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# Terence

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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

*W. H. 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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Terentius Afer, Publius

# TERENCE

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JOHN SARGEAUNT

*John 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.

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

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

## INTRODUCTION

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

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

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 overladen 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

## INTRODUCTION

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 vedit puerulum  
Chremes, recusat nuptias, generum abdicat.  
mox filiam Glycerium insperato adgnitam  
hanc Pamphilo, aliam dat Charino coniugem.

10

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

## PERSONAE

SIMO SENEX	BYRRIA SERVOS
SOSIA LIBERTVS	LESBIA OBSTETRIX
DAVOS SERVOS	CHREMES SENEX
MYSIS ANCILLA	CRITO SENEX
PAMPHILVS ADVLESCENS	DROMO LORARIVS
CHARINV8 ADVLESCENS	CANTOR

## M VTA 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 Philumena, daughter to Chremes*

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

*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 poetae maledictis respondeat.  
nunc quam rem vitio dent quaeso animum attendite.  
Menander fecit Andriam et Perinthiam.  
qui utramvis recte norit ambas noverit : 10  
ita non sunt dissimili argumento sed tamen  
dissimili oratione sunt factae ac stilo.  
*favete*  
quae 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 20  
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 reliquom,  
posthac quas faciet de integro comoedias,  
spectandae an exigendae sint vobis prius.

*and 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.<sup>1</sup> 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 Naevius, 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.

<sup>1</sup> Luscius Lavinius.

# PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

## 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  
quod tibi mea ars efficere hoc possit amplius?
- Simo* 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 ?
- 
- 8

# 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.

*Sosio* 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.

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

*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.  
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 ?

50

*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  
adprime in vita esse utile, ut ne quid nimis.

60

*Simo* sic vita erat : facile omnis perferre ac pati ;  
cum quibus erat quomque una eis sese dedere ;  
eorum studiis obsequi : ita ut facillume  
sine invidia laudem invenias et amicos pares.

64

66

*Sosia* sapienter vitam instituit ; namque hoc tempore  
obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit.

*Simo* interea mulier quaedam abhinc triennium  
ex Andro commigravit huc viciniam,  
inopia et cognatorum negligentia  
coacta, egregia forma atque aetate integra.

70

*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.

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

*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  
perduxere illuc, secum ut una esset, meum.  
egomet continuo mecum “ certe captus est :  
habet.” observabam mane illorum servulos  
venientis aut abeuntis ; rogitabam “ heus puer,  
dic sodes, quis heri Chrysidem habuit ? ” nam Andriae  
illi id erat nomen.

80

*Sosia* teneo.

*Simo* Phaedrum aut Cliniam  
dicebant aut Niceratum ; hi tres tum simul  
amabant. “ echo, quid Pamphilus ? ” “ quid ? symbolam  
dedit, cenavit.” gaudebam. item alio die  
quaerebam : comperibam nil ad Pamphilum  
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  
ultra ad me venit, unicam gnatam suam  
cum dote summa filio uxorem ut daret.  
placuit : despondi. hic nuptiis dictust dies.

90

100

## 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 Niceratus; 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.

S.  
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## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

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 Chrysiderum una aderat frequens;

curabat una funus; tristis interim,

non numquam conlacrumabat. placuit tum id mihi.

sic cogitabam "hic parvae consuetudinis

110

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.

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.

120

quae cum mihi lamentari praeter ceteras

visast et quia erat forma praeter ceteras

honesta ac liberali, accedo ad pedisequas,

quae sit rogo: sororem esse aiunt Chrysideris.

percussit illico animum. attat hoc illud est,

hinc illae lacrumae, haec illast misericordia.

Sosia quam timeo quorsum evadas!

Simo funus interim

## 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

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

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tum illa, ut consuetum facile amorem cerneret,  
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,  
servavi.” honesta oratiost.

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*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 praescripsi, 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."

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*Sosia* qui igitur relictus est obiurgandi locus ?

*Simo* si propter amorem uxorem nolet ducere.

ea primum ab illo animum advortenda iniuriast ;

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 ;

quem ego credo manibus pedibusque ~~obuixe~~ omnia

facturum, magis id adeo mihi ut incommodet,

quam ut obsequatur gnato.

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quapropter ?

*Sosia* *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 :

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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.

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## 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 suom ;
- nunc hic dies aliam vitam defert, alias mores  
postulat :
- dehinc postulo sive aequomst te oro, Dave, ut  
redeat iam in viam.
- 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 applicat.

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## 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.

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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  
 fallacie conari quo fiant minus,  
 aut velle in ea re ostendi quam sis callidus, *Claſſi*  
 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 intellexitin? 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 *I. iii* Enim vero, Dave, nil locist segnitiae neque socordiae,  
 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 relinqu, eius vitae timeo; sin opitulor, 210  
 huius minas,

quoi verba dare difficilest: primum iam de amore  
 hoc comperit;

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## 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, grida e Pamphilost.

audireque eorumst operaे 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 electam Chrysidis  
patrem recepisse 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 Audivi, Archylis, iam dudum : Lesbiam adduci  
iubes.

sane pol illa temulentast mulier et temeraria  
nec satis digna quoi committas primo partu muli-  
erem.

tamen eam adducam ? importunitatem spectate an-  
culae :

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.

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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-  
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 obrudi 250  
potest,  
itur ad me.

*Mysis* oratio haec me miseram examinavit 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,

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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.

S.  
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*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."

obstipui. censem 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 inpediunt 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 advyser? 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? 270

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

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ed to me like saying "Off with you and hang your-self." I stood dumbfounded. Do you think I could have got a word out or produced any excuse howeversilly, 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 child-birth, 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 immutarier?  
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 fratriis 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.  
acepi: 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

*Mysis* teneo.

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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.]

# PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

## 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* quæso 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.

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*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" pil est.

*Char.* Byrria,

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## 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. // *l<sup>b</sup>*

*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 320  
copiam.

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 quaeaso, *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

## THE LADY OF ANDROS

- 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.

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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. 340

*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

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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 me prehendit : 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,

## 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 improviso nuptiae: 360  
non ~~coherent.~~

*Pam.* quorsumnam istuc?

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

*Char.* recte dicas.

*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:

holera et pisciculos minutos ferre obolo in cenam seni.  
*Char.* 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” inquieris :  
cedo quid iurgabit tecum hic? reddes omnia,  
quae nunc sunt certa ei consilia, incerta ut sient,  
sine omni periculo. nam hoc haud dubiumst, quin

Chremes 391  
tibi non det gnatam; 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, neglegentem  
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.

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 tristis  
II. iv sentiat.

*Simone* 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.

*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 improviso 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 verbum est, 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
- Davos* Hic nunc me credit aliquam sibi fallaciam  
II. vi portare et ea me hic restitisse gratia.
- Simo* quid Davos narrat?
- Davos* aeque quicquam nunc quidem?

## 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 exspectabam 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 huiusc hospitiae?

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

*Simo* laudo.

*Davos* dum licitumst ei dumque aetas tulit, amavit; tum id clam: cavit ne umquam infamiae ea res sibi esset, ut virum fortis 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 video.  
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. 460

*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 adulescentis.

*Mysis* optumum.

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*.

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*Davos* quod remedium nunc hinc malo inveniam?

*Simo* adeone est demens? ex peregrina? iam scio: ah,

quid hoc?

vix tandem sensi stolidus.

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*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* mihi?

*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 periclo 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 revertor.

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

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## 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

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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?  
saltем accurate, ut metui videar certe, si resciv-  
erim.

*Davos* certe hercle nunc hic se ipsus fallit, haud ego.

*Simo* edixi tibi,  
interminatus sum, ne faceres: num veritu'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 renuntiata sint haec sic  
fore.

*Simo* mihi quisquam?

