

'THE PHORMIO OF TERENCE,' 1911.



DORIO
(S. L. Holmes)

CHREMES
(J. M. Troutbeck)

SOPHRONA
(H. C. Rambaut)

PHAEDRIA
(R. E. D. Cargill)

DEMIPHO
(W. J. N. Little)

NAUSISTRATA
(W. B. W. Durrant)

GETA (J. G. Barrington-Ward)

PHORMIO

(R. S. Partridge)

HEGIO

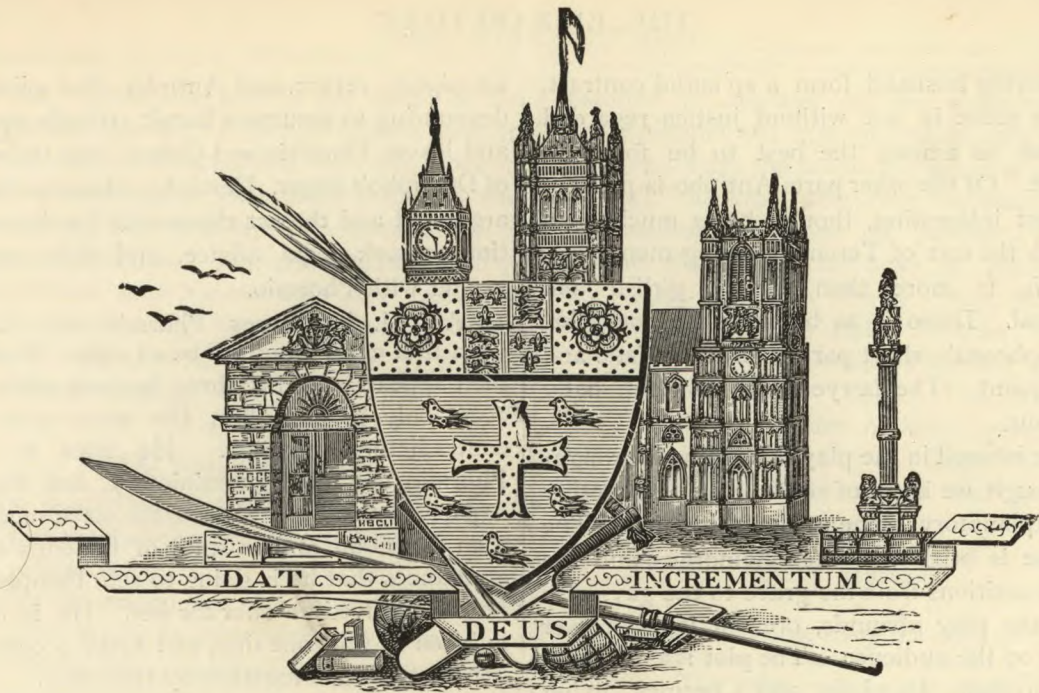
(G. B. F. Rudd)

DAVUS
(G. C. Lowry)

ANTIPHO
(N. E. Barraclough)

CRITO
(W. H. V. Nelson)

CRATINUS
(H. A. G. Phillimore)



The Elizabethan.

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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 arouses 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 master's 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 not very full on the first night, but the audience were very attentive, and more appreciative than usual, and this is probably the reason that the play went so very well. The acting, in view of the poor character of the Dress Rehearsal, was surprisingly good, and was pronounced by many qualified judges one of the best first night performances ever seen on the Westminster Stage. The Epilogue, as usual, was only applauded at the more obvious points.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

On the second night the acting of all the characters was extremely creditable. There were, perhaps, no brilliant impersonations, but on the other hand no part could be said to be insufficiently filled. The Epilogue, too, was acted with more spirit, and several jokes were seen which had passed unnoticed on the first night. A large and distinguished audience included the Dean of Westminster, the Portuguese Minister, Sir Dyce Duckworth, Sir Ernest Northcote, Rev. R. Bruce Dickson, Rev. P. A. Ellis, H. F. Manisty, K.C., G. H. Radcliffe, Rev. H. Salwey, and Victor Williamson, C.M.G.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

The play on the third night fell somewhat below the standard of the second night performance, but this was probably due for the most part to the nervousness of many members of the 'caste' in acting before an audience so large and so keenly critical. A very large number of O.W.W. were present, and many of them were naturally well acquainted with the 'points' of the play and thus were eminently

qualified to applaud on the right occasions. The Epilogue was very well taken, and went off with great *éclat*, the actors putting in a good deal of extra 'business' with very successful results. The audience included Mr. Justice Phillimore (in the chair), the Sub-dean of Westminster, Mr. Justice Lush, Sir Henry Craik, the Greek Minister, His Honour Judge Wheeler, Professor Bonney, Professor Goudy, Professor Maclean (University of Iona, U.S.A.), The Provost of Oriel, the Head Master of Wellington, Sir C. Fortescue-Brickdale, Sir A. Cope, Sir Dyce Duckworth, Sir E. Northcote and Dr. Scott.

Play Notes.

THE Prologue was once more the work of the Head Master and was a very fine piece of graceful Latinity. The references to the death of King Edward and the coming of a new Dean were received with great applause. It was well up to the high standard of recent years.

The Press notices were neither so varied nor so numerous as in former years, and many of them attached an exaggerated importance to the Epilogue. 'The *Play's* the thing,' as they should know by now!

Of the morning papers, the *Morning Post* was happy in its criticism, and quoted interesting lines from previous Prologues and Epilogues. The *Standard* apparently would have preferred us to have acted in a Play written in hexameters or elegiacs, so that some 'practical good' might be gained therefrom! Other critiques appeared in the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, and the *Daily Chronicle*, while photographs appeared in the *Daily Graphic* and the *Daily Sketch*.

Notices in the evening papers were confined to the *Evening Standard*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Westminster Gazette*. The comments of both the latter papers were very good, though somewhat over-complimentary.

Of other periodicals, the *Onlooker*, the *Athenæum* and the *Church Family Newspaper* had favourable notices of the Prologue and the Play.

The Epilogue was the work of the Rev. W. C. Mayne, and was enthusiastically received on the third night. Puns were not so much *en évidence* as in some years, but there were several ingenious parodies. It suffered somewhat from the entire absence of a plot, and perhaps more advantage might have been taken of the many opportunities furnished by the interval of two years.

PHORMIO, 1911.

GETA	J. G. Barrington-Ward.
DAVUS	G. C. Lowry.
PHAEDRIA	R. E. D. Cargill.
ANTIPHO	N. E. Barraclough.
DEMIPHO	W. J. N. Little.
PHORMIO	R. S. Partridge.
HEGIO	G. B. F. Rudd.
CRATINUS	H. A. G. Phillimore.
CRITO	W. H. V. Nelson.
DORIO	S. L. Holmes.
CHREMES	J. M. Troutbeck.
SOPHRONA	H. C. Rambaut.
NAUSISTRATA	W. B. W. Durrant.

PROLOGUS IN PHORMIONEM.

