



# The Elizabethan.

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## THE 'ADELPHI.'

COULD Westminster playgoers of three centuries back rise from their graves and be present at one of the plays of modern times, they would find much to surprise, if not shock them, in the vast change of outward appearance which the Play has undergone in that time. The rough-and-ready performances which pleased them would compare strangely enough with the elaborate machinery of the Westminster Play of to-day. The beautiful scene of Athens, with its stately houses and temples gathering round the bare rock of the Acropolis, the central feature of the picture, the classical dress, and what is technically known as the 'make-up' of the actors, and even the stage itself, would all combine to give the Play a very different aspect to that which used to delight the eyes of playgoers in the early days of the School's history. External changes have necessarily been great, but it is the outside only which has been touched. It is still Terence, the 'puri sermonis

amator, who charms a nineteenth century audience 'lenibus scriptis,' and it is still the 'Adelphi' and the 'Andria' which are the favourites. What was formerly choice has now been stereotyped into custom, and four plays are acted in a regular succession. But with the exception, perhaps, of the 'Trinummus,' this is merely a confirmation of the choice of generations, and in this, if in little else, it seems that our taste agrees with that of our fathers. All the accessories which have grown up round the Play have given it a dignity and value which at first it did not possess—at least, not in so marked a degree. Originally the Play must have been little more than a scholastic function; but now, though its scholastic and educational aspects are still prominent, it may be allowed to have added to these an aspect to some extent artistic. The care and trouble which are spent every year upon the Play are rightly recognised by more general notice than usually attends school performances. The Press does not consistently smile upon our efforts; but it is something that we reach the point at which indiscriminate

laudation ceases and genuine criticism begins. This year a weekly paper expresses surprise that the Westminster Play should be 'discussed as if it were something wholly apart from the average of amateur theatricals and prize-day recitations.' The fact hardly calls for such surprise. It is because the Westminster Play *is* 'something wholly apart from the average of amateur theatricals and prize-day recitations,' that it is treated as such. That it owes its origin to Queen Elizabeth, and that it has been performed without interruption for three hundred years and more, is enough to put it on a different footing and to give it an interest entirely unique. But it is not merely the interest of antiquity which it can claim. The time and trouble spent upon it give it a real dramatic interest to all, and a genuine educational value to the actors. True insight into the life of Greece in the period of its decay is a possession of some worth to the scholar, and nowhere can this insight be so easily acquired as in the plays of Terence. The knowledge of the conditions of Roman comedy is also not without its value. Moreover, the representation of Latin as an actual living language gives an interest and a reality to the whole of classical literature which it is hard to get in any other way. What we see always makes a more lasting impression upon us than what we read. This is an advantage shared by all who witness the Play. Peculiar to the actors are the benefits which are mentioned in the statutes of Queen Elizabeth, the 'familiarity with graceful gesture and pronunciation,' which seemed so desirable an acquisition to our Royal founders.

Nor is the Play without its moral lessons. But its teaching blends so gracefully with the interest of the story, that while it can offend none, it makes itself appreciable to all. What we might describe as the moral object of the 'Adelphi' is less proper to schoolboys than to their fathers. Still, it has its use even for the young, especially if we consider that the schoolboys of to-day will be the fathers of the next generation, and may profit by their early impressions upon the difficult question of education. But over and above the educational truths involved in the Play, the individual characters offer examples of many qualities worthy of imitation. Much of the humour of the 'Adelphi' depends upon the mistaken value which Demea attaches to his son's virtue. Nevertheless, Ctesipho is a right thinking young man in spite of his error, and there is deep feeling in the passage in which he records

his gratitude to his brother Aeschinus. It is quite unnecessary to consider Ctesipho a hypocrite, because in one instance he does not act up to his professions, though even then he would not be half so mean a dissembler as Joseph Surface in the 'School for Scandal.' Much less is it necessary to consider Aeschinus as such an abandoned young villain as he is often made out to be. Indeed, Aeschinus shows to some advantage in the play. He has been guilty of an outrage on propriety, it is true, in his violent capture of the Psaltria; but it is at least from unselfish motives that he has done so. The generosity of his conduct is appreciated by his brother, and expressed in the words 'Maledicta, famam, meum amorem, et peccatum in se transtulit; nil potest supra.' But this is not all. He determines to incur the reproach of perfidy and faithlessness from the wife he loves rather than bring his brother into trouble. Moreover, he is respectful and loving to his adopted father Micio, filial virtues which are now little in vogue. Geta is a model for a faithful slave; Hegio is a pattern of a conscientious friend; and Sostrata is full of tender solicitude for her daughter. Even Syrus has his good points. He has a weakness for good wine, he is deceitful, and disrespectful to his superiors. But he is actuated by a genuine love of his young master, though this love leads him to indulge and minister to his faults. Lastly, there are the two old men. These we have reserved to the last as being the two best drawn characters in the piece, and not only so, but also the characters from whose idiosyncrasies the moral of the Play is drawn. Micio, kindhearted and generous as he is, is yet too loose in his control of his young charge. At the beginning of the play Micio's arguments in favour of his system of education are very plausible. He has far the best of the controversy. But it is only Demea's little foibles that are turned to ridicule. His principles triumph in the end, and the laugh is turned against the easy-going bachelor, his brother. Demea, by a clever stratagem, proves conclusively to Micio that the world could not get on if everybody were as careless and indulgent as he. Some restraint is beneficial, though too much is bad. The closing lines, which are led up to indirectly all through the Play, are a standing warning to the fond and over-indulgent parent, who will not take the trouble to check his son's excesses.

We need not broach the subject of the comparative excellences of the 'Andria' and the

'Adelphi,' so often treated of in these columns. The 'Andria' shows the vigour and the unevenness of an author's first attempt. Its plot is powerful, and in this respect it has an immense advantage over its rival. The plot of the 'Adelphi' is a little weak, and the interest of the play is mostly ethical. It represents with consummate skill the rivalry of the two opposite extremes of harshness and carelessness in the education of youth. With unerring aim it detects the weak points in the armour of both systems, and plainly, though unobtrusively, points a moral of moderation and avoidance of extremes.

The story of the 'Adelphi' is briefly as follows:

Demea and Micio are two brothers, with widely different views of life. Demea is a stern disciplinarian with himself and those belonging to him. He has been accustomed to a homely country life, and has brought up his younger son, Ctesipho, in the strict path of virtue. He believes in fear as an incentive to obedience. His brother Micio is in almost every respect his opposite. He prefers a bachelor's freedom to the cares of married life, and loves the easy pleasures of the town to the more stern delights of the country. Yet he is not altogether without paternal instincts. He has adopted his brother's eldest son, Aeschinus, and has brought him up on the principle of —

Hoc patrium est, potius consuefacere filium  
Sua sponte recte facere quam alieno metu.

