

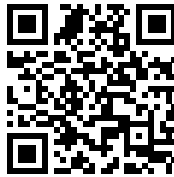
Plutus

ΠΛΟΥΤΟΣ

Aristophanes

translated by Anonymous (Athenian Society, 1912)

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Plutus



Eirene (Peace) bearing Plutus (Wealth), Roman copy after a Greek votive statue by Kephisodotos, c. 370 BC

CARIO: What AN unhappy fate, great gods, to be the slave of a fool! A servant may give the best of advice, but if his master does not follow it, the poor slave must inevitably have his share in the disaster; for fortune does not allow him to dispose of his own body, it belongs to his master who has bought it. Alas! 'tis the way of the world. But the god, Apollo, whose oracles the Pythian priestess on her golden tripod makes known to us, deserves my censure, for 'tis assured he is a physician and a cunning diviner; and yet my master is leaving his temple infected with mere madness and insists on following a blind man. Is this not opposed to all good sense? 'Tis for us, who see clearly, to guide those who don't; whereas he clings to the trail of a blind fellow and compels me to do the same without answering my questions with ever a word. (To Chremylus.) Aye, master, unless you tell me why we are following this unknown fellow, I will not be silent, but I will worry and torment you, for you cannot beat me because of my sacred chaplet of laurel.

CHREMYLUS: No, but if you worry me I will take off your chaplet, and then you will only get a sounder thrashing.

CARIO: That's an old song! I am going to leave you no peace till you have told me who this man is; and if I ask it, 'tis entirely because of my interest in you.

CHREMYLUS: Well, be it so. I will reveal it to you as being the most faithful and the most rascally of all my servants. I honoured the gods and did what was right, and yet I was none the less poor and unfortunate.

CARIO: I know it but too well.

CHREMYLUS: Other amassed wealth — the sacrilegious, the demagogues, the informers, indeed every sort of rascal.

CARIO: I believe you.

CHREMYLUS: Therefore I came to consult the oracle of the god, not on my own account, for my unfortunate life is nearing its end, but for my only son; I wanted to ask Apollo, if it was necessary for him to become a thorough knave and renounce his virtuous principles, since that seemed to me to be the only way to succeed in life.

CARIO: And with what responding tones did the sacred tripod resound?

CHREMYLUS: You shall know. The god ordered me in plain terms to follow the first man I should meet upon leaving the temple and to persuade him to accompany me home.

CARIO: And who was the first one you met?

CHREMYLUS: This blind man.

CARIO: And you are stupid enough not to understand the meaning of such an answer? Why, the god was advising you thereby, and that in the clearest possible way, to bring up your son according to the fashion of your country.

CHREMYLUS: What makes you think that?

CARIO: Is it not evident to the blind, that nowadays to do nothing that is right is the best way to get on?

CHREMYLUS: No, that is not the meaning of the oracle; there must be another, that is nobler. If this blind man would tell us who he is and why and with what object he has led us here, we should no doubt understand what our oracle really does mean.

CARIO (TO PLUTUS): Come, tell us at once who you are, or I give effect to my threat. (He menaces him.) And quick too, be quick, I say.

PLUTUS: I'll thrash you.

CARIO (TO CHREMYLUS): Ha! is it thus he tells us his name?

CHREMYLUS: 'Tis to you and not to me that he replies thus; your mode of questioning him was ill-advised. (To Plutus.) Come, friend, if you care to oblige an honest man, answer me.

PLUTUS: I'll knock you down.

CARIO: Ah! what a pleasant fellow and what a delightful prophecy the god has given you!

CHREMYLUS: By Demeter, you'll have no reason to laugh presently.

CARIO: If you don't speak, you wretch, I will surely do you an ill turn.

PLUTUS: Friends, take yourselves off and leave me.

CHREMYLUS: That we very certainly shan't.

CARIO: This, master, is the best thing to do. I'll undertake to secure him the most frightful death; I will lead him to the verge of a precipice and then leave him there, so that he'll break his neck when he pitches over.

CHREMYLUS: Well then, I leave him to you, and do the thing quickly.

PLUTUS: Oh, no! Have mercy!

CHREMYLUS: Will you speak then?

PLUTUS: But if you learn who I am, I know well that you will ill-use me and will not let me go again.

CHREMYLUS: I call the gods to witness that you have naught to fear if you will only speak.

PLUTUS: Well then, first unhand me.

CHREMYLUS: There! we set you free.

PLUTUS: Listen then, since I must reveal what I had intended to keep a secret. I am Plutus.

CHREMYLUS: Oh! you wretched rascal! You Plutus all the while, and you never said so!

CARIO: You, Plutus, and in this piteous guise!

CHREMYLUS: Oh, Phoebus Apollo! oh, ye gods of heaven and hell! Oh, Zeus! is it really and truly as you say?

PLUTUS: Aye.

CHREMYLUS: Plutus' very own self?

PLUTUS: His own very self and none other.

CHREMYLUS: But tell me, whence come you to be so squalid?

PLUTUS: I have just left Patrocles' house, who has not had a bath since his birth.

CHREMYLUS: But your infirmity; how did that happen? Tell me.

PLUTUS: Zeus inflicted it on me, because of his jealousy of mankind. When I was young, I threatened him that I would only go to the just, the wise, the men of ordered life; to prevent my distinguishing these, he struck me with

blindness! so much does he envy the good!

CHREMYLUS: And yet, 'tis only the upright and just who honour him.

PLUTUS: Quite true.

CHREMYLUS: Therefore, if ever you recovered your sight, you would shun the wicked?

PLUTUS: Undoubtedly.

CHREMYLUS: You would visit the good?

PLUTUS: Assuredly. It is a very long time since I saw them.

CHREMYLUS: That's not astonishing. I, who see clearly, don't see a single one.

PLUTUS: Now let me leave you, for I have told you everything.

CHREMYLUS: No, certainly not! we shall fasten ourselves on to you faster than ever.

PLUTUS: Did I not tell you, you were going to plague me?

CHREMYLUS: Oh! I adjure you, believe what I say and don't leave me; for you will seek in vain for a more honest man than myself.

CARIO: There is only one man more worthy; and that is I.

PLUTUS: All talk like this, but as soon as they secure my favours and grow rich, their wickedness knows no bounds.

CHREMYLUS: And yet all men are not wicked.

PLUTUS: All. There's no exception.

CARIO: You shall pay for that opinion.

CHREMYLUS: Listen to what happiness there is in store for you, if you but stay with us. I have hope; aye, I have good hope with the god's help to deliver you from that blindness, in fact to restore your sight.

PLUTUS: Oh! do nothing of the kind, for I don't wish to recover it.

CHREMYLUS: What's that you say?

CARIO: This fellow hugs his own misery.

PLUTUS: If you were mad enough to cure me, and Zeus heard of it, he would overwhelm me with his anger.

CHREMYLUS: And is he not doing this now by leaving you to grope your wandering way?

PLUTUS: I don't know; but I'm horribly afraid of him.

CHREMYLUS: Indeed? Ah! you are the biggest poltroon of all the gods! Why, Zeus with his throne and his lightnings would not be worth an obolus if you recovered your sight, were it but for a few instants.

PLUTUS: Impious man, don't talk like that.

CHREMYLUS: Fear nothing! I will prove to you that you are far more powerful and mightier than he.

PLUTUS: I mightier than he?

CHREMYLUS: Aye, by heaven! For instance, what is the origin of the power that Zeus wields over the other gods?

CARIO: 'Tis money; he has so much of it.

CHREMYLUS: And who gives it to him?

CARIO (POINTING TO PLUTUS): This fellow.

CHREMYLUS: If sacrifices are offered to him, is not Plutus their cause?

CARIO: Undoubtedly, for 'tis wealth that all demand and clamour most loudly for.

