



The Elizabethan.

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THE 'ANDRIA.'

OF the four plays which at present hold possession of the Westminster stage, it is hard to say whether the 'Andria' or the 'Adelphi' may be considered the best. Perhaps, as far as comic business goes, the 'Andria' has the advantage; for though Davus does not, like Syrus—and Stasimus in the 'Trinummus'—cause laughter by presenting himself on the stage in a state of intoxication, yet the bodily removal which he suffers in the Fifth Act is much more exciting than the mere box on the ear administered by Parmeno in the 'Adelphi.' Moreover, the 'Andria' contains an unending source of merriment in the celebrated 'Baby Scene,' where the awkwardness of Davus in carrying his precious charge, the astonishment of Chremes at discovering that the bundle lying before Simo's door

contains a live baby, and the mere presence of so incongruous an article on the stage, combined with the racy humour which runs through all the dialogue, never fail to, as the papers say, 'elicit approbation.'

As most of our readers know, or at any rate ought to know, the 'Andria' was the first play written by Terence, and was first acted in 166 B.C., though as Suetonius says that the young poet read this first attempt to Cæcilius—who died in 168—it must have been finished some time before. It was, as the author says in his Prologue, composed from two plays of Menander, which fact seems to have given much offence to the captious critics of the day. Its chief characteristic is the abundance of proverbial expressions—'Ne quid nimis'; 'Amantium iræ amoris integratriost,' etc.,—which it contains, and which have made it at all times the happy hunting ground for those who delight in bringing out quotations from the classics. The play itself, except that the plot is perhaps rather more involved than usual, is much the same as the other productions of the Roman

comedians. The stock characters all appear again—the too sagacious father, the wily slave, on whose astucity and cunning the whole action turns, the prodigal but high-minded youth, the faithful nurse, and in short, all our well-known friends.

It has been said that Charinus and Byrrhia did not exist in either of the two plays of Menander, but were original creations of Terence's. If this is so, they do not do the poet much credit. Charinus, with his selfishness and shallow spite, is more like a very bad-tempered school-girl than a young man for whom one can feel any sympathy. One is offended equally by his absorbing care for 'number one' and his petty eagerness to score off, by the extensive use of bad language, the man who, as he thinks, has injured him,—*molestus certe ei fuero atque animo morem gessero*,—and one cannot help being very sorry for Philumena, if, as we may suppose is probable, Pamphilus pressed his friend's suit successfully with Chremes. Byrrhia, with his stolidity and let-well-alone philosophy, does well enough as a foil for Davus' alert sagacity, but he too does not seem to be so subtly drawn a character as the other *personæ*. These are all excellent sketches, thoroughly true to life. Davus, with his readiness and his unflinching power to patch up a remedy on the gravest emergency, his love for his young master, his eagerness to circumvent his old master, and the check on both these impulses—his affection for a whole skin—is a master-piece. So, too, is Pamphilus: we cannot wonder that Glycerium should have fallen in love with such a frank, generous young fellow, nor when Simo relates, with fatherly pride, how

Uno ore omnes omnia
Bona dicere, et laudare fortunas meas,
Qui gnatum haberem tali ingenio præditum.

To those who contend that he acted in a cowardly, mean-spirited manner, when he gave in to his father, and said, '*Hanc vis mittere? Ut potero, feram*,' one can only say that Pamphilus cannot until that moment have realised how completely his father, who had always treated him so indulgently, had set his heart on his marrying Philumena, that he was really touched by the sight of Simo's passionate grief, and that when it came to a struggle between love for his mistress and filial duty—a Roman barbarism which civilised modern youth has entirely abandoned—he very wisely and properly chose the latter. Chremes is a fascinating old gentleman.

Pliant and good-natured at first, he at last becomes irritated by Simo's perpetual appeals, and even then is full of sympathy for his old friend when he sees him so overcome by passion. Simo is a very life-like figure, though not a very admirable person; perhaps we have rather too much of him: one is bored by his long-winded accounts of his own short-sighted sagacity, and he makes really a most undignified exhibition of fruitless ill-temper in the Fifth Act. Crito's rough honesty and dignity, and Sosia's sententious pedantry are always pleasing, while the two old women, Mysis especially, are most graphic pictures. Certainly by this play Terence fully justifies the praise of Cicero, who describes him as

Quicquid come loquens atque omnia dulcia dicens.

The plot of the play is as follows: Simo, an old Athenian gentleman, has a son named Pamphilus. This youth bears so excellent a character and is so well spoken of that Chremes, another old gentleman, comes of his own accord and offers his daughter Philumena with a rich dowry to Simo for his son. Simo accepts the offer with effusion. Unfortunately, however, there lived in a house opposite to Simo's, a certain Andrian lady named Chrysis, whom Pamphilus used frequently to visit; she most inopportunately died just about this time, and Simo determined to attend the funeral out of compliment to Pamphilus. During the course of the ceremony, he noticed a young and beautiful damsel, who, as he was informed, was a sister of Chrysis. He immediately began to see why his son had been so regular in his visits at the opposite house, and his suspicions were confirmed by the passionate eagerness with which Pamphilus drew the girl back when she approached too near the flames of the pyre. Worse still, others also noticed this, and the next day Chremes came, and with much bluster, gave Simo to understand that he had changed his mind about his daughter. In the opening scene of the play, Simo informs his freedman, Sosia, of these occurrences and says that he intends to go on as if nothing had happened, so that at all events he may have the satisfaction of abusing his son, should he object to the marriage. He then proceeds to threaten Davus, who appears on the stage soliloquising about his master's astuteness, with the direst punishments, should he attempt in any way to hinder the nuptials. On hearing what is expected of him, Pamphilus is in despair; but assures Mysis, who comes to

