

PLAUTUS

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
PAUL NIXON

PROFESSOR OF LATIN, BOWDOIN COLLEGE, MAINE

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

II

CASINA
THE CASKET COMEDY
CURCULIO
EPIDICUS
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES



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

MCMXVII

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THE GREEK ORIGINALS AND DATES OF THE PLAYS IN THE SECOND VOLUME

THE *Casina* is an adaptation of the Κληρούμενοι of Diphilus.¹ There is no evidence as to when Diphilus produced this comedy. As in the cases of the *Curculio*, *Epidicus*, and *Menaechmi*, the date of Plautus's presentation of the *Casina* is unknown.

One of the fragments² of Menander is closely rendered in the *Cistellaria*³: the *Cistellaria*, therefore, may well be an adaptation of the play from which this fragment comes. The date of the Greek play cannot be determined, but the date of the adaptation is one of the few Plautine dates which are very definitely established. Auxilium's admonition "ut vobis victi Poeni poenas sufferant"⁴ shows that the *Cistellaria* was produced at the close of the second Punic war, 202 B.C.

The only hint as to the authorship of the original of the *Curculio* is Leaena's declaration that wine is her *telinum*. Pliny the Elder, speaking of *telinum*,⁵ says: "Hoc multo erat celeberrimum Menandri poetae comici aetate." We may choose to imagine that he found the word τήλινον in Menander and that the *Curculio*, the only play in which the word

¹ *Cas.* Prol. 31-32.

² Menander, 558.

³ *Cist.* 89-93.

⁴ *Cist.* 202.

⁵ Pliny, *N.H.* xiii. 13.

THE GREEK ORIGINALS AND DATES OF

telinum is used, is an adaptation of a comedy of Menander's. The date of the Greek original depends upon the date of the siege of Sicyon¹ referred to by *Curculio* and upon the date of the campaigns² in which Therapontigonus is said to have participated. There was a siege of Sicyon in 313 B.C. and during the years 316-312 there were eastern campaigns which make many of the tales of the Captain's battles sound geographically plausible. The original of the *Curculio*, therefore, may very well date from the period shortly after the establishment of peace between Antigonus, Seleucus, Ptolemy, and Cassander (311 B.C.) when soldiers of fortune were returning from the east laden with booty and braggadocio.

The original of the *Epidicus* is unknown, but the date of that original may be reasonably well established by the fact that the plot hinges on an Athenian campaign against Thebes, seemingly that of 293 or of 290 B.C. The Greek play was probably produced, then, in 292 or 289 B.C.

Athenaeus³ states that only in the comedies of Poseidippus does one find slave cooks. *Cylindrus*, in the *Menaechmi*, is a slave cook. Furthermore, we know that Poseidippus wrote a play called *Ὀμοιοί*. These facts are our sole data as to the authorship of the original of the *Menaechmi*. As to the date of the Greek play, the chief clue is Erotium's list of

¹ *Curc.* 394-395.

² *Curc.* 442 seq.

³ Athenaeus, xiv. 658.

SOME ANNOTATED EDITIONS OF PLAYS
IN THE SECOND VOLUME

Epidicus, Gray ; Cambridge, University Press, 1893.

Menaechmi, Brix ; 5th edition, revised by Niemeyer ; Leipzig, Teubner, (1866) 1912.

Menaechmi, Fowler ; Boston, Sanborn, 1890.

Menaechmi, Wagner ; Cambridge, Deighton, Bell & Co. ; London, G. Bell & Sons, 1878.

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CASINA.

VOL. II.

B

ARGVMENTVM

Conservam uxorem duo conservi expetunt.
Alium senex allegat, alium filius.
Senem adiuvat sors, verum decipitur dolis.
Ita ei subicitur pro puella servolus
Nequam, qui dominum mulcat atque vilicum.
Adolescens ducit civem Casinam cognitam.

PERSONAE

OLYMPPIO	}	SERVI
CHALINVS		
CLEOSTRATA		MATRONA
PARDALISCA		ANCILLA
MYRRHINA		MATRONA
LYSIDAMVS	}	SENES
ALCESIMVS		
COCVS		

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

Two slaves are bent on marrying a slave girl in the same family as themselves. One is egged on by his old master, the other by his master's son. An appeal to the lots favours the old man, but he is tricked out of his triumph. He has palmed off upon him, in place of the girl, a graceless rogue of a slave who gives the head of the household a drubbing, and his bailiff, too. Casina proves to be a freeborn Athenian and becomes the young man's wife.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

OLYMPIO, *a slave, bailiff of Lysidamus.*

CHALINUS, *slave of Lysidamus, orderly to his son.*

CLEOSTRATA, *wife of Lysidamus.*

PARDALISCA, *her maid.*

MYRRHINA, *wife of Alcesimus.*

LYSIDAMUS, *an old gentleman of Athens.*

ALCESIMUS, *his friend.*

A COOK.

PROLOGVS

Salvere iubeo spectatores optumos,
fidem qui facitis maxumi, et vos Fides.
si verum dixi, signum clarum date mihi,
ut vos mi esse aequos iam inde a principio sciam.

Qui utuntur vino vetere sapientis puto
et qui libenter veteres spectant fabulas ;
atque antiqua opera et verba cum vobis placent,
aequom est placere ante alias veteres fabulas ;
nam nunc novae quae prodeunt comoediae
multo sunt nequiores quam nummi novi.

10

Nos postquam populi rumore intelleximus
studiose expetere vos Plautinas fabulas,
antiquam eius edimus comoediam,
quam vos probastis qui estis in senioribus.
nam iuniorum qui sunt non norunt, scio ;
verum ut cognoscant dabimus operam sedulo.
haec cum primum acta est, vicit omnis fabulas.
ea tempestate flos poetarum fuit,
qui nunc abierunt hinc in communem locum.
sed tamen absentes prosunt pro praesentibus.

20

Vos omnes opere magno esse oratos volo,
benigne ut operam detis ad nostrum gregem.
eicite ex animo curam atque alienum aes,¹
ne quis formidet flagitatorem suum.
ludi sunt, ludus datus est argentariis ;

¹ Leo notes a lacuna of two syllables here : *ex animo curam atque alienum aes eicite* Schoell.

Scene :—Athens. A street, in which are the houses of Lysidamus and Alcesimus.

PROLOGUE

Greetings, ye worthiest of spectators, who hold good faith in the highest honour, and, Good Faith, you. If I have told the truth, give me a clear sign of it, so that I may know from the very outset that you are fair-minded toward me. (*wails hopefully for applause*)

Those be wise men, in my opinion, who take old wine and those who love to see old plays. Yes, liking as you do the works and words of ancient days, you should like old plays better than all others; for, really, the new comedies that are produced nowadays are much more worthless than our new coins.

We actors, having learned from popular rumour that it is the plays of Plautus you keenly desire, present an ancient comedy of his which has already been approved by you older men. To the younger, I am sure, it is unfamiliar; but it shall be our earnest endeavour to make them familiar with it. This play, when it was first presented, surpassed all others. In that era lived the garland of poets who have now departed to the common bourne. Yet absent though they be, they profit us as though present.

Now let me earnestly entreat you all to accord our company your kind attention. Away with care and thought of debts; let no man dread a dun! The games are on; a game is on (*chuckling*)

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

tranquillum est, Alcedonia sunt circum forum.
ratione utuntur, ludis poscunt neminem,
secundum ludos reddunt autem nemini.
aures vocivae si sunt, animum advortite ;
comoediai nomen dare vobis volo.

30

Clerumenoe vocatur haec comoedia
graece, latine Sortientes. Deiphilus
hanc graece scripsit, post id rursum denuo
latine Plautus cum latranti nomine.

Senex hic maritus habitat ; ei est filius,
is una cum patre in illisce habitat aedibus.
est ei quidam servos, qui in morbo cubat,
immo hercle vero in lecto, ne quid mentiar ;
is servos, sed abhinc annos factum est sedecim,
quom conspicatust primulo crepusculo
puellam exponi. adit extemplo ad mulierem
quae illam exponebat, orat ut eam det sibi ;
exorat, aufert. detulit recta domum,
dat erae suae, orat ut eam curet, educet.
era fecit, educavit magna industria,
quasi si esset ex se nata, non multo secus.

40

Postquam ea adolevit ad eam aetatem, ut viris
placere posset, eam puellam hic senex
amat efflictim, et item contra filius.
nunc sibi uterque contra legiones parat,
paterque filiusque, clam alter alterum.

50

CASINA

for the bankers, too ; all is tranquil, the forum sunk in halcyon repose. The bankers are calculating fellows—when they press a man it is no (*chuckling again*) game ; after the games, however, they repay no man. If your ears be empty, turn your attention hither ; I wish to give you the name of our comedy. Its Greek title is CLERUMENOE, in Latin, SORTIENTES. Diphilus wrote the play in Greek, and later Plautus, he of the barking¹ name, gave us a fresh version of it in Latin.

An old gentleman, married, lives here ; he has a son, and this son lives in that house there (*pointing to Lysidamus's house*), together with his father. The old gentleman has a certain slave, who is lying in sickness—no, no, heavens, no ! lying in bed, to be quite precise. This slave—it was sixteen years ago, though, when just at break of day he caught sight of a baby girl being abandoned. Up he goes at once to the woman who was abandoning the child and begs her to let him have it ; he prevails upon her and takes it off. He carried it straight home, gave it to his mistress, and begged her to care for it, to bring it up. She did so, brought it up with great pains, pretty much the same as if it were her own daughter.

After this foundling had arrived at such an age as to make her attractive to men, the old man here (*pointing to Lysidamus's house*) fell madly in love with her, and, on the other hand, so did his son.* And now the pair of them, father and son, are mustering their opposing legions, each without

¹ According to Paulus, dogs with broad flapping ears

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

pater adlegavit vilicum, qui posceret
 sibi istanc uxorem ; is sperat, si ei sit data,
 sibi fore paratas clam uxorem excubias foris.
 filius is autem armigerum adlegavit suum,
 qui sibi eam uxorem poscat ; scit, si id impetret,
 futurum quod amat intra praesepis suas.
 senis uxor sensit virum amoris operam dare,
 propterea una consentit cum filio.
 ille autem postquam filium sensit suum
 eandem illam amare et esse impedimento sibi,
 hinc adulescentem peregre ablegavit pater ;
 sciens ei mater dat operam absenti tamen.
 is, ne expectetis, hodie in hac comoedia
 in urbem non redibit. Plautus noluit,
 pontem interruptit, qui erat ei in itinere.

60

Sunt hic, inter se quos nunc credo dicere :
 “quaeso hercle, quid istuc est ? serviles nuptiae ?
 servin uxorem ducent aut poscent sibi ?
 novom attulerunt, quod fit nusquam gentium.”
 at ego aio id fieri in Graecia et Carthagini,
 et hic in nostra terra ¹ in Apulia ;
 maioreque opere ibi serviles nuptiae
 quam liberales etiam curari solent.
 id ni fit, mecum pignus si quis volt dato
 in urnam mulsi, Poenus dum iudex siet
 vel Graecus adeo, vel mea causa Apulus.
 quid nunc ? nihil agitis ? sentio, nemo sitit..

70

Revortar ad illam puellam expositiciam :
 quam servi summa vi sibi uxorem expetunt

8

¹ Corrupt (Leo) : *in terra Apulia* Lir

CASINA

the other's knowledge. The father has commissioned his bailiff to ask the girl in marriage; he hopes that if the bailiff does get her, he himself will have waiting for him, unbeknown to his wife, a night watchman's berth away from home. The son, for his part, has commissioned his orderly to ask her in marriage; he knows that if the orderly should obtain her, he himself will have the object of his affections inside his own stall. The old man's spouse has discovered that her husband is engaged in a love affair, and therefore espouses her son's cause. The father, however, discovering his son to be in love with that same girl and in his way, has sent the young fellow abroad; but absent though he is, he still has the support of his canny mother. He will not return to the city to-day—do not expect him—during the course of this comedy. Plautus would not have it so—he broke down a bridge that lay on the youth's route.

There are some here who, I suppose, are now saying to each other: "What is all this, for the love of heaven? A slave wedding? Slaves to take wives or propose marriage? Something new, this—something that happens nowhere on earth!" But I say it does happen in Greece and at Carthage, and here in our own country in Apulia; it is the regular thing there to make more of slaves' weddings than even of citizens'. If this is not so, let someone bet me a bowl of wine and honey if he likes—provided the referee be a Carthaginian, yes, or a Greek, or an Apulian, for all I care. (*pauses*) Well now? No takers? I understand: no one is thirsty.

To return to that foundlingess: this girl whom the slaves are making every effort to marry will

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ea invenietur et pudica et libera,
ingenua Atheniensis, neque quicquam stupri
faciet profecto in hac quidem comoedia.
mox hercle vero, post transactam fabulam,
argentum si quis dederit, ut ego suspicor,
ultra ibit nuptum, non manebit auspices.

Tantum est. valete, bene rem gerite et vincite
virtute vera, quod fecistis antidhac.

CASINA

prove to be both chaste and freeborn, the daughter of an Athenian citizen, and not a bit of immodesty will she be guilty of—I mean, of course, not in this comedy. But later, though, after the play is done, good Lord! let someone give her money, and I have a suspicion she will plunge into matrimony without waiting for witnesses. (*about to go*)

Enough. Fare ye well, and prosper and win the victory, through very valour, as heretofore.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ACTVS I

Ol. Non mihi licere meam rem me solum, ut volo,
loqui atque cogitare, sine ted arbitro? 90
quid tu, malum, me sequere?

Chal. Quia certum est mihi,
quasi umbra, quoquo tu ibis, te semper sequi;
quin edepol etiam si in crucem vis pergere,
sequi decretumst. dehinc conicito ceterum,
possisne necne clam me sutelis tuis
praeripere Casinam uxorem, proinde ut postulas.

Ol. Quid tibi negotist mecum?

Chal. Quid ais, impudens?
quid in urbe reptas, vilice haud magni preti?

Ol. Lubet.

Chal. Quin ruri es in praefectura tua?
quin potius quod legatum est tibi negotium, 100
id curas atque urbanis rebus te apstines?
huc mihi venisti sponsam praereptum meam.
abi rus, abi diirectus tuam in provinciam.

Ol. Chaline, non sum oblitus officium meum;
praefeci ruri recte qui curet tamen.

CASINA

ACT I

ENTER *Olympio* FROM *Lysidamus's* HOUSE, FOLLOWED
BY *Chalinus*.

(*striding angrily back and forth, Chalinus always at his heels*) Can't I be allowed to talk and think over my own affairs by myself, as I want, without you spying on me? What the devil are you following me for?

Chal. (*cheerfully*) Because I have made up my mind to follow you, follow you always, the same as your shadow, wherever you go. Why, by Jove, even if you want to go on to the gallows-tree, I'm resolved to follow you! So you figure it out for yourself, then, whether or not you can play your sly tricks on me and capture Casina as your wife, as you count on doing.

Ol. What business have you got with me?

Chal. (*growing warm*) What's that, you cheeky rascal? And what are you slinking around in the city for, you trumpery bailiff?

Ol. (*coolly*) Because I choose to.

Chal. (*losing control of himself*) Why aren't you at the farm, in your own dominion? Why don't you choose to tend to the business you're in charge of and leave city concerns alone? You've come here to make off with my bride-to-be. Back to the farm, back to your own province, and be damned to you!

Ol. (*now master of the situation*) I have not forgotten my duties, Chalinus; I left a manager at the farm who will attend to its affairs properly, despite my

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ego huc quod veni in urbem si impetravero,
uxorem ut istam ducam, quam tu deperis,
bellam et tenellam Casinam, conservam tuam,
quando ego eam mecum rus uxorem abduxero,
ruri incubabo usque in praefectura mea.

110

Chal. Tun illam ducas? hercle me suspendio,
quam tu eius potior fias, satiust mortuom.

Ol. Mea praedast illa; proin tu te in laqueum induas.

Chal. Ex sterculino effosse, tua illaec praeda sit?

Ol. Scies hoc ita esse.

Chal. Vae tibi.

Ol. Quot te modis,
si vivo, habebo in nuptiis miserum meis.

Chal. Quid tu mihi facies?

Ol. Egone quid faciam tibi?
primum omnium huic lucebis novae nuptae facem;
postilla, ut semper, improbus nihilique eris;
post id locorum quando ad villam veneris,
dabitur tibi amphora una et una semita,
fons unus, unum ahenum et octo dolia:
quae nisi erunt semper plena, ego te implebo flagris,
ita te aggerunda curvom aqua faciam probe,
ut postilena possit ex te fieri.

120

post autem ervi nisi tu acervom ederis
aut quasi lumbricus terram, quod te postules
gustare quicquam, numquam edepol ieiunium
ieiunumst aequae atque ego te ruri reddibo.

post id, quom lassus fueris et famelicus,
noctu ut condigne te cubes curabitur.

130

CASINA

absence. As for me, once I get what I came here to the city for and marry that girl you dote on—(*fondly*) that sweet soft little Casina that works here with you—when I've taken her off to the farm with me as my wife, I'll stick like a sitting hen to that farm, (*grinning maliciously*) in my own dominion.

Chal. You marry her—you? Good Lord! I'd rather hang myself than let you get her!

Ol. She's my prize, mine; you might as well fit the noose to your neck, my man.

Chal. You—dug from the dung heap! She's your prize, is she?

Ol. So you will see.

Chal. Curse you!

Ol. (*chuckling*) Oh, the ways I'll torment you—as sure as I'm alive—at my wedding!

Chal. You? What'll you do to me?

Ol. What'll I do to you? First of all, I'll make you torch-bearer to this bride of mine. After that you'll be the same worthless good-for-nothing as always; and subsequently when you come to the villa you shall be provided with just one pitcher and one path, one spring, one kettle, and—eight big casks: and unless those casks are always full, I'll give you your fill—of welts. I'll make you carry water till you have such a beautiful crook in your back that they can use you for a horse's crupper. Yes, and furthermore, when it comes to your wanting a bit of food, you shall either feed on the fodder-stack, or on dirt like a worm, or, by the Lord, I'll starve you thinner than Starvation's self at that farm! And then at night, when you're all fagged out and famishing, we'll see you're supplied with the sleeping quarters you deserve.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Chal. Quid facies ?

Ol. Concludere in fenestram firmiter,
unde auscultare possis quom ego illam ausculer.
quom mi illa dicet "mi animule, mi Olympio,
mea vita, mea mellilla, mea festivitas,
sine tuos ocellos deosculer, voluptas mea,
sine amabo ted amari, meus festus dies,
meus pullus passer, mea columba, mi lepus,"
quom mi haec dicentur dicta, tum tu, furcifer,
quasi mus, in medio pariete versaberis.
nunc ne tu te mihi respondere postules,
abeo intro. taedet tui sermonis.

140

Chal. Te sequor.
hic quidem pol certo nil ages sine meo arbitro.

ACTVS II

Cleost. Obsignate cellas, referte anulum ad me.
ego huc transeo in proximum ad meam vicinam.
vir si quid volet me, facite hinc accersatis.

Par. Prandium iusserat
senex sibi parari.

Cleost. St, tace atque abi; neque paro
neque hodie coquetur,
quando is mi et filio
advorsatur suo

animi amorisque causa sui,
flagitium illud hominis. ego illum fame, ego illum
siti,
maledictis, malefactis amatorem ulciscar,

150

CASINA

Chal. What'll you do?

Ol. You shall be fastened tight in the window-frame where you can listen while I'm kissing my Casina. And when she says to me: (*in languishing accents*) "Oh you little darling, Olympio dearie, my life, my little honey boy, joy of my soul, let me kiss and kiss those sweet eyes of yours, precious! Do, do let me love you, my day of delight, my little sparrow, my dove, my rabbit!"—when she is saying these soft things to me, then you'll wriggle, you hangdog, you, wriggle like a mouse, in the middle of the wall there. (*turning away*) Now you needn't reckon on making any reply; I'm going inside. I'm sick of talking with you.

Chal. I'll follow you. By Jupiter, you shan't do anything here, anyway, that's sure, without my spying you!

[EXEUNT INTO HOUSE.]

ACT II

ENTER *Cleostrata* AND *Pardalisca* FROM HOUSE.

Cleost. (*to servants within*) Seal up the pantries, and bring me back the ring.¹ I am going over here next door to my neighbour's. If my husband wants me for anything, you are to come over here for me.

Par. Master said to have lunch ready for him, ma'am.

Cleost. (*sharply*) Hush! Hold your tongue and go away.

[EXIT *Pardalisca* INTO HOUSE.]

I will not get things ready, and not a thing shall be cooked this day, either, seeing he sets himself against me and his own son to gratify his own amorous appetite, the scandal of a man! I'll punish him, the gallant,—with hunger, thirst,

¹ With which they have sealed the pantry.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ego pol illum probe incommotis dictis angam, 153-155
 faciam uti proinde ut est dignus vitam colat,
 Acheruntis pabulum,
 flagiti persequentem,¹
 stabulum nequitiae.

nunc huc meas fortunas eo questum ad vicinam. 160
 sed foris concrepuit, atque eapsc eccam egreditur
 foras.

non pol per tempus
 iter huc mi incepi.

II. 2.

Myrr. Sequimini, comites, in proximum me huc. heus vos,
 ecquis haec quae loquor audit? 163-165
 ego hic ero, vir si aut quispiam quaeret.
 nam ubi domi sola sum, sopor manus calvitur.
 iussin eolum ferri mihi?

Cleost. Myrrhina, salve. 168-170

Myrr. Salve mecastor. sed quid tu es
 tristis, amabo?

Cleost. Ita solent omnes
 quae sunt male nuptae; 172-175
 domi et foris aegre quod siet, satis semper est.
 nam ego ibam ad te.

Myrr. Et pol
 ego istuc ad te.
 sed quid est quod tuo nunc animo aegrest?
 nam quod tibi est aegre,
 idem mi est dividiae. 179, 180

Cleost. Credo ecastor, nam vicinam neminem amo merito
 magis quam te
 nec² qua in plura sint mihi quae ego velim.

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *persequentem (viam)* Schoell.

² Corrupt (Leo): *nec qua in plura sunt
 mihi quae ego velim* Lindsay.

CASINA

hard words, hard treatment,—oh, I'll punish him! Good gracious, won't I make him writhe with the tongue-lashing I give him! I'll see he leads the life he deserves, the old carrion, the debauchee, the sink of iniquity! I'll go over here to my neighbour's this minute and tell her how unhappy I am. (*listens*) Ah! her door creaked! Yes, and there she is herself coming out. Dear, dear! I've set out on my visit here at a bad time. (*steps back into her doorway*)

Scene 2. ENTER *Myrrhina* FROM HER HOUSE.

Myrr. (*to maids within*) Come, girls, come over next door here with me. (*irritably, as no one appears*) Now, now, you! Is anybody listening to what I say? [ENTER MAIDS HURRIEDLY INTO DOORWAY] I shall be here (*pointing to Cleostrata's house*) if my husband or anyone asks for me. For when I'm at home alone I get so drowsy my work drops out of my hands. Didn't I tell you to bring me my distaff?

[EXEUNT MAIDS.]

Cleost. (*stepping up*) Good morning, *Myrrhina*.

Myrr. Oh! Good morning. (*scanning her face*) But do tell me, what makes you so doleful?

Cleost. (*with a sigh*) It's the normal state of all women who are unhappily married; indoors and out there's always enough to trouble them. Why, I was just going over to your house.

Myrr. Well, well, and I over there to yours. But what is it makes you feel troubled now? For anything that troubles you hurts me, too.

Cleost. (*embracing her*) Ah yes, I do believe it does! For there's not a neighbour I love more than you—and with good reason—or one I can take more comfort in.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Myrr.* Amo te, atque istuc expeto scire quid sit. 183-185
- Cleost.* Pessumis me modis despiciatur domi.
- Myrr.* Hem, quid est? dic idem—nam pol hau satis meo
corde accepi querellas tuas—opsecro.
- Cleost.* Vir me habet pessumis despiciatam modis,
nec mihi ius meum optinendi optio est. 190
- Myrr.* Mira sunt, vera si praedicas, nam viri
ius suum ad mulieres optinere haud queunt.
- Cleost.* Quin mihi ancillulam ingratiis postulat,
quae mea est, quae meo educta sumptu siet,
vilico suo se dare,
sed ipse eam amat.
- Myrr.* Obsecro
tace.
- Cleost.* Nam hic nunc licet dicere;
nos sumus.
- Myrr.* Ita est. unde ea tibi est?
nam peculi probam nil habere addecet
clam virum, et quae habet, partum ei haud
commode est, 200
quin viro aut subtrahat aut stupro invenerit.
hoc viri censeo esse omne, quidquid tuum est.
- Cleost.* Tu quidem advorsum tuam amicam omnia loqueris.
- Myrr.* Tace sis, stulta, et mi ausculta.
noli sis tu illi advorsari, 204, 205
sine amet, sine quod libet id faciat, quando tibi nil
domi delictum est.
- Cleost.* Satin sana es? nam tu quidem advorsum tuam
istaec rem loquere.

CASINA

Myrr. And I do love you ; yes, and I'm so anxious to know what the matter is.

Cleost. It's perfectly outrageous the way I'm flouted at home !

Myrr. My, my ! What's that ? Do say that again, please, for really I haven't got it clear in my head what you're complaining about.

Cleost. My husband—it's perfectly outrageous the way he has been flouting me, and as for getting my rights, I have no chance !

Myrr. (*smiling*) That's strange, if you're telling the truth, for generally the men can't get their rights from the women.

Cleost. But look, I have a little maid of my own, one I brought up at my own expense, and here he is trying to marry her, against my will, to his bailiff—the fact being that he is in love with her himself.

Myrr. (*nervous*) Hush, hush, for mercy's sake !

Cleost. Oh, I can say what I please here now ; we're alone.

Myrr. (*looking about*) So we are. (*severely*) Where did you get this maid ? For a modest wife oughtn't to have any private property unbeknown to her husband, and a wife that does hasn't come by it properly—without robbing him or wronging him, one or the other. In my opinion all that's yours is your husband's.

Cleost. (*offended*) There you are, speaking against your friend in every word you say !

Myrr. Do please keep still, silly, and listen to me ! Now please don't set yourself against your husband—let him have his love affairs, let him do what suits him, so long as you lack for nothing at home.

Cleost. Really, are you in your senses ? Why, there you are, speaking against your own interests !

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Myrr. Insipiens, 207-210
semper tu huic verbo vitato abs tuo viro.

Cleost. Cui verbo?
Myrr. Ei foras, mulier.

Cleost. St, tace,
Myrr. Quid est?
Cleost. Em.
Myrr. Quis est, quem vides?
Cleost. Vir
eccum it; intro abi, adpropera, age amabo.

Myrr. Impetras, abeo.
Cleost. Mox magis cum otium mi et tibi erit, igitur 214, 215
tecum loquar. nunc vale.

Myrr. Valeas.

II. 3.

Lys. Omnibus rebus ego amorem credo et nitoribus
nitidis antevenire,
nec potis quicquam commemorari quod plus salis
plusque leporis hodie
habeat; cocos equidem nimis demiror, tot qui
utuntur condimentis,
eos eo condimento uno non utier, omnibus quod
praestat. 220
nam ubi amor condimentum inerit, cuivis placi-
turam escam credo;
neque salsum neque suave esse potest quicquam,
ubi amor non admiscetur:
fel quod amarumst, id mel faciet, hominem ex
tristi lepidum et lenem.
hanc ego de me coniecturam domi facio magis
quam ex auditis;
qui quom amo Casinam, magis niteo, munditiis
munditiam antideo.

CASINA

Myrr. (*sagely*) Stupid ! There's one thing you should always beware of your husband's saying to you.

Cleost. What ?

Myrr. "Woman, leave my house."¹

Cleost. (*looking down the street*) Sh-h ! Keep still !

Myrr. What's the matter ?

Cleost. (*pointing*) There !

Myrr. Who is it you see ?

Cleost. Look ! My husband's coming ! Go inside, hurry !
(*bustling her off*) Now, now, there's a dear !

Myrr. (*stopping in her doorway*) Yes, yes, I'm going.

Cleost. (*hurriedly*) Later on when we're both more at leisure I want a talk with you. For the present, good-bye !

Myrr. Good-bye.

[EXIT *Myrrhina* ; *Cleostrata* WITHDRAWS INTO HER
DOORWAY.]

•Scene 3. ENTER *Lysidamus*, VERY BLITHE.

Lys. Ah, yes, yes, there's nothing in the world like love, no bloom like its bloom ; not a thing can you mention that has more flavour and more savour. Upon my soul, it's most surprising that cooks, with all their use of spices, don't use this one spice that excels them all. Why, when you spice a dish with love it'll tickle every palate, I do believe. Not a thing can be either salt or sweet without a dash of love : it will turn gall, bitter though it be, to honey—an old curmudgeon to a (*self-consciously*) pleasing and polished gentleman. It is more from my own case than from hearsay I draw this conclusion. Now that I'm in love with Casina, how I have bloomed out ! I'm more natty than nattiness itself. I keep all the perfumers on

¹ The first step in divorce.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

myropolas omnes sollicito, ubicumque est lepidum
 unguentum, unguor,
 ut illi placeam; et placeo, ut videor. sed uxor
 me excruciat, quia vivit.
 tristem astare aspicio. blande haec mihi mala res
 appellanda est.

uxor mea meaque amoenitas, quid tu agis?

Cleost.

Abi atque abstine manum.

Lys.

Heia, mea Iuno, non decet esse te tam tristem
 tuo Iovi.

230

quo nunc abis?

Cleost.

Mitte me.

Lys.

Mane.

Cleost.

Non maneo.

Lys.

At pol ego te sequar.

Cleost.

Obsecro, sanum est?

Lys.

Sanus quom ted amo.

Cleost.

Nolo ames.

Lys.

Non potes impetrare.

Cleost.

Enecas.

Lys.

Vera dicas velim.

Cleost.

Credo ego istuc tibi.

Lys.

Respice, o mi lepos.

Cleost.

Nempe ita ut tu mihi es.

unde hic, amabo, unguenta olent?

Lys.

Oh perii, manifesto miser

teneor. cesso caput

pallio detergere?

ut te bonus Mercurius perdat, myropola, quia haec
 mihi dedisti.

CASINA

the jump ; wherever there's a nice scent to be had, I get scented, so as to please her. (*preening himself*) And it seems to me I do please her. (*pauses*) But my wife does torment me by—living ! (*glancing toward his house*) I see her, standing there with a sour look. Well, I must greet this bad bargain of mine with some smooth talk. (*hurries up to Cleostrata and embraces her fondly*) And how goes it with my dear and my delight ?

Cleost. (*snappishly, as she tries to free herself*) Get away, and keep your arm away !

Lys. (*playfully*) Oh, now, now, Juno mine, it's not nice for you to be so cross with your Jove ! Whither away now ?

Cleost. Let me go ! (*escapes*)

Lys. Wait !

Cleost. I won't wait !

Lys. Gad, then, I'll follow you ! (*catches her again*)

Cleost. For mercy's sake, is the man sane ?

Lys. (*leering*) Sane I am, in loving you.

Cleost. I don't want your love.

Lys. You can't help having it. (*kisses her despite her struggles*)

Cleost. You'll be the death of me !

Lys. (*in low tone*) Would you were telling the truth !

Cleost. (*overhearing*) I believe you in that ! (*escapes again*)

Lys. (*plaintively*) Do give me one look, my sweet !

Cleost. (*stopping*) Your sweet ? Yes, in the way you are mine ! (*sniffing*) Where does this smell of perfumery come from, my dear sir ?

Lys. (*aside*) Oh, my Lord ! Caught in the act ! Dear, dear ! I must hurry and wipe it off my head with my cloak. (*tries to do so furtively*) Oh, good Mercury ¹ curse you, perfumer, for giving me the stuff !

¹ The god of trade.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Cleost.* Eho tu nihili, cana culex, vix teneor quin quae
decent te dicam,
senecta aetate unguentatus per vias, ignave,
incedis? 240
- Lys.* Pol ego amico dedi cuidam operam, dum emit
unguenta.
- Cleost.* Vt cito commentust.
ecquid te pudet?
- Lys.* Omnia quae tu vis.
- Cleost.* Vbi in lustra iacuisti?
- Lys.* Egone in lustra?
- Cleost.* Scio plus quam tu me arbitrare.
- Lys.* Quid id est? quid scis?
- Cleost.* Te sene omnium¹ senem neminem esse ignavi-
orem.
unde is, nihili? ubi fuisti? ubi lustratu's? ubi
bibisti?
mades mecastor. vide, palliolum ut rugat.
- Lys.* Di me et te infelicient,
si ego in os meum hodie vini guttam indidi.
- Cleost.* Immo age, ut lubet,
bibe, es, desperde rem.
- Lys.* Ohe, iam satis, uxor, com-
prime te, nimium tinnis, 248-250
relinque aliquantum orationis, cras quod mecum
litiges.
sed quid ais? iam domuisti animum, potius ut
quod vir velit
fieri, id facias, quam adversere contra?
- Cleost.* Qua de re?
- Lys.* Rogas?
super ancilla Casina, ut detur nuptum nostro vilico,

¹ Corrupt (Leo) : sen(um equid)em Leo.

CASINA

Cleost. Oh-h-h, you good-for-nothing, you hoary headed gnat! It's all I can do to keep from telling you some home truths! A creature of your time of life promenading the streets all perfumed, you useless thing!

Lys. (*hastily*) I swear I was only accompanying a friend, a certain friend of mine, while he bought some perfumery.

Cleost. (*with mock admiration*) What a ready romancer he is! (*savagely*) Are you ashamed of nothing?

Lys. (*humbly*) Of everything you wish.

Cleost. What vile resort have you been lolling in?

Lys. I in a vile resort—I?

Cleost. (*meaningly*) I know more than you think I do.

Lys. (*worried*) What's that? What do you know?

Cleost. That of all old men on earth there's none more useless than your useless self. Where are you coming from, good-for-nothing? Where have you been? Where have you been wallowing? Where have you been drinking? Good gracious! you're drunk! Look there—the wrinkles in that cloak of yours!

Lys. Heaven confound me—(*aside*) and you, too—if I've put a drop of wine in my mouth to-day!

Cleost. Never mind, go on, do as you please—drink, eat, consume your substance!

Lys. (*gaining courage*) Oh, I say, my dear, that's enough now! Get yourself in hand! You're rattling on too far. Save some of your speech-making for your quarrel with me to-morrow. (*pauses*) But see here; have you got your temper enough under control now to do what your husband wants, instead of opposing him?

Cleost. (*icily*) In regard to what?

Lys. You ask? In regard to the maid, Casina. Is she

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

servo frugi atque ubi illi bene sit ligno, aqua
calida, cibo,
vestimentis, ubique educat pueros quos pariat¹
potius
quam illi servo nequam des, armigero nili atque
improbo,
cui homini hodie peculi nummus non est plumbeus

Cleost. Mirum ecastor, te senecta actate officium tuum
non meminisse.

Lys. Quid iam?

Cleost. Quia, si facias recte aut
commode,

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me sinas curare ancillas, quae mea est curatio.

Lys. Qui, malum, homini scutigerulo dare lubet?

Cleost. Quia enim filio
nos oportet opitulari unico.

Lys. At quamquam unicust,
nihilo magis ille unicust mihi filius quam ego illi
pater:

illum mi aequiust quam me illi quae volo concedere.

Cleost. Tu ecastor tibi, homo, malam rem quaeris.

Lys. Subolet, sentio.
egone?

Cleost. Tu. nam quid friguttis? quid istuc tam
cupide cupis?

Lys. Vt enim frugi servo detur potius quam servo
improbo.

Cleost. Quid si ego impetro atque exoro a vilico, causa mea
ut eam illi permittat?

Lys. Quid si ego autem ab armigero impetro,
ut eam illi permittat? atque hoc credo impetrassere.

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Cleost. Convenit. vin tuis Chalinum huc evocem verbis
foras?

tu eum orato, ego autem orabo vilicum.

¹ Corrupt (Leo) : *pariat (sibi)* Schoell.

CASINA

to be married to our bailiff—a worthy servant!—yes, and live where she'll be well off for wood, warm water, food, clothes, and where she can bring up her youngsters, instead of your giving her to that worthless slave, that good-for-nothing rascal of an orderly that hasn't saved up as much as a lead shilling?

Mos. Goodness me, sir, it is odd you should forget your place at your time of life!

Lys. Eh? How's that?

Cleost. Well, if you acted rightly or reasonably, you would let me take care of the maids myself—they are my proper care.

Lys. But, dash it! how can you want to give her to that shield-porter fellow?

Cleost. Why, because both of us ought to assist our son, our only son.

Lys. Well, no matter if he is our only son, he's no more my only son than I am his only father. It's more fitting he should yield to my wishes than I to his.

Cleost. Oho, my dear sir! You are looking for something bad!

Lys. (*aside*) She smells a rat, I see that. (*aloud, nervously*) I?

Cleost. You. Now, why are you stammering? Why are you so awfully anxious for this match?

Lys. (*guilelessly*) Why, so that a worthy servant may get the girl, rather than a rascally one.

Cleost. What if I prevail upon the bailiff and persuade him to oblige me by giving her up to the orderly?

Lys. But what if I prevail upon the orderly to give her up to the bailiff? Yes, and I believe I can.

Cleost. Very well. Do you wish me to call Chalinus out here for you? You plead with him, while I plead with the bailiff.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys.

Sane volo.

Cleost.

Iam hic erit. . nunc experiemur, nostrum uter sit
blandior.

Lys.

Hercules dique istam perdant, quod nunc liceat
dicere.

ego discrucior miser amore, illa autem quasi ob
industriam

mi advorsatur. subolet hoc iam uxori quod ego
machinor;

propter eam rem magis armigero dat operam de
industria.

II. 4.

qui illum di omnes deaeque perdant.

Chal.

Te uxor aiebat tua

me vocare.

Lys.

Ego enim vocari iussi.

Chal.

Eloquere quid velis. 280

Lys.

Primum ego te porrectiore fronte volo mecum loqui;
stultitia est ei te esse tristem, cuius potestas plus
potest.

probum te et frugi hominem iam pridem esse
arbitror.

Chal.

Intellego.

quin, si ita arbitrare, emittis me manu?

Lys.

Quin id volo. 284, 285

sed nihil est, me cupere factum, nisi tu factis
adiuvas.

Chal.

Quid velis modo id velim me scire.

Lys.

Ausculata, ego eloquar.

Casinam ego uxorem promisi vilico nostro dare.

Chal.

At tua uxor filiusque promiserunt mihi.

CASINA

Lys. By all means.

Cleost. (*turning towards the door*) He will be here directly. Now we shall see which of us has the smoother tongue. [EXIT.

Lys. (*making sure she is gone ; then, feelingly*) The powers above confound the woman ! I hope I may say it now. Here I am in the torments of love, hang it ! while here she is seeming to make a point of opposing me ! She's got wind of my plot already ; that's why she makes a point of helping the orderly all the more.

Scene 4. ENTER *Chalinus*, UNSEEN, INTO THE DOORWAY.

May all the powers of heaven confound him !

Chal. (*loudly*) You (*languidly*) called me, so your wife said.

Lys. (*swallowing his wrath*) Yes, I asked to have you called.

Chal. (*gruffly*) What do you want ? Speak out.

Lys. (*trying to be pleasant*) In the first place, I want to see less of a scowl on your face while you talk with me ; it's absurd for you to be sulky with one who's your superior in point of power. (*pauses ; then heartily*) For a long time now I have regarded you as an honest, worthy fellow.

Chal. (*derisively*) I see. Well, that being so, why don't you set me free ?

Lys. Well, that's what I want. But my desire to do so doesn't signify, if you don't help by what you do yourself.

Chal. All I should like to know is what you'd like.

Lys. Listen here ; I will speak out. I promised to marry Casina to our bailiff.

Chal. Yes, but your wife and son promised her to me.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys.

Scio.

sed utrum nunc tu caelibem te esse mavis liberum 290
an maritum servom aetatem degere et gnatos tuos?
optio haec tua est: utram harum vis condicionem
accipe.

Chal.

Liber si sim, meo periclo vivam; nunc vivo tuo.
de Casina certum est concedere homini nato nemini.

Lys.

Intro abi atque actutum uxorem huc evoca ante
aedis cito,
et sitellam huc tecum efferto cum aqua, et sortis.

Chal.

Satis placet.

Lys.

Ego pol istam iam aliquovorsum tragulam decidero.
nam si sic nihil impetrare potero, saltem sortiar.
ibi ego te et suffragatores tuos ulciscar.

Chal.

Attamen

mi obtinget sors.

Lys.

Vt quidem pol pereas cruciatu malo. 300

Chal.

Mi illa nubet, machinare quid lubet quo vis modo.

Lys.

Abin hinc ab oculis?

Chal.

Invitus me vides, vivam tamen.

Lys.

Sumne ego miser homo? satin omnes res sunt
advorsae mihi?

iam metuo, ne Olympionem mea uxor exoraverit
ne Casinam ducat. si id factum est, ecce me
nullum senem.

si non impetravit, etiam specula in sortist mihi.

CASINA

Lys. I know. But which do you prefer now—to stay single and be set free, or to marry and pass your life in slavery, you and your children, too? This is your choice: take either alternative you like.

Chal. If I were free, I should have to live at my own costs; as it is, I live at yours. About Casina my mind's made up—I won't yield her to a single soul on earth.

Lys. (*angrily*) In with you and call my wife out here in front of the house at once. Quick! And bring an urn of water out here with you, and the lots.¹

Chal. That suits me well enough.

Lys. By the Lord, I'll soon spoil that shot of yours one way or another! I tell you what, if I can't carry my point by persuasion, I'll leave it to the lots, anyhow. There's where I'll get square with you and your partisans.

Chal. (*airily*) Only the lot will fall to me.

Lys. (*grimly*) Yes, by gad!—the lot of death by torture dire.

Chal. I'm the man she'll marry, plot as you like in any way you want.

Lys. Leave my sight, will you!

Chal. (*grinning*) I seem to be an eyesore to you. Oh well, that won't kill me. [EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

Lys. If I'm not a miserable man? Oh, isn't everything against me? What I'm afraid of now is that my wife has prevailed on Olympio not to marry Casina. If she has, here's a poor old fellow done for! If she hasn't succeeded, there's still a ray of hope for me in the lots. But if the lot oozes

¹ The settlement of disputes by drawing lots from an urn of water was common.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

si sors autem decolassit, gladium faciam culcitam
eumque incumbam. sed progreditur optume eccum
Olympio.

II. 5.

Ol. Vna edepol opera in furnum calidum condito
atque ibi torreto me pro pane rubido, 315
era, qua istuc opera a me impetres quod postulas.

Lys. Salvos sum, salva spes est, ut verba audio.

Ol. Quid tu me tua, era, libertate territas?
qui si tu nolis filiusque etiam tuos,
vobis invitis atque amborum ingratiis
una libella liber possum fieri.

Lys. Quid istuc est? quicum litigas, Olympio?

Ol. Cum eadem qua tu semper.

Lys. Cum uxore mea r

Ol. Quam tu mi uxorem? quasi venator tu quidem es:
dies atque noctes cum cane aetatem exigis. 320

Lys. Quid agit, quid loquitur tecum?

Ol. Orat, obsecrat,
ne Casinam uxorem ducam.

Lys. Quid tu postea?

Ol. Negavi enim ipsi me concessurum Iovi,
si is mecum oraret.

Lys. Di te servassint mihi.

Ol. Nunc in fermento totast, ita turget mihi.

Lys. Ego edepol illam mediam diruptam velim.

Ol. Credo edepol esse, siquidem tu frugi bonae es.
verum edepol tua mihi odiosa est amatio;

CASINA

away, I'll take my sword for a pillow and lay me down upon it. (*the door opens*) Look, though! There comes Olympio! Good, good!

Scene 5. ENTER *Olympio* INTO DOORWAY.

Ol. (*to Cleostrata within*) By heaven, ma'am, you can just as soon shut me up in a hot oven and bake me brown as a biscuit as get me to give in to what you want.

Lys. (*aside*) Saved! I and my hopes are saved, from what I hear!

Ol. What are you trying to scare me for, ma'am, with your talk about my freedom? Like it or not, you and your son too, despite you, for all the pair of you can do, I can get freed for a farthing.

Lys. (*as Olympio closes the door*) What's all this? Whom are you wrangling with, Olympio?

Ol. The same lady you're always at it with.

Lys. With my wife?

Ol. (*snorting*) Wife, eh? Wife, is it? You lead a regular huntsman's life—pass your days and nights with a dog.

Lys. What has she been at? What's she been saying to you?

Ol. She's been begging and beseeching me not to marry Casina.

Lys. And you?

Ol. Why, I said I wouldn't give her up to Jupiter himself, not if he begged me to.

Lys. Heaven preserve you for me!
Now she's all in a ferment, just swelling with rage at me.

Lys. By gad, I wish she had burst in the middle!

Ol. By gad, she has, I fancy, if you're good for anything. But, by gad, sir, I'm sick of your love affair;

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

**inimica est tua uxor mihi, inimicus filius,
inimici familiares.**

Lys. Quid id refert tua? 330

unus tibi hic dum propitius sit Iuppiter,
tu istos minutos cave deos flocci feceris.

Ol. . Nugae sunt istae magnae. quasi tu nescias,
repente ut emoriantur humani Ioves.
responde : si tu Iuppiter sis mortuos,
cum ad deos minoris redierit regnum tuum,
quis mihi subveniet tergo aut capiti aut cruribus ?

Lys. Ópinione melius res tibi habeat tua,
si hoc impetramus, ut ego cum Casina cubem.

Ol. Non hercle opinor posse, ita uxor acriter
tua instat, ne mihi detur. 340

Lys. At ego sic agam :
coniciam sortis in sitellam et sortiar
tibi et Chalino. ita rem natam intellego :
necessum est vorsis gladiis depugnari.

Ol. Quid si sors aliter quam voles evenerit?

Lys. Bene dice. dis sum fretus, deos sperabimus.

Ol. Non ego istud verbum empsim tittibilicio ;
nam omnes mortales dis sunt freti, sed tamen
vidi ego dis fretos saepe multos decipi.

Lys. St, tace parumper.

Ol. Quid vis?

Lys. Eccum exit foras 350

Chalinus intus cum sitella et sortibus.

nunc nos conlatis signis depugnabimus.

II. 6.

Cleost. Face, Chaline, certior me, quid meus vir me velit.

CASINA

your wife hates me, your son hates me, your whole household hates me!

Lys. Well, what of that? So long as Jupiter alone here (*tapping his chest consequentially*) is propitious to you, don't you care a straw about those petty deities.

Ol. That's all rubbish. As if you didn't know how suddenly those human Jupiters die off. Answer me this: if your Jupiter of a self should die, and your kingdom falls to those lesser deities, who'll save my back or head or shanks for me?

Lys. (*reassuringly*) You'd be better off than you imagine, if we gain our point and I get Casina.

Ol. Good Lord, but I don't think you can—with your wife dead set against my having her!

Lys. But here's what I'm going to do: I'll throw the lots into the urn and draw for you and Chalinus. I see things have come to the point where we must use our swords in earnest and fight it out.

Ol. What if the lots settle it the way you don't want?

Lys. (*courageously*) No ominous remarks! I trust to Heaven; we'll put our hopes in Heaven.

Ol. (*disgusted*) I wouldn't give a stiver for talk like that. Why, every living soul trusts to Heaven, but just the same I've seen plenty of your trust-to-Heaven folks fooled times enough.

Lys. (*listening*) Sh-h! Keep still a minute!

Ol. What do you want?

Lys. (*pointing to door*) Look! There's Chalinus coming out with the urn and lots. Now we'll close with them and fight it out.

ENTER *Chalinus* WITH URN AND LOTS: *Cleostrata*

Scene 6.

STOPS IN DOORWAY.

Cleost. Chalinus, tell me what my husband wants of me.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Chal. Ille edepol videre ardentem te extra portam mortuam.

Cleost. Credo ecastor velle.

Chal. At pol ego hau credo, sed certo scio.

Lys. Plus artificum est mihi quam rebar; hariolum hunc habeo domi.

quid si propius attollamus signa eamusque obviam? sequere. quid vos agitis?

Chal. Adsunt quae imperavisti omnia: uxor, sortes, situla atque egomet.

Ol. Te uno adest plus quam ego volo.

Chal. Tibi quidem edepol ita videtur; stimulus ego nunc sum tibi,

fodico corculum; adsudascis iam ex metu, mastigia.

Lys. Tace, Chaline.

Chal. Comprime istum.

Ol. Immo istunc, qui didicit dare.

Lys. Adpone hic sitellam, sortis cedo mihi. animum advortite.

atque ego censui aps te posse hoc me impetrare, uxor mea,

Casina ut uxor mihi daretur; et nunc etiam censeo.

Cleost. Tibi daretur illa?

Lys. Mihi enim—ah, non id volui dicere. dum mihi volui, huic dixi, atque adeo mihi dum cupio—perperam iam dudum hercle fabulor.

Cleost. Pol tu quidem, atque etiam facis.

CASINA

- Chal.* To see you blazing on your bier out beyond the city gate—that's what he wants, by gad.
- Cleost.* Goodness me, I do believe he does!
- Chal.* Well, I don't believe it—I know it for certain.
- Lys.* *(to Olympio, dryly)* I own more professional men than I thought; this one here is my private clairvoyant. *(pauses, then with a martial air)* Well? Up with our standards and charge? Follow me! *(leads the way to the other pair)* What are you two doing?
- Chal.* Everything you ordered is here—wife, lots, urn, yes, and I myself.
- Ol.* It's you yourself that makes one more than I want here.
- Chal.* Gad yes, it does seem that way to you. I'm a thorn in the flesh to you now, digging into your dear little heart. You're sweating for fear already, you whipping-post.
- Lys.* Silence, Chalinus!
- Chal.* Get your arms about that fellow. *(pointing to Olympio)*
- Ol.* No, sir! About that fellow, that's learned to like it.
- Lys.* *(to Chalinus)* Set the urn here; give me the lots. *(taking them)* Attention, both of you. *(to Cleostrata, pleadingly)* However, my dear, I did think I could prevail upon you to let me marry Casina; and I think so now, too.
- Cleost.* Let you marry her?
- Lys.* Yes, let me—oh-h-h! I didn't mean to say that! I . . . meant "me" when I . . . said "him" . . . and . . . you see . . . in my . . . anxiety for myself—*(in distress)* oh, good Lord! the absurd way I've been jabbering all this time!
- Cleost.* *(dryly)* Goodness me, yes, and are still, too.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Lys.* Huic—immo hercle mihi—vah, tandem redii vix
veram in viam.
- Cleost.* Per pol saepe peccas.
- Lys.* Ita fit, ubi quid tanto opere expetas. 370
sed te uterque tuo pro iure, ego atque hic, oramus.
- Cleost.* Quid est?
- Lys.* Dicam enim, mea mulsa : de istac Casina huic
nostro vilico
gratiam facias.
- Cleost.* At pol ego neque facio neque censeo.
- Lys.* Tum igitur ego sortis utrimque iam diribeam.¹
- Cleost.* Quis votat?
- Lys.* Optimum atque aequissimum istud esse iure iudico.
postremo, si illuc quod volumus eveniet, gaude-
bimus ;
sin secus, patiemur animis aequis. tene sortem tibi.
vide quid scriptum est.
- Ol.* Vnum.
- Chal.* Iniquom est, quia isti
prius quam mihi dedit.
- Lys.* Accipe hanc sis.
- Chal.* Cedo. mane, unum venit in mentem modo :
vide ne quae illic insit alia sortis sub aqua.
- Lys.* Verbero. 380
men te censes esse?
- Cleost.* Nulla est. habe quietum animum modo.
- Chal.* Quod bonum atque fortunatum sit mihi—
- Ol.* Magnum malum
tibi quidem edepol credo eveniet ; novi pietatem
tuam.

¹ iam (*diribeam*) Schoell.

CASINA

Lys. Let him—good Lord, no, let me—(*stopping to collect himself*) ah, at last I've managed to get back to the right road!

Cleost. Mercy on us! You get off it rather often.

Lys. Oh, that's quite usual, when you're awfully eager for something. But we both—Olympio and I—recognizing your rights, appeal to you.

Cleost. What do you mean?

Lys. Why, this, honey dear: do oblige our bailiff here in regard to your Casina.

Cleost. Goodness me, sir, I'll neither oblige him nor agree to his being obliged.

Lys. Well then, I favour passing out lots to the two of them at once.

Cleost. (*curtly*) Who hinders you?

Lys. (*trying to seem unconcerned*) That is the best and fairest method in my unbiased judgment. And then if the result satisfies us, we'll rejoice; if it doesn't, we'll put up with it patiently. (*to Olympio*) Here is a lot for you. (*Olympio takes it*) See what is written on it.

Ol. (*looking*) The number one.

Chal. It's not fair that he should have his lot first!

Lys. (*selecting another for Chalinus*) You kindly take this one.

Chal. Give it here. (*grabs it*) Hold on! I've just thought of something. (*to Cleostrata, excitedly*) See that there's no other lot under the water there.

Lys. You scoundrel! Do you take me for yourself?

Cleost. (*to Chalinus, having examined the urn*) There isn't. Come now, calm yourself.

Chal. (*preparing to drop his lot into the urn*) Heaven be with me and bring me luck——

Ol. A good sound hiding is what you'll get, by gad, I'm thinking; I know *your* pious ways. Hold on,

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed mane dum ; num ista aut populna sors aut
abiegnast tua ?

Chal. Quid tu id curas ?

Ol. Quia enim metuo, ne in aqua summa natet.

Lys. Eugae !¹ cave. conicite sortes nunciam ambo huc.
eccere.

uxor, aequa.

Ol. Noli uxori credere.

Lys. Habe animum bonum.

Ol. Credo hercle, hodie devotabit sortis si attigerit.

Lys. Tace.

Ol. Taceo. deos quaeso—

Chal. Vt quidem tu hodie canem et furcam feras.

Ol. Mihi ut sortito eveniat—

Chal. Vt quidem hercle pedibus pendeas. 390

Ol. At tu ut oculos emungare ex capite per nasum tuos.

Chal. Quid times ? paratum oportet esse iam laqueum
tibi.

Ol. Periisti.

Lys. Animum advortite ambo.

Ol. Taceo.

Lys. Nunc tu, Cleostrata,
ne a me memores malitiose de hac re factum aut
suspices,
tibi permitto—tute sorti.

Ol. Perdis me.

Chal. Lucrum facit.

Cleost. Bene facis.

¹ *eugae* Lindsay ; *ange* MSS. generally.

CASINA

though ! That lot of yours isn't made of poplar or fir, is it ?

Chal. What's that to you ?

Ol. Why, just this—I'm afraid of its floating on top of the water. (*examines Chalinus's lot*)

Lys. That's it ! Look out ! (*standing by the urn*) Now then, both of you throw your lots in here. (*they do so*) There we are ! Wife, see that everything's fair.

Ol. (*nervous*) Don't trust a wife !

Lys. (*watching Cleostrata narrowly as she approaches the urn*) Keep your courage up.

Ol. Oh Lord ! I do believe she'll lay a spell on the lots, once she touches 'em.

Lys. Be quiet !

Ol. I am. (*Cleostrata stirs the lots about*) I hope to Heaven——

Chal. That you'll be carrying a chain and yoke, yes !

Ol. —that the drawing will give me the luck ——

Chal. To hang by your heels, yes, by gad !

Ol. No, to make *you* blow the eyes out of your head through your nose ! (*trembles with anxiety as he stares at the urn*)

Chal. What are you scared of ? You ought to have it all ready now—that noose of yours.

Ol. (*weakly*) It's all over with you !

Lys. Attention ! both of you.

Ol. I'm saying nothing.

Lys. Now then, Cleostrata, to keep you from claiming that I cheated in this matter, or suspecting me, I leave it to you—you do the drawing yourself.

Ol. (*to Lysidamus, frantically*) Oh, you're killing me !

Chal. (*grinning*) He'll make money by that.

Cleost. (*to Lysidamus, tartly*) Much obliged.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Chal.* Deos quaeso—ut tua sors ex sitella effugerit.
- Ol.* Ain tu? quia tute es fugitivos, omnes te imitari cupis?
utinam tua quidem, sicut factum esse Herculeis praedicant
quondam prognatis, in sortiundo sors deliquerit.
- Chal.* Tu ut liquescas ipse, actutum virgis calefactabere. 400
- Lys.* Hoc age sis, Olympio.
- Ol.* Si hic litteratus me sinat.
- Lys.* Quod bonum atque fortunatum mihi sit.
- Ol.* Ita vero, et mihi.
- Chal.* Non.
- Ol.* Immo hercle.
- Chal.* Immo mihi hercle.
- Cleost.* Hic vincet, tu vives miser.
- Lys.* Percide os tu illi¹ hodie. age, ecquid fit? ne obiexis manum.
- Ol.* Compressan palma an porrecta ferio?
- Lys.* Age ut vis.
- Ol.* Em tibi.
- Cleost.* Quid tibi istunc tactio est?
- Ol.* Quia Juppiter iussit meus.
- Cleost.* Feri malam, ut ille, rursum.
- Ol.* Perii, pugnīs caedor, Juppiter.
- Lys.* Quid tibi tactio hunc fuit?

¹ Corrupt (Leo) : odio Seyffert.

CASINA

Chal. (to *Olympio*, mockingly) I hope to heaven—your lot slips out of the urn.

Ol. So? Being a slippery one yourself, you long to have imitators everywhere, eh? Oh, if that lot of yours would only melt away in the drawing, like the one in that old story of Hercules's¹ descendants!

~~*Chal.*~~ You'll melt, yourself, you'll be so warmed up with a whip shortly.

Lys. *Olympio*, kindly attend to business.

Ol. If this man of letters (*pointing to the brand on Chalinus's forehead*) would only let me.

Lys. (*in a flutter, as Cleostrata prepares to draw*) Heaven be with me and bring me luck!

Ol. Yes, yes, and me!

Chal. No.

Ol. Oh Lord, yes, yes!

Chal. Oh Lord, no, no! Me!

Cleost. (to *Olympio*) He (*indicating Chalinus*) is going to win, and you are going to suffer, sir.

Lys. (to *Olympio*) Smash that fellow's jaw this minute! (*Olympio hesitates*) Come, come! Do you hear me? (to *Chalinus*) Don't raise your hand.

Ol. (*now valorous*) Shall I punch or slap, sir?

Lys. Suit yourself.

Ol. (*punching Chalinus, then jumping away*) Take that!

Cleost. (*angry*) What do you mean by touching that man?

Ol. Well, I was obeying my Jupiter.

Cleost. (to *Chalinus*) You strike him back on the face the same way. (*Chalinus does so with enthusiasm*)

~~*Ol.*~~ Oh-h-h! He's pounding me to death, Jupiter!

Lys. (*pulling Chalinus away*) What do you mean by touching this man?

¹ The crafty Cresphontes's lot was made of terracotta, his brother's of sun-baked earth which dissolved.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Chal. Quia iussit haec Iuno mea.

Lys. Patiundum est, siquidem me vivo mea uxor imperium exhibet.

Cleost. Tam huic loqui licere oportet quam isti.

Ol. Cur omen mihi 410
vituperat?

Lys. Malo, Chaline, tibi cavendum censeo.

Chal. Temperi, postquam oppugnatum est os.

Lys. Age, uxor, nunciam
sorti. vos advortite animum. prae metu ubi sim
nescio.

perii, cor lienosum, opinor, habeo, iam dudum salit,
de labore pectus tundit.

Cleost. Teneo sortem.

Lys. Ecfer foras.

Chal. Iamne mortuo's?

Ol. Ostende. mea haec est.

Chal. Mala crux east quidem.

Cleost. Victus es, Chaline.

Lys. Cum nos di iuvere, Olympio,
gaudeo.

Ol. Pietate factum est mea atque maiorum meum.

Lys. Intro, abi, uxor, atque adorna nuptias.

Cleost. Faciam ut iubes.

Lys. Scin tu rus hinc esse ad villam longe quo ducat?

Cleost. Scio. 420

CASINA

Chal. Well, I was obeying my Juno here.

Lys. (*bitterly*) We must submit—my wife being the head of the household—and I alive!

Cleost. Chalinus should have just as much right to talk as that fellow.

Ol. What did he spoil my omen for?

Lys. (*dangerously*) Chalinus, I advise you to look out for trouble.

Chal. Nice time to warn me, after my jaw's been hammered!

Lys. Come, wife! Now then, draw! (*to servants*) Attention, you two! (*aside*) I'm so nervous I don't know where I am! Oh, dear, dear, I've got a splenetic heart, I do believe; it's jumping up and down all this time, working so hard that it thumps my chest!

Cleost. (*her hand in the urn*) I've got one.

Lys. (*tremulously*) Pull it out!

Chal. (*to the breathless Olympio*) Dead already, are you?

Ol. (*as Cleostrata draws*) Let's see it! (*Cleostrata holds it up*) It's mine, it's mine!

Chal. (*sourly*) It's the devil, that's what it is!

Cleost. (*apparently resigned*) You have lost, Chalinus.

Lys. (*dancing about in ecstasy*) The gods are with us, Olympio! Splendid!

Ol. (*grinning at Chalinus*) It all comes of the pious ways of me and my forbears.

Lys. Go inside, wife, and get things ready for the wedding.

Cleost. (*meditative*) To be sure.

Lys. (*impatient*) Do you realize that it's a long way to the country, to the farmhouse where he's to take her?

Cleost. I do.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. Intro abi et, quamquam hoc tibi aegre est, tamen
fac accures.

Cleost. Licet.

Lys. Eamus nos quoque intro, hortemur ut properent.

Ol. Numquid moror?—

Lys. Nam praesente hoc plura verba fieri non desidero.

II. 7.

Chal. Si nunc me suspendam, meam operam luserim
et praeter operam restim sumpti fecerim
et meis inimicis voluptatem creaverim.
quid opus est, qui sic mortuos? equidem tamen
sorti sum victus, Casina nubet vilico.
atque id non tam aegrest iam, vicisse vilicum,
quam id expetivisse opere tam magno senem,
ne ea mihi daretur atque ut illi nuberet.
ut ille trepidabat, ut festinabat miser;
ut sussultabat, postquam vicit vilicus.
attat, concedam huc, audio aperiri foris,
mei benevolentes atque amici prodeunt.
hinc ex insidiis hisce ego insidias dabo.

430

II. 8.

Ol. Sine modo rus veniat; ego remittam ad te virum
cum furca in urbem tamquam carbonarium.

Lys. Ita fieri oportet.

Ol. Factum et curatum dabo.

CASINA

Lys. Go inside, and no matter if this does annoy you, see that you look after things just the same.

Cleost. (*still meditative*) Very well. [EXIT.

Lys. (*to Olympio*) Let's go inside ourselves, too, and urge them to hurry up.

Ol. I'm not delaying you, am I?

Lys. (*in low tone*) You see, I don't care for any more talk in (*glancing at Chalinus*) this fellow's presence.

[EXEUNT *Lysidamus* AND *Olympio* SMILING CHEER-

Scene 7. FULLY UPON THE GLOOMY *Chalinus*.

Chal. If I were to hang myself now, it would be labour lost, and, besides the labour, I should be put to the expense of buying a rope and be gratifying my enemies. And what's the use, when I am (*with an amorous sigh*) dead already? Ah yes, the lots were against me, after all; Casina will marry the bailiff. But what grates on me now isn't so much the bailiff's winning as the old man's having been so awfully eager for me to lose her and for that chap to marry her. What a stew and flurry he was in, the poor fool! How he capered about after the bailiff won! (*listening*) Hm-m! I'll step back here; (*withdraws*) I hear the door opening. Those kind, affectionate friends of mine are coming out. I'll stay in ambush here and ambush them.

Scene 8. ENTER *Olympio* AND *Lysidamus*.

Ol. Only let him come to the farm! I'll send the fine fellow back to town to you, under a yoke like a charcoal peddler.

Lys. And so you should.

Ol. I'll see it's so, I'll take care of that.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Lys.* Volui Chalinum, si domi esset, mittere 440
tecum obsonatum, ut etiam in maerore insuper
inimico nostro miseriam hanc adiungerem.
- Chal.* Recessim cedam ad parietem, imitabor nepam;
captandus horum clanculum sermo mihi.
nam illorum me alter cruciat, alter macerat.
at candidatus cedit hic mastigia,
stimulorum loculi. protollo mortem mihi;
certum est, hunc Acheruntem praemittam prius.
- Ol.* Vt tibi ego inventus sum obsequens. quod maxime 450
cupiebas, eius copiam feci tibi.
erit hodie tecum quod amas clam uxorem.
- Lys.* Tace.
ita me di bene ament, ut ego vix reprimo labra
ob istanc rem quin te deosculer, voluptas mea.
- Chal.* Quid, deosculere? quae res? quae voluptas tua?
ecfodere hercle hic volt, credo, vesicam vilico.¹
- Ol.* Ecquid amas nunc me?
- Lys.* Immo edepol me quam te minus.
licetne amplecti te?
- Chal.* Quid, amplecti?
- Ol.* Licet.
- Lys.* Vt, quia te tango, mel mihi videor lingere.
- Ol.* Vltro te, amator, apage te a dorso meo.
- Chal.* Illuc est, illuc, quod hic hunc fecit vilicum. 460

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *credo hercle ecfodere hic volt* Bothe.
50

CASINA

- Lys.* If Chalinus was about, I intended to send him with you to (*tittering*) buy provisions, so as to give our troubled rival still another throe.
- Chal.* (*flattening himself against the house*) I'll back up against the wall, and imitate a crab. I must lie low and overhear what they're saying. Why, one's racking me, and the other's wringing me! (*glaring at Olympio*) See him strut about, all in white,¹ the whipping post, the club case! My suicide is postponed; it's him I'll send ahead to Hades first, that's settled.
- Ol.* Ah, but haven't I shown myself an obliging fellow! Here I've helped you to what you long for most! You'll soon be with your ladylove, and your wife none the wiser.
- Lys.* (*with a nervous glance toward the door*) Sh-h! (*wriggling in ecstasy*) Lord love me, it's all I can do to keep my lips away from you and not give you a good kiss for it, you darling!
- Chal.* (*aside*) Eh? "A good kiss?" What's all this? "Your darling?" How's that? (*as Lysidamus prances up to Olympio, manifesting a strong desire to embrace him*) My word! I do believe he wants to dig the bailiff's inwards out!
- Ol.* You love me a little now, do you?
- Lys.* A little? Oh heavens! more than my own self! Will you let me hug you?
- Chal.* (*aside*) What? Hug him?
- Ol.* (*modestly*) Yes.
- Lys.* (*embracing him rapturously*) Oh, it's like lapping honey, getting my lips on you!
- Ol.* (*pushing him away*) Avast there, my gallant! Get off my back!
- Chal.* (*aside*) That's it! That's why he made the fellow

¹ The bridegroom's dress.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

eidem me pridem, cum ei advorsum veneram,
facere atriensem voluerat sub ianua.

Ol. Vt tibi morigerus hodie, ut voluptati fui.

Lys. Vt tibi, dum vivam, bene velim plus quam mihi.

Chal. Hodie hercle, opinor, hi conturbabunt pedes;
solet hic barbatus sane sectari senex.

Lys. Vt ego hodie Casinam deosculabor, ut mihi
bona multa faciam clam meam uxorem.

Chal. Attatae,
nunc pol ego demum in rectam redii semitam.
hic ipse Casinam deperit. habeo viros. 470

Lys. Iam hercle amplexari, iam osculari gestio.

Ol. Sine prius deduci. quid, malum, properas?

Lys. Amo.

Ol. At non opinor fieri hoc posse hodie.

Lys. Potest,
siquidem cras censes te posse emitti manu.

Chal. Enim vero huc aures magis sunt adhibendae mihi:
iam ego uno in saltu lepide apros capiam duos.

Lys. Apud hunc sodalem meum atque vicinum mihi
locus est paratus. ei ego amorem omnem meum
concredui; is mihi se locum dixit dare.

Ol. Quid eius uxor? ubi erit?

Lys. Lepide repperi. 480

mea uxor vocabit huc eam ad se in nuptias,

CASINA

his bailiff! Yes, and in my own case, one time when I went to see him home, he was all for making me his major-domo at his door sill.

Ol. Ah, how I've stood by you to-day, how I've delighted you!

Lys. Ah, and the friend I'll be to you, all my life—more than to my own self!

Chal. (*aside*) Good Lord! I bet those two will be making hot love to each other before long; the old man here always did take to bearded faces, for a fact.

Lys. Ah, won't I kiss and kiss Casina to-day! Ah, won't I have a good time of it, unbeknown to my wife!

Chal. (*aside*) Ohoho! Now I'm on the right road at last, by Jove! He dotes on Casina himself! I've got our gentlemen!

Lys. Oh Lord! I'm just aching to hug her this moment, to kiss her this moment!

Ol. Let me take her home first. What's your hurry, curse it?

Lys. I'm in love.

Ol. Well, I don't see how it can be done to-day.

Lys. It can be—that is, if you think you can be freed to-morrow.

Chal. (*aside*) Well, well, I must stick my ears further into this. Now for a neat job catching two wild boars in one brake. (*gets closer*)

Lys. (*complacently*) There's a place waiting for me at my good friend's and neighbour's here. (*indicating house of Alcesimus*) I've told him all about my little affair, and he said he'd provide me with a place.

Ol. How about his wife? Where will she be?

Lys. I'm a man of resources! My wife will invite her

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ut hic sit secum, se adiuvet, secum cubet ;
 ego iussi, et dixit se facturam uxor mea.
 illa hic cubabit, vir aberit faxo domo.
 tu rus uxorem duces ; id rus hic erit
 tantisper dum ego cum Casina faciam nuptias.
 hinc tu ante lucem rus cras duces postea.
 satin docte ?

Ol. Astute.

Chal. Age modo, fabricamini,
 malo hercle vestro tam vorsuti vivitis.

Lys. Scin quid nunc facias ?

Ol. Loquere.

Lys. Tene marsuppiū, 490

abi atque obsona, propera, sed lepide volo,
 molliculas escas, ut ipsa mollicula est.

Ol. Licet.

Lys. Emito sepiolas, lepadas, lolligunculas,
 hordeias.

Chal. Immo, triticeias, si sapis.

Lys. Soleas.

Chal. Qui quaeso potius quam sculponeas,
 quibus battuatur tibi os, senex nequissime ?

Ol. Vin lingulacas ?

Lys. Quid opust, quando uxor domi est ?

ea lingulaca est nobis, nam numquam tacet.

Ol. In re praesenti ex copia piscaria
 consulere quid emam potero.

Lys. Aequom oras, abi. 500

argento parci nolo, obsonato ampliter.
 nam mihi vicino hoc etiam convento est opus,
 ut quod mandavi curet.

CASINA

over to the wedding so as to keep her company, and help her, and spend the night with her. I told her to do that, and my wife said she would. Myrrhina will stop at our house, and I'll guarantee her husband won't be home. You'll take your wife off to the farm; and that farm (*chuckling*) will be (*pointing to Alcesimus's house*) here, so long as Casina and I are celebrating the marriage. Then before daylight to-morrow you're to take her off to the farm. Rather clever, eh?

Ol. You're a deep one, sir!

Chal. (*aside*) Just you go ahead and lay your schemes. By gad, you'll pay for being such a smart pair.

Lys. D'ye know what you're to do now!

Ol. Tell me.

Lys. Take this purse (*giving it to him*) and go buy some provisions. Quick! But something nice, mind—soft little dainties to match her soft little self.

Ol. All right.

Lys. Get some little sepias, and limpets, and little cuttles, and grainings.

Chal. (*aside*) Well, but make 'em grainings of wheat, if you're wise.

Lys. And some soles.

Chal. (*aside*) I say, why not make them wooden soles, to beat your face with, you rank old sinner?

Ol. Want some little dogfish?

Lys. What for, when my wife's at home? She's "little dogfish" enough for us—why, she's always barking.

Ol. Once I'm on the spot I can look over the fish-monger's stock and decide what to buy.

Lys. Right you are; off with you. Don't try to economize—get plenty, plenty. Well, I must see my neighbour again and make sure he manages his part of it.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ol.

Iamne abeo ?

Lys.

Volo.

Chal.

Tribus non conduci possum libertatibus,
quin ego illis hodie comparem magnum malum
quinque hanc omnem rem meae erae iam faciam
palam.

manifesto teneo in noxia inimicos meos.
sed si nunc facere volt era officium suum,
nostra omnis lis est. pulchre praevortar viros.
nostro omine it dies ; iam victi vicimus.
ibo intro, ut id quod alius condivit cocus,
ego nunc vicissim ut alio pacto condiam,
quo id quod paratum est ut paratum ne siet
sitque ei paratum quod paratum non erat.

510

ACTVS III

Lys.

Nunc amici anne inimici sis imago, Alcesime,
mihi sciam, nunc specimen specitur, nunc certamen
cernitur.

cur amem me castigare, id ponito ad compendium,
“cano capite” “aetate aliena” eo addito ad com-
pendium,
“cui sit uxor” id quoque illuc ponito ad compen-
dium.

Alc.

Miseriorem ego ex amore quam te vidi neminem.

520

Lys.

Fac vacent aedes.

Alc.

Quin edepol servos, ancillas domo
certum est omnis mittere ad te.

CASINA

Ol. Shall I go now?

Lys. Yes. [EXEUNT, *Olympio* TO FORUM, *Lysidamus* INTO
Alcesimus's HOUSE.]

Chal. (*elated*) I couldn't be hired—for three freedoms—not to give those two a precious bad time of it to-day and not to go to mistress this minute with the whole story. I've got my enemies caught, caught in the act, redhanded. Only let mistress do her duty now, and the case is ours on every count. I'll forestall those fine fellows handsomely. The omens are for us this day! The losers win! I'll go in now so as to try my hand on a mess another cook has seasoned, and season it another way; and I'll see to it that the mess is not ready for the man it was ready for, but that a mess not ready for him is in readiness. [EXIT.]

ACT III

ENTER *Lysidamus* AND *Alcesimus* FROM THE LATTER'S
HOUSE.

Lys. Now I shall learn whether you represent a friend or a foe, *Alcesimus*; now you'll show a sample of yourself, now is the time of test. As for lecturing me for being in love—cut that short. “With your hoary head,” “at such an age”—cut that short, too. “A married man!” Yes, and cut that short.

Alc. (*with amused contempt*) A man more lovesick than you I never saw!

Lys. Be sure the house is empty.

Alc. Yes, good Lord, yes! it's settled that I am to send all the men and maidservants over to your place.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Lys.* Oh, nimium scite scitus es.
sed facitodum merula¹ per versus quod cantat tu
colas :
“ cum cibo cum quiqui ” facito ut veniant, quasi
eant Sutrium.
- Alc.* Meminero.
- Lys.* Em, nunc enim te demum nullum scitum
scitiust.
cura, ego ad forum modo ibo ; iam hic ero.
- Alc.* Bene ambula.
- Lys.* Fac habeant linguam tuae aedes.
- Alc.* Quid ita ?
- Lys.* Cum veniam, vocent.
- Alc.* Attatae, caedundus tu homo es ; nimias delicias
facis.
- Lys.* Quid me amare refert, nisi sim doctus ac dicaculus ?
sed tu cave in quaesitione mihi sis.
- Alc.* Vsque adero domi. 530

III. 2.

- Cleost.* Hoc erat ecastor quod me vir tanto opere orabat
meus,
ut properarem arcessere hanc huc ad me vicinam
meam,
liberae aedes ut sibi essent, Casinam quo dedu-
cerent.
nunc adeo nequaquam arcessam, ne illis ignavis-
sumis
liberi loci potestas sit, vetulis vervecibus.

¹ *per versus quod* Festus : *per versus quos* BVE : *cum cibo cum quiqui* MSS. : *tu* Lindsay.

CASINA

Lys. (*delightedly*) Oh, you extraordinary, extraordinary man! But see that you follow what the black-bird sings in its stave: see that they come "with food, or no matter what," as if they were marching to Sutrium.¹

Alc. I'll remember.

Lys. (*seizing his hand rapturously*) There now, that's it! Never was ordinance better ordered than you! Look out for things; I'm going to the forum myself. I'll be back soon.

Alc. A pleasant walk to you.

Lys. (*smiling fatuously*) See that your house gets a tongue.

Alc. Why so?

Lys. I want it full of welcome, and nothing else, when I arrive.

Alc. (*disgusted*) Ugh-h! You ought to be kept under, man; you're altogether too buoyant.

Lys. What's the use of my being in love, if I'm not clever and canty? (*about to go*) But don't make me look for you, mind.

Alc. I shall be at home all the time. [EXEUNT.]

Scene 2. ENTER *Cleostrata* FROM THE HOUSE.

