

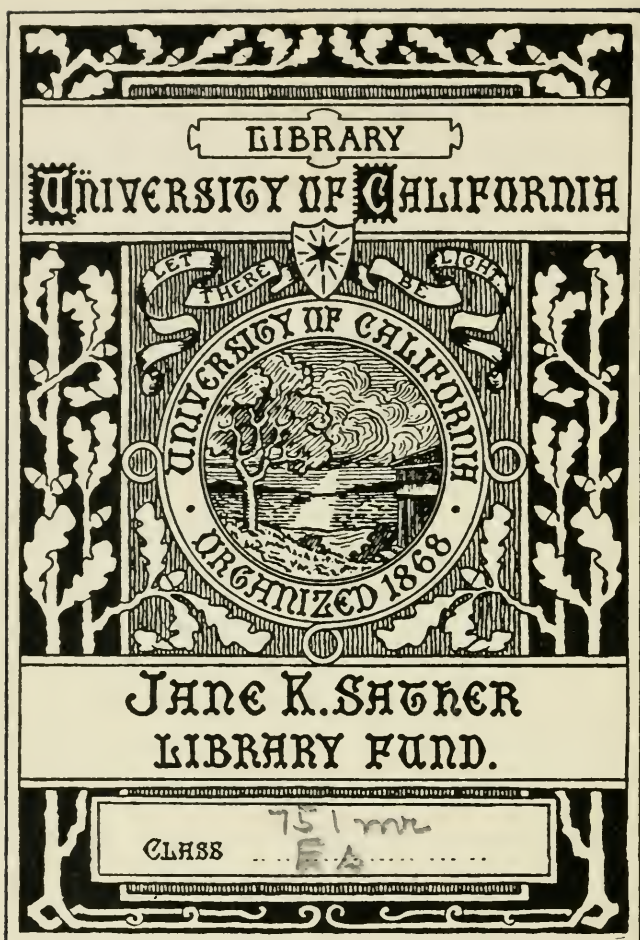
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THE MIMES OF
HERODAS





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A REALIST OF THE
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A REALIST OF THE
AEGEAN

BEING A VERSE-TRANSLATION OF
THE MIMES OF HERODAS

BY

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LONDON

DAVID NUTT, 57-59 LONG ACRE

1906

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Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press



PA 4008
H2 E5
1906
MAIN

PREFACE

It is now fourteen years since, by the discovery in Egypt of a certain mutilated papyrus, a few of the *Mimes* of Herodas were restored to the world. From the very first they extorted the (sometimes reluctant) admiration of Greek scholars, by virtue of their wonderful technique and deft characterisation. Since 1891 they have been translated into at least four European languages, but never into English; they are now presented to English readers without further words of appreciation or criticism,¹ in order that they too may judge (so far as this version can help them) whether the scanty remains of this ancient artist deserve to be neglected.

The translator has endeavoured to keep closely to the Greek, and to avoid modern associations which were not justified by the original. No de-

¹ A masterly and concise article, from Dr. Headlam's pen, may be read in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (tenth edition), vol. xxix., s.v. Herodas.

cipherable passages have been omitted, although certain phrases in the second Mime have been compressed or softened. It should be added that the use of the word "belt" in the sixth Mime is euphemistic.

Regular use has been made of the Greek texts of F. G. Kenyon (1891), W. G. Rutherford (1891), F. Bücheler (1892), O. Crusius (1900 and 1905), and J. A. Nairn (1904). The facsimile of the papyrus, issued by the British Museum in 1892, has naturally been of the greatest assistance, and the papyrus itself has been consulted on occasion. The readings adopted, where they differ from Mr. Nairn's text, have been tabulated in the Appendix, and the writer hopes to have an early opportunity of discussing some of them elsewhere.

The translator wishes to express his deep indebtedness to the many scholars, from Dr. Kenyon onwards, whose fruitful labours have made this translation possible: more especially to Dr. W. G. Headlam, whose memorable contributions to the study of Herodas (in the *Classical Review* and other journals) are but an earnest of what he is yet to give us; to Dr. Otto Crusius, for the great help derived from his critical notes and his *Untersuchungen zu den Mimiamben des Herodas*; and, not least, to

the author of the only complete English commentary, Mr. J. A. Nairn.

The actual words of others have seldom been borrowed, but "angel's visit" (from Blair's *Grave*) on page 3 is due to Dr. Kynaston, "throbbing with life" (p. 27) to Mr. Nairn, and "punch his head" (pp. 33 and 45) to Dr. Headlam. Furthermore, the words of the seventeenth line on page 4 are strung together from a note written by the last-named scholar, and it may well happen that there are some other unconscious or forgotten reproductions. The foreign translations of the *Mimes* have been designedly left unread.

Hearty thanks are due from the translator to Dr. Rutherford, who gave the first kindly reading to these versions and made many helpful criticisms, and to several members of the translator's family for a like good office.

HEREFORD, *November 25th*, 1905.

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HERODAS

MIME I

TITLE (in the papyrus): *The Go-between or Procuress.*

SCENE: *Unknown, but very possibly Kos.*

DATE: *Not earlier than 270 B.C.*

CHARACTERS: *Mētrichē (a married woman).*

Gyllis (an old woman).

Thracian (a servant girl).

METRICHE (*to* THRACIAN).

Hark, girl! There's some one knocking at the
door.

See who it is,—perhaps some visitor
From our country place.

THRACIAN (*shouting*).

Who knocked?

HERODAS

GYLLIS.

I.

THRACIAN.

Who are you ?

Don't be afraid ; come nearer.

GYLLIS.

So I do.

THRACIAN.

Who *are* you ?

GYLLIS.

I'm Philainion's mother dear,
Gyllis. Go tell your mistress that I'm here.

METRICHE.

Let her in. Who is it ?

THRACIAN.

Gyllis.

METRICHE.

Gyllis ? Not
"Mamma" ? Now, girl, be brisk ! Well, and to what

Supreme good fortune, Gyllis, do I owe
This "angel's visit" ? These five months or so
No soul, awake or sleeping, 's noticed you
Come near this doorway ; by the Fates, it's true.

GYLLIS.

