



The Elizabethan.

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THE 'TRINUMMUS.'

It must be owned that when the cast was made up and rehearsals had begun we were rather alarmed at the prospect before us, and no one could have predicted the enormous success that was destined to crown the efforts of all concerned. The cast of 1903 seemed to rise to the occasion on the play nights and surpassed all their previous efforts, and the result was as gratifying as it was unexpected. The audience was very appreciative and scarcely a point was missed; indeed, their readiness to appreciate added considerably to the 'go' of the Play, and it was a pleasure which few of us will soon forget to act before such a house. The Epilogue was received throughout with almost extravagant applause, and the best jokes absolutely brought the house down. It is

unnecessary to single out any points in it for special mention, when the whole was such a masterful combination of scholarship and wit. We will content ourselves with offering our heartiest congratulations to the author. A special feature of the Epilogue of 1903 was its simplicity, a quality in which the best Epilogues in past years have been singularly deficient.

Of the Play itself the scene between Charicides and Sycophanta was best received; but the reception of the first act, which never seems to rouse the enthusiasm it deserves, and of the scene in which Stasimus dissuades Philto from buying the field, was somewhat disappointing. The Prologue included a lament over the demolition of 'Sut's' and 'Martin's,' and a defence of the Westminster pronunciation, which reminds us of the Prologue of some thirty or more years back, at a time when

the introduction of the newer pronunciation was being discussed. The passage we refer to is :

Notis quidem—nondum vetitum est—utimur sonis.

The Play of 1903 is also memorable from the fact that a special performance was honoured by the gracious presence of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll), who is perhaps the most gifted member of the Royal Family. A few lines were inserted in the Prologue, welcoming Her Royal Highness as 'mille regum filia sororque, augusta, cunctis clara dotibus.' Reference was also made to the presence of Royalty in former years. Our readers may like to know that the last visit of a royal personage to our Play was in 1867, when H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught was present ; and the last performance of the 'Eunuchus,' viz. in 1858, was honoured by the presence of H.R.H. the Prince Consort and King Edward, then Prince of Wales. The Prince Consort visited the Play altogether on three occasions, and each time expressed great pleasure. H.M. King Edward was invited to honour the Play with his presence this year, but expressed great regret at being unable to do so, owing to previous engagements.

We give the plot of the 'Trinummus' for such of our readers as have forgotten it.

PLOT OF THE 'TRINUMMUS.'

Owing to the extravagance of his son Lesbonicus, Charmides has been obliged to go abroad to make more money. Before starting, he has entrusted the care of his son and daughter to his old friend Callicles, and also told him that there was treasure buried under the floor of a room in his house. When he is gone, Lesbonicus, short of cash as usual, puts his father's house up for sale, and Callicles buys it, to prevent the treasure falling into strangers' hands.

ACT I. (Sc. i.) Callicles' motives in buying Charmides' house have been generally misunderstood, and his friend Megaronides comes to reproach him with his supposed treachery. (Sc. ii.) This compels Callicles to disclose the secret of the treasure.

ACT II. (Sc. i.) Lysiteles coaxes his father Philto into consenting to his marriage with

Lesbonicus' sister, though the latter has no dowry, and even makes him promise to arrange the matter himself. (Sc. ii.) Philto meets Lesbonicus, and makes the proposal. Lesbonicus at first refuses, as he cannot provide a dowry, but after a time remembers that out of the wreck of his fortune he has saved a small estate, and this he proposes to give as his sister's dowry. This proposal horrifies Stasimus, his slave, as it means utter destitution for his master and himself. So he takes Philto aside, and tries to dissuade him from accepting the offer, telling him that the estate always brings ill-luck to its owners. Philto refuses it (for other reasons), but succeeds in extorting Lesbonicus' consent to the match.

ACT III. (Sc. i.) Lysiteles tries to persuade Lesbonicus to let him marry his sister without a dowry, but fails. Each goes off in a huff. (Sc. ii.) Megaronides discloses to Callicles a plan which he has made for overcoming the difficulty about the dowry. Callicles is to take the money out of the hidden treasure, and pretend that it has been sent from abroad by Charmides.

ACT IV. (Sc. i.) Charmides returns unexpectedly. As he approaches the house that had been his, he sees the Sycophant—the man who has been hired to pretend that he is bringing the money from Charmides. (Sc. ii.) The two meet, and Charmides, seeing at once that the messenger is an impostor, fools him to the top of his bent. At last he reveals his identity, and the discomfited Sycophant retreats under cover of a fire of impertinences. (Sc. iii.) Stasimus has been consoling himself in a wine-shop, and moralises in a maudlin way ; Charmides makes himself known, and hears that his son has sold, and Callicles bought, his house—news which nearly makes him faint. The noise brings Callicles out, spade in hand, from digging up the treasure.

ACT V. (Sc. i.) Explanations ensue. Charmides is well pleased, and welcomes Lysiteles as his future son-in-law. (Sc. ii.) Callicles summons Lesbonicus to receive his father's forgiveness, and it is arranged that he shall marry Callicles' daughter. His wedding is fixed for the next day, and Lysiteles' for the day after.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

The first performance of the 'TRINUMMUS' was on December 10. A small attendance of O.W.W. was compensated by a particularly

large number of ladies, and, though they perhaps did not justify the Prologue's '*O doctissimae*,' they were by no means unappreciative. The old baize had been discarded, and the new decorations looked very well, but unfortunately brought the shabbiness of the stage into greater prominence than usual. The question of new scenery will undoubtedly be considered very soon. The Play went very well indeed for the first night, and promised well for the other nights. The Prologue was spoken on this night as usual, and was very well received. The Epilogue created a great sensation, and the points were taken by the ladies unusually well.

THE SPECIAL NIGHT.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS LOUISE (Duchess of Argyll) honoured a special performance of the Play with her presence on Saturday, December 12. The Princess arrived at the Headmaster's house at 7.30. It may be of interest to those who were not present, and of importance as a precedent for the future, to detail at length the proceedings on this memorable night. The Captain of the King's Scholars announced that all was ready, and was then presented by the Headmaster to the Princess. A procession was then formed and proceeded across the yard to the Master of K.S.S. house. The Captain led the way, followed by Her Royal Highness on the Headmaster's arm and the rest of the Royal party, under an awning, stretching from the Bursary door to the door of the Master of K.S.S. house; on one side was a line of King's Scholars holding torches. When the Royal party reached the Dormitory, the Master of K.S.S. was presented to the Princess. The procession then continued into the auditorium, where special seats were reserved in the front rows. As Her Royal Highness neared her seat the band struck up the first six bars of the National Anthem. After this the Captain presented the Princess with a handsomely bound red morocco copy of the Play, with Bonnell Thornton's translation interleaved, stamped with the School arms, and a basket bouquet of pink carnations. The Captain then withdrew and reappeared to speak the Prologue, to which a few appropriate lines of welcome to Princess Louise had been added. The Play was entirely successful all through, and the Epilogue was a greater success than on the