SALVETE, salvete iterum; nam ex quo tempore
Hoc vos amico verbo excepit Prologus,
Biennium est. At quale! Totum saeculum
Magis esse credas, ita refertum casibus
Plerumque acerbis, utique non solitis, fuit.
Quos si memorabo paucis, in partem malam
Nolite rapere tanquam infaustis vocibus
Temerare vellem ludos et festum diem.
Non est ita; sed me cogit pia fidelitas,
Necnon dulcedo quaedam et in lacrimis subest
Amissi laudes cum recordamur viri.
Ac primum, cur grex noster anno proximo
Cessarit, omnes scitis. Rex carissimus
Edwardus, ipse Pacis et Concordiae
Antistes, dubiis unice in rebus sagax
Viam salutis gratiaeque ostendere,
Periit¹ repente, cum praesertim civibus
Dissensione et ira commotis opus
Regali fuit et ingenio et sollertia.
Quis tum non flevit? Quem non pectore intimo
Commune damnum tetigit, communis dolor?
Non publica vero nunc recolam infortunia;
Habemus heu! propiora. Praeses optimus
Decanus, nostrae fautor assiduus scholae,
Cessit² remoto rure quaerens otium,
Quod precor ut ipsi prosit doctisque omnibus
Quicumque ubicumque rebus divinis student.
Plures lugemus leto abreptos, e quibus
Unum silere nolim, dilectum caput,³
Qui postquam aliorum mores hominum viderat,
Ad nos redire tandem maluit, et manu
Rexit paterna quam puer norat domum.

Welcome! and as two years have passed
Since Prologue faced the footlights last,
Welcome again! Two years? To me
They seem more like a century,
So full they were of grave events,
So loud with manifold laments:
Forgive me, then, if I recall
What scarce befits our festival;
I do but voice a loyal grief,
And even our tears may bring relief
If, as we mourn a vanished friend,
Pride and esteem with sorrow blend.

What banned the Play a year ago
I need not tell you—all men know.
Edward, our loved and honoured lord,
Champion of Peace, whose genial word
'Midst doubts and dangers oft had soothed
The threatening tumult, oft-times smoothed
The statesman's path—was snatched away
Just when his art might best allay
The bitterness of civil strife.
Who did not mourn that precious life,
Who did not feel and, feeling, show
The nation's loss, the nation's woe?
But now, alas! I must bemoan
Not public losses, but our own.
The Dean, our loyal friend and chief,
Has sought by Mendip's caverned cliff
A learned leisure and repose.
Long may it profit him, and those
Who, like him, reap where'er they be
Fruits of divine Philosophy.

Many we miss by Death removed,
One above all revered and loved
Who dallied in his younger days
With other men and other ways,
But, wiser grown, returned to rule
The house that sheltered him at school.

¹ King Edward VII. died May 6, 1910.

² The Very Rev. J. A. Robinson, D.D., Dean of Westminster, was transferred to the Deanery of Wells in February, 1911.

³ The Rev. Henry Manning Ingram, M.A., Second Master 1861-1880, and last of the line, died September 20, 1911.

Alter,¹ benigno vultu, crine candido
 Venerandus, pro decano qui tenuit vicem,
 Viridi senecta procubuit, lenissima
 Mortis sagitta victus, et in templo suo
 Suamque iuxta sellam nunc tacitus iacet.
 Sed non querellis attulit sors omnia
 Luctuque plena; grata non desunt item,
 Et melius ominata. Regi mortuo
 Successit heres natus, qui facundia
 Prudentia bonitate genitorem refert.
 Illi cum augusta coniuge quos nuper modo²
 Nos primi nomine regio invocavimus,
 Renovamus laeta auspicia, et oramus Deum
 Ut salvi ab Indis redeant, atque una diu
 Vivant felici cum populo feliciter.
 Quin etiam, parva si magnis componere
 Non dedecabit, ipsis pro nobis precem
 Eandem iteremus, ut qui,³ posito munere
 Maiore, nostram suscipit provinciam,
 Amans amantes inter fauste ac prospere
 Vivat, Spartamque nactus exornet diu.

He, too, of the grave, benignant mien,
 Chosen vicegerent of the Dean,
 In ripe old age but vigorous yet
 Death's swiftest, kindest doom has met;
 And now by his own chancel laid
 Silent he rests in hallowed shade.

But with our sorrows Heaven no less
 Has sent us hope and happiness.
 We hail the heir of Edward's throne,
 Who from his sire not rank alone
 Inherited, but worth and sense,
 Sound judgment, goodness, eloquence.
 To him and his gracious consort too
 Those loyal greetings we renew
 Wherewith upon a grander scene
 We first acclaimed them King and Queen.
 May Heaven protect them and restore
 From India safe to Britain's shore,
 And with long life and happiness
 Their fortune, and the people's, bless.
 And here, too—if the selfsame prayer
 To our own province may refer—
 May he who from a larger sphere
 Has come to reign at Westminster
 Be blessed anew with health and cheer,
 And long remain to emulate
 The glories of his line and state.

EPILOGUS IN PHORMIONEM.

PERSONAE.

DAVUS	<i>A union Railwayman</i>	G. C. LOWRY.
GETA	<i>A black-leg</i>	J. G. BARRINGTON-WARD.
ANTIPHO	<i>A pugilist</i>	N. E. BARRACLOUGH.
CHREMES	<i>A peer.</i>	J. M. TROUTBECK.
NAUSISTRATA	<i>A peeress</i>	W. B. W. DURRANT.
PHORMIO	<i>A politician</i>	R. S. PARTRIDGE.
DORIO	<i>A policeman</i>	S. L. HOLMES.
PHAEDRIA	<i>A swimmer</i>	R. E. D. CARGILL.
SOPHRONA	<i>A waitress</i>	H. C. RAMBAUT.
CRATINUS	<i>An ice-cream vendor</i>	H. A. G. PHILLIMORE.
HEGIO	<i>A Turk</i>	G. B. F. RUDD.
CRITO	<i>A shepherd</i>	W. H. V. NELSON.
DEMIPHO	<i>A politician</i>	W. J. N. LITTLE.

Scene:—A RAILWAY TERMINUS AT THE TIME OF A STRIKE.

[DAVUS and GETA are discovered talking.]

DA. (*throwing tools down*)
 Si quis me quaeret, dic me, statione relictâ,
 Iecisse arma.
 GE. Precor, num socialis homo es?
 DA. Syndicus appellor; cum nostris foedus
 amicis
 Percutio: modo tu percute.
 GE. Visne alapas?

[DAVUS and GETA are discovered talking.]

DA. (*throwing tools down*) If I'm askt for, just say
 that we're all gone away, having thrown
 up our work.
 GE. Does a socialist speak?
 DA. A syndic's the name, and we're sure of the
 game, so join us and strike.
 GE. You want one on the cheek?

¹ The Rev. Robinson Duckworth, D.D., Canon and Sub-Dean of Westminster, died September 20, 1911.

