut nostri similia.

THE EUNUCH

that the harvest she now receives some day or other in a temper with her you may divert to somebody else.

Thraso You are quite right that hadn't occurred to me.

Gnatho How funny! But that's only because you hadn't given your mind to it. If you had, how much better you would have hit on the plan yourself, Thraso.

ENTER *Thais* AND *Pythias*.

Thais I fancied I heard the Captain's voice. Ah, there he is. Good morning, Thraso.

Thraso (*running to her*) Ah my dear Thais, sweetheart mine, how goes it? Don't you feel some affection for me for sending you the fiddle-girl?

Par. (*aside*) What taste! What a thing to say first!

Thais Very much affection, as you deserve.

Gnatho Shall we go in to dinner then? Why don't you move? (*to Thais*)

Par. (*aside*) There's the other of 'em! Call him a human being?

Thais As soon as you like: I have no objection. (*Thraso offers her his arm*)

Par. (*aside*) I'll go forward pretending I have just stepped out. (*advances*) Is Madam going out anywhere?

Thais Ah Parmeno, I am very much obliged to you. I was just going——

Par. Where?

Thais But don't you see the Captain?

Par. I see him and I'm tired of him. Whenever you choose, Phaedria's presents are waiting for you.

Thraso Why are we standing here? Why don't we go in?

Par. I beg, Sir, I do indeed, that we may be allowed, with your good leave, Sir, to give the lady the presents we wish to give her, to treat and parley with her.

Thraso Mighty fine gifts, I warrant; good as ours of course. (*ironically*)

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Par. res indicabit. heus, iubete istos foras
exire, quos iussi, ocius. procede tu huc :
ex Aethiopiast usque haec.

470

Thraso hic sunt tres minae.

Gnatho vix.

Par. ubi tu es, Dore? accede huc. em eunuchum tibi,
quam liberali facie, quam aetate integra!

Thais ita me di ament, honestust.

Par. quid tu ais, Gnatho?
num quid habes quod contemnas? quid tu autem,
Thraso?

tacent: satis laudant. fac periculum in litteris,
fac in palaestra, in musicis: quae liberum
scire aequomst adulescentem, sollertem dabo.

Thraso ego illum eunuchum, si opus sit, vel sobrius . .

Par. atque haec qui misit non sibi soli postulat
te vivere et sua causa excludi ceteros,
neque pugnas narrat neque cicatrices suas
ostentat neque tibi obstat, quod quidam facit;
verum ubi molestum non erit, ubi tu voles,
ubi tempus tibi erit, sat habet si tum recipitur.

480

Thraso adparet servom hunc esse domini pauperis
miserique.

Gnatho nam hercle nemo posset, sat scio,
qui haberet qui pararet alium, hunc perpeti.

Par. tace tu, quem ego esse infra infumos omnis puto
homines; nam qui adsentari huic animum induxeris,
e flamma petere te cibum posse arbitror.

490

THE EUNUCH

Par. Facts will show. (*goes to the door and calls*) Here, tell those people I told to come out to do so and look sharp.

ENTER A *Blackamoor* GIRL.

Come along, stand forward, lassie. She comes all the way from Æthiopia, (*leads her forward*) she does.

Thraso (*sneeringly*) Ten pounds worth!

Gnatho Barely.

Par. (*returns to the door*) Where are you, Dorus? Come along.

ENTER *Chaerea* IN THE EUNUCH'S DRESS.

There's a eunuch for you! Face of a gentleman, life in its prime!

Thais Lord love me, he's good-looking.

Par. What do *you* say Gnatho? Anything to disprize there? What do *you* say, Captain? Not a word: praise sufficient. Test him in literature, in athletics, in the arts: all that a young gentleman ought to know I'll warrant him a master of.

Thraso I know what I should do with him, drunk or not.

Par. But the gentleman who has made these presents does not ask you to live for him only and shut your doors to others for his sake. He doesn't tell stories of battles or display his scars or hamper your choice, as a certain personage does; but when it doesn't trouble you, when it falls in with your wishes, when you have time, he is contented if he is admitted then.

Thraso Obviously this fellow is the servant of some poor despicable master.

Gnatho Yes, by Jove, I'm sure nobody with means to buy another would put up with *him*.

Par. You hold your tongue! I count you the meanest of the mean, for one who could set himself to flatter a man like this would, I reckon, steal cakes from a corpse.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Thraso iamne imus?

Thais hos prius intro ducam et quae volo
simul imperabo: post huc continuo exeo.

Thraso ego hinc abeo: tu istanc opperire.

Par. haud convenit
una ire cum amica imperatorem in via.

Thraso quid tibi ego multo dicam? domini similis es.

Gnatho hahahae.

Thraso quid rides?

Gnatho istuc quod dixti modo;
et illud de Rhodio dictum quom in mentem venit.
sed *Thais* exit.

Thraso abi prae, cura ut sint domi
parata.

Gnatho fiet.—

Thais diligenter, *Pythias*,
fac cures, si forte hoc *Chremes* advenerit,
ut ores primum ut redeat; si id non commodumst,
ut maneat; si id non poterit, ad me adducito.

Pyth. ita faciam.

Thais quid? quid aliud volui dicere?
ehem, curate istam diligenter virginem:
domi adsitis facite.

Thraso eamus.

Thais vos me sequimini.

III.iii

Chr. Profecto quanto magis magisque cogito,
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THE EUNUCH

Thraso (*impatiently*) Now are we going?

Thais I will take these two in first and give instructions about them: I shall be back in a minute.

[EXIT WITH *Chaerea*, THE *Blackamoor* AND *Pythias*.

Thraso (*to Gnatho*) I shall go on, you wait for her here.

Par. (*sneering*) It's not seemly for a Brigadier to be seen in the streets with a lady-friend.

Thraso You're beneath my notice; a match for your master, you are. [EXIT *Parmeno*.

Gnatho Ha! ha! ha!

Thraso (*suspiciously*) What are you laughing at?

Gnatho Your clencher for him and your repartee to the Rhodian, whenever I think of it. But here is *Thais*.

Thraso Go ahead, see that all's made ready at home.

Gnatho It shall be done. [EXIT *Gnatho*.

RE-ENTER *Thais* WITH *Pythias* AND TWO OTHER MAIDS.

Thais Be sure you remember, *Pythias*, if *Chremes* happens to call, to ask him if possible to come again. If that is not convenient, beg him to wait. If he can't wait, bring him along to me.

Pyth. Yes, Ma'am. (*going*)

Thais One moment, there was something else I wanted to say. Ah yes, be sure you look after the girl and mind you all stop indoors.

[EXIT *Pythias* INTO THE HOUSE.

Thraso (*impatiently*) Let us be off.

Thais (*to the maids*) You attend me. [EXEUNT.

ACT IV

(*Nearly an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Chremes* FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION.

Chr. The more I think of it the more sure I am that this

PUBLIUS TERENCE AFER

ni mirum dabit haec Thais mihi magnum malum :
 ita me video ab ea astute labefactarier,
 iam tum quom primum iussit me ad se accersier. 510
 roget quis "quid rei tibi cum illa?" ne noram
 quidem.

ubi veni, causam, ut ibi manerem, repperit :
 ait rem divinam fecisse et rem seriam
 velle agere mecum. iam tum erat suspicio
 dolo malo haec fieri omnia. ipsa adcumbere
 mecum, mihi sese dare, sermonem quaerere.
 ubi friget, huc evasit, quam pridem pater
 mihi et mater mortui essent. dico, iam diu.
 rus equod Suni haberem et quam longe a mari.
 credo ei placere hoc : sperat se a me avellere. 520
 postremo, ecqua inde parva periisset soror ;
 ecquis cum ea una ; quid habuisset, quom perit ;
 ecquis eam posset noscere. haec quor quaeritet ?
 nisi si illa forte quae olim periit parvola
 soror, hanc se intendit esse, uti est audacia.
 verum ea si vivit, annos natat sedecim,
 non maior : Thais quam ego sum maiusculast.
 misit porro orare ut venirem serio.
 aut dicat quod volt aut molesta ne siet :
 non hercle veniam tertio. heus heus, ecquis hic ? 530
 ego sum Chremes.

Pyth. o capitulum lepidissimum !

Chr. dico ego mi insidias fieri ?

Pyth. Thais maxumo

te orabat opere ut cras redires.

Chr. rus eo.

THE EUNUCH

Thais means much mischief to me. The crafty way she laid her mines for me from the moment she first sent me word to call on her! I may be asked what business I had with her. I hadn't even her acquaintance. When I called on her she found a pretext for detaining me, said she had been at her prayers and had an important business to talk over with me. Already I suspected her of a dishonest motive. She sat down close to me in a familiar way and tried to find a subject for conversation. When it fell flat she went off to the question how long my father and mother had been dead. I told her some considerable time. Had I a country place at Sunium, and if so how far from the coast? I believe she has taken a fancy to it and hopes to get it out of me. Last she asked whether I had ever had a little sister stolen from there, and anyone with her, what she had on when she was stolen and whether anyone could recognize her. Why should she put these questions? It looks as if she were impudently trying to pass herself off for my little sister who was lost years ago. If the child is alive, she is sixteen years old, not a day more, and Thais is a bit older than I am. Now again she has sent begging me earnestly to go and see her. She must either say what she wants or cease to bother me. I swear I won't come a third time. (*knocks at the door*) Here, anyone in? It's Chremes.

ENTER *Pythias*.

Pyth. Oh sweet kind Sir! (*effusively*)

Chr. Didn't I say there was a trap setting for me?

Pyth. Thais left word begging and praying you to come again to-morrow.

Chr. I'm going into the country.

PUBLIUS TERENCE AFER

Pyth. fac amabo.

Chr. non possum, inquam.

Pyth. at tu apud nos hic mane,
dum redeat ipsa.

Chr. nil minus.

Pyth. quor, mi Chremes?

Chr. malam rem hinc ibis?

Pyth. si istuc ita certumst tibi,
amabo ut illuc transeas ubi illast.

Chr. eo.

Pyth. abi, Dorias, cito hunc deduce ad militem.

Anti. // Heri aliquod adulescentuli coiimus in Piraco

III.iv in hunc diem, ut de symbolis essemus. Chaeream 540
ei rei

praefecimus; dati anuli; locus, tempus constitutumst.
praeteriit tempus: quo in loco dictumst parati nil est;
homo ipse nusquamst neque scio quid dicam aut
quid coniectem.

nunc mi hoc negoti ceteri dedere ut illum quaeram
idque adeo visam si domist. quisnam hinc ab Thaide
exit?

is est an non est? ipsum est. quid hoc hominis? quid
hic ornatist?

quid illud malist? nequeo satis mirari neque conicere;
nisi, quidquid est, procul hinc lubet prius quid sit
sciscitari.

Chaer. Num quis hic est? nemo est. num quis hinc me se-
III.v quitur? nemo homost.

iamne erumpere hoc licet mi gaudium? pro Iuppiter, 550
nunc est profecto, interfici quom perpeti me possum,
ne hoc gaudium contaminet vita aegritudine aliqua.
sed neminemne curiosum intervenire nunc mihi

THE EUNUCH

Pyth. Please now, do come.

Chr. I can't, I say.

Pyth. Well anyhow stay here till she can get back.

Chr. Most certainly not.

Pyth. But, dear Sir, why not?

Chr. Go to the deuce!

Pyth. Well, if stop you won't, please come across with me to where she is.

Chr. I will do that.

Pyth. (*calling*) Dorias! (*enter a maidservant*) Conduct this gentleman to the Captain's. [EXEUNT *Chremes* AND

Dorias. *Pythias* GOES BACK INTO THE HOUSE.

