



# The Elizabethan.

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## THE 'ADELPHI.'

SINCE the two years' intermission of 1900 and 1901 the Westminster Cycle has undergone one more revolution. If we may judge from the favourable character of the critiques which have graced the columns of the ELIZABETHAN during the past four years we may hope that in the eyes of our readers the Cycle has sustained no detriment nor sacrificed any tradition which would give them cause for dissatisfaction; whether it has secured any improvement is for them to decide.

This Cycle has been by no means uneventful. Glancing back over a period of four years, we can remember a cast which was composed of aspirants who had had no previous experience of the Westminster stage; we can remember the outbreak of a modified

form of diphtheria and the pseudo-exeat consequent thereon, and all succeeded by a highly successful performance each night. No one can have forgotten the visit of Princess Louise with which our College walls were honoured in 1903, or the ringing cheers which betokened the appreciation felt by all Westminsters, *plaudente toto coetu*, for the royal visit. The fog which ushered in the last night of the 'Andria,' in 1904, has already become proverbial; while amid all the associations which attach peculiarly to the production of the Play itself no one can forget the eloquent words which were included in Prologue and Epilogue to symbolise a nation's joy, and to commemorate the part played by Westminsters of old in the '*laudandum diem pugnae Trafalgarensis*' on the occasion of its centenary in 1905.

The past Cycle, indeed, forms a climax of interest. The 'Adelphi' is by no means the

most attractive, from the point of view of an audience. It has a certain want of action, which is not felt to so great an extent in either the 'Phormio' or the 'Andria'; but on the point that, from a purely literary point of view, it is Terence's masterpiece, critics are unanimous. Moreover, it provides an additional attraction in the fact that its concluding scenes contain a riddle which interpreters are at a loss to explain unanimously, and which therefore certainly cannot be entered into here. How it was apparently answered on the stage in 1905 may be ascertained from the words written by our critic.

And thus a representation of Terence's literary masterpiece, amid circumstances which bring vividly before our eyes a scene which is worthy of commemoration more perhaps than any other in the history of our Empire, may reasonably form a climax to so eventful a Cycle of Westminster Plays as that of 1902 to 1905.

The following is the plot of the 'Adelphi':

The 'Adelphi' derives its title from the contrasted types of character presented to us in the two brothers Micio and Demea, and in a lesser degree in Demea's two sons, Aeschinus and Ctesipho.

Micio had been an easy-going bachelor at Athens, and had adopted Aeschinus, Demea's elder son, freely indulging his every whim. Aeschinus, without Micio's knowledge, had lately married Pamphila, the daughter of Sostrata. Demea had passed a thrifty life on his country farm, and had brought up his younger son, Ctesipho, with great strictness. Ctesipho, however, had managed to fall in love with a music-girl in the possession of Sannio, a slave-dealer. Hearing of Ctesipho's attachment and inability to purchase the music-girl, Aeschinus comes to the rescue, breaks into Sannio's house, and carries off the music-girl.

ACT I. It is just after this event that the curtain rises on Micio, who, finding that his adopted son Aeschinus has been absent from home all night, proceeds to dilate on the anxieties of parents and the best method of education. He is interrupted by Demea, who has heard of his elder son's escapade, and fiercely assails Micio for encouraging conduct so scandalous. The city-bred brother is, however, more than a match in argument for his rustic opponent, who is silenced, though not convinced.

ACT II. In the next scene Syrus is sent

out to bring Sannio to terms, and so works on the fears of the slave-dealer that he would gladly accept the cost-price of the music-girl, if only he could be sure of that. Syrus is saved from the necessity of making rash promises by the appearance of Ctesipho, overjoyed at the exploit of his brother, whom he presently meets and thanks most affectionately.

ACT III. introduces us to Sostrata, who is talking with the nurse Canthara, when her slave Geta appears, violently agitated at the apparent unfaithfulness of Aeschinus towards Pamphila. Sostrata resolves to appeal to Hegio, an old friend of the family. Demea now reappears, furious at the news that Ctesipho is implicated in the abduction of the music-girl. By adroit lies Syrus turns all the facts to Ctesipho's credit, and in a scene of delicious humour first draws out and then parodies the old man's foibles. Demea is going off to look for his son, when Geta brings up Hegio, who narrates the supposed desertion of Pamphila by Aeschinus and declares his intention of strenuously defending Sostrata and her daughter. Demea departs to pour out the vials of his wrath on Micio.

In ACT IV., Scene 1, Ctesipho and Syrus are all but surprised together by Demea, who returns from a fruitless search after his brother, having learnt by the way from a labourer that Ctesipho has not been seen at the country-house. Syrus, however, is equal to the occasion, and covering one lie by another sends Demea off on a wild-goose chase after Micio, while he himself retires to kill time with just a glass or two.

In the next scene Micio and Hegio come on conversing. In place of denials or evasions, Hegio receives assurances of most ample satisfaction, and Micio at once visits Sostrata to allay her anxiety.

Scene 4 shows us Aeschinus, much distressed at the suspicions which have fallen upon him, yet unwilling to expose his brother. He is about to enter Sostrata's house, when Micio issues from it. As a punishment for his want of candour, Micio torments him with a fictitious story about Pamphila's intended marriage with another man. Aeschinus, unable to keep the mask on longer, bursts into tears; whereupon Micio, after an affectionate reproof, promises to acknowledge Pamphila as his adopted son's wife.

In Scene 6, Demea returns from his vain peregrination, angry and footsore. Already boiling with indignation, he is goaded almost

to madness by his brother's cool indifference to all that is most outrageous.

ACT V., Scene 1. In this humour he is found by Syrus, who enters intoxicated. His drunken insolence is interrupted by a message from Ctesipho, who is within. Demea forces his way into the house, whence a little later he bursts out upon Micio with furious invective. As before, he is eventually reduced by his brother's readier tongue to an unwilling acquiescence.

Scene 4. Experience, though late, has taught Demea that his system of education is as unsuccessful as his brother's, while his churlish and parsimonious habits gain him nothing but enemies. He resolves, therefore, to correct his own mistakes, and to teach Micio how far he has erred in the opposite direction.

Scenes 5, 6, 7. He at once proceeds to outbid Micio in courtesy and complaisance. He flatters Syrus and Geta; he orders the marriage of Aeschinus to be ratified immediately.

In Scene 8, with the aid of Aeschinus he forces from the astonished Micio a reluctant consent to marry Sostrata, to present Hegio with a farm, and to set Syrus and his wife free; he even sanctions the marriage of Ctesipho with the music-girl. He is naturally greeted with a chorus of effusive flattery; whereupon, dropping the part which he has been playing, he shows Micio how cheap is the popularity gained by indiscriminate indulgence, and closes the play with some sensible advice to young men.

#### THE FIRST NIGHT.

For the second year in succession the First Play Night fell comparatively late in December, but the young O.W.W. benches were not as full as they were last year. Every other seat, however, in the house was occupied, a fact which always renders a Play more enjoyable both for audience and actors. This, coupled with the fact that the audience scarcely missed a point either in the Play or Epilogue gives us reason to think that for a first night the representation on December 14 may be classed among the best on record. It is now gradually being recognised that first nights are no longer dress rehearsals, as they were almost considered in times past when the Prologue used not to be said. It has indeed become a truism that ladies form a most appreciative and intellectual audience.

