



The Elizabethan.

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THE 'ANDRIA.'

BRINGING with it Terence's most pleasing representation of a slave and a young man, in the characters of Davus and Pamphilus, it is not surprising that the return of the 'Andria' is always looked forward to and welcomed by Westminister audiences. A difficult play in many ways to act, it gains more interest in interpretation, both from the point of view of the actor himself and of the audience than any other, we might almost say, of Terence's plays. It has more action than the 'Adelphi,' a more delicate humour than the 'Phormio,' more subtlety than the 'Famulus,' and we may claim for it special consideration among the four which form our cycle.

With these merits this year's Play, as ever, aroused a most gratifying interest and apprecia-

tion among the audience. A surprisingly good performance on the First Night encouraged the actors for the two succeeding representations, and we believe that we can say for the 'Andria' of 1908 that it has not fallen below the standard set it in preceding years. We append the Plot of the 'Andria.'

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 Adrian 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 ii. 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.

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

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

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

Scene iii.-vi. To thwart Simo's plans Davus urges Pamphilus to profess his readiness to marry Philumena, feeling confident that Chremes will persist in his refusal. Pamphilus

very reluctantly consents, and Simo is so disconcerted by this unexpected compliance that Davus is able to turn the tables on him and censure the old gentleman for his stinginess.

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

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

Scenes iii.-iv. 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 v.) there appears on the scene a respectable old gentleman from Andros, by name Crito, a cousin of the late Chrysis, and heir-at-law of her property. He lights upon Mysis and Davus, and all three go into Glycerium's house.

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

Simo, in a fury, shouts for Dromo, the slave who flogged for the family, and the luckless Davus, in spite of his protestations, is carried off bodily to condign punishment. Scene ii. Pamphilus, summoned from the house, is loaded with bitter reproaches, and accused of having suborned Crito. Scene iii. Simo is with diffi-

culty persuaded even to hear the stranger speak for himself. Chremes recognises in Crito an old friend, but this does not prevent Simo from assailing the Andrian in the strongest terms. When at length Crito tells his story, Glycerium is proved to be the long-lost Pasiphila, Chremes' eldest daughter; and Pamphilus is not only able to acknowledge his wife, but receives a handsome dowry into the bargain. Charinus also has good hopes of being allowed to marry Philumena. Scene v. 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.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG honoured the Play with her presence on the First Night, Thursday, December 10. The Princess arrived at the Head-Master's house at 7.30. A procession was then formed, which passed across the yard, lighted, according to custom, by a line of King's Scholars holding torches, to the house of the Master of K.S.S. The Captain led the way, followed by the Princess on the Head-Master's arm.

Special seats were reserved in the Auditorium for the Royal party. The Captain then presented the Princess with a bouquet, which had pink for its prevailing colour, and a finely-bound copy of the Play. The Captain then came forward to speak the Prologue, to which a few lines of special welcome had been added. Her Royal Highness evinced great interest in the performance.

The Play went with a good swing from beginning to end, but the Epilogue proved too difficult for most of the audience. Among the guests were Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, Mrs. Bernard Mallet, Mr. Victor Williamson, C.M.G., Sir Charles Holroyd, and Sir A. Guillum Scott.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

The Second Night maintained the standard of the First Night, though it did not surpass it. The Epilogue was rather better received, but not on any night did it evoke the tumultuous applause which has so often accompanied Epilogues at Westminster. The Dean of Westminster took the chair, while a distinguished audience included the Dean of Christ Church, Lord Stalbridge, Admiral Sir John Fisher, Sir George Frampton, Messrs. J. M. Myers, H. E. Trevor, and P. G. L. Webb.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

As is often the case, the Third Night witnessed the best performance, and the actors are to be congratulated on their spirited rendering, which quite surpassed the first two. The Prologue had an excellent reception, followed by quite an enthusiastic appreciation of the Play.

Besides the Bishop of Bangor (who took the chair), were present the Italian Ambassador, the Marquis di San Giuliano, Lord Macnaghten, the Sub-Dean, the Rev. S. Andrewes, Dr. Samuel West, Sir Francis Channing, and Mr. Justice Phillimore.

Play Notes,

THE Prologue was again by the Head-Master, and was quite the best of recent years, characterised, as its predecessors, by its simplicity and excellence—a composition which could appeal equally to scholars and to those less well acquainted with their Classics.

The notices in the Press were exceptionally numerous, and exceptionally appreciative. We could have wished, however, for a little more criticism of the acting itself.

The *Morning Post* contained an excellent critique after the first night, while the *Times*, *Standard*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily News*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily Graphic* all published interesting accounts. A photograph appeared in the *Daily Graphic*.

The Prologue was well described by one periodical as 'breathing the best Public School spirit.'

Of the evening papers, the *Globe* and *Evening Standard* contained favourable criticisms. The *Pall Mall Gazette* seemed to us to have caught best of any, save perhaps the *Morning Post*, the 'spirit of the place,' and its remarks were judicious and sympathetic.

The *Daily Mail* could not forego its annual protest against our pronunciation, and was horrified at the thought that Westminster was the last of European schools and colleges left clinging to the old-fashioned English pronunciation.

Of the weekly papers, the *Athenaeum* had a careful article. The *Lancet*, we see, while not attempting any criticism of the acting, remarked with appreciation our aims and methods at the Play. The *Outlook* and several other papers had most interesting reviews.

A bench was introduced on to the stage this year, and was placed by the entrance to Simo's house. It proved a great boon to one member, at least, of the Cast. We hope that it will be allowed to remain there, as it thoroughly justified its admission this year.

Photographs of various scenes from the Play appeared in the illustrated papers.

The Epilogue was by J. B. Hodge, Esq. Contrary to the general run of Epilogues, it is better to read than it was to act. In a good Epilogue the jokes should be at once clever and simple; but we confess that the audience this year were not always to blame for the points they missed. Nevertheless, it contained several admirable puns and parodies, which fully deserved the merriment they caused.

—o—o—o—o—

ANDRIA. 1908.

