



The Elizabethan.

Vol. VIII. No. 20. WESTMINSTER PLAY NUMBER, 1896. Price 6d.

THE 'PHORMIO.'

THE 'Phormio' is not perhaps the best of the four plays of the Westminster stage, but it possesses an interest of its own. The introduction of an entirely different type of character in the person of Phormio himself distinguishes it from the 'Andria' and 'Adelphi,' in which plays the slave is by far the most important figure. But Geta in the 'Phormio' divides the honours of the leading rôle, and falls into a second place. Phormio himself is not unlike Pax the Sycophant in the 'Trinummus,' but is much more of an artist in his methods and of a gentleman in his manners. He is, as has been said before in these pages, the Alfred Jingle of antiquity, and has all the cool impudence and *sang-froid* for which that gentleman is famous.

He is never found wanting in the most awkward situations, but always has his lie or his sneer on the tip of his tongue. In spite of the phase of character he discloses at *Quot me censes homines iam deverberasse usque ad necem?* he compels our interest, and we try to assure ourselves that his triumph in the final scene rouses his amusement only, and not his malice. Geta comes next in importance, and has rather a thankless task. A good deal of the burden of the play falls on his shoulders, but he takes no part in the final *dénouement*. His is by far the longest part, but it is also rather dull, and affords the actor but few opportunities for that by-play which forms such a marked feature of the slave's parts in the other three plays. Demipho, the old miser, is a little monotonous, except during the *advocati* scene, which affords him some opportunities of humour, but in the last act he plays quite a

secondary part to Chremes, the hen-pecked husband, against whom the whole of Nausistrata's wrath is directed. The angry wife and the cowering husband form a splendid contrast, and the scene is not without justice regarded by some as among the best to be found in Terence. Of the other parts Antipho is perhaps the most interesting, though he is much on a par with the rest of Terence's young men, while Phaedria is more than usually girlish and hysterical. Dorio is as brutal as he could be, and Sophrona's short part is characteristic and to the point. The lawyers are unintentionally humorous.

The interest in the play is sustained throughout, though we have, of course, the usual rather dull explanatory scene at the beginning. The dialogue is brisk and often humorous, and the rapid transitions from the grave to the gay, with which the play abounds, prevent it from ever palling on the audience. The plot is as follows: Two brothers, Demipho and Chremes, living at Athens, determine to make a voyage. Demipho goes to Cilicia and Chremes to Lemnos where he has secretly married a second wife under the assumed name of Stilpho. This wife has borne him a daughter now grown up. To prevent questions rising he intends to marry her to his nephew Antipho, and to arrange this he goes to Lemnos. The two old men leave their sons, Antipho and Phaedria, in charge of the slave Geta. The play opens with the two old men away, and Geta tells the story of his young masters' doings. He finds he cannot control the two young men. Phaedria has fallen in love with the music girl Pamphila, but having no money, he cannot buy her from Dorio, whose slave she is, and has to be content with escorting her to and from school. Just at this time Antipho is told a tale of a beautiful girl who has just lost her mother and is in great distress. They go and offer her help. She proves to be Phanium, Chremes' daughter by his Lemnian wife. Antipho falls madly in love with her, and hearing she is of a good family wishes to marry her but fears his father's anger. He consults Phormio, a shrewd parasite, who invents a relationship between himself and

Phanium, and by agreement with Antipho claims her in marriage according to Athenian law. Hardly is this settled when Geta announces Demipho's return, and Antipho after vainly endeavouring to assume a heroic attitude runs off and leaves Phaedria and Geta to bear the weight of Demipho's anger. Demipho refuses to listen to argument and the act closes with his determination to seek legal advice, and fight out the matter with Phormio.

Act II. introduces Phormio, who assures Geta that everything will be all right. Demipho then appears with his three lawyers, who, however, only perplex him the more with their contradictory answers. He tries to bully Phormio, but fails ignominiously, and Phormio departs in triumph. Dorio, the slave merchant, then comes on, and in spite of Phaedria's tears announces that he is going to sell Pamphila, as he has received an offer for her. He is at last induced to wait one day, and Geta promises to get thirty minae together by that time.

In Act III. Geta comes on and announces that Phormio will marry Phanium himself on payment of thirty minae. Demipho is furious at this extravagant demand, but Chremes, who has just returned from Lemnos, promises to supply part, and the bargain is struck. Antipho, who has overheard this, is very angry at Geta's supposed treachery, but is reassured by the promise that he shall keep Phanium. Meanwhile, Chremes meets Sophrona, his daughter's nurse, who tells him his wife in Lemnos is dead, and that his daughter is married to Antipho, the very end he had wished to bring about.

Act IV. Chremes is eager to tell the good news to Demipho, but perceives his own wife Nausistrata, of whom he is greatly in awe. He tries to dissuade Demipho not to undo the marriage, but cannot express himself intelligibly owing to Nausistrata's presence. At last Nausistrata departs, and he tells his brother the whole story. Geta overhears and informs Phormio, who displays the greatest delight at getting the upper hand of the old men.

In the first scene of Act V. is a stormy scene between Phormio and the old men. Phormio demands his wife Phanium, but

Demipho refuses to give her up and insists on the repayment of the thirty minae. They try to drag Phormio off to the Law Courts, but he calls out Nausistrata, and in the midst of the struggle she appears. Chremes shrinks terrified into a corner while Phormio tells the story of the secret marriage. Nausistrata is furious and Phormio thoroughly enjoys the discomfiture of Chremes. Demipho, however, effects a kind of reconciliation, and Nausistrata, after casting a remark of withering sarcasm at her husband, invites Phormio, at his own request, to dinner, and all ends happily.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

The house was very full on the first night, especially in the young O.W.W. seats, both 'Varsities having come down. The ladies were also in great force. The play went exceedingly well for a first night, and there were little or no signs of nervousness among the actors. The Epilogue did not take very well, but the more obvious points were much applauded, the British workman being the favourite. The Solicitor-General was present this night.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

The acting went much better than on the preceding Thursday, but the audience were scarcely so appreciative. Indeed, at one time it looked as if the whole play would fall quite flat. O.W.W. turned up in fair numbers, but the house was on the whole rather empty, especially in the seniors' pit.

The lines in the Prologue on the sixty years of the Queen's reign produced a burst of loyal enthusiasm, while the references to the Master of the Rolls, Lord Mansfield, and the rebuilding of Rigauds, were also applauded.