ENTER *Antipho.*

Anti.// Yesterday some of us young sparks at the Harbour agreed to club together for a dinner to-day. We put *Chaerea* in charge of the arrangements. We pledged ourselves to come and fixed time and place. The time is past, there are no preparations at the appointed place, the fellow can't be found, and I can't tell what to make of it all. The rest of them have given me the job of hunting for him, and that's why I come to see if he's at home// Who is that coming out of *Thais's*?

Chaerea APPEARS AT *Thais's* DOOR.

He or not? He it is. What is he posing as? What's this get-up? What devilry is he at? I'm all astonishment: I can't make a guess. Whatever it is, I think I'll stand aside and try to make it out. (*withdraws*)

Chaer. (*advancing*) Anyone here? No one. Anyone after me from the house? Not a soul. Mayn't I now break out into ecstasy? O heavens! this is a moment when I could bear dissolution for fear life pollute this exultation with some distress. To think of no busy-

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

qui me sequatur quoquo eam, rogitando obtundat,
enicet,
quid gestiam aut quid laetus sim, quo pergam, unde
emergam, ubi siem
vestitum hunc nanctus, quid mi quaeram, sanus sim
anne insaniam!

Anti. adibo atque ab eo god ramhanc, quam video velle, inibo
Chaerea, quid est quati sic gestis? quid sibi hic vestitus
quaerit?
quid est quod laetus es? quid tibi vis? satine sanu's?
quid me adspectas?
quid dices?

Chaer. o festus dies! o meus amicus! salve: 560
nemo omniumst quem ego nunc magis cuperem
videre quam te.

Anti. narra istuc quaeso quid sit.

Chaer. immo ego te obsecro hercle ut audias
nostin hanc quam amat frater?

Anti. novi: nempe, opinor, Thaidem.

Chaer. istam ipsam.

Anti. sic commemineram.

Chaer. quaedam hodie est ei dono data
virgo: quid ego eius tibi nunc faciem praedicem aut
laudem, Antipho,
quom ipsus me noris quam elegans formarum spec-
tator siem?
in hac commotus sum.

Anti. ain tu?

Chaer. primam dices, scio, si videris. 568
quid multa verba? amare coepi. forte fortuna domi
erat quidam eunuchus quem mercatus fuerat frater
Thaidi,
neque is deductus etiam dum ad eam. submonuit 570
me Parmeno

THE EUNUCH

body meeting me now to follow me all about and deafen and kill me with endless questions, asking why I am in such a flutter, so hilarious, where I'm off to, what house I am come out of, where I got this dress, what's my object and whether I am in my senses or out of them!

Anti. (to himself) I'll up and do him the favour I see he desires. (advances) Chaerea, what is this flutter about? What's the object of this dress? Why this hilarity? What do you mean? Are you in your senses? Why do you stare at me? What are you going to say?

Chaer. What a day of delight! What a friend to see! Welcome, welcome! There isn't a man in the world I could more desire to see at this moment than you.

Anti. Do tell me what it all is.

Chaer. No favour, dear boy; a favour in you to listen. Do you know my brother's lady-love?

Anti. I know her: Thais I suppose you mean.

Chaer. Thais it is.

Anti. I remember I've heard so.

Chaer. She had a present of a girl made her to-day. As it's you and me there is no need to crack up her looks, Antipho, for you know what a fastidious connoisseur of beauty I am. This one stirred me.

Anti. Really?

Chaer. You'll call her peerless, I'm sure, if you see her. To cut the story short, in love I fell. By good luck there was a eunuch at home whom my brother had bought for Thais and he hadn't yet been taken across to her house. Our man Parmeno made a suggestion which I jumped at.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

ibi servos quod ego arripui. 571

Anti.

quid id est?

Chaer.

tacitus citius audies :

ut vestem cum eo mutem et pro illo iubeam me
illoc ducier.

Anti.

pro eunuchon?

Chaer.

, sic est.

Anti.

/ quid ex ea re tandem ut caperes commodi? 572

Chaer.

rogas? viderem, audirem, essem una quacum cupie-
bam, Antipho.

num parva causa aut prava ratio? traditus sum mulieri.
illa ilico ubi me accepit, laeta vero ad se abducit
domum;

commendat virginem. //

Anti.

quoi? tibine?

Chaer.

mihi.

Anti.

satis tuto tamen?

Chaer.

edicit ne vir quisquam ad eam adeat et mihi ne
abscedam imperat;
in interiore parte ut maneam solus cum sola. adnuo
terram intuens modeste.

580

Anti.

miser.

Chaer.

“ego” inquit “ad cenam hinc eo.”

abducit secum ancillas: paucae quae circum illam
essent manent

noviciae puellae. continuo haec adornant ut lavet.
adhortor properent. dum adparatur, virgo in con-
clavi sedet

suspectans tabulam quandam pictam: ibi inerat
pictura haec, Iovem

quo pacto Danaae misisse aiunt quondam in gremium
imbrem aureum.

egomet quoque id spectare coepi, et quia consimilem
luserat

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THE EUNUCH

Anti. And that was?

Chaer. Hold your tongue and you'll hear the quicker. To change clothes with the eunuch and have myself taken across instead of him.

Anti. Instead of a eunuch?

Chaer. Yes.

Anti. Pray, what good were you to get out of that?

Chaer. Why, you silly, see, hear, be with, the object of my desire. Poor reason, eh? Bad reckoning, what? I was consigned to Miss Thais. The moment she received me she carried me with delight into the house and gave the girl into my charge.

Anti. (*astounded*) Whose charge? Yours?

Chaer. Mine.

Anti. Safe custody, eh?

Chaer. She gives orders no man is to come near the girl and tells me not to leave her but to stay tête-à-tête with her in an inner room. I bowed with my eyes modestly on the ground.

Anti. (*ironically*) Simple Simon!

Chaer. "I," says she, "am going out to dinner." She takes the maids with her: only a few new hands were left to wait on the girl. They at once got the bath ready for her. I urged them to make haste. During the preparations the girl sat in the room looking at a picture on the wall. The subject was the story of Jove's sending down a shower of gold into Danaë's bosom. I fell to gazing at it too, and the fact that he had played a like game long ago made me exult all the more, a god's turning

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

iam olim ille ludum, inpendio magis animus gaudebat mihi,
deum sese in hominem convortisse atque in alienas tegulas

venisse clanculum : per pluviam fucum factum mulieri.
at quem deum ! qui templa caeli summa sonitu concutit. 590
ego homuncio hoc non facerem ? facerem ego illud
vero itidem ac lubens.

dum haec mecum reputo, accersitur lavatum interea
virgo :

iiit, lavit, rediit ; deinde eam in lecto illae conlocarunt.
sto exspectans si quid mi imperent. venit una,
“ heus tu ” inquit “ Dore,
cape hoc flabellum, ventulum huic sic facito, dum
lavamus ;

Anti. ubi nos laverimus, si voles, lavato.” accipio tristis.
tum equidem istuc os tuom inpudens videre nimium
vellem,

Chaer. qui esset status, flabellulum tenere te asinum tantum.
vix elocutast hoc, foras simul omnes prouont se,
abeunt lavatum, perstrepunt, ita ut fit, domini ubi 600
absunt.

interea somnus virginem opprimit. ego limis specto
sic per flabellum clanculum ; simul alia circumspecto,
satin explorata sint. video esse. pessulum ostio obdo.
quid tum ?

Anti. quid tum ?
Chaer. quid “ quid tum,” fatue ?

Anti. fateor.

Chaer. an ego occasionem
mi ostentam, tantam, tam brevem, tam optatam,
tam insperatam

Anti. amitterem ? tum pol ego is essem vero, qui simulabar.
sane hercle ut dicis. sed interim de symbolis quid
actumst ?

THE EUNUCH

himself into a man and stealing on to another man's roof-tiles and a woman's being fooled by means of a shower, and what a god too! He "whose thunder shakes the highest realms of heaven." Was I, a mere manikin, not to imitate him? Imitate I would, and like nothing better. My meditations were interrupted by the girl's being summoned to the bath. She went, had her bath, and came back. The maids put her to rest on a sofa. I stood waiting to see if they had any orders for me. One of them came and said "Here, Dorus, take this fan and cool her gently while we're bathing. When we've done you can have a bath if you like." I took the fan with a sullen look.

Anti. I'd give something to have seen that impudent phiz of yours at that moment. What an ass you must have looked standing there with a fan in your hand!

Chaer. The words were hardly out of her mouth when they all darted out of the room and were off to the bath with the usual noise when the mistress is away. Presently sleep came on the girl. I took a squint at her, peeping through the fansticks like this. (*with a gesture*) Next I took a look round to see if the coast were clear. I found it was. I slipped the bolt on the door.

Anti. What then?

Chaer. Why, "what then," goose?

Anti. I own it.

Chaer. Was I to lose an opportunity so offered me, such a chance, so short, so much desired, so little expected? Jove! I should then have been what I set up for.

Anti. Quite true, quite true: but all this time what has been arranged about our dinner?

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Chaer.* paratumst.
Anti. frugi es : ubi ? domin ?
Chaer. immo apud libertum Discum.
Anti. perlongest, sed tanto ocius properemus : muta vestem.
Chaer. ubi mutem ? perii ; nam domo exsulo nunc : metuo 610
 fratrem
 ne intus sit ; porro autem pater ne rure redierit iam.
Anti. eamus ad me, ibi proximumst ubi mutes.
Chaer. recte dicis.
 eamus ; et de istac simul, quo pacto porro possim
 potiri, consilium volo capere una tecum.
Anti. fiat.

ACTVS IV

- Dorias* Ita me di ament, quantum ego illum vidi, non nil
 timeo misera,
 ne quam ille hodie insanus turbam faciat aut vim
 Thaidi.
 nam postquam iste advenit Chremes adulescens,
 frater virginis,
 militem rogat ut illum admitti iubeat : continuo
 ille irasci,
 neque negare audere ; Thais porro instare ut homi-
 nem invitet.
 id faciebat retinendi illius causa, quia illa quae 620
 cupiebat
 de sorore eius indicare ad eam rem tempus non erat.
 invitat tristis : mansit. ibi illa cum illo sermonem
 ilico ;
 miles vero sibi putare adductum ante oculos aemulum ;
 voluit facere contra huic aegre : “ heus ” inquit
 “ puere, Pamphilam
 296

THE EUNUCH

Chaer. It's all ready.

Anti. You're a good fellow. Where? At your own house?

Chaer. No, at Discus's the freedman.

Anti. It's a long step off. All the more need for hurry. Change your clothes.

Chaer. Where am I to change them? Confound it! I am banished from home because I'm afraid my brother may be in, and besides my father may have got back from the country by this time.

Anti. Come to my place, that's the nearest for your change.

Chaer. You're right, and besides I want to consult you how I am to secure the girl for the future.

Anti. Right. [EXEUNT.]

ENTER *Dorias* WITH A CASKET.

Dorias Save us all! From the sight I had of him I'm wretchedly afraid that that Bedlam soldier may raise a disturbance or offer some violence to Thais. When Chremes came, the young gentleman that is brother to the girl, she asked the Captain to have him invited in. This put him in a passion at once, but he hadn't the courage to say no. Thais went on pressing him to give the invitation. She did it only to keep Chremes there, for it wasn't a fitting time to tell him what she wanted to tell him about his sister. The invitation was sullenly given and he stopped. Thais at once began a conversation with him and our Captain imagined that a rival had been brought in under his very nose. By way of retort he wished to spite her. "Boy," says he, "fetch Pamphila to entertain us here."

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

accerse, ut delectet hic nos." illa " minime gen-
tium :

in convivium illam?" miles tendere: inde ad
iurgium.

interea aurum sibi clam mulier demit, dat mi ut
auferam.

hoc est signi: ubi primum poterit, se illinc sub-
ducet scio.

