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UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE

The Hecyra of Terence

A Dissertation

Submitted to the Faculty

Of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences

In Partial Fulfillment of the

Requirements for the Degree

Of Master of Arts

Department of Ancient Languages

By

Jonah W. D. Skiles

1926

16 May 21

CONTENTS

In submitting this thesis, the writer does not pretend to offer an approximation of exhaustive study. It is merely a study of the play of Publius Terentius Afer. No claim is made for the discussion of the use of oaths and exclamations or of archaisms or of the nice use of particles. The Hecyra -- Translation is indebted to the Latin paraphrase in the Delphin Classics and to various notes and synonyms in the editions of Terence in the Bibliotheca Classica Italica and in the Delphin Classics. An English translation was consulted in only two or three instances, and then it was not followed slavishly. The writer has enjoyed the plot and the language of the play and has said that the Hecyra has the least merit of any of Terence's plays. In fact the play seems to be one of the best of Terence's plays with which he is acquainted. It should be the natural result of diligent study. The writer wishes to express his gratitude to Professor Andrew S. Cook of the University for his aid and encouragement through an undergraduate and graduate degree in Latin and for his many vicissitudes. With the above in a foreword this thesis is respectfully sub-

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I..... The Hecyra -- Translation

mitted to the faculty of the College of Arts and Sciences
of the University of Louisville.

Preface

Joseph W. D. Skiles

In submitting this thesis, the writer does not pretend to have made even an approximation of exhaustive study of the Hecyra: this thesis is merely a study of the play from certain viewpoints which also make no claim to completeness. No originality is claimed for the discussion of Terence and of the Hecyra. The rest of the thesis has a fair claim to originality in that it is the product of the writer's research, aided of course by various comments and notes. The translation is especially indebted to the Latin paraphrase in the Delphin Classics and to various notes and synonyms in the editions of Terence in the Bibliotheca Classica Latina and in the Delphin Classics. An English translation was consulted in only two or three instances, and then it was not followed slavishly. The writer can say that he has enjoyed the plot and the language of the play even though some have said that the Hecyra has the least merit of any of Terence's plays. In fact the play means more to him than any of the other plays of Terence with which he is acquainted. Of course this would be the natural result of more diligent study. The writer wishes to express his gratitude to Professor Andrew P. Dustin of the University for his aid and encouragement thruout an undergraduate and graduate course in Latin where there have been many vicissitudes. With the above as a foreword this thesis is respectfully sub-

mitted to the faculty of the College of Arts and Sciences
of the University of Louisville.

Jonah W. D. Skiles.

Jonah W. D. Skiles
English Grammar and Composition for the Middle School
and High School (New York, 1904).
The Elements of Grammar, by S. J. Skiles (London,
Macmillan and Co., 1904).
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The Adelphoe of Terence by S.G. Ashmore (London, Macmillan and Co., 1896).

Entick's Latin-English Dictionary (Baltimore, Cushings and Bailey, 1875).

The Comedies of Terence, tr. by H.T. Riley (London, Bell, 1906).

It is assumed he was caught by a slave dealer and brought to Rome. Here he was sold to the senator, M. Terentius Lucanus, from whom according to custom he added to his own name the name Terentius when he was set free by his master. The name Afri he received to show the place of his birth. It seems as though his master freed him on account of his extraordinary ability and appearance -- Suetonius tells us that he was of medium stature, graceful and of a dark complexion. He was very intimate with the younger Caelius, Lucilius, Gaius Laelius and Marcus Cato. It appears that he endeavored to please men of high rank in his comedies.

As a very young man, he wrote the comedy *Andria*, which was highly praised by the critic Caecilius. In fact, all his comedies are the product of youth.

PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER

Terence was the last member of the group of prominent writers of Latin comedy who were in order, Livius, Naevius, Plautus, Caecilius, and Terence. Nearly all we know about Terence comes from an extract from Suetonius' De Viris Illustribus, which is preserved by Donatus in his commentary on Terence. There are quite a few discrepancies in different manuscripts, and so we cannot be so very sure about some of the points of his life. Some points, however, are confirmed by later writers.

He was born probably between 195 B.C. and 185 B.C. somewhere in Africa where it is assumed he was caught by a slave dealer and brought to Rome. Here he was sold to the senator, M. Terentius Lucanus, from whom according to custom he added to his own name the name Terentius when he was set free by his master. The name Afer he received to show the place of his birth. It seems as though his master freed him on account of his extraordinary ability and appearance -- Suetonius tells us that he was of medium stature, graceful and of a dark complexion. He was very intimate with the younger Scipio, Caecilius, Gaius Laelius and Furius Philus. It appears that he endeavored to please men of high rank by his comedies.

While yet a very young man, he wrote the Andria which was heartily praised by the critic Caecilius. In fact all of his six comedies are the product of youth,

for we are told he perished on ship returning from Greece when he was not over thirty-five and perhaps only twenty-five. It is assumed that his purpose in going to Greece was to study Greek life and institutions, and the last we hear of him is his setting out on the return voyage. Another story, however tells of his death in Arcadia.

His works in the probable order of their composition according to the Codex Bamberinus are:

(a) The Andria based on Menander's Ἀνδρεία and Περικυβία.

(b) The Eunuchus based on Menander's Εὐνούχος and Κόλαξ.

(c) The Heauton Timorumenos based on Menander's Ἐαυτὸν Τιμωρούμενος.

(d) The Phormio based on Apollodorus' Ἐπιδικασόμενος.

(e) The Hecyra based on Apollodorus' Ἐκυρά and Menander's Ἐπιτρέποντες.

(f) The Adelphoe based on Menander's Ἀδελφοί and Συναποθνήσκοντες.

From the above enumeration it can easily be seen that Terence was very much dependent on Greek originals. He unfolds his plots in a remarkable way, but without much originality or creativeness. His real purpose was to present Greek life to the Romans in a good, pure Latin. Nevertheless, he made the language which he used more artistic by drawing it into conformation with the rhythm and diction of the Greek dramatists he used.

In the writer's estimate the chief literary

merits of Terence are: (1) his clever uncovering of details in his plots with the climax and solution retained until almost the close -- yet with enough guide-posts by the way to keep the reader on the right path; (2) his portrayal of human nature, e.g. the advice-giving propensities of old men and the waywardness of young men; and (3) his depiction of emotion.

Some may object to the pornographic element in Terence. There is not nearly so much to object to in Terence, however, as there is in the popular literature of today. Terence is just simply plain and outspoken in his language, and he is merely discussing what to the ancients were everyday matters and practices. Of course, no one will try to deny the immorality of the practices, but the fact that they were recognized at that time as legitimate is an excuse for their being in the literature of that day; and furthermore the pornographic element is told artlessly and naturally without any attempt at play on the passions, which statement certainly cannot be made about the present day popular story which goes out of its way to bring in details of an extremely doubtful and suggestive character. The plain language of Terence is no different from that of other ancient writers, whether Latin, Greek, Hebrew, or of other tongues.

(3) *banche* from *βάνχος*, given to wine.

(4) *lache* from *ἐλαχον*, I have had lots cast.

(5) *haphina* from *μυρρίνη*, myrtle tree.

(e) Hecyra from πᾶσι, πᾶσι καὶ φίλοις,
 deep to all.

(f) THE HECYRA from παρὰ, alongside of, and
μένον, remaining, i.e. remaining alongside his master.

(g) Hecyra from φειδῶ, frugality.

The Hecyra (which is a Latin transliteration of the Greek Ἑκυρά mother-in-law) is based in the main on Apollodorus' Ἑκυρά just as each of Terence's plays is based on some Greek play or other. The reason for the name is evident when one reads the play and sees the important part the mothers-in-law (Ἑκυραί) and the son-in-law (Ἑκυρός) play. That the play is Greek--saturated may be seen by an examination of the names of the characters, and here it may be mentioned that Terence seems to have suffered a lack of names for his characters, for the same name is given to characters in different plays. Perhaps this may be explained by the fact that each of the names of characters in Terence's plays has a meaning which conveys something of an impression of the characteristics of the individual named.

The following will show the dependence of the names on the Greek:

(a) Prologus from πρό, in front of, and λέγειν
to speak.

(b) Bacchis from βάκχος, given to wine.

(c) Laches from ἔλαχον, I have had lots cast
for me.

(d) Myrrhina from μυρρίνη, myrtle tree, garland
 (of love).

- (e) Pamphilus from πᾶς, all, and φίλος, dear, i.e. dear to all.
- (f) Parmeno from παρά, alongside of, and μένων, remaining, i.e. remaining alongside his master.
- (g) Phidippus from φειδῶ, frugality, and ἵππος, horse, i.e. a stingy knight.
- (h) Philotis from φιλότης, friendship.
- (i) Sosia from σώζεσθαι, to be saved,-- perhaps a pun on Latin servari, to be saved, and servus, slave (which Sosia was).
- (j) Sostrata from σώζειν, to save, and στράτος, army.
- (k) Syra from Συρίας, Syrian.
- (l) Philumena from φιλομένη, loved.
- (m) Scirtus from σκικρτός, active.

The scene is laid at Athens and the play conforms to the classical unities. Like the rest of Terence's plays, there are five acts. The plays, however, in most cases were performed with intermission between acts, for Donatus tells us, "Vult poeta noster omnes quinque actus velut unum fieri."

The Hecyra was first given at the Ludi Megalenses (held in April in honor of Cybele) in 165 B.C., but the audience was so interested in a rope-dancer that the play could not be acted thru. It was probably presented first without a prologue, for the first prologue relates the incident of the rope-dancer's attracting the audience's attention away from the play. The second presentation was at the funeral games of Aemilius Paulus when it also failed to be pleasing

to the audience. The third performance was at the Ludi Romani (in September in honor of Jupiter). The second prologue was written for this presentation, and in it quite a detailed account is given of the reasons for the preceding failures -- the expectancy of a rope-dancer, the noise of the women, gladiatorial contests, etc. Cf. the second prologue. This time the play was a success.

in the case

As of all Terence's plays there is extant a metrical resume by Caius Sulpitius Apollinaris, which follows:

Pamphilus has taken as wife Philumena, whom while a virgin he once has wronged not knowing her, and whose ring, which he took forcibly, he had given to his mistress, Bacchis, a harlot. Next he has gone away to Imbrus, having scarcely touched his wife. Her mother, that her son-in-law may not know about the matter, takes her, heavy with child, home as sick. Pamphilus returns. She takes the child away and hides it; nevertheless, he is not willing to take his wife. His father blames his love for Bacchis; but while Bacchis is clearing herself, Myrrhina, Philumena's mother, recognizes by chance her wronged daughter's ring. Pamphilus takes his wife with his son.