(*A couple of hours have elapsed.*)

Cleost. Good gracious! This was the reason my husband was so insistent I should invite my neighbour over directly—so that there might be an empty house for them to take Casina to. Well now, I won't invite her, indeed I won't, and let those vile creatures have a place to do as they like in, the old wethers! [ENTER *Alcesimus* INTO HIS DOORWAY] Ah,

¹ A hurried march to Sutrium had been an event in a war with the Gauls.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed eccum egreditur, senati columen, praesidium
popli,
meus vicinus, meo viro qui liberum praehibet
locum.

Alc. non ecastor vilis emptu est, modio qui venit salis.
Miror huc iam non arcessi in proximum uxorem
meam,
quae iam dudum, si arcessatur, ornata expectat
domi.

540

Cleost. sed eccam, opino arcessit. salve, Cleostrata.
Et tu, Alcesime.

ubi tua uxor?

Alc. Intus illa te, si se arcessas, manet;
nam tuos vir me oravit, ut eam istuc ad te adiutum
mitterem.
vin vocem?

Cleost. Sine eam¹; nolo si occupata est.

Alc. Otium est.

Cleost. Nil moror, molesta ei esse nolo; post convenero.

Alc. Non ornatis istic apud vos nuptias?

Cleost. Orno et paro.

Alc. Non ergo opus est adiutrice?

Cleost. Satis domist. ubi nuptiae
fuerint, tum istam convenibo. nunc vale, atque
istanc iube.

Alc. Quid ego nunc faciam? flagitium maxumum
feci miser,
propter operam illius hirci improbi, edentuli,
qui hoc mihi contraxit; operam uxoris polliceor
foras,
quasi catillatum. flagitium hominis, qui dixit mihi
suam uxorem hanc arcessituram esse; ea se eam
negat morarier.

550

¹ Leo notes lacuna here; *eam te* Goetz.

CASINA

but there he is coming out—that pillar of the senate, that bulwark of the state, that neighbour of mine, who furnishes my husband with a place to disport himself in! Good heavens, that creature would be dear at the price of a peck of salt!

Alc. Strange my wife hasn't been invited over next door here already; she's been all dressed up and expecting the invitation for a long time. (*aside, on seeing Cleostrata*) Here we are, though! Coming to invite her, I suppose. (*aloud*) Good day to you, Cleostrata.

Cleost. And to you, Alcesimus. Where is your wife?

Alc. Inside, awaiting your invitation. Your husband, you know, begged me to send her over to help you. Shall I call her?

Cleost. (*lightly*) Oh, don't disturb her; I don't want her, if she's busy.

Alc. (*hurriedly*) She isn't.

Cleost. Never mind. I don't want to bother her; I'll come and see her later.

Alc. (*innocently*) Aren't you arranging for a wedding over at your place?

Cleost. Yes, and I am getting things ready.

Alc. Well then, don't you need an assistant?

Cleost. I have plenty at home. I'll wait until the wedding is over, and then come and see her. (*turning to go*) Well, good-bye, and give my regards to your wife.

[EXIT INTO THE DOORWAY OUT OF SIGHT OF
Alcesimus.

Alc. (*blankly*) What shall I do now? (*pauses*) A nice position I'm in, hang it! thanks to that worthless, toothless old goat that drew me into it. I promise the services of my wife as a sort of plate-licker in general! A nice fellow he is, saying his wife was going to invite her over; and now she

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

atque edepol mirum ni subolet iam hoc huic vicinae
meae.

verum autem altrovorsum quom eam mecum
rationem puto,

si quid eius esset, esset mecum postulatio.

ibo intro, ut subducam navim rusum in pulvinaria.

Cleost. Iam hic est lepide ludificatus. miseri ut festinant
senes.

nunc ego illum nihili decrepitum meum virum
veniat velim,

ut eum ludificem vicissim, postquam hunc delusi
alterum.

560

nam ego aliquid contrahere cupio litigi inter eos
duos.

sed eccum incedit. at, quom aspicias tristem,
frugi censeas.

III. 3.

Lys. Stultitia magna est, mea quidem sententia,
hominem amatorem ullum ad forum procedere,
in eum diem quod amet in mundo siet ;

sicut ego feci stultus. contrivi diem,

dum asto advocatus cuidam cognato meo ;

quem hercle ego litem adeo perdidisse gaudeo,

ne me nequiquam sibi hodie advocaverit.

nam meo quidem animo qui advocatos advocet

570

rogitare oportet prius et percontarier,

adsitne ei animus necne adsit, quem advocet ;

si neget adesse, exanimatum amittat domum.

sed uxorem ante aedis eccam. ei misero mihi,

metuo ne non sit surda atque haec audiverit.

CASINA

says she doesn't want her! (*pauses; then, excitedly*) Yes, by gad! It's a wonder if my fair neighbour here hasn't got wind of the scheme already! (*meditatively*) But then, on the other hand, when I think it over, if it was anything like that, she'd have had things to say to me. I'll go in and haul the ship back to her berth. [EXIT INTO HOUSE.

ENTER *Cleostrata* FROM DOORWAY.

Cleost. There! he's finely fooled! What a flutter the poor old wretches are in! Now if that useless, played-out old husband of mine would only come along, so that I may fool him in his turn after making a fool of this other one! Oh, I just yearn to get the two of them quarrelling. (*looking down the street*) But there he comes marching up! To look at that solemn face you'd think he was a decent man. (*retires into doorway*)

Scene 3.

ENTER *Lysidamus*, IREFUL.

Lys. It's perfectly asinine—that's what I call it—for any man in love to set out for the forum the day his sweetheart is all in trim for him! And that's what I did, ass that I am! I've wasted the day acting as counsellor for a relative of mine. He lost his case, and, by Jove, I'm glad of it, I certainly am,—to keep him from calling on me to-day for counsel to no purpose. I tell you what, in my opinion, a man that calls counsellors ought to question them first and inquire whether or not his counsellor has got his mind with him; if he says he hasn't, then he ought to send him home un-minded. (*starts, on seeing Cleostrata*) But there's my wife in front of the house! Oh dear me! I'm afraid she's not deaf and that she's heard all this.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Cleost. Audivi ecastor cum malo magno tuo.

Lys. Accedam propius: quid agis, mea festivitas?

Cleost. Te ecastor praestolabar.

Lys. Iamne ornata res?

iamne hanc traduxti huc ad nos vicinam tuam,
quae te adiutaret?

Cleost. Arcessivi, ut iusseras.

580

verum hic sodalis tuos, amicus optumus,
nescio quid se sufflavit uxori suae;
negavit posse, quoniam arcesso, mittere.

Lys. Vitium tibi istuc maxumum est, blanda es parum.

Cleost. Non matronarum officiumst, sed meretricium,
viris alienis, mi vir, subblandirier.
i tu atque arcesse illam; ego intus quod factost
opus
volo accurare, mi vir.

Lys. Propera ergo.

Cleost. Licet.

iam pol ego huic aliquem in pectus iniciam metum;
miserrumum hodie ego hunc habebo amasium.

590

III. 4.

Alc. Viso huc, amator si a foro rediit domum,
qui me atque uxorem ludificatust, larua.
sed eccum ante aedis. ad te hercle ibam com-
modum.

Lys. Et hercle ego ad te. quid ais, vir minimi preti?
quid tibi mandavi? quid tecum oravi?

Alc. Quid est?

Lys. Vt bene vocivas aedis fecisti mihi,
64

CASINA

Cleost. (*aside*) Indeed I did hear, and a high price you shall pay for it!

Lys. (*aside*) I'll step up to her. (*aloud*) What are you about, light of my life?

Cleost. Indeed, sir, it was you I was looking for.

Lys. Well, are things ready? Well, have you brought your neighbour over here to help you?

Cleost. I invited her over as you told me. But your crony here (*pointing to house of Alcesimus*), your particular friend here, has given his wife a blowing up of some sort; he said he could not send her over at my invitation.

Lys. (*disturbed*) That's your greatest fault: you aren't smooth-tongued enough.

Cleost. It is not a wife's business, but a strumpet's, my dear, to be smooth-tongued and wheedle other people's husbands. Go yourself and invite her; as for me, I must see to what needs to be done inside, my dear.

Lys. Do hurry up, then.

Cleost. All right. (*aside*) Oh, I'll give him a scare now! It's a very miserable man I'll make our lover this day!
[EXIT.]

Scene 4. ENTER *Alcesimus* FROM HIS HOUSE.

Alc. I'll step out and see if our gallant has got back from the forum yet—making fools of me and my wife, the old spectre! Ah! there he is, in front of the house. (*to Lysidamus, angrily*) By Jove! sir, I was just this moment going to look you up.

Lys. (*angrily*) And I you, by Jove! See here, you farthingsworth of a man! What was it I left to you? What was it I begged you to do?

Alc. Well, what?

Lys. A nice way to empty your house for me! A nice

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ut traduxisti huc ad nos uxorem tuam.

satin propter te pereo ego atque occasio?

Alc. Quin tu suspendis te? nempe tute dixeras,
tuam arcessituram esse uxorem uxorem meam. 600

Lys. Ergo arcessivisse ait sese, et dixisse te
eam non missurum.

Alc. Quin eapse ultro mihi
negavit eius operam se morarier.

Lys. Quin eapse me adlegavit, qui istam arcesserem.

Alc. Quin nihili facio.

Lys. Quin me perdis.

Alc. Quin benest,
quin etiam diu morabor, quin cupio tibi—

Lys. Quin—

Alc. Aliquid aegre facere.

Lys. Quin faciam lubens.
numquam tibi hodie “quin” erit plus quam mihi.

Alc. Quin hercle di te perdant postremo quidem.

Lys. Quid nunc? missurusne es ad me uxorem tuam? 610

Alc. Ducas, easque in maxumam malam crucem
cum hac cum istac, cumque amica etiam tua.
abi et aliud cura, ego iam per hortum iussero
meam istuc transire uxorem ad uxorem tuam.

Lys. Nunc tu mi amicus es in germanum modum.
qua ego hunc amorem mi esse avi dicam datum
aut quid ego unquam erga Venerem inique fecerim,
cui sic tot amanti mi obviam eveniant morae?
attat,

quid illuc clamoris, opsecro, in nostrast domo? 620

CASINA

way to take your wife over to my place ! So you've put an end to me and my opportunity, have you ?

Alc. Be hanged to you ! You told me yourself that your wife was going to invite my wife over, you know you did.

Lys. Well, she says she did invite her over and you said you wouldn't let her go.

Alc. But she herself told me of her own accord that she didn't want her assistance.

Lys. But she herself commissioned me to invite her over.

Alc. But I don't give a curse for that.

Lys. But you're killing me !

Alc. But . . . that's a blessing. But . . . I'll keep you waiting a long while yet. But . . . I just yearn—

Lys. But—

Alc. —to make some trouble for you.

Lys. But . . . I'll do the same for you, and gladly. You shan't out-but me this day, never !

Alc. But . . . once and for all, by gad,—you be damned !

Lys. Well now, are you going to send your wife over to my house ?

Alc. Take her, and go to the devil with her, and with your own, and with that girl of yours, too ! (*calming down*) Off with you, and leave that to me. I'll tell my wife to go through the garden at once and join your wife.

Lys. (*wringing his hand*) Now you're a real friend to me ! [EXIT *Alcesimus* INTO HIS HOUSE.] I wonder what omen crossed me when I got into this amour, or what offence I've ever given Venus to have all these things happening to delay me when I'm so in love ? (*an uproar within his house*) Eh ? Eh ? What's that hubbub in our house, for heaven's sake ?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

III. 5.

Par. Nulla sum, nulla sum, tota, tota occidi,
cor metu mortuomst, membra miserae tremunt,
nescio unde auxili, praesidi, perfugi
mi aut opis copiam comparem aut expetam.
tanta factu modo mira miris modis
intus vidi, novam atque integram audaciam.
cave tibi, Cleostrata, apscede ab ista, opsecro,
ne quid in te mali

faxit ira percita.

eripite isti gladium, quae suist impos animi.

Lys. Nam quid est quod haec huc timida atque exani-
mata exsiluit foras?

630

Pardalisca.

Par. Perii, unde meae usurpant aures sonitum?

Lys. Respice modo ad me.

Par. O ere mi —

Lys. Quid tibi est? quid timida es?

Par. Perii. Perii.

Lys. Quid, periisti?

Par. Perii, et tu periisti.

Lys. A, perii? quid ita?

Par. Vae tibi.

Lys. Immo, vae tibi sit.

Par. Ne cadam, amabo, tene me.

Lys. Quidquid est, eloquere mihi cito.

Par. Contine pectus, .

face ventum, amabo, pallio.

CASINA

ENTER *Pardalisca* FROM THE HOUSE, APPARENTLY IN
Scene 5. A PANIC.

Par. I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm dead, dead, absolutely dead! My heart's stopped beating for fear! Oh dear me, I'm all of a tremble! I don't know where to find help, shelter, safety; I don't know where to look for aid! Such amazing doings as I did see in there just now, perfectly amazing! Such strange, unheard of boldness! (*calling at door*) For heaven's sake, ma'am, look out for yourself, keep away from her, or she'll do you some injury in her fit of fury! Snatch the sword away from her! She's beside herself!

Lys. (*aside*) Why, what's wrong,—with her bouncing out here half dead with fright? (*aloud*) *Pardalisca!*

Par. (*with a start*) Oh-h-h! (*tragically, with a sly grin at the audience*) Whence comes that sound my ears do receive?

Lys. (*peevishly*) Look this way, will you?

Par. Oh, my dear master——

Lys. What ails you? What are you frightened about?

Par. I'm killed!

Lys. What? Killed?

Par. Killed! And you're killed, too!

Lys. Eh? I'm killed? How so?

Par. (*pityingly*) Alas for you!

Lys. No, no, make it alas for yourself.

Par. (*tottering toward him*) Hold me, oh do, or I'll drop!

Lys. (*propping her up gingerly*) Whatever it is, out with it, quick!

Par. (*feebly*) Put your arm around my . . . waist . . . fan me, oh do . . . with your cloak!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Lys.* Timeo hoc negoti quid siet,
nisi haec meraclo se uspiam percussit flore Liberi. 637—
Par. Optine auris, amabo. [640
Lys. I in malam a me crucem,
pectus, auris, caput teque di perduint,
nam nisi ex te scio, quidquid hoc est, cito, hoc
iam tibi istuc cerebrum dispereutiam, excetra tu,
ludibrio pessuma adhuc quae me habuisti.
- Par.* Ere mi —
Lys. Quid vis mea me ancilla?
Par. Nimium saevis.
Lys. Numero dicis.
sed hoc quidquid est eloquere, in pauca confer.
quid intus tumulti fuit?
- Par.* Scibis, audi.
malum pessimumque hic
modo intus apud nos 649, 650
tua ancilla hoc pacto exordiri coepit,
quod haud Atticam condecet disciplinam.
- Lys.* Quid est id?
Par. Timor praepedit dicto linguae.
Lys. Possum scire ego istuc ex te quid
negotist?
- Par.* Dicam.
tua ancilla, quam tu tuo vilico vis
dare uxorem, ea intus —
- Lys.* Quid intus? quid est?
Par. Imitatur malarum malam disciplinam,
viro quae suo interminetur; vitam —
- Lys.* Quid ergo?
Par. Ah —
Lys. Quid est?

CASINA

Lys. (*aside, as he fans her*) I'm worried about the meaning of this—unless she has overcome herself somewhere with too strong a sniff of the flower of Bacchus.

Par. Hold my . . . ears, sir, oh do!

Lys. (*indignantly pushing her away*) Get to the deuce away from me! Be damned to you—waist, ears, head, and all! Now if you don't hurry up and tell me what the matter is, I'll take this stick this moment and knock your brains out, you serpent—making a fool of me all this while, you slut!

Par. (*protestingly*) My dear master——

Lys. (*hotly*) What do you want, my dear maid?

Par. You're too hard on me.

Lys. (*lifting his cane significantly*) You're saying that too soon. But out with it, whatever it is. Make it short. What was the disturbance inside?

Par. You'll learn, sir. Listen. It was awful, atrocious—when we were inside there just now—to see how your maidservant began to cut up, without any regard at all for Attic manners.

Lys. What's all this?

Par. (*swaying toward him*) I'm so scared I can't use my tongue properly.

Lys. (*lifting his cane again*) Can I learn from you what the matter is?

Par. I'll tell you. Your maidservant that you want to marry to your bailiff, well, inside she——

Lys. What inside? What is it?

Par. She's following the wicked manners of wicked women and threatening her own husband. It's his life----

Lys. (*alarmed*) Well, what, what?

Par. Ah-h!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Par. Interemere
ait velle vitam,
gladium —
Lys. Hem.
Par. Gladium —
Lys. Quid eum gladium? 660
Par. Habet.
Lys. Ei misero mihi, cur eum habet?
Par. Insectatur omnis
domi per aedis,
nec quemquam prope ad
se sinit adire;
ita omnes sub arcis, sub lectis latentes
metu mussitant.
Lys. Occidi atque interii.
quid illi obiectumst mali tam repente?
Par. Insanit.
Lys. Scelestissimum me esse credo.
Par. Immo si scias dicta quae dixit hodie —
Lys. Istuc expeto scire. quid dixit?
Par. Audi.
per omnis deos et deas deieravit, 670
occisurum eum hac nocte quicum cubaret.
Lys. Men occidet?
Par. An quippiam ad te attinet?
Lys. Vah.
Par. Quid cum ea negoti
tibist?
Lys. Peccavi :
illuc dicere, vilicum, volebam.
Par. Sciens de via in semitam degredere.
Lys. Numquid mihi minatur?
Par. Tibi infesta solist
plus quam cuiquam
Lys. Quam ob rem?

CASINA

- Par.* —it's his life she wants to take, so she says.
There she is, a sword——
- Lys.* Whew!
- Par.* —a sword——
- Lys.* What about this sword?
- Par.* —in her hand!
- Lys.* Lord preserve us! What has she got that for?
- Par.* She's chasing everyone through the house there,
and won't let a soul come near her; they're
hiding under chests and couches afraid to breathe
a word.
- Lys.* (*aside*) Death and damnation! (*aloud*) What the
deuce has got into her all of a sudden this
way?
- Par.* She's gone crazy.
- Lys.* (*aside*) If I'm not the cursedest wretch alive!
- Par.* But oh, sir, if you only knew what she said this
day——
- Lys.* That's what I'm anxious to know. What did she
say?
- Par.* Listen, sir. She swore by all the powers above
she would murder the man she spent this night
with.
- Lys.* (*jumping*) Murder me?
- Par.* (*guilelessly*) It doesn't concern you at all, does it,
sir?
- Lys.* (*aside*) Oh, dash it!
- Par.* What have you got to do with her, sir?
- Lys.* I made a mistake—the bailiff, I meant to say.
- Par.* (*aside*) You're leaving the highway for the by-
path deliberately.
- Lys.* She's not threatening me, is she?
- Par.* You are the very one she's wild at, sir, you
especially.
- Lys.* (*very anxious*) What for?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Par. Quia se des uxorem Olympioni,
neque se tuam nec se suam neque viri vitam
sinere in
crastinum protolli. id huc
missa sum tibi ut dicerem, 679, 680
ab ea uti caveas tibi.

Lys. Perii hercle ego miser.

Par. Dignus es.

Lys. Neque est neque fuit me senex quisquam
amator
adaeque miser.

Par. Ludo ego hunc facete; 683-685
nam quae facta dixi omnia huic falsa dixi.
era atque haec dolum ex proximo hunc
protulerunt,
ego hunc missa sum ludere.

Lys. Heus Pardalisca.

Par. Quid est?

Lys. Est —

Par. Quid?

Lys. Est quod volo exquirere ex te.

Par. Moram offers mihi.

Lys. At tu mihi offers maerorem. 690

sed etiamne habet

nunc Casina gladium?

Par. Habet, sed duos.

Lys. Quid duos?

Par. Altero te

occisurum ait, altero vilicum hodie.

Lys. Occisissimus sum omnium qui vivunt.

loricam induam mi optimum esse opinor.

quid uxor mea? non adiit atque ademit?

Par. Nemo audet prope accedere.

Lys. Exoret.

CASINA

Par. Seeing you want to marry her to Olympio, she vows she won't let you or herself or her husband live through the night. I was sent out here to tell you this, so that you may be on your guard against her.

Lys. Oh, merciful heavens! This is awful!

(aside) Serves you right!

Lys. *(aside)* Of all unlucky old lovers living, or that ever lived!

Par. *(to audience)* How finely I'm fooling him! Why, this story of mine has been a lie from first to last. Mistress and her next door neighbour here hatched this trick, and I was sent out to play it on him.

Lys. I say, Pardalisa!

Par. What is it, sir?

Lys. There's—— *(hesitates)*

Par. What?

Lys. There's something I want to ask of you.

Par. You're delaying me, sir?

Lys. Well, you're distressing me. But has Casina still got the *(shaking)* sword?

Par. Indeed she has—two of them.

Lys. Why two?

Par. She says she'll murder you with one and the bailiff with the other this very day.

Lys. *(trying to seem nonchalant)* I'm the most murdered man alive! The best thing I can do, I fancy, is to put on a breastplate. How about my wife? Didn't she go up and take them away?

Par. Not a soul dares get near her, sir.

Lys. She should try persuasion.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Par.

Orat ;

negat ponere alio modo ullo profecto,
nisi se sciat vilico non datum iri.

Lys.

Atque ingratis, quia non volt, nubet hodie. 700
nam quor non ego id perpetrem quod coepi,
ut nubat mihi? illud

quidem volebam,

nostro vilico.

Par.

Saepicule peccas.

Lys.

Timor praepedit verba. verum, obsecro te,
dic med uxorem orare ut exoret illam,
gladium ut ponat et redire me intro ut liceat.

Par.

Nuntiabo.

Lys.

Et tu orato.

Par.

Et ego orabo.

Lys.

At blande orato, ut soles. sed audin?
si effexis hoc, soleas tibi

dabo, et anulum in digitum

aureum et bona plurima.

Par.

Operam dabo.

Lys.

Face ut impetres.

710

Par.

Eo nunciam, nisi quippiam
remorare me.

Lys.

Abi et cura.

rediť eccum tandem opsonatu meus adiutor, pom-
pam ducit. 71

713-719

III. 6.

Ol.

Vide, fur, ut sentis sub signis ducas.

Cit.

Qui vero hi sunt sentis? 720

CASINA

Par. So she does; but Casina swears she simply won't put them down without knowing she's not to be given to the bailiff.

Lys. (*with great firmness*) Well, willy nilly, just because she objects, she shall marry him to-day. For why shouldn't I carry out my plan and have her marry me? (*hastily*) That is, our bailiff, I meant to say.

Par. (*guileless again*) You make mistakes pretty often, sir.

Lys. (*scanning her face sharply*) I'm so scared I can't talk properly. But for heaven's sake tell my wife I beg her to induce the girl to put down the sword and let me go back inside.

Par. Yes, sir.

Lys. And you beg her, too.

Par. And I'll beg her, too.

Lys. Yes, but beg her in that coaxing way of yours. (*Pardalisca moves toward the door*) But listen to this, will you? If you succeed, I'll give you some sandals and . . . a gold ring for your finger and lots of nice things.

Par. I'll do what I can, sir.

Lys. See that you persuade her.

Par. I'll go this moment—unless you contrive to hinder me, sir.

Lys. Go along and see to it. [EXIT *Pardalisca*.] (*looking down the street*) Ah! there comes my aide-de-camp at last with the provisions. Quite a train he leads!

ENTER *Olympio*, *Citrio*, AND HIS ASSISTANTS WITH
EDIBLES.

Scene 6.

Ol. (*to Citrio*) See here, thief, march your briars (*pointing to assistants*) well under your banners.

Cit. Briars, indeed? How so?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ol. Quia quod tetigere, ilico rapiunt, si eas ereptum,
 ilico scindunt ;
 ita quoquo adveniunt, ubiubi sunt, duplici damno
 dominos multant.

Cit. Heia.

Ol. Attat. cesso magnifice patricieque amicirier
 atque ita ero
 meo ire advorsum ?

Lys. Bone vir, salve.

Ol. Fateor.

Lys. Quid fit ?

Ol. Tu amas ; ego esurio et sitio. 724-725

Lys. Lepide excuratus incessisti.

Ol. Aha, hodie¹

Lys. Mane vero, quanquam fastidis.

Ol. Fu fu, fetet tuos mihi sermo.

Lys. Quae res ?

Ol. Haec res. etiamne adstas ? enim vero πράγ-
 ματά μοι παρέχεις.

Lys. Dabo tibi

μέγα κακόν,
 ut ego opinor, nisi resistis.

Ol. ὦ Ζεῦ, 730
 potin a me abeas,
 nisi me vis

vomere hodie ?

Lys. Mane.

Ol. Quid est ? quis hic est homo ?

Lys. Erus sum.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here : *sum Sardanapallus* Lindsay.
 78

CASINA

- *Ol.* Because the moment they touch a thing they cling to it; the moment you go to pull it away, there you are—torn to tatters. Whatever place they go to, wherever they are, they do double damage to the head of the house.
- Cit.* *(in protest)* Oh, I say!
- Al.* *(aside, seeing Lysidamus)* Oho! Now to clothe myself in a grand, patrician style, and so go to meet my master. *(arranges his clothes and steps jauntily up to Lysidamus)*
- Lys.* Ah, my noble fellow!
- Ol.* I confess it.
- Lys.* What's the news?
- Al.* You are in love; I am hungry and thirsty.
- Lys.* *(with a glance at the viands)* You have come handsomely provided for.
- Ol.* *(eyeing the food fondly)* Ah-h, to-day —— *(moves toward house)*
- Lys.* Now, now, wait a moment, even though you are so superior.
- Ol.* Faugh! faugh! Your talk offends my nostrils.
- Lys.* What ails you?
- Ol.* *(pointing to provisions)* This. Still standing there? My word! C'est trop d'ennui que tu me causes. *(moves on toward house)*
- Lys.* I will cause you de grandes douleurs, I'm thinking, unless you stand still. *(seizes him)*
- Ol.* *(releasing himself)* Mon Dieu! Get away from me, can't you,—unless you want to set me spewing! *(moves on again)*
- Lys.* Wait.
- Ol.* *(halting)* Well? *(looking Lysidamus over contemptuously)* Who is this fellow?
- Lys.* The master of the house.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ol. Quis erus?
Lys. Cuius tu servo's.
Ol. Servos ego.
Lys. Atque meus. 733-735
Ol. Non sum ego liber?
 memento, memento.
Lys. Mane atque asta.
Ol. Omitte.
Lys. Servos sum tuos.
Ol. Optumest.
Lys. Opsecro te,
 Olympisce mi, mi pater, mi patrone.
Ol. Em,
 sapis sane.
Lys. Tuos sum equidem. 740
Ol. Quid mi opust servo tam nequam?
Lys. Quid nunc? quam mox recreas me?
Ol. Cena modo si sit cocta.
Lys. Hisce ergo abeant.
Ol. Propere cito intro ite et cito deproperate. 744, 745
 ego iam intus ero, facite cenam mihi ut ebria sit.
 sed lepide nitideque volo,
 nil moror barbarico bliteo.
 stasne etiam? i sis, ego hic habeo.
 numquid est ceterum quod morae sit?
Lys. Gladium Casinam intus habere ait,
 qui me atque te interimat.
Ol. Scio. sic sine habere;
 nugas agunt. novi
 ego illas malas merces.
 quin tu i modo mecum
 domum.

750

CASINA

Ol. What master?

Lys. The one you are the slave of.

Ol. A slave? I?

Lys. Yes, and mine.

Ol. Am I not a free man? (*dangerously*) Remember, remember! (*moves toward house again*)

Lys. Wait! Stop! (*clutches him*)

Let me be. (*shakes him off*)

Lys. (*humbly*) I am your slave.

Ol. (*somewhat mollified*) Very good.

Lys. My dear, dear Olympio, my father, my patron, I pray you!

Ol. There! You really show sense.

Lys. I am yours, indeed I am.

Ol. What use have I for such a worthless slave?

Lys. Well? Well? How soon will you make a new man of me?

Ol. If dinner were only cooked!

Lys. (*pointing to Citrio and his assistants*) Have these fellows go in, then.

Ol. (*eagerly, to cooks*) Quick! Hurry inside, you, and hurry things up. Quick! I shall be in shortly: see you get me up a dinner that is positively drunk. A dainty, elegant one, mind! None of your flat Roman fare for me. (*to Citrio*) Still standing there? You kindly be off! I stay here myself. [EXEUNT COOKS INTO HOUSE.] (*to Lysidamus*) Nothing else to delay us, is there?

Lys. (*timidly, pointing to the house*) She says Casina has a sword in there to butcher us both with.

Ol. (*sceptically*) I see. Let her keep on having it. Mere nonsense! Nice articles those women are—I know them! Come on, you just go home with me.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. At pol malum metuo.
i tu modo, pèrspicito prius
quid intus agatur.
Ol. Tam mihi mea vita
quam tua tibi carast.
verum i modo.
Lys. Si tu iubes,
em ibitur tecum.

ACTVS IV

Par. Nec pol ego Nemeae credo neque ego Olym-
piaae
neque usquam ludos tam festivos fieri 760
quam hic intus fiunt ludi ludificabiles
seni nostro et nostro Olympioni vilico.
omnes festinant intus totis aedibus,
senex in culina clamat, hortatur coquos :
“quin agitis hodie? quin datis, si quid datis?
properate, cenam iam esse coctam oportuit.”
vilicus is autem cum corona, candide
vestitus, lautus exornatusque ambulat.
illae autem armigerum in cubiculo exornant
duae,
quem dent pro Casina nuptum nostro vilico. 770
sed nimium lepide dissimulant, quasi nil sciant
fore huius quod futurumst; digne autem coqui
nimis lepide ei rei dant operam, ne cenet senex,
aulas pervortunt, ignem restingunt aqua—

CASINA

Lys. But good heavens! I'm afraid of trouble! Just you go; you reconnoitre and see what is happening inside.

Ol. (*backing away*) I think as much of my life as you do of yours. (*boldly*) However, (*pushing Lysidamus ahead of him*) just you go.

Lys. (*boldly*) If you say the word,—well now, go it is—(*pushing Olympio ahead*) with you.

[EXEUNT INTO HOUSE, EACH ENDEAVOURING TO BE
HINDMOST.]

ACT IV

(*An hour has elapsed*)

ENTER *Pardalisca*, HILARIOUS.

Par. Oh, I don't believe they ever have games at Nemea, or at Olympia, either, or anywhere, as lively as the games they're playing inside here on our old man and our bailiff Olympio. Everyone is bustling about all over the house; the old man is clamouring in the kitchen, urging on the cooks—"Why don't you begin to do something? Why don't you give us our meal, if you have any to give? Hurry up! Dinner ought to have been cooked by this time!" As for the bailiff, he is parading around with a garland and white clothes on, all spick and span. And the two ladies—they're in a bedroom decking out the orderly to be our bailiff's wife in place of Casina. But oh! the lovely way they do pretend—just as if they had no idea what is going to happen! And then the cooks, too, are doing their part, and, my! the lovely way they work to keep the old man from dining! They upset the pots, pour water on the fire—do anything the

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

illarum oratu faciunt; illae autem senem
cupiunt extrudere incenatum ex aedibus,
ut ipsae solae ventres distendant suos.
novi ego illas ambestrices: corbitam cibi
comesse possunt. sed aperitur ostium.

IV. 2.

Lys.

Si sapitis, uxor, vos tamen cenabitis,
cena ubi erit cocta; ego ruri cenavero.
nam novom maritum et novam nuptam volo
rus prosequi, novi hominum mores maleficos,
ne quis eam abripiat. facite vostro animo volup.
sed properate istum atque istam actutum
emittere,

780

Par.

tandem ut¹ veniamus luci; ego cras hic ero.
cras habuero, uxor, ego tamen convivium.
Fit quod futurum dixi: incenatum senem
foras extrudunt mulieres.

Lys.

Quid tu hic agis?

Par.

Ego eo quo me ipsa misit.

Lys.

Veron?

Par.

Serio.

790

Lys.

Quid hic speculari?

Par.

Nil equidem speculor.

Lys.

Abi.

tu hic cunctas, intus alii festinant.

Par.

Eo.

Lys.

Abi hinc sis ergo, pessumarum pessuma.
iamne abiit illaec? dicere hic quidvis licet.
qui amat, tamen hercle, si esurit, nullum esurit.

¹ Corrupt (Leo): (rus) luci Mueller.

CASINA

ladies ask. As for them, they are bent on driving the old man out of the house without his dinner, so that they can swell their own stomachs all by themselves. I know them, the gluttonesses. They can consume a whole cargo of food. (*listening*) But the door's opening!

Scene 2. ENTER *Lysidamus* INTO DOORWAY.

Lys. (*with forced composure, to Cleostrata within*) It would be well, my dear, for you ladies to dine, just the same, when dinner is ready; I shall dine at the farm. I wish to escort the bride and groom to the farm, knowing as I do what unprincipled rogues there are about, so that no one shall abduct her. Enjoy yourselves. But do hurry up and send the pair of them out at once, so that we may manage to arrive before dark. I shall be here to-morrow. To-morrow, my dear, I shall have my share of the entertainment.

Par. (*aside*) Just as I said,—the ladies are driving the old man out without his dinner.

Lys. (*seeing her*) What are you doing here?

Par. Going where mistress sent me, sir.

Lys. (*suspicious*) Really?

Par. Truly.

Lys. What are you spying here for?

Par. Indeed, I am not spying at all.

Lys. (*pointing to door*) Begone! Here you are loitering, and everyone else bustling about inside.

Par. I am going, sir. (*moves slowly toward door*)

Lys. Well then, kindly begone, you consummate slut! [EXIT *Pardalisca*.] (*looking after her*) Gone now, has she? Now I can say what I like. A man in love may be famishing and yet want no food at all,

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed eccum progreditur cum corona et lampade
meus socius, compar, commaritus vilicus.

IV. 3.

Ol. Age tibicen, dum illam educunt huc novam nuptam
foras,
suavi cantu concelebra omnem hanc plateam
hymenaeo.

hymen hymenaeae o hymen.

800

Lys. Quid agis, mea salus?

Ol. Esurio hercle, atque adeo hau salubriter.

Lys. At ego amo.

Ol. At ego hercle nihili facio. tibi amor
pro cibost,
mihi ieiunitate iam dudum intestina murmurant.

Lys. Nam quid illaec nunc tam diu intus remorantur
remelignes?

quasi ob industriam, quanto ego plus propero,
procedit minus.

Ol. Quid si etiam suffundam hymenaeum, si qui citius
prodeant?

Lys. Censeo, et ego te adiutabo in nuptiis communibus.

Lys. Ol. Hymen hymenaeae o hymen.

Lys. Perii hercle ego miser, dirumpi hymenaeum can-
tando licet;

illo morbo quo dirumpi cupio, non est copia.

810

Ol. Edepol ne tu, si equos esses, esses indomabilis.

Lys. Quo argumento?

Ol. Nimis tenax es.

Lys. Num me expertu's uspiam?

CASINA

by Jove! (*as the door opens*) But ah! there he comes with garland and torch—my ally, comrade, and fellow-bridegroom of a bailiff!

Scene 3.

ENTER *Olympio*.

Ol. (*to the musician on the stage*) Come, flutist, while they bring out the bride, make the whole street here ring with a sweet nuptial song for me. (*singing as the musician plays the wedding song*) Hymen hymeneal, Hymen O!

Lys. How are you, my saviour?

Ol. (*sour*) Hungry, by gad! and there's no safety in it, either!

Lys. But as for me, I'm in love.

Ol. But I don't give a hang for that, by gad! Love is food for you; as for me, my insides have been rumbling with emptiness this long time.

Lys. Now what makes those dawdlers dally so long in there? It almost seems intentional—the more I hurry, the less headway we make.

Ol. What if I strike up the wedding song again, and see if that will bring them out sooner?

Lys. Just the thing! And I'll join in, it being our mutual wedding.

Lys. & Ol. (lustily) Hymen hymeneal, Hymen O!

Lys. (*after louder repetitions of the strain*) Oh Lord, this is awful! I can sing the hymeneal song till I burst, and still have no chance to burst myself the way I long to.

Ol. My word! If you were a horse, you'd be untamable, you surely would.

Lys. For what reason?

Ol. You're so precious hard to hold.

Lys. You never tested me, did you?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ol. Di melius faciant. sed crepuit ostium, exitur foras.
Lys. Di hercle me cupiunt servatum.

IV. 4.

Chal. Iam oboluit Casinus procul.¹

Par. Sensim supera tolle limen pedes, mea nova
 nupta ;

sospes iter incipe hoc, uti viro tuo
 semper sis superstes,

tuaque ut potior pollentia sit vincasque virum vic-
 trixque sies,

tua vox superet tuomque imperium, vir te vestiat,
 tu virum despolies.

noctuque et diu ut viro subdola sis, 820
 opsecro, memento.

Ol. Malo maxumo suo hercle ilico, ubi tantillum pec-
 cassit. 822-825

Lys. Tace.

Ol. Non taceo.

Lys. Quae res ?

Ol. Mala

malae male monstrat.

Lys. Facies tu hanc rem mi ex parata imparatam.
 id quaerunt volunt, haec ut infecta faciant.

Par. Age Olympio, quando vis, uxorem
 accipe hanc ab nobis. 830

Ol. Date ergo, daturae

Lys. Abite intro. si umquam estis hodie.

88 ¹ iam . . . procul given to Chalinus by Lindsay.

CASINA

Ol. God forbid! (*listening*) But the door creaked!
Out they come!

Lys. By Jove, the gods are with me!

ENTER *Pardalisca*, MAIDS, AND *Chalinus*, CLOTHED AND
VEILED AS A BRIDE, INTO THE DOORWAY. *Cleostrata*

Scene 4. AND *Myrrhina* STAND BACK OF THEM.

Chal. (*aside*) He's had a distant sniff of Casinus¹ already.

Par. (*as she and the maids support Chalinus*) Gently now,
raise your feet above the threshold,² my new
bride; begin this journey safely, so as to stand
above your husband always, and get the upper
hand of him, and master him and be the mistress,
and make your word and your authority final.
Let him clothe you, and you strip him. Night
and day you are to deceive him; remember that,
I beg you.

Ol. (*to Lysidamus, angrily*) By gad, she'll pay dear for
it the minute she misbehaves the least bit.

Lys. Hush!

Ol. I won't.

Lys. What ails you?

Ol. The vile creature is giving the vile girl vile
advice!

Lys. (*trying to calm him*) You'll unsettle everything I've
got settled. This is what they are after, what
they want,—to undo all we've done.

Par. Come, Olympio, since you wish it, receive your
wife here from us.

Ol. (*approaching*) Give her to me, then, if you ever
intend to do so. (*takes Chalinus from the maids*)

Lys. (*to Pardalisca and the other maids*) You may go
inside.

¹ A masculine Casina.

² It was a bad omen for the bride to touch the threshold.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Par. Amabo, integrae atque imperitae huic
impercito.

Ol. Futurum est.

Par. Valet.

Ol. Ite iam.

Lys. Ite.

Par. Iam valet.

Lys. Iamne abscessit uxor?

Ol. Domist, ne time.

Lys. Euax,

nunc pol demum ego sum liber.
meum corculum, melculum, verculum.

Ol. Heus tu,

malo, si sapias, cavebis;
meast haec.

Lys. Scio, sed meus fructus est prior.

Ol. Tene hanc lampadem.

Lys. Immo

ego hanc tenebo.

840

Venus multipotens, bona multa mihi
dedisti, huius cum copiam mihi dedisti.

Ol. O

corpusculum malaculum,
mea uxorcula. quae res?

Lys. Quid est?

Ol. Institit plantam

quasi luca bos.

Lys. Tace sis,

nebula haud est mollis aeque atque huius
pectus est.

Ol. Edepol papillam bellulam—ei misero mihi.

Lys. Quid est?

Ol. Pectus mi icit non cubito, verum ariete.

CASINA

- Par.* (to *Olympio*) Now do, do be gentle with this innocent, ingenuous maiden.
- Ol.* I will be.
- Par.* Good-bye !
- Ol.* (to the women) You may go now.
- Lys.* (to the women, who still linger) You may go.
- Par.* Well, good-bye. [EXEUNT WOMEN.]
- Lys.* (nervously) Has my wife left yet ?
- Ol.* She's in the house ; never fear.
- Lys.* (dancing excitedly around the bride) Hurrah ! Now I am a free man at last, by gad ! Oh, my little sweetheart, my little honey, my little flower of spring !
- Ol.* Hey, you ! You'll look out for trouble, if you've got any sense. This girl is mine.
- Lys.* I know, but the first fruits are mine.
- Ol.* You hold this torch.
- Lys.* (rejecting it) Oh, no ! I'll hold this one. (sidling up to the bride delightedly) Venus, mighty Venus, what a treasure thou gavest me when thou gavest me possession of this maiden !
- Ol.* (putting his arm about the bride's waist) Oh, your tender, tender little body, my dear little wife ! (jumping) What the deuce !
- Lys.* What is it ?
- Ol.* (hopping around on one leg) She came down on my foot like an elephant !
- Lys.* You kindly shut up. Her breast is softer than a cloud.
- Ol.* (approaching the bride again) My word ! What a pretty little bust—(a quick motion on the bride's part : he staggers back) Ouch ! Oh Lord !
- Lys.* What is it ?
- Ol.* (breathless) She hit me in . . . the chest . . . it wasn't an . . . elbow . . . it was a . . . battering ram !

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. Quid tu ergo hanc, quaeso, tractas tam dura
manu? 850
at mihi, qui belle hanc tracto, non bellum facit.
Ol. Vah.
Lys. Quid negotist?
Ol. Opsecro, ut valentulast,
paene exposivit cubito.
Lys. Cubitum ergo ire volt.
Ol. Quin imus ergo?
Lys. I, belle belliatula.

ACTVS V

Myrr. Acceptae bene et commode eximus intus
ludos visere huc in viam nuptialis.
numquam ecastor ullo die risi adaeque,
neque hoc quod relicuom est plus risuram
opinor.
Par. Lubet Chalinum quid agat scire, novom nuptum
cum novo marito.
Myrr. Nec fallaciam astutiores ullus fecit 860
poeta, atque ut haec est fabre facta ab nobis.
Cleost. Optunso ore nunc pervelim progredi
senem, quo senex nequior nullus vivit.
ne illum quidem
nequiores arbitror
esse, qui locum
praebet illi.¹ te nunc praesidem
volo hic, Pardalisca, esse, qui hinc exeat
eum ut ludibrio habeas.
Par. Libens fecero et solens.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here : *liberum* Schoell.

CASINA

- Lys.** Man alive, why do you handle her so roughly, then? Now as for me, I give her a gentle caress (*illustrates*) and she doesn't care.
- Ol.** (*attempting to do likewise and reeling as the bride's arm swings*) Woof!
- ys.** What's the matter?
- l.** For heaven's sake! What a powerful . . . little thing she is! She nearly . . . laid me down on my back . . . with her elbow!
- Lys.** (*chuckling*) A hint she wants to lie down herself.
- Ol.** Why don't we go, then?
- Lys.** (*to the bride fondly, as he leads her to Alcesimus's house*) Step along prettily, my pretty dear.
- [EXEUNT.]

ACT V

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Cleostrata, Myrrhina, AND Pardalisca.*

- Myrr.** After our nice, enjoyable entertainment inside, here we are out on the street to watch the wedding games. Oh dear, I never laughed so much in all my life! And I don't believe I shall ever laugh more in time to come.
- Par.** (*tittering*) I should like to know what Chalinus is doing—the bridegroom and his new husband!
- Myrr.** There never was a playwright invented a cleverer plot than this masterpiece of ours.
- Cleost.** Oh, if he would only come along with his face fairly battered, the old wretch! There's not a worse one alive! Not even his obliging host, in my opinion. Pardalisca, I want you to be on guard here now, so as to make fun of the man that comes out.
- Par.** So I will, gladly. That's my way.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Myrr. ¹spectato hinc omnia; intus quid agant ²
loquere.

Par. ² Pone me, amabo.

Myrr. Et ibi licet audacius
quae velis libere
proloqui.

Par. prosequar
vostra foris crepuit.
Tace,

V. 2.

Ol. Neque quo fugiam neque ubi lateam neque hoc
dedecus quo modo celem
scio, tantum erus atque ego flagitio superavimus
nuptiis nostris,
ita nunc pudeo atque ita nunc paveo atque ita
inridiculo sumus ambo.
sed ego insipiens nova nunc facio; pudet quem
prius non puduit umquamst.
operam date, dum mea facta iterum; est operae
pretium auribus accipere,
ita ridicula auditu, iterum ea sunt quae ego intus
turbavi.
ubi intro hanc novam nuptam deduxi, recta via in
conclave abduxi.
sed tenebrae ibi erant tamquam in puteo; dum
senex abest "decumbe" inquam.
conloco fulcio mollio blandior,
ut prior quam senex nuptias perpetrem.
tardus esse ilico coepi, quoniam³
respecto identidem, ne senex³

¹ Leo notes lacuna here : *Inspectato* Schoell.

² Leo notes lacuna here: *loquere . . . licet audacius* Lindsay.

³ Leo notes lacuna here: one of the many hopeless lacunae in Act V.

CASINA

Myrr. (*stationing Pardalisca in her doorway*) You watch everything from here ; tell us what they do inside.
(*peeps in*)

Par. Get behind me, there's a dear lady.

Myrr. (*drawing back*) And then you needn't be afraid to speak your mind freely.

Par. Hush ! Your door creaked ! (*the three women rush into Cleostrata's doorway*)

ENTER *Olympio*, MUCH DISHEVELLED, FROM THE
Scene 2. HOUSE.

Where to run, or to bury myself, or how to hide my infamy, I don't know ! Oh, the disgrace master and I have covered ourselves with, by this marriage of ours ! The shame of it ! And the fright I'm in ! And the way folks will laugh at the pair of us ! (*pauses*) But this is something new for me, ass that I am—I'm ashamed, and I never was ashamed before. (*to audience*) Attention, now, while I give you an account of myself ; it is worth your while to lend your ears. Oh, it's comical to hear of, and to tell of—the mess I made of things in there ! When I led this bride of mine inside I took her straight off to a chamber. But it was dark as a dungeon. “Make yourself comfortable on the couch,” says I, before the old man had come. I get her placed, put cushions back of her, soothe her, say soft things to her, so as to get ahead of the old man. I begin to slow down at once, since * * * I keep looking around for fear the old man * * * First, to make her feel

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

inlecebram stupri principio eam savium posco,
reppulit mihi manum,

neque enim dare sibi

savium me sivit.

enim iam magis adpropereo, magis iam libet in
Casinam intruere¹ 889, 890

cupio illam operam seni surripere, forem obdo, ne
senex me opprimeret.

Myrr. Agedum, tu adi hunc.

Cleost. Opsecro,

ubi tua nova nuptast?

Ol. Perii hercle ego, manifesta res.

Cleost. Omnem ordine rem 893-84

fateri ergo aequom est. quid intus agitur?

quid agit Casina?

satin morigera est?

Ol. Pudet dicere.

Cleost. Memora ordine, ut occeperas.

Ol. Pudet hercle.

Cleost. Age audacter¹ 899, 900

postquam decubuisti, inde volo memorare quid est
factum¹

Ol. ¹ flagitium est.

Cleost. Cavebunt qui audierint faciant¹

Ol. ¹ hoc magnus est.

Cleost. Perdis. quin tu pergis?

Ol. Vbi

¹ us suptus porro.¹

904, 905

Cleost. Quid?

Ol. Babae.

Cleost. Quid?

Ol. Papae.

Cleost. ¹ est?

Ol. Oh, erat maximum.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here.

CASINA

affectionate, I ask her for a nice long kiss. She pushed my arm away; not a bit of a nice long kiss would she let me give her. Nôw I get more urgent; now I'm more eager to have my Casina * * * I long to make the old man take second place; I bolt the door so that he won't rush in and surprise me.

rr. (to Cleostrata) Come, now; you go up to him.

ost. (stepping out from the doorway) Where is your bride, for heaven's sake?

(half aside) Oh Lord! I'm done for! It's all out!

ost. Then you might as well make a clean breast of everything. What is going on inside? What is Casina doing? Is she duly compliant?

t. (in distress) I'm ashamed . . . to tell.

lecst. Go on with your story as you had begun. Oh Lord! I'm ashamed!

st. Come, boldly now * * * After you got on the couch—I want you to go on with the account from there * * *

* * * It's scandalous!

(firmly) It will be a good lesson for those that hear you. * * *

Oh, the shame of it!

t. (impatient) Botheration! Why don't you go on? When * * * down below next * * *

t. Well?

Lord! Lord!

t. Well?

Oh Lord!

st. * * * is it?

Oh, it was enormous! * * * I was afraid she had

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

¹ ferrum ne haberet metui; id quaerere occepi¹
dum gladium quaero,¹ ne habeat, arripio capulum.
sed cum cogito, non habuit gladium, nam esset
frigidus.

Cleost. Eloquere.

Ol. At pudet.

Cleost. Num radix fuit.

Ol. Non fuit.

Cleost. Num cucumis? 910

Ol. Profecto hercle¹ non fuit quicquam holerum,
nisi, quidquid erat, calamitas profecto attigerat
numquam.

ita, quidquid erat, grande erat.

Myrr. Quid fit denique? edisserta.

Ol. Ibi² appello, "Casina" inquam,
"amabo, mea uxorcula, cur virum tuum sic me
spernis?

nimis tu quidem hercle immerito

meo mi haec facis, quia mihi te expetivi." 918-920

illa haud verbum facit et saepit veste id qui estis
mulieres.

ubi illum saltum video opsaeptum, rogo ut altero
sinat ire.

volo, ut obvertam, cubitis im¹

ullum muttit e¹

surgo, ut in eam in¹

atque illam in¹

Myrr. Perlepide narrat¹

Ol. Savium¹

ita quasi saetis labra mihi compungit barba,
continuo in genua ut astiti, pectus mihi pedibus
percutit.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here.

² *Ibi appello, "Casina," inquam* Bothe: *ubi appello*
Casinam inquit MSS.

CASINA

a sword; I began searching her * * * while I'm searching for her sword * * * to see if she has one, I got hold of a hilt. On second thoughts, though, she didn't have a sword, for that would have been cold.

Cleost. Go on.

Ol. But I'm ashamed to.

Cleost. It was not a radish, was it?

Ol. No.

Cleost. Or a cucumber?

Ol. Heavens! Certainly not! * * * No vegetable at all—at any rate, whatever it was, certainly no blight had ever touched it. It was full grown, whatever it was.

Myrr. What happened next? Be explicit.

Ol. Then I call her by name: "Now, now, Casina," says I, "my own little wifey, what makes you so cruel to me, your own husband? Good heavens! I don't deserve to have you act so toward me, indeed I don't, just for trying to get you for myself." Not a word does she say, and pulls her clothes tight around the part of her body that—that makes a woman of you. When I see she's barricaded herself, I beg her not to be so awfully coy. So as to turn her toward me I want to use my arms and * * * a word does she breathe * * * I get up, to * * * her * * * and * * * her * * *

Myrr. (to *Cleostrata*) What a delightful raconteur * * *

Ol. A nice long kiss * * * and I get my lips punctured by a beard that's just like bristles, and the next instant, as I'm kneeling beside her, she rams both feet through my chest. I fall off the couch head

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

decido de lecto praecipēs; subsilit, optundit os
mihi.

inde foras tacitus profugiens exeo hoc ornatu quo
vides,

ut senex hoc eodem poculo, quo ego bibi, biberet.

Cleost. Optume est.

sed ubi est palliolum tuum?

Ol. Hic intus reliqui.

Cleost. Quid nunc? satin lepide adita est

vobis manus?

Ol. Merito.

sed concrepuerunt fores.

num illa me nunc sequitur?

V. 3.

Lys. Maxumo ego ardeo flagitio

nec quid agam meis rebus scio,

nec meam ut uxorem aspiciam

contra oculis, ita disperii;

omnia palam sunt probra,

omnibus modis

occidi miser.

940

¹ ita manifesto faucibus teneor

¹ nec quibus modis purgem scio me meae uxori.

¹ atque expalliatum sum miser,

¹ clandestinae nuptiae.

¹ censeo

¹ mihi optimum est.

¹ intro ad uxorem meam

sufferamque ei meum tergum ob iniuriam.

sed ecquis est qui homo munus velit fungier

¹ Leo notes lacuna here.

CASINA

first; up she jumps and batters my face for me. And then, without saying a word, I took to my heels and made for the door in the condition you see me, (*savagely*) so that the old man might have a dose from the same cup as myself.

Cleost. (*grimly*) Excellent! But where is that short cloak of yours?

Ol. I left it inside here.

Cleost. Well, now, were you two tripped up neatly enough?

Ol. (*humble*) Quite as we deserved. (*startling*) But the door creaked! She's not after me now, is she? (*runs into Lysidamus's doorway: the rest follow*)

ENTER *Lysidamus* IN GREAT DISTRESS, HIS CLOAK

Scene 3. GONE AND HIS TUNIC TORN.

Lys. Oh, I'm burning with the hideous infamy of it; And I don't know what to do about it, or how to look my wife in the face—I'm so utterly done for! The whole disgraceful business is out! It's all up with me, absolutely, poor wretch that I am! * * * They have me by the throat, caught in the act * * * and how I can clear myself with my wife I don't know! * * * Oh dear, and my cloak gone! * * * a clandestine marriage! * * * I suppose * * * it's the best thing for me. * * * inside to my wife—(*in agony*) and let my back pay her damages! (*to audience, hopefully*) But is there anyone here who would

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

pro me? quid nunc agam

nescio, nisi ut improbos 950.

famulos imiter ac domo fugiam.

nam salus nulla est scapulis, si domum redeo.

¹ nugas istic dicere licet. vapulo hercle ego in-
vitus tamen

etsi malum merui.

hac dabo protinam me et fugiam.

V. 4.

Chal. Heus, sta ilico, amator.

Lys. Occidi, revocor. quasi

non audiam, abibo. 956-962

Chal. Vbi tu es, qui colere mores Massilienses postulas?

nunc tu si vis subigitare me, probast occasio.

redi sis in cubiculum. periisti hercle. age, accede
huc modo.

nunc ego tecum aequom arbitrum extra considium
captavero.

Lys. Perii, fusti defloccabit iam illic homo lumbos meos.
hac iter faciundumst, nam illac lumbifragiumst
obyiam.

Cleost. Iubeo te salvere, amator.

Lys. Ecce autem uxor obviamst²; 969

hac lupi, hac canes. lupina scaeva fusti rem gerit;
hercle opinor permutabo ego illuc nunc verbum
vetus.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here.

² Leo brackets following v., 970 :

nunc ego inter sacrum saxumque sum nec quo fugiam scio.

CASINA

like to substitute for me? (*vainly waits for reply*)
 I don't know what to do now—unless I imitate
 rascally slaves and run for it. For there's no
 chance for my shoulders, once I go back home.
 (*thinking audience seem sceptical*) Call that rubbish
 if you like. But I do get beaten—Lord, I do!—
 and I don't like it, no matter if I have deserved
 it. I'll make down the street here this minute
 and run for it. (*sets out past Alcesimus's house*)

ENTER *Chalinus* INTO DOORWAY, WITH *Lysidamus's*
 Scene 4. CANE AND CLOAK.

Chal. (*calling*) Hi! Stop right where you are, my
 gallant!

Lys. (*aside, frightened*) Oh murder! I'm called back!
 I'll keep on as if I didn't hear.

Chal. (*roaring*) Whereabouts are you—you that think to
 practice Marseilles customs here? (*coyly, as Lysi-*
damus stops in terror) Now if you want to fondle
 me, sir, here's a lovely chance. Come back to
 the bedroom, please do. (*ferociously, swinging his*
cane) It's all up with you, by gad! Come on;
 just you step this way. Now I'll get hold of a
 fair umpire (*tapping his cane significantly*) with you,
 one not on the regular bench of judges.

Lys. (*aside*) It's all up with me! That fellow will be
 depilating my middle shortly, with his club.
 (*turning round*) I must go this way, for that way
 I'm facing wreck amidships. (*makes off past his own*
house. Cleostrata steps out, blocking his course)

Cleost. Good day to you, gallant.

Lys. (*aside, stopping*) Oh! and here's my wife facing
 me! Wolves on one side, dogs on the other!
 Omens! And the wolf omen does business with
 a club! Heavens! I think I'll change that old

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

hac ibo, caninam scaevam spero meliorem fore.

Myrr. Quid agis, disarmite?

Cleost. Mi vir, unde hoc ornatu advenis?
quid fecisti scipione aut quod habuisti pallium?

Myrr. In adulterio, dum moechissat Casinam, credo
perdidit.

Lys. Occidi.

Chal. Etiamne imus cubitum? Casina sum.

Lys. I in malam crucem.

Chal. Non amas me?

Cleost. Quin responde, tuo quid factum est pallio?

Lys. Bacchae hercle, uxor—

Cleost. Bacchae?

Lys. Bacchae hercle, uxor—

Myrr. Nugatur sciens,
nam ecastor nunc Bacchae nullae ludunt.

Lys. Oblitus fui, 980
sed tamen Bacchae—

Cleost. Quid, Bacchae?

Lys. Sin id fieri non potest—

Cleost. Times ecastor.

Lys. Egone?

Cleost. Mentire hercle. nam palles male.¹

n quid me ve us am me rogas?

male r mihi

gratulor.

qu senex

ho on u

unc casinust

qui hic lem frus ram dis 989, 990

¹ vv. 983-990 are hopelessly fragmentary.

CASINA

proverb¹ now. I'll go this way; the dog omen will be the better, I hope. (*puts on a bold front, and tries to pass Cleostrata*)

Myrr. (*joining Cleostrata*) What are you about, my twice-married sir?

Cleost. Where are you coming from in such a state, husband mine? What have you done with your cane? What has become of your cloak?

Myrr. He lost them, I dare say, while he was courting Casina.

Lys. (*aside*) This is deadly!

Chal. (*tenderly*) Shan't we go to our chamber again? I am Casina.

Lys. Go to the devil!

Chal. (*sobbing*) You don't . . . love me?

Cleost. Come, come, answer me. What has become of your cloak?

Lys. (*floundering*) Oh Lord, my dear, some Bacchantes—

Cleost. Bacchantes?

Lys. Oh Lord, my dear, some Bacchantes——

Myrr. That's nonsense, and he knows it. Why, goodness me, there are no Bacchante revels now.

Lys. (*half aside*) I forgot that, (*aloud*) but, just the same, some Bacchantes——

Cleost. What? Bacchantes?

Lys. (*desperately*) Well, if that's impossible——

Cleost. (*affecting surprise*) Good heavens, you're frightened.

Lys. I?

Cleost. You're lying, gracious, yes! Why, how pale you are. * * * why me * * * you ask me? * * * badly * * * to me * * * I congratulate. * * * old man * * * is Casinus * * *

¹ *Inter lupos et canes nullam salutem esse.* “'Twixt wolves and dogs no safety lies.”

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ol.* qui etiam me miserum famosum fecit flagitiis suis.
Lys. Non taces? .
Ol. Non hercle vero taceo. nam tu maxumo
 me opsecravisti opere, Casinam ut poscerem uxorem
 mihi
 tui amoris causa.
- Lys.* Ego istuc feci?
Ol. Immo Hector Ilius— 994, 995⁷
- Lys.* Te quidem oppresset.¹ feci ego istaec dicta quae
 vos dicitis?
- Cleost.* Rogitas etiam?
- Lys.* Si quidem hercle feci, feci nequiter.
Cleost. Redi modo huc intro; monebo, si qui meministi
 minus.
- Lys.* Hercle, opinor, potius vobis credam quod vos dicitis.
 sed, uxor, da viro tuo hanc veniam. Myrrhina,
 ora Cleostratam; 1000
 si umquam posthac aut amasso Casinam aut ocepso
 modo,
 ne ut eam amasso, si ego umquam adeo posthac
 tale admisero
 nulla causast, quin pendentem me, uxor, virgis
 verberes.
- Myrr.* Censeo ecastor veniam hanc dandam.
Cleost. Faciam ut iubes.
 propter eam rem hanc tibi nunc veniam minus
 gravate prospero,
 hanc ex longa longiorem ne faciamus fabulam.
- Lys.* Non irata es?
Cleost. Non sum irata.
Lys. Tuaen fidei credo?
Cleost. Meae.

¹ Leo gives this sentence to Olympio, Lindsay to Lysidamus.

CASINA

Ol. * * * who's made a poor infamous man of me, as well, with his own outrageous actions.

Lys. (to *Olympio* in low tone) Won't you shut up?

Ol. (loudly) Indeed I won't shut up, by Jove? Why, you begged me your hardest to ask to marry Casina, all because you loved her yourself.

Lys. (blustering) I did that? I?

Ol. (sarcastically) Oh no, Hector of Troy——

Lys. (interrupting) Would have choked you off! I did those things you people say—I?

Cleost. You are still asking that? (advancing on him)

Lys. (cringing) Oh Lord! if I really did do it, I did wrong.

Cleost. (very stern) Just you go back inside here; I will refresh your memory if it fails you.

Lys. (retreating) Oh Lord! I think I'd rather take your word for all you say! (almost in tears) But do pardon your husband this time, my dear. Myrrhina, beg her to. If I ever make love to Casina after this, or as much as show a sign of it—let alone making love to her—if I ever do such a thing again, I give you leave to hang me up, my dear, and use a whip on me.

Myrr. (to *Cleostrata*) I really do think you ought to forgive him this time.

Cleost. Well, just as you say. (to *Lysidamus*) My reason, sir, for being less reluctant to rejoice you with my forgiveness, is that we may not make this long play longer.

Lys. (doubtful) You're not angry?

Cleost. No, I am not angry.

Lys. You give me your word on that?

Cleost. I do.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lys. Lepidiorem uxorem nemo quisquam quam ego
habeo hanc habet.

Cleost. Age tu, redde huic scipionem et pallium.

Chal. Tene, si lubet.

mihi quidem edepol insignite factast magna iniuria ; 1010
duobus nupsi, neuter fecit quod novae nuptae solet.

Spectatores, quod futurumst intus, id memorabimus.
haec Casina huius reperietur filia esse ex proxumo
eaque nubet Euthynico nostro erili filio.

nunc vos aequomst manibus meritis meritam mer-
cedem dare.

qui faxit, clam uxorem ducet semper scortum quod
volet ;

verum qui non manibus clare, quantum poterit,
plauserit,

ei pro scorto supponetur hircus unctus nautea.

CASINA

- Lys.* (overjoyed) Ah, there's not a living soul with a more delightful wife than this of mine !
- Cleost.* (to *Chalinus*) Come, you. Give him back his cane and cloak.
- Chal.* (doing so) Take 'em if you like. But by gad, I've been wronged, I've been horribly wronged ; I married two men, and neither of 'em did a husband's duty by me.

EPILOGUE

Spectators, we will inform you of what is to take place inside. This Casina will prove to be the daughter of the gentleman who lives next door here (pointing to *Alcesimus's house*) and will marry our young master, Euthynicus. Now it is right for you to reward us duly with due applause. The man that does so shall always deceive his wife and have the mistress he desires ; but the man that fails to clap us with all his might—there will be palmed off upon him, in place of his mistress, a goat scented with bilge water.

[EXEUNT OMNES.]

CISTELLARIA
OR
THE CASKET COMEDY

ARGVMENTVM

Comprimit adulescens Lemnius Sicyoniam,
Is redit in patriam, et gnatam generat nuptiis.
Sicyonia aeque parit puellam. hanc servolus
Tollit atque exponit, et ex insidiis aucupat.
Eam sublatam meretrix alii detulit.
Lemno post rediens ducit quam compresserat
Lemnique natam spondet adolescentulo
Amore capto illius proiecticiae.
Requirens servos reperit quam proiecerat.
Itaque lege et rite civem cognitam
Alcesimarchus, ut erat nactus, possidet.

10

PERSONAE

SELENIVM MERETRIX
GYMNASIVM MERETRIX
SYRA
AVXILIVM DEVS
ALCESIMARCHVS ADVLESCENS
SERVVS
SENEX
LAMPADIO SERVVS
MELAENIS LENA
PHANOSTHATA MATRONA
HALISCA ANCILLA
DEMIPHO SENEX.

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

A young Lemnian wrongs a maiden of Sicyon; returning to his own land, he marries and begets a daughter. A daughter likewise is born of the Sicyonian girl. A young slave of hers takes away this child, abandons it, and lurking about, spies what happens. The child is picked up by a courtesan, who gives it to another courtesan. The Lemnian later on returns, marries the woman he had wronged, and betroths the daughter born to him at Lemnos to a young man who is deeply in love with that foundling. In the course of his search the slave discovers this girl he had abandoned. So when her citizenship is proven, legally and properly, Alcesimarchus, already her lover, becomes her husband.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SELENIUM, *a courtesan.*

GYMNASIUM, *a courtesan.*

SYRA,¹ *a hand, mother of Gymnasium.*

SUCCOUR, *a god, the Prologue.*

ALCESIMARCHUS, *a young gentleman of Sicyon.*

A SLAVE, *belonging to Alcesimarchus.*

AN OLD GENTLEMAN, *father of Alcesimarchus.*

LAMPADIO, *slave of Demipho.*

MELAENIS, *a hand, supposed mother of Selenium.*

PHANOSTRATA, *wife of Demipho.*

HALISCA, *maid to Melaenis.*

DEMIPHO, *an old gentleman of Sicyon.*

¹ So Studemund; the name, however, is at best only probable.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ACTVS I

Sel. Cum ego antehac te amavi et mi amicam esse crevi,
mea Gymnasium, et matrem tuam, tum id mihi hodie
aperuistis, tu atque haec. soror si mea esses,
qui magis potueritis

mihi honorem ire habitum,
nescio, nisi, ut meus est animus, fieri non posse arbitror;
ita omnibus relictis rebus mihi frequentem operam dedistis.

eo ego vos amo et eo a me magnam iniistis gratiam.

Gymn. Pol isto quidem nos pretio facile est frequentare tibi utilisque habere;

ita in prandio nos lepide ac nitide

10

accepisti apud te, ut semper meminerimus.

Sel. Lubenti edepol animo factum et fiet a me, quae vos arbitrabor velle, ea ut expetessam.

Syra Quod ille dixit, qui secundo vento vectus
est tranquillo mari,

ventum gaudeo—ecastor ad te, ita hodie

hic acceptae sumus suavibus modis,
nec nisi disciplina apud te fuit quicquam ibi quin mihi placeret.

Sel. Quid ita, amabo?

THE CASKET COMEDY

Scene :—Sicyon. A street in which are the houses of Alcesimarchus and Demipho.

ACT I

ENTER *Selenium, Gymnasium, AND Syra* FROM THE HOUSE OF *Alcesimarchus, Syra* RATHER TIPSY.

Sel. I always did love you, Gymnasium dear, and always felt I had a friend in you—and in your mother, too; but to-day you have proved your friendship, both of you. If you were my own sister, I don't see how you could have shown more regard for me—no, no, I am sure I'm right in feeling you simply could not. See how you have left everything and devoted yourselves to me entirely! I love you for it, and I'm ever so grateful for it, too.

Gymn. Dear me, it's easy devoting ourselves to you and making ourselves serviceable, when you pay us so well. Such a delightful, dainty luncheon as you did give us at your house, one we'll always remember!

Sel. Oh, it was a pleasure, and it always will be, to be eager to do things I think you like.

Syra (*struggling to manage her tongue*) As the sailor . . . said . . . when a fair wind carried him over the tranquil . . . sea: "Hurrah for the wind"—that . . . blew me to you . . . goodness, yes . . . with the lovely way you've . . . entertained us here to-day! The only thing that . . . didn't suit me . . . was the way your servants are . . . trained.

Sel. Why, bless your heart, how is that?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Syra

Raro nimium dabat quod biberem,
id merum infuscabat.

Gymn.

Amabo, hicine istud decet?

Syra

Iusque fasque est; 19, 20
nemo alienus hic est.

Sel.

Merito vostro amo vos,
quia me colitis et magni facitis.

Syra

Decet pol, mea Selenium,
hunc esse ordinem benevolentis inter se
beneque amicitia utier,
ubi istas videas summo genere natas, summatis
matronas,
ut amicitiam colunt atque ut eam iunctam bene
habent inter se.

si idem istud nos faciamus, si idem imitemur, ita
tamen vix vivimus

cum invidia summa. suarum opum nos volunt
esse indigentes.

nostra copia nil volunt nos potesse 29, 30
suique omnium rerum nos indigere,
ut sibi simus supplices.

eas si adeas, abitum quam aditum malis, ita
nostro ordini

palam blandiuntur, clam, si occasio usquam
est,

aquam frigidam subdole suffundunt.

viris cum suis praedicant nos solere,

suas paelices esse aiunt, eunt depressum.

quia nos libertinae sumus, et ego et tua mater,
ambae

meretrices fuimus. illa te, ego hanc mihi educavi
ex patribus conventiciis. neque ego hanc super-
biai

40

causa pepuli ad meretricium quaestum, nisi ut
ne esurirem.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Syra They didn't pass the wine nearly . . . often enough, and when they did pass it they spoiled it with . . . water.

Gymn. (*embarrassed*) Oh now, now! Is it nice to say that here?

Syra (*stubborn and loud*) Quite right and . . . proper; it's all in the family. (*embraces Selenium*)

Sel. I have good reason for loving you both, when you are so kind and make so much of me.

Syra Mercy me, Selenium dear, people in our . . . walk of life ought to be . . . good to each other and . . . do each other good turns, (*indignantly*) when you see those highborn ladies, those blue-blooded dames, how they keep up their . . . friendship and . . . how well they hang together. If we do the same, if we imitate them, even so we have a . . . hard time getting . . . on, they hate us so. They want to keep us in need of their . . . support. Not a bit of power of our own do they want us to have, but to need them for everything, so that we'll have to . . . sue to them for favours. And once you do go to 'em, you'd rather go out than . . . in, seeing the way they flatter women like us in public, and then in private pour . . . cold water on us, every chance they get, the sly things! They claim we . . . get hold of their husbands, say we're their concubines, and they try to keep us down. Being only . . . freed slaves, your mother and I, we both became courtesans. She brought you up, I . . . brought up this girl (*indicating Gymnasium*) to be a . . . comfort to me, your fathers being men we . . . happened on. It wasn't out of . . . highhandedness I forced my girl here into my own . . . profession; it was only that I shouldn't . . . go hungry.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Sel.* At satius fuerat eam viro dare nuptum potius.
- Syra* Heia,
haec quidem ecastor cottidie viro nubit, nupsitque
hodie,
nubet mox noctu. numquam ego hanc viduam
cubare sivi.
nam si haec non nubat, lugubri fame familia
pereat.
- Gymn.* Necesse est, quo tu me modo voles esse, ita esse,
mater.
- Syra* Ecastor haud me paenitet, si ut dicis ita futura es.
nam si quidem ita eris ut volo, numquam senecta
fies
semperque istam quam nunc habes aetatulam
optinebis,
multisque damno et mihi lucro sine meo saepe eris
sumptu.
- Gymn.* Di faxint.
- Syra* Sine opera tua di horunc nil facere possunt.
- Gymn.* Equidem hercle addam operam sedulo; sed tu
aufer istaec verba.
meus oculus, mea Selenium, numquam ego te
tristiores
vidi esse. quid, cedo, te obsecro tam abhorret
hilaritudo?
neque munda adaeque es, ut soles—hoc sis vide,
ut petivit
suspirium alte—et pallida es. eloquere utrumque
nobis,
et quid tibi est et quid velis nostram operam, ut
nos sciamus.
noli, obsecro, lacrumis tuis mi exercitum impe-
rare.
- Sel.* Med excrucio, mea Gymnasium. male mihi est,
male maceror;

THE CASKET COMEDY

Sel. But it would have been better to let her marry someone, instead.

Syra Hoity toity! And so she does, gracious yes, every day—to-day, and again to-night. I've never let her sleep alone, not I. Why, if she didn't marry, our family would die of doleful famine.

Gymn. (*listlessly*) I must be what you wish me to be, mother.

Syra Mercy me, I'm contented, if you keep doing as you say. Yes, you just be what I . . . want you to be, and you'll never grow old, and you'll always keep that . . . pretty bloom of yours, and . . . fleece lots of men and furnish me with funds, and often without costing me anything, too.

Gymn. Heaven make it so!

Syra Heaven can't make it so at . . . all, without your help.

Gymn. (*rather impatient*) Oh, yes, yes, yes, I'll help, too, all I can. But enough of this. (*turning to Selenium, who seems on the verge of tears*) Why, my darling, my dear Selenium, I've never seen you looking more melancholy. For mercy's sake, tell me, why are you and cheerfulness such strangers? (*scrutinizing her*) And you don't look as smart as usual—just see, that deep, deep sigh!—and you're pale, too. Come, tell us two things—what the trouble is, and how you want us to help you—so that we may understand matters. Don't cry, please, and bring an attack on me, too.

Sel. (*sobbing*) Oh, Gymnasium dear, I'm in torment! I'm suffering, suffering cruelly! My heart aches,

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

doleo ab animo, doleo ab oculis, doleo ab aegritudine.

quid dicam, nisi stultitia mea me in maerorem rapi?

60

Gymn. Indidem unde oritur facito ut facias stultitiam sepelibilem.

Sel. Quid faciam?

Gymn. In latebras abscondas pectore penitissimo. tuam stultitiam sola facito ut scias sine aliis arbitris.

Sel. At mihi cordolium est.

Gymn. Quid? id unde est tibi cor?
commemora obsecro;

quod neque ego habeo neque quisquam alia mulier, ut perhibent viri.

Sel. Siquid est quod doleat, dolet; si autem non est—tamen hoc hic dolet.

Gymn. Amat haec mulier.

Sel. Eho an amare occipere amarum est, obsecro?

Gymn. Namque ecaster Amor et melle et felle est fecundissimus;
gustui dat dulce, amarum ad satietatem usque oggerit.

Sel. Ad istam faciem est morbus, qui me, mea Gymnasium, macerat.

Gymn. Perfidiosus est Amor.

Sel. Ergo in me peculatum facit.

Gymn. Bono animo es, erit isti morbo melius.

Sel. Confidam fore, si medicus veniat qui huic morbo facere medicinam potest.

Gymn. Veniet.

Sel. Spissum istuc amanti est verbum, veniet, nisi venit.

sed ego mea culpa et stultitia peius misera maceror,

THE CASKET COMEDY

my eyes ache, I ache all over, I'm so miserable !
What can I say—except that I'm driven to despair
by my own silliness !

Gymn. (*cheerily*) Well, in the same place this silliness
originated, you take and—tombigate it !

Sel. (*mystified*) Do what ?

Gymn. Hide it away in the very very deepest recess of
your heart. See you keep your silliness to yourself
and let no one else spy it.

Sel. But I'm so sick, mentally.

Gymn. (*laughing*) What ? Where did you get that mind ?
For mercy's sake, give an account of yourself. A
mind is something I haven't got, or any other
woman, either, according to the men.

Sel. (*trying to smile*) If I have one to be sick, it is sick ;
but if I haven't, I'm sick here (*laying her hand on*
her breast) just the same.

Gymn. (*to her mother, playfully*) This girl is a bit in love.

Sel. Ah, tell me, that " bit " of love does not begin by
being bitter, does it ?

Gymn. Why, good gracious, love is fairly overflowing with
honey and gall both. It gives you but a taste of
sweetness : bitterness it heaps up before you till
you can hold no more.

Sel. The malady tormenting me is like that, Gymnasium
dear.

Gymn. Love is faithless.

Sel. (*sadly*) And so it's defrauding me.

Gymn. Cheer up, that malady of yours will mend.

Sel. I'm sure of it, if the doctor who can doctor it
would only come.

Gymn. He will come.

Sel. " He will come " is a sluggish phrase to a girl in
love, unless he does come. But oh dear, it's my
own fault, my own silliness, that makes my

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quom ego illum unum mi exoptavi, quicum aetatem degerem.

Syra Matronae magis conducibilest istuc, mea Selenium, unum amare et cum eo aetatem exigere quoi nuptast semel.

verum enim meretrix fortunati est oppidi simillima: 80

Sel. non potest suam rem obtinere sola sine multis viris. Hoc volo agatis. qua accersitae causa ad me estis, eloquar.

nam mea mater, quia ego nolo me meretricem dici, obsecutast de ea re, gessit morem morigerae mihi, ut me, quem ego amarem graviter, sineret cum eo vivere.

Syra Stulte ecastor fecit. sed tu enumquam cum quiquam viro consuevisti?

Sel. Nisi quidem cum Alcesimarcho, nemine, neque pudicitiam meam mi alius quisquam imminuit.

Syra Obsecro, quo is homo insinuavit pacto se ad te?

