

CLCS4007. ATHENS VS. ROME: LIFE AND CULTURE IN CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY

LECTURE 34 WORKSHOP IV: COMEDY AND EVERYDAY LIFE: ARISTOPHANES VS. PLAUTUS

Before the Workshop, please read the following extracts below from Aristophanes' *Archarnians* and Plautus' *Pot of Gold*. It would also be useful if you can read the full version of both comic plays, especially if you have never read them before. Please consider the following questions and note down your thoughts:

- 1/ Compare and contrast the extracts below. What are the main differences and similarities between Aristophanes' *Archarnians* and Plautus' *Pot of Gold*?
- 2/ Compare and contrast the Prologue of each play. How do Aristophanes and Plautus use the Prologue and are there any differences or similarities in their uses of the Prologue?
- 3/ Compare and contrast the subject matter of the comedies. What are main differences and similarities in terms of subject matter and content? How are jokes used in both comedies?

Please bring this Workshop sheet and your notes (on the questions below) to the Workshop on Monday 30th April (1.15pm).

Aristophanes' *Archarnians*, 1-

Aristophanes, *Archarnians*, trs. Alan H. Sommerstein, *Aristophanes and Other Plays*. London: Penguin Books, 2002 (revised edition; first published: 1973).

Scene: *The orchestra at first represents the Pnyx, where the (Athenian) Assembly met. The stage-platform represents the speaker's platform; close to it are benches for the Executive Committee. The skene is at present ignored; later its doors will at various moments represent the houses of Dikaiopolis, Euripides and Lamachus.*

[*Dikaiopolis arrives by a side-passage and sits on the ground, well away from the platform. He waits patiently for a minute or two, then, finding himself still alone, begins fidgeting, yawning and showing other signs of boredom; then turns to address the audience.*]

THE PROLOGUE

DIKAIOPOLIS.

My heart has drunk deep of the cup of woe, and 'scant the joys I've known' – yes, very scant – [counts on his fingers] four, that's right, against countless zillions of things that gave me pain. Now, what was there that I enjoyed, that was really pleasurable? Ah yes, I remember – it really warmed my heart – when Cleon coughed up thirty grand. That made me ecstatic. Knights, I love you for that; you did a good thing for Greece. But then there was something really traumatic, not to say tragic. There I was sitting there, mouth open, eager for a dose of Aeschylus, and then the crier goes, 'Bring on your chorus, *Theognis*.' Well, you can imagine, I nearly had heart failure. But another thing that made me really happy was when that lyre-player Moschus finished and Dexitheus came on instead to play a Boeotian number. To come to this year, though – it was like being tortured to death, when Chaeris stooped his way on to play the Orthian tune. But never in all the years I've...washed have I been so stung by soap in the eyes as I'm feeling now. Regular

meeting of the Assembly, due to start at sunrise, and not a soul here on the Pnyx! Everybody's down in the Market Square gossiping, that is when they're not dodging the red rope. Even the Executive aren't here. They'll come in the end – hours late – all streaming in together, and push and shove and heaven knows what to get to the front seats. That's all they care about. How to get peace – they don't give a damn about that. Oh, Athens, Athenas, what are you coming to? Now me, I'm always the first to get here. So I sit down, and after a bit, when I find no one else is coming, I sigh and yawn and stretch and fart and then don't know what to do, and then doodle on the ground or pluck my hairs or count to myself – and all the time I'm gazing at the countryside over yonder and pining for peace, cursing the city and yearning to get back to my village. My village! Where no one said 'Buy my charcoal' or 'Buy my vinegar' or 'Buy my oil'; we didn't even know the word 'buy', we produced everything we needed for ourselves, we were a sale-free zone. Well, anyway, this time I've come prepared: if any speaker dares say a word about anything except peace, I'll shout, I'll heckle, I'll abuse, I'll –

[Enter the Crier, followed by the members of the Executive Committee, who are attended by Scythian Archer-Policeman]

DIK. Ah, here they are at last –at midday! And look at them! Just like I said – all fighting for the best places.