My home's far off, child ; then, the mud !—it lies
Thick in the streets, and reaches to one's thighs.
That weak I am, too,—like a fly ! Dear, dear !
Age pulls us down, the shadow of death is near.

METRICHE.

It's libelling Time to say so. Go along !
Why, you could crush one's life out,—you're so
strong.

GYLLIS.

Ah ! mock away. You girls will have your fun ;
But that won't warm you, when all's said and done.
Well, child, how long, now, in this widowed state,
Do you press a lonely couch, disconsolate ?
Ten months have flown since Mandris went away
To Egypt, and no syllable from that day

To this he's sent you ; he's forgotten *you*,
And drained the honeyed cup of love anew.
The goddess makes her home there ; every kind
Of thing, both new and old, you're sure to find
In the land of Egypt : wealth, power, fame, repose,
Gymnasium, gold, young men, philosophers, shows,
The shrine of Brother and Sister, the Good King,
Wine, the Museum,—every pleasant thing
The heart of man can wish for ; women, there,
In number more—by Hades' Maid I swear—
Than all the stars Heaven's front does proudly wear,
Fair as those goddesses who once, to claim
The prize of beauty, unto Paris came,
—Hope they don't hear their names. Well, there
 you sit,
Hugging your chair. What do you think of it,
Poor girl? You'd better mind : you'll waste away,
Youth swallowed in the ashes of decay.
Look somewhere else, steer for another port
A day or two, and merrily resort
To a new friend. The ship that tries to ride
At a single anchor may not stem the tide.
If your first love is in his grave, why then

No mortal man can raise him up again.
 Besides, you know, fine weather has a close,
 And angry storms succeed ; and no one knows
 What hidden fortune future days may bring,
 For human life's a most uncertain thing.
 There's no one near us, is there ?

METRICHE.

No one.

GYLLIS.

Well,

Now you shall hear the news I came to tell.
 Know that young Gryllos, Mātākīnē's son
 (She's daughter of Pataikios),—who has won
 Five prizes at the games, once as a lad
 At Pytho, twice at Corinth, where he had
 The striplings all defeated, twice again
 At Pisa, where he quite outboxed the men,—
 Well off, the kind of man who'll never move
 A twig from off the ground, unversed in love,
 Safe as a signet,—at the late Returning
 Of Misē saw you, and his heart was burning

With frenzied love in no time. Night and day
 He haunts my house, and ceases not to pray,
 Weeping, for help to me, his "mother dear";
 In fact, his passion's killing him, I fear.
 Now, Metriche, my child, this little sin,
 This *one*, you surely may commit; give in
 To the Goddess, lest old age should find you out.
 And you'll gain doubly; you'll enjoy, no doubt,
 A pleasant time, and also you'll receive
 A bigger sum than you could well believe.
 Just think now. Be advised in this by me;
 Please do, child, in the name of Destiny.

METRICHE.

Gyllis, your grey hairs steal your wits away.
 By Mandris' ship, which yet will come some day,
 And by Demeter, saving you, I'd stand
 These speeches from no woman in the land;
 For her sore words her bones should soon be sore,
 And she should hate my threshold evermore.
 Never bring such a tale upon your tongue
 To me again, dear. Women gay and young
 May listen to such harlotries as these;

Let Metriche, daughter of Pytheës,
Still “hug her chair.” Nobody can poke fun
At Mandris. But enough! You “care for none
Of these things,” as they say. (*To Thracian*) Girl,
hark to me!

Wipe the black drinking-shell, and pour out three
Half-measures of neat wine, then, filling up
With water, hand our guest a brimming cup.

THRACIAN.

There, Gyllis; there's your drink.

GYLLIS.

Ah! bring it here.

I came about the festival, my dear,
And not to tempt you.

METRICHE.

Yes, your wine's for that.

GYLLIS.

I hope you've plenty of it in your vat,
For your sake. By Demeter, this stuff's fine;

Gyllis has never tiddled better wine.
Well, fare you well, child. Mind you take all care
Of your own self. For me, be this my prayer,
That Myrtālē and Sīmē still may keep
Young (yes, and gay), till Gyllis sleeps her sleep.

MIME II

TITLE (in the papyrus): *The Pandar.*

SCENE: *Kos: a Court of Law.*

CHARACTERS: *Battaros (a pandar).*
Clerk of the Court.

BATTAROS.

Gentlemen of the jury, 'tis not birth
That you are called to judge, nor moral worth.
Though Thales own a ship of value quite
Five talents, while I own—an appetite,
Battaros, in law, is just as good as he,
If at his hands I've suffered injury.

[*Three mutilated lines are here omitted.*]

Men live, you know, not as they wish to do,
But as events outside compel them to.
Mennes supports him; I've Aristophon
As my supporter. Well, the first is known
As a prize-boxer, while my nominee

Is still a good garotter. Come and see
At nightfall, gentlemen, if you should doubt it ;
Each bring your cloak,—and each go home without it.
I back *my* champion, and that's all about it.
He'll tell you, "I brought wheat, a plenteous store,
From Akē, and the famine raged no more."
Well, I brought girls from Tyre. How is this, pray,
A public service? He's not given away
The wheat to grind ; both of us make you pay.
But if he thinks, because he plies the sea,
And wears a cloak that cost him two or three
Good Attic minas, while I live ashore,
Wrapped in a coarse coat, trailing on the floor
Shoes all in tatters,—if he thinks that therefore
He can take aught of mine that he may care for,
By force, without my leave, at night-time too,
Then the protection guaranteed by you
Means simply nothing, and your boasted joy,
Your independence, Thales will destroy.
He should know who he is, and of what clay
Compounded ; he should copy me ; I pay
Respect to all alike, both small and great.
Ah ! those who are the roof-tree of the State,

Those who may vaunt their birth with better
cause

Than can this fellow, *they* regard the laws :

No *citizen* has ever pummelled me,

Or smashed my door in (alien though I be)

At night-time, or has set my house on fire,

Or wrested from me girls I keep for hire :

But Phrygian Thales, who, I'd have you know,

Was called Artimmes not so long ago,

Has done all this, and wantonly defied

Laws, councillors, and president beside.

Stay ! Read the law, clerk, dealing with the offence

Of personal assault and violence.

