



The Elizabethan.

Vol. XI. No. 10. WESTMINSTER PLAY NUMBER.

Price 6d.

THE 'ANDRIA.'

THE return of the 'ANDRIA' in the cycle of Westminster Plays is always awarded a cordial reception from the fact that it is accompanied by the return of the baby scene, and with it of the baby; not that we wish to disparage the author by representing his play as a 'one scene' play (which accusation we might be inclined to attach to the 'Trinummus' of Plautus), but even where all is excellent it is not amiss to single out a scene which is pre-eminently excellent as especially worthy of attention. Whatever censure may be passed elsewhere in the production of the 'ANDRIA' in 1904, we may claim that on no night did the baby scene fail to awake the warmest and most enthusiastic interest from every member of the audience.

It is chiefly owing to this scene that most

are inclined to regard the Play as the best of the cycle, though some ascribe the palm to the 'Phormio,' and indeed there is very little to choose between the two. Davus, in the 'ANDRIA,' is considered the best of Terence's slaves, and Pamphilus the best of his young men; but on the other hand the 'Phormio' possesses a unique character in the person of the parasite who gives his name to the play.

The Epilogue was somewhat lacking in unity of design, but this was necessitated by the varied nature of its contents; viewed in the light of its brilliant passages, it was a masterpiece.

Included in the Prologue is the interesting statement that Charles Wesley, as Captain of College, spoke the Prologue and acted the part of Davus in 1725.

We give below the plot of the 'ANDRIA' for those of our readers who have forgotten it.

PLOT OF THE 'ANDRIA.'

The title is taken from the reputed nationality of the heroine, Glycerium. Many years before the action of the Play begins, Chremes, an Athenian citizen, having to make a voyage to Asia, left his little daughter, Pasiphila, under the care of his brother, Phania. A war meanwhile broke out, and, to avoid possible danger, Phania determined to follow his brother with the child. He was shipwrecked on the island of Andros, and, being in want, became the client of an Andrian citizen, who, on Phania's death, adopted Pasiphila, changed her name to Glycerium, and brought her up with his own daughter, Chrysis. Presently this man died, and the two girls went to Athens, with their old servant, Mysis, to seek for Glycerium's parents. Here Pamphilus, the only son of Simo, fell in love with Glycerium, and married her secretly. Simo, however, without his son's knowledge, made arrangements for his marriage with Philumena, another daughter of his old friend Chremes, who promised an ample dowry. The prospect of this match was marred by an accident. Chrysis died, and at the funeral Glycerium, in her agitation, approached dangerously near the flames of the pyre. Pamphilus rushed forward to save her, and a scene followed which showed clearly enough to Simo, who was present, how deeply they were in love. Chremes, on hearing of this event, at once put an end to his daughter's engagement.

ACT I. The Play begins with a long dialogue, in which Simo informs his freedman, Sosia, of the early life of Pamphilus, his engagement to Philumena, the discovery of his passion for Glycerium, and the consequent breaking off of the match. He determines, nevertheless, to make Pamphilus believe that the marriage is to take place after all, hoping eventually to overcome the objections of Chremes.

Sc. ii. The situation having thus been explained to the audience, Davus (the confidential servant of Pamphilus) appears, anxious to help the son against the father, but afraid of the possible consequences to himself. Simo threatens him with the severest penalties if he hinders the marriage with Philumena.

Sc. iv.-v. We see Mysis, on her way to fetch a nurse for Glycerium; but she is stopped by the sudden entrance of Pamphilus, complaining bitterly of the heartless conduct of his father, who has just told him that he is to be married at once.

Mysis urges him to be true to Glycerium, and Pamphilus, in a speech of great pathos, gives a most solemn assurance of his fidelity.

ACT II., Sc. i., introduces Charinus, who, being in love with Philumena, is reduced to despair on hearing from his slave, Byrrhia, that she is to marry Pamphilus. But (Sc. ii.) the spirits of both the young men are revived by Davus, who discovers that the threatened marriage is not seriously contemplated.

Sc. iii.-vi. To thwart Simo's plans, Davus urges Pamphilus to profess his readiness to marry Philumena, feeling confident that Chremes will persist in his refusal. Pamphilus very reluctantly consents, and Simo is so disconcerted by this unexpected compliance that Davus is able to turn the tables on him and censure the old gentleman for his stinginess.

ACT III., Sc. i. Mysis reappears, bringing the nurse Lesbia; and Simo overhears them speaking about a child of Pamphilus and Glycerium. This he believes to be all part of a plot hatched by Davus, and congratulates himself on his own acuteness in seeing through it.

Sc. ii. Simo sees Lesbia leaving Glycerium's house, and Davus encourages him to imagine that the whole thing is a fabrication got up by Glycerium and her maids. Sc. iii. Acting on this belief, Simo, after no small difficulty, induces Chremes to consent to a renewal of the engagement. Sc. iv.-v. At this Davus is completely non-plussed, Pamphilus is enraged with Davus, and Charinus with them both.

ACT IV., Sc. i.-ii. Pamphilus explains matters to the indignant Charinus, and Davus promises to find some way out of the scrape. He hopes to do this by making Mysis lay the infant before Simo's door.

Sc. iii.-iv. In an amusing dialogue, which Chremes is purposely allowed to hear, Davus forces Mysis to tell him that Pamphilus is the father. This information has the desired effect, and Chremes goes off, resolved that his daughter shall never be the wife of Pamphilus.

Matters thus seem at a deadlock, when (Sc. v.) there appears on the scene a respectable old gentleman from Andros, by name Crito, a cousin of the late Chrysis, and heir-at-law of her property. He lights upon Mysis and Davus, and all three go into Glycerium's house.

At the beginning of ACT V. Simo is in vain endeavouring to persuade Chremes that he is the victim of a cunningly devised plot, when Davus comes out of Glycerium's house, un-

aware of their presence. When angrily challenged by Simo as to his business there, he accidentally lets out that Pamphilus is within, and vainly endeavours to screen himself by explaining how the stranger Crito affirms that Glycerium is an Athenian born.

Simo, in a fury, shouts for Dromo, the slave who flogged for the family, and the luckless Davus, in spite of his protestations, is carried off bodily to condign punishment. Sc. ii. Pamphilus, summoned from the house, is loaded with bitter reproaches, and accused of having suborned Crito. Sc. iii. With difficulty is Simo persuaded even to hear the stranger speak for himself. Chremes recognises in Crito an old friend, but this does not prevent Simo from assailing the Andrian in the strongest terms. When at length Crito tells his story, Glycerium is proved to be the long-lost Pasiphila, Chremes' elder daughter; and Pamphilus is not only able to acknowledge his wife, but receives a handsome dowry into the bargain. Charinus also has good hopes of being allowed to marry Philumena. Sc. v. Davus is released, though terribly sore from his punishment; and the curtain falls upon his assurance that all will be happily settled within the house.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

The first Play night fell on December 15, an unusually late date for the first night, which had the pleasing effect of bringing many young O.W.W., who were down from the 'Varsities, to witness it; consequently for a first night it passed off with a most gratifying success. The ladies were by no means slow to applaud, and their delight at the appearance of the baby baffles description.