#### SECOND NIGHT.

It was a source of great disappointment and regret to all that ill-health prevented the Dean

from being present at the second performance of the Play, and we hope that it will be many years before we shall again miss him from his accustomed seat. All gloomy anticipations were, however, immediately dispelled on the arrival of the sub-Dean who had kindly consented to take the Dean's place. The Play was again received with the highest appreciation, and the Epilogue proved even more popular than on the first night.

Among the distinguished roll of visitors were included the sub-Dean (in the chair), the Chinese Minister, Mr. Justice Grantham, Mr. Justice Buckley, Mr. Justice Bargrave-Deane, Sir Clements and Lady Markham, the Dean of Christ Church, the Right Hon. J. G. Talbot, Sir Lewis Dibdin, Dr. Shadwell, Canon Hensley Henson, Rev. Septimus Andrews, Messrs. Reginald Mure, Victor Williamson, P. G. L. Webb, Alan Stewart, E. Holthouse, C. C. J. Webb, Arthur Tomlinson, F. W. Hall, W. N. Just, &c.

Letters of regret at being unable to attend were received from Sir Richard Henn Collins and the High Master of St. Paul's.

#### THIRD NIGHT.

It was the unanimous opinion of all present that rarely has a play at Westminster gone off with more swing than it did on the third night.

The extent to which a successful representation depends on an appreciative audience can never be over-estimated, and the audience on this occasion was absolutely above reproach.

Not the least popular feature of the evening was the presence of Dr. Rutherford and the applause which greeted the lines of the Prologue

*Illius stant monumento in perpetuum viri  
Qui (gloriamur referentes) octodecim  
Rector per annos, vires dum suffecerant,  
Summo res nostras extulit fastigio*

gave splendid and ample witness to the fact that every member of that audience agreed heart and soul with the eloquent appreciation of our former Headmaster.

The Play passed without a hitch. Every point in the Epilogue was received with an uproar of delight, which was only intensified when one unfortunate (and inexperienced) golfer miscalculated a putt; which fact necessitated the hasty adoption of a course involving a violent and flagrant breach of all the laws of the game.

Among the spectators were included Mr. W. Waterfield (in the chair), the Rev. Dr.

Rutherford, Sir William Tomlinson, the Master of Wellington College, Dr. Scott, Messrs. Walter Emden, G. F. Russell Barker, B. M. Goldie, H. E. B. Arnold, C. E. Freeman, H. W. Waterfield, P. Waterfield, R. Bruce Dickson, H. B. Street, W. A. Peck, R. K. Gaye, G. H. Radcliffe, E. M. Tomlinson, Herbert Marshall, &c.

A telegram was received from the Earl of Halsbury expressing regret at being prevented from attending at the last minute.

### Play Notes.

THE Prologue again came from the pen of the Headmaster. After a word of welcome, a few lines of commemoration were devoted to the O.W.W. who have died since last Play, and to those who are serving their country abroad. The removal of the laboratories from Ashburnham House to Great College Street is then chronicled, and the building of a racquet court adjoining, in memory of the headmastership of Dr. Rutherford. Finally, this year being the centenary of the battle of Trafalgar, it is recorded how much was contributed to that victory by three O.W.W.:—Admiral John Markham, who equipped the fleet; Sir Eliab Harvey, who commanded the *Téméraire*, and Sir Home Popham, who invented the flag-code which Nelson used for his famous signal.

The Epilogue was the work of F. W. Hubback, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge. In common

with most epilogues it lacked a connected plot, but was full of action. It won a most cordial reception every night, especially the third. Opportunity was afforded by the Trafalgar centenary to introduce the shade of Nelson, and the closing words addressed to the audience were unanimously held to be a masterpiece in the art of elegiac diction.

Notices of the Play appeared in most of the leading daily papers, including, among others, the *Times*, *Morning Post*, *Standard*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Graphic*, *Globe*, and *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The *Daily Graphic* published a very fair sketch of the concluding scene in the Epilogue, after the second night.

The *Morning Post* contained a good critique of the cast after the first Play, and published an excellent translation of the Epilogue into English elegiacs after the last. Both, we hear, were written by an Old Westminster, Mr. R. Balfour.

A good sketch of the manumission scene was given by *Black and White*.

The *Daily Telegraph* indulged, as usual, in a translation of parts of the Epilogue.

The publication in the *Morning Post* after the third Play also contained a few remarks concerning the Westminster pronunciation. Their highest ideal of elocution, we are given to understand, was reached when Sannio appeared on the stage in the character of an enthusiastic Frenchman.

### THE 'ADELPHI.'

HEGIO . . . . .	G. B. Wilson.
MICIO . . . . .	R. E. Nott Bower.
DEMEA . . . . .	A. P. Waterfield.
SYRUS . . . . .	R. C. Le Blond.
SANNIO . . . . .	S. C. Edgar.
AESCHINUS . . . . .	A. S. R. Macklin.
CTESIPHO . . . . .	E. R. Mason.
SOSTRATA . . . . .	J. Benvenisti.
CANTHARA . . . . .	R. M. Barrington-Ward.
GETA . . . . .	K. R. H. Jones.
DROMO . . . . .	P. T. Rawlings.

### PROLOGUS IN ADELPHOS.

SALVETE. Nam quid aliud munus prologo est  
 Quam ut verbis vos propitiet excipiens bonis?  
 Et ego libenter, quippe qui anno proximo  
 Vos sim adlocutus, plura nunc omitterem:  
 Sed sicut non ita pridem rex Iapanensium,

Welcome once more: what other word  
 Should in a Prologue first be heard?  
 And other speech might I forbear  
 Who twice this garb of welcome wear;  
 But, as the Sovran of Japan,

Pacto post bella foedere, atavis rem suis  
 Pro more nuntiavit, me quoque non sinunt  
 Umbrae maiorum abire quin breviter prius  
 Referam dilectae quidquid acciderit scholae.  
 Illi a ! praeteritus annus coetui addidit  
 Abreptos morte multos,<sup>1</sup> legionum ducem  
 Hunc, iudicem istum, antistites illos Dei,  
 Alios complures qui, fallentis semitam  
 Vitae secuti, non male vixerunt tamen.  
 Nec sunt obliviscendi qui, terris procul  
 Remotis, operam patriae navantes suam,  
 Hodie praesertim non siccis oculis vident  
 Hanc scenam rursus et sonantes auribus  
 Plausus percipiunt et bene nota cantica.