*Davos* echo, an tute intellexi 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 occipi, continuo dari  
tibi verba censes.

*Simo* falso?

*Davos* itaque herc e nil iam muttire audeo.

*Simo* hoc ego scio unum, neminem peperisse hic.

*Davos* intellexi: 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

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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.

*Simo* unde id scis?

*Davos* audivi et credo: multa concurrunt simul  
qui conjecturam 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.

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

*Simo* quid ais? quom intellecteras

id consilium capere, quor non dixti extemplo Pamphilo?

*Davos* 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

perge facere ita ut facis, et id spero adiuturos deos.

*Simo* immo abi intro: ibi me opperire et quod parato opus  
est para.—

non inpulit 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 ipsus gnatus. nunc Chremem 527  
conveniam, orabo gnato uxorem: si impetro,  
quid alias malim quam hodie has fieri nuptias?  
nam gnatus quod pollicitust, haud dubiumst mihi,

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## 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

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*si nolit, quin eum merito possim cogere.*

I. iii atque adeo in ipso tempore eccum ipsum obviam.

*mo Iubeo Chremetem . .*

*o te ipsum quaerebam.*

*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 aderevit simul,*  
*perque unicam gnatam tuam et gnatum meum,*  
*quoius tibi potestas summa servandi datur,*  
*ut me adiuves in hac re atque ita uti nuptiae*  
*fuerant futurae, fiant.*

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*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 utrius ut fiant, accersi, iube;*  
*sed si ex ea re plus malist quam commodi*  
*utrius, 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,*  
*neque postulem abs te, ni ipsa res moneat.*

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*Chr.* quid est?

*Simo irae sunt inter Glycerium et gnatum.*

*Chr.* audio.

## THE LADY OF ANDROS

53<sup>1</sup>) 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.

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- 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 occlusast contumeliis,  
prius quam harum scelera et lacrumae confictae  
dolis  
reducunt 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 induxi 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

- Chr.* ✓
- 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?

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- Simo* ipsus mihi Davos, qui intumust 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 hic 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 volgus 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.

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- 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 hoc  
renuntio.  
Simo nunc te oro, Dave, quoniam solus mi effecisti has nuptias,  
Davos ego vero solus.  
Simo corrigi mihi gnatum porro enitere.  
Davos faciam hercle sedulo.  
Simo potes nunc, dum animus irritatus 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 pro-  
ficiscar 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 praecipi-  
tem darem!  
III.v Ubi ille est scelus qui perdidit me? — 707  
Davos perii.  
Pam. atque hoc confiteor iure  
mi obtigisse, quandoquidem tam iners, tam nulli consili sum.  
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## 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

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— servon fortunas meas me commisisse futili!

ego premium 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.                ehodus, bone vir, quid ais? viden me consiliis tuis  
              miserum impeditum 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 impeditam et perditam restituas? em quo      620  
fretus sim,  
qui me hodie ex tranquillissuma re coniecisti in nuptias.  
an non dixi esse hoc futurum?

Davos                dixti.

Pam.                quid meritu's?

Davos                crucem.

sed sine paululum ad me redeam: iam aliquid dispiciam.

Pam.                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 slaggard, 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 recordia innata quoiquem 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 inpuidentissima oratiost  
“quis tu 's? quis mi 's? quor meam tibi?  
heus, proximus sum egomet mihi.”  
at tamen “ubi fides?” si roges,  
nil prudent hic, ubi opust; illi ubi  
nil opus est, ibi verentur.  
*✓* sed quid agam? adeamne ad eum et cum eo iniuriam  
hanc expostulem?  
ingeram mala mült? atqui aliquis dicat “nil pro- 640  
moveris”:  
multum: molestus certe ei fuero atque animo morem  
gessero.
- Pam.* Charine, et me et te imprudens, nisi quid di respiciunt,  
perdidi.
- Char.* itane “imprudens”? 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, complacitast 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 enicas? hoc audi: numquam destituit 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!  
echo, 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: 670  
nisi si id putas, quia primo processit parum,  
non posse iam ad salutem converti hoc malum.

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

// *Davos* ego, Pamphile, hoc tibi pro servitio debo,  
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 TERENTIUS AFER

videre ait te cupere.

*Pam.* vah, perii : hoc malum integrascit.  
sicine me atque illam opera tua nunc miseros sollicitari!  
nam idcirco accesor 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,  
per omnis tibi adiuro deos numquam eam me deser-  
turum,

non si capiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos omnis  
homines.

hanc mi expetivi: contigit; convenient mores: valeant  
qui inter nos discidium volunt: hanc nisi mors mi  
adimet nemo. // b98

*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, aequa 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:

proinde hinc vos amolimini; nam mi inpedimento estis.  
*Pam.* ego hanc višam.—

*Davos* quid tu? quo hinc te agis?

*Char.* verum vis dicam?

*Davos* imm. etiam:  
narrationis incipit mi initium.

*Char.* quid me fiet?

*Davos* echo tu in pudens, non sa is habes, quod tibi dieculam 710  
addo,  
quantum huic promoveo nuptias?

*Char.* Dave, at tamen

*Davos* quid ergo?

*Char.* ut ducam.

*Davos* ridiculeum.

*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!  
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 ocios  
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 ocios 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

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- Mysis puer herclest. mulier, tu adposisti hunc?  
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?  
echo 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, inpudenter mulier si facit  
meretrix!  
Chr. ab Andriast haec, quantum intellego.  
Davos adeon videmur vobis esse idonei,  
in quibus sic inludatis?  
Chr. veni in tempore.

## 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 maid-servant 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.

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- Davos* propera adeo puerum tollere hinc ab ianua.  
*Mysis* mane: cave quoquam ex istoc excessis loco!  
*Davos* di te eradicent! ita me miseram territas.  
*Mysis* tibi ego dico an non?  
*Davos* quid vis?  
*Davos* at etiam rogas?  
*Mysis* cedo, quoium puerum hic adposisti? dic mihi.  
*Davos* tu nescis?  
*Davos* mitte id quod scio: dic quod rogo.  
*Mysis* vostri.  
*Davos* quoius nostri?  
*Mysis* Pamphili.  
*Chr.* hem.  
*Davos* quid? Pamphili?  
*Mysis* echo, 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.  
*Mysis* dis pol habeo gratiam,  
 quom in pariundo aliquot adfuerunt liberae.  
*Davos* ne illa illum haud novit, quoia 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  
g2

# PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

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

*Mysis* 780  
*Davos* fallacia

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

*Chr.* hem.

*Davos* “coactus legibus  
eam uxorem ducet.”

*Mysis* echo, obsecro, an non civis est?

*Chr.* iocularium in malum insciens paene incidi.

*Davos* quis hic loquitur? o Chremes, per tempus advenis:  
ausulta.

*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,  
scelesti. si pol Glycerio non omnia haec . . .

*Davos* echo 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 tipsy.

*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 in honeste 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 miseras 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 <sup>80</sup> 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

grandicula iam profectast illinc: clamitent  
me sycophantam, 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 TERENTIUS AFER

*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;  
satis pericli incepi 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 p[re] studio: dum id efficias  
quod cupis,  
neque modum benignitatis neque quid me ores  
cogitas;  
nam si cogites, remittas iam me onerare iniuriis.  
*Simo* quibus?  
*Chr.* at rogitas? perpulisti me, ut homini adulescentulo  
in alio occupato amore, abhorrenti ab re uxoria,  
filiam ut darem in seditionem atque in incertas  
nuptias,  
eius labore atque eius dolore gnato ut medicarer  
tuo.  
impetrasti: incepi, 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,

820

830

## 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 wed-  
lock, 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-  
rum.

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 votu, 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* mihi ne?  
*Simo* ita.

*Davos* mihi ne? 850

*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?

*Davos* sunt.