The Epilogue, we were sorry to see, did not go as well as on the first night, and there were one or two hitches. The Dean took the chair, and among those present were the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Walter Phillimore, Q.C., the Master of Trinity, Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., Mr. Justice Collins, Sir Walter Besant, Canon Duckworth, Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Mr. J. L. Shadwell, and Mr. S. B. Bancroft.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

The last night was a great success in every way. The acting was the best of the three, and

the audience at length woke up to the points of the Epilogue. The O.W.W. were present in great numbers, and all the galleries and staircases were crowded. The extra 'business' introduced into the Epilogue by the appearance of Crito at the window, and one or two other points which had been inserted after the first night, were much appreciated. The Rev. H. L. Thompson was in the chair, and the Head Master's party included the Right Hon. E. C. Gully, Mr. Justice Wills, the Provost of Oriel, Canon Eyton, Canon Gore, the Head Masters of Bradfield and Wellington, Professor Michael Foster, Mr. F. A. Bosanquet, Q.C., and Dr. Ogle.

Play Notes.

THE critiques on the Play were for the most part very favourable, though the *Standard* on the first night was rather severe, as was also the *Globe*. The second and third nights, however, appeared more to their taste, especially as they seemed to consider that the improvement in the acting was due entirely to their own suggestions.

The *Daily Graphic* had some very good sketches of the characters, which were taken behind the scenes during the play. The likenesses, in some cases, were remarkable, notably those of Davus and Geta.

The *Graphic* also favoured us with a picture of the 'advocati' scene in which the two principal figures were good, but the others scarcely recognisable. It also reproduced a photograph of the last act, which had been taken by flash light, and a very good result was obtained.

The *Times* was favourable, and most of the morning papers. The *Daily Mail*, on the morning of the 17th, had a description of the play, machinery, &c., which was unusually accurate. The *Daily News* also published a kind of history of the Play, which made amusing reading.

The *Daily Chronicle* looked down on us from a very exalted height, while the *Pall Mall* was languid and patronising.

The *Globe* was exceedingly pleased with the reference to the L.C.C. Scandals and the 'bis dare verba *Globo*' in the Epilogue.

The Epilogue this year was written by C. A. Phillimore, Esq., and F. Y. Eccles, Esq. Though on the first two nights it dragged a little, it was more the fault of the audience than of the piece, and the third night showed what could be made of it, when it was received with uproarious applause.

The Prologue was written by Mr. Sargeant. After dwelling on the cry of 'Vivat Regina' at the

Coronation, raised by the School, it paid a graceful compliment to Old Westminster longevity, and concluded with references to the rebuilding of Rigauds.

Many of our readers will be unaware that a German account of the Play, written in highly complimentary terms, appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and we are told that the *Lancet* (!) also referred to it.

THE 'PHORMIO,' 1896.

PHORMIO	<i>M. L. Gwyer.</i>
DEMIPHO	<i>B. S. Boulter.</i>
CHREMES	<i>J. Aston.</i>
GETA	<i>G. H. Bernays.</i>
DAVUS	<i>W. H. C. Clay.</i>
ANTIPHO	<i>E. Æ. Cotterill.</i>
PHAEDRIA	<i>F. Waterfield.</i>
DORIO	<i>C. Van der Gucht.</i>
NAUSISTRATA	<i>H. R. Flack.</i>
SOPHRONA	<i>F. T. B. Ward.</i>
HEGIO	<i>C. E. L. Johnston.</i>
CRATINUS	<i>W. R. Jacob.</i>
CRITO	<i>A. S. Gaye.</i>

PROLOGUS IN PHORMIONEM.

Vobis quod dicam, prae pietate prae fide
 huc Regium congressis in Collegium,
 scholaris ipse Regius, qua vos ego
 laetari, si quem et alium, praecipue scio,
 5 haec anni praebet optimi felicitas.
 Vivat Regina! Nostras ea regno recens¹
 avito in templo, sella in regali sedens,
 audivit Ipsa voces: certe exaudiet
 easdem nunc eadem resonantes fide.
 10 'Vivat Regina' quotiens hic clamantibus
 acclamavere parietes nostrae domus!
 Qui clamavere, tanto annorum ex ordine,
 quot cari ex illis conticuerunt! quot sui
 luxere ademptos iuvenes, seniores, senes!
 15 sed universi populi pollentes preces
 hoc evicere nobis, ut sexagiens

Gathered within our Royal School you prove
 Once more your Piety and loyal love.
 Surely Queen's Scholars lack not words to-day!
 The year itself dictates—and we but say.
 The year's felicity a theme can give
 Of joy wherein we claim prerogative.
 Long live the Queen! we cried, and still we cry.
 We hail'd her earliest hour of majesty
 When she besought the benison divine,
 Throned in the Temple of her ancient line.
 Ah! could these walls but speak they would
 proclaim
 How oft that cry has echoed still the same.
 Could they not tell of many, young and old,
 (Dear hearts to us) whom death and silence hold,
 Whose cry was heard? Omnipotence has will'd
 Theirs and a nation's prayer alike fulfilled.

¹ At the Coronation the shout of 'Vivat Regina' in the Abbey was raised by the School.

liceat Reginam, feriis sollemnibus,
pietate iusta vero amore prosequi.

Nec noster minimus inter gaudentes honos :
20 nam Iusticiariorum gratulantium
et Concili Baronum natu maximos
quos video? nempe nostros: adeo praevalent
abhinc tot iam annos, sexiens illi undecim,²
huic octoginta,³ vivax in nostris agris,
25 hoc rure in urbe, adhibitus nervorum vigor.
Superstites laudamus: laudes autumo
meritos, hic annus quos ex oculis abstulit:
non flere nos nequimus, quem (qualem virum!)
crudae senectae et inter opera strenuam,⁴
30 ne annos haberet centum (pro spes futtilis!)
vicensumus praeripuit mensis invidens.

Ne nulla et nos probemus gratum animum nota,
quam molem hic laterum rubicundorum, quos
novos
muros, quam aequatam caelo cerno machinam?
35 Ecce opus artificis,⁵ nuper quem ascripsit suis
vir, quem, puellum nostris fotum umbraculis,⁶
creas, Apelles, Academiae Praesidem.
Anno felici denuo exstructam domum
saluta, quisquis audis hic Rigaudius;
40 sperans saluta, quisquis audis Grantius;
assentiens salutet uno animo Schola.
Phoenicis illa more exurgit: cernitis
signum prae se ferentis flammam in pectore:
phoenicis more volvens vincat saeculum
45 quintum, nepotes seros alis protegens.
Spectatis matre pulchriorem filiam,
47 beatius colligite futuram genus.

