

The Elizabethan.

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THE 'PHORMIO.'

THE 'Phormio,' though it is not by any means the best Play of the four that form the Westminster cycle, in the opinion of most regular playgoers, has always an interest in the eyes of the audience. The introduction of a different type of character, the part of Phormio, distinguishes it in a very marked manner from the 'Adelphi' and the 'Andria,' in which Plays the inevitable old and young men are, with the slaves, the most important characters. In the 'Phormio,' the slave Geta, though an essential and most important character, has to yield to the superior claims of the parasite Phormio, who gives his name to the Play. In the 'Andria' and the 'Adelphi,' the slaves are undoubtedly the main characters of the Play, but in the 'Phormio,' and in some measure in the 'Trinummus,' their proud position is encroached upon

by the parasite Phormio and by the sycophant Pax. Between these two characters an interesting parallel might be drawn. Phormio is of a distinctly higher class than Pax, but the subtle and refined knaveries of the one correspond generally to the broad and palpable humour of the other. They are both well-known types of the genus parasite, and in many cases we meet the humble Pax in attendance on, or an admirer of, the more gentlemanly Phormio. We find them together in the estimable Mr. Jingle and his astute follower, Mr. Job Trotter. Both Pax and Phormio possess an inexhaustible fund of insolence and calm *insouciance*. They are never at a loss what to do when the supreme moment comes, but are always ready with some new lie or scheme to extricate themselves from what might seem a slippery position. In comparison with Phormio, Geta has on the whole a

secondary part, but through him the whole action of the Play is carried on. He is the person who aids and abets Phormio, the *deus ex machina*. He has, however, hardly the usual opportunities granted him for humorous by-play, which is the prominent feature of the slave's part in the other Plays.

Demipho, Nausistrata and Chremes are all important parts. Demipho's is a thankless part, with some redeeming features, such as the humorous scene with the *advocati*; but the general effect is rather monotonous.

Chremes and Nausistrata have a splendid opening in the last scenes of the Play, and the guilty cowering husband is an excellent foil to the wronged and justly incensed virago.

The other characters are not as important as those already discussed, but the two young men, stilted as they are, bear a considerable share in the action of the Play. As usual, they have their love affairs, which land them in all sorts of difficulties, which are satisfactorily ended by the opportune arrival of some outside person, or by some utterly improbable coincidence.

The simplicity of the plot of the 'Phormio' and the sustained interest of the later scenes makes the audience follow the Play with attention till the curtain falls. Interesting and humorous scenes are found early in the Play as soon as Geta's tedious story is told, and these keep the audience alive till the *dénouement* arrives. The Play itself has plenty of refined humour intermingled with touches of broad farce, and the variety of passions represented cannot fail to appeal to all minds. The dialogue is generally brisk and smart and in some parts rises to brilliancy, but it is somewhat wanting in that subtle humour which constant admirers of Terence find so easy to distinguish in the other Plays. The plot of the 'Phormio' is as follows:—

'Two brothers living at Athens determine to make a voyage: Demipho, the elder, goes to Cilicia, and Chremes, the younger, to Lemnos, where he has secretly married a second wife, by

whom he has had a daughter, who is now grown up. In order to prevent inconvenient questions arising, he intends to marry her to his brother's son Antipho, and to arrange this matter he goes to Lemnos. During their absence the two old men leave their respective sons, Antipho and Phaedria, in charge of Geta, an old slave of Demipho. The Play opens at a time when both the old men are away on their voyage, and Geta tells the story of his young master's doings. He wishes to carry out his master Demipho's commands, but finds he cannot control the two headstrong young men. Phaedria promptly falls in love with a music-girl, Pamphila, who is the property of a slave-merchant, Dorio. Phaedria, having no money, cannot buy her freedom, and has to content himself with escorting her to and from school. Just at this time Antipho is told a touching story of a lovely girl who has lost her mother and is in great distress. They go to see her and offer her their help; she proves to be Phanium, the daughter of Chremes by his wife at Lemnos, but the young men are, of course, ignorant of the relationship between them. Antipho, whose conduct has been hitherto irreproachable, falls madly in love with her, and hearing that she is the daughter of an Athenian citizen of good family, is very anxious to marry her, but is afraid of his father's anger. He lays the case before Phormio, a shrewd parasite, who by agreement with Antipho invents a relationship between him and Phanium, and claims that he should marry according to Athenian law. This has scarcely been settled when Geta rushes in with news of Demipho's return. Antipho, after vainly endeavouring to assume a courageous expression, runs away on the sudden approach of Demipho, and leaves Phaedria and Geta to bear the brunt of his anger. He is too angry to listen to argument, and Act I. closes with Demipho determined to take legal advice and fight the matter out with Phormio.

'Act II. introduces us to Phormio, who confidently assures Geta that he will make every-

thing right, and enlarges on the advantages of a parasite's life. Demipho comes on while they are talking with the three lawyers, who all give different opinions and leave him more perplexed and furious than ever. He tries to bully Phormio, but only gets abuse in return. Dorio, the slave-dealer, next appears with Phaedria and Antipho. He has had an offer for Pamphila and says he means to break his promise to keep her for Phaedria. He is at last induced to wait one more day for the money, and Geta raises Antipho's spirits by promising to scrape together thirty minae by that time.

'In Act III., Geta comes on with the news that Phormio has concocted a scheme for getting the money. He will marry Phanium himself on payment of thirty minae. Demipho is furious at this extravagant demand, but Chremes, who has now returned from Lemnos, promises to supply part, and so the bargain is concluded. Antipho, who has overheard all these negotiations, is very angry at what he considers Geta's treachery, until Geta reassures him and promises that he shall keep Phanium. Chremes meanwhile meets with Sophrona, his daughter's nurse, who recognises him under his assumed name of Stilpho. She tells him that his Lemnian wife is dead and his daughter Phanium is married to Antipho, which was the very end he wished to bring about.

'In Act IV., Chremes, eager to tell Demipho the good news, begins to tell his story, but stops just in time on discovering that his other wife Nausistrata is with him. He tries to stop Demipho from undoing the marriage, but cannot give any intelligible reason, owing to Nausistrata's presence. Finally he gets Nausistrata sent home, and then tells his brother the whole story. But Geta overhears them and goes and tells Phormio, who has now the upper hand of the old men and behaves with the greatest insolence.

'In the opening of the last Act there is a stormy scene between Phormio and the two old men, because Phormio demands Phanium for his

wife, and Demipho refuses to give her up and insists that the thirty minae should be refunded. They both try to drag Phormio off to the law courts, but he calls on Nausistrata and tells her the story of the secret marriage. She is first of all wildly indignant, and Phormio triumphs over Chremes. At last a reconciliation is effected between husband and wife by the intervention of Demipho: Phormio, as payment for his services, demands an invitation to dinner, and all ends happily.'

THE FIRST NIGHT.

