

The feast of Bacchus / by Robert Bridges.

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H.E. Moleworth. The Grange Gattendon. Nov^r. 1889

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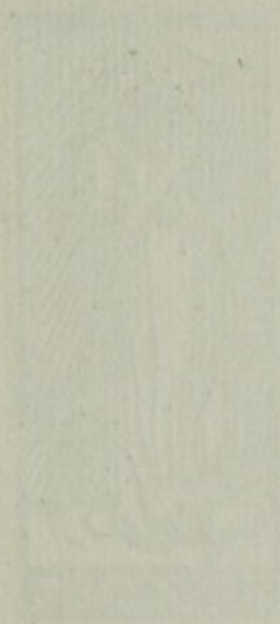
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THE
FEAST
OF
BACCHVS

BY
ROBERT BRIDGES

Privately
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1889



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The Feast of Bacchus.

The Spirit of the Law

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MENEDEMVS	<i>An Athenian gentleman.</i>
CHREMES	<i>A retired Ionian spongemerchant.</i>
CLINIA	<i>Son to Menedemus.</i>
PAMPHILVS	<i>Son to Chremes.</i>
PHILOLACHES	<i>An actor, friend to Pamphilus.</i>
SOSTRATA	<i>Wife to Chremes.</i>
ANTIPHILA	<i>Daughter of Chremes, beloved of Clinia.</i>
GORGIO	<i>Beloved of Pamphilus.</i>

The scene is in a suburb of Athens, opposite the house of Chremes (L). On the other side is Menedemus' garden (R); this occupies most of the back of the stage: a gate from the garden gives on the stage. Between the garden & Chremes' house a road to the city.

Duration of time—nearly the same as in acting.



THE FEAST OF BACCHVS

Act the First.

MENEDEMVS *seen at work in his garden.* CHREMES *calling to him over the hedge.*

Chremes

GOOD morning sir! good morning! [*aside*] He does not hear me.—Sir!

Good morning! [*aside*] No: he goes on digging away for his life.—

Ho! Menedemus! Ho!

Men. Who is it calls?

Chr. 'Tis I.

Men. Chremes! why, what's the matter?

Chr. I only said good morning.

I wish you the compliments of the day. 'Tis the feast of Bacchus.

Men. I thank you. The same to you.

Chr. I had something to say beside,
If you are at leisure.

Men. Now?

Chr. Yes, now.

Men. You see I am busy :

But if 'tis a matter of any importance—

Chr. Indeed it is.

Men. Pray step to the gate. I'll open it for you,

Chr. You are very good,

[*aside*] How fagged he looks.

Men. [*at gate.*] Come in. You will not think me rude,
If I ask you to tell your errand while I dig,

Chr. Excuse me,

My good friend, and your spade, pray you, awhile put down,
You must stop working.

Men. No : I cannot rest a minute.

Chr. I cant allow it indeed. [*taking the spade.*]

Men. Now, fir, you wrong me.

Chr. Hey!

My word ! what a weight it is.

Men. It's not too heavy for me.

Chr. Come ! what's all this ? well take it again, but dont refuse me
A moment's attention.

Men. Well!

Chr. 'Tis a matter concerns you nearly :

So leave your work, and come outside, and sit on the bench,
Where we may talk.

Men. Whatever you have to say, Chremes,
May be said here.

Chr. No doubt, but better as I propose :
I will not detain you long.

Men. What is it ?

Chr. Sit you down.

Men. You have something to say.

Chr. Not while you stand.

Men. [*sitting*] Well, as you will.

And now in as few words as may be.—I am at your service.—
Explain.

Chr. Menedemus, although our acquaintance has been but short,
And only dates from the day you bought this piece of land,
And came to live close by me : for little or nought but that
Occasioned it, as you know : yet my respect for you,
Or else your being a neighbour,—for that itself, I take it,
Counts in some sort as friendship,—makes me bold and free
To give you a piece of advice : the fact is, you seem to me
To be working here in a manner, which both to your time of life
And station, is most unsuitable. What, in Heaven's name,
Can be your object ? what do you drive at ? To guess your age
You are sixty years at least. There's no one hereabouts
Can shew a better farm, nor more servants upon it :
And yet you do the work yourself, as though you had none.
Never do I go out, however early in the morning,
Never come home again, however late at night,
But here I see you digging, hoeing, or at all events
Toiling at something or other. You are never a moment idle,

Nor shew regard for yourself. Now all this cant be done
For pleasure, that I am sure of, and as for any profit,
Why if you only applied half the energy
To stirring up your servants, both you and your farm
Would do much better.

Men. Have you so much spare time then, Chremes,
Left from your own affairs to meddle with other people's?
The which moreover do not concern you.

Chr. I am a man.
Nought which concerns mankind concerns not me, I think.
Ere I advise, I'd first enquire what 'tis you do;
If well, to learn by example; if ill, then to dissuade.

Men. My duty is this: do you as best may suit yourself.

Chr. What man can say 'tis right for him to torment himself?

Men. I can.

Chr. If it is any sorrow or trouble that has driven you to this,
I am very sorry. But...what is it? Tell me, I pray.
Whatever can you have done, that calls for such a penance?

Men. Ay me!

Chr. Come, dont give way: confide to me this affair.
Trust me: keep nothing back, I entreat you: have no fear.
Surely I may either help, or advise, or at least console you.

Men. You really wish to know?

Chr. Yes, for the reason I gave:

Men. I'll tell you.

Chr. What is it?

Men. I have an only son, Chremes—

Alas what say I? have? had I should rather say;

For whether now I have or not, I cannot tell.

Chr. How so?

Men. You shall hear: attend. There came to live in the city
A poor old widow woman from Corinth. She had a daughter,
With whom my son, who is just of age, fell madly in love,
Was even at the point to marry: and all without my knowledge.
However it came to my ears; and then I began to treat him
Unkindly, and not in the way to deal with a love-sick lad,
But after the usual dictatorial manner of fathers.

I never left him in peace. *Dont think, my fine fellow,*
I'd say, that you'll be allowed to continue behaving thus,
While I am alive to prevent it; running after a girl

And talking of marrying too: you are very much mistaken,
Clinia, if you think that. You dont know me. I am glad
To have you called my son, while you respect your honour;
But if you once forget it, I shall find a means,

And one you will not like, of asserting my own. All this
I see very plainly, I said, has come from idle habits.

You have not enough to do. When I was your age
I did not fritter away my time in making love;

But finding my pockets empty, set out for Asia,
And won myself distinction & fortune in foreign service.

At last, Chremes, it came to this: the poor young fellow,
Continually hearing the same thing put so strongly to him,

Gave in: he thought my age and due regard for his welfare
Were likely to shew him a wiser and a more prudent course
Than his own feelings;—he left the country, and went to fight
Under the king of Persia.

Chr. Indeed?

Men. He started off

One day without a word. He has now been gone fix months.

Chr. Both were to blame, however I think the step that he took Was the act of a modest and not unmanly disposition.

Men. I enquired of some of his friends, and when I learnt the truth, I returned home to my house miserable, my mind Unhinged—distracted with grief. I sat me down; my servants Came running to know my pleasure; some drew off my shoes, Others were hastening to & fro to prepare my dinner, Each anxious by doing his best to lessen the pain Of my great misfortune: in vain: the sight of them made me think, ‘What! is it then for me alone that all these persons So busily are engaged? all for my comfort? For me is it that so many women are spinning? for me This great household expense and luxury are maintained? And my only son, who in all should equally share with me— Nay should have the larger share, since at his age he is able Better to use such things and enjoy them,—him, poor boy, I have driven out of the house by my unkindness. No, I had rather die than do it. While he leads a life Of poverty and of hardship, exiled from home and country

By my severe treatment, so long will I visit
His punishment on myself, labouring, fasting, saving,
Serving and flaving for him.' I began there and then;
I stripped the house for a sale, left nothing in it, not a dish
To eat off, not a coat to put on. I collected everything:
And as for the men and maids, excepting such as were able
To work the cost of their living out on my fields, I sent them
To market and sold them; I put up a notice, *This house to let*;
And setting the price of all, some fifty talents, together,
I bought this farm, and am well convinced at heart, Chremes,
That in making myself miserable I act more justly
Towards him, my absent son; and that 'twere crime to indulge
In any comfort, till he return home safe again
To share it with me.

Chr. I see that you are a kind father;
And he, I think, had been a dutiful son, if treated
With moderation and judgement: but look, you did not know
Each other well enough: a common fault to observe
In family life, and one destructive of happiness.
You never let him perceive how dear he was to you,
So he dared not confide in you, when it was his duty:
To have done the one or other had spared you this misfortune.

Men. 'Tis as you say, I admit; but I was the more to blame,

Chr. True. And to lose a child is deplorable. I had myself
The same misfortune without my fault. A daughter it was,
Stolen from me I know not how: my second child, a babe,

That's fifteen years ago. I was living at Ephesus,
Where such events are regarded as commonish accidents.
I know not where she was taken, have never heard of her since ;
And though I have not forgot it, my own experience is,
One does entirely get over the sort of thing—I assure you.

Men. 'Tis kind of you thus to recall your sorrow to comfort mine.
My condolence can make a distinction : the child you lost
Was a daughter, a babe, you say. Clinia was my only son,
Grown up. Besides you admit you were not at all to blame.
I brought this on myself. See, friend, the difference !

Chr. However I see no reason yet to despair, Menedemus.
You will have him safe at home again, and soon, I am sure.

Men. The gods grant it.

Chr. They will. And now, 'tis the feast of Bacchus ;
We keep a birthday too. I hope, if it is agreeable,
That you will come and dine at my house.

Men. I cant.

Chr. Why not ?
Do pray now, after all you have done, allow yourself
This little relaxation. Think your absent son
Is asking you through me.

Men. It is not right that I,
Who have driven him into hardships, should spend my time in
pleasures.

Chr. You will not change your mind ?

Men. No.

Chr. Then I'll say goodbye.

Men. Goodbye. [*Exit.*

Chr. A tear, I do believe; I am sorry for him.

'Tis lamentable to see goodness punished thus
For lack of a little wisdom. Folly brings remorse,
And again remorse folly: they tread the circle; and he
Would mend one fault by another, and on himself revenge
The wrong he has done his son. And that wrong too was not
A real unkindness: no: mere want of common sense;
It's what I am always saying,—that is evil. To quote
From the very profoundest of authors, my favourite Sophocles,
Wisdom is far away the chiefest of happiness.

Of course a man may be happy, although he has lost his son,
If it cannot be charged to his fault. In spite of the best intentions
Menedemus is much to blame. Poor fellow, but I may assist him;
And if I can, I will. I love to help a neighbour;
'Tis pleasure as well as duty: because it is a pleasure
To be wiser than others, and even a friend's predicament
Increases the satisfaction I feel, when I think how well
My own household is managed. But stay, 'tis time I went
To see that all's in order for the feast we hold to-night.
There are one or two old friends, who'd take it much amiss
Did I not ask them. Now at once I'll go and find them. [*Exit*

Enter Pamphilus & Clinia

Pam. That queer old boy's my father: didn't you know him?

- Clin.* No.
How should I? but his name I know—Chremes.
- Pam.* You have it.
Take care he hear not your name.
- Clin.* Why so, Pamphilus?
What can he know of me? and if he knew...
- Pam.* See, Clinia,
That is our house, and here the hedge and paling bounds
Your father's.
- Clin.* Here?
- Pam.* You see what a stroke of luck it was
To meet me when you did. You must have betrayed yourself
By making enquiries; but I at the merest hint have led you
Straight to the place: besides, if you wish to be near your father
Without his knowing that you are returned, my governor
Can put you up.
- Clin.* Is't here?
- Pam.* Yes, there.
- Clin.* For heaven's sake
Be careful; may he not see me?
- Pam.* If he looked over the myrtles
No doubt he might.
- Clin.* Hush! hush! come back.
- Pam.* No fear: we're safe.
He's not this side: stay here: I'll go and spy around.
Keep out of sight.

Clin. Stay, Pamphilus ; are you really sure
This is my father's ?

Pam. This is the place they told me, and here
A Menedemus lives, and has for the last six months.
We're right enough.

Clin. I fear he'll see us : pray come back.

Pam. I thought you wished to see him.

Clin. Ay, and so I do ;
But nothing less in the world, if it should be the occasion
Of his seeing me.

Pam. Trust me : he wont. I'll speer about.
He's sure to be digging somewhere near.

Clin. Digging ?

