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The translators.

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The **M**ostellaria
of Plautus

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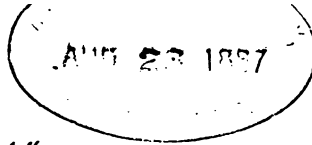
THE
MOSTELLARIA
OF PLAUTUS

TRANSLATED INTO BLANK VERSE BY
G. R. HARDIE AND C. P. GAINES

PUBLISHED FOR USE AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE PLAY,
AT THE SAINT LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY,
MONDAY, JUNE 28, 1897

CANTON, NEW YORK
1897

2p.26.515



The Translators

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TRANIO, slave of Philolaches.

GRUMIO, a country slave.

PHILOLACHES, a young Athenian.

PHILEMATIUM, a slave girl.

SCAPHA, waiting-woman of Philematium.

CALLIDAMATES, companion of Philolaches.

DELPHIUM, a slave girl.

SPHAERIO, attendant.

THEOPROPIDES, father of Philolaches.

MISARGYRIDES, a usurer.

SIMO, neighbor of Theopropides.

PHANISCUS } slaves of Callidamates.
ADVORSITOR }

Attendants, slaves, etc.

Scene, a street in Athens, showing the houses
of Theopropides and Simo in the background.
Time, about noon.

D. / 26,545



The **M**ostellaria

of Plautus

That troubles come more swift than happiness.

TRA. Yes, you're already come to trouble me.
Get to the country; take yourself away,
You shan't take up my time again, mark that.

[*Exit.*

GRU. [*Alone.*] Is he quite gone? nor cares a single
straw

For aught I've said. Your aid, immortal Gods!
Send us, O send us soon the old man back,
These three years gone. Gods! send him home again,
E'er house and farm, and all is gone to wrack.
If he returns not in a few months more,
No remnants will remain. I'll to the farm,
For see! my master's son is coming here,
A fine young man before, now all but spoiled.

SCENE 2.

Enter PHILOLACHES.

PHIL. I've thought and pondered long, and argued
deep,

And in my heart (if I have got a heart) **M**
Have long debated and revolved, What **Man**
Just born 's to be compared to? and have now
Found out his likeness. Man is a new house,—
I'll tell you how; and, though you think it not,
I will convince you, what I say is true—
When you have heard, you'll think and say the same.
Give heed, and you shall hear my arguments;
For I'd have all as knowing as myself.
As soon as e'er an edifice is planned,
Built with good taste and polished carefully,
The architect's commended: and his house
By all approved: each takes it for a model,

And spares no pains, no cost, to have the same.
 But when a tenant comes, unthrifty, mean,
 Neglectful, with a lazy family,
 The fault is then upon the building laid;
 Good in itself, but kept in bad repair.
 And then, as often happens, comes a storm;
 Demolishes the tiling, spoils the gutters;
 The too unthrifty owner takes no heed
 The damage to repair. A shower succeeds;
 The walls are soaked, the roof admits the rain,
 The weather rots the builder's edifice,
 The house grows worse by use: and for all this
 The architect is not at all to blame.
 A great part of mankind procrastinate;
 And, if it cost them money to repair,
 Delay it still, till ev'ry wall falls in,
 And ev'rything must then be built anew.
 Thus much for buildings. Now, to tell how men
 In all respects resemble them. First, then,
 All parents are their children's architects:
 For first they lay the walls, and then they raise
 The superstructure of their character.
 They carefully add firmness, that they may
 Become good men, and be an ornament
 As well as use and safeguard to their country,—
 And to such ends, they spare no costs nor pains;
 Expense on this account, they count for nothing,—
 Refine their manners, teach them letters, laws:
 And by their cost and care, still try to make
 Them models such as men would imitate.
 And then their fathers send them to the field
 Protected by some relative of rank.
 And so they pass out of the builder's hands.
 Ere they have served a year, you then may see

A sample how the building will turn out.
For I myself, as long as I was in
The builder's hands, was sober all the time,
And honest. But as soon as e'er I followed
My own inventions, I at once undid
All that my architect had done before.
Then entered idleness; that was the storm
Brought on my hail and rain; quite overthrew
My modesty, and virtuous self-control,
And utterly untiled me. Heedless I,
Again to cover in my edifice;
Love, like a torrent, rushed into my heart,
O'erflowed my breast, and drenched quite through my
soul.

And now have fortune, credit, and fair fame,
My virtue and my reputation, fled.
By negligence, I'm grown still worse and worse;
These rafters are so ruinous, so foul
With rotting moisture, that, by Pollux! I
Can see no means remain to patch them up:
The whole must fall, and its foundation fail,
Without a hand to help me. My soul's vexed,
When I but think of what I once have been,
And what I am. None of my age more sure
In every manly sport, at discus, ball,
In horsemanship, in racing, or in arms.
I then was happy, an example lived
Of thrift and soberness, a pattern that
The best have copied; but I now have found
By following my inventions, after all,
I am myself become, as 'twere, just naught. [*Exit.*

SCENE 3.

Enter PHILEMATIUM and SCAPHA.

PHILEM. By Castor's temple! now I swear, my
Scapha,

I've not this long while more enjoyed my bath,
Nor do I know when I've been more refreshed.

SCA. All things bound to turn out somehow.
The harvest this year's rich you see.

PHILEM. What's it
To my cold bath?

SCA. Just what your bath's to harvest.

[Re-enter Philolaches.]

PHILOL. *[Aside.]* Love's lovely Goddess! This is
my storm

That stripped my covering of self control.
Cupid and love have rained into my breast,
Nor can I roof it in. My heart's strong walls
Soaked through, my fabric fails.

PHILEM. Look, Scapha, please.

Is this becoming to me? I would like
To look my prettiest for Philolaches.

SCA. Why deck yourself? With pretty ways alone
You're decked enough. It's not our garments that
The men admire, but what stuffs them out.

PHILOL. *[Aside.]* Now as the Gods shall love me,
Scapha's shrewd.

How knowing the minx is! How prettily
She's learned the art of love, and lover's saws!

PHILEM. What say you now?

SCA. What would I say?

PHILEM. Just look
And see if this becomes me?

SCA. In yourself
You are so lovely, everything becomes you.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] This day, my Scapha, you shall
find me grateful;
Nor ever shall the praise of her I love
Pass unrewarded.

PHILEM. Do not flatter me.

SCA. You silly girl! Would you prefer to be
Found fault with, not deserving it, than praised
With truth? By Pollux! I would much prefer
To hear my praise, though it contained no truth,
Than justly criticised; and have my looks
A laughing stock for others.

PHILEM. I love truth;
And wish to have it always told to me:
I hate a liar.

SCA. May you love me so,
So may your own Philolaches love you,—
But you are truly charming!

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] You old fiend!
What did you swear by? By my love to her?
Why was not added, by her love to me?
You've lost again your promised recompense.
Now, I revoke my gift; it's up with you.

SCA. By Pollux! it's amazing! you that are
So clever, so accomplished, so brought up,
And not a fool, should act so foolishly.

PHILEM. Tell me, if I'm in fault.

SCA. By Castor! yes.
It is a fault, when you are all wrapped up
In him alone; but still to humor him
Your whole desire, all other men despised.
It's for a wife, and not a girl like you
To be devoted to but one alone.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] Jove! what a plague is this come to
my house!

May all the Gods eternally confound me,
If I be not the death of that old witch,
By hunger, thirst and cold.

PHILEM. My Scapha, please
Don't give me bad advice.

SCA. You simpleton!
To think that you can always keep this man
Your fond and faithful lover. Take my word,
When age and when satiety come on,
He will desert you.

PHILEM. Nay, I hope not so.

SCA. The things we don't hope for, come oftener
Than things we do. If you'll not take my word,
Let facts convince you. See an instance here,
In what I now am, and in what I've been.
I once had my admirers, as you now;
And was to one devoted, but that one
Left me, as soon as age began to change
The color of my hair,—deserted me;
And this will be your case.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] It's hard to keep
From gouging out the eyes of that incendiary.

PHILEM. It's right that I be true to him alone,
Who of himself alone, with his own money
Gave me my freedom.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] Ye immortal gods!
How sweet she is, with heart as pure as gold.
By heavens! I've done well; and I rejoice
That I'm not worth a drachma for her sake.

SCA. You silly thing!

PHILEM. Why so?

SCA. To have a thought
About his love for you.

PHILEM. And why, pray tell!
Should I not have a thought of that?

SCA. You're free :
 You have what you desire. If now he did
 Not love you from his heart he would have lost
 The money which he gave to set you free.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] I'll die myself, by Hercules! or put
 That female to a most infernal death!
 The evil-tongued old hag is stuffing this
 Girl's mind with nonsense.