2. Clauses used as oaths:

(a) Ita me di astant (I, 2, 31).

(b) Ita me di astant (II, 1, 36; II, 2, 16; and

several times elsewhere).

These are strong asseruations to the gods and

the most earnest oaths, equivalent to the Old Testament

and the present day as God's my witness.

3. Short oaths:

(a) Ita di (I,2,5; I,2,59; and elsewhere) is

THE USE OF OATHS AND EXCLAMATIONS.

In the present day one can hardly overhear a conversation without hearing a few interjections of more or less strong character. So also the usage appears to have been among the Romans in their colloquial speech as may be seen from the examples given below and found in the Hecyra.

1. Wishes:

(a) Ita di deaque faxint (I,2,27).

(b) At te di deaque perduint (I,2,59).

(c) Di vortant bene quod agas (I,2,121).

(d) Di mala prohibeant (II,1,10).

(e) Utinam istuc ita di faxint (III,2,19).

(f) Dii illum perduint (III,4,27).

(g) At istos invidos di perdant (III,5,19).

(h) Fors fuat pol (IV,3,4).

(a, c, d, e, h are simply wishes invoking the good will of the gods. On the contrary b, f, g, are very strong curses, the use of which is not confined to men in the Hecyra.

2. Clauses used as oaths:

(a) Ita me di amabunt (I,2,31).

(b) Ita me di ament (II,1,36; II,2,16; and several times elsewhere).

These are strong assertions to the truth and are very earnest oaths, equivalent to the Old Testament as Jehovah liveth and the present day as God's my witness.

3. Short oaths:

(a) Aedepol (I,2,8; I,2,85; and elsewhere) is the most used oath in the Hecyra, which literally means by Pollux' temple. It is equivalent, however, to an emphatic indeed, in truth, in sooth, in faith. In II,3,1, where it is linked with nae, it expresses rather strong feeling.

(b) Pol (I,1,1; II, 1,31; and elsewhere) is used rather frequently. Its literal meaning is by Pollux, being a contraction somewhat like the Elizabethan marry (for by Mary). Its equivalence is similar to that of aedepol with the exception that pol frequently ^{has} a little stronger feeling.

(c) Mecastor (I,2,8) and ecastor (IV,3,5; V,1,14; V,4,20) mean literally by Castor, but are used in the Hecyra merely for emphasis and only by the women.

(d) Hercle (III,4,2; III,5,9; IV,4,2) is literally by Hercules and is used only by the men. In the first two examples it is used merely for emphasis, but in the last it seems to show rather strong feeling.

(e) Pro deum atque hominum fidem (II,1,1) expresses here intense feeling.

(f) Pro Jupiter (III,1,37) expresses here great surprise and excitement.

4. Weaker interjections:

(a) Hem (I,1,6; III,1,18; and elsewhere) is very frequent and is merely our hem to clear the throat or ahem! to attract attention (often in a desultory manner).

(b) Ehem (III 2, 4 and 5) is possibly a little stronger than hem due to its length.

(c) Eheu (I,1,17) and heu (II,2,29; III,1,2) are onomatopoetic words, being merely voiced sighs, used in the above always with the exclamatory accusative. These words are equivalent to our alas.

(d) Heus (III,2,4; IV,1,8; and elsewhere) is another onomatopoetic voiced sigh.

(e) Hei (III,3,6) is a voiced sigh used here with the dative mihi and equivalent to our woe!

(f) Heia (II,2,8) is an onomatopoetic voiced sigh and equivalent about to our alas.

(g) Ecce (III,5,53), which is often found compounded with eum and eam, is a sharp ejaculation to call attention to someone or something and is equivalent to our look, lo, behold.

(h) Atat (III,4,35), a compound of at, the adversative conjunction, is a very sharp exclamation showing great surprise. An analagous example is our but, but...

(i) Vae (IV,2,29) is used with the dative and is equivalent to our woe!

(j) Eho (II,2,24; IV,4,49; IV,4,97) is equivalent in the first example to our say, hold on! In the second it is a strong exclamation of comprehension (our oho!). In the third it is used to attract attention (our hi there!).

(k) Ha! ha! he! (V, 4,22) is a chuckle of self satisfaction.

5. Other expressions partaking of the nature of exclamations:

(a) Perii (III,1,39 and elsewhere).

(b) Interii (III,1,18).

(c) Nullus Sum (IV,4,31) and nulla sum (IV,1,12).

The literal meaning of all of the above is evident, and they are used as exclamations of extreme despair.

1. Archaisms:

(a) Formis (I,2,7) and elsewhere.

(b) Formis (I,2,7) and elsewhere.

(c) Dropping of final g before est in the present singular before -ne (always): nonne (II,4,10) and elsewhere.

(d) Socii (V,4,1) and elsewhere) for alii and alii.

(e) Secum (II,1,10 and elsewhere) for cum and secum (V,4,1) for cum and secum.

(f) Di, once di, (II,1,10 and elsewhere) for dei (always).

(g) Dropping of final g before est in the present singular before -ne (always): nonne (I,2,7) and elsewhere.

(h) Dropping of g of est in visu'at (III,1,30) and elsewhere. Cf. also the double elision in visu'at (IV,1,2).

(i) Dropping of g of -ne in nonne (III,1,10) and elsewhere.

2. Archaisms forms:

(a) qui as ablative of the relative qui (II,1,2 and elsewhere).

(b) Addition of g in the present subjunctive

(c) passus (not always); stans (III, 5, 27). reatus (IV, 2, 24) and elsewhere.

(c) ARCHAISMS: passus (not always); stans (III, 5, 27). reatus (IV, 2, 24) and elsewhere.

(d) Perfect subjunctive of facio with the stem fax-: faxiam 1. Contractions: elsewhere.

(a) Perfects of verbs: amisti (II, 1, 10) for amisisti; oblectasti (I, 2, 3) for oblectavisti; and elsewhere. (b) ardens for ardens (I, 2, 55 and elsewhere).

(b) Dropping of final s of the second person singular before -ne (always): censene (IV, 4, 40) and elsewhere. (c) Sodes (V, 4, 4 and elsewhere) for si andes.

(d) Eccum (II, 1, 10 and elsewhere) for ecce eum and eccam (V, 4, 14) for ecce eam. (e) Di, once dii, (II, 1, 10 and elsewhere) for dei (always).

(f) Dropping of final s before est: elapsu' est (I, 2, 94) and elsewhere. (g) Dropping of e of est: visa'st (III, 1, 38) and elsewhere. Cf. also the double elision in visu'st (IV, 1, 2).

(h) Dropping of e of -ne: nemon' (III, 1, 43) and elsewhere. (i) parvon (III, 1, 25); volnus (IV, 2, 24); and (j) veritas (I, 2, 121) and elsewhere.

(g) Dropping of e of est: visa'st (III, 1, 38) and elsewhere. Cf. also the double elision in visu'st (IV, 1, 2).

(h) Dropping of e of -ne: nemon' (III, 1, 43) and elsewhere. (i) parvon (III, 1, 25); volnus (IV, 2, 24); and (j) veritas (I, 2, 121) and elsewhere.

2. Archaic forms: zure (IV, 5, 86) and elsewhere.

(a) Qui as ablative of the relative qui (I, 2, 3 and elsewhere). (b) Addition of e in the present subjunctive

(c) Addition of e in the present subjunctive

of sum and possum (not always): sient (III,3,28), possiem (V,1,3), and elsewhere.

(c) Present infinitive passive ending in -ier: viderier (V,1,32) and elsewhere.

(d) Perfect subjunctive of facio with the stem fax-: faxint (III,2,19) and elsewhere.

(e) Isthaec for ista (I,1,17 and elsewhere).

(f) Istuc for istud (I,2,28 and elsewhere).

(g) Perduint for perdant (I,2,59 and elsewhere).

This usage is not consistent.

(h) Future of the fourth conjugation in -ibo: servibo (III,5,45).

(i) Fuat for sit (IV,3,4).

(j) Gerund in -und-: inveniundis (V,3,23).

(k) Quenquam for quemquam (III,2,7).

(l) Facto as the second supine for factu (V,4,38 and elsewhere).

(m) The second person singular cedo (III,5,8) equivalent to tell me.

(n) Hanccine for hancine (III,1,2).

3. Difference of a vowel:

(a) O for u: parvom (III,1,26); volgus (IV,2,24); and elsewhere.

(b) O for e: vortant (I,2,121) and elsewhere.

(c) U for i: maxume (IV,5,86) and elsewhere.

4. Syntax:

(a) Place where for time when: in ipso tempore (IV,4,5).

THE NICE USE OF PARTICLES

1. Hic, iste, and ille:

- (a) Cur non aut isthaec mihi aetas et forma est, aut tibi haec sententia? (I, 1,17,18).
- (b) Sed qui istuc credam ita esse? (I,2,28).
- (c) Nunc huc confugit (III,3,24).
- (d) Etiam tu nunc hic stas? (III,4,16).
- (e) Ne me frustra illic expectet (III,4,24).
- (f) Istoc verbo animus mihi rediit (III,2,12).

Here we find shades of meaning not easily possible in English, e.g. a,b,f,. Also there is to be noticed the -uc ending for the accusative idea and the -ic ending for the locative.