Pam. If not,
It is not old Menedemus. [*goes around peering.*]

Clin. O what can it mean,
My father's sudden change of home and manner of life ?
He that so loved the town : himself the very centre
Of all good company, the best invited man,
And most besought in Athens. Nothing but great disgust
Could thus have turned his temper. I am the cause : and one
Of two things it must be ; either he is more offended with me
Than I supposed ; or else, and this I hope & think,
My flight, breaking the bond that surely was the nearest
And dearest to him, hath wrought upon him, and now he turns
And will consent : if that, 'tis well I am here : if not,

He must not come to know I am back in Athens : nay,
 'Twould only vex him more : I must hide from him still :
 For though there is nothing in the extremest scope of duty
 In which I would not obey him but one thing, 'tis this thing
 I am pledged to. Love absolves me. Nay, 'tis not for him
 I am now returned. I have chosen ; I am not ashamed : I made
 One dutiful effort—oh intolerable ! I am come,
 Sweetest Antiphila, to marry thee ; and I will marry thee ;
 Without consent, if must be, against my father's will :—
 Yet now I have hope ; and whether rightly or wrongly I hope
 I must discover.

[*Pamphilus returns to Clinia.*]

Pam. It's very funny : he's not to be seen.

Clin. What shall I do ?

Pam. To-day's my birthday, Clinia :

We have asked some friends to come : if you will be my guest,
 Our house is very handy. No one shall hear your name.
 My father will not suspect you.

Clin. I thank you. There's no need.

Pam. I'll call you Clitipho.

Clin. No, no, I am ill disposed

For company. Pray excuse me. Besides I am sure your father
 Must be acquainted with mine.

Pam. I doubt it. He often says

He wonders who in the world his eccentric neighbour is.

But whether he knows or not we'll soon find out. For look,

He is coming down the road. Stand back where you can hear ;
And if he has any knowledge that can be of use to you,
I'll worm it out.

Enter Chremes.

Chr. What are you doing, Pamphilus,
Looking over the hedge into our neighbour's garden ?
Do you not know how vulgar curiosity is ?
Spying and prying thus into other folks' affairs.
I am quite ashamed of you, sir !

Pam. I was only looking to see
If I could catch a glimpse of old Menedemus, father.
I've found out something about him.

Chr. Eh ! and what is that ?

Pam. Have you ever heard of Clinia ?

Chr. Clinia, Clinia ? Yes—
Of course, why he's Menedemus' son, who is now in Persia.
I know about him.

Pam. Well, he's an old schoolfriend of mine.

Chr. Is he ?

Pam. You know when first I came to school at Athens,
He was kind to me, and afterwards, when we all came here to live,
I met him again. I never dreamed that 'twas his father,
Who took this place next door. I used to hear he was quite
A different sort of person.

Chr. Ay, no doubt he was.

The trouble his son has brought upon him has broke him down.

Pam. Why, Clinia had no debts.

Chr. Perhaps he had no debts :
But I could tell you more about him than you imagine.
I have never been able to take any pleasure, Pamphilus,
In any one of your friendships ; and now I am grieved to find
You are intimate with this foolish, dissolute young man.
Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Pam. Clinia is not that sort at all.

Chr. You do not know.

Pam. I know he fell in love with a girl that lives in the town,
And wanted to marry her, only his father would not hear of it,
And sent him off to Asia, and now—

Chr. He ran away.

Pam. And if he did, no wonder, considering his father's treatment.

Chr. He should not have done so.

Pam. I take it his father's sorry now.

Chr. Of course all parents are always sorry for their sons' misconduct.

Pam. But he has far more cause to be sorry now for his own.

Chr. You think so ?

Pam. Yes, I do.

Chr. [*aside*] I must not let my son
Know how this old man dotes. If he should think all fathers
As soft as poor Menedemus, pretty pranks he'd play me !

Pam. What were you saying ?

Chr. Ha ! I'll tell you what I was saying ;

That in any case his duty was to have stayed at home.
'Tis possible that his father was somewhat more severe
Than he found pleasant ; but still he should have put up with it.
For whom should a lad submit to, if not to his own father ?
Ought his father, tell me, to have fallen in with him,
Or he with his father ? And then what he is pleased to call
A hardship, was nothing of the kind : the so-called severities
Of fathers are much of a piece : the least strict do not like
To see their sons continually in bad company,
Continually drinking : & so they are sparing in what they allow them ;
For such restrictions, remember, promote good morals,
But when a man's mind has once become the slave
Of evil passions, he is driven of necessity from bad to worse.
There's wisdom, Pamphilus, in the saying, *By others' faults*
Wise men correct their own.

Pam. I think so too.

Chr. Very well,

Then I need say no more.

Pam. Would not the old man, sir,
Be glad to see him back ?

Chr. He would be glad to see him
Return from his evil ways to a dutiful course of conduct.

Pam. I guess he'd let him marry the girl.

Chr. [*aside*] What shall I say ?

Pam. He would.

Chr. Nay Pamphilus : attend to me. No father

Would ever give in to his son in a matter of this kind.
Learn this lesson : see what shame your friend has brought
On his poor old father. No, 'twould never do to yield.
I can promise you too that he will not. I should not advise it myself.

Pam. You dont know Clinia, fir ; and have never seen the girl.
You go entirely by what this old Menedemus says.
He never saw her himself.

Chr. [*aside*] That's true.—And you have seen her ?

Pam. I have.

Chr. And what is she like ?

Pam. I never saw anything like her.

Chr. Come, what d'ye mean ?

Pam. I tell you, I know now what she's like—
The statue that stands in the hall : the third on the left.

Chr. The Grace ?
An elegant taste.

Pam. If you were to see her, you'd say the same.

Chr. Should I ? Then just attend. I wish to help my neighbour.
If all were ready to lend their neighbours a helping hand,
We should not hear the complaints we do against ill fortune.
I am always ready myself ; am now : in point of fact
I have promised to do what I can : but since, before I act,
Or even judge, I am willing to know all sides of a case,
'Tis part of my duty to see this girl.—Could you procure
That I should speak with her ?

Pam. [*aside*] This is the very thing we want.

If now I could get him to ask Antiphila here to-day,
Clinia of course would come : I'll try and work it.

Chr. Well?

Answer me. Could you do this?

Pam. Yes, father.

Chr. When?

Pam. To-day.

Chr. I did not mean to-day.

Pam. There's no time like the present,

Chr. For inconvenience?

Pam. No; for opportunity.

Chr. How so?

Pam. Invite her here to spend the feast with us,
And bring a friend.

Chr. But would she come?

Pam. Yes, she would come,

Chr. Whom have you asked besides?

Pam. Only Philolaches.

Chr. It happens, Pamphilus, we are short of guests; I find
My old friend Phantias has gone from home to-day.

Phaxymeles' wife is ill; they cannot come; and now
Just the last thing Daniel has disappointed me.

The two young ladies would help us out: besides I am sure

'Twould please your mother to ask them.

Pam. I cannot agree with you there,

Chr. Allow me to judge of that; and since you said you were able

To bring them—bring them.

Pam. Oh, if you wish it, I'm ready enough;
I'll see they come: but I had forgotten; there is one more
Besides Philolaches.

Chr. Who then? I beg you'll bring
None of your Clinias here.

Pam. It's he that is with me now.

Chr. He is it? That's quite another thing: a gentleman
At first sight, Pamphilus; I wish that all your friends
Were such as he. By all means bring him. Present him now.
His name?

Pam. Clitipho.

Chr. [*aside*] I like his appearance much:
When I came up he went respectfully aside.—
Excellent manners. [*to Clin.*] Ha, good Clitipho, how d'ye do?
'Tis time that we were acquainted. I understand my son
Has invited you to our house. There's not much I can offer,
But *My little pot is soon hot*. I am very glad
And proud to have you my guest.

Clin. I thank you, sir; I am sorry—

Chr. No thanks, I pray. At present excuse me; for I must go
And prepare my wife to receive her guests. You're sure they'll
come?

Pam. Sure.

Chr. And I hope they may. 'Twill make our numbers up.
We'll have a merry feast.

Pam. Ay, fir. [*Exit Chremes within.*]
And fo we fhall,

Clinia.

Clin. What have you done ?

Pam. Why pretty well, I think.

Clin. I did not look for this, nor wifh it, and do not like it.

Pam. Not like it ! Is it not perfect ? If all the gods in heaven
Had put their heads together to affift in your affairs,
They could not have done it better than I. My father bids
You and Antiphila both to fpend the day ; and he,
Charmed with her grace and beauty, will ufe his influence
To bring your father round.

Clin. I would not risk fo much
On the fancy of any man : and though I have a hope
Antiphila's charms will plead not vainly, that muft be
When fhe's my wife, not now : and they muft urge themfelves ;
Another cannot paint them.

Pam. I do befeech you, *Clinia*,
Dont leave a friend in the lurch. Hark you ; to tell the truth,
My fcheme fuits me to a *te* as well as you. My father
Expects Antiphila to bring a companion with her :
Now I have a lady friend, with whom I am circumftanced
Much as you are with yours. My father, juft as yours,
Would never hear of my asking her home ; but if fhe comes
To-day as Antiphila's friend, he'll not guefs who fhe is ;
So you may have your love to yourfelf, and I have mine:

And see, here comes Philolaches, our other guest :

I'll tell him what is arranged : he'll be a strong ally.

Clin. Indeed, I cant consent : and who is Philolaches,
That you should wish to tell him all my private affairs ?

Pam. Ah, he can smell a rat ; but dont be afraid of him ;
He's my sworn friend : and sure no less to keep a secret,
Than he is to find out anything in the mortal world
That you seek to withhold.

Clin. I pray, say nothing to him of me.

Pam. Trust us ; we wont betray you. [*runs back to meet Phil.*]

Clin. Pamphilus ! why he's gone.

Now save me from my friends ! Indeed this Pamphilus
Will be my ruin : I wish to heaven I had never met him.
He'll tell his father next, this old Ionian huckster,
Sponge-mongering Chremes ; the gods defend me from him,
And his family feast, and his profy wisdom ! I thought to spend
This day of my return with sweet Antiphila :
And here I am, caught by the ears. And yet my troublesome friend
Means well : I would not hurt his feelings ; but at any cost
I must get clear, and in one matter I cannot yield :
I will not have Antiphila brought to the judgement seat
Of this suburban oracle. What has he to do
With me and mine, my father or her—to push his nose
Into our affairs ?

Reenter Pamphilus with Philolaches.

Pam. Allow me, Clinia, here's my friend

Philolaches, the actor. Philolaches, my friend
Clinia, who is, as I told you, in Persia, you understand.
He looks for some assurance of your discretion.

Ph. Sir,
You have it. Take this hand. And by the dog I swear
Not to divulge a tittle; in friendship's secrecy
Rather to aid—

Clin. No need, sir: I take the will for the deed.
My business is my own, and not of such a kind
As another can help in.

Pam. Oh, but he can.

Ph. A family quarrel—
Meddling of course repented. But while your father, sir,
Treats you so ill, expels you his house, denies his ear
To the pitiful plea—

Clin. Excuse me again. I do not know
That my father is ill-disposed.

Ph. [to *Pam.*] You told me.

Pam. I said he *was*;
But Clinia hopes he may now be changed.

Ph. If that's the case,
I see that your wish must be, that I should discover at once
Your father's temper towards you.

Clin. Indeed, sir, I do not wish it.

Ph. I die to serve you.

Clin. I thank you.

Ph. I promise to find it out
In half an hour.

Clin. How would you ?

Ph. I am an actor, fir ;
Never so much myself as when I seem another.
Would you employ my talent—

Clin. Why, what would you do ?

Ph. Disguise myself as a Persian, late arrived in Athens :
Go to your father's house and bring him tidings of you.
How the old man took what I should tell him would teach you all.
Nay, I can promise more ; that, if there's left in him
The last wandering spark of affection, I'll blow it to flame,
And you shall twist him round your thumb.

Pam. Bravo !

Clin. But, fir,
What tidings would you feign ?

Ph. That is as I should find him :
If soft, I'd handle him kindly : if hard, I'd say I'd seen you
Sick of a fever, enslaved, imprisoned, or, if required,
Dead and buried.

Clin. And so you would give him needless pain.

Pam. *Ph.* That is the question, Clinia ; if you were sure of that,
You would not be hiding.

Clin. Nay, but the doubt will not excuse me
In doing the thing, which I still must hope would pain him most.

Ph. What matter, when all the time you are just behind the hedge ?