CRIER *[taking his place in front of the Executive, who have now taken their seats; addressing the public]:*
Come forward! Come forward! Everyone within the consecrated enclosure!

AMPHITHEUS *[arriving late and breathless; to Dikaiopolis]:*
Have they started yet?

CRIER:
Who wishes to speak?

AMPHITHEUS:
I do.

CRIER:
Your name?

AMPHITHEUS
Amphitheus – 'Doubly Divine'

CRIER:
Not human?

AMPHITHEUS:
No, I am an Immortal. My ancestor and namesake was the son of Demeter and Triptolemus. He begat Celeus, who married Phaenarete, that's my grandmother, and begat Lycinus, who begat me; and that makes me immortal. And the gods have commissioned me to make peace with the Spartans – only me. But though I am immortal, gentlemen, I have been given no expenses. The Executive won't let me have them!

[The Chairman makes a signal to the Crier]

CRIER: Police!

[Two of the policemen grab Amphitheus by the arms and drag him off].

AMPHITHEUS [*struggling*]:

Triptolemus and Celeus, why do you not help me?

DIKAOPOLIS [*rising*]:

Members of the Executive, the arrest of that man was an insult to the Assembly! He only wanted to give us peace so we could hang up our shields on the wall where they belong.

CRIER

Silence! Sit down!

DIKAOPOLIS

I will not, not until the Executive commit us to a debate on peace.

CRIER [*ignoring him*]

The ambassadors from the Persian Court!

DIKAIOPOLIS

Persian Court indeed! I'm sick of all these ambassadors and their peacocks and their tall tales.

CRIER

Silence!

[Dikaiopolis subsides, for the time being. Enter an Ambassador, followed by his colleagues, all dressed like Persian grandees].

DIKAIOPOLIS [*aside*]

Whew! Holy Ecbatana, what a get-up!

AMBASSADOR

You sent us, gentlemen, to the Great King, with a salary of two drachmas per person per day, in the year when Euthymenes was archon.

DIKAOPOLIS

Oh god, how many drachmas is that?

AMBASSADOR

And I may say we had a very hard time of it. We processed very slowly up the Cayster valley in shaded coaches, and we actually had to lie down in them. It was sheer murder.

DIKAIOPOLIS [*aside*]:

I certainly had it good, then, sleeping among the rubbish on the city walls!

AMBASSADOR:

And wherever we put up, our hosts compelled us, willy-nilly, to drink sweet wine, neat, out of gold or crystal cups.

DIKAIOPOLIS:

City of Cranaus, can't you see how your envoys are making fools of you?

AMBASSADOR

Because in Asia, you know, the test of your manhood is how much you can eat and drink.

DIKAIOPOLIS

With us it's how many bugger you and how many you suck.

AMBASSADOR

After three years we reached the Persian capital, but we found the King away – he had gone with his army on an expedition to a bog, and he stayed there, shitting on the Golden Hills, for eight months.

DIKAIOPOLIS

And how long did he take to close up his arse? Was it at the full moon?

AMBASSADOR

And then he returned home. Then he gave a dinner for us, serving us whole oven-baked oxen.

DIKAIOPOLIS

Who ever heard of oven-baked oxen? How big a liar can you get?

AMBASSADOR

And, I swear, he served us an enormous fowl, three times the size of Cleonymus; they called it a hoodwin.

DIKAIOPOLIS

So that's why you've been hoodwin-king us all this time, at two drachmas a day!

AMBASSADOR

And now we have returned, bringing with us Pseudartabas, the Great King's Eye.

DIKAIOPOLIS

I hope a crow knocks it out – and your ambassadorial eye with it!

Plautus' *Pot of Gold*

Plautus, *The Pot of Gold*, trs. Henry Thomas Riley, *The Comedies of Plautus*. London. G. Bell and Sons. 1912.