first night. After the Epilogue was over the Captain of King's Scholars called for three cheers for Her Royal Highness. These were given with great fervour, and the old dormitory shook again as the audience rose to their feet and thundered out their applause. The Princess was afterwards entertained at supper by the Headmaster and expressed unqualified delight with the whole proceedings. It should be remarked that the auditorium was arranged differently on this night. The Royal party occupied the three front rows of the pit; seventy members of the School were seated in the O.W.W. pit and the Masters' pit; O.W.W. sat in the ladies' seats between the O.W.W. pit and the Seniors' pit, while Masters sat in their own pit; ladies (for whom 100 tickets were issued) occupied the remainder of the ground floor and the entire Seniors' pit; all gentlemen with tickets (only a hundred were issued) sat in the 'gods,' which was filled by the remainder of the School. All visitors were in their places by 7.30 P.M., and the Royal party were seated by 7.45 P.M., when the Play began. Among the guests on this night were Lady Sophia Macnamara and Captain Probert, the Dean, the Mayor and Town Clerk of Westminster, the Sub-Dean, Sir Lawrence and Lady Alma-Tadema, Mr. Eastlake, the Rev. Professor Bonney, Mr. Bernard Mallet, Mr. C. Phipps.

THIRD NIGHT.

A distinguished audience witnessed the third performance of the '*TRINUMMUS*.' The whole proceedings were spirited throughout and the audience quite enthusiastic. The Old Westminsters, who were present in considerable force, received the points very well, and though some even of the best jokes had a disappointing reception, yet the applause that greeted the other points made ample amends. The general opinion seemed to be that the Play was performed rather better on this than on the previous nights, and the Epilogue was certainly no worse. The editor of a certain periodical pronounced the latter 'the best he had ever seen.' The audience included the Dean, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Bangor, the Chinese Ambassador, the Master of the Rolls, Canons Henson, Beeching, and Stenning, and Messrs. R. J. Mure, F. R. Y. Radcliffe, W. Lane-Clayton, A. A. Sykes, A. F. Leach, Sherrard Billings, &c.

FOURTH NIGHT.

The audience surpassed itself on this night, and the hearty applause that continually burst forth was delightful to hear. The points in the Prologue were received with evident pleasure by some of the older O.W.W., and the play was received brilliantly. It was a considerable improvement on the previous performances, the whole cast seeming determined to have a fling on the last night. The Epilogue was a fit conclusion to the proceedings, and the audience became absolutely uproarious in its appreciation. Every line, almost every word, brought the house down. Thus, though our critic tells us that the Play was not 'the best on record,' yet we can surely, without any exaggeration, apply that term to the audience of December 16, 1903. May all Westminster plays in the future be presented before such enthusiastic houses, even though it is not the intrinsic value of the acting but the charms of Alma Mater that draw forth such applause. The audience included Mr. Justice Phillimore (in the chair), Dr. Rutherford, Mr. Justice Kennedy, Mr. Justice Buckley, the Revs. R. St. J. Parry, H. L. Thompson, G. C. Richards, Septimus Andrews, F. E. Brightman, and Bernard Ward, Messrs. Spencer Wilkinson, Victor Williamson, Sir William Tomlinson, C. C. J. Webb, W. J. Hogarth, A. Cowley, G. F. Russell-Barker, H. P. Hawkshaw, the Revs. R. F. Dale, E. M. Tomlinson, and S. Andrews, Messrs. W. E. Home, W. A. Peck, A. C. Whitehead, W. N. Just, G. Lavie, A. A. Millward, J. B. Hodge, W. Tomlinson, B. M. Goldie, J. Troutbeck, E. H. Holthouse, &c.

A notable feature of the Play of 1903 was the shortness of the intervals between the acts, and, particularly on the Special Night, between the Play and the Epilogue. Luckily the arrangement of the cast allowed of a start being made immediately after the Prologue.

Play Notes

THE Prologue was from the Headmaster's pen. Ten lines of welcome to the Princess were inserted for the Special Night. It then proceeds to defend the time-honoured pronunciation of Latin at Westminster, on the ground that the famous O.W.W. of past years demand the continuance of the ancient usage, and the ghosts of Dryden and Elmsley, as

representatives of dead generations of Westminsters, revisit the Play and would not understand any but the old pronunciation. The Prologue, in pathetic lines, then alludes to the deaths of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and of the Bishop of Brechin, which occurred in the past year. Then follows a lament over the demolition of 'Sut's' and 'Martin's,' and the Prologue closes with a promise to continue the roll of Westminster glory next year.

All the leading papers indulged in accounts, more or less accurate, of the Play. It seems that they have given up criticism as a 'bad job.' However, some of the papers had quite good articles.

The *Times*, we were surprised to see, made the announcement that the Duchess of Albany accompanied Princess Louise on Saturday, December 12. In another column the same paper informed us that the Duchess of Albany was performing some function in some far-distant village at the same time.

The *Daily Graphic* had rather poor sketches of the Play and Epilogue after the Special performance.

Sketches were also reproduced in the *Graphic*, in *Black and White*, and in the *Bystander*. All these were very fair.

The *Daily Mirror* printed a description of the Play under the Title

LATIN ORIGINAL OF 'OUR BOYS' ACTED WITH
SPIRIT BY OUR BOYS. FISCAL HUMOURS
IN DEAN'S YARD!

Our old friend, the *Daily Chronicle*, printed several long and fairly accurate articles, preceded each time by a strange sentimental preamble without any particular point, so far as we could see.

The *Times* and *Standard* printed the text of the Prologue and Epilogue after the last performance, while the *Daily Telegraph* produced its usual English translation.

Of the evening papers, perhaps the *Globe* had the best article on the Play.

The *Glasgow Herald* produced a short account, chiefly dealing with the Epilogue.

The *Stage* had a moderate but insipid and colour-

less critique; it seemed to think that the 'Trinummus,' though the best-known of Plautus' plays, was scarcely up to the standard of several of his other plays.

The *Guardian* dealt at some length with the Prologue and Epilogue, but passed over the Play with a few unimportant comments.

The *Manchester Guardian* had a very sensible account, written, we believe, by an O.W. He indulges in a short history of the previous attendances of Royalty at the Play.

Accounts of the Play were also printed by the

Athenæum, the *Speaker*, and the *St. James' Budget*. In fact, it is some time since the Press took so much notice of the Westminster Play.

The Epilogue has been declared by competent critics to be the best that has appeared for years, and was the work of S. A. Sydney-Turner, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge. It owes its excellence to its extreme simplicity.

It will be observed that we revert to the custom of printing translations of Prologue and Epilogue. We believe O.W.W. prefer to have it so.

TRINUMMUS, 1903.

