

UC-NRLF



LB 291 062

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Class 7689
r

1906

Scenes

= = =

from the

Rudens of Plautus

with a translation
into English verse

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

MANCHESTER

At the University Press

Sherratt and Hughes, Publishers to the University of Manchester

1906

<http://www.archive.org/details/scenesfromrudens00plaurich>

PRICE SIXPENCE NET

GENERAL

Scenes

FROM THE

Rudens of Plautus

*translated by members of the Classical Society of the University
of Manchester*

ARRANGED FOR ACTING AND EDITED BY

R. S. CONWAY, Litt.D.

*Professor of Latin in the University; formerly Fellow of
Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.*

SECOND EDITION



MANCHESTER:

AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

1906

GENERAL

R

PAG 50
R 7
1906
MAIN

NOTE.

This selection of the chief scenes in one of the more romantic comedies of Plautus has been made for a performance by the Classical Society of the University of Manchester, and is published in the hope that other bodies of Latin students, including the higher forms of schools, may make use of it in the same way. The play is called *Rudens*, or 'The Rope,' from the action of the Second Scene of Act iv. The free translation given on the left-hand pages will enable even those whose knowledge of Latin is limited to follow the scenes with interest. If the venture helps in any degree to remind students (and others) that Latin is something more than a "dead language," an entertaining exercise will have served a timely purpose.

The text is that of Prof. Sonnenschein's smaller edition with a very few changes necessary for acting purposes. I have carried out his suggestion (p. 163) of marking with ' and ` respectively the metrical ictus in the alternate feet of dipodies, so that the scansion of every line may be clear.¹ In the lyrical metres some of the scansion is, of

1 In a tribrach the second syllable has the ictus (- e -). In order to avoid any ambiguity of the scansion intended I have marked as short a few syllables in such cases, and in such cases only, as were likely to be misconceived. The metrical value given to the syllables by Plautus follows, very largely, the accent of colloquial pronunciation, and so differs considerably from what it would be in the metres determined strictly by quantity like those of Vergil and Horace. Nor are final vowels or *-am, -em, etc.*, always elided before vowels. The canons (in regard to the effect of accent) laid down by Klotz (in his *Grundzüge Altrömischer Metrik*, Leipzig, 1890) seem to me established. The most important of these is that in the 2nd and 4th feet of Iambics, and the 3rd and 5th of Trochaics, an unaccented syllable, whatever its quantity by nature or position, may be counted metrically short. Other metrical effects of accent are discussed by Professor Exon in the current *Classical Review*.

course, conjectural ; but I have tried to make it complete enough to be of service to teachers. And some of these scenes might be found useful as a change from ordinary school reading even in a V. Form.

The translation has been made by those members of the Committee of the Society who are taking no part in the performance, namely, Miss Norah Hanna, Miss Mima Nicholson, Miss Winifred Stocks, my colleagues, Mr. W. B. Anderson, M.A., Mr. G. Norwood, B.A., and Mr. W. J. Goodrich, M.A., and myself.

The initials of each translator are appended to his or her section.

I have to thank my friend, Professor Charles Exon of Galway, for very valuable advice which has guided me on difficult points in the metre, but I am alone responsible for the result.

R. S. CONWAY.

THE UNIVERSITY, MANCHESTER,

March, 1906.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Plesidippus, adulescens

Daemones, senex

Palaestra, uirgo

Ampelisca, ancilla

Ptolemeratia, sacerdos

Trachalio, Plesidippi seruus

Sceparnio }
Gripus } Daemonis serui

Sparax

Labrax, leno

Charmides, lenonis amicus

PLOT.

The hero Plesidippus, a wealthy young Athenian, staying in Cyrene, is in love with Palaestra, whom when the play opens he has just redeemed from the slave-dealer Labrax, and arranged to take over from him at the temple of Venus, a few miles outside the town. But Labrax plays him false, and steals away with Palaestra, her maid and the earnest-money he has received for them, on board a ship sailing for Sicily. A storm wrecks the ship on the coast the same night, but the passengers escape, to land at different points not far from the temple.

After the recognition-scene, which is the last included in this selection, Labrax is condemned to lose Palaestra without compensation; Plesidippus and Palaestra, Trachalio and Ampelisca are happily married, and Trachalio and Gripus both receive their freedom.

DRESS. The characters are all Greek and wear regular Greek attire. Plesidippus, Daemones, Labrax, and Charmides all wear sandals, a tunic, and a pallium over it; Plesidippus' dress is handsome, of bright colours; the others of varying degrees of shabbiness. The slaves wear plain, sleeveless tunics of dull colours. The women characters wear a white or yellow chiton, with coloured border; the Priestess wearing also an himation, in the fashion of a shawl, about her head and shoulder.

SCENE. The sea-coast of Africa, near the Greek colony of Cyrene. A steep rock runs out upon the beach; on the left, behind, is a small temple of Venus with an altar in front; on the right, but out of sight, the house of Daemones, an Athenian, who has settled there.

TIME. The IV. century B.C. A spring morning after a stormy night.

AUTHOR. The play was written by T. Maccius Plautus, the greatest Roman dramatist, about the beginning of the II. century B.C. The prologue tells us that it was based upon a Greek play of the Athenian Diphilus (two centuries earlier).

**Daemones, Sceparnio, Plesidippus, and
companions.**

Da. Good heav'ns, Sceparnio! Look along the shore!
What men are those?

Sc. Some travellers, I take it,
Bidden to a good-bye supper overnight.

Da. How so?

Sc. They seem to have had a midnight bath
To brace them up to start.

Da. Their ship is shattered!

Sc. Yes, and ashore the wind has cracked our house,
And half the tiles too.

Da. Ah! Poor puny creatures!
See how the shipwrecked sailors swim for land!

Pl. Where, prithee, are those creatures?

Da. To the right!
This way,—you see them?—near the shore.

Pl. I see.

(To his companions) Follow me, men. May it be whom
I seek,

The curséd wretch. *(To Da. and Sc.)* Farewell

Sc. Aye, we'll fare well;
We need not your reminder.—Phew! what's this?
Now, by Palaemon, Neptune's holy servant,
What wonder's this?

Da. What see you there?

Sc. I see
Two luckless women sitting in a boat,

Rudens.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

(148—184).

Daemones. Sceparnio. Plesidippus.

Metre. Iambic of 6 feet; regular feet

— /, — / — /, — /, or — — /, sometimes — / — /.

Da. Pro di immortales, quid illuc est, Sceparnio,
Hominum secundum litus? **Sc.** Ut mea opinio est,
Propter uiam illi sunt uocati ad prandium.

Da. Qui? **Sc.** Quia post cenam, credo, lauerunt heri.

Da. Confracta nauis in maris illis. **Sc.** Itast:

At hercule nobis uilla in terra et tegulae. **Da.** Hui,
Homunculique quanti estis! eieci ut natant!

Pl. Vbi sunt isti homines, opsecro? **Da.** Hac ad
dexteram

Vident secundum litus? **Pl.** Video: sequimini.

Vtinam is sit quem ego quaero, uir sacerrimus.

Valete. **Sc.** Si non moneas, nosmet meminimus.

[*Exit Plesidippus.*]

Sed o Palaemon, sancte Neptuni comes,

Quod facinus uideo? **Da.** Quid uidēs? **Sc.** Mulierculas

Videō sedentis in scapha solas duas.

And all alone. Poor wretches! what distress!
 Good! Splendid! Towards the shore a wave has turned
 them

Off from that rock! No pilot could do better.
 I think I never saw such towering billows.
 If only they can weather that great wave,
 The two are safe. Now, now it comes. One's lost,
 Washed overboard!—but in a shallow place:
 She'll swim to land with ease. Hurrah! she's risen!
 She comes this way! She's safe! And now her friend
 Has leapt to shore out from the boat,—but no,
 She's down, her trembling knees have sunk in the waves!
 She's out! She's saved! She's on the shore at last,
 But tow'rd the right she's turned,—to ruin, sure;
 Sadly astray she'll be.

Da. What's that to you?

Sc. If down upon that rock for which she's making
 She chance to fall, her straying days are over.

Da. If you're to dine at their expense, my man,
 You may look after them; if at my house,
 I think you'd better attend to me instead.

Sc. That's sound enough.

Da. Then follow me.

Sc. Aye, aye.

