



The Elizabethan.

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PLAUTUS *v.* TERENCE.

THE performance of the *Trinummus* of Plautus on the Westminster stage for the third time since its revival in 1860, seems to us a fitting occasion to draw attention to a few points of comparison between the two authors who in turn claim our attention for their dramatic productions.

Terence, as we all know, occupies the chief place at Westminster: in fact, when the plays to be acted at Westminster first took a regular order and succession, Plautus was entirely excluded from the selection, and four plays of the younger author were acted in turn in the dormitory. A growing dissatisfaction with one of these plays led to its discontinuance for a long time: and, as we have said before, in 1860 its place was again handed over to the *Trinummus* of Plautus, which has held it up to the present time.

Let us be candid to begin with; the *Trinummus* is not popular, at least among the great majority of the Old Westminsters who form our audience. That its unpopularity has not shown much signs of diminution at present, we are also free to

admit. That it is never to become popular, or even less unpopular than at present, as many seem to think, we see no reason whatever to believe.

Why is the *Trinummus* disliked? Two reasons, evidently destined to disappear in the course of time, at once suggest themselves. The first of these is that it is considered an innovation. A change it certainly is; but it is unfair to bring this fact as a charge against it, for it was certainly a necessary change: and sooner or later every one becomes reconciled to changes shown to be necessary. The other reason is that the *Trinummus* is comparatively unknown to our audience. We fancy that a very small amount of annual study, if any, must be necessary to revive one's remembrance of a play in which one has acted before; and the other plays, the whole progress of which one has watched from the first rehearsal to the last play night, can be scarcely less well known. The old points are watched for from time to time, the old jokes received with the same merriment: the memory goes back to the "old times," and the hearer feels equally satisfied with himself and everybody else. In time, the *Trinummus* will attain this traditionary cha-

racter; at present, it suffers greatly from the want of it.

Another great want of the *Trinummus* is development. What is often brought against the play (but which we feel ourselves to be a great point in its favour), is that the same view of each character is taken year after year: and the quick succession of the plays lends greatly to this, as the treatment of each part in any particular year does not pass from the memory before it is renewed by another representation. The consequence of this process has been a gradual improvement in the view taken of each part, and an increasing appreciation of the dramatist's meaning, year after year. The *Trinummus* has not at present been at all fully developed in this way: and we certainly may expect great improvement in this respect.

Well, we have brought forward three causes which at present act against the *Trinummus*: we shall be told, no doubt, that there is a fourth also, which always will be against this play: and that this is the inherent weakness of the play itself. This charge is generally allowed to pass unchallenged: but whilst the play is still fresh in the minds of our readers, it may not perhaps be entirely useless to bring forward some objections to this conclusion, which having in many cases been very hastily formed, is therefore most tenaciously adhered to.

We do not suppose that many persons feel very disposed to quarrel over the name; and therefore we may pass it over at once, reserving our judgment as to Plautus' wisdom in altering the original name of the Greek play. But whether designedly or not, Plautus certainly chose for translation a play with a plot of the slightest description; and moreover places the whole of it before his audience in the first act. That a great deal of interest is thus lost in the play, we admit; but is there not far greater scope for the delineation of character, which after all is the chief test of dramatic worth, when events which might have happened almost every day either at Athens or at Rome, are brought before the audience, than where their interest is excited in following out the intricacies of a violently improbable story?

Character is brought out by circumstances; the greater variety of the latter, the greater the opportunity for the other. Can any of our other plays surpass the *Trinummus* in the number of delicate and interesting situations brought before an audience which is entirely in the secrets of both sides? Plautus' short Prologue must hold a high place in the list of successful impersonifications. The "good man pained," as one of our critics entitles Callicles, is admirably portrayed

in the first act; the rather over-busy, but still very well-meaning friend Megaronides, could scarcely have a better opportunity of displaying his character, than in the two scenes allotted him. The good-natured philosophy of Philto, and the kind generosity of Lysiteles, are brought out most clearly by the question of the "virgo indotata," common to all our plays; whilst the slave, Stasimus, has abundant opportunity for displaying his ready wit and almost proverbial fidelity. The scene between Lesbonicus and Lysiteles in the third act, show again a master-hand; the kindness of Lysiteles, and the remorseful shame of Lesbonicus, forming a touching contrast. The scene between the Sycophant and Charmides is too well known to need comment: let it be said that it enlivens the play at the precise time in its progress when some merriment is needed. The appearance of Callicles, self-accused by his dress and accompaniments, and the surprise and disappointment of Charmides at the apparent unfaithfulness of his friend make a striking picture, in which we have only to lament the loss of much of what Plautus doubtless put into the mouths of the two old men at their meeting. The last act is short, but the pleasant dissolution of all difficulties is exceedingly well expressed.

We must briefly allude to one or two more points in which Plautus seems to us to excel, but in which every one must of course judge for himself. In the entire appropriateness of his language to his characters, as well as to his plot, he carries off the palm: not a line, scarcely a word, is without its bearing on the one or the other; and indeed the two are generally combined with a wonderful readiness. The liveliness of his dialogue, the promptness and delicacy of his wit, seem to us equally his own.

Terence and Plautus are essentially different in their aims, as well as in their style; but we venture to think that the time is not very far distant when the *Trinummus* will be welcomed as a variation, rather than despised as an intruder in the routine of the Westminster plays. And we think we can see one consideration likely to help it to this end. Is it not inevitable that the *Trinummus* will come to be considered the play, which if it has least theatrical pretensions, has the most sterling attractions for those who remember enough of their Latin to be able to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the author? And if so, may not many, who perhaps feel a little doubtful as to their real comprehension of the meaning of the writer, hasten to demonstrate their intense admiration of his pathos, his elegance, his humour, and his Latinity?

Play Notes.

SOME of the daily papers can certainly lay claim to originality in their critiques on the Play. They even accredit us with able renderings of passages which have certainly never been acted at Westminster. The *Daily Telegraph* as usual takes the van. "Mr. Alington's address to the audience was very well delivered," says this "reliable" paper, and proceeds to quote what its representative considered the most effective passage in Plautus' Prologue, viz., three lines towards the end, which we always omit as superfluous. Elated by this triumph of memory, the writer warms to his work, and in flowery and poetic diction expatiates on the "sly giggles from solitary scholars, who showed that they appreciated the anxiety of the two old rascals to get rid of their wives as soon as possible." We need hardly explain that this passage has been abandoned for some years. The *Daily News* is scarcely less productive of casual touches. Why our gowns should be "undergraduate" we know not, since the dress of the Q.SS. differs widely both in material and shape from that worn at the Universities. But then a newspaper *must* be lively! We rather fancied too that the drop-scene represented the theatre at Pompeii, with Vesuvius in the background; but now we learn that it is intended for "the Dionysiac Theatre on the Acropolis"; Vesuvius, we suppose, being transported "for three nights only" to the island of Salamis. Another friend no doubt intends to be very complimentary, when he speaks of the scholars of "St. Stephens," but we must beg, once for all, to disclaim all connection with that somewhat heterogeneous establishment on the other side of the road. We will, however, readily pardon such trifling mistakes (if so magnanimous an act on our part will be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered), and beg to thank the gentlemen of the press, one and all, for the very flattering praises they have bestowed upon our feeble efforts.