He tries to rule by love, not by fear. The result is not altogether satisfactory, but Micio is convinced that his method is right. Demea is equally certain that *his* is the only right way. Sometime before the action of the Play commences, Aeschinus has married Pamphila, the daughter of Sostrata, unknown to his father. Ctesipho has been captivated by the charms of a music-girl in the possession of a slave-dealer, Sannio. He is in despair at the hopelessness of his love affair, but Aeschinus comes to the rescue, and carries off the music-girl by force.

The Play opens just after this occurrence is supposed to have taken place. Micio descants at some length upon his views on education. Demea breaks in upon his reflections in hot anger at the news which he has just received of the capture of the music-girl. Micio is provokingly imperturbable, and calmness, as usual, gains the day.

The next scene represents Sannio endeavouring to prevent Aeschinus from carrying the

Psaltria into Micio's house. Sannio is first well cuffed by Parmeno, and then brought to reason by Syrus, who works upon his fears. Ctesipho comes on full of gratitude to his brother, whom he thanks with unaffected sincerity.

Sostrata and Canthara learn the story of Aeschinus's escapade from Geta, and at once conclude that he is faithless. Sostrata resolves to consult an old friend, Hegio. Meanwhile Demea has heard that Ctesipho has some share in the matter. Syrus contrives to pervert the facts to Ctesipho's credit. Hegio appears, and relates the supposed faithlessness of Aeschinus to Demea's unspeakable disgust and indignation. After an unsuccessful search for his brother, he almost surprises Ctesipho in conversation with Syrus. The latter adroitly turns aside the old man's wrath by pretending that Ctesipho has been rebuking his brother, and that he himself has had painful experience of the young man's righteous indignation. He ends by sending Demea on a wildgoose chase after Micio.

A conversation between Hegio and Micio follows, in which the latter promises redress. Aeschinus comes on frantic with grief at the suspicions of Sostrata, but he scouts the idea of getting his brother into trouble by a confession of the truth. Micio enters, and has a little fun with his conscience-stricken son. He pretends that Pamphila is to marry another. Aeschinus can bear it no longer, and bursts into tears. Micio, who is full of paternal sympathy and pity, administers a gentle rebuke, and promises to recognise Pamphila as his wife.

In the next scene, Demea returns in a huff at his unsuccessful wanderings in search of Micio. The cool impudence of Syrus, who, while endeavouring to while away the time pleasantly, has been making too free with good wine, infuriates him; and when he catches the name of Ctesipho in a message to Syrus from Micio's house, he breaks past Syrus and through the doorway. As he returns, he sees Micio, and loads him with violent reproaches, but is at last reduced to reason.

The last act begins with a soliloquy, in which Demea reflects upon the unpopularity which his sternness wins, and resolves to borrow some of his brother's milder virtues. He is really convinced of his faults, but he exaggerates the change of manner in order to prove to his brother that he, too, has been mistaken. He is bland to Syrus and affable to Geta. He astounds Aeschinus with his kindness and generosity. He has some fun with Micio, and

prevails upon him to consent to marry Sostrata, to give a farm to Hegio, and to free Syrus and his wife. Here his little comedy ends. He points out to Micio how easy it is to gain popularity by flattery and indulgence, and gives Aeschinus some good advice. Finally, he gives his consent to the marriage of Ctesipho with the Psaltria.

#### THE FIRST NIGHT.

The first representation of the Westminster Play of 1886 was given on Thursday, December 9. A slight *contretemps* was caused before the commencement of the performance by the intrusion into the seats set apart for the ladies of several of the other sex. The irregularity was at first unobserved by the pitkeepers and ladies' men, although it must have been a feat of some difficulty for the latter not to notice what was under their special charge. When, however, these functionaries at last had their eyes opened to the situation, they proceeded to deal with it in a summary fashion, ruthlessly tearing the cavaliers from the side of their dames, and confining them to the part of the theatre allotted to them. Some ten minutes after the appointed time the curtain rose, and the appearance of Micio was greeted with enthusiasm by the 'gods.' The first act of the 'Adelphi' is by no means lively; and on the first night it was played with little vigour, and consequently fell rather flat on a somewhat apathetic audience. The second act was no more animated than the first, though in itself it has much more action about it. A novel feature was introduced into the first scene this year, in the shape of the Psaltria carried off by Aeschinus. The change followed upon the introduction of a new acting text this year, edited by Mr. Sloman, the late master of the Q.S.S., to whom so much of the success of recent Plays has been due. It was received well, and seems to be an improvement in every respect, though it increases the difficulty of the scene. The third and fourth acts, like their two predecessors, dragged; but the fifth had far more life and 'go' in it. The scenes between Sostrata and Canthara in the third act were rendered rather trying to the former by the amusing appearance and tones of the old nurse. Indeed, one of the daily papers, which shall be nameless, was so misled as to speak with enthusiasm of the comic power displayed by Canthara and *Sostrata!* The Epilogue, which, according to the custom of late years, was given on the first night as well as the

second and third, was received unusually well. We do not remember a First Night when the audience has appreciated the Epilogue better. Of course, it would be too much to say that none of the points were missed; but all the more obvious ones were readily caught up.

As a whole, the acting lacked vigour. The parts were all fairly well filled, though there was none so good as to throw the others into the shade; but the actors hardly seemed to play up to one another sufficiently, and did not succeed in getting in touch with the audience.

#### THE SECOND NIGHT.

On the Second Night there was a wonderful change in the acting. Whether it was that the audience was more enthusiastic, or that the actors were less nervous, or that they had made good use of the few days that had intervened, certain it is that the acting on the night of December 13 seemed to have fully caught what it just missed on the 9th. The improvement was pronounced on all sides to be marvellous. The actors soon warmed to their work, and the Play went with much vivacity and spirit all through.

Among the guests that filed into the Dormitory with the Headmaster were the Dean, who took the chair, the Home Secretary, the Attorney-General, Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Liddon, Canon Duckworth, His Excellency Conselheiro J. A. de Azevedo Castro, Lord Justice Bowen, Sir George Bowen, Mr. Justice Wills, and the Headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School.

The Prologue was received in grim silence till within a few lines of the end, when a vigorous, but not entirely successful, attempt was made to raise applause in one part of the theatre. It was worthy of better things, some of the passages being unusually neat and graceful, especially those which referred to the late Master of Trinity and to the late Bishop Eden. The Epilogue fulfilled the expectations formed of it from its reception on the previous night.

#### THE THIRD NIGHT.

The last Play Night was Wednesday, December 15th, and was thought to be the most satisfactory of the three. The acting was again improved as a whole, though some of the scenes did not go quite so well as on the previous night. Among the guests were the Postmaster-General, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Mr. Justice

Denman, Mr. Justice Mathew, Canon Rowsell, Canon Hodgson, Mr. Howard Vincent, M.P., Dr. Haig Brown, the Rev. J. Marshall, and the author of the Epilogue, while the chair was taken by Mr. Charles Wynn, brother of the late Sir Watkin Wynn.

