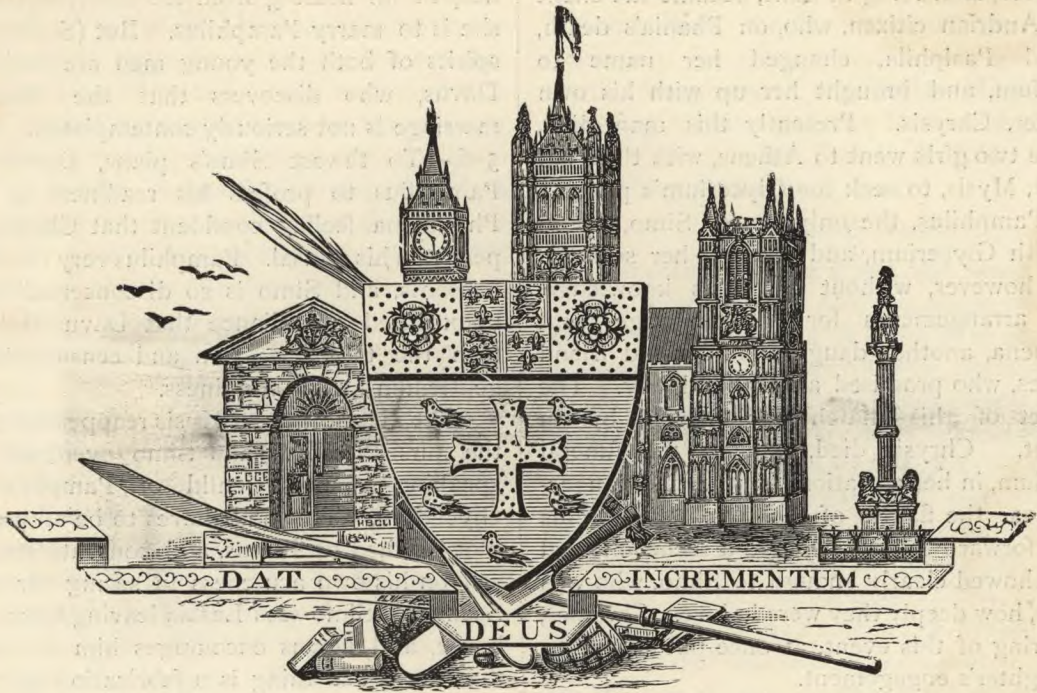




SIMO	CHREMES	PAMPHILUS	SOSIA	SERVUS	DROMO	CHARINUS	CRITO	BYRRHIA
(R. R. Turner)	(M. A. Phillimore)	(S. L. Holmes)	(R. S. Browning)	(F. E. D. Hodges)	(T. R. Dawson)	(S. F. Waterson)	(A. N. Charlton)	(C. L. Bayne)
			MYSIS		LESBIA			
			(G. G. F. Greig)		(G. R. D. Gee)			
			DAVUS					
			(D. H. Kitchin)					



The Elizabethan.

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THE 'ANDRIA.'

IT would indeed puzzle a stranger to Terence's works to read the various criticisms of the Plays acted at Westminster. 'The *Andria* is perhaps the best of the Westminster cycle,' is completely contradicted by another newspaper's 'even less interesting than usual,' and indeed the same contradictions are to be observed every year. The fact is that the plots of Terence are none of much interest in themselves, though each play has at least one scene of exceptional merit. The *Andria* contains probably the best scene in all Terence, when the baby appears.

The standard set by last year's cast was high, and if this year the acting was not quite as

good, it should be remembered that only two had appeared on our stage before, while it was also generally agreed that two at least of the characters were played with unusual success.

The *Andria* is rather a favourite with Old Westminsters, and on the last night especially we must thank the audience for their appreciation.

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 meanwhile 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. Scene 2.—The situation having thus been explained to the audience, 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. Scenes 4, 5.—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 speech of great pathos, gives a most solemn assurance of his fidelity.

Act II. Scene 1 introduces Charinus, who, being in love with Philumena, is reduced to

despair on hearing from his slave, Byrria, that she is to marry Pamphilus. But (Scene 2) the spirits of both the young men are revived by Davus, who discovers that the threatened marriage is not seriously contemplated. Scenes 3-6.—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. Scene 1. Mysis reappears, bringing the nurse, Lesbia; and Simo overhears them speaking about a child of Pamphilus and Glycerium. This he believes to be all part of a plot hatched by Davus, and congratulates himself on his own acuteness in seeing through it. Scene 2.—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. Scene 3.—Acting on this belief, Simo, after no small difficulty, induces Chremes to consent to a renewal of the engagement. Scenes 4, 5.—At this Davus is completely nonplussed, Pamphilus is enraged with Davus, and Charinus with them both.

Act IV. Scenes 1, 2. 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 infant before Simo's door. Scenes 3, 4.—In an amusing dialogue, which Chremes is purposely allowed to hear, 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 deadlock, when (Scene 5) 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. Scene 2.—Pamphilus, summoned from the house, is loaded with bitter reproaches, and accused of having suborned Crito. Scene 3.—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' elder 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. Scene 5.—Davus is released, though terribly sore from his punishment; and the curtain falls upon his assurance that all will be happily settled within the house.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

As has been the usual experience on first night performances during the last few years, the acting, though not of a very high standard, was a vast improvement on the dress rehearsal. The house was unusually well filled, especially the gods, which could hardly have contained more people. The ladies may always be relied on to be kind in their attention, but can never be expected fully to appreciate the Epilogue.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

Once again the acting on the second night was much brighter, and the Play went with an excellent swing. The Epilogue was received with much applause and laughter, though the house was not very well filled. Many distinguished gentlemen were present, the audience including the Deans of Westminster, St. Paul's, and Christ Church, Sir Eldon Bankes, Sir S.

