

The Elizabethan.

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THE 'ANDRIA.'

THE claims of superiority of the Plays acted on the Westminster stage have been discussed in *The Elizabethan* so often that it is unnecessary for us to enter into the question again, but we think that there can be little doubt that the 'Andria' is the general favourite. Its humour is of a more popular kind than that of the other plays. It must be hard for many among the audience, although they follow the Plays with interest, to catch all the subtleties and understand all the intricacies of the plots, but there can be few who do not appreciate the good qualities of the 'Andria.' Most of the characters easily win the sympathies of the audience: Davus is the liveliest of slaves, and scarcely figures in a dull scene from his first conversation with Simo until his final appearance, when he comes in groaning with pain from his flogging,

but soon forgets it in his joy at his master's happiness. The young men of Rome, if we may judge from the specimens shown us in the plays of Terence, must have been a very uninteresting class of people; but Pamphilus is an exception to the rule: the struggle between the ties of honour, which make him refuse to desert Glycerium, and duty, which bids him obey his father, his determination not to betray Glycerium's trust in him, the perplexity into which he is brought by the failure of the plans of Davus, until the sight of his father's grief makes him agree to obey at all costs, and his final triumph through the opportune arrival of Crito, raise an interest in Pamphilus such as cannot be felt in the majority of Terence's lovers. The part of Simo gives the actor who takes it many opportunities of showing his powers, and though the character is not so interesting as those of Davus and Pamphilus, a good deal can be made

of it. The humour and feeling in the part of Mysis make it far the best female part in any of the four Plays. The 'Andria' is, moreover, full of striking scenes.

The first acts of all the Plays are rather dull, and at first sight the first scene of the 'Andria' appears to be particularly monotonous; but a careful study shows that it contains many good points, and explains the position of affairs very skilfully, and the act closes with the despair of Pamphilus and the pathetic lines which describe the death of Chrysis. The plots of Davus, their frustration by the unexpected persuasion of Chremes to agree to the marriage, the rage of the lovers, the new plans of Davus, his punishment, and the clearing up of all difficulties by the arrival of Crito, keep the attention of the audience fixed upon the stage. Then what can compare with the famous 'Baby Scene'? The actors are sure to carry the audience with them: the appearance of the baby, the way in which it is laid at the door, the arrival of Chremes and his discovery of the baby, the well-assumed surprise of Davus, his plan of bullying Mysis and at the same time letting Chremes hear all that is necessary, Mysis' alarm, Davus' apparent astonishment at seeing Chremes, and the complete success of the plot, never fail to keep the spectators continually laughing.

The plot of the 'Andria' is as follows: Simo has a son called Pamphilus, who has always been considered a model young man, and Simo's friend, Chremes, has made arrangements to give his daughter, Philumena, in marriage to Pamphilus. But unfortunately for the success of this plan, Pamphilus has made the acquaintance of an Andrian lady named Chrysis, who lived in the house opposite Simo's with a beautiful girl who was supposed to be her sister. Shortly before the time fixed for the marriage Chrysis dies, and Simo goes to her funeral; her sister, Glycerium, goes dangerously near the pyre, and Pamphilus hastens to save her. Simo at once sees how matters stand, and Chremes, hearing of the incident, breaks off the match. The Play opens with Simo's recountal to his

freedman, Sosia, of all that has happened. He announces his determination to pretend the match is still to take place, hoping that things will even yet turn out all right. Davus, the slave of Simo, appears, and is threatened with terrible punishments if he tries to hinder the marriage. Pamphilus enters complaining of the hardness of his father, and yet doubting whether it is not his duty to obey him; but he declares to Mysis, Glycerium's maid, that he will never break his promise to Chrysis to protect Glycerium.

In the second act appears Charinus, who is in love with Philumena, and his slave, Byrria, tells him that she is to marry Pamphilus, but Davus makes both young men happy by his discovery that the marriage is not to take place. By the slave's advice, Pamphilus tells his father that he is willing to marry, thinking that all is safe, as Chremes is sure not to consent. A child is born to Pamphilus and Glycerium, but Simo, being encouraged by Davus to think that this is a pretence, prevails upon Chremes to withdraw his objection to the wedding. Thus Davus' plot fails, and the lovers are in despair, but Davus promises to get them out of the difficulty; he makes Mysis lay the child before Simo's door, where Chremes discovers it, and then Chremes is allowed to overhear a conversation in which Mysis discloses the facts that it is the child of Pamphilus, and that Glycerium is an Athenian citizen. Nothing will now persuade Chremes to consent to the marriage, and Simo's arguments that the whole story is made up to deceive them are refuted, when Davus appears from the house of Glycerium and announces to the fathers that Crito, a cousin of Chrysis, has come from abroad and corroborated it. Simo does not believe him, but sends him off to be flogged, and, having learned that Pamphilus is in the house with Glycerium, calls his son out and accuses him of suborning the stranger. Pamphilus obtains his request that he may bring the stranger to his father, and it is discovered that Crito is an old friend of Chremes. He tells what he knows of Glycerium, and it

turns out that she is really Pasiphila, a long-lost daughter of Chremes. Her father had left her in the charge of his brother, Phania, who had been driven from Athens by fear of war. He was wrecked at Andros, and died there, and the girl was adopted by the father of Chrysis. After this, there is no more difficulty about the marriage of Pamphilus and Glycerium, and we are left to suppose that Charinus is made happy with Philumena.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

