



The Elizabethan.

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THE 'PHORMIO.'

LEADING articles in ELIZABETHAN Play Numbers are all very much alike. Each claims its own year to be the best on record, whether in acting, in audience, in epilogue, or in the play itself, its characters, its dialogue, its situations, its possibilities on the stage; and as there are only four plays at present in the Westminster cycle, and each is remarkable for one of those four peculiarities, the justice of such a boast is not to be denied. Yet if we may give our unbiassed opinion, we cannot but pronounce the 'Phormio' the most fitting of all for scenic representation. No portion of it is dull; every character and every scene may be given—even with actors of moderate ability—the power of amusing and interesting an audience; it is

lively and dramatic throughout; and if it has not, like the 'Andria,' a baby-scene, it boasts, what its rival most noticeably lacks, a strong climax in the final act, which indeed provides as clever and amusing a situation as can be found in any comedy of any age or any tongue. In short, it is a play in which it is a true pleasure to act; and we believe it was this feeling as much as anything which roused the cast of 1906 into the life and vigour it displayed at the last moment. Rehearsals in which the level of acting was sadly below the usual standard; illness among the actors during Play week; the indisposition of the Master of King's Scholars on the day before the first Play: these and other misfortunes boded us no good. But once again on the actual nights the cast rose to the occasion; everything went off well; and our success was

the more welcome in proportion as it was unexpected. Of its measure it is not for us to speak here. Enthusiastic visitors, indeed, described the performance as 'the best "Phormio" for many years past,' and 'the best Play presented in the last quarter of a century'; but without wishing to read into these *ἐγκώμια* more than *ἡ παραντίκα προθυμία*, we content ourselves with saying that our audiences were satisfied, and more than satisfied, were genuinely pleased; and since that is the case, why, so are we. May no Play critics ever say less!

Turning to the Prologue and Epilogue, we follow the custom of late years by printing a parallel translation of each, while a brief appreciation will also be found in our Correspondence. We take this opportunity of informing our readers that in all probability the Play next year will be changed, and that in place of the 'Trinummus,' either an old favourite will be revived, or a trial will be given to some Plautine work hitherto unknown on the Westminster stage.

This year we had hoped to be honoured with the presence of the Prince of Wales, but His Royal Highness was unfortunately absent from town all through Play Week. We trust, however, that the example of December 12, 1903, will not be forgotten, and that our successors may be more fortunate in this respect than we.

Below will be found the plot of the 'Phormio' in brief:—

Demipho and Chremes are two brothers. The former has a son called Antipho; the latter is husband to Nausistrata, by whom he has a son named Phaedria. Nausistrata, of whom Chremes stands in considerable awe, has property in the Island of Lemnos, and Chremes is in the habit of going thither year by year to receive the rents, and while there on one of his visits he marries, under the false name of Stilpho, a Lemnian lady clandestinely, and has by her a daughter named Phanium, born sixteen years before the opening scene of the Play. On this Lemnian family Chremes spends a considerable part of his wife's income. Demipho is aware of this unlawful connection of Chremes, and has further agreed that his son Antipho shall marry Phanium, passing her off as a distant relation of the family.

The play opens at a time when Demipho and Chremes are both absent from Athens, the

former on a visit to an old friend in Cilicia, and Chremes on a journey to Lemnos, whence he determines to bring his second wife and her daughter for the pre-arranged marriage with Antipho. Upon his arrival, however, he finds that they have already left the island in search of him, and he returns alone. They arrive safely, but being unable to discover anyone in Athens of the name of Stilpho, are reduced to great poverty and distress, in the midst of which the mother dies, and Phanium, the daughter, is left alone with her trusty old nurse, Sophrona. During this period the two young men, Antipho and Phaedria, are left at Athens in charge of Demipho's confidential slave, Geta.

ACT I. In the opening scene Geta narrates his experiences to his friend, Davus. Finding it impossible to control a pair of wild youths, he gives up the attempt and lets them follow their own devices. Phaedria first falls violently in love with a music girl, who turns out afterwards to be an Athenian citizen, but who is now in the hands of a slave merchant, Dorio, for sale at thirty minae; but as Phaedria has no money to pay for her, he can do nothing but escort the young lady to and from the school where she is completing her education. Just at this time Antipho is told a touching story of a beauty in distress at a funeral. He goes to see, and it proves to be none other than Phanium weeping over her mother's corpse. The young man is immediately captivated by her beauty, but being afraid to marry her without his father's consent, he applies to Geta, who in his turn has recourse to Phormio, a shrewd parasite from whom the play takes its name. Phormio immediately throws himself into the interests of Antipho, by whom he has often been entertained, and pretends that he is the kinsman of Phanium, and that Antipho is her nearest relation, and finally sues Antipho at law—who, of course, makes no defence—and compels him to marry Phanium off-hand (scene 4). Repentance follows the deed, and Antipho is wretched between the prospect of meeting his father and losing Phanium.

Demipho now (scene 5) returns home, angry with everybody on learning, as he thinks, that all his plans have been disappointed for Antipho's marriage with Phanium.

ACT II. He gets into a violent temper with Phormio for the part he has taken, and also (scene 3) consults three lawyers as to the

course to be pursued, who give ridiculously opposite opinions, and leave him in a greater state of doubt than before.

(Scene 4.) Meanwhile Phaedria is left in sad plight, being unable to persuade Dorio to part with Pamphila, the music girl, and finding that she is about to be sold away from him.

ACT III. Again Phormio comes to the rescue; he sends a message by Geta to Demipho and Chremes (who has now returned home) to say that he (Phormio) is himself engaged to be married; but that he is ready to break off his match, and take Antipho's bride off their hands, if they will give him the same sum as he is to receive as portion with his present 'fiancée,' and enable him to pay off certain debts. Poor Antipho overhears Geta making this proposal to the old men, and exhibits his anguish and distress from the background. Demipho, scared at the largeness of the sum required, resists; but Chremes, anxious to get his daughter, Phanium, married at any price, to escape exposure of his own misdoings, agrees to furnish the money. Phormio receives it and hands it over to Phaedria, who, finding that Pamphila is an Athenian citizen, redeems her from Dorio's hands and marries her. No sooner has this arrangement been completed than (scene 4) Chremes stumbles upon Sophrona coming out of Demipho's house, and is frightened at hearing her, under the very windows of his Athenian wife, Nausistrata, address him by his Lemnian name, Stilpho. He stops the old woman's mouth, and, forbidding her to mention it, discovers that Phanium, his daughter, is the identical lady whom Antipho has married!

ACT IV. An amusing scene follows on his attempting to impart this piece of news to Demipho in Nausistrata's presence. The two old men now request Phormio to break off his arrangement with them and refund the money. Meanwhile Geta has overheard the explanations between Chremes and his daughter, and has communicated them to Phormio, who thereupon, knowing that he will no longer be required to marry Antipho's bride, stoutly refuses to refund, saying that he is still ready to complete the bargain.