Rowlatt, the Mayor of Westminster, Sir William Vincent, Bart., Sir Henry Craik, Sir William Leishman, Sir George Sutherland, Sir Molesworth Macpherson, the Swiss Minister, the Secretary for Scotland, the Postmaster-General, Canon Carnegie, the Rev. P. A. Ellis, and Mr. T. Staveley Oldham.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

The acting reached about the same level as on the second night, but the house was more appreciative, consisting as it did of so many Old Westminsters. The nervousness noticeable on the first night and to a certain extent on the second had passed off, and the Play and Epilogue went off most successfully. Some points in the latter were exceptionally well received. The audience included the Lord Justice Phillimore (in the chair), the Bishop of London, Mr. Justice Lush, Mr. Victor Williamson, C.B., C.M.G., the Provost of Oriel, the Principal of Brazenose, Sir Havilland de Sausmarez, Canon Pearce, the Rev. Dr. Bonney, Canon Sloman, Mr. Herbert Nield, K.C., M.P., Mr. Russell Barker, Mr. Clement Webb, and the Rev. H. W. Waterfield.

Play Notes.

THE Headmaster again wrote a scholarly and interesting Prologue. The deaths of two Old Westminsters connected with India furnished the subject, and reference was made to other alumni whose names are famous for their services in that country.

The Press notices, owing presumably to the 'slack season,' were longer and more numerous than usual. The lower class of newspaper dismissed the Play with a few lines, and proceeded to give the Epilogue more or less in full. Never more than at present does the remark 'The Play's the thing' seem necessary. A typical instance was the paragraph in the *Daily Mail*, which quoted one pun wrong, thus spoiling the point.

The best critique was undoubtedly that of the *Times*, as was natural, seeing that it was the work of a distinguished young O.W. The *Daily Telegraph* and *Morning Post* both gave lengthy dissertations on the work of Terence, a short account of the plot of the 'Andria,' and a very few lines of criticism. The *Daily Graphic* published photographs of two scenes, and a short and very inaccurate notice.

Of the evening papers the notices in the *Pall Mall Gazette* were very numerous and lengthy; on the whole they were good, except for one, 'by a Westminster boy,' which appeared on the first play night, and was ignorant and inaccurate. The *Globe* and the *Westminster Gazette* also gave long accounts.

Among other periodicals, the *Athenæum*, the *Glasgow Herald*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and the *Church Times* published notices of some value. The *Western Mail, Cardiff*, rejoiced in the fact that the author of the Epilogue was once at Llandaff Cathedral School.

Once again we have to deplore the lack of any real criticism in the majority of newspapers; nearly all notices were entirely complimentary instead of pointing out the obvious faults.

The Epilogue was the work of G. G. Williams, Esq. It was rather shorter than usual, owing to some cuts at a late period. Though the touch of true satire was seldom noticeable (Simo's 'infortunati nimium' was excellent), the House was brought down by several good points. The beginning was considerably better than the end, and parody was conspicuous throughout. It is somewhat to be regretted that for several years past the Epilogue has been without a plot of any kind.

ANDRIA. 1913

PAMPHILUS	S. L. Holmes.
SIMO	R. R. Turner.
SOSIA	R. S. Browning.
DAVUS	D. H. Kitchin.
MYSIS	G. G. F. Greig.
CHARINUS	S. F. Waterson.
BYRRHIA	C. L. Bayne.
LESBIA	G. R. D. Gee.
CHREMES	M. A. Phillimore.
CRITO	A. N. Charlton.
DROMO	T. R. Dawson.

PROLOGUS IN ANDRIAM.

BENE est si vos valetis: de nobis liquet:
 Quin hodie templum si sibi Aesculapius
 Habere vellet, nostram deligeret domum.
 Hoc est cur omni tempore tot nostratium,
 Aetate adulta, caecis in periculis
 Inter paludes pestiferas vel torrido
 Solis sub aestu, sani et robusti tamen
 Operam navare potuerint fortissimam,
 Reducesque tandem nondum fractis viribus
 Viridem senectam patrio in rure foverint.
 Horum duos lugemus, amplum in India
 Honorem quondam meritos: unum¹ aerario
 Illic praefectum nil ubi est antiquius
 Quam ut sit ad amussim ratio vectigalium:
 Alter² sedebat praetor ubi quam maxime

WE hope you're well; and all can see
 That *we* are well as well can be;
 Yes, Health is in this house enshrined;
 No fitter temple could she find.
 That's why the sons of Westminster
 Have ever flourished everywhere.
 How often, summoned in their prime
 To labour in some distant clime,
 In lands where many a risk is run
 From reeking swamp and flaming sun,
 They've staunchly served the commonwealth
 Armed with invulnerable health,
 And then at last, their leisure earned,
 Still hale and vigorous have returned
 To walk in old familiar ways,
 And spend in honourable ease
 The cheery winter of their days.
 Two such we mourn, by death removed,
 Whose merit India tried and proved.

¹ Sir Henry Waterfield (Q.S. 1851-1853), G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., formerly Financial Adviser to the Council of India.

² Sir Francis W. Maclean (Townboy 1859-1862), formerly Chief Justice of Bengal.

Refert ut accurate et invidia procul
 Dirimantur lites genti subtilissimae.
 Ambo laudati laudes ultro filii
 Matri almae detulere, et parte pro sua
 In hoc studebant semper ne recentior
 Propago degeneraret a senioribus.

