



# The Elizabethan.

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## THE 'ANDRIA.'

ALTHOUGH the respective merits of the four Plays acted at Westminster have been too often discussed in *The Elizabethan* to need repetition here, yet we may justly say that the 'Andria' has always been the favourite with the audience. It must be hard for many among the audience to understand all the subtleties and intricacies of the plots of the Plays, although they follow them with interest; but there can be few who are unable to appreciate the 'Andria' and its more popular style of humour. Most of the characters are interesting enough fully to catch the sympathies of those who listen to the Play. Davus is certainly above the standard of Terence's slaves, and has scarcely a dull scene from his first meeting with his master until his final appearance,

when he comes on the stage, groaning over his flogging. In the other Plays of Terence the young men are distinctly uninteresting, and it is very often difficult to summon up much concern in their love affairs; but in this Play, though Charinus belongs to the former class, Pamphilus is a brilliant exception to the rule. The struggle between the ties of honour which make him refuse to desert Glycerium and duty which bids him obey his father, the perplexity into which he is brought by the failure of Davus' plans in which he placed such trust, his determination, caused by his father's grief, to agree to his wishes at all costs, and his final triumph through the arrival of Crito, all tend to make Pamphilus by far the best of Terence's young lovers. The part of Simo, though in itself somewhat dull, is a part that gives an actor many opportunities of showing his powers, and

it is possible to make a good deal out of it. Mysis supplies us with a part that contains both humour and feeling, which make her the best of Terence's female characters except perhaps the Nausistrata in the 'Phormio.' But to add to the interest of the Play, apart from separate characters, it has very many amusing and striking scenes.

The first act of the Play is, as usual, somewhat dull, as must always be the case when the author thinks it necessary to explain the position of affairs by long and solemn dialogues. But the first scene contains, beneath its covering of dulness, many good points, and it also explains the position perhaps more skilfully than the first acts of the other three Plays; the act closes with the splendid scene which depicts the despair of Pamphilus, and the pathetic lines that describe the death of Chrysis. But through all the acts there is always the interest that an audience is bound to feel in the plots of Davus, and their frustration by the unexpected agreement of Chremes to the marriage.

But, of course, the two scenes which make the Play what it is, and add so much amusement to a plot that might otherwise be somewhat dull, are the 'Baby' scene and the scene in which Dromo carries off Davus. The 'Baby' scene may safely be said to be the funniest scene in all the four plays, and the way in which Davus is made to mystify Mysis, while Chremes is listening behind, must invariably evoke roars of laughter from an appreciative audience. The other of the two scenes is also invariably popular with the spectators.

The plot of the 'Andria' is as follows: Simo has a son called Pamphilus, who has always been considered a model young man, and Simo's friend, Chremes, has made arrangements to give his daughter, Philumena, in marriage to Pamphilus. But unfortunately for the success of this plan, Pamphilus has made the acquaintance of an Andrian lady named Chrysis, who lived in the house opposite Simo's with a beautiful girl who was supposed to be her sister.

Shortly before the time fixed for the marriage Chrysis dies, and Simo goes to her funeral; her sister, Glycerium, goes dangerously near the pyre, and Pamphilus hastens to save her. Simo at once sees how matters stand, and Chremes, hearing of the incident, breaks off the match. The Play opens with Simo's recountal to his freedman, Sosia, of all that has happened. He announces his determination to pretend that the match is still to take place, hoping that things will even yet turn out all right. Davus, the slave of Simo, appears, and is threatened with terrible punishments if he tries to hinder the marriage. Pamphilus enters complaining of the hardness of his father, and yet doubting whether it is not his duty to obey him; but he declares to Mysis, Glycerium's maid, that he will never break his promise to Chrysis to protect Glycerium.

In the second act appears Charinus, who is in love with Philumena, and his slave, Byrria, tells him that she is to marry Pamphilus, but Davus makes both young men happy by his discovery that the marriage is not to take place. By the slave's advice, Pamphilus tells his father that he is willing to marry, thinking that all is safe, as Chremes is sure not to consent. A child is born to Pamphilus and Glycerium, but Simo, being encouraged by Davus to think that this is a pretence, prevails upon Chremes to withdraw his objection to the wedding. Thus Davus' plot fails, and the lovers are in despair, but Davus promises to get them out of the difficulty; he makes Mysis lay the child before Simo's door, where Chremes discovers it, and then Chremes is allowed to overhear a conversation in which Mysis discloses the facts that it is the child of Pamphilus, and that Glycerium is an Athenian citizen. Nothing will now persuade Chremes to consent to the marriage, and Simo's arguments that the whole story is made up to deceive them are refuted, when Davus appears from the house of Glycerium and announces to the fathers that Crito, a cousin of Chrysis, has come from abroad and corroborated it. Simo does not believe him, but sends him

off to be flogged, and, having learnt that Pamphilus is in the house with Glycerium, calls his son out and accuses him of suborning the stranger. Pamphilus obtains his request that he may bring the stranger to his father, and it is discovered that Crito is an old friend of Chremes. He tells what he knows of Glycerium, and it turns out that she is really Pasiphila, a long-lost daughter of Chremes. Her father had left her in the charge of his brother, Phania, who had been driven from Athens by fear of war. He was wrecked at Andros, and died there, and the girl was adopted by the father of Chrysis. After this, there is no more difficulty about the marriage of Pamphilus and Glycerium, and we are left to suppose that Charinus is made happy with Philumena.

#### THE FIRST NIGHT.

The first night of the 'Andria' was Thursday, December 13. The ladies' seats were well filled, and there were some young O.W.W. present, though not so many as there might have been, as both Universities had gone down. The rest of the house was very full. The Play went very well indeed for a first night. There were no hitches at all except a slight mismanagement of the curtain at the end of the Play. The prompter was not needed once. The Epilogue fell flat at first, but after the first 30 lines or so it was exceptionally well taken. The Headmaster was unavoidably absent on this night.

#### THE SECOND NIGHT.

On the second night the chair was taken by the Dean, and among others who formed the Headmaster's party there were Mr. Justice Day, Mr. J. L. Shadwell, the Brazilian Minister, Mr. Jasper More, M.P., and Mr. Lewis Morris. The Play of course was better acted than on the first night, but there was not so much difference as usual. The Epilogue went much better, and the actors did not try to speak against applause.

#### THE THIRD NIGHT.

The Dormitory on the third night was very crowded. Long before the Prologue began there was scarcely a seat to be got, and the gangways were

pretty well impassable. Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore was in the chair, and of the other distinguished guests we may mention Sir Walter Phillimore, Sir Francis Jeune, Mr. Clements Markham, C.B., Rev. Canon Madan, Rev. A. Stoman, and Rev. R. A. Edgell. The Play and Epilogue went remarkably well, with scarcely a hitch. Applause was frequent, especially in the Epilogue. The references to Dr. Scott in the Prologue were also enthusiastically received.

#### Play Notes.

The critiques in the papers this year were disappointing. Not only were there fewer than usual, but those that appeared were principally off the point. The *Daily Telegraph*, for instance, on Friday, December 14, referred at length to the prologue and to 'the young orator of last night.'