At first some parts of the theatre were not quite filled, but the large overflow of young O.W.W. from the seats set apart for them soon took advantage of the vacant places. The attendance of young O.W.W. on the Second Night had been exceedingly scanty, but this was fully atoned by a splendid muster on the Third. The Oxford and Cambridge men, who had not been down for the previous night, attended almost to a man. There has seldom been so large a gathering of young O.W.W. in the Dormitory; and after the performance was over, the stage was absolutely packed with the younger generation.

The 'gods' awoke to their responsibilities with regard to the Prologue, which they had so completely disregarded on the Second Night, and showed a fitting appreciation of the 'points.' The Socialists of the Epilogue again caused much merriment by their appearance and opinions, and the Epilogue was voted a thorough success on all sides.

### Play Notes.

WITH the exception of their scruples as to the morality of the play, we have no fault to find with the papers for their comments on this year's performance of the 'Adelphi.' The *Times* and the *Standard* both gave very good critiques of the first night's performance. The critic of the *Morning Post*, however, was rather peculiar in some of his ideas. For instance, he chose to consider that *Psaltria* was a proper name. But we can well forgive him this slight error in return for the generosity with which he added to the distinguished list of O.W.W. who have died during the past year the names of the late Master of Trinity and the late Archbishop of Dublin, whose relation to Westminster, we are sorry to inform our friend of the *Morning Post*, was not that of *alumni*. Nor can we lay claim to the new Master of Trinity, except as a member of the governing body. Syrus too, as the *Saturday Review* gaily remarked, 'was not named after the King of Persia.'

Taking all things together, perhaps, the article in the *Guardian* was the best and most interesting. The *Saturday Review* also, as it did last year, gave a

thoroughly intelligent criticism upon the performance; while in *Punch*, a 'Perambulating Pleasure-seeker' gave his experiences at the Westminster Play, which do not seem to have been of a particularly exciting or humorous nature.

The picture of the Epilogue group contained in the *Graphic* was hardly a striking success; but of course it was necessarily of a somewhat hurried nature. The sketch of the green-room in a subsequent number was very fair, and the notes by the artist very chatty and amusing. The *Sporting and Dramatic* gave sketches of all the characters, those of Sannio and Syrus being the best likenesses. The Captious Critic did not favour us—would that he had, for his sketches and comments upon the 'Andria' last year were most amusing. However, he found an equally captious, though far less witty, substitute in another column of the paper.

Journalistic comment upon the appearance of the *Psaltria* was severe, but perhaps just. The mistake, however, if mistake there was, was not of the kind suggested by the writer in the *Guardian*, but was merely a misapprehension of the every-day garb suitable to a dancing girl when not acting professionally. The mistake will in all probability be rectified when the 'Adelphi' next appears on the Westminster stage.

It has been brought home to us very forcibly by the circumstances of this year's Play, as also by the remarks of an O.W. critic, to be found in another part of this number, how much better it would be if the gentlemen of the press were not invited for the first night, or were at least asked to reserve their principal critique for the second or third. This year we see a tame and spiritless rendering of the 'Adelphi' fully criticised by the principal daily papers; while the incomparably superior and more powerful performances of the last two nights are left almost unnoticed, unless it be by some such generality as that 'the acting showed considerable improvement on the second night.' It is not so very many years since what is now spoken of as the 'First Night' was nothing more than a dress rehearsal; and now it might be considered as a kind of public dress rehearsal. It is almost a certainty that the Play will go better on the second and third nights than it does on the first; and it would be far more satisfactory to have one of the best performances treated critically by the press.

The Epilogue this year was written by the Rev. H. L. Thompson, from whose able pen so many of the Epilogues of late years have come.

## 'ADELPHI,' 1886.

MICIO . . . . .	<i>W. Buchanan.</i>
DEMEA . . . . .	<i>G. O. Roos.</i>
SANNIO . . . . .	<i>R. R. Sandilands.</i>
AESCHINUS . . . . .	<i>L. James.</i>
SYRUS . . . . .	<i>C. S. W. Barwell.</i>
CTESIPHO . . . . .	<i>P. J. Preece.</i>
SOSTRATA . . . . .	<i>R. E. Olivier.</i>
CANTHARA . . . . .	<i>B. M. Goldie.</i>
GETA . . . . .	<i>A. R. Knapp.</i>
HEGIO . . . . .	<i>H. T. Whitaker.</i>
DROMO . . . . .	<i>C. L. C. Aveling.</i>

## PERSONAE MUTAE.

PARMENO . . . . .	<i>C. C. Sharpe.</i>
PSALTRIA . . . . .	<i>F. Street.</i>

PROLOGUS IN TERENTII  
ADELPHOS, 1886.

Alius novorum prole fetus casuum  
decedit annus ; jam Terentii sui  
memor vetustam grex puerilis fabulam  
parat modestis credere rursus pulpitis.

Quas partes sumunt, quas personas sustinent,  
hodie videri possunt serviles, malae ;  
ne vitio fuerit id, precor, nostratibus,  
sit imo laudi, quippe longe durior  
minusque gratus factus est nobis labor,  
alios quod mores, alia longe tempora,  
quam nostra in scena fabulatur Comicus ;  
at Elissa jussit, et jubenti obtemperat,  
ut fit, juvenus moris antiqui tenax.

Nimirum haec nostris optimast occasio  
alumni matrem si velint revisere,  
amicos repetunt vivos, moerent mortuos,  
redintegrantes lacrimas et gaudia.  
Primum patronum<sup>1</sup> consalutemur novum,  
invita Grantae Gleva<sup>2</sup> quem reddat suae,  
ni damna penset harum alumnus<sup>3</sup> aedium.  
Heu ! lacrimarum fons exundat insolens ;  
ecquando nostras tale par posthac senum  
ornabit aedes ? luget illum<sup>4</sup> Hibernia,  
columen labantis vindicemque Ecclesiae ;  
hunc<sup>5</sup> derelicta praesidem primarium  
flet Granta ; nos utrumque ; Musarum cliens,  
doctrinae veteris haustus ille fontibus,  
lucem ingeni porrexit litteris sacris  
patriaeque linguae ; doctus hic Platonicae  
interpres ubertatis, unice sagax  
irrisor hominum vana disputantium.

Sed illuc propero, ad hujus germanos domus,

<sup>1</sup> Rev. H. M. Butler, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge ; late Head Master of Harrow and Dean of Gloucester.

<sup>2</sup> Gloucester.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. Canon Spence, Dean designate of Gloucester.