Not only had the scenery been touched up, but a new curtain had been provided to match the red and yellow baize of last year, and the effect was pleasing in the extreme. The Prologue was again spoken on the first night, and the Epilogue went off most successfully, the ladies proving by no means unappreciative.

SECOND NIGHT.

The second performance of the 'ANDRIA,' which took place on December 19, was a distinct improvement upon the first night.

It was easy to see that the 'ANDRIA' was a favourite with the Old Westminsters by the applause which greeted the traditional points with which the Play teems. Among young O.W.W.,

however, there seemed to be a lack of enthusiasm for the Play which was not apparent on the first night; but the reception of the Epilogue went far to counteract this. More of the points were seen than on the first night, and the presence of Sir Clements Markham lent an additional popularity to the line

Semper erat clemens Marcus, amatque polos.

Among the distinguished roll of spectators were included the Dean of Westminster, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Chinese Minister, Right Hon. H. O. Arnold-Forster, Mr. Justice Warrington, Mr. Justice Jelf, Rev. Lord William Cecil, Bishop Welldon, the Dean of Christ Church, Sir Clements R. Markham, Canon Beeching, Sir Lewis Dibdin, Sir W. Lee-Warner, Sir H. Jekyll, Sir Clinton Dawkins, Dr. Mackail, Dr. Shadwell, Mr. Sidney Lee, Rev. H. L. Thompson, the Hon. Miss M. Stanley, Lady Markham, Lady William Cecil, Mrs. Arnold-Forster, &c.

THIRD NIGHT.

On December 21 came the third performance of the 'ANDRIA,' and with it one of the worst fogs that had been experienced almost within the memory of man, and, as was only to be expected, the dormitory was scarcely half full at the beginning of the Play, and the improvement towards the end was only slight. Disheartening as this was, the general opinion seemed to be that the acting was not affected.

The audience certainly did themselves justice in the way of appreciation, and made ample amends for the paucity of their numbers. The Epilogue again went off successfully, although the start was somewhat disappointing. There was really little to choose between the performances for the three nights, but on the whole the second night passed off most successfully.

Naturally, the audience was considerably affected by the inclemency of the weather, and many who had accepted were kept away. Among those who had accepted were the Lord Chancellor, the Turkish Ambassador, Lord Esher, Mr. Justice Kennedy, Sir William Tomlinson (in the chair), the Rev. Dr. Rutherford, Mr. Justice Bigham, Mr. Justice Walton, Major-General Baden-Powell, the Headmaster of Winchester, the Warden of Radley, Canon Duckworth, Canon Hensley Henson, Mr. C. D. Fisher, the Revs. F. Yglesias,

H. E. S. Arnold, C. J. Boden, Colonel Vyvyan, Lieut.-Colonel A. M. Davies, Dr. E. L. Scott, Messrs. C. C. J. Webb, J. Troutbeck, W. A. Peck, G. F. Russell-Barker, &c. Special letters of regret were received from the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Justice Kennedy, who were prevented by the fog from attending the Play.

Play Notes.

THE Prologue, for the third year in succession, was the work of the Headmaster. After a few words of welcome to the guests, it pays a tribute to the memory of Old Westminster who have died during the year, notably the Rev. the Earl of Devon, Rector of Powderham; the Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., and the Rev. E. Tyrwhitt-Drake, a famous slow bowler of 1850-1865. It then passes to the subject of the Play, and points out that the 'ANDRIA,' a story of true love quite in the romantic vein, was popular both in Athens and in Rome. Lastly, it recalls the fact that Charles Wesley, as Captain of College, spoke the Prologue and acted the part of Davus in 1725.

Nearly all the leading daily papers contained accounts of the Play and indulged to a small extent in critiques, which were for the most part favourable.

The *Morning Post* delivered a most vehement and withal intensely amusing attack upon the

Westminster pronunciation, declaring that it 'destroys the rhythm of the verse.'

The *St. James' Gazette* contained an account of the Play which was remarkable for its brevity and inaccuracy. It seemed to have rather hazy ideas as to which was prologue and which epilogue.

The *Daily Graphic* alone furnished sketches of the Play and Epilogue. They were of about the usual standard.

The *Daily Telegraph* again made a poor attempt to translate a part of the Epilogue, the text of which was printed by the *Times* and in part by the *Standard*.

Of the evening papers, the *Globe*, *Westminster Gazette*, and *Pall Mall Gazette* contained quite good articles on the Play.

The *Guardian* and *Athenaeum* also published articles on the Play, the former dealing chiefly with the Epilogue.

The Epilogue was the work of C. D. Fisher, Esq., of Christ Church, Oxford. It was somewhat longer than usual, but still maintained the high standard set by the Epilogues of the past two years.

We print a translation of the Prologue and Epilogue in pursuance of the custom reverted to last year.

THE 'ANDRIA,' 1904.

DAVUS	G. B. Wilson.
SIMO	A. P. Waterfield.
SOSIA	R. E. Nott-Bower.
MYSIS	A. S. R. Macklin.
PAMPHILUS	H. L. Geare.
CHARINUS	R. C. G. Le Blond.
BYRRHIA	S. C. Edgar.
LESBIA	M. T. Maxwell.
CHREMES	W. R. Birchall.
CRITO	W. F. H. Waterfield.
DROMO	P. T. Rawlings.

PROLOGUS IN ANDRIAM.

SALVETE, amici veteres, salvete et novi
 Qui nondum nostris initiati lusibus
 Adestis cupidi scire quid sapientia
 Doceat Terenti, tum quid inauditum prius
 Poeta nostras elegis adtulerit suis.

Welcome, old friends, and welcome also you
 Who to this ancient stage of ours are new
 And come to learn both old Terentian lore
 And elegiac jests unheard before.
 But when your crowded benches I descri

At cum confertos cuneos et sedilia
 Contemplor, animum subit inconsolabilis
 Angor putanti capita quot carissima
 Desint coronae, quos in antiqua domo
 Salvere ut olim non iterum iubebimus.
 Abiit beatus ille (a), nobilissima
 Qui gente quamvis natus, luxuriae tamen
 Laudisque urbanae spretor, quidquid virium
 Vel ingeni habuit, omne devovit Deo
 Vixitque pagi pater et pontifex sui.]
 Ille (b) etiam, ludis qui miscere seria
 Peritus, Eponae cultor et in Circensibus
 Venetorum et russatorum notus arbiter,
 Regi idem inserviebat et provinciam
 Multa cum laude gessit, catus in tempore
 Solvisse risu factionum iurgia.
 Nec te (c) silebo nostro qui in campo puer
 Edoctus, clavigerorum terror, optime
 Iactare noras inter aequales pilam,
 Tardam, morantem, subitis fallacem dolis.
 His ceterisque, ut concedet, ter manibus
 Prius vocatis, nunc quod instat muneri
 (Id ipsi vellent) animum tandem advortite.