ACT V. A furious quarrel ensues during which Phormio loudly relates the tale of Chremes' misdoings (as if of a third person), and finally threatens to go and tell all to Nausistrata. This brings matters to a climax, and a struggle ensues, during which the sten-

torian lungs of Phormio are used to bring out Nausistrata from her house, to whom Phormio pours out the whole truth, to Chremes' utter confusion. Nausistrata is frantic, until Demipho endeavours to calm her, and intercedes for the guilty husband. Phormio is triumphant, and invites the public to Chremes' 'funeral obsequies'; and further explains all about Phaedria's marriage to Pamphila, and the trick by which the purchase-money was secured. Chremes, on hearing this, begins to fume, but is at once set down by the crushing retort from his imperious spouse, that his son might well have one wife if the father had two. Phormio then asks Nausistrata for an invitation to dinner, as a reward for his own services and as a punishment to Chremes; and they all go into the house as the curtain falls.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

The first Play fell on the night of December 13, when both 'Varsities were already down, and a large gathering of young O.W.W. was consequently expected. The result was rather disappointing. While the rest of the house was fairly well filled by the time the Play began, the young O.W.W. Pit was empty during the Prologue, and received only a meagre complement during the whole performance. In spite of this the Prologue was very well received, and we hope convinced many *matres pro pueris sollicitas*, while the Epilogue was excellently taken for a first night. It is seldom that so many subtleties are recognised so quickly. Our critic tells us of the Play itself that the first night was 'unequal,' the second 'magnificent,' and the third 'disappointing after the second, but well up to the average.' The unanimous opinion behind the scenes was that the first night was good, the second distinctly worse, and the third distinctly the best. Although we yield to DEMIPHO'S more complete judgment, we mention this fact as a curious instance of the diversity of opinion on theatrical matters. The audience, at least, was well up to the average of First-night audiences. An amusing incident occurred at the close of the Epilogue on this night. Six lines before the end the lights on the stage went out and the remaining words were spoken amid semi-darkness, which obscured the action, but lent a fine effect to 'Suffragatrices nox iubet ire domum.' Immediately afterwards the light was turned on again, and actors and audience alike imagined the

momentary extinction to have been intentional. It was really, by a curious coincidence, caused by a chance fusing just at the right instant.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

Those inexorable deities, Education and Influenza, make no allowance for such mundane matters as play-going, and our audiences on the second and third nights suffered largely in consequence. On the 17th the house was only moderately well filled, but the performance, on the whole, met with no less applause than on the previous night; the Epilogue was received with a trifle less enthusiasm, though perhaps with more intelligence. The audience included the Dean, the Right Hon. J. Bryce, Mr. Justice Bray, Canon Hensley Henson, Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., General Neville Lyttelton, the Revs. S. R. Driver, A. Sloman, and S. Andrews, Messrs. W. Temple, Cecil Chapman, V. A. Williamson, T. Staveley Oldham, H. F. Manisty, G. H. Radcliffe, &c. Special letters of regret were received from Mr. Justice Warrington, Canon Barnett, and others who had been prevented at the last minute from attending the performance.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

A large and distinguished audience, included among whom were a most gratifying number of O.W.W., witnessed the third performance of the 'Phormio.' The Prologue was received with great favour, and its lighter touches with much amusement, while the presence of Mr. (we deeply regret that we must now say the late Mr.) William Waterfield in the chair lent an additional interest to his son's delivery of the line 'inter hos ego Patrem patruomque laetus adgnosco meum.' The Play itself was warmly appreciated, and the applause was both hearty and frequent. The Epilogue was at its best, and several points were now taken up which had been unaccountably missed on the former nights. Among the guests were the late Mr. William Waterfield (in the chair), the Sub-Dean, the Turkish Ambassador, the Chinese Minister, Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy, Mr. Justice Walton, Sir W. E. M. Tomlinson, Sir W. J. Herschel, Sir Lesley Probyn, the Revs. A. W. Upcott and H. W. Waterfield, Dr. Edward Scott, Messrs. H. Staveley Hill, G. F. Russell Barker, D. A. V. Colt-Williams, C. C. J. Webb, C. E. Freeman, R. J. Mure, W. A. Peck, &c.

Play Notes.

THE Prologue was written, for the fifth year in succession, by the Headmaster. In bidding the audience all hail, it justifies the words of welcome by declaring that Westminster is the healthiest spot on earth. Others may boast of the beauties of nature and all other advantages of a country life, but in the country lurk also germs and fevers; Westminster, in town, is yet dear to the Muses, who keep her safe and teach her sons how to live and die aright. In proof we are reminded of the obituary for the year, which includes the oldest Bishop, the Right Rev. R. Courtenay; the oldest 'blue,' the Rev. F. L. Moysey, and others but little their junior. Special mention is made of Sir G. T. M. O'Brien, K.C.M.G., and his bequest to the School; while the names of our new benefactors, Batley, Phillimore, and Waterfield, also receive our thanks and commendation. We cannot refrain here from noticing how much of the Prologue's success is due to the simplicity of its diction. While the learned admire also the grace and elegance of the author's style, even the less scholarly find themselves able to follow such easy Latin almost on the first hearing without difficulty. Such a combination is the perfection of Prologue writing.

The leading papers all contained articles on the Play, distinctly favourable for the most part, indeed hardly a single point was picked out for censure, though several writers suggested various improvements. The accounts were on the whole accurate, and the critiques perhaps better than usual. All were loud in their praise of the Epilogue.

The *Times*, without entering upon a criticism in detail, had a satisfactory account of the First Night's performance, and after the last night printed the text of the Prologue and Epilogue in full, without, however, any comment.

The *Daily Graphic* was sensible but short. In its issue of December 20 it quoted briefly from the Epilogue, and spoke very highly both of it and of the Play.

The *Standard* had a long and fairly sound article after the First Play (though they persist in asserting that 'at Westminster, not the Play, but the Prologue and Epilogue's the thing'), and after the third performance quoted largely from the Epilogue.

The *Morning Post* reserved their notice until after the Third Night, when they published a good account of the Play, together with extracts from the Epilogue.

The *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Chronicle*, and *Daily News* were brief but interesting. The first was most

appreciative, especially of the Epilogue, its translations of which are ingenious enough in places, though they fail in others; but the *Daily News*' literal rendering into English prose cannot be called a success, and its assertion that the 'Phormio' has an indifferent plot, very few strikingly humorous lines, and very few really comic situations, is to say the least of it remarkable.

The *Daily Mail* and the *Evening Standard* amused us intensely.

Of the evening papers the *Westminster Gazette* was less interesting than usual, but the *Globe*, which had two accounts, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* were both quite good.

The *Liverpool Post* contained the interesting information that 'Queen Mary herself was present at one at least of the performances,' and that 'Ben Jonson is believed to have taken a part on one occasion.'

The *Tribune* of December 20 was good on the whole, and was the only paper, we think, to remark on Antipho's identity in the Epilogue with a certain Minister.

Of the weekly papers, the *Spectator* of December 22 had a long but rather disappointing article, dealing almost entirely with the Epilogue; the *Saturday Review* contained a notice; and the *Athenæum* a pleasant appreciation; the *Guardian*, we believe, had a good account; while *Punch* used the *Daily Mail* as the basis for a series of humorous letters.

With the photographs taken on the Dress Rehearsal Night once more, we had hopes of more illustrations in the papers than usual, but our expectations were not fulfilled. The *Sketch* had a photograph, which proved surprisingly good, of Act ii, sc. 2; the *Graphic* had drawings of the Prologue, Epilogue, and several scenes from the Play, most of which were really very good, but the sketch of Prologus, evidently done from memory, was remarkable for its inaccuracy on every possible point; and that was all.

The Epilogue was the work of G. K. A. Bell, Esq. Its strength lay chiefly in its parodies and puns, some of which were extremely clever; in its reversion to politics and its reserve in the matter of action it formed a suitable contrast to the Epilogue of 1905. It was received on all three nights with enthusiastic applause, and was greatly admired, both among O.W.W. and strangers.

PHORMIO. 1906.