THIS year's epilogue, on both nights, afforded amusing incidents which, we presume, were hardly contemplated by the stage-manager. Under the influence of excitement strange things do happen, but why should an old gentleman's hat fall off twice in the space of a few minutes, even though the lateness of the trains and the calm assurance of a portly director may have somewhat ruffled his temper? Then, it is very awkward for the performers on the stage, when a railway accident persists in happening three minutes before it is wanted. This untimely occurrence happened on the third night, and proved the truth of the old saying, that some jokes, especially practical ones, will not bear repeating. We should be very sorry to accuse that much-abused class—the Police Force—of disloyalty, but it did so happen that, on the same night, a representative of that body continued to keep his hat on whilst the band played the National Anthem, though all the other actors remained bare-headed.

THIS year we have missed several well-known faces from their accustomed places in the pit, whose attendance and applause so greatly encourage us whilst on the stage. First amongst these we must mention the Dean of Westminster, who was unable to be present at either performance, owing to the serious illness of Lady Augusta Stanley; and we take this opportunity of expressing our sincere sympathy with him in his domestic affliction, and our hope that Lady Augusta's recovery may be both rapid and complete. We also sincerely lament the absence of one who has not only for years been a regular patron and spectator of the play, but who has given us so much of his valuable assistance and time during the rehearsals. We need scarcely say that we allude to Mr. Mure; but we hope to hear soon of his speedy restoration to his usual good health, and look forward to his welcome presence and assistance for many years to come.

WE have been favoured by an anonymous correspondent with the following translation, or perhaps we ought rather to say adaptation, of the short plot of the play which will be found on the first pages of the *Trinummus*. Both the original and the adaptation, it will be observed, are in the form of an acrostic.

To faithful friend old Charmides, forth-bidden,
Rich treasure, and the house wherein 'tis hidden
Intrusts. Being gone, his son will sell the prize
Not knowing of the treasure. The friend buys,
Unfaithful deemed, but that it be restored
Means truly. To the daughter from the hoard
Minded to give a dowry, one he sends
Urged by *Three Grouats*, who from the sire pretends
Straightway to bring it: those twain meet; and well all ends.

T.

THE latest announcement as to Lady Augusta Stanley's health (Dec. 23), reported that her progress continued to be satisfactory.

WE beg to remind our readers that the profits of this number of *The Elizabethan* will be devoted to the Testimonial Fund for GINGER, any subscriptions towards which will be gladly received by A. B. CARTWRIGHT, 32, Old Burlington Street.

We have found it impossible to get ready more than one sheet of the etchings promised in time for the present Number; the others will be ready at the end of the holidays. We reserve those to which boys in the School are entitled, to save them damage by post: but they may be obtained on application to W. C. Ryde, 60, Warwick Square, S.W. An additional charge of 6d. is made for the etchings, profits being devoted to the same fund as those from the sale of the paper itself.

The subscription to *The Elizabethan* for next year will be settled on our return to school. We need not trouble Old Westminster subscribers to send us in their names, unless they wish to discontinue their subscriptions: but we should be glad to have the names of any new subscribers by January 20th.

Copies of this number of *The Elizabethan* may be obtained of Miss Davenport, The Library, Barton Street; or on application to W. C. Ryde (Hon. Sec.), 60, Warwick Square, S.W.; A. B. Cartwright, 32, Old Burlington Street, W.; or E. V. Arnold, Little Cloisters, Westminster, S.W.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

THE first performance of the Play, on Thursday, December 10, took place with a house considerably more crowded than on either of the other nights. Among those present the Ladies appeared in full force, filling fairly well the whole of the large space allotted to them on the First, or, as it is often called, the Ladies' Night. The play began very soon after seven, and proceeded on its even course for some time, little impeded by the applause of an audience almost entirely new to the Play, and amongst which but few Old Westminsters were to be seen. The appearance of C. F. Brickdale as *Stasimus* gave more life to the proceedings, his part having considerably more business in it than any of the previous scenes: and the first part of the fourth act, containing the lively scene between *Charmides* and *Sycophant*, was also well appreciated. Much more amusement was afforded by a slip of the tongue in the last scene of the same act, when *Charmides* repeated a mistake committed in former years, by issuing his orders to *Stasimus* in the vulgar tongue. There being no Prologue or Epilogue on this night, the whole performance was over soon after nine o'clock.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

THE performance of the Play on Tuesday, the 18th of December, was honoured by the presence of Sir R. Phillimore (president), the Right Hon. G. Ward Hunt, Baron Pigott, Mr. Justice Quain, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Roebuck, Sir Rutherford Alcock, and other distinguished guests.

Some slight delay occurred before the commencement of the Play, so that it was more than a quarter past seven before the Captain of the School, attired in the traditional costume used for the Prologue, appeared before the curtain. It will be unnecessary for us to give any account of the Prologue itself, as it will be found, as well as the Epilogue, on another page. It will suffice to say that the audience seemed to understand clearly the allusions made to the various events of the past year. Soon afterwards the *Trinummus* began with the appearance of Luxury and Want, who quickly made way for the two old gentlemen, on whom the burden of the First Act falls. The next Act was a great success, and a most appreciative audience incited the actors throughout to do their best. As the Play proceeded a general improvement on the acting of the previous night was noticed. The scene between the young men and *Stasimus*, and that between *Charmides* and the *Sycophant*, were particularly effective. It would be invidious to particularize further; it must be enough to mention that *Charmides'* pathetic rendering of the line

O Callicles! O Callicles! O Callicles!

called forth long and well-deserved applause. Towards the end of the Play, the audience were evidently reserving their energies for the Epilogue which, after a short pause, was commenced by the appearance of the two young men in full tourist equipment. The cos-

tumes of *Callicles* and *Stasimus* provoked much laughter: the latter, in the most correct footman's livery, was a capital make-up. "Non mihi vita placet," and "Pace tua," were points thoroughly appreciated, as also was the appearance and acting of *Megaronides*, the excited railway traveller. The *Sycophant* entered "dressed as a government official" (though as one of the daily papers remarked, "he might have represented any one from a Woolwich cadet to a school-board officer,") and all present had a hearty laugh over the competitive examinations and the new Latin pronunciation. *Charmides*, with a very philosophical appearance, interrupts the *Sycophant*, who, however, quickly revenges himself for the display which he is forced to make of his ignorance, by extorting a bribe from his questioner, the third which he has gained in a very short time, thus completing the *Trinummus* of the Epilogue. A tremendous crash announces an accident in the underground railway to the *Piræus* (!) and the "Nihil est; tantum accidit" of *Philtro*, the easy-going railway director, was perhaps the best hit of the evening. *Charmides* soon after concluded the Epilogue in a peroration, which spoke of Northumberland House and Temple Bar, and alluded to Ginger's approaching retirement, and the curtain fell amid loud plaudits and cries for "Cap."

