



# The Elizabethan.

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## THE 'ANDRIA.'

WHY is it that the 'Andria' has always been the most favoured play of the four that present themselves in their appointed turn to the Westminster audience? Perhaps the secret of its popularity lies in the fact that it is so human in feeling and so cosmopolitan in tone that it has appealed, and will continue to appeal, to men of culture in all ages. Like Horace, Terence is always elegant and pointed in his style, and it was this important characteristic that commended the writings of both poets to the favourable attention of literary circles at the time of the Renaissance. Just as the Greek authors Diphilus and Menander provided the groundwork of Terence's plays, so Terence in his turn furnished excellent material for the

French school of dramatists to elaborate. Baron's adaptation of this play won a great reputation, and Molière's works show distinct traces of the widespread influence of Terence. In England, too, the dramatists of the Elizabethan age owe a deep debt of gratitude to him. Shakespeare himself went so far as to base one of his most telling comedies on the plot of the 'Menaechmi,' while the office which Baron had performed for French Literature Sir Richard Steele undertook for English when he wrote the play of 'The Conscious Lovers.'

In spite of his success as a word-painter, Terence in delineating character does not imbue his creations with the *verve* of Plautus's personalities. Nowhere throughout his plays can a character be found to compare with Stasimus in the 'Trinummus,' Tyndarus in the 'Captivi,' or Ballio in the 'Pseudolus,'

for striking individuality. Plautus endeavoured to make the leading slave as vigorous and forcible as he could; Terence insisted rather upon the polished wit and epigrammatic diction in this part, which was so characteristic of the Greek prototype. The result in the case of Davus is, that he does not attract his audience so much by his personal powers, as by his happy knack of expressing his creator's own opinions. On the whole, the part of Simo is not inspiring, yet he is quite a natural old man. His words at times thrill with unfeigned passion; his descriptions, such as that of Chrysis's funeral, are masterpieces of dramatic skill; his analyses of human nature are surprisingly accurate, but throughout the play he has no such telling scenes as that of Charmides with the Sycophant in the 'Trinumus' or Demea with Syrus in the 'Adelphi.' Still, the stereotyped figures of old men and young sons in this comedy are happily relieved by some genuine feeling, which enables the actors to put more life into their parts than is possible in some of the other comedies. Pamphilus is quite manly for a young Roman. He has the courage of his own opinions, which can only be shaken by the passionate pleading of his father. Another of his good qualities, usually so conspicuous by its absence in young men of the period, is his faithfulness. His love for Glycerium stands the most severe tests, and because of this devotion the audience are really quite pleased when the 'deus ex machinâ' in the person of Crito descends to cut the gordian knot. Chremes's quaint humour has some true sentiment behind it, which prevents him from degenerating into a mere puppet on the stage. The subordinate characters, Charinus and Byrrhia, are said to have been the creations of Terence's own brain, and they present a striking contrast to the characters he borrowed from Greek comedy. Charinus is not a pleasing character to contemplate. His egotistical and dissatisfied tone is most offensive, and his shallow and spiteful nature entirely alienate our sympathy from him in his unhappy *affaire de cœur*. As a critic once aptly said, Philumena with such a lover is indeed to be pitied!

Byrrhia's rough philosophy is only intended to act as a foil to Davus's alert perception, yet even with this humble object in view Terence might have drawn the character with some of the subtlety exhibited in the more important personalities. His failure here suggests invidious comparison with the Greek originals. Crito's blunt honesty and Sosia's sententious pedantry help to 'fill in the mosaic' of the plot, while Dromo's business-like method of removing recalcitrant fellow slaves contributes the necessary 'horseplay' to the piece. But it is into his female characters that Terence has instilled the true spirit of his work. His creed, '*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*,' is as fully expressed in the tender devotion of Mysis to her young mistress as in the passionate reproaches which Nausistrata heaps upon her erring husband. The few lines Lesbia speaks never fail to create a sensation; the only reason is that they are so perfectly natural as to become grotesquely humorous!

Passing from characters to criticise scenes, it may be said that the 'Andria' can boast of two of the best in Terence—the 'Baby Scene' and 'The Exit of Davus.' In the former the awkwardness of Davus in carrying his precious burden, the bewilderment of Chremes at discovering a real live infant at Simo's house door, the terror of Mysis, the braggadocio of Davus, all co-operate to make this scene one of the most amusing situations in all comedy. The latter gives scope for humour of a violent description. Davus going to and Davus returning from the whipping post are enough to make even the apathetic roar with laughter.

The sum of this criticism amounts to a confession that even if the 'Adelphi' of Terence is his literary master-piece, the 'Andria' for acting purposes is unquestionably the most successful comedy the dramatist ever produced.

The plot is as follows:—

The title is taken from the reputed nationality of the heroine, Glycerium. Many years before the action of the play begins, Chremes, an Athenian citizen, having to make a voyage to Asia, left his little daughter, Pasiphila, under the care of his brother, Phania. A war mean-

while broke out, and, to avoid possible danger, Phania determined to follow his brother with the child. He was shipwrecked on the island of Andros, and, being in want, became the client of an Andrian citizen, who, on Phania's death, adopted Pasiphila, changed her name to Glycerium, and brought her up with his own daughter, Chrysis. Presently this man died, and the two girls went to Athens, with their old servant, Mysis, to seek for Glycerium's parents. Here Pamphilus, the only son of Simo, fell in love with Glycerium, and married her secretly. Simo, however, without his son's knowledge, made arrangements for his marriage with Philumena, another daughter of his old friend Chremes, who promised an ample dowry. The prospect of this match was marred by an accident. Chrysis died, and at the funeral Glycerium, in her agitation, approached dangerously near the flames of the pyre. Pamphilus rushed forward to save her, and a scene followed which showed clearly enough to Simo, who was present, how deeply they were in love. Chremes, on hearing of this event, at once put an end to his daughter's engagement.

ACT I. The play begins with a long dialogue, in which Simo informs his freedman, Sosia, of the early life of Pamphilus, his engagement to Philumena, the discovery of his passion for Glycerium, and the consequent breaking off of the match. He determines, nevertheless, to make Pamphilus believe that the marriage is to take place after all, hoping eventually to overcome the objections of Chremes.

Sc. ii. The situation having thus been explained, Davus (the confidential servant of Pamphilus) appears, anxious to help the son against the father, but afraid of the possible consequences to himself. Simo threatens him with the severest penalties if he hinders the marriage with Philumena.

Sc. iv.-v. We see Mysis, on her way to fetch a nurse for Glycerium; but she is stopped by the sudden entrance of Pamphilus, complaining bitterly of the heartless conduct of his father, who has just told him that he is to be married at once.

Mysis urges him to be true to Glycerium, and Pamphilus, in a passage of great pathos, gives a most solemn assurance of his fidelity.

ACT II. Sc. i. introduces Charinus, who, being in love with Philumena, is reduced to despair on hearing from his slave, Byrrhia, that she is to marry Pamphilus. But (sc. ii.) the spirits of both the young men are revived by Davus, who has discovered that the threatened marriage is not seriously contemplated.

Sc. iii.-vi. To thwart Simo's plans, Davus urges Pamphilus to profess his readiness to marry Philumena, feeling confident that Chremes will persist in his refusal. Pamphilus very reluctantly consents, and Simo is so disconcerted by this unexpected compliance that Davus is able to turn the tables on him and censure the old gentleman for his stinginess.

ACT. III. Sc. i. Mysis re-appears, bringing the nurse Lesbia; and Simo overhears them speaking about the expected birth of a child to Pamphilus. This he believes to be all part of a plot hatched by Davus, and congratulates himself on his own acuteness in seeing through it.

Sc. ii. Simo sees Lesbia leaving Glycerium's house, and Davus encourages him to imagine that the whole thing is a fabrication got up by Glycerium and her maids in order to prevent Chremes from giving his daughter to Pamphilus. Sc. iii. Acting on this belief, Simo, after no small difficulty, induces Chremes to consent to a renewal of the engagement. Sc. iv.-v. At this, Davus is completely non-plussed, Pamphilus is enraged with Davus, and Charinus with them both.