2. Emphasis:

- (a) The enclitic -ce is often used with the demonstrative hic for emphasis which it is hard to express in English. Cf. Haccine ego vitam parsi perdere? (III,1,2).
- (b) The enclitic -met is found attached to vos for emphasis in Vosmet videte jam, Laches (IV,4,42).

By the use of these emphatic enclitics, Terence shows emphasis which sometimes cannot be expressed in written English but only by the voice.

3. Equidem, which is a compound of ego and quidem, is always properly used. Some Latin authors are careless about its use; but in the Hecyra it is found only with the

PERSONAE PERSONARUM

Interlocutores

Prologue.

Bacchis, a harlot, the amour of Pamphilus.

Laches, an old man, father of Pamphilus.

Myrrhina, mother of Philumena.

Pamphilus, son of Laches and Costrata.

Panepus, slave of Costrata.

Phidippus, an old man, father of Philumena.

Philotis, a hetaira.

THE HECYRA -- TRANSLATION

Sosia, slave of Pamphilus.

Costrata, mother of Pamphilus.

Syra, an old woman, a pander.

Personae Mutae

Philumena, daughter of Phidippus and Myrrhina, wife
of Pamphilus.

Chirrus, slave of Pamphilus.

A nurse.

Handmaids of Bacchis.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PROLOGUS I.

Interlocutores

Prologue.

Bacchis, a harlot, the amour of Pamphilus.

Laches, an old man, father of Pamphilus.

Myrrhina, mother of Philumena.

Pamphilus, son of Laches and Sostrata.

Parmeno, slave of Sostrata.

Phidippus, an old man, father of Philumena.

Philotis, a harlot.

Sosia, slave of Pamphilus.

Sostrata, mother of Pamphilus.

Syra, an old woman, a pander.

PROLOGUS II.

Personae Mutae

Philumena, daughter of Phidippus and Myrrhina, wife

of Pamphilus.

Scirtus, slave of Pamphilus.

A nurse.

Handmaidens of Bacchis.

PROLOGUE I.

The Mother-in-Law is the name of this story. When it was first given, an unforeseen trouble and disaster happened so that it could neither be viewed nor observed -- the people, stupid in their zeal had occupied their mind in a rope-dancer. Now this story manifestly is given as a new one; and he who wrote it was unwilling on account of this trouble to bring it back again, that he might be able to sell it again. You know his other plays -- I pray, do you now learn of this one.

PROLOGUE II.

I come to you as a speaker in the dress of the Prologue: grant that I may prevail upon you and that I may be allowed as an old man to use the same faculty that I used when younger, I who have made new plays when rejected grow to old age that the writing might not vanish with the Poet. In these of Caecilius, which as new plays I first recited, sometimes I was driven away, sometimes I scarcely stood up. Since I knew that forensic fortune is doubtful, when hope was uncertain, I took upon myself a certain task: I began to study zealously the same plays that I might not draw him

away from his zeal. I brought it about that they were viewed: where they were known, they pleased. Thus I restored to his place the Poet, now by the wrongs of his adversaries almost driven from his zeal and his work and his musical art, for if I had neglected his writing for the time being and had wished to destroy his work in discouraging him, so that he would rather be in ease than in business, I could easily have discouraged him from writing other plays. Now what I seek -- for my sake do you attend with unbiased mind. I bring to you the Hecyra which I have never been allowed to give in silence. Thus misfortune has oppressed it. Your intelligence will assuage this misfortune, if it will be an aid to our endeavors. When I first began to give this play and the glory of the fighters and the desire for a rope-dancer were at their height, the assembling of the crowd, the noise, and the shrieks of the women caused me to go outside before time. In the new play I began to use my old custom that I might succeed in bringing out the pleasing quality of the play: I bring the play back again. In the very first act I pleased the crowd, while in the meantime a rumor comes that gladiatorial contests will be given. The people flock together: they become excited, they shout, they fight for a place. In the meantime I could not keep my own place. Now there is no crowd, there is rest and silence, time for reciting is given me. You have the opportunity of attending theatrical sports. Do not allow the musical art to fall back to a few on your account. Bring it about that your influence may be an aid and help to my influence. If never I have greedily placed a price upon my

art, and if never I have put it into my mind that this is the greatest question--to serve one's own interests as well as possible, grant to me to obtain this request--that the wicked person may not laugh evilly at him who has committed his zeal to my guardianship and himself to your fidelity, if he is disillusioned. For my sake, take up this case and give silence that others may be allowed to write and that it may be expedient for me to learn new plays bought after this with my own money.

to turn out faithful to a mistress! Why for many times did this Pamphilus swear his love to Mithras! For religiously! So that any one could easily believe that while she was alive he never would take a wife home. Well! he has taken one.

Sy. Therefore on that account I earnestly both advise and urge you that you do not take pity on any man, but that you dispoil, impoverish, rend to pieces whomever you have not with.

Phil. You urge that I should have no one exempted?

Sy. No one, for there is not one of these--know it--who comes to you but who prepares himself in such a manner that by his pretty speeches he may satiate his desires at the least possible cost. Will you not, I ask, plot against these?

Phil. Yet, by Pollux, it is a shame that the same desire is it all.

Sy. But is it a shame to take vengeance on your benefactors or for them to be ensnared in the same way they ensnared you? Alas, miserable me! why either don't I have

ACT I.

Farmeno, Philotis, Syra.

Scene I.

Far. If the old man should ask for me, just say

Philotis, Syra.

that I have gone to the harbor to inquire about the arrival
of Pamphilus. Do you hear what I am saying, Scirtus? If

Phil. By Pollux, how few lovers does one find
to turn out faithful to mistresses! Why how many times did
you and I say nothing so that I may use this same excuse for
this Pamphilus swear his love to Bacchis! How religiously!
so that any one could easily believe that while she was alive
he never would take a wife home. Well! he has taken one.

Sy. Therefore on that account I earnestly both
advise and urge you that you do not take pity on any man,
but that you dispoil, impoverish, rend to pieces whomever
you have met with.

Phil. You urge that I should have no one exempted?
Sy. No one, for there is not one of those--know
it--who comes to you but who prepares himself in such a
manner that by his pretty speeches he may satiate his desires
at the least possible cost. Will you not, I ask, plot against
these?

Phil. Yet, by Pollux, it is a shame that the same
evil desire is in all.

Sy. But is it a shame to take vengeance on your
adversaries or for them to be ensnared in the same way they
ensnare you? Alas, miserable me! why either don't I have

that age and form of yours or you have my outlook on life?

Scene II.

Parmeno, Philotis, Syra.

Par. If the old man should ask for me, just say that I have gone to the harbor to inquire about the arrival of Pamphilus. Do you hear what I am saying, Scirtus? If he should ask for me, then you speak; if he should not ask, you shall say nothing so that I may use this same excuse for another time. But do I see Philotis? Where is she coming from? Philotis, many greetings.

Phil. Oh, greetings, Parmeno.

Sy. Greetings, by Castor, Parmeno.

Par. And you, by the temple of Pollux, Syra -- Tell me, Philotis, where have you entertained yourself so long?

Phil. Indeed I have entertained myself the least possible, I who have set out from here for Corinth with a most unsociable sea-captain. There for the continuous space of two years I endured him.

Par. By the temple of Pollux, Philotis, I think that longing for Athens has often taken you captive and that you disregarded your own foresight.

Phil. It cannot be told how desirous I was of returning hither, of getting away from the sea-captain, and of seeing you here so that in accord with our former custom I might freely make a feast among you, for out there one was

scarcely allowed to speak, unless by limitation to speak the things which were pleasing to the sea-captain.

Par. I hardly think that the sea-captain placed a convenient limit to speech.

Phil. But what business is this which Bacchis has just told me here inside?--what I never have believed would be; that while this girl was alive that fellow could bring his mind to take a wife.

Par. But has he?

Phil. Here you, has he or hasn't he?

Par. He has, but I am doubtful whether this marriage will last.

Phil. May the gods and goddesses make it thus if it is of advantage to Bacchis! But how shall I believe that this view of yours is so? Tell me, Parmeno.

Par. There is no need to relate it--cease to inquire about this.

Phil. I suppose you want me to on this account: that it may not be made public. May the gods help me, I am by no means asking you that I may wind this about, but that I may enjoy it silently with myself.

Par. Never will you speak so aptly that I would entrust my back to your good faith.

Phil. Ah! don't, Parmeno; as if you would not much rather tell this to me than I, who am asking, would know it.

Par. (Aside) This woman speaks the truth, and that failing is my greatest one.--If you give me your pledge that you will keep quiet, I will tell you.

Phil. Come back to yourself. I give my pledge:
 speak.

Par. Listen.

Phil. I am right here by you.

Par. Pamphilus was as much in love as is possible with this Bacchis at that time when his father began to ask him to take a wife and began to say these things, which are the common sayings of all fathers: that he was an old man, but that he wanted him only as a help to his old age. At first he refused, but after his father insisted more strongly, it came about that that he became doubtful whether he should rather follow duty or love. Finally the old man gained his end by repeated urging and by importunity: he espoused to him the daughter of his nearest neighbor. That seemed to Pamphilus by no means serious, until now in the very nuptials, after he saw that they had been prepared and that no delay was given to his taking a wife, he finally became so downcast that Bacchis herself, I believe, if she had been present, would have pitied him in his despondency. Whenever a time of solitude was allowed him so that he was able to speak to me alone, he would say, "Parmeno, I am undone! What have I done? Into what evil have I cast myself? I shall not be able to do this, Parmeno: I am wretchedly undone!"

Phil. May the gods and goddesses damn you together with that importunity of yours, Laches!

Par. Let me return to a few details: he takes his wife home. That first night he does not touch the girl; the night following that one, nothing more.

Phil. What are you saying? That a rather drunken youth has lain down together with a girl, that he was able to restrain himself from her? You are not telling a very probable thing nor do I think it is true.

Par. I believe that it seems that way to you, for no one comes to you except he is desirous of you: he had taken her against his will.

Phil. What finally happened?