² King George V. was crowned in the Abbey, June 22, 1911.

³ The Right Rev. H. E. Ryle, D.D., Bishop of Winchester, succeeded Dean Robinson in the Deanery of Westminster.

- DA. Causa triumphabit ; pisces iam in nave
putrescunt ;
Conventus Hortus perdita poma gemit ;
A clavo expectans matutina amphora pendet
Sed matutinum lac remoratur.
- GE. Abi !
Nulla lacuna, inquam, est ; Condensum
Helvetia semper
Suggeret.
- DA. At vetitumst exonerare rates ;
Quas ego—sed potu praestat componere
luctus :
Visne meo sumptu ?
- GE. Laetus ego atque libens.
- DA. (*examining Geta's leg*) At—
- GE. Quid at ?
- DA. En, nota bestiolae !
Crus est tibi nigrum.
- GE. (*angrily*)
Nigra tibi facies est animusque niger :
Quin fugis ? (*exit DAVUS*). Eieci hunc, im-
misso pulice in aurem !
Qui tantus fragor ? (*enter ANTIPHO noisily*)
En alter, et ipse niger.
- AN. (*tragically*)
Me fateor nigrum, at tu dictis, albe, maneres.
Nunc nobis restat nil nisi abire domum.
Spongia in aeternum valeas, caestusque valete !
Sint levia in tumulo fixa tropaea meo.
(*throwing sponge and gloves*)
Heus, puer, in primam classem haec.
- GE. Num tessera primae est ?
- AN. (*airily*)
Annua. Festina.
- GE. Non potes ire tamen.
- AN. (*tippling him*) Quid ? Si quid—
- GE. Fortasse, ubi portitor aera recepit :
(*aside*) Maia, haec pace tui est stips data Mercurii.
- [*Enter CHREMES and NAUSISTRATA disguised as
working folk.*]
- CH. Non sum qualis eram, necdum fati ultima
tango.
- [*Beckons in a lordly way to GETA.*]
- GE. (*aside*)
Hem, satis imperii, quisquis es. (*aloud*)
Advenio.
- CH. (*doffing disguise*)
Ne vestes nostras mirere, introspice : pero
Contegit ut solem, sic tegumenta togam.
- NA. Ne detrimenti capiat quid nostra supellex
Fac videas, quaeso.
- GE. (*sulkily throwing hat-box down*)
Numnam ego consul ?
- NA. Atat !
Sic diadema meum ? quid prosunt stemmata?
in arca
Vertitur, hoc viso, corpus inane aviae.
- GE. Vertitur et vermis. Quo vadis ?
- DA. Fish rot in the hold, not an apple is sold in
all Covent Garden from barrow or stall,
The milk-jug's hung out but there's no one
to shout 'Milk, milk,' in the morning.
- GE. No matter at all ;
While Switzers condense we get plenty
from thence.
- DA. Not a cargo's discharged
while we strikers have sway.
However I think it's now time for a drink ;
may I stand you ? Just name it.
- GE. Right O !
- DA. (*examining GETA's leg*) But I say—
- GE. What is it ?
- DA. The mark of the beast ; it's as dark
on your leg and as black as—
- GE. (*interrupting*)—your face and your heart.
Get along, won't you clear with a flea in
your ear ? (*Exit DAVUS*.) What's up ?
(*Enter ANTIPHO noisily*.) Here's another of
countenance swart.
- AN. (*tragically*) I'm black, I admit, but the
white it would fit to stick to his bargain :
now home I must pack.
Farewell to the glove and the sponge that I
love ; oh, see that these trophies my tomb
do not lack. (*Throwing sponge and gloves*.)
Here, porter ; come, nick it. First-class.
- GE. But your ticket ? Not third ?
- AN. (*airily*) No, first season.
Put these in the rack.
- GE. But the train doesn't go.
- AN. (*tippling him*) If I tip you though ?
- GE. Oh, p'raps then ; I won't say. (*aside*) With
his cash he is free.
- [*Enter CHREMES and NAUSISTRATA disguised as
working folk.*]
- CH. Oh dear, what a fall ! And it isn't yet all.
- [*Beckons in a lordly way to GETA.*]
- GE. (*aside*) Hm, pretty imperious, nob though he
be !
(*aloud*) I'm coming.
- CH. (*doffing disguise*) Surprised at our dress ?
We're disguised : what you see's a mere
wrapper : look here, this is we.
- NA. That's our luggage ; just mind that it's not
left behind or damaged.
- GE. (*sulkily throwing hat-box down*) For what do
you take me ? A slave ?
- NA. O my coronet ! Rue for the blood that is
blue ! The sight makes my grandmother
turn in her grave.
- GE. And the worm. Where're you goin' ?

NA. Nescio.
AN. Mecum
Ite.
NA. Os plebeium non placet. (*Noise without*)
CH. Ah, perii :

Vocem illam agnosco.
NA. Mi vir, numnam illius ?
CH. Ipsa est.

[*They resume their disguise, and NAUSISTRATA tries to run.*]

AN. Festinas lente.
NA. Vestibus impediō.
AN. Harum certe obstat pars infima : praepedi-
untur
Crura vacillanti.

NA. Rumpe, marite, moras.
CH. (*drawing sword*)
Rebus in adversis humiles descendis in usus,
Excalibur. [*He cleaves the skirt.*]

NA. Perii ! quanta ruina ibi erat !
[*Enter hurriedly PHORMIO and DORIO.*]

CH. Intrat, et obductus late tenet omnia limus.

PHO. (*suspiciously*)
Hem, quid ais ?

CH. Versum Vergilii repetō.
PHO. Magnus erat vates, et magna Georgica. (*to*
GETA) Sed tu,
Vidistine ducem quem peto ?

GE. (*looking up*) Non video.
PHO. Miror ubi lateat : num se fortasse retrorsum
Abdidit in silvas delituitque fugax ?

GE. In fossa extrema pete, qua statuere sodales
Halsburii duram mortis adire viam.

PHO. (*scanning pit*)
Nostra ex orchestra videat spectacula forsā ;
(*and gods*)
Fortasse in superos non pudet isse deos.

DO. Non ita ; nam Monitor virga prohiberet
euntem.

CH. (*aside*)
Me sequere intro, uxor cara, caveque
gradum.

PHO. (*seeing ANTIPHO*)
St ! rape.

DO. Sed metuo : est elephas mas.
PHO. Estne gigas, as ?

AN. O sileas.
PHO. Manicas inice.

[*DORIO feebly tries to handcuff ANTIPHO and gets punched.*]

Nonne pudet ?

DO. (*groaning*)
Balteus extra ictum : nimium ne crede colori.
(*he falls*)

NA. Can't tell.
AN. May I stow in your luggage with mine ?

NA. No plebeian with me. (*Noise without.*)
CH. That voice ! Oh my heart, how its tremors
re-start !

NA. What, you don't mean to tell me ?
CH. I do though : L. G. !

