



# The Elizabethan.

Vol. V. No. 29. WESTMINSTER PLAY NUMBER, 1888. Price 6d.

## THE 'TRINUMMUS.'

THERE has been considerable comment this year on the fact that the 'Trinummus,' the only play of Plautus which is brought upon the Westminster stage, is perhaps the least interesting of all his works, at any rate, for representation. Several critics propose an alteration, the 'Captivi' being suggested as a suitable substitute. It is impossible to deny that the 'Trinummus' is less favourably received by our audiences than any of the other three plays; and the reasons for this are not very hard to find. There are still many O.W.W. who, having been at the school before 1860, never saw the 'Trinummus' acted in their own time, and have never therefore properly appreciated it. The 'Trinummus,' moreover, is not a play which is calculated to amuse those who do not properly understand it: there is nothing in it like the 'Baby scene'

or the appearance of Nausistrata; the first three acts are as dull as may well be, with nothing to relieve the monotony of the conventional characters; and the task of amusing the audience is left to the last two acts. The principal charm of the 'Trinummus' is in the text itself, and therefore the play is better suited for reading than for dramatic representation.

But if we admit that the 'Trinummus' is not altogether suited to its place in our set, it may be asked whether we propose to change. This we unhesitatingly answer in the negative. We have already shown that one reason of the comparative want of interest of audiences in the 'Trinummus' is the shortness of the time since it was substituted for the 'Eunuchus.' To make another change would only complicate matters still further; and this disadvantage would be by no means counterbalanced by the advantage of having a better play to act. It must be remembered that the Old Westminsters are by far the

most important part of the audience, and that their interests should be consulted first; and there is no reason for concealing the fact that a new play would not be understood or appreciated. We must therefore content ourselves with condemning the choice of the 'Trinummus' to fill the place of the 'Eunuchus,' and remember that every performance tends to bring this play up to the level of the others, both as regards the favour of the O.W. audience, and the traditional renderings on which the performances depend to so great an extent. For the present we need only remind all concerned in the production of the play this year that owing to these disadvantages a successful 'Trinummus' is as great a triumph as a brilliant 'Andria' or 'Phormio.'

Another question raised again this year was that of the danger of fire at the play. It may seem presumption on our part to attempt to quarrel with the *Times*, but we cannot help thinking that if it really believes the danger to be imminent, it is going the wrong way to work to avert it. It alludes to its remarks last year, but takes no notice of the arguments laid before it in a letter which it received then, and a copy of which appeared in the Play Number of the *Elizabethan*. Of the danger of fire nothing need be said to Westminster readers; we can only advise those who still doubt, if any there be, to read the letter which we have alluded to. We do not know whether the *Times* aims at the abolition of the play, but any change from Dormitory would inevitably end in that. The time has happily not yet come when it might seem necessary for us to bring forward reasons for and against the play. May that time never come, is the fervent wish of all who feel that nothing could make up for the loss of this, the most important event of each year in the history of the school.

#### THE FIRST NIGHT.

The performance on the first night was slightly disappointing. The usual want of energy was sadly apparent, and we fear that actors have not yet come to look on the first performance in the same light as the other two. The Epilogue, however, amply atoned for any

failing in the play itself. We never remember to have seen an Epilogue better appreciated on a first night, and the presence of O.W.W. was very apparent.

#### THE SECOND NIGHT.

There was a good attendance on the second night, but the audience were not as appreciative as might have been wished. The Prologue was first given, and the references to the Earls of Lucan and Devon were well received. The Play seemed to go better than before, and was pronounced very satisfactory. The alterations consequent on the illness of G. G. S. Gillett and C. A. Phillimore naturally made a great difference. The Plautine Prologue had to be omitted, while H. J. Gully was compelled to take up the part of Charmides at a few hours' notice. This, of course, detracted somewhat from the success of the 'Sycophant scene,' the most important in the play. Nevertheless, Gully acquitted himself very creditably—so well, that many of the audience did not notice the change till it was announced by the Head Master between the Play and the Epilogue. Charmides was then called for, but, although the shouting was continued for a long time, it was found impossible for him to appear before the curtain. The Dean was in the chair, and the Head Master's party included the following: Lord Knutsford, the Greek Ambassador, Sir Frederick Dickson, Sir Warrington Smyth, Mr. Justice Day, Mr. Justice Stirling, Canon Farrar, Canon Rousell, and Mr. Bompas, Q.C.

#### THE THIRD NIGHT.

There was a marked change between the performances on the second and third nights. The improvement in the play made the audience more appreciative, and the increased applause gave the actors more encouragement and made the whole performance a distinct success. The Prologue was very well received; all the points in it were taken up spontaneously by the audience, and the same may be said of the Play and Epilogue, the latter meeting with so much applause that the difficulty of acting was often increased by the long pauses between

the lines. The patriotic sentiment of the last few lines, too, pleased the audience, and every one in the house was able to understand and take up the reference to 'Druriolane.'

The chair was taken by the Rev. E. Hill, and there were also present: the Postmaster-General, Sir Walter Phillimore, Admirals Sir Augustus Phillimore, Sir George Willes, and Sir Augustus Stephenson, General Goldsworthy, M.P., Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., and the Rev. C. B. Phillimore.

The following is the plot of the 'Trinummus':—

Owing to the extravagance of Lesbonicus, his father, Charmides, has been obliged to go abroad to make a new fortune. Before going he buried in his house the remains of his former wealth, and entrusted this secret, together with the guardianship of his son and daughter, to his friend Callicles.

Lesbonicus, terribly in want of ready money, puts his father's house up to auction, and Callicles, afraid to disobey Charmides' parting behests by revealing the secret hoard to Lesbonicus, is obliged to buy the house himself, to prevent the treasure from falling into the hands of strangers.

The Plautine Prologue introduces Luxury leading her daughter into the house which had belonged to Charmides, to be the handmaid of Lesbonicus, who at the sale had kept back an outbuilding for his own use.

(Act I., Sc. 1-2.) Megaronides, a friend of Callicles, has been much distressed by hearing evil motives assigned for the purchase of the house, and comes to reproach him for his seeming want of faith towards Charmides. After the interchange of some good-humoured banter about their wives, Megaronides comes to the point, and by his bitter reproaches compels Callicles in self-defence to disclose the secret of the hidden treasure.