Sel. Per Dionysia mater pompani me spectatum duxit. dum redeo domum, 90
conspicillo consecutust clanculum me usque ad fores.

inde in amicitiam insinuavit cum matre et mecum simul blanditiis, muneribus, donis.

Syra Mihi istunc vellem hominem dari, ut ego illum vorsarem!

Sel. Quid opust verbis? consuetudine coepi amare contra ego illum, et ille me.

Syra O mea Selenium, adsimulare amare oportet. nam si ames, extempulo
122

THE CASKET COMEDY

torment all the worse, for I've yearned for him, just him alone, to spend my life with!

Syra That's more . . . profitable for a fine dame, Selenium dearie—to love just one man and . . . pass her days with him, once she's married him. But a courtesan, you know, is much like a prosperous city: she can't get along by . . . herself, without plenty of men.

Sel. (*taking their hands affectionately*) Please listen now, both of you. I'll explain why I asked you to come to me. You see, (*politely hesitant*) I don't like to be known as a courtesan, so my mother gave in to me, submitted to my wishes as I submit to hers, and let me live with the man I adore.

Syra Goodness me, she was a . . . fool! But you, you've never been intimate with any man?

Sel. No—that is, not with anyone except Alcesimarchus. I never had a thing to do with any other man.

Syra For mercy's sake, how did . . . this one wind his way into your favour?

Sel. (*shyly*) During the festival of Dionysus mother took me to see the procession. On the way home he spied me and stole along after me all the way to our door. Then he wound his way into mother's heart—and mine, too—with the nice things he said, and did for us, and gave us.

Syra (*aside*) I wish I . . . had him? Oh, wouldn't I . . . work him!

Sel. I needn't say much more. We were thrown together, and I began to love him, and he me.

Syra Ah, Selenium dearie, you ought to . . . make believe love. Why, once you do love, you . . .

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

melius illi multo, quem ames, consulas quam rei
tuae.

Sel. At ille conceptis iuravit verbis apud matrem meam,
me uxorem ducturum esse; ei nunc alia ducendast
domum,
sua cognata Lemniensis, quae habitat hic in
proxumo.
nam eum pater eius subegit. nunc mea mater
iratast mihi,
quia non redierim domum ad se, postquam hanc
rem resciverim,
eum uxorem ducturum esse aliam.

100

Syra Nihil amoriniuriūst.
Sel. Nunc te amabo ut hanc hic unum triduom hoc
solum sinas
esse et hic servare apud me. nam ad matrem
accersita sum.

Syra Quamquam istud mihi erit molestum triduom, et
damnum dabis,
faciam.

Sel. Facis benigne et amice. sed tu, Gymna-
sium mea,
si me absente Alcesimarchus veniet, nolito acriter
eum inclamare—utut erga me est meritis, mihi
cordi est tamen—
sed, amabo, tranquille; ne quid, quod illi doleat,
dixeris.
accipias clavis; si quid opus tibi erit prompto,
promito.
ego volo ire.

110

Gymn. Vt mi excivisti lacrimas.

Sel. Gymnasium mea,
bene vale.

Gymn. Cura te, amabo, sicine immunda, obsecro,
ibis?

THE CASKET COMEDY

look out for your lover much better than for your own interests.

Sel. But he swore solemnly to my mother that he would marry me—and now (*sobbing*) he's got to marry another girl, a Lemnian relative of his that lives next door here (*pointing to Demipho's house*). Yes, his father has forced him into it. And now my mother is angry with me because I didn't go back home to her after I found this out—that he was going to marry someone else.

Syra Nothing's unfair in love.

Sel. Now do, do, please, let Gymnasium stay here for just merely the next three days and look after things at my house. For mother has summoned me home.

Syra Well, that means three unpleasant days for me and . . . money lost, but I'll . . . let her.

Sel. That's very nice and friendly of you. But listen, Gymnasium dear, if Alcesimarchus comes while I'm gone, don't be sharp and harsh with him and say hateful things—no matter how he has acted toward me, I (*sobbing*) do think so much of him still!—but please, please be gentle with him; don't say anything to hurt his feelings. Here are the keys; (*passing them over*) if you need anything, take it. I must (*turning away in tears*) go.

Gymn. (*weeping*) Oh, you've set me crying, too!

Sel. Good-bye, Gymnasium dear, good-bye!

Gymn. Do, do take care of yourself, dear! (*as Selenium moves away*) Mercy me, you aren't going like that—looking so frowzy?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sel. Immundas fortunas aequom est squalorem sequi.

Gymn. Amiculum hoc sustolle saltem.

Sel. Sine trahi, cum egomet trahor.

Gymn. Quando ita tibi lubet, vale atque salve.

Sel. Si possim, velim.

Gymn. Numquid me vis, mater, intro quin eam? ecaster
mihi

visa amare.

Syra Istoc ergo auris graviter obtundo tuas,
ne quem ames. abi intro.

Gymn. Numquid me vis?

Syra Vt valeas.

Gymn. Vale.

1. 2.

Syra Idem mihi magnae quod parti est vitium mulierum 120
quae hunc quaestum facimus: quae ubi saburratae
sumus,

largiloquae extemplo sumus, plus loquimur quam
sat est.

nam ego illanc olim, quae hinc flens abiit, parvolam
puellam proiectam ex angiportu sustuli.¹

¹ Leo brackets following vv., 125-132:

*adulescens quidam hic est utprime nobilis
| quin ego nunc quia sum onusta mea ex sententia
quiaque adeo me complevi flore Liberi,
magis libera uti lingua contibitum est mihi,
tacere nequeo misera quod tacito usus est. |
Sicyone, summo genere; ei vivit pater. 130 -
is amore misere hunc deperit mulierculam,
quae hinc modo flens abiit. contra amore eum haec deperit.*

Lines 125, 130-2 seem to have been added so that
Auxilium's speech might be omitted. Lines 126-9 are
omitted in A, and parallel lines 120-2.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Sel. (*listless*) A frowzy fate and a dingy dress go well together.

Gymn. Do lift up your mantle here, anyway. (*tries to arrange it*).

Sel. Let it trail, now that I am trailed in the dust myself.

Gymn. If you will have it so—good-bye, and look out for yourself.

Sel. If I could, I would. [EXIT.

Gymn. (*looking after her with a sigh*) Is there anything you want, mother, before I go inside? My goodness, she is really in love, it seems to me!

Syra Yes, and that's why I . . . keep dinning it into your ears, not to love any . . . man. Go on inside.

Gymn. There's nothing else you want of me?

Syra Keep well.

Gymn. And you. [EXIT INTO HOUSE.

Scene 2

Syra (*to audience, with drunken friendliness*) I've got the same fault as most of the . . . women in my profession. Once we get properly . . . ballasted, our tongues loosen up at once and . . . we talk too much. Now that girl that just went away . . . crying—a long time ago when she was only a little tot, I . . . picked her up in an alley where she'd been left.¹ I gave her as a . . . present to

¹ Vv. 125-132: There's a certain young gentleman here of the highest sort of rank—really, now that I'm loaded to my taste and am positively full of the flower of Bacchus, I've taken a fancy to use my tongue more freely, and I can't, dear me, I can't, keep quiet about what ought to be kept quiet—a Sicyonian of the very best family; his father's living. This young gentleman is desperately, madly, in love with this little lady that went away from here crying just now. And, for her part, she's madly in love with him.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

eam meae ego amicae dono huic meretrici dedi,
quae saepe mecum mentionem fecerat,
puerum aut puellam alicunde ut reperirem sibi,
recens natum, eapse quod sibi supponeret.
ubi mihi potestas primum evenit, ilico
feci eius ei quod me oravit copiam,
postquam eam puellam a me accepit, ilico
eandem puellam peperit quam a me acceperat, 140
sine obstetricis opera et sine doloribus,
item ut aliae pariunt, quae malum quaerunt sibi.
nam amatorem aibat esse peregrinum sibi
suppositionemque eius facere gratia.
id duae nos solae scimus, ego quae illi dedi
et illa quae a me accepit, praeter vos quidem.
haec sic res gesta est. si quid usus venerit,
meminisse ego hanc rem vos volo. ego abeo domum.

I. 3.

Aux. Vtrumque haec, et multiloqua et multibiba, est
anus.

satin vix reliquit deo quod loqueretur loci, 150
ita properavit de puellae proloqui
suppositione. quod si tacuisset, tamen
ego eram dicturus, deus, qui poteram planius.
nam mihi Auxilio est nomen. nunc operam date,
ut ego argumentum hoc vobis plane perputem.

Fuere Sicyoni iam diu Dionysia.
mercator venit huc ad ludos Lemnius,
isque hic compressit virginem, adolescentulus,
vi, vinulentus multa nocte in via.

is ubi malam rem scit se meruisse, ilico 160

THE CASKET COMEDY

a friend of mine, a courtesan here (*pointing in the direction Selenium went*) who had . . . often spoken to me about my finding a . . . boy or girl for her somewhere, one just born, that she could . . . palm off as her own. So the first chance I . . . got, I provided her with what she begged for. After taking this . . . girl from me, she was . . . brought to bed at once of . . . this same girl she had got from me, without a . . . midwife's help and without labour pains, such as other women suffer, who . . . have babies, the women that bring trouble on themselves. She said she . . . had a lover from foreign parts, you . . . see, and was pretending to have a child on his account. This is a . . . secret between us two—me that gave it to her, and her that . . . took it, except for you people, of course. Well, that's how things . . . stand. I want you to . . . remember this, if occasion . . . comes. I'm going . . . home. [EXIT *Syra*, UNSTEADILY.]

Scene 3

ENTER *Succour*.

**Succour* (*looking after Syra disgustedly*) Tattler and tippler both, the old hag! So she has barely left a thing for a god to say, in her hurry to tell the tale of that supposititious girl! Why, if she had held her tongue, I should have told you, just the same, and I, being a god, could have made it clearer. For my name is Succour. Attention now, so that I may give you a clear, trim outline of this play.

A long time ago there was a Dionysiac festival at Sicyon. A Lemnian merchant came here to the festivities, and here, late at night in the road, when his young blood was heated by wine, he outraged a maiden. When he realized the criminal nature of his offence, he straightway

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

pedibus perfugium peperit, in Lemnum aufugit,
ubi habitabat tum. illa quam compresserat
decimo post mense exacto hic peperit filiam.
quoniam reum eius facti nescit qui siet,
paternum servom sui participat consili,
dat eam puellam ei servo exponendam ad necem.
is eam proiecit. haec puellam sustulit.

ille clam observavit servos qui eam proiecerat
quo aut quas in aedis haec puellam deferat.

ut eamse vos audistis confiterier,
dat eam puellam meretrici Melaenidi,
eaeque educavit eam sibi pro filia

bene ac pudice. tum illic autem Lemnius
propinquam uxorem duxit, cognatam suam.
ea diem suam obiit, facta morigera est viro.
postquam ille uxori iusta fecit, ilico

huc commigravit; duxit uxorem hic sibi
eandem quam olim virginem hic compresserat,
et eam cognoscit esse, quam compresserat.

illa illi dicit, eius se ex iniuria

peperisse gnatam atque eam se servo ilico
dedisse exponendam. ille extemplo servolum
iubet illum eundem persequi, si qua queat
reperire quae sustulerit. ei rei nunc suam
operam usque assiduo servos dat, si possiet
meretricem illam invenire, quam olim tollere,
cum ipse exponebat, ex insidiis viderat.

Nunc quod reliquom restat volo persolvere,
ut expungatur nomen, ne quid debeam.
adulescens hic est Sicyoni, ei vivit pater;

THE CASKET COMEDY.

found himself a haven in his heels and hied him off to Lemnos, where his home then was. As for the maiden he had outraged, nine months later she found herself the mother of a baby girl. Not knowing whom to charge with the crime, she took a slave of her father's into her confidence and gave him the child to abandon to its fate. He did so. This woman (*pointing in the direction Syra went*) picked it up. The slave who had dropped it secretly watched to see where, or to what house, she took it. As you heard her admit herself, she gave the girl to the courtesan Melaenis, and this Melaenis brought her up properly and respectably as her own daughter. As for that Lemnian, he later married a neighbour and relative of his there. She died, and for once obliged her husband. After he had given his wife decent burial, he at once emigrated hither to Sicyon; and here he married the same woman he had outraged here long before, and recognizes her as being the same one. She tells him that the wrong he did her resulted in the birth of a daughter and that she immediately gave the child to a slave to abandon. Her husband at once orders that same slave to make a search and see if he can find anywhere the woman who picked it up. So now the slave is devoting himself incessantly to this task, and is trying to discover that courtesan whom he had covertly observed many years before, when she picked up the child he himself had just deserted.

Now for the rest that remains—I wish to pay up in full, so that my name may be crossed off your books and my account cleared. Here at Sicyon is a young man—his father is living; and

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

is amore proiecticiam illam deperit
 quae dudum flens hinc abiit ad matrem suam,
 et illa hunc contra, qui est amor suavissimus.
 ut sunt humana, nihil est perpetuom datum.
 pater adolescenti dare volt uxorem; hoc ubi
 mater rescivit, iussit accersi eam domum.
 haec sic res gesta est.

Bene valete et vincite
 virtute vera, quod fecistis antidhac;
 servate vestros socios, veteres et novos,
 augete auxilia vostra iustis legibus,
 perditte perduelles, parite laudem et lauream,
 ut vobis victi Poeni poenas sufferant.

200

ACTVS II

Alc. Credo ego Amorem primum apud homines carnifi-
 cinam commentum.
 hanc ego de me coniecturam domi facio, ni foris
 quaeram,
 qui omnes homines supero¹ antideo cruciabili-
 tatibus animi.
 iactor² agitor stimulator, versor
 in amoris rota, miser exanimor,
 feror differor distrahor diripior,
 ita nubilam mentem animi habeo. 209, 210
 ubi sum, ibi non sum, ubi non sum, ibi est animus,
 ita mi omnia sunt ingenia;
 quod lubet, non lubet iam id continuo,
 ita me Amor lassum animi ludificat, 214, 215
 fugat, agit, appetit, raptat, retinet,

¹ Leo brackets following *atque*.

² Leo brackets following *crucior*.

THE CASKET COMEDY

this young man is madly in love with that foundling, the girl who recently went away in tears to her mother, and she returns his love, making it the sweetest kind of all. But no bliss endures—such is human life. The young man's father wishes to give him a wife. Our girl's mother, on learning this, has had her daughter summoned home. Now you have the explanation. (*assuming the god as he turns to go*)

Fare ye well, and win your victories by very valour as heretofore ; hold fast your allies old and new, and by just dealing add to your auxiliaries ; lay low your foemen, earn laud and laurels, and let the conquered Carthaginians feel your righteous wrath.

[EXIT *Succour*.

ACT II

ENTER *Alcesimarchus*, VERY WOEBEGONE.

Alc. I do believe it was Love that first devised the torturer's profession here on earth. It's my own experience—no need to look further—that makes me think so, for in torment of soul no man rivals me, comes near me. I'm tossed around, bandied about, goaded, whirled on the wheel of love, done to death, poor wretch that I am ! I'm torn, torn asunder, disrupted, dismembered—yes, all my mental faculties are befogged ! Where I am, there I am not ; where I am not, there my soul is—yes, I am in a thousand moods ! The thing that pleases me ceases to please a moment later ; yes, Love mocks me in my weariness of soul,—it drives me off, hounds me, seeks me, lays hands on me, holds me back, lures,

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

lactat, largitur; quod dat non
dat; deludit:
modo quod suasit, id dissuadet,
quod dissuasit, id ostentat. 219, 220
maritumis moribus mecum experitur
ita meum frangit amantem animum;
neque, nisi quia miser non eo pessum,
mihi ulla abest perditio permities.
ita pater apud villam detinuit
me hos dies sex ruri continuos,
neque licitum interea est meam amicam visere¹
estne hoc miserum memoratu?

FRAGMENTS ²

nudiussextus

Alc. Potine tu homo facinus facere strenuom?

11

Serv. Aliorum affatum est
qui faciant. sane ego me nolo fortem perhiberi
virum.³

Serv. Sed quid istuc?

Alc. Mala multa dici mihi volo.

Serv. Qua gratia?

Ale. Quia vivo.

Serv. Facile id quidem edepol possum, si tu vis.

Alc. Volo.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here : *misero* Schoell.

² There are many hopeless lacunae in the following Fragments.

³ Leo notes lacuna following.

THE CASKET COMEDY

lavishes ! It gives without giving ! beguiles me ! It leads me on, then warns me off ; it warns me off, then tempts me on. It deals with me like the waves of the sea—yes, batters my loving heart to bits ; and except that I do not go to the bottom, poor devil, my wreck's complete in every kind of wretchedness ! Yes, my father has kept me at the villa on the farm the last six successive days and I was not allowed to come and see my darling during all that time ! Isn't it a terrible thing to tell of ?

FRAGMENTS

Of several hundred lines that followed we have only fragments (see Studemund, *Studien* ii. 419). After further soliloquy Alcesimarchus is about to go into his house when he is told—perhaps by his *atriensis*—that Selenium has left in anger. The *atriensis* re-enters the house to tell Gymnasium of Alcesimarchus's return. Alcesimarchus, distracted, at first thinks of forcible measures for regaining her ; his slave, however, objects to playing a heroic part and probably recommends craft or reconciliation. Then follows Alcesimarchus's self-reproach.

six days ago.

Alc. My man, can you do an energetic deed ?

II

Slave There's a plenty of others that can, sir. I'm not keen for being counted a dauntless hero, myself, I must say. * * *

Slave But what does that mean ?

Alc. (*bitterly*) I want to be abused, badly.

Slave What for ?

Alc. For living.

Slave Lord, sir ! I can do that easily enough, if you like.

Alc. I do.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Serv.* At enim ne tu exponas pugno os metuo in imperio meo.
- Alc.* Numquam edepol faciam.
- Serv.* Fidem da.
- Alc.* Do, non facturum esse me. sed ego primum, tot qui ab amica abesse potuerim dies, sum nihili.
- Serv.* Nihili hercle vero es.
- Alc.* Quam ego amarem¹ perditte, quae me amaret contra.
- Serv.* Dignus hercle es infortunio.
- Alc.* Ei me tot tam acerba facere in corde.
- Serv.* Frugi nunquam eris. 240
- Alc.* Praesertim quae coniurasset mecum et firmasset fidem,
- Serv.* Neque deos neque homines aequom est facere tibi posthac bene.
- Alc.* Quae esset aetatem exactura mecum in matrimonio,
- Serv.* Compedes te capere oportet neque eas unquam ponere.
- Alc.* Quae mihi esset commendata et meae fidei concredita,
- Serv.* Hercle te verberibus multum caedi oportere arbitror.
- Alc.* Quae mellillam me vocare et suavium solitast suom.
- Serv.* Ob istuc unum verbum dignu's, deciens qui furcam feras.
- Alc.* Egomet laetor. sed quid auctor nunc mihi es?
- Serv.* Dicam tibi : supplicium illi des, suspendas te, ne tibi suscenseat. 250

¹ *Quam ego amarem* Leo : A's reading uncertain.
136

THE CASKET COMEDY

Slave But you see, sir, I'm afraid you'll up with your fists and lay my jaw out in my own kingdom.

Alc. No, no, really!

Slave Give me your word.

Alc. I give it—not to do so. Now in the first place, for having been able to stay away from my darling all these days, I'm a worthless villain!

Slave (*heartily*) Gad, yes! A worthless villain you are.

Alc. When I loved her to distraction, when she returned my love!

Slave By gad, you ought to catch it!

Alc. To think that I could so often do things to make her so sick at heart!

Slave There'll never be any good in you.

Alc. Especially since she gave me her solemn promise, her sacred word,——

Slave You haven't any right to favour from God or man after this.

Alc. —when she was going to pass her days with me as my wife,——

Slave You ought to get yourself some shackles and never take them off.

Alc. —when she was put in my keeping and trusted to my honour,——

Slave Gad, it's my opinion you ought to get a good hard hiding.

Alc. —when she used to call me her little honey, her love-kiss!

Slave You deserve to be pilloried ten times for that one word.

Alc. Yes, and gladly! But what do you advise now?

Slave I'll tell you: make amends to her—hang yourself, so that she mayn't be angry with you.

Whether they evolve a plan is uncertain. Alcesimarchus apparently expresses a belief in the forgiving spirit of

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

<i>Alc.</i>	Quian		
<i>Serv.</i>	Quid tu ergo .	te manuleo ¹	
<i>Alc.</i>	Quid si amo ?		
<i>Tert.</i>		est amor	273
		atque illam quam te amare intellego	
		si conclusos vos me habere in carcere	
		amoris noctesque et dies	
	ni emortuos		
	mihî nunquam quisquam		
<i>Tert.</i>		Immo maxumus.	
	nam qui amant stulte atque inmodeste atque		
	inprobe		280
		ne ament. ¹	281
<i>Alc.</i>	ubi tu es ?		
<i>Serv.</i>	Ecce me.		283
<i>Alc.</i>	I, adfer mihi arma et loricam adducito.		
<i>Serv.</i>	Loricam adducam ?		
<i>Alc.</i>	I, curre, equom adfer.		
<i>Serv.</i>	Hercle hic insanit miser.		
<i>Alc.</i>	Abi atque hastatos multos, multos velites,		
	multos cum multis—nil moror precario.		
	ubi sunt quae iussi ?		
<i>Serv.</i>	Sanus hic non est satis.		
<i>Tert.</i>	Ab anu esse credo nocitum, cum illaec sic facit.		290
<i>Serv.</i>	Vtrum deliras, quaeso, an astans somnias,		
	qui equom me adferre iubes, loricam adducere,		
	multos hastatos, post id multos velites,		

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Selenium, the slave making a jesting reply. In a lost scene Gymnasium probably enters from the house and tells Alcesimarchus the true situation. Then a third person enters: his advice does not prove soothing to Alcesimarchus, but he finally follows this third person's suggestion that he go to see Melaenis.

Alc. Because * * *

Slave Well, what are you * * * you with her sleeve * * *

A THIRD PERSON¹ HAS ENTERED.

Alc. What if I'm in love?

Third * * * love is * * * and that girl I take it you're in love with * * * let me have you two shut up in prison * * * of love, both night and day * * * unless dead * * * to me never anyone * * *

Third Not at all, the greatest. For those whose love is foolish, ungoverned, and unworthy * * * ought not love at all.

Alc. * * * where are you?

Slave Here, sir.

Alc. (*wildly*) Go! Get me arms! Bring me a corselet!

Slave (*mystified*) Bring a corselet?

Alc. Go! Run! Get a horse!

Slave (*aside*) Good Lord! The poor man's insane!

Alc. Be gone! And hosts of spearsmen, hosts of light-armed troops, hosts with hosts—(*savagely*) I'll have no entreaties from you! Where is what I ordered?

Slave (*aside, backing away*) The man's off his head!

Third (*aside*) I believe the old hag has done him an injury, from the way he acts.

Slave For mercy's sake, sir, are you raving, or dreaming on your feet—to order me to get a horse, bring a corselet, hosts of spearsmen, and then hosts of

¹ Identity quite uncertain; hardly Gymnasium, possibly a friend of Alcesimarchus's father.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

multos cum multis? haec tu pervorsario
mihi fabulatu's.

Alc. Dixin ego istaec, obsecro?

Serv. Modo quidem hercle haec dixisti.

Alc. Non praesens quidem.

Serv. Praestigiator, siquidem hic non es atque ades.

Tert. Video ego te Amoris valde tactum toxico,
adulescens; eo te magis volo monitum.

Alc. Mone.

Tert. Cave sis cum Amore tu unquam bellum
sumpseris. 300

Alc. Quid faciam?

Tert. Ad matrem eius devenias domum,
expurges, iures, ores blande per precem
eamque exores ne tibi suscenseat.

Alc. Expurigabo hercle omnia ad raucam ravim.¹

Sen. prohibet divitiis maximis, dote altili atque opima.¹
III

mulierculam exornatulam.¹ quidem hercle
scita.

quamquam vetus cantherius sum, etiam nunc, ut
ego opinor,
adhinnire equolam possum ego hanc, si detur sola
soli.

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.

THE CASKET COMEDY

light-armed troops, hosts with hosts? That is the sort of gibberish you've been talking to me.

Alc. (apparently surprised) I said that, for heaven's sake?

Slave Good Lord, of course you said it, just now!

Alc. I was not really here, at any rate.

Slave You're a real wizard, if you're here and not here, both.

Third I see Love's poisoned shaft has pierced you through and through, young man; so I want to warn you all the more.

Alc. Warn on.

Third Take care you never engage in war with Love; mind that.

Alc. What shall I do?

Third Go over to her mother's house; clear yourself, give her your oath, coax, implore her, prevail upon her not to be incensed at you.

Alc. (eagerly) By heaven, I'll clear myself of everything till I'm hoarse and husky!

Alcesimarchus's father enters and soliloquizes on his purpose of finding Selenium and making her give up Alcesimarchus. He takes Gymnasium, who enters from Alcesimarchus's house, for Selenium. She sees his mistake, but, probably in the interest of Selenium, encourages it, then finally undeceives him.

THE FATHER OF *Alcesimarchus* HAS ENTERED.

Father the quantities of money, the fat, rich dowry she stands in the way of! * * * (seeing *Gymnasium*, who has entered from *Alcesimarchus's* house) A precious dapper little wench! * * * Gad! She's certainly a beauty! No matter if I am an old hack, methinks I can still manage to whinny to a little mare like her, if you'll put us alone together.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Gymn. Nimis opportune mi evenit rediisse Alcesimar-
chum;

nam sola nulla invitior solet esse.

Sen. Me vocato, 310
ne sola sis. ego tecum ero, volo ego agere, ut tu
agas aliquid.

Gymn. Nimis lepide exconcinnavit hasce aedis Alcesi-
marchus.

Sen. Vt quom Venus adgreditur, placet; lepidumst
amare semper.

Gymn. Venerem meram haec aedes olent, quia amator
expolivit.

Sen. Non modo ipsa lepidast, commode quoque hercle
fabulatur.

sed cum dicta huius interpretor, haec hercelest, ut
ego opinor,

meum quae corrumpit filium. suspiciost eam
esse,

utpote quam nunquam viderim; de opinione credo.
nam hasce aedis conductas habet meus gnatus,
haec ubi astat.

hoc hanc eam esse opiniost; nam haec illum
nominavit. 320

quid si adeam atque appellem. mali damnique
inlecebra, salve.

Gymn. vapulabis.

Sen. volo apud te.¹ 323

Gymn. Intro abeo, 330

nam meretricem astare in via solam prostibuli
sanest.¹

Gymn. quid vis. 362

Sen. Volo ex te scire quidquid est
quid ego usquam male feci tibi aut meus quisquam,
id edisserta,

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Gymn. (*apparently not seeing him*) My! it's a lucky thing for me that Alcesimarchus has come back; there isn't a girl loathes being alone more than I do.

Father (*aside*) Just call on me, if you don't want to be alone. I'll stay with you; I should like the business of keeping you busy.

Gymn. My! it's lovely the way Alcesimarchus has decorated this house!

Father (*aside*) When Venus enters, of course it's nice; love is always lovely.

Gymn. This house is fragrant of Venus's own self, just because a lover has added the finishing touches.

Father (*aside*) It's not only herself that's lovely! By Jove! The pretty things she says, too! (*pauses*) But to judge from her remarks, (*reflecting further; then angrily*) by Jove, she's the wench that is corrupting my son, or I miss my guess! It's only a suspicion with me, never having seen her; but my guess amounts to belief. Yes, this is the house my son hired, there where she's standing. She's the one—that's my guess; yes, she mentioned his name. What if I go up and have a word with her! (*approaching*) Good day, you pestiferous, ruinous lure.

Gymn. * * * you will get a beating, sir.

Father * * * I wish at your house. * * *

Gymn. I am going inside; a courtesan who stands alone in the street might be taken for a strumpet.

Gymn. * * * what you want.

Father I want you to tell me whatever it is * * * What harm did I, or any member of my family, ever do you—explain—that you are sending me and my

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quam ob rem me meumque filium quom matre
remque nostram
habes perditui et praedatui?

Gymn. Miser errat, ut ego dixi.
lepidast materies, ludam ego hunc, nam occasio
videtur.

potin operam inique equidem malam ut ne des
innocenti?

Sen. Sed obsecro te, nullusnest tibi amator alius quis-
quam,
nisi meus modo unus filius?

Gymn. Quem quidem ego amem, alius nemo est. 370

Sen. At ego¹

Gymn. Nil moror; damno sunt tui mihi similes.

Sen. Quid¹

Gymn. isne est id arbitratus?¹

Gymn. datores 373

IV negotioli bellissimi senices soletis esse.¹

Syra Me respondere postulas? iniurium est.
V stipulari semper me ultro oportet a viris,
eum quaestum facio, nil viris promittere.¹

VI siquidem imperes pro copia, pro recula¹

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.

THE CASKET COMEDY

son and his mother and all we've got to rack and ruin?

Gymn. (*aside*) Mistaken, poor man, just as I said! Oh, here's a grand opportunity! I'll have some fun with him now that I seem to have a chance. (*aloud*) Can't you drop your abusing—yes, abusing outrageously—an innocent girl?

Father But haven't you any other lover, for heaven's sake, except my only son?

Gymn. Not a single soul besides—that is, that I can love.

Father But I * * *

Gymn. (*indignantly*) Never mind! Men like you are the ruination of me!

Father What * * *

Gymn. * * * Is this what he thought? * * *

The old man makes love to her, and she probably refers him to her mother, who, despite her promise to Selenium, makes a bargain with him and takes Gymnasium home. Lampadio, soliloquizing (Fragments ix, x, xi, xii) upon his virtues and experiences in connection with his commission, sees them as they go, recognizes Syra as the woman who had picked up Selenium, and follows them. Alcesimarchus enters with Selenium and her mother. Selenium, following her mother's instructions, refuses to listen to his pleas and leaves.

Gymn. You old gentlemen generally give one just the
IV nicest little treats.

Syra You expect me to give you my word in return?
V Outrageous! The thing for me to do is always to go ahead and get my terms from men—that's how I make money—not to promise them a thing.

VI * * * that is, should you give orders according to the resources, according to the small means * * *

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

<i>Syra</i>	Quin is, si itura es? nimium is vegrandi gradu.	
VII		
<i>Gymn.</i>	Pol ad cubituram, mater, magis sum exercita	
VIII	fere quam ad cursuram. eo sum tardiuscula.	380
IX	meminere officium suum.	
X	ita mustulentus ventus nares attigit.	
XI	capillo scisso atque excissatis auribus	
XII	quae quasi carnificis angiporta purigans ¹	384
	non quasi nunc haec sunt hic, limaces, lividae,	
	febriculosae, miserae amicae, osseae,	
	diobolares, schoeniculae, miraculae,	
	cum extritis talis, cum todillis crusculis ¹	408
<i>Sel.</i>	Molestus es.	440
<i>Alc.</i>	Meae issula sua aedes egent. ad me sine ducam.	
<i>Sel.</i>	Aufer manum.	450
<i>Alc.</i>	Germana mea sororcula.	
<i>Sel.</i>	Repudio te fraterculum.	
<i>Alc.</i>	Tum tu igitur, mea matercula.	
<i>Mel.</i>	Repudio te ² puerculum.	
<i>Alc.</i>	Opsecro te	
<i>Sel.</i>	Valeas.	
<i>Alc.</i>	Vt sinas	
<i>Sel.</i>	Nil moror.	
<i>Alc.</i>	Expurigare me.	

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.

² *puerculum* Leo; *fraterculum* MSS.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Syra VII Why don't you go if you are going? How you do lounge along!

Gymn. VIII Goodness me, mother, I've had more practice in lying around, I should say, than in running around. That's why I'm rather slowish.

IX * * * they remember their duty.

X * * * how the breath of new wine came to (my) nostrils.

XI * * * with torn hair and clipped ears * * *

XII * * * cleaning these alleys like an executioner's
* * * not the sort you find here nowadays, creatures like slugs, livid, feverish, miserable wenches, all bones, tuppenny, rush-scented¹ monstrosities with ankles all worn down and shanks the size of a humming bird's * * *

Sel. You annoy me.

Alc. (*fondly*) My house misses its little pet. (*trying to draw her toward the door*) Let me take her home.

Sel. Take your hand away! (*escapes*)

Alc. My own dear little sister!

Sel. I refuse to have you for my little brother.

Alc. (*pleadingly, to Melænis*) Well then, you—my dear little mother!

Mel. I refuse to have you for my little boy.

Alc. I beseech you——

Sel. Good-bye.

Alc. —to let me——

Sel. Not I!

Alc. —clear myself.

¹ Perfume, of a sort, was made from an aromatic rush.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sel.

Alc.

Sine dicam.

Mel.

Satis sapit mihi tuis periuriis.

¹ at nunc non potest.

Alc.

Supplicium polliceri volo.

Sel.

At mi aps te accipere non libet.

Alc.

Em omnia

patior iure infelix.

Sel.

Volup est neque tis misereri decet.
quamquam hominem²

verba dare²

non illa²

qui frangant foedera

460

eos²

Sel.

dabis.

Alc.

At ego nec do neque te amittam hodie,
nisi quae volo tecum loqui
das mihi operam.

Mel.

Potin ut mihi molestus ne sis?

Alc.

Quin id est nomen mihi,
omnes mortales vocant molestum.²

obsecro.

Mel.

At frustra obsecras.²

467

quia sine omni²

Alc.

Dabo

470

ius iurandum.²

Mel.

At ego nunc ab illo mihi caveo iure iurando tuo;
similest ius iurandum amantum quasi ius con-
fusium.

Alc.

Nescia²

Mel.

nugas agis².

474

Alc.

Supplicium dabo²
quo modo ego²

477

¹ Leo notes lacuna here.

² Leo notes lacuna following.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Sel. * * *

Alc. Let me speak.

Mel. I have had enough of your perjuries. * * * but now it's impossible.

Alc. I want to promise satisfaction.

Sel. But I don't care to take it from you.

Alc. Ah! I'm suffering every torment, and rightly, luckless wretch that I am!

Sel. I'm glad of it, and you don't deserve any pity. Although a man * * * to be deceitful * * * not those things * * * who break agreements * * * them * * *

Sel. * * * you will give. [EXIT *Selenium*.

Alc. But I will not, nor will I let you go this day, unless you pay attention to what I want to say to you.

Mel. Can't you stop annoying me?

Alc. (*despairingly*) Upon my word, Annoyance is my very name—every living soul calls me that. * * * I beseech you.

Mel. You beseech in vain, though. * * * because without all * * *

Alc. I'll give my solemn oath. * * *

Mel. But I'm on my guard against that solemn oath of yours now; lovers' solemn oaths are much like solemn hodge-podge.

Ignorant * * *

* * * nonsense. * * *

I'll pay the penalty * * * in the way I * * *

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Mel.* quia es nactus novam,
Alc. quae¹ quaedam quasi tu nescias.¹ 480
 Di deaque illam perdant² pariter.¹
 unquam, si hoc fallo.
- Mel.* Nil moror¹
 falsum fallis, eo te¹ ignorat fides.
 postremo, si mihi dedisses verba, deis numquam
 dares.
- Alc.* Quin equidem illam ducam uxorem.
- Mel.* Ducas, si¹
 nunc hoc si tibi commodumst, quae¹
Alc. Instruxi illi aurum atque vestem.
- Mel.*¹ siquidem amabas,¹ illi instrui.
 sed sino. iam hoc mihi responde quod ego te
 rogavero :
 instruxisti¹ 490
 tibi ita ut voluisti¹
- Alc.* quod volo.
- II. 1, 16
- Mel.* Eo facetu's quia tibi alias sponsa locuples Lemnia.
 habeas. neque nos factione tanta quanta tu sumus
 neque opes nostrae tam sunt validae quam tuae ;
 verum tamen
 haui metuo ne ius iurandum nostrum quisquam
 culpitet.
 tu iam, si quid tibi dolebit, scies qua doleat gratia.
- Alc.* Di me perdant—
- Mel.* Quodcumque optes, tibi velim contingere.
- Alc.* Si illam uxorem duxero unquam, mihi quam
 despondit pater.
- Mel.* Et me, si unquam tibi uxorem filiam dederam meam.
- Alc.* Patierin me periurare ?

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.

² Corrupt (Leo) : *pariliter* Schoell.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Mel. * * * because you have come upon a new girl,
who * * * a certain girl, as if you didn't know.

* * *

Alc. May all the powers above consume her likewise!
* * * ever, if I prove false in this.

Mel. I want none * * * you are false, false, so you
* * * faith does not know. In short, if you had
fooled me, you would never be fooling the gods.

Alc. But upon my soul, I will marry her.

Mel. You would marry, if * * * now if this suits you,
the one that * * *

Alc. I fitted her out with jewellery and clothes.

Mel. * * * that is, if you were in love * * * her to
be fitted out. But never mind. Now answer me
this question I'm going to ask: you have fitted
out * * * to you just as you wished * * *

Alc. * * * what I wish.

Mel. What makes you so smart is your engagement to
another girl, the rich Lemnian. Take her! We
aren't people of importance like you, and we
aren't blessed with your money; but just the
same I have no fear of anyone finding fault with
the way we keep our solemn promises. As for
you now, if you suffer at all, you'll know why you
suffer.

Alc. (*earnestly*) Heaven's curse on me——

Mel. (*with chill vigour*) God grant your every prayer!

Alc. —if I ever marry that girl to whom my father
engaged me.

L. And on me, if I ever let you marry my daughter.
You'll let me perjure myself?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Mel.* Pol te aliquanto facilius, 500
quam me meamque rem perire et ludificari filiam.
alibi quaere ubi iuri iurando tuo satis sit subsidi :
hic apud nos iam, Alcesimarche, confregisti
tesseram.
- Alc.* Face semel periculum.
- Mel.* Feci saepe, quod factum queror.
- Alc.* Redde mi illam.
- Mel.* Inter novam rem verbum usurpabo vetus :
quod dedi datum non vellem, quod relicuomst non
dabo.
- Alc.* Non remissura es mihi illam ?
- Mel.* Pro me responsas tibi.
- Alc.* Non remittes ?
- Mel.* Scis iam dudum omnem meam sententiam.
- Alc.* Satin istuc tibi in corde certumst ?
- Mel.* Quin ego commentor quidem.
- Alc.* Non edepol ego istaec tua dicta nunc in auris
recipio. 510
- Mel.* Non ? hem, quid agis igitur ? animum advorte iam,
ut quid agas scias.
- Alc.* At ita me di deaeque, superi atque inferi et
medioxumi,
itaque me Iuno regina et Iovis supremi filia
itaque me Saturnus eius patruos—
- Mel.* Ecastor pater.
- Alc.* Itaque me Ops opulenta illius avia—
- Mel.* Immo mater quidem.
- Alc.* Iuno filia et Saturnus patruos et summus Iuppiter—
tu me delemis, propter te haec pecco.

THE CASKET COMEDY

- Mel.* Indeed I will let you, rather more readily than let myself and my prospects go to perdition and let my daughter be made a fool of. Look elsewhere for someone to set store by your solemn promises. As for friendship with us now, Alcesimarchus, you have torn up your title to it.
- Alc.* Test me just once.
- Mel.* I have tested you often, to my sorrow.
- Alc.* Do give her back to me.
- Mel.* To apply the old proverb to a new situation: "I regret what I gave; what is left I shall keep."
- Alc.* (*plaintively*) You're not going to send her back to me?
- Mel.* (*mockingly*) You answer yourself for me.
- Alc.* You won't send her back?
- Mel.* You already know my entire intention.
- Alc.* (*despairingly*) That's really firmly fixed in your mind?
- Mel.* (*flippantly*) Well, I am repeating it times enough, at any rate.
- Alc.* (*indignant*) Good heavens! I lend no ears to those quips of yours now!
- Mel.* (*dryly*) No? Hm! What are you doing, then? Pay attention now, so as to know what you are to do.
- Alc.* (*wildly*) Now so may all the gods and goddesses, of Heaven, of Hell, and of in between, so may Juno the queen and the daughter of almighty Jove, so may Saturn, his uncle——
- Mel.* (*calmly*) Mercy no, his father.
- Alc.* — so may Ops the opulent, his grandmother——
- Mel.* No, no, his mother, you mean.
- so may Juno, his daughter, and Saturn, his uncle, and Jupiter on high—(*piteously*) it's you, you're bewitching me, it's your fault that I make these mistakes!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mel. Perge dicere.

Alc. Anne etiam, ut quid consultura sis sciam, pergis eloqui?

Mel. Non remittam. definitumst.

Alc. Enim vero ita me Iuppiter
itaque me Iuno itaque Ianus ita—quid dicam nescio. 520

iam scio. immo, mulier, audi, meam ut scias sententiam.

di me omnes, magni minuti, et etiam patellarii faxint, ne ego dem vivae vivos savium Selenio, nisi ego teque tuamque¹ filiam meque hodie obtruncavero,

poste autem cum primo luci cras nisi ambo occidero,

et equidem hercle nisi pedatu tertio² omnis efflixero,

nisi tu illam remittis ad me. dixi quae volui. vale.

Mel. Abiit intro iratus. quid ego nunc agam? si redierit

illa ad hunc, ibidem loci res erit; ubi odium occiperit,

illam extrudet, tum hanc uxorem Lemniam ducet domum. 530

sed tamen ibo et persequar. amens ne quid faciat, cauto opust.

postremo, quando aqua lege pauperi cum divite non licet, perdam operam potius quam carebo filia. sed quis hic est qui recta platea cursum huc contendit suum?

et illud paveo et hoc formido, ita tota sum misera in metu.

¹ Corrupt (Leo) : *filiam (aeque)* Schoell.

² Corrupt (Leo) : *efflixero omnis tertio* Leo.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Mel. (*contemptuously*) Proceed, proceed.

Alc. And aren't you going to proceed—to let me know your verdict once more?

Mel. I will not send her back. That is final.

Alc. (*wildly again*) Now upon my soul, so may Jupiter, so may Juno, so may Janus, so may—(*pausing vacuously*) I don't know what I want to say. (*reanimated, as Melænis turns to go*) Now I know! Yes, yes, listen, woman, so that you may know my intentions. (*impressively tragic*) May all the gods, great gods, small gods, and platter¹ gods, too, prevent my kissing Selenium so long as she and I exist, unless I butcher you and your daughter and my own self this very day—and then tomorrow at early dawn murder you both—yes, by heaven, and at my third assault exterminate your whole household—unless you send her back to me! I have spoken! Farewell! (*rushes into house*)

Mel. (*looking after him, somewhat concerned*) Gone inside, in a rage! What shall I do now? If the girl goes back to him, we'll be in the same situation as before; once he begins to tire of her, he'll pack her off, and then marry this Lemnian woman. However, I'll go and follow him up. I must take care he doesn't do anything while he's mad. And finally, seeing that the law for rich and poor is not the same, I'll waste my time rather than lose my daughter. (*looking down the street*) But who's this running straight up the street here at full tilt? (*steps hastily into Alcesimarchus's doorway*) I'm afraid of one thing, and frightened at this other! Oh dear me, I'm scared through and through!

¹ The Lares.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

II. 2.

Lamp. Anum sectatus sum clamore per vias,
miserrumam habui. ut illaec hodie quot modis
moderatrix linguae fuit atque immemorabilis.
quot illi blanditias, quid illi promisi boni,
quot admoenivi fabricas, quot fallacias
in quaestione. vix exculpsi ut diceret,
quia ei promisi dolium vini dare.

540

II. 3.

Phan. Audire vocem visa sum ante aedis modo
mei Lampadisci servi.

Lamp. Non surda es, era :
recte audivisti.

Phan. Quid agis hic ?

Lamp. Quod gaudeas.

Phan. Quid id est ?

Lamp. Hinc ex hisce aedibus paulo prius
vidi exeuntem mulierem.

Phan. Illam quae meam
gnatam sustulerat ?

Lamp. Rem tenes.

Phan. Quid postea ?

Lamp. Dico ei, quo pacto eam ab hippodromo viderim
erilem nostram filiam sustollere.
extimuit tum illa.

550

Mel. Iam horret corpus, cor salit.
nam mihi ab hippodromo memini adferri parvolam
puellam eamque me mihi supponere.

Phan. Age perge, quaeso. animus audire expetit
ut gesta res sit.

Mel. Vtinam audire non queas.¹

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Scene 2.

ENTER *Lampadio* ON THE RUN.

Lamp. (*highly pleased with himself*) I followed the old hag through the streets with hue and cry! oh, how I worried her! And how she did check herself and refuse to speak! How I wheedled her! What rewards I promised her! The ruses and tricks I tried, pumping her! I just did manage to pry her tongue loose by promising her a tun of wine.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Phanostrata* INTO DOORWAY.

Phan. I thought I heard the voice of my good servant Lampadio in front of the house just now.

Lamp. You're not deaf, ma'am: you heard rightly.

Phan. What are you doing here?

Lamp. Something to cheer you up,

Phan. What is it?

Lamp. (*importantly*) A little while ago, as she was leaving the house here, (*pointing to house of Alcesimarchus*) I saw a woman.

Phan. (*excited*) The one that picked up my child?

Lamp. You've hit it.

Phan. What then?

Lamp. I told her how I saw her pick up my mistress's daughter there at the hippodrome. That scared her!

Mel. (*aside*) Oh, I'm all of a tremble! My heart's jumping up and down! Why, I remember it was from the hippodrome the little girl was brought to me and I passed her off as my own.

Phan. Come, come, go on, I beg you! I'm burning to hear what happened!

M. (*aside*) How I wish you couldn't hear!

Part of the scene is lost. Lampadio tells of meeting Gymnasium, whom he at first mistakes for Selenium.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lamp. Pergo illam onerare dictis : “ illaec ted anus
fortunis ex secundis ad miseras vocat.
nam illaec tibi nutrix est, ne matrem censeas.
ego te reduco et revoco ad summas ditias,
ubi tu locere in luculentam familiam, 560
unde tibi talenta magna viginti pater
det dotis ; non enim hic, ubi ex Tusco modo
tute tibi indigne dotem quaeras corpore.”

Phan. An, amabo, meretrix illa est quae illam sustulit ?

Lamp. Immo¹ fuit ; sed ut sit de ea re, eloquar.
iam perducebam illam ad me suadela mea,
anus ei amplexa est genua, plorans, obsecrans,
ne deserat se. eam suam esse filiam,
seque eam peperisse sancte adiurabat mihi.
“ istanc quam quaeris,” inquit, “ ego amicae meae 570
dedi, quae educaret eam pro filiola sua ;
et vivit,” inquit. “ ubi ea est ?” inquam extempulo.

Phan. Servate di med obsecro.

Mel. At me perditis.

Phan. Quoi illam dedisset exquisisse oportuit.

Lamp. Quaesivi, et dixit meretrici Melaenidi.

Mel. Meum elocutust nomen, interii oppido.

Lamp. Vbi elocuta est, ego continuo² interrogo :
“ ubi habitat ? ” inquam “ duc ac demonstra mihi.”
“ aucta est ” inquit “ peregre hinc habitatum.”

¹ Leo brackets following *meretrix*.

² Leo brackets following *anum*.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Lamp. I go on cramming her full: "That old hag's inviting you from grandeur to misery," says I. "Why, she's only your nurse; don't take her for your mother. As for me, I'm taking and inviting you back to boundless wealth, to a place in a splendid family, to a father that'll give you a four thousand pound dowry. And that's certainly not the case here, where you'd have to earn your own dowry in vile Tuscan¹ fashion by selling yourself."

Phan. (*horrified*) What? my dear man! Is the woman that picked her up a prostitute?

Lamp. No, but she was. But I'll tell you the whole story. I was just winning the girl over by my persuasiveness when the old woman hugged her knees, blubbering and beseeching her not to desert her. She gave me her solemn oath that the girl was her own daughter, that she herself had given birth to her. "The girl you're looking for I gave to a friend of mine," says she, "to bring up as her own little daughter. And she's alive," says she. "Where is this woman?" says I, at once.

Phan. (*much agitated*) Oh, God save me, God save me!

Mel. (*aside, sourly*) But you're destroying me, God!

Phan. You should have inquired to whom she gave her.

Lamp. So I did, and she said, "To Melaenis, a courtesan."

Mel. (*aside*) He's let out my name! It's all over with me, absolutely!

Lamp. As soon as she let this out, I questioned her. "Where does she live?" says I. "Come on and show me." "She's gone abroad to live," says she.

¹ In Lydia, thought to be the original home of the Tuscans, this was said to be the practice (cf. Herodotus i. 93). The Tuscan quarter in Rome was in bad repute.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Mel.* Obsipat
 aculam.
- Lamp.* “ Quo avecta est, eo sequemur. sicine 580
 agis nugas? periisti hercle, ni¹ mihi dixeris
 ubi habitet nunc? ” non hercle hoc longe
 destiti
 instare, usque adeo donec se adiurat anus
 iam mihi monstrare.
- Phan.* At non missam oportuit.
- Lamp.* Servatur. sed illaec se quandam aibat mulierem
 suam bene volentem convenire etiam prius,
 commune quacum id esset sibi negotium.
 et scio venturam.
- Mel.* Me indicabit, et suas
 ad meas miseras alias² adiunget mala
 Seleniumque fraudis faciet consciam. 590
- Phan.* Quid nunc vis facere me?
- Lamp.* Intro abi atque animo bono es.
 vir tuos si veniet, iube domi opperirier,
 ne in quaestione mihi sit, si quid eum velim.
 ego ad anum recurro rursum.
- Phan.* Lampadio, obsecro,
 cura.
- Lamp.* Perfectum ego hoc dabo negotium.
- Phan.* Deos teque spero.
- Lamp.* Eosdem ego, uti abeas domum.
- Mel.* Adulescens, asta atque audi.
- Lamp.* Men, mulier, vocas?
- Mel.* Te.
- Lamp.* Quid negoti est? nam occupatus sum ampliter.

¹ *ni* (*mihi dixeris ubi habitet nunc.* ” non hercle) Schoell :
 not in MSS.

² *alias* (*adiunget mala Seleniumque fraudis*) faciet con-
 sciam Schoell : *alias faciem consciam* MSS.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Mel. (*reviving*) Ah, that's as good as a dash of cold water!

Lamp. "Wherever she's gone, we'll follow her," says I. "Trying that sort of nonsense, are you? It will be a sad day for you, if you don't tell me where she lives this moment." And by gad, I didn't give her the least bit of rest, no ma'am, till the old hag swore she'd show me this Melaenis right soon.

Phan. But you ought not to have let her go.

Lamp. She's being watched. But she said she wanted to see a certain woman first, a friend of hers that had an interest in the matter, too. And I know she'll come.

Mel. (*aside*) She'll tell on me, and add her own troubles to mine, the wretch, and let Selenium know how I deceived her.

Phan. What do you want me to do now?

Lamp. Go inside and keep your spirits up, ma'am. If your husband comes, tell him to wait at home, so that I shan't have to hunt him up in case I want him for anything. I'll hurry back to the old woman again, myself.

Phan. Do, do, take pains with this, Lampadio.

Lamp. (*with aplomb*) I will, I'll carry the thing through for you.

Phan. (*turning to go*) My hope is in you and in the gods.

Lamp. And mine is in the same powers—(*in lower tone*) that you'll be off home.

[EXIT *Phanostrata* INTO HOUSE.]

Mel. (*stepping out of doorway as Lampadio is about to go*) Young man! Stop! Listen!

Lamp. (*supercilious*) Is it me you are calling, woman?

Mel. Yes, you.

Lamp. What do you want? I am an extremely busy man.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mel. Quis istic habitat?

Lamp. Demipho dominus meus.

Mel. Nempe istic est, qui Alcesimarcho filiam
suam despondit in divitias maxumas? 600

Lamp. Is ipsust.

Mel. Eho tu, quam vos igitur filiam
nunc quaeritis alteram?

Lamp. Ego dicam tibi:
non ex uxore natam uxoris filiam.

Mel. Quid istuc est verbi?

Lamp. Ex priore muliere
nata, inquam, meo ero est filia.

Mel. Certe modo
huius, quae locuta est, quaerere aibas filiam.

Lamp. Huius ergo quaero.

Mel. Quo modo igitur, obsecro,
haec est prior, quae nupta nunc est?

Lamp. Conteris
tu tua me oratione, mulier, quisquis es. 610
medioxumam quam duxit uxorem, ex ea
nata est haec virgo, Alcesimarcho quae datur.
ea uxor diem obiit. iam scis?

Mel. Teneo istuc satis.
sed ego illud quaero confragosum, quo modo
prior posterior sit et posterior sit prior?

Lamp. Prius hanc compressit quam uxorem duxit domum,
prius gravida facta est priusque peperit filiam;
eam postquam peperit, iussit parvam proci.
ego eam proieci, alia mulier sustulit,
ego inspectavi. erus hanc duxit postibi. 620
eam nunc puellam filiam eius quaerimus.
quid nunc supina susum in caelum conspicias?

THE CASKET COMEDY

Mel. Who lives there? (*pointing to the house Phanostrata had entered*)

Lamp. Demipho, my master.

Mel. You mean the Demipho that's arranged such a fine match for his daughter with Alcesimarchus?

Lamp. The very one. (*moves away again*)

Mel. Hey, you! Then who's this other daughter you folks are looking for now?

Lamp. (*nonchalantly*) I'll tell you: she wasn't born of his wife; she's his wife's daughter.

Mel. Eh? What's that?

Lamp. She's my master's daughter by a former woman, I say.

Mel. Surely you just now said you were looking for the daughter of the woman that was talking here.

Lamp. Well, so I am.

Mel. Then for heaven's sake, how is she a former woman when she's his present wife?

Lamp. You wear me out with your prating, woman, whoever you are. The in-between wife he had—it's her daughter that is engaged to Alcesimarchus. This wife passed away. D'ye see the point now?

Mel. I see that all right. But I'm asking about the point I founder on—how is the former one the later one, and the later one the former?

Lamp. He wronged her before he married her; she was got with child before, and bore a daughter before; and after she bore it she ordered the baby to be abandoned. I abandoned it myself; a woman picked it up; I watched her. Later on my master married this former woman. Now we're looking for her daughter, the aforesaid girl. Well, why are you bent backwards staring up at the sky?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mel. Ei nunciam istuc quo properabas, nil moror.
nunc intellexi.

Lamp. Dis hercle habeo gratiam,
nam ni intellexes, numquam, credo, amitteres.

Mel. Nunc mihi bonae necessumst esse ingratiis,
quamquam esse nolo. rem palam esse intellego.
nunc egomet potius hanc inibo gratiam
ab illis, quam illaec me indicet. ibo domum,
atque ad parentes redducam Selenium.

630

ACTVS III

Mel. Rem elocuta sum tibi omnem; sequere hac me,
Selenium,
ut eorum quoiam esse oportet te sis potius quam
mea.
quamquam invita te carebo, animum ego inducam
tamen
ut illud quem ad modum tuam in rem bene con-
ducat consulam.
nam hic crepundia insunt, quibuscum te illa olim
ad me detulit,
quae mihi dedit, parentes te ut cognoscant facilius.
accipe hanc cistellam, Halisca. agedum pulta illas
fores.

dic me orare ut aliquis intus prodeat propere ocus.
Alc. Recipe me ad te, Mors, amicum et benevolum.
164

THE CASKET COMEDY

Mel. (*coming out of her abstraction*) Go along now where you were hurrying. I'm not keeping you. Now I understand.

Lamp. Well, thank God for that! Otherwise I do believe you'd never have let me go. [EXIT.

Mel. Now I've got to be a good woman, willy nilly, no matter if I don't want to be. Everything's out, I see that. Now I'll just let them give me the credit for this, rather than let her tell on me. I'll go home and bring Selenium back to her family. [EXIT.

ACT III

(*An hour has elapsed*)

ENTER *Melaenis*, *Selenium*, AND *Halisca*.

Mel. (*to Selenium*) I've told you the whole story. (*going toward Demipho's house*) Come, Selenium, this way—so as to be the daughter of those who ought to have you, instead of mine. (*unctuously*) I hate to lose you, but just the same I'll persuade myself to take this step in such a way as to benefit you. (*producing a little casket*) Now in here are the toys you had when that woman brought you to me years ago. She gave them to me so as to make it easier for your parents to recognize you. (*handing the casket to the maid*) Halisca, take this casket. Come now, knock at the door (*pointing to Demipho's house*) there. Say I'm anxious for someone to hurry out here at once.

ENTER *Alcesimarchus*, SWORD IN HAND, FROM HIS HOUSE.

Alc. (*tragically, apparently not seeing the women*) Take me, Death, take me to thyself, a friend that loves thee well!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sel. Mater mea, 639, 640

periimus miserae.

Alc. Vtrum hac me feriam an ab laeva latus?

Mel. Quid tibi est?

Sel. Alcesimarchum non vides? ferrum tenet.

Alc. Ecquid agis? remorare. lumen linque.

Sel. Amabo, accurrite,
ne se interemat.

Alc. O Salute mea salus salubrior,
tu nunc, si ego volo seu nolo, sola me ut vivam facis.

Mel. Haud voluisti istuc severum facere.

Alc. Nil mecum tibi,
mortuos tibi sum; hanc ut habeo certum est non
amittere;

nam hercle iam ad me adglutinandam totam de-
cretum est dare.

ubi estis, servi? occludite aedis pessulis, repagulis
ilico. hanc ego tetulero intra limen.

Mel. Abiit, abstulit 650

mulierem. ibo, persequar iam illum intro, ut haec
ex me sciat

eadem, si possum tranquillum facere ex irato mihi.

ACTVS IV

Lamp. Nullam ego me vidisse credo magis animum excrucia-
bilem

quam illaec est, quae dudum fassa est mihi quae ne
infittias eat.

THE CASKET COMEDY

- Sel.* (*seeing him*) Mother dear! Oh, this is dreadful!
- Alc.* (*testing the point of his sword on his breast*) On this side, or on the left—where shall I deal the blow?
- Mel.* (*to Selenium*) What ails you?
- Sel.* (*pointing*) Alcesimarchus! Don't you see him? With a sword!
- Alc.* (*in self-reproof*) Art in earnest? Laggard! Leave the light of day!
- Sel.* (*to Melaenis and Halisca*) Run, save him, I beg you, or he'll destroy himself! (*all three dash toward him, Halisca dropping the casket*)
- Alc.* (*to Selenium, who clings to him*) Oh my salvation, sweeter than Salvation's self! Thou, thou alone, dost make me live, whether I would or no!
- Mel.* (*suspiciously*) You never meant to do anything so violent.
- Alc.* (*to Melaenis, stormily*) I have naught with thee! For thee I am dead! I have this girl, never more to let her go! For, by the Lord, I vow I'll make her mine this moment, all mine, indissolubly mine! (*calling at door*) Slaves, where are you? Shut the doors, bar them, bolt them this instant! I'll bear her within my portals! [EXIT CARRYING *Selenium*.
- Mel.* He's gone! He's carried off the girl! I'll go in, I'll follow him up this minute, and be the one to tell him all I told her and see if I can't put him in a better temper with me.
- [EXEUNT *Melaenis* AND *Halisca* INTO HOUSE.]

ACT IV

ENTER *Lampadio* LOOKING SOUR.

- Lamp.* (*vehemently*) I never did see a more hangable old hag than she is, I do believe! Why, she denies what she just now confessed, eh?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed eccam eram video. sed quid hoc est, haec
quod cistella hic iacet
cum crepundiis? nec quemquam conspicio alium
in via.

faciundum est puerile officium: conquiniscam ad
cistulam.

Phan. Quid agis, Lampadio?

Lamp. Haec cistella numnam hinc ab nobis domo est?
nam hinc ab ostio iacentem sustuli.

Phan. Quid nuntias
super anu?

Lamp. Scelestiorem in terra nullam esse alteram. 660
omnia infitiatur ea quae dudum confessa est mihi.
nam hercle ego quam illam anum inridere me ut
sinam, satiust mihi
quovis exitio interire.

Phan. Di, obsecro vostram fidem.

Lamp. Quid deos obsecras?

Phan. Servate nos.

Lamp. Quid est?

Phan. Crepundia
haec sunt, quibuscum tu extulisti nostram filiolum
ad necem.

Lamp. Sanane es?

Phan. Haec sunt profecto.

Lamp. Pergin?

Phan. Haec sunt.

Lamp. Si mihi
alia mulier istoc pacto dicat, dicam esse ebriam.

Phan. Non ecastor falsa memoro.

Lamp. Nam, obsecro, unde haec gentium?
aut quis deus obiecit hanc ante ostium nostrum,
quasi
dedita opera, in tempore ipso?

Phan. Spes mihi sancta subveni. 670

THE CASKET COMEDY

ENTER *Phanostrata* INTO HER DOORWAY.

Aha, though! there's the mistress. (*seeing the casket*) But what does this mean? A little casket lying here—with toys? (*looking about warily*) No one else in the street, apparently. I must play the boy's part now. I'll use the chest to squat on.

Phan. What are you doing, Lampadio?

Lamp. This casket—can it have come from our house? It was lying here by the door when I picked it up.

Phan. What is your news about the old woman?

Lamp. (*disgustedly*) That there's not a worse reprobate on the face of the earth. She denies everything she owned up to a little while ago. Now, by gad, sooner than let that old hag give me the laugh, I'd die any death you please!

Phan. (*glancing at the toys*) God be merciful! (*seizes the casket and excitedly examines the contents*)

Lamp. What's that appeal for?

Phan. Heaven preserve us!

Lamp. What's the matter?

Phan. These are the toys my little girl had with her when you left her to die.

Lamp. Are you crazy?

Phan. (*continuing her examination*) They're certainly the ones!

Lamp. Crazy still, eh?

Phan. They are!

Lamp. If any other lady talked that way to me, ma'am, I should say she was drunk.

Phan. What I say is true, I swear it is!

Lamp. Now where in the world did it come from, for heaven's sake? D'ye think some god tossed it in front of our door, on purpose, right in the nick of time?

Phan. Oh, heavenly Hope, do help me!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

IV. 2.

Hal. Nisi quid mi opis di dant, disperii, neque unde
auxilium expetam habeo.

itaque¹ petulantia mea me animi miseram habet.
quae in tergum meum ne veniant, male
formido,

si era mea me sciat tam socordem esse quam
sum.

quamne in manibus tenui atque accepi hic
ante aedis

cistellam, ubi ea sit nescio, nisi ut opinor
loca haec circiter excidit mihi.

mei homines, mei spectatores, facite indicium, si
quis vidit,

quis eam abstulerit quisve sustulerit et utrum hac
an illac iter institerit.

non sum scitior, quae hos rogem aut quae
fatigem,

qui semper malo muliebri sunt lubentes.

nunc vestigia hic si qua sunt noscitabo.

nam si nemo hac praeter iit, postquam intro
abii,

cistella hic iaceret. quid hic? perii, opinor.

actum est, ilicet me infelicem et scelestam.

nulla est, neque ego sum usquam. perdita
perdidit me.

sed pergam ut coepi tamen, quaeritabo.

nam et intus paveo et foris formido,

ita nunc utrubique metus me agitat.

ita sunt homines misere miseri.

ille nunc laetus est, quisquis est, qui illam
habet,

680

688A

690

¹ Corrupt (Leo) : (et) petulantia Schoell.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Scene 2. ENTER *Halisca* BADLY FRIGHTENED, FROM HOUSE
OF *Alcesimarchus*.

Hal. If heaven doesn't rescue me, I'm dead and done for, with not a soul to look to for aid! Oh, how miserable my own heedlessness makes me! Oh! how I dread what will happen to my back, if my mistress finds out I've been so negligent! (*thinking*) Surely I had that little casket in my hands and received it from her here in front of the house—and where it is now I don't know, unless I dropped it somewhere about here, as I suspect. (*to audience*) Dear gentlemen, dear spectators, do tell me if anyone of you saw him, the man who carried it off or who picked it up. Did he go (*pointing*) this way, or that? (*pauses, then indignantly*) I'm none the wiser for asking or pestering them—the creatures always enjoy seeing a woman in trouble! Now I'll (*scans the ground*) examine the footprints here, in case I can find any. For if no one passed by after I went inside, the casket would be lying here. (*looking about again, then hopelessly*) What am I to do? I'm done for, I fancy! It's all over, my day has come, unlucky, fated wretch that I am! Not a trace of it, and there won't be a trace left of me, either! It's lost, and so I'm lost, too! But I won't give up, though; I'll keep on looking. Oh, my heart's in a flutter and my back's in a fright—fear on both sides driving me frantic! What poor, poor things human beings are! Now he's happy, whoever he is, that has

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quae neque illa illi quicquam

usui et mi exitio est.

sed memet moror, quom hoc ago setius.

Halisca, hoc age, ad terram aspice et
despice,

oculis investigates, astute augura.

Lamp. Era.

Phan. Hem quid est?

Lamp. Haec est.

Phan. Quis est?

Lamp. Quoi haec excidit cistella.

Phan. Certe est, eum locum signat, ubi ea excidit, apparet.

Hal. Sed is hac iit, hac socci video

vestigium in pulvere, persequar hac.

in hoc iam loco cum altero constitit. hic

meis turba oculis modo se obiecit.

699A

neque prorsum iit hac; hic stetit, hinc illo
exiit. hic concilium fuit.

700A

ad duos attinet, liquidumst. attat,

singulum video vestigium.

701A

sed is hac abiit. contemplabor. hinc huc iit, hinc
nusquam abiit.

actam rem ago. quod periit, periit, meum corium
cum cistella.

redeo intro.

Phan. Mulier, mane. sunt qui volunt te conventam.

Hal. Quis me revocat?

Lamp. Bona femina et malus masculus volunt te.

*Hal.*¹ postremo ille

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: *bona femina et malu' masculus volunt me* Lindsay.

THE CASKET COMEDY

it—something that's no use to him and the death of me! But I'm delaying myself by not setting to work. To work, Halisca! Eyes on the ground, eyes down! Track it—sharp now—like an augur! (*looks for footprints, her nose close to the ground*)

Lamp. (*aside to Phanostrata*) Mistress!

Phan. Well? What is it?

Lamp. She's the one!

Phan. What one?

Lamp. That dropped the casket.

Phan. She certainly is. She's marking the place where she dropped it. It's plain enough.

Hal. But he went this way . . . here's the mark of a shoe in the dust . . . I'll follow it up this way! Now here's where he stopped with someone else . . . Here's the scene of the fracas¹ I saw a moment ago . . . No, he didn't go on this way . . . he stood here . . . from here he went over there . . . A consultation was held here . . . There are two people concerned, that's clear as day . . . Aha! Just one person's tracks! . . . He went this way, though . . . I'll investigate . . . From here he went over here . . . from here he went—(*after an energetic and futile search*) nowhere! (*with wry resignation*) It's no use. What's lost is lost—the casket and my cuticle together. I'm going back inside. (*approaches Alcesimarchus's door*)

Phan. Wait, my girl. Some people wish to see you.

Hal. (*indifferently*) Who's calling me back?

Lamp. A good woman and a bad man want you.

Hal. (*aside*) Oh well, the man calling knows more

¹ Referring to lines 740 seq.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

plus qui vocat scit quod velit, quam ego quae
voco. revortor.¹

Lamp. Quid quaeritabas?

Hal. Mi homo et mea mulier, vos saluto.

Phan. Et nos te. sed quid quaeritas?

Hal. Vestigium hic requiro,
qua aufugit quaedam² aestio²

Lamp. Quid id? quid nam est?

Hal. Alienum³ concinnat malum et maerorem famili-
arem.

Lamp. Mala mers, era, haec et callida est.

Phan. Ecce ita videtur.

¹ Leo brackets following vv., 708-722, as dittography of vv. 723-741:

*ecquem vidisti †quaerere hic, amabo, in hac regione
cistellam cum crepundiis, quam ego hic amisi misera?
nam dudum ut accucurrimus ad Alcesimarchum, ne se
vita interemeret, tum eam mihi opinor excidisse.*

Lamp. Cistellam haec mulier perdidit. taceamus, era, parumper.
Hal. Disperii misera. . . quid ego erae dicam? quae me opere tanto
servare iussit, qui suos Selenium parentes
facilius posset noscere, quae erae [meae] supposita est parva,
quam quaedam meretrix ei dedit.

Lamp. Nostram haec rem fabulatur,
hanc scire oportet, filia tua ubi sit, signa ut dicit.

Hal. Nunc eam vult suae matri et patri, quibus nata est, reddere
ultro.

Lamp. mi homo, obsecro, alias res geris, ego tibi meas res mando.
Istuc ago, atque istic mihi cibus est, quod fabulare,
sed inter rem agendam istam erae huic respondi quod
rogabat.

nunc ad te redeo: si quid est opus, dic, impetratumst.

² Leo notes lacuna following: (ac pluribus m)aestit(iam
dat) Leo.

³ Alienum (concinnat malum) Leo and Schoell: not in
MSS.

THE CASKET COMEDY

about his wants than the woman called does.
Back I go.¹

Lamp. What were you looking for?

Hal. Good day to you, my dear sir, and to you, ma'am.

Phan. And to you. But what are you looking for?

Hal. I'm trying to find where a certain article has disappeared.

Lamp. What is it? What on earth is it?

Hal. It will bring trouble to other folks and tribulation to us.

Lamp. (to *Phanostrata*) She's a bad piece of goods, ma'am; she's a wily one.

Phan. Yes indeed, so it seems.

¹ Vv. 708-722 :

Hal. Tell me, sir, have you seen anyone looking round about here for a little casket with toys in it, that I lost here, poor wretch that I am? You see, just a few moments ago, when we ran up to Alcesimarchus so as to keep him from committing suicide, I think I dropped it.

Lamp. (aside to *Phanostrata*) She's the one that lost it. Let's keep mum a minute, ma'am.

Hal. Oh dear, I'm dead and done for! What shall I say to mistress? She told me to guard it ever so carefully, so that her parents could be recognized more easily by Selenium. She was palmed off as mistress's daughter when she was only a little thing, given to her by a courtesan!

Lamp. (aside to *Phanostrata*) It's our affair she's babbling about, ma'am. She must know where your daughter is, judging from the indications she gives.

Hal. And now of her own accord she wants to return her to the mother and father she belongs to. (impatiently) Now, now, my dear man, you seem to have other business to attend to, and here I am putting mine into your hands!

Lamp. It's yours I am attending to; yes, and your story's meat and drink to me. But during the course of that business of yours, I answered a question of mistress's here. Now I return to you again: if you want anything, name it; it's granted you.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Lamp. Imitatur nequam bestiam et damnificam.

Phan. Quamnam, amabo?

Lamp. Involvolum, quae in pampini folio intorta implicat se.

itidem haec exorditur sibi intortam orationem. 730

quid quaeritas?

Hal. Cistellula hinc mi, adulescens, evolavit.

Lamp. In caveam latam oportuit.

Hal. Non edepol praeda magna.

Lamp. Mirum quin grex venalium in cistella infuerit una.

Phan. Sine dicat.

Lamp. Si dicat quidem.

Phan. Age loquere¹ quid ibi infuerit.

Hal. Crepundia una.

Lamp. Est quidam homo, qui illam ait se scire ubi sit.

Hal. At pol ille a quadam muliere, si eam monstret, gratiam ineat.

Lamp. At sibi ille quidam volt dari mercedem.

Hal. At pol illa quaedam, quae illam cistellam perdidit, quoidam negat esse quod det.

Lamp. At enim ille quidam operam bonam magis expetit quam argentum.

Hal. At pol illi quoidam mulieri nulla opera gratuita est. 740

Phan. Commodule quaedam. tu tibi nunc prodes. confitemur cistellam habere.

Hal. At vos Salus servassit. ubi ea nunc est?

Phan. Salvam eccam. sed ego rem meam magnam confabulari

¹ Leo brackets following *tu*.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Lamp. It's a mischievous, pestiferous animal she's imitating.

Phan. Mercy me, what one?

Lamp. The caterpillar, that twists round and twines itself up in young vine leaves, ma'am. That's the same sort of twisting twaddle she's begun on. (*to Halisca*) What are you looking for?

Hal. A little casket flew out of my hands here, sir.

Lamp. You ought to have caged it.

Hal. Goodness me, it was no great prize!

Lamp. (*very sarcastic*) Odd there wasn't a gang of slaves in one casket.

Phan. Let her speak.

Lamp. Yes, if she only would.

Phan. Come, come, tell us what was in it.

Hal. Nothing but toys.

Lamp. There's a certain man who says he knows where it is.

Hal. Well, goodness me, there's a certain woman who would be grateful to him, if he'd show it to her.

Lamp. Well, that certain man wants a reward given him.

Hal. Well, goodness me, that certain woman who lost the casket says she hasn't anything to give the certain man.

Lamp. Well, you see, that certain man is keener for a kind favour than for money.

Hal. Well, goodness me, in the case of that certain woman, no favour is done gratis.

Phan. (*dryly*) Nice of the certain woman! You are doing yourself a good turn this time. We admit we have the casket.

Hal. Well, Salvation save you both! Where is it now?

Phan. (*showing it*) Safe! See! But I want to have a talk with you on a matter of great importance

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

tecum voló. sociam te mihi adopto ad meam salutem.

Hal. Quid istuc negoti est? aut quis es?

Phan. Ego sum illius mater,
quae haec gestitavit.

Hal. Hicine tu ergo habitas?

Phan. Hariolare.

sed quaeso, ambages, mulier, mitte atque hoc age.
eloquere, unde haec sunt tibi, cito, crepundia.

Hal. Mea haec erilis gestitavit filia.

Lamp. Mentiris, nam mea gestitavit, non tua.

750

Phan. Ne obloquere.

Lamp. Taceo.

Phan. Mulier, perge dicere.

ubi ea est, quae gestitavit?

Hal. Hic in proximo.

Phan. Istic quidem edepol mei viri habitat gener.¹
ne obloquere rusus. perge porro dicere.
quot annos nata dicitur?

Hal. Septemdecim.

Phan. Mea est.

Lamp. East, ut² numerus annorum attulit.

Hal. Quid?³ quaesti partem dimidiam quaero meam.

Lamp. At⁴ pol ego, quoniam tres sunt, quaero tertiam.

Phan. Quod quaeritabam, filiam inveni meam.

Hal. Aequom est reponi per fidem quod creditum est,
ne bene merenti sit malo benignitas.
nostra haec alunna est, tua profecto filia:¹
et redditura est tuam tibi, et ea gratia

760

¹ Leo assumes lacuna following.

² u(t numer)us Camerarius.

³ qua(esti partem dimid)iam Schoell.

⁴ po(l ego, quoniam tres) Schoell.

THE CASKET COMEDY

to me. I make you my partner in securing my salvation.

Hal. What do you mean by that? Who are you?

Phan. The mother of the girl who had these things (*indicating toys*) with her.

Hal. You live here, then? (*pointing*)

Phan. A good guess. But for mercy's sake, girl, do drop your digressions and keep to the point. Quick, tell me where you got those toys.

Hal. My mistress's daughter had them with her.

Lamp. You lie! My mistress's daughter had them, not yours.

Phan. (*to Lampadio*) Don't interrupt.

Lamp. Never a word, ma'am.

Phan. Go on, girl, go on. Where is the person that had them?

Hal. (*pointing to Alcesimarchus's house*) Next door here.

Phan. Good heavens! Why, that's where my husband's son-in-law lives. (*to Lampadio, who is becoming restive*) Don't interrupt again. (*to Halisca*) Come, go on, go on! How old is she said to be?

Hal. Seventeen.

Phan. (*overjoyed*) She is my daughter!

Lamp. So she is, to judge from her age.

Hal. Well? I'm looking for my half of the reward, ma'am.

Lamp. But by gad, ma'am, there are three of us in this, and I'm looking for my third!

Phan. And I've found what I've been looking for—my daughter!

Hal. It's only fair that what was trusted to you in good faith should be returned, ma'am, so as not to make a benefactor suffer for her kindness. She's our foster child, and your daughter sure enough.

* * * and mistress is just about to give her

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

domo profecta est. ceterum ex ipsa, obsecro,
exquaeritote ; ego serva sum.

Phan. Aequom postulas.

Hal. Illius ego istanc esse malo gratiam.
sed istanc cistellam te opsecro ut reddas mihi.

Phan. Quid fit, Lampadio ?

Lamp. Quod tuom est teneas tuom.

Phan. At me huius miseret.

Lamp. Sic faciundum censeo :

da isti cistellam et intro abi cum istac semul. 770

Phan. Tibi auscultabo. tene tu cistellam tibi,
abeamus intro. sed quid est nomen tuae
dominae ?

Hal. Melaenis.

Phan. I prae, iam ego te sequar.

ACTVS V

Dem. Quid hoc negoti est, quod omnes homines fabu-
lantur per vias
mihi esse filiam inventam ? et Lampadionem me
in foro
quaesivisse aiunt.

Lamp. Ere, unde is ?

Dem. Ex senatu.

Lamp. Gaudeo
tibi mea opera liberorum esse amplius.

