P. TERENTI ADELPHOE.
LATIN AND ENGLISH.
ACTED BY STUDENTS
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.
JUNE, 1882.
M. S. SMITH & CO., Importers of Diamonds and Fine Colored Gems. Dealers in Fine Gold Jewelry and Sterling Silver Ware.

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Detroit, Michigan.
INTRODUCTION.

The Adelphi is generally conceded to be the finest of the six comedies of Terence that have come down to us. Its name, “The Brothers,” is derived from the two pairs of brothers with whose fortunes the play is chiefly concerned, Micio a town-bred, good-natured old bachelor, Demea, a thrifty farmer and stern parent, and the two sons of the latter. One of these, Äschinus, adopted by Micio, had been allowed by his indulgent uncle to fall into all kinds of excesses; the other, Ctesipho, brought up on the farm, was believed by his rigorous father to be a pattern of all virtues, but had in fact fallen in love with a music-girl in the city. Äschinus, whose fondness for his brother is one of the happiest touches in the play, in order to put the girl in Ctesipho’s possession and shield him from exposure, removes her by force from the slave-merchant’s house. It is at this point of time, that the play begins. Demea, who has just heard the story of the abduction, meets Micio and lays upon him the blame of Äschinus’ misdeeds. At the same time Sostrata, hearing the rumor, infers that he has deserted his daughter Pamphila whom he had promised to marry, and appeals to Hegio, an old friend of the family, to see that Äschinus is brought to a sense of his duty. Demea on his way back to the farm learns from Hegio of Äschinus’ relations with Pamphila, and returning to find Micio is sent on a fool’s errand to various parts of the city by the cunning slave Syrus. Upon his return to the house of Micio he finds that the latter has given his consent to the marriage of Äschinus with Pamphila, and also discovers, to his great astonishment, that Ctesipho has outwitted him and has been all the time at his uncle’s. In the fifth Act, Demea, becoming convinced that his brother is in the right, suddenly changes character, becomes the most indulgent of fathers, and the comedy ends, as all comedies should, with the marriage of the parties most interested.

So much for the play itself. As the production of the Adelphœ at University Hall by the class of ’84 is probably the first attempt that has ever been made in this country to bring out a Latin play, it may be worth while to give some information as to the setting of the play. Since the Adelphi belongs to the class of plays known as the fabulœ palliatæ, the costumes are Grecian. In the present instance they have been made in accordance with the best classical authority, and in most cases from suggestions kindly furnished by Dr. Scott, the headmaster of Westminster School. The costumes of the various actors are somewhat as follows: Äschinus, white chiton, garnet chlamys; Ctesipho, white chiton, light-blue chlamys; Micio, gold chiton, purple pallium; Demea, gray chiton, sage-green pallium; Sannio, chiton and pallium of orange and black; Hegio, chiton white, pallium white bordered with red; Sostrata, chiton of white, palla pink; slaves wear dresses less elaborate. In all cases attention has been paid to the selection of such colors as shall be effective in grouping.

The scene, which represents the street in front of the houses of Micio and Sostrata, does not change during the play.

In the delivery of the Latin, rules of Elision and Synalepha have been strictly observed, excepting in cases where they would interfere with proper emphasis and clearness of enunciation.

The text of the Libretto is Chase & Stuart’s; the translation Coleman’s.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DEMEA, - - Father of Æschinus and Ctesipho
MICIO, - - - - Brother to Demea
ÆSCHINUS, - - - - A Young Man
CTESIPHÔ, - - - - A Young Man
HEGIO, - - - - An Old Man
SANNIO, - - - - A Slave-dealer
SYRUS, - - - Servant of Micio
GETA, - - - Servant of Sostrata
DROMO, - - - Servant
PARMENO, Other Servants, Etc.
SOSTRATA, - A Matron, Mother of Pamphila
CANTHARA, - - - - A Nurse
MUSIC-GIRL, - - - Loved by Ctesipho
PAMPHILA, - - - Loved by Æschinus

SCENE—ATHENS.
B. C. ABOUT 300.
CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Micio, - - - - W. B. CHAMBERLAIN
Demea, - - - - J. M. ZANE
Ctesipho, - - - - F. N. SCOTT
Aeschinus, - - A. S. VAN VALKENBURGH
Syrus, - - - - W. C. FOOTE
Pamphila, - - - - A. H. WILLIAMS
Sostrata, - - - - WM. SAVIDGE
Canthara, - - - - W. F. WORD
Geta, - - - - F. M. McMURRAY
Hegio, - - - - CHAS. ASHLEY
Sannio, - - - - A. E. MILLER
Postquam poeta sensit scripturam suam
Ab iniquis observari et aduorsarios
Rapere in peiorem partem quam acturi sumus:
Indicio de sese ipse erit, uos iudices,
Laudin an uitio duci id factum oporteat.
Synapothnescontes Diphili comoediast:
Eam Commorientis Plautus fecit fabulam.
In Graeca adulescens est, qui lenoni eripit
Meretricem in prima fabula: eum Plautus locum
Reliquit integrum. eum hic locum sumpsit sibi
In Adelphos, uerbum de uerbo expressum extulit.
Eam nos acturi sumus nouam: pernoscite
Furtumne factum existumetis an locum
Reprensum, qui praeteritus neglegentiast.
Nam quod isti dicunt maliuoli, homines nobilis
Eum adiutare adsidueque una scribere:
Quod illi maledictum uemens esse existumant,
Eam laudem hic ducit maxumam, quam illis placet,
Qui nobis uniuiorsis et populo placent,
Quorum opera in bello, in otio, in negotio
Suo quisque tempore usust sine superbia.
Dehinc ne expectetis argumentum fabulae:
Senes qui primi uenient, ei partem aperient,
In agendo partem ostendent. facite aequanimitas
* * * * * * * * * * *
Poetae ad scribendum augeat industrium.
PROLOGUE.

The Bard, perceiving his piece cavill’d at
By partial critics, and his adversaries
Misrepresenting what we’re now to play,
Pleads his own cause: and you shall be the judges,
Whether he merits praise or condemnation.

The Synapothnescontes is a piece
By Diphilus, a comedy which Plautus,
Having translated, call’d Commorientes.
In the beginning of the Grecian play
There is a youth, who takes a girl perforce
From a procurer: and this incident,
Untouch’d by Plautus, render’d word for word,
Has our bard interwoven with his Brothers,—
The new piece which we represent to-day.
Say then if this be theft, or honest use
Of what remain’d unoccupied.—For that
Which malice tells, that certain noble persons
Assist the bard, and write in concert with him;
That which they deem a heavy slander, he
Esteems his greatest praise: that he can please
Those who please you, who all the people please;
Those who in war, in peace, in council, ever
Have rendered you the dearest services,
And ever borne their faculties so meekly.

Expect not now the story of the play:
Part in act will be shewn.—Be favourable;
Part the old men, who first appear, will open;
And let your candour to the poet now
Increase his future earnestness to write!
P. TERENTI ADELPHOE.

ACTVS I.

MICIO.

Storax! Non rediit hac nocte a cena Aeschinus
Neque servolorum quisquam, qui aduorum ierant.
Profecto hoc uere dicunt: si absis uspiam,
[Aut ibi si cesses] uenire ea satius est
Quae in te uxor dicit [et quae in animo cogitat]
Irata quam illa quae parentes propitii.
Vxor, si cesses, aut te amare cogitat
Aut tete amari aut potare atque animo obsequi.
[Et tibi bene esse, soli sibi quom sit male.]
Ego quia non rediit filius quae cogito!
Quibus nunc sollicitor rebus! ne aut ille alserit
Aut uspiam ceciderit aut praefregerit
Aliquid. Uah, quemquamne hominem in animum instituere aut
Parare quod sit carius quam ipse est sibi!
Atque ex me hic natus non est, sed ex fratre meo.
Dissimili is studiost iam inde ab adulescentia.
Ego hanc clementem uitam urbanam atque otium
Secutus sum et quod fortunatum isti putant,
Vxorem numquam habui. ille contra haec omnia:
Ruri agere uitam : semper parce ac duriter
Se habere: uxorem duxit: nati filii
Duo: inde ego hunc maiorem adoptau mihi:
Eduxi a paruolo, habui, amaui pro meo;
In eo me oblecto: solum id est carum mihi.
Ille ut item contra me habeat facio sedulo:
Do, praetermitto: non necessae habeo omnia
Pro meo iure agere: postremo, alii clanculum
Patres quae faciunt, quae fert adulescentia,
Ea ne me celet consuefeci filium.
Nam qui mentiri aut fallere insuerit patrem,
Fraudare tanto magis audebit ceteros,
Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere satius esse credo quam metu.
Haec fratri mecum non conueniunt neque placent.
Venit ad me saepe clamans 'quid agis, Micio?
THE BROTHERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

ENTER MICIO.

Ho, Storax—Æschinus did not return
Last night from supper; no, nor any one
Of all the slaves, who went to look for him.
—'Tis commonly— and oh how truly!—said,
If you are absent, or delay, 'twere best
That should befall you which your wife denounces,
Or which in anger she calls down upon you,
Than that which kindest parents fear.—Your wife,
If you delay, or thinks that you're in love,
Or lov'd, or drink, or entertain yourself,
Taking your pleasure, while she pines at home,
—And what a world of fears possess me now!
How anxious that my son is not return'd;
Lest he take cold, or fall, or break a limb!
—Gods, that a man should suffer any one
To wind himself so close about his heart,
As to grow dearer to him than himself!
And yet he is not my son, but my brother's,
Whose bent of mind is wholly different.
I, from youth upward even to this day,
Have led a quiet and serene town-life;
And, as some reckon fortunate, ne'er married.
He, in all points the opposite of this,
Has pass'd his days entirely in the country
With thrift, and labour; married; had two sons;
The elder boy is by adoption mine;
I've brought him up; kept; lov'd him as my own;
Made him my joy, and all my soul holds dear,
Striving to make myself as dear to him.
I give, o'erlook, nor think it requisite
That all his deeds should be controli'd by me,
Giving him scope to act as of himself;
So that the pranks of youth, which other children
Quor perdis adulescentem nobis? quor amat?
Quor potat? quor tu his rebus sumptum suggeris?
Vestitu nimio indulges: nimium ineptus es.
Nimium ipsest durus praeter aequomque et bonum:
Et erat longe mea quidem sententia,
Qui in imperium credat grauius esse aut stabilius,
Vi quod fit, quam illud quod amicitia adiungitur.
Mea sic est ratio et sic animum induco meum:
Malo coactus qui suom officium facit,
Dum id rescitum iri credit, tantisper pauet:
Si sperat fore clam, rursum ad ingenium redit.
Ille quem beneficio adiungas ex animo facit,
Studet par referre, praesens absensque idem erit.
Hoc patriumst, potius consuefacere filium
Sua sponte recte facere quam alieno metu:
Hoc pater ac dominus interest: hoc qui nequit,
Fateatur nescire inperare liberis.
Sed estne hic ipsus, de quo agebam? et certe is est.
Nescio quid tristem uideo: credo iam, ut solet,
Iurgabit. saluom te aduenire Demea,
Gaudemus.

DEMEA. MICIO.

De. Ehem opportune: te ipsum quaeerito.
Mi. Quid tristis es? De. Rogas me? ubi nobis Aeschinust?
Scin iam quid tristis ego sim? Mi. Dixin hoc fore?
Quid fecit? De. Quid ille fecerit? quem neque pudet
Quicumam, nec metuit quemquam, neque legem putat
Tenere se ullam. nam illa quae antehac facta sunt
Omitto: modo quid designauit? Mi. Quid nam id est?
De. Foris ecfregit atque in aedis inruit
Alienas: ipsum dominum atque omnem familiam
Mulcauit usque ad mortem: eripuit mulierem
Quam amabat. clamant omnes indignissume
Factum esse: hoc aduenienti quot mihi, Micio,
Dixere! in orest omni populo. denique,
Si conferendum exemplumst, non fratrem uidet
Rei dare operam ruri parcum ac sobrium?
Nullum huius simile factum. haec quom illi, Micio,
Dico, tibi dico: tu illum corrumpi sinis.
Mi. Homine inperito numquam quicquam iniustiust,
Qui nisi quod ipse fecit nil rectum putat.
De. Quorsum istuc? Mi. Quia tu, Demea, haec male iudicas.
Non est flagitium mihi crede, adulescentulum
Scortari, neque potare: non est: neque foris
Ecfringere. Haec si neque ego neque tu fecimus,
Non siit egestas facere nos. Tu nunc tibi
Id laudi ducis, quod tum fecisti inopia?
Iniuriumst: nam si esset unde id fieret,
Hide from their father, I have us'd my son
Not to conceal from me. For whoso'er
Hath won upon himself to play the false one,
And practice impositions on a father,
Will do the same with less remorse to others;
And 'tis in my opinion better far
To bind your children to you by the ties
Of gentleness and modesty, than fear.
And yet my brother don't accord in this,
Nor do these notions, nor this conduct please him.
Oft he comes open mouth'd—Why how now, Micio?
Why do you ruin this young lad of ours?
Why does he love? why drink? and why do you
Allow him money to afford all this?
You let him dress too fine. 'Tis idle in you.
—, 'Tis hard in him, unjust and out of reason.
And he, I think, deceives himself indeed,
Who fancies that authority more firm
Founded on force, than what is built on friendship;
For thus I reason, thus persuade myself:
He who performs his duty driven to't
By fear of punishment, while he believes
His actions are observ'd, so long he's wary;
But if he hopes for secrecy, returns
To his old ways again. But he whom kindness,
Him also inclination makes your own:
He burns to make a due return, and acts,
Present or absent, evermore the same.
'Tis this then is the duty of a father;
To make a son embrace a life of virtue,
Rather from choice than terror or constraint.
Here lies the mighty difference between
A father and a master. He who knows not
How to do this, let him confess he knows not
How to rule children.—But is this the man,
Whom I was speaking of? Yes, yes, 'tis he.
He seems uneasy too, I know not why,
And I suppose, as usual, comes to wrangle.

SCENE II.

ENTER DEMEA.

Mi. Demea, I'm glad to see you well.
De. Oho!
Well met: the very man I came to seek.
Mi. But you appear uneasy. What's the matter?
De. Is it a question, when there's Æschinus
To trouble us, what makes me so uneasy?
Faceremus. et illum tu tuom, si esses homō,
Sineres nunc facere, dum per aetatem licet,
Potius quam, ubi te expectatum eiecisset foras,
Alieniore aetate post faceret tamen.

De. Pro Iuppiter, tu homo adigis me ad insaniam.
Non est flagitium facere hāec adulescentulum? Mi. Ah,
Ausculta, ne me obtundas de hac re saepius,
Tuom filium dedisti adoptandum mihi:
Is meus est factus: siquid peccat, Demea,
Mihi peccat: ego illi maxumam partem feram.
Obsonat, potat, olet unguenta: de meo;
Amat: dabitur a me argentum, dum erit commodum.
Mi. I said it would be so.—What has he done?
De. What has he done? a wretch, whom neither ties
Of shame, nor fear, nor any law can bind!
For not to speak of all his former pranks,
What has he been about but even now!
   Mi. What has he done?
   De. Burst open doors, and forc'd
   His way into another's house, and beat
   The master and his family half dead;
   And carried off a wench whom he was fond of.
   The whole town cries out shame upon him, Micio.
I have been told of it a hundred times
Since my arrival. 'Tis the common talk.—
And if we needs must draw comparisons,
Does not he see his brother, thrifty, sober,
Attentive to his business in the country?
Not given to these practices; and when
I say all this to him, to you I say it.
You are his ruin, Micio.
   Mi. How unjust
Is he who wants experience! who believes
Nothing is right but what he does himself!
   De. Why d'ye say that?
   Mi. Because you, Demea,
Judge wrongly of these matters. 'Tis no crime
For a young man to love, or drink.—'Tis not,
Believe me!—nor to force doors open.—This
If neither you nor I have done, it was
That poverty allow'd us not.
And now you claim a merit to yourself, from that
Which want constrain'd you to. It is not fair.
For had there been but wherewithal to do't,
We likewise should have done thus. Wherefore you,
Were you a man, would let your younger son,
Now, while it suits his age, pursue his pleasures;
Rather than, when it less becomes his years,
When, after wishing long, he shall at last
Be rid of you, he should run riot then.
   De. O Jupiter! the man will drive me mad.
Is it no crime, d'ye say, for a young man
To take these courses?
   Mi. Nay, nay; do but hear me,
Nor stun me with the self' same thing for ever!
Your elder son you gave me for adoption:
He's mine then, Demea; and if he offends,
'Tis an offence to me, and I must bear
The burden. Does he treat? or drink? or dress?
'Tis at my cost.—Or love? I will supply him,
Vbi non erit, fortasse excludetur foras.
Foris ecfrigit: restituentur; discidit
Vestem: resarcietur. et (dis gratia)
Est unde haec fiant, et adhuc non molesta sunt.
Postremo aut desine aut cedo quemuis arbitrum:
Te plura in hac re peccare ostendam. De. Ei mihi,
Pater esse discce ab illis, qui uere sciunt.