(Act II., Sc. 1.) Philto's son, Lysiteles, describes the troubles of Love, and resolves to lead a virtuous life. His father finds him (Sc. 2), and delivers him an edifying lecture on the wickedness of the times. Lysiteles, by well-timed attention, coaxes him into consenting to a project which he has formed to help his friend Lesbonicus. This is, that he (Lysiteles) should marry Lesbonicus' sister without a portion. He induces his father to plead his cause with Lesbonicus. (Sc. 4.) When Lysiteles is gone, Lesbonicus enters, and discusses his pecuniary position with his faithful slave, Stasimus.

Philto approaches them, and makes his proposal to Lesbonicus, who at first takes it in bad part, regarding it as an insult to his poverty. He consents, on condition that a piece of land—all the wealth left in

the family—be given as his sister's dowry. Stasimus dreading some desperate move on his master's part if reduced to utter destitution, takes Philto aside and dissuades him from accepting this piece of land for his son by telling him that it is infested with every plague under the sun, and always brings ruin to its owners. Lesbonicus is persuaded to accept the proposal, and the question of dowry is left to be settled between the young men.

(Act III., Sc. 1.) Callicles hears that Charmides' family is to be disgraced by his daughter going dowerless. He hurries off to take counsel with Megaronides. (Sc. 2.) A heated discussion takes place between the two young men, Lysiteles urging Lesbonicus to allow him to marry his sister without dowry, Lesbonicus sternly refusing. Neither yielding, both go off in a huff.

(Sc. 3.) Megaronides advises Callicles to dig up Charmides' treasure, and from it provide a dowry for his daughter. The difficulty is to do it without exciting the suspicions of Lesbonicus. They agree to engage the services of an impostor (Sycophanta), who is to bring forged letters, purporting to come from Charmides in Seleucia, and a sum of money for his daughter's dowry.

(Act IV., Sc. 1.) Charmides arrives unexpectedly, safe and sound, and rich again. As he approaches his (former) house (Sc. 2) he sees the Sycophant taking stock of the surroundings. Not liking his appearance or behaviour, he asks him what he is about. The Sycophant effusively tells him all about himself and his pretended mission from Charmides. The latter amuses himself at the Sycophant's expense, and finally discloses himself. The Sycophant, seeing his game up, covers his retreat with a fire of impertinences.

(Sc. 3.) Stasimus comes up rather the worse for liquor. The master recognises his slave, and, on learning from him how things have gone in his absence, nearly faints.

(Sc. 4.) Callicles, hearing loud voices before his house, comes out, spade in hand, from digging up the treasure. Explanations ensue.

(Act V.) The Sycophant mystery is elucidated for Charmides' benefit. He consents to the marriage of his daughter to Lysiteles, and also gets Lesbonicus betrothed to Callicles' daughter on condition of his mending his ways.

### Play Notes.

THE Prologue was written again this year by Dr. Verrall, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The Epilogue was from the pen of Mr. J. B. Hodge, and was full of 'points' from beginning to end. The

close connection kept up with the plot and speeches of the play was a marked improvement on the Epilogues of late years ; there seems to be little object in transferring the characters of the Play to the Epilogue, if their parts in the latter are to bear no resemblance to the original.

The only illustration this year is found in the *Pictorial World*. There is a sketch of the 'Sycophant scene,' and of the appearance of the parachute in the Epilogue, in both of which cases the critic seems to have found the Latin (or the Greek, as he prefers to call it) rather beyond him. There is also a sketch of Philto in play dress, and of the delivery of the Prologue.

The most curious criticism is that which appears in the *Guardian*. The writer for some unknown reason seems to be most anxious to show to the world his knowledge of Eton customs, and to connect them with the play. The idea may perhaps be not altogether out of place, but we doubt if the author of the Epilogue would consider it much of a compliment to be told that 'even an Etonian of the strictest sect' could not find an error in his elegiacs, or if the actors care to be told that their speeches are almost as well said as on the 4th of June at Eton.

The *Times* seems disappointed that its croakings last year about the danger of fire at the play have been disregarded as they deserved. The fact that the *Times* makes a statement does not necessarily prove its truth, and the suggestions on this subject are of so palpably unpractical a nature that they must remain merely suggestions. The danger of fire was conclusively proved to be really at a minimum by the letter in last year's Play Number ; a copy of this was, we believe, sent to the *Times*, but no notice whatever was taken of it.

The critic who represented the *Daily Telegraph* seems dissatisfied with the seats set apart for the press, and devotes a large part of his account to his complaint on this point. He thinks that the press should be placed in the 'stalls.' Unfortunately, the stalls are given up to the invited guests, while to issue some twenty out of the very limited number of pit tickets to critics who are not sure of using them, would hardly be fair. As it is, the press have almost the best position in the house for seeing, and in addition the seats in the front row of the gallery are easily accessible, and are specially fitted up for reporting. Moreover, as the representative of the *Daily Chronicle* compliments us on the courteous reception which he received, it seems best to make no alteration in the arrangements.

The effect of the sailors' cry, 'Yohoho,' which occurs in the Epilogue, was rather spoilt by the fact

that the bandmen were not all ready, and that the shout which the audience heard was considerably longer than the anapaest which it was supposed to represent, and somewhat upset the scansion of the line.

The unfortunate outbreak of measles seemed at one time likely to stop the play altogether. Luckily, however, there was an actor ready to fill the place of Charmides, and the omission of the Prologue made it possible for the performance to take place without any hitch.

'TRINUMMUS,' 1888.

LUXURIA . . . . .	G. G. S. Gillett.
INOPIA . . . . .	J. S. Shearme.
MEGARONIDES . . . . .	A. R. Knapp.
CALLICLES . . . . .	J. S. Phillimore.
LYSITELES . . . . .	P. J. Preece.
PHILTO . . . . .	P. Williamson.
LESBONICUS . . . . .	H. T. Whitaker.
STASIMUS . . . . .	R. E. Olivier.
CHARMIDES . . . . .	C. A. Phillimore.
SYCOPHANTA . . . . .	J. H. Clarke.

PROLOGUS IN TRINUMMUM.

1888.

Quod adsidetis his puerorum lusibus,  
 amici amice facitis, et facitis fidem,  
 patienter id vos pace passuros bona,  
 si hic noster annus qualis ierit, hospites,  
 non magna referam gesta, nec minima tamen.  
 Et primum, ut est docere proximum scholae,  
 doctrinae erunt mi praeferenda praemia :  
 quod si unus annus vidit inscribi decem  
 nostros alumnos ordine in primario,<sup>(1)</sup>  
 est ipse faustus numerus, et non paenitet ;  
 est inde laus portanda in altricem domum.  
 At quam domum ! quanto ipsa fit venustior,  
 quantum ipsa monstrat specimen operis optimi,  
 interpolare vetera sic salva ut sient !  
 nunc est preti videre, qui nostis, Scholam,  
 nunc vise Magnam, si quis ignoras, Scholam ;<sup>(2)</sup>  
 adeo excolendo, stabiliendo, nil fere  
 demptum vetustati ; eaque inest severitas  
 tectis, fenestris, magis ut illa quam antea

<sup>1</sup> No account being taken of Scholarships, close or open, ten First Class Honours have been gained in one year by boys lately in the School.