<sup>4</sup> The late Archbishop Trench, formerly Dean of Westminster.

<sup>5</sup> Rev. W. H. Thompson, D.D., late Master of Trinity.

quos bene de nostra promeritos republica  
his mensibus mors rapuit, optimos viros,  
proceres<sup>6</sup> procerumque filios<sup>7</sup> ; ducunt chorum  
comites, aetate et dignitate suppres,  
Icenis ille<sup>8</sup> notus, hic<sup>9</sup> Regnensibus,  
qui non sibimet vixit, at totus bonis.  
Nec duo tacendi, sanctitatis lumina ;  
unus<sup>10</sup> Crucem praebere, non imponere,  
doctus, calorem absorpsit hostilem sacris  
taedis amoris, lenis et fortis pati,  
cedendo victor ; alter,<sup>11</sup> fax Evangelii,  
cui laeta sensu Numinis serena mens  
vultusque menti concolor Caledonum  
novos paravit spiritus Ecclesiae,  
portum Salutis victor aureum appulit ;  
at dignus illo dux<sup>12</sup> iisdem ex aedibus  
his, auspicamur, militans virtutibus  
suam adprobabit Imperatori fidem.  
Tales viros tantosque dum gignit Domus  
haec nostra, semper omni laude floreat.

<sup>6</sup> Lord Forester. Lord Amherst.

<sup>7</sup> Lord Henry Gordon Lennox. Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell, Canon of Windsor.

<sup>8</sup> Earl Stradbroke, Lord Lieutenant of Suffolk.

<sup>9</sup> Earl of Chichester, Lord Lieutenant of Sussex.

<sup>10</sup> Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, late Vicar of Frome.

<sup>11</sup> Right Rev. Robert Eden, D.D., late Bishop of Moray and Primus of Scotland.

<sup>12</sup> Right Rev. H. W. Jermyn, D.D., Bishop of Brechin and Primus of Scotland.

OBITUARY OF OLD WEST-  
MINSTERS, 1885-86.

The Right Honourable WILLIAM PITT AMHERST, second Earl Amherst, aged 80. Admitted April 1, 1818 ; Q.S. 1820-4. M.P. for East Grinstead 1829-32 ; Busby Trustee.

FREDERICK BARNE, Esq., aged 84. Admitted January 1814. M.P. for Dunwich 1830-2.

RICHARD BUSH DURY BATT, Esq., M.R.C.S., aged 25. Admitted January 23, 1873.

Rev. CHARLES ALMERIC BELLI, aged 93. Admitted January 1806 ; Q.S. 1806-10. Precentor of St. Paul's ; Vicar of South Weald, Essex, 1823-77.

Rev. WILLIAM JAMES EARLY BENNETT, aged 81. Admitted September 16, 1816 ; Q.S. 1818-23. Author ; Vicar of Frome ; Perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, 1843-51.

FRANCIS TAYLOR BONNEY, Esq., aged 42. Admitted June 12, 1857 ; Q.S. 1859-62.

EDMUND WILLIAM COPE, Esq., aged 48. Admitted April 3, 1850. Secretary to the British Legation at Stockholm.

The Right Rev. ROBERT EDEN, Bishop of Moray, Ross, and Caithness, aged 81. Admitted July 15, 1817 ; Q.S. 1819-23. Primus of Scotland.

The Right Honourable GEORGE CECIL WELD FORESTER, third Baron Forester, aged 78. Admitted May 20, 1818. General in the Army ; Privy Councillor ; M.P. for Wenlock 1828-74 ; formerly Groom of the Bedchamber, and twice Comptroller of the Household.

The Right Honourable Lord HENRY CHARLES GEORGE GORDON LENNOX, aged 63. Admitted June 1, 1836. M.P. for Chichester 1846-85 ; Privy Councillor ; twice a Lord of the Treasury ; Secretary to the Admiralty ; Chief Commissioner of Works 1874-6.

- Colonel ARTHUR KNYVETT, aged 80. Admitted March 27, 1818. The Rev. THOMAS EDWARD MORRIS, aged 72. Admitted October 1, 1827; Q.S. 1828-32. Vicar of Carleton, near Skipton; formerly Tutor of Ch. Ch. Oxon.
- HAMILTON GEORGE HENRY OLLIFFE, Esq., aged 27. Admitted September 22, 1871; Q.S. 1873-6.
- The Right Honourable HENRY THOMAS PELHAM, third Earl of Chichester, aged 81. Admitted October 30, 1815. Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex; first Church Estates Commissioner 1850-78; Busby Trustee.
- EMMANUEL D. PETROCOCHINO, Esq., aged 26. Admitted September 24, 1874.
- The Right Honourable JOHN EDWARD CORNWALLIS ROUS, second Earl of Stradbroke, aged 91. Left 1808. Lord-Lieutenant of Suffolk; served in the Coldstreams during the Peninsular War.
- The Honourable and Rev. Lord WRIOTHESLEY RUSSELL, aged 83. Admitted June 12, 1816. Canon of Windsor; Deputy Clerk of the Closet, and Rector of Chenies, Bucks.
- The Rev. WILLIAM SMITH, aged 73. Admitted June 30, 1825; Q.S. 1826. Grandson of Dr. Samuel Smith, Head-Master of Westminster, 1764-88; Rector of Dry Drayton, Cambridgeshire, 1841-67.
- ROBERT BARON TEMPLER, Esq., aged 56. Admitted January 16, 1845.
- GEORGE JOHN VULLIAMY, Esq., aged 68. Admitted February 13, 1826. Superintending Architect to the Metropolitan Board of Works.
- The Rev. JOHN RYLE WOOD, aged 79. Admitted September 14, 1818. Canon of Worcester, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen; formerly Domestic Chaplain to William IV. and Queen Adelaide.
- PENRY WILLIAMS, Esq., aged 78. Admitted February 15, 1822. Artist.

EPILOGUS IN 'ADELPHOS,' 1886.

PERSONAE.

- DEMEA . . . . . a journeyman tailor.  
 MICIO . . . . . an advocate of Temperance.  
 SANNIO . . . . . a rough.  
 AESCHINUS . . . . . an inflammatory Socialist.  
 CTESIPHO . . . . . a Police Inspector.  
 SOSTRATA . . . . . a victim of Vaccination.  
 HEGIO . . . . . an artisan.  
 SYRUS . . . . . an Anti-Capitalist.

PERSONAE MUTAE.

- GETA }  
 DROMO } . . . . . Members of 'The Force.'  
 PARMENO }

Scene—TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Enter AESCHINUS, HEGIO (carrying a banner), DEMEA, SANNIO, SYRUS (carrying a chair), SOSTRATA, &c.

AESCH. Hic signum defige; manebimus hos prope fontes. Fac, Syre, ut accedat sella curulis.

SYR. Adest.