Hi si revisent cara paulisper loca,  
 Cum primum ad scalas venerint, increduli  
 Desiderabunt corrugatis naribus  
 Solitos odores. Nam nova surrexit domus<sup>2</sup>  
 Maiore in platea nostrum cui collegium  
 Imposuit nomen : ibi, quod dicunt, 'chemicae'<sup>3</sup>  
 Indagatores exulant scientiae,  
 Fumumque et fel et verba non innoxia  
 Miscent inulti. At vitrea quae iuxta nitent  
 Fastigia,<sup>3</sup> altis sustentata moenibus,  
 Illius stant monumento in perpetuum viri  
 Qui (gloriamur referentes) octodecim  
 Rector per annos, vires dum suffecerant,  
 Doctrina, ingenio, fortitudine unicus  
 Summo res nostras extulit fastigio.  
 Haec sunt quae ad nos privatim maxime attinent.  
 Sed ne quis credat nos, focum Britanniae  
 Qui colimus, non sat nuper rebus publicis  
 Interfuisse, verbum addam superbius.  
 Nam parti pelago et pelago tutandi imperi  
 Memor cum populus, annum post centesimum,  
 Sacris celebraret meritis laudandum diem  
 Pugnae Trafalgarensis, nostra sibi schola  
 Partem nec minimam vindicavit gloriae.  
 Quod si non nostrum heroa iactemus licet  
 Qui nesciit non vincere et victor tulit  
 Venales morte laurus, at nostras<sup>4</sup> fuit

When war his course no longer ran,  
 The joyful news by rite of old  
 To his ancestral shadows told,  
 So they, to whom by Edward's dome  
 Eliza's bounty gave a home,  
 Sign to me still to keep the rule  
 Marking the record of the School.

How many a soul this year is fled  
 To find a welcome with the dead,  
 Some who in life were rais'd to fame  
 And some who lesser glory claim  
 But still the path of duty trod  
 Servants of England and of God.  
 Nor those forget whose heads and hands  
 Do England's work in other lands,  
 Who turn this hour to see and hear  
 With heaving breast and starting tear  
 Their fellows play familiar parts  
 Here in this chapel of their hearts.

If hither they again repair  
 To stand below the footworn stair,  
 The classic nose no more will sniff  
 Catching the sulphurated whiff ;  
 For other walls a home supply  
 To acid and to alkali,  
 And all Chem's votaries retreat  
 To exile in Great College Street,  
 Where none will chide the secret flow  
 Of smoke and gall and words of woe.

Now he that thither goes will pass  
 High walls o'erarch'd with roofing glass :  
 There shall his name engrav'd abide  
 Who was his pupils' love and pride,  
 Who twice nine summers bare the rule  
 And gave his strength to serve the School,  
 Whose learning, genius, manly zeal,  
 Exalted high the common weal.

These things ourselves alone concern ;  
 Now to a wider view I turn.  
 The centre we of English life  
 Send forth our sons to peace and strife.  
 The ships that won, the ships that keep,  
 Our country's glory on the deep,  
 With flying flags proclaim afar  
 The hundredth year of Trafalgar,  
 And our dear Westminster may claim  
 Great lustre from that noble name.  
 The hero, true, was not our own  
 To whom defeat was never known,  
 Who won that day the laurel wreath  
 Nor dearly bought it with his death ;

<sup>1</sup> The obituary of the year includes the following names : - General Sir Julius R. Glyn, K.C.B., who served in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny (aet. 81) ; R. H. Hurst, Recorder of Hastings, late M.P. for Horsham (aet. 87) ; the Rev. H. L. Thompson, formerly Student and Tutor of Christ Church and Warden of Radley, Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford (aet. 64) ; the Rev. W. K. R. Bedford, a distinguished antiquary (aet. 78) ; the Rev. C. Frere, Hon. Canon of Norwich, fifty-two years Rector of Finningham (aet. 78), and many more.

<sup>2</sup> The new laboratories in Great College Street were opened in September 1905.

<sup>3</sup> The racquet-court adjoining the laboratories was built, by subscription, to commemorate the services to the School of the late Headmaster, Dr. Rutherford.

<sup>4</sup> Admiral John Markham, O.W., was a Sea Lord of the Admiralty, 1801-1804, and equipped the fleet which afterwards won the Battle of Trafalgar (October 21, 1805).

Qui classem instruxit, nostras<sup>1</sup> is qui proximus  
 Post Ipsum navem tenuit et fortissime  
 Se gessit inter fortes, nostras<sup>2</sup> denique  
 Vexilla qui ordinarat quae signum viris  
 Dedere in omne tempus nobilissimum.

Nonne haec memoratu digna? Sed dixi satis :  
 Nolo morari iam amplius Terentium.

<sup>1</sup> In the battle Sir Eliab Harvey, O.W., commanded the 'Fighting *Téméraire*,' which followed the *Victory* into action and captured two ships of the enemy.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Home Popham, O.W., invented the flag code which Nelson used for his famous signal, 'England expects that every man will do his duty.'

But ours was he whose guiding hand  
 Despatch'd the vessels from the strand,  
 Ours he who rode the second wave  
 And bore him bravest of the brave,  
 Ours he who made the flag to say  
 The trusting word that speaks for aye.  
 Such deeds enrich our ancient walls :  
 Now I retire, for Terence calls.

## EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS, 1905.

### PERSONÆ.

DEMEA . . . . .	<i>A golfer</i>	A. P. WATERFIELD.
MICIO . . . . .	<i>Another golfer</i>	R. E. NOTT BOWER.
GETA . . . . .	<i>A caddie</i>	K. R. H. JONES.
SYRUS . . . . .	<i>A Japanese Admiral</i>	R. C. G. DU P. LE BLOND
DROMO . . . . .	<i>A constable</i>	P. T. RAWLINGS.
AESCHINUS . . . . .	<i>A motorist and Book Club Agent</i>	A. S. R. MACKLIN.
CTESIPHO . . . . .	<i>A Rugby-football-player</i>	E. R. MASON.
SOSTRATA . . . . .	<i>A simple liver, of the Hatless Brigade</i>	J. BENVENISTI.
CANTHARA . . . . .	<i>A lady swimmer</i>	R. M. BARRINGTON-WARD.
SANNIO . . . . .	<i>An enthusiastic Frenchman</i>	S. C. EDGAR.
HEGIO . . . . .	<i>The ghost of an English Admiral</i>	G. B. WILSON.
PERSONÆ MUTÆ . . . . .	<i>A golf caddie and the ghost of an English Navy Captain</i>	

*Scene.*—THE WESTMINSTER GOLF LINKS. THE LAST HOLE. FLAG MARKED XVIII. 'DOMUS.'

DE. (*off stage*) Prospicite !

MI. Euge ! bonum fecisti callidus ictum :  
 Nam iacet in viridi, mortua paene, pila.

DE. At vereor, frater, tua ne sit in aggere clausa.

[*They come on stage.*]

MI. Quomodo nunc stamus ?

DE. Par, age, lude ; mihi  
 Impar iam lusumst.

MI. Situs est quam putidus ille !  
 (*to GETA*) Heus, caducifer, huc ferrum, age, trade mihi.

GE. Parce pilae, sodes : ne quid nimis.

[*MICIO gets his ball on the green, but not too near the hole.*]

DE. Eia, age, tu nunc  
 Lude impar. (*MICIO putts*) Saxosum id satis :  
 an mihi das ?