Mi. Natura tu illi pater es, consiliis ego.
De. Tun consulis quicquam? Mi. Ah, si pergís, abiero.
De. Sicine agis? Mi. An ego totiens de eadem re audiam?
De. Curaeest mihi. Mi. Et mihi curaeest. uerum, Demea,
Curemus aequam uterque partem: tu alterum,
Ego item alterum. Nam curare ambos propemodum
Reposcere illumst quem dedisti. De. Ah, Micio.

Mi. Mihi sic uidentur. De. Quid istic? si tibi istuc placet,
Profundat perdat pereat, nil ad me attinet.
Ian si uerbum ullum posthac. . . Mi. Rursum, Demea,
Irascere? De. An non credis? repeton quem dedi?
Aegrest: alienus non sum; si obsto . . em, desino.
Vnum uis curem, curo. et est dis gratia,
Quom ita ut uolo est; iste tuos ipse sentiet
Posterius: nolo in illum grauius dicere.

Mi. Nec nil neque omnia haec sunt quae dicit; tamen
Non nil molesta haec sunt mihi: sed ostendere
Me aegre pati illi nolui: nam itast homo:
Quom placó, aduorsor sedulo et deterreo;
Tamen uix humane patitur: uerum si augeam
Auct etiam adiutor sim eius iracundiae,
Insaniam profecto cum illo. etsi Aeschinus
Non nullam in hac re nobis facit iniuriam.
Quam hic non .amauit meretricem? aut quoi non dedit
Aliquid? postremo nuper (credo iam omnium
Taedebat) dixit uelle uxorem ducere.
Sperabam iam deferuisse adulescentiam:
Gaudebam. ecce autem de integro: nisi quidquid est
Volo scire atque hominem conuenire, si apud forumst.
While 'tis convenient to me; when 'tis not,
His mistresses perhaps will shut him out.
—Has he broke open doors? we'll make them good.
Or torn a coat? it shall be mended. I,
Thank heaven, have enough to do all this,
And 'tis as yet not irksome.—In a word,
Or cease, or choose some arbiter between us:
I'll prove that you are more in fault than I.

De. Ah, learn to be a father; learn from those
Who know what 'tis indeed to be a parent!
Mi. By nature you're his father, I by counsel.
De. You! do you counsel any thing?
Mi. Nay, nay;
If you persist I'm gone.
De. Is't thus you treat me?
Mi. Must I still hear the same thing o'er and o'er.
De. It touches me,
Mi. And me it touches too.

But, Demea, let us each look to our own:
Let me take care of one, and mind you t'other:
For to concern yourself with both, appears
As if you'd re-demand the boy you gave.

De. Ah, Micio!
Mi. So it seems to me.
De. Well, well;
Let him, if 'tis your pleasure, waste, destroy,
And squander: it is no concern of mine.
If henceforth I e'er say one word—
Mi. Again?

Angry again, good Demea?
De. You may trust me.
Do I demand him back again I gave you?
—It hurts me. I am a stranger to him.
—But if I once oppose—Well, well, I've done.
You wish I should take care of one. I do
Take special care of him; and he, thank heav'n,
Is as I wish he should be: which your ward,
I warrant, shall find out one time or other.
I will not say, ought worse of him at present.

[Exit].

SCENE III.

MICIO ALONE.

Though what he says be not entirely true,
There's something in it, and it touches me.
But I dissembled my concern with him,
Because the nature of the man is such,
To pacify, I must oppose and thwart him;
ACTVS II.

SANNO. AESCHINVS. (PARMENO. PSALTRIA.)

Sa. Obsecro, populares, ferte miserō atque innocentē auxilium:
Subuenite inopi. Ae. Otiose, nunciam ilico hic consiste.
Quid respectas? nil periclist: numquam, dum ego adero, hic
te tanget.

Sa. Ego istam inuitis omnibus.

Ae. Quamquamst scelestus, non committet hodie umquam iterum
ut uapulet.

Sa. Aeschine, audi, ne te ignarum fuisse dicas meorum morum,
Leno ego sum. Ae. Scio. Sa. At ita, ut usquam fuit fide
quisquam optuma.

Tu quod te posterius purges, hanc iniuriam mihi nolle
Factam esse, huius non faciam. crede hoc, ego neum ius
persequier:
Neque tu verbis solues umquam, quod mihi re male feceris.
Noui ego uostra haec 'nollem factum: dabitur ius iurandum,
indignum
Te esse iniuria hac, indignis quem egomet sim acceptus
modis.

Ae. Abi prae strenue ac foris aperi. Sa. Ceterum hoc nili facis?

Ae. I intro nunciam. Sa. At enim non sinam. Ae. Accede
illuc, Parmeno:
Nimium istoc abisti: hic propter hunc adsiste: em, sic uolo,
Caue nunciam oculos a meis oculis quoquam demoueas tuos,
Ne mora sit, si innuerim, quin pugnus continuo in mala
haereat.
And even thus I scarce can teach him patience.
But were I to inflame or aid his anger,
I were as great a madman as himself.
Yet Æschinus, 'tis true, has been to blame.
What girl is there he has not lov'd? to whom
He has not made some present——And but lately
(Tir'd I suppose, and sick of wantonness)
He told me he propos'd to take a wife.
I hop'd the hey-day of the blood was over,
And was rejoic'd: but his intemperance
Breaks out afresh.—Well, be it what it may,
I'll find him out, and know it instantly,
If he is to be met with at the Forum. [Exit].

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter ÆSCHINUS, SANNIO, PARMENO, the Music-girl,
and a crowd of people.

Sa. Help, help, dear countrymen, for heaven's sake!
Assist a miserable harmless man!
Help the distress'd!

Ae. [To the girl]. Fear nothing: stand just there!
Why d'ye look back? you're in no danger. Never,
While I am by, shall he lay hands up you.
Pa. Ay, but I will, in spite of all the world.
Ae. Rogue as he is, he'll scarce do anything
To make me cudgel him again to-day.
Sa. One word, Sir Æschinus! that you may not
 Pretend to ignorance of my profession;
I'm a procurer.
Ae. True.
Sa. And in my way
Of as good faith as any man alive.
Hereafter, to absolve yourself, you'll cry,
That you repent of having wronged me thus.
I shan't care that for your excuse [snapping his fingers]. Be
sure,
I'll prosecute my right; nor shall fine words
Atone for evil deeds. I know your way,
———“I'm sorry that I did it: and I'll swear
You are unworthy of this injury”———
Though all the while I'm us'd most scurvily.
Ae. [to Par.] Do you go forwards, Parmeno, and throw
The door wide open.
Sa. Ístuc uolo ergo ipsum experiri. Ae. Em, serua: omittē mulierem.
Ac. Non innueram: uerum in istam partem potius peccato tamen.
I nunciam. Sa. Quid hoc reist? regnumne, Aeschine, hic tu possides?
Ae. Si possiderem, ornatus esses ex tuis uirtutibus.
Sa. Qui tibi magis licet meam habere, pro qua ego argentum dedi?
Responde. Ae. Ante aedis non fecisse erit melius hic conuitium:
Nam si molestus pergis esse, iam intro abripiere atque ibi Vsque ad necem operiere loris. Sa. Loris liber? Ae. Sic erit.
Sa. O hominem inpurum: hicin libertatem aiunt esse aequam omnibus?
Ae. Si satis iam debacchatus es, leno, audi si uis nunciam.
Sa. That sha'n't signify.
Ae. [to Par.] Now in with her.
Sa. [stepping between] I'll not allow it.
Ae. [to Par.] Here!

Come hither, Parmeno!—you're too far off.—
Stand close to that man's side—There—there—just there!
And now be sure you always keep your eyes
Stedfastly fix'd on mine; and when I wink,
To drive your fist directly in his face.
Sa. Ay, if he dare.
Ae. [to Par.] Now mind! [to Sa.] Let go the girl.
[Sannio still struggling with the girl, Æschinus
winks, and Parmeno strikes Sannio.]
Sa. Oh monstrous!
Ae. He shall double it, unless
You mend your manners. [Par. strikes Sannio again.]
Sa. Help, help! murder, murder!
Ae. [to Par.] I did not wink; but you would better err
That way than t'other.—Now go in with her.
[Parmeno leads the girl into Micids house.]
Sa. How's this?—Do you reign king here, Æschinus?
Ae. Did I reign king, you should be recompensed
According to your virtues, I assure you.
Sa. What business have you with me?
Ae. None.
Sa. D'ye know
Who I am, Æschinus?
Ae. Nor want to know.
Sa. Have I touch'd ought of yours, sir?
Ae. If you had
You should have suffer'd for't.
Sa. What greater right
Have you to take away my slave, for whom
I paid my money? answer me!
Ae. 'Twere best
You'd leave off bellowing before our door;
If you continue to be troublesome,
I'll have you dragg'd into the house, and there
Lash'd without mercy.
Sa. How, a freeman lash'd!
Ae. Ev'n so.
Sa. Oh monstrous tyranny! Is this,
Is this the liberty they boast of here,
Common to all?
Ae. If you have brawl'd enough,
Please to indulge me with one word, you brute.
Sa. Who has brawl'd most, yourself or I?
Ae. Well, well!
Sa. Egon debacchatus sum autem an tu in me? Ae. Mitte ista atque ad rem redi.
Sa. Quam rem? quo redeam? Ae. Iamne me uis dicere id quod ad te attinet?
Sa. Cupio, aequi modo aliquid. Ae. Vah, leno iniqua me non uolt loqui.
Sa. Leno sum, pernicies communis, fateor, adulescentium, Periurus, pestis: tamen tibi a me nullast orta iniuria.
Argenti tantum dabitur. Sa. Quid? si ego tibi illam nolo uendere,
Quae liberast: nam ego liberali illam adsero causa manu. Nunc uide utrum uis: argentum accipere an causam medi-
tari tuam.
Delibera hoc, dum ego redeo, leno. Sa. Pro supreme Iuppiter,
Minume miror qui insanire occipiunt ex iniuria.
Domo me eripuit, urberauit: me inuito abduxit meam:
Homini miseru plus quingentos colaphos infregit mihi.
Ob malefacta haec tantidem emptam postulat sibi tradier.
Verum enim quando bene promeruit, fiat: suom ius postulat.
Age iam cupio, modo si argentum reddat. Sed ego hoc hariolor:
Vbi me dixero dare tanti, testis faciet ilico,
Vendidisse me, de argento somnium: ‘mox: cras redi.’
Id quoque possum ferre, modo si reddat, quamquam iniuriumst.
No more of that, but to the point!

Sa. What point?

What would you have?

Ae. Will you allow me then
To speak of what concerns you?

Sa. Willingly:

Speak, but in justice.

Ae. Very fine! a procurer,
And talks of justice!

Sa. Well, I am a procurer,
The common bane of youth, a perjurer,
A public nuisance, I confess it: yet
I never did you wrong.

Ae. No, that's to come.

Sa. Prithee return to whence you first set out, sir!

Ae. You, plague upon you for it! bought the girl
For twenty minæ; which sum we will give you.

Sa. What if I do not choose to sell the girl?

Will you oblige me?

Ae. No.

Sa. I fear'd you would.

Ae. She's a free woman, and should not be sold,
And, as such, by due course of law I claim her.

Now then consider which you like the best,
To take the money, or maintain your action.

Think on this, beast, till I come back again. [Exit].

SCENE II.

SANNIO ALONE.

O Jupiter! I do not wonder now
That men run mad with injuries. He drags me
Out of my own house; cudgels me most soundly,
And carries off my slave against my will:
And after this ill treatment, he demands
The music-girl to be made over to him
At the same price I bought her.—He has pour'd
His blows upon me, thick as hail; for which,
Since he deserves so nobly at my hands,
He should no doubt be gratified.—Nay, nay,
Let me but touch the cash, I'm still content.

But this I guess will be the case: as soon
As I shall have agreed to take his price,
He'll produce witnesses immediately,
To prove that I have sold her—And the money
Will be mere moon-shine,—“By and by,”—“To-morrow.”

—Yet I could bear that too, although much wrong,
Might I but get the money after all:
Verum cogito id quod res est; quando eum quaestum occiperes,
Accipienda et mussitanda iniuria adulescentiumst.
Sed nemo dabiti: frustra egomet mecum has rationes puto.

SYRVS. SANNIO.

Sy. Tace, egomet conueniam ipsum: cupidc accipiat faxo atque etiam
Bene dicat secum esse actum. quid istuc, Sannio, est quod te audio
Nescio quid concertasse cum ero? Sa. Numquam uidi iniquius
Certationem comparatam, quam haec hodie inter nos fuit:
Ego uapulando, ille uerberando usque, ambo defessi sumus.
Sa. Qui potui melius, qui hodie usque os praebui? Sy. Age, scis quid loquar?
Pecuniam in loco neglegere maxunum interdumst lucrum:
hui,
Metuisti, si nunc de tuo iure concessisses paululum
Atque adulescenti morigerasse, hominum homo stultissime,
Ne non tibi istuc faeneraret. Sa. Ego spem pretio non emo.
Sy. Numquam rem facies: abi, inescare nescis homines, Sannio.
Sa. Credo istuc melius esse: uerum ego numquam adeo astutus fui,
Quin quidquid possem mallem auferre potius in praesentia.
Sy. Age noui tuom animum: quasi iam usquam tibi sint uiginti
minae,
Sy. Coemisse hinc quae illuc ueheres multa, nauem conductam:
hoc scio,
Animus tibi pondet. ubi illinc spero redieris tamen hoc ages.
For thus it is, friend Sannio; when a man
Has taken up this trade, he must receive
And pocket the affronts of young gallants.
—But nobody will pay me, and I draw
Conclusions to no purpose.

SCENE III.

ENTER SYRUS.

Sy. [to Ae. within] Say no more!
Let me alone to talk with him! I warrant
I'll make him take the money; aye, and own
That he's well treated too. [coming forward.]

Why, how now, Sannio?
What's the dispute I overheard just now
'Twixt you and my young master?
Sa. Never was
Any dispute conducted more unfairly,
Than that between us two to-day! Poor I
With being drubb'd, and he with drubbing me,
'Till we were both quite weary.
Sy. All your fault.
Sa. What could I do!
Sy. Give a young man his way.
Sa. What could I give him more, who gave my face?
Sy. Nay, but d'ye know my meaning, Sannio?
To seem upon occasion to slight money,
Proves in the end, sometimes, the greatest gain.
Why prithee, blockhead, could you be afraid,
Had you abated somewhat of your right,
And humour'd the young gentleman, he would not
Have paid you back again with interest?
Sa. I never purchase hope with ready money.
Sy. Away! you'll never thrive. You do not know
How to ensnare men, Sannio.
Sa. Well, perhaps,
Your way were best: yet I was ne'er so crafty
But I had rather, when 'twas in my power,
Receive prompt payment.
Sy. Pshaw! I know your spirit:
As if you valued twenty minæ now,
So you might do a kindness to my master!
—Besides they say you're setting out for Cyprus, [carelessly.]
Sa. Ha! [alarmed.]
Sy. And have bought up a large stock of goods
To carry over thither.—Hir'd a vessel.
That 'tis, I know, which keeps you in suspense:
When you return, I hope, you'll settle this.
Sa. I shall not budge a foot.—Undone, by heav'n!
Sy. Timet:
Inieci scrupulum homini. Sa. O scelera: illud uide,
Vt in ipso articulo oppressit. emptae mulieres
Complures et item hinc alia quae porto Cyrum.
Nisi eo ad mercatum uenio, damnum maxumumst.
Nunc si hoc omitto ac tum agam ubi illinc rediero,
Nil est; refrierit res: 'nunc demum uenis?
Quior passu's? ubi eras?' ut sit satius perdere
Quam aut nunc manere tam diu aut tum persequi.
Sy. Iamne enumerasti id quod ad te reediturum putes?
Sa. Hocine illo dignumst? hocine incipere Aeschinum?
Per oppressionem ut hanc mi eripere postulet?
Sy. Labascit. unum hoc habeo: uide si satis placet:
Potius quam uenias in periclum, Sannio,
Seruesne an perdas totum, diuiduom face.
Minas decem conradet alicunde. Sa. Ei mihi,
Etiam de sorte nunc uenio in dubium miser?
Pudet nil? omnis dentis labefecit mihi:
Praeterea colaphis tuber est totum caput:
Etiam insuper defrudet? nusquam abeo. Sy. Vt lubet:
Numquid uis quin abeam? Sa. Immo hercle hoc quaeso,
Syre,
Vt ut haec sunt acta, potius quam litis sequar,
Meum mihi reddatur, saltem quanti emptast, Syre.
Scio te non usum antehac amicitia mea:
Memorem me dices esse et gratum. Sy. Sedulo
Faciam. sed Ctesiphonem uideo: laetus est
De amica. S. Quid quod te oro? Sy. Paulisper mane.