ACT IV. Sc. i.-ii. Pamphilus explains matters to the indignant Charinus, and Davus promises to find some way out of the scrape. He hopes to do this by making Mysis lay the new-born infant before Simo's door.

Sc. iii.-iv. In an amusing dialogue, which Chremes is purposely allowed to overhear, Davus forces Mysis to tell him that Pamphilus is the father. This information has the desired effect, and Chremes goes off resolved that his daughter shall never be the wife of Pamphilus.

Matters thus seem at a dead-lock, when (sc. v.) there appears on the scene a respectable

old gentleman from Andros, by name Crito, a cousin of the late Chrysis, and heir-at-law of her property. He lights upon Mysis and Davus, and all three go into Glycerium's house.

At the beginning of Act V. Simo is in vain endeavouring to persuade Chremes that he is the victim of a cunningly devised plot, when Davus comes out of Glycerium's house, unaware of their presence. When angrily challenged by Simo as to his business there, he accidentally lets out that Pamphilus is within, and vainly endeavours to screen himself by explaining how the stranger Crito affirms that Glycerium is an Athenian born.

Simo, in a fury, shouts for Dromo, the slave who flogged for the family, and the luckless Davus, in spite of his protestations, is carried off bodily to condign punishment. Sc. ii. Pamphilus, summoned from the house, is loaded with bitter reproaches, and accused of having suborned Crito. Sc. iii. With difficulty is Simo persuaded even to hear the stranger speak for himself. Chremes recognises in Crito an old friend, but this does not prevent Simo from assailing the Andrian in the strongest terms. When at length Crito tells his story, Glycerium is proved to be the long-lost Pasiphila, Chremes' eldest daughter; and Pamphilus is not only able to acknowledge his wife, but receives a handsome dowry into the bargain. Charinus also has good hopes of being allowed to marry Philumena. Sc. v. Davus is released, though terribly sore from his punishment; and the curtain falls upon his assurances that all will be happily settled within the house.

#### THE FIRST NIGHT.

The young O.W.W. were not so well represented as usual, but all the vacant places in their 'Pit' were filled by the ladies, who came in larger numbers than we remember having seen for many years. They proved an exceptionally appreciative audience, and the play went very well for the first performance, while the Epilogue soon ensured for itself a brilliant success. 'Lord Kitchener' was unfortunately not recognised as soon as he might have been,

but 'Marchand's' identity was unmistakable. One or two of the ladies could not bring themselves to admit that 'Lesbia' represented a type of the 'fair sex.'

This year the Prologue was given on all three nights.

#### THE SECOND NIGHT.

The house did not extend so favourable a reception, either to play or Epilogue, as they had on the first night. In fact, throughout the latter they passed the more obvious jokes without comment, and showed an extraordinary inclination to laugh where no fun was ever intended. Perhaps the long though inevitable wait between the Prologue and the Play exasperated their patience, and if this were so, the opening scenes were hardly likely to appease them.

A day before this Play Chremes had been suddenly taken ill, and tremendous exertions were needed to prevent a disaster. Sosia fortunately was able to combine the part of Chremes with his own, except in the Epilogue, where the services of an 'understudy' had to be requisitioned. Happily, but little notice of the change was taken on the night.

The references in the Prologue to Dean Liddell and Capt. Smyth were greeted with loud applause. As usual, the Dean was in the chair, and among those present were: Lord Justice Rigby, Lord Justice Collins, Canon Duckworth, Mr. Justice Kennedy, Mr. Justice Phillimore, Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B., Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B., Col. Eyre, C.B., Mr. Victor Williamson, C.M.G., Mr. D. R. Fearon, C.B., Mr. W. Seton-Karr, M.P., M. Gennadius, Mr. G. V. Yool, Mr. Walter Tomlinson.

#### THE THIRD NIGHT.

A more successful performance could not have been desired, in spite of the fog. The house was packed, and long before the Prologue was given an empty seat was hard to find. The O.W.W., both old and young, were in great force, and largely contributed to the success of the evening. As on the previous nights, the prompter enjoyed a sinecure, and not a hitch of any kind occurred from first to last. The older O.W.W. especially appreciated the references in the Prologue to Dean Liddell and Gen. Goodenough, while the lines touching upon Mr. Sargeant's book fully expressed the senti-

ments of the audience. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, when at the close of the Epilogue a few eloquent words were unexpectedly introduced to wish the Headmaster 'God speed' upon his voyage and complete restoration to health.

Sir William Harcourt's resignation provided an extra line and some hearty laughter, while the 'infant's' exclamations were funnier than ever. Mr. G. H. Drew took the Chair, and the Headmaster's party included: Rt. Hon. J. G. Talbot, M.P., Mr. Atherley Jones, M.P., Mr. A. Staveley Hill, M.P., Mr. Archibald Milman, C.B., Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., Rev. H. L. Thompson, Canon Milman, Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode, Mr. A. D. Godley, Professor Corfield, Dr. J. E. Sandys, The Headmaster of Charterhouse, Mr. C. L. Shadwell, Mr. Wilford Brinton, Mr. Charles Evans, Mr. Spencer Wilkinson, Dr. Davies-Colley, Mr. G. W. Tallents, and Mr. C. D. Robertson.

### Play Notes.

THE Prologue, slightly shorter if anything than usual, was the work of the Headmaster. In graceful terms it alludes to the loss we have sustained by the death of Dean Liddell, a former Head Master, who helped in no small measure to restore the school; to the military achievements of Capt. Smyth, who won the V.C. out in the Sudan; and to the death of General Goodenough, one of the most distinguished O. W.W. in the army.

Mr. Sargeant's book was worthily described in the line 'Venusto annales demum perscriptos stilo.' The rest of the passage, if cited, would testify to its complete accuracy as amply as this quotation to its charming style. The delivery of the Prologue on the first night was an innovation, which, we hope, may stand the test of time.

The daily press this year, instead of criticising in detail the individual performances of the cast, indulged in long accounts of the life and work of Terence. The chief offender was the *Morning Post*, who treated us to nearly a column of history and only half-a-dozen lines of 'critique.' The *Times* also chose this style of cursory criticism.

Our old friend, the *Daily Chronicle*, indulged in one of his usual 'howlers'—this time in connection with the traditions of the play. He blandly remarks that 'the scholar in satin breeches recited the Prologue, and before each act held the accustomed conference with the master at the footlights.' The fallacy is obvious. However, he gave some practical advice, which ought to be taken to heart.

The *Standard* representative left his usual ferocity at home. He was extraordinarily lavish with his praises, and could find nothing but words of commendation for everybody concerned. The *Daily News* honoured us with an enlightened critique after the third night.

The *Globe's* remarks on Play and Epilogue were distinctly above the average. The *Westminster Gazette*, too, seemed quite to grasp the situation. Excerpts from the Epilogue, with translations, appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Chronicle*. The English renderings were most amusing.

The *Daily Graphic* artist, Mr. Paxton, drew the characters as usual, on the first night. The Epilogue sketches were inimitable, while the likenesses in the pictures from the play were quite easy to recognize. The one of the Baby Scene exactly caught its spirit, although the 'Infant' was given rather a more comfortable bed than was actually granted him on the stage.

Of the illustrated papers the *Graphic* published a capital full-page drawing of the Epilogue by H. M. Paget. The only fault that could be found was that two of the names beneath had got into the wrong places. The *Sketch*, *Black and White*, and the *Sporting and Dramatic* published photographs of the cast (by Alfred Ellis), the last two printing jocular critiques. Since its unfortunate exhibition of ignorance in 1894, the *Sketch* has considered discretion the better part of valour! We also appeared for the first time in the *London Musical Courier*, who favoured us with a couple of columns of letterpress and pictures of Pamphilus and Simo.