PHORMIO	<i>A. P. Waterfield.</i>
DAVUS	<i>J. R. Wade.</i>
GETA	<i>A. S. R. Macklin.</i>
PHAEDRIA	<i>G. G. Williams.</i>
ANTIPHO	<i>E. R. Mason.</i>
DEMIPHO	<i>S. C. Edgar.</i>
HEGIO	<i>M. T. Maxwell.</i>
CRATINUS	<i>W. R. Birchall.</i>
CRITO	<i>M. Hammond.</i>
DORIO	<i>J. E. Lloyd-Williams.</i>
CHREMES	<i>K. R. H. Jones.</i>
SOPHRONA	<i>R. M. Barrington-Ward.</i>
NAUSISTRATA	<i>J. Benvenuti.</i>

PROLOGUS IN PHORMIONEM.

SALVERE nostrum vos iubet collegium,
Et iure: namque hoc ipso dormitorio
Non usquam locus in terris est salubrior.
Quid enim? Non invidemus aliis si licet
Sudum iactare caelum, limpidum aerem,
Prospecta late rura, colles caerulos,
Sive aliud quid natura iucundi dedit.

WELCOME to College: with a right good cheer
We bid you hail, for health is native here.
Search every land, each haunt of human kind,
No healthier spot than Westminster you'll find.
Others may boast of sunshine, crystal air,
Of purple hills and landscapes passing fair;
These are but Nature's lures, which oft deceive

Hæ sunt oculorum inlecebrae quas stultae nimis
 Matres, pro pueris sollicitae, mentem putant
 Sanam creare posse in sano corpore.
 At isti soles, iste zephyrorum tepor
 Alunt innumera simul morborum germina
 Et rure latitat febrium semper cohors
 Immanis, quae, tenellam dum praedam vorat,
 Adfligit lecto atque arcet doctrinam procul.
 Nos inter urbis lateres, tristi sub iove,
 Dilectam Musis incolimus sedem tamen
 Piaeque bene merentes observantia
 Tuti vigemus, exiguisque in finibus
 Monumenta circumspicimus quae cottidie
 Doctrinam perhibent omnium sanissimam,
 Viros ut deceat vivere, ut deceat mori.
 Nostrorum testor manes, quos nuper Deus
 Adsumpsit, praeter solitum grandaevos modum
 Suisque sua pro parte non inutilis.
 Episcoporum hic, alter natu maximus
 Heroum quotquot annuo certamine
 Oxoniensem remis propulerant ratem :
 Iste olim nostri dux fuit in templo chori
 Primusque nomine invocavit regio
 Victoriam reginam : quin, ne vos morer,
 Cuncti vitales vires hic sumpsere et hic
 Didicere vitam regi et patriae dedere.¹
 Unum praecipue² pluribus verbis decet
 Laudare, nostri qui vel ad finem memor
 Et nostris actae in moenibus puertiae
 Bonorum moriens partem dimidiam dedit
 Iussitque ita uti ut ne domi quid aut foris
 Dessetve obsessetve unquam nostro commodo.
 Sunt etiam vivi quorum munificentiae
 Laudesque gratesque agimus, qui, ne posteris
 Clarorum alumnorum intereat nomen, piam
 Memoriam donis consecraverunt suis.³
 Nolite id indignari si inter hos ego,
 Mea de gente paene iam vicesimus,⁴
 Patrem patruumque laetus adgnosco meum.
 Valet. Excipite plausibus Terentium.

The unwary mother, making her believe
 That in their midst her darling boy will find
 A vigorous body and a vigorous mind.
 We grudge them not such joys, for we're aware
 That in those sunbeams, in that balmy air
 A million microbes swarm and multiply,
 And troops of fevers too in ambush lie,
 Which fastening on their tender human prey
 Drive him to bed, and banish books for many a day.
 We, ringed with streets, with sullen skies above,
 Yet dwell on ground that all the Muses love,
 And while we serve them and their praise declare,
 We thrive protected by their fostering care.
 Narrow our borders, but around us spread
 We see memorials of the mighty dead
 Teaching the lesson that surpasses all,
 How good men lead their lives, how heroes fall.
 Witness the spirits of those who, nurtured here,
 Served well their country for full many a year
 And now, in length of days supremely blessed,
 With age and honours crowned are laid to rest :
 Oldest of bishops one ; and one of yore
 For Oxford strongly sped the racing oar,
 Oldest of blues ; and one in the ancient fane
 Leading our band first hailed Victoria's reign.
 But, lest I weary you, 'twas here they gained
 Vigour and strength ; 'twas here that they were trained
 To serve their King and seek their country's good.
 One above all deserves our gratitude,
 Who, loyal friend, remembering to the last
 The School wherein his boyhood's years were passed,
 Bequeathed us half his fortune ere he died,
 That thence our every want might be supplied
 And nothing to our welfare be denied.
 Some, too, among the living we acclaim,
 Who, mindful of our great forerunners' fame,
 With pious care their memories have enshrined
 In new endowments for our use designed.
 Therefore forgive my pride, if in this place
 Where I'm well-nigh the twentieth of my race,
 I hail my father's and my uncle's names.
 Farewell : the play your kind attention claims.

¹ The obituary of the year includes the Right Rev. R. Courtenay, Bishop of Jamaica, aet. 93 (the oldest Bishop) ; the Rev. F. L. Moysey, aet. 90 (the oldest "blue," stroke of the Oxford boat in 1836) ; H. R. Farrer, D.L., formerly Fellow of Merton, aet. 85 (who led the acclamations at the coronation of Queen Victoria) ; G. H. Drew, a Taxing-master in Chancery, aet. 88 ; C. L. Eastlake, formerly Keeper of the National Gallery, aet. 73.

² Sir G. T. M. O'Brien, K.C.M.G., formerly Governor of Fiji, bequeathed half his residuary estate to the Headmaster of Westminster, 'to be spent at his discretion on purposes to promote the physical recreation and bodily well-being of the boys of that School.'

³ Sir W. G. F. Phillimore, Bart., has permanently endowed the two prizes which have been given annually since 1866, when they were first instituted by his father, Sir R. Phillimore. The Rev. W. Batley has endowed Divinity Prizes in memory of Augustus Toplady, O.W., author of many favourite hymns. Mr. William Waterfield and Sir Henry Waterfield, G.C.I.E., have jointly endowed a new prize for Prose Composition.

⁴ The Captain, A. P. Waterfield, is the seventeenth representative of his family on the School Rolls.

EPILOGUS IN PHORMIONEM.

PERSONAE.

SOPHRONA	<i>Nurse to Nausistrata's Grandson</i>	R. M. BARRINGTON-WARD.	
CHREMES	<i>A truster in soap</i>	K. R. H. JONES.	
NAUSISTRATA	<i>A supporter of Women's Suffrage</i>	J. BENVENISTI.	
DAVUS	<i>A coolie : servant to Nausistrata</i>	J. R. WADE.	
PHORMIO	<i>An unstable Politician</i>	A. P. WATERFIELD.	
DORIO	<i>A Publisher</i>	J. E. LLOYD-WILLIAMS.	
GETA	} <i>Rival Politicians</i>	{ A. S. R. MACKLIN.	
DEMIPHO			S. C. EDGAR.
HEGIO	} <i>Representatives of Labour</i>	{ M. T. MAXWELL.	
CRATINUS			W. R. BIRCHALL.
CRITO			M. HAMMOND.
ANTIPHO	<i>An Army-reformer</i>	E. R. MASON.	
PHAEDRIA	<i>An Educationist</i>	G. G. WILLIAMS.	

PERSONAE (non omnino) MUTAE:—PUER. MULIERES. LICTOR.

Scene :—A STREET IN WESTMINSTER.

[SOPHRONA is discovered scrubbing a howling boy.]

So. Terge et terge et terge ! umquamne, illote,
silebis?
Da palmas, faciem ; lumina claude ; aperi.
Disce, puer, saponem ex me verumque leporem,
Spurcitiā ex aliis : te mea dextra tenet.

