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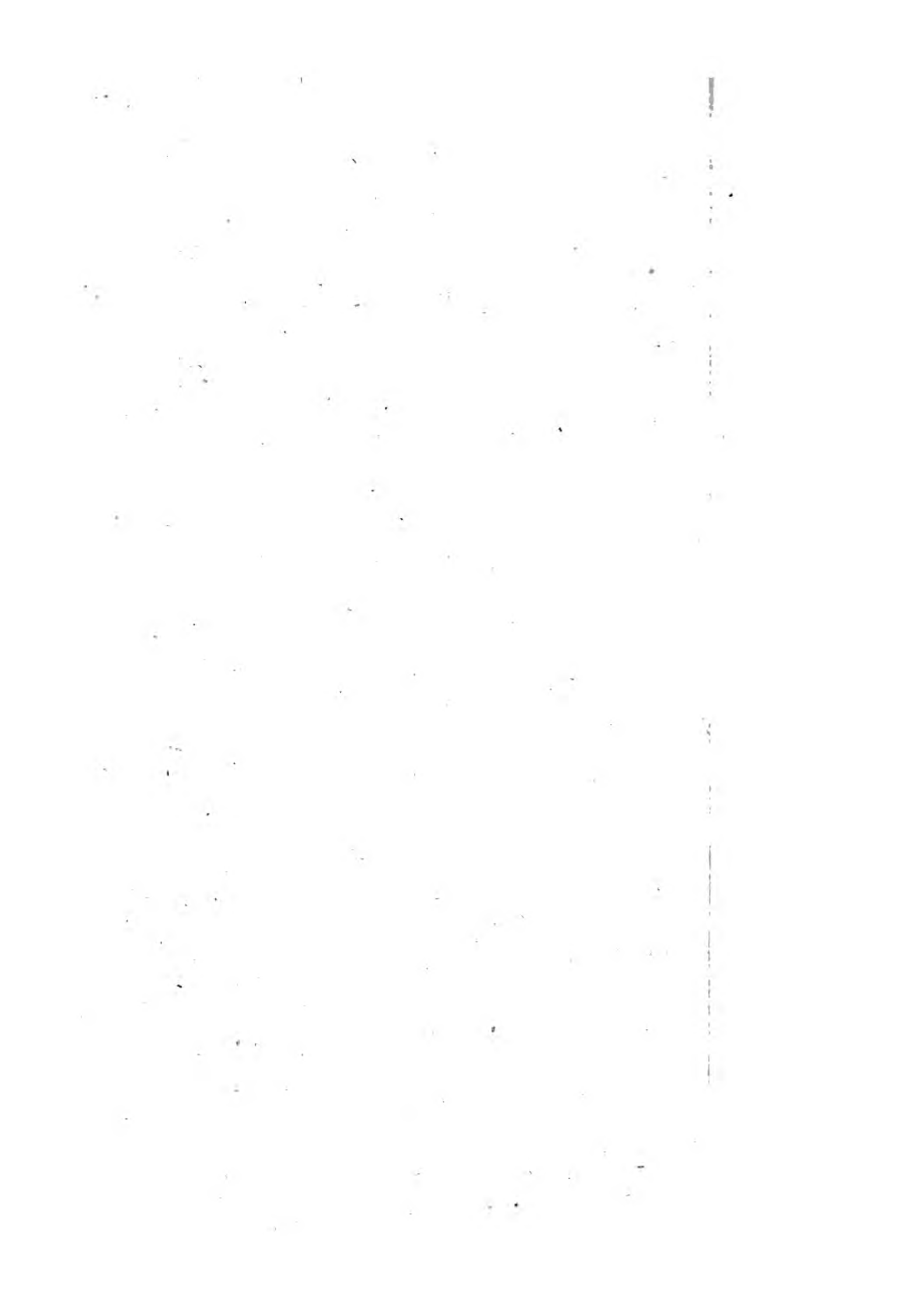




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[Com]







T H E  
C O M E D I E S  
O F  
T E R E N C E,

Translated into FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE.

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By G E O R G E C O L M A N.

---

*Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim:  
Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.  
Quin ubi se a vulgo et scenâ in secreta remorant  
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli,  
Nugari cum illo et discincti ludere, donec  
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.*

HOR.

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The SECOND EDITION, revised and corrected.

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V O L. II.

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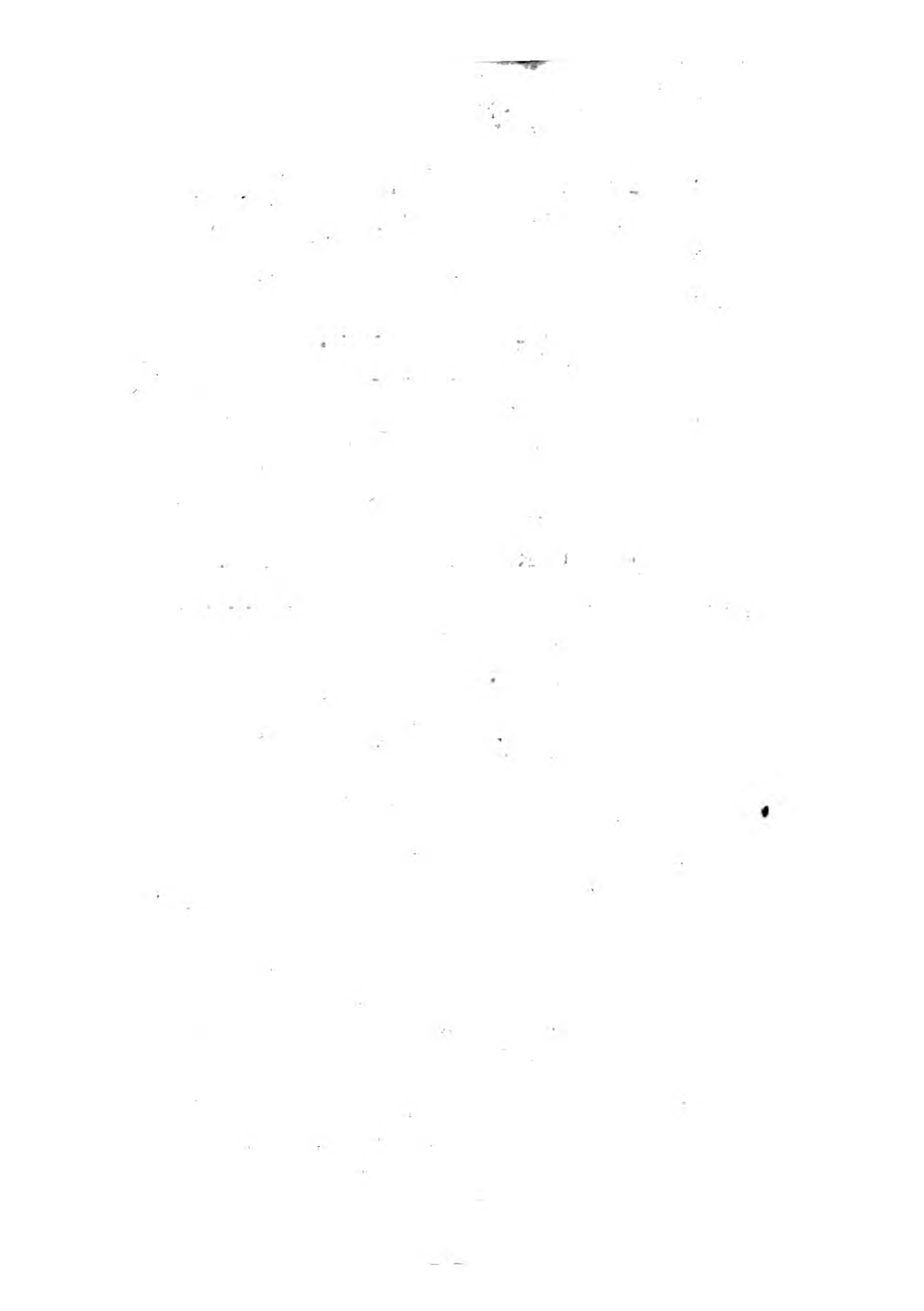
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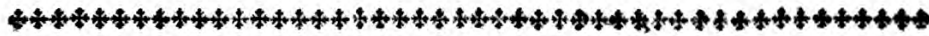
L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the *Strand*;  
and R. BALDWIN, in *Pater-noster-Row*.

MDCCLXVIII.







T H E

B R O T H E R S.



VOL. II.

B



T O

JAMES BOOTH, Esq;

OF LINCOLN'S INN,

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

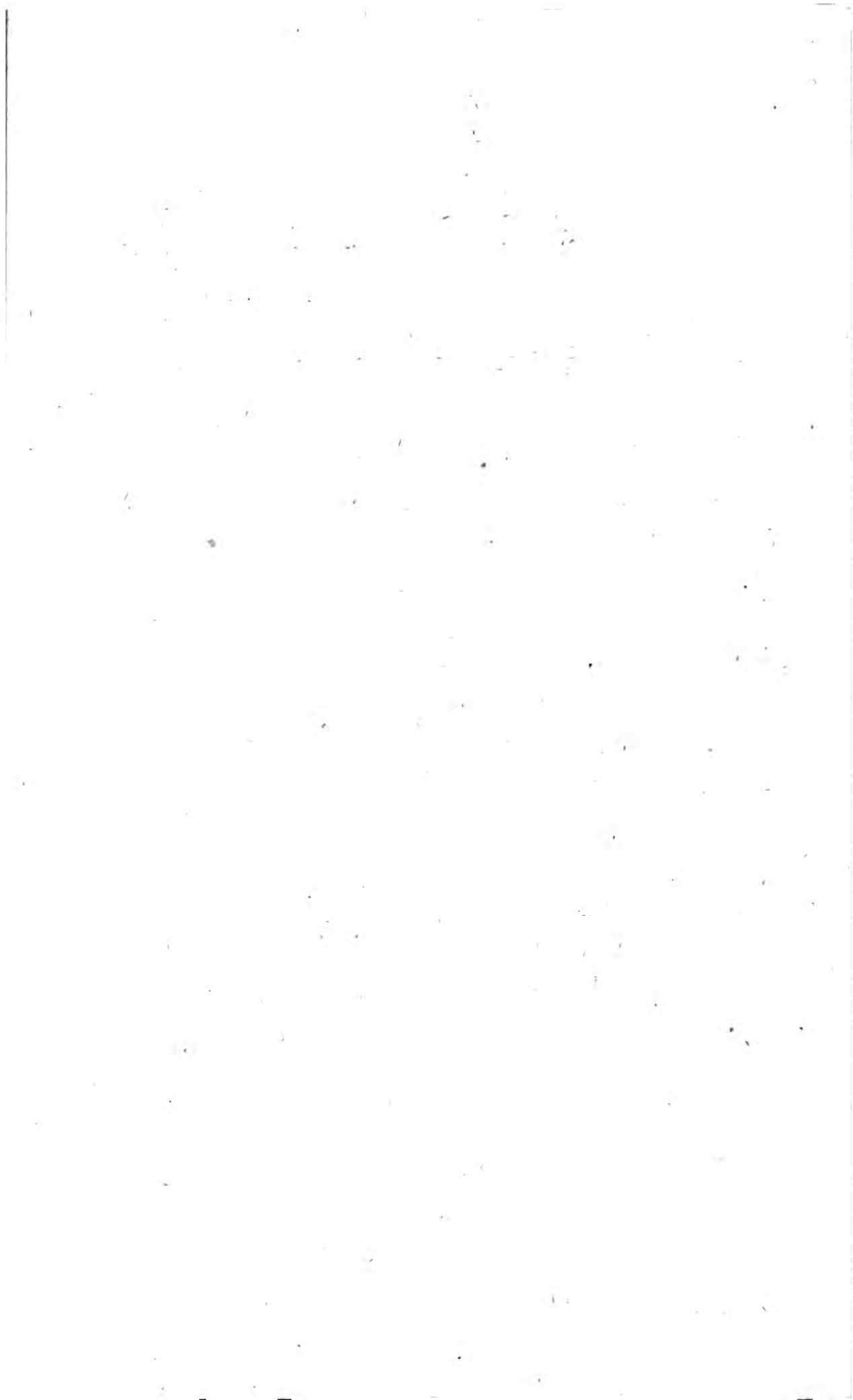
IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED

MOST FAITHFUL

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.



T H E

B R O T H E R S ;

Acted at the Funeral Games of L. Æmilius Paulus,\* given by Q. Fabius Maximus, and P. Cornelius Africanus : † Principal Actors, L. Attilius Præ-

\* *Lucius Æmilius Paulus.*] Surnamed Macedonicus, because he had obtained a victory over Perseus king of Macedon; he died in the year of Rome 593, one hundred fifty-eight years before the nativity of Christ: he was so poor at the time of his decease, that they were constrained to sell his estate in order to pay his widow her dower.  
DACIER.

† *Q. Fabius Maximus & P. Cornelius Africanus.*] In some copies we read, *Q. F. M. & P. C. A. Ædilibus Curulibus.*—“ Q. Fabius Maximus, and P. Cornelius Africanus, Curule Ædiles.”—This, as Scaliger and other commentators are of opinion, must be erroneous: for the children and relations of the deceased, and not the Ædiles, had always the direction of the funeral games. Besides, it is very certain, that P. C. Scipio Africanus, the son of Paulus Æmilius, never was

Ædile, the Consulship having been conferred upon him the same year that he sued for the Ædileship, though not yet arrived at the usual age assigned for that high dignity; as we are told by Aurelius Victor in his little Treatise of Illustrious Men. And this event did not happen till twelve years after the death of his father and the representation of this play, Scipio being even then but thirty-six years of age, before which time no person could be elected Ædile.--Muret corrected the title after an antient MS. he had seen at Venice. The Q. Fabius Maximus and P. Cornelius Africanus here mentioned were the two sons of Æmilius Paulus, and had taken the surnames of the persons who had adopted them. This is undoubtedly the true reading. The Ædiles that year were Q. Fulvius Nobilior and L. Marcius.  
DACIER.

nestinus, and Minutius Prothimus : The Musick composed for Tyrian Flutes,\* by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius : Taken from the Greek of Menander. First acted, L. Anicius and M. Cornelius, Consuls †.

\* *Tyrian flutes.*] *Tibiis Sarranis.* Tyre by the antient Phœnicians was called *Sor* ; the Carthaginians, their descendants, called it *Sar*, from whence it came to be called *Sarra*. *Sarranis* therefore meant the same thing as *Tyriis*. These Tyrian flutes were the equal left-handed flutes, and always used upon joyful occasions. — And here arises a great difficulty, for how can we imagine that the children of Æmilius would have allowed such musick at their father's funeral ? It is impossible. This title is not only corrupt, but defective : the true reading is *Acta primum tibiis Lydiis, deinde TIBIIS SARRANIS.* The Lydian flutes were grave and solemn, and consequently adapted to grave and solemn purposes. After the play had been acted at that solemnity, it was performed with left-handed flutes, and doubtless on some less mournful occasion. See the preface of Donatus to this comedy. DACIER.

There is much ingenuity in the above note of Madam Da-

cier, who has plainly proved that the title to this play is defective ; and so there is great reason to think, are the titles to the rest of our author's comedies. Yet I cannot entirely agree with her, that such musick could not have been used at a funeral. The antients, we know, admitted all kinds of games at such solemnities. The musick was most probably suited to the comedy, rather than to the occasion, on which it was exhibited ; and Donatus, to whom she refers, tells us in express words, that it was so in the present instance. *Modulata est autem tibiis dextris, id est, Lydiis, ob seriam gravitatem, quâ fere in omnibus comœdiis utitur hic poeta.* “ It was composed for right-handed flutes, “ that is, Lydian, because of “ the serious vein, which generally prevails in all our author's comedies.” The learned reader, who will be at the pains to consult Madam Dacier, I believe will agree with me, that she has but partially cited, and inaccurately translated the above extract

extract from the preface of  
Donatus.

I cannot conclude the notes  
on this title, without taking  
notice of the happy and elegant  
use made of the occasion, on  
which the play was first repre-  
sented, by my late friend Lloyd,  
in his Prologue to this Comedy,

when acted at Westminster  
School in the year 1759, soon  
after the melancholy news of  
the death of that most emi-  
nent military character, Gene-  
ral Wolfe. The learned reader,  
I dare say, will not be sorry  
to see it entire.

PROLOGUS in ADELPHOS, 1759.

Cum Patres Populumque dolor communis haberet,  
Fleret et Æmilium Maxima Roma suum,  
Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipsis  
Scenis extinctum condecorasse ducem.  
Ecquis adest, scenam nocte hæc qui spectet eandem,  
Nec nobis luctum sentiet esse parem ?  
Utcunque arrisit pulchris victoria cœptis,  
Qua sol extremas visit uterque plagas,  
Successus etiam medio de fonte Britannis  
Surgit amari aliquid, legitimusque dolor.  
Si famæ generosa fitis, si bellica virtus,  
Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,  
Difficile laurus, ipsoque in flore juventæ  
Heu ! nimium lethi præcipitata dies,  
Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel si quid amabile, jure  
Esto tua hæc, WOLFI, laus, propriumque decus !  
Nec moriere omnis.—Quin usque corona vigebit,  
Unanimis Britonum quam tibi necit amor.  
Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,  
Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.  
Confluet huc studio visendi martia pubes,  
Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari ;  
Dumque legit mediis cecidisse heroa triumphis,  
Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIAR.

† *L. Anicius and L. Cornelius, Consuls.*] That is, in the year of  
Rome 593, and 160 years before Christ.



P E R S O N S.

PROLOGUE,  
DEMEA,  
MICIO,  
ÆSCHINUS,  
CTESIPHO,  
HEGIO,  
SANNIO,  
SYRUS,  
GETA,  
DROMO,  
PARMENO, other Servants, &c.

SOSTRATA,  
CANTHARA,  
MUSICK-GIRL, and other Mutes.

SCENE, ATHENS.

# P R O L O G U E.

**T**H E Bard perceiving his piece cavill'd at  
 By partial criticks, 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, called *COMMORIENTES*.  
 In the beginning of the Græcian play  
 There is a youth, who rends 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

\* *Synapothnescontes*.] A Greek word [*Συναποθνησκοντες*] signifying *dying together*. Varro somewhere declares that Plautus was not the author of the comedy, called *Commorientes*, a Latin word of the like import : but he certainly speaks of some other play which bore the same title, or the opinions of men must have differed in his days concerning this matter ; some giving it to Plautus, others to Aquilius. Terence however, in my opinion, is an authority

most to be depended upon. The play of Plautus is lost. DACIER.

† *Diphilus*.] Diphilus, as well as Philemon, was a comick poet, cotemporary of Menander.

‡ *If this be theft, &c.*] Nothing can set the Greek poets in a more exalted light, than to see them, even from the earliest days of the Romans, not only so eagerly read, but so attentively and so carefully translated, that the Latin authors seldom

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 counsel, ever  
 Have render'd you the dearest services,  
 And ever born their faculties so meekly.

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

dom or ever attempted any  
 thing of their own: Donatus,  
 in his preface to this comedy,  
 says of TERENCE, *minus existi-*  
*mans laudis proprias scribere,*  
*quam Græca transferre,*--“think-  
 “ing it less praise to invent  
 “new plays, than to translate  
 “Greek ones.” S.

\* *Certain noble persons.*] Sci-  
 pio, Lælius, & Furius Publius.  
 DONATUS.

See the notes to the au-  
 thor's life.

† *In war, peace, &c.*] In  
 war signifies Scipio; in peace,  
 Furius Publius; in counsel,  
 Lælius. DONATUS.

T H E  
B R O T H E R S.

---

A C T I. S C E N E I.

M I C I O.

**H**O, Storax! \*—No reply?—Then Æschinus  
Never return'd, it seems, last night from supper;  
Nor any of the slaves, who went to meet him. †  
—'Tis commonly,---and oh how truly!---said,  
If you are absent, or delay, 'twere best  
That should befall you, which your wife declares,  
Or which in anger she supposes of you,  
Than that which kindest parents fear.---Your wife,  
If you delay, suspects that you're engag'd  
In some intrigue, debauch, or entertainment;  
Consulting your own happiness abroad,  
While she, poor soul! is left to pine at home,  
—But what a world of fears possess me now!

\* *Ho, Storax!*] *Storax! non rediit hac nocte a cœnâ Æschinus.* Some consider Micio as asking a question in these words, but they are mistaken. He calls Storax; and finding he does not answer, concludes that neither Æschinus, nor any of his

servants, are come home. DONATUS.

† *Who went to meet him.*] *Qui adversum ierant.* The servants, who went to meet their masters, and defend them home, were called *Adversitores*. DONATUS.

How many ills I figure to myself,  
As causes that my son is not return'd!  
Left he have taken cold, or had a fall,  
Or broke a limb!--Good Heavens! that a man  
Shou'd doat so much, or 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 past 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 controul'd by me,  
Giving him scope to act as of himself;  
So that the pranks of youth, which other children  
Hide from their fathers, I have us'd my son  
Not to conceal from me. For whosoe'er  
Hath won upon himself to play the false one,  
And practise 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 our's?  
 “ Why does he wench? 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

\* *And 'tis in my opinion, &c.*] in his *Humour*, where they are  
 These sentiments are adopted by put into the mouth of old  
 Ben Jonson in his *Every Man Knowell*.

There is a way of winning more by love,  
 And urging of the modesty, than fear:  
 Force works on servile natures, not the free.  
 He that's compell'd to goodness may be good;  
 But 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn  
 By softness and example, get a habit.  
 Then if they stray, but warn them; and the same  
 They shou'd for virtue have done, they'll do for shame.

14 THE BROTHERS.

To his own 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.\*

S C E N E II.

*Enter D E M E A.*

*Micio.* Demea, I'm glad to see you well.

*Demea.* Oho!†

Well met: the very man I came to seek.

*Micio.* But you appear uneasy: What's the matter?

\* *Comes to wrangle.*] There are several fine passages in this speech, and good observations on human life; yet it is too long a soliloquy. COOKE.

† *Oho! well met.*] The Poet has in this place improved on Menander, in representing Demea as more ready to wrangle with his brother, than to return his compliments. DONATUS.

*Demea.*

*Demea.* Uneasy? well I may.---The matter, say you?  
What can the matter be but Æschinus?

*Micio.* I said it wou'd be so.---What has he done?

*Demea.* What has he done! a wretch whom neither  
fear,

Nor modesty, nor any law can bind!  
For not to speak of all his former pranks,  
What has he been about but even now?

*Micio.* What has he done?

*Demea.* Burst open doors, and made \*  
His way by force into another's house;  
Half-kill'd the master and his family,  
And carried off a wench whom he was fond of.  
All Athens cries out shame upon him for it.  
I have been told of it a hundred times  
Since my arrival. 'Tis the town-talk, Micio.  
† 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.

\* *Burst open doors, &c.*] The character and passion of Demea is finely marked in the account which he gives of the riot; in which he dwells on every minute particular, endeavouring to multiply and exaggerate the offences of Æschinus, and concealing every

palliating circumstance. DONATUS.

† *And if we needs must draw comparisons.*] There is much humour in this passage, when it appears that the son so much commended is the most in fault. DONATUS.

You



You are his ruin, Micio.

*Micio.* How unjust

Is he, who wants experience! who believes  
Nothing is right, but what he does himself!

*Demea.* Why d'ye say that?

*Micio.* Because you, Demea,  
Misjudge these matters. 'Tis no heinous crime  
For a young man to wench, 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.

*Demea.* Oh Jupiter! the man will drive me mad.  
No heinous crime, d'ye say, for a young man  
To take these courses?

*Micio.* 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

The burden.\* Does he treat? or drink? or drefs?  
 'Tis at my coft.—Or wench? I will fupply him,  
 While 'tis convenient to me; when 'tis not,  
 † His miftreffes perhaps will fhut him out.

\* *Does he treat? or drink?*  
 &c.] The mild character of Micio is contrafted by Tully to that of a furibus, fevere father, as drawn by the famous comick poet Cæcilius. Both writers are quoted in the oration for Cælius, in the compofition of which it is plain that the orator kept his eye pretty constantly on our poet.—The paffages from Cæcilius contain all that vehemence and feverity, which, as Horace tells us, was accounted the common character of the ftile of that author.

*Nunc demum mihi animus ardet,  
 nunc meum cor cumulatur irâ.*

—O infelix, O scelus!—

*Egone quid dicam? egone quid  
 velim? quæ tu omnia tuis fœdis  
 factis facis, ut nequidquam ve-  
 lim.*

*Cur te in iftam vicinitatem me-  
 retriciam contulifti? cur illecebris  
 cognitæ non refugifti? cur alienam  
 ullam mulierem nofti? dide ac  
 diffice, per me licebit. Si egebis,  
 tibi dolebit: mihi fat eft, qui  
 ætatis quod reliquum eft, oblectem  
 meæ.*

Now my foul burns, now my heart swells with anger.

————— Oh wretch, oh monster! —————

What can I fay? what can I wifh? when you  
 By your vile deeds make all my wifhes vain?  
 Why did you go into that neighbourhood?  
 Why, knowing her allurements, not avoid them?  
 And why maintain an intercourfe fo vile?  
 — Spend, fquander, diffipate, I give you leave.  
 If want o'ertakes you, you alone will feel it:  
 For my remains of life I've yet enough.

† *His miftreffes perhaps will  
 fhut him out.] Fortaffe excludetur  
 foras. I once understood this  
 paffage thus: perhaps I may turn  
 him out of doors: but on further  
 confideration I think the fenfe  
 which I have followed more  
 agreeable to the character of*

Micio. The fondnefs he ex-  
 preffes in this fentiment is very  
 remarkable: he does not ab-  
 folutely fay, *Æfchinus's mif-  
 treffes will turn him out of  
 doors, excludetur foras*, but *for-  
 taffe excludetur foras*, PERHAPS  
 they MAY turn him out of doors.

—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,  
Have done, or chuse some arbiter between us :  
I'll prove that you are more in fault than I.

*Demea.* Ah, learn to be a father; learn from those,  
Who know what 'tis to be indeed a parent!

*Micio.* By nature you're his father, I by counsel.

*Demea.* You! do you counsel any thing?

*Micio.* Nay, nay;

If you persist, I'm gone.

*Demea.* Is't thus you treat me?

*Micio.* Must I be plagued with the same thing so often?

*Demea.* It touches me.

*Micio.* 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.

*Demea.* Ah, *Micio*!

*Micio.* So it seems to me.

*Demea.* Well, well;

Let him, if 'tis your pleasure, waste, destroy,

He is so extremely partial to his adopted son, that he thinks his mistresses would certainly care for him, even though he made them no presents. This expression *fortasse* has an admirable effect, as was observed by Donatus. DACIER.

And

And squander ; it is no concern of mine.  
If henceforth I e'er say one word——

*Micio.* Again ?

Angry again, good Demea ?

*Demea.* You may trust me.

Do I demand him back again I gave you ?

—It hurts me. I am not 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 aught worse of him at present. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E III.

M I C I O *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 ;

\* *Micio alone.* ] Terence seems inclined to favour the part of mild fathers. He represents Micio as affected at his son's irregularities ; lest, if he should appear wholly unmoved, he might seem to corrupt his son, rather than to treat him with a proper indulgence. Wherefore, through all his moderation, he still betrays a fatherly emotion. DONATUS.

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 wench is there but he is her gallant?  
 Or tempts her with some gift?---But lately too  
 (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.

\* *He told me he propos'd to take a wife.*] The art of Terence in preparing his incidents is wonderful. He contrives that even ignorant persons shall open the plot: as in the present instance, which gives us to understand

that Æschinus had mentioned to Micio his intentions of taking a wife, though he had not entered into particulars. This naturally leads us to the ensuing part of the fable, without forestalling any of the circumstances. DON.



ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter ÆSCHINUS, SANNIO, PARMENO,  
the Mufick Girl, and a Croud of People.*

*San.* **H**ELP, help, dear countrymen, for heaven's  
fake!

Assist a miserable harmless man!

Help the distressed!

*Æsch. 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 upon you.

*San.* Ay, but I will, in spite of all the world.

*Æsch.* Rogue as he is, he'll scarce do any thing  
To make me cudgel him again to day.

*San.* One word, Sir Æschinus! that you may not  
Pretend to ignorance of my profession;  
I'm a Procurer. \*

\* *I'm a Procurer.]* He says this to Æschinus to intimidate him, alluding to the privileges allowed to the Procurers at Athens, on account of the profit accruing to the republick from their traffick in slaves. It was forbid to abuse them, on pain of dif-

inheritance. Hence in Lucian a young man complaining of being disinherited by his father, says, τι; πορνικοσσοκος υβριςκι; " what slave-merchant accuses me of having mal-treated him?" DACIER.

*Æsch.* True.

*San.* And in my way  
Of as good faith as any man alive,  
Hereafter, to absolve yourself, you'll cry,  
That you repent of having wrong'd 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.

*Æsch. to Par.]* Do you go forwards, Parmeno, and  
throw

The door wide open.

*San.* That sha'n't signify.

*Æsch. to Parmeno.]* Now in with her !

*San. stepping between.]* I'll not allow it.

*Æsch. to Parmeno.]* Here !

Come hither, Parmeno !---you're too far off.---  
Stand close to that Pimp'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.

*San.* Ay, if he dare.

*Æsch.*

*Æsch. to Par.]* Now mind!---[*to Sannio.]* Let go the girl! [*Sannio still struggling with the Girl, Æschinus winks, and Parmeno strikes Sannio.*]

*San.* Oh monstrous!

*Æsch.* He shall double it, unless

You mend your manners.

[*Parmeno strikes Sannio again.*]

*San.* Help, help: murder, murder!

*Æsch. to Parmeno.]* I did not wink: but you had better err

That way than t'other. Now go in with her.

[*Parmeno leads the Girl into Micio's House.*]

*San.* How's this?----Do you reign King here, Æschinus?

*Æsch.* Did I reign King, you should be recompens'd According to your virtues, I assure you.

*San.* What business have you with me?

*Æsch.* None.

*San.* D'ye know\*

Who I am, Æschinus?

*Æsch.* Nor want to know.

*San.* Have I touch'd aught of your's, Sir?

*Æsch.* If you had,

You should have suffer'd for't.

\* *D'ye know who I am?*] *Nostin' qui sim?* A law term, signifying, "Do I owe you any thing?" DONATUS.



*San.* What greater right  
Have you to take away my slave, for whom  
I paid my money? answer me!

*Æsch.* '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.

*San.* How, a freeman lash'd!

*Æsch.* Ev'n so.

*San.* O monstrous tyranny! Is this,  
Is this the liberty they boast of here,  
Common to all?

*Æsch.* If you have brawl'd enough,  
Please to indulge me with one word, you Pimp.

*San.* Who has brawl'd most, yourself, or I?

*Æsch.* Well! well!

No more of that, but to the point!

*San.* What point?

What wou'd you have?

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

*San.* Willingly:

Speak but in justice.

*Æsch.* Excellent! a Pimp,  
And talks of justice!

*San.*

*San.* Well, I am a Pimp; \*  
The common bane of youth, a perjurer,  
A publick nuisance, I confes it: yet  
I never did You wrong.

*Æsch.* No, that's to come.

*San.* Prithee return to whence you first set out, Sir!

*Æsch.* You, plague upon you for it! bought the  
girl

For twenty Minæ; which sum we will give you.

*San.* What if I do not chuse to sell the girl?  
Will you oblige me?

\* *A Pimp, the common bane,* whom this part of the fable  
[*Æc.*] This seems to be a trans- was taken.  
lation from Diphilus, from

Ουκ εστιν υδερ τεχνιον εξωλεσερον  
Τη πορνοδοσκια.

No calling is more baneful and pernicious,  
Than that of a procurer.

WESTERHOVIUS.

The Procurer was a common racter was never so finely  
character in the comedy of the painted in any of their works,  
antients; but if we may pro- as in the following lines of  
nounce from their remains, we Shakespeare.  
may venture to say that the cha-

Fie, firrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!  
The evil that thou caus'est to be done,  
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think,  
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back  
From such a filthy vice? Say to thyself,  
From their abominable and beastly touches  
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.  
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
So stinkingly depending! Go mend, mend.

*Measure for Measure.*

*Æsch.*

*Æsch.* No.

*San.* I fear'd you would.

*Æsch.* 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, Pimp, till I come back again. [*Exit.*†]

## S C E N E II.

S A N N I O *alone.*

Oh 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 Mufick-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.

\* *By due course of law I claim her.*] *Ego liberali illam affero causa manu.* Law terms. The defenders of the liberty of another were called *Affertores*, and the suit commenced on that account called *Liberalis causa*, an action of freedom. DONATUS.

† *Exit.*] I do not remember, in the whole circle of modern comedy, a more natural picture of the elegant ease and indifference of a fine gentleman, than that exhibited in this scene in the character of *Æschinus*.

But

But this I guefs will be the cafe : as foon  
 As I fhall have agreed to take his price,  
 He'll produce witneffes immediately  
 To prove that I have fold her.---And the money  
 Will be mere moon-fhine.----“ By and by.”----“ To-  
 morrow.”

—Yet I could bear that too, tho' much wrong,  
 Might I but get the money after all :  
 For thus it is, friend Sannio; when a man  
 Has taken up this trade, he muft receive,  
 And pocket the affronts of young gallants.  
 —But nobody will pay me, and I draw  
 Conclufions to no purpofe.

S C E N E III.

*Enter SYRUS.*

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

Why how now, Sannio ?  
 What's the difpute I overheard juft now  
 'Twixt you and my young mafter ?

*San.* Never fure  
 Was a difpute conducted more unfairly,  
 Than that between us two to-day! Poor I

With

With being drubb'd, and he with drubbing me,  
 'Till we were both quite weary.

*Syrus.* All your fault.

*San.* What could I do ?

*Syrus.* Give a young man his way.

*San.* What could I give him more, who gave my face ?

*Syrus.* Nay, but conceive 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 ?

*San.* I never purchase hope with ready money.

*Syrus.* Away ! you'll never thrive. You do not know  
 How to ensnare men, Sannio.

*San.* 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.

*Syrus.* 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.*

*San.* Ha ! [*alarmed.*

*Syrus.*— And have purchas'd 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.

*San.* I shall not budge a foot.---Undone, by heav'n!  
Urg'd by these hopes they've undertaken this. [*aside.*

*Syrus.* He fears. I hinted Cyprus. There's the rub.  
[*aside.*

*San. 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:

*Syrus, coming up to him.]* ‡ Well, have you cal-  
culated what's your due?

\* *Nick'd me to a hair.]* In  
*ipso articulo oppressit.* Literally,  
“ hit me in the very  
“ joint.”

† *At Cyprus-fair.]* The mer-  
chants used to buy up slaves in  
all parts of Greece, to sell them  
at Cyprus, where a celebrated  
fair was kept for that purpose.  
DACIER.

‡ *Well, have you calculated  
what's your due?] Jamne enu-*

*merâsti id, quod ad te rediturum  
putes?* I have translated these  
words according to the inter-  
pretation of Donatus. Madam  
Dacier puts another sense upon  
them, and thinks they rather  
mean Sannio's calculation of his  
profits at Cyprus. The subse-  
quent conversation between  
Syrus and Sannio inclined me  
rather to adopt the former opi-  
nion.

*San.*

*San.* Monstrous oppression! Is this honourable,  
Or just in Æschinus, to take away  
My property by force?

*Syrus.* 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.

*San.* 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 no where.

*Syrus.* Just as you please.---Have you aught else  
to say,  
Before I go?

*San.* 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.

\* *Scrape together by some means Ten Minæ.*] Syrus knew very well that Æschinus was ready to pay the whole, but offers Sannio half, that he might be glad to take his bare principal, and think himself well off into the bargain. DONATUS.

*Syrus.*

*Syrus.* I'll do my best. But I see Ctesipho.  
He is rejoic'd about his mistress.

*San.* Say,

Will you remember me?

*Syrus.* Hold, hold a little!

[*Syrus and Sannio retire.*]

S C E N E 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;  
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 blest,  
That none can boast so excellent a brother,  
So rich in all good qualities, as I.

*Syrus coming forward.*] O Ctesipho!

*Ctes. turning round.*] O Syrus! where's my brother?

*Syrus.* At home, where he expects you.

*Ctes.* Ha! [*joyfully.*]

*Syrus.* What now?

*Ctes.* What now!---By his assistance I live, Syrus.

Ah,



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.*

*Syrus.* Hold! 'tis Æschinus.

S C E N E V.

*Enter ÆSCHINUS.*

*Æsch.* Where is that rascal?\*

*San. behind.*] He enquires for Me,  
 Has he brought out the cash with him?---Confusion!  
 I see none.

*Æsch. to Ctesipho.*] Ha! well met: I long'd to see  
 you.

How is it, Ctesipho? All's safe. Away  
 With melancholy!

*Ctes.* Melancholy! I

\* *Æsch. Where is that rascal?*  
*San. He enquires for me.*] The  
 character of Sannio is well  
 sustained. He immediately  
 takes to himself the infamous  
 name of rascal, and acknow-  
 ledges it with joy, thinking he

is enquired after, in order to  
 be paid; and droops after-  
 wards, not on account of hard  
 words and ill usage, but only  
 for fear he should not get his  
 money. DONATUS.

Be melancholy, who have such a brother ?

Oh 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.

*Æsch.* 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.

*Æsch.* 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.

*Æsch.* Well, what says *Sannio* ?

*Syrus.* He's pacified at last.

*Æsch.* I'll to the Forum,

And pay him off.---You *Ctesipho*, go in

To the poor girl.

\* *Almost fly your country.*] In *Menander* the young man was on the point of killing himself. *Terence* has softened this circumstance. *DONATUS.*

We know that the circumstance of carrying off the *Musick-Girl* was borrowed from

*Diphilus*: yet, it is plain from *Donatus*, that there was also an intrigue of *Ctesipho* in the play of *Menander*: which gives another proof of the manner in which *Terence* used the Greek comedies.

*San.* Now urge the matter, Syrus! [*apart to Syrus.*]

*Syrus.* Let's go; for Sannio wants to be at Cyprus.\*

*San.* Not in such haste; tho' truly I've no cause  
To loiter here.

*Syrus.* You shall be paid: ne'er fear!

*San.* But all?

*Syrus.* Yes, all: so hold your tongue, and follow.

*San.* I will. [*Exit after Æschinus---Syrus going.*]

*Ctes.* Hift! hark ye, Syrus!

*Syrus, 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 for ever.

*Syrus.* It sha'n't 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.*]

\* *Sannio wants to be at Cyprus.]* A piece of arch malice in Syrus,  
in order to teaze Sannio. DONATUS.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S O S T R A T A, C A N T H A R A.

*Sof.* P R I T H E E, good nurse, how will it go  
with her?

*Can.* How go with her? Why well, I warrant you.

*Sof.* Her pains begin to come upon her, nurse.

*Can.* You're as much frighten'd at your time of day,  
As if you ne'er were present at a labour,  
Or never had been brought to-bed yourself.

*Sof.* Alas, I've no foul here: we're all alone.  
Geta is absent; nor is there a creature  
To fetch a midwife, or call Æschinus.

*Can.* 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.

*Sof.* He is my only comfort in my sorrows.

*Can.* Troth, as the case stands, madam, circumstances  
Could not have happen'd better than they have:  
And since your daughter suffer'd violence,  
'Twas well she met with such a man as this;  
A man of honour, rank, and family.

*Sof.* He is, indeed, a worthy gentleman:  
The Gods preserve him to us!

## S C E N E II.

*Enter GET A hastily at another part of the Stage.*

*Geta.* 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  
Wou'd not avail.---Ah me! so many troubles  
Environ us at once, we sink beneath them.  
Rape, poverty, oppression, solitude,  
And infamy! oh, what an age is this!  
O wicked, oh vile race!---oh impious man!

*Sof. to Canthara.]* Ah, why should Geta seem thus  
terrified,

And agitated?

*Geta, to himself.]* Wretch! whom neither honour,  
Nor oaths, nor pity could controul or move!  
Nor her approaching labour; her, on whom  
He shamefully committed violation!

*Sof.* I don't well understand him.

*Can.* Prithee then

Let us draw nearer, Softrata!

*Geta, to himself.]* Alas,  
I'm scarcely in my perfect mind, I burn

With

With 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 tread out the stinking snuff 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  
Headforemost down some precipice.---The rest  
I'd rush on, drag, crush, trample underfoot.

But why do I delay to tell my mistress  
These heavy news as soon as possible? [going.]

*Sof.* Let's call him back.---Ho, Geta!

*Geta.* Whoso'er

You are, excuse me.\*

*Sof.* I am Softrata.

*Geta.* Where, where is Softrata? [turns about.] I  
fought you, Madam;

Impatiently I fought you: and am glad  
To have encounter'd you thus readily.

\* *Whoso'er you are, excuse me.*] and designedly keep them in  
*Geta's* reply is founded on a chat, so that they might belash-  
frolicksome, but ill-natured cus- ed when they came home, for  
tom, which prevailed in Greece; staving out so long. DACIER.  
to stop the slaves in the streets,

*Sof.* What is the matter? why d'ye tremble thus?

*Geta.* Alas!

*Sof.* Take breath!--But why thus mov'd, good Geta?

*Geta.* We're quite——

*Sof.* Quite what?

*Geta.* Undone: We're ruin'd, Madam.

*Sof.* Explain, for heaven's sake!

*Geta.* Ev'n now——

*Sof.* What now?

*Geta.* Æschinus——

*Sof.* What of Æschinus?

*Geta.* Has quite

Estrang'd himself from all our family.

*Sof.* How's that? confusion! why?

*Geta.* He loves another.

*Sof.* Wretch that I am!

*Geta.* Nor that clandestinely;

But snatch'd her in the face of all the world

From a procurer.

*Sof.* Are you sure of this?

*Geta.* Sure? With these very eyes I saw it, Madam,

*Sof.* Alas, alas! What then can we believe?

To whom give credit?---What? our Æschinus!\*

\* *What? our Æschinus?*  
[&c.] *Nostrumne Æschinum?* &c.  
There is something extremely touching in' this manner of speaking. Shakespeare, whose works contain examples of every

species of beauty in poetry, affords us a very elegant instance of this irregular manner, which, addressing itself to the passions, affects us more sensibly than set forms of speech. The turn of  
of

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!

*Geta.* Nay, weep not, mistress; but consider rather

of phrase, in which Desdemona which Sostrata here speaks of  
 pleads for Cassio, is a good Æschinus.  
 deal similar to the way in

— — — — — What? Michael Cassio?—  
 That came a wooing with you, and many a time,  
 When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
 Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do  
 To bring him in! OTHELLO.

\* *Upon his father's lap.*] The ninth Iliad says that his father  
 Grecians, as soon as they had loaded him with curses, and in-  
 a child born, immediately put voked the Furies, conjuring  
 it on the grandfather's knee if them that no child of his son  
 he were living. Phoenix in the might be placed on his knees.

———— Πατηρ δ' εμος, αυτη οισθεις,  
 Πολλα κατηρατο, ευγερας δ' επεκελετ' Ερινους,  
 Μη ποτε γνασιν οισιν εφεσσεσθαι Φιλον υιον  
 Εξ εμεθεν γεγαωτα. Iliad, l. ix. v. 453.

Mr. Pope's translation not hav- liberty has been taken, of add-  
 ing preserved that idea, the ing two lines.

*My fire with curses loads my hated head,  
 And cries, "Ye Furies! barren be his bed."*  
 Never, dread sisters, never may I see  
 A child, his offspring, plac'd upon my knee!  
 See Pope's Iliad, b. 9. v. 582.

This custom did not prevail translated his play from the  
 among the Romans: our au- Greek, judiciously preserves that  
 thor, notwithstanding, as he usage. DACIER.



What course were best to follow: to conceal  
This wrong, or to disclose it to some friend?

*Can.* Disclose it! Are you mad? Is this a thing  
To be disclos'd, d'ye think?

*Geta.* I'd not advise it.

For first, that he has quite abandon'd 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.

*Sof.* Ah, no: not I.

*Geta.* What mean you?

*Sof.* To disclose the whole.

*Geta.* How, Madam!

Think what you are about.

*Sof.* Whatever happens,  
The thing can't be in a worse state than now.  
In the first place my daughter has no portion,  
And that which should have been her second dowry,  
Is also lost; and she can ne'er be giv'n  
In marriage as a virgin. For the rest,  
If he denies his former commerce with 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

And that no fordid love of gain, nor aught,  
Unworthy of my daughter or myself,  
Has mixt in this affair, I'll try it, Geta.

*Geta.* Well, I agree, 'twere better to disclose it.\*

\* *Well, I agree 'twere better to disclose it.*] *Accedo, ut melius dicas.* Nothing can be plainer than these words: Yet they have been the occasion of great perplexity to commentators and translators. Madam Dacier gives them a sense directly opposite to that which I have followed. *Ab, qu'allez vous faire? je vous en prie changez de sentiment.* Echard, who keeps his eye more constantly on the French translation than on the original, says, much to the same purpose. *D'ye think so? Pray think on't again.* Cooke has it, *How? let me advise you to think better of it.* Wellerhovius supposes Softrata to have appeared angry with Geta, and therefore explains *ut melius dicas* to signify *ut bona verba loquaris*—that you may speak mildly. Patrick justly thinking that this is too strained, and no satisfying answer to Softrata; and, from what follows, seeing the necessity of explaining Geta's answer, so as to make it imply an assent, supposes an elleipsis, and supplies it thus. *Accedo tibi, ut qui melius dicas.*—I submit to you, as you seem to speak with

more justice. All these interpretations are founded on the supposition that *melius* is the accusative governed by *dicas*. I have no doubt but that *melius* is here used adverbially, which will lead us to this easy construction, *Accedo, melius ut dicas*;—I agree, that you may better tell it; implying Geta's coming into her opinion on the point in dispute. The remark of Donatus on this passage, *ut consentiam, velut qui melius possim dicere*, is certainly corrupted; but if we read, as we are told it stands in some copies, *veluti melius potens sis dicere*, it will give the same sense that I have followed. Eugraphius in his long note on the words *Hera, lacrumas mitte!* weep not, mistress! plainly understands them in this manner. But, as a greater authority than all commentators, I shall appeal to Terence himself; and submit the whole context, as it stands in the original, to the judgment of the learned.—These verbal criticisms are dry and unpleasant both to the writer and reader. I very frequently avoid them: but in a controverted passage, where

*Sof.* You then away, as fast as possible,  
 And run to Hegio our good friend and kinsman,  
 To let kim know the whole affair : for He  
 Was the chief friend of my dear Simulus,  
 And ever shew'd much tenderneſs for Us.

*Geta.* And well he does, for no one elſe regards us.

*Sof.* And you, good Canthara, away with haſte,

where the ſenſe is materially dolence or arrogance not to  
 concerned, it would ſeem in- ſubmit to them.

G. Hera, lacrimas mitte, ac potius, quod ad hanc rem opu', porro  
 proſpice.

*Patiamurne*, an *narremus* cuiquam? C. au, au mi homo fanun' es?  
 An hoc *proferendum* tibi uſquam eſſe videtur? G. mihi quidem  
 non placet.

Jam primum, illum alieno animo à nobis eſſe, res ipſa indicat.  
 Nunc ſi hoc *palam proferimus*, ille inficias ibit, ſat ſcio;  
 Tua fama, & gnatæ vita in dubium veniet. tum ſi maxime  
 Fateatur, cum amet aliam, non eſt utile hanc illi dari.

Quapropter, quoquo pacto *tacito* eſt opus. S. ah, minime  
 gentium :

Non faciam. G. quid ages? S. *proferam*. G. hem, mea Soſtrata,  
 vide quam rem agas.

S. Pejore res loco non potis eſſe, quam in hoc, quo nunc  
 ſita eſt.

Primum indotata eſt: tum præterea, quæ ſecunda ei dos erat,  
 Periiit: pro virgine dari nuptum non poteſt: hoc reſtatum eſt,  
 Si inficias ibit, teſtis mecum eſt annulus, quem amiſerat.

Postremo, quando ego conſcia mi ſum, à me culpam hanc procul  
 eſſe, nec

Preſtium, neque rem ullam interceſſe illa aut me indignam; *ex-*  
*periar*, Geta.

G. Quid iſtic? accedo, ut melius *dicas*. S. tu, quantum poteſt,  
 abi, &c.

And

And call a midwife ; that we may be sure  
Of her assistance in the time of need.

*[Exeunt severally.]*

## S C E N E III.

## D E M E A.

*Dem.* 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 enquire for him ? I warrant  
They have decoy'd him into some vile brothel.  
That profligate persuaded him, I'm sure.  
—But here comes Syrus.—I shall know from him  
What is become of Ctesipho.—And yet  
This rascal's of the gang ; and if he once  
Perceives that I'm enquiring after him,  
He'll never tell, a villain !---I'll take care  
To cover my design.

S C E N E

## SCENE IV.

*Enter SYRUS at another part of the Stage.*

*Syrus, 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.

*Dem.* Oh heav'n,

The folly of the man! *[listening.*

*Syrus, to himself.]* He prais'd his son;  
Me, who concerted the whole scheme, he thank'd.

*Dem.* I burst with rage. *[listening.*

*Syrus, 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.

*Dem.* So! If you'd have your business well discharg'd,  
Commit it to this fellow!

*Syrus, overhearing.]* Who's there? Demea!  
I did not see you, Sir. How goes it?

*Dem.* How?

I can't sufficiently admire your conduct.

*Syrus, negligently.]* Silly enough, to say the truth,  
and idle---

*To servants within.]* Here! hark ye, Dromo! see you  
gut and scale

The

The other fish immediately : But let  
That large eel play a little in the water.  
When I return it shall be bon'd ; till then  
It must not be.

*Dem.* Are crimes like these——

*Syrus, 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!

*Dem.* 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 lift himself a soldier.

*Syrus.* O Demea! That is to be wise: To see  
Not that alone which lies before your feet,  
But ev'n to pry into futurity.

*Dem.* What? is the Mufick-Girl at your house?

*Syrus.* Ay,

Madam's within.

*Dem.* What! and is Æschinus  
To keep her at home with him?

*Syrus.* I believe so;  
Such is their madness.

*Dem.* Is it possible?

*Syrus.* A fond, and foolish father!

*Dem.* I'm ashamed  
To own my brother. I'm griev'd for him.

*Syrus.* Ah!

Thre

There is a deal of difference, 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  
 Your boy to do such things?

*Dem.* Permit him? I?

Or should I not much rather smell him out  
 Six months before he did but dream of it?

*Syrus.* Pshaw! do you boast your vigilance to *Me*?

*Dem.* Heav'n keep him ever, as he is at present!

*Syrus.* As fathers form their children, so they prove.

*Dem.* But, prithee, have you seen the lad to-day?

*[with an affected carelessness.]*

*Syrus.* Your son, d'ye mean?---I'll drive him out of  
 town. *[aside.]*

He's hard at work upon your grounds by this time.

*[to Demea.]*

*Dem.* Ay? Are you sure he's gone into the country?

*Syrus.* Sure? I set out with him myself.

*Dem.* Good! good!

I was afraid he loiter'd here. *[aside.]*

*Syrus.* And much

Enrag'd, I promise you.

*Dem.* On what account?

*Syrus.* A quarrel with his brother at the Forum,  
 About the Mufick-Girl.

*Dem.*

*Dem.* Indeed?

*Syrus.* Ay, 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,---“ Oh Æschinus, are these your courses?

“ These your pursuits? enormities like these?

“ Oh shame! oh scandal to our family!”

*Dem.* Oh, oh, I weep for joy.

*Syrus.* —“ You squander not

“ The money only, but your life, your honour.”

*Dem.* Heav'n blefs him! He is like his ancestors.

[weeping.]

*Syrus.* Father's own son, I warrant him.

*Dem.* Oh, Syrus!

He's full of all those precepts, He!

*Syrus.* No doubt on't:

He need not go from home for good instruction.

*Dem.* If 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.”

*Syrus.* Good!

*Dem.* “ Fly that.”

*Syrus.* Very good!

*Dem.* “ This deed



“ Is highly commendable.”

*Syrus.* That’s the thing !

*Dem.* “ That’s reprehensible.”

*Syrus.* Most excellent !

*Dem.* “ And then moreover——”

*Syrus.* 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 offence as grievous, Demea,

In Us, as ’twere in You to leave undone

The things you just now mention’d: 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,

As in a mirror, Demea, and thence learn

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 ?

*Dem.* Your reformation.

*Syrus.* Do you go hence into the country ?

*Dem.* Straight.

*Syrus.*

*Syrus.* For what should you do here, where nobody,  
However good your precepts, cares to mind them?

[*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

DEMEA *alone.*

I then will hence, since he, on whose account  
I hither came, is 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 antient 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.

\* *Hegio, of our tribe.*] We are told that the Athenians were divided into tribes, but writers are not agreed as to their number. Some say twelve, in imitation of the Jewish tribes: but what connection was there between the Athenians and Jews?

It is probable that this number was derived from the twelve months of the year: for we find that there were also in every tribe thirty subdivisions, alluding to the number of days in a month. PATRICK.

I'll wait, that I may ask about his health,  
And have a little conversation with him.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter HEGIO and GETA conversing at a distance.*

*Hegio.* Good heav'n! a most unworthy action, Geta!  
Can it be true?

*Geta.* Ev'n so.

*Hegio.* A deed so base  
Sprung from that family?---Oh Æschinus,  
This was not acting like your father.

*Demea, behind.]* So!

He has just heard about this Musick-Girl,  
And is affected at it, tho' a stranger,  
While his good father truly thinks it nothing.  
Oh monstrous! wou'd that he were somewhere nigh,  
And heard all this!

*Hegio.* Unless they do you justice,  
They shall not carry off the matter thus.

*Geta.* Our only hope is in You, Hegio.  
You're our sole friend, our guardian, and our father.  
On his death-bed, the good old Simulus  
Bequeath'd us to your care. If you desert us,  
We are undone indeed.

*Hegio.* Ah, name it not!

I will

I will not, and, with honesty, I cannot.

*Dem.* I will accost him.---Save you, Hegio!

*Hegio.* The man I look'd for.---Save you, Demea!

*Dem.* Your pleasure?

*Hegio.* Æschinus, your elder son,  
Your brother's by adoption, has committed  
A deed unworthy of an honest man,  
And of a gentleman.

*Dem.* How so?

*Hegio.* You knew  
Our friend and good acquaintance, Simulus?

*Dem.* Ay, sure.

*Hegio.* He has debauch'd his daughter.

*Dem.* How!

*Hegio.* Hold, Demea; for the worst is still to come.