CHREMYLUS: Thus 'tis Plutus who is the fount of all the honours rendered to Zeus, whose worship he can wither up at the root, if it so please him.

PLUTUS: And how so?

CHREMYLUS: Not an ox, nor a cake, nor indeed anything at all could be offered, if you did not wish it.

PLUTUS: Why?

CHREMYLUS: Why? but what means are there to buy anything if you are not there to give the money? Hence if Zeus should cause you any trouble, you will destroy his power without other help.

PLUTUS: So 'tis because of me that sacrifices are offered to him?

CHREMYLUS: Most assuredly. Whatever is dazzling, beautiful or charming in the eyes of mankind, comes from you. Does not everything depend on wealth?

CARIO: I myself was bought for a few coins; if I'm a slave, 'tis only because I was not rich.

CHREMYLUS: And what of the Corinthian courtesans? If a poor man offers them proposals, they do not listen; but if it be a rich one, instantly they offer their buttocks for his pleasure.

CARIO: 'Tis the same with the lads; they care not for love, to them money means everything.

CHREMYLUS: You speak of those who accept all comers; yet some of them are honest, and 'tis not money they ask of their patrons.

CARIO: What then?

CHREMYLUS: A fine horse, a pack of hounds.

CARIO: Aye, they would blush to ask for money and cleverly disguise their shame.

CHREMYLUS: 'Tis in you that every art, all human inventions, have had their origin; 'tis through you that one man sits cutting leather in his shop.

CARIO: That another fashions iron or wood.

CHREMYLUS: That yet another chases the gold he has received from you.

CARIO: That one is a fuller.

CHREMYLUS: That t'other washes wool.

CARIO: That this one is a tanner.

CHREMYLUS: And that other sells onions.

CARIO: And if the adulterer, caught red-handed, is depilated, 'tis on account of you.

PLUTUS: Oh! great gods! I knew naught of all this!

CARIO: Is it not he who lends the Great King all his pride?

CHREMYLUS: Is it not he who draws the citizens to the Assembly?

CARIO: And tell me, is it not you who equip the triremes?

CHREMYLUS: And who feed our mercenaries at Corinth?

CARIO: Are not you the cause of Pamphilus' sufferings?

CHREMYLUS: And of the needle-seller's with Pamphilus?

CARIO: Is it not because of you that Agyrrhius lets wind so loudly?

CHREMYLUS: And that Philepsius rolls off his fables?

CARIO: That troops are sent to succour the Egyptians?

CHREMYLUS: And that Laïs is kept by Philonides?

CARIO: That the tower of Timotheus ...

CHREMYLUS: ... (To Cario.) May it fall upon your head! (To Plutus.) In short, Plutus, 'tis through you that everything is done; be it known to you that you are the sole cause both of good and evil.

CARIO: In war, 'tis the flag under which you serve that victory favours.

PLUTUS: What! I can do so many things by myself and unaided?

CHREMYLUS: And many others besides; wherefore men are never tired of your gifts. They get weary of all else, — of love ...

CARIO: Of bread.

CHREMYLUS: Of music.

CARIO: Of sweetmeats.

CHREMYLUS: Of honours.

CARIO: Of cakes.

CHREMYLUS: Of battles.

CARIO: Of figs.

CHREMYLUS: Of ambition.

CARIO: Of gruel.

CHREMYLUS: Of military advancement.

CARIO: Of lentils.

CHREMYLUS: But of you they never tire. Has a man got thirteen talents, he has all the greater ardour to possess sixteen; is that wish achieved, he will want forty or will complain that he knows not how to make the two ends meet.

PLUTUS: All this, methinks, is very true; there is but one point that makes me feel a bit uneasy.

CHREMYLUS: And that is?

PLUTUS: How could I use this power, which you say I have?

CHREMYLUS: Ah! they were quite right who said, there's nothing more timorous than Plutus.

PLUTUS: No, no; it was a thief who calumniated me. Having broken into a house, he found everything locked up and could take nothing, so he dubbed my prudence fear.

CHREMYLUS: Don't be disturbed; if you support me zealously, I'll make you more sharp-sighted than Lynceus.

PLUTUS: And how should you be able to do that, you, who are but a mortal?

CHREMYLUS: I have great hope, after the answer Apollo gave me, shaking his sacred laurels the while.

PLUTUS: Is he in the plot then?

CHREMYLUS: Aye, truly.

PLUTUS: Take care what you say.

CHREMYLUS: Never fear, friend; for, be well assured, that if it has to cost me my life, I will carry out what I have in my head.

CARIO: And I will help you, if you permit it.

CHREMYLUS: We shall have many other helpers as well — all the worthy folk who are wanting for bread.

PLUTUS: Ah! ha! they'll prove sorry helpers.

CHREMYLUS: No, not so, once they've grown rich. But you, Cario, run quick ...

CARIO: Where?

CHREMYLUS: ... to call my comrades, the other husbandmen, that each of them may come here to take his share of the gifts of Plutus.

CARIO: I'm off. But let someone come from the house to take this morsel of meat.

CHREMYLUS: I'll see to that; you run your hardest. As for you, Plutus, the most excellent of all the gods, come in here with me; this is the house you must fill with riches today, by fair means or foul.

PLUTUS: I don't like at all going into other folks' houses in this manner; I have never got any good from it. If I got inside a miser's house, straightway he would bury me deep underground; if some honest fellow among his friends came to ask him for the smallest coin, he would deny ever having seen me. Then if I went to a fool's house, he would sacrifice me as a prey to gaming and to girls, and very soon I should be completely stripped and pitched out of doors.

CHREMYLUS: That's because you have never met a man who knew how to avoid the two extremes; moderation is the strong point in my character. I love saving as much as anybody, and I know how to spend, when 'tis needed. But let us go in; I want to make you known to my wife and to my only son, whom I love most of all after yourself.

PLUTUS: Aye, after myself, I'm very sure of that.

CHREMYLUS: Why should I hide the truth from you?

CARIO: Come, you active workers, who, like my master, eat nothing but garlic and the poorest food, you who are his friends and his neighbours, hasten your steps, hurry yourselves; there's not a moment to lose; this is the critical hour, when your presence and your support is needed by him.

CHORUS: Why, don't you see we are speeding as fast as men can, who are already enfeebled by age? But do you deem it fitting to make us run like this before ever telling us why your master has called us?

CARIO: I've grown hoarse with the telling, but you won't listen. My master is going to drag you all out of the stupid, sapless life you are leading and ensure

you one full of all delights.

CHORUS: And how is he going to manage that?

CARIO: My poor friends, he has brought with him a disgusting old fellow, all bent and wrinkled, with a most pitiful appearance, bald and toothless; upon my word, I even believe he is circumcised like some vile barbarian.

CHORUS: These are news worth their weight in gold! What are you saying? Repeat it to me; no doubt it means he is bringing back a heap of wealth.

CARIO: No, but a heap of all the infirmities attendant on old age.

CHORUS: If you are tricking us, you shall pay us for it. Beware of our sticks!

CARIO: Do you deem me so brazen as all that, and my words mere lies?

CHORUS: What serious airs the rascal puts on! Look! his legs are already shrieking, "oh! oh!" they are asking for the shackles and wedges.

CARIO: 'Tis in the tomb that 'tis your lot to judge. Why don't you go there? Charon has given you your ticket.

CHORUS: Plague take you! you cursed rascal, who rail at us and have not even the heart to tell us why your master has made us come. We were pressed for time and tired out, yet we came with all haste, and in our hurry we have passed by lots of wild onions without even gathering them.

CARIO: I will no longer conceal the truth from you. Friends, 'tis Plutus whom my master brings, Plutus, who will give you riches.

CHORUS: What! we shall really all become rich!

CARIO: Aye, certainly; you will then be Midases, provided you grow ass's ears.

CHORUS: What joy, what happiness! If what you tell me is true, I long to dance with delight.