MI. Non ego. Vah ! quotiens in tali fallimur ictu !

DE. Non ? mihi sit positor nunc meus : hoc equi-  
 dem

Luminibus possim clausis. (*He putts and misses.*) O di ! mare ! caelum !

O damnum magnum ! discrucior ! perii !

DE. (*off stage*) Fore !

MI. Oh, what a stroke ! so the record you've broke :  
 the ball's on the green, nearly dead.

DE. I'm afraid.

You are bunker'd in sand.

[*They come on stage.*]

MI. And now how do we stand ?

DE. Why the like now you play, for the odd I've  
 just play'd.

MI. What a pestilent lie ! Well, my iron I must try.

GE. Moderation in all things. Don't press, Sir,  
 don't press.

[*Micio gets his ball on the green but not too near the hole.*]

DE. Play the odd. (*MICIO putts*). Yes, mine's  
 stony, you'll give me—

MI. No, sonny ; it's easy to hole, but you might  
 make a mess.

DE. You won't ? Then my putter. It's mere bread  
 and butter. (*He putts and misses.*)

St. Mungo ! St. Jingo ! Old Davy ! Old Nick !

MI. O qualis te vox laborum claustra refugit ?  
Pro pudor !  
DE. An non sunt maxima damna mihi ?  
Vae mihi, quam prope erat ! semper iam iamque  
videtur  
Incidere : in labro verme retenta manet.  
Horribiles virides ! non tonsast herba, nec ulli  
Talparum moles tollere cura datur.

MI. (*aside*) Vah ! quandoque bonus dormitat Demea  
noster !

DE. (*suspiciously*) Quid narras ?

MI. Ego ? nil—nil nisi 'dormieras.'

[GETA shakes with suppressed laughter.]

DE. (*savagely*) Tune mihi irrides, duri puer oris et  
audax ?

Improbe, ne cere—iam comminuam tibi—brum.

MI. (*aside*) Comminuisse pilam satis est. (*He puts  
his ball.*)

Iam dimidiavi.

Quadrati omnino nunc sumus. At quid ais ?

Nonne Caledonii vis spirituosa liquoris

Pocula sorbillans ducere ?

DE. Nunc loqueris.

[*They go in, leaving their caddies outside.*]

GE. Quam stultus tuus est dominus ! bene ludere posse  
Credit, cum nequeat ludere pro nucibus :  
Sed miscere herbas et non innoxia verba  
Raro hominem novi qui potuit melius.

[*They wander off. MICIO and DEMEA reappear.*]

DE. (*wiping his lips*) Sic melius. Mihi certamen  
renovare videtur.

MI. Et mihi. Sed pueri quonam abiere duo ?  
Et portare pares et—

DE. respondere parati.

MI. Arcades ambo. Heus, heus !

GE. (*running up*) Adsumus.

DE. (*to MICIO*) Est tibi honor.

MI. (*to GETA*) Da ferrum ; armatus ferro tutissimus  
ibo.

GE. Dirige nunc ictum : lumina fige pilae.

[MICIO drives off.]

MI. A, nimium in dextram ! Varium et mutabile  
semper

*Accipiter* : dubiumst quo sit itura pila

Illa. [*A shriek of pain is heard behind stage :*  
*enter SYRUS in a fury.*]

SY. Per imperium nostrum, Solisque Orientis  
Terram magnificam, perque meos proavos,  
Quis me sic tundit pilulis ? in nomine Shinto  
Dic mihi.

MI. Put your tongue in its sheath, its enclosure of  
teeth : you blaspheme.

DE. He who fools it must lay it on thick.

It smelt at the hole, it jump'd out on my soul.  
Ah, a wormcast just stopp'd it, no wonder  
I swear.

These greens are too foul, hay up to the jowl,  
and molehills like mountains, and no one to  
care.

MI. He counts himself foremost, the duffer and  
dormouse.

DE. What's that ?

MI. Oh, I said you were dorny, that's all.

[GETA shakes with suppressed laughter.]

DE. You rascal, just wait till I knock off your  
pate.

MI. (*aside*) It's enough to have chipp'd off a bit o'  
the ball. (*He holes his ball.*)

I've halv'd it, all square. Do you think we  
might dare take a couple o' Scotches to wash  
down the putts ?

DE. Now you're talking.

[*They go in, leaving their caddies outside.*]

GE. Your boss is a silly old hoss ; why, he thinks  
he can play and he can't play for nuts.

But a divot to take or commandment to break  
he'd knock Mother Shipton herself to cock'd  
hats.

[*They wander off. MICIO and DEMEA reappear.*]

DE. (*wiping his lips*) That's better. So then shall we  
go round again ?

MI. Oh, with pleasure ; but where are our couple of  
brats ?

To carry vivacious—

DE. To answer audacious—

MI. Our caddies are Arcades, blackguards the pair.  
Boys ! Caddies !

GE. (*running up*) We're here now.

DE. (*to MICIO*) Your honour.

MI. It's clear now my iron I must use to go best  
through the air.

GE. (*pointing*) Your direction. Your eye on the ball.  
Steadi—ly.

[MICIO drives off.]

MI. Oh, confound it, I've slic'd it clean out o' the  
course.

Th' *Hawk's* like pretty Nell, for you never can  
tell.

[*A shriek of pain is heard behind stage. Enter SYRUS  
in a fury.*]

SY. By Tokio and Shinto, by foot and by horse,  
By the souls of my sires, these pillules who fires ?

- MI. Peccavi : tu mihi da veniam :  
Factum improvisost. Sed quis tu? nonne  
Mikadi  
Nuntius es, nostri Nelsonis instar homo?  
SY. Ille ego : quin veni huc, istum quod amicus  
amicum,  
Victorem victor, sic decorare volo. (*Waves a  
laurel wreath.*)  
Sed quid tu ludis?  
MI. Quod turbae 'golfa' profanae  
Nomen habet, nobis nomine 'goffa' placet.  
DE. Nonne hoc novistis? numnamst tam barbara  
tellus?  
SY. Immo non nobis ludere tempus erat,  
Dum minitabatur bellum : discrimine tali  
Cura est pro laribus pro patriaque mori.  
Sed nunc pax venit, nunc ludos discere multos,  
(Hocce tenes?) goffam et cetera, cura mihist.

[*A horn sounds from behind : enter AESCHINUS  
pursued by DROMO.*]

- DR. (*sternly*) Da numerum et nomen.  
AE. Quid feci?  
DR. Sola per horam  
Quinque et triginta milia.  
AE. (*indignantly*) Non potui.  
Sed ne me appelles in ius, aurum accipe densum.  
DR. (*effusively*) Accipio.  
AE. Currum fac tueare, precor.