*Simo* 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 videoas, videtur esse quantivis preti:  
tristis veritas inest in voltu 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? quadrupedem 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!

870

age Pamphile, exi Pamphile: ecquid te pudet?

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! S

num cogitat quid dicat? num facti piget?

vide num eius color pudoris signum usquam indicat.

adeo inpotenti esse animo, ut praeter civium

94 ✓

## 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 ✓



## 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.

## 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* echo 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  
inperitos 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

## 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 cre-  
dendum, 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 electus est  
et istaec una parva virgo. tum ille egens forte adipicat  
primum ad Chrysidis patrem se.

*Simo* fabulam incepit.

*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 Phaniam; 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! echo, dic mihi,

100

## 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?

non.

Crito

quoiam igitur?

Chr.

fratris filiam.

Crito

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 repentina hoc bono.

ne istam multimodis tuam inveniri gaudeo.

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.  
east.

Chr. Crito  
Pam. ex ipsa audivi miliens.

omnis nos gaudere hoc, Chremes,  
te credo credere.

Chr. ita me di ament, credo.

Pam. ✓ Simo iam dudum res reduxit 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. echo mecum, Crito;  
nam illam me credo haud nosse.—

Simo quor non illam hic 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 vincetust.

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  
inmortalitas

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

*Char.* quid illud gaudist?

*Pam.* Davom video. nemost quem mallem 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 nanctus 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?

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

ea quae vigilans voluit?

Pam.

tum de puer, Dave . . .

Davos

ah, desine!

solus es quem diligent 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 exspectare  
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 exspectetis 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.

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

### 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 voluisse, Pamphile.  
*Char.* occidi, Dave.

ah, mane.

perii.

id quam ob rem non volui eloquar.

non idcirco quod eum omnino adfinem mihi nolle,

hem.

*Char.* tace.

*Davos* sed amicitia nostra quae est a patribus nostris tradita,  
non aliquam partem, sed studi ADAUCTAM tradi liberis.  
nunc quom copia ac fortuna utrique ut obsequerer dedit,

10  
detur.

*Pam.* bene factum.

adi atque age homini gratias.

*Davos* salve, Chremes,

*Char.* meorum amicorum omnium mi aequissume.  
quid multa verba? mihi non minus est gaudio  
me repperisse, ut habitus antehac fr̄a tibi,  
quam mi evenire nunc id quod ego abs te expeto.

*Chr.* animum, Charine, quocumque adiplicaveris,  
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: gnatam tibi meā Philumenam  
uxoram et dotis sex talenta spondeo.

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## 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.

{**EXSUNT OMNES.**

PUBLI

ALTER

*Pam.* Te exspectabam  
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.

*Pam.*

*Davos*

*Char.*

meo

quis

me

qui

a

*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 conpulit 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	BACCHIS MERETRIX
MENEDEMVS SENEX	ANTIPHILA VIRGO
CLITIPHO ADVLESCENS	SOSTRATA MATRONA
CLINIA ADVLESCENS	CANTHARA NVTRIX
SYRVS SERVOS	PHRYGIA ANCILLA
DROMO SERVOS	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 maid-servant'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 } *old gentlemen of Attica.*  
MENEDEMUS }  
CLITIPHO, *son to Chremes.*  
CLINIA, *son to Menedemus.*  
SYRUS, } *servants (slaves) to Chremes.*  
DROMO, }  
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

Nequoi sit vostrum mirum quor partis seni  
poeta dederit quae sunt adulescentium,  
id primum dicam, deinde quod veni eloquar.  
ex integra Graeca integrum comoediam  
hodie sum acturus Heauton Timorumenon.  
duplex quae ex argumento facta est simplici.  
novam esse ostendi et quae esset: nunc qui scripserit  
et quoia Graeca sit, ni partem maxumam  
existumarem scire vostrum, id dicerem.  
nunc quam ob rem has partis didicerim paucis dabo. 10  
// oratorem esse voluit me, non prologum:  
vostrum iudicium fecit: me actorem dedit,  
si hic actor tantum poterit a facundia *eloqua*  
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.  
tum quod malevolus vetus poeta dictitat,  
repente ad studium hunc se applicasse 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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## 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

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

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

30

*calm*  
*parcere*  
*leno*  
*gregem*  
*adsummo*  
*minuatur*  
*seni*  
*curritur*  
*est*  
*adsummo*  
*experimini*  
*possit*  
*statuite*  
*adulescentuli*  
*vobis*  
*studeant*  
*potius*  
*quam*  
*sibi*

adeste aequo animo, date potestatem mihi  
statariam agere ut liceat per silentium,  
ne semper servos currens, iratus senex,  
edax parasitus, sycophanta autem inpudens,  
avarus leno adsidue agendi sint mihi  
clamore summo, cum labore maxumo.  
mea causa causam hanc iustum 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.  
exemplum statuite in me, ut adulescentuli  
vobis placere studeant potius quam sibi.

40

47

51

## 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.

# PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

## 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  
meliorum 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.

## 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 faciendo 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.

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*Chr.* an quoiquamst usus homini se ut cruciet?

*Mene.* mihi.

*Chr.* si quid laborist nolle. 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

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## 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 Corinthe hic advena anus paupercula;  
eius filiam ille amare coepit perdite,  
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

## 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.  
quid ais?

*Chr.* clam me profectus mensis tris abest.

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

*Mene.* ubi comperi ex eis qui fuere ei consciii,  
domum revertor 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?

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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.”

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ita facio prorsus: nil relinquo in aedibus  
nec vas nec vestimentum: conrasi omnia.

ancillas, servos, nisi eos qui opere rustico  
faciendo 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 run 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.//  
decrevi me tantisper minus iniuriae,  
Chremes, meo gnato facere dum fiam miser;  
nec fas esse ulla me voluptate hic frui,  
nisi ubi ille hue 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 maxime nest.

*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.* lacrumas excussit mihi

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## 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.

[*EXIT.*]

*Chr.* He has forced tears from me and I am really sorry  
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miseretque me eius. sed ut diei tempus est,  
tempust monere me hunc vicinum Phaniam  
ad cenam ut veniat: ibo, visam si domist.

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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?

*Clt.* 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  
abduxì 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.

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## 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.

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*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 reliquist quin habeat quae quidem in homine  
dicuntur bona?

parentis, patriam incolumem, amicos, genus, co-  
gnatos, ditias.

atque haec perinde sunt ut illius animus qui ea  
possidet:

qui uti scit ei bona; illi qui non utitur recte mala. //  
*Clit.* immo ille fuit senex importunus 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; namquem ferret si parentem non ferret  
suom?  
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.

*Chry.* 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

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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 convivarier,  
praebent exigue sumptum; atque haec sunt tamen  
ad virtutem omnia.  
verum animus ubi semel se cupiditate devinxit mala,  
necessest, 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 adulescentis iudices!  
qui aequom esse censem nos a pueris ilico nasci  
senes  
neque illarum adfinis esse rerum quas fert adulescentia  
lubidine ex sua moderantur nunc quae est, non quae  
olim fuit.  
mihi si umquam filius erit, ne ille faciliter utetur  
patre;  
nam et cognoscendi et ignoscendi dabitur peccati  
locus:  
non ut meus qui mihi per alium ostendit suam  
sententiam.  
perii! is mi, ubi adbibit plus paulo, sua quae narrat  
facinora!  
nunc ait “periculum ex aliis facito tibi quod ex usu  
siet”:  
astutus. ne ille haud scit quam mihi nunc surdo  
narret fabulam.

S.

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## 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, ~~it~~ 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

S.