The first night of the 'Andria' was Thursday, December 12. As usual, a great many ladies were present, and though there were several young O.W.W., few of the older ones attended. The front of the house was at first rather empty, on account of a mistake of the keepers of one of the bars, who sent several people who had pit tickets up into the gods, but the mistake was rectified, and the Dormitory was as full as usual. The Play went very well for a first night, though there was some unevenness in the acting, especially in the earlier scenes. The only serious hitch occurred a few lines from the end, when one of the actors missed a cue, and there was an awkward pause.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

On the second night, December 16, the chair was taken by the Dean, and, among others who formed the Head Master's party, there were Lord Lingen, Mr. Justice Day, the Dean of Lincoln, Sir Walter Phillimore, Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, Archdeacon Farrar, the Greek Minister, Mr. Victor Williamson, and Mr. Clements Markham. There was the usual improvement in the acting upon the first night, and everything went smoothly.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

On the third night the Play again went well all through, and the actors were at their best. The Rev. E. Hill took the chair, and among the other distinguished guests were Lord Mac-

naughten, Canon Liddon, the Head Master of Winchester, the Rev. H. L. Thompson, and Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P.

Play Notes.

THE newspapers were particularly favourable to us this year, but we are afraid that in the majority of cases their notices were too indiscriminately complimentary to be of much value, though a few really criticised and gave their true opinions.

The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* for December 28 contained some sketches of the Play. The likenesses of the actors were, of course, poor, and a critical eye might find a want of correctness about details, but the dresses were well drawn, and the sketches gave a very fair general idea of the scenes they represented. The article in the same paper showed that the writer did not know very much about the subject; among other strange statements, it said that most of the spectators came merely from a sense of duty, and were glad when the Play was over. We are glad that there are so many friends of Westminster who have so strong a sense of their duty to the School!

The artist of the *Graphic* spent most of the second night taking sketches behind the scenes, but we believe that they have not yet been published.

Several complaints were made this year of the noise that went on at the lower end of the Dormitory. Some thoughtless visitors talked continually during the progress of the Play, and interfered considerably with the enjoyment of some of those who wished to listen to it. We hope that there will be no grounds for such complaints another year.

The Epilogue was written by Mr. E. J. Webb, who was joint author, with his brother, of the Epilogue to the 'Adelphi' in 1881.

The Prologue was written by Dr. A. W. Verrall, who has written the Prologues for the last two or three years.

We must apologise for the late appearance of this number. The critic who was to have written the critique of the Play was unfortunately prevented from doing so, and a new one had to be found at the beginning of this term. This was a matter of great difficulty, and the publication of the number had to be delayed.

THE ANDRIA, 1889.

SIMO	<i>C. A. Phillimore.</i>
SOSIA	<i>A. C. Nesbitt.</i>
DAVUS	<i>J. S. Phillimore.</i>
MYSIS	<i>R. Balfour.</i>
PAMPHILUS	<i>A. L. Longhurst.</i>
CHARINUS	<i>G. G. S. Gillett.</i>
BYRRIA	<i>L. F. Wintle.</i>
LESBIA	<i>P. B. Henderson.</i>
CHREMES	<i>P. Williamson.</i>
CRITO	<i>H. L. Stephenson.</i>
DROMO	<i>R. W. Knox.</i>

PERSONÆ MUTÆ.

SERVI SIMONIS	} <i>F. J. Varley.</i> <i>J. S. Shearme.</i>

PROLOGUS IN ANDRIAM.

1889.

Salvete, amici, atque huc animos advertite,
 puerique faveat facilitas praeconio.
 quod nomen ipsum ne novum offendat nimis
 quo praeco sim pacto expediam paucissimis.
 5 Est universis principale in feriis
 ut more Graeco grata, qui patriae patres
 fuere, eorum fiat ad vos mentio :
 nunc maxime ; namque hoc in anno nescio
 res nulla an exstet gratior quam quod Domus
 10 picta enitescit, laudis antiquae memor,
 illustrium tot filiorum insignibus.⁽¹⁾
 nam scriptus hic poeta 'cui currum ferunt
 'per spatia lata laudis aetherio satu
 'par quadrupedantum, compta colla tonitribus ;'⁽²⁾
 15 est scriptus ille quem pium, dulcem, probum
 lepores amici carmine ostendunt suo ;⁽³⁾

¹ A Committee of O.W.W. has begun to emblazon the armorial bearings of distinguished alumni on the panels of the Great School.

² Dryden.