The *Daily News* and the *Saturday Review* did not favour us with any notice. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, we are sorry to say, did. Their reporter had evidently made up his mind to be funny at any cost. The result must have cost him a good deal.

The *Daily Graphic* and the *Graphic* both gave sketches, which were good. The attitudes were exactly caught, but the likenesses were poor. We believe reference to the play was made in the *Sketch*, which we mention in another column.

The Prologue was written by the Headmaster. It was somewhat long, but its length was compensated for by the extreme clearness of the Latin.

The Epilogue was written by J. S. Phillimore, Esq., in collaboration with his brother, C. A. Phillimore, Esq., and F. Y. Eccles, Esq. It was one of the funniest Epilogues ever produced in Dormitory.

An acting edition of the play was prepared by R. Tanner, Esq., and excisions were carefully and consistently made. On the whole there was nothing cut out that was really missed. This completes the series of acting editions necessary, as the first was made for the 'Adelphi' in 1890. The translation of the Younger Colman was printed on alternate pages with the text.

## THE 'ANDRIA,' 1894.

SIMO . . . . .	<i>W. C. Mayne.</i>
SOSIA . . . . .	<i>R. Airy.</i>
DAVUS . . . . .	<i>J. F. Waters.</i>
MYSIS . . . . .	<i>G. H. Bernays.</i>
PAMPHILUS . . . . .	<i>C. D. Fisher.</i>
CHARINUS . . . . .	<i>B. C. Boulter.</i>
BYRRIA . . . . .	<i>R. K. Gaye.</i>
LESBIA . . . . .	<i>C. R. Beaven.</i>
CHREMES . . . . .	<i>E. H. Waterfield.</i>
CRITO . . . . .	<i>G. F. Martin.</i>
DROMO . . . . .	<i>J. F. More.</i>

## PROLOGUS IN ANDRIAM, 1893.

Suus cuique mos est ; alii, si quid ceciderit  
 sibi vel iucundum imprimis vel contrarium,  
 id in triviis declamant ; alii idem volunt  
 cunctos celatos : quibus occultioribus  
 5 egomet me adiungo ; nam in animum haud in-  
 duxerim  
 haec temere cuivis impertiri, ex queis mihi  
 propior exoritur sensus aegritudinis  
 vel hilaritatis. Mecum habenda ea censeo  
 quasi sacro sancta. Idcirco ne a vobis quidem,  
 10 quamvis benivolis, illud posco, ut memoriam  
 piam quorundam luctu prosequamini,  
 qui non ita pridem vetere in contubernio  
 nobiscum convixerunt familiariter.  
 Fuit alter <sup>(1)</sup> mihimet sorte coniunctissimus  
 15 aevoque ; senior alter <sup>(2)</sup>, quem quotidie  
 sedentem inter praefectos vidi parvulus,  
 magnumque et doctum credidi, ut pueri solent :  
 vacivus nunc in ordine amborumst locus,  
 neque, si vocemus, ullast iam responsio.  
 20 Sed aperto nil est cur non dicam pectore,  
 si quis de numero Westmonasteriensium  
 cumulatus obiit annis atque honoribus,  
 qualis fuit ille <sup>(3)</sup>, cuius praestantissimum  
 opus recenter populus habuit per manus  
 25 perque ora ; qui iam ferme moriens adpulit

To every man his method ; some, if aught  
 Unfortunate has happened—something fraught  
 With pleasure even more—their news proclaim  
 Out in the streets ; while others hide the same  
 From all men. One of these, the reticent,  
 I must confess me ; I could ne'er consent  
 My news to all men rashly to impart  
 When it more readily incites the heart  
 To sorrow than to exaltation.  
 Sorrow's for single meditation :  
 'Twere sacrilege to speak thereof. And so  
 I ask not even you, whose hearts, I know,  
 Are well-disposed, with grief to celebrate  
 The pious memory of those who late  
 Lived with us on our old foundation  
 In friendly intercourse. By station  
 And age the one was to me closely tied ;  
 The other older ; whom I daily 'spied  
 Seated among the monitors, when I  
 Was younger ; and admired with boyish eye  
 Seeing a scholar and a potentate.  
 Empty are their accustomed seats. Too late  
 Their names to call, whose voice is hushed by fate.  
 But when some Westminster has died with fame,  
 With years, with honour loaded, 'tis no shame  
 To speak with open heart. And such was he,  
 Whose greatest work the people recently  
 Had in their hands and on their lips. His mind,  
 When now his hour was come, lagged not behind  
 Erasmus' life and letters to indite.

<sup>1</sup> Clarence Aubrey Kirkpatrick, admitted Q.S. September 1888 : School Monitor, September 1893. Died at Karachi, India, May 23, 1894.

<sup>2</sup> William Henry Walter Covington, admitted January 1885. Elected to Trinity, July 1890. Died July 10, 1894.

<sup>3</sup> James Anthony Froude, admitted January 15, 1830, K.S. 1830. Died October 20, 1894.

animum ad Erasmi vitam, fortunas, stilum.  
 Ipsius Erasmi penicillus non magis  
 graphicus, Erasmi haud visust calamus facilior.  
 Iuvenilis inerat ardor, robustus vigor,  
 30 color, v̄nustas, gravitas, magnificentia.  
 Sunt qui vitio dent quod non omnia scripserit  
 s̄atis accurate : vere si id dicunt, nihil  
 dicunt quod ipsa Clio non fastidiat,  
 cui cordi plus est verum qui indagaverit  
 35 quam qui res veras. Huius neglegentiam  
 quis non obscurae vellet diligentiae  
 praeferre eorum qui maledicta huic ingerunt ?  
 Nescio an casu contingat an divinitus  
 ut, si cuiusvis mentionem feceris  
 40 in quavis arte qui antecellit ceteris,  
 sit ipse noster, aut illi aequiparabilem  
 aliquem foveamus nosmet propriis laudibus.  
 Quem noster non delectat eloquentia  
 Gibbonus (1) excelsa ? quis non amplitudinem  
 45 miratur mentis vastam, qua complectitur  
 saeculorum seriem, vel Romani prospicit  
 fata imperi titubantis, non aliter suo  
 dominans in argumento et Caesar gentibus  
 in universis ? adeo praevallet vigor  
 50 virilis animi et ingeni potentia.  
 Hos nostra cunctos mater vindicat suos :  
 ex aliis autem magna nancast commoda  
 quos non in gremio parvos complexast suo.  
 Eo de numero nunc virum (2) desiderat,  
 55 abhinc diebus morte absumptum duodecim,  
 triginta qui per annos meritust optime  
 Domo de nostra ; nobis totum se dedit ;  
 noctu diuque id studuit ut praesto foret  
 saluti matris cuius factust filius.  
 60 Ita nos si nostrae consulamus patriae  
 ut hic consuluit, civem quem suscepimus,  
 pro nihilo mox putemus veteres glorias.