DAVUS	<i>R. M. Barrington-Ward.</i>
SIMO	<i>J. L. Benvenisti.</i>
SOSIA	<i>E. S. Wood.</i>
MYSIS	<i>C. G. Usher.</i>
PAMPHILUS	<i>G. G. Williams.</i>
CHARINUS	<i>J. C. Gow.</i>
BYRRHIA	<i>G. L. Troutbeck.</i>
LESBIA	<i>M. Hammond.</i>
CHREMES	<i>C. K. Covington.</i>
CRITO	<i>J. R. Wade.</i>
DROMO	<i>J. S. Heaton-Ellis.</i>

PERSONAE MUTAE.

SERVI	{ <i>H. N. Wood.</i> <i>M. Holroyd.</i>
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PROLOGUS IN ANDRIAM.

SALVETE *salve tuque, proles regia
 Regumque mater, ingenuarum quae artium
 Et litterarum patrio studiosissima
 De more fauatrix, comiter haec Decembria
 Non dedignaris ludicra intervisere
 Et nosse quales riserit quondam sales
 Eliza, nostrum decus, et unde pendeat
 Lopesii comoedia et Molerii.
 Te cuncta debito amore regalis schola,
 Te cunctus hic consessus laetis plausibus,
 Augusta, excipere certat et ingentes refert
 Grates, auctoritate quod tandem tua
 Patrocini quoque nostrum condecoras gregem.
 At ceteros quoque adloquar, ni displicet,
 Paucis.* Ac primum, ne quis ad subsellium
 Catenis adliget se vel subito impetu
 Animosus velit in pulpita huc ascendere
 Dextramque prensans firmiter dextra meam
 Sic incipiat, "Quid ergo sentis, o bone,
 Suffragii de iure? Quid ni feminis
 Sit lege impertiendum?" sic pronuntio:
 Iamdudum in hac concedi iura eadem domo
 Virisque feminisque, et nos studio pari
 Ambire sexus utriusque gratiam.
 Quod populo vixdum si placet aut primoribus,
 Nihil adinet ad nos, qui, Phaeacum ut in insula,
 Scena remoti publicisque iurgiis
 Vitam quietam degimus, sapientiae

WELCOME to all, and most of all, to thee,
 Daughter of kings, mother of kings to be,
 Whom love of all the Muses brings to-day,
 As erst thy father, to our Christmas play,
 To learn what wits Elizabeth approved,
 Our foundress, and what great example moved,
 In days of old, the comic genius rare
 Of Spanish Lope and of French Molière.
 Thee all this Royal School, with homage meet,
 Thee all this loyal company doth greet,
 Thanking the kindness that hath given our stage
 The gracious favour of thy patronage.
 Now to the play. But first, ere we commence,
 I'd say a timely word to the audience.
 For be it known—lest any votary
 Should chain himself to the banisters or try,
 Afire with zeal, a sudden path to clear
 And clamber up behind the footlights here,
 And, grasping me by the hand, should thus begin:
 'Pray, when is woman's suffrage coming in'—
 Well, be it known to all that this our house
 To men and women equal rights allows
 And craves alike the suffrages to gain
 Of either sex, the beauteous and the plain.
 Though people and though ministers say 'Nay,'
 We care not, we, who in Utopia
 Far, far removed from politics and strife
 Essay the quiet, philosophic life.

* Inserted as a special welcome to H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg.

Cultores. Nam quis cordis est tam frivoli
 Aut duri, ut, nostrum Ianum cum subiverit,
 Non sentiat se caelum atque animum protenus
 Mutasse, oblitum strepitus simul et sordidi
 Quaestus et anxietatum inliberalium ?
 Hic quoquo vertis oculos, aliquid incidit
 Mentem quod intuentis insolita capit
 Dulcedine : hic quodcumque amoeni vel sacri est,
 In melius omne rettulit innumerabilis
 Series annorum et temporum lenis fuga.
 Adde huc clarorum memoriam per saecula
 Ductam virorum qui, pietate et moribus,
 Scriptis rebusve gestis insignes, domum
 Hanc ipsam norant, has easdem porticus
 Perambulabant pueri, quive mortui
 Vitae bene actae summum denique praemium
 Cepere et nostra in aede compositi iacent.
 Fanum est et toto quoddam numen in loco
 Inspirat pacem et litibus positus iubet
 Pia cum caritate humane vivere.
 Hoc est cur redeant hodie ad dilectum focum
 Almamque matrem tot fideles filii,
 Fidemque et vota renovant, rogittantes simul
 Quis absit, qua de causa, quisve advenerit
 Novus incola, ubi nutritus, quo natus patre.
 Tum si quem mors absumpsit, lugentes bonis
 Prosequimur verbis : si quis eximium enitet
 Honorem adeptus, nos quoque, ut fratres decet,
 Adeo nos arta iungit familiaritas,
 Laudamus ut quibus obtigerit pars gloriae.
 Sed dulce nimium dum devorticulum sequor,
 A proposita sum longe digressus via.
 Ignoscite amice, neu molesta Prologi
 Noceat faceto garrulitas Terentio.

For where's the man so frivolous or so hard
 That, when beneath the portals of Dean's Yard
 He passes, does not feel he's left behind
 His former sky and eke his former mind,
 Forgetting, with the noisy street, the call
 Of sordid gain and cares illiberal ?
 Here, wheresoe'er you turn, you must descry
 Something that charms the unaccustomed eye :
 Of fair, of holy, mark whate'er you will,
 Time's touch has made it fairer, holier still.
 Bethink you too what memories are here
 Of famous men, for noble service dear,
 Who once were nurtured in these walls and played,
 As schoolboys, oft beneath our cloister's shade,
 Or who—last guerdon of a life well-spent—
 Find in our Abbey their fit monument.
 The very ground is hallowed : love and peace
 Breathe in the air and bid all quarrels cease.
 Thus to their Alma Mater with delight
 Her faithful sons come thronging back to-night,
 And look to see who's absent and enquire
 Who's new, and where he comes from, who's his sire.
 Is any dead, we mourn and bless his name :
 Has any gained of late a crown of fame ?
 We praise him and rejoice, as brothers should
 Who share the glory of their brotherhood.
 But while along this pleasant path I stray,
 I've wandered far from my appointed way.
 Forgive, I beg, nor suffer for my sin
 Our witty Terence less applause to win.

EPILOGUS IN ANDRIAM.

PERSONAE.