W. B. A.

[*Exeunt.*]

Vt afflictiàntur misèrae ! euge, euge, pérbenè,
 Ab saxo auòrtit flúctus àd litús scaphàm.
 Nequè gubernàtor úmquam pòtuit tám benè.
 Non uídisse úndas mé maiòres cénseò.
 Saluaé sunt, si illos flúctus dèuitáuerint.
 Nunc núnc periclumst : únda eiècit álteràm.
 At ín uadòst : iam fáçile enàbit. eúgèpae !
 Surréxit, hòrsùm sé capèssit ; sálua rès !
 Desíluit haèc autem áltera ín terram é scaphà.
 Vt praé timòre ín gènuà ín úndas cóncidit !
 Saluást ! euàsít éx aquà : iam ín lítorèst.
 Sed déxtrouòrsum auòrsa ít ín malám crucèm.
 Hem, errábit illaèc hódie. **Da.** Quid íd refért tuà ?
Sc. Si ad sáxum, quò capèssit, èa deorsúm cadit,
 Errátiònis fécerit compéndium. †
Da. Si tú de illàrum cénatùrus uesperi's,
 Illis curàndum cénseò, Scepárnìò :
 Si apúd me essùrus és, mĩhĩ dãri operám uolò.
Sc. Bonum aéquomque òras. **Da.** Séquere me hàc
 ergó. **Sc.** Sequòr.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II.

NOTE.—In the lyrics that follow the metres vary. 185-189*a* are perhaps Bacchiac, the regular foot being — — (sometimes — — — or — — —), varied by the *Ionicus a minore* — — —. The next three seem to be Anapaestic, with — —, — —, and — — —; occasionally an extra syllable at the end (189*c*). So are 220—228. In 199*a*—203 and 229*a*—253*a* the metre is Cretic (regular foot — — (201*a*), sometimes — — —, — — — and — — —) varied by

Palaestra (Desire).

[*Enter Palaestra from the (shore) right.*]

Pl. Men may talk of human woes, but there's nobody
who knows, how bitter sorrow is till it's their
own;

For the great god of the sea has made a castaway of me,
shiv'ring helpless in a strange land all alone.

Oh, why should heaven create any soul for such a fate
as of hunger, cold and terror here to die?

Or is this the best reward that the jealous gods afford
for one who's lived so faithfully as I?

'Twas my cruel master's deed that brought me to this
need, when he carried me away and broke his
oath;

But his ship and cargo, too, are sunk beneath the blue,
and one poor slave is all that's left of both!

Even my own companion true
That cruel ship has drowned!

Ah, how much less had I to rue
If Blossom were safe and sound!

Ampelisca (Blossom), Palaestra (Desire) (*on two
sides of a rocky promontory*).

Amp. Oh, what can I do, what hope can I pursue but
to end this miserable life?

I can hardly draw a breath, for of woes as big as death
a multitude within my heart is rife.

My life is nothing worth, I have nothing left on earth,
I have lost the only friend that made it sweet;

I cannot find her here, tho' I've sought her far and
near, nor the printings of her pretty little feet.

anapaests (200*b*, 201*b*), and iambs (231*a*, 232*a*). The description of 229*b*, 232*b* and 253*b,c* is uncertain. 254 is an Iambic of 6 feet, 255 of 8 feet. 256-7 are Trochaic, cf. *ll.* 559*ff.*

Palaestra.

Nimio hóminúm fortúnae minus míserae memorántur 185

Quam in úsu experiúndo is datúr acerbitátum.

Satin hóc deo conplácitumst me hoc órnatu ornátam

In incértas regiónes timidam ésse hic eiéctam.

Hancíne ego ad rem nátam miserám me memorábo ? 189*a*

Hancíne ego pártém cápi-

o ob píetatém praecipu|ám ? 189*c*

Sed eríle scélus me sóllicitāt, eíus med ínpietás male

habét: 198

Ís nauem átque omniá pérdidít in marí.

Haéc bonórum eíus súnť réliquiaé.

Etiám quae simúl

Vécta mécum in scaphást, éxcidít : 201*a*

Ego núnc sóla súm.

Quae míhí sí forét sálua sáltém labór

Léniōr ésset híc mi eíus ópera.

Ampelisca.

Am. Quid míhí meliúst, quid mágis in remst, quam a
córpoře uítam ut sécludám ? 220

Ita mále uiuo átque ita míhí multae in pectóre sunt cùrae
exánimalès :

Ita rés se habènt : uitae haú parcò : perdídi spem quà me
obléctabàm.

Omnía iam circuncúrsaui átque omníbus latebris
perréptaui

It's a weary, hopeless task, for there's no one here to
ask, who could tell if she had even come to land.

But with heart and ears and eyes and the pitifullest cries
I am searching all along this desert strand.

Oh, there never was a more inhospitable shore than this
prospect and the region all around!

But if Desire yet lives every moment fortune gives I
will spend in looking for her till she's found.

Pal. (*On the other side of the rocks.*) Oh, what cry
is that I hear?

Foolish heart, you're dreaming.

Amp. Someone's speaking! Who is near?

Pal. Oh, sweet hope, defying fear,

Make but good your seeming!

Amp. Whoe'er you be, O pity me!

Pal. Surely 'tis a woman's voice!

Amp. Hearken ear, and heart rejoice!

Pal. Is that Blossom somewhere nigh?

Amp. Hark! Is that Desire's cry?

Pal. I must call her loud and clear,

Blossom, Blossom, are you here?

Amp. Mercy, who's that?

Pal. 'Tis I, your friend.

Amp. Oh where, where are you?

Pal. At the end,

Almost of hope!

Amp. Why, so am I,

But longing to see you; come quick, climb high!

Pal. I'm just as eager.

Amp. Oh run and climb fast,

Where are you, where are you?

Pal. You see me at last.

Come nearer, come closer! **Amp.** I'm doing my best.

Pal. Stretch your hand. **Amp.** There, you have it.

Pal. At last we are blest.

Blossom, Blossom, is it true,

Am I really holding you?

Quaerere conseruam uoce, oculis, auribus, ut peruesti-
garèm.

Neque eam usquam inuenio neque quo eam neque qua
quaeram consultumst;

Neque quem rogitem responsorem quemquam interea
conueniò.

Neque magis solaè terraè solaè sunt quam haec sunt loca
atque hae regiones.

Neque si uiuit eam uia umquam quin inueniam
desistam. 228

Pa. Quoniam uox mihi 229a

Prope hic sonat? pertimui

Am. Quis hic loquitur prope?

Pa. Spes bona, opsecro,

Subuentam mihi.

Am. Ex hoc eximés 232a

Mé miseram metum?

Pa. Certo uox muliebris auris tetigit meas.

Am. Mulier est: muliebris uox mi ad auris uenit.

Pa. Num Ámpelísca opsecróst? **Am.** Tén, Palaéstra,
aúdió?

Pa. Quin uoco, ut me aúdiat, nómine illam suó?

Ámpelísca. **Am.** Hém, quis est? **Pa.** Égo, Palaéstra.

Am. Ópsecró,

Dic ubi's. **Pa.** Pól ego núnc in malis plurimis.

Am. Sócia sum nec minor pars meast quam tuá.

Séd uidere expetó té. **Pa.** Mihi's aemulá.

Am. Cónsequámur gradú uocem: ubi's? **Pa.** Écce mé:

Áccede ad me atque adí cóntra. **Am.** Fít séduló.

Pa. Cédo manum. **Am.** Em, accípe. **Pa.** Dic uiuisne,
ópsecró.

Amp. Yes, Desire, mistress dear,
I am safe, if you are here.

Have I found you safe and free,
Saved from all that dreadful sea?
I can scarce believe it's past!

Clasp me, kiss me, hold me fast.

Pal. Oh gladly I'd answer your love and your lay,
But now we must hasten, away, away.

Amp. Whither, pray;

Dear mistress say?

Pal. Suppose along the coast we try?

Amp. Be leader you, and follower I.

But how can we tramp with our dresses so damp?

Pal. What cannot be cured must e'en be endured.

Amp. But, mistress, look yonder; what building is
there?

Pal. Where, oh where?

Amp. Away to the right; 'tis a temple fair.

Pal. Praise Heaven! That temple is a welcome feature
In this strange land: it must hold some kind creature.
Whatever god there be in yonder shrine,
Oh may he heal our woes by help divine!

R. S. C.

(Enter Ptolemaicia from the temple.)

Ptol. Ho there! Who comes our lady's grace to seek?
The voice of suppliants heard hath drawn me forth;
And sure a gracious goddess will they find,
One whose kind heart ne'er grudgeth men's behests.

Am. Tú facis mé quidem út núnc uelím uíueré
 Quóm mihí té licét tángere: út uíx mihí
 Crédo ego hóc, té tenére! ópsecro, ámplécteré,
 Spés mea: út me ómniúm iám labórum leuás!

Pa. Óccupás praéloquí, quae mea órátióst.

Núnc abíre hínc decét nós. **Am.** Quo amábo íbimús?

Pa. Lítus hóc pérsequámúr. **Am.** Sequór quó lubét.