THE CASKET COMEDY

back to you, and she set out from home for that purpose. For heaven's sake, question *her* about the rest; I'm only a servant, myself.

Phan. That's a fair request.

Hal. I'd rather let her get the credit of it. But the casket—do, please, give that back to me.

Phan. What shall I do, Lampadio?

Lamp. Hold on to whatever is yours.

Phan. But I'm sorry for the girl.

Lamp. (*after consideration*) Here's what I recommend: give her the casket and go inside along with her.

Phan. I'll follow your advice. Here, my girl, take the casket, yourself. (*hands it to her*) Let's go in. (*hurries toward Alcesimarchus's door, then stops*) But what is your mistress's name?

Hal. Melaenis.

Phan. (*letting Halisca pass her*) You go first; I'll follow you now. [EXEUNT.]

ACT V

(*An hour has elapsed*)

ENTER *Demipho*

Dem. What does this mean—the whole town buzzing with a story that my daughter has been found? They say that Lampadio has been looking for me in the forum, too.

ENTER *Lampadio* FROM HOUSE OF *Alcesimarchus*.

Lamp. Oh, sir, where are you coming from?

Dem. From a meeting of the senate.

Lamp. I'm glad to report, sir, that your family has been increased by my efforts.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Dem. Enim non placet.

nil moror aliena mi opera fieri pluris liberos.
sed quid istuc est?

Lamp. Propera ire intro huc ad adfinem tuum,
filiam tuam iam cognosces intus. ibidem uxor
tua est.

780

abi cito.

Dem. Praevorti hoc certumst rebus aliis omnibus.

CATERVA

Ne expectetis, spectatores, dum illi huc ad vos
exeant;

nemo exibat, omnes intus conficiunt negotium.
ubi id erit factum, ornamenta ponent; postidea loci
qui deliquit vapulabit, qui non deliquit bibet.
nunc quod ad vos, spectatores, reliquum relinquitur,
more maiorum date plausum postrema in comoedia.

THE CASKET COMEDY

Dem. Well, I don't like that! I don't care to have other people's efforts increase my family. But how about all this?

Lamp. Hurry up and go into your new relative's house here, sir, (*pointing to the house of Alcesimarchus*) and you'll soon recognize a daughter of yours inside. Your wife's in there, too. Quick, sir, in with you! (*bustles him toward door*)

Dem. This matter shall take precedence of everything else, that is sure. [EXEUNT.]

EPILOGUE

(Spoken by Members of the Company)

Spectators, you need not wait for them to come out here to you; not one of them will. They will all finish their business within. That done, off come their costumes; and then the actor that has made mistakes will get a thrashing, the one that has not, a drink. Now as to what is left, and left to you, spectators,—follow the old fashion and applaud our comedy at its conclusion.

CURCULIO

ARGVMENTVM

Curculio missu Phaedromi it Cariam,
Vt petat argentum. ibi eludit anulo
Rivalem. scribit atque obsignat litteras.
Cognoscit signum Lyco, ubi vidit, militis ;
Vt amicum mittat, pretium lenoni dedit.
Lyconem miles ac lenonem in ius rapit.
Ipsus sororem, quam peribat, repperit,
Oratu cuius Phaedromo nuptum locat.

PERSONAE

PALINVRVS SERVVS
PHAEDROMVS ADVLESCENS
LEAENA ANVS
PLANESIUM VIRGO
CAPPADOX LENO
COCVS
CVRCVLIO PARASITVS
LYCO TRAPEZITA
CHORAGVS
THERAPONTIGONVS MILES

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

Curculio, at the behest of Phaedromus, goes to Caria to secure some money. There he steals away a ring from Phaedromus's rival. He writes a letter and seals it. Lyco, on seeing the seal, recognizes it as being the Captain's; he pays the pimp to let Phaedromus's sweetheart go. The Captain is for haling Lyco and the pimp off to court. The girl this Captain has been doting on proves to be his sister, and at her urgent request he bestows her in marriage upon Phaedromus.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PALINURUS, *a slave of Phaedromus.*

PHAEDROMUS, *a young gentleman of Epidaurus.*

LEAENA, *an old woman, slave of Cappadox.*

PLANESIUM, *a girl belonging to Cappadox.*

CAPPADOX, *a pimp.*

A COOK.

CURCULIO, *a parasite.*

LYCO, *a banker.*

THE COMPANY'S PROPERTY MANAGER.

THERAPONTIGONUS, *a Captain.*

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ACTVS I

Pal. Quo ted hoc noctis dicam proficisci foras
cum istoc ornatu cunque hac pompa, Phaedrome?

Phaed. Quo Venus Cupidoque imperat, suadet Amor;
si media nox est sive est prima vespera,
si status condictus cum hoste intercedit dies,
tamen est eundum quo imperant ingratiis.

Pal. At tandem, tandem—

Phaed. Tandem es odiosus mihi.

Pal. Istuc quidem nec bellum est nec memorabile,
tute tibi puer es, lautus luces cereum.

Phaed. Egon apicularum congestum opera non feram, 10
ex dulci oriundum melculo dulci meo?

Pal. Nam quo te dicam ego ire?

Phaed. Si tu me roges,
dicam ut scias.

Pal. Si rogitem, quid respondeas?

Phaed. Hoc Aesculapi fanum est.

Pal. Plus iam anno scio.

CURCULIO

Scene :—Epidaurus. A street in which are the houses of Cappadox and Phaedromus, and a temple of Aesculapius, god of healing. In front of the house of Cappadox is an altar.

ACT I

(Time, night.)

ENTER *Phaedromus*, ELABORATELY DRESSED, CARRYING A CANDLE. *Palinurus* FOLLOWS, AND BEHIND HIM COME SLAVES CARRYING TORCHES, WINE, AND EDIBLES.

Pal. *(gloomy)* Where on earth are you bound, sir, at this time o' night, with such a get-up and with this provision train here?

Phaed. *(quite ecstatic)* Where Venus and Cupid command, where Love entices! Be it midnight, or be it early eve, be it a day duly settled upon with your adversary for appearance at court—still must you go whither they bid, despite yourself.

Pal. *(protestingly)* But see here, sir, see here —

Phaed. See here, you annoy me.

Pal. Really, sir, this isn't a pretty sight, nor a sight to talk about—you, sir, playing your own slave, and, dapper as you are, lighting yourself along with a candle!

Phaed. *(languishingly)* Shall I not carry the stores of the busy little bees, stores born of sweets, to my sweet little honey?

Pal. Why, where am I to say you're going?

Phaed. If you asked me, I should inform you.

Pal. If I did ask you, what would your answer be?

Phaed. Yonder is the shrine of Aesculapius.

Pal. I knew that more than a year ago.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. Huic proximum illud ostiumst oculissimum.
salve, valuistin?

Pal. Ostium ocllusissimum,
caruitne febris te heri vel nudiustertius
et heri cenavistine?

Phaed. Deridesne me?

Pal. Quid tu ergo, insane, rogitas valeatne ostium?

Phaed. Bellissimum hercle vidi et taciturnissimum, 20
numquam ullum verbum muttit. cum aperitur
tacet,

cum illa noctu clanculum ad me exit, tacet.

Pal. Numquid tu quod te aut genere indignum sit tuo
facis aut inceptas facinus facere, Phaedrome?
num tu pudicae cuipiam insidias locas
aut quam pudicam esse oportet?

Phaed. Nemini,
nec me ille sirit Iuppiter.

Pal. Ego item volo.
ita tuom conferto amare semper, si sapis,
ne id quod ames populus si sciat, tibi sit probro.
semper curato ne sis intestabilis. 30

Phaed. Quid istuc est verbi?

Pal. Caute ut incedas via, 32
quod amas amato testibus praesentibus. 31

Phaed. Quin leno hic habitat.

Pal. Nemo hinc prohibet nec vetat,
quin quod palam est venale, si argentum est, emas.
nemo ire quemquam publica prohibet via;
dum ne per fundum saeptum facias semitam.

CURCULIO

Phaed. Next to it (*pointing to house of Cappadox*) is the most adorable door in all the world. (*fondly*) Ah, door! Hath all been well with thee?

Pal. (*mockingly*) O door most shut in all the world! Hast been without fever yesterday or the day before? Hast had thy dinner yesterday?

Phaed. (*wounded*) Are you making fun of me?

Pal. Well then, you madman, why are you asking about the door's health?

Phaed. Oh, 'tis the most delectable door, the discreetest door I ever saw! It never breathes a single word! When it opens—silent! When *she* steals out to me at night—silent still!

Pal. (*suspicious*) I say, sir, you aren't doing anything that doesn't become you or your family, are you? You aren't up to any crime, are you, Phaedromus? You're not laying snares for some respectable woman, or one that ought to be respectable?

Phaed. No, no! Great God forbid!

Pal. My own wish, too! If you're wise, sir, you'll always so govern your affections as not to have your love affairs disgrace you, in case people get wind of them. Always look out you don't lose your power to bear witness¹ as a man.

Phaed. What do you mean?

Pal. Be careful—stick to the open road. Love your love, but don't lose your witnesses!

Phaed. Why, it's a pimp that lives there.

Pal. In that case nobody stops or forbids you to buy what's in the open market, if you've got the cash. Nobody stops anyone from walking along the public highway. Provided you don't make in-roads on fenced-in preserves, provided you keep

¹ *Intestabilis* in two senses—suffering a legal punishment and a punishment inflicted by the injured husband.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

dum ted abstineas nupta, vidua, virgine,
iuventute et pueris liberis, ama quid lubet.

Phaed. Lenonis hae sunt aedes.

Pal. Male istis evenat.

Phaed. Qui?

Pal. Quia scelestam servitutem serviunt. 40

Phaed. Obloquere.

Pal. Fiat maxime.

Phaed. Etiam taces?

Pal. Nempe obloqui me iusseras.

Phaed. At nunc veto.

sed ita uti ocepsi dicere, ei ancillula est.

Pal. Nempe huic lenoni qui hic habitat?

Phaed. Recte tenes.

Pal. Minus formidabo, ne excidat.

Phaed. Odiosus es.

eam volt meretricem facere. ea me deperit,
ego autem cum illa facere nolo mutuom.

Pal. Quid ita?

Phaed. Quia proprium facio. amo pariter simul.

Pal. Malus clandestinus est amor, damnumst merum.

Phaed. Est hercle ita ut tu dicis.

Pal. Iamne ea fert iugum? 50

Phaed. Tam a me pudica est quasi soror mea sit, nisi
si est osculando quippiam impudicior.

Pal. Semper tu scito, flamma fumo est proxima;
fumo comburi nil potest, flamma potest.
qui e nuce nuculeum esse volt, frangit nucem;
qui volt cubare, pandit saltum saviis.

CURCULIO

away from married women, widows, virgins, young innocents, and children of respectable families, love anyone you want.

Phaed. This is a pimp's house.

Pal. Bad luck to it !

Phaed. Why ?

Pal. Because it's in such scurvy service.

Phaed. (*indignant*) That's it, interrupt me !

Pal. (*pretending to misunderstand*) So I will, by all means.

Phaed. Hold your tongue, will you !

Pal. (*aggrieved*) Why, but you told me to interrupt you.

Phaed. Well, now I tell you not to. But as I was about to say, he has a young slave girl.

Pal. The pimp that lives here, you mean ?

Phaed. (*ironically*) You grasp it perfectly.

Pal. (*grinning*) I'll have less fear of its being lost, then.

Phaed. You pest ! He wants to make a courtesan of her. She loves me to distraction, but as for me, I don't choose to return her love.

Pal. How's that ?

Phaed. (*rapturously*) Because I want it for my very own ! I love her as much as she loves me.

Pal. (*sagely*) A secret love affair is bad, it's simply ruin.

Phaed. (*sighing*) You're right, ah yes, you're right.

Pal. Has she learned to bear the yoke yet ?

Phaed. She's as innocent as if she were my own sister, for me—unless she's any the worse for a few kisses.

Pal. Always keep this in mind, sir,—first smoke, then flames. Smoke can't burn anything, flames can. The man that wants to eat the kernel, cracks the shell ; the man that wants to get the girl, clears the way with kisses.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. At illa est pudica neque dum cubitat cum viris.

Pal. Credam, pudor si cuiquam lenoni siet.

Phaed. Immo ut illam censes? ut quaeque illi occasiost,
subripere se ad me; ubi savium oppegit, fugit. 60
id eo fit, quia hic leno, hic qui aegrotus incubat
in Aesculapi fano, is me exeruciat.

Pal. Quid est?

Phaed. Alias me poscit pro illa triginta minas,
alias talentum magnum; neque quicquam queo
aequi bonique ab eo impetrare.

Pal. Iniuriu's,
qui quod lenoni nulli est id ab eo petas.

Phaed. Nunc hinc parasitum in Cariam misi meum
petitum argentum a meo sodali mutuom.
quod si non affert, quo me vortam nescio.

Pal. Si deos salutas, dextrovorsum censeo. 70

Phaed. Nunc ara Veneris haec est ante horum fores;
me inferre Veneri vovi ieientaculum.

Pal. Quid? tu te pones Veneri ieientaculo?

Phaed. Me, te atque hosce omnis.

Pal. Tum tu Venerem vomere vis.

Phaed. Cedo, puere, sinum.

¹ By sleeping in the temple in the hope of having inspired dreams which would suggest means of relief. This was *incubatio*.

CURCULIO

Phaed. But this girl is innocent; she never has consorted with men at all.

Pal. I'll believe that when I hear of an innocent pimp.

Phaed. (*indignantly*) No, no! what do you take her for? Why, whenever she gets a chance she steals out to me; but once she has pressed her lips to mine, away she runs! That's all because the pimp, who's ill and taking the cure in the shrine of Aesculapius here,¹ is torturing me.

Pal. How so?

Phaed. (*petulant*) Now he demands a hundred pounds for her, now two hundred—not a bit of just and decent treatment can I get from him.

Pal. You're in the wrong, to ask a pimp for what no pimp deals in.

Phaed. Now I've sent my parasite off to Caria to ask a good friend of mine for a loan. If he doesn't get it, I don't know where to turn.

Pal. (*flippantly*) To the right,² I should say, if you mean to salute the gods.

Phaed. (*turning to the altar before Cappadox's door*) You see this altar of Venus in front of their house; it was to Venus I vowed I should offer a breakfast myself.

Pal. Eh? You're going to give Venus yourself for breakfast?

Phaed. (*vehemently*) Yes, myself, you, and all these people. (*with a wave toward the audience*)

Pal. In that case, you want Venus to be sick at the stomach!

Phaed. (*to a slave*) Here, my lad, the bowl! (*turning toward Cappadox's door*)

² To the left was the statue of Apollo Aguiens, to the right that of Venus: "Make your prayer to Venus, not to Apollo."

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pal. Quid facturu's?

Phaed. Iam scies.

anus hic solet cubitare custos ianitrix,
nomen Leacnae est, multibiba atque merobiba.

Pal. Quasi tu lagoenam dicas, ubi vinum Chium
solet esse.

Phaed. Quid opust verbis? vinosissima est;
eaeque extemplo ubi ego vino has conspersi fores, 80
de odore adesse me scit, aperit ilico.

Pal. Eine hic cum vino sinus fertur?

Phaed. Nisi nevis.

Pal. Nolo hercle, nam istunc qui fert afflictum velim;
ego nobis afferri censui.

Phaed. Quin tu taces?
si quid super illi fuerit, id nobis sat est.

Pal. Quisnam istic fluvius, quem non recipiat mare?

Phaed. Sequere hac, Palinure, me ad fores, si mi obsequens.

Pal. Ita faciam.

Phaed. Agite bibite, festivae fores;
potate, fite mihi volentes propitiae.

Pal. Voltisne olivas¹ pulpaumentum¹ capparim? 90

Phaed. Exsuscitate vostram huc custodem mihi.

Pal. Profundis vinum; quae te res agitant?

Phaed. Sine.

viden ut aperiuntur aedes festivissumae?
num muttit cardo? est lepidus.

¹ Leo brackets following *aut*.

CURCULIO

Pal. What are you up to?

Phaed. You will soon see. There's an old-hag usually stretched out inside here minding the door, a weariless, waterless sot, by name Leaena.

Pal. You mean a sort of Tankilena, don't you,—the kind they store Chian wine in?

Phaed. Why hunt for a word? She's a perfect wine-soak! The minute I sprinkle this door with wine, the odour tells her I am here, and she opens up instantly.

Pal. (*rueful*) And this bowl of wine is brought for her?

Phaed. (*ironically*) Unless you object.

Pal. By gad, I do object! Yes, sir, I only wish that fellow carrying it would break his neck! I supposed it was brought for us.

Phaed. Oh, keep still, man! If she leaves any, that will be enough for us.

Pal. Leave any? Show me the river that the sea won't hold!

Phaed. (*taking the bowl*) This way, Palinurus,—up to the door—come, oblige me.

Pal. (*following sulkily*) All right, all right.

Phaed. (*he pours wine on the sill*) Drink, ye portals of pleasure, drink! Quaff deep, and deign to be propitious unto me!

Pal. (*mimicking his master*) Will ye have some olives, portals,—a croquette—a pickled caper?

Phaed. Rouse your keeper and send her hither. (*lavishes more wine*)

Pal. (*seizing his arm in dismay*) You're wasting the wine! What possesses you?

Phaed. Unhand me! (*as the door moves*) See you how it opens—the bower of bliss beyond compare? Hear you a creak from the hinge? Oh, lovely hinge!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pal. Quin das savium?

Phaed. Tace, occultemus lumen et vocem.

Pal. Licet.

I. 2.

Le. Flos veteris vini meis

naribus obiēctust,

eius amor cupidam me huc

prolicit per tenebras.

ubi ubi est, prope me est. cuax, habeo.

salve, anime mi,

Liberi lepos.

ut veteris vetus tui cupida sum.

100

nam omnium unguentum odor prae tuo nautea
est,

tu mihi stacta, tu cinnamum, tu rosa,

tu crocinum et casia es,

tu telinum,

nam ubi tu profusus, ibi ego me

pervelim sepultam.

sed quom adhuc naso odos obsecutust meo,

da vicissim meo gutturi gaudium.

nil ago tecum; ubi est ipse? ipsum expeto

tangere, invergere in me liquores tuos,

sine, ductim. sed hac abiit, hac persequar.

Phaed. Sitit haec anus.

Pal. Quantillum sitit?

Phaed. Modica est, capit quadrantal. 110

Pal. Pol ut praedicas, vindemia¹ huic anni non sat est
soli.

canem esse hanc quidem magis par fuit; sagax
nasum habet.

Le.

Anabo,

cuia vox sonat procul?

¹ Leo brackets following *haec*.

CURCULIO

Pal. (*sneeringly*) Why don't you kiss it?

Phaed. Sh-h! Let's hide the light and hold our tongues.

Pal. (*bored*) Very well. (*they stand back*)

Scene 2. *Leaena* CRAWLS INTO THE DOORWAY.

Le. (*peering about, mumbling and sniffing*) Ah, the sweet, sweet whiff of old wine that met my nostrils! It drew me out here in the dark, I love it so, I want it so! Wherever it is, it's near me! (*her nose close to the sill*) Oh joy! I have it! Ah there, sweetheart mine, beauty of Bacchus! You're old and I'm old, and how I want you! Why, the odour of all the essences is only bilge water compared with yours! You're my myrrh, my cinnamon, my rose, my oil of saffron and cassia, my rarest perfume—you, you! Oh, to have my grave where you are poured! (*anxiously*) But it's only my nose that's been favoured so far by the scent—do gratify my gullet, too. (*sniffing at the wine on the door sill discontentedly*) No, my business is not with you. Where is the bowl itself? Oh, to touch you, bowl, to turn your liquor into me and swallow, swallow, swallow! (*noses her way slowly toward Phaedromus*) But it has run this way. I'll follow it up this way!

Phaed. (*aside to Palinurus*) The old lady here is thirsty.

Pal. (*troubled*) Not very, do you think?

Phaed. Oh, nothing intemperate—six gallons will fill her.

Pal. Good Lord, according to you, a whole vintage isn't enough for this one old hag alone! (*eyeing her irately*) It's a dog she ought to be by rights; she has a keen scent, anyway.

Le. (*turning and stopping*) Bless your heart! whose voice is that in the distance?

CURCULIO

Phaed. (to *Palinurus*) I think I'd better hail her. Here goes. (*stepping forward*) Back *Leaena*! About face!

Le. (*blinking*) Who's in command?

Phaed. Lovely *Bacchus*, lord of liquor, who brings thy hawking, husky, half-dormant self some drink and will now proceed to allay thy thirst.

Le. (*peering about eagerly*) How far away is he?

Phaed. (*waving his candle*) Behold this light!

Le. Come to me quick, then, double quick, for heaven's sake!

Phaed. (*approaching*) Good day to you.

Le. Good? To me? When I'm all dried up for lack of a drink?

Phaed. Well, you shall soon have one.

Le. It's a long time coming.

Phaed. (*handing her the bowl*) There you are, sweet dame.

Le. Bless you, you adorable man!

Pal. (*to Leaena, enviously*) Come on, quick! Pour it into the pit! Hurry up and flush the sewer!

Phaed. Silence! No rough talk to her.

Pal. (*glaring at her*) Rough treatment, then; that's better still!

Le. (*turning to the altar*) Venus, of the little I have I'll give you a very, very little, (*cautiously pouring out a few drops as a libation*) and I hate to do it, too. Why, you get wine from all the lovers when they're drinking and want your favour; as for me, it's not often I get such legacies. (*drinks*)

Pal. Look at that! Swilling it down neat, the nasty pig, maw wide open!

Phaed. (*after reflection*) Well, I'm damned! I don't know what to tell her first.

Pal. (*sourly*) That's what! tell her what you just told me.

Phaed. What is that?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Pal.* Periisse ut te dicas.
- Phaed.* Male tibi di faciant.
- Pal.* Dic isti. 130
- Le.* Ah.
- Pal.* Quid est? ecquid lubet?
- Le.* Lubet.
- Pal.* Etiam mihi quoque
stimulo fodere lubet te.
- Phaed.* Tace, ne—
- Pal.* Noli, taceo. ecce autem bibit arcus, pluet
credo hercle hodie.
- Phaed.* Iamne ego huic dico?
- Pal.* Quid dices?
- Phaed.* Me periisse.
- Pal.* Age dice.
- Phaed.* Anus, audi.
hoc volo scire te: perditus sum miser.
- Le.* At pol ego oppido servata.
sed quid est? quid lubet perditum dicere
te esse?
- Phaed.* Quia id quod amo careo.
- Le.* Phaedrome mi, ne plora amabo.
tu me curato ne sitiam, ego tibi quod amas iam
huc adducam.
- Phaed.* Tibine ego, si fidem servas mecum, vincam pro
aurea statua statuam, 140
quae tuo gutturi sit monumentum. 140A
qui me in terra aeque fortunatus erit, si illa ad me
bitet,
Palinure?
- Pal.* Edepol qui amat, si eget, misera adficitur,
ere, aerumna.

CURCULIO

Pal. Tell her you are damned.

Phaed. Heaven curse you !

Pal. Tell her !

Le. (*blissfully, stopping to take breath*) Ah-h !

Pal. Well ? You like it, eh ?

Le. (*smacking her lips*) Like it ! (*drinks again*)

Pal. Yes, and wouldn't I like to take a goad and jab it into you !

Phaed. (*dangerously*) Keep still, or——

Pal. (*hastily*) Don't, sir ! I will ! But just look there !
(*pointing to Leacna bent backward draining the bowl*)
The rainbow¹ drinks ! By Jove, I believe it'll rain to-day !

Phaed. Shall I tell her now ?

Pal. Tell her what ?

Phaed. That I'm damned.

Pal. Go on, tell her.

Phaed. Old lady, listen. I want you to know this—I'm a poor damned wretch.

Le. (*finishing the bowl and straightening up*) But as for me, I've found complete salvation ! Why do you want to say you're damned ?

Phaed. Because I'm kept from the girl I love. (*sobs*)

Le. Now, now, Phaedromus dearie, don't cry. Just you see I don't get thirsty, and I'll have the girl you love out here in a jiffy.

Phaed. (*fervently*) You keep your word, and I'll put you up a statue of vines instead of gold [EXIT *Leacna* INTO HOUSE] to commemorate your gullet. Oh, Palinurus, won't I be the luckiest man on earth, if she trips out here to me ?

Pal. Gad, sir, a man in love and out of cash is in a sorry plight.

¹ The rainbow was said to drink when it seemed to touch the earth.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. Non ita res est, nam confido parasitum hodie ad-
venturum
cum argento ad me.

Pal. Magnum inceptas, si id expectas
quod nusquamst.

Phaed. Quid si adeam ad fores atque occentem?

Pal. Si lubet, neque veto neque iubeo,
quando ego te video immutatis moribus esse, cre,
atque ingenio.

Phaed. Pessuli, heus pessuli, vos saluto lubens,
vos amo, vos volo, vos peto atque obsecro,
gerite amanti mihi morem, amoenissumi,
fite causa mea ludii barbari, 150
sussilite, obsecro, et mittite istanc foras,
quae mihi misero amanti ebibit sanguinem.
hoc vide ut dormiunt pessuli pessumi
nec mea gratia commovent se ocus.
re spicio, nihili meam vos gratiam facere.
st tace, tace.

Pal. Taceo hercle equidem.

Phaed. Sentio sonitum.
tandem edepol mihi morigeri pessuli fiunt.

I. 3.

Le. Placide egredere et sonitum prohibe forium et
crepitum cardinum,
ne quod hic agimus erus percipiat fieri, mea Plane-
sium.
mane, suffundam aquolam.

Pal. Viden ut anus tremula medicinam facit? 160

CURCULIO

Phaed. That's not my case, for I'm sure the parasite will arrive to-day with money for me.

Pal. You have your hands full, if you wait for what never happens.¹

Phaed. What if I should go up to the door and serenade her?

Pal. Suit yourself, sir; I won't say no, or yes, either, since I see your character and disposition are so changed.

Phaed. (*singing*) Bolts, ah, bolts, I greet you gladly:

Take my love and hear my plea,
Hear my prayer, my supplication,
Fairest bolts, ah, favour me.
Change to foreign dancers for me,
Spring, I pray you, spring on high,
Send a wretched man his dear love,
Love that drains his life-blood dry.

Look! they sleep, those bolts most base
Will not budge to do me grace!

(*angrily*) You care nothing about doing me grace,
that's plain. (*listening*) Sh-h! Hush, hush!

Pal. (*wearily*) Lord, Lord! Well, I am hushing.

Phaed. I hear a sound! Oh heavens! At last those bolts are favouring me. (*they step back*)

Scene 3.

THE DOOR OPENS A LITTLE.

Le. (*within*) Step out quietly, Planesium dearie, and don't let the door rattle or the hinges grate, or master will find out what we're doing here. Wait.

Le. I'll pour a little water on them. (*she does so*)

Pal. (*aside to Phaedromus*) See how the doddering old thing plays the doctor? She has jolly well learned

¹ A parasite with money.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

eapse merum condidicit bibere, foribus dat aquam
quam bibant.

Plan. Vbi tu es, qui me convadatu's Veneriis vadimoniis?
sisto ego tibi me et mihi contra itidem tu te ut
sistas suadeo.

Phaed. Assum; nam si absim, haud recusem quin mihi
male sit, mel meum.

Plan. Anime mi, me procul amantem abesse haud con-
sentaneumst.

Phaed. Palinure, Palinure.

Pal. Eloquere, quid est quod Palinurum voces?

Phaed. Est lepida.

Pal. Nimis lepida.

Phaed. Sum deus.

Pal. Immo homo haud magni preti.

Phaed. Quid vidisti aut quid videbis magis dis aequi-
parabile?

Pal. Male valere te, quod mi aegrest.

Phaed. Male mi morigeru's, tace.

Pal. Ipsus se exeruciat qui homo quod amat videt nec
potitur dum licet.

Phaed. Recte obiurgat. sane haud quicquamst, magis
quod cupiam iam diu.

Plan. Tene me, amplectere ergo.

Phaed. Hoc etiam est quam ob rem cupiam vivere.
quia te prohibet erus, clam¹ potior.

Plan. Prohibet? nec prohibere quit,
nec prohibebit nisi mors meum animum aps te
abalienaverit.

¹ Leo brackets following *erus*.

CURCULIO

to drink the undiluted wine herself, and gives the door the water to drink.

ENTER *Planesium* INTO DOORWAY.

(*softly, looking about*) Where are you, you who have cited me to the court of Venus? I produce myself in answer to the summons, and beg you likewise to produce yourself.

(*fondly*) Here! Ah, honey mine, if I defaulted, I should not protest against its going hard with me.

(*cooly*) Darling, it's not nice to have one's sweetheart keep his distance.

ed. (*enraptured*) Oh, Palinurus, Palinurus!

Speak out. What are you calling Palinurus for?

ed. She's delicious!

(*sour*) Too delicious.

d. Oh, I'm a god!

You aren't, you're a man, of precious poor quality.

d. What did you ever see, what will you ever see, more comparable to the gods than I am?

You're in a bad way, I see that, and I'm sorry for it.

ed. (*angry*) And you fall in with my humour badly! Silence!

l. (*cowed, changing his tone*) A chap that sees his sweetheart, sir, and doesn't use his chance, is a self-tormentor.

ed. (*to Planesium*) A just rebuke! There's surely nothing I've been craving for more this long time.

an. Well then, take me, hug me!

ed. (*doing so, heartily*) This, this, is what makes me crave to live. Now that your master keeps you from me, I have you secretly.

an. Keep me from you? He can not, he shall not keep me from you, unless death deprives you of my heart.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pal. Enim vero nequeo durare quin ego erum accusem meum.

nam bonum est pauxillum amare sane, insane non bonum est;

verum totum insanum amare, hoc est quod meus erus facit.

Phaed. Sibi sua habeant regna reges, sibi divitias divites, sibi honores, sibi virtutes, sibi pugnās, sibi proelia; dum mi abstineant invidere, sibi quisque habeant quod suum est.

Pal. Quid tu? Venerin pervigilare te vovisti, Phaedrome? nam hoc quidem edepol haud multo post luce lucebit.

Phaed. Tace.

Pal. Quid, taceam? quin tu is dormitum?

Phaed. Dormio, ne occlamites.

Pal. Tu quidem vigilas.

Phaed. At meo more dormio; hic somnust mihi.

Pal. Heus tu, mulier, male mereri de inmerente incitia est.

Plan. Irascere, si te edentem hic a cibo abigat.

Pal. Ilicet,
pariter hos perire amando video, uterque insaniunt. viden ut misere moliuntur? nequeunt complecti satis.

etiam dispertimini?

Plan. Nullum homini est perpetuum bonum; iam huic voluptati hoc adiunctum est odium.

Pal. Quid ais, propudium? 190
tun etiam cum nocturnis oculis odium me vocas?
ebriola, persollae nugae.

CURCULIO

(*aside*) My word! I can't help calling master a fool. Why, a little love of a sane sort is all right, not the insane sort, though. But to go absolutely insane in a love affair—that's what my master is doing!

Let kings keep their kingdoms, rich men their riches; let them keep their honours, their feats of arms, their fights, their battles! Provided they cast no envious eye on me, let every man keep what is his.

See here, sir! Did you vow to keep vigil all night in honour of Venus? Why, good Lord, day will be dawning before long now!

Hush, hush!

Hush, eh? Why don't you go to sleep?

(*still embracing Planesium*) I am asleep. Stop bawling.

You asleep? You're wide awake.

No, I am asleep in a fashion of my own. This is slumber for me. (*clasps Planesium more closely*)

(*to Planesium*) I say, young lady, it's silly to harm a man that hasn't harmed you.

(*nestling closer*) You would be angry if your master here drove you away from your food while you were eating.

(*in helpless disgust*) It's no use. I see they're both alike, dying of love, both insane. D'ye see how they're working, poor things? They can't hug hard enough! Come, break away, will you?

(*sighing*) No human blessing lasts for ever; here this pleasure of ours has had this pest (*pointing to Palinurus*) stuck on to it!

(*indignant*) What's that, you slut? You call me a pest—you, with your owl eyes? You tipsy thing! You worthless little fright!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Phaed.* Tun meam Venerem vituperas?
¹ quod quidem mihi polluctus virgis servos sermonem serat?
 at ne tu hercle cum cruciatu magno dixisti id tuo.
 em tibi male dictis pro istis, dictis moderari ut queas.
- Pal.* Tuam fidem, Venus noctu vigila.
- Phaed.* Pergin etiam, verbero?
- Plan.* Noli, amabo, verberare lapidem, ne perdas manum.
- Pal.* Flagitium probrumque magnum, Phaedrome, ex-
 pergefais;
 bene monstrantem pugnis caedis, hanc amas, nugas
 meras.
 hocine fieri, ut inmodestis hic te moderes moribus?
- Phaed.* Auro contra cedo modestum amatorem, a me
 aurum accipe.
- Pal.* Cedo mihi contra aurichalco cui ego sano serviam.
- Plan.* Bene vale, oculo mi, nam sonitum et crepitum
 claustrorum audio,
 aeditumum aperire fanum.² quo usque, quaeso.
 ad hunc modum
 inter nos amore utemur? semper surrepticio?
- Phaed.* Minime, nam parasitum misi nudiusquartus Cariam
 petere argentum, is hodie hic aderit.
- Plan.* Nimium consultas diu.
- Phaed.* Ita me Venus amet, ut ego te hoc triduum num-
 quam sinam
 in domo esse istac, quin ego te liberalem liberem.
- Plan.* Facito ut memineris. tene etiam, prius quam hinc
 abeo, savium.

¹ Corrupt (Leo): (*quid? istum*) mihi Goetz.

² Leo notes lacuna here: (*iam*) ap. *fanum* Seyffert.

CURCULIO

Phaed. You to revile my Venus, you? (*to Planesium*) The idea of his putting in his oar, the whip-fodder of a slave! (*to Palinurus*) Now by the Lord, if I don't make you writhe for that language! (*cuffing him*) There! Take that for your abuse and see if you can control your tongue!

Pal. (*getting behind Planesium*) Help, help, Venus of the owl . . . er . . . all-night vigils!

Phaed. (*advancing upon him*) Eh? Still at it, you scoundrel?

Plan. (*holding his arm*) Now, now, dear, don't strike a stone, or you'll bruise your hand!

Pal. It's scandalous, sir, it's perfectly outrageous the way you're acting—to punch a man that gives you good advice, and make love to mere trash like her. Is this proper—to lose control of yourself in this incontinent fashion?

Phaed. Bring me a lover that does control himself, and I'll give you his weight in gold.

Pal. Bring me a master that has some sense, and I'll pay you his weight in brass.

*Plan.** (*listening, then going toward door*) Good-bye, good-bye, precious! I hear a sound and the grating of bolts; the sacristan is opening the temple. Oh tell me, how long shall we go on in this way? Will it always be stolen love?

Phaed. Not a bit of it, for I sent a parasite to Caria three days ago to get some money. He'll be back to-day.

Plan. You deliberate too long.

Phaed. So help me Venus, I will never let you stay in that house three days more; before that, I'll give you the freedom that befits you!

Plan. See you remember. (*throwing herself in his arms*) One more sweet kiss before I go! (*they kiss, lingeringly*)

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. Siquidem hercle mihi regnum detur, numquam id
potius persequar.
quando ego te videbo?

Plan. Em istoc verbo vindictam para.
si amas, eme, ne rogites, facito ut pretio pervincas
tuo.
bene vale.

Phaed. Iamne ego relinquor? pulcre, Palinure, occidi.

Pal. Ego quidem, qui et vapulando et somno pereo.

Phaed. Sequere me.

ACTVS II

Ca. Migrare certumst iam nunc e fano foras,
quando Aesculapi ita sentio sententiam,
ut qui me nihili faciat nec salvom velit.
valetudo decrescit, adcrescit labor;
nam iam quasi zona liene cinctus ambulo,
geminos in ventre habere videor filios.
nil metuo nisi ne medius disrumpar miser.

Pal. Si recte facias, Phaedrome, auscultes mihi
atque istam exturbes ex animo aegritudinem.
paves, parasitus quia non rediit Caria.
adferre argentum credo; nam si non ferat,
tormento non retineri potuit ferreo,
quin reciperet se huc esum ad praesepem suam.

CURCULIO

Phaed. Oh Heaven! If I were offered a kingdom, never would I prefer to take it! When shall I see you?

Plan. Ah! As for that, get me freed. If you love me, buy me. No prayers—pay, pay your way to victory! Good-bye, and God bless you!

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

Phaed. (*tragically*) So soon am I left alone? But 'twas a glorious death for me!

Pal. Yes, and for me, dying as I am of pummelling and loss of sleep!

Phaed. (*turning to go*) Come along. [EXEUNT.]

ACT II

(*Several hours have elapsed.*)

ENTER *Cappadox* FROM TEMPLE.

Ca. (*rubbing his monumental stomach and groaning*) Yes, I am resolved to quit the temple this . . . moment, since I see for sure that Aesculapius cares . . . nothing for me, has no wish to cure me. My strength is . . . decreasing and my pain is . . . increasing. Why, already my spleen is wound around me like a . . . girdle as I walk along—**anyone** would think I was . . . carrying twins. Oh dear! All I am afraid of is that I . . . shall blow up in the middle.

ENTER *Palinurus* FROM HOUSE OF *Phaedromus*.

Pal. (*to Phaedromus within*) You'd do well to listen to me, sir, and shake off that doleful spirit of yours. You're panic-struck just because the parasite hasn't got back from Caria! (*cheerily*) He's bringing the money, I reckon. For otherwise he couldn't be kept by fetters of iron from hying himself back here to eat at his own manger.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ca.* Quis hic est qui loquitur?
- Pal.* Quoiam vocem ego audio?
- Ca.* Estne hic Palinurus Phaedromi?
- Pal.* Quis hic est homo 230
cum collativo ventre atque oculis herbeis?
de forma novi, de colore non queo
novisse. iam iam novi: leno est Cappadox.
congre diar.
- Ca.* Salve, Palinure.
- Pal.* O scelerum caput,
salveto. quid agis?
- Ca.* Vivo.
- Pal.* Nempe ut dignus es.
sed quid tibi est?
- Ca.* Lien enecat, renes dolent,
pulmones distrahuntur, cruciatur iecur,
radices cordis pereunt, hiraec omnes dolent.
- Pal.* Tum te igitur morbus agitat hepaticarius.
- Ca.* Facile est miserum inridere.
- Pal.* Quin tu aliquot dies 240
perdura, dum intestina exputescunt tibi,
nunc dum salsura sat bonast. si id feceris,
venire poteris intestinis vilius.
- Ca.* Lien dierec tust.
- Pal.* Ambula, id lieni optimumst.
- Ca.* Aufer istaec, quaeso, atque hoc responde quod rogo.
potin coniecturam facere, si narrem tibi
hac nocte quod ego somniavi dormiens?

CURCULIO

- Ca.* (*wearily*) Who is that . . . talking here ?
- Pal.* (*aside*) Whose voice is that ?
- Ca.* Palinurus, is it, Phaedromus's man ?
- Pal.* (*aside*) Who's that fellow with the comprehensive belly and the grass-green eyes ? His figure looks familiar, but I don't recognize that colour scheme. (*looking more sharply*) Now ! Now I recognize him ! It's the pimp, Cappadox. I'll up to him. (*approaches*)
- Ca.* Good day, Palinurus.
- Pal.* Ah there, you fount of iniquity ! Good day to you. How are you ?
- Ca.* (*with a tremendous groan*) Living.
- Pal.* (*callously*) As you deserve, no doubt. What ails you, though ?
- Ca.* My spleen is . . . killing me, my kidneys ache, my lungs are . . . torn to tatters, my liver . . . is in agony, my heart-strings are . . . clean gone, and all my . . . small intestines pain me.
- Pal.* (*with professional air*) Ah, then you must be suffering from some hepatic affection.
- Ca.* It is easy to laugh at . . . a poor wretch.
- Pal.* (*interestedly*) I say, hold out for a few days longer while your intestines go rotten, now while the pickling is good enough. You do this, and you can sell your intestines for more than your whole carcass.
- Ca.* My spleen is . . . racked.
- Pal.* (*lightly*) Take walks—best thing in the world for the spleen.
- Ca.* (*moefully*) For mercy's sake, drop your joking and do answer me this. Supposing I told you a . . . dream I had when I was asleep last night, could you interpret it ?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pal. Vah, solus hic homost qui sciat divinitus.
 quin coniectores a me consilium petunt;
 quod eis respondi, ea omnes stant sententia. 250

II. 2.

Coc. Palinure, quid stas? quin depromuntur mihi
 quae opus sunt, parasito ut sit paratum prandium,
 quom veniat?

Pal. Mane sis, dum huic conicio somnium.

Coc. Tute ipse, si quid somniasti, ad me refers.

Pal. Fateor.

Coc. Abi, deprome.

Pal. Age tu interea huic somnium
 narra, meliorem quam ego sum suppono tibi.
 nam quod scio omne ex hoc scio.

Ca. Operam ut det.

Pal. Dabit.

Ca. Facit hic quod pauci, ut sit magistro obsequens.
 da mi igitur operam.

Coc. Tam etsi non novi, dabo.

Ca. Hac nocte in somnis visus sum viderier 260
 procul sedere longe a me Aesculapium,
 neque eum ad me adire neque me magni pendere
 visumst.

Coc. Item alios deos facturos scilicet;
 sane illi inter se congruont concorditer.
 nihil est mirandum, melius si nil fit tibi,
 namque incubare satius te fuerat Iovi,
 qui tibi auxilio in iure iurando fuit.

CURCULIO

Pal. (*slapping his chest*) Hah! Why, here's your one and only expert at divination. Man alive, professional clairvoyants come to me for advice, and the answers I give 'em they all abide by.

Scene 2. ENTER COOK FROM HOUSE OF *Phaedromus*.

Cook (*irate*) Palinurus! What are you standing still for? Why don't you fetch the things I need, so that lunch will be prepared for the parasite when he appears?

Pal. (*grandly*) You just kindly wait till I interpret a dream for this chap.

Cook You! Why, you yourself refer all your dreams to me.

Pal. (*abashed, then cheerfully*) Admitted.

Cook Be off; fetch the stuff.

Pal. (*to Cappadox*) Here, you! Meanwhile you tell your dream to this fellow. (*indicating cook*) I leave you to my substitute—a better man than I am. Why, all I know I owe to him.

Ca. If he would only . . . help me!

Pal. He will.

[EXIT.

Ca. (*looking after Palinurus with a grunt*) He does what few do, in letting his teacher have his way. (*to cook*) Well, then, you help me.

Cook I don't know you, but help you I will.

Ca. Last night in my sleep I seemed to see Aesculapius sitting a . . . long way off from me, and he seemed not (*choking*) to come near me or to think much of me.

Cook (*gravely*) That means the other gods will do the same; they pull together perfectly, you know. No wonder you get no better; why, the thing for you to do was to lie in the temple of Jove, the god that's been your backer in those solemn oaths of yours.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ca. Siquidem incubare velint qui periuraverint,
locus non praeberi potis est in Capitolio.

Coc. Hoc animum advorte : pacem ab Aesculapio
petas, ne forte tibi evenat magnum malum,
quod in quiete tibi portentumst. 270

Ca. ibo atque orabo, Bene facis.

Coc. Quae res male vortat tibi.

Pal. Pro di immortales, quem conspicio? quis illic est?
estne hic parasitus qui missus in Cariam?
heus Phaedrome, exi, exi, exi, inquam, ocius.

Phaed. Quid istic clamorem tollis?

Pal. Parasitum tuum
video currentem ellum usque in platea ultima.
hinc auscultemus quid agat.

Phaed. Same censeo.

II. 3.

Curc. Date viam mihi, noti¹ ignoti, dum ego hic officium
meum
facio. fugite omnes, abite et de via decedite,
ne quem in cursu capite aut cubito aut pectore
offendam aut genu.
ita nunc subito, propere et celere obiectumst mihi
negotium,
nec homo quisquamst tam opulentus, qui mi ob-
sistat in via,
nec strategus nec tyrannus quisquam, nec agora-
nomus,

¹ Leo brackets following *attaque*.

CURCULIO

Ca. But if all the . . . perjurers wanted to lie there, they could not find accommodations in the Capitol.

Cook Mark my words now—go sue Aesculapius for grace, or you may chance to meet with the dreadful disaster your dream portended.

Ca. (*alarmed*) Thanks! Thanks! I'll go in and pray.

[EXIT, IN AWKWARD HASTE, INTO TEMPLE.]

Cook And bad luck may it bring you!

[EXIT INTO HOUSE.]

ENTER *Palinurus* FROM HOUSE.

Pal. (*looking down street*) Ye immortal gods! Who's that I spy? Who is it? The parasite that was sent to Caria? (*calling at door*) Hi-i, Phaedromus! Come out, come out, come out, I tell you! Quick.

ENTER *Phaedromus*.

Phaed. Why are you raising all that hullabaloo?

Pal. There's your parasite running up! (*pointing*) See! away down at the end of the street! (*pulling Phaedromus into the doorway*) Let's stay here and listen to what he's about.

Phaed. Yes, yes! Good!

Scene 3. ENTER *Curculio*, A PATCH OVER ONE EYE, IN BURLESQUE HASTE.

Curc. (*to imaginary passers-by*) Make way for me, friends, strangers, while I do my duty here! Scatter, clear out, get off the street, everybody, so that I may not career into anyone and lay him out with my head, or elbow, or chest, or knee! I tell you what, it's a sudden, pressing, urgent job I'm charged with now, and there's no man rich enough to block my path—neither general, nor despot, any of 'em, nor market inspector, nor mayor, nor

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

nec demarchus nec comarchus, nec cum tanta gloria,
 quin cadat, quin capite sistat in via de semita.
 tum isti Graeci palliati, capite operto qui ambulant,
 qui incedunt suffarcinati cum libris, cum sportulis,
 constant, conferunt sermones inter sese drapetae, 290
 obstant, obsistunt, incedunt cum suis sententiis,
 quos semper videas bibentes esse in thermipolio,
 ubi quid subripuere—operto capitulo calidum bi-
 bunt,

tristes atque ebrioli incedunt—eos ego si offendero,
 ex unoquoque eorum exciam crepitum polentarium.
 tum isti qui ludunt datatim servi scurrarum in via,
 et datores et factores omnis subdam sub solum.
 proin se domi contineant,¹ vitent infortunio.

Phaed. Recte hic monstrat, si imperare possit. nam ita
 nunc mos viget,
 ita nunc servitiumst; profecto modus haberi non
 potest. 300

Curc. Ecquis est qui mihi commonstret Phaedromum
 genium meum?
 ita res subita est, celeriter mihi² homine convento
 est opus.

Pal. Te ille quaerit.

Phaed. Quid si adeamus? heus, Curculio, te volo.

Curc. Quis vocat? quis nominat me?

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: *cont.* (*moneo*) Leo.

² Leo brackets following *hoc*.

CURCULIO

burgomaster, I don't care how grand he is—down he'll go, down he'll drop from the sidewalk and stand on his head in the street! Yes, and as for those cloaked Greeks¹ that stroll about with muffled heads and stalk along with their clothes bulged out by books and provision baskets, renegades that stand about together, palaver together, block your road, set themselves in your way, stalk along with their sage observations, fellows you can always see guzzling in a tavern when they've stolen something—muffling their wretched heads and taking hot drinks, then stalking along grave of face and half seas over!—well, if I bump up against them, I'll knock some porridge-fed wind out of every one of their bodies. And then those servants of the city bloods that play ball in the street—pitchers and catchers both—every one shall go underfoot! So let 'em keep themselves at home and avoid danger.

Phaed. (to *Palinurus*, significantly) He shows good sense, if he only had authority. Yes, that's the growing custom nowadays, that's the way with the servant class nowadays; there certainly is no controlling them.

Curc. (running back and forth energetically) Won't someone show me *Phaedromus*, my good genius? It's an emergency, I must meet the man instantly.

Pal. (aside to *Phaedromus*) He's looking for you, sir.

Phaed. What if we go up to him? (stepping forward) Hullo! *Curculio*! I want you.

Curc. (looking everywhere but in the right direction) Who's calling? Who speaks my name?

¹ The original of this passage was probably a diatribe on the Greek philosophers.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. Qui te conventum cupit.

Curc. Haud magis me cupis quam ego te cupio.

Phaed. O mea opportunitas,
Curculio exoptate, salve.

Curc. Salve.

Phaed. Salvom gaudeo
te advenire. cedo tuam mi dexteram. ubi sunt
spes meae?
eloquere, obsecro hercle.

Curc. Eloquere, te obsecro, ubi sunt meae?

Phaed. Quid tibist?

Curc. Tenebrae oboriuntur, genua inedia succidunt.

Phaed. Lassitudine hercle credo.

Curc. Retine, retine me, obsecro. 310

Phaed. Viden ut expalluit? datin isti sellam, ubi assidat, cito
et aqualem cum aqua? properatin ocus?

Curc. Animo male est.

Pal. Vin aquam?

Curc. Si frustulenta est, da, obsecro hercle, obsorbeam.

Pal. Vae capiti tuo.

Curc. Obsecro hercle, facite ventum ut gaudeam.

Pal. Maxume.

Curc. Quid facitis, quaeso?

Pal. Ventum.

Curc. Nolo equidem mihi
fieri ventulum.

CURCULIO

Phaed. A man that craves to meet you.'

Curc. (*seeing him*) No more than I crave to meet you.

Phaed. Ah, my Opportunity! my longed-for Curculio!
bless you!

Curc. Same to you.

Phaed. I'm delighted to have you safely here. Your hand, your hand? (*seizing it*) Where are my hopes? Speak, for the love of heaven, speak?

Curc. And where are my hopes? Speak, for the love of heaven, speak? (*staggers*)

Phaed. What's the matter?

Curc. Darkness veils my eyes! My knees give way beneath me for want of food!

Phaed. (*sympathetically*) By Jove! for fatigue, I fancy!

Curc. Hold me up, hold me up, for heaven's sake!

Phaed. (*supporting him*) See how pale he turned! (*shouting to slaves within*) Quick! Get him a chair to sit on, will you, and a bowl of water? Come, come, hurry, will you.

Curc. I feel faint! (*contrives to make the task of supporting him extraordinarily difficult*).

ENTER SLAVES WITH CHAIR AND WATER

Pal. (*helping to seat him*) Want some water?

Curc. (*interested*) If it has some morsels of food in it, give it here, for the love of heaven, and let me gulp it down!

Pal. (*disgusted*) Oh, curse you!

Curc. For the love of heaven, give me a . . . er . . . happy home-coming!¹

Pal. (*helping Phaedromus to fan him*) By all means.

Curc. What are you two doing, for mercy's sake?

Pal. Giving you air.

Curc. But that air is not what I want.

¹ The others take *ventum* as "wind," and act accordingly.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed.

Quid igitur vis?

Curc.

Esse, ut ventum gaudeam.

Pal.

Iuppiter te dique perdant.

Curc.

Perii, prospicio parum,
grammarum habeo dentes plenos, lippiunt fauces
fame,

ita cibi vacivitate venio lassis lactibus.

Phaed.

Iam edes aliquid.

Curc.

Nolo hercle aliquid; certum quam
aliquid mavolo.

Pal.

Immo si scias, reliquiae quae sint.

Curc.

Scire nimis lubet
ubi sient, nam illis conventis sane opus est meis
dentibus.

Phaed.

Pernam, abdomen, sumen sueris, glandium——

Curc.

Ain tu omnia haec?
in carnario fortasse dicis.

Phaed.

Immo in lancibus,
quae tibi sunt parata, postquam scimus venturum.

Curc.

Vide
ne me ludas.

Phaed.

Ita me amabit quam ego amo, ut ego
haud mentior.

sed quod te misi, nihilo sum certior.

Curc.

Nihil attuli.

Phaed.

Perdidisti me.

Curc.

Invenire possum, si mi operam datis.
postquam tuo iussu profectus sum, perveni in
Cariam,

video tuum sodalem, argenti rogo uti faciat copiam.
scires velle gratiam tuam, noluit frustrarier,
ut decet velle hominem amicum amico, atque
opitularier.

respondit mihi paucis verbis, atque adeo fideliter,
quod tibi est item sibi esse, magnam argenti inopiam.

CURCULIO

- Phaed.* What do you want, then?
- Curc.* To eat, to eat, so as to have a . . . er . . . happy home-coming.
- Pal.* You be everlastingly damned!
- Curc.* I am a dead man! I can barely see! My teeth are full of rheum, my jaws are bleary-eyed with hunger! Such a state as I am in, all from vacuity of victuals, from intestinal fatigue!
- Phaed.* You shall have something to eat at once.
- Curc.* (*groaning*) Oh Lord! It is not "something" I want; I prefer a definite thing to just "something."
- Pal.* But if you only knew about the leavings—what they are.
- Curc.* Ah, it is *where* they are that I am yearning to know, for my teeth certainly do need to have a conference with 'em.
- Phaed.* Ham, tripe, sow's udder, sweetbreads—
- Curc.* (*reviving*) All that, really, really? (*doubtfully*) I daresay you mean they are in the pantry.
- Phaed.* No, no, in the platters—got ready for you after we realized you were coming.
- Curc.* (*piteously*) Do not trifle with me, I beg you.
- Phaed.* So love me the girl I love, I'm not lying! But about your mission—I've heard nothing.
- Curc.* Nothing is what I have brought you.
- Phaed.* (*starting*) Oh, you've killed me!
- Curc.* (*cheerfully*) I can revive you, if you pay attention. After setting out according to your orders, I arrived in Caria. I saw your chum and asked him to supply you with the cash. You should not doubt his good will, he disliked to disappoint you, he wanted to do the proper thing as between friends, and help you. His answer was brief and perfectly sincere—that he was in the same box as you, very short of funds.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phaed. Perdis me tuis dictis.

Curc. Immo servo et servatum volo.

postquam mihi responsum est, abeo ab illo maestus
ad forum

med illo frustra advenisse. forte aspicio militem.
aggredior hominem, saluto adveniens. "salve"
inquit mihi,

prendit dexteram, seducit, rogat quid veniam
Cariam.

dico me illo advenisse animi causa. ibi me inter-
rogat,

340

ecquem in Epidauro Lyconem tarpezitam noverim.
dico me novisse. "quid? lenonem Cappadocem?"

annuo

visitasse. "sed quid eum vis?" "quia de illo emi
virginem

triginta minis, vestem, aurum; et pro is decem
coaccedunt minae."

"dedisti tu argentum?" inquam. "immo apud
trapezitam situm est

illum quem dixi Lyconem, atque ei mandavi, qui
anulo

meo tabellas obsignatas attulisset, ut daret

operam, ut mulierem a lenone cum auro et veste
abduceret."

postquam hoc mihi narravit, abeo ab illo. revocat
me ilico,

vocat me ad cenam; religio fuit, denegare nolui.

350

"quid si abeamus ac decumbamus?" inquit. con-
silium placet;

"neque diem decet morari, neque nocti nocerier."

"omnis res paratast." et nos, quibus paratum est,
assumus.

postquam cenati atque appoti, talos poscit sibi in
manum,

CURCULIO

Phaed. You're killing me with your story !

Curc. (*masterfully*) On the contrary, saving you, and that is my aim. After getting his answer, off I go to the forum, feeling glum at having come there all for nothing. It so happens I see a military man. Up I step and say good day to him. "Good day to you," says he, and seizes my hand, takes me aside, and asks what I have come to Caria for. "A pleasure trip," says I. Then he inquires if I am acquainted with a certain Lyco, a banker, in Epidaurus. I say I am. "What then ? And a pimp named Cappadox ?" I admit having seen him. "But what do you want of him ?" "Well," says he, "I have bought a girl of him, for a hundred and twenty pounds, and along with her some clothes and jewellery ; they stood me in forty pounds more." "Have you paid him ?" says I. "No," says he, "the money is deposited with that banker Lyco I mentioned, and on receipt of a letter from me sealed with my own ring, he has my orders to assist the bearer in getting the girl from the pimp, together with the jewellery and clothes." After hearing this I leave him. He calls me back directly and invites me to dinner. I had scruples, I could not decline. "What if we go and take our places at table now ?" says he. I like the idea ; "It is unseemly to delay a day, or do despite against a dinner hour." "Everything is ready," says he. And there we are, the men it is ready for ! After we had dined and got well dipped, he calls for dice

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

provocat me in aleam, ut ego ludam. pono pallium,
ille suum amiculum opposivit, invocat Planesium.

Phaed. Meosne amores?

Curc. Tace parumper. iacit volturios quattuor.
talos arripio, invoco almam meam nutricem Her-
culem,

iacto basilicum; propino magnum poculum. ille
ebibit,

caput deponit, condormiscit. ego ei subduco
anulum,

360

deduco pedes de lecto clam, ne miles sentiat.

rogant me servi quo eam. dico me ire quo saturi
solent.

ostium ubi conspexi, exinde me ilico protinam dedi.

Phaed. Laudo.

Curc. Laudato quando illud quod cupis effecero.¹
eamus nunc intro, ut tabellas consignemus.

Phaed. Num moror?

Curc. Atque aliquid prius obstrudamus, pernam, sumen,
glandium.

haec sunt ventris stabilimenta, pane et assa bubula,
poculum grande, aula magna, ut satis consilia
suppetant.

tu tabellas consignato, hic ministrabit, ego edam.
dicam quem ad modum conscribas. sequere me
hac intro.

Phaed. Sequor.

370

¹ Leo assumes lacuna following.

CURCULIO

and challenges me to a game. I stake my cloak ; he stakes his mantle against it, and invokes Planesium.¹

Phaed. (*with a start*) My sweetheart ?

Curc. Keep still a moment. He throws four vultures.² I grab the dice, invoke my fostering nurse, Hercules,³ and—make the royal⁴ throw ! I raise a big bumper to his health. He drains it, lets his head drop, falls fast asleep ! I draw off his ring and draw my feet down from the couch quietly, to keep the soldier from hearing. The servants ask me where I am going. “Where full men usually go,” say I. The minute I caught sight of the door I bolted out.

Phaed. Glorious !

Curc. (*coolly*) Save your glorification till I have consummated your desire. For the present let us go in and use the soldier’s seal on a letter.

Phaed. I’m not keeping you, am I ?

Curc. (*warming up*) Yes, and first of all, let’s force something down our throats—ham, sow’s udder, sweet-breads. This is the stuff to stay a stomach—bread and roast beef, bumpers, a big pot—so that we may be well supplied with wisdom. You shall prepare the letter ; Palinurus here shall wait on table ; and I—I shall eat. I’ll tell you how to write it. Come along ! this way ! (*makes for door with alacrity*)

Phaed. Coming.

[EXEUNT ALL INTO HOUSE.]

¹ It was a common custom (as in *Asinaria* 780) to invoke one’s sweetheart on making a throw.

² The lowest throw, four aces.

³ A great eater.

⁴ The highest throw, when all four dice, marked only on four sides with the numbers 1, 3, 4, 6, turned up different.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ACTVS III

- Lyco* Beatus videor. subduxi ratiunculam,
quantum aeris mihi sit quantumque alieni siet.
dives sum, si non reddo eis quibus debeo.¹
verum hercle vero cum belle recogito,
si magis me instabunt, ad praetorem sufferam.²
qui homo mature quaesivit pecuniam, 380
nisi eam mature parsit, mature esurit.
cupio aliquem emere puerum, qui usurarius
nunc mihi quaeratur. usus est pecunia.
- Curc.* Nil tu me saturum monueris. memini et scio.
ego hoc effectum lepide tibi tradam. tace.
edepol ne ego hic med intus explevi probe,
et quidem reliqui in ventre cellae uni locum,
ubi reliquiarum reliquias reconderem.
quis hic est qui operto capite Aesculapium
salutat? attat, quem quaerebam. sequere me. 390
simulabo quasi non noverim. heus tu, te volo.
- Lyco* Vnocule, salve.
- Curc.* Quaeso, deridesne me?

¹ Leo brackets following v., 374 :

si reddo illis quibus debeo, plus alieni est.

² Leo brackets following vv., 377-379 :

*habent hunc morem plerique argentarii,
ut alius alium poscant, reddant nemini,
pugnis rem solvant, si quis poscat clarius.*

CURCULIO

ACT III

ENTER *Lyco*

Lyco I seem to be prospering. I've done a bit of reckoning, figuring up my assets and liabilities. It's a plutocrat I am—if I don't pay my creditors. (*reflecting*) Really though, by gad, on giving the question some pretty thought, if they press me too hard, I'll just let the court do the settling.¹ The man that's made money quickly must economize quickly, or he'll quickly go hungry. I'm anxious to buy a slave—I mean to say, I must get one I can have the use of; I've got use for my money.

ENTER *Curculio* AND A SLAVE INTO THE DOORWAY OF
Phaedromus's HOUSE.

Curc. (*to Phaedromus within*) None of your advice for me when my stomach is full! I remember, I know. I am the man to do the job for you handsomely. Not a word! (*coming forward*) Oh Jupiter! the gorgeous way I did fill up in there! Yes, but I left one compartment of my belly empty as a storeroom for what's left of the leavings. (*seeing Lyco*) Who's this chap with his head covered doing homage to Aesculapius? Aha! the very man I was looking for! (*to slave*) Come along. (*aside*) I'll act as if I didn't know him. (*loudly to Lyco*) Hullo, you! I want you!

Lyco (*derisively*) Greetings, One-Orb.

Curc. (*with hauteur*) Sir, Sir, are you scoffing at me?

¹ vv. 377-379: Most bankers have the habit of dunning everyone and repaying no one, of closing accounts with

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Lyco* De Coclitum prosapia te esse arbitror,
nam ei sunt unoculi.
- Curc.* Catapulta hoc ictum est mihi
apud Sicyonem.
- Lyco* Nam quid id refert mea,
an aula quassa cum cinere effossus siet?
- Curc.* Superstitiosus hic quidem est, vera praedicat;
nam illaec catapultae ad me crebro commeant.
adulescens, ob rem publicam hoc intus mihi
quod insigne habeo, quaeso ne me incomities. 400
- Lyco* Licetne inforare, si incomitari non licet?
- Curc.* Non inforabis me quidem, nec mihi placet
tuom profecto nec forum nec comitium.
sed hunc, quem quaero, commonstrare si potes,
inibis a me solidam et grandem gratiam.
Lyconem quaero tarpezitam.
- Lyco* Dic mihi,
quid eum nunc quaeris? aut cuiati's?
- Curc.* Eloquar.
ab Therapontigono Platagidoro milite.
- Lyco* Novi edepol nomen, nam mihi istoc nomine,
dum scribo, explevi totas ceras quattuor. 410
sed quid Lyconem quaeris?
- Curc.* Mandatumst mihi,
ut has tabellas ad eum ferrem.
- Lyco* Quis tu homo es?
- Curc.* Libertus illius, quem omnes Summanum vocant.
- Lyco* Summane, salve. qui Summanu's? fac sciam.

¹ The Cyclopes.

CURCULIO

- Lyco* I take it you come of the stock of the Coclites¹; they're a one-orbed lot, you know.
- Curc.* 'Twas struck by a shot from a catapult in Sicyon.
- Lyco* Oh well, little I care whether it was shot out, or knocked out when a pot of cinders was cracked on your head.
- Curc.* (*aside*) My word! The man's a clairvoyant! It happened just as he says—for catapeltic shots of that variety are for ever coming my way. (*aloud, with dignity*) Young man, I won the honourable wound beneath this bandage in defence of my country and, I beg you, do not outrage me in public.
- Lyco* How about outraging you in private, if not in public?
- Curc.* No sir, not me! No such privacy for me, or publicity, either, certainly not. But if you can show me where to find the man I am looking for, you shall get a good substantial—thankye. I am looking for Lyco, the banker.
- Lyco* (*on his guard*) Why d'ye look for him now, tell me that? Where are you from?
- Curc.* I will inform you. I come from Captain Therapontigonous Smackahead.
- Lyco* (*aside*) Gad! I know that name. I filled four whole pages of my ledger writing it down. (*aloud*) But why d'ye look for Lyco?
- Curc.* I have received instructions to carry this letter to him. (*showing it*)
- Lyco* And who may you be?
- Curc.* The Captain's freedman—I am generally called Summanus.²
- Lyco* (*mockingly*) Greetings, Summanus! Why that name? Inform me.

¹ "Trickler," as from *summano*, "trickle," with a play upon Summanus, a Roman deity.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Curc. Quia vestimenta, ubi obdormivi ebrius,
summano, ob eam rem me omnes Summanum
vocant.

Lyco Alibi te meliust quaerere hospitium tibi;
apud me profecto nihil est Summano loci,
sed istum quem quaeris ego sum.

Curc. Quaeso, tune is es,
Lyco trapezita?

Lyco Ego sum.

Curc. Multam me tibi 420
salutem iussit Therapontigonus dicere,
et has tabellas dare me iussit.

Lyco Mihin?

Curc. Ita.
cape, signum nosce. nostin?

Lyco Quidni noverim?
clupeatus elephantum ubi machaera dissicit.

Curc. Quod istic scriptum est, id te orare iusserat
profecto ut faceres, suam si velles gratiam.

Lyco Concede, inspiciam quid sit scriptum.

Curc. Maxime,
tuo arbitrato, dum auferam abs te id quod peto.

Lyco "Miles Lyconi in Epidauro hospiti
suo Therapontigonus Platagidorus plurimam 430
salutem dicit."

Curc. Meus hic est, hamum vorat.

Lyco "Tecum oro et quaeso, qui has tabellas adferet
tibi, ut ei detur quam istic emi virginem,
quod te praesente isti egi teque interprete,
et aurum et vestem. iam scis ut convenerit:
argentum des lenoni, is huic det virginem."
ubi ipse? cur non venit?

CURCULIO

- Curc.* Well, when I have gone to bed drunk, accidents occur to my clothes ; so they call me Summanus.
- Lyco* You had better look for entertainment elsewhere ; there's no place for Summanus at my house, that's sure. However, I am the man you're looking for.
- Curc.* You ? Really ? You are banker Lyco ?
- Lyco* I am.
- Curc.* Therapontigonus told me to convey his cordial greetings to you and to give you this letter.
- Lyco* Me ?
- Curc.* Exactly. (*hands over letter*) Here ! Look at the seal. You recognize it ?
- Lyco* (*looking*) Why shouldn't I ? (*chuckling over seal*) A bucklered warrior cleaving an elephant in twain with his blade.
- Curc.* He instructed me to beg you to do what is written there without fail, if you wished to oblige him.
- Lyco* Step back. I'll see what is written here.
- Curc.* (*retiring*) Very well, suit yourself—provided I get from you what I am after.
- Lyco* (*reading*) " Captain Therapontigonus Smackahead extends heartiest greetings to Lyco, his host in Epidaurus."
- Curc.* (*aside*) I've got him ! He's swallowing the hook !
- Lyco* " I beg you to be so kind as to see that the bearer of this letter is given the girl I purchased in Epidaurus—an affair which I transacted in your presence there and through your agency—together with the jewellery and clothes. You already know our arrangement : you are to give the money to the pimp, and he is to give the girl to my messenger."
- Where is the Captain himself ? Why doesn't he come ?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Curc.

Ego dicam tibi :

quia nudiusquartus venimus in Cariam
ex India; ibi nunc statuemus dare auream
solidam faciendam ex auro Philippo, quae siet
septempedalis, factis monumentum suis.

Lycó

Quam ob rem istuc?

Curc.

Dicam. quia enim Persas, Paphlagones,
Sinopes, Arabes, Cares, Cretanos, Syros,
Rhodiam atque Lyciam, Perediam et Perbibesiam,
Centauiromachiam et Classiam Vnomammiam,
Libyamque oram¹ omnem, omnem Conterebrom-
niam,

dimidiam partem nationum usque omnium
subegit solus intra viginti dies.

Lycos

Vah.

Cure.

Quid mirare?

Lyso

Quia enim in cavea si forent
conclusi, itidem ut pulli gallinacei, 450
ita non potuere uno anno circumirier.
credo hercle te esse ab illo, ita nugas blatis.

Curc.

Immo etiam porro, si vis, dicam.

Lycos

Nil moror.
sequere hac, te absolvam qua advenisti gratia.
atque eccum video. leno, salve.

Ca.

Di te ament.

Lycob

Quid hoc quod ad te venio?

Ca.

Dicas quid velis.

Lyso

Argentum accipias, cum illo mittas virginem.

¹ *oram* (*omnem*) Lindsay.

CURCULIO

Curc. I will tell you why—because four days ago we came from India to Caria, and now he wishes to have a solid gold statue of himself made there, good gold of Philip,¹ seven feet high, as a memorial of his exploits.

Lyco A memorial! What for?

Curc. I'll tell you. Why, because the Persians, Paphlagonians, Sinopians, Arabs, Carians, Cretans, Syrians, Rhodes and Lycia, Gobbletonia and Guzzleania, Centaurbattaglia and Onenipplearmia, the whole coast of Libya and the whole of Grapejusqueezia, in fact, a good half of all the nations on earth, have been subdued by him single-handed inside of twenty days.

Lyco (*apparently awestruck*) Whew!

Curc. What are you surprised about?

Lyco Why, because if those people were shut up in a coop like so many chickens, even then it would take a man more than a year to walk around 'em. Gad! I believe you do come from him—you talk such twaddle.

Curc. Oh, but I will give you more facts still, if you like.

Lyco No you won't. (*going*) Come along; I'll settle the business that brought you here.

ENTER *Cappadox* FROM TEMPLE

Ah, there's our man! Good day, pimp.

Ca. (*drearily*) God bless you.

Lyco What of the matter I'm coming to you about?

Ca. Tell me what you want.

Lyco Take your money, and send the girl off with that fellow. (*indicating Curculio*)

¹ Philip of Macedon, on acquiring the gold-mines of Thrace, issued gold pieces worth about twenty drachmae (about fifteen shillings), which became widely current as a standard coinage.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ca.* Quid quod iuratus sum ?
Lyco Quid id refert tua,
dum argentum accipias ?
Ca. Qui monet quasi adiuvat. 459, 460
sequimini.
Curc. Leno, cave in te sit mora mihi.

ACTVS IV

- Chor.* Edepol nugatorem lepidum lepide hunc nactust
Phaedromus.
halapantam an sycophantam magis esse dicam
nescio.
ornamenta quae locavi metuo ut possim recipere ;
quamquam cum istoc mihi negoti nihil est ; ipsi
Phaedromo
credidi. tamen asservabo. sed dum hic egreditur
foras,
commonstrabo, quo in quemque hominem facile
inveniatis loco,
ne nimio opere sumat operam si quem conventum
velit,
vel vitiosum vel sine vitio, vel probum vel im-
probum.
qui periurum convenire volt hominem ito in comi-
tium ;
qui mendacem et gloriosum, apud Cloacinae sacrum,
ditis damnosos maritos sub basilica quaerito.
ibidem erunt scorta exoleta quique stipulari solent,
symbolarum collatores apud forum piscarium.
in foro infimo boni homines atque dites ambulant,
in medio propter canalem, ibi ostentatores meri ;
confidentes garrulique et malevoli supera lacum,
qui alteri de nihilo audacter dicunt contumeliam

470

CURCULIO

- Ca.* How about the oath I took ?
Lyco What's the odds to you so long as you get your money ?
Ca. "He who counsels, aids." Come. (*leads way toward his house*)
Curc. (*sternly*) Mind, pimp ! no delaying me !
[EXEUNT INTO HOUSE.]

ACT IV

ENTER THE COMPANY'S PROPERTY MANAGER.

Manager (*looking after Curculio*) My word ! A splendid stroke of Phaedromus's, hitting on this splendid swindler ! I hardly know whether to call him more sharp or sharper. The costumes I hired out are gone for good, I fear me. To be sure, I had no dealings with him ; I trusted them to Phaedromus himself. However, I shall keep my eyes open. Well, till he comes out, I will show you where you can readily find men of every variety, so that no one will have to labour too laboriously if he wishes to meet anyone vicious or virtuous, worthy or worthless. In case you wish to meet a perjurer, go to the Comitium ; for a liar and braggart, try the temple of Venus Cloacina¹ ; for wealthy married wasters, the Basilica. There too will be harlots, well-ripened ones, and men ready for a bargain, while at the Fish-market are the members of eating clubs. In the lower forum citizens of repute and wealth stroll about ; in the middle forum, near the Canal, there you find the merely showy set. Above the Lake are those brazen, garrulous, spiteful fellows who boldly decry other people without reason

¹ Venus the Purifier.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

et qui ipsi sat habent quod in se possit vere dicier.
sub veteribus, ibi sunt qui dant quique accipiunt
faenore. 480

pone aedem Castoris, ibi sunt subito quibus credas
male.

in Tusco vico, ibi sunt homines qui ipsi sese ven-
ditant,¹

vel qui ipsi vorsant vel qui aliis ubi vorsentur
praebeant.²

sed interim fores crepuere; linguae moderandum
est mihi.

IV. 2.

Curc. I tu prae, virgo; non queo quod pone me est servare.
et aurum et vestem omnem suam esse aiebat quam
haec haberet.

Ca. Nemo it infitias.

Curc. At tamen meliusculum est monere.

Lyc. Memento promisisse te, si quisquam hanc liberali 490
causa manu assereret, mihi omne argentum reddi-
tum iri,
minas triginta.

Ca. Meminero, de istoc quietus esto.
et nunc idem dico.

Curc. Et quidem meminisse ego haec volam te.

Ca. Memini, et mancupio tibi dabo.

Curc. Egon ab lenone quicquam
mancupio accipiam, quibus sui nihil est nisi una
lingua,
qui abiurant si quid creditum est? alienos mancu-
patis,

¹ Leo brackets following v., 483 :

in Velabro vel pistorem vel lanium vel haruspicem.

² Leo brackets following v., 485 :

ditis damnosos maritos apud Leucadiam Oppiam.

CURCULIO

and are open to plenty of truthful criticism themselves. Below the Old Shops are those who lend and borrow upon usury. Behind the temple of Castor are those whom you would do ill to trust too quickly. In the Tuscan Quarter are those worthies who sell themselves—either those who turn themselves or give others a chance to turn. (*listening*) But there! a noise at the door! I must rein in my tongue. [EXIT *Manager*.

Scene 2. ENTER *Curculio*, his slave, *Cappadox*, *Lyco*, AND *Planesium* INTO DOORWAY.

Curc. You go in front, young lady; I cannot watch what is behind me. (*to Cappadox*) The Captain said that all the jewellery and clothes she had were his, too.

Ca. Nobody denies it.

Curc. (*firmly*) It is rather better to remind you, however.

Lyco (*to Cappadox*) Remember, if anyone should succeed in claiming her as a freeborn girl, you promised I should have all my money back, one hundred and twenty pounds.

Ca. I will remember; be easy about that. Yes, I say so again now.

Curc. And I shall want you to remember all this, too.

Ca. Yes, yes, I'll hand her over to you formally and legally.

Curc. (*scornful*) I receive anything formally and legally from a pimp? Fellows that own nothing but the bare tongue they swear off honest debts with! You fellows are not the owners of those you

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

alienos manu emittitis alienisque imperatis,
nec vobis auctor ullus est nec vosmet estis ulli.
item genus est lenonium inter homines meo quidem
animo

ut muscae, culices, cimices pedesque pulicesque : 500
odio et malo et molestiae, bono usui estis nulli,
nec vobiscum quisquam in foro frugi consistere
audet.

qui constitit, culpant eum, conspicitur vituperatur,
eum rem fidemque perdere, tam etsi nil fecit, aiunt.

Lyco Edepol lenones meo animo novisti, lusce, lepide.
Curc. Eodem hercle vos pono et paro; parissimi estis
hibus.

hi saltem in occultis locis prostant, vos in foro ipso.
vos faenore homines, hi male suadendo et lustris
lacerant.

rogitationis plurimas propter vos populus scivit,
quas vos rogatas rumpitis; aliquam reperitis rimam. 510
quasi aquam ferventem frigidam esse, ita vos putatis
leges.

Lyco Tacuisse mavellem.
Ca. Hau male meditate maledicax es.

Curc. Indignis si male dicitur, male dictum id esse dico,
verum si dignis dicitur, bene dictumst meo quidem
animo.

ego mancupem te nil moror nec lenonem alium
quemquam.

Lyco, numquid vis?

Lyco Bene vale.
Curc. Vale.
Ca. Heus tu, tibi ego dico.

CURCULIO

formally and legally sell, those you set free, those you order about. You have no title to them, and you yourselves can give no one else a title to them. In my humble opinion, the whole pimp tribe occupies the social position of flies, gnats, bugs, lice, and fleas: you are a pest, a plague, a general nuisance, of no good to anybody, and no decent person dares stand beside you in the forum. If anyone does, he is censured, eyed, condemned; he is on the road to ruin, they say, even though he has done nothing.