appeal to him on behalf of her mistress, that he will not think of deserting Glycerium; his misery is shared by Charinus, who is as anxious to marry Philumena as Pamphilus is eager to avoid doing so. Davus, however, utterly disregarding Simo's menaces, arrives at the conclusion by putting two and two together that the marriage is all a fiction. He announces this discovery, and with much difficulty induces Pamphilus to pretend to comply with his father's wish; this utterly disconcerts Simo, and Davus seizes the opportunity and boldly charges him with stinginess. The course of true love, however, was not destined to run any more smoothly than usual. Simo meets Chremes and induces him to allow the marriage really to take place; he then triumphantly informs Davus how at first it had only been a trick and had now become sober earnest, and finally goes off, with huge self-satisfaction, to tell the whole story to Pamphilus. Pamphilus shortly appears in a boiling passion, abuses Davus and is abused by Charinus who imagines that the whole affair is a conspiracy aimed solely against himself, and goes off to see Glycerium. Then, in the wonderful 'Baby Scene,' Davus contrives to let Chremes discover Glycerium's new-born son on Simo's door-step, and learn also that it is the offspring of Pamphilus. Chremes at once again breaks off the marriage. The play is wound up by the appearance of Crito, an Andrian merchant, who proves Glycerium to be a citizen of Athens and the daughter of Chremes himself, so the young people all marry off, and live happily ever afterwards. The prologue, in accordance with custom, was written by the Head Master. It touched on the deaths of the Duke of Albany and of various well-known Old Westminsters, and referred to the bright prospects of the School which had lately been made so much more bright by the kindness of O.W.W. and the acquisition of new buildings. The Epilogue was written by the Rev. H. L. Thompson, and was received with much approval. It will be found printed and translated on pp. 294-7.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

The Dormitory was rather better filled on the first night than it has been for the last two or three years. As usual, the floor of the theatre was devoted to ladies. The band of the Coldstream Guards discoursed sweet music—rather too much of it—between the acts. Old Westminsters were rather scarce, owing to the early date of the play.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

The play was acted for the second time on Monday, December 14, before a large and distinguished company. The Rev. E. Hill, an Old Westminster of very long standing, occupied the chair, being surrounded by Mr. Justice Wills, Mr. Justice Chitty, the Bishop of Hereford, Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Rowsell, Sir Farrer Herschell, Professor Bonney, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Professor Newton, Canon Hodgson, the Dean of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Mr. Charles B. Phillimore.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

Owing to the fact that the play was earlier than usual this year, most of the O.W.W. did not come until the third night, on the 16th. The consequence was that the Dormitory was crammed to overflowing. The Dean was unfortunately prevented from attending, owing to the recent death of his sister. The chair was accordingly taken by Sir John Mowbray, M.P., near whom sat Mr. Justice North, Archdeacon Hessey, Lord Lingen, Admiral Phillimore, the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, Sir James Paget, Mr. Talbot, M.P., the Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, Professor Bartholomew Price, Sir Walter Phillimore, Mr. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, Mr. Clements Markham, C.B., the Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord Brabourne, the Rev. H. L. Thompson (author of the Epilogue), Dr. Southey, and Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P.

Play Notes.

WE are honoured this year by a leader in the *Times* on the subject of the Play, and more especially the Epilogue. *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* sent down the Captious Critic, who drew some very clever and amusing caricatures; one sketch of Davus feeding the baby with pap, and Chremes standing behind, being especially noticeable.

Many complaints were made by 'gentlemen of the press,' and others, about the unnecessary length of the intervals between the Acts. If the majority really do feel this a grievance, there is surely no reason why there should be an interval between all the Acts. One pause in the middle, in which the ladies may be revived with refreshments, is all that is absolutely necessary.

We are glad to be able to present to our readers a *critique* on the play, written by an Old Westminster of considerable experience.

ANDRIA, 1885.

SIMO	H. Withers.
SOSIA	C. S. W. Barwell.
DAVUS	F. M. Yglesias.
MYSIS	W. Buchanan.
PAMPHILUS	L. James.
CHARINUS	H. Harrison.
BYRRHIA	C. A. Sherring.
LESBIA	C. A. W. Shackleton.
CHREMES	R. H. Bellairs.
CRITO	G. G. Phillimore
DROMO	R. R. Sandilands.

PERSONÆ MUTÆ

SERVI SIMONIS	{ G. O. Roos.
	{ C. C. Sharpe.

THE 'ANDRIA' IN 1885.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—It would be no easy matter to explain to the outside world the frame of mind in which an O.W. and, more particularly, an old Q.S. waits for the rising of the curtain on a Westminster play. The familiar scene, the crowd of old associations, the faces and voices of old friends, seen and heard perhaps at no other time in the year than this, the recognition of each well-known feature as the play proceeds, all combine to make a strange texture of feeling difficult to analyse. In such a mood it is difficult to regard a play from a point of view purely critical. To please the expectant O.W. certain anticipations must be fulfilled and certain chords of memory touched, and if this be done he goes away refreshed and delighted, to return with new ardour and expectation next year. But he is not disposed to go deeply into the strict dramatic proprieties or to pause over the niceties of a rendering. We hope that his standard, even from this point of view, is a fairly high one, but it is not an exacting one, except on certain leading points; and to all the subtle accessories which are so important from a high critical point of view, it is, for the most part, sublimely indifferent.