CTESIPHO. SYRVS. (SANNIO).

Ct. Abs quiiuis homine, quomst opus, beneficium accipere gau-
deas:
Urg'd by these hopes they've undertaken this.
Sy. He fears I've thrown a small rub in his way.
Sa. [to himself.] Confusion! they have nick'd me to a hair!
I've bought up sev'ral slaves, and other wares,
For exportation; and to miss my time
At Cyprus-fair would be a heavy loss.
Then if I leave this business broken thus,
All's over with me; and at my return
'Twill come to nothing, grown quite cold and stale.
"—What! come at last? Why did you stay so long?
Where have you been?"—that it were better lose it,
Than wait for it so long, or sue for't then.
Sy. [coming up to him.] Well, have you calculated what's
your due?
Sa. Monstrous oppression! Is this honourable,
Or just in Æschinus, to take away
My property by force?
Sy. So, so! he comes. [aside.]
—I have but one word more to say to you:
See, how you like it.—Rather, Sannio,
Than run the risk to get or lose the whole,
E'en halve the matter; and he shall contrive
To scrape together by some means ten minæ.
Sa. Alas, alas! am I in danger then
Of losing ev'n my very principal?
Shame on him; he has loosen'd all my teeth:
My head is swell'd all over like a mushroom:
And will he cheat me too?—I'm going nowhere.
Sy. Just as you please.—Have you ought else to say
Before I go?
Sa. Yes, one word, prithee Syrus!
However things have happen'd, rather than
I should be driven to commence a suit,
Let him return me my bare due at least;
The sum she cost me, Syrus.—I'm convinc'd
You've had no tokens of my friendship yet;
But you shall find I will not be ungrateful.
Sy. I'll do my best. But I see Ctesipho.
He is rejoic'd about his mistress.
Sa. Say,
Will you remember me?
Sy. Hold, hold a little! [Syrus and San. retire.]

SCENE IV.

ENTER CTESIPHO at another part of the stage.

Ctes. Favours are welcome in the hour of need
From any hand; but doubly welcome when
Conferr'd by those from whom we most expect them.
Verum enim uero id demum iuuat, si quem aequomst facere is bene facit.
O frater frater, quid ego nunc te laudem? satis certo scio: Numquam ita magnifique quicquam dicam, id uirtus quin superet tua.
Itaque unam hanc rem me habere praeter alios praecipuam arbitror,
Fratrem homini nemini esse primarum artium magis principem.
Sy. Quid est? Ct. Quid sit? illius opera, Syre, nunc uiuo: festiuom caput,
Qui ignominias sibi post putauit esse prae meo commodo,,
Maledicta, famam, meum laborem et peccatum in se transitil:
Nil potis supra. quid nam foris crepuit? Sy. Mane, mane: ipse exit foras.

AESCHINVS. SANNIO. CTESIPHO. SYRVS.

Ae. Vbist ille sacrilegus? Sa. Me quaerit. numquid nam ecert? occidi:
Nil uideo. Ae. Ehem opportune: te ipsum quaero: quid fit Ctesipho?
In tutost omnis res: omitte uero tristitiem tuam.
Ct. Ego illam hercle uero omitto, qui quidem te habeam fratem:
o mi Aeschine,
O mi germane: ah uereor coram in os te laudare amplius,
Ne id adsentandi magis quam quo habeam gratum facere existumes.
Ae. Age inepte, quasi nunc non norimus nos inter nos, Ctesipho.
Hoc mihi dolet, nos sero rescisse et paene in eum rem locum Redisse, ut si omnes cuperent nil tibi possent auxiliarier.
Ct. Pudebat. Ae. Ah, stultitias istaec, non pudor: tam ob paruolam
Rem paene e patria! turpe dictu. deos quaeso ut istaec prohibeant.
O brother, brother, how shall I applaud thee?
Ne'er can I rise to such a height of praise
But your deservings will out-top me still:
For in this point I am supremely bless'd,
That none can boast so excellent a brother,
So rich in all good qualities, as I.

Sy. [coming forward] O Ctesipho!
Ctes. [turning round] O Syrus! where's my brother?
Sy. At home, where he expects you.
Ctes. Ha! '.

[joyfully.]

Sy. What now?
Ctes. What now?—By his assistance I live, Syrus.
Ah, he's a friend indeed! who disregarding
All his own interests for my advantage,
The scandal, infamy, intrigue, and blame,
All due to me, has drawn upon himself!
What could exceed it?—But who's there? The door
Creaks on the hinges. [offering to go off.]

Sy. Hold! 'tis Æschinus.

SCENE V.

ENTER Æschinus.

Ae. Where is that rascal?
Sa. [behind.] He inquires for me.
Has he brought out the cash with him?—Confusion!
I see none.

Ae. [to Ctes.] Ha! well met: I long'd to see you.
How is it, Ctesipho? All's safe; away
With melancholy!

Ctes. Melancholy! I
Be melancholy, who have such a brother?
O my dear Æschinus! thou best of brothers,
—Ah, I'm ashamed to praise you to your face,
Lest it appear to come from flattery
Rather than gratitude!

Ae. Away, you fool!
As if we did not know each other, Ctesipho.
It only grieves me, we so lately knew this,
When things were almost come to such a pass,
That all the world, had they desir'd to do it,
Could not assist you.

Ctes. 'Twas my modesty.

Ae. Pshaw! it was folly, and not modesty.
For such a trifle, almost fly your country?
Heaven forbid it!—fie, fie, Ctesipho!

Ctes. I've been to blame.

Ae. Well, what says Sannio?
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Ae. Ego ad forum ibo, ut hunc absoluam: tu intro ad illam, Ctesipho.
   Sa. Ne tam quidem:
   Quamuis etiam maneo otiosus hic. Sy. Reddetur: ne time.
Ct. Heus heus, Syre. Sy. Qnid est! Ct. Obsecro hercle te, hominem istum impurissumum
   Quam primum absolutote, ne, si magis inritatus siet,
   Aliqua ad patrem hoc permanet atque ego tum perpetuo perierim.
Sy. Non fiet, bono animo es: tu cum illa te intus oblecta interim
   Et lectulos iube sterni nobis et parari cetera.
   Ego iam transacta re conuortam me domum cum obsonio.
Ct. Ita quaeo: quando hoc bene successit, hilare hunc sumamus diem.

ACTVS III.

SOSTRATA. CANTHARA.

So. Miseram me, nemenem habeo, solae sumus: Geta autem hic non adest:
   Nec quem ad obstetricem mittam, nec qui arcessat Aesch-inum.
Ca. Pol is quidem iam hic aderit: nam numquam unum inter-tit diem,
   Quin semper ueniat. So. Solus mearum miseriarumst remediu.
Ca. E re nata melus fieri haud potuit quam factumst, era,
   Quando uitium oblatumst, quod ad illum attinet potissumum,
   Talem, tali ingenio atque animo, natum ex tanta familia,
So. Ita pol est ut dicis: saluos nobis deos quaeo ut siet.
Sy. He's pacified at last,
Ae. I'll to the Forum,
And pay him off.—You, Ctesipho, go in
To the poor girl.
Sa. Now urge the matter, Syrus! [apart to Syrus].
Sy. Let's go; for Sannio wants to be at Cyprus.
Sa. Not in such haste: though truly I have no cause
To loiter here.
Sy. You shall be paid: ne'er fear!
Sa. But all?
Sy. Yes, all: so hold your tongue, and follow!
Sa. I will. [Exit after Æschines—Syrus going].
Ctes. Hist! hark ye, Syrus!
Sy. [turning back]. Well, what now?
Ctes. For heaven's sake discharge that scurvy fellow
Immediately; for fear, if further urg'd,
This tale should reach my father's ears: and then
I am undone forever.
Sy. It sha'nt be.
Be of good courage! meanwhile, get you in,
And entertain yourself with her; and order
The couches to be spread, and all prepar'd,
For these preliminaries once dispatch'd,
I shall march homewards with provisions.
Ctes. Do!
And since this business has turn'd out so well,
Let's spend the day in mirth and jollity? [Exeunt severally].

ACT III.
SCENE I.

SOSTRATA, CANTHARA.

So. Alas, I've no soul here: we're all alone.
Geta is absent; nor is there a creature
To fetch a nurse, or even Æschines.
Ca. He'll be here presently, I promise you:
For he, good man, ne'er lets a single day
Go by, but he is sure to visit us.
So. He is my only comfort in my sorrows,
Ca. Troth, as the case stands, madam, circumstances
Could not have happen'd better than they have:
And since your daughter is no more a maid,
'Twas well she met with such a man as this;
A man of honour, rank, and family.
So. He is, indeed, a worthy gentleman:
The gods preserve him to us!
GETA. SOSTRATA. CANTHARA.

Ge. Nunc illud est, quam, si omnia omnes sua consilia conferant
Atque huic malo salutem quaerant, auxili nil adferant,
Quod mihique caeque filiaeque erilist. uae misero mihi:
Tot res repente circumuallant, unde emergi non potest:
Vis egestas iniustitia solitudo infamia.
Hocine saeclum! o scelera, o genera sacrilega, o hominem
inpium,
So. Me miseram, quid namst quod sic uideo timidum et proper-
antem Getam?
Ge. quem neque fides nequ ius iurandum neque illum miser-
icordia
Repressit neque reflexit neque quod partus instabat prope,
Quoi miserae indigne per uim uitium obtulerat. So. Non
intellego
Satis quae loquatur. Ca. Propius obsecro accedamus, Sos-
trata. Ge. Ah
Me miserum, vix sum compos animi, ita ardeo iracudia.
Nil est quod malim quam illum totam familiam dari mi
obuiam,
Vt ego iram hanc in eos euomam omnem, dum aegritudo
haec est recens.
Satis mihi habeam supplici, dum illos ulciscar meo
modo.
Seni animam primum extinguerem ipsi, qui illud produxit
scelus:
Tum autem Syrum inpulsorem, uah, quibus illum lacera-
rem modis!
Sublimem medium arripperem et capite pronum in terram
statuerem,
Vt cerebro dispergat uiam.
Adulescenti ipsi eriperem oculos, post haec praeципitem
darem.
Ceteros ruerem agerem raperem tunderem et prosternerem.
sed cesso eram hoc malo inpertiri propere? So. Reuoce-

Vbi east? te ipsam quaeerto,
Te expecto: oppido opportune te obtulisti mi obuiam,
SCENE II.

ENTER GETA hastily at another part of the stage.

Ge. We are now
So absolutely lost, that all the world
Joining in consultation to apply
Relief to the misfortune that has fallen
On me, my mistress, and her daughter, all
Would not avail.—Ah me, so many troubles
Environ us at once, we sink beneath them.
Force, poverty, oppression, solitude,
And infamy! Oh, what an age is this!
Oh wicked, oh vile race!—oh impious man!
So. [to Canthara] Ah, why should Geta seem thus terrified
And agitated?

Ge. [to himself] Wretch! whom neither honour,
Nor oaths, nor pity could control or move!
Nor her approaching labour; her, to whom
He vowed his love increasing through the years.
So. I don't well understand him.
Ca. Prithee then
Let us draw nearer, Sostrata!

Ge. [to himself] Alas,
I'm scarcely in my perfect mind, I burn
In such fierce anger.—Oh, that I had all
That villain-family before me now,
That I might vent my indignation on them.
While yet it boils within me.—There is nothing
I'd not endure to be reveng'd on them.
First I'd snuff out the sputtering brand, his father,
Who gave the monster being.—And then, Syrus,
Who urg'd him to it,—how I'd tear him!—First
I'd seize him round the waist, and lift him high,
Then dash his head against the ground, and strew
The pavement with his brains.—For Æschinus,
I'd tear his eyes out, and then tumble him,
Head foremost, down some precipice.—The rest
I'd rush on, drag, crush, trample under foot.
But why do I delay to tell my mistress
This heavy news as soon as possible!

So. Let's call him back.—Ho, Geta!

Ge. Whoso'eer
You are, excuse me.

So. I am Sostrata.

Ge. Where, where is Sostrata? [turns about]. I sought
you, madam;
Impatiently I sought you: and am glad
To have encountered you thus readily.
Animam recipe. Ge. Prorsus. So. Quid istuc 'prorsus' ergost? Ge. perimius:
Actumst. So. Eloquere, obscro te, quid sit. Ge. Iam. So. Quid 'iam', Geta?
Ge. Aeschinus So. Quid is ergo? Ge. alienus est ab nostra familia. So. Hem,
Perii. qua re? Ge. Amare occepit aliam. So. Vae mis-
erae mihi.
Ge. Neque id occulte fert, ab lenone ipsus eripuit palam.
So. Satin hoc certumst? Ge. Certum: hisce oculis egomet uidi,
Sostrata. So. Ah
Me miseram. quid iam credas? aut quoi credas? nostrumne Aeschinum?
Nostram omnium uitam, in quo nostrae spes'obesque omnes sitae?
Qui sine hac iurabit se unum numquam uicturum diem?
Qui se in sui gremio positurum puerum dicebat patris?
Ita obscuraturum, ut liceret hanc se uxorem ducere?
Ge. Era, lacrumas mitte ac potius quod ad hanc rem opus est
porro prospice:
Patiamurme an narrerem quoipiam? Ca. Au au, mi homo,
sanun es?
An hoc proferendum tibi uidetur usquam? Ge. Mihi quidem hau
placet.
Iam primum illum alieno animo a nobis esse res ipsa indicat
Nunc si hoc palam proferimus, ille inlitas ibit, sat scio:
Tua fama et gnatae uita in dubium ueniet. tum si maxume
Fateatur, quom amet aliam, non est utile hanc illi dari.
Quapropter quoquo pacto tacitost opus. So. Ah minune
gentium:
mea Sostrata, uide quam rem agas.
So. Peiore res loco non potis est esse quam in quo nunc sitast.
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So. What is the matter? why tremble thus?
Ge. Alas!
So. Take breath!—But why thus mov'd, good Geta?
Ge. We're quite——
So. Quite what?
Ge. Undone: we're ruined, madam.
So. Explain, for heaven's sake!
Ge. Ev'n now——
So. What now?
Ge. Æschinus——
So. What of Æschinus?
Ge. Has quite
Estrang'd himself from all our family.
So. How's that? confusion! why?
Ge. He loves another
So. Wretch that I am!
Ge. Nor that candestinely;
But snatch'd her in the face of all the world
From a procurer.
So. Are you sure of this?
Ge. Sure? with these very eyes I saw it, madam.
So. Alas, alas! What then can we believe?
To whom give credit?—What? our Æschinus!
Our very life, our sole support and hope!
Who swore he could not live one day without her,
And promis'd he would place the new-born babe
Upon his father's lap, and in that way
Wring from him his consent to marry her!
Ge. Nay, weep not, mistress; but consider rather
What course were best to follow: to conceal
This wrong, or to disclose it to some friend?
Ca. Disclose it! Are you mad? Is this a thing
To be disclos'd, d'ye think?
Ge. I'd not advise it.
For first, that he has quite abandoned us
The thing itself declares. If we then make
The story known, no doubt but he'll deny it.
Your reputation and your daughter's life
Will be endanger'd; or if he confess,
Since he affects another, 'twere not good
That he should wed your daughter; for which reasons
Silence is requisite.
So. Ah, no; not I.
Ge. What mean you?
Ga. How, madam!
Think what you are about.
So. Whatever happens,
The thing can't be in a worse state than now.
Primum indotatás: tum praeterea, quae secunda ei dos erat, Periit: pro uirgine ea dari nuptum hau potest, hoc reli-
cumst:
Si infitias ibit testis mecum est anulus quem amiserat.
Postremo quando ego conscia mihi sum, a me culpam esse
hanc procul,
Neque pretium neque rem  ullam intercessisse illa aut me
indignam, Geta,
Experiar. Ge. Quid istic? cedo, ut melius dicis. So. Tu
quantum potest
Abi atque Hegioni cognato huius rem enarrato omnem
ordine:
Nam is nostro Simulo fuit summus et nos coluit maxume.
Ge. Nam hercle alius nemo respicit nos. So. Propere tu, mea
Canthara,
Curre, obstetricem arcesse, ut quom opus sit ne in mora
nobis siet.