Andria Terenti, quae hodie nostra in pulpita
 Suam pro more solito iam rediit vicem,
 Contaminata est ex duabus fabulis
 Graecis Menandri, quodque Athenis placuerat
 Idem argumentum Romae non placuit minus.
 Adeo nec turpe antiquis nec mirum fuit
 Ita fidos esse amantes quos pericula
 Non unquam aut dura egestas aut legum minae
 Aut ira cognatorum aut contumeliae
 Deterruerint quin pactam praestarent fidem.
 Quod liberalem, quod probum deceat virum,
 Id prodocere exemplis vult comoedia.
 Et mihi, qui Davus mox prodibo, gloriae
 Simul et pudori est quod in his ipsis aedibus
 Has ipsas olim Davi partes egerit
 Carolus Wesleyus (d), qui pietate, moribus,
 Ingenio, nostram maxime ornavit scholam.
 Sed iam desistam, ne videar loquacior.
 Favete et, si quid fiet prave, ignoscite.

The tear unbidden rises to my eye
 For want of many an honour'd head and dear
 Who in your ranks must never more appear
 To grace our revel of the waning year.
 Our ancient house laments a noble son
 Whose nobler course afar from towns was run,
 Who work'd unwearied for the saintliest end,
 Scorning delights and worldly fame, to tend
 His village flock, their shepherd and their friend.
 Another, too, we mourn whose manly mind
 Earnest and play in union true combin'd:
 Him well the Turf and well the Senate knew,
 Erin he rul'd, and fretful men he drew
 By timely word of jest what should be done to do.
 Nor him forget who learnt in Vincent's field
 With wily wrist the cricket ball to wield,
 And many a bat, the speedier bowler's foe,
 Succumb'd at once before the insidious slow.
 Thus to the lost our tribute first we pay,
 Then turn—their selves would wish it—to the Play.

Terence to-night supplies the printed page,
 Our cycle puts his *Andrian* on the stage.
 Two plots, Menander's work, two dramas fill'd,
 Here they are blent in one, so Terence will'd;
 The themes beside Ilissus pleas'd of yore
 And pleas'd no less upon the Tiber shore.
 Men deem'd it then both honourable and right
 For lovers so to keep the troth they plight
 That never perils make them to withdraw
 Nor empty purse nor menace of the law,
 And, though a father's fury blameful rage,
 They never falter where they once engage.
 So comic writers live to put in view
 The pattern of the gentle and the true.
 For me, who soon as Davus must appear,
 Both swelling pride I feel and modest fear
 When I recall that where my form you see
 Charles Wesley play'd the part that falls to me,
 Wesley, whose saintly life and resonant lyre
 Set him among the brightest of our quire.
 Enough is spoken. Your favour now we ask
 To pardon all shortcomings in our task.

S.

(a) Henry Hugh Courtenay, 11th Earl of Devon, Rector of Powderham, T.B. 1822-28.

(b) The Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., T.B. 1854-58, First President of the Elizabethan Club.

(c) Edward Tyrwhitt-Drake, Rector of Amersham, T.B. 1846-49, played cricket thrice for Cambridge against Oxford, seven times for Gentlemen against Players.

(d) Charles Wesley, K.S. 1721-26, acted Davus in the *Andria* and spoke the Prologue, as Captain of College, in 1725.

EPILOGUS IN ANDRIAM, 1904.

PERSONÆ.

BYRRHIA	<i>A newspaper boy</i>	S. C. EDGAR.
SIMO	<i>An old gentleman</i>	A. P. WATERFIELD.
CHREMES	<i>An old athlete : a Russian admiral</i>	W. R. BIRCHALL.
CHARINUS	<i>A young man</i>	R. C. G. LE BLOND.
MYSIS	<i>A maid</i>	A. S. R. MACKLIN.
CRITO	<i>A traveller and author</i>	W. F. H. WATERFIELD.
DAVUS	<i>A professor</i>	G. B. WILSON.
PAMPHILUS	<i>A man about town</i>	H. L. GEARE.
SOSIA	<i>A collector, ex-war correspondent, &c.</i>	R. E. NOTT-BOWER.
DROMO	<i>A wrestler</i>	P. T. RAWLINGS.
LESBIA	<i>A palmist</i>	M. T. MAXWELL.

PERSONÆ MUTÆ { PHANIA *A little girl.*
 { PAMPHILUS' *baby.*

Scene.—THE STREET OUTSIDE SIMO'S HOUSE.

[Enter BYRRHIA carrying a poster.]

BY. Ultima ab Ovali ! corii venatio magna !

[Enter SIMO.]

Visne, gubernator, verba suprema ?

SI. Tace.
 Haud sic semper erat : corii venatio magna !
 Pileus altus erat, cum pila repsit humi,
 Aut caput adfixit : nunc cursus mille quotannis
 It quivis : nunc mos scribere, di superi !
 Fitque reportator cineres quicumque reportat,
 Describitque sibi frivola facta sua.

[Enter CHREMES.]

Qui currit legat, at currentem scribere nolo :
 Scriptura haec currens vivit in ore virum.

CHR. Iratus Simo fit ; de tempestate loquendi
 Est opus : heus—

SI. Quid vis ?

CHR. Nil ego : nonne dies
 Pulcher hic est anni pro tempore ?

SI. Cras pluet ; imbres
 Denotat Euris.

CHR. Aquae scutane habes ?

SI. Habeo.

[Enter BYRRHIA carrying a poster.]

BY. The last from the Oval ! A day's leather-hunting ! The *Star* extra-special !

[Enter SIMO.]

Buy, governor.

SI. Zed !
 A day's leather-hunting ! That wasn't the fashion when under the elbow the leather was sped,
 When nothing was high but the hats of the players and the ball that rose straight from the hand to the head.
 Now each Tom and each Dick runs his thousand a year, and the batsman's a penman—
O mores ! say I—
 And the goose that was cook'd on the grassplot of Melbourne is serv'd up again in a frivolous 'fry.'

[Enter CHREMES.]

'He may run that doth read' is a scriptural saw, but it's nowhere laid down that a runner may write,
 And the ashes regain'd are not seen at their best when they're us'd for collecting the yellow and white.

CHR. He seems in a rage ; I must talk of the weather.
 Sir—

SI. What do you want ?

CHR. I ? Oh, nothing at all.

What a beautiful day for the time of the year !
 SI. There'll be rain, I should think,
 or an easterly squall.

CHR. Your cloak and umbrella, you'll want them.

SI. I've got them.