The Epilogue was written by C. D. Fisher, Esq. Though somewhat deficient in 'properties,' its amusing criticisms upon current events ensured a warm reception for it. On the second night, through the fault of the audience, it flagged a little, but on the first and third nights it was welcomed with peals of laughter and loud applause.

## THE 'ANDRIA,' 1898.

SIMO . . . . .	<i>F. T. Barrington-Ward.</i>
SOSIA . . . . .	<i>H. R. Lonsdale.</i>
DAVUS . . . . .	<i>W. R. Le G. Jacob.</i>
MYSIS . . . . .	<i>S. A. Sydney-Turner.</i>
PAMPHILUS . . . . .	<i>A. C. L. Wood.</i>
CHARINUS . . . . .	<i>G. R. Palmer.</i>
BYRRHIA . . . . .	<i>O. H. M. Williams.</i>
LESBIA . . . . .	<i>G. K. A. Bell.</i>
CHREMES . . . . .	<i>A. S. Gaye.</i>
CRITO . . . . .	<i>E. G. S. Ravenscroft.</i>
DROMO . . . . .	<i>F. Young.</i>

## PROLOGUS IN ANDRIAM.

Ex quo Trinummi conclamatumst 'plaudite,'  
 Pars haud exigua nostrae exstinctast gloriae ;  
 Nam fine clausit vitam placatissima,  
 Dei optimi concessu, vir<sup>1</sup> qui quamdiu  
 5 In vita mansit, si quid iudicaverat  
 Fore in rem nobis, nobis hoc ut qui foret  
 Vehementer nitebatur noctisque et dies.  
 Adolescens is vocatus olim extrinsecus  
 Iam desperatis nostris ut rebus statim  
 10 Auxilium spem salutem famam redderet,  
 In id se insumpsit, id mox effectum dedit.  
 Neque, quom sat egit tantis tot negotiis  
 Distractus, habuit sat negoti ; ad literas  
 Ita Graecas animum adiunxit ut nullus magis  
 15 Homines ut Graece docti sint perfecerit.  
 Nam hic si non illum Graeci Thensaurum edidit  
 Sermonis, certe hic plenis auxit ditiis.  
 Quam aliquando inierat dirutam prorsus Domum,  
 Ex hac excessit annos post complusculos  
 20 Redintegrata sarta suffulta probe.  
 Ac postquam excessit, nactus quem meritust locum,  
 Non adeo a nobis usque semotust tamen  
 Ut ea nequiret quae crearat commoda  
 Nobis firmare praesidio ac prudentia.

Since last the curtain fell upon our Play,  
 Our best and bravest friend has passed away.  
 High heaven had willed that now his toil should  
 cease,  
 And lifelong labour end in perfect peace.  
 Therefore, with well-nigh half our glory gone,  
 Disconsolate we mourn the loss of one  
 Whose life was linked with ours, who day and night  
 Strove in our service, battling for the right  
 With ever-ready hand and busy brain :—  
 The man has perished, but his works remain.  
 Long since he came to us, a stranger then ;  
 Youthful, but strong in will to raise again  
 Our well-nigh broken fortunes, and restore  
 The health and hope and fame we lost before.  
 For this he worked : this he achieved ; and yet  
 Though by a thousand anxious cares beset,  
 He thirsted still for work, and labouring long  
 That men might know the eloquence and song  
 Of Hellas, plied his task so zealously  
 That none has made more Hellenists than he.  
 Witness his 'Lexicon,' produced elsewhere,  
 But stored anew with wealth of learning here.  
 He found the School half-ruined, wrecked, defaced ;  
 Anon, in high preferment justly placed,  
 He left it strong, well-furnished with a stock  
 Of new-born vigour, founded on a rock.  
 He left us, yet he did not leave us quite ;  
 His counsel still could guide our course aright,  
 And his protection as the bulwark stood  
 Of all he had accomplished for our good.

<sup>1</sup> Henry George Liddell, appointed Headmaster in 1846, when the condition of the School caused grave apprehensions : Dean of Christ Church, 1855 : died January 18, 1898 : joint author with the late Dean of Rochester of the Greek Lexicon first published in 1843.

- 25 Redire in annos huc solebat singulos,  
 Corrector adfuturus si quis rem suam  
 Male gesserat, laudator si quis strenue.  
 Aspectus candor, gravitas frontis, corporis  
 Proceritas, manifesta maiestas viri
- 30 Continuo effecit ut qui forte aspexerat  
 Illam teneret fixam in animo imaginem.  
 Si cui quid videar hisce falso laudibus  
 Adfingere, idem nostros cum perlegerit  
 Venusto annales demum perscriptos stilo<sup>1</sup>
- 35 Ipsam me rem narraſſe iam fatebitur.  
 Eram verus : noſtrae pars exſtinctaſt gloriae.  
 Nolim exclametiſ, Siſ, puer, finem face ;  
 Namque hiſ diebuſ queiſ mortaleſ nil ſonant  
 Niſi arma et caſtra, nonne gratularier
- 40 Meiſ me oportet qui curarint ut meoſ  
 Non nilo in bellis aeſtumeſ reſpublica ?  
 Non nili ad Nilum proelianiſ nuper fuit  
 Meiſ corona qui donatuſt civica ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Neque ille<sup>3</sup> quoaia haud dudum moſ noſ perculit,
- 45 Qui olim ipſe ad Nilum in armis patriae profuit,  
 Poſt Africanis praecerat legionibuſ.  
 Voſ tandem miſſoſ facio ; tempuſt ut ſeniſ  
 Veſtem indiſcar ; prodituruſ ſum Simo.

From year to year to viſit uſ he came,  
 And with ſtrait juſtice, weighing every claim,  
 To each he dealt hiſ ſhare of praiſe or blame.

Hiſ ſtately brow, hiſ mien ſo frank and fair,  
 Hiſ mighty ſtature, hiſ maſtice air,  
 Once ſeen, thenceforth could never be forgot.

Should any think that I have overſhot  
 The mark of truth, or that my wordſ exceed  
 The meaſure of hiſ merit, let them read  
 The ſtory of our School (now told again  
 With all the graces of a facile pen),  
 And they muſt own that nothing falſe I've ſaid :  
 'Tis all too true ; nigh half our fame iſ dead.

Pray do not cry ' Enough, ſir, ſay no more !'  
 There yet remainſ a theme I can't ignore ;  
 For ſurely, in the hour when all men prate  
 Of armſ and war, I muſt congratulate  
 The gallant ſonſ of Weſtmiſter, who've fought  
 Right bravely in their country's cauſe, and brought  
 New honour to the School whoſe name they own.  
 No carpet-knight waſ he who lately won  
 The Croſſ of Valour for a brave deed done  
 In battle by the waterſ of the Nile ;  
 Nor he, whoſe death we mourn, who ſerved awhile  
 In the Soudan, a warrior brave and keen,  
 And at the Cape in later yearſ waſ ſeen,  
 Commanding there the ſoldierſ of the Queen.

And now I take my leave : 'tis time to don  
 The garb of age : aſ Simo I'll appear anon.

I. F. S.

<sup>1</sup> 'Annals of Weſtmiſter School,' by John Sargeant, 1898.

<sup>2</sup> Nevill Maſkelyne Smyth, younger ſon of Sir Warington Smyth : T.B. 1882-1885 : Captain 2nd Dragoon Guardſ : one of the firſt Engliſhmen to enter Omdurman : V.C. November.

<sup>3</sup> William Howley Goodenough, ſon of Edmund Goodenough, Headmaſter : T.B. 1845 : Royal Artillery, 1849 : Major-General, 1886 : commanded the Artillery in Egyptian Campaign of 1882 : commanded ſubſequentlſ the North-Weſtern Diſtrict and the Thames Diſtrict : commanded the troopſ in South Africa, 1895-1898 : K.C.B. 1897.