[*They resume their disguise, and NAUSISTRATA tries to run.*]

AN. You're hamper'd a bit in your pace.
NA. Yes, the fit of my skirt.
AN. Less a skirt than a shackle, say I.

NA. My ankles, dear, loose.
CH. (*drawing sword*) Things descend to base
use in distress : from your scabbard,
Excalibur, fly. [*He cleaves the skirt.*]

NA. Oh me, what a tear, what ruin was there !
[*Enter hurriedly PHORMIO and DORIO.*]

CH. He comes, and look round, see the slime
how it sticks ?

PHO. (*suspiciously*)
What's that you say, fellow ?

CH. A phrase from Othello.
PH. Ah, Shakespeare, great
man ! all his rivals he licks

With his ' God and St. George ! ' (*To GETA*)
Now your knowledge disgorge : have you
seen the First Lord ? He's the comrade I
seek.

GE. (*looking up*) No, I a'nt.
PHO. He's not ratted, he can't
have, and squatted among the backwoods-
men, that desperate clique ?

GE. That were rich, but still richer to have
turn'd a last-ditcher.

PHO. (*scanning pit*) Has he sunk to the pit ?
(*scanning gods*) Has he soar'd up on high ?

DO. No, the Monitors' rods would forbid him the
gods.

CH. (*aside*) Now, my dear, step on tiptoe, indoors
let us fly.

PHO. (*seeing ANTIPHO*)
Hi ! arrest him.

DO. But I a'nt no sort of a giant.
PHO. Nor be of the build of old Fee-fi-fo-fum.

AN. You be quiet.
PHO. The darbies : for rogues that the garb is.

[*DORIO feebly tries to handcuff ANTIPHO and gets punched.*]

Shame, shame !

DO. (*groaning*) In the wind ! That's not
fair now. By Gum,
There's no trusting a nigger. (*he falls*)

AN. O si vel spoliū vel decus inde cadat !

PHO. Quin abeo ? volitavit avis.

DO. Non ille biplanam
Machinam habet. (*Exeunt.*)

[*Enter PHAEDRIA.*]

GE. Numnam hic aeronauta novus ?

PHA. No.

GE. Num Leander ? seu forte libentius audis
Heros ?

PHA. Est, ut ais, nomen utrumque mihi :
(*displaying swimming-wings*)
Arma—

GE. Virumque cano, nando qui serus ab
Anglis,
Multum iactatus, transiit Oceanum.

CH. (*peeping from door*)
Sunt tuta in tempus diademata.

NA. Tangere lignum
Te iubeo.

CH. (*touching his head*) Tetigi : sit tetigisse lucro.

PHA. At temptanda mihi est rursus Thetis. Ergo
valete,

Dum redeam, reditum si mihi fata velint.
Sunt varii casus in quos accingier omnes
Me decet. (*producing oil-flask*)
Est olei gutta, Iacobe, tui.

Immemor at panem Normalem stultus omisi.
So. (*from door of the Refreshment Room*)

Venum quod tibi deest in statione datur.

PHA. Sed quanti constat ?

So. (*handing him a Standard loaf*)

Gratis tibi, si modo nostros
Inter patronos te numerare licet.

PHA. Tunc mare an caelum mecum percurrere
malis ?

So. Neutrum ; namque opus est me remanere
domi :

Ni lambo et lambo, ut figatur regis imago
Hic, aegrotanti pensio nulla datur.
Sed defis, o gummi. (*Exit.*)

PHA. Placet tibi pendere nummos
Pro nihilo ? Alberti est Aula petenda tibi.

[*Enter CRATINUS with an ice-cream.*]

CRA. Dic mihi, num ferrata via haec Orientis et
Austri ?

GE. An iocus est ? quid vis ? pergere in Italiam ?

CRA. Ad signum revocor, Romanorum ultimus.

AN. O fame, be you bigger, or, purse, be you
fatter, for knocking him dumb.

PHO. I'd better be gone, for the birds are all flown.
DO. In a biplane ? No, no, you'd have else
heard its hum. (*Exit all but GETA.*)

[*Enter PHAEDRIA.*]

GE. What, an airman, new style ?

PHA. No, a waterman.

GE. I'll then assume you're Leander, a hero.

PHA. You may.

See the arms—(*displays swimming-wings*)—

GE. and the man who has ventured to span
the Atlantic on wings in this lattermost
day.

CH. (*peeping from door*)
Our shutting the door on it, dear, saved
my coronet just for the moment.

NA. Touch wood, dear,
touch wood.

CH. (*touching his head*) Well reminded, my love.
There's some timber above. May the
touch of my noddle conduct me to good !

PHA. Now again I must fly o'er the ocean on high.
Au revoir, if revoir me the fates shall allow.
All things may befall and I've something
for all. (*producing oil-flask*) Here first
is the oil of St. Jacob. There now,
I've forgotten the loaf they call Standard :
oh oaf !

So. (*from door of Refreshment Room*) We sell it.

PHA. The price ?

So. (*hands him a Standard loaf*)

Oh, it's gratis to you.

The advertisement pays that your picture
displays discussing the crust as you sail
through the blue.

PHA. Will you venture with me ?

So. Oh, dear no, Sir ; you see I must stop
here at home and this stamp I must lick.

No sick-pay unless I put him whom God
bless on the card, and this gum hasn't
strength, sir, to stick. (*Exit.*)

PHA. What, you pay, when, alack, you can get
nothing back ? To the Hall of Prince
Albert just come along quick.

[*Enter CRATINUS with an ice-cream.*]

CRA. Please, is this the S.E. that goes down to the
sea ?

GE. Are you punning ? What's up ?
Do you want to go home, man ?

CRA. Yes, yes, we're call'd out, there is fighting
about, to the standards they've summon'd
the ultimate Roman.

GE. Idem
Qui saepe in platea venditat hoc meae.
CRA. Is sum : forsan et hoc olim meminisse iuvabit,
Cum Tripolitanus sol mea membra coquet.

[Enter HEGIO hurriedly, carrying a large parcel.]

HE. Balnea, quae gentis nostrae sunt propria,
cerno.
GE. Sarcina quam gravis et magna ! quid intus
habes ?
HE. (*nervously*) Nil est.
CRA. Quicquid id est, Turcos et dona
ferentes
Formido : iubeo solvere vincla cito.

HE. Est aegro medicina homini, mihi crede.
CRA. Marinis

Id narra.
HE. At putet non adoperta.
GE. Tace :

Ecquid declaras ? fiat nota.
CRA. (*interposing*) Mitte notare ;
Erubuit.

GE. Res est inspicienda ; aperi.
Delicias Turcas ! num casus bellicus hic est ?

CRA. Quidni ? non speciem quaerimus, at
Tripolim.

GE. De minimis non lex, si te proverbia tangunt.
Rimabor digitis inferiora meis.
(*finding a rifle*)

En ! Martine vetus tormentum hoc pertinet
ipsi ?

HE. Attamen ex priscis ossibus ultor erit.