(*To the usher*) And you, good sir, bung up the water-
clock,

Until he's finished. Thales must not dock

Poor Battaros of his "last suit of clo'es

And what's beneath them," as the saying goes.

CLERK OF THE COURT.

"If a free man shall wilfully assault

Or follow a slave woman, for this fault

The fine is double."

BATTAROS.

'Twas Chairondes thus

Enacted, mind, not Battaros emulous
 To punish Thales. He goes on to say,—
 “If a man smash a door in, he shall pay
 A mina : if he use his fists in fight,
 A mina : if he set the house alight,
 Or force his way inside, ten minas,”—such
 The fines,—“for damage done, just twice as
 much.”

Yes, Thales, *he* inhabited a city ;

You don't know what that means, nor—more's the
 pity—

How city life is ordered. Brikindēra

'S your home to-day, 'twas yesterday Abdēra ;

To-morrow, if you only get a freight,

You'll take your ship off to Phasēlis straight.

Well, lest I bore you with a rambling sort

Of story, gentlemen, I'll cut it short ;

Thales has been the pitch, and I the mouse :

I got an awful drubbing, and my house

(I pay “a third” rent, neither less nor more)

Has got charred lintels and a broken door.

Now, Myrtälē, my girl, come forward here ;
Let them all see you ; don't be shy, my dear !
Think that these jurymen whom you behold
Are loving brothers or are fathers old.
See, gentlemen ! See how she's bruised all over,
From the rough handling of her scoundrel lover.
Old Age, you ought to get thank-offerings due,
For he 'ld have spirted blood, except for you,
Like Brenkian Philip once in Samian land.
Laughing, eh, Thales ? I'm a blackguard, and
I don't deny it. Battaros is my name,
My grandsire was Sisymbras, of the same
Profession, as was Sisymbriskos too,
My father ; all were pandars. But, for thew
And muscle, I could throttle without fear
A lion, if 'twere Thales. (*To Thales*) Now, look
here !
You love the girl perhaps ; that's nothing strange.
Well, I love corn. Offer a fair exchange,
—She's yours. Or, if your gizzard is on fire,
Thrust in my hand the price that I require,
—She's yours ; maltreat your own just as you please.
He's free to, gentlemen,—for, though in these

Proposals Thales is addressed, yet you
Must carefully decide with judgment true,
As you've no witnesses. But if his real
Desire's the torture, and he seeks ordeal
By slave-examination, then I tender
Myself. Come, rack me, Thales!—only render
My value into court. Why, a decision
By Minos' scales could have no more precision!
And think not, gentlemen, that you are giving
Your votes to Battaros or his way of living,
But unto all the aliens of this State.
Show how that Kos and Merops both are great;
Show what was Herakles' and Thessalos' fame,
Show how Asklepios here from Trikke came,
How Phoebe here gave Leto to the light.
Consider all of this, and guide aright
Your sober judgment; for, if now you smite
The Phrygian, he'll be better by-and-bye,
Unless the ancient proverb tells a lie.

MIME III

TITLE (in the papyrus) : *The Schoolmaster.*

SCENE : *Unknown.*

CHARACTERS : *Mētrōtīmē (a woman).*

Lampriskos (a schoolmaster).

Kottālos (son of Metrotime).

METROTIME.

Lampriskos, may the Muses give you joy,
If only you will thrash this naughty boy !
Right from the shoulder !—till the rascal's breath
Just hovers on his lips, an inch from death.
He's wrecked my home—oh, deary, deary me !—
With pitch and toss ; he's not content, not he,
With knucklebones, like others. Day by day
It's getting worse. He scarcely knows the way
To his master's house, though, whimper as I please,
Each month's "black thirtieth" duns me for the fees.
But he knows well enough the gambler's lair,
Where carriermen and truant slaves repair,

And can show others too. His tablet's fate
Is sad in the extreme ; all desolate,
Between his bedpost and the wall, it stands,
Though I wax it every month with weary hands :
Save when he throws it one long, withering look,
And, far from copying neatly off his book,
Rips all the wax off. But his different sets
Of anklebones, in baskets and in nets,
Shine brighter far than our domestic cruse,
Which every trifle gives us call to use.
He can't be sure about the letter A,
Unless we bawl it at him half the day.
Not long ago, dictating to him, his father
Read " Maron " out ; this scholar thought he'd rather
Spell Maron's name thus :—S-i-m-o-n :
I called myself a fool, I tell you, then ;
Said I, " A donkey-driver's trade I ought
To have trained him up to, not have had him taught
Reading and writing, in the foolish thought
That he would tend my age. If we should say
He must repeat some passage from a play—
If I, or else his poor blind deaf old dad,
Bid him recite, like many another lad,—

He lets it trickle, trickle through a sieve,
“Apollo—god—of—chace,”—why, as I live,
His own unlettered granny’ll spout you *that*,
And every common slave has got it pat.
But, if we speak a word, he either flies
The doorstep for three days, to victimise
His grandam, who has quite enough to do,
At her age, to keep one, let alone two ;
Or on the roof, down-gazing, for all the world
Like a pet monkey, sits, with legs uncurled.
Just fancy how my heart goes pit-a-pat !
Not that I mind for him,—it isn’t that ;
But all the tiles are smashed like bits of cake,
And then, for every tile, I’ve got to take
Three half-pence from my purse, with sad lament,
As winter comes. For all the tenement
Exclaims, “The handiwork of Kottalos this !
It’s Metrotime’s lad !” The nuisance is,
We can’t dispute it anyhow ; it’s true.
Look at his back ! He took that mottled hue
In the wood, like some poor fisher, day by day
Spending his dreary life in Delos’ bay.
He better knows when the 7ths and the 20ths fall

Than any star-gazer among them all,
 And gets no sleep at night for calculation
 Of when your school breaks up for the vacation.
 Now, may yon Muses grant you full success,
 May all your life be crowned with happiness,
 But give him just as much——

LAMPRIKOS.

That will do, please :

He shall have just as much. Where's Euthies?
 And Kokkalos? And Phillos? Do you hear?
 Don't wait, like Akeses, "till the moon shines
 clear,"
 But hoist him on your shoulders, in full view.
 Well, Kottalos! A nice report of you!
 You're not content with playing knucklebones,
 Which please your less advanced companions,
 But you must needs frequent the gamblers' den,
 And play at pitch and toss with carriermen?
 If that's your taste, I'll make you quieter
 Than any girl; you shall not dare to stir
 As much as a twig. Come! Where's my heavy
 lash,

The cowtail one, with which I always slash
Unruly boys, fast bound with fetters thick?
Before I choke with rage, give it me, quick!