THE THIRD NIGHT.

ON this night the Rev. H. L. Thompson (student of Christ Church, Oxford), presided, and the Right Hon. A. Sclater-Booth, Dr. Baker, and Dr. Haig Brown were also present. The Deans of Westminster and St. Paul's, Lord Coleridge, and Dr. Vaughan, all of whom had intended to be present at the Play on this night, were prevented, by various reasons, from attending. The house was very full in some parts; but considering the great demand made for tickets for the second and third nights, and that a certain number of tickets are always issued in excess of the real accommodation, we must confess to some surprise that so many tickets must have been unused. We suppose, however, that we must attribute this chiefly to the bad weather, which we know to have kept at home many of our best friends.

As to the Play itself, there was a very general improvement again in all the parts, which the audience were not slow to acknowledge; and several points, which had been almost entirely missed on the two previous nights, earned their due share of applause; whilst much more steadiness and confidence was exhibited by all the actors. The ladies especially seemed to be immensely delighted when *Charmides* fainted in the arms of his faithful slave *Stasimus*. It was in the Epilogue, however, that the greatest progress was noticeable. Indeed, our visitors on the Third Night seem to devote most of their attention to the after-piece. It is scarcely too much to say that not a single point was missed throughout. Thus ended the last performance of the Play of 1874, and the *Trinummus* must now sink almost into oblivion at Westminster for another four years.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

SIR,—The task which you have done me the honour to entrust to me, of furnishing you with an external critique upon the production of the *Trinummus* this year at Westminster, is one which I can most unaffectedly declare that I accept with considerable diffidence. That you have acted judiciously and disinterestedly, and in perfect keeping with the frank and fearless spirit which has ever characterized the Queen's Scholars at St. Peter's College, in thus inviting criticism from a foreign—though albeit a friendly—pen, will, I doubt not, be readily admitted even by the most jealous upholder of the honour and dignity of Westminster. Eminently capable indeed as are so many of her former *Alumni* to pass a critical verdict upon the merits of each successive production as it occupies the familiar boards, they might nevertheless deem the function one too delicate to undertake, if required to perform it formally in your columns. If, then, to properly discharge the duty of a Critic would be invidious in the case of "Old," and incongruous in the case of "Young" Westminster, the only alternative appears to be that which you have adopted, viz., to invoke the services of one who, whilst he has thoroughly at heart the best interests of Westminster and its Play, can yet write without suspicion of bias or dread of exhibiting partiality or predilection. The single point indeed, upon which I can venture to dispute your *dictum* is in the selection of your Critic. Nevertheless, his ability such as it is, *Sat scio quam sit exiguum*, is fully and cheerfully at your disposal, and since you have called upon him to exert it without fear or favour, I can promise you that the call shall be obeyed.

It must be allowed then, I think, on all hands that in undertaking to satisfactorily place the *Trinummus* of Plautus upon the stage of the College Dormitory, the Queen's Scholars have always to accomplish a very difficult histrionic task, and this not merely for the more ordinary and obvious reasons that Plautus is less known and less read even at Westminster than is Terence, nor again that to convey the ideas and feelings of another age in another and now unspoken language, must ever be a dramatic effort of the most arduous description, but further and mainly because Plautus himself, for the most part, appeals to a different class of feelings to those which Terence invokes—is more essentially popular and idiomatic in his style, and relies for his turns rather upon biting irony and broad touches of humour than upon covert satire and delicate portrayal of human nature. The very circumstances indeed, which would render him more easy of illustration in the case of a Roman actor, especially of one of his own age, or of those immediately succeeding it, than was Terence, would be precisely the circumstances which would increase the difficulty in the case of a modern performer before a modern classical audience, such as that usually gathered together at Westminster—an audience of which it is not too much to say that it more nearly resembles the cultivated and fastidious critics for whose approbation Terence eminently strove to write, than it does the more mixed and less refined assemblages for whose amusement and gratification Plautus wielded his pen. In venturing to express these

opinions, however, it is very far from my desire to detract for one moment from the transcendent merits of the elder Roman Dramatist. As a graphic delineator of society, such as he found it to exist in his own day, as a skilful yet withal modest—*Philemo scripsit Plautus vortit barbare*—adapter of Greek originals, as a vigorous denunciator of the vices and follies which were prevalent in his own time, as a master of the great dramatic art—so strikingly displayed by our own Shakespeare—of making his characters speak naturally and consistently, and of not leaving them room "to say more than is set down for them," and as a similar possessor of the even more consummate faculty of creating individualities which are the common heritage of every country and of every age, Plautus stands in the foremost rank of writers for the stage. Like Shakespeare, too, he primarily wrote for the stage, and not for the closet, to be acted and not to be read, and this may account in both instances for the sway which they have exercised over the intellects of their countrymen, and for the deserved admiration they have obtained alike from the learned and the unlearned, wherever their works have been studied or their plays been capable of presentation.

That the *Trinummus* is a comedy illustrative of the genius of Plautus, in its happiest vein and under its best aspects, is only what might be expected from its special selection for enactment at Westminster. Without entering indeed into the *questiones vexate* of the propriety of reproducing the Roman drama upon the modern and *a fortiori* the scholastic stage, I feel bound to declare that much of what has been said and written upon the subject appears to me to savour rather of a Puritanical ignorance of, than of a cultivated acquaintance with, the true intent and purpose of the writers of Latin comedy. Certain it is that their works in point of morality can afford to compare with those of modern authors whom it would be a literary heresy to decry, and who, despite all their failings in this respect, have maintained an uninterrupted possession of the stage. And if a fair allowance be made for the moral atmosphere amid which they wrote, and for the impossibility of emancipating themselves from the conventional trammels which surrounded them, I cannot help thinking, that the Roman comic dramatists would stand in favourable contrast with their presumably more enlightened successors. Be this, however, as it may, the most zealous sticklers for decorum would find it hard to take objection to any passages in the *Trinummus*, even if the piece were given in its entirety, and not cut down, as it has been, for representation on the College boards. The professed object of the Play, as your readers are well aware, is to expose the mischiefs of luxurious indulgence and unrestrained appetite, and if this is done in many instances in a comic way, as, for example, in the remonstrances offered by *Stasimus* to his young spendthrift master in sc. iii. act 2, or in the drunken declamation of the same worthy against the degeneracy of the age in sc. iii. act 4, it only serves to show how skilfully Plautus could combine satire with amusement, and with how keen an edge he could point the moral which he desired to inculcate.