Hence as the year once more brings round the play
Duty commands—and does not love obey?
As loyally we cry ‘Long live the Queen,’
Our first acclaim, with sixty years between.
But who are we? the crowd? have no such fear;
We name the oldest judge, the oldest peer.
Such strength our *Rus in urbe* could bestow
Threescore and three and fourscore years ago.
These live, we praise them. Let us not forget
Those who have earn’d our tribute of regret.
One we have lost, and needs must now lament,
Who challeng’d age and kept his force unspent,
Till twenty envious months took up the strife
And scarce foreclosed his century of life.
Hear last our record of this joyful year.
Saw you not yonder rising walls appear,
Their scaffolding against the sky outlin’d?
Saw you the bashful bricks that blush behind?
Rigaud’s and hopeful Grant’s salute to-day
The master-builder—and the new R.A.
Whom, though we may not claim him one of us
We all salute with praise unanimous.
For when Apelles honour would confer,
He sends that honour through a Westminster.
Rise as the phoenix rises from her nest,
Rigaud’s! the phoenix flame is on thy breast,
And if the phoenix lives five hundred years
Shelt’ring beneath her wing the child she rears,
Live thou the like! surpass thy parent stones,
And lend thy added glory to thy sons.

² Lord Esher, M.R., now the oldest judge, was at the School *regnante Gul. IV.*

³ Lord Mansfield, now the oldest Peer of Parliament, was at the school *regnante Geo. III.*

⁴ The Rev. Carr John Glyn died in October the oldest incumbent in the Church. He was at the School 1810–1818.

⁵ T. G. Jackson, Esq., R.A., is the architect of Rigaud’s.

⁶ Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

EPILOGUS IN PHORMIONEM, 1896.

PERSONÆ.

DAVUS	<i>Butler to Chremes</i>	W. H. C. CLAY.	
GETA	<i>A motor-cabman—late strike leader</i>	G. H. BERNAYS.	
ANTIPHO	<i>An adventurer</i>	E. AE. COTTERILL.	
PHAEDRIA	<i>A modern architect</i>	F. WATERFIELD.	
DEMIPHO	<i>An Afrikander.</i>	B. S. BOULTER.	
HEGIO (<i>i.e.</i> He-shô)	} <i>Chinese Mandarins</i>	{ C. L. JOHNSTON.	
CRATINUS (<i>i.e.</i> K'ra-tîn-us)			W. R. L. JACOB.
CRITO (<i>i.e.</i> K'ri-tô)			A. S. GAYE.
PHORMIO	<i>A variety agent—manager of the meeting</i>	M. L. GWYER.	
DORIO	<i>A British workman at work in Little Dean's Yard</i>	C. VAN DER GUCHT.	
CHREMES	<i>A ruined farmer—now a politician</i>	J. ASTON.	
SOPHRONA	<i>M.D. Cant.</i>	F. T. BARRINGTON WARD.	
NAUSISTRATA	<i>An Inspectress, interested in social questions</i>	H. R. FLACK.	

Zealous partisans drawn from all classes.

Scene.—A STREET NEAR WESTMINSTER.

[*At the sound of a loud horn and a buzzing DAVUS comes out of CHREMES' house.*]

DA. Quid tuba terribili tonitru tarantara dixit?
(*holding his nose*) Petrolei aut naphthae quam
malus instat odor!
(*peeping over back*) Monstrum horrendum, informe,
ingens; non fumus adeptus.
Motor currus hic est.

[*Enter DEMIPHO followed by GETA with trunk.*]

DE. Teutonica ex fabrica!
Est vere motor; iactatio nulla marina
Sic movit stomachum. (*Offering GETA a
shilling*) Heus tu! cape.

GE. Non capio:
Sex nummos! nil das pro Saturnalibus extra?

DE. Nil. Onus, huc, sodes, deice.

GE. Deiciam?
Laetus ego atque libens.

DE. Carcer!

DA. Procumbit humi bos!

DE. (*sadly*) Olim truncus erat.

GE. Teutonica ex fabrica!

[*Exit GETA saucily; enter CHREMES.*]

CHR. (*to DAVUS*) Collige fragmenta haec. O
Demipho!

DA. Demipho? numquam!
O mi Paule!

DE. Tace.

CHR. Quam mihi serus ades!

[*At the sound of a loud horn and a buzzing DAVUS comes out of CHREMES' house.*]

DA. Why thunders forth the trumpet's horrid blare?
(*holding his nose*) Petroleum or naphtha fills
the air.
(*peeping over back*) I see a hideous thing, un-
shapely, vast;
It smokes just like the engines of the past.
It must be one of these new motor-cars.

[*Enter DEMIPHO followed by GETA with trunk.*]

DE. It is, and 'made in Germany': such jars
I never felt upon the roughest seas.
(*Offering GETA a shilling*) Here, cabby.

GE. No, a hextry sixpence, please;
Have you forgot it's Christmas?

DE. Not a 'brown':
Just chuck my luggage down here.

GE. Chuck it down?
Ay, that I will with pleasure.

DE. Are you drunk?

DA. The dumb ox felled to earth!

DE. (*sadly*) 'Twas once a trunk.

GE. Yes, 'made in Germany.'

[*Exit GETA saucily; enter CHREMES.*]

CHR. (*to DAVUS*) Clear up this mess.
What, Demipho!

DA. No, that's Oom Paul, I guess.

DE. Be quiet.

CHR. But you're very late.

DE. Est ita ; non potui maturius : Africa dudum
Dimisit, dudum me ratis exposuit :
Sed via Londinium nectens Chatamoque
Dubrique
Ferrea me pigris est remorata rotis.

CHR. (*suspiciously*) Ista nemo via redit Africa litora
linquens.

DE. Ast in Germanos ire necesse fuit,
Ut grates agerem pro telegraphemate, per quod
Nobis gratatus rex Gulielmus erat.

CHR. (*angrily*) Res agat ille suas.

DA. Audi, audi.

DE. Ah, desine ! sic est
Ingenium.

CHR. Sed cur litora nostra petis ?

DE. Captivos viso conclusos carcere duro :
Ut compensentur damna quoque illa peto.

CHR. Quantum ergo petitis ?

DE. Modo millia mille librarum.

DA. (*aside*) Paulo ut reddatur, vult spoliare Petrum.

DE. Sed quid vos agitis ?

CHR. Mihi nunc respublica curae est :
Ille ego qui quondam totus eram in segete,
Agriculturam (sic transit gloria fundi !)
Deserui tandem ; tam mala tempora erant :
Seriusergo ratis mihi vectigalibus agros
Lex levat Ast hodie hic contio grandis erit.

DE. Quapropter ?