SIMO	<i>A Contractor</i>	J. L. BENVENISTI.
SOSIA	<i>His Clerk of the Works</i>	E. S. WOOD.
DAVUS	<i>A Politician</i>	R. MCG. BARRINGTON-WARD.
BYRRHIA	<i>An omitted Royal Guest</i>	G. L. TROUTBECK.
PAMPHILUS	<i>A perplexed parent</i>	G. G. WILLIAMS.
CHREMES	<i>A Guardian and Chairman of Pension Committee</i>	C. K. COVINGTON
CHARINUS (<i>Master of Ravenswood</i>)	} <i>Marathon Competitors</i>	} J. C. GOW.
CRITO (<i>Mephistopheles</i>)		
LESBIA	<i>A Merry Widow</i>	M. HAMMOND.
MYSIS	<i>A nurse and frank witness</i>	C. G. USHER.
DROMO	<i>A Franco-British Attendant.</i>	J. S. HEATON-ELLIS.

Scene :—A WHITE CITY (UN)PREPARED FOR THE OPENING CEREMONY.

[SOSIA is discovered ; to him enter SIMO.]

Si. Hora est hasce aperire fores : an cuncta
 parata ?
 So. Artifices desunt.
 Si. Artificesne ?

[SOSIA is discovered ; to him enter SIMO.]

Si. Ten o'clock, time to open it. Ready ?
 So. No hope on it :
 there are no workmen.
 Si. No workmen ?

So. *Labor,*
Iam sua iura petens, 'ne quid nimis' imperat
istis ;
Fessaque ab octava pars bibit ; altera pars
Abiectis telis, coniungitur Esurientum
Agmini ; opus neque habent nunc, neque
habere volunt.

[Enter DAVUS.]

DA. Urbe Alba ornati cur nil, Simo, nilque tumulti
Aspicio ?

SI. Artifices munera quisque sua
Deseruere.

DA. At tu dictis, Albane, maneres !
Quae spectacula offers digna satis solido ?

SI. Cursus in stadio, mox lauta pyromata noctu.

DA. Panem et Circenses !

[Enter BYRRHIA.]

BY. Sed male te quid habet ?
Accipietne hodie convivas regius hortus ?

DA. Visne ire ?

BY. A, minime ! Posse negare volo.
Cur non arcessor ? Cur non multa prece
vexor ?

Qui vidi totum (nec moror) imperium.
Quem plebs elegit, rex in convivia quaerat :
Optima plebs rerumst ; rex parasita merus.

SI. (*aside to SOSIA*)
Colnica sic victor cepit suffragia Grason.

SO. (*aside to SIMO*)
In quem conveniunt Colnica claustra magis.

BY. Regia despicio, Regis nec plura querar de
Fastu.

DA. (*ruefully*) Fastidit nos quoque iam populus :
Num quid peccamus ? Sunt et Nova Castra
notanda

Carbone, ebria qua turba triumphum agitat
Vinosum. Sed quid de te, Mancunia, dicam ?

BY. (*bitterly*)
Gaudeat urbs tenebris ; Nox ibi episcopus est.

DA. Auribus haud tolerant Winstonem, oculisve
Salomen.

SO. Obsequium socios, nuda odium pariunt.

DA. Non illi obsequium peperit suffragia.

BY. Sed iam
Sacchara dant sedem vilia facta novam.

DA. Reddundae grates iam sunt tibi, Keiller, opimae
Winstonem ob servatum.

So. Not one.
Moderation for all is the labourer's call, and
from two o'clock drinking some sit at 'The
Sun,'
While others combine with a Hunger-march
line, tho' the last thing they look for is
work to be done.

[Enter DAVUS.]

DA. None decking the stalls ? none cov'ring the
walls ? Is this the White City ?

SI. It is, but on strike.

DA. Well, the gang you engage is, I think, worth
its wages. Now, tell me, is anything here
I could like
To the tune of a shilling ?

SI. To pay it you're willing ? Then
Stadium by day and the fireworks at night.

DA. No pleasure like Payne.

[Enter BYRRHIA.]

BY. What's amiss ? Pray explain.
To-day does He guests to His garden
invite ?

DA. Like to go, sir ?

BY. What, oh ? I should like to say
'No,' but why ain't I now eagerly begg'd to
be there ?

Round the Empire I've been, that scene of
our sin : the elect of the mob should be
Royalty's care.

The great man that's me, and that other's a
flea.

SI. (*aside to SOSIA*) Colne Valley was conquer'd by
speeches like his.

SO. (*aside to SIMO*) Colney Hatch were the best for
the conqueror's vest.

BY. No more by such acts shall my
dander be riz.

DA. (*ruefully*) But for us the cry's 'Wreck 'em' ;
we heard it in Peckham, and Newcastle
drunk loath'd the Licensing Bill.

But Manchester—

BY. (*bitterly*) Nay, it spells *Nox* with a K ; not
knightly but nightly those deeds that are ill.

DA. So modest cries 'Oh me' at sight of Salome
and gives our dear Winston a bit of a
spill.

SO. Towtowing will win, but the skin is a sin.

DA. Towtowing ?
Oh no, for it went to the wall.

BY. There's a cry tho' that's clever : 'Cheap sugar
for ever.'

DA. and Marmalade Marmalade rings
the recall.

[Enter PAMPHILUS with the Baby.]

PA. Hocine, quaeso, patris
Officiumst? Cui iam coniunx in carcere
clausast,
Quod suffragandi ius violenta petit.
Iamque abitura mihi flenti flens acrius ipsa--

So. (*pointing to Baby*) Hinc illae lacrimae.
PA. 'Pamphile, nonne vides
Huius formam atque aetatem? ne desere,
mi vir,
Oro per dextram hanc ingeniumque tuum,
Perque haec vincula quae (nec mi datur optio
multae)
Mox indigna feram, sic puero tribuas
Nocturna ampullam cura tribuasque diurna.'
Dixerat, inque manus hunc mihi moesta
dedit.
Commissum accepi: lex continuo occupat
ipsam.

So. Commissa at servare Austria nos docuit.
DA. Pamphile, quid tu cum puero?

PA. Titulus Ducis! Adsum!
SI. Tune Lycaea petes?
So. Immeritusve luis?