PHILEM. Never can I pay
 The gratitude that he deserves from me.
 My Scapha, urge me not to love him less.

SCA. Expect then, if you will devote your youth
 To him alone, to sigh in vain when old.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] I wish that I were changed into a
 boil,
 That I might give it to her in the neck.

PHILEM. Now, since I have obtained my wish I
 ought
 To show the same affection as before
 With loving arts I won it.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] May the gods
 Do anything they please with me, if I'd
 Not free thee once again for that!—and be
 The death of Scapha!

SCA. If you're well assured
 Your lover still will to your yoke submit,
 And be your own for life, then humor him,
 And him alone; become his wedded wife.

PHILEM. We prosper only as our names are fair.
 Let me but keep my fame and character,
 I shall be rich enough.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] By Hercules!
 If it must come to selling, I will sell
 My father, sooner than I'll suffer thee

To want, or be a beggar while I live.

SCA. The other lovers,—what becomes of them?

PHILEM. They'll love me better, for my gratitude.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] O that I now could hear my
father's death,

That I at once myself might disinherit,
And make this girl my heir!

SCA. It can't last long;
Whole days and nights consumed in eating, drinking,
No thought of thrift, a regular jamboree.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] By Hercules! you first shall feel
my thrift,
For you no more shall eat and drink with me.

PHILEM. Speak well of him; do not abuse him, or
By Castor's temple! you shall suffer for it.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] By Pollux temple! had I sacrificed
To mighty Jove what I disbursed for her,
I'd not so well bestowed it. Mark how well,
How heartily she loves me. Wisely done!
To plead my cause, I've freed an advocate.

SCA. Philolaches, I see, outweighs mankind
In your esteem; I'd better side with you
Than smart for him, since you're so well assured
He'll stick to you forever.

PHILEM. Reach the mirror;
The casket too, where all my trinkets are:
Come, quick! that I be dressed when my delight,
My dear Philolaches, shall come to me.

SCA. The woman that neglects herself, her youth,
Must needs a mirror use: but why should you,
Who are yourself a mirror to the mirror?

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] Ah! Scapha, for that pretty turn,
you'll have
Reward,—my sweetest Philematium!

PHILEM. See if each hair be nice, and in its place.

SCA. So nice yourself, doubt not your hair's so too.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] What character can be conceived
more vile

Than that old sycophant's? she first finds fault,
Then tries to flatter her.

PHILEM. Give me the paint.

SCA. What need have you of that?

PHILEM. To whiten me.

SCA. Oh! that's like making ivory white with ink.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] Well said about the ivory and ink!
That's clever, Scapha; I applaud your wit.

PHILEM. Give me the rouge.

SCA. I won't. You silly thing!
You'd spoil sweet nature's work by daubing it.
Such bloom as thine, no paint should ever touch,
No rouge, cosmetic nor ceruse come near.

PHILEM. The mirror, please.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] Great Scott! she
kissed the glass.

O for a stone to smash it all to bits!

SCA. Here, take the towel; wipe your hands.

PHILEM. Why so?

SCA. Lest having touched the glass, they smell of it;
And never must Philolaches suspect
That you've been touching silver.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] I don't think
I ever met with anyone more shrewd.
Why, what a witty thought! A bright remark
She made about the mirror!

PHILEM. What think you?

Should I perfume me?

SCA. By no means.

PHILEM. And why?

SCA. No perfume is a woman's best perfume.
 I swear, these fine anointed dames who still
 New vamp themselves and paint to hide old age
 Are more disgusting than the greasy mess
 The cook throws on the garbage heap. None know
 Of what they smell; but only they smell vile.

PHILOL. How learnedly that awful woman talks!
 She knows more than the most experienced man.

[*To the spectators.*]

For you know, who have ancient dames at home
 Who bought you with their dowries.

PHILEM. See this robe
 And jewels, are they pretty, Scapha dear?

SCA. That isn't my concern.

PHILEM. Whose then, pray tell!

SCA. I'll tell you whose it is. Philolaches',
 That he may never buy what you don't like.
 For it's with gold and purple lovers buy
 Their mistress' favours; and what need have you
 To make a show of what he does not want.
 Hide age in purple; gold becomes not youth,
 For beauty unadorned's adorned the most.
 A woman's not well dressed, if ill behaved.
^(A) ill conduct soils the finest ornaments
 As bad as dirt: but if a woman's fair,
 That's all she needs.

PHILOL. [*Aside.*] I've stood this long enough.
 What's going on out here? [*Showing himself.*]

PHILEM. I'm putting on
 My pretty things for you.

PHILOL. You're pretty now.
 Go in [*To Scapha.*] and take away this finery.
 And you, my Philematium, my delight,
 Come pledge our love with wine.

PHILEM. I kiss the cup,
My love, my only joy, your pleasure's mine.

PHILOL. Dear heart, that word, at twenty minae 's
cheap.

PHILEM. Then give me ten, my life. I'll sell it
cheap.

PHILOL. There's ten still charged to you, just count
it up.

I paid out thirty when I set you free.

PHILEM. And why reproach me?

PHILOL. Am I blaming thee
With what I'd gladly be reproached myself?
I've not expended money, many a day
That's given me more pleasure.

PHILEM. And I'm sure,
I never better can employ myself
In any other way than loving you.

PHILOL. May all
Who envy us, ne'er envied be themselves.
The account is balanced, love is paid with love
And both of us are fully satisfied.
Good fortune smile on those who smile on us.

PHILEM. Then take your place. Some water for
our hands.
Slave, set the little table here,—the dice.
Would you have perfumes?

PHILOL. Ah! what need of them,
When happy, I recline with Rose-in-Bloom?
But isn't that my friend, who's coming here?
And with his mistress, too? Yes; Callidamates
Is coming with his mistress. Yes, my pal,
Our mess-mates! coming to divide the spoils.

SCENE 4.

Enter CALLIDAMATES (drunk) and DELPHIUM.

CAL. Come back, and fetch me from Philolaches,
[To a servant.]

In time! You have my orders. From that place
 Where I have been, I fairly ran away;
 The talk and dinner made me very tired.
 Now for Philolaches to make a night of it.
 He'll give us the glad hand. Do I seem drunk?

DEL. Not more than usual.

CAL. Come take my arm;
 May I take yours?

DEL. If you desire it, yes.

CAL. My little charmer; hold me up, my dear.

DEL. Take care you do not fall. Stand up.

CAL. M—my,
 My sweetest, I'm your child, my honey, I—

DEL. Take care, or you'll recline upon the ground,
 Before we reach the banquet laid for us.

CAL. Well, let me fall.

DEL. Then fall for all of me.

CAL. And what I hold. [Clinging to her.]

DEL. If you fall, I'll fall too.

CAL. Then both down, somebody must help both up.

DEL. He's pretty drunk.

CAL. Did you say I'm d—drunk?

DEL. Give me your hand. I shouldn't like to have
 You break your neck.

CAL. Here, take it.

DEL. Keep with me, [Supporting him]
 Where am I go—go—go—ing?—Can you tell?

DEL. Why, yes.

CAL. Oh! now it comes into my head,—

I'm going home to spend the evening.

DEL. Of course.

CAL. Why yes, I rec'lect all 'bout that.

PHILOL. [*to Philem.*] Shall I not step outside, and greet them, love.

He's one of all my friends that I like best.

I will return at once.

PHILEM. Ah! that "at once"

To me's an age,

CAL. Is any body there?

DEL. There is.

CAL. Hello, Philolaches, old man!

How are you?

PHILOL. Welcome, Callidamates!

Here, take your place. Whence do you come from now?

CAL. Where should one come from with an edge on? (*hic*)

PHILEM. Come, Delphium, and take your place, my dear.

CAL. Some wine for her—for me, I'm going to sleep.

PHILOL. That's nothing very new for him to do.

What shall I do with him dear Delphium?

DEL. Just leave him as he is.

PHIL. Come on, then. Slave,

A cup of wine: begin with Delphium.

SCENE 5.

Enter TRANIO.

TRA. [*Aside.*] Great Jupiter is bound with all his might

To ruin me and my young master too.

All hope is gone. No ground for courage here,

Nor could salvation's self, had she a mind,
 Now save us. What a mountain of distress
 Have I just seen at port! My master's back,
 And Tranio ruined. Would anybody like

[*To the spectators.*]

To make a bargain? I will sell my place
 At the whipping post. Where are your jail-birds who
 Are used to flogging? or, for three sesterces
 Would go to war and take a hostile fort
 Where you may have five hundred bayonets
 At once fixed in your body? I will give
 A talent to the man who'll take my cross.
 But only on condition, that his legs
 And arms be doubly bound; and when that's done,
 Let him demand his pay: he'll have it then.
 But I'm a nice thing, not to hurry home.