Lyco (*chuckling*) Gad! You have a pretty acquaintance with pimps, in my opinion, One-eye.

Curc. (*turning on him with asperity*) And by heaven, I put you people in the same class and category; you match them perfectly. They, at least, do business in private, you in the open forum. You mangle men with usury, they with vile solicitation and dens of vice. The people have passed bills without number against you, and once they pass them, you smash them; you always find some loophole. To you laws are like boiling water that soon grows cold.

Lyco (*aside, wryly*) I wish I'd kept my mouth shut.

Ca. (*judicially, with a sour grin at Lyco*) There is much hard thinking behind those hard words.

Curc. Hard words are hard if spoken to those that do not deserve them, but if they do deserve them, soft—at least in my opinion. None of your surety for me, or any other pimp's either. (*about to go*) Anything else, Lyco?

Lyco (*eagerly*) Good-bye, good-bye!

Curc. Good-bye. (*turns away, Planesium lingering tearfully*)

Ca. (*to Curculio*) Here, you! I say!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Curc. Eloquere, quid vis?

Ca. Quaeso, ut hanc cures, ut bene sit isti.
bene ego istam eduxi meae domi et pudice.

Curc. Si huius miseret,
ecquid das qui bene sit?

Ca. Malum.

Curc. Opust hoc qui te procures.

Ca. Quid stulta ploras? ne time, bene hercle vendidi
ego te. 520

fac sis bonae frugi sies, sequere istum bella belle.

Lyco Summane, numquid nunciam me vis?

Curc. Vale atque salve,
nam et operam et pecuniam benigne praebuisti.

Lyco Salutem multam dicito patrono.

Curc. Nuntiabo.

Lyco Numquid vis, leno?

Ca. Istas minas decem, qui me procurem,
dum melius sit mihi, des.

Lyco Dabuntur, cras peti iubeto.

Ca. Quando bene gessi rem, volo hic in fano supplicare.
nam illam minis olim decem puellam parvolam emi,
sed eum qui mi illam vendidit numquam postilla
vidi;
periisse credo. quid id mea refert? ego argentum
habeo. 530

quoi homini di sunt propitii, lucrum ei profecto
obiciunt.

nunc rei divinae operam dabo. certumst bene me
curare.

CURCULIO

Curc. Out with it! What do you want?

Ca. (*virtuously*) Do take care that this girl be well treated. She was well brought up at my house, and modestly; I saw to it myself.

Curc. In case you pity her, what will you pay toward her being well treated?

Ca. (*taken aback*) Oh hang!

Curc. That is just what you need.

Ca. (*to Planesium*) What are you crying about, silly? Never you fear. Good heavens, I have disposed of you well. Now be a good girl, mind. Go along with him prettily, my pretty.

Lyco Well, Summanus, anything more I can do now?

Curc. Good-bye, and good luck to you, for you have been most accommodating with your time and money both.

Lyco Give my best regards to your patron.

Curc. I shall do so. [EXIT WITH *Planesium* AND SLAVE.

Lyco Anything further, pimp?

Ca. The payment of that forty pounds, so that I may look out for myself till things (*groans*) go better with me.

Lyco You'll be paid; send for it to-morrow. [EXIT *Lyco*.

Ca. (*wearily contented*) Seeing I have managed that affair well, I must go in the temple here and pray. Why, I bought that girl for forty pounds, long ago when she was only a little thing, but I have never set eyes on the seller since. Dead, I dare say. Well, what's the odds? I have the cash. When the gods are propitious to a man, they throw money in his way, they certainly do. Now to offer sacrifice. I am resolved to take good care of myself. [EXIT INTO TEMPLE.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

IV. 3.

Ther. Non ego nunc mediocri incedo iratus iracundia,
sed eapse illa qua excidionem facere condidici
oppidis.

nunc nisi tu mihi propere properas dare iam triginta
minas,

quas ego apud te deposivi, vitam propera ponere.

Lyco Non edepol nunc ego te mediocri macto infortunio,
sed eopse illo quo mactare soleo quoi nil debeo.

Ther. Ne te mi facias ferocem aut supplicare censeas.

Lyco Nec tu me quidem umquam subiges, redditum ut
reddam tibi,

540

nec daturus sum.

Ther. Idem ego istuc quom credebam credidi,
te nihil esse redditurum.

Lyco Quor nunc a me igitur petis?

Ther. Scire volo quoi reddidisti.

Lyco Lusco liberto tuo,

is Summanum se vocari dixit, ei reddidi.¹

Ther. Quos tu mihi luscus liberos, quos Summanos som-
nias?

nec mihi quidem libertus ullust.

Lyco Facis sapientius

quam pars² lenonum, liberos qui habent et eos
deserunt.

Ther. Quid nunc?³

Lyco Quod mandasti feci, tui honoris gratia,
tuom qui signum ad me attulisset, nuntium ne
spernerem.

550

¹ Leo brackets following v., 545 :

qui has tabellas obsignatas attulit.

Ther. *Quas tu mihi tabellas?*

CURCULIO

Scene 3.

ENTER *Therapontigonus* AND *Lyco*.

Ther. (*bellowing*) 'Tis now in no common rage I ragefully stride on, but in that selfsame rage in which I have learned so well to root up cities. Now unless thou dost hastily make haste to give me the hundred and twenty pounds I left with thee, make haste to leave this life.

Lyco (*mimicking him*) And by heaven, 'tis now with no common warmth I'll make things warm for thee, but with that selfsame warmth with which I am wont to make things warm for him to whom—I owe nothing.

Ther. No insolence to me, fellow, and think not of entreaty!

Lyco And there'll be no forcing me, fellow, not me, to return you your money twice over; I won't do it.

Ther. (*less violent*) I expected this very thing when I trusted it to you—that never a penny would you return.

Lyco Then why do you come to me for it now?

Ther. I want to know to whom you returned it.

Lyco That one-eyed freedman of yours—said he was called Summanus—I returned it to him.

Ther. What one-eyed freedmen of mine, what Summanuses, are you dreaming of, man? Not a single freedman have I got.

Lyco You act more wisely than certain pimps who do have freedmen, and leave 'em in the lurch.

Ther. What does this mean?

Lyco It means I followed your instructions, out of regard for you, not to repudiate the man that brought me your own seal.

² Corrupt (Leo): *pars latronum* Dousa.

³ *quid nunc* Goetz: *quid feci* MSS.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ther. Stultior stulto fuisti, qui tabellis crederes.
Lyco Quis res publica et privata geritur, nonne eis crederem?

ego abeo, tibi res solutast recte. bellator, vale.

Ther. Quid valeam?

Lyco Aut tu aegrota aetatem, si lubet, per me quidem.

Ther. Quid ego nunc faciam? quid refert me fecisse regibus
 ut mi oboedirent, si hic me hodie umbraticus deriserit?

IV. 4.

Ca. Quoi homini di sunt propitii, ei non esse iratos puto.
 postquam rem divinam feci, venit in mentem mihi,
 ne trapezita exulatum abierit, argentum ut petam,
 ut ego potius comedim quam ille.

Ther. Iusseram salvere te. 560

Ca. Therapontigone Platagidore, salve; salvos quom advenis
 in Epidaurum, hic hodie apud me—numquam delinges salem.

Ther. Bene vocas, verum locata res est—ut male sit tibi.
 sed quid agit meum mercimonium apud te?

Ca. Nil apud me quidem,
 ne facias testis, neque equidem debeo quicquam.

Ther. Quid est?

Ca. Quod fui iuratus feci.

Ther. Reddin an non virginem,
 prius quam te huic meae machaerae obicio, mastigia?

CURCULIO

Ther. You ass of asses! to trust writing!

Lyco Not trust what public and private business all depends on? (*disgustedly*) I'm going. Your account is duly settled. Farewell, warrior. (*turns away*)

Ther. (*hotly*) "Farewell," is it?

Lyco (*over his shoulder*) Or fare the other way, to the end of your life, if you like—little I care.

Ther. What shall I do now? What boots it to have made monarchs my menials, if this cloistered caitiff is to flout me thus? [EXIT *Lyco*.]

Scene 4. ENTER *Cappadox*, WADDLING OUT OF THE TEMPLE.

Ca. (*hopefully*) When the gods are propitious to a man, he is a man they—(*sighing*) are not angry with, I think. After I offered sacrifice it occurred to me that the banker might leave the country, and I had better demand my money, so as to let it go into my stomach rather than his.

Ther. (*sternly*) Good day to you, sir, good day, I say.

Ca. (*without ardour*) Good day, Therapontigonus Smackahead. In honour of your safe arrival in Epidaurus, here at my house to-day you shall have—never a lick of salt.

r. Much obliged, only I have arranged to give you—the very devil! Well, how about that merchandise of mine you have?

I? I have nothing—(*as Therapontigonus gets excited*) no, no need of witnesses—and not a thing do I owe you, not a thing.

How is this?

What I swore I'd do, I've done.

Ther. (*grasping his sword hilt*) Wilt hand over the maiden or not, hangdog, ere I subject thee to this blade of mine?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ca.* Vapulare ego te vehementer iubeo. ne me territes,
illa abductast, tu auferere hinc a me, si perges
mihi
male loqui, profecto, cui ego nisi malum nil debeo. 570
- Ther.* Mihin malum minitare?
- Ca.* Atque edepol non minitabor, sed dabo,
mihi si perges molestus esse.
- Ther.* Leno minitatur mihi,
meaeque pugnae proeliares plurimae optritae
iacent?
at ita me machaera et clupeus¹
bene iuvent pugnantem in acie : nisi mi virgo red-
ditur,
iam ego te faciam ut hic formicae frustillatim
differant.
- Ca.* At ita me volsellae, pecten, speculum, calamistrum
meum
bene me amassint meaque axitia linteumque ex-
tersui,
ut ego tua magnifica verba neque istas tuas magnas
minas
non pluris facio quam ancillam meam quae latrinam
lavat. 580
ego illam reddidi qui argentum a te attulit.
- Ther.* Quis is est homo?
- Ca.* Tuom libertum esse aiebat sese Summanum.
- Ther.* Meum?
attat, Curculio hercle verba mihi dedit, cum cogito.
is mihi anulum subripuit.
- Ca.* Perdidistin tu anulum?
miles pulchre centuriatus est expuncto in manipulo.
- Ther.* Vbi nunc Curculionem inveniam?
- Ca.* In tritico facillume,

¹ Leo notes lacuna here : (*et lorica et cassida*) Lambinus.
250

CURCULIO

Ca. (*coolly*) A good sound hiding is what I recommend for you. You needn't try to scare me. She has been taken away, and as for you, you shall be carried away, mark my words, if you go on abusing me, when all I owe you is a thrashing.

Ther. Me? You threaten me with a thrashing?

Ca. Yes, and by heaven, I won't threaten—I'll give you one, if you go on annoying me.

Ther. A pimp to threaten me? And my countless bellicose battles trampled in the dust? Now so help me well blade and shield, when I do battle on the field—unless the maiden is handed over to me, I will at once so serve thee that the ants will scatter thee hereabouts bit by bit.

Ca. (*mimicking him*) Now so love me well my depilatory tweezers, comb, mirror, curling tongs, shears, and bath towel—I no more bother about your braggadocio and bloody bluster than about my servant wench that cleans the privy. I have delivered that girl to the man that brought the cash from you.

Ther. Who is this man?

Ca. He said he was a freedman of yours, Summanus.

Ther. Of mine? (*reflecting*) Aha! By heaven, now I think it over, it is Curculio has tricked me! He stole my ring.

Ca. Lost your ring, have you? (*aside*) A fine commission our Captain has—in a company that draws no pay.¹

Ther. Where shall I find Curculio now?

Ca. (*appearing to misunderstand*) Curculio? A weevil? In amongst the wheat, most likely; I warrant

¹ Having lost his ring, the Captain loses money; hence, according to comedy logic, he belongs to a company which is in disgrace and draws no pay.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

vel quingentos curculiones pro uno faxo reperias.
ego abeo, vale atque salve.

Ther.

Male vale, male sit tibi.

quid ego faciam? maneam an abeam? sicin mi esse
os oblitum?

cupio dare mercedem qui illunc ubi sit common-
stret mihi.

590

ACTVS V

Curc.

Antiquom poetam audiui scripsisse in tragoedia,
mulieres duas peiores esse quam unam. res itast.
verum mulierem peiorem quam haec amica est
Phaedromi

non vidi aut audiui, neque pol dici nec fingi potest
peior quam haec est; quae ubi me habere hunc
conspicatast anulum,

rogat unde habeam. "quid id tu quaeris?" "quia
mi quaesitost opus."

nego me dicere. ut eum eriperet, manum arripuit
mordicus.

vix foras me abripui atque effugi. apage istanc
caniculam.

V. 2.

Plan. Phaedrome, propera.

Phaed. Quid properem?

CURCULIO

you will find five hundred curculios, for that matter, instead of one. (*turning away*). I am going, myself. (*over his shoulder, patronizingly*) Fare thee well, bless you!

Ther. Fare thee ill, curse you! [EXIT *Cappadox*] What shall I do? Stay, or go? I to have my face smeared in this fashion! Oh, I long to give a reward to the man that shows me where he is!

[EXIT, VERY BLOODTHIRSTY.]

ACT V

ENTER *Curculio* PRECIPITATELY FROM *Phaedromus's* HOUSE.

Curc. (*bitterly*) An old dramatist, so I've heard, once wrote in a tragedy¹ that two women are worse than one. They are. But a worse woman than this wench of *Phaedromus's* I never did see or hear of, either, and by gad, a worse one can't be mentioned or even imagined! As soon as she notices I have this ring (*showing the Captain's ring*), she asks me where I got it. "What do you want to know for?" says I. "Because there's need I should," says she. I refuse to tell her. She tried to get it off and got her teeth in my hand in the process. I just managed to get myself out of the door and make my escape. Lord deliver me from such a little beast!

Scene 2. ENTER *Planesium* INTO DOORWAY.

Plan. (*excitedly*) Hurry, *Phaedromus*!

ENTER *Phaedromus* INTO DOORWAY.

Phaed. Hurry? Why?

¹ The source of the quotation is unknown.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Plan.* Parasitum ne amiseris.
magna res est.
- Phaed.* Nulla est mihi, nam quam habui absumpsi celeriter. 600
- Plan.* Teneo.
- Phaed.* Quid negotist?
- Plan.* Rogita unde istunc habeat anulum.
pater istum meus gestitavit.¹
- Curc.* At mea matertera.
- Plan.* Mater ei utendum dederat.
- Curc.* Pater ² vero is rusum tibi.
- Plan.* Nugas garris.
- Curc.* Solco, nam propter eas vivo facilius.
- Plan.* Quid nunc? obsecro, parentes ne meos mihi prohibeas.
- Curc.* Quid ego? sub gemmane abstrusos habeo tuam matrem et patrem?
- Plan.* Libera ego sum nata.
- Curc.* Et alii multi qui nunc serviunt.
- Phaed.* Enim vero irascor.
- Curc.* Dixi equidem tibi, unde ad me hic pervenerit.
quotiens dicendum est? elusi militem, inquam, in alea.
- Ther.* Salvos sum, eccum quem quaerebam. quid agis,
bone vir?
- Curc.* Audio. 610
si vis tribus bolis, vel in chlamydem.
- Ther.* Quin tu is in malam crucem

¹ Leo notes lacuna here : *gestitavit* (olim) Leo.

² *vero* (is) Lindsay ; *uo* is MSS.

CURCULIO

So as not to lose the parasite. It means everything.

(*dryly*) And I have nothing, for everything I had I ran through in no time.

(*seizing Curculio*) I have him!

d. What's it all about?

Ask him where he got that ring there. My father used to wear that ring.

Well, so did my mother's sister.

My mother let him take it.

(*banteringly*) And this father passed it on to you, no doubt.

You're talking nonsense.

A habit of mine—that is the way I pick up an easier living, you see.

(*anxiously*) Well? Well? For heaven's sake, don't keep me from my parents!

Eh? I? (*examining the ring in mock consternation*)

Have I got your mother and father tucked away under the stone here?

I was born free.

So were lots of other folks that are slaving it now.

(*to Curculio, testily*) Really now, this is too much.

Well, I told you how it came into my hands.

How many times do you need to be told? I tricked a soldier at a game of dice, I say.

ENTER *Therapontigonus* DOLEFULLY.

(*seeing Curculio*) Saved! There he is, there is my man! (*roaring*) Ah, my good sir, what now?

(*calmly*) I'm all attention. Three throws, if you like, for—(*scanning Captain with a grin*) oh, well, for a military cloak.

You be damned, with all your throes of throat and

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

cum bolis, cum bulbis? redde mihi iam argentum
aut virginem.

Curc. Quod argentum, quas tu mihi tricas narras? quam
tu virginem
me reposcis?

Ther. Quam ab lenone abduxti hodie, scelus viri.

Curc. Nullam abduxi.

Ther. Certe eccistam video.

Phaed. Virgo haec libera est.

Ther. Mean ancilla libera ut sit, quam ego numquam
emisi manu?

Phaed. Quis tibi hanc dedit mancipio? aut unde emisti?
fac sciam.

Ther. Ego quidem pro istac rem solvi ab trapezita meo.
quam ego pecuniam quadruplicem abs te et lenone
auferam.

Phaed. Qui scis mercari furtivas atque ingenuas virgines
ambula in ius.

Ther. Non eo.

Phaed. Licet¹ antestari?

Ther. Non licet.

Phaed. Iuppiter te, miles, perdat, intestatus vivit
at ego, quem licet, te. accede huc.

Ther. Servom antestari?

Curc. Vide.

em ut scias me liberum esse. ergo ambula in ius.

Ther. Em tibi. 624,

Curc. O cives, cives.

¹ Leo brackets following *te*.

CURCULIO

Plan. belly !¹ Give me back my money or my girl this instant !

Phaed What money ? What sort of bosh are you talking to me ? What girl are you asking back from me ?

Plan. The one you took from the pimp to-day, you enormity of a man !

Phae. Not one did I take.

Plan. I certainly see her (*pointing to Planesium*) right before my face !

Curc. (*urbanely*) This young lady is free.

Plan. My maidservant free, when I never freed her ?

Curc. Who gave you any legal right to her ? Whom did you buy her from ? Inform me.

Plan. I ? I settled for her through my banker. And I'll have the money, four times over, from you and the pimp.

Curc. (*blustering in turn*) Come, you hardened trader in kidnapped and freeborn maidens, off to court with you !

Not I.

Plan. (*to Curculio*) Can I call on you to testify ?

Curc. (*interrupting*) You can not.

Phaed. Curse you, Captain ! May you live without testes yourself, then ! (*to Curculio again*) But I call on you, a man I can call on. Come here.

Curc. A slave testifying ?

Ther. (*allowing Phaedromus to touch his ear*²) Look !

Here ! Just to show you I am a free man ! Now then, off to court with you !

Curc. (*striking him*) And here's one for you !

(*bawling*) Help, citizens, help !

Ther. ¹ It seems impossible to render the word-play closely. *Bolis*=both "throws" and "choice morsels," while *bulbis*=some sort of "onion."

² The ordinary procedure in engaging a witness.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS.

Ther. Quid clamas?

Phaed. Quid tibi istum tactio est?

Ther. Quia mihi lubitum est.

Phaed. Accede huc tu. ego illum tibi dedam. tace.

Plan. Phaedrome, obsecro serva me.

Phaed. Tamquam me et genium meum.
miles, quaeso te ut mihi dicas unde illum habeas
anulum,
quem parasitus hic te elusit.

Plan. Per tua genua te obsecro,
ut nos facias certiores.

Ther. Quid istuc ad vos attinet?
quaeratis chlamydem et machaeram hanc unde ad
me pervenerit.

Curc. Vt fastidit gloriosus.

Ther. Mitte istum, ego dicam omnia.

Curc. Nihil est quod ille dicit.

Plan. Fac me certiore, obsecro.

Ther. Ego dicam, surge. hanc rem agite atque animum
advortite.

pater meus habuit Periphanes¹

Plan. Hem,² Periphanees!

Ther. Is prius quam moritur mihi dedit tamquam suo,
ut aequom fuerat, filio.

<i>Plan.</i>	Pro Iuppiter.
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100	100

Ther. Et isto me heredem fecit.

Plan. O Pietas mea,
serva me, quando ego te servavi sedulo.
frater mi, salve.

¹ *Periphaneas* Pius : *Periplaneas* MSS.

² hem, *Periphanes Acidalius*: *Planesium* MSS.

CURCULIO

Ther. What are you yelling for?

Phaed. What did you lay hands on him for?

Ther. Because I chose to.

Phaed. (*aside*) You come here, Curculio. (*aside to Therapontigonus*) I'll put that fellow into your hands. (*to Curculio again*) Be still!

Plan. (*thinking that Phaedromus is yielding to the Captain*) Phaedromus! for heaven's sake, save me!

Phaed. As I would my very soul! (*to Therapontigonus, politely*) Captain, pray tell me where you got that ring which the parasite here filched from you.

Plan. (*falling at the Captain's feet*) I beg you by these knees I clasp, do let me know!

Ther. (*haughtily*) How does that concern you two? Come, ask me where I obtained my cloak and this blade of mine.

Curc. (*nursing his sore spots*) The airs he gives himself, the braggart!

Ther. Unhand that fellow, (*indicating Curculio*) and I'll tell you all.

Curc. All he tells you amounts to nothing.

Plan. (*motioning Curculio aside*) Do let me know, I beg you!

Ther. (*to Planesium*) I will. Arise. Now then, attention, both of you! It belonged to my father, Periphanes——

Plan. What? Periphanes!

Ther. Before he died he quite properly gave it to me, as his own son.

Plan. Good heavens!

Ther. So he made me his heir.

Plan. Oh god of filial love, do keep me, for I have loyally kept thee in honour! (*falling on the Captain's neck*) Brother, my own dear brother!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ther.* Qui credam ego istuc? cedo,
si vera memoras, quae fuit mater tua?
- Plan.* Cleobula.
- Ther.* Nutrix quae fuit?
- Plan.* Archestrata.
ea me spectatum tulerat per Dionysia. 644, 645
postquam illo ventum est, iam, ut me collocaverat,
exoritur ventus turbo, spectacula ibi ruont,
ego pertimesco.¹ ibi me nescio quis arripit
timidam atque pavidam, nec vivam nec mortuam.
nec quo me pacto abstulerit possum dicere. 650
- Ther.* Memini istanc turbam fieri. sed tu dic mihi,
ubi is est homo qui te surripuit?
- Plan.* Nescio.
verum hunc servavi semper mecum una anulum;
cum hoc olim perii.
- Ther.* Cedo, ut inspiciam.
- Curc.* Sanan es,
quae isti committas?
- Plan.* Sine modo.
- Ther.* Pro Iuppiter,
hic est quem ego tibi misi natali die.
tam facile novi quam me. salve, mea soror.
- Plan.* Frater mi, salve.
- Phaed.* Deos volo bene vortere
istam rem vobis.
- Curc.* Et ego nobis omnibus:
tu ut hodie adveniens cenam des sororiam, 660
hic nuptialem cras dabit. promittimus.
- Ther.* Tace tu.
- Curc.* Non taceo, quando res vortit bene.
tu istanc desponde huic, miles. ego dotem dabo.
- Ther.* Quid dotis?

¹ Leo brackets following *tum*.

CURCULIO

- Ther.* (*startled*) How am I to believe that? Come, come, if you say true, who was your mother?
- Plan.* Cleobula.
- Ther.* And your nurse?
- Plan.* Arcestrata. She had taken me out to see the show at the Dionysiac festival. We had scarcely arrived, and I been put in my place, when a perfect hurricane arose; the seats caved in—I was so terrified! Then someone or other seized me, scared and trembling as I was, neither alive nor dead. How he carried me off I can't say.
- Ther.* I remember the panic of that day. But tell me this—where is the man that stole you?
- Plan.* I don't know. But I have always kept this ring (*holding out her hand*) with me; I had it on when I was lost, long ago.
- Ther.* Give it here! Let me look at it!
- Curc.* (*as Planesium takes it off*) Are you crazy, to trust it to him?
- Plan.* Oh, let me be!
- Ther.* Great heavens! This is the ring I sent you on your birthday! I know it as well as I know myself. (*embracing her*) Ah, my sister!
- Plan.* Oh, my own dear brother!
- Phaed.* God bless you both in this!
- Curc.* God bless us all, I say. (*to Therapontigonus*) You, sir, should celebrate your arrival to-day by giving us a dinner, a sororal dinner; as for him, (*indicating Phaedromus*) to-morrow he will give us a nuptial dinner. (*pauses*) We accept the invitations.
- Ther.* Keep still, you!
- Curc.* I will not keep still, now that everything is ending happily. Captain, promise your sister to this gentleman. I will give her a dowry myself.
- Ther.* What dowry?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Curc. Egone? ut semper, dum vivat, me alat.
verum hercle dico.

Ther. Me lubente feceris.
sed leno hic debet nobis triginta minas.

Phaed. Quam ob rem istuc?

Ther. Quia ille ita repromisit mihi:
si quisquam hanc liberali asseruisset manu,
sine controversia omne argentum reddere.
nunc eamus ad lenonem.

Curc. Laudo.

Phaed. Hoc prius volo, 670
meam rem agere.

Ther. Quid id est?

Phaed. Vt mihi hanc despondeas.

Curc. Quid cessas, miles, hanc huic uxorem dare?

Ther. Si haec volt.

Plan. Mi frater, cupio.

Ther. Fiat.

Curc. Bene facis.

Phaed. Spondesne, miles, mi hanc uxorem?

Ther. Spondeo.

Curc. Et ego hoc idem una spondeo.

Ther. Lepide facis.
sed eccum lenonem, incedit, thesaurum meum.

V. 3.

Ca. Argentariis male credi qui aiunt, nugas praedicant.
nam et bene et male credi dico; id adeo ego hodie
expertus sum. 680

non male creditur qui numquam reddunt, sed prorsum perit.

vel ille, decem minas dum solvit, omnis mensas transiit.

postquam nil fit, clamore hominem posco. ille in
ius me vocat;

CURCULIO

Curc. I? An allowance—I will allow her to support me all her life. And by Jove, I mean it.

Ther. (to *Curculio*) You will do me pleasure. (to others) But the pimp here owes us one hundred and twenty pounds.

Phaed. How so?

Ther. Because he engaged, for his part, in case anyone claimed the girl as free born, to refund all the money without dispute. Now to the pimp!

Curc. Capital!

Phaed. But first I want to settle my own affair.

Ther. What is that?

Phaed. That you promise me your sister.

Curc. Hurry up, Captain, let him marry her.

Ther. If she wishes.

Plan. I long to, brother dear!

Ther. So be it.

Curc. (with dignity) I thank you.

Phaed. You consent to the marriage, Captain?

Ther. I consent.

Curc. And I—I consent to the arrangement, too.

Ther. Charming of you! (looking down street) But see! Up strides the pimp, my treasure! (they step back)

Scene 3.

ENTER *Cappadox*.

Ca. People that say bankers are ill trusted talk rubbish. Why, they are well and ill trusted both, I tell you—and what is more, I have proved it myself this very day. Money is not ill trusted to men that never repay you; it is gone for good. That *Lyco*, for example, in trying to raise forty pounds for me, went to every single bank. Nothing coming of it, I begin dunning him at the top of my lungs. He summons me before the

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

pessume metui, ne mihi hodie apud praetorem
solveret.

verum amici compulerunt; reddit argentum domo.
nunc domum properare certumst.

Ther. Heus tu, leno, te volo.

Phaed. Et ego te volo.

Ca. At ego vos nolo ambos.

Ther. Sta sis ilico,
atque argentum propere propera vomere.

Ca. Quid mecum est tibi?
aut tibi?

Ther. Quia ego ex te hodie faciam pilum cata-
pultarium
atque ita te nervo torquebo, itidem ut catapultae
solent.

690

Phaed. Delicatum te hodie faciam, cum catello ut accubes,
ferreo ego dico.

Ca. At ego vos ambo in robusto carcere
ut pereatis.

Phaed. Collum obstringe, abduce istum in malam crucem.

Ther. Quidquid est, ipse ibit potius.

Ca. Pro deum atque hominum fidem,
hocine pacto indemnatum atque intestatum me
abripi?

obsecro, Planesium, et te, Phaedrome, auxilium ut
feras.

Plan. Frater, obsecro te, noli hunc condemnatum perdere.
bene et pudice me domi habuit.

Ther. Haud voluntate id sua.
Aesculapio huic habeto, quom pudica es, gratiam;
nam si valuisset, iam pridem quoquo posset mitteret.

700

CURCULIO

magistrate. I was horribly afraid he would settle with me in court.¹ But his friends coerced him, and he paid me out of his own cash in hand. Now I must hurry home. (*goes toward his house*)

Ther. (*stepping forward*) Ah there, pimp, I want you!

Phaed. (*joining the Captain*) And I want you.

Ca. (*without stopping*) But I want neither of you.

Ther. (*menacingly*) Stop there, please, and hurry up and disgorge my money in a hurry.

Ca. (*to Captain*) What have you to do with me? (*to Phaedromus*) Or you?

Ther. This—to-day I intend to transform you into a catapeltic arrow, and send you spinning like a missile from a catapult.

Phaed. And to-day I intend to make quite a fop of you and make you sleep with a little dog—I mean dog-chain.

Ca. Yes, and I intend to put you both in a good stout cell to rot.

Phaed. Get him by the neck! Off to the gallows with him!

Ther. (*seizing Cappadox roughly*) He will prefer to go of his own accord, come what may.

Ca. (*struggling*) In the name of heaven and earth! Dragged off in this fashion, with no sentence, no witnesses against me! Planesium—and you, Phaedromus—for mercy's sake, help me!

Plan. Brother, I beg you! don't let him be condemned and ruined! I was well used, treated modestly, at his house.

Ther. Through no choice of his. You can thank Aesculapius here for that; for if he had been healthy, he would have packed you off anywhere he could, long ago.

¹ Where by fraudulent means Lyco would escape payment.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Phaed.** Animum advortite, ego si possum hoc inter vos componere,
mitte istunc. accede huc, leno. dicam meam sententiam,
siquidem voltis quod decrero facere.
- Ther.** Tibi permittimus.
- Ca.** Dum quidem hercle ita iudices, ne quisquam a me argentum auferat.
- Ther.** Quodne promisti?
- Ca.** Qui promisi?
- Phaed.** Lingua.
- Ca.** Eadem nunc nego.
dicendi, non rem perdendi gratia haec nata est mihi.
- Phaed.** Nihil agit, collum obstringe homini.
- Ca.** Iam iam faciam ut iusseris.
- Ther.** Quando vir bonus es, responde quod rogo.
- Ca.** Roga quod lubet.
- Ther.** Promistin, si liberali quisquam hanc assereret manu, te omne argentum redditurum?
- Ca.** Non commemini dicere. 710
- Ther.** Quid? negas?
- Ca.** Nego hercle vero. quo praesente? quo in loco?
- Ther.** Me ipso praesente et Lycone tarpezita.
- Ca.** Non taces?
- Ther.** Non tacco.
- Ca.** Non ego te flocci facio; ne me territes.
- Ther.** Me ipso praesente et Lycone factum est.
- Phaed.** Satis credo tibi.
nunc adeo, ut tu scire possis, leno, meam sententiam:
libera haec est, hic huius frater est, haec autem illius soror,¹

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *libera haec, hic huius frater est, haec autem huius est soror* Leo.

CURCULIO

Phaed. (to the Captain and Cappadox) Give me your attention and let me see if I can settle your difficulties. (to Captain) Let go of him. (*Therapontigonus* does so) Come here, pimp. I'll state my opinion, that is, if you both are willing to accept my verdict.

Ther. We leave it to you——

Ca. That is, provided—Lord, yes!—provided you decide no one is to get away with my money.

Ther. Money you promised?

Ca. Promised? How?

Phaed. With your tongue.

Ca. I now deny it the same way. This tongue was given me to talk with, not to ruin myself with.

Phaed. It's no use. Get him by the neck.

Ca. (as *Therapontigonus* advances) Here, here, I'll do as you say!

Ther. Now that you are decent, answer me what I ask.

Ca. (sullenly) Ask what you like.

Ther. Did you not promise that, if anyone claimed this girl as free, you would refund all the money?

Ca. (tentatively) I don't recollect saying that.

Ther. What? You deny it?

Ca. (gaining courage) Yes, by gad, I do deny it. In whose presence? Where?

Ther. In my presence and in banker Lyco's.

Ca. Hold your tongue, will you?

Ther. I will not.

Ca. I don't care a straw for you, not I. You needn't try to scare me.

Ther. (to *Phaedromus*) In my own presence and Lyco's he did make that promise.

Phaed. I believe you fully. (judicially) Now, see here, pimp, to inform you of my opinion: this girl is free, this gentleman (indicating *Therapontigonus*) is her brother, she being his sister and about to be

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

haec mihi nubet; tu huic argentum redde. hoc
iudicium meum est.

Ther. Tu autem in nervo iam iacebis, nisi mi argentum
redditur.

Ca. Hercle istam rem iudicasti perfidiose, Phaedrome.
et tibi oberit et te, miles, di deaeque perduint. 720
tu me sequere.

Ther. Quo sequar te?

Ca. Ad trapezitam meum
ad praetorem. nam inde rem solvo omnibus quibus
debeo.

Ther. Ego te in nervom, haud ad praetorem hinc rapiam,
ni argentum refers.

Ca. Ego te vehementer perire cupio, ne tu¹ nescias.

Ther. Itane vero?

Ca. Ita hercle vero.

Ther. Novi ego hos pugnos meos.

Ca. Quid tum?

Ther. Quid tum, rogitas? hisce ego, si tu me irritaveris,
placidum te hodie reddam.

Ca. Age ergo, recipe actutum.

Ther. Licet.

Phaed. Tu, miles, apud me cenabis. hodie fient nuptiae.

Ther. Quae res bene vortat mi et vobis.
spectatores, plaudite.

¹ Leo brackets following *me*.

CURCULIO

my wife ; do you refund his money. This is my decision.

Ther. Yes, and you will soon make your bed in gaol, unless my money is refunded.

Ca. (*ireful*) By gad, Phaedromus, you have been a rotten judge ! You shall rue it, too, and as for you, Captain, may all the powers above destroy you ! (*turning to go*) Follow me, you.

Ther. Follow you where ?

Ca. To my banker's, to the court ! Yes, sir, there is where I settle with all my creditors.

Ther. It will be to gaol, not to court I drag you, unless you refund my money.

Ca. I hope to heaven you come to a bad end—and now you know my feelings !

Ther. So ? Indeed ?

Ca. Yes, by gad, so indeed.

Ther. (*baring his arms*) I do know these fists of mine.

Ca. (*less vigorously*) What then ?

Ther. "What then," eh ? Provoke me, and they will pacify you, my man, right speedily. (*advances*)

Ca. (*as Phaedromus, too, looks threatening*) Come on, then, take your money, quick !

Ther. (*grandly, accepting it*) Very well.

Phaed. Captain, you will dine with me. The wedding takes place to-day.

Ther. And may it turn out well for me and for both of you ! (*to audience*) Spectators, your applause.

[EXEUNT OMNES.]

EPIDICUS

ARGVMENTVM

Emit fidicinam, filiam credens, senex
Persuasu servi, atque conductam¹
Iterum pro amica ei subiecit filii.
Dat erili argentum. eo sororem destinat
Imprudens iuvenis. compressae ac militis
Cognoscit opera sibi senex os sublitum—
Vt ille amicam, haec quaerebat filiam—
Sed inventa gnata servolum emittit manu.

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *conductum (alteram)* Leo.

PERSONAE

EPIDICVS SERVVS
THESPRIO SERVVS
STRATIPPOCLES ADVLESCENS
CHAERIBVLVS ADVLESCENS
PERIPHANES SENEX
APOECIDES SENEX
FIDICINA
MILES
PHILIPPA MVlier
ACROPOLISTIS FIDICINA
DANISTA
TELESTIS VIRGO

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

At the instance of his slave an old gentleman buys a music girl, believing her to be his daughter, and again this slave gulls him by palming off as his son's mistress a girl hired for the occasion. He gives the money to his master's son. With it the young man purchases his own sister, quite unwittingly. The old gentleman, by the help of a woman he had wronged and of a soldier—the one was searching for his mistress, the other for her child—learns that he has been played upon, but on finding his daughter he gives the tricky slave his freedom.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

EPIDICUS, *slave of Periphanes.*

THESPRIO, *orderly to Stratippocles.*

STRATIPPOCLES, *son of Periphanes.*

CHAERIBULUS, *a young gentleman of Athens, friend of Stratippocles.*

PERIPHANES, *an old gentleman of Athens.*

APOECIDES, *an old gentleman, friend of Periphanes.*

A MUSIC GIRL.

A CAPTAIN.

PHILIPPA, *a woman of Epidaurus.*

ACROPOLISTIS, *a music girl.*

A USURER, *of Thebes.*

TELESTIS, *daughter of Philippa.*

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ACTVS I

- Ep.* Heus, adulescens.
- Th.* Quis properantem me reprehendit pallio?
- Ep.* Familiaris.
- Th.* Fateor, nam odio es nimium familiariter.
- Ep.* Respice vero, Thesprio.
- Th.* Oh,
Epidicumne ego conspikor?
- Ep.* Satis recte oculis uteris.
- Th.* Salve.
- Ep.* Di dent quae velis.
venire salvom gaudeo.
- Th.* Quid ceterum?
- Ep.* Quod eo adsolet:
cena tibi dabitur.
- Th.* Spondeo.
- Ep.* Quid—
- Th.* Me accepturum, si dabis.
- Ep.* Quid tu agis? ut vales? exemplum adesse intel-
lego. euge,
corpulentior videre atque habitior.
- Th.* Huic gratia.

EPIDICUS

Scene :—Athens. A street in which stand the adjoining houses of Periphanes and Chaeribulus.

ACT I

ENTER, AT DOUBLE QUICK, *Thesprio*, IN A SLAVE'S MILITARY COSTUME, AND LADEN WITH A BULGING KNAPSACK AND WALLET; FOLLOWED BY *Epidicus*, WHO CATCHES UP WITH HIM AND SEIZES HIS CLOAK.

- Ep.* (*imperiously*) Hi there, young fellow!
Th. (*petulantly, without turning his head*) Who's that clinging to my cloak when I'm in a hurry?
Ep. One of the family.
Th. No doubt—the way you bother me is deucedly familiar.
Ep. Come, come, Thesprio, look behind you.
Th. (*surveying him phlegmatically*) Oh, is this Epidicus I perceive?
Ep. Your eyesight is quite passable.
Th. Good day to you.
Ep. (*nonchalantly*) God grant your wishes. Glad you are safely back.
Th. What else?
Ep. The usual thing—you shall be given a dinner.
Th. I agree.
Ep. What——
Th. (*interrupting*) To accept—if you invite me.
Ep. What about yourself? Are you well? (*scanning him*) I see proof of that before me. (*poking his ribs*) Splendid! You seem quite plump and portly.
Th. (*with an approving grin at his left¹ hand*) Thanks to this.

¹ Often spoken of as the pilfering hand.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ep.* Quam quidem te iam diu
perdidisse oportuit. 11A
- Th.* Minus iam furtificus sum quam antehac.
- Ep.* Quid ita?
- Th.* Rapio propalam.
- Ep.* Di immortales te infelicient, ut tu es gradibus
grandibus.
nam ut apud portum te conspexi, curriculo occepi
sequi;
vix adipiscendi potestas modo fuit.
- Th.* Scurra es.
- Ep.* Scio
te esse equidem hominem militare.
- Th.* Audacter quam vis dicito.
quid ais? perpetuen valuisti?
- Ep.* Varie.
- Th.* Qui varie valent,
capreaginum hominum non placet mihi neque pan-
therinum genus.
- Ep.* Quid tibi vis dicam nisi quod est? ut illae res?
responde.
- Th.* Probe.
- Ep.* Quid erilis noster filius?
- Th.* Valet pugilice atque athleticce. 20
- Ep.* Voluptabilem mihi nuntium tuo adventu adportas,
Thesprio.
sed ubist is?
- Th.* Advenit simul.
- Ep.* Vbi is ergo est? nisi si in vidulo
aut si in mellina attulisti.
- Th.* Di te perdant.
- Ep.* Te volo—
percontari. operam da, opera reddetur tibi.
- Th.* Ius dicis.

EPIDICUS

Ep. (*severely*) Which is something you should have parted with long ago.

Th. (*virtuously*) I'm not such a thief as I used to be.

Ep. How is that?

Th. (*chuckling*) I'm a highway robber.

Ep. The everlasting powers blight you, such stupendous strides as you take! Why, when I spied you at the harbour I began to race after you, but it was only just now that I barely managed to overtake you.

Th. (*preening himself*) Oh, you're a city chap.

Ep. (*pretending to be afraid of Thesprio*) And you, you are certainly a military man, I see that.

Th. (*missing the point*) You may say that boldly as you please. Well? Enjoyed good health all this time, have you?

Ep. (*casually*) Oh, checkered.

Th. (*examining Epidicus's shoulders for whip marks*) Folks of checkered health—your goatish or your panther-like¹ variety—I can't abide.

Ep. What do you want from me but facts? How about the campaign? Speak up.

Th. First rate.

Ep. And our young master?

Th. In fighting trim, fit as an athlete.

Ep. This is blissful news your arrival brings me, Thesprio. But where is he?

Th. He arrived when I did.

Ep. Then where is he? Unless you maybe brought him in your wallet or in your marten-skin knapsack.

Th. You be damned!

Ep. You be—communicative. Come, favour me and the favour will be returned.

Th. (*approvingly*) You speak like a judge!

¹ With mottled backs, as from blows.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

<i>Ep.</i>	Me decet.	
<i>Th.</i>	Iam tu autem nobis praeturam geris?	
<i>Ep.</i>	Quem dices digniorem esse hominem hodie Athenis alterum?	
<i>Th.</i>	At unum a praetura tua, Epidice, abest.	
<i>Ep.</i>	Quidnam?	
<i>Th.</i>	Scies :	27
	lictos duo, duo ulmei fasces virgarum.	
<i>Ep.</i>	Vae tibi.	28
	sed quid ais?	
<i>Th.</i>	Quid rogas?	
<i>Ep.</i>	Vbi arma sunt Stratippocli?	
<i>Th.</i>	Pol illa ad hostis transfugerunt.	
<i>Ep.</i>	Armane?	
<i>Th.</i>	Atque equidem cito.	30
<i>Ep.</i>	Serione dicis tu?	
<i>Th.</i>	Serio, inquam. hostes habent.	31
<i>Ep.</i>	Edepol facinus improbum.	
<i>Th.</i>	At iam ante alii fecerunt idem. erit illi illa res honori.	
<i>Ep.</i>	Qui?	
<i>Th.</i>	Quia ante aliis fuit. Mulciber, credo, arma fecit quae habuit Stratippocles : travolaverunt ad hostis.	
<i>Ep.</i>	Tum ille prognatus Theti sine perdat ; alia apportabunt ei Nerei filiae. id modo videndum est, ut materies suppetat scutariis, si in singulis stipendiis is ad hostis exuvias dabit.	

¹ Used for whips.

² Probably an allusion to the famous cases of Archilochus

EPIDICUS

- Ep.* (*primly*) The proper thing for me !
Th. (*contemptuously*) What, do you already hold the praetorship ?
Ep. Who in all Athens is better qualified to hold it, should you say ?
Th. Well, Epidicus, there's one thing missing from your praetorship.
Ep. So ? What ?
Th. I'll tell you : two lictors and two bundles of rods, elms.¹
Ep. Be hanged to you ! (*pausing*) But I say !
Th. Well, say what ?
Ep. Where are the arms of Stratippocles ?
Th. Gad ! they deserted to the enemy.
Ep. His arms ?
Th. Yes, and in a hurry, too.
Ep. Are you speaking seriously ?
Th. Seriously, yes. The enemy have them.
Ep. By gad ! Disgraceful !
Th. Well, others have done the same before now. The circumstance will bring him honour.
Ep. How ?
Th. Because that's been the result in previous cases.² I fancy Vulcan³ made the arms Stratippocles had : they fairly flew to the enemy.
Ep. Then let him lose them—the son of Thetis ! The Nereids will bring him some more. Only he must take care the shield makers have plenty of raw material, if he intends to present the enemy with spoils on each campaign.

(Crusius, Fr. 5: ἀσπίδι μὲν Σαΐων τις ἀγάλλεται) and of Alcaeus (Strabo, 13, 38: Ἀλκαῖος σόος, Ἄρει ξντεα), imitated by Horace (Od. 2. 7. 10: *relicta non bene parmula*).

³ Vulcan's work often possessed magic properties. The allusion is to the arms of Achilles. *cf.* *Iliad* xviii. 466 ff.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Th.* Supersede istis rebus iam.
Ep. Tu ipse, ubi lubet, finem face.
Th. Desiste percontarier.
Ep. Loquere ipse. ubi ist Stratippocles? 40
Th. Est causa qua causa simul mecum ire veritust.
Ep. Quidnam id est?
Th. Patrem videre se ne volt etiam nunc.
Ep. Quapropter?
Th. Scies.
 quia forma lepida et liberali captivam adulescentulam
 de praeda mercatust.
Ep. Quid ego ex te audio?
Th. Hoc quod fabulor.
Ep. Cur eam emit?
Th. Animi causa.
Ep. Quot illic homo animos habet?
 nam certo, prius quam hinc ad legionem
 abiit domo,
 ipse mandavit mi, ab lenone ut fidicina,
 quam amabat, emeretur sibi. id ei impetratum
 reddidi.
Th. Vt cumque in alto ventust, Epidice, exim velum
 vortitur.
Ep. Vae misero mihi, male perdidit me.
Th. Quid istuc? quidnam est? 50
Ep. Quid istanc quam emit, quanti eam emit?
Th. Vili.
Ep. Haud istuc te rogo.
Th. Quid igitur?
Ep. Quot minis?
Th. Tot—quadraginta minis.
 id adeo argentum ab danista apud Thebas sumpsit
 faenore,
 in dies minasque argenti singulas nummis.

EPIDICUS

Th. Enough of this chaffing now.

Ep. End it yourself, when you please.

Th. Stop asking questions.

Ep. Talk yourself, then. Where is Stratippocles?

Th. (*airily*) There's a reason, by reason of which he was afraid to come along with me.

Ep. Eh? What is this?

Th. He doesn't care to see his father just at present.

Ep. Why not?

Th. I'll tell you. Because from the booty that was taken he bought a lovely, ladylike young miss.

Ep. (*losing his usual coolness*) What's this I hear?

Th. The tale I'm telling.

Ep. Why did he buy her?

Th. She won his heart.

Ep. How many hearts has that fellow got? Why, before he went away from here to the army, he certainly commissioned me himself to go to a pimp and buy him a music girl he was in love with. This commission I executed for him.

Th. The seaman sets his sails to suit the wind, Epidicus.

Ep. Dash my luck! He's done for me in nice style!

Th. What's that? What on earth's the matter?

Ep. (*musings*) The girl he bought—how much did she cost?

Th. He got her cheap.

Ep. I am not asking you that.

Th. What, then?

Ep. How many pounds?

Th. (*counting on his fingers*) So many—one hundred and sixty. Yes, and he got the cash from a money-lender at Thebes on interest—two per cent. a day.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Papae.
Th. Et is danista advenit una cum eo, qui argentum
 petit.

Ep. Di immortales, ut ego interiî basilice.
Th. Quid iam? aut quid est,
 Epidice?

Ep. Perdidit me.
Th. Quis?
Ep. Ille qui arma perdidit.

Th. Nam quid ita?
Ep. Quia cottidie ipse ad me ab legione epistulas
 mittebat—sed taceam optimum est,
 plus scire satiust quam loqui servom hominem.
 ea sapientia est.

60

Th. Nescio edepol quid tu timidus es, trepidas, Epidice,
 ita voltum tuom¹
 videor videre commeruisse hic me absente in te
 aliquid mali.

Ep. Potin ut molestus ne sies?
Th. Abeo.
Ep. Asta, abire hinc non sinam.

Th. Quid nunc me retines?
Ep. Amatne istam quam emit de praeda?
Th. Rogas?
 deperit.

Ep. Detegetur corium de tergo meo.²
Th. Plusque amat quam te unquam amavit.
Ep. Iuppiter te perduit.

Th. Mitte nunciam,
 nam ille me vetuit domum
 venire, ad Chaeribulum iussit huc in prox-
 umum;
 ibi manere iussit, eo venturust ipsus.

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *in voltu tuo* Leo.

² Corrupt (Leo): *degetur (igitur)* Leo.

EPIDICUS

- Ep.* Whew !
- Th.* And this money-lender's come along with him looking for his cash.
- Ep.* Ye immortal gods ! This puts a right royal end to me.
- Th.* What now ? What's wrong, Epidicus ?
- Ep.* He has done for me.
- Th.* Who ?
- Ep.* The man that did for his arms.
- Th.* Why, how so ?
- Ep.* Because he used to send me letters from the army every day—(*aside*) but best keep my mouth shut. A mere slave had better know too much than say too much. That is prudence. (*paces back and forth cogitating*)
- Th.* By Jove, Epidicus, you are in a fright and flurry over something ; judging from your expression, I judge you've got into some scrape here in my absence.
- Em.* (*still thinking*) Can you contrive not to be a nuisance ?
- Th.* I'm going. (*moves away*)
- Ep.* (*seizing his arm*) Stop ! You must not go.
- Th.* What are you holding me for ?
- Ep.* Does he love that captive he bought ?
- Th.* Love her ? He's daft over her.
- Ep.* (*aside, with sober conviction*) My back is going to lose its skin roof.
- Th.* He loves her more than he ever loved you.
- Ep.* Blast you !
- Th.* Let me go at once. You see, he told me not to go home ; said I was to go to Chaeribulus's, next door here. I'm to wait there, and he's coming there himself.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

<i>Ep.</i>	Quid ita?		
<i>Th.</i>	Dicam :		
	quia patrem prius convenire se non volt neque conspicari,		70
	quam id argentum, quod debetur pro illa, denu- meraverit.		
<i>Ep.</i>	Eu edepol res turbulentas.		
<i>Th.</i>	Mitte me ut eam nunciam.		
<i>Ep.</i>	Haecine ubi scibit senex, puppis pereunda est probe.		
<i>Th.</i>	Quid istuc ad me attinet, quo tu intereas modo?		
<i>Ep.</i>	Quia perire solus nolo, te cupio perire mecum, benevolens cum benevolente.		
<i>Th.</i>	Abi in malam rem maxumam a me cum istac condicione.		
<i>Ep.</i>	I sane, siquidem festinas magis.		
<i>Th.</i>	Numquam hominem quemquam conveni, unde abierim lubentius.		80
<i>Ep.</i>	Illic hinc abiit. solus nunc es. quo in loco haec res sit vides, Epidice : nisi quid tibi in tete auxili est, ab- sumptus es. tantae in te impendent ruinae ; nisi suffulcis firmiter, non potes subsistere, itaque in te inruont montes mali. neque ego nunc quo modo me expeditum ex impedito faciam, consilium placet. ego miser perpuli meis dolis senem, ut censeret suam sese emere filiam ; is suo filio		

EPIDICUS

Ep. Why so?

Th. This is why—because he doesn't want his father to meet him or spy him before he's paid up what he owes for that girl.

Ep. Heigh-ho! By gad, this is a pretty mess.

Th. Have done with me and let me go at once.

Ep. (*half to himself*) When the old man hears of this, I'm going to be an absolute wreck astern!

Th. What's the odds to me how you expire?

Ep. This: I dislike to sink alone and yearn to have you sink with me—two devoted friends together.

Th. Leave me alone, and go to the devil along with that proposal of yours!

Ep. (*politely*) Do go, by all means, if you really are in such a hurry.

Th. (*making for Chaeribulus's door*) I never met any man I was gladder to get away from. [EXIT.

Ep. (*looking after him*) The fellow's gone. (*meditating*) Here you are alone, my lad. You see the situation, Epidicus: unless you have some strength within you, your hour has come. Above your head is a great big tottering mass; unless you prop it up firmly, you'll not be able to keep your feet, with such mountains of misery toppling down on you. Not a decent idea have I now how to untangle myself from the tangle. I have cajoled the old man—worse luck!—into believing he was buying his own daughter; what he did buy was a music girl for his own son, a girl my master

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

fidicinam emit, quam ipse amat, quam abiens mandavit mihi. 90

si sibi nunc
alteram
ab legione adduxit animi causa, corium perdidit. 91A
nam ubi senex

senserit
sibi data esse verba, virgis dorsum despoliet meum.
at enim tu

praeceve.
at enim—bat enim, nihil est istuc. plane hoc
corruptumst caput.

nequam homo es,
Epidice.
qui lubidost male loqui? 97
quia tu tete deseris.
quid faciam?

men rogas?
tu quidem antehac aliis solebas dare consilia mutua.
aliquid aliqua reperiundumst. sed ego cesso ire
obviam 100
adulescenti, ut quid negoti sit sciam. atque ipse
illic est.
tristis est. cum Chaeribulo incedit aequali suo.
huc concedam, orationem unde horum placide
persequar.

I. 2.

Str. Rem tibi sum elocutus omnem, Chaeribule, atque
admodum
meorum maerorum atque amorum summam edic-
tavi tibi.

Chaer. Praeter aetatem et virtutem stultus es, Stratippocles.
idne pudet te, quia captivam genere progeneratam
bono

EPIDICUS

loved and consigned to me when he left. If he has brought back from the army now another wench that has won his heart, I have lost my hide. For let the old man find out he was fooled, and he will strip my dorsal regions with a stick. *(pausing)* Oh well, be on your guard, my lad. *(after a moment's thought, disgustedly)* "Oh well"—oh hell! It's no use! This head of mine is absolutely addled. You good-for-nothing, Epidicus! *(pausing)* Why should I enjoy abusing myself? *(answering in another tone)* Because you leave yourself in the lurch. What shall I do? Do you ask me? Why, you're the man that before this used to lend counsel to other folks. Some scheme must be found somewhere. But I must hurry up and meet my young sir and learn how matters stand. *(glancing down the street)* Ah, there he is himself! He looks glum. Paces slowly on with his mate Chaeribulus. *(withdrawing into the doorway)* I'll step back here where I can follow their remarks at my ease.

Scene 2. ENTER *Stratippocles* AND *Chaeribulus*.

Str. *(dolefully)* I've told you the whole story, Chaeribulus, and stated to you the sum total of my afflictions and affections.

Chaer. *(cheerfully)* Stratippocles, you're more of a fool than even your youth and valour give you a right to be. Ashamed because you've bought a well-

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

de praeda es mercatus? quis erit, vitio quid id vortat tibi?

Str. Qui invident omnes inimicos mi illoc facto repperi;
at pudicitiae eius numquam nec vim nec vitium attuli.

110

Chaer. Iam istoc probior¹ meo quidem animo, cum in amore temperes.

Str. Nihil agit qui diffidentem verbis solatur suis;
is est amicus, qui in re dubia re iuvat, ubi rest opus.

Chaer. Quid tibi me vis facere?

Str. Argenti dare quadraginta minas,
quod danistae detur, unde ego illud sumpsi faenore.

Chaer. Si hercle haberem²—

Str. Nam quid te igitur retulit
beneficium esse oratione, si ad rem auxilium emortuom est?

Chaer. Quin edepol egomet clamore differor, difflagitor.

Str. Malim istius modi mihi amicos furno mersos quam foro.

sed operam Epidici nunc me emere pretio pretioso velim.

120

quem quidem ego hominem irrigatum plagis pistori dabo,

nisi hodie prius comparassit mihi quadraginta minas, quam argenti fuero elocutus ei postremam syllabam.

Ep. Salva res est: bene promittit, spero servabit fidem.
sine meo sumptu paratae iam sunt scapulis symbolae.

aggrediar hominem. advenientem peregre erum³

Stratippoclem

impertit salute servos Epidicus.

Str. Vbi is est?

¹ Leo brackets following *es*.

² Leo notes lacuna here: *haberem* (*pollicerer*) Mueller.

³ Leo brackets following *suom*.

EPIDICUS

born captive lass from amongst the booty? Who will there be to turn that to your discredit?

Str. Everyone that envies me has been made my enemy by it; but never a thing have I done to outrage or sully her innocence.

Chaer. Then the more credit to you, say I, for controlling yourself when in love.

Str. (*peerishly*) It does no good to offer a fellow in distress consoling words; his real friend in a pinch is a friend in deed, when deeds are needed.

Chaer. What do you want me to do?

Str. To give me a hundred and sixty pounds to give the money-lender from whom I got that sum at interest.

Chaer. By Jove, if I had it——

Str. Well, then, what was the use of being bountiful in talk, if all real help was dead in you?

Chaer. But, good heavens, I'm harassed, hounded, by duns myself!

Str. (*still sour*) Friends of your sort I'd rather see in blazes than in bankruptcy. Ah, I'd be willing to pay a pretty price for Epidicus's assistance now. I'll have that fellow flogged till he's irrigated, and then sent to the mill, unless he gets me a hundred and sixty pounds to-day before the last syllable of the sum has left my lips.

Ep. (*aside, dryly*) Saved! A pleasant promise, and one he means to keep, I trust. Here's a picnic prepared for my shoulder-blades perfectly free of charge. I'll to him. (*aloud, from the doorway, with mock courtliness*) To master Stratippocles returning from abroad best wishes are extended by servant Epidicus, sir.

Str. (*looking about*) Epidicus? Where?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Adest.
- Ep.* salvom huc advenisse—
- Str.* Tam tibi istuc credo quam mihi.
- Ep.* Benene usque valuisti?
- Str.* A morbo valui, ab animo aeger fui.
- Ep.* Quod ad me attinuit, ego curavi; quod mandavisti
mihi
impetratum est, emptā ancilla, quod tute ad me
litteras
missiculabas.
- Str.* Perdidisti omnem operam.
- Ep.* Nam qui perdidisti?
- Str.* Quia meo neque cara est cordi neque placet.
- Ep.* Quid retulit
mihi tanto opere te mandare et mittere ad me
epistulas?
- Str.* Illam amabam olim, nunc iam alia cura impendit
pectori.
- Ep.* Hercle miserum est ingratum esse homini id quod
facias bene.
ego quod bene feci male feci, quia amor mutavit
locum.
- Str.* Desipiebam mentis, cum illa scripta mittebam tibi.
- Ep.* Men piacularem oportet fieri ob stultitiam tuam,
ut meum tergum tuae stultitiae subdas succi-
daneum?
- Str.* Quid istic? verba facimus. huic homini opust
quadraginta minis
celeriter calidis, danistae quas resolvat, et cito.
- Ep.* Dic modo unde auferre me vis. a quo trapezita
peto?
- Str.* Unde libet. nam ni ante solem occasum e¹ loculis
adferes,

130

140

¹ e loculis adferes Lindsay: cdo MSS.

EPIDICUS

Ep. (*stepping out*) Present. Your safe return is——

Str. I believe you in that as I would myself.

Ep. Have you been well, sir, to date?

Str. In body, yes, but I've been sick at heart.

Ep. I have attended to my part of the case, sir; your commission is executed, the slave girl you yourself were for ever writing about is bought.

Str. All your labour has been lost.

Ep. (*apparently amazed*) Lost? How?

Str. Because I don't care about her and she doesn't suit me.

Ep. What was the point of your giving me such urgent orders and sending me letters?

Str. I loved her, then; (*languishingly*) now, now, another love o'erhangs my heart.

Ep. (*with feeling*) By Jove, it is hard when you do a man a good turn and get no thanks for it. Here is my good turn turned bad, all because your love has shifted.

Str. I was off my head when I kept sending you those letters.

Ep. And should I be the victim because you were a fool, and let you substitute my back as a sacrifice to your folly?

Str. (*impatient*) Come, come! this is mere chatter. I am a man that needs a hundred and sixty pounds piping hot, in a hurry, to pay off a money-lender, and no time to lose.

Ep. (*sarcastically*) Simply say where you wish me to get them. What banker shall I go to?

Str. Where you please. For unless you bring them

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

meam domum ne inbitas : tu te in pistrinum con-
feras.¹ .

Ep. Facile tu istuc sine periculo et cura, corde libero
fabulare ; novi ego nostros : mihi dolet cum ego
vapulo.

Str. Quid tu nunc ? patierin ut ego me interimam ?

Ep. Ne feceris.
ego istuc accedam periculum potius atque auda-
ciam.

Str. Nunc places, nunc ego te laudo.

Ep. Patiar ego istuc quod lubet. 150

Str. Quid illa fiet fidicina igitur ?

Ep. Aliqua res reperibitur,
aliqua ope exsolvar, extricabor aliqua.

Str. Plenus consili es.
novi ego te.

Ep. Est Euboicus miles locuples, multo auro potens,
qui ubi tibi istam emptam esse scibit atque hanc
adductam alteram,
continuo te orabit ultro ut illam tramittas sibi.
sed ubi illa est quam tu adduxisti tecum ?

Str. Iam faxo hic erit.

Chaer. Quid hic nunc agimus ?

Str. Eamus intro huc ad te, ut hunc hodie diem
luculentum habeamus.

Ep. 160
Ite intro, ego de re argentaria
iam senatum convocabo in corde consiliarium,
quod potissimum indicatur bellum unde argentum
auferam.

Epidice, vide quid agas, ita res subito haec obie-
cisti tibi ;
non enim nunc tibi dormitandi neque cunctandi
copia est ;

¹ (*confers*) Lindsay:

EPIDICUS

from their coffers before sunset, you needn't enter my house—hie yourself off to the mill.

Ep. (*indignant*) Easy enough for you to run on like that, with no danger and worry, nothing on your mind! But I, I know our folks—it hurts me when I get thrashed.

Str. (*pathetically*) What then? Will you suffer me to destroy myself?

Ep. (*patronizingly*) No, not that. I'd sooner assume the risk myself—as well as the nerve!

Str. That's a good fellow, that's the way to act!

Ep. (*warming up*) I will suffer whatever comes.

Str. What'll be done with that music girl, then?

Ep. (*easily*) Some way shall be found; I will escape by some means, extricate myself somehow.

Str. You're full of ideas! I know you!

Ep. There is a rich Captain from Euboea, with no end of money, and the moment he learns you bought this girl there (*pointing to the house*) and have brought along that other one, he will come himself and beg you to pass the first one over to him. But where is that lady you brought home with you?

Str. She'll soon be here, I warrant.

Chaer. What are we to do here now?

Str. Let's go over to your house and make this a gala day. [EXEUNT *Chaeribulus* AND *Stratippocles*.

Ep. (*as they disappear*) Yes, go in; as for myself, I will now summon the senate inside my chest to consider matters of finance and decide who is the best party to declare war against and get money from. (*after reflection*) Look sharp, now, Epidicus, with such a sudden duty devolving upon you. I tell you what, there's no chance now for you to nap

EPIDICUS

or hesitate. Forward! I'll storm the old man—my resolve is fixed. Off, be off inside with you, Epidicus, and tell the young master not to saunter out of the house here or cross the old chap's path anywhere. [EXIT INTO HOUSE OF *Chaeribulus*.

ACT II

ENTER *Apocides* AND *Periphanes*

Ap. Most men that feel ashamed when there's no occasion for it, lose the feeling when they should have it, when shame is quite appropriate. And upon my word, you're one of them. What is there to be ashamed of in your marrying a poor woman that comes of good family? Especially when you tell me she's the woman that bore you this daughter of yours.

Per. I respect my son's feelings.

Ap. (*laughing*) Well, by gad! I supposed you were ashamed at the thought of your defunct wife, whose tomb you never see without offering victims to Pluto—and so you should, too, for having been allowed to get the better of her, in length of days.

Per. (*wryly*) Oh, I was a Hercules while she was with me! His sixth¹ labour was no heavier than the labour I was subjected to.

Ap. Lord, man, a fat dowry is good money.

Per. Gad, yes, if it comes without the wife.

¹ One is tempted to see here an allusion to Hercules' subjection to women, and particularly to Omphale. Kiessling (*Rh. M.* xxiii. 418) urged that this is one of the many cases where Plautus uses "sixth" *causa exempli*.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

II. 2

Ep.

St,

tacete, habete animum bonum.

liquido exeo foras auspicio,

avi sinistra :

acutum cultrum habeo, senis qui exenterem mar-
suppium.

sed eccum ipsum ante aedis conspicio cum¹

Apocide

184, 185

qualis volo vetulos duo.

iam ego me convortam in hirudinem atque eorum
exsugebo sanguinem,

senati qui columnen cluent.²

Ap.

Continuo ut maritus fiat.

Per.

Laudo consilium tuum. 189, 190

nam ego illum audiui in amorem haerere apud
nescio quam fidicinam,

id ego excrucior.

Ep.

Di hercle omnis me adiuvant augent amant.

ipsi hi quidem mihi dant viam, quo pacto ab se
argentum auferam.

age nunciam orna te, Epidice, et palliolum in collum
conice

itaque adsimulato quasi per urbem totam hominem
quaesiveris.

age, si quid agis. di immortales, utinam con-
veniam domi

**Periphanem, per omnem urbem quem sum defessus
quaerere :**

per medicinas, per tonstrinas, in gymnasio atque
in foro,

per myrōpolia et lanienas circumque argentarias.

rogitando sum raucus factus, paene in cursu concidi. 200

¹ (*cum*) *Apoclide* Leo.

² Leo notes lacuna here.

EPIDICUS

Scene 2.

ENTER *Epidicus* INTO THE DOORWAY OF
Chaeribulus's HOUSE

Ep. (to *Stratippocles* and *Chaeribulus* within) Sh-h! Not a word. Keep your courage up. I go out with clear auspices, with a bird on my left; I have a good sharp knife to disembowel the old man's purse with. (aside) Aha, though! There he is himself in front of the house with *Apocides*—just such a pair of old dotards as I want. Now to turn myself into a leech and suck the blood out of these so-called pillars of the senate.

Ap. He ought to be married immediately.

Per. Just the thing! You see, I've heard he is entangled in an affair with some music girl or other, and it tortures me.

Ep. (aside, exultantly) By heaven, all the gods do aid, augment, and love me! Why these two old fellows themselves are showing me the way to get their money. Come now, *Epidicus*, come, put yourself in trim—bundle your cloak on your neck (doing so) and act as if you have been hunting the man all over the city. Now or never! (steps unseen out of doorway, panting and exhausted; then aloud) Ye immortal gods! Oh, to find *Periphanes* at home! I'm all tired out with looking for him through the whole city—in doctors' offices, barbers' shops, the gymnasium and forum, perfumers' stores and butchers' stalls and roundabout the banks. I'm hoarse with asking about him, I have almost collapsed in the chase.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Per. Epidice.
Ep. Epidicum quis est qui revocat?
Per. Ego sum, Periphanes.
Ap. Et ego Apoecides sum.
Ep. Et ego quidem sum Epidicus. sed, ere, optuma
 vos video opportunitate ambo advenire.
Per. Quid rei est?
Ep. Mane dum, sine respirem quaeso.
Per. Immo adquiesce.
Ep. Animo malest.
Ap. Recipe anhelitum.
Per. Clementer, requiesce.
Ep. Animum advortite.
 a legione omnes remissi sunt domum Thebis.
Ap. Quis hoc
 dicit factum?
Ep. Ego ita factum esse dico.
Per. Scin tu istuc?
Ep. Scio.
Per. Qui tu scis?
Ep. Quia ego ire vidi milites plenis viis;
 arma referunt et iumenta ducunt.
Per. Nimis factum bene.
Ep. Tum captivorum quid ducunt secum! pueros, vir-
 gines,
 binos, ternos, alius quinque; fit concursus per
 vias,
 filios suos quisque visunt.
Per. Hercle rem gestam bene.
Ep. Tum meretricum numerus tantus, quantum in urbe
 omni fuit,
 obviam ornatae occurrebant suis quaeque amato-
 ribus,
 eos captabant. id adeo qui maxime animum ad-
 vorterim?

EPIDICUS

- Per.* (*calling*) Epidicus!
- Ep.* (*without looking*) Who is calling Epidicus back?
- Per.* I am, Periphanes.
- Ap.* And I am, Apoecides.
- Ep.* And I, I am Epidicus. But, master, it's splendid luck seeing you two turn up!
- Per.* What is the matter?
- Ep.* (*weakly*) Wait a minute—let me have a breathing spell!
- Per.* No, no, take a real rest.
- Ep.* (*tottering*) I feel faint. (*both old men support him*)
- Ap.* Get your breath.
- Per.* Easy, easy, rest yourself.
- Ep.* (*recovering gradually*) Listen here, sir. All the troops have been sent back home from Thebes.
- Ap.* Who says so?
- Ep.* I—I say so.
- Per.* You know that for a fact?
- Ep.* I do.
- Per.* How do you know it?
- Ep.* Because I saw the soldiers tramping through the crowded streets. They're bringing back arms and leading baggage animals.
- Per.* Ah, splendid, splendid!
- Ep.* And the captives they have in tow! Boys, girls, —two apiece, three apiece, another man with five! The streets are jammed, everyone going to see his son.
- Per.* By Jove! A fine campaign!
- Ep.* And then the harlots, sir—the whole city supply of 'em—all decked out, were running up to meet their own special lovers and trying to land them. And how did I come to notice this particularly?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

pleraeque eae sub vestimentis secum habebant
retia.

quom ad portam venio, atque ego illam illi video
praestolarier
et cum ea tibicinac ibant quattuor.

Per. Quicum, Epidice?

Ep. Cum illa quam tuos gnatus annos multos deamat,
deperit,
ubi fidemque remque seque teque properat perdere; 220
ea praestolabatur illum apud portam.

Per. Viden veneficam?

Ep. Sed vestita, aurata, ornata ut lepide, ut concinne,
ut nove.

Per. Quid erat induta? an regillam induculam an men-
diculam?

Ep. Impluviatam, ut istaec faciunt vestimentis nomina.

Per. Vtin impluvium induta fuerit?

Ep. Quid istuc tam mirabile est?
quasi non fundis exornatae multae incedant per vias.
at tributus quom imperatus est, negant pendi potis;
illis quibus tributus maior penditur, pendi potest.
quid istae, quae vesti quotannis nomina inveniunt
nova?

tunicam rallam, tunicam spissam, linteolum caesi-
cium,

indusiatam, patagiata, caltulam aut crocotulam,
subparum aut subnimum, ricam, basilicum aut
exoticum,

cumatile aut plumatile, carinum aut cerinum—
gerrae maxumae.

cani quoque etiam ademptumst nomen.

Per. Qui?

¹ A play on *subparum* (linen garment) as if it were
sub-parum.

EPIDICUS

Most of them had nets with 'em—under their clothes. When I come to the gate—I—yes, sir—I see *her* waiting there, and four flute girls along with her.

Per. (*blankly*) With whom, Epidicus?

Ep. (*excitedly*) With that woman your son has been desperately, doatingly in love with for years, sir; the woman he is rushing to wreck his reputation and his fortune and his life and your life for—she, she, was waiting for him at the gate!

Per. (*to Apocides, indignantly*) Look at that, the murderess!

Ep. But the way she was dressed, bejewelled, be-decked, sir—so charmingly, so tastefully, so stylishly!

Per. (*contemptuously*) What did she have on? The Princess style of tunic, or the Beggarmaid?

Ep. The Sky-light—according to the way the women-folk name their garments.

Per. Eh? She wore a sky-light?

Ep. What's so remarkable in that, sir? As if lots of wenches weren't parading the streets with whole estates on their backs. But when the taxes are levied the men say they can't pay; the heavier tax levied by these wenches,—that can be paid all right. (*scornfully*) What are they at, sir, those women that invent new names for garments every year? The Looseknit tunic, the Closeknit tunic, the Linenblue, the Interior, the Goldedge, the Marigold or Crocus tunic, the Shift—or Shiftless¹—the Mantilla, the Royal or the Exotic, the Wavy or the Downy, the Nutty or the Waxy—and not a kernel of sense in all of it. They've even taken the name of a dog, sir.

Per. How?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Vocant Laconicum.
haec vocabula auctiones subigunt ut faciant viros.

Ap. Quin tu ut ocepisti loquere?

Ep. Ocepere aliae mulieres
duae post me sic fabulari inter sese—ego abscessi
sciens

paulum ab illis, dissimulabam earum operam ser-
moni dare;

nec satis exaudibam, nec sermonis fallebar tamen,
quae loquerentur.

Per. Id lubidost scire.

Ep. Ibi illarum altera.

dixit illi quicum ipsa ibat—

Per. Quid?

Ep. Tace ergo, ut audias—
postquam illam sunt conspicatae, quam tuos gnatus
deperit:

“quam facile et quam fortunate evenit illi, obsecro,
mulieri, quam liberare volt amator.” “quisnam
is est?”

inquit altera illi. ibi illa nominat Stratippoclem
Periphanai filium.

Per. Perii hercle. quid ego ex te audio?

Ep. Hoc quod actum est. egomet postquam id illas
audivi loqui,

coepi rursum vorsum ad illas pauxillatim accedere,
quasi retruderet hominum me vis invitum.

Per. Intellego.

Ep. Ibi illa interrogavit illam: “qui scis? quis id dixit
tibi?”

“quin hodie adlatae tabellae sunt ad eam a
Stratippocle,
eum argentum sumpsisse apud Thebas ab danista
faenore,

id paratum et sese ob eam rem id ferre.

EPIDICUS

Ep Calling an article the Laconian.¹ (*profoundly*) It is terms like these that bring husbands to bankruptcy.

Why don't you go on with your story?

Two other women began chattering behind me, (*illustrating*) so, I drew away a bit purposely, pretended not to notice their conversation; I couldn't catch all they said, but not much escaped me, just the same.

I should very much like to know what it was.

Well, one of them said to the other one along with her——

What?

Now do keep still, sir, and then you'll hear—after they spied that girl your son is daft over: "Mercy me," says she, "the easy, lucky way things do come to that girl, with her lover wanting to set her free!" "Who on earth is he?" says the other. Then the first one names him—Stratippocles, the son of Periphanes.

(*wildly*) Oh-h damnation! What's this I hear?

The facts in the case, sir. As for me, after I heard them talking like this I began to back up toward them little by little as if people were pushing me and shoving me back despite me.

(*impatiently*) I understand.

Then the second one asked the first: "How do you know? Who told you?" "Why," says she, "this very day a letter was brought to her from Stratippocles saying he'd got money on interest from a money-lender at Thebes, that he had it in hand and was bringing it himself for this very purpose."

¹ Both a kind of dog and a kind of tunic.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Per. Certo ego occidi.

Ep. Haec sic aibat; sic audivisse ex eapse atque epistula.

Per. Quid ego nunc faciam? consilium a te expetesso
Apoecides.

Ap. Reperiamus aliquid calidi conducibilis consili.
nam ille quidem aut iam hic aderit, credo hercle,
aut iam adest.

Ep. Si aequom siet
me plus sapere quam vos, dederim vobis consilium
catum,
quod laudetis, ut ego opino, uterque—

Per. Ergo ubi id est, Epidie.

Ep. Atque ad eam rem conducibile.

Ap. Quid istuc dubitas dicere.

Ep. Vos priores esse oportet, nos posterius dicere,
qui plus sapitis.

Per. Eia vero, age dic.

Ep. At deridebitis.

Ap. Non edepol faciemus.

Ep. Immo, si placebit, utitor,
consilium si non placebit, reperitote rectius.
mihi istic nec seritur nec metitur, nisi ea quae tu
vis volo.

Per. Gratiam habeo; fac participes nos tuae sapientiae.

Ep. Continuo arbitretur uxor tuo gnato atque ut fidi-
cinam

illam quam is volt liberare, quae illum corrumpit
tibi,

ulciscare atque ita curetur, usque ad mortem ut
serviat.

Ap. Fieri oportet.

Per. Facere cupio quidvis, dum id fiat modo.

EPIDICUS

Per.

Death and damnation !

This was what she said ; she had learned this from the girl herself and from the letter.

Ap.

Ep.

What shall I do now ? I look to you for advice, Apoecides.

(looking wise) We must hit on some plan piping hot and to the point. For that young worthy will either be here soon, I suppose—gad, yes!—or is here already.

Per.

Ep.

(diffidently) If it was proper for me to be wiser than you, sirs, I could provide you with an artful wian that you'd both approve of, as I think—

Per.

Ep.

Well then, where is it, Epidicus ?

No, and a plan quite to the point, too.

Why so slow to say what it is ?

You gentlemen ought to speak first and I second, you being the wiser, sirs.

(impatiently) Oh really now ! Come, out with it.

(bashfully) But you two will make fun of me.

(patronizingly) No, no, upon my word.

Per.

Ep.

Oh well, if my plan suits you, use it ; if it doesn't, look up a likelier one. It's no crop of mine I'm sowing or reaping here, sir ; I only want what you want.

(ironically) I thank you. Make us sharers in your wisdom.

Per.

Ep.