Ph. No reason I see to wound him : I shall feel my way.
An hour will settle all. If he be kindly bent,
Or I can move him towards you, you must stand prepared
To strike while the iron is hot. The lady, I understand,
Will be with you here : be ready, that when I give the word
You step across the road and kneel for the old man's blessing.

Clin. I have told you, Pamphilus, Antiphila must not come.
Your father's interference is most unfortunate :
He is not my judge for good or ill. It shall not be.

Pam. I have promised.

Clin. I am determined.

Ph. A very delicate point.
And yet 'tis a pity they should not come.

Pam. O Clinia,
Your obstinacy will ruin all.

Ph. [to *Pam.*] I understand
Your friend objects to the lady coming, because he thinks
Your father will know her ?

Pam. And so he will.

Ph. Nay, not at all.
Chremes need never know her.

Pam. How can you manage that ?

Ph. The thing's as easy as lying. Let the ladies change
Their names ; or if so be Chremes knows not their names,
Let them but change their parts. Gorgo—for that's the lady,
Whom you would bring, I guess—let Gorgo pass to-day

For Clinia's mistress; let Antiphila play the maid:
Which hinders not that when they come, each take his own.
You have your Gorgo; you, fir, your Antiphila:
And none will be any the wiser.

Pam. Good. What say you now?

Clin. 'Twould make all kinds of complications, Pamphilus:
And all to no manner of purpose.

Pam. Why I should keep my promise,
And spend the day with Gorgo.

Clin. I'll play no part in this.
You quite forget besides that as yet I know not how
Antiphila will receive me. I have been six months away;
She may have thrown me over, may have another lover,
And think of me no more.

Ph. Wish you to find out that?
I'll serve you too in this. Give me the word to go
And visit her where she lives, and if I find her true,
To bring her along at once.

Clin. 'Tis extremely kind of you, fir,
To throw yourself so quickly and hotly into my affairs:
But indeed I do not need it.

Ph. 'Tis plain to me you do.
A runaway just returned, afraid to face his father,
Fearful left in his absence his mistress have proved untrue—
Not need a friend? Why a friend is just what you do need,
To discover for you the state of affairs, and put you in train.

Clin. Though, sir, I were quite content to reckon upon your zeal,
May be you overrate your ability.

Ph. Not at all.

Vnless you will say that by art I am able to counterfeit
Passion in all its branches, and yet not know the thing
When I see it ;—as if a man could write who cannot read.
You think your love for this lady a secret between yourselves—
That she would not reveal it to me, a stranger? How in the world
Could she conceal it? Why, dont you know that a girl in love
Is *A B C* to read? Trust me and let me try.

Pam. Clinia, do yield, I pray.

Clin. I know not what to do.

I'll yield so far as this : that if Philolaches
Can, as he boasts, discover these two things for me,
First how my father stands disposed to me now, and next
Whether Antiphila's heart is firm—and this so soon
And easily as he thinks—I would not hinder him.
One stipulation only : let him name what time
Will cover the whole performance ; for failing him, I'd like
To take my affairs in hand myself. I'll ask him then,
When does he hope to do this?

Ph. Give me an hour a-piece.

Clin. This afternoon.

Ph. Enough : a bargain. 'Tis two hearts
To read—your father and mistress.

Clin. And both this afternoon.

Pam. And bring the lady if she is true.

Clin. I said not that.

Pam. Clinia, you must.

Ph. Agree to this : I first will go

And visit Antiphila ; if she is willing, I bring her here,

And here you may meet. But since she comes as Gorgo's maid,

'Twill be easy for you to withdraw with her, where and when you
choose :

I meanwhile will angle your father.

Clin. [*to Pam.*] Then thus I assent ;

That first, she is not introduced to your father ; and secondly,

That I may take her away when I choose.

Pam. Agreed.

Ph. I'm off.

But first a word with you. [*to Pam.*]

Pam. [*to Clin.*] O Clinia, I do thank you.

But don't stay out here longer : somebody is sure to see you.

Go into the house.

Clin. If you will come with me.

Pam. I'll come directly.

Clin. I have never met your people. I can't go in by myself.

Pam. Why, man alive, there's only my father & mother. Go in.

[*Exit Clinia within.*]

Ph. Your friend has money ?

Pam. Yes, his father.

Ph. If I succeed,

He'll give me something?

Pam. Surely. What are you going to do?

Ph. I'm going to dress myself up as a Persian—didn't you hear?—
To take in old Menedemus.

Pam. May I help?

Ph. Why, yes.

If you will do as I tell: you shall be Persian in chief,
Swagger and talk the gibberish: I'll be interpreter.
Two heads are better than one though one be a tup's head.

Pam. Menedemus knows me by sight.

Ph. Not in a Persian dress.

Come, there's no time to lose. I'll go to the lady first:

What is her name? Antiphila?

Pam. Yes.

Ph. And where does she live?

Pam. I'll come with you down the road, and tell you all as we go.
But let's be off. I fear Clinia may change his mind. [*Exeunt.*]

End of Act the First.



Act the Second.

Pamphilus.

WHAT unjust judges fathers all are towards their children ;
 Pretending to us as they do that the moment we cease to
 be boys

We ought to become thorough old men, without a trace
 Of the inclinations natural to our time of life :
 Governing us by the rule of their present appetites,
 And not by those they have lost. If ever I have a son,
 He will find me an easy father, able to understand
 His faults, I hope, and ready to make allowance for them :
 Not like mine, suspicious and cross—and he never speaks
 But to read me a lecture on somebody else. Why, bless my soul,
 If he has but taken an extra glass or two, the tales
 Of his own wickedness he'll come out with ! And then he says,
By others' faults wise men correct their own. What wisdom !
 He little thinks how deaf an adder he is trying to charm.
 At present the words of my mistress touch me nearer far,

When she says, Give me this, or, Bring me that; and I
Have nothing to answer. Nobody could be in a worse plight.
This fellow Clinia here has his hands full, yet his mistress
Is modest and well brought up, too gentle and innocent
To trifle with affection. Mine is a fine lady, exacting,
Vain, fashionable and extravagant; and I lack the means
To please her fancy. This misfortune is new to me—
An experience, which I have only just begun to learn :
And as yet my father guesses nothing of it.

Enter Clinia.

Clin. If all were well,
They must have been here before : I fear there's something happened,
Or that in my absence she may have become estranged from me.

Pam. What now, man?

Clin. O, I am most unhappy.

Pam. You had best take care,
Or some one coming out of your father's house may see you.

Clin. I will; but, Pamphilus, I have a strong presentiment
Of some misfortune, I know not what.

Pam. Why, what's the matter?

Clin. Were nothing the matter, they certainly would have been
here by this.

Pam. Nonsense. Doesnt it strike you it's some way off? and then
You know how it is with women, they are always about a year
Putting on their things and getting themselves up.

Clin. But only fancy if really she should have forgotten me!

Yes,—while like a fool I ran away from home,
 And wandered I know not where, fall'n in deep disgrace,
 Undutiful to my father, for whom I am now sorry
 And ashamed of my conduct towards him ;—thou, yes, O thou hast
 Deserted me, my Antiphila. What shall I do ?

Pam. Look, look !

I see them coming.

Clin. Where ?

Pam. Well, here's Philolaches,
 Who comes to announce them, [*aside*] and on his shoulders a
 mighty bale

Of Persian togs. [*Enter Philolaches with a large bundle.*

Clin. He has come without them ! [*to Phil.*] Tell me, fir,
 Do the ladies come ?

Pb. They follow ; I come before
 Because there's not a woman in Athens would walk with me
 Carrying such a bundle along the public streets.
 I was almost ashamed of myself. [*sets bundle down.*]

Clin. But does she know I am here ?

Pb. Or else she had never come.

Clin. You have actually seen her then ?

Pb. I'll tell you all I saw. The business was, I think,
 To discover if she was true ?

Clin. It was. Indeed I feared—

Pb. Then I have discovered it for you.

Clin. If you have really done so,

Tell me your news at once.

Pb. Attend. When first I came
To the house I knocked. Out came an old woman and opened the
door;

I struck past her into the room. Of all the ways
Of finding out how she has been living all these months,
This suddenly breaking in on her was the best: this gave me
A pretty good guess at her usual way of spending the time:
There's nothing like it for showing what people really are.
I came upon her hard at work at her tapestry,
Dressed in a common gown: no gold about her; none
Of the rouge and powder, that women bedaub their faces with:
She was dressed like those who dress for themselves: her hair was
loose

And pushed back carelessly from her face—

Clin. Go on, I pray.

Pb. The old woman was spinning the woof: one servant girl besides
Wove with her, quite in rags, untidy and dirty.

Pam. Now,
If this is true, I see you are safe. You would not find
The servant a flatterer, where there's a lover.

Clin. Pray go on.

Pb. But when I told her that you were returned, and had sent for
her,

She suddenly stopped in her work; the tears ran down her cheeks
In such a way it was easy to see 'twas for love of you.—

Clin. Perdition take me now, if I know where I am for joy.
I was so afraid.

Pam. And Gorgo is coming?

Pb. Ay, no fear.

But dont forget who's who.

Pam. And have you taught the ladies
Their parts?

Pb. Antiphila's part is nothing to learn at all;
Except she must not call your friend by his right name:
But Gorgo—

Pam. What?

Pb. Why she was hard to persuade, but once
Persuaded, I do not fear her. I am more afraid of you;
Dont you forget that she doesnt belong to you, mind! The slip
Of a word might ruin all. And dont make signs.

Pam. Trust me.

See here they come.

Clin. I see them.

Pb. Stay; let us stand aside;
And watch them till they see us.

Clin. Why now!

Pb. I say, stand back. [*retire.*]

Enter Gorgo & Antiphila.

Gor. Vpon my word, my dear Antiphila, I do praise
And envy you too, when I see how all your study has been
To make your mind as charming and sweet as your face. Lord

love you,

I'm not surpris'd at any one wanting to marry you.
I see from what you've said what kind of person you are ;
And when I come to think of the sort of life, which you,
And people like you, lead, who keep admirers off
At arms' length, then no wonder, I say, that you should be
Just what you are, and others like me, so different.
Then once your mind made up to share and spend your days
With the man whose disposition is most congenial to you,
He never leaves you more : for mutual benefits
Must bind you so closely, that no misfortune can ever come
To cross your love.

Ant. I cannot tell what others do ;
But I know I always have wish'd, and done my best, to find
My happiness in what pleas'd him.

Clin. [*aside*] Ah, my Antiphila,
And that is why I love you, why I am now returned.

Gor. Who is that young man who is standing to look at us ?

Ant. Ah, hold me up !

Gor. Why, what in the world's the matter, my dear ?

Ant. I shall die ; I shall die !

Gor. Do say, what is it astonishes you ?

Ant. Is it Clinia I see or not ?

Gor. See who ?

Clin. 'Tis I, my dearest.

Ant. My long-expected Clinia, it is you.

Clin. Are you well?

Ant. O, I am glad you have come back safe.

Clin. Do I hold thee,
Antiphila, thou most desired of my heart!

Ph. Take care.

Remember. Here comes the old man. [*takes up the bundle.*]

Enter Chremes from his house.

Chr. I thought so; here you are.
I heard your voices. I welcome you all. How very nice!
Now, Pamphilus, pray present me!

Pam. [*presenting Gorgo*] This is the lady, fir.
My father, miss.

Chr. [*aside*] She is handsomely dressed. [*to Gorgo*] I am very proud
To make your acquaintance. I hope the day may be fortunate.
'Twas kind of you now to come.

Gor. Why, blefs your heart, old man,
I thank ye: but all the same I came to please myself.

Chr. [*aside*] My word!

Pam. And this is the lady she brings with her.

Chr. [*to Antiphila*] Ah, good-day.

You are welcome, welcome all. Again, good Clitipho.
Philolaches, I think. Good-day to you, fir! My word!
What a gigantic bundle!

Ph. Ay.

Chr. What can it be?

Ph. The ladies' cloaks and wrappers.

Chr. Shame to load you thus!
You know the proverb, *The willing horse*... Pray fet them down.
I'll fend a fervant to take them.

Ph. Nay, 'tis the mereft trifle.

Clin. Why, yes: and I'll call my wife: excuse me, ladies—a moment.

Sostrata, Sostrata! [*goes into house calling.*]

Pam. [*to Ph.*] Follow me quick: this way, before my father is back.

Exeunt Pam. & Ph. into house at back.

Clin. You know why I am returned?

Ant. Nay, you must tell me first
What made you go away.