Nor was Erasmus' brush than his more bright,  
 Nor had Erasmus' pen more readiness.  
 His style had youthful fire and manliness  
 And strength, with colour, weight, magnificence  
 And beauty. There are those who take offence  
 At his inaccuracy here or there.  
 If they speak truly, as they may, I dare  
 Protest that Clio would such faults condone,  
 Clio herself, whose care is not alone  
 That History preserve the truth of fact,  
 But rather that the inner truth be tracked  
 Behind the pageant. To his negligence  
 Who could prefer their purblind diligence  
 Against whose censure we have made defence ?

I know not whether 'tis by chance or clear  
 Design of Heaven, but when'er I hear  
 My friends make mention of some noted name  
 Of one in any art best known to fame,  
 He is a Westminster, or else his peer  
 In the same art was educated here,  
 Winning our special praise. He lacks all sense  
 Who by our Gibbon's lofty eloquence  
 Cannot be moved ; nor marvels at the vast  
 Grandeur of intellect wherewith he cast  
 Into one whole the chain of centuries ;  
 Or from afar the fate of Rome describes,  
 Imperial Rome declining to her fall.  
 No less does Gibbon hold the world in thrall  
 With his great theme, than Cæsar ruled unchecked  
 The length and breadth of Europe. Such th' effect  
 Of manly soul and mighty intellect.

All these our mother school can claim her own.  
 But yet from others, who had never known  
 In youth her bosom or embrace, she won  
 Advantage great. And, of their number, one  
 Who died twelve days ago she doth lament.  
 For thirty years Headmaster, he had lent  
 His soul and body for her interest.  
 Nobly he served her ; nobly, without rest  
 By day or night, he studied single-soul'd  
 His foster-mother's welfare to uphold.  
 And if our country's happiness to prize  
 We learn from our adopted son, the size  
 Of former glories we shall soon despise.

R. B

<sup>1</sup> The Gibbon Centenary, celebrated November 1894. In Dr. Nicoll's MS. Lists of Westminster School for 1744-1749 Gibbon's name appears in 1748 in the list of the Second Form. In 1749 it appears in the list of the Third Form.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Brodrick Scott, D.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, became Headmaster in 1855 ; retired, 1883 ; Senior Classic, 1848 ; Prebendary of St. Paul's, 1873 ; Honorary Student of Christ Church, 1875.

## EPILOGUS IN ANDRIAM.

1894.

## PERSONAE.

DROMO . . . . .	<i>A Professor studying ape language.</i>
SOSIA . . . . .	<i>A life-insurance agent.</i>
SIMO . . . . .	<i>A Faddist; late L.C.C.; organiser of Congresses.</i>
CHREMES . . . . .	<i>A genial Old Gentleman interested in the 'Empire,' Uganda.</i>
MYSIS . . . . .	<i>A 'New Woman' exploring the Cameroons, &amp;c.</i>
BYRRIA . . . . .	<i>An interviewer.</i>
PAMPHILUS . . . . .	<i>A detective, disguised as a negro.</i>
DAVUS . . . . .	<i>Lessee of the 'Empire,' Uganda.</i>
CHARINUS . . . . .	<i>'Primo tenore' of the 'Empire,' Uganda.</i>
CRITO . . . . .	<i>'Homo ex Machinâ': inventor of a flying-machine and cuirass.</i>
LESBIA . . . . .	<i>A Prude on the Prowl.</i>

*Scene.—A Street in Uganda: on one side a Restaurant, on the other the 'Empire.'*

[DROMO discovered in a cage, talking to two monkeys.]

DRO. Huc, o bestiolae dulces, par nobile fratrum!  
Sermonem vestrum discere cura mihi est.

[The monkeys chatter, and pull his hat and spectacles off.]

(sadly) Collabor: tantam selectio naturalis  
Simiolis linguam nequitiamque dedit!

[Enter SIMO, whom Dromo takes for another monkey.]

Simius en alter, forsan mansuetior illis.  
(to SIMO) Huc ades, huc!

SIM. (furiously) Aufer te caveamque tuam.

[Exit DROMO. SIMO seats himself at table. Enter SOSIA from the Restaurant, with a servant bearing a tray.]

SOS. Visne, Simo, bibere? en triplex! en coctilis!  
aestu  
Pocula conveniunt longa.

SIM. Tace. (to servant) Adfer aquam.  
Chesteriane pater, seu Jane libentius audis,  
Gothenburgensis me ratio ista iuvat.

SOS. (scornfully) Jane bifrons! Equidem id 'ne quid  
nimis' utile credo;  
Neve nimis potes, neu nimis abstineas.  
Sic sana in sano—

[DROMO discovered in a cage, talking to two monkeys.]

DRO. You noble pair of brothers, come; sweet little  
beastie brothers!  
I want to learn your language, dears, to talk it  
to your mothers.

[The monkeys chatter, and pull his hat and spectacles off.]

Lord! I'm collapsed all of a heap! for  
Natural Selection's  
Giv'n monkeys such a language, such de-  
monstrative affections.

[Enter SIMO, whom DROMO takes for another monkey.]

Hullo! another monkey; he's a cut above  
their level,  
Perhaps. Hi! Monkey!

SIM. Take your cage and self off to the Devil.

[Exit DROMO. SIMO seats himself at table. Enter SOSIA from the Restaurant, with a servant bearing a tray.]

SOS. What will you drink? a cocktail? not some  
'3 X'? Something stronger?  
Quite right; if days will sultrier grow, one's  
drinks must needs grow longer.

SIM. O hold your tongue. (to servant) Some water,  
please. O Chester, Reverend Father,  
(A popish name? I'll call you Jayne or Janus,  
if you'd rather.)  
The Gothenburg arrangement is least wasteful  
to the nation.

SOS. O Mr. Facing-both-ways Jayne! 'all things  
in moderation.'  
Don't be a total drunkard, nor teetotaler  
abstainer,  
That's my motto; keep your body sane, the  
mind will soon grow saner.

SIM. Damnata iteratio !  
 SOS. Sed tu  
 Hoc age : de vita visne cavere tua ?  
 Nam brevis est, heu, vita : parum est haec terra  
 salubris.

SIM. Pendere nil possum ; fiscus enim nocuit  
 Tam democraticus, gravioraque debita mortis.

SOS. (*dejectedly*) Experiar nigros, si nihil albus agit.

[*Exit SOSIA. Enter CHREMES.*]

SIM. Sed quis hic ? Estne Chremes ? Certe est : sal-  
 vere Chremetem—

CHR. (*coldly*) Oh !  
 Te ipsum quaerebam ; nam mihi fama venit,  
 Te non Imperium cum Libertate probare.

SIM. Certe ego Concilium Municipale probo.  
 (*sadly*)  
 Imperii arcanum iam divulgatur in orbem :  
 Imperium fieri non modo in Urbe potest.

CHR. Odi equidem vetulas, Populo quae gaudia  
 demunt,  
 Laetor et Imperii prosperitate novi.

SIM. (*changing the subject*) Iste Charinus ubi est ?

CHR. Hem ! Christi ex Aede migravit  
 Non bene—

SIM. Dimissus ? flagitiose puer !

CHR. Ne tantum, a, saevi ! pravi nil fecerat ipse :  
 Turbatum est (pueri semper erunt pueri) ;  
 Effugiunt sotes, insontibus addita poena.