[Enter CHREMES.]

CHR. Nam quis te, mulier confidentissima, nostras
Iussit adire domos? quidve maligna petis?
So. Non ita confidens ut vestris partibus adsim,
Aut vestra lever voce vel arte.
CHR. Piris
Tune faves? tu nostra negas commercia?
quare!
So. (*angrily*) Ceu lupus invadis vellere tectus oves;
Materiemque tuo nitro celas alienam;
De sapone fluit non bene lotus odor.

[As she raises her voice, NAUSISTRATA enters.]

NAU. (*to* CHREMES)
Oh ! tune hic aderas. Cur iurgia tanta ciētis?
Desinite, et questus ambo referte mihi.
CHR. Lis est de multis ; at nunc de iure lavandi,
Num puerum hunc sapo noster an ille lavet.
NAU. O caenose puer, nimium ne crede colori
Saponis ; caenum nam fugat ipse borax.

[SOPHRONA is discovered scrubbing a howling boy.]

So. Oh, rub him and scrub him, and scrub him
and rub him : unwashen one, peace ; I
am tir'd of your cries.
Your left hand. Your right. Your peepers
shut tight, or they'll smart as I swill them.
There, open your eyes.
On the dogmas of soap you must take me for
Pope, eschewing the dirt of the heretic
Skis.
You wriggle in vain.

[Enter CHREMES.]

CHR. Would you please to explain, Mrs. Con-
fidence, why at my doorway you keep?
So. Not so confident neither as fall in with either
your Leave-er-to-pay-it or Trust-me-and-
leap.
CHR. What, Pears you would rather? You scorn
my fine lather?
So. (*angrily*) You're a wolf, though
disguised in the fleece of a sheep.
Would you palm off by bluff such adulterate
stuff as makes both the eyes of the
washer to weep?

[As she raises her voice, NAUSISTRATA enters.]

NAU. (*to* CHREMES)
My husband, you here? You are fighting,
that's clear, so make me your umpire the
quarrel to end.
CHR. There's many a rub, but it's now of the tub,
whether *my* soap or other with water
shall blend.
NAU. You dir-irty boy, all soap 's but a toy, for borax
alone 's τὸ καθαροῦς ὄν.

So. Non ea causa fuit ; sed num merx libera cesset,
Sapo et protectus devoret omne forum.

NAU. Non ! non sic fiet. Sed nosmet protegere
aequomst :
Regnavere diu satque superque viri :
Armis poscamus suffragia : ad arma, Sorores !
Et pugnae primae scena Senatus erit :
Nil actumst, inquam, nisi nostro milite portas
Frangimus, et media pono ego signa Domo.
[Exit.]

CHR. I sane ! quid non muliebria pectora cogis
Famae sacra fames, et novitatis amor ?

[Enter PHORMIO followed by DAVUS.]

PUER. (*pointing to DAVUS*) Cin-cin-

SO. (*reprovingly*) Nate !

CHR. (*aside*) Ego cincinnatum haud cernere possum :
Huic ornat potius cauda suilla caput.

DA. (*plaintively*) Me non velle redire domum—

PHO. Vah ! nonne tacebis ?

DA. Vos mentiti estis : non ego servus eram.

PHO. Mentiti ? immo parum exacte fortasse locuti.

Expatriatus eras ; impatriandus eris :

Vel, si forte placet, nunc sit tibi meta Chicago :
Utilis olim, nunc utilitate cares.

[As PHORMIO waves him away, DORIO comes in
with a lighted candle.]

Do. (*vaguely*)
Ignoro qua sim. Candelam tolle sub altum,
(*hands candle to boy*)

Tolle, puer, sodes : sic ego certus ero
Num Portum ad Lucis Solis tandem integer
adsim.

PHO. Quid petis ? hic portus nullus, at Urbs
mediast.

Do. (*in surprise*)
Qua fabricatores saponis denique sedes
Urbanas habitant, consociata cohors ?

CHR. Illorum tibi sum princeps ego : sed quid,
amabo,
Vis tibi ?

Do. (*confidentially*) Vobiscum foedus inire volo :
Qui libros edit caros, facit aeris acervum.

PHO. Nonne tribus drachmis stat tibi 'Servus
Homo' ?

Do. Quod mare non Aulum novit, quae terra
Canentem ?
Quaevae tuas laudes, quodve, Corelli, mare ?
Viles vendamus libros, veteresque novosque,
Primaque quos tetigit quosque secunda
manus.
Una pugnemus.

So. The point, ma'am, you miss, you don't see the
true issue ; dear soap and protected the
knave's bent upon,
He would force all the land to buy none
but his brand.

NAU. No, no, I'll be hang'd if
the thing shall be done.
I've a stopper for *him* in protection for
women. The men have in all things too
long been supreme.

To arms for our votes ! Your nails to their
throats ! To the Houses in flood, oh
brave petticoat stream.

'Tis a war like the Punic ; nought's done
unless *you* nick the Treasury Bench and
the Woolsack and all. [Exit.]

CHR. Oh thirst for variety, dear notoriety, wicked
your work when on women you fall.

[Enter PHORMIO followed by DAVUS.]

PUER. (*pointing to DAVUS*) Chin, chin !

SO. (*reprovingly*) My dear child !

CHR. (*aside*) Is his eyesight beguil'd ? Not from chin
but from backhead the pigtail descends.

DA. (*plaintively*) Me not wantee go back.

PHO. Peace !

DA. You talkee one clack. Me no slave.

PHO. A crack ? No, but the phrase wants amends.
Not exact, we will say. You were taken away
from your home, now your home must
receive you again.

You don't like it, eh ? Ah, go then straight
to Chicago : you're useful no more now,
whate'er you were then.

[As PHORMIO waves him away, DORIO comes in
with a lighted candle.]

Do. (*vaguely*)
Where I am I don't know. Lift the light.
Higher (*hands candle to boy*). So, if this
be Port Sunlight, I surely can tell.

PHO. No port, but our West—

Do. (*in surprise*) Minster ? Better,
nay best, if you mean where the Soapmen
in union dwell.

CHR. I'm the chairman, sir, true for you : what can
I do for you ?

Do. (*confidentially*)
Join me in Trusts, for I've one of my own.
He who publishes books makes too much, sir.
PHO. Gadzooks, why, the Bondman I'm told,
runs you in half a crown.

Do. Hall Caine and Corelli, like Fielding and
Shelley, are writers of note, and their
works we'll sell cheap,
Second-hand ones and new, if you'll only be
true.

PHO. Pugnabis mobile bellum.

CHR. (*taking DORIO's arm*)
Sic nos cum binis tendimus auxiliis.

PHO. Auspice me, mox regalis commissio fiet.

[*Enter DEMIPHO, scanning the ground; just behind him GETA, attended by HEGIO, CRATINUS and CRITO.*]

Tempore sed princeps huc vetus ipse subit,
Protector summus, novus et dux advenit una.

GE. Salve: sed quid humi lumina fixa tenes?

DE. (*vaguely*) Errabunda Iovis vestigia dispiciebam.
(*pointing to the advocates*)

Quos tecum adducis? Dic mihi: suntne tui?

PHO. Ignoramus? post equitem sedet atra Laboris
Cura: canem iactat cauda, trahitque bovem
Currus. Sed sine me tres introducere amicos.

DE. Hoc opus, hic labor est!

PHO. Hos ego totus amo.

DE. Cur ardes tantum?

PHO. Quidni? Labor omnia vincit,

GE. (*apart to DEMIPHO*)

Sed mihi frigescit qui prius ardor erat.

DE. Quippe ignem metuit, si qui puer arsit.