(The banner is planted, and the chair placed in the centre of the stage.)

AESCH. Et quoniam ex Oriente huc tandem evasimus omnes,

An placet ut praesit Demea consiliis?  
 Vir gravis est.

OMNES. Placet.

AESCH. Insignissime Demea, adesdum,

Obsecro, parce pares nos rege. Sic placuit.

DEM. (standing on the chair).

Insuetus coram Patribus vel Plebe loquendi,  
 Pauca tamen vobis verba referre volo.  
 Omnibus imprimis grates quam plurimae agendae:  
 Deinde hic conventus quid velit expediā.  
 Maxima res agitur:—Libertas congrediendi,  
 Sive hoc sive alio tempore, sive loco;  
 Seu pura in platea, ne quid vocitantibus obset,  
 Sive frequens presso perstrepat axe rota.  
 Undique per vicus Exercitus iste Salutis  
 Tympana pulsat ovans, cymbala rauca quatit;  
 Nos autem cives, ne dicam Cosmopolitas,  
 Lex vetat hac illa stare vel ire via.  
 Sunt qui nos culpent. Quid vero ignavius exstat  
 Imbelli, pavido, sollicitoque viro?  
 Stare loco nescit, micat auribus, et tremat artus,  
 Si lictore sonant praetereunte gradus;  
 Nos Democratici, gestantes pectus ahenum,  
 Gaudemus multcas, vincula, lora pati.  
 Cede, Draco, saevius incassum cincte catenis!  
 Cedite, lictores! Cedite, caudidici!  
 Nunc autem, si quos dolor aut injuria tangit,  
 Dicite. Plebeus callida lingua juvat.  
 Pauperibus miserisque imitetur Adullamis antrum  
 Hic locus. Oppressis curia nulla patet.  
 Sit, quodcunque nocet, nostrae farrago querelae,  
 Audiāt et gemitus Anglia surda suos!

HEG. (mounting the chair).

O utinam una foret cervix locupletibus! Omnes  
 Ense neci stricto protinus ipse darem!  
 Stemmata quid faciunt? Homines Natura creavit,  
 Vi propria nitens, reque animoque pares.  
 Caesar Pompeii, Pompeius Caesaris instar.  
 Tu, Syre, Pompeii, Caesaris instar ego.  
 Communes laudo natos, consortia tecta,  
 Communi fratres consociante fide;  
 Aeraque communis servet communia fiscus,  
 Unde minutatim rem sibi quisque parat.  
 Conradant alii furtiva peculia; longe  
 Dulcius est, socii quod meruere, frui!

SYRUS. Cur reditus cumulet, crimen capitale, tyrannus,  
 Cujus ad arbitrium servi inopesque sumus?  
 Auri sacra fames illi, deformis egestas  
 Dat nobis leges imperiosa suas.  
 Desidiosus, iners, spoliis oneratus opimis,  
 Crudeli dominus nos dititione premit.  
 Fit Baronettus, Eques, Baro forsitan. Ordine longo  
 Auctorem agnoscit nobilitata domus,  
 Nos manet usque labor, jejuna ac curva senectus,  
 Obscurique Lares, et sine luce focus;  
 Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus. "Emigret," aiunt,  
 "Emigret hic populus; trans mare quaerat opes."  
 Quid? Patriam pauper non flevit? Aura volentes  
 Vexerit indignans per vada longa viros?  
 Quin labor et requies aequentur lege, meique  
 Sudoris merces par similisque siet.  
 Octo horae somno dentur, totidemque labori,  
 Octo quaque die percipiam solidos!

SOSTRATA (carrying a baby).

Auscultate, viri. Major me cura remordet,  
 Et gravior luctus pectora matris habet.  
 Aspiciate infantem. (Genius benedicat oculis!  
 Ride, ride, inquam, mi pretiose puer!)

Hic tres jam menses vixit sine labe metuque,  
 Vix fletus etiam nocte dieve ciet.  
 Mox tamen e gremio rapiet Lex. Polluet artus,  
 Signet ut infecti corporis indicia.  
 De vitulo excerptum medicus fert triste venenum ;  
 Cultello pungit terque quaterque cutem ;  
 Lethalique infans confixus vulneris ictu,  
 Morbo, tabe, lue victima parva cadit ;  
 Qui te autem (*hugging her baby*) lacerare velit, lacerabitur ultro,  
 Exiget et poenas ungula saeva pias !

SANNIO. Sostrata, parce minis. Si quando hic parvulus  
 aula

Luserit Aeneas, sors tua pejor erit.  
 Curia Londini ludis electa regendis,  
 Vah, quanta pueros sedulitate colit !  
 In mea tecta venit confidens, blandiloquus vir,  
 Missus ut exquirat quot mihi sint pueri.  
 Unumquemque vocat. Describit nomina et annos ;  
 Dein rapit in ludum, me renuente patre,  
 Impensisque meis. Causam mihi saepe petenti,  
 "Hoc," inquit, "statuit lex nova ; quisque puer  
 Ut scribat, legat, enumeret." τρία κάππα κάκιστα.  
 Unde obolos, quaeso, suppeditare queam ?  
 Ecquis fermentum de me praedatur egeno,  
 Aut vini miseris pocula laeta negat ?  
 Haud mihi pluralis casus genitivus in (au) orum  
 Crescit ; cum pueris non pariuntur opes.  
 Nil moror insidias legum, dominosque superbos,  
 Quin teneam pueros, et doceam arte mea !

MICIO. Vin' locuples fieri ? Fermentum et vina relinquo ;  
 Pelle sitim pura largiter usus aqua,  
 Aut Ζωηδονίς spumantem sume liquorem  
 Sorbillaque jocos, gaudia, divitias ;  
 Caeruleaque togam distinguat taenia vitta,  
 Ut socios inter nobilis eniteas.  
 Non mihi si linguae centum sint, oraque centum,  
 Ferrea vox, narrem crimina, furta, neces,  
 Quae propter vinum . . .

SANNIO (*angrily*). Crambe  
 repetita ! Quid istum

Perpetior ? Nebulo, satque superque loquax,  
 Jam taceas !

MIC. Taceam ? Vis me frenare capistro,  
 Metropolitani more modoque canis ?  
 Aufer te !

DEM. (*interposing*). Hibernis ipsis  
 Hibernior, audes

Perdere rem totam garrulitate tua ?  
 Obstructor, caveas ! Utar si more Senatus,  
 Teque tuo attingam nomine, nullus eris !  
 Desine.

AESCH. (*seizing the banner*). Quin moriamur,  
 et in media arma ruamus !  
 Communis juxta congerit hostis opes.  
 Cernite marmoreis longa atria fulva columnis ;  
 Plurima missilibus quassa fenestra cadat !  
 Sternunt saxa vias, nondum compacta cylindro,  
 Plebis uti dextris commoda tela sient.  
 Scotica praetorem sua possidet aula vacantem,  
 Exploratque focos lictor, amante coqua.  
 Irruite. Haec tentanda via est.