CHARMIDES	H. B. Philby.
CALLICLES	A. G. R. Henderson.
MEGARONIDES	W. J. W. Bonser.
PHILTO	A. P. Waterfield.
SYCOPHANTA	E. W. D. Colt-Williams.
STASIMUS	E. C. Chesney.
LESBONICUS	G. B. Wilson.
LYSITELES	S. D. Charles.

PROLOGUS IN TRINUMMUM.

SALVETE rursus, hospites et hospitae.
 *Et te praecipue, mille regum filia
 Sororque, augusta, cunctis clara dotibus
 Quot Charites impertire, quot Musae valent,
 Salvete iubeo, et Westmonasteriensium
 Plaudente toto coetu, refero gratias
 Quod festis nostra in sede Saturnalibus
 Dignaris interesse, queis per saecula
 Paterque avique semper faverunt tui.
 Neu te poeniteat comitatis, sed magis
 Adsis propitia nunc et redeas saepius.*
 Comoedia quam hodie agemus, si per vos licet,
 Plauti est, *Trinummus*, non nimis motoria,
 Sed bene morata et multis lepida argutiis.
 Vos ergo, indocti, paginas interpretes,
 Colloquia vos attendite, o doctissimae.

FAIR dames and gentle sirs, welcome once more,
 And foremost thee, whom many a king of yore
 Boasts of his line, thee of all gifts possess'd,
 That Grace and Muse can lavish on their best,
 Westminster welcomes with her heartiest cheer
 At this our play which marks the closing year,
 Where Guelph and Stuart and Tudor princes came
 And thy wise father's venerable name.
 Thy gracious favour so be it ours to win
 That we may say thy visits but begin.
 The play which, as it please you, we act to-night,
 Plautus' *Trinummus*, though in action slight,
 Shows wit and moral to this later age :
 So, sirs unlearn'd, turn o'er the printed page,
 And, learned ladies, hear the speaking stage.
 Some there may be who, as our drama's play'd,

* These lines were spoken at a special performance on Sat., Dec. 12th, when H.R.H. the Princess Louise was present.

Ac si quis forte est, cui pronuntiatio
 Displiceat nostra, tanquam inculca et barbara,
 Ut perhibent quidam, et Quintiliani ab auribus
 Abhorrens plane, nolite in ea offendere.
 Namque institutis vetus adagium uti iubet
 Romanis Romae, sed domi domesticis ;
 Et nobis religio est ut antiquum scholae
 Servemus morem, norat quem Drydenius,¹
 Elmsleius,² alii nostri permulti, quibus
 Meritam donavit olim patria lauream.
 Immo adsunt, adsunt, inquam, hic inter vos, pii
 Manes priorum et hisce eisdem in aedibus,
 Ubi partes ipsi agebant nostri ludicri,
 Reduces quotannis, fautorum innumerabilis
 Corona, sibi consueta postulant ioca
 Et voces usitatas et notos sales.

At excusandi hoc satis erit. Videmini
 Rogare potius numquid fortunae domus
 Adtulerit annus. Heu ! nisi infortunia
 Ea est natura fastorum ut referant nihil ;
 Nam si mali acciderit quid, sentimus statim,
 Si quid melioris fati, sero agnoscimus.
 Abiere ad plures nuper, sic voluit Deus,
 Multi sodales et cari : inter hos duo
 Quos optime novistis, grandaevi senes,
 Senatus alter, alter decus ecclesiae,³
 Gravitate insignes et modestia et fide,
 Qui nostrum nomen laudibus ornabant suis.
 Sed morti omnes debemur : id minus fuit
 Necesse, ut veteres eruarentur termini.
 Sutcliffiana periit omnino domus,
 Martiniana quoque, et ubi stabant loco
 Volitant inanes aurae vel feles cati.
 Iam popana et liba et omnem copiam gulae
 Oportet alibi quaerere, non laeto pede,
 Nec comicos libellos ad epulas leget
 Edax caterva nec veteranorum nigras
 Imagines stupebit, longis crinibus
 Collaribusque laxis admirabiles.
 O tempora, O—sed st ! quid hoc ? socii vocant,
 Ne totam noctem gemitu ac lamentis teram.
 Valete. Expediam cetera anno proximo,

Decry such barbarous tones as ' would have made
 Quintilian gasp and stare,' but let him know
 That with good cause we speak our numbers so.
 We follow aright what Romans use at Rome—
 'Tis an old saw—and homelier use at home.
 Nor with our past can make such violent breach
 As change with impious lips the natural speech,
 Which Busby, Dryden, Elmsley knew, and they,
 Great host, whom England honours with the bay.
 Yes, from their graves they rise, the mighty dead,
 Whose boyhood trod the boards that now we tread ;
 Yearly their ghosts to attend our drama deign,
 Of favouring spirits an all-unnumber'd train,
 And ask the tones they knew, nor shall they ask in
 vain.

Enough of this, for now you list to hear
 The various fortunes of the running year.
 'Tis still the curse of annals to relate
 The sadder acts of ever-shifting fate :
 We note the clouds, 'tis long before our eyes
 Confess a brighter radiance in the skies.
 Of those dear heads, which since the year began
 Have bow'd obedient to the lot of man,
 Two best ye knew in Church and State, their years
 Fourscore, their strength surpassing in their peers :
 Faithful and just they liv'd, fearless they died,
 True English hearts and justly both our pride.

But all must die : less needful cause of woe
 That of our ancient landmarks two should go,
 Sutcliffe's and Martin's ; on the vacant site
 Winds sweep the dust and cats acclaim the night.
 Sweetmeats and buns and what the taste may cloy
 Now seek we elsewhere with diminish'd joy ;
 No more our eyes on pictur'd page we cast,
 No more at smoke-black'd portraits gaze aghast,
 Long locks, loose collars, fashions of the past ;
 Oh time, oh—hush ! what is that cry I hear ?
 The players impatient bid me dry the tear :
 My record—you shall have the rest next year.

S.

¹ John Dryden, K.S. 1646-1650.

² Peter Elmsley, T.B. 1788-1790.

³ The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, T.B. 1830-1834 ; the Bishop of Brechin, Primus, T.B. 1831-1836.

EPILOGUS IN TRINUMMUM.

PERSONÆ.

CHARMIDES }	<i>Shipwrecked Politicians</i>	{ H. B. PHILBY.
SYCOPHANTA }			{ E. W. D. COLT-WILLIAMS.
MEGARONIDES	<i>An inn-keeper</i>	W. J. W. BONSER.
LESBONICUS }	<i>Members of the Stock Exchange</i>	{ G. B. WILSON.
LYSITELLES }			{ S. D. CHARLES.
CALICLES	<i>An auctioneer</i>	A. G. R. HENDERSON.
PHILTO	<i>A passive resister</i>	A. P. WATERFIELD.
STASIMUS	<i>A labourer</i>	E. C. CHESNEY.