Clin. I could not help it, love;
My father—

Ant. O, I know; but is he not kinder now?

Clin. Nay, I am afraid he is not.

Reenter Chremes with servant.

Chr. Ladies, my wife's within:
She begs you'll enter. Why! and where is Philolaches?
Clitipho, pray go in—no ceremony, fir—
And take this lady with you. I follow.

Clin. I thank you, fir.

Exeunt Clinia & Antiphila within.

Chr. [*to Gorgo*] With you I beg one word of explanation alone,
Ere we go in—one word—

Gor. I wait your pleasure, fir.

Chr. I do not wish to seem to meddle in your affairs.

Gor. No matter for that.

Chr. Believe me, that, if I interfere,
It is for your good.

Gor. I know, fir, and thank you very kindly.

Chr. I broach the matter at once : my maxim has always been,
Straight to the business.

Gor. Well, I dont dislike you for that.

Chr. Then am I not right in thinking you have never so much as
met

Old Menedemus ?

Gor. No.

Chr. You have *not* ?

Gor. No.

Chr. Stay. Perhaps

You dont know who I mean.

Gor. He's whatdyecallem's father.

Chr. [*aside*] Whatdyecallem ? well !—He is Clinia's father ; yes.

Gor. What of him ?

Chr. Why 'tis thus. [*aside*] What was I going to say ?

Gor. Go on, fir.

Chr. Ay, the long and the short of the matter is this.

I know your story—let me see—do I know your name ?

Gor. Gorgo.

Chr. Ay, to be sure. Well, Gorgo, I know your story,
But do not charge on you the unhappy consequence

Of a rash attachment. No. Young men will be young men,
 And women are—women; no blame to them. But the fact is this:
 That being on intimate terms with Clinia's family,
 I have been entrusted by them, as one unprejudiced,
 To enquire, to judge and advise, and, if I can, to find
 A *Modus vivendi*: you, Gorgo, of course are well aware
 That your lover, whose absence has had no doubt its effect on you—
 That Clinia's running away from home, I say, was due
 To his father's disapproval of your attachment: that
 Gave rise to disagreement; and Clinia, balancing
 'Twixt love and duty, fled from home, and is now abroad,
 Madly risking his life in Asia. Why do you laugh?
 Gor. Indeed, sir, I was not laughing.

Chr. The shock this gave his father
 Betrayed at last the affection he really bore his son:
 It measures too the mischief—shows his purpose too,
 And strong determination. He sold his house in town,
 Retired from life and pleasure—bought a farm out here,
 And works upon it from morning till night like a common drudge.
 There's nothing ~~no~~ laugh at.

Gor. Excuse me, sir, I was only thinking
 Of something very ridiculous.

Chr. Attend. 'Tis you have caused
 This quarrel: you have alienated father and son.
 Nor only that; but it lies with you, and you alone,
 That one is risking his life in wild and barbarous wars,

The other is taking leave of his senses as fast as he can.
 Think of this happy family life thus broken up,
 Which may be never renewed. Suppose that Clinia
 Be slain in the wars, and his father brought by grief to his grave—
 Should not this make you serious?

Gor. He! He! He!

Chr. Your trifling manner, miss,
 Causes me much distress.

Gor. I am very nervous, sir.
 Your solemn way of talking alarms me, and when alarmed,
 I always laugh. He! He! He!

Chr. Well try and contain yourself, I pray.
 I asked you here to my house the better to judge of you.

Gor. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Chr. Well, well, I see you are merry. I would not check your
 mirth,

And yet I cannot see what cause you have to laugh.
 Still 'tis a feast with us. I bade you join the feast:
 Be merry to-day.

Gor. Ha! Ha! I will, sir.

Enter Pamphilus & Philolaches.

Chr. [*aside*] By luck, here's Pamphilus—

[*to Gor.*] See, here is my son: go in: I'll speak with you soon again.

Gor. What time do you dine?

Chr. At five.

Gor. Is the bath made hot?

Chr. [aside] My word!

What a woman!—I'll call my wife to attend you within.

Gor. I thank you. I'll take the bath. [going indoors.]

Chr. [aside to Pam.] O Pamphilus, Pamphilus.

What have you done? Such a woman as this to dine in my house!

Exit Chremes with Gorgo.

Pam. By Jove, Philolaches; here's a dilemma now
I had never thought of.

Ph. What?

Pam. Why when, for Clinia's sake,
We changed the ladies, I quite forgot that I had described
Antiphila to my father. Gorgo will never do.

Ph. Why not?

Pam. Dont ask. What is to be done? What shall I say?

Ph. I'm thinking.

Pam. My father must never know who Gorgo is.

Ph. I see.

Pam. What can I tell him?

Ph. I'm thinking.

Pam. He must not know.

Ph. Do let me think.

Pam. What is to be done? What can I say?

Ph. I have it.

Pam. What is it?

Ph. If we can do it—

Pam. What?

Ph. Your father
Must sooner or later come to learn the ladies were changed.

Pam. To-morrow that will not matter when Gorgo is out of the
way.

To-day we must keep up the deception.

Ph. I see you must.

Pam. How can I?

Ph. What do you say if I can make your father
Give Gorgo fifty pounds for being so much unlike
The lady he thinks she is?

Pam. Impossible.

Ph. Nay, tis not.

Pam. Well, how?

Ph. Why when your father scolds, turn round upon him;
Say you knew all along exactly what he would think,
And brought the lady here in the hope he'd see his way
To helping old Menedemus out of his scrape.

Pam. And then?

Ph. Tell him to offer Gorgo forty or fifty pounds,
If she will renounce her claim on Clinia.

Pam. Fifty pounds!

My father give fifty pounds!

Ph. Why, dont you wish he would?

Pam. And what's the use of wishing?

Ph. Try him.

Pam. I think you're mad.

Ph. Try it; I'll help you out. See here he comes.

Enter Chremes.

Chr. Good heavens!

Pamphilus, here's a sample of manners and good breeding.

How could you ever have thought of bringing that woman here?

Pam. You said you wanted to see her: I thought you wished her
to come.

Chr. When, sir, I blamed your friend, you said I could not judge,
Not having seen the lady. Did I not rightly judge?

Ph. [aside] Tell him you knew. Don't stand there mum.

Chr. I am quite ashamed.

Pam. You see then what she is like?

Chr. Of course I see too well.

Pam. I knew, sir, all along exactly what you would think.

Ph. [aside] That's right.

Chr. And yet you brought her?

Pam. You blame me, sir, too soon:

I have put within your reach the very thing you wished.

Chr. How so?

Pam. I thought you wished to help Menedemus out.

Chr. I do.

Pam. Why then 'tis easy.

Ph. [aside] Bravo!

Chr. What do you mean?

Pam. Why, sir, we are all agreed the match would never do;
Then why in the world not put a stopper on it at once?

Chr. I dont quite see your drift.

Pam. Why, forty or fifty pound
Would settle the matter.

Chr. How?

Pam. Just make the offer and see.

Chr. What offer?

Ph. O, I see.

Chr. I dont see.

Ph. Capital!

Chr. I'm very dull, no doubt.

Ph. If 'twas my place to speak...

Chr. I dont forbid you, sir.

Ph. Then, sir, I praise the scheme.

Chr. What scheme?

Ph. I'll wager my life he means, this lady here
Has plenty of other lovers; offer her fifty pounds,
If she'll renounce this one.

Chr. Why, stuff: suppose she did.
She might be off to-day and on again to-morrow:
Besides, against what Clinia's worth in cash to her,
A fifty pounds is nothing. [*To Pam.*] If that is all you meant,
You're a very clever fellow.

Ph. No doubt there's nothing in it,
Unless she set her hand to paper.

Chr. Would that bind?
How can you think it?

Ph. It might not be binding perhaps on her :
And yet 'twould do the business. If it did not shock
Clinia's love, as it must, 'twould kill his last pretence.
How could he face his father armed with such a paper ?
If you will help this old Menedemus, that's the way—

Chr. I'll tell Menedemus of this.

Pam. If you would help him, father,
Spare him the pain. No doubt he'd give you back the money.

Chr. I believe you there. I'd give six times the sum myself,
Were I in his place.

Ph. I've half a mind, if you are afraid,
To do it myself.

Chr. I should not fear to advance the money.

Ph. A poor man might, but you, sir,...

Chr. I do not grudge the money.

Ph. A gentleman can't consider his pocket at every turn.

Pam. I'm sure you can't.

Chr. Do you think that forty pounds would do it ?

Ph. Forty or fifty.

Chr. Thirty ?

Pam. Do it handsomely.

You say you'd give six times the sum yourself.

Chr. I would.

Ay, Pamphilus, fifty times.

Ph. Then don't think twice about it.

Chr. I do think twice. [*goes aside*]

Ph. Will he do it or not?

Pam. My lucky coin.

Ph. Watch him.

Pam. Heads he does, and tails he doesnt. Heads!
He does.

Ph. And he will. Look at him.

Chr. [*aside*] Fifty pounds! A risk.

No chance of profit; no: nor marketable return.

Yet might it save a thousand. Well saved, is like well spent;

Ay, even though 'tis saved for another: besides I am sure

The money is safe enough. And now I have gone so far

To help Menedemus, I cant draw back; while if I do it,

I certainly win his esteem and thanks. 'Tis very true

That a good turn done to a neighbour is done to oneself: one lives

Within the circle of joy one goes to create! 'Tis wise:

And then to have Menedemus my friend! Say forty pounds;

I happen to have it handy. I'll do it. It shant be said,

Chremes is not a gentleman. No, I'll do it.

Pam. Sir,

Have you decided?

Chr. I have.

Ph. You'll do it?

Chr. I shall.

Ph. Bravo!

Will you give us the money now?

Chr. You, sir!

Ph. I mean to your son ;
To arrange with the lady.

Chr. How so? You seem in a vast hurry.
I manage my own affairs. Besides the forty pounds
Is only a guess. I hope to win the lady for less.
Perhaps you thought that if I gave you the round sum,
I should not enquire for the balance, and you might manage to save
A little commission. No : I manage my own affairs.
You cant take Chremes in as easily as all that. [*exit.*

Ph. Ho! ho! ho! ho! What say you?

Pam. You *are* a genius.

Ph. Well!
You wanted a present for Gorgo, you told me. Wont this do?

Pam. Oh yes! But I am amazed.

Ph. Come, let's go in and dress.
I hope to bleed Menedemus to better purpose than this.
For after all we shant see much of his forty pounds ;
And as far as I am concerned it's money thrown away. [*exeunt.*

End of Act the Second.



Act the Third.

Enter Chremes.

I NEVER saw such a woman ; never in all my life.
 Vpon my word I am sorry for poor Menedemus now :
 What would he have done without me ? What a predicament !
 Suppose his son had returned, and he with his simple heart
 Had given in, and had this woman to live in his house—
 Well, thanks to me he is safe. Forty pounds, I think,
 Was not so dear a bargain : and yet 'tis a tidy sum,
 As much as I should make on a small consignment of sponges :
 And that I have paid on risk—although I cannot doubt
 But that Menedemus will gladly pay me again—'tis risked.
 All for this paper, wherein the lady promises
 In consideration of this same money made over to her,
 Never again to receive the addresses of her quondam lover,
 Clinia ; signed Gorgo : a genuine business.
 And yet no wonder she laughed ; of course she thinks me a fool
 To consider her promise of weight. Ah mistress, giggle and all,

I've fettled your hash. Ha! ha! 'twas clever of Pamphilus :
The lad has some of my wits. But still I shall be uneasy,
Vntil I find Menedemus is reasonable :—indeed
I'll lose no time. Menedemus might desire to come
And judge for himself : I'll press him to do so ; 'twere best, and then
He'll dine with us after all, and I shall dine much better
Myself, I must confess, when I know my money is safe.

Exit into Menedemus' garden.

Enter Philolaches & Pamphilus disguised as Persians.

Ph. Now dont you think we are unmistakeable Persians, eh ?

Pam. The essence of Central Asia : I shouldnt fear to meet
The shade of Themistocles.

Ph. Indeed, I'll bet my life

Your mother would never know you. Is it not a miracle
What these wide snowy trousers and black beards will do ?

Pam. I like the hat.

Ph. Is it comfortable ?

Pam. It fits like fun.

Have you your tale by heart ?

Ph. I shant go wrong in that.

You must speak mock High Persian, as interpreter

I will make sense of nonsense. Be grave too.

Pam. If I laugh,

I've got a pretty good sleeve to laugh in. Let us go.