THE SUBJECT: SUMMARY OF PLAY

EUCLIO, a miserly old Athenian, has a daughter named Phædra, who has been ravished by a young man named Lyconides, but is ignorant from whom she has received that injury. Lyconides has an uncle named Megadorus, who being ignorant of these circumstances, determines to ask Phædra of her father, in marriage for himself. Euclio has discovered a pot of gold in his house which he watches with the greatest anxiety. In the meantime, Megadorus asks his daughter in marriage, and his proposal is accepted; and while preparations are making for the nuptials, Euclio conceals his treasure, first in one place and then in another. Strobilus, the servant of Lyconides, watches his movements, and, having discovered it, carries off the treasure. While Euclio is lamenting his loss, Lyconides accosts him, with the view of confessing the outrage he has committed on his daughter, and of announcing to him that his uncle, Megadorus, has cancelled his agreement to marry her, in favour of himself. Euclio at first thinks that he is come to confess the robbery of the treasure. After much parleying, his mistake is rectified, and the matter is explained; on which Lyconides forces Strobilus to confess the theft; and (although the rest of the Play in its original form is lost) we learn from the acrostic Argument that Strobilus gives up the treasure, and Lyconides marries the daughter of Euclio, and receives the gold for a marriage-portion. The Supplement written by Codrus Urcens to supply the place of what is lost has been added.

THE PROLOGUE

THE HOUSEHOLD GOD

Lest any one should wonder who I am, I will tell you in a few words. I am the household God of this family, from whose house you have seen me coming forth. It is now many years that I have been occupying this houses and I inhabited it for the father and the grandfather of this person who now dwells here. But beseeching me, his grandfather entrusted to me a treasure of gold, unknown to all. He deposited it in the midst of the hearth², praying me that I would watch it for him. He, when he died, was of such an avaricious disposition, that he would never disclose it to his own son, and preferred rather to leave him in want than to show that treasure to that son. He left him no large quantity of land, on which to live with great laboriousness and in wretchedness. When he died who had entrusted that gold to me, I began to take notice whether his son would any how pay greater honor to me than his father had paid me. But he was in the habit of venerating me still less and less by very much, and gave me a still less share of devotion. So in return was it done by me; and he likewise ended his life. He left this person who now dwells here, his son, of the same disposition as his father and grandfather were. He has an only daughter; she is always every day making offerings to me, either with incense, or wine, or something or other; she presents me, too, with chaplets. Out of regard for her, I have caused this Euclio to find this treasure, in order that he might more readily give her in marriage if he should wish; for a young man of very high rank has ravished her; this young man knows who it is that he has ravished; she knows him not, nor yet does her father know that she has been ravished. This day I shall cause the old gentleman here, our neighbour, to ask her as his wife; that will I do for this reason, that he may the more easily marry her who has ravished her. And this old gentleman who shall ask her as his wife, the same is the uncle of that young man who debauched her in the night time at the festival of [Ceres](#)³. But this old fellow is now making an uproar in the house, as usual; he is thrusting the old woman out of doors, that she may not be privy to the secret. I suppose he wants to look at the gold, if it be not stolen.

Enter EUCLIO, driving out STAPHYLA.

EUCLIO

Get out, I say, be off, get out; by my troth, you must budge out of this house here, you pryabout woman, with your inquisitive eyes.

STAPHYLA

Pray why are you beating me, wretched creature that I am?

EUCLIO

That you may be wretched, and that, curst as you are. you may pass a curst life, well befitting you.

STAPHYLA

But for what reason have you now pushed me out of the house?

EUCLIO

Am I to be giving you a reason, you whole harvest of whips¹. Get away there from the door! There, do look, if you please, how she does creep along. But do you know how matters stand with you? If I just now take a stick or a whip in my hand, I'll quicken that tortoise pace for you.