Par. After just a few days, Pamphilus took me alone outside to himself, and he related how that the girl was even at that time untouched by him, and that he had hoped before, when he had taken her home as his wife, that he might be able to bear these nuptials, saying: "But it is neither honorable for me nor feasible for the girl herself, for her whom I have decided not to keep any longer, to be considered a laughing-stock, even though I should return her just as undefiled as I received her from her parents--"

Phil. You are giving a religious and modest character to Pamphilus.

Par. "--I think that it is unsuitable for me to tell this to my father; but for her, in whom you say there is no blame, to be returned to her father is a shameful thing. But I hope that she, when she has learned this--that she cannot be with me, will finally go away."

Phil. What happened in the meantime? Did he go to Bacchis?

Par. Daily, but, as it happened after she saw that he was some one else's, she immediately became very

spiteful and rather saucy. she was sent for by her mother to
offer Phil. By the temple of Pollux, it's not strange.

Par. But this matter had especially separated
him from her after he had considered both himself and her and
the girl who was at home, pondering the characteristics of
both of them by comparison. The latter, as was befitting a
genteel character, was modest and retiring. Also she was
unfitted to bear all the wrongs of men and to cover up her
disgraces. Then his mind, partly constrained by pity for
his wife, partly overcome by the wrongs to him, gradually
slipped from Bacchis and transferred his love to his wife,
after he found her character congenial. Meanwhile a rel-
ative of these folks, an old man, died in Imbrus--by law this
inheritance devolved upon them. His father sent Pamphilus,
against his will and infatuated with his wife, thither in
haste. He left his wife back here with his mother, alone,
for the old man had taken himself away into the country, and
he rarely came over into the city. well, Philotis.

Phil. What weakness has the marriage up to this
time?

Par. Now you will hear. At first, for some few
days, it was quite agreeable between the women. Suddenly
the mother began to hate Sostrata in a strange manner--nor
were there any disputes among them, never a quarrel.

Phil. What then was the trouble?

Par. Whenever Sostrata approached her to talk,
she fled immediately out of sight--she was unwilling to see
her. Finally when Sostrata could not endure it any longer,

Philumena pretended that she was sent for by her mother to offer sacrifice. She went away. When she remained there for several days, Sostrata ordered her to be sent for. Then they gave a reason, I know not what. Again she gave orders, no one sent her back. After they sent for her more often, her folks pretended that she was sick. Immediately our mistress went to see about her. No one let her in. When the old man learned about this, he came here from the country for the master's sake: he met Philumena's father a number of times. What they did between themselves, I do not even yet know, except it is quite a problem how this will turn out. You have it all; let me proceed on this trip I have begun.

Phil. And I also, for I have made arrangements with a certain guest that I would meet him.

Par. May the gods cause what you are doing to turn out well!

Phil. Farewell.

Par. And do you fare well, Philotis.

accused!

La. Ahem! You do not know?

So. No, may the gods indeed help me, Laches! and may it be allowed to us to live our life together.

La. May the gods ward off evils!

So. And later you will learn that I have been accused undeservedly by you.

La. I know. You undeservedly? Can anything in regard to those deeds of yours be said worthy of you, who dishonor me and yourself and the family, and who cause

grief to our son? Furthermore, you bring it about that our relatives are become enemies instead of friends to us--those who considered our son as dear enough to give their children to him to be educated. You sigh--

ACT II.

Scene I.

So. Laches, Sostrata, who think me merely a stone,

La. Do you think, because I am accused to be in the country, frequently, that I am a villain? Are all women equally desirous of the same thing and are they unwilling to use anything? And can you find any woman different in any respect from the character of others? And so on this account all mothers-in-law hate daughters-in-law with one mind: there is an equal desire for their strength to be turned against each other; there is a like obstinacy to each; all seem to me to have been taught malice in the same school. I do not know quite certainly but that this one is the teacher for this school, if there is any.

So. Miserable me, who do not know now why I am accused!

La. Ahem! You do not know?

So. No, may the gods indeed help me, Laches! and may it be allowed to us to live our life together.

La. May the gods ward off evils!

So. And later you will learn that I have been accused undeservedly by you.

La. I know. You undeservedly? Can anything in regard to those deeds of yours be said worthy of you, who dishonor me and yourself and the family, and who cause

grief to our son? Furthermore, you bring it about that our relatives are become enemies instead of friends to us--those who considered our son worthy enough to give their children to him to be educated. You alone--. . . it has happened thru our fault. So. I?

La. You, I say, woman, who think me merely a stone, not a man. Do you think, because I am accustomed to be in the country frequently that I do not know in what way each one of you lives his life here? I know much better, when I am diligent, what things are done here than out there; therefore, since you will be of such a character toward me at home, I shall henceforth be the gossip outside. Long since, indeed, I have heard that Philumena has taken a hatred for you; and least strange is that fact, for if she had not done it, it would have been more strange. But I do not believe in that connection that she has hated even this whole house; for if I had known it, she would rather have remained here and you would have gone away outside. But see how undeservedly this trouble arises to me from you, Sostrata. I went away to live in the country, giving way to you and attending to business, by no means sparing my toil, beyond fairness and my age, that our business might be able to pay for your expenses and ease. Have you not troubled yourself about these things lest anything should be evil for me?

So. Not by my efforts, and not, by Pollux, thru my fault did it happen.

La. Yes indeed. Alone you have been here: on

you alone all blame hangs, Sostrata. You were to take care of these matters here when I freed you from the other cares. Is it not a shameful thing for an old woman to have taken up enmity with a girl? You will say that it has happened thru her fault.

So. By no means, indeed, do I say so, Laches.

La. I rejoice, may the gods help me, for the sake of my son, for I well know that nothing degrading in sinning can be done by you.

So. How do you know, husband, if this cause has not made her pretend to hate me--that she might be more with her mother?

La. What are you saying? Is not this fact, that yesterday no one wanted to let you inside when you went to see her, sufficient evidence?

So. Why they said that she was at that time quite fatigued; therefore I was not admitted to her.

La. I think your nature is a trouble to her more than any other thing, and deservedly in a way, for you had no thought but what desired our son to take a wife, and the state which was pleasing to you came about. After your sons get wives at your behest, they drive the same ones away at your behest.

Scene II.

Phidippus, Laches, Sostrata.

Phid. Although I know, Philumena, that it is my

right to compel you to do what I order, I, nevertheless, restrained by a fatherly spirit, shall make myself give way to you, nor shall I hinder your desire.

La. (To Sostrata as they approach) Why, look, I see Phidippus right at an opportune time: from him now I shall know what's the matter.--Phidippus, although I know that I am very indulgent with all of my family, I am not to the point that my indulgence may corrupt their minds--if you were acting in the same way, things would go better in both your and my affairs. Now I see that you are in the power of your wife and daughter.

Phid. Alas, 'tis true!

La. I visited you yesterday about your daughter: you sent me away ignorant in like manner as I came. By no means is it fitting for you to conceal your aggrivements if you want this marriage to be lasting. If we have wronged you in any way, speak; either by disproving or by atoning, we will correct these things for you, you yourself being the judge; but if the reason for keeping your daughter with you is this--that she is sick, I think that you are doing me a wrong, Phidippus, if you fear that she will not be cared for carefully enough at my home. But, may the gods help me! by no means will I agree, although you are her father, that you wish her safe more than I--I feel that way on account of my son, who, I have realized, thinks by no means less of her than of his very self. Nor therefore it is unbeknown to me how I believe that he would take it hard if he should know this: therefore I desire that she may return home before he does.

Phid. Laches, I know your care and your kindness; and everything you say to be, I believe it as you say, and I want you to believe me in this--I desire for her to return to you, if I can accomplish it in any way.

La. What keeps you from accomplishing it? Oho! She does not accuse my son of something, does she?

Phid. Not at all, for after I considered the case more at length and began to compel her by force to return, she swore religiously that she could not remain with you while Pamphilus himself was away. Perhaps some have one fault, some another--I was born of an indulgent disposition: I cannot refuse my family.

La. So, Sostrata!

So. Woe is miserable me!

La. Is this statement of yours certain?

Phid. It is now indeed, as it seems to me; but you don't want anything, do you? for now I must go over to the forum.

La. I'll go there with you.

Scene III.

Sostrata.

By Pollux, certainly we women are all hated equally unjustly by men on account of a few who act in such a way that we all seem worthy of evil; for, may the gods help me! I am without blame in what my husband now accuses me. But it is not easy to be cleared; thus they persuade themselves, that all mothers-in-law are wicked--by no means, by Pollux, am I, for

never otherwise did I consider her than if she had been born of me; nor do I know how this will turn out for me, but, by Pollux, I am now awaiting in many moods my son's return home.

Scene I.

Pamphilus, Permeno, Myrrhina.

Per. To no man do I believe that more bitter things have been opposed an account of how near to me. Oh unhappy man! Have I forbore to love this travelling life? For this cause was I greatly desirous of returning home? For what more excellent had it been for me to spend my days in some quiet village you please than to return hither? I am glad to learn that these things are in this manner, and to all of us, to whom some misfortune has befallen in some place, all the time which intervenes before the news is learned of is a gain.

Myr. But in like manner you who hasten yourself to your sorrows may find the way out more quickly. If you had returned, these quarrels would have happened to a much greater degree; but I know now both, Pamphilus, will have reason for your return. You will learn about the matter; you will clear up the quarrel; you will restore them again into your father's favor. These things, which you have persuaded me are very serious, are of small moment.

Per. Why do you console me? Or what man of all men is so wretched? Before I took this wife, I had thought to go love elsewhere: now in this matter, although I am so wretched, it is easy for any one you please to know how

ACT III.

Scene I.

Pamphilus, Parmeno, Myrrhina.

Pam. To no man do I believe that more bitter things have been opposed on account of love than to me. Oh unhappy me! Have I forborne to love this travelling life? For this cause was I greatly desirous of returning home? How much more excellent had it been for me to spend my life in whatever nation you please than to return hither? **T**han for wretched me to learn that these things are in this condition? For to all of us, to whom some misfortune has happened from some place, all the time which intervenes before the misfortune is learned of is a gain.