Regarding the representations of the 'Andria' on December 10th, 14th, and 16th in this aspect, the play of 1885 may confidently be pronounced a success. The *critiques* in the papers were not, it is true, altogether favourable, especially at first; but even their voice was far from unanimous, and many of those who saw the play, and have a claim to be heard, were much more appreciative. There was indeed very considerable unevenness in the different scenes, and some, more especially the earlier and the concluding, went off rather heavily, but the famous 'Baby Scene' in Act IV. Scene 4, fairly carried away the audience, and was nothing short of a triumph. Seldom has a Westminster audience laughed more heartily. The unevenness in the general effect had its counterpart in a similar unevenness in the individual characters. But much must be taken into

account. A play always presents especial difficulties in the preparation after a break, and it will be remembered that last Christmas there was no play, in consequence of the death of the Duke of Albany. Considering this fact, therefore, and that not one of the actors had taken part in a play before, and, further, that, in one way or another, the school has lost, within the last few years, all the old repertoires of stage tradition, the cast deserve very great credit for succeeding so well in the face of obstacles. Accordingly, the cast, and also the School authorities, who are responsible for putting the play on the stage, may well be congratulated on the success achieved. There was a certain want of polish and not a careful enough observance of some of the nicer subtleties of Terentian humour; but, to the ordinary auditor, this was quite compensated for by the genuine dramatic ability that the cast, with hardly an exception, showed. There was much native talent and good all round acting. There was not any of the cast who failed to appreciate, in some manner, his *rôle* and the humour of Terence.

It is always more or less invidious to select actors for especial commendation, and the honours were so equally divided this year that it is unnecessary. A word of congratulation may, however, be ungrudgingly accorded to Mr. W. Buchanan for achieving what was undoubtedly the 'hit' of the evening, in the 'Baby Scene.' Mysis' get up and voice and manner, were irresistibly funny. Mr. Buchanan's whole bearing was natural, and to the life. The Captain (Mr. Withers) had a heavy task to fulfil in the part of Simo, and he discharged it efficiently. His acting maintained an even level throughout; he was always intelligent, and in good taste. We must be forgiven, however, for thinking that it was once or twice a little wanting in earnestness and power. The scene between Simo and Pamphilus in Act V. Sc. 2, one of the most touching Terence ever wrote, was especially disappointing. This is the more to be regretted, seeing that his well-delineated outburst of passion in Sc. 2 showed that he did not lack the necessary force. The part of Sosia is really a very difficult one, and it is no discredit to Mr. Barwell to say that more might have been made of it. He played it fairly, but no more.

The Westminster slave generally conforms to one of two types: he is either broadly humorous, or a subtle, wily, irresistible rogue. Mr. Yglesias's Davus was of the former kind; and—though we are inclined to think the latter truer to the Terentian idea in the 'Andria,' as it certainly is the deeper and subtler study of character—Mr. Yglesias' rendered the view of the character he took most successfully, and fairly maintained the reputation of the slave on the Westminster stage. He showed really comic power, and his bye-play was excellent. A slight tendency to 'mouth' some of his sentences, however, was bad in principle, though from Davus it did not have a very ill effect. Mr. James' Pamphilus showed considerable unevenness, but it was a thoughtful, and, on the whole, graceful study of character. Terence's

'adolescens,' is always a most delicate and difficult rôle, and even not to be conspicuously wanting is to be reckoned a success. But the Pamphilus of this year has the merit of being natural and unconstrained, and yet well under control. In the stormy passages he was a little inclined to be querulous, but in the pathetic he showed to much better advantage, and gave the beautiful lines, beginning 'Memor essem? o Mysis, Mysis,' with true sympathy and tenderness. It has already been said that Mr. Buchanan's representation of Mysis was most successful. It was rather a surprise to find the *Glycerium* handmaiden^f so much aged since the last 'Andria,' and to see a comical little old woman instead of a fair damsel; but as the change this year resulted in so marked a success, it would be ungracious to criticise it. Mr. Harrison played Charinus in a spirited manner; and though his motions were a little angular, looked and acted the part appropriately. Mr. Sherring showed that he appreciated the blunt manners and broad humour of the part of Byrrhia. His attitude has been very cleverly caught and immortalised by the artist of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*. The somewhat colourless part of Chremes gained a good deal of life from Mr. Bellairs' capital representation of the old gentleman. He evidently appreciated the part thoroughly, and got a good deal of quiet humour out of it, playing especially well to Mysis and Davus in the 'Baby Scene.' Lesbia suffered somewhat by the rivalry of a second old lady, and one who made herself popular as Mysis, but acquitted herself fairly notwithstanding. It is very pleasant to see the name of Phillimore again in the list of a Westminster cast, and Mr. G. G. Phillimore's Crito not unworthy of a family connection with the Westminster boards. His delivery and his acting were clear and good.