³ Cowper.

est, quem ratio et descripta mens hominum probat ;⁽⁴⁾
 est, quem per oras condita imperia Indicas,⁽⁵⁾
 quemque hac in urbe tanta templa condita ;⁽⁶⁾
 20 quantum historiae,⁽⁷⁾ quantum omni genere mu-
 nerum
 monstratur illis specimen in parietibus !⁽⁸⁾
 satin' hoc quidem jam praestiti praeconium ?
 Res alia sequitur—nec minus praeconis est—,
 ministerium regale, sacrorum decus ;
 25 ita religione sanctus antiqua liber,
 scriptae prius jubente Regina Praeces
 nunc editae volente Regina, ferens
 gemella prae se patrocinia prodiit.⁽⁹⁾
 Gaudentis haec sunt hactenus ; jam tertium
 30 praeconium est lugentis : indico dolens
 funus, Quirites, quot per hos menses viri
 bene meriti hac obiere de republica.
 luctus quidem est laus ipsa ; laudo et lugeo.
 Jam ludus e luctu—est quod agimus ludicrum—
 35 poscit me ut illud in aliquo ponam loco,
 quod Campus et certantium in Campo manus
 aedificio nunc e novo spectabitur.⁽¹⁰⁾
 certe Isthmiorum, Pythiorum, Olympica
 spectacula et Nemeaea, pace Pindari,
 40 non ego Britannis praeposuero lusibus,
 nedum cruores, Roma, et horrores tuos.
 immo ut Britannica eloquar Brittanice,
pavilionem laudo ; vos ignoscite.
 Jam quinto et, ut feratis, ultimo in loco
 45 commendo praeco et prologus comoediam.
 'Tandem,' inquitis vos, 'hoc agis.' Egi, et exeo.

⁴ Locke.

⁵ Warren Hastings.

⁶ Wren.

⁷ Gibbon.

⁸ Other coats already emblazoned are those of Halifax, Newcastle, Rockingham, Russell, Carteret, Pulteney, Lansdowne, Nottingham, Mansfield, Colchester, Keppel, Raglan, Anglesey, Combermere, Archbp. Longley, Trelawney, Atterbury, South, Sir James Graham, Hakluyt.

⁹ The *Praeces* that were drawn up by the direction of Queen Elizabeth for use in the School have been reprinted, and dedicated by special permission to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

¹⁰ A Cricket Pavilion has been built 'Up-fields' at a cost of £1,100, subscribed by voluntary contributions.

EPILOGUS IN ANDRIAM.

1889.

PERSONAE.

SIMO	A banker.
CHREMES	A City man.
SOSIA	Simo's private secretary.
PAMPHILUS	Simo's son.
CHARINUS	Friend of Pamphilus.
DAVUS	A newspaper editor.
DROMO	A prize-fighter.
BYRRIA	An organ-grinder.
CRITO	On the Licensing Committee of the County Council.
MYSIS	A spiritualist.
LESBIA	A hospital nurse.
PUER	Son of Pamphilus, on strike.

Dock-labourers, bakers, and unemployed.

PERSONAE MUTAE.

SIMO'S servants.

Scene—A STREET.

[Enter DAVUS with newspaper and note-book.]

DAV. Olim servus eram: quam nunc mutatus ab illo!
 Nam facilem victum haec charta diurna parat.
 Hanc edo, memorans si quae sunt facta per orbem;
 Si non sunt, nihilo sunt memoranda minus.
 Publica non curat populus; privata necesse est
 Edere, si populo cura placere tibi est:
 Omnia conrado; dicenda tacendaque dico,—
 Saepius haec; populo nempe tacenda placent.

[Enter SOSIA. SIMO'S servants bring on a table and chairs.]

SOS. (to servants). Ostendunt terris vos tantum Fata,
 neque ultra
 Apparere sinunt.

DAV. (excitedly). Dic mihi, Sosia, sis,
 Quid sibi mensa velit, quid tanta sedilia? Num nam
 Persarum princeps huc venit?

SOS. Immo alius:
 Pamphilus Italicis hodie expectatur ab oris,
 Quem metuo pater ut comiter excipiat:
 Namque seni minuuntur opes, nec filius artem
 Scit per quam victum quaeritet ipse sibi.

DAV. Horum adero testis, nam id *Natis quid sit
 agendum*

Nostris multum hodie vivit in ore virum:
 Concedam huc (*retires under table*).

SOS. Quid opus? namque, ut bene
 novimus olim,
 Neminem in hac scena nemo videre potest.

[Enter SIMO and CHREMES.]

SIM. Saepe, Chreme, saepe hoc dixi, patriam vel ad
 ipsos

Ire canes.

CHR. Dixti.

IDEM ANGLICĒ.

[Enter DAVUS with newspaper and note-book.]

DAV. See, editor from footman, eh? that's good!
 This 'daily' gives an easy livelihood.
 All 'facts' throughout the world mylawful game;
 'Undoubted'—or if not, it's all the same.
 The public care not for their own concerns,
 But other people's—that their favour earns.
 I scrape the gutters, fair or foul my news—
 Mostly the foul: that's what the people choose.

[Enter SOSIA. SIMO'S servants bring on a table and chairs.]

SOS. (to servants). Thus far, no farther do the Fates
 [allow

Your entrance.

DAV. (excitedly). Oh! my Sosia, tell us now,
 What mean this table and these splendid chairs?
 Is it the Shah who thus his way prepares?

SOS. No, Pamphilus to-day's expected here
 From Rome: he'll get a welcome warm, I fear.
 His father has had losses, it is said,
 Nor does the son know how to earn his bread.

DAV. I'll listen—this the public mind employs,
 The problem 'what to do with all our boys.'
 I'll hide (*retires under table*).