There were not many people present on Thursday, December 10th, and the Old Westminster seats especially were very empty. Neither of the 'Varsities had come down, and this was the cause of most of the seats being vacant. However, a very large number of ladies quite made up for the shortcomings of O.W.W. Indeed, we do not remember in the course of six years' experience that we ever saw the ladies' seats so well filled. The curtain rose fairly punctually and the Play went very well—far better than is generally the case on the first night. As was to be expected, only the more obvious points of the Epilogue were taken up, but the dresses and gestures afforded an abundant supply of amusement to the audience.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

There was great improvement apparent in the acting on the second night. The Play went even better than it did on the third night, not a single hitch occurring or any points being missed. There were a good many O.W.W. present, but the 'Varsity men had not yet swelled their ranks. The points in the Epilogue, we were sorry to see, were not taken up at all well, considering that it was the second night. The Prologue gained applause by its graceful and happy references to the Dean of Christ Church, who had lately announced his retirement. The Headmaster's party included the Dean, who took the chair, Lord Justice Bowen, Archdeacon Farrar, Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, W. E. M. Tomlinson, Esq., M.P., Mr. Justice Jeune, and the Right Hon. James W. Lowther.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

The acting on the third night was hardly as good as on the second night, but the Play went very well and the points in the Epilogue were much appreciated. The O.W.W. stood about literally in crowds and blocked up all the galleries and passages. They appeared to enjoy the Epilogue much more than the audience on the two preceding nights. The Headmaster's party included the Right Hon. Sir John Gorst, M.P., the Right Hon. W. L. Jackson, M.P., M. Gennadius, the Greek Minister, Mr. Jasper More, M.P., the late Sir Frederick Dickson, Professor Bonney and Henry Waterfield, Esq., C.B.

Play Notes.

THE accounts of the Play given in the Press were very favourable on the whole: there were a few special criticisms on particular parts, which were rather severe.

The illustrated papers, such as the *Pictorial World*, the *Daily Graphic*, and the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, had pictures taken from the Play itself or the audience, but they were in most cases unrecognisable.

The only drawing executed with any approach to accuracy was a sketch of the audience in the *Pictorial World*. There were no sketches in the *Graphic* or the *Illustrated London News* or *Black and White*.

The critique in the *Standard* was the most favourable; but our constant admirer, the *Morning Post*, was almost as flattering.

There was a sensible account in the *Times*, without the usual references to the chimerical danger of a fire in Dormitory.

The two best critiques appeared in the *Saturday Review* and in the *Guardian*; both said that the Play was very good, and the acting even.

The *Daily News* had a very poor account, and the *Speaker* had practically none.

We were sorry to see that *Punch* took no notice of the Play and forbore to make the annual joke about going to sleep because the Play is acted in Dormitory.

There were the usual references to the Senior 'lads' bearing wands in their hands to give the signal with, but one paper magnified them into masters.

The writer of the Epilogue, which was full of points from beginning to end, was J. B. Hodge, Esq. The introduction of a large toy lion which roared, and of a cannon that filled up about half the stage, added immensely to the success of the Epilogue.

The Prologue was written by the Headmaster. Its graceful lines dealt with the retirement of Dr. Liddell from his post as Dean of Christ Church.

During the Christmas holidays a letter appeared in the *Standard*, signed P.A.W., criticising the author for the scansion of the first three syllables of the word 'facultatem' as an anapaest. But another letter appeared the next day above the signature W.A.P., which completely vindicated this use by examples from Terence and Plautus.

PHORMIO, 1891.

PHORMIO	<i>D. Shearme.</i>
DEMIPHO	<i>C. F. Watherston.</i>
ANTIPHO	<i>R. Balfour.</i>
GETA	<i>A. C. Nesbitt.</i>
DORIO	<i>F. B. Sherring.</i>
CHREMES	<i>E. H. Cox.</i>
PHAEDRIA	<i>R. Waterfield.</i>
DAVUS	<i>P. B. Henderson.</i>
SOPHRONA	<i>G. F. Martin.</i>
NAUSISTRATA	<i>W. C. Mayne.</i>
HEGIO	<i>J. H. Alderson.</i>
CRATINUS	<i>P. E. Knapp.</i>
CRITO	<i>C. R. Beaven.</i>

PROLOGUS IN PHORMIONEM, 1891.

Earum, amici, partium sollemnium
 quae iure ad me deveniunt, illud maximam
 ut quae secretis vos senseritis cordibus
 ego ea pro cunctis unus debeam loqui.

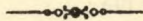
Among the functions which to me befall
 In yearly course, this, friends, is first of all—
 The common thoughts of each in words to dress,
 And with one voice the general mind express.

5 Quod officium ex difficili fit facillimum,
 eo quod unus nos dolor, quot adsumus,
 exercet hodie, et cura est in promptu nimis
 communis ; heu, quem⁽¹⁾ Nestori consuevimus
 componere, annis, consiliis primarius,
 10 nobisque veteri laude coniunctissimus,
 is demum a nostra sorte seiunxit suam.
 Bene vero evenit ille ut adulescentia
 vigente ad nostram accederet rempublicam.
 En, robur animi indutus et triplex suae
 15 virtutis aes, labantem sustinuit Domum,
 reparavit vires, res secundas praeiuit,
 facultatem hanc increscendi nobis reddidit.
 His tantis nos beneficiis utinam perfrui
 licuisset ! Abiit ille, verum haud immemor
 20 necessitudo quanta, quanta societas
 sibi sit nobiscum, nobis cum illa Ecclesia
 cui multos annos tam praeclare praeiuit.
 Academiae inter principes acerrimam
 navabat operam ; incubuit idem litteris ;
 25 testis, quod omnes colimus, illud Lexicon.⁽²⁾
 Quod nuper deposuerit quos amplissimos
 tenuit honores, quis non laudat ac dolet ?
 id egit liberale et toto congruens
 vitae tenore. Nobis concedat Deus
 30 ut vivat, valeat, alios visurus diu
 probe moderantes navem quam prosperrime
 per fluctus forti et ventos direxit manu.

To-day my task, at times so hard, is light,
 For all who hear me are at one to-night ;
 A single grief, which every heart must feel,
 A single care is ours, which none conceal.
 He, whom we used with Nestor to compare,
 A chief in years, a chief in wisdom rare,
 To us united by a glorious past,
 Away from ours has turned his steps at last.
 'Twas well that in the prime of life and health
 He came to join our little commonwealth.
 Strong-hearted, clad in triple mail of worth,
 'Twas his to stay our walls that leant to earth,
 Repair our strength, make fortune ours once more,
 And thus again the power of growth restore.
 This union—would it had for aye remained !—
 He sundered, but in memory still retained ;
 And in his many years of high command,
 While Christchurch flourished 'neath his guiding hand,
 He still bethought him of the love he bore,
 The help he gave us in the days of yore.
 Among his reverend colleagues first was he
 For prosperous work and ardent energy ;
 Obedient too he was to Learning's call—
 For his the Lexicon, well conned by all.
 His resignation of his lofty place
 We mourn indeed, but while we mourn we praise.
 The act was noble, and a worthy close
 To a career which well deserved repose.
 God grant our prayer, that life and strength be his
 Long to behold the bark, whose destinies
 Through wind and wave he firmly guided, still
 By others piloted with equal skill.