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magis nunc me amicae dicta stimulant "da mihi"  
atque "adfer mihi":  
quo quod respondeam nil habeo; neque me quis-  
quamst miseror.  
nam hic Clinia, etsi is quoque suarum rerum sat  
agitat, tamen  
habet bene et pudice eductam, ignaram artis mere-  
triciae.  
meast inpotens, procax, magnifica, sumptuosa, nobilis.  
tum quod dem ei "recte" est; nam nil esse mihi  
religiost dicere.

hoc ego mali non pridem inveni neque etiamdum  
scit pater.

*Clinia* Si mihi secundae res de amore meo essent, iam du- 230  
II. ii dum scio

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,  
qui 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 dijudicare quam scis quid veri siet?

*Clinia* si nil mali esset, iam hic adessent.

*Clit.* iam aderunt.

*Clinia* quando istuc "iam" erit?

## 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?

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- 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* minume mirum: adeo impeditæ 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 neverunt  
 viam.  
 factum a nobis stultest. abidum tu, Dromo, illis  
 obviam.  
 propera: quid stas?
- 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 nostræ 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

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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:  
quoius 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,

*Clinia* quantum ex ipsa re coniecturam fecimus.  
quid est obsecro? nam mihi nunc nil rerum  
omniumst  
quod malim quam me hoc falso suspicarier.

*Syrus* hoc primum, ut ne quid huius rerum ignores:  
anus,  
quae est dicta mater esse ei antehac, non fuit;  
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, Antiphila, 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.

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post istuc veniam.

*Clit.*

propera.

*Syrus*

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, 280  
ubi de improvisost interventum mulieri.  
nam ea res dedit tum existumandi copiam  
cottidianae vitae consuetudinem,  
quae quoiusque ingenium ut sit declarat maxume.  
texentem 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 prolixo et circum caput  
reiectus neclegenter; pax.

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*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 inluvie.

*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  
ancillas primum ad dominas qui affectant 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 maid-servant 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.

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- 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* p<sup>r</sup>a<sup>e</sup> 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 ?  
echo sceleste, quo illam ducis ?
- Syrus* quo ego illam ? ad nos scilicet.
- Clit.* ad patremne ?
- Syrus* ad eum ipsum.
- Clit.* o hominis in<sup>p</sup>udentem audaciam !
- Syrus* heus,  
non fit sine periculo 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.

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- Syrus enim vero reticere nequeo : multimodis iniurius,  
Clitipho, es neque ferri potis es.
- Clinia audiendum 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.  
tun quod illi argentum es pollicitus, eadem hac  
inveniam via.
- quod ut efficerem orando surdas iam auris reddi-  
deras mihi.
- quid aliud tibi vis ?
- Clit. squidem hoc fit.
- Syrus squidem? 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.

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## 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*)

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*Syrus* mane, habeo aliud, si istest metus. quod ambo con-  
fiteamini  
sine periculo esse.

*Clit.* huius modi obsecro aliquid reperi.

*Syrus* maxume:  
ibo obviam huic, dicam ut revertatur domum. 340

*Clit.* hem,  
quid dixti?

*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 neququam 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

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quapropter haec res ne utiquam neclectust 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 offendii 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 inprudens 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 pitifully 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, hemms, 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.

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- Clit.* sine.  
*Syrus* non sinam inquam.  
*Clit.* quaeso paulisper.  
*Syrus* veto.  
*Clit.* saltem salutare.  
*Syrus* abeas si sapias.  
*Clit.* eo.  
*Syrus* quid istic?  
*Syrus* 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 impulsi 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,  
     quoius mos maxumest consimilis vostrum, ei se ad  
     vos adlicant.  
     hoc beneficio utriusque ab utrisque vero devincimini,  
     ut numquam ulla amori vostro 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.

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*Syrus* credo.

*Clinia* Syre, vix suffero :  
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  
vicini, primum ex me ut sciat sibi filium  
redissem? 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?  
*Mene.* ✓ haud faciam; nam quod potero adiutabo senem.  
item ut filium meum amico atque aequali suo  
video inservire et socium esse in negotiis,  
nos quoque senes est aequum senibus obsequi.  
*Mene.* aut ego profecto ingenio egregio ad miseras  
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.

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*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 adacta sit.

*Mene.* non tu illi dixi 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 incides.  
primum olim potius quam paterere filium  
commetare ad mulierculam, quae paululo  
tum erat contenta quoique erant grata omnia,  
proterruisti hinc. ea coacta ingratias  
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

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amator, numquam sufferre eius sumptus queat;  
nendum 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”:  
relevi dolia omnia, omnis serias. 460  
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 470  
technis per servolum; etsi subsensi id quoque,  
illos ibi esse, id agere inter se clanculum.

Syrus cum illo vostro consusurrant, conferunt  
consilia ad adulescentis; et tibi perdere  
talentum hoc pacto satius est quam illo minam.  
non nunc pecunia agitur, sed illud quo modo  
minumo periclo id demus adulescentulo.

nam si semel tuom animum ille intellexerit,  
prius proditurum te tuam vitam et prius  
pecuniam omnem quam abs te amittas filium, hui,

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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 mellower." 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

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huic quantam fenestram ad nequitiem patefeceris,  
tibi autem porro ut non sit suave vivere !

nam deteriores omnes sumus licentia. 483

tu rem perire et ipsum non poteris pati : 486

dare denegaris : ibit ad illud ilico,

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.* // paulum negoti mi obstat: Simus et Crito operam dabo. S. 562  
vicini nostri hic ambigunt de finibus; 499  
me cepere arbitrum: ibo ac dicam, ut dixeram  
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. ✓ 508  
*Syrus* est prendendus atque adhortandus mihi.  
 a me nescio quis exit: concede hinc domum,  
 ne nos inter nos congruisse sentiant. 510
- Syrus* Hac illac circumcursa; inveniundum es tamen,  
*III.ii* argentum: intendenda in senemst fallacia.
- Chr.* num me fefellit hosce id struere? videlicet  
 ille adulescentis servos tardiusculust;  
 idecirco 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,  
 aquilae senectus. 520
- 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 adulescentis,

*Syrus* Syre, tibi timui male!  
*Chr.* qui passus est id fieri.

*Syrus* quid faceret?  
*Chr.* rogas?

aliquid reperiret, fingeret fallacias,  
unde esset adulescenti amicæ quod daret,  
atque hunc difficultem invitum servaret senem.

*Syrus* Garris.

*Chr.* haec facta ab illo oportebat, Syre.

*Syrus* echo 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.

*Syrus* iocone an serio ille haec dicat nescio;  
nisi mihi quidem addit animum quo lubeat magis.  
*Chr.* et nunc quid exspectat, Syre? an dum hic denuo  
abeat, quom tolerare ille huius sumptus non  
queat?

nomine ad senem aliquam fabricam fingit?

*Syrus* stolidus est.

*Chr.* at te adiutare oportet adulescentuli  
causa.

*Syrus* facile euidem facere possum, si iubes;  
etenim quo pacto id fieri soleat calleo.

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## THE SELF-TORMENTOR

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.

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

*Chr.* tanto hercle melior.

*Syrus* non est mentiri meum.

*Chr.* fac ergo.

*Syrus* at heus tu, facitodum eadem haec memineris,  
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  
licere. quisnam a nobis egreditur foras?

*Chr.* Quid istuc quaeso? qui istic mos est, Clitipho? itane  
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 amicam  
subigitare.

vel heri in vino quam inmodestus fuisti,

factum.

*Syrus* quam molestus!

*Chr.*

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## THE SELF-TORMENTOR

*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 lubido: 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?

*tace sodes.* 580

*Clit.* recte sane.

*Syrus* Syre, pudet me.

*Chr.* credo: neque id iniuria; quin  
mihi molestumst.

*Clit.* perdis hercle.

*Syrus* verum dico quod videtur.

*Clit.* non accedam ad illos?

*Chr.* echo 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

## THE SELF-TORMENTOR

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 be-  
fore 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 eradicent qui me hinc extrudis, Syre!