[*A noise of beating is heard behind the scenes.*]

SIM. Num quoque fit turba hic ? Orbiliosa sonant  
 Verbera : quis Monitor quisve Archididascalus  
 infert ?

[*MYSIS rushes in breathless.*]

CHR. Femina, pol, misera est.  
 MY. Non ego, pace tua,  
 Sum misera ; at fugiens Camerunia litora  
 linquo.

SIM. Confound the jingling platitude !  
 SOS. All right, Sir ; keep your breath.  
 Would you like your life insured in case of  
 accident or death ?  
 For life is short, alas ! I'm sure Uganda can't  
 be healthy.

SIM. I haven't got a sou to waste, we're none of us  
 too wealthy,  
 For the Democratic Budget means the ruin of  
 the nation,  
 And the raising of death-duties is the high-  
 road to starvation.

SOS. (*dejectedly*) I'll try it on with niggers, if the white  
 ain't got a sou.

[*Exit SOSIA. Enter CHREMES.*]

SIM. Who's here ? not Chremes ? Yes, it is. Well,  
 Chremes, how d'ye do ?

CHR. (*coldly*) Oh, you're the man I wanted ; for the  
 papers say—you read 'em—  
 That unlike the Primrose League you would  
 refuse the Empire Freedom.

SIM. Yes, the London County Council has my best  
 congratulations.  
 (*sadly*)

Why, the secret of the Empire is the gossip of  
 the nations.

'Tis not alone in London town an Empire may  
 be made.

CHR. Yet for one I hate old women, who would  
 make a prudish raid

On their innocent amusements and their  
 sociable parade.  
 And I can't help chuckling at the way the  
 New Empire has paid.

SIM. (*changing the subject*) But where's Charinus,  
 Chremes ?

CHR. Oh ! the boy at Christ Church ?—eh ?  
 He's just gone down—it wasn't fair—

SIM. Sent down, you mean to say.  
 The infamous young puppy !

CHR. My good Sir, control your passion.  
 He had done no wrong himself ; his rooms  
 were ragged—an Oxford fashion.  
 Boys will be boys ; and while the guilty  
 flourish and are fêted,  
 Dean and dons cut up so rusty that the lambs  
 are rusticated.

[*A noise of beating is heard behind the scenes.*]

SIM. What ! not ragging in Uganda ? hark, the birch  
 of Dr. Busby !  
 Is it Rutherford ? a monitor ? or what can  
 this fuss be ?

[*MYSIS rushes in breathless.*]

CHR. A woman in distress !  
 MYS. I beg your pardon, not distress,  
 But I've fled from Camerouns and sought  
 Uganda.

SIM. An tu Germanos ausa es adire truces ?

MYS. Sane ego, miranda testudine cincta Critonis,  
Praemunimentis impenetrabilibus.

CHR. (*stupidly*) Quaero—

SIM. Quid quaeras ? o Dove, o Maximus Hiram !

MYS. (*proudly*) Lorum loricae cessit, et arma togae.

[Enter BYRRIA.]

BYR. Hos me iussit herus, patria rebusque relictis,  
Observare.

SI. Quis es ?

BYR. Byrria : vos venio

(*producing notebook*)

Intervisurus.

CHR. (*horrified*) Miseri fugiamus inermes !

BYR. (*to MYSIS*) Tu breve colloquium cede.

MYS. Libenter ego.

BYR. Dic quae sis, dic unde, quibusque parentibus  
orta ;  
Dic quid agas, dic, dic omnia—dic quid edis.

SIM. O virgo celebris, tu quanta paragrapha fies !

BYR. (*reading*) 'Girtonis ex aula non sine honore redux,  
Iam vacat ingenio, postquam seris studiorum  
Invidit maribus, vicit et arte viros,—  
Nec solum arte, sed et ludos experta viriles  
Caeruleam vestem remigio meruit.  
Herbivora est ; cibus est lac, panis, caseus, ova,  
Mala, holera.'

MYS. An satis est ?

BYR. Est, abeoque. Vale (*exit*.)

MYS. Ast aliquid sum oblita ; mane.

[MYSIS runs off after him, and PAMPHILUS comes on.]

CHR. Quis hic est ? Niger hercle est !

SIM. Non nigrum hunc aequae ac pingitur esse puto.

SIM. Well, I'm blest !

Have you dared ferocious Germans to approach ?

MYS. It was no daring ;

It was Crito's marvellous protective waistcoat  
I was wearing,  
I was fortified by ramparts quite impervious to  
force.

CHR. (*stupidly*) May I ask . . . ?

SIM. Why, what a query ! 'tis cuirass she means,  
of course.

Truly Maxim(us) ! O Hiram ! Döwe !—  
princes among men !

MYS. Aye ! bullet yields to 'bullet-proof,' the sword  
unto the pen.

[Enter BYRRIA.]

BYR. The Editor has bidden me to leave my native  
Strand  
And property, to interview this quaint and  
foreign land.

SIM. Who are you ?

BYR. I am Byrria, I've come to interview you.

CHR. (*horrified*) We are unarmed in sorry plight,  
we'll run away and 'do' you.

BYR. (*to MYSIS*) Allow me a few moments' chat,  
please, Madam.

MYS. Oh ! with pleasure.

BYR. Tell me your name, then ; your address ; and  
how you spend your leisure,  
Your business, who's your Pa, and Ma,—  
position in society ;  
Tell, tell me all—tell what you eat.

SIM. O maiden, notoriety  
Can best be gained by paragraphs of endless  
'interview.'

BYR. (*reading*) She's left Girton College, Cambridge,  
taking honours not a few,  
So she's resting from her brain-work, for she's  
proved that men are fools,  
And has finished beating backward males ; nor  
only in the Schools,  
But also on the river, for she's scorned Con-  
vention's rules,  
And got her blue—(a blue chemise) ; and  
she's a vegetarian—  
Milk, vegetables, apples, eggs—but 'flesh-  
meat' is barbarian.

MYS. Is that enough ?

BYR. It is enough and more. I'm off. Farewell (*exit*.)

MYS. Stop a moment, Mr. Byrria ; I've something  
more to tell.

[MYSIS runs off after him, and PAMPHILUS comes on.]

CHR. Who's this ? Egad ! a nigger.

SIM. Not a nigger, he's a white,  
Not as black as he is painted.



PAM. Vera, pater, loqueris.  
 (to CHREMES) Qui sim fortasse requiris?  
 Detectivorum gloria summa vocor:  
 Argentinus enim iudex mihi cessit iniquum  
 Iabesium. Davum cedat Uganda mihi.

CHR. Quid fecit?  
 PAM. Puerum infantem subduxit Ugandam.  
 (coaxingly) Mi pater!

SIM. Hem! quid nunc 'mi pater' ?  
 PAM. (handing him a sovereign) Em quid!  
 SIM. Eho,  
 Hoc quid sit?