You should settle on a wife for your son at once, sir, yes, and as for that music girl he wants to set free, that girl who's corrupting him for you, you ought to wreak vengeance on her and see that she slaves it to her very dying day.

(pleased at seeing his advice corroborated) Precisely, precisely.

I'm eager to do anything you like, if it's only possible.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ep.* nunc occasiost faciundi, prius quam in urbem ad-
venerit,
sicut cras hic aderit, hodie non venit.
- Per.* Qui scis?
Ep. Scio.
quia mihi alius dixit qui illinc venit, mane hic
adfore.
- Per.* Quin tu eloquere, quid faciemus?
Ep. Sic faciundum censeo
quasi tu cupias liberare fidicinam animi gratia
quasique ames vehementer tu illam.
- Per.* Quam ad rem istuc refert?
Ep. Rogas?
ut enim praestines argento, prius quam veniat filius,
atque ut eam te in libertatem dicas emere—
- Per.* Intellego.
Ep. Vbi erit emptā, ut aliquo ex urbe amoveas; nisi
quid est tua
secus sententia.
- Per.* Immo docte.
Ep. Quid tua autem, Apoecides?
Ap. Quid ego iam nisi te commentum nimis astute in-
tellego?
- Ep.* Iam simul igitur amota ei erit omnis consultatio
nuptiarum, ne gravetur quod velis.
- Per.* Vive sapis,
et placet.
- Ep.* Tum tu igitur calide quidquid acturu's age.
Per. Rem hercle loquere.
- Ep.* Et repperi, haec te qui abscedat suspicio.
Per. Sine me scire.
- Ep.* Scibis, audi.
Ap. Sapit hic pleno pectore.

EPIDICUS

Ep. There ! Now's our chance to do it, before he reaches the city; he comes to-morrow, you understand, not to-day.

Per. How do you know ?

Ep. I do know, sir. You see, another man from there told me he would arrive here in the morning.

Per. Speak out, will you ? What shall we do ?

Ep. I think you should act as if you longed to set the music girl free for your own enjoyment, sir, and as if you were violently in love with her yourself.

Per. What is the good of that ?

Ep. The good ? Why, so that before your son comes you may have her bought and paid for and say you purchased her to set her free—

Per. I understand.

Ep. —and once she is purchased, remove her from the city somewhere—supposing you have no different views, sir.

Per. No, no,—a good idea !

Ep. *(to Apocides, deferentially)* And what do you say, sir ?

Ap. I ? What can I say, save that I consider your scheme very shrewd indeed ?

Ep. Then all his qualms about marrying will be removed along with her, and he won't oppose your wishes.

Per. You're a perfect genius ! Excellent !

Ep. Now then, sir, whatever you're going to do, do it in hot haste.

Per. By gad, you're right.

Ep. And I've found a way to leave you unsuspected in the matter.

Per. Let me hear it.

Ep. You shall, sir : listen.

Ap. The fellow is overflowing with wisdom.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Opus est homine qui illo argentum deferat pro
fidicina;
nam te nolo neque opus factost.

Per. Quid iam?
Ep. Ne te censeat
fili causa facere—

Per. Docte.
Ep. Quo illum ab illa prohibeas:
ne qua ob eam suspicionem difficultas evenat. 290

Per. Quem hominem inveniemus ad eam rem utilem?
Ep. Hic erit optimus,
hic poterit cavere recte, iura qui et leges tenet.
Per. Epidico habeas gratiam.

Ep. Sed ego istuc faciam sedulo.
ego illum conveniam atque adducam hunc ad eum
quoiast fidicina,
atque argentum ego cum hoc feram.

Per. Quanti emi potest minimo?
Ep. Illane?
ad quadraginta fortasse eam posse emi minimo
minis.
verum si plus dederis, referam, nihil in ea re
captiosst.
atque id non decem occupatum tibi erit argentum
dies.

Per. Quidum?
Ep. Quia enim mulierem alius illam adulescens
deperit,
auro opulentus, magnus miles Rhodius, raptor
hostium, 300
gloriosus. is emet illam de te et dabit aurum
lubens.

face modo, est lucrum hic tibi amplum.
Per. Deos quidem oro.

EPIDICUS

Ep. We need a man to carry the money for the music girl to her owner ; for you mustn't, sir, yourself, and there's no need of it, either.

Per. Why so, pray ?

Ep. So that he won't surmise you're acting for your son's welfare—

Per. Very prudent !

Ep. —with the idea of separating him from her ; you don't want any difficulty to arise from such a suspicion.

Per. Where shall we find a suitable man for this ?

Ep. (*pointing to Apocides*) Here, sir, the best possible man, a man who'll be able to take due precautions, a man with legal matters and laws at his fingers' ends.

Per. (*to Apocides, smiling*) You ought to feel obliged to Epidicus.

Ep. But I, too, will do my very best in the matter, sir. I'll meet the music girl's owner and conduct this gentleman to him, and go along with him myself with the money

Per. What's the lowest price she can be bought for ?

Ep. The girl ? Oh, a hundred and sixty pounds, I daresay, at the lowest. However, if you give me more than enough, I'll bring it back, sir. (*as Periphanes looks doubtful*) There's no trap here. Besides, this money won't be tied up for ten days.

Per. Eh, how's that ?

Ep. Why, sir, because there's another young fellow daft over the girl, a fellow rolling in wealth, a mighty military man from Rhodes, a ravager of foemen, a braggart. He'll buy her of you and give you his gold gladly. Just do your part ; there are big profits for you in this, sir.

Per. I certainly pray Heaven there may be.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Impetras.
Ap. Quin tu is intro atque huic argentum promis? ego
 visam ad forum.
 Epidice, eo veni.
Ep. Ne abitas prius quam ego ad te venero.
Ap. Vsque opperiar.
Per. Sequere tu intro.
Ep. I, numera, nil ego te moror.

II. 3.

nullum esse opinor ego agrum in agro Attico
 aequae feracem quam hic est noster Periphanes;
 quin ex ocluso atque obsignato armario
 decutio argenti tantum quantum mihi lubet.
 quod pol ego metuo si senex resciverit, 310
 ne ulmos parasitos faciat, quae usque attondeant.
 sed me una turbat res ratioque, Apoecidi
 quam ostendam fidicinam aliquam conducticiam.
 atque id quoque habeo. mane me iussit senex
 conducere aliquam fidicinam sibi huc domum,
 quae, dum rem dinam faceret, cantaret sibi;
 ea conducetur atque ei praemonstrabitur
 quo pacto fiat subdola adversus senem.
 ibo intro, argentum accipiam ab damnosio sene.

ACTVS III

Str. Expectando exedor miser atque exenteror, 320
 quo modo mi Epidici blanda dicta evenant.

EPIDICUS

Ep. Your prayer is answered.

Ap. (*to Periphanes*) Why don't you go in and procure the money for him? I'll look about the forum, myself. Meet me there, Epidicus.

Ep. Don't you go away before I do meet you there.

Ap. I'll wait till then. [EXIT.

Per. (*entering his house*) Come inside with me, you.

Ep. Go on, sir, count it out; don't let me detain you.
[EXIT *Periphanes*.

Scene 3.

(*gleefully*) I don't believe there is a single field in all Attica as fertile as this Periphanes of ours; why, though his chest is shut up and sealed, yet I shake the money out of it to any amount I like. (*pauses*) Gad, if the old fellow discovers it, I fear he'll make the elm switches cling to me like parasites and lick me to the bone. But the one really bothersome thing on my mind is what music girl to show Apocides, some hired one. (*meditates*) Aha! I see my way there, too. This morning the old man told me to hire a music girl for him and bring her to the house here to play for him while he offered sacrifice. Hired she shall be, yes, and instructed beforehand how to pull the wool over his aged eyes. I'll go in and collect the cash from the old spendthrift.

[EXIT.

ACT III

ENTER *Stratippocles* AND *Chaeribulus* FROM THE
LATTER'S HOUSE.

Str. (*desperately*) Oh, I'm devoured, disembowelled, with this damnable waiting to see what Epidicus's smooth talk will actually bring me! The agony's

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

nimis diu macror; sitne quid necne sit,
scire cupio.

Chaer. Per illam tibi copiam
copiam parare aliam licet; scivi equidem in prin-
cipio ilico
nullam tibi esse in illo copiam.

Str. Interii hercle ego.

Chaer. Absurde facis qui angas te animi; si hercle ego
illum semel prendero,
numquam inridere nos illum inultum sinam servom
hominem.

Str. Quid illum facere vis, qui, tibi quoi divitiae domi
maxumae sunt,
is nummum nullum habes neque sodali tuo in te
copiast. 329, 330.

Chaer. Si hercle habeam, pollicear lubens, verum aliquid
aliqua aliquo modo
alicunde ab aliqui aliqua tibi spes est fore meliorem
fortunam.

Str. Vae tibi, muricide homo.

Chaer. Qui tibi lubet mihi male loqui?

Str. Quippe tu mi aliquid aliquo modo alicunde ab ali-
quibus blatis
quod nusquamst neque ego id inmitto in
aures meas
nec mihi plus adiumenti¹ ades, quam ille qui num-
quam etiam natust.

III. 2.

Ep. Fecisti iam officium tuom, me meum nunc facere
oportet.
per hanc curam quieto tibi licet esse—hoc quidem
iam periit.

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *adiumento* Seyffert.

EPIDICUS

too long drawn out; good or bad, I do so want to know the result.

Chaer. As far as aid from him is concerned you might as well look elsewhere; as a matter of fact, I knew at the very outset there was no aid for you in him.

Str. Oh this is awful, awful!

Chaer. You're a fool to fret so. By gad, once I lay hands on him, that wretched slave shall never give us the laugh without paying for it!

Str. (*bitterly*) What do you want him to do, *you*, a man with all *your* money, and yet haven't got a penny for your friends and won't aid your own chum!

Chaer. Man alive, if I had it, I'd promise it to you gladly—but something, somehow, some way, from somewhere, from some one, there's some hope of your having better luck.

Ugh! blast you! you chicken-hearted fellow!

Chaer. Why does it please you to abuse me?

Str. Why? With your babbling about something, some way, from somewhere, from some one—something that's nowhere, that I won't let you fill my ears with—and being of no more use to me than a man that was never born at all!

ENTER *Epidicus*, CARRYING A BAG OF MONEY, FROM

Scene 2. *Periphanes's* HOUSE.

Ep. (*to Periphanes within*) Yes, sir, you have done your part, and now I must do mine. You may rest easy as far as this is concerned—(*waving the bag as the door closes*) for really this is quite dead already.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ne quid tibi hinc in spem referas, oppido hoc
 pollinctum¹ est.
 crede modo mihi. sic ego ago, sic egerunt nostri. 340
 Pro di immortales, mihi hunc diem dedistis lucu-
 lentum,
 ut facilem atque impetrabilem! sed ego hinc mi-
 grare cesso,
 ut importem in coloniam hunc meo auspicio com-
 meatum?
 mihi cesso, cum sto. sed quid hoc? ante aedis duo
 sodales,
 erum et Chaeribulum, conspikor. quid hic agitis?
 accipe hoc sis.

Str. Quantum hic inest?

Ep. Quantum sat est, et plus satis: superfit.
 decem minis plus attuli quam tu danistae debes.
 dum tibi ego placeam atque obsequar, meum ter-
 gum flocci facio.

Str. Nam quid ita?

Ep. Quia ego tuum patrem faciam parenticidam.

Str. Quid istuc est verbi?

Ep. Nil moror vetera et volgata verba. 350

peratum ductarent; ego follitum ductitabo.
 nam leno omne argentum abstulit pro fidicina—
 ego resolvi,
 manibus his denumeravi—pater suam natam quam
 esse credit.
 nunc iterum ut fallatur pater tibi que auxilium
 apparetur

¹ *pollinctum* Goetz: *politum* or *pollitum* MSS.

EPIDICUS

Don't count on seeing any part of it again; it's all laid out for burial. Just trust me! This is my way and the way of my family.

Ye immortal gods! Such a dazzling day as you have given me, so easy-going, so compliant! But am I—I—delaying to migrate from here, and to convey this convoy, under my own auspices, to the colony? It's myself I delay, standing here. (*looking toward Chaeribulus's house*) What's this, though? The two chums, master and Chaeribulus, in front of the house! (*approaching*) What are you two doing here? (*handing Stratippocles the bag with a grand air*) Be good enough to take this. (*eagerly*) How much is there in it?

Str.

Ep.

Enough, and more than enough—a superfluity. I have brought you forty pounds more than you owe the money-lender. Provided I please and oblige you, not a straw do I care for my own shoulders.

Why, how so?

Ep.

Because I am going to make your father a parenticide.

Str.

What sort of a word is that?

Ep.

None of your old and ordinary words for me! Others would have taken him off in a sack¹; I'll take him in in a money bag. Why, the pimp has his full price for the girl—paid him myself, counted down the cash with these hands—the music girl your father takes for his own daughter. And now I have found a way to fool him again and offer you a helping hand. You see, I persuaded the old man—indeed, I delivered an address on the

¹ A part of the ancient punishment of parricides.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

inveni. nam ita suasi seni atque hanc habui orationem,¹
ut cum rediisses ne tibi eius copia esset.

Str.

Euge.²

Ep.

Ea iam domist pro filia.

Str.

Iam tenco.

Ep.

Nunc cautorem

dedit mihi ad hanc rem Apoccidem, is apud forum
manet me,
quasi qui a me³ caveat.

Str.

Haud male.

Ep.

Iam ipse cautor captust.

ipse in meo collo tuos pater cruminam collocavit;
is adornat, adveniens domi extemplo ut maritus fias.

360

Str.

Vno persuadebit modo, si illam, quae adducta est
mecum,
mi adempsit Oreus.

Ep.

Nunc ego hanc astutiam institui.

deveniam ad lenonem domum egomet solus, eum
ego docebo,
si quid ad eum adveniam, ut sibi esse datum argen-
tum dicat
pro fidicina, argenti minas se habere quinquaginta—
quippe ego qui nudiustertius meis manibus denu-
meravi
pro illa tua amica, quam pater suam filiam esse
retur—
ibi leno sceleratum caput suum imprudens alligabit,

¹ Leo notes lacuna following: *ut praestitaret fidicinam quam liberare velles, quasi liberare ipse sibi eam cuperet.*

² Leo notes lacuna following: *(nunc super adducam aliam patri fidicinam; nam quam amabas)* Leo.

³ *quasi qui a me* Buecheler: *quasi quae amaret* MSS.

EPIDICUS

subject * * *¹ so as not to let you have access to her on your return.

Str. Good! good!

Ep. * * *² This music girl is now at the house posing as his daughter.

Str. I see, I see.

Ep. Now he has given me Apocides as supervisor in the transaction—he is waiting for me in the forum—with the idea of being on his guard against me.

Str. Not bad!

Ep. And here is the very guarder gulled! Your father himself decked my neck with the wallet; he is making preparations to get you married as soon as you reach home.

Str. (*hotly*) There's only one way of inducing me to marry—Death must first deprive me of the girl I brought here with me!

Ep. Now here is the scheme I have devised. I myself will go down to the pimp's house all alone and coach him to say, in case I go to him about anything, that the money for the music girl has been paid him, that he has received the two hundred pounds—for, in fact, I did count him out the money with my own hands the day before yesterday, in payment for that old sweetheart of yours that your father thinks is his daughter—and then our pimp, without knowing what he is doing, will swear to it by his villainous head, giving the im-

¹ Leo suggests: "to purchase a music girl, whom you wanted to set free, he pretending that he longed to free her for his own satisfaction,"

² Leo suggests: "Now I'll fetch still another music girl to your father, for the one you used to love—"

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quasi pro illa argentum acceperit, quae tecum
adducta nunc est.

370

Chaer. Vorsutior es quam rota figularis.

Ep. Iam ego parabo
aliquam dolosam fidicinam, nummo conducta quae
sit,
quae se emptam simulet, quae senes duo docte
ludificetur.

eam ducet simul Apocides ad tuum patrem.

Str. Vt parate.

Ep. Eam permeditatam, meis dolis astutiisque onustam
mittam. sed nimis longum loquor, diu me estis
demorati.

haec scitis iam ut futura sint. abeo.

Str. Bene ambulato.

Chaer. Nimis doctus ille est ad male faciendum.

Str. Me equidem certo
servavit consiliis suis.

Chaer. Abeamus intro hinc ad me.

Str. Atque aliquanto lubentius quam abs te sum egressus
intus ;
virtute atque auspicio Epidici cum praeda in castra
redeo.

380

III. 3.

Per. Non oris causa modo homines aequom fuit
sibi habere speculum, ubi os contemplarent suum,
sed qui perspicere possent cor sapientiae,¹
ubi id inspexissent, cogitarent postea,
vitam ut vixissent olim in adulescentia.
vel ego, qui dudum fli causa coeperam
ego me excruciare animi, quasi quid filius

¹ Leo brackets following v., 385 :

igitur perspicere ut possent cordis copiam.

EPIDICUS

pression that the money he received was for the girl you have brought with you now.

Chaer. You're up to more turns than a pottér's wheel.

Ep. Now I shall get hold of some sly music girl, one that can be hired for a trifle, who will pretend she has been bought and fool the two old fellows in neat style. Apocides shall take her along with him to your father.

Str. (*delighted*) You're a ready one!

Ep. It will be a girl well rehearsed, well loaded with my tricks and wiles, that I send him. But I am talking too much; you have delayed me a long time. Now you know how things will be. I'm off. [EXIT.

Str. A good trip to you!

Chaer. He's a precious clever mischief maker.

Str. He and his schemes have certainly been the salvation of me, at any rate.

Chaer. (*moving toward his door*) Let's go into my house.

Str. Yes, and rather more cheerfully than I came out of it. (*exuberantly*) Thanks to the valour and auspices of Epidicus, I return to camp laden with booty. [EXEUNT.

Scene 3.

ENTER *Periphanes*.

(*An hour has elapsed.*)

Per. It would be a good thing for each man to have a mirror, not only for his face, not only to scrutinize that in, but one that would let him see into the rationality of his wisdom; then, when they had inspected that, they might next consider what sort of life they had lived in the distant days of their youth. Here's my own case—a while ago I'd begun to torment myself about my son, as if

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

meus deliquisset me erga aut quasi non plurima
male facta mea essent solida in adolescentia.
profecto deliramus interdum senes.¹
sed meus sodalis it cum praeda Apoecides.
venire salvom mercatorem gaudeo.
quid fit?

Ap. Di deaque te adiuvant.

Per. Omen placet.

Ap. Quin omini omnes suppetunt res prospere,
sed tu hanc iube sis intro abduci.

Per. Heus, foras
exite huc aliquis. duce istam intro mulierem.
atque audin?

Serv. Quid vis?

<i>Per.</i>	Cave siris cum filia	400

mea copulari hanc neque conspiciere. iam tenes?
in aediculam istanc sorsum concludi volo.
divortunt mores virgini longe ac lupae.

Ap. Docte et sapienter dicis. numquam² nimi' potest
pudicitiam quisquam suae servare filiae,
edepol ne istam temperi gnato tuo
sumus praemercati.

Per. Quid iam?

Ap. Quia dixit mihi
iam dudum se alius tuum vidisse hic filium;
hanc edepol rem apparabat.

Per. Planum hercle hoc quidem est.

Ap. Ne tu habes servom graphicum et quantivis preti, 410
non carust auro contra. ut ille fidicinam
fecit sese ut nesciret esse emptam tibi!

¹ Leo brackets following v., 393 :

fuit conducibile hoc quidem mea sententia.

² *nunquam* Fleckeisen: *nun* MSS.

EPIDICUS

my son had committed some offence against me, or as if my own serious faults weren't plentiful enough when I was a lad. We old fellows positively become delirious at times. (*looking down the street*) But there comes my good friend Apoecides with the booty. [ENTER *Apoecides* WITH A MUSIC GIRL.] (*smiling as he approaches*) Glad to see our merchant arriving safe! How goes it?

Ap. (*pleased with himself*) The gods and goddesses are with you.

Per. A good sign!

Ap. Yes, and a sign with signal luck to back it. But let this girl be conducted inside, if you please.

Per. (*going to his door and calling*) Hey! Come out here, some one! [ENTER A SLAVE.] Take that woman inside. (*slave leads the girl toward door*) And then—are you listening?

Slave What do you want?

Per. Mind you don't let her come in contact with my daughter, or set eyes on her. Understand now? I want her shut up in that little room apart from the rest. There's a vast deal of difference between a maiden and a drab.

Ap. Well said, and wisely. No one can be too careful to preserve his daughter's modesty. [EXEUNT SLAVE AND MUSIC GIRL.] By Jove, we surely forestalled your son just in time in buying that girl.

Per. Indeed? Why?

Ap. Because a man told me he had seen your son in town some time ago; and by gad, this (*with a wave toward the door*) was the business he was after!

Per. Clearly enough, by Jove, yes!

Ap. You certainly have a model slave, worth any price, cheap at his weight in gold. How he blinded the music girl to the fact she was bought for you!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ita ridibundam atque hilaram huc adduxit simul.

Per.

Mirum hoc qui potuit fieri.

Ap.

Te pro filio

facturum dixit rem esse divinam domi,
quia Thebis salvos redierit.

Per.

Rectam institit.

Ap.

Immo ipse illi dixit conductam esse eam,
quae hic administraret ad rem divinam tibi.¹
ego illic me autem sic assimilabam: quasi
stolidum, combardum me faciebam.

420

Per.

Em istuc decet.

Ap.

Res magna amici apud forum agitur, ei volo
ire advocatus.

Per.

At quaeso, ubi erit otium,
revortere ad me extemplo.

Ap.

Continuo hic ero.

Per.

Nihil homini amicost opportuno amicius.
sine tuo labore quod velis actumst tamen.
ego si allegavissem aliquem ad hoc negotium
minus hominem doctum minusque ad hanc rem
callidum,
os sublitum esset, itaque me albis dentibus
meus derideret filius meritissimo.
sed quis hic est quem ego huc advenientem con-
spicor,
suam qui undantem chlamydem quassando facit?

430

435

III. 4.

Mil.

Cave praeterbitas ullas aedis, quin roges,
senex hic ubi habitat Periphanes Platenius.
incertus tuom cave ad me rettuleris pedem.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 419:

facturum hoc dixit rem esse divinam tibi domi.

EPIDICUS

The way he brought her along here—she laughing and merry as you please !

Per. It's surprising how that could be.

Ap. He said you were going to offer sacrifice at your house in honour of your son's safe return from Thebes.

Per. That was the line to take.

Ap. (*chuckling*) Why, the fellow actually told the pimp she was hired to assist you here in the sacrifice. As for me, I put on this sort of air with 'em (*assuming a look of benign asininity*)—made myself out to be a thick-witted simpleton.

Per. Ah ! quite appropriate.

Ap. (*with an overworked air*) Well, a friend of mine has an important case coming up at the forum ; I must go and give him my support.

Per. But come back to me the moment you're at leisure, I beg you.

Ap. Yes, yes, directly.

Per. (*looking after him contentedly*) [EXIT.] A friend in need is a friend indeed ! Without your turning your hand, your wishes are fulfilled just the same. I now—if I had employed in this business some man less shrewd, less wideawake in such matters—I should have been bamboozled, and then my son would show me his white teeth in a mocking laugh, precisely as I deserved. (*looking down the street*) But who's this I spy approaching with such a swinging stride that his cloak fairly undulates ?

Scene 4.

ENTER *Captain* AND HIS SERVANT.

Capt. (*to servant, sternly*) Mind, you are not to pass a single house without inquiring whereabouts old Periphanes Platenius lives. You are not to retreat to me, mind, till you have found out.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Per.* Adulescens, si istunc hominem, quem tu quaeritas, 440
tibi commonstrasso, ecquam abs te inibo gratiam?
- Mil.* Virtute belli armatus promerui, ut mihi
omnis mortalis agere deceat gratias.
- Per.* Non repperisti, adulescens, tranquillum locum,
ubi tuas virtutes explices, ut postulas.
nam strenuiori deterior si praedicat
suas pugnas, de illius illae fiunt sordidae.
sed istum quem quaeris Periphanem Platenium,
ego sum, si quid vis.
- Mil.* Nempe quem in adulescentia
memorant apud reges armis, arte duellica, 450
divitias magnas indeptum?
- Per.* Immo si audias
meas pugnas, fugias manibus dimissis domum.
- Mil.* Pol ego magis unum quaero, meas cui praedicem,
quam illum qui memoret suas mihi.
- Per.* Hic non est locus;
proin tu alium quaeras cui centones sarcias.
atque haec stultitias me illi vitio vortere 431
egomet quod factitavi in adulescentia,
cum militabam. pugnis memorandis meis
eradicabam hominum auris, quando occeperam. 434
- Mil.* Animum advorte, ut quod ego ad te advenio in-
tellegas. 456
meam amicam audivi te esse mercatum.
- Per.* Attatae,
nunc demum scio ego hunc qui sit: quem dudum
Epidicus
mihi praedicavit militem. adulescens, itast
ut dicis, emi.

EPIDICUS

Per. (*banteringly*) Young man, if I show you that gentleman you're seeking, will it earn me any gratitude from you?

Capt. (*haughtily*) By my martial valour I have in arms earned the right to have all mankind pay due gratitude to me.

Per. You haven't found a tranquil spot, young man, in which to deploy your valorous deeds, as you count on doing. When a sorry soldier recounts his battles to a brisker one, the comparison makes them lose their lustre. But as to that Periphanes Platenius you look for, I am he, at your service.

Capt. (*somewhat abashed*) You mean the one that they say served with kings as a young man and made a great fortune by martial exploits and the art of war?

Per. Why, man alive, if you heard of my battles, you would race for home, using your arms like a sprinter.

Capt. Gad, I am looking for some man to recount my own battles to, rather than for one to tell me about his.

Per. You have come to the wrong place; so search out someone else to patch up your old rags for. (*aside*) And yet it's foolish of me to find fault with him for doing what I was for ever doing myself when I was a young fellow and a soldier. I used fairly to uproot men's ears with tales of my battles, once I'd begun.

Capt. (*stiffly*) Your attention, sir, so that you may understand the cause of this visit. I hear that you have purchased my mistress.

Per. (*aside*) Ohoho! Now at last I know who he is—the Captain that Epidicus announced a while ago. (*aloud*) Quite true, young man, I have.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mil. Volo te verbis pauculis, 460
si tibi molestam non est.

Per. Non edepol scio,
molestum necne sit, nisi dicis quid velis.

Mil. Mi illam ut tramittas, argentum accipias; adest.
nam quid ego apud te vera parcam proloqui?
ego illam volo hodie facere libertam meam,
mihi concubina quae sit.

Per. Te absolvam brevi.
argenti quinquaginta mi illa empta est minis;
si sexaginta mihi denumerantur minae,
tuas possidebit mulier faxo ferias;
atque ita profecto, ut eam ex hoc exoneres agro. 470

Mil. Estne empta mi istis legibus?

Per. Habeas licet.

Mil. Conciliavisti pulchre.

Per. Heus, foras educate
quam introduxistis fidicinam. atque etiam fides,
ei quae accessere, tibi addam dono gratiis.
age accipe hanc sis.

Mil. Quae te intemperiae tenent?
quas tu mihi tenebras trudis? quin tu fidicinam
produci intus iubes.

Per. Haec ergo est fidicina.
hic alia nullast.

Mil. Non mihi nugari potes.
quin tu huc producis fidicinam Acropolistidem?

Per. Haec inquamst.

Mil. Non haec inquamst. non novisse me 480
meam rere amicam posse?

Per. Hanc, inquam, filius
meus deperibat fidicinam.

EPIDICUS

- Capt.* I want a few words with you, unless you object.
- Per.* Egad, I don't know whether I object or not, unless you tell me what you want.
- Capt.* I want you to pass that girl over to me and let me pay for her; (*showing a wallet*) here is the money. Why should I mince matters with you? I want to make her my freedwoman at once and have her for a mistress.
- Per.* I'll soon settle your business. She cost me two hundred pounds; count me down two hundred and forty, and the girl shall fill up all your spare time for you—yes, and on this condition, mind you, that you unload this region of her.
- Capt.* She is mine on those terms?
- Per.* You may have her.
- Capt.* You have made a fine bargain.
- Per.* (*calling at his door*) Hey there! Bring out that music girl you took inside. (*to Captain*) Yes, and I'll throw in the lute that came with her, too, as a present to you, free of charge. [ENTER SLAVES WITH MUSIC GIRL.] Come, be good enough to take her.
- Capt.* (*after an astonished glance at the girl*) What are you raving about? What is this bagnio you are shoving off on me? Why don't you order the music girl to be brought out?
- Per.* (*surprised*) Well, this is the music girl. There's no other one here.
- Capt.* You cannot trifle with me. Why don't you bring out the music girl Acropolistis?
- Per.* This is she, I tell you.
- Capt.* This is not she, I tell you. Do you suppose I can't recognise my own mistress?
- Per.* I tell you this is the music girl my son doted on.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Mil.* Haec non est ea.
- Per.* Quid? non est?
- Mil.* Non est.
- Per.* Vnde haec igitur gentiumst?
equidem hercle argentum pro hac dedi.
- Mil.* Stulte datum
reor et peccatum largiter.
- Per.* Immo haec east.
nam servom misi, qui illum sectari solet
meum gnatum; is ipse hanc destinavit fidicinam.
- Mil.* Em istic homo te articulatim concidit, senex,
tuos servos.
- Per.* Quid concidit?
- Mil.* Sic suspiciost,
nam pro fidicina haec cerva supposita est tibi. 490
senex, tibi os est sublitum plane et probe.
ego illam requiram iam ubi ubi est.
- Per.* Bellator, vale.
euge, euge, Epidice, frugi es, pugnavisti, homo es,
qui me emunxisti mucidum, minimi preti.
mercatus te hodie est de lenone Apoecides?
- Fid.* Fando ego istunc hominem numquam audivi ante
hunc diem,
neque me quidem emere quisquam ulla pecunia
potuit; plus iam sum libera quinquennium.
- Per.* Quid tibi negotist meae domi igitur?
- Fid.* Audies.
conducta veni, ut fidibus cantarem seni, 500
dum rem divinam faceret.

EPIDICUS

Capt. She is not the one.

Per. What? Not the one?

Capt. Not the one.

Per. Where in the world does she come from, then?
I certainly paid out money for her, by Jove!

Capt. You paid it out like a fool, apparently, and
botched things beautifully.

Per. No, no, she is the one. Why, I sent the servant
that always attends my son; he bought this music
girl himself.

Capt. Aha! the fellow has cut you up¹ joint by joint,
old gentleman,—(*derisively*) that servant of yours.

Per. How “cut me up”?

Capt. So I suspect, for in place of the music girl, this
hind² has been palmed off on you. You have
been hoaxed, old gentleman, plainly and properly
hoaxed. As for me, I’ll hunt her up now wherever
she is. [EXEUNT *Captain* AND SERVANT.

Per. (*looking after him sourly*) Farewell, warrior! (*bit-
terly*) Bravo, bravo, Epidicus! You are a worthy
fellow, a fighter, a real man, to clean me up,
drivelling dotard that I am! (*to the girl*) Did
Apocides purchase you from the pimp to-day?

Girl (*pertly, seeing she has been found out*) To-day is the
very first time I ever heard tell of the man, and
as for buying me, no one could, not for any
money; for more than five years now I’ve been
free.

Per. (*staggered*) What is your business at my house,
then?

Girl You shall hear. I was hired to come and sing to
lute accompaniment for an old man while he
offered sacrifice.

¹ An allusion to the legend of Pelias.

² An allusion to the legend of Iphigeneia.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Per.* Fateor me omnium
hominum esse Athenis Atticis minimi preti.
sed tu novistin fidicinam Acropolistidem?
- Fid.* Tam facile quam me.
- Per.* Vbi habitat?
- Fid.* Postquam liberast
ubi habitet dicere admodum incerte scio.
- Per.* Eho an libera illa est? quis eam liberaverit,
volo scire, si scis.
- Fid.* Id quod audivi audies.
Stratippoclem aiunt Periphanai filium
absentem curavisse ut fieret libera.
- Per.* Perii hercle, si istaec vera sunt; planissime 510
meum exenteravit Epidicus marsuppium.
- Fid.* Haec sic audivi. numquid me vis ceterum?
- Per.* Malo cruciatu ut pereas atque abeas cito.
- Fid.* Fides non reddis?
- Per.* Neque fides neque tibias.
propere igitur fugere hinc, si te di amant.
- Fid.* Abiero.
flagitio cum maiore post reddes tamen.
- Per.* Quid nunc? qui in tantis positus sum sententiis,¹
ei sic data esse verba praesenti palam! 521
atque me minoris facio prae illo, qui omnium

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *in antis . . . senatuis* Leo. Leo brackets following v., 518-520:

*eamne ego sinam impune? immo etiam si alterum
tantum perdundumst, perdam potius quam sinam
me impune irrisum esse, habitum depeculatui.*

EPIDICUS

Per. I'm the silliest dotard in all Attic Athens, I admit it! But you, do you know the music girl Acropolistis?

Girl As well as myself.

Per. Where does she live?

Girl I'm quite uncertain where to say she does live, now she's free.

Per. Eh? Eh? You mean to say she's free? I want to know who freed her, if you know.

Girl You may hear what I heard. They say that Stratippocles, the son of Periphanes, had her set free while he was away.

Per. (*aside*) Good Lord! This is terrible, if it's true! Epidicus has gutted my purse for me, clear as can be!

Girl This is what I heard. (*giggling*) There's nothing else I can do for you?

Per. (*furious*) Yes, go and be hanged, and be off with you, quick!

Girl Aren't you going to give me back my lute?

Per. Neither lutes nor flutes! So hurry up and get out of here, if the Lord loves you!

Girl (*laughing contemptuously*) Go I will. But you'll give it back later, though, to the tune of a bigger scandal. [EXIT.

Per. What now? I, a man whose name stands so often in the minutes of the senate,¹ to be imposed upon, in person, publicly! And yet my case is not so bad as his, with his being fooled—he with his reputation for being the maker and framer

¹ vv. 518–520: Shall I let her go unpunished? No, no, even if I had to lose the same amount again, lose it I would rather than let myself be laughed at with impunity, regarded as prey for swindlers!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

legum atque iurum fictor, conditor cluet;
is etiam sese sapere memorat. malleum
sapientioremi vidi excusso manubrio.

ACTVS IV

- Phil.* Si quid est homini miseriarum quod miserescat,
miser ex animost.
id ego experior, cui multa in unum locum
confluent, quae meum pectus pulsant simul.
multiplex aerumna me exercitam habet,
paupertas, pavor territat mentem animi, 530
neque ubi meas spes collocem habeo usquam muni-
tum locum.
ita gnata mea hostiumst potita, neque ea nunc ubi
sit scio.
- Per.* Quis illaec est mulier, timido pectore peregre
adveniens
quae ipsa se miseratur?
- Phil.* In his dictust locis habitare mihi
Periphanes.
- Per.* Me nominat haec; credo ego illi hospitio
usus venit.
- Phil.* Pervelim mercedem dare, qui monstret cum mihi
hominem aut ubi habitet.
- Per.* Noscito ego hanc, nam videor nescio ubi mi vidisse
prius.
estne ea an non east quam animus retur
meus?
- Phil.* Di boni, visitavi¹ antidhac?
- Per.* Certo east¹ quam in Epidauro
pauperculam memini comprimere. 540

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.

EPIDICUS

of laws and legal principles galore ! He to talk about his own cleverness, too ! I've seen hammers cleverer than he is, hammers with their handles off !

ACT IV

ENTER *Philippa* IN GREAT DISTRESS.

Phil. Ah, if human beings are in misery that deserves commiseration, they are in misery indeed ! I am experiencing this myself, with so many things at once pouring in on me and beating on my breast together. Trouble in every shape keeps me harassed ! Poverty and terror dismay all the thoughts of my mind, and not a safe place have I anywhere to put my hopes in. My daughter is in the hands of our enemies, and I know not where she is !

Per. (*seeing her, aside*) Who's this woman arriving from abroad in such a flurry and bemoaning her fate ?

Phil. (*scanning the houses*) They told me it was about here that Periphanes lived.

Per. (*surprised, aside*) She spoke my name ; she's in need of hospitality, I dare say.

Phil. I should be so glad to reward anyone for pointing him out to me or showing me where he lives.

Per. (*aside*) I'm trying to recognise her, for it does seem to me I've seen her before somewhere or other. (*in sudden excitement*) Is she the one my mind tells me she is, or not ?

Phil. (*with a start, on catching sight of him*) Merciful heavens ! Have I seen * * * before ?

Per. (*aside*) She is surely the one * * * that poor girl I remember wronging in Epidaurus.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Phil.* Plane hicine est, qui mihi in Epidauro primus
pudicitiam pepulit.
- Per.* Quae meo compressu peperit filiam quam domi
nunc habeo.
quid si adeam—
- Phil.* Hau scio an congregiar—
- Per.* Si haec east.
- Phil.* Si is est homo, sicut
anni multi dubia dant.
- Per.* Longa dies meum incertat animum. sin east quam
incerte autumo,
hanc congregiar astu. 545a
- Phil.* Muliebris adhibenda
mihi malitia nunc est.
- Per.* Compellabo.
- Phil.* Orationis aciem contra conferam.
- Per.* Salva sis.
- Phil.* Salutem accipio mi et meis.
- Per.* Quid ceterum?
- Phil.* Salvos sis : quod credidisti reddo.
- Per.* Haud accuso fidem.
novin ego te?
- Phil.* Si ego te novi, animum inducam, ut tu
noveris. 550
- Per.* Vbi te visitavi?
- Phil.* Inique iniuriu's.
- Per.* Quid iam?
- Phil.* Quia
tuae memoriae interpretari me aequom censes.
- Per.* Commode
fabulata es.
- Phil.* Mira memoras.
- Per.* Te memini—
- Phil.* Em istuc rectius.

EPIDICUS

Phil. (*aside*) He certainly is the man that robbed me of my honour in Epidaurus!

Per. (*aside*) The one who bore me the daughter I have in my house this moment! What if I should step up—

Phil. (*aside*) I don't know whether to advance upon him—

Per. —if she is the one?

Phil. —if he is the man—and the lapse of all these years makes that doubtful.

Per. (*aside*) It's so long ago, I'm uncertain. But if she is the one I'm half-ready to pronounce her, I'll advance upon her warily.

Phil. (*aside*) Now I must bring my woman's cunning into play.

Per. (*aside*) I'll accost her.

Phil. (*aside*) I'll arm my tongue against him.

Per. (*stepping up to her*) Good day to you.

Phil. (*primly*) I accept your good wishes for me and mine, sir.

Per. (*smiling*) What else?

Phil. Good day to you—I repay your loan.

Per. Your honesty is above reproach. Don't I know you?

Phil. If I know you, I will persuade myself that you know me.

Per. Where have I seen you?

Phil. (*lightly*) You are shamefully unfair.

Per. Indeed? How?

Phil. In thinking I should play interpreter for your memory.

Per. There is point in what you say.

Phil. (*smiling*) An amazing admission!

Per. I remember you——

Phil. There! That's better!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Per.* Meministin—
Phil. Memini id quod memini.
Per. At in Epidauro—
Phil. Ah, guttula
 pectus ardens mi aspersisti.
Per. Virgini pauperculae,
 tuaeque matri me levare paupertatem?
Phil. Tun is es,
 qui per voluptatem tuam in me aerumnam obsevisti
 gravem?
Per. Ego sum. salve.
Phil. Salva sum, quia te esse salvom sentio.
Per. Cedo manum.
Phil. Accipe. aerumnosam et miseriarum compotem
 mulierem retines.
Per. Quid est quod voltus turbatust tuos? 560
Phil. Filiam quam ex te suscepi—
Per. Quid eam?
Phil. Eductam perdidisti.
 hostium est potita.
Per. Habe animum lenem et tranquillum. tace.
 domi meae eccam salvam et sanam. nam post-
 quam audivi ilico
 ex meo servo, illam esse captam, continuo argen-
 tum dedi,
 ut emeretur. ille eam rem adeo sobrie et frugaliter
 accuravit, utut ad alias res est impense improbus.
Phil. Fac videam, si mea, si salva mihi sit.
Per. Eho, istinc, Canthara,
 iube Telestidem huc prodire filiam ante aedis meam,
 ut suam videat matrem.
Phil. Remigrat animus nunc demum mihi.

IV. 2.

Acro. Quid est, pater, quod me excivisti ante aedis?

EPIDICUS

Per. Do you remember——

Phil. I remember what I remember.

Per. But in Epidaurus——

Phil. Ah, you've dashed water on my burning heart!

Per. —a poor girl, and your mother—you remember how I relieved you in your poverty?

Phil. Are you the man whose self-indulgence brought such heavy trouble on me?

Per. (*moved*) I am. God save you!

Phil. I am saved, now that I see you are safe.

Per. (*warmly*) Give me your hand!

Phil. Take it. (*as he grasps it*) It is the hand of a sorrowful and wretched woman that you hold.

Per. What is it makes you look so troubled?

Phil. The daughter I had by you——

Per. What about her?

Phil. I brought her up and—lost her. (*crying*) She's in the hands of the enemy.

Per. (*cheerily*) Set your mind at rest and calm yourself. Hush, hush! She's at my house, look! (*pointing*) safe and sound. Why, the moment I heard from my servant that she was captured, I at once gave him money to buy her. He managed this matter prudently and economically, despite his being a downright rascal in other matters.

Phil. (*eagerly*) Let me see if she is mine, if my darling girl is safe!

Per. (*calling at door*) Hullo! Canthara! Tell them to bring my daughter Telestis out here in front of the house to see her mother.

Phil. Now at last my spirit returns to me!

Scene 2.

ENTER *Acropolistis*.

Acro. What did you call me out here for, father?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Per. Vt matrem tuam 570
videas, adeas, advenienti des salutem atque osculum.

Acro. Quam meam matrem?

Per. Quae exanimata exsequitur aspectum tuum.

Phil. Quis istaec est quam tu osculum mihi ferre iubes?

Per. Tua filia.

Phil. Haecine?

Per. Haec.

Phil. Egone osculum huic dem?

Per. Quor non, quae ex te nata sit?

Phil. Tu homo insanis.

Per. Egone?

Phil. Tune.

Per. Quor?

Phil. Quia ego hanc quae siet
neque scio neque novi, neque ego hanc oculis vidi
ante hunc diem.

Per. Scio quid erres: quia vestitum atque ornatum im-
mutabilem
habet haec,¹

*Phil.*¹ aliter catuli longe olent, aliter sues.²
ne ego³ me nego nosse hanc quae sit.

Per. Pro deum atque hominum fidem, 580
quid? ego lenocinium facio, qui habeam alienas⁴
domi
atque argentum egurgitem domo prosus? quid tu,
quae patrem
tuum vocas me atque osculare, quid stas stupida?
quid taces?

Acro. Quid loquar vis?

Per. Haec negat se tuam esse matrem.

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.

² *sues* B²: *suis* MSS.

³ *me nego nosse hanc quae sit* Leo: *ne ego eam novissem* P.

⁴ *alienas* Dousa: *alienos* P.

EPIDICUS

- Per.* To see your mother, to go up to her and greet her on her arrival, and give her a kiss.
- Acro.* My mother? Who?
- Per.* (*pointing to the astonished Philippa*) The mother who has almost given up her life in seeking the sight of you.
- Phil.* (*to Periphanes*) Who is that creature you ask to kiss me?
- Per.* (*amazed*) Your daughter.
- Phil.* What? She?
- Per.* She.
- Phil.* (*scornfully*) I kiss her?
- Per.* Why not, when she's your own child?
- Phil.* Man, man, you're insane!
- Per.* I?
- Phil.* Yes, you.
- Per.* Why?
- Phil.* Because I neither know this girl, nor recognise her, nor ever set eyes on her before to-day.
- Per.* (*looking blank, then hopefully*) I see your mistake—her changed dress and get-up.
- Phil.* (*with a contemptuous appraisal of Acropolistis*) Puppies and pigs have a very different odour. I certainly deny recognizing this girl at all.
- Per.* (*violently*) Heavens and earth! What's all this? Am I playing the pimp, I with other people's girls in my house, and absolutely egurgitating money out of my house? (*to Acropolistis*) Here, you, you that call me your father and kiss me, why do you stand there like an idiot? Why are you silent?
- Acro.* (*cheerfully*) What do you want me to say?
- Per.* This lady denies being your mother.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Acro. Ne fuat,
si non volt. equidem hac invita tamen ero matris
filia.

non med istanc cogere aequom est meam esse
matrem, si nevolt.

Per. Cur me igitur patrem vocabas?

Acro. Tua istaec culpast, non mea.
non patrem ego te nominem, ubi tu tuam me
appellas filiam?

hanc quoque etiam, si me appellet filiam, matrem
vocem.

negat haec filiam me suam esse; non ergo haec
mater mea est.

postremo haec mea culpa non est; quae didici dixi
omnia.

Epidicus mihi fuit magister.

Per. Perii, plastrum perculi.

Acro. Numquid ego ibi, pater, peccavi?

Per. Si hercle te umquam aud ivero
me patrem vocare, vitam tuam ego interimam.

Acro. Non voco.
ubi voles pater esse, ibi esto; ubi noles, ne fueris
pater.

Phil. Quid, si ob eam rem hanc emisti, quia tuam gnatam
es ratus,

quibus de signis agnoscebas?

Per. Nullis.

Phil. Qua re filiam
credidisti nostram?

Per. Servos Epidicus dixit mihi.

Phil. Quid si servo aliter visumst, non poteras novisse,
obsecro? ¹

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *quid? sic servo visumst? aliter non poteras nosse obsecro?* Langen.

EPIDICUS

Acro. She needn't be, if she doesn't wish. Really though, I shall be my mother's daughter in spite of her. It's not fair for me to compel that lady to be my mother against her will.

Per. Why did you keep calling me father, then?

Acro. (*sweetly*) That's your fault, not mine. Shouldn't I term you father, when you address me as your daughter? Why, even this lady, too—if she should address me as her daughter, I'd call her mother. She says I'm not her daughter; well, then, she's not my mother. In short, this isn't my fault; I've only repeated the lesson I learned. My teacher was Epidicus.

Per. (*starting*) Oh, confound it! I've capsized the cart!

Acro. (*solicitously*) I haven't done anything wrong, have I, father?

Per. (*with a snort of rage*) By the Lord, if I ever hear you call me father, I'll murder you!

Acro. (*pathetically*) I won't. When you wish to be father, be so; when you don't, don't be.

Phil. Well, if you bought her for this reason, because you thought she was your daughter, what means of identification did you have?

Per. (*morose*) None.

Phil. What made you believe she was our daughter?

Per. (*grinding his teeth*) My servant Epidicus told me she was.

Phil. But even though it seemed otherwise to this servant, couldn't *you* recognise her, for heaven's sake?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Per.* Quid ego, qui illam ut primum vidi, numquam vidi
postea? 600
- Phil.* Perii misera.
- Per.* Ne fle, mulier. intro abi, habe animum bonum.
ego illam reperiam.
- Phil.* Hinc Athenis civis eam emit Atticus;
adulescentem equidem dicebant emisse.
- Per.* Inveniam, tace.
abi modo intro atque hanc asserva Circam Solis
filiam.
ego relictis rebus Epidicum operam quaerendo
dabo.
si invenio, exitiabilem ego illi faciam hunc ut fiat
diem.

ACTVS V

- Str.* Male morigerus mi est danista, qui a me argentum
non petit
neque illam adducit quae empta ex praedast. sed
ecce incedit Epidicus.
- Ep.* quid illuc est quod illi caperrat frons severitudine?
Si undecim deos praeter sese secum adducat
Iuppiter, 610
ita non omnes ex cruciatu poterunt eximere Epi-
dicum.
Periphanem emere lora vidi, ibi aderat una Apoe-
cides;
nunc homines me quaeritare credo. senserunt,
sciunt
sibi data esse verba.
- Str.* Quid agis, mea commoditas?

EPIDICUS

- Per.* How, when I never saw her but once?
Phil. (*breaking down*) Oh, oh, this is dreadful.
Per. Don't cry, my girl. Go inside, keep your courage up. (*with resolution*) I will discover her.
Phil. It was someone from here, a citizen of Athens, that bought her—yes, and a young man, so they said.
Per. I'll find her. Hush! You just go inside and keep watch over this Circe,¹ this daughter of Sol. As for me, I'll drop everything else and devote myself to looking for Epidicus. (*grimly*) If I find him, I'll make this his day of doom. [EXEUNT.]

ACT V

(*Several hours have elapsed.*)

ENTER *Stratippocles* FROM THE HOUSE OF *Chaeribulus*.

- Str.* (*impatient*) That usurer is a most disobliging rascal—not to come to me for his money or to bring the girl that was bought at the sale of the booty. (*looking down street*) Ah, but there's Epidicus pacing slowly along! Why is it his brow's so wrinkled with gloom?

ENTER *Epidicus*.

- Ep.* (*disgustedly*) Even if Jupiter should come along with his eleven gods, not even so, altogether, can they rescue Epidicus from torture. I saw Periphanes buying straps, and Apoecides was there, too; the pair of 'em are hunting me this minute, I suppose. They have found out, they know they've been taken in.
Str. (*gaily*) How dost thou, old Timeliness?

¹ Who knew neither her father nor mother.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Quod miser.

Str. Quid est tibi?

Ep. Quin tu mi adornas ad fugam viaticum,
prius quam pereo? nam per urbem duo defloccati
senes
quaeritant me, in manibus gestant copulas secum
simul.

Str. Habe bonum animum.

Ep. Quippe ego quoi libertas in mundo sitast.

Str. Ego te servabo.

Ep. Edepol me illi melius, si nacti fuant.
sed quis haec est muliercula et ille gravastellus qui
venit?

Str. Hic est danista, haec illa est autem, quam emi de
praeda.

Ep. Haecinest?

Str. Haec est. estne ita ut tibi dixi? aspecta et con-
templa, Epidice:
usque ab unguiculo ad capillum summumst festi-
vissuma.

estne consimilis quasi cum signum pictum pulchre
aspexeris?

Ep. Ex tuis verbis meum futurum corium pulchrum
praedicas,
quem Apella atque Zeuxis duo pingent pigmentis
ulmeis.

Str. Di immortales, sicin iussi ad me ires? pedi-
bus plumbeis¹
qui perhibetur prius venisset quam tu advenisti
mihi.

Dan. Haec edepol remorata med est.

¹ *plumbeis* Brix : *pulmunes* P.

EPIDICUS

Ep. Like most other poor devils.

Str. What's wrong with you?

Ep. Come, furnish me with funds for my flight, will you, before my doom is sealed. Two de-fleeced old men are scouring the city for me and carrying thongs along with 'em, too.

Str. Cheer up.

Ep. (*dryly*) Yes, being a man who has liberty in store for him!

Str. I'll take care of you myself.

Ep. Gad! *They* will take better care of me, once they catch me. (*looking down street*) But who is this slip of a girl and that grey-headed little chap coming along?

Str. (*looking, then excitedly*) It's the money-lender, and she, she's the girl I bought at the sale of the spoils!

Ep. (*regarding Telestis interestedly*) This one here, eh?

Str. This one. Just the sort I told you, what? Gaze on her, contemplate her, Epidicus. Oh, she's perfectly delightful, from her little finger-tips to the topmost hair of her head! Isn't it just like gazing at a beautifully painted picture?

Ep. From what you say, my hide is about to be beautifully painted by Apelles and Zeuxis—the pair of 'em—painted with pigments of elm.

ENTER *Usurer* AND *Telestis*.

Str. (*to Usurer, irritably*) Ye immortal gods! Is this the way I told you to come to me? That fabled fellow with feet of lead¹ would have arrived before you have.

Usurer Gad, sir, it was she (*pointing to Telestis*) delayed me.

¹ The allusion is obscure.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Str.* Siquidem istius gratia
id remoratu's quod ista voluit, nimium advenisti
cito. 630
- Dan.* Age age, absolve me atque argentum numera, ne
comites morer.
- Str.* Pernumeratumst.
- Dan.* Tene cruminam ; huc inde.
- Str.* Sapienter venis.
opperire, dum effero ad te argentum.
- Dan.* Matura.
- Str.* Domist.
- Ep.* Satin ego oculis utilitatem optineo sincere an
parum ?
videon ego Telestidem te, Periphanai filiam,
ex Philippa matre natam Thebis, Epidauri satam ?
- Tel.* Quis tu homo es, qui meum parentum nomen
memoras et meum ?
- Ep.* Non me nosti ?
- Tel.* Quod quidem nunc veniat in mentem mihi.
- Ep.* Non meministi me auream ad te afferre natali die
lunulam atque anellum aureolum in digitum ?
- Tel.* Memini, mi homo. 640
tunc is es ?
- Ep.* Ego sum, et istic frater, qui te mercatust, tuos.
¹ alia matre, uno patre.
- Tel.* Quid pater meus ? vivit ?
- Ep.* Animo liquido et tranquillo es, tace.
- Tel.* Di me ex perdita servatam cupiunt, si vera autumas.

¹ Leo notes lacuna preceding : (he)m, m(eus frater ille)
ut f(iat ?) Leo.

EPIDICUS

Str. (*feasting his eyes on Telestis*) Oh well, if you delayed to please her, to oblige her, you have arrived too soon.

Usurer Come, come, sir, settle up and count out my money so as not to make me detain my companions.

Str. It is all counted out.

Usurer Take this purse; (*handing one to him*) put it in it.

Str. Provident man! Wait till I bring the money out to you.

Usurer Be quick about it.

Str. It's in the house. [EXIT INTO HOUSE OF *Chaeribulus*.

Ep. (*scanning Telestis from head to foot and controlling himself with difficulty*) Do I possess unimpaired eyesight, or no? Is this Telestis I see, the daughter of Periphanes and Philippa, born in Thebes and begot in Epidaurus?

Tel. (*surprised*) Who are you, sir, that speak of my parents and me by name?

Ep. You don't recognise me?

Tel. Not so far as I can recollect at present, surely.

Ep. Don't you remember my bringing you a little gold crescent on your birthday and a little gold ring for your finger?

Tel. I do remember! Oh, my dear man! Was that you?

Ep. It was, and the man that has bought you is your own brother by a different mother and the same father.

Tel. (*eagerly*) What about my father? Is he alive?

Ep. (*patronisingly*) Hush, hush! Be quite serene and tranquil.

Tel. It's Heaven's will that I be saved instead of lost, if your words are true!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Non habeo ullam occasionem, ut apud te falsa fabuler.

Str. Accipe argentum hoc, danista. hic sunt quadraginta minae.
siquid erit dubium, immutabo.

Dan. Bene fecisti, bene vale.

Str. Nunc enim tu mea es.

Tel. Soror quidem edepol, ut tu aequae scias.
salve, frater.

Str. Sanan haec est?

Ep. Sana, si appellat suom.

Str. Quid? ego modo amator sum huic frater factus,
dum intro eo atque exeo?

650

Ep. Quod boni est id tacitus taceas tute tecum et
gaudeas.

Str. Perdidisti et repperisti me, soror.

Ep. Stultu's, tace.
tibi quidem quod ames domi praestost, fidicina,
opera mea;
et sororem in libertatem idem opera concilio mea.

Str. Epidice, fateor—

Ep. Abi intro ac iube huic aquam calefieri.
cetera haec posterius faxo scibis, ubi erit otium.

Str. Sequere hac me, soror.

Ep. Ego ad vos Thesprionem iussero
huc transire. sed memento, si quid saevibunt senes,
suppetias mihi cum sorore ferre.

EPIDICUS

Ep. (*dignified*) I have no occasion to tell you falsehoods.

RE-ENTER *Stratippocles* WITH PURSE.

Str. Take the money, my man. Here are one hundred and sixty pounds. Any questionable coin I'll exchange.

Usurer (*taking the purse and counting the money as he goes*)
Str. Thanks. Good-bye and good luck to you, sir.

[EXIT.]

Str. (*to Telestis rapturously*) Well, now you are mine!

Tel. (*happily*) Yes, indeed, your sister, that is—that you may know what I know. God bless you, brother!

Str. (*to Epidicus*) Is she sane?

Ep. (*coolly*) Quite so, if it is her brother she addresses.

Str. What? I, just now her lover, changed to her brother while I step in and out of the house?

Ep. (*reprovingly*) Take your good luck quietly, keep it quiet, and rejoice.

Str. (*with a sigh*) You have both lost and found me, sister.

Ep. Hush! You're a fool! Why, you have an object for your affections—the music girl—ready to hand at home, thanks to me. And thanks to me again, your sister is set at liberty.

Str. (*apologetically*) Epidicus, I admit——

Ep. (*brusquely*) In with you and order some water to be heated for this young lady. I will let you know about the rest of this business later when I am at leisure.

Str. (*going toward his house*) Come this way with me, sister.

Ep. (*seeing them to the door*) I will give Thesprio orders to join you here. Remember though, if the old men get at all savage, you and your sister are to succour me.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Str.

Facile istuc erit.

Ep.

Thesprio, exi istac per hortum, adfer domum
auxilium mihi,

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magnast res. minoris multo facio quam dudum
senes.

remeabo intro, ut accurentur advenientes hospites.
eadem haec intus edocebo quae ego scio Stratip-
poclem.

non fugio, domi adesse certumst. neque ille haud
obiciet mihi

pedibus sese provocatum. abeo intro, nimis lon-
gum loquor.

V. 2.

Per.

Satine illic homo ludibrio nos vetulos decrepitos
duos
habet?

Ap.

Immo edepol tu quidem miserum med habes
miseris modis.

Per.

Tace sis, modo sine me hominem apisci.

Ap.

Dico ego tibi iam, ut scias :

alium tibi te comitem meliust quaerere. ita, dum
te sequor,

lassitudine invaserunt misero in genua flemina.

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Per.

Quot illic homo hodie me exemplis ludificatust
atque te,

ut illic autem exenteravit mihi opes argentarias!

Ap.

Apage illum a me, nam ille quidem Volcani iratist
filius :

quaqua tangit, omne amburit, si astes, aestu cale-
facit.

350

EPIDICUS

Str. That will be easy.

[*EXEUNT Stratippocles AND Telestis.*
Ep. (*calling at Chaeribulus's door*) Thesprio! Go out the garden way and reinforce me at home. (*soliloquizing*) Big doings! I mind the old fellows much less than I did a while ago. I'll return inside and attend to the arriving guests. At the same time I'll coach Stratippocles in there on all I know about this. No running away for me; my mind's made up to stay at home. Master shan't throw it up to me that he was challenged to a foot race. (*moving toward door*) In I go; I'm doing too much talking. [EXIT.

Scene 2. ENTER *Periphanes* AND *Apocides*, THE FORMER FURIOUS, THE LATTER WEARY.

Per. So that rascal is making us two decrepit old fellows his butts, is he?

Ap. Good Lord, no! It's you that are making me miserable with all this miserable business.

Per. Oh, do hold your tongue! Only let me get my hands on that fellow!

Ap. (*indignantly*) I tell you this now for your information: you'd better look up another companion for yourself. (*groaning*) I've grown so weary following you about that the swelling in my ankles has spread to my poor knees.

Per. The number of ways that fellow has made a fool of me to-day, and of you too! Yes, and how he did gut my exchequer!

Ap. No more of him for me! Why, it was Vulcan in his wrath begot that villain: whatever he touches he consumes entire; stand near him, and he gets you boiling hot.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Duodecim deis plus quam in caelo deorumst immortalium.

mihi nunc auxilio adiutores sunt et mecum militant.
quidquid ego malefeci, auxilia mi et suppetiae sunt
domi,
apolactizo inimicos omnis.

Per. Vbi illum quaeram gentium?

Ap. Dum sine me quaeras, quaeras mea causa vel medio
in mari.

Ep. Quid me quaeris? quid laboras? quid hunc sollicitas? ecce me.

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num te fugi, num ab domo apsum, num oculis concessi tuis? ¹

nec tibi supplico. vincere vis? ein, ostendo manus;
tu habes lora, ego te emere vidi. quid nunc cessas?
colliga.

Per. Illicet, vadimonium ultro mi hic facit.

Ep. Quin colligas?

Ap. Edepol mancipium scelestum.

Ep. Te profecto, Apoecides,
nil moror mihi deprecari.

Ap. Facile exoras, Epidice.

Ep. Ecquid agis?

Per. Tuon arbitrato?

Ep. Meo hercle vero atque hau tuo
colligandae haec sunt tibi hodie.

Per. At non lubet, non colligo.

¹ Leo notes lacuna following: *nec mihi gratu's neque odiosus neque timorem mi exhibes* Leo.

EPIDICUS

ENTER *Epidicus* INTO DOORWAY UNSEEN.

Ep. (*elated*) All the immortal gods in Heaven and another dozen more are my aids, adjutants, and fellow fighters now! No matter what my misdeeds are, I have reserves and support of my own; I dismiss all my foes with a farewell kick.

~~*Per.*~~ Where in the world shall I look for him?

Ap. So long as you look for him without my company, you can look in the middle of the sea, for all I care.

Ep. (*to Periphanes, stepping out*) Why look for me? Why trouble yourself? Why bother this gentleman? Behold me, sir! Have I run off? Am I away from home? Have I kept out of your sight? I am not on my knees to you, either. You want to tie me up? Here, here are my hands! (*holding them out*) You have straps; I saw you buy them. Why so backward now? Bind me.

Per. (*puzzled*) It's no use—he even offers me bail of his own accord.

Ep. Why not bind me?

Ap. By gad! a villainous piece of property!

Ep. (*ironically polite*) You, certainly, Apocides—I do not expect you to beg me off.

Ap. (*bitingly*) I will meet your expectations readily, Epidicus.

Ep. (*to Periphanes, impatiently*) Well, going to do anything?

Per. At your wish, eh?

Ep. Just so, by Jove, at my wish, and not at yours, are you to bind these hands to-day.

Per. (*more puzzled*) But I don't choose to, I won't bind them.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ap.* Tragulam in te inicere adornat, nescio quam fabri-
cam facit. . 690
- Ep.* Tibi moram facis, cum ego solutus asto. age, in-
quam, colliga.
- Per.* At mihi magis lubet solutum te rogitare.
- Ep.* At nil scies.
- Per.* Quid ago?
- Ap.* Quid agas? mos geratur.
- Ep.* Frugi es tu homo, Apoecides.
- Per.* Cedo manus igitur.
- Ep.* Morantur nihil. atque arte colliga.
- Per.* Nihil moror.
- Ep.* Obnoxiose.
- Per.* Facto opere arbitramino.
- Ep.* Bene hoc habet. age nunciam ex me exquire,
rogita quod lubet.
- Per.* Qua fiducia ausu's primum, quae emptast nudius-
tertius,
filiam meam dicere esse?
- Ep.* Libuit: ea fiducia.
- Per.* Ain tu? libuit?
- Ep.* Aio. vel da pignus, ni ea sit filia.
- Per.* Quam negat novisse mater?
- Ep.* Ni ergo matris filia est, 700
in meum nummum, in tuom talentum pignus da.
- Per.* Enim istaec captiost.
sed quis east mulier?

EPIDICUS

- Ap.* (to *Periphanes*) He's making ready to open fire on you, he's devising some artifice or other.
- Ep.* (to *Periphanes*) And you are delaying yourself, letting me stand here loose. Come on, I tell you; bind me!
- Per.* But I prefer to question you loose as you are.
- Ep.* But you will learn nothing.
- Per.* (to *Apoecides*) What shall I do?
- Ap.* Do? Let him have his way.
- Ep.* You are a discreet man, *Apoecides*.
- Per.* Out with your hands, then.
- Ep.* (obeying) No delay on their part! And bind them tightly, too.
- Per.* (pulling the thongs viciously) No delay on my part!
- Ep.* (scoffingly) You are too timid.
- Per.* (pulling still harder) You can judge of that when the job is done. (finishes the operation as painfully as possible)
- Ep.* (scrutinizing the knot) Ah, good! Come now, examine me, ask anything you please.
- Per.* First, on what assurance did you dare tell me that the girl that was bought the day before yesterday was my daughter?
- Ep.* (indifferently) It was my humour—on that assurance.
- Per.* (angrily) So, you say? Your humour, was it?
- Ep.* Just so. Come on, make a bet she is not—a (slurring the "a") daughter.
- Per.* When her mother denies recognising her?
- Ep.* Well then, make your bet—two hundred pounds to my two shillings—that she is not her mother's daughter.
- Per.* I see! A catch! But who is this woman?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Ep. Tui gnati amica, ut omnem rem scias.

Per. Dedin tibi minas triginta ob filiam?

Ep. Fateor datas

et eo argento illam me emisse amicam fili fidicinam
pro tua filia. is te eam ob rem tetigi triginta minis.

Per. Quo modo me ludos fecisti de illa conducticia
fidicina?

Ep. Factum hercle vero, et recte factum iudico.

Per. Quid postremo argento factum est quod dedi?

Ep. Dicam tibi :
neque malo homini neque maligno tuo dedi Stratip-
pochi.

Per. Quor dare ausu's?

Ep. Quia mi libitum est.

Per. Quae haec, malum, impudentiast? 710

Ep. Etiam inclamitor quasi servos?

Per. Cum tu es liber, gaudeo.

Ep. Merui ut fierem.

Per. Tu meruisti?

Ep. Vise intro ; ego faxo scies
hoc ita esse.

Per. Quid est negoti?

Ep. Iam ipsa res dicet tibi.
abi modo intro.

Ap. Ei, non illuc temerest.

Per. Adserva istum, Apoecides.

Ap. Quid illuc, Epidice, est negoti?

Ep. Maxima hercle iniuria
vinctus asto, cuius haec hodie opera inventast filia.

EPIDICUS

- Ep.* Your son's mistress, to inform you fully.
- Per.* (*dangerously*) I gave you that hundred and twenty pounds for my daughter, did I not?
- Ep.* (*unruffled*) To be sure, and I took the money and bought that music girl, your son's mistress, in place of your daughter. I did you out of your hundred and twenty pounds in the transaction.
- Per.* Just as you made game of me in the case of that hired music girl, eh?
- Ep.* Gad, yes, so I did, and a good job, too, in my opinion.
- Per.* What was done with the last money I gave you?
- Ep.* I will tell you: (*significantly*) it was no good-for-nothing niggard I gave it to, but your son Stratippocles.
- Per.* How did you dare give it away?
- Ep.* Because it was my humour.
- Per.* The confounded impudence of the fellow!
- Ep.* What! Am I scolded as if I were a slave?
- Per.* (*ironically*) I am happy to hear that you are free.
- Ep.* I have deserved to be set free.
- Per.* You have deserved it—you?
- Ep.* Go look inside; you will see it is so, I warrant you.
- Per.* What does this mean?
- Ep.* The facts will speak for themselves. Just you go inside.
- Ap.* (*impressed*) Go; it's not for nothing he says that.
- Per.* Keep your eye on the fellow, Apocides.
- [EXIT INTO HOUSE.]
- Ap.* What does all this mean, Epidicus?
- Ep.* It is a crying injustice, by Jove, for me to be standing here tied up when, thanks to my efforts, this daughter of his has been discovered to-day.

TITUS MÀCCIUS PLAUTUS

Ap. Ain tu te illius invenisse filiam ?

Ep. Inveni, et domi est.
sed ut acerbum est, pro bene factis cum mali
messim metas.

Ap. Quamne hodie per urbem uterque sumus defessi
quaerere ?

Ep. Ego sum defessus reperire, vos defessi quaerere. 720

Per. Quid isti oratis opere tanto ? mi orandum esse
intellego,
ut liceat merito huius facere. cedo tu ut exsolvam
manus.

Ep. Ne attigas.

Per. Ostende vero.

Ep. Nolo.

Per. Non aequom facis.

Ep. Numquam hercle hodie, nisi supplicium mihi das,
me solvi sinam.

Per. Optimum atque aequissimum oras. soccos, tuni-
cam, pallium
tibi dabo.

Ep. Quid deinde porro ?

Per. Libertatem.

Ep. At postea ?
novo liberto opus est quod pappet.

Per. Dabitur, praebebo cibum.

Ep. Numquam hercle hodie, nisi me orassis, solves.

Per. Oro te, Epidice,

EPIDICUS

Ap. (*startled*) You say you've discovered his daughter—*you?*

Ep. Discover her I did, and she is at home. Ah, the bitterness of it, when you reap a crop of cruelty from seeds of kindness!

Ap. You mean the girl we both wore ourselves out in looking for all over the city to-day?

Ep. (*superior*) I wore myself out in finding her, you wore yourselves out in looking for her.

RE-ENTER *Periphanes*.

Per. (*to his son and daughter within*) What need of all those entreaties of yours? I see it's from me must come the entreaties—that I may be permitted to do what he deserves. (*to Epidicus, remorsefully*) Here, my man, let me untie your hands.

Ep. (*very patient and dignified*) Do not touch them.

Per. Come, come, hold them out.

Ep. I have no wish to.

Per. That's not fair of you.

Ep. (*in righteous wrath*) By the Lord, I will not let myself be loosed, never, unless you make amends to me.

Per. (*humbly*) Perfectly just and fair! I'll give you some shoes, a tunic, and a cloak.

Ep. (*somewhat interested*) Yes, and what besides?

Per. Your liberty.

Ep. Well, and after that? A new-made freedman needs *pap*.

Per. You shall have some; I'll provide you with food.

Ep. (*sulking again*) By the Lord, you shall not loose me, never, unless you entreat me.

Per. (*more humbly*) I do entreat you, Epidicus,—to

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

mihi ut ignoscas, siquid imprudens culpa peccavi
mea.

at ob eam rem liber esto.

Ep. Invitus do hanc veniam tibi, 730
nisi necessitate cogar. solve sane, si lubet.

POETA

Hic is homo est qui libertatem malitia invenit sua.
plaudite et valet. lumbos porgite atque exsurgite.

EPIDICUS

forgive me, if I have unwittingly been to blame and done you an injury. But in recompense, you are free.

Ep. (*loftily*) I dislike to pardon you—but circumstances compel me. (*extending his hands*) Very well, loose me—if it is your humour.

[EXEUNT OMNES.]

EPILOGUE

(*Spoken by the Author.*)

Here is a fellow who won his liberty by his craft. Give us your applause and fare you well. Stretch your limbs and rise.

MENAECHMI
OR
THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

ARGVMENTVM

Mercator Siculus, quoi erant gemini filii,
Ei surrupto altero mors optigit.
Nomen surrepticii illi indit qui domist
Avos paternus, facit Menaechmum e Sosicle.
Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quaeritat
Circum omnis oras. post Epidamnum devenit :
Hic fuerat alitus ille surrepticius.
Menaechmum omnes civem credunt advenam
Eumque appellant meretrix, uxor et socer.
I se cognoscunt fratres postremo invicem. 10

PERSONAE

PENICVLVS PARASITVS
MENAECHEMVS } ADVLESCENTES
MENAECHEMVS }
EROTIVM MERETRIX
CYLINDRVS COCVS
MESSENIQ SERVVS
ANCILLA
MATRONA
SENEX
MEDICVS

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

A Sicilian merchant, who had twin sons, died after one of them had been stolen. To the boy who was left at home his paternal grandfather gave the name of the stolen brother, calling him Menaechmus instead of Sosicles. And this boy, after he grew up, began searching for his brother in every land. At last he comes to Epidamnus: here it was that his stolen brother had been brought up. Everyone takes the stranger for their own fellow-citizen Menacchmus, and he is so addressed by his brother's mistress, wife, and father-in-law. At last the brothers recognise each other.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PENICULUS, *a parasite.*

MENAECHMUS, *a young gentleman living in Epidamnus.*

MENAECHMUS (SOSICLES), *a young gentleman of Syracuse.*

EROTIUM, *a courtesan.*

CYLINDRUS, *her cook.*

MESSENIO, *slave of Menaechnus (Sosicles).*

MAID, *in the service of Erotium.*

WIFE of Menaechnus.

FATHER-IN-LAW of Menaechnus.

A DOCTOR.

PROLOGVS

Salutem primum iam a principio propitiam
mihi atque vobis, spectatores, nuntio.
apporto vobis Plautum, lingua non manu,
quaeso ut benignis accipiatis auribus.
nunc argumentum accipite atque animum ad-
vortite ;

quam potero in verba conferam paucissima.

Atque hoc poetae faciunt in comoediis :
omnis res gestas esse Athenis autumant,
quo illud vobis graecum videatur magis ;
ego nusquam dicam nisi ubi factum dicitur.
atque adeo hoc argumentum graecissat, tamen
non atticissat, verum sicilicissitat.
huic argumento antelogium hoc fuit ;
nunc argumentum vobis demensum dabo,
non modio, neque trimodio, verum ipso horreo :
tantum ad narrandum argumentum adest be-
nignitas.

Mercator quidam fuit Syracusis senex,
ei sunt nati filii gemini duo,
ita forma simili pueri, ut mater sua
non internosse posset quae mammam dabat,
neque adeo mater ipsa quae illos pepererat,
ut quidem ille dixit mihi, qui pueros viderat ;
ego illos non vidi, ne quis vostrum censeat.
postquam iam pueri septuennēs sunt, pater
oneravit navem magnam multis mercibus ;
366

Scene :—Epidamnus. A street in which stand the houses of Menaechmus and Erotium.

PROLOGUE

First and foremost, spectators, I am the bearer of the very best wishes for—myself and—you. I bring you Plautus, orally, not corporally, and I pray you receive him with amiable ears. Lend me your attention and learn our argument now ; I will frame it in the fewest possible words.

Now writers of comedy have this habit : they always allege that the scene of action is Athens, their object being to give the play a more Grecian air. As for me, I will report the scene as being nowhere, save where, by report, the events occurred. And though this argument is à la Greek, yet it is not à l'Attic but rather à la Sicilian. So much by way of antelude to this argument ; now I will give you your rations of the argument itself, not by the peck or three peck measure, but by the very granary—such is my generosity in giving arguments !

There was a certain old merchant in Syracuse who had twin sons born him, so much alike that their foster mother who suckled them could not distinguish them, nor even their real mother who gave them birth—so I was told, at least, by a man who had seen the boys ; I myself have not seen them, and none of you is to suppose I have. When the boys were now seven years old, their father loaded a large ship with many articles of

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

imponit geminum alterum in navem pater,
Tarentum avexit secum ad mercatum simul,
illum reliquit alterum apud matrem domi.
Tarenti ludi forte erant, cum illuc venit.
mortales multi, ut ad ludos, convenerant;
puer aberravit inter homines a patre.

30

Epidamniensis quidam ibi mercator fuit,
is puerum tollit avehitque Epidamnium.
pater eius autem postquam puerum perdidit,
animum despondit, eaque is aegritudine
paucis diebus post Tarenti emortuost.

Postquam Syracusas de ea re rediit nuntius
ad avom puerorum, puerum surruptum alterum
patremque pueri Tarenti esse emortuom,
inmutat nomen avos huic gemino alteri.
ita illum dilexit, qui subruptust, alterum:
illius nomen indit illi qui domi est,
Menaechmo, idem quod alteri nomen fuit;
et ipse eodem est avos vocatus nomine—
propterea illius nomen memini facilius,
quia illum clamore vidi flagitarier.
ne mox erretis, iam nunc praedico prius:
idem est ambobus nomen geminis fratribus.

40

Nunc in Epidamnium pedibus redeundum est
mihi,

ut hanc rem vobis examussim disputem.

50

si quis quid vestrum Epidamnium curari sibi
velit, audacter imperato et dicito,
sed ita ut det unde curari id possit sibi.
nam nisi qui argentum dederit, nugae egerit;
qui dederit, magis maiores nugae egerit.
verum illuc redeo unde abii, atque uno asto in loco.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

merchandise; one twin he put^a aboard and took away with himself to Tarentum, his place of trade, the other being left with his mother at home. At Tarentum it happened they were having a festival when he arrived. Many people had congregated, as they do at festivals; the boy strayed from his father in the crowd. A certain merchant of Epidamnus was there; this merchant picked the boy up and took him off to Epidamnus. As for the father, after he lost his son he was broken-hearted and died of grief at Tarentum a few days later.

When news of all this—how the boy was stolen and his father dead at Tarentum—got back to Syracuse to the boys' grandfather, he changed the name of this other twin. See what a deep affection he had for that other boy, the stolen one! He gave that boy's name to the one at home, calling him Menacchmus, the name of his lost brother. This was the name of the grandfather himself, too,—(*confidentially*) I remember his name the more easily for having seen him vociferously dunned. To keep you from going astray later, I herewith forewarn you—both twins have the same name.