Sícine híc cum úuidá uéste grássábimúr?

Pa. Hóc quod ést íd necéssáriúmst pérpetí.

Am. Séd quid hóc ópsecróst? uíden, amábó?

Pa. Quid ést?

253a

Am. Fanúm uidés|ne hóc?

Pa. Vbíst? **Am.** Ad déteràm.

Videó decòrum díis locùm uidérièr.

Pa. Haud lónge abèsse opórtet hòmines hínc: ita híc
 lepidúst locùs.

Quísqvis ést deus, uéneror út nos éx hac aèrumna éximát,
 Míseras, ínopes, aèrumnòsas út aliquo àuxilio ádiuuèt. 257

SCENA III.

NOTE.—258-263, Bacchiac (see p. 11). 264, Cretic (see p. 11). 265, Iambic. 266-277, Cretic. 278-282, Bacchiac. 283-285b, Iambic. 286, Bacchiac. 287, Iambic. 288, Bacchiac. 289, Four trochees.

Ptolemocratia et Eaedem.

Pt. Qui súnst, qui a patróna precés mea expetéssunt? 258
 Nam uóx me precántum huc forás excitáuit.

Bonam átque opsequéntem deam átque haud grauátam
 Patrónam exsequóntur benígnamque múltum.

Pal. Well met, fair mother. **Ptol.** Welcome too,
fair maids.

But whence, pray, are you come in evil plight,
With garments soaked and faces so forlorn?

Pal. Straight from the beach here. But the country's
far

Whence we first started. **Ptol.** Thro' the sea-blue ways
Mounting some trim-built courser did you ride?

Pal. Just so. **Ptol.** Then 'twere more meet you
should approach

This shrine with victims due and raiment fair.

Not in such plight as yours do men draw nigh.

Pal. Victims from us! And we from shipwreck come!

Whence would you have us bring our victims here?

May we but clasp your knees, implore your aid!

For we are hopeless in an unknown land.

Receive, protect and cherish us we pray;

Take pity on our loneliness. No home,

No hope is ours; nor anything whatever

Save what you see. **Ptol.** Give me your hands.

Arise.

There's never woman born more pitiful

Than I am. Still you'll find but slender cheer

In my poor lodging. Ev'n I find it hard

To keep alive and serve my mistress Venus

At my own charges.

Pal. What, is this the shrine

Of Venus? **Ptol.** Yes, and I am called her priestess.

So far as in me lies, you shall receive

All kindness at my hands. Come, follow me.

Pal. Ah, gladly will we go; for you are kind

And gentle towards us, mother. **Ptol.** So 'tis meet.

W. S.

Pa. Iubémus te sáluere, máter. **Pt.** Saluéte,
Puéllae. sed únde 263
Íre uós cum úuidá uéste dícam, ópsecró,
Tam maéstitèr uesti|tas ?

Pa. Ilico hínc ímus haúd lóngule éx hóc locó : 266
Vérum lóngè hínc abést, únde aduécetae húc sumús.

Pt. Némpe equó lígneó pér uías caerulás
Éstis uécetae? **Pa.** Ádmodum. **Pt.** Érgo aéquiús uós
erát

Cándidátás ueníre hóstiátásque : ad hóc
Fánum ad ístúnc modúm nón uénirí solét.

Pa. Quaéne eiécetae é marí símus ámbae, ópsecró ?
Vnde nós hóstiás húc uoluísti ádigeré ?

Núnc tibi ámpléctimúr génuá egéntés opúm,
Quae ín locís nésciís nésciá spé sumús,

Ūt tuó récipiás técto séruésque nós,
Míseriárúmque te ámbárum utí míseréat, 277

Quibús nec locúst ullus néc spes paráta,
Neque hóc quod uidés ampliús nobís quícquamst.

Pt. Manús mihi date, éxurgíte á genibus ámbae :
Miséricordiór nulla mést feminárum.

Sed haéc pauperés res sunt ínopes, puéllae : 282
Egomét uix uitam síc colò : Venerí cibò meo séruìò.

Am. Venerís fanum, ópsecro, hóc | est ?

Pt. Fateór : ego hùius fá|ni
Sacérdos clúe|o.

Verúm quidquid ést comitér fiet á me, 286
Quod cópiā ualé|bit.

Ite hác mecum. **Pa.** Amíce benígneque honórem,
Máter, nòstrum habés. **Pt.** Opòrtet.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Ampelisca Trachalio.

[*Enter Ampelisca from the temple*]

Am. I understand. I am to seek the house
Which stands near Venus' shrine, knock at the door
And ask for water there. **Tr.** What voice is that?

Am. Who spoke then? Gracious Heaven, who's that
I see?

Tr. Is it Ampelisca coming from the shrine?

Am. Is this Trachalio, Plesidippus' servant?

Tr. 'Tis she indeed!

Am. Well met!

Tr. Well met, fair Ampelisca. How are you?

Am. I pass the age of happiness, good friend,
And nothing happy comes my way.

Tr. Oh, hush!

Speak not ill words; who knows what they may bring?

Am. All men, if they were wise, would speak what's
true.

But tell me sir, do tell me, where's your master?

Tr. A pretty question that! In there, of course.

Am. I tell you he's not there, no trace of him.

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

(331—362, 386—396, 402—4.)

NOTE.—This scene is in the “laughing metre,” long Iambic lines of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet. The same kinds of feet are used as in the 6-foot Iambic (p. 9). Hiatus is allowed at the end of the 4th foot.

Ampelisca. Trachalio

Am. Intéllego: hànc quae próxumàst me uíllam Vèneris fá|no

Pulsáre iùssisti átque aquàm rogáre. **Tr.** Quòdia ad aú|ris

Vox mi áduolàuit? **Am.** Ópsecrò, quis hic lóquitùr? quem ego uídeo?

Tr. Estne Ámpelísca haec, quae foràs e fáno egrèditur?

Am. Ést|ne hic

Tracháliò, quem cónspicòr, calátor Plèsidíp|pi?

Tr. Eást. **Am.** Is èst: Tracháliò, salué. **Tr.** Salue, Ampelís|ca:

Quid tú agis? **Am.** Aètatem haúd malàm male. **Tr.** Mélius òminá|re.

Am. Verum ómnis sàpientís decèt conférre et fàbulá|ri.

Sed Plèsidippus túos erùs ubi amábost? **Tr.** Hèia ué|ro,

Quasi nón sit intus. **Am.** Néque pol èst neque húc quidem ùllus ué|nit.

Tr. What? Do you mean to say he has not come?

Am. Now you speak truth.

Tr. 'Tis not my habit then!

But to the point—how soon will lunch be served?

Am. Lunch? Gracious me, what lunch?

Tr. Why, my dear maid,

Are you not holding sacrifice to-day?

Am. This nonsense ill becomes a friend of mine.

Tr. 'Tis true—I am not babbling nor in jest,—

Your master, Labrax, summoned mine to lunch.

Am. And if he did? Aren't men and even gods

Sometimes deceived? A slave-dealer, we know,

Holds not the rules of ordinary mén.

Tr. Then you're not sacrificing, nor my master?

Am. Now you've guessed right.

Tr. Then what do you do here?

Am. Palaestra and myself have been hard pressed—

Perils and miseries on every side,

With little hope of help from gods or men.

From all this plight the priestess sheltered us;

So here we are.

Tr. What is this news, my dear?

Palaestra here, my master's love? **Am.** E'en so.

Tr. Oh, excellent good hearing! Yet just now

Those pretty lips murmured of perils too:

Come tell me all the tale; I long to hear it.

Am. Our ship was wrecked in last night's storm,

Trachalio.

Tr. Your ship? What ship? Your story opens
strangely.

Am. Have you not heard, my dear Trachalio,

The slave-dealer's design to bear us off

With all we had, and sail for Sicily?

But that's all lost now, twenty fathoms deep.

Tr. Well done, great Neptune! You're a wit. This
throw

Has made you prince of dicers! 'Tis a cast

No man can beat, so to confound and sink

The liar's knavish tricks! But tell me now

Where is that scoundrel?

Am. I guess he's died of drinking;

Tr. Non uénit? **Am.** Vèra praedicàs. **Tr.** Non èst meum, Ampelís|ca.

Sed quám mox còctumst prándiùm? **Am.** Quod prándiùm, òpsecró | te?

Tr. Nëmpe rém diuinam fácitis híc? **Am.** Quid sómniàs, amá|bo?

Tr. Certe húc Labràx ad prándiùm uocáuit Plèsidíp- | pum.

Erúm meum èrus uostér. **Am.** Pol haùd miránda fácta dícis :

Si déos decèpit ét hominès, lenónum mòre fé|cit.

Tr. Non rém diuinam fácitis híc uos néque erus? **Am.** Hàriolá|re.