(*He moves off towards one side.*)

Proh Jupiter, obstant

Lictores.

DEM. (*points to the other side*). Alia  
 perge.

AESCH. Nec illa patet.

DEM. Tradimur, obruimur numero.

(*Enter CTESIPHO as Police Inspector, with DROMO and other Constables.*)

CTES. Properate, sodales !

Arripe tu juvenem ! Tu, Dromo, prende senem !  
 Caetera turba abeat.

DEM. Vim brutam civibus  
 infers,

Improbe ?

CTES. (*showing handcuffs*). Vin'  
 manicis insinuasse manus ?

In vicum de *Arcu* deducite nomen habentem.  
 Audito ut judex crimine rem dirimat.

(*To the audience.*)

Adsumus et vobis, ne quid timeatis, amici,  
 Una eademque, novo sub duce, nota cohors.  
 Si fur nocturnis infestus obambulat horis,  
 Si tabulata domus corripit ignis edax,  
 Si rabiosa canis fugitantem territat urbem,  
 Concutit immeritos si Dynamita Lares ;  
 Talia qui patitur discrimina, mente recepta  
 Sibilet (*he blows the whistle*). Hoc tantum ; nec  
 mora, lictor adest.

*Idem Anglice.*

SCENE—*Trafalgar Square.*

*Enter AESCHINUS, HEGIO (carrying a banner), DEMA, SANNIO, SYRUS (carrying a chair), SOSTRATA, &c.*

AES. Set up the banner here : once more the fountains  
 we'll keep near.  
 Now, Syrus, you bring up the chair and place it.

SYR. Sir, it's here.

(*The banner is planted, and the chair placed in the middle of the stage.*)

AES. Now, since from out the East at last we've safely  
 made our way,  
 Is it your will that Demea should take the chair to-day ?  
 He is a man of influence.

ALL It is.

AES. Then, Demea,  
 Please be so good as to preside, among your peers a peer.

DEM. (*mounting the chair*).

Men and fellow citizens !  
 I'm not at all accustomed public meetings to address,  
 Yet just a few remarks or so I'm anxious to express ;  
 And, first, to all of you I tend the thanks so fully due,  
 Then briefly I'll explain the ends this meeting has in view.  
 There is much at stake—the right of public meeting, free  
 as air,

At this or any time or place, always and everywhere.  
 We'll have no interruptions, whether down a side-street  
 quiet  
 We chance to meet, or mid the traffic's ceaseless din and  
 riot.



Why, the Salvation Army daily parades the streets,  
 Its hallelujah tambourines, its clashing cymbals beats ;  
 While we, the true-born Englishmen—world-citizens, I  
 might say,  
 The law forbids to stand or walk about the public way.  
 Some blame us—true ; but what on earth more curish  
 will you find  
 Than one of those poor timid chaps with nervous, fussy  
 mind ?  
 He dare not stand his ground, he shakes all over him with  
 fear,  
 If e'er the passing policeman's tread should fall upon his ear.  
 We Social Democrats with hearts of iron in our breasts,  
 Delight in stripes, and bonds, and fines, we glory in arrests.  
 So give it up, Judge Hawkins, your treadmill cannot awe ;  
 Ye policemen, too, and barristers, men cunning in the law !  
 And now, if any here has got a grievance or a wrong,  
 Speak up ! The people loves to hear a smooth and wily  
 tongue.  
 With all its various grievances the public we'll acquaint,  
 England must open her deaf ears to hear her people's plaint.

HEG. (*mounting the chair*).

Oh, don't I wish the rich had but a single neck ! that so  
 At one fell stroke this hand of mine might each and all  
 lay low.  
 Why, what's the good of pedigrees ? Sure Nature made  
 mankind  
 In her own might, all equal in property and mind.  
 Cæsar is like to Pompey, e'en as pea is like to pea.  
 You're just like Pompey, Syrus, I like Cæsar, don't you see ?  
 My voice is for community of family and dwelling,  
 Mankind to love and brotherhood the social bond com-  
 pelling.  
 A common purse to keep secure the cash of the com-  
 munity,  
 Whence each may draw according to his need and  
 opportunity.  
 All property is robbery—such selfish grasping spurn !  
 Oh ! 'tis far sweeter to enjoy what comrades toil to earn.

SYR. Why should he make his cent. per cent.—ain't

it a *capital* crime,  
 The tyrant, at whose nod we're all kept poor and slaves  
 meantime.  
 It's this dictates the laws for him and us imperiously—  
 Accursed greed of gold for him, for us grim poverty.  
 Slothful and listless, laden with the fruits of spoliation,  
 The pampered lordling holds us down in cruel domination.  
 He's made a baronet, a knight, a baron p'raps—and then  
 Traces his high ancestral line right down from heaven  
 knows when.  
 For us the never-ceasing toil, age starved and crooked wait,  
 For us the mean and sordid home, the cold and cheerless  
 grate ;  
 For us far ocean's circling tide. ' Oh, emigrate, 's the cry,  
 ' You really ought ; across the sea there's wealth for those  
 who try.'  
 What ! hath the poor no tears to weep his country ? Can  
 ye deem  
 In lightsome mood the rude winds bear him far o'er ocean's  
 stream ?  
 No ! no ! the laws, say I, must equal rest and toil afford,  
 And give to every labourer's sweat its fair and right reward.  
 Eight hours for sleep, eight hours for work, and eight for  
 food and play,  
 And let each working-man receive a fair eight bob a day !

SOS. (*carrying a baby*). Listen, kind sirs ! a deeper  
 care disturbs a mother's rest,  
 A heavier weight of woe afflicts a mother's anxious breast.  
 Just see this babe—oh, that's a dear—(Heaven bless the  
 darling's eyes ;  
 Yes, that's my pretty precious, smile, darling, smile, that's  
 right)  
 —He's just three months, and hardly known an illness  
 or a fright,  
 And night or day, would you believe, he hardly ever cries,—  
 But soon the law will seize him, and his dainty limbs pollute  
 With horrid pock-marks taken from infection of a brute ;  
 The doctor comes with nasty lymph drawn from the calf's  
 sore shin,  
 Again and yet again his lancet pricks my darling's skin.  
 The deathly stroke a horrid wound inflicts, and day by day  
 The little victim sickens and slowly pines away ;  
 But, ah ! he'll not go scatheless who dares thy hurt to seek :  
 These nails shall pay the monster out, a mother's ven-  
 geance wreak.