KOTTALOS.

Oh no! By these dear Muses here before you,
And by your beard, Lampriskos, I implore you,
As you love Koutis, not the heavy one!
Do flog me with the other!

LAMPRISKOS.

Nay, my son,
You're bad, real bad; not even a flattering slaver,
Intent on sale, could blarney in your favour,
In the land where mice eat iron easily.

KOTTALOS.

Oh! oh! How many more? It's agony!
How many?

LAMPRISKOS.

Ask your mother, don't ask me.

HERODAS

KOTTALOS.

Mamma ! mamma ! How many ? I declare—

METROTIME.

As many as your wretched hide will bear.

KOTTALOS.

Stop ! Stop, Lampriskos ! That's enough !

LAMPRIKOS.

Well then,

You stop being naughty.

KOTTALOS.

Never, never again,

Will I be naughty : never, never more,

I swear it by the Muses we adore.

LAMPRIKOS.

Why, what a ready tongue you seem to have found.

I'll gag you, if you make another sound.

KOTTALOS.

Well, now I'm dumb! Please, please, don't kill me
quite!

LAMPRISKOS.

Kokkalos, and you, release him.

METROTIME.

'Tisn't right
To stop yet. Flog him till the sun goes down.

LAMPRISKOS.

He's like a snake already, green and brown:
And there's a little reckoning yet to pay,
Some twenty strokes or so another day,
Due on his book,—though he read better far
Than Kleio's self could do it.

KOTTALOS.

(At a distance) Yah! yah! yah!

LAMPRISKOS.

You go and wash your mouth in honey.

METROTIME.

Well,

I'll go off home. There's all this tale to tell
To my old husband,—and it's time he knew ;
And then I'll bring the anklets here to you,
That so his hated Goddesses of Letters
May see how well he jumps,—in iron fetters.

MIME IV

TITLE (in the papyrus) : *Women making Offerings and
Sacrifice to Asklepios.*

SCENE : *Kos : the Temple of Asklepios.*

CHARACTERS : *Kokkālē* } *Women.*
Kynno }
Verger.

KOKKALE.

Hail, Lord of Healing, thou whom Trikke knows
For ruler, thou who dost in pleasant Kōs
And Epidauros dwell : hail too, thy mother
Koronis, and Apollo, and that other,
Hygieia, blest by touch of thy right hand :
And they to whom these lordly altars stand,
Iāso, Panakeia, and Epīo :
And they who laid Laomedon's city low
And all his house, healers of dread disease,
Podaleirios and Machāon, and, with these,
All gods and goddesses who make their home

Upon thy hearth, O Paion : hither come
 Propitious, to receive my sacrifice,
 A cock, the household crier,—just a nice
 Tit-bit on top of dinner. We don't haul
 Big bucketfuls, and sometimes none at all ;
 Else you'd have had a bullock, or a sow
 With lots of fat upon her—not, as now,
 A cock,—as thanks for healing the disease
 To which your gentle touch gave perfect ease.

KYNNO.

Put up the tablet, Kokkale, to the right
 Of Hygieia.

KOKKALE.

What a lovely sight !
 What statues, Kynno ! Whose is that design
 In marble ? And who gave it to the shrine ?

KYNNO.

Praxiteles' sons designed it ; there one sees
 The letters on the base ; and Euthies,
 The son of Prexon, gave it.

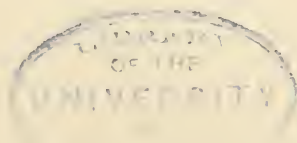
KOKKALE.

Healer, ever

Be gracious to the sculptors and the giver,
For these great works ! Look how the girl up there
Is gazing at the apple ! You would swear
She'll die outright, if she can't get her apple.
Then that old man there ! That's the way to-grapple
With a fox-goose, as that boy does ! Yes, by Fate,
The very pose ! But that the stone is straight
In front of us, you'd look for word or moan
From the figures. We shall soon be forced to own
That life itself can dwell in lifeless stone.
Look, Kynno ! Myttes' daughter Battälē's statue !
Why, there she stands ! She might be posing at you !
All ye who know not Battale, survey
This likeness, and you'll know her any day !

KYNNO.

Just come with me, my dear, and you shall gaze
On such a piece as never in all your days
Did you behold. Go call the verger out,
Kydilla. You there, gaping all about
The place, do you hear me speak ? She doesn't care



An atom what I say ! No crab could stare
 As straight at one as she does, rooted there !
 Go call the verger out, I say again,
 Guzzler ! No precinct, holy or profane,
 Calls you a decent slave ! No, you're assessed
 Everywhere at one value ! I protest
 By this god here that, though I try to bear it,
 You make me boil with rage ; you do, I swear it !
 "The day will come"—or my mistake is great—
 When you'll be driven to scratch your filthy pate.

KOKKALE.

Come, Kynno, don't let small things vex you so ;
 A slave-girl's ears are clogged with sloth, you know.

KYNNO.

But see, day's dawned ; a big crowd's pressing hard.

KOKKALE.

Stay where you are, girl, for the gate's unbarred,
 And the shrine's open. Kynno dear, look there !
 What lovely works of art ! Why, one would swear

Athene's self had carved them!—honour and joy
Be with her! If I prick that naked boy,
Surely he'll bleed? The flesh that moulds his form
Lies firm upon his limbs, so warm, so warm,
Throbbing with life, upon the panel thrown:
And if Myellos sees those tongs, you'll own,
Or Pataikiskos, son of Lamprion,
They're like to lose their eyeballs in their greed,
Thinking it silver plate in very deed.
Then, there! The ox, the man in charge, the
girl
Who walks beside, the beaked shock-headed churl,
Aren't they just animals? But that I feel
Above such woman's weakness, I could squeal,
For fear the ox should hurt me; the one eye
Shoots out a sidelong glance so threateningly.

KYNNO.