Tr. Quid tu ágis híc igitur? **Am.** Éx malís multís metùque sùm|mo

Capitálique èx perículo òrbas aúxilique opúm|que huc Recépit ad se Véneria haèc sacérdös me èt Palaés|tram.

Tr. An híc Palaèstrast, òpsecrò, erí mei amíca? **Am.** Cér|to.

Tr. Inést lepòs in núntiò tuo mágnus, mea Àmpelís|ca. Sed istúc periclum pérclubèt quod fúerit uòbis scí|re.

Am. Confráctast, mì Tracháliò, hac nócte náuis nó|bis.

Tr. Quid, náuis? quae istaec fábulàst? **Am.** Non aúdiuísti, amá|bo,

Quo pácto lèno clánculùm nos hínc aufèrre uólui|t

In Síciham èt quidquíd domi fuit ín nauem inposi|uit?

Ea núnc perièrunt ómnia. **Tr.** Ò, Neptúne lépide, sál|ue :

Nec te áleàtor núllus èst sapiétiòr proféc|to.

Nimis lépide iècistí bolùm : periúrum pèrdidistí|ti.

Sed núnc ubist lenó Labràx? **Am.** Periít potàndo, opí|nor:

He drank last night with Neptune, and drank deep!

Tr. Well, take me to your mistress.

Am. Come to the temple,

And there you'll find her weeping bitter tears.

Tr. Oh, but that's grievous tidings. What's her trouble?

Am. I'll tell you; this is what torments her soul:

That cruel monster took away a casket

Wherein were tokens, which she cherished dearly.

They were the only clue to find her parents;

And now they're lost, she fears.

Tr. Where was this casket?

Am. There in the ship. Our master kept it hid,

Locked up inside his trunk, lest she should find

Her parents and be saved.

Tr. Oh, shameful crime,

To keep in slavery a maid freeborn!

Am. But now it seems her master and the casket

And all his wealth have gone down with the ship.

Tr. A cheerful heart is the best sauce for trouble;

So I'll go in, if you will give me leave,

And do my best these shadows to dispel.

Am. With all my heart! Meanwhile 'twere best for
me

To do the priestess' bidding, so, good-bye.

M. N.

Labrax, Charmides,

(in wet clothes.)

La. Woe's me! There's not a sadder soul alive!

Ch. I'm a long, long way sadder man than you.

La. Why?

Ch. Because you deserve it, and I don't.

Neptúnus màgnis póculis hac nócte eum inuitá|uit.

Sed dúce me ad illam, ubíst. **Am.** I sàne in Véneris
fànum huc ín|tro :

Sedéntem flèntemque ópprimès. **Tr.** Vt iam ístuc
míhi molés|tumst !

Sed quíd flet ? **Am.** Ègo dicám tibi : hoc sése excrúciat
áni|mi,

Quia léno adèmit cístulam ei, quam habébat ùbique
habé|bat

Qui suós paréntis nóscerè possét : eàm ueré|tur

Ne périerit. **Tr.** Vbinam éa fuit cistéllula ? **Am.** Ìbidem
in ná|ui :

Conclúsit ìpse in uidulùm, ne cópia èsset é|i

Qui suós paréntis nóscerèt. **Tr.** O fácinus inpudí|cum.

Quam líberam èsse opórteat, seruíre pòstulá|re.

Am. Nunc éum cum náui scílicèt abísse pèssum in
ál|tum.

Et aúrum et argentúm fuit lenónis òmne ibí|dem.

Tr. Ergo ánimus aèquos óptumùmst aerúmnae còndi-
mén|tum

Ego eo íntro, nìsi quid ús. **Am.** Eàs : ego quód mihi
imperá|uit

Sacérdos id faciam átque aquam hìnc de próxumò
rogá|bo.

SCENA II.

Ll. 520-550.—The metre is the iambic of six feet.

Labrax. Charmides.

La. Eheú, quis uíuit mé mortális míseriòr ?

Ch. Ego múlto tànto míseriòr quam tú, Labràx.

La. Qui ? **Ch.** Quía ego indìgnus súm, tu dìgnus quí
siès.

La. Oh bulrush, bulrush, how I envy you ;
The water leaves you gloriously dry.

Ch. Well, I'm in training for a skirmisher ;
All my wo-words dart out li-li-like arrows.

La. Oh, Neptune, you're a chilly, chilly bathman !
I've got out, clothes and all ; but oh, it's c-cold.
He does not even keep a cooking-stove ;
His warmest cheer is pure salt water, iced.

Ch. How lucky are the smiths who sit all day
Among hot coals, to keep them snug and warm.

La. Oh, if I had the luck to be a duck,
To come straight out of water and still be dry !

Ch. How would it suit me, think you, now to earn
My living as hobgoblin at the games ?

La. Why so ?

Ch. Because my teeth chatter aloud.

Well, I'm a goose who gave himself away
Just to be stuffed and sauced as he deserved.

La. When did you do that ?

Ch. When I joined your ship ;

It was your crimes that stirred the depths against us.

La. I listened to advice you gave yourself.
You promised me that I could sweep together
Riches, like so much mud, in Sicily.

Ch. Did you then hope, you grimy beast, that folk
Would let you swallow Sicily at a gulp ?

La. Show me the whale that swallowed up my trunk,
With all my gold and silver packed inside.

Ch. The same one, I've no doubt, which made a meal
Of my fat purse, inside my travelling-bag.

La. There's only left me now this one mean coat,
And one poor shabby cloak ; oh, woe is me !
I may as well give up the ghost at once.

Ch. Don't weep, fool. While that tongue of yours
survives

You'll never lack the means to pay your way.

La. O scírpe, scírpe, laúdo fórtunás tuás,
Qui sémper sèruas glóriam àritúdinis.

Ch. Equidém me ad uèlitátionem exerceò :
Nam omnia corúsca praé tremòre fábulòr.

La. Edepól, Neptúne, es bálineàtor frigidùs :
Cum uéstimentis póstquam abs te àbii, al-álgeò.
Ne thérmpóliúm quidem ùllum in-ínstruit :
Ita sálsam praèhibet pótionem et frigidàm.

Ch. Vt fórtunàti sùnt fabri ferrárii,
Qui apúd carbònes ádsidènt : sempér calènt.

La. Vtinám fortùna núnc anetina ut-úterèr,
Vt, quom éxissem èx aqu-áqu-aqua, ar-àrerém tamèn.

Ch. Quid si áliquo ad lùdos mé pro mànducó locèm ?

La. Quaprópter ? **Ch.** Quia pol cláre crepito déntibùs.
Iure óptumò me el-él-elàuisse árbitròr.

La. Qui ? **Ch.** Quí-quia audèrem técum in nàuem
ascénderè,

Qui a fúndamènto mi úsque mòuistí marè.

La. Tibi aúscultàui : tú promittebás, mihi
Ibi mé conrùere pósse aièbas dítiàs.

Ch. Iam póstulàbas te ínpuràta béluà,
Totám Siciliam déuoràturum ínsulàm.

La. Quaenam ballaèna meúm uoràuit uídulùm,
Aurum átque argèntum ubi ómne còncompactúm fuit ?

Ch. Eadem illa crèdo quae meúm marsúppiúm,
Quod plénium argènti fúit in sàcciperiò.

La. Eheú, redàctus sum úsque ad ùnam hanc túnículàm
Et ad hóc misèllum pálliùm : perii óppidò.

Ch. Quid, stúlte, plòras ? tíbi quidem èdepol cópiàst,
Dum língua uiuet, quí rem sòluas ómnibùs.

[*Enter Sceparnio from the temple.*]

Sceparnio. Labrax. Charmides.

Sc. Heaven help us, what's the matter? In the temple here I've found

Two poor things in floods of weeping, clasping Venus' statue round.

Someone's coming they're afraid of. Only yesternight, they say,

They were all at sea and shipwrecked, now they're cast ashore to-day.

La. Would you kindly, sir, inform me where these women-kind might be?

Sc. In the shrine hard by.

La. How many?

Sc. Just a match for you and me.

La. Why, they're mine!

Sc. Why, *I* don't know it.

La. Pretty or ugly?

Sc. Not so very:

I could fall in love with either, of an evening, when I'm merry.

La. Tolerably young then, are they?

Sc. Tolerable bore, aren't you?

Go and see them, if you want to; I've got something else to do. [*Exit Sceparnio.*]

La. Charmides, that's luck! I'm certain they are just the very two.

Ch. (*Aside*) Plague befall you, if they are then; if not, plague befall your bones!

La. Well, I'll make my way to Venus.

Ch. Better it were Davy Jones!