CHR. (*displaying his boots*)
Ast hic nobis, crede, fit e se calceus unum
Dulce decus vitæ; pergere non verear,
His usus, parvum quo Grotius ille Iohannes
Tectum habet a terræ fine.

BY. Senex agilis!
CHR. Sum: Serpentino mergo me mane perennis.
[*Exit at a run.*]
SI. Iam pueri senem agunt, atque senes
puerum:
Non possum exemplum peius proferre Charino.

[*Enter CHARINUS.*]

En ipse accedit: non equitat, nihil est,
Lac bibit.

CHA. (*gloomily*) Oh Simo, sum tristis; me seria vitæ
Affligunt.

SI. Ergo plus bibe, iamque. Nefas
CHA. Intervalla cibi reor emollire bibendo:
Secta sumus.

SI. Mox hoc rectificabitur: heus!
[*knocks at door.*]
Escam serva dabit.

[*Enter MYSIS.*]

Prodis nova: quod tibi nomen?
MY. Sum Marianna mere.
SI. Fer, precor, ova duo.
MY. Continuo. [*Exit.*]
SI. Dubio sunt multa pericula in ovo;
Nostra tamen bona sunt; nam nova
ponet avis,
Dum remanes.

BY. Audin? cecinit gallina.
SI. Sed, ecce—

[*MYSIS brings in tray with eggs.*]

MY. (*taking off her gloves*)
Quam taedet manicas induere, exuere!
SI. (*to CHARINUS*) Nonne recens?
CHA. Nihil est quod ab omni parte beatumst:
Ferre iugum nequeo.

SI. Mi coce!
CHA. (*faintly*) Abire libet. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter CRITO with PHANIA dancing a cake-walk.*]

BY. Quid monstri huc veluti Cacum ambulat?
Abeokutæ
Rex fortasse.

CRI. (*to SIMO*). Senex, estne tibi illa domus?
SI. Est.

CRI. Villam numquam pol vidi commodiorem!
SI. Ast incommoda habet.

CRI. Num tibi felis . . . ehem?
SI. Quisque suos patimur feles. Tunc Itala
pubes
Organum id infernum—gurgite turgent—agit.

CHR. My omega boots, known as 'Catch
'em who can,'

They carry me fresh and they carry me dry
from the island of Wight to the island of
Man.

SI. An active old fellow.

CHR. I am. All the winter I bathe
in the Serpentine. [*Exit at a run.*]

SI. Well, you're a prize.

Our old men are youngsters, our young men
decrepit, the shocking example Charinus
supplies.

[*Enter CHARINUS.*]

Here he comes just to prove it. He never
goes riding; his diet is milk with a crumb
in a bowl.

CHA. Oh, Simo, the weight of the world is upon me;
I look on its woes and am sick in the soul.

SI. Try a brandy and soda.

CHA. What! drink without
eating? Our sect is too strict.

SI. I've an excellent plan.
[*Knocks at door.*]

Some food. [*Enter MYSIS.*] A new house-
maid, and what may your name be?

MY. It's Mary Ann merely; put right it won't scan.
SI. A couple of eggs, please.

MY. I'll bring them at once, sir. [*Exit.*]
SI. In eggs that are dubious the danger is great,

But on eggs such as ours you may fearlessly
venture: our hens are so kind they will lay
while you wait.

BY. Hear the cackle?

SI. They come.

[*MYSIS brings in tray with eggs.*]

MY. How it bores me each minute these gloves to
take off and these gloves to put on! [*Exit.*]

SI. (*to CHARINUS*) Not fresh?

CHA. Well, in parts, like the curate's;
the yolk though—

SI. My cook!

CHA. I'm not well; I must really be gone. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter CRITO with PHANIA dancing a cake-walk.*]

BY. What, abundance? the monarch of Abeokuta?

CRI. (*to SIMO*) Do you live here, old gentleman?
SI. Yes, sir, I do.

CRI. A desirable mansion.

SI. With some undesirables.

CRI. Cats perhaps nightly lift up the loud mew?

SI. The weird of our birth and the cat of our roof
and the organ of Italy all of us dree.

BY. 'Tune domum rursus numquam, Gulielme, redibis?'

SI. Occidit me vox illa 'Vale atque Vale.'

CRI. Me quoque : sed tibi magna fero solacia ; nam
mox
Qui te delectet missus ab hippodromo
Huc veniet, celerique manu confundet ocellos :
Tali concedunt Masque Cocusque viro.
En ipse !

[Enter DAVUS, with others.]

SI. (*in disgust*) In petaso ne forte cuniculus alto,
Aut mus ridiculus, sit latiturus, eo.

[Exit.]

DA. En Phania !

CRI. (*to PHANIA*) Oscula da Davo. Ast extendere
nasum

Noli : virginibus scisne quid acciderit
Talibus ?

DA. Ah, pulchrae Phaniae mos ille. Sed omnes
Hoc agite ; huc oculos dirigite atque animos.
Qualis sum, linguae me perfecere modernae ;
Non linguam Graecam discere cura mihist :
Utiliora sequor, non futilliora : quid usquam
Futillius Graeca ? mortua lingua iacet ;
Aut si non adeo, ad ripas tamen Isidis exsul,
Aut Cami ; quamquam hoc nunc etiam in
dubios.

(*producing a 'magic' kettle*)

Res curo vivas : viden haec ut ferveat olla ?
Fraus nullast : glacies subditur, ignis abest.

CRI. Rursus ab integro glacialis nascitur aetas :
Quae tamen utilitas ?

DA. Magna : viden catulum hunc ?
Inseritur catulus, primique tomacula porci
Evolvuntur. An hoc utilius fieri
Res poterat ?

BY. (*angrily to DAVUS*) Scelus es ! non me cartis
tribus illis
Defraudavisti nuper in hippodromo ?

[Enter PAMPHILUS with DROMO.]

PA. Fallere tantillum certe non ludere ludum est.
BY. Improbe vir, risus iam, nisi fallor, erunt.

PA. (*introducing DROMO*)
Terribilem en Turcam, Cumbrinae more
palaestrae

Doctum, vel cape qua quis capere arte potest,
Ut dicunt ; methodisque viri non mitior agnus :
Ne facies, ne vos terreat ille biceps.

DA. (*nervously*) Talem equidem cupiam, dum bella
minantur, amicum.

BY. (*stroking him*) Si mulces, ridet ; non adeo
ferus est.

DR. (*starting*) Quem capiam ?

BY. (*pointing to DAVUS*) Sublimem hunc corripere.

BY. 'Oh, won't you come home, Bill Baily, Bill
Baily ? Oh, won't you come home, Bill
Baily ?'

SI. You see.
Of Baily sung daily I'm weary and waly.

CRI. And I ; but I've something your boredom to
kill :

A new-fashion'd conjuror fresh from the
Hippodrome ; wizard of Egypt had never
his skill.

[Enter DAVUS with others.]