PHILOL. Our supper's come. Here's Tranio, from
 the port.

TRA. Philolaches.

PHILOL. What's up?

TRA. Both I and you—

PHILOL. What? I and you are up?

TRA. Yes: *up a stump.*

PHILOL. How so?

TRA. Your father's here.

PHILOL. What's that you say?

TRA. We're in a hole. I say, your father's come.

PHILOL. Great Scott! Where is he?

TRA. Just upon my heels.

PHILOL. Who says so? Who has seen him?

TRA. I, I have,

I say, I saw him.

PHILOL. What am I about?

TRA. A mischief on you! ask what you're about?

About your supper.

PHILOL. You saw him yourself!

TRA. I did, I say.

PHILOL. Your sure?

TRA. That's what I said.

PHILOL. I'm in a hole, if what you say is true.

TRA. What should I gain by telling you a lie?

PHILOL. What shall I do?

TRA. First, have these things removed.

Who's that asleep?

PHILOL. Why, Callidamates.

TRA. Awake him, Delphium.

DEL. Callidamates!

Oh, Callidamates! wake up!

CAL. I'm wide

Awake. Give me a drink of wine.

DEL. Get up!

The father of Philolaches is here.

CAL. I hope his father's well.

PHILOL. Oh! he's all right;

I'm in the soup.

CAL. The coop how's that? what coop?

PHILOL. Get up! my father's coming.

CAL. Father come?

Send him away again—What's he here for?

PHILOL. What shall I do? Shall father come and find

His home with drunken revellers filled,

His son carousing. Hard to dig a well,

When almost choked with thirst. And that's my case;

Now father's come, and I begin to dig.

TRA. Look! There he goes again! Do wake him up!

PHILOL. Will you wake up? My father'll soon be here

I tell you. Come!

CAL. Your father, did you say?

My pumps! My arms! I'll kill your father dead.

PHILOL. You'll spoil it all. Do get him in the house. *[He is led off.]*

PHILOL. I'm done up now, all right, all right,

TRA. Brace up;

Just watch your uncle get you out of this.

PHILOL. I see my finish.

TRA. Hush! I have a scheme

To lay this storm. Shall you be satisfied,

If I not only keep the old man out,

But make him fly in terror from the house?

All of you go inside and take with you

This trash. Be quick.

PHILOL. The deuce! where shall I go?

TRA. Where you like best, with this girl, or with that.

DEL. Why, what's the matter now? Are we to move?

TRA. No farther off than this. *[Pointing.]* You needn't drink,

One cup the less on that account.

PHILOL. Talk's cheap.

But I'm scared stiff to think how it will end.

TRA. Can you keep cool and do as you are told?

DEL. Yes, yes, I can—

TRA. Philematium go ahead;

Come Delphium, too.

DEL. Yes; you can count on us.

[Exit Phil. and Delph.]

TRA. Jove grant I can! Now see what I want done.

First, when the doors are lock'd don't let a peep

Be heard by anyone outside.

PHILOL. I wont!

TRA. As if no living soul were in the house.

PHILOL. Well.

TRA. And be sure that no one answers, when
The old man knocks.

PHILOL. There's nothing else I hope?

TRA. Send out the front door key so I can lock
The house up on this side.

PHILOL. To your good care
Myself and all my hopes I now commend. [*Exit.*]

TRA. To be the slave or master doesn't count
If one has neither wit nor sand to act
In an emergency. The crisis shows
The man of brains in high or low degree,
When he has need to manage so, when things
Go ill, that all my turn out for the best,
And not to make him wish that he were dead.
Now I will go to work and straighten out
This mess as smooth as silk so it wo'nt give
More botheration or concern to us.

[*Re-enter Slave.*]

Sphaerio! what do you mean by coming out?
How well my orders are obeyed!

SPH. My master
Commanded me to beg you on my knees
Some how to scare his father from the door.

TRA. Well, you go back and tell your master this;
That I will fix it so he shall not dare
To look upon the house. He'll veil his head
And run away for fear. Give me the key,
In, shut the door, I'll lock it on this side.
Now let him come! and he shall see, alive,
The greatest jolly that he ever saw.
(How jolly we would be if he were dead!)
But I must hide some where and watch my chance
To stuff the old man with my tale of woe. [*Exit.*]

ACT II—SCENE I.

Enter THEOPROPIDES from the port.

THEO. I owe thee gratitude, O, Neptune. Thou
Hast sent me from thy realm, though scarce alive.
If I but set a foot upon thy sea
Again thou mayest treat me as thou wished
To do but now—Avaunt! Have done with me,
I've trusted thee with all I ever shall.

[Enter Tranio, overhearing him.]

TRA. (*Aside.*) Gad, father Neptune, you've been
much to blame
To lose so good an opportunity.

THEO. Abroad three years in Egypt, I return
I trust, a welcome guest to all my friends.

TRA. (*Aside.*) He'd been more welcome, who an-
nounced your death.

THEO. How's this!—my doors all locked, and at
mid-day?
I'll knock (*Knocks.*) Hello! Unlock the door someone.
TRA. Who's this out doors?

THEO. My servant, Tranio!

TRA. My master! Welcome, Theopropides!
How glad I am you're safely back. Have you
Been well since you have been away?

TRA. Quite so.

TRA. That's good.

THEO. How's this? are you all mad?

TRA. Why so?

THEO. Because you're standing round out here,
And not a soul within to keep the house;
With none to answer or unlock the door.
I've almost broken down both halves of it
By kicking with my feet.

TRA. You've touched the doors?

THEO. What! touched them? Yes, and more than that, I say,

I almost broke them down with heavy knocks.

TRA. You mean to say that you have touched the doors?

THEO. Touched! yes; and knocked hard too; I told you so.

TRA. Alas!

THEO. What?

TRA. That was bad, by Hercules!

THEO. Why, what's the matter?

TRA. Oh! the dreadful thing

That you have done is not to be expressed

THEO. How so?

TRA. Run, I implore you from the house.

Fly this way, nearer me. And have you touched the doors?

THEO. How could I knock, and not touch them?

TRA. By Hercules! you've been the death—

THEO. Of whom?

TRA. Of your whole family.

THEO. May all the gods

Confound you with your omen!

TRA. I'm afraid

You can't make satisfaction to the gods,

Nor to yourself.

THEO. Why! What unheard of tale is this you're telling me?

TRA. Come then, I beg,

Dismiss these fellows here.

THEO. [*To his attendants.*

You may withdraw.

[*Exeunt attendants.*

TRA. Don't touch the house; but like me touch the earth.

THEO. Explain, I pray you.

TRA. It's now seven months
Since we have left. No soul has entered it.

THEO. Yes; yes,—and why?

TRA. Look; see if we're alone.

THEO. (*Looking round.*) All's safe.

TRA. Just look again.

THEO. There's not a soul;

Now speak.

TRA. A murder's been committed here.

THEO. What's that? I do not understand.

TRA. A crime

Committed long ago and long concealed.

Long—long—and known to us but now.

THEO. What crime?

Who did it? Tell me.

TRA. Why, the master here
Betrayed his guest and killed him. 'Twas, I think,
The very man that sold the house to you.

THEO. He killed him?

TRA. Yes; and robbed and buried him
Here in the house.

THEO. What rouses your suspicions?

TRA. I'll tell you. Wait. Your son had gone from
home

To dine. On his return, we all retired,
And went to sleep. By chance I had forgot
To put the candle out, when, all at once,
He set up such a cry—

THEO. He! Who? my son?

TRA. Hush, hear. He said a dead man, in a dream,
Came to him—

THEO. In a dream?

TRA. Just so; but hear.

The dead man thus accosted him; said he—

THEO. But, in a dream?

TRA. It would be strange indeed,
To have him speak to him awake, when he'd
Been killed these sixty years. Why, really, sir,
At times, you're little better than a fool.

THEO. Well, well. I'll say no more.

TRA. Mind what he said:

“I'm Diapontius' guest, here from abroad.
Here dwell I, here my only dwelling place.
In Pluto's realm I could not be received,
For an untimely death I died. By trust
Was I deceived. My host here murdered me,
And, funeral rites denied, here covered me
With earth himself, by stealth. My gold the cause.
Depart from hence. A curse is on the house.
It is defiled.”—'T would take a year to tell
What awful things have happened in this—Hark!

THEO. What's that? I beg you, tell!

TRA. It was the door.

The dead man knocked at it!

THEO. I haven't got

One single drop of blood. The dead are come
To carry me alive to Acheron,

TRA. (*Aside.*) Plague take it! with their noise they'll
spoil my game. [*Noise within.*]
I'm horribly afraid he'll find me out.