*Dem.* Is there aught worse?

*Hegio.* Much worse: for this perhaps  
Might be excus'd. The night, love, wine, and  
youth  
Might prompt him. 'Tis the frailty of our nature.  
---Soon as his sense returning made him conscious  
Of his rash outrage, of his own accord  
He came to the girl's mother, weeping, praying,  
Intreating, vowing constancy, and swearing  
That he would take her home.---He was forgiven;  
The thing conceal'd; and his vows credited.  
The girl from that encounter prov'd with child:

This is the tenth month.\*---He, good gentleman,  
Has got a Musick-Girl, heav'n blefs the mark!  
With whom he means to live, and quit the other.

*Dem.* And are you well affur'd of this?

*Hegio.* 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.  
Here take him, bind him, force the truth from him.

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

*Dem. aside.]* I'm aham'd: and what  
To do, or what to say to him, I know not.

*Pamphila, within.]* Ah me! I'm torn in pieces!--

Racking pains! †

Juno Lucina, help me! save, I pray thee!

*Hegio.* Ha! Is she then in labour, Geta?

\* *This is the tenth month.]* Lunar months: the common method of computation before Julius Cæsar. WESTERHOVIUS.

† *Ab me! &c.]* This is the second instance in our author of the outcries of a woman in labour: a circumstance not easily to be reconciled to modern no-

tions of decency, though certainly considered as no indecorum in those days. I shall not defend the practice; but cannot help observing, that allowing such an incident, Terence in the present instance makes a most pathetick and oratorical use of it.

*Geta.* Yes, Sir.

*Hegio.* 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?

*Dem.* I'll find out my brother:

What he advises, I will follow, *Hegio.*†

*Hegio.* But still remember, Demea, that the more  
You live at ease; the more your pow'r, your wealth,

\* *He was my kinsman.*] In Menander, *Hegio* was the brother of *Sostrata*. WESTERHOVIUS.

† *What he advises, I will follow, Hegio.*] *Quod mihi de hac re dederit consilium, id sequar.* Madam Dacier rejects this line, because it is also to be found in the *Phormio*. But it is no uncommon thing with our author to use the same expression or verse in different places, especially on

familiar occasions. There is no impropriety in it here, and the foregoing hemistich is rather lame without it. The propriety of consulting *Micio*, or *Demea's* present ill-humour with him, are of no consequence. The old man is surprized at *Hegio's* story, does not know what to do or to say, and means to evade giving a positive answer, by saying that he would consult his brother.

Your riches, and nobility; the more  
It is your duty to act honourably,  
If you regard the name of honest men.

*Dem.* Go to: we'll do you justice.

*Hegio.* 'Twill become you.

Geta, conduct me into Softrata.     [*Exit with Geta.*]

## S C E N E VII.

DEME A *alone.*

This is no more than I foretold: and well  
If his intemperance wou'd 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 on him.     [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E VIII.\*

*Re-enter HEGIO, speaking to Softrata at the Door.*

Be of good cheer, my Softrata; and comfort,  
As much as in your pow'r, poor Pamphila!

\* *Scene VIII.*] Donatus tells us, that in some old copies, this whole scene was wanting. Guyetus therefore entirely rejects it. I have not ventured to take that liberty; but must confess, that it appears to me, if not supposititious, at least cold and superfluous, and the substance of it had better have been supposed to have passed between Hegio and Softrata within.

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.

CTESIPHO, SYRUS.

*Ctes.* MY father gone into the country, say you?

*Syrus.* Long since.

*Ctes.* Nay; speak the truth!

*Syrus.* 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!

*Syrus.* I wish so too; and more, if possible.

*Ctes.* With all my heart: for I wou'd 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

All the day long; and what shall I reply?

*Syrus.* What? can you think of nothing?

*Ctes.* No, not I.

*Syrus.* So much the worse.---Have you no client,  
friend,

Or guest?

*Ctes.* I have. What then?

*Syrus.* You've been engag'd

With them.

*Ctes.* When not engag'd? It cannot be.

*Syrus.* It may.

*Ctes.* Ay marry, for the day I grant you.

But if I pass the night here, what excuse

Then, *Syrus*?

*Syrus.* Ah! I would it were the custom

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?

*Syrus.* He loves

To hear you prais'd. I sing your praises to him,

And make you out a little God.

*Ctes.* Me!

*Syrus.* You.

And then the old man blubbers like a child,

For very joy.---But have a care! [looking out.

*Ctes.*

*Ctes.* What now?

*Syrus.* The wolf i'th' fable!\*

*Ctes.* What, my father?

*Syrus.* He.

*Ctes.* What's the best, *Syrus*?

*Syrus.* In! fly! I'll take care.

*Ctes.* You have not seen me, if he asks: d'ye hear?

*Syrus.* Can't you be quiet? [*pushes out Ctesipho.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter DEMEA at another part of the Stage.*

*Dem.* Verily, I am

A most unhappy man! for first of all,  
I cannot find my brother any where:  
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  
*Ctesipho* was not there. What shall I do?

\* *The wolf in the fable.*] *Lupus in fabula.* A proverb, signifying that the person of whom we are speaking, is at hand.

† *I chanc'd on one of my day-labourers.*] The poet artfully contrives to detain *Demea* in town, his presence being necessary in the subsequent part of the fable. *DONATUS.*

*Ctesipho,*

*Ctesipho, peeping out.*] Syrus!

*Syrus.* What?

*Ctes.* Does he seek me?

*Syrus.* Yes.

*Ctes.* Undone!

*Syrus.* Courage!

*Demea, 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.

*Syrus, behind.*] Ridiculous! he says he knows all first;  
And he alone is ignorant of all.

*Dem.* I'm now return'd to see if Micio  
Be yet come home again.

*Ctes. peeping out.*] Take care, good Syrus,  
He don't rush in upon us unawares!

*Syrus.* 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.

*Syrus.* Well, away! [*Ctesipho disappears.*]  
I'll drive the old man hence, I warrant you.

*Dem. seeing Syrus.*] But see that rascal Syrus coming  
hither!

*Syrus,*

*Syrus, advancing hastily, and pretending not to see*

*Demea.*] By Hercules, there is no living here,  
For any one, at this rate.---P'd fain know  
How many masters I'm to have.---Oh monstrous!

*Dem.* What does he howl for? what's the mean-  
ing on't?

Hark ye, my good Sir! prithee tell me, if  
My brother is at home.

*Syrus.* My good Sir! Plague!

Why do you come with your *Good Sirs* to me?  
I'm half kill'd.

*Dem.* What's the matter?

*Syrus.* What's the matter!

Ctesipho, vengeance on him, fell upon me,  
And cudgel'd me and the poor Mufick-Girl  
Almost to death.

*Dem.* Indeed?

*Syrus.* Indeed. Nay see

How he has cut my lip! [*pretending to shew it.*]

*Dem.* On what account?

*Syrus.* The girl, he says, was bought by my  
advice.

*Dem.* Did not you say you saw him out of town  
A little while ago?

*Syrus.* 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

Who bore him in my arms but t'other day,  
An urchin thus high? *[shewing.*

*Dem.* Oh rare, Ctesipho!

Father's own son! A man, I warrant him.

*Syrus.* Oh rare, d'ye cry? I'faith if he is wise,  
He'll hold his hands another time.

*Dem.* Oh brave!

*Syrus.* 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!

*Dem.* Oh, most exquisite!  
My Ctesipho perceiv'd as well as I,  
That you were the contriver of this business.  
---But is my brother here?

*Syrus.* Not he. *[sulkily.*

*Dem.* I'm thinking  
Where I shall seek him.

*Syrus.* I know where he is:  
But I'll not tell.

*Dem.* How, firrah?

*Syrus.* Even so.

*Dem.* I'll break your head.

*Syrus.* I cannot tell the name  
Of him he's gone to, but I know the place.

*Dem.* Well, where's the place?

*Syrus.* D'ye know the Portico

Just by the market, down this way? [pointing.

Dem. I do.

Syrus. Go straight along that street: and at the end  
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.

Dem. Where? [looking.

Syrus. There; by the great wild fig-tree.  
D'ye know it, Sir?

Dem. I do.

Syrus. Go through that lane.

Dem. That lane's no thoroughfare.

Syrus. Ay, 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?

Dem. Ay.

Syrus. \*When you've pass'd that, turn short upon  
the left.

Keep straight along that street, and when you reach

\* *When you've pass'd that, turn short upon the left, &c.*] It is observed by Theobald in his edition of Shakespeare, that the perplexed direction given by Lancelot seems to be copied from this of Syrus.

“Turn up on your right

“hand at the next turning, but,  
“at the next turning of all, on  
“your left; marry, at the very  
“next turning of no hand, but  
“turn down indirectly to the  
“Jew's house.”

*Merchant of Venice.*

Diana's

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.

*Dem.* What business has he there ?

*Syrus.* He has bespoke  
 Some tables to be made of oaken legs, †  
 To stand the sun.

*Dem.* For you to drink upon.  
 Oh brave !---But I lose time. I'll after him.

[*Exit hastily.*]

### S C E N E III.

S Y R U S *alone.*

Ay! go your ways! I'll work your old shrunk shanks  
 As you deserve, old Drybones!---Æschinus  
 Loiters intolerably. Dinner's spoil'd. †

\* *The city-gate, just by the pond.]* This gives us to understand that Demea would be sent quite to the further part of the town.—The pond also is naturally mentioned, for Varro tells us, that near the gate was always a large pond, to water horses, and supply the inhabitants in case of fire. DONATUS.

† *Tables with oaken legs.]* It was usual with the Grecians to sit and drink in the sun. Syrus

therefore being asked a sudden question, is supposed to have sufficient presence of mind to give this circumstantial answer, that he might the better impose on Demea. DONATUS.

‡ *Dinner's spoil'd.]* The Greeks and the Romans generally had but one repast a day, which was their supper. The dinner here mentioned was therefore an instance of luxury and debauch. DACIER.

Ctesipho



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 leifure lengthen out the day.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter* MICIO, *and* HEGIO.

*Micio.* 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?

*Hegio.* 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 Æschinus,  
 Sprung from his brother and the Musick-Girl.

*Micio.* If you believe I ought, or think it needful,  
 Let's go!

*Hegio.*

*Hegio.* '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.

*Micio.* No, I'll go.

*Hegio.* '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,  
 If you would clear up this affair yourself.

*Micio.* What you have said is just, and very true.

*Hegio.* Let me conduct you in!

*Micio.* With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

\* *For they, whose fortunes, &c.*] lines of Menander. If so, I think our poet has improved on to be built on the following his original.

Προς ἀπάντα δειλος ὁ πεινῆ; ἐς πραγματῖα,  
 Καὶ πάντας αὖτις καταφρονεῖν υπολαμβάνει.  
 Ὁ δὲ μέτριος πρατίων περισκελεζέρον  
 Ἀπάντα τ' ἀνικρα, Λαμπρία, φέρει.

The poor man in all things acts fearfully,  
 Suspecting all despise him. But the man  
 Who's more at ease, with greater constancy  
 Bears up against misfortunes, Lamprias!

## S C E N E 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 so grounded on appearances.  
 Softrata thinks that on my own account  
 I bought the Musick-Girl. That's plain enough  
 From the old nurse. For meeting her by chance,  
 As she was sent from hence to call a midwife,  
 I ran, and ask'd her of my Pamphila.  
 —“ Is she in labour? are you going now  
 “ To call a midwife?”—“ Go, go, Æschinus!  
 “ Away, you have deceiv'd us long enough,  
 “ Fool'd us enough with your fine promises,”  
 Cried she.---“ What now?” says I.---“ Farewel, 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 a tattling gossip,  
 By whom the knowledge on't might be betray'd.

—But

---But what shall I do now? shall I confess  
 The girl to be my brother's; an affair  
 Which should by no means be reveal'd?---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 obtain'd 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;  
 'Tis Æschinus. Come, open somebody  
 The door immediately!---Who's here? A stranger!  
 I'll step aside. [*retires.*]

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter M I C I O.*

*Micio, to Softrata within.]* Do as I've told you,  
 Softrata.

I'll find out Æschinus, and tell him all.

—But who knock'd at the door? [*coming forward.*

*Æsch. behind.*] By heav'n! my father!

• Confusion!

*Micio, seeing him.*] *Æschinus!*

*Æsch.* What does *he* here? [*aside.*

*Micio.* 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?

*Æsch.* Not I, as I remember. [*disorder'd.*

*Micio.* 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.*

*Æsch. recovering.*] But prithee, tell me, Sir,  
What brought *you* here?

*Micio.* No business of my own.

But a friend drew me hither from the Forum,  
To be his advocate.

*Æsch.* In what?

*Micio.* 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.

*Æsch.* Well?

*Micio.* A young woman and her mother.

*Æsch.* Well?

*Micio.* The father's dead.---This friend of mine, it  
seems,

Being her next relation, by the law  
Is forc'd to marry her.\*

*Æsch.* Confusion! [aside.

*Micio.* How?

*Æsch.* Nothing.---Well?---pray go on, Sir!—

*Micio.* He's now come

To take her home, for he is of Miletus.†

*Æsch.* How! take her home with him?

*Micio.* Yes, take her home.

*Æsch.* What! to Miletus?

*Micio.* Ay.

*Æsch.* Oh torture! [aside.]---Well?

What say the women?

*Micio.* Why, what *shou'd* they? Nothing.

Indeed the mother has devis'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

\* *By the law is forc'd to marry wife unto one of the family of the her.] This appears in many instances to have been a law in force with the Athenians, and was probably handed down to them by the Phœnicians, who originally received it from the Jews. And every daughter that possesses an inheritance in any tribe of the children of Israel, shall be* tribe of her father, that the children of Israel may enjoy every man the inheritance of his fathers. Numbers, Chap. xxxvi. v. 8. DACIER.

† *Miletus.] A colony of the Athenians in Pontus. DONATUS.*

Ought not to have her.

*Æsch.* Well? and did not this  
Seem a sufficient reason?

*Micio.* No.

*Æsch.* No, Sir?

And shall this next relation take her off?

*Micio.* Ay, to be sure: why not?

*Æsch.* Oh barbarous, cruel!  
And---to speak plainly, Sir,---ungenerous!

*Micio.* Why so?

*Æsch.* Why 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 born away for ever?---Oh shame, shame!

*Micio.* 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?

*Æsch.* 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,

\* *Who betroth'd, &c.*] These delicate reproof of *Æschinus* questions, which enumerate all for the irregular and clandestine the proofs requisite to a marriage, are an indirect, and very manner in which he had conducted this affair. DONATUS.

And

And to have dwelt on it.

*Micio.* 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?

*Æsch.* Father, beseech you, hear me!

*Micio.* Æschinus,  
I have heard all, and I know all, already:  
For I do love you; wherefore all your actions  
Touch me the more.

*Æsch.* 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 to see you!

*Micio.* I believe it;  
For well I know you have a liberal mind:  
But I'm afraid you are too negligent,  
For in what city do you think you live?  
You have abus'd a virgin, whom the law  
Forbad your touching.---'Twas a fault, a great one;  
But yet a natural failing. Many others,  
Some not bad men, have often done the same.  
—But after this event, can you pretend  
You took the least precaution? or consider'd  
What shou'd be done, or how?---If shame forbad  
Your telling me Yourself, you shou'd have found



Some other means to let me know of it.  
 Lost in these doubts, ten months have slipt away.  
 You have betray'd, as far as in you lay,  
 Yourself, the poor young woman, and your child.  
 What! did you think the Gods wou'd bring about  
 This business in your sleep; and that your wife,  
 Without your stir, wou'd be convey'd to you  
 Into your bed-chamber?---I wou'd not have you  
 Thus negligent in other matters.——Come,  
 Cheer up, son! you shall wed her!

*Æsch.* How!

*Micio.* Cheer up,  
 I say!

*Æsch.* Nay, prithee, do not mock me, father!

*Micio.* Mock you? I? wherefore?\*

*Æsch.* I don't know; unless  
 That I so much desire it may be true,  
 I therefore fear it more.

*Micio.* ---Away; go home;  
 And pray the Gods, that you may call your wife,  
 Away!

*Æsch.* How's that? my wife? what! now?

*Micio.* Now.

\* *Mock you? I? wherefore?*]  
 We may very innocently banter a friend, and frighten him with false alarms, when it is in our power to undeceive him immediately, and to surprise him with good news. But none but an enemy would buoy one up with false hopes, in order to dash them with bitterness and trouble. Micio therefore discovers a benevolent emotion at even being supposed to trifle with him in this respect. DONATUS.

*Æsch.*

*Æsch.* Now?

*Micio.* Ev'n now, as soon as possible.

*Æsch.* May all

The Gods desert me, Sir, but I do love you,  
More than my eyes!

*Micio.* Than her?

*Æsch.* As well.

*Micio.* That's much.

*Æsch.* But where is that Milefian?

*Micio.* Gone:

Vanish'd: on board the ship,---But why d'ye loiter?

*Æsch.* 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.\*

\* *The sooner hear your prayers.*] Hesiod, which says that it is the business of old men to pray. I should rather imagine our author had an eye to the following finelines of Menander, which have already been recommended to the publick notice by the learned critick in the *Adventurer*, No. 105.

Εἰτις δὲ θυσιᾶν προσφέρων, ὦ Παμφίλει,  
Ταυρῶν τε πλῆθος ἢ ἐριφῶν, ἢ, ἢ, Δία,  
Ἐτέρων τοιούτων, ἢ κατασκευασµατὰ  
Χρυσᾶς ποιησᾶς χλαµυδὸς ἢ τοῖ πορφύρας,  
Ἡ δὲ ἐλεφάντιος, ἢ σµαραγδὸς ἰωδία,  
Εὐνῶν νοµίζει τὸν Θεὸν καθίζαναι,  
Ἰλανάτ' ἐκεῖνος, καὶ Φρένας κίβας εἶχει.  
Δεῖ γὰρ τὸν ἀνδρᾶ χρησίµον πεφυκεναί,  
Μὴ παρθενὸς φθειρόντα, μὴ μοιχωµένον,  
Κλεπτόντα καὶ σφαττόντα χρηµατῶν χάριν.

*Micio.* I'll in,  
To see the needful preparations made.  
You, if you're wise, do as I said.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E 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

*Μὴδε βελονῆς ἐναμμ' ἐπιθυμῆς, Πάμφιλε,  
Ὁ γὰρ Θεὸς βλέπει σε πληθίων παρῶν.*

The man who sacrifices, Pamphilus,  
A multitude of bulls, or goats, or sheep;  
Or prepares golden vestments, purple raiment,  
Figures of ivory, or precious gems;  
Thinking to render God propitious to him,  
Most grossly errs, and bears an empty mind.  
Let him be good and charitable rather,  
No doer of uncleanness, no corrupter  
Of virgin innocence, no murd'rer, robber,  
In quest of gain. Covet not, Pamphilus,  
† Even a needleful of thread, for God,  
Who's always near thee, always sees thy deeds.

† This seems to have been a proverbial expression, as we find it occur in another fragment of Menander.

To shun all follies, \* lest they give him pain.  
 But wherefore do I loiter here, and thus  
 Retard my marriage by my own delay? [Exit.

## S C E N E VIII.

D E M E A *alone.*

I've walk'd, and walk'd, till I'm quite tir'd with  
 walking.

—Almighty Jove confound you, Syrus, I say;  
 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.

\* *To shun all follies.*] Donatus justly observes, that it is plain from this soliloquy that Terence takes the part of mild fathers, meaning to shew that gentle reproofs, mingled with tenderness, will have more effect on an ingenuous mind than railing and severity. That critick also is more minute than usual in pointing out the great beauties of the foregoing scene; commenting on almost every speech, and observing how finely the two characters of Micio and Æschinus are sustained throughout their whole conversation. It was impossible to lay

before the English reader all the little particularities dwelt upon by Donatus: and indeed the reader must have very little sensibility, who cannot of himself discern, even through the medium of this translation, the many amiable touches of good-humour, mildness, and affection that distinguish Micio's character, as well as the natural strokes of passion, and ingenuous shame in Æschinus. The whole scene is remarkably beautiful, and perhaps more characteristick of the genius of Terence than any other in his works.

—Now

---Now I'll in therefore, and fet up my rest  
In his own house, till he comes home again. [*going.*]

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter* M I C I O.

*Micio.* I'll go and let the women know we're ready,

*Dem.* But here he is.---I have long fought you,  
*Micio.*

*Micio.* What now ?

*Dem.* I bring you more offences; great ones;  
Of that sweet youth——

*Micio.* See there!

*Dem.* New; capital!

*Micio.* Nay, nay, no more!

*Dem.* Ah, you don't know——

*Micio.* I do.

*Dem.* O fool, you think I mean the Mufick-Girl.  
This is a rape upon a citizen.

*Micio.* I know it.

*Dem.* How? d'ye know it, and endure it ?

*Micio.* Why not endure it ?

*Dem.* Tell me, don't you rave?  
Don't you go mad ?

*Micio.* No; to be sure I'd rather—

*Dem.* There's a child born.

*Micio.* Heav'n blefs it!

*Dem.*

*Dem.* And the girl  
Has nothing.

*Micio.* I have heard so.

*Dem.* And is He  
To marry her without a fortune?

*Micio.* Ay.

*Dem.* What's to be done then?

*Micio.* What the case requires.  
The girl shall be brought over here.

*Dem.* Oh Jove!  
Can that be proper?

*Micio.* What can I do else?

*Dem.* What can you do?—If you're not really  
griev'd,  
It were at least your duty to appear so.

*Micio.* 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.

*Dem.* Are you pleas'd then  
With this adventure, Micio?

*Micio.* Not at all,  
If I could help it: now 'tis past all cure,  
I bear it patiently. The life of man\*

\* *The life of man is like a game at tables.*] Menander where it is said, " That we might possibly borrow this moral maxim from a passage in the " should take counsel from accidents, and, as in a game " at

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.

*Dem.* Oh rare *Corrector!*---By your *art* no less  
Than Twenty Minæ have been thrown away  
On yonder Musick-Wench; who, out of hand,  
Must be sent packing; if no buyer, gratis.

*Micio.* Not in the least; nor do I mean to sell her.\*

*Dem.* What will you do then!

*Micio.* Keep her in my house.

*Dem.* Oh heav'n and earth! a harlot and a wife  
In the same house?

*Micio.* Why not?

*Dem.* Have you your wits?

*Micio.* Truly I think so.

*Dem.* Now, so help me heav'n,  
Seeing your folly, I believe you keep her  
To sing with you.

*Micio.* Why not?

*Dem.* And the young bride  
Shall be her pupil?

*Micio.* To be sure.

*Dem.* And You

“ at dice, act according to  
“ what has fallen, in that man-  
“ ner which reason directs  
“ us to be the best.” DA-  
CIER.

\* *Not in the least, nor do I  
mean to sell her.*] Micio is here  
involved in a ridiculous dilem-  
ma, in which he had rather  
appear absurd, than betray  
Ctesipho. DONATUS.

Dance hand in hand with them?\*

*Micio.* Ay.

*Dem.* Ay?

*Micio.* And You

Make one amongst us too upon occasion.

*Dem.* Ah! are you not ashamed on't?

*Micio.* Patience, Demea!

Lay by your wrath; and seem, as it becomes you,

Cheerful and free of heart at your son's wedding.

---I'll go and warn the bride and Softrata,

And then return to you immediately. [*Exit.*

S C E N E X.

D E M E A. *alone.*

Jove, what a life! what manners! what distraction!

A Bride just coming home without a portion;

A Musick-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.

\* *Dance band in hand with them.]* *Resim ductans saltabis.* cord.—But why a cord? might they not as well take hold of each other's hands? I am persuaded that they did, and agree with Donatus that the expression is merely metaphorical. DACIER.

S C E N E



## S C E N E XI.

*Enter at a distance SYRUS drunk.*

*Syrus, 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'ry thing within, I've now march'd forth  
To take a turn or two abroad.

*Dem. behind.*] Look there!  
A pattern of instruction!

*Syrus, seeing him.*] But see there:  
Yonder's old Demea. [*going to him.*] What's the  
matter now?

And why so melancholy?

*Dem.* Oh thou villain!

*Syrus.* What! are you spouting sentences, old  
Wisdom?

*Dem.* Were you my servant——

*Syrus.* You'd be plaguy rich,  
And settle your affairs most wonderfully.

*Dem.* I'd make you an example.

*Syrus.* Why? for what?

*Dem.*

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*Dem.* Why, firrah?---\*In the midst of this 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!

*Syrus.* Why the plague  
Did not I keep within? [aside.

S C E N E XII.

*Enter DROMO hastily.*

*Dromo.* Here! hark ye, Syrus!  
Ctesipho begs that you'd come back.

*Syrus.* Away! [pushing him.

*Dem.* What's this he says of Ctesipho?

*Syrus.* Pshaw! nothing.

*Dem.* How, dog, is Ctesipho within?

*Syrus.* Not he.

*Dem.* Why does he name him then?

*Syrus.* It is another

Of the same name---a little parasite---

D'ye know him?

*Dem.* But I will immediately. [going.

*Syrus, stopping him.]* What now? where now?

\* In the midst of this disturbance, &c.] The gravity of Demea and drunkenness of Syrus create a very humorous contrast, and are admirably calculated to excite mirth in the spectators. DONATUS.

*Dem.* Let me alone.

*Syrus.* Don't go!

} *struggling.*

*Dem.* Hands off! what won't you? must I brain  
you, rascal? [*disengages himself from Syrus,*  
*and Exit.*

### S C E N E XIII.

S Y R U S *alone.*

He's gone---gone in---and faith no welcome roarer---

---Especially to Ctesiphon.---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.*

### S C E N E XIV.

*Enter MICIO from Sofrata.*

*Micio, to Sofrata within.]* All is prepar'd: and we  
are ready, Sofrata,

As I've already told you, when you please.

[*comes forward.*

\* *No welcome roarer.]* *Comissatorem haud sane commodum.*  
The chief beauty lies in the  
word *Comissator*, which signified  
one who came to join a jovial

party, bursting in upon them  
unexpectedly with much noise  
and clamour. DONATUS.  
DACIER.

But who's this \* forces open our street-door  
With so much violence ?

*Enter D E M E A on t'other side.*

*Dem.* Confusion ! death !

What shall I do ? or how resolve ? where vent  
My cries and exclamations ?---Heav'n ! Earth ! Sea !

*Micio, behind.]* So ! all's discover'd : that's the thing  
he raves at.

---Now for a quarrel !---† I must help the boy.

*Dem. seeing him.]* Oh, there's the grand corrupter  
of our children !

*Micio.* Appease your wrath, and be yourself again !

*Dem.* 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

\* *Forces open our street-door,*  
Etc.] It has been observed be-  
fore, that in Athens the street-  
doors were made to open out-  
wards ; so that when any one  
was coming out, the noise of  
the door (which is often menti-  
oned in these comedies) served  
to give notice to those in the  
street, that they might escape  
being hurt, and make way for  
the opening of the door. DA-  
CIBER.

† *I must help the boy.]* The  
character of Micio appears ex-  
tremely amiable through the  
four first acts of this comedy,  
and his behaviour is in many  
respects worthy imitation. But  
his conduct in conniving at the  
irregularities of Ctesipho, and  
even assisting him to support  
them, is certainly reprehensible.  
Perhaps the Poet threw this  
shade over his virtues, on pur-  
pose to shew that mildness and  
good-humour might be carried  
to an excess.

Your own propofal too, that you fhould never  
 Concern yourfelf with Ctefipho, nor I  
 With Æfchinus. Say, was't not fo?

*Micio.* It was :

I don't deny it.

*Dem.* Why does Ctefipho  
 Revel with You then? Why do you receive him?  
 Buy him a miftrefs, Micio?---Is not juftice  
 My due from you, as well as your's from me?  
 Since I do not concern myfelf with your's,  
 Meddle not you with mine!

*Micio.* This is not fair;  
 Indeed it is not. Think on the old faying,  
 "All things are common among friends."

*Dem.* How fmart!  
 Put off with quips and fentences at laft?

*Micio.* Nay, hear me, if you can have patience;  
 Demea.

—Firft, if you're griev'd at their extravagance,  
 Let this reflexion calm you! Formerly,  
 You bred them both according to your fortune,  
 Suppofing it fufficient for them both:  
 Then too you thought that I fhould take a wife.  
 Still follow the old rule you then laid down:  
 Hoard, fcrape, and fave; do every thing you can  
 To leave them nobly! Be that glory your's.  
 My fortune, fall'n beyond their hopes upon them,

Let

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.

*Dem.* Money is not the thing: their morals—

*Micio.* Hold!

I understand; and meant to speak of that,  
 \*There are in nature fundry marks, good Demea,  
 By which you may conjecture of men's minds;  
 And when two persons do the self-same thing,  
 May oftentimes pronounce, that in the one  
 'Tis dangerous, in t'other 'tis not so:  
 Not that the thing itself is different,  
 But he who does it.---In these youths I see  
 The marks of virtue; and, I trust, they'll prove  
 Such as we wish them. They have sense, I know;  
 Attention; in its season, liberal shame;  
 And fondness for each other; all sure signs  
 Of an ingenuous mind and noble nature:

\* *There are in nature, &c.*] Madam Dacier makes an observation on this speech something like that of Donatus on one of Micio's above; and says that Micio, being hard put to it by the real circumstances of the case, thinks to confound Demea by a nonsensical gali-

matia. I cannot be of the ingenious lady's opinion in this matter: for I think a more sensible speech could not be made, nor a better plea offered in favour of the young men, than that of Micio in the present instance.

And tho' they stray, you may at any time  
Reclaim them.---But perhaps you fear, they'll prove  
Too inattentive to their interest.

Oh 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.

*Dem.* Have a care  
That these fine arguments, and this great mildness  
Don't prove the ruin of us, Micio !

*Micio.* Peace!  
It shall not be: away with all your fears !  
This day be rul'd by me: come, smooth your brow.

*Dem.* 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.

*Micio.* At midnight,  
So you'll but smile to-day.

*Dem.* And that wench too  
I'll drag away with me.

*Micio.* Ay; there you've hit it.  
For by those means you'll keep your son at home;  
Do but secure her.

*Dem.* I'll see that: for there  
I'll put her in the kitchen and the mill,  
And make her full of ashes, smoak, and meal:

*Nay.*

Nay at high noon too she shall gather stubble.

I'll burn her up, and make her black as coal.

*Micio.* Right! now you're wife.---And then I'd make  
my son

Go to bed to her, tho' against his will.

*Dem.* D'ye laugh at me? how happy in your temper!

I feel——

*Micio.* Ah! that again?

*Dem.* I've done.

*Micio.* 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,

\* *Act 5. Scene 1.*] This scene, which I have placed the first of the fifth act, stands in Madam Dacier's translation, and in all those editions and translations who have followed her, as the second. I think it is plain, from the end of the foregoing scene, that Micio and Demea quitted the stage, and entered the house together; and it seems to be equally evident, from the message that Syrus brings to Demea in the scene immediately succeeding this, that Demea had left the company within.—*Rogat frater, ne abeas longius—your brother begs, you'd not go further off.* But what had still more weight with me, and was a more forcible motive to induce me to begin

the fifth act with this soliloquy, was the propriety, and indeed necessity of an interval in this place. The total change of character, whether real or affected, is in itself so extraordinary, that it required all the art of Terence to bring it about; and the only probable method of effecting it, is to suppose it the result at least of some little deliberation, and reflexion on the inconveniencies he had experienced from a contrary temper. Donatus observes the great art with which Terence has preserved the gradation of Demea's anger and distresses, which can be pushed no further than the discovery of Ctesipho; and this admirable climax of incidents, is finely completed in the scene  
 with

He did not know, and what he held as best,  
 In practice he threw by. The very thing  
 That happens to myself. For that hard life  
 Which I have ever led, my race near run,  
 Now in the last stage, I renounce: and why?  
 But that by dear experience I've been told,  
 There's nothing so advantages a man,  
 As mildness and complacency. Of this  
 My brother and myself are living proofs:  
 He always led an easy, chearful life;  
 Good-humour'd, mild, offending nobody,  
 Smiling on all; a jovial batchelor,  
 His whole expences center'd in himself.  
 I, on the contrary, rough, rigid, cross,  
 Saving, morose, and thrifty, took a wife:  
 —What miseries did marriage bring!—had children;  
 —A new uneasiness!—and then besides,  
 Striving all ways to make a fortune for them,  
 I have worn out my prime of life and health:

with which I have closed the fourth act. To say the truth, the fable itself in a manner ends there; and though there is much humour and pleasantry in the remaining part of the play, yet many good criticks have objected to it. Terence however, or rather Menander, must be allowed to have shewn an uncommon effort of genius, if not of judgment, in these ad-

scititious scenes, which he has founded on the conversion of Demea: a circumstance which grows out of the foregoing incidents, and supplies the materials for a pleasant fifth act, like the Giving away the Rings in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, in which play also, as well as this of Terence, the main business of the plot is concluded in the fourth act.

And

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. Him they love,  
 Me they avoid: to him they open all  
 Their secret counsels; doat on him; and both  
 Repair to him; while I am quite forsaken.  
 His life they pray for, but expect my death.  
 Thus those, brought up by my exceeding labour,  
 He, at a small expence, has made his own:  
 The care all mine, and all the pleasure his.  
 ---Well then, let Me endeavour in my turn  
 To teach my tongue civility, to give  
 With open-handed generosity,  
 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?

## S C E N E II.

*Enter* S Y R U S .

*Syrus.* Oh, Sir! your brother has dispatch'd me to you  
 To beg you'd not go further off.

*Dem.* Who's there?—

What,

THE BROTHERS. 91

\*What, honest Syrus! save you: how is't with you?  
How goes it?

*Syrus.* Very well, Sir.

*Demea, 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 yourself

A worthy servant. I'll reward you for it.

*Syrus.* I thank you, Sir.

*Dem.* I will, I promise you;

And you shall be convinc'd on't very soon.

S C E N E III.

*Enter* GETA.

*Geta, to Sostrata within.]* Madam, I'm going to look  
after them,

That they may call the bride immediately.

—But here is Demea. Save you!

*Dem.* Oh! your name?

*Geta.* Geta, Sir.

*Dem.* Geta, I this day have found you

\* *What, honest Syrus.]* Here and that a miser, meaning to  
the Poet shews how awkwardly be generous, runs into profu-  
a man of an opposite disposition sion. DONATUS.  
endeavours to be complaisant;

To

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 perceiv'd that you did, Geta! wherefore,  
 Soon as occasion offers, I'll reward you.  
 --I am endeavouring to be affable,  
 And not without success. *[aside.*

*Geta.* 'Tis kind in you  
 To think of your poor slave, Sir.

*Dem. aside.]* First of all  
 I court the mob, and win them by degrees.

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter ÆSCHINUS.*

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

*Dem.* How does my son?

*Æsch.* My father! Are you here?

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

*Æsch.* 'Tis what I long for :  
 But wait the musick and the singers.

*Dem.* Pshaw!

Will you for once be rul'd by an old fellow ?

*Æsch.* Well ?

*Dem.* \* Ne'er mind fingers, company, lights, musick ;  
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 whole family,  
Over to Us.

*Æsch.* I will. Oh charming father !

*Dem. aside.] Charming ! See there ! He calls me  
charming now.*

---My brother's house will be a thorough-fare ;  
Throng'd with whole crouds of people ; much expence  
Will follow ; very much : what's that to me ?  
I am call'd *charming*, and get into favour.  
---Ho ! order Babylo immediately †

\* *Ne'er mind fingers, &c.]* The bride was usually thus attended, and Lucian speaks of this retinue, and I believe took the passage from Menander, where he says, *Και αυλητριδας, και θορυβον, και υμεναιον αδοντας τινας, &c.* " the players on the flute, the company, and " fingers of the nuptial song." DACIER.

† *Ho ! order Babylo immediately to pay him Twenty Minæ.]* *Jube nunc jam dinumeret illi Babylo viginti minas.* All the commentators and translators

have been extremely puzzled at this passage. It does not become the last comer to be positive, where so many conjectures have already been offered and rejected. But if one may determine from the context, which is commonly the best way, as well as the most natural and obvious, it should seem that Demea means to give an order to one of his servants to give Æschinus Twenty Minæ. He has already determined to be very generous ; and another instance of his bounty occurs in the concluding scene, where he pays down

To pay him Twenty Minæ.---Prithee, Syrus,  
Why don't you execute your orders ?

*Syrus.* What ?

*Dem.* Down with the wall!---[*Exit Syrus.*]---You,  
Geta, go, and bring

The ladies over.

*Geta.* Heaven blefs you, Demea,  
For all your friendship to our family ! [*Exit Geta.*

*Dem.* They're worthy of it.---What fay You to this?

[*to Æsch.*

*Æsch.* I think it admirable.

*Dem.* 'Tis much better,  
Than for a poor foul, fick, and lying-in,  
To be conducted thro' the street.

*Æsch.* I never

Saw any thing concerted better, Sir.

*Dem.* 'Tis juft my way.---But here comes Micio.

down the money for the freedom of Phrygia.—In this very speech he is pleasantly considering with himself the expence, which he difregards, fo as he can but get into favour. In consequence of which refolution it is natural to fuppofe that he immediately gives an order for iffuing money to defray the charges of pulling down walls, entertaining company, &c.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

*Enter M I C I O.*

*Micio, at entering.]* My brother order it, d'ye say?  
where is he?

--Was this your order, Demea?

*Dem.* 'Twas my order;  
And by these means, and every other way,  
I would unite, serve, cherish, and oblige,  
And join the family to our's!

*Æsch.* Pray do, Sir! *[to Micio.]*

*Micio.* I don't oppose it.

*Dem.* Nay, but 'tis our duty.

First, there's the mother of the bride—

*Micio.* What then?

*Dem.* Worthy and modest.

*Micio.* So they say.

*Dem.* In years.

*Micio.* True.

*Dem.* And so far advanc'd, that she is long  
Past child-bearing, a poor lone woman too,  
With none to comfort her.

*Micio.* What means all this?

*Dem.* This woman 'tis your place to marry, brother;  
---And your's *[to Æsch.]* to bring him to't.

*Micio.* I marry her?

*Dem.*



*Dem.* You.

*Micio.* I?

*Dem.* Yes, you I say.

*Micio.* Ridiculous!

*Dem. to Æsch.]* If you're a man, he'll do't.

*Æsch. to Micio.]* Dear father!

*Micio.* How!

Do You then join him, foot?

*Dem.* Nay, don't deny.

It can't be otherwise.

*Micio.* You've lost your senses!

*Æsch.* Let me prevail upon you, Sir!

*Micio.* You're mad.

Away!

*Dem.* Oblige your son.

*Micio.* 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?

*Æsch.* Do it, Sir!

I've promis'd them.

*Micio.* You've promis'd them indeed!

Prithee, boy, promise for yourself.

*Dem.* Come, come!

What if he ask'd still more of you?

*Micio.* As if

This was not ev'n the utmost.

*Dem.* Nay, comply!

*Æsch.* Be not obdurate!

*Dem.* Come, come, promise him.

*Micio.* Won't you desist?

*Æsch.* No, not till I prevail.

*Micio.* This is mere force.

*Dem.* Nay, nay, comply, good Micio!

*Micio.* Tho' 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!

*Æsch.* \*Obliging father, worthy my best love!

*Dem. aside.]* What now?--This answers to my wish.

What more?

\* *Obliging father!*] Oblig-  
ing indeed!

The Poet's conduct here is justly liable to censure: the only consideration that can be urged in his defence is, that he meant to shew the inconveniences arising from too unbounded a good-nature. But Micio has all along been represented so agreeable, and possessed of so much judgment, good sense, and knowledge of the world, that this last piece of extravagance must shock probability; and offend the delicacy of the spectator. PATRICK.

Apud Menandrum senex de nuptiis non gravatur. Ergo Terentius εὐρητικῶς. DONATUS.

It is surprising that none of the criticks on this passage have taken notice of this observation of Donatus, especially as our loss of Menander makes it rather curious. It is plain that Terence in the plan of his last act followed Menander: but though he has adopted the absurdity of marrying Micio to the old lady, yet we learn from Donatus that his judgement rather revolted at this circumstance, and he improved on his original by making Micio express a repugnance to such a match, which it seems he did not in the play of Menander.

---Hegio's their kinsman, [*to Micio.*] our relation too,  
And very poor. We shou'd do *him* some service.

*Micio.* Do what ?

*Dem.* There is a little piece of ground,  
Which you let out near town. Let's give it him  
To live upon !

*Micio.* So little, do you call it ?

*Dem.* Well, if 'tis large, let's give it. He has been  
A father to the bride ; a worthy man ;  
Our kinsman too. It will be well bestow'd.  
In short, that saying I now make my own,  
Which you but now so wisely quoted, Micio ;  
“ 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 worthy notice.

*Micio.* Well, well ; be it so,  
If *he* requires it. [*pointing to Æschinus.*]

*Æsch.* I beseech it, father.

*Dem.* Now you're indeed my brother, soul and body.

*Micio.* I'm glad to find you think me so.

*Dem.* I foil him

At his own weapons. [*aside.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

To them SYRUS.

*Syrus.* I have executed  
Your orders, Demea.

*Dem.* A good fellow!—Truly  
Syrus, I think, shou'd be made free to-day.

*Micio.* Made free! He?—Wherefore?

*Dem.* Oh, for many reasons.

*Syrus.* Oh 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.

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

*Syrus.* Oh most delightful gentleman!

*Dem.* Besides,  
He has been instrumental too this day  
In purchasing the Mufick-Girl, He manag'd

\* *In mid-day prepare an entertainment.*] *Apparare de die convivium.* The force of this passage consists in the words *de die*, because, as has been observed, in another place, the chief meal of the Græcians was at supper, and an entertainment in the day-time was considered as a debauch. DACIER.

The whole affair. We shou'd reward him for it.  
It will encourage others.\*---In a word,  
Your Æschinus would have it so.

*Micio.* Do You  
Desire it?

*Æsch.* Yes, Sir.

*Micio.* 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.*]

*Syrus.* I thank you:

Thanks to you all; but most of all, to Demea!

*Dem.* I'm glad of your good fortune.

*Æsch.* So am I.

*Syrus.* 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.

*Dem.* The very best of women!

*Syrus.* And the first

That suckled my young master's son, your grandson.

*Dem.* Indeed! the first who suckled him!----Nay  
then,

Beyond all doubt she should be free.

*Micio.* For what?

*Dem.* For that. Nay take the sum, whate'er it be,  
Of Me.

\* *It will encourage others.*] The grave irony of this passage is extremely humorous. DONATUS.

*Syrus.* Now all the pow'rs above grant all  
Your wishes, Demea!

*Micio.* You have thriv'd to-day  
Most rarely, Syrus.

*Dem.* And besides this, Micio,  
It wou'd be handsome to advance him something  
To try his fortune with. He'll soon return it.

*Micio.* Not that. [*snapping his fingers.*]

*Æsch.* He's honest.

*Syrus.* Faith, I will return it.  
Do but advance it.

*Æsch.* Do, Sir!

*Micio.* Well, I'll think on't.

*Dem.* I'll see that he shall do't. [*to Syrus.*]

*Syrus.* Thou best of men!

*Æsch.* My most indulgent father!

*Micio.* What means this?

Whence comes this hasty change of manners, Brother?

\* Whence flows all this extravagance? and whence  
This sudden prodigality?

*Dem.* I'll tell you:

† To shew you, that the reason, why our sons

\* *Whence flows all this extravagance? &c.] Quod proluvium? quæ istæc subita est largitas? A passage borrowed from the comic poet Cæcilius. DACIER.*

† *To shew you that the reason, &c.] I would have characters*

separated from each other; but I must own that a direct contrast displeases me.

But the most sure method to spoil a play, and to render it quite insupportable, would be to multiply such contrasts.

Think you so pleasant and agreeable,  
Is not from your deserts, or truth, or justice,  
But your compliance, bounty, and indulgence.

See what would be the result of these antitheses. I call them Antitheses; for the contrast of character is, in the plan of the drama, what that figure is in conversation. It is happy; but it must be used with moderation; and in an elevated style, totally excluded.

What is the most common state of society, that where characters are contrasted, or where they are only different?

What is the intention of contrast in character? Doubtless to render one of the two more striking. But that effect can only be obtained, where they both appear together. What a monotony will this create in the dialogue? what a constraint will it impose on the conduct of the fable? How can I attend to the natural chain of events, and proper succession of scenes, if I am engaged by the necessity of always bringing the two opposite characters together? How often will it happen that the contrast will require one scene, and the true course of the fable another?

Besides, if the two contrasted characters are both drawn with equal force, the intention of the drama will be rendered

equivocal. To conceive the whole force of this reasoning, open the Brothers of Terence. There you will see two brothers contrasted, both drawn with equal force; and you may challenge the most subtle critick to tell you which is the principal character, Micio or Demea? If he ventures to pronounce before the last scene, he will find to his astonishment, that He, whom he has taken, during five acts, for a man of sense, is a fool; and that He, whom he has taken for a fool, may be a very sensible man.

One would suppose at the beginning of the fifth act, that the Author, embarrassed by the contrast which he had established, was obliged to abandon this design, and to turn the interest of his piece topsy-turvy. But what is the consequence? That we no longer know which side to take; and after having been all along for Micio against Demea, we conclude without knowing, whether we are for one, or the other. One would almost desire a third father to preserve the golden mean between the two characters, and to point out the faults of each of them.

DIDEROT.

---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.

*Æsch.* 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?

*Dem.* \*I consent  
 That he shall have her: let him finish there.

*Æsch.* † All now is as it shou'd be.---[*to the audience.*]  
 Clap your hands!

Here Demea returns to his own character, and the conduct of Terence is admirable in the lesson given to Micio. The opposite characters of these two brothers, and the inconveniences resulting from each, perfectly point out to fathers the middle way which they ought to pursue in the education of their children, between the too great severity of the one, and the unlimited indulgence of the other. DACIER.

\* *I consent that he sha'll have her.*] This complaisance of

Demea in allowing Ctesipho to retain the Musick-Girl, would be very criminal in a modern father; but the Greeks and Romans were not sufficiently enlightened to be sensible of the sin. DACIER.

† *All now is as it shou'd be.*] It has been said that l'Ecole des Maris [The School for Husbands] was a copy of the Brothers of Terence: if so, Moliere deserves more praise for having brought the taste of ancient Rome into France, than reproach for having stolen his  
 H 4 piece.



piece. But the Brothers furnished nothing more than the bare idea of the *Ecole des Maris*. There are in the Brothers two old men of opposite humours, who give each of them a different education to the children that they educate; there are in like manner in the *Ecole des Maris* two guardians, of which one is severe, and the other indulgent; there lies the whole resemblance. There is scarce any intrigue in the Brothers; that of the *Ecole des Maris* is delicate, interesting, and comick. One of the women in Terence's piece, who ought to be the principal character, is never seen or heard except in her lying-in. The *Isabella* of Moliere is almost forever on the stage, full of grace and spirit, and sometimes mingles a decency, even in the tricks which she plays her guardian. There is no probability in the catastrophe of the Brothers: It is not in nature, that a morose, severe, covetous old fellow of sixty should become all at once gay, complaisant and liberal. The catastrophe of the *Ecole des Maris* is the best of all the pieces of Moliere. It is probable, natural, grounded on the plot; and what is of full as much consequence, extremely comick. The stile of Terence is pure, and sententious, but a little cold; as *Cæsar*, who excelled in all, has reproached him. The stile of Moliere in

this piece is more chaste than in any of his others. The French Author almost equals the purity of the diction of Terence; and goes far beyond him in the intrigue, the character, the catastrophe, and humour.

VOLTAIRE'S *Contes de Guillaume Vadé*.

It is impossible for any reader, who is come fresh from the perusal of the Brothers of Terence, and the *Ecole des Maris* of Moliere, to acquiesce in the above decision; and I would venture to appeal from Voltaire to any member of the French academy for a reversal of it. The reputation of Moliere has taken too deep root to be rendered more flourishing by blasting that of Terence; nor can such an attempt ever be made with a worse grace than when the imitation is blindly preferred to the original. Moliere, so far from having taken only the idea of his piece from the Brothers, has translated some passages almost literally, and the latter part of the second scene of the *Ecole des Maris* is a very close imitation of one in the fourth act of the Brothers.

In point of fable, I make no scruple to prefer the piece of Terence to that of Moliere. The intrigue of the four first acts of the Brothers is more artfully conducted than that of any other of Terence's pieces.

In

In the *Andrian*, were all the Episodes of Charinus to be omitted, the play would be the better for it. In the *Eunuch*, as has been before observed, there is a lameness in the catastrophe, and the conclusion of Thraso's business in the last scene becomes epifodical. In the *Self-Tormentor*, the intrigue in a manner ends with the third act. In the *Phormio*, the loves of Antipho and Phædria have no further relation to each other, than that Phormio is used as an engine in both.\* But in the play before us, the interest which Æschinus takes in Ctesipho's affairs, combines their several amours so naturally, that they reciprocally put each other in motion.

I cannot think the fable of the *Ecole des Maris* quite so happy. In Terence we see a good-humoured uncle adopting one of his nephews, while the other lad remains under the tuition of the severe father. This is natural enough; but in Moliere we have two young women left, by their father's will, as the intended wives of their antiquated guardians. Is there not some absurdity in such an idea? Micio and Demea are confessedly the archetypes of Ariste and Sganarelle; but in my mind infinitely superiour,

and exhibited in a greater variety of situations; nor do the two sisters, Isabelle and Leonor, play into each others hands, like Æschinus and Ctesipho. In the *Brothers*, the business and the play open together; in Moliere the first scene is a mere conversation-piece. In Moliere, the plot is thin, seems to have been calculated for the intrigue of a *petite piece*, and the circumstance of Isabelle's embracing Sganarelle, and giving her hand to Erasme, is purely farcical. In Terence the fable is more important, and the incidents naturally unfold themselves one after another; and the manner in which Demea gradually arrives at the knowledge of them, is extremely artful and comick. What then is intrigue? If it be the Dramatick Narration of a story, so laid out as to produce pleasant situations, I will not scruple to pronounce, that there is more intrigue in the *Brothers* than in the *Ecole des Maris*. The reader has already seen several strictures on the fifth act, but the particular objection, made by Voltaire to the catastrophe, is founded on a mistake: the complaisance, gaiety, and liberality of Demea being merely assumed; and his awkwardness in affecting those qualities, full

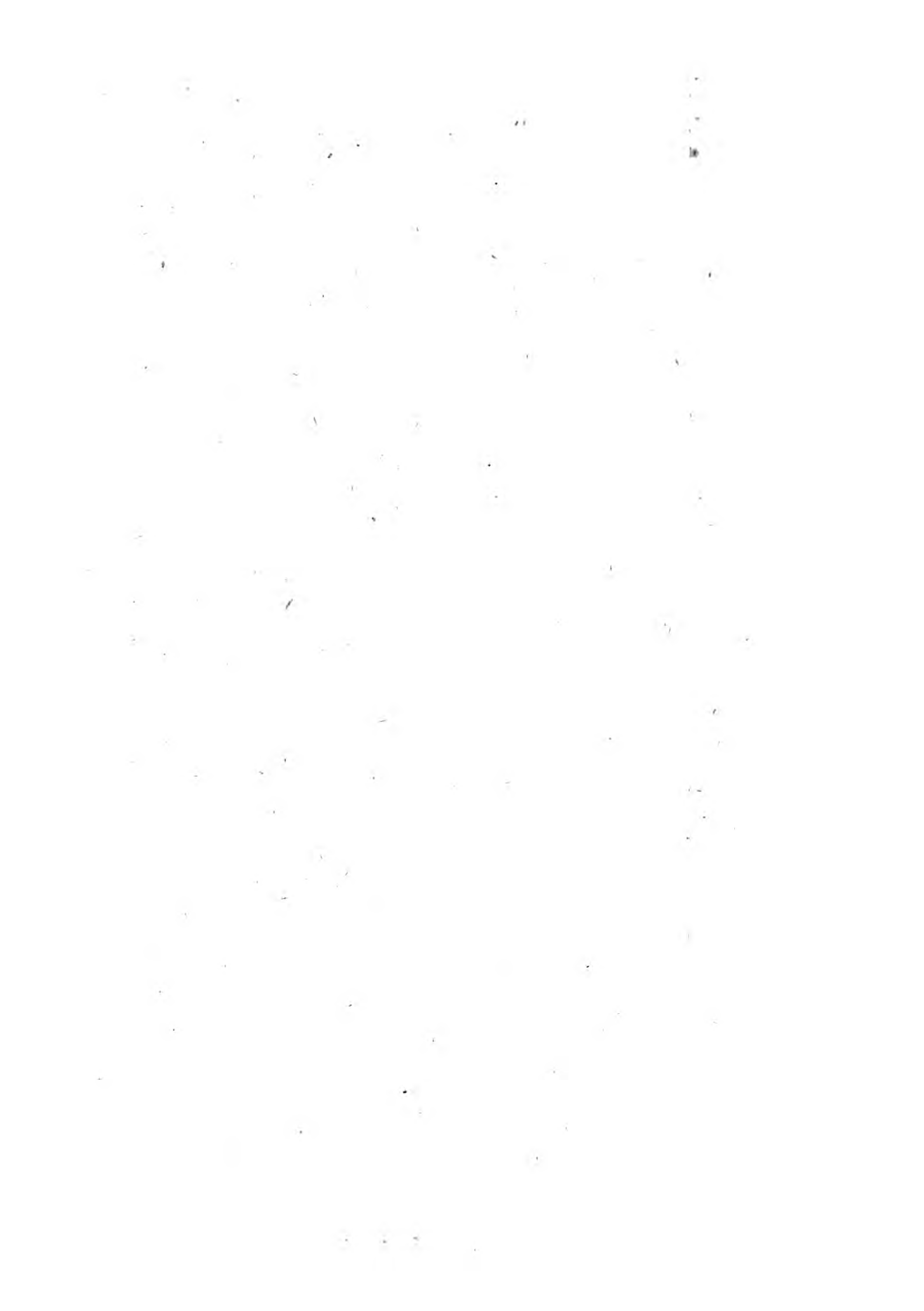
\* The plot of the *Step-Mother*, so admired by the moderns for its simplicity, shall be examined in another place.

as comick as the admired catastrophe of the *Ecole des Maris*; which being produced in a forced manner by the disguise of Isabelle, and the broad cheat put upon Sganarelle before his face, is certainly deficient in the probability, necessary to the incidents of legitimate comedy.—It is not without reluctance that I have been drawn into an examination of the comparative merits of these two excellent pieces: nor do I think there is in general a more invidious method of extolling one writer, than by depreciating the productions of another.