Nam, carmen ut divinum vel clangor tubae,
 Ita tangit corda magnum nomen Indiae
 Et imperi per tanta et tot discrimina
 Fundati, adaucti, conservati denique.
 In quo obtinendo mille si bello viros
 Fortes, togatos mille consilio graves
 Si poteris enumerare, tamen, ni fallimur,
 Praecipua nostrae palma tribuetur scholae.
 Quis enim prioris unus, quisve posterae
 Aetatis tantum effecit quantum Hastingsius¹
 (Veniam ferat tam barbaro cognomini
 Viri Romanum robur et constantia)
 Qui primo his ipsis puer egressus moenibus,
 Proconsulari tandem imperio praeditus,
 Reges, tetrarchas, populos, urbes inclytas
 Subegit in dicionem, tum provincias
 Discripsit, quoque regere oporteret modo,
 Colligere quo tributa, quo leges dare,
 Id omne instituit, hostium spernens dolos,
 Suorum spernens altior calumnias.
 Illo minor, par ceteris, Bentinckius²
 Successit olim, nactus qui feliciter
 Pacem, emendandis moribus se dedit,
 Viis per rura muniendis, gentium
 Studiis ita conciliandis ut cognoscerent
 Fidem, iustitiam nostram, benevolentiam.
 Neque aliud munus gessit is quem tertium
 Memorabo, Christi antistes,³ venerandum caput,
 Aversum qui inter populum et alienos deos,
 Ipsa pietate victor, doctrinam sacram
 Exemplo vitae commendavit integrae.
 Prolixe sum locutus, at vobis, scio,
 Non displicebit, quia praesertim me decet
 Et nosse et concelebrare hodie quid indoles,
 Nutrita faustis rite sub penetralibus,
 Possit pro patria, pro subiectis, pro Deo.

One ruled where fiscal science finds
 Fit work for analytic minds.
 As judge-in-chief the second framed,
 While glib-tongued litigants declaimed,
 Those judgments, void of fault and flaw,
 That vindicate an alien law.
 Both earned their honours, both repaid
 Their debt to Westminster, and made
 Their honours ours, and strove amain
 Our strength and credit to maintain.

INDIA! Thy name's a trumpet-call,
 A pæan loud that thrills the soul
 With thoughts of many a peril braved,
 Of empire won and empire saved;
 And if, to guard that vast domain,
 Thousands have toiled and toiled again,
 In war and peace, with hand and brain,
 Yet—scan the record where you will—
 Our heroes hold precedence still.
 For who of all that figure there
 With WARREN HASTINGS can compare,
 A man of iron, a man endued
 With Roman strength and fortitude?
 He from this very house went forth,
 While yet a lad, to prove his worth,
 And hold at last supreme command
 In that immense, mysterious land,
 Where, quenching many an age-long feud,
 Kings, princes, nations he subdued;
 Then for each part and province drew
 Fresh boundaries, wrote their laws anew
 And taught their rulers thus to rule,
 Thus to ease the load of tax and toll.
 Such was his task, triumphant still
 O'er treachery, slander, spite, ill-will.
 In after years his place was held
 By one whom he alone excelled,
 When BENTINCK, blessed by times of peace,
 Bade many an evil custom cease,
 New highways through the jungle drove,
 And, labouring for the peoples, strove
 Our justice, faith, good-will to prove.
 No other task was his—the third
 Whose praise should in this house be heard—
 That Bishop who to minds possessed
 By strange fanatic faiths addressed
 True Christian teaching, void of strife,
 Embodied in a Christian life.

My speech is long, but you, I know,
 Will not reprove me if I show
 What noble natures, wisely trained,
 For God and country have attained.

¹ Warren Hastings (K.S. 1747-1749), first Governor-General of India, 1772-1785. Elijah Impey, afterwards Chief Justice of Bengal, was elected K.S. in the same year.

² Lord William Bentinck (Townboy, 1748), Governor-General of India, 1828-35. 'The modern history of the British in India, as benevolent administrators, ruling the country with a single eye to the good of the natives, may almost be said to begin with Lord William Bentinck.' (*Sir W. W. Hunter.*)

³ George Edward Lynch Cotton (K.S. 1828-1832), Bishop of Calcutta, 1858-1866.

EPILOGUS IN ANDRIAM.

PERSONAE.

SIMO	<i>A Legal Luminary</i>	R. R. TURNER.
DAVUS	<i>A Misaristocrat</i>	D. H. KITCHIN.
PAMPHILUS	<i>A Master of Oil-Love</i>	S. L. HOLMES.
CHREMES	<i>An Agitator disguised as a Rustic</i>	M. A. PHILLIMORE.
CHARINUS	<i>A Chameleon Authority on Dress</i>	S. F. WATERSON.
DROMO	<i>A Constable</i>	T. R. DAWSON.
MYSIS	<i>Representative of the Tricolours</i>	G. G. F. GREIG.
LESBIA	<i>Representative of the Teutons</i>	G. R. D. GEE.
SOSIA	<i>A Poet</i>	R. S. BROWNING.
BYRRIA	<i>The Spirit of Progress</i>	C. L. BAYNE
CRITO	<i>The Spirit of the Past</i>	A. N. CHARLTON.

Scene :—A street where four roads (and twelve people) meet. Right, a House. Left, a Prison.

[SIMO and DAVUS are discovered at table.]

DA. Marcone hunc cyathum placet ebibere ?
optima vina ;
Hoc claret. (*raising his glass*) Reditus haec
mea coepta ferant
Ingentes, longaeque supra par evolet illis
Argentum.

SI. Ast opus est addere nescioquid.

DA. Quid ?

SI. Comiti absenti, qui cessat in urbe Bogota.

DA. (*drinking*) Absenti socio ! longa sit usque via !
Sicubi sunt, faveant olearia numina nostro !

SI. Sed quid opus verbis ? ipse magister adest.

PA. Salve. Quomodo habent se res ?

DA. Male ; nam populus nos
Obruit iratus fluctibus invidiae.

PA. Nil olei similest, rapido cum turbine fluctus
Verritur : et mecum vas tibi forte fero.

DA. Hic oleum atque operam perdas. Sed cena
paratast :

Heus tu ! pone dapes.

PA. Est mihi dira fames

[*A large covered dish is brought in.*]

DA. Hoc quid sit ?

SI. (*lifting cover*) Mirum ni Phasias.

DA. Euge ! besti !

Infelix avium dedecus, ecce, iaces.

O pestis, quae tanta infligis damna colono
Radices rodens, et dominaris agris !

SI. Infelix rapum et tu mango, versile monstrum !
(*flourishing a mangold-wurzel*)

DA. (*in alarm*) Hem, cave !

SI. Tene huius dente perire malo !