Yes, dear, Apelles the Ephesian's skill
Fails never, be the subject what you will.
You couldn't say, "Some things that man would see,
And others miss." No, whatsoever might be

The work—perhaps a god—he planned to do,
 With swift, unerring strokes he'd carry it through.
 May he who felt not reverence and awe
 Of him and of his works, when such he saw,
 Hang in a fuller's workshop by the feet !

VERGER.

Ladies, your sacrifice has won complete
 Success,—success foreboding better things.
 No suppliant from the God more favour brings.
 (*Praying*) O Lord of Healing, for these offerings
 fair
 Grant favour to the ladies standing there,
 And for their husbands and their kin have care ;
 O Lord of Healing, hearken to my prayer !

KOKKALE.

Yea, hearken, Lord, and may we come again
 With sons and husbands, bringing in our train
 More lordly gifts, our health restored completely.
 You, Kottale, cut the fowl's leg off neatly,
 And give it to the verger as his dole.
 Then put the pudding in the serpent's hole,

Uttering no word, and wet the barley-cake ;
And all the rest don't you forget to take
Home, and we'll have a comfortable spread.

VERGER.

Please, just a little of the "healthy bread" !
I'd always rather have a taste of *it*,
Than get my proper portion. Just a bit !

MIME V

TITLE (in the papyrus): *The Jealous Woman.*

SCENE: *Unknown.*

CHARACTERS: *Bitinna (a woman).*

Gastron (a slave, favourite of Bitinna).

Pyrrhies (a slave).

Kydilla (a young slave-girl).

BITINNA.

Now, Gastron ! So you're such a libertine,
That, not content (it seems) with love of mine,
You carry on with Menon's Amphytaea ?

GASTRON.

With whom ? Why, when did I as much as see her ?

BITINNA.

Oh yes, excuses always, hour by hour !

GASTRON.

Bitinna, I'm a slave, and in your power :
Please do not suck my blood both night and day.

BITINNA.

You've picked up some fine language, I must say.

Kydilla, where is Pyrrhies? Call him here.

PYRRHIES (*entering*).

Yes?

BITINNA.

Loose the well-rope,—don't be half a year—

The bucket-rope; I want this fellow bound.

(*To Gastron*) If I don't make you, with a thorough,
sound

Thrashing, a lesson to the country round,

Count me no woman, but a Phrygian slave!

I've just myself to blame, because I gave

A place to you among the sons of men.

But if Bitinna made an error then,

She's no fool now, you'll be surprised to find.

(*To Pyrrhies*) Come, strip his cloak off by yourself,
and bind

The fellow tight.

GASTRON.

Oh, by your knees I pray,

Don't, don't, Bitinna!

BITINNA.

Strip it off, I say.

You've got to learn, my man, that you're a slave,
 For whom three minas was the price I gave.
 Bad luck upon the day that brought you here !
 Pyrrhies, you'll get a thrashing, never fear !
 Why, you're not making an attempt to bind him ;
 Let the cords grip him, tie his arms behind him.

GASTRON.

Pardon me just this one offence, Bitinna ;
 I'm only human, and I played the sinner.
 But if in future in the least degree
 I cross your will, then clap a brand on me.

BITINNA.

Don't wheedle *me* ! Go tell that to your flirt,
 Not to your dupe,—you mat for harbouring dirt !

PYRRHIES.

He's bound all right.

BITINNA.

Mind he can't get away.
 Take him to Hermon's flogging-place, and say

That he's to have a thousand of the best
Upon his back, and as many on his chest.

GASTRON.

You'll kill me first, and then investigate
Whether or not I have deserved my fate?

BITINNA.

What were the words of your own mouth?—"Bitinna,
Pardon me just this once; I've played the sinner."

GASTRON.

Yes, for I wanted to abate your passion.

BITINNA (*to Pyrrhies*).

What! Staring there, man, in that idle fashion,
Instead of taking him to where I said?
Kydilla, punch that lazy rascal's head.
Drechon, you follow Pyrrhies. Girl, hand over
Some tatters for this cursed rogue, to cover
His beastly loins with; it will scarcely do
To send him naked,—through the market, too.
Now, Pyrrhies, take my orders once again:
You're to tell Hermon that he's got to rain

A thousand blows down *here*, a thousand *there*.
 You see? For if you deviate by a hair,
 You'll pay the principal and interest too.
 Now off you start, and (mind) don't take him through
 The road where Mikkālē's house is, but go straight
 By the main road. But—by-the-bye now—wait!
 Run, call them back, girl, ere they get too far!

KYDILLA.

Pyrrhies, come back! You brute, how deaf you are!
 The mistress wants you! Ugh! You'd think he'd
 got

A cemetery-thief in tow, and not
 A fellow-slave. Ah! Now you're dragging *him*
 Roughly to suffering in life and limb;
 But these two eyes, that give Kydilla sight,
 Will see you shortly in a different plight,
 When Antidōros to your legs has tied
 The fetters you so lately put aside.

BITINNA.

Hi! fellow! Bring him back again to me
 Bound as he is, and you go off and see

That Kosis comes—the branding-man—with ink
And needles. We'll tattoo you now, I think,
While we're about it. Have him balanced nicely,
—Like Davos' price, adjusted most precisely.

KYDILLA.

No, please, mamma ! Do let him off this time !
So may Batyllis live, and in her prime
May you behold her married, and embrace
Her little children ! Grant, I beg you, grace
To this one fault.

BITINNA.

Girl, don't be so vexatious,
Or I shall leave the house. What ? I be gracious
To such a sevenfold slave ? If I grant grace,
What woman but will spit upon my face
At meeting, with good cause ? Grant grace ?
Not so,
By Our Lady ! Since the fellow doesn't know
That he's a mortal man, he shall discover
The man he is before a minute's over,
By this inscription branded on his brow !

KYDILLA.

But it's the 20th, and five days from now
Comes the Gerenia.

BITINNA (*to Gastron*).

I'll not punish you
At present, and for that your thanks are due
To this young girl, whom my own arms did rear,
And so Batyllis' self is not more dear.
But when the dead have had their due libations,
You'll have a feast too,—yes, great celebrations!