CRA. Explodor. (*He falls stunned.*)

HE. Tantamne cani vitam esse vetusto !

[Enter SOPHRONA from Refreshment Room.]

So. Obsecro, quid turbae est ?

HE. Accidit—

So. Eloquere.

HE. Triste aliquod, neque adest medicus, nec
femina docta,

Quae primum aegroto praebat auxilium.

So. At, modo ne desit mihi 'Mecum Vade'
petenti,
Experiar.

[CRATINUS' body shudders visibly.]

GE. Fati praescia membra tremunt.

So. (*reading*)

'Si quis in extremis est, corpus vile supinum
Sternito : item linguam stringito fune.'

GE. Mane :

Factum est.

So. 'Ni patiens respiscit, tundito pugnus.'

GE. Whose ultimate job was to sell for a bob
twelve ices.

CRA. And maybe to think upon ice,
When by Libyan sun this poor body is done
to a turn or p'raps over, will prove very
nice.

[Enter HEGIO hurriedly, carrying a large parcel.]

HE. Hail, baths of my land !

GE. What is that in your hand ?

It looks heavy.

HE. (*nervously*) It's nothing.

CRA. I'm one you can't fox.
Wooden horses ere now have laid fastnesses
low by what they had in 'em. Just open
the box.

HE. Mere drugs for the sick man of Europe.

CRA. A trick, man : you may
take the marines in, but Geta you don't.

HE. But if you unclose it, repenting you'll nose it.

GE. There's nothing ? All right then ; I'll
chalk it.

CRA. (*interposing*) No, don't.

For he's blushing.

GE. Then I must examine it. Why, this is
Turkish delight : that's no military store.

CRA. Any pretext we take when we're out on the
make.

GE. Too trifling to count. Is there any-
thing more ?

I'll rummage below. (*Finds a rifle.*) Here is
something to show, a Martini, a weapon
they shot with of yore.

HE. It's old but it's done like a very good gun
and will serve us again as it served us before.

CRA. I am shot. (*Falls stunned.*)

HE. Who'd have thought, till he found him-
self caught, the old dog had such life in it ?

[Enter SOPHRONA from Refreshment Room.]

So. What's happen'd here ?

HE. A small accident.

So. What one ?

HE. And doctor there's not one,
nor any train'd nurse for first aid.

So. Never fear :
My Manual, you see, page twenty and three.

[CRATINUS' body shudders visibly.]

GE. His shuddering shows that he knows what
is near.

So. (*reading*) 'If a man's at death's door, lay
him down on the floor flat out on his back,
and then gingerly tie
His tongue with a string.'

GE. One moment, the thing
is completed : what next ?

So. 'If no life you can spy,
Hit him hard with the fist.'

AN. Tu, Geta, abi ; nostrum est hoc, nisi fallor,
opus.

CRA. (*starting up*) Expergiscor.

SO. (*pointing to book*) At huic debetur gratia.

CRA. Ubi sunt

Suppositi infantes, organa, simiolus ?

[*recollecting himself*]

Sum veteranus ego, ut memini : miserere
precantis :

Crus mihi corticeum est ; quod fuit, Africa
habet.

[*Enter DORIO during the last few words.*]

DO. (*aside*)

Aera petit ; fiam, modo me fortuna secundet,
Inspector. Tacito me decet ire gradu.

CRA. Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula
campum :

En, legum custos huc caligatus adest :
De fumo in flammam ventum est.

[*He extracts a lace from his boot and pretends
to be selling.*]

DO. Quid vendis ?

CRA. Habenas,

Quis vinctae crepidae non, velut ante,
patent.

DO. O si sit nobis aliena rogatio : sed nunc
Defluxit miseris in Tamesin Tiberis.

SO. Barbarus hanc inamabilis occupat insulam,
et inde

Indigenae plorant.

GE. (*aside*) Barbarus hexameter !

[*HEGIO and CRATINUS slink off to waiting-room.*]

AN. Ecce, in vestibulum refugit par nobile fratrum.

GE. Hem, quid ais ? Venum it tessera nulla
hodie.

DO. Armorum est peregrina ibi fabrica ; quam
doleo quod

Praetura Urbana Demipho noster abit !

GE. Em, lupus in sermone !

DE. (*without, singing*) Excelsior !

GE. Ipsemet !

DO. Ipse est :

Vox propria est.

DE. (*enters, singing*) Sic, sic itur ad astra.

DO. (*rushing up to DEMIPHO*) Probe.

Res magna est, magnumque virum—

DE. Iam desine : praesto est.

DO. Est, atque insidias barbara turba parat.

DE. Opportune adsum. Vos circum sistite portam,
In dextram extentis protinus ordinibus.

AN. Now, Geta, desist : the man for this job,
if I err not, am I.

CRA. (*starting up*) Back to life me you see come.

SO. My good Vade-Mecum !

CRA. Ape, organ, hired babies,

where, where can they be—

[*recollecting himself*]

Oh, pity the scars of an old son of Mars
cork-legg'd, for the bone is in far Tripoli !

[*Enter DORIO during the last few words.*]

DO. (*aside*) He's begging. Now, Bob, if you
look to the job, promotion is yours.

Now proceed stealthil-ee.

CRA. Tramp, tramp, and tramp, tramp ! This
inquisitive scamp of a copper, I'm sure,
he's a-copping of me.

From the frying-pan into the fire I begin to
believe I am fallen.

[*He extracts a lace from his boot and pretends
to be selling.*]

DO. Now what's that you sell ?

CRA. Why, bootlaces ; fact.

DO. And no Alien Act, and so our
poor Thames with the Tiber doth swell.

SO. These dogs from the south take the bread
from our mouth.

GE. (*aside*) I'm tired of these rhymes :
wouldn't prose do as well ?

[*HEGIO and CRATINUS slink off to waiting-room.*]

AN. See Italian and Turk how our presence they
shirk.

GE. Let 'em go, for no ticket they'll get
there to-day.

DO. They're a Sidney Street lot : look out,
you'll be shot. From the Home Office,
W—n, why went you away ?

To our help should you stalk, all were easy
then.

GE. Talk of the devil.

DE. (*without, singing*) Excelsior !

GE. Yes, it is he.

DO. It's the song that he sings.

DE. (*enters, singing*) Up, upward, my wings.

DO. (*rushing up to DEMIPHO*)

A big business calls the big man.

DE. And you see

Here he is.

DO. There is some of that desperate scum
of Pofskies and Olskies from over the sea.

DE. Then I'm come in the nick. Now, all of
you, quick, ranks open and eyes on the
door.

[Enter DAVUS and a Peaceful Picket with spades.]

DE. Si quis volt pacem, bellum paret.
 DA. Adsumus ergo
 Palis armati, non operosa cohors.
 Sed tibi quid turba haec? Pueriles forsan
 in urbe
 Exploratores annua castra parent?
 DE. Non puerorum opus hoc.
 DA. Num Monna est Lisa reperta?
 DE. Est Petrus Pictor, non Leonardus, ibi.
 Qui primus muros superaverit, ille coronam
 Muralem accipiet.