DEMEA. SYRVS.

De. Disperii: Ctesiphonem audiui filium
Vna fuisse in raptione cum Aeschino.
Id misero restat mihi mali, si illum potest,
Qui aliquoi restat, etiam meum ad nequitiem adducere.
Vbi ego illum quarem? credo abductum in ganeum
Aliquo: persuasit ille inpurus, sat scio.
Sed eccum Syrum ire video: hinc scibó iam ubi siet.
Atqui hercle hic de grege ilost: si me senserit
Eum quæritar, numquam dicet carnufex.
Non ostendam id me uelle. Sy. Omnum rem modo seni
Quo pacto haberet enarramus ordine.
Nil quicquam uidi laetius. De. Iuppiter,
In the first place my daughter has no portion,
And that which shou'd have been her dowry
Is also lost; and she can ne'er be given
In marriage as a virgin. For the rest,
If he denies his former love of her,
I have the ring he lost to vouch the fact.
In short, since I am conscious to myself,
That I am not to blame in this proceeding,
And that no sordid love of gain, nor aught
Unworthy of my daughter or myself,
Has mixt in this affair, I'll try it, Geta.

Ge. Well, I agree, 'twere better to disclose it.
So. You then away, as fast as possible,
And run to Hegio, our good friend and kinsman,
To let him know the whole affair: for he
Was the chief friend of my dear Simulus,
And ever shew'd a great regard for us.

Ge. And well he does, for no one else cares for us.
So. And you, good Canthara, away with haste,
And call a nurse here; that we may be sure
Of her assistance in the time of need. [Exeunt severally].

SCENE III.

ENTER DMEA.

De. Confusion! I have heard that Ctesipho
Was present with his brother at this riot.
This is the sum of all my miseries,
If he, even he, a sober, hopeful lad,
May be seduc'd into debaucheries.
—But where shall I inquire for him? I warrant
They have decoy'd him into some vile hole.
That profligate persuaded him, I'm sure.
—But here comes Syrus; he can tell me all.
And yet this slave is of the gang; and if
He once perceives that I'm inquiring for him
He'll never tell me anything; a rogue!
I'll not discover my design.

SCENE IV.

ENTER SYRUS at another part of the stage.

Sy. [to himself.] We've just
Disclos'd the whole of this affair to Micio,
Exactly as it happen'd. I ne'er saw
The good old gentleman more pleas'd.

De. Oh heav'n,
The folly of the man! [listening.]
Hominis stultitiam. Sy. Conlaudauit filium:
Mihi, qui id dedissem consilium, egit gratias.
De. Disrupor. Sy. Argentum adnumerauit ilico:
Dedit praeterea in sumptum dimidium minae:
Id distributum sanest ex sententia. De. Hem,
Huic mandes, siquid recte curatum uelis.
Sy. Ehem Demea, haud aspexeram te; quid agitur?
De. Quid agatur? uostram nequeo mirari satis
Rationem. Sy. Est hercle inepta, ne dicam dolo,
Absurda. piscis ceteros purga, Dromo:
Congrum istum maxumum in aqua sinito ludere
Tantisper: ubi ego rediero, exossabitur:
Prius nolo. De. Haecin flagitia! Sy. Mihi quidem hau
placent.
Et clamo saepe. saldamenta haec, Stephanio.
Fac macerentur pulchre. De. Di uostram fidem,
Vtrum studione id sibi habet an laudi putat
Fore, si perdiderit gnatum? uae misero mihi.
Videre uideo iam diem illum, quom hinc egens
Istuc est sapere, non quod ante pedes modost
Videre, sed etiam illa quae futura sunt
Prosipere. De. Quid? istaeam penes uos psaltriast?
Sy. Ellam intus. Ee. Eho, an domist habiturus? Sy. credo,
ut est
Dementia. De. Haecin fieri! Sy. Inepta lenitas
Patris et facilitas praua. De. Fratris me quidem.
Pudet pigetque. Sy. Minimum inter uos, Demea,
(Non quia ades praesens dico hoc) pernimium inter est.
Tu, quantu’s, nil nisi sapientia es,
Ille somnium. num sineres uero illum tuom
Sy. [to himself.] He prais'd his son;
Me, who concerted the whole scheme, he thank'd.
De. I burst with rage. [listening.]
Sy. to himself.] He told the money down
Immediately, and threw us in beside,
To make an entertainment, a half-mina:
Which I've laid out according to my liking.
De. So! if you'd have your business well ta'en care of,
Commit it to this fellow!
Sy. overbearing.] Who's there? Demea!
I did not see you, sir. How goes it?
De. How?
I can't sufficiently admire your conduct.
Sy. negligently.] Silly enough, to say the truth, and idle.
—to servants within.] Cleanse you the rest of those fish,
Dromo: let
That large eel play a little in the water;
When I return it shall be boned: till then
It must not be.
De. Are crimes like these——
Sy. to Demea.] Indeed
I like them not, and oft cry shame upon them.
—to servants within.] See that those salt fish are well soak'd,
Stephanio.
De. Gods! is this done on purpose? Does he think
'Tis laudable to spoil his son? Alas!
I think I see the day, when Æschinus
Shall fly for want, and list himself a soldier.
Sy. O Demea! that is to be wise: to see,
Not that alone which lies before your feet,
But ev'n to pry into futurity.
De. What, is the music-girl at your house?
Sy. Ay,
Madam's within.
De. What! and is Æschinus
To keep her at home with him?
Sy. I believe so;
Such is their madness.
De. Is it possible?
Sy. A fond and foolish father!
De. I'm asham'd
To own my brother. I'm griev'd for him.
Sy. Ah!
There is a deal of diff'rence, Demea,
—Nor is't because you're present, that I say this—
There is a mighty difference between you!
You are, from top to toe, all over wisdom:
He, a mere dotard. Would you e'er permit
Facere haec? De. Sinerem illum? aut non sex totis men-sibus
Prius olfecissem, quam ille quicquam coeperet?
Sy. Vigilantium tuam tu mihi narras? De. Sic siet
Modo ut nunc est, quaesos. Sy. Vt quisque suum uolt esse,
itast.
De. Quid eum? uidistin hodie? Sy. Tuomne filum?
Abigam hunc rus. iam dudum aliquid ruri agere arbitror.
De. Satin scis ibi esse? Sy. Oh, qui egomet produxi. De.
Optumest:
Metui ne haereret hic. Sy. Atque iratum admodum.
De. Quid autem? Sy. Adortus iurgiost fratem apud forum
Nam ut numerabatur forte argentum, interuenit
Homo de inprouiso : coepit clamare 'o Aeschine,
Haecine flagitia facere te! haec te admittere
Indigna genere nostro!' De. Oh, lacrumo gaudio.
Sy 'Non tu hoc argentum perdis, sed uitam tuam.'
De. Syre, praeceptorum plenust istorum ille. Sy. Phy:
Domi habuit unde disceret. De. Fit sedulo:
Nil praetermitto : consuefacio : denique
Inspicere tamquam in speculum in uitas omnium
Iubeo atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.
'Hoc facito.' Sy. Recte sane. De. 'Hoc fugito.' Sy.
Callide.
De. 'Hoc laudist.' Sy. Istaec res est. De. 'Hoc uitio datur.
Your boy to do such things?
De. Permit him? I?
Or should I not much rather smell him out
Six months before he did but dream of it?
Sy. Pshaw! do you boast your vigilance to me?
De. Heav’n keep him ever as he is at present!
Sy. As fathers form their children, so they prove.
De. But now we’re speaking of him, have you seen
The lad to-day? [with an affected carelessness.]
Sy. Your son, d’ye mean?—I’ll drive him
Into the country. [aside.]—He is hard at work
Upon your ground by this time. [to Demea.]
De. Are you sure on’t?
Sy. Sure? I set out with him myself.
De. Good! good!
I was afraid he loiter’d here. [aside.]
Sy. And much
Enrag’d, I promise you.
De. On what account?
Sy. A quarrel with his brother at the Forum,
About the music-girl.
De. Indeed?
Sy. Aye, faith:
He did not mince the matter: he spoke out;
For as the cash was telling down, in pops,
All unexpected, Master Ctesipho:
Cries out,—“O Æschinus, are these your courses?
Do you commit these crimes? and do you bring
Such a disgrace upon our family?”
De. Oh, oh, I weep for joy.
Sy. “You squander not
The money only, but your life, your honour.”
De. Heav’n bless him; he is like his ancestors. [weeping.]
Sy. Father’s own son, I warrant him.
De. O Syrus!
He’s full of all those precepts, he!—
Sy. No doubt on’t:
He need not go from home for good instruction.
De. I spare no pains: neglect no means; I train him.
—In short I bid him look into the lives
Of all, as in a mirror, and thence draw
From others an example for himself.
—“Do this.”——
Sy. Good!
De. “Fly that.”
Sy. Very good!
De. “This deed
Is commendable.”
Nunc mi auscultandi. piscis ex sententia
Nactus sum: ei mihi ne corrumpantur cautiost:
Nam id nobis tam flagitiumst quam illa, Demea,
Non facere uobis, quae modo dixti: et quod queo
Conseruis ad eundem istunc praecipio modum:
‘Hoc salustum, hoc adustum, hoc lautumst parum:
Illud recte: iterum sic memento:’ sedulo
Moneo, quae possum pro mea sapientia:
Postremo tamquam in speculum in patinas, Demea,
Inspicere iubeo et moneo quid facto usus sit.
Inepta haec esse, nos quae facimus, sentio:
Verum quid facias? ut homost, ita morem geras.
Numquid uis? De. Mentem uobis meliorem dari.
Sy. Tu rus hinc ibis? De. Recta. Sy. Nam quid tu hic agas,
Vbi siquid bene praecipias, nemo obtemperet?
De. Ego uero hinc abeo, quando is, quam obrem hoc ueneram,
Rus abiit: illum curo unum: ille ad me attinet,
Quando ita volt frater: de istoc ipse uiderit.
Sed quis illic est, quem uideo procul? estne Hegio
Tribulis noster? si satis cerno, is est hercle: uah,
Homo amicus nobis iam inde a puero: di boni,
Ne illius modi iam magna nobis ciuium
Penuriast antiqua uiirtute ac fide
Haud cito mali quid ortum ex hoc sit publice.
Quam gaudeo! ubi etiam huius generis reliquias
Restare uideo, uiuere etiam nunc lubet.
Opperiar hominem hic, ut salutem et conloquar.
Sy. That's the thing.
De. "That's reprehensible."
Sy. Most excellent!
De. "And then moreover——"
Sy. Faith, I have not time
To give you further audience just at present,
I've got an admirable dish of fish;
And I must take good care they are not spoilt.
For that were an offense as grievous, Demea.
In us, as 'twere in you to leave undone
The things you just now mentioned: and I try,
According to my weak abilities,
To teach my fellow slaves the self-same way.
—"This is too salt.—This is burnt up too much.
That is not nice and cleanly.—That's well done.
Mind, and do so again."—I spare no pains,
And give them the best precepts that I can.
In short, I bid them look into the dishes,
The duty of a cook.—This school of our's,
I own is idle: but what can you do?
According to the man must be the lesson.
—Would you aught else with us?
De. Your reformation.
Sy. Do you go hence into the country?
De. Straight.
Sy. For what should you do here, where nobody,
However good your precepts, cares to mind them? [Exit].

SCENE V.

DEMEA alone.

I then will hence, since he, on whose account
I hither came, has gone into the country.
He is my only care, He's my concern.
My brother, since he needs will have it so,
May look to Æschinus himself.—But who
Is coming yonder? Hegio, of our tribe?
If I see plainly; beyond doubt 'tis he.
Ah, we've been old acquaintance quite from boys:
And such men now-a-days are wondrous scarce.
A citizen of ancient faith and virtue!
The commonwealth will ne'er reap harm from him.
How I rejoice to see but the remains
Of this old stock! Ah, life's a pleasure now.
I'll wait, that I may ask about his health,
And have a little conversation with him.
HEGIO. GETA. DEMEA. PAMPHILA.

He. Pro di inmortales, facinus indignum, Geta,
Quid narras. Ge. Sic est factum. He. Ex illan familia
Tam inliberale facinus esse ortum! o Aeschine,
Pol haud paternum istuc dedisti. De. Videlicet
De psaltria hac audiuit: id illi nunc dolet
Alieno. pater eius nili pendit: ei mihi,
Vtinam hic prope adsit alicubi atque haec audiat.
He. Nisi facient quae illos aequomst, haud sic auferent.
Ge. In te spes omnis, Hegio, nobis sitast:
Te solum habemus, tu es patronus, tu pater:
Ille tibi moriens nos commendauit senex:
Si deseris tu, periimus. He. Caue dixeris:
Neque faciam neque me satis pie posse arbitror.
De. Adibo. saluere Hegionem plurimum
Iubo. He. Oh, te quaerebam ipsum: salue, Demea.
De. Quid autem? He. Maior filius tuos Aeschinus,
Quem fratri adoptandum dedisti, neque boni
Neque liberalis functus officiumturi.
De. Quid istuc est? He. Nostrum amicum noras Simulum
Aequalem? De. Quid ni? He. Filiam eius virginem
Vitiat. De. Hem. He. Mane: non dum audisti, Demea,
Quod est grauissumum. De. An quid est etiam amplius?
He. Vero amplius: nam hoc quidem ferundum aliquo modost:
Persuasit nox amor uinum adulescentia:
Humanumst. ubi scit factum, ad matrem uirginis
Venit ipsus ultro lacrumans orans obsecrans
Fidem dans, iurans se illam ducturum domum.
Ignomumst, tacitumst, creditumst.
Ille bonus uir nobis psaltriam, si dis placet,
Parauit, quicum uiuat: illam deserit.
SCENE VI.

ENTER HEGIO AND GETA conversing at a distance.

He. Good heaven! a most unworthy action, Geta?
Ge. Ev’n so.
He. A deed so base
Sprung from that family?—O Æschinus,
I’m sure this was not acting like your father.
   De. [behind.] So! he has heard about this music-girl,
And is affected at it, tho’ a stranger,
While his good father things it nothing.
Oh monstrous! would that he were somewhere nigh,
And heard all this!
   He. Unless they do what’s just,
They shall not carry off the matter thus.
   Ge. Our only hope is in you, Hegio.
You’re our sole friend, our guardian and our father;
The good old Simulus on his death-bed,
Bequeath’d us to your care. If you desert us,
We are undone indeed.
   He. Ah, name it not!
I will not, and with honesty I cannot.
   De. I’ll go up to him.—Save you, Hegio!
   He. The man I look’d for.—Save you, Demea!
   De. Your pleasure!
   He. Æschinus, your elder son,
Adopted by your brother, has committed
A deed unworthy of a honest man,
And of a gentleman.
   De. How so?
   He. You knew
Our friend and good acquaintance, Simulus?
   De. Aye sure.
   He. He has abused his daughter.
   De. How!
   He. Hold, Demea, for the worst is still to come,
   De. Is there aught worse?
   He. Much worse: for this was frailty of his youth.
—Soon as his sense returning made him conscious
Of his rash action, of his own accord
He came to the girl’s mother, weeping, praying,
Entreat ing, vowing constancy, and swearing
That he would take her home.—He was forgiven;
The thing concealed; and his vows credited.
But now what think ye?—He, good gentleman,
Has got a music-girl, heav’n bless the mark?
With whom he means to live, and quit the other.
   De. And are you well assur’d of this?
De. Pro certon tu istaec dicis? He. Mater uirginis
In mediost, ipsa uirgo, res ipsa, hic Geta
Praeterea, ut captus est seruorum, non malus
Neque iners: alit illas, solus omnem familiam
Sustentat: hunc abduce, uinci, quaere rem.

Ge. Immo hercle extorque, nisi ita factumst, Demea ;
Postremo non negabit: coram ipsum cedo.