PHO. Et adsunt

Ductores alii. Crux ea semper erit
Auxilio nobis: vel, si pia bella movemus,
Bellator minime despiciendus adest.
Sunt populi, in stratisque viri.

DE. Popularis at aura,
Si nimia adspirat, fallere saepe solet.

HE. (*with feeling*)

O popule, haud gratumst tua municipalia obire
Munera, custodem pauperum in hospitio!

DE. Tun' custos? quis custodes custodiet ipsos?
Luxuria fruitur pauper inopsque senex.

[*A large anchor is seen hovering in the air.*]

(*in great alarm*)

Quid vult ille horror? Cito iam succurrite,
amici!

Unde venit? quisve est rector? abite, viri.
Iam iam descendit. Procul o propellat in
auras!

Anchoram ut horresco!

PHO. Yes, H-p-r and M-b-rl-y B-ll, sir, are deep.
CHR. (*taking DORIO's arm*)

We're the Librosaponeous Trust all har-
monious.

PHO. Aye, but I'll call for a Royal Commission.

[*Enter DEMIPHO, scanning the ground; just behind him GETA, attended by HEGIO, CRATINUS and CRITO.*]

In the nick here he comes, once beater of
drums to Protectionist hosts bent on
customs' revision,

But now he's grown lesser, and here's his
successor in power.

GE. Good morning. Why gaze on the ground?

DE. (*vaguely*) I'm looking below for the traces of Joe,
if he, p'r'aps, may have left any some-
where around.

(*pointing to the advocates*)

Who are these that I see? *Your* men?

PHO. I.L.P., the fly
in the ointment, the skull at the feast.

The tail wags the dog, and the cart on the jog
turns round on the way and pulls back-
ward the beast.

My friends, my dear Dem.

DE. Or your masters.

PHO. To them I'm entirely devoted.

DE. Devoted? And why?

PHO. Blow pipe and beat labour for conquering
labour.

GE. (*apart to DEMIPHO*)

I feel my devotion fail, falter, and die.

DE. Burnt child and the fire.

PHO. Yes, and others aspire to be
leaders, this good Woolwich Infant for one.
And the sound of the Bell, inequality's knell,
gives at last to the great Many-headed its
run.

Come, all men, to greet the great men of the
street, the end of the twilight, the rise of
the sun.

DE. Many-headed, indeed, but it rocks like a reed,
and Manchester's darling's its darling no
more.

HE. (*with feeling*)

Oh, Poplar! I'm sad for the task that I had,
your Chairman of Guardians, your shield
of the poor.

DE. That's so; but it's hard, sir, the guardians to
guard, sir, where the workhouse to paupers
is heaven's own door.

[*A large anchor is seen hovering in the air.*]

(*in great alarm*)

Oh, sinners and saints, my heart how it faints!
Whence comes it? Who steers it? The
monster beware.

See, see, it comes lower, the dreadful sky-
goer! I would, oh I would I could
vanish in air.

PHO. Ne verearis : homost
Desuper.
DE. Haud homines vereor, sed ne qua figura
De phantasmatico mascula colle ruat.
PHO. Terrores vanos ponatis : ab aere nauta
Explorat terram iam propiorque venit.

[ANTIPHO appears at back climbing down a rope.]

DE. Attat ! miles adest. Num nostram invadit in
oram
Hostis Germanus ? tela parate, viri.
AN. Conturbabantur veluti Copenicopolitae,
Sicine vos ? frustra : summus amicus ego.
GE. Vah ! comitem agnosco : meus est ; suspicio
talem
Ne tangat. (to ANTIPHO) Salve ! dic, precor,
unde venis ?
AN. Trans mare Gallorum volucris me machina
velox
Pertulit, ut nuper Καίσαρα deserui.
PHO. (with admiration)
Nil intentatum nostri liquere ministri !
(to DEMIPHO)
Cur non exemplum tu quoque tale dabas ?
DE. Non ratio, verum argentum mihi defuit.
PHO. (scathingly) Ohe !
Nulla ministrorum copia, at ingenium
Defuit.

[Enter DAVUS with refreshments.]

DA. Oh ! vis tu panem carnemque, viator ?
Dein potato.
AN. Tuo, Basse, liquore beer.
(suspiciously) An constricta domus ?
CHR. Te totum immo expleat unda.

[He pours out a glass of table-water for ANTIPHO.]

AN. (drinking)
Ut poto, ut pereo ! quam malus exit odor !
PHO. Quod potes, hoc potes : quod non potes,
amphora potet.
CHR. Accipe compressi robur, amice, bovis.
AN. Non tales memini esse cibos, dum palor ab Oxo
Ad Tamesin ; mihi vim bos ita reddit.
(waving it away) Abi.

[A large tin of meat is brought on a dish.]

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus
hospes ?
GE. Ne, precor, obscuras has epulare dapes :
Has namque (audistin ?) carnes modo tota
Chicago
(Horresco referens) estque peritque simul.
PHO. Concilium cogamus ad hoc. (beckoning to the
advocates)

PHO. Your terror put by, for a man I espy.

DE. Not of
man I'm afraid, but of spirit or spook.
PHO. 'Tis but a balloon, not a man from the moon,
and its anchor is caught in a door by the
flake.
See him twisting and twirling.

[ANTIPHO appears at back climbing down a rope.]

DE. A soldier from Berlin !
A German invader ! Prepare to receive—
AN. Do you think I'm a trick such as fool'd
Koepenick ? Not a bit ; I'm a friend.
GE. Yes, my own, I believe,
My venturesome All-brain, in fact Mr.
H-ld-ne. (to ANTIPHO) And what are
you doing, and whence are you come ?
AN. The Channel I've crost, by its tossing untost ;
from the Kaiser an airship has carried
me home.
PHO. (with admiration)
Our new Ministry tries any bold enterprise.
(to DEMIPHO)
And why didn't you, who so long were in place ?
DE. I would if I could, and with money I should.
PHO. (scathingly)
No wits, not no money, Sir, that was
your case.

[Enter DAVUS with refreshments.]

DA. Bread and meat do you think you would like,
and then drink ?
AN. Aye, Bass. (suspiciously)
A tied house ?
CHR. Take it unalcoholic.

[He pours out a glass of table-water for ANTIPHO.]

AN. (drinking)
I saw and I fell. Great Apollo, the smell, it's
enough to give even a statue the colic.
PHO. Let the canakin clink while you drink, drink,
drink ; but if you don't like it, why let it
alone.
CHR. P'raps essence of beef will afford you relief.
AN. What, Vimbos and Oxo ? I'll try them.
(waving it away) Begone.

[A large tin of meat is brought on a dish.]

What stranger arrives ?
GE. Oh I beg on your lives,
don't touch it ; 'The Jungle' such tales
doth unfold.
If you take it you die.
PHO. Then a council we'll try.
(beckoning to the advocates.) Cratinus,
what's this that for beef has been sold ?