[*Exit DROMO.*]

- SY. Sed qualis tibi currus?  
AE. Habet duplicem ille cylindrum ;  
Viginti validos viribus aequat equos :  
Nomen 'Mors' dictumst vere ; nam morte  
peremit  
Feles tres, pullos quattuor, octo canes :  
Quin et equos usque ad mortem perterruit acres,  
Et pavefecit anus decrepitosque senes.  
DE. O monstrum ! quid non motoria pectora cogis,  
Cursus sacra fames praecipitisque rotae ?  
SY. Sed quid fers ?  
AE. Libros : libros non ulla legendi  
Nunc finis : libros *Tempora* suppeditant,  
Quot quis cumque cupit gratis : mihi ferre  
laborist,  
Inque suburbanas distribuissse domos.  
SY. (*seeing CTESIPHO approach*)  
Sed quis adest? in veste filix argentea nigrast.  
Quam sese ore ferens pectora quanta movet !  
AE. Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus  
Antipodeum.  
Degeneres omnes arguet ille manus.

- MI. *Peccavi* ! I've shinn'd you, my fault I should say.  
But whom have we here? Nelson's Japanese  
peer?  
SY. No other ; a friend am I come here to-day,  
A victor whose mould is the victor's of old, to  
crown him with laurel. But what's this you  
play?  
MI. It's golf to the bounder, but l-less it's sounder.  
DE. Not know it? How barbarous ! Where were  
you bred?  
SY. For pastime and pleasure we've known little  
leisure while perils unnumber'd about us  
were spread,  
With our blood in demand for our homes and  
our land, but now that we've time we are  
looking to learn  
Your goal and your wicket, your hockey and  
cricket, your football and tennis, and each  
in its turn.

[*A horn sounds from behind. Enter AESCHINUS  
followed by DROMO.*]

- DR. Your number and name.  
AE. Why, how stand I in blame?  
DR. Five-and-thirty an hour was your pace, I avouch  
it.  
AE. That pace you can't make out. A summons  
don't take out, take money instead ; here's  
a thick 'un, just pouch it.  
DR. On quids I'm a doter.  
AE. Then look to the motor.

[*Exit DROMO.*]

- SY. And what sort of build of a car is this same ?  
AE. It has cylinders two, twenty horse-power, and  
few would deny that in 'Mors' it's an  
aposite name.  
Three cats and four chickens, eight dogs, are its  
pickings, and mettlesome horses with terror  
it kills,  
Old ladies' poor wits with hysterical fits and  
doddering greybeards with panic it fills.  
DE. What a monster ! This greed for exceeding the  
speed is a hunger that passes the hunger for  
gold.  
SY. And what's this you carry ?  
AE. Books, books ; by old Harry, the passion for  
reading has got such a hold.  
*The Times* just exudes 'em, its threepence  
includes 'em, the suburbs receive 'em from  
*me* at the door.  
SY. (*seeing CTESIPHO approach*) But who's here emer-  
gent with fern-frond of argent, so bold in his  
bearing, so stout at the core ?  
AE. By his mark he must be an arch Antipodean,  
the light of this dim and degenerate day.



[Enter CTESIPHO, running and passing a football from hand to hand.]

- CT. Traicite, o comites, follem mihi passibus aequis.  
Sic, sic, 'tres partes'! Experientia adest.  
Ast ubi, per Ditem, est 'Octavae quinque'? ubi  
'Tergum'?
- SV. Dic qualis ludus sit tuus iste, precor.
- CT. Omnes per gentes hic ludus *Ruga* vocatur;  
Nam leges illi *Rugbia* constituit.  
Sed quis et unde venis, qui nescis talia!
- MI. Mittit  
Hunc tibi gens nobis associata fide.
- CT. Associata mihi non cordist formula: ludus  
Hic semperque fuit semper eritque meus.  
Ludere sed voltis?
- OMN. Volumus.
- CT. Bene.
- MI. (*giving his clubs to caddie*) Tu, puer, arma  
Haec referes: nobis arbiter aequus eris.
- CT. Omnibus in partes abeundumst. Sic tibi follem  
E medio pepuli: tu cape, deinde nota.  
Hoc clama! o tardus nimium tu! sic data  
turbast!  
Advent in dextram! pellite calce pilam!

[to AESCHINUS at half-back, who gets the ball from the scrum.]

Traice nunc in tres partes, o traice follem,  
'Dimidium tergum!' (*getting the ball*) iam  
mihi meta patet.  
Ut capio, ut curro! (*he fumbles the ball and*  
*SYRUS gets it*)

Ut mi malus abstulit error  
Follem! nunc tecum res mihi tota manet.

(*trying to collar SYRUS*)

Ter sum conatus collo dare brachia circum,  
Ter frustra refugis. Pone pilam! en habeo.

SV. (*throwing him*)

O fuscate puer, nimium ne crede colori.  
En iacet en victus victor et omniniger.

MI. Cambria, non sine dis infans animosa, corona  
Ipsa triumphali te decorare volet.

SV. Arte mea hoc feci; quam si vos discere voltis,  
Letalem amplexum cunctaque vos doceo.

CT. (*getting up*)

Iupiter! ut iuvenes Iuitsu iure iuventur!  
Hac arte instructus non metuam Americos:  
Namque agere et ruere et rapere et prosternere  
possim;  
Frangam crura modis, brachia, colla bonis.

DE. (*panting*)

Defessus sum currendo, follemque sequendo—  
Eminus. [*Enter SOSTRATA.*] At quaenam  
haec femina, nuda caput,  
Nuda pedes?

SO. Nocuumst operire caputque pedesque:  
Mens sana in sano sit capite.

GE. Et pedibus.

[Enter CTESIPHO, running and passing a football from hand to hand.]

- CT. Three-quarters, now pass, you're a player of  
class. Five-eighths, where is *he* now? Come,  
play up I say.  
Where's Back?
- SV. What's your game? Please give it a name.
- CT. Why Rigger of course, for at Rugby it grew.  
In all parts o' the world is its banner unfur'd;  
you live perhaps outside, if it's novel to you.
- MI. You see one o' those we late took as  
associate.
- CT. Association is not my delight;  
For Rugby's my game and I stick to the same.  
But come, will you play?
- ALL. Yes, indeed.
- CT. That's all right.
- MI. (*giving his clubs to caddie*) Take these. At the  
tee you shall stand referee.
- CT. Take sides, I kick off. Catch the ball. Make  
your mark.  
Hurry up! Now the shout! Form scrum.  
Heel her out.

[to AESCHINUS at half-back, who gets the ball from the scrum.]

To Three-quarters, way's clear. Half back,  
will you hark?

I've got it, I fumbled. I hold you, you're  
tumbled. Cry 'Down,' you can't play the  
inviolable shade (*trying to collar SYRUS*).

SV. (*throwing him*). In colour's no trust, so the  
winner has lost: all black in the blackest  
of mud you are laid.

MI. The Cambrian callant, the little and gallant,  
will set on your brow the victorious crown.

SV. By my art, sir, I do it: if *you* would ensue it,  
I'll show you the way to put enemies down.

CT. (*getting up*). Oh Juno, Jiu-jitsu, how hotly it hits  
you: the Yankee shall feel it and falter and  
fall;

I'll harry and worry and break in the scurry his  
leg and his arm and his collar and all.

DE. I'm weary. I'm daft to be following aft—so  
much after—the leather all over the field.  
[*Enter SOSTRATA.*]

But who's this, half suitless, both hatless and  
bootless?