And now, having passed in review the various members of the cast, it cannot be called unfair, if it is rather bold, to turn the tables, and say a word or two of the audience. A Westminster audience ought never to forget how much the success of a play depends upon themselves. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the apparent powers of the actors in the 'Baby Scene,' when they carried the audience with them, and in other scenes where the audience trailed behind or did not follow at all. That the play is in Latin, and that, therefore, some, at any rate, among the audience do not understand it, makes it all the more necessary that those who can should show themselves intelligent and appreciative. Especially does the onus of this lie on the young O.W.W., who should resist the attraction of each other's society at the call of duty, and do their utmost to forward the actors while the scene lasts. For the most part it is nothing but the truth to say that the audience this year showed itself a very stupid one. It should not wait till it cannot help laughing or applauding, or follow the very erratic lead of the 'gods,' but as far as possible meet the actors half-way, and be ready to catch at the least vestige of a point

or hit. And this brings us to speak of the Epilog te, where this crassness of the audience was the more conspicuous, not unnaturally provoking the criticism that its Latinity did not extend to the comprehension of fun. No one who reads the text, which is doubtless published with this number of *The Elizabethan*, will be chary of admitting that it is very funny, and in its author's happiest vein. It must have been somewhat disappointing, therefore, to find so many good jokes miss fire. Perhaps some explanation, if not extenuation, may be found in the long, sad roll of death appended to the Prologue. The 'last enemy' has indeed made sad ravages in the faithful band of O.W.W. this last twelvemonth, and Westminster has lost many of her oldest and truest friends. It is for those who are left, and who mourn their loss, to emulate their patriotism and strive to supply their places. All lovers of Westminster, young, old, past and present, should combine to make the next play an undoubted success in every way, and put that brightest and best surviving relic of Westminster past above the reach of changes and chance.

Yours faithfully,

O. W.

PROLOGUS IN ANDRIAM,

1885.

Veniám quod adsit séro poscit Ándria,
 Diú morata, né moerorem civium
 Matrísque tenerum fléntis Marcellúm suum
 Citús exciperent fábulae facétiæ.
 Nam, mórtē amatam Príncipum aggressá domum,
 Parúm nos decuit vánitas comœdiæ
 Quorúm florere Príncipis collégium
 Jussérunt, et discíplulis partes scénicas
 Primo háś dedere. O Mórś virtutis ínvida!
 Fecísti ut patria núper et flérít domus.
 Cui nón in animum íris et legúm senex*
 Subít peritus, quí vir unus plúrium
 Amábat umbras párvulus quas nóverat?
 Aut álter ille,† quí, patris vestígia
 Preméns avique, sémper cum vere ádfuit?
 Nupér dolorum oblitús advectúst lubens,
 Aliénas spes salúti præponéns suæ,
 Solitús ut rex beáret cives aúreís.
 Si nón aliorum méntionem fécimús
 Quos ócupavit mórs de nobis óptime
 Méritós, de patria, líteris, Ecclesiá,
 Nos désiderium cépit omnes ómnium
 Omníbus et omnes étiam vivunt mórtui.
 Quia mórs et vita súnť vicinæ próxumæ,
 Potérit ignosci si fílico migrátio
 Ad læta fiet á funestis múnera.
 Lubét narrare ut vétus ad Dormitórium
 Benefícínorum, nóbis antiquúm decus,
 Accésserit præclára moles ædíum,
 Ita út speremus paúcis annis póstea
 Fore út qui ludus sanctúst præter céteros,
 Amoénus idem fiat atque cómodus.
 Jamque hæc præcurrunt piéri fata férvidi

* Sir Robert J. Phillimore, Bart.

† Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.

Ingénio docti quám sint virtus ét labor
 Murórum splendor sémper praestantíssimus.
 Quéis spés alumni et ánimos augent prístini,
 Exémpló hortantes, praémíis,* et laúdibus
 Sibi jús ut priscum víndicent imáginum.
 Pro his tót benefactis, quae sumus, munúsculum
 Hoc quále quale est ádmittatis cómiter.

* Since last Play Sir Walter Phillimore has instituted two prizes in memory of his father, Sir Robert Phillimore, and Lady Vincent two prizes in memory of her son Arthur. Upon Mr. James's resignation, after 38 years' connection with the School, a handsome sum was subscribed to found a James Memorial Prize.

EPILOGUS IN ANDRIAM, 1885.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CHREMES *a Revising Barrister.*
 DAVUS *a Liberal Agent.*
 CHARINUS *a Conservative Agent.*
 DROMO *a Policeman.*
 LESBIA *a Widow.*
 BYRRIA *an Agricultural Labourer.*
 PAMPHILUS *a Christ Church Undergraduate.*
 CRITO *the Senior Censor of Christ Church.*

SCENE—A Registration Court.

(Enter CHREMES, with list of voters and Acts of Parliament in his hand.)

CHREM. Quid faciam infelix? Ecce haec conferta vororum.

Suffragatorum pagina nominibus!
 Ecce adscribendis de civibus acta Senatús,
 Primaevum ut revocant restituuntque Chaos!
 Mille petitores varii suffragia poscunt,
 Remque novam arripiunt mille novisque modis.
 Hic vir, jure suo, sua possidet arva domosque;
 Ille, aliena tenens, aera rependit hero;
 Percipit hic decimas de fructibus. Hei mihi, pastor
 Esuriens nostro tempore pascit oves!
 Denique quot fundunt Urbis meritoria cives,
 Quois satis est libras exsoluisse decem.
 Jungitur his pubes Academica, mobilis aetas
 Et pupillaris ni status obfuerit.
 Ambit idem servus, pincerna, coquusque, popinae
 Tonstrinaeque puer, Martis et acre genus.
 Quid faciam, ambages tantas nodosque resolvens,
 Ut Labyrinthiacis legibus expediar?
 Sed me accingam operi. De crine galerus equino
 (putting on his wig)
 Fulcit inexperti judicis arbitrium.

(A knocking is heard.)

Introeant omnes.

(Enter DROMO, who ushers in DAVUS and CHARINUS.)

O salvetote, Patroni!

Vos adjuutores gaudet adesse Chremes.

(They take their seats.)

Incipiamus. DROM. Adest mulier quaedam.

CHREM. Haud ita jussi.

CHAR. Lex plane excludit feminam.

CHREM. At introeat.

