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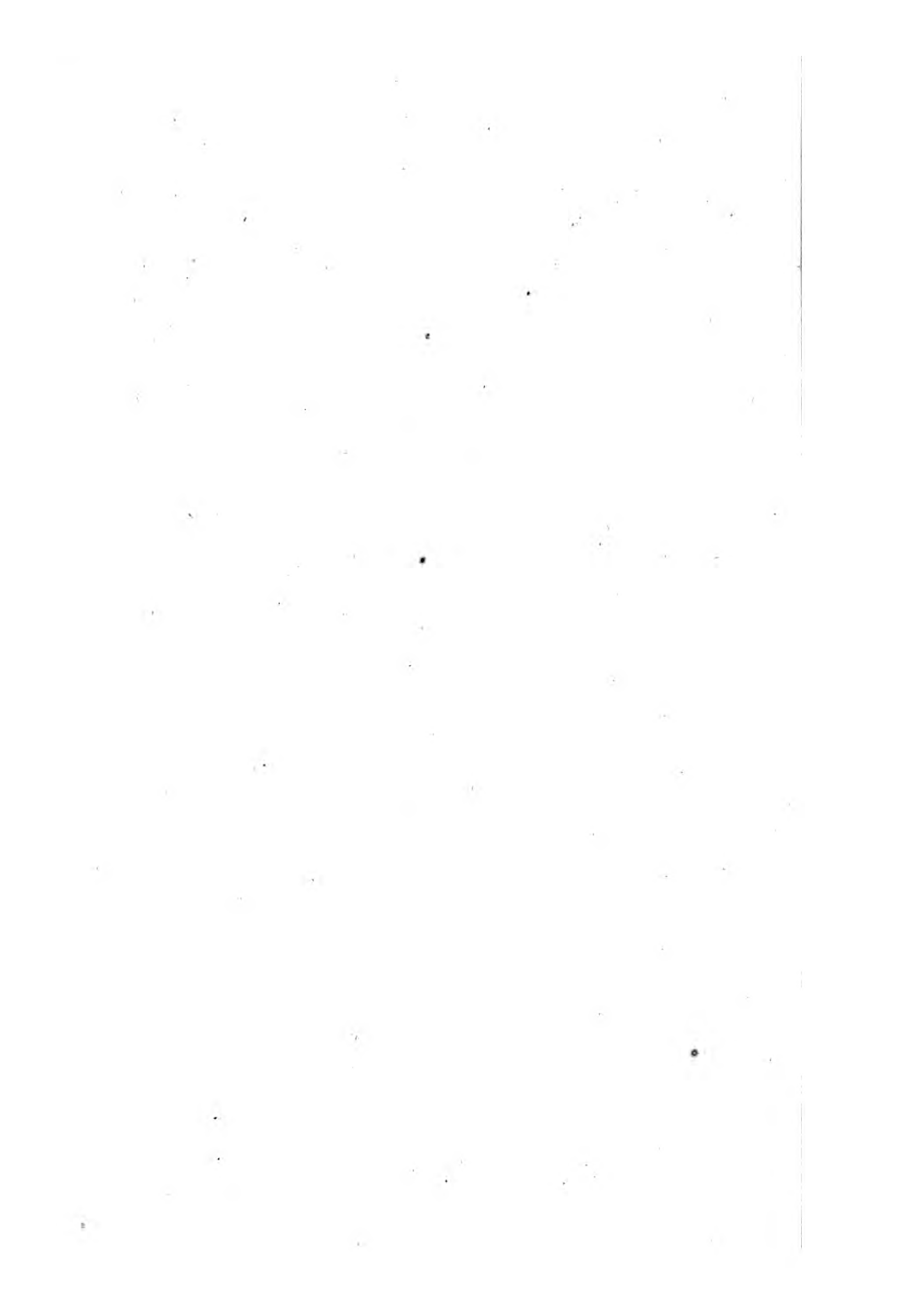


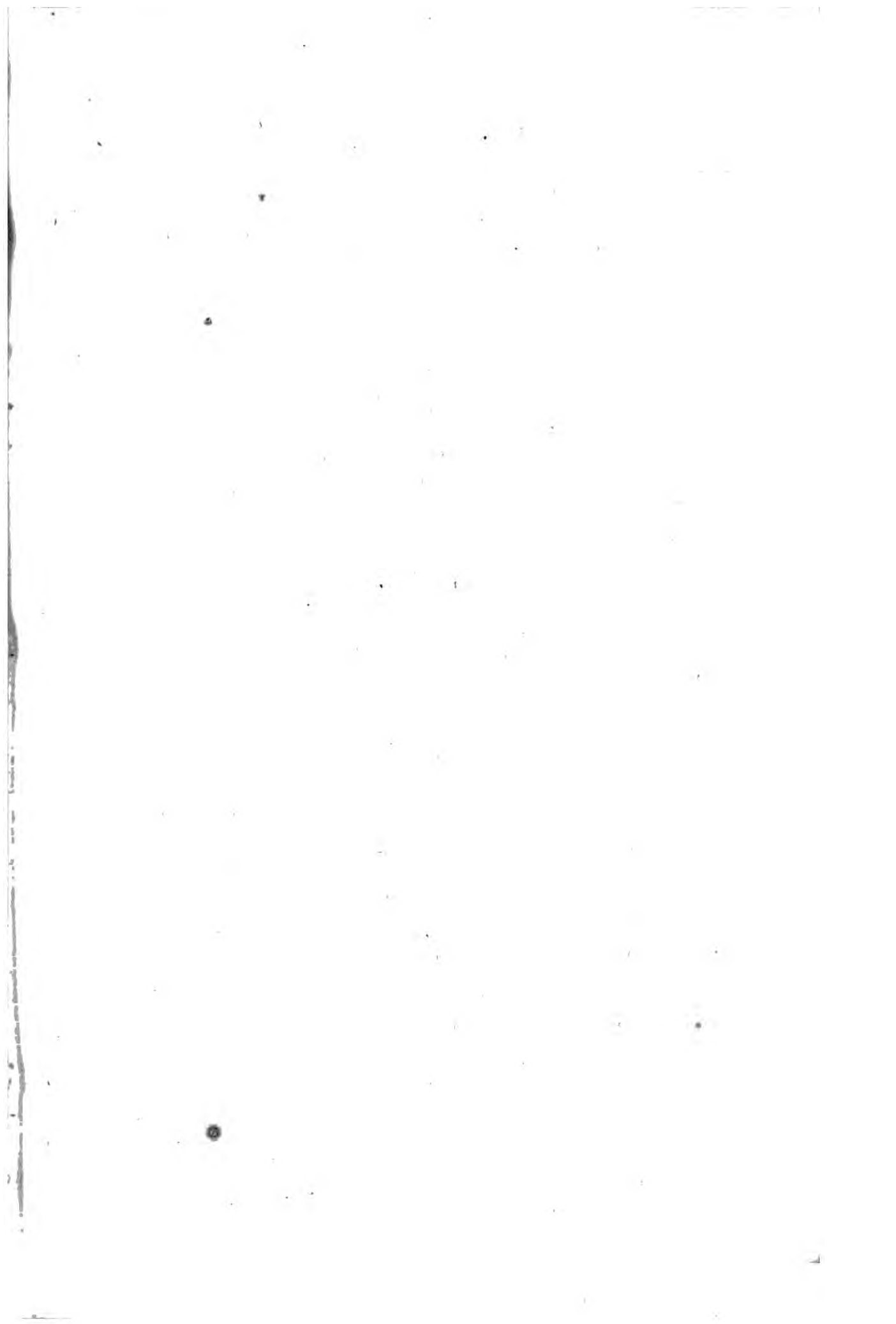
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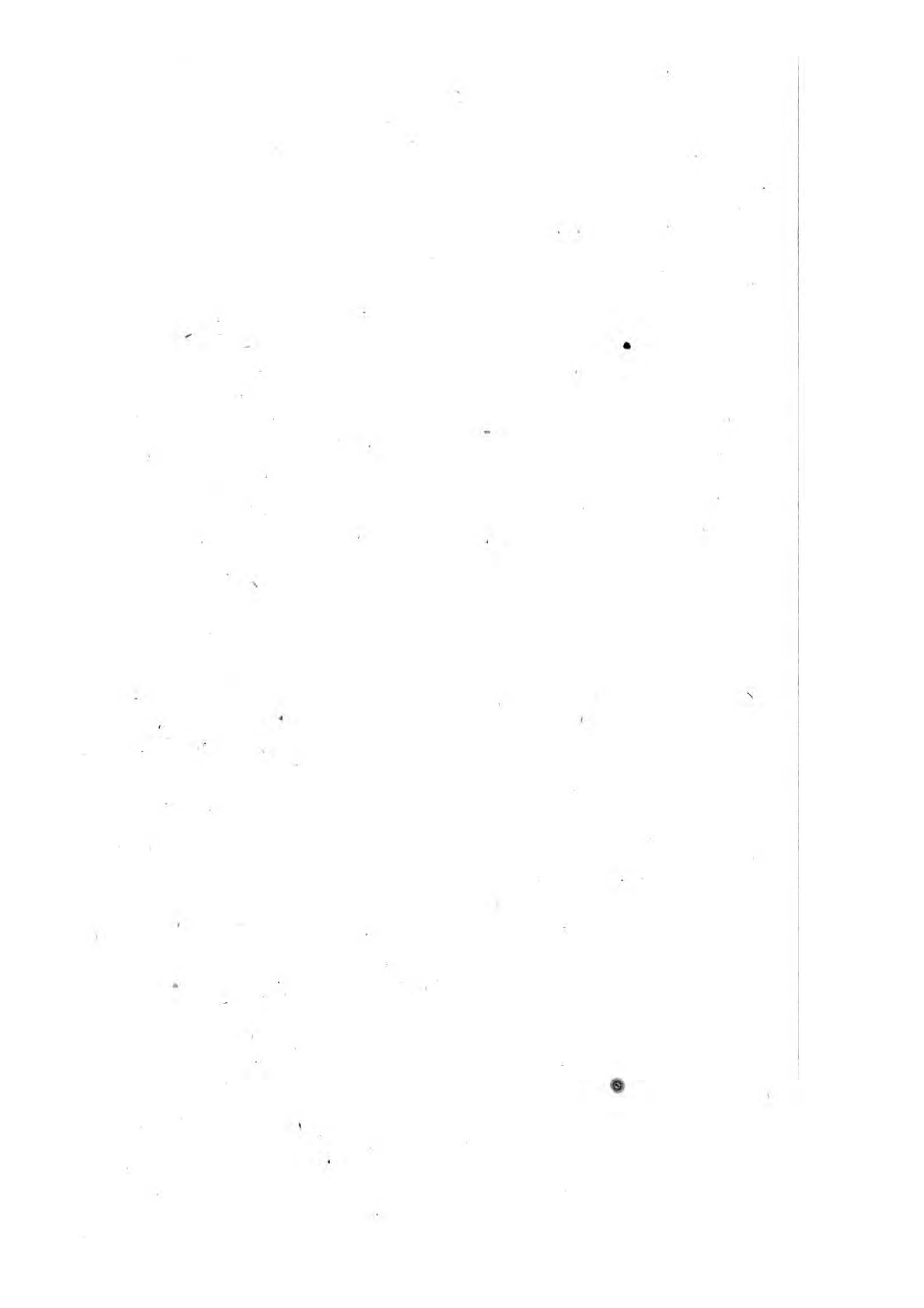
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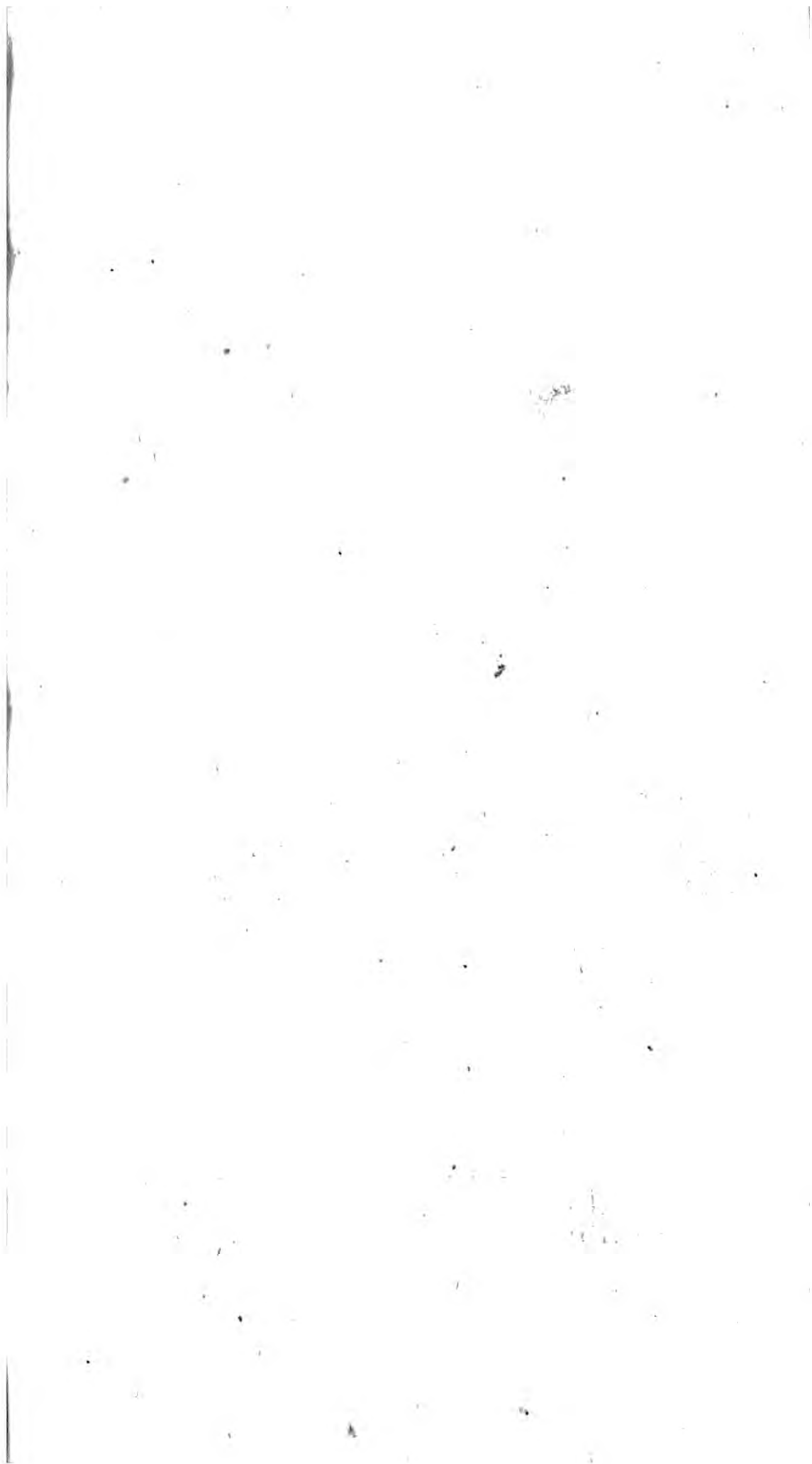


XL 8.23 TER (Cont)









Frontispiece.



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.

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 remôrant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli,
Nugari cum illo et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.* HOR.

The SECOND EDITION, revised and corrected.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:
Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in the Strand;
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MDCCLXVIII.

P R E F A C E.

AN attempt to give a new translation of the Comedies of Terence will, I believe, scarce be thought to demand an apology. Bernard and Hoole were obsolete even in the days of Echard; Echard and his co-adjutors, it is universally agreed, presented as imperfect an image of Terence, as Hobbs of Homer, or Ogilby of Virgil; and those, who have since employed themselves on this author, seem to have confined their labours to the humble endeavour of assisting learners of Latin in the construction of the original text. It is

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not, however, the intention of this Preface to recommend the present translation, such as it is, by depreciating the value of those that have gone before it; and I will fairly confess, that of such of them as I thought it expedient to consult, I have made all the use that the different genius of our undertakings would admit.

When the beauties of Sophocles lay buried in Adams's prose, it was no wonder that a Greek Professor, with a laudable jealousy for the reputation of one of the first writers in that language, should step forth, and endeavour to recommend him to the notice of the English Reader, by exhibiting him in a poetical dress. Blank Verse is now considered as the life and soul of Tragedy; though perhaps too much attention to the language, in preference to the fable
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and the manners, has been one of the chief causes of the failure of our modern Tragedies. From almost all other compositions that measure is now excluded; and since the days of Milton, it has been thought to relish so much of the sublime, that it has scarce ever been suffered to tread the stage, as an attendant on the Comick Muse. Wherefore, notwithstanding the praises justly due to the Translator of Sophocles, it may be thought strange to make the same experiment on Terence, to raise the voice of Comedy against her will, and to force the author to wear the buskin instead of the sock.

To these and the like objections, the reader might expect an answer in the following translation; but there I will not promise that he shall find it. A man of very moderate talents may form

a plan above his ability to execute ; and his failure may serve the cause of letters, though not very honourable to himself. It may not be amiss, therefore, to consider the nature of the undertaking, and to examine the propriety of an attempt to translate the plays of a Roman Comick Poet into English Blank Verse.

It is well known that Comedy, as well as Tragedy, owed its origin to a kind of rude song ;* Tragedy to the Dithyrambick, and Comedy to the Phallica : and as each of them began to form themselves into Dramatick Imitations, each studied to adopt a measure suited to their purpose. Tragedy, the more lofty, chose the Tetrameter ; and Comedy, who aimed at familiarity, the Iambick. But as the stile of Tragedy improved, Nature herself, says Aristotle,

* Aristot. *περι ποιητ. κερ. 5.*

P R E F A C E.

directed the writers to abandon the capering Tetrameter, and to embrace that measure which was most accommodated to the purposes of dialogue; whence the Iambick became the common measure of Tragedy and Comedy.

**Hunc SOCCI cepere pedem, grandesq; COTHURNI,
Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
Vincentem strepitus, & natum rebus agendis.*

——Iambicks——suited to the stage,
In comick humour, or in tragick rage,
With sweet variety were found to please,
And taught the dialogue to flow with ease;
Their numerous cadence was for action fit,
And form'd to quell the clamours of the pit.

FRANCIS.

Some of the Tragedies of Sophocles, and more of Euripides, have escaped the wreck of Græcian Literature: but

* Hor. de Arte Poeticâ,

none of the Greek legitimate Comedies, except those of Aristophanes be such, have come entire down to our times. Yet even from those, as well as from the fragments of Menander, Philemon, &c. it is evident that measure was supposed to be as necessary to Comedy as Tragedy.

*In this, as well as in all other matters of literature, the usage of Greece was religiously observed at Rome. Plautus, in his richest vein of humour, is numerous and poetical: and the Comedies of Terence, though we cannot agree to read them after Bishop Hare,

* Some passages in this preface are taken from a small tract, published some time ago, entitled *Critical Reflections on the Old English Dramatick Writers*, which has since been prefixed by the Bookseller to Coxeter's Edition of Massinger. In that little tract I first mentioned the idea of this translation; and as the nature of the subject then led me to say something concerning the use of Measure in Comedy, I thought it better to introduce those passages into this preface, than to repeat the very same thing in other words.

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were evidently not written without regard to Measure. The Comick Poets indeed indulged themselves in many licences; but the particular character of the measure used by those authors, as may be gathered from Horace, was its familiarity, and near approach to common conversation.

* Idcirco quidam, Comœdia necne poëma
 Effet, quæſivere, quod acer ſpiritus & vis
 Nec verbis, nec rebus ineſt: *nifi quod pede certo*
Differt ſermoni, ſermo merus.

Some doubt, if Comedy be juſtly thought
 A real poem, ſince it may be wrought
 In ſtile and ſubject, without fire or force;
And, bate the numbers, is but mere diſcourſe.

FRANCIS.

By the Antients then it is evident that Measure was always conſidered as eſſential to Comedy, nor has

* Hor. Sat. iv. lib. i.

it always been thought improper even among the Moderns. Our neighbours, the French, seem to have imagined mere prose, which, with Moliere's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the meanest of us have talked from our cradle, to be too little elevated for the language of the theatre. Even to this day, they write most of their plays, Comedies as well as Tragedies, in verse; and the excellent *Avare* of Moliere had nearly failed of the applause it deserved by being written in prose. In our own nation, Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, and all our old writers, used Blank Verse in their Comedy: of which practice it is too little to say, that it needs no apology. It deserves the highest commendation, since it hath been the means of introducing the most capital beauties into their compositions,

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while the same species of excellence could not possibly enter into the comedies of a later period, when the Muse had constrained herself to walk the stage in humble prose.

I would not however be understood, by what I have here said of Measure in Comedy, to object to the use of prose, or to insinuate that our modern pieces, taken all together, are the worse for being written in that stile. That indeed is a question that I am not called upon to enter into at present; and it is enough for me to have shewn that Poetical Dialogue was in use among our old writers, and was the constant practice of the Antients. Menander and Apollodorus wrote in measure; Terence, who copied from their pieces, wrote in measure; and consequently they, who attempt to render his plays into a modern language, should

should follow the same method. If Terence, in the opinion of Quintilian, failed of transfusing all the elegancies of Menander into his stile, by neglecting to adhere to Trimeters, how can the translator of Terence hope to catch the smallest part of his beauties by totally abandoning the road of poetry, and deviating entirely into prose? If it be too true of translations in general, according to the severe and witty censure of Don Quixote in his visit to the printing-house at Barcelona, that they are like the wrong side of Flemish Tapestry, in which, though we distinguish the figures, they are confused and obscured by ends and threads; they, who render verse by prose, may be said purposely to turn the pieces of their original the seamy side without; and to avoid copying the plain face of nature,
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in order to make their drawings after the topsy-turvy figures of the Camera Obscura.

But this matter is not merely speculative. The theory has long ago been confirmed by practice, and the first translators of the antient comick writers naturally gave poetical versions of their plays. We are told by Voltaire in the Supplement to his General History, * that early in the 16th century the best pieces of Plautus were translated into Italian at Venice; “and they translated them,” continues he, “into Verse, as they ought to be translated, since it was in Verse that they were written by Plautus.” In the same century, in the reign of Charles IV. Baif, an old French Poet, translated the Eunuch of our Author into

* Pag. 183.

French Verse, and Madam Dacier herself acknowledges it to have been an excellent translation ; notwithstanding which acknowledgment we cannot wonder that She, who translated Homer into prose, should do the same thing by Terence. Menage mentions an old translation of all the works of Terence, partly verse, partly prose ; and I believe there is more than one translation of all his plays into Italian verse : besides which, great part of The Andrian and The Brothers have been translated pretty closely into French verse by Baron, as well as of the Eunuch by Fontaine.

The French Heroick, if we may scan it by our English ears,

Legitimumque sonum digito callemus et aure,

is, like the Greek Tetrameter, a kind of dancing measure, ill suited to the purposes of dialogue, noble or familiar; and so very inconvenient in poems of length, that the want of a proper measure in that language has occasioned that strange solecism in letters, an Epick Poem in Prose: but, notwithstanding these difficulties, whoever will compare Baron, Fontaine, and some few passages of Terence translated by Moliere, with any prose translation, will immediately be convinced of their great superiority. The English Blank Verse is happily conceived in the true spirit of that elegant and magnificent simplicity, which characterises the Græcian Iambick, and it is remarked by the Rev. Mr. T. Warton, the learned and ingenious Poetry-Professor of the University of Oxford, that “ an Alexandrine, entirely consisting

“ fitting of Iambick feet, answers precisely to a pure Tetrametrical Iambick verse of the Antients.”*

The mere modern critick, whose idea of Blank Verse is perhaps attached to that empty swell of phraseology, so frequent in our late tragedies, may consider these notions as void of foundation; and will not readily allow that the same measure can be as well adapted to the expression of comick humour, as to the *pathos* of Tragedy: but practice, as well as theory, has confirmed the promiscuous use of it. It is observed by Gravina, that as an Hexameter sounds very differently in Homer and in Theocritus, so doth an Iambick in Tragedy and Comedy. † Nobody will pretend that there is the least similitude between the

* Observations on the Fairy Queen, second Edit. p. 155.

† Della Tragedia, Napoli, 1732. p. 61.

stile of Horæe and Virgil ; and yet they both use the same measure. But not to dwell on argument, and rather to produce irrefragable proofs of the fact, let me recur to the works of our old writers. Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher, &c. shall be my vouchers. Let the critick carefully read over the works of those authors. There he will seldom or ever find that tumour of Blank Verse, to which he has been so much accustomed on the modern stage. He will be surpris'd with a familiar dignity, which, though it rises somewhat above ordinary conversation, is rather an improvement than perversion of it. He will soon be convinced, that Blank Verse is by no means appropriated solely to the Buskin, but that the hand of a master may mould it to whatever purposes he pleases ; and that in Comedy, it will not only admit
humour,

humour, but even heighten and embellish it. “The Britons,” says Mr. Seward in his preface to the last edition of Beaumont and Fletcher,* “not only
 “retained metre in their Comedies, but
 “also all the *acer spiritus*, all the
 “strength and nerves of poetry, which
 “was in a good measure owing to the
 “happinefs of our Blank Verse, which,
 “at the same time that it is capable of
 “the highest sublimity, the most extensive and noblest harmony of the
 “Tragick and Epick; yet, when used
 “familiarily, is so near the *sermo pedestris*,
 “so easy and natural, as to be well
 “adapted even to the drollest comick
 “dialogue.—†Every one must know
 “that the genteel parts of Comedy, descriptions of polite life, moral sen-

* Pag. 38.

† Pag. 39.

“ tences,

“ tences, paternal fondness, filial duty,
 “ generous friendship, and particularly
 “ the delicacy and tendernefs of lovers’
 “ sentiments, are equally proper to poetry
 “ in Comedy as in Tragedy.----* Such
 “ poetick excellence, therefore, will the
 “ reader find in the genteel part of our
 “ Authors’ Comedies; and there is a
 “ poetick stile often equally proper and
 “ excellent even in the lowest drollery
 “ of Comedy.”

Instances of the truth and justice of
 these observations might be produced
 without number from the authors above
 mentioned; and perhaps the unnatural
 stiffness of the modern tragick stile is in
 great measure owing to the almost total
 exclusion of Blank Verse from modern
 compositions, Tragedy excepted. The
 common use of an elevated diction in

* Page 43.

Comedy, where the writer was often, of necessity, put upon expressing the most ordinary matters, and where the subject demanded him to paint the most familiar and ridiculous emotions of the mind, was perhaps one of the chief causes of that *easy vigour* so conspicuous in the stile of our old tragedies. Habituated to Poetical Dialogue in those compositions, wherein they were obliged to adhere more strictly to the simplicity of the language of nature, the poets learned, in those of a more exalted species, not to depart from it too wantonly, nor entirely to abandon that magnificent plainness, which is the genuine dress of true passion and poetry. The Greek Tragedy, as has been before observed, quitted the Tetrameter for the natural Iambick. Just the contrary happened on our own stage, when Dryden and the co-tem-

temporary poets, authors of those strange productions called Heroick Tragedies, introduced rhyme in the place of Blank Verse, asserting that the latter was nothing more than *measured prose*; which, by the bye, exactly agrees with Horace's character of the irregular iambick of the Roman Comedy,

— *nisi quod pede certo*

Differt sermoni, sermo merus.

These, and the like considerations, had long appeared to me as the invincible reasons, why all attempts to render the comedies of the Antients into downright prose must prove, as they ever have proved, unsuccessful; and imagining that we had in our own language the models of a proper diction, I was led to attempt a version of one of Terence's plays in familiar Blank Verse, something after the manner of our Old Writers, but by no

means professing or intending a direct imitation of them. This first essay, conscious of its crudeness and inaccuracy, but dubious whether it was worth while to endeavour to give it a higher polish, I communicated to a few friends; whose partiality to that effort encouraged me to proceed, and I found myself seriously engaged, almost before I was aware, in a translation of all our Author's pieces. How I have acquitted myself of this very hard task must now be submitted to the Publick: but if I have failed in the undertaking, I will venture to say, that my ill success is entirely owing to the lameness of the execution of a plan, which may be pursued more happily by some better writer.

Thus much, however, it was thought necessary to premise, not only by way of reflection on our English Blank Verse, but

but that the reader might not expect an attempt at a different kind of poetry, than I have endeavoured to set before him in the following translation. There are indeed scenes of Terence that require all the graces of poetry to give a tolerable version of them ; but it has been * observed to be his peculiar excellence, that his plays have so admirably preserved the due character of Comedy, that they never rise to the sublime of Tragedy, nor sink into the meanness of Farce ; and Madam Dacier has remarked with what address he has accommodated the sentiments of Euripides to the use of Comedy. The scenes here alluded to are much of the same colour with many in our old writers : wherefore I am the more fur-

* Illud quoque inter Terentianas virtutes mirabile, quod ejus fabulæ eo sunt temperamento, ut neque extumescant ad tragicam celsitudinem,

neque abjiciantur ad mimicam vilitatem.

EVANTHIUS *de Tragædiâ & Comædiâ.*

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prized that Mr. Seward, in his Preface above-cited, while he gives so just an account of the diction used in the old comedies of our own theatre, should yet speak so unadvisedly of the stile of the Greek and Roman Drama, as to say, that * “ even the sublimest sentiments
 “ of Terence, when his Comedy raises
 “ its voice to the greatest dignity, are
 “ still not cloathed in poetick diction.” --
 And again, “ that the Greeks appro-
 “ priated the spirit and nerves of poetry
 “ to Tragedy only, and though they did
 “ not wholly deprive Comedy of metre,
 “ they left it not the shadow of poetick
 “ diction.” That learned and elegant Critick, Mr. Joseph Warton, who was the first that gave in English any of the fragments of Menander, when he apologizes for the translation, † “ remember-
 “ ing always how much his elegance is

* Page 37, and 38.

† Adventurer, No. 105

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“injured by a plain profaic translation,” was, it is evident, of a very different opinion: and Gravina * mentions it as a wonderful quality of the measure in the antient Tragedy and Comedy, that while it possesses all the dignity of Verse, it has all the ease and familiarity of Prose.

But not only the opinion of many ingenious men among the moderns, as well as the living testimony of the plays themselves, but also the express authority of the antient Criticks absolutely contradicts the assertion of Mr. Seward. We are told by Quintilian, that Menander, † though he cultivated a different province of the drama, was a great admirer and imitator of Euripides, which accounts for the sentiments of that Tragick Poet still to be met with in the comedies of Terence. The same critick also speaks

* Della Tragedia, p. 59. † Inst. Orator. Lib. x. cap. 1.

of the force and grandeur, as well as elegance, * of the stile in the Old Comedy; and Horace, even in the passage where he doubts whether a Comedy is to be esteemed a Poem, on account of the familiarity of the stile, immediately subjoins, *At pater ardens sævit, &c.* And in another place he has directly delivered his opinion, how far the Tragick and Comick Muse may reciprocally assume each other's tone.

· Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult ;
 · Indignatur item privatis ac prope focco
 · Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.

* Antiqua Comœdia cum sinceram illam sermonis Attici gratiam prope sola retinet, tum facundissimæ libertatis, etsi est in insectandis vitiis præcipua, plurimum tamen *virium* etiam in cæteris partibus habet. Nam & *grandis*, & elegans, & venusta, & nescio an ulla, post Homerum tamen, quem, ut Achillem, semper excipi par est, aut si-

mior fit oratoribus, aut ad oratores faciendos aptior.

Quintilian. Inst. Orator.

Lib. x. cap. 1.

Sua cuique proposita lex, suus cuique decor est. Nec comœdia in cothurnos affurgit, nec contra tragoedia focco ingreditur. *Habet tamen omnis eloquentia aliquid commune.*

Ibid. cap. 2.

Singula

Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.
 Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit,
 Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore ;
 Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri. *

To these lines I shall subjoin Oldham's unpolished imitation, because it brings them home to our own stage; and I would recommend it to the reader, who is curious to see any thing further on this subject, to peruse Dacier's notes on this passage in the original.

Volpone and Morose will not admit
 Of Catiline's high strains, nor is it fit
 To make Sejanus on the stage appear
 In the low dress which Comick persons wear:
 Whate'er the subject be on which you write,
 Give each thing its due place and time aright.
 Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her stile,
 And angry Chremes is allow'd to swell ;
 And Tragedy alike has sometimes leave
 To throw off majesty when 'tis to grieve.

OLDHAM.

* Hor. Art. Poet.

I shall

I shall conclude what I have to say, on the propriety of translating the Roman Comick Poets into English Blank Verse, by observing to what advantage many of the sentiments of Terence and Plautus have already appeared in that dress in the plays of our old writers. Jonson, according to the just and elegant observation of Dryden, may often be tracked in their snow; and in the notes to this translation the reader will meet with many passages similar to those in our Author from Shakespear. A most learned and acute critick has observed, that “we seldom are able to fasten an imitation, with certainty, on such a writer as Shakespear;” because “he takes nothing but the *sentiment*; the expression comes of itself, and is purely English.” † I have

* HURD *on the Marks of Imitation*, p. 19.

† *Ibid.* p. 75.

there-

therefore given the passages in question merely as *resemblances*, leaving the reader to make his own comment on them.

Besides the resemblance of particular passages, scattered up and down in different plays, it is well known that the whole Comedy of Errors is in great measure founded on the *Menæchmi* of Plautus; but I do not recollect ever to have seen it observed that the disguise of the Pedant in the *Taming of the Shrew*, his assuming the name and character of Vincentio, together with his encountering the real Vincentio, seem to be evidently taken from the disguise of the Sycophanta in the *Trinummus* of the same author; and there is a quotation from the *Eunuch* of Terence also, so familiarly introduced into the dialogue of the *Taming of the Shrew*, that I think it puts the question of Shakespeare's having

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ing read the Roman Comick Poets in the original language out of all doubt.

Tranio. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart.

If love hath touch'd you, nought remains but so,

* *Redime te captum quàm queas minimo.*

Taming of the Shrew, Act 1.

I do not think it incumbent on me in this place, according to the custom of most editors and translators, to write a panegyrick on my Author; much less shall I attempt to draw a comparison in his favour between Him and Plautus; though I cannot help observing, that the common-place of modern criticism on these writers is, in general, very different from that of the Antients. We now ex-

* It is remarkable that this seems to be a quotation from memory, or that the phrase is purposely altered by Shakespeare, in order to bring the sense within the compass of one line; for the passage

here does not run exactly in the words of Terence, which are these: *Quid agas? nisi ut te redimas captum quam queas minimo.*

Eunuch. Act. I. Scen. 1.

tol

tol Plautus for his humour, and Terence for his stile; and on this foundation is raised the comparison between them, so injurious to our author, in the sixth book of the Poetics of Scaliger. Varro, on the contrary, gives the preference to the stile of Plautus, which he considers as the language of the Muses themselves; and assigns the just delineation of characters as the peculiar excellence of Terence; who, in the time of Augustus, was equally admired for the artful contexture and judicious conduct of his plots. Cæsar and Tully, and Quintilian, have indeed spoken with justice of the elegance and purity of his stile; but the excellencies of the fable and the manners are prior to those of the diction; and as they are the chief beauties of Comedy, so are they the distinguishing characteristics of Terence.

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In my opinion, the juſteſt objection ever made to his plays is the * ſimilarity of the plots, which neceſſarily produces a ſimilarity of ſtile and characters ; nor can it be ſufficiently lamented that a writer, who was ſo accurate a painter of the manners, and ſo judicious a conductor of the fable, as well as ſo exquisite in his language, ſhould not have given full ſcope to his genius, and taken in a greater variety of perſonages, and been more ſtudious to diversify the incidents of his ſeveral comedies.

For more particular obſervations on our Poet, the reader is referred to the Notes on the ſeveral plays. As for the

* Hac ſane parte [ſcilicet vi comicâ] videtur ſuperior Plautus ; uti & varietate tum argumentorum, tum dictionis. Nam Plautus ſemper ſtudet eſſe novus, ſuique diſſimilis ; ſeu rem ſpectes, ſeu verba.

In Terentio vero magnopere conveniunt argumenta fabularum : & quando de eadem re, aut ſimili eſt ſermo, plurimum nec abſimilis eſt dictionis.

Vossius, *Inſt. Poet. Lib. ii. cap. 25. ſect. 5.*

Notes themselves, many of them, being taken from the best criticks and commentators, antient and modern, living and dead, natives and foreigners, will, I know, be allowed to have merit; many others being entirely my own, are as liable to censure as the translation itself; especially those, wherein I have ventured to oppose the judgments of others; though I can safely say that I have never attempted to litigate any opinion, merely from a petulant spirit of contradiction, or an ambition of novelty. It is the duty of an editor and translator to illustrate and explain the author, to the best of his abilities; and if he differs from former criticks, he should give his reasons for his dissent, and leave it to the Publick to decide. He too, it is true, may be deceived in his turn; for as the critick is as often wrong as the author on whom he comments, or if we may
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take a poet's word on this occasion,

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss,*

so is the Hypercritick as fallible as the Critick. But each man's understanding, such as it is, must be his guide; and he, who has not courage to make a free use of it, but obtrudes the opinions of others, unsifted and unexamined, on his readers, betrays more want of respect for their understanding, than diffidence of his own.

It was my first intention to have accompanied this translation with a Dissertation on Comedy, hoping it might have appeared an agreeable addition to the work; but on weighing this matter seriously, and turning it over and over in my thoughts, I found the subject grow upon me so considerably, as it opened itself to my mind, that the per-

* Pope's Essay on Crit.

suit of it would have unavoidably betrayed me into another volume ; so that what I meant for the advantage of the Reader, like the *Bonus* in a Government-Subscription, would in fact have proved a heavy tax. The work has already exceeded the limits, which I proposed to myself at first setting out. I did not, therefore, think it justice to the purchasers to swell the price still more ; and to have given the dissertation, maimed or incomplete, would have been injustice to them, as well as to myself. Whenever it sees the light, it shall be as perfect as I am able to make it. In the mean time, every thing relative to the Comedies of Terence, critical as well as explanatory, will, I hope, be found in the Notes. I have with much industry endeavoured to collect, from all quarters, sometimes perhaps too minutely, what-

ever could contribute to throw any light on our Author; and there is prefixed a translation of the account of his life from Suetonius: with which, as well as the notes annexed to it from Madam Dacier, together with a translation of all that learned lady's remarks on the four last plays, I was favoured by Dr. Ralph Schomberg of Bath: nor can I otherwise account for his great kindness in voluntarily offering to take so toilsome and disagreeable part of my task off my hands, but that he was resolved that there should be none of his family, to whom I should not owe some obligation.

The order in which the Six Comedies are placed in this translation, although the same that is observed in most editions and manuscripts, is not according to the real series in which they were written and exhibited by Terence: they succeeded
each

each other in the original course of representation at Rome as follows.

1. The Andrian,
2. The Step-Mother,
3. The Self-Tormentor,
4. The Eunuch,
5. Phormio,
6. The Brothers.

Madam Dacier endeavouring to assign the motives that induced the most anti-ent editors and transcribers to that arrangement of the plays in which we now see them, in preference to the true chronological order, imagines it beyond a doubt, that they were influenced by the judgement of Volcatius Sedigitus; who, she supposes, had ranked every dramattick piece, as well as every author, according to his opinion of their merit; and who placed the Step-Mother the last of our Author's Six Plays.

Sumetur Hecyra sexta ex his fabula.

The Step-Mother,

The last and least in merit of the Six.

Agreeably to this notion, she places the Step-Mother the last in her collection, which has induced her followers to do the same thing : but the truth is, that in most copies, the Step-Mother stands the fifth, so that in all probability, as little respect was paid to the judgement of Volcatius concerning the respective merit of our author's several pieces, if indeed he decided on them all, as to his injudicious decision of the rank due to him among the Comick Poets.

The old compilers had, I doubt not, a reason for the order in which they placed these comedies: it is impossible to speak with any confidence on so dark a point at this distance of time; but after a longer investigation of this matter
than

than perhaps such a trifle required, it appeared to me the most plausible, as well as most simple manner of accounting for it, to suppose that, in regard to the original authors from which the comedies were taken, the principal intention of the first compilers was merely to keep together all the pieces imitated from the same Greek poet. Accordingly, the four first plays, *The Andrian*, *Eunuch*, *Self-Tormentor*, and *Brothers*, are from Menander; and the two last, the *Step-Mother* and *Phormio*, from Apollodorus: allowing for this variation, they are ranged, as nearly as may be, according to the true order in which they appeared; for I take it for granted, that the *Eunuch* is placed the second, that the *Self-Tormentor* might not be forced out of its right place; since in the present arrangement the *Self-Tormentor*

and the Andrian still precisely occupy their original rank. This however is submitted merely as conjecture ; but it is remarkable, that however books differ in other respects, they all concur in giving the first place to the Andrian ; though it would be difficult for the nicest critick to assign the reasons why it ought, in point of merit, to take the lead of the Eunuch, or why either of the two should precede the Self-Tormentor. It should seem therefore, that the chronological order was attended to by the old transcribers, as far as it could be reconciled to the plan on which they proceeded.

Before I conclude this Preface, it is necessary to speak of two or three circumstances peculiar to these Comedies. First then, the English reader is desired to observe, that the manners, prevailing
in

in them all, are wholly Græcian. The scene is always laid in or near Athens, the actors were dressed in Græcian habits, suitable to their respective characters; and the customs, coins, &c. occasionally mentioned, such as were used in Greece. Terence, who imitated, rather than * translated Menander, chose however to preserve the scenery and manners of his original. The *direct translator* of Terence therefore has certainly no right to modernize his comedies, and instead of Græcian manners to substitute the French, English, or Italian. Yet this hath been the method pursued by most professed

* The ingenious Author of a commentary and notes on Horace's Art of Poetry asserts, p. 193. that "some of Terence's plays are *direct translations* from Menander." This could proceed from nothing but mere inadvertence, since the slightest reflection must have convinced

him, that the prologues of Terence point out some capital variations from the Greek, and the learned Critick himself has on other occasions taken notice of those variations. The old commentators have taken notice of many others, as will appear in the notes to this translation.

translators, though necessarily productive of two great inconveniencies: for first, it deprives the modern reader of the pleasure of directly comparing the manners and customs of another age and country with those of his own; and secondly, the ground of the play, the fable, characters, sentiments, and language, still retaining the antient cast, the result of this modernizing spirit is a fantastical medley, which represents the manners of no age or country at all.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged chastity of Terence, there are many things in these plays irreconcilable to modern notions of delicacy; and there is, even in his dialogue, so justly esteemed for its urbanity, many violations of the modern rules of politeness. “ The influence of
 “ modern manners (says an excellent
 “ writer) reaches even to names and the

“ ordinary forms of address. In the Greek
 “ and Roman Dialogues, it was per-
 “ mitted to accost the greatest persons
 “ by their obvious and familiar appella-
 “ tions. Alcibiades had no more addi-
 “ tion than Socrates: and Brutus and
 “ Cæsar lost nothing of their dignity from
 “ being applied to in those direct terms.
 “ The Moderns, on the contrary, have
 “ their guards and fences about them ;
 “ and we hold it an incivility to approach
 “ them without some decent periphrasis,
 “ or ceremonial title.”* Many instances
 of this antient familiarity will occur in
 these comedies; and though I have some-
 times rendered the *bere* or *bera* of the
 original by the terms of *Sir* or *Madam*,
 yet the reader will commonly find the
 meanest slave accosting his master or mis-
 tress by their plain names without any
 more respectful addition.

* Preface to Moral and Political Dialogues, by the Rev.
Mr. Hurd. The

The several allusions to antient customs are explained, as occasion requires; and the value of the coins is taken notice of the two or three first times that each species is mentioned: but as there is not one of the plays, wherein most of them do not very frequently occur, I have thought proper to insert in this place Cooke's Table of Attick Money, to be referred to at pleasure.

A Table of Sums in Attick Money, with their Proportion to English Money.

OBOLI.	l.	s.	d.	q.		MINAE.	l.	s.	d.	q.								
1	-	-	-	-	00	00	01	1	$\frac{1}{6}$	20	-	-	-	64	11	08	0	
2	-	-	-	-	00	00	02	2	$\frac{1}{3}$	60	equal to a Talent	193	15	00	0	0	0	
3	-	-	-	-	00	00	03	3	$\frac{1}{2}$	T A L E N T A.								
4	-	-	-	-	00	00	04	4	$\frac{2}{3}$	1	-	-	193	15	00	0		
5	-	-	-	-	00	00	05	5	$\frac{5}{6}$	5	-	-	968	15	00	0		
6	equal to a Drachma	00	00	07	3	100	equal to a Mina	03	04	07	0	10	-	-	1937	10	00	0
D R A C H M A E.											15	-	-	2906	05	00	0	
1	-	-	-	-	00	00	07	3	20	-	-	3875	00	00	0	0		
10	-	-	-	-	00	06	05	2	100	-	-	19375	00	00	0	0		
M I N A E.											Terence mentions the Half Mina in his Adelphi, which was a single coin in proportion to - 01 12 03 2							
1	-	-	-	-	03	04	07	0	The Obolus was brass, the rest were silver.									
10	-	-	-	-	32	05	10	0										

On the whole it will appear that it has been my chief study to exhibit Terence as nearly as possible in the same dress in which

which he appeared at Rome; hoping that the learned reader may recognize his old acquaintance, and that I may be able to introduce to the unlearned, one so well worth his knowledge. I have tried, however the difficulty of the attempt may have baffled my endeavours, to catch the *manner*, as well as features, of my original. Some perhaps may think that, having once abandoned prose, I might have given still freer scope to my imagination, and have introduced more strokes of poetry: but such criticks must have very little considered the concise purity of Terence, the difficulty of preserving that *proprietas verborum* for which he is so remarkable, the nameless force even of adverbs and particles in his stile, and how dangerous it would be to attempt any additions or flourishes on his dialogue. I meant a direct translation, not a loose imitation;

imitation ; and perhaps this version will be found in most instances to be more literal than the prose translations. The peculiar felicity of the mode I had embraced often gave me an opportunity of following the Author, without stiffness, in the arrangement of his words and sentences, and even of indulging myself, without affectation, in the elleipses, so frequent in his stile. In a word, if this version shall be allowed to have any merit, it is entirely owing to the strict adherence to the original.

The other circumstances necessary to be mentioned, for the better illustration of these Comedies, are chiefly relative to the representation. “ Some (says Echard) “ object, that in the beginning of many “ scenes, two actors enter the stage, and “ talk to themselves a considerable time “ before they see or know one another ; “ which,

“ which, say they, is neither probable
 “ nor natural.---They, that object this,
 “ do not consider the difference betwixt
 “ our small scanty stage and the large
 “ magnificent Roman Theatres : their
 “ stage was fixty yards wide in front ;
 “ their scenes so many streets meeting
 “ together, with by-lanes, rows, and
 “ alleys, so that two actors coming down
 “ two distinct streets or lanes, could not
 “ be seen by each other, though the spec-
 “ tators might see both ; and sometimes
 “ if they did see each other, they
 “ could not well distinguish faces at
 “ fixty yards distance. Besides, on seve-
 “ ral accounts, it might well be supposed,
 “ when an actor enters the stage, out of
 “ some house, he might take a turn or
 “ two under the porticoes, usual at that
 “ time, about his door, and not observe
 “ an-

“ another actor on the other side of the
“ stage.” *

To make the action and business of the play still clearer, as well as to present the reader with some image of its effect in the representation, I have all along subjoined, according to the modern manner, marginal notes of direction. For this practice I have, in the proper place, given the reasons at large from an ingenious French Writer. It may be said indeed that a dramattick author should so frame his dialogue, as to make it evident by whom every part of it is spoken, to whom each speech is addressed, and the probable tone, gesture, and action assumed by the speaker. Allowing this to be strictly true, and always practicable, which is however a very doubtful point, I have annexed no directions of that sort, which

* Preface to Terence, p. 10.

may not be collected by an attentive reader from the text itself ; and they who object to the use of these little cursory elucidations of the written or printed drama, might as well censure the prefixing the names of the particular character to the several speeches. These familiar directions, as they are the shortest, so are they the clearest interpreters of the conduct of the scene ; and the want of them in the original text has on many occasions put the commentators to the expence of a very long note to explain, what the reader is thus made acquainted with, often by a single word.

As to the habits of the actors, it is plain from Donatus, as well as the reason of the thing, that they were in general suited, according to the custom of the times and country, to the sex, age, and condition of the several characters.

Some

Some particulars, however, in their dress very essentially distinguish the antient players from those on any modern stage, viz. the Buskin, the Sock, and the Mask. The Buskin was a kind of high-heeled boot, worn only by the Tragedians; as the Sock was a sort of sandal peculiar to the actors in Comedy. Every player wore a Mask; of which the reader may form a better idea from the plates prefixed to each play, (which, as well as the Frontispiece, are faithfully engraved after the cuts in the Vatican Terence) than from any verbal description. It is plain, as Madam Dacier observes, that it was not like the modern Mask, which covers only the face; but enclosed the whole head, and had false hair fastened to it, agreeable to the visage and complexion of the fore part. The Mask was called *persona*, from *personare*, to sound

found through, being so formed as to enlarge the voice, and convey it to a greater distance; a contrivance, which the vast extent of the antient theatres rendered extremely necessary. For the same reasons the features, portrayed on the visor, were so much aggravated beyond the proportion of those drawn by the hand of Nature. It must be confessed, that in these instances the Moderns have infinitely the advantage; and that by contracting the dimensions of their theatres, although they have a good deal abated the magnificence of the spectacle, they have been able to approach much nearer to the truth and simplicity of theatrical representation.

The Antient Drama was indeed, as a spectacle, extremely different from the Modern; and, on the stage, approaching nearer to the genius of our Opera,

I P R E F A C E.

than Tragedy or Comedy; which circumstance, if duly considered, might have prevented a deal of idle disputation concerning the propriety of a Chorus. The antient plays, it is certain, were all accompanied with Musick; Aristotle mentions Musick as one of the six parts of Tragedy; and we know from Horace, that the alterations in the Drama, Musick, and Decorations, kept pace with each other, and that in process of time, as the Roman Theatres were enlarged, their Musick also became more rich and full.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque
Æmula; sed tenuis, simplexque foramine pauco
Adspirare & adesse choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu:
Quo sane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi castusque verècundusque coibat.
Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
Latio amplecti murus, vinoque diurno
Placari Genius festis impune diebus,

Accessit

Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
 Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum,
 Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
 Sic priscae motumque & luxuriam addidit arti
 Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem:
 Sic etiam Fidibus voces crevere severis,
 Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia praeceps:
 Utiliumque sagax rerum, ac divina futuri
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.*

Nor was the Flute at first with silver bound,
 Nor rival'd emulous the trumpet's sound:
 Few were its notes, its form was simply plain;
 Yet not unuseful was its feeble strain
 To aid the Chorus, and their songs to raise:
 Filling the little theatre with ease:
 To which a thin and pious audience came,
 Of frugal manners, and un sullied fame.

But when victorious Rome enlarg'd her state,
 And broader walls enclos'd th' imperial seat,
 Soon as with wine, grown dissolutely gay,
 Without restraint she cheer'd the festal day,
 Then Poesy in looser numbers mov'd,
 And Musick in licentious tones improv'd:

* Hor. Art. Poet.

Such ever is the taste when clown and wit,
Rustick and critick, fill the crouded pit.

He who before with modest art had play'd,
Now call'd in wanton movements to his aid,
Fill'd with luxurious tones the pleasing strain,
And drew along the stage a length of train :
And thus the Lyre, once awfully severe,
Increas'd the strings, and sweeter charm'd the ear ;
Thus Poetry precipitately flow'd,
And with unwonted elocution glow'd ;
Pour'd forth prophetick truth in awful strain,
Dark as the language of the Delphick Fane.

FRANCIS.

In the above lines the two principal instruments in use on the theatre are mentioned, viz. *Tibia*, the Flute, and *Fides*, the Lyre. On so obscure a part of learning many doubts must necessarily have arisen; but the most probable opinion seems to be that the Flute was employed to accompany the declamation or recitative, and the Lyre was peculiar to the Chorus: whence it happens that

in

in the plays of Terence, as appears from the titles, only the Flutes were used ; the Chorus, which made a part of the Old Comedy, as well as Tragedy, not being admitted into the New. The Comick Musick was certainly much more familiar than the Tragick; and on comparing the several authorities on this subject, it seems probable that the *scenick modulation*, as Quintilian calls it, in Comedy, was a kind of easy chant, calculated to assist the actors in the declamation, and to throw out the voice with force, in order to fill their ample theatres. Indeed the same critick expressly tells us, that the declamation of the comick actors was nothing more than adding a certain theatrical grace to the manner of common conversation ; not falling entirely into the ease of ordinary discourse, which would be inartificial,

nor departing so far from nature, as to lose the excellence of imitation.*

The English reader will find, in the titles to these comedies, some expressions relative to the Musick, that may perhaps appear to him rather strange and uncouth; such as---Flutes Equal or Unequal, Right or Left-handed;---but they are the only words that could be used with any propriety to translate the original names of the instruments; and yet even those words, uncouth as they are, are not intelligible without some further explanation; and to mend the matter, that further explanation is so difficult to be obtained, that the learned Le Fevre wrote a most elegant copy of Latin

* *Actores Comici*—nec ita prorsus, ut nos vulgo loquimur, pronuntiant, quod esset sine arte: nec procul tamen a natura recedunt, quo vitio periret imitatio: sed morem communis hujus sermonis decore quodam scenico exornant. *QUINTIL. Inst. Orat. lib. II. cap. 10.*

Verfes,

Verfes, execrating the Flute, and all the commentators on it.

The ſhort account from Donatus, which I have ſubjoined to the title to the Andrian, ſhews that the Right-handed Flutes were the proper accompaniments to comedies of a graver caſt, and the Left-handed to thoſe of more pleaſantry. Montfaucon * obſerves, that the Flute took its original name *Tibia*, from being antiently made of the leg of ſome animal, as a horſe, a dog, &c. † He ſeems at a loſs to conceive how a double flute could

* MONTFAUCON, Tome 3me parte 2de, p. 342. conceit in one of the Fables of Phædrus on a miſtreſs's breaking his leg.

† This is the ground of a

Princeps Tibicen notior paulo fuit,
Operam Bathyllo ſolitus in ſcenâ dare.
Is forte ludis (non fatiſ memini quibus)
Dum pegma rapitur, concidit caſu gravi
Nec opinans, et *ſiniſtram* fregit *tibiam*;
Duas cum dextras maluiffet perdere.

PHÆDRUS. *Lib. v. Fab. 7.*

Here the whole joke conſiſts in *ſiniſtra tibia* ſignifying a *left-handed flute* and the miſtreſs's *left leg*.

create an agreeable harmony, but believes it to have been even more common in use than the single; though he supposes that the two flutes were in fact separated, but that the several pipes of each joined in the mouth of the player. To this account he annexes the figure of a Choraules, or Chief Minstrel, who holds in each hand a pipe without holes, much in the shape of a modern post-horn.

In order to give as plain an idea as possible of the Musick to the Antient Comedies, I have subjoined to this preface a plate containing three Musical Figures taken from an Italian treatise on the Theatrical Masks and Comick Figures of the Romans, by Francesco de Ficoroni.* The Figure at the top is that of a Female-Minstrel, playing on two Un-

* *Le Maschere Sceniche e le Figure Comiche d'Antichi Romani, descritte brevemente da Francesco de Ficoroni. In Roma, 1736.*

equal Flutes; and is copied from a very antient bas-relief in marble, preserved among the curious pieces of sculpture in the Farnese Palace: The whole marble contains five figures, and represents a scene in the last act of the Andrian, where Simo calls forth Dromo to carry off Davus to punishment. On one side Dromo, with a kind of knotted cord in his hand, which is raised in the air and seems prepared to fall heavy on Davus, is hurrying him away. On the other side appears the enraged Simo, with Chremes endeavouring to moderate his anger; and in the middle the Minstrel, playing as in the annexed plate. The dress of the Minstrel (although here a female one) is exactly conformable to the description of the habit of the Minstrel by Horace,

—Traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem,
And drew along the stage a length of train.

In the original plate she is turned towards the two slaves; and seems intending to keep time with Dromo's blows, or, as Ficoroni supposes, to exhilarate the spectators between the several strokes.*

The female figure on the left, bearing two Unequal Flutes in her hand, represents (as Ficoroni supposes † from her flowing hair being collected in a knot behind, as well as from a Satyrick Mask, which in the original Cameo, whence the plate is taken, stands by her side) a Minstrel employed in the Satyrick Drama, a kind of Serious Pastoral much in favour on the Roman Stage, and of which Horace has spoken very largely in his Art of Poetry. This figure seems to confirm the conjecture of Montfaucon, that the Double Flutes were in fact two distinct instruments, and that the pipes

* Ficoroni, p. 27.

† Ibid. p. 118.

of each joined in the mouth of the Minstrel.

The figure on the right is copied from a mutilated marble containing a Greek Inscription, ΚΑΤ. ΠΡΟ. ΙΖ. ΚΑΛ. ΑΠΡΙΑΙΩΝ. which inscription, as it records no name, nor bears any other mark of those used on funeral occasions, * Ficoroni supposes to be intended to record some theatrical exhibition on the time there mentioned, which was seventeen days before the Calends of April, being equal to our Sixteenth of March, and the time of the celebration of the Liberalia, or Games in Honour of Bacchus, in Antient Rome.

I have given these two last figures to shew the various forms, as well as improvements of the Flute. Those in the hands of the Pastoral Minstrel have but

* Ficoroni, p. 196.

three stops; but that in the right hand of the mutilated figure has seven; which confirms the observation of the learned Montfaucon, who tells us that the Flute had at first three holes, but that they were afterwards multiplied to seven, and even to ten: In another part of Ficoroni's* book is a figure, which seems to be that of a Vain-Glorious Soldier, a very common character in the comedies of the Antients, singing to a minstrel playing on Double Flutes, which by their shape and size seem to have been those large trumpet-toned instruments in use in the days of Horace.

Asto the manner in which these Flutes were used,† Ficoroni observes from Diomedes the Grammmarian, that by *Flutes equal, or unequal*, was meant, that in Soliloquy the minstrel blew only one

* Page 29.

† Page 30.

pipe,

pipe, and in Dialogue both. The prefaces of Donatus to the several plays of our author do, I think, plainly overthrow this assertion; and on the same authority we may pronounce it to be pretty certain, that the Soliloquies, like the Airs in our Opera, had more laboured accompaniments than the Dialogue, or common Recitative; for Donatus has informed us *DIVERBIA* *histriones pronuntiabant* : *CANTICA* *vero temperabantur modis non a poetâ, sed a perito artis musicæ factis. Neque enim omnia iisdem modis in uno cantico agebantur, sed sæpe mutatis. Ut significant qui tres numeros in comœdiis ponunt, qui tres continent mutatos modos cantici illius.* The import of this passage is explained by Diomedes, who tells us that *Diverbia* signifies the Dialogue, and *Cantica* the Soliloquies.* Of this techni-

* *Diverbia* partes Comœdiarum sunt, in quibus plures personæ versantur; *Cantica*, in quibus una tantum.

cal sense of the word *Canticum*, after consulting and carefully comparing many other passages of Donatus, I am well convinced; though I confess I was not at all aware of it in my first draught of the notes to the Brothers; nor, it is evident, was Madam Dacier; who has also, in her account of the Musick, in the notes to the Andrian, mistaken the meaning of *Flutes equal or unequal,* right*

* Donatus has left us no explanation of the use of the *Tibia pares* and *impares*. My friend Mr. Burney, a very ingenious master of musick, conjectures, and I think very happily, that the Equal Flutes were Flutes in *unison* with each other and the unequal Flutes, Flutes in *octave* to each other: the *octave* resembling *unity* so much, that an uncultivated ear can scarce distinguish between them; as is the case where a man and woman sing the same air or melody together, at which time it seems as if they were

singing in unison, whereas the male voice moves an octave below that of the female. Now it is well known in Harmonicks, by the division of a monochord, that two musical strings of the same matter, thickness, and tension, one being but half the length of the other, will be in *octave*. It is the same of two pipes: and the appearance of the Equal and Unequal Flutes in antique representations, seems to confirm the conjecture of their being *unisons* and *octaves* to each other.

or *left-handed*, supposing them synonymous terms; whereas it is plain from Donatus, as well as from the title to that play, that it was acted to EQUAL *Flutes, Right AND Left-handed*; and that the *Right-handed* signified those used in the more Serious parts of Comedy, and the *Left-handed* those used in the more Pleasant.