*Syrus*

at tu pol tibi istas posthac comprimito manus!—

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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?

*Sgrus*

pessuma haec est meretrix.

s, 557 //

*Chr.*

ita videtur.

*Syrus*

immo si scias.

vah, vide quod incepit facinus. fuit quaedam anus

Corinthia

hic: huic drachumarum haec argenti mille dederat  
mutuom.

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## THE SELF-TORMENTOR

- 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 adulescentulam.  
ea relicta huic arrabonist pro illo argento.
- Chr.* intellego.  
*Syrus* hanc secum hoc adduxit, ea quae est nunc apud uxorem tuam.
- Chr.* quid tum?  
*Syrus* Cliniam orat sibi ut 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 *Sosandra* 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, ilico  
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      620  
sit.  
*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 maxumo opere  
edicere,  
si puellam parerem, nolle tolli?  
*Chr.*                            scio quid feceris:

## THE SELF-TORMENTOR

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.      minume ; sed erat hic Corinthia anus haud in pura :  
              ei dedi  
              exponendam.

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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 exequi 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 filiast planissume,  
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 ?

melius peius, prosit obsit, nil vident nisi quod lubet.

Sos. // mi Chremes, peccavi, fateor : vincor. nunc hoc te  
              obsecro,

quanto tuos est animus gravior eo sis ignoscetior,  
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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## THE SELF-TORMENTOR

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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qua hoc occptumst causa loquere

Sos. 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.  
istuc recte : conservasti te atque illam.

Chr. istuc recte : conservasti te atque illam.  
Sos. is hic est anulus.

Chr. unde habes ?

Sos. quam Bacchis secum adduxit adulescentulam,  
Syrus hem,

quid illa narrat ?

Sos. ea lavatum dum it, servandum mihi dedit.  
animum non advorti primum ; sed postquam aspexi  
illico

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, b4  
ne nunc animo ita esses duro ut olim in tollendo,  
Chremes !

## THE SELF-TORMENTOR

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.

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- 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* 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 res- 670  
ciscat senex.  
nam quod de argento sperem aut posse postulem  
me fallere,  
nil est : triumpho, si licet me latere tecto abscedere.  
crucior bolum mihi tantum erectum 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 ?  
tantudem egero.  
at sic opinor : non potest. immo optume. euge  
habeo optumam.  
retraham hercle opinor ad me idem illud fugitivom  
argentum tamen.
- Clinia* Res nulla mihi posthac potest iam intervenire  
IV.iii 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.

## THE SELF-TORMENTOR

*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.

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- Clinia* o mi Syre, audisti obsecro ?  
*Syrus* quid ni ? qui usque una adfuerim.  
*Clinia* quoiquam aeque 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.
- 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 iustum rem oppido imperas et factu faciem.  
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 rursum nuptiarum omnem  
eripis;  
|| nam dum amicam hanc meam esse crederet, 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. 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.

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*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 percurre: apud eum miles Dionysia  
agitat:

*Syrus* quid incepstat?

*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.

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- 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.
- 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 mihi?  
*Syrus* minume: tuom tibi redbo.  
*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: ecferant 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.

740

## 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.*

•

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## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

*Chr.* Ita me di amabunt ut nunc Menedemi vicem  
*IV.v* miseret me, tantum devenisse ad eum mali.  
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 rursum ut abeat ab se filius.  
Syrum optume eccum.

750

*Syrus* cesso hunc adoriri?

*Chr.* Syre.

*Syrus* hem.

*Chr.* quid est?

*Syrus* te mi 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.

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*Chr.* probe.

770

*Syrus* dic sodes.

*Chr.* nimium, inquam.

*Syrus* immo si scias.

sed porro ausculta quod superest fallaciae:  
sese ipse dicit tuam vidiſſe filiam;  
eius sibi complacitam 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 datus non sum, ut ei despondeam?

*Syrus* credebam.

785

*Chr.* minume.

*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.

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eo coepi.

credo.

Syrus // ceterum equidem istuc, Chremes,  
aequi bonique facio. //

Chr. atqui quam maxume

volo te dare operam ut fiat, verum alia via.

Syrus 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." (21)

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, ecfer 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 *Clitipho*.
- 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 haberet 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 paucula.

IV. vii

*Chr.* Vbi Clitipho hic est ?

*Syrus* “eccum me” inque.  
*Clit.* eccum hic tibi.

200

## 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.

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- Chr.* quid rei esset dixti 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 ocios.  
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 ornamenti consequentur alterae ;  
porro haec talenta dotis adposcunt duo.  
quam multa iniusta ac prava fiunt moribus !
- mihi nunc relictis rebus inveniundus est  
aliquis, labore inventa mea quo dem bona. 840 *841 //*
- 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.* 847 *//* hanc uxorem sibi dari volt Clinia.
- Chr.* quaequo 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  
comparet.

*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 ?

*Chr.* aegre ? nimium illi, Menedeme, indulges.

*Mene.* sine :  
inceptumst : perfice 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 dicio.

*Mene.* em, istuc volueram.  
(hr. tanto ocius te ut poscat et tu, id quod cupis,  
quam ocissume ut des.

*Mene.* cupio.

*Chr.* ne tu propediem,  
ut istam rem video, istius obsaturabere.  
sed haec uti sunt, cautim et paulatim dabis,

870

## 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 sapies.

*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 gnatam ; nisi illos ex tuo in- 880  
genio iudicas,  
ut nil credas intellegere nisi idem dictumst centiens.  
sed interim quid illuc 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.

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- Chr.* hahahae.  
*Mene.* quid risisti?  
*Chr.* servi venere 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, putas  
ita rem esse. 890  
*Chr.* ain tu?  
*Mene.* quin tu ausculta.  
*Chr.* manendum, 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 confiantur 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,

## THE SELF-TORMENTOR

*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, trin-  
kets, 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

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

*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 cohibus? non te respicis?  
non tibi ego exempli satis sum? 920

*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 ~~qrs~~  
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 reddit. 930

*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 obticuisti?

*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,

mē 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  
difflit, 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.]

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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,  
quo 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.* ecum.

*Chr.* quid me incusas, Clitipho?  
huius quidquid ego feci, tibi prospexi et stultitiae  
tuae.

ubi te vidi animo esse omissa et suavia in praesentia  
quae essent prima habere neque consulere in longi-  
tudinem:  
cepi rationem, ut neque egeres neque ut haec  
posses perdere.

// ubi quo decuit primo, tibi non licuit per te mihi <sup>965</sup>  
dare,  
abii ad proximum tibi qui erat: ei commisi et credidi.  
ibi tuae stultitiae semper erit praesidium, Clitipho, <sup>967,</sup>  
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.

## 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 forbade 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

- at tis risky*
- Syrus ere, licetne?      loquere.
- Chr. at tuto.      but safety?
- Syrus loquere.
- Syrus quae istast pravitas  
queave amentiast, quod peccavi ego, id obesse huic?
- Chr. ilicet.  
ne te admisce: nemo accusat, Syre, te: nec tu aram tibi  
nec precatorem pararis.      refuge
- Syrus quid agis?
- Chr. nil suscenseo  
nec tibi nec tibi; nec vos est aequom quod facio mihi.
- Syrus abit? 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 arbitror.
- 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. Jesting 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 filiis  
in peccato adiutrices, auxilio in paterna iniuria  
solent esse: id non fit.

*Clit.* verum dicens. 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 quoius sis.

*Clit* recte suades: faciam.—

*Syrus* sat recte hoc mihi.  
in mentem venit; nam quam maxume huic vana

haec suspicio  
erit, tam facillume patris pacem in leges conficiet suas,/ etiam h̄aud 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 umquam  
in vita mea



## 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. [EXIT.]

*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 pecceam 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 eadēm 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.  
egon confitear meum non esse filium, qui sit meus?