Phae. Dum rus eo, coepi egomet mecum inter vias,
IV.ii ita ut fit, ubi quid in animos molestiae,
aliam rem ex alia cogitare et ea omnia
peiores in partem. quid opust verbis? dum haec
puto,
praeterii imprudens villam. longe iam abieram,
quom sensi: redeo rursum, male vero me
habens.

630

ubi ad ipsum veni devorticulum, constiti:
occepi mecum cogitare "hem, biduom hic
manendumst soli sine illa? quid tum postea?
nil est. quid? nil? si non tangendi copias,
eho ne videndi quidem erit? si illud non licet,
saltem hoc licebit. certe extrema linea
amare haud nil est." villam praetereo sciens.
sed quid hoc quod timida subito egreditur
Pythias?

640

Pyth. Vbi ego illum scelerosum misera atque inpium in-
IV.iii veniam? aut ubi quaeram?
hocine tam audax facinus facere esse ausum.

Phae. perii: hoc quid sit vereor.

Pyth. quin etiam insuper scelus, postquam ludificatus vir-
ginem,
vestem omnem miseræ discidit, tum ipsam capillo
conscidit.

THE EUNUCH

“Not for the world,” cries Thais: “the girl at a dinner party? No!” The Captain pressed it and they came to words over it. Presently my lady privately slipped off her jewellery and gave it to me to carry home. That means that as soon as she possibly can she’ll retire from the party, I know that.

[EXIT INTO THE HOUSE.]

ENTER *Phaedria*.

Phae. Going into the country I began, as is one’s way when there is trouble on the mind, to ponder on one thing and another, seeing everything too in the worst light. In short, my ruminations carried me unconsciously past our country house. I had got a long way on before I became aware of it. I turned back in a very unhappy state of mind. When I got back to the actual turning, I pulled up. I started meditating. “What? Must I stop here a couple of days cut off from my love? Well, what if I must? That’s nothing. Is it nothing though? I couldn’t be with her all the time, but am I not even to see her? If I am forbidden the one, at least I shall be allowed the other. It’s like looking at the stage from the gallery, but even that’s something to a lover.” I passed our house deliberately.

ENTER *Pythias* IN GREAT EXCITEMENT WITH *Dorias*.

Ah, what makes *Pythias* scamper out in such alarm? (not seeing him) Oh dear me, where can I find that wicked and horrible creature? Where am I to look for him? Fancy his having the audacity to do such an audacious thing!

Phae. (aside) Dash it! what is it? It alarms me.

Pyth. (as before) Yes, and that piece of sin after wronging her tore the poor thing’s dress, tore her hair even.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Phae.* hem.
- Pyth.* qui nunc si detur mihi,
ut ego unguibus facile illi in oculos involem venefico.
- Phae.* nescio quid profecto absente nobis turbatumst domi.
adibo. quid istuc? quid festinas? aut quem quaeris, 650
Pythias?
- Pyth.* ehem Phaedria, ego quem quaeram? in' hinc quo
dignu's cum donis tuis
tam lepidis?
- Phae.* quid istuc est rei?
- Pyth.* rogas me? eunuchum quem dedisti nobis quas
turbas dedit!
quam erae dono dederat miles, virginem vitiavit.
- Phae.* quid ais?
- Pyth.* perii.
- Phae.* temulenta's.
- Pyth.* utinam sic sint qui mihi male volunt!
- Dorias* au obsecro, mea Pythias, quod istuc nam monstrum
fuit?
- Phae.* insanis: qui istuc facere eunuchus potuit?
- Pyth.* ego illum nescio
qui fuerit; hoc quod fecit, res ipsa indicat.
virgo ipsa lacrumat neque, quom rogites, quid sit
audet dicere.
ille autem bonus vir nusquam adparet. etiam hoc 660
misera suspicor,
aliquid domo abeuntem abstulisse.
- Phae.* nequeo mirari satis,
quo ille abire ignavos possit longius, nisi si domum
forte ad nos rediit.
- Pyth.* vise amabo num sit.
- Phae.* iam faxo scies.—
- Dorias* perii, obsecro! tam infandum facinus, mea tu, ne
audivi quidem.
300

THE EUNUCH

Phae. (*aside*) What?

Pyth. If I could get at him, how I should just fly at the nasty wretch with my nails in his eyes!

Phae. (*aside*) Clearly there has been some sort of a disturbance while I've been away. (*advances*) What's this about? Why this bustle? Whom are you looking for, Pythias?

Pyth. (*coldly*) Dear me, you ask whom I'm looking for, do you? Deuce take you—it's what you deserve—and your gifts too, nice gifts those.

Phae. What's the matter now?

Pyth. Oh, you don't know, don't you? That eunuch you gave us, pretty trouble he's caused us! That girl the Captain gave us he has ravished.

Phae. Nonsense!

Pyth. I'm ruined.

Phae. You're tipsy!

Pyth. I wish my ill-wishers were as I am.

Dorias Gracious goodness, Pythias dear, what prodigy was this?

Phae. You're daft. A eunuch?

Pyth. I don't know what sort of thing he was; what he has done is plain enough. The girl's in tears, and, ask her as you will, can't bring herself to say what's the matter. And he, good man! is nowhere to be seen. And, poor me, I suspect he's gone off with something valuable from the house.

Phae. I can't imagine that a spiritless fellow like that can be gone far away: he's probably gone back into our house.

Pyth. Please go and see if he's there.

Phae. I'll let you know in a moment. [EXIT INTO HIS HOUSE.]

Dorias Lawk-a-mercy now! Girl mine, I never even heard of such a monstrous wickedness.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Pyth. at pol ego amatores audieram mulierum esse eos
maxumos,
sed nil potesse; verum miserae non in mentem
venerat;
nam illum aliquo conclusissem neque illi commisis-
sem virginem.

Phae. Exi foras, sceleste. at etiam restitas,
IV.iv fugitive? prodi, male conciliate.

Dorus obsecro.

Phae. oh,

illud vide, os ut sibi distorsit carnufex!
quid huc tibi reditios? vestis quid mutatios?
quid narras? paulum si cessassem, Pythias,
domi non offendissem, ita iam adornarat fugam.

670

Pyth. haben hominem, amabo?

Phae. quid ni habeam?

Pyth. o factum bene.

Dorias istuc pol vero bene.

Pyth. ubist?

Phae. rogitas? non vides?

Pyth. videam? obsecro quem?

Phae. hunc scilicet.

Pyth. quis hic est homo?

Phae. qui ad vos deductus hodiest.

Pyth. hunc oculis suis
nostrarum numquam quisquam vidit, Phaedria.

Phae. non vidit?

Pyth. an tu hunc credidisti esse, obsecro,
ad nos deductum?

Phae. namque alium habui neminem.

680

Pyth. au,
ne comparandus quidem hic ad illumst: ille erat
302

THE EUNUCH

Pyth. Bless you, I've always been told they were tremendous lovers of women but were powerless. My heart! it never occurred to me, else I should have locked him up in a room and never trusted the girl to him.

RE-ENTER *Phaedria*, DRAGGING IN *Dorus* IN *Chaerea's*
CLOTHES.

Phae. Out you come, scoundrel! Still struggling, good-for-nothing? Come out here, you vile bargain.

Dorus. For mercy's sake!

Phae. Look at the wretch! What a wry mouth he makes, the gallows-bird! What do you mean by going back to our house? Why have you changed your clothes? What do you say? If I had stopped a moment, *Pythias*, I shouldn't have found him there: he had got himself up to bolt.

Pyth. Oh please, have you caught him?

Phae. Of course I have.

Pyth. Oh, well done!

Dorias Lawks, yes, very well done!

Pyth. Where is he?

Phae. Where is he? Don't you see him?

Pyth. See him? See whom?

Phae. This fellow, of course.

Pyth. Who's this?

Phae. The man who was taken across to your house this afternoon.

Pyth. Not a soul in our house has ever set eyes on this fellow, Sir.

Phae. Not set eyes on him?

Pyth. Lord save us, did you suppose this was the fellow that was brought across to us?

Phae. Yes, I had no one else.

Pyth. Gracious! there's no comparison between them. The other was good-looking and gentlemanly.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

honestâ facie et liberali.

Phae. ita visus est
dudum, quia varia veste exornatus fuit.
nunc tibi videtur foedus, quia illam non habet.

Pyth. tace obsecro: quasi vero paulum intersiet.
ad nos deductus hodièst adolescentulus,
quem tu videre vero velles, Phaedria.
hic est vietus vetus veterosus senex,
colore mustelino.

Phae. hem, quae haec est fabula?
eo rediges me ut quid egerim egomet nesciam?
eho tu, emin ego te?

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Dorus emisti.

Pyth. iube mi denuo 9/

respondeat.

Phae. roga.

Pyth. venisti hodiè ad nos? negat.

at ille alter venit annos natus sedecim,
quem secum adduxit Parmeno. 4 3

Phae. agedum hoc mi expedi
primum: istam quam habes unde habes vestem?
taces?

monstrum hominis, non dicturu's?

Dorus venit Chaerea.

Phae. fraterne?

Dorus ita.

Phae. quando?

Dorus hocedie.

Phae. quam dudum?

Dorus modo.

Phae. quicum?

Dorus cum Parmenone.

Phae. norasne eum prius?

Dorus non. nec quis esset umquam audieram dicier.

THE EUNUCH

Phae. He looked so just now because he had gay clothes on. Now you think him disgusting because he hadn't.

Pyth. Don't talk like that now. The difference is enormous. What was brought to us was a young man one might well like to look on. This is a worn-out, ancient, withered, old man, with a weazel-coloured skin.

Phae. Hang it, what story are you telling now? Will you try to make out that I don't know my own doings? Here you, (*to Dorus*) did I buy you?

Dorus You did.

Pyth. Tell him to answer me another question.

Phae. Put it.

Pyth. Did you come to our house this afternoon? (*Dorus shakes his head*) No, he says. No, but that other fellow came, a lad of sixteen, brought by Parmeno.

Phae. (*to Dorus*) Come now, first explain this to me: that dress you've got on, where did you get it? (*a pause*) Why don't you answer? Beast of a man, won't you speak? (*strikes him*)

Dorus (*weeping*) Chaerea came.

Phae. My brother?

Dorus Yes.

Phae. When?

Dorus This very afternoon.

Phae. How long ago?

Dorus Just now.

Phae. With whom?

Dorus With Parmeno.

Phae. Did you know him before?

Dorus No, nor had ever heard speak of him.