CARIO: And I too, threttanello! I want to imitate Cyclops and lead your troop by stamping like this. Do you, my dear little ones, cry, aye, cry again and bleat forth the plaintive song of the sheep and of the stinking goats; follow me with erected organs like lascivious goats ready for action.

CHORUS: As for us, threttanello! we will seek you, dear Cyclops, bleating, and if we find you with your wallet full of fresh herbs, all disgusting in your filth, sodden with wine and sleeping in the midst of your sheep, we will seize a great flaming stake and burn out your eye.

CARIO: I will copy that Circé of Corinth, whose potent philtres compelled the companions of Philonides to swallow balls of dung, which she herself had kneaded with her hands, as if they were swine; and do you too grunt with joy and follow your mother, my little pigs.

CHORUS: Oh! Circé with the potent philtres, who besmear your companions so filthily, what pleasure I shall have in imitating the son of Laertes! I will hang you up by your testicles, I will rub your nose with dung like a goat, and like Aristyllus you shall say through your half-opened lips, "Follow your mother, my little pigs."

CARIO: Enough of tomfoolery, assume a grave demeanour; unknown to my master I am going to take bread and meat; and when I have fed well, I shall resume my work.

CHREMYLUS: To say, "Hail! my dear neighbours!" is an old form of greeting and well worn with use; so therefore I embrace you, because you have not crept like tortoises, but have come rushing here in all haste. Now help me to watch carefully and closely over the god.

CHORUS: Be at ease. You shall see with what martial zeal I will guard him. What! we jostle each other at the Assembly for three obols, and am I going to let Plutus in person be stolen from me?

CHREMYLUS: But I see Blepsidemus; by his bearing and his haste I can readily see he knows or suspects something.

BLEPSIDEMUS: What has happened then? Whence, how has Chremylus suddenly grown rich? I don't believe a word of it. Nevertheless, nothing but his sudden fortune was being talked about in the barbers' booths. But I am above all surprised that his good fortune has not made him forget his friends; that is not the usual way!

CHREMYLUS: By the gods, Blepsidemus, I will hide nothing from you. To-day things are better than yesterday; let us share, for are you not my friend?

BLEPSIDEMUS: Have you really grown rich as they say?

Chremylus I shall be soon, if the god agrees to it. But there is still some risk to run.

BLEPSIDEMUS: What risk?

CHREMYLUS: What risk?

BLEPSIDEMUS: What do you mean? Explain.

CHREMYLUS: If we succeed, we are happy for ever, but if we fail, it is all over with us.

BLEPSIDEMUS: 'Tis a bad business, and one that doesn't please me! To grow rich all at once and yet to be fearful! ah! I suspect something that's little good.

CHREMYLUS: What do you mean, that's little good?

BLEPSIDEMUS: No doubt you have just stolen some gold and silver from some temple and are repenting.

CHREMYLUS: Nay! heaven preserve me from that!

BLEPSIDEMUS: A truce to idle phrases! the thing is only too apparent, my friend.

CHREMYLUS: Don't suspect such a thing of me.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Alas! then there is no honest man! not one, that can resist the attraction of gold!

CHREMYLUS: By Demeter, you have no common sense.

BLEPSIDEMUS: To have to persist like this in denial one's whole life long!

CHREMYLUS: But, good gods, you are mad, my dear fellow!

BLEPSIDEMUS: His very look is distraught; he has done some crime!

CHREMYLUS: Ah! I know the tune you are playing now; you think I have stolen, and want your share.

BLEPSIDEMUS: My share of what, pray?

CHREMYLUS: You are beside the mark; the thing is quite otherwise.

BLEPSIDEMUS: 'Tis perhaps not a theft, but some piece of knavery!

CHREMYLUS: You are insane!

BLEPSIDEMUS: What? You have done no man an injury?

CHREMYLUS: No! assuredly not!

BLEPSIDEMUS: But, great gods, what am I to think? You won't tell me the truth.

CHREMYLUS: You accuse me without really knowing anything.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Listen, friend, no doubt the matter can yet be hushed up, before it gets noised abroad, at trifling expense; I will buy the orators' silence.

CHREMYLUS: Aye, you will lay out three minae and, as my friend, you will reckon twelve against me.

BLEPSIDEMUS: I know someone who will come and seat himself at the foot of the tribunal, holding a suppliant's bough in his hand and surrounded by his wife and children, for all the world like the Heraclidae of Pamphilus.

CHREMYLUS: Not at all, poor fool! But, thanks to me, worthy folk, intelligent and moderate men alone shall be rich henceforth.

BLEPSIDEMUS: What are you saying? Have you then stolen so much as all that?

CHREMYLUS: Oh! your insults will be the death of me.

BLEPSIDEMUS: 'Tis rather you yourself who are courting death.

CHREMYLUS: Not so, you wretch, since I have Plutus.

BLEPSIDEMUS: You have Plutus? Which one?

CHREMYLUS: The god himself.

BLEPSIDEMUS: And where is he?

CHREMYLUS: There.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Where?

CHREMYLUS: Indoors.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Indoors?

CHREMYLUS: Aye, certainly.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Get you gone! Plutus in your house?

CHREMYLUS: Yes, by the gods!

BLEPSIDEMUS: Are you telling me the truth?

CHREMYLUS: I am.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Swear it by Hestia.

CHREMYLUS: I swear it by Posidon.

BLEPSIDEMUS: The god of the sea?

CHREMYLUS: Aye, and by all the other Posidons, if such there be.

BLEPSIDEMUS: And you don't send him to us, to your friends?

CHREMYLUS: We've not got to that point yet.

BLEPSIDEMUS: What do you say? Is there no chance of sharing?

CHREMYLUS: Why, no. We must first ...

BLEPSIDEMUS: Do what?

CHREMYLUS: ... restore him his sight.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Restore whom his sight? Speak!

CHREMYLUS: Plutus. It must be done, no matter how.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Is he then really blind?

CHREMYLUS: Yes, undoubtedly.

BLEPSIDEMUS: I am no longer surprised he never came to me.

CHREMYLUS: And it please the gods, he'll come there now.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Must we not go and seek a physician?

CHREMYLUS: Seek physicians at Athens? Nay! there's no art where there's no fee.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Let's bethink ourselves well.

CHREMYLUS: There is not one.

BLEPSIDEMUS: 'Tis a positive fact, I don't know of one.

CHREMYLUS: But I have thought the matter well over, and the best thing is to make Plutus lie in the Temple of Aesculapius.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Aye, unquestionably 'tis the very best thing. Be quick and lead him away to the Temple.

CHREMYLUS: I am going there.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Then hurry yourself.

CHREMYLUS: 'Tis just what I am doing.

POVERTY: Unwise, perverse, unholy men! What are you daring to do, you pitiful, wretched mortals? Whither are you flying? Stop! I command it!

BLEPSIDEMUS: Oh! great gods!

POVERTY: My arm shall destroy you, you infamous beings! Such an attempt is not to be borne; neither man nor god has ever dared the like. You shall die!

CHREMYLUS: And who are you? Oh! what a ghastly pallor!

BLEPSIDEMUS: 'Tis perchance some Erinnyes, some Fury, from the theatre; there's a kind of wild tragedy look in her eyes.

CHREMYLUS: But she has no torch.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Let's knock her down!

POVERTY: Who do you think I am?

CHREMYLUS: Some wine-shop keeper or egg-woman. Otherwise you would not have shrieked so loud at us, who have done nothing to you.

POVERTY: Indeed? And have you not done me the most deadly injury by seeking to banish me from every country?

CHREMYLUS: Why, have you not got the Barathrum left? But who are you? Answer me quickly!

POVERTY: I am one that will punish you this very day for having wanted to make me disappear from here.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Might it be the tavern-keeper in my neighbourhood, who is always cheating me in measure?