(Enter LESBIA.)

Dic nomen, mulier. LESB. Pol Lesbiam.

(He writes it down.)

DAV. Lesbiam, non Pollam.

CHREM. Quid vis? LESB. Quid? Civis munus et officium.

Tres habeo fundos, totidem dotata virorum
 Mortibus, in maesta ter viduata domo.

DAV. Natura, ut perhibent, aptissima quaeque supersunt.

En triplici victrix femina conjugio!

CHAR. Lex tamen interdicat. DAV. Adest sua gratia causae.

CHREM. Mascula vox. CHAR. Habitu femina.

CHREM. Res dubia est.

Quid manibus gestas? LESB. (displaying a 'Mrs. Gamp').

Umbellam. Haec ipsa tegebat

Tres quam dissimiles! una eademque viros.
 CHREM. Quin causam, mulier, venientem differ in annum:

Legis et extento limite, civis eris.

[Exit LESBIA.]

Primus, ut apparet (looking at the lists), jus civis Byrriam poscit.

CHAR. An de pauperibus lex vetat? DAV. Ambigitur.

CHREM. Fac, Dromo, ut accedat.

(Enter BYRRIA.)

BYR. Quid mecum vultis, amici?

Obsecro, numquid obest, objiciturque mihi?
 Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
 Civica moliri munera jam cupio.

CHAR. Propter pauperium nummis et pane receptis,
 Jus civis fertur deperiisse tibi.

BYR. Lege ego pauper! Abi. Solidi me corporis artus
 Haec bona, quae memoras, participare vetant.

Horribiles latebras, ergastula, ferre recuso.

Et tamen est aliquid. CHREM. Quid?

BYR. Mihi tussis erat,

Tussis anhela. Peto sumptu medicamina nullo,
 Et medicus gratis corrigit arte malum.

Hautus et pilulae, mox et lenimina morbi

In gremium aegroti dulciter mille fluunt.

Spiritus intus alit, lac, Tarragonensia vina,

Inque dies coquitur bubula, cara satis.

CHAR. (apart). Carior est aliis homo quam sibi.

BYR. Parcius esset

Vivendum, medicus ni sociaret opem.

Sordet honor sine re; voti sententia compos

Commodior, victu suppeditante, foret.

Libertas me sera tamen respexit. Amabo,

Unde queam vita liberiore frui?

Panem et Circenses, solidosque obolosque requires
 Civis edax, bibulus, nil bibit aut comedit.

CHREM. Jus tibi concedo. CHAR. (offering him a Conservative ticket). Conserva regna tuorum,

Foedus et haec firmet primula veris (giving him a primrose).

BYR. (looking in vain for money, throws the primrose away). Ohe!

Non olet! Argento, non floribus, allice fratrem!

DAV. An Plebis renuit perfidus ille vias? (Offering him a Liberal ticket.)

Noster eras? BYR. Sane. CHAR. Promissis abscondita

BYR. (*laughing*) Ambigua in vulgum spargere verba placet.
 DAV. Furcifer! CHAR. Os perjurum! BYR. Ha, ha, hae! Vos Arcades ambo!
 Vobis dum illudo, proximus ipse mihi.
 Si contra leges interrogor, hem, quid agendum est?
 Ficta paro lingua, mens sine labe tacet.
 Ut libet, incassum facili vox excidit ore,
 Salva tamen pietas religioque manet.
 CHREM. Civis hic est in quo quaerit sua dogmata quisque,
 Invenit et pariter dogmata quisque sua.
 BYR. (*angrily*). Irridere placet plebeios? Attamen audi.
 Scire velis qui sim, consiliumque meum?
 Vivam egomet: pereant Regina, Ecclesia, Census!
 Legibus aeternis Plebs habet omne solum.
 Unusquisque colet pinguis tria jugera terrae,
 De vacca nivei copia lactis erit.
 CHREM. Quae quondam evasit lunamque supersiluit bos,
 Jam vaga descendens in tua rura cadit.
 BYR. Praeceptor gratis pueros elementa docebit:
 Sic vos non vobis, sed mihi, fertis opes. [*Exit.*]
 DROM. Pamphilus ingreditur.

(*Enter PAMPHILUS.*)

CHREM. Quid vis, florente juvena
 Fervide? Non juvenes seria nostra decent.
 PAMPH. Postulo jus civis. Quidni? Toga sumpta

virilis
 Et Christi intra Aedem mansio fixa datur.
 DAV. Tu civis fieri! Quem Procurator anhelo
 Cum grege per plateas exagitare solet;
 Quem nova lanugo, necnon status arguit ipse
 Pupilli indignum munia nosse viri;
 Orbiliusque minax, examen, 'aratio' forsan,
 Monstrant vix pueri deposuisse gradum.
 Si placeat tandem bijugos urgere caballos,
 Mulctaris:—fumax; altera mulcta cadit.
 Heu miserande puer! Siqua fata aspera rumpas,
 Suffragator eris:—jam tibi nulla salus.
 PAMPH. At securae quies, et nescia fallere vita
 Intra tecta manet. Regna ibi tuta mihi.
 DAV. Somnia! Censor adest, tua regna revellere doctus,
 Hospitibusque focos datque adimitque novis
 Exulat et sonipes acerque Molossus, et ipse
 Creditor indignans cogitur ire foras.
 Aufugit uxor amans; seu manserit improba, portas
 Janitor obsidit: sic perit illa fame.
 Si tibi sint festo convivia laeta tumultu,
 Ejicitur foribus dulce sodalium;
 Tuque relegatus, donec rediisse licebit,
 'Rusticus expectans' arva paterna teris.
 CHREM. Testesne adducis? DAV. (*to Dromo*). Senior
 mihi Censor adesto.
 PAMPH. Obsecro, ne facias! Di meliora duint!