Baron, the author of the *Andrienne*, has also written a comedy called *l'Ecole des Pères*, [the School for Fathers] built on this play of Terence. The piece opens with a very elegant, though pretty close version, of the first act of the *Brothers*; but on the whole I think this attempt less happy than his first. The bringing Clarice and Pamphile on the stage has no better effect, than his introduction of Glycerie in the *Andrian*. *Telamon* and *Alcée* are drawn with neither the strength nor deli-

cacy of Micio and Demea; and the old man's change of character in the fifth act is neither rejected nor retained, but rather mangled and deformed. On the whole, it were to be wished, that Baron had adhered still more closely to Terence, or, like Moliere, deviated still further from him: for, as the play now stands, his attention to the Roman Poet seems to have thrown a constraint on his genius, and taken off the air of an original; while his alterations have rendered the *Ecole des Pères* but a lame imitation, and imperfect image of the *Brothers of Terence*.

In our own language, the *Squire of Alfatia* of Shadwell is also founded on this play: But the *Muse of White Friars* has but little right to the praises due to that of Athens and Rome. Shadwell's play, though drawn from so pure a source, is rather a farce of five acts than a comedy; nor has it the least comparative merit either in the plan or execution, except in the intention to give the character of *Ctesipho* more at large, than it is drawn in the original.



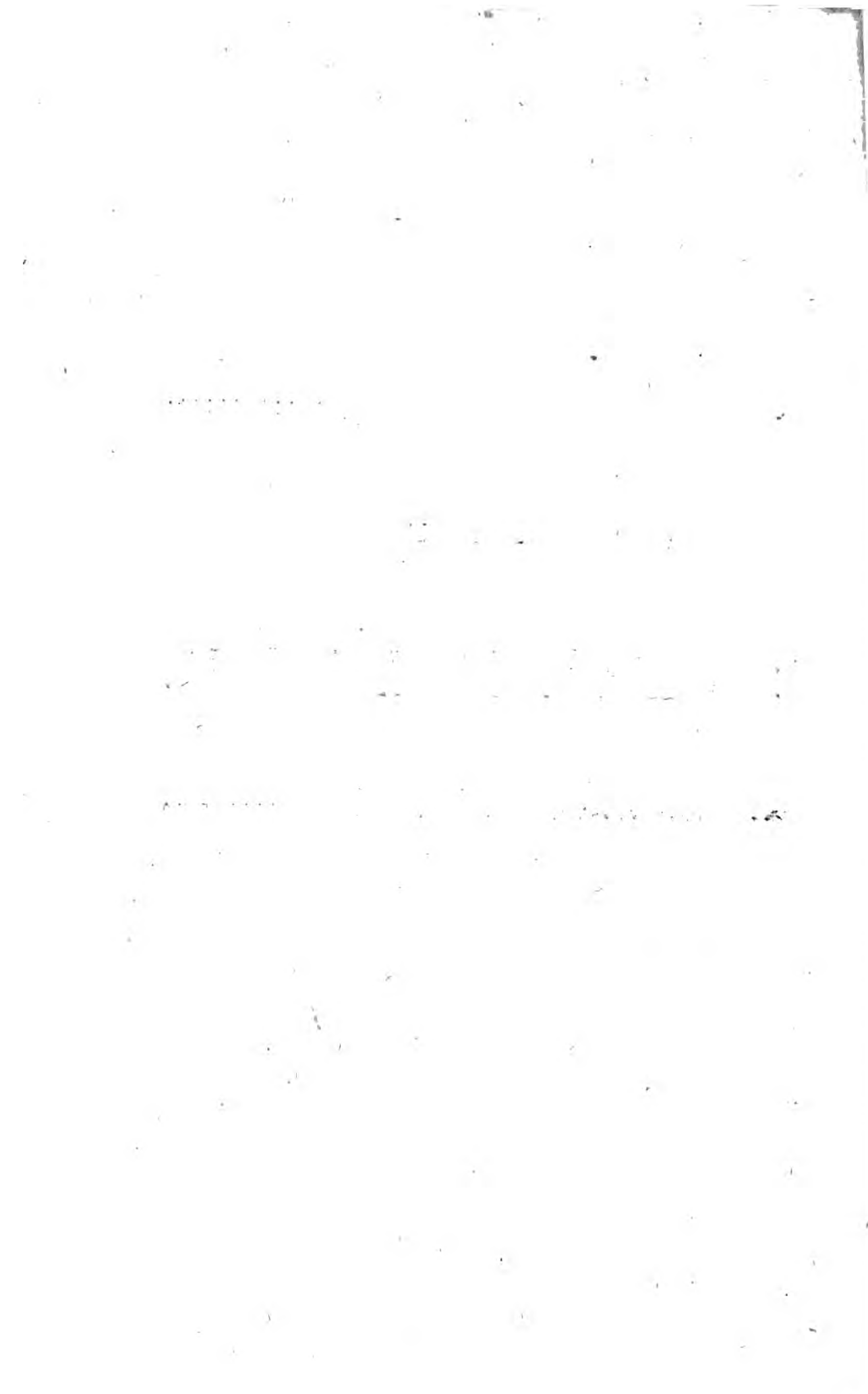




T H E

STEP-MOTHER.





T O

ISAAC SCHOMBERG, M. D.

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS INSCRIBED,

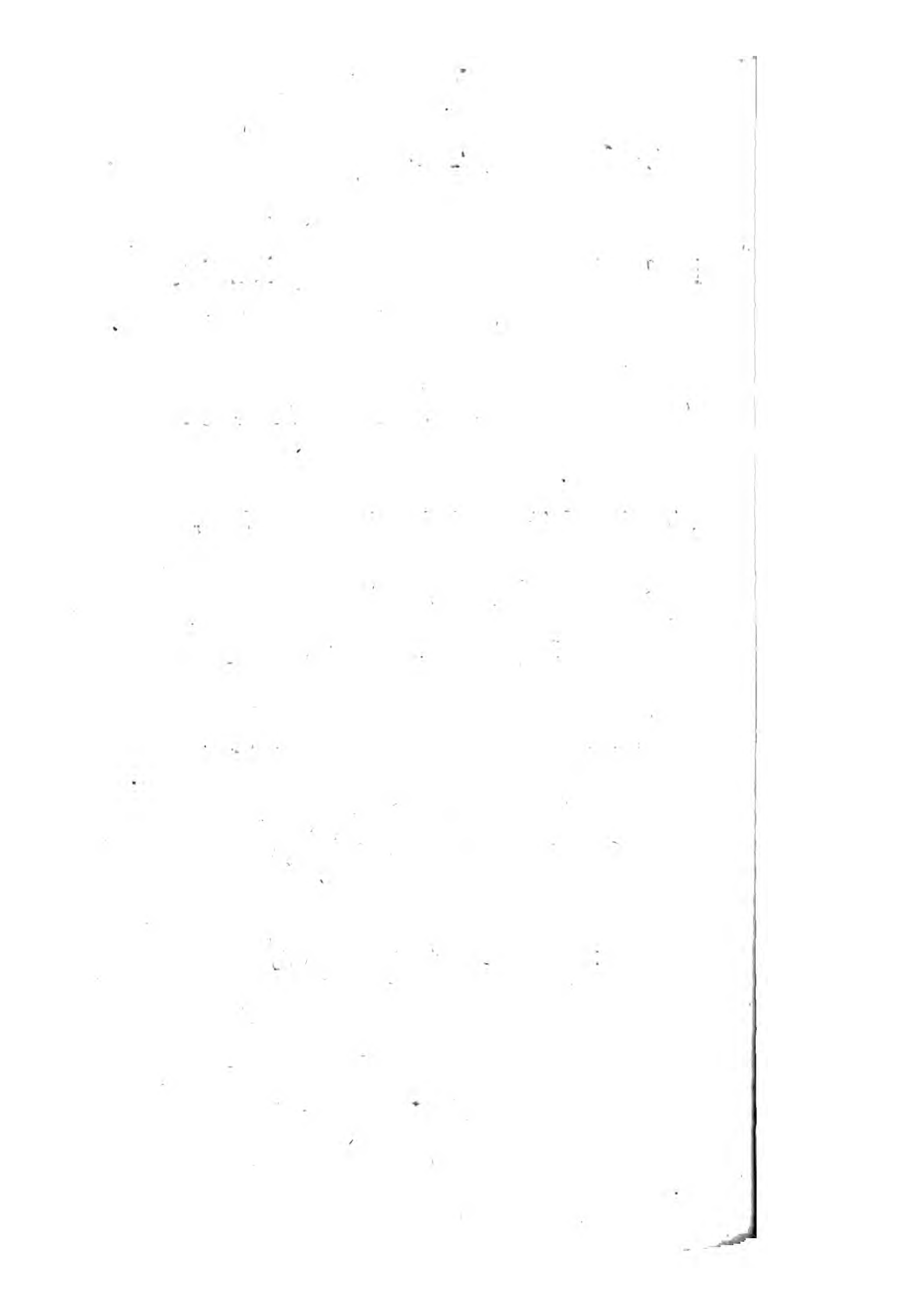
BY HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND,

AND MOST OBLIGED

HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.





T H E

# STEP-MOTHER;

\* Exhibited at the MEGALESIAN GAMES.

Sextus Julius Cæsar and Cn. Cornelius Dolabella, Curule Ædiles: It was not acted through: The Musick, composed for Equal Flutes, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: It is entirely from the Greek of Apollodorus:† It was acted first without a Prologue, Cn. Octavius and T. Manlius, Consuls;‡ and brought on again at the Funeral Games of Æmilius Paulus: It did not please: It was acted a third time, Q. Fulvius and L. Marcius, Curule Ædiles: Principal Actor, L. Ambivius Turpio: It pleas'd.

\* *Exhibited at, &c.*] The title to this play varies extremely in different editions. That given here is taken chiefly from Westerhovius.

† *From the Greek of Apollodorus.*] Criticks differ about the name of the Greek Poet from whom this play was taken. It is generally said to be Apollodorus; and most agree that this Comedy was not taken, like the four first of our author, from Menander.

‡ *Octavius and Manlius, Consuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 588, and 165 years before Christ, the year after the representation of the Andrian.

P R O-

P E R S O N S.

PROLOGUE,  
LACHES,  
PHIDIPPUS,  
PAMPHILUS,  
PARMENO,  
SOSIA,  
BOY, and other Servants.

SOSTRATA,  
MYRRHINA,  
BACCHIS,  
PHILOTIS,  
SYRA,  
NURSE, Servants to Bacchis, &c.

SCENE, ATHENS.

# P R O L O G U E.

**T**HIS play is call'd The Step-Mother. When first  
It was presented, such a hurricane,\*

A tumult so uncommon interven'd,  
It neither could be seen, nor understood:  
So taken were the people, so engag'd  
By a rope-dancer!—It is now brought on  
As a new piece: and he who wrote the play,  
Suffer'd it not to be repeated then,  
That he might profit by a second sale.†

‡ Others, his plays, you have already known;  
Now then, let me beseech you, know this too.

\* *Hurricane.*] *Calamitas.* This word is used in the same sense in the first scene of the Eunuuch.—Nothing can be more evident than that this was the prologue to the second attempt to exhibit this comedy.

† *That he might profit by a second sale.*] See the last note to the second prologue.

‡ *Others, his plays, you have already known.*] According to Vossius, the Step-Mother was not attempted to be revived till after the representation of the Brothers. If so, they had already seen all the rest of Terence's pieces. DACIER.

## ANOTHER PROLOGUE.\*

**I** Come a pleader, † in the shape of prologue:  
 Let me then gain my cause, and now grown old  
 Experience the same favour as when young;  
 Who then recover'd many a lost play,  
 Breath'd a new life into the scenes, and sav'd  
 The author, and his writings, from oblivion.  
 Of those, which first I studied of Cæcilius, ‡

\* *Another Prologue.*] These two prologues are by some blended together, but most learned and judicious editors make two of them. Faernus says, that in some copies the name of L. Ambivius is over them, in great letters; thus, L. AMBIVIUS PROLOGUS: and the same distinction is made in the Basilican copy. Eugraphius says positively that the prologue was spoken by Ambivius Turpio. COOKE.

† *I come a pleader, &c.*] *Orator ad vos venio.* Madam Dacier, and some who follow her, translate *Orator* by the word *Ambassador*. Her explanation of the original (though in this instance, as well as many others, she does not acknowledge it) is taken from Donatus. But what is very extraordinary, Donatus, in his comment on the very next line, gives the word a

quite different signification; and tells us, that *Orator* signifies a person entrusted with the defence of a cause; in one word, a *Pleader*: and that *Exorator* signifies him who has gained the cause. The word is undoubtedly used in this latter sense in the Prologue to the *Self-Tormentor*—*Oratorem voluit esse me, non Prologum*—and it seems to be the best and easiest construction in this place also.

‡ *Cæcilius.*] A famous comick Poet among the Romans. His chief excellencies are said to have been the gravity of his stile, and the choice of his subjects. The first quality was attributed to him by Horace, Tully, &c. and the last by Varro. *In argumentis Cæcilius poscit palmam, in ethefi Terentius.*—“ In the choice of subjects Cæcilius demands the preference, in the manners  
 “ Te-

In some I was excluded; and in some  
 Hardly maintain'd my ground. But knowing well  
 The variable fortunes of the Scene,  
 I was content to hazard certain toil  
 For an uncertain gain. I undertook  
 To rescue those same plays from condemnation,  
 And labour'd to reverse your sentence on them;  
 That the same Poet might afford me more,  
 And no ill fortune damp young genius in him.  
 My cares prevail'd; the plays were heard; and thus  
 Did I restore an Author, nearly lost  
 Through the malevolence of adversaries,  
 To study, labour, and the Poet's art.  
 But had I at that time despis'd his plays,  
 Or labour'd to deter him from the task,  
 It had been easy to have kept him idle,  
 And to have scar'd him from attempting more :

“ Terence.”—Madam Dacier indeed renders *in argumentis* “ in the disposition of his subjects.” But the words will not bear that construction. *Argumentum*, I believe, is uniformly used for the argument itself, never implies the conduct of it—as in the Prologue to the *Andrian*, *non tam dissimili argumento*—“ in argument less different.”—Besides, the disposition of the subject was the very *art* attributed by the criticks of those days to Terence, and which Horace mentions in the very same line with the gravity of Cæcilius, distinguishing them as the several characteristicks of each writer.

Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.

See Hurd's notes to the Epistle to Augustus.

116 ANOTHER PROLOGUE.

For my fake, therefore, deign to hear with candour  
The fuit I mean to offer to you now.

Once more I bring the STEP-MOTHER before you,  
Which yet in filence I might never play ;  
So did confufion crush it: which confufion  
Your prudence may allay, if it will deign  
To fecond our endeavours.---When I firft  
Begun to play this piece, the fturdy Boxers,  
(The Dancers on the Rope expected too)  
Th' increafing crouds, the noife, and women's clamour  
Oblig'd me to retire before my time.  
I, upon this occafion, had recourfe  
To my old way. I brought it on again.  
In the firft act I please: meanwhile there fpreads  
A rumour of the Gladiators: then  
The people flock together, riot, roar,  
And fight for places. I meanwhile *my* place  
Could not maintain---To-day there's no difturbance ;  
All's filence and attention; a clear ftage :  
\* 'Tis your's to give thefe games their proper grace.  
Let not, oh let not the Dramatick Art  
Fall to a few! Let your authority  
Affift and fecond mine! If I for gain

\* *'Tis your's to give thefe games their proper grace.*] There is great force and eloquence in the actor's affecting a concern for the facred festivals, which were in danger of being de-

prived of their chief ornaments, if by too great a feverity they difcouraged the Poets, who undertook to furnifh the plays during the celebrity. DACIER.

Ne'er over-rated my abilities,  
 If I have made it still my only care  
 To be obedient to your will, oh grant  
 That he who hath committed his performance  
 To my defence, and who hath thrown himself  
 On your protection, be not giv'n to scorn,  
 And foul derision of his envious foes!

Admit this plea for my sake, and be silent;  
 That other Poets may not fear to write,  
 That I too may hereafter find it meet  
 To play new pieces, \* bought at my expence.

\* *Bought at my expence.*] *Pretio emtas meo.* These words I have rendered literally, tho' there is a great dispute among commentators concerning them. Donatus, and, after him, Madam Dacier, explains *pretio* by *æstimatione pretii*, importing that Ambivius valued the play, when the Ædiles were to purchase it. Madam Dacier therefore supposes the case to be thus. When the Ædiles had a mind to purchase a copy for the Stage, they gave it to the Master of the Company, to peruse, and set a price upon it. If it failed, the master was bound to return the money to the Magistrates; which made it the interest of the Actors to support the piece, as the loss, if it was rejected, fell upon them-

selfes.—This it must be owned is ingenious, but has nothing to support it but conjecture. We are entirely unacquainted with the nature of these transactions between the Ædiles, Players, and Poet, and therefore cannot pronounce with certainty about them. Besides, I believe it will be hard to find an instance where *Pretium* is put for *Æstimatione Pretii*. I am therefore more inclined to think, that on some occasions the Ædiles, on others the Master of the Company, bought the play, of which last kind was the purchase of the Step-Mother. But how in either case, if it was not received by the publick, the Poet could claim a right to a second sale, as is mentioned in the first prologue, is



a matter not easily determined at this distance of time. PATRICK.

Madam Dacier's reasoning on this dark point of theatrical history is certainly inconclusive; not only for want of proof, but because no method of *settling the assize* of plays could be more unworthy the Magistrate, more detrimental to Authors, or more hurtful to the credit of the Stage: for if the Actor was to abide by the loss, his interest would incline him to set the very lowest value on the piece.—Taking the whole prologue together, may not one conjecture, that the first time a play was exhibited, it was purchased, as is mentioned in other prologues, by the *Ædiles*: but if it failed, or, for the sake of Gladiators, and Rope-dancers, was then refused a hearing, the Poet had a right to withdraw his piece without returning the copy-money; and if it was brought on again by the manager, it was at his own hazard and expence? This conjecture explains the passage in the first prologue concerning a second sale, and gives an additional force to every thing urged by Ambivius in the second; in which, supposing the actor to be speaking to the audience concerning a theatrical usage with which they were all familiarly acquainted, the whole obscurity of both the prologues

vanishes. We immediately comprehend the manner of his revival of the plays of Cæcilius, and see how essentially his interest is concerned in the reception of this of Terence. It gives us also a very high opinion of the penetration and humanity of Ambivius.

From these two prologues, and some passages in Horace, we may collect, that riots, parties, &c. were as common in Rome as in England; and that a first night was as terrible, and the town as formidable to Cæcilius, and Terence, as to the puny authors of our days. The high reputation of Ambivius Turpio, (the actor who spoke this Prologue, and the Manager of the Company) as well as the esteem which Terence had for him, is evident; and we conceive no unfavourable idea of the town-criticks of those times, who could listen to such a plea urged by the Actor, and so candidly acquiesce in all that he said in his own commendation. We have, indeed, an acting manager in our time, to whom modern authors have as much reason to be partial, as Terence to Ambivius: but though he has helped out many a lame play with a lively prologue, I believe he would hardly venture to make such an address to the publick, as this now before us.

**T H E**

T H E  
S T E P - M O T H E R .



A C T I. S C E N E I.

P H I L O T I S, S Y R A.

*Phi.* **N**OW, by my troth, a woman of the town  
Scarce ever finds a faithful lover, Syra.

This very Pamphilus, how many times  
He swore to Bacchis, swore so solemnly,  
One could not but believe him, that he never  
Would, in her life-time, marry! See, he's married.

*Syra.* I warn you therefore, and most earnestly  
Conjure you, to have pity upon none :  
But plunder, fleece, and beggar ev'ry man  
That falls into your pow'r.

*Phi.* What ! spare none ?

*Syra.* None.

For know, there is not one of all your sparks  
But studies to cajole you with fine speeches,  
And have his will as cheaply as he can.  
Shou'd not You then endeavour to fool Them?

*Phi.* But to treat all alike is wrong.

*Syra.* What ! wrong ?

To be reveng'd upon your enemies?  
 Or to snare those who spread their snares for you?  
 ---Alas! why have not I your youth and beauty,  
 Or you my sentiments?

## S C E N E II.

*Enter* PARMENO.

*Par. to Scirtus within.]* If our old gentleman  
 Asks for me, tell him I'm this very moment  
 Gone to the Port to seek for Pamphilus.  
 D'ye understand my meaning, Scirtus? If he asks,  
 Tell him that; if he shou'd not ask, say nothing;  
 That this excuse may serve another time.

*[comes forward.]*

—But is not that Philotis? Whence comes She?  
 Philotis! save you!

*Phi.* Save you, Parmeno!

*Syra.* Save you, good Parmeno!

*Par.* And save you, Syra!

—Tell me, Philotis, where have you been gadding,  
 Taking your pleasure this long time?

*Phi.* I've taken

No pleasure, Parmeno, indeed. I went  
 With a most brutal Captain hence to Corinth.  
 There have I led a wretched life with him,  
 For two whole years.

*Par.*

*Par.* Ay, ay, I warrant you  
That you have often wish'd to be in Athens;  
Often repented of your journey.

*Pbi.* Oh,  
'Tis quite impossible to tell how much  
I long'd to be at home, how much I long'd  
To leave the Captain, see you, revel with you,  
After the good old fashion, free, and easy.  
For there I durst not speak a single word,  
But what, and when, the mighty Captain pleas'd.

*Par.* 'Twas cruel in him thus to tie your tongue:  
At least, I'll warrant, that you thought it so.

*Pbi.* But what's this business, Parmeno? this story  
That Bacchis has been telling me within?  
I could not have believ'd that Pamphilus  
Would in her life-time marry.

*Par.* Marry truly!

*Pbi.* Why he is married: is not he?

*Par.* He is.

But I'm afraid 'twill prove a crazy match,  
And will not hold together long.

*Pbi.* Heav'n grant it,  
So it turn out to Bacchis's advantage!  
But how can I believe this, Parmeno?  
Tell me.

*Par.* It is not fit it should be told,  
Enquire no more.

*Pbi.* For fear I should divulge it?

Now

Now heav'n so prosper me, as I enquire,  
Not for the fake of telling it again,  
But to rejoice within myself.

*Par.* No, no :

Fair words, Philotis, sha'n't prevail on me  
To trust my back to your discretion.

*Pbi.* Well ;

Don't tell me, Parmeno.---As if you had not  
Much rather tell this secret, than I hear it!

*Par.* She's in the right: I am a blab, 'tis true,  
It is my greatest failing.---Give your word,  
You'll not reveal it, and I'll tell you.

*Pbi.* Now

You're like yourself again. I give my word.  
Speak.

*Par.* Listen then.

*Pbi.* I'm all ear.

*Par.* Pamphilus

Doated on Bacchis still as much as ever,  
When the old gentleman began to teaze him  
To marry, in the common cant of fathers ;  
---“ That he was now grown old; and Pamphilus  
“ His only child; and that he long'd for heirs,  
“ As props of his old age.” At first my master  
Withstood his instances, but as his father  
Became more hot and urgent, Pamphilus  
Began to waver in his mind, and felt  
A conflict betwixt love and duty in him.

At length, by hammering on marriage still,  
 And daily instances, th' old man prevail'd,  
 And made a match with our next neighbour's daughter,  
 Pamphilus did not take it much to heart,  
 Till just upon the very brink of wedlock:  
 But when he saw the nuptial rites prepar'd,  
 And, without respite, he must marry; then  
 It came so home to him, that even Bacchis,  
 Had she been present, must have pitied him.  
 Whenever he could steal from company,  
 And talk to me alone,—“ Oh Parmeno,  
 “ What have I done?” he'd cry.—“ I'm lost for ever,  
 “ Into what ruin have I plung'd myself!  
 “ I cannot bear it, Parmeno. Ah wretch!  
 “ I am undone.”

*Pbi.* Now all the pow'rs of heav'n  
 Confound you, Laches, for thus teasing him!

*Par.* In short, he marries, and brings home his wife.  
 The first night he ne'er touch'd her; nor the next.

*Pbi.* How! he a youth, and she a maidenhead!  
 Tipsy, and never touch her! 'Tis not likely;  
 Nor do I think it can be true.

*Par.* No wonder.  
 For they, that come to you, come all desire:  
 But he was bound to her against his will.

*Pbi.* What follow'd upon this?

*Par.* A few days after,  
 Pamphilus, taking me aside, informs me,

“ That

" That the maid still remain'd a maid for him ;  
 " That he had hop'd, before he brought her home,  
 " He might have borne the marriage:—but resolving  
 " Within myself, not to retain her long,  
 " I held it neither honesty in Me,  
 " Nor of advantage to the maid herself,  
 " That I should throw her off to scorn:---but rather  
 " Return her to her friends, as I receiv'd her,  
 " Chaste and inviolate."

*Pbi.* A worthy youth,  
 And of great modesty !

*Par.* " To make this publick  
 " Would not, I think, do well; and to return her  
 " Upon her father's hands, no crime alledg'd,  
 " Is arrogant: but she, I hope, as soon  
 " As she perceives she cannot live with me,  
 " Will of her own accord depart."

*Pbi.* But tell me;  
 Went he meanwhile to Bacchis ?

*Par.* Every day.  
 But she, as is the way you know, perceiving  
 He was another's property, became  
 More cross and mercenary.

*Pbi.* Troth, no wonder.

*Par.* Ay, but 'twas that detach'd him chiefly  
 from her.

For when he had examin'd well himself,  
 Bacchis, and her at home; and had compar'd

Their

Their different manners; seeing that his Bride,  
 After the fashion of a liberal mind,  
 Was decent, modest, patient of affronts,  
 And anxious to conceal the wrongs he did her;  
 Touch'd partly with compassion for his wife,  
 And partly tir'd with t'other's insolence,  
 He by degrees withdrew his heart from Bacchis,  
 Transferring it to Her, whose disposition  
 Was so congenial to his own. Meanwhile  
 An old relation of the family  
 Dies in the isle of Imbrus.\* His estate  
 Comes by the law to Them; and our old man  
 Dispatching thither, much against his will,  
 The now-fond Pamphilus, he leaves his wife  
 Here with his mother. The old gentleman  
 Retir'd into the country, † and but seldom  
 Comes up to town.

*Par.* But what is there in this  
 That can affect the marriage ?

*Par.* You shall hear  
 Immediately. At first, for some few days,  
 The women seem'd to live on friendly terms.  
 Till all at once the Bride, forsooth, conceiv'd

\* *Imbrus.*] An island near Thrace. for supposing the old gentleman to have remained in town, the whole perplexity and intricacy

† *Retir'd into the country.*] of the fable would be prevented.  
 This is very well conducted : DONATUS.



A wonderful disgust to Sofrata: \*

And yet there was no open breach between them,  
And no complaints on either side.

*Phi.* What then?

*Par.* If Sofrata, for conversation-sake,  
Went to the Bride, she instantly withdrew,  
Shunning her company. At length, unable  
To bear it any longer, she pretends  
Her mother had requir'd her to assist  
At some home-sacrifice. Away she went.  
After a few days absence, Sofrata  
Sent for her back. They made some lame excuse,  
I know not what. She sends again. No lady.  
Then after several messages, at last  
They say the gentlewoman's sick. My mistress  
Goes on a visit to her: not let in.  
Th' old gentleman, inform'd of all this, came  
On this occasion yesterday to town;  
And waited on the father of the Bride.  
What past between them, I as yet can't tell;  
And yet I long to know the end of this.  
---There's the whole business. Now I'll on my way.

\* *The bride conceiv'd a disgust to Sofrata.*] The explanation of things is very artfully reserved to its proper place; for, in truth, Parmeno is deceived, and Philumena did not withdraw herself from any real disgust to her step-mother, but pretends a pique through shame.

DONATUS.

*Phi.*

*Phi.* And I: for there's a stranger here,\* with whom I have an assignation.

*Par.* Speed the plough!

*Phi.* Parmeno, fare you well!

*Par.* Farewell, Philotis! [*Exeunt severally.*]

\* *There's a stranger here, &c.*] Here Philotis assigns a reason for her never appearing in the rest of the play. DONATUS.

It were to be wished, for the sake of the credit of our author's acknowledged art in the Drama, that Philotis had assigned as good a reason for her appearing at all. Eugraphius justly says, *Ea igitur meretrix, quæ hic est, longe a fabulâ est constituta.*—"The courtesan in this scene is a character quite foreign to the fable." Donatus also says much the same thing in his preface, and in his first note on this comedy; but adds, "That Terence chose this method, rather than to relate the argument by means of a Prologue, or to introduce a God speaking from a machine." I will venture to say that the Poet might have taken a much shorter and easier method than either; I mean, to have begun the play with the very scene, which now opens the second Act. Parmeno's nar-

ration must be allowed to be beautiful; but to introduce two characters entirely foreign to the play, merely to hear this story, is almost as inartificial as relating it directly to the audience: but what is still worse, when the tale is all told, the information we receive from it is idle and impertinent, and only serves to forestal incidents, and throw a coldness on the succeeding scenes; for there is not a single circumstance in Parmeno's narration, but what unfolds itself in the course of the play; and whoever begins this Comedy at the second act, will take in the whole story as completely, as by beginning at the first.—I may venture therefore to pronounce this act to be redundant, and to assign it as one of the causes of the general complaint of the want of vivacity in the fable of this comedy. A whole act consumed in narration, however necessary, is not artificial; but when that narration is useless and superfluous, it becomes still more inexcusable.



ACT II. SCENE I. \*

LACHES, SOSTRATA. \*

*Lach.* O H heav'n and earth, what animals are  
women !

What a conspiracy between them all,  
To do or not to do, love or hate alike !  
Not one but has the sex so strong in her,  
She differs nothing from the rest. Step-mothers  
All hate their Step-daughters : and every wife

\* *Laches, Sostrata.*] Donatus remarks, that this scene opens the intention of Terence to oppose the generally-received opinion, and to draw the character of a good Step-Mother. It would therefore, as has been already observed, have been a very proper scene to begin the play, as it carries us immediately into the midst of things ; and we cannot fail to be interested where we see the persons acting so deeply interested themselves. We gather from it just so much of the story, as is necessary for our information at first setting out: We are told

of the abrupt departure of Philumena, and are witnesses of the confusion in the two families of Laches and Phidippus. The absence of Laches, which had been in great measure the occasion of this misunderstanding, is also very artfully mentioned in the altercation between him and Sostrata. The character of Laches is very naturally drawn. He has a good heart, and a testy disposition ; and the poor old gentleman is kept in such constant perplexity, that he has perpetual occasion to exert both those qualities.

Studies

Studies alike to contradict her husband,  
 The same perverseness running through them all.  
 Each seems train'd up in the same school of mischief:  
 And of that school, if any such there be,  
 My wife, I think, is school-mistress.

*Sostrata.* Ah me!

Who know not why I am accus'd.

*Lach.* Not know?

*Sostrata.* No, as I hope for mercy! as I hope  
 We may live long together!

*Lach.* Heav'n forbid!

*Sostra.* Hereafter, Laches, you'll be sensible  
 How wrongfully you have accus'd me.

*Lach.* I?—

Accuse you wrongfully?—Is't possible  
 To speak too hardly of your late behaviour?  
 Disgracing me, yourself, and family;  
 Laying up sorrow for your absent son;  
 Converting into foes his new-made friends,  
 Who thought him worthy of their child in marriage.  
 You've been our bane, and by your shrewishness  
 Brew'd this disturbance.

*Sostra.* I?

*Lach.* You, woman, you:

Who take me for a stone, and not a man.  
 Think ye, because I'm mostly in the country,  
 I'm ignorant of your proceedings here?  
 No, no; I know much better what's done here,

Than where I'm chiefly resident : because,  
 Upon my family at home depends  
 My character abroad. I knew long since  
 Philumena's disgust to you;—no wonder !  
 Nay, 'twere a wonder, had it not been so.  
 Yet I imagin'd not her hate so strong,  
 'Twould vent itself upon the family :  
 Which had I dream'd of, she should have remain'd,  
 And you pack'd off.---Consider, Softrata,  
 How little cause you had to vex me thus.  
 In complaisance to you, and husbanding  
 My fortune, I retir'd into the country;  
 Scraping, and labouring beyond the bounds  
 Of reason, or my age, that my estate  
 Might furnish means for your expence and pleasure.  
 ---Was it not then your duty, in return,  
 To see that nothing happen'd here to vex me?

*Softra.* 'Twas not my doing, nor my fault indeed.

*Lach.* 'Twas your fault, Softrata; your fault alone.  
 You were sole mistress here; and in your care  
 The house, tho' I had freed you of all other cares.  
 A woman, an old woman too, and quarrel  
 With a green girl! oh shame upon't!---You'll say  
 That 'twas her fault.

*Softra.* Not I indeed, my Laches:

*Lach.* Fore heav'n, I'm glad on't! on my son's  
 account.

For

For as for You, I'm well enough assur'd  
No fault can make you worfe.

*Sofra.* But prithee, husband,  
How can you tell that her averfion to me  
Is not a mere pretence, that fhe may ftay  
The longer with her mother ?

*Lach.* No fuch thing.  
Was not your vifit yefterday a proof,  
From their denial to admit you to her ?

*Sofra.* They faid fhe was fo fick fhe could not  
fee me.

*Lach.* Sick of your humours, nothing elfe, I fancy.  
And well fhe might: for there's not one of you  
But want your fons to take a wife: and that's  
No fooner over, but the very woman,  
Which by your infigation they have married,  
They, by your infigation, put away.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter PHIDIPPUS.*

*Phid. to Phil. within.]* Although, Philumena, I know  
my pow'r  
To force you to comply with my commands,  
Yet yielding to paternal tendernefs,  
I e'en give way, nor crofs your humour.

*Lach.* See,

Phidippus in good time! I'll learn from him  
The cause of this.--[*going up to him.*] Phidippus,\* tho'

I own

Myself indulgent to my family,  
Yet my complacency and easiness  
Runs not to that extreme, that my good-nature  
Corrupts their morals. Would you act like me,  
'T would be of service to both families.  
But you I see are wholly in their pow'r.

*Phid.* See there! †

\* *Phidippus, tho' I own, &c.*] This expostulation of Laches with Phidippus is a most faithful and elegant copy of nature. His peace of mind being disturbed by the disorders he finds in his family, his ill-humour, like that of most married men, breaks out first upon his wife; but as family-scenes, whether sweet or bitter, are seldom agreeable to a third person, the presence of Phidippus immediately puts an end to their dialogue. But the circumstance which I most admire is, that although Laches had just before thrown the whole blame on Sofrata, he no sooner sees Phidippus, than he endeavours to exculpate his own family, and to insinuate that the whole fault lies on that of his neighbour.

† *See there!*] *Heia vero!* These words, seemingly so easy, have yet puzzled Commentators. Donatus makes them an adverb of interruption. Madam Dacier interprets them as addressed by Phidippus to his daughter, in reference to their conversation within, signifying, "Did not I tell you they would be offended at your absence?" For my part I take it to be an emotion of surprize mixed with discontent. Phidippus, while he is yet discoursing with his daughter, is suddenly accosted by Laches, and in language too that he did not much like. Upon which he exclaims, *Heia vero!* which words seem to answer pretty nearly to our phrase, *Look ye there now!* a phrase often used on the like occasions. PATRICK.

*Lach.*

*Lach.* I waited on you yesterday  
 About your daughter: but I went away,  
 No wiser than I came. It is not right,  
 If you would have the alliance last between us,  
 To smother your resentment. If We seem  
 In fault, declare it; that we may refute,  
 Or make amends for our offence: and you  
 Shall carve the satisfaction out yourself.  
 But if her sickness only is the cause  
 Of her remaining in your family,  
 Trust me, Phidippus, but you do me wrong,  
 To doubt her due attendance at my house.  
 For, by the powers of heav'n, I'll not allow  
 That you, altho' her father, wish her better  
 Than I. I love her on my son's account;  
 To whom, I'm well convinc'd, she is as dear  
 As he is to himself: and I can tell.\*  
 How deeply 'twill affect him, if he knows this.  
 Wherefore I wish she should come home again,  
 Before my son's return.

*Phid.* My good friend Laches,  
 I know your care, and your benevolence;  
 Nor doubt but all is as you say; and hope  
 That you'll believe I wish for her return,  
 So I could but effect it,

\* *I can tell how deeply, &c.]* by Pamphilus for his pretended  
 Here the Poet very artfully discontend at the departure of  
 prepares a reason to be assigned his wife, DONATUS.



*Lach.* What prevents it?

Tell me, Phidippus! does she blame her husband?

*Phid.* Not in the least. For when I urg'd it home,  
And threaten'd to oblige her to return,  
She vow'd most solemnly, she could not bear  
Your house, so long as Pamphilus was absent.

---All have their failings: I am of so soft  
A nature, I can't thwart my family.

*Lach.* \*Ha, Softrata! [to Softrata apart.

*Softra.* Wretch that I am! Ah me! [aside.

*Lach.* And her return's impossible? [to Phidippus.

*Phid.* At present.

---Would you aught else with me? for I have business  
That calls me to the Forum.

*Lach.* I'll go with you. [Exeunt.

### S C E N E III.

*Manet* S O S T R A T A.

*Softra.* How unjustly

Do husbands stretch their censures to all wives,

\* *Ha, Softrata!*] This is extremely artful. The answer of Philumena, as related by Phidippus, contains an ample vindication of Pamphilus. What then can we suppose could make the house so disagreeable to her in his absence, but the

behaviour of Softrata? She declares her innocence; yet appearances are all against her. Supposing this to be the first act of the play, it would be impossible for a Comedy to open in a more interesting manner.

Because

Because of the offences of a few,  
Whose faults reflect dishonour on the rest !  
—For, heav'n so help me, as I'm innocent  
Of what my husband now accuses me !  
But 'tis no easy task to clear myself ;  
So fix'd and rooted is the notion in them,  
That Step-Mothers are all severe.—Not I ;  
For I have ever lov'd Philumena,  
As my own daughter ; nor can I conceive  
What accident has drawn her hatred on me.  
My son's return, I hope, will fettle all ;  
And, ah, I've too much cause to wish his coming. [*Exit.*]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

P A M P H I L U S, P A R M E N O.

*Pam.* **N**EVER did man experience greater ills,  
 More miseries in love than I.---Distraction!  
 Was it for This I held my life so dear?  
 For This was I so anxious to return?  
 Better, much better were it to have liv'd  
 In any place, than come to this again!  
 To feel, and know myself a wretch!---For when\*  
 Mischance befalls us, all the interval  
 Between its happening, and our knowledge of it,  
 May be esteem'd clear gain.

*Par.* But as it is,  
 You'll sooner be deliver'd from your troubles.  
 For had you not return'd, the breach between them  
 Had been made wider. But now, Pamphilus,

\* *For when mischance, &c.] A similar sentiment occurs in Milton's masque of Comus.*

Peace, brother; be not over-exquisite  
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;  
*For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,*  
*What need a man forestall his date of grief,*  
*And run to meet what he would most avoid?*  
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,  
 How bitter is such self-delusion?

Both

Both will, I doubt not, reverence your presence.  
You'll know the whole, make up their difference,  
And reconcile them to each other.---These  
Are all mere trifles, which you think so grievous.

*Pam.* Ah, why will you attempt to comfort me?  
Was ever such a wretch?---Before I married,  
My heart, you know, was wedded to another.  
---But I'll not dwell upon that misery,  
Which may be easily conceiv'd: and yet  
I had not courage to refuse the match  
My father forc'd upon me.---Scarcely wean'd  
From my old love, my lim'd soul scarcely freed  
From Bacchis, and devoted to my wife,  
Than, lo, a new calamity arises,  
Threatening to tear me from Philumena.  
For either I shall find my mother faulty,  
Or else my wife: In either case unhappy.  
For duty, Parmeno, obliges me  
To bear with all the failings of a mother:  
And then I am so bounden to my wife,  
Who, calm as patience, bore the wrongs I did her,  
Nor ever murmur'd a complaint.---But sure  
'Twas somewhat very serious, Parmeno,  
That could occasion such a lasting quarrel.

*Par.* Rather some trifle, if you knew the truth.  
The greatest quarrels do not always rise  
From deepest injuries. We often see,

That

That what wou'd never move another's spleen,  
 Renders the cholerick your worst of foes.  
 Observe how lightly children squabble.---Why?  
 Because they're govern'd by a feeble mind.  
 Women, like children, too are impotent,  
 And weak of soul. A single word, perhaps,  
 Has kindled all this enmity between them.

*Pam.* \*Go, Parmeno, and let them know I'm come.

[*noise within.*]

*Par.* Ha! what's all this?

*Pam.* Hush!

*Par.* I perceive a bustle,  
 And running to and fro.---Come this way, Sir!  
 ---To the door!---nearer still!---There, there, d'ye hear?

[*noise continues.*]

*Pam.* Peace; hush! [*shriek within.*] Oh Jupiter, I  
 heard a shriek!

*Par.* You talk yourself, and bid me hold my  
 tongue.

*Myrrbina, within.*] Hush, my dear child, for  
 heaven's sake!

*Pam.* It seem'd  
 The voice of my wife's mother. I am ruin'd!

*Par.* How so.

\* *Go, Parmeno, and let them know I'm come.*] It was the custom of those times, for the husband returning from abroad to send a messenger before, to give his wife notice of his arrival. DACIER.

*Pam.*

*Pam.* Undone !

*Par.* And why ?

*Pam.* Ah, Parmeno,

They hide some terrible misfortune from me !

*Par.* They said, your wife Philumena was ill :  
Whether 'tis that, I cannot tell.

*Pam.* Death, firrah !

Why did you not inform me that before ?

*Par.* Because I could not tell you all at once.

*Pam.* What's her disorder ?

*Par.* I don't know.

*Pam.* But tell me,

Has she had no physician ?

*Par.* I don't know.

*Pam.* But why do I delay to enter straight,  
That I may learn the truth, be what it will ?

---Oh my Philumena, in what condition  
Shall I now find thee?---If there's danger of thee,  
My life's in danger too. [Exit.

## S C E N E II.

P A R M E N O *alone.*

It were not good

That I should follow him into the house :

For

For all our family are odious to them.\*  
 That's plain from their denying Softrata  
 Admittance yesterday.---And if by chance  
 Her illness should increase, (which heav'n forbid,  
 For my poor master's sake!) they'll cry directly,  
 "Softrata's servant came into the house:"  
 Swear,---"that I brought the plague along with me,  
 "Put all their lives in danger, and increas'd  
 "Philumena's distemper."---By which means,  
 My mistress will be blam'd, and I be beaten.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter* S O S T R A T A.

*Softra.* Alas, I hear a dreadful noise within.  
 Philumena, I fear, grows worse and worse :  
 Which Æsculapius, and thou, Health, forbid! †  
 But now I'll visit her. [*goes towards the house.*]

\* *For all our family are odious to them.*] The Poet very artfully devises a reason to prevent not only Parmeno, but Softrata also, from entering the house.  
 DONATUS.

† *Which Æsculapius, and thou, Health, &c.*] She invokes the Goddesses of Health together with Æsculapius, because in Greece their statues were always placed near each other,

so that to offer up prayers to the one and not to the other, would have been held the highest indignity to the power neglected.—Lucian in his *Hippis* says, και εικονες εν αυτω λεβη λαυκη της αρχαιας εργασιαις, η μεν υγεια, η δε 'Ασκληπιος. It contains two white marble statues of very ancient workmanship, the one of the Goddess of Health, the other of Æsculapius. DACIER.

*Par.* Ho, Softrata !

*Softra.* Who's there ?

*Par.* You'll be shut out a second time.

*Softra.* Ha, Parmeno, are you there ?---Wretched woman !

What shall I do?---Not visit my son's wife,  
When she lies sick at next door ?

*Par.* Do not go ;

No, nor send any body else ; for they,  
That love the folks, to whom themselves are odious,  
I think are guilty of a double folly :  
Their labour proves but idle to themselves,  
And troublesome to those for whom 'tis meant.  
Besides, your son, the moment he arriv'd,  
Went in to visit her.

*Softra.* How, Parmeno !

Is Pamphilus arriv'd ?

*Par.* He is.

*Softra.* Thank heav'n !

Oh, how my comfort is reviv'd by that !

*Par.* And therefore I ne'er went into the house,  
For if Philumena's complaints abate,  
She'll tell him, face to face, the whole affair,  
And what has past between you to create  
This difference.--But here he comes--how sad !



## S C E N E IV.

*Enter P A M P H I L U S.**Softra.* My dear boy, Pamphilus !*Pam.* My mother, save you ! *[disorder'd.**Softra.* I'm glad to see you safe return'd.—How does  
Your wife ?*Pam.* A little better.*Softra.* Grant it, heav'n !

---But why d'ye weep, and why are you so sad ?

*Pam.* Nothing, good mother.*Softra.* What was all that bustle ?

Tell me, did pain attack her suddenly ?

*Pam.* It did.*Softra.* And what is her complaint ?*Pam.* A fever.*Softra.* What ! a quotidian ?*Pam.* So they say.---But in,\*

\* *But in, good mother.]* The behaviour of Pamphilus in this scene is most faithfully copied from nature. Being shocked with the discovery he has made, he leaves the house in great anguish, which, though he wishes to dissemble, he is unable to conceal. He cannot receive his mother as he ought, or give an answer of above two words : and finding himself unfit for conversation or company, he finds means to remove Softrata and Parmeno as soon as possible. When any unexpected grief takes hold of us, witness lay a constraint on our behaviour, and we are apt to wish to be alone, in order to deliver our-

Good mother, and I'll follow.

*Soфра.* Be it so.] [Exit.

*Pam.* Do you run, Parmeno, to meet the servants,  
And give your help in bringing home the baggage.

*Par.* As if they did not know the road!

*Pam.* Away! [Exit Parmeno.

S C E N E V.

P A M P H I L U S *alone.*

Which way shall I begin the wretched tale  
Of my misfortunes, which have fall'n upon me  
Thus unexpectedly? which even now  
These very eyes have seen, these ears have heard?  
And which, discover'd, drove me out o'doors,  
Cover'd with deep confusion?---For but now  
As I rush'd in, all anxious for my wife,  
And thinking to have found her visited,  
Alas, with a far different complaint;  
Soon as her women saw me, at first sight  
Struck and o'erjoy'd, they all exclaim'd, " He's  
" come !"

ourselves up entirely to the natural emotions of the mind. There is a very superior instance of the like beauty in Othello, in the scene where the Moor is worked up to jealousy by Iago. He first testifies his

uneasiness by half-words and short speeches; but soon finding it impossible to smother his disorder much longer, he orders Iago to leave him; upon which he immediately bursts into an agony of passion.

And

And then as soon each countenance was chang'd,  
 That chance had brought me so unseasonably.  
 Meanwhile one of them ran before, to speak  
 Of my arrival. I, who long'd to see her,  
 Directly follow'd; and no sooner enter'd,  
 Than her disorder was, alas, too plain:  
 For neither had they leisure to disguise it,  
 Nor could she silence the loud cries of travail.  
 Soon as I saw it, "Oh shame, shame!" I cried,  
 And rush'd away in tears and agony,  
 O'erwhelm'd with horror at a stroke so grievous.  
 The mother follows me, and at the threshold  
 Falls on her knees before me all in tears.  
 This touch'd me to the soul. And certainly  
 'Tis in the very nature of our minds,  
 To rise and fall according to our fortunes.  
 Thus she address'd me.---"Oh, my Pamphilus,  
 "The cause of her removal from your house,  
 "You've now discover'd. To my virgin-daughter  
 "Some unknown villain offer'd violence;  
 "And she fled hither to conceal her labour  
 "From you, and from your family."---Alas!  
 When I but call her earnest prayers to mind,  
 I cannot chuse but weep.---"Whatever chance,"  
 Continued she, "whatever accident,  
 "Brought you to-day thus suddenly upon us,  
 "By that we both conjure you---if in justice,  
 "And equity we may---to keep in silence,  
 "And

" And cover her distress.---Oh, Pamphilus,  
 " If e'er you witness'd her affection for you,  
 " By that affection she implores you now,  
 " Not to refuse us!---for recalling her,  
 " Do as your own discretion shall direct.  
 " That she's in labour now, or has conceiv'd  
 " By any other person, is a secret  
 " Known but to you alone. For I've been told,  
 " The two first months you had no commerce with her.  
 " \*And it is now the seventh since your union.

\* *And it is now the seventh since your union.*] There are many doubts concerning the interpretation of this line in the original—*Sum postquam ad te venit, mensis agitur hic jam septimus*—I have rendered the line by a translation equally equivocal. Some imagine that it means the seventh month from their marriage; and others explain it to be the seventh month from the time that Pamphilus had knowledge of his wife. The words *Postquam ad te venit*, taken simply, seem to countenance the former interpretation; but the nature of the circumstance, as well as the lines immediately preceding, together with what Phidippus says in the next act, all favour the latter.

It is necessary to the understanding the fable of this Comedy, that the English Reader should know that the Græcians

had a power of putting away their wives on refunding the portion.

There are several circumstances in the plot of this play rather irreconcilable to modern ideas of delicacy; but as they have in them no moral turpitude, they gave no offence to the Antients. There are no less than three of the six plays of Terence, in which we have a lady in the straw, and in two we absolutely hear her cry out. The Moderns on the contrary have chosen, as subjects of ridicule, things which the Antients would have considered with horror. Adultery has been looked upon by Wycherly, Congreve, and Vanburgh, as a very good joke, and an inexhaustible fund of humour and pleasantry; and "our English Writers," as Addison observes, "are as frequently severe upon that in-

" Your sentiments on this are evident.  
 " But now, my Pamphilus, if possible,  
 " I'll call it a miscarriage : no one else  
 " But will believe, as probable, 'tis your's.  
 " The child shall be immediately expos'd.  
 " No inconvenience will arise to You ;  
 " While thus you shall conceal the injury,  
 " \* That my poor girl unworthily sustain'd."  
 —I promis'd her; and I will keep my word.  
 But to recall her, wou'd be poor indeed :  
 Nor will I do it, tho' I love her still,  
 And former commerce binds me strongly to her.  
 —I can't but weep, to think how sad and lonely  
 My future life will be---Oh fickle fortune !  
 How transient are thy smiles!---But I've been school'd  
 To patience by my former hapless passion,  
 Which I subdued by reason: and I'll try  
 By reason to subdue this too.---But yonder  
 Comes Parmeno, I see, with th' other slaves !

" nocent unhappy creature,  
 " commonly known by the  
 " name of a Cuckold, as the  
 " Ancient Comick Writers were  
 " upon an Eating Parasite, or a  
 " Vain Glorious Soldier."

\* *That my poor girl unworthily  
 sustain'd.*] It is rather extra-  
 ordinary that Myrrhina's account  
 of the injury done to her daugh-

ter should not put Pamphilus in  
 mind of his own adventure,  
 which comes out in the fifth  
 act. It is certain, that had the  
 Poet let the Audience into that  
 secret in this place, they would  
 have immediately concluded  
 that the wife of Pamphilus, and  
 the lady whom he had ravished,  
 were one and the same person.

He

He must by no means now be present, since  
 To him alone, I formerly reveal'd,\*  
 That I abstain'd from her when first we married:  
 And if he hears her frequent cries, I fear,  
 That he'll discover her to be in labour.  
 I must dispatch him on some idle errand,  
 Until Philumena's deliver'd.†

\* *To him alone, I formerly reveal'd, &c.*] I cannot help thinking this circumstance a more than ordinary oversight in so correct a writer as Terence. By entrusting the inquisitive and babbling Parmeno with his secret, he certainly appears to acquaint him with more of the real truth, than it was even his own intention to have him supposed to know. In the last scene of the play Pamphilus conceals from him the discovery concerning Philumena; but that she had retired home, merely for the purpose of lying-in, is a fact which would not be in his power to conceal. In regard to Laches, Phidippus, and Sotrata, this fact indeed is of no consequence: but Parmeno, who had been entrusted with the secret of his master's abstinence, must either conclude the child to be no son of Pamphilus, and consider his master as a contented cuckold, or guess at the real state of the case. Either way, the intention of the Poet is defeated; and what is still worse than even Parmeno's being acquainted with it himself, we know that he had communicated it to a couple of courtezans; so that this mystery is indeed likely to be what the French call *le secret de la Comedie*, though not in the sense that Terence himself proposed.

† *Until Philumena's deliver'd.*]

It is observed by the Rev. Mr. Joseph Warton, in his judicious critical papers in the *Adventurer*, that "Terence superabounds in soliloquies; and that nothing can be more inartificial, or improper, than the manner in which he hath introduced them:" and we may add to this observation, that there is no play of Terence, in which he has so much transgressed that way, as in the *Step-Mother*. The present long soliloquy is a most flagrant instance of want of art and propriety. There are in it many affecting touches, and it informs

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter at a distance PARMENO, SOSIA, and other  
Slaves with baggage.*

*Par. to Sofia.* Ay ?

And had you such a wretched voyage, say you ?

*Sofia.* O Parmeno, words can't express how wretched  
A sea-life is.

us, at a proper period, of a very important part of the fable ; though *Monf. Diderot* thinks that the return of *Pamphilus* would have been infinitely more interesting, if this discovery had been made before. The same ingenious French Writer lays it down as a rule without exception, that “ a soliloquy is an interval of repose in the action, and of agitation in the character.” This rule, I believe, ought to be most commonly observed in writing soliloquies : but the fact is directly opposite in the soliloquy now before us. The plot proceeds ; and the action is carried on by the worst method possible, that of converting one of the personages into a kind of chorus, interpreting between the Poet and Audience, like *Hamlet* to *Ophelia*. The agitation of *Pamphilus* also is

very different from that of *Othello*, referred to in a former note. It does not consist, as it ought in nature to have done, merely of deliberation and passion ; but he enters into a minute detail, and repeats methodically every circumstance supposed to have past within. How much more dramatick would it have been to have had his bitter reflections interrupted by the intervention of *Myrrhina* ; which would have given the Poet an opportunity of throwing that narrative part of the soliloquy into an affecting scene ? I cannot help thinking that the tedious length of this ill-timed soliloquy, together with the want of vivacity in the first and last acts, was the chief reason of the low reputation of this piece among the criticks of antiquity.

*Par.*

*Par.* Indeed ?

*Sofia.* Oh happy Parmeno !

You little know the dangers you've escap'd,  
 Who've never been at sea.---For not to dwell  
 On other hardships, only think of this !  
 I was on ship-board thirty days or more,  
 In constant fear of sinking all the while,  
 The winds so contrary, such stormy weather !