HE. (at window, tapping his rifle)
 Nescioquidque meum.
 DA. (to DEMIPHO)
 Euge! sed est, socius, tua declaratio.
 DE. Mitto.
 DA. Vah! quid palarum copia tanta valet?

[The picket throws down its spades, and PHORMIO
 rushes in with a pair of shin-guards.]

PHO. In suras nonne haec stringes? sic damna
 cavebis:
 Hinc fructus rarus mox erit et recreans:
 Parva impensa, lucrumque ingens!
 DA. (pointing to DEMIPHO) Obnoxius ille est:
 Fortuitus temptat mille pericla labor.
 DE. (alarmed)
 Non sum solvendo: tantum mihi sella curulis
 Quadringenta parat, vile ministerium.
 DA. Detrecto pugnam: melior prudentia pars est
 Virtutis. [Enter CRITO.] Sed quis pastor
 hic egregius?
 Certe est ipse Crito. Praeclara Devoniam,
 pastor,
 Te solito citius liberat hospitio.
 CRI. Verum est, Dave: deus nobis haec otia fecit;
 (seeing DEMIPHO)
 Et deus est praesens. Mi benefactor!
 DE. (with disgust) Abi.
 CRI. Longum post tempus Corydon invisit Alexim.

DE. Nescio te.
 DA. (stroking sheep) Ba! ba! num tibi lana nigra
 est?
 AN. Rara ovis in terris, nigroque simillimus agno
 Pastor.

DE. (wearily) Quin fugite hinc, tuque bidensque
 tua.
 PHO. (to picket)
 Iam satis obstructum est: pueros dimittere
 laetos
 Crastina lux debet: ne prohibete, viri.
 Dant largis manibus pueri sua tecta petentes.
 (tossing) Aut caput aut navis mox dabit arbitrium.
 Vinco ego, si caput est; si navis, vinceris ipse.
 DA. Quid?

[Enter DAVUS and a Peaceful Picket with spades.]

DE. If you look
 To have peace be prepared for a war.
 DA. As we shared in that view, on
 our shoulders our spades up we took.
 But don't use them. I say, what is on here
 to-day? Boy-scouts on their outing?
 DE. Boys? Work for a man!
 DA. The lost portrait you've found?
 DE. Not the painter renown'd
 as Da Vinci, but Peter, if catch him we can.
 A prize for the first through the doorway to
 burst.
 HE. (at window, tapping his rifle) I'm arm'd.
 DA. (to DEMIPHO)
 Very well, but it's you to declare.
 DE. I leave it to you.
 DA. Then it's spades. Nothing
 new with a hand half of spades to be
 struck with despair.

[The picket throws down its spades, and PHORMIO
 rushes in with a pair of shin-guards.]

PHO. Try shin-guards and play, it's the readiest
 way to get health and amusement, small
 cost and great gain.
 DA. (pointing to DEMIPHO) On casual labour
 appeal to my neighbour.
 DE. (alarmed) I've nothing to give.
 For my labour and pain
 Four hundred a year is but pitiful gear.
 DA. Valour stands to discretion as skill to
 the brain.
 I'll be hang'd if I fight. [Enter CRITO.]
 Oh wonderful sight, O Shepherd of Devon,
 from Dartmoor releast.
 CRI. Yes, Davus, that's so, and that freely I go
 is the work of an angel. (Sees DEMIPHO.)
 He's here.
 DE. (with disgust) You're a beast.
 CRI. What, Corydon rend the sad heart of his
 friend?
 DE. I don't know you.
 DA. (stroking sheep) Ba! ba! Is it
 blacksheep?
 AN. Oh no:
 It's the shepherd, you'll find, that is black,
 and that kind is a rarity.
 DE. (wearily) Shepherd and sheep,
 off you go.
 PHO. (to picket) Now the siege may be raised;
 for, high heaven be praised, to-morrow the
 holidays start on their way.
 And the generous hand spreads coin through
 the land, so let nothing prevent the dear
 boys from their play.
 I'll toss: heads, I win; tails, you lose.
 DA. Well then, spin.

PHO. Caput est : ergo iam repetatur opus.
 GE. (*advancing*)
 Si longi fuimus, reus est mirabilis annus,
 Rerum gestarum prodigus historiae.
 Sed, quos in nostras aedes antiqua Terenti
 Fabula contraxit, vos dabit veniam.
 Verba suprema manent : Cui nos debemus
 alumni
 Omnia, in aeternum Floreat alma Domus.

PHO. It's heads: you go back to your labouring lay.
 GE. (*advancing*)
 If long we've been, the cause is clear,
 The record of this wondrous year ;
 But you whom love of Terence calls
 To tread our immemorial halls
 Will grant us pardon and thereat
 Raise once again the 'Floreat.'
 FLOREAT.

OBITUARY OF O.W.W.

HAROLD DOUGLAS ADRIAN, Esq., aged 22. Admitted as non-resident K.S. 1901.
 CHARLES MYLNE BARKER, Esq., aged 66. Admitted 1856 ; Q.S. 1859 ; President of the Law Society, 1905—6.
 HERBERT GEORGE BARRON, Esq., M.R.C.S., aged 59. Admitted 1864 ; Q.S. 1866.
 HORACE CHARLES BASHAM, Esq., aged 58. Admitted 1866.
 GEORGE WALLIS BEAL, Esq., aged 62. Admitted 1863.
 CHARLES JOHN RILAND BEDFORD, Esq., aged 82. Admitted 1842 ; Q.S. 1842 ; formerly Lieut. 92nd Foot ; served in the Crimean War.
 The Rev. HENRY FYNES-CLINTON, aged 85. Admitted 1840 ; Q.S. 1840 ; Rector of Cromwell, Notts., from 1872.
 Major GEORGE HENRY COURTENAY, aged 95. Admitted 1826 ; formerly of the 60th Rifles.
 WILLIAM COWELL DAVIES, Esq., aged 63. Admitted 1862. Q.S. 1863 ; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law ; ran the Hurdles for Cambridge v. Oxford, 1870 and 1871.
 REGINALD FRANK DOHERTY, Esq., aged 38. Admitted 1883 ; the well-known lawn-tennis player.
 JOHN PRITT GARDNER, Esq., aged 66. Admitted 1857.
 HANWAY GERMAN, Esq., aged 49. Admitted 1874.
 ARTHUR CHARLES HADEN, Esq., aged 57. Admitted 1864 ; Q.S. 1867.
 ALBERT HARTSHORNE, Esq., F.S.A., aged 71. Admitted 1854 ; sometime Editor of *The Archaeological Journal* ; author of numerous archaeological and antiquarian works.
 Major CECIL ARTHUR HOWARD, aged 54. Admitted 1867 ; formerly of the Royal Artillery.
 The Rev. HENRY WARWICK HUNT, aged 76. Admitted 1846 ; Rector of Shermanbury, Sussex, from 1872.
 The Rev. HENRY MANNING INGRAM, aged 87. Admitted 1839 ; Q.S. 1839 ; Scholar of Trin. Coll., Camb. ; 38th Wrangler, 1847 ; Under Master, 1861—80 ; subsequently Rector of Aldrington, Sussex.
 ARTHUR MASON TIPPETTS JACKSON, Esq., aged 42. Admitted 1880 ; Scholar of Brasenose Coll., Oxon. ; 1st Class Oriental Languages, 1888 ; Boden Scholar, 1888 ; Barrister-at-Law of the Middle Temple, 1888 ; in the Indian Civil Service ; Collector at Nasick, Bombay, where he was killed by a native.
 The Rev. CHARLES SMYTH JOHNSTON, aged 65. Admitted 1858 ; formerly Rector of Sproughton, Suffolk.
 SIDNEY JOYCE, Esq., aged 77. Admitted 1847 ; Q.S. 1848 ;