(*Enter CRITO, with 'subpoena' in his hand.*)

CRIT. Cur ego 'sub poena' longinquis vectus ab oris
 Huc revocor? Sed quid? (*seeing PAMPHILUS*)
 Pamphile, tune redux?
 Terminus haud inceptit. Abi. PAMPH. Me civica
 jura—
 CRIT. Verbum si addideris— (*PAMPHILUS retires.*)
 CHREM. Quo tremebunde fugis?
 PAMPH. Hei mihi! Tu, bone vir, rides, ego vapulo
 tantum.
 CHREM. Quin redeas, et me vindice tutus eris.

PAMPH. Quod natura negat, commendet Epistola. Quid si
 Hunc hominem aggrediar more modoque suo?
 [*He hastily writes a Ch. Ch. Epistle, and presents it to CRITO.*]
 Vir doctissime, vir dignissime, vir reverende . . .
 CHREM. Cur titulos tantos? PAMPH. Nescio: norma
 jubet.
 CHREM. Ridiculum sonat. PAMPH. . . . ut liceat
 remanere favoris
 Orat (et exoret) mens studiosa tui.
 CRIT. (*accepting the Epistle*) Fiat; et (haud obsto) dum
 Longa Vacatio durat,
 Ludere si cupias, utere jure novo.
 Verum ubi mox teneros revocaverit Isis alumnos,
 Publica res valeat: Musa ministret opem.
 Uberior Nonis Octobribus incipit aetas,
 Utiliorque datur, me praeceunte, labor.
 Aeschylus et Sophocles, Plato Aristotelesque
 leguntur,
 Herodotus, Xenophon, Thucydides . . .
 PAMPH. Nimium est.
 CRIT. Proderit hos . . . PAMPH. (*aside*). Timeo
 Danaos et dona ferentes!
 CRIT. Auctores studio concelebrare pio.
 Quois bene versatis—id Collectanea curent—
 DAV. (*interrupting*). Tu Censor poteris junior esse.
 PAMPH. Placet.

CHREMES (*to the audience*).

Plaudite, Patroni, veniam et puerilibus ausis
 Reddite—sat risus elucuisse jocis.

Idem Anglice.

(*Enter CHREMES, with list of voters and Acts of Parliament in his hand.*)

CHREM. Oh! dear, what shall I do? Just see this list
 Of those who on their right to vote insist;
 And then these Acts of Parliament, again
 Bringing primeval chaos here to reign.
 A thousand applicants the vote require,
 With thousand pretexts backing their desire.
 Here's one in his own right holds house and land,
 And here a leaseholder with like demand;
 Another pays his tithes. Alas, I weep!
 Lastly, these countless lodgers—see the names—
 On ten pounds yearly fain would build their claims.
 The 'Undergrads,' too, now the franchise claim,
 But youth and College rules will spoil their game.
 My flunkey, baker, butcher, barber's boy,
 And Tommy Atkins would the vote enjoy.
 How shall I e'er the rights of each decide,
 With naught but labyrinthine laws to guide?
 But I will buckle to.
 (*Puts on a wig.*) A wig gives weight
 To weak decisions from a judge's pate.

(*Knocking heard.*)

Come in! (*DROMO ushers in DAVUS and CHARINUS.*)

Oh! how d'ye do, my friends in need?
 I'm sure I bid you welcome here, indeed.
 Let us begin.

DRO. A woman waits.
 CHREM. How's this?
 CHAR. The law excludes all females.
 CHREM. Come in, Miss.

(Enter LESBIA.)

Your name, pray?

LESB. Gracious, Lesbia.

(CHREMES writes down 'GRACE LESBIA.')

DAV. Not Grace.

CHREM. Well, what d'you want?

LESB. The vote! Just hear my case:
Three husbands dear, departing from this life,
Left each a farm to his poor sorrowing wife.

DAV. Survival of the fittest here we see:

Behold a wife surviving husbands three!

CHAR. The law forbids.

DAV. Her beauty takes her side.

CHREM. Man's voice.

CHAR. Yet woman's dress.

CHREM. I can't decide.

What's that? (*pointing to LESBIA'S 'Mrs. Gamb.'*)LESB. It's an umbrella. This one gamp
Has sheltered three of very different stamp.

CHREM. Well, put aside your plea until next year.

The franchise widened, you will vote, my dear.

First, it appears, one Byrria tries the law.

CHAR. Does it include all paupers?

DAV. I'm not sure.

CHREM. Bring him in, Dromo.

(Enter BYRRIA.)

BYR. What be oi wanted for?

What's the objection? Be there any flaw?

A rustic plain, who's ploughed his native fields,
Oi wish to see what harvest voting yields.

CHAR. It seems, my friend, you've had outdoor relief:

Your claim, if you're a pauper, comes to grief.

BYR. Call me a pauper? Bah! get out! The size

Of my strong brawny limbs your charge belies.

From beastly work'uses oi keeps fur off—

Yet there *is* summat.

CHREM. What?

BYR. Oi had a cough—

Bronchitis: oi sought medicine without paying,

The doctor gratis my disease allaying:

Both draughts and pills, and thousand dainties flowed

In shape of soothing mixtures down my throat:

Spirits and milk and port to drink; and meat—

Beef, which is werry dear, each day to eat.

CHAR. *Dearer* to others than himself.