*Par.* Dreadful !

*Sofia.* I found it so, I promise you.  
 In short, were I assur'd I must return,  
 'Fore heaven, Parmeno, I'd run away,  
 Rather than go on board a ship again.

*Par.* You have been apt enough to think of that  
 On slighter reason, Sofia, before now.  
 ---But yonder's my young master Pamphilus  
 Standing before that door.---Go in ! I'll to him,  
 And see if he has any business for me.

[*Exeunt Sofia, and the rest of the Slaves, with the baggage.*  
*Master,* are you here still ?                      [*to Pamphilus.*

*Pam.* Oh Parmeno !  
 I waited for you.

*Par.* What's your pleasure, Sir ?

*Pam.* Run to the Citadel.\*

\* *The Citadel.*] This is no considerable distance from the city, and therefore better suited to the design of Pamphilus, which was to keep Parmeno for some time at a distance. PATRICK.



*Par.* Who?

*Pam.* You.

*Par.* The Citadel!

For what?

*Pam.* Find out one Callidemides,  
My landlord of Mycone, who came over  
In the same ship with me.

*Par.* A plague upon it!  
Would not one swear that he had made a vow\*  
To break my wind, if he came home in safety,  
With running on his errands?

*Pam.* Away, Sirrah!

*Par.* What message? Must I only find him out?

*Pam.* Yes; tell him, that it is not in my power  
To meet him there to-day, as I appointed;  
That he mayn't wait for me in vain.---Hence; fly!

*Par.* But I don't know him, if I see him, Sir.

*Pam. impatiently.]* Well; I'll describe him so, you  
cannot miss him.

---A large, red, frizzle-pated, gros, blear-eyed,  
Ill-looking fellow.

*Par.* Plague on him, say I!

---What if he should not come, Sir, must I wait  
Till evening for him?

\* *That he had made a vow,* in a dangerous voyage vowing  
&c.] This is a facetious al- to perform particular acts in  
lusion to the custom among the case they came home in safety.  
antients, of persons engaged DONATUS,

*Pam.*

*Pam.* Yes.---Be quick !

*Par.* Be quick ?

I can't be quick,---I'm so much tir'd.

[*Exit.*

## S C E N E VII.

P A M P H I L U S *alone.*

He's gone.

What shall I do? Alas, I scarcely know  
How to conceal, as Myrrhina desir'd,  
Her daughter's labour. Yet I pity her ;  
And what I can, consistent with my duty,  
I am resolv'd to do : and yet my parents \*  
Must be obey'd before my love.---But see!  
My father and Phidippus come this way.  
How I shall act, heav'n knows.

\* *My parents, &c.*] This reflection seems to be rather improper in this place: for the discovery of Philumena's labour betrayed to Pamphilus the real motive of her departure: after which discovery his anxiety proceeds entirely from the supposed injury offered him, and his filial piety is from that period made use of merely as a pretence.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter at a distance* LACHES, *and* PHIDIPPUS.

*Lach.* Did not you say  
She only waited my son's coming?

*Phi.* Ay,

*Lach.* They say that he's arrived. Let her return  
then!

*Pam. behind.]* What reason I shall frame to give  
my father,

For not recalling her, I cannot tell.

*Lach. overbearing.]* Whose voice was that?

*Pam. to himself.]* And yet I am resolv'd  
To stand to my first purpose.

*Lach. seeing Pamphilus.]* He himself,  
Whom I was speaking of!

*Pam. going up.]* My father, save you!

*Lach.* Save you, my son!

*Phid.* Pamphilus, welcome home!  
I'm glad to see you safe, and in good health.

*Pam.* I do believe it.

*Lach.* Are you just now come?

*Pam.* Just now, Sir.

*Lach.* Well; and tell me, Pamphilus,  
What has our kinsman Phania left us?

*Pam.*

*Pam.* Ah, Sir!

He, his whole life-time, was a man of pleasure;  
And such men seldom much enrich their heirs.  
Yet he has left at least this praise behind him,  
“ While he liv’d, he liv’d well.”

*Lach.* And have you brought\*

Nothing home with you but this single sentence?

*Pam.* What he has left, tho’ small, is of advantage.

*Lach.* Advantage? No, it is a disadvantage:  
For I could wish he was alive and well.

*Phid.* That you may safely; since your wishing for’t  
Will never bring the man to life again:  
Yet I know well enough which you’d like best. [*aside.*

*Lach. to Pam.]* Phidippus order’d that Philumena  
Should be sent over to him yesterday.

— Say that you order’d it.

[*aside to Phidippus, thrusting him.*

*Phi. aside to Laches.]* Don’t thrust me so.—

I did.

[*aloud.*

*Lach.* But now he’ll send her home again.

*Phid.* I will.

*Pam.* Nay, nay, I know the whole affair.

\* *And have you brought, &c.]* old man gaping for a fat legacy, and having his mouth stopped with a moral precept, is truly comick. See Hurd’s Horace, vol. 1. p. 272.  
 *Tum tu igitur nihil attulisti hac plus unâ sententiâ.* This is taken notice of by Donatus as a particular happy stroke of character: and indeed the idea of a covetous

Since my arrival, I have heard it all.

*Lach.* Now, plague upon these envious tale-bearers,  
Who are so glad to fetch and carry news!

*Pam. to Phi.]* That I've endeavour'd to deserve  
no blame

From any of the family, I'm conscious.

Were it my inclination to relate,

How true I've been, how kind, and gentle tow'rds  
her,

I well might do it: But I rather chuse,

You should collect it from herself. For when

She, altho' now there's enmity between us,

Bespeaks me fair, you will the sooner credit

My disposition tow'rds her. And I call

The Gods to witness, that this separation

Has not arisen from my fault. But since

She thinks it is beneath her to comply

With Sofrata, and bear my mother's temper;

And since no other means are to be found

Of reconciliation, I, Phidippus,

Must leave my mother or Philumena.

Duty then calls me to regard my mother.

*Lach.* My Pamphilus, I cannot be displeas'd,

That you prefer to all the world a parent.

But take heed, your resentment don't transport you

Beyond the bounds of reason, Pamphilus!

*Pam.* Ah, what resentment can I bear to her,

Who ne'er did any thing I'd wish undone,  
 But has so often deserv'd well of me?  
 I love her, own her worth, and languish for her;  
 For I have known her tenderness of soul:  
 And heaven grant, that with some other husband  
 She find that happiness she mist in me;  
 From whom the strong hand of necessity  
 Divorces her for ever!

*Phid.* That event

'Tis in your pow'r to hinder.

*Lach.* If you're wise,  
 Take your wife home again!

*Pam.* I cannot, father.

I must not slack my duty to my mother. [*going.*]

*Lach.* Where are you going? [*Exit Pamphilus.*]

S C E N E IX.

*Manent* LACHES, and PHIDIPPUS.

*Phi.* How perverse is this! [*angrily.*]

*Lach.* Did not I say he'd take it ill, Phidippus,  
 And therefore begg'd you to send back your daughter?

*Phi.* 'Fore heaven, I did not think him such a  
 churl,

What! does he fancy I'll go cringing to him?

No;

No;---if he'll take his wife, he may:---if not,  
Let him refund her portion;---there's an end!

*Lach.* See there now! you're as fractious as himself.

*Pbi.* You're come back obstinate and proud  
enough

In conscience, Pamphilus! [*angrily.*]

*Lach.* This anger will subside,  
Tho' he has had some cause to be disturb'd.

*Pbi.* Because you've had a little money left you,  
Your minds are so exalted!

*Lach.* What! d'ye quarrel  
With *Me* too?

*Pbi.* Let him take to-day to think on't,  
And send me word if he will have her home,  
Or not: that if she don't remain *his* wife,  
She may be given to another. [*Exit hastily.*]

## S C E N E X.

L A C H E S *alone.*

Stay!

Hear me! one word, Phidippus! Stay!---He's gone.  
---What is't to me? [*angrily.*] E'en let them settle it  
Among themselves; since nor my son, nor He  
Take my advice, nor mind one word I say.

---This quarrel shall go round, I promise them:

I'll

I'll to my wife, the author of this mischief,  
And vent my spleen and anger upon *Her*.\* [*Exit*.

\* *And vent my spleen and anger upon her.*] There are few scenes of comedy more truly humorous than the situation and behaviour of the two old gentlemen at the conclusion of this act. The natural, but uncommon conduct of Pamphilus; its effect on Phidippus; *his* treatment of Laches and abrupt departure; and then again the emotions of Laches on the usage he had experienced from his son and his neighbour, are all very pleasant, and must produce an admirable effect in the representation,





ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter MYRRHINA hastily.*

*Myrr.* **W**HAT shall I do!---Confusion!---which way turn?

Alas, what answer shall I make my husband?  
 For I dare say he heard the infant's cries,  
 He ran so hastily, without a word,  
 Into my daughter's chamber. If he finds  
 That she has been deliver'd, what excuse  
 To make, for having thus conceal'd her labour,  
 I can't devise.---But our door creaks!---'Tis He,  
 I am undone.

S C E N E II.

*Enter PHIDIPPUS.*

*Phi.* Soon as my wife perceiv'd\*  
 That I was going to my daughter's chamber,

\* *Soon as my wife perceiv'd,* Dacier joins this scene to the  
*Éc.*] *Uxor ubi me ad filiam ire* third act, and assigns this verse  
*sensit, se duxit foras.* Madam as her reason for it. I have  
 chosen

She stole directly out o'doors.---But see!

Yonder she stands.---Why, how now, Myrrhina?

Holo, I say! [*She affects not to see him.*]

*Myrr.* D'ye call me, husband?

*Pbid.* Husband!

Am I your husband? am I ev'n a man?

For had you thought me to be either, Woman,

You would not dare to play upon me thus.

*Myrr.* How!

*Pbid.* How?—My daughter has been brought  
to bed.

---Ha! are you dumb?—by whom?

*Myrr.* Is that a question

For you, who are her father, to demand?

Alas! by whom d'ye think, unless her husband?

*Pbid.* So I believe: nor is it for a father

chosen rather to follow the old division, which seems to me to be the right. This scene brings on a new part of the plot; which occupies the rest of this fourth act. The continuity of the scenes being broken at the departure of Myrrhina proves nothing, or too much: for Terence often takes that liberty in the middle of an act, and the scene is certainly left vacant by Laches. Besides, Myrrhina does not, as Madam Dacier asserts, leave the house immediately on the entrance of Phidippus, in order to avoid him; but is

frightened out of doors by his running to Philumena's chamber on hearing the cries of the Child. This, it is most natural to suppose, happened some time after he had returned home, and all these circumstances are with much greater propriety made to fill the interval between the two acts, than huddled into the compass of six lines. Terence, indeed, sometimes runs into that very absurdity; but I think we need not industriously force him out of his way on purpose to make him guilty of it.

To

To suppose otherwise: But yet I wonder,  
 That you have thus conceal'd her labour from us:  
 Especially as she has been deliver'd  
 At her full time, and all is as it shou'd be.  
 What! Is there such perverseness in your nature,  
 As rather to desire the infant's death,  
 Than that his birth shou'd knit the bond of friendship  
 Closer betwixt us; rather than my daughter,  
 Against your liking, shou'd remain the wife  
 Of Pamphilus?—I thought all this confusion  
 Had been Their fault, while You're alone to blame;

*Myrr.* How wretched am I!

*Pbid.* Would to heav'n you were!

---But now I recollect your conversation  
 When first we made this match, you then declar'd  
 You'd not endure she should remain the wife  
 Of Pamphilus, who follow'd mistresses,  
 And pass'd the nights abroad.

*Myrr.* I had much rather  
 He should think any reason than the true. [*aside.*]

*Pbid.* I knew he kept a mistress; knew it long  
 Ere you did, Myrrhina; but I could never  
 Think that offence so grievous in a youth,  
 Seeing 'tis natural to them all: and soon  
 The time shall come, when he'll stand self-reprov'd.  
 But you, perverse and wilful as at first,  
 Could take no rest, till you had brought away  
 Your daughter, and annull'd the match, I made:

There's

There's not a circumstance, but loudly speaks  
Your evil disposition to the marriage.

*Myrr.* D'ye think me then so obstinate, that I,  
Who am her mother, should betray this spirit,  
Granting the match were of advantage to us?

*Phid.* Is it for You then to foresee, or judge  
What's of advantage to us? You perhaps  
Have heard from some officious busy-body,  
That they have seen him going to his mistress,  
Or coming from her house: And what of that,  
So it were done discreetly, and but seldom?  
Were it not better that we should dissemble  
Our knowledge of it, than pry into things,  
Which to appear to know wou'd make him hate us?  
For could he tear her from his heart at once,  
To whom he was so many years attach'd,  
I should not think he were a man, or likely  
To prove a constant husband to my daughter.

*Myrr.* No more of Pamphilus, or my offence;  
Since you will have it so!---Go, find him out;  
Confer with him alone, and fairly ask him,  
Will he, or no, take back Philumena?  
If he avows his inclination to't,  
Restore her; but if he refuses it,  
Allow, I've ta'en good counsel for my child.

*Phid.* Grant, he shou'd prove repugnant to the  
match,

Grant, you perceiv'd this in him, Myrrha ;  
 Was not I present? had not I a right  
 To be consulted in't?---It makes me mad,  
 That you should dare to act without my order :  
 And I forbid you to remove the Child  
 Out of this house.—But what a fool am I,  
 Enjoining her obedience to my orders !  
 I'll in, and charge the servants, not to suffer  
 The infant to be carried forth. [Exit.

## S C E N E III.

MYRRHINA *alone.*

No woman more unhappy than myself :  
 For how he'd bear it, did he know the whole,  
 When he has taken such offence at this,  
 Which is of much less consequence, is plain.  
 Nor by what means to reconcile him to it,  
 Can I devise. After so many ills,  
 This only misery there yet remain'd,  
 To be oblig'd to educate the child,  
 Ignorant of the father's quality.  
 For he, the cruel spoiler of her honour,  
 Taking advantage of the night and darkness,  
 My daughter was not able to discern  
 His person: nor to force a token from him,

Whereby

Whereby he might be afterwards discover'd :  
 But he, at his departure, pluck'd by force  
 A Ring from off her finger.—\* I fear too,  
 That Pamphilus will not contain himself,  
 Nor longer keep our secret, when he finds  
 Another's child acknowledg'd for his own. [Exit.

## S C E N E IV.

S O S T R A T A, P A M P H I L U S.

*Softra.* Dear son, I'm not to learn that you suppose,  
 Tho' you dissemble your suspicions to me,  
 That my ill-humour caus'd your wife's departure.  
 But by my trust in heaven, and hopes in you,  
 I never knowingly did any thing  
 To draw her hatred and disgust upon me.  
 I always thought you lov'd me, and to-day  
 You have confirm'd my faith: for even now  
 Your father has been telling me within,  
 How much you held me dearer than your love.  
 Now therefore, on my part, I am resolv'd  
 To equal you in all good offices;  
 That you may know, your mother ne'er with-holds  
 The just rewards of filial piety.—

\* *A Ring from off her finger.]*  
 This is a preparation for the  
 Catastrophe; for the Ring pro-  
 duces the discovery. DONA-  
 TUS.

This preparation being made  
 by a soliloquy, which tells the  
 circumstance directly to the  
 audience, is not so artful as  
 might be expected from Terence.

Finding it then both meet, my Pamphilus,  
 For your repose, as well as my good name,  
 I have determin'd to retire directly  
 From hence into the country with your father,  
 So shall my presence be no obstacle,  
 Nor any cause remain, but that your wife  
 Return immediately.

*Pam.* What thoughts are these?  
 Shall her perverseness drive you out of town?  
 It shall not be: nor will I draw, good mother,  
 That censure on me, that my obstinacy,  
 Not your good-nature, was the cause.---Besides,  
 That you should quit relations, friends, diversions,  
 On my account, I can't allow.

*Soſtra.* Alas,  
 Those things have no allurements for me now.  
 While I was young, and 'twas the season for them,  
 I had my share, and I am satisfied.  
 'Tis now my chief concern to make my age  
 Easy to all, \* that no one may regret

\* *That no one may regret my lengthen'd life, &c.*] This idea of the long life of a Step-Mother being odious to her family, is applied in a very beautiful and uncommon manner, by Shakespeare.

Now, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour  
 Draws on apace; four happy days bring in  
 Another moon: but, oh, methinks how slow  
 This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,  
 Like to a Step-Dame, or a Dowager,  
 Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

My

My lengthen'd life, nor languish for my death.  
 Here, altho' undeservedly, I see\*  
 My presence odious: I had best retire:  
 So shall I best cut off all discontent,  
 Absolve myself from this unjust suspicion,  
 And humour Them. Permit me then, to shun  
 The common scandal thrown upon the sex!

*Pam.* How fortunate in every thing but one,  
 Having so good a mother,—such a wife!

*Sostra.* Patience, my Pamphilus! Is't possible  
 You can't endure *one* inconvenience in her?  
 If in all else, as I believe, you like her,  
 Dear son, be rul'd by me, and take her home!

*Pam.* Wretch that I am!

*Sostra.* And I am wretched too:  
 For this grieves me, my son, no less than you.

S C E N E V.

*Enter* LACHES.

*Lach.* I have been standing at a distance, wife,  
 And overheard your conversation with him.

\* *Here, altho' undeservedly, I see, &c.*] Though Sostrata industriously endeavours to stifle her resentment, yet, in spite of herself, some little indignation, arising from a sense of the ill usage she has received, will mix in what she says; which the Poet has purposely thrown into her discourse, in order to paint the manners, and express character. DONATUS.



You have done wisely to subdue your temper,  
And freely to comply with what, perhaps,  
Hereafter must be done.

*Soфра.* And let it be!\*

*Lach.* Now then retire with me into the country;  
There I shall bear with You, and You with Me.

*Soфра.* I hope we shall.

*Lach.* Go in then, and pack up  
The necessaries you would carry with you,  
Away!

*Soфра.* I shall obey your orders. [Exit.

*Pam.* Father!

*Lach.* Well, Pamphilus?

*Pam.* My mother leave the town?

By no means.

*Lach.* Why?

*Pam.* Because I'm yet uncertain  
What I shall do about my wife.

*Lach.* How's that?

What *would* you do, but take her home again?

*Pam.* 'Tis what I wish for, and can scarce forbear.  
But I'll not alter what I first design'd.

\* *And let it be!*] *'Fors fuat pol!* Madam Dacier refines prodigiously on these three words, and supposing great difficulty in them, explains them by a very long periphrasis. Donatus seems to consider them as mere words of assent, agreeable to the

mild character of Soфрата; and if I might venture to correct a French translation, I would say that Madam Dacier might have rendered them more properly by the common expression of *la bonne heure!*

What's



## SCENE VI.

*Enter PHIDIPPUS.*

*Phid. to Phil. within.]* I'm angry with you—'fore  
heaven very angry,

Philumena!—You've acted shamefully.

Though you indeed have some excuse for't, seeing  
Your mother urg'd you to't; but She has none. |

*Lach.* You're come upon us in good time,  
Phidippus;

Just in the time we wanted you.

*Phid.* What now?

*Pam.* What answer shall I give them? \* how ex-  
plain? *[aside.*

ficient if they are conceived in the same vein of pleasantry, that runs through the rest of the work. The stroke of character before us seems to me to be just in the same stile with that which this critick takes notice of in the third act, and of which he says, "that it is an observation drawn naturally and forcibly from Laches;— and this too without design; which is important, and shews the distinction of what, in the more restrained sense of the word, we call *humour*

" from other modes of *pleasan-try.*"

\* *How explain?*] *Quo pacto hoc aperiam?* This is the common reading, which Bentley and Madam Dacier convert to *operiam, how shall I hide it?* I see no occasion for any alteration. Pamphilus did not mean to divulge the secret; but in his present embarrassment he might easily be perplexed how to assign plausible reasons for his way of acting.

*Lach.*

*Lach.* Inform your daughter, Sostrata will hence  
Into the country; so Philumena  
Need not dread coming home again.

*Phid.* Ah, friend!  
Your wife has never been in fault at all:  
All this has sprung from my wife Myrrhina.  
The case is alter'd. She confounds us, Laches.

*Pam.* So that I may not take her home again,  
Confound affairs who will! [*aside.*]

*Phid.* I, Pamphilus,  
Would fain, if possible, make this alliance  
Perpetual between our families.

But if you cannot like it, take the Child.\*

*Pam.* He knows of her delivery. Confusion! [*aside.*]

*Lach.* The Child! what Child?

*Phid.* We've got a grandson, Laches.  
For when my daughter left your house, she was  
With child, it seems, altho' I never knew it  
Before this very day.

*Lach.* Fore heav'n, good news!  
I am rejoic'd to hear a child is born,  
And that your daughter had a safe delivery.  
But what a woman is your wife, Phidippus?  
Of what a disposition? to conceal  
Such an event as this? I can't express

\* *Take the Child.*] According to law, the Male Children always followed the father. De- NATUS.

How very much I think she was to blame.

*Phid.* This pleases me no more than you, good  
Laches.

*Pam.* Altho' my mind was in suspense before,  
My doubts all vanish now. I'll ne'er recall her,  
Since she brings home with her another's child. [*aside.*

*Lach.* There is no room for choice now, Pamphilus,

*Pam.* Confusion! [*aside.*

*Lach.* We've oft wish'd to see the day,  
When you should have a child, to call you father,  
That day's now come. The Gods be thank'd!

*Pam.* Undone! [*aside.*

*Lach.* Recall your wife, and don't oppose my will,

*Pam.* If she had wish'd for children by me, father,  
Or to remain my wife, I'm very sure  
She never would have hid this matter from me:  
But now I see her heart divorc'd from me,  
And think we never can agree hereafter,  
Wherefore should I recall her?

*Lach.* A young woman  
Did as her mother had persuaded her.  
Is that so wonderful? and do you think  
To find a woman without any fault?  
—Or is't because the *men* are ne'er to blame?

[*ironically.*

*Phid.* Consider with yourselves then, gentlemen,  
Whether you'll part with her, or call her home.

What

What my wife does, I cannot help, you know.  
Settle it as you please, you've my consent.  
But for the Child, what shall be done with him?

*Lach.* A pretty question truly! come what may,  
Send his own bantling home to him of course,  
That we may educate him.

*Pam.* When his own \*  
Father abandons him, I educate him?

*Lach.* What said you? how! not educate him,  
say you?

Shall we expose him rather, Pamphilus?  
What madness is all this?---My breath, and blood!  
I can contain no longer. You oblige me  
To speak, against my will, before Phidippus:  
Think you I'm ignorant whence flow those tears?  
Or why you're thus disorder'd and distress'd?  
First, when you gave as a pretence, *you could not*

\* *When his own father abandons him, I educate him?*] *Quem ipse neglexit pater, ego alam?* Donatus on this passage takes notice of a reading, which entirely changes the sense. *Quem ipsa neglexit, pater*; where we have *ipsa* for *ipse*, and *Pater* is a vocative. "Shall I, father, take care of a child, whom the mother herself has abandoned?" But the other reading is certainly the best. It is full of passion, and is strongly

descriptive of the situation of Pamphilus. There is indeed an objection that may be offered, from a supposition, that this were betraying Philumena. But we are to imagine it a start of passion, and that Laches, totally ignorant of that secret, catches at the last words *Ego alam?* "I educate him?" which the actor might deliver with greater energy than the preceding. P.A-TRICK.

*Recall*

*Recall your wife in reverence to your mother,*  
 She promis'd to retire into the country.  
 But now, since that excuse is taken from you,  
 You've made *her private lying-in* another.  
 You are mistaken if you think me blind  
 To your intentions,---That you might at last  
 Bring home your stray affections to your wife,  
 How long a time to wean you from your mistress  
 Did I allow? your wild expence upon her  
 How patiently I bore? I press'd, intreated,  
 That you would take a wife. 'Twas time, I said,  
 At my repeated instances you married,  
 And, as in duty bound to do, complied :  
 But now your heart is gone abroad again  
 After your mistress, whom to gratify,  
 You throw this wanton insult on your wife,  
 For I can plainly see you are relaps'd  
 Into your former life again.

*Pam.* I?

*Lach.* You.

And 'tis base in you, to invent false causes  
 Of quarrel with your wife, that you may live  
 In quiet with your mistress, having put  
 This witness from you. This your wife perceiv'd.  
 For was there any other living reason,  
 Wherefore she should depart from you?

*Rbid.* He's right :

That

That was the very thing.

*Pam.* I'll take my oath,  
'Twas none of those, that you have mention'd.

*Lach.* Ah,  
Recall your wife: or tell me, why you will not.

*Pam.* 'Tis not convenient now.

*Lach.* Take home the child then.  
For *he* at least is not in fault. I'll see  
About the mother afterwards.

*Pam. to himself.]* Ev'ry way  
I am a wretch, nor know I what to do:  
My father has me in the toils, and I,  
By struggling to get loose, am more entangled.  
I'll hence, since present I shall profit little.  
For I believe they'll hardly educate  
The child against my will; especially  
Seeing my step-mother will second me. [*Exit.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Manent* PHIDIPPUS, LACHES.

*Lach.* Going? how's that? and give me no plain  
answer!

---D'ye think he's in his senses?---Well---send home  
The child to me, Phidippus. I'll take care on't.

*Phid.*



*Phid.* I will.---I cannot wonder that my wife  
Took this so ill. Women are passionate,  
And can't away with such affronts as these.  
This was their quarrel : nay she told me so,  
Though before Him I did not care to speak on't :  
Nor did I credit it at first ; but now  
'Tis evident, and I can plainly see  
He has no stomach to a wife.

*Lach.* Phidippus,  
How shall I act? What's your advice?

*Phid.* How act?  
I think 'twere best to seek this wench, his mistress.  
Let us expostulate the matter with her,  
Speak to her roundly, nay, e'en threaten her,  
If she has aught to do with him hereafter.

*Lach.* I'll follow your advice.---Ho, boy! [*enter a boy.*]

run over

To Bacchis. Tell her to come forth to me.

[*Exit boy.*]

---I must beseech you also to continue  
Your kind assistance to me in this business.

*Phid.* Ah, Laches! I have told you all along,  
And I repeat it now, that 'tis my wish  
To render our alliance firm and lasting,  
If possible, as I have hopes it will be.

—But would you have me present at your con-  
ference

With Bacchis ?\*

*Lach.* No ; go, seek the child a nurse.

[*Exit* Phidippus.]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter* BACCHIS attended by her Women.

*Bacc. to herself.*] 'Tis not for nothing Laches wants  
to see me ;

And, or I'm much deceiv'd, I guess the cause.

*Lach. to himself.*] I must take care my anger don't  
transport me

Beyond the bounds of prudence, which may hinder  
My gaining my design on her, and urge me  
To do what I may afterwards repent.

I'll to her.---[*going up.*] Save you, Bacchis !

*Bacc.* Save you, Laches !

*Lach.* Bacchis, I do not doubt but you're surpriz'd  
That I should send the boy to call you forth.

*Bacc.* Ay, and I'm fearful too, when I reflect  
Both who and what I am: lest my vocation

\* *But would you have me present, &c.*] Phidippus utters these words with an air of disinclination to be present at this conference; and the characters are well sustained in this instance: for it would not become him to discourse coolly with a courtesan,

whom he supposed to be the seducer of Pamphilus from his daughter, although he might very properly advise such a conversation, as conducive to the peace of both families. DONATUS.

Should

Should prejudice me in your good opinion.  
My conduct I can fully justify.

*Lach.* Speak but the truth, you're in no danger,  
woman.

For I'm arriv'd at that age, when a trespass  
Would not be easily forgiven in me :  
Wherefore I study to proceed with caution,  
And to do nothing rashly. If you act,  
And will continue to act honestly,  
It were ungenerous to do you wrong ;  
And seeing you deserve it not, unjust.

*Bacc.* Truly, this conduct asks my highest thanks ;  
For he who does the wrong, and then asks pardon,  
Makes but a sorry reparation for it.  
But what's your pleasure ?

*Lach.* You receive the visits  
Of my son Pamphilus——

*Bacc.* Ah!——

*Lach.* Let me speak !  
Before he married I endur'd your love.  
---Stay! I've not finish'd all I have to say.---  
He is now married. You then, while 'tis time,  
Seek out another, and more constant friend.  
For he will not be fond of you for ever,  
Nor you, good faith, for ever in your bloom.

*Bacc.* Who tells you that I still receive the visits  
Of Pamphilus ?

*Lach.* His step-mother.

*Bacc.* I?

*Lach.* You.

And therefore has withdrawn her daughter : therefore  
Meant secretly to kill the new-born child.

*Bacc.* Did I know any thing to gain your credit,  
More sacred than an oath, I'd use it, Laches,  
In solemn protestation to assure you,  
That I have had no commerce with your son,  
Since he was married. \*

*Lach.* Good girl ! but d'ye know  
What I would farther have you do ?

*Bacc.* Inform me.

*Lach.* Go to the women here, and offer them  
The same oath. Satisfy their minds, and clear  
Yourself from all reproach in this.

*Bacch.* I'll do't.

Altho' I'm sure no other of my calling

\* *Since he was married.] Me* shall we reconcile this solemn  
*segregatum habuisse, uxorem ut* protestation of Bacchis to a pas-  
*duxit, a me Pamphilum.* How sage in the first act ?

*Ph.* *Quid interea ! ibatne ad Bacchidem ?*

*Par.* *Cotidie.*

*Phi.* But tell me ;

Went he meanwhile to Bacchis ?

*Par.* Every day.

Are we to suppose that this ? or that the Poet, by a  
Bacchis, who behaves so can- kind of infatuation strangely at-  
didly in every other instance, tending him in this Comedy,  
wantonly perjures herself in flatly contradicts himself ?

Would shew herself before a married woman  
 Upon the same occasion.---But it hurts me  
 To see your son suspected on false grounds;  
 And that to those, who owe him better thoughts,  
 His conduct should seem light. For he deserves  
 All my best offices.

*Lach.* Your conversation has much wrought  
 upon me,  
 Gain'd my good-will, and alter'd my opinion.  
 For not the women only had such thoughts,  
 But I believ'd it too. Now therefore since  
 I've found you better than my expectation,  
 Prove still the same, and make my friendship sure.  
 If otherwise---But I'll contain myself. I'll not  
 Say any thing severe.---But I advise you,  
 Rather experience what a friend I am,  
 Than what an enemy.

*Bacc.* I'll do my best.

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter PHIDIPPUS and a Nurse.*

*Phid. to the Nurse.]* Nay, you shall want for nothing  
 at my house;  
 I'll give you all that's needful in abundance.  
 But when you've eat and drank your fill Yourself,

Take

Take care to satisfy the infant too.

*Lach.* I see the father of Philumena  
Coming this way. He brings the child a nurse.

---Phidippus, Bacchis swears most solemnly---

*Phid.* Is this she ?

*Lach.* Ay.

*Phid.* They never mind the Gods,  
Nor do I think the Gods mind them.

*Bacch.* Here are  
My waiting-women: take them, and extort  
By any kind of torment the truth from them.

---Our present business is, I take it, this:  
That I should win the wife of Pamphilus  
To return home; which so I but effect,  
I sha'n't regret the fame of having done  
What others of my calling would avoid.\*

*Lach.* Phidippus, we've discover'd that in fact  
We both suspected our wives wrongfully.  
Let's now try *Her*: for if your wife perceives  
Her own suspicions also are unjust,  
She'll drop her anger. If my son's offended,

\* *What others of my calling would avoid.*] Terence, by his uncommon art, has attempted many innovations with great success. In this comedy he introduces, contrary to received prejudices, a good Step-Mother, and an honest courtezan; but affigns their motives of action, that by him alone every thing seems reconcileable to truth and nature; for this is just the opposite of what he mentions in another place, as the common privilege of all poets, "to paint good matrons, and wicked courtezans." DONATUS.

Because his wife conceal'd her labour from him,  
That's but a trifle; he'll be soon pleas'd.  
---And truly I see nothing in the matter,  
That need occasion a divorce.

*Pbid.* Fore heav'n,  
I wish that all may end well.

*Lach.* Here she is :  
Examine her; she'll give you satisfaction.

*Pbid.* What needs all this to Me? You know *my* mind  
Already, Laches: do but make Them easy.

*Lach.* Bacchis, be sure you keep your promise  
with me.

*Bacc.* Shall I go in then for that purpose?

*Lach.* Ay,  
Go in; remove their doubts, \* and satisfy them.

*Bacc.* I will; altho' I'm very sure my presence  
Will be unwelcome to them; for a wife,  
When parted from her husband, to a mistress  
Is a sure enemy.

*Lach.* They'll be your friends,

\* *Go in; remove their doubts, &c.*] It is not unlikely that the method of bringing about the discovery by means of Bacchis going into the family, gave Sir Richard Steele the hint of sending Sealand to Indiana's lodgings for the same purpose. When we are professedly imitating one part of an author, we naturally enough make use of

other passages in his works; and what inclines me the more to this conjecture, is, that Steele makes exactly the same use of the Bracelet, that Terence does of the Ring, though the presence of Isabella rendered it not so necessary. Such an inconsistency might very possibly proceed from imitation.

When

When once they know the reason of your coming.

*Phid.* Ay, ay, they'll be your friends, I promise you,  
When they once learn your errand; for you'll free  
Them from mistake, Yourself from all suspicion.

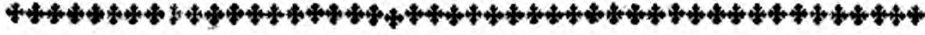
*Bacc.* I'm cover'd with confusion. I'm asham'd  
To see Philumena.---[*to her women.*] You two attend  
me. [Exeunt *Phid. Bacc. &c.*

L A C H E S, *alone.\**

What is there that could please me more than This,  
That Bacchis, without any loss, should gain  
Favour from Them, and do Me service too?  
For if she really has withdrawn herself  
From Pamphilus, it will increase, she knows,  
[Her reputation, interest, and honour:  
Since by this generous act she will at once  
Oblige my son, and make us all her friends. [*Exit.*

\* *Laches alone.*] This solilo- the fable is very artfully in-  
quy seems to be rather idle and creased, and that the incidents  
unnecessary: but it is but jus- tending to the catastrophe are  
tice to observe of this act in well contrived and most natural-  
general, that the perplexity of ly introduced.





A C T V. S C E N E I.

P A R M E N O *alone.*

**I**'Faith my master holds my labour cheap,  
 To fend me to the Citadel for nothing,  
 Where I have waited the whole day in vain  
 For his Myconian, Callidemides.  
 There was I fitting, gaping like a fool,  
 And running up, if any one appear'd,  
 —“ Are you, Sir, a Myconian?”---“ No, not I.”—  
 ---“ But your name's Callidemides?”---“Not it.”---  
 “ And have not you a guest here, of the name  
 “ Of Pamphilus?”---No---no---All No.  
 In short, I don't believe there's such a man.  
 At last I grew agham'd, and so sneak'd off.  
 ---But is't not Bacchis that I see come forth  
 From our new kinsman? What can she do there?

S C E N E

## S C E N E II.

*Enter BACCCHIS.*

*Bacc.* Oh Parmeno, I'm glad I met with you.  
Run quick to Pamphilus.\*

*Par.* On what account?

*Bacc.* Tell him, that I desire he'd come.

*Par.* To you?

*Bacc.* No; to Philumena.

*Par.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bacc.* Nothing to You; so ask no questions.

*Par.* Must I

Say nothing else?

*Bacc.* Yes; tell him too,  
That Myrrhina acknowledges the Ring,  
Which formerly he gave me, as her daughter's.

*Par.* I understand you. But is that all?

*Bacc.* All.

He'll come the moment that you tell him that.  
What! do you loiter?

*Par.* No, i'faith, not I.

\* *Run quick, &c.*] Parmeno is drawn as of a lazy and inquisitive character. Terence therefore humourously contrives to keep him in continual employment and total ignorance.  
DONATUS.

I have not had it in my pow'r, I've been  
So bandied to and fro, sent here and there,  
Trotting, and running up and down all day. [*Exit.*]

## S C E N E III.

B A C C H I S *alone.\**

What joy have I procur'd to Pamphilus  
By coming here to-day! what blessings brought him!  
And from how many sorrows rescued him!  
His son, by his and their means nearly lost,  
I sav'd; a wife, he meant to put away,  
I have restor'd; and from the strong suspicions  
Of Laches and Phidippus set him free.  
---Of all these things the Ring has been the cause,  
For I remember, near ten months ago,  
That he came running home to me one evening,  
Breathless, alone, and much inflam'd with wine,  
Bringing this Ring. I was alarm'd at it.  
“ Prithee, my dearest Pamphilus, said I, †  
“ Whence comes all this confusion? whence this  
“ Ring?  
“ Tell me, my love.”---He put me off at first:

\* *Bacchis alone.*] The rest of  
the argument is told in solilo-  
quy. DONATUS.

So much the worse.

† *Prithee, my dearest Pamphi-  
lus, &c.*] Terence studies bre-  
vity: for in the Greek these  
things are acted, not related.  
DONATUS.

Perceiving this, it made me apprehend  
 Something of ferious import, and I urg'd him  
 More earnestly to tell me.---He confes'd,  
 That, as he came along, he had committed  
 A rape upon a virgin---*whom* he knew not---  
 And, as she struggled, forc'd from her that Ring ;  
 Which Myrrhina now seeing on my finger,  
 Immediately acknowledg'd, and enquir'd,  
 How I came by it. I told all this story : \*

This is so curious a piece of information, communicated by Donatus, that I am surpris'd that no former editors or translators have taken notice of it. If it means, that in the Greek the circumstances of the catastrophe were thrown into action, Terence may indeed have studied brevity, but he has not much consulted the entertainment of his audience. And that this is the meaning of this passage in Donatus, I think is plain : for the conversation, of which Bacchis here speaks, must have taken place before the opening of the play ; so that it can hardly be supposed to have been introduced as a scene in the original Greek : besides, the note of Donatus immediately preceding seems to confirm this interpretation, as well as what he says soon after, *conclusit narrationem fabulae, more suo : ne haec in futuro actu expectaremus.* " He

" has here concluded the story  
 " of the fable, after his usual  
 " manner : that we may not  
 " expect these things to come  
 " out in a future act."

\* *I told all this story: Whence 'twas discover'd, &c.*] It is not sufficient, oh thou writer of Comedy, to have said in your plan, " I will introduce a young man but weakly attached to a courtesan ; he shall quit her ; shall marry, and be fond of his wife ; the wife shall be amiable, and her husband promise himself a happy life with her : Moreover, he shall lie by her for two months without touching her, and yet she shall prove with child. I must have a good Step-Mother, and a Courtesan of sentiment. I cannot do without a rape ; and I will suppose it to be committed in the street by a young

Whence 'twas discover'd, that Philumena  
 Was she who had been ravish'd, and the child  
 Conceiv'd from that encounter.---That I've been

“ young man drunk.”—Very well; Courage! Go on; huddle strange circumstances one upon another; with all my heart. Your fable will be wonderful, I allow. But do not forget, that you must redeem all this *marvellous* in your plot by a multitude of common incidents that atone for it, and give it an air of probability. DIDEROT.

The above extract from *Monf. Diderot's Essay on Dramatick Poetry* is a very elegant compliment to the genius of our poet, and the art displayed in the play before us. The outline of the fable is undoubtedly beautiful; but on the whole, I cannot think that outline so well filled as might be expected from the master-hand of Terence. There are many circumstances happily contrived to create an agreeable perplexity; but in other parts of the piece there prevails an uncommon coldness and want of spirit. The same ingenious French Critick has a very fine passage in the *Essay* above mentioned. “Although,” says he, “the quickness of the movement varies according to the different species of the Drama, yet the action always proceeds. It does not

stop even between the acts. 'Tis a mass loosened from the top of a rock: its velocity increases in proportion to its descent; and it bounds from place to place, according to the obstacles which it meets with in its way.”—

According to this comparison, which is, I think, as just as it is beautiful, what shall we say to the first act of this Comedy? Instead of a mass falling from a rock, it seems an unwieldy mass, which can with difficulty be heaved from the ground: or to change the allusion, the Poet treats his fable, as the Savoyards do a clock-work figure, which they are obliged to wind up, before they can set it in motion.—And then, of what does the last act consist? All the materials, which should compose it, are exhausted in the interval supposed to pass between that act and the fourth; a fault, which dramatick writers, of inferior genius to Terence, are very apt to fall into. But surely there cannot be an error more fatal to the catastrophe of a piece; nor any fault more fatal to the piece than an inanimate catastrophe: “for if,” as continues *Monf. Diderot*,

“ the

The instrument of all these joys I'm glad,  
 Tho' other courtezans would not be so ;  
 Nor is it for our profit and advantage,  
 That lovers should be happy in their marriage.  
 But never will I, for my calling-sake,  
 Suffer ingratitude to taint my mind.  
 I found him, while occasion gave him leave,  
 Kind, pleasant, and good-humour'd: and this marriage  
 Happen'd unluckily, I must confess.  
 Yet I did nothing to estrange his heart ;  
 And since I have receiv'd much kindness from him,  
 'Tis fit I shou'd endure this one affliction.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter at a distance PAMPHILUS and PARMENO.*

*Par.* Be sure you prove this to me, Parmeno ;  
 Prithee, be sure on't. Do not bubble me  
 With false and short-liv'd joy.

*Par.* 'Tis even so.

*Pam.* For certain ?

*Par.* Ay, for certain.

“ the above comparifon be juft ; “ logue than incident in the  
 “ if it be true that there will “ former acts, and more inci-  
 “ be fo much lefs of difcourfe “ dent than dialogue in the  
 “ as there is more of action, “ latter.”  
 “ there ought to be more dia-

*Pam.*

*Pam.* I'm in heaven,  
If this be so.

*Par.* You'll find it very true.

*Pam.* Hold, I beseech you! I'm afraid, I think  
One thing, while you relate another.

*Par.* Well?

*Pam.* You said, I think, "that Myrrhina discover'd  
"The Ring on Bacchis' finger, was her own."

*Par.* She did.

*Pam.* "The same I gave her formerly.  
"—And Bacchis bad you run and tell me this."  
Is it not so?

*Par.* I tell you, Sir, it is.

*Pam.* Who is more fortunate, more blest than I?  
---What shall I give you for these news? what? what?  
I don't know.

*Par.* But I know.

*Pam.* What?

*Par.* Just nothing.

For I see nothing of advantage to you,  
Or in the message, or myself.

*Pam.* Shall I  
Permit you to go unrewarded; you,  
Who have restor'd me ev'n from death to life?  
Ah, Parmeno, d'ye think me so ungrateful?  
---But yonder's Bacchis standing at the door.  
She waits for me, I fancy. I'll go to her.

*Bacc.*

*Bacc.* [seeing him.] Pamphilus, save you!

*Pam.* Bacchis! my dear Bacchis!

My guardian, my protectress!

*Bacc.* All is well:

And I'm o'erjoy'd at it.

*Pam.* Your actions speak it.

You're still the charming girl I ever found you.

Your presence, company, and conversation,

Come where you will, bring joy and pleasure with  
them.

*Bacc.* And you, in faith, are still the same as ever,  
The sweetest, most engaging man on earth.

*Pam.* Ha! ha! ha! that speech from you, dear  
Bacchis?

*Bacc.* You lov'd your wife with reason, Pamphilus:  
Never, that I remember, did I see her  
Before to-day; and she's a charming woman.

*Pam.* Speak truth!

*Bacc.* So heaven help me, Pamphilus!

*Pam.* Say, have you told my father any part  
Of this tale?

*Bacc.* Not a word.

*Pam.* Nor is there need.

Let all be hush! I would not have it here,  
As in a Comedy,\* where every thing

\* *As in a Comedy.*] Terence peculiar to his play. In other  
here with reason endeavours to Comedies, every body, Actors  
make the most of a circumstance as well as Spectators, are at  
last



Is known to every body. Here, those persons  
Whom it concerns, already know it; They,  
Who 'twere not meet should know it, never shall.

*Bacc.* I promise you, it may with ease be hid.  
Myrrhina told Phidippus, that my oath  
Convinc'd her, and she held you clear.

*Pam.* Good! good!  
All will be well, and all, I hope, end well.

*Par.* May I know, Sir, what good I've done to-  
day?

And what's the meaning of your conversation?

*Pam.* No.

*Par.* I suspect however.---“ I restore him  
“ From death to life?”---which way?---

*Par.* Oh, Parmeno,  
You can't conceive the good you've done to-day,  
From what distress you have deliver'd me.

*Par.* Ay, but I know, and did it with design.

*Pam.* Oh, I'm convinc'd of that. [*ironically.*]

last equally acquainted with the whole Intrigue and Catastrophe; and it would even be a defect in the plot, were there any obscurity remaining. But Terence, like a true Genius, makes himself superior to Rules, and adds new beauties to his piece by forsaking them. His reasons for concealing from part of the personages of the Drama

the principal incident of the Plot, are so plausible and natural, that he could not have followed the beaten track without offending against manners and decency. This bold and uncommon turn is one of the chief graces of the Play. DACIER.  
See the notes to the third act of this Comedy.

*Par.* Did Parmeno  
Ever let slip an opportunity  
Of doing what he ought, Sir?

*Pam.* Parmeno,  
In after me!

*Par.* I follow.---By my troth,  
I've done more good to-day without design,  
Than ever with design in all my life.---  
Clap your hands!

\* *Clap your hands!*] Terence had recourse to the expedient of *double plots*. And this, I suppose, is what gained him the reputation of being the most *artificial* writer for the Stage. The *Hecyra* [The Step-Mother] is the only one of his Comedies, of the true antient cast. And we know how it came off in the representation. That ill success and the simplicity of its conduct have continued to draw upon it the same unfavourable treatment from the criticks; to this day; who constantly speak of it, as much inferior to the rest; whereas, for the genuine beauty of dramatick design and the observance, after the antient Greek manner, of the nice dependency and coherence of the *fable*, throughout, it is, indisputably, to every reader of true taste, the most masterly

and exquisite of the whole collection.

HURD'S *Notes on the Epistle to Augustus.*

Though I would not attempt to justify the town-criticks of the days of Terence, who passed a sentence of absolute condemnation on this Comedy, yet I cannot think that it failed merely for want of duplicity of intrigue; nor that the criticks of Horace's time esteemed Terence the most *artificial* writer for the stage, only because he combined two stories into one. May we not, at this day, speak of the *uncommon art* of Terence in the preparation of his incidents, and conduct of his fable, without being supposed to imply a particular commendation of his *double plots*? and may we not allow the beauty of design in writing on a *single plot*, and yet

yet at the same time discover so many capital defects in the conduct of a particular piece, as may reduce it to a much lower standard of merit than that of other Comedies constructed on a less correct model? *Tous les genres, says Voltaire, sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.* For my part, I had much rather see or read the Comedy of the Provoked Husband, which so flagrantly transgresses the unity of action, that it is almost two plays in one, than the cold production of any affected lover of simplicity, who, on the sole merit of a *single plot*, tells a dull story in a dull manner, without any interest of incident, strength of character, or vivacity of dialogue. It is not the insertion of an Episode that will enliven the fable; but the just delineation of character and proper conduct of the plot, simple or complicated, that gives it spirit. Voltaire justly observes, in his letters on our nation, that the Love-Episode in Addison's *Cato* throws a languor on the whole piece. The Theatre affords a constant evidence of the same fact in Tate's alteration of *King Lear*; and, to instance rather in Comedy, the *Andrian* of our Author would be much better without the story of Charinus. Interesting incidents, however, there must be; or insipidity will ensue, unless the attention be diverted

from examining the plot, by Buffoonery; which is as vicious in the manners of Comedy, as Pantomime changes in the *fable*. Terence, "whose taste was "abhorrent from ribaldry," has, I think, in this play, suffered the *interest* of his piece to languish; and if there be any just observation in the preceding notes, there is a lameness, notwithstanding the simplicity, in the conduct of the fable. The first act, being entirely consumed in narration, is very inartificial, and what is still worse, redundant; the discovery of the main incident is made in the most uninteresting manner, by a long soliloquy in the third act; and the catastrophe itself is managed in the same cold manner, by another long soliloquy; the incidents, that should have filled the fifth act, being injudiciously precluded by what is supposed to pass in the preceding interval.—In point of character also, The Step-Mother has much less merit than the rest of our author's pieces. Laches and Phidippus are far inferior to Simo, Menedemus, Chremes, Micio, Demea, &c. nor is Pamphilus equal to the Pamphilus in the *Andrian*, or Phædria, or Æschinus, &c.—This play has by some Criticks been coupled with the *Self-Tormentor* for purity of style and beauty of sentiment. It is not void of those graces, no more than

than it is wholly destitute of art in the construction of the plot ; but surely it possesses them in a much less eminent degree than the Self-Tormentor. Can the narration of Parmeno, not to dwell on its being needless, be compared with that of Menedemus ? or with that of Simo in the Andrian ; or that of Geta in Phormio ?—I have endeavoured to omit no opportunity of taking notice of the beautiful passages of this play ; and I have indeed been more than ordinarily assiduous to point them out, in order to shew, that in the most indifferent productions of a great author, there are many things worthy our attention and imitation. On the whole, however, I am sorry to be obliged to differ once more from the learned and ingenious Critick above-cited : And I

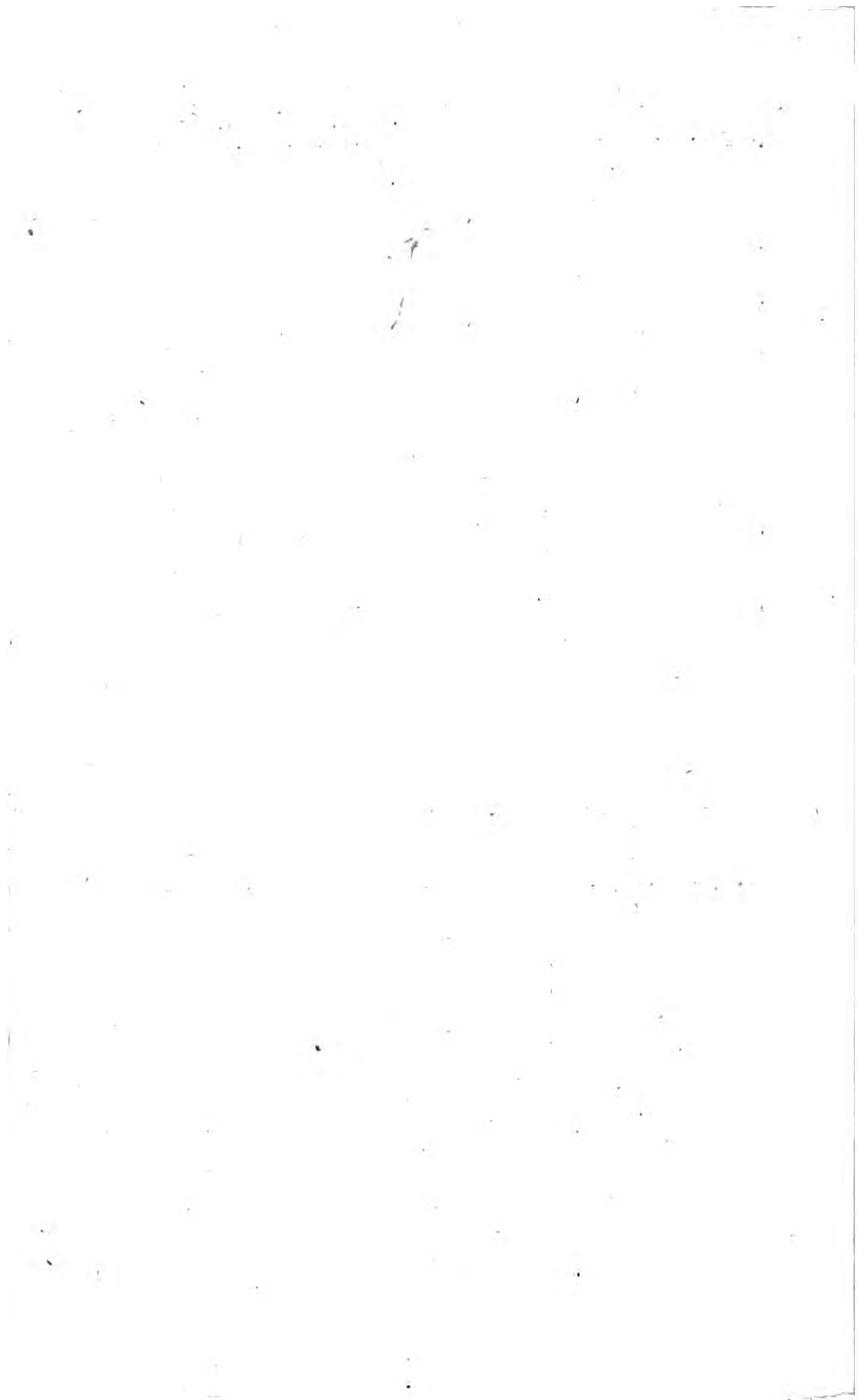
cannot help thinking it rather singular, that he, who everywhere maintains that *character* is the chief object of Comedy, should yet seem to draw conclusions directly opposite to these premises, and not only prefer Terence (whose *artificial* fables rendered him popular) to all other Comick Dramatists, but also rank the Step-Mother, merely on account of “ the nice dependency “ and coherence of the *fable*,” higher in merit than any other of his pieces, confessedly more rich in *character*. I must own that, so far from being able to acquiesce in the opinion, that “ it is indisputably, to every “ reader of true taste, the most “ masterly and exquisite of the “ whole collection,” I am, in this instance, much rather inclined to say with Volcatius,

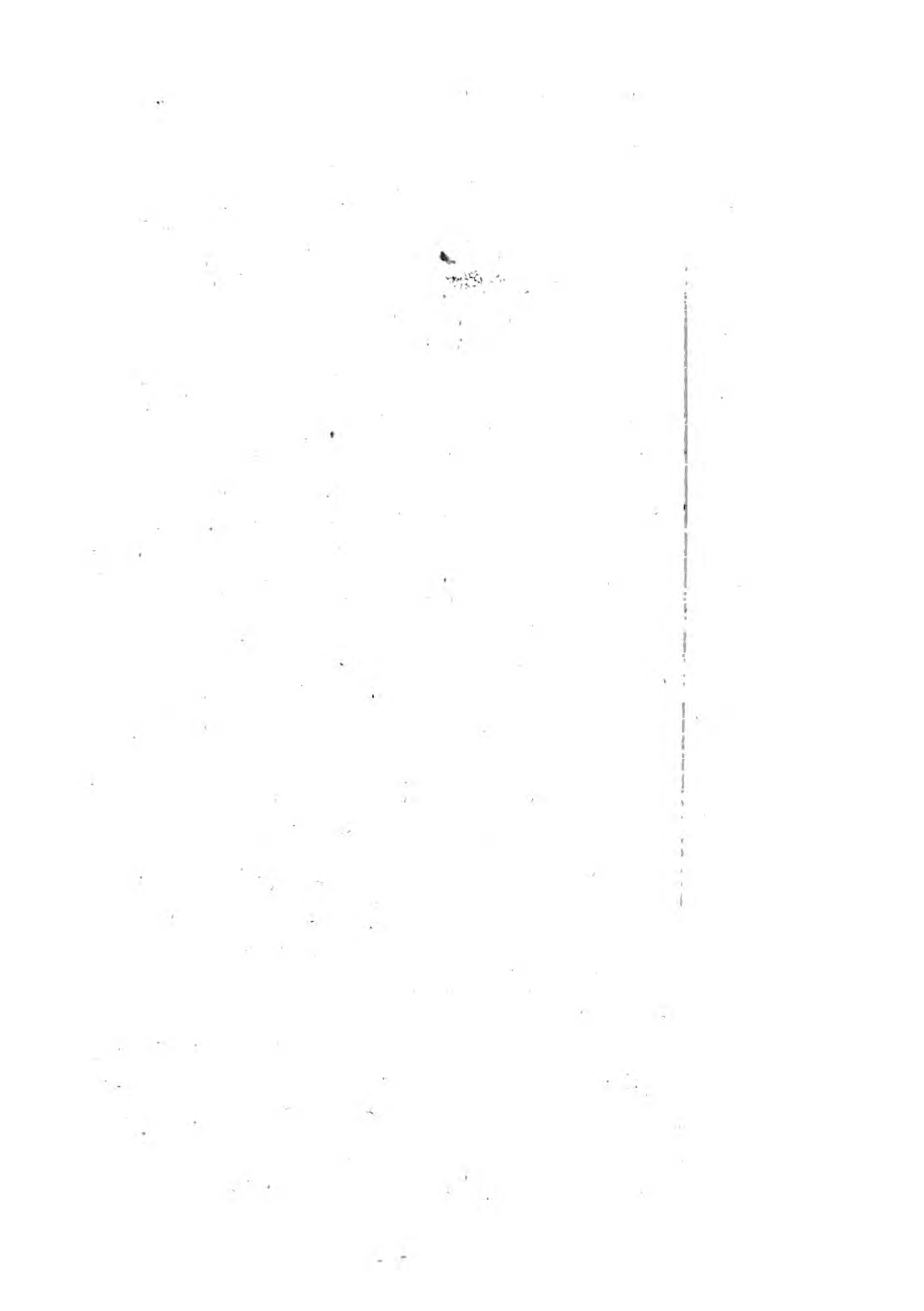
*Sumetur Hecyra sexta ex iis fabula.*

“ The last, and least in merit of the six.”