DA. O miseri agricolae, queis non domus ulla
salubris,
Sed pretium a dominis esuriale datur !

[SIMO and DAVUS are discovered at table.]

DA. Here's a health to Marconi, our excellent
crony ! (*raising his glass*) My word, hock
and claret as good as I know.

'Twere a neat little gamble to join in the
scramble and see the good shares to a
premium go.

SI. One thing you've forgot ; that's another health.

DA. What ?

SI. Our friend's who's away in Bogota.

DA. (*drinking*) Dear man !
Far far may he toil in the quest after oil and
so help his true fellows to fill up the can.

SI. You may just stop your clack, here's the
Master come back.

PA. And how are you, my boys,
and how stands it with you ?

DA. Oh, there's risen a breeze that has lifted the
seas and the bark of our fortunes can
barely get through.

PA. Ah ! but oil on the wave the good vessel will
save, and see, here's a bottle, your
trouble's all gone.

DA. No, that way you'll lose both the toil and the
cruse ; but dinner is ready, so, John, put
it on.

PA. I'm starving or near.

[*A large covered dish is brought in.*]

DA. And what have we here ?

SI. (*lifting cover*) It's a pheasant.

DA. A pheasant ? Aha and hoo-hoo !

O reproach and disgrace of the feather-borne
race, what you bring upon others is come
upon you.

O pride of the shoot and O bane of the root,
O pillar of Pales' industrious crew !

SI. O mangold and swede ! (*flourishing a mangold-
wurzel*)

DA. (*in alarm*) Come, I say, just take heed.

SI. To think that its pecker should peck you
away !

DA. O unfortunate lot of the peasant, whose cot
cannot keep out the rain, and what rent
he's to pay !

SI. Infortunati nimium, sua si mala norint.
(*seeing* CHREMES)
Sed quis adest? Lupus in fabula.

DA. (*graciously*) Ehem, bone vir!
(*indicating pheasant*)
An talis tua quae laedit sata?

CHR. (*with scorn*) Nunc ego primum
Audio Phasiacas exitio esse satis.

DA. (*aside*) O damnum! (*to* CHREMES) tamen hoc
erras; namque improba rapis
En, scelus, implerat dulcibus ingluviem.

CHR. Credat Iudaeus!

PA. Nimium tu nosse videris.

SI. (*whispering to* DAVUS)
Num tu re vera hunc agricolam esse putas?
Velle comam et barbam.

DA. En, plebis turbator Hibernae!

CHR. (*excitedly*) Libertas! Vobis quis dedit inicere
Vincula mi?

DA. Sed liber ades.

CHR. Quo vincula iure
Cum barba audetis detrahere?

SI. (*pointing to prison*) Illa lege.

CHR. (*reading*) 'Quicumque huc intras, omnem
depone timorem.'

PA. Exitus hinc citior quam datur introitus.
Quid tamen huc fugiens petis aut cupis?

CHR. (*with confusion*) Haud scio recte
Quid cupiam; ast aliquid forsitan acci-
derit:
Ignea crux late haec longaque vagabitur: ipse
Dixi.

SI. (*with assumed fear*)
O Lar, cineres, ni tuearis, ero.

CHR. Omnibus indico bellum sociale.

SI. Boni di!
Bellorum tantum vix tibi, Caesar, erat:
Hic bellum Sociale, alii Civile minantur.

DA. (*receiving and opening a telegram*) Da veniam,
quaeso. (*reading*) 'Iustitiae dominus
Abdicat.' At quis nunc capiet successor
honorem?

SI. (*eagerly*) Accipio.

DA. (*doubtfully*) At fiat iudicium Paridis.
(*seeing* CHARINUS)
Atque eccum Paris ipse! hic iudex esto.

CHA. (*surprised*) Charinus,
Non Paris.

PA. Est certe rustica braca tibi.

CHA. Hoc sagulo indutus maneo bene siccus in
omne
Tempus: et hic petasus tempora cuncta
deceat.
Talis in urbe modus: vel sic (*affixing a plume*)
si forte manu fers:
Nostra patent quovis ingeniosa loco.

SI. O unfortunate crew, if their ills they but
knew! (*seeing* CHREMES) But talk of the
devil.

DA. (*graciously*) Good evening, my man.
(*indicating pheasant*)
Of your crops here's the foe.

CHR. (*with scorn*) That is more than I know.
Do pheasants eat mangolds? I'm shot if
they can.

DA. (*aside*) Ugh! (*to* CHREMES) I tell you they do,
and to show that it's true I'll open the
crop of the glutton. You see?

CHR. It's a conjurer's trick.

PA. 'Twas a little too thick:
You're M.A., that is Artium Agricolae.

SI. (*whispering to* DAVUS) I suspect he's a flam
and his beard all a sham. Have it off.

DA. The Hibernian striker, by gad!

CHR. (*excitedly*) Hail, Liberty, hail! Dare ye put
me in jail?

DA. Just now you appear to be out of it, lad.

CHR. And aren't ye afeard thus to pluck off my
beard with my fetters?

SI. (*pointing to prison*) Just read that inscription,
dear brother.

CHR. (*reading*) 'Abandon all fear he who entereth
here.'

PA. To get in, to get out, one's as easy
as t'other.
But what brings you so here from Dublin?

CHR. (*with confusion*) Don't know, but there's
always a chance. See the fiery cross.

SI. (*with assumed fear*) O Mars, how it flashes!
My house will be ashes.

CHR. I declare social war.

SI. The fierce Ares is boss.
When Belfast and Dublin our peace are
both throblin', it's Rome in the days of
great Julius Caesar.

DA. (*receiving and opening a telegram*) One moment,
a wire. (*reading*) 'Lord A. will retire.'
And whom shall we name his successor?

SI. (*eagerly*) Why, me, Sir.

DA. (*doubtfully*) Who'll a Paris provide such a
case to decide?
(*seeing* CHARINUS) He provides us himself.

CHA. (*surprised*) No, not Paris; Charinus.