Junior Student of Ch.Ch., Oxon. ; 1st Class (Mods.), 1854 ; Assistant Master, 1859-60 ; subsequently an Examiner in the Education Department.
 PAUL FOSSETT LOCK, Esq., aged 27. Admitted 1896 ; Q.S. 1897.
 The Rev. SAMUEL DAVIS LOCKWOOD, aged 69. Admitted 1857 ; Rector of Kingham, co. Oxford, from 1883.
 BERNARD JOHN LUCAS, Esq., aged 56. Admitted 1868.
 SINCLAIR MELLOR SEARIGHT MACKAY, Esq., aged 59. Admitted 1863.
 The Rev. GEORGE MONTAGU OSBORN, aged 67. Admitted 1856 ; Q.S. 1859 ; Rector of Campton with Shefford, Beds., from 1870.
 The Rev. CYRIL JOHN NOBLE PAGE, aged 42. Admitted 1881 ; Vicar of Stoneleigh, Warwickshire, from 1896.
 WILLIAM EDWARD PARKER, Esq., aged 50. Admitted 1872 ; Q.S. 1874.
 COLIN GRANT PATRICK, Esq., aged 54. Admitted 1869.
 The Rev. ARTHUR PEARSON PERFECT, aged 71. Admitted 1848 ; Prebendary of Chichester ; Rector of St. John's sub Castro, Lewes, from 1867.
 EDWARD FROGGATT ROBSON, Esq., aged 52. Admitted 1869.
 HENRY ANNESLEY COXWELL ROGERS, Esq., aged 56. Admitted 1868 ; Q.S. 1870 ; Assistant Inspector-General, Royal Irish Constabulary.
 HUGH DAVID SANDEMAN, Esq., aged 84. Admitted 1839 ; E.I.C.S., Bengal, 1844 ; formerly Accountant General, Bengal.
 STEPHEN SMITH, Esq., aged 40. Admitted 1882.
 STEPHEN MABERLY SMITH, Esq., M.R.C.S., aged 56. Admitted 1868.
 ROBERT KNOX TROTTER STEAD, Esq., aged 29. Admitted 1893.
 FRANCIS JOHN STEWARD, Esq., aged 75. Admitted 1844.
 WILLIAM AUGUSTUS TOLLEMACHE, Esq., aged 94. Admitted 1831 ; formerly in the Second Life Guards.
 HUBERT GEORGE WARD, Esq., aged 44. Admitted 1878 ; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.
 WILLIAM HENRY CHARLES WILSON, Esq., aged 57. Admitted 1867 ; of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law ; a member of the London Stock Exchange.
 EVERARD WILLIAM WYLDE, Esq., C.M.G., aged 63. Admitted 1860 ; formerly a Senior Clerk in the Foreign Office ; British Delegate to the Slave Trade Conference at Brussels, 1889.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—The revival of the 'Phormio' last term was attended with certain obvious drawbacks. Two years had elapsed since the last performance of a Play in Dormitory. With three prominent exceptions every member of the present cast was making his first appearance on the Westminster stage ; and none had even seen a previous rendering of the part he was to play. Remembering this, an Old Westminster may well have had some anxiety

lest the tradition which he knew should have been allowed to lapse. Such an anxiety is probably unfounded. So long as there is one behind the scenes who for twenty years with advice and precept has guided the fortunes of the Play, the chief boast of our tradition, the art of clear enunciation, the power of making a dead language intelligible on the stage, is in no danger of being lost. For the rest, it is no bad thing for actors to attack their parts with minds free from all obsessing

precedent—the ruin of a natural interpretation ; and the value of such a freedom was well shown this year by a certain freshness and spontaneity, both novel and attractive, in the rendering of familiar passages. On the other hand, there is a real danger lest young actors, given a free rein, overdo their parts on the side of burlesque ; and herein lies the solid worth of a tradition such as ours, the aim of which is to dignify without destroying the element of true comedy. On one point, however, I think tradition has had a cramping effect. On the Roman stage, with its peculiarly long and narrow shape, the elaborate exits and entrances of the Terentian drama, the asides, soliloquies, discoveries and so forth, were natural enough. But the size of Dormitory makes our conventional treatment of them simply ridiculous. It is a pity, but there is no getting over the fact ; and I think we should accept it boldly, and use it as a legitimate excuse for raising a laugh, instead of taking it all very seriously, and looking rather ashamed of the result. Geta, indeed, did his best to get some fun out of it this year, and I commend his courage. Terence will surely forgive us, and would rather we made him comic than clumsy.

There are one or two criticisms of a general nature which I should like to offer on this year's performance before proceeding to discuss individual characters. First, cues were not always taken up as promptly as one could wish—especially in rapid dialogue when one speaker forcefully interrupts another. Nothing leaves a worse impression than slackness in this respect. Again, players when not speaking themselves were apt to relax their features and lose interest in the conversation. Always remember that the success of a dialogue depends no less on the audience than on the speaker, and that by not playing up fairly to your interlocutor you are spoiling his part just as much as your own. But I gladly add that this fault was less noticeable than usual this year. Lastly, a small point—but why give a solid handle to our enemies with such anomalies as *amare, videre, senibus*, and others, more numerous than I cared to count ?

Of the various *personae*, the *Phormio* of Mr. R. S. PARTRIDGE was a most interesting study. His conception of the part was quite original. There was no sign of the finesse, the lightness of touch, the veneer—however shallow—of polished manners, the artist's enjoyment of his own artfulness, that we are accustomed (rightly or wrongly) to associate with the name. Mr. Partridge was frankly, brutally domineering. Even in the scenes with his friends, and his own asides—the sole occasions when the man's natural self appears—he never relaxed. One could not help doubting whether such a parasite would have gained many dinners by the charm of his wit.

On the other hand, his rendering was consistent, and his acting throughout admirable. With his tall figure, easy and confident pose, and fine voice, he carried his part with a masterful

swing which will leave his *Phormio* very clear in the memory of his audience. 'Negat Phanium esse hanc sibi cognatam Demipho?' struck the keynote of his character full ; and all the old points—'Dixi, Demipho,' 'Exsequias Chremeti . . . '—and the rest were given with splendid force. His one fault was a tendency to mouth his words ; a little more restraint here would have detracted not at all from the humorous effect. Otherwise his acting merits nothing but praise.