R. S. C.

[In the next scene, which is omitted, Labrax goes into the temple, and tries to seize Palaestra and Ampelisca, who cry for help. Trachalio comes by, and after calling Daemones from his house to prevent the violation of the temple, goes off to fetch Plesidippus.]

Ll. 557-570.—The metre is the Trochaic of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet, the line ending with a single stressed syllable, generally long, instead of a full Trochee (—). Besides the Trochee, the Tribrach — — —, and in certain feet the Spondee — — (also the Anapaest — — —) and more rarely the Dactyl — — — appear.

Sceparnio

Sc. Quid illuc ópsecró negòtist, quód duaè muliérculaè
Híc in fàno Véneris sígnum fléntes àmplesaé tenènt
Néscioquèm metuéntes míserae? nócte hac àiunt próxumà
Sé iactàtas, átque eièctas hódie esse àiunt é mari.

La. Ópsecro hèrcle, aduléscens, ùbi Istaec sùnt quas
mèmoras múlierès?

Sc. Híc in fàno Véneris. **La.** Quòt sunt. **Sc.** Tótidem
quòt ego et tú sumùs.

La. Némp(e) meàe? **Sc.** Nemp(e) néscio istuc. **La.** Quá
sunt fàcie? **Sc.** Scítulà :

Vél ego amàre utrámuis pòssum, sí probe àdpotús sièm.

La. Némp(e) puèllae? **Sc.** Némp(e) molèstus és : i uìse,
sí lubèt.

La. Méàs opòrtet íntus èsse híc múlierès, mi Chármidès.

Ch. Iúppitèr te pérdat, èt si sùnt et si non sùnt tamèn

La. Íntro rùmpam iam húc in Vèneris fánum. **Ch.** In
bàrathrum máuelim.

[*Exit Labrax.*]

Daemones, Labrax, Sceparnio and Sparax

(the slaves with whips).

Da. Now, sir, you take your choice: will you be quiet
After you've had a thrashing, or at once?

La. What *you* say, greybeard, moves me not a straw.
These girls are mine, and from the very altar
By the hair I'll drag 'em, in despite of you
And Venus and the Thunderer himself.

Da. Lay but a finger on them!

La. So I will!

Da. *(To the slaves with whips)* Hulloo, you! Just
step here.

La. No, my good sir;
Please tell them, both of them, to go away.

Da. They're coming at you, straight.

La. Oh no, no, please!

Da. What if they come still closer?

La. Then I'm off.

But, you old scoundrel, if we ever meet
In the city after this, I'll make of you
The veriest laughing-stock. You'll writhe again!
I swear it by my savoury reputation!

Da. You may do all you threaten. In the meantime
Remember, if you once molest these ladies
You will be sorry for it.

La. How sorry, pray?

Da. As sorry as—your savoury reputation.

La. I don't care twopence for your bouncing threats;



ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Ll. 780-839, 851-886, 878-882.—The Metre is the Iambic of 6 feet; cf. p. 9.

Daemones Labrax Palaestra Ampelisca
Sceparnio Sparax

Da. Vtrúm tu lèno cúm malò lubéntiùs

Quiéscis àn sic síne malò, si cópiast ?

La. Ego quaé tu lòquere flócci nòn faciò, senèx.

Meas quidēm ted inuito ét Venere ét summó Iouè

De ará capillo iám derìpiam. **Da.** Tàngedùm.

La. Tangam hércle uèro. **Da.** Ágedum ergo, àccede
húc modó.

La. Iubedúm recèdere ístos àmbo illúc modó.

Da. Immo ád te accèdent. **La.** Nón hercle èquidem
cènsèò.

Da. Quid agés, si accèdent própius? **La.** Ègo recésserò.
Verúm, senèx, si te úmquam in ùrbe offénderò,
Numquam hércle quisquam mé lenònem díxerit,
Si té non lùdos péssumòs dimíserò.

Da. Facito ístuc quòd minitáre. sèd nunc ínterìm
Si illás attigeris, dábitur tibi magnúm malùm.

La. Quam mágnum uèro? **Da.** Quántum lènoní
sat èst.

La. Minácias ego flócci nòn faciám tuàs :

In spite of you I'll hale them with me straight.

Da. Just touch them!

La. Yes, by Hercules, I will!

Da. You will? Then take the consequences. Here! Scepharnio, run to the house. Come, nimbly now; Fetch me a pair of clubs *instanter*.

Tu. Clubs?

Da. Yes, clubs; and mind they're big ones. Just be quick. [*Exit Scepharnio.*]

(*To Labrax*) I'll give you the warm welcome you deserve.

La. Woe's me! I lost my helmet in the wreck.

'Twould come in handy if I had it now.

Mayn't I just speak to them?

Da. No, not a word.

Ah, excellent! Our clubsman has returned.

[*Enter Scepharnio.*]

La. The very sight of these makes my ears tingle.

Da. See, Sparax, there's a club for you. Stand there.

And you stand yonder. There you are. Now listen.

If that man lays a hand upon the ladies

Without their sufferance, see he suffers for it.

Trounce him till he forgets the very road

To his own house. Do 't, as you love your lives.

If he addresses either, answer for her.

Should he attempt escape, then on the instant

See that your cudgels kiss the rascal's legs.

La. Why, won't they even let me go away?

Da. That topic's closed. And when Trachalio comes

Bringing his master, whom he's gone to fetch,

Come home at once. Watch well, make no mistake.

[*Exit Daemones.*]

La. Alack! In these parts temples change their gods.

Just now 'twas Venus, now it's Hercules

Who owns the place; at least this greybeard fellow

Has left two statues of him, clubs and all.

Now where on earth shall I run to? Where escape?

For land and sea alike are cruel to me.

Palaestra!

Equidem hás te inuito iam ámbas ràpiam. **Da.** Tánge-
dùm.

La. Tangam hércle uèro. **Da.** Tániges? àt scin quó
modò?

Idúm, Sceparnio, cúrriculo, àdfer húc domò

Duas cláuas. **Sc.** Cláuas? **Da.** Séd probàs : properá
citò.

Ego te hódie fàxo récte accèptum, ut dígnus ès.

La. Eheú, scelèstus gáleam in nàui pérdidì :

Nunc mi óportùna hic ésset, sàlua sí forèt.

Licèt saltem istas mi àppellàre? **Da.** Nón licèt.

Ehem, óptume èdepol éccum cláuator áduenit.

La. Illúd quidem èdepol tinnimèntumst aúribùs.

Da. Age, áccipe illinc álteram clauám, Sparàx,

Age, álter ìstinc, álter hìnc adsístitè.

Adsístite àmbo síc. audite núnciàm :

Si hercle illic illas hódie dìgito tétigerit

Inuítas, ni ìstunc ístis ìnuitássitìs

Vsque ádeo, dònec quá domum àbeat nésciàt,

Perístis àmbo. si àppellàbit quèmpiàm,

Vos rèspondètote ìstinc ìstarúm uicèm.

Sin ípse abitere hìnc uolèt, quantúm potèst

Extémplo àmplectitóte crùra fústibùs.

La. Etiám me abìre hìnc nón sinènt? **Da.** Dixí satis.

Et úbi ille cùm ero séruos húc aduènerit,

Qui erum árcessit, ítote éxtempló domùm.

Curáte haec sùltis mágna diligèntià. [*Exit Daemones*]

La. Heu hércle, ne ìstic fána mùtantúr citò :

Iam hic Hérculi fit, Véneris fànum quód fuit :

Ita dúo destituit sígna hic cùm clauís senèx.

Non hércle quo hìnc nunc gèntium aùfugiám sciò :

Scep. (*beating him*). What do you mean?

La. Oh no, no, nothing.

(That's not my own Palaestra who replies.)

Come! Ampelisca.

Spar. (*beating him*). Mind! the reckoning's prompt.

La. It's not such bad advice these villains give.

But I say, you fellows; you, I mean; supposing

I came a little closer to your ladies,

Would it cause annoyance? **Sc.** Not the least—to us

La. But would it hurt *me*? **Sc.** Not if you beware.

La. Beware of what?

Sc. Of this stout ready reckoner.

La. Ah, let me go, I beg you.

Sc. Why, with pleasure.

(*He starts to go, but they both threaten him with their clubs.*)

La. You're very good; best thanks to both of you.

But no, I will not leave you. As you were!

What cursèd luck I'm having every way!

It is by siege that I must win the day. [*Enter Plesidippus*]

Pl. Where is that villain Labrax? Bring me to him.

La. Good morning.

Pl. Hang the morning! Take your choice.

I'm going to tie a halter round your neck.

Will you be dragged away, or merely hauled?

Choose while there's time.

La. I don't want either, thanks.