CHR. Ductor partes in tempore diro
Destituit nostras, eligiturque novus :
Id mea nunc curat coniux.

[*Enter NAUSISTRATA on PHORMIO'S arm.*]

DA. (*aside*) Dic angelum, et ipse
Alarum strepitus mox tibi clarus erit.

NAU. Vos salvete omnes.

DE. (*aside*) Primaria femina !

NAU. Ecastor,
(*holding up her skirts*) Quam male polluimur,
dum renovatur iter !

PHO. Tu te ipsam Inspectrix damnas ; ubi plurima
in Urbe est

Turba, pavementum tum renovare iubes.

DE. Num mirum est ?

CHR. I, sume cibum post longa viarum
Taedia, teque lava ; dux tibi Davus erit.

[*DAVUS takes DEMIPHO in to lunch.*]

(*impatiently*) Contio nunc fiat ; tempus breve ;
suntne parati
Sermones ?

NAU. Credo, sunt.

CHR. Quotus ipse loquar ?

DE. I know,
But it was not my fault ; long, long ago
I left the Cape, long since I came to land ;
But that slow line, the London, Chatham,
and —

CHR. (*suspiciously*) Why, no one comes back from
the Cape that way.

DE. I had to go through Berlin, just to say
How very grateful and how pleased I am
At having had that cheering telegram
From Emperor W-II-m.

CHR. (*angrily*) He should mind his 'biz,'

DA. Hear, hear !

DE. Oh, that's a little way of his.

CHR. But what's the object of your journey here ?

DE. To see the men whom prison rules severe
Are killing : compensation must be made
For all the damage done in last year's raid.

CHR. How much is asked ?

DE. A million odd, that's all.

DA. (*aside*) This seems like robbing Peter to pay Paul.

DE. How wags the world with you ?

CHR. To politics

I've turned my thoughts, which once were set
on ricks

Of hay and corn ; but Agriculture had
To be abandoned ; times were very bad.

Too late, alas, to save me from these ills,

Come all your Agricultural Rating Bills.

So fades the glory of the Farm away.

But there's a monster meeting here to-day.

DE. What for ?

CHR. To choose a leader in the place
Of him who left our party face to face
With desperate odds. My wife's at work upon
The details.

[*Enter NAUSISTRATA on PHORMIO'S arm.*]

DA. (*aside*) Talk of angels, and anon
You'll hear the flutter of their wings.

NAU. Good day !

DE. (*aside*) A most superior woman !

NAU. Oh, I say !

(*holding up her skirts*) When roads are up how
muddy one does get !

PHO. You blame yourself, Inspectress ; for you're set
On having up the pavements when the crush
In Town is worst.

DE. O most miraculous slush !

CHR. You must be tired : go, have a wash and brush,
And get some lunch : Davus will show you
where.

[*DAVUS takes DEMIPHO in to lunch.*]

(*impatiently*) Now let's to work ; there's not
much time to spare.

Are all things ready ?

NAU. I believe that's so.

CHR. When shall I speak ?

NAU. Phormio, commisi tibi rem; propone programma,
Sidera tu festis suppeditare potens.

PHO. (*producing a programme*) Nusquam tot laudare simul spectacula possis!

Scindentur costae: rideat ipse catus.
Adsint, si placeat, cinematogrammata, pugnax Kangaro, Mandarinini tres, chorus, x radii.

NAU. (*contemptuously*) Panem et circenses vulgus colat; haud ego... (*doubtfully*) quamquam Mandarinus, modo sit vilior, iste placet.

PHO. Carminis antiqui pretio stat; sed genuinum Est aliquid monstri: nec mora, testis eris.

[*Exit PHORMIO: enter PHAEDRIA scanning the houses.*]

PHAE. Quam turpes struxere domos antiquitus!
NAU. Heus tu,
Dic.

PHAE. Non sum dic, sed Phaedria.

NAU. Non id ago:
Quid facis?

PHAE. Haud procul hinc est area parva Decani—

NAU. (*scathingly*) Tune domos veteres, Vandale, restituis?

Vidi ego Rigaudi surgentia moenia; vidi,
Heu, lateres croceos purpureosque simul.

PHAE. Nam cedant antiqua novis opera: integer aevi Mi quoque sanguis inest.

CHR. Os preme, vane puer,
Ne tua iam peccata revelem pristina.

PHAE. Bismarx
Alter progeniem tradere visne tuam?

CHR. Sum Moderatus homo, non Progressivus, et ipse Curabo ut nequeas bis dare verba 'Globo.'

PHAE. Non haec publica res. [*Enter DORIO.*]

NAU. Operarius ecce Britannus!

PHAE. Ne fumaris; adest femina; nonne vides?

DOR. Sunt qui non fument, est cui fumare necesse est:
Quin hodie fumat femina quaeque. Sed os—
(*takes a large bone from his pocket*)

PHAE. Os? Quale os? non tale animal nunc exstat in orbe.

DOR. Effodi antiquum hoc.

PHAE. Res pretiosa!

DOR. (*touching his forelock*). Libens Propinem cuivis.

NAU. You, Phormio, ought to know.
Let's hear your programme now; to you it falls To furnish brilliant 'stars' for music-halls.

PHO. (*producing a programme*) At no place can you see so many sights:

You'll split your sides in mirth at my delights— Enough to make a cat laugh: you shall choose; Cinematography, or Kangaroos Which box, three Mandarinins, a band, X rays.

NAU. (*contemptuously*) Ah! vulgar folk their vulgar shows may praise:

That's not my line; (*doubtfully*) and yet, perhaps, it pays:

I'll have those Mandarinins, if not too dear.

PHO. They're going for an old song, and I hear They're genuine: wait a moment, you shall see.

[*Exit PHORMIO: enter PHAEDRIA scanning the houses.*]

PHAE. What hideous style!

NAU. A walking dictionary
Of architecture!

PHAE. No, my name's not Dick,
But Phaedria, please.

NAU. I think you're rather thick.
But what's your business?

PHAE. There's a place not far
From here, called Little Dean's Yard.

NAU. (*scathingly*) Oh, you are
The Vandal that would make old buildings new.
I've seen the walls of Rigaud's, and the hue
Of red brick mixed with yellow.

PHAE. Yes, the old
Must yield to new, for I am young and bold.

CHR. Silence, you rogue, lest I reveal the sums
Which you have made by jobbery.

PHAE. Lo, he comes
A second Bismarck to betray his clan.

CHR. I'm no Progressive, but a Moderate man.
I'll take good care the *Globe* knows how you rob.

PHAE. Oh, do shut up! This is a private job.