STAPHYLA

O that the Gods would drive me to hang myself, rather indeed than that I should be a slave in your house on these terms!

EUCLIO

Hark how the hag is grumbling to herself! By my troth, you wretch, I'll knock out those eyes of yours, that you mayn't be able to watch me, what business I'm about. Get out *pushes her with his hands* -further yet! still further! further! There now, stand you there! By my faith, if you budge a finger's breadth, or a nail's width from that spot, or if you look back until I shall order you, i' faith, I'll give you up at once as a trainer for the gibbet. *Aside.* I know for sure that I did never see one more accursed than this hag, and I'm sadly in fear of her, lest she should be cheating me unawares, or be scenting it out where the gold is concealed, a most vile wretch, who has eyes in the back of her head as well. Now I'll go and see whether the gold is just as I concealed it, that so troubles wretched me in very many ways. *He goes into his house.*

STAPHYLA

By heavens, I cannot now conceive what misfortune, or what insanity, I am to say has befallen my master; in such a way does he often, ten times in one day, in this fashion push wretched me out of the house. I' faith, I know not what craziness does possess this man; whole nights is he on the watch; then, too, all the day long does he sit for whole days together at home like a lame cobbler². Nor can I imagine now by what means to conceal the disgrace of my master's daughter, whose lying-in approaches near; and there isn't anything better for me, as I fancy, than to make one long capital letter³ of myself, when I've tied up my neck in a halter.

Enter EUCLIO, from his house.

EUCLIO

to himself. Now, with my mind at ease, at length I go out of my house, after I've seen that everything is safe in-doors. Now do you return at once into the house *to STAPHYLA*, and keep watch in-doors.

STAPHYLA

Keep watch in-doors upon nothing at all, forsooth! or is it, that no one may carry the house away. For here in our house there's nothing else for thieves to gain, so filled is it with emptiness¹ and cobwebs.

EUCLIO

'Tis a wonder that, for your sake, Jupiter doesn't now make me a King Philip, or a Darius², you hag of hags. I choose those cobwebs to be watched for me. I am poor, I confess it--I put up with it. What the Gods send, I endure. Go in-doors, shut to the door, I shall be there directly. Take you care not to let any strange person into the house.

STAPHYLA

What if any person asks for fire?

EUCLIO

I wish it to be put out, that there may be no cause for any one asking it of you. But if the fire shall be kept in, you yourself shall be forthwith extinguished. Then do you say that the water has run out³, if any one asks for it.

STAPHYLA

The knife, the hatchet, the pestle and mortar, utensils that neighbours are always asking the loan of----

EUCLIO

Say that thieves have come and carried them off. In fact, in my absence, I wish no one to be admitted into my house; and this, too, do I tell you beforehand, if Good Luck should come, don't you admit her.

STAPHYLA

I' faith, she takes good care, I think, not to be admitted; for though close at hand⁴, she has never come to our house.

EUCLIO

Hold your tongue, and go in-doors.

STAPHYLA

I'll hold my tongue, and be off.

EUCLIO

Shut the door, please, with both bolts. I shall be there directly. *STAPHYLA goes into the house.* I'm tormented in my mind, because I must go away from my house I' faith, I go but very unwillingly; but I know full well what I'm about; for the person that is our master of our ward⁵ has given notice that he will distribute a didrachm of silver to each man; if I relinquish that, and don't ask for it, at once I fancy that all will be suspecting that I've got gold at home; for it isn't very likely that a poor man would despise ever such a trifle, so as not to ask for his piece of money. For as it is, while I am carefully concealing it from all, lest they should know, all seem to know it, and all salute me more civilly than they formerly used to salute me; they come up to me, they stop, they shake hands⁶; they ask me how I am, what I'm doing, what business I'm about. Now I'll go there whither I had set out⁷; afterwards, I'll betake myself back again home as fast as ever I can.