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- Phae.* unde igitur fratrem meum esse scibas?
Dorus Parmeno
dicebat eum esse. is mi hanc dedit vestem.
- Phae.* occidi.
Dorus meam ipsi induit: post una ambo abierunt foras.
Pyth. iam satis credis sobriam esse me et nil mentitam tibi?
iam satis certumst virginem vitiatam esse?
- Phae.* age nunc, beluae
credis huic quod dicat?
- Pyth.* quid isti credam? res ipsa indicat.
Phae. concede istuc paululum: audin? etiam paululum:
sat est.
dicdum hoc rursus: Chaerea tuam vestem detraxit
tibi?
- Dorus* factum.
Phae. et eamst indutus?
Dorus factum.
Phae. et pro te huc deductust?
Dorus ita.
Phae. Iuppiter magne, o scelestum atque audacem hominem!
Pyth. vae mihi:
etiam non credes indignis nos esse inrisas modis? 710
- Phae.* mirum ni tu credis quod iste dicat. quid agam
nescio.
heus negato rursus. possumne ego hodie ex te
exculpere
verum? vidistine fratrem Chaeream?
- Dorus* non.
Phae. non potest 715
sine malo fateri, video: sequere hac. modo ait
modo negat.
ora me.
- Dorus* obsecro te vero, Phaedria.
Phae. i intro nunciam

THE EUNUCH

- Phae.* How did you know he was my brother then?
- Dorus* Parmeno said so. It was he gave me these clothes.
- Phae.* Damnation!
- Dorus* He put mine on: then they both went out together,
- Pyth.* Now are you satisfied, Sir, that I am sober and told you no fib? Are you now convinced the girl has been ravished?
- Phae.* Come now, come! a creature like this and you take his word?
- Pyth.* It doesn't want his word, the facts speak for themselves.
- Phae.* (*aside to Dorus*) Come a little this way, do you hear? a step further: that'll do. Now tell me again: was it Chaerea stripped you of your clothes?
- Dorus* Yes.
- Phae.* And put them on himself?
- Dorus* Yes.
- Phae.* And took your place?
- Dorus* Yes.
- Phae.* (*aloud, pretending anger with Dorus*) Good heavens! what a wicked and impudent fellow!
- Pyth.* Lord ha' mercy, won't you even yet believe that we have been scandalously befooled?
- Phae.* Oh yes, of course you believe anything he says. (*aside*) I don't know what to do. (*apart to Dorus*) Hi, you, now unsay it. (*aloud, shaking Dorus*) Can't I possibly scratch the truth out of you? Have you seen my brother Chaerea?
- Dorus* N—no.
- Phae.* He can't tell the truth without torture, I see that. Come along with me. (*drags him*) He says now yes, now no. (*aside to Dorus*) Cry my mercy.
- Dorus* Oh Sir, please Sir, have mercy on me.
- Phae.* Now in with you. (*kicks him*)

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- Dorus* oiei. 716
- Phae.* alio pacto honeste hinc quo modo abeam nescio.
actumst, siquidem tu me hic etiam, nebulo, ludifi-
ficabere.—
- Pyth.* Parmenonis tam scio esse hanc techinam quam me
vivere.
- Dorias* sic est.
- Pyth.* inveniam pol hodie, parem ubi referam gratiam.
sed nunc quid faciendum censes, Dorias? 720
- Dorias* de istac rogas
virgine?
- Pyth.* ita, utrum praedicemne an taceam?
- Dorias* tu pol, si sapis,
quod scis nescis neque de eunucho neque de vitio
virginis.
hac re et te omni turba evolves et illi gratum feceris.
id modo dic, abisse Dorum.
- Pyth.* ita faciam.
- Dorias* sed videon Chremem?
- Thais iam aderit.
- Pyth.* quid ita?
- Dorias* quia, quom inde abeo, iam tum inceperat
turba inter eos.
- Pyth.* aufer aurum hoc. ego scibo ex hoc quid siet.
- Chr.* Attat data hercle verba mihi sunt: vicit vinum quod bibi.
- IV.v at dum adcubabam, quam videbar mihi pulchre esse
sobrius!
postquam surrexi, neque pes neque mens satis suom
officium facit.
- Pyth.* Chremes. 730
- Chr.* quis est? ehem Pythias: vah, quanto nunc
formonsior
videre mihi quam dudum!
- Pyth.* certo tu quidem pol multo hilarior.

THE EUNUCH

Dorus Oh, oh, oh! [EXIT HOWLING.]

Phae. (*aside*) I can't see any other way of getting decently out of it. (*aloud*) A pretty pass if even a rascal like you is to make game of me. [EX T.]

Pyth. As sure as I'm alive this is a trick of Parmeno's.

Dorias That's it.

Pyth. I vow I'll find some means of paying him back. But what do you think I ought to do now, Dorias?

Dorias About the girl, you mean?

Pyth. Yes, tell about it or hold my tongue?

Dorias Lawks now, if you're wise, what you know you don't know, either about the eunuch or about the girl. That way you'll clear yourself of all trouble and deserve Phaedria's gratitude. Say nothing except that Dorus is gone off.

Pyth. That's what I'll do.

Dorias Is that Chremes down the street? This will be here directly.

Pyth. How do you know?

Dorias Because, when I left, a quarrel had already started between them.

Pyth. Take these trinkets in. I shall know from him what has happened.

[*Dorias* TAKES THE CASKET AND EXIT INTO THE HOUSE.
ENTER *Chremes* TIPSY.]

Chr. So, so, I've been deceived: the wine I've had's been too much for me. Not but while I was at table I thought I was finely sober. Since I got up neither leg nor mind does its duty properly.

Pyth. Sir.

Chr. Who's that? Ah, Pythias. Bless me, how much more lovely you look than you did just now. (*tries to embrace her*)

Pyth. Lord! Sir, and you're certainly much merrier.

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Chr. verbum hercle hoc verum erit "sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus."
sed Thais multon ante venit?

Pyth. an abiit iam a milite? 733

Chr. iam dudum, aetatem. lites factae sunt inter eos maxumae.

Pyth. nil dixit, tu ut sequerere sese?

Chr. nil, nisi abiens mi innuit.

Pyth. eho, nonne id sat erat? // 734

Chr. at nescibam id dicere illam, nisi quia correxit miles, quod intellexi minus; nam me extrusit foras.

~~Thais~~ sed eccam ipsam: miror ubi ego huic antevorterim.
Thais Credo equidem illum iam adfuturum esse, ut illum a me eripiat: sine veniat. 739

IV.vi atqui si illam digito attigerit uno, oculi ilico eco- 740
dientur.

usque adeo illius ferre possum ineptiam et magnifica verba,

verba dum sint; verum enim si ad rem conferentur, vapulabit. 742

Chr. Thais, ego iam dudum hic adsum.

Thais o mi Chremes, te ipsum exspectabam. scin tu turbam hanc propter te esse factam? et adeo ad te attinere hanc omnem rem?

Chr. ad me? qui quaeso istuc?

Thais quia, dum tibi sororem studeo reddere ac restituere, haec atque huius modi sum multa passa.

Chr. ubi east?

Thais domi apud me.

Chr. hem.

Thais quid est?

THE EUNUCH

Chr. Jove! that'll be a true saying that without Ceres and Bacchus Venus is a-chill. Thais been here long?

Pyth. Has she left the Captain's yet?

Chr. Ever so long, an age. There was a quarrel between 'em, no end of a quarrel.

Pyth. Didn't she tell you to come with her!

Chr. Not a word, only as she went out she nodded to me.

Pyth. Bless the man, wasn't that enough? //

Chr. No, I didn't know that was what she meant, only the Captain righted my want of intelligence by turning me out. Here she comes: I wonder how I got here before her.

ENTER *Thais* WITH HER MAIDS.

Thais (*to herself*) I suppose the creature will be here in a minute to carry the girl off: let him come. If he lay a single finger on her he shall have his eyes torn out on the spot. I can stand his blithering and his braggart words so long as they're only words: if it comes to acts, the whip for him.

Chr. (*meeting her*) *Thais*, I've been here some time.

Thais Ah, my dear *Chremes*, I expected you. Do you know the quarrel was on your account, and the whole matter moreover relates to you?

Chr. To me? Pray, how's that?

Thais Because it was my desire to restore you your sister that made me put up with this and much more of the kind.

Chr. Where is she?

Thais At my house.

Chr. The devil she is!

Thais Don't be alarmed: her breeding is worthy of you and herself

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educta ita uti teque illaque dignumst.

Chr. quid ais?
Thais id quod res est.
 hanc tibi do dono neque repeto pro illa quicquam
 abs te preti.

Chr. et habetur et referetur, Thais, ita uti merita's
 gratia. /

Thais at enim cave, ne prius quam hanc a me accipias
 amittas, Chremes;
 nam haec east quam miles a me vi nunc ereptum
 venit.
 abi tu, cistellam, Pythias, domo efer cum monu-
 mentis.

Chr. viden tu illum, Thais,

Pyth. ubi sitast?

Thais in risco: odiosa cessas.

Chr. militem secum ad te quantas copias adducere?
 attat...

Thais num formidulosus obsecro es, mi homo?

Chr. apage sis:
 egon formidulosus? nemoest hominum qui vivat minus.

Thais atque ita opust.

Chr. ah, metuo qualem tu me esse hominem existumes.

Thais immo hoc cogitato: quicum res tibist, peregrinus est;
 minus potens quam tu, minus notus, minus amicorum
 hic habens.

Chr. scio istuc. sed tu quod cavere possis, stultum ad-
 mittere est.

malo ego nos prospicere quam hunc ulcisci accepta
 iniuria.

tu abi atque obsera ostium intus, dum ego hinc
 transcurro ad forum:

volo ego adesse hic advocatos nobis in turba hac.

Thais mane.

THE EUNUCH

Chr. You mean it?

Thais It's a fact. I give her to you freely and ask no return whatever.

Chr. I am grateful and I will repay you, Thais, as you deserve.

Thais But take care that you don't lose her before ever you get her from me, Chremes. It is she that the Captain is now coming to carry off from me by force. Away with you, Pythias; bring out the casket and the proofs. ★

Chr. Do you know, Thais—

Pyth. (to *Thais*, *interrupting*) Where is it?

Thais In the cabinet. You're annoyingly slow.

[EXIT *Pythias*.]

Chr. —how many men the Captain is bringing with him?

Why, good heavens!—

Thais (*interrupting*) Gracious! my good man, you're not timid, are you?

Chr. Go along with you! I timid? Not a soul living is less so.

Thais Yes, and courage is wanted.

Chr. Ah, I'm afraid you don't think very highly of me.

Thais No, no, think of this: the man you have to deal with is a foreigner, not so influential as you, not so well known, not possessed of so many friends/in Athens.

Chr. I know that, but, when you can provide against a danger, it's silly to let it come near you. I'd rather we prevented the outrage than punished him after suffering it. You go in and bar the door while I skip over to the Piazza: I want us to have some assistants in this affair. (*going*)

Thais Stop here. (*holding him*)

See Ashmore's notes.

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Chr. melius est.

Thais omitte.

Chr. iam adero.

Thais nil opus est istis, Chremes.
hoc modo dic, sororem esse illam tuam et te parvam
virginem
amisisse, nunc cognosse. signa ostende.

Pyth. adsunt.

Thais si vim faciet, in ius ducito hominem: intellextin? cape.

Chr. probe.

Thais fac animo haec praesenti dicas.

Chr. faciam. S. 565

Thais attolle pallium.

perii, huic ipsist opus patrono, quem defensorem 770
paro.

Thraso Hancine ego ut contumeliam tam insignem in me
IV. vii accipiam, Gnatho?
mori me satiust. Simalio, Donax, Syrisce, sequimini.
primum aedis expugnabo.

Gnatho recte.

Thraso virginem eripiam.

Gnatho probe.

Thraso male mulcabo ipsam.

Gnatho pulchre.

Thraso in medium huc agmen cum vecte i, Donax;
tu, Simalio, in sinistrum cornum; tu, Syrisce, in
dexterum.

cedo alios: ubi centuriost Sanga et manipulus furum?
eccum adest.

Sanga

THE EUNUCH

Chr. It would be better.

Thais Give it up.

Chr. I shall be back in five minutes.

Thais We have no call for your assistants, Chremes. Only tell him that she is your sister, that you lost her when she was a little girl, and have now recognized her.

// RE-ENTER *Pythias* WITH A CASKET.

Thais Show him the proofs.

Pyth. Here they are.

Thais Take them. If he attempts violence, give the fellow in charge. Do you see?

Chr. Yes, I see. (*doubtfully*)

Thais Take care you speak with resolution.

Chr. I will. (*doubtfully*)

Thais Tuck up your cape, man. (*aside*) I'm lost: my champion has need of a man to fight for him. //

[EXEUNT INTO THE HOUSE.]

ENTER *Thraso* FOLLOWED BY *Gnatho* AND A RAGGED REGIMENT OF SLAVES ARMED WITH VARIOUS HOUSEHOLD IMPLEMENTS.