Pl. Trachalio, run off to the beach at once,

And find those men I brought to hale this wretch

To the hangman. Bid them hasten into town

To meet me; then post back and plant yourself

As sentry here. Meanwhile this miscreant

I'll drag before the magistrates, and sue him

With an ejection action. Off you come!

La. Why, what have I done!

Pl. Done? Do you ask me that?

Didn't I pay you down the earnest-money

For the slave; and didn't you carry her away?

La. I carry her away? Not I. **Pl.** How's that?

La. I took her *on* her way, not right away.

Ita nunc mi utrumque saeuit, et terra et mare.

Palaestra! **Sc.** Quid uis? **La.** Ápage, còntrouórsiàst:

Haec quídem Palaestra quaé respòndit nòn meàst.

Heus, Ámpelisca! **Sp.** Cáuë sis ìnfortúniò.

La. Vt pòtis est, ìgnauì hómìnes sàtÿs recté monènt.

Sed uòbis dico, heús uos, nùm moléstiaèst

Me adíre ad illas própius? **Sc.** Nil—nobís quidèm.

La. Numquíd molèstum míhi erit? **Sc.** Nil, si cáueris.

La. Quid èst quod càueam? **Sc.** Em, á crasso ìnfortúniò.

La. Quaeso hércle abíre ut líceat. **Sp.** Àbeas, sí uelis.

La. Bene hércle fàctum: hábeo uòbis grátiàm.

Non cédam pòtius: illic àstate flicò.

Edepól prouèni néquitèr multís modís:

Certúmst hasce hòdie usque ópsidiòne uíncerè.

Plesidippus Trachalio.

Pl. Duc me ad lenonem récta. ubi illic èst homò?

La. Salué. **Pl.** Salùtem níl moròr. opta óciùs:

Rapí te optòrto cóllo màuis án trahì?

Vtrúmuis òpta, dúm licèt. **La.** Neutrúm uolò.

Pl. Abi sáne ad litus cúrriculò, Tracháliò,

Iube illós in ùrbem ire óbuiam ad portúm mihi,

Quos mécum dùxi, hunc qui ad carnùficem tráderènt:

Post húc redito atque ágitato hìc custódiàm.

[*Exit Trachalio*]

Ego hunc scelèstum in ius rapiam èxulés dicà.

Age, ámbula in ius. **La.** Quid ego dèliquí? **Pl.** Rogàs?

Quin árrabònem a me ácepísti ob múlierèm

Et eam hìnc auèxti? **La.** Nòn auèxi. **Pl.** Quór negàs?

La. Quia pól prouèxi: auéhere nòn quiuí misèr.

I said I'd wait on you at Venus' temple,
And here I am, consistency itself.

Pl. Tell that tale to the judge; we've had enough.
Now, my Palaestra, you and Ampelisca,
Stay here till I return.

Sc. Sir, I suggest
They go to our house till you come again.

Pl. They shall; you are most kind.

La. You're robbing me,
Thieves!

Sc. 'Thieves,' you say? Seize him and drag him
off.

[*They lay hands on him roughly.*]

La. Palaestra, mercy!

Pl. Come on, gallows-bird!

[*Labrax is dragged off.*]

G. N.

Gripus (*carrying a traveller's basket-trunk in a net*).

Now praise be to my patron, lord Neptune prais'd
be he,

Who dwells in fishy places in the salt, salt sea!

Home he's brought me from his quarters

With my boat all safe and sound;

And upon the stormy waters

Such a treasure I have found;

The richest, rarest haul it is that e'er he sent to me!

Hurrah! I've found a way,

Who had but little ease,

To be as lazy as I please

And keep a holiday.

From the sea did I win it,

Whatever is in it,

Hoho! Hoho!

Whatever is in it, it's heavy, I trow.

Equidém tibi me díxeràm praestó forè

Apud Véneris fànum: nùmquid mùto? sùmne ibi?

Pl. In iúre càusam dícito: hìc uerbúm sat èst.

Pl. Tu méa Palaèstra et Ámpelisca, ibidem flicò

Manéte, dùm ego huc rédeo. **Sc.** Èquidem suádeo

Vt ád nos àbeant pótius, dùm recipís. **Pl.** Placèt:

Bene fáctis. **La.** Fùres mi éstis. **Sc.** Quid? 'furés'?
rape.

La. Oro, ópsecrò, Palaéstra. **Pl.** Sèquere, cárnufèx.

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

NOTE.—The metre of 906-11 is Bacchiac (see p. 11); 924-5 a Trochaic ($2\frac{1}{2}$ feet per line) (but 925 *b* and *c* begin with a Choriambus, - $\acute{\text{---}}$); 926—935 Anapaestic (cf. p. 11).

Gripus.

Neptúno has agó gratiás meo patróno, 906

Qui sálsis locís incolít pisculéntis,

Quom méd ex suís pulchre ornátum expedíuit

Templís redducém, plurumá praeda onústum

Salúte horiae, átque in marí fluctuóso

Piscátu nouó me uberí conpotíuit. 911

Nám ego núnc mihí, 924a

Qui ínpigér fuí,

Répperi út pigér

Sí uelim siém.

Hóc ego ín marí,

Quidquíd inest, répperí:

Quidquíd inest, gráue quidémst. 925c

There's gold in it, that I could wager, and no one the
 secret to share;
 Now, Gripus, you've odds in your favour, to be a free
 man, if you care.
 I have it, I'll go to my master, and cunningly—that's
 the best plan—
 I'll offer him cash, just a little, and bargain till I'm
 a free man.
 When I'm free, then I'll get me some acres, a house,
 aye, and slaves, and such things;
 A merchant I'll be with great galleons: they'll call
 me a King among Kings.
 Then just for the sake of diversion, to ape Strat-
 onicus, I'll steer
 In a ship of my own round the cities; and when I
 am fam'd far and near,
 A capital lordly I'll build me, and call it King Gripus
 his Town,
 Where I'll rule oer my realm and my subjects, and
 'stablish my fame and renown.

[Enter Trachalio, who picks up the rope.]

Tr. Ho, there! stay, sir. **Gr.** Wherefore, pray,
 sir? **Tr.** Till I give your rope a coil.
Gr. Hands off! **Tr.** 'Ods, I'll help you! Helping
 honest folk repays the toil.

Aurum híc ego inesse reór, nec mi conscíus est ullus
homó: nunc haec

Tibi óccásiö, Gripe, optígít ut iam libérum te det populó
praetòr.

Nunc síc faciàm, sic cónsiliùmst: ad erúm ueniàm docte
átque astù.

Pauxíllatim pollícitabòr pro cápíte argéntum, ut sím libèr.
Iam ubí libèr ero, ígitúr demùm mi instrúam agrum atque
aèdis, máncipià:

Nauíbus magnis mercáturàm faciam: ápud regès rex pér-
hibebòr.

Post ánimi caùsa míhi nauèm faciam átque imitábòr
Strátonicùm,

Oppída circùmuectábòr. úbi nobílitas mèa concláruerit¹,
Oppídum magnùm conmoénibò: ei ego úrbi Gripe indám
nomèn,

Moniméntum méaš famaé ét factís; ibi régnum màgnum
instítu|am. 935

NOTE.—The metre of 938*a*-948*b* is Iambic, in various lengths of line, the first foot being often a dactyl (— ′ —). 949-950 are Cretic (cf. p. 11). 951-4 uncertain combinations, mainly anapaestic. 954-962 Anapaestic (cf. p. 11). 963-1042 Trochaics of 7½ feet (cf. p. 29).

Trachalio. Gripus.

Tr. Heus máne. **Gr.** Quid màneam? **Tr.** Dum
hánc tibi 938*a*

Quam tráhis rudèntem cónplicò.

Gr. Mitté modo. **Tr.** At pól ego te ádiuuó:

¹ *Sic scripsi: erit clara. Codd. edd.*

Gr. Nay, you've come to the wrong market; yesterday we'd such a gale,

Once for all, young man, I tell you: I've no fish to-day for sale.

Look! here's in my dripping meshes ne'er a scaly back to see.

Tr. Marry, fish is not my purpose, but a word 'twixt you and me.

Gr. Be you who you may, you're plaguing

Tr. I'll not let you budge from here.

Gr. Plague upon you! What's your business, dragging me and all my gear?

Tr. Listen. **Gr.** Not a word I'll listen. **Tr.**

Faith! you must. **Gr.** Another day.

Tr. Well, it's worth your while to hearken what it is I have to say.

Gr. Say your say, then. **Tr.** Is there no one spying on our tracks, I pray?

Gr. Is it anything touches me near?

Tr. Ay, truly; you'll see, when you hear—

But will it lie safe in your ear?

Gr. O, what is it? Say, do but say—

Tr. Hush, hush! I will tell

If you promise me well

That you'll never the secret betray.