Par. But in like manner you who hasten yourself to your sorrows may find the way out more quickly. If you had not returned, these quarrels would have happened to a much greater degree; but I know now both, Pamphilus, will have respect for your return. You will learn about the matter; you will clear up the quarrel; you will restore them again into each other's favor. These things, which you have persuaded yourself are very serious, are of small moment.

Pam. Why do you console me? **O**r what man of all men is equally so wretched? Before I took this wife, I had my mind given to love elsewhere; now in this matter, although I keep silent, it is easy for any one you please to know how

wretched I have been. Yet never did I dare to refuse her whom my father forced upon me. With difficulty have I torn myself away from Bacchis and with difficulty have I drawn away my mind bound up in her; with difficulty had I transferred my affection hither; oh! finally a new trouble has arisen which draws me away from Philumena. I think I shall find out whether my mother or my wife is to blame in regard to this matter. When I have discovered which it is, what remains except finally that I become wretched? For devotion orders that I bear the wrongs of my mother, Parmeno. Then I am obligated to my wife; formerly she endured me with her characteristic nature; so many were my wrongs! which never did she expose in any place. But I don't know what serious thing must have happened from which the quarrel, which has remained so long, has arisen between them. you certainly are conceal Par. Certainly, by Hercules, it is by no means a small thing, if you truly wish to ferret out the real cause: the quarrels which are sometimes the greatest do not work the greatest injuries, for it often happens in those things in which another person is not even enraged, a wrathful man is made exceedingly inimical with the same cause. How boys carry on quarrels among themselves as a result of slight offenses! Why? because they have an unsettled mind which governs them. In like manner those women are almost like the boys in regard to changeable views. Perhaps some one word has conceived this quarrel between them. ay to go inside as quickly as possible Pam. Go inside, Parmeno, and announce that I have come (Moans and crys of pain inside). I find you sick? For

Par. Say, what's this noise?

Pam. Be quiet. I notice excitement and running hither and thither.

Par. Come now, to the door. Come nearer. Say! Do you hear?

Pam. Don't be making up things. By Jupiter! I hear a noise.

Par. You yourself are speaking, yet you forbid me.

My. (Inside) Be quiet, I pray, daughter.

Pam. It seems to be the voice of Philumena's mother. I am undone.

Par. Why?

Pam. I am lost!

Par. Why?

Pam. I do not know what great evil you certainly are concealing from me, Parmeno.

Par. They said that your wife was taken with I know not what illness: I don't know whether by chance that's the cause of this noise or not.

Pam. I am undone! Why didn't you tell me this?

Par. Because I could not tell everything at once.

Pam. What is her illness?

Par. I don't know.

Pam. Why? Hasn't anyone gotten a doctor?

Par. I don't know.

Pam. Shall I delay to go inside as quickly as possible that I may know for sure what is wrong? (Goes inside). In what way, I pray, Philumena dear, do I find you sick? For

if you are in any danger, there is scarcely a doubt that I would perish with you.

Par. There is no need for me now to follow him inside, for I realize that all of us are odious to them. Yesterday no one wanted to let Sostrata inside. If perchance her sickness should become greater, which I certainly do not desire, especially for the sake of my master, immediately they will say that Sostrata's servant had been inside; they will pretend that he has brought some evil upon their life and habits by which her sickness has been increased. My mistress will be accused, and I will come into a great evil.

Scene II.

Sostrata, Parmeno, Pamphilus.

So. I do not know what I, wretched that I am, have been hearing making a disturbance here for a long time: I fear that Philumena's sickness may be aggravated the more, on account of which I beseech you, Aesculapius, and you, Health, that nothing may happen of this nature! Now I shall go to see her.

Par. (Approaching). Alas, Sostrata! you say!

So. So!

Par. Again you are kept away from where you belong.

So. So! Parmeno, were you here? I am undone! What shall I, wretched that I am do? May I not see Pamphilus' wife, when she is sick here in the next room?

Par. Don't go to see her. Do not even send some

one to see her, for I think that he who makes love to a girl who is odious to him himself is twice foolish; he himself does vain work, and he brings trouble to her. But then your son, after he returned, entered to see what was going on.

So. What are you saying? Has Pamphilus come back?

Par. He has come back.

So. I thank the gods. Well! by this word of yours my mind has returned to me and care has left my heart.

Par. Now especially on that account I am unwilling for you to go inside to her now for if Philumena's troubles let up at all, she will tell everything, I know, when she is alone with him for a while, that has happened between you, whence the beginning of the quarrel has arisen. And look, I see him himself coming out. How sad he is!

So. Oh my dear son!

Pam. Greetings, mother dear!

So. I rejoice that you have come back safe. Is Philumena well?

Pam. She is some little better.

So. O that the gods would make it as you say! Why then do you weep? Or why are you so sad?

Pam. With cause, mother.

So. What was the disturbance? Tell me. Or did the sickness take her suddenly?

Pam. It happened that way.

So. What is her sickness?

Pam. A fever.

So. An ordinary fever?

Pam. They say so. Go, if you please, inside. I shall soon follow you, mother dear.

So. All right.

Pam. You run, Parmeno, to meet the slaves and help them with their loads.

Par. What! don't they themselves know the way by which they return home?

Pam. Why don't you hurry?

Scene III.

Pamphilus.

I cannot find any suitable beginning for my affairs from which I may begin to relate what things are happening to me unexpectedly. Some of these things I have seen with my eyes, some I have heard with my ears; wherefore I have hurriedly betaken myself, out of my wits, outside, for just now after I hastened timidly inside, imagining that I would see my wife afflicted with a different disease, as I understood her to be-- woe is me!--after the maidservants saw that I had come, immediately all joyfully shouted, "He has come!" because they had suddenly seen me. But forthwith I felt that the look of all of them was changed, since chance had brought my arrival so inopportunately. One of them meanwhile quickly ran, announcing that I had come. I, desirous of seeing my wife, immediately followed her. After I went in, I, miserable man, discovered immediately her sickness, for neither did any delay give time for it to be hidden nor could she moan in another voice than

the matter compelled. After I saw her, "Oh terrible thing!", I said, and I immediately rushed away weeping, smitten with the unbelievable and atrocious thing. Her mother followed. Now as I went out the door, she fell to her knees, weeping wretchedly--it was pitiful. Certainly the matter is just as I think: according as matters turn out for each one of us, we are elated or cast down.

She began from the beginning to talk with me, saying, "O dear Pamphilus! you see the reason why she has left you, for evil has been done, by I know not what wicked person, to her who was lately a virgin. Now she has fled hither that she may hide from you and others the fact that she has given birth. But when I remember her prayers, I cannot but wretchedly weep". "Whatever fortunate chance it is," she says, "that has brought you today, we both beseech you thru it, if it be right, if it be just, that her misfortunes may be covered and hidden to all thru you. If ever you have felt that she has been of a friendly disposition toward you, dear Pamphilus, she now asks you to do this easy favor for her in return. In regard to the other matter concerning taking her back, you may do what suits you. I alone know that she is travailing and that she did not conceive from you, for they say that she had bed with you for two months after the marriage; then, this is now the seventh month after she came to you. Your own way of living shows that you know this. Now, if you are able, Pamphilus, I especially wish, and I am working, that her travail may happen unbeknown to her father, and furthermore to all; but if it cannot be fixed up but what they shall find out, I shall say that there

has been a premature birth. I know that no one will suspect otherwise than what is very plausible--to think that the child has been born legitimately from you. It will be exposed to death immediately; in this matter there will be no inconvenience to you, and you will have covered up the wrong undeservedly done to that wretched girl".

I promised, and it is a settled matter that I shall keep my pledge in that which I have spoken, for concerning taking her back I think that it is not at all the honorable thing; nor shall I do it, although love and its custom holds me mightily. I weep when it comes into my mind what her life and loneliness will be afterward. O fortune, how you are good never for any length of time! But now my former love has trained me for this matter--which love I once put away by will power: to cease this love I shall now give diligence by the same will power. Here comes Parmeno with the slaves: there is no need at all for him to be present in this, for once to him alone I committed the fact that I had refrained from her in the beginning when she was given to me. I fear that if he hears her frequent cries, he will realize that she is travailing: I must get him away by some means while Philumena is travailing.

Par. Is the acropolis! Why there?

Scene IV.

Parmeno, Sosia, Pamphilus.

Par. Do you say that this journey has been disagreeable to you?

So. It cannot be told in words, by Hercules, how

disagreeable the sailing is in itself.

Par. You don't say so?

So. O fortunate one, you do not know what evil you have avoided--you who have never sailed on the sea, for to leave out other disagreeable things, consider this one: for thirty days, or more than that, I was on the ship, while meantime I wretchedly was continually expecting death--during all this time we were experiencing an adverse wind.

Par. Terrible.

So. That's no secret to me--finally by Hercules, I would rather run away than return, if I should have to go back there.

Par. Once indeed slight reasons impelled you, Sostrata, to do what you are now afraid to do. But I see Pamphilus himself standing before the door. Go inside, you slaves--I shall go to him if he wants me. Master, do you even now stand here?

Pam. Indeed I am awaiting you.

Par. What do you want?

Pam. Some one must run over to the acropolis.

Par. Who?

Pam. You.

Par. To the acropolis! Why there?

Pam. Meet Callidemides, my Myconian guest friend, who has come here along with me.

Par. (Aside) I am undone! I could say that he has vowed that if he should ever return home safely, he would kill me with running errands.

Pam. Why do you delay?

Par. What do you want me to say?

Or do you want me just to meet him?

Pam. No, tell him that I cannot meet him as I had decided I should meet him today. Don't let him await me there in vain--hurry.

Par. But I don't know the appearance of the man.

Pam. But I'll fix it that you will know him. He is tall, ruddy, curly-haired, fat, grey-eyed, and has a face like a dead man.

Par. (Aside). May the gods curse him!--What if he does not come? Shall I remain until evening?

Pam. Remain; run ahead.

Par. I cannot run, I am so tired.