PAM. Certe. Tu dic mihi, Davus ubi sit.  
 (searches the ground.)  
 Ha! cineres video! iam mihi captus homo!  
 SIM. Qui?  
 PAM. (expansively) Magnum signum: genus hoc  
 fumare Manillae  
 Is solet: ergo ipsum non procul esse puto.

SIM. Astute.  
 PAM. Atque eccum ipsum in tempore.  
 (to DAVUS) Furcifer, asta!  
 Sursum verte manus (handcuffing him), neve  
 resiste: veni. (Tries to drag him off.)  
 DAV. (sulkily) Nullum extradendi nobiscum foedus  
 habetis.  
 PAM. Hem, non? indigenas quis mihi coget?  
 SIM. Ego:  
 Congressus facio: medicos mihi Roma coegit,  
 Belgica pacificos, Grindula Silvula . . . Lunn!

CHR. (stupidly) Novi equidem Salilun.  
 PAM. I, demens, curre!  
 (Exeunt SIMO and CHREMES.)  
 (to DAVUS) Coibit  
 Contio, quae statuet quid tibi fiat. Eho,  
 Dic mihi, natus ubi est?

DAV. Mirum ni est intus.  
 PAM. At effer.  
 DAV. (showing his wrists) Non possum.  
 PAM. (releasing him) Em solvo: nunc cito profer.  
 DAV. Eo.

[DAVUS goes in, and comes back with PAMPHILUS' son,  
 followed by CHARINUS carrying a toy piano.]

DAV. Infans prodigium est.  
 (PAMPHILUS makes the baby play on piano.)  
 PAM. Quam mire psallit homullus!  
 Do re mi far sol: rumpite tundite tum!

CHA. Ausculta! Numeros memini, si verba tenerem.

PAM. Well, I guess, old man, you're right.  
 (to CHREMES) You'd like to know my name,  
 perhaps? I'm called the chiefest glory  
 Of detectives, for I'm hero of the best Detective  
 story.  
 And I've got the swindler Jabez from the judge  
 in Argentina.  
 Let Uganda give me Davus.

CHR. What's he done?  
 PAM. Kidnapped a minor.  
 Took a lad off to Uganda on the sly.  
 (coaxingly) My dearest father.

SIM. Eh? Your father?  
 PAM. Here's a summat.  
 SIM. What! is this a quid?

PAM. Yes, rather!  
 Tell the whereabouts of Davus. (searches the  
 ground) Ha! Cigar-ash, what a find!  
 SIM. How's that?

PAM. (expansively) A splendid clue! We've got him  
 this time, or I'm blind.  
 'Tis the species of Manilla that his habit is to  
 smoke.  
 I think he can't be far away.

SIM. You are a clever bloke!  
 PAM. Hallo! Just in the nick of time. (to DAVUS)  
 Stand still, yer jail-bird, will yer?  
 Hold up your hands. Stop struggling there,  
 or else I'll have to kill yer.  
 DAV. (sulkily) There's no extradition treaty 'twixt  
 Great Britain and this land.

PAM. Eh, what! no treaty? Where's the man who'll  
 raise a nigger band?  
 SIM. I will. I trade in conferences. O'er the  
 world I roam.  
 Peace-parties flock to Antwerp and the medicals  
 to Rome,  
 And Lunn presides at Grindelwald.

CHR. (stupidly) I've seen a Sally Lunn.  
 PAM. Get out, you silly idiot! (to DAVUS) We'll  
 decide what shall be done  
 With Davus at a conference. Oh! tell me,  
 where's my son?

DAV. Indoors, I think.  
 PAM. Then bring him out.  
 DAV. I will when I'm undone.  
 PAM. Here, I'll undo you. Quickly now, produce  
 him.  
 DAV. Yes, I'm off.

[DAVUS goes in, and comes back with PAMPHILUS' son,  
 followed by CHARINUS carrying a toy piano.]

DAV. He is an infant prodigy.  
 [PAMPHILUS makes the baby play on piano.]  
 PAM. The little man's a toff.  
 Do re mi far sol. It is a lovely pianoforte,  
 Thump it, bump it, do re mi.

CHA. Hark! Lieder ohne Worte!  
 I know the music, not the words; if there were  
 words I'd know it.

PAM. (*to CHARINUS*) Quid tu huc insolitus?

CHA. Missus ab Oxonia,  
Primum ego captabam laurus palmamque  
poetae ;  
Carmina composui Morrisiana : mihi  
Sphinx quoque cantata est.

DAV. Non hercle intellego !

CHA. Quid, non ?

DAV. Non : Davum me, non Oedipoda, esse puta.

CHA. Nascente (et vixdum nascente) ego principe feci  
Carmina : obit Caesar? Carmina iussa fluunt.  
At suspendit adhuc laurus obolosque Minister,  
Malmsiacoque avidus vasa repleta mero,  
Et cervos, animal propter convivia natum ;  
Scilicet excusat depretiata Rupe.  
Spe demissus ea, Davi nunc fata secutus  
Comica decanto.

PAM. Forte canas aliquid ?

CHA. (*clearing his throat*) Paullisper, Lucilla, precor,  
Lucilla, morare ;

Paullisper, virgo bella, morare, precor.

PAM. Vah ! scitum carmen : vis comica multa videtur  
Plautinique sales huius inesse modis.

(*returning with CHREMES*)

SIM. Concilia exaudi strepitum coetusque furentes  
Murmura perveniunt, plausus et 'Euge,'  
'Sophos' :  
'Pauper is est alienus' ! 'Homo exturbetur'  
et 'Ordo.'

CHR. Iura dat hic iudex Lyncius ipse, puto.

DAV. (*despairingly*) Nullus sum ! (*to CHARINUS*) Canta  
tu carmina blanda, Charine :

Permulcere potest barbara corda melos.

CHA. (*sings*) Dum vagor insultans per culta Parisia-  
corum,

Clamat 'hic o certe' nympa 'beatus homo  
est !'

O quot singultus ! quotiens 'moriatur' anhe-  
lant !

Quot levia alterni furta supercillii !

Ecce, trapezitas qui fregit in arce Monaeci,

Cui dedit aggestas Mons Carolaesus opes.

PAM. Eugae, eugae ! Tibi post conamina tanta  
bibendum :

Quid ?

PAM. (*to CHARINUS*) Why, what the deuce has  
brought you here ?

CHA. I've set up as a poet,  
Since leaving Oxford ; tried for posts ; the  
Sphinx engaged my lay ;  
And I sang like Lewis Morris, but I found it  
didn't pay.

DAV. I cannot understand you.

CHA. Can't you ?

DAV. No, and that is plain.  
I'm no Œdipus, but Davus ; so Sphinx-riddles  
are in vain.

CHA. Well, at the birth of our young Prince (indeed,  
some days before)

I wrote an ode ; and 'by request' composed  
a dozen more

Of sonnets, when the Czar died ; but as yet  
the Laureate's crown

Is on the shelf, and Rosebery don't want to  
take it down.

He keeps the money greedily, the butt of  
malmsey wine,

The stags, beasts only born to make a  
Premier's table fine.

Of course you know th' excuse—depreciation  
of rupee.

Disappointed of this hope, I've come out here  
upon the spree

To sing some comic songs and track the  
Davus mystery.