Thraso What? *I* put up with a gross insult like this, *Gnatho*? I'd rather die. *Simalio*, *Donax*, little *Syrus*, come with me. First I'll storm the castle.

Gnatho Right!

Thraso Then I'll carry off the girl—

Gnatho Excellent!

Thraso —and properly punish my lady *Thais*.

Gnatho Splendid!

Thraso You to the centre here, *Donax*, with the crowbar, you, *Simalio*, to the left wing, you, *Syrus*, to the right. Bring up the rest: where's Lieutenant *Sanga* with his kitchen detachment of nabbers?

Sanga Here, Sir. (*comes forward with a sponge*)

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Thraso quid, ignave? peniculon pugnare, qui istum huc
portes, cogitas?

Sanga egon? imperatoris virtutem noveram et vim militum;
sine sanguine hoc non posse fieri: qui abstergerem
volnera?

Thraso ubi alii?

Sanga qui malum "alii"? solus Sannio servat domi. 780

Thraso tu hosce instrue; ego ero hic post principia: inde
omnibus signum dabo.

Gnatho illuc est sapere: ut hosce instruxit, ipse sibi cavit
loco.

Thraso idem hoc iam Pyrrus factitavit.

Chr. viden tu, *Thais*, quam hic rem agit?
ni mirum, consilium illud rectumst de ocludendis
aedibus.

Thais sane quod tibi nunc vir videatur esse hic, nebulo
magnus est:
ne metuas.

Thraso quid videtur?

Gnatho fundam tibi nunc nimis vellem dari,
ut tu illos procul hinc ex occulto caederes: facerent
fugam.

Thraso sed eccam *Thaidem* ipsam video.

Gnatho quam mox inruimus?

Thraso mane:
omnia prius experiri quam armis sapientem decet.
qui scis an quae iubeam sine vi faciat? 790

Gnatho di vostram fidem,
quantist sapere! numquam accedo, quin abs te
abeam doctior.

Thraso *Thais*, primum hoc mihi responde: quom tibi do⁷⁹²
istam virginem,
dixtin hos dies mihi soli dare te?

Thais quid tum postea?

THE EUNUCH

Thraso What, you spiritless wretch, is it with a sponge you think to do battle, bringing one here like that?

Sanga O Sir, I knew the commandant's valour and the strength of the troops. An affair of bloodshed, says I: how am I to wipe the wounds? says I.

Thraso Where are the rest?

Sanga Rest? What the plague? There's only Sannio left at home to keep guard.

Thraso (to *Gnatho*) You draw up these troops; I'll post myself behind the van; from there I shall give the word to all.

Gnatho (aside) Now he *is* wise; his arrangement secures his own safety.

Thraso My tactics are just those of Pyrrhus.

Thais AND *Chremes* APPEAR AT A WINDOW ABOVE.

Chr. Do you see his attempt, *Thais*? Certainly my scheme of barring the door was right.

Thais He may now seem a hero to you, but in fact he's a craven rogue: don't be apprehensive.

Thraso (to *Gnatho*) What course do you recommend?

Gnatho I wish to heaven you had a sling so as to hit 'em from ambuscade here: they'd be put to flight.

Thraso (looking up) Ah, there's *Thais* herself.

Gnatho How soon do we attack?

Thraso Not yet: a wise general should try every method before arms. For all you know, she may accept my terms without the use of force.

Gnatho Heavens! what a jewel is wisdom! I never come near you without going away a more skilful man.

Thraso *Thais*, first answer me this: when I gave you that girl, didn't you promise to keep yourself for me alone these next three days?

Thais What follows?

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Thraso rogitas? quae mi ante oculos coram amatorem ad-
 ducti tuom // 794

Thais quid cum illoc agas?

Thraso et cum eo te clam subducti mihi?

Thais lubuit.

Thraso Pamphilam ergo huc redde, nisi vi mavis eripi.

Chr. tibi illam reddat aut tu eam tangas, omnium . . . ?

Gnatho ah, quid agis? tace.

Thraso quid tu tibi vis? // ego non tangam meam?

Chr. tuam autem, furcifer?

Gnatho cave sis: nescis quoi male dicas nunc viro.

Chr. non tu hinc abis? 799

scin tu ut tibi res se habeat? si quicquam hodie hic 800

turbae coeperis,

faciam ut huius loci dieique meique semper memineris.

Gnatho miseret tui me qui hunc tantum hominem facias
 inimicum tibi.

Chr. diminuam ego tibi caput hodie, nisi abis.

Gnatho ain vero, canis?

sicine agis?

Thraso quis tu homo es? quid vis tibi? quid cum
 illa rei tibist?

Chr. scibis: principio eam esse dico liberam.

Thraso hem.

Chr. civem Atticam.

Thraso hui.

Chr. meam sororem.

Thraso os durum.

Chr. // miles, nunc adeo edico tibi

THE EUNUCH

Thraso Why, you brought in your lover under my very nose—

Thais Why should you interfere with him?

Thraso — and stole away from me with him?

Thais I chose to do it.

Thraso Then give me back Pamphila unless you prefer her to be carried off by force.

Chr. She give her back to you or you lay a finger on her, you of all —

Gnatho (*interrupting*) Ah, what are you about? Hold your tongue.

Thraso // What do you mean? Am I not to lay a finger on mine own?

Chr. Yours, you scoundrel?

Gnatho Take care, please: you don't know the man you're abusing. //

Chr. (*to Gnatho*) Will you be gone? (*to Thraso*) Do you know how it stands with you? If you make the least disturbance here, I'll give you cause to remember the place and the day and me for ever and ever.

Gnatho I'm sorry for you, making a great man like this your enemy.

Chr. // I'll break your head, I will, if you don't go off. //

Gnatho You dare to say it, you hound? Is that your line?

Thraso (*to Chremes*) Who may you be? what do you mean? what have you to do with her?

Chr. // I'll tell you: to start with I say that she is a free woman.

Thraso What?

Chr. An Athenian by birth.

Thraso Phew!

Chr. My sister.

Thraso Face of brass!

Chr. // Now, Captain, I just give you warning not to use

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ne vim facias ullam in illam. //Thais, ego eo ad
Sophronam

nutricem, ut eam adducam et signa ostendam haec.

Thraso tun me prohibeas
meam ne tngam?

Chr. prohibebo inquam.

Gnatho audin tu? hic furti se adligat:
sat hoc tibist. 810

Thraso idem hoc tu, Thais?

Thais quaere qui respondeat.—

Thraso quid nunc agimus?

Gnatho quin redeamus: haec tibi iam aderit supplicans
ultra.

Thraso credin?

Gnatho immo certe: novi ingenium mulierum:
nolunt ubi velis, ubi nolis cupiunt ultra.

Thraso bene putas.

Gnatho iam dimitto exercitum?

Thraso ubi vis.

Gnatho Sanga, ita ut fortis decet
milites, domi focique fac vicissim ut memineris.

Sanga iam dudum animus est in patinis.

Gnatho frugi es.

Thraso vos me hac sequimini.

ACTVS V

Thais Pergin, scelesta, mecum perplexe loqui?
“scio, nescio, abiit, audivi, ego non adfui.”
non tu istuc mihi dictura aperte es quidquid est?
320

THE EUNUCH

any violence towards her. // Thais, I am going to fetch Sophrona the nurse so as to show him these proofs.

Thraso Would you prevent me touching my own?

Chr. I will prevent you, I say.

Gnatho Hark at him! He proves a charge of theft against himself. That's enough for you.

Thraso Do you say the same, Thais?

Thais Look for some one to answer. (*shuts down the window*)

Thraso What do we do now?

Gnatho Best go home. She'll come presently of her own accord to ask forgiveness.

Thraso You think so?

Gnatho No, I'm sure of it: I know women's ways: they won't when you would; when you wouldn't they're actually dying for it.

Thraso You reckon right.

Gnatho Do I dismiss the army now?

Thraso When you like.

Gnatho Sanga, as befits brave soldiers, now see that in turn you remember hearth and home.

Sanga My mind has long been on my dishes.

Gnatho Good fellow! [EXIT *Sanga*.

Thraso The rest of you, right about! march! [EXEUNT.

ACT V

(*A quarter of an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Thais* AND *Pythias*.

Thais Wretched woman, are you determined to talk in this shuffling way? "I know, I don't know, he went off, I was told so, I wasn't there." Can't you tell it me openly, be it what it may? The

Y

321

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

virgo conscissa veste lacrumans opticet; 820
 eunuchus abiit: quam ob rem aut quid factumst?
 taces?

Pyth. quid tibi ego dicam misera? illum eunuchum negant
 fuisse.

Thais quis fuit igitur?

Pyth. iste Chaerea.

Thais qui Chaerea?

Pyth. iste ephebus frater Phaedriae.

Thais quid ais, venefica?

Pyth. atqui certe comperi.

Thais quid is obsecro ad nos? quam ob rem adductust?

Pyth. nescio;

nisi amasse credo Pamphilam.

Thais hem, misera occidi,

infelix, siquidem tu istaec vera praedicas.

num id lacrumat virgo?

Pyth. id opinor.

Thais quid ais, sacrilega? 829

istucine interminata sum hinc abiens tibi? 830

Pyth. quid facerem? ita ut tu iusti, soli creditast.

Thais scelesta, lupo ovem commisisti. disputet 832

sic mihi data esse verba. quid illud hominis
 est?

Pyth. era mea, tace tace obsecro, salvae sumus:

habemus hominem ipsum.

Thais ubi is est?

Pyth. em ad sinisteram.

viden?

Thais video.

Pyth. comprehendere iube, quantum potest.

Thais quid illo faciemus, stulta?

Pyth. quid facias, rogas?

vide amabo, si non, quom aspicias, os impudens

322

THE EUNUCH

girl's dress is torn, she weeps in sullen silence, the eunuch has disappeared: why? what has happened? Still silent?

Pyth. Oh dear, oh dear, what am I to tell you, Ma'am? They say he wasn't the eunuch.

Thais Who was he then?

Pyth. That Chaerea.

Thais What Chaerea?

Pyth. That young brother of Phaedria's.

Thais What do you say, good-for-nothing?

Pyth. And I've found for certain it was.

Thais Gracious, what had he to do here? Why was he brought in?

Pyth. I don't know: I suppose he was in love with Pamphila.

Thais What? wretched woman that I am, I am undone if your story is true. It isn't *that* makes the girl cry, is it?

Pyth. I think so.

Thais What, you jade? Was that the charge I gave you when I went out?

Pyth. What was I to do? You told us to entrust her to him alone, and we did.

Thais Wretch, you have entrusted the sheep to the wolf. // I am utterly ashamed of being taken in like that. What sort of man is he?

Pyth. Quiet, Ma'am, quiet, for heaven's sake: we are saved, we've got the man himself.

Thais Where is he?

Pyth. Look over there, on the left: don't you see him?

Thais I see him.

Pyth. Have him arrested this instant.

Thais What shall we do with him, silly woman?

Pyth. Do with him? See, please, when you look at him, if he hasn't a brazen face.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

videtur !

Thais non est ?

Pyth. tum quae eius confidentiast !

Chaer. Apud Antiphonem uterque, mater et pater, 840

V.ii quasi dedita opera domi erant, ut nullo modo

intro ire possem quin viderent me. interim

dum ante ostium sto, notus mihi quidam obviam

venit. ubi vidi, ego me in pedes quantum queo

in angiportum quoddam desertum, inde item

in aliud, inde in aliud : ita miserrumus

fui fugitando, ne quis me cognosceret.

sed estne haec *Thais* quam video ? ipsast. haereo

quid faciam. quid mea autem ? quid faciet mihi ?

Thais adeamus. // bone vir Dore, salve : dic mihi, 850

aufugistin ?

Chaer. era, factum.

Thais satine id tibi placet ?

Chaer. non.

✓ *Thais* credin te inpune habiturum ?