By. (*inspecting Baby*) Num portat Caudam?
PA. (*indignantly*) Caudam!
By. Certissimus est Manx,
Si non cauda subest.

PA. Lex sed iniqua premit:
Ne superincumbam huic, cogor dimittere
lectum;
Hunc ne flamma voret, cogor abesse foco;
Paupertasque premit.

DA. (*seizing Baby*) Quaerendast pensio nato.

PA. (*in alarm*)
Vae misero! Ex uno conficies geminos!

[Exit DAVUS, with Baby, and PAMPHILUS in pursuit.
As they go, CHREMES comes in.]

CHR. (*wearily*)
Metropolitanarum electricata Viarum
Strata odi nimium! Quanta ibi turba fuit!
Sedes nulla fuit; stabam lorumque tenebam,
Stat rota; nox instat; cogor abire pedes.

So. (*aside*)
Tum tuba Tartareis turbatur taetra tenebris.
CHR. Iam tandem superas tollimur in—nebulas.

SI. (*to Chremes*)
Expectate venis. Sum pauper et—

CHR. (*sulkily*) Audio.

[Enter PAMPHILUS with the Baby.]

PA. I supposed me Papa, but I look like Mamma
with this bottle; I wish I knew how it were
held.

With who takes what's not his'n she's mate now
in prison, good dame by political conscience
compelled;

When weeping and moving the tears of her
loving—

So. (*pointing to Baby*) Yes, *hinc illae lacrimae*.

PA. 'Dearest,' she cried,
'Our baby, I fear, little innocent dear, is too
young by itself with its food to be plied.

By the knot hymeneal, the love that is real,
the chains that I bear without choice of a
fine,

See the poor little chap has his regular pap at
twelve and at three and at six and at nine.'

Then she put in my arms this pledge of her
charms, and in Sable Maria was swept from
my sight.

My faith I shall hold.

So. Like the Austrian bold?

DA. What, *ou* with a baby?

Oh, pitiful plight!

PA. The Duke's Motto, and *Adsum*.

SI. Like Pete, but less gladsome.

So. The deeds of the wrongful descend on the
right.

By. (*inspecting Baby*) A tail?

PA. (*indignantly*) Eh? a tail?

By. If there ain't,
it can't fail to be really the Manxman.

PA. O'erlaying's forbid,
So no bed for the sire, nor seat by the fire,
and poverty threatens both Pater and kid.

DA. (*seizing Baby*) One course I might mention: a
youthful age pension.

PA. (*in alarm*) And so from one woe into twin
I shall skid.

[Exit DAVUS, with Baby, and PAMPHILUS in pursuit.
As they go, CHREMES comes in.]

CHR. (*wearily*) Oh woe and oh wail to the Under-
ground Rail, oh the straphanger's arm and
the straphanger's toe;
You're pinch'd half an hour and then off goes
the power, and home on his feet must the
passenger go.

So. (*aside*) And the Tube has a noise such as Pluto
enjoys,

CHR. And you're long in the lift ere
returning to—fog.

SI. (*to Chremes*) I'm glad you appear. I am poor,
and—

CHR. (*sulkily*) I hear.

SI. Tu mihi— Amicus
 CHR. (*rudely*) Fabulae !
 SI. (*suggestively*) Erunt quae facienda loces
 Publice.
 CHR. (*brightening*) Aha ! istud fit non tam grave in
 aere periculum
 Publico : amicorum commoda respicio.
 (*pointing round*)
 Scena haec pingatur pigmentis haud perituris :
 Aedes Rigaudi dirue et aedifica.
 SI. Non feret haec populus.
 CHR. Quem quodvis ferre docebo
 Ast ego quanta feram quaestio maior erit.

[*Enter CRITO and CHARINUS.*]

Di ! quis adest ? Hem ! mene petis.

CR. Non exigo cuiquam
 Nomina : parce metum.
 SO. Quis tamen ille niger ?
 CHA. Personae celebres ambo, par nobile, notis
 Ex operis, fausto hic stirpe, ego luce carens.

SO. (*aside*) Euge, pol ! euge, Charine, Mephisto-
 phesque Goetes !

CHA. Me tamen ille negat currere posse diu.

CR. Sic certamen adest, cum nigro coccina,
 magnum.

SO. (*aside*) Pertulit ut Rosslyn maxima damna rotae !

CR. Curremus Marathona, recordatusque priores
 Vincemus cunctos.

[*CRITO and CHARINUS line up for the start, when
 LESBIA enters and pushes in between them.*]

LE. Festa ego sum vidua :
 Gyrabo prima ad metam, vos pone relinquens,
 Signorinetta ut praemia bina tulit.

SI. (*waving her away*)
 Femina, abi stadio, temeraria, ne ebria dicam :
 Nullus, qui pro te spondeat, Idris adest.
 Primum ! bis ! ter ! abite ! (*to CHARINUS*) At
 cur sic ultimus haeres ?

[*CHARINUS follows CRITO. Re-enter DAVUS, followed
 by PAMPHILUS and MYSIS, supporting the Baby.*]

DA. Mysis, depone hunc.
 MY. Obsecro, humine ?

SI. I'm your friend.
 CHR. (*rudely*) Billiwilly !
 Tell that to the Dog.
 SI. (*suggestively*) There's a borough called Ham gives
 a contract for jam, new buildings, and
 furniture.
 CHR. (*brightening*) Now, Sir, you jog.

(*pointing round*) We might paint a new scene,
 if the parties are green, or pull the new
 house down and build it anew.

SI. They won't stand it.
 CHR. Oh, won't they ? I'll
 make them, and don't they just wish they
 could get what *I* get by the brew ?

[*Enter CRITO and CHARINUS.*]

What's this coming ? Great Carter ! Is 't me
 that you're arter ?

CR. I ask for no names,
 so you needn't look blue.

SO. Who's the fellow in black ?

CHA. We're two characters crack ;
 you've seen us, no doubt, on the scenical
 floor :

My mate's Mephistopheles ; *I* cannot doff ill
 ease, losing my Lucy of fair Lammermoor.

SO. (*aside*) Great Scott ! oh great Rhymer, and great
 one of Weimar !

CHA. He says that my run will be
 certainly brief.