It appears also, from the lines above cited from Horace, that the Minstrel did not content himself with playing on the Flutes, but accompanied his musick with some gesture suitable to the action of the scene.

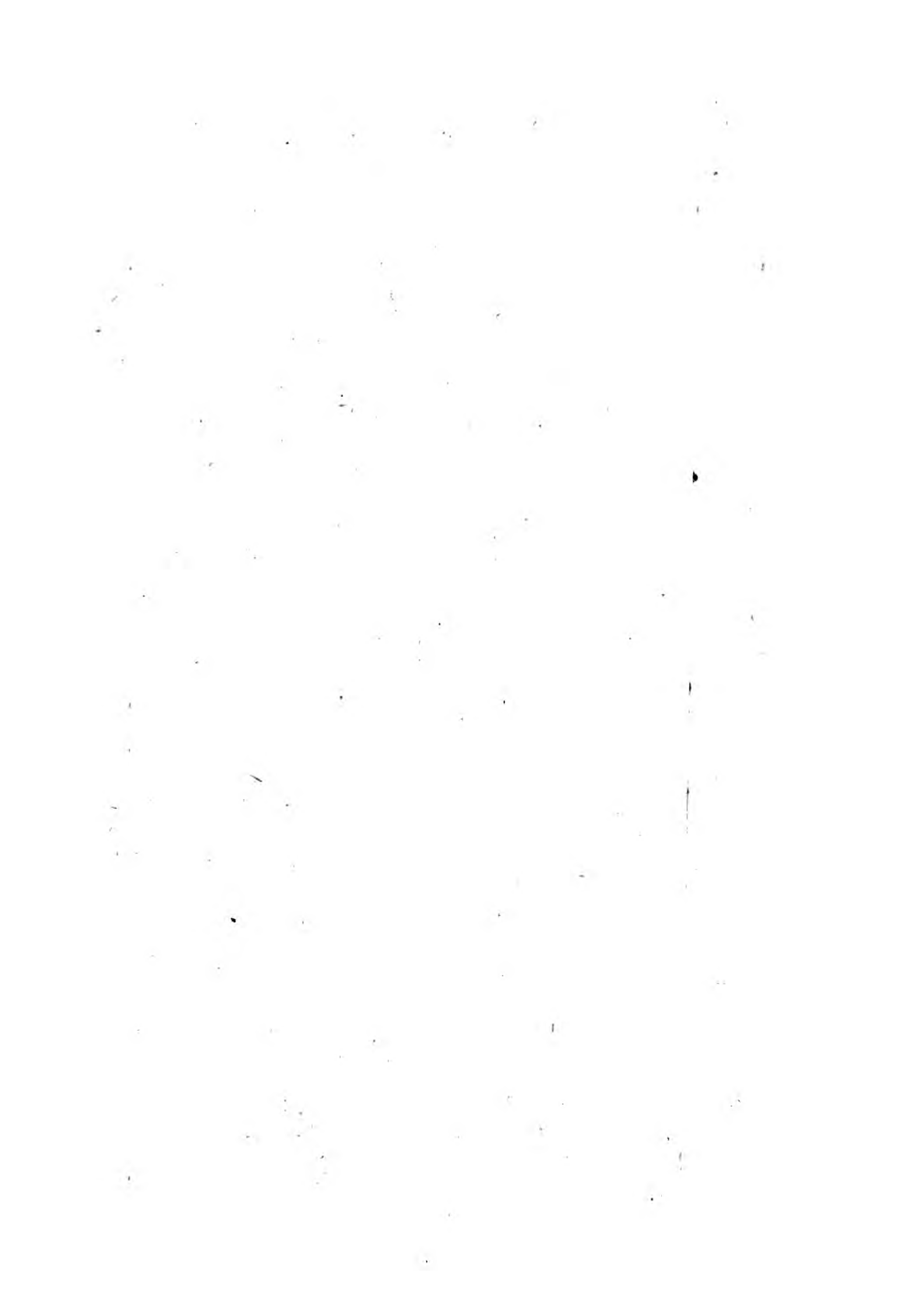
-----prisæ motumque & luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen.

---call'd in wanton movements to his aid.

“ Of the use and propriety of these
“ gestures,” says the ingenious Annotator
on the Art of Poetry whom I have often
cited, “ it will not be easy for us, who
“ see

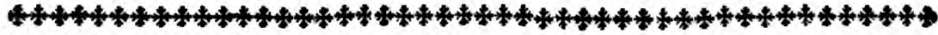
“ see no such things attempted on the
“ modern stage, to form any very clear
“ or exact notions.”* Here therefore I
shall conclude this preface, and take my
leave of the Antient Musick; referring
the curious reader to the several com-
mentators on Horace and Aristotle, and
to those authors who have written ex-
pressly on this subject; which it is need-
less to pursue any further in this place,
as it is now of no great consequence to
the reader of the Comedies of Terence.

* HURD'S Notes on the Art of Poetry, p. 150.





End of Preface.



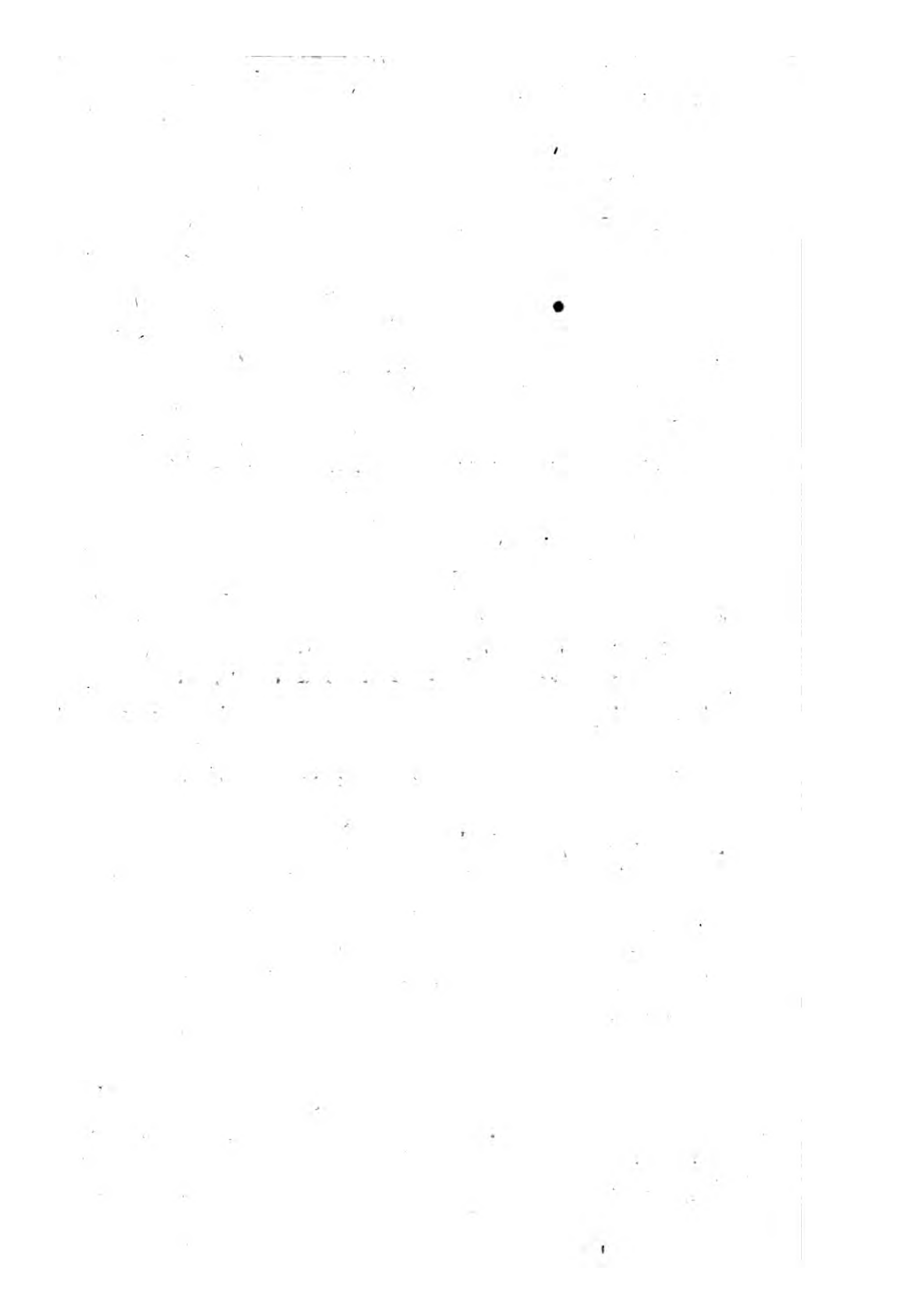
T H E

LIFE of TERENCE.



VOL. I.

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T H E
L I F E
O F
T E R E N C E.

TRANSLATED FROM
S U E T O N I U S.*

P U B L I U S Terentius Afer was born at Carthage, and was a slave of Terentius Lucanus, a Roman Sena-

* *From Suetonius.*] This life of our Author is by some attributed to Donatus. It is not very satisfactory; but as all that has been said of Terence by other writers is chiefly taken from it, I thought it better to follow the example

tor;* who, perceiving him to have an excellent understanding and a great deal of wit, not only bestowed on him a liberal education, but gave him his freedom in the very early part of his life. Some writers are of opinion that he was taken prisoner in battle, but Fenestella † proves this to be impossible, since Terence was born after ‡ the second Punick war, and died before the commencement of the third. But

* *A Roman Senator.*] This Senator gave our Author the name of Terence, according to the prevailing custom among the Romans, whenever they conferred freedom on their slaves. His real name we are entirely unacquainted with; though it is somewhat extraordinary that a Poet of such distinguished merit should want a friend to hand it down to us; and that, by a singular fatality, he who could stamp immortality on the name of his master, should be unable to continue his own. DACIER.

† *Lucius Fenestella.*] He was one of the most accurate historians and antiquaries the Romans ever had: he flourished towards the end of Augustus' reign, or in the be-

ginning of that of Tiberius; he wrote many things, especially annals; but time has deprived us of them all. DACIER.

‡ *The second Punick War.*] This ended in the year of Rome 552; 196 years before the birth of Christ; and the third began in the year of Rome 603; an interval of fifty-one years, which both saw the birth and death of Terence. It is evident he died in the year of Rome 594, while Cn. Corn. Dolabella and M. Fulvius were consuls, at the age of thirty-five; nine years before the third Punick war. He was born consequently in the year of Rome 560, eight years after the second Punick war. DACIER.

even

even supposing that he had been taken by the Numidians, * or Getulians, he could not have fallen into the hands of a Roman commander, † since there was little or no communication between the Romans and Africans till after the entire destruction of Carthage.

Our Poet was beloved and much esteemed by noblemen of the first rank in the Roman Commonwealth; and lived in a state of great intimacy with Scipio Africanus, and C. Læ-

* *Numidians, &c.*] The Carthaginians (between the second and third Punick war) were in continual broils with the Numidians or Getulians, and consequently Terence might be taken prisoner in some one of these skirmishes by the Numidian troops. DA-CIER.

† *Roman commander.*] This is a very undecisive way of reasoning: for though it is very certain that the Romans before the entire demolition of Carthage, had very little

intercourse with Africa, they might, without any great difficulty, have purchased a slave. It is well known that ambassadors were sent from Rome to Carthage at two or three different times, in order to settle some differences subsisting between them and the Numidians. Where then is the improbability of a Numidian's selling a slave, he had taken from the Carthaginians, to one of the Romans? Nothing more probable. DA-CIER.

lius, * to whom the beauty of his person also is supposed to have recommended him : which Fenestella lays to his charge, asserting that Terence was older than either of them. † Corn. Nepos on the contrary writes, that they were nearly of an age, and Porcius gives us room to suspect such a familiarity between them by the following lines.

Dum lasciviam nobilium & fucosas laudes petit :
Dum Africani voci divinæ inbiat avidis auribus :
Dum ad Furium † se cœnitare, & Lælium, pulcrum putat :
Dum se amari ab hisce credit, crebrò in Albanum rapi
Ob florem ætatis suæ ; ad summam inopiam redactus est.
Itaque e conspectu omnium abiit in Græciæ terram ultimam.
Mortuus est in Stymphalo, Arcadiæ oppido.----

* *To whom the beauty of his person, &c.]* Madam Dacier, (from a female delicacy, I suppose) has entirely altered this circumstance; and there is, in her translation of this life from Suetonius, scarce the shadow of this imputation on our Author either in the text, or the verses introduced on purpose to support it.

† *Older than either of them.]* Terence was nine years older

than Scipio, the son of Paulus Æmilius, the person here meant, who was not born till the year of Rome 569. We are not quite so certain as to the age of Lælius.
 DACIER.

‡ *Furius Publius.]* A man of great rank and quality; not Aulus Furius Antia, or the Marcus Furius Bibaculus mentioned by Horace.
 DACIER.

Seeking

Seeking the pleasures and deceitful praise
 Of nobles, while the Bard with greedy ears
 Drinks in the voice divine of Africanus,
 Happy to sup with Furius † and with Lælius,
 Carefs'd, and often, for his bloom of youth,
 Whirl'd to Mount Alba; amidst all these joys,
 He finds himself reduc'd to poverty.
 Wherefore withdrawing from all eyes, and flying
 To the extremest parts of Greece, he dies
 At Stymphalus, a village in Arcadia.

He wrote six comedies. When he offered his first play, which was the *Andrian*, to the *Ædiles*, he was ordered to read it to *Cæcilius*.* When he arrived at that Poet's house, he found him at table; and it is said that our Author, being very meanly dressed, was suffered to read the opening of his play, seated on a very low stool, near the couch of *Cæcilius*: but scarce had he repeated a few lines, when *Cæcilius* invited him to sit down to supper with him, after which Terence proceeded with his play, and finished

* *Read it to Cæcilius.*] *Cæcilius* died two years before the representation of the *Andrian*. It is therefore a very plausible, as well as ingen-

it to the no small admiration of Cæcilius. His six plays* were equally admired by the Romans; though Volcatius † in his remarks on them says,

Sumetur Hecyra sexta ex iis fabula.

——“ The Step-Mother,
“ The last, and least in merit of the Six.”

The Eunuch met with such remarkable success, that it was acted twice in one day, and

* *Six plays equally admired.*] It would not be easy to decide which of the six is the best; since each of them has its peculiar beauty. The Andrian and Brothers seem to excell in beauty of character: the Eunuch and Phormio, in the vivacity of intrigue: and the Self-Tormentor and Step-Mother have, in my mind, the advantage in sentiment, a lively painting of the passions, and in the purity, and delicacy of stile. DACIER.

† *Volcatius.*] Volcatius Sedigitus, a very antient poet, though we do not precisely know the time in which he

lived. In his judgment of the Comick Poets, he gives the first place to Cæcilius, the second to Plautus, the third to Nævius, the fourth to Licinius, the fifth to Attilius; and ranks Terence but the sixth. But Volcatius has done more discredit to himself by this judgment, than honour to Cæcilius, and the other writers whom he has preferred to Terence. Each of them might have some excellencies that our Author did not possess; but on the whole the Romans had no Comick Poet equal to Terence. DACIER.

Terence was paid for it 8000 sesterces*, being more than was ever paid for any comedy before; for which reason the sum is recorded in the title † of that play. Varro prefers the beginning of the Brothers to the beginning of the original of Menander.

It is pretty commonly said, that Scipio and Lælius, with whom he lived in such familiarity, assisted our Author ‡ in his plays, and indeed Terence himself increased that suspicion,

* 8000 *sesterces*.] About 60 l. of our money.

† *Recorded in the title.*] Not as the title now stands, which shews that the titles, now come down to us, are imperfect.

TANAQUIL FABER.

‡ *Assisted our Author.*] There might be some foundation for such a report. Both Scipio and Lælius might have assisted him in polishing his stile, and even have supplied him with many a line: being an African, he might not have so thorough a know-

ledge of the elegancies and beauties of the Latin language. This reasoning however is to me by no means conclusive. Phædrus was a Thracian slave, yet no one wrote more correctly or with greater purity; nor was he ever taxed with having received any assistance in his compositions: why then suspect Terence, when Suetonius, in the very beginning of his life, confesses he had been very carefully educated and made free in his very early youth by Terentius Lucanus? DACIER.

by

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by the little pains he took to refute it, witness the Prologue to the Brothers :* though he might probably have acted thus, knowing that such an opinion was not unpleasing to those great men. Be that as it may, this opinion gained ground,† and has continued down to our times.

Quintus Memmius, ‡ in an oration written in his own defence, positively declares that Scipio wrote the plays for his amusement, which he permitted Terence to father : Corn. Nepos

* *Witness the Prologue to the Brothers.*] But in the Prologue to the Self-Tormentor he is not so complaisant; flatly declaring the report malicious, and intreating his Audience not to give the least cre-

dit to idle and malicious tales. DACIER.

† *Opinion gained ground.*] Valgius, a Poet cotemporary to Horace, expressly says,

*Hæ quæ vocantur fabulæ, cujus sunt?
Non has, qui jura populis recensens dabat,
Honore summo affectus, fecit fabulas?*

And whose then are these pieces?—Did not He,
Who, full of honours, gave the people laws,
Compose these Comedies? DACIER.

‡ *Q. Memmius.*] Most probably the Grandfather to that Memmius to whom the Poem of Lucretius is inscribed. DACIER.

T E R E N C E. lxxv

afferts, that he had been informed from very good authority, that Lælius, being at his Villa, at Puzzuoli, on a certain first day of March,* was requested by his Lady to sup sooner than his usual hour, but he intreated her not to interrupt his studies: Coming into supper rather late, he declared he had never employed his time with better success than he had then done; and being asked what he had written, he † repeated those verses in the Self-Tormentor, beginning with,

Satis pol protervè me Syri promissa huc induxerunt.

Santra ‡ observes, that if Terence had needed any assistance in the composition of his plays, he

* *A certain first day of March.*] The first day of March was a holiday kept by the Roman ladies, who on that occasion claimed the privilege of being entire mistresses of their houses, and directed every thing for that day. DACIER.

† *Repeated those verses, &c.*] This may be. * In the plays of Moliere perhaps might be

found some lines written by his friends; yet nobody would pretend to say that those pieces were not written by Moliere. DACIER.

‡ *Santra.*] An Author of the time of Julius Cæsar. He wrote a treatise on the antiquity of words, and the lives of illustrious men: but his works are all lost. DACIER.

would

would not have applied to Scipio * and Lælius, who were at that time very young, but rather to C. Sulpicius Gallus, † a man of sound learning, and who was the first person that introduced plays at the Consular Games; or to ‡ Marcus Popilius Lenas, or to Q. Fabius Labeo, || both men of

* *Would not have applied to Scipio.*] This reasoning of Santra proves nothing: for when Terence commenced Author, Scipio was at the age of twenty-one; and besides having been extremely well educated, was possessed of an extraordinary genius. DACIER.

Pastorals and little poems may perhaps now and then be written at sixteen or eighteen, but it must be allowed that the age of twenty-one is a very early period for the production of such dramatick pieces as those of Terence. Besides, when the Andrian was first exhibited, our Author was but twenty-seven, and Madam Dacier herself tells us that he was nine years older than Scipio, who therefore could be no more than eighteen years of age, a time of life when men rather be-

gin to be the subjects, than the cultivators of the Comick Muse.

† *C. Sulpicius Gallus.*] The same Sulpicius Gallus, who was consul at the time of the first exhibition of the Andrian. DACIER.

‡ *M. Popilius Lenas.*] Consul in the year of Rome 581, when Terence was at the age of twenty-one. DACIER.

|| *Q. Fabius Labeo.*] A man of very distinguished merit, who passed the offices of Quæstor, Prætor, Triumvir, Consul and High Priest; and commanded the Roman troops with reputation. History fixes his consulship in the year of Rome 570: his Colleague was M. Claud. Marcellus. Terence at that time was but ten years old. DACIER.

Consular dignity, and excellent Poets. Terence himself intimates, speaking of those who were supposed to assist him, that they were not young men, but persons whose abilities had been experienced by the Publick in peace, war, and business of state.

To wipe off the aspersion of plagiarism, or perhaps to make himself a master of the customs and manners of the Grecians, in order to delineate them the better in his writings, he left Rome in the thirty-fifth year of his age, after having exhibited the six comedies which are now extant; and he never returned more.

Volcatius speaks of his death in the following manner :

*Sed ut Afer sex populo edidit comædias,
 Iter hinc in Asiam fecit : navim cum semel
 Conscendit, visus nunquam est. Sic vitâ vacat.*

But

But Terence, having given the town six plays,
 Voyag'd for Asia: but when once embark'd,
 Was ne'er seen afterwards. He died at sea.

Q. *Consetius* * says, that he died at sea in his return from Greece, whence he was bringing one hundred and eight plays † translated from Menander. Others again assert, that he died at Stymphalus in Arcadia, during the Consulship of Cn. Cornelius Dolabella, and M. Fulvius Nobilior ‡, for grief, having lost the comedies he had translated, as well as those he had himself written.

* *Q. Consetius.*] This Author I am quite a stranger to. DACIER.

which Terence had already exhibited four. This story therefore must be a mere fable. DACIER.

† *One hundred and eight plays.*] Menander wrote but one hundred and nine plays himself, some say but one hundred and eight, and others but one hundred and five, of

‡ *The consulship of Dolabella, &c.*] In the year of Rome 594, the year after the exhibition of the Brothers. DACIER.

He

He is said to have been of a middle stature, genteel, and of a swarthy complexion. He left a daughter, who was afterwards married to a Roman Knight; and at the time of his death he was possessed of an house together with a garden containing six acres of land on the Appian way, close by the Villa Martis. It is very extraordinary therefore that Porcius should say,

— Nil Publius

Scipio profuit, nil ei Lælius, nil Furius :

Tres per idem tempus qui agitabant nobiles facillime.

Eorum ille operâ ne domum quidem habuit conductitiam :

Saltem ut esset, quo referret obitum domini servulus.

Nothing did Publius Scipio profit him,

Nothing did Lælius, nothing Furius,

At once the three great patrons of our Bard;

And yet so niggard of their bounties to him,

He had not even wherewithal to hire

A house

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A house in Rome, to which a faithful slave
Might bring the tidings of his master's death.

* Afranius in his *Compitalia* † prefers him to
all the Comick Poets.

Terentio non similem dices quempiam.

To Terence you can shew no parallel.

But Volcatius not only places him after Nævius, Plautus, and Cæcilius, but even after Licinius. ‡ Cicero in his *Leimon*, || a work in

* *Afranius.*] A Dramatick Poet of great reputation, whose testimony is the more honourable, as he was a contemporary of our author, though much younger. DACIER.

† *Compitalia.*] Feasts in cross-streets and ways, celebrated the second day of January in honour of their rural Gods, hence called *Lares*, or *Compitalitii*.

AINSWORTHUS.

‡ *Licinus.*] Licinius Imbrex, who flourished in the year of Rome 554. DACIER.

|| *Leimon.*] A Greek word [*λειμων*] signifying a meadow. This work of Cicero contained, most probably, nothing but the praises of eminent men. These beautiful verses are imitated by Aufonius, and Cæsar begins his criticism on Terence in the very same terms. For it is certain that Cæsar only undertook that task in order to imitate

*Tu quoque, qui solus leſto ſermone, Terenti,
Converſum expreſſumque Latinã voce Menandrum
In medio populi ſedatis vocibus effers;
Quidquid come loquens, ac omnia dulcia dicens.*

imitate and contradicſt Ci-
cero. DACIER.

[Voffius conſiders this as
an *Erratum*, and tells us that
this work of Tully was not
called *Leimon* but *Libo*, and
was addreſſed to Terentius
Libo, a poet of that time,
and a native of Fregellæ.]

☞ Before we conclude theſe
notes, it will be proper to
take notice of a paſſage in
Oroſius, which has miſled
many concerning our Poet.
This hiſtorian, though none
of the moſt correct, yet not
without merit, writes thus:
*Scipio jam cognomento Afri-
canus, triumphans urbem in-
greſſus eſt, quem Terentius, qui
poſtea Comicus, ex nobilibus
Carthaginienſium captivis, pile-
atus, quod indultæ ſibi liber-
tatis inſigne fuit, triumphan-
tem poſt currum ſecutus eſt.*

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“ Scipio Africanus entered
“ Rome in triumph, and was
“ attended by Terence, one of
“ the chief of the Carthagini-
“ an captives, who afterwards
“ became the celebrated Co-
“ mick Poet, wearing a cap
“ on his head, as a mark of
“ his freedom having been
“ conferred on him.” This
is undoubtedly fabulous, take
it which way you will. For
if Oroſius means Scipio the
Elder, his triumph was in the
year of Rome 552, eight years
before Terence was born. If
he ſpeaks of the Younger Sci-
pio, the ſon of Paulus Æmi-
lius, his triumphal entry was
in the year of Rome 637,
thirteen years after the death
of Terence. What hurried
Oroſius into the miſtake, is a
paſſage in Livy, which he did
not attentively examine. This
great hiſtorian in his 30th
book and 45th Chapter ſays,

g

Secutus

And thou, O Terence, couldst alone transfuse
The Attick Graces to the Latin Tongue,
And bring Menander to the ear of Rome :
Such purity, such sweetness in thy stile !

C. Cæsar in like manner,

*Tu quoque, tu in summis, O dimidiate Menander,
Poneris, & merito, puri sermonis amator.
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore
Cum Græcis, neque in hac despectus parte jaceres :
Unum hoc maceror & doleo tibi deesse, Terenti.

Secutus Scipionem triumphantem est, pileo capiti imposito, Q. Terentius Culleo ; omnique deinde vitâ, ut dignum erat, libertatis auctorem coluit. “ Q. Terentius Culleo followed the triumphal car of Scipio on the day of his publick entrance into Rome, with a cap on his head, and honoured him during the remainder of his life, as the author of his freedom.” It could not therefore be our Terence, of whom Livy is speak-

ing. It was a Roman senator, who having been taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and set free by Scipio, determined to grace his deliverer's triumph, which he attended wearing the cap of liberty on his head, by way of compliment, as if he had indeed really received his manumission from the hands of Scipio.
DACIER.

* *Unum hoc maceror, &c.]*
Valea Sedigitus ! nos Afranio
assentiri

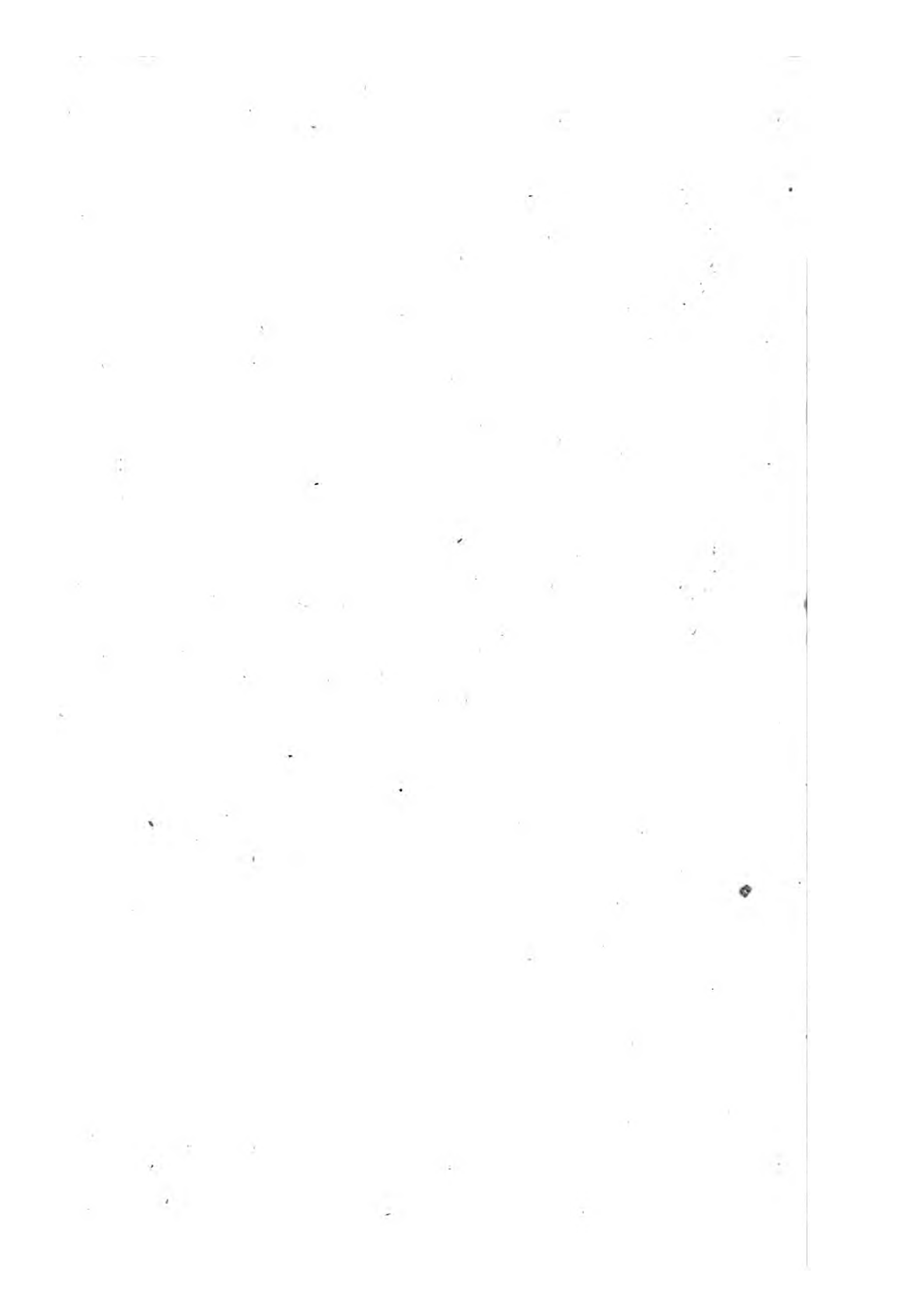
T E R E N C E. lxxxiii

And Thou, oh Thou among the first be plac'd,
 Ay and deservedly, thou Half-Menander,
 Lover of purest dialogue!---And oh,
 That Humour had gone hand in hand with ease
 In all thy writings! that thy Muse might stand
 In equal honour with the Græcian stage,
 Nor Thou be robb'd of more than half thy fame!
 —This only I lament, and this, I grieve,
 There's wanting in thee, Terence!

assentiri non pigeat, ac Terentium omnibus præstitisse Comicis credamus; neque *vim illam comicam*, quam ei unam defuisse dolet Cæsar (si modo sunt illa Cæsar

carmina) desideremus. Nihil illi defuit: omnia quæ Comico Poetæ præstanda sunt, præstitit.

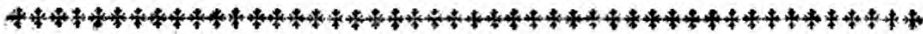
FRANCISCUS ASULANUS.





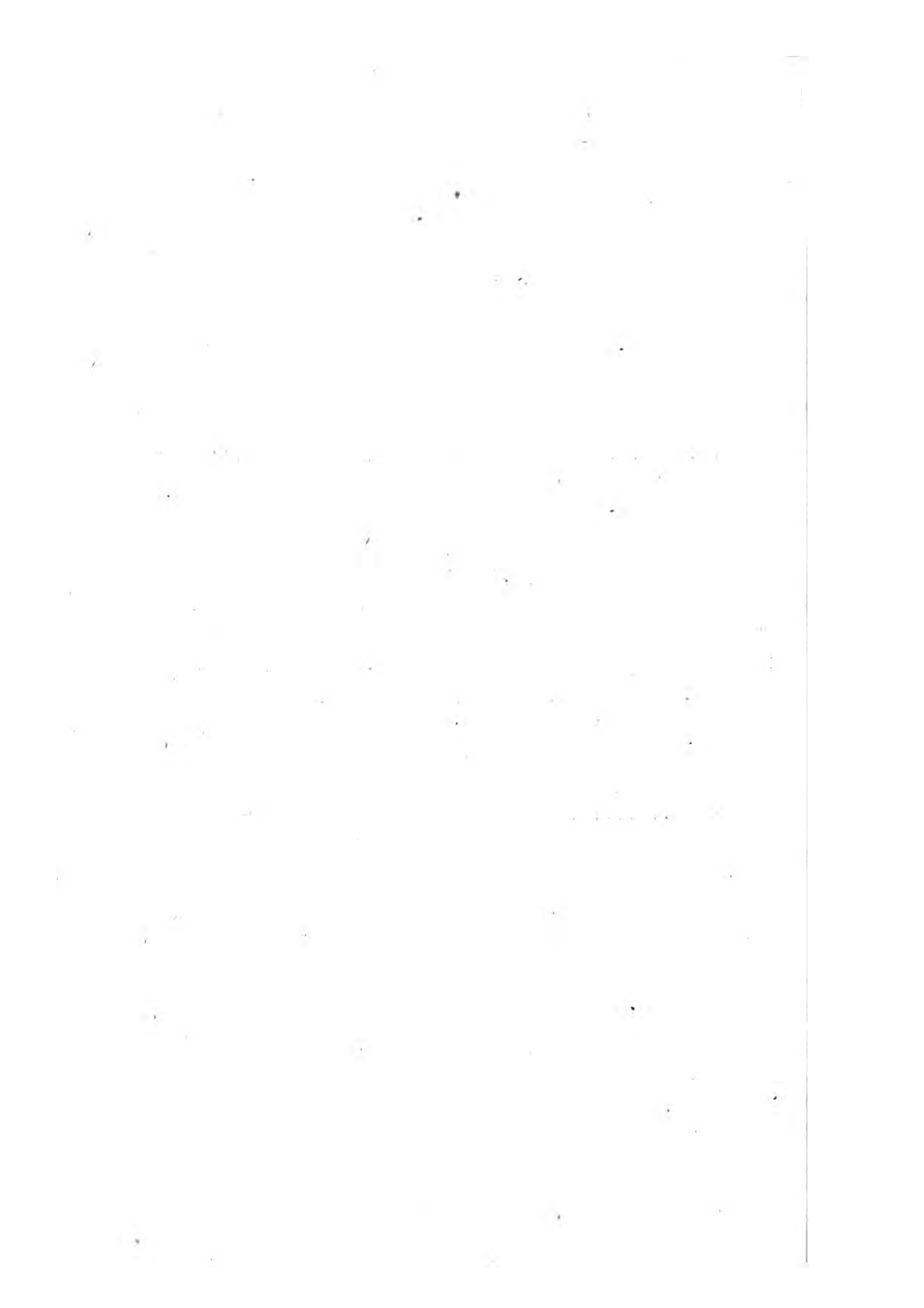
T H E

A N D R I A N .



VOL. I.

B



TO THE
STUDENTS OF CHRIST CHURCH,

O X F O R D,

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS HUMBL Y INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

AND FELLOW-STUDENT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

P E R S O N S.

PROLOGUE,
SIMO,
PAMPHILUS,
CHREMES,
CHARINUS,
CRITO,
SOSIA,
DAVUS,
BYRRHIA,
DROMO,
SERVANTS, &c.

GLYCERIUM,
MYSIS,
LESBIA,
ARCHILLIS,

SCENE, ATHENS.





Andrian.

T H E
A N D R I A N ; *

Acted at the MEGALESIAN GAMES, †

M. Fulvius and M. Glabrio, Curule Ædiles: ‡ Principal Actors, || L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: The Musick, †|| composed for Equal Flutes, Right and Left-handed, by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: It is wholly Grecian: || ‡ Published, M. Marcellus and Cn. Sulpicius, Consuls. || §

* *The Andrian.*] There is much controversy among the Criticks, whether the Andrian was the first play, which Terence produced, or only the first of those which have come down to our times. Donatus positively asserts it to be our author's first production, and adds that the favourable reception it met with, encouraged him to go on in writing for the Stage. He tells us also that this Piece was entitled "The Andrian of Terence," and not Terence's "Andrian," according to the customs of the Romans, who placed the name of the Play first, if it was written by an author, yet unknown in the Theatrical world, but placed the author's name first in the title, if it was one already celebrated. Madam Dacier is of a contrary opinion, and thinks

that the introductory lines of the Prologue make it evident that Terence had written before. These inquiries are little more than mere matter of curiosity. For my part, I am rather inclined to the opinion of Donatus. The objections of Lavinus, which Terence in his Prologue endeavours to refute, are entirely confined to this play; and that it was possible for Lavinus to have seen the manuscript before the representation is evident from the Prologue to the Eunuch, where Terence directly charges that circumstance to his adversary. The concluding lines of the Prologue speak the language of an author, new in the Drama, much stronger than those in the beginning denote his having written before. It may be remembered also, that Terence was no more than

27 years of age at the time of the first representation of this comedy.

Both the English and French Theatres have borrowed the Fable of this Play. Sir Richard Steele has raised on that foundation his Comedy of the Conscious Lovers; and Baron has adopted even the Title. It is proposed to throw out some observations on each of these pieces, and to compare them with Terence's comedy, in the course of these notes.

† The Megalesian Games were those instituted in honour of the superior Gods.

‡ The Ædiles were Magistrates of Rome, whose office it was to take care of the city, its publick Buildings, &c. to regulate the market, and to preside at solemn games, publick entertainments, &c.

|| *Principal Actors.*] *Egerunt, &c.* The persons thus mentioned in the several titles to our Author's pieces, were the Managers of the Company or Companies of Actors concerned in the representation. It is certain also, that they were principal actors: for besides the anecdote concerning Ambivius and Terence, related in the notes to Phormio, Donatus in his preface to the Brothers, expressly says, *Agentibus L. Ambivio et L. Turpione: qui cum suis gregibus etiam tum personati agebant.*

We are told by the Greek Scholiasts, that these titles were always prefixt to pieces acted by authority of the Magistrate. One of them stands before each of the Comedies of Terence; but it is plain from Suetonius, as Le Fevre has observed, that they have descended to our times defective and imperfect.

†|| No part of the history of the antient Drama is more obscure, than that which relates to the Musick. A short extract from Donatus will serve to give some explanation of the phrases used in the above title. "They were acted to Flutes equal or unequal, right or left-handed. The Right-handed, or Lydian, by their grave tone, denounced the serious stile of the comedy. The Left-handed, or Tyrian, by their light sharp sound, denoted the vacuity of the piece. But when the play was said to be acted to both Right and Left-handed, it denoted it to be Serious Comick."

||† *It is wholly Grecian.*] That is, that species of Comedy, which was called *Palliata*; in which the Habits, Manners, and Arguments, were all Grecian.

||§ *Marcellus and Sulpicius, Consuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 587, the twenty-seventh of our Author's age, and 166 Years before Christ.

P R O L O G U E.

TH E Bard, when first he gave his mind to write,
Thought it his only business, that his plays
Shou'd please the people: * But it now falls out,
He finds, much otherwise, and wastes, perforce,
His time in writing Prologues; not to tell
The argument, but to refute the slanders
Broach'd by the malice of an older Bard. †

And mark what vices he is charg'd withall!
Menander wrote the Andrian and Perinthian: ‡
Know one, and you know both; in argument
Less diff'rent than in sentiment and stile.
What suited with the Andrian he confesses
From the Perinthian he transferr'd, and us'd
For his: and this it is these sland'ers blame,

* *Should please the people.*] It has been observed by Mr. Whalley, the last editor of Ben Jonson, that the Prologue to the Silent Woman opens in imitation of this of our Author.

“ Truth says, of old the art of making plays,
“ Was to content the people.”

† *Of an older Bard.*] This old Arch-adversary of Terence was, according to Donatus, Lucius Lavinius; but, according to Madam Dacier, Luscius Lanuvinus.

‡ *Menander wrote the Andrian and Perinthian.*] From this account it is plain, that Terence did not in this play weave two different stories of Menander together in that vicious manner which is generally imputed to him: but that the argument of

these two plays being nearly the same, Terence having pitched upon the Andrian for the Groundwork of his Fable, enriched it with such parts of the Perinthian, as naturally fell in with that plan. We are told by Donatus, that the first scene of our Author's Andrian is almost a literal translation of the first scene of the Perinthian of Menander, in which the Old Man discoursed with his wife, just as Simo does with Sofia. In

Proving by deep and learned disputation,
 That Fables shou'd not be confounded thus.
 Troth! all their knowledge is they nothing know:
 Who, blaming him, blame* Nævius, Plautus, Ennius,
 Whose great example is his precedent;
 Whose negligence he'd wish to emulate
 Rather than *their* dark diligence. Henceforth,
 Let them, I give them warning, be at peace,
 And cease to rail, lest they be made to know
 Their own misdeeds. Be favourable! sit
 With equal mind, and hear our play; that hence
 Ye may conclude, what hope to entertain,
 Whether the plays he may hereafter write
 Shall merit approbation or contempt.

the Andrian of Menander, the Old Man opened with a soliloquy.

The Perinthian, as well as the Andrian, took its name from the place the woman came from; viz. Perinthus, a town of Thrace.

* *Nævius, Plautus, Ennius.*] These poets are not mentioned here in exact chronological order, Ennius being elder than Plautus. The first author, who brought a regular play on the Roman stage, is said to have been Livius Andronicus, about the year of Rome 510, and one year before the birth of Ennius. Five years after the representa-

tion of the first play of Andronicus, or as some say nine, Nævius wrote for the stage. Then followed Ennius, Plautus, Pacuvius, Cæcilius, Porcius Licinius, Terence, and his cotemporary and adversary Lucius Lavinius, Accius, Afranius, &c. Of all these, many of whom were very eminent writers, we have scarce any remains, except of Plautus and Terence: and what is still more to be lamented, the inestimable Greek Authors, whose writings were the rich source, whence they drew their fable, characters, &c. are also irrecoverably lost.

T H E
A N D R I A N.



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

SIMO, SOSIA, *and Servants with Provisions.*

Simo. C A R R Y those things in: go! [*Ex. Serv.**]

Sofia, come here;

A Word with you!

* *Exeunt Servants.*] The want of marginal directions, however trifling they may at first sight appear, has occasioned, as it necessarily must, much confusion and obscurity in several passages of the antient Dramatick Writers: and is a defect in the manuscripts, and old editions of those authors in the learned languages, which has in vain been attempted to be supplied by long notes of laborious commentators, and delineations of the figures of the characters employed in each scene. This simple method of illustrating the dialogue, and rendering it clear and intelligible to the most ordinary reader, I propose to pursue throughout this translation: And I cannot better enforce the utility of this practice, than by a few extracts from a

very ingenious treatise on Dramatick Poetry, written in French by Mons. Diderot, and annexed to his Play, called the Father of a Family.

“ The *Pantomime* is a part of the Drama, to which the author ought to pay the most serious attention: for if it is not always present to him, he can neither begin, nor conduct, nor end a scene according to truth and nature; and the action should frequently be written down instead of dialogue.

“ The *Pantomime* should be written down, whenever it creates a picture; whenever it gives energy, or clearness, or connection to the Dialogue; whenever it paints character; whenever it consists in a delicate play, which the reader cannot himself supply; whenever

it

Sofia. I understand: that these
Be ta'en due care of.*

Simo. Quite another thing.

Sofia. What can my art do more for you?

Simo. This business
Needs not that art; but those good qualities,
Which I have ever known abide in you,
Fidelity and secrecy.

Sofia. I wait
Your pleasure.

Simo. Since I bought you, from a boy
How just and mild a servitude you've pass'd
With me, you're conscious: from a purchas'd slave
I made you free, because you serv'd me freely:
The greatest recompence I cou'd bestow.

Sofia. I do remember.

it stands in the place of an answer; and almost always at the beginning of a scene.

“Whether a poet has *written down* the Pantomime or not, it is easy to discover at first sight, whether he has *composed* after it. The conduct of the piece will not be the same; the scenes will have another turn; the Dialogue will relish of it.”

Moliere, as this ingenious Critick observes, has always written down the *Pantomime* (as he phrases it) and Terence seems plainly to have had it always in

his view, and to have paid a constant attention to it in his composition, though he has not set it down in words.

* *Be ta'en due care of.*] *Nempe ut curentur rectè hæc.* Madam Dacier will have it, that Simo here makes use of a *kitchen-term* in the word *curentur*. I believe it rather means *to take care of* any thing generally; and at the conclusion of this very scene, *Sofia* uses the word again speaking of things very foreign to cookery. *Sat est, CURABO.*

Simo.

Simo. Nor do I repent.

Sofia. If I have ever done, or now do aught
That's pleasing to you, Simo, I am glad,
And thankful that you hold my service good.
And yet this troubles me: for this detail,
Forcing your kindness on my memory,
Seems to reproach me of ingratitude.*
Oh tell me then at once, what wou'd you, Sir?

Sim. I will; and this I must advise you first:
The nuptial you suppose preparing now,
Is all unreal.

Sofia. Why pretend it then?

Simo. You shall hear all from first to last: † and thus

* *Seems to reproach me of ingratitude.*] opening his mind to Francisco. The English Poet has with great address transferred the sentiment from the inferior to the superior character, which certainly adds to its delicacy. Sforza being on the point of

Sforza.—I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have rais'd,
In your advancement; and repent no grace,
I have conferr'd upon you: And believe me,
Tho' now I should repeat my favours to you,
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you,
I find you're worthy of them, in your love
And service to me.

† *You shall bear all, &c.*] more swiftness or noise than that which it derives from its course and the ground it runs over. No wit, no display of sentiment, not a sentence that wears an epigrammatical air,
none

The conduct of my son, my own intent,
 And what part you're to act, you'll know at once:
 For my son, *Sofia*, now to manhood grown,*
 Had freer scope of living: for before
 How might you know, or how indeed divine
 His disposition, good, or ill, while youth,
 Fear, and a master, all constrain'd him?

Sofia. True.

Simo. Though most, as is the bent of youth, apply
 Their mind to some one object, horses, hounds,
 Or to the study of philosophy; †
 Yet none of these, beyond the rest, did he

none of those definitions always out of place, except in *Nicole* or *Rochefoucauld*. When he generalizes a maxim, it is in so simple and popular a manner, you would believe it to be a common proverb which he has quoted: Nothing but what belongs to the subject. I have read this poet over and over with attention; there are in him no superfluous scenes, nor any thing superfluous in the scenes." *DIDEROT*.

This being the first narration in our author, and exceedingly beautiful, I could not help transcribing the foregoing passage from the French Treatise abovementioned. The narrations in the Greek Tragedies have been long and justly ad-

mired; and from this and many other parts of *Terence*, taken from Greek authors, we may fairly conclude that their Comedies were equally excellent in that particular.

* *Now to manhood grown.*] *Postquam excessit ex Ephebis*. The *Ephebia* was the first stage of youth, and youth the last stage of boyhood. *DONATUS*.

† *Or to the study of philosophy.*] It was at that age that the Greeks applied themselves to the study of philosophy, and chose out some particular sect, to which they attached themselves. *Plato's Dialogues* give us a sufficient insight into that custom. *DACIER*.

Perfue;

Pursue; and yet, in moderation, all.

I was o'erjoy'd.

Sofia. And not without good cause.
For this I hold to be the Golden Rule
Of Life, Too much of one Thing's good for nothing.*

Simo. So did he shape his life to bear himself
With ease and frank good-humour unto all;
Mixt in what company so'er, to them
He wholly did resign himself; complied
With all their humours, checking nobody,
Nor e'er assuming to himself: and thus
With ease, and free from envy, may you gain
Praise, and conciliate friends,

Sofia. He rul'd his life
By prudent maxims: for, as times go now,
Compliance raises friends, and truth breeds hate.

Simo. Meanwhile, 'tis now about three years ago,†

* *Too much of one thing's good for nothing.*] *Ne quid nimis.* A sentiment not unbecoming a servant, because it is common, and is therefore not put into the mouth of the master. DONATUS.

Though the Commentators are full of admiration of this golden saying, "Do nothing to excess," yet it is plain that

Terence introduces it here as a *characteristick* sentiment. *Sofia* is a dealer in old sayings. The very next time he opens his mouth, he utters another. I thought it necessary therefore, for the sake of the preservation of character, to translate this antient proverb by one of our own, though the modern maxim is not express'd with equal elegance.

† *'Tis now about three Years ago.*] The mention of this distance of time is certainly artful, as it affords time for all the events, previous to the opening

ing

A certain woman from the isle of Andros
 Came o'er to settle in this neighbourhood,
 By poverty and cruel kindred driv'n :
 Handsome and young.

Sofia. Ah ! I begin to fear
 Some mischief from this Andrian.

Simo. At first
 Modest and thriftily, tho' poor, she liv'd, †
 With her own hands a homely livelihood
 Scarce earning from the distaff and the loom.
 But when a lover came with promis'd gold,
 Another, and another, as the mind
 Falls easily from labour to delight,
 She took their offers, and set up the trade.

ing of the piece, to have hap-
 pened with the strictest proba-
 bility. The comment of Do-
 natius on this passage is curi-
 ous.

“The author hath artfully
 said three years, when he might
 have given a longer or a shorter
 period. Since it is probable
 that the woman might have
 lived modestly one year ; set up
 the trade, the next ; and died,
 the third. In the first year, there-
 fore, Pamphilus knew nothing
 of the family of Chrysis ; in
 the second, he became acquaint-
 ed with Glycerium ; and in the
 third, Glycerium marries Pam-

philus, and finds her parents.”
 DONATUS.

† *Modest and thriftily, &c.*]
 It is absolutely necessary that
 the reputation of Glycerium
 should be supposed to be spot-
 less and unblemished : and as
 she could never be *made an honest*
woman, if it were not clear that
 she was so before marriage,
 Chrysis, with whom she lived,
 is partly to be defended, partly
 to be praised ; whom although
 it is necessary to confess to be a
 courtesan, yet her behaviour is
 rendered as excusable as such a
 circumstance will admit. DO-
 NATUS.

They, who were then her chief gallants, by chance
 Drew thither, as oft happens with young men,
 My son to join their company. “ So, fo !”
 Said I within myself, “ he’s smit ! he has it !” *
 And in the morning as I saw their servants
 Run to and fro, I’d often call, “ Here, Boy !
 “ Prithee now, who had Chrysis yesterday ?”
 The name of this same Andrian.

Sofia. I take you.

Simo. Phædrus they said, Clinia, or Niceratus,
 For all these three then follow’d her.----“ Well, well,
 “ But what of Pamphilus ?”----“ Of Pamphilus !
 “ He smit, and paid his reck’ning.”----I was glad.
 Another day I made the like enquiry,
 But still found nothing touching Pamphilus.
 Thus I believ’d his virtue prov’d, and hence
 Thought him a miracle of continence :
 For he who struggles with such spirits, yet
 Holds in that commerce an unshaken mind,
 May well be trusted with the governance
 Of his own conduct. Nor was I alone
 Delighted with his life, † but all the world

* *He’s smit ! he has it !*] *Captus est, habet.* Terms taken from the
 Gladiators. DACIER.

† *But all the world, &c.*] Agonistes of Milton, which
 There is a beautiful sentiment | seems to be partly borrowed
 uttered by Manoa in the Samson | from this passage in our author.

— — — — I gain’d a son,
 And such a son, as all men hail’d me happy ;
 Who would be now a Father in my stead !

With one accord said all good things, and prais'd
 My happy fortunes, who possess a son
 So good, so lib'rally dispos'd.---In short,
 Chremes, seduc'd by this fine character,
 Came of his own accord, to offer me
 His only daughter with a handsome portion
 In marriage with my son. I lik'd the match:
 Betroth'd my son; and this was pitch'd upon,
 By joint agreement, for the Wedding-Day.

Sofia. And what prevents it's being so?

Simo. I'll tell you.

In a few days, the treaty still on foot,
 This neighbour Chrysis dies,

Sofia. In happy hour;

Happy for you! I was afraid of Chrysis.

Simo. My son, on this event, was often there
 With those who were the late gallants of Chrysis;
 Assisted to prepare the funeral,
 Ever condol'd, and sometimes wept with them.
 This pleas'd me then; for in myself I thought,
 " * Since merely for a small acquaintance-sake

* *Since merely, &c.*] 'Tis Valentine in Twelfth-Night reports the unconquerable grief of Olivia for the loss of a brother, discovered a similar sentiment to this in Shakespeare. When the Duke observes upon it,

Oh, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will She love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her?

THE ANDRIAN.

9

“ He takes this woman’s death so nearly, what
 “ If he himself had lov’d? What wou’d he feel
 “ For me, his father?” All these things, I thought,
 Were but the tokens and the offices
 Of a humane and tender disposition.
 In short, on his account, e’en I myself*
 Attend the funeral, suspecting yet
 No harm.

Sofia. And what ----

Simo. You shall hear all. The Corpse
 Born forth, we follow: when among the women,
 Attending there, I chanc’d to cast my eyes
 Upon one girl, in form ---

Sofia. Not bad, perhaps. —

Simo. And look; so modest, and so beautiful; *Sofia!*
 That nothing cou’d exceed it. As she seem’d
 To grieve beyond the rest; and as her air
 Appear’d more liberal and ingenuous,
 I went, and ask’d her women, who she was.
 Sister, they said, to Chrysis: when at once
 It struck my mind; “ So! so! the secret’s out;
 “ Hence were those tears, and hence all that compassion!”

Common sense directs us, for acquisitions of needy *Art*, but as
 the most part, to regard *Re-* the honest fruits of *Genius*, the
semblances in great writers, not free and liberal bounties of un-
 as the pilferings, or frugal ac- envying *Nature*.

HURD’S *Discourse on Poetical Imitation*.

* *I myself, &c.*] A com- funeral of a courtesan, merely
 plaisant father, to go to she to oblige his son. GEORGE.

VOL. I.

C

Sofia.

Sofia. Alas! I fear how this affair will end!

Simo. Meanwhile the funeral proceeds: we follow;
Come to the sepulchre: the Body's plac'd
Upon the pile; lamented: Whereupon
This Sister, I was speaking of, all wild,
Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
Then! there! the frighted Pamphilus betrays
His well-diffembled and long-hidden love:
Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and cries,
" Oh my Glycerium! what is it you do?
" Why, why endeavour to destroy yourself?"
Then she, in such a manner, that you thence
Might easily perceive their long, long, love,
Threw herself back into his arms, and wept—
Oh how familiarly!*

* Having introduced this narration with a general Eulogium on the narrations of our Author by a most judicious French Critick, it may not be improper at the conclusion of this particular narration, to produce the testimony of Cicero in its favour.

" If brevity consists in using
" no more words than are ab-
" solutely necessary, such a stile

" may sometimes be expedient:
" but it is often extremely pre-
" judicial to a narrative; not
" only as it renders it obscure;
" but as it takes off that air of
" ease and chearfulness, and
" force of persuasion, which are
" the chief properties of a nar-
" rative. In Terence for in-
" stance, how minute and par-
" ticular is that narration,
" which commences with,

" For my son, Sofia, now to manhood grown, &c.!

" The manners of the Youth
" himself, the curiosity of the
" Slave, the death of Chrysis,

" the look, and figure, and
" grief of the Sister, are drawn
" at full length, and in the
" most

Sofia. How say you!

Simo. I

Return in anger thence, and hurt at heart,
Yet had not cause sufficient for reproof.

“What have I done? he’d say: or how deserv’d

“Reproach? or how offended, Father?—Her,

“Who meant to cast herself into the flames,

“I stopt.”—A fair excuse!

Sofia. You’re in the right:*

For him, who sav’d a life, if you reprove,

What will you do to him that offers wrong?

Simo. Chremes next day came open-mouth’d to me:
Oh monstrous! he had found that Pamphilus
Was married to this Stranger-Woman. † I

“most agreeable colours. But “affected a brevity like that of
“if he had, through the whole, “the following passage,

“Meanwhile the funeral proceeds; we follow;

“Come to the sepulchre: the body’s plac’d

“Upon the pile;

“the whole might have been “perse it with speeches; and
“comprised in little more than “the fact itself receives a greater
“ten short verses: and yet in “air of probability, when you
“these very expressions, *the* “relate the manner in which it
“*funeral proceeds; we follow;* “passed.”

De Oratore, Lib. II. 81.

“concise as they are, the poet
“was rather studious of beauty,
“than brevity. For had there
“been nothing more than, *the*
“*body’s plac’d upon the pile,* the
“whole might have been clear-
“ly understood: but it enli-

* *You’re in the right.*] Nothing can mark the flat simplicity of *Sofia’s* character stronger than the insipidity of this speech.

“vens a narration to mark it
“with characters, and inter-

† *Was married to this Stranger-Woman.*] The Greeks and
C 2 Romans

Deny the fact most steadily, and he
As steadily insists. In short we part
On such bad terms, as let me understand
He wou'd refuse his daughter.

Sofia. Did not you
Then take your son to task?

Simo. Not even this
Appear'd sufficient for reproof.

Sofia. How so?

Simo. "Father, (he might have said) you have, you know,
" Prescrib'd a term to all these things yourself.
" The time is near at hand, when I must live
" According to the humour of another.
" Meanwhile, permit me now to please my own!"

Sofia. What cause remains to chide him then?

Simo. If he
Refuses, on account of this amour,
To take a wife, such obstinate denial
Must be considered as his first offence.
Wherefore I now, from this mock-nuptial,
Endeavour to draw real cause to chide:
And that same rascal Davus, if he's plotting,
'That he may let his counsel run to waste,

Romans made use of this expression to signify a *Courtesan*; and I believe they borrowed that term from the people of the east; as we find it used in that sense in the books of the Old Testament. DACIER. Donatus seems to think the word used here merely as a contemptuous expression.

Now,

Now, when his knaveries can do no harm :
 Who, I believe, with all his might and main
 Will strive to cross my purposes ; and that
 More to plague me, than to oblige my son.

Sofia. Why so ?

Simo. Why so ! Bad mind, bad heart : * But if
 I catch him at his tricks !—But what need words ?
 —If, as I wish it may, it shou'd appear
 That Pamphilus objects not to the match,
 Chremes remains to be prevail'd upon,
 And will, I hope, consent. 'Tis now your place
 To counterfeit these nuptials cunningly ;
 To frighten Davus ; and observe my son,
 What he's about, what plots they hatch together.

Sofia. Enough ; I'll take due care. Let's now go in !

Simo. Go first ; I'll follow you. [Exit *Sofia.* †

* *Bad mind, bad heart.*] *Mala mens, malus animus.* *Animus*, the heart, conceives the bad actions, and *Mens*, the mind, devises the means of carrying them into execution. DACIER.

† *Exit Sofia.*] Here we take our last leave of *Sofia*, who is, in the language of the Commentators, a *Protatick Personage*, that is, as *Donatus* explains it, one who appears only once in the beginning (the *Protasis*) of the piece, for the sake of unfolding the argument, and is never seen

in any part of the play. The narration being ended, says *Donatus*, the character of *Sofia* is no longer necessary. He therefore departs, and leaves *Simo* alone to carry on the action. With all due deference to the antients, I cannot help thinking this method, if too constantly practised, as I think it is in our author, rather inartificial. Narration, however beautiful, is certainly the dearest part of theatrical compositions ; it is indeed, strictly speaking, scarce Dramatick, and strikes the least

Beyond all doubt
 My son's averse to take a wife : I saw
 How frighten'd Davus was, but even now,
 When he was told a nuptial was preparing.
 But here he comes.

in the representation : and the too frequent introduction of a character, to whom a principal person in the Fable is to relate in confidence the circumstances previous to the opening of the Play, is surely too direct a manner of conveying that information to the audience. Every thing of this nature should come obliquely, fall in a manner by accident, or be drawn, as it were, perforce, from the parties concerned, in the course of the action : a practice, which if reckon'd highly beautiful in Epick, may be almost set down as absolutely necessary in Dramatick Poetry. It is, however, more adviseable even to seem tedious, than to hazard being obscure, Terence certainly opens his plays with great address, and assigns a probable reason for one of the parties being so communicative to the other ; and yet it is too plain that this narration is made merely for the sake of the audience, since there never was a duller hearer than Master Sofia, and it never appears in the sequel of the Play, that Simo's

instructions to him are of the least use to frighten Davus, or work upon Pamphilus. Yet even this *Protatick Personage* is one of the instances of Terence's art, since it was often usual in the Roman Comedy, as may be seen even in Plautus, to make the relation of the argument the express office of the Prologue.