Gr. I pledge you my word: you may trust it to me; You may trust me, whoever you be.

Tr. Then listen. Once I saw a thief at work, And knew the owner of the thing he stole;

So straight I sought the thief, and with these terms

Bespoke him: 'Friend, I know the man you've robbed;

So give me half your plunder. I'll be bound

Nam bónis quod bène fit, haúd perit.

Gr. Turbída tempèstas héri fuit:

Nil hábeo, adulèscens, písciùm:

Ne tú mihi èsse póstulès.

Non uídes refèrre me úuidùm

Reté sine squàmosó pecù?

Tr. Non édepol píscis éxpetò

Quam tuí sermònis sum índigèns.

Gr. Enícas iam me òdio, quisquis ès.

Tr. Non sínam ego abìre hinc té: manè.

Gr. Caue sís malò: quid tú, malùm, nam mánu
me rètrahis? **Tr.** Aú | di.

Gr. Non aúdio. **Tr.** At pol qui aúdiès. **Gr.** Post.

Tr. Núnc. **Gr.** Quin lòquere quíd|uis.

Tr. Ehodum húc modo: òperae préti|umst

Quod tíbi ego uòlo narrá|re.

Gr. Elóquere quid id est. **Tr.** Vide, | num

Quispiám consequitur própe | nos.

Gr. Écquid ést quód meá réferát? **Tr.** Scilicét: 949

Séd boní cónsilí écquid ín té mihíst?

Gr. Quíd negótíst, modo díe. **Tr.** Dicám, tace, sí
fídem modó

Das míhi te nòn fore infí|dum.

Gr. Do fídem tíbi:

Fidús ero, quisquis es. **Tr.** Aúdi.

Furtum égo uidì qui fáciebát.

954

Norám dominum id quoi fíebát.

Post ad furem ègomet déueniò

Feroque éi condícionem hóc pactò:

‘Ego ístúe furtùm scio quóí factùmst:

Nunc míhi sí uis dare dímidíum

No tales to carry.' But he answered nought.

Now, what think you in fairness he should give?

A half, I'd have you say. **Gr.** Nay, more; for else
You should go tell the owner. **Tr.** Thanks; th'
advice

Is good. Now mark. All this is *your* concern.

Gr. Mine? How so? **Tr.** Why, the trunk there, in
your hand—

I long have known its owner. **Gr.** Say you so?

Tr. Ay, and how it was lost. **Gr.** And I know how
'twas found,

Ay, and who found it, and who owns it now.

This suits your case as much as t'other mine:

I know the trunk's new master, you the old.

None takes it from me. Never dream you can.

W. J. G.

Tr. Well, you shan't take it either, till you name
Some stakeholder or judge, who'll hear the case,
And settle it between us.

Gr. Are you crazy?

Tr. Yes, clean demented. **Gr.** I'm stark raving
mad.

Tr. Say one more word, I'll smash your head to
pieces!

Gr. Lay but a finger on't, I'll strike you down,
As I would strike an octopus at sea!

Come, will you fight? **Tr.** What need? Let's share the
spoil.

Gr. Make no demands from me,
young man, unless

You'd like to have a good sound thrashing gratis.

Tr. I'll turn the ship about lest you escape!

Indícium dòmino nón faciàm.'

Is míhi nil ètiam réspondit.

Quid inde aéquomst dàri mihi? dímidium

Volo üt dícas. **Gr.** Immo hercle ètiam plùs :

Nam nísi dat, dòmino díkundùm

Censéo. **Tr.** Tuo cònsilió faciàm.

Nunc áduorte ànimum: námque hoc òmne attínet ad te

Gr. Quid fác|tumst?

Tr. Vídulum ístum quóiusst nòui ego hóminem iàm
pridém. **Gr.** Quid èst? 963

Tr. Ét quo pacto périit. **Gr.** At ego quó pacto
inuentúst sciò :

Ét qui inuènit hóminem nòui, et dóminus qui nunc est
sciò.

Níhilo pòl plurís tua hòc quam quánti illùd refért meà.

Égo illum nòui quóius nunc est: tu illum quòius antehác
fuit.

Húnc homò feret á me nemo: né tu tè sperés potis.

Tr. Tu ístunc hòdie nón ferès, nisi dás sequèstrum aut
árbitrùm,

Quóius haèc res árbitràtu fiat. **Gr.** Quaèso sánun ès?

Tr. Élleboròsus sum. **Gr.** Át ego cèrritus: húnc non
àmittám tamèn.

Tr. Vérbum etiam àdde unúm, iam in cèrebro cólaphos
àpstrudám tuò.

Gr. Tánge: adfligam ad térram te ìtidem ut píscem
sòleo pólypùm.

Vís pugnàre? **Tr.** Quid opust? quín tu pótius praèdam
díuidè.

Gr. Hínc tu nísi malúm frunisci níl potès, ne póstules.

Ábeo ego hínc. **Tr.** At ego hínc offlèctam náuem, ne
quo abeás: manè.

Gr. You may be lookout-man, but I'm the helmsman :
Let go the rope, you villain. **Tr.** Yes, if you
Let go the basket.

Gr. Don't you dream of that.
Not one split straw will you get out of me.

Tr. Come, is there anyone you know who lives here?

Gr. My neighbours, naturally. **Tr.** Where do *you*
live?

Gr. Oh, far away among those furthest fields.

Tr. Well then, will you agree to this proposal :
Let him who lives in this house here be umpire.

Gr. Slack off the rope a space, while I withdraw
And think it over. **Tr.** Right.

Gr. (*Aside*). Ha! ha! ho! ho!

I win! The booty's mine for ever now.

He's walking straight into my own preserves,

And choosing my own master for his judge.

Ha! ha! I know that good old gentleman ;

He'll never judge away a threepenny piece

From his own servant. Ah, my cunning fellow,

You don't know where you are! I'll take that offer.

(*Aloud*) Well, though I know by right the prize is mine,
I'll take your terms rather than make you fight.

Tr. Ah, now, you answer like a gentleman.

Daemones, Palaestra, Ampelisca, Gripus, Trachalio.

Da. Now, Gripus, pay attention. You, sir, make clear
The claims you're urging Quick! my time is short.

Tr. I've told them once. But if they're still not clear,
I'll speak again. These ladies must be free.

The first was stolen from Athens when a child.

Gr. What's that to do with trunks, I'd like to know,

- Gr.** Sí tu pròreta ísti nàui's, égo gubèrnator erò.
 Mítte rùdentém, scelèste. **Tr.** Míttam: omítte uídulùm.
- Gr.** Nùmquam hercle hìnc hodié ramènta fíes fòrtunátior
Tr. Écquem in hìs locís nouísti? **Gr.** Opórtet ulcínós
 meòs.
- Tr.** VÍbi tu hic hàbitas? **Gr.** Pórrò illic longè úsque
 in càmpis últimís.
- Tr.** Vín qui in hàc uilla hàbitat èius àrbitràtu fieri?
Gr. Paúlispèr remítte rèstem, dùm concèdo et cònsulò.
- Tr.** Fíat. **Gr.** Eùge, sálua rès est: praéda haec
 perpetuást meà.
- Ad meum erum àrbitrùm uocàt me hic íntra praèsepís
 meàs.
- Nùmquam hercle hòdie abiúdicàbit áb suò trióbolùm.
 Ne íste haud scít quam còndiciónem tétulerit: eo ad
 àrbitrùm.
- Tr.** Quid ígitùr? **Gr.** Quamquam ístuc èsse iús meùm
 certó sciò,
- Fíat ístuc pótius quàm nunc púgnem tècum. **Tr.** Núnc
 placès.

SCENA II.

Ll. 1102-1111, 1127-1177.—The metre is still the
 Trochaic of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

**Daemones, Palaestra, Ampelisca, Gripus,
 Trachalio.**

- Da.** Grípe, aduòrte animúm. tu paucis éxpèdì quid
 póstulàs.
- Tr.** Díxi equidèm: sed sí parum íntelléxti, dicam dénuò.
 Háscè ambàs, ut dúdum díxi, ita èsse opórtet liberàs:
 Haéc Athènis párua fúit uírgo sùrpta. **Gr.** Díc mihì,

Whether the girls are bondwomen or free?

Tr. I'll not talk out the day, repeating things
To please that rogue.

Da. Cease wrangling, state the facts.
W. S.

Tr. In that trunk you ought to find a casket made of
walnut-wood,

In the casket lie the tokens which are all she has to trust
For a clue to find her parents, from whose keeping she
was stolen.

With the tokens, long ago, from Athens, as I said just
now.

Da. Come now, Gripus, hand the trunk here.

Gr. Well, I'll trust you with it, sir.
Only, if the lady's tokens are not there, you give it
back.