NAU. Here comes the British Workman.
PHAE. Mustn't smoke

In presence of a lady.

DOR. What a joke!
There's some don't smoke: there's one as must—that's me:
And every woman does it, don't yer see?
See here—this 'oss bone—
(*takes a large bone from his pocket*)

PHAE. Hoss? What sort of hoss?
The animal's extinct.

DOR. But this here, boss,
Is old: I dug it up.

PHAE. It's worth a lot.

DOR. (*touching his forelock*) I'd like to drink your healths in something hot.

NAU. Bibe, suavis homo, bibe ;
(pointing to stand-pipe) praesto est,
 Quo sicca umectes guttura, ductus aquae.
 DOR. Ast aqua Londini venit, vilissima rerum :
 Est mihi cara nimis : parcere oportet aquae,
(Seats himself at back.)

[Enter PHORMIO with HEGIO, CRATINUS, and CRITO.]

PHO. Commendo vobis caelestes hos peregrinos.

DOR. O gemini !
 NAU. Illustres, quaeso, sedete, viri.

[The Mandarin's seat themselves with legs crossed.]

HE. }
 CRA. } Grati nos, mulier,—
 CRI. }
 CRA. } Dic, Hegio.
 HE. } Nata quot annos?

CRI. Nuptane tu?
 CRA. Parti quot tibi iam pueri?
 NAU. Au, sanine homines?
 PHO. De tempestate loquantur

Forte velis?
 CRA. Ningit.
 CRI. Fulgurat.
 HE. Immo pluit.

(Trampling of feet heard behind.)
 NAU. Unde tamen vobis est horripilatio tanta ?

PHO. Dic, Crito.
 CRI. Res magna est : terra tremore tremit.
 Iam—
 HE. Quid iam?
 CRI. Currunt iam cives atque recurrunt.

PHO. *(lifting a finger)* Iam tibi cras, et heri iam tibi—
 numquam hodie.

[Enter GETA, ANTIPHO, SOPHRONA, and others :
 CHREMES takes the chair.]

CHR. Ore favete, precor. Cum vestra frequentia,
 cives,
 Suadeat ignavas praecipitare moras,
 Insolitus quamvis dicendi, prodeoque praeses
 Propositum coetus expliciturus ego.

PHO. Esto brevis ; brevis anima est salis.
 CHR. Adsumus ergo,
 Partibus ut nostris praeficiatur homo
 Aptus.

[Re-enter DAVUS with telegrams.]

PHO. At haec lege nunc.

CHR. *(after reading)* Tua sidera, Phormio, adesse
 Non possunt : piget . . et cetera ; poenitet
 hunc.
 Unus Morleio juveni non sufficit Harcors :
 Hunc improvisae res tenere domi.

NAU. *(pointing to stand-pipe)* Drink, pretty creature,
 drink ; the stand-pipe's there :
 Come, wet your whistle.

DOR. Water's much too rare :
 In London we must buy it nowadays :
 We must be careful of it leastaways.
(Seats himself at back.)

[Enter PHORMIO with HEGIO, CRATINUS, and CRITO.]

PHO. Ladies and gentlemen, let me present
 These three celestials, China's ornament.

DOR. O gemini !
 NAU. Pray take a seat, dear sirs.

[The Mandarin's seat themselves with legs crossed.]

HE. }
 CRA. } We happy.
 CRI. }
 CRA. } Hegio, speak.
 HE. } How many years
 You old ?

CRI. You married ?
 CRA. You got many boys ?
 NAU. They must be mad.
 PHO. Well, if their talk annoys,
 Let them discuss the weather.

CRA. Snowing fast.
 CRI. Light'ning.
 HE. No, raining.
(Trampling of feet heard behind.)

NAU. Why are you aghast ?
 Why stands your hair on end so ?

PHO. Crito, say.
 CRI. Earthquake—a very serious matter, hey ?
 A jam—

HE. What jam ?
 CRI. Men jammed in currents cram,
 Now current, now recurrent.

PHO. *(lifting a finger)* Never jam
 To-day—to-morrow jam, jam yesterday.

[Enter GETA, ANTIPHO, SOPHRONA, and others :
 CHREMES takes the chair.]

CHR. Lend me your ears, friends, Englishmen, I pray.
 Since all are present, to delay were weak.
 All unaccustomed as I am to speak
 In public, yet as chairman I'll proclaim
 The object of our meeting, and its aim.
 PHO. Be brief, for brevity's the soul of wit.
 CHR. We're met, then, to select the man most fit
 To lead our party.

[Re-enter DAVUS with telegrams.]

PHO. Shouldn't you first read
 These telegrams ?

CHR. *(after reading)* Your 'stars,' good Phormio, plead
 Excuses for their non-appearance ; one
 Regrets, one's sorry ; M—rl—y thinks the fun
 Would be to have two H—rc—ts ; he presents
 His compliments, but unforeseen events . . .

[DEMIPHO reappears standing in doorway.]

- SO. Quis partes igitur vult ducere? Photograph-
abor
Roentgenis ex radiis intima corda viri . . .
- ANT. Me me, adsum qui fugi, in me convertito ferrum:
Quid si sic? Quid sic?
- SO. Parce: Chremeta volo.
- PHO. Μὴ κίνει Καμάρινα· ἀκίρητος γὰρ ἀμείρων.
- ANT. (*coming forward*) Ipse ego vos ducam. Me
duce et auspice me,
Pensio reddetur merita bene iusta senectae:
Gentibus abiectis, me duce, vincla cadent.
Diversis hominum noscendis moribus, orbem
Tempora per totum cosmopolita dedi.
Me Gothus adscierat comitem sibi Nansenus
heros,
Cum paene Arctoum comperit ille Polum:
Nec pridem iusto Cubanos ense rebelles
Defendi, et laetos sum populatus agros.
- GE. (*picking Antipho's pocket*) Admiror ni frondem
aliquam fragrantis Havannae,
Quo confirmentur verba tua ista, feras.

ANT. (*taking no notice*) Transvallem invasi: pugnatum
est: vincimur, eheu.

DE. (*indignantly*) Tam pravum exemplum non
puduisse sequi!
Ut vos in gentem scelus admisistis amicam!
Tu quoque, tu dignus carcere.

OMNES. Draper! Abi.

PHO. Imperiale putas Foedus te audire docentem?

ANT. (*with scorn*) Ista silens sperno. Praesidis inde
locum
Ambii in America: placuit mi argentea causa.

DOR. Aes sanum in sano noluit imperio.

ANT. Non vici; at mihi moralis victoria saltem
Sorte data.