SCENE.—A SEA-SHORE. NIGHT. R, A TAVERN WITH SIGN. L, PHILTO'S HOUSE.

CH. (*off stage*) Terram inter fluctus video: furit
aestus, et urget
in vada: iam navis solvitur: a, perii.

[*Enter CHARMIDES supporting the fainting
SYCOPHANT.*]

SY. Sic, o sic positum adfatus—

CH. Phui! collige mentem.

SY. Mens valet, at graviter parva Maria dolet.

CH. Nunc opus est nobis animi praesentia.

SY. Malim
cum toto potius corpore abesse.

CH. Tace;

Degeneres animos timor arguit. Eia age, litus
scrutemur, si fors tecta hominum prope sint.

SY. Em tibi candelam!

CH. Vae, vae! ramenta per undas
sulfurea umentes perdita luce carent.

SY. Candela in minimo certe sine luce lucello est.
St! habeo.

CH. Quid habes?

SY. Anulus, ecce, meum
ornat rheumaticus digitum, violentaque in illo
vis electrica inest; iam tibi lumen erit.

CH. Nil agis; ignis abest: obstat magnetica, credo,
tempestas quaedam, vis ea ne valeat.

(*peering about*) Sed quid ais? nonne est domus
haec?

SY. Est; atque videntur non
inculti homines haec habitare loca.

CH. Qui scis?

SY. Ex titulo hoc: artem didicisse bibendi
emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.

Continuo pulsabo: heus tu, expergiscere, caupo!
hic totam noctem vin' maneamus?

ME. (*at window*) Abi!
huc intrare nefas; iam dudum transiit hora
sexta; i dormitum.

SY. Non ita cultus homo est.

CH. Ni nos admittes, non claudes lumina.

ME. (*at door*) Quid vis?

CH. Et panem et carnem, te precor.

CH. (*off stage*) See, 'neath the sea the soil, see the
ship run for
The shoals and rocks, the timbers crack, I'm
done for.

[*Enter CHARMIDES supporting the fainting
SYCOPHANT.*]

SY. So death makes sikker.

CH. Up heart, my Valoroso.

SY. Heart's up, it's little Mary that's but so-so.

CH. Presence of mind you need.

SY. Presence of mind?
Absence of body! I wish I'd stopp'd behind.

CH. Oh churl and craven! Look about and see
If human habitation here there be.

SY. Then light this candle.

CH. Hang it, the matches sweat:
Well said the seer, 'There's nothing dry that's
wet.'

SY. He's a blackleg, this match; strike he will not.
Tush, now I've got it.

CH. What?

SY. My ring: the spot
Of rheumatism it touches and sets you right,
My Snarky ring that serves to strike a light.

CH. Your Snark's a Boojum, or some magnetic
storm

Puts it, in golfer's phrase, quite out of form.
But here's a door, we may a house divine.

SY. And civilis'd.

CH. How do you know?

SY. The sign:

The crown of culture is the rosy wine.
I'll knock. Wake up, good Bung, and show a
light.

Wake up: are we to wait here all the night?

ME. (*at window*) Be off, midnight has struck, past
hours, to bed.

SY. The culture's less apparent than I said.

CH. Who shuts us out shuts not his eyes.

ME. (*at door*) What lack ye?

CH. Bread, butter, tea, and meat of course.

Sy. Et tabacum.
ME. (*calling into house*) Ferte citi tabacum, date
carnem, expromite panes ;
ite.

CH. Sed interea dic ubi simus.
ME. Eho,
an nescis ubi sis? nempe est haec ultima Thule,
qua caupo ingentes divitias peperit ;
sed mihi nunc misero minitantur fata maligna,
meque magistratus vendere vina vetant ;
nec compensabit numerata pecunia damnum.
CH. O miser !

[*Enter servants with high-tea.*]

ME. At praesto quod voluistis adest.
CH. (*to Svc.*) Sint panes cum carne mihi ; sed tu
tabaco te
fac consoleris.

Sy. Quid facis, improbe homo ?
CH. Quid? non tu populo dixisti, 'Haec vilia sunt ;
Carus sit panis, sit quoque cara caro' ?

Sy. Quod dixi, dixi. Sed panem trade.
CH. Quid istic ?
Sy. Vin' magnum an parvum ?
Sy. Ludere parce, precor.
Sed qualis, dic, ista caro est ?

ME. Haec optima ovilla est,
Quam mittunt opera Seddonis Antipodes.
Sy. Res bene procedit.

CH. Sed quod certamen initur ?
Cur video iuvenes huc properare gradum ?

[*Enter LESBONICUS and LYSITELES, walking.*]

LY. Laurea victoris cingat mea tempora vitta.
LE. Vos appello omnes.
ME. Attigit ille prior—
quid quereris?—metam.

LE. Non ambulat ille : cucurrit
cursim.

LY. Mentiris.
LE. Tu quoque.
LY. Visne manus
continuo conferre ?

LE. Libet.
CH. Saevam exuite iram ;
Candida pax homines, trux decet ira feras.

LE. At sese numquam scit devictum esse Britannus.
LY. Es placidus : catulo stat sua cuique dies.

[*Angry cries are heard in the distance.*]

ME. Quis strepitus? qui clamores?
CH. Adit, ecce, furentum
turba hominum.

[*Enter CALLICLES, STASIMUS and crowd.*]

ST. Proh di ! sicine flagitium
nos placidos tolerare !
CA. Silete et munere fungi
me sinite, o cives, lege iubente.

Sy. And baccy.
ME. Here, John, the bread and butter and the meat.
Come, hightea-tighty.

CH. What land receives our feet ?
ME. What, not know where you are? See, 'The
World's End,'
Bung's Eldorado ; but now—oh heavens
forefend—
The magistrates—the *Law's* on us, you know—
My licence cancel and I can't sell ; oh,
And not a doit by way of compensation.
CH. Pale as your ale you'll grow.

[*Enter servants with high-tea.*]

ME. Here's your collation.
CH. (*to Svc.*) The bread and meat for me, the tea's
your share
With baccy.

Sy. You ravening rascal, that's not fair.
CH. Not fair? 'Cheap tea, cheap baccy,' that's
your cry ;

High price for meat you want, for mutton high.
Sy. What I have said I've said. But pass the loaf.
CH. Which loaf? Free Trade or Zollverein ?
Sy. Good oaf,
No jesting. What's that meat ?

ME. No foreign sham,
But Seddon's primest Canterbury lamb.
Sy. True new imperial zeal, and—

CH. Bless my heart,
What race is this and who in it take part ?

[*Enter LESBONICUS and LYSITELES, walking.*]

LY. The prize is mine, the sovereigns and the pot.
LE. I lodge a protest. Hear, good people.
ME. What?
He came in first.

LE. He ran, walk he did not,
Ran like the devil.

LY. Liar.
LE. You're another.
LY. Come, will you fight ?
LE. All right.