SOS. What need? We know from ancient days
 No one sees no one in our Latin plays.

[Enter SIMO and CHREMES.]

SIM. I've told you many times and oft, Chremes,
 We're going to the dogs.

CHR. You have.

SOS. Sed meminisse, Simo,
Hoc decet : *Anna obiit Regina.*
SIM. Et foenora rursus
Decrescunt : hodie vivere difficile est.
Qui nil egregie studuit mihi filius ille,
Quomodo divitias quaeret ? At ipse venit.

[*Enter PAMPHILUS and CHARINUS.*]

Salve, nate.
PA. Pater, salve. Sed nostin' amicum hunc ?
Introducendum est hercle : Charine, Simo.
SIM. (*to CHARINUS*)

Salve. Nempe tibi hunc comitem dedit Itala
tellus ?

CHAR. Immo Paris, qua tunc urbe morabar.

SIM. Ehem !
Non haec, o fallax, dederas promissa, per Alpes
Cum te dicebas currere velle.

PAM. Pater,
Turris ibi est Alpes superans ; superavimus ambo.

SIM. Gavisi Alpino non opus esse duce.
Dic mihi, quid tecum famosa ex urbe reportas ?

PAM. (*looking helplessly at bonbon-box*)
En tibi capsula, pater : plena erat ante tamen.

CHAR. Ast ego turrim ipsam refero (*displays model*).
SIM. Spolia ampla refertis

Tuque puerque meus.

(*To PAMPHILUS.*) Scilicet aeris eges ;
Non cuivis homini visenda Lutetia. Sed nunc,
Nate, laborandum est.

PAM. Tu modo da quod agam :
Quantumvis impone oneris ; non ferre recuso.

SOS. Carpit ita illa horas parvula sedula apis.

[*Some unemployed pass on with banners inscribed
'Opus volumus. Nobiscum unda fluit. Ad Campum.'*]

CHR. Quae turba haec ?

SOS. Sunt qui sua tristia carmina cantant.

CHOR. 'Heu nullum est nobis, quod faciamus, opus.'

CHR. Sed quid *Nobiscum fluit unda* inscribitur illic ?

PAM. Scilicet illotis est opus unda viris.

[*Some bakers pass on with banner inscribed 'Horas
breviores volumus. Ad Campum.'*]

SOS. Dissimile est genus hoc, longe et diversa
queruntur.

CHOR. 'Cur, plus quam justum est, nos faciamus opus ?'

SIM. Horum utris tu vis conjungere, Pamphile, sortem ?

Hic opus omnino non habet, ille nimis.

CHR. O genus infelix hominum !

[*Some dock-labourers pass on with banner inscribed
'Mercedem volumus majorem. Ad Campum.'*]

SIM. Nova at ecce querela,
Cum satis est operis, muneris esse parum.

SOS. But please
Bear this in mind : 'Queen Anne is dead.'

SIM. And then
My income's less. These are hard times : for
[when

My precious son has never tried to learn
A trade, his living how is he to earn ?
But here he comes.

[*Enter PAMPHILUS and CHARINUS.*]

Well ?

PAM. Hullo, dad : but stay—
My friend ; I'll introduce you, if I may :
Charinus—Simo.

SIM. (*to CHARINUS*). How d' you do ? But pray,
Was it in Italy you met ?

CHA. Oh ! no,
It was in Paris where I stayed.

SIM. (*to PAMPHILUS*). Oho !
You did not say a word of this before ;
It was the Alps you wanted to explore.

PAM. Paris a tower that's higher still provides.
We've been up both.

SIM. Needing no Alpine guides.
What have you from the famous city brought ?

PAM. (*looking helplessly at bonbon box*).

This sweet-box : it was full when it was bought.

CHA. I've brought the tower itself (*displays model*).
SIM. Both you and he

Bring ample spoils.

(*To PAMPHILUS.*) You're short of £. s. d. ?
One can't see Paris without paying, eh ?

But now, my son, you've got to work your way.

PAM. Yes, if you'll only look me out some work ;
As hard work as you like, I will not shirk.

SOS. 'So doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour.'

[*Some unemployed pass on with banners inscribed
'We want work. The flowing tide is with us.
To the Park !'*]

CHR. What means this mob ?

SOS. Oh ! it's the workmen who
Sing doleful songs.

CHORUS. 'We've got no work to do-oo-oo.'

CHR. 'The flowing tide'—what does this legend mean ?

PAM. Of course th' unwashed want water—to get clean.

[*Some bakers pass on with banners inscribed 'We want
shorter hours. To the Park !'*]

SOS. A crew with diff'rent grievance comes this way.

CHOR. 'Why should we work for too long hours each
[day ?'

SIM. With which will you throw in your lot, my son ?
Some have too much of work, the others none.

CHR. Unhappy race of man !

[*Some dock-labourers pass on with banners inscribed
'We want higher wages. To the Park !'*]

SIM. One grievance more !
They've work enough—more pay they clamour
[for.

PAM. Campum omnes quaerunt : quin demonstramus
et ipsi,
Hoc si cujusvis est panacea mali?
SOS. Sat demonstratum est ; ne quid nimis.