SO. No boot and no hat from diseases will shield  
*Mens sana in sano*—the ending is plain.

GE. Oh, both ends.

So. Vivere naturae nos convenienter oportet :  
Maiorum in mores nempe redire decet.  
(*She treads on a nail*)

Hem, perii ! Aë. Quidnamst ? numnam punctura ? So. Necessest  
Multa pati, si vis vivere simpliciter.  
Simplex vita mihi placuit.

GE. Par illa Simoni,  
Cuius simplicitas vivit in ore virum :  
Simplex ille Simo cuidam fuit obvius imo  
Portanti ad festum crustula.

DE. Nonne taces ?

So. Surgere mane novo, *pontem* non ludere velle,  
Rimarumque casam plenam habitare iuvat.

DE. (*sympathetically*)  
Ista mihi quoque vita placebat rustica quondam.

So. (*engagingly*) Non nolo rursus nubere : sum vidua,  
Sum sola.

DE. (*alarmed*) At non est tibi bissextilis hic annus.  
(*firmly*) Non est. Uni homini tristitia una sat est.

[*Enter CANTHARA.*]

Ecce autem hoc aliud monstrum ! num balnea,  
quaeso,

Liquisti nuper ? cur tegis ipsa caput  
Manteli in tanto ? dic, sodes.

CA. Nuper ab undis  
Absque freto Anglorum semianimis venio :  
Nam per tres menses semper noctemque diem-  
que  
Sustentata cibo, vi bovis et nucibus  
Uvarum, dum saevit hiemps, dum marmora rident,  
In Gallos tendo—nec tamen advenio.

DE. (*shocked*) Scilicet is generi labor est nunc cura que  
talis  
Femineo.

CT. Grator. Macta puella tua  
Virtute, et tibi Fors fortunam det meliorem,  
Ut nando Burgen exsuperare queas.

GE. (*to CANTHARA*) Simplicitasne tibi vitae placet ?

CA. I, tibi narra  
Haec ioca ; certe habeo sat nimiumque salis

[*Singing is heard behind the stage.*]

‘Eia age nunc, cives, bellandi tempus : ad arma !  
Sanguinolento nos ense tyrannus agit.’

[*Enter SANNIO.*]

SA. (*effusively*) Intenti corde, a, laeto sic imus ad  
Anglos,

Haec nostra ut iungat pectora fausta dies.  
Vivat et Edvardus, Praetor quoque Lon-  
diniensis,  
Et Ludi vivant atque Fretense Cavum !

So. So we live in the natural way.  
Eve dress'd, I surmise, so once in *Paradiso*.  
(*She treads on a nail.*) Oh, Jimini !

Aë. What ? Got a puncture, ma'am, eh ?

So. So simply to live many sorrows must give, but  
I mean so to live in defiance of quips.

GE. Just like Simple Simon who met with a pieman,  
the song of our——

DE. Silence your impudent lips.

So. To rise in the dew, all bridge to eschew, and the  
windows kept open by night and by day.

DE. (*sympathetically*) When I liv'd on the land, you  
may well understand, I follow'd the true  
hygienical way.

So. Would you solace with myrtle a woebegone  
turtle ?

DE. Oh, come it's not leap year, and heads that are  
gray

Have a saw will apply—once bitten twice shy.

[*Enter CANTHARA.*]

Here's another strange creature, a tow'l on her  
head.

From the baths thus in flannel ?

CA. No, fresh from the Channel. Three months  
upon grape-nuts and' bovril I fed.

Fair weather and foul I have swum towards the  
goal, and never attain'd it.

DE. These horrible days !  
Oh shame on the nation !

CT. My best gratulation. More fortune, and Burgess  
must look to his bays.

GE. And this lady, too, strives for the simplest of  
lives ?

CA. No jokes, for more salt would be sorrow and  
pain.

[*Singing is heard behind stage.*]

‘To arms now, to arms, sound battle alarms,  
for the sword of the tyrant is drawn to our  
bane.’

[*Enter SANNIO.*]

SA. (*effusively*) L'Entente Cordiale ! I en paix to  
your Albion come with my heart to this land  
of the free.

Vive Edward, bon père, et de Londres le  
Great Chair, et vive le Sport, and the  
Tunnel aussi.

MI. Vos hominum generi quot quantaque dona  
dedistis,

Vina mari sexu, femineoque modos :  
Redditis et scenae ioca vos et seria : Vernast  
Gallina e vobis vestraque Sara dea.

SA. At nos inter nos nunc amplectamur, amici.

[SOSTRATA *advances.*]

A, bene venisti.

SO. Tu quoque, dulce caput.

SY. O si nunc Nelso vitales carperet auras,  
Heroi vestro gaudia quanta forent !

[HEGIO *suddenly appears with one of his captains.*]

HE. Adsum.

SA. O nautarum dux invictissime, salve.

SY. O salve magni nominis umbra.

HE. Quis es ?

MI. Aemulus hic laudisque tuae studiosus amator  
Hostilem classem mersit in ima maris :  
Ipse dedit signum par isti 'Patria nostra  
Postulat ut faciat munera quisque sua :'  
Est socius noster.

HE. (*to SYRUS*) Sociis o digne Britannis,  
Salve : nos inter sit diuturna fides.

SY. Mortuus es numquam : te, non moriture, saluto :  
Vivit adhuc nobis visque vigorque tuus.

HE. (*advancing*) Mirari nolite, mihi quod linquere  
visumst

Elysias sedes ; haec mihi causa viae :  
(*pointing to his companion*)

Hic, cui parebat navis Temeraria Pugnax,  
Me voluit vestram nosse suamque Domum.

O praeclaram illam lucem, cum duximus una  
Agmen in oppositas, acer uterque, rates ;

Primus ego ; hic, parvo mihi proximus intervallo,  
Hostilem proram vinxit utrimque suae.

Nunc agimus grates pro tot tantisque triumphis.  
Anglia, nunc vatis te meminisse decet,

Grandia qui cecinit resonanti carmine verba ;  
'Haec ante hostiles Anglia nostra pedes

Non olim iacuit, numquam summissa iacebit,  
Ni prius intulerit volnus et ipsa sibi.'

Patria sic vigeat, sic vis virtusque noventur,  
Sic semper vobis floreat alma Domus !

MI. Most excellent stores we import from your  
shores, for the female the modes and cham-  
pagne for the male,

Spring chickens and tierces of claret and farces  
and Sara divinest, so welcome and hail.

SA. Then I pray, mes amis, in your arms I may be.

[SOSTRATA *advances.*]

Eh bien, viens-tu, o Benvenisti ?

SO. Cher m'sieu', may you thrive.

SY. Oh, were Nelson alive, what delight in the heart  
of the hero would be.

[HEGIO *suddenly appears with one of his captains.*]

HE. I come.

SA. Unconquerable seaman, hail !

SY. Greatest of names, that never growest pale.

HE. Who art thou ?

MI. One that emulates thy name  
And follows eager in thy path of fame.  
He sank his foeman's warships in the brine  
And gave a signal like to that of thine  
Upon the glorious day of Trafalgar :  
Now our ally he stands in face of war.