POVERTY: I am Poverty, who have lived with you for so many years.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Oh! great Apollo! oh, ye gods! whither shall I fly?

CHREMYLUS: Now then! what are you doing? You poltroon! Will you kindly stop here?

BLEPSIDEMUS: Not I.

CHREMYLUS: Will you have the goodness to stop. Are two men to fly from a woman?

BLEPSIDEMUS: But, you wretch, 'tis Poverty, the most fearful monster that ever drew breath.

CHREMYLUS: Stay where you are, I beg of you.

BLEPSIDEMUS: No! no! a thousand times, no!

CHREMYLUS: Could we do anything worse than leave the god in the lurch and fly before this woman without so much as ever offering to fight?

BLEPSIDEMUS: But what weapons have we? Are we in a condition to show fight? Where is the breastplate, the buckler, that this wretch has not pledged?

CHREMYLUS: Be at ease. Plutus will readily triumph over her threats unaided.

POVERTY: Dare you reply, you scoundrels, you who are caught red-handed at the most horrible crime?

CHREMYLUS: As for you, you cursed jade, you pursue me with your abuse, though I have never done you the slightest harm.

POVERTY: Do you think it is doing me no harm to restore Plutus to the use of his eyes?

CHREMYLUS: Is this doing you harm, that we shower blessings on all men?

POVERTY: And what do you think will ensure their happiness?

CHREMYLUS: Ah! first of all we shall drive you out of Greece.

POVERTY: Drive me out? Could you do mankind a greater harm?

CHREMYLUS: Yes — if I gave up my intention to deliver them from you.

POVERTY: Well, let us discuss this point first. I propose to show that I am the sole cause of all your blessings, and that your safety depends on me alone.

If I don't succeed, then do what you like to me.

CHREMYLUS: How dare you talk like this, you impudent hussy?

POVERTY: Agree to hear me and I think it will be very easy for me to prove that you are entirely on the wrong road, when you want to make the just men wealthy.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Oh! cudgel and rope's end, come to my help!

POVERTY: Why such wrath and these shouts, before you hear my arguments?

BLEPSIDEMUS: But who could listen to such words without exclaiming?

POVERTY: Any man of sense.

CHREMYLUS: But if you lose your case, what punishment will you submit to?

POVERTY: Choose what you will.

CHREMYLUS: That's all right.

POVERTY: You shall suffer the same if you are beaten!

CHREMYLUS: Do you think twenty deaths a sufficiently large stake?

BLEPSIDEMUS: Good enough for her, but for us two would suffice.

POVERTY: You won't escape, for is there indeed a single valid argument to oppose me with?

CHORUS: To beat her in this debate, you must call upon all your wits. Make no allowances and show no weakness!

CHREMYLUS: It is right that the good should be happy, that the wicked and the impious, on the other hand, should be miserable; that is a truth, I believe, which no one will gainsay. To realize this condition of things is as great a proposal as it is noble and useful in every respect, and we have found a means of attaining the object of our wishes. If Plutus recovers his sight and ceases from wandering about unseeing and at random, he will go to seek the just men and never leave them again; he will shun the perverse and ungodly; so, thanks to him, all men will become honest, rich and pious. Can anything better be conceived for the public weal?

BLEPSIDEMUS: Of a certainty, no! I bear witness to that. It is not even necessary she should reply.

CHREMYLUS: Does it not seem that everything is extravagance in the world, or rather madness, when you watch the way things go? A crowd of rogues enjoy blessings they have won by sheer injustice, while more honest folks are miserable, die of hunger, and spend their whole lives with you.

CHORUS: Yes, if Plutus became clear-sighted again and drove out Poverty, 'twould be the greatest blessing possible for the human race.

POVERTY: Here are two old men, whose brains are easy to confuse, who assist each other to talk rubbish and drivel to their hearts' content. But if your wishes were realized, your profit would be great! Let Plutus recover his sight and divide his favours out equally to all, and none will ply either trade or art any longer; all toil would be done away with. Who would wish to hammer iron, build ships, sew, turn, cut up leather, bake bricks, bleach linen, tan hides, or break up the soil of the earth with the plough and garner the gifts of Demeter, if he could live in idleness and free from all this work?

CHREMYLUS: What nonsense all this is! All these trades which you just mention will be plied by our slaves.

POVERTY: Your slaves! And by what means will these slaves be got?

CHREMYLUS: We will buy them.

POVERTY: But first say, who will sell them, if everyone is rich?

CHREMYLUS: Some greedy dealer from Thessaly — the land which supplies so many.

POVERTY: But if your system is applied, there won't be a single slave-dealer left. What rich man would risk his life to devote himself to this traffic? You will have to toil, to dig and submit yourself to all kinds of hard labour; so that your life would be more wretched even than it is now.

CHREMYLUS: May this prediction fall upon yourself!

POVERTY: You will not be able to sleep in a bed, for no more will ever be manufactured; nor on carpets, for who would weave them if he had gold? When you bring a young bride to your dwelling, you will have no essences

wherewith to perfume her, nor rich embroidered cloaks dyed with dazzling colours in which to clothe her. And yet what is the use of being rich, if you are to be deprived of all these enjoyments? On the other hand, you have all that you need in abundance, thanks to me; to the artisan I am like a severe mistress, who forces him by need and poverty to seek the means of earning his livelihood.

CHREMYLUS: And what good thing can you give us, unless it be burns in the bath, and swarms of brats and old women who cry with hunger, and clouds uncountable of lice, gnats and flies, which hover about the wretch's head, trouble him, awake him and say, "You will be hungry, but get up!" Besides, to possess a rag in place of a mantle, a pallet of rushes swarming with bugs, that do not let you close your eyes for a bed; a rotten piece of matting for a coverlet; a big stone for a pillow, on which to lay your head; to eat mallow roots instead of bread, and leaves of withered radish instead of cake; to have nothing but the cover of a broken jug for a stool, the stave of a cask, and broken at that, for a kneading-trough, that is the life you make for us! Are these the mighty benefits with which you pretend to load mankind?

POVERTY: 'Tis not my life that you describe; you are attacking the existence beggars lead.

CHREMYLUS: Is beggary not Poverty's sister?

POVERTY: Thrasybulus and Dionysius are one and the same according to you. No, my life is not like that and never will be. The beggar, whom you have depicted to us, never possesses anything. The poor man lives thriftily and attentive to his work; he has not got too much, but he does not lack what he really needs.

CHREMYLUS: Oh! what a happy life, by Demeter! to live sparingly, to toil incessantly and not to leave enough to pay for a tomb!

POVERTY: That's it! Jest, jeer, and never talk seriously! But what you don't know is this, that men with me are worth more, both in mind and body, than with Plutus. With him they are gouty, big-bellied, heavy of limb and scandalously stout; with me they are thin, wasp-waisted, and terrible to the foe.

CHREMYLUS: 'Tis no doubt by starving them that you give them that waspish waist.

POVERTY: As for behaviour, I will prove to you that modesty dwells with me and insolence with Plutus.

CHREMYLUS: Oh! the sweet modesty of stealing and breaking through walls.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Aye, the thief is truly modest, for he hides himself.

POVERTY: Look at the orators in our republics; as long as they are poor, both State and people can only praise their uprightness; but once they are fattened on the public funds, they conceive a hatred for justice, plan intrigues against the people and attack the democracy.

CHREMYLUS: That is absolutely true, although your tongue is very vile. But it matters not, so don't put on those triumphant airs; you shall not be punished any the less for having tried to persuade me that poverty is worth more than wealth.

POVERTY: Not being able to refute my arguments, you chatter at random and exert yourself to no purpose.

CHREMYLUS: Then tell me this, why does all mankind flee from you?

POVERTY: Because I make them better. Children do the very same; they flee from the wise counsels of their fathers. So difficult is it to see one's true interest.