But, sir, in treating of the merits of the author and his Play, I must not forget that I have the other equally important duty to discharge, viz. that of estimating the capabilities of his expositors at Westminster. To attempt any detailed criticism of the mode in which particular scenes, much more particular passages, were rendered by the gentlemen who undertook the respective characters, would be, I feel persuaded, to essay a task for the due accomplishment of which I should require far more space than you could reasonably allot to me, and which, moreover, even if duly accomplished, would not be the precise point to which you have wished me to devote my critical remarks. That notwithstanding the general clearness of enunciation—undoubtedly the prime requisite in all elocutionary display—the manifest appreciation of the various rôles, the histrionic ability exhibited in the delineation of individual character, the facial command and power of combined action, so remarkably acquired by youthful and amateur performers, and the telling effects attained in the delivery of many crucial passages,—that, notwithstanding the exhibition of all this excellence, much of necessity remained to be done in order to give an adequate representation of the comedy, according to the intention of its author, is only to say that the Queen's Scholars who played it were not professional actors of the highest type, and that they could not, as the Roman comedians of yore, enjoy the double advantage of using idioms and making allusions which were alike familiar to themselves and their audience. I am free then, sir, to confess that I cannot conscientiously weigh the merits of the performance at Westminster in the formal scales of histrionic criticism, since to do so would be to inflict a gross injustice upon the deserts of the gentlemen who took part in it. Even for me to assert that they might have reached a higher standard in acting would scarcely be fair, when I remember how limited must be the time for preparation at their disposal, and how serious and constant is the pressure of their manifold scholastic obligations. Not every man too, no, not even every Queen's Scholar at Westminster, is born an actor, and for complete histrionic no less than poetic excellence the *nascitur non fit* is equally essential. The marked improvement, however, which was visible to the experienced eye and ear, in the successive representations, was sufficient evidence of how much might be effected by adequate rehearsal, especially under searching criticism. That the characters were thoroughly realized by their respective exponents, and that such realization was conveyed to the audience, has, I think, been generally admitted. Every actor—with the pardonable exception of the young ladies—looked his part, and that is a great point to start with. As *Megaronides*, Mr. C. C. Macnamara was earnest and sententious. As *Callicles*, Mr. E. V. Arnold was sensitive and sincere. As

Pholto, Mr. F. Whitehead was affable and obliging, though with a requisite assertion of parental authority, and, as *Charmides*, Mr. W. C. Ryde gave a very fair idea of the conflicting emotions experienced by the fond and faithful father upon his return to his long-lost home, and discovery of the apparently unaccountable events which had occurred during his absence. The *Lysiteles* of Mr. P. G. L. Webb was a model of the meditative and cautious, yet generously-minded youth whom Plautus has sketched as his virtuous hero, and the *Lesbonicus* of Mr. G. M. Hill was a truthful delineation of the gentlemanly spendthrift whose spirit poverty might reduce, but could not subdue. To Mr. C. F. Brickdale, however, as *Stasimus*, and to Mr. W. H. A. Cowell, as the *Sycophanta*, the most telling passages in the Play necessarily fell, and it cannot be denied that they delivered them with brilliant effect. As the Slave, indeed, Mr. Brickdale might have been more subtle and less demonstrative; and, as the Sycophant, Mr. Cowell might have put a somewhat finer edge upon the audacity as well as surprise and disappointment of the trickster,—yet after all that can thus be said in the way of objection, it must be admitted that few more striking examples of histrionic ability than these gentlemen afforded have of late years been seen in the College Dormitory.

Of the composition and illustration of the after-piece, commonly known as the Epilogue, I feel, Mr. Editor, that it would be almost an intrusion now to write to you at any length. Its merit not only lay in the clever turn of its Elegiac verse, but in the skill with which it was attached to the preceding comedy and made to convert its characters into a modern shape. As a whole, no less than in detail, it was certainly rendered with more force and correctness than was the Play itself, but this is easily accounted for when the inherent difficulties of enunciating Plautus are considered. And this consideration brings me, sir, to the remarks with which I must conclude this, I fear, already too long letter. Let me, then, take advantage of this happy opportunity to impress upon the rising generation of Westminsters the desirability of not only carefully studying the traditional delineations of their stage, but of carefully noting also whether those delineations convey the real meaning and dramatic purpose of the authors they are intended to illustrate. Above all, let them read their chosen plays, not as mere school exercises, but as the living words of a living people, fraught with all the impulses of humanity, and constructed with the consummate skill of some of the greatest masters of the dramatic art. Finally, let Westminster only be true to herself and her traditions—as hitherto she has ever proved herself to be—and her illustrious Foundress will not in vain have ordained that Latin Plays should be enacted by her scholars "*Quo juventus tum actioni tum pronuntiationi decenti melius se assuescat.*"

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

E. G. H.

111



ACT IV. S. II.

COPY OF A BAS RELIEF FOUND AT POMPEII.



PLAUTI TRINUMMUS,

1874.

Luxuria E. H. ALINGTON.
Inopia R. W. MEAD.
Megaronides C. C. MACNAMARA.
Callicles E. V. ARNOLD.
Lysiteles P. G. L. WEBB.

Philot F. WHITEHEAD.
Lesbonicus G. M. HILL.
Stasimus C. F. BRICKDALE.
Charmides W. C. RYDE.
Sycophanta W. H. A. COWELL.

PROLOGUS, 1874.

Amicum collaudare ob meritam gratiam
 Ita in officio est, ut pudeat si non feceris:
 Quique hanc domum simul et patriam virtutibus
 Ornârunt, illustrârunt, nonne id flagitî est,
 Si per silentium hic memoria intercidat?
 Nullus abit annus, messem quin carpens novam
 Fauces sepulchri pascat insatiabiles:
 Ac nostra est semper pars doloris, inclytos
 Et militiæ quum flemus et domi viros:
 Senem illum dulcem¹, toties qui festis Scholæ
 Adesse notus: stirpe qui veterrima
 Prognatus, Angliæ princeps e Baronibus,
 Sermone comi, miles et scriptor quidem,
 Acceptum digne reddidit proavis decus.
 Porro autem alios—is², qui tumultus Indiæ
 Pro parte virili militans compresserat:
 Alter³ in eadem tum regione episcopus
 Pura vincebat monstra divorum fide.
 Ac plures⁴ etiam, cuique si dignis vacet
 Cumulare nomen laudibus:—verumtamen
 Non illud semper est agendum: quid novi
 Gratique tulerit annus, id potius agam.
 Nobis cum toto partum populo gaudium,
 E Sarmatis ut duceret nuptam domum
 Princeps⁵; felici quando matrimonio
 Matura proles edita est, concordiæ
 Optatus fructus, pignus et certissimum.
 Subit et recenti spes e sollicitudine,
 Spes quæ nos propius tangit, spes domestica,
 Domina⁶ ut benigna, miseræ adjutrix bona,
 Quæ semper mitis hisce favit ædibus,
 E febre et ab ipso mortis limine reddita
 Vitam ac salutem colligat rursus novam.
 Ad cætera vero quod attinet, hoc anno quidem
 Primum videtur facta sui juris Schola:
 Jam se magistratu abdicant Septemviri⁶:
 Præsidiibus utens propriis in posterum
 Muneribus ædes nostra fungetur suis.