## EPILOGUS IN ANDRIAM, 1898.

## PERSONAE.

CRITO . . . . .	<i>A traveller</i>
DAVUS . . . . .	<i>A financier</i>
PAMPHILUS . . . . .	<i>A guardsman: later a general</i>
MYSIS . . . . .	<i>A nursemaid</i>
SIMO . . . . .	<i>A scientist</i>
SOSIA . . . . .	<i>His factotum</i>
DROMO . . . . .	<i>A policeman</i>
CHREMES . . . . .	<i>A professor</i>
BYRRHIA . . . . .	<i>A cyclist</i>
LESBIA . . . . .	<i>A hockey-player</i>
CHARINUS . . . . .	<i>An emissary of civilisation</i>

AN INFANT.

A CROWD.

*Scene: SLOANE SQUARE.*

DAVUS discovered arranging a platform: to him enter CRITO very dirty, with a Gladstone bag labelled 'From Australia.'

CR. (*stupidly*) Tandem parta quies! tot tempestati-  
bus actum  
Annos post multos me capit, ecce, domus.  
Mens vacat, atque utrum non sim sum nescius an  
sim.

DA. (*without looking up*) An sim! nunc quasi non  
omnia motor agat!  
(*scanning Crito's appearance*) Caelum non ha-  
bitum mutant qui trans mare currunt.  
Unde, senex, venias, pande.

CR. (*pointing to his bag*) Labella legas.

DA. (*with surprise*) Tene marina igitur testudo per  
mare vexit  
Uxoresque tuas, quotquot habere soles?  
Tune is eras?

CR. (*modestly*) Ego, Dave.

DA. Paro tibi pulpita, casus  
Unde tuos recites. Verane tota tuast  
Fabula, quaeso?

CR. (*vaguely*) Odium paris omnia vera loquendo.

DA. Odit vera Paris; Semiticumque genus  
Conspuitur, Zola conspuitur, Dreyfusque coactus  
Insula in amota clam tolerare mala,  
Clamque pati solus, per crimina foeda pati clam.

CR. (*wearily*) Mens mea non sequitur talia: (*going  
indoors*) lotum abeo.

[Enter PAMPHILUS and MYSIS with perambulator.]

DA. Pamphilus, Eois miles transmissus ab oris!  
Aspice! quam pallent ora genaeque viri!

CR. Repose at last! Long years condemn'd to roam,  
I rather think I find myself at home.  
'Twere handsome now to give me back my  
senses.

DA. Hansom? King Motor has settled his pretences.  
Globe-trotters change their sky, but not their  
dress.  
Where are you come from?

CR. Does not my bag confess?

DA. Was it *you* the turtle bore upon his back  
With your wives—how many?—dress'd, no un-  
dress'd, in black?  
Was it really you?

CR. Aye, Davus, I.

DA. It was?  
Well, here's your platform. I say, was it poz?  
O.K. you know?

CR. Mere truth no onslaught parries.

DA. Paris to truth is as gentlemen to 'arries.  
So Zola knows—that's pat—and all Shem's clan,  
And Dreyfus feels in his Devil's Island's ban  
That there are *Patys* which are not *de foie*.

CR. *Je ne comprends pas*. Now I go vash me, *moi*.

[Enter PAMPHILUS and MYSIS with perambulator.]

DA. Pamphilus Atkins from the broil'd Soudan!  
How hollow are his eyes, his cheeks how wan.



MY. (*fondly*) Pamphile, Khartumi decus! Omdurmannice victor!

Custodum custos maxime! non iterum  
Te patiar me linquere, et horrida tela subire,  
(*breaking down*) Dum, dum . . .

PA. (*alarmed*) Ne 'dum, dum' dic mihi, Mysi, precor:  
Monstrum horrendum ingens 'dum, dum':  
testis mihi tum, tum . . . (*breaking down*)

MY. (*shocked*) Parce!

DA. Quid es meritis, Pamphile clare?

PA. (*proudly*) Crucem!  
Sed pater est: nolo videat me hoc tempore,  
Mysis (*exit*).

[*Enter SIMO reading 'Daily Mail,' followed by SOSIA.*]

SI. Si quid credendumst, Mas hodie, tibi,  
Magna crisis—

SO. Mihi nunc metus est a Chryside nullus;  
Chrysis obit: regina Anna quoque interiit.

SI. (*patting him on the back*) Sosia salsus homo.

SO. (*deprecatingly*) Sic, sic.

DA. Iudex eris, aiunt,  
Si recte facies tot ioca.

SI. Magna crisis!

Dux Radicalis sese abdicat atque recusat  
Ducere iam partes.

SO. Sponte sua eicitur.

SI. Cur tu Servilium, vir non ah! caute, imitaris?  
Regibus orte atavis Plantagenista, vale!

[*Enter CHREMES, who stumbles over the perambulator.*]

CHR. Sed quidnam hoc? Puer est: edepol scitus  
puer; illo

Teste quidem fies, maxime Mellin, eques.

[*Enter DROMO hurriedly.*]

DR. Audiui nuper per strata errare Molossum  
Effrenum; effrenos lex vetat ire canes.

CHR. Tali nil poterit rabies damnosa Roberto.

SO. Quam bene responsumst, Phoebe, 'Cavenda  
canis.'

DR. (*catching sight of toy-dog*) Inveni; capio; sic  
fatum; *τίτλαθι θυρόι.*

Tuque, puella, veni: non procul hinc statio.

[*Exit carrying dog, followed by MYSIS.*]

SI. Illa quidem catulis statio male fida caninis.  
Idem mulctavit me quoque paene Draco;  
Causa quidem, pueri quod vaccae lympham lacerto  
Defuit; at dixi 'Religiosus ego:  
Scrupulus obstringit.' Sic me servavit ab illo  
Chaplin.

CHR. (*contemptuously*) At haud puerum, quem mala  
fata prement;  
Nam rapiet typhus, vel tu, Bubonica pestis:  
Vota nihilo contra haec—

SI. (*interrupting*) Nil medicina valet:  
Sum cultor populi, cui tanta pecunia; morbos  
Ille fide sola curat; ibi omnis abit  
Expulsus dolor.

MY. Pamphilus of Omdurman and of Khartoum,  
My guard of guardsmen, never shall that bloom  
Never again fade far from me, while some,  
some—

PA. Dum-dum? Far worse the hollows of my tum-  
tum.

MY. Oh dear, I cannot bear it, such a loss—

DA. Say, Pamphilus, what's your desert?

PA. The cross.  
The Governor! Mysis, skip! What a surprise!

[*Enter SIMO reading 'Daily Mail,' followed by SOSIA.*]

SI. Unless the *Daily Mail* is a mail of lies,  
A crisis—

SO. Well, who cares? Don't look so sorely;  
Chrysis is dead, as dead as Mrs. Morley.

SI. Sosia's a wit.

SO. So, so.

DA. A wit so nice is  
Fit for the Bench.

SI. Indeed a mighty crisis!  
The leader abdicates and won't be leader,  
Jumps overboard.

SO. The head takes his own header.

SI. Sir Willy Nilly once, and now Sir Won't,  
Thou blood of kings, wilt not be king? Then  
don't.

[*Enter CHREMES, who stumbles over the perambulator.*]

CHR. What's here? A boy? Indeed a likely brat;  
Great Mellin should be knighted for this fat.

[*Enter DROMO hurriedly.*]

DR. I am told an unmuzzled dog is in the Square,  
And dogs unmuzzled must not take the air.

CHR. With such a Bobby hydrophobby jogs.

SO. Well said old Mother Shipton: 'Beware of dogs.'

DR. Ah, there, I've got you; better take it easy.  
Come, boy; the station is near enough to please 'e.

[*Exit carrying dog, followed by MYSIS.*]

SI. A station with a seven days' ticket gratis.  
I just escap'd the Beak. What I most hate is  
Our children's vaccinator's injection.  
'Conscience,' I said, 'your Worship, makes  
objection.'  
So Chaplin sav'd me.