Sir Richard Steele has opened the *Conscious Lovers* in direct imitation of the *Andrian*, but has unfolded the argument with much less art, as will perhaps appear in the course of the notes on this act. In this place it is sufficient to observe, that the delineation of the characters in the English author is infinitely inferior to that of those in the Roman. Simo is the most finished character in the play. Sir John Bevil, I fear, is but an insignificant personage. Humphry, while he has all the plainness and dullness of Sofia, possesses neither his fidelity nor secrecy ; for he goes between the father and the son, and in some measure betrays both.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*Enter DAVUS.**

Davus to himself.] I thought 'twere wonderful
If this affair went off so easily;
And dreaded where my master's great good-humour
Wou'd end at last: Who, after he perceiv'd
The Lady was refus'd, ne'er said a word
To any of us, nor e'er took it ill.

Simo, behind.] But now he will; to your cost too, I
warrant you!

Davus. This was his scheme; to lead us by the nose
In a false dream of joy; then all agape
With hope, even then that we were most secure,
To have o'erwhelm'd us, nor allow'd us time
To cast about which way to break the match.
Cunning old Gentleman!

Simo. What says the Rogue?

Davus. My master, and I did not see him!

Simo. Davus!

Davus. Well! what now? [*pretending not to see him.*]

Simo. Here! this way!

Davus. What can he want? [*to himself.*]

Simo, overbearing.] What say you?

* *Davus.*] Sir Richard Steele elegance and humour in his
has modernized the characters sprightly Footman and Chamber-
of Davus and Myfis with great maid, Tom and Phillis.

Davus. Upon what, Sir?

Simo. Upon what!

The world reports that my son keeps a mistress.

Davus. Oh, to be sure, the world cares much for that.

Simo. D'ye mind what I say, Sirrah?

Davus. Nothing more, Sir.

Simo. But for me now to dive into these matters

May seem perhaps like too severe a father :

For all his youthful pranks concern not me.

While 'twas in season, he had my free leave

To take his swing of pleasure. But to-day

Brings on another stage of life, and asks

For other manners : wherefore I desire,

Or, if you please, I do beseech you, *Davus,*

To set him right again. [*ironically.*]

Davus. What means all this ?

Simo. All, who are fond of mistresses, dislike
The thoughts of matrimony,

Davus. So they say.

Simo. And then, if such a person entertains
An evil counsellor in those affairs,

He tampers with the mind, and makes bad worse.

Davus. Troth, I don't comprehend one word of this.

Simo. No ?

Davus. No. I'm *Davus*, and not *Oedipus*.

Simo. Then for the rest I have to say to you,
You chuse I should speak plainly?

Davus.

Davus. By all means.

Simo. If I discover then, that in this match
You get to your dog's tricks to break it off,
Or try to shew how shrewd a rogue you are,
I'll have you beat to mummy, and then thrown
* In prison, Sirrah! upon this condition,
That when I take you out again, I swear
To grind there in your stead. D'ye take me *now*?
Or don't you understand *this* neither?

Davus. Clearly.

You have spoke out at last: the very thing!
Quite plain and home; and nothing round about.

Simo. I could excuse your tricks in any thing,
Rather than this. [*angrily.*]

Davus. Good words! I beg of you.

Simo. You laugh at me: well, well!—I give you
warning,
That you do nothing rashly, nor pretend
You was not advertis'd of this—Take heed! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

D A V U S.

† Troth, Davus, 'tis high time to look about you;
No room for sloth, as far as I can found

* *In Prison.*] *Te in pistrinum,* for slaves, to which they were
Dave, dedam. The prison menti- sent to grind corn, as disorderly
oned here, and in many other persons are made to beat hemp
passages of our Author, was a in our Bridewell.
kind of House of Correction † *Troth, Davus, &c.*] This,
says

The sentiments of our old gentleman
 About this marriage; which if not fought off,
 And cunningly, spoils me, or my poor master.
 I know not what to do; nor can resolve
 To help the son, or to obey the father.
 If I desert poor Pamphilus, alas!
 I tremble for his life; if I assist him,
 I dread his father's threats: a shrewd old Cuff,
 Not easily deceiv'd. For first of all,
 He knows of this amour; and watches me
 With jealous eyes, lest I devise some trick
 To break the match. If he discovers it,
 Woe to poor Davus! nay, if he's inclin'd
 To punish me, he'll seize on some pretence
 To throw me into prison, right or wrong.
 Another mischief too, to make bad worse,
 This Andrian, wife or mistress, is with child
 By Pamphilus. And do but mark the height
 Of their assurance! for 'tis certainly

says Donatus, is a short and comick deliberation, calculated to excite the attention of the audience to the impending events; artfully relating part of the argument, but in order to prepare the events without anticipating them, representing the circumstances of the story as fabulous; and in order to enliven it, passing from dry narration to mimickry.

How much more artful is the conduct of Terence in this place than that of Sir Richard Steele in the *Conscious Lovers*, who besides the long narration, with which the play opens, has obliged the patient Humphrey to hear a second story, with which he has burthened the conclusion of his first act, from young Bevil.

* The dotage of mad people, not of lovers.

Whate'er she shall bring forth, they have resolv'd

† To educate: and have among themselves

Devis'd the strangest story! that Glycerium

Is an Athenian citizen. " There was

" Once on a time a certain merchant, shipwreckt

" Upon the isle of Andros; there he died:

" And Chrysis' father took this Orphan-wreck,

" Then but an infant, under his protection."

Ridiculous! 'tis all romance to me:

And yet the story pleases them. But see!

Mysis comes forth. But I must to the Forum ‡

To look for Pamphilus, for fear his father

Should find him first, and take him unawares. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter MYSIS. [*Speaking to a servant within.*]

I hear, Archillis; I hear what you say:

You beg me to bring Lesbia. By my troth

* *The dotage, &c.] Inceptio estamentium, haud amantium. A play upon words, impossible to be exactly preserved in the translation.*

† *To educate.] Deceperunt tollere. The word tollere strictly signifies to take up, and alludes to the custom of those times.*

As soon as a child was born, it was laid on the ground; and if the father was willing to educate it, he ordered it to be taken up: but if he said nothing, it was a token signifying that he would have it exposed. DAC.

‡ *The Forum.] The Forum is frequently spoken of in the comic*

That Lesbia is a drunken wretch, hot-headed,
 Nor worthy to be trusted with a woman
 In her first labour.—Well, well! she shall come.
 --Observe how earnest the old gossip is, [*Coming forward.*
 Because this Lesbia is her pot-companion.
 —Oh grant my mistress, Heav'n, a safe delivery,
 And let the midwife trespass any where
 Rather than here!—But what is it I see?
 Pamphilus all disorder'd: How I fear
 The cause! I'll wait awhile, that I may know
 If this commotion means us any ill.

S C E N E V.

* PAMPHILUS, MYSSIS *behind.*

Pam. Is this well done? or like a man?—Is this
 The action of a father?

Myssis. What's the matter?

mick authors; and from various passages in which Terence mentions it, it may be collected, that it was a publick place, serving the several purposes of a market, the seat of the Courts of Justice, a publick walk, and an Exchange.

† *Pamphilus.*] The two most beautiful characters in this play, in my opinion, are the Father and Son. It has already been observed how much Sir Richard

Steele falls short of Terence in delineating the first; and I must own, though Bevil is plainly the most laboured character in the *Conscious Lovers*, I think it much inferior to Pamphilus. The particular differences in their character I propose to point out in the course of these notes: at present I shall only observe in general, that, of the two, Bevil is the more cool and refined, Pamphilus the more natural and pathetick.

Pam.

Pam. Oh all ye Pow'rs of heav'n and earth, what's wrong

If this is not so?—If he was determin'd
That I to-day should marry, should I not
Have had some previous notice?—ought not He
To have inform'd me of it long ago?

Myfs. Alas! what's this I hear?

Pam. And Chremes too,
Who had refus'd to trust me with his daughter,
Changes his mind, because I change not mine.*

* *Changes his mind, &c.*] *Id mutavit, quia me immutatum videt.* The verb *immutare* in other Latin authors, and even in other parts of Terence himself, signifies *to change*: as in the *Phormio*, Antipho says *Non possum immutarier.* "I cannot be changed." But here the sense absolutely requires that *immutatum* should be rendered *not changed*. Madam Dacier endeavours to reconcile this, according to a conjecture of her father's, by shewing that *immutatus* stands for *immutabilis*; as *immotus* for *immobilis*, *invictus* for *invincibilis*, &c. But these examples do not remove the difficulty; since those participles always bear a negative sense,

I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me.
that is, *stops, prevents, hinders* me, which is directly opposite to the modern use of the word.

It has been ingeniously pro-

posed to remove the whole difficulty of this passage by placing a point of interrogation at the end of the sentence, which would
which *immutatus* does not: and thence arises all the difficulty. Terence certainly uses the verb *immutare* both negatively and positively, as is plain from this passage and the above passage from the *Phormio*: and I dare say with strict propriety. In our own language we have instances of the same word bearing two senses directly opposite to each other. The word *Let* for instance is used in the contradictory meanings of *permission* and *prohibition*. The modern acceptance of the word is indeed almost entirely confined to the first sense; though we say even at this day *without LET* or *molestation*. Shakespeare in *Hamlet*, says,

I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me.
posed to remove the whole difficulty of this passage by placing a point of interrogation at the end of the sentence, which would

Can he then be so obstinately bent
 To tear me from Glycerium? To lose Her
 Is losing life.—Was ever man so crost,
 So curst as I?—Oh Pow'rs of heav'n and earth!
 Can I by no means fly from this alliance
 With Chremes' family?—so oft contemn'd
 And held in scorn!—all done, concluded all!—
 Rejected, then recall'd:—and why?—unless
 For so I must suspect,* they breed some monster;
 Whom as they can obtrude on no one else,
 They bring to me.

Myfs. Alas, alas! this speech
 Has struck me almost dead with fear.

Pam. And then
 My father!—what to say of Him?—Oh shame!
 A thing of so much consequence to treat
 So negligently!—For but even now
 Passing me in the Forum, “Pamphilus!
 “To-day's your wedding-day, said He: Prepare;
 “Go, get you home!”—This founded in my ears
 As if he said, “Go, hang yourself!”—I stood

would preserve the usual import of the word *immutatum*: but this, I think, would take from the force and energy of the speech, and would scarce agree with the sense of the sentence immediately following.

* *They breed some monster.*]
Aliquid monstri alunt. Dacier

and some others imagine these words to signify some plot that is hatching. Donatus and the Commentators on him interpret them as referring to the woman, which is the sense I have followed; and I think the next sentence confirms this interpretation.

Con-

Confounded. Think you I could speak one word?
 Or offer an excuse, how weak soe'er?
 No, I was dumb:---and had I been aware,
 Should any ask what I'd have done, I would,
 Rather than this, do any thing.---But now
 What to resolve upon?---So many cares
 Entangle me at once, and rend my mind,
 Pulling it diff'rent ways. My love, compassion,
 This urgent match, my rev'ence for my father,
 Who yet has ever been so gentle to me,
 And held so slack a rein upon my pleasures.
 ---And I oppose him?---Racking thought!---Ah me!
 I know not what to do.

Myfis. Alas, I fear

Where this uncertainty will end. 'Twere best
 He should confer with Her; or I at least
 Speak touching her to Him. For while the mind *

* *For while the mind, &c.] Dum in dubio est animus, paulo momento huc illuc impellitur.* Dacier thinks that these words allude to scales, which sense I have adopted in the translation; but I rather think with Donatus that they refer to any great weight, which while it is yet unfixed, and hangs in suspense, is driven by the slightest touch here or there. In the beautiful story of Myrrha in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, there is a passage, which the Commentators suppose to be an imitation of this sentence.

— — — — — Utque securi
 Saucia trabs ingens, ubi plaga novissima restat,
 Quo cadat, *in dubio est*, omnique à parte timetur;
 Sic *animus* vario labefactus vulnere mutatur
 Huc levis atque illuc, *momentaque* sumit utroque.

Hangs

Hangs in suspense, a trifle turns the scale.

Pam. Who's there? what, Myfis! Save you!

Myfis. Save you! Sir. [Coming forwards.

Pam. How does she?

Myfis. How! oppress'd with wretchedness.*

To-day supremely wretched, as to-day
Was formerly appointed for your wedding.
And then she fears lest you desert her.

Pam. I!

Desert her? Can I think on't? or deceive
A wretched maid, who trusted to my care
Her life and honour! Her, whom I have held
Near to my heart, and cherish'd as my wife?
Or leave her modest and well-nurtur'd mind
Through want to be corrupted? Never, never.

Myfis. No doubt, did it depend on you alone;
But if constrain'd—

Pam. D'ye think me then so vile?

Or so ungrateful, so inhuman, savage,
Neither long intercourse, nor love, nor shame,

* *Oppress'd with wretchedness.*] *Laborat e dolore.* Though the word *laborat* has tempted Donatus and the rest of the Commentators to suppose that this sentence signified Glycerium's being in labour, I cannot help concurring with Cooke, that it means simply, that she is weigh'd down with grief. The words

immediately subsequent corroborate this interpretation: and at the conclusion of the scene, when Myfis tells him, she is going for a midwife, Pamphilus hurries her away as he would naturally have done here, had he understood by these words, that her mistress was in labour.

Can move my soul, or make me keep my faith ?

Myfis. I only know, my mistress well deserves
You should remember her.

Pam. Remember her?

Oh, Myfis, Myfis! even at this hour,
The words of Chrysis touching my Glycerium
Are written in my heart. On her death-bed
She call'd me. I approach'd her. You retir'd.
We were alone; and Chrysis thus began.

“ My Pamphilus, you see the youth and beauty
“ Of this unhappy maid: and well you know,
“ These are but feeble guardians to preserve
“ Her fortune or her fame. By this right hand
“ I do beseech you, by your better angel,*
“ By your tried faith, by her forlorn condition,
“ I do conjure you, put her not away,
“ Nor leave her to distress! If I have ever,
“ As my own brother, lov'd you; or if She
“ Has ever held You dear 'bove all the world,
“ And ever shewn obedience to your will---
“ I do bequeath you to her as a husband,

* *By your better angel.*] *Per* and there is a passage in Horace,
Genium tuum. Most editors give plainly imitated from this in
Ingenium: but as Bentley ob- our author, where the measure
serves, this [*per Genium*] was infallibly determines the read-
the most usual way of adjuring; ing.

Quod te per *Genium Dextramque* Deosque Penates,
Obsecro, et obtestor.

Hor. L. 1. Ep. 7. COOKE.

“ Friend, Guardian, Father: All our little wealth

“ To you I leave, and trust it to your care.”---

She join'd our hands, and died.---I did receive her,
And once receiv'd will keep her.*

Myfis. So we trust.

Pam. What make you from her?

Myfis. Going for a widwife. †

* How much more affecting is this speech, than Bevil's dry detail to Humphry of his meeting with Indiana! a detail the more needless and inartificial, as it might with much more propriety and *pathos* have been

entirely reserved for Indiana herself in the scene with her father.

There is a palpable imitation of this beautiful speech in the Orphan of Otway.

Chamont. When our dear Parents died, they died together,
One fate surpriz'd them, and one grave receiv'd them:
My father with his dying breath bequeath'd
Her to my love: My mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd me;
Then prest me close, and as she observ'd my tears,
Kist them away: Said she, Chamont, my son,
By this, and all the love I ever shew'd thee,
Be careful of Monimia, watch her youth.
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour.
Perhaps kind heav'n may raise some friend—then sigh'd,
Kist me again; so blest us, and expir'd.

† *Going for a midwife.*] Methinks *Myfis* has loitered a little too much, considering her errand; but perhaps *Terence* knew, that some women would gossip on the way, though on an affair of life and death.
COOKE.

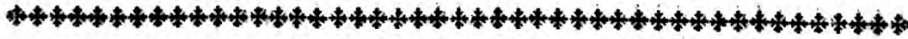
This two-edged reflection,

glancing at once on *Terence* and the ladies, is, I think, very ill-founded. The delay of *Myfis*, on seeing the emotion of *Pamphilus*, is very natural; and her artful endeavours to interest his passions in favour of her mistress, are rather marks of her attention, than neglect.

Pam.

Pam. Haste then! and hark, be sure take special heed,
You mention not a word about the marriage,
Left this too give her pain.

Mysis. I understand.*



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

† CHARINUS, BYRRHIA.

Char. **H**OW, Byrrhia? Is she to be married, say you,
To Pamphilus to-day?

Byr. 'Tis even so.

Char. How do you know?

Byr. I had it even now

From Davus at the Forum.

* The first act of Baron's Andrian is little else than a mere version of this first act of Terence. Its extreme elegance and great superiority to the Prose Translation of Dacier, is a strong proof of the superior excellence and propriety of a Poetical Translation of the works of this author.

† *Charinus, Byrrhia.*] These two characters were not in the works of Menander, but were added to the Fable by Terence, lest Philumena's being left without a husband, on the marriage

of Pamphilus to Glycerium, should appear too *tragical* a circumstance. DONATUS.

Madam Dacier, after transcribing this remark, adds, that it appears to her to be an observation of great importance to the Theatre, and well worthy our attention.

Important as this Dramatick *Arcanum* may be, it were to be wished that Terence had never found it out, or at least that he had not availed himself of it in the construction of the Andrian. It is plain that the Duplicity of Intrigue did not proceed from

Char. Woe is me!

Then I'm a wretch indeed: till now my mind
Floated 'twixt hope and fear: now, hope remov'd,
Stunn'd, and o'erwhelm'd, it sinks beneath its cares.

Byr. Nay, prithee Master, since the thing you wish
Cannot be had, e'en wish for that which may!

Char. I wish for nothing but Philumena.

Byr. Ah, how much wiser were it, that you strove

the imitation of Menander, since these characters, on which the double plot is founded, were not drawn from the Greek Poet. Charinus and Byrrhia are indeed but poor counterparts, or faint shadows of Pamphilus and Davus; and instead of adding life and vigour to the Fable, rather damp its spirit, and stop the activity of its progress. As to the *tragic* circumstance of Philumena's having no husband, it seems something like the distress of Prince Prettyman, who thinks it a matter of indifference, whether he shall appear to be the son of a King or a Fisherman, and is only uneasy lest he should be the son of nobody at all. I am much more inclined to the opinion of an ingenious French Critick, whom I have already cited more than once, than to that of Donatus or Madam Dacier. His comment on this under-plot is as follows.

“It is almost impossible to
conduct two intrigues at a

“time, without weakening the
“interest of both. With what
“address has Terence inter-
“woven the Amours of Pam-
“philus and Charinus in the
“Andrian! But has he done it
“without inconvenience? At
“the beginning of the second
“Act, do we not seem to be
“entering upon a new piece?
“and does the fifth conclude
“in a very interesting man-
“ner?” DIDEROT.

It is but justice to Sir Richard Steele to confess, that he has conducted the under-plot in the *Conscious Lovers* in a much more artful and interesting manner than Terence in the play before us. The part which Myrtle sustains (though not wholly unexceptionable, especially in the last act) is more essential to the Fable. His character also is more separated and distinguished from Bevil than Charinus from Pamphilus, and serves to produce one of the best scenes in the play.

To quench this passion, than, with words like these,
To fan the fire, and blow it to a flame?

Char. *How readily do men at ease prescribe
To those who're sick at heart! Distrest like me,
You would not talk thus.

Byr. Well, well, as you please.

Char. Ha! I see Pamphilus. I can resolve
On any thing, ere give up all for lost.

Byr. What now?

Char. I will entreat him, beg, beseech him,
Tell him our course of love, and thus perhaps,
At least prevail upon him to defer
His marriage some few days: meanwhile, I hope,
Something may happen.

* *How readily, &c.*] Shake- passage, as in most others, the
speare's Leonato falls into the English Poet has the advan-
same sentiment: but in this tage.

— — — — — Men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion.

And again in the same speech,

No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those, that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself.

Much Ado about Nothing.

It is a very natural sentiment, from whom, however, it is no
extremely likely to suggest itself more necessary to suppose that
on such occasions, and it has Terence adopted it, than that
been observed by Madam Da- Shakespeare borrowed it from
sier, that it occurs in Æschylus; Terence.

Byr. Ay, that something's nothing.

Char. Byrrhia, what think you? Shall I speak to him?

Byr. Why not? for tho' you don't obtain your suit,
He will at least imagine you're prepar'd
To cuckold him in case he marries her.

Char. Away, you hang-dog, with your base suspicions!

S C E N E II.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Charinus, save you!

Char. Save you, Pamphilus!

Imploring comfort, safety, help, and counsel,
You see me now before you.

Pam. Help, and counsel!

I can afford you neither.---But what mean you?

Char. Is this your Wedding-day?

Pam. Ay, so they say.

Char. Ah Pamphilus, if it be so, this day
You see the last of me.

Pam. How so?

Char. Ah me!

I dare not speak it: prithee tell him, Byrrhia,

Byr. Ay, that I will.

Pam. What is't?

Byr. He is in Love
With your bride, Sir*.

* *With your Bride.*] *Sponsam* exactly answering the sense of
hic tuam amat. We have no word *Sponsam* in this place. The fa-
miliar

Pam. I 'faith so am not I.

Tell me, Charinus, has aught further past
'Twixt you and her?

Char. Ah, no, no.

Pam. Wou'd there had!

Char. Now by our friendship, by my love, I beg
You wou'd not marry her——

Pam. I will endeavour.

Char. If that's impossible, or if this match
Be grateful to your heart——

Pam. My heart!

Char. At least

Defer it some few days; while I depart,
That I may not behold it.

Pam. Hear, Charinus;

It is, I think, scarce honesty in him
To look for thanks, who means no favour. I
Abhor this marriage, more than you desire it.

Char. You have reviv'd me.

Pam. Now if you, or He,
Your Byrrhia here, can do or think of aught;
Act, plot, devise, invent, strive all you can
To make her your's; and I'll do all I can
That She may not be mine.

miliar French expression of *La Future* comes pretty near it. It is, however, I hope, an allowable liberty in familiar conversation to speak of the Lady by the name of *the Bride* on her wedding-day, though before the performance of the ceremony.

Char. Enough.

Pam. I see

Davus, and in good time : for he'll advise
What's best to do.

Char. But you, you sorry Rogue, [to *Byrrhina*.
Can give me no advice, nor tell me aught,
But what it is impertinent to know.
Hence, Sirrah, get you gone !

Byr. With all my heart. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter DAVUS hastily.

Davus. Good Heav'ns, what news I bring ! what
joyful news !

But where shall I find Pamphilus, to drive
His fears away, and make him full of Joy ?

Char. There's something pleases him.

Pam. No matter what.

He has not heard of our ill fortune yet.

Davus. And He, I warrant, if he has been told
Of his intended Wedding—

Char. Do you hear ?

Davus. Poor Soul, is running all about the Town
In quest of me. But whither shall I go ?
Or which way run ?

Char. Why don't you speak to him ?

Davus.

Davus. I'll go.

Pam. Ho! *Davus!* Stop, come here!

Davus. Who calls?

O, Pamphilus! the very man!--Heyday!
Charinus too!--Both gentlemen, well met!
I've news for both.

Pam. I am ruin'd, *Davus.*

Davus. Hear me!

Pam. Undone!

Davus. I know your fears.

Char. My life's at stake.

Davus. Your's I know also,

Pam. Matrimony mine.

Davus. I know it.

Pam. But to-day.

Davus. You stun me; Plague!

I tell you I know ev'ry thing: You fear [*to Charinus.*
You shou'd *not* marry her.--You fear you *shou'd.* [*to Pam.*

Char. The very thing.

Pam. The same.

Davus. And yet that *same*
Is nothing. Mark!

Pam. Nay, rid me of my fear.

Davus. I will then. *Chremes* don't intend his daughter
Shall marry you to-day.

Pam. No! How d'ye know?

Davus. I'm sure of it. Your Father but just now

Takes

Takes me aside, and tells me 'twas his will,
 That you shou'd wed to-day; with much beside,
 Which now I have not leisure to repeat.
 I, on the instant, hastening to find you,
 Run to the Forum to inform you of it:
 There, failing, climb an eminence; look round;
 No Pamphilus: I light by chance on Byrrhia;
 *Enquire; he hadn't seen you. Vext at heart,
What's to be done? thought I. Returning thence
 A doubt arose within me. Ha! bad cheer,
 The old man melancholy, and a wedding
 Clapt up so suddenly! This don't agree.

Pam. Well, what then?

Davus. I betook me instantly
 To Chremes' house; but thither when I came,
 †Before the door all hush. This tickled me.

Pam. You're in the right. Proceed.

Davus. I watch'd awhile:
 Mean time no soul went in, no soul came out;

* *Enquire; he hadn't seen you.*]
Rogo, negat vidisse. Wonderful
 brevity, and worthy imitation.
 DONATUS.

Whoever remembers this
 speech, as well as many other
 little narrations, in the origi-
 nal, will readily concur with
 the Critick; but whether the
 imitation recommended is very
 practicable, or capable of equal
 elegance in our language, the

reader may partly determine
 from the present and other
 translations.

† *Before the door all hush.*]
 Terence has not put this re-
 mark into the mouth of Davus
 without foundation. The House
 of the Bride was always full,
 and before the Street door
 were Musicians, and those who
 waited to accompany the Bride.
 DACIER.

No

*No Matron; in the house no ornament;
No note of preparation. I approach'd,
Look'd in ———

Pam. I understand: a potent sign!

Davus. Does this seem like a nuptial?

Pam. I think not.

Davus. *Think not, d'ye say? Away! you don't conceive;*
The thing is evident. I met beside,
As I departed thence, with Chremes' boy,
Bearing some pot-herbs, and a pennyworth †
Of little fishes for the old man's dinner.

Char. I am deliver'd, Davus, by your means,
From all my apprehensions of to-day.

Davus. And yet you are undone.

Char. How so? since Chremes
Will not consent to give Philumena
To Pamphilus.

Davus. Ridiculous! As if,
Because the daughter is denied to *him*,
She must of course wed *you*. Look to it well;
Court the old Gentleman thro' friends, apply,
Or else ———

* *No matron.*] Married women, neighbours, and relations; whose business it was to attend the Lady, whose name (*Pro-nuba*) as well as office was much the same as that of the modern *Bride-maid*.

† *A pennyworth.*] *Obolo.* The *Obolus*, says Donatus, was a coin of the lowest value. Cooke tells us that the precise worth of it was one penny, farthing, one-sixth.

Char.

Char. You're right: I will about it straight,
Altho' that hope has often fail'd. Farewell!

S C E N E IV.

PAMPHILUS, DAVUS.

Pam. What means my Father then? why counterfeit?

Davus. That I'll explain. If he were angry now,
Merely that Chremes has refus'd his Daughter,
He'd think himself in fault; and justly too,
Before the bias of your mind is known.
But granting you refuse her for a Wife,
Then all the blame devolves on you; and then
Comes all the storm.

Pam. What course then shall I take?
Shall I submit——

Davus. He is your Father, Sir,
Whom to oppose were difficult; and then
Glycerium's a lone woman; and he'll find
Some course, no matter what, to drive her hence.

Pam. To drive her hence?

Davus. Directly.

Pam. Tell me then.

Oh tell me, Davus, what were best to do?

Davus. Say that you'll marry*.

* *Say that you'll marry.*] The Fable of this Comedy, is much reciprocal dissimulation between better managed by our Author the Father and Son, in the than by Sir Richard Steele.

Pam. How!

Davus. And where's the harm?

Pam. Say that I'll marry!

Davus. Why not?

Pam. Never, never.

Davus. Do not refuse!

Pam. Persuade not!

Davus. Do but mark

The consequence.

Pam. Divorcement from Glycerium,
And marriage with the other.

Davus. No such thing.

Your father, I suppose, accosts you thus.

I'd have you wed to-day ;---I will, quoth you :

What reason has he to reproach you then?

Thus shall you baffle all his settled schemes,

And put him to confusion ; all the while

Secure yourself : for 'tis beyond a doubt

That Chremes will refuse his daughter to you ;

The efforts made by each party, in order to accomplish the favourite point, which they severally have in view, very naturally keeps all the characters in motion, and produces many affecting, and pleasant situations. There is too much uniformity in the adventures, as well as character of Bevil, for the vivacity of the Drama. His supposed consent to marry is fol-

lowed by no consequences, and his *honest dissimulation*, as he himself calls it, is less reconcileable to the philosophical turn of his character, than to the natural sensibility of Pamphilus ; besides that the dissimulation of the latter is palliated by his being almost involuntarily driven into it by the artful instigations of Davus.

So

So obstinately too, you need not pause,
 Or change these measures, lest he change his mind ;
 Say to your father then, that you will wed,
 That, with the will, he may want cause to chide.
 But if, deluded by fond hopes, you cry,
 " No one will wed their daughter to a rake,
 " A libertine."---Alas, you're much deceiv'd.
 For know, your father will redeem some wretch
 From rags and beggary to be your wife,
 Rather than see your ruin with Glycerium.
 But if he thinks you bear an easy mind,
 He too will grow indiff'rent, and seek out
 Another match at leisure : the mean while
 Affairs may take a lucky turn.

Pam. D'ye think so ?

Davus. Beyond all doubt.

Pam. See, what you lead me to.

Davus. Nay, peace !

Pam. I'll say so then. But have a care
 He knows not of the child, which I've agreed
 To educate.

Davus. Oh confidence !

Pam. She drew

This promise from me, as a firm assurance
 That I would not forsake her.

Davus. We'll take care.

But here's your father : let him not perceive
 You're melancholy.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter SIMO at a distance.

Simo. I return to see
What they're about, or what they meditate.

Davus. Now is he fure that you'll refuse to wed.
From some dark corner brooding o'er black thoughts
He comes, and fancies he has fram'd a speech
To difconcert you. See, you keep your ground !

Pam. If I can, Davus.

Davus. Trust me, Pamphilus,
Your father will not change a fingle word
In anger with you, do but fay you'll wed.

S C E N E VI.

Enter BYRRHIA behind.

Byr. To-day my mafter bad me leave all elfe
For Pamphilus, and watch how he proceeds,
About his marriage ; wherefore I have now
* Follow'd the old man hither : yonder too

* *Follow'd the old man hither.*]
HUNC *venientem fequor.* This
verfe, though in every edition,
as Bentley judiciously obferves,
is certainly fpurious : for as
Pamphilus has not difappeared
fince Byrrhia left the ftage, he
could not fay *nunc hunc veni-*

entem fequor. If we fuppofe the
line genuine, we muft at the fame
time fuppofe Terence guilty of a
monftrous abfurdity. COOKE.
Other Commentators have
alfo stumbled at this paffage ;
but if in the words *followed*
HIM hither, we fuppofe HIM
[HUNC]

Stands Pamphilus himself, and with him Davus.
To business then!

Simo. I see them both together.

Davus. Now mind. [apart to Pam.]

Simo. Here, Pamphilus!

Davus. Now turn about,

As taken unawares. [apart.]

Pam. Who calls? my father!

Davus. Well said! [apart.]

Simo. It is my pleasure, that to-day,

As I have told you once before, you marry.

Byr. Now on our part, I fear what he'll reply. [aside.]

Pam. In that, and all the rest of your commands,
I shall be ready to obey you, Sir!

Byr. How's that! [overbearing.]

Davus. Struck dumb. [aside.]

Byr. What said he? [listening.]

Simo. You perform

Your duty, when you cheerfully comply

With my desires.

Davus. There! said I not the truth? [apart to Pam.]

[HUNC] to refer to Simo, the difficulty is removed: and that the Pronoun does really signify Simo, is evident from the very circumstance of Pamphilus never having left the stage since the disappearance of Byrrhia. Simo is also represented as coming on

the stage homewards, so that Byrrhia might easily have followed him along the street: and it is evident that Byrrhia does not allude to Pamphilus, from the agreeable surprize which he expresses on seeing him there so opportunely for his purpose.

Byr.

Byr. My master then, so far as I can find,
May whistle for a wife.

Simo. Now then go in,
That when you're wanted you be found.

Pam. I go. [Exit.

Byr. Is there no faith in the affairs of men?
'Tis an old saying and a true one too;
"Of all mankind each loves himself the best."
I've seen the lady; know her beautiful;
And therefore sooner pardon Pamphilus,
If he had rather win her to his arms
Than yield her to th' embraces of my master.

* I will go bear these tidings, and receive
Much evil treatment for my evil news. [Exit.

* *I will go bear these tidings.*] Donatus observes on this scene between Byrrhia, Simo, Pamphilus, and Davus, that the Dialogue is sustained by four persons, who have little or no intercourse with each other: so that the scene is not only in direct contradiction to the precept of Horace excluding a fourth person, but is also otherwise vicious in its construction. Scenes of this kind are, I think, much too frequent in Terence, though indeed the form of the antient theatre was more adapted to the

representation of them than the modern. The multiplicity of speeches *afide* is also the chief error in his Dialogue, such speeches, though very common in Dramatick writers antient and modern, being always more or less unnatural.

Myrtle's suspicions, grounded on the intelligence drawn from Bevil's servant, are more artfully imagined by the English Poet, than those of Charinus created by employing his servant as a spy on the actions of Pamphilus.

SCENE VII.

Manent SIMO and DAVUS.

Davus. Now he supposes I've some trick in hand,
And loiter here to practise it upon him!

Simo. Well, what now, Davus?

Davus. Nothing.

Simo. Nothing, say you?

Davus. Nothing at all.

Simo. And yet I look'd for something.

Davus. * So, I perceive, you did:----This nettles
him. [*aside.*

Simo. Can you speak truth?

Davus. Most easily.

Simo. Say then,

Is not this wedding irksome to my son,
From his adventure with the Andrian?

Davus. No faith; or if at all, 'twill only be
Two or three days' anxiety, you know:

* *So, I perceive, you did:—*
This nettles him. [*aside.*] *Præter*
spem evenit: sentio: hoc male habet
virum. All the commentators and
translators have understood this
whole line as spoken *aside*: but
as the first part of it is an apt
answer to what *Simo* had said,
and in the same stile with the
rest of the conversation, that
Davus commonly holds with

him, I rather think it was in-
tended in reply; to which *Da-*
vus subjoins the conclusion, as
his sly remark *aside.*—Whether
this was certainly the Poet's
meaning, it is difficult to de-
termine; but I think that this
manner of speaking the line
would have the best effect on
the stage.

Then

Then 'twill be over : for he sees the thing
In its true light.

Simo. I praise him for't.

Davus. While you
Refrain'd him not ; and while his youth allow'd,
'Tis true he lov'd ; but even then by stealth,
As wise men ought, and careful of his fame.
Now his age calls for matrimony, now
To matrimony he inclines his mind.

Simo. Yet, in my eyes, he seem'd a little sad.

Davus. Not upon that account. He has, he thinks,
Another reason to complain of you.

Simo. For what ?

Davus. A trifle.

Simo. Well, what is't ?

Davus. Nay, nothing.

Simo. Tell me, what is't ?

Davus. You are then, he complains,
Somewhat too sparing of expence.

Simo. I ?

Davus. You.

* A feast of scarce ten Drachms ! Does this, says he,
Look like a wedding-supper for his son ?
What friends can I invite ? especially,
At such a time as this ?---and, truly, Sir,
You have been very frugal ; much too sparing.

* *A feast of scarce ten Drachms!*] The Attick *Drachma* was equal
to seven-pence, three farthings, of English money. COOKE.

I can't commend you for it.

Simo. Hold your peace.

Davus. I've ruffled him. [aside.

Simo. I'll look to that. Away! [Exit Davus.

What now? What means the varlet? Precious Rogue!

For if there's any knavery on foot,

* He, I am sure, is the contriver on't. [Exit.

* The second Act of the Andrian of Baron is, like the first, very nearly an exact translation of Terence.



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

SIMO, DAVUS, *coming out of Simo's House,*
—MY SIS, LESBIA, *going towards the*
House of Glycerium.

Myfis. **A**Y, marry, 'tis as you say, Lesbia:
Women scarce ever find a constant man.

Simo. The Andrian's maid-servant? Is't not?

Davus. Ay.

Myfis. But Pamphilus——

Simo. What says she? *[overbearing.]*

Myfis. Has been true.

Simo. How's that? *[overbearing.]*

Davus. Wou'd he were deaf, or she were dumb! *[aside.]*

Myfis. For the child, boy or girl, he has resolv'd
To educate.

Simo. O Jupiter! what's this
I hear? If this be true, I'm lost indeed.

Lesbia. A good young gentleman!

Myfis. Oh, very good.

But in, in, lest you make her wait.

Lesbia. I follow. *[Exeunt Myfis and Lesbia.]*

S C E N E II.

Mancnt SIMO, DAVUS.

Davus. Unfortunate! What remedy! [*aside.*

Simo. How's this? [*to himself.*

And can he be so mad? What! educate

A Harlot's child!--Ah, now I know their drift:

Fool that I was, scarce smelt it out at last.*

Davus listening.] What's this he says he has smelt out?

Simo. Imprimis, [*to himself.*

'Tis this rogue's trick upon me. All a sham:

A counterfeit deliv'ry, and mock labour.

Devis'd to frighten Chremes from the match.

Glycerium within.] † Juno Lucina, save me! help, I
pray thee.

* *Scarce smelt it out at last.*] Here the Poet inculcates an excellent moral, and shews that suspicious persons are as subject to be deceived, as those of small penetration: for by too great acuteness and refinement they misinterpret the plainest circumstances, and impose upon themselves. DONATUS.

† *Glycerium within.*] Juno Lucina, save me! help, I pray thee! Juno Lucina was the Goddess supposed to preside over child-birth.

“ In their Comedies, the Ro-
“ mans generally borrowed their
“ plots from the Greek Poets;
“ and theirs was commonly a
“ little girl stolen or wander-
“ ed from her parents, brought
“ back unknown to the city,
“ there got with child by some
“ lewd young fellow; who, by
“ the help of his servant, cheats
“ his father: and when her
“ time comes, to cry Juno Lu-
“ cina, *fer opem!* one or other
“ sees a little box or cabinet,
“ which was carried away with
“ her,

Simo. Hey-day! Already? Oh ridiculous!
Soon as she heard that I was at the door

“ her, and so discovers her to
“ her friends; if some God do
“ do not prevent it, by coming
“ down in a machine, and tak-
“ ing the thanks of it to him-
“ self.

“ By the Plot you may guess
“ much of the characters of the
“ Persons. An old father, who
“ would willingly, before he
“ dies, see his son well married:
“ a debauched son, kind in his
“ nature to his mistress, but mi-
“ serably in want of money; a
“ servant or slave, who has so
“ much wit as to strike in with
“ him, and help to dupe his
“ father; a Braggadochio Cap-
“ tain; a Parasite; and a Lady
“ of Pleasure.

“ As for the poor honest
“ maid, on whom the story is
“ built, and who ought to be
“ one of the principal Actors in
“ the Play, she is commonly
“ mute in it: She has the breed-
“ ing of the old Elizabeth way,
“ which was for maids to be
“ seen, and not to be heard;
“ and it is enough you know
“ she is willing to be married
“ when the fifth Act requires
“ it.” DRYDEN’S *Essay of Dra-
matick Poesie.*

It must be remembered that
Dryden’s *Essay* is written in the
form of a Dialogue, and there-

fore the above extract is not to
be supposed to be absolutely the
very opinion of the writer, but
receives a good deal of its high
colouring from the character of
the speaker. It is true, indeed,
that this *crying out* of a woman
in labour behind the scenes,
which Donatus gravely remarks
is the only way in which the
severity of the *Comædia Palliata*
would allow a *young gentlewo-
man* to be introduced, is per-
haps the most exceptionable cir-
cumstance of all the antient
drama: and if the modern
theatre has any transcendent ad-
vantage over the antient, it is
in the frequent and successful in-
troduction of female personages.

The antients were so little
sensible of the impropriety or
indecorum of such an incident,
that it is (as Dryden has ob-
served) introduced into many of
their plays, wherein the Lady
cries out in the same, or very si-
milar, words with Glycerium.
I do not, however, remember
any play where the Lady in the
Straw produces so many plea-
sant circumstances, as in the
play before us; nor is there, I
think, any one of those cir-
cumstances, except the *crying
out*, which might not be repre-
sented on our Stage. This act,

She hastens to cry out: Your incidents*
Are ill-tim'd, Davus.

Davus. Mine, Sir?

Simo. Are your players
Unmindful of their cues, and want a prompter?

Davus. I do not comprehend you.

Simo apart.] If this knave
Had, in the real nuptial of my son,
Come thus upon me unprepar'd, what sport,
What scorn he'd have expos'd me to? But now
At his own peril be it. I'm secure.

and the next, which are entirely built on the delivery of Glycerium, are the most humorous of the five; and yet these very acts seem to have been the most obnoxious to the delicacy of the modern imitators of our Author. Sir Richard Steele, indeed, departed in many other circumstances from the Fable of Terence, so that it is no wonder he took the advantage of bringing our Glycerium on the Stage in the person of Indiana: but Baron, who has wrought his whole piece on the ground of Terence, thought it necessary to new-

mould these two acts, and has introduced Glycerium merely to fill up the chasm created by the omission of the other incidents. Baron, I doubt not, judged right in thinking it unsafe to hazard them on the French Stage: but it must be obvious to every reader that the dearest and most insipid parts of Baron's play are those scenes in which he deviates from Terence.

* *Your incidents, &c.] Non sat commodè divisa sunt temporibus tibi, Dave, hæc.* A metaphor taken from the Theatre. DA-
CIER.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Re-enter LESBIA.---ARCHILLIS appears at the door.

Lesbia to Arch. within.] As yet, Archillis, all the
 symptoms seem
 As good as might be wish'd in her condition :
 First, let her make ablution : after that,
 Drink what I've order'd her, and just so much :
 And presently I will be here again. [*coming forward.*
 Now, by this good day, Master Pamphilus
 Has got a chopping Boy : Heav'n grant it live !
 For he's a worthy gentleman, and scorn'd
 To do a wrong to this young innocent. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Manent SIMO, DAVUS.

Simo. This too, where's he that knows you wou'd
 not fwear
 Was your contrivance ?
Davus. My contrivance ! what, Sir ?
Simo. While in the house, forsooth, the midwife gave
 No orders for the Lady in the Straw :
 But having iffued forth into the street,

Bawls

Bawls out most lustily to those within.

---Oh Davus, am I then so much your scorn?

Seem I so proper to be play'd upon,

With such a shallow, barefac'd, imposition?

You might at least, in reverence, have us'd

Some spice of art, were't only to pretend

You fear'd my anger, shou'd I find you out.

Davus. I'faith now he deceives himself, not I. [*aside.*

Simo. Did not I give you warning? threaten too,
In case you play'd me false? But all in vain:

For what car'd you?---What! think you I believe

This story of a child by Pamphilus?

Davus. I see his error: Now I know my game. [*aside.*

Simo. Why don't you answer?

Davus. What! you don't believe it?

As if you had not been inform'd of this? [*archly.*

Simo. Inform'd?

Davus. What then you found it out yourself? [*archly.*

Simo. D'ye laugh at me?

Davus. You must have been inform'd:

Or whence this shrewd suspicion?

Simo. Whence! from you:

Because I know you.

Davus. Meaning, this was done

By my advice.

Simo. Beyond all doubt: I know it:

Davus. You do not know me, Simo.---

Simo.

Simo. I not know you ?

Davus. For if I do but speak, immediately
You think yourself impos'd on.---

Simo. Falsely, hey ?

Davus. So that I dare not ope my lips before you.

Simo. All that I know is this ; that nobody
Has been deliver'd here.

Davus. You've found it out ?

Yet by and by they'll bring the bantling here, *
And lay it at our door. Remember, Sir,
I give you warning that will be the case ;
That you may stand prepar'd, nor after say,
'Twas done by Davus's advice, his tricks !
I wou'd fain cure your ill opinion of me.

Simo. But how d'ye know ?

Davus. I've heard so, and believe so.
Besides a thousand different things concur
To lead to this conjecture. First, Glycerium
Profess'd herself with child by Pamphilus :
That proves a falsehood. Now, as she perceives
A nuptial preparation at our house,
A maid's immediately dispatch'd to bring

* *They'll bring the bantling here.*] The art of this passage is equal to the pleasantry : for though Davus runs into this detail merely with a view to dupe the old man still further by flattering him on his fancied sagacity, yet it very naturally prepares us for an incident which, by another turn of circumstances, afterwards becomes necessary.

A midwife to her, and withal a child*:
 You too, they will contrive, shall see the child,
 Or else the wedding must proceed.

Simo. How's this?

Having discover'd such a plot on foot,
 Why did not you directly tell my son?

Davus. Who then has drawn him from her but myself?
 For we all know how much he doated on her:
 But now he wishes for a wife. In fine,
 Leave that affair to me; and you mean while
 Pursue, as you've begun, the nuptials; which
 The Gods, I hope, will prosper!

Simo. Get you in.

Wait for me there, and see that you prepare
 What's requisite. [*Exit Davus.*

He has not wrought upon me
 To yield implicit credit to his tale,
 Nor do I know if all he said be true.
 But, true or false, it matters not: to me
 My son's own promise is the main concern.
 Now to meet Chremes, and to beg his daughter
 In marriage with my son: If I succeed,
 What can I rather wish, than to behold
 Their marriage-rites to-day? For since my son
 Has given me his word, I've not a doubt,

* *And withal a child.*] This often deceived the old men by
 was a piece of roguery very suppositious children. DA-
 common in Greece, where they CIER.

Should he refuse, but I may force him to it :
And to my wishes see where Chremes comes.

S C E N E V.

Enter CHREMES*.

Simo. Chremes, Good day !

Chremes. The very man I look'd for.

Simo. And I for you.

Chremes. Well met.—Some persons came
To tell me you inform'd them, that my daughter
Was to be married to your son to-day :
And therefore came I here, and fain wou'd know
Whether 'tis you or they have lost their wits.

Simo. A moment's hearing; you shall be inform'd,
What I request, and what you wish to know.

Chremes. I hear: what would you? speak.

Simo. Now by the Gods ;
Now by our friendship, Chremes, which, begun
In infancy, has still increas'd with age ;
Now by your only daughter, and my son,
Whose preservation wholly rests on you ;

* *Enter* CHREMES.] Chremes is a humane; natural, unaffected old gentleman. Sealand in the *Conscious Lovers*, the English Chremes, is a sensible respectable merchant. Both the characters are properly sustained: but Chremes being indu-

ced first to renew his consent to the match, and afterwards wrought upon by occurrences arising in the fable to withdraw it again, renders his character more essential to the Drama, than Sealand's.

Let

Let me entreat this boon : and let the match
Which should have been, still be.

Chremes. Why, why entreat ?

Knowing you ought not to beseech this of me.
Think you, that I am other than I was,
When first I gave my promise ? If the match
Be good for both, e'en call them forth to wed.
But if their union promises more harm
Than good to both, You also, I beseech you,
Consult our common interest, as if
You were her father, Pamphilus my son.

Simo. E'en in that spirit, I desire it, Chremes,
Entreat it may be done ; nor would entreat,
But that occasion urges.

Chremes. What occasion ?

Simo. A difference 'twixt Glycerium and my son.

Chremes. I hear. [ironically.]

Simo. A breach so wide as gives me hopes
To separate them for ever.

Chremes. Idle tales !

Simo. Indeed 'tis thus.

Chremes. Ay marry, thus it is.

Quarrels of lovers but renew their love.

Simo. Prevent we then, I pray, this mischief now ;
While time permits, while yet his passion's fore
From contumelies ; ere these womens' wiles,
Their wicked arts, and tears made up of fraud,

Shake

Shake his weak mind, and melt it to compassion.
 Give him a wife: By intercourse with her,
 Knit by the bonds of wedlock, soon, I hope,
 He'll rise above the guilt that sinks him now.

Chremes. So you believe: for me, I cannot think
 That he'll be constant, or that I can bear it.

Simo. How can you know, unless you make the trial?

Chremes. Ay, but to make that trial on a daughter
 Is hard indeed.

Simo. The mischief, should he fail,
 Is only this: divorce, which heav'n forbid!
 But mark what benefits if he amend!
 First, to your friend you will restore a son;
 Gain to yourself a son-in-law; and match
 Your daughter to an honest husband.

Chremes. Well!
 Since you're so thoroughly convinc'd 'tis right,
 I can deny you naught that lies in me.

Simo. I see I ever lov'd you justly, Chremes.

Chremes. But then—

Simo. But what?

Chremes. From whence are you appriz'd
 That there's a difference between them?

Simo. Davus,
 Davus, in all their secrets, told me so;
 Advis'd me too, to hasten on the match
 As fast as possible. Wou'd He, d'ye think,

Do

Do that, unless he were full well assur'd
 My son desir'd it too?—Hear what he says.
 Ho there! call Davus forth.—But here he comes.

S C E N E VI.

Enter DAVUS.

Davus. I was about to seek you.

Simo. What's the matter?

Davus. Why is not the bride sent for? it grows late.

Simo. D'ye hear him?—Davus, I for some time past
 Was fearful of you; left, like other slaves,
 As slaves go now, you should put tricks upon me,
 And baffle me, to favour my son's love.

Davus. I, Sir?

Simo. I thought so: and in fear of that
 Conceal'd a secret which I'll now disclose.

Davus. What secret, Sir?

Simo. I'll tell you: for I now
 Almost begin to think you may be trusted.

Davus. You've found what sort of man I am at last.

Simo. No marriage was intended.

Davus. How! none!

Simo. None.

All counterfeit, to found my son and you.

Davus. How say you?

Simo. Even so.

Davus.

Davus. Alack, alack!
I never could have thought it. Ah, what art!
[*archly.*

Simo. Hear me. No sooner had I sent you in,
But opportunely I encounter'd Chremes.

Davus. How! are we ruin'd then? [aside.

Simo. I told him all,
That you had just told me,—

Davus. Confusion! how? [aside.

Simo. Begg'd him to grant his daughter, and at
length
With much ado prevail'd.

Davus. Undone! [aside.

Simo. How's that? [overbearing.

Davus. Well done! I said.

Simo. My good friend Chremes then
Is now no obstacle.

Chremes. I'll home awhile,
Order due preparations, and return. [Exit.

Simo. Prithee now, Davus, seeing you alone
Have brought about this match-----

Davus. Yes, I alone.

Simo. Endeavour further to amend my son.

Davus. Most diligently.

Simo. It were easy now,
While his mind's irritated.

Davus. Be at peace.

Simo. Do then : where is he ?

Davus. Probably, at home.

Simo. I'll in, and tell him, what I've now told
you. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

DAVUS *alone.*

Loft and undone! To prifon with me ftraight!
No prayer, no plea: for I have ruin'd all:
Deceiv'd the old man, hamper'd Pamphilus
With marriage; marriage, brought about to-day
By my fole means; beyond the hopes of one;
Againft the other's will.—Oh cunning fool!
Had I been quiet, all had yet been well.
But fee, he's coming. Would my neck were broken.

[Retires.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter PAMPHILUS; DAVUS behind.

Pam. Where is this villain that has ruin'd me ?

Davus. I'm a loft man.

Pam. And yet I muft confefs,
That I deferv'd this, being fuch a dolt,
A very ideot, to commit my fortunes
To a vile flave. I fuffer for my folly,

But

But will at least take vengeance upon Him.

Davus. Let me but once escape the present danger,
I'll answer for hereafter.

Pam. To my father
What shall I say?—And can I then refuse,
Who have but now consented? with what face?
I know not what to do.

Davus. I'faith, nor I;
And yet it takes up all my thoughts. I'll tell him
I've hit on something to delay the match.

Pam. Oh! [*seeing Davus.*]

Davus. I am feen.

Pam. So, Good Sir! What say you?
See, how I'm hamper'd with your fine advice.

Davus coming forward.] But I'll deliver you.

Pam. Deliver me?

Davus. Certainly, Sir.

Pam. What, as you did just now?

Davus. Better, I hope.

Pam. And can you then believe

That I would trust you, Rascal? You amend

My broken fortunes, or redeem them lost?

You, who to-day, from the most happy state,

Have thrown me upon marriage.—Did not I

Foretell it would be thus?

Davus. You did indeed.

Pam. And what do you deserve for this?*

Davus. The gallows.

—Yet suffer me to take a little breath,
I'll devise something presently.

Pam. Alas, †

* *And what do you deserve for this ?] Quid meritis ?* This question is taken from the custom of the Athenians, who never condemned a criminal without first asking what punishment he thought he deserved; and according to the nature of the culprit's answer, they mitigated or aggravated his punishment.

DACIER.

The Commentators cite a passage exactly parallel from the *Frogs* of Aristophanes.

† *Alas, I have not leisure, &c.]* “ Characters too faintly drawn
“ are the opposite of Carica-
“ ture. Pamphilus in the An-
“ drian is, in my mind, a faint
“ character. Davus has preci-
“ pitated him into a marriage
“ that he abhors. His mistress
“ has but just been brought to-
“ bed. He has a hundred rea-
“ sons to be out of humour.
“ Yet he takes all in good part.”
DIDEROT.

I cannot think there is much justice in the above observation. Pamphilus appears to me to have all the feelings of an amiable and ingenuous mind. There

is an observation of Donatus on Simo's observing to Davus, at the end of the second act, that his son appeared to him to be rather melancholy, which is in my opinion infinitely more just, and applicable to the character of Pamphilus than the remark of our ingenious French Critick. It has been reserved for this place on purpose to oppose them to each other. The passage and note on it are as follow.

“ *Yet in my mind he seem'd a*
“ *little sad.]* The propriety of
“ behaviour necessary to the dif-
“ ferent characters of the Son
“ and the Lover, is wonder-
“ fully preserved in this instance.
“ A deceit, sustained with great
“ assurance, would not have
“ been agreeable to the charac-
“ ter of an ingenuous youth :
“ and it would have been im-
“ probable in the character of
“ the Lover to have entirely
“ smothered his concern. He
“ suppresses it therefore in some
“ measure, because the thing
“ was to be concealed; but
“ could not assume a thorough
“ joyfulness, because his dispo-
“ sition

I have not leisure for your punishment,
The time demands attention to myself,
Nor will be wasted in revenge on you.

“fiction and passion inspired him
“with melancholy.” DONAT. lus concludes this act, alluding
to his present situation, assign a
very natural reason for his sub-
duing the transports of his anger
towards Davus.

It may be added also, as a
further answer to Diderot, that
the words with which Pamphi-



ACT IV. SCENE I.

CHARINUS *alone.*

IS this to be believ'd, or to be told?
 Can then such inbred malice live in man,
 To joy in ill, and from another's woes
 To draw his own delight?—Ah, is't then so?
 —Yes, such there are, the meanest of mankind,
 Who, from a sneaking bashfulness, at first
 Dare not refuse; but when the time comes on
 To make their promise good, then force perforce
 Open themselves and fear: yet must deny.
 Then too, oh shameless impudence, they cry,
 “ Who then are You? and what are you to Me?
 “ Why should I render up my love to You?
 “ Troth, neighbour, charity begins at home.”
 —Speak of their broken faith, they blush not, they,
 *Now throwing off that shame they ought to wear,
 Which they before assum'd without a cause.

* *Now throwing off, &c.*] It is observed by Patrick, that this scene of the second act of the *Andrian* has manifestly borrowed from Epidicus of Plautus.

Plerique homines, quos, cum nihil refert, pudet: ubi pudendum est, Ibi eos deserit pudor, cum usus est ut pudeat.

Too many are asham'd without a cause,
 And shameless, only when they've cause for shame.

---What

—What shall I do? accost him? tell my wrongs?
 Expostulate, and throw reproaches on him?
 What will that profit, say you?—very much.
 I shall at least embitter his delight,
 And gratify my anger.

S C E N E II.

To him PAMPHILUS and DAVUS.

Pam. Oh, Charinus,
 By my imprudence, unless Heav'n forefend,
 I've ruin'd both myself and you.

Char. Imprudence!
 Paltry evasion! You have broke your faith.

Pam. What now?

Char. And do you think that words like these
 Can baffle me again?

Pam. What means all this?

Char. Soon as I told you of my passion for her,
 Then she had charms for you.—Ah, senseless fool,
 To judge your disposition by my own!

Pam. You are mistaken.

Char. Was your joy no joy,
 Without abusing a fond lover's mind,
 Fool'd on with idle hopes?—Well, take her.

Pam. Take her?

Alas! you know not what a wretch I am:
 How many cares this slave has brought upon me,
 My rascal here.

Char. No wonder, if he takes
Example from his master.

Pam. Ah, you know not
Me, or my love, or else you would not talk thus.

Char. Oh yes, I know it all. You had but now
A dreadful altercation with your father :
And therefore he's enrag'd, nor could prevail
On You, forsooth, to wed. [ironically.]

Pam. To shew you then,
How little you conceive of my distress,
These nuptials were mere semblance, mock'ry all,
Nor was a wife intended me.

Char. I know it :
You are constrain'd, poor man, by inclination.

Pam. Nay, but have patience! you don't know---

Char. I know
That you're to marry her.

Pam. Why rack me thus ?
Nay hear ! He never ceas'd to importune
That I wou'd tell my father, I would wed ;
So prest, and urg'd, that he at length prevail'd.

Char. Who did this ?

Pam. Davus.

Char. Davus !

Pam. Davus all.

Char. Wherefore ?

Pam. I know not : but I know the Gods

Meant

Meant in their anger I should listen to him.

Char. Is it so, Davus?

Davus. Even so.

Char. How, villain?

The Gods confound you for it!---Tell me, wretch,
Had all his most inveterate foes desir'd
To throw him on this marriage, what advice
Could they have given else?

Davus. I am deceiv'd,
But not dishearten'd.

Char. True. [ironically.]

Davus. This way has fail'd ;
We'll try another way: unless you think
Because the business has gone ill at first,
We cannot graft advantage on misfortune.

Pam. Oh ay, I warrant you, if you look to't,
Out of one wedding you can work me two.

Davus. Pamphilus, 'tis my duty, as your slave,
To strive with might and main, by day and night,
With hazard of my life, to do you service :
'Tis your's, if I am crost, to pardon me.
My undertakings fail indeed, but then
I spare no pains. Do better if you can,
And send me packing.

Pam. Ay, with all my heart :
Place me but where you found me first.

Davus. I will.

Pam.

Pam. But do it instantly.

Davus. Hift! hold awhile :

I hear the creaking of Glycerium's door.*

Pam. Nothing to you.

Davus. I'm thinking.

Pam. What, at last?

Davus. Your business shall be done, and presently.

S E E N E III.

Enter M Y S I S.

Myfis to Glycer. within.] Be where he will, I'll find
your Pamphilus,
And bring him with me. Meanwhile, you, my soul,
Forbear to vex yourself.

Pam. Myfis!

Myfis. Who's there?

Oh Pamphilus, well met, Sir!

Pam. What's the matter?

Myfis. My mistress, by the love you bear her, begs

* *The creaking of Glycerium's door.]* We learn from Plutarch, in Publicola, that when any one was coming out, he struck the door on the inside, that such as were without might be warned to take care, lest they might be hurt. The doors of the Romans, on the contrary, opened

on the inside, as appears from Pliny, Book xxxvi. Ch. 15. But the creaking meant here is more probably that of the door itself upon the hinges, to prevent which in the night-time, it was usual for lovers to pour wine or water upon them. PATRICK.

Your presence instantly. She longs to see you.

Pam. Ah, I'm undone: This fore breaks out afresh.
Unhappy that we are, thro' your curst means,
To be tormented thus! [*to Davus.*]---She has been told
A nuptial is prepar'd, and therefore fends.

Char. From which how safe you were, had he been
quiet! [*pointing to Davus.*]

Davus. Ay, if he raves not of himself enough,
Do, irritate him. [*to Charinus.*]

Myfis. Truly that's the cause;
And therefore 'tis, poor soul, she sorrows thus.

Pam. Myfis, I swear to thee by all the Gods,
I never will desert her: tho' assur'd
That for her I make all mankind my foes.*
I fought her, carried her: our hearts are one,
And farewell they that wish us put afunder!
Death, only death shall part us.