But stay—which gate should good true Persians enter by ?

In at the garden gate, or round the house to the front ?

Ph. Suppose we try the garden. Isn't this the garden?

Pam. Yes.

Ph. I'll lead. You know the way too well.

They go to garden gate and there meet Chremes entering.

Pam. Gods, here's my father!

Chr. [*aside*] Why, who in the name of wonder are these queer foreigners?

Ph. LIERTOS TVLVO.

Chr. Sir, I do not understand you.

Pam. [*to Phil. aside*] Tell him we want Menedemus, and get him out of the way.

—MEFARIM BVRNE SIN MENEDEMVS RYNEAS.

Ph. The prince salutes my lord, and asks if here in the earth
Are the thresholds of lord Menedemus.

Chr. Ah, you speak our tongue.

'Tis well. This is his house. What would you with him?

Pam. [*to Phil.*] Heavens!

What will you say?

Ph. Go on.

Pam. APROYSI THVLNEAR.

KEKACHYLOS RATVLIAN DRICHO BRESNION OIN.

Ph. My lord has bid me say we are Persians, sir, arrived
With tidings to lord Menedemus.

Chr. [*aside*] Ah! I guessed as much.

This should be news of Clinia: bad news too, I think.

Their Asiatic gravity cannot quite conceal

A strange anxiety. If he's dead, my money is lost,
My forty pounds all gone. I'll learn the truth at once.—
The news, fir, that ye bring, concerns it the old man's son?

Ph. [*aside*] We're in for it.

Pam. Put him off, Say we bear secret tidings.

NVSPION ONAYRMICO.

Ph. My lord, fir, will not speak
But only with lord Menedemus.

Chr. [*aside*] That's unfortunate.
How shall I find it out? Menedemus is gone from home:
I'm sure he'd wish them to tell me; and 'twould be kindness' self
Gently to break the news to the poor old man. Suppose
I say that I'm Menedemus. I'm sure that scowling fellow
Would drive him out of his wits with fright. Ay, so I'll do.—
Sir, tell your master that I am Menedemus.

Pam. [*to Phil.*] Ho; the deuce!
What's to be done?

Ph. [*to Pam.*] The old liar. It's all the same in the end.
He'll tell Menedemus for us. Go on.

Pam. VEQVAMIEL

SAREPO MANEAS / CAMERVSYN NASLONON.

Ph. I am bid to tell thee, fir, the news is of thy son.

Chr. Is't bad news?

Ph. Very bad.

Chr. Alas!

Pam. [*aside*] Now must my father

Act for himself : he'll not discover me.

Chr. I pray,
Tell me the worst. I am not entirely unprepared.
Conceal nothing.

Pam. BIOS EMELTO ORMIMOS
NASEPHON FELDIDO BO CHRYSNOTAPAROYS.

Ph. Clinia, thy son, was slain in battle by the prince
NASEPHON on the plains of CHRYSNOTAPAROYS.

Chr. [*aside*] My money is paid for nothing : how very provoking.
But now

I must not forget the part I am playing. I must affect
In some degree the sorrow which Menedemus would feel.—
Alas, my dear son, ah, alas, my dear son, slain,
Slain dead upon the plains of.....

Pam. CHRYSNOTAPAROYS.

Chr. Of CHRYSNOTAPAROYS. Alas ! how was he slain ?

Ph. My master now will tell.

Pam. HASTORIPESON NON.

Ph. They pierced him through with spears.

Pam. BO NASLON TYVAMO.

Chr. What's that ?

Ph. They cut off his head.

Pam. VEM DRESCHIM PAILEKIN.

Ph. They tore him limb from limb.

Chr. Alas my son ! No hope.—

[*aside*] I don't know what to say.—Barbarian beasts !

Ph. Oh fir!

Wreak not thy wrath on us, the unwilling messengers
Of mournful tidings.

Chr. Pray dont take me now for a fool :
I perfectly understand, that my obligation to you
Is as great as if the news you brought was good. Go on.
Pardon the hasty expression that burst from me in my woe.
If yet there is more, dont scruple to tell it.

Ph. We thank thee.

Pam. CATROS

VSCORINO FRICOSAN NON.

Ph. They flayed him alive.

Pam. [*aside to Phil.*] You've killed him twice.

Chr. O horror!

Ph. [*to Pam.*] Give me a long one now.

Pam. PERMASON CRALTI ABRITHEOS NASOLION /

ILNO SYNORPIN MVDI.

Ph. Ere he died thy son
Sent thee a message, fir. There lives in the town hard by
A poor old widow woman from Corinth.....

Chr. I know. Her daughter
My son fell madly in love with, was even on the point to marry.
'Twould never have done : she was not at all the sort of woman.
Tell me, firs, when you came.

Ph. Our ship arrived this morning ;
And since we sail to-night, 'twill save thee needless trouble

To make thy gift to the prince my master here at once,
According to Persian custom.

Chr. Ask you for money, fir?

Ph. That is the Persian custom.

Chr. [*aside*] Most annoying this!—

Sir, I will fend it you.

Ph. We would not trouble thee:

We'll wait, fir, while thou fetchest it.

Chr. [*aside*] What in the world to do?

These Persians have an uncommon sharp eye to the main chance:

I'll try one piece of gold if 'twill content him.—Sir,

Give this then to your master.

Ph. It will not satisfy him.

For he is a potentate: but I will obey thee, fir.

Pam. TARTYS CHRIBOS! [*puts hand on sword.*]

Ph. See, fir, he doth not like it.

Chr. Well,

I am but a poor man, but what is right I'll do.

See, here are four more pieces, and that is all I have.

And pray confider, firs, the mournful news you bring

Cannot be held of value, as joyful tidings might. [*gives.*]

[*aside*] I hope this may content them: 'tis not much. Menedemus

Will after all be spared the expence of a funeral.

Pam. JOPISCO MORCA.

Ph. Sir, he is still but ill contented.

Chr. Then wait, firs. I'll go in and fetch you what I may.

Ph. We will await thee here.

Chr. [*aside*] I'll go and find Menedemus. [*exit.*]

Ph. Now let's be off at once.

Pam. What sport! O gods! five pounds!

He never made me so handsome a present in all my life.

I've tried all kinds of dodges to screw coin out of him,

But I never could: and you've come round him twice to-day.

I'll arrange with you for some more adventures of this sort.

Ph. Stay,

Half this is mine.

Pam. And welcome.

Enter Menedemus at back unperceived: he watches them.

Ph. What made your governor

Tell all those lies?

Pam. Just like him.

Ph. Why should he pretend

To be Menedemus?

Pam. Merely to meddle: besides no doubt

He was anxious about the money we cheated him of this morning.

He wishes now he was off his bargain with Gorgo.

Ph. Ay.

He gave you a blessing this morning.

Pam. May the gods blefs him.

I love him at this moment.

Ph. Come, we must be gone.

Pam. Hercules! there is old Menedemus himself. Make haste!

I hope he has not overheard us.

Ph. March by in good style.

Pam. CHRYSNOTAPAROYS.

Ph. BO CHRYSNOTAPAROYS.

Men. *Chrysnotaparoys!* Whatever jargon is this?

Queer-looking fellows too to be prowling about my house,
And talking of me. Some maskers my neighbour Chremes hires
To honour the feast of Bacchus. A stupid vulgar fashion,
This orientalising, in great vogue too, and still
Gains ground, I fear; and this is one of the gaudy days.
'Tis well I did not accept his invitation to dine.
Mummery and tomfoolery! Alas, I have been all day
More nervous and anxious than ever. I even thought this morning
I heard my poor son's voice: so certain I was that I ran
To the end of the garden and looked.—Surely I was either born
With a mind most singularly sensible of grief, or else
The saying is not true that time is sorrow's cure.
My sorrow rather increases upon me every day,
And the longer he is away the more do I yearn for him,
And miss him.

Enter Chremes from Menedemus' house.

Chr. [*aside*] Why here he is, just when I'd given him up.—
O Menedemus!

Men. What is the matter?

Chr. Alas, Menedemus!

Men. You frighten me, Chremes.

Chr. I've fought you everywhere.

Men. I had to go in the town. Is anything wrong?

Chr. I came
To tell you how I had done you a service; light of heart,
Because I had done you a service, knew you must approve,
And did not doubt that you would repay me a little sum
I ventured on your behalf.

Men. Certainly, Chremes; well?

Chr. I knew you would, but still I came to explain at once.
I fought for you in your garden in vain; and coming out,
Intending to go to your house, just as I opened the gate,
Just here, I met two foreigners strangely dressed.

Men. In white?

Chr. You saw them?

Men. A moment ago. Who are they?

Chr. The elder one
Addressed me in Persian.

Men. In Persian, did he? What did he say?

Chr. I'll tell you. When they saw me at your gate, coming out,
They thought most naturally that I was you.

Men. I see.

Chr. I did not undeceive them.

Men. They thought that you were me?

Chr. They did.

Men. I have little doubt but that they are revellers,
Who knowing what you, Chremes, would call my folly, came

To play some practical joke. They said they were Persians?

Chr. Yes.

Men. With news of Clinia?

Chr. Yes.

Men. This sort of impertinence
Provokes me, Chremes; 'tis want of respect. Suppose I am
Somewhat oldfashioned, yet to be idly trifled with,
In a matter in which I feel so deeply.....

Chr. Pray heaven you are right.
I did suspect them myself at first: but when they spoke.....

Men. What did they say?

Chr. I dare not tell you.

Men. You need not fear.

Chr. They said your son was dead. They saw him killed by a
prince,

In a battle at Chryfno..... Chryfno.....

Men. Chryfnotaparoy's?

Chr. Ha! is it a famous place?

Men. I never heard of it, Chremes.

Chr. Then how did you know?

Men. They were talking together as I came in.

Chr. That should convince you, & then the dying message he sent.

Men. What's that?

Chr. The tale you know. The old Corinthian widow,
Whose daughter he was in love with.....

Men. Did they say, may I ask,

All this in Perfian ?

Chr. One did : yes—but I confefs,
That in spite of a few expreffions I was able to underftand,
I had to truft very much to the one that interpreted.

Men. But him I fhould underftand ?

Chr. I dont fay but what you might.

Men. It's forty years fince I was in Perfia : but this I know,
That is not a Perfian drefs, and I think I ought to remember
At leaft the found of the language. If you could find thefe men
And fend them to me.....

Chr. I will. They promifed to wait for me.
They're not far off : I'll fetch them at once.

Men. Stay! ere you go—
I wanted to tell you, Chremes ; I have quite made up my mind
Concerning the girl : my duty is plain enough.

Chr. What is it ?

Men. To adopt her : for if my fon returns, to find her here
Vnder my care, protected and loved as I fhall love her,
Will be a bond between us to make him forget the paff,
My harfhnefs and all ; while fhould he be killed or die abroad,—
Which God forbid,—or never return, I have then no heir,
And the only confolation remaining to me in the world
Is the loving her, whom he would have made my daughter, & whom
I fhall love like him.

Chr. You wont.

Men. Why not ?

Chr. I shall convince you
That you will do nothing of the sort.

Men. Why not?

Chr. You wouldnt ask,
If you only knew what a creature she is.

Men. You know her?

Chr. Ay.

Men. But how? You never told me.

Chr. She is spending the day at my house,
'Twas this I was coming to tell you about, but the other matter
Had driven it out of my head. I thought to discover for you
(Seeing you did not know) what kind of person she was ;
That I might judge and tell you, whether you most were wrong
In being at first so harsh to your son, or now to yourself.
So I asked her to spend the day at my house. It has ended in this,
That when I saw what kind of woman she really was,
I offered her forty pounds if she would renounce your son.
Believe me, she jumped at the bargain ; so then, to prevent mistake,
I made her sign a paper to that effect. I hold it.
It cost me forty pounds ; and that's the money I said,
That I had advanced for you.

Men. 'Twas very kind of you, Chremes,
You see I am shocked.

Chr. Nay, dont give way.

Men. You have dashed my hope.
I was not prepared for this. Freeborn I knew she was not ;

But this I never suspected.

Chr. Come to my house and see.

I wish you to judge for yourself.

Men. She is there?

Chr. She is there, do you ask?

Ay, to my cost she is there. No sooner she comes to the door,

Than all is to be topsy turvy. She calls me 'old man'!

Asks if the bath is ready, and presently calls for wine.

She'll take a 'whetting brusher', she says. The quantity

She wasted in merely tasting was more than most men drink.