<sup>2</sup> The ancient School-room—once the great Dorter of the Benedictine Abbey, but occupied by the School since Camden's headmastership in Queen Elizabeth's time—has lately been restored by Mr. Pearson with much reverent feeling for its associations.

appareant nunc nostra tria iam saecula.  
 Quamquam quid in saxo inque trabibus inanimis  
 narrator anni hic demoror diutius?  
 firmatur animis nostra, firmatur viris  
 sedes salusque; sola fortium valet  
 instruere fortes solida mente memoria.  
 Quorumque fama sit superstes abditis  
 vel nimia nobis copia est nunc maxime:  
 tantis duobus militiae ac domi viris  
 summis quasi hodie nostra societas caret.  
 Suo senescens pariter hic<sup>(3)</sup> cum saeculo  
 iam Nestor aevom paene clauserat triplex,  
 et militari principalis ordine  
 quem tenuit annis praestitit factis locum:  
 qui bello ut imperare fuerit impiger,  
 inhospitalis terra testis Taurica,  
 fususque totiens hostis, obsesso diu  
 ne quis Sebastii subveniret oppido,  
 testes nives nebulaeque, montium iuga  
 contempta equitibus igniumque tonitrua.  
 Hunc nomine, hunc rumore nos pueri senem,  
 illum<sup>(4)</sup> videndo noveramus: vos mihi,

<sup>3</sup> Field-Marshal Earl Lucan.  
<sup>4</sup> Earl Devon.

condiscipuli, favete, cum his praesentibus  
 illum, ut oculis tenemus, ita laudavero:  
 nam eiusmodi nos nuper opus incepimus,  
 ut, qui priorum hic utimur donis datis,  
 morum artiumque lumen, optimas faces,  
 pro parte et ipsi traderemus invicem;  
 quod primum ut instituimus, O qualem auspicem,<sup>(5)</sup>  
 quam sanctum, amici, quam venerandum adspeximus,  
 quam nunc requirendum! equidem in optimo viro  
 dicenda taceo ceteris, natalium<sup>(6)</sup>  
 decus stupendum, consili prudentiam,  
 quid non?—quid? hoc non taceo; nos dileximus.  
 cumulatus ipse mortuus tot floribus  
 hunc flosculum non temneret Devonius.  
 Nunc feriis ne obsitis inviti quidem,  
 valet, quos lugemus. At vos, hospites,  
 rudibus benigni parcite histrionibus,  
 mihi parcite, et spectate Plautinos sales.

<sup>5</sup> Among other marks of interest in his old school, Earl Devon lately took part in the establishment of the School Mission.  
<sup>6</sup> According to Gibbon, the Courtenays belong to the oldest family in Europe, being descended from the Palaeologi, emperors of Constantinople.

EPILOGUS IN TRINUMMUM.

1888.

PERSONAE.

MEGARONIDES } . . . . .	<i>Married men staying at the seaside en garçon.</i>
CALLICLES } . . . . .	
PHILTO . . . . .	<i>An invasion-alarmist.</i>
STASIMUS . . . . .	<i>A land agent with a grievance against the Police.</i>
LYSITELES . . . . .	<i>A volunteer.</i>
SYCOPHANTA . . . . .	<i>A private detective.</i>
CHARMIDES . . . . .	<i>A reduced capitalist turned parachutist.</i>
LESBONICUS . . . . .	<i>A naval officer.</i>

PERSONAE NON MUTAE, SED INVISAE.  
*Nautae.*

MEGARONIDES *discovered in summer costume on the sea-shore.*

MEG. Aestas summa furit: me deversoria nota,  
 Alget dum saevus Sirius, accipiunt.  
 Uxori dixi "Me magna negotia"—ficta—  
 Invitum arcessunt eliciuntque domo."  
 Servatusque dolis, ut saepe, maritus ad unguem,  
 Litore in aprico caelibe sorte fruor.

[*Enter CALLICLES with toy spade and pail, mackintosh and flannels.*]

At st! Quem video? Pro divum, aequalis amicus!  
 Multa quoque et nimbo passus. Amice, vales?

CAL. Recte: et tu?

*Idem Anglice.*

MEGARONIDES *discovered in summer costume on the sea-shore.*

MEG. Midsummer storms: while icy Sirius chills,  
 This well-known beach gives refuge from all ills.  
 'My dear,' I told my wife in feigned affliction,  
 'Important business,'—O convenient fiction!  
 Saved by a trick from my wife's furious hands,  
 I play the bachelor on sunny sands.

[*Enter CALLICLES with toy spade and pail, mackintosh and flannels.*]

Hullo! who's this? My chum, by all that's  
 happy!  
 He's weathered storms like me. How do, old  
 chappie?

CAL. Nicely; and you?

MEG. Valeo te viso rectius. Uxor  
 Ut valet?  
 CAL. Ah, nimium! num moritura tua  
 est?  
 MEG. Pol minime: regem me Serviae oportuit esse.  
 Qualis at ornatus, dic precor, iste tuus?  
 CAL. Laetus arenosas arces castellaque condo;  
 Nam mihi dulce loco est desipere; estque  
 locus:  
 Exutis soleis videas me currere in undas,  
 Gaudiaque infantum cuncta iterare senem.  
 Sic juvenile decus, sic servavere colorem  
 Lustra decem; morem sic in utrumque paror  
 Fallentis caeli, torreri, algere, madere,  
 Perflari.

MEG. Sapiens es meteorologus.

[Enter PHILTO and STASIMUS.]

PH. Infortunatum natum me tempore tali!  
 Imminet insonti jam patriae exitium.  
 Namque viris, telis, catapultis, navibus expers,  
 Taeniolis rubris Anglia capta perit.  
 Militibus nostris infidus frangitur ensis,  
 Bombardaeque mari dissiliunt subito.  
 Tecti quippe mari, confisi milite paucis,  
 Hostibus innumeris credimus esse pares.  
 Cuncta labant: utinam prius ad plures pene-  
 trassem—  
 STAS. (*bitterly*) Quam paterer legum vivere vindicibus  
 Talibus. Indignum est tales tantosque labores  
 Perferre, et frustra poscere condalium.  
 Nonne fuit satius Pall-Mallia dedita turbis  
 Cauponumque iterum maxima damna pati,  
 Urbem quam nostram tali custode teneri,  
 Qui nihil ornantes utilitate carent?  
 Ignavum pecus—

[Enter LYSITELES.]