HE. (*to SYRUS*) Oh, worthy thou of England's  
friendship, hail :

May this our bond of union never fail.

SY. Thee I salute that art not dead nor diest,  
But still to us thy force and fire suppliest.

HE. (*advancing*) No wonder make that I have  
thought it well

To leave Elysium : why I come I tell (*pointing  
to his companion*) ;

The captain of the *Fighting Téméraire*  
Bade me to this, your home and his, repair.

Glorious the day that saw us jointly go  
With gallant hearts to meet a gallant foe.

I led the way, he follow'd close and tied  
Two captive ships one on his either side.

Now for those hard-fought fights' triumphant  
close

Our grateful hearts the God of battles knows.

The poet's vaunt well may we now recall,  
'This England never did nor never shall

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror  
But when it first did help to wound itself.'

So may our country's power unwaning stand  
And Westminster so flourish in the land.

## OBITUARY OF O.WW.

JULIUS ALINGTON, Esq., aged 68. Admitted 1851 ; High  
Sheriff of Bedfordshire 1883.

CHARLES FRANCIS ARMSTRONG, Esq., aged 23. Admitted  
1896 ; Captain in the Egyptian Coastguard Service.

The Rev. WILLIAM KIRKPATRICK RILAND BEDFORD, aged 78.  
Admitted 1839 ; Q.S. 1840 ; Rector of Sutton Coldfield,  
Warwickshire, 1850-92 ; author of 'The Blazon of Epis-  
copacy,' 'Rowing at Westminster,' and other works.

JAMES ASHTON BOWKER, Esq., aged 37. Admitted 1881 ;  
Civil Engineer.

HENRY EDWARD BULL, Esq., aged 62. Admitted 1856 ; a  
member of the Oxford Univ. Cricket Eleven 1863 ; played  
for the Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's and the Oval 1864.

Captain STANLEY CLAY, aged 36. Admitted 1883 ; of the  
7th Gorkhas ; served in the Manipur Expedition 1891,  
the Lushai Expedition 1896, and in the operations in  
Waziristan 1901-2.

- EDWARD WILLIAM COLT, Esq., aged 58. Admitted 1859; Q.S. 1861; one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools.
- The Rev. EDWARD THOMAS FELLOWS, aged 71. Admitted 1848; formerly Vicar of Felbridge, Surrey.
- The Rev. CONSTANTINE FRERE, aged 87. Admitted 1829; First Class Classical Tripos, a Senior Optime 1843; formerly Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; Rector of Finningham, Suffolk, for 58 years.
- General Sir JULIUS RICHARD GLYN, K.C.B., aged 81. Admitted 1837; Colonel Commandant of the Rifle Brigade; served against the Boers 1848; in the Kaffir War 1852-3; the Crimean War 1854-6, and the Indian Mutiny 1857-9.
- HORACE GEORGE EGERTON GREEN, Esq., aged 67. Admitted 1850; Q.S. 1853; High Sheriff of Essex 1894; Banker.
- WALTER EUSTACE HENSLEY, Esq., aged 52. Admitted 1868; a member of the London Stock Exchange.
- Captain EDMUND ROBERT ST. GEORGE HOLBROOK, aged 38. Admitted 1879; Q.S. 1883; West Yorkshire Regiment; D.A.A.G. Western Command, Bombay Presidency.
- EDUARDO HOLLOCOMBE, Esq., aged 29. Admitted 1891.
- FRANCIS HOLDSWORTH HUNT, Esq., aged 58. Admitted 1861; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; a member of the London Stock Exchange.
- ROBERT HENRY HURST, Esq., aged 87. Admitted 1831; twenty-fifth Wrangler 1840; of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law; M.P. Horsham 1865-8, 1869-74, and in 1875; Recorder of Hastings and Rye; for many years Chairman of the West Sussex Quarter Sessions.
- WILLIAM HENRY LIPSCOMB, Esq., aged 69. Admitted 1844; Q.S. 1851.
- CHARLES CARLETON MASSEY, Esq., aged 66. Admitted 1853; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.
- THOMAS MORTON, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S., aged 68. Admitted 1848.
- JOHN ERSKINE NICOL, Esq., aged 27. Admitted 1891; Artist.
- Lieut.-General CHARLES WILSON RANDOLPH, aged 81. Admitted 1837; Q.S. 1838; formerly of the Grenadier Guards.
- JAMES CHARLES FRAMPTON WARRINGTON ROGERS, Esq., aged 64. Admitted 1852; Solicitor.
- WILLIAM RICHARD SMITH ROSE, Esq., aged 91. Admitted 1828.
- The Rev. HENRY LEWIS THOMPSON, aged 64. Admitted 1851; Q.S. 1854; First Classics (Mods.) 1860; Second Classics 1862; sometime Tutor and Censor of Ch. Ch., Oxon; Warden of St. Peter's College, Radley, 1888-96; Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford; a Governor of the School.
- The Rev. WILLIAM HONEY TURLE, aged 75. Admitted 1845; formerly Vicar of Horsell, Surrey.
- CHARLES MARSH VIALLS, Esq., aged 86. Admitted 1833; stroke of the Cambridge Univ. Eight 1840 and 1841; President of the C.U.B.C. 1840.
- The Rev. HENRY DASHWOOD SEALY VIDAL, aged 50. Admitted 1868; Q.S. 1869; Rector of Carcoar, N.S.W.
- WILLIAM WINTER, Esq., aged 62. Admitted 1857; Solicitor.

## THE 'ADELPHI,' 1905.

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*To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'*

SIR,—That the 'Adelphi' is a Play more fitted for the study than the stage will hardly be disputed. Modern taste would say the same of all Terence's works; but a Westminster audience, which O.W.W. rejoice to think in no way represents modern taste, will, we imagine, not scruple at least to admit that the 'Adelphi'—curtailed as it necessarily is at Westminster—affords fewer opportunities to the actors than either the 'Andria' or the 'Phormio.' I insert the parenthesis because one really dramatic scene—that in which Sannio makes his first appearance with the Psaltria—is altogether cut in the acting edition. I do not, however, mean to convey the impression that the 'Adelphi' is a dull Play. In many ways it is the most interesting of all Terence's Plays. There is no need here to enlarge upon the different views of education offered in the characters of Micio and Demea, or of the result which Terence means us to draw from the Play. Everyone who reads this letter will be thankful to be spared a repetition of such a trite discourse. But one thing I should like to say with regard to the conclusion to which the action of the Play is intended to lead us. The impression suggested by the actors this year is that the surly Puritan Demea is absolutely converted to the opinions of his easy-going, worldly-wise brother. But, with all respect for the traditional interpretation at Westminster, might I suggest that this is not the result indicated by Terence's words? Terence means to show that both Micio and Demea are wrong; both err from excess, Demea from excess of watchfulness, Micio from excess of laxness. 'Ne quid nimis' is the best plan in education as in everything else. That this is the end Terence really has in view will, I think, be quite clear to anyone who reads the last act carefully. Demea's true character does not appear till the last few lines, except in the proverbial 'suo sibi gladio hunc iugulo.'