CHR. Yes, but not your babies,  
For they'll all suffer what their nurse calls 'rabiz,'  
Typhus and plague and myriad microbes,  
neither  
Can cranks keep off disease.

SI. Nor medicine either.  
But I have a remedy for every bane,  
Faith and a pint of oil, and exit pain.

CHR. (*sarcastically.*) Atque inviti rupta dolentis  
Stamina.  
SI. Mentiris.  
CHR. Tu quoque.  
SI. Turpis homo !

(*They proceed to fight.*)

DA. (*reprovingly*) Non, mihi crede, haec sunt loca  
feta furentibus Austris ;  
Non hic Gallorum curia : rixa cadat :  
Adsis, Pax, toto quae mox regnabis in orbe :  
Praedicat haec Caesar.

CHR. Nec tamen ipse facit.  
SO. Longum habeat cochlear, si quis cum Caesare  
cenat.

SI. Russica Pax, valeas, tuque, Britannica, ades.  
Femina Dux pacis, non vir, fuit illius : auctor  
Rescripti coniux Caesariana fuit.

CHR. Nulla, quoad novi, fuit umquam femina pacis  
Causa : cicatrices aspice ; femina erat :

(*A bicycle bell is heard.*)

Femina non umquam varium, irritabile semper.  
Iupiter ! ipsa venit ! mene dedisse cyclum !  
Exeo, prosequitur, non ova ut sint magis ova.

DA. Parce metu : mas est.  
SI. Curva quidem species.

[*Enter BYRRHIA, very hot and wheeling a bicycle.*]

BY. Torreor ! an serus venio, lecturaque factast ?  
SO. (*foolishly*) Nempe mades ; cete se minus uda  
movent.

DA. Tempori ades.  
BY. (*plaintively*) Quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam ?  
Omnetuli punctum : follis inutilis est (*pumping*).

SI. (*feeling tyre*) Inflatur ; currente rota cur spiritus  
exit ?

CHR. Naturae vacuum displicet.  
BY. (*pointing to name of square*) Unde tamen  
Hoc nomen ?

SO. Fashoda viae dat nomina ; quare  
Non eques, ingenio maximus, arte rudis ?

BY. Non eques ille Britannus ; America procreat  
illum.

DA. Nec Fashoda quidem Gallica, praeter holus.

[*Re-enter MYSIS with DROMO, who restores the toy-dog.*]

DR. Nil tibi solvendum ; ast iterum ne feceris.  
(*Infant weeps. Exit DROMO.*)

MY. Eheu,  
Parvule, pulchre puer, fles, lacrimaeque cadunt.

SI. (*producing book*). Ecce 'Feras plures pueris  
peioribus.'

SO. Illum  
Quaeque suis librum quam cito mate emat

CHR. Yes, exit pain and exit patient too.

SI. You're a vile liar.  
CHR. Liar ? So are you.

(*They proceed to fight.*)

DA. Why, one might think all Hades was broke  
loose,  
Or the French Chamber. Shut up ! What the  
deuce !

SHUT UP ! Come peace, peace of the Muscovite,  
CHR. Who talks of peace and arms him for the fight.

SO. They want long spoons that with the Russian  
feed.

The peace I choose is of the British breed.  
SI. Your Russian's signature was but a flam.

Who spill'd that letter's ink ? *Cherchez la femme.*  
CHR. Of peace no woman ever was the cause :

Witness these scars, marks of a woman's claws.

(*A bicycle bell is heard.*)

Uncertain ? no, but always hard to please.  
Jove ! here she comes, and it's my fault that  
she's

As like a man as eggs are like to eggs.  
DA. This *is* a man.

SI. Hump'd back and knicker'd legs.

[*Enter BYRRHIA, very hot and wheeling a bicycle.*]

BY. I have scorch'd. Is it late ? The lecturer, say  
has he—

SO. (*foolishly*) Sit easy written short is C.T.C.

DA. Oh no, you are punctual.  
BY. Punctur'd ? Why, of course :

I spend my time in blowing up my horse.  
SI. Your horse is blown, you blow it ; well, I am  
blown,

Here's contradictions.  
BY. Here's something worse. This Sloane,

Why is this square Sloane Square ?

SO. *Rue de Fashode*  
May surely justify the Square of Tod.

BY. But Tod is a Yank, no subject of the Queen's.

DA. Nor is Fashoda French save its French beans.

[*Re-enter MYSIS with DROMO, who restores the toy-dog.*]

DR. Not guilty now, but don't do it no more.  
(*Infant weeps. Exit DROMO.*)

MY. Hush, baby, hush, don't cry, don't mind that  
boar.

SI. More beasts for worse—read the last word. Oh,  
look !

SO. And every mother ought to buy the book.

CHR. Non placet ; aspexi quem dicis : tu mihi semper  
Non sensus, Leari maxime, tutor eris :  
Olim vir quidam senior sibi 'Quomodo,' dixit,  
'Haec tam terribilis bos fugienda mihi ?  
En super hoc saepto ridens sine fine sedebo.'

My. (*pulling bottle out of perambulator*) Infantem  
recreet lacte lagena novo.

CHR. Ne desit iugulo, deerat si vacca lacerto.

DA. Non huic lac opus est, potio sed potior.

(*Infant throws bottle down.*)

My. Illic, China, ruis.

PUER. Wei hai wei !

SI. Prodigè ! mentem

Maioris Chinae fractio maior agit.

Respicit instantes Russos Taurumque Iohannem  
Frangitur interea China, doletque puer.

[*Enter LESBIA with a hockey-stick.*]

My. (*cuttingly*) Virginibusne genus vivendi est hoc-  
ce decorum ?

Conspice clavigeram, conspice crura, pedes !

LE. (*crushingly*) Virginibus nunc mos suras vincire  
couthurno.

So. O, quam te memorem ? Virgo ? Sed ista quidem  
Vox hominem sonat. O dic, dic mihi nomen,  
Amazon.

Seu Bellona tuos grata revisis agros.

LE. Lesbia sum ; ludo pro tota gente Britannia :  
'Ludentis Vitae' pagina me memorat.

CHR. Ergo lude, precor.

LE. Nolo, nisi porta dat aurum.

DA. I Ioppam ! forsan rex erit ipse comes.

Tali veste tamen non pulchra videberis ; ille

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet :

Smyrna, Salem, Bethel, Uz, Tabor mirantur :  
adorant

Constantinopolis, Ioppa, Megiddo, Saron.

SI. Ornamenta o cur tibi tanta, tyranne, tulisti ?

DA. Una ratis spolia huic, altera photographos,  
Ipsum tertia agit. [*Re-enter DROMO.*]

DR. Pol Lesbia !

LE. (*indignantly*) Lesbia, non Pol.  
(*beating DROMO*) O ubi nunc mores ? Hoc cape  
et hoc cape et hoc.

DR. Testes, este, viri ! nonne hoc factumst inimicum ?  
An possum illaeso cedere honore ?

DA. Potes :  
Tu nescis quantum gracilis concessio possit ?

Illa quidem cautis aurea porta patet.

So. Porta ubi non est porta ?

CHR. Rogas ? ubi portus in ora est  
Russicus Eoa : porta ea clausa manet (*exit*).

[*Enter PAMPHILUS and CHARINUS in earnest  
conversation.*]

My. Aspice ! Victor adest heros, peregrinus et una.

CHR. I see : what ? my mamma buy this ? No fear !  
I am a conservative and stick to Lear.  
'There was an old man who said "How  
Shall I flee from this terrible cow ?

I'll sit on a stile and continue to smile  
And soften the heart of this cow."'

My. Come, take its bottle, lift its ickle head.

CHR. If it mayn't be vaccinated, it shall be fed.

DA. Milk's out of date : all the old ways are wrong :  
Child wants but little but he wants it strong.