PH. At quis adest bellator in  
 armis?  
 LYS. Nonne potes natum noscere, Philto, tuum?  
 PH. (*enthusiastically*) Macte nova virtute puer! Patriae  
 una cadenti  
 Spes! o dulce decus praesidiumque meum!  
 Custodes terrae dum tales suppeditantur,  
 Haud opus invitos cogere in arma viros.  
 Quid tibi vis?  
 LYS. Magnum. Fas est et ab hostibus ignem  
 Quaerere: sed nobis haud locus ignis adest.  
 Gignitur, haud dubium est, exercitus exercendo;  
 Sed negat, heu, solitum Wimbledon hospitium.  
 Charmidis est fundus sterilis quem vendere parvi  
 Decedens dominus jussit inops Stasimum.  
 O genitor, genitor, quaerenda pecunia primum est.  
 PH. (*angrily*) Tune meos nummos, improbe tiro, petis?  
 Sponte tua miles parmaque inglorius alba,  
 Sumptibus in reliquum ludere disce tuis.  
 Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis—  
 Venali potius milite tutus ero.  
 Non do.

MEG. So so; not quite my best.  
 Your wife, how's she?  
 CAL. Only too well I'm blest.  
 And *yours*, will she soon go to her long rest?  
 MEG. No, no, not she! Would I were Servia's king!  
 But what's this dress, and those toys that you  
 bring?  
 CAL. I build sand castles: folly, all allow,  
 Is sweet in season; 'tis the season now.  
 You'll see me barefoot paddling in the sea,  
 In age renewing childhood's careless glee.  
 Thus, though I'm fifty, my complexion might  
 Be seventeen, my looks with youth are bright.  
 Thus, come heat, cold, rain, wind, whate'er the  
 skies  
 Decree, I'm ready.

MEG. Ah! you're weather-wise.

[Enter PHILTO and STASIMUS.]

PH. How wretched am I, born to see my nation  
 Threatened with undeserved annihilation.  
 Bereft of men, arms, guns, and ships, and fast  
 Tied in red tape, old England's day is past.  
 The rotten steel breaks in our soldiers' hands;  
 At sea guns burst in pieces in their stands.  
 'Girt by the sea,' they say, 'with army small  
 We watch our countless foes, come one, come all.  
 Ruin's at hand: would I had died before . . .  
 STAS. (*bitterly*) I lived to see *such* guardians of the law.  
 To have such bother—it's a shameful thing—  
 And yet not to recover my lost ring.  
 I'd rather give up Pall Mall to the mob,  
 And let the 'costers' do their smashing job,  
 Than have our city to the 'bobbies' given,  
 Who're useless, and not ornamental even,  
 A pack of idlers—

[Enter LYSITELES.]

PH. Who's this with the gun?  
 LYS. What, father, don't you recognise your son?  
 PH. (*enthusiastically*) You noble boy, sole hope of our  
 lost land,  
 Born to adorn and to protect this strand!  
 So long as *such* defenders 'volunteer,'  
 We have no need of forced 'conscription' here.  
 But what d'ye want?  
 LYS. Much: *fire* one may require  
 Ev'n of a foe; but we've nowhere to *fire*.  
 An *army* comes from using *arms*, you know;  
 But now time-honoured Wimbledon's 'no go.'  
 Now there's a farm Charmides used to hold;  
 Since he's a bankrupt now, it must be sold,  
 And Stasimus will sell it cheap, I'm told.  
 O dearest father, money's what we want.  
 PH. (*angrily*) Mine, wretched amateur? Oh! no, you  
 sha'n't.  
 'Your spurs unwon,' must you at soldiers play,  
 Then play at your own cost, sir: I won't pay.  
 It's not such stuff as you that guards our shore;  
 I trust paid regulars for safety more.  
 No, not a penny.

STAS. Vix opus est: illum agrum nam mihi  
certum est

Metropolitano vendere concilio.

LYS. Quid cum terra illis?

STAS. Sunt quaedam arcana silenda:

Huic fortasse solo carbo subesse potest.

Concillii socius quidam est mihi firmus amicus—

[*Enter the Sycophant.*]

SYC. (*cuttingly to LYSITELES*)

Quis potuit felem caedere? (*exit LYSITELES in  
disgust.*)

CAL. Di! quis adest?

Arrius?

MEG. Illi . . . illi—miserum me! Syco . . .

SYC. Quid intra

Dentes conclusum, belua, -phanta tenes?

CAL. Quis dedit hoc nomen?

SYC. Mirum ni ab avo  
proavoque

Accepi.

CAL. Sed cur?

SYC. Eloquar, an sileam?

Olim exportantum ficos deferre solebant

Nomina maiores, turba odiosa, mei.

STAS. Ast haec ficta vocant Scotus et Liddellus.

CAL. An ausi

Tantillum in tanta condere mole jocum?

SYC. (*meditatively*) Commeritam ob culpam si quis  
castigat amicum,

Immoene est facinus; fit tamen utiliter:

(*To CALLICLES*) Meque ad te misit conjux tua  
castigatum:

(*Seeing CALLICLES give no sign of recognition.*)

Est quoque Pax nomen; convenit ingenio.

Impensis parvis ego sum narrare paratus

Omnia quae Juno dixit in aure Jovis. (*Distributes cards.*)

CAL. At cur te conduxit?

SYC. In actis forte diurnis

Iamdudum ambigitur prosit an obsit Hymen.

Scripta tibi est verbosa et grandis epistola: dixit

"Sis sapiens, juvenis, conjugiumque cave."

Vicit luctus eam, spretaeque injuria formae.

MEG. Tu Sackvillus eris: scripta cavere decet.

CAL. Non ego sic scripsi, juro.

SYC. Mentiris inepte—

(*Est consuetudo*)—litera scripta manet.

CAL. Litera scripta mea! o mores! o tempora! falsa  
est.

SYC. Falsa: probanda tamen judicio parium.

CAL. At selecta virum cernat commissio rectum,

Queis sint arbitrio nomina lecta meo.

(*A parachute falls across the scene at back.*)

MEG. Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Juno.

PH. Detulit aut aliquem machina nota deum.

SYC. } (*pointing to each other*) Disceret ut mendax . . .

CAL. }

STAS. No, not for *these* lands.