Chaer. unam hanc noxiam

amitte : si aliam admisero umquam, occidito.

— *Thais* num meam saevitiam veritus es ?

Chaer. non.

Thais quid igitur ?

Chaer. hanc metui ne me criminaretur tibi.

Thais quid feceras ?

Chaer. paulum quiddam.

Pyth. eho " paulum," inpudens ?

an paulum hoc esse tibi videtur, virginem

vitiare civem ?

Chaer. conservam esse credidi.

Pyth. conservam ? vix me contineo quin involem 860

monstro in capillum : etiam ultro derisum advenit.

324

THE EUNUCH

Thais Hasn't he ?

Pyth. What assurance, too !

ENTER *Chaerea.*

Chaer. (*not seeing them*) At Antipho's both his father and his mother were at home as if on purpose, so I couldn't get in anyhow without their seeing me. While I was standing at the door up came an acquaintance of mine. At sight of him I took to my heels and ran full speed into a lonely alley, thence to another, thence to another. I was in agonies all my flight for fear some one should recognize me. Ah, is that *Thais*? Yes. I'm aground what to do. What does it matter though? What will she do to me ?

Thais Let's go up to him. (*advances*) // Good Master Dorus, good afternoon : tell me, did you run away ?

Chaer. I did, Ma'am.

Thais Are you pleased with yourself ?

Chaer. No.

Thais Do you imagine you'll get off scot-free ?

Chaer. Forgive me this one offence : if I ever commit another kill me on the spot. ✓

Thais You feared my cruelty, surely not, eh ?

Chaer. No.

Thais What then ?

Chaer. I was afraid *Pythias* there might accuse me to you.

Thais What have you done ?

Chaer. A mere trifle.

Pyth. Bless us, a trifle, Impudence ? And the girl an Athenian !

Chaer. (*demurely*) I took her for a fellow servant.

Pyth. Fellow servant ? I can hardly keep myself from flying at the monster's hair. Red-handed, and he positively comes here to laugh at us !

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Thais abin hinc, insana?

Pyth. quid ita vero? debeam,
credo, isti quicquam furcifero, si id fecerim;
praesertim quom se servom fateatur tuom.

Thais missa haec faciamus. non te dignum, Chaerea,
fecisti; nam si ego digna hac contumelia
sum maxume, at tu indignus qui faceres tamen.
neque edepol quid nunc consili capiam scio
de virgine istac: ita conturbasti mihi
rationes omnis, ut eam non possim suis
ita ut aequom fuerat atque ut studui tradere,
ut solidum parerem hoc mi beneficium, Chaerea.

870

Chaer. at nunc dehinc spero aeternam inter nos gra-
tiam
fore, *Thais.* saepe ex huius modi re quapiam
malo principio magna familiaritas
conflatast. quid si hoc quispiam voluit deus?

Thais equidem pol in eam partem accipioque et volo.

Chaer. immo ita quaeso. unum hoc scito, contumeliae
non me fecisse causa, sed amoris.

Thais scio,
et pol propterea magis nunc ignosco tibi.
non adeo inhumano ingenio sum, Chaerea,
neque ita inperita, ut quid amor valeat nesciam.

880

Chaer. te quoque iam, *Thais,* ita me di bene ament,
amo.

Pyth. tum pol tibi ab istoc, era, cavendum intellego.

Chaer. non ausim.

Pyth. nil tibi quicquam credo.

Thais desinas.

Chaer. nunc ego te in hac re mi oro ut adiutrix sies,
ego me tuae commendo et committo fide,

THE EUNUCH

- Thais* Away, girl; you're daft.
Pyth. Daft? Not I. I should be deep in the gallows-bird's debt, I count, if I did it; all the more for his pretence of being a servant of yours. //
- Thais* Let us drop this. Chaerea, your conduct has been unworthy of you. I may be ever so fit an object for such an outrage, but you weren't the man to commit it against me. And, so help me, I don't know what plan to follow about the girl. You have so upset my calculations that I can't hand her over to her kinsfolk in the way demanded by justice and by my own earnest wish, so that the boon might have secured for me gratitude without a blemish.
- Chaer.* Oh, but I hope that henceforth we shall be very good friends for ever, Thais. Often in things of this kind a bad beginning leads up to an intimate friendship. Who knows but heaven may have ordained this to happen?
- Thais* For my part I take it in that light and so desire it.
Chaer. Yes, please do. Of one thing you may be sure: insult was not my motive, but love.
- Thais* I know, and that certainly makes me the more inclined to forgive you. I am human enough, Chaerea, and experienced enough to know the power of love.
- Chaer.* As I hope to be saved, I now love you, Thais, as well.
- Pyth.* Then I swear, Ma'am, you must be on your guard against him.
- Chaer.* I do not lack respect.
Pyth. I don't trust you in a single thing.
Thais Enough, enough!
Chaer. Now I entreat you to stand by me in this matter. I entrust myself wholly to your honour, I take you

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te mihi patronam capio, Thais, te obsecro:
emoriar, si hon hanc uxorem duxero.

Thais tamen si pater quid . . . ?

Chaer. ah volet, certo scio,
civis modo haec sit.

890

Thais paululum opperier
si vis, iam frater ipse hic aderit virginis;
nutricem accersitum iit, quae illam aluit parvolam:
in cognoscendo tute ipse aderis, Chaerea.

Chaer. ego vero maneo.

Thais vin interea, dum venit,
domi opperiamur potius quam hic ante ostium?

Chaer. immo percipio.

Pyth. quam tu rem actura obsecro es?

Thais namquid ita?

Pyth. rogitas? hunc tu in aedis cogitas
recipere posthac?

Thais quor non?

Pyth. crede hoc meae fide,
dabit hic pugnam aliquam denuo.

Thais au, tace obsecro.

Pyth. parum perspexisse eius videre audaciam.

900

Chaer. non faciam, Pythias.

Pyth. non credo, Chaerea,
nisi si commissum non erit.

Chaer. quin, Pythias,
tu me servato.

Pyth. neque pol servandum tibi
quicquam dare ausim neque te servare: apage te.

Thais adest optume ipse frater.

Chaer. perii hercle: obsecro
abeamus intro, Thais: nolo me in via
cum hac veste videat.

Pyth. quam ob rem tandem? an quia pudet?

THE EUNUCH

for my champion. Pray now, help me, Thais. I shall die on the spot if I don't marry her. //

Thais Still possibly your father—

Chaer. (*interrupting*) Oh, he'll consent, I'm sure he will, provided she be a free Athenian.

Thais If you are willing to wait a little, the girl's brother will be here presently. He is gone to fetch the nurse who had charge of her as a baby: you shall yourself be present, Chaerea, at the recognition.

Chaer. Oh yes, I will stop.

Thais Meantime till he comes would you rather we waited indoors than here in the street?

Chaer. I should like it of all things.

Pyth. Heavens, what are you thinking of doing?

Thais What now?

Pyth. Are you thinking of admitting him into your house after that?

Thais Why not?

Pyth. You take it as my word, Ma'am, he'll make some fresh disturbance.

Thais No, no, be quiet.

Pyth. You don't seem to have grasped how audacious he is.

Chaer. I won't, Pythias.

Pyth. I don't trust you, Chaerea, until I see you haven't.

Chaer. You, Pythias, you look after me.

Pyth. I should no more dare to look after you than trust you with anything to look after: go away with you.

Thais Good, here comes the brother.

Chaer. Confound it all! for heaven's sake, Thais, let us go indoors: I don't want him to see me in the street in these clothes.

Pyth. Why pray? are you too modest?

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Chaer. id ipsum.

Pyth. id ipsum? virgo vero!

Thais i prae, sequor.

tu istic mane, ut Chremem intro ducas, Pythias.

Pyth. Quid, quid venire in mentem nunc possit mihi, 910

V.iii quidnam, qui referam sacrilego illi gratiam,
qui hunc supposivit nobis?

Chr. move te oro ocius,

mea nutrix.

So. moveo.

Chr. video, sed nil promoves.

Pyth. iamne ostendisti signa nutrici?

Chr. omnia.

Pyth. amabo, quid ait? cognoscitne?

Chr. ac memoriter.

Pyth. probe edepol narras; nam illi faveo virgini.

ite intro: iam dudum era vos exspectat domi.—

virum bonum eccum Parmenonem incedere

video: vide ut otiosus it! si dis placet,

spero me habere, qui hunc meo excruciem modo. 920

ibo intro, de cognitione ut certum sciam:

post exhibo atque hunc perterrebo sacrilegum.

Par. Reviso quidnam Chaerea hic rerum gerat.

V.iv quod si astu rem tractavit, di vostram fidem,

quantam et quam veram laudem capiet Parmeno!

nam ut mittam, quod ei amorem difficillimum

carissimum, a meretrice avara virginem

quo amabat, eum confeci sine molestia,

sine sumptu, sine dispendio: tum hoc alterum,

id verost quod ego mihi puto palmarium, 930

me repperisse, quo modo adulescentulus

THE EUNUCH

Chaer. That's just it.

Pyth. Just it? Quite a girl!

Thais Go in, I'll come after you. Wait here, Pythias, to let Chremes in. [EXEUNT *Thais* AND *Chaerea*.

Pyth. Something, something, oh if I could only think of something to pay off that scoundrel who palmed this fellow off on us!

ENTER *Chremes* WITH *Sophrona*.

Chr. Now do move a little quicker, nurse.

So. I am moving. (*stops*)

Chr. I see but not forward.

Pyth. Have you shown the nurse the tokens yet?

Chr. All of them.

Pyth. Do tell me what she says. Does she recognize them?

Chr. Perfectly.

Pyth. On my word I'm delighted to hear it, for I like that girl. Go in, my mistress has been waiting for you ever so long. [EXEUNT *Chremes* AND *Sophrona*.] Ah, there's that good man Parmeno strolling up, the picture of a man at leisure. Please Providence, I hope I've got the means of torturing him to my heart's content. I'll step inside to make sure of the recognition, then I'll come back and scare the rascal out of his wits. [EXIT.

ENTER *Parmeno*.

Par. Back I come to see what in the world *Chaerea* is about here. If he has handled the matter with shrewdness, powers above! what great and just praise will be *Parmeno*'s! To say nothing of a very difficult and very costly love-affair, as his might have been with a girl from that house of greed, succeeding instead without trouble or expense of any kind, there is my second achievement, my veritable masterpiece I consider it, in having found means to

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meretricum ingenia et mores posset noscere,
 mature ut quom cognorit perpetuo oderit.
 quae dum foris sunt, nil videtur mundius,
 nec magis compositum quicquam nec magis elegans
 quam cum amatore cenam quom ligurriunt.
 harum videre inluviem sordes inopiam,
 quam inhonestae solae sint domi atque avidae cibi,
 quo pacto ex iure hesterno panem atrum vorent,
 nosse omnia haec salutist adolescentulis.

940

Pyth. ego pol te pro istis factis et dictis, scelus,
 ulciscar, ut ne inpune in nos inluseris.
 pro deum fidem, facinus foedum ! o infelicem adu-
 lescentulum !
 o scelestum Parmenonem, qui istum huc adduxit !

Par. quid est ?

Pyth. miseret me : itaque ut ne viderem, misera huc ecfugi
 foras,
 quae futura exempla dicunt in eum indigna.

Par. o Iuppiter,
 quae illaec turbast ? numnam ego perii ? adibo.
 quid istuc, Pythias ?
 quid ais ? in quem exempla fient ?

Pyth. rogitas, audacissime ?
 perdidisti istum quem adduxti pro eunucho adule-
 scentulum,
 dum studes dare verba nobis.

950

Par. quid ita ? aut quid factumst ? cedo.
Pyth. dicam : virginem istam, Thaidi hodie quae dono
 datast,
 scis eam hinc civem esse ? et fratrem eius esse
 adprime nobilem ?