CHREMYLUS: Will you say that Zeus cannot discern what is best? Well, he takes Plutus to himself ...

BLEPSIDEMUS: ... and banishes Poverty to earth.

POVERTY: Ah me! how purblind you are, you old fellows of the days of Saturn! Why, Zeus is poor, and I will clearly prove it to you. In the Olympic games, which he founded, and to which he convokes the whole of Greece every four years, why does he only crown the victorious athletes with wild olive? If he were rich he would give them gold.

CHREMYLUS: 'Tis in that way he shows that he clings to his wealth; he is sparing with it, won't part with any portion of it, only bestows baubles on the

victors and keeps his money for himself.

POVERTY: But wealth coupled to such sordid greed is yet more shameful than poverty.

CHREMYLUS: May Zeus destroy you, both you and your chaplet of wild olive!

POVERTY: Thus you dare to maintain that poverty is not the fount of all blessings!

CHREMYLUS: Ask Hecat  whether it is better to be rich or starving; she will tell you that the rich send her a meal every month and that the poor make it disappear before it is even served. But go and hang yourself and don't breathe another syllable. I will not be convinced against my will.

POVERTY: "Oh! citizens of Argos! do you hear what he says?"

CHREMYLUS: Invoke Pauson, your boon companion, rather.

POVERTY: Alas! what is to become of me?

CHREMYLUS: Get you gone, be off quick and a pleasant journey to you.

POVERTY: But where shall I go?

CHREMYLUS: To gaol; but hurry up, let us put an end to this.

POVERTY: One day you will recall me.

CHREMYLUS: Then you can return; but disappear for the present. I prefer to be rich; you are free to knock your head against the walls in your rage.

BLEPSIDEMUS: And I too welcome wealth. I want, when I leave the bath all perfumed with essences, to feast bravely with my wife and children and to break wind in the faces of toilers and Poverty.

CHREMYLUS: So that hussy has gone at last! But let us make haste to put Plutus to bed in the Temple of Aesculapius.

BLEPSIDEMUS: Let us make haste; else some bothering fellow may again come to interrupt us.

CHREMYLUS: Cario, bring the coverlets and all that I have got ready from the house; let us conduct the god to the Temple, taking care to observe all the

proper rites.

CHORUS: [Missing.]

CARIO: Oh! you old fellows, who used to dip out the broth served to the poor at the festival of Theseus with little pieces of bread hollowed like a spoon, how worthy of envy is your fate! How happy you are, both you and all just men!

CHORUS: My good fellow, what has happened to your friends? You seem the bearer of good tidings.

CARIO: What joy for my master and even more for Plutus! The god has regained his sight; his eyes sparkle with the greatest brilliancy, thanks to the benevolent care of Aesculapius.

CHORUS: Oh! what transports of joy! oh! What shouts of gladness!

CARIO: Aye! one is compelled to rejoice, whether one will or not.

CHORUS: I will sing to the honour of Aesculapius, the son of illustrious Zeus, with a resounding voice; he is the beneficent star which men adore.

CHREMYLUS' WIFE: What mean these shouts? Is there good news. With what impatience have I been waiting in the house, and for so long too!

CARIO: Quick! quick! some wine, mistress. And drink yourself, for 'tis much to your taste; I bring you all blessings in a lump.

WIFE: Where are they?

CARIO: In my words, as you are going to see.

WIFE: Have done with trifling! come, speak.

CARIO: Listen, I am going to tell you everything from the feet to the head.

WIFE: Ah! don't throw anything at my head.

CARIO: Not even the happiness that has come to you?

WIFE: No, no, nothing ... to annoy me.

CARIO: Having arrived near to the Temple with our patient, then so unfortunate, but now at the apex of happiness, of blessedness, we first led him down to the sea to purify him.

WIFE: Ah! what a singular pleasure for an old man to bathe in the cold sea-water!

CARIO: Then we repaired to the Temple of the god. Once the wafers and the various offerings had been consecrated upon the altar, and the cake of wheaten-meal had been handed over to the devouring Hephaestus, we made Plutus lie on a couch according to the rite, and each of us prepared himself a bed of leaves.

WIFE: Had any other folk come to beseech the deity?

CARIO: Yes. Firstly, Neoclides, who is blind, but steals much better than those who see clearly; then many others attacked by complaints of all kinds. The lights were put out and the priest enjoined us to sleep, especially recommending us to keep silent should we hear any noise. There we were all lying down quite quietly. I could not sleep; I was thinking of a certain stew-pan full of pap placed close to an old woman and just behind her head. I had a furious longing to slip towards that side. But just as I was lifting my head, I noticed the priest, who was sweeping off both the cakes and the figs on the sacred table; then he made the round of the altars and sanctified the cakes that remained, by stowing them away in a bag. I therefore resolved to follow such a pious example and made straight for the pap.

WIFE: You wretch! and had you no fear of the god?

CARIO: Aye, indeed! I feared that the god with his crown on his head might have been near the stew-pan before me. I said to myself, "Like priest, like god." On hearing the noise I made, the old woman put out her hand, but I hissed and bit it, just as a sacred serpent might have done. Quick she drew back her hand, slipped down into the bed with her head beneath the coverlets and never moved again; only she let go some wind in her fear which stunk worse than a weasel. As for myself, I swallowed a goodly portion of the pap and, having made a good feed, went back to bed.

WIFE: And did not the god come?

CAIRO: He did not tarry; and when he was near us, oh! dear! such a good joke happened. My belly was quite blown out, and I let wind with the loudest of noises.

WIFE: Doubtless the god pulled a wry face?

CARIO: No, but Iaso blushed a little and Panacea turned her head away, holding her nose; for my perfume is not that of roses.

WIFE: And what did the god do?

CARIO: He paid not the slightest heed.

WIFE: He must then be a pretty coarse kind of god?

CARIO: I don't say that, but he's used to tasting shit.

WIFE: Impudent knave, go on with you!

CARIO: Then I hid myself in my bed all a-tremble. Aesculapius did the round of the patients and examined them all with great attention; then a slave placed beside him a stone mortar, a pestle and a little box.

WIFE: Of stone?

CARIO: No, not of stone.

WIFE: But how could you see all this, you arch-rascal, when you say you were hiding all the time?

CARIO: Why, great gods, through my cloak, for 'tis not without holes! He first prepared an ointment for Neoclides; he threw three heads of Tenian garlic into the mortar, pounded them with an admixture of fig-tree sap and lentisk, moistened the whole with Sphettian vinegar, and, turning back the patient's eyelids, applied his salve to the interior of the eyes, so that the pain might be more excruciating. Neoclides shrieked, howled, sprang towards the foot of his bed and wanted to bolt, but the god laughed and said to him, "Keep where you are with your salve; by doing this you will not go and perjure yourself before the Assembly."

Wife What a wise god and what a friend to our city!

CARIO: Thereupon he came and seated himself at the head of Plutus' bed, took a perfectly clean rag and wiped his eye-lids; Panacea covered his head and face with a purple cloth, while the god whistled, and two enormous snakes came rushing from the sanctuary.

WIFE: Great gods!

CARIO: They slipped gently beneath the purple cloth and, as far as I could judge, licked the patient's eyelids; for, in less time than even you need, mistress, to drain down ten beakers of wine, Plutus rose up; he could see. I clapped my hands with joy and awoke my master, and the god immediately disappeared with the serpents into the sanctuary. As for those who were lying near Plutus, you can imagine that they embraced him tenderly. Dawn broke and not one of them had closed an eye. As for myself, I did not cease thanking the god who had so quickly restored to Plutus his sight and had made Neoclides blinder than ever.

WIFE: Oh! thou great Aesculapius! How mighty is thy power! (To Cario.) But tell me, where is Plutus now?