Pam. He has gone away: what shall I, unhappy person that I am, do? I don't quite know in what way I may conceal what Myrrhina has asked me--to the fact that a child has been born to her daughter, for I pity the woman. What I am able, I shall do; yet I must take care of my duty to my mother, for I ought rather take the side of my parent than of my love. But look out! I see Phidippus and my father. They are coming in this direction--what shall I say to them? I am uncertain.

Scene IV.

Laches, Phidippus, Pamphilus.

La. Did you just say that she had said that she was awaiting my son?

Phid. Yes.

La. They say he has returned: let her return to us.

Pam. (To himself) I do not know what reason I shall give my father why I do not take her back.

La. Whom did I hear speaking here?

Pam. (To himself) It is decided that I stand by the way which I have decreed to follow.

La. It is he whom I was discussing here with you.

Pam. Greetings, dear father.

La. Dear son, greetings.

Phid. It is well that you have come, Pamphilus, and furthermore, what is of greatest importance, that you are safe and sound.

Pam. I believe you really feel that way.

La. Have you just come?

Pam. Just a little while ago.

La. Tell me, what did Phania, our cousin, leave?

Pam. Indeed, by Hercules, he was a man following pleasure while he lived, and those who are thus do not help the heir much; but to himself he left this praise: he lived well while he lived.

La. Then you have brought hither nothing more than one thought.

Pam. Whatever it is that he has left, it has profited us.

La. Nay, it has been hurtful, for I would that he were alive and well.

Phid. You can well wish that--he will never live again now; nevertheless, I know whether you wish it or not.

La. Yesterday this fellow ordered Philumena to be brought to him: (Aside to Phidippus) Tell him that you ordered it.

Phid. Don't punch me: I ordered it.

La. But now he will send her back.

Phid. Certainly.

Pam. I know how everything has happened: as I was coming, I heard all.

La. May the gods curse those spiteful people who are telling these things so freely.

Pam. I know that I took care lest any deserved reproach might be brought by you against me and if I now should wish to call to mind of how true and kind and forgiving a disposition I was toward her, I can truly; only I should rather that you learn these things from her, for in this manner you will especially have faith in my character when she, who now is estranged from me, tells fair things about me. I call the gods to witness that this separation has not come about thru my fault. But since she thinks that it is unbecoming for her to give way to my mother and for her modesty to bear my mother's habits--nor can good will be gained between them by other means--either my mother must be separated from me, Phidippus, or Philumena. Now dutifulness to my mother persuades me to follow what is more pleasing to her.

La. Pamphilus, by no means unpleasingly have your words reached my ears when I realize that you have considered

everything second in regard to your parent. But look out that you may not, aroused by a quarrel, hold to your ideas unfairly, Pamphilus.

Pam. Urged on by these quarrels, am I now unfair to her who never has done anything toward me, father, that I did not wish? And I know that she has often done what I wished. I love her, and I praise her and I deeply desire her, for I have realized that she has a wonderful disposition toward me. For her I desire that she spend the rest of her life with that man who is more fortunate than I, since necessity draws her away from me.

Phid. It is in your power that it may not happen.

La. If you are of sound mind, order her to return.

Pam. That is not my idea, father. I shall serve the convenience of my mother. (Starts to leave).

La. Where are you going? Wait; wait, I say.
Where are you going?

Phid. What sort of obstinacy is this?

La. Have I ^{not} said, Phidippus, that he would take this matter badly? Therefore I begged you to send your daughter back.

Phid. I have not believed, by Pollux' temple, that he would be unreasonable to this extent. Does he now believe that I am going to beg him? If it amounts to this: that he wants to take his wife back, he is allowed to; but if he is of another mind, let him pay back the dowry in return. Let him go!

La. But look! You also are inconsiderately

enraged.

Phid. You have returned hither to us very stubborn,
Pamphilus.

La. (Aside) His wrath is now diminishing, although
he was rightfully enraged.

Phid. Because a little bit of money has come to
you, you have taken on airs.

La. Are you quarreling with me also?

Phid. Let him think the matter over and tell me
today whether he wishes her or not, so that she may be given
to another if not to him. (Leaves).

La. Phidippus, wait; listen to me in a few words.
He has gone away. What does it matter to me? Let them
arrange matters among themselves as it pleases them, since
neither my son nor this father hearkens to me at all. They

consider what I say of little value. I shall take this quarrel
to my wife at whose instigation all these things are happening;
and upon her I shall pour out this whole affair because it is
sickening to me.

Phid. As I your husband? Do you think that I am
your husband or just a man for that purpose? For if I had
ever seemed to you either of these, I would have been con-
sidered a joke on account of your actions.

Myr. What actions?

Phid. Do you ask? Our daughter has given birth
to a child, whom! Are you silent? By whom is the child?

Myr. Is it fair for you her father to ask suspiciously
on that account?--(Aside) I am undone!--By whom do you think,
except by that one to whom she was given in marriage, I pray?

Phid. I believe in her, nor do I think that it is
a father's piece to think otherwise on the matter; but I wonder
why it is that you have

ACT IV.

Scene I. In which she has borne the child legit-
imately and in

Myrrhina, Phidippus. Are you not of a stubborn

Myr. I am undone! What shall I do? Whither
shall I turn? What shall I, wretched that I am, reply to
my husband? For it seems that he has heard the voice of
the boy crying: as a result he has suddenly betaken himself
silently to his daughter. For if he shall discover that

Phid. Would that I knew that you were telling the
truth, but now there comes into my mind what you once said
I am worse than no one.

Phid. (Entering) When my wife understood that I
was going to the girl, she went outside; but look, I see her.
What are you saying, Myrrhina? Hi there! I am talking to you.

Myr. To me, dear husband?

Phid. Am I your husband? Do you think that I am
your husband or just a man for that purpose? For if I had
ever seemed to you either of these, I would have been con-
sidered a joke on account of your actions.

Myr. What actions?

Phid. Do you ask? Our daughter has given birth
to a child. Ahem! Are you silent? By whom is the child?

Myr. Is it fair for you her father to ask suspiciously
on that account?--(Aside) I am undone!--By whom do you think,
except by that one to whom she was given in marriage, I pray?

Phid. I believe in her, nor do I think that it is a father's place to think otherwise on the matter; but I wonder why it is that you have wished so much to conceal the birth from all of us, especially when she has borne the child legitimately and in the correct time. Were you not of a stubborn mind on that point to wish the child to perish, by whom you knew that the friendship among the two families would later be more firm, rather than that she should be married to him contrary to the desire of your mind? I even believed that this blame which is in you was theirs.

Myr. (Aside) I am a wretched woman.

Phid. Would that I knew that you were telling the truth, but now there comes into my mind what you once said when we took him as son-in-law, for you said that you could not allow your daughter to marry one who loved a harlot, who spent the whole night away from home.

Myr. (Aside) I prefer that my husband suspect any cause you please than the true one itself.

Phid. I knew much sooner than you that he had a mistress, Myrrhina: in truth I have never decided that that vice belongs merely to youth, for it has been born into all; but, by Pollux, the time will now come when he will even hate himself for it. But you have not at all ceased up to this time to be the same one, according as you once showed that you were, leading our daughter away from him in order that what I had done might not be established. This result now makes it manifest in what way you wished it done.

Myr. Do you think that I am so stubborn that I might

be of this mind toward her whose mother I am if this marriage were useful to us?

Phid. Can you foresee or judge what is of value to us? You have heard this report from someone, perhaps, who said he had seen him going out of or going into his mistress' house. What then finally if he has done this thing moderately and rarely? Is it not more kind for us to conceal these things than to give evidence that we know why he hates us? For if he could tear himself suddenly away from her to whom he has been accustomed for so many years, I should not consider him a human being nor a man worthy enough for our daughter.

Myr. Leave the youth, I pray, and say I have done wrong in these things. Go away; meet him alone. Ask him whether he wants his wife or not. If it happens that he says that he is willing, return her to him, but if it happens that he is unwilling, I have counseled my daughter rightly.

Phid. If indeed he himself is not willing, and you realized that the blame was in him, Myrrhina, I was at hand by whose counsel it was fair to consider these things. Wherefore I am burning with wrath that you have dared to do these things without my orders. I forbid that you ever desire to take the child outside the house.--(Aside) But I am rather foolish to demand this woman to obey my commands. I shall go inside, and I shall order the slaves not to allow the child to be taken away anywhere (Goes inside).

Myr. By Pollux, I believe that no woman more miserable than I lives, for how would he take this thing if he should discover the matter itself as it is! It is not, by the temple of Pollux, hidden from me, when he takes

this thing, which is of rather small consequence, with so
wrathful a mind, nor do I know in what way his opinion can
be changed. This one evil out of very many misfortunes
would remain for me if he compels me to lift up the child,
whose father is we do not know who; for when my daughter
was ravished, his appearance could not be known in the
shadows, nor was anything taken from him by which it might
afterward be known who he was. As he was going away, he
snatched by force the ring which she had on her finger.
At the same time, I fear that our pleading will no longer
deceive Pamphilus when he knows that another's child is
lifted up as his.

well enough. Now satisfaction in your pursuits holds me.

Now I have this worry Scene II. lest the longness of my

life may stand Sostrata, Pamphilus. and he may look for my

dearly. Here I see that I have been hated undeservedly;

So. It is no secret to me, my son, that I am
suspected by you, that your wife has gone away from here
on account of my habits, although I carefully conceal these
things. But may the gods help me, and may those things
which I desire happen to me from you, since never knowingly
have I deserved that she should take hatred of me thru my
fault; and before I thought that you loved me, but now you
have established faith in this thing, for your father has
just told me inside in what way you have put me before your
love. Now I am decided to do something for you in return
that you may know that with me a premium is put upon duti-
fulness. Pamphilus dear, I think that this is useful both
to you and to my reputation: I have decided for sure that

I shall go away from here into the country with your father, so that my presence may not stand in the way nor any other cause remain but what your Philumena should return to you.