CR. 'Twixt the Black and the Red shall the contest
 be sped.

SO. (*aside*) As Rosslyn with Maxim came sadly
 to grief.

CR. Now our Marathon race shall all records
 displace.

[*CRITO and CHARINUS line up for the start, when
 LESBIA enters and pushes in between them.*]

LE. A Widow am I, called the Merry brunetta.
 On my vidual oath I shall win against both,
 like the Signorin who to that added etta.

SI. (*waving her away*) Now, woman, you're tipsy.
 Can *ipsa* be *ipse* ? You've no one to vouch
 for you, so just you pace.
 One ! Two ! Three ! Away ! (*to CHARINUS*)
 What, you stick here ? I say, is that meant
 just to show that you're last of your race ?

[*CHARINUS follows CRITO. Re-enter DAVUS, followed
 by PAMPHILUS and MYSIS, supporting the Baby.*]

DA. Put him down somewhere round.
 MY. Oh, I say, on the ground ?

DA. (*sententiously*) 'Retro
Ad terram.'
(to CHR.) Paucis volo te, rectissime custos,
Emeritis per quem pensio pauperibus
Est tribuenda. Audi, exaudi vocem veterani
(*indicating Baby*).

CHR. Isne senex ?
DA. Senior : prodigio prope par.
CHR. Quando est natus ?
MY. Heri.
CHR. Quid ?
DA. (*hurriedly*) Herilis filius, inquit.
(*aside to MYSIS*)
Ne praeterquam quod te rogo, verba ! cave !
(to CHREMES)
Conficitur senio ; nec standi est ulla potestas.

MY. At numquam potuit.
DA. (*taking no notice*) Dentibus, ecce, caret.
MY. Nondum dentivit.
CHR. Quid ait ?
DA. (*furiously*) Suffragia poscit.

CHR. (*alarmed*) Hem, Dromo !
DA. (*to DROMO*) Provolve hanc.

[DROMO tries to seize MYSIS, but is knocked down.]

MY. (*sparring about the stage*) Plurane voltis ?
DA. (*retiring*) Ego
Nolo : Davus sum, non πῶς ἀγαθὸς Πολυδεύκης :
Et vellem, ut quondam, constabilire fugam,
Lictorem mentitus, et hunc vitare tumultum.

[CHREMES lunges at MYSIS, who disarms him, drives him into a corner, and jabs at him with umbrella.]

CHR. Sed nimium polles.
PA. (*keeping in background*) Quis feret auxilium ?
Consilium belli scriptumst a Caesare nullum.

So. Quid sine perdocto milite consilium ?
Subsidium nostrum longinqua colonia servat,
Quasque a terrendo iam vocitant acies
Conscripsit nondum Haldanus.
(MYSIS chases him away.)

SI. Sed Nil-metuentes
Da mihi sexcentas ; sic ego tutus ero :
Nempe Potestatum normast servanda Duarum.

So. Componant lites classibus impositi.

By. Nulla parasse arma est ratio prope sola tuendae
Pacis.

SI. Abi, imbellis !
By. Quis nocet innocuis ?
Parcere subiectis nec debellare superbos
Hoc opus est. (MYSIS knocks him down)

DA. (*sententiously*) Yes, back to the land.
(to CHREMES) now, good Guardian, a word.
You're the man that decides upon pensions.
Here bides what may look like a babe but's
a very old bird (*indicating Baby*).

CHR. He old ?
DA. As a Lar. He was born before Parr.
CHR. And when was that ?
MY. Yesterday.
CHR. Yesterday ? Eh ?
DA. (*hurriedly*) She didn't say yesterday, only that just
a day older than Parr is the baby.
(*aside to MYSIS*) I say,
Just you stick to the text that I give you.
(to CHREMES) He's vex't with
all the mishaps that on dotage can weigh :
He can't stand, as you see.

MY. No, of course, poor dear wee.
DA. (*taking no notice*) He's no teeth.
MY. He's not cut 'em.
CHR. What's that that she says ?
DA. (*furiously*) She says that she's shut out from
votes.

CHR. (*alarmed*) Oh my nut ! Hi ! Dromo.
DA. (*to DROMO*) Just carry off Mysis.

[DROMO tries to seize MYSIS, but is knocked down.]

MY. (*sparring about the stage*) Oh, yes !
Any more ?
DA. (*retiring*) Not for me. I am Davus, not he
who in Homer is fam'd for the power of
his fist.
I shall dress up again like a bobby, and then
I shall bolt in a wink ; they may stay here
who list.

[CHREMES lunges at MYSIS, who disarms him, drives him into a corner, and jabs at him with umbrella.]

CHR. You're too muscular, Missis.
PA. (*keeping in background*) Help ! Help ! What I
wish is a plan from the Kaiser, our strate—
(oh !)—gist.

So. A Council of War wants a milit'ry star ; our
soldiers are East and our soldiers are West,
But the Terrier lads, who shall terrify squads
of the foemen, not yet have exalted the
crest. (MYSIS chases him away.)

SI. But Dreadnoughts for me, that's the tip, only
see that the standard's maintain'd of two
Powers at their best.

So. Engineers and marines and the guns be the
means.

By. The highway to peace is no army to keep

SI. Oh craven !
By. Do right and none wrong you. My light is to
slumber myself and let sleeping dogs sleep
(MYSIS knocks him down).

CHR. Mysis, parce ferire, precor :
Quodvis testificare.
DA. Sed hoc tamen ante monendumst :
Quodcumque hic dices utar ut indicio.

[All return, but with some caution.]

CHR. (to MYSIS) Dic primum, quot habet tandem
annos parvulus iste ?
MY. Ter centum—fortasse amplius.

CHR. (astonished) Hem ! quid ais ?
MY. Saepe est natus—in hac aula.

So. (aside) Redit Andria (nosti ?)
Quarto quoque anno.

MY. Mira, sed acta, loquor.
CHR. (severely) Lex est naturae certa : unus homo,
unus et ortus.

Ne tu contemnas iudicium temere.
DA. (to MYSIS) Nonne hunc iam senio cuncti liquere
capilli
Calvum ?

MY. Scis—
DA. Mitte id quod scio : quod rogo, dic.