Monf. Diderot, so often mentioned in these notes, has given us two excellent Serious Comedies, *Le Fils Naturel*, and *Le Père de Famille* : in the conduct of the first, if I am not deceived, he seems to have kept his eye on the Step-Mother,

and in the second on *The Brothers* ; though I cannot but lament his having disgraced the first of those pieces with reflections, as unjust as illiberal, on the inhumanity of the English nation towards their prisoners of war.





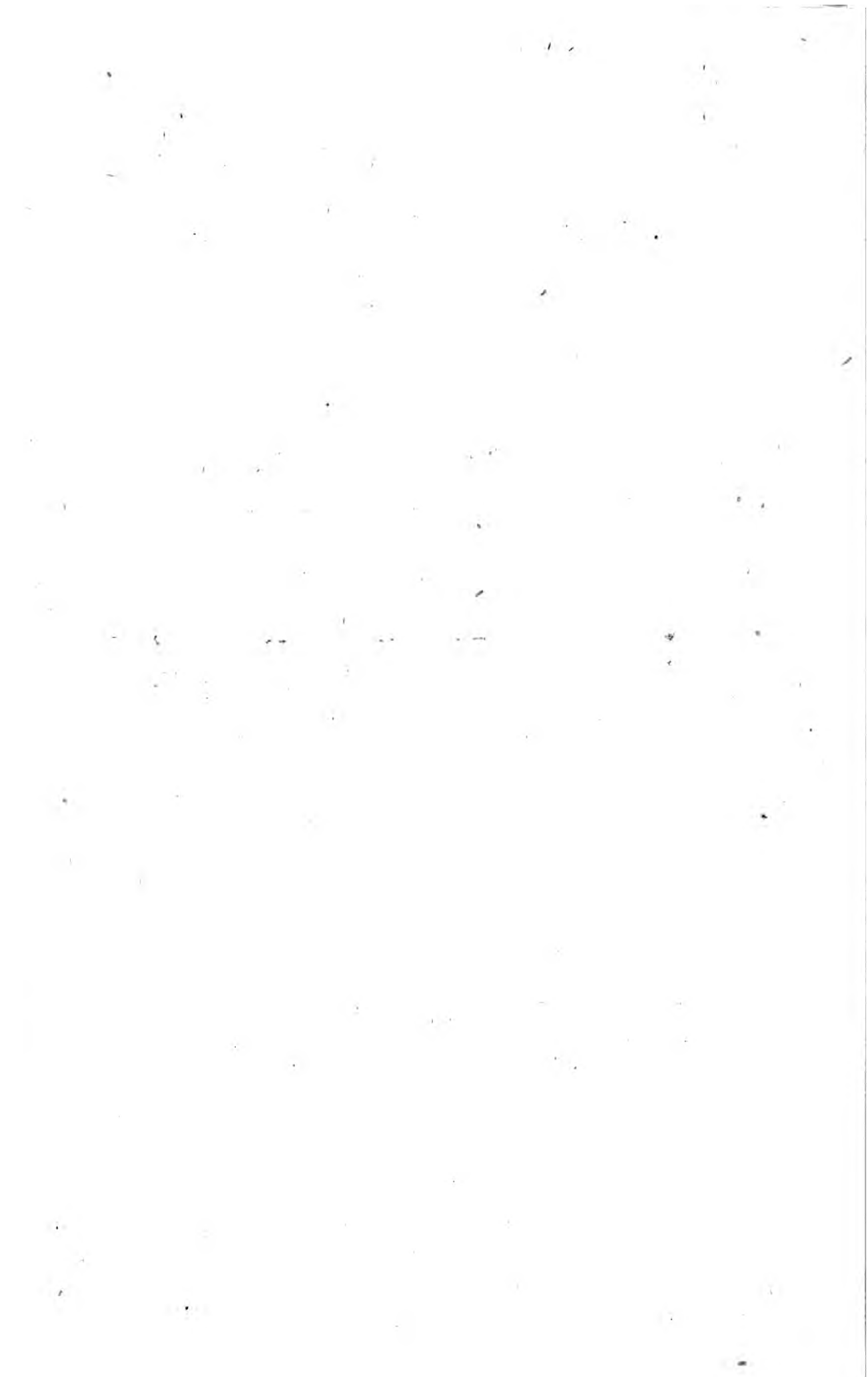




# P H O R M I O.







T O

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST FAITHFUL

AND AFFECTIONATE

HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

O 3



# P H O R M I O.

Acted at the ROMAN SPORTS, \*

L. Postumius Albinus, and L. Cornelius Merula, Curule Ædiles: Principal Actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: The Musick, composed for Unequal Flutes, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: Taken entirely from the Epidiazomenos of Apollodorus: † Acted four times, C. Fannius, and M. Valerius, Consuls. ‡

\* *Acted at the Roman Sports.*] Donatus says "At the Megaleſian Games:" but he is certainly wrong. For this Comedy was played after the Eunuch had been brought on the ſtage, though in the very ſame year; it could not conſequently be at the ſame feſtival on which the Eunuch was played, but ſome ſucceeding one. The Megaleſian Games happened in April, and the Roman Sports in the month of September. DACIER.

† *Acted four times.*] FACTA QUARTO. The words *quarto* and *quartum* have afforded matter of much diſpute. When Pompey was juſt about to conſecrate the Temple of Victory, a difficulty aroſe how he ſhould

expres his third Conſulſhip; whether it ought to be *Conſul tertio*, or *Conſul tertium*? The learned men of Rome were divided in their opinions about it, and even Cicero left the queſtion undecided; for in order to ſatiſfy all parties, he directed it ſhould be thus abbreviated, *Conſul tert.* *Facta quarto* here can mean nothing elſe but that the Phormio was acted four times in one year, to diſtinguiſh its merit; and not, as Donatus interprets, that it was Terence's fourth play in order of compoſition. DACIER.

‡ *C. Fannius, and M. Valerius, Conſuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 592, and 159 years before Chriſt.

P E R S O N S.

PROLOGUE,  
DEMIPHO,  
CHREMES,  
ANTIPHON,  
PHÆDRIA,  
CRATINUS,  
CRITO,  
HEGIO,  
PHORMIO,  
DORIO,  
GETA,  
DAVUS, and other Servants.

NAUSISTRATA,  
SOPHRONA.

SCENE, ATHENS.

# P R O L O G U E.

**T**HE Old Bard\* finding it impossible  
 To draw our Poet from the love of verse,  
 And bury him in indolence, attempts  
 By calumny to scare him from the stage;  
 Pretending, that in all his former plays  
 The characters are low, and mean the stile; †

\* *The old Bard.*] Luscus Lavinius, the same poet mentioned in former prologues.

† *The characters are low, and mean the stile.*] *Tenui esse oratione, & scripturâ levi.* The Poet here shews the want of judgement in the censures of the Critick, who objects to him as a fault, what ought to be the chief excellence of comick stile. It is true indeed that Terence was in this instance held inferior to Menander; and condemned for using less sublime language than his original: from which censure he here endeavours to vindicate himself by saying, that such a raised stile rather belonged to the province of Tragedy. DONATUS.

The opinion of Donatus on this passage is pretty clear from the above note: yet this line has created much dispute among commentators. The learned

author of the Notes on the Art of Poetry almost directly contradicts Donatus, and says, "The sense of this passage is not, as commentators have idly thought, that his style was low and trifling, for this could never be pretended, but that his dialogue was insipid, and his characters, and in general his whole composition, WITHOUT THAT COMICK HEIGHTENING, which their vitiated tastes required."

Whoever consults the whole context, I think, must accede to the interpretation of Donatus, rather than that of the Annotator upon Horace. The objection of Lavinius to the plays of Terence was not, that they were without that comick heightening, &c. but, that the Poet did not aspire to the Tragick Sublime. The next line puts it beyond doubt; *Because he ne'er described, &c.* All which  
 circum-

Because he ne'er describ'd a mad-brain'd youth,\*  
 Who in his fits of phrenzy thought he saw  
 A Hind, the dogs in full cry after her;  
 Her too imploring and beseeching him  
 To give her aid.---But did he understand,  
 That when the piece was first produc'd, it ow'd;  
 More to the Actor, than himself, its safety,  
 He would not be thus bold to give offence.  
 ---But if there's any one that says, or thinks,  
 " That had not the Old Bard assail'd him first,

circumstances, says Donatus, are  
 tragical, and would be vicious  
 in Comedy.

In a note to the prologue to  
 the Andrian on the lines

*Non ita dissimili sunt argumento, sed tamen  
 Dissimili oratione sunt factæ, ac stilo.*

Donatus gives this explana-  
 tion. *Orationem in sententiis  
 dicunt esse, stilum in verbis, ar-  
 gumentum in rebus.*—" *Oratio*  
 " refers to the sentiments, *stilus*

" to the diction, and *argumen-  
 tum* to the plot." Agree-  
 able to this interpretation I  
 rendered that passage

— — — — — In argument

Less different, than in sentiment, and stile.

But here the instance imme-  
 diately subjoined seeming to  
 point out the word *Oratione* as  
 referring to Character, as *Scrip-  
 tura* relates to the language, I  
 have translated the verse accord-  
 ing to that idea.

taste. He was fond of intro-  
 ducing characters extravagant,  
 unnatural, and overstrained:  
 hence the language must be of a  
 piece, impetuous, turbulent, full  
 of rant and affectation. No  
 wonder, therefore, if he could not  
 relish the compositions of our  
 poet, whose characters are drawn  
 from nature, and the language  
 suitably artless and simple. PA-  
 TRICK.

\* *A mad-brain'd youth.*] This  
 verse illustrates the foregoing;  
 for here the Poet gives us a spe-  
 cimen of his rival's genius and

" Our Poet could not have devis'd a Prologue,  
 " Having no matter for abuse;"---let such  
 Receive for answer, " that altho' the prize  
 " To all advent'urers is held out in common,  
 " The Veteran Poet meant to drive our Bard  
 " From study into want: *He* therefore chose  
 " To answer, though he would not first offend.  
 " And had his adversary but have prov'd  
 " A generous rival, he had had due praise.  
 " Let him then bear these censures, and reflect,  
 " Of his own slanders 'tis the due return !  
 " But henceforth I shall cease to speak of him,  
 " Altho' he ceases not himself to rail."

But now what I'd request of you, attend !  
 To-day I bring a new Play, which the Greeks  
 Call Epidicazomenos; \* the Latins,  
 From the chief character, name Phormio ;  
 Phormio, whom you will find a Parasite,  
 And the chief engine of the plot.---And now,  
 If to our Poet you are well inclin'd,  
 Give ear; be favourable; and be silent!  
 Let us not meet the same ill fortune now,†

\* *Epidicazomenos.*] A Greek word [*Επιδικαζομενος*] signifying a person who demands justice of another ; meaning Phormio, who is the Plaintiff in the Law-suit, which is the ground of the intrigue in this pleasant comedy.

† *The same ill fortune now,* &c.] Alluding, as is in general supposed, to the disturbances on the first attempts to represent the Step-Mother.

That



That we before encounter'd, when our troop  
Was by a tumult driven from their place ;  
To which the Actor's merit, seconded  
By your good-will and candour, has restor'd us.

# P H O R M I O.



## A C T I. S C E N E I.

D A V U S *alone.*\*

**G**ETA, my worthy friend and countryman,†  
Came to me yesterday: For some time past  
I've ow'd him some small balance of account:  
This, he desir'd, I wou'd make up: I have;

\* *Davus alone.*] Terence here follows the same method, that he pursues in some other of his Comedies, of introducing a Protatick Personage, that is, a character foreign to the fable; that, while the story is opened to him, the audience may be informed of as much as is necessary for them to know. But although this scene is introduced merely for the instruction of the spectator, yet the Poet has contrived to season it with a great deal of wit and humour; and indeed that is the highest pitch of dramattick art, to seem to intend nothing but the amusement of the Spectator, and to follow the natural course of the plot, while you are actually endea-

vouring to prepare them for the incidents that are to follow.  
DONATUS.

I have already more than once delivered my opinion concerning the Protatick Personage. The scene before us is indeed most exquisitely beautiful, and so admirable a model of Narration, that it gives one pain to make the slightest objection to it. But I cannot help thinking that the Trinummus of Plautus, a comedy which has some similarity to this of our author, is opened with more art and vivacity. Davus is rather idly introduced, brings money to no end, and hears the story to no purpose. In the Andrian, Simo has some sort of excuse for opening

And brought it with me: For his master's son,  
 I am inform'd, has lately got a wife :  
 So I suppose this sum is scrap'd together  
 For a Bride-Gift. Alack, how hard it is,  
 That he, who is already poor, should still  
 Throw in his mite, to swell the rich man's heap !  
 † What He scarce, ounce by ounce, from short al-  
 lowance, ||  
 Sorely defrauding his own appetite,

ing the mystery of his conduct to Sofia, as he belongs to the family, and it was proposed to make use of his assistance. But Davus has so very little relation to the parties concerned, that we do not know whose servant he is; nor does he take any part in the succeeding events. In the Trinummus, on the contrary, an old gentleman, who thinks the conduct of his friend reprehensible, comes to chide him for his behaviour; and the person accused, in his own vindication, explains himself at once to his angry monitor and to the spectators. This character also is not merely introduced as a Protatick Personage, but acts afterwards in concert with his friend.

† *Geta, my worthy friend, and countryman.] Amicus summus meus & popularis Geta. Popularis properly signifies one of the*

same town; and though not born in it, a person who has been registered with the inhabitants. The very names Davus and Geta plainly prove they could not be *countrymen* in the strict sense and meaning of that word. DACIER.

‡ *What he scarce, ounce by ounce, &c.] Quod ille unciatim, &c.* These verses are extremely fine and elaborate, and make an exact climax, almost every word, as Donatus has observed, having a considerable emphasis and energy; the touches are strong, forcible, and natural.—The images of poverty and distress are greatly heightened by the contrast which immediately follows. DACIER.

|| *From short allowance.] E demenso suo. Demensum was a measure of corn containing, as is commonly supposed, four bushels which*

Has spar'd, poor wretch! shall She sweep all at once,  
Unheeding with what labour it was got.

Geta, moreover, shall be struck for more ; \*

Another gift, when Madam's brought to bed;---

Another too, when Master's Birth-day's kept,

And they initiate him. †---All this Mamma

Shall carry off, the Bantling her excuse.

But is that Geta ?

## S C E N E II.

*Enter* G E T A.

*Get. at entering.]* If a red-hair'd man  
Enquire for me——

*Dav.* No more! he's here.

*Get.* Oh, Davus!

The very man that I was going after.

*Dav.* Here, take this! [*gives a purse.*] 'tis all told ;  
you'll find it right ;

The sum I ow'd you.

which was delivered out to the  
slaves monthly, as their allow-  
ance. DONATUS.

\* *Shall be STRUCK for more.]*  
FERIETUR *alio munere.* Here  
the familiar Latin phrase ex-  
actly answers to the English  
one.

† *And they initiate him.]* Al-  
luding to the custom of initiati-  
on among the antients, of which  
there were several kinds. Ma-  
dam Dacier supposes it to signify  
their being initiated in the grand  
mysteries of Ceres, which was  
commonly done, while they were  
yet very young. PATRICK.

*Get.*

*Get.* Honest, worthy Davus !  
I thank you for your punctuality.

*Dav.* And well you may, as men and times go now:  
Things, by my troth, are come to such a pass,  
If a man pays you what he owes, you're much  
Beholden to him.---But, pray, why so sad ?

*Get.* I?---You can scarce imagine in what dread,  
What danger I am in.

*Dav.* How so ?

*Get.* I'll tell you,  
So you will keep it secret.

*Dav.* Away, fool !  
The man, whose faith in money you have tried,  
D'ye fear to trust with words?---And to what end  
Shou'd I deceive you ?

*Get.* Lift then !

*Dav.* I'm all ear.

*Get.* D'ye know our old man's elder brother,  
Chremes ?

*Dav.* Know him? ay sure.

*Get.* You do?---And his son Phædrus ?

*Dav.* As well as I know you.

*Get.* It so fell out,  
Both the old men were forc'd to journey forth  
At the same season. He to Lemnos, our's  
Into Cilicia, to an old acquaintance  
Who had decoy'd the old curmudgeon thither  
By wheedling letters, almost promising

Moun-

Mountains of gold.

*Dav.* To one that had so much,  
More than enough already?

*Get.* Prithee, peace!  
Money's his passion.

*Dav.* Oh, would I had been  
A man of fortune, I!

*Get.* At their departure,  
The two old gentlemen appointed me  
A kind of governor to both their sons.

*Dav.* A hard task, Geta!

*Get.* Troth, I found it so.

My angry Genius for my sins ordain'd it.\*  
At first I took upon me to oppose:  
In short, while I was trusty to th' old man,  
The young one made my shoulders answer for it.

*Dav.* So I suppose: for what a foolish task  
To kick against the pricks! †

*Get.* I then resolv'd  
To give them their own way in ev'ry thing.

\* *My angry Genius for my sins ordain'd it.*] The Antients had a persuasion, that each man had a Genius or Guardian Deity, and that when he fell into any misfortune, or was guilty of any crime, it was because his Genius had abandoned him. PATRICK.

† *To kick against the pricks.*] *Adversum stimulum calces.* To kick against the pricks.—Originally an old Greek proverb, Προς τα κεντρα λακταζειν.—προς κεντρα κωλον εκτενειν.—So our SAVIOUR (Acts, chap. ix. v. 5.) *it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.* WESTERHOVIUS.

*Dav.* Ay, then you made your market.\*

*Get.* Our young spark

Play'd no mad pranks at first: But Phædria  
 Got him immediately a Musick-Girl:  
 Fond of her to distraction! She belong'd  
 To a most avaricious fordid pimp;  
 Nor had we aught to give;---th' old gentleman  
 Had taken care of That. Nought else remain'd,  
 Except to feed his eyes, to follow her,  
 To lead her out to school, † and hand her home.  
 We too, for lack of other business, gave  
 Our time to Phædria. Opposite the school,  
 Whither she went to take her lessons, stood  
 ‡ A Barber's shop, wherein most commonly  
 We waited her return. Hither one day  
 Came a young man in tears: || we were amaz'd,

\* *Made your Market.*] *Sciffi uti foro.* An allusion to merchants, who fix the price of commodities in proportion to the demand there is for them. DONATUS.

† *To lead her out to school.*] Musick-schools, where the Slave-merchants sent their Girls to attain accomplishments, which might enhance their price. COOKE.

‡ *A Barber's shop.*] Barbers shops in Athens and Rome were places of publick resort for con-

versation, much of the nature of our Coffee-houses. PATRICK.

|| *Came a young man in tears.*] In Apollodorus this young man is no other than the Barber himself, who was just returned from cutting off the young woman's hair, which was one of the usual ceremonies of mourning among the Greeks. This circumstance Terence has judiciously altered, that he might not shock the Roman spectators with manners so very foreign to their own. DONATUS.

And

And ask'd the cause. Never (said he, and wept)  
 Did I suppose the weight of poverty  
 A load so sad, so insupportable,  
 As it appear'd but now.---I saw but now,  
 Not far from hence, a miserable virgin  
 Lamenting her dead mother.\* Near the corpse  
 She sat; nor friend, nor kindred, nor acquaintance,  
 Except one poor old woman, was there near  
 To aid the funeral. I pitied her :  
 Her beauty too was exquisite.---In short,  
 He mov'd us all : And Antipho at once  
 Cried, " Shall we go and visit her?"---" Why, ay,  
 " I think so," said the other, " let us go !"  
 " Conduct us, if you please."---We went, arriv'd,  
 And saw her.---Beautiful she was indeed !  
 More justly to be reckoned so, for she  
 Had no additions to set off her beauty.  
 Her hair dishevell'd, barefoot, woe-be-gone,  
 In tears, and miserably clad : that if  
 The life and soul of beauty had not dwelt  
 Within her very form, all these together  
 Must have extinguish'd it.---The spark, possess'd  
 Already with the Musick-Girl, just cried,  
 " She's well enough."---But our young gentleman---

\* *Lamenting her dead mother.*] of the beautiful virgin; especially as we find in the catastrophe that the death of this woman gives the poet a better opportunity of establishing the general happiness. DONATUS.



*Dav.* Fell, I suppose, in love?

*Get.* In love indeed.

But mark the end! Next day, away he goes  
 To the old woman straight, beseeching her  
 To let him have the girl:---“ Not she indeed!  
 “ Nor was it like a gentleman,” she said,  
 “ For him to think on’t: She’s a citizèn,  
 “ An honest girl, and born of honest parents:---  
 “ If he wou’d marry her indeed, by law  
 “ He might do *that*; on no account, aught else.”  
 ---Our spark, distracted, knew not what to do:  
 At once he long’d to marry her, at once  
 Dreaded his absent father.

*Dav.* Wou’d not He,  
 Had he return’d, have giv’n consent?

*Get.* To wed  
 A girl of neither family nor fortune?  
 Never.

*Dav.* What then?

*Get.* What then! There is a Parasite,  
 One Phormio, a bold enterprising fellow,  
 Who---all the Gods confound him!---

*Dav.* What did He?

*Get.* Gave us the following counsel.—“ There’s

“ a law

“ That Orphan Girls shou’d wed their next of kin,  
 “ Which law obliges too their next of kin  
 “ To marry them.---I’ll say, that you’re her kinsman,

“ And

" And sue a writ against you. I'll pretend  
 " To be her father's friend, and bring the cause  
 " Before the judges. Who her father was,  
 " Her mother who, and how she's your relation,  
 " All this sham evidence I'll forge; by which  
 " The cause will turn entirely in my favour.  
 " You shall disprove no tittle of the charge;  
 " So I succeed,---Your father will return;  
 " Prosecute Me;—what then?---The Girl's our own."

*Dav.* A pleasant piece of impudence!

*Get.* It pleas'd

Our spark at least: He put it into practice;  
 Came into court; and he was cast; and married,

*Dav.* How say you?

*Get.* Just as you have heard,

*Dav.* Oh Geta,

What will become of you?

*Get.* I don't know, faith.

But only this I know, whate'er chance brings,  
 I'll patiently endure.

*Dav.* Why, that's well said,  
 And like a man.

*Get.* All my dependance is  
 Upon myself.

*Dav.* And that's the best.

*Get.* I might

Beg one indeed to intercede for me,

Who may plead thus---“Nay, pardon him this once!

“But if he fails again, I’ve not a word

“To say for him.”---And well if he don’t add,

“When I go hence, e’en hang him!”

*Dav.* What of him,

Gentleman-Usher to the Musick-Girl?\*

How goes He on?

*Get.* So, so!

*Dav.* He has not much

To give perhaps.

*Get.* Just nothing, but mere hope.

*Dav.* His father too, is he returned?

*Get.* Not yet.

*Dav.* And your old man, when do you look for  
Him?

*Get.* I don’t know certainly: but I have heard  
That there’s a letter from him come to port,  
Which I am going for.

*Dav.* Wou’d you aught else  
With me, good Geta?

*Get.* Nothing, but Farewell!            [*Exit Davus.*

\* *Gentleman-Usher to the Musick Girl.*] *Quid Pædagogus ille.* The servants who attended children to and from school were by the Greeks called Pædagogues. Socrates was satirically called the Pedagogue of

Alcibiades: and Davus humourously applies this name to Phædrus, who, as Geta had told him, attended the Girl to and from the Musick-school. DAVUS.

Ho,

Ho, Boy! what, nobody at home! [*Enter Boy.*]

Take this,

And give it Dorcium.\* [*Gives the Purse, and Exit.*]

## S C E N E III.

ANTIPHON, PHÆDRIA.

*Ant.* Is it come to this?

My father, Phædria!—my best friend!—That I

Shou'd tremble, when I think of his return!

When, had I not been inconsiderate,

I, as 'tis meet, might have expected him.

*Phæ.* What now?

*Ant.* Is that a question? And from You,

Who know th' atrocious fault I have committed?

Oh, that it ne'er had enter'd Phormio's mind

To give such counsel! nor to urge me on,

In the extravagance of blind desire,

To this rash act, the source of my misfortunes!

I shou'd not have possess'd her: that indeed

Had made me wretched some few days.---But then

This constant anguish had not torn my mind.---

*Phæ.* I hear you.

*Ant.* ——while each moment I expect

\* *And give it Dorcium.*] *Da* Planesium, Glycerium. *Do-*  
*hoc Dorcio.*—*Dorcio* from *Dorcium*, *NATUS.*  
*um*, the name of a woman, as

His coming to divorce me.

*Phæ.* Other men,

For lack of what they love, are miserable ;  
 Abundance is your grievance. You're too rich  
 A lover, Antipho! For your condition  
 Is to be wish'd and pray'd for. Now, by heaven,  
 Might I, so long as you have done, enjoy  
 My love, it were bought cheaply with my life.  
 How hard my lot, unsatisfied, unblest!  
 How happy your's, in full possession!---One  
 Of lib'ral birth, ingenuous disposition,  
 And honest fame, without expence, you've got:  
 The wife, whom you desir'd!---in all things blest,  
 But want the disposition to believe so.  
 Had you, like me, a scoundrel pimp to deal with,  
 Then you'd perceive---But sure 'tis in our nature,  
 Never to be contented.

*Ant.* Now to Me,

Phædria, 'tis You appear the happy man.  
 Still quite at large, free to consider still,  
 To keep, pursue, or quit her: I, alas,  
 Have so entangled and perplexed myself,  
 That I can neither keep, nor let her go.  
 ---What now? isn't that our Geta, whom I see  
 Running this way?---'Tis he himself---Ah me!  
 How do I fear what news he brings!

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter at a distance GETA running.*

*Get.* Confusion!

A quick thought, Geta, or you're quite undone,  
So many evils take you unprepar'd ;  
Which I know neither how to shun, nor how  
To extricate myself : for this bold stroke  
Of our's can't long be hid.

*Ant.* What's this confusion ?

*Get.* Then I have scarce a moment's time to think.  
My master is arriv'd.

*Ant.* What mischief's that ?

*Get.* Who, when he shall have heard it, by what art  
Shall I appease his anger?---Shall I speak ?  
'Twill irritate him.---Hold my peace?---enrage him.---  
Defend myself?---Impossible!\*---Oh, wretch!  
Now for myself in pain, now Antipho  
Distracts my mind.---But *him* I pity most ;  
For *him* I fear, 'tis *he* retains me here:  
For, were it not for *him*, I'd soon provide  
For my own safety---ay, and be reveng'd  
On the old greybeard---carry something off,

\* *Defend myself? Impossible!*] brick," was a proverb, signi-  
*Purgem me? Laterem lavem.*— fying to labour in vain.  
*Laterem lavare,* " to wash a

And

And shew my master a light pair of heels.

*Ant.* What scheme to rob and run away is this ?

*Get.* But where shall I find Antipho ? where seek  
him ?

*Pbæ.* He mentions you.

*Ant.* I know not what, but doubt  
That he's the messenger of some ill news.

*Pbæ.* Have you your wits ?

*Get.* I'll home: he's chiefly there.

*Pbæ.* Let's call him back !

*Ant.* Holo, you! stop!

*Get.* Heyday !

Authority enough, be who you will.

*Ant.* Geta !

*Geta, turning.]* The very man I wish'd to meet !

*Ant.* Tell us, what news?—in one word, if  
you can.

*Get.* I'll do it.

*Ant.* Speak !

*Get.* This moment at the Port——

*Ant.* My father ?

*Get.* Even so.

*Ant.* Undone !

*Pbæ.* Heyday !

*Ant.* What shall I do ?

*Pbæ.* What say you?                    *[to Geta.*

*Get.* That I've seen  
His father, Sir,---your Uncle.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* How shall I,  
Wretch that I am ! oppose this sudden evil ?  
Shou'd I be so unhappy, to be torn  
From thee, my Phanium, life's not worth my care.

*Get.* Since that's the case then, Antipho, you ought  
To be the more upon your guard.

*Ant.* Alas !  
I'm not myself.

*Get.* But now you shou'd be most so, Antipho.  
For if your father shou'd discern your fear,  
He'll think you conscious of a fault.

*Phæ.* That's true.

*Ant.* I cannot help it, nor seem otherwise.

*Get.* How wou'd you manage in worse difficulties ?

*Ant.* Since I'm not equal to bear this, to those  
I shou'd be more unequal.

*Get.* This is nothing.

Pooh, Phædria, let him go ! why waste our time ?  
I will be gone.

[going.

*Phæ.* And I.

[going.

*Ant.* Nay, prithee, stay !  
What if I shou'd dissemble ?—Will that do ?

[endeavouring to assume another air.

*Get.* Ridiculous !

*Ant.* Nay, look at me ! Will That  
Suffice ?

*Get.* Not it.

*Ant.* Or this ?

*Get.*



*Get.* Almost.

*Ant.* Or this?

*Get.* Ay! now you've hit it. Do but stick to that;  
Answer him boldly; give him hit for dafh,  
Nor let him bear you down with angry words.

*Ant.* I understand you.

*Get.* "Forc'd"—"against your will"—  
"By law"—"by sentence of the court"—d'ye  
take me?

—But what old gentleman is that, I see  
Turning the corner of the street?

*Ant.* 'Tis he.

I dare not face him. *[going.]*

*Get.* Ah, what is't you do?

Where d'ye run, Antipho! Stay, stay, I say.

*Ant.* I know myself and my offence too well:  
To you then I commend my life and love. *[Exit,*

## S C E N E V.

*Manent* PHÆDRIA, and GETA;

*Phæ.* Geta, what now?

*Get.* You shall be roundly chid;  
I soundly drubb'd; or I am much deceiv'd.  
---But what e'en now we counsell'd Antipho,  
It now behoves ourselves to practise, Phædria.

*Phæ.*

*Phæd.* Talk not of what behoves, but say at once  
What you wou'd have me do.

*Get.* Do you remember  
The plea, whereon you both agreed to rest,  
At your first vent'ring on this enterprife?  
" That Phormio's suit was just, sure, equitable,  
" Not to be controverted."——

*Phæ.* I remember.

*Get.* Now then that plea! or, if it's possible,  
One better, and more plausible.

*Phæ.* I'll do't.

*Get.* Do you attack him first! I'll lie in ambush,  
To re-inforce you, if you give ground,

*Phæ.* Well. *[they retire.]*

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter DEMIPHO at another part of the Stage.*

*Dem.* How's this! A wife! what, Antipho! and  
ne'er

Ask my consent?—nor my authority——  
Or, grant we pass authority, not dread  
My wrath at least?—To have no sense of shame?  
—Oh, impudence!—Oh, Geta, rare adviser!

*Get.* Geta at last.

*Dem.* What they will say to me,  
Or what excuse they will devise, I wonder,

*Get.*

*Get.* Oh, we have settled that already : Think  
Of something else.

*Dem.* Will he say this to me,  
---“ Against my will I did it”---Forc’d by law”---  
---I hear you: I confess it.

*Get.* Very well.

*Dem.* But conscious of the fraud, without a word  
In answer or defence, to yield the cause  
Tame to your opponents---did the law  
Force you to *that* too?

*Phæ.* That’s home.

*Get.* Give me leave!  
I’ll manage it.

*Dem.* I know not what to do :  
This stroke has come so unawares upon me,  
Beyond all expectation, past belief.  
---I’m so enrag’d, I can’t compose my mind  
To think upon it.---Wherefore ev’ry man,\*

\* *Wherefore ev’ry man, &c.*] *Quamobrem omnes, &c.* This passage is quoted by Tully in the third book of his *Tusculan Questions*, and the maxim contained in these lines was a favourite principle among the Stoicks. But I cannot help thinking that the introduction of it in this place has commonly been considered too seriously; and I have scarce any doubt but that Terence in-

tended it as a stroke of character. Commentators, in general, are never so happy as when they light upon a sentence in a classick author, which they can extol as a lesson of sound morality: but in dramatick writings we are not merely to confine ourselves to the consideration of what is said, but who says it. Donatus, in his preface to this play, says, “ that it is founded on passions al-

“ most

When his affairs go on most swimmingly,  
 Ev'n then it most behoves to arm himself  
 Against the coming storm: loss, danger, exile,  
 Returning ever let him look to meet ;  
 His son in fault, wife dead, or daughter sick---  
 All common accidents, and may have happen'd ;  
 That nothing shou'd seem new or strange. But if  
 Aught has fall'n out beyond his hopes, all that  
 Let him account clear gain.

*Get.* Oh, Phædria,

'Tis wonderful, how much a wiser man  
 I am than my old master. My misfortunes  
 I have consider'd well.---At his return  
 Doom'd to grind evèr in the mill, beat, chain'd,  
 Or set to labour in the fields;---of these  
 Nothing will happen new. If aught falls out  
 Beyond my hopes, all that I'll count clear gain.  
 ---But why delay t'accoft th' old gentleman,  
 And speak him fair at first ?

[*Phædria goes forward.*]

*Dem.* Methinks I see

“ most too high for Comedy ;  
 “ but that the Poet contrives  
 “ to temper every circumstance  
 “ by his art.” In the present  
 instance, the old gentleman is  
 indeed in a violent passion, but  
 his anger is so managed through-  
 out the scene, that it becomes

truly comick : And Donatus  
 very aptly refers us to a si-  
 milar passage in the Brothers,  
 where Demea in like manner  
 delivers moral precepts, which  
 are in like manner turned to ri-  
 dicule, and archly parodied by  
 the impudent slave.

My

My nephew Phædria.

*Phæ.* My good Uncle, welcome!

*Dem.* Your servant!---But where's Antipho?

*Phæ.* I'm glad

To see you safe——

*Dem.* Well, well!---But answer me.

*Phæ.* He's well: hard by.---But have affairs turn'd  
out

According to your wishes?

*Dem.* Wou'd they had!

*Phæ.* Why, what's the matter?

*Dem.* What's the matter, Phædria?

You've clapp'd up a fine marriage in my absence.

*Phæ.* What! are you angry with him about That?

*Get.* Well counterfeited!

*Dem.* Shou'd I not be angry?

Let me but set eyes on him, he shall know

That his offences have converted me

From a mild father to a most severe one.

*Phæ.* He has done nothing, Uncle, to offend you.

*Dem.* See, all alike! the whole gang hangs together:  
Know one, and you know all.

*Phæ.* Nay, 'tis not so.

*Dem.* One does a fault, the other's hard at hand  
To bear him out: when t'other slips, *he's* ready:  
Each in their turn!

*Get.* I'faith th' old gentleman  
Has blunder'd on their humours to a hair.

*Dem.*

*Dem.* For, were't not so, you'd not defend him,  
Phædria.

*Pbæ.* If, Uncle, Antiphō has done a wrong  
Or to his interest, or reputation,  
I am content he suffer, as he may :  
But if another, with malicious fraud,  
Has laid a snare for inexperienced youth,  
And triumph'd o'er it; can you lay the blame  
On us, or on the judges, who oft take  
Thro' envy from the rich, or from compassion  
Add to the poor ?

*Get.* Unless I knew the cause,  
I shou'd imagine this was truth he spoke.

*Dem.* What judge can know the merits on your side,  
When you put in no plea; as he has done ?

*Pbæ.* He has behav'd like an ingenuous youth.  
When he came into court, he wanted pow'r  
To utter what he had prepar'd, so much  
He was abash'd by fear and modesty.

*Get.* Oh brave!---But why, without more loss of  
time,  
Don't I accost th' old man ? [*going up.*] My master,  
welcome !

I am rejoic'd to see you safe return'd.

*Dem.* What! my good master Governor! your slave!  
The prop! the pillar of our family!  
To whom, at my departure hence, I gave  
My son in charge.

*Get.* I've heard you for some time  
 Accuse us all quite undeservedly,  
 And me, of all, most undeservedly.  
 For what cou'd I have done in this affair?  
 A slave the laws will not allow to plead,  
 Nor can he be an evidence.

*Dem.* I grant it.  
 Nay more---the boy was bashful---I allow it.  
 ---You but a slave.---But if she had been prov'd  
 Ever so plainly a relation, why  
 Needed he marry her? and why not rather  
 Give her, according to the law, a portion,\*  
 And let her seek some other for a husband?  
 Why did he rather bring a beggar home?

*Get.* 'Twas not the thought, but money that was  
 wanting.

*Dem.* He might have borrow'd it.

*Get.* Have borrow'd it!

Easily said.

*Dem.* If not to be had else,  
 On interest.

*Get.* Nay, now indeed you've hit it.  
 Who wou'd advance him money in your life?†

\* *Give her, according to the law, a portion?*] By this proposal Terence artfully prepares us for the imposition of Phormio, who extorts money from the old gentleman on this very foundation. DONATUS.

† *Who wou'd advance him money in your life?*] Alexander

*Dem.* Well, well, it shall not, and it cannot be,  
That I shou'd suffer her to live with him  
As wife a single day. There is no cause.  
---Wou'd I might see that fellow, or cou'd tell  
Where he resides !

*Get.* What, Phormio !

*Dem.* The girl's Patron !\*

*Get.* He shall be with you straight.

*Dem.* Where's Antipho ?

*Phæ.* Abroad.

*Dem.* Go, Phædria; find him, bring him here.

*Phæ.* I'll go directly. [Exit.

*Get. aside.]* Ay, to Pamphila. [Exit.

ab Alexandro, Genial. Dier. L. 1. takes notice of an antient decree of Senate, derived to the Romans from a law of Solon, in which, in order to provide against young men borrowing money during the life of their fathers, it was ordained, that in case of non-payment, the lender should have no remedy at law. In such cases the security was made void by this decree; lest the sons of rich

men, being involved in debt, should be tempted to extricate themselves by dishonourable means, or even to hasten the death of a parent, WESTERHOVIUS. PATRICK.

\* *The girl's Patron.]* *Istum Patronum mulieris.* They who undertook to carry on a law-suit for another were called *Patroni*, Patrons.



## S C E N E VII.

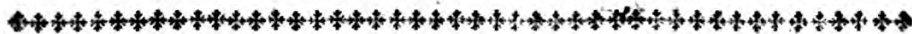
D E M I P H O *alone.*

I'll home, and thank the Gods for my return ;\*  
 Thence to the Forum, and convene some friends,  
 Who may be present at this interview,  
 That Phormio may not take me unprepar'd. [*Exit.*

\* *I'll home, and thank the Gods for my return.*] It was the custom for those returning from a voyage or journey to give thanks in a formal manner to the Gods, even before they saw their wives or friends. And every citizen

had at home Household Gods (usually called *Penates*, *Domestici*, or *Lares*) which he and his family worshipped in private, and considered as the particular guardians of the family. WES-  
 TERHOVIUS.

ACT



## ACT II. SCENE I.

P H O R M I O, G E T A.

*Phor.\** **A**ND Antipho, you say, has slunk away,  
Fearing his father's presence?

*Get.* Very true.

*Phor.* Poor Phanium left alone?

*Get.* 'Tis even so.

*Phor.* And the old gentleman enrag'd?

*Get.* Indeed.

*Phor.* The sum of all then, Phormio, rests on You:  
On you, and you alone. You've bak'd this cake,  
E'en eat it for your pains. About it then!

*Get.* I do beseech you.

*Phor. to himself.]* What if he enquire?---

\* *And Antipho, you say, &c.]* It is said that this play being once rehearsed before Terence and some of his most intimate acquaintance, Ambivius, who acted the part of Phormio, came in drunk, which threw the author into a violent passion: but Ambivius had scarce re-

peated a few lines, stammering, and scratching his head, before Terence became pacified, declaring that when he was writing those very lines, he absolutely had such a Parasite, as Ambivius then represented, in his thoughts. DONATUS.

Q 3

*Get.*

*Get.* Our only hope's in You.

*Phor. to himself.]* I have it!--Then,  
Suppose he offer to return the girl?

*Get.* You urg'd us to it.

*Phor. to himself.]* Ay! it shall be so.

*Get.* Assist us!

*Phor.* Let him come, Old Gentleman!  
'Tis here: it is engender'd: I am arm'd  
With all my counsels.

*Get.* What d'ye mean to do?

*Phor.* What wou'd you have me do, unless contrive  
That Phanium may remain, that Antipho  
Be freed from blame, and all the old man's rage  
Turn'd upon Me?\*

*Get.* Brave fellow! friend indeed!  
And yet I often tremble for you, Phormio,  
Left all this noble confidence of your's  
End in the stocks at last.†

\* *Turn'd upon me.]* In this scene Terence exhibits the lower order of Parasites, who ingratiated themselves by Sharping and Roguery; as in the Eunuch he describes the Parasites of a higher rank, and of a newer species, who obtained their ends by Flattery. DONATUS.

† *End in the stocks at last.]* In *nervum erumpat denique.* Several interpretations are given of these words. By some in *nervum*

*erumpere* is supposed to allude to the drawing of a bow till the string break: but the phrase is more generally supposed in this place to imply some corporal punishment inflicted on malefactors. *Quia sepe in nervum conjiciebantur, ex aliquo maleficio in carcerem missi,* says Donatus. Westerhovius explains this passage thus. *Est autem Nervus vinculi lignei genus, in quod pedes conjeti ardentur;* which is a pretty exact description of the stocks.

*Phor.* Ah, 'tis not so.

I'm an old stager too, and know my road.  
How many men d'ye think I've bastinadoed  
Almost to death? Aliens, and Citizens?  
The oftner, still the safer.---Tell me then,  
Didst ever hear of actions for assault  
And batt'ry brought against me?

*Get.* How comes that?

*Phor.* Because the net's not stretch'd to catch the  
hawk,

Or kite, who do us wrong; but laid for those,  
Who do us none at all: In them there's profit,  
In these mere labour lost. Thus other men  
May be in danger, who have aught to lose;  
I, the world knows, have nothing.---You will say,  
\*They'll seize my person.---No, they won't maintain  
A fellow of my stomach.---And they're wise,  
In my opinion, if for injuries  
They'll not return the highest benefit.

*Get.* It is impossible for Antipho  
To give you thanks sufficient.

*Phor.* Rather say,  
No man sufficiently can thank his patron.

\* *They'll seize my person.*] tus observes on this passage,  
*Ducent damnatum domum.* Literally "they will lead me con-  
demned home." For, as Dona- Insolvent Debtors were by the  
Law made over as slaves to their  
Creditors.

\*You at free cost to come! anointed, bath'd,  
 Easy and gay! while he's eat up with care  
 And charge, to cater for your entertainment!  
 He gnaws his heart, you laugh; eat first, sit first,  
 And see † a Doubtful Banquet plac'd before you!

*Get.* Doubtful! what phrase is that?

*Phor.* Where you're in doubt,  
 What you shall rather chuse. Delights like these,  
 When you but think how sweet, how dear, they are,  
 Him that affords them must you not suppose  
 A very Deity?

*Get.* The old man's here.

\* *You at free cost, &c.*] This sixth book of the satires of  
 passage is not taken from Ennius.  
 Apollodorus, but from the

*Quippe sine cura, lætus, lautus, cum advenis,  
 Infertis malis, expedito brachio,  
 Alacer, celsus, lupino expectans impetu,  
 Mox dum alterius abligurias bona: quid  
 Censes Dominis esse animi? prob diuum fides!  
 Ille tristis cibum dum servat, tu ridens voras.*

Gay, void of care, anointed when you come,  
 With smacking jaw, and arm prepar'd to carve,  
 Keen, eager, and impatient as the Wolf,  
 Expecting every moment to fall on,  
 And gorge yourself at his expence; what, think you,  
 Possesses then the master's mind? Good heaven!  
 He sits, and with a melancholy air  
 Broods o'er the feast, which laughing you devour.

DONATUS.

† *A Doubtful Banquet.*] *Cæna* who takes frequent opportuni-  
*dabia.* Phormio explains this ties of imitating our author, has  
 expression himself. Horace, adopted this phrase.

Mind

Mind what you do! the first attack's the fiercest:  
Sustain but that, the rest will be mere play.

[*they retire.*]

## S C E N E II.

*Enter at a distance* DEMIPHIO.—HEGIO,  
CRATINUS, CRITO, *following.*

*Dem.* Was ever man so grossly treated, think ye?

---This way, Sirs, I beseech you.

*Get.* He's enrag'd!

*Phor.* Hift! mind your cue: I'll work him.

---[*coming forward, and speaking loud.*] Oh, ye Gods!

Does he deny that Phanium's his relation?

What, Demipho! Does Demipho deny

That Phanium is his kinswoman?

*Get.* He does.

*Phor.* And who her father was he does not know?

*Get.* No.

*Dem. to the Lawyers.]* Here's the very fellow, I  
believe,

Of whom I have been speaking.---Follow me!

*Phor. aloud.]* And that he does not know, who  
Stilpho was?

*Get.* No.

*Phor.*

*Phor.* Ah, because, poor thing, she's left in want,\*  
Her father is unknown, and she despis'd.

What will not avarice do?

*Get.* If you insinuate

My master's avaricious, woe be to you!

*Dem. behind.]* Oh impudence! he dares accuse me  
first.

*Phor.* As to the youth, I cannot take offence,  
If *he* had not much knowledge of him; since,  
Now in the vale of years, in want, his work  
His livelihood, he nearly altogether  
Liv'd in the country: where he held a farm  
Under my father. I have often heard  
The poor old man complain, that this his kinsman  
Neglected him.---But what a man! A man

\* *Ah! because she's left in want, &c.]* This sentiment occurs among the fragments of the Brothers of Menander.

————— ————— ————— ————— —————  
Εργον ευρειν συγγενη  
Πενητος εστιν, εδσεις γαρ ομολογει  
Αυτω προσηκειν τον βοηθειας τινος  
Δεομενον. αιτισθαι γαρ αμα τι προσδοκα.

'Tis hard for those in want to find their kindred;  
For no one will acknowledge his relation  
To the unhappy wretch that wants assistance:  
Fearing assistance will be soon requir'd.

In the sequel of this scene, in his altercation with *De-Phormio* enlarges on this thought *mipho*.

————— ————— ————— ————— —————  
But if, poor man,  
*Stilpho* had left behind him an estate, &c.

Of

Of most exceeding virtue.

*Get.* Much at one :

Yourself and He you praise so much.

*Phor.* Away !

Had I not thought him what I've spoken of him,  
I wou'd not for his daughter's sake have drawn  
So many troubles on our family,  
Whom this old cuff now treats so scandalously.

*Get.* What, still abuse my absent master, Rascal!

*Phor.* It is no more than he deserves.

*Get.* How, villain !

*Dem.* Geta ! *[calling.*

*Get.* Rogue, Robber, Pettyfogger ! *[to Phormio,*  
*pretending not to hear Demiphio.*

*Dem.* Geta !

*Phor.* Answer. *[apart to Geta.*

*Get. turning.]* Who's that ?---Oh !

*Dem.* Peace !

*Get.* Behind your back

All day without cessation has this knave  
Thrown scurvy terms upon you, such as none  
But men, like him, can merit.

*Dem.* Well ! have done :

*[putting Geta by, then addressing Phormio.*

Young man ! permit me first to ask one question,  
And, if you please, vouchsafe to answer me.

---Who was this friend of your's ? Explain ! and how

Might



Might he pretend that I was his relation ?

*Phor.* So ! you fish for't, as if you didn't know,

*[sneeringly.]*

*Dem.* Know ! I !

*Phor.* Ay ; you.

*Dem.* Not I : You that maintain

I ought, instruct me how to recollect.

*Phor.* What ! not acquainted with your cousin ?

*Dem.* Plague !

Tell me his name.

*Phor.* His name ? ay !

*Dem.* Well, why don't you ?

*Phor.* Confusion ! I've forgot the name.\* *[apart.]*

*Dem.* What say you ?

*Phor.* Geta, if you remember, prompt me.

*[apart to Geta.]*——Phhaw !

I will not tell.---As if you didn't know,

You're come to try me. *[loud to Demipho.]*

*Dem.* How ! I try you ?

*Get.* Stilpho. *[whispering Phormio.]*

*Phor.* What is't to me ?---Stilpho.

\* *I've forgot the name.]* In the *Trinumus* of Plautus, where a sharper is employed, like Phormio, to carry on an imposture, He in like manner forgets the name of the person from whom he pretends to come ; and what renders the circumstance still more pleasant is, that he happens to be engaged in conversation with the very person himself. The *Trinumus*, taken all together, is, I think, inferior to this play of our author ; but there are in it some scenes of uncommon pleasantry.

*Dem.*

*Dem.* Whom say you?

*Pbor.* Stilpho:

Did you know Stilpho, Sir?

*Dem.* I neither know him;  
Nor ever had I kinsman of that name.

*Pbor.* How! are you not asham'd?---But if, poor  
man,

Stilpho had left behind him an estate  
Of some ten Talents-----

*Dem.* Out upon You!

*Pbor.* Then

You would have been the first to trace your line  
Quite from your Grandfire and Great Grandfire.

*Dem.* True.

Had I then come, I'd have explain'd at large  
How she was my relation: So do You!  
Say, how is she my kinswoman?

*Get.* Well said!

Master, you're right.----Take heed!

[*apart to Phormio.*

*Pbor.* I have explain'd

All that most clearly, where I ought, in court.  
If it were false, why did not then your son  
Refute it?

*Dem.* Do you tell me of my son,  
Whose folly can't be spoke of, as it ought?

*Pbor.* But You, who are so wise, go, seek the  
judge:

Ask

Ask sentence in the self-same cause again :

\* Because You're Lord alone; and have alone  
Pow'r to obtain the judgement of the court  
Twice in one cause.

*Dem.* Although I have been wrong'd,  
Yet, rather than engage in litigation,  
And rather than hear You; as if she were  
Indeed related to us, as the law  
Ordains, I'll pay her dowry: Take her hence,  
And with her take five Minæ.

*Pbor.* Ha! ha! ha!

A pleasant gentleman!

*Dem.* Why, what's the matter?  
Have I demanded any thing unjust?  
Sha'n't I obtain this neither, which is law?

*Pbor.* Is't even so, Sir?---Like a common harlot  
When you've abus'd her, does the law ordain  
That you shou'd pay her hire, and whistle her off?  
Or, lest a citizen thro' poverty  
Bring shame upon her honour, does it order  
That she be given to her next of kin  
To pass her life with him? which you forbid.

*Dem.* Ay; to her next of kin: But why to Us;

\* *Because You're Lord alone.*] arbitrary acts were particularly  
*Quandoquidem solus regnas.* An odious. Thus Sannio in the  
invidious sneer; because in A- Brothers; *Regnumne, Æschine,*  
thens, where the people were *hic tu possides?* "Do you reign  
tenacious of liberty and the laws, King here, Æschinus?" DONAT.

Or

Or wherefore?

*Phor.* Oh! that matter is all settled:  
Think on't no more.

*Dem.* Not think on't! I shall think  
Of nothing else, till there's an end of this.

*Phor.* Words, words!

*Dem.* I'll make them good.

*Phor.* But, after all,  
With You I have no business, Demipho!  
Your Son is cast, not You: for at your age  
The coupling-time is over.

*Dem.* Be assur'd  
That all I've said, He says: Or I'll forbid  
Him and this wife of his my house.

*Get.* He's angry. [*apart.*

*Phor.* No; you'll think better on't.

*Dem.* Are you resolv'd,  
Wretch that you are, to thwart me ev'ry way?

*Phor.* He fears, tho' he dissembles. } *apart.*

*Get.* Well begun!

*Phor.* Well; but what can't be cur'd must be  
endur'd:

'Twere well, and like yourself, that we were friends.

*Dem.* I! friend to you? or chuse to see, or hear you!

*Phor.* Do but agree with her, you'll have a girl  
To comfort your old age. Your years, consider!

*Dem.* Plague on your comfort! take her to  
yourself!

*Phor.*

*Phor.* Ah! don't be angry!

*Dem.* One word more, I've done.  
See that you fetch away this wench, and soon,  
Or I shall turn her headlong out o'doors.  
So much for Phormio!