Chr. quid? metuis ne non, quom velis, convincas esse  
illum tuom?

Sos. quod filiast inventa?

Chr. non: sed quo magis credendum siet,  
quod est consimilis moribus,  
convinces facile ex te natum; nam tui similist 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

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

fuerim, dictus filius tuos vostra voluntate : obsecro,  
eius ut memineris atque inopis nunc te miserescat mei,  
quod peto aut quod volo, parentis meos ut common-  
stres 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.

*Clit.* (*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.

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- Mene.*   Enim vero Chremes nimis graviter cruciat adul-  
*V. v*   scentulum  
         nimisque inhumane: exeo ergo ut pacem conciliem.  
         optume  
         ipsos video.
- Chr.*       ehem, Menedeme, quor non accersi iubes  
         filiam et quod dotis dixi firmas?
- Sos.*       mi vir, te obsecro  
         ne facias.
- Clit.*      pater, obsecro mi ignoscas.
- Mene.*     da veniam, Chremes :  
         sine te exorent.
- Chr.*       ✓ mea bona ut dem Bacchidi dono sciens ? 1050  
         non faciam.
- Mene.*     at id nos non sinemus.
- Clit.*       si me vivom vis, pater,  
         ignosce.
- Sos.*       age, Chreme mi.
- Mene.*     age quaeso, ne tam offirma te, Chreme.
- Chr.*       quid istic? video non licere ut cooperam hoc per-  
         tendere.
- Mene.*     facis, ut te decet.
- Chr.*       ea lege hoc adeo faciam, si facilit  
         quod ego hunc aequom censeo.
- Clit.*       pater, impera: faciam omnia.
- Chr.*       uxorem ut ducas.
- Clit.*       pater . . . !
- Chr.*       nil audio.
- Sos.*       ad me recipio:  
         faciet.
- Chr.*       nil etiam audio ipsum.
- Clit.*       perii.
- Sos.*       an dubitas, Clitipho?

## 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 ?

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- 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  
quaе meа 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. ANTILIVS 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 dictitatam 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—saudet Parmeno—:  
intro ut iit, vitiat virginem. sed Atticus  
civis repertus frater eius conlocat  
vitiatam ephebo; Phaedriam exorat Thraso.

## PERSONAE

PHAEDRIA ADVLESCENS	ANTIPHO ADVLESCENS
PARMENO SERVOS	DORIAS ANCILLA
THAIS MERETRIX	DORVS EVNVCHVS
GNATHO PARASITVS	SANGA SERVOS
CHAEREA ADVLESCENS	SOPHRONA NVTRIX
THRASO MILES	SENEX [DEMEA SEU LACHES?]
PYTHIAS ANCILLA	CANTOR
CHREMES ADVLESCENS	

## 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 minume 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”:  
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, occuptast agi.  
exclamat furem, non poetam fabulam  
dedisse et nil dedisse verborum tamen:  
Colacem esse Naevi et Plauti veterem fabulam;  
parasiti personam inde ablatam et militis.  
si id est peccatum, peccatum imprudentiast

10

20

## 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.<sup>1</sup> 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 captain." If our playwright has been in fault it is a

<sup>1</sup> 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

40  
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.

## 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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ACTVS I

*Phae.* Quid igitur faciam? non eam ne nunc quidem  
quom accessor ulti? an potius ita me comparem,  
non perpeti meretricum contumelias?  
exclusit; 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 ulti 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 rursum: 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 fa!sa 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 *his play in 1 part*

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, reconciliations, 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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restinguet, 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. // 70

*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.

*Thais* Miseram me, vereor ne illud gravius Phaedria  
I.ii tulerit neve aliorum atque ego feci acceperit,  
quod heri intro missus non est. 80

*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?

quid hic stabas? quor non recta intro ibas?

*Par.* ceterum  
de exclusione verbum nullum?

*Thais* quid taces?

*Phae.* sane quia vero haec mihi patent semper fores  
aut quia sum apud te primus.

*Thais* missa istaec face. 90

## 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 exclusi hunc foras.
- Thais* sicine agis, Parmeno? age; sed huc qua gratia te accersi iussi, ausulta. 100
- 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 fintumst, continuo palamst: plenus rimarum sum, hac atque illac perfluo. proin tu, taceri si vis, vera dicio.
- 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; 110  
✓ 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, unde 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 occuperat,  
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: quoius 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.

130

246

*Atheni*

## 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.

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*Phae.* etiamne amplius?

*Thais* nil; nam quæsivi. nunc ego eam, mi Phaedria,  
multæ sunt causæ quam ob rem cupio abducere:  
primum quod soror est dicta; præterea ut suis  
restituam ac reddam. sola sum; habeo hic nenninem 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 praeripiatur 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  
quæsivi? 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 maid-servant, 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-

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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

id fieri posse maxume, verum tamen  
potius quam te inimicum habeam, faciam ut iusseris.  
*Phae.* utinam istuc verbum ex animo ac vere diceres  
“potius quam te inimicum habeam”! si istuc cre-  
derem

*Par.* sincere dici, quidvis possem perpeti.  
*Thais.* labascit victus uno verbo quam cito!

ego non ex animo misera dico? quam ioco  
rem voluisti a me tandem, quin perfeceris?  
ego impetrare nequeo hoc abs te, biduom  
saltem ut concedas solum.

180

*Phae.* siquidem biduom:  
verum ne fiant isti viginti dies.

*Thais.* profecto non plus biduom aut . . . “aut” nil moror.

*Phae.* 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—  
"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:  
meus fac sis postremo animus quando ego sum tuos.—

*Thais* me miseram, forsitan mihi parvam habeat fidem  
atque ex aliarum ingeniis nunc me iudicet.  
ego pol, quae mihi sum conscientia, hoc certo scio,  
neque me finxisse falsi quicquam neque meo  
cordi esse quemquam cariorem hoc Phaedria.  
et quidquid huius feci causa virginis  
fecii; nam me eius spero fratrem propemodum  
iam repperisse, adolescentem adeo nobilem;  
et is hodie venturum ad me constituit dominum.  
concedam hinc intro atque exspectabo, dum venit.

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## ACTVS II

- Phae.* Fac, ita ut iussi, deducantur isti.  
*Par.* faciam.  
*Phae.* at diligenter  
*Par.* fiet.  
*Phae.* at mature.  
*Par.* fiet.  
*Phae.* satine hoc mandatumst 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.* minume: qui effectum dabo.  
sed num quid aliud imperas?  
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## 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 affirmare 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 morbit? 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: dicit 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, Par-meno. 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 inmortales, homini homo quid praestat! stulto 232  
II.ii intellegens

quid interest! hoc adeo ex hac re venit in mentem mihi:  
conveni hodie adveniens 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 perdidi, em  
quo redactus sum. omnes noti me atque amici  
deserunt.”

hic ego illum contempsi p[re]a 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 habitudost corporis!  
omnia habeo neque quicquam habeo; nil quom est,  
nil defit tamen.”

“at ego infelix neque ridiculous esse neque plagas pati  
possum.” “quid? tu his rebus credis fieri? tota  
erras via.

olim isti fuit generi quondam quaestus apud saeclum  
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 adrido 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-

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

quidquid dicunt laudo ; id rursum si negant, laudo  
id quoque ;  
negat quis : nego ; ait : aio ; postremo imperavi ego  
met mihi // 253  
omnia adsentari. is quaestus nunc est multo uberrimus."/

*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 victimum 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 inpertit Gnatho. quid agitur ?

*Par.* statur.  
*Gnatho* video.

## THE EUNUCH

tellects. 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.

## 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

## 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 ~~3A~~  
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, redditur 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 hanç tu mihi vel vi vel clam vel precario

fac tradas: mea nil re fert, dum potiar modo.