THEO. What's that you're muttering there?

TRA. By Hercules!

Fly from the door! fly, I implore you, fly!

THEO. Fly! Whither? Fly thyself.

TRA. I'm not afraid.

I'm with the dead at peace.

[*Voice from within.*] Hello, Tranio.

TRA. If you have any sense, don't shout to me.

[*To those within, as if speaking to the ghost.*

I'm innocent. It was not I that knocked.

THEO. What is it, Tranio? what possesses you?
What are you mumbling, Tranio?

TRA. Was it you
That spoke to me? The gods preserve us all!
I thought the dead man was reproaching me,
Because you kicked the door. But why delay,
Refusing my advice?

THEO. What shall I do?

TRA. Don't look behind. Fly, fly and veil your head.

THEO. Why don't you fly?

TRA. I'm with the dead at peace.

THEO. I know; but why were you so scared just now?

TRA. Don't worry; I'll look out for number one.
Don't linger. Fly with all your speed and call
On Hercules.

THEO. I call on Hercules.

[*Runs off.*

TRA. As I do too, that he will send some plague
Upon your head. Gods! be my witnesses,
How I've squeezed through this most untoward event.

[*Exit.*

ACT III—SCENE I.

Enter USURER.

USU. I never saw as tough a year, as this
 Has been to me, for putting out a loan.
 From morn to night, I spend the day on 'Change,
 And cannot loan a single sesterce.

[Enter Tranio.]

TRA. [*Aside.*] By Pollux, now it's up with me, that's
 plain,

For there's the man who loaned at interest
 The money which our sweetheart cost. All's out,
 Unless I get a start, and keep the thing
 From coming to the old man's ears. I'll meet
 Him. But what's Theopropides

[Seeing Theo. at a distance.]

Returning for so soon? I'm much afraid
 That he's got wind of what is going on.
 I'll go and speak to him. I'm scared to death.
 A guilty conscience is an awful thing;
 Mine bothers me. But still I must go on
 From bad to worse. The case requires it.

[Enter Theopropides.]

Well, where've you been?

THEO. I ran across the man
 From whom I bought this house.

TRA. You didn't speak
 To him of what I told you of, I hope.

THEO. Why, yes; I told him every word you said.

TRA. The deuce! Did he admit the murder of
 His guest?

THEO. No; he denies it up and down.

TRA. Denies it? Then, by Hercules! I pray
 A judge may be appointed in the case,

One that may surely credit all I say ;
 And then you'll gain the day as easily
 As Reynard eats a pear. I fear my schemes
 Will be completely smashed. [*Aside.*]

THEO. What's that you say?

TRA. Oh, nothing. Have you really told him?

THEO. All.

TRA. He owns it then?

THEO. Persists in the denial.

TRA. Denies it?

THEO. He denies the whole, I say.

TRA. Good heavens, what a knave! He won't
 own up?

THEO. If he had owned it, I had told you so.

USU. Why, there's the servant of Philolaches
 Who pays me neither loan nor interest.

THEO. [*To Tra.*] Where now?

TRA. You'll see. [*Aside.*] Was ever such a wretch!
 A rascal, born with all the gods my foes.
 Now, while the old man's here, he'll jump on me.
 Yes, sure, I am a miserable dog!
 Between them both they'll keep my wits at work.
 Well then, here goes.

USU. He's coming! Safe's the word.
 Some hopes now of my pay.

TRA. [*Aside.*] Just see him grin!
 He thinks he'll get his money—but he won't!
 How are you, Misargyrides? Good day!

USU. The same to you. But how about my cash?

TRA. Away, you brute! The moment that we meet
 You fire at me!

USU. You're empty-handed, eh!

TRA. The man's a wizard; that's as plain as day.

USU. Come, stop your nonsense.

TRA. Tell me what you'd have?

USU. Where is Philolaches?

TRA. You could not find

A better time to come.

USU. How's that?

TRA. See here.

USU. And shall my money, then, be paid?

TRA. I know

Your voice is good. You needn't shout.

USU. I will,

By Hercules!

[*Shouting.*]

TRA. Come, be advised by me.

USU. Advised by you? How so?

TRA. Go home; please do.

USU. Go home?

TRA. And come back here again at noon.

USU. And shall my interest be paid me then?

TRA. It shall! Now go.

USU. Why should I come again,

And waste my time and pains? Suppose I stay

Here where I am till noon?

TRA. Oh, no! go home.

By Hercules! I'm telling you the truth.

Do but go home.

USU. Pay me my interest then.

Why trifle with me so?

[*Shouting.*]

TRA. By Hercules!

Do but go home, mind what I say to you.

USU. Day after day you disappoint me thus.

If I'm a trouble to you, pay my bill,

And I will go away and stop my noise.

TRA. Here, take your principal.

USU. The interest first,

That's what I want.

[*Shouting.*]

TRA. You vile old reprobate!
D'you want to burst your lungs? Now do your worst.
He'll pay you nothing; there is nothing due.

USU. There's nothing due?

TRA. No; not a single coin
Can you get out of him. It wouldn't be
Surprising if he had to run away
From home, because the interest can't be paid,
When you might have your principal, at least.

USU. No, it is not the principal I want.
I want my interest.

TRA. Don't bother me.
We will not pay a drachma. Do your worst!
You're not the only pebble on the beach.

USU. Give me my interest; pay down my interest,
My interest!

TRA. Interest here and interest there!
He cannot speak of anything but that.
I think I never saw a viler brute.

USU. You can't bluff me, by Pollux! with such talk.
I'll call the fellow's name. [*Shouting.*]

TRA. Good! Louder yet!
You're happy when you're shouting, I suppose.

USU. I only ask for what belongs to me.

THEO. That's pretty hot. I feel it even here. [*Aside.*]
What is this interest that the fellow wants? [*To Tra.*]

TRA. See, here's his father, who has just returned.
He'll pay you principal and interest, too.
Don't try to stir up trouble with us so.
Ask him, and see if he will put you off.

USU. What's offered, I'll accept.

THEO. What's that you say?

TRA. Your pleasure, sir, with me? [*To Theo.*]

THEO. Who is this man?

What does he want? What's this about my son,
Philolaches? and what's this impudence
Before your very face? What's owing him?

TRA. By Pollux! Throw some money in his face,
The greedy old bald-headed pelican,
And stop his mouth.

THEO. I?—

TRA. Yes; and pelt him well.

USU. I'd bear most joyously such silver blows.

TRA. Just listen! Isn't he a specimen
Of what a usurer should be? They're all
A pack of knaves, by Hercules!

THEO. I care
Not who nor what he is. It's this I'd have
You tell me; this is what I want to know,—
What money's this?—

TRA. A trifle, that your son
To this man owes.

THEO. A trifle?

TRA. Yes, perhaps
Some forty minae, just a trifling sum.

THEO. A bagatelle!

USU. Beside the interest due.

THEO. I hear!

TRA. Yes, four and forty minae's due.
Come, tell him you will pay, and rush him off.

THEO. I tell him that I'll pay it?

TRA. Tell him.

THEO. I?

TRA. Yes, you yourself. Do tell him; promise him;
I bid you do it; tell him.

THEO. Answer me.

What was this money for?

TRA. O, its all right.

THEO. Then pay yourselves.

TRA. Your son has bought a house.

THEO. A house?

TRA. A house.

THEO. Well done! Papa's own son.
Philolaches is buying real estate.

A house, you say?

TRA. A house, and you can't guess

What sort of house.

THEO. How should I?

TRA. Fine!

THEO. What's that?

TRA. I don't know, ask me!

THEO. Why?

TRA. Bright as a glass,
Brightness itself!

THEO. Well done! And what's the cost?

TRA. Great talents, just as many sir, as you
And I make, put together. These he gave,
These minae, sir, as earnest, which was loaned
By this same person. Do you catch on, now?
For when he knew your house was in the state
I told you, instantly he bought this one.

THEO. Well done, by Hercules!

USU. It's nearly noon.

TRA. Dismiss this horrid fellow, sir, I beg,
Don't let him nag us in this stupid way.
But four-and-forty minae's the whole debt,
Both principal and interest.

USU. Just that sum,
I ask no more.

TRA. I wish you would just ask
A farthing more, by Hercules!

THEO. My friend,

I'll take the obligation.

USU. I can count

On you?

THEO. Tomorrow you can make demand.

USU. I'm gone. I'm easy, if you pay me then.

[*Exit Usurcr.*]

TRA. May all the gods and goddesses confound
That man for overthrowing all my plans.
I swear, there's no worse class of men today,
Nor greater rascals, than these usurers.