MY. Caesaries nondum crevit.
So. Spesne irrita Tatcho ?
Forte in Portlandi carcere rasa comast.

DA. (impatiently) Quaestio fit nimis haec inquisitoria, qualem
Optabant proceres ; nostra domus vetuit :
Clausurast adhibenda.

CHR. Quid istic ? Pensio detur.

[Enter small boy, who begs a cigarette of PAMPHILUS.]

PU. Da mihi.
SI. Non fas est : lex vetat illa nova.

PA. Unam habeat parvus (giving him a cigarette.)

SI. Mens prava in corpore parvo !
PU. Gratulor effuse.
PA. Sed cave ! lictor adest.

[A policeman pursues boy round stage and then
addresses PAMPHILUS sternly.]

LI. Si quis dat tabacum juvenilibus, exigit illi
Lex poenam.

SI. (to PAMPHILUS) Quam tu—
PA. Tu, pater—
SI. At nequeo
Ex quo fraudavit D. S. Windell numerato.

[Cheering is heard in the distance : a crowd comes
running on, amongst them LESBIA.]

So. (to LESBIA) O mulier crista bella !
LE. (curtly) Videre volo.

CHR. Don't hit him now, Mysis. Mark now.

DA. My advice is 'Beware,' for against you
I use what you say.

[All return, but with some caution.]

CHR. (to MYSIS) Now, how many years has this
infant of tears ?

MY. Three hundred ; I can't be
precise to a day.

CHR. (astonished) How's that ?
MY. Very oft he's been born—
here aloft.

So. (aside) Yes, once in four years he's the
babe in the Play.

MY. It's strange, but it's true—on the stage.
CHR. (severely) You shall rue this con-
tempt of the Court. One birth to a man.

DA. (to MYSIS) His head here, just show how it's
bald.

MY. But you know—
DA. Never mind what I know, but
just follow my plan.

MY. His hair's not yet grown.
So. Try Tatcho. The bone by the
razor of Portland perhaps has been bared.

DA. (impatiently) Enquiries like these may the Upper
House please, but the Commons avow that
they're much better spared.
The closure I move.

CHR. Very well, but approve of his pension.

[Enter small boy, who begs a cigarette of PAMPHILUS.]

BOY. Oh please, sir, a smoke.
SI. No, my lad :
A new law now forbids cigarettes to the kids.

PA. Just one for a small one (giving him a
cigarette).

SI. He's small, but he's bad.
BOY. Oh, thank you.
PA. Now, hopper, be off ; here's the copper.

[A policeman pursues boy round stage and then
addresses PAMPHILUS sternly.]

POLICEMAN. If tobacco you give him a fine's to
be paid.

SI. (to PAMPHILUS) You must pay.
PA. No, you must.
SI. But I haven't the dust.
D. S. Windell did that by an impudent raid.

[Cheering is heard in the distance : a crowd comes
running on, amongst them LESBIA.]

So. (to LESBIA) Oh, Christabel.
LE. (curtly) I have a wish to espy.

PA. (*at back*)
Cursores adsunt, Marathonomachosque salu-
tans
Est in adorando totus hians populus.

SI. (*to LESBIA*)
Monstrum absurdum, ingens istud, quo visus
ademptus,
Me spectare vetat : femina, deme, precor.

LE. Non demo.
SI. Spectare volo.
LE. Sed demere nolo.
SI. Hem ! Dromo ! [*Enter DROMO.*]

DR. Quid ?
SI. (*pointing to LESBIA*) Petasum huic arripe : nil video.
DR. Quid faciam ? pugnem ? vincet me femina
pugnans.

SI. Deme, Dromo.
LE. (*savagely*) Tentet !
SI. Deme, Dromo.
DR. Minime.

SI. Hanc rape.
DR. (*sulkily*) Nonne vides ? constringunt vincula
corpus.

SI. Quid refert ?
DR. Sequere hac. Iuppiter ! ut sequitur !

[*LESBIA is removed, with part of the balustrade
attached.*]

PA. (*to Charinus*) Victor eris : propera.

[*Enter CHARINUS ; he leans breathlessly against
a post.*]

CHA. (*gasping*) Moriturus paene saluto.

PA. Perge.
CHA. Fer auxilium.
PA. (*helping him*) Curre cito : alter adest.

[*Enter CRITO, who pushes CHARINUS aside.*]

CR. Veni, trusi, vici ! (*breasting the tape*)

CHA. At non sic praemia fraude
Carpentur : cursum vindico.

CR. Vindico ego :
Oxygen ille hausit currens, motorque vehebat
Defessum : cursus totus iniquus erat.

SI. Non nostrum inter vos lites componere : Davus
Fertur ferratas pacificasse vias.

DA. (*aside*) Incertumst quid agam. Ah ! Terrae
Mirabilis apta
Fabula succurrit : dux mihi Alicia erit.

(*to all*) Caucus erat cursus ; donabo praemia cunctis
PA. Dodonae oraculum ! praemia at unde ferēs ?

PA. (*at back*) The runners are coming,
Dorando I see.
He's leading. You hear how the populace
cheer : it's the Marathon victor that
moves 'em to glee.

SI. (*to LESBIA*) I can't see, that's flat, for your hor-
rible hat is as thick as a wall and as high as a
tree.
Take it off.

LE. No, I won't.
SI. I can't see, though.
LE. Then don't.
SI. Here, Dromo. [*Enter DROMO.*]

DR. Sir.
SI. (*pointing to LESBIA*) Off with this hat, I can't see.
DR. But what can I do ? I can't fight her ; she's
too, much too muscular.

SI. Off with it.
LE. (*savagely*) Just let him try.

DR. You must have it explain'd : to the railings
she's chained.

SI. Never mind.
DR. (*sulkily*) Come along, come along now. My eye !

[*LESBIA is removed, with part of the balustrade
attached.*]

PA. (*to CHARINUS*) You'll win, now a spurt.

[*Enter CHARINUS ; he leans breathlessly against
a post.*]

CHA. (*gasping*) Oh the mud and the dirt ! it's as bad
as a gladiatorial show.

PA. On.
CHA. Help me to stand.
PA. (*helping him*) Up, t'other's at hand.