De. Pudet: nec quid agam neque quid huic respondeam

He. Hem:
Illaec fidem nunc uostram inplorat, Demea,
Quod ius uos cogit, id uoluntate inpetret.
Haec primum ut fiant deos queso ut uobis decet.
Sin alter animus uos cogit, ego, Demea,
Summa ui defendam hanc atque illum mortuom.
Cognatus mihi erat: una a pueris paruolis
Sumus educit: una semper militiae et domi
Fuimus: paupertatem una pertulimus grauem.
Quapropter nitar, faciam, experiar, denique
Animam relinquam potius quam illas deseram.
Quid mihi respondes? De. Fratrem conueniam, Hegio.

He. Sed, Demea, hoc tu facito cum animo cogites,
Quam uos facillumme agitis, quam estis maxume
Potentes dites fortunati nobiles,
Tam maxumme uos aequo animo aequa noscere
Oportet, si uos uolitis perhiberi probos.

De. Redito : fient quae fieris aequomst omnia.

He. Decet te facere. Geta, duc me intro ad Sostratam.

De. Non me indicente haec fiunt; utinam hic sit modo
Defunctum : uerum nimia illaec licentia
Profecto euadit in aliquod magnum malum.
Ibo ac requiram fratre in eum haec euomam.

HEGIO.

Bono animo fac sis, Sostrata, et istam quod potes
He. The mother,  
The girl, the fact itself, are all before you,  
Joining to vouch the truth on't. And besides,  
This Geta here—as servants go, no bad one,  
Nor given up to idleness—maintains them;  
The sole support of all the family.  

Ge. Ay, torture me, if 'tis not so, good Demea!  
Nay, Æschinus, I'm sure, will not deny it.  
Bring me before him.  

De. [aside.] I'm ashamed: and what  
To do, or what to say to him, I know not.  

Pamphila. [within.] Ah me! I die with grief!  

He. Hark! she now calls upon your justice, Demea!  
Grant her then freely what law else will claim.  
And heaven send that you may rather do  
What honour bids! but if you mean it not,  
Be sure of this; that with my utmost force  
I'll vindicate the girl, and her dead father;  
He was my kinsman; we were bred together  
From children; and our fortunes twin'd together,  
In war, and peace, and bitter poverty.  
Wherefore I'll try, endeavour, strive, nay lose:  
My life itself, before I will forsake them.  
—What is your answer?  

De. I'll find out my brother:  
What he advises I will follow, Hegio.  

He. But still remember, Demea, that the more  
You live at ease; the more your pow'r, your wealth,  
Your riches, and nobility; the more  
It is your duty to act honourably,  
If you regard the name of honest men.  

De. Go to: we'll do you justice.  
He. 'Twill become you.  

Geta, conduct me into Sostrata.  

[Exit with Geta.]

SCENE VII.

DEMEA alone.

This is more than I foretold: and well  
If his intemperate would stop here!—But this  
Immoderate indulgence must produce  
Some terrible misfortune in the end.  
—I'll hence, find out my brother, tell my news,  
And empty all my indignation upon him.  

[Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter HEGIO, speaking to SOSTRATA at the door.

Be of good cheer, my Sostrata; and comfort,  
As much as in your pow'r, poor Pamphila!
Fac consolere. ego Micionem, si apud forumst,
Conueniam atque ut res gestast narrabo ordine:
Si est, ets facturus ut sit officium suom,
Faciat: sin aliter de hac re est eius sententia,
Respondeat mi, ut quid agam quam primum sciam.

ACTVS IV.

CTESISPHO. SYRVS.

Nunc quom maxume operis aliquid facere credo. Ct.
Vtinam quudem:
Quod cum salute eius fiat, ita se defetigarit uelim,
Vt triduo hoc perpetuo prorsum e lecto nequeat surgere.
Sy. Ita fiat, et istoc siquid potis est rectius. Ct. Ita: nam hunc diem
Miserem nimis cupio, ut coepi, perpetuom in laetitia degere.
Et illud rus nulna alia causa tam male odi, nisi quia
Propest: quod si esset longius,
Prius nox oppressisset illic, quam hoc reuorti posset iterum.
Nunc ubi me illic non uidebit, iam huc recurret, sat scio:
Rogitabit me, ubi fuerim: ’ego hoc te toto non uidi die:’
Sy. Tanto nequior.
Clien amicus hospes nemost uobis? Ct. Sunt: quid postea?
Ct. Interdiu: sed si hic pernocto, causae quid dicam, Syre?
Sy. Vah, quam uellem etiam noctu amicis operam mos esset dari.
I'll find out Micio, if he's at the Forum,
And tell him the whole story: if he'll act
With honour in it, why 'tis well; if not,
Let him but speak his mind to me, and then
I shall know how to act accordingly.           [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

CTESIPH. SYRUS.

Ctes. My father gone into the country, say you?
Sy. Long since.
Ctes. Nay; speak the truth!
Sy. He's at his farm,
And hard at work, I warrant you.
Ctes. I wish,
So that his health were not the worse for it,
He might so heartily fatigue himself,
As to be forc'd to keep his bed these three days!
Sy. I wish so too; and more, if possible.
Ctes. With all my heart: for I would fain consume,
As I've begun the live-long day in pleasure.
Nor do I hate that farm of our's so much
For any thing, as that it is so near.
For if 'twas at a greater distance, night
Would come upon him, ere he could return.
But now, not finding me, I'm very sure
He'll hobble back again immediately;
Question me where I've been, that I've not seen him
All the day long; and what shall I reply?
Sy. What? can you think of nothing?
Ctes. No, not I.
Sy. So much the worse.—Have you no client, friend,
Or guest?
Ctes. I have. What then?
Sy. You've been engag'd
With them.
Ctes. When not engag'd? It cannot be.
Sy. It may.
Ctes. Ay marry, for the day I grant you.
But if I pass the night here, what excuse
Then, Syrus?
Sy. Ah! I would it were the custom
Quin tu otiosus es: ego illius sensum pulchre calleo.
Quom feruit maxume, tam placidum quasi ouem reddo. Ct.
Quo modo?

Sy. Laudarier te audit lubenter: facio te apud illum deum:
lacrumae cadunt
Lupus in fabula.

Fuge modo intro, ego uidero.

Ct. Siquid rogabit, nusquam tu me: audistin? Sy. Potin ut
desinas?

DEMEA. CTESIPHO. SYRVS.

De. Ne ego homo infelix: primum fratrem nusquam inuenio
gentium:
Praeterea autem, dum illum quaero, a uilla mcrcennarium
Vidi: is filium negat esse ruri: nec quid agam scio.

Perii. Sy. Quin tu animo bono es.

De. Quid hoc, malum, infelicitatis? nequeo satis decernere:
Nisi me credo huic esse natum rei, ferundis miseris.
Primus sentio mala nostra: primus rescisco omnia:
Primus porro obnuntio: aegre solus, siquid fit, fero.

Sy. Rideo hunc: primum ait se scire: is solus nescit omnia.

De. Nunc redeo: si forte frater redieriit uiso. Ct. Syre,
To be engag’d at night too with one’s friends!
—But be at ease! I know his mind so well,
That when he raves the loudest, I can make him
As gentle as a lamb.
   Ctes. How so?
   Sy. He loves
To hear you prais’d. I sing your praises to him,
And make you a little god.
   Ctes. Me!
   Sy. You.
And then the old man blubbers like a child
For very joy.—But have a care?
   Ctes. What now?
   Sy. The wolf ’t’th’fable!
   Ctes. What, my father?
   Sy. He.
   Ctes. What’s the best, Syrus?
   Sy. In! fly! I’ll take care.
   Ctes. You have not seen me, if he asks: d’ye hear?
   Sy. Can’t you be quiet? [looking out.]

SCENE II.

ENTER DEMEA at another part of the stage.

De. Verily I am
A most unhappy man! for, first of all,
I cannot find my brother anywhere:
And then besides, in looking after him,
I chanc’d on one of my day labourers,
Who had but newly left my farm, and told me
Ctesiphon was not there. What shall I do?
   Ctes. [peeping out.] Syrus?
   Sy. What?
   Ctes. Does he seek me?
   Sy. Yes.
   Ctes. Undone!
   Sy. Courage!
   De. [to himself] Plague on it, what ill luck is this!
I can’t account for it: but I believe
That I was born for nothing but misfortunes.
I am the first who feels our woes, the first
Who knows of them: the first who tells the news:
And come what may I bear the weight alone.
   Sy. [behind.] Ridiculous! he says he knows all first;
And he alone is ignorant of all.
   De. I’m now return’d to see if Micio
Be yet come home again.
Obsecro, uide ne ille hoc prorsus se inruat. Sy. Etiam taces?
Ego cauebo. Ct. Numquam hunc hercle hodie ego istuc committam tibi:
Nam me iam in cellam aliquam cum illa concludam: id tutissumumst.
Sy. Non hercle hic qui uolt durare quisquam, si sic fit, potest.
Scire equidem uolo, quot mihi sint domini: quae haec est miseria!
De. Quid ille gannit? quid uolt? quid ais, bone uir? est frater domi?
Sy. Quid malum 'bone uir' mihi narras? equidem perii. De. Quid tibist?
De. Quam obrem? Sy. Me inpulsore hanc emptam esse ait.
De. Non tu eum rus hinc modo
Produxe aibas? Sy. Factum: uerum uenit post insaniens:
Nil pepercit. non puduisse uerberare hominem senem!
Quem ego modo puerum tantillum in manibus gestaui meis.
De. Laudo: Cesipho, patrissas: abi, uirum te iudico.
Sy. Laudas? ne ille continebit posthac, si sapiet, manus.
De. Fortiter. Sy. Perquam, quia miseram mulierem et me seruolum,
Qui referire non audebam, uicit: hui, perförtiter.
Ctes. [peeking out.] Take care good Syrus, 
He don't rush in upon us unawares! 
Sy. Peace! I'll take care. 
Ctes. 'Faith, I'll not trust to you, 
But shut myself and her in some bye place 
Together; that's the safest. 
Sy. Well, away! [Ctesipho disappears.] 
I'll drive the old man hence, I warrant you. 
De. [seeing Syrus.] But see that rascal Syrus coming 
hither! 
Sy. [advancing hastily, and pretending not to see Demea.] 
By Hercules, there is no living here, 
For any one, at this rate.—I'd fain know 
How many masters I'm to have.—Oh monstrous! 
De. What does he howl for? what's the meaning on't? 
Hark ye, my good sir! prithee tell me if 
My brother be at home. 
Sy. My good sir! Plague! 
Why do you come with your good sirs to me? 
I'm half kill'd. 
De. What's the matter? 
Sy. What's the matter! 
Ctesipho, vengeance on him, fell upon me, 
And cudgel'd me and the poor music-girl 
Almost to death. 
De. Indeed? 
Sy. Indeed. Nay see 
How he has cut my lip. [pretending to shew it.] 
De. On what account? 
Sy. The girl, he says, was bought by my advice. 
De. Did not you say you saw him out of town 
A little while ago? 
Sy. And so I did. 
But he came back soon after, like a madman. 
He had no mercy.—Was not he asham'd 
To beat a poor old fellow? to beat me; 
Who bore him in my arms but the other day, 
An urchin thus high? [shewing.] 
De. Oh rare, Ctesipho! 
Father's own son! a man, I warrant him. 
Sy. Oh rare, d'ye cry? 'Faith, if he is wise 
He'll hold his hands another time. 
De. Oh brave! 
Sy. Oh mighty brave, indeed! Because he beat 
A helpless girl, and me a wretched slave, 
Who durst not strike again;—oh, to be sure, 
Mighty brave, truly!
De. Non potuit melius, idem quod ego sensit te esse huic rei caput.
De. Diminuetur tibi quidem iam cerebrum. Sy. At nomen nescio
Illius hominis, sed locum noui ubi sit. De. Dic ergo locum.
Sy. Nostin porticum apud macellum hac deorsum? De. Quid ni nouerim?
Sy. Praeterito hac recta platea sursum: ubi eo ueneris,
Cluoos deorsum uorsum est: hac te praecipitato: postea
Est ad hanc manum sacellum: ibi angiportum propter est,
De. Id quidem angiportum non est peruium. Sy. Verum hercle uah,
Censen hominem me esse? erraui: in porticum rursum redi:
Sane hac multo propius ibis et minor est erratio.
Scin Cratini huius ditis aedis? De. Scio. Sy. Vbi eas praeterieris,
Ad sinistram hac recta platea; ubi ad Dianae ueneris,
Ito ad dextram: prius quam ad portam uenias, apud ipsum lacum
Est pistrilla et exaduorsum fabrica: ibist. De. Quid ibi facit?
Sy. Lectulos in sole ilignis pedibus faciundos dedit.
De. Vbi potetis uos: bene sane. sed cesso ad eum pergere?
De. Oh, most exquisite!
My Ctesipho perceived, as well as I,
That you were the contriver of this business.
—But is my brother here?
Sy. Not he.
De. I'm thinking
Where I shall seek him.
Sy. I know where he is:
But I'll not tell.
De. How, sirrah?
Sy. Even so.
De. I'll break your head.
Sy. I cannot tell the name
Of him he's gone to, but I know the place.
De. Well, where's the place?
Sy. D'ye know the Portico
Just by the market, down this way? [pointing.]
De. I do.
Sy. Go up that street; keep straight along; and then
You'll see a hill; go straight down that; and then
On this hand there's a chapel; and just by,
A narrow lane. [pointing.]
De. Where?
Sy. There! by the great wild fig-tree.
D'ye know it, sir?
De. I do.
Sy. Go through that lane.
De. That lane's no thoroughfare.
Sy. Aye, very true:
No more it is, sir.—What a fool I am!
I was mistaken—You must go quite back
Into the Portico; and after all,
This is the nearest and the safest way.
—D'ye know Cratinus' house? the rich man?
De. Aye.
Sy. When you've pass'd that, turn short upon the left,
Keep straight along that street, and when you reach
Diana's Temple, turn upon the right.
And then, on this side of the city gate,
Just by the pond, there is a baker's shop,
And opposite a joiner's.—There he is.
De. What business has he there?
Sy. He has bespoke
Some tables to be made with oaken legs
To stand the sun.
De. For you to drink upon.
Oh brave! But I lose time. I'll after him. [Exit hastily.]
Sy. I sane: ego te exercebo hodie, ut dignus es, silicernium.
Aeschinus odiose cessat: prandium corrumpitur:
Ctesipho autem in amorest totus. ego iam prospiciam mihi:
Nam iam adibo atque unum quicquid, quod quidem erit
bellissimum,
Carpam et cyathos sorbilans paulatim hunc producam diem.

MICIO. HEGIO.

Mi. Ego in hac re nil reperio, quam obrem lauder tanto opere,
Hegio.
Meum officium facio: quod peccatum a nobis ortumst
corrigo.
Nisi si me in illo credidisti esse hominum numero, qui ita
putant,
Sibi fieri iniuriam ultro, si quam fecere ipsi expostules,
Et ultro accusant: id quia non est a me factum, agis gratias?
He. Ah, minume: numquam te aliter atque es in animum induxi
meum.
Sed queso ut una mecum ad matrem uirginis eas, Micio,
Atque istaec eadem quae mihi dixti tute dicas mulieri:
Suspitionem hanc propter fratrem eius esse et illam psal-
triam

Mi. Si ita aequom censes aut ita opus est facto, eamus. He.
Bene facis:
Nam et illic animum iam relevaris, quae dolore ac miseria
Tabescit, et tuom officium fueris functus. sed si aliter putas,
Egomet narrabo quae mihi dixti. Mi. Immo ego ibo. He.
Bene facis:
Omnes, quibus res sunt minus secundae, magis sunt nescio
quo modo
Suspitosi: ad contumeliam omnia accipiunt magis:
Propter suam inpotentiam se semper credunt ludier.
Quapropter te ipsum purgare ipsi coram placabilius est.
SCENE III.

SYRUS alone.

Aye, go your ways! I'll work your old shrunk shanks
As you deserve, old Drybones! — Eschinus
Loiters intolerably. Dinner's spoil'd.
Ctesipho thinks of nothing but his girl.
'Tis time for me to look to myself too.
Faith, then I'll in immediately; pick out
All the tid-bits, and tossing off my cups,
In lazy leisure lengthen out the day.

Exit.

SCENE IV.

ENTER MICIO AND HEGIO.