CARIO: He is approaching, escorted by an immense crowd. The rich, whose wealth is ill-gotten, are knitting their brows and shooting at him looks of fierce hate, while the just folk, who led a wretched existence, embrace him and grasp his hand in the transport of their joy; they follow in his wake, their heads wreathed with garlands, laughing and blessing their deliverer; the old men make the earth resound as they walk together keeping time. Come, all of you, all, down to the very least, dance, leap and form yourselves into a chorus; no longer do you risk being told, when you go home, "There is no meal in the bag."

WIFE: And I, by Hecate! I will string you a garland of cakes for the good tidings you have brought me.

CARIO: Hurry, make haste then; our friends are close at hand.

WIFE: I will go indoors to fetch some gifts of welcome, to celebrate these eyes that have just been opened.

CARIO: Meantime I am going forth to meet them.

CHORUS: [Missing.]

PLUTUS: I adore thee, oh! thou divine sun, and thee I greet thou city, the beloved of Pallas; be welcome, thou land of Cecrops, which hast received me. Alas! what manner of men I associated with! I blush to think of it. While, on the other hand, I shunned those who deserved my friendship; I knew neither the vices of the ones nor the virtues of the others. A twofold mistake, and in

both cases equally fatal! Ah! what a misfortune was mine! But I want to change everything; and in future I mean to prove to mankind that, if I gave to the wicked, 'twas against my will.

CHREMYLUS (TO THE CROWD WHO IMPEDE HIM): Get you gone! Oh! what a lot of friends spring into being when you are fortunate! They dig me with their elbows and bruise my shins to prove their affection. Each one wants to greet me. What a crowd of old fellows thronged round me on the market-place!

WIFE: Oh! thou, who art dearest of all to me, and thou too, be welcome! Allow me, Plutus, to shower these gifts of welcome over you in due accord with custom.

PLUTUS: No. This is the first house I enter after having regained my sight; I shall take nothing from it, for 'tis my place rather to give.

WIFE: Do you refuse these gifts?

PLUTUS: I will accept them at your fireside, as custom requires. Besides, we shall thus avoid a ridiculous scene; it is not meet that the poet should throw dried figs and dainties to the spectators; 'tis a vulgar trick to make 'em laugh.

WIFE: You are right. Look! yonder's Dexinicus, who was already getting to his feet to catch the figs as they flew past him.

CHORUS: [Missing.]

CARIO: How pleasant it is, friends, to live well, especially when it costs nothing! What a deluge of blessings flood our household, and that too without our having wronged ever a soul! Ah! what a delightful thing is wealth! The bin is full of white flour and the wine-jars run over with fragrant liquor; all the chests are crammed with gold and silver, 'tis a sight to see; the tank is full of oil, the phials with perfumes, and the garret with dried figs. Vinegar flasks, plates, stew-pots and all the platters are of brass; our rotten old wooden trenchers for the fish have to-day become dishes of silver; the very night-commode is of ivory. We others, the slaves, we play at odd and even with gold pieces, and carry luxury so far that we no longer wipe ourselves with stones, but use garlic stalks instead. My master, at this moment, is crowned with flowers and sacrificing a pig, a goat and a ram; 'tis the smoke that has

driven me out, for I could no longer endure it, it hurt my eyes so.

A JUST MAN: Come, my child, come with me. Let us go and find the god.

CHREMYLUS: Who comes here?

JUST MAN: A man who was once wretched, but now is happy.

CHREMYLUS: A just man then?

JUST MAN: You have it.

CHREMYLUS: Well! what do you want?

JUST MAN: I come to thank the god for all the blessings he has showered on me. My father had left me a fairly decent fortune, and I helped those of my friends who were in want; 'twas, to my thinking, the most useful thing I could do with my fortune.

CHREMYLUS: And you were quickly ruined?

JUST MAN: Entirely.

CHREMYLUS: Since then you have been living in misery?

JUST MAN: In truth I have; I thought I could count, in case of need, upon the friends whose property I had helped, but they turned their backs upon me and pretended not to see me.

CHREMYLUS: They laughed at you, 'tis evident.

JUST MAN: Just so. With my empty coffers, I had no more friends.

CHREMYLUS: But your lot has changed.

JUST MAN: Yes, and so I come to the god to make him the acts of gratitude that are his due.

CHREMYLUS: But with what object now do you bring this old cloak, which your slave is carrying? Tell me.

JUST MAN: I wish to dedicate it to the god.

CHREMYLUS: Were you initiated into the Great Mysteries in that cloak?

JUST MAN: No, but I shivered in it for thirteen years.

CHREMYLUS: And this footwear?

JUST MAN: These also are my winter companions.

CHREMYLUS: And you wish to dedicate them too?

JUST MAN: Unquestionably.

CHREMYLUS: Fine presents to offer to the god!

AN INFORMER: Alas! alas! I am a lost man. Ah! thrice, four, five, twelve times, or rather ten thousand times unhappy fate! Why, why must fortune deal me such rough blows?

CHREMYLUS: Oh, Apollo, my tutelary! oh! ye favourable gods! what has overtaken this man?

INFORMER: Ah! am I not deserving of pity? I have lost everything; this cursed god has stripped me bare. Ah! if there be justice in heaven, he shall be struck blind again.

JUST MAN: Methinks I know what's the matter. If this man is unfortunate, 'tis because he's of little account and small honesty; and i' faith he looks it too.

CHREMYLUS: Then, by Zeus! his plight is but just.

INFORMER: He promised that if he recovered his sight, he would enrich us all unaided; whereas he has ruined more than one.

CHREMYLUS: But whom has he thus ill-used?

INFORMER: Me.

CHREMYLUS: You were doubtless a villainous thief then.

INFORMER (TO CHREMYLUS AND CARIO): 'Tis rather you yourselves who were such wretches; I am certain you have got my money.

CHREMYLUS: Ha! by Demeter! 'tis an informer. What impudence!

CARIO: He's ravenously hungry, that's certain.

INFORMER: You shall follow me this very instant to the marketplace, where the torture of the wheel shall force the confession of your misdeeds from you.

CARIO: Ha! look out for yourself!

JUST MAN: By Zeus the Deliverer, what gratitude all Greeks owe to Plutus, if he destroys these vile informers!

INFORMER: You are laughing at me. Ho! ho! I denounce you as their accomplice. Where did you steal that new cloak from? Yesterday I saw you with one utterly worn out.

JUST MAN: I fear you not, thanks to this ring, for which I paid Eudemus a drachma.

CHREMYLUS: Ah! there's no ring to preserve you from the informer's bite.

INFORMER: The insolent wretches! But, my fine jokers, you have not told me what you are up to here. Nothing good, I'll be bound.

CHREMYLUS: Nothing of any good for you, be sure of that.

INFORMER: By Zeus! you're going to dine at my expense!

CHREMYLUS: You vile impostor, may you burst with an empty belly, both you and your witness.

INFORMER: You deny it? I reckon, you villians, that there is much salt fish and roast meat in this house. Hu! hu! hu! hu! hu! hu! (He sniffs.)

CHREMYLUS: Can you smell anything, rascal?

INFORMER: Can such outrages be borne, oh, Zeus! Ye gods! how cruel it is to see me treated thus, when I am such an honest fellow and such a good citizen!

CHREMYLUS: You an honest man! you a good citizen!

INFORMER: A better one than any.

CHREMYLUS: Ah! well then, answer my questions.

INFORMER: Concerning what?

CHREMYLUS: Are you a husbandman?

INFORMER: D'ye take me for a fool?

CHREMYLUS: A merchant?

INFORMER: I assume the title, when it serves me.

CHREMYLUS: Do you ply any trade?

INFORMER: No, most assuredly not!

CHREMYLUS: Then how do you live, if you do nothing?

INFORMER: I superintend public and private business.

CHREMYLUS: You! And by what right, pray?

INFORMER: Because it pleases me to do so.