[*Enter CRITO, who pushes CHARINUS aside.*]

CR. I came, shov'd, and conquer'd (*breasting the
tape*).

CHA. You don't do it so.
With your shoves and your kicks and your
Carpenter tricks. I claim it.

CR. I claim it : he didn't run fair,
Was with oxygen plied, had a motor beside.

SI. To decide such a point now I can't say I dare.
Here's Davus, he settles disputes on the metals.

DA. (*aside*) That's all very well, but—I have it, I
swear.
To help us from Blunderland summon us
Wonderland : Alice assisting, we never
despair.

(*to all*) 'Twas a caucus race, all shall have prizes.
PA. I call that the voice of Apollo or else of
the Dodo.
But pray don't be rash, for who finds you the
cash ?

DA. Diripiam quaedam mox gallinaria.

(*coming forward*)

Sed nunc

Annus Olympiacus me meminisse iubet

Ludorum campique; neque haec optare
pudebit,

Annus ut eveniat faustus utraque pila,

Crebraque Vincentis Campum Victoria visat!

(*pointing to CHARINUS*)

Nil desperandum te duce et auspice te.

Lusimus at nimium; tempus manet addere
tantum—

'Prospera in aeternum floreat alma Domus!'

DA. Why, somebody's henroosts, you very
well know, do.

(*coming forward*)

But now we have here the Olympian year, to
cricket and football our thoughts we incline:

(*pointing to CHARINUS*)

One captain for both is an omen of sooth and
victories many our spirits divine.

So we've ended our Play and we've only to say,
Bright summer for ever, dear Mother, be
thine.

OBITUARY OF O.WW.

HENRY ALFRED BEESLEY, Esq., aged 34. Admitted 1887.

ALFRED BOVILL, Esq., aged 63. Admitted 1857.

Lieut.-Col. EDWARD BOVILL, M.D., F.R.C.S., aged 61.
Admitted 1857; late of the Indian Medical Service.

ALFRED BLACK PRINGLE BOYD, Esq., aged 44. Admitted
1875.

Major WILLIAM ADAM CUPPAGE, aged 48. Admitted 1872;
Q.S. 1875; late of the Indian army; served in the
Burmese expedition, 1886-7, and was severely wounded in
the Shan Hills.

JAMES ALFRED HALLETT, Esq., aged 89. Admitted 1829.

FRANCIS LAW HARRISON, Esq., aged 61. Admitted 1860;
Q.S. 1861.

CHARLES HERRING, Esq., aged 83. Admitted 1838.

JAMES FRANCIS KATHERINUS HEWITT, Esq., aged 72.
Admitted 1848; Q.S. 1850; formerly of the Indian Civil
Service.

LEWIS GEORGE HUNT, Esq., aged 59. Admitted 1862.

ALICK GEOFFREY LAMBERT, Esq., aged 38. Admitted 1882.

WALTER ARTHUR WILLIAM LAST, Esq., aged 37. Admitted
1884; in the Indian Civil Service; Deputy Commissioner
of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh.

HENRY COLLIER LECKY, Esq., M.B., aged 29. Admitted
1893.

JOHN BARNES LIBERTY, Esq., aged 53. Admitted 1868.

HUGH MAUGHAN, Esq., aged 28. Admitted 1892.

The Rev. WILLIAM HENRY MILMAN, aged 85. Admitted
1835; Q.S. 1839; Student of Christ Church, Oxon.;
rowed 3 in the Oxford Eight 1845 and stroke in 1846;
Librarian of Sion College from 1856; Rector of St.
Augustine's, Watling Street, from 1857; Senior Cardinal
of St. Paul's from 1875.

JOHN OGLE, Esq., aged 53. Admitted 1868; of the Inner
Temple, Barrister-at-law.

Sir ALEXANDER CAMPBELL ONSLOW, aged 66. Admitted
1856; Q.S. 1857; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law;
Chief Justice of Western Australia 1883-1901.

Lieut.-Col. HERBERT EYRE ROBBINS, aged 58. Admitted
1860; late of the Royal Marines; served in the Soudan
Expedition, 1885.

PHILIP SOUTHBY, Esq., aged 64. Admitted 1856; of the
Middle Temple, Barrister-at-law.

CHARLES HORACE STENNING, Esq., aged 59. Admitted 1860;
Q.S. 1863.

The Rev. CHARLES ABBOTT STEVENS, aged 90. Admitted
1830; Vicar of Portslade, Sussex, 1880-99.

BERNARD NATHANIEL THOMS, Esq., aged 64. Admitted
1855; in the Post Office for many years; Hon. Sec. of the
Elizabethan Club, 1864-67.

The Rev. EDWARD MURRAY TOMLINSON, aged 66. Admitted
1854; Vicar of East Meon, 1889-1901.

JAMES ROBERT TURLE, Esq., aged 74. Admitted 1842.

Sir CHARLES EDWARD HOWARD VINCENT, K.C.M.G., C.B.,
aged 58. Admitted 1864; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-
at-law; Director of Criminal Investigations, Metropolitan
Police, 1878-84; Col.-Comm. Queen's Westminster Volun-
teers, 1884-1904; A.D.C. to the King; M.P. Central
Sheffield from 1885.

The Rev. THOMAS VINCENT, aged 87. Admitted 1830;
K.S. 1834; Rector of Pusey, Berks, 1868-89.

Col. HENRY CONSTANTINE EVELYN WARD, C.I.E., aged 70.
Admitted 1849; formerly of the 5th Bengal Native
Infantry; served in the Indian Mutiny, 1857; sometime
Commissioner of the Nerbudda division, Central Provinces.

ALGERNON CHARLES EVELYN WHITTARD, Esq., aged 23.
Admitted 1899.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—It has usually been among the aims of a
Play-critic to find some feature in virtue of which he
may claim pre-eminence for the performance with
which he deals. One writer may have the best play
of the cycle, another may be blessed with a particu-
larly good cast, or a brilliant Epilogue, while last year
the revival of the 'Famulus,' after many years' absence
from the Westminster stage, gave your critic a golden
opportunity of discussing the merits and demerits of
an unfamiliar play. I cannot pretend to my prede-
cessor's good fortune in this respect, for the 'Andria'
is well known to all Westminsters; but I think I can
fairly claim that this year's Play was notable, and that
for more than one reason. This is not the place to

do more than mention the visit of royalty—that will no doubt be duly recorded elsewhere ; but this much may be said, that the presence of Princess Henry of Battenberg on the first night was one of the things which combined to confer distinction upon the Play of 1908.