Mi. I can see nothing in this matter, Hegio,
Wherein I merit so much commendation.
'Tis but my duty to redress the wrongs
That we have caus'd: unless perhaps you took me
For one of those, who, having injur'd you,
Term fair expostulation an affront;
And having first offended, are the first
To turn accusers.—I've not acted thus:
And is't for this that I am thank'd?
He. Ah, no;
I never thought you other than you are.
But let me beg you, Micio, go with me
To the young woman's mother, and repeat
Yourself to her what you have just told me:
—That the suspicion, fall'n on Eschinus,
Sprang from his brother and that he had seized
The music-girl to aid him secretly.
Mi. If you believe I ought, or think it needful,
Let's go!
He. 'Tis very kind in you: for thus
You'll raise her spirit, drooping with the load
Of grief and misery, and have perform'd
Ev'ry good office of benevolence.
But if you like it not, I'll go myself,
And tell her the whole story.
Mi. No, I'll go.
He. 'Tis good and tender in your nature, Micio.
For they, whose fortunes are less prosperous,
Are all, I know not how, the more suspicious;
And think themselves neglected and contemn'd
Because of their distress and poverty.
Wherefore I think 'twould satisfy them more,
Mi. Et recte et uerum dicis. He. Sequere me ergo hac intro. Mi. Maxume.

ÆSCHINVS.

Discrucior animi: hocine de inprouiso mihi mali obici Tantum, ut neque quid de me faciam nec quid agam certum sist!
Membra metu debilia sunt: animas timore Obstipuit: pectore nil sistere consili quit.
Vah, quo modo hac me expediam turba? tanta nunc Suspicio de me incidit:
Neque ea inmerito: Sostrata Credit mihi me psaltriam hanc emisse: id anus mi indicium fecit.
Nam ut hinc forte ea ad obstetricem erat missa, ubi eam uidi, ilico
Accedo: rogito, Pamphila quid agat.
Ilia clamat ‘abi, abi: iam, Aeschine,
Satis diu dedisti uerba: sat adhuc tua nos frustrast fides.’
“Hem, quid istuc obsкро” inquam “est?” ‘ualeas, habeas illam quae placet.’
Sensi ilico id illas suspicari: sed reprendi me tamen,
Nequid de fratre garrulæ illi dicerem ac fieret palam.
Nunc quid faciam? dicam fratris esse hanc? quod minumest opus
Vsquam ecferri: ac mitto: fieri potis est ut nequa exeat.
Ipsum id metuo ut credant: tot concurrunt ueri similias:
Egomet rapui: ipse egomet solui argentum: ad me abduct-
Nunc hoc primumst: ad illas ibo, ut purgem me. accedam ad foris.
Perii: horresco semper, ubi pultare hasce occipio miser.
Heus heus: Aeschinus ego sum. aperite aliquis actatum ostium.
Prodit nescio quis: concedam huc.
If you would clear up this affair yourself.
  Mi. What you have said is just, and very true.
  He. Let me conduct you in!
  Mi. With all my my heart.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

ÆSCHINUS alone.

Oh torture to my mind! that this misfortune
Should come thus unexpectedly upon me!
I know not what to do, which way to turn,
Fear shakes my limbs, amazement fills my soul.
And in my breast despair shuts out all counsel.
Ah, by what means can I acquit myself?
Such a suspicion is now fallen on me;
And that, too, grounded on appearances.
Sostrata thinks that on my own account
I bought the music-girl. That's plain enough
From the old nurse. For meeting her by chance,
As she was sent from hence to call in help
I ran, and ask'd her of my Pamphila.
Thereon, contemptuous:—“Go, go, vile Æschinus!
Away, you have deceiv'd us long enough,
Fool'd us long enough with your fine promises,”
Cried she.—“What now?” says I.—“Farewell, enjoy
The girl that you're so taken with!”—I saw
Immediately their cause of jealousy:
Yet I contain'd myself, nor would disclose
My brother's business to the tattling gossip,
By whom the knowledge on't might be betray'd.
—But what shall I do now? shall I confess
The girl to be my brother's; an affair
Which should by no means be revealed?—But not
To dwell on that.—Perhaps they'd not disclose it.
Nay, I much doubt if they would credit it:
So many proofs concur against myself—
I bore her off: I paid the money down;
She was brought home to me,—All this, I own,
Is my own fault. For should I not have told
My father, be it as it might, the whole?
I should, I doubt not, have obtained his leave
To marry Pamphila.—What indolence
Ev'n till this hour! Now, Æschinus, awake!
—But first I'll go and clear myself to them.
I'll to the door. [goes up.] Confusion! how I tremble!
How guilty-like I seem, when I approach
This house! [knocks.] Hola! within! 'Tis I;
MICIO. ÆSCHINVS.

Mi. Ita uti dixi, Sostrata,
Facite: ego Aeschinum conueniam, ut quo modo acta haec
sunt sciat.
Sed quis ostium hoc pultuit? Ae. Pater hercle est, perii.
Mi. Aeschine,
Ae. Quid hic negotist? Mi. tune has pepulisti foris?
Tacet. quor non ludo hunc aliquantisper? melius est,
Quandoquidem hoc numquam mi ipse uoluit dicere.
Nil mihi respondes? Ae. Non equidem istas, quod sciam.
Mi. Ita: nam mirabar, quid hic negoti esset tibi.
Erubuit: salua res est. Ae. Dic sodes, pater,
Tibi uero quid istic est rei? Mi. Nil est mihi quidem.
Amicus quidam me a foro abduxit modo.
Huc aduocatum sibi. Ae. Quid? Mi. Ego dicam tibi:
Habitant hic quaedam mulieres pauperculae:
Vt opinor has non nosse te, et certo scio:
Neque enim diu: huc commigrarunt. Ae. Quid tum pos-
tea?
Mi. Virgo est cum matre. Ae. Perge. Mi. Haec uirgo orbast
patre:
Hic meus amicus illi generest proxumus:
Huic leges cogunt nubere hanc. Ae. Perii. Mi. Quid est?
Ae. Nil; recte: perge. Mi. Is uenit ut secum auehat:
Nam habitat Mileti. Ae. Hem, uirginem ut secum auehat?
Mi. Sic est. Ae. Miletum usque obsecro? Mi. Ita. A. Animo
ma lest.
'Tis Æschinus. Come, open somebody
The door immediately!—Who's here! A stranger?
I'll step aside.                              [Retires.]

SCENE VI.

ENTER MICIO.

    Mi. [to Sostrata within.] Do as I have told you, Sostrata.
    I'll find out Æschinus, and tell him all,
    But who knock'd at the door?              [coming forward.]
    [Æschinus behind.] By heav'n, my father!

Confusion!
    Mi. [seeing him.] Æschinus!
    Ae. What does he here?                 [aside.]
    Mi. Was't you that knock'd! What, not a word! Suppose
        I banter him a little. He deserves it,
        For never trusting this affair to me.   [aside.]
    —Why don't you speak?
    Ae. Not I, as I remember.               [disordered.]
    Mi. No, I dare say, not you: for I was wond'ring
        What business could have brought you here.—He blushes.
        All's safe, I find.                   [aside.]
    Ae. [recovering.] But prithee, tell me, sir,
        What brought you here?
    Mi. No business of my own.
    Ae. In what.
    Mi. I'll tell you.

This house is tenanted by some poor women,
Whom, I believe, you know not;—nay, I'm sure on't,
For 'twas but lately they came over hither.
    Ae. Well?
    Mi. A young woman and her mother.
    Ae. Well?
    Mi. The father's dead.—This friend of mine, it seems,

Being her next relation by the law,
Is forc'd to marry her.
    Ae. I'm gone.                  [aside.]
    Mi. How?
    Ae. Nothing.—Well?—go on, sir!—
    Mi. He's now come

To take her home, for he is of Miletus.
    Ae. How! take her home with him?
    Mi. Yes, take her home.
    Ae. What to Miletus?
    Mi. Ay.
Commenta mater est, esse ex alio uiro
Nescio quo puerum natum: neque eum nominat:
Priorum esse illum, non oportere huic dari.

Ae. Eho, nonne haec iusta tibi uidetur poscere?
Mi. Non. Ae. Obsecro non? an illam hinc abducet, pater?
Mi. Quid illam ni abducat? Ae. Factum a uobis duriter
Inmisericorditerque atque etiam, si est, pater,
Dicendum magis aperte, inliberaliter.

Mi. Quam obrem? Ae. Rogas me? quid illi tandem creditis
Fore animi misero, qui cum ea consueuit prior?
Qui infelix hauscio an illam misere nunc amat,
Quom hanc sibi uidebit praesens praeuentem eripi,
Abduci ab oculus? facinus indignum pater.

Mi. Qua ratione istuc? quis despondit? quis dedit?
Quoi quando nupsit? auctor his rebus quis est?
Quor duxit alienam? Ae. An sedere oportuit
Domi virgine tam grandem, dum cognatus hinc
Illinc ueriet expectantem? haec, mi pater,
Te dicere aequum iuit et id defendere.

Mi. Ridiculum: aduorsumne illum causam dicerem,
Quoi ueneram aduocatus? sed quid ista, Aeschine,
Nosra? aut quid nobis cum illis? abeamus. quid est?
Quid lacrumas? Ae. Pater obsecro, auscultat. Mi. Aeschine,
audiui omnia
Et scio: nam te amo: quo magis quae agis curae sunt
mihi.

Ae. Ita uellem me promerentem ames, dum uiuas, mi pater,
Vt me hoc delictum admisse in me, id mihi uementer dolet
Et me tui pudet. Mi. Credo hercle: nam ingenium noui
tuom
Ae. Oh torture! [aside.]—Well?

What say the women?

Mi. Why, what should they? Nothing.

Indeed the mother has devise’d a tale

About her daughter’s having had a child

By some one else, but never mentions whom;

His claim, she says, is prior; and my friend

Ought not to have her.

Ae. Well? and did not this

Seem a sufficient reason?

Mi. No.

Ae. No, sir?

And shall this next relation take her off?

Mi. Ay to be sure: why not?

Ae. Oh barbarous, cruel!

And to speak plainly, sir—ungenerous!

Mi. Why so?

Ae. Who so, sir?—What d’ye think

Will come of him, the poor unhappy youth

Who was connected with her first—who still

Loves her, perhaps, as dearly as his life;—

When he shall see her torn out of his arms,

And borne away forever?—Oh shame, shame!

Mi. Where is the shame on’t?—Who betroth’d, who gave her?

When was she married? and to whom? Where is he,

And wherefore did he wed another’s right?

Ae. Was it for her, a girl of such an age,

To sit at home, expecting till a kinsman

Came, nobody knows whence, to marry her?

—This, sir, it was your business to have said,

And to have dwelt on it.

Mi. Ridiculous!

Should I have pleaded against him, to whom

I came an advocate?—But after all,

What’s this affair to us? or what have we

To do with them? Let’s go?—Ha! why those tears?

Ae. Father, beseech you, hear me!

Mi. Æschinus,

I have heard all, and I know all already;

For I do love you; wherefore all your actions

Touch me the more.

Ae. So may you ever love me,

And so may I deserve your love, my father,

As I am sorry to have done this fault,

And am ashamed’d to see you!

Mi. I believe it;

For well I know you have a liberal mind:
Liberale: sed uereor ne indiligens nimium sies.
In qua ciuitate tandem te arbitrare uiuere?
Virginem uitiasti, quam te non ius fuerat tangere.
Iam id peccatum primum magnum, magnum, at humanum tamen:
Fecere alii saepe item boni. at postquam id euenit, cedo
Numquid circumspecti? aut numquid tute prospexti tibi,
Quid fieret? qua fieret? si te mi ipsum puduit proloqui,
Qua reciserem? haec dum dubitas, menses abierunt decem.
Prodisti et te et illam miseram et gnatum, quod quidem in
te fuit.
Quid? credebas dormienti haec tibi confecturos deos?
Et illam sine tua opera in cubiculum iri deductum domum?
Nolim ceterarum rerum te socordem eodem modo.
Bono animo es, duces uxorem hanc. Ae. Hem. Mi. Bono, inquam, animo es. Ae. Pater,
Obsecro, num ludis tu [nunc] me? Mi. Ego te? quam
obrem? Ae. Nescio:
Quia tam misere hoc esse cupidio uerum, eo uereor magis.
Mi. Abi domum ac deos comprecare, ut uxorem arcessas: abi.
Omnes oderint, mi magis te quam oculos nunc ego amo
meos.
Quid? ille ubist Milesius?
Mi. Abiit, perii, nauem ascendit; sed quor cessas? Ae. Abi,
pater:
Tu potius deos comprecare: nam tibi eos certo scio,
Quo uir melior multo es quam ego, obtemperatuos magis.
Mi, Ego eo intro, ut quae opus sunt parentur: tu fac ut dixi, si
sapis.
But I'm afraid you are too negligent,
For in what city do you think you live?
You have abused a virgin, whom the law
Forbade your touching.—'Twas a fault, a great one.
—But after this event, can you pretend
You took the least precaution? or consider'd
What should be done, or how?—If shame forbade
Your telling me yourself, you should have found
Some other means to let me know of it.
You have betray'd, as far as in you lay,
Yourself, the poor young woman, and your child.
What! did you think the Gods would bring about
This business in your sleep; and that your wife
Without your stir would be conveyed to you.
No, no, my dearest boy! I would not have you
Thus negligent in other matters.—Come,
Cheer up, son! you shall wed her.

Ae. How!
Mi. Cheer up,
I say!

Ae. Nay, prithee, do not mock me, father!
Mi. Mock you? I? wherefore?
Ae. I don't know; unless
That I so much desire it may be true,
I therefore fear it more.

Mi. —Away; go home;
And pray the Gods, that you may call your wife.
Away!

Ae. How's that? my wife? what! now?
Mi. Now.
Ae. Now?
Mi. Even now, as soon as possible.
Ae. May all
The Gods desert me, sir, but I do love you
More than my eyes?

Mi. What, more than her?
Ae. As well.
Mi. That's much.
Ae. But where is that Milesian?
Mi. Gone:
Vanish'd; on board the ship.—But why d'ye loiter?
Ae. Ah, sir, you rather go, and pray the Gods;
For, being a much better man than I,
They will the sooner hear your pray'rs.
Mi. I'll in,
To see the needful preparations made.
You, if you're wise, do as I said.

[Exit.]
Ae. Quid hoc est negoti? hoc est patrem esse aut hoc est filium esse?
Si frater aut sodalis esset, qui magis morem gereret?
Hic non amandus? hicine non gestandus in sinist? hem:
Itaque adeo magnam mi iniecit sua commoditate curam:
Ne forte inprudens faciam quod nolit, sciens cauebo.
Sed cesso ire intro, ne morae meis nuptiis egomet siem?

DEMEA. MICIO.

De. Defessus sum ambulando: ut, Syre, te cum tua
Monstratone magnus perdat Iuppiter!
Perreptaui usque omne oppidum: ad portam, ad lacum,
Quo non? neque illic fabrica erat neque fratrem homo
Vidisse se aibat quisquam. nunc uero domi
Certum I obsidere est usque, donec redierit.
Mi. Ibo, illis dicam nullam esse in nobis moram.
De. Sed eccum ipsum: te iam dudum quaero, Micio.
Mi. Quid nam? De. Fero alia flagitia ad te ingentia
Boni illius adulescentis. Mi. Ecce autem noua.
Scio.
De. O stulte, tu de psaltria me somnias
Agere: hoc peccatum in uirginemst ciuem. Mi Scio.
De. Oho, cis est patere? Mi. Quid ni patiar? De. Dic mihi,
Non clamas? non insanis? Mi. Non: malim quidem—
SCENE VII.

ÆSCHINUS alone.

How's this?
Is this to be a father? Or is this
To be a son?—Were he my friend or brother,
Could he be more complacent to my wish?
Should I not love him? bear him in my bosom?
Ah! his great kindness has so wrought upon me,
That it shall be the study of my life
To shun all follies, lest they give him pain.
—But I'll in straight, that I may not retard
My marriage by my own delay. [Exit.]

SCENE VIII.

DEMEA alone.

I'm tir'd
With walking.—Now great Jove confound you, Syrus;
You and your blind directions! I have crawl'd
All the town over: to the gate; the pond;
Where not? No sign of any shop was there,
Nor any person who had seen my brother.
—Now I'll in therefore, and set up my rest
In his own house, till he comes home again. [Going.]

SCENE IX.

ENTER MICIO.