- GE. Age fare, Cratine ;
Dic, quibus in terris nata sit illa caro.
- CRA. Quære aliud durum magis ! Americam esse
profecto
Ipse docet titulus.
- GE. Qualis at ipsa carost ?
- CRA. (*oracularly*) Bubula fors an sit, fors non sit ; at
hoc mihi certumst,
Bubula non omnis de bove facta.
- GE. Probe.
Hegio, dic.
- HE. Non incerta hic dixisse videtur
Voce, at si certum vultis, ego expediám :
(*oracularly*) Nam tot sunt carnes quot sunt
animalia : taurus,
Porcus, ovis, catulus, simia, felis, equus :
Est sua cuique caro : sunt et sine nomine
carnes :
Omnia mixta hic sunt : arma virumque can—
- PHO. (*groaning*) O !
- AN. Felix qui poterit naturam agnoscere carnis.
- DE. Verbum immo verax ille poeta canit :
'Quam stultum sapere est, quando ignorare
beatumst.'
- GE. Tu, Crito, nos moneas ultimus.
- HE. (*sourly*) Et minimus.
- CRI. (*oracularly*) Res magnast. Consulto opus est :
ibi cuique suus bos.
- GE. Incertus multo sum magis atque fui !
(*to PHORMIO*) Quid 'bos cuique suus' ?
- PHO. Duplicanda est litera forte
Ultima : sic bos 'tam mane' ait Americus.*
- GE. Cur ?
- PHO. Nonne audisti ? Verbosa et epistola
grandis
Venit ab America ; miserat Alba Domus ;
Haec inerant : solito scribi de more per omnes
Verba oras cessent protinus Angliquoas :
Commutare et detruncare vocabula quae sunt
Atque in monstra cupit simplicare nova
Ruzfeltus.
- GE. Timeo Theodorum et verba ferentem,
Ne, cum verba ferat, det quoque verba.
- DE. Tace !
- Tu quoque verba dabas fallax, atque ipse
libello
Verboso et grandi curiam adortus eras.
- GE. Mandatum accepi populi.
- DE. Non tale.
- GE. Ministrum
Arcessam : citius, Phormio, quaere.
- [*Enter PHAEDRIA with Blue Book and Obiter Dicta.*]
Venit
Augusto in birro illepidus.
- PHAE. Salvete. Quid a me
Optatis ?
- GE. Whence came it ?
- CRA. If 't please 'ee, ax summut
less easy. It's 'Merican stuff, you can
read on the tin.
- GE. Beef ?
- CRA. (*oracularly*) Sartin I ain't if it be or it bain't,
but it ain't all your beef as in hoxen 'as
been.
- GE. Good ; now, Hegio, speak.
- HE. Why, this 'ere noble Greek I should
say as he'd said what he oughter, but still
(*oracularly*) I'll tell you each beast lends a bit to
the feast, pig, sheep, puppy, monkey,
cat, 'orse, what you will.
You put all in the pot and don't ax wot is
wot, like Noah's menadgery cut into
- PHO. (*groaning*) Pies.
- AN. Thus natural history solves us the mystery.
- DE. Thus it is folly, says Gray, to be wise.
- GE. Now, Crito, the last.
- HE. (*sourly*) And the least.
- CRI. (*oracularly*) Not so fast. The
matter's a great one. To each man his 'os.
- GE. That puzzles me more. (*to PHORMIO*) What's
he mean ?
- PHO. I'm not sure, but it may be he's
left out the b of the boss.
Double e, c, h, each.
- GE. What's this new kind of speech ?
- PHO. What, haven't you heard of the wordy
despatch
From the White House ? 'Twill tell that
correctly to spell the written and spoken
exactly must match.
From the jumble of consonants out go the
non-sonants, gap to astonish conservative
eyes.
- GE. Words, thus if he pleads, he may give us for
deeds.
- DE. You're a word-man yourself, (stands
politely for lies,)
With your torrent of words that you sluic'd on
the Lords.
- GE. My mandate, my mandate.
- DE. Oh, fiddle-de-dill.
- GE. The people's behind me. Here, Phormio, find
me the Minister true that's in charge of
the bill.
- [*Enter PHAEDRIA with Blue Book and Obiter Dicta.*]
Ah, here he comes just in the nick, my
Augustine.
- PHAE. Good morning, good colleagues,
and what is your will ?

* Cf. Plaut. *Trin.* Tam modo, inquit Praenestinus.

GE. Volo te caeruleumque librum.
 PHAE. Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna,
 (Si Nox permittit) : iam cape gratius ; habes ?

DE. (*angrily*)
 Legum contortore atque extortore bonorum
 A te privamur principibusque tuis.

PHAE. Non me instigatore : mei sub nominis umbra
 Cambria se textit Macnamaraque latet.

PHO. Nominibus quid inest ?
 DE. Stat non de nomine bellum :
 Testamur Dominos.

PHAE. Testibus haud opus est :
 Nil testes, nil turba iuvat Lancastria : frustra
 Eloquium hic Nigri fulminat acre Lacus.

DE. Heu, qua Caecilius ? qua Nox ? procumbis
 humi, Nox ?

PHAE. Vox et praeterea Nox nihil arte valent :
 Est obiter dictum.

DE. Vobis placet esse iocosos
 Scilicet, et ludos vertere ludibrio :
 Tot Birrelligio potuit suadere molesta !

[*Enter a messenger bearing a mutilated bill from
 "another place."* DEMIPHO hands it to PHAEDRIA.]

Haec est ex alio lex tibi missa loco.

PHAE. Hem ! non agnosco veteris vestigia formae :
 Non mihi opus tali lege nec usus erit.

DE. Sic emendatam multo invenies meliorem.

PHAE. Num dominos populus conciliare potest,
 Vel populum domini ?

PHO. Domini quid denique prosunt ?
 Iudice me, dominos dedominare decet.
 (*imitating PHAEDRIA*) Est obiter dictum.

GE. Minitari, Phormio, noli :
 Si modo me exspectas, mox erit iste dies.

PHO. (*sadly*)
 Rusticus exspectat dominorum dum ruat aula.
 (*brightening*)
 Intendam horribiles femineasque minas.
 (*shouting*)
 Heus, Nausistrata ! ehem, Nausistrata !

[*Enter NAUSISTRATA and other suffragettes, with
 banners.*]

Age, ex duce quaere,
 Num promissa olim solvere vota velit.

NAU. Disce, beate, a me : profert pia femina vota,
 Auxiliumque orat Montefiore tuum.
 Quot sunt uxores, tot sint suffragia. Dixi.

GE. I want *you* and the Blue Book.

PHAE. Aye, this is a true book ; please thumb
 it at morning and evening and night.
 Night 's Latin for Knox, and the prelate it
 shocks, but take it and make it your daily
 delight.

DE. (*angrily*)
We pay for your teaching ? That's plain
 overreaching. *We* teach Cowper-Temple ?
 You robber, go hang.

PHAE. Not mine the design ; to a Cambrian line
 'twas a Camberwell ear set the music we
 sang.

PHO. Who cares for a name ?

DE. This is more : I proclaim an appeal
 to the Lords ; I can work 'em, I guess.

PHAE. Appeal disallowed, tho' a Manchester crowd
 and a Blackpool procession bring up an
 address.

DE. Oh, where is Lord Hugh with his brethren so
 true ? Has the Bishop forgot his episco-
 pal screams ?

PHAE. For Knox *lege* Vox ; now he's dumb as the
 rocks : that's Obiter Dictum.

DE. On serious themes
 Do you think it is proper to put such a
 stopper by jesting and joking, a thing I
 can't do ?

I think I have read that Lucretius said Bir-
 religion thereafter much trouble would
 brew.

[*Enter a messenger bearing a mutilated bill from
 "another place."* DEMIPHO hands it to PHAEDRIA.]

Here's your bill just returned from the Lords.

PHAE. Why, it's churn'd out of all recognition ;
 for this I've no use.

DE. No use ? It's amended, they've skilfully
 blended the powers of the clergyman.

PHAE. Powers of the deuce !
 Unelected you sit, and are *we* to submit to
 the arbit'ry choice of heredit'ry Peers ?

PHO. I say they have merited to stand disinherited.
 See, the great day of our reckoning nears.

(*imitating PHAEDRIA*) That's Obiter Dictum.
 GE. We've pretty well lickt 'em ; their life of
 all mischief has fill'd all its years.