[Enter DROMO.]

PAM. At quis opima
Veste adit et magnis gressibus? Estne Dromo?
SIM. Ipsus is est. Heus tu!
DR. Quid vis?
PAM. Pol scire velimus
Quae tam perspicuas sors tibi donet opes.
DR. Sum pugil.
SIM. Hem, quid ais?
DR. Tantum hoc : ne plura requiras.
Orbis terrarum me et mea facta videt.
CHR. Contentusne tua sorte es?
DR. Satis.
PAM. Ast, ut opinor,
Improba lex artem vult cohibere tuam.
DR. Quippe jubet manibus me lex inducere caestus.
(puts on his gloves.)
CHR. Innocuus quam nunc esse videtur homo!
Suntne adeo hi molles?
DR. Docet experientia : visne?
CHR. Nolo equidem.
DR. (to SIMO). Numquid vis?
SIM. Ego nil.
DR. Valeas.
SIM. Hic prodest nulli : cumulant tamen omnibus
omnes
Divitiis. Sed quae femina mira? Quis es?

[Enter MYSIS.]

MYS. Mysis ego, an non sum? Qui me non noverit,
ipse
Ignotus : vates, docta Sibylla vocor.
Detrahere e caelo possum scripta, invenioque
Pocula quae nemo perdidit.
SIM. (disgusted) Ebria!
MYS. Non :
Exhilarat poculum hoc nec inebriat. Ah, pereat
lux!
CHR. Juppiter! ut pereat omne genus magicum.
Tune hoc fecisti, mulier?
SIM. Feriuntne quoque illi
Queis carbonensis lux facienda datur?
MYS. Stulte, vale : feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Et validas tendens, eni, tibi, mensa, manus.
O Vertumne, fave! Vertatur mensa.
DAV. (putting his head out) Sed una
Vertor ego, o demens!
MYS. Obsecro, quis loquitur?
CHR. Pol caput est!
MYS. O me miserum! quam terreor! (Exit.)
PAM. An quis
Hic sine corpore homo Barnumiensis adest?
SOS. Totus homo est.
DAV. Immo, ut dicunt, teres atque
rotundus.

PAM. All seek the Park: let us too demonstrate
If that's the cure for every evil state.
SOS. In all things, says the proverb, moderation :
We have had quite enough of 'demonstration.'

[Enter DROMO.]

PAM. But who is this so grandly dressed I see,
Strutting so finely? Dromo it must be.
SIM. Dromo it is. Hi!
DR. Well?
PAM. We want to learn
What arts this gaudy raiment for you earn?
DR. I am a pugilist.
SIM. What?
DR. Ask no more :
I and my fights are famed on every shore.
CHR. You don't go in for striking, eh?
DR. No fear.
PAM. A wicked law's aimed at your art, I hear.
DR. Yes, for it bids me case my hand in glove.
(Puts on his gloves.)
CHR. Ah! now he looks as harmless as a dove.
Are they so very soft?
DR. Just have a try.
CHR. Not I!
DR. (to SIMO). Will you?
SIM. No thank you!
DR. Then good-bye. (Exit.)
SIM. This man's no use, yet rich as any Jew.
But who is this strange woman?

[Enter MYSIS.]

Who are you?
MYS. Mysis am I or no? Whom not to know
Argues himself unknown : wise Sibyl I
Who bring down ghostly writings from the sky
And find mysterious cups where'er I go.
(Finds cup in CHREMES' coat-pocket.)
SIM. (disgusted). The woman's drunk!
MYS. False! for this cup of mine
Cheers, but does not inebriate—like wine.
But lo! the light dies out!
(The stage is darkened.)
CHR. And die out too
Of conjuring quacks the whole nefarious crew.
Woman, is this your doing?
SIM. Can it be
The gasmen too have struck, that we can't see?
MYS. Fool! thus I go girt round with blackest night,
Stretching toward thee, O table, hands of might.
Vertumnus, help us! Turns the table, see!
DAV. (putting his head out).
But with the table, stupid, you turn me.
MYS. Who spoke?
CHR. Why, it's a head!
MYS. I'm wild with fear. (Exit.)
PAM. We've got some trunkless man from Barnum's
[here].
SOS. He's whole.
(DAVUS gets up from under the table.)
DAV. Yes, 'all very fine and large,' they say.

SIM. Quid, scelerate, paras hic?

DAY. Bona verba, precor:
(*pointing to note-book*)
Nam mordere queo; noli me tangere.

SIM. Quid si
Scripta emat haec nemo?

DAY. Ne verearis, ement.
Exemplo est modo quod scripsi; nam plurima
de te

Ex hoc colloquio legi ego *facta*, Simo:
Simum, promissa barba, horrentique capillo,
Fronte truci—

SIM. (*angrily*) Verbum si, scelus, addideris—
CHR. (*soothingly*) Ne saevi, ah, tantum: ridenda poemata Davi

Censeo.

DAY. Sed de te sunt quoque multa, Chreme:
Vox, mores, flores, sunt cuncta notata.

CHR. Libellus
Seria res, Dave, est.