(*Infant throws bottle down.*)

My. So China goes to pieces.

INF. Wei-hei-wei.

SI. Great heavens ! a portent ! Know you what you  
say ?

John Bull and the Bear a greater China fears ;  
Small china breaks, the child breaks into tears.

[*Enter LESBIA with a hockey-stick.*]

My. It's horrid when women play at hic haec hockey.  
This stick, these bloomers are enough to shock 'e.

LE. What Venus did and Virgil wrote, I do.

So. You are rather less immortal than those two.  
Calling you Amazon, should I be right ?  
Or perhaps Bellona of the mimic fight ?

LE. Neither of those, but my costume is rational.  
The *Sporting Life* knows me an International.

CHR. Well, start the game.

LE. Without a gate ? oh no.

DA. Then go to Jericho, where Emperors go.  
But in that dress he will not know Elizer,  
Tho' every true man's apparel fits your—Kaiser.  
So graciously his gracious Highness wore 'em,  
That Tabor, Salem, Bethel, Uz adore 'em.

SI. Why for such trifles, Sir, make such a pother ?

DA. One ship the gifts conveys, the photos t'other.  
Himself a third returns in. [*Re-enter DROMO.*]

DR. Now, Jack Sprat—

LE. Where are your manners ? Here, take that, and  
that.

DR. Witness, good people, here is a flat assault ;  
If I endure it, I shall be in fault.

DA. You won't ; graceful concession, don't you know  
it ?

A golden gate and every fool can show it.

So. When's a gate not a gate ?

CHR. The Russian portal  
That is always shut to each non-Russian mortal.

[*Enter PAMPHILUS and CHARINUS in earnest  
conversation.*]

My. I see a traveller and the hero near me.

CHA. (*pathetically*) Heu, nostras surda cur bibis aure preces?

MY. Nemo tam surdus quam qui auscultare recusat.

PA. Cur absurda rogas? Mens mihi certa manet; Aegyptus Nilus, Nilusque Aegyptus habendus.

SO. (*aside*) Hanc allegoriam margine Nilus alit?

CHA. (*threateningly*) Mox erit ad Nilum risus.

SI. (*interposing angrily*) Ridebimus ergo  
Nos: tibi Fashoda est evacuanda.

PA. Tace:  
Non volumus pugnare.

SI. At si volumus, per Ingo,  
Sunt homines, naves, sunt etiam aera.

DA. Tace.

CHA. Scilicet ex nilo nil fit: da (dicitur) ut dem.

SI. Ipse ego 'dem' soleo dicere saepe.

MY. Tace.

SI. Si fur depensus cogatur reddere furtum,  
Ut compensetur num roget ille?

CHA. Tace:  
Viderimus quod viderimus; nondum ultima dixit Sphinx verba.

PA. Ah, sat habe; namque domum rediens  
Forsitan accipias Hobsonia basia; forsitan  
Pendebit collo plurima Galla tuo.  
Maior es, et felix fortunatusque videris;  
Gratulor (*shaking hands*).

CHA. Ah, nequeo non lacrimare.  
(*goes off weeping*).

MY. Miser!

SI. Iam tandem cultus ille emissarius exit:  
Iam tandem Gallus voce minore canit,

[*Enter a Crowd.*]

PA. (*to LESBIA*) Dic, precor, O virgo, quid vult concursus ad omnem  
Partem huius vici?

LE. Mox popularis erit  
Lectura hic.

OMNES (*impatently*) Lector de Rubro Monte!

CHR. (*re-entering*) Revertor.

OMNES. Quis negat? haud illum poscimus.

DA. Intus homost.  
(*calling into house*) Heus tu, tarde Crito!  
iamdudum posceris: exi.

CR. (*nervously*) Non ego lector—

DA. (*pushing him on to platform*) Eris, ni cupis ova mala.

CR. Experiar: quidni? non talis ovatio cordist:  
Ipse exploravi plurima: tutus ero.

DA. (*introducing CRITO*) Ex anthropophagis aboriginibusque reversus

En Crito, vir lato notus in orbe.

CR. (*hesitatingly*) Viri  
Femineumque genus, verbis popularibus ut sim  
Insuetus, nostrae cuncta pericla viae,

CHA. Oh Sirdar, it's absurd if you won't hear me.

MY. None are so deaf as those who will not hear.

PA. I am Sirdar, you are absurd. I am quite clear  
That Egypt is Nile and Nile is Egypt.

SO. Smile:  
Here be allegories on the banks of Nile.

CHA. Laughter you'll hear on Nile.

SI. It will be my own.  
Evacuate our Fashoda. Come, begone.

PA. We do not want to fight,  
SI. But if we do,

By Jingo, we've ships and men and money.  
DA. Shoo.

CHA. Nile blue plus white is nil, but give and take;  
Indemnity is—

SI. Dem! hem! A slight mistake.

MY. Shoo.

SI. Well, a thief caught in his occupation,  
How can he ask for any compensation?

CHA. *Nous verrons ce que nous verrons.* There are still  
Words from the Sphinx.

PA. Go home and, if you will,  
Take Hobson's kisses. Claire and Cécile  
perhaps  
Will smack a thousand busses on your chaps.  
You're a major and felix, more than Felix Faure:  
Congratulations.

CHA. I must weep.

MY. Oh poor!

SI. So exit the emissary of civilisation.  
*Voilà* less crowing from the cockerel nation,

[*Enter a Crowd.*]

PA. (*to LESBIA*) Lady, what is this gathering in the square?

LE. A public lecture. Read that placard there.

ALL (*impatently*) Rougemont! de Rougemont!

CHR. (*re-entering*) Here I am again.

ALL. Who says you are not? Rougemont! When, I say? When?

DA. (*calling into house*) Hi, Crito, you're call'd this half-hour.

CR. (*nervously*) I don't care  
To lecture.

DA. (*pushing him on to platform*) You must, or rotten eggs beware.

CR. I'll try. I want no ovary ovation:  
Experience ought to prove my sure salvation.

DA. (*introducing CRITO*) From cannibals and aborigines

Returns the Wide-World Crito, if you please.

CR. (*hesitatingly*) Ladies and gentlemen, tho' to public speaking  
I am unaccustom'd, if it's truth you are seeking,

Quamquam mens meminisse horret luctuque  
refugit,  
Narrare incipiam.

- So. Vergilianus homost.  
DA. (*sternly*) Ordo, ordo.  
CR. Locus est nullis habitabilis : illum  
Sed Vombat volitans Rhinocerosque tenent.  
CHR. (*incredulously*) An Vombat volat ?  
DA. (*aside*) O, gummi est super arbore opossum.  
CR. Interturbat homo.  
CHR. Posse volare sues  
Si. Quis non audivit ?  
Si. Nuda tua brachia, quaeso.  
CR. Tali in concilio non placet.  
Si. Eia, viri,  
Cogamus.  
So. Sensit medios delapsus in hostes.  
PA. Longum arcum certe tendit.  
So. At ipse deus,  
Cautior hoc, arcum non semper tendit Apollo.  
CHR. Heus, magnum signum ! nil nisi falsa refert.  
Fraus nunc expositast : licet evacuare cathedram.  
Si. (*calling loudly*) Hem, Dromo !  
DR. Quid ?  
Si. Sublimem hunc rape.  
DR. Grata iubes.

[DROMO lifts CRITO from platform and carries him off.]