Enter EUNOMIA and MEGADORUS, from their house.

EUNOMIA

I could wish you, brother, to think that I utter these words by reason of my own regard and your welfare, as is befitting your own sister to do. Although I'm not unaware that we women are accounted troublesome; for we are all of us deservedly considered very talkative, and, in fact, they say at the present day that not a single woman has been found dumb¹ in any age. Still, brother, do you consider this one circumstance, that I am your nearest relation, and you in like manner are mine. How proper it is that I should counsel and advise you, and you me, as to what we may judge for the interest of each of us; and for it not to be kept concealed or kept silence upon through apprehension, but rather that I should make you my confidant, and you me in like manner. For that reason, now, have I brought you here apart out of doors, that I might here discourse with you upon your private concerns.

MEGADORUS

Best of women, give me your hand. *Takes her hand.*

EUNOMIA

looking about . Where is she? Who, pray, is this best of women?

MEGADORUS

Yourself.

EUNOMIA

Do you say so?

MEGADORUS

If you say no, I say no.

EUNOMIA

Indeed, it's right that the truth should be spoken; for the best of women can nowhere be found; one is only worse than another, brother.

MEGADORUS

I think the same, and I'm determined never to contradict you on that point, sister. What do you wish?

EUNOMIA

Give me your attention, I beg of you.

MEGADORUS

'Tis at your service; use and command me, please, if you wish for aught.

EUNOMIA

A thing that I consider very greatly for your advantage I'm come to recommend you.

MEGADORUS

Sister, you are doing after your usual manner.

EUNOMIA

I wish it were done.

MEGADORUS

What is it, sister?

EUNOMIA

That you may enjoy² everlasting blessings in being the father of children.

MEGADORUS

May the Gods so grant it.

EUNOMIA

I wish you to bring home a wife.

MEGADORUS

Ha! I'm undone.

EUNOMIA

How so?

MEGADORUS

Because, sister, your words are knocking out the brains of unfortunate me; you are speaking stones³.

EUNOMIA

Well, well, do this that your sister requests you.

MEGADORUS

If she requests me, I will do it.

EUNOMIA

'Tis for your own interest.

MEGADORUS

Yes, for me to die before I marry. Let her who comes here to-morrow, be carried out⁴ of the house the day after, sister; on that condition, give me her whom you wish to give; get ready the nuptials.

EUNOMIA

I am able, brother, to provide you with a wife with a very large marriage-portion. But she's somewhat aged; she's of the middle-age of woman. If you request me, brother, to ask her for you, I'll ask her.

MEGADORUS

Would you like me to ask you a question?

EUNOMIA

Yes, if you like, ask it.

MEGADORUS

Suppose any old man, past mid-age, brings home a middle-aged wife, if by chance he should have a child by this old woman, do you doubt at all but that the name of that child is Posthumus⁵, all prepared? Now, sister, I'll remove and lessen this labour for you. I, by the merits of the Gods and of my forefathers, am rich enough; these high families, haughty pride⁶, bountiful portions, acclamations, imperiousness, vehicles inlaid with ivory, superb mantles and purple, I can't abide, things that by their extravagance reduce men to slavery.

EUNOMIA

Tell me, pray, who is she whom you would like to take for a wife?

MEGADORUS

I'll tell you. Do you know that Euclio, the poor old man close by?

EUNOMIA

I know him; not a bad sort of man, i' faith.

MEGADORUS

I'd like his maiden daughter to be promised me in marriage. Don't make any words⁷ about it, sister; I know what you are going to say; that she's poor. This poor girl pleases me.

EUNOMIA

May the Gods prosper it.

MEGADORUS

I hope the same.

EUNOMIA

What do you want me now for? Do you wish for anything?

MEGADORUS

Farewell.

EUNOMIA

And you the same, brother. *Goes into the house.*

MEGADORUS

I'll go meet Euclio, if he's at home. But, see! the very person is betaking himself home, whence, I know not.