PA. With a countryman's bags.

CHA. The last thing, Sir,
in shags. With a coat such as this, my
good Sir, we design us
All weathers we face, and you see what a
grace is conferr'd by this head-gear in
country or town (*affixing a plume*).
For this or for that but one coat and one hat.

DA. Sed certamen adest, quis nostrum pessimus ;
et te

Iudice lis fiat.

CHA. (*innocently*) Quid mihi cum vitio ?

PA. Nam sceleratorum quanta experientia ! partes
Omnes temptasti.

CHA. Nulla placebat enim.

PA. Tune illis ?

CHA. (*indicating SIMO*) Huic iustitiae do praemia
summae.

At si vos voltis, cur ego sic statuum,
Nosse, nihil dico ; nam tempus deficit, et me
Aeroplana vocat subque marina ratis.

[MYSIS enters unobserved, and deposits a brown-
paper parcel near one of the doors.]

SI. (*seeing MYSIS*) Sed quanam haec mulier,
pallenti tabida voltu ?

MY. (*excitedly*) Excessi, evasi hinc ; namque perire
fame

Cum volui, vetuit praetor : sic muribus aegris
Felina insultat lex—et abire sinit.

PA. (*seeing parcel*) Sed quidnam hoc ? miror.
Mulier, tune appouisti hoc ?

MY. Non ego.

PA. Num puer est ? (*he shakes the parcel, which
gives a metallic sound*) Non puerile dedit
Murmur ! nullum animal ni struthio talia
possit
Digerere.

DA. (*with inspiration*)
Inferna est machina, et illa cupit
Improba nos omnes ad sidera tollere.

PA. Qui scis ?

DA. Incensaeque domus, crura caputque docent
Contusum. (*he snatches MYSIS' bag, and ex-
tracts a box of matches.*)
Agnosco veteris vestigia flammae.

[*They make a rush at MYSIS.*]

MY. Cur habeas corpus ? (*drawing a hatpin*)
Nunc retinete manus.

SI. Hem, Dromo ! ades.

DR. Quid vis ?

SI. Rape.

DR. Quem ?

SI. Hanc ; et fuste ferito.

MY. I, ferias inopem feminam.

SI. Hyaena, apage !

[*They drive MYSIS off.*]

Fiat iustitia, urbs ruat.

[*A figure descends from sky behind scenes.*]

DA. But now we contend for iniquity's crown.
So please to decree which of us it must be.

CHA. (*innocently*) And pray what have I got to
do with the bad ?

PA. Parts all you have tried and so well can
decide.

CHA. Parts all but was pleased with not
one that I had.

PA. Your judgment ?

CHA. (*indicating SIMO*) For him whom for short
I'll call Sim, but as for the reasons you'll
get none, my bounders,

For the aeroplane cries 'Up with me to the
skies !' and the submarine 'Down with me,
down, to the flounders.'

[MYSIS enters unobserved, and deposits a brown-
paper parcel near one of the doors.]

SI. (*seeing MYSIS*) But who's this so sallow with
cheeklets like tallow ?

MY. (*excitedly*) Got out, I got out,
I got out, Sir, I say.

Your man-law's a cheat, but its tricks I
have beat : when I hunger-struck, 'Off,'
says McKenna, 'go, play.'

But cat-and-mouse laws with their clauses
and claws are an insult to women ; but
there, I'm away.

PA. (*seeing parcel*) What's this ? Something queer ?
Was it you put it here ?

MY. Not me, no.

PA. A babe ? (*he shakes the parcel, which gives
a metallic sound*). That's no infantile cry.
Though ostrichian moans have the rattle of
stones, no cradle of man has that hard
lullaby.

DA. (*with inspiration*) An infernal machine, and
the monster must mean to send us all
hugamug up to the sky.

PA. Are you sure ?

DA. And their ire sets our houses
afire ; we've witness in bruises of shank
and of pate.

An old song is the catch of the lucifer
match. (*he snatches MYSIS' bag, and ex-
tracts a box of matches. They make a
rush at MYSIS.*)

MY. (*drawing a hatpin*) Who dares now to seize
me, he runs on his fate.

SI. Hi, Dromo ! Here, Dromo.

DR. Sir.

SI. Seize—

DR. Yes, Sir ; whom ?

SI. Oh, the woman, and whip her and wollup
her well.

MY. A weak woman, and lash her ?

SI. An hyena, and slash her !

[*They drive MYSIS off.*]

'Twere well to be just, though the country,
ma'am, fell.

[*A figure descends from sky behind scenes.*]

PA. At caelum ruit ipsum.
Hucine tu quemquam rere volare, Dromo,
Hendone ?

LE. (*entering*) Germanis accessi sospes ab oris.

SI. Odi illos.
LE. Cur ?
SI. Cur ? horrida bella parant.
LE. Hoc quoque de vobis—
SI. Tota est Germania mendax.
LE. Ast ego nunc vobis pacifica advenio.
DA. Quid portas ? Numnam navales feriae
agentur ?
LE. Non : sed opes causae colligo.
PA. Cuine ?
LE. Domo
Felibus amissis devotae.

PA. Ego nil moror istas
Feles Teutonicas : quippe Britannus ego.

LE. Sed quot Olympiacis ludis das milia !

PA. (*indignantly*) Pro di !
Felibus aequare haec audet Olympiacos.

LE. (*to DAVUS*) Tune aliquid dabis ?
DA. Haud pro nugis illa quotannis
Milia quinque dedit patria ; plebis enim
Propugnaculum ego, haud felinae venditor
escae.

LE. Tam gratast plebes scilicet ista tibi
Ut petat emigrans Australia litora.

DA. (*with scorn*) Nummos
Nempe novem haud volt pro quattuor
accipere.
[SOSIA enters reading a volume of verse.]

LE. Sed quis adest senior redimitus tempora
lauri ?
Mirum ni vates. (*to CRITO*) Quae legis ?