SI. Oh, bother your tricks of the mouse and the
rabbit ! Though seeing's believing, belief
I have none. [Exit.]

DA. Miss Fanny !

CRI. (*to PHANIA*) Go, kiss him. Your thumb to your
nose ? Oh, how sad !

DA. Pretty Fanny, it's only her fun.
Now, friends, your attention with mind and
with eye. Modern languages make me
the man that you see ;

Greek's gone, and futility yields to utility, and
hence the desirable product is—me.

Philosophy, poetry, letters, and learning are
musty old relics of days that are dead,

Mere ghosts on the banks of the Cam and the
Isis, and practical chemistry reigns in their
stead. [*Producing a magic kettle.*]

This kettle you see ; no deception—it's boiling,
no spark is beneath and it's set upon ice.

CRI. What, a sudden return of the glacial era ? But
what is it good for ?

DA. You'll learn in a trice.
We put in a puppy and wait for a wink, and he
comes back in sausages, fifty for one.

BY. I remember you now—the three-card trick, the
Hippodrome. Now I've detected you, in
you shall run.

[Enter PAMPHILUS with DROMO.]

PA. Such a paltry deceit is not playing the game.
BY. But a game we can play that will make him
look small.

PA. (*introducing DROMO*) The terrible Turk ; any
method of wrestling ; nothing is barr'd ; he
is ready for all.

He's as mild as a lamb, though his face and
his biceps are terrible.

DA. (*nervously*) Oh, he will wrestle like ten.

BY. (*stroking him*) If you stroke him, he smiles.

DR. (*starting*) Who's my man ?

BY. (*pointing to DAVUS*) Here's the fellow.

DA. Tangere noli :
Siquis enim plagas ingeret, accipiet.
(as DROMO seizes him)
Si quicquam invenies mentitum—
SI. (re-entering) Intro rape : (to DAVUS) Nugas
Dum sileas, durus sit labor usque tibi.
[DAVUS is carried off by DROMO.]
Sic melius : spiro rursus : nunc clarior aether.

[Enter SOSIA.]

PA. Siquis vult merces promere, parta quies :
Sosia nam vestes vult summae nobilitatis
Vendere.
SO. Magnificas mille habeo tunicas :
(displaying garments) Nocturnae, hem, vestes—
hem, Pyjamae Anglice—at, o di,
Quales ! non vile os, gemma superba ligat.
Hae quoque quam sedeant, non enarrabile
textum,
Aspice ! non tales Croesus habebat opes.
Forte sonant paullum : (to PAMPHILUS) tales
tamen ista figura
Ferre potest.
PA. (doubtfully) Vestem Spes mihi suppeditat :
Improvisus eo ; Spes improvisa ministrat
Vestimenta : exit veste quietus homo.

SO. Vendere si nequeo, me scribere denique coges ?

CRI. Tu scribis ?
SO. Scriptor sum.
PA. Genus artis, age,

Dic.
SO. Numquam scripsi Iaponum de gente
libellum.

PA. Optime !
SO. Sed novi nomina.

SI. Pessime vir !
SO. Nomina cuncta ducum, prope nomina cuncta
locorum.

SI. Dicere (dis grates !) lex vetat Hexametri.

PA. Cedunt arma Togo : hoc saltem licet—

SO. Atque Kuroki.
SI. Clam sapiens volvit talia, non loquitur.

CRI. Tene voces tu scriptorem ? quin ipse viator
Litora adivi hominum non pede tacta prius ;
Lassus enim Lhassam vidi.

SO. Num Lhama domi te
Excepit donis hospitioque suo ?

CRI. Paenituit multum Lhamam, quod devius esset
Privatas ob res ; se fore mox reducem
Sperabat.

SO. Multum te laesit frigus, opinor.

CRI. Certe frigebat.
SO. Non libet ire Tibet.

DA. Beware ! if you hit me, I'll hit you again.
(as DROMO seizes him)
Me a liar ? Oh, never !

SI. (re-entering) Away with the rogue to hard labour.
[DAVUS is carried off by DROMO.]
That's better ; that's clearing the
air.

[Enter SOSIA.]

PA. Now, attention. Here's Sosia, ready to sell
you magnificent raiment all racy and rare.

SO. I have waistcoats by thousands and splendid
pyjamas ; no button of bone, but the ruby
and pearl,
The unparallel'd breed of impeccable trowsers
that cover'd the shanks of the marquis and
earl.
Your figure, sir, think how precisely they'd
fit it.

PA. The reach-me-down, thank you, I
commonly wear.
I go in in hope, and it's Hope that I go to,
by Hope I am holpen no more to be
bare.

SO. If I fail as a trader, you'll make me turn
author.

CRI. You author ?
SO. Yes, me, sir.
PA. Of what ?

SO. I don't stretch
To the theme of the Japs and the war.

PA. What a blessing !
SO. But still I can tell you their names.

SI. What a wretch !
SO. The names of their towns and the names of
their captains.

SI. Thank heaven, they'll none of them
get into verse.

PA. He can manage you Togo, whom Russia found
no-go.

SO. And roke in Kuroki.
SI. For lack of a worse.

CRI. You an author ? I've travell'd through regions
untrod and in lassitude brought me to
Lhassa.

SO. Oh, say,
Did the Lhama receive you ?

CRI. He greatly regretted—his reasons were
private—he must be away,
But he hoped to return in a week at the latest.

SO. A frosty reception from clime
and from king.

CRI. You bet, it's no luxury—
SO. Seeking Tibet.

- PA. An tam frigebat quam demonstratio Davi ?
- CRI. Vix tantum : et friget frigidus ille polus,
Quo me nave nova misit clementia Marci.
- PA. Semper erat clemens Marcus, amatque polos.
- SI. Da veniam ; rerum rudis est mens nostra
recentum ;
Num tua navis erat sub mare qualis eat ?
An more antiquo malebat trans mare cursum ?
- CRI. Inventrix navis trans mare fecit iter :
Cuncta libro disces ; picturas prorsus amabis
Praerapidæ camerae.
- SO. (*sadly*) Vae, nimis exposui
Nostras.
- SI. Istius caput est " ne quid nimis " artis.
- SO. Et plerisque focus defuit—
- SI. Inque focum,
Si sapis, incies cito : amasne Simona iocantem ?
- PA. Tu ne cede iocis ; te decet ira magis.
- SI. Hac ego nocte equidem licitum mihi parva iocari
Credebam.
- PA. Licet, at stat modus.
- SI. (*pointing to the " Gods "*) At superi
Flectuntur.
- PA. Flectes superos ; (*pointing to the
" Pit "*) Acheronta movebis
Ira ; nam vitæ tristia colloquium
Triste decet, Simo ; non cordi lenocinia ista.
- SI. Nimirum ioculus debilis ille fuit.