CH. Your anger smother.
'Let dogs delight'—
LE. No Briton e'er will say
He's beaten.

LY. Be calm : to every dog his day.

[*Angry cries are heard in the distance.*]

ME. What noise is this? a riot ?
CH. A furious crowd.

[*Enter CALLICLES, STASIMUS and crowd.*]

ST. A burning shame and not to be allow'd.

CA. Good people, let me do my duty.

ST. Nefas !
 CA. Has iubeo reserare fores in nomine legis.
 [Enter PHILTO from his house.]
 PH. Ecquid vis?
 CA. Census imperor exigere.
 PH. Nonne rata pro parte haec possunt debita solvi?
 CA. Pendere tu non vis, vendere cogor ego.
 PH. Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum?
 CA. Communem sensum sustulit ira tibi.
 PH. Dogmata sed pueros ego controversa doceri nolo.
 CA. Sic leges te violare decet?
 PH. Legem non violo: patior, patiensque resisto, non vi, non armis.
 ST. Pauper inopsque senex.
 CA. Dic age, quae vendenda tibi bona?
 PH. Abi intus, et ipse selige; nam lacerat cor spoliata domus.
 CA. Tu, puer, hastam infige solo. [Exit.]
 PH. Servate, Quirites, aequam mentem, etsi non toleranda premunt nos mala: nonne dedi exemplum? vos fas imitari.
 ST. Sic erit: euge, euge!
 CA. (re-entering) En, cuncta parata mihi.
 ST. Nequis emat moneo: multa obstant omina; pluvit pulvere: sol maculis obsitus usque latet: permultae visae sunt Aurorae Boreales: totum annum pluvit felibus et canibus.
 CA. Tax! grandes primo Chantreianasque tabellas expono.
 ST. Res est seria; mitte iocos.
 CH. Non hic ingenium, non hic artem video.
 CA. Ars est celare artem.
 CH. Esto, non abolere tamen.
 CA. Sector nullus adest?
 LE. Ego par semisse licebor.
 LY. Asse ego.
 CA. (to LESBONICUS) Nonne iterum tu licitare? Sat est. (to LVSITELES) Em, tibi sunt.
 ST. Scelus!
 CA. Audite atque attendite, quaeso: Numquam occasio enim tam bona rursus erit: Encyclopaedia nunc magna Britannica venum it.
 PH. (sadly) Quamquam competii, praemia nulla tuli.
 CA. Instar montis opus nequeo producere; verum Quale sit ostendunt acta diurna satis: Libros triginta quinque offero.
 LE. Ne simul omnes dicite.
 SY. Non opus est albo elephante mihi.
 CH. Quin eme; nam pretium plusquam duplicabitur intra paucos hosce dies: vendere tum poteris.
 SY. Tres nummos.

ST. Shame!
 CA. Who's there? Open the door, in the law's name.
 [Enter PHILTO from his house.]
 PH. What do you want?
 CA. The rate.
 PH. But can't I pay The part that's not for education?
 CA. Nay, The whole or else the hammer.
 PH. What a shame, Such wrongs committed in religion's name!
 CA. Your common sense succumbs to wrath fanatic.
 PH. Ill for the child your dubious dogmatic.
 CA. A minister and break the law?
 PH. I don't; I show passive resistance; fight I won't.
 ST. Oh, poor old man!
 CA. What have you got to sell?
 PH. Choose what you like. Oh, how these sorrows swell!
 CA. Thomas, announce the auction. [Exit.]
 PH. My Christian brothers, Keep calm; I set the example to the others. Although it's quite past bearing, still keep steady.
 ST. Bravo! we will, we will.
 CA. (re-entering) Now all is ready.
 ST. Let no man bid; against it the omens run, The showers of dust, the spots upon the sun; Aurora Borealis gilds the fogs, And all the year it's rained both cats and dogs.
 CA. Lot one, two pictures; Chantrey's fund might buy 'em. Most elegant.
 ST. No time for jokes; don't try 'em.
 CH. No genius here, no art.
 CA. Sir, art conceal'd Is truest art.
 CH. Well, here is none reveal'd.
 CA. Will no one bid?
 LE. A halfpenny.
 LY. A penny.
 CA. No rise upon the bid? You, sir? Not any? Well, they are yours; take 'em.
 ST. Shame! shame!
 CA. Now then, Here's such a chance as won't occur again. Lot two, the Encycloped, which he who buys—
 PH. Is pretty sure, like me, to get no prize.
 CA. 'This mountainous work's too heavy to bring out, But what it's like the daily papers shout. It's five-and-thirty volumes.
 LE. Don't you be For reading 'em.
 SY. No white elephant for me.
 CH. Buy it; the price will very soon be double; Then you can sell it and repay the trouble.
 SY. Three shillings.

CA. Tax! tax!
PH. Vah! tale opus ire trinummo!

CA. Iam clavam vendo cum manicisque pilam :
Nunc tempus facere est pretium : tune annuis?
LE. Unum

Assem do.
CA. Rides, o bone? nonne geres
Officium his fretus? necnon te Australia laeta
excipiet.

LE. Duo do.
LY. Tres ego.
LE. Quinque.
LY. Decem.
LE. Viginti.
LY. Centum.
CA. Digitos tollisne?
LE. Ducentos.

CA. Pervile est pretium.
LY. Pendere plus nequeo.
CA. Actum est : exuvias aufer.
ST. Non talia probra
Ulciscenda, viri?
LE. Ferte mihi auxilium.

[The crowd make a rush at LESBONICUS and
LYSITELES, who retire into PHILTO'S house, CALLICLES
covering their retreat.]

CA. Me, me, adsum qui feci, in me convertite ferrum.
ST. Frangamus portam.
SY. Mobile semper erat
turba : ergo fugio. [*Retreats to the inn.*]
ST. Citius rescindite postes.
CH. Ne saevite, viri.

ST. Tempus ad arma vocat.
CH. Cedant arma togae : cedendo victor abibis.
Vobis pauca velim claraque verba loqui,
haud incerta sonans : aures praebete silentes.

ST. Conticuere omnes.
CH. Non ita longus ero.
Ambigitur nobis utrum an non libera sit merx.

[The SYCOPHANT reappears, carrying a box.]

SY. (*from the window*) O cives, nostrum iam perit
imperium,
Dum non protegimur nos, dum per litora viles
Germanus merces Americusque iacit.

ST. Hoc illud, Germane, fuit? rem fraude petebas?
[LESBONICUS and LYSITELES reappear.]

SY. Dumpophobista ego sum.
CH. Tute itidem prout es
Dumpophobistatus, nunc te dedumpophobista.

CA. Going! going! gone!
PH. Mere robbery,
For such a work a simple trifle—bobbery.
CA. Lot three, a bat, a pair of gloves, a ball.
Now is the time to bid. Now, sir, your call.
LE. A penny.