¹ Henry George Liddell, Head-master from 1846 to 1855.

² Liddell & Scott's Greek Lexicon : first edition, 1843 ; last edition, 1891.



EPILOGUS IN PHORMIONEM, 1891.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

PHORMIO	<i>A Theosophist and irresponsible Philanthropist</i>	D. SHEARME.
DEMIPHO	<i>An African explorer, just returned</i>	C. F. WATHERSTON.
ANTIPHO	<i>A rusticated Undergraduate, now at Naval Exhibition</i>	R. BALFOUR.
GETA	<i>Demipho's confidential valet</i>	A. C. NESBITT.
DORIO	<i>A ruined publican, turned cab-runner</i>	F. B. SHERRING.
CHREMES	<i>Un mari prodigue</i>	E. H. COX.
PHAEDRIA	<i>A proselyte of the Eastbourne Skeleton Army</i>	R. WATERFIELD.
DAVUS	<i>An omnibus-driver, on strike</i>	P. B. HENDERSON.
SOPHRONA	<i>Maid to Nausistrata</i>	G. F. MARTIN.
NAUSISTRATA	<i>A rich lady, who has left her husband</i>	W. C. MAYNE.
CRATINUS	<i>L.R.C.P., F.R.S.</i>	P. E. KNAPP.
CRITO	<i>Q.C.</i>	C. R. BEAVEN.
HEGIO	<i>M.D., D.Sc.Lond.</i>	J. H. ALDERSON.

[GETA and SOPHRONA are talking at the door of
DEMIPHO'S house.]

GE. Expecto, veniat quam mox erus. (*catching sight
of DEMIPHO*) Estne sed ipsus?
SO. Ridiculum! instat homo Bogius.
GE. Ipsus is est.

[*Enter DEMIPHO, followed by DORIO carrying his
boxes.*]

DE. Arcas huc depone: hunc accipe, Dorio, num-
mum.

DO. (*contemptuously*) Hoc quid sit?

DE. Numquam do minus.

DO. Hoc pretio,

Raptatus bigis, ego tot per strata cucurri?

DE. Ohe, iam satis est: ni cito—

DO. Quid facies?

DE. Mox ego—(*DORIO retires hurriedly; GETA, hear-
ing a noise, comes out.*)

GE. Sed motam praestat componere mentem.

DE. Quid? Geta, tune aderas?

GE. Salve, ere; serus ades.

DE. Factorum Africa testis erit Graphicaeque Diurnae
Charta: meos sensit terra Mashona pedes.

Vidi illic montes auri—septemque leones.

(*Leading on lion.*)

Ecce unum refero.

SO. Jupiter, ut timui!

DE. Non ferus est, ita me servet Grandolphius heros!
Tange, Geta.

SO. Haud tutum est: ut fremit ore truci!

GE. Quomodo cepisti hunc?

DE. Vidi illum ego; me videt ille;

Ille pavens prendi se sinit.

GE. Euge!

DE. Sed hinc

Pastum aufer. (*GETA carries lion off.*) Volito sic
vivu' per ora virorum;

Haec fama est. (*to GETA, who has returned*)

Quid ais? Quid mihi natus agit?

GE. I'm waiting for my master; why—I see—

SO. Rubbish! It is the Bogie Man!

GE. 'Tis he.

DE. Put down the boxes here: and there's a 'brown.'

DO. What's this?

DE. I don't give less.

DO. Across the town
I've brought your boxes. Well, you give a lot!

DE. It's quite enough—if you don't go, I'll—

DO. What?

DE. I'll soon—

GE. Our tempers we should all abate.

DE. O Geta, you here?

GE. 'Morning, sir! You're late.

DE. Africa's witness of my exploits, and

The Daily Graphic's page; Mashonaland

Has felt my feet: gold mountains—lions seven

I've seen, and bring back one with me.

SO. Good Heavens!

DE. So help me Grandolph, he's not fierce—just try.

SO. It is not safe; he roars ferociously.

GE. How did you catch him?

DE. In this way—look here:

I saw him—he saw me, and in his fear

He let himself be caught.

GE. No! Well, I never!

DE. Take him away and feed him. Thus for ever

I live in the world's rumour—this is Fame.

But my son, Geta—what's his little game?