Myfis. I revive.

Pam. Apollo's oracles are not more true.
If that my father may be wrought upon,

* *For her I make all mankind my foes.*] Donatus observes the peculiar modesty of Pamphilus in this passage, wherein though he means to glance at his father, he rather chuses to include him among the rest of mankind, than to point him out particularly. I am apt to think nothing more is intended than a general expression of passion; for in the very next speech Pamphilus, by a very natural gradation, proceeds to mention Simo. It must however be allowed, that in his greatest emotion he preserves a temperance and amiable respect towards his father.

To think I hinder'd not the match, 'tis well :
 But if that cannot be, come what come may,
 Why let him know, 'twas I.---What think you now ?

[to *Char.*

Char. That we are wretches both.

Davus. My brain's at work.

Char. Oh brave !

Pam. I know what you'd attempt.

Davus. Well, well !

I will effect it for you.

Pam. Ay, but now.

Davus. E'en now.

Char. What is't ?

Davus. For *him*, Sir, not for *you*.

Be not mistaken.

Char. I am satisfied.

Pam. Well, what do you propose ?

Davus. This day, I fear,

Is scarce sufficient for the execution,

So think not I have leisure to relate.

Hence then! You hinder me: hence, hence I say!

Pam. I'll to Glycerium. [Exit.

Davus. Well, and what mean you?

Whither will you, Sir ?

Char. Shall I speak the truth ?

Davus. Oh to be sure: now for a tedious tale !

Char. What will become of me ?

Davus.

Davus. How! not content!
Is it not then sufficient, if I give you
The respite of a day, a little day,
By putting off this wedding?

Char. Ay, but Davus,---

Davus. But what?

Char. That I may wed---

Davus. Ridiculous!

Char. If you succeed, come to me.

Davus. Wherefore come?

I can't assist you.

Char. Should it so fall out.---

Davus. Well, well, I'll come.

Char. If aught, I am at home. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Manent DAVUS, MYSIS.

Davus. Myfis, wait here till I come forth.

Myfis. For what?

Davus. It must be so.

Myfis. Make haste then.

Davus. In a moment. [Exit to Glycerium's.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

MYSIS *alone.*

Can we securely then count nothing our's?
 Oh all ye Gods! I thought this Pamphilus
 The greatest good my mistress could obtain,
 Friend, lover, husband, ev'ry way a blessing:
 And yet what woe, poor wretch, endures she not
 On his account? Alas more ill than good.
 But here comes Davus.

SCENE VI.

Re-enter DAVUS with the child.

Mysis. Prithee, man, what now?
 Where are you carrying the child?

Davus. Oh, Mysis,
 Now have I need of all your ready wit,
 And all your cunning.

Mysis. What are you about?

Davus. Quick, take the boy, and lay him at our door.

Mysis. What! on the bare ground?

Davus. From the altar then *

* *From the altar then, &c.]* tioned here was the altar usually
 Donatus and Scaliger the father placed on the stage. When a
 have written that the altar men- Tragedy was acted, the altar
 was

Take herbs and strew them underneath.

Myfis. And why

Can't you do that yourself?

Davus. Because, supposing

There should be need to swear to my old master

I did not lay the bantling there myself,

I may with a safe conscience. [*gives her the child.*]

Myfis. I conceive.

But pray how came this sudden qualm upon you?

Davus. Nay, but be quick, that you may comprehend

What I propose.—[*Myfis lays the child at Simo's door.*]

Oh Jupiter! [*looking out.*]

Myfis. What now?

Davus. Here comes the father of the bride!—I change

My first intended purpose †.

was dedicated to Bacchus; when a Comedy, to Apollo. But in my opinion the Stage-Altar has no connection with this passage: This adventure is not to be considered as an incident in a comedy, but as a thing which passes in the street. Probability therefore must be preserved; which it cannot be, if one of the Stage-Altars is employed in this place. At Athens every house had an altar at the street door: [which street-altars are also often mentioned in Plau-

tus.] These altars were covered with fresh herbs every day, and it is one of these, to which Terence here alludes. DACIER.

It was a custom among the Romans to have an altar sacred to Vesta in the entrance of their houses, whence it was called The *Vestibule*. EUGRAPHIUS.

† *I change my first intended purpose.*] His first intention doubtless was to go and inform Simo of the child being laid at the door. DACIER.

Myfis.

Myfis. What you mean
I can't imagine.

Davus. This way, from the right
I'll counterfeit to come:---And be't your care
To throw in aptly now and then a word,
To help out the discourse as need requires.

Myfis. Still what you're at, I cannot comprehend.
But if I can assist, as you know best,
Not to obstruct your purposes, I'll stay. [*Davus retires.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter CHREMES going towards Simo's.

Chremes. Having provided all things necessary,
I now return to bid them call the bride.
What's here? [*seeing the child.*] by Hercules, a child!

Ha, woman,
Was't you that laid it here?

Myfis. Where is he gone? [*looking after Davus.*]

Chremes. What, won't you answer me?

Myfis. [*looking about.*] Not here: Ah me!
The fellow's gone, and left me in the lurch.

[*Davus coming forward and pretending not to see them.*]

Davus. Good heavens, what confusion at the Forum!
The people all disputing with each other!
The market-price is so confounded high. [*loud.*]
What to say else I know not. [*aside.*]

Myfis

Myfis to Davus.] What d'ye mean

[*Chremes retires, and listens to their conversation.*
By leaving me alone?

Davus. What farce is this?

Ha, *Myfis*, whence this child? Who brought it here?

Myfis. Have you your wits, to ask me such a question?

Davus. Whom should I ask, when no one else is here?

Chremes behind.] I wonder whence it comes. [*to himself.*

Davus. Wilt answer me? [*loud.*

Myfis. Ah! [*confused.*

Davus. This way to the right! [*apart to Myfis.*

Myfis. You're raving mad.

Was't not yourself?

Davus. I charge you not a word,

But what I ask you. [*apart to Myfis.*

Myfis. Do you threaten me?

Davus. Whence comes this child? [*loud.*

Myfis. From our house.*

Davus. Ha! ha! ha!

* *From our house.*] A NOBIS. Most of the Books read a VOBIS, but I am persuaded the other is the right reading. The fact is, the child really came from Glycerium's, and Davus's laughing at the impudence of *Myfis* in owning it, and the immedi-

ate observation of *Chremes*, that she was the Andrian's maid, is more agreeable to this sense. Besides the mention of the other family is reserved for the answers drawn from *Myfis* by Davus's asking her *whose child it was.*

No wonder that a harlot has assurance.

Chremes. This is the Andrian's servant-maid, I take it.

Davus. Do we then seem to you such proper folks
To play these tricks upon? [loud to Myf.

Chremes. I came in time. [to himself.

Davus. Make haste, and take your bantling from
our door. [loud.

Hold! do not stir from where you are, be sure. [softly.

Myfis. A plague upon you: you so terrify me!

Davus. Wench, did I speak to you or no? [loud.

Myfis. What would you?

Davus. What would I? Say, whose child have
you laid here?

Tell me. [loud.

Myfis. You don't know?

Davus. Plague of what I know:

Tell what I ask. [softly.

Myfis. Your's.

Davus. Ours! Whose? [loud.

Myfis. Pamphilus's.

Davus. How say you? Pamphilus's? [loud.

Myfis. To be sure.

Chremes. I had good cause to be against this
match. [to himself.

Davus. O monstrous impudence! [bawling.

Myfis. Why all this noise?

Davus. Did not I see this child convey'd by stealth

Into

Into your house last night?

Mysis. Oh rogue!

Davus. 'Tis true.

I saw old Canthara stuff'd out.

Mysis. Thank heav'n,

*Some free-women were present at her labour.

Davus. Troth, she don't know the gentleman, for
whom

She plays this game. She thinks, should Chremes see
The child laid here, he would not grant his daughter.
Faith, he would grant her the more willingly.

Chremes. Not he indeed. *[to himself,*

Davus. But now, one word for all,
Take up the child; or I shall trundle him
Into the middle of the street, and roll
You, madam, in the mire.

Mysis. The fellow's drunk.

Davus. One piece of knavery begets another:
Now, I am told, 'tis whisper'd all about,
That she's a citizen of Athens---

[loud.

Chremes. How!

Davus. †And that by law he will be forc'd to wed her.

* *Some free-women.] Free-women:* For in Greece as well as in Italy, slaves were not admitted to give evidence. Dacier.

† *And that by law, &c.]*

Among the laws of Athens was that equitable one, which compelled the man to marry her whom he had debauched, if she was a free-woman. COOKE.

Myfis. Why prithee is she not a citizen?

Chremes. What a fine scrape was I within a hair
Of being drawn into! [to himself.]

Davus. What voice is that? [turning about.]
Oh Chremes! you are come in time. Attend!

Chremes. I have heard all already.

Davus. You've heard all?

Chremes. Yes, all, I say, from first to last.

Davus. Indeed?

Good lack, what knaveries! This lying jade
Shou'd be dragg'd hence to torture.*---This is he!
[to Myfis.]

Think not 'twas Davus you imposed upon.

Myfis. Ah me!--Good Sir, I spoke the truth indeed.

Chremes. I know the whole.--Is Simo in the house?

Davus. Yes, Sir. [Exit Chrem.]

S C E N E VIII.

Manent DAVUS, MYFIS. *Davus runs up to her.*

Myfis. Don't offer to touch me, you villain!
If I don't tell my mistress every word---

* *To torture.*] Implying that she ought to be put to the torture to confess the truth; for it was a common way at Athens to force the truth from slaves by torture. Thus in the step-mother, Bacchis offers her slaves to be put to the torture.
PATRICK.
The same custom is alluded to in the Scene between Mitio, Hegio, and Geta, in the Brothers.

Davus.

Davus. Why you don't know, you fool, what good we've done.

Myfis. How should I?

Davus. This is father to the bride:
Nor could it otherwise have been contrived
That he should know what we would have him.

Myfis. Well,
You shou'd have giv'n me notice.

Davus. Is there then *

* *Is there then no diff'rence, &c.]* It is an observation of Voltaire in the preface to his comedy of *L'Enfant Prodigue*, that although there are various kinds of pleasantry that excite mirth, yet universal bursts of laughter are seldom produced, unless by a scene of mistake or *equivoque*. A thousand instances might be given to prove the truth of this observation. There is scarce any writer of Comedy, who has not drawn from this source of humour. A scene founded on a misunderstanding between the parties, where the characters are all at cross purposes with each other, never fails to set the audience in a roar: nor indeed can there be a happier incident in a comedy, if produced naturally, and managed judiciously.

The scenes in this act, occasioned by the artifice of Davus

concerning the child, do not fall directly under the observation of Voltaire, but are, however, so much of the same colour, that if represented on the stage, they would, I doubt not, have the like effect, and be the best means of confuting those infidel criticks, who maintain that Terence has no humour. I do not remember a scene in any comedy, where there is such a natural complication of pleasant circumstances. Davus's sudden change of his intentions on seeing Chremes, without having time to explain himself to Myfis; her confusion and comical distress, together with the genuine simplicity of her answers; and the conclusion drawn by Chremes from their supposed quarrel; are all finely imagined; and directly calculated for the purposes of exciting the highest mirth in the spectators. The

No diff'rence, think you, whether all you say
Falls naturally from the heart, or comes
From dull premeditation?

S C E N E IX.

Enter CRITO.

Crito. In this street

They say that Chrysis liv'd: who rather chose
To heap up riches here by wanton ways,
Than to live poor and honestly at home:
She dead, her fortune comes by law to me.*

words of Davus to Myfis in this speech “ *Is there then, &c.* have the air of an oblique praise of this scene from the Poet himself, shewing with what art it is introduced, and how naturally it is sustained.

Sir Richard Steele had deviated so much from Terence in the original construction of his fable, that he had no opportunity of working this scene into it. Baron, who, I suppose, was afraid to hazard it on the French Theatre, fills up the chasm by bringing Glycerium on the stage. She, amused by Davus with a forged tale of the falsehood of Pamphilus, throws herself at the feet of Chremes,

and prevails on him once more to break off the intended match with Philumena. In consequence of this alteration, the most lively part of the comedy in Terence, becomes the gravest in Baron; the artifice of Davus is carried on with the most starch formality; and the whole incident, as conducted in the French imitation, loses all that air of ease and pleasantry, which it wears in the original.

* *She dead, her fortune comes by law to me.*] Supposing Chrysis to have died without a will, in which case the nearest of kin was heir at law.
PATRICK.

But

But I see persons to enquire of. [*goes up*] Save you!

Myfis. Good now, who's that I see? is it not Crito, Chrysis's Kinsman? Ay, the very same.

Crito. O Myfis, save you!

Myfis. Save you, Crito!

Crito. Chrysis *

Is then——ha?

Myfis. Ay, she has left Us, poor souls!

Crito. And ye; how go you on here?—pretty well?

Myfis. We?—as we *can*, as the old saying goes, When, as we *would*, we cannot.

Crito. And Glycerium, Has she found out her parents?

Myfis. Wou'd she had!

Crito. Not yet! an ill wind blew me hither then. For truly, had I been appriz'd of that, I'd ne'er have set foot here: For this Glycerium Was always call'd and thought to be her sister. What Chrysis left, She takes possession of: And now for me, a stranger, to commence † A law-suit here, how good and wise it were,

* *Chrysis is then—ha?*] This manner of expression, avoiding the direct mention of a shocking circumstance, and softening it as far as possible, carries in it a great deal of tenderness. PATRICK.

† *For me, a stranger, to commence a law-suit.*] Madam Dacier observes, that it appears from Xenophon's treatise on the policy of the Athenians, that all the inhabitants of cities and islands in alliance with Athens,

Other examples teach me. She, I warrant,
 Has got her some gallant too, some defender:
 For she was growing up a jolly girl
 When first she journied hither. They will cry
 That I'm a petty-fogger, fortune-hunter,
 A beggar.---And besides it were not well
 To leave her in distrefs.

Myfis. Good foul! Troth, Crito,
 You have the good old-fashion'd honesty.

Crito. Well, since I am arriv'd here, bring me to her.
 That I may see her.

Myfis. Ay, with all my heart.

Davus. I will in with them: for I wou'd not chuse
 That our old gentleman should see me now. [*Exeunt.*

were obliged, in all claims, to wonder then that Crito is un-
 repair thither, and refer their willing to engage in a suit so
 cause to the decision of the inconvenient from its length,
 people, not being permitted to expence, and little prospect of
 plead elsewhere. We cannot success. PATRICK.



ACT V. SCENE I.

CHREMES, SIMO.

Chremes. ENOUGH already, Simo, and enough
I've shewn my friendship for you;
hazarded

Enough of peril: urge me then no more!
Wishing to please you, I had near destroy'd
My daughter's peace and happiness for ever.

Simo. Ah, Chremes, I must now intreat the more,
More urge you to confirm the promis'd boon.

Chremes. Mark, how unjust you are thro' wilfulness!
So you obtain what you demand, you set
No bounds to my compliance, nor consider
What you request; for if you *did* consider,
You'd cease to load me with these injuries.

Simo. What injuries?

Chremes. Is that a question now?
Have you not driven me to plight my child
To one possess'd with other love, averse
To marriage; to expose her to divorce,
And crazy nuptials; by her woe and bane

To

To work a cure for your distemper'd son?
 You had prevail'd ; I travell'd in the match,
 While circumstances would admit ; but now
 The case is chang'd, content you :---It is said,
 That she's a citizen ; a child is born :
 Prithee excuse us !

Simo. Now, for heaven's sake,
 Believe not Them, whose interest it is
 To make him vile and abject as themselves.
 These stories are all feign'd, concerted all,
 To break the match : when the occasion's past,
 That urges them to this, they will desist.

Cbremes. Oh, you mistake: E'en now I saw the maid
 Wrangling with Davus.

Simo. Artifice ! mere trick.

Cbremes. Ay, but in earnest, and when neither knew
 That I was there.

Simo. It may be so : and Davus
 Told me before-hand they'd attempt all this ;
 Though I, I know not how, forgot to tell you.

S C E N E II.

Enter DAVUS from Glycerium's.

Davus to himself.] He may be easy now, I warrant
 him----

Cbremes. See, yonder's Davus.

Simo.

Simo. Ha! whence comes the rogue?

Davus. By my assistance, and this stranger's sake.

[to himself.

Simo. What mischief's this?

[listening.

Davus. A more commodious man,

Arriving just in season, at a time

So critical, I never knew.

[to himself.

Simo. A knave!

Who's that he praises?

[listening.

Davus. All is now secure.

[to himself.

Simo. Why don't I speak to him?

Davus. My master here!

[turning about.

What shall I do?

[to himself.

Simo. Good Sir, your humble servant! [sneering.

Davus. Oh, Simo! and our Chremes!—All is now
Prepar'd within.

Simo. You've taken special care.

[ironically.

Davus. E'en call them when you please.

Simo. Oh, mighty fine!

That to be sure is all that's wanting now.

---But tell me, Sir! what business had you there?

[pointing to Glycerium's.

Davus. I?

[confused.

Simo. You.

Davus. I——?

[stammering.

Simo. You, Sir.

Davus. I went in but now.

[disordered.

Simo. As if I ask'd, how long it was ago!

Davus. With Pamphilus.

Simo. Is Pamphilus within?

---Oh torture!---Did not you assure me, firrah,
They were at variance?

Davus. So they are.

Simo. Why then

Is Pamphilus within?

Chremes. Oh, *why* d'ye think?

He's gone to quarrel with her. [*sneering.*

Davus. Nay but, Chremes,

There's more in this, and you shall hear strange
news.

There's an old countryman, I know not who,
Is just arriv'd here; confident and shrewd;
His look bespeaks him of some consequence.
A grave severity is in his face,
And credit in his words.

Simo. What story now?

Davus. Nay, nothing, Sir, but what I heard him
say.

Simo. And what says he, then?

Davus. That he's well assur'd
Glycerium's an Athenian citizen.

Simo. Ho, Dromo! Dromo! [*calling.*

Davus. What now?

Simo. Dromo!

Davus.

Davus. Hear me.

Simo. Speak but a word more---Dromo!

Davus. Pray, Sir, hear!

S C E N E III.

Enter DROMO.

Dromo. Your pleasure, Sir?

Simo. Here drag him headlong in,
And trufs the rascal up immediately.

Dromo. Whom?

Simo. Davus.

Davus. Why?

Simo. Because I'll have it so.

Take him, I fay.

Davus. For what offence?

Simo. Off with him.

Davus. If it appear that I've said aught but truth,
Put me to death.

Simo. I will not hear. I'll trounce you.

Davus. But tho' it should prove true, Sir!

Simo. True or false.

See that you keep him bound: and do you hear?

* Bind the slave hand and foot. Away!

[*Exeunt Dromo and Davus.*

* Bind the slave hand and foot.] QUADRUPEDEM con- the Athenians to tie criminals,
stringito. It was usual among hand and feet together, like a
calf. ECHARD.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Manent SIMO, CHREMES.

By heav'n,
 As I do live, I'll make you know this day
 What peril lies in trifling with a master,
 And make Him know what 'tis to plague a father.

Chremes. Ah, be not in such rage.

Simo. Oh Chremes, Chremes,
 Filial unkindness!---Don't you pity me?
 To feel all this for such a thankless son!---
 Here, Pamphilus, come forth! ho, Pamphilus!
 Have you no shame? [*calling at Glycerium's door.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter PAMPHILUS.

Pam. Who calls?---Undone! my father

Simo. What say you? Most——

Chremes. Ah, rather speak at once
 Your purpose, Simo, and forbear reproach,

Simo. As if 'twere possible to utter aught
 Severer than he merits!---Tell me then; [*to Pam.*]
 Glycerium is a citizen?

Pam. They say so.

Simo.

Simo. They say so!---Oh amazing impudence!--
Does he consider what he says? does he
Repent the deed? or does his colour take
The hue of shame?---To be so weak of soul,
Against the custom of our citizens,
* Against the law, against his father's will,
To wed himself to shame and this vile woman.

Pam. Wretch that I am!

Simo. Ah, Pamphilus! d'ye feel
Your wretchedness at last? Then, then, when first
You wrought upon your mind at any rate
To gratify your passion; from that hour
Well might you feel your state of wretchedness.
---But why give in to this? Why torture thus,
Why vex my spirit? Why afflict my age
For his distemp'rature? Why rue his sins?
---No; let him have her, joy in her, live with her

Pam. My father!-----

Simo. How, *my father!*!--can I think †
You want this father? You that for yourself
A home, a wife, and children have acquir'd

* *Against the law.*] There was a law among the Athenians, that no citizen should marry a stranger; which law also excluded such as were not born of two citizens from all offices of trust and honour. See *Plutarch's life of Pericles.* COOKE.

† *Simo. How, my father! &c.*] Donatus is full of admiration of this speech, and tells us that it was not taken from Menander, but original in Terence.

Against your father's will? And witness
Suborn'd, to prove that she's a citizen?

--You've gain'd your point.

Pam. My father, but one word!

Simo. What would you say?

Chremes. Nay, hear him, Simo.

Simo. Hear him?

What must I hear then, Chremes?

Chremes. Let him speak.

Simo. Well, let him speak: I hear him.

Pam. I confess,

I love Glycerium: if it be a fault,

That too I do confess. To you, my father,

I yield myself: dispose me as you please!

Command me! Say, that I shall take a wife;

Leave Her;---I will endure it, as I may.---

This only I beseech you, think not I

Suborn'd this old man hither.---Suffer me

To clear myself, and bring him here before you.

Simo. Bring him here!

Pam. Let me, father!

Chremes. 'Tis but just:

Permit him!

Pam. Grant me this!

Simo. Well, be it so.

**Exit Pamphilus.*

* *Exit Pamphilus.*] The above scene, admirable as it is, had not, it seems, sufficient temptations for Sir Richard Steele

I could bear all this bravely, Chremes; more,
Much more, to know that he deceiv'd me not.

Chremes. For a great fault a little punishment
Suffices to a father.

S C E N E VI.

Re-enter PAMPHILUS with CRITO.

Crito. Say no more!

Any of these inducements would prevail:

Or your entreaty, or that it is truth,

Or that I wish it for Glycerium's sake.

Chremes. Whom do I see? Crito, the Andrian?

Steele to induce him to include it in his plan of the *Conscious Lovers*. Bevil and his Father are never brought to an open rupture, like Simo and Pamphilus, but rather industriously kept from coming to any explanation, which is one reason of the insipidity and want of spirit in their characters. It must be obvious to every reader, how naturally this scene brings on the catastrophe: how injudiciously then has the English Poet deprived his audience of the pleasure that must have arisen from it in the representation, and contented himself with making Sir J. Bevil declare, at

entering with his son, after the discovery is over, "Your good sister, Sir, has with the story of your daughter's fortune filled us with surprize and joy! Now all exceptions are removed; my son has now avowed his love, and turned all former jealousies and doubts to approbation, and, I am told, your goodness has consented to reward him." How many dramatick incidents, what fine pictures of the manners, has Terence drawn from the circumstances huddled together in these few lines of Sir Richard Steele!

Nay certainly 'tis Crito.

Crito. Save you, Chremes!

Chremes. What has brought you to Athens?

Crito. Accident.

But is this Simo?

Chremes. Ay.

Simo. Asks he for me?

So, Sir, you say that this Glycerium

Is an Athenian citizen?

Crito. Do you

Deny it?

Simo. What then are you come prepar'd?

Crito. Prepar'd! for what?

Simo. And dare you ask for what?

Shall you proceed thus with impunity?

Lay snares for inexperience'd, lib'ral, youth,

With fraud, temptation, and fair promises

Soothing their minds? ———

Crito. Have you your wits?

Simo. ---And then

With marriage folder up their harlot loves?

Pam. Alas, I fear the stranger will not bear this.

[*aside.*

Chremes. Knew you this person, Simo, you'd not
think thus:

He's a good man.

Simo. A good man he?---To come,

Altho'

Altho' at Athens never seen till now,
So opportunely on the wedding-day!---
Is such a fellow to be trusted, Chremes?

Pam. *But that I fear my father, I could make
That matter clear to him. [aside.

Simo. A Sharper!

Crito. How?

Chremes. It is his humour, Crito: do not heed him.

Crito. Let him look to't. If he persists in saying
Whate'er he pleases, I shall make him hear
Something that may displease him.---Do I stir
In these affairs, or make them my concern?
Bear your misfortunes patiently! For me,
If I speak true or false, shall now be known.

---" A man of Athens once upon a time
" Was shipwreck'd on the coast of Andros: with him
" This very woman, then an infant. He
" In this distress applied, it so fell out,
" For help to Chrysis' father---

* *But that I fear, &c.*] *Ni* with the Vatican Terence, seems
metuam patrem, habeo pro illa re to understand the words in the
illum quod moneam probe. Ma- same manner that I have trans-
dam Dacier, and several En- lated them, in which sense (the
glish translations, make Pam- pronoun *illum* referring to Simo
philus say that he could give instead of Crito) they seem to
Crito a hint or two. What be the most natural words of
hints he could propose to sug- Pamphilus on occasion of his
gest to Crito I cannot conceive. father's anger, and the speech
The Italian translation, printed immediately preceding.

Simo. All romance.

Cbremes. Let him alone.

Crito And will he interrupt me ?

Cbremes. Go on.

Crito. " Now Chrysis' father, who receiv'd him,
" Was my relation. There I've often heard
" The man himself declare, he was of Athens.
" There too he died."

Cbremes. His name ?

Crito. His name, so quickly ?---

Phania.

Cbremes. Amazement !

Crito. Troth, I think 'twas Phania ;
But this I'm sure, he said he was of Rhamnus*.

Cbremes. Oh Jupiter !

Crito. These circumstances, Chremes,
Were known to many others, then in Andros.

Cbremes. Heav'n grant it may be as I wish !- Inform me,
Whose daughter, said he, was the child ? his own ?

Crito. No, not his own.

Cbremes. Whose then ?

Crito. His brother's daughter.

Cbremes. Mine, mine, undoubtedly !

Crito. What say you ?

* *Of Rhamnus.*] Rhamnus, maritime towns of Attica, near and such other places often which the more wealthy Athenians had country seats. PATR.

Simo.

Simo. How !

Pam. Hark, Pamphilus !

Simo. But why believe you this ?

Chremes. That Phania was my brother.

Simo. True. I knew him.

Chremes. He, to avoid the war, departed hence :
And fearing 'twere unsafe to leave the child,
Embark'd with her in quest of me for Asia :
Since when I've heard no news of him till now.

Pam. I'm scarce myself, my mind is so enrapt
With fear, hope, joy, and wonder of so great,
So sudden happiness,

Simo. Indeed, my Chremes,
I heartily rejoice she's found your daughter.

Pam. I do believe you, father.

Chremes. But one doubt
There still remains, which gives me pain.

Pam. Away
With all your doubts ! You puzzle a plain cause. [*aside.*

Crito. What is that doubt ?

Chremes. That name does not agree.

Crito. She had another, when a child.

Chremes. What, Crito ?
Can you remember ?

Crito. I am hunting for it.

Pam. Shall then his memory oppose my bliss,
When I can minister the cure myself ?

No, I will not permit it.—Hark you, Chremes,
The name is Pafibula.

Crito. True.

Chremes. The fame.

Pam. I've heard it from herself a thousand times.

Simo. Chremes, I trust you will believe, we all
Rejoice at this.

Chremes. 'Fore heaven I believe so.

Pam. And now, my father——

Simo. Peace, son! the event
Has reconcil'd me.

Pam. O thou best of fathers!

Does Chremes too confirm Glycerium mine?

Chremes. And with good cause, if Simo hinder not.

Pam. Sir! [to Simo*.

Simo. Be it so.

Chremes. My daughter's portion is
Ten talents, Pamphilus. †

* P. *Sir!* Si. *Be it so.*] P. *Nempe.* Si. *Id scilicet.* Donatus, and some others after him, understand these words of Simo and Pamphilus, as requiring a fortune of Chremes with his daughter: and one of them says, that Simo, in order to explain his meaning in the representation, should produce a bag of money. This surely is precious refinement, worthy the genius of a true commentator.

Madam Dacier, who entertains a just veneration for Donatus, doubts the authenticity of the observation ascribed to him. The sense I have followed is, I think, the most obvious and natural interpretation of the words of Pamphilus and Simo, which refer to the preceding, not the subsequent speech, of Chremes.

† *My daughter's portion is ten talents.*] All our own translators of

this

Pam. I am content.

Chremes. I'll to her instantly : and prithee, Crito,
Along with me ! for sure she knows me not.

* [*Exeunt Chremes and Crito.*]

this poet have betrayed great ignorance in their estimations of antient sums : and Madam Dacier, and the common Latin Interpreters, seem not to have given themselves much trouble on this head : but this part of antient learning ought not to be pass'd over slightly, since the wealth and plenty of a great and famous state are to be discovered from it. The name of the Talent ought to be preserved in a translation, as should the *Mina*, *Half-Mina*, *Drachma*, and *Obolus*, for the same reason for which Terence preserved them in his Latin Translations of Greek Plays, *viz.* because the scene is in Athens, and these are Attick pieces of money. The common Attick Talent, which is the Talent mentioned thro' Terence, contained sixty *Minæ*, as Gronovius, in a note to the *Cistellaria* of Plautus, and other accurate Enquirers have agreed. Ten Talents therefore were equal to 1937 l. 10 s. of our money, which we may reasonably suppose a tolerable good fortune, considering the price of provisions then in that part of Greece ; which we

may partly judge of from the passage, where the *Obolus* is mentioned in the second act of this play. COOKE:

* [*Exeunt Chremes and Crito.*]
Crito is, as Donatus calls him, *persona in catastrophæ machinata*, a character formed to bring about the catastrophe. To supply his place in the fable, Sir Richard Steele has converted Phania, the brother of Chremes mentioned in the foregoing scene, into a sister, and substituted Isabella for Crito. But here, I think, and in almost every circumstance of the discovery, the art of the English Poet is much inferior to that of his Original. Isabella does not maintain her importance in the Drama so well as Crito. Indiana indeed serves to add a degree of *Pathos* to the scene : but the relation of the incidents of her life, and throwing off her little ornaments in a kind of Tragedy-Rant, till Isabella appears to unravel the mystery, is surely much less natural than the minute detail of circumstances, so finely produced by our Author. It is, says Donatus,

H 4

natus,

Simo. Why do you not give orders instantly
To bring her to our house?

Pam. Th' advice is good.
I'll give that charge to Davus.

Simo. It can't be.

Pam. Why?

Simo. He has other business of his own,
Of nearer import to himself.

Pam. What business?

Simo. He's bound.

* *Pam.* Bound! how, Sir!

Simo. How, Sir?—neck and heels.

Pam. Ah, let him be enlarg'd!

Simo. It shall be done.

Pam. But instantly.

Simo. I'll in, and order it. [Exit.

Pam. Oh what a happy, happy, day is this!

natus, the greatest praise, when the spectator may imagine those things to happen by chance, which are produced by the utmost industry of the Poet.

* *P.* Bound! how, sir! Si. How, sir? neck and heels.] *Non RECTE vincit est.—haud ita jussit.* The conceit in the ori-

ginal is a Pun upon the word *recte*, impossible to be preserved exactly in the translation. Donatus observes very well on this passage, that the jocularly of the old gentleman on this occasion, is a characteristic mark of his thorough reconciliation.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

* *Enter CHARINUS behind.*

Char. I come to see what Pamphilus is doing:
And there he is!

Pam. And is this true?—Yes, yes,

* *Enter Charinus.*] He who undertakes to conduct two intrigues at a time, imposes on himself the necessity of unravelling them both at the same instant. If the principal concludes first, that which remains can support itself no longer: if, on the contrary, the episode abandons the main part of the fable, there arises another inconvenience; some of the characters either disappear without reason, or shew themselves again to no end or purpose; so that the piece becomes maimed or uninteresting. DIDEROT.

The first of the inconveniences above mentioned is that which occurs in the conclusion of this play. The discovery once made, and Glycerium given to Pamphilus, all that remains becomes cold. From the extreme brevity of this last

scene, one would imagine that the Poet himself found this part of the fable languish under his hands. Some of the commentators, fond of that tediousness, which Terence was so studious to avoid, have added seventeen spurious lines of dialogue between Charinus and Chremes. Donatus, tho' he approved of this underplot, which Terence added to the fable of Menander, yet commends his judgment in avoiding prolixity, by settling only one marriage on the stage, and dispatching the other behind the scenes. But surely the whole episode of Charinus is unnecessary, and the fable would be more clear, more compact, and more complete without it. See the first note to the second act.

The fifth act of Baron is an almost literal, though very elegant

I know 'tis true, because I wish it so.

* Therefore I think the life of Gods eternal,
For that their joys are permanent: and now,

† My soul hath her content so absolute,

That I too am immortal, if no ill

Step in betwixt me and this happiness.

Oh, for a bosom-friend now to pour out

My ecstasies before him!

Char. What's this rapture? [*listening.*

Pam. Oh, yonder's Davus: nobody more welcome:
For he, I know, will join in transport with me.

gant version, of this of our
Author.

It is very remarkable, that
though Terence is generally
considered to be a grave author,
as a writer of Comedy, the An-
drian has much more humour
and pleasantry, than either the
English or French imitation of it.

* *Therefore I think, &c.*] This
whole sentence is transferred by
our Poet to this play from the
Eunuch of Menander: and to
this practice alludes the objec-
tion mentioned in the Prologue.
That fables should not be con-
founded. DONATUS.

† *My Soul hath her content so
absolute.*] The passage in Shake-
speare's Othello, from which I
have borrowed this line, is a
kind of contrast to this in our
Author. Each of them are
speeches of the highest joy and
rapture, and each of them
founded on the instability of hu-
man happiness; but the reader
will meet with a still closer
comparison between the English
and Latin Poet in the notes to
the 3d act of the Eunuch, to
which place I have referred the
citation from Shakespeare.

SCENE

SCENE THE LAST.

Enter DAVUS.*Davus entering.*] Where's Pamphilus?*Pam.* Oh Davus!*Davus.* Who's there?*Pam.* I.*Davus.* Oh Pamphilus!*Pam.* You know not my good fortune.*Davus.* Do you know my ill-fortune?*Pam.* To a tittle.*Davus.* 'Tis after the old fashion, that my ills
Should reach your ears, before your joys reach mine.*Pam.* Glycerium has discover'd her relations.*Davus.* Oh excellent!*Char.* How's that? [*listening.*]*Pam.* Her father is

Our most near friend.

Davus. Who?*Pam.* Chremes.*Davus.* Charming news!*Pam.* And I'm to marry her immediately.*Char.* Is this man talking in his sleep, and dreams
On what he wishes waking? [*listening.*]

Pam. And moreover,
For the child, Davus——

Davus. Ah, Sir, say no more.
You're th' only favourite of the Gods.

Char. I'm made
If this be true, I'll speak to them. [*comes forward,*

Pam. Who's there?
Charinus! oh, well met,

Char. I give you joy.

Pam. You've heard then—

Char. Ev'ry word: and prithee now,
In your good fortune, think upon your friend,
Chremes is now your own; and will perform
Whatever you shall ask.

Pam. I shall remember.
'Twere tedious to expect his coming forth:
Along with me then to Glycerium!
Davus, do you go home, and hasten them
To fetch her hence. Away, away!

Davus. I go. [*Exeunt Pam. and Char.*

[*Davus addressing the audience.*

Wait not till they come forth: Within
She'll be betroth'd; within, if aught remains
Undone, 'twill be concluded.—Clap your hands!*

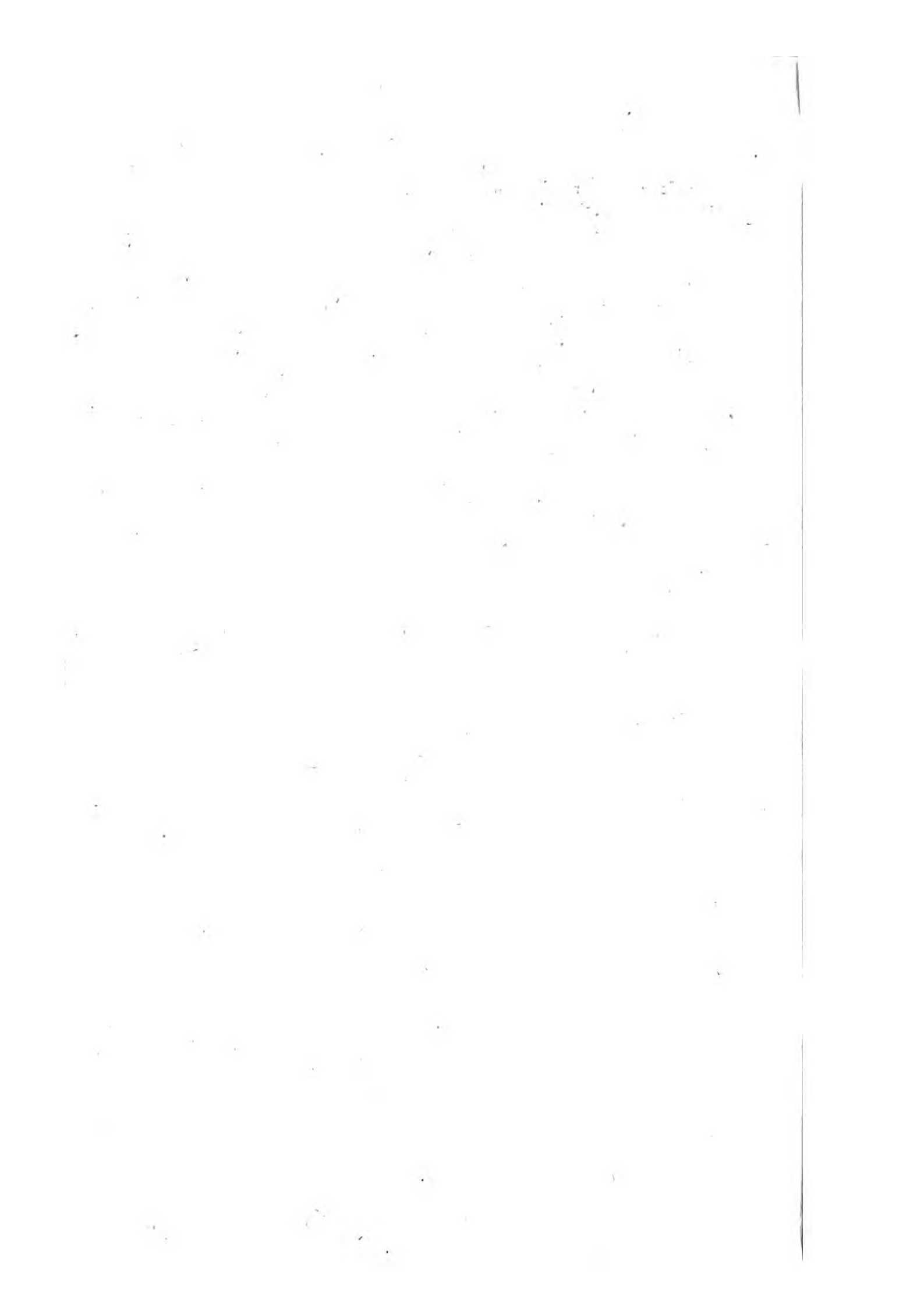
* *Clap your hands.] Plaudite.* cluded in this manner. *Donec*
All the old Tragedies and Co- CANTOR vos PLAUDITE dicat,
medies acted at Rome con- fays Horace. Who the Cantor

was is a matter of dispute. Monf. Dacier thinks it was the whole Chorus; others suppose it to have been a single Actor; some the Prompter, and some the Composer.

Before the word *Plaudite* in all the old copies is an Ω , which has also given rise to several learned conjectures. It is most probable, according to the notion of Madam Dacier, that this Ω , being the last Letter of the Greek Alphabet, was nothing more than the mark of the transcriber to signify the end, like the Latin word *Finis* in modern books:

or it might, as Patrick supposes, stand for $\Omega\delta\alpha\varsigma$, *Cantor* denoting that the following word *Plaudite*, was spoken by him.

CALLIOPUS RECENSUI.] After *Plaudite*, in all the old copies of Terence, stand these two words: which signify, "I Calliopius have revised and corrected this piece." And this proceeds from the custom of the old criticks, who carefully revised all manuscripts: and when they had read and corrected any work, certified the same by placing their names at the end of it. DACIER,





T H E

E U N U C H.



TO THE
KING'S SCHOLARS

Of St. Peter's College, Westminster,

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,

TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS HUMBL Y INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

AND OLD SCHOOL-FELLOW,

GEORGE COLMAN.

P E R S O N S.

PROLOGUE,
LACHES,
PHÆDRIA,
CHÆREA,
ANTIPHO,
CHREMES,
THRASO,
GNATHO,
PARMENO,
DORUS,
SANGA,
SIMALIO, and other Mutes.

THAIS,
PYTHIAS,
DORYAS,
SOPHRONA,
PAMPHILA, and other Mutes.

SCENE, ATHENS.





Eunuch.

ceived, was never publickly represented, as there was not at that time a company of Comedians regularly established at Paris. I have not heard that before, or since his time, we have any other poetical translations of Terence; and my *Andrian* is, I believe, the first of his Comedies, that has appeared on our stage. **BARON.**

Baron is partly mistaken. There is extant in the works of the celebrated Fontaine a Comedy entitled *L'Eunuque*, being, like Baron's *Andrian*, founded on Terence, with such alterations, as the modern Poet thought adviseable in his age and country. Some of the principal variations will be observed in the course of these notes.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E.

TO please the candid, give offence to none,
This, says the Poet, ever was his care:

* Yet if there's One, who thinks he's hardly censur'd,

Let him remember He was the Aggressor:

He, who translating many, but not well,

On good Greek fables fram'd poor Latin plays;

He, who but lately to the Publick gave

† The Phantom of Menander; *He*, who made,

‡ In the Thesaurus, the Defendant plead

* *Yet if there's one, &c.*] Meaning Lavinius, the Poet censured in the Prologue to the Andrian. DONATUS.

† *The Phantom of Menander.*] The Phantom [*Φασμα*] was the title of a Comedy of Menander; in which a young Man looking thro' a hole in the wall, which divides his father's house from a neighbour's, beholds a virgin of extraordinary beauty, and is affected with an awful reverence, as at the sight of a Divinity; from which the Play is called the Phantom. The Mother (who had this child by a secret amour before her marriage with the young man's father, and educated her privately in the house of her next door neighbour) is represented to have made the hole in the wall, and to have decked the

passage with garlands, and green branches, that it might look like a consecrated place; whether she daily went to her devotions, and used to call forth her daughter to converse with her there. The Youth, coming by degrees to the knowledge of her being but a mortal, his passion for her becomes so violent, as to admit of no cure but marriage; which at last is accomplished to the great satisfaction of the Mother and Daughter, the joy of the Lover, and the consent of his Father.—This argument of the Phasma Bentley gives us; but to whom we are obliged for it says he does not know, whether to Donatus or some older scholiast. COOKE.

‡ *In the Thesaurus.*] In the Thesaurus, or Treasure, of Lavinius, a young fellow having
I 3 squandered

And vouch the question'd treasure to be his,
 Before the Plaintiff his own title shews,
 Or whence it came into his father's tomb.

Henceforward, let him not deceive himself,
 Or cry, "I'm safe, he can say nought of me."
 I charge him that he err not, and forbear
 To urge me farther; for I've more, much more,
 Which now shall be o'erlook'd; but shall be known,
 If he pursue his slanders, as before.

Soon as this Play, the Eunuch of Menander,
 Which we are now preparing to perform,
 Was purchas'd by the Ædiles, he obtain'd

squandered his estate, sends a servant ten years after his father's death, according to the will of the deceased, to carry provisions to his father's monument; but he had before sold the ground, in which the monument stood, to a covetous old man; to whom the servant applied to help him to open the monument; in which they discovered a hoard of gold and a letter. The old fellow seizes the Treasure, and keeps it, under pretence of having deposited it there, for safety, during times of war: the young fellow goes to law with him; and the old man is represented as opening the cause thus: "Athēnians, why should I relate the war with the Rhodians? &c."

which Terence ridicules, because the young man who was the Plaintiff, should first shew his own title to it.—Thus far Bentley from the same scholiast. This note is a clear explanation of the passage to which it belongs. Hare concurs with Madam Dacier in her opinion, that this story of the Treasure was only an incident foisted by Lavinus into the Phantom of Menander, and not a distinct play; but was I not determined by the more learned Bentley, the Text itself would not permit me to concur in their opinion, as the words *atque in Thesaurō scripsit*, seem plainly to be a transition to another play.
 COOKE.

Menander,

*Leave to examine it: and afterwards
 †When 'twas rehears'd before the Magistrates,
 " A Thief, he cried, no Poet gives this piece.
 " Yet has he not deceiv'd us; for we know,
 " † The Colax is an antient Comedy
 " Of Nævius, and of Plautus; and from thence
 " The Parasite and Soldier both are stolen."

If that's the Poet's crime, it is a crime
 Of ignorance, and not a studied theft.
 Judge for yourselves! the fact is even thus!
 The Colax is a fable of Menander;
 Wherein is drawn the character of Colax
 The Parasite, and the Vain-Glorious Soldier:
 Which characters, he scruples not to own,
 He to his Eunuch from the Greek transferr'd:

Menander, and his Cotemporary Philemon, each of them wrote a Comedy under this title. We have in the above note the story of Menander's; and we know that of Philemon's from the Trinummus of Plautus, which was a translation of it.

* *Leave to examine it.*] *Perfecit, sibi ut inspiciundi esset copia.* The word *inspiciundi* certainly carries a stronger sense than merely to be present at the representation. The meaning of the whole passage I take to be this. That having obtained leave to peruse the MS. he furnished himself with ob-

jections against the piece, which he threw out when it came to be represented before the Magistrates.

† *When 'twas rehears'd before the Magistrates.*] This is a remarkable passage, for it informs us that when the Magistrates had bought a piece, they had it represented at their own house, before it was played in publick. DACIER.

‡ *The Colax, &c.*] Colax is a Greek word [*Κολαξ*] signifying a flatterer, which was the reason the Greeks gave that name to their Parasites. DACIER.

* But that he knew, those pieces were before
Made Latin, That he stedfastly denies. †

* *But that he knew, &c.*] If Plautus wrote a play under the title of Colax, I should think it very unlikely for Terence not to have seen it, considering how soon he flourished after Plautus, his being engaged in the same studies, and his having such access to the libraries of the Great. Among the fragments of Plautus is one verse said to be a line of the Colax: yet I am inclined to believe Plautus never translated Menander's Colax. The Character of the Vain-Glorious Soldier here mentioned I am apt to think the same with that which is the Hero of Plautus's Comedy now extant, and called *Miles Gloriosus*; from which Terence could not take his Thrafo. Pyrgopolinices and Thrafo are both full of themselves, both boast of their valour, and their intimacy with princes, and both fancy themselves beloved by all the women, who see them; and they are both played off by their Parasites; but they differ in their manners and their speech. Plautus's Pyrgopolinices is always in the clouds, and talking big, and of blood and wounds, like our heroes commonly called Derby Captains. Terence's Thrafo never says too

little, nor too much, but is an easy ridiculous character, continually supplying the audience with mirth, without the wild extravagant bluster of Pyrgopolinices. Plautus and Terence both took their Soldiers and Parasites from Menander, but gave them different dresses. COOKE.

Though there is much good criticism in the above note, it is certain that Plautus did not take his Miles Gloriosus from the Colax of Menander, as he himself informs us it was translated from a Greek Play called *Αλαζων*, the Boaster, and the Parasite is but a trifling character in that play, never appearing after the first scene.

† *That he stedfastly denies.*] It seems almost incredible, that Terence should be ignorant of these two plays, written by Nævius and Plautus; but our wonder will abate, when we reflect that all the learning of that time was confined to manuscripts, which being few and not common, could not be in the hands of many. Besides, as it was not then so general a custom to collect in one volume all the works of the same poet, one might see some of his pieces, without seeing the whole. PAT.

Yet

Yet if to other Poets 'tis not lawful
To draw the characters our fathers drew,
How can it then be lawful to exhibit
Slaves running to and fro; to represent
Good matrons, wanton harlots; or to shew
An eating parasite, vain-glorious foldier,
Supposititious children, bubbled dotards,
Or Love, or Hate, or Jealousy?—In short
Nothing's said now, but has been said before.
Weigh then these things with candour, and forgive
The Moderns, if what Antients did, they do.

Attend, and list in silence to our play,
That ye may know what 'tis the Eunuch means.

T H E
E U N U C H.



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

P H Æ D R I A, P A R M E N O.

*Phæd.** **A**ND what then shall I do? not go? not
now?

When she herself invites me? or were't best
Fashion my mind no longer to endure
These harlots' impudence?—Shut out! recall'd!
Shall I return? No, not if she implore me.

Par. Oh brave! oh excellent! if you maintain it!
But if you try, and can't go thro' with spirit,
And finding you can't bear it, uninvited,
Your peace unmade, all of your own accord,
You come and swear you love, and can't endure it,
Good night! all's over! ruin'd and undone!

* *And what then, &c.*] Phædria enters, as having deliberated a long time within himself, at last breaking out into these words. DON.

Horace and Persius have both imitated this beautiful passage in their satires.

She'll

Can scarce perforce be squeez'd, shall overcome.
 Nay, she shall swear, 'twas you in fault, not she;
 You too shall own th' offence, and pray for pardon.

Phæd. Oh monstrous! monstrous! now indeed I see
 How false she is, and what a wretch I am!
 Spite of myself I love; and knowing, feeling,
 With open eyes run on to my destruction;
 And what to do I know not.

Par. What to do?

What *should* you do, Sir, but redeem yourself
 As cheaply as you can?—at easy rates
 If possible---if not---at any rate---
 And never vex yourself.

Phæd. Is that your counsel?

Par. Ay, if you're wise; and do not add to love
 More troubles than it has, and those it has
 Bear bravely!* But she comes, our ruin comes;

* *But she comes, our ruin comes; For she, &c.*] There is an extreme elegance in this passage in the original. There is much the same sentiment in the Cymbeline of Shakespeare: and I believe, upon a fair com-
 parison between them, the learned reader will agree with me, that the passage in the English poet is not only equal, but even superior in beauty to that in Terence.

Sed ecce ipsa egreditur, nostri fundi calamitas:
 Nam quod nos capere oportet, hæc intercipit. TER.

— — — — — comes in my father;
 And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
 Shakes all our buds from blowing.

CYMBELINE, Act I.

For

For she, like storms of hail on fields of corn,
Beats down our hopes, and carries all before her.

S C E N E II.

Enter THAIS.

Thais. Ah me! I fear lest Phædria take offence,
And think I meant it other than I did,
That he was not admitted yesterday.

[to herself not seeing them.]

Phæd. I tremble, Parmeno, and freeze with horror.

Par. Be of good cheer! approach yon fire---she'll
warm you.

Thais. Who's there? my Phædria? Why did you
stand here?

Why not directly enter?

Par. Not one word
Of having shut him out!

Thais. Why don't you speak?

Phæd. Because, forsooth, these doors will always fly
Open to me, or that because I stand

The first in your good graces. *[ironically.]*

Thais. Nay, no more!

Phæd. No more?---O Thais, Thais, would to
heaven

Our loves were parallel, that things like these
Might torture you, as this has tortur'd me;

Or

Or that your actions were indifferent to me!

Thais. Grieve not, I beg, my love, my Phædria!
Not that I lov'd another more, I did this.
But I by circumstance was forc'd to do it.

Par. So then, it seems, for very love, poor soul,
You shut the door in's teeth.

Thais. Ah, Parmeno!
Is't thus you deal with me? Go to!--But hear
Why I did call you hither.

Phæd. Be it so.

Thais. But tell me first, can yon slave hold his
peace?

Par. I? oh most faithfully: But hark ye, madam!
On this condition do I bind my faith:
The truths I hear, I will conceal; but falsehood,
Fiction, or gross pretence, shall out at once.
I'm full of chinks, and run through here and there:
So if you claim my secrecy, speak truth.

Thais. My mother was a Samian, liv'd at Rhodes.*

Par. This sleeps in silence. [*archly.*]

Thais. There a certain merchant
Made her a present of a little girl,
Stol'n hence from Attica.

* *My mother was a Samian, liv'd at Rhodes.* in another. For this reason
An indirect courtezans were called *strangers*;
and tender manner of acknow- and on this circumstance de-
ledging her mother to be a pends the archness and malice
courtezan, by saying she was a of Parmeno's answer. DONAT.
native of one place, and lived

Phæd.

Phæd. A citizen?

Thais. I think so, but we cannot tell for certain :
Her father's and her mother's name she told
Herself; her country, and the other marks
Of her original, she neither knew,
Nor from her age, was't possible she should.
The merchant added further, that the pirates,
Of whom he bought her, let him understand,
She had been stol'n from Sunium.* My mother
Gave her an education, brought her up
In all respects as she had been her own ;
And she in gen'ral was suppos'd my sister.
I journied hither with the gentleman
To whom alone I was connected then,
The same who left me all I have.

Par. These articles
Are both rank falsehoods, and shall out.

Thais. Why so?

Par. Because nor you with one could be content,
Nor he alone enrich'd you; for my master
Made good and large addition.

Thais. I allow it.

But let me hasten to the point I wish.
Meantime the Captain, who was then but young
In his attachment to me, went to Caria. †

* *Sunium.*] A part of Attica upon the sea coast.

† *Caria.*] A region of Asia Minor upon the sea coast, opposite to Rhodes.

*I, in his absence, was address'd by You ;
 Since when, full well you know, how very dear
 I've held you, and have trusted you with all
 My nearest counsels.

Phæd. And yet Parmeno
 Will not be silent even here.

Par. Oh, Sir,
 Is that a doubt ?

Thais. Nay, prithee now, attend !
 My mother's lately dead at Rhodes: her brother
 Too much intent on wealth, no sooner saw
 This virgin, handsome, well-accomplisht, skill'd
 In musick, than, spurr'd on by hopes of gain,
 In publick market he expos'd and sold her.
 It so fell out, my soldier-spark was there,
 And bought her, all unknowing these events ;
 To give to me : but soon as he return'd,
 And found how much I was attach'd to You,
 He feign'd excuses to keep back the girl ;
 Pretending, were he thoroughly convinc'd
 That I would still prefer him to yourself,
 Nor fear'd that when I had receiv'd the girl,
 I would abandon him, he'd give her to me ;
 But *that* he doubted. For my part, I think
 He is grown fond of her himself.

* *I in his absence, &c.*] It is which Thais may plead for this
 artful of the Poet to represent indulgence from Phædria with
 the captain as the prior lover, by a better grace. DONATUS.

Phæd. Is there
Aught more between them?

Thais. No; for I've enquir'd.
And now, my Phædria, there are fundry causes
Wherefore I wish to win the virgin from him.
First, for she's call'd my sifter: and moreover,
That I to her relations may restore her.
I'm a lone woman, have nor friend, nor kin:
Wherefore, my Phædria, I would raise up friends
By some good turn:—And you, I prithee now,
Help me to do it! Let him some few days
Be my gallant in chief. What! no reply?

Phæd. Abandon'd woman! can I aught reply
To deeds like these?

Par. Oh excellent! well said!
He feels at length: Now, master, you're a man.

Phæd. I saw your story's drift.—“ A little girl
“ Stol'n hence----My mother brought her up----was
call'd

“ My sifter---I would fain obtain her from him,

“ That I to her relations might restore her---”

All this preamble comes at last to this.

I am excluded, he's admitted. Why?

But that you love him more than me, and fear
Left this young captive win your hero from you.

Thais. Do I fear that?

Phæd. Why, prithee now, what else?

Does

Does *He* bring gifts alone? did'st e'er perceive
 My bounty shut against you? Did I not,
 Because you told me you'd be glad to have
 An Æthiopian servant-maid, all else
 Omitted, seek one out? You said besides,
 You wish'd to have an Eunuch, 'cause forsooth,
 They were for dames of quality. I found one.
 For both I yesterday paid twenty *minæ*.^{*}
 Yet you contemn me---I forgot not these,
 And for these I'm despis'd.

Thais. Why this, my Phædria?
 Tho' I would fain obtain the girl, and tho'
 I think by these means it might well be done;
 Yet, rather than make you my enemy,
 I'll do as you command.

Phæd. Oh, had you said
 Those words sincerely---“ Rather than make you
 “ My enemy!”---Oh, could I think those words
 Came from your heart, what is't I'd not endure!

Par. Gone! conquer'd with one word! alas, how soon!

Thais. Not speak sincerely? from my very soul?
 What did you ever ask, altho' in sport,
 But you obtain'd it of me? yet I can't
 Prevail on you to grant but two short days.

Phæd. Well---for two days---so those two be not
 twenty.

* *Twenty Minæ.*] Equal to 64*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* of our money. COOKE.

Thais. No in good faith but two, or---

Phæd. Or? no more.

Thais. It shall not be: but you will grant me those.

Phæd. Your will must be a law.

Thais. Thanks, my sweet Phædria!

Phæd. I'll to the country: there consume myself
For these two days: it must be so: we must
Give way to Thais---See you, Parmeno,
The slaves brought hither.

Par. Sir, I will.

Phæd. My Thais,
For these two days, farewell!

Thais. Farewell, my Phædria!
Would you aught else with me?

Phæd. Aught else, my Thais?

* Be with yon foldier present, as if absent:

* *Be with yon foldier, &c.]* presses her intention to have Phædria's request to his mistress, upon leaving her for two days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

ADDISON'S *Spectator* N^o 170. Imogen in the speech above cited from Shakepeare, expresses her intention to have said much the same kind of things on parting with Posthumus. As both the passages are extremely beautiful, it may not be disagreeable to the reader to compare them together.

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or, I could make him swear,
The shees of Italy should not betray
Mine int'rest, and his honour; or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons; for then
I am in heaven with him, &c.

All night and day love Me : still long for Me :
 Dream, ponder still of Me ; wish, hope for Me ;
 Delight in Me ; be all in all with Me :
 Give your whole heart, for mine's all your's, to Me.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Manet THAIS.*

Ah me! I fear that he believes me not,
 And judges of my heart from those of others. †
 I in my conscience know, that nothing false
 I have deliver'd, nor to my true heart
 Is any dearer than this Phædria :
 And whatsoe'er in this affair I've done,

* *Manet* Thais.] The Poet very judiciously reserves part of the argument to be told here, which Thais did not relate to Phædria, in the presence of Parmeno : whom the poet keeps in ignorance, that he may with probability dare to assist Chærea in his attempt on the virgin. DONATUS.

† *And judges of my heart from those of others.*] Here Terence shews it to be his peculiar excellence to introduce common characters in a new manner, without departing from custom,

or nature : Since he draws a good courtesan, and yet engages and delights the spectator. DONATUS.

Under the name of Thais, Menander is supposed to have drawn the character of his own mistress, Glycere ; and, it seems, he introduced a courtesan of the same name into several of his comedies. One comedy was entitled Thais, from which St. Paul took the sentence in his Epistle to the Corinthians, " Evilcommunications corrupt good manners." Plutarch has also preserved four lines of

For the girl's sake I've done : for I'm in hopes
 I know her brother, a right noble youth.
 To day I wait him, by his own appointment ;
 Wherefore I'll in, and tarry for his coming.

the prologue to that comedy, the muse, to teach him to
 in which the poet, in a kind of draw the character of his he-
 mock-heroick manner invokes roine.

Εμει μὲν ἔν' αἰεὶ τοιαύτην, θεαί,
 Ἐρασίαν, ἑραίαν δὲ καὶ πιθανὴν ἀμα,
 Ἀδικήσαν, ἀποκλείσαν, αἰήσαν πυκνά,
 Μυθεύον ὄρωσαν, προσποιώμενην δ' αἰ.

PLUT. *de Audiend. Poet.*

Such therefore sing, O Goddess! bold, but fair,
 And blest with all the arts of fond persuasion ;
 Injurious, quarrellous, for ever craving,
 Caring for none, but feigning love to all.

The word ἀποκλείσαν alludes particularly to the shutting out her lovers, the very injury offered to Phædria in this play. same reasons that induced Baron to vary from his original, represents Thais as a young widow, instead of a courtesan.