THE EUNUCH

let a stripling into the characters and ways of that class so early in life that his acquaintance with them will lead to a lifelong loathing. When they are away from home nothing looks in better taste, nothing more orderly and elegant, than when they lick up a dinner in a lover's company. To see their filth, meanness and poverty, their hideousness and greed for food when they're by themselves at home, the way they gobble the black bread from yesterday's broth, to see all this is salvation to a young man.

RE-ENTER *Pythias*.

Pyth. (*aside*) I vow I'll punish you, rascal, for what you've done and said, that you mayn't get off for nothing after befooling us. (*aloud and pretending not to see him*) Powers above! a horrible deed! oh, the unfortunate young gentleman! oh, that wicked Parmeno that brought him here.

Par. (*aside*) What's it mean?

Pyth. (*as before*) I pity him and so I have run out here sadly to avoid seeing the horrible punishments they say he is doomed to suffer.

Par. Good God! What's this trouble? Things can't have gone wrong for me? I'll up to her. (*advances*) What's this about, Pythias? What are you saying? Who is to be punished?

Pyth. Who, you king of impudence? You've been and done for that young gentleman you brought in in place of the eunuch, because you were so keen on cheating us.

Par. How so? What's happened? Tell me.

Pyth. I'll tell you. That girl that was presented to Thais to-day, do you know she's a freeborn Athenian and her brother a man of the highest rank?

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Par. nescio.

Pyth. atqui sic inventast : eam istic vitiavit miser.
ille ubi id rescivit factum frater violentissimus,

Par. quidnam fecit ?

Pyth. conligavit primum eum miseris modis.

Par. conligavit ?

Pyth. atque equidem orante ut ne id faceret Thaide.

Par. quid ais ?

Pyth. // nunc minatur porro sese id quod moechis solet : 957
quod ego numquam vidi fieri neque velim.

Par. qua audacia
tantum facinūs audet ?

Pyth. quid ita " tantum " ?

Par. an non hoc maxumumst ?

quis homo pro moecheo umquam vidit in domo 960

meretricia

prendi quemquam ? // 961

Pyth. nescio.

Par. at ne hoc nesciatis, Pythias :
dico, edico vobis nostrum esse illum erilem filium.

Pyth. hem,

obsecro, an is est ?

Par. ne quam in illum Thais vim fieri sinat !
atque adeo autem quor non egomet intro eo ?

Pyth. vide, Parmeno,

quid agas, ne neque illi prosis et tu pereas ; nam
hoc putant,

quidquid factumst ex te esse ortum.

Par. quid igitur faciam miser ?

quidve incipiam ? ecce autem video rure redeuntem
senem.

dicam huic an non dicam ? dicam hercle ; etsi mihi
magnum malum

THE EUNUCH

Par. I don't know.

Pyth. Ah, but it's found she is. The wretch wronged her, and when her brother found it out, in a perfect fury he—

Par. Did what?

Pyth.—first strapped him up most horribly.

Par. Strapped him up?

Pyth. Yes, though Thais begged and prayed him not to do it.

Par. Impossible!

Pyth. // ~~And threatens that he'll next serve him as adulterers are served, a thing I've never seen and shouldn't like to see.~~

Par. How can he dare to do such a monstrous thing?

Pyth. Why "monstrous"?

Par. ~~Could it be more monstrous? Who ever heard of a man being seized as an adulterer in a house like that?~~

Pyth. I don't know // *(imitating Parmeno's tone above)*

Par. But there's one thing you people have got to know: I tell you, I solemnly tell you, that he is my master's son.

Pyth. Gracious goodness! You don't say *he's* the man?

Par. Thais had better not let any violence be done him! No, and I had better go in myself.

Pyth. Be sure you know what you are about, Parmeno; you may do him no good and yourself all the harm in the world. They think you are at the bottom of it all.

Par. What the deuce then am I to do? What can I try? Ah, there's master coming back from the country. To tell him or not to tell him? Tell him I will. I know there's a sore punishment in

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scio paratum ; sed necessest, huic ut subveniam.

Pyth.

sapis.

ego abeo intro : tu isti narra omne ordine ut factum siet. 970

Laches Ex meo propinquo rure hoc capio commodi :

V.v neque agri neque urbis odium me umquam percipit. ubi satias coepit fieri, commuto locum.

sed estne ille noster Parmeno? et certe ipse est. quem praestolare, Parmeno, hic ante ostium?

Par. quis homost? ehem, salvom te advenire, ere, gaudeo.

Laches quem praestolare?

Par. perii : lingua haeret metu.

Laches quid est quod trepidas? satine salve? dic mihi.

Par. ere, primum te arbitrari id quod res est velim :

huius quidquid factumst, culpa non factumst mea. 980

Laches quid?

Par. recte sane interrogasti : oportuit

rem praenarrasse me. // emit quendam Phaedria ⁹⁸² eunuchum quem dono huic daret.

Laches quoi?

Par. Thaidi.

Laches emit? perii hercle. quanti?

Par. viginti minis. 9

Laches actumst.

Par. tum quandam fidicinam amat hinc Chaerea.

THE EUNUCH

store for me, but I can't help it, I must go to the lad's rescue.

Pyth. Very sensible of you. I'm going in: tell him the whole story right through.

EXIT INTO THE HOUSE. *Parmeno* REMAINS BY THE DOOR.

ENTER *Laches* AS FROM THE COUNTRY.

Laches (*not seeing Parmeno*) There's one convenience in having my country place so near: I never get tired of either country or town. When I feel like having had enough of either I change the scene. (*sees Parmeno*) Is that our *Parmeno*? Yes, it is. (*goes towards him*) Whom are you waiting for, *Parmeno*, before this door?

Par. (*turning round*) Who's that? Oh Sir, I'm so glad to see you return all well.

Laches Whom are you waiting for?

Par. (*aside*) Confusion! I'm tongue-tied through fear.

Laches Why are you shaking so? Aren't you well? Tell me.

Par. Sir, I should like you first to be convinced—it's true, indeed it is—that whatever has happened hasn't been my fault.

Laches What is it?

Par. Yes, Sir, quite a right question; I ought to have told you first. The young master bought a eunuch to make a present of him to the lady here.

Laches What lady?

Par. *Thais*.

Laches Bought? Destruction! How much for?

Par. A hundred pounds.

Laches Ruin!

Par. Besides your younger son loves a music-girl of this house.

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Laches hem, quid? amat? an scit iam ille quid meretrix
siet?

an in astu venit? aliud ex alio malum!

Par. ere, ne me spectes: me impulsore haec non facit.

Laches omitte de te dicere. ego te, furcifer,
si vivo . . .! sed istuc quidquid est primum expedi. 990

Par. is pro illo eunucho ad Thaidem hanc deductus est.

Laches pro eunuchon?

Par. sic est. hunc pro moeCHO postea ⁹⁹¹
comprehendere intus et constringere. ⁹⁹²

Laches occidi.

Par. audaciam meretricum specta.

Laches num quid est

aliud mali damnive quod non dixeris

relicuom?

Par. tantumst.

Laches cesso huc intro rumpere?—

Par. non dubiumst quin mi magnum ex hac re sit malum;
nisi quia necessus fuit hoc facere, id gaudeo
proper me hisce aliquid esse eventurum mali.
nam iam diu aliquam causam quaerebat senex 1000
quam ob rem insigne aliquid faceret eis: nunc repperit.

Pyth. Numquam edepol quicquam iam diu quod magis

V.vi vellem evenire

mi evenit quam quod modo senex intro ad nos
venit errans.

mihi solae ridiculo fuit quae quid timeret scibam.

Par. quid hoc autemst?

Pyth. nunc id prodeo ut conveniam Parmenonem.

THE EUNUCH

Laches What? he loves? at his age? And he's come up to town? One plague after another!

Par. Sir, don't look at me like that: it's not at my instigation he does it.

Laches Stop talking about yourself. As sure as I live, you gallows-bird, I'll—but first tell all whatever it is.

Par. He was taken across to Thais's here in place of that eunuch.

Laches In place of a eunuch?

Par. *J* Yes, and now they've seized him as an adulterer and bound him. *J*

Laches Heaven help us!

Par. Look at the impudence of those women.

Laches Any other trouble or loss that you haven't yet told me?

Par. That's all, Sir.

Laches I must dash in at once. [EXIT.]

Par. There's no doubt this will bring me to sad punishment, only, as I couldn't help doing it, I'm glad of one thing: it's my doing that these women will have some trouble happen to them. Our old man had long been hunting about for an excuse to do something special to them: now he's found it. [RETIRES.]

RE-ENTER *Pythias*.

Pyth. (*to herself*) Lor' now, never anything for ever so long has happened to me that I could have better liked to happen than the old man's bursting in just now full of mistake. I had the laugh to myself because nobody else knew what he was afraid of.

Par. (*aside*) What's she mean?

Pyth. Now I'm coming out to see Parmeno. Where on earth's he got to?

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

sed ubi obsecro est?

Par. me quaerit haec.

Pyth. atque eccum video: adibo.

Par. quid est, inepta? quid tibi est? quid rides? pergin?

Pyth. perii:

defessa iam sum misera te ridendo.

Par. quid ita?

Pyth. rogitas?

numquam pol hominem stultiorem vidi nec videbo. ah,
non possum satis narrare quos ludos praeberis intus. 1010
at etiam primo callidum et disertum credidi
hominem.

quid? illicone credere ea quae dixi oportuit te?

✓ ✓ an paenitebat flagiti, te auctore quod fecisset | 10
adulescens, ni miserum insuper etiam patri indicares?
namquid illi credis tum animi fuisse, ubi vestem
vidit

illam esse eum indutum pater? quid? iam scis te
perisse? 16

Par. hem, quod dixisti, pessuma, an mentita es? etiam
rides?

itan lepidum tibi visumst, scelus, nos inridere?

Pyth. nimium.

Par. siquidem istuc inpune habueris . . .!

Pyth. verum?

Par. reddam hercle.

Pyth. credo:

sed in diem istuc, Parmeno, est fortasse quod
minare. 1020

tu iam pendebis adolescentulum istum qui nobilitas
flagitiis et eundem indicas: uterque in te exempla
edent.

Par. nullus sum.

Pyth. hic pro illo munere tibi honos est habitus: abeo.

THE EUNUCH

- Par.* (*aside*) It's me she's looking for.
- Pyth.* Ah, there he is. I'll go up to him. (*advances laughing*)
- Par.* What's the matter, silly thing? What's come to you? What are you laughing at? Can't you stop?
- Pyth.* It's been too much for me; I'm tired out with laughing at you.
- Par.* What for?
- Pyth.* Why, Lor', a more foolish man than you I've never seen and never shall see. Oh, I can't tell you what fun you've given us indoors. Yes, and at first I took you for a clever and sharp fellow. What? Believe straight off every word I said, *you* believe it? Not satisfied with your crime of putting the young gentleman up to it without playing the informer as well to the poor fellow's father? What do you think his state of mind was when his father saw him with those clothes on? What? Do you know now you're done for?
- Par.* What's that you say, you baggage? Was it a lie you told me? Still laughing? Do you think it such a jest to laugh at us, you piece of sin?
- Pyth.* Ay, such a jest! (*still laughing*)
- Par.* If you get off for nothing—
- Pyth.* Really? (*laughing*)
- Par.* By Jove, I'll pay you out.
- Pyth.* Quite so, but maybe your threats, Parmeno, are for a far off time, your own whipping is immediate. First you make a strip of a lad to commit a notorious crime and then you inform against him: father and son will both make an example of you. (*laughing*)
- Par.* I'm done for.
- Pyth.* This is a compliment paid you in return for that present, and so I leave you. [EXIT.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Par. egomet meo indicio miser quasi sores hodie perii.