THEO. Say, in what quarter of the town's this house
My son has bought?

TRA. [*Aside.*] Well there, I'm floored again.

THEO. Why don't you answer me?

TRA. I will. But now,

I'm trying to recall the owner's name.

THEO. Well, rack your brains, then.

TRA. [*Aside.*] Now, what shall I do?

I'll throw the lie on our next neighbor here,
And say it's his house that his son has bought.
By Hercules! I've often heard it said
Your piping-hot lie is the best of all.
I'll say whatever pops into my head.

THEO. Well, have you recollected?

TRA. May the gods

Confound the name! Or rather him. [*Aside, meaning
Theo.*] Your son

Has bought your next-door neighbor's house.

THEO. Indeed?

TRA. Yes, really, if you'll pay the price. If not,
Not really.

THEO. The house which he has bought
Is finely situated. TRA. Well, indeed.

THEO. I wish, by Hercules, that I might see

The house. Just knock, and call somebody out.

TRA. [*Aside.*] The deuce! I don't know what to say this time.

The waves still drive me on the selfsame rock.
What shall I do? By Hercules! That's more
Than I can tell. I'm caught.

THEO. Call some one out
To show us round the house.

TRA. Hello, there! Hi!
But there are women there; I'd better ask
If they are willing we should see the house.

THEO. That's true. Enquire and I'll wait here
without. [*Retires.*]

TRA. [*Aside.*] May all the gods and goddesses con-
found

This fool for so upsetting all my schemes!
Here's luck! The very man who owns the house
Is coming in the nick of time. I'll skip,
While I convene the senate of my mind.
And when my course of action's been decreed,
I'll join him. [*Retires.*]

SCENE 2.

Enter SIMO, from the house. THEOPROPIDES. TRANIO.

SIMO. I've not fared so well this year
Nor had a daintier bit to eat at home.
That breakfast my wife cooked was excellent.
And now she bids me take a nap. Not I!
For it was not by accident she made
A better meal than usual, it seems.
She wished to pack me off to sleep. But no;
To sleep just after eating isn't well.
I've quietly slipped out doors. Within,

I know, my wife is in a perfect rage.

TRA. [*Aside.*] There's trouble brewing now for that
old gent;

When he gets back he'll neither eat nor sleep.

SIMO. The more I turn it in my thoughts, I find,
The man who weds for money mustn't be
Caught napping; he has not much chance for sleep.
My mind's made up that I had better go
Down town, than doze away my time at home.
I don't know, gentlemen, what your wives are,

[*To the spectators.*]

But this I know, that mine's the bane of my
Existence, and she goes from bad to worse.

TRA. [*Aside.*] Well, if you suffer for your escapade,
Old gent, the gods are not responsible:
You've got yourself to blame and no one else.
I think I'd better brace him right away.
I have it! Happy thought! I've struck a scheme
To pull his leg. I'll beat them yet and save
A beating for myself. Here goes! The gods
Be with you, Simo, and protect your house.

SIMO. Good morning, Tranio.

TRA. How's your health today?

SIMO. I'm pretty well. But what are you about?

TRA. Why, shaking hands here with the best of men.

SIMO. That's kind of you to speak so well of me.

TRA. No more than you deserve.

SIMO. That's true; and yet,
When I shake hands with you, by Hercules!
I swear that's more than I can say of you.

THEO. You rascal there, come back!

TRA. Yes, I'll be there.

SIMO. I say, how long—

TRA. What's that you're speaking of?

SIMO. How long is this gay life of your's to last?

TRA. O, yes! At last I catch; it's our affairs
You're driving at.

SIMO. Yes, feasting, dice, and wine,
O, that's all right, enjoy life when you can.

TRA. We did, but we are not so gay just now.

SIMO. Why not?

TRA. We've just received a chilly dash.

SIMO. How can you say so? Things have been all
smooth

Till now.

TRA. That's right. I can't deny we've lived
Like princes, sailing on the tiptop wave,
But now our ship is suddenly becalmed.

SIMO. Explain! What's happened?

TRA. Something terrible.

SIMO. I thought your ship had safely come to port.

TRA. Oh-h!

SIMO. What ails you?

TRA. I'm done up, for sure.

SIMO. How's that?

TRA. A ship has run against our bark
And stove us in.

SIMO. I'm sorry, Tranio,
But still I'm in the dark.

TRA. The old man's back.

SIMO. The noose is tied for you! To prison first,
And then—

TRA. On bended knee I beg of you
Don't give away our racket.

SIMO. Have no fear.

TRA. My patron, thanks.

SIMO. Such clients I disown.

TRA. Now let me tell you what I came here for.

SIMO. First, tell me, has your master got a hint?

TRA. O, not a breath!

SIMO. He hasn't cursed his son?

TRA. He's pleasant as a morn in May. He bids
Me ask you if you'll let him see your house.
He'll think it very kind—

SIMO. It's not for sale.

TRA. I know it, but he's going to build a wing
On his,—apartments for the women,—baths,
And porticos and walks,—

SIMO. The man's gone daft.

TRA. I'll tell you how it is; he wants his son
To marry soon, and so, on that account,
He's building this addition to his house.
Some one has recommended yours, he says,
For architecture, and for workmanship;
And, if you've no objection, he will build
Upon your plan.

SIMO. A lovely piece of work
To make a model of!

TRA. He understands
It's very pleasant there in summer time;
The whole day long you stay in open air,
Without a glimpse of sun.

SIMO. Upon my word,
From morn to night the sun's before my door
Just like a dun. I've not a trace of shade,
But at the bottom of the well.

TRA. If there's
No *shade*, then some Sarsinian *maid* perhaps?

SIMO. Don't be impertinent; it's as I say.

TRA. He'd like to see it, though.

SIMO. All right, he may.
And, if he likes, he's welcome to the plan.

TRA. I'll go and call him, shall I?

SIMO. Yes, you may.

TRA. [*Aside.*] Agathocles and Alexander both
Were heroes. How about a third, myself,
Who single-handed do such glorious deeds?
These old chaps both are saddled heavily.
I've hit upon a pretty good device.
Most men have mules to carry loads for them,
But I make use of men to lug my packs,
They're strong and carry all that I pile on.
I wonder if I'd better call to him.
I guess so. Theopropides!

THEO. Who calls?

TRA. An honest servant, faithful to his lord.
I've done the business, sir, you sent me on.

THEO. But why were you so long?

TRA. The gentleman
Was not at leisure. I was forced to wait.

THEO. You stick to your old tricks; you are always
late.

TRA. O, well! remember what the proverb says:
'Its hard to drink and whistle both at once!'
I can't be here and still be somewhere else.

THEO. Well!

TRA. Come and see the house, examine it
At pleasure, sir.

THEO. Come on then, show the way.

TRA. I'm ready.

THEO. Then let's go.

TRA. The gentleman
Is waiting for you yonder at his door.
How blue he looks because he's sold his house!

THEO. He does? Why so?

TRA. He begs me to persuade

Philolaches to let him have it back.

THEO. I guess he won't do that. Each for himself.
If we had bought it dear, he wouldn't then
Have given us the chance to trade it back.
Get what you can, keep hold of all you get,
For charity begins at home.

TRA. Come on!

By Hercules! you're wasting time in talk.

THEO. All right, I'm ready.

TRA. Here he is. [*To Simo.*] I've brought
My master.

SIMO. Theopropides, I'm glad
To see you safe returned.

THEO. I hope you're well.

SIMO. Your servant has been telling me you wish
To see my house.

THEO. If it's agreeable.

SIMO. Most certainly! Walk in, and look around.

TRA. The ladies—

SIMO. Never mind the ladies. Go
All through the house as if it were your own.

THEO. As if?

TRA. Oh, do not twit him of the sale.
When he's so blue about it. Don't you see
How sad he looks?

THEO. I see it.

TRA. Then take care,
That you don't seem to mock him or rejoice
Too much, Don't mention that you've bought the
house.

THEO. I see. Well put! You're quite considerate.
Come on.

SIMO. Yes, please go in and look around
At leisure, all you like.

THEO. You're very kind.

SIMO. Don't mention it.

TRA. D'you see the vestibule
Before the house, and walk—how fine they are?

THEO. By Pollux' temple! truly they are fine.

TRA. The pillars, see how strong and large they're
made.

THEO. I think I never saw more handsome ones.

SIMO. By Pollux! once they cost a handsome sum.

TRA. They cost him "once." He can't keep back
the tears. [To *Theopropides*.

THEO. What was the cost?

SIMO. Three minae for the two,
Besides the freight.

THEO. By Hercules! They're not
So fine as I at first supposed they were.

TRA. Why so?