Mi. I'll go, and let the women know we're ready.
De. But here he is.—I have long sought you, Micio.
Mi. What now?
De. I bring you more offences—great ones—
Of the sweet youth!——
Mi. See there!
De. New; capital!
Mi. Nay, nay, no more!
De. Ah, you don't know——
Mi. I do.
De. O fool, you think I mean the music-girl.
This is a crime against a citizen.
Mi. I know it.
De. How? d'ye know it, and endure it?
Mi. Why not endure it?
De. Tell me, don't you rave?
Don't you go mad?
Mi. No: to be sure I'd rather——
De. There's a child born.
Mi. Heaven bless it!
Mi. Audiui. De. Et ducenda indotatst. Mi. Scilicet
De. Quid nunc futurumst? Mi. Id enim quod res ipsa fert:
Ilinc huc transferetur virgo. De. O Iuppiter,
Istocine pacto oportet? Mi. Quid faciam amplius?
De. Quid facias? si non ipsa ae tibi istuc dolet,
Simulare certe est hominis. Mi. Quin iam virginem
Despondi: res compositast: fiunt nuptiae:
Dempsi metum omnem: haec magis sunt hominis. De.
  Ceterum
  Placet tibi factum, Micio. Mi. Non, si queam
Mutare. nunc quam non queo, animo aequo fero.
Ita uitast hominum, quasi quam ludas tesseris,
Si illud quod maxime opus est iactu non cadit,
Illud quod cecidit forte, id arte ut corrigas.
De. Corrector: nempe tua arte uiginti minae
  Pro psaltria periere: quae quantum potest
  Aliquo abiiciendast, si non pretio, gratiis.
Mi. Neque est neque illam sane studeo vendere.
De. Quid igitur facies? Li. Domi erit. De. Pro diuom fidem,
Meretrix et mater familias una in domo?
Mi. Quor non? De. Sanumne credis te esse? Mi. Equidem
  arbitror.
De. Ita me di ament, ut uideo tuam ego ineptiam,
  Facturum credo, ut habeas quicum cantites.
Mi. Quor non? De. noua nupta eadem haec discet. Mi. Scili-
icet.
De. Tu inter eas restim ductans saltabis. Mi. Probe.
De. And the girl
Has nothing.
Mi. I have heard so.
De. And is he
To marry her without a fortune?
Mi. Ay.
De. What's to be done then?
Mi. What the case requires.
The girl shall be brought over here.
De. O Jove!
Can that be proper?
Mi. What can I do else?
De. What can you do!—If you're not really griev'd,
It were at least your duty to appear so.
Mi. I have contracted the young woman to him:
The thing is settled: 'tis their wedding-day:
And all their apprehensions I've remov'd,
This is still more my duty.
De. Are you pleas'd then
With this adventure, Micio?
Mi. Not at all,
If I could help it: now 'tis past all cure
I bear it patiently. The life of man
Is like a game at tables. If the cast
Which is most necessary be not thrown,
That which chance sends you must correct by art.
De. O rare Corrector!—By your art no less
Than twenty minæ have been thrown away
On yonder music-girl; who out of hand
Must be sent packing; if no buyer, gratis.
Mi. Not in the least; nor do I mean to sell her.
De. What will you do then?
Mi. Keep her in my house.
De. O heav'n and earth! a slave-girl and a wife
In the same house!
Mi. Why not?
De. Have you your wits?
Mi. Truly I think so.
De. Now, so help me heav'n,
Seeing your folly, I believe you keep her
To sing with you.
Mi. Why not?
De. And the young bride
Shall be her pupil?
Mi. To be sure.
De. And you
Dance hand in hand with them?
Mi. Ay.

De. Probe? Mi. Et tu nobiscum una, si opus it. De. Ei mihi.
Non te haec pudens? Mi. Iam uero omitt, Demea,
Tuam istam iracundiam atque ita ut *hodie* decet
Hilarum ac lubentem fac te gnati in nuptiis,
Ego hos conueniam: post huc redeo. De. O. Iuppiter.
Hancine uitam! hoscin mores! hanc dementiam!
Vxor sine dote ueniet: intus psaltriast:
Domos sumptuosa: adulescens luxu perditus:
Senex delirans. ipsa si cupiat Salus,
Seruare prosus non potest hanc familiam.

SYRVS. DEMA.

Sy. Edopol, Syrisce, te curasti molliter
Lauteque munus administrasti tuom.
Abi. sed postquam intus sum omnium rerum satur,
Prodeambulare huc lubitumst. De. Illud sis uide
Exemplum disciplinae. Sy. Ecce autem hic adest
Sy. Ohe iam: tu uerba fundis hic, sapientia?
De. Tu si meus esse, Sy. Dis quidem esses, Demea,
Ac tuam rem constabilisses. De. Exemplo omnibus
Rogas?
In ipsa turba atque in peccato maxumo,
Quod uix sedatum satis est, potasti, scelus,
Quasi re bene gesta. Sy. Sane nollem huc exitum.
De. Ay?
Mi. And you
Make one amongst us too upon occasion.
De. Ah! are you not ashamed of it.
Mi. Patience, Demea!
Lay by your wrath, and seem, as it becomes you,
Cheerful and free of heart at your son's wedding.
—I'll but speak with the bride and Sostrata,
And then return to you immediately. [Exit.]

SCENE X.

DEMEA alone.

Jove, what a life! what manners! what distraction!
A bride just coming home without a portion;
A music-girl already there in keeping;
A house of waste; the youth a libertine;
Th' old man a dotard!—'Tis not in the pow'r
Of providence herself, howe'er desirous,
To save from ruin such a family.

SCENE XI.

ENTER AT A DISTANCE, SYRUS drunk.

Sy. [to himself.] Faith, little Syrus, you've ta'en special care
Of your sweet self, and play'd your part most rarely.
—Well, go your ways:—but having had my fill
Of ev'rything within, I've now march'd forth
To take a turn or two abroad.
De. [behind.] Look there!
A pattern of instruction!
Sy. [seeing him.] But see there:
Yonder's old Demea. [going up to him.] What's the matter now?
And why so melancholy?
De. O thou villain!
Sy. What! are you spouting sentences, old wisdom?
De. Were you my servant——
Sy. You'd be plaguey rich,
And settle your affairs most wonderfully.
De. I'd make you an example.
Sy. Why? for what?
De. Why, sirrah?—In the midst of the disturbance,
And in the heat of a most heavy crime,
While all is yet confusion, you've got drunk,
As if for joy, you rascal!
Sy. Why the plague
Did not I keep within? [Aside.]
DROMO. SYRVS. DEMEA.

Dr. Heus Syre, rogat te Ctesipho ut redeas. Sy. Abi.
De. Quid Ctesiphonem hic narrat? Sy. Nil. De. Eho, car-nufex,
Est Ctesipho intus? Sy. Non est. De. Quor hic nominat?
Sy. Est alius quidam, parasitaster paululus:
Mitte me.
Sy. Noli inquam. De. Non manum abstines, mastiglia?
Edepol commissatorem haud sane commodum,
Praesertim Ctesiphoni. quid ego nunc agam?
Nisi, dum hae silescunt turbae, interea in angulum
Aliquo abeam atque edormiscam hoc uilli. sic agam.

MICIO. DEMEA.

Mi. Parata a nobis sunt, ita ut dixi, Sostrata.
Vbi uis. quis nam a me pepulit tam grauiter foris?
De. Di mihi, quid faciam? quid agam? quid clamem aut
querar?
O caelum, o maria Neptuni. Mi. Em tibi,
Resciuit omnem rem: id nunc clamat scilicet:
Paratae lites: succurrendumst. De. Eccum adest
Communis corruptela nostrum liberum.
SCENE XII.

Enter DROMO hastily.

Dr. Here! hark ye, Syrus!

Ctesipho begs that you'd come back.  
Sy. Away!  
De. What's this he says of Ctesipho?  
Sy. Pshaw! nothing.  
De. How! dog, is Ctesipho within?  
Sy. Not he.  
De. Why does he name him then?  
Sy. It is another,  
Of the same name—a little parasite—  
D'ye know him?  
De. But I will immediately.  
Sy. [stopping him.] What now? where now?  
De. Let me alone.  
Sy. Don't go!  
De. Hands off! what won't you? must I brain you, rascal?  
[Disengages himself from Syrus and exit.]

SCENE XIII.

SYRUS alone.

He's gone—gone in—and faith no welcome roarer—  
Especially to Ctesipho.—But what  
Can I do now; unless till this blows over,  
I sneak into some corner, and sleep off  
This wine that lies upon my head?—I'll do't  
[Exit reeling.]

SCENE XIV.

Enter MICIO from SOSTRATA.

Mi. [to Sostrata within.] All is prepar'd: and we are ready, Sostrata,  
As I have already told you, when you please. [comes forward.]  
But who's this forces open our street-door  
With so much violence?  

Enter DEMEA on the other side.

De. Confusion! death!  
What shall I do? or how resolve? where vent  
My cries and exclamations? Heav'n! earth! sea!  
Mi. [behind.] So! all's discover'd: that's the thing he raves at.  
—Now for a quarrel! I must help the boy.  
De. [seeing him.] Oh, there's the grand corrupter of our children!
Mi. Tandem reprime iracundiam atque ad te redi.
De. Repressi, redii, mitto maledicta omnia:
   Rem ipsam putemus. dictum hoc inter nos fuit
(Ex te adeost ortum), ne tu curares meum
Neue ego tuum? responde. Mi. Factumst, non nego.
De. Quor nunc apud te potat? quor recipis meum?
   Quor emis amicam, Micio? nonuqui minus
   Mihi idem ius aequomst esse quod mecumst tibi?
   Quando ego tuom non curo, ne cura meum.
Mi. Non aequom dicis. De. Non? Mi. Nam uetus uerbum
   hoc quidemst,
   Communia esse amicorum inter se omnia.
De. Facete: nunc demum istaec nata oratiost.
Mi. Ausculta paucis, nisi molestumst, Demea.
   Principio, si id te mordet, sumptum filii
   Quem faciunt, quaeso hoc facito tecum cogites:
   Tu illos duo olim pro re tollebas tua,
   Quod satis putabas tua bona ambobus fore,
   Et me tum uxorem credidisti scilicet
Ducturum: eandem illam rationem antiquam obtine:
   Conserua, quaere, parce, fac quam plurimum
   Illis relinquias: gloriam tu istam obtine.
   Mea, quae praeter spem euenere, utantur sine.
   De summa nil decedet: quod hinc accesserit,
   Id de lucro putato esse omne. haec si uoles
   In animo uere cogitare, Demea,
   Et mi et tibi et illis dempseris molestiam.
De. Mitto rem: consuetudinem ipsorum. Mi. Mane:
   Scio: istuc ibam. quo uis illos tu die
Redducas. at enim metuas, ne ab re sint tamen
Omissiores paulo. o noster Demea,
Ad omnia alia aetate sapimus rectius:
Solum unum hoc uitium fert senectus hominibus:
Attentiore sumus ad rem omnes, quam sat est:
Quod illos sat aetas acuet. De. Ne nimium modo
Mi. Appease your wrath, and be yourself again!
De. Well, I've appeas'd it; I'm myself again;
I spare reproaches; let us to the point!
It was agreed between us, and it was
Your own proposal too, that you should never
Concern yourself with Ctesipho, nor I
With Æschines. Say, was't not so?
Mi. It was.
I don't deny it.
De. Why does Ctesipho
Revel with you then? Why do you receive him?
Buy him a mistress, Micio?—Is not justice
My due from you, as well as your's from me?
Since I do not concern myself with your's,
Meddle not with mine!
Mi. This is not fair;
Indeed it is not. Think on the old saying,
"All things are common among friends."
De. How smart!
Put off with quips and sentences at last!
Mi. Nay, hear me, if you can have patience, Demea.
—First, if you're griev'd at their extravagance,
Let this reflection calm you! Formerly
You bred them both according to your fortune,
Supposing it sufficient for them both:
Then too you thought that I should take a wife.
Still follow the old rule you then laid down:
Hoard, scrape, and save; do ev'ry thing you can
To leave them nobly! Be that glory your's.
My fortune, fall'n beyond their hopes upon them,
Let them use freely! As your capital
Will not be wasted, what addition comes
From mine, consider as clear gain; and thus,
Weighing all this impartially, you'll spare
Yourself, and me, and them, a world of trouble.
De. Money is not the thing: their morals—
Mi. Hold!
I understand; and meant to speak of that.
For though they stray, you may at any time
Reclaim them;—But perhaps you fear they'll prove
Too inattentive to their interest.
O my dear Demea, in all matters else
Increase of years increases wisdom in us:
This only vice age brings along with it;
"We're all more worldly-minded than there's need:"
Which passion age, that kills all passions else,
Will ripen in your sons too.
De. Have a care
Bonae tuae istae nos rationes, Micio,
Et tuos, iste animus aequos subuortat. M. Tace:
Non fiet. mitte iam istae: da te Hodie mihi:
Exporge frontem. De. Scilicet ita tempus fert,
Faciundumst: ceterum rus cras cum filio
Cum primo luci ibo hinc. Mi. De nocte censeo:
Hodie modo hilarum fac te. De. Et istam psaltriam
Vna illuc mecum hinc abstraham. Mi. Pignaueris.
Eo pacto prorsum illi adligaris filium.
Modo facito ut illam seruus. De. Ego istuc uidero
Atque ibi fauillae plena, fumi ac pollinis
Coquendo sit faxo et molendo: praeter haec
Meridie ipso faciam ut stipulam colligat;
Tam excoctam reddam atque atram quam carbost. Mi.
Placet:
Nunc mihi uidere sapere. atque equidem filium
Tum etiam si nolit cogam ut cum illa una cubet.
De. Derides? fortunatu's qui isto animo sies:
Ego sentio. Mi. Ah, pergisne? De. Iam iam desino.
Mi. I ergo intro, et quoi rei est, ei rei hunc sumamus diem.

ACTVS V.

DEMEA.

Numquam ita quisquam bene subducta ratione ad uitam
fuit,
Quin res aetas usus semper aliquid adportet noui,
Aliquid moneat: ut illa quae te scire credas nescias,
Et quae tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.
* *
* *
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* *
Heia autem, dum studeo illis ut quam plurimum
Facerem, contui in quaerundo uitam atque aetatem mean:
Nunc exacta aetate hoc fructi pro labore ab eis fero,
Odium: ille alter sine labore patria potitur comoda.
That these fine arguments and this great mildness
Don’t prove the ruin of us, Micio.
    Mi. Peace!
It shall not be: away with all your fears!
This day be ruled by me: come, smooth your brow.
    De. Well, since at present things are so, I must;
But then I’ll to the country with my son
To-morrow, at first peep of day.
    Mi. At midnight,
So you’ll but smile to-day.
    De. And that girl too
I’ll drag away with me.
    Mi. Aye; there you’ve hit it.
For by that means you’ll keep your son at home;
Do but secure her.
    De. I’ll see that: for there
I’ll put her in the kitchen and the mill,
And make her full of ashes, smoke, and meal;
Nay at high noon she shall gather stubble.
I’ll burn her up, and make her black as coal.
    Mi. Right! now you’re wise.—And sure I’d force my son
To marry her e’en though against his will.
    De. D’ye laugh at me? how happy in your temper!
I feel—
    Mi. Ah! that again?
    De. I’ve done.
    Mi. In then!
And let us suit our humour to the time. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

DEMEA alone.

Never did man lay down so fair a plan,
So wise a rule of life, but fortune, age,
Or long experience made some change in it;
And taught him, that those things he thought he knew
He did not know, and what he held as best,
In practice he threw by.
Striving to make a fortune for my sons,
I have worn out my prime of life and health:
And now, my course near finish’d, what return
Do I receive for all my toil? Their hate.
Meanwhile my brother, without any care,
Reaps all a father’s comforts.
Age age nunciam experiamur contra, ecquid ego possiem
Blande dicere aut benigne facere, quando huc prouocat.
Ego quoque a meis me amari et magni pendi postulo
Si id fit dando atque obsequendo, non posteriores feram.
Deerit: id mea minume re fert, qui sum natu maxumus.

SYRVS. DEMEA.

Sy. Heus Demea, orat frater ne abeas longius
De. Quis homo? o Syre noster, salue: quid fit? quid agitur?
Sy. Recte. De. Optumest. iam nunc haec tria primum addidi
Praeter naturam: ‘o noster, quid fit? quid agitur?’
Seruom haud inliberalem praebes te, et tibi
Lubens bene faxim. Sy. Gratiam habeo. De. Atqui,
Syre,
Hoc uerumst et re ipsa experiere propediem.

GETA. DEMEA. (SYRVS).