The long and (it must be confessed) tiresome part of *Geta*—perhaps the least satisfactory of Roman slaves—was taken by the Captain, Mr. J. G. BARRINGTON-WARD. His careful and conscientious rendering earns him great credit—though I could gladly have spared those two epithets for a little more spontaneity in his fun. He took himself too seriously in the duty of making us laugh. Yet he never offended against taste ; his gestures were well thought out, and not overdone ; and he knew what to do with his feet and hands. Always clear and easy to follow, at his best he was really good. 'Oculos pascere, sectari, in ludum ducere, et reducere,' 'iratus est,' 'et me omnium immeritissimo,' were all excellent ; so were the description of the omens and the narrative of his eaves-dropping. Next year—perhaps in a more interesting part—we hope to see him at this high level throughout.

Mr. W. J. N. LITTLE as *Demipho* gave a really capital performance of a trying part. He used his voice with great skill, in quiet moments as well as in his anger—not an easy thing for a young man to do. The soliloquy on his first entrance was cleverly rendered, and he avoided the unnatural effects of *Geta's* interruptions very well. The scenes with *Geta* and *Phormio* which follow were equally good ; his attitude, chin sunk on breast, but impatience in his eyes, gave just the right effect as he listened to *Geta's* arguments ; then his outbursts of rage, 'Non, non . . .,' were finely given. Some monotony is inherent in the part, and Mr. Little did quite right to keep up his indignant tone throughout. But his gestures, as became his years, were restrained, and showed the thoroughness of his acting. Altogether, he must be classed among the most successful *senes iracundi* of recent years.

As *Chremes*, Mr. J. M. TROUTBECK had an easier and more enjoyable task, which he fulfilled as well as could be desired. His conception of the part was more true, I think, as well as more sympathetic than those of late revivals. He showed us a *Chremes* ready to give as well as eager to receive affection, and helped us to understand how so meek and timid an old gentleman could have summoned courage to dare his shrewish wife's displeasure, and seek consolation in a second home in Lemnos. It is hard to select any particular line for praise, where all was first-rate ; but his start of dismay at 'Hei ! video uxorem' (Act iv. Sc. 1) was quite inimitably funny, and all through the last scene his acting was especially

good. He is to be congratulated on a really fine piece of work.

The Advocates' scene was as amusing as ever. All three showed a proper interest as listeners—though they might have used even more by-play without exaggeration. Mr. G. B. F. RUDD as *Hegio* gave exactly the right intonation to the famous 'Quot homines, tot sententiae,' propounding his platitude as a curious and praiseworthy discovery of his own, instead of declaiming it as a piece of recitation. He was well backed up by Mr. H. A. G. PHILLIMORE as *Cratinus*, but *Crito* (Mr. W. H. V. NELSON) overdid his 'Res magna est,' which is not really funny enough to bear the strain usually put upon it. The audience were hardly given a chance of hearing Demipho's 'Incertior sum multo quam dudum fui.'

Mr. S. L. HOLMES as *Dorio* was hardly savage enough for such a monster, though he did his best. But he made the mistake of supposing that he could convey the appearance by mere shouting, instead of by tone and expression. And he rarely opened his mouth to rap out his brutal interjections until Phaedria had distinctly stopped speaking, thus losing the effect of natural interruption. He improved considerably on the last night.

Mr. G. C. LOWRY had evidently decided that the only way to make Davus interesting was to make him a fool. He succeeded in doing both, and gave us quite an amusing character-sketch of a gaping, round-eyed slave. But his entrance was very bad: he marched straight to the front of the stage and declaimed his first three lines like Prologus; and it was a pity that he could not learn to keep his arms still.

A sympathetic rendering of the character of a Terentian young man is hardly to be looked for from an English school-boy. Mr. N. E. BARRACLOUGH as Antipho and Mr. E. R. D. CARGILL as Phaedria both looked well, spoke pleasantly, and carried themselves easily, and in the quieter scenes their acting was natural and effective. They might with advantage have been livelier and put more colour into their parts—advice easier to give than to carry out. But Antipho should certainly have shown more joy when he discovers the relationship between his wife and Chremes, and more eagerness to hurry to them at 'Quin ergo rape me; cessas?' Both, I think, might have made their tears more realistic had they turned their backs on the audience while they tried to stifle their sobs.

Nausistrata is another part obviously difficult for a school-boy to play, and Mr. W. B. DURRANT's rendering showed just the faults one might have expected. His movements were far too masculine and strenuous, and he wielded his fan with more vigour than grace. However, all this gave point to the epithet *saeva*, which he certainly deserved, and to his forcible acting much of the humour of the last scene was due: every shot at Chremes went well home. His attempts at pathos were

less successful, but that he may be forgiven. *Nausistrata* is too well able to look after herself to need our sympathy in her weakness.

Mr. H. C. RAMBAUT won general praise by his rendering of the old nurse *Sophrona*. His acting throughout, whether in bewailing the lot of his young mistress, or in describing the fortunes of the family to Chremes, was simple and natural. We look forward to seeing him in a more important part next year.

To sum up these detached criticisms: the 'Phormio' of 1911, though not a great work, possessed many features of interest, chief among which, as I have tried to show, was the marked originality of treatment displayed, which gave to this revival an individuality of its own. Judged by the high standard which a critic in these columns should set before himself, it may without hesitation be pronounced a success. The cast are much to be congratulated on the manner in which they faced and overcame their disabilities; and if (as I understand) they will all be able to set up again next winter, there is promise of a really fine performance in 1912.

I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,
OXONIENSIS.

EPILOGUES.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—I have not written a letter to 'The Elizabethan' for many years now, so perhaps you will forgive me for encroaching on your valuable space to express my feelings on a certain point, feelings which I share with many others. For a long time past the Epilogue to the Westminster Play—an institution with the most glorious traditions behind it—has consisted of a disconnected *revue* of events during the past year. This custom is more or less of modern growth, and while it may appeal to the less educated of the audience, has certainly seemed to many an unnecessary and unsuccessful departure from the old tradition of an Epilogue with a connected plot, in which each character has a definite share in the final *dénouement*. Such is the view I have always taken of the Epilogue, and I do not think that my estimation of its merits has lowered in any way after witnessing the productions of the last few years. Nor, as I have said, do I stand alone in my views, and I feel sure that if the writer of next year's Epilogue (whoever he may be) attempts to revive the traditional interpretation of what an Epilogue should be, he will be encouraged by the thought that in doing so he would be backed up by a large body of O.W.W. and others.

With renewed apologies,

I am, Yours faithfully,
SENEC.

January 23, 1912.

NOTICE.

Photographs of the cast may be had direct from Messrs. Ellis and Walery, 51 Baker Street, not on application to the Captain of the King's Scholars.