THEO. By Pollux! Worms have been at work
About the base of each; they must have cut
The timbers out of season, I should say;
And that's the reason that they are not sound.

TRA. And still they're not so bad; a coat of paint
Would fix them up. No bungler did the work,
No macaroni-eating foreigner.
Just see the doors, how well they fit.

THEO. I see.

TRA. The sleepers too are sound.

[*Meaning Theo. and Simo.*

THEO. The sleepers sound?

TRA. Yes, *dense*, I mean to say. *Comprenez-vous?*

THEO. The more I look the more I like it all.

TRA. Do you observe that fresco where a crow
Is making game of two old cormorants?

THEO. By Pollux! No, I don't.

TRA. I think I do.

The crow's between, he's pecking at them both,
First one and then the other. Look towards me
And you will see the crow. Now don't you see?

THEO. Why, no; I can't see any crow at all.

TRA. Look towards yourselves then; if you cannot
see

The crow, perhaps you can the cormorants.

THEO. To cut it short, I see no bird at all.

TRA I give it up! I'll make allowances.
Your eye-sight's getting poor.

THEO. I'm greatly pleased

With what I can see.

SIMO. Look still farther then.

THEO. I think we'd better.

SIMO. Slave, go show my friend
The house throughout. I wish I could myself
Go with you, but I've business at the bank.

THEO. No, never mind an escort, I don't care
To be steered 'round. I'd rather go alone.

SIMO. The house is yours.

THEO. I'll have no escort then.

SIMO. Well, walk right in!

THEO. All right, I'll go inside.

TRA. Hold on! Let's see first if they've got a dog.

THEO. Yes, look.

TRA. Get out you cur! confound you! Git!
He doesn't move. 'St! Get away from there!

[Pretending to speak to a dog.]

SIMO. There isn't any danger: go right in,
He's gentle as a drop of dew. Don't fear,
Go in! But I must hurry to the bank.

THEO. You're very kind. Goodbye. *[Exit Simo.]*
You'd better drive

That beast away, although we needn't fear.

[*To Tranio.*]

TRA. Just see how peacefully he's lying there!
Brace up! Don't make yourself ridiculous.

THEO. All right, I will; but don't get far away.

TRA. I'll stick right by you. Don't you be afraid.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT IV—SCENE I.

Enter PHANISCUS.

The slave who, innocent, fears punishment,
Is likely to be useful. But the one
Who isn't scared at anything, will do
Most foolish things. When he's been doing wrong
He'll take t' his heels and fly. But when he's caught
And brought back home, he lays away a hoard
Of punishment. From little faults at first
He saves a hoard of lashes for his back.
My resolution is to have the fear
Of punishment before my eyes, and keep
My back as free from stripes as possible.
If only I can make my back obey;
I'll keep it dry, while other slaves get soaked.
As servants choose to have their masters be,
Such is he. Good to good ones, bad to bad.
Our rogues at home are of the latter kind.
They're lavish, of their backs,—that's all they own.
Stripe-bearing villains! when they 're called upon
To see their master home, then it's, 'I won't.
Come off! I know where you are headed for,
You want to make a sneak and chase the duck.'
That's all the thanks I get. From all these slaves
There's only me to bring my master home.

Tomorrow they will get their pay for this.
 Their backs will be adorned with lovely stripes
 Of cow-hide, when the master hears of it.
 But I don't give a care about their backs
 While mine is safe. The tanning trade will be
 Their business long before I take to ropes.

SCENE 2.

Enter another Servant.

SERV. [*To Pha.*] Hold on, Phaniscus, will you?
 Look around!

PHA. Don't stop me.

SERV. How stuck up the monkey is!

PHA. Hold on, you nasty parasite!

SERV. You what?

PHA. You parasite, I say. A meal's your price.

SERV. Well, if it is, that's my affair—not yours.

You put on airs because your master takes
 You in his confidence.

PHA. You make me tired!

SERV. I do?

PHA. With listening to such silly talk.

SERV. Shut up! You're always trying to be smart.

PHA. You can't get me mixed up in any fight.

My master knows that I'm all right, all right.

SERV. He should, by Pollux! Know his right-
 hand man.

PHA. You're drunk! That's why you're so imper-
 tinent.

SERV. There's no use parley-voing here with you,
 If you won't come along.

PHA. You come with me,
 You scamp, and help me bring our master home.

SERV. Don't have so much to say!

PHA. I'm through with you.

[*Knocks.*]

Hello, in there! Will anybody come
To let me in before I smash the door?
Wont some one come? That's just their nasty way!
But I'll be more upon my guard. Some one
May rush out from the house and do me up.

SCENE 3.

TRANIO. THEOPROPIDES.

TRA. What think you of the bargain now?

THEO. I'm pleased.

TRA. Do you think it's dear?

THEO. I think I never saw

A house so thrown away.

TRA. You're pleased with it?

THEO. By Hercules! I'm very greatly pleased.

TRA. What charming rooms the ladies have! And
what

A portico!

THEO. It's all extremely fine.

You'd find no larger on the public square.

TRA. Philolaches and I inspected all

The finest porticos in town.

THEO. And this?

TRA. We find this largest.

THEO. Gods! The bargain's great!

If any one should give three times the price

In ready cash, I would not take him up.

TRA. You'd not get my permission if you did.

THEO. In such a venture money's well laid out.

TRA. Then frankly say that it's by my advice;

Say Tranio pressed it: say, he urged him on,
In order to advance this earnest.

THEO. Yes!

By Pollux! you have saved the ship. You say
The debt is only eighty minae?

TRA. Just.

THEO. Then pay him up today.

TRA. That's right! Don't give
Him any chance to get it back. Give me
The money and I'll see that he is paid.

THEO. There isn't any trap about this thing,
If I give you the cash?

TRA. Why, do you think
That I'd impose on you in word or deed?

THEO. And do you think that I'd be off my guard,
And trust to you?

TRA. What, I? who never have
Deceived you once since I have been your slave?

THEO. Because you couldn't get the start of me.
I've got myself to thank for that. To show
How smart I am, I'll keep my eye on you.

TRA. [*Aside.*] Your head is level, Theopropides.

THEO. Off with you to the farm, and tell my son
That I have come.

TRA. I'll see that you're obeyed.

THEO. And bid him come straight into town with
you.

TRA. I will. And now I'll go around behind

[*Aside.*

And tell my chums the news, that everything
Is snug; and how I put the old man off. [*Exit Tra.*

PIA. They don't seem so hilarious as they were,
There's not a sound of flute or anything.

[*Enter Theopropides.*

THEO. [*Aside.*] What's going on here? What do
these men want
Around my house? What are they looking for?
Why are they prowling 'round?
SERV. I'll knock again.
Hello there, Tranio! Unlock the door!
Why don't you open up and let one in?
THEO. What's all this howdy-do?
SERV. Come! Answer, there!
We're come to fetch back Callidamates.
THEO. Hello there, slaves! What are you up to
now?
Do you intend to batter down the door?
PHA. Our master's feasting here.
THEO. Your master here!
PHA. That's what I'm telling you.
THEO. Please do not jest.
PHA. We've come to fetch him.
THEO. You've come for whom?
PHA. Our master,—must I tell you forty times?
THEO. I don't mind telling you there's no one there,
Because I see that you're an honest chap.
PHA. Does not the youth, Philolaches, live here?
THEO. He did, but he has long since moved away.
SERV. The old sardine is off his base, sure pop.
PHA. You'd better guess again, old man. Unless
He moved within a day or two, I know
He's here.
THEO. There's not a soul been living here
For six months past.
SERV. You're dreaming.
THEO. I?
SERV. Yes, you.
THEO. Don't be impertinent! I wish to talk

To this young man; there's no one living here.

PHA. There is; for yesterday, the day before,
Four, five, six days ago, and all the time,
Since first his father went away, the son
Has not gone three whole days without a spree.

THEO. What's that you say?

PHA. There hasn't been three days
In which he hasn't had a feast, with wine
And revelers and music girls. They've lived
Like jolly Greeks.

THEO. Who did?

PHA. Philolaches.

THEO. Who? What Philolaches?

PHA. His father's name
Is Theopropides.

THEO. [*Aside.*] I'm paralyzed,
If he has told the truth. I'll ask him more.
[*To Pha.*] D'you mean to say that this Philolaches,
Whoever he may be, has spent his time
Carousing with your master in this house?

PHA. I told you so.

THEO. You don't look like a fool,
But certainly you are. I half suspect
You've been some where to get a bit to eat,
And drank a little more than you can stand.

PHA. What's that?

THEO. Look out, and don't mistake the house.

PHA. I know where I'm to go, and whence I came.
Philolaches lives here, whose father's name
Is Theopropides. He went abroad,
And then his son set free a music-girl.