PAM. O won't you sing us something ?

CHA. Well, I might. What shall it be ?  
Linger longer Lucy, linger longer Loo,  
I should like to linger longer 'long of you.

PAM. O what a clever song ! What comic force  
there is in that !

What sparkling wit of Plautus !

SIM. (*returning with CHREMES*) What's the House  
of Commons at ?

Listen to the din they're making, din of crowds  
of deadly foes ;

Listen to the 'loud applause,' 'hear, hears,'  
and 'murmurs' and 'bravoos.'

'He's a pauper alien,' 'Order, Order,' 'Turn  
him out,' 'Hooray !'

CHR. I calkerlate Judge Lynch himself's the sanc-  
tion for this kind of fray.

DAV. I'm done for and I know it,

In the words of a great poet.

Lull me with songs, Charinus, to my rest ;  
Music hath charms to soothe the savage  
breast.

CHA. (*sings*) As I walk along the Bois de Boulong  
with an independent air,

You should hear the girls declare, 'He is a  
millionaire.'

You should hear them sigh and wish to die,  
and see them wink the other eye

At the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

PAM. Bravo ! such efforts well deserve a drink ;  
what shall it be ?

CHA. (*pouring himself out a bottle of stout*)  
Tua cantorem pinguia, Basse, decent.

[*A noise as of wings is heard, and CRITO comes down in a flying machine.*]

DAV. Sed quid pennarum strepitus vult iste? Boni di!  
Ellum, confidens, aeronauta catus!

CHR. O qualis casus fuit illic! Icare demens,  
Vix nomen capiet nota Nyassa tuum!

[*CRITO gets up, rather dazed.*]

CRI. (*to SIM.*) Dic mihi, quae terra haec?

CHA. Hic, credo, nescit ubi sit!

CRI. Non mihi respondes? SIM. (*aside*) Anser!  
(*to CRITO*) Uganda, Crito, est.

CRI. En documenta fero, queis vestra Colonia fiat  
Libera: charta haec est, testificata manu  
Reginae ipsius.

DAV. (*enthusiastically*) Vivat Regina! (*to CRITO*)  
Periclo  
Exemisti hodie me, Crito. Mysis ubi est?

[*Goes off to look for her, but, meeting LESBIA, returns.*]

LES. Fertur in hac platea Davus posuisse theatrum.

PAM. Altera Xantippe haec.

DAV. (*complacently*) Alterum et Imperium!

LES. Num bibit auditor? Numnam spatiat in aula  
Femina?

[*MYSIS comes in with a bicycle, followed by DROMO.*]

MYS. Ohe tu cum religione tua—!  
(*to DROMO*) Quadrupedem constringe.

LES. (*hotly*) Probrum nova femina sexus!  
Audes divisa sic equitare toga?

DAV. (*angrily*) Hem, Dromo! (*to LESBIA*) Si verbum  
addideris, scelerata...! Dromo, inquam!

DRO. Quid vis?

DAV. In cavea membra furentis anus

Conclude. (*DROMO puts his cage over LESBIA.*)

PAM. O si sic importunasque volucres  
Obscenasque canes lex cohibere sinat!

DAV. Lesbia, nunc fiet vivens tabula ipsa, dabisque  
Quas merita es poenas: res agere ipsa tuas  
Disce.

CHA. (*pouring himself out a bottle of stout*)  
O Bass, thy stout's a singer's boon; and here's,  
O Bass, to thee.

[*A noise as of wings is heard, and CRITO comes down in a flying machine.*]

DAV. But what does all this noise of flapping wings  
portend, in heaven's name?  
There he comes, the cunning aeronaut—a  
trustful bird and tame.

CHR. O what a fall was there! You madman  
Icarus, for your sake  
Nyassa will not change her name to 'Crito'  
and be your lake.

[*CRITO gets up, rather dazed.*]

CHA. Methinks 'e dunno where 'e are.

CRI. (*to SIMO*) What is this country's name?  
Won't you answer?

SIM. Ans(w)er? goose! Uganda, Crito.

CRI. Oh!—I came  
To bring a welcome document, a charter—  
look and see—  
The Queen herself has signed it, and your  
colony is free.

DAV. (*enthusiastically*) God save the Queen! At  
last I'm safe. By Crito I'm protected.  
Where's Mysis?

[*Goes off to look for her, but, meeting LESBIA, returns.*]

LES. In this street I'm told one Davus has erected  
A theatre.

PAM. The Xantippe!

DAV. (*complacently*) Yes, the New Empire's been  
made here.

LES. Spectators can't get drinks, I hope, nor women  
promenade here.

[*MYSIS comes in with a bicycle, followed by DROMO.*]

MYS. Bother you and all your scruples—(*to DROMO*)  
Stall my bike. I hate propriety.

LES. The New Woman's a disgrace unto her sex and  
to society.

D'you dare in a divided skirt a bicycle to ride?

DAV. (*angrily*) Hi! Dromo! (*to LESBIA*) Speak  
another word, you vixen, and inside  
The cage I shut you: Dromo!

DRO. What d'you want?

DAV. She's lost her hair.  
Shut her up in yonder cage. (*DROMO does so.*)

PAM. I wish the law did not declare  
A penalty for shutting up in some such  
handy way  
The beasts that prowl unclean, the pestering  
harpies, birds of prey.

DAV. O Lesbia, yourself a 'living picture,' you shall  
pay  
The penalty that you have earned by insolence  
to-day.  
You must learn to mind your business.

CRI. Sed has poenas, puto, Municipale probaret  
Concilium ; nam nunc talia verba refert ;  
'Videris ipse tuas, reverende Decane, cloacas,  
Et Sancti Petri claustra quieta tene.'

Mys. Dave, ego propono tibi nunc conubia : visne ?

DAV. O Mysis, Mysis, mox mea Mysis eris !

Mys. (to DAVUS) Non tibi parebo : fortasse verebor,  
amabo.

DAV. At tamen uxori nubere nolo meae.

Mys. (*sings*) Dave, o Dave, precor, responsum da  
mihi verum :

Vix ego sum compos mentis amore tui :  
At non raeda decet tenues lautique hymenaei ;  
Spectaculum bifero dulce gerere cyclo.

PAM. At nec oryza datur, vetulus neque calceus.

(*rushes into house and returns with them*) Ecce !  
Gratulor, o Mysis, Dave ! ita prosit Hymen !  
Cedit par felix.

DAV. [*coming back and addressing the audience*]  
Et vobis cedere tempus :  
Sed primum, si quid ludicra nostra placent,  
Non nobis laudes, Domui ingeminate vetustae ;  
Floreat, atque piis plausibus Aula sonet.

CRI. Judging from the latest move,  
Methinks the L.C.C. would of such penalties  
approve.

Their answer was 'We're sorry, but, O very  
reverend Dean,  
*You* can keep the cloisters quiet, *you* must  
drain St. Peter's clean.'

Mys. O Davus, are you willin' ? On my knees I  
do propose.

DAV. O Mysis, Mysis, soon you'll be my Missis, I  
suppose.