Pam. I ask, what is this plan of yours? After her folly has been overcome, will you go away from the city to live in the country? You will not do it; nor will I allow that someone who wishes evil for us, mother, may say that it was done on account of my obstinacy not on account of your sobriety. Then I am unwilling for you to give up your friends, your kindred and your good times on my account.

So. By Pollux, those things have now no pleasure for me. While age and time allowed, I enjoyed those things well enough. Now satisfaction in your pursuits holds me. Now I have this worry especially lest the longness of my life may stand in someone's way and he may look for my death. Here I see that I have been hated undeservedly; it is time to withdraw. Thus, in the best way, as I think, I shall remove all causes of hatred from everyone, and I shall clear myself from this suspicion and I shall have given way to these people. Allow me, I pray, to escape this crowd of women which hears everything evilly.

Pam. (Aside) How happy I am in other things, how happy I would be except for this one thing; having such a mother as this, but such a wife as that!

So. I pray, Pamphilus dear, you will not persuade yourself to suffer something disagreeable, whoever she is. If the other things are as you wish and she is as I think she is, my son, grant me this favor: take her back.

Pam. Woe is miserable me!
So. And me indeed! For this thing has no less
evil effect on me than on you, my son.

You may not know: but it matters nothing to
you whether they get

Scene III.
Laches, Sostrata, Pamphilus. It is best
for old folks to leave the society of others.

La. The words you have had with this boy I have
heard, standing not far from here, wife. Yours it is to
know by what means, you can turn your mind to do now, whenever
it is necessary, this same thing which you would perhaps have
to do later.

So. May chance favor me, by Pollux!

La. Go away, therefore, from here to the country.
There I will put up with you and you with me.

So. I hope so, by Castor.

La. Go inside, therefore, and get together what
things are to be taken with you: I have given orders already.

So. As you order, I will do.

Pam. Father.

La. What do you want, Pamphilus?

Pam. My mother to go away from here? Not at all.

La. Why do you want it that way?

Pam. Because I am even doubtful about my wife as
to what I am about to do.

La. What is it? What do you want to do other
than to take her back?

Pam. I indeed want to, and I restrain myself with
difficulty, but I shall not depart from my purpose: I shall

not depart from my purpose: I shall follow what is expedient. I believe that they will be more harmonious if I do not take her back. (Aside) Provided that I do not have to take

La. You may not know: but it matters nothing to you whether they get along or not when your mother has gone away. Old age is disagreeable to young folks. It is best for old folks to leave the society of others. Finally, we are now by-words, Pamphilus, an old man and an old woman. But I see Phidippus coming out at an opportune time: let us approach him.

A child! What child?

Phid. A son. Scene IV. as been born to us, for our

Phidippus, Laches, Pamphilus. From you, not

Phid. (At the door to Philumena within) At you also, by the temple of Pollux, I am enraged seriously indeed, Philumena, for, by Hercules, you have done shamefully; although you have a reason in this matter, because your mother urged you on, she has no reason.

La. You are appearing opportunely for me at this time, Phidippus.

Phid. What's wrong?

Pam. (Aside) What shall I reply to them? Or in what way shall I explain this?

La. Tell your daughter that Sostrata has gone away into the country, that she should not fear that she will return home any more.

Phid. Oh! your wife has deserved no blame about these things--these things have all arisen from Myrrhina,

my wife. A change has come about: that's the trouble between us, Laches.

Pam. (Aside) Provided that I do not have to take her back, they may squabble as they please.

Phid. I, Pamphilus, frankly want this relationship to be perpetual between us if it can be accomplished, but if it stands that your feeling is otherwise, I hope that you will at least take the child.

Pam. (Aside) He has found out that she has borne a child! I am undone!

La. A child! What child?

Phid. A grandchild has been born to us, for our daughter was pregnant when she was taken away from you, nor did I ever know before today that she was pregnant.

La. You announce good news, may the gods help me! And I rejoice that it has been born and that your daughter is doing well. But what kind of a woman have you for a wife, or according to what customs has she been brought up? Ought we to have concealed this thing so long? I cannot say enough on the question how perverse this act seems to me.

Phid. That act pleases you no less than me, Laches.

Pam. Although this seemed to me a question for a long time, now it is not, since another's child follows her.

La. There is no room to you for objection here now, Pamphilus.

Pam. (Aside) I am lost!

La. We often hoped to see this day when a child

might be by you, who might call you father. It has happened:
I thank the gods.

Pam. (Aside) I am as well as no one!

La. Take back your wife, and do not turn against
me.

Pam. Father, if she wanted children from me or
wanted to be married to me, I know quite certainly, she would
not have kept secret from me what I know she has concealed.
Now, since I realize that her mind is adverse to me, and since
I do not think that it will be agreeable between us later, why
should I take her back?

La. The young woman has done this because her
mother persuaded her: is it to be wondered at? Do you think
that you could find any woman who lacked fault? Or is it
because men do not have faults?

Phid. You consider now, Laches, and you, Pamphilus,
whether it is expedient to you for her to be sent back to her
folks or to be brought back home. What my wife does is not
in my hands: you will have difficulty from me in neither case.
But what shall we do with the child?

La. You ask foolishly: whatever is going to
happen, certainly give him back his child that we may take
care of our own.

Pam. Shall I take care of a child whom his own
father has neglected?

La. What did you say? Shall we not take care
of the child, Pamphilus? Shall we rather cast it out, I
ask? What madness is this? Indeed now I cannot keep silent
any longer, for you are compelling me to speak those things

which I don't want to when this fellow is present. Do you think that I am ignorant of the reason for your tears? Or why it is that you are disturbed in this way? When you first gave this excuse, that you could not keep this wife at home on account of your mother, your mother promised that she would leave the house. Now, after you see that this excuse also has been taken away from you, you have obtained another: the fact that a child has been born unbeknown to you. You are mistaken if you think that I am ignorant of your mind. Yet that you may attach your mind to her later on, how long a time for having amours with your mistress did I give you! With how calm a mind did I bear the expenses which you made for your mistress! I counseled and pleaded with you to take a wife. I said that it was time: at my instigation you took a wife. Obeying me, you then did those things as it was befitting. Now you have turned your mind back to your harlot! In following after her you thus do injury to this girl, for I see that you have returned anew to the same life.

Pam. I?

La. You, yourself. And you are doing wrong when you make up false reasons for discord that you may live with your mistress when you have got rid of this witness of your licentiousness; and your wife knows this much, for what other reason did she have on account of which she should leave you?

Phid. This fellow divines the matter clearly, for thus it is.

Pam. I will give an oath to you that there is nothing in what you say.

La. Aha! Take back your wife, or tell me why you should not.

Pam. It is not now time.

La. Take the child, for it certainly is not to blame. I shall see about the mother afterwards.

Pam. (Aside) I am wretched in every way, nor do I know what I shall do: my father has surrounded miserable me with so many things. I will go away from here since I am making too little progress in being here, for I don't believe that the child will be lifted up without my orders, especially when my mother-in-law is aiding me in this matter. (Leaves.)

La. You are fleeing? Ahem! Will you not reply anything definite to me? It doesn't seem to you, Phidippus, that he is at himself, does it? Leave him to me. Give me the child, Phidippus: I will take care of it.

Phid. Certainly. My wife did not do a strange thing if she took this matter badly. Women are bitter; they do not take these things easily. On this account is the quarrel, for she has told me herself. I was unwilling to tell you while he was here, nor did I believe her at first, but now it is evident, for I see that his mind is averse in every way to marriage.

La. What, therefore, shall I do, Phidippus? What advice do you give?

Phid. What shall you do? I think that this harlot ought to be visited first. Let us plead with her,

let us upbraid her rather seriously, finally let threaten her if she has dealings with him afterwards.

La. I shall do as you advise: hey, boy, run to our neighbor, this Bacchis. Call her hither at my request, and furthermore I ask that you do your best for me in this matter.

Phid. Ah! long since I have said it, and now I say the same thing, Laches: I want this relationship to remain between us, if there is any way that what I hope for can be.

Bac. (Aside as she approaches) This is not without reason that Laches asks for me to be sent and talked

La. Nay, rather go away: secure a nurse for the child.

La. (Aside) - I must take care that I may not gain less from this woman thru a quarrel than I could otherwise, or that I may not do anything more when it would be better afterwards for me to have done less. I shall approach her--Bacchis, greetings!

Bac. Greetings, Laches!

La. I believe, by Pollux' temple, Bacchis, that you do not wonder at all why it is--for what reason--I have ordered the boy to call you here outside.

Bac. I, by Pollux, I am also even tremulous, when it comes into my mind what I ask, lest the name of my profession may stand in my way with you, for I really am a law-abiding citizen.

La. If you will speak the truth, there is no danger to you from me, woman, for I not so at that age when it is not safe for me to be overlooked if I have sinned: therefore I take the more care in all things that I may not

act rashly. For if you do, or are about to do what it is
right for good women to do, it is unbecomingly
to offer injury to you, an undeserving person.

ACT V.

have for you admiring this matter, for he who seeks
himself after a wrong would be of little service

Scene I.

me. But what is Bacchis, Laches.

Bac. (Aside as she approaches) This is not
your house.
without reason that Laches asks for me to be met and talked
with, nor, by Pollux, do I doubt much that what I suspect is
what he wishes.

La. (Aside) I must take care that I may not
gain less from this woman thru a quarrel than I could other-
wise, or that I may not do anything more when it would be
better afterwards for me to have done less. I shall approach
her--Bacchis, greetings!

Bac. Greetings, Laches!

La. I believe, by Pollux' temple, Bacchis, that
you do not wonder at all why it is--for what reason--I have
ordered the boy to call you here outside.

Bac. I, by Pollux, I am also even tremorous, when
it comes into my mind what I am, lest the name of my profession
may stand in my way with you, for I really am a law-abiding
citizen.

La. If you will speak the truth, there is no
danger to you from me, woman, for I now am at that age when
it is not fair for me to be overlooked if I have sinned:
wherefore I take the more care in all things that I may not

act rashly. For if you do, or are about to do what it is right for good women to do, it is unknown injustice for me to offer injury to you, and undeserving person.