CHREMYLUS: Like a thief you sneak yourself in where you have no business. You are hated by all and you claim to be an honest man?

INFORMER: What, you fool? I have not the right to dedicate myself entirely to my country's service?

CHREMYLUS: Is the country served by vile intrigue?

INFORMER: It is served by watching that the established law is observed — by allowing no one to violate it.

CHREMYLUS: That's the duty of the tribunals; they are established to that end.

INFORMER: And who is the prosecutor before the dicasts?

CHREMYLUS: Whoever wishes to be.

INFORMER: Well then, 'tis I who choose to be prosecutor; and thus all public affairs fall within my province.

CHREMYLUS: I pity Athens for being in such vile clutches. But would you not prefer to live quietly and free from all care and anxiety?

INFORMER: To do nothing is to live an animal's life.

CHREMYLUS: Thus you will not change your mode of life?

INFORMER: No, though they gave me Plutus himself and the silphium of Battus.

CHREMYLUS (TO THE INFORMER): Come, quick, off with your cloak.

CARIO: Hi! friend! 'tis you they are speaking to.

CHREMYLUS: Off with your shoes.

CARIO: All this is addressed to you.

INFORMER: Very well! let one of you come near me, if he dares.

CARIO: I dare.

INFORMER: Alas! I am robbed of my clothes in full daylight.

CARIO: That's what comes of meddling with other folk's business and living at their expense.

INFORMER (TO HIS WITNESS): You see what is happening; I call you to witness.

CHREMYLUS: Look how the witness whom you brought is taking to his heels.

INFORMER: Great gods! I am all alone and they assault me.

CARIO: Shout away!

INFORMER: Oh! woe, woe is me!

CARIO: Give me that old ragged cloak, that I may dress out the informer.

JUST MAN: No, no; I have dedicated it to Plutus.

CARIO: And where would your offering be better bestowed than on the shoulders of a rascal and a thief? To Plutus fine, rich cloaks should be given.

JUST MAN: And what then shall be done with these shoes? Tell me.

CARIO: I will nail them to his brow as gifts are nailed to the trunks of the wild olive.

INFORMER: I'm off, for you are the strongest, I own. But if I find someone to join me, let him be as weak as he will, I will summon this god, who thinks himself so strong, before the Court this very day, and denounce him as manifestly guilty of overturning the democracy by his will alone and without the consent of the Senate or the popular Assembly.

JUST MAN: Now that you are rigged out from head to foot with my old clothes, hasten to the bath and stand there in the front row to warm yourself better; 'tis the place I formerly had.

CHREMYLUS: Ah! the bath-man would grip you by the testicles and fling you through the door; he would only need to see you to appraise you at your true value.... But let us go in, friend, that you may address your thanksgivings to the god.

CHORUS: [Missing.]

AN OLD WOMAN: Dear old men, am I near the house where the new god lives, or have I missed the road?

CHORUS: You are at his door, my pretty little maid, who question us so sweetly.

OLD WOMAN: Then I will summon someone in the house.

CHREMYLUS: 'Tis needless! I am here myself. But what matter brings you here?

OLD WOMAN: Ah! a cruel, unjust fate! My dear friend, this god has made life unbearable to me through ceasing to be blind.

CHREMYLUS: What does this mean? Can you be a female informer?

OLD WOMAN: Most certainly not.

CHREMYLUS: Have you not drunk up your money then?

OLD WOMAN: You are mocking me! Nay! I am being devoured with a consuming fire.

CHREMYLUS: Then tell me what is consuming you so fiercely.

OLD WOMAN: Listen! I loved a young man, who was poor, but so handsome, so well-built, so honest! He readily gave way to all I desired and acquitted himself so well! I, for my part, refused him nothing.

CHREMYLUS: And what did he generally ask of you.

OLD WOMAN: Very little; he bore himself towards me with astonishing discretion! perchance twenty drachmae for a cloak or eight for footwear; sometimes he begged me to buy tunics for his sisters or a little mantle for his mother; at times he needed four bushels of corn.

CHREMYLUS: 'Twas very little, in truth; I admire his modesty.

OLD WOMAN: And 'twas not as a reward for his complacency that he ever asked me for anything, but as a matter of pure friendship; a cloak I had given would remind him from whom he had got it.

CHREMYLUS: 'Twas a fellow who loved you madly.

OLD WOMAN: But 'tis no longer so, for the faithless wretch has sadly altered! I had sent him this cake with the sweetmeats you see here on this dish and let him know that I would visit him in the evening....

CHREMYLUS: Well?

OLD WOMAN: He sent me back my presents and added this tart to them, on condition that I never set foot in his house again. Besides, he sent me this message, "Once upon a time the Milesians were brave."

CHREMYLUS: An honest lad, indeed! But what would you? When poor, he would devour anything; now he is rich, he no longer cares for lentils.

OLD WOMAN: Formerly he came to me every day.

CHREMYLUS: To see if you were being buried?

OLD WOMAN: No! he longed to hear the sound of my voice.

CHREMYLUS: And to carry off some present.

OLD WOMAN: If I was downcast, he would call me his little duck or his little dove in a most tender manner....

CHREMYLUS: And then would ask for the wherewithal to buy a pair of shoes.

OLD WOMAN: When I was at the Mysteries of Eleusis in a carriage, someone looked at me; he was so jealous that he beat me the whole of that day.

CHREMYLUS: 'Twas because he liked to feed alone.

OLD WOMAN: He told me I had very beautiful hands.

CHREMYLUS: Aye, no doubt, when they handed him twenty drachmae.

OLD WOMAN: That my whole body breathed a sweet perfume.

CHREMYLUS: Yes, like enough, if you poured him out Thasian wine.

OLD WOMAN: That my glance was gentle and charming.

CHREMYLUS: 'Twas no fool. He knew how to drag drachmae from a hot-blooded old woman.

OLD WOMAN: Ah! the god has done very, very wrong, saying he would support the victims of injustice.

CHREMYLUS: Well, what must he do? Speak, and it shall be done.

OLD WOMAN: 'Tis right to compel him, whom I have loaded with benefits, to repay them in his turn; if not, he does not merit the least of the god's favours.

CHREMYLUS: And did he not do this every night?

OLD WOMAN: He swore he would never leave me, as long as I lived.

CHREMYLUS: Aye, rightly; but he thinks you are no longer alive.

OLD WOMAN: Ah! friend, I am pining away with grief.

CHREMYLUS: You are rotting away, it seems to me.

OLD WOMAN: I have grown so thin, I could slip through a ring.

CHREMYLUS: Yes, if 'twere as large as the hoop of a sieve.

OLD WOMAN: But here is the youth, the cause of my complaint; he looks as though he were going to a festival.

CHREMYLUS: Yes, if his chaplet and his torch are any guides.

YOUTH: Greeting to you.

OLD WOMAN: What does he say?

YOUTH: My ancient old dear, you have grown white very quickly, by heaven!

OLD WOMAN: Oh! what an insult!

CHREMYLUS: It is a long time, then, since he saw you?

OLD WOMAN: A long time? My god! he was with me yesterday.

CHREMYLUS: It must be, then, that, unlike other people, he sees more clearly when he's drunk.

OLD WOMAN: No, but I have always known him for an insolent fellow.

YOUTH: Oh! divine Posidon! Oh, ye gods of old age! what wrinkles she has on her face!

OLD WOMAN: Oh! oh! keep your distance with that torch.

CHREMYLUS: Yes, 'twould be as well; if a single spark were to reach her, she would catch alight like an old olive branch.

YOUTH: I propose to have a game with you.

OLD WOMAN: Where, naughty boy?

YOUTH: Here. Take some nuts in your hand.

OLD WOMAN: What game is this?

YOUTH: Let's play at guessing how many teeth you have.