Mys. Perhaps I'll love and honour you ; but no,  
I won't obey.

DAV. My wife sha'n't wear the breeches when I'm  
married, anyway.

Mys. Davey, Davey, give me your answer true ;  
I'm all crazy, all for the love of you.  
It won't be a swagger marriage,  
For I can't afford a carriage ;  
But you'll look sweet upon the seat of a  
bicycle made for two.

PAM. But no one's showered rice as yet, nor thrown  
an ancient shoe.

(*rushes into the house, and returns with them.*)  
I've got 'em. Mysis, Davus, ev'ry happiness to  
you !

Congratulations to you both ! The happy pair  
retire.

DAV. [*coming back and addressing the audience.*]  
'Tis time that you retired too, or else our Play  
may tire.

But, ere you go, if you intend in token of your  
pleasure

To clap, one word were better far than plaudits  
without measure.

Give then to Westminster her meed of tender  
recollection,

Let Dormitory ring with this your tribute of  
affection :—

R.B.

**Floreat.**

## OBITUARY OF O.WW.

- SAMUEL BARNES, Esq., aged 48. Admitted 1859.  
MATTHEW INGLET FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE, Esq., aged 77.  
Admitted 1830 ; K.S. 1831 ; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-  
at-Law ; Senior Conveyancing Counsel of the Chancery  
Division of the High Court of Justice.  
FREDERICK BURGE, Esq., aged 24. Admitted 1884 ; Lieu-  
tenant Royal Artillery.  
THOMAS TESHMAKER BUSK, Esq., aged 41. Admitted 1864.  
The Very Rev. WILLIAM JOHN BUTLER, D.D., aged 75.  
Admitted 1830 ; K.S. 1832 ; Dean of Lincoln.  
WILLIAM HENRY WALTER COVINGTON, Esq., aged 22.  
Admitted 1884.  
The Right Hon. and Rev. ORLANDO WATKIN WELD-FOR-  
ESTER, 4th Baron Forester, aged 81. Admitted 1825 ;  
Chancellor and Canon-Residentiary of York.  
JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, Esq., aged 76. Admitted 1830 ;  
K.S. 1830 ; Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford  
University.  
ARTHUR BUXTON CUMMINGS GIBSON, Esq., aged 39.  
Admitted 1868.

- GEORGE GUMBLETON, Esq., aged 50. Admitted 1857 ; Q.S.  
1858 ; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law ; Founder  
of the Gumbleton English Verse Prize.  
Colonel ARCHIBALD ACHESON JOHNSON, aged 58. Admitted  
1847 ; formerly of the Madras Staff Corps.  
CLARENCE AUBREY KIRKPATRICK, Esq., aged 18. Admitted  
as Q.S. 1888.  
EDWARD CHRISTIAN MEREWETHER, Esq., aged 73. Admitted  
1834.  
GEORGE PAKENHAM MONCKTON, Esq., aged 77. Admitted  
1827 ; K.S. 1830 ; formerly of the East Indian Civil  
Service.  
EDWARD MORLAND, Esq., aged 52. Admitted 1854.  
HENRY GORGES MOYSEY, Esq., aged 80. Admitted 1824 ;  
High Sheriff of Somerset, 1875.  
Major JAMES THOMAS O'BRIEN, aged 53. Admitted 1855 ;  
Q.S. 1856 ; Paymaster at Winchester ; formerly of the  
Oxfordshire Light Infantry ; served in the New Zealand  
War, 1864-65.  
AUGUSTUS PECHELL, Esq., aged 65. Admitted 1842 ; Q.S.  
1843 ; formerly a Clerk in the House of Lords.  
The Right Rev. the Hon. JOHN THOMAS PELHAM, D.D.,  
aged 82. Admitted 1824 ; Bishop of Norwich, 1857-93.

- WALTER HAMILTON PEMBERTON, Esq., aged 87. Admitted 1819.
- THOMAS RAWLINSON, Esq., aged 71. Admitted 1835; Q.S. 1837; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.
- HALLETT LYTTLETON ROCHE, Esq., L.R.C.P., L.S.A., aged 39. Admitted 1867; Q.S. 1870.
- Lord CHARLES JAMES FOX RUSSELL, aged 87. Admitted 1818; formerly Lieut.-Colonel of 60th Foot; M.P. for Bedfordshire, 1832-41, and in 1847; Serjeant-at-Arms in the House of Commons, 1848-75.
- MALCOLM OVANS SIM, Esq., aged 49. Admitted 1858; Q.S. 1860.
- Rev. JOHN NASSAU SIMPKINSON, aged 77. Admitted 1830; K.L. 1830; Rector of North Creake, Norfolk; formerly an Assistant Master at Harrow.
- Admiral JAMES NEWBURGH STRANGE, aged 82. Admitted 1824; K.S. 1826; served in the Niger Expedition, 1840-41.
- The Rev. WILLIAM BISCOE TRITTON, aged 74. Admitted 1832; K.S. 1834.
- The Rev. PERCY SLOPER WARREN, aged 79. Admitted 1830; formerly Vicar of Wanborough, Wilts.
- WALTER FRANCIS WRANGHAM, Esq., aged 64. Admitted 1842; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

### THE 'ANDRIA,' 1894.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

It would not be surprising if the average audience of the Westminster Play, with its dramatic taste vitiated by the modern farce, of which the fun depends on comic 'business,' and the melodrama, in which the plot grows so thick before the first fall of the curtain that it can hardly move onwards at all, should feel somewhat out of its element when witnessing a comedy of Terence, *simplex munditiis*. But the 'Andria,' at all events, has two great advantages over its rivals, at least as regards the uninitiated, a good plot, and a truly funny baby-scene. The elaborateness of the plot is indeed responsible for the duller part of the Play, the First Act, because Terence has a great deal of rather tedious explanation to give regarding the present condition of the characters and Simo's scheme for testing his son. But this done, all goes swimmingly enough. First comes the despair of both young lovers, Charinus and Pamphilus; then Davus' first counter-scheme, which raises their dejected spirits. But this defence fails, and only causes Simo to try in earnest to bring about the marriage, which was at first only a *callidum consilium*. So that by the beginning of the Fourth Act, thanks to Davus' plotting, the unwelcome marriage of Pamphilus and Philumena seems certain; Pamphilus is naturally on this account exceedingly wroth with the 'futile slave'; Simo suspects him of some 'dog's tricks'; and Charinus thinks that Pamphilus has played the traitor. Then comes Davus' second counter-scheme, issuing in the famous baby-scene. This time he has better luck, and the Pamphilus-Philumena marriage is prevented. But because even the nimblest-witted Greek slave cannot give affairs that peculiarly happy turn necessary for the conclusion of a comedy, a *deus ex machina* appears in the shape of Crito. Everyone then gets something more

than he expected, Chremes a long-lost daughter, Simo a desirable daughter-in-law, Pamphilus a dowry of ten talents, and Davus a flogging.