MIME VI

TITLE (in the papyrus): *A Private or Intimate Conversation between Women.*

SCENE: *Unknown, perhaps Ephesos.*

CHARACTERS: *Koritto (a lady, at home).*

Metro (a lady calling on Koritto).

KORITTO.

Pray sit down, Metro. Now then, up you spring,
And put a chair for the lady! Everything
I've got to tell you: nothing will you do
Of your own self, you good-for-nothing, you!
You're not a slave, you're just a stone about
The house; but, mind you, when the corn's dealt out,
You count each crumb, and if but *that* much tumbles,
Such a commotion all day long, *such* grumbles,
The very walls can't stand it! Now, look there!
You needs must scrub and polish up that chair
Now, when it's wanted, robber! You may bless

This lady ; but for her being here, I'd dress
You down most soundly !

METRO.

Ah ! Then you appear
To be in the boat with me, Koritto dear.
I grind my teeth all day and night, like you,
At these vile creatures, and bark at 'em too,
Like any dog. Now for my special mission :
—Outside, you pests, you models of discretion,
Ears and tongues only, all else holiday !—
Now, dear Koritto, tell me true, I pray ;
Who made your red belt ? What's the cobbler's
name ?

KORITTO.

Why, Metro, where may you have seen that same ?

METRO.

Erinna's daughter had it in her hand
The other day,—Nossis, you know. A grand
Present it was !

KORITTO.

Where did she get it, pray ?

METRO.

You won't tell everybody, if I say ?

KORITTO.

No ! By these precious eyes of mine, my dear,
 No mortal from Koritto's lips shall hear
 One word.

METRO.

'Twas from Euboule, Bitas' daughter,
 And not a soul must know it, she besought her.

KORITTO.

Women, Euboule'll be my death ; 'tis so.
 She begged so hard, I couldn't well say "No,"
 And lent it her, before I'd worn it, mind,
 Metro ; she, thinking it a splendid find,
 Whisks it off with her, as a thing to lend
 To the wrong sort of women. Some new friend
 She'd better seek in place of me,—that's flat ;
 I'll give her a wide berth, as she's like that.
 To Nossis, daughter of—of—Medokes
 (Words too presumptuous for a woman these,

I fear,—may Adrasteia mark them not),
I wouldn't lend the seediest belt I've got.

METRO.

Come, come, don't get your dander up, my dear,
At every foolish bit of talk you hear.
True women should, whatever is the matter,
Be patient ; it's my fault,—my silly chatter.
My tongue wants cutting out, I must allow.
But for the question that I asked just now :
What cobbler stitched it ? If you love me, say.
Why smile at me in that peculiar way ?
Perhaps you've never seen my face before ?
Or why this sudden coyness ? I implore
My sweet Koritto that she tell me true,
Who was the cobbler ?

KORITTO.

Goodness, how you do
“Implore” ! 'Twas Kerdon.

METRO.

Kerdon ? Which one, pray ?
I know two Kerdons, one with eyes of gray,

Who lives near Myrtalinē's place,—you know,
 Kylaithis' daughter. But he couldn't sew
 The simplest thing—a quill to a lute-frame—for us.
 The other's place is near to Hermodōros'
 Buildings, just off the road. He wasn't bad
 Some years ago, but now he's old ; he had
 Pymaithis' custom ;—ah ! she's left the scene ;
 May her relations keep her memory green !

KORITTO.

Neither of those. The man who works for me
 Came here from Chios, or from Erythrae,
 —I don't know which. He's bald and short,—*so*
 big !

The image of Prexīnos. Why one fig
 Is not more like another ! Only when
 You hear him talk, you know it's Kerdon then,
 And not Prexīnos. Well, he does his selling
 At home and on the sly, for every dwelling
 Dreads the collector of the trading duties.
 But then his work,—you never saw such beauties !
 Athene's self had wrought them, you'd surmise,
 Not Kerdon. He brought two, and oh ! my eyes

Just bulged with eagerness, when I espied them :
Soft, soft as sleep, and then the straps that tied them
Were wool, not straps ! Search, and you'll never
 find
A cobbler more a friend to womankind.

METRO.

How came you then to let the other go ?

KORITTO.

I did my best, dear ; every trick I know
I tried on him. I kissed him, gave him wine,
Stroked his bald headpiece, called him "sweetheart
 mine,"
And nearly leapt into his arms.

METRO.

 You might,
If he had asked, have done as much outright.

KORITTO.

Yes, but the time was awkward, for just then
That girl of Bitas needs must come again.

She's working at my grindstone night and day ;
 It's all but dust, she's worn it so away.
 Rather than pay four obols for her own
 To be re-sharpened, she destroys *my* stone.

METRO.

But tell me this, dear, too, without evasion ;
 What brought the man to *you* on this occasion ?

KORITTO.

Artēmīs told him where I might be found
 (The tanner Kandās' girl), and sent him round.

METRO.

She's always taking new discoveries up,
 Still drinking deep the busybody's cup.
 But as he wouldn't let you buy the two,
 You ought at least to have discovered who
 Had booked the other.

KORITTO.

I begged ever so,
 But he declared he'd never let me know.

METRO.

Then Artemis must be next stop for me,
To find out who this Kerdon-man may be.
Now I must fly ; my husband's starving, surely.
Good-bye, my love.

KORITTO.

Fasten the door securely,
You poultry-girl, and count the fowls up quick,
To see we haven't lost a single chick.
Throw them some corn. These bird-stealers will
clap
Hands on 'em, though you nurse 'em in your lap.

MIME VII

TITLE (in the papyrus): *The Cobbler.*

SCENE: *Unknown, but the same town as Mime VI:
perhaps Ephesos.*

CHARACTERS: *Metro (a lady).*

Kerdon (a cobbler).

Two Ladies (one perhaps mute).

METRO.

Kerdon, I've brought these ladies to you. What
Real marvels of your cunning have you got
To show them?

KERDON.

Metro, you, beyond a doubt,
Deserve my love. Hi! Bring the big bench out
Here for the ladies! Drimylos, I've had
To call you twice! Are you asleep? You, lad,
Pistos, just punch his head, and chase away
His slumbers altogether! No, now, stay!