CA. You're facetious. Man's chief end
These things will help to win; with these you'll
bend
Your honour'd steps to New South Wales. Come,
buy.

LE. Well, twopence.
LY. Threepence.
LE. Sixpence.
LY. A shilling I.

LE. A crown.
LY. A sovereign.
CA. Fingers up.
LE. I'm buyer:

Two pounds.
CA. And very cheap.
LY. I can't go higher.
CA. The auction's up; remove the spoils.
ST. A piece
Of wanton outrage; scrag him.
LE. Hi, police!

[The crowd make a rush.]

CA. He bought, I sold; don't make his buying a sell.
ST. Break in the door.
SY. The mob may round; 'twere well
If I skedaddled. [*Exit.*]

ST. Down with the timbers.
CH. Stay;
No temper, none, good people.

ST. Kill and slay.
CH. 'Peace hath her victories,' let yours be such;
A Clara comes to judgment, not with much
To say; but what I say can't well be wrong.

ST. 'Then there was peace in heaven.'
CH. I shan't be long.
Free Trade or fetter'd, here our battles are.

SY. Oh, men of England, your imperial star
Wanes, while we've no Protection, while our
coasts
Turn the world's dumping-ground, and those
proud boasts
Of yore are pass'd to Hamburg and New
York.

ST. My German cousin, is it by fraud you work?

SY. I'm a dumpophobist.
CH. That name you prize
You dubb'd yourself, now undumpophobise.

- Sy. Nil desperandum me duce et auspice me.
- CH. Dux ego sum vester, semperque ducis vice fungar :
Semper vos ducam ; ducere enim ducis est.
- Sy. (to CHARMIDES) Te sequar ut—currus equus.
Ast impone tributum,
neve iacens plagas accipe, sed referi ;
(to crowd) sic, fisco crescente, operis stipendia crescent.
- St. Fisco, non visco, hic illinit insidias.
- LE. Arduus ut muros fiscales transilit, ora Sole nitent ; tantum Vis, cibus ille, potest.
- LY. Aut veluti si quis tremulas consumpsit avenas, Nec detergeri risus ab ore potest.
- CH. (*pensively*) Per varias animum partes perque omnia verso,
mens et in immota mobilitate manet : nondum matura est res.
- Sy. Quin, cum dura senectus adveniet, vobis pensio grandis erit.
- OMNES. Nam bonus ille vir est lepidusque, ita dicimus omnes :
hoc, nisi mentitur, nemo negare potest.
- Sy. (*aside to CHARMIDES*) Nonne propaganda haec rabida et furiosa videntur ?
- CH. (*aside to SYCOPHANTA*) St ! consummata ludimus arte pares.
- Sy. (to crowd) Hoc agite ! ex nihilo fit nil ; ita fiat ut haec res,
est opus argento. continet arca quidem haec multos nummos, verum in praesens vetor uti :
hanc vobis linquam ; pignus erit fidei grande meae ; em claves ! (*going round with hat*) nummos praebete benigne.
- LE. Non pro Iosepho nummum ego, si sapio.
[*The others put coppers in the hat.*]
- Sy. Grates laetus ago. Nunc me sine limite campus Afrorum poscit : sic valeatis. [*Exit hurriedly.*]
- St. Abit !
De campo quid ait ?
- LE. Sic transit gloria fisci.
- OMNES. Sistite latronem ! prendite ! corripite !
- CH. At vobis liquit plenam arcam.
- LE. O credule, plenam Dixisti ? claves da, precor : en, vacua est. Solus ego immunis coram latrone canebar.
- [*CALLICLES comes out of PHILTO'S house disguised as a Frenchman.*]
- CH. Quisnam exit, facie Gallicus atque habitu ?
- CA. Quis furor hic ? quae vos dementia cepit, amici ? Iam foedus factum est ; est opus arbitrio.
- Sy. For Jove read Joe ; Joe gives a better lead ; Joe's star in heaven shall make your foemen bleed.
- CH. Good folk, your leader I ; quite without unction, I say that leading is the leader's function.
- Sy. I'll follow, though it's cart before the horse. But tax, don't take it lying down. The force Of this you'll see when up your wages go.
- St. More tax than snacks you'll screw from screw-man Joe.
- LE. High o'er the fence he leaps like Sunny Jim ; Force is the food—see hoardings—raises him.
- LY. Or Quaker oats he eats, and, though we scoff, It's vain ; his is the smile that won't come off.
- CH. My metaphysic mind works hence and thence ; I nail my colours firmly to the fence ; The time's not ripe.
- Sy. And further, I may mention, My plan includes—or did (*aside*)—an old-age pension.
- ALL. 'For he's a jolly good fellow, Which nobody can deny.'
- Sy. (*aside to CHARMIDES*) A raging propaganda, what say you ?
- CH. Hush, we're each one ; twice one here's one, not two.
- Sy. Of nothing nothing comes. Funds we must get. Here's a full chest ; the coin it holds as yet I must not use, but leave it here, so please you, As pledge of my good faith. Here, take the keys you.
Now just a small collection ere I go.
- LE. No, not for Joseph ; not if I know it, no.
- Sy. For this relief much thanks. Now I must hie Off to the illimitable veldt. Good-bye. [*Exit.*]
- St. He's off : what's that he said about a veldt ?
- LE. Into thin air the fiscal splendours melt.
- ALL. Stop thief, he's got our money, stop him !
- CH. Stay,
He's left his chest, it's full.
- LE. Full do you say ?
Credulous of mind, give me the key. It's bare :
My 'not for Joe' is still the better wear.
[*Enter CALLICLES as a Frenchman.*]
- CH. What's here ? Bless me, a Frenchman.
- CA. Mes amis,
Vot means zis passion zat so mad you be ?
Savez-vous not zee arbitration treaty ?
Ye meet half way, and half way I vill meet ye.

CH. Hunc audire lubet.

CA. Sic Gallis atque Britannis
Pax aeterna aderit, divitiasque feret.

ST. Pace tua, Pax hinc abiens nostrum abstulit aurum.

ME. Consilium inveni scitum, ut opinor, ego :
(*displays comic paper*) Editor, en, huius chartae,
cui comica vis est,
mille in agro nummos condidit aureolos :
Thesaurum hunc quaeramus et effodiamus, amici.

OMNES. Euge ! placet.

CH. Iungam me tibi mox comitem :
Exspecta solum dum spectatoribus addam
tenuia sed linguae non reticenda meae.
(*to audience*) Vos, spectavistis qui ludicra nostra
benigni
haec—non sum cantor—plaudere non iubeo :
Sed schola laudetur magna carissima voce,
Antiqua et verbis personet aula piis :
Semper alumnorum stet honos et gratia vivax,
Semper prole recens floreat alma domus !

CH. Loubet, you bet.

CA. La France and England stand
Like sisters viz zee money in zee hand
In peace eterne.