SO. (*handing her the book*) Ipsa lege.
LE. Scribis erotica ?
SO. Sic.
LE. (*with disappointment*) Ridenda poemata malo.

SO. Nectara at hoc tria olet.
LE. Sed lege quod tria olet.
SO. 'Haud égo ámo cúcumím
Qui pér tenébras fúriáto
Cursu indigéstus lúgubrém
In éxta fácit
Impetém, et árdens ímpigré baccháatur.'
Amas haec ?

LE. Nascitur et non fit laureolatus.
SO. Abi.
[SIMO and PAMPHILUS have been examining LESBIA'S
slit skirt. As SOSIA retires, they approach.]

SI. Excusa me. (*louder*) Excusa me.

LE. (*turning round*) Vin tu dare nummos ?
SI. Non ego ; sed visa es tu lacerasse aliquid,
Cum de Teutonico velles descendere curru.

PA. The country ? The skies ! Is it someone
that flies from Hendon ?

LE. (*entering*) From Germany safe
to your shore.

SI. Hang Teutons !
LE. And why ?
SI. Because battle's your cry.
LE. And yours.
SI. And such fictions !
LE. It's peace I bring o'er.
DA. What, a shipbuilding rest, of all blessings the
best ?
LE. I'm collecting.
PA. What for ?
LE. For a home for
lost cats.

PA. Why give Germany pelf when I want it
myself to give meat to my own pretty
maulers of rats ?

LE. The Olympian games though, you put down
your names for some very large sums.

PA. (*indignantly*) What a muddlehead
mind !

LE. (*to DAVUS*) Will you give me a guinea ?
DA. You think me a ninny, but that's what
I'm not, my good woman, you'll find.
I've a salary, true, but I've nothing for you.
What ? cat's meat ? Not I, I'm the
people's delight.

LE. And is that why it hies to Australian skies ?

DA. (*with scorn*) No, ninepence for four is a cock
that won't fight.

[SOSIA enters reading a volume of verse.]

LE. But who's the old card with a bay-wreath ?
A bard ? What's that you are reading ?

SO. (*handing her the book*) Just read it yourself.
LE. What, love-songs ?
SO. That's so.
LE. (*with disappointment*) I like verses that go :
all verses not comic I leave on the shelf.

SO. But triolets, come.
LE. Well, just read me some.
SO. 'The cucumber I do not like
That through insides with frenzy goeth
And piercing like a very pike
As trail'd by Pistol
Paineth, vexeth, burneth, and upbloweth.'
To your taste, ma'am ?

LE. The poet, they tell us, is born.
SO. Away.
[SIMO and PAMPHILUS have been examining LESBIA'S
slit skirt. As SOSIA retires, they approach.]

SI. Pray excuse me ; (*louder*) excuse me, I
say.

LE. (*turning round*) You mean to subscribe ?
SI. No, I don't ; but you've torn,
On leaving your car—a mere snag but 'twill
mar your appearance.

DA. O asine ! hunc mulier fert hodierna modum.
 SI. (*excitedly*) Crus video.
 LE. Ecqua vetat lex crura ostendere ? leges
 Dat bracatus homo : nos quoque man-
 cipia.
 PA. Heu, miserande Pudor ! si qua lina irrita
 rumpas,
 Nuda eris. Hoc fungar munere inani
 equidem.

[*As he tries to pin up the slit, LESBIA kicks out.*]

LE. Vincit vir linguam ; num crus vincire licebit ?

[*Enter BYRRHIA jauntily.*]

Vah ! quam bellus homo ! (*to BYRRHIA*)
 nectere visne choros ?

Num tu, non tu vis choreis te iungere ?

BY. Dudum.

[*They dance, but at CRITO's appearance they desist.*]

LE. Desine.

BY. Nam quis adest vir pietate gravis ?
 Ellum, confidens ; exemplum temporis acti.

CR. (*to BYRRHIA*) Ecquid te pudet ? O improba
 pars hominis !

Tales nunc iuvenes, aetas mala.

LE. Quid malefecit ?

CR. Et quae tu, mulier ? Gallicane ?

LE. O, sileas.

CR. (*nettled*)

An Gabbae deles nomen ? Si dicere quae volt
 Perget, quae non volt audiet.

BY. (*engagingly*) O bone vir !

CR. (*furiously*)

Nil ego tango te : ne tu me tange. Choreas
 Dic ubi tam pravus videris.

BY. Anne velis
 Talia tu spectare ? ad quodlibet ire theatrum
 Est opus. Em, restat tessera—Palladii.

CR. Palladii ! numnam ipsa potest corrumpere
 Pallas ?

BY. Vah ! perii ! nusquam ludicra sunt hodie :
 Nam male contenti chorus instrumenta re-
 ponunt,
 Tibicen, tubicen, cornicen et fidicen.

CR. Nil ad me. Vos, par ignobile, inutile, pravum,
 Concludendi estis robore : non male sit,
 Si durus vobis labor imponatur in annum.

PA. Parce : nimis durus forte, Crito, es criticus.
 Tale genus iuvenumst, ut dicis, inutile : sed
 non

Omnes talia habent commoda qualia nos.

(*coming forward*)

Non cuivis puero contingit adire quietas

Sedes quas nobis saecula dedere pia.

Sed iam tempus abire, nucesque relinquere
 nostras :

Ergo hoc solum addam : Floreat Alma
 Domus.

DA. The idiot ! That's how they're worn.

SI. (*excitedly*) A shin I perceive.

LE. And men, I believe, have
 been known to appear in knee-breeches :
 go to !

PA. If you'll let me, a pin, for when rents once
 begin—

[*As he tries to pin up the slit, LESBIA kicks out.*]

LE. Coercion, compulsion, constriction,
 all through.

[*Enter BYRRHIA jauntily*]

Oh, here's a brave spark : now, now for a
 lark ! Oh will you, oh won't you, come
 join in the dance ?

BY. I'm with you.

[*They dance, but at CRITO's appearance they desist.*]

LE. Enough.

BY. Here's a male Gruffanuff ; with
 all that is new he's for breaking a lance.