Bac. Great are the thanks, by Castor, which I have for you concerning this matter, for he who would excuse himself after a wrong was done would be of little service to me. But what is your business with me?

La. You are receiving my son, Pamphilus, at your house.

Bac. Aha!

La. Allow me to speak. Before he took this wife, I suffered your amours. Wait; I haven't even yet said what I wanted. He now has a wife. Seek another more constant lover for yourself while there is time for looking for one, for neither will he be forever of this feeling nor, by Pollux, will you be of the same age you now are.

Bac. Who says this? But I advise you take care.

La. His mother-in-law.

Bac. About me?

La. You yourself: and he has married her daughter, and he wished, on account of this matter, to kill secretly the child which was born.

Bac. If I knew another thing more holy than an oath, by which I could establish my good faith with you, I would assure you this, Laches, that I had withdrawn myself from Pamphilus when he took a wife.

La. You are fine to say that, but do you know what I wish you to do rather, if you will?

Bac. What do you wish? Tell me.

La. Go within here to these women, and make them that same oath of yours: satisfy their mind and clear yourself of this crime.

Bac. I will do, by Pollux, what another woman of this profession would hardly do--show herself for such a reason to the woman married to the man. But I am unwilling for you son to be suspected on account of false gossip, and to seem more fickle, undeservedly, to you to whom it is least just, for he has merited from me to accommodate him what I can.

La. Your words have made me kindly and well disposed toward you, for these women did not think thusly alone: I also even believed it. Now after I have understood that you are different from our opinion, see to it that you may be the same hereafter to them. Use our friendship as you wish. If you should do otherwise--but I will restrain myself lest you may hear anything bitter from me. But I advise you this one thing: try out what sort of a friend I am or what I can do rather than what sort of an enemy I may be.

Bac. I shall do it carefully.

Exit Bacchis. Certainly there is in this matter no will which is worthy of Scene II.

Enter Phidippus, Laches, Bacchis. None you are right.

Phid. I shall suffer nothing in my power to be lacking for you but what it shall be cheerfully furnished as there is need; but when you are sated with food and drink, see to it that the child is well fed.

La. Our son-in-law, I see, is coming: he has

brought a nurse for the child. Phidippus, Bacchis swears her innocence very religiously.

Phid. Is this woman she?

La. It is she.

Phid. Neither, by Pollux, do these women fear the gods, nor do I think that they have any thought about the gods.

Bac. I give you my hand-maidens: inquire about me by whatever torture you please. Here is the thing to be done: I ought to bring it about that Pamphilus' wife returns to him. If I accomplish this, I shall not repent of the gossip that I alone have done what other harlots shunned to do.

La. Phidippus, we have found that our wives have been suspected wrongfully by us in this matter; moreover, let us now try out this woman, for if your wife understands that she has believed wrongfully in a crime, she will let the quarrel go; but if, on the other hand, my son has been aroused for this reason--that his wife has given birth secretly, it is a small matter: this reason for a dispute will quickly leave him. Certainly there is in this matter no evil which is worthy of a divorce.

Phid. Indeed, by Hercules, I hope you are right.

La. Question her: here she is: she will do whatever is necessary.

Phid. Why are you telling me these things? Or is it because you yourself have not heard yet how my mind is on this matter, Laches? Merely satisfy the women folks' minds.

La. I ask, by Pollux' temple, Bacchis, that you carry out what you yourself have promised me.

Bac. Do you want me to go inside for this reason?

La. Go, and satisfy their minds that they may believe.

Bac. I am going; although I know, by Pollux, that the sight of me today will be disagreeable to them, for the wife is the enemy of the harlot when she has been separated from her husband.

La. But they will be friendly when they find out why you have come.

Phid. I promise that these same women will be friendly to you when they have learned about the matter, for you will clear them from error and yourself at the same time from suspicion.

Bac. (Aside) I am undone! I am ashamed before Philumena. (To her hand-maidens) Both of you follow me inside here (Goes inside).

La. What is there which I would prefer more for myself than what I realize is happening to this woman; that she is doing a good turn without any loss to herself and is accommodating me? For if it is that she has now truly cut Pamphilus off from herself, she knows that on that account she will have distinction, wealth, and honor, and she will do him a favor, and by one deed she will join us to her as friends.

Scene III.

Parmeno, Bacchis.

Par. By Pollux' temple, my master thinks that my labor is of small value, my master who sent me on account of nothing to a place where in vain I have sat the whole day, while I have been awaiting his Myconian guest-friend, Callidemides, in the citadel. And so while I have been sitting there today foolishly, I approached as each person came by. "Young man, tell me," I ask, "are you a Myconian?" "I am not." "But are you Callidemides?" "No." "Have you here any guest-friend, Pamphilus?" All said no, nor do I think that anyone has. Finally, by Hercules, I became ashamed. I went away. But why do I see Bacchis going out of our place? What business has she here?

Bac. (Approaching) Parmeno, you are presenting yourself at an opportune time: hurry, run to Pamphilus.

Par. Why to him?

Bac. Tell him that I beg for him to come.

Par. To you?

Bac. No, to Philumena.

Par. What is wrong?

Bac. Stop asking about what doesn't concern you at all.

Par. Shall I say nothing else?

Bac. Yes, that Myrrhina has found out that that ring which he once gave me was her daughter's.

Par. I understand. Is that all?

Bac. Just that: he will be here immediately when he hears this from you. But are you loitering?

Par. Not at all, for today opportunity has scarcely been given me of loitering. I have spent this whole day in this manner in running and walking hither and thither (Leaves).

Bac. How much gladness I have brought to Pamphilus today by my arrival! How many accommodations I have effected! Why how many troubles I have wiped away! I restore to him his son who almost perished because of the efforts of these women and of him himself; I return his wife whom he thought he would never have again; I have cleared him of what he was suspected by his father and Phidippus. Indeed this ring was the beginning to the clearing up of these things, for I remember that, almost ten months ago, out of breath, without a companion and full of wine, he fled to me to my house about dusk with this ring: I was frightened in consequence. "Pamphilus dear," I say, "my love, why are you out of breath, I pray? Or from where have you got this ring? Tell me." He pretends that he is doing something else. After I see those actions, I begin to be more suspicious of I do not know what. I urge him to tell me. The man confesses that he has by force ravished on the road I do not know what girl. He says that he has snatched away from her the ring while she was struggling. This woman Myrrhina recognizes it while I have it on my finger. She asks whence it is. I tell her all these things. Thereupon the discovery is made that Philumena was ravished by him and that this son was born from him. I rejoice that so many good things have happened to him on account of me. Yet other harlots would be unwilling to do this, for it

is not good for our business that anyone of our lovers be contented in a marriage; but, by Castor, never shall I bring my mind to evil things for the sake of gain. I, while it was permissible, considered him kind, charming, and courteous. It turned out inconveniently on my account in regard to the wedding: I confess that; but, by Pollux, I think I have done in such a manner that this trouble did not come about thru my fault. It is fair for him by whom many agreeable things have been received to bear his disagreeable ones.

Scene IV.

Pamphilus, Parmeno, Bacchis.

Pam. Be careful, Parmeno, I do beseech you, that you have brought these things certainly and clearly to me, that you may not cause me to enjoy for a brief time this false joy.

Par. Care has been taken.

Pam. With certainty?

Par. With certainty.

Pam. I am a god if this is true.

Par. You will find it true.

Pam. Wait, I beseech you: I fear that I am believing one thing and that you are telling another.

Par. I am waiting.

Pam. I understand that you have spoken thusly--that Myrrhina has discovered that Bacchis has her ring--.

Par. That's right.

Pam. The one which I once gave to Bacchis; and

Bacchis has ordered you to tell me this: is that right?

Par. That's what I'm saying.

Pam. Who is more fortunate than I, and more full of happiness therefore. I--what shall I give you in return for this message? What? What? I do not know.

Par. But I know.

Pam. What?

Par. Why nothing, for neither in the message nor in me myself do I know what is good for you.

Pam. Shall I allow you, who have brought me when I was dead back from Orcus into the light, to go away from me without a reward? Ah! you think me too ungrateful. But, look, I see Bacchis standing at the door! She is awaiting me, I believe. I shall go to her.

Bac. Greetings, Pamphilus.

Pam. O Bacchis! Oh dear Bacchis, my savior!

Bac. I also am glad that it is well.

Pam. By your actions you are making me believe it; and therefore you still have that old likableness of yours, so that the chance meeting of you, your words, your approach, wherever you may come, will always be a pleasure.

Bac. But you, by Castor, still have that characteristic wit, so that never will there live any one man of men more flattering than you.

Pam. Haha, hehe, is that your opinion of me?

Bac. Rightly you have loved your wife, Pamphilus, for never before this day have I seen her with my eyes so far as I know. She is very good looking.

Pam. Tell the truth.

Bac. May the gods help me, Pamphilus!

Pam. Tell me, have you so far said nothing at all of these things to my father?

Bac. Not a thing.

Pam. Nor is there need; therefore speak softly. It is best that this play be not finished in the same manner as in comedies where everyone finds out everything. Here, those for whom it is fair to find out know, but those for whom it is not fair to know, will neither find out nor know.

Bac. Surely, I will say this in what way you believe it may be most easily kept quiet. Myrrhina told Phidippus that she had believed my oath and therefore that you were absolved as far as she was concerned.

Pam. It is very good, and I hope that this matter will turn out for us according to your opinion.

Par. Master, may I know from you what good it is that I have done today? Or what is this affair of yours that you are attending to?

Pam. You may not know.

Par. Yet I have my suspicions. I ... him dead ... from Orcus? In what way?

Pam. You do not know, Parmeno, how much you have aided me today and from how great a calamity you have drawn me.

Par. Why, surely I know; nor did I do it unwittingly.

Pam. I know your ability quite well.

Par. Or does anything easily escape Parmeno which may be useful to do.

Pam. Follow me inside Parmeno.

Par. I'm following.--(Aside) Indeed I have done more good today unwittingly than I have ever done knowingly before this day.--Give us your applause.

Finis.