- GE. Nonne dies pulcher ?
 DE. Responde quod rogo, carcer.
 GE. Iam—
 DE. Quid 'iam' ?
 GE. Refugit dicere lingua.
 DE. Quid est ?
 GE. Heu, mater non alma, sed immitissima, Granta,
 Demisit natum.
 DE. Di meliora duint !
 GE. Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis,
 Nec potuit dominis ille satisfacere ;
 Conatus decies, decies est nactus aratrum,
 Rusticus et nunc est.
 DE. (*angrily*) Improbus anser is est.
 GE. Phaedria quid ?
 GE. Postquam miles (Salvaticus) emit
 Psaltriam et Eastburnum visere jussit, abit.
 DE. Quid frater ?
 GE. Saevit ; namque aedibus exiit uxor,
 Questa virum fructus dilapidasse suos,
 Perfugitque ad nos : is, coniugialia iura
 Ut sibi iudicio restituantur, agit.
 DE. Uxoremne Chremes ardet revocare relictus ?
 Lemniam at uxorem perdere non meruit :
 Arcessam quales timeat Nausistrata amicos ;
 Ne mora sit, fessum publica rheda vehet.
 [*Enter DAVUS with collecting-box.*]
 DA. Vix poterit.
 DE. Cur non ?
 DA. Quia iam percussimus omnes ;
 Currunt per nullas publica plaustra vias ;
 Quadrupedante solum sonitu quatit ungula nulla ;
 (*Displays roll of captured omnibus tickets.*)
 Tessera iam nigris cruribus eripitur ;
 Iam silet in platea 'Ch'ring-Crux, Victoria, Ban-
 cus :
 Extra ; non locus est intus.' At aera peto :
 Hem ? minimum donum grate accipietur.
 GE. Abi in rem,
 Dave, malam !
 DE. Quam res publica nostra perit !
 Non hinc publicitus scelus asportarier illud
 In solas terras ! At pedes ire queo.
 [*Exit DEMIPHO ; DORIO sneaks on.*]
 DO. Nunc mihi tempus adest ; nunc nunc ulciscar
 avarum ;
 Arcas effringam ; (*breaking open box*) sic : bene :
 sed quid inest ?
 Ecce ampulla salis, quem frugibus excoquit Eno :
 Ut vidi, ut perii ! nil nisi charta mera est !
 Em tibi facta senis, Graphicae conscripta Diurnae !
 [*GETA comes out and lays his hand roughly on DORIO'S
 shoulder.*]
 GE. Quid facis hic ?
 DO. Ego ? Nil !
 GE. Nil nisi furta paras.
 [*Enter PHORMIO.*]
 PHO. Viso sitne domi Nausistrata.
 GE. Nescio.
- GE. Fine day, sir.
 DE. Answer, fool !
 GE. He's just—
 DE. Just what ?
 GE. My tongue declines to say it—I cannot.
 DE. What is it ?
 GE. Cambridge, grievous to relate, her
 Most hopeful sons sent down, *un-Alma Mater* !
 DE. Good Heavens !
 GE. Too late to Greek did he apply,
 And failed the examiners to satisfy :
 Ten times he tried, ten times he got a plough,
 And lives at home in rustication now.
 DE. Virgil's proverbial goose ! And Phaedria, how
 Is he ?
 GE. He's gone, since a Salvation Mars
 Carried his sweetheart off to Eastbourne jars.
 DE. And how's my brother ?
 GE. Raging ; for his spouse
 Cursed his extravagance, and left the house,
 And fled to us : he to the law resorts,
 And pleads a husband's rights before the courts.
 DE. What ! once deserted, does he still pursue ?
 He ne'er deserved to lose his Number Two !
 I'll call in friends for whom his wife shall quake ;
 And to save time and legs, a 'bus I'll take.
 DA. You'll find it hard.
 DE. Why ?
 DA. 'Cause we're all on strike.
 No 'busses in the streets, look where you like ;
 No clanging hoofs re-echo in the Strand ;
 We seize the ticket from the blackleg's hand.
 Silent the cry, 'Outside, no more room in :
 Ch'ring Cross, Victoria, Bank !' But I want tin.
 Least contribution thankfully received.
 GE. Go and be—
 DE. Who could ever have believed
 England so far gone on the downward way :
 Fellows like this not sent to Botany Bay
 By Government ! But go on foot I may.
 DO. Now's my time, now I'll pay off my old score,
 And smash his box : so. Good ! what's in his store ?
 A bottle. Eno's Fruit Salt ! What a sell !
 O dreadful sight ! Nothing but paper—well !
 Nothing but the old scoundrel's weekly puff
 Of his achievements—*Daily Graphic* stuff !
 GE. What are you doing ?
 DO. I ? Nothing.
 GE. Nothing ? Come,
 You're stealing—
 PHO. Is Nausistrata at home ?
 GE. Can't say, sir.

- PHO. Heus, inquam, heus, exi, Sophrona, sis. Adibo:
So. (*from within*) Venio.
(*comes to door*) Men' quaeris?
PH. Non te, sed eram.
So. Te dixero adesse.
(*Goes in, but meets NAUSISTRATA coming out.*)
NA. Commodius pol sic omnibus esse reor,
Sermonem conferre extra. Mi Phormio, salve!
Quid vis? in medias res, precor.
PHO. (*persuasively*) Euge, places!
Summam in fortunam parvo, Nausistrata, sumptu
'Submersam decimam' tollere mox poteris:
Da mihi, nec parce: sumptus ne quaere tabellas,
Quod signum indubiae credulitatis erit:
Pauperibus placidi fungemur munere divum:
Do. (*plaintively*) Incipe; cauponem commiserare
inopem.
NA. Dorio, tune petis sub forma pauperis? Omnes
Num cepere homines pignora? Nonne bibunt?
Do. Iudicio saevo, quod versu dicere vix est,
Sharpe-versus-Wakefield, res mea fracta perit:
Quo mihi libertas, erepta *licentia* cum sit?
Infandos luctus o miserere meos:
Conficior morbo.
GE. (*aside*) Mutato nomine D.T.
PHO. (*firmly*) Nil do: evenerunt plurima monstra
mihi:
Introit de tecto alienus felis in aedes
Ater: strix cecinit: sal mihi fusus humi:
Tertius et decimus cenavi: contigit ire
Sub scalis; causa est haec tibi iusta.
Do. Logi.
PHO. Talibus insignes ne dem monuere Mahatmae.

[CHREMES, hearing a disturbance, comes out of his house.]
NA. Ei mihi!
PHO. Di! quis adest?
NA. Vir meus.
PHO. At tacitus.

(CHREMES makes signs of violent affection which no one understands.)
καὶ κωφὸν συνήμι καὶ οὐ φωνεῦντος ἀκούω:
Gallum intellexi chironomunta—sed hunc?
CH. Segniter irritant animos demissa per aurem;
Crede mihi experto, signior est oculus.
Eloquar an sileam?
PH. Tu non es prodigus infans.
CH. Dic, coniux, nostri quo tibi pulsus amor?
Te sine vix vivo: te solam audire loquentem,
Cernere te solam iam volo.
NA. Castaneae!
CH. Dum licet, amplectar: numquam fortasse licebit
Amplius.
NA. Haud umquam, si prohibere queo:
Non tibi passer ero, nec mel, nec parva columba:
Femina sum; cupio res agere Ἰβενικῶς.
- PHO. I will go and see. Hullo!
Sophrona! Sophrona!
So. D'you want me?
PHO. No;
Not you, your mistress.
So. I will tell her so.
NA. I think it best for all of us to say
Here what we have to say. Phormio, good day!
What d'you want? To your business, if you please.
PHO. Right!—as you always are: the facts are these—
Nausistrata, you can at trifling cost
Raise the Submerged Tenth up and save the lost.
Give freely; ask for no accounts—a thing
That proves credulity unquestioning.
Blantly we'll pose as saviours of the poor.
Do. Begin: a publican's a case, I'm sure.
NA. Dorio, you claiming beggar's privilege!
Has all the world reformed and ta'en the pledge?
Do. That cruel suit (most cruel too to scan)—
Sharp *v.* Wakefield—made me a ruined man.
What good is liberty when *licence* goes?
O take compassion on my dreadful woes,
I'm dying of illness.
GE. Alias D.T.
PHO. No: omens not a few have frightened me;
A neighbour's black cat through the roof came in;
An owl screeched; I upset the salt; thirteen
We sat at dinner—reasons good enough;
I went by chance under a ladder.
Do. Stuff!
PHO. The great Mahatmas warned me not to give.
NA. Oh!
PHO. Who's—?
NA. My husband.
PHO. Speechless, as I live!
Je comprends le silence, et j'entends les muets.
I've understood French gestures; but this—eh?
CH. Things heard with ears can scarce the mind
impress;
The eye avails, believe me, even less:
Shall I speak or be silent?
PH. Don't suppose
You're l'Enfant Prodigue.
CH. O, my wife, disclose
Why is thy love gone from me? Without thee
I scarcely live; thee only would I see
And hear.
NA. Chestnuts!
CH. I'll kiss thee—peradventure
For the last time.
NA. Not if I can prevent yer!
I'll not be 'duck' and 'sweet' and 'dove'—dull
babbler:
I am a woman—à la Hedda Gabler!