BYR. Oi'd fared

More humbly, but the cost the doctor shared;

The vote without some tin's not worth a straw;

A fuller stomach would enjoy it more.

A freeman now at last oi've got my right;

My vote a *liberal* giver shall requite.

While we demand more wages, food, and fêtes,

No beef or beer the empty voter sates.

CHREM. Your claim I grant.

CHAR. Conservative you'll be:

This primrose shall confirm your pact with me.

(*Giving him a primrose.*)BYR. (*looking in vain for money, throws the primrose
away*). Pooh! it don't smell. Money, not flowers,
my brother.

DAV. Has he then left his party for the other?

You were a Liberal.

BYR. Yeas.

CHAR. Don't trust his oath.

BYR. What fun to answer doubtfully to both.

DAV. Scoundrel!

CHAR. You traitor!

BYR. You're but fools at best;

Oi humbugs you and feathers my own nest.

If on illegal questioning you're bent,

My tongue deceives without my heart's consent.

My lips at pleasure utter pledges vain—

My faith untarnished ever will remain.

CHREM. In this good fellow any who's inclined,
May seek his principles and each may find.(*Laughter.*)

BYR. Laugh at your poorer brethren? Ten give ear!

My programme and my views you wish to hear:

Down with the Queen, Church, landlords: all but me;

John Hodge for ever, his the land shall be.

Three fertile acres shall each rustic plough,

And drink white milk drawn from his own fat cow.

CHREM. A cow once leapt the moon, out for a trot;

I think she must have fallen on your plot.

BYR. My kids must have their eddication free:

Thus not yourselves you benefit, but me.

[Exit.]

DRO. This way, Sir.

(Enter PAMPHILUS.)

CHREM. Come, young man, your business state.

Youth's out of place in these affairs of weight.

PAM. I claim a freeman's rights. Come, Sirs, don't frown,

I've rooms in Christ Church, and I wear a gown.

DAV. What, you a freeman! You, whose flying feet

The panting proctor chevies down the street!

This downy fringe, your *status pupillaris*

Prove civic function hardly your affair is.

Tutors, examinations, p'raps a 'plough,'

Proclaim you scarcely more than schoolboy now.

Why, if to drive a 'tandem' you incline,

You're fined; you smoke perhaps—another fine.

'Ah! could'st thou break thro' fate's severe decree'

Thou'dst have a vote: as yet, it's all U P.

PAM. Ah! but there's peace, and life all safe and sure

Once in my rooms: there then I reign secure.

DAV. What bosh! The Censor comes—your reign's
belied;

He plants some guest that comes at your fireside.

Your horse and dog, too, elsewhere must abide,

Your very duns are left to chafe outside.

Then if you're married, from your arms away

Your spouse is driven; should she dare to stay,

Supplies are stopped, the porter's heart is steeled

To block all access—she must starve, or yield.

Or, should you merry make with song and shout,

Your comrades dear are rudely all turned out;

You are 'sent down,' and, till you get permission,

At home in 'rustication' seek contrition.

CHREM. Do you bring witness?

DAV. Call the Senior Censor.

PAM. No, no! Please don't; with this we can dispense,
Sir!

(Enter CRITO.)

CRIT. Why am I thus subpoenaed to appear

While on my travels?—Pamphilus, you here?

Term's not begun yet.

PAM. Sir,—the Franchise Bill . . .

CRIT. But one word more, Sir—

(PAMPHILUS rushes off, but is stopped and brought back
by DROMO.)

CHREM. Dear me! are you ill?

PAM. Confound it!—You may laugh, I feel the smart.

CHREM. Nay, nay! come back, and I will take your
part.

PAM. My words won't move him—an epistle may ;
The brute I'll tackle in his own pet way.

(*He walks to the table and hurriedly writes a Ch. Ch. Epistle, which he presents to CRITO.*)

'Most learned, worthy, and right reverend Sir' . . .

CHREM. What mean these windy titles you confer ?

PAM. Don't know, I'm sure : they're in the rules, you'll find.

CHREM. H'm ! sounds a trifle foolish to my mind.

PAM. . . 'Your gracious leave in residence to stay,
Most humbly your petitioner doth pray.'

CRIT. (*accepting the Epistle*)

Well, stay : and while it's still the Long Vacation,
Play, if you like the game, at legislation.

But soon as Isis calls her brood anew,

Good-bye to politics—the Muses sue.

A day more fruitful comes with Autumn-tide ;

In tasks more useful I will be your guide.

Then Homer, *Æschylus*, and *Sophocles*,

With *Aristotle* and *Thucydides*,

And *Xenophon* and *Plato* you must read,

Herodotus and . . .

PAM. . . . Sir, too much, indeed.

(*Aside*) I'm shy of dons and of their bounty too.

CRIT. These authors study with devotion due.

If you read hard and don't Collections miss . . .

DAV. You may be junior Censor.

PAM. . . . Ah ! what bliss !

CRIT. To young endeavours, friends, be lenient ;

If we've provoked your laughter we're content.

OBITUARY OF OLD WESTMINSTERS.

Sir EDWARD SYNGE, Bart., aged 74.

Rev. GREVILLE PHILLIMORE, Rector of *Welme*, Author of '*Parochial Sermons*,' '*Uncle Z.*' etc.

Lord MOSTYN, formerly M.P. for *Flintshire*, and Lord Lieutenant of *Merionethshire*, aged 88.

CHARLES FRERE, Esq., Taxing Officer of the House of Commons.

Sir JAMES JOHN RANDALL MACKENZIE, Bart., Deputy-Lieutenant of *Ross-shire*, aged 69.