THEO. Philolaches, you say?

PHA. Just so; her name
Was Philematium.

THEO. Tell me what she cost.

PHA. Just thirty—

THEO. Talents?

PHA. By Apollo! No,

But minae.

THEO. Set her free?

PHA. Yes, just that sum

He paid to set her free.

PHA. That's what I said.

THEO. And he's been rioting,
Both day and night without a pause, since first
His father went away?

PHA. That's what I said.

THEO. And bought his neighbor's house here, did
you say?

PHA. That's what I didn't say.

THEO. Nor paid him down

The sum of forty minae as a pledge?

PHA. I didn't say that, either.

THEO. Now I'm wrecked.

PHA. His father is the one that's wrecked, I guess.

THEO. That's all too true.

PHA. I only wish t'were not.

Perhaps you chance to be his father's friend?

THEO. By Pollux! I should think from what you say,
His father is a wretched man indeed.

PHA. That thirty minae's nothing to compare
With all his other wild extravagance.

THEO. He's been his father's ruin!

PHA. There's a slave,

One Tranio, a most infernal knave,
Who'd waste the wealth of Hercules himself.
By Pollux! I'm real sorry when I think
Of his old father. When he hears about

This thing, the poor old man will break his heart.

THEO. You should be sad, if all you say is true.

PHA. What good would come of telling you a lie?

SERV. [*Knocking.*] Hello there! Won't you come
and let us in?

PHA. What makes you keep on knocking at that door?
There's no one in; they're feasting somewhere else.
Come on!

THEO. Why, what's your hurry?

PHA. We must go.

Your freedom is a mackintosh to keep
You from the wet. But as for me, poor slave,
My faithfulness and prompt obedience
Is all that keeps my back from getting soaked.

[*Exeunt Phaniscus and Servant.*]

SCENE 3.

THEO. By Hercules, I'm ruined. What's the use
Of talking any more. From what I hear,
It's not to Egypt I've been travelling,
But on a wild goose chase the Lord knows where;
And now I don't know where I'm at; but I'll
Find out, for there's the very man from whom

[*Enter Simo.*]

My son has bought the house. [*To Simo.*] How's
everything?

SIMO. I'm coming from the Forum, on my way
Back home.

THEO. What's new? Has anything turned up
Today?

SIMO. A man has just turned up his toes.

THEO. You call that something new?

SIMO. Yes, new for him.

I heard it said he'd been alive before.

THEO. Confound you!

SIMO. Don't ask foolish questions, then,
As if you'd nothing else to do.

THEO. You know
I've just got home from foreign lands to day.

SIMO. I can't invite you home with me to dine,
Because I have an invitation out.

THEO. By Pollux! Don't feel worried over that.

SIMO. Tomorrow I will dine with you, unless
Some other person should invite me first.

THEO. I wouldn't worry, either, over that.
If you're not otherwise engaged just now
I'd like to take a little of your time.

SIMO. With pleasure.

THEO. You've received, I understand,
Some forty minae from Philolaches.

SIMO. I've not received from him, I understand,
A single drachma.

THEO. Nor from Tranio
His slave?

SIMO. Much less, by Hercules! from him.

THEO. The money that was given you to bind
The bargain, don't you know?

SIMO. Have you gone daft?

THEO. Not I! But you must be to think that you
Can back out now by feigning ignorance.

SIMO. Back out? Of what?

THEO. The bargain that was made
Between my son and you while I was gone.

SIMO. The bargain that was made between your son
And me while you were gone? What bargain? When?

THEO. I owe you eighty minae.

SIMO. No, you don't,
By Hercules! But if you do, pay up.

A debt's a debt. You can't repudiate.

THEO. You may depend, I'll not deny the debt!
I'll pay it too. But don't you go and say
That you have not had forty down from us.

SIMO. Now come, by Pollux! Look me in the eye,
And answer me. Your slave was telling me
You wished your son to marry, and, he said,
On that account were going to enlarge
Your house.

THEO. Enlarge my house?

SIMO. That's what he said.

THEO. The devil! Now I am completely floored.

SIMO. I wonder, isn't this some deviltry
Of Tranio's?

THEO. That's just exactly it!

SIMO. You think that's so?

THEO. I've stated but the facts.
He's made a perfect fool of me today.
Now listen, and assist me if you please.

SIMO. Command me.

THEO. Let me take your slaves and whips.

SIMO. They're at your service.

THEO. Meanwhile, let me tell
You what a shameful game he's played on me.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE 4.

Enter TRANIO.

TRA. A coward in a crisis isn't worth
A bean. But when my master ordered me
To go and bring Philolaches straight home,
I slid out through the alley p. d. q.,
Unlatched the garden gate, and raised the siege.
I rescued my whole legion, to a man;

I led my troops to safety. Then I thought
 I'd better hold a council with my men.
 But when I called it, they refused to come.
 And when I realized that I had got
 To take the whole responsibility,
 I did exactly what men always do,
 When they're in trouble or perplexity.
 They simply make things worse and worse until
 They get beyond all hope of straight'ning out.
 I saw it wasn't possible to keep
 This any longer from the old man's ears.
 Hello! what's that? I heard our neighbor's door.
 My master, sure as fate! Just let me try
 To get a little taste of what he says.

[Retires.]

ACT V—SCENE 1.

Enter THEOPROPIDES and attendants.

THEO. [*To Simo's slaves.*] Stand here, upon this
 spot, behind the door.

The very minute that I call, rush out
 And put the handcuffs on without delay.
 I'll lie in ambush for this mountebank
 Who's been so very smart, and, if I live,
 I'll make his hide smart for his villiany.

TRA. [*Aside.*] The jig is up. Now Tranio have a
 care,

Look out for number one.

THEO. Now when he comes,
 I'll act with craftiness and strategem.
 He shall not see the hook until the line
 Is cast to catch him. I'll dissimulate
 And be all ignorance.

TRA. [*Aside.*] The sly old dog.
 There's not in Athens a more clever chap.
 I'd just as soon attempt to cheat a stone.
 I'll go and speak to him.

THEO. I wish he'd come.

TRA. By Pollux! If he wants me, I am here.

[*Aside.*

THEO. Hello there, Tranio! What is going on?

TRA. Our rural friends are coming from the farm.
 Philolaches will be here very soon.

THEO. By Pollux! He is coming just in time;
 It seems our neighbor is a bold, bad man.

TRA. How so?

THEO. He utterly denies your tale.

TRA. He does?

THEO. And says he never had from you
 A single drachma.

TRA. Pshaw! You're fooling me;
 He don't!

THEO. What's that?

TRA. You're talking through your hat,
 He can't deny the money has been paid.

THEO. He does, indeed, deny it utterly,
 And that he sold Philolaches the house.

TRA. Did he deny the money had been paid?

THEO. What's more, he says that he will give his
 oath,

If I desire, that he has never sold
 The house, nor even had a coin from you.

TRA. What else?

THEO. He said he'd give me all his slaves
 To be examined on the rack.

TRA. Oh, pshaw!
 He'll never do it.

THEO. Yes, he surely will.

TRA. Just summon him to court. I'll hunt him up.

THEO. Stay here. I'll put the matter to the test.

He gave his word, and meant it too, I think.

TRA. Leave him to me; and have the house transferred

To you.

THEO. No, first I want to have the slaves
Examined.

TRA. Yes, by Pollux! So you ought.

THEO. All right, then; I will go and call the men.

TRA. That's what you should have done some time ago.

And meanwhile I will seize this altar.

[*Taking refuge at the altar.*]

THEO. Why?

TRA. You don't know much! To keep the slaves
he gives

From taking refuge here. I'll take the the chair,
So your investigation won't fall through.

THEO. Get up!

TRA. Oh, no!

THEO. Don't hold the altar.

TRA. Why?

THEO. I'll tell you,—I particularly wish
That they take refuge there. Allow me, please.
I'll get a verdict all the easier
Against him.

TRA. Follow up your plan. But why
Do you persist in stirring up a fuss?
You don't know what a dreadful thing it is
To go to law.

THEO. Get up, and come to me.
I'd like to have you give me some advice.

TRA. I'll give it where I am. My wits are best
When I am sitting down. Besides, advice
Is more reliable when spoken from
A holy place.

THEO. Get up. Don't trifle so.
Now look me in the eye.

TRA. All right, I am.

THEO. You see?—

TRA. I do; and see too, if a third man came
He'd starve.

THEO. Why so?

TRA. Because he'd find no means
Of livelihood. We're both so devilish sly.

THEO. Confound the luck!

TRA. Well, what's the matter now?

THEO. You've got the start of me.

TRA. You don't mean that!