SAN. Now, missis, not so spiteful—if ever you should  
 view  
 Your Tommy playing in the streets—so much the worse  
 for you.  
 The London School Board on us all such precious care  
 employs,  
 Takes such a friendly interest in all our gals and boys.  
 One of them cool, soft-spoken chaps, primed with whole  
 yards of rot,  
 Comes sneaking round my place to find how many kids  
 I've got.  
 He calls 'em, one by one, writes down their age and name  
 in full,  
 And never asks my leave, but straightway hauls 'em off to  
 school.  
 I have to pay the blooming fees ; and when I ask the reason  
 why,  
 ' There's a new law enacts that every child,' is his reply,  
 ' Learn Reading, Riting, Rithmetic'—blow them three R's,  
 I say !  
 Why, how the deuce am I to get the blessed pennies, pray ?  
 There's no one surely who would wish to take the poor  
 man's beer,  
 Or rob him of the half-and-half his toilsome lot to cheer.  
 By their oppressive, tricky laws I'm out of patience made :  
 Why mayn't I keep my boys at home to learn their father's  
 trade ?

MIC. (*who has just displayed a Temperance mani-  
 festo*).

Would you grow rich, my friends, oh, then from wine and  
 beer abstain !  
 Oh, quench your thirst with copious draughts of water pure  
 and plain !  
 Or raise the cup of Zoedone all sparkling to the lip,  
 And pleasure, mirth, and riches, with the foaming liquor  
 sip ;  
 Let the blue ribbon grace your coat with hue cerulean  
 bright,  
 To mark you 'mid your comrades as a burning, shining  
 light.  
 Had I a hundred tongues, a hundred heads, likewise a  
 throat  
 Of brass, the murders, thefts, and crimes, I ne'er had  
 strength to quote  
 Which drink . . .

SAN. (*angrily*). We've heard all that before, and I  
won't stand it, blow it,  
You chattering old humbug, you've said enough; just  
stow it,  
And hold your jaw.

MIC. My jaw? What, sir, to muzzle me, d'ye mean,  
As late in the metropolis the little dogs I've seen?  
Get out.

DEM. (*interposing*). Why, sir, no Irish member 's half  
as bad as you,  
D' you dare with your long tongue all our endeavours to  
undo?  
Take care how you obstruct, for if I use the precedent  
Of Parliament, I name you, and to the deuce you're sent!  
So stop.

AES. (*seizing the banner*). To death or glory on, my  
comrades, let us go!  
See close around lies stored the riches of our common foe.  
Look how these marble columns rear the lordly pile on  
high;  
Let's make a shower of missiles thro' the windows  
crashing fly!  
Uncrushed by the steam-roller about the roadway still  
The stones lie ready to our hands, to work the people's  
will.  
In Scotland Yard the Chief Commissioner is sweetly  
dozing,  
The bobby's down the area by cookey's fire reposing.  
On then! this way . . .

Oh, lord! oh, lord! the bobbies bar the street!

DEM. Then let's try this . . .

AES. That's blocked as well—we can't—there's no  
retreat.

DEM. All's up, they're far too many . . .

(*Enter CTESIPHO as Police Inspector, with DROMO and  
other Constables.*)

CTE. Now, men, look sharp there, please!  
You there, just nab the young un; Dromo, you the old  
un seize!  
The rest you can let go.

DEM. What, would you use brute force  
To freemen, wretch?

CTE. (*showing handcuffs*). Ah, must we to these  
bracelets have recourse?  
Now take 'em off to Bow Street, there in that famous place  
The magistrate will deal with them when he has heard  
the case.

(*To the audience.*)

We're here as well, that no alarm, kind friends, may  
trouble you;  
Our chief is fresh, but we are still your well-known friends  
in blue.

If ever at the midnight hour the burglar walks abroad,  
If ever fire's devouring flames fasten on floor and board;  
Does a mad dog the public chase in panic-stricken flight?  
Are unoffending people's homes blown up with dynamite?  
The victim, if he keeps his head, or bids vain panic cease,  
Just whistles—nothing more: and in a giffy—THE  
POLICE!

## THE 'ADELPHI,' 1886.

THOSE who are familiar with the *sacra arcana* of the Play, know how difficult it is to score a success on the First Night. The Play of 1886 does not stand alone in showing how a disappointing and unpromising First Night may be retrieved by genuine success on the Second and Third. An explanation for this is not far to seek. The risks of an ordinary First Night, which has so often proved the making or marring of a piece quite apart from its real merits, are increased in the case of the Westminster Play. A play in a tongue not ordinarily 'understood of the people' requires a trained audience, and this is commonly wanting in Dormitory on the First Night. We say this with all respect to the ladies who form so considerable—and so attractive—a part of a First Night audience at Westminster, and without venturing at this era in the history of woman to question their Latinity. But their appreciation of the humour of Terence is, as is becoming, of more chastened and self-contained a character than that of Old Westminsters, distinguished or otherwise, and the demonstrative approval of these latter tried supporters is greatly missed. Many of the performers are facing an audience for the first time, and all are liable to want that confidence which familiarity with a trying ordeal alone can give, and do not yet feel quite at home. It is no easy matter under such circumstances for actors and audience to fall into that sympathetic accord indispensable to success. It is, therefore, unfortunate that most of the newspapers found their judgment of the Play on the event of the First Night. The verdict would often be more favourable if held over till the second performance had been given. This year the contrast was more than usually striking. The first performance took place on Thursday, December 9, when, after a fair start in Act I., the Play dragged strangely; the clever scenes in Acts III. and IV. fell lamentably flat, and it was not till the last act that the actors brightened up and succeeded in drawing an answering gleam of approval from the auditors. The concluding scenes between Demea, Micio, Syrus, and Aeschinus were given, however, in so lively a fashion that the curtain descended to hearty and well-merited applause. The Epilogue went far better. Its purport was readily intelligible by aid of the pink sheet of 'Topics' and the striking 'make up' of the transformed *dramatis personae*, and there were touches not a few, like, for instance, 'Exercitus iste Salutis,' 'Emigret, aiunt,' 'Genius benedictus ocellis,' 'Caeruleaque togam,' and allusions to the 'rabiosa canis,' which went home even to those innocent of all pretension to scholarship. The Epilogue has been criticised as wanting in dramatic vigour and pointed dialogue. However true this may be, it was in other respects very happy, and, by reason of the marked types of character and the obvious nature of its allusions, admirably suited to its purpose. It is one thing to enjoy the advantages of a classical

education, and quite another to fathom on the spur of the moment a Latin joke. Both in form and matter it stands high among Westminster Epilogues. It treats with great tact and delicacy the great social problem (ingeniously introducing, by the way, several lesser burning questions), and in a manner for the most part playful and humorous, yet more than once sinking into a more serious vein. The lines beginning 'Auri sacra fames' have a force and significance which recalls the fierce stroke of Juvenal more than once. The last eight lines may also be commended to the notice of lovers of neatly-turned elegiacs.