Fontaine, probably for the

ACT II. SCENE I.

PHÆDRIA, PARMENO.

Phædria. CARRY the slaves according to my order*.

Par. I will.

Phæd. But diligently,

Par. Sir, I will.

Phæd. But soon.

Par. I will, Sir!

Phæd. Say, is it sufficient?

Par. Ah! what a question's that? as if it were
So difficult! I wish, Sir Phædria,
You could gain aught so easy, as lose these.

Phæd. I lose, what's dearer yet, my comfort with
them.

Repine not at my gifts.

Par. Not I: moreover

* *Carry the slaves, &c.*] This Scene contains a deal of lover's impertinence and idle talk, repeating what has been said before; and that too much over

and over again, and in a tiresome manner. DONATUS.

If the Critick meant this note for a censure, it is in fact rather a commendation.

I will convey them straight. But have you any
Other commands?

Phæd. Oh yes: Set off our presents
With words as handsome as you can; and drive,
As much as possible, that rival from her!

Par. Ah, Sir! I should, of course, remember that.

Phæd. I'll to the country, and stay there.

Par. O, ay! [ironically.]

Phæd. But hark you!

Par. Sir, your pleasure?

Phæd. Do you think
I can with constancy hold out, and not
Return before my time?

Par. Hold out? Not you.
Either you'll straight return, or want of sleep*
Will drive you forth at midnight.

Phæd. I will toil;
That, weary, I may sleep against my will.

Par. Weary you may be; but you'll never sleep.

Phæd. Ah, Parmeno, you wrong me. I'll cast out
This treacherous softness from my soul, nor thus
Indulge my passions. Yes, I could remain,
If need, without her even three whole days.

* *Want of sleep, [Sc.] Aut mox noctu te adiget horum insomnia.* the word *insomnia* in this place to signify *watching*, *want of sleep*, is confirmed by the two next speeches.
The common reading is *adigent*.
But the correction and interpretation of Donatus, who explains

Par.

Par. *Hui! three whole livelong days! confider, Sir.

Pbæd. I am refolved.

* *Hui! three whole days!*] *Hui! UNIVORSUM triduum!*—*Crites.* To read Macrobius, explaining the propriety and elegance of many words in Virgil, which I had before paffed over without confideration, as common things, is enough to affure me that I ought to think the fame of Terence; and that in the purity of his ftile, (which Tully fo much valued, that he ever carried his works about him) there is yet left in him great room for admiration, if I knew but where to place it.

Eugenius. I fould have been led to a confideration of the wit of the ancients, had not *Crites* given me fufficient warning not to be too bold in my judgment of it; becaufe the languages being dead, and many of the customs, and little accidents, on which it depended, loft to us, we are not competent judges of it. But though I grant, that here and there we may mifs the application of a proverb or a custom, yet a thing well faid will be wit in all lan-

guages; and though it may lofe something in the tranflation, yet to him who reads it in the original, it is ftill the fame. He has an idea of its excellence, though it cannot pafs from his mind into any other expreffion or words than thofe in which he finds it. When *Phædria* in the *Eunuch* had a command from his miftrefs to be abfent two days, and encouraging himfelf to go through with it, faid, *Tandem ego non illâ caream, fi opus fit, vel totum triduum?* *Parmeno*, to mock the foftnefs of his mafter, lifting up his hands and eyes, cries out, as it were in admiration, *Hui! univorsum triduum!* the elegance of which *univorsum*, though it cannot be rendered in our language, yet leaves an impreffion on our fouls. But this happens feldom in him, in *Plautus* oftener; who is infinitely too bold in his metaphors and coining words; out of which many times his wit is nothing.

DRYDEN'S *Essay of Dramatick Poesie.*

SCENE

S C E N E II.

PARMENO *alone.*

*Heav'ns, what a strange disease is this!---That love
Should so change men, that one can hardly swear
They are the same!---No mortal liv'd
Less weak, more grave, more temperate than he.
---But who comes yonder?---Gnatho, as I live;
The Captain's parasite! and brings along
The Virgin for a present: oh rare wench!
†How beautiful! I shall come off, I doubt,
But scurvily with my decrepid Eunuch.
This girl surpasses ev'n Thais herself.

* *Heav'ns, what a strange, &c.*] Part of Benedict's soliloquy in the second act of *Much ado about Nothing* is much in the same vein with this of Parmeno; only that it is heightened by the circumstance of its being immediately previous to his falling in love himself.

† *How beautiful, &c.*] The Poet makes Parmeno take notice of her extraordinary beauty, in order to make the violence of Chærea's passion for her the more probable. DONATUS.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

* *Enter* GNATHO, *leading* PAMPHILA;
PARMENO *behind.*

† *Gnath.* Good heav'ns! how much one man excels
another!

What diff'rence 'twixt a wife man and a fool!

What juſt now happen'd proves it : Coming hither

* *Enter Gnatho.*] Theſe characters, the Paraſite and the Soldier, as the Poet himſelf confeſſes, are not in the Eunuch of Menander, but taken from the Colax. DONATUS.

Two actions, equally labour'd and driven on by the writer, would deſtroy the unity of the poem; it would be no longer one play, but two: Not but that there may be many actions in a play, as Ben Jonſon has obſerved in his Discoveries, but they muſt be all ſubſervient to the great one, which our language happily expreſſes in the name of under-plots: Such as in Terence's Eunuch is the difference and reconcilment of Thais and Phædria, which is not the chief buſineſs of the play, but promotes the marriage of Chærea and Chremes's ſiſter, principally intended by the poet. There ought to be but one action, ſays Corneille, that is, one complete action, which

leaves the mind of the audience in a full repoſe; but this cannot be brought to paſs, but by many other imperfect actions which conduce to it, and hold the audience in a delightful ſuſpence of what will be.

Dryden's Eſſay of Dramatick Poefie.

Inſtead of the quarrels of Thais and Phædria, which were moſt probably in the Eunuch of Menander, it would have been better to have inſtanced the characters taken from the Colax; which Terence has very artfully connected with the reſt of the fable, by repreſenting the Girl, loved by Chærea, as given to Thais by Thraſo; which produces the abſence of Phædria, leaves room for the comical impoſture of Chærea, and, although adſcititious, becomes the main ſpring of the whole action.

† *Good heav'ns! &c.*] This is the only ſcene in Terence, which I remember, that can be charged with being ſuperfluous.

Thraſo

I met with an old countryman; a man
 Of my own place and order; like myself,
 No scurvy fellow; who, like me, had spent
 In mirth and jollity his whole estate.
 Seeing him in a wretched trim; his looks
 Lean, sick, and dirty; and his cloaths, all rags;
 "How now!" cry'd I, "what means this figure, friend?"
 "Alas," says he, "my patrimony's gone.
 "---Ah, how am I reduc'd! my old acquaintance
 "And friends all shun me."---Hearing this, how cheap
 I held him in comparison with Me!
 "Why, how now? wretch, said I, most idle wretch!
 "Have you spent all, nor left ev'n hope behind?
 "What! have you lost your sense with your estate?
 "Me!---look on Me---come from the same condition!
 "How sleek! how neat! how clad! in what good case?
 "I've ev'ry thing, though nothing; nought possess,
 "Yet nought I ever want."---"Ah, Sir! but I
 "Have an unhappy temper, and can't bear
 "To be the butt of others, or to take
 "A beating now and then."---"How then! d'ye think
 "Those are the means of thriving? No, my friend!

Thrafo has made a present to
 Thais of a young girl. Gna-
 tho is to carry her. Going a-
 long with her, he amuses him-
 self with giving the spectator a
 most agreeable eulogium on his
 profession. But was that the

time for it? Let Gnatho pay
 due attention on the stage to the
 young woman whom he is
 charged with, and let him say
 what he will to himself, I con-
 sent to it. DIDEROT.

"Such

“ Such formerly indeed might drive a trade :
 “ * But mine’s a new profession; I the first
 “ That ever struck into this road. There are
 “ A kind of men, who wish to be the head
 “ Of every thing; but are not. These I follow;
 “ Not for their sport and laughter, but for gain
 “ To laugh with them, and wonder at their parts :
 “ Whate’er they say, I praise it; if again

* *But mine’s a new profession,*
 &c.] Though the Vain Man and the Flatterer were characters in great measure dependant on each other, and therefore commonly shewn together, yet it is most probable, that in the Colax of Menander, from whence Gnatho and Thraso were taken by our author, the Parasite was the chief character, as in the *Αλαζων*, or the Boaster, the Greek Comedy, from which Plautus took his Miles Gloriosus, the Braggadochio Captain was most probably the principal. But this I think is not all: for in the present instance the Poet seems to have intended to introduce a new sort of Parasite, never seen

upon the stage before; master of a more delicate manner of adulation than ordinary flatterers, and supporting his consequence with his patron at the same time that he lives upon him, and laughs at him. *Comedendo & deridendo.* Gnatho’s acquaintance describes the old school of Parasites, which gives him occasion to shew, in his turn, the superior excellence of the new sect, of which he is himself the founder. The first of these, as Madam Dacier observes justly, was the exact definition of a Parasite, who is described on almost every occasion by Plautus, as a fellow beaten, kicked, and cuffed at pleasure.

*Et hic quidem, hercle, nisi qui colaphos perpeti
 Potis Parasitus, frangique aulas in caput,
 Vel ire extra portam trigeminam ad saccum licet.*

CAPTIVEI, Act. 1.

And here the Parasite, unless he can
 Bear blows, and have pots broken on his sconce,
 Without the city-gate may beg his bread.

Gnatho,

“ They contradict, I praise *that* too: Does any

“ Deny? I too deny: Affirm? I too

“ Affirm: and in a word I’ve brought myself

“ To say, unsay, swear, and forswear, at pleasure:

“ And that is now the best of all professions.”

Par. A special fellow this! who drives fools mad.

Gnat. Deep in this conversation, we at length
Come to the Market, where the sev’ral tradesmen,
Butchers, cooks, grocers, poult’rers, fishmongers,
(Who, while my means were ample, profited,
And, tho’ now wasted, profit by me still,)
All run with joy to me, salute, invite,
And bid me welcome. He, poor half-starv’d wretch,
Soon as he saw me thus carest, and found
I got my bread so easily, desir’d
He might have leave to learn that art of me.
I bad him follow me, if possible:
And, as the Schools of the Philosophers

Gnatho, on the contrary, by his artful adulation, contrives to be carested instead of ill-treated. Had the Colax of Plautus at least remained to us, we should perhaps have seen the specifick difference between Him and other Parasites more at large. In the Eunuch Gnatho is but episodical; but if this manner of considering his character be not too refined, it accounts for the long speech, so

obnoxious to Diderot, with which he introduces himself to the audience; throws a new light on all he says and does; and is a strong proof of the excellence of Menander in drawing characters. However this may be, it is certain that Gnatho is one of the most agreeable Parasites in any play, antient or modern, except the incomparable Falstaff.

Have ta'en from the Philosophers their names,
So, in like manner, let all Parasites
Be call'd from me Gnathonicks !

Par. Mark, what ease,
And being kept at other's cost produces !

Gnat. But hold, I must convey this girl to Thais,
And bid her forth to sup.---Ha, Parmeno !
Our rival's slave, standing at Thais' door !
---How melancholy he appears ! All's safe :
These poor rogues find but a cold welcome here.
I'll play upon this knave. [aside.

Par. These fellows think
This present will make Thais all their own. [aside.

Gnat. To Parmeno, his lov'd and honour'd friend,
Gnatho sends greeting. [ironically.] What are you upon?*

Par. My legs.

Gnat. I see it.---Is there nothing here
Displeasing to you ?

Par. You.

Gnat. I do believe it.
But prithee, is there nothing else ?

Par. Wherefore ?

Gnat. Because you're melancholy.

* *What are you upon?*—*My tus.* There is much the same
Legs.] *Quid agitur?*—*Statur.* A kind of conceit with the present
mere play upon words, which in the Merry Wives of Wind-
is also in the Pseudolus of Plau- for.

Falstaff. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am About.

Pistol. Two Yards and more.

Par. Not at all.

Gnat. Well, do not be so!---Pray, now, what d'ye think

Of this young handmaid?

Par. Troth, she's not amifs.

Gnat. I plague the rascal. [*half-aside.*

Par. How the knave's deceiv'd! [*half-aside.*

Gnat. Will not this gift be very acceptable
To Thais, think you?

Par. You'd inffuate
That we're fhut out.---There is, alas, a change
In all things.

Gnat. For thefe fix months, Parmeno,
For fix whole months at leaft, I'll make you eafy;
You fhan't run up and down, and watch till day-light;
Come, don't I make you happy?

Par. Very happy.

Gnat. 'Tis my way with my friends.

Par. You're very good.

Gnat. But I detain you: you, perhaps, was going
Somewhere elfe.

Par. No where.

Gnat. May I beg you then
To ufe your int'reft here, and introduce me
To Thais?

Par. Hence! away! thefe doors
Fly open now, becaufe you carry Her.

[*pointing to Pamphila.*

Gnat.

Gnat. Wou'd you have any one call'd forth? [*Exit.*]

Par. Well! well!

Pafs but two days; and you, fo welcome now,
That the doors open with your little finger,
Shall kiek againft them then, I warrant you,
Till your heels ache again.

Re-Enter G N A T H O.

Gnat. Ha! Parmeno!

Are you here ftill! What! are you left a fpy,
Left any go-between fould run by ftealth
To Thais from the Captain? [*Exit.*]

Par. Very fmart!

No wonder fuch a wit delights the Captain!
But hold! I fee my mafter's younger fon
Coming this way. I wonder much he fould
Defert Piræus,* where he's plac'd on guard,
'Tis not for nothing. All in hafte he comes,
And feems to look about.

S C E N E IV.

Enter CHÆREA. PARMENO behind.

Chær. Undone! Undone!

The Girl is loft: I know not where fhe is,

* *Desert Piræus.*] Piræus, as were placed on guard to watch well as Sunium, was a maritime town of Attica, with a port, where the Athenian youth againft the incursions of pirates, or other enemies. DONATUS.

Nor where I am : Ah, whither shall I trace ?
 Where seek ? of whom enquire ? or which way turn ?
 I'm all uncertain ; but have one hope still :
 Where'er she is, she cannot long lie hid.
 O charming face ! all others from my memory
 Hence I blot out. * Away with common beauties !

Par. So, here's the other ! and he mutters too
 I know not what of love.---Ah, poor old father !
 As for this stripling, if he once begin,
 His brother's is but jest and children's play
 To his mad fury.

Char. Twice ten thousand curses
 Seize the old wretch, who kept me back to-day ;
 And me for staying ! with a fellow too
 I did not care a farthing for !---But see !
 Yonder stands Parmeno.---Good day !

Par. How now ?
 Wherefore so sad ? and why this hurry, Chærea ?
 Whence come you ?

Char. I ? I cannot tell, i'faith,
 Whence I am come, or whither I am going,
 I've so entirely lost myself.

* *Away with common beauties !*]
Tædet quotidianarum harum for-
marum. It is impossible to trans-
 late this passage without losing
 much of its elegance, which

consists in the three words end-
 ing in *arum*, which are admirably
 adapted to express disgust, and
 make us even feel that sensa-
 tion. DACIER.

Par.

Par. And why?

Chær. I am in love.

Par. Oh brave!

Chær. Now, Parmeno,

Now you may shew what kind of man you are.

You know you've often told me; " Chærea,

" Find something out to set your heart upon,

" And mark how I will serve you!"---yes, you know.

You've often said so, when I scrap'd together

All the provisions for you at my father's.

Par. Away, you trifler!

Chær. Nay, in faith, 'tis true:

Now make your promise good! and in a cause

Worthy the utmost reachings of your soul:

▲ girl, my Parmeno! not like our misses,

Whose mothers try to keep their shoulders down,

And bind their bosoms, that their shapes may seem

Genteel and slim. Is a girl rather plump?

*They call her Nurse, and stint her in her food.

Thus art, in spite of nature, makes them all

Mere bulrushes: and therefore they're belov'd.

Par. And what's this girl of your's?

Chær. A miracle.

Par. Oh, to be sure!

* They call her Nurse.] Pu- hope, will pardon, and the La-
gilem esse aiunt. Literally, they dies approve my softening this
call her Boxer. The learned, I passage.

Chær. True, natural red and white ;
Her body firm, and full of precious stuff !

Par. Her age ?

Chær. About sixteen.

Par. The very prime !

Chær. This girl, by force, by stealth, or by intreaty,
Procure me ! how I care not, so I have her.

Par. Well, whom does she belong to ?

Chær. I don't know.

Par. Whence comes she ?

Chær. I can't tell.

Par. Where does she live ?

Chær. I can't tell neither.

Par. Where was it you saw her ?

Chær. Here in the street.

Par. And how was it you lost her ?

Chær. Why, it was that, which I so fum'd about,
As I came hither ! nor was ever man
So jilted by good fortune, as myself.

Par. What mischief now ?

Chær. Confounded luck !

Par. How so ?

Chær. How so ! d'ye know one Archidemides,
My father's kinsman, and about his age ?

Par. Full well.

Chær. As I was in pursuit of her
He met me.

Par. Rather inconveniently.

Chær.

Chær. Oh most unhappily! for lighter ills
 May pass for *inconvenient*, Parmeno.
 Nay, I could swear, with a safe conscience too,
 For six, or seven months, I had not seen him,
 Till now, when least I wish'd and most would shun it.
 Is not this monstrous? Eh!

Par. Oh! very monstrous.

Chær. Soon as from far he saw me, instantly,
 Bent, trembling, drop-jaw'd, gasping, out of breath,
 He hobbled up to me.---“Holo! ho! Chærea!”—
 I stopt.---“D'ye know what I want with you?”---

“What?”

---“I have a cause to-morrow.”---“Well! what
 “then?”—

---“Fail not to tell your father, he remember

“To go up with me, as an Advocate*.”---

His prating took some time.---“Aught else?” said I.

“Nothing,” said he.---Away flew I, and saw

The girl that instant turn into this street.

Par. Sure he must mean the virgin, just now brought
 To Thais for a present.

Chær. When I reach'd
 This place, the girl was vanish'd.

* *As an Advocate.*] The word that accompanied those who had
Advocate, Advocatus, did not causes, either to do them ho-
 bear the same sense then as it nour, or to appear as witnesset,
 does with us at present. The or to render them some other
Advocates, Advocati, were friends service. D A C I A A

Par. Had your lady
Any attendants ?

Chær. Yes ; a parasite,
With a maid-servant.

Par. 'Tis the very same :
Away ! have done ! all's over*.

Chær. What d'ye mean ?

Par. The Girl I mean.

Chær. D'ye know then who she is ?
Tell me !---or have you seen her ?

Par. Yes, I've seen her ;
I know her ; and can tell you where she is.

Chær. How, my dear Parmeno ! D'ye know her ?

Par. Yes.

Chær. And where she is, d'ye know ?

Par. Yes,---there she is ; [*pointing.*

Carried to Madam Thais for a present.

Chær. What monarch could bestow a gift so precious ?

Par. The mighty Captain Thrafo, Phædria's rival.

Chær. Alas, poor brother !

Par. Ay, and if you knew
The gift he sends to be compar'd with this,
You'd cry Alas, indeed !

Chær. What is his gift ? †

* *All's over.] Jam concla-*
matum est. A metaphor taken
from the Funeral Ceremonies
of the Ancients.

† *What is his gift.]* Observe
with what address Terence pro-
ceeds to the main part of his
argument : the Eunuch being
casually

Par. An Eunuch.

Chær. What ! that old and ugly slave,
That he bought yesterday ?

Par. The very same.

Chær. Why, surely, he'll be trundled out o'doors
He and his gift together.---But till now
I never knew this Thais was our neighbour.

Par. She came but lately.

Chær. Ev'ry way unlucky !
Ne'er to have seen her neither !---Prithee, tell me,
Is she so handsome, as she's said to be ? *

Par. Yes faith !

Chær. But nothing to compare to mine.

Par. Oh, quite another thing.

Chær. But Parmeno !

Contrive that I may have her.

Par. Well, I will.

Depend on my assistance :---have you any

Further commands ? *[as if going.*

Chær. Where are you going ?

Par. Home ;

casually mentioned, suggests, as it were of course, the stratagem of imposing Chærea upon the family of Thais for him. DONAT.

* *Is she so handsome, as she's said to be ?*] Another instance of the art of Terence, in preserving the probability of Chæ-

rea's being received for the Eunuch. He was such a stranger to the family, that he himself did not even know the person of Thais. It is added further, that she has not lived long in the neighbourhood, and the young fellow has been chiefly at Piræus. DONATUS.

To bring, according to your brother's order,
The slaves to Thais.

Char. Oh, that happy Eunuch !
To be convey'd into that house !

Par. Why so ?

Char. Why so ! why, he shall have that charming
Girl

His fellow-servant, see her all day long,
Converse with her, dwell under the same roof,
And sometimes eat, and sometimes sleep by her.

Par. And what if You should be so happy ?

Char. How ?

Tell me, dear Parmeno !

Par. Assume his dress.

Char. His dress ! what then ?

Par. I'll carry you for him.

Char. I hear you.

Par. I will say that you are he.

Char. I understand you.

Par. So shall you enjoy

Those blessings, which but now you envied him :
Eat with her, be with her, touch, toy with her,
And sleep by her : since none of Thais' maids
Know you, or dream of what you are. Besides
Your figure, and your age are such, that you
May well pass for an Eunuch.

Char. Oh, well said !

I ne'er

I ne'er heard better counsel. Come, let's in!
Dress me, and carry me! Away, make haste!

Par. What are you at? I did but jest.

Chær. You trifle.

Par. I'm ruin'd: Fool, what have I done?----

Nay whither

D'ye push me thus? you'll throw me down. Nay, stay!

Chær. Away.

Par. Nay prithee!

Chær. I'm resolv'd.

Par. Consider;

You carry this too far.

Chær. No, not at all.

Give way!

Par. And Parmeno must pay for all.*

Ah, we do wrong!

Chær. Is it then wrong, for me †

To be convey'd into a house of harlots,

And turn those very arts on Them, with which

They hamper Us, and turn our youth to scorn?

* *And Parmeno must pay for all.] Istæc in me cudetur faba. Literally, the Bean will be threshed on me. A Proverb taken from the countrymen's threshing Beans; or from the cooks dressing them, who when they had not moistened them enough, but left them hard and tough,*

were sure to have them thrown at their heads. DONATUS.

The commentators give us several other interpretations of this proverb; but all concur concerning the import of it.

† *Is it then wrong.] Here Terence obliquely defends the subject of the piece. DONATUS.*

Can it be wrong for Me too, in my turn,
To deceive Them, by whom we're all deceiv'd?
No, rather let it be! 'tis just to play
This trick upon them: which, if greybeards know,
They'll blame indeed, but all will think well done.

Par. Well, if you must, you must; but do not then,
After all's over, throw the blame on Me.

Char. No, no!

Par. But do you order me?

Char. I do:

Order, command, compel you; nor will e'er
Deny, or disavow my putting-on.

Par. Come on then: follow me!

Char. Heav'n grant success!



ACT III. SCENE I.

THRASO, *and* GNATHO.

Thraso. **A**ND Thais then returns me many thanks?
Gnat. Ten thousand.

Thraso. Say, is she delighted with it?

Gnat. Not for the present's sake so much, as that
 From you it was presented: But therein
 She truly triumphs.

Enter PARMENO *behind.*

Par. I'm upon the watch,
 To mark a proper opportunity
 To bring my presents. But behold the Captain?

Thraso. It is, indeed, something, I know not how,
 Peculiar to me, do whate'er I please,
 It will appear agreeable.

Gnat. In truth
 I always have observ'd it.

Thraso. Ev'n the King*

* *Ev'n the King.*] This may be understood of Darius the Third, who reigned in the time of Menander. But as Pyrrhus is mentioned in this very play, Madam Dacier thinks it ought rather to be understood of Seleucus, King of Asia. PATRICK.

Held himself much oblig'd, whate'er I did :
Not so to others.

Gnat. Men of wit, like You,
The glory, got by other's care and toil,
Often transfer unto themselves.

Tbra. You've hit it. *

Gnat. The king then held you——

Tbra. Certainly.

Gnat. Most dear.

Tbra. Most near. He trusted his whole army to me,
His counsels.——

Gnat. Wonderful !

Tbra. And then, whene'er
Satiety of company, or hate
Of business seiz'd him—when he would repose—
As if—you understand me.

Gnat. Perfectly.

When he wou'd—in a manner—clear his stomach
Of all uneasiness.

Tbra. The very thing.

On such occasions he chose none but me.

Gnat. Hui ! there's a king indeed ! a king of taste !

* THRASO. *You've hit it.*] That
Shakespeare was familiarly ac-
quainted with this comedy is
evident from the following pas-
sage.

“ *Holofernes. Novi homi-*
“ *nem, tanquam te.* His hu-

“ mour is lofty, his discourse
“ peremptory, his tongue filed,
“ his eye ambitious, his gate
“ majestic, and his general
“ behaviour vain, ridiculous,
“ and THRASONICAL.”

Love's Labour Lost.

Tbra.

Thra. No general man, I promise you.*

Gnat. Oh no!

He must have been particular indeed,
If he convers'd with You.

Thra. The courtiers all
Began to envy me, and rail'd in secret:
I car'd not; whence their spleen increas'd the more.
One in particular, who had the charge
Of th' elephants from India, grew at last
So very troublesome, "I prithee, Strato,
"Are you so savage, and so fierce, (says I)
"Because you're governor of the wild beasts?"

Gnat. Oh, finely said! and shrewdly! Excellent!
Too hard upon him!-- what said He to't?

Thra. Nothing.

Gnat. And how the devil should he?

* *No general man.*] *Homo perpaucorum hominum.* That is, one who admits but few into a familiarity with him. Horace uses the same phrase, in the same sense, speaking of *Mæcenas*. *Paucorum hominum, et mentis bene sanæ.* In like manner, Cicero tells us in his book *de fato*, that Scipio having engaged two or three friends to sup with him upon sturgeon, and seeming inclined to detain some others who dropt in upon him. Pontius whispered him, "Take care, Scipio! *Acipenser iste paucorum hominum est.*

"The sturgeon does not love much company."

This passage of Cicero, quoted by the Commentators both on Horace and Terence, puts the meaning of the phrase out of all doubt; and indeed in this sense the speech of *Thraso* more properly follows up the speech immediately preceding, and without the least violence to the natural flow of the dialogue takes off the awkwardness of an *aside* from the reply of *Gnatho*, and leaves him that easy raillery, which distinguishes him in most parts of the play.

Par.

Par. Gracious heav'n!

The stupid coxcomb!---and that rascal too! [*aside.*]

Tbra. Ay! but the story of the Rhodian, Gnatho!
How smart I was upon him at a feast---
Did I ne'er tell you?

Gnat. Never: but pray do!
---I've heard it o'er and o'er a thousand times. [*aside.*]

Tbra. We were by chance together at a feast---
This Rhodian, that I told you of, and I---
I, as it happen'd, had a wench: The spark
Began to toy with Her, and laugh at Me.

“ Why how now, Impudence! (said I) are You *

“ A *bare* yourself, and yet would hunt for *game* ?”

Gnat. Ha! ha! ha!

Tbra. What's the matter?

Gnat. Ha! ha! ha!

Witty! smart! excellent! incomparable!

Is it your own? I swear I thought 'twas old.

Tbra. Why did you ever hear it?

Gnat. Very often;

And reckon'd admirable.

* *Are you a hare, &c.] Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris.* A proverbial expression in use at that time. The proper meaning of it, stript of the figure, is, “ You are little more than “ a woman yourself, and do “ you want a mistress ?” We learn from Donatus and Vopif-

cus, that Livius Andronicus had inserted it in his plays before Terence. Commentators, who enter into a minute explication of it, offer many conjectures, rather curious than solid, and of a nature not fit to be mentioned here. PATRICK.

Tbra.

Tbra. 'Tis my own.

Gnat. And yet 'twas pity to be so severe
On a young fellow, and a gentleman.

Par. Ah! devil take you! [aside.]

Gnat. What became of him?

Tbra. It did for him. The company were all
Ready to die with laughing:---in a word,
They dreaded me.

Gnat. No wonder.

Tbra. Harkye, Gnatho!
Thais, you know, suspects I love this Girl.
Shall I acquit myself?

Gnat. On no account.
Rather increase her jealousy.

Tbra. And why?

Gnat. Why?---do you ask?---as if you didn't know!--
Whene'er she mentions Phædria, or whene'er
She praises him, to vex you——

Tbra. I perceive.

Gnat. To hinder that, you've only this resource.
When She names Phædria, name You Pamphila.
If She should say, "Come! let's have Phædria
"To dinner with us!"---"ay, and Pamphila
"To sing to us!"---if She praise Phædria's person,
Praise You the Girl's! so give her tit for tat,
And gall Her in her turn.

Tbra.

Thra. Suppose she lov'd me,*
This might avail me, Gnatho!

Gnat. While she loves
The presents which you give, expecting more,
So long she loves you; and so long you may
Have pow'r to vex her. She will always fear
To make you angry, lest some other reap
The harvest, which she now enjoys alone.

Thra. You're right: and yet I never thought of it.

Gnat. Ridiculous! because you did not turn
Your thoughts to't; or how much more readily
Wou'd you have hit on this device yourself!

† S C E N E II.

Enter THAIS, and PYTHIAS.

Thais. I thought I heard the Captain's voice: and see!
Good-day, my Thrafo!

Thra. Oh my Thais, welcome!

* *Suppose she lov'd me, &c.]* I am at a loss to determine, whether it was in order to shew the absurdity of the Captain, or from inadvertence in the Poet, that Terence here makes Thrafo and Gnatho speak in contradiction to the idea of Thais's wonderful veneration for Thrafo, with which they opened the scene.

† *Scene second.]* Several persons of the play are concerned in this scene, and yet, by the art and excellence of the Poet, there arises no confusion of dialogue; each speech being admirably adapted to the character to which it is appropriated.
DONATUS.

How

How does my sweeting?—are you fond of me
For sending you that mufick-girl?

Par. Oh brave!

He sets out nobly!

Thais. For your worth I love you.

Gnat. Come, let's to supper! why do you delay?

Par. Mark t'other! he's a chip of the old block.*

Thais. I'm ready when you please.

Par. I'll up to her,

And seem as if but now come forth.—Ha! *Thais*,
Where are you gadding?

Thais. Well met, *Parmeno*!

I was just going——

Par. Whither?

Thais. Don't you see

The Captain?

Par. Yes, I see him—to my sorrow.

The presents from my master wait your pleasure.

* *A Chip of the old Block.*] the Græcians, the Poets sought indeed to express the *παθος*, as in their Tragedies the *παθος*, of mankind. But this contained only the general characters of men and manners; that is, one old man or father, one lover, one courtezan, so like another as if the first of them had begot the rest of every sort. *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.*"

Essay of Dramatick Poesie.

"In the New Comedy of

Thra. Why do we stop thus? wherefore go not
hence? [*angrily.*]

Par. Beseech you, Captain, let us, with your leave,
Produce our presents, * treat, and parley with her!

Thra. Fine gifts, I warrant you, compar'd with mine!

Par. They'll answer for themselves.---Ho, there!
within!

Order the slaves, I told you, to come forth.

Enter a Black Girl.

This way! do You stand forward!---This girl, ma'am,
Comes quite from Æthiopia.

Thra. Worth three Minæ.†

Gnat. Scarce.

Par. Ho! where are you, Dorus?---oh, come hither!

Enter Chærea in the Eunuch's habit.

An Eunuch, Madam!---of a liberal air,
And in his prime!

Thais. Now as I live, he's handsome!

Par. What say You, Gnatho? Is he despicable?
Or, Captain, what say You?-----Dumb?-----Praise
sufficient!

* *Treat, and parley with her.* † *Minæ.*] A Mina was
Convenire & colloqui. Military equal to 3½ 4s. 7d. COOKE.
terms; used by Parmeno to sneer
at Thrafo. DONATUS.

Try him in letters, exercifes, mufick :
In all the arts a gentleman ſhould know,
I'll warrant him accompliſh'd.*

Thra. Troth, that Eunuch
Is well enough.

Par. And he, who ſends theſe preſents,
Requires you not to live for *him* alone,
And for *his* ſake to ſhut out all mankind :
Nor does he tell his battles, ſhew his wounds,
Or ſhackle your free will, as ſome folks do:

[*looking at Thraſo:*

But when 'twill not be troubleſome, or when
You've leiſure, in due ſeaſon, he's content
If *then* he is admitted.

Thra. This poor wretch
Seems to belong to a poor wretched maſter.

Gnat. Beyond all doubt; for who that could obtain
Another, would endure a ſlave like this ?

* *I'll warrant him accompliſh'd.*] From the following one might be almoſt tempted to imagine that Shakeſpeare had the Eunuch of Terence in his eye.

Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this Duke ;
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an Eunuch to him :
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of mufick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.

Par. Peace, wretch, that art below the meanest
slave!

You, that could bring your mind so very low,
As to cry Ay and No at yon fool's bidding,
I'm sure, might get your bread out o' the fire.*

Tbra. Why don't we go? [*impatiently.*]

Thais. Let me but introduce
These first, and give some orders in the house,
And I'll attend you. [*Exit with Chærea, and the Æthiopian.*]

Tbra. I'll depart from hence.

Gnatho, wait you for her!

Par. It ill befits
The dignity of a renown'd commander,
T'escort his mistress in the street.

Tbra. Away,
Slave! you're beneath my notice---like your master.
[*Exit Par.*]

Gnat. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Tbra. What moves your laughter, *Gnatho*?

Gnat. Your speech but now: and then the *Rhodians*
came

Across my mind.---But *Thais* comes.

Tbra. Go, run,

* *Get your bread out of the fire.*] Antients of throwing victuals
E flammâ petere cibum. A pro- into the fire, at the time of burn-
verb to express the lowest de- ing their dead; to eat which was
gree of meanness and infamy: looked on as an act of the great-
taken from a custom among the est indignity. COOKE.

And see that ev'ry thing's prepar'd at home !

Gnat. It shall be done. [Exit.

Thais. [entering with Pythias.] Take care now,
Pythias, *

Great care, if Chremes come, to press him stay ;

Or, if that's inconvenient, to return :

If that's impossible, then bring him to me !

Pyth. I'll do so.

Thais. Hold ! what else had I to say ?

Take care, be sure, of yonder virgin ! see,

You keep at home !

Thra. Let's go !

Thais. Girls, follow me !

[Exit, attended by Servants and Thrafo.

S C E N E III.

CHREMES *alone.*

In truth, the more and more I think, the more

I am convinc'd that Thais means me ill :

So plain I see her arts to draw me in.

Ev'n when she first invited me, (and when

Had any ask'd, *What business have you there ?*

The question would have stagger'd me) she fram'd

Sev'ral excuses to detain me there.

* *Take care, now Pythias, &c.*] An artful preparation for the ensuing difference between her and Thrafo. DONATUS.

Said she had * made a sacrifice, and had
 Affairs of consequence to settle with me,
 —Oho! thought I immediately, I smell
 A trick upon me!—down she sat, behav'd
 Familiarly, and tried to beat about
 For conversation; being at a loss,
 She ask'd, how long my parents had been dead?
 ---I told her, long time since:---on which she ask'd,
 Whether I had a country-house at Sunium?
 ---And how far from the sea?---I half believe
 She likes my villa, and would wheedle me
 To give it her.---Her final questions were,
 If I ne'er lost a little sister thence?
 ---Who was miss'd with her---what she had, when lost?
 ---If there was any body capable
 Of recollecting her?---Why all these questions?
 Unless perhaps she means,---a saucy baggage!---
 To play the counterfeit, and feign herself
 That sister, who was lost so long ago?
 But she, if living, is about sixteen;
 Not more: and Thais older than myself,
 She sent beside to press me earnestly
 To visit her again.---Or, let her say
 What she would have; or trouble me no more!
 I'll not return a third time.---Ho! who's there?
 Here am I! Chremes!

* *Made a sacrifice.*] The Antients used to offer a sacrifice, before they entered on any affair of importance. COOK E.

S C E N E IV.

Enter PYTHIAS.

Pyth. Oh, sweet, charming, Sir!

Cbre. A coaxing hussy! did not I foresee
A trick upon me?

Pyth. Thais begs and prays
You'd come again to-morrow,

Cbre. I am going
Into the country.

Pyth. Nay, now, prithee come!

Cbre. I can't, I tell you.

Pyth. Walk in then, and stay
Till she returns herself.

Cbre. Not I.

Pyth. And why,
Dear Chremes? *[taking hold of him.]*

Cbre. Off, you saucy slut!

Pyth. Well, Sir,
Since you're so positive, shall I intreat you
To go to Her?

Cbre. I will.

Pyth. Here, Dorias! *[a maid-servant enters.]*
Conduct this gentleman to Captain Thrafo's.

*[Pythias re-enters.---Chremes goes out another
way with Dorias.]*

S C E N E V.

ANTIPHO *alone.*

But yesterday a knot of us young fellows
 Assembled at Piræus, and agreed
 To club together for a feast to-day.
 Chærea had charge of all; the rings were given,*
 And time, and place appointed.---The time's past;
 No entertainment's at the place; and Chærea
 Is no where to be met with.---For my part,
 I'm quite to seek in this; and what to say,
 Or guess, I know not.---Yet the company
 Have all commission'd me to find him out.
 I'll see if he's at home;---but who comes here
 From Thais?---Is it He, or no?---'Tis He.---
 ---What manner of man's here?---what habit's that?
 ---What mischief is the meaning of all this?
 ---I'm all astonishment, and cannot guess.
 But I'll withdraw awhile, and try to learn. [*retires.*]

* *Rings were given.*] It was usual to deposit their rings, as pledges of observing their appointment.

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Enter CHÆREA in the Eunuch's Habit.

Chær. [looking about.] Is any body here?---No,
nobody.

Does any follow me?---No, nobody.

May I then let my extacy break forth?

*Oh, Jupiter! 'tis now the very time,

When I could suffer to be put to death,

Left, not another transport, like to this,

Remain in life to come.---But is there not

Some curious impertinent to come

Across me now, and murder me with questions?

---To ask, why I'm so flutter'd? why so joyful?

Whither I'm going? whence I came? from whence

I got this habit? what I'm looking after?

Whether I'm in my senses? or stark mad?

* *Ob, Jupiter! 'tis now the very time.*] *Prob Jupiter! Nunc est profecto, cum interfici perpeti me possum, Ne hoc gaudium contaminet vita ægritudine aliquâ.* referred to in a note on the last act of the *Andrian*, contains exactly the same sentiment, and almost in the same words with this of Terence.
The passage from Shakespeare

— — — — — If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown fate.

OTHELLO.

Anti.

Anti. I'll go myself, and do that kindness to him.
Chærea, [*advancing*] what's all this flutter? what's
 this drefs?

What is't transports you? what d'ye want? art mad?
 Why do you stare at me? and why not speak?

Chæ. O happy, happy day!---You're welcome, friend!
 There's not a man on earth I'd rather see
 This moment than yourself.

Anti. Come, tell me all!

Chæ. Tell you! I will beseech you give me hearing.
 D'ye know my brother's mistress here?

Anti. I do:

Thais, I think,

Chæ. The same.

Anti. I recollect.

Chæ. To-day a girl was sent a present to her,
 Why need I speak or praise her beauty now
 To You, that know me, and my taste so well?
 She set me all on fire.

Anti. Is she so handsome?

Chæ. Most exquisite! Oh, had you but once seen her,
 You would pronounce her, I'm confident,
 The first of woman-kind,---But in a word,
 I fell in love with her,---By great good luck
 There was at home an Eunuch, which my brother
 Had bought for Thais, but not yet sent thither,
 --I had a gentle hint from Parmeno,

Which

Which I seiz'd greedily.

Anti. And what was that ?

Chær. Peace, and I'll tell you.---To change dresses
with him,

And order Parmeno to carry me

Instead of him.

Anti. How? for an Eunuch, You ?

Chær. E'en so.

Anti. What good could you derive from that ?

Chær. What good!---why, see, and hear, and be
with her

I languish'd for, my Antipho!---was That
An idle reason, or a trivial good ?

—To Thais I'm deliver'd; she receives me,
And carries me with joy into her house ;
Commits the charming girl——

Anti. To whom?---to You ?

Chær. To Me.

Anti. In special hands, I must confess.

Chær.---Injoins me, to permit no man come near her;
Nor to depart, myself, one instant from her ;

* But in an inner chamber to remain

Alone with her alone. I nod, and look

* *But in an inner chamber,* permitted to come to them, but
[&c.] In Greece the women relations, and the slaves that
always occupied the interior waited upon them. DACIER.
apartments, where nobody was

Bashfully on the ground.

Anti. Poor simple soul !

Chor. I am bid forth, says she; and carries off
All her maid-servants with her, save some few
Raw novices, who straight prepar'd the bath.
I bad them haste; and while it was preparing,
In a retiring-room the Virgin sat;
*Viewing a picture, where the tale was drawn
Of Jove's descending in a golden show'r
To Danae's bosom.---I beheld it too,
And because He of old the like game play'd,
I felt my mind exult the more within me,
That Jove should change himself into a man,
And steal in secret thro' a stranger-roof,
With a mere woman to intrigue.---Great Jove,
Who shakes the highest heav'ns with his thunder!†
And I, poor mortal man, not do the same!---
I did it, and with all my heart I did it.
---While thoughts, like these, possess my soul, they
call'd

* *Viewing a picture, where the Tale, &c.*] A very proper piece of furniture for the house of a courtesan, giving an example of loose and mercenary love; calculated to excite wanton thoughts, and at the same time hinting to the young lover that he must make his way to the bosom of his mistress, like Ju-

pter to Danae, in a shower of gold. Oh the avarice of harlots!
DONATUS.

† *Who shakes the highest heavens with his thunder.*] *Qui templa cæli summa sonitu concutit.* A parody on a passage in Ennius.
DONATUS.

The

The girl to bathe. She goes, bathes, then returns:
Which done, the servants put her into bed.

I stand to wait their orders. Up comes one,

“ Here, harkye, Dorus! take this fan, and mark

“ You cool her gently thus, while we go bathe.

“ When we have bath’d, You, if you please,
“ bathe too.”

I, with a sober air, receive the fan.

Anti. Then would I fain have seen your simple
face!

I should have been delighted to behold

How like an afs you look’d, and held the fan.

Chær. Scarce had she spoke, when all rush’d out
o’doors;

Away they go to bathe; grow full of noise,

As servants use, when masters are abroad.

Meanwhile sleep seiz’d the virgin: I, by stealth,

Peep’d thro’ the fansticks thus; then looking round;

And seeing all was safe, made fast the door.

Anti. What then?

Chær. What then, fool!

Anti. I confess.

Chær. D’ye think,

Blest with an opportunity like this,

*So short, so wish’d for, yet so unexpected,

* *An opportunity so short.]* according to Chærea’s relation,
Short indeed, considering the are crouded into it. All the
number of incidents, which, time, allowed for this adven-
ture,

I'd let it slip? No. Then I'd been, indeed,
The thing I counterfeited.

Anti. Very true.

But what's become of our club-supper?

Cher. Ready.

Anti. An honest fellow! where? at your own
house?

Cher. At Freeman Discus's.

Anti. A great way off.

Cher. Then we must make more haste.

Anti. But change your dress.

Cher. Where can I change it? I'm distressed. From
home

I must play truant, lest I meet my brother.

My father too, perhaps, is come to town. †

Anti. Come to my house then! that's the nearest
place

Where you may shift.

Cher. With all my heart; let's go!

And at the same time, I'll consult with you

ture, is the short space between the departure of Thais and Thraso and the entrance of Chærea; so that all this variety of business of sleeping, bathing, ravishing, &c. is dispatched during the two soliloquies of Antipho and Chremes, and the short scene between Chremes and Pythias. The truth is,

that a very strict and religious adherence to the Unities often drives the Poet into as great absurdities as the profest violation of them.

† *My father too perhaps is come to Town.*] Preparation for the arrival of the father. DONATUS.

How to secure this dear girl.

Anti. Be it so.*

* Instead of this scene, Fontaine, in his Eunuch, has substituted one between Chærea and Pamphila, whom he brings on the stage, as Baron does Glycerium in the Andrian. Chærea professes honourable love, leaves her in the house of Thais, and applies to his father, by whose consent he at last obtains her in marriage. Fontaine was most probably right in his conjecture, that the plot of the Eunuch, exactly as it lies in Terence, was not conformable to the severity of the French, or,

perhaps, the English stage. It would certainly therefore have been advisable, in order to adapt it for representation before a modern audience, to change some circumstances, and the introduction of Pamphila might perhaps have been hazarded not without success: But by departing so essentially, as Fontaine has done from Menander and Terence, the very foundations of the fable are undermined, and it loses most part of that vivacity and interest so remarkable in the Play before us.

ACT



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

Enter DORIAS, with a Casket.*

D O R I A S.

NOW, as I hope for mercy, I'm afraid,
From what I've seen, left yonder swaggerer
Make some disturbance, or do violence

* *Enter Dorias.*] 'Tis true, the Ancients have kept the continuity of scenes somewhat better than the Moderns. Two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go out together; and other two succeed them, and do the same throughout the act, which the English call by the name of single scenes; but the reason is, because they have seldom above two or three scenes, properly so called, in every act; for it is to be accounted a new scene, not only every time the stage is empty, but every person who enters, though to others, makes it so; because he introduces a new business. Now the plots of their plays being narrow, and the persons few, one of their acts is

written in a less compass than one of our well-wrought scenes; and yet they are often deficient even in this. To go no farther than Terence, you find, in the Eunuch, Antipho entering single in the midst of the third Act, after Chremes and Pythias were gone off: in the same play you have likewise Dorias beginning the fourth act alone; and after she has made a relation of what was done at the Soldier's entertainment, (which by the way was very inartificial, because she was presumed to speak directly to the audience; and to acquaint them with what was necessary to be known, but yet should have been so contrived by the Poet, as to have been told by persons of the
Drama

To Thais. For, as soon as Chremes came,
 (Chremes, the youth that's brother to the virgin)
 She beg'd of Thraſo, he might be admitted.
 This piqu'd him; yet he durst not well refuse.
 She, fearing Chremes should not be detain'd,
 Till she had time and opportunity
 To tell him all she wish'd about his sister,
 Urg'd Thraſo more and more to ask him in.
 The Captain coldly asks him; down he sat;
 And Thais enter'd into chat with him.
 The Captain, fancying a rival brought
 Before his face, resolv'd to vex Her too:
 "Here, boy," said he, "let Pamphila be call'd
 "To entertain us!"—"Pamphila!" cries Thais
 "She at a banquet!—No, it must not be."—
 Thraſo insisting on't, a broil ensued:
 On which my Mistress slyly slipping off
 Her jewels,* gave them me to bear away;

Drama to one another, and so by them to have come to the knowledge of the people) she quits the stage, and Phædrina enters next, alone likewise: He also gives you an account of himself, and of his returning from the country in monologue, to which unnatural way of narration Terence is subject in all his plays. In his *Adelphi*, or *Brothers*, Syrus and Demea enter, after the scene is broken

by the departure of Sostrata, Geta, and Canthara; and indeed you can scarce look into any of his comedies, where you will not presently discover the same interruption.

DRYDEN'S *Essay of Dramatick Poesie.*

* *Slipping off her jewels.*] Because courtezans were not allowed to wear gold or jewels in the street. DACIER.

Which is, I know, a certain sign, she will,
As soon as possible, sneak off herself.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter PHÆDRIA.*

Phæd. Going into the country, I began
(As happens when the mind is ill at ease)
To ponder with myself upon the road,
Tossing from thought to thought, and viewing all
In the worst light. While thus I ruminatè,
I pass'd unconsciously my country-house,
And journied far beyond, ere I perceiv'd it.
I turn'd about, but with a heavy heart ;
And soon as to the very spot I came
Where the roads part, I stopt. Then paus'd awhile:
“ Alas! thought I, and must I here remain
“ Two days? alone? without her?—Well! what then?
“ That's nothing.—What, is't nothing?—If I've not
“ The privilege to touch her, shall I not
“ Behold her neither?—If *one* may not be,
“ At least the *other* shall.—And certainly

* *Enter Phædria.*] Here the Poet artfully finds a reason to bring Phædria back again ; as he at first with equal art sent him out of the way, to give probability to those incidents necessary to happen in his absence.
DONATUS.

“ Love

“ * Love, in its last degree, is something still.”
 —Then I, on purpose, past the house.—But see!
 Pythias breaks forth affrighted.—What means this?

S C E N E III.

Enter PYTHIAS *and* DORIAS; PHÆDRIA
at a distance.

Pyth. Where shall I find, unhappy that I am,
 Where seek this rascal-slave?—this slave, that durst
 Attempt a deed like this? Undone! undone!

Phæd. What this may be, I dread.

Pyth. And then the villain,
 After he had abus'd the virgin, tore
 The poor girl's cloaths, and dragg'd her by the hair.

Phæd. How's this?

Pyth. Oh, were he but within my reach,
 How could I fly upon the vagabond,
 And tear the villain's eyes out with my nails!

Phæd. What tumult's this, arisen in my absence?
 I'll go and ask her.—[*going up.*]—What's the matter,

Pythias?

Why thus disturb'd? and whom is it you seek?

Pyth. Whom do I seek? Away, Sir Phædria!

* *Love, in its last degree, &c.*] phor taken from the lines drawn
Extremâ lineâ amare, haud nihil in the chariot races.
est. Supposed to be a meta-

You and your gifts together!

Phæd. What's the matter?

Pyth. The matter, Sir! The Eunuch, that you
sent us,

Has made fine work here! the young Virgin, whom
The Captain gave my mistress, he has ravish'd.

Phæd. Ravish'd? How say you?

Pyth. Ruin'd and undone!

Phæd. You're drunk.

Pyth. Would those, who wish me ill, were so!

Dori. Ah, Pythias! what strange prodigy is this?

Phæd. You're mad: how could an Eunuch---

Pyth. I don't know

Or who, or what he was.---What he has done,
The thing itself declares.---The Virgin weeps;
Nor, when you ask what ails her, dare she tell.
But he, good man, is no where to be found:
And I fear too, that when he stole away,
He carried something off.

Phæd. I can't conceive

Whither the rascal can have flown, unless
He to our house, perhaps, slunk back again.

Pyth. See now, I pray you, if he has.

Phæd. I will. [Exit.

Dori. Good lack! so strange a thing I never
heard.

Pyth. I've heard, that they lov'd women mightily,
But

But could do nothing; yet I never thought on't :*
 For if I had, I'd have confin'd him close
 In some bye place, nor trusted the girl to him.

S C E N E IV.

Re-enter PHÆDRIA, with DORUS the
 Eunuch, in Chærea's cloaths.

Phæd. Out, rascal, out!----What are you resty,
 firrah ?

Out, thou vile bargain !

Dor. Dear Sir ! [crying.

Phæd. See the wretch !

What a wry mouth he makes !---Inform me, rascal,
 What means this coming back, and change of drefs ?
 What answer, firrah ?---If I had delay'd
 A minute longer, Pythias, I had mis'd him,
 He was equipp'd so bravely for his flight.

Pyth. What, have you got the rogue ?

Phæd. I warrant you.

Pyth. Well done! well done !

Dori. Ay, marry, very well.

* *Yet I never thought on't.*] or refer to what is said in the preceding verse, *Amatores mulierum esse audieram eos maximos,* " I've heard that they lov'd wo- men mightily." PATRICK.

Pyth. Where is he?

Phæd. Don't you see him?

Pyth. See him? whom?

Phæd. This fellow, to be sure,

Pyth. This man! who is he?

Phæd. He that was carried to your house to-day,

Pyth. None of our people ever laid their eyes
Upon this fellow, Phædria!

Phæd. Never saw him?

Pyth. Why, did you think this fellow had been
brought

To Us?

Phæd. Yes, surely; for I had no other.

Pyth. Oh dear! this fellow's not to be compar'd
To t'other.---He was elegant, and handsome.

Phæd. Ay, so he might appear awhile ago,
Because he had gay cloaths on: now he seems
Ugly, because he's stript.

Pyth. Nay, prithee, peace!

As if the diff'rence was so very small!—

The youth conducted to our house to-day,
'Twould do you good to cast your eyes on, Phædria:
This is a drowsy, wither'd, weazel-fac'd,*
Old fellow.

* *Weazel-fac'd, old fellow.*] charges Terence with having
Menander's words, as preserv- misunderstood. *Γαλη*, he says
ed by Donatus, are these, *αυλος* is a Weazel, and *Γαλεωτης* a
εσι Γαλεωτης γερωνας which he Lizard. But Terence is very

Phæd. How?---you drive me to that pass,
That I scarce know what I have done myself.
---Did not I buy you, rascal? [to Dorus.

Dor. Yes, Sir.

Pyth. Order him
To answer Me.

Phæd. Well, question him.

Pyth. to Dorus.] Was You
Brought here to-day? [*shakes his head.*] See there!
Not He. It was

Another, a young lad, about sixteen,
Whom Parmeno brought with him.

Phæd. to Dorus.] Speak to Me!
First tell me, whence had you that coat? What
dumb?

I'll make you speak, you villain? [*beating him.*

Dor. Chærea came—— [*crying.*

Phæd. My brother?

Dor. Yes, Sir!

Phæd. When?

Dor. To-day.

Phæd. How long since?

likely to have made Pythias express her dislike of the Eunuch, by comparing him to a Weazel, whose skin has much of the tawny in it. As to the passage from Menander, there is nothing of the colour of the animal expressed in it. A Lizard being a thin animal, Menander probably intended a similitude in the lankness. Γαλεωτης γερων may therefore be construed a thin, half-starv'd fellow. COOKE.

Dor. Just now.

Phæd. With whom?

Dor. With Parmeno.

Phæd. Did you

Know him before?

Dor. No, Sir; nor e'er heard of him.

Phæd. How did you know he was my brother
then?

Dor. Parmeno told me so, and Chærea
Gave me these cloaths—

Phæd. Confusion! [*aside.*

Dor. Put on mine;

And then they both went out o'doors together.

Pyth. Now, Sir, do you believe that I am sober?

Now do you think, I've told no lie? And now

Are you convinc'd the Girl has been abus'd!

Phæd. Away, fool! d'ye believe what this wretch
says?

Pyth. What signifies belief?---It speaks itself.

Phæd. *apart to Dorus.*] Come this way---harke ye!
---further still.---Enough.

Tell me once more.---Did Chærea strip you?

Dor. Yes.

Phæd. And put your cloaths on?

Dor. Yes, Sir!

Phæd. And was brought,

In your stead, hither?

Dor. Yes,

Phæd.

Phæd. Great Jupiter!

[pretending to be in a passion with him.]

What a most wicked scoundrel's this?

Pyth. Alas!

Don't you believe, then, we've been vilely us'd?

Phæd. No wonder if *you* credit what he says?

I don't know what to do. *[aside.]* Here, harkye,
firrah!

Deny it all again. *[apart to Dorus.]*---What! can't I
beat

The truth out of you, rascal?---have you seen

My brother Chærea? *[aloud and beating him.]*

Dor. No, Sir! *[crying.]*

Phæd. So! I see

He won't confess without a beating.-----This
way! *[apart.]*---Now

He owns it; now denies it.---Ask my pardon! *[apart.]*

Dor. Beseech you, Sir, forgive me!

Phæd. Get you gone. *[kicking him.]*

Dor. Oh me! oh dear! *[Exit bowling.]*

Phæd. aside. I had no other way

To come off handsomely.---We're all undone.

---D'ye think to play your tricks on me, you rascal?

[Aloud, and Exit after Dorus.]

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

Manent PYTHIAS and DORIAS.

Pyth. As sure as I'm alive, this is a trick
Of Parmeno.

Dori. No doubt on't.

Pyth. *I'll devise
Some means to-day to fit him for't.---But now,
What would you have me do?

Dori. About the Girl?

Phæd. Ay; shall I tell? or keep the matter secret?

Dori. Troth, if you're wise, you know not what
you know,

Nor of the Eunuch, nor the ravishment :
So shall you clear yourself of all this trouble,
And do a kindness to our mistress too.
Say nothing, but that Dorus is gone off.

Pyth. I'll do so.

Dori. Prithee is not Chremes yonder?
Thais will soon be here.

Pyth. How so?

Dori. Because
When I came thence, a quarrel was abroad

* *I'll devise some means to-day, &c.*] The revenge of Pythias on Parmeno is very artfully made productive of the catastrophe. DON.

Amongst them.

Pyth. Carry in the jewels, Dorias!
 Meanwhile I'll learn of Chremes what has happen'd.
 [*Exit Dorias.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter CHREMES *tipsy.*

Chrem. So! fo!--I'm in for't---and the wine I've
 drank

Has made me reel again.---Yet while I sat,
 How sober I suppos'd myself!---But I
 No sooner rose, than neither foot, nor head,
 Knew their own business!

Pyth. Chremes!

Chrem. Who's that?---Ha!

Pythias!---How much more handsome you seem now,
 Than you appear'd a little while ago!

Pyth. I'm sure you seem a good deal merrier.

Chrem. I'faith 'tis an old saying, and a true one,
 **“ Ceres and Bacchus are warm friends of Venus.”*
 ---But, pray, has Thais been here long before me?

Pyth. Has she yet left the Captain's?

Chrem. Long time since:

* *Ceres and Bacchus are warm friends of Venus.*] *Sine Cerere & Libero friget Venus.* A proverb, signifying that love is cold without good eating and drinking.

An age ago. They've had a bloody quarrel.

Pyth. Did not she bid you follow her?

Chrem. Not she:

Only she made a sign to me at parting.

Pyth. Well, wasn't that enough?

Chrem. No, faith! I never

At all conceiv'd her meaning, till the Captain
Gave me the hint, and kick'd me out o'doors.

---But here she is! I wonder how it was
I overtook her!

S C E N E VII.

Enter THAIS.

Thais. I am apt to think

The Captain will soon follow me, to take
The Virgin from me: Well then, let him come!
But if he does but lay a finger on her,
We'll tear his eyes out.---His impertinence,
And big words, while *mere* words, I can endure;
But if he comes to action, woe be to him!

Chrem. Thais, I have been here some time.

Thais. My Chremes!

The very man I wanted!---Do you know
That You have been th' occasion of this quarrel?
And that this whole affair relates to You?

Chrem.

Chrem. To Me! how so?

Thais. Because, while I endeavour,
And study to restore your sister to you,
This and much more I've suffer'd.

Chrem. Where's my sister?

Thais. Within, at my house.

Chrem. Ha! [*with concern.*]

Thais. Be not alarm'd:
She has been well brought up, and in a manner
Worthy herself and you.

Chrem. Indeed?

Thais. 'Tis true:
And now most freely I restore her to you,
Demanding nothing of you in return.

Chrem. I feel your goodness, Thais, and shall ever
Remain much bounden to you.

Thais. Ay, but now
Take heed, my Chremes, lest you lose your sister,
Ere you receive her from me! for 'tis She,
Whom now the Captain comes to take by storm.
---Pythias, go, fetch the casket with the proofs!*

Chrem. D'ye see him, Thais? [*looking out.*]

Pyth. Where does the casket stand?

Thais. Upon the cabinet.---D'ye loiter, huffy?

[*Exit Pythias.*]

* *With the proofs.] Cum* children, by which they might
monumentis. Alluding to the be recognized, if exposed, or
custom of the ancients of attach- stolen in their infancy.
ing some valuable token to their

Chrem.

Chrem. What force the Captain brings with him
against you!

Good heav'n!

Thais. Are you afraid, young gentleman?

Chrem. Away!---who? I? afraid?---No mortal less.

Thais. Nay, you had need be stout at present, Chremes.

Chrem. What kind of man d'ye take me for?

Thais. Consider,

He, whom you've now to cope with, is a stranger,
Less powerful than you, less known, and less
Befriended here than you!

Chrem. I know all that:

But why, like fools, admit, what we may shun?
Better prevent a wrong, than afterwards
Revenge it, when receiv'd.---Do You step in,
And bolt the door, while *I* run to the Forum,
And call some advocates to our assistance. [*going.*

Thais. Stay! [*holding him.*

Chrem. 'Twill be better.