*Phor.* Offer but to touch her,  
In any other manner than beseems  
A gentlewoman and a citizen,  
And I shall bring a fwinging writ against you.  
So much for Demipho!—If I am wanted,  
I am at home, d'ye hear? [*apart to Geta.*]

*Get.* I understand. [*apart.*] [*Exit Phormio.*]

### S C E N E III.

*Dem.* With how much care, and what folicitude,  
My son affects me, with this wretched match  
Having embroil'd himself and me! nor comes  
Into my sight, that I might know at least  
Or what he says, or thinks of this affair.  
Go, you; and see if he's come home, or no.

*Get.* I'm gone. [*Exit.*]

*Dem.* You see, Sirs, how this matter stands.  
What shall I do? Say, Hegio!

*Hegio.* Meaning me?

*Cratinus,* please you, shou'd speak first.

*Dem.* Say then,

4

*Cratinus!*

Cratinus !

*Cra.* Me d'ye question ?

*Dem.* You.

*Cra.* Then I,

Whatever steps are best I'd have you take.  
Thus it appears to Me. Whate'er your son  
Has in your absence done, is null and void  
In law and equity.—And so you'll find.  
That's my opinion.

*Dem.* Say now, Hegio ?

*Heg.* He has, I think, pronounc'd most learnedly,  
But so 'tis : many men, and many minds !  
Each has his fancy : Now, in my opinion,  
Whate'er is done by law, can't be undone.  
'Tis shameful to attempt it.

*Dem.* Say you, Crito !

*Cri.* The case, I think, asks more deliberation.  
'Tis a nice point.

*Heg.* Wou'd you aught else with us ?

*Dem.* You've utter'd Oracles. [*Exeunt Lawyers.*]

I'm more uncertain

Now than I was before.\*

\* *I'm more uncertain now than I was before.*] I believe there is no scene in Comedy more highly seasoned with the *Ridiculous* than this before us. The idea is truly comick, and it is worked up with all that simplicity and chastity, so peculiar to

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the manner of Terence. An ordinary writer would have indulged himself in twenty little conceits on this occasion ; but the dry gravity of Terence infinitely surpasses, as true humour, all the drolleries, which perhaps even those great Mas-

R

ters

*Re-enter* G E T A.

*Get.* He's not return'd.

*Dem.* My Brother, as I hope, will soon arrive:  
Whate'er advice he gives me; that I'll follow.  
I'll to the Port, and ask when they expect him.

[*Exit.*]

*Get.* And I'll go find out Antipho, and tell him  
All that has past.—But here he comes in time.\*

ters of Comedy, Plautus, or Moliere might have been tempted to throw out. It is the highest art of a Dramatick Author on some occasions to leave a good deal to the Actor: it has been remarked by Heinsius and others, that Terence was particularly attentive to this circumstance; and Donatus in his preface to this Comedy says, that it is *tota diuertijs facietissimis, & gestum desiderantibus scenicum.*

\* *But here he comes in time.]*  
*Sed eccum ipsum video in tempore huc se recipere.* Here in all the common books ends the second act; and the scenes that make up the residue of it here, in them compose the third. Madam Dacier saw the absurdity,

but follows the old division, arbitrarily omitting the above line, in order to break the palpable continuity of the scenes; and make the stage appear to be vacant. But the line in question is in all the copies; nor is it likely that in so busy a play, the Author would have devoted a whole act to the Episode of Phædria and his Musick Girl.

The division of the acts in this play is so extremely confused in all the books I have seen, that I have varied from them all. I have endeavoured to find out the natural rests or pauses in the action, and to divide the acts in such a manner, as to assign a particular business to each. See the first note to Act V.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Enter at a distance* ANTIPHON.

*Ant. to himself.*] Indeed, indeed, my Antipho,  
 You're much to blame, to be so poor in spirit.  
 What! steal away so guilty-like? and trust  
 Your life and safety to the care of others?  
 Would They be touch'd more nearly than Yourself?  
 Come what come might of ev'ry thing beside,  
 Could you abandon the dear maid at home?  
 Could you so far deceive her easy faith,  
 And leave her to misfortune and distress?  
 Her, who plac'd all her hopes in you alone?

*Get. coming forwards.*] I'faith, Sir, we have thought  
 you much to blame

For your long absence.—

*Ant.* You're the very man  
 That I was looking for.

*Get.* — But ne'ertheless  
 We've mist no opportunity.

*Ant.* Oh, speak!  
 How go my fortunes, Geta? has my father  
 Any suspicion that I was in league  
 With Phormio?

*Get.* Not a jot.



*Ant.* And may I hope?

*Get.* I don't know.

*Ant.* Ah!

*Get.* Unless that Phædria  
Did all he could do for you.---

*Ant.* Nothing new.

*Get.* ---And Phormio, as on all occasions else,  
Prov'd himself a brave fellow.

*Ant.* What did *He*?

*Get.* Out-swagger'd your hot father.

*Ant.* Well said, Phormio!

*Get.* ---I did the best I could too.

*Ant.* Honest Geta,  
I am much bounden to you all.

*Get.* Thus, Sir,  
Stand things at present. As yet all is calm.  
Your father means to wait your uncle's coming.

*Ant.* For what?

*Get.* For his advice, as he propos'd;  
By which he will be rul'd in this affair.

*Ant.* How do I dread my uncle's coming, Geta,  
Since by his sentence I must live or die!

*Get.* But here comes Phædria.

*Ant.* Where?

*Get.* \*From his old school. [they retire.

\* From his old school.] *Ab* Exercises for the Græcian youth.  
*suâ palæstrâ.*—*Palæstra* was properly the School of Gymnastick  
Geta therefore, in allusion to that, pleasantly calls the Procurer's  
Procureur's

## S C E N E V.

*Enter, from Dorio's, DORIO, PHÆDRIA,  
following.*

*Phæ.* Nay, hear me, Dorio!

*Dorio.* Not I.

*Phæ.* But a word!

*Dorio.* Let me alone.

*Phæ.* Pray, hear me!

*Dorio.* I am tir'd

With hearing the same thing a thousand times.

*Phæ.* But what I'd say, you would be glad to hear.

*Dorio.* Speak then! I hear.

*Phæ.* Can't I prevail on you

To stay but these three days?---Nay, where d'ye go?

*Dorio.* I should have wonder'd had you said aught  
new.

*Ant. behind.]* This Pimp, I fear, will work him-  
self no good.\*

curer's house the *palæstra* of Phædria, much in the same vein of humour that he used in talking of him at the opening of the play.

\* *This pimp, I fear, will work himself no good.]* *Metuo*

*lenonem, nequid suo suat capiti.*

This passage has much puzzled the Commentators. I have followed Madam Dacier, though I do not think that her interpretation of the passage, or any other comment that I have seen, makes very good sense of it.

*Get.* I fear so too.

*Phæ.* Won't you believe me ?

*Dorio.* Guess.

*Phæ.* Upon my honour,

*Dorio.* Nonsense.

*Phæ.* 'Tis a kindness

Shall be repaid with interest.

*Dorio.* Words, words !

*Phæ.* You'll be glad on't; you will, believe me,

*Dorio.* Pshaw !

*Phæ.* Try; 'tis not long.

*Dorio.* You're in the same tune still.

*Phæ.* My kinsman, parent, friend.---

*Dorio.* Ay, talk away.

*Phæ.* Can you be so inflexible, so cruel,  
That neither pity, nor entreaties touch you ?

*Dorio.* And can You be so inconsiderate,  
And so unconscionable, Phædria,  
To think that you can *talk* me to your purpose,  
And wheedle me to give the girl for nothing ?

*Ant. behind.]* Poor Phædria !

*Phæ. to himself.]* Alas, he speaks the truth.

*Get. to Ant.* How well they each support their  
characters !

*Phæ. to himself.]* Then that this evil should have  
come upon me,  
When Antipho was in the like distress !

*Ant.*

*Ant. going up.]* Ha! what now, Phædria?

*Pbæ.* Happy, happy Antipho!—

*Ant.* I?

*Pbæ.* Who have her you love in your possession,  
Nor e'er had plagues like these, to struggle with!

*Ant.* In my possession? yes, I have, indeed,  
As the old saying goes, a Wolf by th' Ears :\*  
For I can neither part with her, nor keep her.

*Dorio.* 'Tis just my case with Him.

*Ant. to Dorio.]* Thou thorough Bawd!

--- *to Phædria.]* What has he done?

*Pbæ.* Done?---The inhuman wretch  
Has sold my Pamphila.

*Get.* What! Sold her?

*Ant.* Sold her?

*Pbæ.* Yes; sold her.

*Dorio, laughing.]* Sold her.---What a monstrous  
crime!

A wench he paid his ready money for.

*Pbæ.* I can't prevail upon him, to wait for me,  
And to stave off his bargain but three days;  
Till I obtain the money from my friends,  
According to their promise.---If I do not  
Pay it you *then*, don't wait a moment longer.

*Dorio.* You stun me.

\* *I have a wolf by the ears.] Auribus teneo lupum.* A proverb;  
the meaning of which is explained in the next line.

*Ant.* 'Tis a very little time,  
For which he asks your patience, Dorio.  
Let him prevail on you; your complaisance  
Shall be requited doubly.

*Dorio.* Words; mere words!

*Ant.* Can you then bear to see your Pamphila  
Torn from this city, Phædria?---Can you, Dorio,  
Divide their loves?

*Dorio.* Nor I, nor you.

*Get.* Plague on you!

*Dorio, to Phæ.]* I have, against my natural disposition,  
Born with you several months, still promising,  
Whimpering, and ne'er performing any thing:  
Now, on the contrary, I've found a spark,  
Who'll prove a ready-paymaster, no sniveler:  
Give place then to your betters!

*Anti.* Surely, Phædria,  
There was, if I remember, a day settled  
That you should pay the money down.

*Phæ.* There was.

*Dorio.* Do I deny it?

*Ant.* Is the day past?

*Dorio.* No.

But this has come before it.

*Ant.* Infamous!

Ar'n't you ashamed of such base treachery?

*Doria.* Not I, while I can get by't.

*Get.*

*Get.* Scavenger!

*Phæ.* Is this just dealing, Dorio?

*Dorio.* 'Tis my way:

So, if you like me, use me.

*Ant.* Can you deceive him thus?

*Dorio.* Nay, Antipho,

'Tis *he* deceives *me*: he was well aware

What kind of man I was, but I believ'd

Him diff'rent. He has disappointed me,

But I am still the same to *him* as ever.

However, thus much I can do for him;

The Captain promis'd to pay down the money

To-morrow morning. But now, Phædria,

If you come first, I'll follow my old rule,

"The first to pay, shall be first serv'd." Farewell.

[*Exit.*

## S C E N E VI.

P H Æ D R I A, A N T I P H O, G E T A.

*Phæ.* What shall I do? Unhappy that I am,  
How shall I, who am almost worse than nothing,

Raise such a sum so suddenly?---Alas!

Had I prevail'd on him to wait three days,

I had a promise of it.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Shall we, Geta,  
Suffer my Phædria to be miserable?  
My best friend Phædria, who but now, you said,  
Assisted me so heartily?---No.---Rather  
Let us, since there's need, return his kindness!

*Get.* It is but just, I must confess,

*Ant.* Come then;

'Tis you alone can save him,

*Get.* By what means?

*Ant.* Procure the money.

*Get.* Willingly: but whence?

*Ant.* My father is arriv'd.

*Get.* He is: what then?

*Ant.* A word to the wife, Geta!

*Get.* Say you so?

*Ant.* Ev'n so.

*Get.* By Hercules, 'tis rare advice.

Are you there with me? will it not be triumph,  
So I but scape a scouring for your match,  
That you must urge me to run risks for *him*?

*Ant.* He speaks the truth, I must confess.

*Phæ.* How's that?

Am I a stranger to you, Geta?

*Get.* No:

Nor do I hold you such. But is it nothing,  
That Demipho now rages at us all,  
Unless we irritate him so much further,  
As to preclude all hopes to pacify him?

*Phæ.*

*Phæ.* Shall then another bear her hence? Ah me!  
Now then, while I remain, speak to me, Antipho.  
Behold me!

*Ant.* Wherefore? what is it you mean?

*Phæ.* Wherever she's convey'd, I'll follow her;  
Or perish.

*Get.* Heaven prosper your designs!--  
Gently, Sir, gently!

*Ant.* See, if you can help him.

*Get.* Help him! but how?

*Ant.* Nay, think, invent, devise;  
Lest he do something we repent of, Geta!

*Get.* I'm thinking. [*pausing.*]---Well then, I believe  
he's safe.

But I'm afraid of mischief.

*Ant.* Never fear;

We'll bear all good and evil fortune with you.

*Get.* Tell me the sum you have occasion for.

*Phæ.* But thirty Minæ.

*Get.* Thirty! monstrous, Phædria!  
She's very dear.

*Phæ.* Dog-cheap,

*Get.* Well, say no more.

I'll get them for you.

*Phæ.* O brave fellow!

*Get.* Hence!

*Phæ.* But I shall want it *now*.

*Get.* You'll have it *now*.

But



But Phormio muſt aſſiſt me in this buſineſs.

*Ant.* He's ready : lay what load you will upon him,  
He'll bear it all; for he's a friend indeed.

*Get.* Let's to him quickly then!\*

*Ant.* D'ye want my help?

*Get.* We've no occaſion for you. Get you home  
To the poor girl, who's almoſt dead with fear;  
And ſee you comfort her.---Away! d'ye loiter?

*Ant.* There's nothing I would do ſo willingly. [*Exit.*

*Phæ.* But how will you effect this?

*Get.* I'll explain

That matter as we go along.---Away! [*Exeunt.*

\* *Let's to him quickly then!*] “ tell him to be at home.” But  
After this in ſome books is in- it confounds the ſenſe in this  
ſerted a ſpeech of Phædria; *Abi* place, and it is plain that Phædria  
*dic, præſto ut ſit domi.* “ Go, and Geta go out together.



## A C T III. S C E N E I.

DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

*Dem.* **W**ELL, Chremes? have you brought your  
daughter with you,

On whose account you went to Lemnos?

*Cbre.* No.

*Dem.* Why not?

*Cbre.* Her mother grown, it seems, impatient,  
Perceiving that I tarried here so long,  
And that the girl's age brook'd not my delays,  
Had journied here, they said, in search of me,  
With her whole family.

*Dem.* Appriz'd of this,  
What kept you there so long then?

*Cbre.* A disease.

*Dem.* How came it? what disease?

*Cbre.* Is that a question?

Old age itself is a disease.---However,  
The master of the ship, who brought them over,  
Inform'd me of their safe arrival hither.

*Dem.* Have you heard, Chremes, of my son's misfortune

During my absence?

*Chre.* Ay; and it confounds me.

For to another should I tender her,  
I must relate the girl's whole history,  
And whence arises my connexion with her.  
You I can trust as safely as myself:  
But if a stranger courts alliance with me,  
While we're new friends, he'll hold his peace perhaps,  
But if he cools, he'll know too much of me.  
Then I'm afraid my wife should know of this;  
Which if she does, I've nothing else to do,  
But shake myself,\* and leave my house directly:  
For I've no friend at home, except myself.

*Dem.* I know it; and 'tis that which touches me.  
Nor are there any means I'll leave untried,  
Till I have made my promise to you good.

\* *But shake myself, &c.*] *Ut* shook their cloaths at the doors  
*me excutiam.* Alluding to the manners of the Greek and Eastern nations, who always  
of the houses, that they abandoned. DACIER.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*Enter, at another part of the Stage, GETA:*

*Get. to himself.]* I never saw a more shrewd rogue  
than Phormio.

I came to let him know we wanted money,  
With my device for getting it; and scarce  
Had I related half, but he conceiv'd me.

He was o'erjoy'd; commended me; demanded  
To meet with Demipho; and thank'd the Gods,  
That it was now the time to shew himself  
As truly Phædria's friend, as Antipho's.

I bad him wait us at the Forum; whither  
I'd bring th' old gentleman.---And there he is!  
---But who's the furthestmost? Ha! Phædria's father.  
---Yet what was I afraid of, Simpleton?

That I have got two dupes instead of one?  
Is it not better that my hopes are doubled?  
---I'll attack him, I first propos'd. If He  
Answers my expectation, well: if not,  
Why then have at you, Uncle!

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

*Enter behind* ANTIPHO.

*Ant. to himself.*] I expect

Geta's arrival presently.---But see!

Yonder's my Uncle with my father.---Ah!

How do I dread his influence!

*Get.* I'll to them.

Oh, good Sir Chremes! *[going up.]*

*Chre.* Save you, save you, Geta!

*Get.* I'm glad to see you safe arriv'd.

*Chre.* I thank you.

*Get.* How go affairs?

*Chre.* A world of changes here,

As usual at first coming home again.

*Get.* True. Have you heard of Antipho's affair?

*Chre.* The whole.

*Get. to Demipho.*] You told him, Sir?---'Tis monstrous, Chremes,

To be so shamefully impos'd upon!

*Dem.* 'Twas on that point I was just talking with him.

*Get.* And I too, having turn'd it in my thoughts, Have found, I think, a remedy

*Dem.* How, Geta?

What

What remedy?

*Get.* On leaving you, by chance  
I met with Phormio.

*Cbre.* Who is Phormio?

*Get.* The girl's follicitor.

*Cbre.* I understand.

*Get.* I thought within myself, "suppose I found  
him!"

And taking him aside, "Now prithee, Phormio,

"Why don't you try to settle this affair

"By fair means rather than by foul?" said I.

"My master is a generous gentleman,

"And hates to go to law. For I assure you,

"His other friends advis'd him, to a man,

"To turn this girl directly out o'doors."

*Ant. behind.]* What does he mean? or where will  
all this end?

*Get.* "The law, you think, will give you damages,

"If he attempts to turn her out.---Alas,

"He has had counsel upon that.---I'faith,

"You'll have hot work, if you engage with Him,

"He's such an Orator!---But ev'n suppose

"That you should gain your law-suit, after all

"The trial is not for his life, but money."

Perceiving him a little wrought upon,

And soften'd by this stile of talking with him,

"Come now," continued I, "we're all alone.

“ Tell me, what money would you take in hand

“ To drop your law-suit, take away the girl,

“ And trouble us no farther ?”

*Ant. behind.]* Is he mad?

*Get. —* “ For I am well convinc’d, that if your  
“ terms

“ Are not extravagant and wild indeed,

“ My master’s such a worthy gentleman,

“ You will not change three words between you.”

*Dem.* Who

Commission’d you to say all this ?

*Chre.* Nay, nay,

Nothing could be more happy to effect

The point we labour at.

*Ant. behind.]* Undone !

*Chre. to Get.]* Go on.

*Get.* At first he rav’d.

*Dem.* Why, what did he demand ?

*Get.* Too much: as much as came into his head.

*Chre.* Well, but the sum ?

*Get.* He talk’d of a Great Talent.\*

*Dem.* Plague on the rascal! what! has he no  
shame ?

*Get.* The very thing I said to him.---“ Suppose

\* *A Great Talent.]* *Talentum* and sometimes an *Attick Talent*;  
*Magnum.* Among the antient which all import the same,  
writers we meet sometimes with when to be understood of Gre-  
the word *Talent* simply; some- cian money. PATRICK.  
times it is called *A Great Talent*;

“ He

" He was to portion out an only daughter,  
 " What could he give her more?---He profits little,  
 " Having no daughter of his own; since one  
 " Is found, to carry off a fortune from him."  
 ---But to be brief, and not to dwell upon  
 All his impertinencies, He at last  
 Gave me this final answer.---" From the first,  
 " I wish'd, said he, as was indeed most fit,  
 " To wed the daughter of my friend myself:  
 " For I was well aware of her misfortune;  
 " That, being poor, she would be rather given  
 " In slavery, than wedlock, to the rich.  
 " But I was fore'd, to tell you the plain truth,  
 " To take a woman with some little fortune,  
 " To pay my debts: and still, if Demipho  
 " Be willing to advance so large a sum,  
 " As I'm to have with one I'm now engag'd to,  
 " There is no wife I'd rather take than Her."

*Ant. behind.]* Whether through malice, or stupidity,  
 He is rank knave or fool, I cannot tell.

*Dem. to Geta.]* What, if he owes his soul?

*Get.* " I have a farm,"

Continued he, " that's mortgag'd for Ten Minæ."

*Dem.* Well, let him take her then: I'll pay the  
 money

*Get.* " A house for ten more."

*Dem.* Huy! huy! that's too much.



*Cbre.* No noise! demand those ten of me.

*Get.* " My wife

" Must buy a maid; some little furniture

" Is also requisite; and some expence

" To keep our wedding: all these articles,"

Continues he, " we'll reckon at Ten Minæ."

*Dem.* No; let him bring ten thousand writs  
against me.\*

I'll give him nothing. What! afford the villain

An opportunity to laugh at me?

*Cbre.* Nay, but be pacified! I'll pay the money.

Only do you prevail upon your son

To marry her, whom we desire.

*Ant. behind.]* Ah me!

Geta, your treachery has ruin'd me.

*Cbre.* She's put away on my account: 'tis just

That I should pay the money.

*Get.* " Let me know,"

Continues he, " as soon as possible,

" Whether they mean to have me marry her;

" That I may part with t'other, and be certain.

\* *Let him bring ten thousand writs, &c.] Sexcentas scribito jam mihi dicas.* Donatus observes on this passage that *Six Hundred* was used by the Romans for an indefinite number, as *Ten Thousand* was among the Greeks; wherefore Terence, according to the different genius of the two languages, renders the *μυριας* of Apollodorus by *sexcentas*. I have in like manner rendered the *sexcentas* of Terence by *Ten Thousand*, as being most agreeable to the English idiom, as well as the Greek.

" For

“ For t’other girl’s relations have agreed

“ To pay the portion down immediately.”

*Cbre.* He shall be paid *this* too immediately.

Let him break off with her, and take this girl!

*Dem.* Ay, and the plague go with him!

*Cbre.* Luckily

It happens I’ve some money here; the rents

Of my wife’s farms at Lemnos. I’ll take that;

[to Demipho.

And tell my wife, that you had need of it. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

*Manent* ANTIPHON, GETA.

*Ant.* *coming forward.*] Geta!

*Get.* Ha, Antipho!

*Ant.* What have you done?

*Get.* Trick’d the old bubbles of their money.

*Ant.* Well,

Is that sufficient, think ye?

*Get.* I can’t tell.

’Twas all my orders.

*Ant.* Knave, d’ye shuffle with me? [*kicks him.*

*Get.* Plague! what d’ye mean?

*Ant.* What do I mean, firrah!

You've driven me to absolute perdition.  
 All pow'rs of heav'n and hell confound you for't,  
 And make you an example to all villains!  
 —Here! would you have your business duly manag'd,  
 Commit it to this fellow!\*—What could be  
 More tender than to touch upon this fore,  
 Or even name my wife? My father's filled  
 With hopes that she may be dismiss'd.---And then  
 If Phormio gets the money for the portion,  
 He to be sure must marry her.---And what  
 Becomes of Me then?

*Get.* He'll not marry her.

*Ant.* Oh, no: but when they re-demand the money,  
 On my account he'll rather go to jail! [*ironically.*]

*Get.* Many a tale is spoilt in telling, Antipho.  
 You take out all the good, and leave the bad.  
 —Now hear the other side.---If he receives  
 The money, he must wed the girl: I grant it.  
 But then some little time must be allow'd  
 For wedding-preparation, invitation,  
 And sacrifices.---Meanwhile, Phædria's friends  
 Advance the money they have promis'd him:  
 Which Phormio shall make use of for repayment.

*Ant.* How so? what reason can he give?

\* *Commit it to this fellow.*] *qui te ad scopulum è tranquillo  
 inferat.*—But the most judicious  
*Huic mandes quod quidem recte  
 curatum velis.* In some editions  
 Criticks have rejected it as  
 and manuscripts we read, in-  
 spurious. PATRICK.  
 stead of this verse, *Huic mandes,*

*Get.*

*Get.* What reason?

A thousand.---“ Since I made this fatal bargain,

“ Omens and prodigies have happen'd to me.

“ There came a strange black dog into my house!

“ A snake fell through the tiling! a hen crow'd!

“ The Soothsayer forbid it! The Diviner

“ Charg'd me to enter on no new affair

“ Before the winter.”---All sufficient reasons.

Thus it shall be.

*Ant.* Pray heav'n, it may!

*Get.* It shall,

Depend on me:—But here's your father.---Go;

Tell Phædria that the money's safe. [*Exit Antipho.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Re-enter DEMIPHO and CHREMES.*

*Dem.* Nay, peace!

I'll warrant he shall play no tricks upon us:

I'll not part rashly with it, I assure you:

But pay it before witnesses, reciting

To whom 'tis paid, and why 'tis paid.

*Get.* How cautious,

Where there is no occasion!

[*aside.*]

*Chre.* You had need.

But haste, dispatch it while the fit's upon him :

For if the other party should be pressing,

Perhaps he'll break with us,

*Get.* You've hit it, Sir.

*Dem.* Carry me to him then.

*Get.* I wait your pleasure.

*Cbre. to Dem.]* When this is done, step over to my  
wife,

That she may see the girl before she goes;

And tell her, to prevent her being angry,

“ That we've agreed to marry her to Phormio,

“ Her old acquaintance, and a fitter match ;

“ That we have not been wanting in our duty,

“ But giv'n as large a portion as he ask'd.”

*Dem.* Pshaw! what's all this to you?

*Cbre.* A great deal, Brother.

*Dem.* Is't not sufficient to have done your duty,  
Unless the world approves it?

*Cbre.* I would chuse

To have the whole thing done by her consent :

Left she pretend we turn'd her out o'doors.

*Dem.* Well, I can say all this to her myself.

*Cbre.* A woman deals much better with a woman.

*Dem.* I'll ask your wife to do it then.

[*Exeunt Demipho and Geta.*

*Cbre.*

*Chre.* I'm thinking,\*  
Where I shall find these women now.

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter SOPHRONA at a distance.*

*Soph. to herself.]* Alas!  
What shall I do, unhappy as I am?  
Where find a friend? to whom disclose this story?  
Of whom beseech assistance?---For I fear  
My mistress will sustain some injury  
From following my counsel: the youth's father,  
I hear, is so offended at this marriage.

*Chre.* Who's this old woman, coming from my  
brother's,  
Seeming so terrified?

*Soph. to herself.]* 'Twas poverty  
Compell'd me to this action: tho' I knew  
This match would hardly hold together long,  
Yet I advis'd her to it, that meanwhile  
She might not want subsistence.

\* *I'm thinking where I shall find, &c.]* This is intended as a transition to the next scene; but I think it would have been better if it had followed without this kind of introduction. The scene itself is admirable, and is in many places both affecting and comick, and the discovery of the real character of Phanium is made at a very proper time.

*Chre.*

*Cbre.* Surely, surely,  
 Either my mind deceives me, or eyes fail me,  
 Or that's my daughter's nurse.\*

*Soph.* Nor can we find——

*Cbre.* What shall I do?

*Soph.* —Her father out.

*Cbre.* Were't best

I should go up to her, or wait a little,  
 To gather something more from her discourse?

*Soph.* Could *he* be found, my fears were at an end.

*Cbre.* 'Tis she. I'll speak with her.

*Soph. overhearing.]* Whose voice is that?

*Cbre.* Sophrona!

*Soph.* Ha! my name too?

*Cbre.* Look this way.

*Soph. turning.]* Good heav'n have mercy on us! Stilpho!

*Cbre.* No.

*Soph.* Deny your own name?

*Cbre. in a low voice.]* This way, Sophrona!---

---A little further from that door!---this way!---

And never call me by that name, I charge you.

*Soph.* What! ar'n't you then the man you said you  
 were? [aloud.

*Cbre.* Hift! hift!

\* *My daughter's nurse.]* Among the ancients the Nurses, after having brought up children of their own sex, never quitted them; which is the reason that in their plays Nurses are most generally chosen for confidantes. ROUSSEAU'S EMILE.

*Soph.*

*Soph.* What makes you fear those doors so much?

*Cbre.* I have a fury of a wife within :  
And formerly I went by that false name,  
Left ye should indiscreetly blab it out,  
And so my wife might come to hear of this.

*Soph.* Ah! thus it was, that we, alas, poor souls,  
Could never find you out here,

*Cbre.* Well, but tell me,  
What business have you with that family? [*pointing.*  
---Where is your mistress and her daughter?

*Soph.* Ah!

*Cbre.* What now? are they alive?

*Soph.* The daughter is :  
The mother broke her heart with grief.

*Cbre.* Alas!

*Soph.* And I, a poor, unknown, distressed old woman,  
Endeavouring to manage for the best,  
Contriv'd to match the virgin to a youth,  
Son to the master of this house.

*Cbre.* To Antipho?

*Soph.* The very same.

*Cbre.* What! has he two wives then?

*Soph.* No, mercy on us! he has none but her.

*Cbre.* What is the other then, who, they pretend,  
Is a relation to him?

*Soph.* This is she.

*Cbre.* How say you?

*Soph.*



*Soph.* It was all a mere contrivance ;  
That he, who was in love, might marry her  
Without a portion.

*Cbre.* O ye pow'rs of heaven,  
How often fortune blindly brings about  
More than we dare to hope for! Coming home,  
I've found my daughter, even to my wish,  
Match'd to the very person I desir'd.  
What we have both been labouring to effect,  
Has this poor woman all alone accomplish'd.

*Soph.* But now consider what is to be done!  
The bridegroom's father is return'd: and He,  
They say, is much offended at this marriage.

*Cbre.* Be of good comfort: there's no danger there.  
But, in the name of heav'n and earth, I charge you,  
Let nobody discover she's my daughter.

*Soph.* None shall discover it from me.

*Cbre.* Come then!  
Follow me in, and you shall hear the rest. [*Exeunt.*



## A C T IV. S C E N E I.

D E M I P H O, G E T A.

*Dem.* 'T I S our own fault, that we encourage  
rogues,

By over-straining the due character  
Of honesty and generosity.

\* "Shoot not beyond the mark," the proverb goes.  
Was't not enough that he had done us wrong,  
But we must also throw him money too,  
To live till he devises some new mischief?

*Get.* Very right!

*Dem.* Knavery's now its own reward.

*Get.* Very true!

\* *Shoot not beyond the mark.*] port of it impossible to be mis-  
*Ita fugias ne præter casam.* Li- taken: Donatus long ago pro-  
terally, "Fly so, as not to perly explained it, *Queritur se-*  
"pass the house." Commenta- *nex se, dum avari infamiam fu-*  
tors have been pleased to confi- *geret, in stulti reprehensionem in-*  
der this as the most difficult *cidisse.*—"The old man com-  
passage in any part of our Au- "plains, that while he was en-  
thor's works. But the occasion "deavouring to avoid the charge  
on which the proverb is here "of being a miser, he had laid  
used, and the whole tenor of "himself open to the imputa-  
*Demipho's* speech, make the im- "tion of being a fool."

*Dem.* How like fools have we behav'd!

*Get.* So as he keeps his word, and takes the girl,  
'Tis well enough.

*Dem.* Is that a doubt at present?

*Get.* A man, you know, may change his mind.

*Dem.* How! change?

*Get.* That I can't tell: but, *if perhaps*, I say.

*Dem.* I'll now perform my promise to my brother,  
And bring his wife to talk to the young woman.  
You, Geta, go before, and let her know  
Nausifstrata will come and speak with her.

[*Exit Demipho.*]

## S C E N E II.

G E T A *alone.*

The money's got for Phædria: all is hush'd:  
And Phanium is not to depart as yet.  
What more then? where will all this end at last?  
—Alas, you're sticking in the same mire still:  
You've only chang'd hands, Geta.\* The disaster,  
That hung but now directly over you,  
Delay perhaps will bring more heavy on you.  
† You're quite beset, unless you look about.

\* *You've only chang'd hands,*  
*Geta.] Versurâ sèlvere, to change*  
*one creditor for another. Do-*  
*NATUS,*

† *You're quite beset.] Plagæ*  
*crefcunt. Plagæ is generally un-*  
*derstood here to signify blows:*  
*but as Geta is full of metaphors*  
*in*

—Now then I'll home, to lesson Phanium;  
That she mayn't stand in fear of Phormio,  
Nor dread this conference with Naufistrata.\* [Exit.

## S C E N E III.

DEMIPHO *and* NAUSISTRATA.

*Dem.* Come then, Naufistrata, afford us now  
A little of your usual art, and try  
To put this woman in good humour with us :  
That what is done she may do willingly.

*Nau.* I will.

*Dem.* —And now assist us with your counsel,  
As with your cash a little while ago. †

*Nau.* With all my heart: and I am only sorry  
That 'tis my husband's fault I can't do more.

*Dem.* How so?

*Nau.* Because he takes such little care

in this speech, I am apt to think the words mean, “ the snares increase,” which agrees better with the following clause, *nisi prospicis*, and is a sense in which the plural of *plaga* is often used.

\* *Conference with Naufistrata.*] *Ejus orationem.* *Ejus* here is not to be understood of Phormio,

but Naufistrata : and perhaps Terence wrote *hujus*. DACIER.

† *As with your cash, &c.*] Alluding to the money borrowed of her to pay Phormio ; and, as Donatus observes in another place, it is admirably contrived, in order to bring about a humorous catastrophe, that Chremes should make use of his wife's money on this occasion.

Of

Of the estate my father nurs'd so well :  
 For from these very farms he never fail'd  
 To draw Two Talents by the year. But ah !  
 What difference between man and man !

*Dem.* Two Talents?

*Nau.* Ay—in worse times than these—and yet Two  
 Talents.

*Dem.* Huy !

*Nau.* What, are you surpriz'd ?

*Dem.* Prodigioufly.

*Nau.* Would I had been a man ! I'd shew ——

*Dem.* No doubt.

*Nau.* —By what means ——

*Dem.* Nay, but spare yourself a little  
 For the encounter with the girl : left she,  
 Flippant and young, may weary you too much.

*Nau.* ---Well, I'll obey your orders : but I see  
 My husband coming forth.

#### S C E N E IV.

*Enter CHREMES hastily.*

*Chre.* Ha ! Demipho !

Has Phormio had the money yet ?

*Dem.* I paid him  
 Immediately.

*Chre.*

*Cbre.* I'm sorry for't.---[*seeing Naufistrata.*]---My wife!

I'd almost said too much. *[aside.*

*Dem.* Why sorry, Chremes?

*Cbre.* Nothing.---No matter.

*Dem.* Well, but hark ye, Chremes.

Have you been talking with the girl, and told her  
Wherefore we bring your wife?

*Cbre.* I've settled it.

*Dem.* Well, and what says she?

*Cbre.* 'Tis impossible

To send her hence.

*Dem.* And why impossible?

*Cbre.* Because they're both so fond of one another.

*Dem.* What's that to Us?

*Cbre.* A great deal. And besides,  
I have discover'd she's related to us.

*Dem.* Have you your wits?

*Cbre.* 'Tis so. I'm very serious.

—Nay, recollect a little!

*Dem.* Are you mad?

*Nau.* Good now, beware of wronging a relation!

*Dem.* She's no relation to us.

*Cbre.* Don't deny it.

Her father had assum'd another name,  
And that deceiv'd you.

*Dem.* What! not know her father?

*Cbre.* Perfectly.

*Dem.* Why did she misname him then?

*Cbre.* Won't you be rul'd, nor understand me then?

*Dem.* What can I understand from nothing?

*Cbre.* Still? *[impatiently.]*

*Nau.* I can't imagine what this means.

*Dem.* Nor I.

*Cbre.* Wou'd you know all?---Why then, so help  
me heaven,

She has no nearer kindred in the world,  
Than you and I.

*Dem.* Oh, all ye pow'rs of heaven!

---Let us go to her then immediately:

I wou'd fain know, or not know, all at once.

*[going.]*

*Cbre.* Ah! *[stopping him.]*

*Dem.* What's the matter?

*Cbre.* Can't you trust me then?

*Dem.* Must I believe it? take it upon trust?

---Well, be it so!---But what is to be done

With our friend's daughter?

*Cbre.* Nothing.

*Dem.* Drop her?

*Cbre.* Ay.

*Dem.* And keep this?

*Cbre.* Ay.

*Dem.* Why then, Nausiftrata,

You may return. We need not trouble you.

*Nau.*

*Nau.* Indeed, I think, 'tis better on all sides,  
That you should keep her here, than fend her hence.  
For she appear'd to me, when first I saw her,  
Much of a gentlewoman.      [*Exit Naufistrata.\**]

## S C E N E V.

*Manent* DEMIPHO *and* CHREMES.

*Dem.* What means this?

*Chre. looking after Naufistrata.]* Is the door shut?

*Dem.* It is.

*Chre.* O Jupiter!

The Gods take care of us. I've found my daughter  
Married to your son.

*Dem.* Ha! how could it be?

*Chre.* It is not safe to tell you here.

*Dem.* Step in then.

*Chre.* But hark ye, Demipho!—I would not  
have

Even our very sons inform'd of this.      [*Exeunt.*]

\* *Exit Naufistrata.]* The perplexed situation of the characters  
in the above scene is truly comick.



## S C E N E VI.

A N T I P H O *alone.*

I'm glad, however my affairs proceed,  
 That Phædria's have succeeded to his mind.  
 How wise, to foster such desires alone,  
 As, altho' cross'd, are easily supplied!  
 Money, once found, sets Phædria at his ease;  
 But my distress admits no remedy.  
 For, if the secret's kept, I live in fear;  
 And if reveal'd, I am expos'd to shame.  
 Nor would I now return, but in the hope  
 Of still possessing her.---But where is Geta?  
 That I may learn of him, the fittest time  
 To meet my father.

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter at a distance* P H O R M I O.

*Phor. to himself.*] I've receiv'd the money;  
 Paid the Procurer; carried off the wench;  
 Who's free, and now in Phædria's possession.  
 One thing alone remains to be dispatch'd;  
 To get a respite from th' old gentlemen

To

To tipple some few days, which I must spend  
In mirth and jollity.

*Ant.* But yonder's Phormio.--- [*goes up.*

What now ?

*Phor.* Of what ?

*Ant.* What's Phædria about ?

How does he mean to take his fill of love ?

*Phor.* By acting your part in his turn.

*Ant.* What part ?

*Phor.* Flying his father's presence.---And he begs  
That you'd act his, and make excuses for him :  
For he intends a drinking-bout with Me.  
I shall pretend to the old gentlemen  
That I am going to the fair at Sunium,  
To buy the servant-maid, that Geta mention'd :  
Lest, finding I am absent, they suspect  
That I am squandering the sum they paid me.  
---But your door opens.

*Ant.* Who comes here ?

*Phor.* 'Tis Geta.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Enter hastily, at another part of the Stage, GETA.*

*Get.* O Fortune, O best Fortune,\* what high  
blessings,

What sudden, great, and unexpected joys  
Hast thou show'r'd down on Antipho to-day!--

*Ant.* What can this be, he's so rejoic'd about!

*Get.* ——— And from what fears deliver'd Us, his  
friends?

---But wherefore do I loiter thus? and why  
Do I not throw my cloak upon my shoulder,  
And haste to find him out, that he may know  
All that has happen'd?

*Ant. to Phormio.]* Do you comprehend  
What he is talking of?

*Phor.* Do you?

*Ant.* Not I.

*Phor.* I'm just as wise as you.

*Get.* I'll hurry hence

To the Procurer's.---I shall find them there. [*going.*]

*Ant.* Ho, Geta!

\* O Fortune, O best Fortune, Good Fortune, and there was  
Etc.] O Fortuna! O Fors For- a Temple to this Goddess near  
tuna! Fortuna signified simply the Tiber. DONATUS.  
chance; but Fors Fortuna meant

*Get.*

*Get.* Look ye there!---Is't new or strange,  
To be recall'd when one's in haste? [*going.*]

*Ant.* Here, Geta!

*Get.* Again? Bawl on! I'll ne'er stop. [*going on.*]

*Ant.* Stay, I say!

*Get.* Go, and be drubb'd!

*Ant.* You shall, I promise you,  
Unless you stop, you Rascal!

*Get. stopping.]* Hold, hold, Geta  
Some intimate acquaintance this, be sure,  
Being so free with you.---But is it he,  
That I am looking for, or not?---'Tis He.

*Phor.* Go up immediately. [*they go up to Geta.*]

*Ant. to Geta.]* What means all this?

*Get.* O happy man! the happiest man on earth!  
So very happy, that, beyond all doubt,  
You are the Gods' chief fav'rite, Antipho.

*Ant.* Wou'd I were! but your reason.

*Get.* Is't enough,  
To plunge you over head and ears in joy?

*Ant.* You torture me.

*Phor.* No promises! but tell us.  
What are your news?

*Get.* Oh, Phormio! are you here?

*Phor.* I am: but why d'ye trifle?

*Get.* Mind me then! [*to Phormio.*]

No sooner had we paid you at the Forum,  
But we return'd directly home again.

---Arriv'd, my master sends me to your wife.

[to Antipho,

*Ant.* For what?

*Get.* No matter now, good Antipho.

I was just entering the women's lodging,\*

When up runs little Mida; catches me

Hold by the cloak behind, and pulls me back.

I turn about, and ask why he detains me.

He told me, " Nobody must see his mistress :

" For Sophrona, says he, has just now brought

" Demipho's brother, Chremes, here; and He

" Is talking with the women now within."

---When I heard this, I stole immediately

On tip-toe tow'rds the door; came close, stood hush;

Drew in my breath; applied my ear; and thus,

Deep in attention, catch'd their whole discourse,

*Ant.* Excellent, Geta!

*Get.* Here I overheard

The pleasantest adventure!--On my life,

I scarce refrain'd from crying out for joy.

*Ant.* What?

*Get.* What d'ye think?

[laughing.

*Ant.* I can't tell.

*Get.* Oh! it was

[laughing.

Most wonderful!--most exquisite!--your uncle

\* *The women's lodging.*] Gynæceum was an interior part of the house appropriated to the women. WESTERHOVIUS, *οἰκία* understood. The Gynæ-

Is found to be the father of your wife.

*Ant.* How! what?

*Get.* He had a sly intrigue, it seems,  
With Phanium's mother formerly at Lemnos.

[*laughing.*

*Phor.* Nonsense! as if she did not know her father!

*Get.* Nay, there's some reason for it, Phormio,  
You may be sure.---But was it possible  
For me, who stood without, to comprehend  
Each minute circumstance that past within?

*Ant.* I have heard something of this story too.\*

*Get.* Then, Sir, to settle your belief the more,  
At last comes forth your uncle; and soon after  
Returns again, and carries in your father.  
Then they both said, they gave their full consent,  
That you should keep your Phanium.---In a word,  
I'm sent to find you out, and bring you to them.

*Ant.* Away with me then instantly! D'ye linger?†

\* *Antipho.* *I have heard* that learned Critick tells us  
*something, &c.]* In all the edi- it is attributed to Antipho in a  
tions which I have seen, Bent- copy at Cambridge. I am sure  
ley's excepted, this speech is it is very improper for Phormio,  
put into Phormio's mouth: but who had just before said,

*Nonsense!* as if she did not know her father! COOKE.

† *Away with me instantly!* ried off in triumph. This was  
*d'ye linger?]* *Quin ergo rape me.* a sort of stage-trick, and was  
*Cessas?* Antipho is so rejoiced extremely diverting to the audi-  
at Geta's news, that he jumps ence. DACIER.  
upon his shoulders, and is ear-

I be-

*Get.* Not I. Away!

*Ant.* My Phormio, fare you well!

*Pbor.* Fare you well, Antipho. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

P H O R M I O *alone.*

Well done, 'fore heaven!

\*I'm overjoy'd to see so much good fortune

Fallen thus unexpectedly upon them:

I've now an admirable opportunity

To bubble the old gentlemen, and ease

Phædrus of all his cares about the money;

So that he need not be oblig'd to friends.

For this same money, tho' it will be given,

I believe Madam Dacier has not the least foundation for this extraordinary piece of information; and I must confess that I have too high an opinion both of the Roman Audience and Actors, to believe it to be true.

\* *I'm overjoy'd, &c.*] *Gaudeo, &c.* Pro gaudeo Guyetus *Plaudite*: & scenas sequentes spurias esse pronuntiat; neminemque, *siquidem sanus fuerit*, a se

dissensurum putat. Credasne hunc hominem sanæ tum mentis fuisse, cum hæc effutiret? certe ad Anticyras relegandus tum erat; non nunc argumentis refutandus. Nihil in toto Terentio sequentibus scenis pulchrius, venustius, urbanus, moratius: sine quibus reliqua fabula, quæ nulli cedit, ex fulgore in fumum exiret.

BENTLEY.

See the last note to the fifth act.

Will

Will yet come from them much against the grain ;

But I have found a way to force them to't.

---Now then I must assume a grander air,

And put another face upon this business.

---I'll hence awhile into the next bye-alley,

And pop upon them as they're coming forth.

---As for the trip I talk'd of to the Fair,

I sha'n't pretend to take that journey now. [*Exit.*





A C T V.\* S C E N E I.

*Enter DEMIPHO and CHREMES---and soon  
after, on t'other side, PHORMIO.*

*Dem.* **W**ELL may we thank the gracious Gods,  
good brother,  
That all things have succeeded to our wish.  
---But now let's find out Phormio with all speed,

\* *Act V.]* I have divided the division here observed, I have endeavoured to assign a particular portion of the business of the play to each act. The first contains the previous circumstances related by Geta, and the return of Demipho. The second contains the conference of Phormio and Demipho, the consultation of the lawyers, and the altercation between Dorio and Phædria. In the third, as it ought, the situation of affairs becomes more critical: Chremes returns; we find that the old gentlemen had particular reasons to be uneasy at the marriage of Antipho; this naturally paves the way for their being bubbled by Phormio and Geta; and

Before he throws away our Thirty Minæ.

*Phor.* *pretending not to see them.]*

I'll go and see if Demipho's at home,  
That I may——

*Dem. meeting him.]*----We were coming to you,  
Phormio.

*Phor.* On the old score, I warrant.

*Dem.* Ay.

*Phor.* I thought so.

---Why should you go to Me?---Ridiculous!

Were you afraid I'd break my contract with you?

No, no! how great foe'er my poverty,

I've always shewn myself a man of honour.

*Chre.* Has not she, as I said, a liberal air?\*

*Dem.* She has.

} *apart.*

and the act closes with the discovery of Phanium by Chremes. The fourth act communicates that discovery, in a very pleasant manner, to Demipho, and by another way, equally entertaining, to Geta, Phormio, &c. The fifth contains the endeavour of the old men to recover their money, which effort very naturally produces the catastrophe, that betrays the whole secret to all the parties interested in the event. I hope it is needless to observe, that Phormio's retiring in order to wait for the coming forth of the old men, leaves the stage vacant, where I have ended the fourth act, and forms a proper inter-

val between that act and the fifth.

\* *Has not she, as I said, a liberal air?]* One cannot conceive any thing more happy or just than these words of Chremes. Demipho's thoughts are wholly taken up how to recover the money, and Phormio is equally solicitous to retain it; but Chremes, who had just left his daughter, is regardless of their discourse, and, fresh from the impressions which she had made on him, longs to know if his Brother's sentiments of her were equally favourable, and naturally puts this paternal question to him. PATRICK.

*Phor.*

*Phor.* ---And therefore I was coming, Demipho,  
To let you know, I'm ready to receive  
My wife whene'er you please. For I postpon'd  
All other business, as indeed I ought,  
Soon as I found ye were so bent on this.

*Dem.* Ay, but my brother has dissuaded me  
From going any further in this business.

“ For how will people talk of it ? ” says he :

“ At first you might have done it handsomely ;

“ But then you'd not consent to it ; and now

“ After cohabitation with your son,

“ To think of a divorce, is infamous.”

---In short, he urg'd almost the very things,  
That you so lately charg'd me with yourself.

*Phor.* You trifle with me, Gentlemen.

*Dem.* How so ?

*Phor.* How so?---Because I cannot marry t'other,  
With whom I told you I was first in treaty.  
For with what face can I return to Her,  
Whom I have held in such contempt ?

*Chre.* Tell him,

Antipho does not care to part with her.

[*prompting* Demipho.]

*Dem.* And my son too don't care to part with her :  
---Step to the Forum then, and give an order \*

\* Give an order for the repayment, &c.] *Argentum jube rursus rescribi. Scribere, rescribere,* *perscribere*, were technical terms in use among merchants and bankers : *scribere* is, to borrow money ;

For the repayment of our money, Phormio.

*Phor.* What! when I've paid it to my creditors?

*Dem.* What's to be done then?

*Phor.* Give me but the wife,

To whom you have betroth'd me, and I'll wed her.

But if you'd rather she shou'd stay with you,

The portion stays with Me, good Demipho.

For 'tis not just, I should be bubbled by you;

When, to retrieve your honour, I've refus'd

Another woman with an equal fortune.

*Dem.* A plague upon your idle vapouring,

You vagabond!---D'ye fancy we don't know you?

You, and your fine proceedings?

*Phor.* You provoke me.

*Dem.* Why, would you marry her, if proffer'd?

*Phor.* Try me.

*Dem.* What! that my son may keep her privately

At your house?---That was your intention.

*Phor.* Ha!

What say you, Sir?

*Dem.* Give me my money, firrah!

*Phor.* Give *me* my wife, I say.

*Dem.* To justice with him!

*Phor.* To justice? Now, by heaven, Gentlemen,

money; *rescribere*, to repay it; as they are now with us, by  
*perscribere*, to employ it on your Draughts, Bills of Exchange,  
own occasions. And all those &c. DACIER.  
dealings were carried on then,

If

If you continue to be troublesome—

*Dem.* What will you do ?

*Phor.* What will I do ? Perhaps,  
You think that I can only patronize  
Girls without portion ; but be sure of this,  
I've some with portions too.\*

*Cbre.* What's that to Us ?

*Phor.* Nothing.---I know a lady here, whose husband---  
[*carelessly.*]

*Cbre.* Ha !

*Dem.* What's the matter ?

*Phor.* ---Had another wife

At Lemnos.

*Cbre. aside.]* I'm a dead man.

*Phor.* ---By which other  
He had a daughter ; whom he now brings up  
In private.

*Cbre. aside.]* Dead and buried !

*Phor.* This I'll tell her. [*going towards the house.*]

*Cbre.* Don't, I beseech you !

\* *I've some with portions too.]* *Etiam dotatis soleo.* Donatus explains these words, as alluding to Nausistrata ; others suppose that Phormio confines his thoughts to no particular instance ; but I think it is plain from the sequel, as well as the general tenor of the scene, that Phormio still keeps Phanium in his eye ; and expresses himself

obscurely in this place, because the old men were not yet aware of the intelligence he had received on that head, tho' every subsequent speech leads gradually to an explanation, tends to create an open rupture between him and the old gentlemen, and brings on the final discovery to Nausistrata.

*Phor.*

*Phor.* Oh! are you the man?

*Dem.* Death! how insulting!

*Cbre. to Phormio.]* We discharge you.

*Phor.* Nonsense!

*Cbre.* What wou'd you more? The money you  
have got,

We will forgive you.

*Phor.* Well; I hear you now.

—But what a plague d'ye mean by fooling thus,

Acting and talking like mere children with me?

“ ---I won't; I will:---I will; I won't again:”---

Give, take; say, unsay: do, and then undo?

*Cbre. to Demipho.]* Which way cou'd he have  
learnt this?

*Dem.* I don't know:

But I am sure I never mention'd it.

*Cbre.* Good now! amazing!

*Phor.* I have ruffled them. *[aside.*

*Dem.* What! shall he carry off so large a sum,\*

And laugh at us so openly?---By heaven,

I'd rather die.---Be of good courage, brother!

\* *What! shall he carry off,* her ears: But Demipho cannot brook the thoughts of losing so much money, and encourages his brother to behave with spirit and resolution, promising to make up matters between him and his wife. *PA-TRICK.*

Pluck up the spirit of a man! You see  
 This slip of your's is got abroad; nor can you  
 Keep it a secret from your wife. Now therefore  
 'Tis more conducive to your peace, good Chremes,  
 That we should fairly tell it her ourselves,  
 Than she should hear the story from another.  
 And then we shall be quite at liberty  
 To take our own revenge upon this rascal.

*Phor.* Ha!--If I don't take care, I'm ruin'd still.  
 They're growing desperate, and \* making tow'rds me,  
 With a determin'd gladiatorial air.

*Chre. to Demipho.]* I fear, she'll ne'er forgive me.

*Dem.* Courage, Chremes!  
 I'll reconcile her to't; especially  
 The mother being dead and gone.

*Phor.* Is this  
 Your dealing, Gentlemen? You come upon me  
 Extremely cunningly.---But, Demipho,  
 You have but ill consulted for your brother,  
 To urge me to extremities.---And you, Sir,  
[to Chremes.]

When you have play'd the whore-master abroad;  
 Having no reverence for your lady here,  
 A woman of condition; wronging her  
 After the grossest manner; come you now

\* *They're growing desperate, &c.] Hi gladiatorio animo ad me  
 affertant viam.* Alluding to the Gladiators.

To wash away your crimes with mean submission ?

No.---I will kindle such a flame in her,

As, tho' you melt to tears, you sha'n't extinguish.

*Dem.* A plague upon him! was there ever man  
So very impudent?---A knave! he ought  
To be transported at the publick charge  
Into some desert.

*Chre.* I am so confounded,  
I know not what to do with him.

*Dem.* I know.

Bring him before a judge!

*Pbor.* Before a judge?

A *Lady*-judge; in here, Sirs, if you please.

*Dem.* \* Run you, and hold him, while I call the  
servants.

*Chre.* I cannot by myself: come up, and help me.

*Pbor.* I have an action of assault against you.

[to Demipho.

*Chre.* Bring it!

*Pbor.* Another against you too, Chremes!

\* *Run you, and hold him, while I call the servants.*] In consequence of this line, most of the translations introduce the servants here; but I think the scuffle between Phormio and the old men would be much more comick in the representation without the intervention of servants: And it is remarkable that Phormio addresses himself

solely to Demipho and Chremes, and that the imperatives used by themselves also are all in the singular number, and may therefore most naturally be supposed to be addressed to each other, while in conflict with Phormio, without the aid of servants—*Rape hunc—Os opprime—Pugnos in ventremingere—&c.*



*Dem.* Drag him away !      [*both lay hold of him.*

*Phor. struggling.]* Is that your way with me!  
Then I must raise my voice.---Naufistrata!  
Come hither.

*Chre.* Stop his mouth !

*Dem. struggling.]* A sturdy rogue !  
How strong he is !