She kept me an hour on my legs before she was pleased, and then

Drank like a fish, and laughed at nothing and everything.

Had it not been for you, Menedemus, I promise you

I could not have stood it.

Men. I feel extremely obliged to you,

And sorry for this. You've been most friendly in all you've done.

I cannot doubt you are right. But still whatever she is,

I'd like to see her once. I can't dine with you;—arrange

To send her across to me. Explain to her who I am;

And let me judge for myself if it is so impossible

To carry out my former intention as you believe.

Chr. By all means. I shall be glad enough to be rid of her.

I go at once.

Men. And find those Persians, whoever they are.

Chr. Indeed I must. For either I was grossly deceived

In a manner I cannot believe,—I gave them money too—

Or else—

Men. Well, lose no time, I pray : I am less at ease
In the matter, than when you told me first.

Chr. Indeed
I fear you have cause : I'll go at once. Farewell. [*exit.*]

Men. Farewell.

A filly hoax no doubt. I wish 'twere half as likely
That Chremes was wrong about the girl. It is very strange
That he should all of a sudden take such interest
In my affairs. I think he's a little meddling, some,
With all his kindness and thought. But that's the way of the
world. [*exit.*]

Enter Chremes & Pamphilus.

Chr. See Gorgo at once, I say, and get it back if you can.

Pam. Why, father ?

Chr. I'll tell you. Clinia your friend is dead.

Pam. Impossible.

Chr. No. I have seen two Persians just arrived,
Who say he was slain in battle.

Pam. Does old Menedemus know ?

Chr. He does.

Pam. And how does he take it ?

Chr. Why ? How should he take it ?

Pam. How should I know ? The cross old hunk.

Chr. Stop, Pamphilus.
You wrong him ; he's distracted : and now in consequence,

He has made up his mind to adopt that woman.

Pam. Gorgo?

Chr. Yes.

How can you laugh?

Pam. Well, if he adopts her, what's the use
Of asking her for the money now? Menedemus will pay.

Chr. You do, please, as I say. Of course it's impossible
To adopt her: I intimated to him as much, but still
He wants to judge for himself. I promised to send her to him.
As soon as the ladies return from the bath explain this to her,
And take her across; at least if I'm not back from town.

Pam. You go to the town?

Chr. I have promised to bring these Persians back;
We wish to establish the news they brought. They half engaged
To await me here, but it seems they are gone.

Pam. Can I go for you?

Chr. Ay, ay. Yet no. [*aside*] Nay, I shall have to explain to them
That I am not Menedemus.—I fear I must go myself.

I think I shall not be long. You do as I told you, please;
And tell your mother where I am gone.

Pam. I hope you'll find them.

Chr. I shant come back without 'em. [*exit.*]

Pam. [*aside*] Goodbye then, dad, for ever!

End of Act the Third.



Act the Fourth.

Pamphilus & Clinia.

P*am.* 'Tis simply ruin, Clinia ; pray come back at once.
Do wait till after dinner.

Clin. I couldnt.

Pam. The governor
Will smoke it all if you go : 'twill break our party up.

Clin. My father thinks I am killed.

Pam. What matter so you're not ?

Clin. Then if I were, you'd think it my duty to undeceive him ?

Pam. You're most ungrateful.

Clin. Nay indeed, good Pamphilus,
I am much obliged for all your kindness ; I say so again.
But this I told you expressly I did not wish.

Pam. You've got
More than you ever hoped. Antiphila here : your father

Brought nicely round : and all through my good management.

And now you'll throw me over for want of a little patience.

Clin. To be free with you, I do not like being half drawn in, as I
am,

To tricking your father of fifty pounds. Besides I am here

Vnder a false name, as his guest. Antiphila too

Is passing off for somebody else, I know not who ;

While you and Philolaches have deceived your father and mine,

In a way I cannot be party to.

Pam. Wait. Here comes my father.

I'll show you now what kind of a temper I risk for you.

Enter Chremes from town.

Chr. Wheu! back at last. Wheu, wheu! my word! as hot as hot!

Wheu! bah! and all this worry and flurry for nothing : wheu!

I am covered and choked with dust. I wish most heartily

These Persians had found their grave at Chrysnoparoyes.

I vow that the famous army of Xerxes never gave

Such trouble to brave Miltiades at Marathon,

As these two rascally flinkers have given to me. Wheu! wheu!

Pam. [*advancing*] Have you not found them, father?

Chr. If I have found them? No.

I went to the port ; the ship I found there sure enough,

But I could not hear of them. A single passenger,

They said, had landed ; and he was a Greek. I enquired besides

At all the houses along the road : there was not a man,

Who had even so much as seen them.

Sostrata [*within*]

Chremes ! Chremes !

Chr.

Ah !

Enter Sostrata from Chremes' house.

Sostr. O husband ! husband !

Chr.

O wife ! wife !

Sostr.

She is found, she is found !

Chr. Who's found ?

Sostr. Our daughter, our long-lost daughter is found.

Chr.

What now ?

Sostr. Look, this is the necklace, this the ring.

Chr.

Why, what d'ye mean ?

Sostr. See, husband, if you remember them ; they're the very same
Our daughter Antiphila wore, the day she was stolen.

Chr.

Hey !

What's this ?

Sostr. I knew them at once.

Chr.

Then tell me at once, good wife,

When, how, and where did you find them ?

Sostr.

The girl that Gorgo brought

Wore them. I knew them at once : and when I heard her name...

Chr. Antiphila ?

Sostr.

Yes, Antiphila.

Chr.

Quite so. You heard the name,

That made you think this girl our daughter : I'll wager my life
She's no such thing. 'Tis unsupposable.

Sostr.

Dearest husband,

I always knew we should find her : I've said so a thousand times.

Chr. Oh yes ! you always knew beforehand of everything
After it happened, wife : there's nothing could occur
But you would tell me you told me before. And yet this time
Do not be wise too soon.

Soft. Why, here's the ring itself,
The necklace and the name.

Chr. The name is a common name,
And rings and necklaces too are made so much alike,
They're nothing to go by.

Soft. Then I have spoken with her, Chremes,
And she is so like her :—

Chr. Hey ! here's fine proof indeed ;
Just think for once now what you have said. You recognise
In a grown-up lady, you say, the baby you have never seen
Since she was three ! Why even supposing she was not changed
In all these fifteen years, could you remember her
So long ?

Soft. But she is my daughter ; that makes the difference.

Chr. Why that's the very question. Is she ? And if she was,
What difference could it make ? But if you have spoken with her,
Where does she say she comes from ?

Soft. She says she lives in the town
With an old Corinthian widow.....

Chr. I know : the mother of Gorgo.
They live together, do they ? Then just send Gorgo here,

Sostr. Indeed she has nothing to do with Gorgo.

Chr. According to that
There are two Corinthian widows.

Sostr. Two?

Chr. Why not? I suppose
There must be two, unless it's the same.

Sostr. But who is the other?

Chr. There isn't another at all. Bring Gorgo here at once.
She'll know enough of the facts to set this matter at rest.

Sostr. Why Chremes.....

Chr. I say, fetch Gorgo.

Sostr. I assure you, Chremes dear.....

Chr. Do go and fetch her, wife.

Sostr. Well, as you will.....

Chr. Of course.

Do I ever express an opinion, issue a command,

Without an ample reason? [*exit Sostrata.*] 'Twould be strange!

[*to Pam.*] Now, sir,

Had you not heard of this?

Pam. No, father.

Chr. And there you stand,
As dull as a fish! Why what will you think, if this be true,
Of finding a sister?

Pam. Sir, you wished me a happy day.

As nothing was more unlooked for, nothing is happier
In the world than this.

Chr. Yet there's your friend, a perfect stranger,
Is far more moved than you. You go to the play, I know :
Fifty per cent of all our attic comedies
Have this same plot, a daughter stolen in early years,
Lost sight of, despaired of, almost forgotten and then at last,
When least expected—although there's scarce a soul in the house
That does not know or guess it beforehand—she reappears.
Then are not all eyes wet? Why that is the art, which makes
Emotion and sells it to fools at market price.
You have pitied the child, have pictured the thousand possible ills
She may have encountered, hardships of body and mind, neglect,
The injuries and privations of slavery, wrongs and blows ;
The lack of all that care, to which, in a mother's love,
The meanest birth is titled, without which even brutes
Perish for lack of instinct : the tenderness of sex
You have thought of ; her innocence, the snares of a merciless world
For the unprotected, and then this picture you contrast
With the comfortable, genteel home the scene presents.
You feel for the parents then—ay, though some ridicule
Be fastened upon them ; 'tis by such touches of flesh and blood
The life comes home to your heart, & while you are made to smile,
You weep. You have paid for the tear, or if your false shame
Forbids you to shew your feeling, you've bought a lump in the throat.
You praise the play, because 'tis a tender situation,
Enough to stir the blood of a crocodile like yourself :
I catch you weeping—slap ! all's changed ! 'Tis not a play :

The stage is your home, the actors your father and mother,
Your own sister is found, and where's your feeling now?—
I think your heart is made of matting! Your friend, I say,
Is far more moved: I see the tears stand in his eyes.

Clin. 'Tis joy. I wish you joy, sir. I wish your daughter joy.
And, may I say it, your happiness brings happiness to me.

Chr. I thank you, Clitipho, but now we go too fast:
Because I don't at all suppose this *is* my daughter.
Ho! Gorgo! where's Gorgo? [*goes to door.*]

Clin. [*to Pam.*] O Pamphilus, I am in heaven:
For if Antiphila really be your sister, then
My father cannot oppose our marriage.

Pam. No more will mine.

'Twill make him as proud as a peacock.

Clin. Sweetest Antiphila.

Pam. Quite so: but what in the world do you think will happen
to me,

When he finds out?

Clin. Oh, I have attained the life of the gods!

Pam. Go on. You will not tell me now I have done too much?

Clin. Oh no: I forgive it all.

Pam. Forgive it?

Clin. I thank you for it.

Pam. I shall need more than thanks.

Clin. O Pamphilus, anything.

What can I give you?

Pam. Listen. If things go well with you,
They're not so smart with me : and if you wish to help me,
I only see one hope.

Clin. What's that ?

Pam. That you should win
Your father to plead for me : after all I have done for him,
I think he might : and if you ask him, I am sure he will.
Concealment is out of the question : go to him now at once,
And tell him all.

Clin. Indeed I was going, but may I not see
Antiphila first ?

Pam. No, no, there's not a moment to lose.
The governor will be back, and if he finds you out,
You'll have to go to your father with him, and what a tale
He'll tell it's easy to guess.

Clin. I would not consent to that.
I'll go at once.

Pam. Go quickly, before that Gorgo comes.
Quick ! quick ! [*exit Clinia.*]

And just in time. I wonder what she will say.

Chr. [*at the door to Gorgo.*] I want you a moment, Gorgo.

Enter Gorgo & Chremes with Sostrata.

Prithee, be so good

As to answer my questions. This girl Antiphila,
Who came with you, is your maid ? Dont look at my son & laugh.
I am serious. Is this girl your servant ?

Gor.

No.

Chr.

She is not?

She lives with you?

Gor.

No.

Chr.

I thought you lived with the widow woman;
Who came from Corinth. Pray be sober. I want to know.
You told me you did.

Gor.

Ay, fir.

Chr.

And yet Antiphila

Does not live with you?

Gor.

No, fir.

Chr.

When did you see her first?

Gor. This morning.

Chr.

Indeed. And can you tell me nothing about her?

Gor. Nothing whatever.

Chr.

I thank you. I've nothing to ask you then.

Gor. It's thank you for nothing, fir! No further commands at
present?

Chr. Peace, prithee, peace.

[to *Sostrata*.] Now, wife, you see I was right for once.

Gorgo knows nothing about her.

Soft.

I told you she didnt, Chremes.

Chr. But then you said she lived with the widow. You see she
doesnt,

And Gorgo does.

Soft.

I cant believe it. Antiphila told me

The widow's name; and then the very clothes she wore
The day she was stolen, she has laid by.

Chr. Eh! said she so?

Then you should have sent for the woman, told her to bring the
clothes.

Soft. So, Chremes, I did, but the poor old lady's too ill to come;
But the clothes were sent. I have seen them.

Chr. And are they the same?

Soft. They are.

Chr. Why then did you not spare me all this trouble, wife?
Why did you not tell me before of the clothes?

Soft. You would not hear!

Chr. Not hear! when all this time I was asking you this & that.
Ye gods! have ye never made one reasonable woman?
Dont you see that the clothes are the chiefest matter of all?
Why, they're a proof.