PHO. (*sadly*)
 Oh, hope is deferr'd, and the heart, as you've
 heard, that sickens. (*brightening*) I'll see
 if a woman has powers.

(*shouting*)
 Nausistrata, hie,

[*Enter NAUSISTRATA and other suffragettes, with
 banners.*]

good Nausistrata, try if he'll
 keep to his promise, this leader of ours.

NAU. Let me tell you, dear sir, a request we prefer
 that the wives may have votes just as well
 as the men.

GE. (*firmly*) Cura mihi non sunt talia : dixi equidem.
 NAU. Nescia femineis precibus mansuescere semper
 Corda virum : verum, me duce et auspice me,
 Nil desp—

GE. Ah, demens !
 NAU. Varium et mutabile semper
 Vir.

GE. Maledicta etiam das mihi ? lictor, ades.
 NAU. Deiectaene sumus ?

MUL. Non, non ita.
 NAU. (*to* LICTOR, *who lays his hand on her shoulder*)
 Mene lacessis ?

(*slapping him*)

Sic dabo, sic : i nunc, tange : satisne tibist ?
 LIC. Sicine agis ? (*seizes NAUSISTRATA*) possunt
 istum duo ludere ludum.

So. Assequere hunc, retine : non ego sola queo.

NAU. Quamvis nos maneat mors dura in carcere duro,
 Una libens moritur femina : vota manent.

[NAUSISTRATA is carried off protesting.]

CHR. (*triumphantly*)
 Fertur in exequias animi matrona virilis :
 (*slily*) Victima non primae classis, opinor, erit.

CRA. (*indignantly to his friends*)
 Nosne haec sic fieri patimur ? (*to* GETA) Canis,
 in genua ito !

GE. (*humbly dropping to his knee*)
 Oh, si vos vultis, nil ego non faciam.

PHO. (*advancing*)
 Ludicra sed taceant ; iam Punica bella silenda :
 Suffragatrices nox iubet ire domum.
 Vestra sed interea nobis suffragia, amici,
 Reddite : et aeternum floreat alma Domus.

GE. (*firmly*) I shan't bring in a bill.
 NAU. Oh stubborn of will, this was always
 man's way, he would promise, and then,
 When fulfilment was due, oh no, not for you.
 But I'm now the leader, and I—

GE. Are you mad ?
 NAU. Ah, l'homme il varie.

GE. What ! this, madam, to me ? Police !
 NAU. Are we downcast ?

WOMEN. Nor downcast nor sad.
 NAU. (*to* LICTOR, *who lays his hand on her shoulder*)
 Take me ? You had better. By dungeon
 and fetter I'll whack you and thwack you.
 (*slapping him*) Take that and take that.

POL. Show fight ? (*seizes NAUSISTRATA*) That's a
 game two can play at.

So. Shame, shame ! Here,
 help me to hold him, he fights like a cat.

NAU. They may hale me to gaol where the spectre
 all pale may carry me off, but the cause
 will live yet.

[NAUSISTRATA is carried off protesting.]

CHR. (*triumphantly*)
 She goes bold to the grave : can a man be as
 brave ? (*slily*) Herself second-class, second-
 class she will get.

CRA. (*indignantly to his friends*)
 Shall we stand this here, *we* the supreme
 I.L.P. ? (*to* GETA) Down, down on
 your knees. What we bid you you'll
 swallow.

GE. (*humbly dropping to his knee*)
 Oh, if you have a mind to this end, I'm
 inclin'd, in fact I'm determin'd, your
 precept to follow.

PHO. (*advancing*) Enough ; now farewell to the cap
 and the bell, the shadows of midnight
 descend on our play.

Oh loyal and true, the rest is for you : may
 Westminster flourish for ever and aye.

OBITUARY OF O.W.W.

WILLIAM HENRY AMYOT, Esq., aged 85. Admitted 1830 ;
 of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

The Rev. ROBERT DEMPSTER BONNOR, aged 63. Admitted
 1856 ; formerly Vicar of Great Ness, Salop.

WILLIAM TANKERVILLE CHAMBERLAYNE, Esq., aged 74.
 Admitted 1842 ; Q.S. 1843 ; of the Middle Temple,
 Barrister-at-Law.

HERBERT IRONS CHOPE, Esq., aged 44. Admitted 1873.

The Hon. JOHN JAMES SOMERS COCKS, aged 86. Admitted
 1833 ; K.S. 1835 ; President of O.U.B.C. 1840 ; rowed
 stroke of the Oxford boat 1840 and 1841.

The Right Reverend REGINALD COURTENAY, aged 93.
 Admitted 1824 ; K.S. 1826 ; called to the bar at Lincoln's
 Inn, but afterwards took holy orders ; sometime Bishop
 of Jamaica.

ALARIC CARLYLE ANTROBUS COWELL, Esq., aged 36.
 Admitted 1881.

VITALI DOMINICO DE MICHELE, Esq., aged 57. Admitted
 1861.

GEORGE HENRY DREW, Esq., aged 88. Admitted 1825 ;
 K.S. 1831 ; sometime a Taxing Master of the High Court
 of Justice.

CHARLES LOCKE EASTLAKE, Esq., aged 73. Admitted 1846 ;
 Q.S. 1848 ; Keeper of the National Gallery 1878-98 ;
 a Governor of the School since 1882.

- The Rev. CHARLES ERSKINE, aged 37. Admitted 1882.
- HENRY RICHARD FARRER, Esq., aged 85. Admitted 1834; K.S. 1835; sometime Fellow and Bursar of Merton College, Oxford; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law; a Busby Trustee.
- JOHN DANIEL GWILT, Esq., aged 45. Admitted 1874.
- ARTHUR PHILIP HILL, Esq., aged 47. Admitted 1871; Q.S. 1874; of the Indian Government Telegraphic Department.
- The Rev. FREDERICK OTWAY MAYNE, aged 83. Admitted 1836; K.S. 1837; formerly Vicar of Bearsted, Kent.
- The Rev. FREDERICK LUTTRELL MOYSEY, aged 90. Admitted 1828; K.S. 1830; rowed stroke of the Oxford boat 1836; formerly Vicar of Sidmouth, Devon.
- Sir GEORGE THOMAS MICHAEL O'BRIEN, K.C.M.G., aged 61. Admitted 1858; Q.S. 1859; Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner for the Western Pacific 1897-1902.
- Capt. RICHARD WILLIAM PALLISER, aged 65. Admitted 1853; formerly of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars.
- HERBERT WATSON RAWLINSON, Esq., aged 42. Admitted 1876.
- WILLIAM MILES RAWLINSON, Esq., aged 61. Admitted 1855.
- EDWIN VIGNOLES RIX, Esq., aged 18. Admitted 1900.
- PHILIP HENRY BENTHAM SALISBURY, Esq., aged 50. Admitted 1868.
- HERBERT WACE, Esq., C.M.G., aged 54. Admitted 1864; Q.S. 1866; a member of the Legislative Council of Ceylon, and Government Agent of the Central Provinces.

Correspondence.

'THE PHORMIO, 1906.'

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—As a subject for dramatic representation, the husband fettered by the twofold bonds of legal and illegal matrimony has ceased to be of any great interest, and it is necessary to turn to Plautus and Terence really to enjoy such a theme. The racy language, the brilliant repartee, and neat aspersions on man and woman would alone win for their authors a brilliant reception, while in conjunction with the naïve simplicity of the plot and the awkward but amusing conventions, which announce the first efforts of the earliest playwrights of Rome, conventions rendered yet more amusing by the traditional rendering at Westminster, they ensure for them an enduring reputation in centuries far removed in time and sentiment from the age of their creation.