To praise a friend for merit is as fair
 A task to do, as shameful to forbear:
 And of those famous men who lived and died
 Their school's example and their country's pride,
 Were it not wrong should from our thoughts to-day
 The memory unhonour'd pass away?
 No season flies but death, fulfilling doom,
 Gathers its harvest for the hungry tomb;
 And we must every year the tribute pay
 Of grief to those the year has borne away.
 And first to him who ever fill'd a place
 At all our festivals; of lordly race
 The worthy scion, to his ancient name
 He brought the scholar's and the soldier's fame.
 Then to the twain who labour'd side by side;
 One crush'd with soldier's hand the rebel's pride;
 With different arms his fellow took the field,
 And bade the monstrous gods of India yield.
 More might we add, did envious time permit
 That each and all should claim his praises fit:
 But pass we now to happier themes; the year
 That brought these griefs has brought us joys as near.
 What great rejoicing rich and poor allied,
 When English prince brought home a Russian bride:
 In happy time a lasting peace to found,
 By offspring fair that union blest is crown'd.
 But nearer joys than these have we to-day,
 For that sad gloom, which on our threshold lay,
 Begins to yield to hope, that now again
 An honour'd lady, freed from fever's pain
 And near approach of death, may live to bless
 The poor and us, that know her kindness.
 One word, and I have done; the Seven at last
 Resign their office; and the School has pass'd
 Beneath new rulers, whose immediate sway
 May Westminster long flourish to obey!

¹ Lord de Ros.² Sir Sydney Cotton.³ Bishop Harding, late of Bombay.⁴ Other old Westminsters deceased within the year are—Lord Forester, Revs. T. F. Stooks (Prebendary of St. Paul's), R. Palmer, and W. W. Follett (Student of Christ Church). Also Lieut.-Cols. Ch. Inge and H. Westerra, B. B. Cabbell, Esq., F.R.S., W. Sandys, F.S.A., T. Green, and J. C. Templar, Esqs.⁵ Lady Augusta Stanley.⁶ The Special Commissioners.

EPILOGUS AD TRINUMMUM, 1874.

With an English Translation.

Enter LESBONICUS and LYSITELES from a tour, followed by STASIMUS with boxes.

Lesb. En! salvere Lares jubeo! posticulum et illud!
Incolumes quantum nos rediisse juvat!

Lys. Ah! quam dulce domum, facilemque revisere patrem!

Uxoremque! *Lesb.* Satin' vis meminisse mali?

Lys. Filius ut redeat, jam deficiente crumena,
Percolit optatum qua pietate patrem!

Enter CALLICLES.

Lys. Quis tamen hac platea ingreditur? *Lesb.* Socer advnit, ecce!

Call. O juvenes, lætor vos rediisse domum!

Lesb. O salve! *Lys.* Salve, nobis fidissime amice!

Lesb. An rediit, factis quæ facienda, pater?

Call. Ocyus expectes: redeunti cuncta parata:

At non grata illi facta referre queo.

Lys. Quid narras? *Call.* Quia enim via subterranea¹,
quæ fert

Hinc in Peiræum, ferrea, fumifica,

Qua movet horisonam per terras machina molem,
Nostra quidem, misero vae mihi! tecta subit.

(*to Lys.*) Hoc tuus iste pater fecit. Quin itur in ædes?

Namque fatigatis sat scio, grata quies.

[*Exeunt LESB. and LYS.*

(*to STAS.*) Curre ad cauponam, cui sumpta licentia rite
Præbendi potus, atque pudenter erit.

Stas. Nonne bona hic, o stulte, fide? nonne ille viator?
Cur properem, cui vel nocte popina patet?

[*Exit CALLICLES.*

Non mihi vita placet: fio nugator in ipsis

Vestibus: hunc petasum (*pointing to cockade*) lex
mihi nulla sinit:

Hic et aluminio simulans nitet annulus aurum:

Orbiculoque (*pointing to buttons*) meis crista aliena
micat.

Nulla mihi tunica² est: pertrita subucula³: braccæ⁴

Jam tenues: at enim pænula⁵ cuncta tegit!

Hæc adeo intoleranda: placet mihi, bajulus ut sim,
Ferrata potius pondera ferre via!

Huc illuc arcas volvendo rumpere discam,

"Pace tua" clamans: stragula multa feram

In manibus: quoties et tintinnabulum adesse
Plaustra monet, "placide dormiam," et abfuero!

Quin adeam potius, siqua est mihi cura peculî,

Quos oboli causa sedulitate colam.

At prope celerem fac te! meminisse decebat:

Hæc portanda: et heris vina petenda meis!

Heus! aperite fores! [*Exit into CALLICLES' house.*

Enter MEGARONIDES (from railway station behind CALLICLES' house).

Meg. Quis tandem talia credat

Hoc sæclo nono sic decimo fieri?

Cernitis has tabulas? totam horam machinam adire

Hic scriptum est: nec adhuc signa prope esse monent!

At quid agam, est certum: in charta, cui nomen *Elizabethana*, inveniet nostra querela locum!

Enter LESBONICUS and LYSITELES from a tour, followed by STASIMUS with boxes.

Lesb. Hail, hall and hovel! every danger past,
How sweet it is to come home safe at last!

Lys. How sweet to see my easy-going father,
My dear old home, and lovely wife! *Lesb.* Oh,
rather!

Lys. See, to our parents, when our funds are low
What wonderful affection we can show!

Enter CALLICLES.

But who's this coming? Callicles? *Lesb.* Tis he!

Call. Young men, I'm glad your safe return to see!

Lesb. How are you, sir? *Lys.* O hail, my honour'd
friend!

Lesb. Are yet my father's travels at an end?

Call. Look for him shortly: he will soon be here:

But I have news he'll scarcely like, I fear.

Lys. What do you mean? *Call.* You know the
Underground?

Well now the trains for the Piræus bound

Pant, puff, snort, bellow, whistle, rumble, roar.

Not half-a-dozen feet below the floor!

(*To Lys.*) This is your father's doing. Enter, pray;
And take some rest after your tiring day.

[*Exeunt LESB. and LYS.*

(*To STAS.*) Run to some beer-shop, where no legal
Nemesis

Confines beer, wine, and spirits to the premises!

Stas. We're bonâ fide travellers: I might
Drop in for beer at any time of night!

[*Exit CALLICLES.*

Stas. This life is irksome: see me thus array'd

A rogue all over: this superb cockade

Is quite illegal: and this ring, I'm told

Is aluminium, though it looks like gold.