Fasten the spike on to his neck instead.
 Now then, you stir your stumps, you monkey head !
 You'll have to clank about in heavier fetters,
 And get some fist-instruction from your betters.
 Pray sit down, ladies. Pistos, off you go
 And open the upper press,—not this one, no !
 That upper one—and bring my really prime
 Creations down with you, in just no time.
 Fortunate Metro, many a perfect gem
 You and your friends will see ! Examine them
 At leisure. Here's a box now ; open it,
 Metro, and look. Why, what a perfect fit
 For a perfect foot ! You ladies, look at this ;
 Observe the heel, how firm and strong it is,
 With little wedges dotted all about ;
 This work's not good in parts, but good throughout.
 And then, the colour ! Why,—so may you gain
 All joys of life for which your hearts are fain,
 By Pallas' grace,—you couldn't match the grain.

*[The next eight lines in the papyrus are very
 much mutilated.]*

For, mind you now, the tanners try to get

Much bigger profits than they did, and yet
What they turn out must far inferior be
To these my works of art. Cobblers like me
Just nurse blank misery, day and night sustaining
The pinch of hunger. Why, till day is waning
Never a bite! And then, at early morn,
The awful noises! Beast was never born,
—Not Mikion's—capable of such a noise.
Besides, I've got a dozen men and boys
(I mustn't let them starve, you know) to board,
Who, if it rains a drop, with one accord
Sing out, "Give, give at once," and otherwise
Sit quiet in the nest, warming their thighs.
Enough! "Not words but—coins," the saying goes,
"Are what the market wants." You don't like
those?

We'll have another pair, then, from the press,
And yet another, till you all confess
Kerdon speaks truth. Pistos, bring out the lot,
Yes, every case. Ah, ladies, you must not
Take home with you a single coin you've got.
Now you'll see all these various kinds:—Ionian,
Ambracian, Argive, Chian, Sicyonian,

Yellow shoes, red shoes, hemp shoes, low shoes, high shoes,
 Parrot shoes, crab shoes, chick shoes, ankle-tie shoes,
 With striplings, sandals, buskins, midnight-trippers,
 And every kind of boots and shoes and slippers.
 Tell me your hearts' desires ; the cobbler's trade is
 (When not devoured by dogs) devoured by ladies.

LADY.

Now, how much are you asking for the pair
 You showed us first ? But, mind you, don't declare
 A thundering price, and frighten us away.

KERDON.

Well, how much do you think you ought to pay ?
 Value the shoes yourself. If you deny
 These terms, you *will* be hard to satisfy.
 But, lady, by this ashy brow I swear
 (In which a fox alas ! has made his lair),
 If you want quality, you'll offer, please,
 Enough to give the workman bread and cheese.
 Hermes, Persuasion,—Gods of Gain,—I call ;

For if no fish into my net shall fall,
I know not how the pot will boil at all.

LADY.

Don't mutter to yourself, but talk at large,
And tell us plainly what you mean to charge.

KERDON.

One mina, lady, for this pair of shoes,
And look them up and down and where you choose.
I can't reduce them by a single copper,
Not though Athene's self should be the shopper.

LADY.

No wonder, Kerdon, that your shop contains
So many products of your skill and pains.
Take every care of them ; next Taureon (date
The 20th), Hęcătē will celebrate
Here Artākēnē's wedding, which means trade
For shoemakers. They might, with Fortune's aid,
Come to your shop,—indeed, I'm sure they will.
Well, sew your purse up, lest the weasels spill
Your minas broadcast.

KERDON.

Hecate'll not get
 This pair for less than what I've asked, nor yet
 Will Artakēne, if they do come ; so
 You'd better make your mind up,—yes or no.

LADY.

Ah, well! Good Fortune doesn't think it meet,
 Kerdon, that you should touch those pretty feet,
 Which Loves and Longings touch. You're a dis-
 grace,
 You lousy fellow, to the human race.
 You mean to rob us, and then make a free
 Present to Metro ; that's your plan, I see.
 How much that other pair? Puff out your
 cheeks,
 And name a price to show us Kerdon speaks.

KERDON.

The harp-girl Euētēris wants to pay
 Five staters for them,—that I swear ; each day
 She comes and bothers, but I hate her so,

Because she calls my wife bad names, that, though
She bid four darics, I would give her "No."

[*The next five lines in the papyrus are almost illegible.*]

To Heaven could transport me, were I stone.
Pure joy your tongue distils : hard by the throne
Of Gods dwells he, for whom by night and day
Those lips are parted. Stretch your foot this way,
—The tiny thing. If there's the least misfit,
I shall be much surprised. There now ! That's it !
Nothing to add, and nothing to subtract :
Good things fit pretty ladies,—that's a fact !
You'd say Athene's self had cut the sole.
Now, lady, your foot, please. Well, this is droll !
You've got a mangy hoof fixed on ; a cow
Has kicked you both, I fancy. But look *now* !
Why, by my hearthstone, had an edge been put
Upon the knife in drawing round your foot,
The measurement could not be so precise.
(*To a woman outside*) Now then ! You'll find seven
darics is the price,
You woman with the horse-laugh by the door.
Well, ladies, if you're wanting any more,—

Sandals or indoor-shoes to trail the ground,—
All you need do is, send a slave-girl round.
Come, Metro, on the 9th to fetch a pair
Of crab-shoes; wise men keep in good repair
The cloak that shields them from the bitter air.

MIME VIII

TITLE (in the papyrus) : *A Dream.*

SCENE : *Unknown.*

CHARACTER : *A Mistress.*

.

MISTRESS.

Here, get up, Psylla ! How long do you mean
To lie there snoring, while the pig grows lean
With parching thirst ? Perhaps you'd like to rise
When the sun makes his lodging in your thighs,
And warms them up ? Don't your sides ever ache,
From your determined efforts not to wake ?
The nights, too, last for years without an end.
Get up, I tell you, light a lamp, and send
The beastly pig to feed, and pretty quick !
Aye, scratch and mutter, till I bring a stick
And knock your skull to pulp ! You're just as bad,
Megallis, sleeping like the Latmian lad.
You're one, perhaps, whom blankets never tire ?

Well now, a sacred wreath's what I desire ;
But not a flock of wool—the very least
Fragment—is in the house. You lazy beast,
Get up ! You, Anna, listen while I tell
My dream ; I think you're fairly sensible.
Out of a ditch I dragged (so it appeared)
A goat with goodly horns and goodly beard.