[*Enter MYSIS with perambulator.*]

- PA. Ast huc, pol, Mysis nosterque perambulat
infans.
- CRI. Matris habet nasum.
- SO. Quam similisque patri !
- MY. Proveniunt dentes ; est irritabile tempus :
Ah, modo si puerum, cum valet, aspicias !
Deliciae divomst, nam solus diligitur dis :
Hortorum in spatiis hunc quoque miles amat.

[*Enter DAVUS, much excited, with CHARINUS.*]

- DA. Exaudite omnes ; non sum quem creditis ; in-
sons
Sum : nisi magnanimus sponte tulisset opem.
(*pointing to CHARINUS*)
Hic, iam damnatus longi durique laboris
Iniuste opprimerer, dum meus alter ego
Liber agit vitam.
- CHA. Ius peccavisse videtur.
- SO. Sit mea sit facies unica, neve duplex.

- PA. Was it cold as the prison where
Davus we fling ?
- CRI. Not as cold as the pole where I went for Sir
Clements.
- PA. Explorer of polarland trusty
and true.
- SI. Be so good as to tell me—I'm rather behind—
was your ship one of those that go under
the blue,
Or an old-fashion'd bark that fares over the
waters ?
- CRI. Atop the *Discovery* went on
her way,
Instantaneous photographs soon will be out.
- SO. (*sadly*) I expos'd mine too much, I
am sorry to say.
- SI. You mean you don't hold to the mean that is
gold.
- SO. And the focus for some was
improperly set.
- SI. And a focus in snow as a *locus in quo*—forgive
me the joke—is the worst you can get.
- PA. Before you were testy, but now you are jesty.
- SI. Just so, but I thought that
to-night it was fit.
- PA. But with limits.
- SI. The ' Gods ' are delighted.
- PA. It may be, but anger will fire
up the depths of the ' Pit.'
A respectable gravity fits you, my sire.
- SI. He never could joke, that's
the reason he's ril'd.

[*Enter MYSIS with perambulator.*]

- PA. Who perambulates here ? Why, it's Mysis,
God bless her ; she pushes along my peram-
bulant child.
- CRI. With his mother's own nose.
- SO. And his father's own eyes.
- MY. His teeth are just cutting ;
his temper is queer :
You should see him in health ; he's a duck and
an angel, belov'd in the Park by the
grand Grenadier.

[*Enter DAVUS, much excited, with CHARINUS.*]

- DA. Oh, listen, good people ; I'm not whom you
think me, and, thanks to this hero, at length
I am free,
For the I that am not he for him was mistaken
and sent into gaol for the he that is he.
- CHA. An unhappy mistake of the lady that's blind-
fold.
- SO. Oh, mine be a face that's
unlike all the rest !

PA. Salvus es.
CRI. At quibus in terris nunc Oedipus errat,
Si Davus non est Oedipus?

DA. Ille quidem
Mortuus; occidit fugientem motor; equorum
Nam vis mille inerat.

SO. Machina terribilis
Saepe virum occidit, semperque relinquit
odorem.

CHA. Et fit fitque iterum raeda cita citior.

SO. Spero non tali fatum esse occumbere morti.

[Enter LESBIA.]

LE. Si palmam extendes, fata tibi expediam.

SO. Nolo.
MY. Sed mihi dic, precor.

LE. Olim miles in hortis
Te ducet.

MY. Miles duceret ille quidem,
Si non vita viris caelebs plerumque placeret.

CRI. Annos nube decem.

MY. Non ita ego ista probo.

CRI. Dic mihi fortunam.

LE. Dicam bene.

PA. Dic mihi mores.

DA. Dic mentis vires, Lesbia, et ingenium.

LE. (*examining DAVUS' hand*)
Linea quaerendast mentis.

DA. Cur deinde moraris?

LE. Non video.

DA. (*angrily*) Verbis pluribus haud opus est:
Falsa tibi ars, falsoque misellis exigis aurum;
Prosequar, exponam te; benefactor ero
Publicus, ut semper.

LE. (*viciously*) Precor, ars crystallaque vivant,
Tu pereas! [*Exit.*]

DA. Nihil est; saucia fit mulier.
Istis mox careas per me, via Regia, sagis:
Quippe unus lapis haud irrevolutus erit.

CRI. At vero quintae classis Victorius ordo
Ne tibi contingat, prospice.

DA. Prospiciam;
Tendam omnes nervos.

[Enter CHREMES.]

CHR. Nimium tandem ipse tetendi
Nostros; nil nisi (sic pectus anhelat) hio.

PA. Now you're sav'd.
CRI. But where's Oedipus? Where
does he wander since Davus as Davus is
freely confess'd.

DA. He was kill'd by a motor, a ten-hundred-horse-
power.

SO. If wheels do not crush you, you're
kill'd by the smell.

CHA. And quicker they go and still quicker and
quicker.

SO. I hope that its horn will not blow
me my knell.

[Enter LESBIA.]

LE. Pretty gentleman, just let me tell you your
fortune.

SO. No, thank you.

MY. Tell mine.

LE. I foretell you the day

When a guardsman will marry you.
MY. That's what I hope, but they'd rather
be bachelors faithless and gay.

CRI. Try Meredith's tenure, ten years, then an
option.

MY. No, thank you, not me.

CRI. Tell my fortune.

LE. I will.

PA. And tell me my character.

DA. Tell me my intellect, up-to-date
twentieth-century skill.

LE. (*examining DAVUS' hand*) The line of the mind
I must spy.

DA. Why delay then?

LE. You haven't one.

DA. Oh, you impostor
and cheat!

The vulgarest swindle, the falsest pretension!
I'll show them all up. You're a rogue, I
repeat.

LE. You be hang'd! and long life to the magical
crystal! [*Exit.*]

DA. A wound to her pride and a
blow to her gain.

No stone be unturn'd to get rid of the
creatures.

CRI. Beware! if you work in this
patriot vein,
You'll wake up one morning to find yourself—
titled.

DA. I'll try to prevent it; all nerves
I will strain.

[Enter CHREMES.]

CHR. I've strain'd mine too much, I'm unstrung and
unsteady, I'm painfully panting, I'm sick
through and through.

[PAMPHILUS' *baby drops a toy-boat from perambulator.*]

(*In terror*) Attat! quid video? nos clam circumsidet una

Mystica torpedo. Iamque duas video.

MY. Anne videt duplum? pol, non homo sobrius.

CHR. Hostes
Expugnate armis: Russia quemque suum
Officium facere expectat: piscator ubique
Hostis; ubique minis consitus Oceanus.
Debellare viros vestrumst, et linquere mersos:
Clara per aeternum Baltica classis erit.

DA. Imbecille, mare hoc non est.

CHR. Verum? meus error.

DA. (*pityingly*) Aegrotat. (*To CHREMES*) De te nescio quid faciam:

Vix casus belli, tamen est commune periculum.