PHO. Eiusdem hic spem quoque sortis habe:
Caelum, non sortem mutant qui trans mare
currunt.

(*A Röntgen photograph is displayed.*)

Ossa viri video praetereaque nihil.

DOR. Infortunati nimium, sua si bona norint.

(*For some time past the Mandarins have shown
unmistakable signs of boredom.*)

NAU. Quid fit Mandarinis?

PHO. (*after consultation*) Iste negat sapere
Qui ludatur adhuc ludus.

NAU. Num forte requirit
Euchren?

CRA. Hegio, dic.

HE. Tute, Cratine, prior.

[DEMIPHO reappears standing in doorway.]

SO. Then who will lead our party? I'll appraise
What each man has in him by these new rays.

ANT. Here, here am I, who ran away, shoot me.
Will this do? this?

SO. No, Chremes it must be.

PHO. Move not your Camarina; better far
That it remain unmoved.

ANT. (*coming forward*) I'll be your star,
And lead you all: with me for guiding light,
Old age shall have a pension as its right:
Down-trodden nations shall be free once more.
By much globe-trotting, I have gathered lore
Of men and manners cosmopolitan.
I've travelled with the brave Norwegian,
When he so very nearly found the Pole.
And then in Cuba, too, I've played the rôle,
With rebels ravaging the fertile land.

GE. (*picking Antipho's pocket*) If in your pocket I
insert my hand,
No doubt I'll find you've brought some
fragrant weed,
To back your words up.

ANT. (*taking no notice*) But my greatest deed
Was to invade the Transvaal: there we fought
With fates against us.

DE. (*indignantly*) Well, you really ought
To be ashamed to own it: what a crime
To fight against a friendly race! it's time
You too were locked up.

OMNES. Draper! Yah! get out!

PHO. I think the Imperial Institute's about
The place for you to lecture.

ANT. (*with scorn*) His remarks
Call for no answer. After all these larks
I sought the Presidency of the States:
The Silver Plank was mine.

DOR. Sound money, mates,
Was not his cue, nor yet sound Government.

ANT. A moral victory was all fate sent;
No luck, you see.

PHO. That's all the luck you'll get
On this side: those who cross the seas are met
With change of air, not luck. What have we
here?

(*A Röntgen Photograph is displayed.*)

A veritable bag of bones.

DOR. Oh dear!
A pretty bonus this—to see your bones.

(*For some time past the Mandarins have shown
unmistakable signs of boredom.*)

NAU. What's happening to our friends?

PHO. (*after consultation*) This Chinese owns
He doesn't understand the game we play.

NAU. Perhaps it's euchre that he wants.

CRA. You, say.

HE. No, you first.

PHO. (*again consulting*) Postulat ut reboet torpedo
expulsa per undas
Horrendo strepitu . . . seu dynamita placet.

SO. Consilium hos agitare novum, Tynania bella,
Suspignor.

HE. }
CRA. } Attatatae ! (*The Mandarin's lift*
CRI. } *up their skirts and exeunt running.*)
CRI. (*being kidnapped*) Ferte mihi auxilium :
Non sum Sûn Yat Sên.

GE. (*coming forward*) Ego nunc suffragia vestra
Posco : hominum sum dux imperiique capax.
Quis vestrum ignorat quae nos iniuria ad ictus
Impulerit, quam res sit bene gesta mihi ?

DOR. Thoman expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.

GE. Non ego sum Thomas.

DOR. Prava sed editio.

GE. Victori aurigae rursus committite habenas :
Non deerunt currus ; publica erit statio.

SO. (*bitterly*) Eligite hunc hominem ! est rudis
indoctusque, sed est vir ;
Ast ego, quae supero hunc artibus, inferior ;
Femina quippe ego sum. Tamen est Victoria,
regno
Quae superans omnes, nos regit (atque
regat !)
Anglorum Regina, Indorumque Induperatrix ;
Africae australis sub ditione manet ;—
Atque manebit ;—et Aegyptus Dongolaque felix :
Nobis regina est femina (*applause from the
meeting*). Femina ego.

DOR. Ut nunc sunt mores, quod opus non femina
tentat ?

GE. Sed tibi qui gradus est ? esne beata gradu ?

SO. Immo sum doctor medicinae femina.

GE. Doctrix !

SO. Me duce—

OMNES. Proh pudor !

PHO. Id futile concilium est,
Qua quot sunt voces, tot se dignantur honore :
Quisque sibi partes, dux sibi quisque siet.
Haud secus Europaea palam concordia constat,
Nec quidquam efficitur.

DE. (*wearily*) Sollicitudinibus
Innumerabilibus premitur vir publicus : auri
Nil facit.

PHO. O plus quam Krugeriana fides !

[CRITO *appears at window and throws down a note.*]

Plena per insertam monstrat se luna fenestram :
Quid vult ? ah soleas postulat ille : cape.

PHO. (*again consulting*) They would like, by way of
change,
Torpedo practice ; or if you'd arrange
A dynamite explosion.

SO. I suspect
They're friends of Tynan, and want buildings
wrecked.

HE. }
CRA. } Attatatae ! (*The Mandarin's lift*
CRI. } *up their skirts and exeunt running.*)
CRI. (*being kidnapped*) Help, help ! I kidnapped : I
not Sûn Yat Sên.

GE. (*coming forward*) I ask your votes : a leader born
of men
And fit for rule am I : you'll all have read
The shameful wrongs that brought things to a
head,
And how I worked that strike.

DOR. Chuck Tom Mann out
With pitchforks, and you'll find him still about.

GE. I'm not Tom Mann.

DOR. A bad edition, though.

GE. The cabby won, so let him have his go :
Cabs will be thick as blackberries on the hedge,
And railway stations free from privilege.

SO. (*bitterly*) Yes, choose him, do—a rude, unlettered
man,
But still a man ; while I am under ban
(Though cleverer far) because I have the luck
to be
A woman. Yes, but you forget that she,
Who beats all record reigns, who rules our race
(And long may she yet rule it) by God's grace,
Old England's Queen and India's Empress she ;
South Africa is hers, and still shall be,
And Egypt, too, and Dongola the free—
Our good Queen is a woman (*applause from
the meeting*). So am I.

DOR. As things are now, what will not woman try ?

GE. What's your degree ? Are you a blest B.A. ?

SO. I'm lady doctor.

GE. Doctress, you should say.

SO. If you should choose me leader—

OMNES. Draw it mild !

PHO. It seems to me the meeting's rather wild,
When all the speakers want to lead the van :
Let each man be a party, and each man
That party's leader. We are very like
The European Concert, where they strike
The same note outwardly, yet discord's there.
DE. (*wearily*) Innumerable troubles, carking care
Harass the public man ; and as for gold,
That never comes his way.