ST. A piece 'eterne' of a nimmer
Leaves, by your leave, no piece in purse to
glimmer.

ME. I've got a plan to get a thousand pound,
A tit-bit hidden for seekers in the ground :
This spade of Callicles will put us in it.

ALL. Hurrah, hurrah !

CH. I'll join you in a minute,
But first a word or two from me's expected,
A little word, but not to be neglected,
From you who've kindly watch'd our playful
task—
No claqueur I—no cheers for this I ask.
Loud lift your voices for the dear old School,
The constant care of her parental rule :
So shall her sons ever to her be true
That lives both ever old and ever new.

S.

OBITUARY OF O.WW.

The Rev. WILLIAM GERRARD ANDREWES, aged 79. Admitted 1837; Master of St. Cross Hospital, Winchester, 1868-1901.

JOHN HICKMAN BARNES, Esq., M.I.C.E., aged 66. Admitted 1850.

FRANCIS BENTHALL, Esq., aged 87. Admitted 1829; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

WILFRED BRINTON, Esq., aged 47. Admitted 1867; Q.S. 1869; of Lincoln's Inn and the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

ROBERT FRANCIS BURTON, Esq., aged 62. Admitted 1853; formerly of the Madras Fusiliers; served in the Indian Mutiny, 1857-9.

Lieutenant-Colonel WILLIAM HENRY CLARKSON, aged 71. Admitted 1844; formerly of the 30th Regiment of Foot.

Surgeon-Major HAMILTON DE TATHAM, M.D., M.R.C.P., aged 59. Admitted 1853; formerly in the Bombay Army; served in the Abyssinian Expedition, 1867-8.

Admiral EDWIN CLAYTON TENNYSON-D'EYNCOURT, C.B., aged 89. Admitted 1824; served in the Chinese War, 1841, and in the Baltic, 1854-6.

JAMES GEORGE EDWARDS, Esq., aged 66. Admitted 1849; Q.S. 1850; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

JOHN DUNN-GARDNER, Esq., aged 91. Admitted 1819; M.P. Bodmin, 1841-7; High Sheriff of Cambs, 1859; the well-known collector of old silver and other objects of art.

KEDGWIN ELLIOTT KAYE GOUGH, Esq., aged 50. Admitted 1865; principal clerk in the Solicitor's Department of the Board of Trade.

Captain CYRUS COSMO HOWARD, aged 49. Admitted 1865; Q.S. 1869; late of the Royal Artillery.

The Right Rev. HUGH WILLOUGHBY JERMYN, D.D., Bishop of Brechin, aged 83. Admitted 1831; Bishop of Colombo, 1871-5, of Brechin, from 1876; Primus of Scotland, 1886-91.

HERBERT ROBERT KIRBY, Esq., aged 22. Admitted as a non-resident Q.S. 1895; elected to an exhibition at Ch. Ch., Oxon., 1900.

The Most Noble CHARLES HENRY GORDON-LENNOX, Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G., aged 85. Admitted 1830; M.P. West Sussex, 1841-60; President of the Poor Law Board in 1859, of the Board of Trade, 1867-8, and in 1885; Lord President of the Council, 1874-80; Secretary for Scotland, 1885-6.

MARTIN MADAN, Esq., aged 64. Admitted 1851.

ALEXANDER STUART SILVER PAUL, Esq., aged 36. Admitted 1878.

The Rev. GEORGE HENRY PRESTON, aged 80. Admitted 1830; K.S. 1837; for many years Consular Chaplain at Rio Janeiro.

THE 'TRINUMMUS,' 1903.

To the Editor of 'THE ELIZABETHAN.'

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Even if there had been nothing else to mark out the 'Trinummus' of 1903 for immortality, it would always be memorable for the special performance given on the Saturday night and

honoured by the presence of Royalty. But it is your prerogative, sir, to record the visit of the Princess Louise in everlasting words upon the pages of THE ELIZABETHAN; my privilege is to comment upon the Play and the players, and, under cover of a *nom de guerre*, to offer for criticism such criticisms as seemed to my one mind to be deserved. Do not be disappointed if I say—and others I have heard say the same—that I did not consider it to be the best Play on record. I hasten to add that for this we did not hold the actors responsible so much as the author and those who some forty years ago for the first time foisted the 'Trinummus' upon a Westminster audience. It is a play peculiarly unsuited to modern presentation. Varro may have said without more than average human exaggeration that 'the Muses would have used the diction of Plautus had they cared to speak in Latin'; but I say without hesitation that the grace of Plautine dialogue is utterly thrown away upon nine-tenths of those who go to the Westminster Play, and fully appreciated only by those two or three who know every line and have heard every scene to satiety at rehearsals and in the class-room. What do we require of a play besides witty dialogue? Interesting characters, surely, 'plot' and 'action.' And what do we see in the 'Trinummus'? Four of the most tiresome old men and two of the most insipid young men that are to be found in all Roman comedy; there are only two other *personæ*—a capital slave and a Sycophant—of whom our only complaint is that we do not have nearly enough of them. As for the plot, it is of the thinnest; and as for action, it is of the rarest. The 'Trinummus' has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Let it go, and let another play of Plautus take its place; if a forty-year-old 'sentiment' objects, let us say that after all, if it dies now, it will have had a glorious decease, attended by a Royal Princess; surely that is better than to drag out an unpopular existence to an ignominious end.

I have tried to sketch roughly the intrinsic difficulties with which a modern cast of the 'Trinummus' has to contend. It remains to consider how successful were the efforts made last month to overcome them.

Callicles makes the first hit of the play with

Teque ut quam primum possim videam emortuam.

Mr. Henderson made the most of it; but this bright spot emphasised the dullness of his ensuing dialogue with Megaronides (Mr. Bonser), which occupies all the First Act. I know what it is to be Callicles, and I could sympathise with Mr. Henderson's attempt to put some life into the part; he was not altogether unsuccessful, but I think he would have done better if he had remembered to stand still while he was speaking—he was continually shifting from one foot to the other—and to be less like an automaton in his changes of attitude. I wonder whether these 'old men' would be happier without their sticks; the most frequent and tra-

ditional use which they make of them is to hold them at arm's length with both hands on the handle—a position which looks stiff, uncomfortable, and unnatural.

Megaronides was not so restless, indeed he seemed too much inclined to regard the case as hopeless. Do what he would, Callicles could not interest him, which was perhaps natural but not effective. When left alone he brightened up and spoke the soliloquy, which closes the Act, with far more feeling than he had shown in the dialogue.

Act II. introduced yet another old man. The part of Philto was taken by Mr. Waterfield, who amply upheld his family's right to that particular rôle. He either has naturally or affected a slight drawl which added an amusing and suitable feature to the character; it was not pronounced enough to be irritating, but it was enough to show that there is scope for judicious individuality even in a rather commonplace Plautine *senex*. Perhaps he hardly justified by his manner *Lysiteles' ne exprobra*.