But, Sir, I am digressing; I apologise, and pass on. It may be thought that a treatise on the relative value of different methods of education holds out a most unpromising prospect for a Play. Whether this be true or not, it is a pleasure to be able to say with perfect sincerity that the cast this year succeeded in providing a most enjoyable entertainment. Naturally some parts require more skill than others, though we were shown this year what can be made even of the smallest part. With the chief parts well done, and the smaller parts adequately filled, and, above all, with the traditional by-play and gestures, any Play is bound to be a success. The cast of 1905 fulfilled all these conditions, and added the usual clearness of enunciation and an almost perfect knowledge of their parts.

The long soliloquy with which Micio opens the Play fell to the lot of *Mr. R. E. Nott Bower*. A

soliloquy is never easy, and if at times Mr. Nott Bower seemed to be at a loss for the right motion or gesture, the difficulty of the circumstances must be remembered. Throughout the Play he showed a proper *bonhomie*, and made an admirable foil to Demea. He suffered in common with other actors from a tendency to over-emphasis. A joke which is obviously not spontaneous loses half its point. In the last act Mr. Nott Bower was at his best where he is bewildered by Demea's apparently unaccountable change of character, and when he is bullied into promising to marry the 'decrepita anus.' His final yielding—'fiat'—was admirably done.

*Mr. A. P. Waterfield* as Demea was very good. His outbursts of indignation in the earlier scenes were given with admirable force, and in the great scenes with Syrus he made the most of his opportunities. As we have said above, his change of attitude was hardly convincing, though the self-gratification in 'iam lepidus vocor,' 'suo sibi gladio hunc iugulo' could not have been done better. The dear old 'defessus sum ambulando' perhaps was not quite adequately treated; and the limp was more suggestive of gout than fatigue.

The success of the Play must to a large extent depend upon the part of Syrus. We are glad to say that *Mr. R. C. G. Du P. Le Blond* gave a highly satisfactory rendering. It is the most exacting part in the Play, and at the same time affords an actor far more opportunity than any other. Nothing could have been better than his despatch of Demea all over the town in search of Ctesipho, with directions aptly compared by one of your critics in the daily press to those of the policeman in the 'Bab Ballads.' Syrus has another great chance in Act III. Sc. 3, where he applies Demea's moral maxims to the culinary art. And above and beyond all else there is the great drunk scene, with the incomparable 'Abit.' To all of these *Mr. Le Blond* did justice, and so in no small measure contributed to the success of the Play. For the rest he thoroughly entered into the humour of the part, and whether dealing with Sannio, or his master, Aeschinus, or with the old men, seemed to enjoy all the tricks and cajolery which he needed to employ for the purpose of the moment.

As Sannio, *Mr. S. C. Edgar* did not seem quite at home. He was never fierce; hence Syrus's 'iam mitis est' lost all its point. We naturally picture him a blackguardly, blustering, bully; *Mr. Edgar* looked the blackguard, but his tones were those of a gentleman. Still, we were not deprived of our laugh at 'Hem!' and that is much to be thankful for.

The young men in a Terentian comedy are never convincing. *Mr. A. S. R. Macklin* as Aeschinus and *Mr. E. R. Mason* as Ctesipho did what they could. But we could not help feeling all the time that the parts would have been better changed round. *Mr. Mason* looked the 'man about town' far more than *Mr. Macklin*. Still Aeschinus is the larger

part, and *Mr. Macklin* was the better actor. He managed the long and trying soliloquy in Act IV. with credit. *Mr. Mason* rather missed his opportunity in 'Peccavi.' That the young men had little individuality was not so much the fault of the actors as of the Play, for Terence's young men are more types than real characters.

The surprise of 1905 was the discovery of a real genius in *Mr. J. Benvenisti*. No one who was present at this Play can doubt that not for many years has such true dramatic power been seen on the Westminster stage. The part of Sostrata is small, but in *Mr. Benvenisti's* hands every word was made to tell; the misery and pathos he put into single words, e.g. 'proferam,' well deserved the genuine and spontaneous applause which was accorded him. We shall look to see *Mr. Benvenisti* in a larger part next year.

The other female part—that of Canthara—was played by *Mr. R. M. Barrington-Ward* with success. In fact the excellence of the female characters was one of the distinguishing features of the Play of 1905.

The somewhat thankless part of Geta fell to *Mr. K. R. H. Jones*. He was rather stiff, but showed that when he got the chance he really could do well. His 'Ruerem, agerem, raperem, &c.,' in Act III. was quite good.

*Mr. G. B. Wilson*, prevented by an examination from taking a larger part, appeared as Hegio. Hegio is traditionally a dignified old gentleman, very much shocked by the stories he hears. *Mr. Wilson* made him so dignified as even to border on dulness; but he was an admirable contrast to the other old men.

The part of Dromo must not be overlooked. It was taken with success by *Mr. P. T. Rawlings*.

So much for the Play, in which the most memorable performances were those of *Mr. Le Blond* as Syrus, and *Mr. Benvenisti* as Sostrata; together with a general level of excellence well up to the average.

The Prologue, from the pen of the Headmaster, dealt in felicitous language with the death of several distinguished Old Westminsters, and then went on to mention the completion of the new buildings and the racquet court. In view of the Nelson Centenary, it then spoke of the part played by Old Westminsters at the battle of Trafalgar. The captain delivered it well each night.

The Epilogue was written by *Mr. F. W. Hubback* (O.W.), and, if the fact that it met with a great reception even on the first night be any criterion of success, was indeed successful. The opening scene was highly dramatic, but perhaps there was a little too much about golf. However, the pun 'Arcades ambo' atoned for a multitude of shortcomings; still more when backed up, as on the third night by the fine line, 'Frangam crura modis, brachia, colla, bonis.' It was a surprise and on the whole a relief to notice the entire absence of politics this year. Except for this, every conceivable topic received notice. The closing lines were eloquently written and eloquently

delivered. It was a pleasure to notice an improvement, with one exception, in the 'make-up' of the actors in the Epilogue. They all rose to the occasion, and played their parts with spirit and vigour, though Mr. Benvenisti was not quite so good as he had been in the Play.

Finally, Sir, if my letter has not already passed all due bounds of length, may I be allowed on behalf of Old Westminsters to express our appreciation of the self-sacrifice and untiring energy shown by those who do not appear on the Play nights, but to whom more than anyone else is really due the success of the performance? It is not easy to realise how much thought, how much work is needed in what often seems the thankless task of training the actors and of making due preparations to ensure the comfort of

the audience. On this occasion their efforts were most successful; not only did the triumph of the actors well repay the trouble spent on their coaching, but the waits were all short, and all the arrangements were perfect. These things, Sir, are appreciated by Old Westminsters.

Believe me, Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
PETRONIUS.

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NOTICE.

Photographs of the cast at 2s. 6d. each may be obtained direct from Messrs. Alfred Ellis & Walery, 51 Baker Street, W., or through the Captain, St. Peter's College, 3 Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

**Moret.**