Gnatho Quid nunc? qua spe aut quo consilio huc imus?

V.vii quid coeptas, Thraso?

Thraso egone? ut Thaidi me dedam et faciam quod iubeat.

Gnatho quid est?

Thraso qui minus quam Hercules servivit Omphalae?

Gnatho exemplum placet.

utinam tibi conmitigari videam sandalio caput!

sed fores crepuerunt ab ea.

Thraso perii: quid hoc autemst mali?

hunc ego numquam videram etiam: quidnam hic 1030
properans prosilit?

Chaer. O populares, ecquis me hodie vivit fortunatior?

V.viii nemo hercle quisquam; nam in me plane di potestatem suam

omnem ostendere quoi tam subito tot congruerint
commoda.

Par. quid hic laetus est?

// *Chaer.* o Parmeno mi, o mearum voluptatum omnium
inventor inceptor perfector, scis me in quibus sim
gaudiis?

scis Pamphilam meam inventam civem?

Par. audiui.

Chaer. scis sponsam mihi?

Par. bene, ita me di ament, factum. //

Gnatho audin tu, hic quid ait?

Chaer. tum autem Phaedriae

// meo fratri gaudeo esse amorem omnem in tranquillo: unast domus;

THE EUNUCH

Par. Confound it! I've betrayed myself to destruction, like a rat, by my own squeaking.

ENTER *Thraso* AND *Gnatho* BEHIND.

Gnatho What now? What is the hope or the design of this march? What is your purpose, *Thraso*?

Thraso Why, to surrender myself to *Thais*, to surrender at discretion.

Gnatho Indeed?

Thraso Why shouldn't I, if *Hercules* became slave to *Omphale*?

Gnatho A satisfactory precedent! (*aside*) I should like to see her combing your pate with her sandal. (*aloud*) I hear her door opening.

Thraso Death! What mischief's this? Here's a fellow I've never even set eyes on. Why is he bursting out in this hurry?

ENTER *Chaerea*: *Thraso* REMAINS ON ONE SIDE WITH *Gnatho*.

Chaer. Good people all, is there a living man happier than I? Not a soul, by *Jove*! Mine's a case where Heaven has displayed all its power, heaping every blessing on me, all in a moment.

Par. What is it so delights him? (*goes up to him*)

Chaer. Oh my dear *Parmeno*, of all my pleasures the deviser, the projector, the perfecter, do you know the ecstasies I'm in? do you know that my *Pamphila* turns out to be an Athenian?

Par. I've been told so.

Chaer. Do you know she's betrothed to me?

Par. Excellent, as I hope to be saved! //

Gnatho (*to Thraso*) Do you hear what he says?

Chaer. And then my brother *Phaedria*, how glad I am his

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

patri se Thais commendavit, in clientelam et fidem
nobis dedit se.

1040

Par. fratris igitur Thais totast ?

Chaer. scilicet.

Par. iam hoc aliud est quod gaudeamus : milēs pelletur
foras.

Chaer. tu frater ubi ubi est fac quam primum haec audiat.

Par. visam domum.—

Thraso num quid, Gnatho, tu dubitas quin ego nunc per-
petuo perierim ?

Gnatho sine dubio opinor.

Chaer. quid commemorem primum aut laudem maxune ?
illumne qui mihi dedit consilium ut facerem, an me
qui id ausus sim
incipere, an fortunam conlaudem, quae gubernatrix
fuit,
quae tot res tantas tam opportune in unum con-
clusit diem,
an mei patris festivitatem et facilitatem ? o Iuppiter,
serva obsecro haec bona nobis !

Phae. Di vostram fidem, incredibilia

V.ix Parmeno modo quae narravit. sed ubist frater ? 1050

Chaer. praesto adest.

Phae. gaudeo.

Chaer. satis credo. nil est Thaide hac, frater, tua
dignius quod ametur : ita nostrae omnist fautrix
familiae.

Phae. mihi illam laudas ?

Thraso perii, quanto minus spei est tanto magis amo.
obsecro, Gnatho, in te spes est.

Gnatho quid vis faciam ?

Thraso perface hoc
precibus pretio, ut haeream in parte aliqua tandem
apud Thaidem.

THE EUNUCH

ship's in calm water. We're all one household. Thais has found favour with my father and put herself under our patronage and protection. *N*

Par. Thais then is your brother's wholly, eh?

Chaer. Of course.

Par. That involves something else to be glad of: the Captain will be kicked out.

Chaer. See you find my brother and let him know at once.

Par. I'll see if he's at home. [EXIT.]

Thraso Gnatho, I suppose you can't doubt that's the absolute end of me?

Gnatho No doubt of it, I think.

Chaer. What to tell first? whom to praise most? Parmeno who suggested it, myself for daring to try it, or fortune shall I extol, fortune that steered the ship, that in the happiest moment crowded so much into a single day, or my father's jolly good-humour? Power of Heaven, I pray thee to make these blessings to last to us for ever.

ENTER *Phaedria*.

Phae. Heavens! I can hardly believe Parmeno's story. Where is my brother?

Chaer. Here he is.

Phae. I am glad.

Chaer. I should think so. Nothing is more deserving of love than your Thais here: she has done so much for all our family.

Phae. No need you praise her to me.

Thraso Death! the less my hopes the hotter my love. Gnatho, for heaven's sake, my hope's on you.

Gnatho What do you want me to do?

Thraso To arrange, prayer or price, that I keep some sort of ground with Thais.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Gnatho* difficilest.
- Thraso* si quid conlubitumst, novi te // hoc si effeceris, ¹⁰⁵⁶
quodvis donum praemium a me optato: id optatum auferes.
- Gnatho* ifane?
- Thraso* sic erit.
- Gnatho* si efficio hoc, postulo ut mihi tua domus
te praesente absente pateat, invocato ut sit locus
 semper. 1060
- Thraso* // do fidem futurum.
- Gnatho* adcingar.
- Phae.* quem ego hic audio?
 o *Thraso*.
- Thraso* salvete.
- Phae.* tu fortasse quae facta hic sient
 nescis.
- Thraso* scio.
- Phae.* quor ergo in his te conspikor regionibus?
- Thraso* vobis fretus.
- Phae.* scin quam fretus? miles, edico tibi,
 si te in platea offendero hac post umquam, quod
 dicas mihi
 " alium quaerebam, iter hac habui " : periisti.
- Gnatho* heia, haud sic decet.
- Phae.* dictumst.
- Gnatho* non cognosco vostrum tam superbum.
- Phae.* sic ago.
- Gnatho* prius audite paucis: quod quom dixero, si placuerit,
 facitote.
- Chaer.* audiamus.
- Gnatho* tu concede paulum istuc, *Thraso*.
 principio ego vos credere ambos hoc mihi vementer velim,
 me huius quidquid facio id facere maxume causa 1070
 mea;
 verum idem si vobis prodest, vos non facere inscitiast.
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THE EUNUCH

Gnatho Not so easy!

Thraso If you throw your wishes into it it is: I know you. If you succeed, ask any reward you like from me: what you ask you shall get.

Gnatho You mean it?

Thraso I do,

Gnatho If I succeed I demand that your door shall always be open to me whether you're at home or away, and always a seat for me without invitation.

Thraso I pledge my honour to it.

Gnatho I'll gird up my loins.

Phae. Who's that I hear talking? Ah, *Thraso*.

Thraso Good day to you both. (*advancing with Gnatho*)

Phae. Possibly you don't know what has happened here.

Thraso I do.

Phae. Why do I see you in this bit of country?

Thraso Because I depend on you.

Phae. You do, do you? Warrior, I give you notice that if ever again I light on you in this street, though you say "I was looking for some one else, this was the nearest way," you're a dead man.

Gnatho Bless me, that's not handsome.

Phae. I have said it.

Gnatho I can't make out your haughty tone.

Phae. (*interrupting*) Those are my terms.

Gnatho Let me say a word or two first: when I have had my say, if you still choose to do it, you may do it.

Chae. Let's hear him.

Gnatho Move a little way off, *Thraso*, that way. (*Thraso goes out of earshot*) First I should very much like both you gentlemen to be sure that all I do here is done chiefly for my own sake; still, if your interests coincide with mine, for you not to agree would be silly.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Phae. quid id est?

Gnatho militem ego rivalem recipiundum censeo.

Phae. hem,
recipiundum?

Gnatho cogita modo: tu hercle cum illa, Phaedria,
ut lubenter vivis (etenim bene lubenter victitas),
quod des paulumst et necessest multum accipere
Thaidem.

ut tuo amori suppeditare possint sine sumptu tuo
omnia haec, magis opportunus nec magis ex usu tuo
nemost. principio et habet quod det et dat nemo
largius.

fatuos est, insulsus, tardus, stertit noctis et dies:
neque istum metuas ne amet mulier: facile pellas 1080
ubi velis.

Chaer. quid agimus?

Gnatho praeterea hoc etiam, quod ego vel primum puto,
accipit homo nemo melius prorsus neque pro-
lixius.

Chaer. mirum ni illoc homine quoquo pacto opust.

Phae. idem ego arbitror.

Gnatho recte facitis. unum etiam hoc vos oro, ut me in
vostrum gregem
recipiatis: satis diu hoc iam saxum vorso.

Phae. recipimus.

Chaer. ac lubenter.

Gnatho at ego pro isto, Phaedria et tu Chaerea,
hunc comedendum vobis propino et deridendum.

Chaer. placet.

Phae. dignus est.

Gnatho Thraso, ubi vis accede.

Thraso obsecro te, quid agimus?

THE EUNUCH

Phae. What is it?

Gnatho Myview is that you should admit the Captain as a rival.

Phae. What? Into my house?

Gnatho Now do think a moment: I admit that you have a very happy life with Thais—yes, yes, a very happy life indeed—still you haven't much to give and (there's no getting out of it) she must receive much. To have your love supplied with all it wants, at no cost to you, you couldn't find anybody more fitting or more useful. To start with, he has the means to give, and none gives more bountifully. He is a witless, tasteless, sluggard fellow who snores night and day. You need have no fear of your wife's loving him, and you can easily kick him out when you like.

Chaer. (*to Phaedria*) What do you think?

Gnatho Besides there's this, and I think it the most important point of all, there isn't a creature living that entertains better or more splendidly.

Chaer. It's clear we must have him, be it what it will.

Phae. (*with some reluctance*) I think so too.

Gnatho You are right. All I ask beside is that you will admit me into your coterie: I've played Sisyphus to this stone long enough.

Phae. We admit you.

Chaer. And heartily.

Gnatho Well, Phaedria, and you too, Chaerea, in return I pledge you in the Captain, a toast for your meat and your—ridicule.

Chaer. A bargain.

Phae. He deserves it.

Gnatho Thraso, come forward when you like.

Thraso (*comes back*) In heaven's name (*to Gnatho*), how do we get on?

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Gnatho quid? isti te ignorabant: postquam eis mores ostendi
tuos
et conlaudavi secundum facta et virtutes tuas, 1090
impetravi.

Thraso bene fecisti: gratiam habeo maxumam.
numquam etiam fui usquam quin me amarent
omnes plurimum.

Gnatho dixi ego in hoc esse vobis Atticam elegantiam?

Phae. nil praeter promissum est. ite hac.

Cantor vos valet et plaudite ' 1

THE EUNUCH

Gnatho Oh, our friends didn't know you. When I displayed your character to them and praised you according to your deeds and virtues, I gained my point.

Thraso Well done! I am extremely grateful. (*self-complacently*) I've never been anywhere without everybody loving me exceedingly.

Gnatho (*to the brothers*) Didn't I tell you our soldier had true Attic taste?

Phae. He's up to your guarantee. Now this way.

Mus. Farewell, and clap your hands. [EXEUNT OMNES.]

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