*[The remainder of the Mime is too much mutilated
for translation.]*

APPENDIX OF READINGS

I

NAIRN'S TEXT	READING ADOPTED
17. <i>ἐπισχε</i> (Stadtmüller).	<i>σίγη τε</i> (Bücheler).
19. <i>σίλλαυνε ταῦτα · τῆς</i> .	<i>σίλλαυνε · ταῦτα τῆς</i> (Nicholson).
40. <i>τὸν νοῦν</i> (Blass).	<i>τὸν πλοῦν</i> (Crusius olim).
43. <i>τέθνηκ'</i> (Nairn).	<i>θανόντ'</i> (H. S., praeunte Headlam).
44. <i>ἡμέας</i> (Nairn).	<i>ἡμῶν</i> (H. S.).
47. <i>ὁ καιρὸς ἡβῆς</i> (Headlam).
50. <i>Ματαλίνης</i> (P. corr.).	<i>Ματακίνης</i> (P.).
67. <i>Γυλλί</i> (P.).	<i>Γυλλίς</i> (Rutherford).
78. <i>οὐδὲ</i> (P.).	<i>οὐχί</i> (P. corr.).
81. <i>ιδρῶ</i> (Blass).	<i>ἄδρῶ</i> (Crusius).
84. <i>τοῦδε</i> (Nairn).	<i>οἴνου</i> (H. S.).

II

4. <i>μῦς</i> (Palmer).	<i>μηδ'</i> (Crusius).
6-8. <i>supplementa varia</i> .	<i>om.</i>
10. <i>νέμειν</i> (P. in margine).	<i>νέμει</i> (Crusius).
14. <i>εἶχε</i> (Blass).	<i>ἔχει</i> (H. S.).
15. <i>στενωῶς</i> (Blass).	<i>ἀτενωῶς</i> (Crusius).
20. <i>δίδωσ'</i> (Headlam).	<i>παρείχ'</i> (H. S.).
62. <i>κά</i> (P.).	<i>χῆ' μ</i> (P. corr.).
78. <i>λέονθ' ἔλοιμ' ἄν</i> (Blass).	<i>λέοντ' ἄγχοιμ' ἄν</i> (Kaibel).
84. <i>ἐν δ' ἐστίν</i> (Bücheler).	<i>ἔνεστιν</i> (Crusius).
87. <i>οἶον</i> .	<i>οἶον</i> (Crusius olim).

III

NAIRN'S TEXT	READING ADOPTED
11. λήξειε (P.).	λέξειε (Hicks).
70. χολήν (Rutherford).	χολῆ (Hicks).
89.	Nulla lacuna.
90-93. Metrotimae dati.	Lamprisco dati.

IV

47. ἴσ' ἔγκεισαι (Kenyon).	ἴση κείσαι (Headlam).
52. καρδιηβόλει (Meister).	καρδίη βάλλεν (Headlam).
57. οἶ' ἔργα; καινήν (Ellis).	οἶ' ἔργα κείν'; ἦν (Rutherford).
62. δὲ πύραστρον (Meister).	πύραγρον δὲ (Headlam).
94-95. Inter Coccalen et aedituum divisi.	Aedituo dati (Headlam).
95. ἀμ' ἀρτίης.	ἀμαρτεῖν (Headlam).

V

1. ἦδ' (Meckler, praeunte P.).	εἶς (Rutherford).
5. προφάσεις—ἔλκει. Gastroni continuata.	προφάσεις — ἔλκει. Bitinnae tributa (Rutherford).
17. μῶραν (Rutherford, praeunte P.).	μῶρην.
18. σύ;	σύ·
21. γινώσκειν (P.).	γινώσκειν (Rutherford).
23. κλαύσει,	κλαύσει·
41. ὄδη (Crusius, ὀδη, P.).	θλη (Headlam).
47. φωνέω,	φωνέω·
69. σῶ.	σοι (Rutherford).

VI


34. τῆ μή, δοκέω.	τῆ Μηδόκεω (Weil).
48. Κέρδων ἔραψε.	ἔραψε Κέρδων (Rutherford).
55. Κυλαιθίς.	Πυμαιθίς (Bücheler).†
80. εἶναι.	εἶχον (H. S.).
81. ἦλθεν (Crusius).	ἦλθεν γὰρ (Kenyon).
94.

† Vel quodlibet nomen citra Cylaeithidem (confer *v.* 50).

VII

NAIRN'S TEXT	READING ADOPTED
8. κάλη.	καλῶς (H. S.).
10. μέζον' ἢ δεῖ σε (Crusius).	μέζονας δεῖ σε (Headlam).
12-13.
16. τοῦ τρέφοντος Κέρδωνος (Crusius).	τοῦ τρ . . . ος (P.).
17. ἀ, μάκαρ (Headlam).	ὀλβία (Headlam).
24. ἀλλ' ἀπαρτίσαι χωλοῦς (Ken- yon).	ἀλλὰ πάντα καλλίστως (Büch- eler).
26. καὶ τ'ἀλλ' ὄσωνπερ (Nairn).	ζοῆς ὄκωσπερ (Crusius).
28-35 ¹
37. ὄλλοι ραφήες (Bücheler).	οἱ βυρσοδέψαι (Crusius).
44. οἰκέτας (Crusius).	ἐργάτας (Stadtmüller).
45. ἀργίης μοι ἔχθος (Diels).	ἀργαλέον λιμός (H. S.).
56. θήσεσθε.	θηεῖσθε (Bücheler).
57. λείαι (P.).	Χῆαι (Headlam).
69. ῥῆδι' ὡς κρήναι (Nairn).	ῥηδίως τέρψω (H. S.).
74. κερδέων.	Κερδέων (Meister).
77. τονθορύξει (P.).	τονθορύξεις (Rutherford).
85. κάρψας (Crusius).	καλῶς (Rutherford).
88. ἄξουσι (sic).	ἕξουσι (H. S.).
96. * λισλεοσεω (P.).	λητήν . . . (H. S.).
104-7.
113. θῶ μιν (Blass).	θωῦμα (Bücheler).
126. προσπέμπειν (Nairn).	δεῖ πέμπειν (Rutherford).



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