- CH. (*losing patience*) Nil valuit lex, nil vox blanda ;
adhibere necesse est
Vim tibi. Ferte mihi, Dave, Geta, auxilium.
- NA. Quid faciam ? pugnem ? Vincetur femina pug-
nans.
- CH. (*keeping carefully behind them*) Quin rapitis ? res
est femina plena metus.
- GE. Unguibus at sectis immanibus effera magnum
Incutit horrorem.
- CH. Lactis aquaeque viri !
- (DAVUS and GETA seize NAUSISTRATA ; SOPHRONA
rushes to her rescue.)
- GE. Femina me vincit quaedam Magnetica.
- CH. Ratti !
En, ego sum Stilpho, Sophrona ; parce, precor.
- NA. Proh di immortales ! factum indignumque ma-
lumque !
Phormio, te appello.
- PHO. Nil ego solus agam.
- NA. Si Macdermotico mulcabis more Chremetem,
Healius alter erit ; ne fueris timidus.
- DA. 'Adversum stimulum calces' inscitia magna est.
- CH. Ha, frustra palmas, nunc mea, tendis. Ini.
(*pushing her in.*)
- SO. (*rushing up to the door*) Non possum avelli :
simul, a, simul ibimus.
- CH. Exi !
Non tali auxilio nostra eget uxor. (*closes door.*)
- DO. Habet !
- PHO. Victor abit, fortesque emuniit obice postes.
Auxilio cives, Dorio, curre, voca.
(*goes up to door*) Pulsabo.
- GE. (*putting his head out*) Est aditus nullus nisi
rebus agendis.
(*Shuts door quickly in PHORMIO'S face.*)
- PHO. (*pushing*) Ferte, Mahatmae, operam ! Quid ?
lateremne lavo ?
- [*Enter DEMIPHO with CRATINUS, HEGIO, CRITO.*]
- DE. Unus homo, cives, unum suffragium habebit :
Spernere vos Grandis parcite iussa Senis.
- CRA. Ferre diagnosim lunatica, necne, vocamur :
Dic, Crito.
- CRI. Dic, Hegio.
- HE. Perge, Cratine, loqui.
- CRA. Haudquaquam dubito. Sic est : irata refertur
Esse viro : dictum est, 'Ira furor brevis est.'
Surgit quaestio magna, furens quid femina
possit ?
Nil : dixi.
- HE. Sed mos cuique, Cratine, suus ;
Quod si non sana est—semel insanivimus omnes—
Lex ait 'Insani ; res tibi habeto tuas.'
- DE. Dic, Crito.
- CRI. Res magna est : deliberet amplius aula.
- [*CRATINUS, HEGIO, CRITO bow themselves out ; from
the other side enter ANTIPHO, followed by sailors
with gun, and a crowd of citizens.*]
- AN. Num rapta est mulier ? rumpite tigna mihi !
- DE. Quae turba haec ? num fit revolutio Braziliana ?
- CH. Since law and kindness fail alike, we'll try
Force. Geta, you, and Davus, you, stand by !
- NA. What shall I do ? Fight ! Fight must failure bring.
- CH. Seize her ; a woman is a coward thing.
- GE. When she stands furious with nails sharpened, then
She is alarming.
- CH. Milk and water men !
- GE. Some Little Magnet's got me !
- CH. Rats ! not you.
I'm Stilpho, Sophrona ; be careful, do !
- NA. Good Heavens, what vile and scandalous
Phormio ! [behaviour !]
- PHO. Alone I cannot be your saviour.
- NA. Don't be a coward, you shall horsewhip him ;
You play Macdermot, Chremes shall be Tim.
- DA. To kick against the pricks, the whole world knows,
Is vain.
- CH. Yes, you may wring your hands ; there goes !
- SO. I won't be parted from my mistress so ;
Together, still together we will go.
- CH. Get out ; my wife needs no such help as yours.
- DO. She's caught.
- PHO. He goes in triumph ; shuts his doors
Behind him like the robber in his rock.
Dorio, run and call for help—I'll knock.
- GE. Except on business no admittance here.
Mahatmas, help ! What ! All in vain, I fear.
- DE. One man, one vote, good citizens, I say :
Dare not the Grand Old Man to disobey.
- CRA. The point before us is to ascertain
By diagnosis whether she be sane ;
Speak, Crito.
- CRI. Hegio.
- HE. You, Cratinus, must.
- CRA. There is no doubt, whatever, it is just
This : she was angry with her husband : so
'Anger is a brief madness,' as you know :
But a great question rises—what, in fact,
A woman can do when she's really cracked ?
Nothing : that's my opinion.
- HE. But of course
Each has his own, and that is only yours :
If she's insane—we all have once been so—
Law (in effect) says, 'Pack your traps and go !'
Speak, Crito.
- CRI. 'Tis a question of great weight ;
The Court adjourns, sirs, to deliberate.
- AN. Shiver my timbers ! Women dragged off ! How ?
- DE. Brazilian Revolutions ? What's this row ?