DAY. Est tibi; sed populus,
Si mala coniderit in quem quis carmina, gaudet:
Cetera percurrunt; hoc tamen omne legunt.
(*Exit.*)

SIM. Fortunati ambo, tu si modo, Pamphile, vates
Nugatorve fores, tuque, Charine, pugil:
Quod si non estis—

[*Enter BYRRIA with barrel-organ.*]

Di, talem avertite pestem!

Obtundis?

CHAR. Quae te, Byrria, fata agitant,
Humano generi Musisque inimicus ut exstes?
BYR. At mihi sunt facile hoc aera merenda modo.
SIM. Quis dabit argentum, ut strepitum istunc audiat?
BYR. At *ne*

Audiat! Ecquis adest qui dabit?

CHAR. (*giving him pence*) Accipe: abi,
Quo blandi juvenum saltus per strata viarum
Te revocant.

BYR. Abeo quippe libenter ego. (*Exit.*)
SIM. Si quid inutilius, si indignum, sive inhonestum

est,
Hoc faciens felix, dives et unctus eris.
Sed quis adest?

[*Enter LESBIA with PAMPHILUS's son.*]

Quo, Lesbia, abis?

LESB. Pol sistere nolo:
Vivere nam sola hac condicione queo,

Sub Jove si certa liceat spatiarier hora.

CHR. Esne igitur nutrix?

LESB. Ecce diploma fero.

SIM. Cum puer aeger eram, doctissima Lesbia, nutrix
Nil habuit simile huic, convaluique tamen.

(*Exit LESBIA.*)

CHR. (*to PAMPHILUS's son*) Parvule mi, quid agis?

PU. Ferio; percussimus; ictum est.
CHR. O quam grammaticae! Dic mihi, quid petitis?

PU. Verbera nulla, breves horas, faciendaque nulla
Pensa domi: ne quis ludere cogat.

SIM. What, scoundrel, are you up to?

DAY. Gently, pray,
(*pointing to note-book*)
For I can bite. You'd better not touch *me*.

SIM. What if none buy your writings?

DAY. There will be
No fear of *that*. Just see what I've been noting—
From 'facts' which I've just gathered I am
[quoting—
'Flat nose, with longish beard, and shaggy hair;
Your looks'—

SIM. (*angrily*). Another word, sir, if you dare.
CHR. (*soothingly*). Oh! don't be angry; it's all put in
[fun.

DAY. Of you too, Chremes, just a sketch I've done.
Voice, manners, button-hole—all's noted down.

CHR. Libel's no joke!

DAY. Quite true; but here in town
The public likes a little scandal writ.
All else they skip—this they read every bit.
(*Exit.*)

SIM. Now, there's your chance: one of you, journalise;
The other, prize-fight: that's what I advise.
If not—

[*Enter BYRRIA with barrel-organ.*]

Oh! heaven preserve us from this row!
Shut up!

CHA. What fiends can have possessed you now
To murder music and to vex mankind?

BYR. It's easy living by this means, I find.

SIM. But who will give to hear that beastly din?

BYR. They *will* give *not* to hear it.

CHA. (*giving him pence*). Here's some tin!
Be off where joyous dancers in the street
Recall you.

BYR. Yes, I'll beat a glad retreat (*Exit*).

SIM. Whate'er is useless, vile, discreditable,
Do this and you'll be rich and comfortable.
But who is this!

[*Enter LESBIA with PAMPHILUS's son.*]

Well, Lesbia?

LESB. I can't stay.
I earn my living only if I may
Go out abroad at certain stated hours.

CHR. Are you a nurse, then?

LESB. This diploma's ours.

SIM. When as a boy I e'er fell ill, my nurse
Had not got *this*, but I was none the worse.

(*Exit LESBIA.*)

CHR. (*to PAMPHILUS's son*). And how are you, my
little fellow, eh?

BOY. I strike, we have struck, it's been struck.

CHR. I say,
That's splendid grammar! What's the strike
[for, pray?

BOY. No caning, shorter hours—these are our aims—
And no home-lessons, no compulsory games.

SIM. Haha!
Hinc illae lacrimae ; scribetur epistola multa ;
Etonensis eris. Davus at ecce redit.

[*Re-enter* DAVUS.]

DAV. Eia agite, est nova res: quin omnes arrigite
aures:

Nescioqui petiit pulpita nostra senex;
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Civibus an prosint carmina, necne, videt.
Nempe ex Concilio Comitatus fertur adesse
Et nostrum hunc Ludum velle videre. At
adest.

[*Enter* CRITO, *the rest of the characters following at a distance and forming.*]

CRITO. In platea hac dictum est Ludum illum degere
Westmon-
-asteriensem.

DAV. Oculos res patet ante tuos.

CRITO. Ut vidi, ut stupui ! nam me malus error habebat.
Nil prius in vita vidi equidem huic simile.

DAV. Non vigeat huic quicquam simile aut, vel in orbe,
secundum.

CRITO. (*suspiciously*)
Num tener in scena debet adesse puer ?
Nam vix septem annos (ut lex jubet) esse videtur
Natus.

PAM. Ohe ! tu cum religione tua,—
Robustus satis est.

DAV. Si qua vincla aspera rumpat,
Samsonius—si non Sandovus—alter erit.

CRITO. In moresne meos res convenit ista ?