*Phor. struggling.]* Naufistrata, I say.  
Naufistrata !

*Chre. struggling.]* Peace, firrah !

*Phor.* Peace, indeed !

*Dem.* Unless he follows, strike him in the stomach !

*Phor.* Ay, or put out an eye!---But here comes one  
Will give me full revenge upon you both.

## S C E N E II.

*To them NAUSISTRATA.*

*Nau.* Who calls for me ?

*Chre.* Confusion !

*Nau. to Chremes.]* Pray, my dear,  
What's this disturbance ?

*Phor.* Dumb, old Truepenny !

*Nau.* Who is this man ?---Why don't you answer  
me ?      [*to Chremes.*

*Phor.* He answer you! He's hardly in his senses.

*Cbre.* Never believe him!

*Phor.* Do but go, and touch him;  
He's in a shivering fit, I'll lay my life.

*Cbre.* Nay---

*Nau.* But what means he then?

*Phor.* I'll tell you, Madam;  
Do but attend!

*Cbre.* Will you believe him then?

*Nau.* What is there to believe, when he says nothing?

*Phor.* Poor man! his fear deprives him of his wits.

*Nau. to Cbremes.]* I'm sure, you're not so much  
afraid for nothing.

*Cbre.* What! I afraid? [*endeavouring to take heart.*]

*Phor.* Oh, not at all!---And since  
You're not afraid, and what I say means nothing,  
Tell it yourself.

*Dem.* At your desire, you rascal?

*Phor.* Oh, you've done rarely for your brother,  
Sir! \*

\* *Oh, you've done rarely for your brother, &c.]* *Ebo tu: factum est abs te sedulo pro fratre.* This is commonly translated, "that it is no wonder, that you defend your brother:" but it is a more insulting speech of

Phormio, alluding to the miserable condition, to which Chremes was reduced by Demipho's advice. Thus, in the foregoing scene, Phormio says, much in the same spirit.

— — — — But, Demipho,  
You have but ill consulted for your brother,  
To urge me to extremities.—

*Nau.* What ! won't you tell me, husband ?

*Cbre.* But---

*Nau.* But what ?

*Cbre.* There's no occasion for it.

*Pbor.* Not for You :

But for the Lady there is much occasion.

In Lemnos-----

*Cbre.* Ha ! what say you ?

*Dem. to Pbor.]* Hold your peace !

*Pbor.* Without your knowledge---

*Cbre.* Oh dear !

*Pbor.* He has had

Another wife.

*Nau.* My husband ? Heaven forbid !

*Pbor.* 'Tis even so.

*Nau.* Ah me ! I am undone.

*Pbor.* ---And had a daughter by her there ; while

You

Were left to sleep in ignorance alone.

*Nau.* Oh heavens !---Baseness !---Treachery !

*Pbor.* 'Tis fact.

*Nau.* Was ever any thing more infamous ?

When they're with Us, their wives forsooth, they're  
old.

---Demipho, I appeal to You : for Him

I cannot bear to speak to.---And were these

His frequent journies, and long stay at Lemnos ?

Was

Was this the cheapness that reduc'd our rents ?

*Dem.* That he has been to blame, Naufistrata,  
I don't deny; but not beyond all pardon.

*Phor.* You're talking to the dead.

*Dem.* It was not done  
Out of averfion, or contempt to You.  
In liquor, almost fifteen Years ago,  
He met this woman, whence he had this daughter;  
Nor e'er had commerce with her from that hour.  
She's dead: your only grievance is remov'd.  
Wherefore I beg you'd shew your wonted goodness,  
And bear it patiently.

*Nau.* How! bear it patiently?

Alas, I wish his vices might end here.  
But have I the least hope? Can I suppose  
That years will cure these rank offences in him?  
Ev'n at that time he was already old,  
If age could make him modest.---Are my years,  
And beauty, think ye, like to please him more  
At present, Demipho, than formerly?  
--In short, what ground, what reason to expect  
That he should not commit the same hereafter?

*Phor. loud.]* Whoever wou'd attend the funeral \*

\* *Whoever wou'd attend, &c.]* which it was customary to use  
*Exsequias Chrementi, &c.* What at the proclamation of Funerals  
treats the drollery of this -- *L. Titio exsequias ire cui com-*  
speech is, that Phormio here *modum est, jam tempus est, ollus*  
makes use of the same terms, *defertur.*

Of Chremes, now's the time!---See! That's my way.  
Come on then! Provoke Phormio now, who dares!  
Like Chremes, he shall fall a victim to me.\*

---Let him get into favour, when he will!

I've had revenge sufficient. She has something  
To ring into his ears his whole life long.

*Nau.* Have I deserv'd this?---Need I, Demipho,  
Number up each particular; and say  
How good a wife I've been?

*Dem.* I know it all.

*Nau.* Am I then justly treated?

*Dem.* Not at all.

But since reproaches can't undo what's done,  
Forgive him! He begs pardon; owns his fault;  
And promises to mend,---What wou'd you more?

*Phor.* But hold; before she ratifies his pardon,  
I must secure myself and Phædria. [*aside.*

---Naufistrata, a word!---Before you give  
Your answer rashly, hear me!

*Nau.* What's your pleasure?

*Phor.* I trick'd your husband there of Thirty Minæ,  
Which I have giv'n your son; and he has paid them  
To a procurer for a mistress.

*Chre.* How!

\* *Fall a victim.*] *Maclatum* infortunio. There is an elegant humour in the combination of these words; *maclatum* being a term used at sacrifices.

What say you?

*Nau.* Is it such a heinous crime,  
For your young son, d'ye think, to have *one* mistress,  
While *you* have *two* wives?---Are you not ashamed?  
Have you the face to chide him? Answer me!

*Dem.* He shall do ev'ry thing you please.

*Nau.* Nay, nay,  
To tell you plainly my whole mind at once,  
I'll not forgive, nor promise any thing,  
Nor give an answer, till I see my son.

*Phor.* Wisely resolv'd, Naufistrata.

*Nau.* Is That  
Sufficient satisfaction for you?

*Phor.* Quite.

I rest contented, well-pleas'd, past my hopes.

*Nau.* What is your name, pray?

*Phor.* My name? Phormio:  
A faithful friend to all your family,  
Especially to Phædria.

*Nau.* Trust me, Phormio,  
I'll do you all the service in my power.

*Phor.* I'm much oblig'd to you.

*Nau.* You're worthy on't.

*Phor.* Will you then even now, Naufistrata,  
Grant me one favour, that will pleasure me,  
And grieve your husband's sight?

*Nau.* With all my soul.

*Phor.*

*Phor.* Ask me to supper !

*Nau.* I invite you.

*Dem.* In then !

*Nau.* We will: But where is Phædria, our judge ?

*Phor.* He shall be with you.---[*To the audience,*

\* Farewell ; Clap your hands !

\* *Farewell ; Clap your hands !* ] These three last scenes [the same that compose the fifth act in this translation] are perhaps the most beautiful of any in the Phormio ; yet Guyetus has declared such a cruel war against them, that he cuts them off at one stroke, without giving quarter to so much as a single verse : but it is impossible not to say, that this is rather the disgust of a sick man, than the wholesome delicacy of a judicious critick.

DACIER.

This remark of Madam Dacier is as just as it is elegant, and the false delicacy of Guyetus is as inconsistent as it is ill-founded. For if he considered these scenes as superfluous, those, which here compose the fourth act, are superfluous also ; and the play should end with the interview between Chremes and Sophrona ; for when Phanium is discovered to be his daughter, nobody can doubt of her being permitted to remain the wife of Antipho, since it is the very thing which the two old gentle-

men were labouring to bring about. But the truth is, that Terence in this play has displayed an address something similar to that observed by Mons. Diderot in the Self-Tormentor ; for though Chremes has discovered his daughter himself, yet he is particularly anxious to conceal that incident from every personage in the Comedy, except Demipho ; and the gradual unfolding that circumstance to all the other characters of the play gives the poet an opportunity of continuing his piece with all that humour and pleasantry, with which we see he has accomplished it : and his uncommon art in thus adding to the interest of his Comedy, instead of suffering it to languish, after so important a discovery, is worthy our particular observation. These scenes have indeed generally procured our poet the approbation of the severest criticks. Bentley, in the last note to the fourth act, speaks of them in the handsomest terms, and is so far from endeavouring to bring them

them within "the proscribing hook," that he declares Guyetus to be an absolute madman for his unmerciful sentence of amputation.

But though there are few readers, who would not on this occasion concur in the opinion of Bentley and Dacier, yet I do not think that this Comedy has in general received the encomiums it deserves. The plot indeed, being *double*, is so far faulty; and the story of Phanium and Antipho would certainly of itself afford sufficient materials for a Comedy, without the episode of Phædria and the Musick-Girl. It must however be acknowledged that, allowing that episode, the construction of the fable is extremely artful, and contains a vivacity of intrigue perhaps even superior to that of the Eunuch, particularly in the Catastrophe. The diction is pure and elegant, and the first act as chastly written as that of the Self-Tormentor itself. The character of Phormio is, as Donatus has observed, finely se-

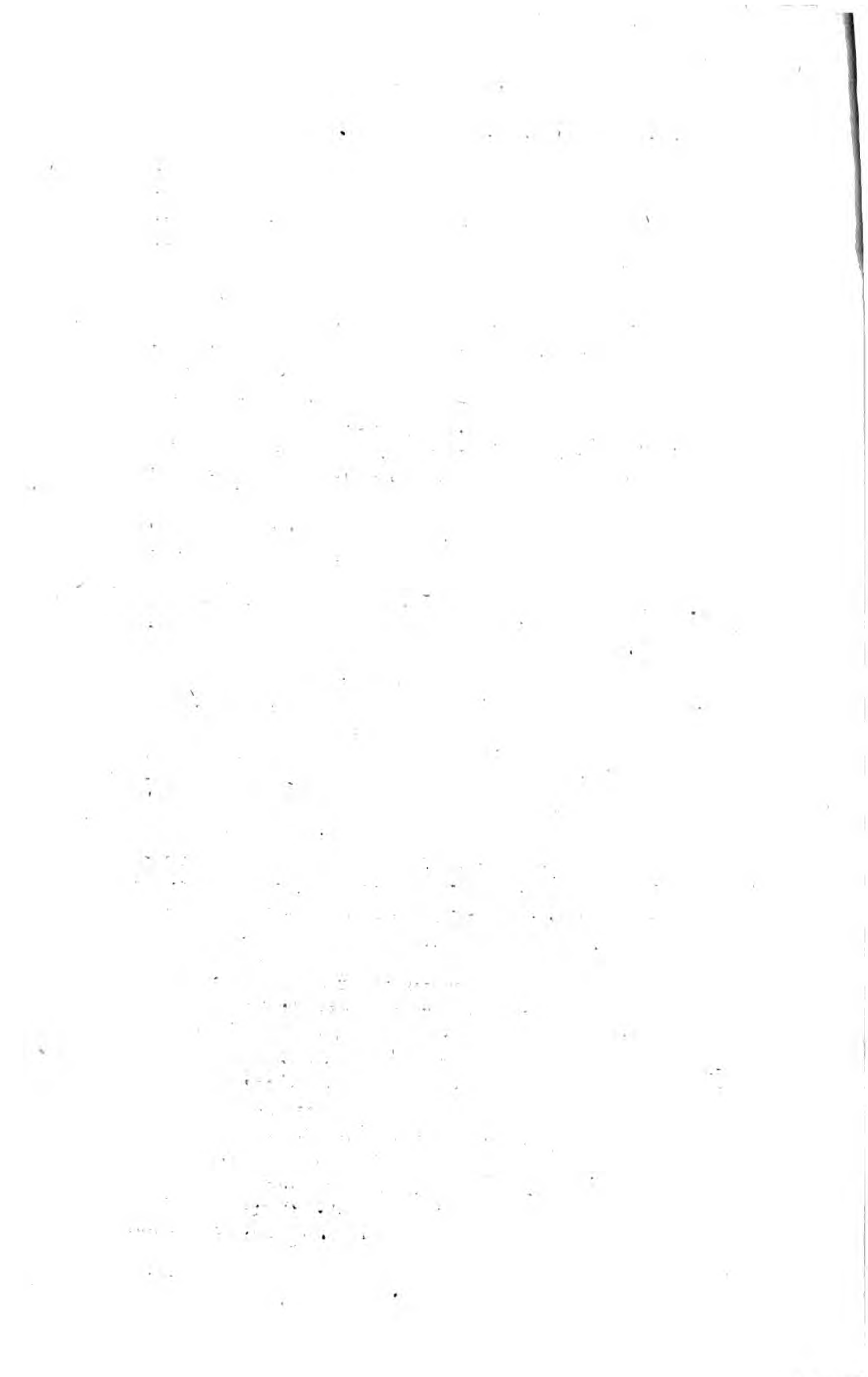
parated from that of Gnatho, and is, I think, better drawn than that of any Parasite in Plautus. Naufistrata is a lively sketch of a shrewish wife, as well as Chremes an excellent draught of an hen-pecked husband, and more in the stile of the modern drama than perhaps any character in antient comedy, except the Miser of Plautus. On the whole, if Terence copied as closely from his original in this play, as he is supposed to have done in the four which he drew from Menander, it must give us no mean opinion of the dramatic merits of Apollodorus.

Moliere has given us a contemptible travestie of this excellent comedy in his miserable farce of *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, "The Cheats of Scapin." It would be too injurious to the memories both of Terence and Moliere to enter into any particular comparison between the two pieces. I shall therefore conclude these notes with the well-known lines of Boileau.

Etudiez la cour, et connoissez la ville :  
L'une & l'autre est toujours en modeles fertile.  
C'est par là que Moliere illustrant ses ecrits,  
Peut-être de son Art eut remporté le prix ;  
Si moins ami du peuple, en ses doctes peintures,  
Il n'eut point fait souvent grimacer ses figures ;  
Quitté pour le bouffon, l'agreable & le fin,  
Et sans honte a Terence alliè Tabarin.  
Dans ce sac ridicule, ou Scapin s'envelope,  
Je ne reconnois plus l'Auteur du Misanthrope.

ART POËTIQUE, *Chant troisieme.*





## *ADVERTISEMENT.*

**I**T was at first intended to have added to this Edition a translation of the Fragments of Menander, and such a translation was actually begun, and afterwards laid aside, merely because it was feared that it would appear unsatisfactory: and indeed no just or adequate idea could be formed of an Author, whose remains were so mutilated and imperfect, that no single scene, nay scarce any two subsequent speeches, of his Plays were extant! Upon reflection, therefore, that intention was superseded for the sake of annexing to this translation a feeble specimen of a version of Plautus; of which Author, if the English reader has any  
curiosity

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

curiosity to enter into a more minute investigation, such a reader may be sure that he will find his works as much more happily rendered by Mr. Thornton, in his edition published last Year, as the phrase and idiom of Plautus are more difficult to transfuse into a modern language than those of Terence. Our Author, to be translated with any degree of justice, must be given almost *verbatim* and *litteratim*; but the translator of Plautus must supply the defects of his original, lop his redundancies, and become, as it were, himself another Plautus; a task to which few could be equal, except him who has undertaken, and effected it.

T H E



T H E  
M E R C H A N T ,

TRANSLATED FROM

*P L A U T U S .*



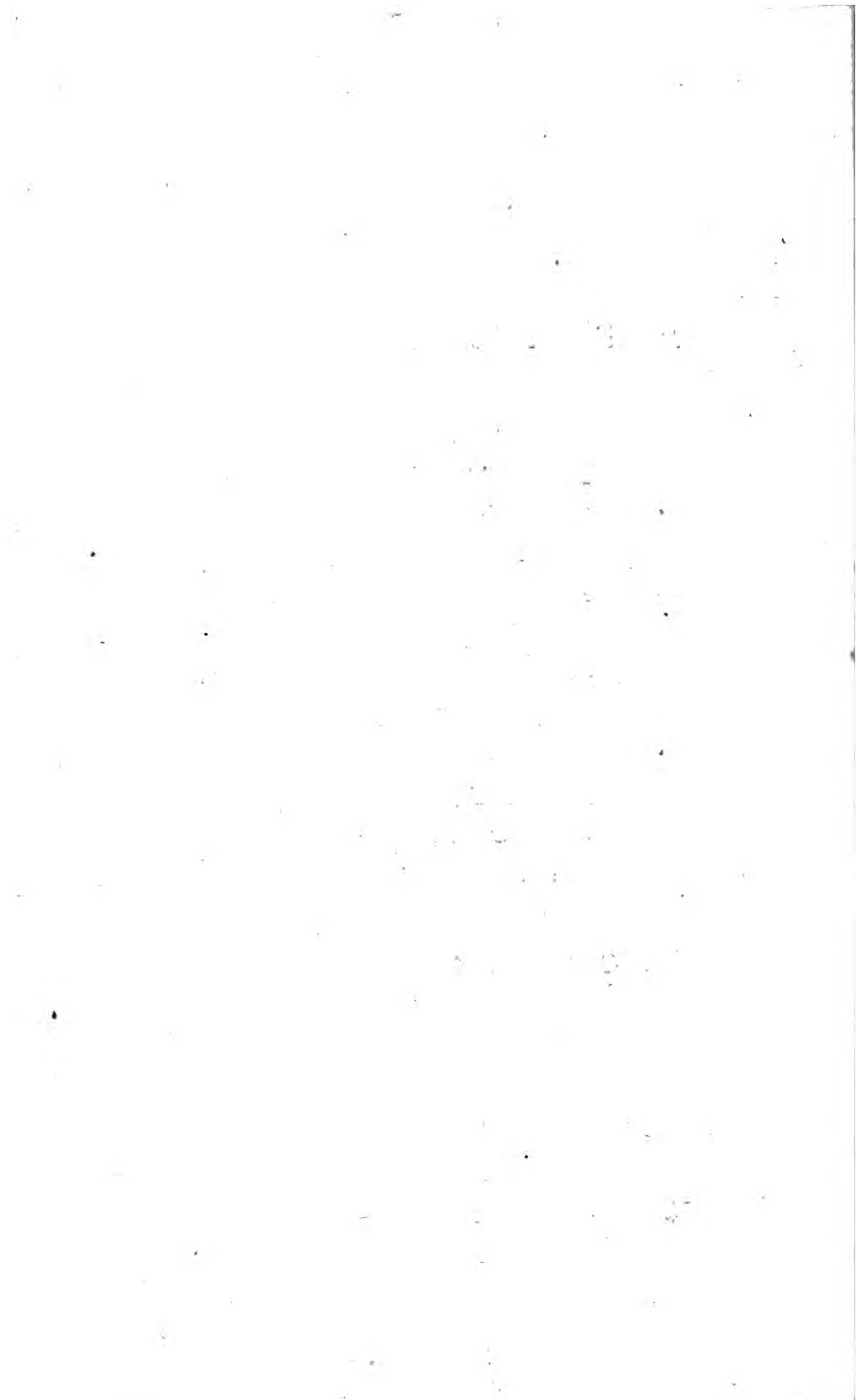
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P E R S O N S.

DEMIPHO,  
LYSIMACHUS,  
CHARINUS,  
EUTYCHUS,  
ACANTHIO,  
COOK,  
SERVANTS, &c.

DORIPPA,  
PASICOMPSA,  
SYRA.

S C E N E, A T H E N S.



T H E  
M E R C H A N T.



A C T I. S C E N E I.

P R O L O G U E.

C H A R I N U S.

**T**HIS \* now my purpose to dispatch two things,  
The argument and my amours, at once.  
Not like some other lovers I have seen  
In comedy, who to the night, or day,  
Or sun, or moon, relate their miseries.  
For what care they for the complaints of men?  
What are our wishes, or our fears, to them?  
I therefore rather tell my griefs to you.

\* *'Tis now, &c.*] The critics have very justly censured this practice of introducing one of the characters of the piece, who ought to endeavour to give the representation an air of truth, as the speaker of a Prologue confessing the whole to be

fiction, and as it were dividing his person between his real and assumed character. Allowing, however, for that impropriety, the common custom of our author's age, and for the digressive fallies of a rich imagination, this Prologue has great merit.



This play, in Greek entitled EMPOROS,\*  
 And written by Philemon, Marcus Accius,  
 Translating it in Latin, files MERCATOR.

Know then, 'tis now two years I parted hence,  
 Sent by my father forth to trade at Rhodes.  
 There with a charming fair I fell in love ;  
 And how I was entangled with that love,  
 Lend but your ears and minds, I will unfold.  
 —In this too have I swerv'd from ancient rules,  
 By falling roundly on my tale, ere yet  
 I had obtain'd or ask'd your leave.---† For love  
 Hath all these vices in his train ; care, spleen,  
 And elegance refin'd into a fault :  
 ---For not the lover only, but whoe'er  
 Aims at an elegance beyond his means,  
 Brings great and heavy evils on himself.---  
 But these ills also, which are yet untold,  
 Are incident to love ; the wakeful eye,  
 The troubled mind, confusion, terror, flight,  
 Trifling, nay folly, rashness, thoughtlessness,  
 Madness, and impudence, and petulance,  
 Inordinate desires, and wanton wishes :  
 Covetousness, and idleness, and wrong,

\* *Emporos.*] A greek word, *εμπορος*, which, as well as the Latin one, *mercator*, in the next line but one, signifies a Merchant.

† *For love—hath all, &c.*] In the beginning of the Eunuuch of Terence, there is a celebrated passage very similar to this of our author.

And want, and contumely, and expence,  
 Babbling unopportune, and ill-tim'd filence :  
 Now talking much, and nothing to the purpose,  
 Things not to have been said, or not said now ;  
 And then again too mute ; for never lover,  
 However eloquent, e'er utter'd half  
 That might be said in pleading for his love.  
 Let not my babbling then offend you now !  
 Since Venus gave it, when she gave me love :  
 Love ! the dear subject of my tale, to which  
 'Tis fitting now I study to return.

No sooner was I unto manhood grown,  
 My boyish days and boyish studies past,  
 But I became distractedly enamour'd  
 Of a young harlot in this neighbourhood :  
 Then all my means, without my father's knowledge,  
 Were squander'd upon her ; for she was held  
 In slavery by a hungry pimp, whose palm  
 Still itch'd, and tongue still crav'd, for sordid gain.  
 On this my father urg'd me night and day,  
 Painting the wrongs, the perfidy, of pimps ;  
 Insisting, that his fortunes ran to waste,  
 To swell the tide of theirs. All this aloud :  
 Anon he growl'd and mutter'd to himself,  
 Refus'd to enter into converse with me,  
 Nay, would deny me for his son ; then ran,  
 Bawling and raving, to warn all the town

To give no credit, and advance no money ;  
 Crying, that the extravagance of love  
 Had ruin'd thousands ;---that I past all bounds,  
 And was a spendthrift and a libertine,  
 Who drew, by ev'ry means I could devise,  
 His wealth and substance from him ;---that 'twas vile,  
 To waste and dissipate in vicious love,  
 What he by care and labour had acquir'd ;---  
 That he had nurtur'd a domestick shame,  
 Whom nothing but repentance could redeem,  
 And render fit to live ;---that at my years  
 He did not, like myself, devote his time  
 To idleness, and indolence, and love  
 ---Nor could indeed have done it, so severe  
 And strict a hand his father held on him---  
 But toil'd and moyl'd for ever in the country ;  
 Once in five years allow'd to visit town,  
 And then, \* as soon as he had seen the shew,  
 Dragg'd by his father back into the country,  
 Where he work'd most of all the family ;  
 His father crying all the while, " Well done !  
 " 'Tis not for me, but for yourself, my boy,  
 " You plow and harrow, sow and reap ; your toil

\* *As soon as he had seen the shew.] Ut spectavisset peplum.*  
 The shew alluded to in the original was the ceremony of the *Panathenaica Magna*, the great

feasts of Minerva, which were celebrated but once in five years. The *peplus* or *peplum* was a sacred habit worn on these occasions.

" Will

“ Will end in joy and happiness at last ;”---  
 That when his father died he sold the farm,  
 And purchas'd with the money rais'd from thence  
 A vessel of \* three hundred ton; with which  
 He traded to all quarters of the globe,  
 And made the fortune which he now possess;  
 ---That it behov'd me too to do the same,  
 And shew that I was worthy of his love,  
 By following so worthy an example.---  
 I therefore, seeing that I was become  
 The object of my father's hate---my father,  
 Whom I was bound to please---tho' mad with love,  
 Subdued, however hard the task, my mind,  
 And told him I was ready to go forth  
 To traffick, and determin'd to renounce,  
 So he were pleas'd withal, all thoughts of love.  
 He thank'd me, prais'd me for my good intention,  
 But fail'd not to exact my promise of me:  
 † Builds me a vessel, purchases a cargo,  
 Embarks it strait, and pays me down a talent ‡.  
 With me he sends a slave too, who had been

\* *Three hundred ton.] Metretas trecentas.* According to the commentators, the exact amount of a *metreta* of wine was an hundred weight.

† *Builds me a vessel.] Edificat navem cercurum.* Called Cercurus, from Corcyra or Cercyra,

an island famous for ship-building; whence Cercurus became a general name for all vessels.

‡ *A talent.]* The Attick talent amounted to sixty minas, making about 193 l. 15s. of our money.

A tutor to me in my infancy,  
 By way of governor. We hoisted sail,  
 And soon arriv'd at Rhodes; where I dispos'd  
 Of all the merchandize that I had brought,  
 Much to my gain and profit, much beyond  
 The rate at which my father valued it.  
 Having thus rais'd much money, I encounter'd  
 An old acquaintance at the port, who knew me,  
 And ask'd me home to supper: home I went,  
 And sat me down; was handsomely receiv'd,  
 And merrily and nobly entertain'd.  
 Going to rest at night, behold, a woman,  
 A handfomer was never seen, came to me!  
 Sent by my host's command to sleep with me.  
 Judge too how much she pleas'd me! for next day  
 I begg'd my host to sell her to me, swearing  
 I would be grateful, and requite his kindness.  
 In short I bought her, and but yesterday  
 I brought her hither. Yet would I not chuse  
 My father should discover I have brought her.  
 Her and a slave I've left on board the ship.---  
 But how's this? Is't not he that I see yonder,  
 My slave, that's running hither from the port,  
 Altho' I charg'd him not to leave the ship?  
 I dread the reason of it.

S C E N E

SCENE II.\*

*Enter ACANTHIO hastily.*

*Acan.* Do your utmost,  
 Try all your force, use all your skill, to save  
 Your poor young master ! Stir yourself, Acanthio ;  
 Away with weariness ; beware of sloth ;---  
 Plague on this panting ! I can scarce fetch breath.---  
 Drive all you meet before you ; push them down,  
 And roll them in the kennel ! Plague upon't ;  
 Tho' the folks see one breathless and in haste,  
 None have the manners truly to give place.  
 And so one's forc'd to do three things at once ;  
 To run, and fight, and quarrel all the way.

*Cha. behind.]* What can it be that asks such wondrous  
 haste ?

I long to know what news he brings.

*Acan.* I trifle.

The more I stop, the more we are in danger.

*Cha.* He speaks of some misfortune.

*Acan.* My knees fail me.

\* SCENE II.] As the Prologue relates part of the fable, and Charinus acts in his dramattick character, the entrance of Acanthio constitutes the beginning of the second scene : and it is so marked in the *Vari-orum* edition of the original.

Oh,

Oh, how \* my heart keeps thumping in my bosom!  
My breath's gone! I should make a woful piper!

*Cba. behind.]* Plague! take your mantle, and wipe  
off the sweat.

*Acan.* Not all the baths on earth can take away  
This lassitude.---But where's Charinus now?  
Is he abroad? or to be found at home?

*Cba.* Oh, how I doubt what this affair can be?  
I'll know immediately, to ease my pain.

*Acan.* Why do I stand thus? why do I not beat  
Our door to shatters?---Open somebody!  
Ho! is Charinus, my young master, here?  
Or is he gone abroad?---What! nobody  
To answer to the door?

*Cba.* Ho! here am I,  
You're looking for, Acanthio!

*Acan. not seeing him.]* Such a school  
For servants, as our house!

*Cba.* What mischief now? *[going up.]*

*Acan.* Much mischief to yourself and me, Charinus.

*Cba.* What is the matter?

*Acan.* We're undone, Charinus.

*Cba.* Be that the fortune of our enemies!

*Acan.* But 'tis *your* fortune.

*Cba.* Well, whate'er it be,

\* *Oh, my heart, &c.] Seditio cordia. Lien properly signifies  
tionem facit lien: occupat præ- the spleen.*

THE MERCHANT.

Tell me this instant.

*Acan.* Softly ! I want breath.

I've burst a vein already for your sake,---

And now I spit blood.

*Cba.* Take Egyptian rosin  
Mix'd with a little honey : that will cure you.

*Acan.* Plague ! drink hot pitch, and that will ease  
your pain.

*Cba.* I never saw so passionate a fellow.

*Acan.* Nor I one so provoking.

*Cba.* But why so ?

Because that I advise you for your health ?

*Acan.* Plague take the health that's bought with  
so much pain !

*Cba.* Was ever good without some little ill ?  
And would you lose the first to miss the last ?

*Acan.* I don't know that : I'm no philosopher :  
And don't desire the good that's mix'd with evil.

*Cba.* Give me your hand, Acanthio.

*Acan.* Here then, take it.

*Cba.* Will you obey me ? ay, or no, Acanthio ?

*Acan.* Judge by experience ; when I've burst  
myself

In running up and down to seek you out,

That you might know the news more speedily.

*Cba.* Within these few months I will make you  
free.

*Acan.*



314 THE MERCHANT.

*Acan.* Ah, how you stroak me!

*Cha.* Do you think 'tis false?

Before I speak, you know if I would lie.

*Acan.* Ah! your words weary me still more: you  
kill me.

*Cha.* Is't thus that you obey me?

*Acan.* What's your pleasure?

*Cha.* Do as I'd have you.

*Acan.* Well, what *would* you have?

*Cha.* I'll tell you.

*Acan.* Tell me.

*Cha.* Softly, in your ear.

*Acan.* Are you afraid\* to wake the sleeping  
audience?

*Cha.* Plague take you!

*Acan.* I have brought you from the port---

*Cha.* What have you brought me? tell me.

*Acan.* Force, and fear,

Torture, and care, and strife, and beggary.

*Cha.* Death! what a store of evils hast thou brought!  
I'm ruin'd then?

*Acan.* You are.

*Cha.* And I'm a wretch?

\* *Are you afraid, &c.*] Another instance of impropriety, not uncommon in our author, of breaking into the seeming reality of the representation by addresses or allusions to the spectators.

*Acan.*

*Acan.* Ev'n so: I'll say no more.

*Cha.* What is this mischief?

*Acan.* Nay, never ask: the heaviest misfortune!

*Cha.* Ah prithee, good now, ease me of my  
pain:

You keep my mind too long in this suspense\*.

*Acan.* Softly! I've many things to ask of you  
Before I'm beaten.

*Cha.* Faith, you *shall* be beaten,  
Unless you speak, or run away.

*Acan.* See there!

See, how he coaxes! no man upon earth  
So gentle, when he gives his mind to it.

*Cha.* I beg you, I intreat you, tell me quickly;  
Since I must turn a suppliant to my slave.

*Acan.* Am I unworthy on't?

*Cha.* Oh no: most worthy.

*Acan.* I thought so.

*Cha.* Is the ship lost?

*Acan.* Safe: ne'er fear.

*Cha.* And all the cargo?

*Acan.* Safe and found.

*Cha.* Then tell me,

\* *You keep my mind too long in this suspense.*] He does indeed; and it is to be feared that this trifling of Acanthio, though not destitute of humour, will prove as tiresome to many readers of Plautus as it seems to Charinus.

Why you ran over the whole town to seek me?

*Acan.* You take the words out of my mouth.

*Cba.* I'm dumb.

*Acan.* Be dumb then: surely if I brought glad tidings

You would be wondrous pressing, since you urge me

Thus beyond measure to tell evil news.

*Cba.* I do beseech you, let me know the worst.

*Acan.* I will then, since you challenge it.—Your father—

*Cba.* What of my father?

*Acan.* Has seen——

*Cba.* What?

*Acan.* Your mistress.

*Cba.* My mistress? Oh, ill fortune!—But inform me——

*Acan.* Of what?

*Cba.* How could he see her?

*Acan.* With his eyes.

*Cba.* But how?

*Acan.* By opening them.

*Can.* Away, you rascal!

To trifle when my life's at stake.

*Acan.* How trifle?

Did not I give an answer to your question?

*Cba.* Is't certain he has seen her?

*Acan.* Ay, as certain

As I see you, or you see me.

*Cha.* But where?

*Acan.* On board the ship, where he stood close  
beside her,

And spoke with her.

*Cha.* You have undone me, father!

And you, you rascal, wherefore did not you  
Prevent his seeing her? How comes it, sirrah,  
You did not shut her up, to hinder it?

*Acan.* Because we were employ'd about our  
business,

And busy with the tackling. The mean while  
Your father came 'long-side us with a boat,  
And no soul saw him till he was on board.

*Cha.* In vain have I escap'd loud storms at sea;  
Now, when I thought myself secure on shore,  
I feel myself the sport of angry waves,  
And dash'd upon the rocks.—Proceed: what  
follow'd?

*Acan.* Soon as he saw the woman, he enquir'd  
Whom she belong'd to.

*Cha.* What did she reply?

*Acan.* I ran directly up, and breaking in,  
Said you had bought her as a serving-maid,  
To wait upon your mother.

*Cha.* Did he seem  
To credit this?

*Acan.*

*Acan.* Entirely.—But the rogue  
Began to toy with her.

*Cha.* With *her*, d'ye say?

*Acan.* Why, do you think he'd toy with *me*?

*Cha.* My heart

Melts away drop by drop in briny tears,  
Like salt dissolv'd in water. I'm undone.

*Acan.* That's true enough : and yet 'tis foolish  
too.

*Cha.* What shall I do?—If I should tell my  
father

I bought this woman for my mother's use,  
He'll not believe it : and 'tis shameful too  
To tell my father lies. He'll not believe it ;  
Nor is it credible I should have purchas'd  
So sweet a creature to attend my mother.

*Acan.* Ridiculous ! Have done : he *will* be-  
lieve it :  
For he believ'd my story.

*Cha.* How I dread  
His catching some suspicion of the truth !  
Tell me, Acanthio !

*Acan.* What is't I must tell you ?

*Cha.* Did he appear to have the least suspicion  
She was my mistress ?

*Acan.* Not the least : but swallow'd  
All that I told him.

*Cha.*

*Cha.* So you might imagine.

*Acan.* Nay, but I'm sure he did.

*Cha.* Confusion ! ruin !

---But wherefore waste I my time here in grieving ?

Why don't I seek the vessel ?---Follow me.

*Acan.* Go *that* way, and you're sure to meet  
your father :

Who, when he sees you fearful and dismay'd,  
Will strait take hold of you, and question you,  
Where 'twas you bought her, what you gave for her,  
And overwhelm you in your fright.

*Cha.* Why then,

I'll go this other way.---D'ye think my father  
Has left the Port ?

*Acan.* It was the very reason  
I ran before to seek you out, for fear  
He should fall on you unawares, and worm  
The secret out of you.

*Cha.* 'Twas bravely done.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

DEMIPH O.

**H**OW many ways the Gods make sport of men !  
 How strangely do they fool us in our sleep !  
 As I last night experienc'd in my dream.  
 Methought I bought a beautiful she-goat ;  
 But lest she should offend another goat,  
 I had before at home ; or lest the two,  
 Together in one place, should disagree,  
 Methought I gave her to the custody  
 Of an old ape ; who not long after came,  
 Full of complainings and reproaches, to me :  
 Saying, that by receiving this new guest,  
 He had sustain'd much injury and wrong ;  
 For the she-goat I trusted to his care  
 Had seiz'd on his wife's dowry. Strange ! said I,  
 A single goat should feize an ape's wife's dowry ! \*  
 Still he insisted on it ; and in short,  
 Unless I took the goat directly thence,

\* *A single goat, &c.] Ut una  
 illæc capra uxoris simiæ dotem  
 ambaderit. The intended wit  
 and humour of this passage in  
 the original depends on a play*

of words between *una* and *am-  
 baderit* ; a poor conceit,  
 neither capable nor worthy of  
 being preserved in the transla-  
 tion.

Threaten'd

Threaten'd to bring her home unto my wife.  
 I doating, as I thought, on this young goat,  
 No friend at hand to take her to his care,  
 Was tortur'd with distress and doubt. Mean while  
 A kid, methought, accosted me, and told me,  
 That he had carried off the goat, and laugh'd ;  
 While I lamented and bewail'd her loss.

To what this dream should point, I can't devise :  
 Altho' indeed I half suspect already  
 The meaning of that little young She-goat :  
 For, having finish'd all my business here,  
 I went this morning early to the port,  
 Where I beheld a vessel come from Rhodes,  
 In which my son arriv'd but yesterday ;  
 It came, I know not how, into my head,  
 To visit it ; I got into a boat,  
 And went from thence on board the ship ; wherein  
 I saw a woman of exceeding beauty,  
 Intended by my son to serve his mother.  
 Ev'n at first sight I fell in love with her ;  
 Not soberly in love, but to distraction.  
 In former days, 'tis true, when I was young,  
 I've been in love indeed ; but never thus.  
 Oh how I rave ! with no more sense than this,  
 To know that I am mad, and die for love.  
 Ay marry, this is the She-goat, I warrant ;



But what the Ape and Kid portend, I fear.\*

But peace ! I see my neighbour coming forth.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS *and* SERVANT.

*Lysim. to servant.]* Now by my troth, I'll have that  
old goat gelt

That gives me so much trouble in the country.

*Dem. behind.]* Oh horrid omen ! dreadful augury !  
I wish my wife don't treat me like this goat,  
And act the part of that same ape I dreamt of.

*Lysim. to servant.]* Go you directly to my country-  
house,

\* *But what the Ape, &c.]* I cannot say I much approve of this figurative relation of the antecedent and subsequent parts of the fable in the supposed dream of Demipho. With how much more beauty and art has Shakespeare introduced a circumstance of the like nature, where he represents Romeo as deluded by a flattering dream just before he receives news of Juliet's death !

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,  
My dreams preface some joyful news at hand :  
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,  
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.  
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead,  
(Strange dream ! that gives a dead man leave to think)  
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.  
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

And

And see that you deliver up those rakes  
 Into my farmer Piftus his own hands.  
 Let my wife know, she is not to expect me,  
 As I have business keeps me here in town ;  
 Say, I've three causes coming on to-day.  
 Go, and remember.

*Serv.* Nothing else, Sir ?

*Lyfim.* Nothing. [Exit Servant.

*Dem. coming up.]* Save you, Lyfimachus!

*Lyfim.* Ha ! Demipho !

Save you : how is't ? how goes it ?

*Dem.* Wretchedly.

*Lyfim.* The Gods forbid !

*Dem.* 'Tis the God's doing.

*Lyfim.* What ?

*Dem.* I'd tell you, if I saw you were at leisure.

*Lyfim.* Nay, tho' I'm busy, tell me, Demipho :  
 I've always leisure to assist my friend.

*Dem.* I know your friendly nature by experience.  
 ---How old do I appear to you ?

*Lyfim.* So old,

That you have one foot in the grave ; quite aged ;  
 Tottering beneath the weight of years ; decrepid.

*Dem.* You're blind : I am a child, Lyfimachus,  
 A child of sev'n years old.

*Lyfim.* Of sev'n years old !  
 You're mad.

*Dem.* 'Tis true.

*Lysim.* Oh, now I guess your meaning.  
When a man reaches the last stage of life,  
“ *Sans sensé, sans taste, sans eyes, sans every thing,*”  
They say that he is grown a child again.

*Dem.* Nay, nay, but I'm in better health than ever.

*Lysim.* Well done ! I'm glad on't.

*Dem.* And if you knew all,  
My eyes are better than they ever were.

*Lysim.* Very well !

*Dem.* Very ill, Sir.

*Lysim.* Very ill then.

*Dem.* But may I dare to tell you ?

*Lysim.* Boldly.

*Dem.* Hear then !

*Lysim.* I'm all attention.

*Dem.* On this very day  
I've been to school to learn the alphabet.

I know four letters.

*Lysim.* What four letters ?

*Dem.* LOVE.

*Lysim.* Love, you old fool ! with that grey head,  
you dotard !

*Dem.* Grey head, or red head, or black head, I love.

*Lysim.* You mean to play upon me, Demipho.

*Dem.* Cut off my head, if what I say be false :  
Or, that you may be certain that I love,

Take

Take a knife, cut my finger, or my ear,  
 My nose, or lip; and if I shrink, or wince,  
 Or feel that I am cut, Lyfimachus,  
 I'll give you leave to kill me for my love.

*Lyfim.* If you have ever seen, or wish to see  
 The *picture* of a lover, this is he.  
 For in my mind an old, decrepid, dotard  
 Is but a painted sign upon a wall.

*Dem.* This, I suppose, is meant to punish me.

*Lyfim.* I punish you?

*Dem.* I don't deserve reproof.

Many great men have done the same before.

'Tis natural to all mankind to love:

'Tis natural to all mankind to pardon.

Upbraid me not; I love against my will.

*Lyfim.* I don't upbraid you.

*Dem.* Nay, but do not hold me

The less in your esteem on this account.

*Lyfim.* Ah! heav'n forbid I should!

*Dem.* Take care!

*Lyfim.* I will.

*Dem.* But certainly?

*Lyfim.* You pester me.---This man  
 Is mad with love.---Would you aught else?

*Dem.* Your servant!

*Lyfim.* I'm going to the Port! I've business there.

*Dem.* A pleasant walk to you!

*Lyfim.* Farewel.

*Dem.* Farewel!

[*Exit Lyfimachus.\**]

S C E N E III.

DEMIPHO *alone.*

I have some business at the Port myself :  
 I'll thither.---But I see my son, Good ! good !  
 I'll wait his coming ; and I must consider  
 Which way I shall endeavour to persuade him  
 To sell this wench, not give her to his mother,  
 For whom I hear he bought her as a present.  
 But it behoves me to be wary, lest  
 He find I've set my heart upon the girl.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter at a distance CHARINUS.*

*Cha.* Never, I verily believe, was man  
 So miserable as myself, so cross'd.  
 Whate'er I undertake, I can't effect;

\* *Exit Lyfimachus.*] This scene, though at first sight not conducive to the action, is far from inartificial ; as it very naturally prepares the part which Lyfimachus afterwards takes in the fable.

What-

Whatever wish I form, I can't accomplish:  
 Some evil fortune comes across me still,  
 Destroying my best counsels.---What a wretch!  
 I purchas'd me a mistress to my liking,  
 Thinking I could conceal her from my father.  
 He has discover'd, seen her, and undone me.  
 Nor have I yet determin'd what to say,  
 When he enquires; so many different thoughts  
 Fight in my breast, I have not pow'r to chuse,  
 But my care's doubled by uncertainty.  
 Sometimes I like my servant's counsel well;  
 And then again I like it not; and think  
 My father never can believe I purchas'd  
 This woman to attend upon my mother.  
 Then if I tell the real truth, and own  
 I bought the girl upon my own account,  
 What will he think of me? He'll rob me of her,  
 And send her back beyond sea to be sold.  
 I am not now to learn his cruelty,  
 Too well convinc'd on't e'er I went from home.  
 —And is this love then? better plow, than love.\*  
 He thrust me forth from home against my will  
 To trade abroad; and there this evil seiz'd me.  
 What joy's in that, whose pain exceeds the pleasure?  
 In vain I hid, conceal'd, and kept her secret.

\* *Better plow, than love.*] Another jest, whose merit consists more in sound than sense.  
*ARARE mavelim quam AMARE.*

My

\* My father, like a fly, is every where,  
Enters all places, sacred, or profane :  
And I have lost all confidence, all hope.

*Dem. behind.*] What is't my son is muttering to himself?  
He seems uneasy.

*Cha. seeing him.*] Ha! my father here?  
I'll go and speak to him. (*going up.*) How do you, Sir?

*Dem.* Whence come you? Why are you so flutter'd, son?

*Cha.* Nothing.

*Dem.* I'm glad to hear it.---But what now?  
You turn pale.---Are you sick?

*Cha.* A little, Sir.

I did not sleep extremely well last night.

*Dem.* Having been out so long at sea, your head  
Turns round now you're on shore.

*Cha.* I fancy so.

*Dem.* Ay, ay, that's it: but it will soon go off.  
That is the reason of your turning pale:

\* *My father, like a fly, &c.*] cordingly distinguished one of  
The impertinence of the fly the principal characters in the  
was proverbial. Curious men Fox by that appellation. Shake-  
were called Muscæ, which was speare has taken a very natural  
also the general term of re- occasion of introducing this fa-  
proach for Parasites. Our own miliar image in his *Romeo and*  
Jonson, who was a profest imi- Juliet.  
tator of the ancients, has ac-

More validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessings from her lips,

Go

Go home then, if you're wise, and rest yourself.

*Cba.* I have not time: I've business to look after.

*Dem.* Do that to-morrow, or some other day.

*Cba.* I've often heard you say, Sir, that wise men  
Should take care to dispatch their business first.

*Dem.* Well, follow your own way: I'll not op-  
pose you.

*Cba. aside.]* Let him but stick to that, I'm safe  
enough.

*Dem. aside.]* What is it he's consulting by himself?  
I'm not afraid of his discovering me;  
Since I've done nothing foolish or absurd,  
As men in love are apt to do.

*Cba. aside.]* I'm safe.

'Tis plain that he knows nothing of my mistress;  
For if he did, he would talk otherwise.

*Dem. aside.]* I'll speak to him about her.

*Cba. aside.]* I'll walk off.

*(Aloud.)* I'll go and execute my friend's commissions.

*Dem.* Stay, son; not yet: I want to ask you some-  
thing

Before you go.

*Cba.* What is your pleasure, Sir?

*Dem. after hesitating.]* How have you had your health  
since you've been gone?

*Cba.* Very well, all the time I was abroad:  
But coming into Port, turn'd strangely sick.

*Dem.* Sea-sickness, I suppose: 'twill soon away.

---But



---But prithee tell me, have not you brought home  
A slave from Rhodes to wait upon your mother?

*Cba.* I have.

*Dem.* And is she beautiful?

*Cba.* Not ugly.

*Dem.* And well-behav'd?

*Cba.* Extremely well, I think.

*Dem.* Why truly, when I saw her, so she seem'd.

*Cba.* What! have you seen her, father?

*Dem.* I have seen her:

But she'll not do for *us*, she's not the thing.

*Cba.* Why so?

*Dem.* Her person is too delicate.

We want a lusty servant-wench, to weave,  
Grind corn, cut wood, spin, sweep the house, be  
cudgel'd,

And cook the dinner for the family:

This girl's not fit for any of these uses.

*Cba.* The very reason that I purchas'd her,  
As a genteeler present for my mother.

*Dem.* No, no: don't give her; do not say you've  
brought her.

*Cba.* Heav'n favours me! *[aside.]*

*Dem.* I shake him by degrees. *[aside.]*

*(To Cba.)* Besides, tho' I forgot to mention it,  
Such an attendant could not decently  
Follow your mother, nor will I allow it.

*Cba.* Why so?

*Dem.*

*Dem.* Because it would be scandalous  
 To see a girl so handsome in the street,  
 After the mistress of a family.  
 The folks would gaze, and stare, and wink and beckon,  
 His her, and twitch her by the sleeve, call to her,  
 Grow rude, sing catches underneath her window,  
 And scrawl her praise with coal upon our doors. \*  
 And as the world are given to detraction,  
 They'd say my wife and I were turn'd procurers.  
 Now where is the occasion for all this?

*Cba.* You're in the right: I'm quite of your  
 opinion.

---But how shall we dispose her then?

*Dem.* I'll tell you.

I'll buy your mother a stout strapping wench,  
 Some Syrian or Egyptian, plain and homely,  
 Fit for the mistress of a family;  
 And she shall grind, and spin, and take a whipping,  
 And bring no shame or scandal to our door.

*Cba.* Suppose then I return this girl to him,

\* *Her praise with coal.] Elogiorum carbonibus.* Some understand these words as alluding to defamatory, rather than commendatory verses; alledging that praise was written in chalk, and scandal in coal. *Ulla prius CRETA, mox hæc CARBONE.* I have followed, however, the opinion of other commentators,

who suppose that in these cases chalk, or coal, or lighted torches, were used indiscriminately, according to the colour of the ground: as a Poet would write a panegyrick in black ink upon white paper, or a lover delineate the name of his mistress with the smoke of a candle on a white-washed ceiling.

Of whom I purchas'd her ?

*Dem.* On no account.

*Cha.* He said he'd take her back, if not approv'd.

*Dem.* There's no occasion for it; no occasion.

I would not make a difference betwixt you,  
Nor have your faith and honour call'd in question:  
And I would rather, if 'twere necessary,  
Endure some little loss, than have this woman  
Bring a disgrace and scandal on our house.  
But I believe that I can sell her for you,  
And make a tolerable market too.

*Cha.* At no less price than I paid for her, father.

*Dem.* Peace; an old gentleman of my acquaintance  
Commissiō'd me, some little time ago,  
To purchase for him such a girl as this.

*Cha.* But a young man of my acquaintance, Sir,  
Commissiō'd me to purchase one for *him*.

*Dem.* I think, I can have twenty Minæ for her.

*Cha.* But, if I pleas'd, I could have sev'n-and-twenty  
Paid down immediately.

*Dem.* But I——

*Cha.* But I——

*Dem.* Peace! you don't know what I was going to say:  
I can bid up three Minæ more; that's thirty.

[*looking on one side.*]

*Cha.* Whom are you turning to?

*Dem.* The purchaser.

*Cha.*

*Cha.* Where is the gentleman ?

*Dem.* I see him yonder :

He bids me add five Minæ more.

*Cha.* Plague take him,

Whoe'er he be !

[*apart.*

*Dem.* He nods to me again :

Six Minæ more !

*Cha.* Sev'n more !---I am resolv'd

He shan't exceed me. My chap bids the fairest.

*Dem.* Bid what he will, I'll have her.

*Cha.* Mine bid first.

*Dem.* No matter.

*Cha.* He bids fifty.

*Dem.* For a hundred

He shall not have her. Why d'ye bid against me ?

You'll have a noble bargain ; the old man,

For whom I purchase her, is such a dotard :

He's mad for love of her ; and you shall have

Your price, ask what you will.

*Cha.* Indeed, indeed, Sir,

The youth, for whom I buy, is dying for her.

*Dem.* The old man, if you knew him, is much  
fonder.

*Cha.* The old man never was, and never will be,  
More mad for love than this young fellow, Sir.

*Dem.* Have done: I'll manage this.

*Cha.* What mean you ?

*Dem.* How!

*Cha.* I did not take this woman as a slave.\*

*Dem.* But *he* will take her as a slave: so let him.

*Cha.* You have no right to fet her up to sale.

*Dem.* I'll mind that matter.

*Cha.* Then too she belongs

To me in common with another man:

And how am I to judge of his intentions,

Whether he means to part with her, or no?

*Dem.* I know he will.

*Cha.* But I know one that won't.

*Dem.* What's that to me?

*Cha.* Because he has a right

To challenge the disposal of his own.

*Dem.* What do you say?

*Cha.* I say that she is mine

In common with another, not now present.

*Dem.* You answer me, before I ask the question.

*Cha.* You buy my slave, before I sell her, father:

I don't know if my friend and partner in her

Chuses to part with her, or no.

\* *As a slave.*] This refers to the practice of slave-merchants, who, if they warranted the men or women whom they sold to be slaves, were obliged to reimburse the buyer, if he was afterwards defeated of his purchase by their proving to be

free. In allusion to this custom, Charinus here tells his father that she was not warranted a slave to him. Which objection is over-ruled by Demipho, who replies that his friend will run that risque.

*Dem.*

*Dem.* How then

Can t'other man commission you to purchase,  
When *he* don't chuse to sell? You trifle with me.  
No man shall have her but the man I mean,  
I am resolv'd.

*Cba.* You are resolv'd?

*Dem.* I am.

Moreover, I'll directly to the ship,  
And there she shall be sold.

*Cba.* Shall I go with you?

*Dem.* No.

*Cba.* You don't chuse it?

*Dem.* You had better stay,

And look to the commission you are charg'd with.

*Cba.* You won't allow me?

*Dem.* No. Excuse yourself,

And tell your friend that you have done your best.  
But come not to the Port, I charge you.

*Cba.* No, Sir.

*Dem. aside.]* I'll to the Port myself, and lest my son  
Discover my proceedings, use great caution.  
I will not purchase her myself; but trust  
My friend Lyfimachus to buy her for me.  
He said that he was going to the Port.  
I'll to him, without further loss of time. *[Exit.]*

## S C E N E V.

CHARINUS *alone.*

Death and confusion! ruin'd and undone!  
 They say, the Bacchanals tore Pentheus \* piece-meal:  
 Ah, he was never half so torn † as I am!  
 Why do I live? why, why am I not dead?  
 I'll go and seek out an apothecary, ‡  
 And kill myself with poison; being robb'd  
 Of that, for which alone I wish to live. [Going.]

## S C E N E VI.

*Enter* EUTYCHUS.*Eut.* Hold, hold, Charinus!*Cha.* Who calls?

\* Pentheus was a king of Thebes, said to be torn to pieces by his mother Agave, and the rest of the priestesses of Bacchus, for attempting to be present at the celebration of their ceremonies.

† *Ah, he was never, &c.* The intended pathos in this

and some other passages in this play, uttered by Charinus in his distress, rather borders upon the ridiculous.

‡ *An apothecary.*] *Ibo ad MEDICUM, atque ibi me toxico morti dabo.* The word *medicus* is usually supposed to signify a physician; but as it here refers  
 imme-

*Eut.* Eutyclus.

Your friend, companion, neighbour, Eutyclus.

*Cba.* Ah! you don't know the griefs I labour under.

*Eut.* I do : from our door I have heard it all.

I know the whole affair.

*Cba.* What is't you know ?

*Eut.* Your father means to sell---

*Cba.* You're right.

*Eut.* Your mistress---

*Cba.* You're but too well inform'd.

*Eut.* Against your will.

*Cba.* You know too much : but how did you  
discover

She was my mistress ?

*Eut.* You acquainted me

Yourself but yesterday.

*Cba.* I had forgot it.

*Eut.* No wonder.

*Cba.* Come, instruct me, Eutyclus ;

Tell me, which way I shall destroy myself.

*Eut.* Peace ! never talk thus !

*Cba.* What then shall I talk of ?