- PHO. Hic tuus est natus.
 DE. (*severely*) Fare, age ; cur habitum,
 Insuetus pelagi, navalem imitare ?
 AN. Necessè est Vivere.
- DE. Non agnosco esse necesse !
 AN. (*reproachfully*) Pater !
 Quid facerem ?
- DE. Argentum sumpsisses foenore.
 AN. Pulchre Dixisti !
- DE. Numquam sumere difficile est :
 Iudaeum expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.
 Nil suave es meritus, nactus aratra decem.
 AN. Non minimum meruere decus vestigia Graeca
 Ausi—nonne *placet*?—deserere in studiis.
 Quid facerem? haud procul hinc tunc area
 Chelsica forte
 Velificabatur ; nunc ibi nauta vocor,
 Altera qua surgit Pharos et Victoria mendax,
 Torpedoque salit. Phaedria at, ecce, venit.
 [*Enter PHAEDRIA carrying a smashed trombone.*]
- PHAE. Si pugna est, en me socium superantibus addo ;
 Victrix causa deis nam placet—atque mihi :
 Veni, vidi, vici !
- PHO. (*to audience*) Hominem hunc agnoscere possum ;
 Venit ab Eastburno. (*to PHAEDRIA*) Quae
 spolia ista refers ?
- PHAE. En lituus, qui quondam edebat carmina mira,
 Per quae (sic perhibent) mortua bos vetus est.
 Tutius inferre est Wagneria carmina Gallis,
 Quam si quis rabiem suscitè arte meam ;
 Dementes ! ut nil iuvere in vulnera cantus !
- AN. Sat iam verborum : vi via fiat ! (*to Gunner*) Adi !
 Non fumum ex luce, at sine fumo emittere tela,
 Hae mihi sint artes. Tela parate !
- PHO. Cave !
 Concussu elicies pluviam.
- DE. Non ludere flammis
 Sat tutum est : nam si proximus ardet, ego
 Ipse quoque ardebo ; nec iam bonus Ignevorum
 Princeps ille praeest rebus.
 (*The door of CHREMES' house opens.*)
- PHO. At ecce fores
 Solvuntur.
- DA. Cives, horas non amplius octo
 Nos vigilare sinet lex nova.
- DE. Di melius !
- DA. Ergo panduntur portae.
 (*CHREMES and NAUSISTRATA come out arm in arm.*)
- CH. Placet : uxor, adempto
 Femineo capitis tegmine, victa mihi est.
- NA. Ire igitur licitum est tibi, Phormio. Tale Mahatmae
 Nil istae poterant.
- PH. Femina quam varium est !
 Ast oblivisci atque ignoscere praestat ; apud vos
 Cenabo ! Omne bonum est cui bonus exitus est.
 (*to Audience*) Ergo ne vobis patientia desit, amici,
 Esse laborabo lucidus atque brevis :
 Si placuit vobis haec fabula nostra, iubete
 Hanc florere Domum, terque iterate sonum.
- PHO. It is your son.
 DE. Just tell me, if you please,
 What you, a landsman, mean by clothes like these.
 AN. One must live.
- DE. I don't see the need.
 AN. Papa,
 What could I do ?
- DE. Why, borrow.
 AN. Ha ! ha ! ha !
- DE. For borrowed money one need never lack ;
 Drive out your Jew, and he will still come back :
 But ten times plough'd, no kindness you can claim.
 AN. Truly they did deserve no little fame,
 Who knew a storm would rise and dared to face it,
 Giving 'gainst Greek th' unhesitating *placet*.
 What could I do ? In Chelsea there's a space
 Where was an Exhibition taking place ;
 Thither, a mariner at least in name
 'Mid Victories sham, sham Eddystones I came,
 Where the torpedo from its tube leaps out—
 But here comes Phaedria—what is he about ?
- PHAE. Fighting ? I am the winning side's ally ;
 Heaven loves the conquering cause, and so do I :
 I came, saw, conquered.
- PHO. Ah ! I know that gent.
 He comes from Eastbourne ; what's your instru-
 ment ?
- PHAE. This is the trombone—you have heard the
 story—
 Which played the tune that sent the old cow to
 glory.
 Wagner in Paris better far perform
 Than of my anger rouse the sleeping storm.
 Madmen ! their music did not save their pates !
- AN. Enough of words—to arms ! to arms ! ho, mates !
 Mine smokeless fire, not fire from smoke.
 Prepare !
- PHO. Stop, with the shock you'll make it rain : take care.
 DE. It's so unsafe to play with fire, for
 I shall be burnt if they've a fire next door ;
 Shorn of their chieftain are the firemen too.
- PHO. But the door opens. Someone's coming : who ?
 DA. New laws allow you eight hours' work, no more.
- DE. Impossible !
- DA. Therefore the open door.
- CH. O joy ! her woman's bonnet 'laid aside,'
 Submissive to her lord behold my bride.
- NA. So, Phormio, you may go ; you didn't find
 Help in Mahatmas.
- PHO. Such is womankind !
 But to forget and to forgive is due ;
 All's well that ends well—I will dine with you.
 And lest, good friends, your patience disappear,
 I will endeavour to be brief and clear.
 If you approve the Play—we've done our best—
 Let 'Floreat' thrice your patriotism attest.
- J.

THE 'PHORMIO,' 1891.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The 'Phormio' is always at a disadvantage on the Westminster stage, from the fact that it succeeds the 'Adelphi,' which—*pace* certain of your predecessors who have maintained a contrary opinion—is an infinitely better play. This year it was at still greater disadvantage, because the 'Adelphi' of 1890 was perhaps the best-acted play of the last few years. It is, therefore, much to the credit of this year's caste that they did so well by their material, and made the 'Phormio' so complete a success.

First, a few words of depreciation. The Old Westminster does not go to the Play as a critic. Certain things he requires and must have—above all, that old, familiar, and dearly-loved jokes shall be duly honoured. That being done he is sure to be pleased. He goes to the Play not to criticise, but to enjoy. When, therefore, he is set down some weeks after the event to write a formal critique, he finds himself at a loss. This being my own case, I have said so much by way of apology for a letter which must give general impressions rather than detailed criticism.

Tradition is so strong on the Westminster boards that it is not often that a new conception of a character has to be chronicled; but this apparently was necessary when the 'Phormio' was last presented in 1887. It was then remarked that Phormio had been for the first time made a gentleman, whereas before he had been an impostor of a more robustly audacious type. In the hands of Mr. D. Shearme, whose Micio last year was so cleverly played, Phormio certainly kept up his newly-found gentility. His manners were unexceptionable; indeed, they were bland and charming to a degree. But there lurked a sneer beneath Phormio's polished suavity, quite marked enough to give the key to his real character. This conception of Phormio, originated by Mr. Olivier in 1887, and followed by Mr. Shearme this year, is, I incline to think, the truer and more Terentian. It is to be borne in mind that Phormio does not 'talk big,' like the Sycophant of the 'Trinumus,' about sailing up stream to heaven and seeing Jupiter. It seems better, therefore, to leave the broader and more obvious impersonation to the broader comedy of Plautus.

The success of the 'Phormio,' of course, rests in a great measure on the shoulders of the actor who plays the title-rôle; and to Mr. Shearme's clever and attractive playing much of the success of this year's Play is due. Mr. Shearme has a dry humour, which was as telling in Phormio as it was in Micio last year. The calm assurance and unruffled impudence which he wove very skilfully into his gentlemanlike parasite was admirable. Phormio was always delightful, and carried the audience entirely with him. The assumed surprise of his '*Oh! tunc is eras?*'

could not have been beaten; and many more of his points were quite as happy. I may instance especially the '*Dixi, Demipho,*' and the sneering '*Proinde expiscare.*' But where all was good it is hard to pick and choose; and Mr. Shearme's Phormio had been as well thought out as it was brightly and cleverly played. I hope it may be given to a Westminster audience to see him once again.

Mr. Nesbitt, who gave such dignity last year to the small part of Hegio, shows that he is a versatile actor, by his clever handling of the very different part of Geta this year. In the 'Phormio' alone, of our four plays, the slave has a rival for the first place in the affections of the audience. But Mr. Nesbitt did not allow Geta at all to fall into the background. There are three pieces which a successful Geta must not fail to do well: the parodying of his master in '*O Phaedria! incredibile est,*' the account of the 'black dog and other portents,' and the story of how he hears the secret of Chremes' Lemnian wife through the crack of the door. All these Mr. Nesbitt gave, not merely well, but brilliantly, and the first was particularly good. There was, perhaps, room for more variety in the part than Mr. Nesbitt threw into it. The Terentian slave is of all things versatile. He can be 'all things to all men.' Mr. Nesbitt kept a little too close to one side of Geta's character, and was not at his best where, what the 'Saturdayreviewer' expressed as 'an exaggerated air of frank honesty' was required.