SIM. Quiescas :
Huc, bone, convenit plurima sancta cohors,—
Princeps et Judex et Episcopus atque Decanus,—
Et, quam venerat huc, sanctior hinc abiit.
Spectaculum antiquum est nostrum hoc, venerabile,
sanctum,—

CRITO. Denique quod visum venit Elissa.
Sat est.
Floreat hic Ludus, nomen dum vivet Elissae.

OMNES. Floreat.

SOS. Ut cecinit nescioquis veterum,
Nam

OMNES. Bonus ille vir est lepidusque.
(*pointing to Crito*)

Ita dicimus omnes.

DAV. Hoc, nisi mentitur.

OMNES. Nemo negare potest.

SIM. Ha-ha ! hence all this fuss. From 'letters' save
[us !
You shall be an 'Etonian.' Here comes Davus.

[*Re-enter* DAVUS.]

DAV. Hullo ! here's news ! Now listen all, I pray ;
There's some old man has come to see the Play ;
Active, irate, firm, and inexorable,
He questions whether plays are profitable.
It's said that from the County Council he
Has come, and here he is, our Play to see.

[*Enter* CRITO, *the rest of the characters following at a distance and forming.*]

CRITO. It is just here at Westminster this Play
Is held, they told me.

DAV. See it here you may.

CRITO. Amazed am I ! it was some strange delusion.
I've never seen its like—I'm all confusion.

DAV. There's nought like this, or near it, anywhere.

CRITO. (*suspiciously*).
But ought this child to be performing here ?
He hardly looks like seven—the age the law
Prescribes.

PAM. Oh ! nonsense—any scruples more,
I'd like to know ? He's strong enough, I'm sure.

DAV. 'Ah ! could he break through' iron fetters, he
A second Samson—or Sandow—might be.

CRITO. This hardly suits my morals high.

SIM. Pooh, pooh !
Good men and holy meet our Play to view—
Princes and Judges, Bishops, even Deans—
And holier than they came they leave these
[scenes.

Ours is an old, revered, and holy rite,
And good Queen Bess has come to see the
[sight.

CRITO. Enough ! Long live the Play while lives *her*
[name !

ALL. Long live the Play !

SOS. As sings some bard of fame.

ALL. (*pointing to* CRITO).

For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
And so say all of us,
Which nobody can deny.

DAV. If he does he tells a lie.

ALL. Which nobody can deny.

PUCK.

OBITUARY OF OLD WEST- MINSTERS.

GODFREY THOMAS BAKER, Esq., aged 79. Adm. February 7, 1825.

The Rev. THOMAS ARCHER BEWES, aged 86. Adm. October 12, 1814.

The Very Rev. RICHARD BONNOR MAURICE-BONNOR, aged 85. Adm. September 19, 1817; Dean of St. Asaph 1859-86.

GEORGE PARIS BRADSHAW, Esq., aged 35. Adm. October 2, 1869; of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-law.

The Rev. HENRY BULL, aged 90. Adm. January 13, 1808; K.S. 1811-15, Usher 1819-21, Second Master 1821-26, Vicar of Lathbury, Bucks, 1838-88, Hon. Canon of Christ Church, Oxon. 1877.

The Rev. JOHN MOORE CAPES, aged 76. Adm. October 15, 1827.

The Rev. JOHN DRYDEN CORBET, aged 81. Adm. May 4, 1821; Rector of Edgmond, Salop, 1845-65.

The Right Hon. GEORGE HENRY ROPER-CURZON, 16th BARON TEYNHAM, aged 91. Adm. January 11, 1808.

The LORD WILLIAM GODOLPHIN OSBORNE-ELPHINSTONE, aged 84. Adm. June 14, 1814. Formerly in the 16th Lancers; Military Secretary and A.D.C. to Lord Auckland, while Governor-General of India; served in the China Expedition 1839-41.

The Rev. MATTHEW THOMAS FARRER, aged 73. Adm. January 19, 1829; K.S. 1830-34; Vicar of Shirley, Surrey, 1841-79; of Addington, Surrey, 1843-67.

General EDMUND RICHARD JEFFREYS, aged 80. Adm. June 25, 1821; served in the Crimean War, and commanded the 88th Foot at the battles of Alma and Inkerman, and at the Siege of Sevastopol; C.B. July 5, 1855.

HENRY JAMES WOLFENDEN JOHNSTONE, Esq., F.R.C.S., aged 82. Adm. January 21, 1822.

JOHN BENJAMIN LEE, Esq., aged 77. Adm. January 13, 1825; solicitor.

Sir JOHN BLOSSET MAULE, aged 72. Adm. June 17, 1829; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, 1847; Q.C. 1866; Recorder of Leeds, 1861-80; Treasurer of the Inner Temple, 1882; Knighted December 7, 1882, on the Opening of the Royal Courts of Justice.

The Rev. GEORGE PHILLIMORE, aged 81. Adm. April 15, 1820; K.S. 1821-25; Rector of Willen, Bucks, 1832-51; of Radnage, Bucks, 1851-86.

STUART AUGUSTUS REDGRAVE, Esq., aged 39. Adm. May 26, 1864.