CR. (*to BYRRHIA*) Oh wicked and blameful, oh
 shocking and shameful ! old England a
 prey to the fashions of France !

LE. You're a silly precisian.

CR. Your ways are Parisian.

LE. Be quiet.

CR. (*nettled*) Your name must be Gaby Deslys.

BY. (*engagingly*) Dear sir !

CR. (*furiously*) You go hang, go ! and down with
 the Tango ! Where, where is it lawful such
 horrors to see ?

BY. You would go ? It's the rage of the music-
 hall stage. A Palladium ticket ; here,
 take it, go free.

CR. The Palladium ? Shade of Minerva the
 maid !

BY. I forgot, though : why, hang it,
 the music has struck.

They who blow up the trumpet are angry
 and dump it, the flute and the lute are
 all silent, my buck.

CR. It is nothing to me, but that you should be
 free is a scandal : I'd give you a twelve-
 month in jail.

PA. Dear Crito, enough ; you're a little too
 rough, and it's not always well to come
 down on the nail.

(*coming forward*)

There's a world that's not got our most
 fortunate lot, our valley sequester'd, our
 wind-sheltered bay.

But time and the hour over all have their
 power ; so, as ever, let FLOREAT finish
 our play.

OBITUARY OF O.WW.

- The Right Hon. BERTRAM ASHBURNHAM, 5th Earl of Ashburnham, aged 72. Admitted 1854.
- JOHN EVELYN BASTONE, Esq., aged 31. Admitted 1895.
- JOHN LABOUCHERE BEATTIE, Esq., aged 63. Admitted 1862; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.
- The Rev. VINCENT GAWAIN BORRADAILE, aged 66. Admitted 1857; Vicar of Saint James's, Hampstead Road, London.
- CHARLES HALLAM ELTON BROOKFIELD, Esq., aged 56. Admitted 1871; divided the Winchester Reading Prize at Cambridge with the present Dean of Westminster 1878; on the staff of the *Saturday Review*, and on the stage for several years; Joint Examiner of Plays from 1911.
- GEORGE WALTER CHAPMAN, Esq., aged 66. Admitted 1860; Q.S. 1862; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law; an Official Receiver in Bankruptcy 1899-1912.
- The Rev. HENRY GLYNN FIENNES-CLINTON, aged 57. Admitted 1868; Rector of Saint James's, Vancouver City, B.C.
- The Rev. CHARLES BAYLY COLLINS, aged 54. Admitted 1873; Q.S. 1874; Vicar of Plymstock, Devon.
- POLYDORE WEICHAND DE KEYSER, Esq., aged 41. Admitted 1885.
- AMBROSE JOHN ARTHUR FLETCHER, Esq., aged 22. Admitted 1904.
- WALTER LIND GOLDSCHMIDT, Esq., aged 28. Admitted 1898.
- HENRY COOPER HENDERSON, Esq., aged 65. Admitted 1858.
- WILLIAM HICKS, Esq., aged 61. Admitted 1865.
- ERNEST JOHN IRBY, Esq., aged 49. Admitted 1877.
- EDWARD CHRISTOPHER GRAHAM-JONES, Esq., aged 26. Admitted 1902.
- EDWARD FUERTADO LAWRENCE, Esq., aged 20. Admitted as a non-resident K.S. 1906.
- Sir FRANCIS WILLIAM MACLEAN, K.C.I.E., aged 68. Admitted 1859; M.P. Mid Oxfordshire 1885-91; Q.C. 1886; a Master in Lunacy 1891-6; a Bencher of the Inner Temple 1892; Chief Justice of Bengal 1896-1909; Busby Trustee 1913.
- HERBERT MENZIES MARSHALL, Esq., aged 71. Admitted 1855; Q.S. 1856; played cricket for Cambridge against Oxford 1861-4, and for the Gentlemen against the Players 1861-62; obtained the Travelling Studentship for Architecture at the Royal Academy 1868; Vice-President of the Royal Society of Painters in Watercolours.
- The Rev. ARTHUR MAUDE, aged 70. Admitted 1856; Q.S. 1857; Rector of Burgh St. Andrew, Norfolk, from 1876.
- ARTHUR MILMAN, Esq., aged 84. Admitted 1837; Q.S. 1842; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; sometime Registrar of the University of London.
- WILLIAM BENNING PRITCHARD, Esq., aged 64. Admitted 1862; Q.S. 1864.
- The Rev. JOHN RICH, aged 86. Admitted 1838; Q.S. 1840; Vicar of Chippenham, Wilts, 1861-1904, and of Titterton Kelways, in the same county, from 1884.
- CHARLES EDMUND NEWTON-ROBINSON, Esq., aged 59. Admitted 1866; Q.S. 1868; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; founder of the London Epee Club; author of 'The Golden Hind,' and other poems.
- The Rev. HENRY SALWEY, aged 76. Admitted 1850; Q.S. 1851; Vicar of St. Andrew's, Ashley Place, Westminster, 1875-84.
- Capt. IVON GOVETT SEWELL, aged 34. Admitted 1893; of the Royal Fusiliers; served in the S. African War 1899-1902.

- DAVID SHEARME, Esq., aged 37. Admitted as Q.S. 1887; formerly in the I.C.S., and sometime Secretary to the Government, Burma; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.
- Capt. KENELM HILL STENNING, aged 35. Admitted 1892; of the Supply and Transport Corps, Indian Army; formerly in the Royal Artillery.
- Sir WILLIAM EDWARD MURRAY TOMLINSON, Bart., aged 74. Admitted 1852; Q.S. 1854; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; M.P. Preston 1882-1906; created a Bart. 1902; Busby Trustee 1896.
- Sir HENRY WATERFIELD, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I., C.B., aged 76. Admitted 1845; Q.S. 1851; Secretary of the Financial Department in the India Office 1879-1902.
- The Rev. FRANCIS WHITEHEAD, aged 56. Admitted 1869; Q.S. 1871; Rector of Pembridge, Herefordshire, since 1889.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—Your critic must be allowed a few lines in which to congratulate the cast of the *Andria*, 1913, before he begins his criticisms, and to thank them for their performance.