The Board of Works shall take them off my  
hands.

LYS. What will *they* do with them?

STAS. Hush! Mum's the word.

Perhaps there's coal there underground, they've  
heard.

One of the Board is a great friend of mine—

[*Enter the Sycophant.*]

SYC. (*cuttingly to LYSITELES*)

Yah! now, who shot the cat?

CAL. Who's this so fine?

'Arry?

MEG. He . . . he—O Lor'!—he's Syco . . .

SYC. Why

D'you stick at 'phanta,' ass, so hopelessly?

CAL. Who gave you, sir, this name?

SYC. It came, I guess,

From my forefathers.

CAL. Why?

SYC. Shall I confess?

My family were sharpeners, I've heard tell,

And used to 'show up' *fig*-merchants.

STAS. Liddell

And Scott call this a *fig*-ment.

CAL. Can there lurk

So small a joke in so immense a work?

SYC. (*meditatively*) To chide an erring friend the  
temper tries;

It is a thankless task, yet edifies.

(*To CALLICLES*) To chide *you*, from your wife  
I've a commission.

(*Seeing CALLICLES give no sign of recognition.*)

'Peace' is my name: it suits my disposition.

For a small sum I'm ready to make known

What Juno chatters in Jove's ear alone.

(*Distributes cards*)

CAL. Why has she sent you?

SYC. In the daily press

It's late been asked 'Is marriage a success?'

You've sent a long effusion, and you've said

'Young men, be wise in time: beware, don't  
wed.'

Your wife's upset: she feels her beauty's slight.

MEG. You'll be another Sackville, then: 'don't write.'

CAL. I never wrote, I swear.

SYC. Come, that's no use,

You're lying: we've the letter to produce.

CAL. The letter! Then it must be forged—O! fury!

SYC. Forged? Well, you'll have to prove *that* to the  
jury.

CAL. No, a 'Select Commission' would detect

The guilty party best. *I will select.*

(*A parachute falls across the scene at the back.*)

MEG. Look! Juno sends down Iris from the sky.

PH. Or some *ex machinâ* divinity.

SYC. } (*pointing to each other*) The liar to confute . . .

CAL. }

CHAR. (*Entering in his shirt sleeves*) Quia sic  
parachuta cadentem  
De folle ingenti me nova sustinuit,  
Caelipotens et multipotens tibi, Jupiter, omnes  
Ante alios, laudes laetus ago atque lubens:  
Nam te nimbiferum, nebulosum nubificumque  
Commemorant omnes, moribus et madidis.  
Ast ego te semper clementi sum usus in altis  
Nubibus—

SYC. E caelone?

CHAR. (*with marked emphasis*) E medioque quidem.

MEG. Robur et aes triplex in pectore habere necesse  
est—

CAL. Dic mihi, cur ultro tanta pericla petis?

CHAR. Expediam : esuriens in caelum, jusseris, ibit :  
Jam consumpsit opes natus, et esurio :

Levis at ascensus, facilis descensus—

STAS. (*satirically*) Averno.

PH. (*who has been surveying the horizon with a tele-  
scope, and now drops it with a yell of terror*)

Hostis adest !

(NAUTAE) Yohoho !

PH. Navibus innumeris.

Ferte citi ferrum, date tela, ascendite muros.

CAL. Nobis per nubes det parachuta fugam.

STAS. Non sic aedificatur : ea non itur ad astra.

CAL. (*despairingly*) Actum est.

MEG. Nos fuimus.

LYS. (*rushing in*) Fortibus arma manent.

Quo res summa loco, genitor ?

CAL. (*setting to work with his spade*)

Quin ducite vallum,

Leti discrimen ?

STAS. Moenia sera paras.

LESBONICUS (*enters*)

Actum est de vobis : victae dux imperat urbi  
Mille talentorum milia, mille rates.

LYS. Quid faciunt hostes capta crudelius urbe ?  
Et nondum capti nos sumus.

MEG. (*nervously*) Ora hominem.

SYC. Quid ? cedamne horiam ? mare vel medium  
omnia fiant.

PH. Parce, precor, miseris, inclyte.

LESB. Parce metu :

Non venio externis crudelis ut hostis ab oris ;

Ipsa dat infensas insula nostra rates :

Navales pugnae luduntur ; fingimur hostes ;

Fingitur urbs pretium solvere capta.

LYS. (*angrily*) Tace :

Naves sunt mersae mihi torpedonibus omnes  
Vestrae.

LESB. Non ita.

LYS. Sunt. Vos periistis.

LESB. Ais.

LYS. Judicet arbiter haec.

LESB. Cui numquam credere lex est.

CAL. Claudite jam rixas ; vicit uterque.

LYS. } Sat est.

LESB. }

[*Enter CHARMIDES.*]

CHAR. To thee be given  
My chiefest thanks, O Jove, great lord of heaven,  
For safety once again benignly lent  
To my new parachute's secure descent.  
They call you cloudy, rainy, stormy, wet ;  
They give you a damp character—and yet  
Up in the clouds I've found you kind.

SYC. Did you  
Fall from the skies ?

CHAR. (*with marked emphasis*)

Aye, from the middle, too.

MEG. Surely his heart is cased in triple mail.

CAL. Sir, tell me, does the risk ne'er make you quail ?

CHAR. 'The starving, if you bid, will scale the sky.'

My son has ruined me ; starvation's nigh.

Once up, how easy the descent . . .

SYC. (*satirically*) 'To hell.'

PH. (*who has been surveying the horizon with a tele-  
scope, and now drops it with a yell of terror*)

The enemy !

(SAILORS) Yoho !

PH. Can we repel

Such numbers ? Arm, arm, man the walls for fight.

CAL. Your parachute will handy prove of flight.

STAS. You'll never get that way to heaven, it's plain.

CAL. All's up.

MEG. We're done for.

LYS. (*rushing in*) To the brave remain

Their arms. How goes it ?

CAL. (*setting to work with his spade*)

Quick twixt us and fate

Let's build a rampart.

STAS. All that's *now* too late.

[*Enter LESBONICUS.*]

LESB. You've lost, and now must pay up something  
handsome,

A thousand ships and fifty millions ransom.

LYS. A captured town could have no worse to bear,  
And we're not captured yet.

MEG. (*nervously*) Best speak him fair.

SYC. Give up my 'dingy' ? First be dry land sea !

PH. Great conqueror, spare the wretched.

LESB. Easy be !

I'm no fierce foeman from a foreign strand,

The hostile fleet owns, too, this isle's command.