Sir GEORGE KETTLBY RICKARDS, aged 77. Adm. July 10, 1823; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; Professor of Political Economy, Oxford University, 1851-56; Counsel to the Speaker of the House of Commons and Referee on Private Bills, 1851-82; K.C.B. 1882.

Colonel WILLIAM ROBERT STRANGE, aged 80. Adm. January 12, 1818; late 2nd Madras Cavalry.

FREDERICK GEORGE ADOLPHUS WILLIAMS, Esq., aged 63. Adm. January 29, 1838; Q.S. 1840-44; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; Reporter for the 'Law Reports' in the Chancery Division of the High Court.

THE 'ANDRIA,' 1889.

THE task of criticising the Play has fallen to the lot of the present critic quite unexpectedly, and found him quite unprepared for it. He cannot but feel that he is unfit for it; he has had neither the literary nor the dramatic experience of the critics of former years; he has to write almost without notes, and when the Play is no longer fresh in his memory; he did not attend the Play with a view to criticism, and he has very little time to give to it. But a Play number of *The Elizabethan* must be produced, and it must contain a critique of the Play; so if readers cannot get the best, we must ask them to receive favourably the best they can get, and be lenient to the faults of the critic.

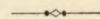
The 'Andria' of 1889 was, on the whole, a decided success. There was nothing particularly brilliant in it, and none of the actors stood out greatly superior to the rest; but the performance altogether was certainly not below the average, and the cast, if not exceptionally good, was even and hard-working. The Play had evidently been prepared with great care; most of the points were well brought out, the emphasis rightly placed, and the gestures appropriate; the characters had been diligently studied, and were naturally interpreted. There was some stiffness and unevenness to be noticed on the first night, but this almost passed off on the second and third, and the Play was well performed from beginning to end. We will now consider the parts individually, and point out some of the faults, in the hope that they may be avoided another time; for the cast was not without faults, though they were not generally of a serious nature.

Mr. C. A. Phillimore made a good Simo—the part was carefully played, and most of the important points were well brought out. There was a tendency to drop his voice in some scenes, which took away a great deal of their power; doubtless a long and passionate part like that of Simo is trying to the voice, but it would have been better if he had saved it for occasions when more than usual emphasis was required. He improved on the second and third nights, especially in the earlier part of the Play. In the first scene he did not get sufficient support from Sosia. Mr. Nesbitt said his own lines well, but did not act up to Simo. He made a somewhat monotonous scene unnecessarily tedious by remaining most of the time in one attitude, and only varying it by gestures that were neither very graceful nor natural. It would have been better if there had been some changes of position in this scene; some variety has usually been introduced in former representations of the 'Andria.' The success of the Play depends very much on Davus, and this part was well played by Mr. J. S. Phillimore; he missed a few points, but generally showed the necessary animation and vivacity, and his gestures were free from the uneasiness and stiffness which are often seen. He was particularly happy in the 'Baby Scene,' which has rarely gone better. In

this scene no less credit is due to Mr. Balfour, who was a successful Mysis, especially in the more excited scenes. His voice was scarcely suited to those in which Mysis shows her anxiety for her mistress, and grief for Chrysis; it required more softening, and its continued shrillness was rather trying to listen to. The young men were not the strongest part of the cast. Mr. Longhurst was not an ideal Pamphilus, and he did not do justice to some of his best passages; his acting was marred by the stooping attitude in which he delivered most of the part, and though his conceptions were good, they were not well carried out. But the part is a difficult one to play, especially when it is the actor's first appearance on the stage, and Mr. Longhurst certainly improved a great deal as he went on. Mr. Gillett as Charinus had many of the faults of Pamphilus, and he gave too much prominence to the weak and selfish part of Charinus' character; but his elocution was good. It must be remembered that a young man's part is a thankless one to take; the actor is expected to make more of it than is possible. It often happens in modern plays that the lovers are not the most interesting characters, and this is still more so in Terence. There is always some effeminacy in the young men, and one is apt to be too critical to the actors of these parts. Mr. Wintle made a very fair Byrria, and the small part of Lesbia was quaintly rendered by Mr. Henderson; he would have been better, however, if he had raised his voice more, as a great deal of what he said must have been quite inaudible at the top of the 'gods.'

Mr. Williamson was dignified and consistent as Chremes, and in some of the scenes showed that he could have done much better if he had thrown himself into the part more all through. As it was, there was a want of power about the part; his anger tended at times to become mere irritability, when it should have been righteous indignation, and much of the scorn was missed. Mr. Stephenson was very natural as Crito, and looked the part to perfection. Crito with him was something more than a mere colourless figure brought on to help the lovers out of their difficulty. Mr. Knox, as Dromo, performed efficiently the difficult task of carrying Davus off the stage.

The Epilogue was a clever one, but it would have been better if it had been more connected. Several characters simply came on and said their lines, and went off, with no particular object. With this exception, it was very well written, and was full of points, especially in the latter half. It was a complete success, and went well on each night. The idea of singing 'For he's a jolly good fellow' in Latin at the end was a good one, and took immensely; it was an excellent ending to a very good Play.



NOTICE.

Photographs of the cast of the 'Andria,' 1889, may be had on application to the Captain, St. Peter's College, Westminster, price 3s. 6d. each.

Morcat.