Of the two young men I certainly preferred Mr. Charles, whose *Lysiteles* was full of quiet humour; in his proposal *uxorem ducere sine dote* he was delightfully *naïf*. Mr. Wilson, as *Lesbonicus*, did not appear to make nearly plain enough the essential contrast between himself and *Lysiteles*. Surely he ought to be much more aggressive, more effusive, and more impatient; he ought to show his feelings obviously, while *Lysiteles* only hints at his. Just as *Lysiteles* lost nothing by a little under-acting, so, to my mind, *Lesbonicus* is a part which will bear a certain amount of exaggeration.

To the *Stasimus* of Mr. Chesney I must give almost unqualified praise. He was always at his ease, he knew what to do with his hands, and his by-play was always full of resource. Nothing could have been more realistic than his description of the awful reputation enjoyed by the farm which Philto thought of buying. On the Saturday he made the usual mistake in his 'drunk' scene of returning too suddenly to perfect sobriety; but afterwards he improved this greatly. His *non sto* was exquisite, and roars of applause followed his expressive rendering of *ambabus malis expletis, quod ad ventrem attinet, pendet putidum*, and many other characteristic phrases; though I thought he might have made rather more of *argentum οἴχρα*, and perhaps of *dormibo placidule in tabernaculo*. His voice is unfortunately youthful, but that must not be allowed to detract too much from his exceedingly clever impersonation.

Mr. Philby made a dignified *Charmides*, and acted with the grace and evenness which argue careful study and a thorough understanding of the requirements of the character. It struck me that his 'asides' were a weak point, which would have been quite audible if they had been half as loud; and though, of course, they must be heard quite plainly, they ought to give the impression that they are simply the speaker's thoughts addressed to himself,

not explanatory comments for the convenience of the audience. But in his direct dialogue Mr. Philby was quite successful and played up to Sycophanta's points with considerable skill. Surely at the end of Act IV. Callicles was wrong to enter the house in front of Charmides; *sequere me intro* is 'come in *with* me,' not '*behind* me.' Callicles should open the door, and then, if there is not room for them to enter side by side, Callicles' good manners should give precedence to the newly-arrived Charmides.

Sycophanta is an easy part to play for an actor with plenty of confidence and a voice which lends itself readily to tones of the most brazen insolence. Mr. Colt-Williams has both, and he gave them full play with excellent results. Though momentarily perturbed by his inability to remember the name 'Charmides,' he soon recovers his naturally shameless manner. All this Mr. Colt-Williams did well. But the end of the scene—the last dozen lines or so before his exit—struck me as rather awkward. Instead of merely shaking his stick at about two yards' distance, why does not Charmides actually make some attempt to hit him? It would be perfectly natural, and, I venture to suggest, far more effective, if Sycophanta led the old man a dance round the stage, his youth easily enabling him to avoid the blows aimed at him.

The Prologue, the topics of which are, I presume, to be found in an earlier column, was written by the Headmaster. Graceful and sympathetic in its phrasing, it had also the merit of being so simply expressed that, thanks in part, of course, to Mr. Philby's clear delivery, its points could be and were readily seen and applauded. It was a great year for an Epilogue, and Mr. S. A. Sydney-Turner rose to the occasion. While treating with Liberal good-humour of the weighty questions of Tariffs and the Education Acts, he found room for witty reference to the recent High-tea controversy, the Stock Exchange Walk, Publicans' Compensation, the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and many other topics of the day. By the way, I have found some difficulty in scanning the line, *Encyclopaedia nunc magna Britannica venum it*, but I suppose it is all right. As is inevitable, many of the best jokes were not seen by the house, or seen too late for suitable recognition; indeed, each time that I have read through the text I have found some new thing to laugh at, and so plain that I could not understand why I had not seen it before. On looking back I found that the reason why I had missed it was that I was still laughing helplessly at something in the line before. This must always be in a good Epilogue, and never more, to my mind, than in the Epilogue of 1903.

But you have had enough of this. Perhaps *sunt quibus videar nimis acer* in my criticism; but remember what I said at the beginning—the play, not the cast, was at fault. Can you spare me a few more lines? I should like to say a word to 'old men' and 'young men' in general: do not forget that it is a comedy that you are playing; slaves and sycophants

are comic naturally, you are not: so over-act rather than under-act, as a rule, and if you see any possible chance for 'business' fasten on it and use it, you will make your parts more interesting both to yourselves and to the audience.

Lastly, I must say once again, I wish I had seen the same actors in a better play; then I can well believe that I should have said that the Play of 1903 was the 'best on record.'

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,
X-ED.

—♦—

To the Editor of 'THE ELIZABETHAN.'

SIR,—I should like, if you will allow me, to invite discussion in your columns upon the following suggestions which a keen interest in the Play prompts me to offer.

First I would do away with 'fleshings.' I urge this on the following grounds. However well-made, they must look ridiculous. Fancy representing Stasimus, who spent most of his time in the open air exposed to all weathers, with a smooth white pseudo-skin! They are very inconvenient and uncomfortable, and I am convinced by experience that they hamper the free and natural use of the limbs. They are an unnecessary expense to the actors. Are they for warmth? The stage itself is warm enough, and behind it there are fires, rugs, and overcoats; besides, the warmth that they afford is very slight. Are they worn for propriety's sake? I believe, sir, that last term's Charmides was present at one performance of 'The Birds' at Cambridge; was he or any other of the thousands there present shocked at the actors' bare legs and arms? How absurd! I am willing to argue this aspect of the question to any length with anyone who will come forward on the other side. I am not sure, but I believe you will find that fleshings are an innovation of the last twenty years.

Secondly I ask, would it be possible to have some sort of bench outside one of the two stage-houses? It often happens that an actor has a long time with nothing to do while he is on the stage; unless he is a master of his art, he is almost certain to look a fool. If he has something to sit on he has a better chance; it gives opportunities for new attitudes, and perhaps, as in Stasimus' 'drunk' scene, for some more variety of comic business. And these are things to be considered. Of course, if such a thing is contrary to the evidence of antiquity, I would not press the point; in this connection, however, I would remark that the house doors, as at present constructed, open the wrong way.

My third and last suggestion I hardly dare put into words. It is this: that the identity of the author of the Epilogue should not be kept so close

a secret till after the Play, but that he should be able to attend some at least of the rehearsals and take some active share in the stage management of his work. I cannot but think that this would be more satisfactory to all parties. I do not suggest that he should do it alone; that would be impossible, ungenerous, and probably calamitous.

In these days, when Conservatives are often more radical-minded than Radicals, I have more con-

fidence in proposing these reforms, which I feel sure would all be for the good of future Plays.

Yours, &c.,

EPOPS.

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NOTICE.

Photographs of the cast (by Messrs. Hellis & Son) may be had on application to the Captain, St. Peter's College, 3 Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., at 3s. 6d. each.

Jfloreat.