It's only make-believe—the war, the foe,

The ransom you must pay for capture.

LYS. (*angrily*) No !

Why my torpedoes, sir, have blown to pot

Your ships.

LESB. They've not.

LYS. They have : you're done for.

LESB. Rot

LYS. We'll ask the umpire.

LESB. Why, man, who will heed

Him ?

CAL. Come now, stop ; you both have won.

LYS. } Agreed.

LESB. }

LESB. (*to the audience*)

Vos veniam, si nos sale parcius utimur, oro ;  
 Crescit mercatorum arte salis pretium.  
 Hoc non apte anno venturum credimus hostem ;  
 Hic annus nobis est Salaminiacus.  
 Tertius Armadae hic est centenarius annus,  
 Ut monstras pompa, Druriolane, tua ;  
 Cum classem nullis vincendam viribus aegre  
 Rettulit et quassas pulsus Hiberus opes.  
 Nonnihil et patriae nosmet profecimus ipsi ;  
 Emisit fortes et Schola nostra viros :  
 Nam statuam in Lato poterit spectare Sacello,  
 Quicumque in nostros gestit adire Lares :  
 Haec memorat pulsosque Scythas Indosque  
 rebelles  
 Perdomitos, nostrum fortia facta patrum :  
 Rursus et hinc venient fortes, si cura superstes  
 Virtutis steterit, si sine labe fides.  
 Ibimus, o socii, quo fundatrices Elissae  
 Umbra aget, et patriae non male fidus amor.

LESB. (*to the audience*)

Friends, if for lack of wit our voices halt,  
 Your pardon ; they've forced up the price of 'salt.'  
 This year at least the foe won't come—for this,  
 This year, you know, 's our English Salamis.  
 Th' Armada came three hundred years ago—  
 Witness, O Drury Lane, thy scenic show—  
 Of that Invincible Armada Spain  
 A shattered remnant scarce received again.  
 And we at times have served our country too,  
 Our School has sent forth heroes brave and true.  
 The heedful stranger sees before his eyes  
 A pillar in Broad Sanctuary rise :  
 Thereon the deeds of Westminsters are written,  
 The routed Scyth and India's rebels smitten.  
 So may our School send forth brave sons again,  
 While valour lives and honour without stain.  
 So we, where'er our country calls, where'er  
 Our foundress' glory points, to follow dare.

## OBITUARY OF OLD WEST- MINSTERS, 1887-8.

Sir DAVID WILLIAM BARCLAY, Bart., aged 84. Adm. March 26, 1818 ; formerly a member of the Legislative Council of Mauritius.

The Right Hon. GEORGE CHARLES BINGHAM, 3rd Earl of Lucan, aged 88. Adm. Midsummer 1812 ; Field-Marshal and General in the Army ; served in the Crimea, where he commanded the Cavalry division ; Irish representative Peer ; Lord-Lieutenant of Mayo.

CYRIL JOHN SPIER BULL, Esq., aged 43. Adm. April 6, 1858.

The Rev. ROBERT LINGEN BURTON, aged 85. Adm. February 9, 1816 ; formerly Vicar of St. Giles', Shrewsbury.

The Rev. HARRY CARROW, aged 74. Adm. March 28, 1827. K.S., 1828-32 ; formerly Rector of Loxton, Somerset.

The Right Hon. WILLIAM REGINALD COURTENAY, 12th Earl of Devon, aged 81. Adm. September 16, 1818 ; M.P. S. Devon, 1841-9 ; Secretary to the Poor Law Board, 1852-8 ; Privy Councillor ; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1866-7 ; President of the Poor Law Board, 1867-8 ; Busby Trustee.

Lieut.-Col. EDWARD GEORGE CUBITT, aged 74. Adm. June 13, 1827.

JOHN BURY DASENT, Esq., aged 81. Adm. January 19, 1820 ; Judge of the Bow and Shoreditch County Courts, 1858-84.

THOMAS TYRWHITT-DRAKE, Esq., aged 71. Adm. July 13, 1831 ; High Sheriff of Bucks, 1859.

GEORGE HENRY ELLISON, Esq., aged 40. Adm. July 23, 1861. Solicitor.

BARTHOLOMEW CHARLES GIDLEY, Esq., aged 49. Adm. May 26, 1853. Solicitor ; Town Clerk of Exeter.

CLAYTON WILLIAM FEAKE GLYN, Esq., aged 66. Adm. June 10, 1833 ; K.S., 1835-40 ; Barrister of the Inner Temple.

LOUIS ARTHUR GOODEVE, Esq., aged 47. Adm. January 20, 1853 ; Q.S., 1855-9 ; Barrister of the Inner Temple ; some time Assistant-Secretary to the Bengal Government ; legal author.

Major JOHN FRANCIS GREEN, aged 31. Adm. January 24, 1868 ; 5th Dragoon Guards.

The Rev. JOHN GEORGE HODGSON, aged 75. Adm. June 13, 1825 ; K.S., 1826 ; Vicar of Croydon, Surrey, 1846-79 ; Rector of Saltwood, Kent, and Hon. Canon of Canterbury.

The Rev. THOMAS AGAR HOLLAND, aged 85. Adm. June 13, 1816 ; Rector of Poynings, Sussex.

ROBERT FREDERICK BREYNTON GREENAWAY HURST, Esq., aged 23. Adm. June 12, 1879. Trin. Coll. Cam.

The Rev. WILLIAM ARNOLD WALPOLE KEPPEL, aged 84. Adm. February 3, 1817 ; Rector of Haynford, Norfolk, 1837-77.

Lieut.-Col. RICHARD BYRD LEVETT, aged 77. Adm. April 2, 1823 ; formerly in the 60th Rifles.

ARTHUR LITTLEDALE, Esq., aged 72. Adm. June 12, 1828 ; K.S., 1829-33 ; E.I.C.S. Bengal.

The Rev. JOHN MORDAUNT LOWTHER, aged 63. Adm. June 1, 1837 ; Rector of Bolton, Cumberland.

WALTER COYNEY MAINWARING, Esq., aged 33. Adm. June 12, 1871.

CHARLES OCTAVIUS SWINNERTON MORGAN, Esq., aged 84. Adm. June 19, 1816 ; M.P. Monmouthshire, 1841-74 ; F.R.S., F.S.A.

The Lord ALFRED PAGET, aged 72. Adm. April 27, 1829 ; General in the Army ; Clerk-Marshal to the Queen ; M.P. Lichfield, 1837-65.