Rev. RALPH BARNES, Vicar of *Ardington*, Election 1829, aged 74.

J. F. PONSFORD, Esq., aged 58.

Major EDWARD LITTLEDALE, late of the Royal Dragoons.

CHRISTOPHER R. PEMBERTON, Esq., Election 1819, aged 83.

Rev. FREDERICK FISHER, Rector of *Downham*, *Ely*, Election 1835, aged 67.

Rev. CHARLES THOMAS BISCOE, Curate of *Emscote*, aged 37.

CHARLES B. DRAKE-GARRARD, Esq., formerly M.P.

Very Rev. HENRY T. EDWARDS, Dean of *Bangor*, Author of '*The Church of the Cymry*,' etc., aged 48.

Lord AMPHILL (Lord Odo W. L. Russell), G.C.B., G.C.M.G., formerly Ambassador at *Berlin*, aged 55.

HOWARD HUME DODGSON, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Ireland Scholar 1826, Election 1822, aged 80.

JOHN REED, Esq., Election 1821, aged 81.

EDWARD VAUGHAN RICHARDS, Esq., Q.C., Election 1840, aged 63.

Rev. CHARLES WALTER BAGOT, Rector of *Castle-Rising*, Chancellor of the Diocese of *Bath and Wells*, formerly Fellow of *All Souls*, aged 72.

Rev. RICHARD PYE ALINGTON, Rector of *Swinhope*, *Lincoln*, aged 75.

GEORGE T. ELLISON, Esq., aged 74.

EDWARD URCH VIDAL, Esq., aged 68.

Rev. ROBERT BURR BOURNE, formerly Usher of *Westminster School*, Rector of *St. Paul's Cray*, *Kent*, Election 1817, aged 86.

Right Hon. Sir ROBERT J. PHILLIMORE, Bart., D.C.L., formerly M.P. for *Tavistock*, Chancellor of the Dioceses of *Chichester* and *Salisbury*, Judge of the Court of Admiralty, Author of '*Commentaries on International Law*,' etc., Founder of the *Phillimore Prizes*, Governor of *Westminster*, Election 1828, aged 74.

FRANCIS FULLER JAMES, Esq., Commoner of *Christ Church*, aged 21.

Rev. ROPER TREVOR TYLER, Rector of *Llantrithyd*, Rural Dean, formerly Domestic Chaplain to *King William IV.* when Duke of *Clarence*, aged 84.

Venerable HENRY WOOLLCOMBE, Archdeacon of *Barnstaple*, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of *Exeter*, Election 1831, aged 68.

Major MORDAUNT C. BOYLE, King's Royal Rifles, died at *Kurof*, Upper *Egypt*, aged 34.

Rev. WILLIAM CHRISTOPHER TEMPLER, Rector of *Burton-Bradstock*, Election 1842, aged 62.

WILLIAM EDWARD N. CURETON, Esq., aged 34.

Sir JAMES HUDSON, G.C.B., formerly Minister Plenipotentiary at *Turin*, aged 74.

CHARLES ALLEN, Esq., formerly a Secretary to the Government of *Calcutta*.

ADAM MONTAGUE HEPPEL, Esq., Min. Can. 1871, aged 29.

Rev. ROBERT HENRY GRAY, Rector of *Wolsingham*, Hon. Canon of *Chester*, Election 1836, aged 67.

Rev. VERNON PAGE, Rector of *St. Tudy*, *Cornwall*, Election 1836, aged 67.

Sir WILLIAM MILMAN, Bart., aged 71.

WILLIAM SANDYS WRIGHT VAUX, Esq., F.R.S., Secretary to the *Asiatic Society* and *Society of Literature*, formerly Keeper of the Coins at the *British Museum*, Author of '*Nineveh and Persepolis*,' etc., aged 67.

Sir WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, Bart., M.P. for *Denbighshire*, formerly of *1st Life Guards*, A.D.C. to the Queen, aged 67.

Sir JOHN SALUSBURY-TRELAWNY, Bart., formerly M.P. for *Tavistock* and *Cornwall* (*Eastern Division*), Deputy-Lieutenant of *Cornwall*, aged 70.

Right Hon. and Rev. AUGUSTUS EDWARD HOBART-HAMPDEN, Earl of *Buckinghamshire*, Prebendary of *Wolverhampton*, aged 91.

Rev. Sir GEORGE LEWEN GLYN, Bart., formerly Rector of *Ewell*, aged 81.

Rev. GEORGE BRIDGES MOORE, Rector of *Tunstall*, Min. Can. 1822, aged 76.

WILLIAM POWELL MURRAY, Esq., a Registrar in the Court of Bankruptcy, Election 1835, aged 68.

WILLIAM HUSSEY, Esq., aged 28, Min. Can. 1870.

POETRY.

—
THE PLAY 1885.

ANOTHER year, with joy and sorrow fraught,
Has fled to join the years that went before ;
Another battle with Time's warriors fought
Has left us little but one year the more.

Once more succeeding terms have brought the Play,
And now we give the record to our friends ;
Our little world of school and every day
The record of its doings proudly sends.

For we, so runs our tale, have just performed
A Latin play—according to our use
For some three hundred years or so—and stormed
The hearts of all our critics with our muse.

What matter that the Muse was half unknown ?
In that the audience hardly understood,
Was praise the less, or less of rapture shown ?
When knowledge lingers, don't say 'bad !' but
'good !'.

'Tis little, yet 'tis something, to have done
What only few in all the world may do—
And therefore, as I said before, we run
To press, full sure of greeting kind from you.

H. M. B.

¶lorcat.