This crest, that on my buttons seems so grand,

Is not my master's, only secondhand.

Coat I have none: my waistcoat's very small:

My breeches threadbare: this great coat hides all.

I'll have a change, and go where hours are shorter,

To try my fortune as a railway porter:

I'll learn to trundle boxes on a truck,

And, crying "By your leave," to run amuck:

Luggage politely volunteer to keep,

But when the train comes; then's the time for
sleep.

But stop: before this daring scheme I try,

In with the boxes: then some beer I'll buy.

[*Exit into CALLICLES' house*

Enter MEGARONIDES (from railway station behind CALLICLES' house).

Meg. Who would believe that we should ever see

Such things disgrace the nineteenth century!

Look at this Bradshaw: full an hour ago

My train was due at Athens: but I know

What course of action will be best for me, then:

I'll write a letter to the *Elizabethan*.

¹ Underground Railway.

² Coat.

³ Waistcoat.

⁴ Trousers.

⁵ Great-coat.

Enter PHILTO.

Sed director adest: (to PHILTO) O tu turpissime!

Ph. Quidnam est?

Meg. O nequissime! fur! o scelus! anne pudet

Fallere sic cives, o perjurissime? sic te

Mentiri, sic te—(*producing a Bradshaw's Guide*) sed, legere anne potes?

Ph. Credo. *Meg.* Tu propriis tum confutabere dictis:

Hasne vides tabulas? *Ph.* Quas ego composui!

Meg. Quid prosunt? *Ph.* Serie prædicunt tempora, quis si

Quis velit argentum solvere, lege licet!

Meg. Mox ego—(*whistle and confused noise below*) Sed restare vetat sonus iste (*rushes off*).

Ph. Probe fit!

Ut quis nostra hodie tempora vera putet!

Re-enter STASIMUS (not seen by PHILTO).

Stas. Hic est, quem volui. *Ph.* Sed felicem esse viator

Se credat: noster servus ubique miser,

Bis nonas, quot eunt soles, affligitur horas,

Fortiaque immensum terga fatigat onus:

Non nimia est merces: brevis esca: et quanta pericla!

Nonnunquam digitos machina sæva premit:

Tum sæpe ingenti sub plaustro labitur: et mox

Casu aliquo manus, aut crura, caputve perit!

Stas. Hic Acheruntis enim, nec in agro est ostium herili!

Ph. Cui sonat prope me vox? *Stasime!* ecquid habes?

Stas. Non mihi vita placet! *Ph.* (*aside*) Coëunt ad nos suicidæ!

(*to STAS.*) Te modo quærebam: tempore visus ades!

Qui servit nobis, huic felicissima vita est:

Si probus et frugi est, usque beatus erit!

Stas. Dic mihi, quæ merces— *Ph.* Merces—hem— magna! *Stas.* Cibusque?

Ph. Optumus: ut statio est quæque, popina patet!

Stas. Ista placent: (*aside*) nunquam me pascere desinam! *Ph.* Eamus

Intro nunc! (*they go towards house.*)

Enter SYCOPHANT (dressed as a government official).

Syc. At vos ambo manete! *Amb.* Quid est?

Syc. Vobis ecce! patens regalis epistola: vin' tu

Inspicere? an potius protinus ipse legam?

(*reads from paper.*)

“*Quandoquidem reges directoresque viarum*

“Conficiunt homines et mala multa. . .” Ph. Quis huc

Te misit? *Syc.* Nescis? sed ad hæc nil attinet: audi:

“*Annexare vias consulibus placet!*” *Ph.* (*starting*) Heu!

(*to Syc.*) Si fas est, parvum hoc (*offering money*) tu pro

mercede bonorum

Accipias, quæ mox, vir bone, ferre paras!

Syc. (*taking money*). Non licet: at—maneat director (*exit PH. towards station*). Plura parari

Jam decet: heus! mensas huc puer, affer! At hæc

(*Enter Page with table and chair.*)

Scripta habeo! (*reads*) *Quisquis servus velit esse viarum*
Jam posthac certa lege probandus erit.

“*Viva voce*” hodie exercemus: Musica, Flores,

Vis Electriferæ, et Photolithographia,

Enter PHILTO.

But here comes a director; oh, you knave—

Phil. Good morning, sir! *Meg.* You scoundrel, liar slave,

Do you not blush to cheat the town? To tell

Such downright lies? one moment—can you spell?

Phil. I think so. *Meg.* Then by your own words I'm able

Now to convict you. Whose is this Time Table?

Phil. My own of course. *Meg.* What uses has it?

Phil. Many.

First, not a bad investment for a penny;

Besides it tells the times, when if you choose

To pay your money, no one will refuse.

Meg. Just now,—Why, there's the bell! [*Exit.*] *Phil.*

Good riddance, too!

That any one should think our tables true!

Re-enter STASIMUS (not seen by PHILTO).

Why here's the man! *Phil.* But travellers, tho' outwitted,

Do well enough: the porter should be pitied:

For eighteen hours he's kept upon the rack

With tons of bags and boxes on his back:

Ill-paid and fed, too near the line he lingers,

A vagrant engine carries off his fingers:

And then an accident rewards his pains,

Breaking his arms or dashing out his brains!

Stas. Death's gate is here, not in my master's farm!

Phil. Why, Stasimus; what causes your alarm?

Stas. My life is irksome. *Phil.* (*aside*) What! more suicides!

(*To STAS.*) You're just the man I want: good luck betides

Our servants: they're the happiest men on earth:

An honest man can't have a better berth.

Stas. But how about the wages? *Phil.* Very good.

Stas. And what's the food like? *Phil.* Oh its splendid food:

There are refreshment rooms at all the stations.

Stas. Hurrah! there'll never be an end of rations.

Phil. If you're determined, perhaps you'll step this way (*they go towards house.*)

Enter SYCOPHANT (dressed as a Government Official).

Both. But who is this? *Syc.* I bid you both to stay.

Here I bring royal letters patent: say, will you

Inspect them: or I'd better read them through.

Whereas upon these ill-conducted lines,

Where every chairman with board combines

To cheat and murder. *Phil.* But first stop a minute;

Who sent you here? *Syc.* Please wait till I begin it:

The British Government has just annexed

The railways. *Phil.* What! really? I'm perplexed:

Excuse me, I'm commission'd to present

This testimonial of the good—you meant (*taking money*).

Syc. It's not allow'd! but—I won't interfere:

Remain director; oh! a table here!