Ge. Era, ego huc ad hos prouiso, quam mox uirginem
Arcessant. sed eccum Demeam. saluos sies.
Preti te esse hodie iudicaui animo meo:
Nam is mihi profectost seruos spectatus satis,
Quoi dominus curaest, ita uti tibi sensi, Geta,
Et tibi ob eam rem, siquid usus uenerit,
Lubens bene faxim. meditor esse adfabilis,
Et bene procedit. Ge. Bonus es, quam haec existumas.
De. Paulatim plebem primulum facio meam.
—Well, now, let me endeavour in my turn
To teach my tongue civility, to give
With open-handed genorosity,
Since I am challeng'd to't!—and let me too
Obtain the love and reverence of my children!
And if 'tis bought by bounty and indulgence,
I will not be behind-hand.—Cash will fail:
What's that to me, who am the eldest born?

SCENE II.

ENTER SYRUS.

Sy. O sir! your brother has dispatch'd me to you
To beg you'd not go further off.
De. Who's there?——
What, honest Syrus! save you: how is't with you?
How goes it?
Sy. Very well, sir.
De. [aside.] Excellent!
Now for the first time, I, against my nature,
Have added these three phrases, "Honest Syrus!
How is't?—How goes it!"—[to Syrus] You have prov'd your-
A worthy servant. I'll reward you for it.
Sy. I thank you, sir.
De. I will, I promise you;
And you shall be convinc'd on't very soon.

SCENE III.

ENTER GETA.

Ge. [to Sostrata within.] Madam, I'm going to look after
them,
That they may call the bride immediately.
——But here is Demea. Save you!
De. Oh! your name!
Ge. Geta, sir.
De. Geta, I this day have found you
To be a fellow of uncommon worth:
For sure that servant's faith is well approv'd
Who holds his master's interest at heart,
As I perceived that you did, Geta! wherefore,
Soon as occasion offers I'll reward you.
—I am endeavoring to be affable,
And not without success. [aside.]
Ge. 'Tis kind in you
To think of your poor slave, sir.
De. [aside.] First of all
I court the mob, and win them by degrees.
AESCHINVS. DEMEA. SYRVS. GETA.

Ae. Occidunt me quidem, dum nimis sanctas nuptias
Student facere: in adparando consumunt diem.
De. Quid agitur, Aeschine? Ae. Ehem, pater mi, tu hie eras?
De. Tuos hercle uero et animo et natura pater,
Qui te amat plus quam hosce oculos. Sed quor non domum
Vxorem arcessis? Ae. Cupio: uerum hoc mihi moraest:
Tibicina et hymenaeum quid cantent. De. Eho,
Vin tu huic seni auscultare? Ae. Quid? De. Missa haec
face,
Hymenaeum turbas lampadas tibicinas,
Atque hanc in horto maceriam iube dirui
Quantum potest: hac transfer: unam fac domum:
Traduce et matrem et familiae omnem ad nos. Ae. Placet,
Pater lepidissum. De. Eugae, iam lepidus uocor.
Fratri aedes fient peruae, turbam domum
Adducet, sumptu amittet multa: quid mea?
Ego lepidus ineo gratiam. iube nunciam
Dinumeret ille Babylo uiginti minas.
Syre, cessas ire ac facere? Sy. Quid ego? De. Dirue,
Tu illas'abi et traduce. Ge. Di tibi, Demea,
Bene faciant, quom te uideo nostrae familiae
Tam ex animo factum uelle. De. Dignos arbitror.
Quid tu ais? Ae. Sic opinor. De. Multo rectiust
Quam illam puerperam huc nunc duci per uiam
Aegrotam. Ae. Nil enim uidi melius, mi pater.
De. Sic soleo. sed eccum Micio egreditur foras.
SCENE IV.

Enter Æschinus.

Æ. They murder me with their delays; and while
They lavish all this pomp upon the nuptials,
They waste the live-long day in preparation

De. How does my son?

Æ. My father? are you here?

De. Ay, by affection, and by blood your father,
Who love you better than my eyes.—But why
Do you not call the bride?

Æ. ’Tis what I long for:
But wait the music and the singers.

De. Pshaw!
Will you for once be ruled by an old fellow?

Æ. Well?

De. Ne’er mind singers, company, lights, music;
But tell them to throw down the garden-wall,
As soon as possible. Convey the bride
That way, and lay both houses into one.
Bring too the mother, and the whole family,
Over to us.

Æ. I will. O charming father!

De. [aside.] Charming! See there! he calls me charming
now.
—My brother’s house will be a thoroughfare;
Throng’d with whole crowds of people; much expense
Will follow; very much: what’s that to me?
I am call’d charming, and get into favour.
—Ho! order Babylo immediately
To pay him twenty minae.—Prithee Syrus,
Why don’t you execute your orders?

Sy. What?

De. Down with the wall!—(exit Syrus)—You Geta, go
and bring
The ladies over.

De. Heaven bless you, Demea,
For all your friendship to our family! [exit Geta.]

De. They’re worthy of it.—What say you to this? [to Æschinus.]

Æ. I think it admirable.

De. ’Tis much better
Than for a poor soul, sick and lying-in,
To be conducted thro’ the street.

Æ. I never
Saw anything concerted better, sir.

De. ’Tis just my way.—But here comes Micío.
MICIO. DMEA. AESCHINVS.

Mi. Iubet frater? ubi is est? tun iubes hoc, Demea?
De. Ego uero iubeo et hac re et aliis omnibus
Quam maxume unam facere nos hanc familiam,
Colere adiuvare adiungere. Ae. Ita queso, pater.
Mi. Haud aliter censeo. De. Immo hercle ita nobis decet:
Primum huius uxorist mater. Mi. Est. quid postea?
Mi. Scio. De. Parere iam diu haec per annos non potest:
Nec qui eam respiciat quisquam est: solast. Mi. Quam hic
rem agit?
De. Hanc te aequomst ducere, et te operam ut fiat dare.
Mi. Me ducere autem? De. Te. Mi. Me? De. Te iquam.
Mi. Ineptis. De. Si tu sis homo,
Hic, faciat. Ae. Mi pater. Mi. Quid tu autem huic, asine,
auscultas? De. Nil agis:
Fieri alter non potest. Mi. Deliras. Ae. Sine te exorem,
Mi pater.
Mi. Insanis: aufer. De. Age, da ueniam filio. Mi. Satin
sanus es?
Ego nouos maritus anno demum quinto et sexagesumo.
Fiam atque anum decrepitam ducam? idne estis auctores
mihi?
Ae. Fac: promisi ego illis. Mi. Promisti autem? de te largitor,
puer.
De. Age, quid siquid te maius oret? Mi. Quasi non hoc sit
maxumum.
SCENE V.

ENTER MICIO.

Mi. [at entering.] My brother order it, d'ye say? where is he?
—Was this your order:
And by this means, and every other way,
I would unite, serve, cherish, and oblige,
And join the family to our's!

[to Micio.]

Ae. Pray do, sir!
Mi. I don't oppose it.
De. Nay, but 'tis our duty.

First, there's the mother of the bride—

Mi. What then?
De. Worthy and modest.
Mi. So they say.
De. In years.
Mi. True.
De. And old she is, a poor lone woman too,

With none to comfort her.

Mi. What means all this?
De. This woman 'tis your place to marry, brother;
—And your's [to Æschinus] to bring him to't.

Mi. I marry her?
De. You.
Mi. I?
De. Yes, you I say.
Mi. Ridiculous!
De. [to Æschinus.] If you're a man, he'll do't.
Ae. [to Micio.] Dear father!
Mi. How!

Do you then join him, fool?
De. Nay, don't deny.

It can't be otherwise.

Mi. You've lost your senses!
Ae. Let me prevail upon you, sir!
Mi. You're mad.

Away!
De. Oblige your son.
Mi. Have you your wits!
I, a new married man at sixty-five!
And marry a decrepid poor old woman!
Is that what you advise me!
Ae. Do it, sir!
I've promis'd them, indeed!
Prithee, boy, promise for yourself.
Ce. Come, come!
De. Da ueniam. Ae. Ne grauere. De. Fac, promitte. Mi. Non omissitis?
Ae. Non, nisi te exorem. Mi. Vis est haec quidem. De. Age prolice, Micio.
Mi. Etsi hoc mihi prauom ineptum absurdum atque alienum a uita mea
Videtur: si uos tanto opere istuc uoltis, fiat. Ae. Bcne facis.
Mi. Quid nunc? quid restat? De. Hegio cognatus his est prox-
umus,
Adfinis nobis, pauper: bene nos aliquid facere illi decet.
Mi. Quid facere? De. Agelli est hic sub urbe paulum quod locitas foras:
Huic demus qui fruatur. Mi. Paulum id autemst? De. Si
multumst, tamen
Faciundumst: pro patre huic est, bonus est, noster est, recte
datur.
Postremo non meum illud uerbum facio, quod tu, Micio,
Bene et sapienter dixti dudum: ‘uitium commune omni-
umst,
Quod nimium ad rem in senecta attenti sumus’? hanc macu-
lam nos decet ”
Ecfigere: dictumst uere et re ipsa fieri oportet. Ae. Mi
pater.
De. Nunc mihi germanu's pariter animo et corpore. Suo
sibi gladio hunc iugulo.

SYRVS. DEMEA. MICIO. AESCHINVS.

Sy. Factumst quod iussisti, Demea.
De. Frugi homo's. ergo edepol hodie mea quidem sententia
Judico Syrum fieri esse aequom liberum. Mi. Istunc lib-
erum?
Quod nam ob factum? De. Multa. Sy. O noster Demea,
edepol uir bonu's:
Ego istos uobis usque a pueris curaui ambos sedulo;
Docai, monui, bene praecepi semper quae potui omnia.
What if he ask'd still more of you?
  Mi. As if
This was not ev'n the utmost.
  De. Nay, comply!
  Ae. Be not obdurate!
  De. Come, come, promise him.
  Mi. Won't you desist?
  Ae. No, not till I prevail.
  Mi. This is mere force.
  De. Nay, nay, comply, good Micio!
  Mi. Though this appears to me absurd, wrong, foolish,
And quite repugnant to my scheme of life,
Yet, if you're so much bent on't, let it be!
  Ae. Obliging father.  De. Worthy my best love!
  Mi. What now?  De. This answers to my wish.  Mi. What
  more?
—Hegio's their kinsman, [to Micio.] our relation too,
And very poor.  We should do him some service.
  Mi. Do what?
  De. There is a little piece of ground,
Which you let out near town.  Let's give it him
To live upon.
  Mi. So little do you call it?
  De. Well, if 'tis large, let's give it.  He has been
Father to her; a good man; our relation.
It will be given worthily.  In short,
That saying, Micio, I now make my own,
Which you so lately and so wisely quoted;
"It is the common failing of old men
To be too much intent on worldly matters."
Let us wipe off that stain.  The saying's true,
And should be practised.
  Mi. Well, well, be it so,
If he requires it.  [pointing to Eleschinus.]
  Ae. I beseech it, father.
  De. Now you're indeed my brother, soul and body.
  Mi. I'm glad to find you think me so.
  De. I foil him
At his own weapons.  [Aside.]

SCENE VI.

To them SYRUS.

  Sy. I have executed
Your orders, Demea.
  De. A good fellow!—Truly
Syrus, I think, should be made free to-day.
  Mi. Made free! Eh!—Wherefore?
  De. Oh, for many reasons.
De. Res apparent: et quidem porro haec, obsonare cum fide, 
Scortum adducere, adparare de die conuiuium: 
Non mediocris hominis haec sunt officia. Sy. O lepidum 
caput.

De. Postremo hodie in psaltria hac emunda hic adiutor fuit, 
Hic curauit: prodesse aequomst: alii meliores erunt: 
Mi. Si quidem 
Tu uis, Syre, eho accede huc ad me: liber esto. Sy. Bene 
facis: 
Omnibus gratiam habeo, et seorum tibi praeterea, Demea.
fiat gaudium, 
Phrygiam ut uxorem meam una mecum uideam liberam.

De. Optumam quidem mulierem. Sy. Et quidem tuo nepoti 
huius filio 
Hodie prima mammam dedit haec. De. Hercle nero serio, 
Si quidem prima dedit, haud dubiumst quin emitti aequom 
siet.

Mi. Ob eam rem? De. Ob eam: postremo a me argentum 
quantist sumito.

Sy. Di Tibi, Demea, omnia omnes semper optata offerant.

Mi. Syre, processisti hodie pulchrre. De. Siquidem porro, Micio, 
Tu tuum officium facies, atque huic aliquid paulum prae 
manu 
Dederis, unde utatur: reddet tibi cito. Mi. Istoc uilius.

Ae. Frugi homost. Sy. Reddam hercle, da modo. Ae. Age, 
pater. Mi. Post consulam.


Mi. Quid istuc? quae res tam repente mores mutauit tuos? 
Quod prolubium? quae istaec subitast largitas? De. Dicam 
tibi: 
Vt id ostenderem, quod te isti facilem et festiuvom putant, 
Id non fieri ex uera uita neque adeo ex aequo et bono, 
Sed ex adsentando indulgendo et largiendo, Micio. 
Nunc adeo si ob eam rem uobis mea uita inuisa, Aeschine, 
est, 
Quia non iusta iniusta prorsus omnia omnino obsequor, 
Missa facio: ecfundite, emite, facite quod uobis lubet. 
Sed si id uoltis potius, quae uos propter adulescentiam 
Minus uidetis, magis inpense cupitis, consulitis parum, 
Haec reprendere et corrigere et obsecundare in loco: 
Ecce me, qui id faciam uobis. Ae. Tibi, pater, permittim- 
us 
Plus scis quid facto opus est. sed de fratre quid fiel? De. 

Sino 
Habeat: in istac finem faciat. Mi. Istuc recte. 

CANTOR. Plaudite.
Sy. O Demea, you're a noble gentleman,  
I've taken care of both your sons from boys;  
Taught them, instructed them, and given them  
The wholesomest advice that I was able.

De. The thing's apparent: and these offices  
To cater;—bring a girl in, safe and snug;  
—Or in mid-day prepare an entertainment;—  
—All these are talents of no common man.

Sy. O most delightful gentleman!
De. Besides,  
He has been instrumental too this day  
In purchasing the music-girl. He manag'd  
The whole affair. We should reward him for it.
It will encourage others.—In a word,  
Your Æschinus would have it so.

Mi. Do you  
Desire it?
Ae. Yes, sir,
Mi. Well if you desire it——

Come hither, Syrus!—Be thou free!

[Syrus kneels: Micio strikes him, being the ceremony of 
manumission, or giving a slave his freedom.]

Sy. I thank you:
Thanks to you all; but most of all, to Demea!
De. I'm glad of your good fortune.
Ae. So am I.
Sy. I do believe it; and I wish this joy
Were quite complete, and I might see my wife,
My Phrygia too, made free, as well as I.
De. The very best of women!
Sy. And the first
That suckled my young master's son, your grandson.
De. Indeed! the first who suckled him!—Nay then
Beyond all doubt she should be free.
Mi. For what?
De. For that. Nay take the sum, whate'er it be,
Of me.

Sy. Now all the powers above grant all
Your wishes, Demea!
Mi. You have thriv'd to-day
Most rarely, Syrus.
De. And besides this, Micio,
It would be handsome to advance him something
To try his fortune with. He'll soon return it.
Mi. Not that.  
Ae. He's honest.
Sy. Faith I will return it.
Do but advance it.
Ae. Do, sir!
Mi. Well, I’ll think on’t.
De. I’ll see that he shall do’t. [to Syrus.]
Sy. Thou best of men!
Ae. My most indulgent father!
Mi. What means this?
Whence comes this hasty change of manners, brother?
Whence flows all this extravagance? and whence
This sudden prodigality?
De. I’ll tell you:
To shew you, that the reason why our sons
Think you so pleasant and agreeable,
Is not from your deserts, or truth, or justice,
But your compliance, bounty, and indulgence.
—Now, therefore, if I’m odious to you, son,
Because I’m not subservient to your humour,
In all things, right or wrong: away with care!
Spend, squander, and do what you will!—but if,
In those affairs where youth has made you blind,
Eager, and thoughtless, you will suffer me
To counsel and correct—and in due season
Indulge you—I am at your service.

Ae. Father,
In all things we submit ourselves to you.
What’s fit and proper, you know best.—But what
Shall come of my poor brother?
De. I consent
That he shall have her: let him finish there.
Mi. All now is as it should be.—[To the audience.]
Clap your hands.
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