The Ven. HENRY SANDERS, aged 81. Adm. June 14, 1819 ; K.S., 1820-4 ; Headmaster of Blundell's Grammar School, Tiverton, 1834-47 ; Rector of Sowton, Devon ; Archdeacon and Canon of Exeter, 1875.

The Rev. BOURCHIER WREY SAVILE, aged 71. Adm. January 23, 1828 ; K.S., 1831-5 ; formerly Vicar of Okehampton, Devon ; author of numerous pamphlets.

The Rev. WALTER SNEYD, aged 78. Adm. February 3, 1824.

Sir WALTER GEORGE STIRLING, Bart., aged 86. Adm. January 15, 1812.

CHARLES WILLIAM RICHARD TEPPER, Esq., aged 26. Adm. April 9, 1873 ; Q.S., 1876-80.

## THE TRINUMMUS, 1888.

THE Play from time to time finds apologists, more or less firm in their support, in the public press. In *The Elizabethan* it needs neither apology nor panegyric. Yet it will be pardonable in an O.W. before he proceeds upon the task—too rashly undertaken—of criticising the Play of 1888, if he lets fall from him a few pious words of gratitude to ‘our foundress, Queen Elizabeth,’ who, in her royal wisdom, ordained the permanent institution of the Westminster Play, to the unbroken tradition by which it has continued, and to those who have maintained the tradition unbroken. To the casual visitor, the Play is an interesting relic of an ancient custom; to the scholar it is a whole-hearted attempt to interpret Plautus and Terence on the stage: nor are these slight merits; but to the O.W. it is very much beside these things. It is a high festival of the renewal of school friendships, at which friends, who, perhaps, see each other on no other day in the year, meet and greet the act of celebrating a living connection with the school and its alumni, past, present, and to come. It recalls and revives for each his membership of a brotherhood united by common experience and a common interest in a great foundation. It binds him to his own past, and carries him back to it afresh. And while it serves as a wholesome reminder of the passage of the years, it yet helps a man to keep a hold upon his youth, which passes from him soon enough at the best. As the Play proceeds, many an incident, grave or gay, comes up before his eyes, and to the tone of the actor is given back from within him an echo of other voices, of some that will never be heard again. In the great volume of its associations, ever growing and renewing as year follows year, the Play as a means of preserving union and sympathy among the past alumni of a public school is unique and inimitable. The outer world cannot readily understand the pleasure and profit an O.W. finds in the Play. But the O.W. will not be slow to acknowledge his debt to it. It is a precious possession, set above criticism, and too high for praise, to be cherished and fostered in every way possible.

The plot of Plautus’s ‘Trinummus’ is so meagre, and in addition to that, at first seeming so artificial, that it is surprising that it can hold an audience amused as it does. It owes its success mainly to the excellence of the dialogue and to its one triumphantly comic situation. The Sycophant is sent on an errand which to the modern mind seems elaborately foolish, and in the end nothing whatever turns upon the ill-success of his mission; and yet the ‘Sycophant scene’ is perhaps the best appreciated of any on the Westminster stage. To the success of the ‘Trinummus’ it is therefore all-important to secure a good Sycophant. The cast of 1888 were fortunate in their Sycophant. Mr. Clarke played the part *con amore*, and made up to perfection. It was evidently as great a pleasure to Mr. Clarke to banter and gird at Charmides at second-

hand as it ever could have been to the original Sycophant himself. It was a real pleasure to him to be coming from Selemia, Macedonia, Asia, and Arabia with a bogus letter, to be arrayed in the strange garments furnished by the choragus, and more than all to turn the tables on Charmides in the moment of his own seeming discomfiture, or hurl a parting malediction at his enemy’s head. Mr. Clarke did excellently throughout, showed a thorough appreciation of the varying humours of the situation, and carried the scene through with *éclat*.

Not that the ‘Trinummus’ lacks humour before or after the ‘Sycophant scene,’ or gives no opportunity to the rest of the actors. The opening Act, if carefully played, may be made very effective. We have the contrast of the strongly-marked personality and manifest foibles of Megaronides with that good and mild, but rather feeble old gentleman, Callicles. Megaronides was in safe hands. Mr. Knapp’s character sketch was all that could be desired in point of vigour, clearness, and colouring. He was a little disappointing, however, in the concluding soliloquy of Act I., to which he failed to give quite the full effect possible; it wanted a little more force, a little more point, and a good deal more acrimony. Mr. Knapp was good again in the rather dull Third Act; his ‘actum reddam nugacissime’ was capitally given.

Callicles began by being seemingly rather nervous, but he improved wonderfully by the third night, when, without losing any of his milder excellencies, he became a little more arch and a little firmer in the assertion of his unblemished integrity. Mr. J. S. Phillimore could not expect to make anything like the same success in the part as he did last year as Nausistrata; but there were traces of the power he then showed, and of promise for the future. The two old gentlemen’s contribution to the much agitated problem of the married state was on the third night amusingly rendered, but had fallen unduly flat at the two former performances.

Lysiteles has a difficult and ungracious task set him in the soliloquy which opens the Second Act. This judicial assessment of the rival claims of pleasure and business tries an actor’s capacity as much as anything in the cycle of the Westminster plays. Mr. P. J. Preece acquitted himself well, and really made that blameless young man almost attractive. He was a trifle glib at times, and offered some slight justification of the *Standard’s* libellous epithet, ‘namby-pamby’; but, on the whole, came off very well. His ‘Da mihi hoc, mel meum . . .’ was deservedly well received, and he gave proof of a careful study of the part; among other points, in his rendering of the list of harpies who follow in the train of a mistress.

The rôle of the heavy father, Philto, was entrusted to Mr. P. Williamson, who played it thoroughly in character. That is to say, his Philto was loquacious, didactic, and somewhat tedious. His chief hit, ‘sine dote, uxoremne,’ a little weak on the first night, was afterwards delivered with all due energy. He succeeded in judiciously blending Philto’s exalted

sentiments and prosy patronage with a very human indulgence for Lysiteles, his son.

As Lesbonicus Mr. H. T. Whitaker was spirited and statuesque. His elocution again deserves a word of praise, and his bearing was dignified and graceful. He was well able to combine the natural hauteur of the young aristocrat with a due measure of the despondency proper to his broken fortunes. He possesses two gifts important to the actor—the born capacity to move easily and without awkwardness on the stage, and a command over the modulation of the voice.