THEO. You've stuffed my ears completely full of lies.

TRA. I did the thing up neatly, didn't I?

THEO. You stuffed me till I didn't know a thing.
But now I've found you out; I've struck the root
Of all your villainies. By Hercules!

I've struck the root and rooted out the root.

By Pollux! You shall pay for this deceit.

You scamp! I'll have you roasted at the stake.

TRA. I wouldn't. I'll be daintier fricasseed.

THEO. I'll make you an example for mankind.

TRA. Because you think I'm perfect you would hold
Me up for other men to imitate?

THEO. Now answer me. What sort of son did I
Leave here when I departed?

TRA. One with hands
And feet and fingers, ears and eyes
And lips—

THEO. I asked you something different.

TRA. I answered something different, you see.
Here comes your son's friend, Callidamates.
If you have anything to say to me,
Go on and tell your tale while he is here.

SCENE 2.

Enter CALLIDAMATES.

CAL. I slept as sound as death, and when I waked
And sobered up a bit, Philolaches
Informed me that his father had got back.
And how his servant had imposed on him.
He dreads, he says, to look him in the face;
So I alone of all his friends am sent
As an ambassador of peace from him.
And, apropos! I see the old man now.
I bid you welcome, Theopropides.
I'm glad you're back. You'll dine with me to-day?

THEO. The gods be with you, Callidamates,
I'm sorry that I can't accept.

CAL. Oh, come!

TRA. Accept. If you can't go I'll take your place.

THEO. You disrespectful scamp!

TRA. Why? Just because
I kindly said I'd be your substitute?

THEO. You won't be that, for I will have you
hanged
As you deserve.

CAL. Oh, let it pass and say
You'll come and dine with me to-day. Now, come!
[*To Tra.*] You simpleton! What are you doing, perched
Upon that altar there?

TRA. He came and scared

Me half to death. What in the world I've done
I wish you'd tell. We have an umpire here;
Suppose we try the case.

THEO. You've spoiled my son.

TRA. But listen! I admit that he's done wrong,
He's set his mistress free while you were gone;
Has borrowed money and has made it fly;—
What of it? He's like any rich man's son.

THEO. By Hercules! I must be on my guard
Against his pleading; he's so oily-tongued.

CAL. Let me then act as judge in this affair.
Get up, and I'll sit there.

THEO. By all means, do.
Assume responsibility and take
The case.

TRA. There isn't any trick in this?
As long as I've not anything to fear,
No matter, so you frighten him to death.

THEO. I wouldn't care so much for all the rest,
If he had not made such a fool of me.

TRA. I did it well, and I am glad I did.
Gray-beards like you should have some common sense.

THEO. What next?

TRA. If you have any friends among
The writers of our comedies, just tell
This story of your slave's deceitfulness.
They'll say the way I've razzle-dazzled you
Would make the greatest plot in comedy.

CAL. Be still one minute if you can. Give me
A chance to say a word or two. Hear me.

THEO. All right.

CAL. You know that I'm your son's best friend.
So he appealed to me, for he's ashamed
To look you in the face, because he knows

That you've discovered all his foolishness.
 Forgive, I beg, his follies and his youth,
 For he's your son. You know yourself the young
 Will have their day. We've all been just alike;
 We're every one to blame; and we'll repay
 The money, principal and interest.
 The whole expense connected with this girl
 Be ours alone, and not a drachma yours.

THEO. A more persuasive advocate than you
 Could not be sent. I haven't any grudge,
 And I'm not angry with Philolaches.
 I'll let him love and drink, before my face,—
 Do any thing he will. If he's ashamed
 Of his extravagance that's all I want.

CAL. He's awfully ashamed.

TRA. You've pardoned him,
 Now what becomes of me?

THEO. You'll be hung up
 And soundly clubbed, you wretch.

TRA. If I'm ashamed?

THEO. As I'm alive, I'll be the death of you,
 By Hercules!

CAL. Come pardon all of us.
 For my sake pardon Tranio his offence.

THEO. I'd sooner grant you any other thing
 Than miss the chance of punishing this scamp
 For his misdeeds.

CAL. I pray you pardon him.

THEO. Just see how insolent the rascal is!

CAL. [*To Tra.*] If you've got any sense, behave
 yourself.

THEO. It's useless to persist in urging me.
 I'll mend his manners for him with the lash.

TRA. It isn't worth your while.

CAL. Oh, don't refuse.

THEO. Insist no more.

CAL. By Hercules! I beg—

THEO. Insist no more, I say.

CAL. I will insist.

For my sake pardon him this once, I beg.

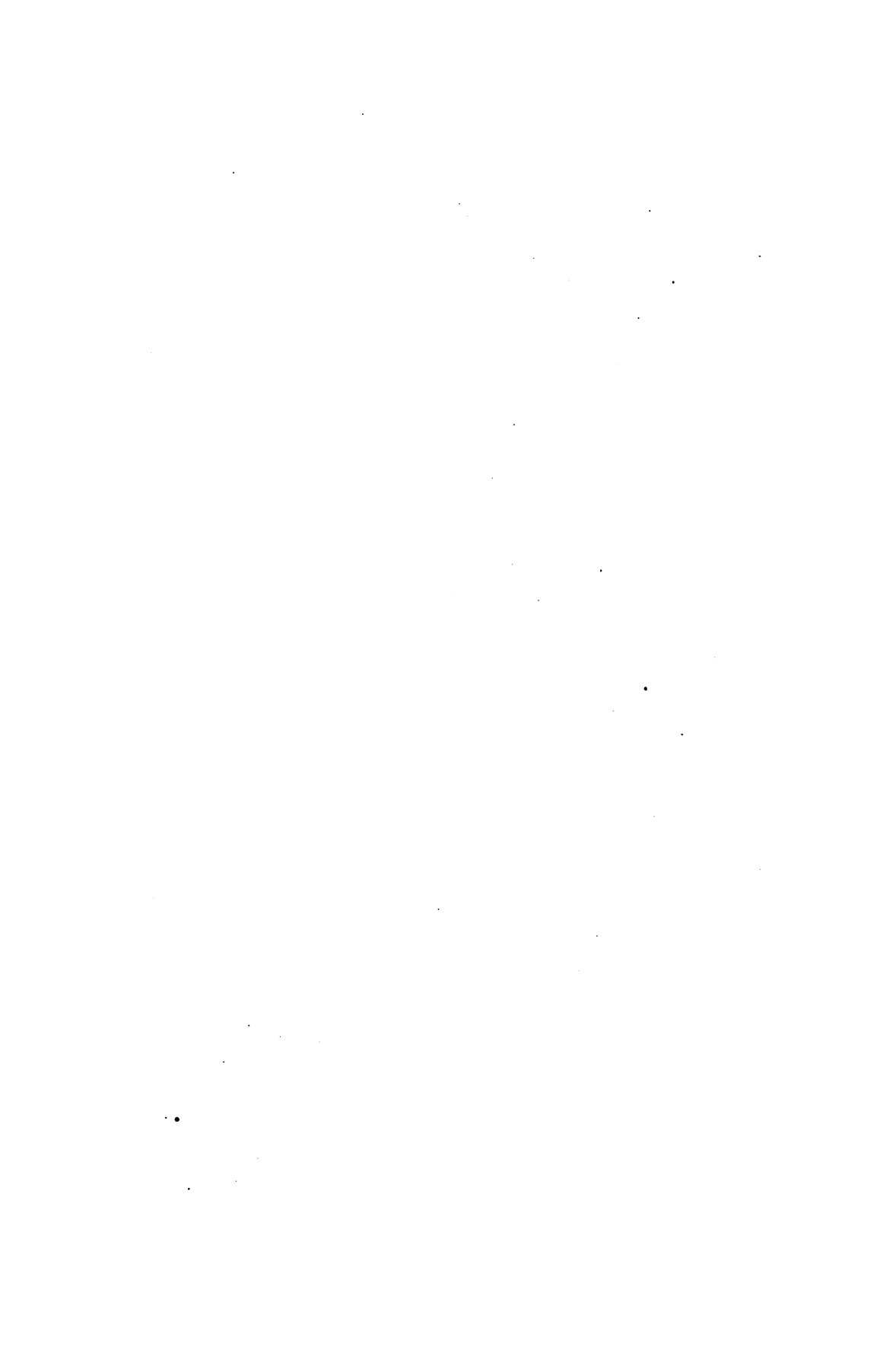
TRA. Oh, what's the odds? I'll be in something else
Tomorrow just as bad; then I can be
More beautifully punished for the whole.

CAL. You'd better let him off.

THEO. Well,—go scot-free;

But thank your advocate. Spectators, now
The Play is finished. Give us your applause.

Curtain.





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