Soft. Then do you believe?

Chr. Ay, wife, come in.

I think we have found our daughter. [*exeunt Soft. & Chr.*]

Gor. Oho! ho! ho! O he does make me laugh.
And when he finds all out, the filly old man, at last,
How I shall love to see him!

Pam. Indeed you must not stay.

Gor. Why not?

Pam. Why dont you see how mad he'll be?

Gor. He will.

Pam. He'll want that forty pounds.

Gor. He may want.

Pam. I am afraid

You cannot keep it.

Gor. I not keep it? What! d'ye think

I'd give it him back?

Pam. I think you had better make fure of it.

Take my advice and go.

Gor. I am forry to go, and yet

What should I stay for now? There'll be no dinner.

Pam. No.

That there wont.

Gor. Well, make my excuses, and give your father

My kind congratulations.

Pam. Go.

Gor. With the fame to you.

Antiphila's quite a dove.

Pam. Do go.

Gor. Goodbye, my lad.

It's wisest to go, I see: but if the old man should ask

Where I am gone to.....

Pam. Well?

Gor. Why tell him I'm gone to spend

His forty pounds in the town. Ta ta! [*exit.*]

Pam. I think that woman.

Has done for me. Thank the gods she is gone and just in time;

Here somebody comes from the house.

Enter Philolaches from Chremes' house.

Pb. O Pamphilus, make off.

Your father is looking to find you.

Pam. He's found us out of course?

Pb. He has guessed who Gorgo is; but still is quite in the dark.

He still imagines Clinia slain and torn to bits

On the plains of what d'ye call it.—

Pam. What is best to do?

Pb. Nothing. Let him rave it out. The quicker he heats,

The quicker he'll cool.

Pam. But if you had ever seen him angry.....

Pb. Dont be afraid.

Pam. I am.

Pb. Throw all the blame on me.

Pam. I hear him.

Enter Chremes, speaking as he comes out to Sostrata within.

Chr. It's high time, wife, you stopped this precious noise,
Deafening the gods with singing all your confounded praises
For finding your daughter. You judge them by yourself perhaps,
And think they cant understand a simple thing, unless
It's told them a hundred times.

[*to Pam.*] Now, fir, 'tis you I want.

Come here.

Pam. What, father?

Chr. *What, father?* As innocent
As milk, no doubt. You think it's possible I do not know?
I'll tell you what: to-day I have found a daughter, fir,
And lost a son. Begone and take your Gorgo with you;
For I'll not own you longer. Be off. Go where you will:
But see you ne'er set foot beneath my roof again.

Pam. Father, what do you mean? What have I done?

Chr. You dare
Ask! If I tell you now that you are a reprobate,
An idle, dissipated, licentious, spendthrift fellow:—
Is that enough?

Pam. O father!

Chr. Or if I add the rest,
A mean, deceitful, undutiful, snivelling, sneaking cheat;
A liar.

Pam. Oh, I am not.

Chr. Well, you deny it, do you?
I'll ask you is this true or not. You found that I,
With a view to help our neighbour, wished to see the girl
That got his son into trouble. You undertook to bring her.
I trusted you wholly, could not expect to be played on by you:
You knew her, and I did not, had never heard her name;
And this you knew, and took occasion to introduce
A different person altogether, a friend of your own,
A woman whose very presence was an insult; and not content
With abusing my confidence and kindness, my sheer disgust

You turned to your own account, and so, on a mock pretence
Of doing my neighbour a wonderful service, made me pay
I dont know what. You blinded me, & robbed me, & all the while
'Twas your vile mistress I was entertaining for you,
And paying out of my pocket for nothing. Is that not true?
Was it not enough to have this creature sit down to dine
With your mother & me? ay, and with your sister? and as for her,
You have been the means of aspersing her character,
The day when she is restored to the family. Yes, 'tis she
Is the lady in question, and I have been running here and there
To diffame my own daughter to my neighbour, and thanks to you
Have been a pretty fool! And if his son returns,—
For now I am so confused that whether he's living or dead
I have not a notion,—but if, I say, he should return,
And ask Antiphila's hand, would then Menedemus believe
That I did not tell him the truth before I knew any cause
To wish for one thing more than another? I say be off.
Ask me what you've done? A treasure of innocence
You are! Begone. I'll never see you again. Begone.
Pb. For patience sake, one word from me, sir! Pamphilus
Was not so much in fault; I am the one to blame:
He truly intended to introduce Antiphila;
And I was sent to fetch her: but when it appeared her friends
Would not consent to allow that you should interfere
Between Menedemus and her, then, on the spur of the moment,
The ladies were changed and that at my suggestion, sir.

Chr. I interfere, you say? 'Tis you that interfere,
I think. Pray hold your tongue; or if you wish to advise,
Advise your friend again: he needs it more than I;
Maybe he'll thank you for it. I neither ask nor want it.

Enter Sostrata.

[*to Pam.*] To you, fir, I have no more to add. Begone at once.
'Twill spare your sister pain if she should never know you;
Not that there's aught to lose. Now if there's anything
You want in the house, go in at once and fetch it. Look,
I'll give you half an hour.

Soft. Chremes, what are you saying?

Chr. I have only said, wife, what I told you: and you may now
Bid your dear Pamphilus goodbye.

Soft. How cruel you are!

Do you wish to kill your son? You'll certainly be his death,
Unless you mind. I wonder how anything so wicked
Could have come into your head.

Chr. Oh, will you never learn
To keep your place, woman? Was there ever a thing
Which I ever proposed or did in my whole life, in which
You did not go against me? But should I ask you now
What wrong I am doing, or why I do the thing I do,
You would not know: you could not tell me anything
Of the matter in which so confidently you oppose me. Fool!

Soft. I do not know?

Chr. Well, well, you do know. Anything

Rather than have it all over again.

Soft. How iniquitous of you,
To prevent my speaking in such a matter.

Chr. I dont prevent you.
Go on. Talk yourself hoarse. [*exit.*]

Pam. Mother, what shall I do?

Soft. What did he say?

Pam. He says he disowns me.

Soft. Dont give way.

He is angry now: I know he'll soon be kind again.

Ph. Quite so, madam, a father's threats are nothing to fear.

Pam. I'm glad you think so.

Ph. Dont be angry with me, Pam!

I've got you into a mess, but if you'll trust to me,
I'll get you out.

Soft. How kind of you, Mr Philogelos.

Ph. Take my advice and hide. Pretend you have run away.

I'll say you've sailed to the Persian wars in Clinia's ship.

And when your father finds that Clinia is safe, and he
Demands Antiphila's hand, the rest will be all forgotten.

Soft. Is Antiphila to marry Clinia?

Ph. Yes, ma'am.

Soft. Menedemus' son,

That ran away?

Ph. Yes, ma'am.

Soft. Why Chremes said he was killed.

Pb. It's all a mistake ; you've spoken to him to-day yourself.
He is Clitipho.

Soft. O dear, I must tell Chremes this.
How glad I am.

Pb. Stay, madam, stay ; I pray you wont.
Your husband will find that out quite soon enough for us.
Far better see Menedemus, if he will help us out.

Soft. What could he do ?

Pb. He'll stand our friend. How could he wish
To see Antiphila's brother driven disgraced from home ?

Soft. Go, Pamphilus, go at once.

Pam. Clinia is there. I will.

Soft. And can I then tell Chremes ?

Pb. Madam, consider this.

He wont believe you, and after will only be angry with you
For knowing it first, and being in the right when he was wrong.

Soft. 'Tis all so strange, that really and truly I dont suppose
That anyone would believe it. It may be best to wait.

But you should waste no time, Pamphilus ; go at once.

Pam. I go, but do not tell him, where I am gone.

Soft. No, son. [*exit Pam.*]
I'll do my best to win him.—[*to Pb.*] I thank you, sir, very kindly.

Pb. I wish you good success. [*exit Sostrata.*]

A sensible body. I lean
On her and old Menedemus. Not that I doubt myself ;
I know a stroke to play : is't not the feast of Bacchus ?

I will invoke the god; his genius will confound
This dull, contrary Chremes. What's his humour worth
To gods or men, that I should bow to it? Nay, and since
Whate'er the humour be, 'tis the perfistency
That carries it; to hell with dumps! And 'twere poor merriment
That Chremes' frown could dash. Why if there be a choice
'Twixt Chremes pleased and Chremes angry, of the two
This later, angry Chremes is the more ridiculous.

End of Act the Fourth.



Act the Fifth.

Menedemus & Clinia.

Men. You have made me, my dear Clinia, the very happiest of fathers,

By this return to your senses ; indeed I ran great risk
Of taking leave of my own : but since I have you back,
'Tis nothing but happiness : and gladly I now consent
To the match, which hitherto in your own interest
I have only opposed because I would not have you marry
A woman not freeborn. To be sure I could have wished
'Twas somebody else's daughter than Chremes'. After all
It might be worse. But are you sure you hold to it still,
And wish to marry her ?

Chr. Clin. I, father ? How can you ask ?

Men. You are young to marry ; but, mind, I should not make your age

An objection, provided I thought you knew what marriage is.
But do you, can you know ? You have only experience

Of childhood, and some few years of youthful liberty :
 What can that teach ? Your tie to me—your friendships,
 Some intimate friendships too : but nothing here nor there
 Comparable to the bond of marriage. Suppose I say
 'Tis, next to existence, the most familiar thing in the world—
 Then judge how jealous pride and selfregard should be,
ad- Ere they submit this master circumstance to rule,
 As rule it must. You know the story Plato tells
 Of Er, the Armenian soldier, and what he saw in death,
 Permitted to stand between the gates of heaven and hell ;
 How there he saw the souls, who, ere they came on earth,
 Were choosing each their lives in turn—and, what was strange,
 How wantonly and without deliberation they chose,
 Making a rush at what they fancied first : and this,
 So Plato said, explained man's discontent on earth,
 His misery being his fault. All which, be it fable or no,
 Clinia, has this much truth ; that you may see the like
 Without going down to the grave, nor any revelation
 Of nature's secrecies—but every day on earth,
 In men that wive. With them the stake is no less great ;
 Their carelessness in choice, their after-discontent
 Match each in kind. Now I would play the interpreter
 To you, as some celestial did to Er : I warn you,
 Take not this step in haste. You choose a second being :
 The lives are strewn before you : is this the best to take ?
Clin. O if you knew Antiphila, father, you would not ask.

Men. Very well. I see your choice is made. I only wish
She did not drink.

Clin. O father! you know—

Men. Yes, yes. I know.

What a number of sad mistakes Chremes has made to-day!
He has not discovered yet who the two Persians were,
Who came to frighten me.

Clin. I hope I need not tell you, father,
I never wished that done. I feared you might be grieved:
But Chremes being so sure you never would forgive me.....

Men. Was he?

Clin. He said you told him.

Men. Did he? He has been to blame.
There's much he will have to explain to me, which he will not wish
Another to hear. Retire to the garden, while I go
And smooth things over with him, and ask his daughter's hand.

Clin. How long?

Men. Well, if I send, be ready at once to come:
And see that Pamphilus too is handy: explain to him,
That if I can be happy enough to make his peace with his father,
His presence will then be needed.

Clin. I hope 'twill not be long. [exit.

Men. I am not very wise myself nor clever, that I know:
And I may have behaved in a manner open to criticism,
I may have even provoked derision, that may be;
I think I have. But this same would-be helper of mine,

My counsellor and guide, Chremes, is very far beyond me ;
I never did anything half so foolish in all my life
As to trust my secrets to him. In time now. Here he comes.

Enter Chremes.

Chr. Ah, my good Menedemus, now I have news indeed.

Men. I know it, Chremes, and give you my hearty congratulations.
'Tis a happy day for us both : for you have found a daughter,
And I.....

Chr. You know it already ? Who told you ?

Men. My son.

Chr. Your son !

Men. Clinia. Yes. He is in my house. I was coming across
To ask you to join your treasure so newly found with mine ;
And to give your daughter to-day to my son in marriage.

Chr. Well !

I cannot understand it. Where did he come from ? When ?

Men. Why that's the strangest of all : he landed only this morning,
Met your son in the town, and has been in your house
Ever since.

Chr. My house ?

Men. It seems your son is a friend of his :
He introduced him, but under another name, because
He did not wish to be known.

Chr. Not Clitipho ?

Men. Ay, 'twas that. [right

Chr. There then ! O how I have been deceived ! And you were

About the Persians too : they were a make-believe.