CRI. (*to DAVUS*) Quin dormire iubes?

DA. (*to CHREMES*) Visne cubile tuum?

CHR. (*faintly*) Sane.

SO. Qui prompte dormit prompteque resurgit
Fit sapiens.

PA. Ast hunc, ni Togus ipse, tamen
Iudicium Paridis laesaeque iniuria classis
Sanabit.

DA. (*yawning*) Sed nos lectus et hora vocant.

CHA. Deque resurgendo cras viderit.

DA. (*coming forward*) At manet unum
Quod dicam vobis: si placuere ioci,
Vel si non placuere, tamen pia personet aedes
Vox illa: "Aeternum floreat alma Domus."

[PAMPHILUS' *baby drops a toy-boat from perambulator.*]

Saint Isaac! What's that lying low in the waves? A torpedo-boat! Bless me and save me, it's two!

MY. Two torpedo-boats? Surely the gentleman's tittupy.

CHR. Gunners of Muscovy,
quick with the fuse!

Your country expects it; each fisher's a foeman, the nets are a mine, and the cod are a ruse.

Ho! drown them and drown them, my fleet of Baltic; your glory in story eternal I'll make.

DA. Come, come, silly man, what a fuss about nothing! This isn't the sea.

CHR. Not the sea? My mistake.

DA. He's ill, sirs, per Baccho. We can't go to war, but it's awkward for all who must sail on the seas.

CRI. Recommend him to sleep; it's the cure for his case.

DA. (*to CHREMES*) Would you like to be shown to your bedroom?

CHR. Yes, please.

SO. For it's early to bed and it's early to rise that makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise.

PA. If Togo he 'scape, there's the judgment of Paris, and wrong such as this for a recompense cries.

DA. Now it's early to bed.

CHA. Yes, and as for our rising the morrow shall settle what hour it's to be.

DA. But before we depart there's a word I must utter, a word on which all who are here will agree.

If we've pleased you, good people who honour our revels—nor less if we've not—by our playing the fool,

With voice and with heart bid her flourish and prosper for ever and ever, our Mother the School.
S.

OBITUARY OF O.WW.

WILLIAM GRYLLS ADDISON, Esq., aged 51. Admitted 1866; Q.S. 1868; Artist.

The Rev. WILLIAM CLIFFORD ASTON, aged 45. Admitted 1869; Q.S. 1873; a member of the Oxford Univ. Football (Association) Eleven 1881; Rector of Beeston St. Andrew, Norfolk, and Curate-in-Charge of Leckhampton, Gloucestershire.

HENRY GERMAIN BISCOE, Esq., aged 63. Admitted 1853.

The Hon. FREDERICK WILLIAM CADOGAN, aged 82. Admitted 1836; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; M.P. Cricklade 1868-74.

Captain FREDERICK STOVIN CHAPMAN, aged 54. Admitted 1861; late of the Cameron Highlanders; served in the Egyptian War of 1882.

The Right Hon. and Rev. HENRY HUGH COURTENAY, Earl of Devon, aged 92. Admitted 1822; Rector of Powderham, Devon, and Prebendary of Exeter.

The Rev. EDWARD TYRWHITT-DRAKE, aged 74. Admitted 1846; a member of the Cambridge Univ. Cricket Eleven 1852-4; played seven times for the Gentlemen against the Players; Rector of Amersham, Bucks.

HAROLD RILEY FLACK, Esq., aged 23. Admitted as Q.S. 1894.

SAMUEL SHARP HORMAN HORMAN-FISHER, Esq., aged 80. Admitted 1839; of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

- JOHN HENRY FORSTER, Esq., aged 61. Admitted 1853; stroke of the University College Boat which won the Grand Challenge Cup, the Ladies' Challenge Plate, and the Stewards' Challenge Cup at Henley in 1863; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.
- The Rev. ARTHUR PITMAN GORDON, aged 61. Admitted 1849; Rector of Newtimber, Sussex.
- WILSON ASHHURST HETHERINGTON, Esq., aged 61. Admitted 1856; Q.S. 1857; Postmaster at Birmingham.
- CORBET HUE, Esq., aged 87. Admitted 1831; K.S. 1831; Ninth Wrangler 1840; sometime a senior fellow of Caius Coll., Cambridge; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.
- Sir FREDERICK SEAGER HUNT, Bart., aged 65. Admitted 1848; M.P. West Marylebone 1885-95, Maidstone 1895-98.
- HENRY ARTHUR HUNT, Esq., aged 68. Admitted 1849; Architect and Surveyor.
- GERMAIN LAVIE, Esq., aged 41. Admitted 1874.
- The Right Hon. JAMES LOWTHER, M.P., aged 63. Admitted 1854; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; M.P. York 1865-80, North Lincs. 1881-85, Isle of Thanet Div. of Kent from 1888; Under-Secretary for the Colonies 1874-78; Chief Secretary for Ireland 1878-80; a Steward of the Jockey Club.
- FRANK MCCLEAN, Esq., F.R.S., LL.D., M.I.C.E., aged 66. Admitted 1850; formerly a scholar of Trin. Coll., Cambridge; 27th Wrangler 1859; Gold Medallist of the Royal Astronomical Society; a munificent benefactor of Cambridge University.
- HUBERT NYE, Esq., aged 31. Admitted 1885; a member of the London Stock Exchange.
- CHARLES EDMUND OLDMAN, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S., aged 56. Admitted 1861; Q.S. 1862; practised at Bletchingley, Surrey.
- EDWARD GOOCH FITZROY KELLY OWEN, Esq., aged 24. Admitted 1891.
- JAMES PATRICK PAUL, Esq., aged 33. Admitted 1884.
- GEORGE EDMUND LEGGE PEARSE, Esq., F.R.C.S., aged 60. Admitted 1855; sometime Surgeon of Westminster Hospital.
- PERCY CLIFFORD PROBYN, Esq., aged 35. Admitted 1882; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.
- CLARENCE ARMSTRONG ROBERTS, Esq., aged 79. Admitted 1839; Q.S. 1839; formerly of E.I.C.S. (Madras).
- Col. THOMAS HENRY SALE, aged 89. Admitted 1823; formerly of the Bengal Engineers.
- The Rev. EDWARD PITCAIRN SANDWITH, aged 39. Admitted 1874; Q.S. 1879; Vicar of Harworth, Notts.
- FRANCIS NAPIER SAUNDERS, Esq., aged 53. Admitted 1862; Q.S. 1865.
- WALTER SEVERN, Esq., aged 73. Admitted 1843; Artist; President of the Dudley Gallery; formerly in the Privy Council Office.
- The Rev. HENRY SMITH, aged 84. Admitted 1832; K.S. 1833; formerly Vicar of Easton Maudit, Northamptonshire.
- JAMES BANKS STANHOPE, Esq., aged 82. Admitted 1833; K.S. 1834; M.P. North Lincs. 1852-1863.
- Lieut.-Gen. CHARLES SAMUEL STEWARD, aged 67. Admitted 1849; Q.S. 1852; formerly of the 4th Madras Cavalry; served in the Indian Mutiny.
- DOUGLAS POWELL WINCKWORTH, Esq., aged 32. Admitted 1886; Solicitor.