(*Enter Page with table and chair.*)

(*Reads*) All applicants for railway situations

Must pass the requisite examinations;

The “*viva voce*” will be held to-day,

In Music, Botany, the Spectral Ray,

Tum Calor, atque Mathematices genus omne probatur :
 Et linguæ mille, et cætera ! Ubique decet
 Edere rite sonos, ut nunc placet edere—Arenâ
 Jam patet, ecce ! *Stas.* At ea lege ego "aratus" ero !
 Id certum est. Hominem aggrediar. (*to Syc.*) Sic
 ipse probari
 Nolo ; (*Syc. shakes his head*) sed hæc mecum munera
 parva fero ! (*Offers him money, which Syc. counts.*)

Enter CHARMIDES, loq. (without seeing STAS. and Syc.)
 Advenio terris longinquis pone relictis
 Quas patriæ causa jussus adire fui.
 Jam Venerem⁷ vidi solis transire per orbem,
 Fungorumque genus⁸ totum habui studio.

Syc. (to STAS. in new pronunciation).

Te decet astrorum primùm cognoscere leges !
 Quantum ergo a nobis, Sirius acer abest ?
Stas. Hei mihi ! quid dicam ? Jam menses quatuor !
Syc. An te

Jam monui Latios edere rite sonos ?
Stas. Immo haud recta manent, didici quæ parvulus olim,
 Quæ dixere pater, mater, avus, proavus ?
Syc. Omnia tu nescis. Tu da responsa vicissim :
 Utere jam justis vocibus. *Stas.* Ex-per-i-ar.
Syc. Quæ radii solis faciant, expromere jussum est.
Stas. Væ mihi ! non unquam pergere eo licuit !
Char. (from behind) Quid facit ? astronomus mihi
 certe hic esse videtur :

Aggrediar ! *Syc.* Tum quæ Sol elementa tenet ?
Char. Prænestina homini vox est. (*approaching*)
 Veniam, pater, oro :
 Astrorum leges nosse videris. *Syc.* Ita est.
Char. Transitus an Veneris tibi visus ? *Syc.* Sæpe !
Char. Quod instat

Vix in sæcla semel singula, sæpe vides ?
Syc. In Rhadama fieri ista solent ! Quin Sol ibi pone
 Se latuit, sese ne Physici inveniant.
 Rite sapis : servum dehinc te jubeo esse viarum !

Char. At nolo ! *Syc.* Haud refert quid facere ipse velis !
 Cogere at huc aptos homines est plena potestas
 Legibus. *Char.* At nec ero pondera ferre potis.
 Civis Romanus sum : omnino prorsus iniquum est !
 Non faciam. *Syc.* Hem ! si optes quid dare, missus abis.
Char. Indignum ! at satius facilem hunc sic reddere
 (*gives money*). *Syc.* Missum

Te facio : (*aside*) pulchre hac fraude Trinummus
 adest ! (*Exit SYCOPH.*)
 (*A terrific noise is heard from under CALLICLES' house.*)
Char. Di, mare, terra, sonus quid fert teterrimus ille
 Viscera jam penitus terra per ima tremit.
Stas. Nempe prius cautum quod oportuit, id sibi sero
 Nunc cupit, ut via non subruat illa domum !
 (*Exit STAS.*)

Enter PHILTO, loq.

Vah ! nihil est ! *Char.* Nihil est ? *Ph.* Tantum accidit.
Char. Accidit, ain tu ?
Ph. Immoene est : homini multa sed eveniunt
 Quæ volt, quæque nevolt. *Char.* Tibi uti modo
 talia fiant !
Ph. At cameras condas, censeo, rite tuas
 Postmodo. *Char.* Quid narras ? *Ph.* Nostrarum
 tecta viarum

The Liberal Arts, Antiquity, and all
 The tongues of Babel ! But let no one bawl
 The harsh pronunciation once we used :
 Such ignorance can never be excused !
 Now, candidates ! *Stas.* I'm sure I shall be *plough'd* :
 I'll try persuasion : (*to Syc.*) may I be allow'd ?
 (*giving him money which SYCOPHANT counts.*)

Enter CHARMIDES (not seeing STAS. and Syc.), loq.
 Return'd at last, I have fulfill'd my mission,
 As member of a Transit expedition ;
 Ingress and egress splendidly we saw⁷ :
 And studied fungi,⁸ boil'd, and baked, and raw.

Syc. (to STAS. in new pronunciation).

Take first astronomy : let's hear, how far
 From earth remote revolves the Canine Star ?
Stas. He means the dog-days. Just four months.
Syc. But pray,

Pronounce your Latin in the Latin way !
Stas. Why should I talk your jargon ? why not rather
 As spoke great grandsire, grandsire, mother, father ?
Syc. You ignoramus, answer properly
 Speak as I bid you. *Stas.* Well, I'll have a try.

Syc. Describe the action of the Solar Ray.
Stas. Dear me ! I never chanced to pass that way.
Ch. Here's an astronomer, a learned one !
Syc. What elements component has the sun ?
Ch. His accent's Cornish. Pray excuse me, sir ;
 You seem to be a great astronomer.
Syc. Quite so. *Ch.* Well, have you seen the transit ?
Syc. Yes,

Full many a time. *Ch.* That's curious, I confess !
Syc. In Rhadamas it happens every week :
 There sun and *savants* play at hide and seek !
 You're wise enough ! We'll have *you* on the line !
Ch. But I don't want to ! *Syc.* No concern of mine.
 We have full power to punish all who shirk.
Ch. But I'm not strong enough for porter's work !
 I'm a free man ! it's scandalous ! I won't !
Syc. Well, if you like to pay your fee, you don't.
Ch. It's shameful ! but I'd better keep him quiet
 (*gives him money*).

Syc. Good-bye : (*to the audience*) a third success,
 you can't deny it ! [*Exit.*]

(*A terrific noise is heard from under CALLICLES' house.*)

Ch. Heaven, earth, sky, sea, what was that awful
 shock ?
 The earth seem'd from its very base to rock !
Stas. You're now too late : if you'd look'd out before
 The line *might* not have undermined your floor !
 (*Exit STAS.*)

Enter PHILTO, loq.

It's nothing. *Ch.* Nothing ? *Ph.* Just an accident.
Ch. An accident ? how horrible ! *Ph.* Lament
 Is useless, though I feel it's very sad ;
 Such things will happen ! *Ch.* May you get as bad !
Ph. But if you're wise, you'd best repair your cellars.
Ch. What do you mean ? *Ph.* Beneath your house
 the pillars

⁷ Transit of Venus.

⁸ Congress of Fungologists.

(At te fac placidum, *Charm-ida*) lapsa modo ;
Et nisi quid repares, ædes cecidisse putes. *Char.* At
Ista jubent leges te facere. *Ph.* Haud faciam.
Char. O tu carcere digne, homo *Newgate-orie* ! sic tu,
Sic dices ? *Ph.* Neque enim cogere lex poterit.

*Enter crowd of porters and officials, headed by STAS. :
they surround PHILTO.*

Stas. Te petimus, scelerate ! *Ph.* Quid est ? *Stas.*
Tantasne ruinas

Desidia fieri semper, ubique, tua !

Ph. At nunc ædili contingit cura viarum !

Stas. Gerræ ! nos tali fallere fraude cupis ?

Illa tua culpa (*they all seize him*). *Ph.* Vetita est
violentia lege !