Of the old men's parts, Demipho is a somewhat ungrateful task. His is by no means an attractive personality, and it is not relieved by any burst of pathos like Simo's in the 'Andria.' Demipho's testy sternness is brightened by no such softer touch as that which wins at last our sympathy for the hard and frugal, but warm-hearted Demea. I am not sure if Mr. Watherston had grasped the central point in Demipho's character. Demipho is narrow, stern, and testy; but the keynote of his character is surely that he is a close-fisted skinflint. This appears from more than one passage when money is in question, as also from Geta's '*Si herum insimulabis avaritiae, male audies,*' in which there is a hidden sting. The chief fault of Mr. Watherston's Demipho was one almost inseparable from the part—a tendency to monotony. It was by no means wanting in force, but the sustained emphasis left Mr. Watherston no reserve of strength for the stronger passages. But Mr. Watherston deserves great credit for the spirit with which he grappled with a difficult part, which he played throughout with vigour and feeling.

Chremes has a much better opportunity, and Mr. Cox did not let it slip through his hands. He was made up to look the hen-pecked husband to perfection, and the terror which he displayed in presence of his wife was delightful. One of Mr. Cox's great merits was that he duly emphasised all his points, and made them all tell. Thus such old favourites as '*Conclusam hic habeo uxorem saevam,*' and '*Quid? duasne is uxores?*' fairly brought down the house, and won for Mr. Cox

well-deserved rounds of applause. The part of Chremes is rich in these traditional points, and Mr. Cox did not let one of them miss fire. His '*Inmo vero pulcre discedo et probe et praeter spem*' was admirably given.

The young men of this play are not conceived in Terence's happiest vein; and at the best of times there is a little of the lay figure about the young men of Terentian comedy. In this Play Antipho and Phaedria are hardly individualised at all. Indeed, Demipho's remark about them is truer than it was meant to be: '*Ecce autem similia omnia . . . unum cum nôris omnes nôris*'. Mr. Balfour, who was so good a Mysis in 1889, and who kept up his reputation well with his Aeschinus last year, does well again with the less interesting part of Antipho. He moves gracefully and is always at his ease—for a young man two of the greatest merits. His weak point is the expression of his face, which varies very little. Mr. Balfour is inclined to take his part too easily, and not to be enough concerned with the various emotions which we must suppose to be raging in Antipho's breast. When Antipho is trying to compose his features for the meeting with his father, Mr. Balfour entirely fails to give any idea of the struggle to repress a natural anxiety from betraying itself in his face. Mr. Balfour's countenance is placid and contented from the first, and each appeal to Geta is emphasised merely by a slight change of attitude. But for all that, Mr. Balfour, with a pleasant voice, good delivery, and graceful carriage, makes Antipho more interesting than he would have been in less skilful hands.

The Phaedria of Mr. Waterfield was carefully acted. Mr. Waterfield played it up well to Geta and Antipho, and was not forgetful of that important, but often neglected branch of the actor's art, by-play. But his bearing and gestures were stiff, and when he turned his back to leave the stage one half expected to see revealed an apparatus of strings for working his arms.

The caste was lucky in having so good an actor as Mr. Mayne to fill the small but important part of Nausistrata. The interest of the play reaches its climax in the scenes of the fifth Act, where much depends on Nausistrata. A weak Nausistrata would spoil what is the *pièce de résistance* of the play. But Mr. Mayne was quite equal to the occasion. He entered with a good will into the spirit of his part, and showed a dramatic force which one may hope to see developed another year in a larger part. There was a suppressed malice in Nausistrata's tone, as she addressed the detected Stilpho, that was suggestive of uncomfortable possibilities for that erring husband, and seemed to give good reason for his abject terror. So much of the virago did Nausistrata appear that '*Virum me natam vellem*,' which Mr. Mayne gave with great spirit, seemed almost a superfluous wish. Mr. Mayne scored, and deserved to score, with all his points, especially with the '*Si habet unam, tu vero uxores duas*.'

Mr. Sherring, as the hard and avaricious slave-

dealer, rejoiced in the make-up of a thorough-paced melodramatic villain, and quite lived up to his appearance. He scowled and growled at Phaedria with splendid effect. Dorio suffers in the new acting edition, but Mr. Sherring made the most of his attenuated part. Sophrona, as embodied in Mr. Martin, played up well to Chremes in the last scene of the third Act. I should like to see Mr. Martin in a longer part. His voice, if not so amusing as that of some recent '*nutrices*' at Westminster, was perhaps more natural. Mr. Henderson, as Davus, displayed the highest virtue of which the part admits; that is to say, he was an admirable listener. He entered with a good will into the very long story which Geta has to tell him, and took an intelligent interest in it throughout.

It now only remains to say a few words of the lawyers. Messrs. Alderson, Knapp, and Beaven all acquitted themselves well, and the judicial gravity of Mr. Alderson was very funny. But, for some reason or other, the 'lawyer scene' did not 'take' as it sometimes does. To be made really telling it requires to be burlesqued somewhat. According to the text itself, the lawyers are full of a ponderous deference to each other, and an oracular pedantry in giving their opinions. This needs to be enforced by a great deal of bowing and scraping, and by an exaggerated pomposity of utterance. There is really a great deal of quiet humour in the scene, which is far too good to be thrown away.

It was pleasant to see this year—or was it last?—one of the notices of the Press speaking in warm praise of the careful 'coaching' which was evident in the performance of the Play. It is well for us to bear in mind that there is a force, contributing not a little by its pious care to the success of each year's Play, which, though it does not often share in the plaudits of the Press, is none the less deserving of our warmest gratitude.

The Prologue spoke in very graceful and feeling terms of the debt Westminster owes to Dr. Liddell, and of the regret felt by all that his long connection with the School is now at last brought to an end by his retirement from the Deanery of Christ Church.

The brilliant pen of Mr. J. B. Hodge, which delighted Dormitory in 1888, had provided this year an Epilogue which surpassed his former attempt, and simply sparkled with points from beginning to end. The introduction of Chremes as '*un mari prodigue*' was nothing short of an inspiration. The modern 'take off' of Geta's list of portents was delightful. The whole so bristled with good things that it is hard to pick out any for special comment. '*Rumpite tigna*' is charming. The '*Est aditus nullus nisi rebus agendis*' is one of the neatest things of its kind that I can remember. The allusions to Ibsen were also very happy. The only fault there was to find with the Epilogue was that the points followed so closely on one another's heels that the audience hardly recovered itself from laughing at one in time to take up the next.