'THE ANDRIA,' 1904.

To the Editor of 'THE ELIZABETHAN.'

SIR,—The 'Andria' has always disputed with the 'Phormio' the right to be considered as the best play of the Westminster cycle, and not without reason. It is a play which demands more, perhaps, in the way of acting than the other three, and success attained in it is therefore the more to be commended. The performance in 1904 left nothing to be desired so far as those features were concerned which have become traditional on the Westminster stage—clearness of enunciation, a perfect knowledge of their parts by the performers, and the like; but a little more is required to make the most of the undoubted potentialities of the play. No one would desire to see acting and gesture encouraged at the expense of those virtues to which reference has just been made, but one cannot help feeling that a comedy which, even in its ancient dress, has so much of the modern spirit, would gain much in effectiveness and vigour if it were played 'closer,' to use a modern phrase, and with a little more *verve* and 'go.' The writer hastens to add that these remarks are made in no carping spirit; the 'Andria' of 1904 gave the most ample evidence of careful study and preparation. He would merely express the wish that there had been a greater economy in the labour which had been so clearly bestowed, and that the performers had permitted themselves to direct their energies into other channels also, which would have given an opportunity for greater effect at no greater cost of trouble. The same holds good in perhaps a greater degree with regard to the Epilogue, a brilliant piece of work, which, though one hesitates to say it, often missed fire through a too great anxiety on the part of the actors to make the most of their individual points without sufficient heed to the harmony of the whole. It is, no doubt, a temptation to drive home a good line and insist on the audience appreciating it, but this cannot be done to excess without running the risk of obscuring the unity of the piece, by making it appear merely a collection of disjointed lines, *dissecta membra* of the author's original idea.

With these preliminary observations it is possible to proceed to a more detailed criticism. The burden of the play falls upon the shoulders of Davus, Simo, and Pamphilus. Of these, Simo (Mr. Waterfield) appeared to the best advantage. The combination of age and irascibility is one peculiarly difficult for a young man to sustain throughout the whole play, but Mr. Waterfield (following, indeed, his family tradition) gave a rendering of the part which did him much credit. His long scene at the beginning with Sosia was deserving of great praise. Since a proper appreciation of the plot depends almost entirely on the clearness of the explanations therein given, it is pleasant to be able to recall that the audience were quick to seize the gist of the story, and greeted Mr.

Waterfield's performance with well-earned applause. The description of the funeral, of the disclosure of Pamphilus' love, and the *flens, quam familiariter*, were excellently done. Nor were his scenes with Chremes and Davus of less merit. Mr. Waterfield is, in fact, to be congratulated on a distinct success. Davus (Mr. G. B. Wilson) has a difficult part. It does not, probably, afford such opportunities as those of the slaves in the other plays, but there is plenty of scope in it for careful acting, and, of course, the scene with Mysis and the baby is one of the best to be seen at Westminster. Mr. Wilson impressed one as a little overweighted with the responsibilities of his part. His multifarious duties as Captain in Play-term may have contributed to this; but his acting, though very conscientious, suffered from those defects which the writer has ventured to point out above. *Davus sum, non Oedipus*, for instance, is primarily said for the benefit of Simo; the audience is a secondary consideration. Your critic had no opportunity, unfortunately, of seeing him on the third night (when the fog played sad havoc among the spectators), and no doubt he had by that time realised the advantage of playing the part more briskly. There were, however, many good points in the rendering, notably his scene with Charinus in Act II., describing how he watched at Chremes' house, and without any doubt the interest and amusement of the audience were maintained during the whole of the 'Baby' scene. It is fortunate that this will not be Mr. Wilson's last appearance at Westminster, for the general impression conveyed was that experience would give him what he requires. Pamphilus is a favourite among the Terentian young men, and deservedly so. There is no better piece of declamation, nor one that reaches a higher level of feeling, in Terence than his speech to Mysis, beginning *Memor essem! O Mysis, Mysis*—. Mr. Geare acquitted himself well, and gave a manly interpretation of the part; *accepi; acceptam servabo* was spoken with real emotion, and the audience felt at the end of the play that Chrysis had been an excellent judge of character in entrusting Glycerium to so lovable a youth. Charinus (Mr. R. C. G. Le Blond) broke away in an agreeable manner from the conventional ideas which surround the 'blue young man,' and at the same time was a good foil to Pamphilus. The part is scarcely a sympathetic one, but Mr. Le Blond contrived to keep our interest in it alive throughout. Of the two other old men, Chremes (Mr. W. R. Birchall) is, of course, the more important. There was a cer-

tain want of elasticity about Mr. Birchall's performance, though Chremes' is not an easy rôle. Though he acts the part of the spectator for the most part during the 'Baby' scene, he might certainly have made a great deal more of his by-play, and endeavoured generally to overcome a certain monotony of voice and gesture; but the effect of his acting as a whole was meritorious. Crito (Mr. W. F. Waterfield) has but little to do, but did it well.

Sosia (Mr. R. E. Nott-Bower) has more listening than talking assigned to him. He contributed to the excellent effect of the first Act, and conducted himself with propriety and good taste; but the same remarks apply to him as to Chremes. Byrrhia and Dromo (Messrs. S. C. Edgar and P. T. Rawlings) were adequately represented, and Davus was whisked off by the latter in a truly athletic manner. The ladies have been reserved to the last. Lesbia (Mr. M. T. Maxwell) looked, perhaps, more respectable than usual, and Mr. A. S. R. Macklin as Mysis, who is always affectionately welcomed at Westminster, was exceedingly good. He exhibited a most becoming confusion and alarm in his important scene with Davus, and delighted his audience with his most feminine anxiety for the safety of the child. The cast could have ill spared his services.

The Play of 1904 may emphatically be described as a success, and the Epilogue was not the less so; *Cedunt arma Togo* was perhaps the happiest jest of the many with which its lines were strewn. If it has been thought necessary to indicate the direction in which, perhaps, improvements might be made, it has been done with the greatest hesitation and with not the smallest desire to detract from the excellences of the latest performance of the 'Andria,' which were plain and obvious; but where so much is good, the critic would scarcely be doing his duty if he failed to direct attention to weaknesses which, to a sensible extent, mar the effect of the whole, and to urge those actors who hope to make another 'appearance' to endeavour to reach as high a standard in every respect as they undoubtedly do at present in some.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
OXONIENSIS.

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NOTICE.

Photographs of the cast (by Messrs. Ellis and Walery) may be had on application to the Captain, St. Peter's College, 3 Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., at 2s. 6d. each.

Moreat.