Thais. Hold!

Chrem. Nay, let me go!

I'll soon be back.

Thais. We do not want them, Chremes.

Say, only, that this maiden is your sister,
And that you lost her when a child, and now
Know her again for your's.

Enter

Enter PYTHIAS.

Thais to Pyth.] Produce the proofs.

Pyth. Here they are.

Thais. Take them, Chremes!---If the Captain Attempts to do you any violence, Lead him before a magistrate. D'ye mark me?

Chrem. I do.

Thais. Be sure now speak with a good courage!

Chrem. I will.

Thais. Come, gather up your cloak!---Undone! My champion wants a champion for himself.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII.

Enter THRASO, GNATHO, SANGA, &c.

Thraso. Shall I put up with an affront so gross, So monstrous, Gnatho?---No, I'd rather die. Simalio, Donax, Syrus, follow me! First, I will storm their castle.

Gnat. Excellent!

Thraso. Next carry off the Virgin.

Gnat. Admirable!

Thraso. Then punish Thais herself.

Gnat. Incomparable!

Thraso. Here, in the centre, Donax, with your club!

Do

Do you, Simalio, charge on the left wing !
 You, Syrus, on the right !---Bring up the rest !
 Where's the Centurion Sanga,* and his band
 Of rascal runaways ?

San. Here, Sir !

Tbra. How now ?

Think'ft thou to combat with a dishclout, slave !
 That thus thou bring'ft it here ?

San. Ah, Sir ! I knew
 The valour of the gen'ral, and his troops ;
 And seeing this affair muft end in blood,
 I brought a clout to wipe the wounds withall.

Tbra. Where are the rest ?

San. Rest ! Plague, whom d'ye mean ?
 There's nobody, but Sannio, left at home.

Tbra. Lead you the van ; [*to Gnatbo*] and I'll
 bring up the rear :
 Thence give the word to all.

Gnat. What wisdom is !
 Now he has drawn up these in rank and file,
 His poft behind fecures him a retreat.

Tbra. Juft fo his line of battle † Pyrrhus form'd.

* *The Centurion Sanga.*] The Centurion was an officer, who had the command of an hundred men, commonly thought to be of much the fame rank as our Captains.

† *Pyrrhus.*] King of Epirus, and one of the greateft generals of antiquity.

Chremes and Thais appear above at a window.

Chrem. D'ye see, my Thais, what he is about?
To bar and bolt the doors was good advice.

Thais. Tut, man! yon fool, that seems so mighty
brave,

Is a mere coward. Do not be afraid!

Tbra. What were best? [to *Gnatho.*

Gnat. Troth, I wish you had a sling:
That you from far in ambush might attack them!
They'd soon fly then, I warrant you.

Tbra. But see!

Thais appears.

Gnat. Let's charge them then! Come on!

Tbra. Halt!---'Tis the part of a wife general
To try all methods, e'er he come to arms.
How do you know, but Thais may obey
My orders without force?

Gnat. Oh, gracious heavens!
Of what advantage is it to be wife!
I ne'er approach but I go wiser from you.

Tbra. Thais, first answer this! Did you, or no,
When I presented you the Virgin, promise
To give yourself some days to me alone?

Thais. What then?

Tbra. Is that a question, when you brought
Your lover to affront me to my face?---

Thais. What business have you with him?

Thra. — And stole off
In company with him ?

Thais. It was my pleasure.

Thra. Therefore, restore me Pamphila ; unless
You chuse to see her carried off by force.

Chrem. She restore Pamphila to you ? Or You
Attempt to touch her, rascal ?

Gnat. Ah, beware !
Peace, peace, young gentleman !

Thra. to Chrem.] What is't you mean ?
Shall I not touch my own ?

Chrem. Your own, you scoundrel ?

Gnat. Take heed ! you know not whom you rail
at thus.

Chrem. Won't you be gone ?---here, hark ye, Sir!--
d'ye know

How matters stand with you ?---if you attempt
To raise a riot in this place to-day,
I'll answer for it, that you shall remember
This place, to-day, and me, your whole life long.

Gnat. I pity you : to make so great a man
Your enemy !

Chrem. Hence ! or I'll break your head.

Gnat. How's that, you hang-dog ? Are you for
that sport ?

Thra. Who are You, fellow ?---what d'ye mean ?---
and what

Have

Have you to do with Pamphila?

Cbrem. I'll tell you.

First, I declare, that she's a free-born woman.

Tbra. How?

Cbrem. And a citizen of Athens.

Tbra. Hui!

Cbrem. My sister.

Tbra. Impudence!

Cbrem. So, Captain, now

I give you warning, offer her no force!

---Thais, I'll now to Sophrona, the Nurse;

And bring her hither to inspect the proofs.

Tbra. And you prohibit me to touch my own?

Cbrem. Yes, I prohibit you.

Gnat. D'ye hear? he owns

The robbery himself. Isn't that sufficient?

Tbra. And, Thais, you maintain the same?

Thais. Ask those,

Who care to answer. *[Shuts down the window.]*

Manent THRASO, and GNATHO, &c.

Tbra. What shall we do now?

Gnat. Why---e'en go back again!---This harlot
here

Will soon be with you to request forgiveness,

Tbra. D'ye think so?

Gnat. Ay, most certainly. I know

The ways of women.---When you will, they won't.
And when you won't, they're dying for you.

Thra. True.

Gnat. Shall I disband the army?

Thra. When you will.

Gnat. *Sanga, as well becomes a brave militia,
Take to your houses and fire-sides again.

Sang. My mind has been a fop i'th' pan long since.

Gnat. Good fellow!

Sang. To the right about there! march!

[Exit with Gnatho and Thrafo at the head of the troops.]

* *Sanga, as well becomes, &c.*] his Militia much in the same
Beaumont and Fletcher seem manner with Gnatho.—“ Fall
to have had their thoughts on “ off again, my sweet Youths;
this scene in their draught of “ come, and every man trace
the Mob-Regiment in Philaster. “ to his house again, and hang
The old Captain disembodies “ his pewter up.”



ACT V. SCENE I.

THAIS *and* PYTHIAS.

THAIS.

STILL, still, you baggage, will you shuffle with me?
---“ I know---I don’t know---he’s gone off---
I’ve heard—

“ I was not present.”---Be it what it may,
Can’t you inform me openly?---The Virgin,
Her cloaths all torn, in fullen filence weeps.
The Eunuch’s run away.--Why?---what has happen’d?
Still filent? Won’t you answer me?

Pyth. Alas!

What can I answer you?---He was, they say,
No Eunuch.

Thais. What then?

Pyth. Chærea.

Thais. Chærea!

What Chærea?

Pyth. Phædria’s younger brother.

Thais. How!

What’s that, hag?

Pyth. I've discover'd it: I'm sure on't.

Thais. Why, what had Chærea to do here? or why
Was he brought hither?

Pyth. Who can tell? unless,
As I suppose, for love of Pamphila.

Thais. Alas! I am undone; undone, indeed,
If that, which you have told me now, be true,
Is't that the Girl bemoans thus?

Pyth. I believe so.

Thais. How, careless wretch! was that the charge
I gave you
At my departure?

Pyth. What could I do? She
Was trusted, as you bid, to him alone.

Thais. Oh, jade, you set the wolf to keep the sheep.
---I'm quite ashamed to 've been so poorly bubbled.

Pyth. Who comes here?---Hift! peace, madam, I
beseech you!

We're safe: we have the very man.

[*Seeing Chærea at a distance.*]

Thais. Where is he?

Pyth. Here, on the left; d'ye see him, ma'am?

Thais. I see him.

Pyth. Let him be seiz'd immediately!

Thais. And what

Can we do to him, fool?

Pyth. Do to him, say you?

—See,

---See, what a faucy face the rogue has got !
Ha'nt he?---and then how settled an assurance!

S C E N E II.

Enter CHÆREA.

Char. *At Antipho's, as if for spite, there were
His father and his mother both at home,
So that I could by no means enter, but
They must have seen me. Meanwhile, as I stood
Before the door, came by an old acquaintance,
At sight of whom, I flew, with all my speed,
Into a narrow unfrequented alley ;
And thence into another, and another,
Frighten'd and flurried as I scampered on,
Left any one should know me in this habit.
But is that Thais ? She. I'm all aground.
What shall I do ?---Pshaw ! what have I to care ?
What can she do to me ?

Thais. Let's up to him.

Oh, Dorus ! Good sir, welcome !---And so, firrah,
You ran away.

* *At Antipho's, &c.*] Chærea the sequel of the fable made it
assigns very natural reasons for absolutely necessary that Chærea
not having changed his dress : should appear again before Thais
in which it is worth while to in the habit which he wore
observe the art of Terence, since while in the house. DACIER.

Chær. Yes, madam!

Thais. And you think

It was a clever trick, I warrant you?

Chær. No, madam!

Thais. Can you believe that you shall go unpunish'd?

Chær. Forgive me this one fault! If I commit
Another, kill me!

Thais. Do you dread my cruelty?

Chær. No, ma'am!

Thais. What then?

Chær. I only was afraid,

She might accuse me to you. [*pointing to Pythias.*]

Thais. Of what crime?

Chær. A little matter.

Pyth. Rogue! a little matter?

Is it so little, think you, to abuse
A virgin, and a citizen?

Chær. I thought

She was my fellow-servant.

Pyth. Fellow-servant!

I can scarce hold from flying at his hair.

Monstrous! he's come to make his sport of us.

Thais. Away! you rave.

Pyth. Not I. If I had done't,

I should have still been in the monster's debt;

Particularly, as he owns himself

Your servant.

Pyth. Well---no more of this---Oh, Chærea,
You've

You've done a deed unworthy of yourself:
 For granting, I perhaps might well deserve
 This injury, it was not honourable
 In You to do it.—As I live, I know not
 What counsel to pursue about this girl;
 You've so destroy'd my measures, that I cannot
 Restore her, without blushing, to her friends,
 Nor so deliver her, as I propos'd,
 To make them thank me for my kindness, Chærea.

Chær. Henceforth, I hope, eternal peace shall be
 Betwixt us, Thais! Oft from things like these,
 And bad beginnings, warmest friendships rise.
 What if some God hath order'd this?

Thais. Indeed,
 I'll so interpret it, and wish it so.

Chær. I prithee do!—and be assur'd of this,
 That nought I did in scorn, but all in love.

Thais. I do believe it; and, on that account,
 More readily forgive you: for oh, Chærea,
 I am not form'd of an ungentle nature,
 Nor am I now to learn the pow'r of love.

Chær. Now, Thais, by my life, I love Thee too.

Pyth. Then, by my troth, you must take care of
 him.

Chær. I durst not——

Pyth. I don't mind a word you say.

Thais. Have done!

Chær.

Chær. But now, in this one circumstance,
 Let me beseech you to assist me, Thais!
 I trust myself intirely to your care:
 Invoke you, as my patroness; implore you,
 Perdition feize me, but I'll marry her!

Thais. But if your father——

Chær. What of Him? I know
 He'll soon consent, provided it appears
 That she's a citizen.

Thais. If you'll but wait
 A little while, her brother will be here:
 He's gone to fetch the nurse, that brought her up;
 And You shall witness the discovery.

Chær. I will remain then.

Thais. But, in the mean time,
 Had you not rather wait within, than here
 Before the door?

Chær. Much rather.

Pyth. What the plague
 Are you about?

Thais. What now?

Pyth. What now, indeed?
 Will you let Him within your doors again?

Thais. Why not?

Pyth. Remember that I prophecy,
 He'll make some fresh disturbance.

Thais. Prithee, peace!

Pyth.

Pyth. It seems, you have not had sufficient proof
Of his assurance.

Chær. I'll do no harm, Pythias!

Pyth. I'll not believe it, till I see it, Chærea.

Chær. But you shall keep me, Pythias!

Pyth. No, not I.

For, by my troth, I would trust nothing with you,
Neither to keep, nor be kept by you.—Hence!
Away!

Thais. Oh brave! the brother's here. [*looking out.*]

Chær. Confusion!

Let's in, dear Thais! I'd not have him see me
Here in this dress.

Thais. Why so? Are you ashamed?

Chær. I am indeed.

Pyth. Indeed! ashamed! oh dear!

Think of the girl!

Thais. Go in! I'll follow you.

* Pythias, do you stay here to bring in Chremes.

[*Exeunt Thais and Chærea.*]

* *Pythias, do you stay here.]* inducing him to divulge the
Pythias is left on the stage, in whole affair to Chærea's father.
order to bring on the catastrophe, DONATUS.
by frightening Parmeno, and

SCENE

S C E N E III.

PYTHIAS, CHREMES, SOPHRONA.

Pyth. What can I think of? what can I devise?
Some trick now to be even with that rogue
Who palm'd this young spark on us.

Chrem. leading the nurse.] Nay but stir
Your stumps a little faster, nurse!

Soph. I come.

Chrem. Ay, marry; but you don't *come on* a jot.

Pyth. Well! have you shewn the tokens to the nurse?

Chrem. I have.

Pyth. And pray what says she? Did she know them?

Chrem. At first sight.

Pyth. Oh brave news! I'm glad to hear it;
For I've a kindness for the Girl. Go in;
My mistress is impatient for your coming.

[*Exeunt* Chremes and Sophrona.]

See, yonder's my good master Parmeno,
Marching this way: How unconcern'd, forsooth,
He stalks along!—But I've devis'd, I hope,
The means to vex him sorely.—First I'll in,
To know the truth of this discovery,
And then return to terrify this rascal. [Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

P A R M E N O.

Par. I'm come to see what Chærea has been doing :
 Who, if he has but manag'd matters well,
 Good heav'ns, how much, and what sincere applause
 Shall Parmeno acquire!--For not to mention,
 In an intrigue so difficult as this,
 Of so much probable expence at least,
 Since with a griping harlot he'd have bargain'd,
 That I've procur'd for him the girl he lov'd,
 Without cost, charge, or trouble ; t'other point,
 That, *that* I hold my master-piece, *there* think
 I've gain'd the prize, in shewing a young spark
 The dispositions and the ways of harlots ;
 Which having early learnt, he'll ever shun.

[*Enter Pythias behind.*

When they're abroad, forsooth, there's none so clean,
 Nothing so trim, so elegant, as they ;
 Nor, when they sup with a gallant, so nice!
 To see these very creatures' gluttony,
 Filth, poverty, and meanness, when at home ;
 So eager after food, that they devour
 From yesterday's stale broth the coarse black bread:---
 All this to know is safety to young men.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

PYTHIAS, PARMENO.

Pyth. behind.] 'Faith, firrah, I'll be handsomely
reveng'd

For all you've done and said. You shall not boast
Your tricks on us without due punishment.

[aloud, coming forward.]

Oh heav'ns! oh dreadful deed! oh hapless youth!
Oh wicked Parmeno, that brought him here!

Par. What now?

Pyth. It mov'd me so, I could not bear
To see it: therefore I flew out o'doors.

What an example will they make of him!

Par. Oh Jupiter! what tumult can this be?
Am I undone, or no?---I'll e'en enquire.

Pythias, *[going up]* What now? what is't you rave
about?

Who's to be made this terrible example?

Pyth. Who? most audacious monster! while you
meant

To play your tricks on Us, you have destroy'd
The youth, whom you brought hither for the Eunuch.

Par. How so? and what has happen'd? Prithee
tell me!

Pyth.

Pyth. Tell you? D'ye know the virgin, that was
sent

To-day to Thais, is a citizen?

Her brother too a man of the first rank?

Par. I did not know it?

Pyth. Ay, but so it seems.

The poor young spark abus'd the girl; a thing
No sooner known, than he, the furious brother——

Par. Did what?

Pyth. First bound him hand and foot——

Par. How! bound him!

Pyth. And now, though Thais begg'd him not to
do it——

Par. How! what!

Pyth. Moreover threatens, he will serve him
After the manner of adulterers;
A thing I ne'er saw done, and ne'er desire.

Par. How durst he offer at an act so monstrous?

Pyth. And why so monstrous?

Par. Is it not most monstrous?

Who ever saw a young man seiz'd by force,
And punish'd for adultery in a brothel?

Pyth. I don't know.

Par. Ay; but you must all know this.

I tell you, and foretell you, that young spark
Is my old master's son.

Pyth. Indeed! is he?

Par. And let not Thais suffer any one
To do him any violence !---But why
Don't I rush in myself ?

Pyth. Ah ! have a care
What you're about ; lest you do him no good,
And hurt yourself : for they imagine You,
Whatever has been done, the cause of all.

Par. What shall I do then ? what resolve ? Confusion !
---Oh ! yonder's my old master, just return'd
To town. Shall I tell *Him* of it, or no ?
I'll tell him, tho' I am well convinc'd, the blame
Will light on me, and heavily : And yet
It must be done to help poor Chærea.

Pyth. Right.
I'll in again ; and You, in the mean while,
Tell the old gentleman the whole affair. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

*Enter LACHES.

Laches. I've this convenience from my neighb'ring
villa ;
I'm never tir'd of country, or of town.

* *Enter Laches.*] Here the Poet introduces Laches, as he did Parmeno just before, in a state of perfect tranquillity ; that the sudden turn of their state of mind might be more entertaining to the spectators. DONATUS.

For as disgust comes on, I change my place.

---But is not that our Parmeno? 'Tis he.

Parmeno, who is it you're waiting for
Before that door?

Par. Who's that? oh, Sir! you're welcome;
I'm glad to see you safe return'd to town.

Laches. Whom do you wait for?

Par. I'm undone: my tongue
Cleaves to my mouth thro' fear, *[apart.*

Laches. Ha! what's the matter?

Why do you tremble so? Is all right? Speak!

Par. First be persuaded, Sir,---for that's the case,
Whatever has befallen, has not befallen
Through any fault of mine.

Laches. What is't?

Par. That's true.

Your pardon, Sir, I should have told that first.
---Phædria lately bought a certain Eunuch
By way of present to this gentlewoman.

Laches. What gentlewoman, firrah?

Par. Madam Thais.

Laches. Bought? I'm undone! at what price?

Par. Twenty Minæ.

Laches. I'm ruin'd.

Par. And then Chærea's fall'n in love
With a young musick-girl.

Laches. How! what! in love!

Knows He, already, what a harlot is ?

Is He in town ? misfortune on misfortune !

Par. Nay, Sir ! don't look on me ! it was not
done

By my advice.

Laches. Leave prating of yourself.

As for you, rascal, if I live---But first,

Whatever has befallen, tell me, quick !

Par. Chærea was carried thither for the Eunuch :

Laches. He for the Eunuch ?

Par. Yes : since when, it seems,

They've seiz'd and bound him for a ravisher.

Laches. Confusion ?

Par. See the impudence of harlots !

Laches. Is there aught else of evil or misfortune,
You have not told me yet ?

Par. You know the whole.

Laches. Then why do I delay to rush in on them ?

[*Exit.**]

* *Exit.*] The terror of Laches accounts for his sudden consent to the union of Chærea and Pamphila : for though he could not settle the matter entirely with credit, yet he was glad to find his son had made an unequal match, rather than endangered his life. DONATUS.

I think Chærea apologizes still better for this arrangement

in the scene with Thais at the opening of this act, where he says, he is confident of obtaining his father's consent, provided Pamphila proves to be a citizen ; and indeed the match between them is rather a reparation of an injury done to her, than a degradation of himself.

Par. There is no doubt but I shall smart for this.
 But since I was oblig'd to't, I rejoice
 That I shall make these strumpets suffer too :
 For our old gentleman has long desir'd *
 Some cause to punish them; and now he has it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter PYTHIAS, PARMENO *at a distance.*

Pyth. I swear, that I was never better pleas'd,
 Than when I saw th' old man come blund'ring in.
 I had the jest alone; for I alone
 Knew what he was afraid of.

Par. Hey! what now?

Pyth. I'm now come forth t'encounter Parmeno.
 Where is he?

Par. She seeks me.

Pyth. Oh, there he is.
 I'll go up to him.

Par. Well, fool, what's the matter? [*Pyth. laughs.*
 What wou'd you? what d'ye laugh at? Hey! what
 still?

Pyth. Oh, I shall die: I'm horribly fatigu'd

* *Has long desir'd some cause to punish them.* Donatus tells us that Menander was more explicit concerning the resentment of Laches against Thais, on account of her having corrupted Phædria.

With laughing at you. [laughing heartily.]

Par. For what cause?

Pyth. What cause? [laughing.]

I ne'er saw, ne'er shall see, a greater fool.

Oh, 'tis impossible to tell what sport *

You've made within.—I swear, I always thought

That you had been a shrewd, sharp, cunning fellow.

What! to believe directly what I told you!

† Or was not you contented with the crime

* *What sport you've made within.*] There is a great error, in regard to the Unity of Time, in Terence's Eunuch, when Laches, the old Man, enters by mistake into the house of Thais, where betwixt his Exit, and the Entrance of Pythias, who comes to give ample relation of the disorders he has raised within, Parmeno, who was left upon the stage, has not above five lines to speak. *C'est bien employer un temps si court.*

DRYDEN'S *Essay of Dramatick Poesie.*

Besides the absurdity here taken notice of by Dryden, in regard to Time, there is also another inconvenience, in the present instance, arising from too strict an adherence to the Unity of Place. What a figure would this narration of Pythias have made, if thrown into action! The circumstances are in

themselves as truly comick as those of any scene in this excellent play; and it would be well worth while to follow Laches into the house, to be present at the ridiculous distress and confusion which his presence must occasion.

There is, however, much more to be commended, and even imitated, than censured, in the construction of this last act. All that passes between Pythias, Parmeno, and Laches, is truly admirable.

† *Was not you contented.*] *An pœnitebat.* This, as Patrick observes, is not to be explained *did you repent?* But *was not you contented?* Donatus gives the same interpretation, and confirms it by citations from our Author and Plautus, as well as Patrick by quotations from Cicero.

You

You urg'd the youth to perpetrate, unless
 You afterwards betray'd him to his father?
 How d'ye suppose he felt, when old Grey-beard
 Surpriz'd him in that habit?—What! you find
 That you're undone. *[laughing heartily.*

Par. What's this, Impertinence?
 Was it a lie, you told me? D'ye laugh still?
 Is't such a jest to make fools of us, hag?

Pyth. Delightful! *[laughing.*

Par. If you don't pay dearly for it!—

Pyth. Perhaps so. *[laughing.*

Par. I'll return it.

Pyth. Oh, no doubt on't. *[laughing.*
 But what you threaten Parmeno, is distant:
 You'll be trufs'd up to-day; who first draw in
 A raw young lad to sin, and then betray him.
 They'll both conspire to make you an example.

[laughing.

Par. I'm done for.

Pyth. Take this, slave, as a reward
 For the fine gift you sent us; so, farewell!

[Exit Pythias.

Par. I've been a fool indeed; and like a rat,
 Betray'd myself to-day by my own squeaking.

S C E N E VIII.

* *Enter* THRASO, GNATHO, [*Parmeno behind.*

Gnat. What now? with what hope, or design, advance we?

What's your intention, Thraso?

Thra. My intention?

To Thais to surrender at discretion,

Gnat. How say you?

* *Enter Thraso and Gnatbo.*] With the entrance of Laches into the house of Thais, and in consequence of it, his consent to the marriage of Chærea with Pamphila, the Fable of the Eunuch is certainly concluded: and all that follows, like the last scene of the *Andrian*, is but the lame completion of an episode, limping after the main action. In the four first acts the adventures of Thraso are so artfully interwoven with the other business of the play, that they are fairly blended and incorporated with the fable of the Eunuch: but here we perceive, that though our Author has got rid of one of Menander's pieces, the other, the *Colax*, still hangs heavy on his hands. Were an author to form his play on

twenty different pieces, if he could melt them all down into one action, there would be no impropriety: but if he borrows only from Two, whenever the episode ceases to act as one of the necessary springs of the main action, it becomes redundant; and the Unity of the Action (perhaps the only Unity, which ought never to be violated) is destroyed. Thraso, says Donatus, is brought back again, in order to be admitted to some share in the good graces of Thais, that he may not be made unhappy at the end of the play: but surely it is an essential part of the Poetical Justice of Comedy to expose coxcombs to ridicule, and to punish them, though without any shocking severity, for their follies.

Thra.

Tbra. Even so. Why should not I,
As well as Hercules to Omphale?

Gnat. A fit example.---Oh, that I could see her
*Combing your empty noddle with her slipper!
[*aside.*]

But her door opens.

Tbraso. Death! what mischief now?
I ne'er so much as saw this face before.
Why bursts he forth with such alacrity?

S C E N E IX.

Enter CHÆREA at another part of the Stage.

Chær. Lives there, my countrymen, a happier man
To-day than I?—Not one.—For on my head
The Gods have plainly emptied all their store,
On whom they've pour'd a flood of blifs at once.

Par. What's he so pleas'd at?

† *Combing your empty noddle with her slipper.*] *Utinam tibi commitigari videam sandalio caput.* It is somewhat extraordinary that Donatus, who has analyzed almost every word of our author's text, should omit taking notice of the irony conveyed by the word *commitigari*, which in Ainsworth's Dictionary is well explained by *demulceri*.

Omphale was a queen of Lydia, with whom Hercules falling in love, she imposed on him the task of spinning wool; and Gnatho, according to Madam Dacier, here alludes to some old comedy on this subject, in which the hero was represented with a distaff by the side of his mistress, who broke his head with her slipper.

Chær. *seeing him.*] Oh my Parmeno!
 Inventor, undertaker, perfecter
 Of all my pleasures, know'st thou my good fortunes?
 Know'st thou my Pamphila's a citizen?

Par. I've heard so.

Chær. Know'st thou, she's betroth'd my wife?

Par. Good news, by heaven!

Gnat. Hear you, what he says? *[to Thraſo.*

Chær. Then I rejoice, my brother Phædria's love
 Is quietly secur'd to him for ever:
 We're now one family: and Thais has
 Found favour with my father, and resign'd
 Herself to Us for patronage and care.

Par. She's then entirely Phædria's?

Chær. Ay entirely.

Par. Another cause of joy: the Captain routed!

Chær. See, Parmeno, my brother (wherefoe'er
 He be) know this, as soon as possible!

Par. I'll see if he's at home. *[Exit.*

Thraſo. Haft any doubt,
 But I'm entirely ruin'd, Gnatho?

Gnat. None.

Chær. What shall I mention first? whom praise the
 most?

Him that advis'd this action? or myself
 That durst to undertake it?---or extol

Fortune,

Fortune, the governess of all, who deign'd,
 Events so many, of such moment too,
 So happily to close within one day?
 Or shall I praise my father's frank good-humour,
 And gay festivity?---Oh, Jupiter,
 Make but these blessings permanent!

S C E N E X.

Enter PHÆDRIA,

Phæd. Good heavens!

What wond'rous things has Parmeno just told me!
 But where's my brother?

Chær. Here.

Phæd. I'm quite transported.

Chær. I dare believe you are; and trust me,
 brother,

None can be worthier of your love than Thais:
 Our family are all much bounden to her.

Phæd. So! you'd need sing her praise to me!

Tbrafo. Confusion!

As my hope dies, my passion gathers strength.
 Gnatho, your help! my only hope's in you.

Gnat. What would you have me do?

Tbrafo. Accomplish this;

By pray'r, by purchase, that I still may have

Some

Some little share in Thais.

Gnat. A hard task!

Thrafo. Do but incline to do't, you can, I know.
Effect it, and demand whatever gift,
Whate'er reward you please, it shall be your's.

Gnat. Indeed?

Thrafo. Indeed.

Gnat. If I accomplish this,
I claim, that you agree to throw your doors,
Present or absent, always open to me;
A welcome uninvited guest for ever.

Thrafo. I pawn my honour as the pledge.

Gnat. I'll try.

Pbæd. What voice is that? Oh, Thrafo!

Thrafo. Gentlemen,
Good day!

Pbæd. Perhaps you're not acquainted yet,
With what has happen'd here?

Thrafo. I am.

Pbæd. Why then
Do I behold you in these territories?

Thrafo. Depending on——

Pbæd. Depend on nought but this!
Captain, I give you warning, if, henceforth,
I ever find you in this street, although
You tell me, "*I was looking for another,*
"*I was but passing through,*" expect no quarter.

Gnat.

Gnat. Oh fie! that is not handsome.

Phæd. I have said it.

Gnat. You cannot be so rude.

Phæd. It shall be so.

Gnat. First grant me a short hearing: if you like
What I propose, agree to't.

Phæd. Let us hear!

Gnat. Do you retire a moment, Thrafo! [*Thrafo
retires.*] First

I must beseech you both, most firmly think,
That I, whate'er I do in this affair,
For my own sake I do it: But if that
Likewise advantage You, not to agree
In you were folly.

Phæd. What are your proposals?

Gnat. I think, 'twere not imprudent to admit
The Captain, as your rival,

Phæd. How!

Admit him, say you?

Gnat. Nay reflect a little.

Phædria, you live at a high rate with Thais,
Revel, and feast, and stick at no expence.
Yet what you give's but little, and you know
'Tis needful Thais should receive much more.
Now to supply your love without your cost,
A fitter person, one more form'd, can't be
Than Thrafo is: First, he has wherewithal

To

To give, and gives most largely : A fool too,
 A dolt, a block, that snores out night and day ;
 Nor can you fear she'll e'er grow fond of him ;
 And you may drive him out whene'er you please.

Phæd. What shall we do ? [to Chærea.

Gnat. Moreover this ; the which
 I hold no trifle, no man entertains
 More nobly or more freely.

Phæd. I begin
 To think we've need of such a fool.

Chærea. And I.

Gnat. Well judg'd ! and let me beg one favour more ;
 Admit me into your fraternity !
 I've roll'd this stone too long.*

Phæd. We do admit you.

Chærea. With all our hearts.

Gnat. And you, sirs, in return,
 † Shall pledge me in the Captain ; eat him ; drink
 him :

And laugh at him,

Chærea. A bargain !

Phæd. † 'Tis his due.

* *Roll'd this stone.*] Pleasant allusion to the fable of Sisyphus. DONATUS.

† *Shall pledge me in the Captain, &c.*] Facetiously said in the character of the Parasite,

who discourses in convivial terms. DONATUS.

† *'Tis his due.*] I cannot think that this play, excellent as it is in almost all other respects, concludes consistently with

Gnat. Thrafo, whene'er you please, come forward!

Thrafo. Well!

How stands the case?

Gnat. Alas! they knew you not:

But when I drew your character, and prais'd

Your worth, according to your deeds and virtues,

I gain'd my point.

Thrafo. 'Tis well: I'm much oblig'd.

I ne'er was any where, in all my life,

But all folks lov'd me most exceedingly.

Gnat. There! Did not I assure you, gentlemen,

That he had all the Attick Elegance?

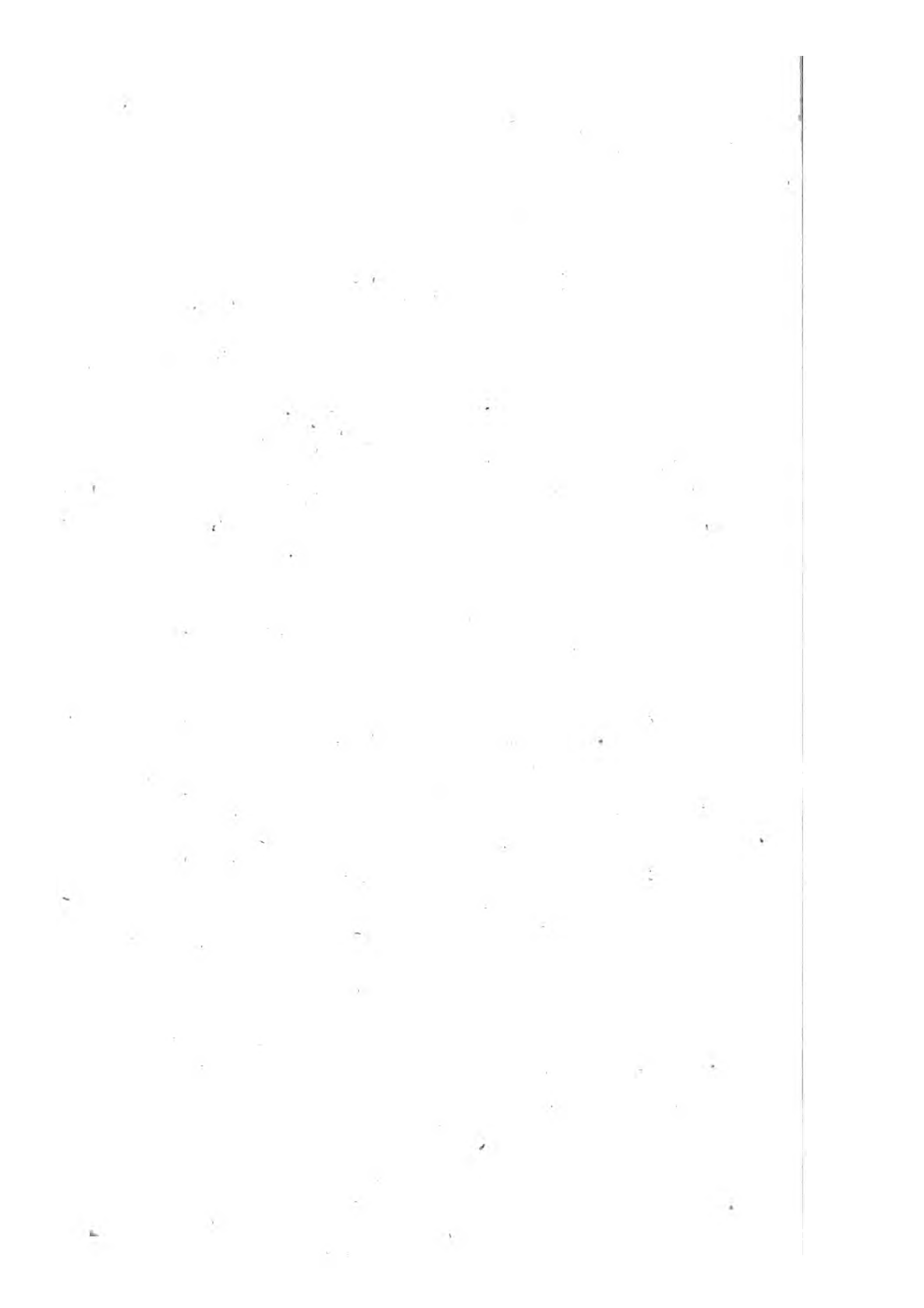
Phæd. He is the very character you drew.

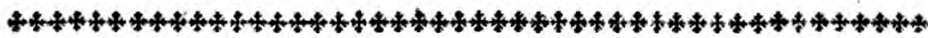
Gnat. Retire then.---Ye, [*to the audience*] farewell,

and clap your hands!

with the manners of Gentlemen:
there is a meanness in Phædria
and Chærea consenting to take
Thrafo into their society with a
view of fleecing him, which the
Poet should have avoided,
COOKE.

The consent of Laches to
the continuance of his Son's
connection with Thais is also so
repugnant to modern manners,
that Fontaine found himself
obliged to change that circum-
stance in his imitation of this
Comedy.

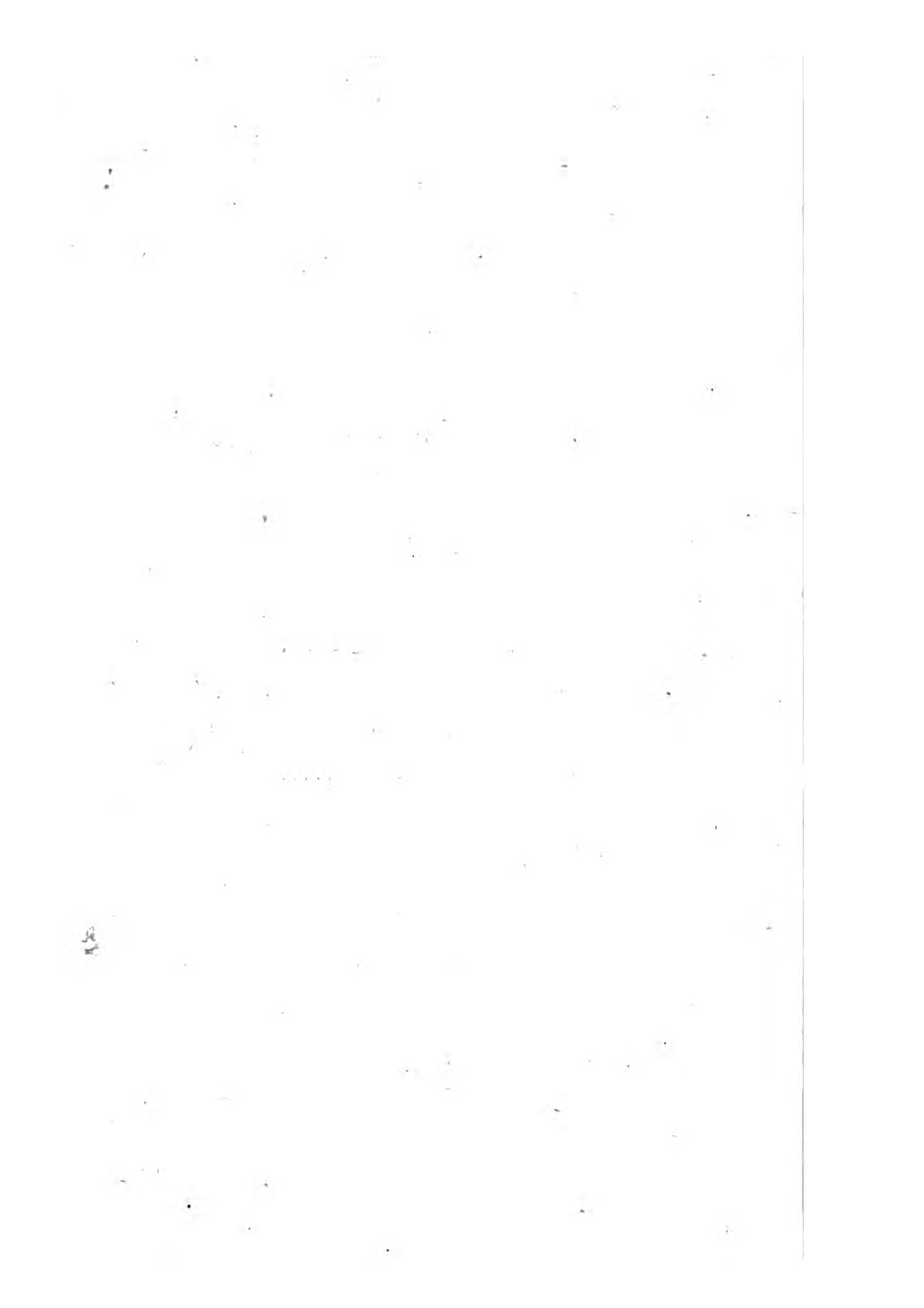




T H E

SELF-TORMENTOR.





TO THE HONOURABLE
HARRY PULTENEY,

General of His Majesty's Forces,

THE FOLLOWING COMEDY,
TRANSLATED FROM TERENCE,

IS HUMBL Y INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED

AND OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

GEORGE COLMAN.

VOL. I.

Q

P E R S O N S.

PROLOGUE,
MENEDEMUS,
CHREMES,
CLINIA,
CLITIPHO,
SYRUS,
DROMO,

SOSTRATA,
ANTIPHILA,
BACCHIS,
NURSE,
PHRYGIA, *and other servants of* Bacchis,

SCENE, *a Village near* ATHENS.



s,
us
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f



Self-Tormentor.

T H E

SELF-TORMENTOR,

Acted at the MEGALESIAN GAMES.

L. Cornelius Lentulus, and L. Valerius Flaccus, Curule Ædiles: Principal Actors, L. Ambivius Turpio and L. Attilius Prænestinus: The Musick composed by Flaccus, Freedman to Claudius: Taken from the Greek of Menander: Acted the first time with unequal flutes, afterwards with two right-handed ones: It was acted a third time. Published, M. Juventius, and M. Sempronius, Consuls*.

* *Juventius and Sempronius, Consuls.*] That is, in the year of Rome 590, and 163 years before Christ.



P R O L O G U E.

LEST any of you wonder, why the Bard
 To an old actor hath assigned the part
 *Sustain'd of old by young performers; † That
 I'll first explain: then say what brings me here.
 To-day, a whole play, wholly from the Greek,
 We mean to represent :---The Self-Tormentor : ‡
 Wrought from a single to a double plot. ||

* *Sustain'd of old by young performers.*] It appears from this passage that the Prologue was usually spoken by young men.
 DACIER.

† *That I'll first explain: then say what brings me here.* Terence has been accused by some criticks of being worse than his word here; for, say they, he does not first explain why he has chosen an old performer. But this accusation is unjust, for it is the first thing which he does: what he says before is merely to make the piece known, which business he dispatches in two words, and that too in a parenthesis. DACIER.

This passage is also vindicated by Scaliger in his Poeticks, chap. 3. book 6.

‡ *The Self-Tormentor.*] The Latin title of this play, Heautontimorumenos, is of Greek

derivation, being a compound of two words in that language, *ἑαυτον τιμωρουμενος*, literally signifying a Self-Tormentor.

|| *Wrought from a single to a double plot.*] *Duplex quæ ex argumento facta est simplici.* This passage has greatly perplexed the Commentators. Julius Scaliger was of opinion that Terence called this Comedy *Duplex*, double, because it was acted at two different times: the *two first Acts* at the close of the evening, and the remaining *three* on the following morning; and that it therefore served as two distinct pieces. But this conjecture is not admissible: Terence only meant to say that he had doubled the characters; instead of *one old man, one young gallant, one mistress*, as in Menander, he had *two old men, &c.* he therefore adds very properly,

Now therefore that our Comedy is new,*
 And what it is, I've shewn: who wrote it too,
 And whose in Greek it is, were I not sure
 † Most of you knew already, would I tell.
 But, wherefore I have ta'en this part upon me,
 In brief I will deliver : for the Bard
 Has sent me here as Pleader, not as Prologue :
 You he declares his Judges, me his Counsel :
 And yet as Counsel nothing can I speak
 More than the Author teaches me to say,
 Who wrote th' oration which I now recite.

As to reports, which envious men have spread,
 That he has ranfack'd many Grecian plays,
 While he composes some few Latin ones,

novam esse ostendi,—*That our Comedy is New*,—which certainly could not have been implied, had the characters been the same in the Greek poet. DACIER.

* *That our Comedy is new*, &c.] Terence pretends, that having doubled the subject of the Self-Tormentor, his piece is new. I allow it; but whether it is better on that account, is quite another question. DIDEROT.

It is impossible not to regret that there are not above ten lines of the Self-Tormentor preserved among the Fragments of Menander. We are so deeply interested by what we see of that character in Terence, that

one cannot but be curious to enquire, in what manner the Greek Poet sustained it through five acts. The Roman Author, though he has adopted the title of the Greek Play, has so altered the fable, that Menedemus is soon thrown into the back-ground, and Chremes is brought forward as the principal object: or, to vary the allusion a little, the Menedemus of Terence seems to be a drawing in miniature copied from a full length, as large as the life, by Menander.

† *Most of you know already.*] This is a remarkable proof how careful the Romans were in the study of the Greek Poets. S.

That

That he denies not, he has done; nor does
 Repent he did it; means to do it still;
 Safe in the warrant and authority
 Of greater bards, who did long since the same.
 Then for the charge, that his Arch-Enemy*
 Maliciously reproaches him withal,
 That he but lately hath applied himself
 † To musick, with the genius of his friends,
 Rather than natural talents, fraught; how true,
 Your judgment, your opinion, must decide.
 I would intreat you, therefore, not to lean
 To tales of slander, rather than of candour.
 Be favourable; nurse with growing hopes
 The bards, who give you pleasing novelties;
Pleasing I say, not such as *His* I mean,
 ‡ Who lately introduc'd a breathless slave,
 Making the croud give way:---But wherefore trace
 A dunce's faults? which shall be shewn at large,
 When more he writes, unless he cease to rail.

* *His Arch-Enemy.*] Lucius Lavinius, the same Poet who is mentioned in the Prologues to the *Andrian* and *Eunuch*.

† *To Musick.*] The Antients called that Musick, which we now term the *Belles Lettres*. Aristophanes more than once calls the art of dramattick writing, Musick. DACIER.

‡ *Who lately introduc'd a breathless slave, &c.*] It must have been a wretched piece, if this was the most beautiful passage in it. Yet such an incident is often necessary, as may be seen in the *Amphitryon* of Plautus, where Mercury runs in crying,

Concedite atque abscedite, omnes de viâ deceditis.

Attend impartially! and let me once
 Without annoyance act an easy part;*
 Lest your old servant be o'er-labour'd still

Terence therefore only blames those authors, who, like Luscius, made it the capital circumstance in their plays. DACIER.

Had Madam Dacier quoted

*Concedite atque abscedite, omnes de viâ decedite,
 Nec quisquam tam audax fuit homo, qui obviam insistat mihi!
 Nam mihi quidem, hercle, qui minus liceat Deo minitarier
 Populo, ni decedat mihi, quam serculo in Comædiis?*

Plaut. Amph. Act. 2. Sc. 4.

Give place, make room, stand by, and clear the way,
 Nor any be so bold to stop my speed!
 For shall not I, who am a Deity,
 Menace the croud, unless they yield to me,
 As well as Slaves in Comedy?

* *Act an easy part.*] *Statariam agere.* The word *Statariam* has not been thoroughly understood; in order more fully to explain it, we must have recourse to its original meaning. The Greek Poets divided their choruses into two different sorts of verse, the *στασιμα μελη*, *statarios versus*; so called, because the actor who repeated them never moved from his place; and into the *παροδικα μελη*, *motorios versus*, because the performer skipped and danced about while he was repeating his part. This has been perfectly well explained by the Scholiasts upon Æschylus and Aristophanes. The Romans

made the same distinctions, and called those Pieces *Statariæ* which were grave and composed, and required little or no action. The *Motoriæ* on the contrary were lively and full of business and action.—This Play is of the former kind.—Some Commentators imagine Terence means one character only by *Statariam*, as if *personam* were to be understood; but though the Antients did call the actors *statarios et motorios*, according to the different parts they were engaged in, I am convinced that it is not in this place at all applicable to them, but to the whole comedy: how else are we to explain the 45th verse?

Sin levis est, ad alium mox defertur gregem.

To

With toilſome characters, the running ſlave,
 The eating parasite, enrag'd old man,
 The bold-fac'd ſharper, covetous procurer ;
 Parts, that aſk pow'rs of voice, and iron ſides.
 Deign then, for my ſake, to accept this plea,
 And grant me ſome remiſſion from my labour.
 For they, who now produce new comedies,
 Spare not my age: If there is aught laborious,
 They run to me; but if of little weight,
 Away to others. In our piece to-day
 * The ſtile is pure: Now try my talents then
 In either character. If I for gain,

To apply it to any one of the other actors of the company, would be overſtraining the ſenſe of the text. DACIER.

Being entirely of a different opinion from Madam Dacier, concerning the ſenſe of the words *Statariam agere*, I have tranſlated them as referring merely to the character, which the Prologue-Speaker was to play, (which I apprehend to

have been Menedemus) and not to the whole comedy: and the lines immediately ſubſequent, I think, confirm this interpretation, as they contain a deſcription of the laborious characters he uſually repreſented, *Clamore ſummo, cum labore maximo*; which he urges as a plea for his being allowed to act an eaſier part at preſent.

— — — *date poteſtatem, mihi*
Statariam agere, ut liceat per ſilentium.

As to the difficulty ſtarted by Madam Dacier concerning the line,

Sin levis eſt, ad alium mox
defertur gregem,

it is a difficulty, which I muſt own I cannot very well com-

prehend; nor do I ſee the leaſt neceſſity of applying that verſe to any one of the other actors of the company, in order to warrant this interpretation.

* *The ſtile is pure.*] Terence with great propriety commends
 this

Never o'er-rated my abilities ;
 If I have held it still my chief reward
 To be subservient to your pleasure ; fix
 In me a fair example, that our youth
 May seek to please You, rather than Themselves.

this play for the purity of its
 stile ; he knew it to be very
 deficient in point of action,
 and therefore determined to re-
 pair that defect by the vivacity
 and purity of the language ;
 and he has perfectly succeeded.

DACIER.

With all due deference to

Madam Dacier, the play is, in
 my mind, far from being def-
 titute of action : the plot being
 as artfully constructed, and con-
 taining as many unexpected
 turns and variety of incidents,
 as any of our Author's pieces,
 as may perhaps appear in the
 course of these notes,

T H E
SELF-TORMENTOR*.



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

C H R E M E S, M E N E D E M U S.

C H R E M E S.

THOUGH our acquaintance is as yet but young,
 Since you have bought this farm that neigh-
 bours mine,
 And little other commerce is betwixt us ;

* *The Self-Tormentor.*] There is, perhaps, no play of Terence, wherein the Author has pointed out the place and time of action with more exactness than in the present: and yet the settling those two points has occasioned a most furious controversy between two learned Frenchmen, Hedelin and Menage. Madam Dacier, in her remarks, has endeavoured to moderate between them, sometimes inclining to one side, and sometimes to the other. I, perhaps, in my turn, shall occasionally differ from all three, not doubting but I shall become equally

liable to the reprehensions of future criticks. I shall, however, endeavour to found my remarks on an accurate examination of the piece itself, and to draw my arguments from within, rather than from without. The principal cause of the different errors of Hedelin and Menage, seems to me to have been an idle parade of learning, foreign to the purpose; together with an obstinate adherence to their several systems, which having once adopted, they were resolved to square all their arguments to the support of their opinions, rather than

to

Yet or your virtue, or good neighbourhood,
 (Which is in my opinion kin to friendship)
 Urge me to tell you, fairly, openly,
 That you appear to me to labour more
 Than your age warrants, or affairs require.
 For in the name of heav'n and earth, what wou'd you?
 What do you drive at? Threescore years of age,
 Or older, as I guess; with an estate,
 Better than which, more profitable, none
 In these parts hold; master of many slaves;
 As if you had not one at your command,
 You labour in their offices yourself.
 I ne'er go out so soon, return so late,
 Morning or evening, but I see you still

to direct them towards the investigation of truth. The matters in dispute between them, though drawn out to a great length of controversy, lie in a very narrow compass. But there being in both an apparent jealousy of their characters, as scholars, both were induced to multiply quotations and illustrations from other authors, instead of turning their attention sufficiently to the text, and making the poet a comment on himself; which every writer, especially those who attempt the Drama, ought to be. Each were in some instances wrong; and even when they were in

the right, having condescended to maintain their opinion with false arguments, each in their turn afforded the opponent an opportunity of cavilling with some appearance of justice. Many examples of this will, I think, appear in the course of these notes, from which it may be concluded, that there is no point whatever, that lies so plain and level to the understanding, but it may be rendered obscure and intricate by learned and ingenious disputants, who chuse it as a subject for the exercise of their talents and a display of their erudition.

At

At labour on your acres,* digging, ploughing,
Or carrying some burden: in a word,
You ne'er remit your toil, nor spare yourself.

* *Digging, ploughing or carrying some burden.*] *Fodere, aut arare, aut aliquid ferre.* This passage is of much greater consequence than is generally imagined, towards the understanding the true intent and management of this play; for it is material to know what Menedemus is about when Chremes first accosts him; whether he is at work in the field, or is returning home loaded with his tools. Two very learned men engaged in a very elaborate disputation upon this subject. If Menedemus is still at work when Chremes first meets him, Terence would certainly have been guilty of a very gross impropriety in the conduct of his comedy; for, as the scene never changes, Menedemus must necessarily be ever present. Terence could never be so absurd as not to guard against falling into so gross an error. He not only takes care to acquaint us with the situation of Menedemus, but also with the hour of the day, at which the piece commences; which is plainly marked out by these words, *aut aliquid ferre*, which decides the whole point in question. Menedemus having been at work

all day, and being unable to see any longer, takes his tools on his back, and is making the best of his way home; Chremes at that very instant meets him near his own door, where the scene lies: the beginning of this play therefore is evidently towards the close of the day, when Menedemus had quitted his work. DACIER.

There is certainly a great want of accuracy in this way of reasoning, with which Madam Dacier espouses Hedelin's argument: for why, as Menage justly says, should the words *aut aliquid ferre* refer to the manner in which Menedemus was then actually employed, more than the other words, *fodere, aut arare*? or if they were so interpreted, still they must be applied to his carrying burdens in the course of his laborious occupations, while at work in the fields. One word of marginal direction, setting down the *Pantomime* of the scene, according to Diderot's plan, would have solved all our doubts on this head. On the whole, Menage, I think, fails in his proofs that Menedemus is actually at work, though he labours that point exceedingly: and Hedelin is mani-

This, I am certain, is not done for pleasure.
 ---You'll say, perhaps, it vexes you to see
 Your work go on so slowly;---do but give
 The time you spend in labouring yourself
 To set your slaves to work, 'twill profit more.

manifestly wrong in maintaining that the scene lies within the city of Athens. One of the principal objections urged by Hedelin (and referred to by Madam Dacier in the above note) to the Poet's having intended to exhibit Menedemus actually at work, when Chremes accosts him, is, that the scene evidently lies between both their houses. Were the scene laid in town, as Hedelin contends, indeed it could not be: but if in the country adjacent, as Dacier agrees with Menage, why might not Menedemus be at work on a piece of ground lying between the two houses? It is natural enough that the sight of Menedemus thus employed, might urge Chremes to presume, under the privilege of good neighbourhood, to speak to him.—There is a brevity and fullness also in the answers of Menedemus, that seems in character for a man employed, and unwilling to be interrupted, though he relents by degrees, and reluctantly suffers Chremes to force his tools from him.—His being at work too forms a

kind of theatrical picture on the opening of the piece.—These, I think, are the strongest arguments, deduced from the scene itself, which can be urged in behalf of the notion of Menedemus being exhibited as at work on his farm; and some of them, I think, appear weighty and plausible: but a further examination, with an attention to the conduct of the rest of the piece, determined me to the contrary opinion.—At the end of the scene, it is evident that Menedemus quits the stage, and enters his own house. It cannot be said, that he is prevailed on to desist from his labour by the arguments of Chremes; since he will not even accept the invitation to supper, lest it should afford him a respite from his misery. It is plain therefore, I think, that Terence meant to open the first act with the close of the day, together with the labours of Menedemus; as he begins the third act with the break of day and the coming forth of Menedemus, to return to his toils and self-punishment.

The

Mene. Have you such leisure from your own affairs
To think of those, that don't concern you, Chremes?

Chremes. I am a man, and feel for all mankind.*

Think, I advise, or ask for information :

The length of this, and some other controversial notes on this comedy, will, I hope, be excused, when it is considered that this dispute has filled whole volumes. I thought it incumbent on me to clear up these points to the best of my abilities; since none can be so justly reproved for having omitted to explain an author's meaning, as those who have attempted to translate him.

* *I am a man, &c.] Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.* It is said that at the delivery of this sentiment, the whole theatre, though full of foolish and ignorant people, resounded with applause. ST. AUGUSTINE.

It is said this sentence was received with an universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were spoken with never so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike any but people of the

greatest humanity, nay, people elegant and skilful in observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his case his own: yet I'll engage, a player in Covent-Garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded.

STEELE'S SPECTATOR, No. 502.

We are not to take this, as hath constantly been done, for a sentiment of pure humanity and the natural ebullition of benevolence. We may observe in it a designed stroke of satirical resentment. The Self-Tormentor, as we saw, had ridiculed Chremes' curiosity by a severe reproof. Chremes, to be even with him, reflects upon the inhumanity of his temper. "You, says he [or rather he implies] seem such a foe to humanity, that you spare it not in yourself; I, on the other hand, am affected when I see it suffer in another." HURD'S Dissertation on the Provinces of the Drama.

I cannot dismiss this long note without expressing my concurrence

If right, that I may do the same ; if wrong,
To turn you from it.

Mene. I have need to do thus,
Do you as you think fit.

Chremes. Need any man
Torment himself ?

Mene. I need.*

currence with the last cited critic in his explanation of this passage: but I cannot agree with Sir Richard Steele that sentiments of humanity are suffered to pass unnoticed on our Theatres, any more than I can conclude with the pious St. Augustine, that the Roman theatre was filled with foolish and ignorant people. A modern audience seems to be on the catch for sentiment ; and perhaps often injudiciously : for nothing can be more opposite to the genius of the Drama, whether in Tragedy or Comedy, than a forced detail of sentiments, unless, like this before us, they grow out of the circumstances of the play, and fall naturally

from the character that delivers them. The original contains a play of words between *homo* and *humani*, and a retort of the word *alienum*, which makes it rather difficult to be given with its full force in a translation. My version, I am conscious, does not comprehend *every word* ; but I hope it will be found to include the *whole meaning* of the sentiment. It is easy to open it still further by a more diffused expression ; but I thought that conciseness made it more round, and full, and forcible. If there are any readers of a different opinion, let them substitute the two following lines ; though I must own I prefer that in the text.

I am a man ; and all calamities,
That touch humanity, come home to me.

* *I need.*] Comedy relates to the whole species, Tragedy to individuals. What I mean is this, the hero of a Tragedy is such or such a man ; Regulus, or Brutus, or Cato, and no

other person. The principal character of a Comedy, should on the contrary represent a great number of men. If by chance the Poet should give him so peculiar a physiognomy, that there
were

Chremes. If you're unhappy, *
 I'm sorry for it. But what evil's this?
 What is th' offence so grievous to your nature,

were in society but one individual who resembled him, Comedy would relapse into its childhood, and degenerate into satire.

Terence seems to me to have fallen once into this error. His Self-Tormentor is a father afflicted at the extremities to which he has driven his son by an excess of severity; for which he punishes himself by rags, hard fare, avoiding company,

putting away his servants, and condemning himself to labour the earth with his own hands. One may venture to pronounce such a father to be out of nature. A great city would scarce in an age furnish one example of so whimsical a distress.

Horace, whose taste was of a singular delicacy, appears to me to have perceived this fault, and to have glanced at it in the following passage.

*Hic ? vix credere possis
 Quam sibi non sit amicus : ita ut pater ille, Terenti
 Fabula quem miserum nato vixisse fugato
 Inducit, non se pejus cruciaverit atque hic.*

No—'tis amazing, that this man of pelf
 Hath yet so little friendship for himself,
 That ev'n the Self-Tormentor in the play,
 Cruel, who drove his much-lov'd son away,
 Amidst the willing tortures of despair,
 Could not, with wretchedness like his, compare.

FRANCIS.

Nothing is more in the manner of this poet, than to have given two senses to *pejus*, one of which is aimed at Terence, while the other falls on Fufidius, the immediate object of his satire. DIDEROT.

Perhaps the reader will imagine the latter part of the above note, relative to Horace, is rather a refinement of the in-

VOL. I.

genious critick, than the real intention of the satirist.

* *If you're unhappy, I'm sorry for it.] Si quid laboris est, nollem.* This short sentence in the original has employed all the commentators. The first clause, *si quid laboris est*, has, I think, been very properly explained by Madam Dacier to signify, *if you*

R

you

That asks such cruel vengeance on yourself?

Mene. Alas! alas! [in tears.

Chremes. Nay, weep not; but inform me.
Be not reserv'd: fear nothing: prithee, trust me:
By consolation, counsel, or assistance,
I possibly may serve you.

Mene. Would you know it?

Chremes. Ay, for the very reason I have mention'd.

Mene. I will inform you.

Chremes. But meanwhile lay down
Those rakes: don't tire yourself.

Mene. It must not be.

Chremes. What mean you?

Mene. Give me leave: that I may take
No respite from my toil.

Chremes. I'll not allow it. [taking away the rakes.

Mene. Ah, you do wrong.

Chremes. What, and so heavy too!

[weighing them in his hand.

Mene. Such my desert.

Chremes. Now speak. [laying down the rakes.

Mene. One only son
I have.—*Have* did I say?—*Had* I mean, *Chremes.*
Have I or no, is now uncertain.

you have any cause of uneasiness; wellem, in a directly opposite
but I prefer the sense given by sense, frequently occurs in our
Westerhovius to the word nollem, author.
I wish it were not so. The word

Chremes.

Chremes. Wherefore?