The work of part learning, organisation and rehearsal before a Play is arduous, and there must be no lack of it if the curtain is to fall at last on success. This year it was evident that much good work and thought had been expended. The pity was—and here criticism creeps back to claim its place—that they had not been more evenly distributed. The responsibility for failure or success rests ultimately with the actors. That may seem an obvious truism. But some members of the cast had not realised it. Three or four, the holders of some of the smaller parts included, had really studied their parts, imagined themselves in the situations Terence had contrived for them, and, in the cant phrase, 'worked up the business.' The others had been content to be taught, as it seemed. They could say their lines with the appropriate emphasis and use often the appropriate gestures, but failed, for the lack of a little more study and imagination, to sink their own individuality and to convince us of the reality of Terence's creations. The question resolves itself in the end into one of 'business.' It is, we repeat, the actor's duty to provide his own 'business,' and not to rely upon a few tropes—such as Dromo's mistaken assault of Chremes—which tradition has preserved from earlier Plays. He will find his part coming to him much more easily and naturally if he knows beforehand where to stand and what to be doing. Such knowledge, for the ordinary person, comes only by careful and premeditated 'muzzing.' What is already done for individual scenes, constantly rehearsed by themselves, could be done by each actor for his whole part. 'Counsels of perfection, Mr. Critic.' No doubt; and therefore not to be too seriously taken by the criticised.

To come to individual performers. Mr. D. H. Kitchin had in Davus the 'star' part of the *Andria*, and he was fully equal to it. He has considerable command of facial expression, and was perhaps inclined to make too much use of his powers in this respect. It is not well to look too cunning when practising frauds on an unsuspecting master. Even Chremes, who was certainly not destined for a Scotland Yard career, might at times have detected the deception. In all other respects Mr. Kitchin played admirably, and we congratulate him unreservedly on a performance full both of promise and achievement.

Simo ranks next in order of importance and, on the whole, first in order of difficulty. The part offers such temptations to an actor to roar himself hoarse and the audience deaf, and Mr. R. R. Turner did neither of these things. He put some real emotion into Simo. His anger was the more credible, because restrained. He left himself plenty of scope within which to work up to the climax of indignation, with the result that he sustained the interest and kept his voice. Moreover his movements were easy, restful and dignified. Mr. Turner also we are looking forward to see and hear again. Certainly he was as good a Simo as the Westminster stage has known.

Mr. S. L. Holmes, the Captain, departed from precedent and took the part of Pamphilus. It is difficult to judge fairly of his performance. Unfortunately for Pamphilus (the original)

*Non cuivis puero contingit adire quietas
Sedes quas nobis saecula dedere pia,*

and he would certainly have been a more vigorous and matter-of-fact person had his education been better looked after. If Mr. Holmes failed to play the part quite *vearivōs*, it was because the part itself hardly allows of it, and also because he was too fond of standing at the footlights and addressing himself to the Seniors' Pit. It is, of course, difficult to avoid seeing, until the right moment comes, persons who are eavesdropping at one's very elbow. The front of the stage is the only escape from the position—unless the stage-manceuvring has been carefully prearranged. This criticism apart, Mr. Holmes' playing had many merits, and he must be congratulated, as Captain, on the success of the play.

Chremes (Mr. M. A. Phillimore) is principally important as a foil to Simo, and Mr. Phillimore was wise to treat him as such. The two old men made an excellent and amusing contrast, and one could not help liking Chremes.

Mr. S. F. Waterson, as Charinus, managed to do a good deal with his voice, but seemed uncertain of himself in his gestures and movements. He succeeded in making a thankless part not uninteresting and not unattractive.

Crito (Mr. A. N. Charlton) had the world-weary air of a much-travelled man called in to settle what he clearly thought to be a petty dispute. He hardly showed a traveller's zest for narrative. Never can the tale of the absentee heroine's early adventures have been rattled off so easily. We were not ungrateful. A pleasant voice and a Christmassy appearance combined to make Crito's tardy intrusion into the plot very welcome.

Mr. G. G. F. Greig as Mysis missed a real success. He seemed uncomfortable altogether in feminine garb and under the necessity of interpreting feminine sentiments. 'The little more and how much it is.' Terence does not require 'powerful' acting; the emotions of Mysis may perhaps be silly, at least they are not deep. If Mr. Greig could have persuaded himself to a firmer belief in his part—some less arid weeping and a more confident handling of the baby would have helped—he might have scored heavily. Nevertheless the 'baby scene' was not without its traditional humour.

Mr. R. S. Browning made a patient, sympathetic and loyal Sosia, and Mr. C. L. Bayne, as Byrria, gave a finished portrayal of an impudent, but privileged, rogue. Mr. T. R. Dawson and Mr. G. R. D. Gee performed very creditably in the small parts of Dromo and Lesbia.

The Epilogue had a year rich in subject-matter and treated some topics very cleverly. It was uneven, as most Epilogues probably are, and hardly teemed with jokes as an Epilogue should. The rendering of it on the second and third nights was wholly admirable; the audience had only themselves to blame for jokes missed. The reception of the Play, together with the Play itself, improved noticeably on the second and third nights. The Old Westminsters' Pit hardly provided the quota of enthusiastic applause, which the players expect from them as of long-established right.

The present critic is here fain to escape from the anxious and invidious duty you have laid upon him. If some weak spots in the production have been perhaps too loudly proclaimed in this letter, it betokens no ingratitude to a hard-working and capable cast, but rather a knowledge that many of its members will be playing again next year and even the year after. Future critics will commend their matured excellence.

It remains only to seek hurriedly the friendly shelter of a generic name.

Your obedient servant,
OXONIENSIS.

NOTICE

Photographs of the cast may be had direct from Messrs. Ellis & Walery, 54A Baker Street, W., not on application to the Captain.

Floreat.