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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 quo  
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 vidiisse 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.” “eras est mihi  
iudicium.” “quid tum?” “ut diligenter nunties  
patri, advocatus mane mi esse ut meminerit.”  
dum haec dicit, abiit hora. // rogo num quid velit.  
“recte” inquit. abeo. quom huc respicio ad  
virginem,

illa sese interea commodum hue 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.

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

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.*                   nosten quae sit ? dic mihi,  
vidistin ?

*Par.*                   vidi, novi : scio quo abducta sit.

*Chaer.* echo Parmeno mi, nosten 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  
comparat,  
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 l diust.  
*Chaer.* perii, numquamne etiam me illam vidisse ! elodium  
dic mihi :

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350

360

## THE EUNUCH

- Par.* (*aside*) He must mean the girl who has just been presented to Thais.
- Chuer.* 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 Crœsus 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?

*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?

*Chær.* 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.* responde. *qua re, Parmeno?*

*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.

## 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

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

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 despicatam 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.*

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

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;  
quod in test. 400

*Thraso* habes.

*Gnatho* rex te ergo in oculis

*Thraso* scilicet.

*Gnatho* gestare.

*Thraso* vero: credere omnem exercitum,  
consilia. 402

*Gnatho* mirum.

*Thraso* tum sicubi eum satietas 403

## 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

## PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

hominum aut negoti si quando odium ceperat,  
requiescere ubi volebat, quasi . . . nostin?

*Gnatho* scio:

quasi ubi illam exspueret 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.

410

*Thraso* invidere omnes mihi,

mordere clanculum: ego non flocci pendere:

ille invidere misere; verum unus tamen

impense, 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,  
numquam tibi dixi?

420

*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  
"invidens?"

## 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?"

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

- lepus tute es, pulpamentum quaeris?" hahahahae.
- Gnatho* 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 Phaedriæ  
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.
- 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

## 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 dixti 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?

*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* per pulchra 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 adulecentem, sollerterem 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 *Aethiopia*, (*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 hue 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 pre, cura ut sint domi  
                          parata.

500

*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,  
284

## 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 TERENTIUS 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.  
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 ecquod Suni haberem et quam longe a mari.  
credo ei placere hoc: sperat se a me avellere.  
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 natast sedecim,  
non maior: Thais quam ego sum maiusculast.  
misit porro orare ut venirem serio.  
aut dicat quod volt aut molesta ne siet:

510

520

Pyth.

#### **o capitulum lepidissimum!**

Chr.

dico ego mi insidias fieri?

Path

Thais maximo

6

**te orabat opere ut cras redires.**

## 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 TERENTIUS 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 Piraeo  
III.iv in hunc diem, ut de symbolis essemus. Chaeream 540  
ei rei  
praefecimus; dati anuli; locus, tempus constitutumst.  
praeterit 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? ipsus 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? nemost. num quis hinc me se-  
III.v quitur? nemo hormost.  
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 maid-servant*) 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-  
u

## 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 ipsis me noris quam elegans formarum spec-  
tator siem?

in hac commotus sum.

*Anti.* ain tu?

*Chaer.* primam dices, scio, si videris.

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 ratiost? traditus sum mulieri.

illa illico 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  
terrā 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 quandam 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 Danae'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 convertisse atque in alienas  
tegulas  
venisse clanculum : per pluviam fucum factum mulieri.  
at quem deum ! qui tempa caeli summa sonitu concutit. 590  
ego homuncio hoc non facerem ? facerem ego illud  
vero itidem ac lubens.  
dum haec mecum reproto, accersitur lavatum interea  
virgo :  
iit, 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 ;  
ubi nos laverimus, si voles, lavato.” accipio tristis.  
*Anti.* tum equidem istuc os tuom inpudens videre nimium  
vellem,  
qui esset status, flabellulum tenere te asinum tantum.  
*Chaer.* vix elocutast hoc, foras simul omnes proruont 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,  
sat in explorata sint. video esse. pessulum ostio obdo.  
*Anti.* quid tum ?  
*Chaer.* quid “quid tum,” fatue ?  
*Anti.* fateor.  
*Chaer.* an ego occasionem  
mi ostentam, tantam, tam brevem, tam optatam,  
tam insperatam  
amitterem ? tum pol ego is essem vero, qui simulabam.  
*Anti.* 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  
fratrem  
ne intus sit ; porro autem pater ne rure redierit iam.  
*Anti.* eamus ad me, ibi proxumumst ubi mutes.  
*Chaer.* recte dicis.  
eamus ; et de istac simul, quo pacto porro possim  
potiri, consilium volo capere una tecum.  
*Anti.* fiat.
- 610

## 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"  
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## 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 “minume gentium :  
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 subducet scio.

- Phae.* Dum rus eo, coepi egomet mecum inter vias,  
*IV.ii* ita ut fit, ubi quid in animost molestiae, 630  
aliam rem ex alia cogitare et ea omnia  
peiores in partem. quid opus verbis? dum haec  
puto,  
praeterii imprudens villam. longe iam abieram,  
quom sensi : redeo rursum, male vero me  
habens.  
ubi ad ipsum veni devorticulum, constiti :  
occepi mecum cogitare “hem, biduum hic  
manendumst soli sine illa? quid tum postea?  
nil est. quid? nil? si non tangendi copiast,  
echo 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?

- 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 ludificatust vir-  
ginem,  
vestem omnem miserae 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*.

*Pyth.* 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 benefico .
- 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  
audiui quidem.

## 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 conclussem neque illi commis-  
sem virginem.
- Phae.* Exi foras, scelestae. at etiam restitas,  
*IV.iv* fugitive? prodi, male conciliate.
- Dorus* obsecro.
- Phae.* oh,  
illud vide, os ut sibi distorsit carnufex ! 670  
quid huc tibi redditio? vestis quid mutatio?  
quid narras? paulum si cessassem, Pythias,  
domi non offendissem, ita iam adornarat fugam.
- 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

## 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.

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honesta 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 hodiest adulescentulus,  
quem tu videre vero velles, Phaedria.  
hic est vietus vetus veternosus senex,  
colore mustelino.

*Phae.* hem, quae haec est fabula?  
eo rediges me ut quid egerim egomet nesciam?  
echo tu, emin ego te? 690

*Dorus* emisti.

*Pyth.* iube mi denuo 91  
respondeat.

*Phae.* roga.

*Pyth.* venisti hodie ad nos? negat.

at ille alter venit annos natus sedecim,  
quem secum adduxit Parmeno. 93

*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* hoc edie.

*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? 700  
*Dorus* dicebat eum esse. is mi hanc dedit vestem. *Parmeno*
- 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 rursum: 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 rursum. possumne ego hodie ex te  
 exculpere  
 verum? vidistine fratrem Chaereum?
- 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 them-  
selves.  
*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, ludificabere.—

*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?

*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 ficeris.  
id modo dic, abisse Dorum.

*Pyth.* ita faciam.

*Dorias* sed videoen 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 facilit.

*Pyth.* Chremes.

*Chr.* quis est? ehem Pythias: vah, quanto nunc  
formonsior  
videre mihi quam dudum!

*Pyth.* certo tu quidem pol multo hilarior.

308

720

730

## 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 ? Thais 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? 733
- Pyth.* an abiit iam a milite?  
*Chr.* iam dudum, aetatem. lites factae sunt inter eos  
maxumae. .
- Pyth.* nil dixit, tu ut sequerere sese?  
*Chr.* nil, nisi abiens mi innuit.  
*Pyth.* echo, nonne id sat erat? // 734
- Chr.* at nescibam id dicere illam, nisi quia  
correxit miles, quod intellexi minus; nam me ex-  
trusit foras.  
sed eccam ipsam: miror ubi ego huic antevorterim.  
*Thais* Credo equidem illum iam adfuturum esse, ut illam 739  
IV.vi a me eripiat: sine veniat.  
atqui si illam digito attigerit uno, oculi ilico ecfo- 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.