Men. So I guessed all along, Chremes.

Chr. But who then were they ?

Men. Forgive me, my good friend, I ask you once for all,
The annoyance my family affairs have been to you to-day.
Your kindness has brought you only vexation.

Chr. O, I am sure
You are welcome enough to any service that I can render.

Men. Then pray oblige me in this, and overlook the folly
Of the actors in this farce. The intention was to deceive
Me and not you : till you accidentally, as it seems,
Came in their way : and then they could not help themselves :
They even tried to avoid you.

Chr. Who were they ?

Men. Remember too
'Tis the feast of Bacchus to-day : 'tis not so great a crime
To droll on a private person, at a time that is set apart
For mirth and jollity, and when buffoonery too makes up
A part of the festival.

Chr. I think no gentleman
Should suffer buffoonery to cover an insult.

Men. Supposing not,
Yet none was intended.

Chr. Who were they ?

Men. The deceit was planned for me,
And I forgive it.

Chr. Who were they ?

Men. They came from *your* house.

Chr. Not Clinia ?

Men. No ; although it was done in his interest.
Your son was one, and a friend.....

Chr. I know : Philolaches.

I see.

Men. It seems they had drawn from you, I know not how,
Somewhat too harsh a picture of me : so 'twas resolved
To put me to proof.

Chr. Menedemus, since 'twas my own son,
It does not matter ; for now my account with him is closed.

Men. What say you ?

Chr. Well, never mind. He is now no more my son.
O Menedemus, indeed he has treated me shamefully.
This morning I thought your son had acted ill by you :
How willingly now I'd change.

Men. You make too much of it.
No harm was meant ; and none has been done : a foolish hoax,
And nothing more.

Chr. You cannot hope to persuade me now
There is any excuse for a son deceiving his own father.

Men. I think a father would find one, Chremes, where there was
none.

Chr. Nay, nay : no more of him. I understood you came
About my daughter.

Men. I did. Clinia asks her hand.

Chr. You know she is not that woman they made me think.....

Men. I know.

Chr. Menedemus, I never wished to have a daughter. I thought
A girl was a burden, the worst possession a man could have ;
Costly to rear, costly to keep, costly to get rid of.
It seems I was wrong. I have had a daughter, who from her cradle
Has never cost me a single penny, and the very hour
She is thrown on my hands, she has offers of marriage. 'Tis not
for me

To hinder the kindness of heaven. You are welcome to take her.
Yet

I have one condition: the dowry.

Men. Certainly: about that
We shall not quarrel however. My son will be rich: and you
Will give as you think is fit.

Chr. I still shall insist on terms.
You will not oppose a project of mine?

Men. I promise not;
Consider it settled: and now let us put the business off,
And bring the two young lovers happily face to face.
I long to see Antiphila.

Chr. Wait. I'll call my wife, [*goes to L.*]
And tell her to bring her out.

Men. And I will call my son. [*goes to R.*
[*calling*] Clinia!

Enter Clinia.

Clin. Father!

Men. Come! Is Pamphilus there?

Clin. He is.

Men. Let him be ready.

Enter Sostrata & Antiphila.

Chr. See here, Menedemus, my daughter.

Men. And mine.

My dear Antiphila, I fear you have heard hard tales of me :
I have therefore the greater pleasure in bringing you, now we meet,
The joy I have stood in the way of. I have asked your good father
To grant your hand to my son in marriage : he has consented.
See, here is Clinia. Let me join your hands for—ever.
Be happy.

Soft. [*aside*] The dear old man; see how he weeps for joy.

Chr. You will not deny me now, Menedemus, I'm sure: you'll come
And spend what is left of the day at my house. You'll dine with us?

Men. With all my heart. You have not presented me to your wife.
I beg.....

Chr. Come, Sostrata, come and make your compliments
To our new relation.

Men. Your servant, madam.

Soft. O sir, I am glad
My Antiphila will have your son for a husband.

Men. I am very proud

Of such a daughter-in-law. But now, if I may ask,
Where is your son Pamphilus? He should not be absent now.

Chr. Don't ask for him.

Soft. I beseech you speak with my husband, sir.

Chr. I beg, Menedemus, you'll say no more. I have cast him off.

Men. I still shall venture to plead his forgiveness.

Chr. 'Tis too late.

I have sent him off already: he is gone.

Men. Not so: he is here.

[*calls*] Pamphilus! [*to Chremes*] Do not blame me; I promised to
plead for him.

Enter Pamphilus.

Chr. How dare you again appear in my presence, wretch? Be off!
I tell you that I disown you. Yes, Menedemus, and you
Will not attempt, I beg, to avert the punishment
He more than deserves. I have cast him away and cut him off.
My whole fortune I leave to Antiphila—that is the thing
I said I should ask—you promised not to oppose me: now
I beg you will not.

Men. Consider if you are wife.

Chr. Not wife?

Soft. O you are very unwise!

Chr. Wife!

Soft. Why he is my son!

Chr. Is he? perhaps he is: there's not a doubt in the world
He is yours: but were I you, I should not be very vain,

your

Being mirrored in fuch a cub.

Soft. O Chremes, your own fon!

Chr. Not were he twice my fon, & fprung from my head, as they
fay,

Minerva was from Jove's, would I own him.

Pam. Confider, fir,

My mother's feelings, although you do not confider me.

Chr. I not confider you, fir? In all I have done, I have kept

You and your follies in view : confidering what you are

I thought you would rather think I confidered you too much.

I confider you recklefs, fir ; I confider that you purfue

Your pleafure and vulgar taftes. I confider you quite unfit

To be trusted with money, and fo I have hit on a plan, by which

You'll be, I confider, fpared the trouble of managing it ;

And though not launched on the world as I'd wifh to fee my fon,

You'll be, I confider, enfured from abfolute deftitution.

Vnable to leave you my wealth, I turn to thofe that are next,

To them I do not fhrink from entrufing it ; and I confider,

That at their houfe, Pamphilus, you will always find at leaft

A refuge, food and clothes, and a roof above your head.

Pam. Good God !

Chr. Dont fwear.—'Tis better than that you fhould be my heir,

And Gorgo fquander it. Eh, fir?

Pam. O, I wifh I was dead.

Chr. Firft learn what 'tis to live : when you know that, if life

Displeafe you ftill, then wifh to die.

Men. Chremes, allow me
To urge you in this. You could not really wish him to go
To Persia, say, and forsake you, as Clinia did me.

Chr. Forsake me! why let him go to perdition for all I care,
Rather than stay at home and drag his father down
To beggary with his vices and follies: for if I once
Were saddled with his expenses, I guess 'twould come very soon
To my using that spade of yours, Menedemus, in good earnest.

Men. You offered me your advice this morning: now I in turn.....

Chr. I do not need advice.

Men. Spoil not so happy a day.

Chr. I have found a daughter to-day, Menedemus, but lost a son.

Men. You have lost your daughter to me, let me restore your son.

Sos. O do forgive him, Chremes; you must.

Chr. Pray, silence, wife.

Clin. Me, sir, you cannot blame for taking a brother's part.
His fault was partly mine: and what was wrongly done
Was done in my behalf.

Chr. No, no, there's no excuse.

Enter Philolaches as Persian.

Men. Why here's our friend the Persian.

Chr. Pray, sir, what will you?

Ph. I hear you have been enquiring for me in the town. Behold
me!

Chr. I do not want you now: I know, sir, who you are.
The game is all played out. We have done with masquerades,

And personating others.

Pb. I may take it then I address
Chremes, and not Menedemus?

Chr. You do, sir, and be so kind
As now to restore me the money, which under a false pretence
You made me give you to-day.

Pb. 'Tis not the Persian custom.

Chr. You and your Persian customs be hanged, sir; and I believe
You're more than half to blame for all the impertinence
I have suffered to-day.

Pb. I am, sir. I came to make the confession;
But if you know it already, why do you spite your son?
I have been your guest to-day, and if I have overstrained
The liberty of the feast, I am ready in turn to pay
The penalty. In the name of Bacchus, disown me, cast off me,
Disinherit me, if you will. But him, your flesh and blood,
Forgive him, I say.

Men. Yes, Chremes.

Ant. O father, do give in!

Chr. Now that's the first time, lafs, you have called me father.

I see

I shall have to yield.

Ant. O thank you.

Chr. Stay. If I do give in,

'Tis only on two conditions.

Men. I'll answer for Pamphilus,

That he will accept them : what are they ?

Chr. First, my forty pounds ;

To get that back from Gorgo.

Pam. I cant do that.

Chr. You cant ?

Men. You spent that money, Chremes, advanced it rather for me,
Thinking to do me a service. I'll ask you let it be me
Who does it for you. I'll gladly pay it : it is not lost.
Consider this condition fulfilled.

Chr. You are kinder far
To my boy than he has deserved.

Men. And what is the other matter ?

Chr. This. He must marry.

Pam. Father !

Chr. I will not hear a word.

Men. I'll vouch for him that he will do it.

Chr. He does not say so himself.

Pam. No use,—impossible.

Soft. Can you hesitate, Pamphilus ?

Chr. Nay, let him do as he likes.

Men. He'll do it—everything.

Soft. This must seem strange at first and disagreeable,
Before you have even thought of it. When you know more of it,
You'll like it.

Pam. I will, father.

Chr. Good, son : for though a wife

Is an evil, she is a necessary evil, and one to which
You will get accustomed in time. 'Tis more respectable too
To be married; and the only cure for a temper such as yours.

Soft. I'll help you choose, my dear Pamphilus: I know who—
That clever, charming girl, whom you'll be in love with directly;
The orphan niece of our old neighbour, Phanocrates.

Pam. What, not that redhaired thing, with a mouth from ear to
ear,

And a nose I could hang my hat on? I couldn't.

Chr. Why only see
How nice he has grown: 'tis plain he means what he says now.

Soft. Why, I'm sure, Pamphilus, she is a pinnacle of perfection.
But I know another.

Pam. No, no; if I am to marry, be hanged!
I'll choose for myself. I know of a girl will do very well.

Soft. Who is it?

Pam. Archonides' daughter.

Soft. You could not have pleased me more.

Chr. My word! I do believe my wife and I are agreed
On something at last. O wonderful day!

Soft. Chremes, I knew

'Twould end like this.

Chr. Now, wife! none of your prophecies.
Come in, come all to dinner.

Pam. Philolaches was asked;
May he come too?

Chr. Oh yes! if it's the Persian custom.
I'll bear no grudge to-day; come in, fir, with the rest,
And help to make us merry. This is THE FEAST OF BACCHVS.

THE END



NOTE

This attempt to give Menander to the English stage is based upon his Heautontimorumenos as we know it through Terence. That play, though marred by Roman taste, is a work of high excellence; but as it stands would be unpresentable to a Christian audience, chiefly on account of the story of Antiphila's exposure, which must deprive Chremes of sympathy. And, since the liberties which Terence took with Menander cannot be determined, it was but mannerly to extend the necessary alteration, and suppress the slaves with their tedious & difficult intrigue. Thus altered only about one sixth of the Latin original remains; and the play is perhaps not so sound in plot as Terence made it, and is still weighted with the badness of his Bacchis [Gorgo]; but it has the advantage of being more easily followed, and may for that reason be more interesting. The construction of the modern stage required the opening change. All that is beautiful in Terence, and therefore probably most of what was Menander's, has been carefully preserved; and some extant fragments of his have also found a lodging.

The metre is a line of six stresses, written according to the rules of English rhythm; and its correspondence with the Latin comic trimeter iambic is an accident. A stress never carries more than one long syllable with it,—the comic vein allowing some license as to what is reckoned as long;—but as there are no conventional

stresses, (except sometimes in the sixth place; or in the third, where the mid-verse break usual in English six-stressed verse is observed, or that place is occupied by a proper name,) the accompanying syllables may have any relation of place to their carrying stress. Where four or more short unstressed syllables come together, a stress is distributed or lost: but this distributed stress can only occur in the second, fourth & fifth place, on account of the rules which govern the other places. Any infringement of these laws are faults or liberties of rhythm: and it will be evident that the best has not been made of the metre. A natural emphasizing of the sense gives the rhythm.

The author thinks that so much explanation is due to the reader, because the verse is new. He has been told that it will be said by the critics to be prose; but that if it were printed as prose, they might pronounce it to be verse; and this is the effect aimed at: since a comic metre which will admit colloquial speech without torturing it must have such a loose varying rhythm.

YATTENDON: June, 1885.