Mene. That you shall know. An old Corinthian
woman

Now sojourns here, a stranger in these parts,
And very poor. It happen'd, of her daughter
My son became distractedly enamour'd;
E'en to the brink of marriage; and all this
Unknown to me: which I no sooner learnt
Than I began to deal severely with him,
Not as a young and love-sick mind requir'd,
But in the rough and usual way of fathers.
Daily I chid him; crying, "How now, Sir!*"
"Think you that you shall hold these courses long,
"And I your father living?---Keep a mistress,
"As if she were your wife!---You are deceiv'd,
"If you think that, and do not know me, Clinia.
"While you act worthily, you're mine; if not,
"I shall act towards you worthy of myself.
"All this arises from mere idleness.
"I, at your age, ne'er thought of love; but went
"To seek my fortune in the wars in Asia,
"And there acquir'd in arms both wealth and glory.'
---In short, things came to such a pass, the youth,
O'ercome with hearing still the self-same thing,

* *How now, Sir! &c.*] There is a very natural, as well as truly comick description, of a father taking his son to task, after the same manner, in the Prologue to the Mercator of Plautus.

And wearied out with my reproaches; thinking,
 Age and experience had enabled me
 To judge his interest better than himself,
 Went off to serve the king in Asia, Chremes.

Chremes. How say you?

Mene. Stole away three months ago,
 Without my knowledge.

Chremes. Both have been to blame:
 And yet this enterprize bespeaks a mind,
 Modest and manly.

Mene. Having heard of this
 From some of his familiars, home I came
 Mournful, half-mad, and almost wild with grief.
 I sit me down; my servants run to me;
 Some draw my sandals off; while others haste
 *To spread the couches, and prepare the supper:
 Each in his way, I mark, does all he can
 To mitigate my sorrow. Noting this,
 "How!" said I to myself, "so many then
 "Anxious for me alone? to pleasure me?
 "So many slaves to dress me? † All this cost

* *To spread the couches.*] It will not be improper to say something here of the antient manner of eating among the Greeks and Romans: they sat, or rather lay, in an accumbent posture: the beds or couches, on which they lay, were round

the table, which was raised but a little from the ground.
 COOKS.

† *So many slaves to dress me?*] The better sort of people had eating dresses, which are here alluded to. These dresses were light

“ For me alone?—Meanwhile, my only son,
 “ For whom all these were fit, as well as me,
 “ ---Nay rather more, since he is of an age
 “ More proper for their use---Him, him, poor boy,
 “ Has my unkindness driven forth to sorrow.
 “ Oh I were worthy of the heaviest curse,
 “ Could I brook That!---No; long as he shall lead
 “ A life of penury abroad, an exile
 “ Through my unjust severity, so long
 “ Will I revenge his wrongs upon myself,
 “ Labouring, scraping, sparing, slaving for him.”
 ---In short, I did so; in the house I left
 Nor * cloaths, nor moveables; I scrap'd up all.

light garments to put on as
 soon as they had bathed. They
 commonly bathed before eat-
 ing; and the chief meal was in
 the evening. COOKE.

* *Cloaths, moveables, — Slaves,
 male and female.] Nec vas, nec
 vestimentum, — ancillas, &c. A-
 mong the fragments of Me-
 nander's Heautontimorumenos,
 is a line much to this purpose.*

Λατρον, θεραπαινας, αργυρωμαλα.

The bath, maid-servants, silver-utensils.

There are also two other lines, which seem to be descriptive of the miseries of being driven into exile.

Οικοι μενειν, και μενειν ελευθερον,
 Η μηκετ' ειναι, τον καλωσ ευδαιμονα.

Let him remain at home, and free remain,
 Or cease to be, who wou'd be truly blest!

May we not conjecture from these passages, that this first scene is a pretty close translation from Menander; especially as it contains no part of the fable, but what is merely relative to the Self-Tormentor, which, we know, occupied the whole play in the Greek poet?

My slaves, both male and female, except those
 Who more than earn'd their bread in country-work,
 I sold: Then set my house to sale: * In all
 I got together about fifteen talents; †
 Purchas'd this farm; and here fatigue myself;
 Thinking I do my son less injury,
 ‡ While I'm in misery too; nor is it just
 For Me, I think, to taste of pleasure here,

* *Then set my house to sale.*] *Inscripti illicò ædes.*—It appears by this, that the Greeks and Romans used to fix bills on their doors, as we do now.—*Ædes vendundæ, ædes locandæ, a house to be sold, a house to be let.*
 PATRICK.

† *Fifteen talents.*] A talent, according to Cooke, was e-

qual to 193 l. 15 s. English money.

‡ *While I'm in misery too.*] There is much resemblance between this character of Menedemus, and that of Laertes in the *Odyssey*. Laertes, unhappy and afflicted at the absence of his son, is under the same trouble and anxiety.

Thy Sire in solitude foment's his care:
 The Court is joyless, for thou art not there, &c.
 Pope's *Odyssey*, Book XI. ver. 226.

Laertes lives, the miserable Sire,
 Lives, but implores of ev'ry pow'r to lay
 The burden down, and wishes for the day.
 Torn from his offspring in the eve of life, &c.
 Book XV. ver. 375.

But old Laertes weeps his life away,
 And deems thee lost—
 The mournful hour that tore his son away
 Sent the sad Sire in solitude to stray;
 Yet busied with his slaves, to ease his woe,
 He dress'd the vine, and bad the garden blow, &c.
 Book XVI. ver. 145.

Till

Till He return in safety to partake on't.

Cbremes. You I believe a tender parent, Him
A duteous son, if govern'd prudently.

But you were unacquainted with his nature,
And he with your's: sad life, where things are so!

You ne'er betray'd your tenderness to Him;
Nor durst he place that confidence in You,
Which well becomes the bosom of a father.

Had that been done, this had not happen'd to you.

Mene. True, I confess: but I was most in fault.

Cbremes. All, Menedemus, will, I hope, be well,
And trust, your son will soon return in safety.

Mene. Grant it, good Gods!

Cbremes. They will. Now, therefore, since

*The Dionysia are held here to-day,

* *The Dionysia.*] The Athenians celebrated several feasts in honour of Bacchus, but there were two principal ones; one kept in the Spring, the other in the Autumn season. The Abbé d'Aubignac [Hedelin] has been very minute in his account of these feasts, and yet after all has unhappily pitched upon the

wrong one; for he thinks the feast Terence is now speaking of, was that held in the Spring season, called by the antients *Anthesteria*, where he also places that called the *Pythoigia*, because they then broached the wine casks; and he grounds his opinion upon line the 50th, of the first scene in the third act.

Relevi omnia dolia, omnes serias.

I have pierc'd ev'ry vessel, ev'ry cask.

But this manner of reasoning is by no means conclusive; for, could they not have done just the self-same thing at any other time of the year? And in fact

they did so upon all their grand festivals, in order to entertain their guests with the best wine their cellar afforded.—Besides, we may here observe that the

R 4

broaching

If 'tis convenient, come, and feast with me.

Mene. Impossible.

Chremes. Why so?---Nay, prithee now,
Indulge yourself a while: your absent son,
I'm sure, would have it so.

Mene. It is not meet,
That I, who drove him forth to misery,
Should fly it now myself.

Chremes. You are resolv'd?

Mene. Most constantly.

broaching all the vessels was not in compliance with custom, but that Chremes was forced into it by the importunities of Bacchis; neither does he mention it to Menedemus, but with an intent to let him see to what a monstrous expence he is going to expose himself: This mistake is of greater consequence than it may at first appear to be; for it is productive of many more, and led the Abbé to place the scene of this comedy erroneously. The feast in question was that celebrated in the Autumn season, and was called *Dionysia in agris*, the *Dionysia* in the fields. Neither is the scene in Athens, as Mr. d'Aubignac supposed, but in a small village where Chremes and Menedemus had each of them a house. The only difficulty remaining, is to account why Chremes says

Dionysia hic sunt, the Dionysia are held here to-day. The reason is obvious. This feast continued for many days, but not in the same boroughs or villages at one and the same time; to-day it was here, to-morrow there, &c. that they might assemble the more company together. DACIER.

Menage observes, that it is not clear on what authority Madam Dacier pronounces so absolutely, concerning the fluctuating manner of celebrating this feast, to-day here, to-morrow there, &c. and though he differs with Hedelin about the place in which the scene lies, yet he defends the Abbe's opinion concerning the *Pythoigia*, in opposition to Madam Dacier. *Non nostrum est tantas componere lites.*

Chremes.

Chremes. Farewel then!

Mene. Fare you well! [Exit.

S C E N E II.

CHREMES *alone.*

He draws tears from me.---How I pity him!
 ---But 'tis high time, as the day goes, to warn
 My neighbour Phania to come forth to supper.
 I'll go, and see if he's at home.

[*goes to Phania's door, and returns.*

There was,
 It seems, no need of warning; for, they tell me,
 He went to his appointment some time since.
 'Tis I myself that keep my guests in waiting.
 I'll in immediately.---But what's the meaning
 That my door opens?---Who's this?---I'll retire.

[*retires.*

S C E N E III.

Enter CLITIPHO, speaking to Clinia within.

As yet, my Clinia, you've no cause to fear:
 They are not long: and she, I'm confident,
 Will be here shortly with the messenger.
 Prithee, away then with these idle cares,

Which

Which thus torment you !

Cbremes, behind.] Whom does my son speak to ?

Clit. My father as I wish'd.---Good Sir, well met.

Cbremes. What now ?

Clit. D'ye know our neighbour Menedemus ?

Cbremes. Ay, very well.

Clit. D'ye know he has a son ?

Cbremes. I've heard he is in Asia.

Clit. No such thing :

He's at our house, Sir.

Cbremes. How !

Clit. But just arriv'd :

Ev'n at his landing I fell in with him,

And brought him here to supper: for, from boys,

We have been friends and intimates.

Cbremes. Good news!

Now do I wish the more that Menedemus,

Whom I invited, were my guest to-day,

That I, and under my own roof, might be

The first to have surpris'd him with this joy !

And I may yet. *[going.*

Clit. Take heed! it were not good.

Cbremes. How so?

Clit. Because the youth is yet in doubt :

Newly arriv'd; in fear of ev'ry thing ;

He dreads his father's anger, and suspects

The disposition of his mistress tow'rds him ;

Her, whom he doats upon; on whose account,

This difference and departure came about.

Cbremes. I know it.

Clit. He has juſt diſpatch'd his boy*
Into the city to her, and our Syrus
I ſent along with him.

Cbremes. What ſays the ſon ?

Clit. Says? that he's miſerable.

Cbremes. Miſerable !

Who need be leſs ſo? for what earthly good
Can man poſſeſs, which he may not enjoy?
Parents, a proſp'rous country, friends, birth, riches.
Yet theſe all take their value from the mind
Of the poſſeſſor : He that knows their uſe,
To him they're bleſſings ; he that knows it not,
To him miſuſe converts them into curſes.

Clit. Nay, but he ever was a croſs old man :
And now there's nothing that I dread ſo much,
As leſt he be tranſported in his rage
To ſome groſs outrages againſt his ſon.

Cbremes. He!---He?---But I'll contain myſelf. 'Tis
good

* *He has juſt diſpatch'd his boy into the city to her.*] *Servolum ad eam in urbem miſit.* This plainly marks the ſcene to be in the country ; though M. d'Aubignac treats this argument with ridicule. But it is in vain for him to aſſert that there is not one comedy of Plautus, or Terence, where one may not meet with this expreſſion taken in his own ſenſe of it. He will perſuade none to think ſo, except thoſe who have not read them. For my part I do not recollect one inſtance of it, and I will venture to ſay it is impoſſible to find one. DACIER.

For Menedemus that his son shou'd fear. [*aside.*

Clit. What say you, Sir, within yourself ?

[*overbearing.*

Cbremes. I say,

Be't as it might, the son shou'd have remain'd.
 Grant that the father bore too strict a hand
 Upon his loose desires; he shou'd have born it.
 Whom would he bear withal, if not a parent?
 Was't fitting that the father shou'd conform
 To the son's humour, or the son to his?
 And for the rigour that he murmurs at,
 'Tis nothing: The severities of fathers,
 Unless perchance a hard one here and there,
 Are much the same: they reprimand their sons
 For riotous excesses, wenching, drinking;
 And starve their pleasures by a scant allowance.
 Yet this all tends to good: But when the mind
 Is once enslav'd to vicious appetites,
 It needs must follow vicious measures too.
 Remember then this maxim, Clitipho,
 A wise one 'tis, to draw from others' faults,
 A profitable lesson for yourself.

Clit. I do believe it.

Cbremes. Well, I'll in, and see
 What is provided for our supper: You,
 As the day wears, see that you're not far hence. [*Exit.*

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

CLITIPHON *alone.*

What partial judges of all sons are fathers !
Who ask grey wisdom from our greener years,
And think our minds shou'd bear no touch of youth;
Governing by their passions, now kill'd in them,
And not by those that formerly rebell'd.
If ever I've a son, I promise him
He shall find Me an easy father; fit
To know, and apt to pardon his offences :
Not such as mine, who, speaking of another,
Shews how he'd act in such a case himself :
Yet when he takes a cup or two too much,
Oh, what mad pranks he tells me of his own !
But warns me now, " to draw from others' faults
" A profitable lesson for myself."
Cunning old gentleman ! he little knows,
He pours his proverbs in a deaf man's ear.
The words of Bacchis, *Give me, Bring me,* now
Have greater weight with me : to whose commands,
Alas ! I've nothing to reply withall ;
Nor is there man more wretched than myself.
For Clinia here, (though he, I must confess,

Has

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Has cares enough) has got a mistress, modest,
Well-bred, and stranger to all harlot arts :
Mine is a self-will'd, wanton, haughty madam,
Gay, and extravagant ; and let her ask
Whate'er she will, she must not be denied ;
Since poverty I durst not make my plea.
This is a plague I have but newly found,
Nor is my father yet appriz'd of it.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

CLINIA.

Clin. **H**AD my affairs in love been prosperous,
They had, I know, been here long since:
but, ah,

I fear she's fall'n from virtue in my absence:
So many things concur to prove it so,
My mind misgives me; opportunity,
The place, her age, an infamous old mother,
Under whose governance she lives, to whom
Nought but gain's precious.

To him CLITIPHO.

Clit. Clinia!

Clin. Woe is me! *[to himself.*

Clit. Take heed, lest some one issue from your
father's,

And chance to see you here.

Clin. I will: but yet

My mind forebodes I know not what of ill.

Clit.

Clit. What, still foreboding, ere you know the truth?

Clin. Had there been no untoward circumstance,
They had return'd already.

Clit. Patience, Clinia!
They'll be here presently.

Clin. Presently! but when?

Clit. * Consider, 'tis a long way off: And then
You know the ways of women; to set off,
And trick their persons out, requires an age.

Clin. Oh Clitipho, I fear——

Clit. Take courage; see,
Dromo and Syrus!

S C E N E II.

Enter SYRUS and DROMO, conversing at a distance.

Syrus. Say you?

Dromo. Even so.

Syrus. But while we chat, the girls are left behind.

Clit. listening.] Girls, Clinia! do you hear?

Clin. I hear, I see,

And now, at last, I'm happy, Clitipho.

Dromo to Syrus.] Left behind! truth, no wonder:
so encumber'd;

* *Consider, 'tis a long way off.]* *Non cogitas hinc longule esse?* This passage, as well as the circumstances of the next

scene, are 'a further confirmation of the scene's lying in the country.

A troop

A troop of waiting-women at their heels!

Clinia, listening.] Confusion! whence should she have
waiting-women?

Clit. How can I tell?

Syrus to Dromo.] We ought not to have dropp'd
them.

They bring a world of baggage!

Clinia, listening.] Death!

Syrus. Gold, cloaths!

It grows late too, and they may miss their way.

We've been too blame: Dromo, run back, and
meet them.

Away! quick, quick! don't loiter. [*Exit Dromo.*

Clin. What a wretch!

All my fair hopes quite blasted!

Clit. What's the matter?

What is it troubles you?

Clin. What troubles me?

D'ye hear? She waiting-women, gold, and cloaths!

She, whom I left with one poor servant-girl!

Whence come they, think you?

Clit. Oh, I take you now.

Syrus to himself.] Gods, what a croud! our house
will hardly hold them.

What eating, and what drinking will there be!

How miserable our old gentleman!

But here are those I wish'd to see!

[*seeing Clit. and Clinia.*

Clin. Oh Jove!

Where then are truth, and faith, and honour fled?
 While I a fugitive, for love of you,
 Quit my dear country, You, Antiphila,
 For fordid gain desert me in distress:
 You, for whose sake I courted infamy,
 And cast off my obedience to my father.
 He, I remember now with grief and shame,
 Oft warn'd me of these women's ways; oft tried
 In vain by sage advice to wean me from her.
 But now I bid farewell to her for ever;
 Though, when 'twere good and wholesome, I was
 froward.

No wretch more curst than I!

Syrus. He has misconstrued
 All our discourse, I find.---You fancy, Clinia,
 Your mistress other than she is. Her life,
 As far as we from circumstance could learn,
 Her disposition tow'rd you, are the same.

Clin. How! tell me all: for there is nought on earth
 I'd rather know than that my fears are false.

Syrus. First then, that you may be appriz'd of all,
 Th' old woman, thought her mother, was not so:
 That beldam also is deceas'd; for this
 I overheard her, as we came along,
 Telling the other.

Clin. Other! who? what other?

Syrus. Let me but finish what I have begun,
And I shall come to that.

Clit. Dispatch then.

Syrus. First,
Having arriv'd, Dromo knocks at the door :
Which an old woman had no sooner open'd,
But in goes Dromo, and I after him.
Th' old woman bolts the door, and spins again.
And now, or never, Clinia, might be known,
Coming thus unexpectedly upon her,
Antiphila's employments in your absence :
For such, as then we saw, we might presume
Her daily practice, which, of all things else,
Betrays the mind and disposition most.
Busily plying of the web we found her,*
Decently clad in mourning,---I suppose,
For the deceas'd old woman.---She had on
No gold, or trinkets, but was plain and neat,
And drest like those who dress but for themselves.
No female varnish to set off her beauty :
Her hair dishevel'd, long, and flowing loose
About her shoulders.---Peace! [to Clinia.

Clin. Nay, prithee, Syrus.

* *Busily plying of the web we found her.*] *Texentem telam studiose ipsam offendimus.* This line of our author agrees almost literally with the following Greek one preserved by Le Clerc among the fragments of Menander.

ΕΞ ΙΣΑΡΙΑΣ ΕΚΡΕΜΑΙΟ ΦΙΛΟΠΟΥΣ ΠΑΡΥΟ

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Do not transport me thus without a cause.

Syrus. Th' old woman spun the woof; one servant-girl,

A tatter'd dirty dowdy, weaving by her.*

Clit. *Chria*, if this be true, as sure it is,
Who is more fortunate than you? D'ye mark

The ragged dirty girl that he describ'd?

A sign the mistress leads a blameless life,

When she maintains no flaunting go-between:

For 'tis a rule with those gallants, who wish

To win the mistress, first to bribe the maid.

Clin. Go on, I beg you, *Syrus*; and take heed
You fill me not with idle joy.---What said she
When you nam'd Me?

Syrus. As soon as we inform'd her
You were return'd, and begg'd her to come to you,

* *One servant girl, a tatter'd dirty dowdy, weaving by her.]* *gleeta, immunda illuvie.* This passage is equally close to the *Præterea una ancillula erat: ea texebat unâ, pannis obsita,* ne- from the same book.

— και θεραπευεις ην μια,
Αυτη συνηφαιγεν βυκαρωσ διακειμενη.

Le Clerc took these Greek lines from *Victorius*; and *Victorius* copied them from a book of *Politian*, who had written them in the margin, not (as it should seem) of his own composition, but from a fragment, which he had somewhere met with, of *Menander*.

Supposing the lines in question to be genuine, may we not fairly conclude that all this fine narration is a very close imitation of *Menander*, as well as that other beautiful one, which opens the first Act?

She

She left her work immediately, and burst
 Into a flood of tears, which one might see
 Were shed for love of you.*

Clit. By all the Gods,
 I know not where I am for very joy.
 Oh, how I trembled!

Clit. Without cause, I knew.
 † But come; now, Syrus, tell us, who's that other?

Syrus. Your mistress, Bacchis.

Clit. How! what! Bacchis?
 Where d'ye propose to carry Her, rogue?

Syrus. Where?
 To our house certainly.

Clit. My father's?

Syrus. Ay.

Clit. Oh monstrous impudence!

Syrus. Consider, Sir;

* *Were shed for love of you.*] it among us for this speech, though so full of nature and good sense.
 Terence's Comedy of the Self-Tormentor is written as if he hoped to please none but such as had as good a taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural description of the innocent young woman made by the servant to his master. *When I came to the house, &c.*— He must be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that could gain
 STEELE'S *Spectator*, No. 502.
 † *But come; now, Syrus, &c.*] Here we enter upon the other part of the fable, which the poet has most artfully complicated with the main subject, by making Syrus bring Clitipho's mistress along with Antiphila. This part of the story, we know, was not in Menander.

More danger, the more honour.

Clit. Look ye, firrah,
You mean to purchase praise at my expence,
Where the least slip of yours would ruin me.
What is't you drive at?

Syrus. But——

Clit. But what?

Syrus. I'll tell you;
Give me but leave!

Clin. Permit him.

Clit. Well, I do.

Syrus. This business—now—is just as if——

[drawing.

Clit. Confusion!

What a long round-about beginning!

Clin. True.

To the point, Syrus!

Syrus. I've no patience with you.

You use me ill, Sir, and I can't endure it.

Clin. Hear him: peace, Clitipho! [to Clitipho.

Syrus. You'd be in love;

Possess your mistress, and have wherewithal

To make her presents: but to gain all this

You'd risque no danger. By my troth, you're wise,
If it be wise to wish for what can't be.

Take good and bad together; both, or none;

Chuse which you will; no mistress, or no danger.

And yet the scheme I've laid is fair and safe;

Your

Your mistress may be with you at your father's
 Without detection; by the self-same means
 I shall procure the sum you've promis'd her,
 Which you have rung so often in my ears,
 You've almost deafen'd them.---What wou'd you more?

Clit. If it may be so—

Syrus. If! the proof shall shew.

Clit. Well, well then, what's this scheme?

Syrus. We will pretend
 That Bacchis is his mistress.

Clit. Mighty fine!
 What shall become then of his own? Shall She
 Pass for his too, because one's not enough
 To answer for?

Syrus. No. She shall to your mother.

Clit. How so?

Syrus. 'Twere tedious, Clitipho, to tell:
 Let it suffice, I've reason for it.

Clit. Nonsense!

I see no ground to make me hazard this.

Syrus. Well; if you dread this, I've another way,
 Which you shall both own has no danger in't.

Clit. Ay, prithee, find that out.

Syrus. With all my heart.

I'll run and meet the women on the road,
 And order them to go straight home again.

Clit. How! what!

Syrus. I mean to ease you of your fear,
That you may sleep in peace on either side.* [*going.*

* *That you may sleep in peace on either side.*] *INAUREM utramvis, otiosè ut dormias.* Literally, on either EAR. A Latin proverb used by Plautus as well as our author, and borrowed from the Greek. We have an instance of it among the fragments of the ΠΑΟΚΙΟΝ, or Necklace, of Menander. The subject of that comedy, if we may judge from

the small, though precious remains of it, was much the same as that of the *George Dandin* of Moliere, the marriage of a poor man to a rich heiress. An extract or two may, perhaps, not be disagreeable to the reader, and serve to relieve the dryness of the controversial notes to this comedy. The very first line contains the proverb.

Ἐπ' ἀμφοτέρα νύχ' ἢ ἡ πικλὸς βᾶτα
Μελλεὶ καθευθεῖν, κατεργασάσα μεγά.
Καὶ περισσόν τ' ἔργον' ἐκ τῆς οἰκίας
Ἐξέβαλε τὴν λυγρὰν πνέουσα,
Ἰν' ἐκίβληται πάντες εἰς τὸ Κρεοβύλη;
Προσωπὸν, ἢ δ' εὐγνωστὸς ἢ γ' ἐμὴ γυνή;
Δεσποινὰ δια τὴν οὐσὶν ἦν ἐκπύματο.
Ὅσος ἐν πύθκοις ἐστὶ δὴ τὸ λεγόμενον.
Τὴν' ὁ βίωσαν ἐστὶ γὰρ, εἰ καὶ βυλομαι.
Βδεδυττομαι τὴν νύκτα πολλῶν μοι κακῶν
Ἀρχηγόν' οἰμοὶ Κρεοβύλην λαβεῖν ἐμε, καὶ
Ταλαντὰ δέκα, γυναικὸν ὄσαν πικρῶς.
Εἰτ' ἐστὶ τὸ Φρυγαίμα πῶς ἀν' ὑποσχτόν;
Μα τόντ' Ὀλυμπιον καὶ Ἀθηνᾶν, ὕδαμω.
Παιδισκαριὸν θεραπευτικόν, καὶ λογὸν
Ταχίον, ἀπηνάγ', ἰν' ἀλλῆν ἀνείσαγοι.

Now may our Heiress sleep on either ear,
Having perform'd a great and mighty feat,
And satisfied the longings of her soul.
Her, whom she hated most, she has cast forth,
That all the world may henceforth look upon
The visage of Creobyla, and thence
May know my wife for mistress, by the print
Of stern authority upon her brow.
She is indeed, as the old saying goes,
(a) An Ass among the Apes.—This can't be kept

(a) A proverb to signify those, who are proud among those, who laugh at them.

Clit. What shall I do?

Clin. E'en profit of his scheme.

In silence, even tho' I wish'd it so.
 Curse on the night, the source of all my ills!
 Ah me, that I shou'd wed Creobyla!
 —Ten Talents, and a wife of half-a-yard!
 And then who is there can endure her pride?
 By Jove, by Pallas, 'tis intolerable.
 A maid most diligent, and quick as thought,
 She has cast forth, to introduce another.

There is another passage ex- subject; but, for the sake of
 tant, containing part of a dia- variety, I shall subjoin an ex-
 logue between the husband and tract from the same comedy of a
 an old neighbour, on the same different colour.

Ω τρις κλοδοαιμων, οστις αν πενης γαμει.
 Και παιδοποιει' αι' ως αλογισος ες' ανηρ,
 Ος μητε φυλακην των αναγκαιων εχει,
 Μητ' αν ατυχησας εις τα κοινα τβ βιβ.
 Επαμφισθαι τβτο δυνατο χρημασιν.
 Αλλ' εν αμαλυπ'ω, και ταλαιπωρω βιω
 Χειμαζομενος ζη, των μεν ανιαρων εχων
 Παντων μερος τι, των δ' αγαθων ε δυναμενος.

Thrice wretched he, that's poor and takes a wife,
 And doth engender children!—Oh fool, fool!
 Who undefended, bare of necessaries,
 Soon as ill fortune comes, that comes to all,
 Can't wrap his miseries in affluence;
 But in a naked, wretched, poverty
 Freezes, like winter; misery his portion
 Too amply dealt, and every-good denied.

What Menander has in the above passage considered metaphori-
 cally, our own Shakespeare has very finely realized:

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
 How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
 Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
 From seasons such as these? KING LEAR.

Clit.

Clit. But, Syrus, tell me then——

Syrus. Away, away!

This day, too late, you'll wish for her in vain. [*going.*

Clin. This is your time: enjoy it, while you may:
Who knows, if you may have the like again?

Clit. Syrus, I say,

Syrus. Call as you please, I'll on.

Clit. Clinia, you're right,—Ho, Syrus! Syrus, ho!
Syrus, I say,

Syrus. So, he grows hot at last. [*to himself.*

What would you, Sir? [*turning about.*

Clit. Come back, come back!

Syrus. I'm here. [*returns.*

Your pleasure, Sir!—What, will not this content you?

Clit. Yes, Syrus; me, my passion, and my fame
I render up to you: dispose of all!

But see you're not to blame.

Syrus. Ridiculous!

Spare your advice, good Clitipho! you know

Success is my concern still more than your's:

For if perchance we fail in our attempt,

You shall have words; but I, alas, dry blows.

Be sure then of my diligence; and beg

Your friend to join, and countenance our scheme.

Clin. Depend on me: I see it must be so.

Clit. Thanks, my best Clinia!

Clin. But take heed she trip not.

Syrus.

Syrus. Oh, she is well instructed.

Clit. Still I wonder
How you prevail'd so easily upon her ;
Her, who's so scornfull.

Syrus. I came just in time,
Time, that in most affairs is all in all :
For there I found a certain wretched captain,
Begging her favours. * She, an artful baggage,
Denied him, to enflame his mind the more,

* *She, an artful baggage, &c.]* sentiment, and much of the
Hæc arte tractabat virum, ut il- same turn of expression, in
lius animum cupidum inopiâ ac- Shakespeare's *All's Well* that
tenderet. There is the same *Ends Well.*

She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy.

This sentiment is also finely ployed by Shakespeare, is almost
touched upon by Ben Jonson in parallel to that in Terence, but
his *Every Man in his Humour.* in Ben Jonson's play it is ap-
The occasion on which it is em- plied to the education of youth.

I am resolv'd I will not stop his journey,
Nor practice any violent means to stay!
Th' unbridled course of youth in him; for that
Refrain'd, grows more impatient; and in kind
Like to the eager, but the generous grey-hound,
Who ne'er so little from his game with-held,
Turns head, and leaps up at his holder's throat.

Every Man in his Humour, Act I.

I do not say that the above justly observed, was borrowed
fine lines were struck out from from another part of our au-
this passage in Terence; but it thor's works, which shall be
is plain that the remainder of pointed out in the notes on the
Knowell's speech, as the late next comedy.
ingenious editor of Jonson has

And

And make her court to you.—But hark ye, Sir,
 Be cautious of your conduct! no imprudence!
 You know how shrewd and keen your father is;
 And I know your intemperance too well.
 No double meanings, glances, leers, sighs, hems,
 Coughing, or titt'ring, I beseech you, Sir!

Clit. I'll play my part——

Syrus. Look to't!

Clit. To your content.

Syrus. But see, the women! they're soon after us.

[*looking out.*]

Clit. Where are they?—[*Syrus stops him.*] Why d'ye
 hold me?

Syrus. She is not
 Your mistress now.

Clit. True: not before my father,
 But now, meanwhile——

Syrus. Nor now, meanwhile.

Clit. Allow me!

Syrus. No.

Clit. But a moment!

Syrus. No.

Clit. A single kiss!

Syrus. Away, if you are wise!

Clit. Well, well, I'm gone.

——What's *He* to do?

Syrus. Stay here.

Clit.

Clit. Oh happy——

Syrus. March! [*pushes off Clitipho.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter BACCHIS, and ANTIPHILA at a distance.

Bacch. Well, I commend you, my Antiphila:
 Happy, that you have made it still your care,
 That virtue should seem fair as beauty in you!
 Nor, gracious Heav'n so help me, do I wonder
 If ev'ry man should wish you for his own;
 For your discourse bespeaks a worthy mind.
 And when I ponder with myself, and weigh
 Your course of life, and all the rest of those
 Who live not on the common, 'tis not strange,
 Your morals should be different from our's.
 Virtue's your int'rest; those, with whom we deal,
 Forbid it to be our's: For our gallants,
 Charm'd by our beauty, court us but for That;
 Which fading, they transfer their love to others.
 If then meanwhile we look not to ourselves,
 We live forlorn, deserted, and distressed.
 You, when you've once agreed to pass your life
 Bound to one man, whose temper suits with your's,
 He too attaches his whole heart to you:
 Thus mutual friendship draws you each to each;

Nothing

Nothing can part you, nothing shake your love.

Anti. *I know not others; for myself I know,
From his content I ever drew my own.

Clin. overbearing.] Excellent maid! my best Antiphila!

Thou too, thy love alone is now the cause
That brings me to my native land again.
For when away, all evils else were light
Compar'd to wanting thee.

Syrus. I do believe it.

Clin. † O Syrus, 'tis too much: I cannot bear it.
Wretch that I am! — and must I be debarr'd
To give a loose to love, a love like this?

Syrus. And yet if I may judge your father's mind,
He has more troubles yet in store for you.

Bacch. Who is that youth that eyes us? [*seeing Clin.*]

Anti. Ha! [*seeing him.*] — Support me!

* *I know not others, &c.*] The character of Antiphila is here finely drawn, and represents innocence in perfection. There is nothing of constraint or emulation in her virtue, nor is she influenced by any consideration of the miseries likely to attend looseness or debauchery, but purely by a natural bias to virtue. DACIER.

† *Clinia.* O Syrus, 'tis too much,] Madam Dacier, con-

trary to the authority of all editions and MSS. adopts a conceit of her father's in this place, and places this speech to Clitipho, whom she supposes to have retired to a hiding-place, where he might over-hear the conversation, and from whence he peeps out to make this speech to Syrus. This she calls an agreeable *jeu de theatre*, and doubts not but all lovers of Terence will be obliged to her father for so ingenious a remark: but.

apart.

Bacch. Bless me, what now?

Anti. I faint.

Bacch. Alas, poor soul!

What is't surprizes you, Antiphila?

Anti. Is't Clinia that I see, or no?

Bacch. Whom do you see?

Clin. Welcome my soul! [running up to her.

Anti. My wish'd-for Clinia, welcome!

Clin. How fares my love?

Anti. O'erjoy'd at your return.

Clin. And do I hold thee, my Antiphila,
Thou only wish, and comfort of my soul?

Syrus. In, in, for you have made our good man
wait. [Exeunt.

but it is to be feared that critical sagacity will not be so lavish of acknowledgments as filial piety. There does not appear the least foundation for this remark in the scene, nor has the Poet given us the least room to doubt of Clitipho being actually departed. To me, instead

of an agreeable *jeu de theatre*, it appears a most absurd and ridiculous device; particularly vicious in this place, as it most injudiciously tends to interrupt the course of Clinia's more interesting passion, so admirably delineated in this little scene.



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

C H R E M E S.

'T IS now just day-break.*—Why delay I then
To call my neighbour forth, and be the first
To tell him of his son's return?—The youth,
I understand, would fain not have it so.

* 'Tis now just day-break.] *Lucefcit hoc jam.* This is spoken with the eyes lifted up towards heaven; *hoc* has reference to *cælum*, which is understood. Thus Plautus in his *Curculio*. *Nam hoc quidem edepol haud multò post luce lucebit.*

It is beyond all doubt that this play was acted at two different and distinct times; the two first acts at night, after sun-set; and the three remaining acts the next morning, at break of day: the time between the second and third act was taken up with the carousal and supper given by Chremes. Menander, upon account of the feasts then celebrating, had a right to divide his comedy in this manner: Terence took the same liberty, and with the same justice, since his plays were re-

presented at Rome upon the like solemn occasions. Eugraphius, who wrote notes upon this comedy, was of opinion, that this method was without precedent; but he is mistaken. Aristophanes did the very same thing; the two first acts of his *Plutus* were performed in the evening, the three last early the next morning, and the time between the second and third act is employed by *Plutus* in paying a visit to the temple of *Æsculapius*, where he passes the whole night. If we could precisely tell the hour, at which Aristophanes opens his play, we should undoubtedly find he had not transgressed the unity of time (twelve hours) which is requisite in dramatick pieces. It is at least certain that Terence has not exceeded it here, and that he is

But shall I, when I see this poor old man
Afflict himself so grievously, by silence

as exact in this particular as in every other. The play begins a little after eight at night. The two first acts do not last above two hours; they then go to supper; this makes an interval of six or seven hours. The third act begins at the break of day, as Terence has taken care to point out, *lucescit hoc jam;—'tis now just day-break.*—So that the three acts, which could not last three hours, must have ended about seven in the morning. But what is chiefly remarkable is, that this third interval is interwoven with the subject matter of the play, as well as it is in Aristophanes. Chremes, during that time, observes the freedoms which pass between Clitipho and Bacchis; and this creates great part of the business of the third act. The critics were little attentive to this, when they cry out,—*Vasta & hians & inanis comœdia est;—there is a void, a gap, an emptiness in this comedy.*—Which is far, very far from being true; for what they call so, has a very material connection with the play, and may be said to be almost the very ground-work of it. Had Terence divided it so, that this interval had not entered into the subject, it would in-

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deed have been ridiculous and insupportable. Were we to act one of Moliere's plays thus by piece-meal, the beginning to-night, and the end to-morrow morning, every body would laugh at the partition; but Terence and Menander, who were perfect masters of the drama, attempted it with success. And indeed it might even now-a-days be done with propriety, nay, would become necessary, provided it could be executed with equal judgment and address.

DACIER.

The idea of the above note, as well as of several others of Madam Dacier, was first suggested by Scaliger, who, in the sixth book of his Poeticks, first broached the notion of this division of the comedy in the representation, in order to vindicate our author from the imputation of having left an unwarrantable chasm between the second and third acts. And it is something whimsical, that this great critick, after having depreciated our author's merit in the gross, more than any of his predecessors, should take it into his head to justify him against every objection that had been made to any particular passage in his works. But though

T

Scaliger

Rob him of such an unexpected joy,
When the discovery cannot hurt the son?

Scaliger was ever dogmatical and positive in his opinion, yet that opinion was not always uncontrovertible: In the present instance I am so far from assenting with Madam Dacier, that the fact is *beyond all doubt*, that I will venture to say there is not the least ground for such an assertion. Donatus, who mentions this play in his preface to the Phormio, does not afford the least colour to such an argument; nor do I believe there is any more countenance given to it by the scholiasts on Aristophanes: whose comedies it would be an extremely difficult task to reconcile to an agreement with the Unities.

One of the chief points in dispute between Hedelin and Menage, about this comedy, relates to this interval; and great part of the controversy turns upon a very obscure and uncertain part of literature, *viz.* whether the Athenian month Anthesterion be agreeable to our April or January. Both agree that a night elapses between the second and third act; but Hedelin, who is followed by Madam Dacier in the above note, contends, that according to the time of year, and circumstances of the piece, it is an inter-

val of six or seven hours, which Menage extends to thirteen or fourteen. Each of them lays out a deal of learning on this question, but in my mind to very little purpose. It is agreed on all hands, that a whole night certainly passes, and the spectator has not time to enter into a minute disquisition, whether 'tis in June or December: nor indeed could any thing so directly tend to make the observation of the Unities appear ridiculous, as such a trifling consideration.—As to what Madam Dacier says of this interval's being interwoven with the subject; and of the supposed employments of the characters, in their absence from the stage, being made conducive to the fable, it is perfectly just; and every skilfull playwright should contrive his intervals with the like art. But to fill up those chasms by occupying the audience also in the same manner, is, I think, a more curious device than any in the Rehearsal. Madam Dacier herself could not be insensible of the difficulty, and confesses that a play of Moliere, so divided in the representation, would appear very ridiculous; yet is willing to imagine that even a
modern

No, I'll not do't; but far as in my pow'r
 Assist the father. As my son, I see,
 Ministers to th' occasions of his friend,
 Associated in counsels, rank, and age,
 So we old men should serve each other too.

S C E N E II.

Enter M E N E D E M U S.*

Mene. to himself.] Sure I'm by nature form'd for
 misery

modern drama might be thus exhibited with propriety. Let us suppose therefore that, at the first opening of the theatre in the Haymarket, Sir John Vanburgh had written a comedy, in which he had introduced a masquerade at the end of the second act. The spectators assemble: two acts are played: then comes the masquerade; and the spectators, in order to fill up the interval, slip on their dominos, game, drink, dance, and intrigue till day-light. With what appetite would they return to the representation of the three last acts? However such a partition might be received at Rome or Athens, I

think it would never go down at Paris or London: and, were it not for the example of Madam Dacier, I should imagine that even the most rigid French critick would think it more reasonable to be wafted from shore to shore by Shakespeare's chorus, than to adopt this extraordinary method of preserving the Unities.

* *Enter Menedemus.]* Menedemus comes out of his house at day-break to return to his work; for he has already declared that he will allow himself no respite. This is well conducted. DACIER.

Beyond the rest of humankind; or else
 'Tis a false saying, though a common one,
 "That time assuages grief." For ev'ry day
 My sorrow for the absence of my son
 Grows on my mind: the longer he's away,
 The more impatiently I wish to see him,
 The more pine after him.

Cbremes. But he's come forth. [*seeing Menedemus.*
 Yonder he stands. I'll go and speak with him.
 Good morrow, neighbour! I have news for you;
 Such news, as you'll be overjoy'd to hear.

Mene. Of my son, *Cbremes*?*

Cbremes. He's alive and well.

Mene. Where?

Cbremes. At my house?

Mene. My son?

Cbremes. Your son.

Mene. Come home?

Cbremes. Come home.

Mene. My dear boy come? my *Clinia*?†

Cbremes. He.

* *Of my son, Cbremes?*] Terence discovers uncommon judgment in preserving his characters. Menedemus, when he hears of good news, immediately enquires, if they relate to his son, thinking nothing else worthy his notice. PATRICK.

† *My dear boy come? my Clinia?*] These repetitions are very natural. There is a passage very like this in the fourth act of the *Captivi* of Plautus.

Mene. Away then! prithee, bring me to him.

Chremes. Hold!

He cares not you should know of his return,
 And dreads your sight because of his late trespass.
 He fears, besides, your old severity
 Is now augmented.

Mene. Did not you inform him
 The bent of my affections?

Chremes. Not I.

Mene. Wherefore, Chremes?

Chremes. Because 'twould injure both yourself and
 him,

To seem of such a poor and broken spirit.

Mene. I cannot help it. Too long, much too
 long,

I've been a cruel father.

Chremes. Ah, my friend,
 You run into extremes; too niggardly,
 Or, too profuse; imprudent either way.
 First, rather than permit him entertain
 A mistress, who was then content with little,
 And glad of any thing, you drove him hence:
 Whereon the girl was forc'd, against her will,
 To grow a common gamester for her bread:
 And now she can't be kept without much cost,
 You'd squander thousands. For to let you know

How admirably Madam's train'd to mischief,*
 How finely form'd to ruin her admirers,
 She came to my house yester-night with more
 Than half a score of women at her tail,
 Laden with cloaths and jewels.—If she had
 † A Prince to her gallant, he could not bear
 Such wild extravagance: much less can You,

Mene. Is She within too?

Chremes. She within? Ay truly.

I've found it to my cost: for I have given
 To her and her companions but one supper;
 And to give such another would undo me.
 For, not to dwell on other circumstances,
 Merely to taste, and smack, and spirt about, ‡
 What quantities of wine has she consum'd!
This is too rough, she cries; *some softer, pray!*
 I have pierc'd ev'ry vessel, ev'ry cask;
 Kept ev'ry servant running to and fro:
 All this ado, and all in one short night!

* *How admirably Madam's,*
 &c.] Chremes takes Bacchis
 for Clinia's mistress, and his
 own son is her real gallant.
 This *jeu de theatre* is admirable.
 DACIER.

† *A Prince to her gallant.*
 Satrapes *si fiet amator.* Sa-
 trapes is originally a Hebrew
 word, but in use too among
 the Persians, who gave this title
 to the governors of their pro-

vinces; who were generally
 very rich, and so many petty
 kings in the eastern nations.
 PATRICK.

‡ *Spirt about.*] *Pitiffando.*
Pitiffare is a word originally
 Greek, and is, what we call,
 a verb of imitation, for its sound
 very much resembles the noise
 made by the action of spirting
 wine out of the mouth. PA-
 TRICK.

What,

What, Menedemus, must become of You,
Whom they will prey upon continually ?
Now, afore heaven, thinking upon this,
I pitied you.

Mene. Why, let him have his will; *
Waste, consume, squander; I'll endure it all,
So I but keep him with me.

Chremes. If resolv'd
To take that course, I hold it of great moment
That he perceive not you allow of this.

Mene. What shall I do then ?

Chremes. Any thing, much rather
Than what you mean to do : at second hand
Supply him; or permit his slave to trick you ;
Though I perceive they're on that scent already,
And privately contriving how to do't.
There's Syrus, and that little slave of your's,
In an eternal whisper : the young men
Consulting too together : and it were
Better to lose a Talent by these means,
Than on your plan a Mina : for at present
Money is not the question, but the means
To gratify the youth the safest way.

* *Why, let him have his will,* ent offered by Chremes, which
[&c.] Here we have drawn in comes in very naturally, and
lively colours, the picture of insensibly leads to the re-
a man hasty in running from maining part of the plot. PA-
one extreme to another. This TRICK.
gives occasion to the expedi-

For if he once perceives your turn of mind,
 That you had rather throw away your life,
 And waste your whole estate, than part with him,
 Ah, what a window to debauchery
 You'll open, Menedemus! Such a one,
 As will embitter even life itself;
 For too much liberty corrupts us all.
 Whatever comes into his head, he'll have;
 Nor think, if his demand be right or wrong.
 You, on your part, to see your wealth and son
 Both wreck'd, will not be able to endure.
 You'll not comply with his demands; whereon
 He falls to his old fence immediately,
 And knowing where your weak part lies, will threaten
 To leave you instantly.

Mene. 'Tis very like.

Chremes. Now on my life I have not clos'd my
 eyes,*

Nor had a single wink of sleep this night,

* *Have not clos'd my eyes,*
 &c.] Hedelin obstinately con-
 tends from this passage, that
 neither Chremes, nor any of
 his family, went to bed the
 whole night; the contrary of
 which is evident, as Menage
 observes, from the two next
 scenes. For why should Syrus
 take notice of his being up so
 early, if he had never retired

to rest? or would Chremes have
 reproach'd Clitipho for his be-
 haviour the night before, had
 the feast never been inter-
 rupted? Eugraphius's interpre-
 tation of these words is natural
 and obvious; who explains
 them to signify that the anxiety
 of Chremes to restore Clinia
 to Menedemus broke his rest.

For

For thinking how I might restore your son.

Mene. Give me your hand: and let me beg you,
Chremes,

Continue to assist me!

Chremes. Willingly.

Mene. D'ye know, what I would have you do at
present?

Chremes. What?

Mene. Since you have perceiv'd they meditate
Some practice on me, prithee, urge them on
To execute it quickly: for I long
To grant his wishes, long to see him straight.

Chremes. Let me alone! I must lay hold of Syrus,
And give him some encouragement.---But see!
Some one, I know not who, comes forth: In, in,*
Lest they perceive that we consult together!
I have a little business too in hand.
Simus and Crito, our two neighbours here,
Have a dispute about their boundaries; †
And they've referr'd it to my arbitration.
I'll go and tell them, 'tis not in my power
To wait on them, as I propos'd, to-day.
I will be with you presently.

* *In, in, &c.*] Chremes
seizes this as a very plausible
and necessary pretence to engage
Menedemus to return home, and
not to his labour in the field, as
he had at first intended. D.A.C.

† *A dispute about their bound-
aries.*] This circumstance is
a further confirmation that
the scene lies in the coun-
try.

Mene.

Mene. Pray do. [Exit Chremes,

Gods! that the nature of mankind is such,
To see, and judge of the affairs of others,
Much better than their own!* Is't therefore so,
Because that, in our own concerns, we feel
The influence of joy or grief too nearly?
How much more wisely does my neighbour here
Consult for me, than I do for myself!

Chremes returning.] I've disengag'd myself, that I
might be

At leisure to attend on your affairs. [Exit Mene.

S C E N E III.

Enter SYRUS at another part of the Stage.

Syrus to himself.] One way, or other, money must
be had,

And the old gentleman impos'd upon.

Chremes overhearing.] Was I deceiv'd, in thinking
they were at it?

That slave of Clinia, it should seem, is dull,

And so our Syrus has the part assign'd him.

Syrus. Who's there? [*seeing Chremes.*] Undone,
if he has overheard me. [*aside.*

* *Much better than their own.*] These reflections have double force, when thrown out to the audience, who are consci-
ous how applicable they are to Chremes as well as Menedemus.

Chremes.

Chremes. Syrus!

Syrus. Sir!

Chremes. What now?

Syrus. Nothing.---But I wonder
To see you up so early in the morning,
Who drank so freely yesterday.

Chremes. Not much.

Syrus. Not much? You have, Sir, as the proverb
goes,
The old age of an eagle.*

Chremes. Ah!

Syrus. A pleafant,
Good fort of girl, this wench of Clinia.

Chremes. Ay, fo the feems.

Syrus. And handsome.

Chremes. Well enough.

Syrus. †Not like the maids of old, but paffable,
As girls go now: nor am I much amaz'd
That Clinia doats upon her. But he has,
Alas, poor lad! a miserable, clofe,

* *The old age of an eagle.*] Most probably a proverb, signifying a vigorous and lusty old age, like that of the eagle; who, as naturalists say, never dies of old age, and preserves its life by perpetual drinking.

DACIER. PATRICK.

† *Not like the maids of old, &c.*] *Ita non ut olim, &c.* This is certainly the true meaning of the sentence. Syrus artfully flatters the vanity of Chremes; old men are generally apt to think every thing they have seen or heard in former times, far surpasses the productions of the present. DACIER.

Dry, covetous, curmudgeon to his father :
 Our neighbour here; d'ye know him?---Yet, as if
 He did not roll in riches, his poor son
 Was forc'd to run away for very want.
 D'ye know this story ?

Cbremes. Do I know it ? Ay.

A scoundrel ! should be horse-whipt.

Syrus. Who ?

Cbremes. That slave

Of Clinia——

Syrus. Troth, I trembled for you, Syrus ! [*aside.*

Cbremes. Who suffer'd this.

Syrus. Why what should he have done ?

Cbremes. What ?---have devis'd some scheme, some
 ways and means,

To raise the cash for the young gentleman
 To make his mistress presents; and have done
 A kindness to the old hunks against his will,

Syrus. You jest.

Cbremes. Not I: it was his duty, Syrus.

Syrus. How's this? why prithee then, d'ye praise
 those slaves,

Who trick their masters ?

Cbremes. Yes, upon occasion.

Syrus. Mighty fine, truly !

Cbremes. Why, it oft prevents

A great deal of uneasiness : for instance,

My

My neighbour Menedemus, well deceiv'd,
Would ne'er have seen his son abandon him.

Syrus. I don't know whether he's in jest or earnest,
But it gives me encouragement to trick him. [*aside.*]

Chremes. And now what is't the blockhead waits
for, Syrus ?

Is't, till his master runs away again,
When he perceives himself no longer able
To bear with the expences of his mistress ?
Has he no plot upon th' old gentleman ?

Syrus. He's a poor creature.

Chremes. But it is your part,
For Clinia's sake, to lend a helping hand.

Syrus. Why that indeed I easily can do,
If you command me ; for I know which way.

Chremes. I take you at your word.

Syrus. I'll make it good.

Chremes. Do so.

Syrus. But hark ye, Sir ! remember this,
If ever it hereafter come to pass,
---As who can answer for th' affairs of men ?
That your own son——

Chremes. I hope 'twill never be.

Syrus. I hope so too ; nor do I mention this,
From any knowledge or suspicion of him :
But that in case---his time of life, you know ;
And should there be occasion, trust me, Chremes,

But

But I could handle you most handsomely.

Chremes. Well, well, we'll think of it, when that
time comes.

Now to your present task! *[Exit Chremes.*

S C E N E IV.

S Y R U S *alone.*

I never heard
My master argue more commodiously;
Nor ever was inclin'd to mischief, when
It might be done with more impunity.
But who's this coming from our house?

S C E N E V.

Enter CLITIPHO, CHREMES following.

Chremes. How now?

What manners are these, Clitipho? Does this
Become you?

Clit. What's the matter?

Chremes. Did not I

This very instant see you put your hand
Into yon wench's bosom?

Syrus. So! all's over:

I am undone.

[aside.

Clit.

Clit. Me, Sir?

Chremes. These very eyes

Beheld you: don't deny it.---'Tis base in you,
To be so flippant with your hands. For what
Affront's more gross, than to receive a friend
Under your roof, and tamper with his mistress?
And last night in your cups too how indecent,
And rudely you behav'd!

Syrus. 'Tis very true.

Chremes. So very troublesome, so help me, heav'n,
I fear'd the consequence. I know the ways
Of lovers: they oft take offence at things,
You dream not of.

Clit. But my companion, Sir,
Is confident I would not wrong him.

Chremes. Granted.

Yet you should cease to hang for ever on them.
Withdraw, and leave them sometimes to themselves.
Love has a thousand fallies; you restrain them.
I can conjecture from myself. There's none,
How near foever, Clitipho, to whom
I dare lay open all my weaknesses.
With one my pride forbids it, with another
The very action shames me: and believe me,
It is the same with Him; and 'tis our place
To mark on what occasions to indulge him.

Syrus. What says *He* now? [aside.

Clit. Confusion!

Syrus.

Syrus. Clitipho,

These are the very precepts that I gave you :
And how discreet and temperate you've been !

Clit. Prithee, peace !

Syrus. Ay, I warrant you.

Chremes. Oh, Syrus,

I'm quite ashamed of him.

Syrus. I do not doubt it.

Nor without reason ; for it troubles Me.

Clit. Still, rascal ?

Syrus. Nay, I do but speak the truth.

Clit. May I not then go near them ?

Chremes. Prithee, then,

Is there *one* way alone of going near them ?

Syrus. Confusion ! he'll betray himself, before
I get the money. [*aside.*]---Chremes, will you once
Hear a fool's counsel ?

Chremes. What do you advise ?

Syrus. Order your son about his business.

Clit. Whither ?

Syrus. Whither ? where'er you please. Give place
to Them.

Go, take a walk.

Clit. Walk ! where ?

Syrus. A pretty question !

This, that, or any way.

Chremes. He says right. Go !

Clit.

Clit. Now, plague upon you, Syrus! [*going.*
Syrus to Clit. going.] Henceforth, learn
 To keep those hands of yours at rest. [*Exit Clitipho.*

S C E N E VI.

C H R E M E S, S Y R U S.

Syrus. D'ye mind?

What think you, Chremes, will become of him,
 Unless you do your utmost to preserve,
 Correct, and counsel him?

Chremes. I'll take due care.

Syrus. But now's your time, Sir, to look after him.

Chremes. It shall be done.

Syrus. It must be, if you're wise:
 For ev'ry day he minds Me less and less.

Chremes. But, Syrus, say, what progress have you
 made

In that affair I just now mention'd to you?
 Have you struck out a scheme, that pleases you?
 Or are you still to seek?

Syrus. The plot, you mean,
 On Menedemus. I've just hit on one.

Chremes. Good fellow! prithee now, what is't?

Syrus. I'll tell you.
 But as one thing brings in another——

Chremes. Well ?

Syrus. This Bacchis is a fad jade.

Chremes. So it seems.

Syrus. Ay, Sir, if you knew all ! nay, even now
She's hatching mischief.----Dwelling hereabouts,
There was of late an old Corinthian woman,
To whom this Bacchis lent a thousand pieces.

Chremes. What then ?

Syrus. The woman's dead ; and left behind
A daughter, very young, whom she bequeath'd,
By way of pledge, to Bacchis for the money.

Chremes. I understand.

Syrus. This girl came here with Bacchis,
And now is with your wife.*

Chremes. What then ?

Syrus. She begs
Of Clinia to advance the cash ; for which
She'll give the girl as an equivalent.
She wants the thousand pieces.

Chremes. Does she so ?

Syrus. No doubt on't.

Chremes. So I thought.—And what do you
Intend to do ?

* *And now is with your wife.]* women at the feast, who were
Antiphila is shortly to be ac- no other than courtezans, but
knowledged as the daughter with the wife of Chremes, and
of Chremes. She is not there- consequently free from reproach
fore in company with the other or scandal. DACIER.

Syrus. Who? I, Sir? I'll away
To Menedemus presently; and tell him
This maiden is a rich and noble captive,
Stolen from Caria; and to ransom her
Will greatly profit him.

Chremes. 'Twill never do.

Syrus. How so?

Chremes. I answer now for Menedemus.

I will not purchase her. What say you now?

Syrus. Give a more favourable answer!

Chremes. No,

There's no occasion.*

* *There's no occasion.*] Chremes is not allowed here to explain himself, being prevented by the coming of his wife; nor have any of the commentators given themselves the trouble to do it for him. What seems most probable to me is this. He finds that Bacchis makes a demand of ten minæ, and offers Antiphila as a pledge for it; a bargain by which he was sure to lose nothing, and wherein Bacchis could not deceive him, the girl being already in his possession. It is therefore likely that he intended to advance the money on those conditions himself. DACIER.

The above conjecture of Madam Dacier would be a very ingenious way of accounting

for a man's conduct in these circumstances in real life; but in a play where the source of every action is industriously laid open by the poet, had this been the intention of Chremes, I should think it would have been expressed, and the motive, that influenced him to it, also assigned. The following note on this scene gives a much better account of this conference between Chremes and Syrus, and shews of how much use it is in the ensuing part of the fable.

“ Syrus pretends to have con-
“ certed this plot against Mene-
“ demus, in order to trick him
“ out of some money to be
“ given to Clinia's supposed
“ mistress. Chremes, how-
“ ever, does not approve of
U 2 “ this;

Syrus. No occasion?

Chremes. No.

Syrus. I cannot comprehend you.

Chremes. I'll explain.

—But hold! what now? whence comes it, that our
door

Opens so hastily?

S C E N E VII.

*Enter at a distance SOSTRATA with a Ring,
and the Nurse.*

Sostra. I'm much deceiv'd,
Or this is certainly the very ring;
The ring, with which my daughter was expos'd.

Chremes to Syrus behind.] What can those words
mean, Syrus?

Sostra. Tell me, Nurse!
Does it appear to You to be the same?

Nurse. Ay, marry: and the very moment that
You shew'd it me, I said it was the same.

Sostra. But have you thoroughly examin'd, Nurse?

Nurse. Ay, thoroughly.

“ this: yet it serves to carry “ debtor of Bacchis, and is
“ on the plot; for when An- “ obliged to lay down the sum
“ tiphila proves afterwards to “ for which he imagines his
“ be the daughter of Chremes, “ daughter was pledged.” EU-
“ he necessarily becomes the GRAPHIUS.

Sostra.

Sofra. In then, and let me know
If she has yet done bathing; and meanwhile
I'll wait my husband here. [Exit Nurse.

Syrus. She wants you, Sir!
Enquire, what she would have. She's very grave.
'Tis not for nothing; and I fear the cause.

Cbremes. The cause? pshaw! nothing. She'll take
mighty pains
To be deliver'd of some mighty trifle.

Sofra. [seeing them.] Oh husband!

Cbremes. Oh wife!

Sofra. I was looking for you.

Cbremes. Your pleasure?

Sofra. First, I must intreat you then,
Believe, I would not dare do any thing
Against your order.

Cbremes. What! must I believe
A thing past all belief?---I do believe it.

Syrus. This exculpation bodes some fault, I'm sure.
[aside.

Sofra. Do you remember, I was pregnant once,
When you assur'd me with much earnestness,
That if I were deliver'd of a girl,
You would not have the child brought up?

Cbremes. I know
What you have done. You have brought up the
child.

Syrus. Madam, if so, my master gains a loss.*

Sostrata. No, I have not: but there was at that time
An old Corinthian woman dwelling here,
To whom I gave the child to be expos'd.

Chremes. Oh Jupiter! was ever such a fool!

Sostrata. Ah, what have I committed?

Chremes. What committed?

Sostrata. If I've offended, Chremes, 'tis a crime
Of ignorance, and nothing of my purpose.

Chremes. Own it, or not, I know it well enough,
That ignorantly, and imprudently,
You do and say all things: how many faults
In this one action are you guilty of?
For first, had you complied with my commands,
The girl had been dispatch'd;† and not her death

* *Madam, if so, my master gains a loss.*] *Si sic factum est, domina, ergo verus DAMNO AUCTUS est.* The most indifferent parts of an author commonly give the most trouble. The sense of the original being somewhat dark, and the best construction not very elegant, several attempts have been made to amend and alter the text. In this, as in most other cases, I believe the common reading to be the right; and that it contains nothing more than a conceit from the slave, founded on the words *damno auctus*, which I have endeavoured to render in

the manner of the original, *gains a loss.* Some think by *his master* is meant Clitipho, others Chremes. Eugraphius explains the words to signify that Clitipho will be a loser by a new-found sister, who will be co-heiress; and others will have them to imply the loss to be sustained by Chremes in paying Antiphila's portion.