Lastly, a few words on a point in the text. Surely,

in Act V., scene 1, Chremes' line, '*Estne ita, ut dixi, liberalis?*' with Demipho's answer, '*Oppido,*' is misplaced. I know that it stood so in the old texts and presumably in the MSS.; but if I remember right, in 1882 it was made to come between the line ending '*prosperere*' and the line beginning '*Quantum potest.*' Phormio's speech then was straight on without the break. This transposition makes the passage read much more smoothly, and avoids the very inconsequent interruption from Chremes of Phormio's remarks to Demipho. And as I have ventured on the question of text, may I put in a plea for one of the most amusing and characteristic passages in Phormio's part, which has been banished from the new acting edition? Surely Phormio's description of a good dinner at a rich patron's house is one of the most delightful things in the play; and it is at any rate an old favourite in Dormitory, where the '*Alere volunt hominem edacem*' has never, we may be sure, these many generations failed to bring down the house, as I can testify it has not failed to do in my own. If the passage could be restored to its old place, Westminster playgoers would, I am sure, be very grateful for the restoration.

And now I have taxed the patience of you and your readers long enough—perhaps too long. With congratulations then to you all, gentlemen of the cast, on a most successful presentation of the 'Phormio' in 1891,

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
I.S.S.

OBITUARY OF O.W.W.

- GILBERT ARTHUR A-BECKETT, Esq., aged 54. Admitted June 6, 1849. Q.S. 1851-55; one of the principal contributors to *Punch*, and author of numerous dramatic pieces.
- The Rev. FRANCIS BALSTON, aged 72. Admitted April 26, 1830. K.S. 1832-37; Incumbent of Bensington, Oxfordshire, 1848-50.
- WILLIAM GEORGE BELL, Esq., aged 30. Admitted March 31, 1875. Solicitor.
- The Right Hon. GEORGE AUGUSTUS CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, aged 69. Admitted May 26, 1834. Of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law; M.P. Taunton, 1859-65; Whitehaven from 1865; Judge Advocate-General, 1875-80; Privy Councillor, 1875; a Trustee of the British Museum.
- The Rev. WILLIAM BLUNDELL BESLY, aged 46. Admitted January 21, 1858. Q.S. 1860-63; Vicar of Peter's Marland, Devon.
- LEWIS ALFRED BUDD, Esq., aged 41. Admitted May 27, 1864.
- Colonel THOMAS HOLLINGWORTH CLARKSON, aged 59. Admitted Jan. 16, 1845. Formerly of the Lancashire Fusiliers.
- REGINALD HENRY COKE, Esq., aged 28. Admitted May 31, 1877. Q.S. 1878-82. Rowed No. 7 in the Cambridge Eight, 1885; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; Senior Resident Magistrate, Jamaica.

- JAMES CHARLES HENRY DE COLQUHOUN, Esq. (the Chevalier de Colquhoun), aged 65. Admitted June 10, 1839.
- Sir PATRICK MAC-CHOMBAICH DE COLQUHOUN, Q.C., aged 76. Admitted May 25, 1826. Scholar, and subsequently Honorary Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Bench-er of the Inner Temple; Amateur Champion of the Thames, 1837; founder of the Colquhoun skulls; Chief Justice of the Ionian Islands, 1861-4.
- EDGAR BROOME COPE, Esq., aged 42. Admitted October 11, 1862. Q.S. 1864-68. Of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; practised in India.
- The Right Hon. EDWIN BALDWIN COURTENAY, 12th Earl of Devon, aged 54. Admitted October 4, 1848. Q.S. 1850-1; M.P. Exeter, 1864-68; East Devon, 1868-70.
- Colonel RICHARD DYOTT, C.B., aged 82. Admitted June 16, 1819. High Sheriff of Staffs., 1856; M.P. Lichfield, 1865-80.
- The Right Hon. FRANCIS WILLIAM HENRY FANE, 12th Earl of Westmorland, C.B., aged 65. Admitted September 18, 1837. Formerly Lieut.-Colonel Coldstream Guards; served in the Punjab campaign, 1846; A.D.C. to Lord Raglan in the Crimean War; a member of the Jockey Club.
- HENRY WILLIAM FORESTER, Esq., aged 71. Admitted January 16, 1832. Of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.
- The Rev. CHARLES JAMES FULLER, aged 65. Admitted April 3, 1839. Q.S. 1840-44; Vicar of St. Mary's, Primrose Hill, London.
- PHILIP STAPLETON HUMBERTSON, Esq., aged 76. Admitted January 18, 1827. M.P. Chester, 1859-65; High Sheriff of Cheshire, 1878.
- The Rev. WILLIAM CORNISH HUNT, aged 55. Admitted October 4, 1848. Rector of Odell, Beds.
- The Rev. EDWARD WINNINGTON-INGRAM, aged 76. Admitted February 1, 1826. K.S. 1829-33; Rector of Stamford-on-Teme, Worcestershire.
- Lieut. BERTRAM ALFRED JAMES, aged 24. Admitted May 27, 1880. Q.S. 1880-83; of the Royal Engineers; killed in action at Thetta, Chin Hills, Burmah, January 2, 1891.
- The Right Hon. GEORGE THOMAS KEPPEL, 6th Earl of Albemarle, aged 92. Admitted March 13, 1808. General in the Army; served at Waterloo; M.P. East Norfolk, 1832-4, and Lymington, 1847-50.
- Sir GEORGE MACLEAY, K.C.M.G., aged 82. Admitted July 8, 1822. Formerly a Member of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales.
- FRANCIS HENRY MITCHELL, Esq., aged 96. K.S. 1809-11.
- EDWARD ASHURST MORRIS, Esq., aged 27. Admitted September 23, 1875. Solicitor.
- LORD MURE, aged 80. Admitted February 28, 1825. M.P. Bute, 1859-65; Solicitor-General for Scotland, 1858-9; Lord Advocate, 1859. Judge of the Court of Session, 1865-89; Commissioner of Justiciary, 1874-89.
- The Rev. ROBERT FREDERICK STRODE PERFECT, aged 56. Admitted September 25, 1847. Vicar of St. Peter's, Malvern Wells, Worcestershire.
- Sir JACOB HENRY PRESTON, Bart., aged 79. Admitted January 18, 1826. High Sheriff of Norfolk, 1847.
- RICHARD MONTAGU PRESTON, Esq., aged 64. Admitted May 26, 1834. Solicitor.
- The Rev. JOHN YOUNG SEAGRAVE, aged 66. Admitted February 1, 1838. Q.S. 1839-43; formerly Rector of Bramham, Yorkshire.
- FREDERICK BORWICK STIKEMAN, Esq., aged 75. Admitted June 16, 1828.
- The Rev. CHARLES EDWARD WALKER, aged 90. Admitted April 12, 1809. Author of several tragedies.
- HENRY WILLIAM WATSON, Esq., aged 36. Admitted February 6, 1871.
- PAUL WILMOT, Esq., aged 80. Admitted May 2, 1821. Of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

Morat.