Whatever may have been the doubts of well-wishers to the Play after the First Night, they were fairly dissipated on the evening of Monday, December 13. From the first there was a marked improvement, and especially so in those scenes which, on the previous Thursday, had so unaccountably missed fire, especially Act III. scene iii., where Syrus banters Demea; and Act IV. scene ii., where he sends him on a wildgoose chase round the city. All the actors were more at their ease, and played up to each other more readily. On Wednesday, December 15, there was in some respects a still further advance, and taken as a whole this was by far the most successful night. The young O.W.W. benches were overflowing (which was far from the case of Monday), and with the usual happy results. The scene between Micio and Aeschinus (Act IV. scene v.) was a great artistic success, the complex and contrasted emotions of father and son being very skilfully expressed, and in a manner which was far from equalled on either of the previous performances.

It remains to follow the usual custom and to pass in review the individual players. Much of the dramatic and nearly all of the ethical interest of the Play lies in the contrasted characters of the two old men—Micio and Demea; this contrast was very fairly exhibited by Messrs. Buchanan and Roos. Much was to be expected from the Mysis of last year, nor was the expectation vain; Mr. Buchanan showed throughout a delicate appreciation of the humour of Terence, and the mild virtues of the amiable Micio. If anything were lacking, it was the occasional want of dignity and force; but for the most part Mr. Buchanan's was a very intelligent and finished study of character. The Demea of Mr. Roos was more uneven. At times he was uncommonly good, as in his parting words with Micio at the end of Act I., and his delight at Syrus's pleasing fiction about Ctesipho in Act III. scene iii. But at others he hardly succeeded in giving the impression of the sturdy, opinionated, officious, and testy old country gentleman, overflowing with irritability and energy. The bursts of temper, though not without force, wanted spontaneity. He was happier where the sorely-trying Demea at last sees his fabric of precept and principle in ruins, and has to confess that he has toiled for nought; and here and in his concluding injunction to Aeschinus, Mr. Roos gave a pathos to the part which exacted a sympathy for the old man not easily ac-

corded to one who for the most part appears in a troublesome and unamiable light. The compliment must be taken for what it is worth, but Westminster is invariably happy in its villains. Mr. Sandilands' Sannio was no exception to the rule—a ruffian of the good old school, full of vigour, and marked by no little sense of humour, if a trifle rough. Sannio blustered to perfection and cringed with some facility. The Pamphilus of last year's 'Andria' is transformed into this year's Aeschinus. Taking into account that Aeschinus is not so interesting a young gentleman as Pamphilus, Mr. James may be acknowledged to have made a real advance in artistic finish. The haughty indifference and disdainful repose required in the scene with Sannio are not his strong point, but in the scene with Micio in Act IV. he showed to great advantage. The changing emotions of Aeschinus were exhibited with no little art, and his action in approaching Sostrata's door—'perii; horresco semper, ubi hasce pultare occipio miser'—was very happy, as also his confusion on encountering his father, and the naïve outburst at Micio's feigned story of the marriage of Pamphila. This scene is a very moving instance of the pathetic power of Terence, and at any rate on the Third Night it was played by Messrs. Buchanan and James with a sympathy and versatility difficult to excel. Mr. James delivered the difficult soliloquy just preceding in a manner which showed careful study, and on the same night with marked success. The rôle of the other noble and youthful Athenian, the model Ctesipho, had likewise fallen into good hands. The innocent delight and ingenuous gratitude of the artless Ctesipho were very cleverly given in Act II. There was something wanting to the naïve pretence of the simple youth's 'quae non data est,' and the 'nusquam tu me,' which follows in Act IV. The Syrus of Mr. Barwell was on the right lines, and not far from being classed in the first rank of the Westminster 'servi.' But the Syrus of the 'Adelphi' and the Davus of the 'Andria' are by far the greatest feats of Terentian comedy, and require for complete success a versatility and subtlety, a fertility of resource and a lightness of touch which can be expected only once or twice in a lifetime. Mr. Barwell was wily, but not as wily as Syrus; he was roguish, but not so roguish as Syrus; he was mocking, but not so mocking as Syrus. In one respect only did Mr. Barwell outdo Syrus: Syrus was drunk, but Mr. Barwell was more drunk than Syrus. This last applies more particularly to the First Night, when he was overcome out of all reason. Great as is the rejoicing in the celestial regions, and indeed in all parts of the house at such a moment, it is well that the intemperance of our Syri and Stasimi should be kept within bounds. Yet, withal, Mr. Barwell acquitted himself so well, that had it happened that the 'Trinummus' or 'Phormio' had been the Play this year, his Stasimus or Geta would have probably left little to be desired. Should he be again found in a Westminster caste, he would in all likelihood make a very successful Geta, in whom, as being a barbarian of the West, there

is a vein of downrightness and honesty superfluous to the Eastern Syrus. Sostrata was charming. Mr. Olivier played the part with a quiet dignity and a pathetic grace which fully merited the praise of the Press, which is always kind to ladies on the Westminster boards. Canthara, as represented by Mr. Goldie, had a brand new voice for each night. The first was the funniest, and fairly convulsed the house; the last, perhaps, the most human. The Geta of Mr. Knapp was rugged as nature, and a spirited performance. He might have given more light and shade to his expression, however; and his gestures were at times ungainly. Hegio is by no means a striking character, but the part was this year dignified by Mr. Whitaker's finished and effective interpretation. There was no one in the caste whose style was so even and free from faults, or who gave a more balanced expression to every phrase and line. We should like to see him in a stronger part. The Epilogue was played 'con amore'—especially the 'fracas' at the end—and received appreciatively every night. The most effective figures were those of Sannio (Mr. Sandilands) as a 'rough' (the playbill said, but surely he seemed an honest working man), Sostrata as the maternal anti-vaccinationist, and

Micio as a temperance orator. Sostrata exhibited motherly instincts of a high order; and, somehow, an infant in arms always appeals to a Westminster audience, particularly on a First Night.

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POETRY.

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POETAE WESTMONASTERIENSIBUS DILECTO.

Son of the conquered city, fosterling  
 Of conquering Rome; though born to slavery,  
 Whose generous spirit soared on steadfast wing  
 The ways of men with gaze serene and free  
 To view and comprehend—thou mighty soul,  
 Man's crooked nature strong to contemplate—  
 'Who saw'st life steadily and saw'st it whole;'  
 Gentle and tender to our fallen state;  
 Its foibles thou dost mark—thou knew'st it frail—  
 With touch so true and delicate; the ill  
 Reprovest with a smile, nor e'er dost fail  
 To beautify the good with subtle skill:  
 In thy enchanting page still many a trait appears  
 That links the hearts of men through twice a thousand  
 years.

ALUM. WESTMON.

floreat.