If the plot then has more life and vigour than that of the other three Westminster Plays, the individual characters are also above the average. Simo, for example, seems to us the best old man's part in the four Plays, and it was fortunately entrusted to so capable and painstaking an actor as Mr. Mayne. On his shoulders fell the hardest work, and he was eminently and deservedly successful. Particularly the long First Scene was rendered far more interesting than at first sight appears possible, by his clever and careful acting, and his account of the funeral of Chrysis was especially happy. Throughout the whole Play his manners and gestures were dignified without becoming monotonous, and his voice was well suited to the part. To illustrate this we may cite his call for Dromo, when his voice, instead of becoming high and shrill, as often happens with old men on the Westminster stage, was as thick and guttural as an old man's naturally would be when he was choking with passion. Altogether, Mr. Mayne's Simo was quite one of the best old men of recent years.

Mr. Waters was perhaps hardly as well suited with Davus as with the Sycophant of the 'Trinumus.' When he could display any of the boundless conceit, as in the 'me vide' of his scene with the young men, or the offensive insolence, as in his dialogues with Simo, which go so far to make up the character of the Sycophant, he was quite at home, and entirely successful. In a part where so much was thoroughly good, it seems ungracious to point out minor faults. But certainly Mr. Waters might have been more confidential with his audience, and his gestures might have been more varied and livelier. The latter failing was indeed counterbalanced by the wonderful use he made of his eyes: in them he mingled a look of appeal with a glance of righteous indignation, insolence with tears, in an inimitable manner. On the whole he is decidedly to be congratulated, and (to choose a few out of his many good points) his 'Davus sum, non Oedipus,' 'Optime inquam factum,' 'Vah! consilium callidum,' were particularly praiseworthy.

Pamphilus is undoubtedly the best young man's part on the Westminster boards, and we should have very little hesitation in saying that Mr. Fisher is the best 'young man' that has appeared in the last two representations of all the Plays, but for one conspicuous fault; namely, the woodenness of his hands and arms, which hung for the most part straight down by his side, with occasional convulsive flappings. The natural result was that it seemed as though these upper limbs were too big for him, and could not be lifted above his waist on account of their weight. His voice, however, was wonderfully clear and well-managed, especially in the pathetic parts, and his appearance excellent. His entrance with the vigorous 'Hocine est humanum factum,' &c, merited the warm reception it received every night. Other points of which he made the most were, 'Aliquid monstri alunt,' and 'Facite

ingite, invenite, effcite.' And if we might select what appeared to us as the best piece of acting in the whole Play, we should certainly give the palm to his account of the scene at Chrysis' death-bed, from 'O Mysis, Mysis,' to 'acceptam servabo.' The solemn pathos of his voice and the dignity of his manner were here beyond all praise.

Coming now to parts of less importance, the Mysis of Mr. Bernays claims the first place. He is either aided by nature with a high timorous voice and a look of anxious concern, or his art was an excellent simulation of nature. Some may have thought that in the part of Mysis there is more than Mr. Bernays brought out—for example, that more might have been made of her distress when Davus goes off leaving her to face Chremes alone. But for a young actor with his first part Mr. Bernays was very successful, and gave promise of doing great things in future Plays.

Mr. Boulter had the always rather thankless part of the 'blue young man,' and Charinus is as weak-minded and as uninteresting as any. Mr. Boulter made the most of the only point in his part, namely the appeals to Davus for help; but he never stood still for a moment, always taking two or three short steps from side to side, and was inclined immediately to imitate any of the gestures he saw employed by the other actors on the stage. The result was (though not, of course, wholly due to him) that in the scene between Charinus, Byrria, and Pamphilus all three put their arms akimbo, kept them so for some time, and then changed their position all together.

Mr. Waterfield's (Chremes) enunciation was correct, and his bearing solemn enough, but he was somewhat monotonous. In the baby-scene he hardly seemed interested enough in the proceedings.

Mr. Martin, in the pleasant little part of Crito, gave just the right idea of rusticity, and his bickering with Simo was well done.

Of Mr. Beaven we can say in praise that he looked the part of a 'temulenta obstetrix' to perfection. But he was somewhat stiff and awkward, and delivered his lines very much as if they were so much 'rep.'

Mr. Airy as Sosia had the rather difficult task of replying in the First Scene with a moral tag, or a platitude of half a line, to Mr. Mayne's account of things in general, and the iniquities of his son in particular. A Garrick would find it hard to make the part interesting, but Mr. Airy at all events gave us a pleasantly foolish personage.

Mr. Gaye (Byrria) and Mr. More (Dromo) both got as much fun as possible out of their parts, though Dromo's actions are more important than his words. Mr. Gaye's somewhat bark-like voice added point to the gusto with which he brought out his 'Ego dicam,' 'Sponsam tuam hic amat.'

On the whole it may be said that the Play went well on all three nights; better perhaps than usual on the first night, but without the marked difference between the first and third nights, which is so common.

The most noticeable things in the Prologue were the clearness of the Latin, which made it intelligible to many persons of very limited classical attainments, the very graceful allusions to Froude, and the extraordinary statement that no man had ever risen to eminence who was not an Old Westminster, unless he had an Old Westminster as a peer, and the curiously inadequate proof contained in the words 'Gibbonus noster.'

The Epilogue was certainly audacious, but it was exceedingly funny; the amount of 'properties' was far greater than usual, with cages, flying-machines, and bicycles galore. Comic songs were an innovation which was very warmly received, and the little discrepancy on the second night between the right notes and the actors' voices made it all the funnier. Though some of the jokes were rather obscure, and some rather English, the house was convulsed on several occasions. 'Anser—Uganda,' 'O Mysis, Mysis, tu mea Missis eris,' were perhaps the most successful. And an audience which could not laugh continuously throughout the Epilogue for 1895 (if such a one could be found) would deserve to be condemned never to see another from the same hand.

MARTLET.

The following has been given to us for publication by a correspondent who has taken no small part in the production of this and other Epilogues. It was sent anonymously to him, and has, we presume, appeared in the *Sketch*. The italics are not our own:—

'QUEER LATINITY.

(For *press*.) *Sketch*.

'Some years ago the press put a stop to the play of Terence, *Eunuchus*, and afterwards offered a criticism of the Latin in the Epilogue.

'We note, *this* year, a very queer specimen of Latin syntax and prosody, in the rather far-fetched and vulgarly jocose Epilogue. Thus:

"At non raeda decet tenues lautique hymenaei :  
Spectaculum bifero dulce gerere cyclo."

'What syntax! Surely, in order to construe these lines, *lautique hymenaei* ought to be in the accusative case. *Decet* governs the accusative. Then for prosody. The second elegiac line is by rule a pentameter, and in the second part of the verse there must be two dactyls. But *gerere* should be scanned with its second *e* short: here it seems to be made *gerere*—"Spectaculum\* bifero || dulce gerere cyclo." Then the best Latin dictionaries spell a chariot as *rheda*. We must really, as the police of the press—so reviewers are called—expose these woful blunders to the ridicule of the British public. The pun of *Missis* is in vile taste. A former editor of the *Times*—one Deline (?)—passed, in a leader, the following bad Latin: "*Omne humani a me alienum puto.*" This was in A.D. 1850!

\* *Sic*.—Editor *Elizabethan*.

Morcat.