*Eut.* Shall I impose upon your father ?

*Cba.* Ay ;

immediately to the venter of Charinus may put many readers  
drugs, I ventured to translate in mind of Shakespeare's Ro-  
it an apothecary. It is not un- meo.  
likely, that the resolution of



With all my heart.

*Eut.* And shall I to the Port ?

*Cba.* On wings, if possible.

*Eut.* And buy the girl ?

*Cba.* Ay; with her weight in gold.

*Eut.* But where's the gold ?

*Cba.* I'll beg Achilles to lend Hector's ransom.

*Eut.* You're mad.

*Cba.* True : were I in my perfect mind,  
I should not ask your help, as my physician.

*Eut.* Shall I pay down whatever price he  
asks ?

*Cba.* More than he asks; a thousand pieces  
more.

*Eut.* Peace; and consider where you'll get the  
money,

When you're to fettle with your father.

*Cba.* Somewhere;

Anywhere; something shall be thought of.

*Eut.* Pshaw !

I am afraid that *something* will be *nothing*.

*Cba.* Can't you be silent ?

*Eut.* I am dumb.

*Cba.* But are you  
Sufficiently instructed ?

*Eut.* Prithee think  
Of something else.

*Cba.*

*Cba.* It is impossible.

*Eut.* Farewel !

*Cba.* I can't *fare well*, till you return.

*Eut.* Pity, you're mad !

*Cba.* Go, thrive, and save my life !

*Eut.* I'll do it : do you wait for me at home !

*Cba.* And you return with speed, and bring the  
spoil !

*[Exeunt severally.]*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS, *with* PASICOMPSA.

## L Y S I M A C H U S.

I'VE acted by my neighbour neighbourly,  
 And bought this piece of goods at his request.  
 You're mine now. (*to Paf.*) Follow me :---Nay, do  
 not weep ;

You are to blame to spoil those pretty eyes,  
 And you shall find more cause to laugh than cry,

*Paf.* Good Sir, inform me !

*Lysim.* Ask whate'er you please.

*Paf.* What did you buy me for ?

*Lysim.* For what?---To do

Whate'er I order you ; and in return

I'll do whatever you shall order me.

*Paf.* I shall in all my best obey you, Sir.

*Lysim.* My orders will not be extremely painful.

[*Smiling.*

*Paf.* Indeed, Sir, I've not learnt to carry burdens,  
 Nor to tend cattle, nor take care of children.

*Lysim.* Be a good girl, and you shall be well treated.

*Paf.* Then I am miserable.

*Lyfim.* Why ?

*Paf.* Because

I came from whence bad people were best treated :  
Nor would I speak what all folks know already.

*Lyfim.* 'Fore heaven, that speech alone is well worth  
more

Than I paid for her.---You'd insinuate  
That there is no such thing as a good woman ?

*Paf.* Indeed I don't say *that*, Sir.

*Lyfim.* Give me leave

To ask you one thing.

*Paf.* Ask it : I'll reply.

*Lyfim.* Acquaint me with your name then.

*Paf.* Paficompfa.

*Lyfim.* It suits your form.\*--But tell me, Paficompfa,  
Could you, if there were an occasion for it,  
Weave a fine woof ?

*Paf.* I could.

*Lyfim.* It follows then

Undoubtedly that you could weave a coarser.

*Paf.* I fear no woman of my age for weaving.

*Lyfim.* Ay, a good girl, I warrant you, and honest ;  
And of an age to know your duty well.

\* *Paficompfa.*—*It suits your* port with the name of Ann  
*form.*] Paficompfa is a name Lovely in one of our English  
compounded of two Greek comedies.  
words, and of much the same im-

*Paf.* Indeed I have been well instructed, Sir;  
And will not let my work be call'd in question.

*Lysim.* Well, that's the very thing; you'll do, I  
find;

I'll give you for your own peculiar use  
A sheep of sixty years of age.\*

*Paf.* So old, Sir?

*Lysim.* Of the true Grecian breed, extremely fine;  
And you will sheer it most incomparably.

*Paf.* Whatever honour's done me, I'll be grateful.

*Lysim.* Now, child, to undeceive you, you're not  
mine.

Do not imagine it.

*Paf.* Whose am I then?

*Lysim.* You're purchas'd for your master's use again;  
And I've now ransom'd you at his request.

*Paf.* Ah! I revive, if he be true to me.

*Lysim.* Be of good cheer! he'll give you liberty,  
'Fore heaven, girl, he loves you to distraction;  
You charm'd him at first sight to-day.

*Paf.* To-day?

'Tis now two years that we have been connected:  
For since I find you are his friend, I'll trust you.

*Lysim.* How! have you been two years connected?

*Paf.* Ay:

\* *A Sheep, &c.*] Meaning next scene but one, where Ly-  
Demipho. Much the same simachus calls Demipho bell-  
kind of conceit occurs in the weather.

And

And bound each other by a mutual oath,  
Never to know a man or wife beside,  
Or yield to an adulterous embrace.

*Lysim.* Good heav'n! has he no commerce with  
his wife?

*Paf.* His wife? He is not, nor will e'er be married.

*Lysim.* Would he were *not*! He is a perjur'd man.

*Paf.* I love no man on earth like that dear youth.

*Lysim.* A youth, you simpleton!--Not long ago  
His teeth fell out,

*Paf.* Whose teeth?

*Lysim.* No matter whose.

Follow me in: he has intreated me  
To give you entertainment at our house  
For one day; since my wife is out of town. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

DEMIPHON *alone.*

I have concerted this intrigue at last,  
And purchas'd, by my neighbour's help, a mistress,  
Without the knowledge of my wife and son.  
I'll recollect old saws, and please my humour:

I

My

My race near run, the rest of my career  
 Shall be fill'd up with pleasure, wine, and love :  
 For to indulge and sate the appetite  
 In this last stage of life is very meet.  
 While you are lusty, young, and full of blood,  
 You ought to toil and labour for a fortune ;  
 But in old age, be happy, while you may,  
 And render all your latter years clear gain.  
 I by my deeds will prove these maxims true.  
 But mean while I must call at home : my wife,  
 I warrant you, is almost starv'd with waiting,  
 And has expected me at home long since.  
 —Yet if I go, she'll kill me with her scolding :  
 No : come what may, I'll not go home at present,  
 But find my neighbour first, and give him charge  
 To hire me some apartments for my mistress.  
 But see ! he's coming forth.

## S C E N E III.

*Enter* L Y S I M A C H U S.

*Lyfim. speaking to Pas. within.]* I'll bring him to  
 you  
 Directly, if I find him.

*Dem.*

*Dem. behind.*] Meaning me.

*Lysim. turning about.*] Demipho!

*Dem.* Is the woman at your house?

*Lysim.* What do you think?

*Dem.* What if I go and see? *[going.*

*Lysim.* Whither so fast? hold, hold!

*[stopping him.*

*Dem.* On what account?

*Lysim.* Think what you ought to do.

*Dem.* And wherefore think?

To enter here is what I ought to do.

*Lysim.* And would you enter, you old bell-  
weather?

*Dem.* Why should not I?

*Lysim.* Be rul'd by me, and learn  
Certain precautions I think needful first.

For shou'd you enter now, you'd run directly  
Into her arms, and talk to her, and kifs her.

*Dem.* You know my mind: I should do even so.

*Lysim.* You would do wrong then.

*Dem.* Wrong, with her I love?

*Lysim.* More and more wrong with her you love.---  
What you!

A goat of an old fellow, rank, and fasting,  
Go with your stinking breath to kifs a wench?

Your fondness will but make the woman sick.

'Fore heaven, you must doat indeed to think on't.

*Dem.*



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*Dem.* Suppose then (since 'tis so) we get some cook  
To dress a supper for us at your house  
Against the evening.

*Lyfi.* Well said! now you've hit it.  
Now you talk gallantly, and like a lover.

*Dem.* Why do we stand then? Let's go instantly,  
And cater for a jovial entertainment!

*Lyfi.* I'll follow you; but mark, I give you warning,  
To look out for a lodging for this wench.  
She cannot stay with me beyond to-day;  
For fear my wife should come to town to-morrow,  
And find her here.

*Dem.* I've settled that. Away! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

C H A R I N U S *alone.*

Now am not I a wretch, a wretch indeed,  
To whom no place can minister repose?  
If I'm at home, my mind is gone abroad;  
If I'm abroad, my mind remains at home.  
Love in my breast and heart so fiercely burns,  
Did not a sluice of tears defend my eyes,

My

My head would be in flames.\*---Some hope remains ;  
 Safety is fled ; if ever to return,  
 As yet I am uncertain. If my father  
 Should seize, as he has threaten'd, Paficompfa,  
 Safety is gone for ever. If my friend  
 Return fuccefsful, he brings safety with him.  
 And yet had that fame tardy Eutyclus  
 Been crippled with the gout, he might have been  
 Here from the Port ere now.---Oh, he is flow,  
 When I could wifh him nimble as my thoughts.  
 ---But who comes running hither?---Ha ! 'tis he.  
 I'll meet him.---And Oh Thou, who feest all deeds  
 Of Gods and men, the fovereign governefs †  
 Of ev'ry mortal accident, I thank thee  
 For bringing me this hope !---But may I hope ?  
 Ah, I'm undone ! His afpect likes me not.  
 Mournful he comes.---My bofom burns ; I doubt ;  
 ---He fhakes his head.---Well, friend !

\* *My head would be in flames.*] of it, than the paffage before  
 When Plautus affects pathos, us.  
 he is very apt (as has been † *Sovereign governefs.*] Im-  
 before observed) to fall into plying the goddefs Fortune.  
 the ridiculous : and there The fame addrefs to her oc-  
 are few more glaring instances curs in the fifth act.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter* EUTYCHUS.*Eut.* Alas, Charinus!*Cha.* Ere you take breath, deliver but one word.  
Where am I? with the living, or the dead?*Eut.* With neither.*Cha.* Then I'm safe. I am immortal.  
He has redeem'd her, and o'er-reach'd my father.  
---There's no foul living that can sooner put  
His purpose into act.---Come, prithee speak!  
If neither here, nor with the dead, where am I?*Eut.* No where.*Cha.* Confusion! this dull trifling kills me.  
When you should speak directly to the point,  
To beat about the bush thus, is provoking.  
Whate'er thy news, tell me the sum of all.*Eut.* First, we are ruin'd then.*Cha.* Nay, that's no news.  
Inform me something I don't know.*Eut.* Your mistress  
Is torn away from you.*Cha.* Ah, Eutyclus!  
You're guilty of a capital offence.*Eut.* Of what?*Cha.*

*Cba.* Of murder: for you put to death  
A friend, companion, and free citizen.

*Eut.* Heaven forbid!

*Cba.* You've cut my throat. I fall.

*Eut.* Abandon not your mind unto despair!\*

*Cba.* I have no mind to be abandon'd, I.

---Come, speak the rest of your ill news: for whom  
Has she been purchas'd?

*Eut.* That I cannot tell.

She was adjudg'd a slave, and carried off, †  
Before I reach'd the Port.

*Cba.* Ah me! you throw  
Mountains of fire upon me with these news.  
Proceed, and torture, executioner,  
Since you have once begun.

*Eut.* Alas, my friend,  
This troubles me as forely as yourself.

*Cba.* Tell me, who bought her.

*Eut.* I don't know.

\* *Abandon not, &c.*] There is a hardness in the turn of words in this line and the next not well suited to our language, and not very elegant in the original.

*Quæso, hercle, animum ne* DESPONDE.

*CHA. Nullus est, quem* DESPONDEAM.

† *Adjudg'd a slave.*] Not only criminals, but slaves also, were formally condemned as such, before the purchasers had a right to carry them off as their property.

*Cba.*

*Cba.* See there !

Is that discharging business like a friend ?

*Eut.* What could I do ?

*Cba.* The very thing, that now  
You've seen Me do; have died, but have discover'd  
What kind of man he was, who purchas'd her :  
And possibly that way have trac'd the woman.

*Eut.* Alas ! [weeping.]

*Cba.* Weep not the mischiefs you have done.

*Eut.* What have I done ?

*Cba.* Destroy'd me ; broke your faith.

*Eut.* The Gods are witnesses I'm not to blame.

*Cba.* Away ! ne'er call upon the absent Gods.  
Give me a living witness of your truth.

*Eut.* I have proofs worthy your belief, proofs  
worthy

To be produc'd by me:

*Cba.* You're quick and apt  
At disputation ; to discharge your trust  
Lame, blind, dumb, senseless, weak, and impotent.  
You promis'd to cajole my father. I,  
Fool that I was ! believ'd you capable :  
But now I find you a mere block, a stone.

*Eut.* What could I do ?

*Cba.* What could you do ? Oh shame !  
Have ask'd, enquir'd, who ? whence he was ? what  
figure ?

A ci-

A citizen, or foreigner?

*Eut.* They told me,

That he was an Athenian citizen.

*Cba.* You might at least discover his abode,  
If not his name.

*Eut.* No creature could inform me.

*Cba.* His figure then you might have ask'd at least.

*Eut.* I did.

*Cba.* And how did they describe him to you?

*Eut.* Just thus: bald-pated, bandy-legg'd, pot-  
bellied,

Wide-mouth'd, short, blear-eyed, lanthorn-jaw'd,  
fplay-footed.

*Cba.* This is not the description of a man,  
But a mere bundle of deformities.  
Know you aught more about him?

*Eut.* Nothing more.

*Cba.* Death! his vile lanthorn-jaws have ruin'd  
me!\*

I can't endure it. I will fly my country;  
And only doubt what city I shall seek,  
Eretria, Megara, Corinth, Chalcis,  
Crete, Cyprus, Gnidus, Sicyon, Zacynthus,

\* *His lanthorn jaws have ruin'd me.*] *Ille oblongis MALIS dedit mihi magnum MALUM.* puns with which the works of Plautus abound; puns, which though no translation can render, no reader has occasion to regret.

Or Lesbos, or Bœotia.

*Eut.* Why d'ye think on't ?

*Cha.* Because I'm cross'd in love.

*Eut.* And what of that ?

Suppose you gain your place of destination,

If there you chance again to fall in love,

And be again successless, will you fly

That country too ? Another and another,

Upon the like occasion ?---You will set

No bounds to exile ; know no end of flight.

What country, what abode can then be certain ?

Suppose you quit this city, d'ye suppose

You leave love here behind you ? If you think so,

If you're convinc'd on't, how much better were it,

To go into the country, and live there,

Till this ungovern'd passion wears away ?

*Cha.* You've said ?

*Eut.* I have.

*Cha.* In vain : for I'm resolv'd.

I'll home, and pay my duty to my parents ;

And then, without their knowledge, fly my  
country,

Or take some other step as desperate.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

E U T Y C H U S *alone.*

How suddenly he took himself away!  
Wretch that I am! if he should fly his country,  
They'd say that my remissness was the cause,  
I will assemble all the publick criers,  
And find this woman out by proclamation:  
If that should fail, I'll to the Prætor, beg him  
To grant search-warrant officers, and raise  
An hue and cry in ev'ry street in town:  
For these I think the only means are left me.



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

DORIPPA, SYRA *following*.

**M**Y husband having sent to let me know  
 He could not follow me into the country,  
 Like a true woman, I return'd to Athens,  
 In quest of him, who seems to fly from me.  
 ---But where's our Syra?---I don't see her.---Heav'n!  
 How slow she comes!

*Enter SYRA.*

Why don't you follow faster?

*Syr.* Good faith, I can't, with all the load I carry.

*Dor.* What load?

*Syr.* Why fourscore years and four:

Which, with fatigue, and slavery, and thirst,  
 Weigh me quite down.

*Dor.* Well, give me something, Syra,  
 To offer at our neighbour-altar.\*

\* *At our neighbour-altar.] luto te, vicine Apollo.* It was  
 VICINI nostri aram. Apollinis usual for the Athenians to have  
 understood. So in the Bac- at their doors an altar sacred  
 chides, Act II. Scene I. Sa- to Apollo or Bacchus, whom  
 they

*Syr.* Take

This branch of laurel.

*Dor.* Now go in.

*Syr.* I go.

[*goes in.*

*Dor. at the altar.]* Apollo! I beseech you to grant  
peace,

And health and safety to our family;

And to my son prosperity!

*Syr. within.]* Ah me!

Ah well-a-day! ah woful day! ah me!

*Dor.* Why, how now? are you mad? what means  
this howling?

*Syr. entering.]* Dorippa! ma'am! Dorippa!

*Dor.* Why d'ye bawl thus?

*Syr.* Here's a strange woman in the house.

*Dor.* What woman?

*Syr.* A harlot-woman.

*Dor.* Is it possible?

*Syr.* Troth, you were very wise to come to town.  
She were a fool indeed, who could not see  
This woman was your pretty husband's mistress.

*Dor.* My mind misgives me, you are in the right.

*Syr.* In then with me, my Juno! and behold  
Your harlotry Alcmena!

they considered as guardian to the family. And it is evident, from many passages in Plautus and Terence, as well as from Donatus, that these altars always made a part of the theatrical decorations.

*Dor.* In, in, Syra!  
I follow you as fast as possible. [Exeunt,

## S C E N E II.

LYSIMACHUS *alone.*

Is't not enough that Demipho's in love,  
But he must be extravagant besides?  
Had he invited ten grandees to supper,  
He has prepar'd too lavishly; and then  
He follows up the cooks, as earnestly  
As pilots urge the failors in a ship.  
I hir'd the master-cook myself; and wonder  
He is not come according to my order.  
---But our door opens: who is this comes forth?

## S C E N E III.

*Enter at a distance DORIPPA.*

*Dor. to herself.]* There never was, never will be, a  
wife  
More wretched than myself. Ah, what a husband!  
Unhappy that I am! From this time forth  
Be cautious, women, whom ye trust in marriage.  
What,

What, I! who brought a fortune of ten talents!  
That I should see and suffer such affronts!

*Lyfim. behind.]* Ha! I am lost: my wife is come  
to town,

And has found out this wench, I warrant you.

---But at this distance I can't hear.---I'll nearer,

*Dor.* Ah, woe is me!

*Lyfi.* And me.

*Dor.* Undone!

*Lyfim.* And I.

No doubt but she has seen her.---All the Gods  
Confound you, Demipho!

*Dor.* Ay, this it was

Prevented him from coming out of town.

*Lyfim.* I'll go and speak to her. (*goes up*) Good-  
morrow, wife!

---Our town-folks grow mere rusticks.\*

*Dor.* But they act

More modestly, than they who don't grow rusticks.

\* *Our town-folks grow mere rusticks.]* This passage is somewhat obscure, but is thus explained by the commentators. Lyfimachus bids his wife good-morrow; but she, being out of humour, pouts at him, and makes no return to the salutation: on which he observes, that the town-gentry are grown as unmannerly as the country bumpkins. This explanation does not appear to be strained or unnatural; but there is certainly an uncouthness in the dialogue, as it stands at present, which a word or two from Lyfimachus, by way of comment on his wife's silence, would have rendered clear and easy.

*Lysim.* What! have the rusticks been in fault?

*Dor.* Much less

Than folks in town, and do themselves less mischief.

*Lysim.* Prithee, what mischief do the folks in town?

*Dor.* What wench is that within?

*Lysim.* You've seen her then?

*Dor.* I've seen her.

*Lysim.* And, "Who is she," do you ask?

*Dor.* Ay, to be sure; and I'll know too. *You*  
know.

*Lysim.* You'd have me tell you "who she is,"  
you say?

She---she---confusion! what shall I reply? [*aside.*]

*Dor.* What! do you falter?

*Lysim.* I've not seen her.——

*Dor.* Tell me!

*Lysim.* Give me but leave, I will.

*Dor.* You should ere now.

*Lysim.* You press me so, it is impossible:

You question me, as if I were to blame.

*Dor.* Oh, to be sure, you're not at all to blame!

[*ironically.*]

*Lysim.* Say what you please.

*Dor.* Speak you!

*Lysim.* I will.

*Dor.* Then speak!

*Lysim.* She's—Would you have me tell her name?

*Dor.*

*Dor.* You trifle.

I've caught you. You're in fault.

*Lysim.* What fault? She is——

*Dor.* Who is she?

*Lysim. hesitating.]* She——

*Dor.* See there!

*Lysim.* Plague take her name!

Did not I long to tell it, I should hit on't.

*Dor.* You don't know who she is then?

*Lysim.* Very well.

I am her judge.\*

*Dor.* Her judge?—Oh! now I have it.

You've call'd her here to be your counsellor.

*[ironically.]*

*Lysim.* No; she is left with me, as arbiter.

*Dor. ironically.]* I understand.

*Lysim.* Nay, not as you imagine.

*Dor.* You clear yourself too soon. *[ironically.]*

*Lysim.* This bitter business

Has prov'd too much for me. I'm quite aground.

*[aside.]*

\* *I am her JUDGE.—You've call'd her here to be your COUNSELLOR.—She is left with me, as ARBITER.]* These passages relate to ancient usages, and are interpreted thus. The property of Pasicompsa was supposed to be in dispute, and Lysimachus, by mutual consent,

appointed judge to decide between the contending parties. On these occasions, it was usual for the person so appointed to call in some friends as counsellors, to advise him in his determination; and the thing in dispute was always left in his custody.

S C E N E

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter the COOK, with SERVANTS.*

*Cook.* Quick! quick! make haste! for I must  
dress a supper

For an old gentleman in love.—Tho' truly

'Tis for *ourselves* we dress it, not for *him*.

For give a lover but his paramour,

He feasts on Her; to languish, and embrace,

To kifs, and chat, is meat and drink to him.

But we, I trust, shall go well loaded home.

This way!--But here's th' old gentleman that hir'd us.

*Lysim.* The Cook here too! Undone again!

*Cook, to Lysim.]* We're come.

*Lysim.* Go back again.

*Cook.* Go back again!--Why so?

*Lysim.* Hift! get away, I tell you.

*Cook.* Get away?

*Lysim.* Be gone.

*Cook.* What! don't you want a supper, Sir?

*Lysim.* We've supp'd already,---Now I'm quite un-  
done. [*aside.*

*Dor.* What! have the folks, who chose you arbiter,  
Order'd in these provisions too?

*Cook.*

*Cook.* Is this  
Your mistress, that you told me of at market?

*Lysim.* Hush!

*Cook.* A good pretty tidy wench enough:  
And her mouth waters at a man, I warrant.

*Lysim.* Hence, rascal!

*Cook.* Faith, she's not amiss.

*Lysim.* Confusion! [aside.

*Cook.* And, I dare say, a charming bedfellow!

*Lysim.* Won't you be gone?---It was not I that  
hir'd you.

*Cook.* Not you? 'Fore heaven, your own self.

*Lysim.* Undone! [aside.

*Cook.* By the same token too, you let me know  
Your wife was in the country, whom you loath'd  
Worse than a serpent.

*Lysim.* Did I tell you so?

*Cook.* Ay, that you did.

*Lysim.* So help me, Jupiter,  
As I ne'er utter'd such a word, sweet wife!

*Dor.* Can you deny it?

*Cook.* No; he did not say  
He loath'd *you*, mistress, but his wife.

*Dor.* 'Tis plain  
That I am your aversion.

*Lysim.* I deny it.

*Cook.* And he said too, his wife was in the country.

*Lysim.*



*Lyfim.* This is she, firrah !---Why d'ye plague me thus ?

*Cook.* Because you said you did not know me.----  
What !

Are you afraid of Her ?

*Lyfim.* And well I may ;  
For I have none beside.

*Cook.* Will you employ me ?

*Lyfim.* No.

*Cook.* Pay me then.

*Lyfim.* You shall be paid to-morrow.

Be gone at present.

*Dor.* What a wretch I am !

*Lyfim.* 'Tis an old saying, and I find a true one,  
That a bad neighbour brings bad fortune with him.

*Cook.* Come, let's be gone! (*to Serv.*) If any harm  
has happen'd,

'Tis not my fault. [*to Lyfim.*

*Lyfim.* You maffacre me, villain.

*Cook.* I know your mind ; you'd have me gone.

*Lyfim.* I would.

*Cook.* Give me a drachma,\* and I'll go.

*Lyfim.* I will.

*Cook.* Order it then: it may be paid, while They  
Set the provifions down.

\* *A drachma.*] The Attick was equal to seven pence three drachma, according to Cooke, farthings of English money.

*Lyfim.*

*Lyfim.* Will you be gone?  
Will you ne'er cease tormenting me?

*Cook.* Come then! *[to the Servants.*  
Lay the provisions down before the feet  
Of that old gentleman.---The pots and pans  
I'll fend for presently, or else to-morrow.

*[to Lyfimachus.*

Follow me. *[to the Servants, who lay down the  
provisions, and go out after him.*

S C E N E V.

LYSIMACHUS, DORIPPA, SYRA.

*Lyfim.* You're surpriz'd, I make no doubt,  
At this Cook's bringing these provisions here.  
---But I'll explain.

*Dor.* I'm not surpriz'd at all  
At any wrong or wickedness from You.  
But be assur'd, I'll not endure this usage.  
Fine treatment for a wife! to have your wenches  
Brought home to my own house!--Intolerable!  
---Go, Syra, to my father, and intreat him  
To let me see him here immediately.

*Syr.* I go. *[Exit.*

*Lyfim.* You quite mistake the matter, wife:  
I'll take whatever oath you please to frame,

That I've no business with the wench.---What now?

Is Syra gone?

[*Exit Dorippa.*]

S C E N E VI.

LYSIMACHUS *alone.*

See there! my wife gone too!

Death and destruction!---Gods confound you, neighbour,  
bour,

You, and your mistress, and intrigues together!

What foul suspicions has he thrown upon me!

Rais'd me a croud of enemies abroad,

And made a tygres of my wife at home!

I'll to the Forum, and tell Demipho,

By her own hair I'll drag his doxy forth,

Unless he takes her hence without delay.

Wife! wife, ho! (*calling to her within.*) Tho' you are  
enrag'd with me,

Be wife, and order these provisions in,

To make our supper better by and by. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

*Enter severally SYRA and EUTYCHUS.*

*Syr.* Her father, whom my mistress sent me to,  
Is not at home; nay, not in town, they say:

And

And I'm returning to her with this answer.

*Eut. at a distance.]* I'm tir'd of hunting the whole  
city through

In chace of this fame girl, and all in vain.

---But sure my mother must be come to town ;  
For I see Syra standing at our door.

Syra !

*Syr.* Who's there ? who calls ?

*Eut.* Your master, nurse.

*Syr. turning.]* What, my young master ? Heav'n  
blefs my child !

*Eut.* Inform me, is my mother come to town ?

*Syr.* Ay, marry, is she ; and by great good luck,  
Both for herself, and all the family.

*Eut.* Why, what's the matter then ?

*Syr.* Your sweet papa  
Has brought a wench into the house.

*Eut.* A wench ?

*Syr.* Ay : madam came to town, and found her  
there.

*Eut.* Aha, old gentleman ! I ne'er suspected,  
You were addicted to such pranks as these.

Is the wench still within ?

*Syr.* Ay.

*Eut.* Follow me.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

S Y R A *alone.*\*

Now, by my troth, the poor unhappy women  
 Are much more hardly dealt with than the men.  
 For if a husband brings his mistress home,  
 Tho' the wife finds her under her own roof,

\* *Syra alone.*] Nothing can follow the preceding scene more naturally than this soliloquy: and yet the old commentators, never content without sophisticating their author as well as illustrating him, have here foisted in three lines, in order to introduce two dull supposititious scenes; on which Limiers, in his examen prefixed to this comedy, remarks, "One may easily perceive, by the difference of stile, that they are not only unworthy of Plautus, but rather usefess in the conduct of the plot." The truth is, the scenes in question are not only usefess and impertinent, but diametrically opposite to the evident design of Plautus. Had he introduced the wife of Demipho into his piece, he would no doubt have

derived much pleasantry from the admission of that character; but that he had no such intention, is manifest from the last scene, where we are expressly told, that Demipho's wife is utterly ignorant of the whole transaction. Had the author of the supposititious scenes endeavoured to open a source of pleasantry, left untouched by Plautus, he might perhaps have deserved some notice; but his interpolation is as dull, as it is injudicious with respect to the design of the author: for Perifrata enters, not to produce any comick situation by a jealousy and detection of her husband's amours, but only, like a tender-hearted mama, to lament that her son's mistress should be run away with by his father.

There

There is no law that punishes the man :  
 But catch her rambling with gallants abroad,  
 The husband truly fues for a divorce.  
 Would the fame law held good for man and wife !  
 For fince a wife, if fhe's an honeft woman,  
 Will be contented with her husband ; why,  
 Should not the husband alfo with his wife ?  
 I would fain fee fair play between them both ;  
 And then, I warrant you, if ev'ry husband,  
 Prov'd a fly wencher, could but be divorc'd  
 As well as wanton wives, we foon fhould find  
 More widowers, than there are widows now. [*Exit.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

CHARINUS *coming from home in a travelling habit.*

ONCE more, ye sacred doors,\* I bid you hail,  
 And to that greeting join, Farewel for ever!  
 To-day, for the last time, I lift my foot  
 Over my father's threshold. From this hour  
 All uses and enjoyments of this house  
 Are gone, destroy'd, estrang'd from me for ever.  
 Ye household Deities, who guard my parents,  
 And shed your influence on our family,  
 To you I recommend their lives and fortunes.  
 I must seek other household Gods, must seek  
 Another city, and another country:  
 At Athens I abide no more. Where vice  
 Each day grows more and more predominant;  
 Where treachery and friendship are so mingled,

\* *Sacred doors.*] Among the ancients the doors of houses were consecrated to particular Deities. Eugraphius, in his notes on Terence, tells us, that the entrance was called Vesti-

bulum, from the goddess Vesta; and the commentators on our author cite a passage from Tertullian, in which he mentions Limentinus, that is, God of the threshold.

They

They cannot be distinguish'd ; where all joys,  
Dearest and best, are ravish'd from me ; there  
I would not live,---no, not to be a king.

S C E N E II.

*Enter at a distance* EUTYCHUS.

*Eut.* Fortune ! who seest the deeds of Gods and men,  
Sole arbiters of all events on earth,  
I thank thee ! Thou hast rais'd me from despair.  
Is there a God now happier than I ?  
All that I fought and wish'd for was at home.  
There I found friendship, life, society,  
Festivity, and joy, and jollity ;  
These boon companions chas'd the baleful troop  
Of anger, enmity, disaster, folly,  
Perverseness, sorrow, weeping, banishment,  
Distress, and solitude. Oh grant, ye Gods,  
I soon may find Charinus !

*Cha. not seeing him.]* I am prepar'd,  
Thus furnish'd as you see. I cast away  
All equipage and pomp : my own companion,  
My own attendant, horse, and groom, and squire :  
Master at once, and servant to myself,  
I carry my own baggage.---God of love,



How absolute thy sway! for thou canst make  
The coward confident, and fright the brave!

*Eut. not seeing Cba.]* I'm thinking where to find  
him.

*Cba. to himself.]* I'm resolv'd  
To seek her over all the world. No river,  
Mountain, or sea shall bar my way. I fear  
Nor heat, nor cold, nor wind, nor rain. Let rain  
Descend in torrents, or the scorching sun  
Parch me with thirst, I will endure it all.  
No rest, no respite, night or day I'll take,  
Till I have lost my life, or found my love.

*Eut.* Whose voice is that?

*Cba.* And oh ye Gods,\* who make  
The traveller your care, protect me!

*Eut.* Jupiter!

Is that Charinus?

*Cba.* Citizens, farewell!

*Eut.* Ho! stop, Charinus!

*Cba.* Who recalls me?

*Eut.* Hope,  
Safety, and victory.

*Cba.* What would you with me?

*Eut.* To keep you company.

*Cba.* Go seek some other.

For the companions that I have at present,

\* *Ye Gods, who make, &c.]* These Deities were called *Lares viiales*, Gods of the road.

Hold me, and will not part with me.

*Eut.* Who are they ?

*Cba.* Care, misery, distraction, pain, and sorrow.

*Eut.* Scurvy companions ! drive them hence. Come  
hither.

*Cba.* If you'd speak with me, follow.

*Eut.* Stop, I say.

*Cba.* 'Tis idle to delay a man in haste.

The sun is going down.

*Eut.* Direct your haste

This way, instead of that you now pursue,

And better speed will follow it. This way

The wind is prosperous, do but shift your sail.

Here's a fair western breeze, and there the south

Heavy with rain : this spreads a peaceful calm

Over the bosom of the deep, and that

Works up the billows to a foam. This way !

Make towards the land, Charinus ! Don't you see

How black the clouds are yonder, how the shower

Hangs ready to burst over you, while here

Prevails eternal sun-shine, and fair weather ?

*Cba.* The omens \* that he speaks of should deter me.  
I'll turn that way.

*Eut.* Ay, now you're wife, Charinus.

\* *The omens, &c.*] This is pious to resist certain words perfectly agreeable to the superstitious manners of the ancients, who considered it as im-  
which they regarded as omens or inspirations. LIMIERS.

Advance this way. Another step! another!  
Stretch out your hand tow'rd mine. D'ye hold me?

*Cha.* Ay.

*Eut.* Stay! whither are you going?

*Cha.* Into exile.

*Eut.* What to do there?

*Cha.* The fame that wretches use.

*Eut.* Fear nothing: I'll restore you to content,  
Ere you depart.

*Cha.* I will depart directly.

*Eut.* Attend, and I'll transport you with glad  
tidings.

Stop! I'm your friend, and bring the best of news,

*Cha.* What news?

*Eut.* Your mistress---

*Cha.* What of her?

*Eut.* I know

Where she is——

*Cha.* Do you?

*Eut.* Safe and found.

*Cha.* Safe! where?

*Eut.* Oh, I know where.

*Cha.* But I had rather know.

*Eut.* Can't you be quiet?

*Cha.* No: I'm all emotion.

*Eut.* I'll make you calm and quiet, never fear.

*Cha.* Nay, prithee now, inform me where you've  
seen her.

Not

Not a word? Speak. You kill me with your silence.

*Eut.* She's not far off.

*Cba.* Where? Shew me, if you see her.

*Eut.* I do not see her *now* indeed, but saw her  
A while ago.

*Cba.* And shall I see her?

*Eut.* Ay.

*Cba.* The least delay is tedious to a lover.

*Eut.* Still are you fearful? I'll inform you all.  
I have no dearer friend on earth, than he  
Who has her now in his possession; none  
To whom I am more bound in love and duty.

*Cba.* I don't concern myself with *him* or *her*.

*Eut.* I'll talk to you of *her* then: tho' indeed  
I never thought of telling that at first.

*Cba.* Inform me, where is she then.

*Eut.* At our house.

*Cba.* A charming house! a well-built house in-  
deed!

Built in a happy hour! if this be true.

But how may I believe it? Have you seen her?

Or do you speak from hearsay?

*Eut.* I have seen her.

*Cba.* Who brought her hither?

*Eut.* What a silly question!

*Cba.* Well, I allow it.

*Eut.* Don't you blush, Charinus?

What signifies who brought her——

*Cba.* So she's there ?

*Eut.* She's there, I promise you.

*Cba.* For these good news  
Wish what you please !

*Eut.* Suppose I do ?

*Cba.* I'll pray  
The Gods to grant your wish.

*Eut.* Ridiculous !

*Cba.* Let me but see her, all my cares are over.  
---Why don't I strip this habit off?---Within there !  
[calling.

Ho ! somebody come forth, and bring my cloak !

*Eut.* Well done ! this pleases me.

*Cba.* In good time, boy ! [to a lad who enters.  
Here, take this doublet, and this furniture.  
Nay, never stir : stay there ! that if these news  
Prove false, I may pursue my journey still.

*Eut.* Don't you believe me ?

*Cba.* Most implicitly.

But, prithee, introduce me.

*Eut.* Stay a little !

*Cba.* Why so ?

*Eut.* It is not time to enter yet.

*Cba.* You torture me.

*Eut.* There is no need, I say,  
That you should enter now.

*Cba.*

*Cba.* And why not now ?

*Eut.* There's no occasion for it.

*Cba.* No occasion ?

*Eut.* 'Tis inconvenient to her.

*Cba.* Inconvenient

To her, who loves me ; whom I love so dearly ?

---He trifles with me most egregiously.

Fool that I was to credit him ! 'Tis all

A trick to stop me.---Give me back my doublet.

*Eut.* Nay, do but hear me !

*Cba.* Here, boy ! take this cloak !

*Eut.* My mother is enrag'd against my father,  
For bringing Paficompfa to our house,  
While she was in the country ; and supposes  
That Paficompfa is my father's mistress.

*Cba. not regarding him.]* I've got my belt.\*

*Eut.* And she is now enquiring  
The truth of that affair within.

*Cba. still inattentive.]*---And sword.

*Eut.* And should I introduce you now---

*Cba. still inattentive.]*---And bottle.

And thus accoutred I march off.

*Eut.* Hold, hold !

\* *My belt—and sword—and bottle.]* Each of these composed a part of the traveller's equipage. Lambinus tells us, that travellers, as well as soldiers, carried their money at their belts ; and that neither the Greeks nor the Romans ever wore a sword in the city. The bottle was filled with oil, in order to anoint their feet.

Hark ye, Charinus !

*Cba.* No, no, Eutychus ;

No tricks on travellers !

*Eut.* I mean no tricks.

*Cba.* Won't you allow me to pursue my journey ?

*Eut.* I can't allow you.

*Cba.* Why do I delay ?

In, boy ! (*Exit Boy.*) I am already in my chariot ;  
The reins already in my hand.

*Eut.* You're mad.

*Cba.* Why do not I directly on to Cyprus,  
Seeing my father drives me into exile ?

*Eut.* Nay, cease this folly !

*Cba.* No ; I am resolv'd  
Never to cease to search for her---

*Eut.* I tell you,  
She's at our house.

*Cba.* For all, that he has said,  
Is falsehood.

*Eut.* Nothing but the real truth.

*Cba.* I'm now arriv'd at Cyprus.

*Eut.* Follow me :

And you shall see the object of your wishes.

*Cba.* I've enquir'd after her, but cannot find her.

*Eut.* I'll not regard my mother's anger now.

*Cba.* Still will I on in quest of her. I'm now  
Arriv'd at Chalcis : I encounter there

My

My old Zacynthian host, and let him know  
 My errand thither; ask if he has heard  
 Who brought her thither, and who now detains her.

*Eut.* Have done this trifling, and walk in with me.

*Cha.* "Faith,"\* says mine host, "the figs, Sir, at  
 "Zacynthus

"Are no bad figs."

*Eut.* Your host is in the right.

*Cha.* "As for your mistress, I believe, I've  
 "heard

"She is at Athens."

*Eut.* He's another Chalcas.†

*Cha.* I go on board, set sail, and come to port.  
 Now I'm at home, return'd from banishment.  
 Ha! my friend Eutyclus, are *you* there? Save you!  
 How have you been, friend? How are both my  
 parents?

What! sup with you? I'm much oblig'd to you.

To-morrow, if you please; to-day at home:

For that's but right and decent.

\* "Faith," says mine host, &c.] Some commentators have discovered a mysterious meaning in this passage, conveying a moral comparison between youth and green figs. But Turnebus justly remarks, that it means nothing more than that the host made an answer nothing to the purpose. We have an

instance of the same species of humour in Shakespeare, where the Prince answers Falstaff's question about the hostess, by saying, "And is not a buff-jerkin a sweet robe of du-rance?"

† *Chalcas.*] A priest mentioned in Homer, who had the gift of prophecy.

*Eut.*



*Eut.* You are dreaming.

The man has lost his senses.

*Cba.* Heal me then ;

Quick ! minister your medicines, like a friend.

*Eut.* Follow me then.

*Cba.* I follow.

*Eut.* Gently, gently !

You tread upon my heels.---But do you hear ?

*Cba.* I've heard too much already.

*Eut.* You must bring

My mother into humour with my father.

For she's enraged at present---

*Cba.* Prithee, hence !

*Eut.* About the girl—

*Cba.* Nay, hence, I say.

*Eut.* So mind !

*Cba.* So hence, I say ! I'll render her as mild

As Juno, when she is at peace with Jove. [*Exeunt.\**]

\* *Exeunt.*] There is something very unnatural in the behaviour of the young gentlemen in this scene. Eutyclus trifles with his friend before he communicates the most interesting news ; and Charinus

trifles after he has heard it. It is very justly observed by Limmers on this occasion, that, distant as the manners of the ancients might be from our own, yet the passions of mankind have been always the same.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

DEMIPHO, LYSIMACHUS.

*Dem.* As if now \* you yourself had ne'er been  
 guilty  
 Of such a thing as this ?

*Lysim.* 'Fore heaven, never.  
 Never, I promise you : and even now  
 I scarce know whether I'm alive, or dead.  
 My wife is so enrag'd about this wench,  
 She foams again.

*Dem.* I'll pacify your wife,  
 Make your excuse, and reconcile you both.

*Lysim.* Follow me then.----But see! my son comes  
 forth.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter* EUTYCHUS.

*Eut. to Cha. within.]* I'll to my father now, and  
 let him know

\* *As if now, &c.]* In some the two supposititious scenes  
 editions eleven spurious lines mentioned in the notes to  
 are prefixed to this scene, probably by the same hand with  
 the fourth act.

My

My mother is quite pacified ; and then  
Return immediately.

*Lyfim. listening.*] This promises.

Well, Eutyclus ? *[going up to him.*

*Eut.* Ha ! well met both !

*Lyfim.* What now ?

*Eut.* My mother is appeas'd and satisfied.  
You may join hands again.

*Lyfim.* Good heav'n be prais'd !

*Eut.* As for you, Demipho, I let you know  
You've lost your mistress.

*Dem.* Plague upon your news !  
What means all this ?

*Eut.* I'll tell you. D'ye both mark me ?

*Lyfim.* Both.

*Eut.* When'er men of rank are ill-dispos'd,  
Their evil disposition stains that rank.

*Dem.* Very true.

*Lyfim.* True indeed : but 'tis a truth  
Bears hardly upon *you*. *[to Dem.*

*Eut.* Why that's true too.

And at your age it ill becomes you, Sir,  
To ravish from your son, a youthful lover,  
His newly-purchas'd mistress.

*Dem.* How is this ?

Is Pasicompfa then Charinus' mistress ?

*Eut.* How the old fox dissembles !

*Dem.*

*Dem.* Not at all.

My fon inform'd me he had purchas'd her  
To wait upon his mother.

*Eut.* For which reason  
You purchas'd her, young lover? Eh, old boy?\*

*Lyfim.* Well said! Go on. I'll second you. Let's  
both

Work him, as he deserves, for this!

*Dem.* Confusion!

*Lyfim. on one side.]* To use his fon so ill!

*Eut. on the other side.]* So scandalously!  
To drive him into exile!

*Dem.* Is he gone?

*Lyfim.* Peace, scarecrow! an old fellow, like  
yourself,

Should have done meddling with those matters.

*Dem.* True.

I own I've been to blame.

*Eut.* Peace, hatchet-face!

Your age should not admit of crimes like these:

For as the several seasons of the year

Bring with them different fruit, in human life

So have our actions their fit seasons too.

If then old men, like you, without restraint,

Pass in lascivious wantonness their age,

\* *Young lover—old boy.]* Exactly the expressions of the original. *Novus amator—vetus puer.*

Where

Where is the safety of the publick weal ?

*Dem.* Alas ! I'm ruin'd.

*Eut.* Youth alone \* should follow  
The trade of basket-making.

*Dem.* Well, e'en take  
Basket and basket-maker to yourselves !

*Eut.* Restore them to your son : let him enjoy  
them.

*Dem.* With all my heart : I give my full consent.

*Eut.* In good time truly ! now you cannot help it.

*Dem.* Nay, let him ask whate'er revenge he will,  
And he shall have it for this injury.

But, prithee, make my peace with him : I beg  
He may not be incens'd : for had I known,  
Had he inform'd me, tho' but jestingly,  
She was his mistress, now by Hercules,  
I never would have tried to tear her from him.  
I beg you then, sweet Eutychus ; intreat you ;

\* *Youth alone, &c.*] In the original, this speech and the next run thus.

*Eut.* *Adolescentes rei agenda isti magis solent operam dare.*

*Dem.* *Jam obsecro vobis herclè habete cum sportis, cum fiscinâ.*

There are various readings in the last speech ; but each way it is agreed to be utterly proverbial, signifying, " Take her, with all that belongs to her." The reading I have followed is in English literally, " Now then prithee take her,

" with her baskets and panniers." Wherefore I have made use of a kind of cant phrase in our own tongue, somewhat similar to the language of the proverb in the original.

You're

You're his companion ; lend me your assistance.

Take an old fellow under your protection,

And you shall find he will not be ungrateful.

*Lysim.* Ay, ay, intreat him to forgive your crimes,  
And spare the follies of your youth. [*ironically.*]

*Dem.* Again ?

Cruel ! d'ye persecute me still ? I hope

A time will come I may be even with you.

*Lysim.* No : I gave over those pranks long ago.

*Dem.* Henceforward, so will I.

*Lysim.* Not you. Your mind

Will soon return to its old bent again.

*Dem.* Nay, prithee now, have done ; or if you  
please,

Horfewhip me !

*Lysim.* Truly you deserve it richly.

And when your wife shall come to know of this,

She'll do it too.

*Dem.* She need not know of it.

*Eut.* No, no : she shall not know of it : ne'er  
fear !

Let us go in ! it suits not your affairs

To talk in such a publick place as this,

And make a witness of each passer-by.

*Dem.* 'Fore heaven, you are right : the story too  
Will be the shorter ; so let's in directly !

*Eut.* Your son is at our house.

*Dem.* I'm glad to hear it.

We can pass thro' the garden home again.

*Lysim.* Hold, Eutyclus, I must enquire one  
thing,

Ere I set foot within the house.

*Eut.* What now?

*Lysim.* Every man looks to what concerns himself.  
Inform me therefore, if you're very certain  
Your mother's anger is appeas'd.

*Eut.* Quite certain.

*Lysim.* Take care!

*Eut.* Depend upon't.

*Lysim.* I'm satisfied.

But prithee don't deceive me!

*Eut.* Do you doubt me?

*Lysim.* Well, I believe you; yet I am afraid.

*Dem.* Come, come, let's enter!

*Eut.* Hold! before we go,

Pass we the laws against old men; the laws,  
By which henceforward they shall hold them bound!

“Whoever hath attain'd his fiftieth year,

“Be he or husband or old batchelor,

“And shall attempt to wanton with the wenches,

“Be it decreed, we deem him impotent;

“And for his ill-timed prodigality,

“Doom him to lose the little he has left.

“Henceforth let none forbid his youthful son,

“To

“ To wench, or keep a mistress---decently ;\*  
 “ On pain of losing more, than ’twould have cost,  
 “ Had he indulg’d him in it !---From this night

\* [*—decently.*] “ The latitude here allowed to the debaucheries of young men must be offensive to those who are acquainted with the pure doctrines of Christianity ; but was easily reconcilable to the grossness of the Pagan religion.”—Such is the remark of Madam Dacier on the conclusion of the Brothers of Terence, where, in like manner, Demea allows that his son Ctesipho shall keep his mistress.—From the other part of this play, however, which is the main plot, an excellent moral may be deduced. An antiquated libertine is indeed a truly comick character, and a very proper object of satire and ridicule. The play on the whole, though not a favourite with the old commentators, has undoubtedly great merit. There are several happy turns in the fable, which is in general well

conducted, and in its construction approaches nearer to the modern manner, than any other piece in the Greek or Latin languages. An author of these days would indeed most probably have introduced the wife of Demipho, in order to heighten the ridiculous distress of the old dotard after his detection, and by that means have enlivened the catastrophe, which, it must be confessed, appears to be the most unfinished part of this comedy. Terence, who, if he had less humour than Plautus, had certainly more art, has very happily betrayed the Lemnos intrigue of Chremes to his wife Naufistrata, in the last act of Phormio. But that Plautus had no such intention in this comedy, is plain from the following portion of the above dialogue between the parties concerned in this scene.

*Dem.* Nay, prithee now, have done ; or if you please, Horsewhip me !

*Lysim.* Truly you deserve it richly.  
 And when your wife shall come to know of this,  
 She’ll do it too.

*Dem.* She need not know of it.

*Eut.* No, no : she shall not know of it : ne’er fear !  
 Let us go in ! it suits not your affairs

To



“ Be these our laws in force against old men.”

Young men, farewell! and if ye like these statutes,

Enacted to make fathers dutiful,

Now ratify them with your loud applause!

To talk in such a publick place as this,  
And make a witness of each passer-by.

This passage alone would be an irrefragable argument of the spuriousness of the two scenes mentioned in the notes to the

fourth act, if their lamentable dullness and infidelity did not afford a still more convincing proof of the interpolation.

# A P P E N D I X.

**T**H E reverend and ingenious Mr. Farmer, in his curious and entertaining *Essay on the Learning of Shakespear*, having done me the honour to animadvert on some passages in the preface to this translation, I cannot dismiss this edition without declaring how far I coincide with that gentleman; although what I then threw out carelessly on the subject of his pamphlet was merely incidental, nor did I mean to enter the lists as a champion to defend either side of the question.

It is most true, as Mr. Farmer takes for granted, that I had never met with the old comedy called *The Supposes*, nor has it even yet fallen into my hands; yet I am willing to grant, on Mr. Farmer's authority, that Shakespear borrowed part of the plot of *The Taming of the Shrew*, from that old translation of Ariosto's play, by George Gascoign, and had no obligations to Plautus. I will accede also to the truth of Dr. Johnson's and Mr. Farmer's observation, that the line from Terence, exactly as it stands in Shakespear, is extant in

Lilly and Udall's *Floures for Latin Speaking*. Still, however, Shakespeare's total ignorance of the learned languages remains to be proved; for it must be granted, that such books are put into the hands of those who are learning those languages, in which class we must necessarily rank Shakespeare, or he could not even have quoted Terence from Udall or Lilly; nor is it likely, that so rapid a genius should not have made some further progress. "Our author, (says Dr. Johnson, as quoted "by Mr. Farmer) had this line from Lilly; which "I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning." It is, however, an argument that he read Lilly; and a few pages further it seems pretty certain, that the author of *The Taming of the Shrew*, had at least read Ovid; from whose epistles we find these lines:

*Hæc ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;*  
*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

And what does Dr. Johnson say on this occasion? Nothing. And what does Mr. Farmer say on this occasion? Nothing.

In Love's Labour Lost, which, bad as it is, is ascribed by Dr. Johnson himself to Shakespeare, there occurs the word *thraasonical*; another argument which seems to shew that he was not unacquainted

quainted with the comedies of Terence; not to mention, that the character of the schoolmaster in the same play could not possibly be written by a man who had travelled no further in Latin than *hic, hæc, hoc*.

In Henry the Sixth we meet with a quotation from Virgil,

*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*

But this, it seems, proves nothing, any more than the lines from Terence and Ovid, in the Taming of the Shrew; for Mr. Farmer looks on Shakespeare's property in the comedy to be extremely disputable; and he has no doubt but Henry the Sixth had the same author with Edward the Third, which hath been recovered to the world in Mr. Capell's productions.

If any play in the collection bears internal evidence of Shakespeare's hand, we may fairly give him *Timon of Athens*. In this play we have a familiar quotation from Horace,

*Ira furor brevis est.*

I will not maintain but this hemistich may be found in Lilly or Udall; or that it is not in the *Palace of Pleasure*, or the *English Plutarch*; or that it was not originally foisted in by the

D d 2                      players:

players : It stands, however, in the play of *Timon of Athens*.

The world in general, and those who purpose to comment on Shakespeare in particular, will owe much to Mr. Farmer, whose researches into our old authors throw a lustre on many passages, the obscurity of which must else have been impenetrable. No future Upton or Gildon will go further than North's translation for Shakespeare's acquaintance with Plutarch, or balance between Dares Phrygius, and *the Troye booke of Lydgate*. *The Hystorie of Hamblet*, in *black letter*, will for ever supersede Saxo Grammaticus; translated novels and ballads will, perhaps, be allowed the sources of Romeo, Lear, and the Merchant of Venice; and Shakespeare himself, however unlike Bayes in other particulars, will stand convicted of having *transversed* the prose of Holingshead; and at the same time, to prove "that his *studies* lay in his own language," the translations of Ovid are determined to be the production of Heywood.

"That his *studies* were most demonstratively confined to *nature*, and his *own language*," I readily allow; but does it hence follow that he was so deplorably ignorant of every other tongue, living or dead, that he only "remembered, perhaps, enough of his *schoolboy* learning to put the *big, bag, bog,*  
 " into

“ into the mouth of Sir H. Evans ; and might pick  
 “ up in the writers of the time, or the course of his  
 “ conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French  
 “ or Italian ?” In Shakespeare’s plays both these  
 last languages are plentifully scattered: but then,  
 we are told, they might be impertinent additions of  
 the players. Undoubtedly they might: but there  
 they are, and, perhaps, few of the players had  
 much more learning than Shakespeare.

Mr. Farmer himself will allow that Shakespeare  
 began to learn Latin: I will allow that his *studies*  
 lay in English: but why insist that he neither made  
 any progress at school; nor improved his acquisitions  
 there? The general encomiums of Suckling, Den-  
 ham, Milton, &c. on his *native genius*\*, prove  
 nothing; and Ben Jonson’s celebrated charge of  
 Shakespeare’s *small Latin, and less Greek* †, seems  
 absolutely

\* Mr. Farmer closes these general testimonies of Shakespeare’s  
 having been only indebted to nature, by saying, “ He came  
 “ out of her hand, *as some one else expresses it*, like Pallas  
 “ out of Jove’s head, at full growth and mature.” It is whim-  
 fical enough, that this *some one else*, whose expression is here  
 quoted to countenance the general notion of Shakespeare’s want  
 of literature, should be no other than myself. Mr. Farmer  
 does not chuse to mention where he met with this expression of  
*some one else*; and *some one else* does not chuse to mention where  
 he dropt it.

† In defence of the various reading of this passage, given in  
 the preface to the last edition of Shakespeare, “ *small Latin, and*  
 “ *no Greek*,” Mr. Farmer tells us, that “ it was adopted above  
 “ a century ago by W. Towers, in a panegyrick on Cartwright.”  
 Surely, Towers having said that Cartwright had *no Greek*, is no  
 proof that Ben Jonson said so of Shakespeare.

absolutely to decide that he had *some* knowledge of both; and if we may judge by our own time, a man, who has any Greek, is seldom without a very competent share of Latin; and yet such a man is very likely to study Plutarch in English, and to read translations of Ovid.

END OF VOL. II.

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