Da. Good. **Gr.** Then take it.

Da. Hear, Palaestra, hear me, Ampelisca, too.
Say, does this contain your casket? Is it this you
meant? **Pa.** It is.

Gr. Woe is me! She'd hardly seen it when she
answered that it was.

Pl. Let me make this puzzling question plain and
simple in your eyes.

There should be a wooden casket in the trunk. What
there you'll find

I'll declare, and name each object though you show me
none of them.

Then, if I have named them rightly, give me back
my own. **Da.** 'Tis well.

Tr. To my mind, the purest justice.

Gr. Pure injustice 'tis to mine.
Should she be a fortune-teller or by witch-craft know
the whole

Contents of the little casket, shall she get it all the
same?

Da. Not unless she tells them fairly; no thought-
reading tricks for me.

Come, unfix the trunk *instantly*; let us know the
truth at once.

Quíd id ad uidulum pértinèt, seruaé sint istae an líberaè.

Tr. Ómnia iterum uís memoràri, scélus, ut dèfiát diès.

Da. Ápstinè maledíctis èt mihi quód rogàui díluè.

Tr. Cístellam isti inesse opòrtet caúdeam in isto uidulò,
 Vbi sunt signa quí paréntis nóscere haèc possít suòs,
 Quíscum périit párua Athènis, sicuti dixí priùs.

Da. Cédo modò mihi ístum uidulum, Grípe. **Gr.** Còncredám tibi:

Át, si istòrum níl sit, ùt mihi réddas. **Da.** Rèddetúr.

Gr. Tenè.

Da. Aúdi nunciám, Palaèstra atque Ámpelisca, hoc quód loquòr:

Estne hic uidulus, úbi cistèllam túam inesse àiebás?

Pa. Is èst.

Gr. Périi hercle ègo misér: uti priùs quam pláne aspèxit flicò

Éum esse dixit! **Pa.** Fáciam ego hànc rem ex próclia planám tibi.

Cístellam isti inesse opòrtet caúdeam in isto uidulò:

Íbi ego dicam quídquid ìnerit nóminatim: tú mihi

Núllum ostènderís. si fàlsa dícam, frùstra díxerò:

Vós tamen ístic quídquid ìnerit uóbis òmne habèbitis.

Sí erunt uèra, tum ópsecrò te ut méa mi rèddantúr.

Da. Placèt:

Iús merum òras méo quidem ànimo. **Gr.** Át meo hèrele iniús merùm.

Quíd, si ista aut supérstitòsa aut háriolàst atque ómnia

Quídquid ìnerit uéra dicet, tàmén habèbit háriolà?

Da. Nón ferèt, nisi uéra dicet: néquiquam hàriolábitúr.

Sólue uidulum érgo, ut quíd sit uérum quàm primúm sciám.

Tr. One for Gripus! **Gr.** There it's loosened.

Pa. Ah! The casket! **Da.** Is this it?

Pa. Certainly. O dearest parents, here I carry you shut up!

In this box my means and prospects of e'er finding you are hid.

Gr. Then i' faith the gods with anger should pursue you, unknown miss,

For so cruelly enclosing parents in so cramped a place.

Da. Gripus, come; 'tis your concern, this. Girl, from there—a good way off—

You must tell what's in the casket,—name and catalogue the whole.

Should you err one jot or tittle, and then try to gloss your words,

My good woman, 'twill be useless; emendations will not wash.

Gr. 'Tis but justice.

Tr. Not *your* justice; you're an unjust knave, I know.

Da. Speak now, girl; and do you, Gripus, just attend and hold your tongue.

Pa. There are childish tokens in it.

Da. Yes, I see them. **Gr.** Plague upon't,

That's the first round gone against me. Stop, don't show them.

Da. Of what form? Tell them all in order.

Pa. First a tiny, golden, lettered sword.

Da. Tell me now what are the letters?

Pa. They make up my father's name;—
On the other side a hatchet, tiny, golden like the sword,
Double-edged and lettered also with my mother's name.

Da. Enough!

What's your father's name inscribed upon the sword?

Pa. 'Tis Daemones.

Da. Gracious heav'n! What will these bright hopes grow to? **Gr.** Humph! But what of mine?

Tr. Quick, sir, let us know the truth o't.

Gr. Gently, all, or all be hanged!

Tr. Hóc habèt! **Gr.** Solútust. **Da.** Àperi. **Pa.** Vídeo cistellam. **Da.** Haécinèst?

Pa. Ístaec èst. o méi parèntes, hic uos cònclosós gerò: Húc opèsque spésque uòstrum cògnoscèndum còndidì.

Gr. Túm tibi hèrcle déos irátos ésse opòrtet, quísqvis és, Quae parèntis tám in angústum túos locùm conpégeris.

Da. Grípe, accède huc, túa res àgitur: tú puèlla, istínc procúl

Dicitò quid ínsit èt qua fácie: mèmorato ómnià.

Si hèrcle tàntillúm peccássis, quód postèrius póstulès

Te ad uerùm conuórti, nùgas, múlier, màgnas égeris.

Gr. Iús bonum óras. **Tr.** Édepol haúd tuom órat: nàm tu iniúriù's.

Da. Lóquere nunciám puèlla. Grípe, animum àduorte ac tacè.

Pa. Sùnt crepúndia. **Da.** Écca uideo. **Gr.** Périi in primo proéliò:

Máne: ne ostènderís. **Da.** Qua fácie sùnt? respònde ex órdinè.

Pa. Énsiculúst auréolus primum lítterátus. **Da.** Dícedùm,

Ín eo ensiculo lítteràrum quíd est. **Pa.** Meì nomén patris.

Póst altrínsecúst secùricla áncipès, itidem aúrea,

Lítteràta; ibi mátris nòmen ín secùriclást. **Da.** Manè:

Díc, in ènsiculó quid nòmen ést patèrnum. **Pa.** Daémonès.

Da. Di ínmortàles, úbi loci sunt spés meae? **Gr.** Ímmo edepól meàe?

Tr. Pérgite, òpsecró, continuo. **Gr.** Plácide aut íte in malám crucèm.

Da. What's your mother's name that's written on the axe?

Pa. 'Tis Daedalis.

Da. Heav'n be praised! The gods vouchsafe me preservation.

Gr. Death to me.

Da. This must be my daughter, Gripus!

Gr. So she may, for all I care.

May the gods combined destroy you, who to-day clapped eyes on me,

Curse on me too for not looking round a hundred times or more,

To make sure no one could see me, ere I dragged the net to land.

Pa. After these a tiny sickle and two golden clasped hands,

Then a pygmy windlass.

Gr. Plague you with your pigs and porkers too.

Pa. Then an amulet which my father gave me on a birthday once.

Da. 'Tis the self-same! I must clasp her in my arms; I can't refrain.

Daughter, daughter! I'm your father, your own father Daemones;

Yes, and Daedalis your mother is within the house you see.

Pa. Father, father I despaired of!

Da. Come! You're held in willing arms.

Tr. Hurrah, hurrah! This happy ending makes amends for past alarms.

Now, sirs, if you like our playing, show it in the usual way;

I invite you all to dinner sixteen twelvemonths from to-day.

W. B. A.

Da. Lóquere mátris nómen hìc quid ín secùriclá sièt.

Pa. Daédalis. **Da.** Di mé seruàtum cúpiunt. **Gr.** Àt me pérditum.

Da. Fíliàm meam esse hánc opòrtet, Grípe. **Gr.** Sit per mé quidèm.

Quí te di òmnes pérdat, qui me hodie óculis uìdistí tuís, Méque adeò sceléstum, qui non círcumspèxi céntiens

Príus me nè quis ínspectàret, quám rete èxtraxi éx aquà.

Pa. Póst sicilicula árgentèola et dúae conèxae mániculaè, Súcula— **Gr.** Quin tu i dferècta cúm sucla èt cum pórculis.

Pa. Ét bulla àurèást, patèr quam dédit mi nàtalí diè.

Da. Éast profècto : cóntinèri quín complèctar nón queò.

Fílià mea, sálue : ego is sum qui te pròduxí patèr :

Égo sum Daèmonés, et màter túa eccam hic íntus Daédalis.

Pa. Sálue, mì pater ínsperàte. **Da.** Sálue : ut te àmplectór lubèns.

Tr. Vólup est quom ístuc éx pietàte uóstra uòbis cóntigit.

Spéctatòres, sí uolètis plaúsum fàbulae huíc darè,

Cómissàtum omnés uenitote ád me ad ànnos sédecim.





14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

REC'D LD

OCT 3 1962

21 JUL '64DY

REC'D LD

JUL 21 '64-6 PM

YD 41375

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C045931820

Plantus

155871