Anyone who has seen the performance of the Play for the last two years, knows Mr. R. E. Olivier to be a very clever and versatile artist of comedy. It was to be expected that he would carry out any rôle entrusted to him in an effective and original manner. Nor did this fail to be the case with his Stasimus. With the same brightness and lightness of touch which distinguished his Phormio last year, he showed a real advance in the development of masculine force. His style would, indeed, better suit a Syrus or a Davus, where the roguishness is more subtly and finely drawn. Though Mr. Olivier's conception and rendering were excellent in their kind, we incline to think a coarser and blunter characterisation more true to the Stasimus of Plautus. This is apparent in such an outburst as 'At pol ego etsi vetet' etc., which came as a sort of shock from so gentlemanly a person as Mr. Olivier's Stasimus. The grotesque description of Lesbonicus' farm was admirably done; but he rather missed his opportunity in the repeated 'I modo' at the close of the Second Act. In the Fourth Act the delicate finish of Mr. Olivier's playing stood him in good stead, where Stasimus, returning from an attempt to drive away care in a low tavern, falls in with his master Charmides. It is here an easy error to represent Stasimus in an advanced stage of inebriation, and Mr. Olivier did well to introduce only so much unsteadiness into Stasimus's gait and articulation as the shock of his master's sudden appearance might fairly be expected to dissipate. As a consequence, the change that comes over Stasimus seemed quite natural. Mr. Olivier's acting is so distinctively his own, that it calls for rather especial remark. It might be criticised as almost falling into mannerism, and there is an excess of refinement and what might be called effeminate tone about it. Stasimus might very reasonably have been supposed a native of ancient Gaul. But with this deduction, we incline to think Mr. Olivier's acting this year and last the most remarkable performance on the Westminster boards of the last few years.

Of Charmides not very much can be said, as Mr. C. A. Phillimore, to whom the part was assigned, was prevented by sudden illness from playing after the first night, and it would be unfair to pass judgment on a first performance only. Mr. H. J. Gully came to fill the breach in gallant style, and deserves great credit for effecting so much at short notice. It curiously happened that he had been originally cast for the part and then disabled. Despite this outcome of the chapter of accidents, his task was a trying one, and

his courageous efforts deserve the thanks of colleagues and audience. One criticism, however, we feel bound to make. Neither Charmides approached to anything like sounding the depths of significance contained in the solemn thrice-repeated, 'O Callicles! O Callicles!! O Callicles!!!' which should rise to a climax of intensity and profundity with the third repetition.

The edifying little introduction by Luxury and Poverty had to be given up after the first night. Luxury was smitten by the fell hand of an insidious disorder; and there would be no moral in Poverty by herself.

In respect of Prologue and Epilogue this has proved a fortunate year. The Prologue was of especial interest, dealing, as it was bound to deal, with the great loss the school has sustained in the deaths of the Earl of Devon and Lord Lucan. On the very day of the second performance another old and fast friend was lost to the school by the death of Mr. Bull, and was none the less deeply felt that it could not have a place in this year's Prologue. The Prologue was clearly and pointedly pronounced by the Captain, Mr. A. R. Knapp.

The Epilogue took the house by storm every night, and, in a succession of successful Epilogues, stands out as especially successful. At the close of a year in which no one event of especial importance has occurred which might easily offer food for light caricature, it succeeded in happily combining, with an admirable sense of humour, and by means of a whimsically consistent plot, a variety of minor topics which have engaged the public attention—the weather, the Parnell Commission, 'Is Marriage a Failure?', the Naval Manœuvres, the Invasion scare, the Wimbledon controversy, Professor Baldwin's descents, and the Armada Tercentenary, all in a rich setting of familiar tags from the classics. It possessed, moreover, that highest virtue in an Epilogue—a ready appeal to the eye and the understanding of a mixed audience. A truly masterly piece of work, which did not suffer in the hands of its interpreter. Callicles (Mr. J. S. Phillimore) transformed into paterfamilias at the seaside, amusing himself in constructing castles in the sand and baffling the vagaries of the climate, was especially funny; while the descent of Charmides 'e cælo—atque e medio quidem' in a parachute, with a view to restore his impaired fortune, fairly brought down the house. The Armada gave the opening for a becoming allusion to the Crimean monument outside Dean's Yard, and brought the Epilogue of 1888 to an end, as was fitting, in a storm of patriotic applause.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—Of late years it has been understood that the Westminster Play was one of the chief strongholds of what may be called the English pronunciation par excellence of the Latin language, as opposed to the Continental and Cambridge methods. This is not the place for a discussion of the merits of the rival systems; but I may be allowed to remark en passant that no sufficient evidence has been adduced to prove that either of these latter, and especially the last, was that used by the old heathens who invented the language for our use and edification.

But as it seems hardly likely that either of these will—in the immediate future, at all events—supplant that sanctioned by so many generations of English scholars and the use of three centuries of Westminster plays, is it not a pity that certain barbarisms, due to a mistaken notion of exalting quantity at the expense of accent, should be allowed to creep in to spoil the consistency of what used certainly to be a consistent method?

Without attempting to give any scheme of rules—for surely there should be no need to give formulæ for what has been as the breath of our nostrils—I may remark that whenever a Latin word is evidently the same as an English, it is pronounced as its English brother; and with this preface I intend, Sir, with your leave, to give a list of some of the crudest of the cacophonies that I heard at the representation of the 'Trinummus'

this year:—*Suspice-io, sententy-a, amicity-a, Jovvis, redgyones, ingenny-um*;—fancy 'having a *suspice-ion* of an *ingenny-ous* yet *joyvial* dweller in these *redgyons*!'—besides these, there were *fiddem, tammen, evennyunt, meddyum, allyus*. [In the Epilogue 'Arry appears as *Arrius*; analogously his *confrere* would be called *Allius*, which our mis-pronouncers would spell 'alius'; but what man would spell 'Ally' with but one 'l'?] *Exesum*, whether spelt with one 's' or two, used never to be pronounced as *excessum*; while as for *sinny*, the mercy was that we did not hear *dotty* too.

There remain one, a word that has quite been adopted into our tongue, and another, which but for a change of initial, they pronounce the same as some very common though in other respects besides the initial quite differently spelt English words, which no one would dream of mis-spelling: the one they call *minnus*, and the other *pidget*. 'Ah,' used he to say from whom in the shell-room I learnt most of my Latin, 'how they fidget me with their *pidget*!' And this is the complaint of many Westminsterers, and especially of—Yours, &c.,

Ῥορροφοιτοσουκοφαντοδοικοταλαπυρος.

NOTICE.

A limited number of photographs of the cast of the 'Trinummus,' 1888, may be had on application to the Captain, St. Peter's College, price 3s. 6d. each. A few copies of the cast of the 'Phormio,' 1887, are still to be had, price 3s. each.

Moreat.