PHO. You're very bold
Thus to outkruger Kruger. But look here :

[CRITO *appears at window and throws down a note.*]

The full moon at this window doth appear,
What means it ? Ah, he wants his slippers
sent.

Sed tamen eloquii si vobis tanta voluptas,
Scaena vocat : partes quisque agat ipse suas.
An placet ?

OMNES. Euge, placet.
PHO. Plautique Trinummus, opinor,

Artis primitiae convenienter erunt.
Sumite personas.

NAU. Prius at dimitte patronos,
Phormio.

PHO. (*advancing*) Cantoris munera grata, viri,
Anxius exciperem, si praemia iusta darentur,
Qualia nos vere commeruisse reor :

Ut tamen in nostras virtutes esse benignos,
In culpas caecos, mos vetus iste iubet,

Eventum expecto segura mente, modo illud
Effatus 'Nostra haec Floreat usque Domus !'

Here, catch. But if you're all on spouting
bent,
The stage awaits you ; each can play his part.
Will that do ?

OMNES. Yes.
PHO. The first-fruits of your art

Will fitly Plautus's Trinummus be.
Come, choose your characters.

NAU. But don't you see,
It's time to bid farewell to our kind guests ?

PHO. (*advancing*) In taking up the task that with me-
rests,

Good friends, I should feel nervous, if I thought
That you would give the verdict which you
ought :

But as I know you're always very kind
To virtues, and to faults a little blind,
I wait the issue calmly, and will say

No more than 'Flourish our old School for
aye.'

OBITUARY OF O.WW.

THOMAS EDWARD AMYOT, Esq., F.R.C.S., F.S.A., aged 78.
Admitted 1829.

JOHN LORAIN BALDWIN, Esq., aged 87. Admitted 1822 ;
Vice-President of the Zingari Club.

Sir GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, D.C.L., aged 79. Admitted
1830 ; Civil Service Commissioner 1872-92.

The Rev. Sir JOHN HENRY FLUDYER, Bart., aged 92.
Admitted 1815 ; Rector of Ayston, Rutlandshire.

The Rev. CARR JOHN GLYN, aged 97. Admitted 1810 ;
K.S. 1814 ; Rector of Witchampton, Dorsetshire.

WILLIAM HENRY GOODAIR, Esq., aged 34. Admitted 1876.

The Rev. VERNON THOMAS GREEN, aged 63. Admitted
1846 ; Q.S. 1848. Vicar of Littlemore, Oxfordshire.

HENRY HUGHES, Esq., aged 34. Admitted 1874 ; Q.S.
1877.

HENRY BOYLE LEE, Esq., M.R.C.S., aged 87. Admitted
1822.

JAMES STUART LOCH, Esq., aged 44. Admitted 1865.

Colonel HENRY MAULE, aged 74. Admitted 1833 ; some-
time Assistant Commissary General.

The Rev. ALEXANDER ORR, aged 81. Admitted 1828 ;
formerly Rector of Cheriton, Hampshire.

The Rev. MONTAGU FRANCIS FINCH OSBORN, aged 71.
Admitted 1838 ; Vicar of Embleton, Northumberland, and
Hon. Canon of Newcastle.

JOHN BRANDRAM PEELE, Esq., aged 86. Admitted 1819.

CHARLES MICHAEL PLASKITT, Esq., aged 21. Admitted
1888 ; exhibitor of Christ Church, Oxon.

The Rev. CHARLES JOHN SALE, aged 78. Admitted 1825 ;
Rector of Holt, Worcestershire.

WILLIAM SHARP, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S., F.R.S., F.G.S.,
aged 91. Admitted 1818.

The Rev. THOMAS GREGORY SMART, aged 69. Admitted
1839 ; Q.S. 1841 ; Vicar of St. John's, Lytham, Lanca-
shire.

Rear-Admiral WALTER STEWART, C.B., aged 55. Admitted
1854 ; served in the Black Sea 1854-7, in China 1862-4,
and in the Soudan campaign 1884-5 ; Nautical Assessor
to the House of Lords.

ROBERT VAVASSEUR, Esq., aged 30. Admitted 1876 ; Q.S.
1880.

JAMES WASON, Esq., aged 49. Admitted 1861.

CHARLES WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, Esq., aged 73-
Admitted 1832 ; Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law ; Re-
corder of Oswestry ; M.P. for Montgomeryshire 1862-80.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

'PHORMIO,' 1896.

SIR,—Your critic is happily exempt from the duty of
pronouncing a judgment upon the 'Phormio' as a play.
But without setting up either to excogitate a paradox
or to register a common-place, one could probably
express the general opinion in saying that it is
neither the best nor the worst of the Westminster
cycle. One characteristic distinguishes it from the
other two Terentian comedies. The slave is not
conspicuously protagonist as in the 'Adelphi' and the
'Andria ;' but the chief honours are divided between
him and the Parasite, with a balance in Phormio's
favour. This absence of any signal eminence of one
character above all others in the play was expressed
this year by a corresponding equality of level in the
cast. More brilliant stars, perhaps, have been seen
in former years, but it is long since a cast has
shown such collective excellence. The whole was
homogeneous and well drilled, inviting criticism as
a whole before any detailed estimate of individuals.
Unquestionably the general verdict was 'A good
play,' a verdict emphatically returned by a crowded

and enthusiastic house on the third night, and indicated on the Thursday and Monday by rather ill-supported appreciation from certain quarters of the audience. The improvement in the last night testified once again to the magical influence of applause upon the actors. Nothing more successful could be wished than the spirit, confidence, and force which signalled the last two acts in particular on the last night.

Traditional points were, perhaps, less enthusiastically received than usual; some are there no more. The elimination of *senex* from Nausistrata's *tu senex duas* has removed one of the smartest things from the play. But sometimes the audience found new and unsuspected jests. The burst of laughter which hailed *Iam id exploratum est* in III. ii. anticipated the Epilogue; but was cooled by a monstrous parasitic R in the next line. *Hui percarum est* in II. v., surely one of the funniest things in the piece, passed almost unnoticed.

Clearness of elocution has been so carefully cultivated that it is almost exaggerated to the fault of excessive slowness of delivery, and if a few new gestures were happily introduced, the usual poverty of resource for other means of expression than the mouth and eyes was hardly remedied. But both weaknesses are failings on the right side in a classical performance.

To pass to more detailed criticism of each several player, Phormio comes first—not only on the bill of the cast.