† *The girl had been dispatch'd.*] One cannot avoid being seized with a kind of horror, to think that, in a country so polite as Greece, men should be so barbarous, as to murder
their

Pretended, and hopes given of her life.
 But that I do not dwell upon: You'll cry,
 "—Pity,---a mother's fondness."—I allow it.
 But then how rarely you provided for her!
 What could you mean? confider!---for 'tis plain,
 You have betray'd your child to that old beldam,
 Either for prostitution or for sale.
 So she but liv'd, it was enough, you thought:
 No matter how, or what vile life she led.
 —What can one do, or how proceed, with those,
 Who know of neither reason, right, nor justice?
 Better or worse, for or against, they see
 Nothing but what they list.

Softra. My dearest Chremes,
 I own I have offended: I'm convinc'd.
 But since you're more experienc'd than myself,
 I pray you be the more indulgent too,
 And let my weakness shelter in your justice.

Chremes. Well, well, I pardon you: but, Softrata,
 Forgiving you thus easily, I do
 But teach you to offend again. But come,
 Say, wherefore you begun this?

their own children without re- ders, but even of exposing
 morse, when they imagined it children. But philosophy is
 to be for the interest of their always weak and unavailing,
 family. Philosophy had long when oppos'd to customs au-
 before this demonstrated the thorized by long usage. PA-
 horror, not only of these mur- TRICK.

Sofra. As we women
 Are generally weak and superstitious,
 When first to this Corinthian old woman
 I gave the little infant, from my finger
 I drew a ring, and charg'd her to expose
 That with my daughter: that if chance she died,
 * She might have part of our possessions with her.

Chremes. † 'Twas right: you thus preserv'd your-
 self and her.

Sofra. This is that ring.

Chremes. Where had it you?

Sofra. The girl
 That Bacchis brought with her ———

Syrus. Ha! [*aside.*

Chremes. What says She?

* *She might have part of our possessions.*] The antients imagined they were guilty of a most heinous crime, if they suffered their children to die, without having possessed some part of their fortune: the women therefore, who are generally superstitious, when they exposed their children, put some jewel or other trinket among their cloaths, by this means thinking to discharge their claim of inheritance, and to clear their own conscience.
 DACIER.

† *'Twas right: you thus preserv'd, &c.*] The meaning of this passage is this. Chremes tells his wife, that by having given this ring, she had done two good acts instead of one; she had cleared her conscience, and preserved her child; for had there been no ring or other token among the infant's things, the finder would scarce have been at the trouble of taking care of her, but might have left her to perish, never suspecting she would ever be enquired after, or themselves liberally rewarded for their pains of preserving her. DACIER.

Sofra.

Sostra. Desir'd I'd keep it while she went to bathe.*
I took no notice on't at first; but I
No sooner look'd on't, than I knew't again,
And straight run out to you.

Chremes. And what d'ye think,
Or know concerning her?

Sostra. I cannot tell,
Till you enquire of herself, and find,
If possible, from whence she had the ring.

Syrus. Undone! I see more hope than I desire.†
She's our's, if this be so. [aside.

Chremes. Is she alive
To whom you gave the child?

Sostra. I do not know.

Chremes. What did she tell you formerly?

Sostra. That she
Had done what I commanded her.

Chremes. Her name;
That we may make enquiry.

Sostra. Philtere.

* *While she went to bathe.]* Hedelin is grossly mistaken in saying that Antiphila bathed during the fourth act. It is so far from true, that, in the beginning of this scene, Sostrata sends the nurse to see if Antiphila was not already come out of the bath. DACIER,

† *Undone! &c.]* Syrus is alarmed, fearing that, by the discovery of Antiphila, their plot on Menedemus would be baffled, and their imposition on Chremes detected. EUGRAPHIUS.

Syrus.

Syrus. The very same! she's found, and I am lost.

[*aside.*]

Chremes. In with me, Sostrata!

Sostra. Beyond my hopes.

How much I fear'd you should continue still

So rigidly inclin'd, as formerly,

When you refus'd to educate her, Chremes!

Chremes. Men cannot always be, as they desire,*

But must be govern'd by their fortunes still.

The times are alter'd with me, and I wish

To have a daughter now; then, nothing less. †

* *Men cannot always, &c.]* This he says by way of palliating the cruelty of his former orders to put the child to death.
DACIER.

† *Then, nothing less.]* Here ends the act, and, by the discovery of Antiphila, to all appearance, the main story of the piece. The following observation on the great art of our

poet, in continuing it through two acts more, is extremely just and ingenious.

“What would become of the
“piece which Terence has cal-
“led the Self-Tormentor, if
“the poet, by an extraordinary
“effort of genius, had not
“contriv'd to take up the story
“of Clinia anew, and to weave
“it in with the intrigue of Cli-
“tipho?” DIDEROT.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SYRUS *alone.*

MY mind misgives me, my defeat is nigh.*
 This unexpected incident has driven
 My forces into such a narrow pass,
 I cannot even handsomely retreat
 Without some feint, to hinder our old man
 From seeing that this wench is Clitipho's.
 As for the money, and the trick I dreamt of,

* *My mind, &c.*] Madam Dacier, and most of the later critics who have implicitly followed her, tell us, that, in the interval between the third and fourth acts, Syrus has been present at the interview between Chremes and Antiphila within. The only difficulty in this doctrine is how to reconcile it to the apparent ignorance of Syrus, which he discovers at the entrance of Clinia. But this objection, says she, is easily answered. Syrus having partly heard Antiphila's story, and finding things likely to take an unfavourable turn, retires to consider what is best to be done.

But surely this is a most unnatural impatience at so critical a juncture: and after all, would it not be better to take up the matter just where Terence has left it, and to suppose that Syrus knew nothing more of the affair than what might be collected from the late conversation between Chremes and Sostrata, at which we know he was present? This at once accounts for his apprehensions, which he betrayed even during that scene, as well as for his imperfect knowledge of the real state of the case, till apprized of the whole by Clinia.

Those

Those hopes are flown, and I shall hold it triumph,
 So I but 'scape a scouring.---Curfed Fortune,
 To have fo delicate a morfel fnatch'd
 Out of my very jaws!—What fhall I do ?
 What new device? for I muft change my plan.
 —Nothing fo difficult, but may be won
 By induftry.---Suppofe, I try it thus. [*thinking.*
 ---'Twill never do.---Or thus?---No better ftill,
 But thus I think.---No, no.---Yes, excellent!
 Courage! I have it.---Good!---Good!---Beft of all!—
 ---'Faith, I begin to hope to lay faft hold
 Of that fame flipp'ry money after all.

S C E N E II.

Enter CLINIA at another part of the Stage.

Clin. Henceforward, Fate, do with me what thou
 wilt !

Such is my joy, fo full and abfolute,
 I cannot know vexation. From this hour
 To you, my father, I refign myfelf,
 Content to be more frugal than you wifh !

Syrus, overhearing.] 'Tis juft as I fuppos'd. The
 girl's acknowledg'd ;

His raptures fpeak it fo.---[*going up.*] I'm overjoy'd,
 That things have happen'd to your wifh.

Clin. O Syrus !

I

Have

Have You then heard it too ?

Syrus. Undoubtedly.

I, who was present at the very time !

Clin. Was ever any thing so lucky ?

Syrus. Nothing.

Clin. Now, heav'n so help me, I rejoice at this
On her account much rather than my own,
Her, whom I know worthy the highest honours.

Syrus. No doubt on't---But now, Clinia, hold awhile!
Give me a moment's hearing in my turn.
For your friend's business must be thought of now,
And well secur'd ; lest our old gentleman
Suspect about the wench.

Clin. O Jupiter ! [in raptures.

Syrus. Peace ! [impatiently.

Clin. My Antiphila shall be my wife.

Syrus. And will you interrupt me ?

Clin. Oh, my Syrus,
What can I do? I'm overjoy'd. Bear with me.

Syrus. Troth, so I do.

Clin. We're happy, as the Gods.

Syrus. I lose my labour on you.

Clin. Speak ; I hear.

Syrus. Ay, but you don't attend.

Clin. I'm all attention.

Syrus. I say then, Clinia, that your friend's affairs
Must be attended to, and well secur'd ;
For if you now depart abruptly from us,

And

And leave the wench upon our hands, my master
Will instantly discover, she belongs
To Clitipho. But if you take her off,
It will remain, as still it is, a secret.

Clin. But, Syrus, this is flatly opposite
To what I most devoutly wish, my marriage.
For with what face shall I accost my father?
D'ye understand me?

Syrus. Ay.

Clin. What can I say?
What reason can I give him?

Syrus. Tell no lie.
Speak the plain truth.

Clin. How?

Syrus. Every syllable.
Tell him your passion for Antiphila;
Tell him you wish to marry her, and tell him,
Bacchis belongs to Clitipho.

Clin. 'Tis well,
In reason, and may easily be done:
And then besides, you'd have me win my father,
To keep it hid from your old gentleman?

Syrus. No; rather to prevail on him, to go
And tell him the whole truth immediately.

Clin. How? are you mad or drunk? You'll be
the ruin
Of Clitipho; for how can he be safe?

Eh,

Eh, Sirrah!

Syrus. That's my masterpiece: This plot
Is my chief glory, and I'm proud to think
I have such force, such pow'r of cunning in me,
As to be able to deceive them both,
By speaking the plain truth: that when your father
Tells Chremes, Bacchis is his own son's mistress,
He shan't believe it.

Clin. But that way again
You blast my hopes of marriage: for while Chremes
Supposes her my mistress, he'll not grant
His daughter to me. You, perhaps, don't care,
So you provide for him, what comes of me.

Syrus. Why, plague! d'ye think I'd have you
counterfeit
For ever? but a day, to give me time
To bubble Chremes of the money.---Peace!
Not an hour more.

Clin. Is that sufficient for you?
But then, suppose, his father find it out!

Syrus. *Suppose, as some folks say, the sky should
fall!

* *Suppose,—the sky shou'd fall.]* μηποτε ο υρανος αυτους εμπροσθι,
There is a remarkable passage “ that they feared, lest the
in Arrian's account of Alex- “ sky should fall.” Alexander,
ander, lib. 4. where he tells who expected to hear himself
us that some ambassadors from named, was surpris'd at an an-
the Celtæ, being asked by Alex- swer, which signified that they
ander, what in the world they thought themselves beyond the
dreaded most, answered Δεδιεναι, reach of all human power,
plainly

Clin. Still I'm afraid.

Syrus. Afraid indeed! as if

It were not in your pow'r, whene'er you pleas'd,
To clear yourself, and tell the whole affair.

Clin. Well, well, let Bacchis be brought over then!

Syrus. Well said! and here she comes.

S C E N E III.

*Enter BACCHIS, PHRYGIA, &c. at another
Part of the Stage.*

Bacch. Upon my life,
This Syrus with his golden promises
Has fool'd me hither charmingly! Ten Minæ
He gave me full assurance of: but if
He now deceives me, come whene'er he will,
Canting and fawning to allure me hither,
It shall be all in vain; I will not stir.
Or when I have agreed, and fix'd a time,
Of which he shall have giv'n his master notice,
And Clitipho is all agog with hope,
I'll fairly jilt them both, and not come near them;
And master Syrus' back shall smart for it.

Clin. She promises you very fair.

plainly implying that nothing or a total destruction of nature.
could hurt them, unless he PATRICK.
would suppose impossibilities,

Syrus.

Syrus. D'ye think

She jests? She'll do it, if I don't take heed.

Bacch. They sleep: i'faith, I'll rouse them.* Hark
ye, Phrygia,

Did you observe the villa of Charinus, †

Which yonder fellow shew'd us? [aloud.

Phry. I did, Madam.

Bacch. The next upon the right. [aloud.

Phry. I recollect.

Bacch. Run thither quickly: for the Captain spends
The Dionysia there. [aloud.

Syrus, behind.] What means she now?

Bacch. Tell him I'm here; and fore against my will,
Detain'd by force: but I'll devise some means
To slip away and come to him. [aloud.

Syrus. Confusion!-- [comes forward.

Stay, Bacchis, *Bacchis! where d'ye send that girl?
Bid her stop!

Bacch. Go! [to Phrygia.

Syrus. The money's ready for you.

* *They sleep: i'faith I'll rouse them.]* *Dormiunt; ego pol istos commovebo:* Hedelin interprets these words literally; but surely nothing can be more plain, from the whole tenor of the scene, than that they are merely metaphorical, as Menage justly argues.

† *The villa of Charinus.]* *Villam Charini.* This passage alone is a sufficient proof that the feast of Bacchus, mentioned in this play, was the *Dionysia in the fields*; and consequently that the scene is not laid in Athens, but in the country. DACIER.

Bacch. Oh! then I stay. [Phrygia returns.]

Syrus. You shall be paid directly.

Bacch. When you please: Do I press you?

Syrus. But d'ye know
What you're to do?

Bacch. Why, what?

Syrus. You must go over,
You and your equipage, to Menedemus.

Bacch. What are you at now, sauce-box?

Syrus. Coining money,
For your use, Bacchis.

Bacch. Do you think to play
Your jests on me?

Syrus. No; this is downright earnest.

Bacch. Are You the person I'm to deal with?*

Syrus. No.

But 'twill secure your money.

Bacch. Let us go then!

Syrus. Follow her there.---Ho, Dromo!

* *Are you, &c.*] There is some difficulty in this and the next speech in the original, and the Commentators have been puzzled to make sense of them. It seems to me that the Poet's intention is no more than this.

Bacchis expresses some reluctance to act under the direction of Syrus, but is at length prevailed on, finding that he can by those means contrive to pay her the money, which he had promised her.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Enter D R O M O.*Dromo.* Who calls ?*Syrus.* Syrus.*Dromo.* Your pleasure! What's the matter now ?*Syrus.* Conduct

All Bacchis' maids to your house instantly.

Dromo. Why so ?

Syrus. No questions; let them carry over
 All they brought hither. Our old gentleman
 Will think himself reliev'd from much expence
 By their departure. Troth, he little knows,
 With how much losfs this small gain threatens him.
 If you're wise, Dromo, know not what you know.

Dromo. I'm dumb.

*[Exit Dromo, with Bacchis' servants and baggage
 into the house of Menedemus. After which,*

S C E N E V.

Enter C H R E M E S.

Chremes, to himself.] 'Fore heav'n, I pity Menedemus.
 His case is lamentable: to maintain

X 2

That

That jade, and all her harlot-family !
 Altho' I know for some few days indeed
 He will not feel it ; so exceedingly
 He long'd to have his son : but when he sees
 Such monstrous household riot and expence
 Continue daily, without end or measure,
 He'll wish his son away from him again.
 But yonder's Syrus in good time. [*seeing Syrus.*]

Syrus. I'll to him. [*aside.*]

Chremes. Syrus.

Syrus. Who's there ? [*turning about.*]

Chremes. What now ?

Syrus. The very man !

I have been wishing for you this long time.

Chremes. You seem to've been at work with
 Menedemus.

Syrus. What ! at our plot ? No sooner said, than done.

Chremes. Indeed !

Syrus. Indeed.

Chremes. I can't forbear to stroke
 Your head for it. Good lad ! come nearer, Syrus !
 I'll do thee some good turn for this. I will,
 I promise you. [*patting his head.*]

Syrus. Ah, if you did but know
 How luckily it came into my head !

Chremes. Pshaw, are you vain of your good luck ?

Syrus. Not I.

I speak the plain truth.

Chremes.

Cbremes. Let me know it then.

Syrus. Clinia has told his father, that the wench
Is mistress to your Clitipho ; and that
He brought her over with him to their house,
To hinder your detecting it.

Cbremes. Good ! good !

Syrus. D'ye think so ?

Cbremes. Charming !

Syrus. Ay, if you knew all.

But only hear the rest of our device.

He'll tell his father, he has seen your daughter,
Whose beauty has so charm'd him at first sight,
He longs to marry her.

Cbremes. Antiphila ?

Syrus. The same : and he'll request him to demand her
Of you in marriage.

Cbremes. To what purpose, Syrus ?
I don't conceive the drift on't.

Syrus. No ! you're slow,

Cbremes. Perhaps so,

Syrus. Menedemus instantly
Will furnish him with money for the wedding,
To buy——d'ye take me ?

Cbremes. Cloaths and jewels.

Syrus. Ay.

Cbremes. But I will neither marry, nor betroth
My daughter to him.

Syrus. No ? Why ?

Cbremes. Why!---is that
A question? to a wretch!-----

Syrus. Well, as you please.
I never meant that he should marry her,
But only to pretend-----

Cbremes. I hate pretence.
Plot as you please, but do not render me
An engine in your rogueries. Shall I
Contract my daughter, where I never can
Consent to marry her?

Syrus. I fancied so.

Cbremes. Not I.

Syrus. It might be done most dextrously:
And, in obedience to your strict commands,
I undertook this business.

Cbremes. I believe it.

Syrus. However, Sir, I meant it well.

Cbremes. Nay, nay,
Do't by all means, and spare no trouble in't;
But bring your scheme to bear some other way.

Syrus. It shall be done: I'll think upon some other,
—But then the money which I mention'd to you,
Owing to Bacchis by Antiphila,
Must be repaid her: and you will not now
Attempt to shift the matter off; or say,
“ —What is't to *me*? Was *I* the borrower?
“ Did *I* command it? Could she pledge my daughter

“ Against

“ Against *my* will ?” --- These pleas you cannot urge;
For 'tis a common saying, and a true,

* That strictest law is oft the highest wrong.

Chremes. I mean not to evade it.

Syrus. No, I'll warrant.

Nay You, tho' others did, could never think on't;
For all the world imagines you've acquir'd
A fair and handsome fortune.

Chremes. I will carry

The money to her instantly myself.

Syrus. No; rather send it by your son.

Chremes. Why so?

Syrus. Because he acts the part of her gallant.

Chremes. What then?

Syrus. Why then 'twill seem more probable,
If he presents it: I too shall effect
My scheme more easily.---And here he is,---
—In, Sir, and fetch the money out,

Chremes. I will,

[*Exit Chremes.*]

* *Strictest law is oft the highest wrong.*] *Summum jus, sæpe summa est malitia.* This, as *Syrus* himself says, was a proverb. *Menander* probably made use of it in this very play, as the same sentiment is to be found among his fragments.

— — — — — Καλον
Οι νομοι σφοδρ' ειναι· ο δ' ορων της νομης
Διαν ακριβως, συκοφαντης μοι φαινεται.

The law, 'tis true, is good and excellent;
But he who takes the letter of the law
Too strictly, is a pettyfogging knave.

S C E N E VI.

Enter CLITIPHO.

Clit. to himself.] Nothing so easy in itself, but when
 Perform'd against one's will, grows difficult.
 This little walk, how easy! yet how faint
 And weary it has made me!--and I fear
 Left I be still excluded, and forbid
 To come near Bacchis. [*seeing Syrus.*]----Now all
 pow'rs above
 Confound you, Syrus, for the trick you play'd me!
 That brain of your's is evermore contriving
 Some villainy to torture me withall.

Syrus. Away, you malapert! Your frowardness
 Had well nigh been my ruin.

Clit. Would it had!
 For you deserv'd it richly.

Syrus. How! deserv'd it?
 —I'faith I'm glad I heard you say so much
 Before you touch'd the cash, that I was just
 About to give you.

Clit. Why, what can I say?
 You went away; came back, beyond my hopes,
 And brought my mistress with you; then again
 Forbad my touching her.

Cyrus.

Syrus. Well, well, I can't
Be peevish with you now.---But do you know
Where Bacchis is?

Clit. At our house.

Syrus. No.

Clit. Where then?

Syrus. At Clinia's.

Clit. Then I'm ruin'd.

Syrus. Courage, man!

You shall go to her instantly, and carry
The money that you promis'd her.

Clit. Fine talk!

Where should I get it?

Syrus. From your father.

Clit. Pshaw!

You play upon me.

Syrus. The event shall shew.

Clit. Then I am blest indeed. Thanks, thanks,
dear Syrus!

Syrus. Hift! here's your father.----Have a care!
don't seem

Surpriz'd at any thing: give way in all:
Do as he bids, and say but little. Mum!

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

Enter CHREMES.*Chremes.* Where's Clitipho?*Syrus, to Clit.]* Here, fay.*Clit.* Here, Sir!*Chremes.* Have YouInform'd him of the bufiness? *[to Syrus.]**Syrus.* In good part.*Chremes.* Here, take the money then, and carry it,
*[to Clitipho.]**Syrus.* Plague, how you stand, log!---take it.*Clit.* Give it me. *[awkwardly.]**Syrus.* Now in with me immediately!---You, Sir,
[to Chremes.]

Be pleas'd meanwhile to wait our coming here;

There's nothing to detain us very long.

[Exeunt Clit. and Syrus.]

S C E N E VIII.

CHREMES, *alone.*My daughter now has had Ten Minæ of me,
Which I account laid out upon her board:

Ten more her cloaths will come to: and moreover
 Two Talents for her portion.—How unjust,
 And absolute is custom!* I must now
 Leave every thing, and find a stranger out,
 On whom I may bestow the sum of wealth,
 Which I have so much labour'd to acquire.

S C E N E IX.

Enter MENEDEMUS.

Mene. to himself.] Oh son, how happy hast thou
 made thy father,
 Convinc'd of thy repentance!

Chremes, overbearing.] How mistaken!

Mene. Chremes! I wish'd for you.—'Tis in your
 power,
 And I beseech you do it, to preserve
 My son, myself, and family.

Chremes. I'll do't.

Wherein can I oblige you?

* *How unjust, and absolute is custom!*] I am charmed with this sentiment, and still more with the good man's application of it. For in fact nothing can be more ridiculous, than that when a father bestows his daughter upon a man, he must also bestow part of his fortune with her. And as a proof, that custom only authorizes such a practice, in antient times the very contrary was the case, money and presents being given to the fathers by those who demanded their daughters in marriage. MADAM DACIER.

Mene.

Mene. You to-day
Have found a daughter.

Cbremes. True. What then?

Mene. My Clinia
Begs your consent to marry her.

Cbremes. Good heaven!
What kind of man are you?

Mene. What mean you, Chremes?

Cbremes. Has it then slipt your memory so soon,
The conversation that we had together,
Touching the rogueries they should devise,
To trick you of your money?

Mene. I remember.

Cbremes. This is the trick.

Mene. How, Chremes? I'm deceiv'd.
'Tis as you say. From what a pleasing hope
Have I then fall'n!

Cbremes. And she, I warrant you,*
Now at your house, is my son's mistress? Eh!

Mene. So they say.

Cbremes. What! and you believ'd it?

Mene. All.

Cbremes. —And they say too he wants to marry her?
That soon as I've consented, you may give him

* *And she, I warrant you, &c.*] These two or three speeches are differently divided in different editions. I have followed that order, which seemed to me to create the most lively and natural dialogue.

Money to furnish him with jewels, cloaths,
And other necessaries.

Mene. Ay, 'tis so :
The money's for his mistress.

Chremes. To be sure.

Mene. Alas, my transports are all groundless then.
—Yet I would rather bear with any thing,
Than lose my son again.—What answer, Chremes,
Shall I return with, that he mayn't perceive
I've found him out, and take offence ?

Chremes. Offence !

You're too indulgent to him, Menedemus !

Mene. Allow me. I've begun, and must go through.
Do but continue to assist me, Chremes.

Chremes. Say we have met, and treated of the
match.

Mene. Well; and what else ?

Chremes. That I give full consent ;
That I approve my son-in-law ;—In short,
You may assure him also, if you please,
That I've betroth'd my daughter to him.

Mene. Good !
The very thing I wanted.

Chremes. So your son
The sooner shall demand the money of you ;
And so shall you, according to your wish,
The sooner give.

Mene.

310 THE SELF-TORMENTOR.

Mene. It is my wish indeed.

Chremes. 'Fore heaven, friend, as far as I can judge,
You'll soon be weary of your son again.

But be it as it may, give cautiously,
A little at a time, if you are wise.

Mene. I will.

Chremes. Go in, and see what he demands.
If you shou'd want me, I'm at home.

Mene. 'Tis well.

For I shall let you know, do what I will.

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT



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

M E N E D E M U S *alone.*

THAT I'm not overwife, no conjurer,
 I know full well: but my assistant here,
 And counsellor, and grand comptroller Chremes,
 Outgoes me far: dolt, blockhead, ninny, afs;
 Or these, or any other common terms
 By which men speak of fools, befit Me well:
 But Him they suit not: His stupidity
 Is so transcendent, it exceeds them all.

S C E N E II.

Enter C H R E M E S.

Chremes, to Sostrata within.] Nay prithee, good wife,
 cease to stun the Gods
 With thanking them that you have found your daughter;
 Unless you fancy they are like yourself,
 And think, they cannot understand a thing
 Unless said o'er and o'er a hundred times.
 —But meanwhile [*coming forward*] wherefore do my
 son and Syrus

Loiter

Loiter so long ?

Mene. Who are those loiterers, Chremes ?

Cbremes. Ha, Menedemus, are You there ?---Inform me,

Have you told Clinia what I said ?

Mene. The whole.

Cbremes. And what said He ?

Mene. Grew quite transported at it,
Like those who wish for marriage.

Cbremes. Ha! ha! ha!

Mene. What do you laugh at ?

Cbremes. I was thinking of

The cunning rogueries of that slave, Syrus. [*laughing.*

Mene. Oh, was That it ?

Cbremes. Why, he can form and mould
The very visages of men, a rogue ! [*laughing.*

Mene. Meaning my son's well-acted transport ?

Cbremes. Ay. [*laughing.*

Mene. The very thing that I was thinking of.

Cbremes. A subtle villain ! [*laughing.*

Mene. Nay, if you knew more,
You'd be still more convinc'd on't.

Cbremes. Say you so ?

Mene. Ay ; do but hear.

Cbremes, laughing.] Hold! hold! inform me first
How much you're out of pocket. For as soon
As you inform'd your son of my consent,

Dromo,

Dromo, I warrant, gave you a broad hint,
That the bride wanted jewels, cloaths, attendants;
That you might pay the money.

Mene. No.

Cbremes. How? No?

Mene. No, I say.

Cbremes. What! nor Clinia?

Mene. Not a word;

But only prest the marriage for to-day.

Cbremes. Amazing!--But our Syrus? Did not He
Throw in a word or two?

Mene. Not he.

Cbremes. How so?

Mene. Faith I can't tell: but I'm amaz'd that you,
Who see so clearly into all the rest,
Shou'd stick at this.--But that arch villain Syrus
Has form'd and moulded your son too so rarely,
That nobody can have the least suspicion,
That this is Clinia's mistress.

Cbremes. How?

Mene. I pass

Their kisses and embraces. All that's nothing.

Cbremes. What is there more that he can counterfeit?

Mene. Ah! *[Smiling.]*

Cbremes. What d'ye mean?

Mene. Nay, do but hear. I have
A private snug apartment, a back-room,

* Whither a bed was brought and made.

Chremes. What then?

Mene. No sooner done, than in went Clitipho.

Chremes. Alone?

Mene. Alone.

Chremes. I tremble.

Mene. Bacchis follow'd.

Chremes. Alone?

Mene. Alone.

Chremes. Undone!

Mene. No sooner in,

But they made fast the door.

Chremes. Ha! And was Clinia

Witness to this?

Mene. He was.---Both He and I.

Chremes. Bacchis is my son's mistress, Menedemus!
I'm ruin'd.

Mene. Why d'ye think so?

Chremes. Mine is scarce

A Ten-days family.

Mene. What! are you dismay'd

* *Whither a bed was BROUGHT*
[Peter Nannius observes
that the beds among the an-
tients were portable, and pro-
duces a passage from the Odyf-
sey, wherein Penelope orders
the marriage-bed to be produ-
ced, to try whether Ulysses was
really her husband, or an im-

postor, by his manner of ac-
knowledging it; because this
bed was formed out of the trunk
of an olive, wrought into the
apartment itself, and therefore,
contrary to the nature of other
beds, could not be removed.
WESTERHOVIUS.

Because

Because he sticks so closely to his friend?

Chremes. Friend! His *She*-friend.

Mene. If so——

Chremes. Is that a doubt?

Is any man so courteous, and so patient,
As tamely to stand by, and see his mistress —

Mene. Ha, ha, ha! Why not?—That I, you know,
Might be more easily impos'd upon. [*ironically.*]

Chremes. D'ye laugh at me? I'm angry with myself;
And well I may. How many circumstances
Conspir'd to make it gross and palpable,
Had I not been a stone!—What things I saw!
Fool, fool!—But by my life I'll be reveng'd;
For now——

Mene. And can't you then contain yourself?
Have you no self-respect? And am not I
A full example for you?

Chremes. Menedemus,
My anger throws me quite beside myself.

Mene. That You should talk thus! Is it not a shame
To be so liberal of advice to others,
So wise abroad, and poor in sense at home?

Chremes. What shall I do?

Mene. That which but even now*

* *That which but even now*
you counsell'd me.] One of the
great beauties of this scene con-
sists in Chremes' retorting on

Menedemus the very advice
given by himself at the begin-
ning of the piece. DACIER.

You counsell'd me to do : Give him to know
 That you're indeed a father : let him dare
 Trust his whole soul to you, seek, ask of you ;
 Left he to others have recourse, and leave you,

Cbremes. And let him go ; go where he will ;
 much rather

Than here by his extravagance reduce
 His father to distress and beggary.
 For if I should continue to supply
 The course of his expences, Menedemus,
 Your desp'rate rakes wou'd be my lot indeed.

Mene. Ah, to what evils you'll expose yourself,
 Unless you're cautious ! You will seem severe,
 And yet forgive him afterwards, and then
 With an ill grace too.

Cbremes. Ah, you do not know
 How much this grieves me.

Mene. Well, well, take your way.
 But tell me, do you grant me my request,
 That this your new-found daughter wed my son ?
 Or is there aught more welcome to you ?

Cbremes. Nothing.
 The son-in-law, and the alliance please me.

Mene. What portion shall I tell my son you've settled?
 Why are you silent ?

Cbremes. Portion !

Mene. Ay, what portion ?

Cbremes. Ah !

Mene.

Mene. Fear not, Chremes, tho' it be but small:
The portion nothing moves us.

Chremes. I propos'd,
According to my fortune, that Two Talents
Were full sufficient: But you *now* must say,
If you'd save me, my fortune, and my son,
That I have settled all I have upon her.

Mene. What mean you?

Chremes. Counterfeit amazement too,
And question Clitipho my reason for it.

Mene. Nay, but I really do not know your reason.

Chremes. My reason for it?---That his wanton mind,
Now flush'd with lux'ry and lasciviousness,
I may o'erwhelm; and bring him down so low,
He may not know which way to turn himself.

Mene. What are you at?

Chremes. Allow me! let me have
My own way in this business.

Mene. I allow you.
It is your pleasure?

Chremes. It is,

Mene. Be it so.

Chremes. Come then, let Clinia haste to call the
bride.

And for this son of mine, he shall be school'd,
As children ought.---But Syrus!---

Mene. What of him?

Chremes. What! I'll so handle him, so curry him,

That while he lives he shall remember me.

[*Exit Menedemus,

What! make a jest of me? a laughing stock?
Now, afore heav'n, he would not dare to treat
A poor lone widow, as he treated me.

S C E N E III.

Re-enter MENEDEMUS with CLITIPHO
and SYRUS.

Clit. And can it, Menedemus, can it be,
My father has so suddenly cast off
All natural affection? for what act?
What crime, alas, so heinous have I done?
It is a common failing.

Mene. This, I know,
Should be more heavy and severe to you

* *Exit Menedemus.*] The departure of Menedemus here is very abrupt, seeming to be in the midst of a conversation; and his re-entrance with Clitipho, already supposed to be apprized of what had past between the two old gentlemen, is equally precipitate. Menage imagines that some verses are lost here. Madam Dacier strains hard to defend the poet, and fills up the void of time by

her old expedient of making the audience wait to see Chremes walk impatiently to and fro, till a sufficient time is elapsed for Menedemus to have given Clitipho a summary account of the cause of his father's anger. The truth is, that a too strict observance of Unity of Place will necessarily produce such absurdities; and there are several other instances of the like nature in Terence.

On

On whom it falls: and yet am I no less
 Affected by it, tho' I know not why,
 And have no other reason for my grief,
 But that I wish you well.

Clit. Did not you say
 My father waited here?

Mene. Ay; there he is. [*Exit Menedemus.*]

Cbremes. Why d'ye accuse your father, Clitipho?
 Whate'er I've done, was providently done
 Tow'rd you and your imprudence. When I saw
 Your negligence of soul, and that you held
 The pleasures of to-day your only care,
 Regardless of the morrow; I found means
 That you shou'd neither want, nor waste my substance.
 When You, whom fair succession first made heir,
 Stood self-degraded by unworthiness,
 I went to those the next in blood to you,
 Committing and consigning all to Them.
 There shall your weakness, Clitipho, be sure
 Ever to find a refuge, food, and raiment,
 And roof to fly to,

Clit. Ah me!

Cbremes. Better thus,
 Than, you being heir, for Bacchis to have all.

Syrus. Distraction! what disturbances have I,
 Wretch that I am, all unawares created!

Clit. Wou'd I were dead!

Chremes. Learn first, what 'tis to live.
When you know That, if life displeases you,
Then talk of dying.

Syrus. Master, may I speak?

Chremes. Speak.

Syrus. But with safety?

Chremes. Speak.

Syrus. How wrong is this,
Or rather what extravagance and madness,
To punish him for my offence!

Chremes. Away!

Do not you meddle. No one blames you, Syrus
Nor need you to provide a sanctuary,
Or intercessor.

Syrus. What is it you do?

Chremes. I am not angry, nor with you, nor him:
Nor should you take offence at what I do.

[*Exit Chremes.*]

S C E N E IV.

Manent CLITIPHO, SYRUS.

Syrus. He's gone. Ah, wou'd I'd ask'd him——

Clit. Ask'd what, Syrus?

Syrus. Where I shou'd eat, since he has cast us off.
You, I perceive, are quarter'd on your sister.

Clit. Is't come to this, that I shou'd be in fear
Of starving, Syrus?

Syrus. So we do but live,
There's hope——

Clit. Of what?

Syrus. That we shall have rare stomachs.

Clit. D'ye jest at such a time as this ;
And lend me no assistance by your counsel ?

Syrus. Nay, I was studying for you even now,
And was so all the while your father spoke.
And far as I can understand this—

Clit. What ?

Syrus. Stay, you shall have it presently. [*thinking.*]

Clit. Well, what ?

Syrus. Thus then: I don't believe that you're
their son.

Clit. How, *Syrus* ! are you mad ?

Syrus. I'll speak my thoughts.

Be you the judge. While they had You alone,
While yet there was no other, nearer joy,
You they indulg'd, and gave with open hand :
But now a daughter's found, their real child,
A cause is found to drive you forth.

Clit. 'Tis like.

Syrus. Think you this fault so angers him ?

Clit. I think not.

Syrus. Consider too ; 'tis ever found, that mothers
Plead for their sons, and in the father's wrath
Defend them. 'Tis not so at present.

Clit. True.

What

What shall I do then, Syrus?

Syrus. Ask of them

The truth of this suspicion. Speak your thoughts.

If 'tis not so, you'll speedily incline them

Both to compassion; or, if so, be told

Whose son you are.

Clit. Your counsel's good. I'll do't.

S C E N E V.

S Y R U S *alone.*

*A lucky thought of mine! for Clitipho,
The less he hopes, so much more easily
Will he reduce his father to good terms.
Besides, who knows but he may take a wife;
No thanks to Syrus neither.—But who's here?
Chremes!—I'm off: for seeing what has pass,
I wonder that he did not order me
To be truss'd up immediately. I'll hence
To Menedemus, and prevail on him
To intercede for me: as matters stand,
I dare not trust to our old gentleman. [*Exit Syrus.*]

* The art and address of this stratagem of Syrus is excellent, and cannot be sufficiently admired. DACIER.

S C E N E VI.

Enter C H R E M E S, S O S T R A T A.

Sostra. Nay indeed, husband, if you don't take care,
You'll bring some kind of mischief on your son :
I can't imagine how a thought so idle
Could come into your head.

Cbremes. Still, woman, still
D'ye contradict me? Did I ever wish
For any thing in all my life, but you
In that same thing oppos'd me, Sostrata?
Yet now if I should ask, wherein I'm wrong,
Or wherefore I act thus, you do not know.
Why then d'ye contradict me, Simpleton?

Sostra. Not know?

Cbremes. Well, well, you know: I grant it, rather
Than hear your idle story o'er again.

Sostra. Ah, 'tis unjust in you to ask my silence
In such a thing as this.

Cbremes. I do not ask it.
Speak if you will: I'll do it ne'ertheless.

Sostra. Will you?

Cbremes. I will.

Sostra. You don't perceive what harm

May

May come of this. He thinks himself a foundling.*

Chremes. A foundling, say you?

Softra. Yes indeed, he does.

Chremes. Confess it to be true.

Softra. Ah, heav'n forbid!

Let our most bitter enemies do that!

Shall I disown my son, my own dear child?

Chremes. What! do you fear you cannot, at your pleasure,

Produce convincing proofs that he's your own?

Softra. Is it, because my daughter's found,† you say this?

* *He thinks himself a foundling.*] *Subditum se SUSPICATUR.* It is odd enough that Madam Dacier changes the text here, according to an alteration of her father, and reads *SUSPICATUR*, *He MAY think himself a foundling*—and assigns as a reason for it, that Terence could not be guilty of the very impropriety which she undertook to vindicate in the preceding scene. I have followed the common reading; because Chremes, ordering her to confirm her son's suspicions, shews that he understood her words in a positive, not a potential, sense. Clitipho, on his entrance in the next scene, seems to renew a request already made; and it would be a poor artifice in the

poet, and, as Patrick observes, below the genius of Terence, to make Softrata apprehend that these would be her son's suspicions, before she had any reason to suppose so.

† *Because my daughter's found.*] Madam Dacier, as well as all the rest of the commentators, has stuck at these words. Most of them imagine she means to say, that the discovery of Antiphila is a plain proof that she is not barren. Madam Dacier supposes that she intimates such a proof to be easy, because Clitipho and Antiphila were extremely alike; which sense she thinks immediately confirmed by the answer of Chremes. I cannot agree with any of them,
and

Chremes. No: but because, a stronger reason far,
 His manners are so very like your own,
 They are convincing proofs that he's your son.
 He is quite like you: not a vice, whereof
 He is inheritor, but dwells in You:
 And such a son no mother but yourself
 Could have engender'd.---But he comes.---How grave!
 Look in his face, and you may guess his plight.

S C E N E VII.

Enter CLITIPHO.

Clit. O Mother, if there ever was a time
 When you took pleasure in me, or delight
 To call me son, beseech you, think of that;
 Pity my present misery, and tell me
 Who are my real parents!

Sostrata. My dear son,

and think that the whole difficulty of the passage here, as in many other places, is entirely of their own making. Sostrata could not refer to the reply of Chremes, because she could not possibly tell what it would be: but her own speech is intended as an answer to his preceding one, which she takes as a sneer on her late wonderful discovery of a daughter; imagining that he means to insinuate, that she could at any time with equal ease make out the proofs of the birth of her son.—The elliptical mode of expression, so usual in Terence, together with the refinements of commentators, seem to have created all the obscurity.

Take

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Take not, I-beg, that notion to your mind,
That you're an alien to our blood.

Clit. I am.

Soфра. Ah me! and can you then demand me that?
So may you prosper after both, as you're
Of both the child! and if you love your mother,
Take heed henceforward that I never hear
Such words from you.

Chremes. And if you fear your father,
See that I never find such vices in you.

Clit. What vices?

Chremes. What? I'll tell you. Trifler, idler,
Cheat, drunkard, whoremaster, and prodigal.
—Think this, and think that you are our's.

Soфра. These words
Suit not a father.

Chremes. No, no, Clitipho,
*Tho' from my brain you had been born, as Pallas
Sprang, it is said, from Jupiter, I wou'd not

* *Tho' from my Brain, &c.*] I generally imagined that this is
cannot help considering this as the passage alluded to by
a touch of comick anger. How- Horace, when he says in his
ever, all the commentators are Art of Poetry,
of a different opinion; and it is

Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit;

Iratuſque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.

Yet Comedy ſometimes her voice may raiſe,
And angry Chremes rail in ſwelling phraſe.

FRANCIS.

Bear

Bear the disgrace of your enormities.

Sofra. The Gods forbid——

Chremes. I know not for the Gods:*

I will do all that lies in Me. You seek
For parents, which you have: but what is wanting,
Obedience to your father, and the means
To keep what he by labour hath acquir'd,
For That you seek not.—Did you not by tricks
Ev'n to my presence introduce——I blush
† To speak immodestly before your mother—
But you by no means blush'd to do't.

Clit. Alas!

How hateful am I to myself! how much
Am I ashamed! so lost, I cannot tell
How to attempt to pacify my father.

* *I know not for the Gods.*] *Nescio Deos.* Lambinus, in his admirable letter to Charles the 9th, accuses Terence of impiety: but the charge is groundless. Nay, had Terence been ever so wicked, he would scarce have been so imprudent as to introduce impious expressions in a play which was to be licensed by the magistrates. *Nescio Deos*, does not imply, *I care not for the Gods*, but *I know not what the Gods will do.* This is farther confirmed by a passage in the fourth scene of the second Act. Antiphila, in answer to

what Bacchis tells her of other women, says, *Nescio alias, &c.* For my own part (says she) *I know not what other women may do, &c.* and not, *I don't care for other women.* DACIER.

† *To speak immodestly before your mother.*] The Greeks and Romans were remarkably polite in this particular. They would, upon no account whatever, express themselves indecently before their wives. Religion, policy, and good manners forbid it. DACIER.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Enter MENEDEMUS.

Mene. Now in good faith our Chremes plagueth his son
Too long and too severely. I come forth
To reconcile him, and make peace between them.
And there they are!

Chremes. Ha, Menedemus! wherefore
Is not my daughter summon'd? and the portion,
I settled on her, ratified by You?

Soфра. Dear husband, I beseech you not to do it!

Clit. My father, I intreat you pardon me!

Mene. Forgive him, Chremes! let his pray'rs prevail!

Chremes. What! shall I then with open eyes bestow
My whole estate on Bacchis? I'll not do't.

Mene. We will prevent that. It shall not be so.

Clit. If you regard my life, forgive me, father!

Soфра. Do, my dear Chremes!

Mene. Do, I prithee now!

Be not obdurate, Chremes!

Chremes. Why is this?

I see I can't proceed as I've begun.

Mene. 'Tis as it shou'd be now.

Chremes. On this condition,
That he agrees to do what I think fit.

Clit.

THE SELF-TORMENTOR. 329

Clit. I will do ev'ry thing. Command me, father!

Cbremes. Take a wife.

Clit. Father!

Cbremes. Nay, Sir, no denial!

Mene. I take that charge upon me. He shall do't.

Cbremes. But I don't hear a word of it from him.

Clit. Confusion!

Softra. Do you doubt then, Clitipho?

Cbremes. Nay, which he pleases.

Mene. He'll obey in all;

Whate'er you'd have him.

Softra. This, at first, is grievous,

While you don't know it; when you know it, easy.

Clit. I'm all obedience, father!

Softra. Oh my son,

I'll give you a sweet wife, that you'll adore,

Phanocrata's, our neighbour's daughter,

Clit. Her!

That red-hair'd, blear-ey'd, wide-mouth'd, hook-
nos'd wench?

I cannot, father.

Cbremes. Oh, how nice he is!

Would any one imagine it?

Softra. I'll get you

Another then.

Clit. Well, well; since I must marry,

I know one pretty near my mind.

Softra. Good boy !

Clit. The daughter of Archonides, our neighbour.

Softra. Well chosen !

Clit. One thing, father, still remains.

Chremes. What ?

Clit. That you'd grant poor Syrus a full pardon
For all that he hath done on my account.

Chremes. *Be it so.—[*to the Audience.*] Farewell,
Sirs, and clap your hands !

* *Be it so—&c.*] Terence's comedy of the Self-Tormentor is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not observe in the whole one passage that could raise a laugh.

STEELE'S SPECTATOR, N^o 502.

The idea of this drama [Comedy] is much enlarged beyond what it was in Aristotle's time ; who defines it to be, *an imitation of light and trivial actions*, provoking ridicule. His notion was taken from the state and practice of the Athenian stage ; that is, from the *old* or *middle* comedy, which answers to this description. The great revolution, which the introduction of the *new comedy* made in the drama, did not happen till afterwards. This proposed for its *object*, in general, the actions and characters of ordinary life ; which are not, of neces-

sary, ridiculous, but, as appears to every observer, of a mixt kind, *serious* as well as *ludicrous*, and, within their proper sphere of influence, not unfrequently even *important*. This kind of *imitation*, therefore, now admits the *serious* ; and its scenes, *even without the least mixture of pleasantry*, are entirely *comick*. Though the common run of *laughers* in our theatre are so little aware of the extension of this *province*, that I should scarcely have hazarded the observation, but for the authority of Terence, who hath confessedly very little of the *pleasant* in his drama. Nay, one of the most admired of his comedies hath the gravity, and, in some places, almost the solemnity of *tragedy itself*.

HURD'S *Dissertation on the several Provinces of the Drama.*

---Terence,---whether impelled by his native humour, or determined by his truer taste, mixed so little of the *ridiculous* in his comedy, as plainly shews, it might, in his opinion, *subsist entirely without it.* DITTO.

In the passages, selected from the ingenious and learned critick last cited, are these four positions. First, that Aristotle (who founded his notion of Comedy on the Margites of Homer, as he did that of Tragedy on the Iliad) had not so enlarged an idea of that kind of drama, as we have at this time, or as was entertained by the authors of the *new comedy*: Secondly, that this kind of imitation, even without the LEAST MIXTURE of *pleasantry*, is *entirely comick*: Thirdly, that Comedy might, in the opinion of Terence, *subsist entirely without the RIDICULOUS*: And fourthly, that the Self-Tormentor hath the gravity of *tragedy itself*.

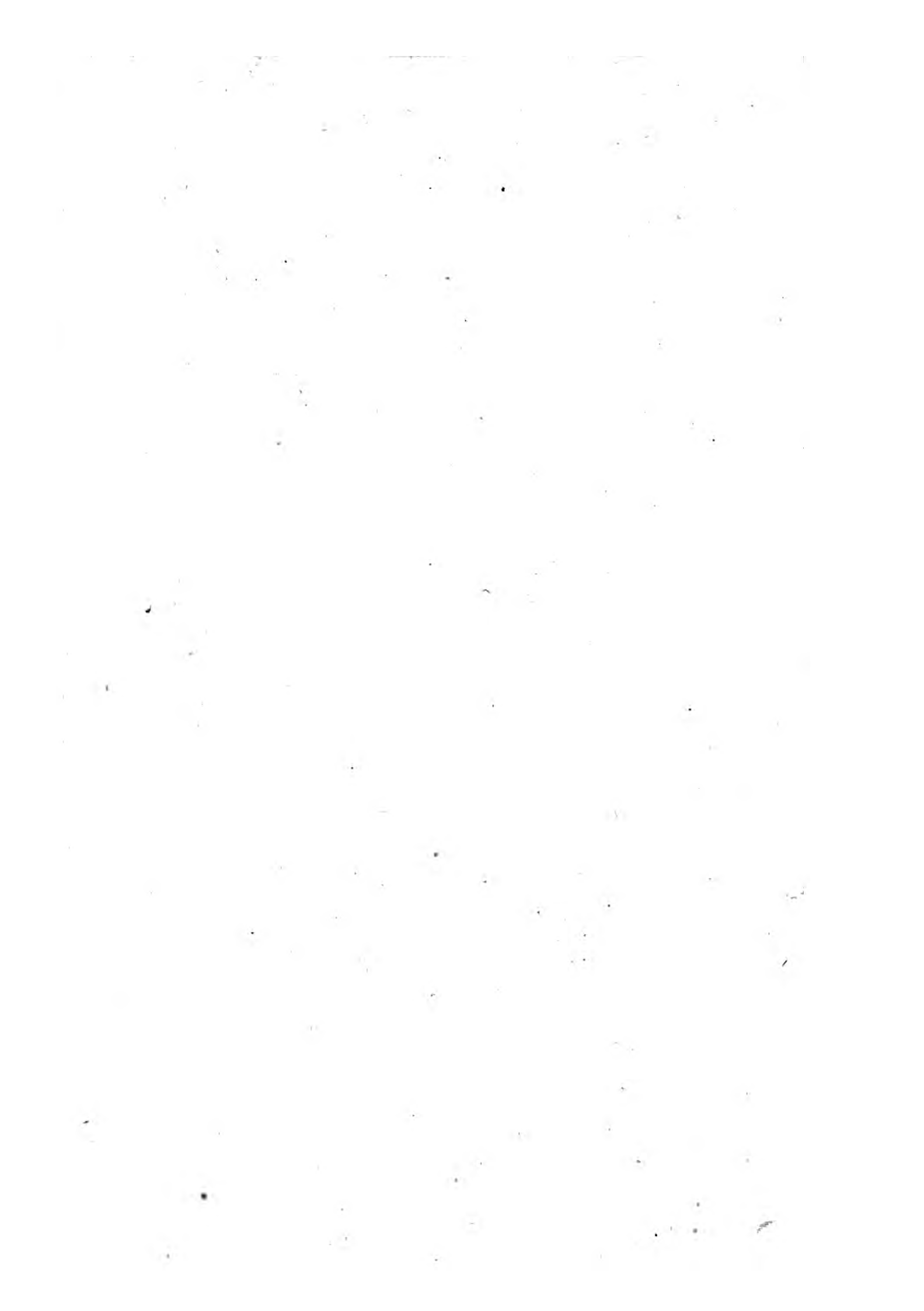
The two first positions concerning Aristotle's idea of this kind of imitation, and the genius of Comedy itself, it is not necessary to examine at present; and indeed they are questions of too extensive a nature to be agitated in a fugitive note: But in regard to the two last positions, with all due deference to the learned critick, I will venture to assert that the

authority of Terence cannot be fairly pleaded in confirmation of the doctrine that Comedy may subsist *without the least mixture of the pleasant or ridiculous.* Terence, says the French criticks, *fait rire au dedans, & Plaute au dehors.* The humour of Terence is indeed of a more chaste and delicate complexion than that of Plautus, Jonson, or Moliere. There are also, it is true, many grave and affecting passages in his plays, which Horace in his rule of *Interdum tamen, &c.* and even "the common run of *laughers* in our theatre," allow and applaud in our gayest comedies. I cannot however think that he ever trespasses on the severity or solemnity of Tragedy: nor can I think that there are not touches of humour in every one of the plays, which he has left behind him; some humour of dialogue, more of character, and still more of comick situation, necessarily resulting from the artful texture of his pieces. The Andrian, The Eunuch, The Brothers, and Phormio, especially the second and fourth, are confessedly *pleasant* comedies, and the Eunuch in particular the most favourite entertainment of the Roman theatre. Instances of humour have been produced, by the ingenious critick himself, even from the

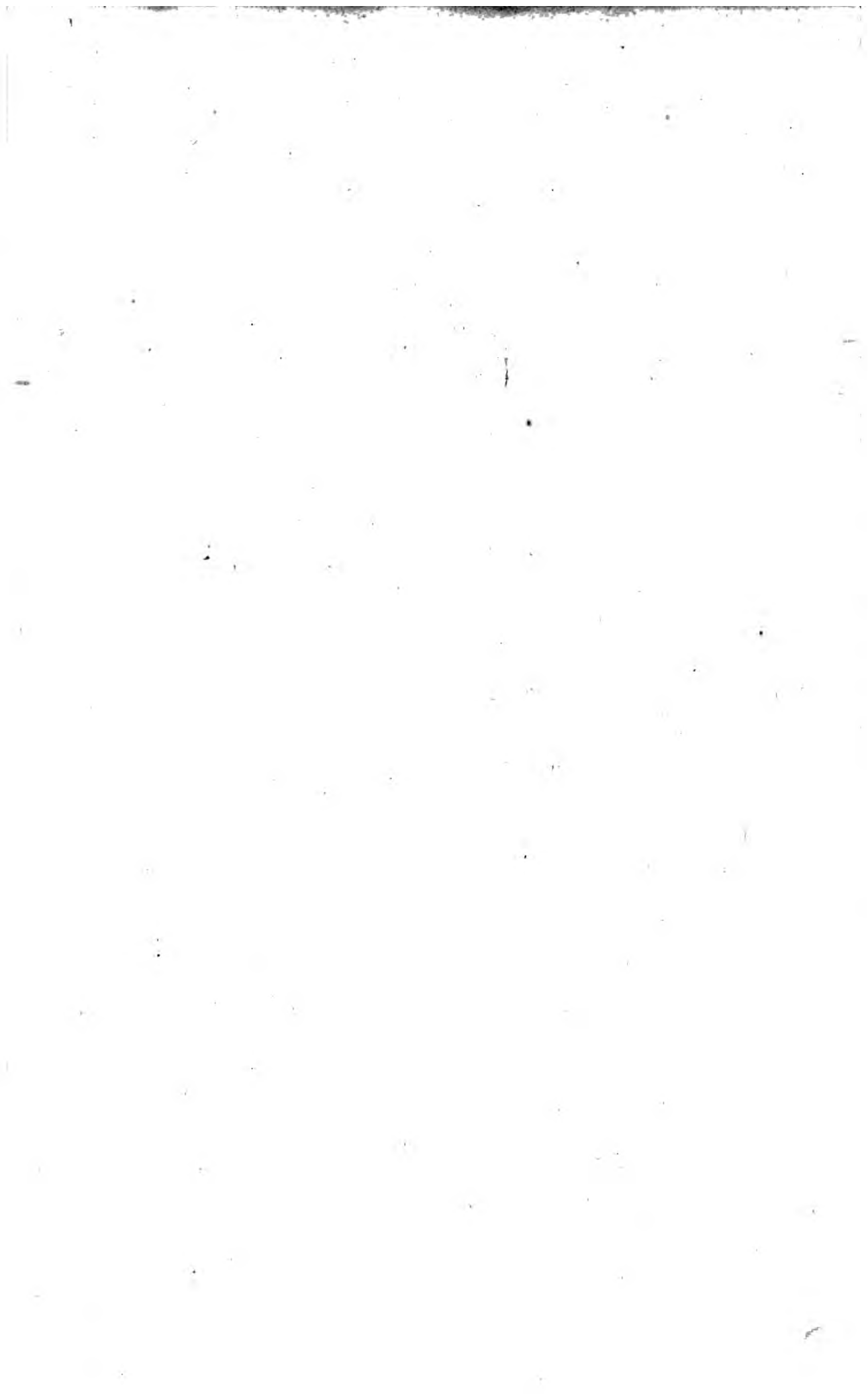
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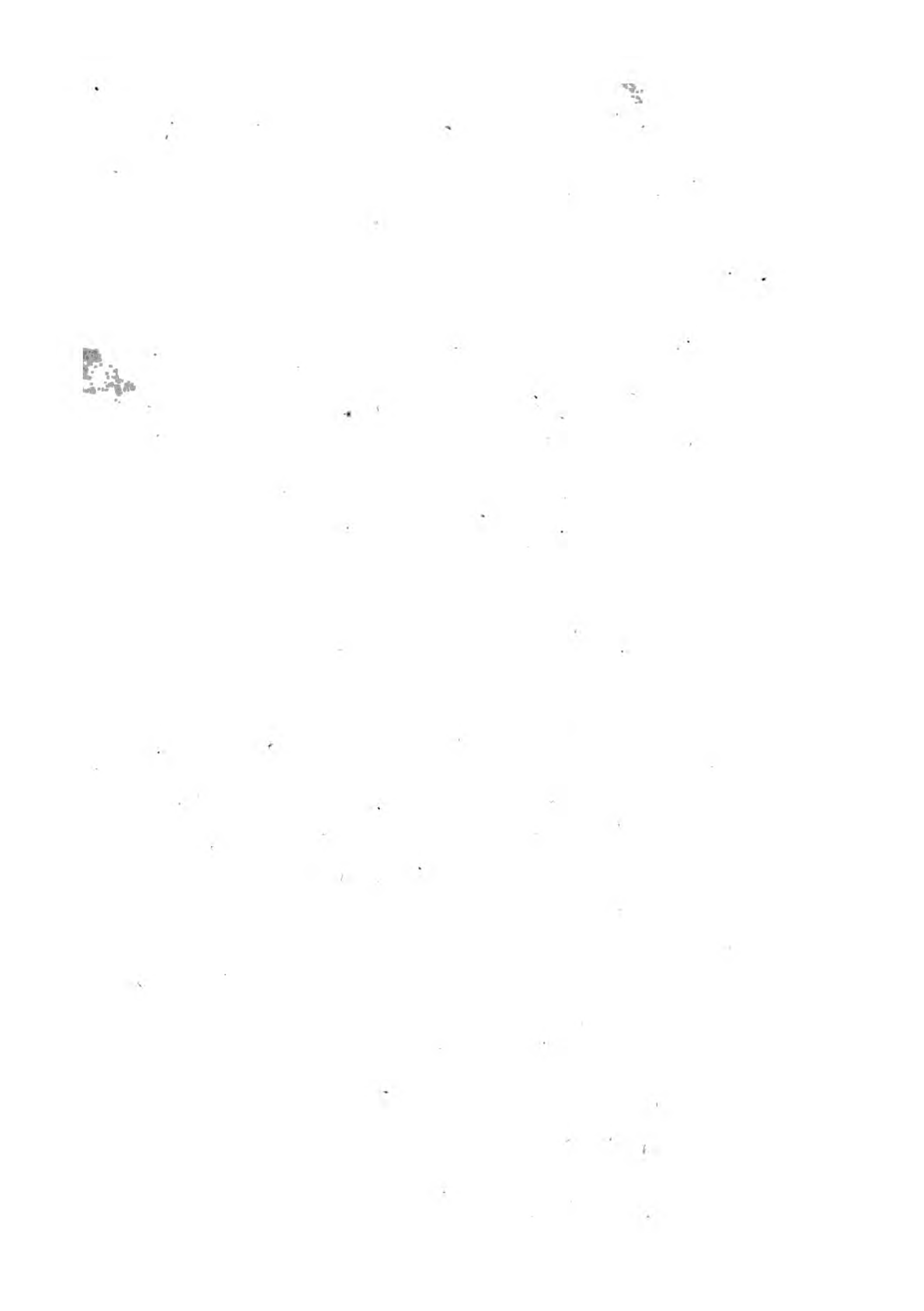
Step-Mother; and the ensuing notes will probably point out more. As to the present comedy, the Self-Tormentor, I should imagine that a man, with much less mercury in his composition than Sir Richard Steele, might have met with more than one or two passages in it that would raise a laugh. Terence indeed does not, like the player-clowns mentioned by Shakespeare's Hamlet, "set on the spectators to laugh, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be to be considered." He never starts from the subject, merely to indulge himself in pleasantries, like Plautus and even Moliere, for whole scenes together. His humour always arises from the occasion, and flows from him in the natural course of the fable; in which he not only does not admit idle scenes, but scarce a speech that is not immediately conducive to the business of the drama. His humour, therefore, must necessarily lie *close* and *compact*, and requires the constant attention of the reader to the incidents that produce it; on which dramatick humour often in great measure depends, and would therefore of course unfold itself in the representation, when those incidents were thrown into action. In the present comedy,

the character of Syrus, bating the description in the second act, must be allowed to be wholly comick; and that of Chremes still more so. The conduct of the third and fourth acts is happily contrived for the production of mirth, and the situation of the two old men in the first scene of the fifth act is very pleasantly imagined. The deep distress of Menedemus, with which the play opens, makes but a very inconsiderable part of Terence's comedy; and I am apt to think, as I have before hinted in another place, that the Self-Tormentor of Menander was a more capital and interesting character. As our poet has contrived, the self-punishment of Menedemus ends as soon as the play begins. The son returns in the very second scene; and the chief cause of the grief of Menedemus being removed, other incidents, and those of the most comick cast too, are worked into the play; which, in relation to the subject of it, might perhaps, with more propriety, have been entitled, The Fathers, than The Self-Tormentor. I cannot therefore, notwithstanding the *pathos* and simplicity of the first scene, agree, "that this comedy hath the gravity of tragedy itself."









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