Now I must (*chuckling*) foot it back to Epidamnus so as to clarify this situation for you perfectly. If any one of you should want any business transacted for him in Epidamnus, command me freely and speak out—that is, in case you furnish the wherewithal for the transaction. For if a man has not furnished the necessary funds, it will come to nothing; if he has furnished them, it will come to—less than nothing. However, I return to the place I left, yes, and without stirring a step.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Epidamniensis ille, quem dudum dixeram,
geminum illum puerum qui surrupuit alterum,
ei liberorum, nisi divitiae, nil erat.
adoptat illum puerum surrupticium 60
sibi filium eique uxorem dotatam dedit,
eumque heredem fecit, quom ipse obiit diem.
nam rus ut ibat forte, ut multum pluerat,
ingressus fluvium rapidum ab urbe haud longule,
rapidus raptori pueri subduxit pedes
abstraxitque hominem in maximam malam crucem.
illi divitiae evenerunt maximae.
is illic habitat geminus surrupticius.

Nunc ille geminus, qui Syracusis habet,
hodie in Epidamnum veniet cum servo suo 70
hunc quaeritatum geminum germanum suum.
haec urbs Epidamnus est, dum haec agitur fabula ;
quando alia agetur, aliud fiet oppidum.
sicut familiae quoque solent mutarier :
modo hic habitat¹ leno, modo adulescens, modo
senex,
pauper, mendicus, rex, parasitus, hariolus²

¹ *hic habitat* Schoell : *ni caditat* P.

² Leo notes lacuna following.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

That Epidamnian I mentioned some time ago, who stole that other twin, had no children at all except his money. He adopted that kidnapped boy and gave him a wife with a dowry, and made him his heir by his own demise. For he happened one day to be going to the country after a heavy rain, and while he was trying to ford a rapid stream quite near the city, the rapids rapt the feet of the boy's abductor from beneath him and swept him off to perdition. His enormous fortune fell to his adopted son. And there it is (*pointing to house*) that this stolen twin lives.

Now that twin whose home is in Syracuse will come to-day to Epidamnus, with his servant, in search of this twin brother of his. This city (*with a wave toward the houses on the stage*) is Epidamnus, during the presentation of this play; when another play is presented it will become another town. It is quite like the way in which families, too, are wont to change their homes: now a pimp lives here, now a young gentleman, now an old one, now a poor man, a beggar, a king, a parasite, a seer

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ACTVS I

Pen. Iuventus nomen fecit Peniculo mihi,
ideo quia mensam, quando edo, detergeo.
homines captivos qui catenis vinciunt
et qui fugitivis servis indunt compedes, 80
nimis stulte faciunt mea quidem sententia.
nam homini misero si ad malum accedit malum,
maior lubido est fugere et facere nequiter.
nam se ex catenis eximunt aliquo modo.
tum compediti anum lima praeterunt
aut lapide excutiunt clavom. nugae sunt eae.
quem tu adservare recte, ne aufugiat, voles,
esca atque potione vinciri decet.
apud mensam plenam homini rostrum deliges;
dum tu illi quod edit et quod potet praebeas, 90
suo arbitratu adfatim cottidie,
numquam edepol fugiet, tam etsi capital fecerit;
facile adservabis, dum eo vinclo vincies.
ita istaec nimis lenta vincla sunt escaria:
quam magis extendas, tanto adstringunt artius.
nam ego ad Menaechmum hunc eo, quo iam diu
sum iudicatus; ultro eo ut me vinciat.
nam illic homo homines non alit, verum educat,
recreatque; nullus melius medicinam facit.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

ACT I

ENTER *Peniculus*, LOOKING DEJECTED.

Pen. The young fellows have given me the name of Brush,¹ the reason being that when I eat I sweep the table clean. (*with fervour*) Men that bind prisoners of war with chains and fasten shackles on runaway slaves are awful fools, at least in my opinion. Why, if the poor devil has this extra trouble on his shoulders, too, he's all the keener for escape and mischief. Why, they get out of their chains somehow. As for those in shackles, they file away the ring, or knock the rivet off with a stone. Nonsensical measures! The man you really want to keep from running off ought to be bound with (*sighing*) food and drink. A loaded table—(*smacking his lips*) tie his snout to that! Just you deal him out meat and drink to suit his pleasure and his appetite each day, and he'll never run—Lord, no!—no matter if he's done a deed for hanging. You'll keep him easily so long as you bind him with these bonds. They're such extraordinarily tenacious bonds, these belly-bands: the more you stretch 'em, the closer they cling. Here's my case—I'm going to Menaechmus here (*pointing to house*), whose bond servant I've been for many a day, going of my own accord to let him bind me. Why, (*enthusiastically*) that man doesn't merely feed men, he nurtures them and re-creates them; a better doctor can't be found. Here's the

¹ The meaning of *Peniculus*.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ita est adulescens : ipse escae maxumae
 cerialis cenas dat, ita mensas exstruit,
 tantas struices concinnat patinarias :
 standumst in lecto, si quid de summo petas.
 sed mi intervallum iam hos dies multos fuit ;
 domi domitus sum usque cum caris meis.
 nam neque edo neque emo nisi quod est carissu-
 mum.
 id quoque iam, cari qui instruontur deserunt.
 nunc ad eum invisio. sed aperitur ostium.
 Menaechmum eccum ipsum video, progreditur
 foras.

I. 2.

Men. Ni mala, ni stulta sies, ni indomita imposque animi, 110
quod viro esse odio videas, tute tibi odio habeas.
praeterhac si mihi tale post hunc diem
faxis, faxo foris vidua visas patrem.
nam quotiens foras ire volo,
me retines, revocas, rogitas,
quo ego eam, quam rem agam, quid negoti
geram,
quid petam, quid feram, quid foris egerim.
portitorem domum duxi, ita omnem mihi
rem necesse eloqui est, quidquid egi atque ago.
nimium ego te habui delicatam; nunc adeo ut
facturus dicam.

quando ego tibi ancillas, penum, 120
lanam, aurum, vestem, purpuram

bene praebeo nec quicquam eges, 121

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

sort of young fellow he is : a splendid trencherman himself, he gives you dinners fit for the festival of Ceres ; piles up the courses so, erects such heaps of lovely panny things, you must stand on your couch if you want anything from off the top. (*pauses, then sadly*) But for now these many days there has been a gap in my invitations ; and all this time I've kept fast at home with my (*lingeringly*) dear ones. For not a thing do I eat or buy that isn't, oh, so dear ! And now another point is---these dears I've marshalled are deserting me. (*looking towards Menaechmus's house*) So here's for a call on him. But the door's opening ! Aha ! I see Menaechmus himself ! he's coming out ! (*steps back*)

Scene 2. ENTER *Menaechmus*, FOLLOWED TO THE DOORWAY
BY HIS WIFE.

n. (*angrily*) If you weren't mean, if you weren't stupid, if you weren't a violent virago, what you see displeases your husband would be displeasing to you, too. Now mark my words, if you act like this toward me after to-day, you shall hie yourself home to your father as a divorcee. Why, whenever I want to go out, you catch hold of me, call me back, cross-question me as to where I'm going, what I'm doing, what business I have in hand, what I'm after, what I've got, what I did when I was out. I've married a custom-house officer, judging from the way everything—all I've done and am doing—must be declared. I've pampered you too much ; now then, I'll state my future policy. Inasmuch as I keep you well provided with maids, food, woollen cloth, jewellery, coverlets, purple dresses, and you lack for

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

malo cavebis si sapis,
virum observare desines.

122

atque adeo, ne me nequiquam serves, ob eam in-
dustriam
hodie ducam scortum ad cenam atque aliquo con-
dicam foras.

Pen. Illic homo se uxori simulat male loqui, loquitur
mihi;
nam si foris cenat, profecto me, haud uxorem,
ulciscitur.

Men. Euax, iurgio hercle tandem uxorem abegi ab ianua.
ubi sunt amatores mariti? dona quid cessant mihi
conferre omnes congratulantes, quia pugnavi for-
titer?
hanc modo uxori intus pallam surrupui, ad scortum
fero.

136

sic hoc decet, dari facete verba custodi catae.
hoc facinus pulchrumst, hoc probumst, hoc lepi-
dumst, hoc factumst fabre.
meo malo a mala abstuli hoc, ad damnum deferetur.
avorti praedam ab hostibus nostrum salute socium.

Pen. Heus adulescens, ecqua in istac pars inest praeda
mihi?

Men. Perii, in insidias deveni.

Pen. Immo in praesidium, ne time.

Men. Quis homo est?

Pen. Ego sum.

Men. O mea Commoditas, o mea Opportunitas,
salve.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

nothing, you (*with emphasis*) will look out for trouble if you're wise, and cease spying on your husband. (*in lower tone as his wife goes back inside*) And furthermore, that you may not watch me for nothing, I'll reward your diligence by taking a wench to dinner and inviting myself out somewhere.

Pen. (*aside, mournfully*) The fellow pretends to be abusing his wife, when he is abusing me; for if he dines out, it's certainly me, not his wife, he punishes.

Men. (*elated*) Hurrah! By Jove, at last my lecture has driven her away from the door! Where are your married gallants? Why don't they all hurry up with gifts and congratulations for my valiant fight? (*showing a woman's mantle worn underneath his cloak*) This mantle I just now stole from my wife inside there, and (*gleefully*) it's going to a wench. This is the way to do—to cheat a cunning gaoler in such clever style! Ah, this is a beautiful job, a handsome job, a neat job, a workmanlike job! I've done the wretch out of this—(*dryly*) and done myself, too!—and it's on the road to (*glancing at Erotium's house*) ruin. (*pauses, then cheerfully*) I have taken booty from the enemy without loss to my allies.

Pen. (*loudly, from his retreat*) Hi, sir! Is there some share in that booty for me?

Men. (*startled and covering mantle again*) Good Lord! Detected!

Pen. Oh no, protected! Never fear!

Men. Who goes there?

Pen. (*stepping forward*) I.

Men. (*vastly relieved*) Ah there, old Timeliness! Ah there, old Opportunity! Good day! (*extends his hand*)

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Pen.* Salve.
- Men.* Quid agis?
- Pen.* Teneo dextera genium meum.
- Men.* Non potuisti magis per tempus mi advenire quam advenis.
- Pen.* Ita ego soleo; commoditatis omnis articulos scio. 140
- Men.* Vin tu facinus luculentum inspicere?
- Pen.* Quis id coxit coquos?
- Men.* iam sciam, si quid titubatumst, ubi reliquias videro. Dic mi, enumquam tu vidisti tabulam pictam in pariete, ubi aquila Catameitum raperet aut ubi Venus Adoneum?
- Pen.* Saepe. sed quid istae picturae ad me attinent?
- Men.* Age me aspice. ecquid adsimulo similiter?
- Pen.* Quis istest ornatus tuos?
- Men.* Dic hominem lepidissimum esse me.
- Pen.* Vbi essuri sumus?
- Men.* Dic modo hoc quod ego te iubeo.
- Pen.* Dico: homo lepidissime.
- Men.* Ecquid audes de tuo istuc addere?
- Pen.* Atque hilarissime.
- Men.* Perge porro.
- Pen.* Non pergo hercle, nisi scio qua gratia. 150
litigium tibi est cum uxore, eo mi abs te caveo cautius.
- Men.* Clam uxoremst ubi pulchre habeamus atque hunc comburamus diem.
- Pen.* Age sane igitur, quando aequom oras, quam mox incendo rogam?

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

- Pen.* (*taking it*) Good day, sir.
- Men.* And what are you doing with yourself?
- Pen.* Shaking hands with my guardian angel.
- Men.* You couldn't have arrived at a more fitting time for me.
- Pen.* A habit of mine; I know every juncture of timeliness.
- Men.* Do you want to set your eyes on a rich treat?
- Pen.* What cook cooked it? I shall know if there has been a culinary slip as soon as I see the leavings.
- Men.* Tell me, have you ever seen a wall painting showing the eagle making off with Catameitus,¹ or Venus with Adonis?
- Pen.* Often. But what have such pictures got to do with me?
- Men.* (*revealing the mantle*) Come, cast your eye on me. Do I look at all like them?
- Pen.* What sort of a get-up is that?
- Men.* Say that I'm a splendid fellow.
- Pen.* (*suspiciously*) Where are we going to eat?
- Men.* Just you say what I command.
- Pen.* (*listlessly*) I do—splendid fellow.
- Men.* Won't you add something of your own?
- Pen.* (*with a sigh*) The jolliest sort of fellow, too.
- Men.* Go on, go on!
- Pen.* (*indignant*) By gad, I will not go on, without knowing what good it does me. You and your wife are at odds, so I am on my guard against you all the more guardedly.
- Men.* (*reassuringly*) But there's a place she's unaware of, where we can have a beautiful time and fairly burn up this day.
- Pen.* (*eagerly*) Come, come, then, by all means! fairly spoken! Now how soon shall I kindle the pyre?

¹ Ganymede, carried up to Jupiter.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

dies quidem iam ad umbilicum est dimidiatus
mortuos. 154, 155

Men. Te morare, mihi quom obloquere.

Pen. Oculum ecfodito per solum
mihi, Menaechme, si ullum verbum faxo nisi quod
iusseris.

Men. Concede huc a foribus.

Pen. Fiat.

Men. Etiam concede huc.

Pen. Licet.

Men. Etiam nunc concede audacter ab leonino cavo.

Pen. Eu edepol ne tu, ut ego opinor, esses agitator
probus. 160

Men. Quidum?

Pen. Ne te uxor sequatur, respectas identidem.

Men. Sed quid ais?

Pen. Egone? id enim quod tu vis, id aio atque id nego.

Men. Ecquid tu de odore possis, si quid forte olfeceris,
facere coniecturam? ¹

Pen. captum sit collegium.

Men. Agedum odorare hanc quam ego habeo pallam.
quid olet? apstines?

Pen. Summum olfactare oportet vestimentum muliebre,
nam ex istoc loco spurcatur nasum odore inutili.²

Men. Olfacta igitur hinc, Penicule. lepide ut fastidis.

Pen. Decet.

¹ Leo notes lacuna following.

² *inutili* Ritschl: *inlucido* P.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Why the day is half dead already, dead down to its navel.

Men. You delay yourself by interrupting me.

Pen. Knock my eye clean through its socket, Menaechmus, if I utter a single word—without your orders.

Men. (*edging away from his house*) Come over here away from the door.

Pen. (*obeying*) All right.

Men. (*elaborately cautious*) Here, still farther.

Pen. Very well.

Men. (*still retreating*) Be a man—come still farther from that lioness's lair.

Pen. (*laughing*) Bravo! Gad, you certainly would make a fine charioteer, I do believe.

Men. Why so?

Pen. You look back so often to make sure your wife is not catching up with you.

Men. But what do you say——

Pen. I? Why, whatever you want—that's what I say and unsay.

Men. If you happened to smell something, would the odour enable you to conjecture?

Pen. * * * the Board of Augurs should be consulted.

Men. (*holding out the lower edge of the mantle*) Come on now, test the odour of this mantle I have. What does it smell of? (*as Peniculus draws back*) Holding off?

Pen. The upper part of a woman's gown is the part to sniff; why, that part there taints the nose with an odour that's indetergible.

Men. (*holding out another part*) Sniff here, then, Peniculus. What dainty airs you give yourself!

Pen. So I should. (*sniffs warily*)

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Men.* Quid igitur? quid olet? responde.
Pen. Furtum, scortum, prandium. 170
 tibi fuant
Men. Elocutu's, nam
 nunc ad amicam deferetur hanc meretricem Ero-
 tium.
 mihi, tibi atque illi iubebo iam adparari prandium.
Pen. Eu.
Men. Inde usque ad diurnam stellam crastinam pota-
 bimus.
Pen. Eu,
 expedite fabulatu's. iam fores ferio?
Men. Feri.
 vel mane etiam.
Pen. Mille passum commoratu's cantharum.
Men. Placide pulta.
Pen. Metuis, credo, ne fores Samiae sient.
Men. Mane, mane obsecro hercle: eapse eccam exit.
 oh, solem vides 179, 180
 satin ut occaecatust prae huius corporis candoribus?

I. 3.

- Erot.* Anime mi, Menaechme, salve.
Pen. Quid ego?
Erot. Extra numerum es mihi.
Pen. Idem istuc aliis adscriptivis fieri ad legionem solet.
Men. Ego istic mihi hodie adparari iussi apud te proe-
 lium. 184, 185
Erot. Hodie id fiet.
Men. In eo uterque proelio potabimus;
 uter ibi melior bellator erit inventus cantharo,
 tua est legio:¹ adiudicato cum utro hanc noctem
 sies.

¹ *tua est legio* Lindsay: *tuest legio* P.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

- ien.* Well now? What does it smell of? Answer.
n. A raid! a jade! a meal! I hope you have * * *
m. Right you are! Yes, I'll take it to my mistress Erotium, the courtesan here (*pointing*) at once. I'll order luncheon to be prepared for us immediately, for me and you and her.
'en. Capital!
'en. Then we'll drink and keep on drinking till the morrow's star of morn appears.
'en. Capital! You talk to the point. (*eyeing Erotium's door anxiously*) Shall I knock now?
ien. Knock away. (*maliciously, as Peniculus hurries to the door*) Or, rather, wait a bit.
m. (*gloomily*) You've put the tankard back a mile.
'en. Knock gently.
n. I dare say you fear the door is made of Samian crockery. (*about to knock lustily when the door moves*)
en. (*rapturously*) Wait, wait, for heaven's sake, wait! Look! she's coming out herself! Ah, you see the sun—is it not positively bedimmed in comparison with the brilliance of her body?

re 3. ENTER *Erotium*.

- it.* (*fondly*) My darling Menaechmus! Good day!
i. What about me?
it. (*disdainfully*) You don't count.
n. (*cheerfully*) A statement that applies in the army, too—it has its supernumeraries.
m. I should like to have a (*with a nod at Peniculus*) battle prepared for me at your house there to-day.
ot. (*puzzled, then with a smile*) To-day you shall have one.
en. In this battle we'll both (*indicating parasite*) drink; whichever proves himself the better tankard fighter is your army: you be the judge as to—

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ut ego uxorem, mea voluptas, ubi te aspicio, odi
male.

Erot. Interim nequis quin eius aliquid indutus sies. 190
quid hoc est?

Men. Induviae tuae atque uxoris exuviae, rosa.

Erot. Superas facile, ut superior sis mihi quam quisquam
qui impetrant.

Pen. Meretrix tantisper blanditur, dum illud quod rapiat
videt;

nam si amabas, iam oportebat nasum abreptum
mordicus. 194, 195

Men. Sustine hoc, Penicule; exuvias facere quas vovi
volo.

Pen. Cedo; sed obsecro hercle, salta sic cum palla postea.

Men. Ego saltabo? sanus hercle non es.

Pen. Egone an tu magis?
si non saltas, exue igitur.

Men. Nimio ego hanc periculo
surrupui hodie. meo quidem animo ab Hippolyta
subcingulum 20.

Hercules haud aequè magno unquam abstulit
periculo.

cape tibi hanc, quando una vivis meis morigera
moribus.

Erot. Hoc animo decet animatos esse amatores probos.

Pen. Qui quidem ad mendicitatem se properent detru-
dere.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

which you're to spend the night with. (*gazing at her amorously*) Oh, how I do hate my wife when I look at you, precious!

(*spying the fringe of the mantle*) Meanwhile you can't keep from wearing part of her wardrobe! (*examining it*) What is this?

(*lifting his cloak*) You're arrayed and my wife's raided, rosey.

(*pleased*) Oh, of all my lovers you make me love you most, easily!

(*aside*) A courtesan is all cajolery as long as she sees something to seize upon. (*to Erotium*) Why, if you really loved him, you ought to have bitten his nose off by now.¹

(*removing his cloak*) Hold this, Peniculus; I want to make the offering I vowed.

Give it here; (*grinning at him*) but do, for heaven's sake, dance just as you are, with the mantle on, afterwards. (*takes cloak*)

(*irritably*) Dance? I? Lord, man, you're crazy! Which is more so, you or I? If you won't dance,² take it off, then.

(*removing mantle*) It was an awful risk I ran stealing this to-day. It's my opinion Hercules never ran such a tremendous risk when he got away with the girdle of Hippolyta. (*handing it to Erotium*) Take it for your own, seeing you are the only living soul that likes to do what I like.

(*petting him*) That's the spirit that should inspire nice lovers.

(*aside, dryly*) At least such as are over-eager to plunge themselves into beggary.

¹ i. e. by kissing him passionately.

² The lewd stage dancers (*cinaedi*) wore the *palla*.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Men.* Quattuor minis ego emi istanc anno uxori meae.
Pen. Quattuor minae perierunt plane, ut ratio redditur.
Men. Scin quid volo ego te accurare?
Erot. Scio, curabo quae voles.
Men. Iube igitur tribus nobis apud te prandium accurarier
 atque aliquid scitamentorum de foro opsonarier,
 glandionidam suillam, laridum pernonidam, 210
 aut sincipitamenta porcina aut aliquid ad eum
 modum,
 madida quae mi adposita in mensa miluinam suggerant;
 atque actutum.
Erot. Licet ecastor.
Men. Nos prodimus ad forum.
 iam hic nos erimus; dum coquetur, interim potabimus.
Erot. Quando vis veni, parata res erit.
Men. Propera modo.
 sequere tu.
Pen. Ego hercle vero te et servabo et te sequar,
 neque hodie ut te perdam, meream deorum divitias mihi.
Erot. Evocate intus Culindrum mihi coquom actutum
 foras.
 I. 4.
 sportulam cape atque argentum. eccos tris nummos habes.
Cyl. Habeo.
Erot. Abi atque obsonium adfer; tribus vide quod sit satis: 220
 neque defiat neque supersit. —
Cyl. Cuius modi hi homines erunt?
Erot. Ego et Menaechmus et parasitus eius.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. I bought that mantle last year for my wife, and it stood me in sixteen pounds.

Pen. (*aside*) Sixteen pounds indubitably done for, according to account rendered!

Men. Do you know what I want you to see to?

Erot. I know, I'll see to what you want.

Men. Well, then, have luncheon prepared for the three of us at your house, and have some real delicacies purchased at the forum—(*looking amused at the intent Peniculus*) savoury kernelets of pork, dried hammylets, half a pig's head, or something of the sort—things that make me hungry as a kite when served up to me well-done. And quickly, too!

Erot. Oh yes, by all means.

Men. We'll go over to the forum. Soon we'll be back here; while things are cooking we'll employ the time in drinking.

Erot. Come when you wish; we'll get ready for you.

Men. Only do hurry. (*to Peniculus, unceremoniously*) Follow me, you. (*going*)

Pen. (*at his heels*) That I will, by Jove! Watch you and follow you, both! I wouldn't take the treasures of heaven on condition of losing you this day. [EXEUNT.]

Erot. (*going to her door and speaking to the maids within*) Call my cook Cylindrus out here at once.

Scene 4. ENTER Cylindrus.

Erot. Take a basket and some money. (*counting out some coins*) There! That's six shillings for you.

Cyl. Right, ma'am.

Erot. Go and get some provisions; see you get enough for three—neither too little nor too much.

Cyl. What sort of folks will they be?

Erot. I and Menaechmus and his parasite.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Cyl. Iam isti sunt decem ;
 nam parasitus octo hominum munus facile fungitur.
Erot. Elocuta sum convivas, ceterum cura.
Cyl. Licet.
 cocta sunt, iube ire accubitus.
Erot. Redi cito.
Cyl. Iam ego hic ero.

ACTVS II

Men. S. Voluptas nullast navitis, Messenio,
 maior meo animo, quam quom ex alto procul
 terram conspiciunt.
Mes. Maior, non dicam dolo,
¹ si adveniens terram videas quae fuerit tua.
 sed quaeso, quam ob rem nunc Epidamnum veni-
 mus ? 230
 an quasi mare omnis circumimus insulas ?
Men. S. Fratrem quaesitum geminum germanum meum.
Mes. Nam quid modi futurum est illum quaerere ?
 hic annus sextust postquam ei rei operam damus.
 Histros, Hispanos, Massiliensis, Hilurios,
 mare superum omne Graeciamque exoticam
 orasque Italicas omnis, qua adgreditur mare,
 sumus circumvecti. si acum, credo, quaereres,
 acum invenisses, si appareret, iam diu.
 hominem inter vivos quaeritamus mortuom ; 240
 nam invenissemus iam diu, si viveret.

¹ Leo brackets preceding *quam*.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Cyl. That makes ten already, ma'am ; for a parasite easily does the duty of eight men.

Erot. I have told you about the guests ; attend to the rest.

Cyl. (*bustling off importantly*) Of course, ma'am. The meal is cooked ; tell 'em to go in and take their places.

Erot. Come back quickly.

Cyl. I'll be here directly.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT II

(*Half an hour has elapsed.*)

ENTER *Menaechmus Sosicles* AND *Messenio*,
FOLLOWED AT DISTANCE BY SLAVES WITH LUGGAGE.

Men. S. There is no pleasure sailors have, in my opinion, *Messenio*, greater than sighting from the deep the distant land.

Mes. (*sulky*) It's a greater one, to put it plainly, if the land you see, as you near the shore, was once your own. But look here, sir, why have we come now to *Epidamnus* ? Or are we, like the sea, to go around all the islands ?

Men. S. To hunt for my own twin brother.

Mes. Well, what's to be the limit to hunting for him ? This is the sixth year we've been at the job. *Istrians*, *Spaniards*, *Massilians*, *Illyrians*, the entire *Adriatic*, and foreign *Greece*¹ and the whole coast of *Italy*—every section the sea washes—we've visited in our travels. If you were hunting for a needle you'd have found it long ago, I do believe, if it existed. It's a dead man we keep hunting for amongst the living ; why, we should have found him long ago if he were alive.

¹ *Magna Graecia.*

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Ergo istuc quaero certum qui faciat mihi,
qui sese dicat scire eum esse emortuom;
operam praeterea numquam sumam quaerere.
verum aliter vivos numquam desistam exsequi.
ego illum scio quam cordi sit carus meo.

Mes. In scirpo nodum quaeris. quin nos hinc domum
redimus, nisi si historiam scripturi sumus?

Men. S. Dictum facessas, datum edis, caveas malo.
molestus ne sis, non tuo hoc fiet modo.

<i>Mes.</i>	Em,	250

illoc enim verbo esse me servom scio.
non potuit paucis plura plane proloqui.
verum tamen nequeo contineri quin loquar.
audin, Menaechme? quom inspicio marsuppium,
viaticati hercle admodum aestive sumus.
ne tu hercle, opinor, nisi domum revorteris,
ubi nihil habebis, geminum dum quaeres, gemes.
nam ita est haec hominum natio: in Epidamnicis
voluptarii atque potatores maxumi;
tum sycophantae et palpatores plurumi
in urbe hac habitant; tum meretrices mulieres
nusquam perhibentur blandiores gentium.
propterea huic urbi nomen Epidamno inditumst,
quia nemo ferme huc sine damno devortitur.

Men. S. Ego istuc cavebo. cedo dum huc mihi marsuppium.

Mes. Quid eo vis?

Men. S. Iam aps te metuo de verbis tuis.

Mes. Quid metuis?

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. Well then, I'm hunting for someone who can prove that to me, who can say he knows my brother is dead; I'll never take up again the task of hunting for him after that. But failing that, I'll never abandon it so long as I'm alive. I alone know how dear he is to me.

Mes. (*impatiently*) You're hunting for a knot in a bulrush. Why don't we go back home—that is, unless we're going to write a book of travels?

Men. S. (*sharply*) Do what you're told, eat what you're given, and beware of trouble. Don't annoy me—this business will not be conducted to suit you.

Mes. (*aside, peevishly*) There you are! Talk like that shows me I'm a slave. He couldn't make the case clear more concisely. But just the same I can't keep from speaking out. (*aloud*) Listen to me, sir, will you? By gad, when I inspect the wallet, our touring fund looks precious summerly. Unless you return home, by gad, I warrant you when your cash gives out while you're hunting for your twin, you'll certainly have a twinge. I tell you what, the sort of people you find here is this: in Epidamnus are the very worst of rakes and drinkers. And then the swindlers and sharpers that live in this city, no end to 'em! And then the harlot wenches—nowhere on earth are they more alluring, people say! This city got its name of Epidamnus for just this reason—because almost everyone that stops here gets damaged.

Men. S. (*dryly*) I shall look out for that. Come, hand the wallet over to me.

Mes. What do you want with it?

Men. S. I have my fears of you now, from what you say.

Mes. Fears of what?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Ne mihi damnum in Epidamno duis.
 tu magnus amator mulierum es, Messenio,
 ego autem homo iracundus, animi perditus;
 id utrumque, argentum quando habebo, caverò, 270
 ne tu delinquas neve ego irascar tibi.

Mes. Cape atque serva. me lubente feceris.

II. 2.

Cyl. Bene opsonavi atque ex mea sententia,
 bonum anteponam prandium pransoribus.
 sed eccum Menaechmum video. vae tergo meo,
 prius iam convivae ambulant ante ostium,
 quam ego opsonatu redeo. adibo atque alloquar.
 Menaechme, salve.

Men. S. Di te amabunt quisquis es.

Cyl. Quisquis¹ quis ego sim?

Men. S. Non hercle vero.

Cyl. Vbi convivae ceteri? 280

Men. S. Quos tu convivas quaeris?

Cyl. Parasitum tuum.

Men. S. Meum parasitum? certe hic insanus homo.

Mes. Dixi tibi esse hic sycophantas plurimos?²

Men. S. Quem tu parasitum quaeris, adulescens, meum?

Cyl. Peniculum.

Mes. Eccum in vidulo salvum fero.

¹ Leo notes lacuna following: *quisquis sum? non tu scis, Menaechme, quis ego sim?* Leo.

² Leo notes lacuna following.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. Of your doing me some damage in Epidamnus. You, Messenio, are a great lover of the ladies, while I am a choleric man, of ungovernable temper; so long as I hold the money I'll guard against both dangers—a slip on your part, and resultant choler on my own.

Mes. (*handing him the wallet, aggrieved*) Take it and keep it, do. Delighted that you should.

Scene 2. *ENTER Cylindrus WITH PROVISIONS.*

Cyl. (*stopping and examining the contents of his basket approvingly*) Good marketing, this, and just to my taste, too. I'll set a good lunch before the lunchers. (*looking about*) Hullo, though! There's Menaechmus! Oh, my poor back! The guests are strolling about in front of the door before I'm back with the provisions! I'll up and speak to him. (*approaches*) Good day, Menaechmus.

Men. S. (*surprised*) The Lord love you, my man, whoever you are!

Cyl. (*surprised in turn*) Whoever? Who I am?

Men. S. Gad! Indeed I don't know!

Cyl. (*deciding he jokes*) Where are the other guests?

Men. S. What guests are you looking for?

Cyl. (*grinning*) Your parasite.

Men. S. My parasite? (*to Messenio*) The fellow is certainly insane.

Mes. Didn't I tell you there was no end of swindlers here?

Men. S. What parasite of mine are you looking for, young man?

Cyl. Brush.

Mes. Brush? I've got that safe in the knapsack. Look!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Cyl. Menaechme, numero huc advenis ad prandium.
nunc opsonatu redeo.

Men. S. Responde mihi,
adulescens : quibus hic pretiis porci veneunt
sacres sinceri ?

<i>Cyl.</i>	Nummis.
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98	98
99	99
100	100

Men. S. Numinum a me accipe ; 290
iube te piari de mea pecunia.

nam equidem insanum esse te certo scio,
qui mihi molestus homini ignoto, quisquis es.

Cyl. Cylindrus ego sum. non nosti nomen meum?

Men. S. Si tu Cylindrus seu Coriendrus, perieris.
ego te non novi, neque novisse adeo volo.

Cyl. Est tibi Menaechmo nomen, tantum quod sciam.

Mén. S. Pro sano loqueris quom me appellas nomine.
sed ubi novisti me?

Cyl. Vbi ego te noverim,
qui amicam habes eram meam hanc Erotium? 300

Men. S. Neque hercle ego habeo, neque te quis homo sis scio.

Cyl. Non scis quis ego sim, qui tibi saepissime
cyathisso apud nos, quando potas?

Mes. Ei mihi,
quom nihil est qui illi homini diminuam caput.

Men. S. Tūn cyathissare¹ mihi soles, qui ante hunc diē
Epidamnum numquam vidi neque veni?

Cyl. Negas?

Mén. S. Nego hercle vero.

Cyl. Non tu in illisce aedibus
¹ habitas?

Men. S. Di illos homines, qui illic habitant, perduint.

Cyl. Insanit hic quidem, qui ipse male dicit sibi.
audin, Menaechme?

¹ Corrupt (Leo) : *habes Seyffert.*

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Cyl. (*paying no attention to him*) You've come here to lunch too soon, Menaechmus. I'm just getting back with the provisions.

Men.S. (*gravely*) Answer me this, young man: how much do pigs cost here, sound pigs, for sacrifice?

Cyl. (*mystified*) Two shillings.

Men.S. Take two shillings from me; get yourself purified at my expense. For really it's quite clear you are insane—to bother an unknown man like me, whoever you are.

Cyl. But I'm Cylindrus. Don't you know my name?

Men.S. (*bored*) Whether you are Cylindrus or Pistonus, be hanged to you! I don't know you, and more than that, I have no wish to know you.

Cyl. Your name is Menaechmus, at least as far as I know.

Men.S. You talk rationally when you call me by name. But where did you know me?

Cyl. Where did I know you, when my mistress is your sweetheart Erotium here? (*indicating house*)

Men.S. Not mine, by gad! And as for you, I don't know who you are.

Cyl. Don't know who I am, I, who serve you your wine so often when you are drinking there?

Mes. (*hotly*) Oh, blast it! Not to have a thing to smash in the fellow's head with!

Men.S. You accustomed to serve me my wine, when I never saw or set foot in Epidamnus before this day?

Cyl. You deny it?

Men.S. Gad! Indeed I do deny it!

Cyl. Don't you live in that house yonder?

Men.S. (*wrathful*) Heaven's curse light on those that do live there!

Cyl. (*aside*) He's the insane one, to be cursing his own self! (*aloud*) Listen here, Menaechmus.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Men. S.* Quid vis?
- Cyl.* Si me consulas, 310
 nummum illum quem mihi dudum pollicitu's dare—
 nam tu quidem hercle certo non sanu's satis,
 Menaechme, qui nunc ipse male dicas tibi—
 iubeas, si sapias, porculum adferri tibi. 314, 315
- Mes.* Eu hercle hominem multum, et odiosum mihi.
- Cyl.* Solet iocari saepe mecum illoc modo.
 quam vis ridiculus est, ubi uxor non adest.
 quid ais tu?
- Men. S.* Quid vis, inquam.
- Cyl.* Satin hoc quod vides
 tribus vobis opsonatumst, an opsono amplius, 320
 tibi et parasito et mulieri?
- Men. S.* Quas¹ mulieres,
 quos tu parasitos loquere?
- Mes.* Quod te urget scelus,
 qui huic sis molestus?
- Cyl.* Quid tibi mecum est rei?
 ego te non novi; cum hoc quem novi fabulor.
- Mes.* Non edepol tu homo sanus es, certo scio.
- Cyl.* Iam ergo haec madebunt faxo, nil morabitur.
 proin tu ne quo abeas longius ab aedibus.
 numquid vis?
- Men. S.* Vt eas maximam malam crucem.
- Cyl.* Ire hercle meliust te interim atque accumbere,
 dum ego haec appono ad Volcani violentiam. 330
 ibo intro et dicam te hic adstare Erotio,
 ut te hinc abducat potius quam hic adstes foris.
- Men. S.* Iamne abiit illic? edepol haud mendacia
 tua verba experior esse.

¹ Leo brackets following *tu*.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men.S. What is it?

Cyl. If you asked my advice, sir, you'd take that two shillings you recently promised me—for, by gad, it's certainly you that are lacking in sanity, to curse your own self a moment ago—and order a porker to be brought to *you*, if you have any sense.

Mes. Hear that! By gad, what a windy chap! He makes me tired.

Cyl. (*to audience*) He often likes to joke with me this way. He's ever so humorous—when his wife's not by. (*to Menaechmus*) I say, sir.

Men.S. Well, what do you want?

Cyl. (*pointing to basket*) Are these provisions you see enough for the three of you, or shall I get more, for you and the parasite and the lady?

Men.S. What ladies, what parasites, are you talking about, man?

Mes. What possesses you, to bother this gentleman?

Cyl. (*to Messenio, irately*) What have you to do with me? I don't know you; I'm talking with this gentleman I do know.

Mes. Lord, man, you're not sane; I know that for sure.

Cyl. (*to Menaechmus*) Well, sir, these things shall be cooked directly, I promise you, without delay. So don't wander too far from the house. (*about to go*) Anything more I can do for you?

Men.S. Yes, go straight to the devil. (*turns away*)

Cyl. (*vehemently*) By gad, you'd better go, meanwhile, yourself—to the couch, while I (*superbly, with a wave toward the basket*) expose these things to Vulcan's violence. I'll go inside and tell Erotium you're here, so that she may bring you in rather than leave you standing here outside. [EXIT.

Men.S. Gone now, has he? By Jove! I perceive those statements of yours were no lies.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Mes.* Observato modo ;
 nam istic meretricem credo habitare mulierem,
 ut quidem ille insanus dixit, qui hinc abiit modo.
- Men. S.* Sed miror qui ille noverit nomen meum.
- Mes.* Minime hercle mirum. morem hunc meretrices
 habent :
 ad portum mittunt servolos, ancillulas ;
 si quae peregrina navis in portum advenit, 340
 rogitant cuiatis sit, quid ei nomen siet,
 postilla extemplo se applicant, agglutinant.
 si pellexerunt, perditum amittunt domum.
 nunc in istoc portu stat navis praedatoria,
 aps qua cavendum nobis sane censeo.
- Men. S.* Mones quidem hercle recte.
- Mes.* Tum demum sciam
 recte monuisse, si tu recte caveris.
- Men. S.* Tace dum parumper, nam concrepuit ostium :
 videamus qui hinc egreditur.
- Mes.* Hoc ponam interim.
 asservatote haec sultis, navales pedes. 350
- II. 3.
- Erot.* Sine fores sic, abi, nolo operiri.
 intus para, cura, vide,
 quod opust fiat.
 sternite lectos,
 incendite odores ; munditia
 inlecebra animost
 amantium. 354, 355
 amanti amoenitas malost, nobis lucrost.
 sed ubi ille est, quem coquos ante aedis esse ait ?
 atque eccum video,
 398

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Mes. Just you keep your eyes open ; for I do believe some harlot wench lives there, precisely as that madman, who just now left us, said.

Men. S. But I wonder how he knew my name ?

Mes. *(with an air of vastly superior wisdom)* Lord, sir, nothing wonderful in that ! This is a custom harlots have : they send their artful slaves and maids down to the port ; if any foreign ship comes in, they inquire where she hails from and what her owner's name is, and then they immediately affix themselves, glue themselves fast to him. Once he's seduced, they send him home a wreck. Now in that port there *(pointing to Erotium's house)* lies a pirate bark that I surely think we'd better beware of.

Men. S. Gad, that's certainly good advice you give.

Mes. *(dissatisfied)* I'll know it's good advice when you take good care, and not before.

Men. S. *(listening)* Sh-h ! Keep still a moment ! The door creaked—let's see who is coming out.

Mes. *(dropping the knapsack)* Meanwhile I'll put this down. *(to the sailors, superciliously, pointing to luggage)* Kindly watch this stuff, ye ship propellers.

Scene 3. ENTER *Erotium* INTO THE DOORWAY.

Erot. *(to maids within)* Leave the door so ; go along, I don't want it shut. Get ready inside, look out for things, see to things, do what's necessary. *(to other maids)* Cover the couches, burn some perfumes ; daintiness is what lures lovers' hearts. Attractive surroundings mean the lovers' loss and our gain. *(looking about)* But where is that man the cook said was in front of the house ? Ah yes.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

qui mi est usui et plurimum prodest.
item hinc ultro fit, ut meret, potissimus
nostrae domi ut sit ;

nunc eum adibo, adloquar ultro. 360
animule mi, mihi mira videntur,
te hic stare foris, fores quoi pateant,
magis quam domus tua domus quom haec
tua sit.

omne paratumst, ut iussisti
atque ut voluisti, neque tibi
ulla morast intus.
prandium, ut iussisti, hic curatumst ;
ubi lubet, ire licet accubitus.

Men. S. Quicum haec mulier loquitur ?

Erot. Equidem tecum.

Men. S. Quid mecum tibi
fuit umquam aut nunc est negoti ?

Erot. Quia pol te unum ex omnibus 370
Venus me voluit magnificare, neque id haud im-
merito tuo.

nam ecastor solus benefactis tuis me florentem facis.

Men. S. Certo haec mulier aut insana aut ebria est, Mes-
senio,
quae hominem ignotum compellet me tam famili-
ariter.

Mes. Dixin ego istaec hic solere fieri ? folia nunc cadunt,
praeut si triduom hoc hic erimus ; tum arbores in
te cadent.

nam ita sunt hic meretrices : omnes elecebrae
argentariae.

sed sine me dum hanc compellare. heus mulier,
tibi dico.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

I see him—it's the friend I find so useful, so uncommonly helpful. And accordingly I let him quite lord it in my house as he deserves. I'll step up to him at once and give him a welcome. (*approaching Menaechmus*) Why, you darling boy, it surprises me that you should stand here outdoors when my doors are open for you and this house is more yours than your own house is. Everything is ready as you ordered and wished, and you'll meet with no delay inside. Our luncheon here has been seen to, as you ordered; you may go in and take your place when you like.

Men. S. (*to Messenio, mystified*) To whom is this woman talking?

Erot. (*surprised*) To you, of course.

Men. S. What have you had to do with me, now or ever?

Erot. (*gaily, thinking he jests*) Why, bless your heart, it has pleased Venus that I should prize you as the one man of men—and not without your deserving it. For, mercy me! you alone, with all your generosity, make me prosper.

Men. S. (*aside to Messenio*) This woman is certainly either insane or drunk, Messenio, to address a stranger like me so familiarly.

Mes. Didn't I tell you that was the way they did here? These are mere falling leaves compared with what'll happen if we stay here the next three days; then trees will fall on you. Yes, sir, harlots are like that here—they're all silver seductresses. But you just let me have a word with her. (*to Erotium, who has been looking in at her door*) Hey there, madam! I am speaking to you.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Erot.* Quid est?
- Mes.* Vbi tu hunc hominem novisti?
- Erot.* Ibidem ubi hic me iam diu,
in Epidamno.
- Mes.* In Epidamno? qui huc in hanc urbem pedem, 380
nisi hodie, numquam intro tetulit?
- Erot.* Heia, delicias facis.
mi Menaechme, quin, amabo, is intro? hic tibi erit
rectius.
- Men. S.* Haec quidem edepol recte appellat meo me mulier
nomine.
nimis miror, quid hoc sit negoti.
- Mes.* Oboluit marsuppium
huic istuc quod habes.
- Men. S.* Atque edepol tu me monuisti probe.
accipe dum hoc. iam scibo, utrum haec me magē
amet an marsuppium.
- Erot.* Eamus intro, ut prandeamus.
- Men. S.* Bene vocas; tam gratiast.
- Erot.* Cur igitur me tibi iussisti coquere dudum pran-
dium?
- Men. S.* Egon te iussi coquere?
- Erot.* Certo, tibi et parasito tuo.
- Men. S.* Cui, malum, parasito? certo haec mulier non
sanast satis. 390
- Erot.* Peniculo.
- Men. S.* Quis iste est Peniculus? qui extergentur
baxeae?
- Erot.* Scilicet qui dudum tecum venit, quom pallam mihi
detulisti, quam ab uxore tua surrupuisti.
- Men. S.* Quid est?
tibi pallam dedi, quam uxori meae surrupui?
sanan es?
certe haec mulier cantherino ritu astans somniat.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Erot. What is it?

Mes. Where did you know this gentleman?

Erot. In the same place where he has long known me, in Epidamnus.

Mes. Epidamnus? When he's never set foot in this town except to-day?

Erot. Tut, tut, my smart sir! Menaechmus mine, come inside, why don't you, there's a dear. You'll find it nicer in here.

Men.S. (*aside to Messenio*) Good Lord! Now here's this woman calling me by my right name! I certainly do wonder what in the world it all means.

Mes. She's scented the wallet you have.

Men.S. By Jove, yes, you have warned me wisely! Here, you take it. (*hands wallet to Messenio*) Now I'll know whether it's me or my wallet she's in love with.

Erot. (*taking his arm*) Let's go in and have luncheon.

Men.S. (*puzzled*) Very kind of you; no, thanks.

Erot. Then why did you order me to cook luncheon for you a while ago?

Men.S. I ordered you to cook it?

Erot. Certainly, for you and your parasite.

Men.S. What parasite, confound it? (*aside to Messenio*) There's certainly something wrong with the woman's wits.

Erot. Brush, I mean.

Men.S. What brush is that? One you clean your shoes with?

Erot. Why, the one, of course, that came with you a while ago when you brought me the mantle you stole from your wife.

Men.S. What's this? I gave you a mantle I stole from my wife? Are you sane? (*to Messenio*) At any rate, this woman dreams standing up, horse fashion.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Erot. Qui lubet ludibrio habere me atque ire infitias
mihi
facta quae sunt?

Men. S. Dic quid est id quod negem quod fecerim?

Erot. Pallam te hodie mihi dedisse uxoris.

Men. S. Etiam nunc nego.
ego quidem neque umquam uxorem habui neque
habeo, neque huc
umquam, postquam natus sum, intra portam pene-
travi pedem. 400

Erot. prandi in navi, inde huc sum egressus, te conveni. Eccere,
perii misera, quam tu mihi nunc navem narras?

Men. S. Ligneam,
saepe tritam, saepe fixam, saepe excussam malleo;
quasi supellex pellionis, palus palo proxumust.

Erot. Iam, amabo, desiste ludos facere atque i hac mecum
semul.

Men. S. Nescio quem, mulier, alium hominem, non me
quaeritas.

Erot. Non ego te novi Menaechmum, Moscho prognatum
patre,
qui Syracusis perhibere natus esse in Sicilia,
ubi rex Agathocles regnator fuit et iterum
Phintia, 409, 410
tertium Liparo, qui in morte regnum Hieroni
tradidit,
nunc Hiero est?

Men. S. Haud falsa, mulier, praedicas.

Mes. Pro Iuppiter,
num istaec mulier illinc venit, quae te novit tam
cate?

Men. S. Hercle opinor, pernegari non potest.

Mes. Ne feceris. 414, 415
periisti, si intrassis intra limen.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

- Erot.* (*a little irritated*) Why is it you like to make a laughing-stock of me and deny what you did?
- Men.S.* Tell me what it is I did and deny.
- Erot.* Giving me your wife's mantle to-day.
- Men.S.* I deny it still. Why, I never had a wife, and have none now, and never from the day I was born have I put a foot within your city gate here. I lunched on board ship, then came ashore here, and met you.
- Erot.* (*aside, alarmed about him*) Look at that! Oh dear, this is dreadful! (*to Menaechmus*) What is this ship you're telling me of?
- Men.S.* (*flippantly*) A wooden affair, often battered about, often nailed, often pounded with a hammer; it's like a furrier's furniture, peg close to peg.
- Erot.* (*relieved by his jocularly and drawing him toward her door*) Now, now, do stop joking, there's a dear, and come along this way with me.
- Men.S.* (*releasing himself*) It is some other man you are looking for, madam, not me.
- Erot.* I not know you—(*playfully, as if repeating a lesson*) Menaechmus, the son of Moschus, born, so they say, in Syracuse in Sicily, where King Agathocles reigned, and after him Phintia, and thirdly Liparo, who at his death left his kingdom to Hiero, the present ruler?
- Men.S.* (*more perplexed*) You are quite correct, madam.
- Mes.* (*aside, to Menaechmus*) Great Jupiter! The woman doesn't come from there, does she, to have your history so pat?
- Men.S.* By gad, I fancy I can't go on refusing her. (*moves toward her door*)
- Mes.* (*alarmed*) Don't do that! You're lost, if you cross that threshold!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Quin tu tace modo.
bene res geritur. adsentabor quidquid dicet mulieri,
si possum hospitium nancisci. iam dudum, mulier,
tibi
non imprudens advorsabar; hunc metuebam, ne
meae
uxori renuntiaret de palla et de prandio.
nunc, quando vis, eamus intro.

Erot. Etiam parasitum manes?

Men. S. Neque ego illum maneo, neque flocci facio, neque,
si venerit,
eum volo intromitti.

Erot. Ecce ego haud invita fecero.
sed scin quid te amabo ut facias?

Men. S. Impera quid vis modo.

Erot. Pallam illam, quam dudum dederas, ad phrygionem
ut deferas,
ut reconcinnetur atque ut opera addantur quae volo.

Men. S. Hercle qui tu recte dicis; eadem ignorabitur,
ne uxor cognoscat te habere, si in via conspexerit.

Erot. Ergo mox auferto tecum, quando abibis.

<i>Men. S.</i>	Maxime.	430

Erot. Eamus intro.

Men. S. Iam sequar te. hunc volo etiam conloqui.
eho Messenio, accede huc.

Mes. Quid negoti est?

Men. S. Sussili.¹

Mes. Quid eo opust?

Men. S. Opus est. scio ut me dices.

¹ *sussili* Bothe : *sussciri* MSS.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. See here now, you shut up. Things are going well. I'll assent to whatever the wench says, if I can come in for entertainment here. (*confidentially to Erotium, motioning Messenio back*) I kept contradicting you a while ago purposely, my girl; I was afraid of this fellow (*indicating Messenio*)—that he might inform my wife of the mantle and the luncheon. Now when you wish let's go inside.

Erot. Shall you wait any longer for the parasite?

Men. S. Not I—I neither wait for him nor care a straw for him, nor want him admitted if he does come.

Erot. Goodness me, I'll see to that without reluctance! (*fondling him*) But do you know what I should love you to do?

Men. S. Whatever you wish—you have only to command me.

Erot. Take that mantle you gave me a while ago to the embroiderer, so as to have it repaired and have some trimmings I want added.

Men. S. Right you are, by Jove! That will make it look different, too, and my wife won't recognize it on you, if she notices it on the street.

Erot. Well then, take it with you later when you leave me.

Men. S. By all means.

Erot. Let's go in.

Men. S. I'll follow you directly. I want another word with this fellow (*indicating Messenio*). [EXIT *Erotium*.
Hullo! Messenio! Step up here.

Mes. (*morose*) What's all this?

Men. S. (*elated*) Dance a jig!

Mes. What's the need of that?

Men. S. There is need. (*rather apologetic*) I know what you'll call me.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mes.

Tanto nequior.

Men. S. Habeo praedam : tantum incepti operis. ei quantum potes, 434, 435

abduc istos in tabernam actutum devorsoriam.
tum facito ante solem occasum ut venias advorsum mihi.

Mes.

Non tu istas meretrices novisti, ere.

Men. S.

Tace, inquam¹

mihi dolebit, non tibi, si quid ego stulte fecero.
mulier haec stulta atque inscita est ; quantum
perspexi modo, 440
est hic praeda nobis.

Mes.

Perii, iamne abis ? periit probe.

ducit lembum diirectum navis praedatoria.
sed ego inscitus qui domino me postulem moderarier ;
dicto me emit audientem, haud imperatorem sibi.
sequimini, ut, quod imperatum est, veniam advorsum temperi.

ACTVS III

Pen.

Plus triginta annis natus sum, quom interea loci,
numquam quicquam facinus feci peius neque
scelestius,
quam hodie, quom in contionem mediam me immersi miser.
ubi ego dum hieto, Menaechmus se subterduxit mihi
atque abiit ad amicam, credo, neque me voluit ducere. 450

¹ Leo notes lacuna here : (*atque hinc abi*) Ritschl.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Mes. So much the worse of you.

Men.S. The booty's mine! Such siegeworks as I've begun! Be off as fast as you can; take those fellows (*pointing to sailors*) to an inn at once. Then see you come to meet me before sunset.

Mes. You don't know those harlots, master.

Men.S. Hold your tongue, I tell you. It will hurt me, not you, if I play the fool. This woman is a fool, and a silly one; from what I've just observed, there's booty for us here. [EXIT INTO THE HOUSE.

Mes. (*as if to call him back*) Oh Lord! You're gone already? Lord help him! The pirate bark is towing our yacht to perdition. But I'm a silly one to expect to manage my master; he bought me to obey his orders, not to be his commander-in-chief. (*to the sailors*) Follow me, so that I can come to meet him in season as he commanded.

[EXEUNT.

ACT III

(*Several hours have elapsed.*)

ENTER *Peniculus*.

Pen. (*in high dudgeon*) More than thirty years I've lived, and never in all that time have I done a worse or more accursed deed than to-day when I immersed myself, poor fool, in the middle of that public meeting. While I was gaping there, Menaechmus gave me the slip, and made off to his mistress, I suppose, without caring to take me

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

qui illum di omnes perduint, qui primus commen-
tust¹
contionem habere, qui homines occupatos occupat.
non ad eam rem otiosos homines decuit deligi,
qui nisi adsint quom citentur, census capiat ilico?²
adfatum est hominum, in dies qui singulas escas
edint,
quibus negoti nihil est, qui essum neque vocantur
neque vocant;
eos oportet contioni dare operam atque comitiis.
si id ita esset, non ego hodie perdidissem prandium, 460
quod tam credo³ datum voluisse quam me video
vivere.
ibo; etiamnum reliquiarum spes animum oblectat
meum.
sed quid ego video? Menaechmus cum corona
exit foras.
sublatum est convivium, edepol venio adversum
temperi.
observabo, quid agat, hominem. post adibo atque
adloquar.

III. 2.

Men. S. Potine ut quiescas? ego tibi hanc hodie probe
lepideque concinnatam referam temperi.
non faxo eam esse dices: ita ignorabitur.

Pen. Pallam ad phrygionem fert confecto prandio
vinoque expoto, parasito excluso foras. 470
non hercle is sum qui sum, ni hanc iniuriam
meque ultus pulchre fuero. observa quid dabo.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: *primus (hoc) Vahlen.*

² Leo notes lacuna following.

³ Corrupt (Leo): *credo halatum oluisse Schoell.*

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

along. May all the powers above consume the fellow that first devised the holding of public meetings, to busy busy men! Shouldn't they choose men with nothing to do for that sort of thing, and fine 'em forthwith if they fail to appear at the roll call? There's a plenty of men that get edibles to eat only once a day, men with no business on hand, men that are neither invited out nor invite anyone in to eat: they're the ones that ought to devote themselves to public meetings and assemblies. If this had been the rule, I shouldn't have lost my lunch to-day—for sure as I'm alive I believe he was willing to give me one. I'll join him; even now I have my sweet hopes of the leavings. (*goes toward Erotium's house as Menaechmus Sosicles comes into the doorway, wreathed and carrying the mantle*) But what do I see? Menaechmus coming out with a garland on! (*grimly*) The banquet's cleared away, and, by gad, I've come just in time to see him home! (*withdrawing*) I'll observe what the fellow's up to. Then I'll up and have a word with him.

Scene 2.

Men.S. (*to Erotium within*) Can't you rest easy? I'll bring this back to you to-day in good season, all put in trim nicely and prettily. (*chuckling to himself*) You'll say you haven't got this one, I warrant,—it will look so unfamiliar.

Pen. (*aside, angrily*) He's carrying the mantle to the embroiderer's, now the lunch is finished and the wine drunk, while the parasite's been shut out of doors! By heaven, I'm not the man I am if I don't avenge this injury and myself in beautiful style! You watch what I'll give you!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Pro di immortales, quoi homini umquam uno die boni dedistis plus, qui minus speraverit? prandi, potavi, scortum accubui, apstuli hanc, quocius heres numquam erit post hunc diem.

Pen. Nequeo quae loquitur exaudire clanculum;
satur nunc loquitur de me et de parti mea?

Men. S. Ait hanc dedisse me sibi, atque eam meae
uxori surrupuisse. quoniam sentio
errare, extemplo, quasi res cum ea esset mihi,
coepi adsentari; mulier quidquid dixerat,
idem ego dicebam. quid multis verbis opust?
minore nusquam bene fui dispendio.

Pen. Adibo ad hominem, nam turbare gestio.

Men. S. Quis hic est, qui adversus it mihi?

Pen. Quid ais, homo
levior quam pluma, pessime et nequissime,
flagitium hominis, subdole ac minimi preti?
quid de te merui, qua me causa perderes? 490
ut surrupuisti te mihi dudum de foro!
fecisti funus meo absente prandio.
cur ausu's facere, quoi ego aequae heres eram?

Men. S. Adulescens, quaeso, quid tibi mecum est rei,
qui mihi male dicas homini ignoto insciens?
an tibi malam rem vis pro male dictis dari?

Pen. ¹ Pol eam quidem edepol te dedisse intellego.

Men. S. Responde, adulescens, quaeso, quid nomen tibist?

Pen. Etiam derides, quasi nomen non noveris?

Men. S. Non edepol ego te, quod sciam, umquam ante hunc
diem

500

¹ Corrupt (Leo) : *quidem modo te* Schoell.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. (*leaving the doorway, jubilant*) Ye immortal gods ! Did ye ever in a single day bestow more blessings on any man who hoped for less ? I've lunched, drunk, enjoyed the wench, and made off with this mantle whose owner will never see it more.

Pen. (*aside*) I can't quite catch what he's talking about from this hiding-place ; is it about me and the part I played, now that he's stuffed himself ?

Men. S. She said I gave this to her, yes, and stole it from my wife ! Seeing she was making a mistake, I at once began to agree with her, as if I had had dealings with her ; whatever she said, I'd say the same. In short, I never had a good time anywhere at less expense.

Pen. (*aside, his anger rising*) I'll up to the fellow ! Oh, I'm aching for a row ! (*steps forward*)

Men. S. (*aside*) Who's this advancing on me ?

Pen. See here, you rascal lighter than a feather, you base, villainous scoundrel, you outrage of a man, you tricky good-for-nothing ! What have I ever done to you that you should spoil my life ? How you sneaked off from me at the forum a while ago ! You've interred the luncheon, and I not there ! How did you dare do it, when I was as much its heir as you ?

Men. S. (*with dignity*) Sir, what have you to do with me, pray, that I, a perfect stranger, should meet with your abuse ? (*dangerously*) Or do you want to be given a bad time in return for this bad language ?

Pen. (*groaning*) Oh Lord ! You've given me that already, I perceive, good Lord, yes !

Men. S. Pray answer me, sir, what is your name ?

Pen. What ? Making fun of me, as if you didn't know my name ?

Men. S. Good Lord, man, I have never seen you or known

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

vidi neque novi; verum certo, quisquis es,
si aequom facias, mihi odiosus ne sies.

Pen. Menaechme, vigila.

Men. S. Vigilo hercle equidem, quod sciam.

Pen. Non me novisti?

Men. S. Non negem, si noverim.

Pen. Tuom parasitum non novisti?

Men. S. Non tibi
sanum est, adulescens, sinciput, intellego.

Pen. Responde, surrupuistin uxori tuae
pallam istanc hodie atque dedisti Erotio?

Men. S. Neque hercle ego uxorem habeo neque ego Erotio
dedi nec pallam surrupui.

Pen. Satin sanus es? 510

occisast haec res. non ego te indutum foras
exire vidi pallam?

Men. S. Vae capiti tuo.

omnis cinaedos esse censes, tu quia es?
tun med indutum fuisse pallam praedicas? 514, 515

Pen. Ego hercle vero.

Men. S. Non tu abis quo dignus es?

aut te piari iube, homo insanissime.

Pen. Numquam edepol quisquam me exorabit, quin tuae
uxori rem omnem iam, uti sit gesta, eloquar;
omnes in te istaec recident contumeliae; 520
faxo haud inultus prandium comederis.

Men. S. Quid hoc est negoti? satine, ut quemque conspikor,
ita me ludificant? sed concrepuit ostium.

III. 3.

Anc. Menaechme, amare ait te multum Erotium,
ut hoc una opera sibi ad aurificem deferas,

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

you before this day, so far as I know ; but—whoever you are, thus much is sure—if you want to do the decent thing, don't annoy me.

Pen. Wake up, Menaechmus !

Men.S. Gad ! why, I am awake, so far as I know.

Pen. You don't know me ?

Men.S. I should not deny it, if I did know you.

Pen. Not know your own parasite ?

Men.S. Sir, your headpiece is out of order, I perceive.

Pen. Answer me—didn't you steal that mantle from your wife to-day and give it to Erotium ?

Men.S. Lord, Lord ! I neither have a wife, nor gave the mantle to Erotium, nor stole it.

Pen. Really, are you sane ? (*aside, in despair*) My business is done for ! (*aloud*) Didn't I see you come outdoors wearing the mantle ?

Men.S. Curse you ! Do you think all of us follow the women, just because you do ? You declare that I was wearing the mantle ?

Pen. Gad, yes, of course.

Men.S. Go to—where you belong, will you ! Or else get yourself purified, you utter idiot !

Pen. (*incensed*) By the Lord, no one shall ever induce me not to tell your wife everything, just as it happened ! All this abuse of yours shall fall back on yourself ; you shall suffer for devouring that lunch, I promise you.

[EXIT *Peniculus* INTO HOUSE OF *Menaechmus*.

Men.S. (*bewildered*) What does this mean ? So everyone I set eyes on tries to make a fool of me, eh ? (*listening*) But the door creaked !

Scene 3. ENTER MAID FROM *Erotium's* HOUSE.

Maid Menaechmus, Erotium says she would very much like you to take this bracelet (*showing it*) to the

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

atque hūc ut addas auri pondo unciam
iubeasque spinter novom reconcinnarier.

Men. S. Et istuc et aliud, si quid curari volet,
me curaturum dicito, quidquid volet.

Anc. Scin quid hoc sit spinter?

Men. S. Nescio, nisi aureum. 530

Anc. Hoc est quod olim clanculum ex armario
te surrupuisse aiebas uxori tuae.

Men. S. Numquam hercle factum est.

Anc. Non meministi, obsecro?
redde igitur spinter, si non meministi.

Men. S. Mane.
immo equidem memini. nempe hoc est, quod illi
dedi.

Anc. Istuc.

Men. S. Vbi illae armillae sunt, quas una dedi?

Anc. Numquam dedisti.

Men. S. Nam pol hoc unum dedi.

Anc. Dicam curare?

Men. S. Dicito; curabitur.
et palla et spinter faxo referantur simul. 539, 540

Anc. Amabo, mi Menaechme, inauris da mihi
faciendas pondo duom nummum, stalagmia,
ut te libenter videam, quom ad nos veneris.

Men. S. Fiat. cedo aurum, ego manupretium dabo.

Anc. Da sodes abs te; ego post reddidero tibi.

Men. S. Immo cedo abs te; ego post tibi reddam duplex.

Anc. Non habeo.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

jeweller's at the same time and add an ounce of gold to it and have it made over new.

Men.S. (*taking it with alacrity*) Tell her I'll take care of that and whatever else she wants taken care of—anything she likes.

Maid Do you know what bracelet this is?

Men.S. No, only that it's gold.

Maid It's the one you said you stole long ago on the sly from your wife's chest.

Men.S. Good Lord, I never did!

Maid For heaven's sake, you don't remember? Give me back the bracelet, then, if you don't remember.

Men.S. (*thinking hard*) Wait! Yes, yes, I do remember, to be sure! Of course, this is the one I gave her.

Maid The very one.

Men.S. (*interestedly*) Where are those armlets I gave her along with it?

Maid You never gave her any.

Men.S. That's right, by gad; this was all I gave her.

Maid Shall I say you'll take care of it?

Men.S. (*hiding a smile*) Do. It shall be taken care of. I'll see she gets the bracelet back at the same time she gets the mantle.

Maid (*coaxingly*) Menaechmus dear, do have some earrings made for me—there's a nice man!—the pendant kind, with four shillings' worth of gold in them, so that I'll be glad to see you when you visit us.

Men.S. (*heartily*) Surely. Give me the gold; I'll pay for the making, myself.

Maid You furnish the gold, please do; I'll pay you back later.

Men.S. No, no, you give me the gold; I'll pay you back later, twice over.

Maid I haven't it.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. At tu, quando habebis, tum dato.

Anc. Numquid¹ vis?

Men. S. Haec me curaturum dicito—

ut quantum possint quique liceant veneant.

iamne abiit intro? abiit, operuit fores. 550

di me quidem omnes adiuvant, augent, amant.

sed quid ego cesso, dum datur mi occasio

tempusque, abire ab his locis lenoniis?

propera, Menaechme, fer pedem, confer gradum.

demam hanc coronam atque abiciam ad laevam

manum,

ut, siquis sequatur, hac me abiisse censeant.

ibo et conveniam servom, si potero, meum,

ut haec, quae bona dant di mihi, ex me sciat.

ACTVS IV

Mat. Egone hic me patiar frustra in matrimonio,
ubi vir compilet clanculum quidquid domist
atque ea ad amicam deferat? 560

Pen. Quin tu taces?

manifesto faxo iam opprimes; sequere hac modo.

pallam ad phrygionem cum corona ebrius

ferebat, hodie tibi quam surrupuit domo.

sed eccam coronam quam habuit. num mentior?

em hac abiit, si vis persequi vestigiis.

atque edepol eccum optume revortitur;

sed pallam non fert.

Mat. Quid ego nunc cum illoc agam?

¹ Leo brackets following *me*.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men.S. Well, you give it to me when you do have it.

Maid (*turning to go*) Is there anything else, sir?

Men.S. Say I'll take care of these things—(*aside, as maid leaves*) take care they're sold as soon as possible for what they'll bring. [EXIT *Maid.*] (*looking after her*) Gone now, has she? Gone! She's shut the door. (*jubilant*) Well, well, all the gods do aid, augment, and love me! But I must hurry up and leave these harlot haunts while time and circumstance permit. Quick, Menaechmus! forward, march! I'll take off this garland and throw it away to the left (*does so*) so that if anyone follows me, they may think I have gone this way. (*going in the opposite direction*) I'll go meet my servant, if I can, and let him know how bountiful the gods have been to me. [EXIT.]

ACT IV

ENTER *Menaechmus's* WIFE FROM THE HOUSE,
FOLLOWED BY *Peniculus*.

Wife (*tempestuous*) Shall I let myself be made a fool of in such a married life as this, where my husband slyly sneaks off with everything in the house and carries it to his mistress?

Pen. Hush, hush, won't you? You shall catch him in the act now, I warrant you. Just you follow me this way. Drunk and garlanded, he was carrying to the embroiderer's the mantle he stole from you and carried from the house to-day. (*seeing the garland*) But look here! Here is the garland he had! Now am I a liar? There! he went this way, if you want to track him. (*looking down the street*) Yes, and by Jove, look! Splendid! He is coming back! But without the mantle!

Wife How shall I act toward him now?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pen. Idem quod semper : male habeas ; sic censeo.
huc concedamus ; ex insidiis aucupa. 570

IV. 2.

Men. Vt hoc utimur maxime more moro
molestoque multum, atque uti quique sunt
optumi, maxume morem habent hunc.
clientes sibi omnes volunt esse multos ;
bonine an mali sint, id haud quaeritant ;
res magis quaeritur quam clientum fides
cuius modi clueat.
si est pauper atque haud malus, nequam
habetur,
sin dives malust, is cliens frugi habetur.
qui neque leges neque aequom bonum usquam co-
lunt, 580

sollicitos patronos habent.
datum denegant quod datum est, litium
pleni, rapaces

viri, fraudulentis,
qui aut faenore aut periuriis
habent rem paratam,
mens est in ¹ quo lis est. 584A
eis ubi dicitur dies, simul patronis dicitur.²
aut ad populum aut in iure aut apud aedilem
res est.

sicut me hodie nimis sollicitum cliens quidam
habuit, neque quod volui
agere aut quicum licitumst, ita me detinuit, ita
detinuit.
apud aediles pro eius factis plurumisque pessu-
misque 590
dixi causam, condiciones tetuli tortas, confragosas ;

¹ *quo lis est* Leo : MSS. readings various.

² Leo brackets following v., 586 :

quippe qui pro illis loquimur quae male fecerunt.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Pen. (*dryly*) The same as always—make him miserable; that is my advice. Let's step aside here; (*drawing her back between the houses*) catch him from ambush.

Scene 2. ENTER *Menaechmus* IN A BAD TEMPER.

Men. What slaves we are to this consummately crazy, confoundedly chafing custom! Yes, and it's the very best men amongst us that are its worst slaves. A long train of clients—that's what they all want; whether good men or bad is immaterial; it's the wealth of the clients they consider, rather than their reputation for probity. If a man's poor and not a bad sort, he's held to be worthless; but if he's rich and is a bad sort, he's held to be an admirable client. But clients that have absolutely no regard for law, or for what is just and fair, do keep their patrons worried. They deny honest debts, are for ever at law, they're rapacious, fraudulent fellows whose money was made by usury or perjury and whose souls are centred in their lawsuits. When the day of trial is set for them, it's set for (*with increased bitterness*) their patrons, too. Up comes the case before the people, or the court, or the aedile. That's the way a certain client of mine has kept me confoundedly worried to-day, and I haven't been able to do what I wanted or have the company I wanted, he has so delayed and detained me. Before the aediles I spoke in defence of his countless atrocities, and proposed provisos¹ that

¹ The *sponsio* (settlement) was a kind of legal wager, each party putting up a sum of money which belonged to the party who succeeded in establishing his *condicio* (proviso). The winner of the *sponsio* also won the whole case. Menaechmus' client foolishly insisted upon a regular legal course and therefore *praedem dedit* (named a bondsman).

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

aut plus aut minus quam opus fuerat dicto dixeram¹ controversiam, ut sponsio fieret. quid ille? qui² praedem dedit. nec magis manifestum ego hominem umquam ullum teneri vidi;

omnibus male factis testes tres aderant acerrumi.

di illum omnes perdant, ita mihi

hunc hodie corripit diem,

596

meque adeo, qui hodie forum

umquam oculis inspexi meis.

597

diem corrumpti optimum.

iussi adparari prandium,

598

amica expectat me, scio.

ubi primum est licitum, ilico

599

properavi abire de foro.

iratast, credo, nunc mihi;

600

placabit palla quam dedi,

quam hodie uxori abstuli atque huic detuli Erotio. 601A

Pen. Quid ais?

Mat. Viro me malo male nuptam.

Pen. Satin audis quae illic loquitur?

Mat. Satis.

Men. Si sapiam, hinc intro abeam, ubi mi bene sit.

Pen. Mane; male erit potius.

Mat. Ne illam ecastor faenerato abstulisti.

Pen. Sic datur.

Mat. Clanculum te istaec flagitia facere censebas potis?

Men. Quid illuc est, uxor, negoti?

Mat. Men rogas?

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *compuleram* Leo.

² Leo notes lacuna here: *qui(n ultro)* Leo.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

were intricate and difficult; I had put the case more or less as was necessary to have a settlement made. But what did he do? (*hotly*) What? Named a surety! And never have I seen any man more manifestly caught; every one of his crimes was sworn to by three witnesses of the stoutest sort. (*pausing*) Heaven curse the man, with the way he's spoiled this day for me; yes, and curse me, too, for ever taking a look at the forum to-day! Such a splendid day as I have spoiled! A luncheon ordered, and a mistress no doubt waiting for me! At the earliest possible moment I hurried away from the forum. She's angry with me now, I suppose; (*hopefully*) my gift will mollify her—that mantle I took from my wife and brought to Erotium here.

Pen. (*triumphantly to wife, aside*) What do you say?

Wife (*indignant*) That he's a wretch who has me for his wretched wife!

Pen. You quite hear what he says?

Wife Quite.

Men. If I had any sense, I should move on and go inside where I'll have a good time. (*passes his own house and goes towards Erotium's door*)

Pen. (*stepping forward*) You wait! It will be a bad time, instead.

Wife (*stepping forward on the other side*) You shall certainly pay interest on that theft, I swear you shall!

Pen. (*gleefully*) Take that!

Wife Did you think you could commit such outrages on the sly?

Men. (*guileless*) What do you mean by that, my dear?

Wife You ask me?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. Vin hunc rogem?

Mat. Aufer hinc palpationes.

Pen. Perge tu.

Men. Quid tu mihi
tristis es?

Mat. Te scire oportet.

Pen. Scit, sed dissimulat malus.

Men. Quid negotist?

Mat. Pallam—

Men. Pallam?

Mat. Quidam pallam—

Pen. Quid paves?

Men. Nil equidem paveo.

Pen. Nisi unum : palla pallorem incutit. 610
at tu ne clam me comesses prandium. perge in
virum.

Men. Non taces?

Pen. Non hercle vero taceo. nutat, ne loquar.

Men. Non hercle ego quidem usquam quicquam nuto
neque nicto tibi.

Pen. Nihil hoc confidentius, qui quae vides ea pernegat.

Men. Per Iovem deosque omnis adiuro, uxor,—satin hoc
est tibi?—

me isti non nutasse.

Pen. Credit iam tibi de isto. illuc redi.

Men. Quo ego redeam?

Pen. Equidem ad phrygionem censeo. ei,
pallam refer.

Men. Quae istaec palla est?

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. Do you want me to ask him? (*pointing to Peniculus*)

Wife (*as he tries to fondle her*) None of your caresses!

Pen. (*to wife*) Keep at him, keep at him!

Men. Why are you cross at me?

Wife You ought to know!

Pen. He does know, but he's pretending, the rascal.

Men. What does this mean?

Wife A mantle—

Men. (*worried*) A mantle?

Wife A mantle someone—

Pen. (*to Menaechmus*) What are you frightened at?

Men. (*trying to appear unconcerned*) Frightened? I?
Not in the least.

Pen. (*triumphantly, pointing to Menaechmus's face, which has turned pale*) Barring this: the mantle unmans you. Now none of your eating up the lunch behind my back! (*to wife*) Keep at the fellow!

Men. (*aside to Peniculus*) Keep still, won't you? (*shakes his head at him*)

Pen. (*loudly*) Indeed I will not keep still, by Jove!
(*to wife*) He's shaking his head at me not to speak.

Men. Not I, not a bit of it, by Jove! I'm not shaking my head at all, or winking at you, either.

Pen. Well, of all the cheek! To deny flatly what you see with your own eyes!

Men. My dear, I swear by Heaven and all that's holy—is that strong enough for you?—I did not shake my head at him.

Pen. Oh, she takes your word for that forthwith!
Get back to the point.

Men. Back to what point?

Pen. Why, to the embroiderer's shop, I should say.
Go, bring back the mantle.

Men. Mantle? What mantle?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

<i>Pen.</i>	Taceo iam, quando haec rem non meminit suam.	619
<i>Mat.</i>	Ne ego mecastor mulier misera.	
<i>Men.</i>	Qui tu misera es? mi expedi. ¹	614
	Numquis servorum deliquit? num ancillae aut servi tibi	620
	responsant? cloquere. impune non erit.	
<i>Mat.</i>	Nugas agis.	
<i>Men.</i>	Tristis admodum es. non mi istuc satis placet.	
<i>Mat.</i>	Nugas agis.	
<i>Men.</i>	Certe familiarium aliquoi irata es.	
<i>Mat.</i>	Nugas agis.	
<i>Men.</i>	Num mihi es irata saltem?	
<i>Mat.</i>	Nunc tu non nugas agis.	
<i>Men.</i>	Non edepol deliqui quicquam.	
<i>Mat.</i>	Em rûrsum nunc nugas agis.	
<i>Men.</i>	Dic, mea uxor, quid tibi aegre est?	
<i>Pen.</i>	Bellus blanditur tibi.	
<i>Men.</i>	Potin ut mihi molestus ne sis? num te appello?	
<i>Mat.</i>	Aufer manum.	
<i>Pen.</i>	Sic datur. properato absente me comesse prandium, post ante aedis cum corona me derideto ebrius.	
<i>Men.</i>	Neque edepol ego prandi neque hodie huc intro tetuli pedem.	630
<i>Pen.</i>	Tun negas?	
<i>Men.</i>	Nego hercle vero.	
<i>Pen.</i>	Nihil hoc homine audacius. non ego te modo hic ante aedis cum corona florea	

¹ Kiessling puts v. 614 after 619: Leo marks lacuna after 619.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Pen. (*disgusted at wife's tearful futility*) I say no more, seeing she doesn't remember her own affairs.

Wife (*in tears*) Oh Heavens! I surely am an unhappy woman!

Men. (*solicitously*) How are you unhappy? Tell me all about it. (*to wife, tenderly*) Has any one of the slaves been at fault? Do the maids or men-servants talk back to you? Do speak out. They shall pay for it.

Wife Nonsense!

Men. You're awfully cross. I don't quite like that.

Wife Nonsense!

Men. It must be some one of the servants you're angry with.

Wife Nonsense!

Men. You're not angry at me, anyhow, are you?

Wife There now! That's sense.

Men. Good Lord! I haven't been at fault!

Wife Aha! back to your nonsense!

Men. (*patting her*) Do tell me what troubles you, my dear.

Pen. (*scornfully*) He's soft-soaping you, the sweet thing!