- CR. Si quicquam invenies mentitum—  
Si. Intro rape.  
CHR. Certe  
Non cuivis homini est esse geographicum.  
So. (*pursuing excitedly*) Erras, si sic pug—(*trips  
over toy-dog*). Constringito quadrupedem  
illum :  
Erras, si populi sic petis esse leo.  
CHR. Intro ibo : populum haec horrenda minuta  
iuvabunt.  
Sic lucrum spero mi fore grande.  
DA. Mane.  
Scripta nihil prosunt—nisi, ceu Lucretius, edis  
Immanes atomos more Corelliano.  
At si non tantae poteris succumbere culpae,  
Haec ratio est melior nobiliorque simul.  
CHR. Hanc rationem ergo monstra, precor, omnibus  
una.  
DA. (*goes on to platform*) Ascendam : hortatrix pos-  
citur usque comis  
Lotio.  
Si. (*feeling his own head*) Iure quidem. Calvum  
genus omne virorum  
Nascitur.  
So. Hinc Tatcho—  
DA. Plus cumulabis opum  
Rerum promotor : nec nil, si nobilis ipse es.  
PA. Stemmata quid faciunt ?

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up—

- So. That is Hamlet, scene the third.  
DA. (*sternly*) Order there, order.  
CR. Men who go there must die.  
Only rhinoceros grunts and wombats fly.  
CHR. (*incredulously*) What? Wombats fly?  
DA. (*aside*) A 'possum up a gum.  
CR. He interrupts.  
CHR. Pigs fly, we know.  
Si. But mum !  
Be good enough to bare your arm, sir.  
CR. What ?  
In such a company I would rather not.  
Si. You won't? Here, friends, let's make him.  
So. Fairly caught.  
PA. He stretches the long bow.  
So. And was not taught  
By Apollo ; you remember, it's in Flaccus.  
CHR. Here's proof. The fellow only thought to  
crack us.  
Your fraud's shown up ; come down.  
Si. (*calling loudly*) Here, Dromo.  
DR. Eh ?  
Si. Carry him out.  
DR. Delighted to obey.

[DROMO lifts CRITO from platform and carries him  
off.]

- CR. It's true, so help me.  
Si. Off with him to gaol.  
CHR. We can't all be geographers.  
So. (*pursuing excitedly*) Here's no bail  
For dogged—(*trips over toy-dog*). Muzzle that  
beast. And so you'd try on  
Your tricks, would you? and be society's  
lion?  
CHR. I am off. His notes will make the best of copy,  
And I foresee unlimited profits.  
DA. Stop, he  
Does you no good, for in these latter days  
The viler is the book the more it pays.  
If to vile novels you cannot bend your mind,  
A better and more lordly plan I'll find.  
CHR. Be good enough to tell us what you mean.  
DA. (*goes on to platform*) I will. The world's desire  
long since has been  
Hairwash.  
Si. (*feeling his own head*) All are born bald, it's very  
true.  
So. Hence Tatcho.  
DA. And more wealth you'll find accrue  
From company promoting, if you're a lord.  
PA. The glories of our blood? No price.

DA. Multa : tuis titulis  
 Prospectus mendax multus ditabitur—et tu :  
 Multum director nobilis iste viget :  
 Nobilitate viget, nummosque adquiret agendo  
 Nil—nisi vendendo nomina magna sua.

PA. (*doubtfully*) Nonne pila nigra circlo claudemur  
 ab omni ?

DA. Non : si dena affers millia, Carlton amat.

SI. Ergo mens mihi certa : mihi nunc gaudia  
 Klondyke  
 Nulla offert.

PA. Offert India nulla, licet  
 Persona inferior nullo mittatur ad Indos,  
 Qui vice fungatur regis.

DA. An illa placet,  
 Quam vobis dixi, sententia callida cunctis ?

OMNES. Fortis es ! Euge ! places !

DA. Alea iacta : canis  
 Damnosus modo ne vobis sit iactus. At haec iam  
 Hactenus ; (*coming forward*) et nostri si placere  
 ioci,

Haec, nam tempus adest, quatiat vox una  
 theatrum  
 'Nunc et in aeternum floreat alma Domus.'

DA. One word ;  
 Here's a prospectus, noble names, promoters  
 Enrich'd ; applying fools will swarm like  
 bloaters.

The title snares them. Never with such ease  
 Came wealth : you lend your names and take  
 your fees.

PA. (*doubtfully*) But won't the clubs blackball us ?

DA. No ; one cheque,  
 A mere ten thou., the Carlton's on your  
 neck.

SI. Oh, then I am game ; Klondyke's become no go.

PA. And India makes no nabobs now, although  
 Superior persons keep vice-regal state  
 In Simla and Calcutta.

DA. It is getting late,  
 So say if my proposal is to your taste.

ALL. Hear ! hear ! carried *nem. con.*

DA. The die is cast,  
 I hope it's sixes. Now, our fooling o'er  
 (*coming forward*)

We ask no plaudits. Ever as of yore  
 The younger voice upon the elder calls  
 That 'Floreat' may re-echo down our walls.

S.

## THE 'ANDRIA,' 1898.

*To the Editor of the 'Elizabethan.'*

SIR,—Again the pleasant task falls to your critic of congratulating the Captain and his fellow-actors upon a brilliant success. Not often, it may be honestly said, has the 'Andria' been so ably interpreted, and this year's cast was indeed fortunate in having a play fall to their lot which gave them the best possible opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The 'Andria' is generally acknowledged to be the best play of the Westminster cycle, not only for its acting capacities, but also for its human interest. The 'Baby scene' by itself would be almost sufficient to ensure this, but the characters throughout are lively and natural, while the two young men form a welcome contrast to the insipid pair of the other plays, and Westminster was lucky in having this year so able an exponent of the part of Pamphilus. But the whole performance reached a high level, and went almost without a hitch on all three nights ; it adds yet another debt of gratitude to the many which Westminsters owe to one whose untiring devotion to the Play year by year can scarcely be fully appreciated even by those who reap its benefits.

To turn to individual actors ; it may be said at once,

without making any invidious comparisons, that there were two performances which stood out above the rest—the Simo of Mr. Ward, and the Pamphilus of Mr. Wood. On Mr. Ward most of the hard work of the play fell, and he acquitted himself with the utmost credit. The part of Simo gives scope for much clever acting and *finesse*, and Mr. Ward showed a thorough grasp of the character and made all he could of it. He prevented the first act from boring his audience, and was particularly good in his rendering of traditional points—*hinc illae lacrimae* and the like ; his anger was always kept under control and his *irrides ? nihil me fallis* lost none of its effect in spite of the quiet way in which it was uttered. His scene in Act V. with Davus was excellent, and his gradual change from bitter resentment to belief in his son's honesty was well carried out. He was inclined at times to turn his face away from the audience, and thus some of his lines were lost, but he varied his gestures well and was always an interesting figure upon the stage. The Captain always has a great deal of extraneous work to do in connexion with the play, and Mr. Ward is therefore all the more to be congratulated on his performance.

Mr. Wood's rendering of the part of Pamphilus was a good foil to the Simo of Mr. Ward. It may be doubted whether a young man's part has been so well represented at Westminster for many years.

Westminster young men usually suffer from an extreme self-consciousness, whether the result of nervousness or their uncomfortable attire, or both, we cannot say; but the fact remains, and it was therefore a great pleasure to see Mr. Wood 'let himself go,' and act with grace as well as naturalness. His scene in Act I. with Mysis was given with true pathos, especially the speech *O Mysis, Mysis*—; in Acts III. and IV. his gestures and action were capital, and he sustained the interest of Act V. up to the very end, his *quid stas? quid cessas?* and his exit being capitally contrived. Mr. Wood, almost alone of the characters who had not the advantage of carrying sticks, was never at a loss what to do with his hands, and his example in this respect might well have been imitated by other members of the cast. If his acting on the last night was a little overdone, it was after all a fault on the right side, for one tired very quickly of the folded arms or the hands upon the hips—the two usual attitudes. With a little more thought and experience Mr. Wood should do better still, and we shall look forward with much interest to seeing him again next year.