CHREMYLUS: Ah! I'll tell you; she's got three, or perhaps four.

YOUTH: Pay up; you've lost! she has only one single grinder.

OLD WOMAN: You wretch! you're not in your right senses. Do you insult me thus before this crowd?

YOUTH: I am washing you thoroughly; 'tis doing you a service.

CHREMYLUS: No, no! as she is there, she can still deceive; but if this white-lead is washed off, her wrinkles would come out plainly.

OLD WOMAN: You are only an old fool!

YOUTH: Ah! he is playing the gallant, he is fondling your breasts, and thinks I do not see it.

OLD WOMAN: Oh! no, by Aphrodité, no, you naughty jealous fellow.

CHREMYLUS: Oh! most certainly not, by Hecaté! Verily and indeed I would need to be mad! But, young man, I cannot forgive you, if you cast off this beautiful child.

YOUTH: Why, I adore her.

CHREMYLUS: But nevertheless she accuses you ...

YOUTH: Accuses me of what?

CHREMYLUS: ... of having told her insolently, "Once upon a time the Milesians were brave."

YOUTH: Oh! I shall not dispute with you about her.

CHREMYLUS: Why not?

YOUTH: Out of respect for your age; with anyone but you, I should not be so easy; come, take the girl and be happy.

CHREMYLUS: I see, I see; you don't want her any more.

OLD WOMAN: Nay! this is a thing that cannot be allowed.

YOUTH: I cannot argue with a woman, who has been making love these thirteen thousand years.

CHREMYLUS: Yet, since you liked the wine, you should now consume the lees.

YOUTH: But these lees are quite rancid and fusty.

CHREMYLUS: Pass them through a straining-cloth; they'll clarify.

YOUTH: But I want to go in with you to offer these chaplets to the god.

OLD WOMAN: And I too have something to tell him.

YOUTH: Then I don't enter.

CHREMYLUS: Come, have no fear; she won't harm you.

YOUTH: 'Tis true; I've been managing the old bark long enough.

OLD WOMAN: Go in; I'll follow after you.

CHREMYLUS: Good gods! that old hag has fastened herself to her youth like a limpet to its rock.

CHORUS: [Missing.]

CARIO (OPENING THE DOOR): Who knocks at the door? Halloa! I see no one; 'twas then by chance it gave forth that plaintive tone.

HERMES (TO CARLO, WHO IS ABOUT TO CLOSE THE DOOR):
Cario! stop!

CARIO: Eh! friend, was it you who knocked so loudly? Tell me.

HERMES: No, I was going to knock and you forestalled me by opening. Come, call your master quick, then his wife and his children, then his slave and his dog, then thyself and his pig.

CARIO: And what's it all about?

HERMES: It's about this, rascal! Zeus wants to serve you all with the same sauce and hurl the lot of you into the Barathrum.

CARIO: Have a care for your tongue, you bearer of ill tidings! But why does he want to treat us in that scurvy fashion?

HERMES: Because you have committed the most dreadful crime. Since Plutus has recovered his sight, there is nothing for us other gods, neither incense, nor laurels, nor cakes, nor victims, nor anything in the world.

CARIO: And you will never be offered anything more; you governed us too ill.

HERMES: I care nothing at all about the other gods, but 'tis myself. I tell you I am dying of hunger.

CARIO: That's reasoning like a wise fellow.

HERMES: Formerly, from earliest dawn, I was offered all sorts of good things in the wine-shops, — wine-cakes, honey, dried figs, in short, dishes worthy of Hermes. Now, I lie the livelong day on my back, with my legs in the air, famishing.

CARIO: And quite right too, for you often had them punished who treated you so well.

HERMES: Ah! the lovely cake they used to knead for me on the fourth of the month!

CARIO: You recall it vainly; your regrets are useless! there'll be no more cake.

HERMES: Ah! the ham I was wont to devour!

CARIO: Well then! make use of your legs and hop on one leg upon the wine-skin, to while away the time.

HERMES: Oh! the grilled entrails I used to swallow down!

CARIO: Your own have got the colic, methinks.

HERMES: Oh! the delicious tippie, half wine, half water!

CARIO: Here, swallow that and be off. (He discharges a fart.)

HERMES: Would you do a friend a service?

CARIO: Willingly, if I can.

HERMES: Give me some well-baked bread and a big hunk of the victims they are sacrificing in your house.

CARIO: That would be stealing.

HERMES: Do you forget, then, how I used to take care he knew nothing about it when you were stealing something from your master?

CARIO: Because I used to share it with you, you rogue; some cake or other always came your way.

HERMES: Which afterwards you ate up all by yourself.

CARIO: But then you did not share the blows when I was caught.

HERMES: Forget past injuries, now you have taken Phylé. Ah! how I should like to live with you! Take pity and receive me.

CARIO: You would leave the gods to stop here?

HERMES: One is much better off among you.

CARIO: What! you would desert! Do you think that is honest?

HERMES: "Where I live well, there is my country."

CARIO: But how could we employ you here?

HERMES: Place me near the door; I am the watchman god and would shift off the robbers.

CARIO: Shift off! Ah! but we have no love for shifts.

HERMES: Entrust me with business dealings.

CARIO: But we are rich; why should we keep a haggling Hermes?

HERMES: Let me intrigue for you.

CARIO: No, no, intrigues are forbidden; we believe in good faith.

HERMES: I will work for you as a guide.

CARIO: But the god sees clearly now, so we no longer want a guide.

HERMES: Well then, I will preside over the games. Ah! what can you object to in that? Nothing is fitter for Plutus than to give scenic and gymnastic games.

CARIO: How useful 'tis to have so many names! Here you have found the means of earning your bread. I don't wonder the jurymen so eagerly try to get entered for many tribunals.

HERMES: So then, you admit me on these terms.

CARIO: Go and wash the entrails of the victims at the well, so that you may show yourself serviceable at once.

A PRIEST OF ZEUS: Can anyone direct me where Chremylus is?

CHREMYLUS: What would you with him, friend?

PRIEST: Much ill. Since Plutus has recovered his sight, I am perishing of starvation; I, the priest of Zeus the Deliverer, have nothing to eat!

CHREMYLUS: And what is the cause of that, pray?

PRIEST: No one dreams of offering sacrifices.

CHREMYLUS: Why not?

PRIEST: Because all men are rich. Ah! when they had nothing, the merchant who escaped from shipwreck, the accused who was acquitted, all immolated victims; another would sacrifice for the success of some wish and the priest joined in at the feast; but now there is not the smallest victim, not one of the faithful in the temple, but thousands who come there to ease themselves.

CHREMYLUS: Don't you take your share of those offerings?

PRIEST: Hence I think I too am going to say good-bye to Zeus the Deliverer, and stop here myself.

CHREMYLUS: Be at ease, all will go well, if it so please the god. Zeus the Deliverer is here; he came of his own accord.

PRIEST: Ha! that's good news.

CHREMYLUS: Wait a little; we are going to install Plutus presently in the place he formerly occupied behind the Temple of Athené; there he will watch over our treasures for ever. But let lighted torches be brought; take these and walk in solemn procession in front of the god.

PRIEST: That's magnificent!

CHREMYLUS: Let Plutus be summoned.

OLD WOMAN: And I, what am I to do?

CHREMYLUS: Take the pots of vegetables which we are going to offer to the god in honour of his installation and carry them on your head; you just happen luckily to be wearing a beautiful embroidered robe.

OLD WOMAN: And what about the object of my coming?

CHREMYLUS: Everything shall be according to your wish. The young man will be with you this evening.

OLD WOMAN: Oh! if you promise me his visit, I will right willingly carry the pots.

CHREMYLUS: Those are strange pots indeed! Generally the scum rises to the top of the pots, but here the pots are raised to the top of the old woman.

CHORUS: Let us withdraw without more tarrying, and follow the others, singing as we go.