Mr. Gwyer's conception of the part was conditioned, as must always be some way the case, by his stature and habit. The result was admirable—an excellent piece of acting, but very different from the excellent performances of the last two Phormios. When he entered in Act II., it was the very picture of the *homo confidens*: a tall, impudent, unusual figure, with dignity enough to his insolence. Mr. Gwyer almost alone talked fast and naturally without sacrifice of distinctness in elocution: the action of mouth, nose, and eyebrows was most effective. His contempt in II. ii. with Demipho was as easy as his impudence was provoking. His byplay in V. i. had much finesse and cleverness; and the transition to anger in the latter part of the scene (*Irritor and fac periculum*) was neatly effected.

His *Nolo, volo: volo, nolo rursus* was a good example of economy of emphasis; and he gave his *Injeci scrupulum* with a masterly chuckle. His figure preserved a natural dignity when he is hustled by the old men, and he contributed his share to the great success of the fine situation of Nausistrata's appearance in V. ii. He might perhaps have made a longer pause after his *sic dabo*; but the *désinvolture* of *Ego minas triginta per fallaciam ab illis abstuli* was perfect.

In fact it is a pleasure to congratulate the Captain on such a fine performance.

Mr. B. S. Boulter as Demipho opened well, and maintained all through the merits of force and heat

and indignation. Sometimes, perhaps, the indignation became a trifle monotonous; but in difficult passages of soliloquy, like the *Incertum est quid agam* in I. v., he never palled. His lighter passages were happy too—as his *Hoi hui, nimium est* in III. ii.; and the *Vin me credere* etc. in IV. i.; and he was successful in the confident familiarity at the beginning of V. i. The manners of avarice were cleverly given, toward the end of the same scene; and the part as a whole showed care and elaboration.

Mr. E. A. Cotterill's Antipho was pleasing, if not a conspicuous triumph in that thankless part. He was juvenile and natural—suitable merits; a little variety of voice and gesture would have enlivened matters. His posturings (*Quid si sic* etc.) were spirited, and it must be long since a Geta has received such a whack as Mr. Cotterill gave in III. iii.

Mr. G. H. Bernays as Geta made a small revolution in almost abandoning the tradition of asides to the audience—and the O. W. Pit in particular. His asides were addressed mostly to his feet or to space: only once he really took us into his confidence. At the beginning of his long soliloquy in I. ii. he wrongly divided *hanc uxorem voluit ducere*, but otherwise spoke it well, though without much gesture. He and Davus between them greatly exaggerated the quiet formal exchange of civilities at the end of the scene. In I. v. his *vix tandem* is unintelligible if not led up to by gesture, and *places* should be accompanied by a pretence of applause. Nor was his parody of Demipho's Stoic moralities as amusing as Terence meant it to be. But at the end of that scene his injured innocence was most happy, and his parting gesture lively and unusual. In II. ii. he was spirited, and supported Demipho and Phormio well. The soliloquy in III. i. wanted action, but his narrative of his eavesdropping was excellent. The *decem minas* in III. ii. was as good as anything in the play. If I have singled out several points for criticism, it is because the part abounds in points apt to be closely scanned; as a whole it was played with a natural simplicity which more than compensated faults of detail, and must be judged as distinctly successful.

Mr. C. Van der Gucht as Dorio was vigorous and brutal—almost the stage villain. But is it necessary to be so realistic as to say *Verba-r-istaec sunt*—even if you are a slavedealer? However he was amusing, and at least walked with great skill and effect.

Mr. J. Aston as Chremes had caught the senile manner cleverly, and played with a good deal of humour. His recognition scene with Sophrona was creditable to both; they managed so well as almost to get rid of the natural absurdity of such situations. His servility was well given in IV. i., and his terror in the last act, *sepultus sum*, brought the house down.

Mr. F. Waterfield's Phaedria was, frankly, rather weak; he added to the usual faults of a young man an imperfect knowledge of his part, conspicuous because no one else needed the prompter; and he was prompted at rather critical points in the dialogue, e.g. *Ah Sanun es?* in I. iv. He was flat and disheartening

in his scene with Antipho in I. iii. and strenuously feeble in II. v. But he showed an occasional gracefulness which, with these faults mended, would have made a success of the part.

Mr. W. H. C. Clay as Davus was immense, and made a very cheerful thing out of a small part. In his *Oh regem me esse oportuit! regem* might have divided rather more of the emphasis with *me*; but *Iam scio: amare coepit* was capitally done; so was *O Geta, quid te futurum est?* These minor parts well played do much for the success of the whole performance.

Mr. F. T. B. Ward as Sophrona entered looking the ideal washerwoman, and kept up a creditably feminine voice and manner, though her grief in III. iv. was sadly like laughter. It is equal praise to him and Mr. Aston to say that they made a very good scene of it.

Mr. H. R. Flack's Nausistrata was full of spirit in intonation and gesture. There were certain points particularly well made: *tamen talenta bina*, and *vir viro quid praestat!* Best of all the very dignified exit in IV. ii., though the scorn and anger of V. ii. lost nothing in the playing. The part is not difficult, but not often so well acted.

Mr. C. E. L. Johnston as Hegio, Mr. W. R. Le G. Jacob as Cratinus, and Mr. Gaye as Crito made an amusing scene of II. iii. From overdoing the comic part the first night they fell to a rather flat performance on the second; but the third was perfect except for the time-honoured gesture for *Res magna est*

being omitted. Mr. Johnston contrived to betray the wag in his few lines.

The Epilogue by Mr. F. Y. Eccles and Mr. C. A. Phillimore was completely in the more recent style, a Latin *revue*; only a comic song was wanting, where puns and other jests abounded. The acting was hardly as good as the play led one to expect, and the audience quite extraordinarily slow in taking the 'points.' *Currunt iam* indeed produced a small storm of enthusiasm, but a number of obvious allusions fell unnoticed. The game of Euchre, Draper, and Sun-yat-Sen were alike strange to the audience. There were numerous happy couplets, but in general perhaps the Anglo-macaronic element in the Latin was stronger than usual.

Mr. Sargeant furnished a Prologue of forty-seven lines of apt and eloquent Latinity.

In fine, Sir, your critic has the greatest pleasure in recording a most successful performance, and signing himself

Your humble servant,
TRUNKMAKER.

NOTICE.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the cast of the 'Phormio' may be had on application to the Captain, St. Peter's College, Westminster. Price, 4s. unmounted; 4s. 6d. mounted. Copies can also be had at the same price of three scenes in the play—II. ii., II. iv., V. ii. The last appeared in the *Graphic*.

Moreat.