Mr. Jacob as Davus, in spite of the energy which he threw into his part, was rather a disappointment. He did not seem to grasp fully the capabilities of the Terentian slave, and the lightness of touch which is so essential to the rendering of the character was usually absent from his acting. He was often laboured instead of dexterous, and uncouth when he attempted to be sly; his *Davus sum, non Oedipus* he attempted to make too much of, but he generally brought out his points with clearness and emphasis. His soliloquies, however, irresistibly suggested a caged lion pacing to and fro, with threatening looks cast at the audience, whom he did not take into his confidence half often enough. Yet, in spite of these blemishes, Mr. Jacob performed in a conscientious manner, and his efforts were appreciated. It is an exceedingly hard part, and requires an actor of more than average ability to do it justice.

Chremes was unfortunate this year, Mr. Gaye, who took the part on the first night with great success, being suddenly taken ill, and Mr. Lonsdale being compelled to take it up at a day's notice. We regretted not seeing Mr. Gaye a second time, as he had thrown much quaint humour into his acting. His *Oh! te ipsum quaerebam* and *Revertor* brought down the house. We trust his ill-luck will not pursue him another year. Mr. Lonsdale made a good substitute on the last two nights, and deserves all praise, considering how short his preparation had been.

Mr. Ravenscroft as Crito was an eminently pleasing old gentleman, and would have done well in a larger part, a fate which may yet be in store for him.

Of the minor characters the Mysis of Mr. Sydney-Turner calls for most attention. He gave a very lifelike representation of the nervous old lady (by the way, was not this year's Mysis much older than usual?) and played up well to Davus in the Baby

scene, being largely responsible for its success on all three nights. His kiss was motherly in the extreme, and his frightened appearance was very good, though the continual trembling of all his limbs was slightly suggestive of alcoholic paralysis, the result, perhaps, of association with the *temulenta et temeraria mulier*.

Mr. Bell as Lesbia was exceedingly funny, though there was nothing about him to suggest the Mrs. Gamp type she is traditionally supposed to represent. In fact, we could have sworn that Mr. Bell was a teetotaler. He made, however, a quaint and amusing figure, and was deservedly applauded.

Charinus in the hands of Mr. Palmer was unaffected though rather stiff; he was especially commendable in Act II. Scene i., and had evidently studied his part well.

Of the three slaves Sosia performed the thankless task of a listener in Act I. with credit, and showed an intelligent interest in Simo's tale. *Ne quid nimis* and *metui a Chryside* were well delivered, but he had a bad habit of putting his hand up to his mouth in search of a visionary moustache, which made him rather indistinct.

Byrrhia (Mr. Williams) was good, and said his *Nullane in re esse homini cuiquam fidem?* with great uncton.

Mr. Young as Dromo was both skilful and strong.

Mr. Ward spoke the Prologue with ease and clearness. The innovation of saying it on the first night was the subject of some criticism, but the general verdict was favourable. The Epilogue of Mr. C. D. Fisher is already history; suffice it to say that from the colossal puns of the couplet—

*Cur tu Servilium, vir non ah! caute imitaris?  
Regibus orte atavis, Plantagenista, vale!*

and the baby's wail of *Wei-hai-Wei!* to the graceful lines with which on the last night it wished the Headmaster God-speed upon his voyage, it was received by its audience with rapturous delight, and proved fully up to the standard of the brilliant epilogues of late years.

There are one or two points to which attention may be drawn. Enough has been said above of the absence at times of the graceful gesture, the cultivation of which was, if we mistake not, one of Queen Elizabeth's objects in founding the Play. The remedy lies with the actors, who should remember that Roman comedy is not the same as Greek tragedy, and that Terence hardly meant his characters to be of the statuesque type. *Davus sum, non Oedipus* may have a secondary meaning applied to it. And, Sir, when are steps to be taken to remedy the intolerable situations in which two people are on the stage and are supposed not to see one another? Pamphilus managed well on one occasion, but the effect was generally exceedingly absurd. *Erus est neque provideram*, exclaimed Davus when his master had been within six feet of him for at least five minutes. Could not the introduction of a pillar or pedestal,

which could shelter one or other of the characters, be introduced to solve the difficulty? I believe that Radley have adopted some such method, which proves that they felt the need of it. Where so much was excellent it may seem hypercritical to draw attention to two small points of stagecraft of which some of the cast seemed ignorant, but I trust I may be pardoned for doing so. The first is the fact that during an address to a fellow actor a step or two taken towards the back of the stage will enable a full face to be turned to the audience, and will prevent indistinctness; after a short time, the step is taken unconsciously. Secondly, that nothing looks worse than to see an actor finish what he has to say perhaps over the footlights, and then be obliged to walk off right to the back of the stage. In making his exit he should always be on the point of going off as he says his last words. Otherwise a most awkward pause is produced in the action of the play.

Still, these are but details. The main excellencies of the performance were indisputable, and the crowded houses that witnessed it prove that the Play maintains as strong a hold as ever, not only upon Westminster, but on the outside world. That this may long continue is the wish of

Yours obediently,

WESTMONASTERIENSIS.

## OBITUARY OF O.WW.

The Rev. EDMUND EDWARD ALLEN, aged 74. Admitted 1835; K.S. 1837; Hon. Canon of Llandaff and Rector of Porthkerry, Glamorganshire.

GEORGE BAUGH ALLEN, Esq., aged 77. Admitted 1833; K.S. 1834; Special Pleader.

JOHN NEWDIGATE FRANCIS LUDFORD-ASTLEY, Esq., aged 81. Admitted 1830.

THORNTON BENTHALL, Esq., aged 84. Admitted 1829.

HENRY REGINALD COURTENAY, LORD COURTENAY, aged 62. Admitted 1848; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; formerly an Inspector under the Local Government Board.

CHARLES EASTLAND DE MICHELE, Esq., aged 87. Admitted 1822; for many years H.M. Consul at St. Petersburg.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM HOWLEY GOODENOUGH, K.C.B., aged 65. Admitted 1845. Commander-in-Chief of the British troops in South Africa; served in the Indian Mutiny 1857-8, and in the Egyptian campaign 1882.

The Rev. HENRY WILLIAM HODGSON, aged 77. Admitted 1837; rowed No. 5 in the Oxford Eight against Cambridge, 1841; formerly Rector of Ashwell, Herts.

The Rev. HENRY ANTHONY JEFFREYS, aged 88. Admitted 1823; K.S. 1824; Student of Christ Church, Oxon., from 1828 (1st class Mathematics, 1831; Mathematical Scholar, 1833); Vicar of Hawkhurst, Kent, from 1839 to 1897; Hon. Canon of Canterbury.

MARMADUKE ROBERT JEFFREYS, Esq., aged 91. Admitted 1820; K.S. 1821; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

ROBERT ELLERKER LEWIN, Esq., aged 38. Admitted 1873.

Capt. JOHN EDWARD MERYON, R.N., aged 46. Admitted 1862.

JOHN CARRICK MOORE, Esq., F.R.S., aged 92. Admitted 1815; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

The Right Hon. WILLIAM DAVID MURRAY, EARL OF MANSFIELD, K.T., aged 92. Admitted 1816; represented the Boroughs of Aldborough and Woodstock in the unreformed House of Commons; father of the House of Lords.

LIEUT.-COLONEL DANVERS HENRY OSBORN, aged 70. Admitted 1841; Q.S. 1841; formerly of the 54th Bengal Native Infantry, and subsequently of the Bengal Police; served in the Indian Mutiny 1857-8.

The Rev. WILLIAM PHILIP PINCKNEY, aged 88. Admitted 1818; formerly Vicar of Rotherfield Greys, Oxfordshire.

OSBERT SALVIN, Esq., F.R.S., aged 63. Admitted 1850; Hon. Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge; a distinguished naturalist.

WILLIAM NAPIER TAYLOE, Esq., aged 38. Admitted 1874.

The Rev. ROBERT BISCOE TRITTON, aged 79. Admitted 1831; K.S. 1833; formerly Vicar of Bognor, Sussex.

### NOTICE.

Photographs of the cast of the 'Andria' may be had on application to the Captain of Queen's Scholars, St. Peter's College, Westminster, price 4s.

*Morcat.*