750

*Thais*

at enim cāve, 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 ecfer 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? nemost 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 As You Were & Not Now.*

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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!* cape. ✓  
si vim faciet, in ius ducito hominem: intellextin?

*Chr.* probe. —

*Thais* fac animo haec praesenti dicas.

*Chr.* faciam. S. 565

*Thais* attolle pallium.  
perii, huic ipsist opus patrono, quem defensorem  
paro.

770

*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 hoc agmen cum vecte i, Donax;  
tu, Simalio, in sinistrum cornum; tu, Syrisce, in  
dexterum.

cedo alios : ubi centuriost Sanga et manipulus furum?

*Sanga* eccum adest.

## 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*)

S. SW

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*Thraso* quid, ignave? peniculon pugnare, qui istum hue  
portes, cogitas?

*Sanga* egon? imperatoris virtutem noveram et vim militum;  
sine sanguine hoc non posse fieri: qui abstergerem  
vulnera?

*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 occludendis  
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?

*Gnatho* di vostram fidem,  
quantist sapere! numquam accedo, quin abs te  
abeam doctior.

*Thraso* Thais, primum hoc mihi responde: quom tibi do  
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-  
duxti tuom // 79<sup>v</sup>

*Thais* quid cum illoc agas?

*Thraso* et cum eo te clam subduxi 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? 79<sup>f</sup>

scin tu ut tibi res se habeat? si quicquam hodie hic 800  
turbae cooperis,

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 tangam?

*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, scelestा, 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

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

virgo conscissa veste lacrumans opticet ;  
eunuchus abiit : quam ob rem aut quid factumst ?  
taces ?

820

*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 ?

*Pyth.* quid facerem ? ita ut tu iusti, soli creditas.

*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.* comprehend 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,  
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 miserrimus  
fui fugitando, ne quis me cognosceret.

840

V.ii

sed estne haec Thais quam video ? ipsast. haereo  
quid faciam. quid mea autem ? quid faciet mihi ?

850

*Thais*

adeamus. // bone vir Dore, salve : dic mihi,  
aufugistin ?

*Chaer.*

era, factum.

*Thais*

satine id tibi placet ?

*Chaer.* non.

*Thais* credin te inpune habiturum ?

*Chaer.*

unam hanc noxiain  
amitte : si aliam admisero umquam, occidito.  
num meam saevitiam veritus es ?

non.

*Thais*

quid igitur ?

*Chaer.*

hanc metui ne me criminaretur tibi.

*Thais*

quid feceras ?

*Chaer.*

paulum quiddam.

*Pyth.*

echo "paulum," inpudens ?  
an paulum hoc esse tibi videtur, virginem  
vitiare civem ?

*Chaer.*

conservam esse credidi.

*Pyth.*

conservam ? vix me contineo quin involem  
monstro in capillum : etiam ultro derisum advenit.

860

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 virginе 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 gratiam

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.

*Chaer.* 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 opperirier  
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 percupio.

*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?

328

## 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,  
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 virginī.  
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 exibo 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 difficultum  
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 in honestae solae sint domi atque avidae cibi,  
quo pacto ex iure hesterno panem atrum vorent,  
nosse omnia haec salutist adulescentulis.

940

*Pyth.* ego pol te pro istis factis et dictis, seclus,  
ulciscar, ut ne impune 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, audacissume ?  
perdidisti istum quem adduxti pro eunicho 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,  
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 : 95)  
quod ego numquam vidi fieri neque velim.

Par. qua audacia  
tantum facinus audet ?

Pyth. quid ita " tantum " ?

Par. an non hoc maxumumst ?

|| quis homo pro moecho umquam vedit 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 970  
siet.

*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 ipsus 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.

*Laches* quid?

*Par.* recte sane interrogasti: oportuit  
rem praenarrasse me. // emit quandam Phaedria q<sup>8</sup> }  
eunuchum quem dono huic daret.

*Laches* quoi?

*Par.* Thaidi.

*Laches* emit? perii hercle. quanti?

*Par.* viginti minis.

*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.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

*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 eunicho ad Thaidem hanc deductus est.

*Laches* pro eunuchon?

*Par.* sic est. hunc pro moecho postea  
comprendere intus et constrinxere. 991

*Laches* occidi.

*Par.* audaciam meretricum specta.

*Laches* num quid est  
aliud mali damnive quod non dixeris  
relicuom?

*Par.* tantumst.

*Laches* cesso hoc 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.* Yes, and now they've seized him as an adulterer and bound him.

*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?

me quaerit haec.

atque eccum video: adibo.

quid est, inepta? quid tibi est? quid rides? pergin?

perii:

defessa iam sum misera te ridendo.

quid ita?

rogitas?

numquam pol hominem stultiorem vidi nec videbo. ah,  
non possum satis narrare quos ludos praebueris intus. 1010  
at etiam primo callidum et disertum credidi  
hominem.

quid? ilicone 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? | 11

Par. hem, quod dixisti, pessuma, an mentita es? etiam  
rides?

itan lepidum tibi visumst, scelus, nos inridere?

nimum.

Pyth. siquidem istuc inpune habueris . . .!

verum?

Pyth. reddam hercle.

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 sorex 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 commitigari videam sandalio caput!

sed fores crepuerunt ab ea.

*Thraso* perii: quid hoc autemst mali?

hunc ego numquam videram etiam: quidnam hic 1030  
properans prosilit?

*Chær.* O populares, ecquis me hodie vivit fortunatior?

V.viii nemo hercle quisquam; nam in me plane di potest-  
tatem suam

omnem ostendere quoi tam subito tot congruerint  
commoda.

*Par.* quid hic laetus est?

// *Chær.* o Parmeno mi, o mearum voluptatum omnium  
inventor inceptor perfector, scis me in quibus sim  
gaudiis?

scis Pamphilam meam inventam civem?

*Par.* audivi.

*Chær.* scis sponsam mihi?

*Par.* bene, ita me di ament, factum.

// *Gnatho* audin tu, hic quid ait?

*Chær.* tum autem Phaedriae

// meo fratri gaudeo esse amorem omnem in tran-  
quillo: 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.* fratriis igitur Thais totast?

*Chae.* scilicet.

*Par.* iam hoc aliud est quod gaudeamus: miles pelletur  
foras.

*Chae.* 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.

*Chae.* quid commemorem primum aut laudem maxume?  
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

*Chae.* praesto adest.

*Phae.* gaudeo.

*Chae.* 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* perfice hoc  
precibus pretio, ut haereum in parte aliqua tandem  
apud Thaiderem.

## 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. //

*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, pray 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,  
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.

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 conspicor 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.

## 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.

*Chær.* 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 recipiendum censeo.

*Phae.* hem,  
recipiendum?

*Gnatho* cogita modo: tu hercle cum illa, Phaedria,  
ut lubenter vivis (etenim bene lubenter vicitas),  
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.

*Chae.* quid agimus?

*Gnatho* praeterea hoc etiam, quod ego vel primum puto,  
accipit homo nemo melius prorsus neque pro-  
lixius.

*Chae.* 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.

*Chae.* ac lubenter.

*Gnatho* at ego pro isto, Phaedria et tu Chaerea,  
hunc comedendum vobis propino et deridendum.

*Chae.* placet.

*Phae.* dignus est.

*Gnatho* Thraso, ubi vis accede.

*Thraso* obsecro te, quid agimus?

## THE EUNUCH

*Phae.* What is it?

*Gnatho* My view 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* dixin ego in hoc esse vobis Atticam elegantiam?

*Phae.* nil praeter promissum est. ite hac.

*Cantor* vos valete et plaudite'

## 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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