Enter EUCLIO.

EUCLIO

to himself . My mind had a presentiment that I was going to no purpose when I left my house; and therefore I went unwillingly; for neither did any one of the wardsmen come, nor yet the master of the ward, who ought to have distributed the money. Now I'm making all haste to hasten home; for I myself am here, my mind's at home.

MEGADORUS

accosting him . May you be well, and ever fortunate, Euclio!

EUCLIO

May the Gods bless you, Megadorus!

MEGADORUS

How are you? Are you quite well, and as you wish?

EUCLIO

aside . It isn't for nothing when a rich man accosts a poor man courteously; now this fellow knows that I've got some gold; for that reason he salutes me more courteously.

MEGADORUS

Do you say that you are well?

EUCLIO

Troth, I'm not very well in the money line.

MEGADORUS

I' faith, if you've a contented mind, you have enough to passing a good life with.

EUCLIO

aside . By my faith, the old woman has made a discovery to him about the gold; 'tis clear it's all out. I'll cut off her tongue, and tear out her eyes, when I get home.

MEGADORUS

Why are you talking to yourself?

EUCLIO

I'm lamenting my poverty; I've a grown-up girl without a portion, and one that can't be disposed of in marriage; nor have I the ability to marry her to anybody.

MEGADORUS

Hold your peace; be of good courage, Euclio: she shall be given in marriage; you shall be assisted by myself. Say, if you have need of aught; command me.

EUCLIO

aside . Now is he aiming at my property, while he's making promises; he's gaping for my gold, that he may devour it; in the one hand he is carrying a stone¹. while he shows the bread in the other. I trust no person, who, rich himself, is exceedingly courteous to a poor man; when he extends his hand with a kind air, then is he loading you with some damage. I know these polypi², who, when they've touched a thing, hold it fast.

MEG.

Give me your attention, Euclio, for a little time: I wish to address you in a few words, about a common concern of yours and mine.

EUCLIO

aside . Alas! woe is me! my gold has been grabbed from in-doors: now he's wishing for this thing, I'm sure, to come to a compromise with me; but I'll go look in my house. *He goes towards his door.*

MEGADORUS

Where are you going?

EUCLIO

I'll return to you directly, for there's something I must go and see to at home. *He goes into his house.*

MEGADORUS

By my troth, I do believe that when I make mention of his daughter, for him to promise her to me, he'll suppose that he's being laughed at by me; nor is there out of the whole class of paupers one more beggarly than he. *EUCLIO returns from his house.*

EUCLIO

aside . The Gods do favour me; my property's all safe. If nothing's lost, it's safe. I was very dreadfully afraid, before I went in-doors! I was almost dead! *Aloud.* I'm come back to you, Megadorus, if you wish to say anything to me.

MEGADORUS

I return you thanks; I beg that as to what I shall enquire of you, you'll not hesitate to speak out boldly.

EUCLIO

So long, indeed, as you enquire nothing that I mayn't choose to speak out upon.

MEGADORUS

Tell me, of what sort of family do you consider me to be sprung?

EUCLIO

Of a good one.

MEGADORUS

What think you as to my character?

EUCLIO

'Tis a good one.

MEGADORUS

What of my conduct?

EUCLIO

Neither bad nor dishonest.

MEGADORUS

Do you know my years?

EUCLIO

I know that they are plentiful, just like your money.

MEGADORUS

I' faith, for sure I really did always take you to be a citizen without any evil guile, and now I think you so.

EUCLIO

aside . He smells the gold. *Aloud*. What do you want with me now?

MEGADORUS

Since you know me, and I know you, what sort of person you are--a thing, that may it bring a blessing on myself, and you and your daughter, I ask your daughter as my wife. Promise me that it shall be so.