Stas. Tun' dices ? at lex *Lynchia* non prohibet.

(*They carry him off, followed by the police.—
Exeunt all except CHARMIDES.*)

Enter CALLICLES.

Call. Me miserum ! ingenti momento terra voravit
Omnem, thesaurus qua situs iste, locum.

Char. Quis venit huc ? Salve ! *Call.* Salve : sed
tristia narro

Facta. *Char.* Quid evenit ? *Call.* Væ mihi ! ne
rogites !

Thesaurus nusquam est ! *Char.* Thesaurus ? quem tibi soli
Curandum ipse dedi ? *Call.* At—*Char.* Nulla relicta
mihi

Spes manet : adversis nitor Dis ; denuo de me
Rapta—

Enter STASIMUS with basket, loq.

Here mi ! salvum te rediisse juvat !

Char. Quid fers, o Stasime ? *Stas.* En ! modo quæ
cecidere viarum

In cameris, tollo. *Char.* Quidnam ibi corbe tua ?

Stas. Rudera, quæ sint lapsa, et cetera. *Char.* Quin
mea signa

Sunt ibi : thesaurum en ! aspice sub cumulo !

(*pulls out a bag of money.*)

Call. Gratulor ! *Stas.* Hanc mihi nunc veniam concede
petenti.

Char. Quid petis ? *Stas.* Ut redeam jam tibi servus.
Char. Habes.

Jam licuit solitos nobis proferre labores,

Et vobis veterem rursus adire domum.

Omnia labentes hodie mutantur in annos,

Humanasque licet cernere ubique vices.

His neque tuta manent urbis monumenta ruinis,

Ast Ætas sæva falce vel ista metit.

Ima viæ penetrant ferratæ viscera terræ ;

Nocte, die, rauca machina voce gemit.

Nunc Plebis delenda domus Northumbria causa,

Et vetus, heu ! Templi Porta caduca labat.

Ille etiam, e cunis cui nostrum infantia cœlum

Hausit, rus abiens Zingiber⁹ ipse fugit.

At mos priscus adhuc, et nostri fabrica ludi

Sedibus antiquis stabilita manet.

Quin videant, oro, redeuntia sæcula salvos,

Ut Patriæ simus nos Populoque bono.

Nostraque nunc si quid grati fert fabula, vestris

Plausibus optatum vos date rite decus.

That keep the tunnels up, have given way.

(But calm yourself, friend Charmides, I pray ;)

And if you leave them, soon your house will fall.

Ch. But that's your business ! *Ph.* Oh, no ! not at all !

Ch. You gallows-bird, you *Newgate-ruffian*, you !

Dare you speak so ? *Ph.* The law can't force me to !

*Enter Crowd of Porters and Officials, headed by
STASIMUS : they surround PHILTO.*

Stas. 'Tis you we seek, you scoundrel ! *Ph.* What's
the matter ?

Stas. Shall your neglect the whole of Athens shatter ?

Ph. With Government the railways are connected !

Stas. That trick by us is more than half suspected.

By your neglect—(*they all seize him*). *Ph.* The
law forbids assault !

Stas. You say so ? *Lynch Law* reckons it no fault !

(*They carry him off, followed by the police.—
Exeunt all except CHARMIDES.*)

Enter CALLICLES.

Call. O wretched me ! the treasure, as I feared
Into earth's gaping jaws has disappeared !

Ch. Whom have we here ? Why, how are you ?

Call. Quite well :

But very dreadful news I have to tell.

Ch. What news ? *Call.* Oh pray don't ask ! the
treasure's gone !

Ch. What, all that treasure, hidden from my son ?

Call. Yes, but— *Ch.* But now I dare to hope no more :
'Gainst adverse gods I wage unequal war.

This loss—

Enter STASIMUS with basket, loq.

Dear sir, I'm glad to see you home !

Ch. What are you doing, Stasimus ? *Stas.* I've come
Here, carrying off the rubbish which I've found
Within the tunnel, lying on the ground.

Ch. What's in the basket ? *Stas.* Only bricks and stuff.

Ch. But that's my seal ! I know it well enough !

And there's the treasure in a sound condition !

Call. How glad I am ! *Stas.* Pray grant this my
petition !

Ch. What do you ask ? *Stas.* To be once more your
slave !

Ch. I'm but too ready ; what you want you have.

As every year and every Christmas calls

Our friends within these venerable walls :

The years roll on, and ever with them bear

Unwelcome changes round us everywhere.

Now London's monuments themselves decay,

Time with his scythe sweeps even these away.

Railways now pierce the City underground

By night, by day the engine's shrieks resound.

Now too the house of proud Northumberland

Must fall ! and Temple Bar can hardly stand !

Ginger,⁹ alas !—though changes not admiring—

Has now at last insisted on retiring.

What must be borne, we bear : for still the Play

Retains within these walls its ancient sway :

Nay but we hope that each succeeding year

Will see it more securely rooted here :

And if to-night the Play has given you cause,

Reward us with, we hope, deserved applause.

⁹ Ginger, the College Bookseller, who retires at Christmas.

VERSICLES

On the Characters in the Play.

BY A PUP, WHO HOPES SOME DAY TO WRITE REAL DOGGREL.

Lesbonicus,
It may strike us,
Scarce a model lad is :
Graceless son, he
Gets his money,
Selling what's his Daddy's.

Charmides, he
Is too easy
To his offspring sordid—
Sinner harden'd,
Soon he's pardon'd
And, indeed, rewarded.

But Lysiteles
Of old Italy's
Youths as good as any ;
Scorning lucre,
Jove ! he took a
Girl without a penny.

Poor old Philto !
Bitter pill to
Him the boys kind pater,
(Curbing cholera)
'Tis to swallow
"Virgo indotata."

Callicles's
Conduct pleases—
Well he kept the treasure—
Trustee trusty,
Chancery must he
Give a thrill of pleasure !

Megaronides
Much astonished is
Callicles is knavish—
Mean in charity,
Priceless rarity,
But of blame most lavish.

Megaronides
More astonished is
When—no longer 'non est'—
Charmides then
Proves with ease then
Callicles is honest.

We'll teach Stasimus,
If they'll pass him us,
(Quite a heathenish Chinee :)
Not to "dish" his
Master's wishes,
Drink, and prig his Minæ.

Outlands aping,
Mushroom shape in,
Pax appears, the liar—
Pax means 'Mum,' as
Means 'Trinummus'
Pieces three, his hire.

Now they're meeting—
What a greeting !
Funny first but grim soon :
One, all banter,
'S Sycophanta,
T'other's sick of him soon.

Then good Charmides
Very charm'd is,—
He himself will tell it t' ye—
With his treasure
In full measure
And his friend's fidelity.

With the curtain
Ends for certain
All and this my poor ditty :
—What's that word I
Fancied heard I ———
'Tis the echo Plaudite.

floreat.