The second was the marked improvement in the quality of the acting. Clearness of enunciation and accurate knowledge of parts we always have ; but there is too often a stiffness, almost an ungainliness, noticeable especially among the minor members of the cast, which mars the general effect of the performances. Four years ago the columns of THE ELIZABETHAN contained an expression of regret that such should be the case, and of hope that improvement in this respect would be made. An improvement certainly has been made. Whether it be that the actors gave freer rein to their own talents, or whether they were inspired by the vivacity of one of the protagonists, it is certain that all of them played with a 'go' as welcome as it is unusual. The 'Andria' is certainly not a play that acts itself, and without careful handling parts of it are apt to become dull. It may safely be said of the members of the present cast that they never bored the audience, and succeeded in keeping the interest alive throughout. To this life and verve on the part of all the actors, lesser and greater, was largely due the success of a play which followed a good first night by a better second, and a still better third.

To turn to individual performances. Mr. Benvenisti, as Simo, gave such a display as former experience of him has led one to expect. There can be no doubt that he possesses ability of a high order, ability which in a schoolboy is really remarkable. He was never dull, never 'gauche,' never at a loss for a gesture. His laugh was beautifully natural, and in his long scene with Sosia, so necessary to a proper understanding of the position of affairs, he interested everybody, acquitted himself with conspicuous success (though surely he should not have laughed at *attat hoc illud est*), and set a splendid example to his fellow-actors. It is therefore an unwelcome necessity which forces me to say that in his later scenes he often fell into his old fault of over-acting. He deserves great credit for a vigorous and careful performance, which would have been very good indeed had he remembered Sosia's *ne quid nimis* and kept a closer hold on himself. Such a fault is all the more lamentable in an actor of Mr. Benvenisti's calibre, and is emphasised here in the hope that he will make serious efforts to overcome it.

Mr. Barrington-Ward's methods contrasted strongly with those of Mr. Benvenisti. He was indignant, sarcastic, surly, and confounded as occasion demanded. His facial expression was splendid, but he used all gently, and quietness was the chief characteristic of a well-studied and masterly rendering. He is to be congratulated as Captain on a very good Play, and as Davus on an unqualified personal success.

It is never easy to portray any Terentian 'adolescens,' and Pamphilus is one of the most exacting of all young men's parts ; in particular, the famous speech 'O Mysis, Mysis,' is a severe test of an actor's capabilities. Mr. Williams spoke well, and put real emotion into his voice, producing a good effect, in spite of a certain stiffness of attitude which he never quite overcame and a tendency to work his arms like those of a marionette. But he succeeded in bringing out Pamphilus's good qualities, and one felt that he well deserved the good fortune which befel him.

Mr. Gow as Charinus made a good foil to the 'red young man,' and if he did not accomplish much more than that, the fault lay, perhaps, rather with his *rôle* than with himself. He should remember, however, that exits and entrances are important things, and that it is a little ridiculous to stroll cheerfully on to the stage and forthwith become sad and tearful, as he did once or twice.

Chremes is, of course, the more important of the remaining old men, and, though a trifle uninteresting, is a very necessary person. Mr. Covington's chief failing was the monotony of his voice, but his acting on the whole was good, and he contributed to the success of the 'Baby' scene by his judicious deportment at the back of the stage. Mr. Wade performed satisfactorily all that was required of Crito.

Sosia was very effective. Many actors have found it beyond their powers to listen in silence to long explanations without becoming 'sticks.' Not so Mr. Wood ; he was always at his ease, and his heavy humour delighted the house. He had not much to say, but he looked so well that he made ample amends for his silence.

Of the ladies, Lesbia has little to say or do. Mr. Hammond's performance last year led one to expect great things, and it was a disappointment to see him in a part which gave him no chance of showing his powers. He made the most, however, of the few lines allotted to him.

Mysis is always a favourite, and her entrance from Glycerium's house was received with enthusiasm. Mr. Usher appeared nervous on the first night, but was much better afterwards, when his anxiety in his first scene with Pamphilus, his bewilderment under Davus's bluster, and his solicitude for the welfare of the baby were alike admirable. It is high praise of him to say that he need not fear comparison with the Mysis of 1904.

Byrrhia is a part in which it is easy to be dull, but Mr. Troutbeck invested it with a comicality which was most entertaining, and amused the audience every moment he was on the stage ; while Mr. Heaton-Ellis as Dromo created a roar of laughter by making for the unoffending Chremes instead of the guilty Davus before carrying the latter off to punishment.

The Epilogue was certainly not so successful as the Play ; there were many good things in it, but not much action, and this was possibly the reason why

the actors failed to arouse the enthusiasm of the house. Many of the jokes were very obscure and far-fetched, and a much greater number of them than usual passed unseen on all three nights. For instance, *nil-metuentes*, *Tunc Lycaea petes*, and *cur sic ultimus haeres?* were always missed, while *spesne irrita Tatcho?* can hardly be called a joke. *Hocine quaeso patris officiumst* and the following lines were perhaps the best things in the Epilogue, and *Euge pol, euge, Charine, &c.*, is a very clever parody of Horace.

It is inevitable that in an amateur performance there should be faults, and I have tried to point out those faults as they appeared to me; they were not such as to detract seriously from the merit of the whole. On the other hand, the actors possessed two great virtues: they *all* acted, and they were, if one may borrow an expression from the football field, 'well together.' These two things did more than the excellence of any individual to make the 'Andria' of 1908 the best Play I have seen.

In conclusion I cannot do better than commend to future actors the example set this year. Under-acting is commoner at Westminster than over-acting, and therefore it is more necessary for a critic to warn against it; but the golden mean is here, as always, to be sought, and if actors to come are as successful in finding it as was the cast as a whole this year, they will indeed do well.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
OXONIENSIS.

NOTICE.

Photographs of the Cast may be had direct from Messrs. Ellis & Walery, 51 Baker Street, *not* on application to the Captain.

Floreat.