EUCLIO

Heyday! Megadorus, you are doing a deed that's not becoming to your usual actions, in laughing at me, a poor man, and guiltless towards yourself and towards your family For neither in act, nor in words, have I ever deserved it of you, that you should do what you are now doing.

MEGADORUS

By my troth, I neither am come to laugh at you, nor am I laughing at you, nor do I think you deserving of it.

EUCLIO

Why then do you ask for my daughter for yourself?

MEGADORUS

That through me it may be better for you, and through you and yours for me.

EUCLIO

This suggests itself to my mind, Megadorus, that you are a wealthy man, a man of rank; that I likewise am a person, the poorest of the poor; now, if I should give my daughter in marriage to you, it suggests itself to my mind that you are the ox, and that I am the ass; when I'm yoked to you, and when I'm not able to bear the burden equally with yourself, I, the ass, must lie down in the mire; you, the ox, would regard me no more than if I had never been born; and I should both find you unjust, and my own class would laugh at me; in neither direction should I have a fixed stall, if there should be any separation³; the asses would tear me with their teeth, the oxen would butt at me with their horns. This is the great hazard, in my passing over from the asses to the oxen.

MEGADORUS

The nearer you can unite yourself in alliance with the virtuous, so much the better. Do you receive this proposal, listen to me, and promise her to me.

EUCLIO

But indeed there is no marriage-portion.

MEGADORUS

You are to give none; so long as she comes with good principles, she is sufficiently portioned.

EUCLIO

I say so for this reason, that you mayn't be supposing that I have found any treasures.

MEGADORUS

I know that; don't enlarge upon it. Promise her to me.

EUCLIO

So be it. *Starts and looks about.* But, O [Jupiter](#), am I not utterly undone?

MEGADORUS

What's the matter with you?

EUCLIO

What was it sounded just now as though it were iron?

MEGADORUS

Here at my place, I ordered them to dig up the garden. *EUCLIO runs off into his house.* But where is this man? He's off, and he hasn't fully answered me; he treats me with contempt. Because he sees that I wish for his friendship, he acts after the manner of mankind. For if a wealthy person goes to ask a favour of a poorer one, the poor man is afraid to treat with him; through his apprehension he hurts his own interest. The same person, when this opportunity is lost, too late, then wishes for it.

EUCLIO

coming out of the house, addressing STAPHYLA within . By the powers, if I don't give you up to have your tongue cut out by the roots, I order and I authorize you to hand me over to any one you please to be incapacitated.

MEGADORUS

By my troth, Euclio, I perceive that you consider me a fit man for you to make sport of in my old age, for no deserts of my own.

EUCLIO

I' faith, Megadorus, I am not doing so, nor, should I desire it, had I the means⁴.

MEGADORUS

How now? Do you then betroth your daughter to me?

EUCLIO

On those terms, and with that portion which I mentioned to you.

MEGADORUS

Do you promise her then?

EUCLIO

I do promise her.

MEGADORUS

May the Gods bestow their blessings on it.

EUCLIO

May the Gods so do. Take you care of this, and remember that we've agreed, that my daughter is not to bring you any portion.

MEGADORUS

I remember it.

EUCLIO

But I understand in what fashion you, of your class, are wont to equivocate; an agreement is no agreement, no agreement is an agreement, just as it pleases you.

MEGADORUS

I'll have no misunderstanding with you. But what reason is there why we shouldn't have the nuptials this day?

EUCLIO

Why, by my troth, there is very good reason for them.

MEGADORUS

I'll go, then, and prepare matters. Do you want me in any way?

EUCLIO

That shall be done. Fare you well.

MEGADORUS

going to the door of his house and calling out . [Hallo!](#) Strobilus, follow me quickly, in all haste, to the fleshmarket. (Exit MEGADORUS.)

EUCLIO

He has gone hence. Immortal Gods, I do beseech you! How powerful is gold! I do believe, now, that he has had some intimation that I've got a treasure at home; he's gaping for that; for the sake of that has he persisted in this alliance.