Men. (*to Peniculus*) Can't you stop annoying me? I'm not addressing you, am I? (*tries to caress his wife*)

Wife Take your hand away! (*slaps him*)

Pen. Take that! Now be in a hurry to eat up the lunch in my absence, now get drunk and appear in front of the house with a garland on and give me the laugh!

Men. Good heavens! I haven't eaten lunch, and I've never set foot inside this house to-day.

Pen. You deny it?

Men. Indeed I do, gad, yes.

Pen. Well, of all the brazenness! Didn't I just now see you in front of the house here wearing a

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

vidi astare? quom negabas mi esse sanum sinciput,
et negabas me novisse, peregrinum aibas esse te?

Men. Quin ut dudum divorti abs te, redeo nunc demum
domum.

Pen. Novi ego te. non mihi censebas esse, qui te
ulciscerer.
omnia hercle uxori dixi.

Men. Quid dixisti?

Pen. Nescio,
eam ipsus roga.

Men. Quid hoc est, uxor? quidnam hic narravit tibi?
quid id est? quid taces? quin dicis quid sit?

Mat. Quasi tu nescias.¹
me rogas?

Men. Pol haud rogem te, si sciam.

Pen. O hominem malum, 640
ut dissimulat. non potes celare; rem novit probe.
omnia hercle ego edictavi.

Men. Quid id est?

Mat. Quando nil pudet
neque vis tua voluntate ipse profiteri, audi atque
ades.

et quid tristis sim et quid hic mihi dixerit, faxo
scias.

palla mi est domo surrupta.

Men. Palla surruptast mihi?

Pen. Viden ut te scelestus captat? huic surruptast, non
tibi.

nam profecto tibi surrupta si esset—salva non foret.

Men. Nil mihi tecum est. sed tu quid ais?

¹ Leo assumes lacuna here and brackets following v.,
639A:

palla mi est domo surrepta.

Men. *Palla surrepta est tibi?*

which he thinks interpolated (cf. 645) to fill the gap.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

garland of flowers? When you told me that my headpiece was out of order and that you didn't know me, and said you were arriving from abroad?

Men. Why, I'm only this moment getting home after parting company with you a while ago.

Pen. (*angrily*) I know you! You didn't count on my having a way to get even with you. By gad, I've told your wife everything!

Men. What have you told her?

Pen. Oh, I don't know; ask her yourself.

Men. (*to his wife, bravely*) What's all this, my dear? What sort of a tale has he been relating to you? What is it? Why are you silent? Why don't you tell me what it is?

Wife As if you didn't know! Asking me!

Men. Bless my soul! I shouldn't ask you if I did know.

Pen. Oh the villain! How he plays the innocent! (*to Menaechmus*) You can't conceal it; she understands the matter beautifully. I have told her the whole story, by Jove!

Men. What does this mean?

Wife (*with acerbity*) Since you have no sense of shame and no wish to confess of your own free will, listen, and listen closely. I'll soon let you know why I'm cross and what he told me. A mantle has been stolen from me at home.

Men. (*indignant*) A mantle stolen from me?

Pen. See how the rascal is trying to catch you? (*to Menaechmus*) It was stolen from her, not from you. Why, if it was stolen from you, it would certainly be—lost.¹

Men. (*to Peniculus*) I have nothing to do with you. (*to wife*) But you, what are you saying?

¹ And not safe at the embroiderer's.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Mat.* Palla, inquam, periit domo.
Men. Quis eam surrupuit?
Mat. Pol istuc ille scit qui illam abstulit.
Men. Quis is homo est?
Mat. Menaechmus quidam.
Men. Edepol factum nequiter. 650
 quis is Menaechmust?
Mat. Tu istic, inquam.
Men. Egone?
Mat. Tu.
Men. Quis arguit?
Mat. Egomet.
Pen. Et ego. atque huic amicae detulisti Erotio.
Men. Egon dedi?
Mat. Tu, tu istic, inquam.
Pen. Vin adferri noctuam,
 quae "tu tu" usque dicat tibi? nam nos iam de-
 fessi sumus.¹
Men. Sed ego illam non condonavi, sed sic utendam dedi.
Mat. Equidem ecastor tuam nec chlamydem do foras
 nec pallium
 cuiquam utendum. mulierem aequom est vesti-
 mentum muliebre
 dare foras, virum virile. quin refers pallam domum? 660
Men. Ego faxo referetur.
Mat. Ex re tua, ut opinor, feceris;
 nam domum numquam introibis, nisi feres pallam
 simul.
 eo domum.

¹ Leo brackets following vv., 655-656 :

Men. *Per Iovem deosque omnis adiuro, uxor (satin hoc est tibi?) non dedisse.*

Mat. *Immo hercle vero, nos non falsum dicere.*

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Wife A mantle, I tell you, has disappeared from the house.

Men. Who stole it?

Wife Goodness me! The man who took it knows that.

Men. Who is this man?

Wife A certain Menaechmus.

Men. It's a scurvy trick, by Jove! Who is this Menaechmus?

Wife You yourself, I tell you.

Men. I?

Wife You.

Men. Who's my accuser?

Wife I am.

Pen. Yes, and I. And you took it to your mistress Erotium here, too.

Men. I gave it away—I?

Wife You, you yourself, I tell you.

Pen. D'ye want us to bring on an owl, to keep saying "yoo, yoo" to you? For we've got tired of saying it by now.¹

Men. (*weakly*) But I didn't give it to her out and out; I only—it's like this—I only lent it.

Wife Good gracious, sir! I certainly do not lend out your mantle or cloak to anyone. A woman is the proper person to give out women's clothes, a man men's. You bring that mantle back home, will you?

Men. I'll see it's brought back.

Wife You will be seeing to your own comfort, I fancy; for never shall you enter the house unless you bring the mantle with you. (*turning away abruptly*) I am going home.

¹ vv. 655-656:

Men. My dear, I swear by Heaven and all that's holy—is that strong enough for you?—I did not give it away.

Wife Goodness me, no, that we are not lying.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Pen. Quid mihi futurum est, qui tibi hanc operam dedi?

Mat. Opera reddetur, quando quid tibi erit surruptum domo.

Pen. Id quidem edepol numquam erit, nam nihil est quod perdam domi.

cum viro cum uxore di vos perdant. properabo ad forum,

nam ex hac familia me plane excidisse intellego.

Men. Male mi uxor sese fecisse censet, quom exclusit foras ;

quasi non habeam, quo intromittar, alium meliorem locum.

si tibi displiceo, patiundum ; at placuero huic Erotio, 670
quae me non excludet ab se, sed apud se occludet domi.

nunc ibo, orabo ut mihi pallam reddat, quam dudum dedi ;

aliam illi redimam meliorem. heus, ecquis hic est ianitor ?

aperite atque Erotium aliquis evocate ante ostium.

IV. 3.

Erot. Quis hic me quaerit ?

Men. Sibi inimicus magis quam aetati tuae.

Erot. Mi Menacchme, cur ante aedis astas? sequere intro.

Men. Mane.

scin quid est quod ego ad te venio ?

Erot. Scio, ut tibi ex me sit volup.

Men. Immo edepol pallam illam, amabo te, quam tibi dudum dedi,

mihi eam redde. uxor rescivit rem omnem, ut factum est, ordine.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Pen. (*anxiously*) What do I get for helping you in this?

Wife (*with a sour smile*) I'll help you in return when something is stolen from your house.

[EXIT INTO THE HOUSE.]

Pen. Oh Lord! That means never, for I have nothing in my house to lose. (*heartily*) Be damned to you, husband and wife both! I'll hurry to the forum, for I perceive I've plainly fallen out of the good graces of this family. [EXIT.]

Men. (*comfortably*) My wife thinks she has pained me by shutting me out. Just as if there wasn't another place—and a better one—where I'll be admitted. If you don't like me, I must bear it; Erotium here will like me anyway. She won't shut me out; oh no, she'll shut me in with her! Now I'll go and beg her to give me back the mantle I gave her a while ago; I'll buy her another, a better one. (*knocking at her door*) Hullo! Anyone minding the door here? Open up and call Erotium out, someone!

Scene 3.

Erot. (*within*) Who is inquiring for me?

Men. A man who is more his own foe than yours, dear.

ENTER *Erotium* INTO THE DOORWAY.

Erot. Menaechmus, love, why are you standing out here? (*taking his arm*) Do come in.

Men. Wait. Do you know why I've come to see you?

Erot. I know—so that we may have a nice time together.

Men. No, you're wrong, confound it! Do give me back that mantle I gave you a while ago, there's a dear. My wife has found out about the whole business,

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ego tibi redimam bis tanto pluris pallam, quam
voles.

680

Erot. Tibi dedi equidem illam, ad phrygionem ut ferres,
paulo prius,
et illud spinter, ut ad aurificem ferres, ut fieret
novom.

Men. Mihi tu ut dederis pallam et spinter? numquam
factum reperies.

nam ego quidem postquam illam dudum tibi dedi
atque abii ad forum,
nunc redeo, nunc te postillac video.

Erot. Video quam rem agis.
quia commisi, ut me defrudes, ad eam rem adfectas
viam.

Men. Neque edepol te defrudandi causa posco—quin tibi
dico uxorem rescivisse—

Erot. Nec te ultro oravi ut dares;
tute ultro ad me detulisti, dedisti eam dono mihi;
eandem nunc reposcis. patiar. tibi habe, aufer,
utere

690

vel tu vel tua uxor, vel etiam in loculos compingite.
tu huc post hunc diem pedem intro non feres, ne
frustra sis.

quando tu me bene merentem tibi habes despiciatui,
nisi feres argentum, frustra me ductare non potes.
aliam posthac invenito quam habeas frustratui,

Men. Nimis iracunde hercle tandem. heus tu, tibi dico,
mane,

redi. etiamne astas? etiam audes mea revorti
gratia?

abiit intro, occlusit aedis. nunc ego sum exclusis-
simus:

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

from beginning to end. I'll buy you a mantle twice as expensive—any you choose.

Erot. (*surprised*) But I gave it to you to take to the embroiderer's just a few minutes ago, along with that bracelet you were to carry to the jeweller's to have made over.

Men. You gave me the mantle and a bracelet—me? You'll find you never did so. Why, after giving you that mantle a while ago and going to the forum I'm just getting back; this is the first time I've seen you since then.

Erot. (*aroused*) But I see what you are up to. Just because I've put them into your hands you're attempting to do this, to cheat me.

Men. No, heavens, no! it's not to cheat you I ask for it—really, my wife has found out, I tell you——

Erot. (*passing over what she thinks the usual lie*) No, and I didn't beg you to give it to me in the first place; you brought it to me yourself of your own accord, made me a present of it; and now you ask it back. Very well. Take it, carry it off, wear it yourself or let your wife wear it, or for that matter lock it up in a coffer. You shall not set foot in this house after to-day, don't fool yourself. Now that you've held a good friend like me in contempt, you can bring along ready money, or else you can't lead me along like a fool. After this you just find somebody else to fool. (*turns to go in*)

Men. Oh gad, now, really you're too testy! Here, here! I say! Wait! Come back! What? you won't stop? What? you aren't willing to return for my sake? [EXIT *Erotium*, SLAMMING THE DOOR.] She's gone inside! She's closed the door! Well, if I'm not getting the most exclusive reception!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

neque domi neque apud amicam mihi iam quicquam creditur.

ibo et consulam hanc rem amicos, quid faciendum censeant.

700

ACTVS V

Men. S. Nimis stulte dudum feci, quom marsuppiū
Messenioni cum argento concredidi.

immersit aliquo sese, credo, in ganeum.

Mat. Provisam quam mox vir meus redeat domum,
sed eccum video. salva sum, pallam refert.

Men. S. Demiror ubi nunc ambulet Messenio.

Mat. Adibo atque hominem accipiam quibus dictis meret.
non te pudet prodire in conspectum meum,
flagitium hominis, cum istoc ornatu?

Men. S. Quid est?
quae te res agitat, mulier?

Mat. Etiamne, impudens, 710
muttire verbum unum audes aut mecum loqui?

Men. S. Quid tandem admisi in me, ut loqui non audeam?

Mat. Rogas me? o hominis impudentem audaciam!

Men. S. Non tu scis, mulier, Hecubam quapropter canem
Graii esse praedicabant?

Mat. Non equidem scio.

Men. S. Quia idem faciebat Hecuba quod tu nunc facis:

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Neither at home nor at my mistress's, either, do they believe a word I say! I'll go and consult my friends about this and see what they think should be done. [EXIT.

ACT V

ENTER *Menaechmus Sosicles*.

Men.S. What an idiot I was a while ago when I entrusted my wallet and money to Messenio! He's immersed himself in a pothouse somewhere, I suppose.

ENTER THE *Wife* OF *Menaechmus* INTO THE DOORWAY.

Wife I'll go out and see if my husband won't soon be back home. (*seeing Menaechmus Sosicles*) Oh, why there he is! I'm saved! He is bringing back the mantle.

Men.S. I wonder where Messenio is promenading now.

Wife I'll step up and welcome him with the words he deserves. (*advancing*) Aren't you ashamed to appear in my sight with that costume, you monster?

Men.S. (*startled*) Eh, what is it that excites you, madam?

Wife What! Do you dare breathe a word, do you dare speak to me, you shameless creature?

Men.S. What, pray, is my offence, that I should not dare to speak?

Wife You ask me? Oh, such brazen shamelessness!

Men.S. (*still polite*) Madam, do you not know why the ancient Greeks used to declare that Hecuba was a bitch?

Wife (*sharply*) No, indeed I don't.

Men.S. Because Hecuba used to do precisely what you are doing now: she used to pour every kind

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

omnia mala ingerebat, quemquem aspexerat.
itaque adeo iure coepta appellari est canes.

Mat. Non ego istaec tua flagitia possum perpeti.
nam med aetatem viduam esse mavelim,
quam istaec flagitia tua pati quae tu facis.

720

Men. S. Quid id ad me, tu te nuptam possis perpeti
an sis abitura a tuo viro? an mos hic ita est,
peregrino ut advenienti narrent fabulas?

Mat. Quas fabulas? non, inquam, patiar praeterhac,
quin vidua vivam quam tuos mores perferam.

Men. S. Mea quidem hercle causa vidua vivito,
vel usque dum regnum optinebit Iuppiter.

Mat. At mihi negabas dudum surrupuisse te,
nunc eandem ante oculos attines. non tē pudet? 730

Men. S. Eu hercle, mulier, multum et audax et mala es.
tun tibi hanc surreptam dicere audes, quam mihi
dedit alia mulier ut concinnandam darem?

Mat. Ne istuc mecastor—iam patrem accersam meum
atque ei narrabo tua flagitia quae facis.
ei, Deceo,¹ quaere meum patrem, tecum simul
ut veniat ad me; ita rem esse dicito.
iam ego aperiam istaec tua flagitia.

Men. S. Sanan es?
quae mea flagitia?

Mat. Pallam atque aurum meum
domo suppilas tuae uxori et tuae
degeris amicae. 740
satin haec recte fabulor?

¹ Corrupt (Leo): *Plocium* Leo.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

of abuse on everyone she saw. So they began to call her bitch, and quite properly, too.

Wife (*incensed*) I cannot endure this outrageous conduct of yours. Why, I'd rather live without a husband all my life than put up with the outrageous things you do.

Men. S. And how does it concern me whether you can endure your married life, or leave your husband? Or is this the fashion here—to prattle to arriving strangers?

Wife Prattle? I will not put up with it any longer, I tell you. I'll get a divorce rather than tolerate your goings-on.

Men. S. Lord, Lord! get divorced, for all I care—and stay so as long as Jove reigns!

Wife (*examining mantle*) See here, you denied stealing this a while ago, and now you hold it, the very same one, right before my eyes. Aren't you ashamed?

Men. S. Bravo, madam! By Jove! You are a bold, bad one with a vengeance! Do you dare tell me this was stolen from you, when another woman gave it to me so that I might get it renovated?

Wife Good heavens, that is—I'll send for my father this moment and I'll give him an account of your outrageous actions! (*calling at door*) Deceo! Go look for my father—bring him here to me; say it's absolutely necessary. (*to Menaechmus Sosicles*) I'll soon lay bare your outrageous conduct!

Men. S. Are you sane? What is this outrageous conduct of mine?

Wife You filched my mantle and jewellery from the house—from your own wife—and carried them off to your mistress. Isn't this perfectly true (*bitterly*) prattle?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Quaeso hercle, mulier, si scis, monstra quod bibam,
tuam qui possim perpeti petulantiam.
quem tu hominem esse me arbitrere, nescio;
ego te simitu novi cum Porthaone.

Mat. Si me derides, at pol illum non potes,
patrem meum, qui huc advenit. quin respicis?
novistin tu illum?

Men. S. Novi cum Calcha simul.
eodem die illum vidi quo te ante hunc diem.

Mat. Negas novisse me? negas patrem meum? 750

Men. S. Idem hercle dicam, si avom vis adducere.

Mat. Ecastor pariter hoc atque alias res soles.

V. 2.

Sen. Vt aetas mea est atque ut hoc usus facto est
gradum proferam, progredi properabo.
sed id quam mihi facile sit, haud sum falsus.
nam pernicitas deserit. consitus sum
senectute, onustum gero corpus, vires
reliquere. ut aetas mala est; mers mala ergost.
nam res plurimas pessumas, quom advenit, fert;
quas si autumem omnis,
nimis longus sermost. 760
sed haec res mihi in pectore et corde curaest,

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men.S. Good Lord, madam, if you know of any drug I can take to enable me to endure that temper of yours, for heaven's sake name it. Who you think I am is a mystery to me ; as for me, I knew you when I knew Hercules' wife's grandfather.¹

Wife You may laugh at me, but I vow you can't laugh at that man, (*pointing down the street*) my father, who's coming this way. Look back there. Do you know him?

Men.S. (*looking*) Oh yes, I knew him when I knew Calchas.² I saw him on the same day I first saw you.

Wife You deny knowing me, you deny knowing my father?

Men.S. Oh Lord! I'll say the same thing if you bring on your grandfather. (*walks away*)

Wife Oh dear me! that's just the way you are always acting!

Scene 2. ENTER *Menaechmus's Father-in-law* SLOWLY AND LABORIOUSLY.

Father (*sighing wearily*) Yes, I'll step out, I'll step along as . . . fast as my age permits and the occasion demands. (*halting*) But I know well enough how . . . easy it is for me. For I've lost my nimbleness . . . the years have taken hold of me . . . it's a heavy body I carry . . . my strength has left me. Ah, old age is a bad thing—a bad piece of freight! Yes, yes, it brings along untold tribulations when it comes ; if I were to specify them all, it would be a . . . long, long story. But this is the thing that weighs on my mind and

¹ Porthaon, father of Oeneus, father of Deianeira, last wife of Hercules.

² A seer at the siege of Troy.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quidnam hoc sit negoti,
quod filia sic
repente expetit me,
ut ad sese irem.

nec, quid id sit, mihi certius facit, quid
velit, quid me accersat. 763A

verum propemodum iam scio, quid siet rei. 764A

credo cum viro litigium natum esse aliquod.

ita istaec solent, quae viros subservire

sibi postulant, dote fretae, feroces.

et illi quoque haud abstinent saepe culpa.

verum est modus tamen, quoad pati uxorem
oportet;

nec pol filia umquam patrem accersit ad se, 770

nisi aut quid commissi aut iurgi est iusta causa.

sed id quidquid est, iam sciam. atque eccam
eampse

ante aedis et eius virum tristem video.

id est quod suspicabar.

appellabo hanc.

Mat. Ibo advorsum. salve multum, mi pater.

Sen. Salva sis. salven advenio? salven accersi iubes?

quid tu tristis es? quid ille autem abs te iratus
destitit?

nescio quid vos velitati estis inter vos duos.

loquere, uter meruistis culpam? paucis, non longos
logos.

Mat. Nusquam equidem quicquam deliqui; hoc primum
te absolvo, pater.

verum vivere hic non possum neque durare ullo modo.

proin tu me hinc abducas.

Sen. Quid istuc autem est?

Mat. Ludibrio, pater,

habeor.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

heart—what in the world has happened to make my daughter ask me, all of a sudden this way, to come to her. Not a word am I told as to what is wrong, what she wants, why she summons me. However, I have a pretty fair notion already what it's all about. She's had some squabble with her husband, I fancy. That's the way with women that try to keep their husbands under their thumbs, arrogant just because they've brought a good dowry. (*pauses*) And the husbands often aren't blameless, either. (*reflecting*) However, there's a limit, just the same, to what a wife should put up with; and, by Jove, a daughter never summons her father unless there's something amiss or some just cause for complaint. But I shall soon know about it, whatever it is. (*advancing and looking about*) Ah, there she is herself in front of the house—and her husband, looking sour! It's just as I suspected. I'll have a word with her.

Wife (*aside*) I'll go meet him. (*advancing*) I hope you're well, father dear—very well.

Father And you. Do I find all well here? Is all well, that you have me summoned? Why are you so gloomy? Yes, and why is he (*pointing to Menaechmus Sosicles*) standing aloof there, angry? You've been bickering over something or other, you two. Out with it—which is to blame? Be brief; no long words.

Wife I haven't been at fault at all, indeed I haven't; I'll relieve you on this point first, father. But I can't live here, I simply cannot stand it. So you must take me away from this house.

Father (*peevishly*) But what is the trouble?

Wife I'm made a laughing-stock, father!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sen. Vnde?

Mat. Ab illo, quoi me mandavisti, meo viro.

Sen. Ecce autem litigium. quotiens tandem edixi tibi, ut caveres, neuter ad me iretis cum querimonia?

Mat. Qui ego istuc, mi pater, cavere possum?

Sen. Men interrogas?

Mat. Nisi non vis.

Sen. Quotiens monstravi tibi, viro ut morem geras, quid ille faciat, ne id observes, quo eat, quid rerum gerat.

Mat. At enim ille hinc amat meretricem ex proxumo.

Sen. Sane sapit, 790

atque ob istanc industriam etiam faxo amabit amplius.

Mat. Atque ibi potat.

Sen. Tua quidem ille causa potabit minus, si illic sive alibi libebit? quae haec, malum, impudentiast?

una opera prohibere, ad cenam ne promittat, postules,

neve quemquam accipiat alienum apud se. serviren tibi

postulas viros? dare una opera pensum postules, inter ancillas sedere iubeas, lanam carere.

Mat. Non equidem mihi te advocatum, pater, adduxi, sed viro.

hinc stas, illum causam dicis.

Sen. Si ille quid deliquerit, multo tanto illum accusabo, quam te accusavi, amplius. 800

quando te auratam et vestitam bene habet, ancillas penum

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Father By whom?

Wife By the man you entrusted me to, my husband.

Father Now look at that! A squabble! See here, how many times have I given you notice to guard against coming to me with grievances, either of you?

Wife (*tearfully*) How can I guard against that, father dear?

Father (*severely*) You ask me?

Wife If you please.

Father How many times have I explicitly told you to humour your husband and not keep watching what he does, where he goes, and what he is about?

Wife Well, but he makes love to this strumpet, the very next door!

Father He shows excellent judgment, and he will make love to her all the more, I warrant you, to reward this diligence of yours.

Wife And he drinks there, too.

Father Just because of you, will he drink the less there or anywhere else he pleases? Such confounded impudence! You might as well expect to keep him from accepting an invitation to dinner, or from having company at his own home. Do you expect your husbands to be your slaves? You might as well expect to give him housework to do, and bid him sit with the maids and card wool.

Wife (*resentfully*) I see I have brought you here, father, to defend my husband, not myself. Retained by me, you plead his case.

Father If he has done anything out of the way, I shall be a great deal more severe with him than I have been with you. But inasmuch as he keeps you well supplied with jewellery and clothes, furnishes

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- recte praehibet, melius sanam est, mulier, mentem sumere.
- Mat.* At ille suppilat mihi aurum et pallas ex arcis domo, me despoliat, mea ornamenta clam ad meretrices degerit.
- Sen.* Male facit, si istuc facit; si non facit, tu male facis, quae insontem insimules.
- Mat.* Quin etiam nunc habet pallam, pater, et spinter, quod ad hanc detulerat, nunc, quia rescivi, refert.
- Sen.* Iam ego ex hoc, ut factumst, scibo. ibo ad hominem atque adloquar.
dic mi istuc, Menaechme, quod vos dissertatis, ut sciam.
quid tu tristis es? quid illa autem irata abs te destitit? 810
- Men. S.* Quisquis es, quidquid tibi nomen est, senex, summum Iovem deosque do testes—
- Sen.* Qua de re aut cuius rei rerum omnium?
- Men. S.* Me neque isti male fecisse mulieri, quae me arguit hanc domo ab se surrupuisse atque abstulisse—¹
- Mat.* Deierat?
- Men. S.* Si ego intra aedis huius umquam, ubi habitat, penetravi pedem, 815, 816
omnium hominum exopto ut fiam miserorum miserimus.
- Sen.* Sanum es, qui istuc exoptes aut neges te umquam pedem
in eas aedis intulisse ubi habitas, insanissime?
- Men. S.* Tun, senex, ais habitare me in illisce aedibus? 820
- Sen.* Tun negas?
- Men. S.* Nego hercle vero.

¹ Leo assumes lacuna here: Schoell gives *peierat* to wife.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

you with plenty of maidservants and provisions, you had better be sensible about things, my girl.

ife But he filches my jewellery and mantles from my chests at home, he robs me, and carries my nicest things to strumpets on the sly!

ather He does wrong, if he does that; if he doesn't, you are doing wrong to accuse an innocent man.

ife Why, he has a mantle this very moment, father, and a bracelet he'd taken to her he is just now bringing back, because I found him out.

ather I'll find out about this from him at once. I'll go and have a talk with the man. (*approaching Menaechmus Sosicles*) Speak up, Menaechmus, and let me know what you two are at odds over. Why are you so gloomy? And why is she standing aloof there, angry?

.S. (*vehemently*) Whoever you are, whatever your name is, old gentleman, I call Heaven and God on high to witness——

ather (*surprised*) What about, concerning what conceivable thing?

en.S. That I have done no wrong to that woman who accuses me of having raided her house and stolen this mantle, and of having carried it off——

ife He swears to that?

Men.S. If I ever set foot inside this house, where she lives, I pray Heaven to make me the most wretched wretch on earth.

ather (*horrified*) Are you sane, to pray for a thing like that, or to deny that you ever put foot in this house, where you live, you utter idiot?

.S. Do you, too, say I live in that house, old gentleman?

her And do you deny it?

.S. By gad I do, truly!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Sen.* Immo hercle invere¹ negas ;
nisi quo nocte hac exmigrastis. concede huc, mea
filia.
quid tu ais ? num hinc exmigrastis ?
- Mat.* Quem in locum aut quam ob rem, obsecro ?
- Sen.* Non edepol scio.
- Mat.* Profecto ludit te hic. non tu tenes ?
- Sen.* Iam vero, Menaechme, satis iocatu's. nunc hanc
rem gere.
- Men. S.* Quaeso, quid mihi tecum est ? unde aut quis tu
homo es ?² quid debeo
ego tibi aut adeo isti, quae mihi molesta est quo-
quo modo ?
- Mat.* Viden tu illi oculos virere ? ut viridis exoritur colos
ex temporibus atque fronte, ut oculi scintillant,
vide. 829, 8
- Men. S.* Quid mihi meliust, quam quando illi me insanire
praedicant,
ego me adsimulem insanire, ut illos a me abster-
ream ?
- Mat.* Vt pandiculans oscitatur. quid nunc faciam, mi
pater ?
- Sen.* Concede huc, mea nata, ab istoc quam potest
longissime.
- Men. S.* Euhoe Bacche, Bromie, quo me in silvam venatum
vocas ?
audio, sed non abire possum ab his regionibus,
ita illa me ab laeva rabiosa femina adservat canis,
poste autem illinc hircus calvus,³ qui saepe aetate
in sua
perdidit civem innocentem falso testimonio.

¹ *invire* Lindsay : *ludere* MSS.

² Leo notes lacuna here and corruption in following
line : (*quid debeo ego*) *tibi* Leo.

³ *calvus* Mueller : *alus* MSS.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

- W. Father* No, by gad, you do untruly—unless you moved away somewhere last night. (*turning to his wife*) Daughter, come over here. (*she obeys*) Tell me—
F. Wife —you have not moved away from here, have you?
W. Father Where to, or why, for mercy's sake?
W. Wife Bless my soul, I don't know.
W. Wife He's making fun of you, of course. Can't you see that?
F. Father Really now, Menaechmus, you have joked enough. Come now, stick to the point!
Men. S. See here, what have I got to do with you? Who are you, and where do you come from? What do I owe you, or that woman either, who is pestering me in every conceivable way?
Mer. e (*to her father, frightened*) Do you see how green his eyes are? And that greenish colour coming over his temples and forehead? How his eyes glitter! look!
Fat
Men. S. (*aside*) Seeing they declare I'm insane, what's better for me than to pretend I am insane, so as to frighten them off? (*develops alarming symptoms*)
Wife (*more frightened*) How he stretches and gapes! Father, father dear, what shall I do now?
F. Father (*retreating*) Come over here, my child, as far as you can from him!
F. Men. S. (*having worked himself up properly*) Euhoe! Bacchus! Bromius! Whither dost thou summon me a-hunting in the woods? I hear, but I cannot quit these regions, with that rabid bitch on watch there at my left, aye, and there behind a bald-headed goat who many a time in his life has ruined a guiltless fellow-citizen by his perjury!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Sen. Vae capiti tuo.

Men. S. Ecce, Apollo mi ex oraclo imperat, 840
ut ego illi oculos exuram lampadibus ardentibus.

Mat. Perii, mi pater, minatur mihi oculos exurere.¹

Sen. Filia, heus.

Mat. Quid est? quid agimus?

Sen. Quid si ego huc servos cito?
ibo, abducam qui hunc hinc tollant et domi devin-
ciant,
prius quam turbarum quid faciat amplius.

Men. S. Enim haereo;
ni occupo aliquid mihi consilium, hi domum me ad
se auferent.
pugnis me votas in huius ore quicquam parcere,
ni a meis oculis abscedat in malam magnam crucem.
faciam quod iubes, Apollo.

Sen. Fuge domum, quantum potest,
ne hic te obtundat.

Mat. Fugio. amabo, adserva istunc, mi pater,
ne quo hinc abeat. sumne ego mulier misera, quae
illaec audio?

Men. S. Haud male, Apollo, illanc amovi; nunc hunc im-
purissimum,
barbatum, tremulum Tithonum, qui cluet Cygno
patre,
ita mihi imperas ut ego huius membra atque ossa
atque artua
comminuam illo scipione quem ipse habet.

Sen. Dabitur malum,
me quidem si attigeris aut si propius ad me acces-
seris.

¹ Leo brackets following v., 843:

Men. S. *Ei mihi, insanire me aiunt, ultro cum ipsi insaniunt.*
450

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Father (in helpless rage) Ugh! Curse you!

Men.S. Lo! Apollo from his oracle doth bid me burn her eyes out with blazing brands!

Wife He'll murder me, father dear! he threatens to burn my eyes out!

Father (in low tone) Hey! daughter!

Wife What is it? What shall we do?

Father How about my calling the servants here? I'll go and fetch some to carry him away from here and tie him up at home before he makes any more trouble.

Men.S. (aside) Now then, I'm stuck! Unless I get the start of them with some scheme, they'll be taking me off to their house. (intercepting the old man and glaring at wife) Thou dost bid me, Apollo, to spare my fists in no wise upon her face, unless she doth leave my sight and—get to the devil out of here! I will do as thou biddest, Apollo! (advancing upon her)

Father Run, run home as fast as you can before he batters you to bits!

Wife (rushing for the door) Yes, I'm running. Do, please, keep watch of him, father dear, and don't let him leave this place! Oh, miserable woman that I am, to have to hear such words! [EXIT.]

Men.S. Not badly, oh Apollo, did I remove that female! Now for this beastly, bewhiskered, doddering Tithonus, who calls himself the son of Cygnus¹—these be thy commands, that I crush his limbs and bones and joints with that same staff which he doth carry! (advances)

Father (retreating and raising his staff) You'll get hurt if you touch me, I tell you, or if you come any nearer to me!

¹ A mistake, probably intentional. Tithonus was the son of Laomedon.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Faciam quod iubes; securim capiam ancipitem,
atque hunc senem
osse fini dedolabo assulatim viscera.

Sen. Enim vero illud praecavendumst, atque adcuran-
dumst mihi;
sane ego illum metuo, ut minatur, ne quid male
faxit mihi.

860

Men. S. Multa mi imperas, Apollo; nunc equos iunctos
iubes
capere me indomitos, ferocis, atque in currum
inscendere,
ut ego hunc proteram leonem vetulum, olentem,
edentulum.
iam adstiti in currum, iam lora tenco, iam stimulus
in manust.

agite equi, facitote sonitus ungularum appareat,
cursu celeri facite inflexa sit pedum pernicitas.

Sen. Mihin equis iunctis minare?

Men. S. Ecce, Apollo, denuo
me iubes facere impetum in eum qui stat atque
occidere.

sed quis hic est qui me capillo hinc de curru deripit? 870
imperium tuum demutat atque edictum Apollinis.

Sen. Eu hercle morbum acrem ac durum¹ di vostram
fidem.

vel hic qui insanit, quam valuit paulo prius.

ei der repente tantus morbus incidit.

ibo atque accersam medicum iam quantum potest.

V. 3.

Men. S. Iamne isti abierunt, quaeso, ex conspectu meo,
qui me vi cogunt, ut validus insaniam?

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: (*exanimis cubat. ut incerta
salus est hominum*) Schoell.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. I will do as thou biddest! I will take a double-edged axe, and this old man—I'll hew away his flesh, gobbet by gobbet, to the very bone!

Father (*aside, timorously, still retreating*) I must be on my guard and look out for myself, indeed I must! Really, I'm afraid he'll do me some injury, from the way he threatens me.

Men. S. Many are thy commands, Apollo. Now thou dost bid me take yoked steeds, unbroken, fiery, and mount a chariot that I may dash to earth this aged, stinking, toothless lion. (*mounts his chariot*) Now am I in my car! Now do I hold the reins! Now have I goad in hand! On, steeds, on! Let the ring of your hoof-beats be heard! Let your fleetness of foot rush you rapidly on! (*gallops about*)

Father (*clutching his staff*) You threaten me with yoked steeds—me?

Men. S. Lo, Apollo! Anew thou biddest me charge upon this man who stands here and lay him low! (*charges; the old man raises his staff; the charioteer stops short*) But who is this who by the hair doth tear me from the car? He revokes thy command and the edict of Apollo! (*falls to the ground, apparently senseless*)

Father Well! Good heavens, what an acute, severe attack! Lord save us! Now this man who's gone insane—how healthy he was a little while ago! For him to have such an attack so suddenly! I'll go and summon a doctor as soon as I possibly can. [EXIT.

Scene 3.

Men. S. (*getting up and looking about*) For Heaven's sake, are they out of my sight now, those two that absolutely compelled me, sound though I am, to

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quid cesso abire ad navem, dum salvo licet?
 vosque omnis quaeso, si senex revenerit, 879, 880
 ne me indicetis qua platea hinc aufugerim.

Sen. Lumbi sedendo, oculi spectando dolent,
 manendo medicum, dum se ex opere recipiat.
 odiosus tandem vix ab aegrotis venit.
 ait se obligasse crus fractum Aesculapio,
 Apollini autem brachium. nunc cogito,
 utrum me dicam ducere medicum an fabrum.
 atque eccum incedit. move formicinum gradum.

V. 4.

Med. Quid esse illi morbi, dixeras? narra, senex.
 num laruatust aut cerritus? fac sciam. 890
 num eum veternus aut aqua intercus tenet?

Sen. Quin ea te causa duco, ut id dicas mihi
 atque illum ut sanum facias.

Med. Perfacile id quidemst.
 sanum futurum, mea ego id promitto fide.

Sen. Magna cum cura ego illum curari volo.

Med. Quin suspirabo plus sescenta in die;
 ita ego eum cum cura magna curabo tibi.

Sen. Atque eccum ipsum hominem. observemus, quam
 rem agat.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

go insane? I'd better hurry off to the ship while I can do so safely. (*to audience*) I beg you, all of you, if the old man comes back, don't tell him which way I bolted. [EXIT]

ENTER *Father-in-law*.

Father My loins ache from sitting and my eyes from watching, while I waited for the doctor to come back from his calls. Finally he did manage to get away from his patients, the bore! He says he set a broken leg for Aesculapius, and put Apollo's arm in a splint, besides! So now I am wondering whether to say I'm bringing a saw-bones or a stonecutter. (*glancing down the street*) Just look at him mince along! (*calling*) Quicken that ant's pace of yours!

Scene 4.

ENTER A DOCTOR.

Doctor (*ponderously*) What was the nature of his attack, did you say? State the symptoms, old gentleman. Is it a demoniacal visitation or paranoia? Inform me. Does he suffer from a lethargical habit or intercutaneous fluid?

Father (*sharply*) Why, I brought you just to tell me that and cure him.

Doctor (*lightly*) Oh, that is easy, quite easy. He shall be cured—I promise you that upon my honour.

Father (*distrustfully*) I want him to be cared for very carefully indeed.

Doctor (*reassuringly waggish*) Why, I will sigh more than six hundred times a day; that shows how I will care for him very carefully indeed for you.

Father (*looking down street*) Ah, there is our man himself! Let's watch what he does. (*they step back*)

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

V. 5.

Men. Edepol ne hic dies pervorsus atque advorsus mi
optigit.

quae me clam ratus sum facere, ea omnia fecit palam 900
parasitus, qui me complevit flagiti et formidinis,
meus Vlixes, suo qui regi tantum concivit mali.
quem ego hominem, siquidem vivo, vita evolvam
sua—

sed ego stultus sum, qui illius esse dico, quae meast;
meo cibo et sumptu educatust. anima privabo
virum.

condigne autem haec meretrix fecit, ut mos est
meretricius:

quia rogo, palla ut referatur rursum ad uxorem
meam,

mihi se ait dedisse. eu edepol ne ego homo vivo
miser.

Sen. Audin quae loquitur?

Med. Se miserum praedicat.

Sen. Adeas velim.

Med. Salvos sis, Menaechme. quaeso, cur apertas
brachium?

non tu scis, quantum isti morbo nunc tuo facias
mali? 910

Men. Quin tu te suspendis?

Sen. Ecquid sentis?

Med. Quidni sentiam?

non potest haec res ellebori iungere¹ optinerier.
sed quid ais, Menaechme?

Men. Quid vis?

Med. Dic mihi hoc quod te rogo:
album an atrum vinum potas?

Men. Quin tu is in malam crucem?

¹ Corrupt (Leo): uno onere Leo.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Scene 5.

ENTER *Menaechmus*.

Men. Good Lord ! This has certainly proved a perverse and adverse day for me ! Everything I thought I was doing on the sly has got out, thanks to that parasite who's overwhelmed me with infamy and fear—that Ulysses of mine who's brewed such a mess for his lord and master ! Sure as I'm alive, I'll shuffle off that fellow's mortal coil ! His ? I'm a fool to call it his, when it's mine ; it's my food and my money he's been reared on. I'll cut that worthy off from the breath of life ! But as for the harlot, she was true to style, did only what her class always do ! Because I ask her to let me carry the mantle back to my wife again, she says she has given it to me. Well ! By Jove, I certainly do lead a miserable life !

Father (to the Doctor) Do you catch what he says ?

Doctor He declares that he is miserable.

Father I should like you to go up to him.

Doctor (advancing) Good day, Menaechmus. But, my dear man, why do you expose your arm ? Are you not aware how injurious that is to one suffering from your present complaint ?

Men. (violently) You be hanged ! (the Doctor jumps)

Father (aside to Doctor) Do you notice anything ?

Doctor I should say I do. This case is beyond the powers of a wagon-load of hellebore. But see here, Menaechmus.

Men. What d'ye want ?

Doctor Answer me this question : do you drink white or red wine ?

Men. Oh, go to the devil !

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Med. Iam hercle oceptat insanire primulum.¹

Men. Quin tu me interrogas,
purpureum panem an puniceum soleam ego esse
an luteum?
soleamne esse avis squamosas, piscis pennatos?

Sen. Papae,
audin tu ut deliramenta loquitur? quid cessas
dare 919, 920
potionis aliquid prius quam percipit insania?

Med. Mane modo, etiam percontabor alia.

Sen. Occidis fabulans.

Med. Dic mihi hoc: solent tibi umquam oculi duri fieri?

Men. Quid? tu me lucustam censes esse, homo igna-
vissime?

Med. Dic mihi: en umquam intestina tibi crepant, quod
sentias?

Men. Vbi satur sum, nulla crepitant; quando esurio, tum
crepant.

Med. Hoc quidem edepol hau pro insano verbum re-
spondit mihi.

perdormiscin usque ad lucem? facilen tu dormis
cubans?

Men. Perdormisco, si resolvi argentum cui debco—
qui te Iuppiter dique omnes, percontator, perduint. 930

Med. Nunc homo insanire oceptat; de illis verbis cave
tibi.

Sen. Immo Nestor nunc quidem est de verbis, praeut
dudum fuit;
nam dudum uxorem suam esse aiebat rabiosam
canem.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here: *Sen. Quin tu occipis curare eum?* *Med. Quin tu respondes mihi?* Leo.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Doctor (to *Father*) Ah yes, now he begins to manifest the first symptoms of insanity.

Men. Why don't you inquire whether the bread I generally eat is blood red, rose red, or saffron yellow? Whether I generally eat birds with scales, fish with feathers?

Father (to *Doctor*) Dear, dear! Do you hear how wildly he talks? Why don't you hurry up and give him a dose of something before he goes insane entirely?

Doctor (to the *Father*) Now, now, one moment! I will question him still further.

Father You're killing me with your talk!

Doctor (to *patient*) Tell me this: do you ever experience a sensation of hardness in the eyes?

Men. What? You good-for-nothing, do you take me for a lobster?

Doctor Tell me: do you ever have a rumbling of the bowels, so far as you observe?

Men. Not after I've had a square meal; when I'm hungry, then there's a rumbling.

Doctor (to *Father*) Well, well! There's no indication of insanity in that reply. (to *Menaechmus*) Do you sleep entirely through the night? Do you fall asleep readily on retiring?

Men. I sleep through if I've paid my bills—(angrily) may all the powers above consume you, you inquisitive ass!

Doctor (backing away) Now the man does begin to manifest insanity! You hear him—look out for yourself!

Father Oh no, to hear him now you'd think him a perfect Nestor¹ compared with what he was a while ago. Why, a while ago he called his wife a rabid bitch.

¹ The counsellor of the Greeks at Troy.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. Quid, ego?

Sen. Dixti insanus, inquam.

Men. Egone?

Sen. Tu istic, qui mihi
etiam me iunctis quadrigis minitatu's prosternere.
egomet haec te vidi facere, egomet haec ted
arguo. 936-940

Men. At ego te sacram coronam surrupuisse Iovi scio,
et ob eam rem in carcerem ted esse compactum scio,
et postquam es emissus, caesum virgis sub furca scio;
tum patrem occidisse et matrem vendidisse etiam
scio.

satin haec pro sano male dicta male dictis re-
spondeo?

Sen. Obsecro hercle, medice, propere, quidquid fac-
turu's, face.

non vides hominem insanire?

Med. Scin quid facias optimum est?
ad me face uti deferatur.

Sen. Itane censes?

Med. Quippini?

ibi meo arbitrato potero curare hominem.

Sen. Age ut lubet.

Med. Elleborum potabis faxo aliquos viginti dies. 950

Men. At ego te pendentem fodiam stimulis triginta dies.

Med. I, arcesse homines, qui illunc ad me deferant.

Sen. Quot sunt satis?

Med. Proinde ut insanire video, quattuor, nihilo minus.

Sen. Iam hic erunt. asserva tu istunc, medice.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. Eh? I?

Father Yes, while you were raving.

Men. I?

Father Yes, you, and you kept threatening me, too—that you would dash me to the earth with a yoked four-in-hand. I myself saw you do all this. I myself accuse you of it.

Men. (*incensed*) Yes, and you stole the sacred crown from Jupiter's statue, I know that; and you were put in prison for it, I know that; and after getting out, you were put in the stocks and whipped, I know that; and then you murdered your father and sold your mother, that's something more I know. Do I pay you back your abuse well enough for a sane man, eh?

Father For God's sake, doctor, whatever you're going to do, hurry up and do it! Don't you see the man is insane?

Doctor (*aside to Father*) Do you know what you had best do? Have him conveyed to my house.

Father You advise that?

Doctor By all means. There I shall be able to care for him as I deem expedient.

Father Do as you please.

Doctor (*to Menaechmus*) You shall drink hellebore, I promise you, for some twenty days.

Men. But I'll string you up and jab goads into you for thirty days.

Doctor (*aside to Father*) Go, summon men to convey him to my house.

Father How many are needed?

Doctor Considering the degree of insanity I note, four, no less.

Father They shall be here soon. Keep watch of him, doctor.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Med.

Immo ibo domum,
ut parentur quibus paratis opus est. tu servos iube
hunc ad me ferant.

Sen.

Iam ego illic faxo erit.

Med.

Abeo.

Sen.

Vale.

Men.

Abiit socerus, abiit medicus,¹ solus sum. pro
Iuppiter,
quid illuc est quod med hisce homines insanire
praedicant?
nam equidem, postquam gnatus sum, numquam
aegrotavi unum diem,
neque ego insanio neque pugnās neque ego litis
coepio.

960

salvus salvos alios video, novi homines, adloquor.
an illi perperam insanire me aiunt, ipsi insaniunt?
quid ego nunc faciam? domum ire cupio, uxor non
sinit.

huc autem nemo intromittit. nimis proventum est
nequiter.

hic ero usque; ad noctem saltem, credo, intromittar
domum.

V. 6.

Mes.

Spectamen bono servo id est, qui rem erilem
procurat, videt, collocat cogitatque,
ut absente ero rem eri diligenter
tutetur, quam si ipse adsit aut rectius.

tergum quam gulam, crura quam ventrem oportet
potiora esse, cui cor modeste situmst.
recordetur id,

970

qui nihili sunt, quid eis preti

¹ Leo brackets following *nunc*.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Doctor (*clearly reluctant*) No, no! I shall go home so as to make the necessary preparations. You order the servants to bring him to my house.

Father He'll be there soon, I promise you.

Doctor I am going.

Father Good-bye. [EXEUNT.]

Men. (*looking after them*) Father-in-law's gone. Doctor's gone. All alone! Lord save us! What is it makes those men declare I'm insane? Why, as a matter of fact, I've never had a sick day since I was born. I'm neither insane, nor looking for fights, nor starting disputes, not I. I'm perfectly sound and regard others as sound; I recognize people, talk to them. Can it be they're insane themselves with their absurd statements that I'm insane? (*pauses*) What shall I do now? I long to go home, but my wife won't let me. And as for this place, (*glaring at Erotium's house*) no one will let me in. Oh what damnable luck! (*pauses*) Here's where I'll stay, indefinitely; I fancy I'll be let into the house at nightfall, anyhow.

Scene 6.

ENTER *Messenio*.

Mes. (*self-righteous and smug*) This is your proof of a good servant who looks after his master's business, sees to it, gives it his care and consideration—when he watches over his master's business in his master's absence just as diligently as if he was present, or even more so. The chap that's got his wits in the proper place ought to think more of his back than his gullet, more of his shanks than his belly. He'd better recollect how good-for-nothings, lazy, rascally fellows, are rewarded

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

detur ab suis eris, ignavis, improbis viris :

verbera compedes

molae,¹ lassitudo fames frigus durum,

haec pretia sunt ignaviae.

id ego male malum metuo ; propterea bonum esse
certumst potius quam malum.

nam magis multo patior facilius verba ; verbera
ego odi,

nimioque edo lubentius molitum, quam molitum
praehibeo.

propterea eri imperium exsequor, bene et sedate
servo id ;

atque mihi id prodest.

alii ita ut in rem esse ducunt, sint ; ego ita ero ut
me esse oportet :

metum mihi adhibeam, culpam abstineam, ero ut
omnibus in locis sim praesto.²

metuam haud multum. prope est quando erus ob
facta pretium exsolvet.

eo ego exemplo servio,

tergi ut in rem esse arbitror.

postquam in tabernam vasa et servos conlocavi, ut
iusserat,

ita venio adversum. nunc foris pultabo, adesse ut
me sciat,

atque eum³ ex hoc saltu damni salvum ut educam
foras.

sed metuo, ne sero veniam depugnato proelio.

¹ Leo brackets following *magna*.

² Leo brackets following vv., 983A-983B :

*servi, qui cum culpa carent metuunt, solent esse eris utiles.
nam illi, qui nil metuunt, postquam malum promeriti, tunc
ei metuunt.*

³ *atque eum* Brix : *neque utrum* MSS.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

by their masters : whippings, shackles, work in the mill, fag, famine, freezing stiff—these are the rewards of laziness. I'm badly afraid of such bad things, personally ; that's why I've made up my mind to lead a good life rather than a bad one. I can stand chiding a great deal more easily—but a hiding I can't abide, myself, and I'd very much rather eat the meal than turn the mill. That's why I follow out master's orders, attend to 'em properly and sedately ; yes, indeed, I find it pays. Others can act as they think good for 'em ; I'm going to be the sort of chap I should be—I must have a sense of fear, I must keep straight, so as to be on hand for master anywhere.¹ I shan't have much to fear. The day's near when master will reward me for my service. I do my work on the principle that I think is good for my back. Here I come to meet master just as he told me, now that I've left the luggage and slaves at an inn. Now I'll knock at the door, so as to let him know I'm here, and lead him safely out of this ravine of ruination. But I'm afraid I'll be too late and find the battle over. (*goes to Erotium's doorway*)

¹ vv. 983A-983B : Servants that are afraid even when they're blameless, they're the ones that are always of some use to their masters. And I tell you, the ones that aren't afraid at all are afraid all right after they've earned a thrashing.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

V. 7.

Sen. Per ego vobis deos atque homines dico, ut imperium
meum
sapienter habeatis curae, quae imperavi atque im-
pero.

990

facite illic homo iam in medicinam ablatu subli-
men siet,
nisi quidem vos vostra crura aut latera nihili pen-
ditis.

cave quisquam, quod illic minitetur, vestrum flocci
fecerit.

quid statis? quid dubitatis? iam sublimen raptum
oportuit.

ego ibo ad medicum; praesto ero illi, cum venietis.

Men.

Occidi,

quid hoc est negoti? quid illisce homines ad me
currunt, opsecro?

quid vultis vos? quid quaeritis? quid me circum-
sistitis?

quo rapitis me? quo fertis me? perii, opsecro
vestram fidem,

Epidamnienses, subvenite, cives. quin me mittitis? 1000

Mes.

Pro di immortales, obsecro, quid ego oculis aspicio
meis?

erum meum indignissime nescio qui sublimen
ferunt.

Men.

Ecquis suppetias mihi audet ferre?

Mes.

Ego, ere, audacissime.

o facinus indignum et malum,

Epidamnii cives, erum

meum hic in pacato oppido

luci deripier in via,

qui liber ad vos venerit.

mittite istunc.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Scene 7. ENTER *Father-in-law* WITH SLAVES.

Father (to slaves, sternly) By heaven and earth, I charge you to be wise and heed my orders, past and present. Pick up that man (*indicating Menaechmus*) and carry him at once to the doctor's office—that is, unless you have no regard at all for your legs or flanks. See that none of you cares a straw for his threats. Why are you standing still? Why are you hesitating? He ought to have been hoisted up and carried off already. I'll go to the doctor's; I'll be at hand there when you arrive. [EXIT.

Men. (as the slaves dash at him) Murder! What does this mean? What are those fellows rushing at me for, in the name of heaven? What do you want? What are you after? What are you surrounding me for? Where are you pulling me? Where are you carrying me? (*struggling on their shoulders*) Murder! Help, help, Epidamnians, I beg you! Save me, fellow-citizens! Let me go, I tell you!

Mes. Ye immortal gods! In heaven's name, what is this my eyes behold? My master being carried off by some gang of rowdies in most outrageous fashion!

Men. Doesn't anyone dare come to my rescue?

Mes. (*running up*) I do, master,—like a regular dare-devil! (*yelling lustily*) Oh, what an outrage, what a shame, Epidamnians! My master, a free-born visitor amongst you, to be abducted here in time of peace, in broad daylight, in your city streets! Let go of him!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Men.* Obsecro te, quisquis es, operam mihi ut des,
neu sinas in me insignite fieri tantam iniuriam.
- Mes.* Immo et operam dabo et defendam et subvenibo
sedulo.
numquam te patiar perire, me perirest aequius. 1010
eripe oculum isti, ab umero qui tenet, ere, te
obsecro.
hisce ego iam sementem in ore faciam pgnosque
obseram.
maximo hodie malo hercle vostro istunc fertis.
mittite.
- Men.* Teneo ego huic oculum.
- Mes.* Face ut oculi locus in capite appareat.
vos scelesti, vos rapacis, vos praedones.
- Lorarii* Periimus.
obsecro hercle.
- Mes.* Mittite ergo.
- Men.* Quid me vobis tactiost?
pecte pugnīs.
- Mes.* Agite abite, fugite hinc in malam crucem.
em tibi etiam: quia postremus cedis, hoc praemi
feres.
nimis bene ora cominetavi atque ex mea sententia.
edepol, ere, ne tibi suppetias temperi adveni modo. 1020
- Men.* At tibi di semper, adulescens, quisquis es, faciant
bene.
nam absque te esset, hodie numquam ad solem
occasum viverem.
- Mes.* Ergo edepol, si recte facias, ere, med emittas manu.
- Men.* Liberem ego te?

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. For Heaven's sake, whoever you are, stand by me and don't let me be maltreated in such atrocious fashion !

Mes. Not I ! Stand by you I will, and defend you and help you with all my heart ! I won't let you be murdered, never ! Better myself than you ! For Heaven's sake, master, pull out the eye of that chap that has you by the shoulder ! (*swinging vigorously at the nearest slaves*) As for these fellows here, I'm going to seed down their faces for them directly and plant my fists. By gad, you'll pay dear this day for carrying him off ! Let go !

Men. I've got this one by the eye !

Mes. Leave the socket showing in his head ! (*warming up to his work*) You rascals ! You robbers ! You bandits !

Slaves Murder ! Oh, for God's sake, let up !

Mes. Let go, then ! (*they drop Menacchmus*)

Men. (*assisting Messenio*) What do you mean by touching me ? (*to Messenio*) Comb them down with your fists ! (*the slaves scatter*)

Mes. Come, clear out ! Get to the devil out of here ! (*with a parting kick to a laggard*) There's another for you—take it as a prize for being the last to leave ! [EXEUNT SLAVES.] (*smirking*) Oh, I measured their faces in fine style and quite to my taste. By Jove, master, I certainly did come to your aid in the nick of time just now !

Men. Well, Heaven bless you for ever and ever, young man, whoever you are. For if it hadn't been for you, I should never have lived to see the sun go down this day.

Mes. Then, by Jove, master, if you did the right thing you'd set me free.

Men. I 'set you free' ?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Mes.* Verum, quandoquidem, ere, te servavi.
Men. Quid est?
 adulescens, erras.
Mes. Quid, erro?
Men. Per Iovem adiuro patrem,
 ined erum tuom non esse.
Mes. Non taces?
Men. Non mentior;
 nec meus servos umquam tale fecit quale tu mihi.
Mes. Sic sine igitur, si tuom negas me esse, abire liberum.
Men. Mea quidem hercle causa liber esto atque ito quo
 voles.
Mes. Nempe iubes?
Men. Iubeo hercle, si quid imperi est in te mihi. 1030
Mes. Salve, mi patrone. cum tu liber es, Messenio,
 gaudeo. credo hercle vobis. sed, patrone, te ob-
 secro,
 ne minus imperes mihi quam cum tuos servos fui.
 apud ted habitabo et quando ibis, una tecum ibo
 domum.
Men. Minime.
Mes. Nunc ibo in tabernam, vasa atque argentum tibi
 referam. recte est obsignatum in vidulo marsup-
 pium
 cum viatico; id tibi iam huc adferam.
Men. Adfer strenue.
Mes. Salvom tibi ita ut mihi dedisti reddibo. hic me
 mane.
Men. Nimia mira mihi quidem hodie exorta sunt miris
 modis:
 alii me negant eum esse qui sum, atque excludunt
 foras¹ 1040

¹ Leo notes lacuna following: *etiam hic servom esse se meum aiebat quem ego emisi manu P*; followed by Lindsay, who brackets 1041-1042.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

- Mes.* Yes indeed, seeing I saved your life, master.
- Men.* What's this? You're making a mistake, young man.
- Mes.* Eh? A mistake?
- Men.* Why, I swear by Father Jupiter I'm not your master.
- Mes.* (*protestingly*) Oh, none of that, sir!
- Mes.* I'm not lying; no slave of mine ever did such a thing as you did for me.
- Mes.* Very well then, sir, if you say I'm not yours, let me go free.
- Men.* Lord, man, be free so far as I am concerned, and go where you like.
- Mes.* (*eagerly*) Those are your orders, really?
- Men.* Lord, yes, if I have any authority over you.
- Mes.* (*wild with joy*) Hail, patron mine! "Messenio, I congratulate you on your freedom!" By gad, I take your word for it! But, patron, I beseech you, don't order me about any less than when I was your slave. I intend to live with you, and when you go home I'll go with you.
- Men.* (*aside*) Oh no you won't.
- Mes.* Now I'll go to the inn and fetch the luggage and cash for you. The wallet with the travelling money is duly under seal in the bag; I'll bring it here to you directly.
- Men.* (*interested*) Be quick about it.
- Mes.* I'll give it back to you intact, sir, just as you gave it to me. Wait for me here. [EXIT.
- Men.* Well, well, how strangely strange things have happened to me to-day! Here are people saying I'm not myself and shutting me out of doors, and

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

vel ille qui se petere argentum modo, qui servom
se meum
esse aiebat, meus servator, quem ego modo emisi
manu.

il ait se mihi allaturum cum argento marsuppiū ;
id si attulerit, dicam ut a me abeat liber quo volet,
ne tum, quando sanus factus sit, a me argentum
petat.

socer et medicus me insanire aiebant. quid sit,
mira sunt.

haec nihilo esse mihi videntur setius quam somnia.
nunc ibo intro ad hanc meretricem, quamquam
suscenset mihi,
si possum exorare ut pallam reddat, quam referam
domum.

V. 8.

Men. S. Men hodie usquam convenisse te, audax, audes
dicere,

postquam advorsum mi imperavi ut huc venires?

Mes.

Quin modo

erupui, homines quom ferebant te sublimen quat-
tuor,
apud hasce aedis. tu clamabas deum fidem atque
hominum omnium,
quom ego accurro teque eripio vi pugnando in-
gratiis.

ob eam rem, quia te servavi, me amisisti liberum.
cum argentum dixi me petere et vasa, tu quantum
potest

praecucurristi obviam, ut quae fecisti infitias eas.

Men. S. Liberum ego te iussi abire?

Mes.

Certo.

Men. S.

Quin certissimumst,

mepte potius fieri servom, quam te umquam emit-
tam manu.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

there's that fellow who just now said he was going to fetch me some money and that he was my slave—that saviour of mine, whom I just now set free. He says he'll bring me a wallet with money in it; if he does, I'll tell him to leave me and enjoy his freedom wherever he likes, so that he won't be coming to me for his money when he regains his sanity. (*pauses*) My father-in-law and the doctor said I was insane. It's a marvel to me what all this means! It seems just like a dream. (*reflects*) Now I will go into this harlot's house, no matter if she is in a rage with me, and see if I can't induce her to give me back the mantle to carry back home. [EXIT INTO *Erotium's* HOUSE.

Scene 8. ENTER *Menaechmus Sosicles* AND *Messenio*.

Men.S. You cheeky rascal, you have the cheek to tell me you have encountered me anywhere to-day since the time I ordered you to come here and meet me?

Mes. (*much aggrieved*) Why, sir, I just now rescued you when four men were carrying you off on their shoulders in front of this very house. You were yelling for all heaven and earth to help you, when up I ran and rescued you by good hard fighting, in spite of 'em. And for this, because I'd saved you, you've set me free. Then the moment I said I was going to get the money and luggage, you ran ahead as fast as you could to meet me, so as to deny what you had done!

Men.S. So I ordered you to go free, eh?

Mes. (*hopefully*) Certainly, sir.

Men.S. (*emphatically*) Well, the most certain thing in the world is this—I had rather become a slave myself than ever free you.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

V. 9.

Men. Si voltis per oculos iurare, nihilo hercle ea causa
magis 1060
iacietis, ut ego hodie abstulerim pallam et spinter,
pessumae.

Mes. Pro di immortales, quid ego video?

Men. S. Quid vides?

Mes. Speculum tuum.

Men. S. Quid negoti est?

Mes. Tuast imago. tam consimilest quam potest.

Men. S. Pol profecto haud est dissimilis, meam quom for-
mam noscito.

Men. O adulescens, salve, qui me servavisti, quisquis es.

Mes. Adulescens, quaeso hercle eloquere tuum mihi no-
men, nisi piget.

Men. Non edepol ita promeruisti de me, ut pigeat, quae
velis

obsequi. mihi est Menaechmo nomen.

Men. S. Immo edepol mihi.

Men. Siculus sum Syracusanus.

Men. S. Eadem urbs et patria est mihi.

Men. Quid ego ex te audio?

Men. S. Hoc quod res est.

Mes. Novi equidem hunc; erus est meus. 1070

ego quidem huius servos sum, sed me esse huius
credidi.

ego hunc censebam te esse, huic etiam exhibui
negotium.

quaeso ignoscas, si quid stulte dixi atque impru-
dens tibi.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Scene 9. ENTER *Menaechmus* FROM *Erotium's* HOUSE.

Men. (*to those within*) Swear it by the eyes in your head if you like, but, by the Lord, that won't make it any more true that I took off the mantle and bracelet to-day, you sluts!

Mes. (*gazing at him*) Ye immortal gods, what do I see?

Men.S. What do you see?

Mes. Your mirror!

Men.S. What do you mean?

Mes. (*pointing to Menaechmus*) He's the very image of you! He's as like you as can be!

Men.S. (*comparing himself with the stranger*) By Jove! He certainly is not unlike me, now that I look myself over.

Men. (*seeing Messenio*) Ah there, sir, bless you—you that saved me, whoever you are!

Mes. Sir, for the love of Heaven, do tell me your name, if you don't object.

Men. Gad, man, your services to me haven't been such that I should grudge meeting your wishes. My name is Menaechmus.

Men.S. (*startled*) Good Lord, no; it's mine!

Men. I'm a Sicilian—a Syracusan.

Men.S. That's my city and my country, too.

Men. What's that you tell me?

Men.S. The simple truth.

Mes. (*half to himself, as he scans Menaechmus*) This is the man I know, of course; this is my master. I'm really his slave, but I fancied (*glancing at Menaechmus Sosicles*) I was his. (*to Menaechmus*) I thought he was you, sir, and what's more, I made myself a nuisance to him, too. (*to Menaechmus Sosicles*) I beg your pardon, sir, if I said anything silly to you without realising it.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Delirare mihi videre. non commeministi, simul
te hodie mecum exire ex navi?

Mes. Enim vero aequom postulas.
tu erus es; tu servom quaere. tu salveto; tu vale.
hunc ego esse aio Menaechmum.

Men. At ego me.

Men. S. Quae haec fabulast?
tu es Menaechmus?

Men. Me esse dico, Moscho prognatum patre.

Men. S. Tun meo patre es prognatus?

Men. Immo equidem, adulescens, meo;
tuom tibi neque occupare neque praeripere postulo. 1080
Mes. Di immortales, spem insperatam date mihi quam
suspikor.

nam nisi me animus fallit, hi sunt gemini germani
duo.

nam et patriam et patrem commemorant pariter
qui fuerint sibi.

sevocabo erum. Menaechme.

Men. }
Men. S. } Quid vis?

Mes. Non ambos volo,
sed uter vostrorum est advectus mecum navi.

Men. Non ego.

Men. S. At ego.

Mes. Te volo igitur. huc concede.

Men. S. Concessi. quid est?

Mes. Illic homo aut sycophanta aut geminus est frater
tuos.

nam ego hominem hominis similiorem numquam
vidi alterum.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. (*sharply*) You talk like an idiot. Do you not remember coming ashore along with me to-day?

Mes. (*hurriedly*) To be sure, you're right. It's you who are my master. (*to Menaechmus*) You seek another slave. (*to Menaechmus Sosicles*) Good day to you, sir. (*to Menaechmus*) Good-bye to you, sir. I say this gentleman (*indicating his master*) is Menaechmus.

Men. But I say I am.

Men. S. (*irritated*) What yarn is this? You are Menaechmus?

Men. So I say—the son of Moschus.

Men. S. You the son of my father?

Men. No indeed, sir,—of my own; your father I have no desire to pre-empt or steal from you.

Mes. (*aside, after apparently profound thought*) Ye immortal gods! fulfil the un hoped-for hope I think I see before me! Yes, unless my mind deceives me, these two are the twin brothers! Yes, what they say about their country and father tallies exactly. I'll call my master aside. Menaechmus, sir!

Men. }
Men. S. } What do you want?

Mes. I don't want both of you, but the one that travelled on board ship with me. •

Men. I did not.

Men. S. But I did.

Mes. You're the one I want, then. (*withdrawing*) Come over here, sir.

Men. S. (*doing so*) Here I am. What is it?

Mes. (*very sagacious and important*) That man over there is either a swindler, sir, or else he's your own twin brother. For I never did see two men more

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

neque aqua aquae nec lacte est lactis, crede mi,
 usquam similis,
 quam hic tui est, tuque huius autem; post eandem
 patriam ac patrem
 memorat. meliust nos adire atque hunc percon-
 tarier. 1090

Men. S. Hercle qui tu me admonuisti recte, et habeo
 gratiam.

perge operam dare, obsecro hercle; liber esto, si
 invenis
 hunc meum fratrem esse.

Mes. Spero.

Men. S. Et ego item spero fore.

Mes. Quid ais tu? Menaechmum, opinor, te vocari
 dixeras.

Men. Ita vero.

Mes. Huic item Menaechmo nomen est. in Sicilia
 te Syracusis natum esse dixi; et hic natust ibi.
 Moschum tibi patrem fuisse dixi; huic itidem fuit.
 nunc operam potestis ambo mihi dare et vobis simul.

Men. Promeruisti ut ne quid ores quod velis, quin im-
 petres. 1100

tam quasi me emeris argento, liber servibo tibi.

Mes. Spes mihi est, vos inventurum fratres germanos
 duos

geminos, una matre natos et patre uno uno die.

Men. Mira memoras. utinam efficere quod pollicitu's
 possies.

Mes. Possum. sed nunc agite uterque id quod rogabo
 dicite.

Men. Vbi lubet, roga; respondebo. nil reticebo quod
 sciam.

Mes. Est tibi nomen Menaechmo?

Men. Fateor.

Mes. Est itidem tibi?

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

alike. No drop of water, no drop of milk, is more like another, believe me, than he's like you, yes, and you like him, sir. And then he says his country and his father's name are the same as yours. We'd better go up and question him.

Men. S. By Jove, you have given me good advice! Thanks! Go on helping me, for God's sake! You are a free man if you find that he is my brother.

Mes. I hope so.

Men. S. And I—I hope so, too!

Mes. (*stepping up to Menaechmus*) Pardon me, sir. You said your name was Menaechmus, I believe.

Men. I did indeed.

Mes. This (*pointing to Menaechmus Sosicles*) gentleman's name is Menaechmus, too. You said you were born in Syracuse in Sicily; he also was born there. You said your father's name was Moschus; so was his. Now both of you can do me a good turn, and yourselves as well.

Men. You have earned my consent to any request you choose to make. Free though I am, I'll serve you quite as if you had bought and paid for me.

Mes. I have hopes, sir, of finding that you two are twin brothers, born of one mother and one father on one day.

Men. A strange statement! I wish you could bring to pass what you promise.

Mes. I can. (*tremendously earnest and subtle*) But come now, both of you, and answer my questions.

Men. Ask them when you like; I'll answer. Nothing that I know will I keep back.

Mes. Is your name Menaechmus?

Men. It is.

Mes. (*to his master*) And yours also?

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Est.

Mes. Patrem fuisse Moschum tibi ais?

Men. Ita vero.

Men. S. Et mihi.

Mes. Esne tu Syracusanus?

Men. Certo.

Mes. Quid tu?

Men. S. Quippini?

Mes. Optime usque adhuc conveniunt signa. porro
operam date. 1110

quid longissime meministi, dic mihi, in patria tua?

Men. Cum patre ut abii Tarentum ad mercatum, postea
inter homines me decerrare a patre atque inde avehi.

Men. S. Iuppiter supreme, serva me.

Mes. Quid clamas? quin taces?
quot eras annos gnatus, quom te pater a patria
avehit?

Men. Septuennis; nam tunc dentes mihi caderant pri-
mulum.
neque patrem unquam postilla vidi.

Mes. Quid? vos tum patri
filii quot eratis?

Men. Vt nunc maxime memini, duo.

Mes. Vter eratis, tun an ille, maior?

Men. Aeque ambo pares.

Mes. Qui id potest?

Men. Gemini ambo eramus.

Men. S. Di me servatum volunt. 1120

Mes. Si interpellas, ego tacebo potius.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

- Men. S.* Yes.
- Mes.* (to *Menaechnus*) Your father was Moschus, you say?
- Men.* I do indeed.
- Men. S.* And mine, too! (*Messenio scowls at him*)
- Mes.* (to *Menaechnus*) Are you a Syracusan?
- Men.* Certainly.
- Mes.* (to his master) How about you?
- Men. S.* Of course I am.
- Mes.* Everything tallies perfectly so far. Your attention further, gentlemen. (to *Menaechnus*) What is the earliest thing you remember, tell me, in your own country?
- Men.* Going with my father to Tarentum, his place of trade, and then straying from my father in the crowd and being carried off!
- Men. S.* Lord above, preserve me!
- Mes.* (with asperity) What are you bawling out for? Keep still, won't you! (to *Menaechnus*) How old were you when your father took you away from home?
- Men.* Seven; you see, I was just beginning to lose my first teeth. And I never saw my father after that.
- Mes.* What? And how many sons did your father have then?
- Men.* So far as I can now remember—two.
- Mes.* Which was the older, you or your brother?
- Men.* We were both of the same age.
- Mes.* How can that be?
- Men.* We were twins.
- Men. S.* (unable to contain himself longer) Oh, God has been good to me!
- Mes.* (with finality) If you interrupt, I prefer to keep still myself.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S.

Taceo.

Mes.

Dic mihi :

uno nomine ambo eratis ?

Men.

Minime. nam mihi hoc erat,
quod nunc est, Menaechmo ; illum tum vocabant
Sosiclem.

Men. S. Signa adgnovi, contineri quin complectar non queo.
mi germane gemine frater, salve. ego sum Sosicles.

Men. Quo modo igitur post Menaechmo nomen est factum tibi ?

Men. S. Postquam ad nos renuntiatum est te¹ et patrem
esse mortuum.
avos noster mutavit ; quod tibi nomen est, fecit
mihi.

Men. Credo ita esse factum ut dicis. sed mi hoc responde.

Men. S. Roga.

1129, 1130

Men. Quid erat nomen nostrae matri ?

Men. S. Teuximarchae.

Men. Convenit.

Men. S. o salve, insperate multis annis, post quem conspicio.
Frater, et tu, quem ego multis miseriis laboribus
usque adhuc quaesivi quemque ego esse inventum
gaudeo.

Mes. Hoc erat, quod haec te meretrix huius vocabat
nomine ;
hunc censebat te esse, credo, quom vocat te ad
prandium.

Men. Namque edepol iussi hic mihi hodie prandium
apparari,
clam meam uxorem, quoi pallam surrupui dudum
domo,
eam dedi huic.

¹ Leo notes lacuna here : (et deerravisse a patre et per praedonem aliquem ablatum esse) Ritschl.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

- Men. S.* (*contritely*) I'll keep still.
- Mes.* (*to Menaechmus*) Tell me, did you both have the same name?
- Men.* Oh no. Why, I had the same name as now, Menaechmus; he was called Sosicles then.
- Men. S.* (*disregarding Messenio's protests*) The proof's complete! I can't hold back—I must give him a hug! (*embracing Menaechmus*) God bless you, brother, my own twin brother! I am Sosicles!
- Men.* (*doubtful*) How is it, then, you came to be called Menaechmus?
- Men. S.* After word reached us that you * * * and that our father was dead, our grandfather changed my name; he gave me yours.
- Men.* (*still doubtful*) No doubt this was the case. But answer me this question.
- Men. S.* (*eagerly*) Ask it.
- Men.* What was our mother's name?
- Men. S.* Teuximarcha.
- Men.* (*returning his embrace heartily*) Right! To see you, so un hoped for, after all these years! Oh, God bless you!
- Men. S.* And you, too, brother! I've searched and searched for you till this moment—and a sad, weary search it's been—and now you're found I'm happy.
- Mes.* (*to his master*) This was how the wench here came to call you by his name; she mistook you for him, I suppose, when she invited you to lunch.
- Men.* (*reflecting, then frankly*) Well, well! The fact is, I did tell them to prepare lunch for me here to-day, unbeknown to my wife, whose mantle I stole from the house a while ago and gave to the wench here.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Men. S. Hanc, dicis, frater, pallam, quam ego habeo?

Men. Haec east.

quo modo haec ad te pervenit?

Men. S. Meretrix huc ad prandium 1140

me abduxit, me sibi dedisse aiebat. prandi perbene,
potavi atque accubui scortum, pallam et aurum hoc
abstuli.

Men. Gaudeo edepol, si quid propter me tibi evenit boni.
nam illa quom te ad se vocabat, memet esse
credidit. 1144, 1145

Mes. Numquid me morare quin ego liber, ut iusti, siem?

Men. Optimum atque aequissimum orat, frater; fac
causa mea.

Men. S. Liber esto.

Men. Quom tu es liber, gaudeo, Messenio.

Mes. Sed melioreset opus auspicio, ut liber perpetuo
siem. 1149, 1150

Men. S. Quoniam haec evenerunt, frater, nostra ex sen-
tentia,
in patriam redeamus ambo.

Men. Frater, faciam, ut tu voles.
auctionem hic faciam et vendam quidquid est. nunc
interim
eamus intro, frater.

Men. S. Fiat.

Mes. Scitin quid ego vos rogo?

Men. Quid?

Mes. Praeconium mi ut detis.

Men. Dabitur.

Mes. Ergo nunciam
vis conclamari auctionem fore?

Men. Equidem die septimi.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

Men. S. Is this mantle I have the one you speak of, brother? (*showing it*)

Men. That's the one! How did it come into your hands?

Men. S. The wench took me in here to luncheon and said I had given it to her. Lunch I did, deuced well, and drank, and enjoyed the girl, and carried off the mantle and this piece of jewellery. (*showing bracelet*)

Men. (*laughing*) By Jove! I'm glad if you're my debtor for a bit of amusement. For when she invited you in, she took you for me.

Mrs. (*to Menaechmus*) You have no objection to my being free, as you ordered, have you, sir?

Men. A perfectly just and reasonable request, brother. Grant it, for my sake.

Men. S. (*to Messenio*) Be free.

Men. Messenio, I congratulate you on your freedom!

Mrs. (*ingratiatingly*) But I need better auspices to be free for good, sirs. (*waits for some hint of further benefits*)

Men. S. Now that things have turned out to our satisfaction, brother, let's both go back to our own country.

Men. As you please, brother. I'll hold an auction here and sell all I have. In the meantime let's go inside for the present, brother.

Men. S. By all means.

Mrs. Do you know what I want of you, sirs?

Men. What?

Mrs. To let me be auctioneer.

Men. You shall be.

Mrs. Well, then, do you want it announced at once that there'll be an auction?

Men. Yes, a week from to-day.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Mcs. Auctio fiet Menaechmi mane sane septimi.
venibunt servi, supellex, fundi, aedes, omnia.
venibunt quique licebunt, praesenti pecunia.
venibit uxor quoque etiam, si quis emptor venerit. 1160
vix credo tota auctione capiet quinquagesies.¹
nunc, spectatores, valet et nobis clare plaudite.

¹ Corrupt (Leo) : *quinquagesimas* Leo.

THE TWO MENAECHMUSES

(*bawling*) Auction . . . of the effects of Menaechmus . . . one week from to-day in the morning, mind! . . . For sale . . . slaves, household goods, land, houses . . . everything! . . . For sale . . . your own price . . . cash down! . . . For sale . . . even a wife, too . . . if any buyer appears! (*to spectators*) I don't believe the whole auction will bring him more than a mere—fifty thousand pounds. Now, spectators, fare ye well and give us your loud applause.

EXEUNT OMNES.

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