Such a play is the 'Phormio' of Terence. The theme, such as it is, is worked out with a simplicity which would scarcely lead one to expect a play of any great distinction, which indeed is nothing but tedious for those who must confine themselves, for instance, to the English translation which accompanies the Westminster edition. Molière was and perhaps Sheridan might have been able to render themes as slender the object of universal admiration. What then is the essential excellence of the play which has

lately occupied the boards of Westminster, and of other similar plays? Surely it would seem to consist primarily in the brilliance of the dialogue and the clever manipulation and variation in the portrayal of character, while a secondary and dependent excellence lies in the introduction of topics, drawn from another clime and another century, to an audience of a different genius, which finds itself forced to recognise the existence of a more than local significance in a play which has no local significance whatever. In the same way the plays which Menander introduced to the world, which Plautus and Terence introduced to the Romans, and which Molière introduced to the French, may continue to be reproduced before any audience in any century with results equally satisfactory, for the interest, though local in each particular case, is yet universal in every case. In addition to this universal interest, there is always a local application, and it is almost unnecessary to ask the reader to turn for a moment to the Epilogue, which immemorial usage has sanctioned at Westminster. The plagiarisms of the authors of Westminster Epilogues from the plays which precede them are too well known to Westminster readers to need illustration. Let the dramatic critics of our daily press consider for a moment such 'tags' as *quot homines tot sententiae*, *suis cuique mos* and their variations and similar sentences which teem in our Epilogues, and let them cease to cry out against the crude barbarism of representing the outworn theme of a Plautine or Terentian play on the stage of a modern educational establishment.

It is the custom, Sir, to offer some introductory remarks to the criticism of the Westminster play, but it is perhaps necessary to apologise to your readers if I have been led to avail myself of this privilege to a more than justifiable extent. Allow me to return to the subject of my criticism, the 'Phormio' of Terence and the cast of 1906. Speaking generally of the performance, I may consider myself to be echoing the sentiments of the audience which filled the house on each of the three nights when I say that it was a great performance, with a few weak points and many notable achievements. A somewhat unequal performance on the first night, when there seemed to be more than the usual amount of nervousness and diffidence, was followed by a really magnificent rendering on the second night, which was, in my opinion, the best of the three performances. Almost every member of the cast seemed to have thoroughly grasped the humour of the play and was determined to render his part with all the vivacity and vigour of which he was capable. I repeat that the second performance was infinitely the best of the three, and must rank high among performances of the Latin plays at Westminster. The third night was a little disappointing to those who saw the previous performance, though it was well up to the average, and was enthusiastically admired by those who had not had the good fortune to see the cast in its hour of supreme success. The reason for the falling off

between the two performances seemed to be that the actors found themselves unable to control their mirth, especially in the last act. This act was scarcely so effective on the third night as it deserves to be, while on the second night there was nothing to be desired in its rendering.

From a general survey the critic must turn to individual consideration of the various parts, and here he must necessarily become more critical, while admitting that the blemishes do not detract greatly from the merit of the piece as a whole. Yet blemishes there must be in every amateur performance, and blemishes there were.

The chief character of the Play is, of course, the insolent parasite who gives his name to it. The role was most ably sustained by Mr. A. P. WATERFIELD, whose arduous duties as Captain in no way impaired the vigour with which he rendered so important a part. The easy superiority of the crafty villain was excellently expressed in the attitude which he assumed, his side play was well thought out and naturally performed. He was at his best in Act II. Scene 2, where he succeeded in combining an evident enjoyment of the old man's difficulty with a full appreciation of his own difficult situation. The *minus vero iram* was particularly good, as also was the *oh tunc is eras* of Act V. Scene 1, which was one of the best scenes of the Play. To Mr. Waterfield is also due a large share of credit for the success of the last scenes of the Play.

Mr. S. C. EDGAR made an adequate Demipho and bore the strain of the part extremely well. He seemed, however, at a loss with his stick, which he plied more like an oar than anything else. He was also scarcely emphatic enough, especially with the *Dixi, Phormio*, whose gentle tone of reproach seemed not to give sufficient justification for the virulent *Dixi, Demipho* of the parasite. Mr. Edgar was not very convincing in his anger, but was quite at his best with Chremes and Nausistrata in the later stages of the Play.

Recent performances have led one to expect Chremes to be ridiculous, and Mr. K. R. H. JONES was not very ridiculous. He preferred to be timid and terrified, and fully justified his preference. His extreme nervousness in the scene with Sophrona was good, the *Duasne is uxores* quite bringing down the house. In the last scene he presented an admirable combination of abject fear and insolent slyness, when fear began to decrease. *Et praeter spem* was excellent.

Mr. A. S. R. MACKLIN performed the part of Geta with success though without the distinction which one expects from Terentian slaves, and he did not make the most of his best descriptive passages, *oculus pascere, sectari, in ludum ducere et reducere, anguis per impluvium decidit de tegulis, &c.* But above all, one was sorry not to hear *Stilpho!* Mr. Macklin was not steady enough on his feet, but deserves credit for a good level performance.

Mr. J. R. WADE, who took the part of Davus at

very short notice, was a good listener, though inclined to show signs of boredom. His best line was *Quid paedagogus ille, qui citharistria?*

Mr. E. R. MASON, after a weak performance on the first night, quite excelled himself on the other nights, and recalled the greatest triumphs of the *iuvenes* of the Westminster stage. His impassioned tones and the sincerity of his love were most touching; his side play was noticeable and appropriate, and his exits were extremely good. He gave an excellent performance of a most difficult part.

Mr. G. G. WILLIAMS suffered from lack of experience, and was never for a moment at ease on the stage. His continual advances and retreats and balancements were ugly to look at. His attempt at tears was almost comic. We hope to see him the better for experience next year.

Mr. J. E. LLOYD-WILLIAMS gave a most delightful impersonation of the brutal slave-dealer, Dorio. The imperious tone of his short sentences and words was most effective, and his voice added considerably to the reality of the one scene in which he appears.

Last year taught us to expect great things of Mr. J. BENVENISTI, and it was no surprise to see him in the part of Nausistrata, which offers endless opportunities for distinction. On the second night, playing at his best, he was really superb, and showed a dramatic talent of a very high order. It was Nausistrata in all her living reality, tearful and tender, acrimonious and harsh, femininely jealous and masculinely contemptuous, a really wonderful production of Terence's genius. The genius of Mr. Benvenisti did not fail to grasp the situation, but he had one fault, a very great fault, which ruined his performance on the third night. He could not control his features, and was laughing as heartily as the audience at the discomfiture of Chremes, and his laugh was distorted into a demoniacal grin by his attempt to repress it. It was an unfortunate blemish in a very good performance. In a part of such excellence, so excellently rendered, it is needless to pick out any particular line or moment for especial commendation.

Mr. R. M. BARRINGTON-WARD showed more feminine grace than Nausistrata, in his impersonation of Sophrona. His pathetic scene with Chremes was extremely good, and he was really successful in stifling his explanations with sobs, which is not an easy thing to do convincingly. It was a small part, but contributed very greatly to the success of the play. One was sorry not to have more of it.

The advocate scene was as charming as usual. MESSRS. MAXWELL, BIRCHALL, and HAMMOND were an excellent trio, and the contrast in their behaviour, their appearance, and their voices was irresistible. The thunderous tones of the first, the quiet voice of the second, and the paradoxical squeak or treble of the third, the most senile in appearance, were thoroughly appreciated.

I have tried to criticise the individual performers in a play of great general merit, and I hope I have

not been too critical or too blind in my comments. It is, however, safe to say that the performance of 1906 maintained the high level of excellence to which one is accustomed at Westminster. All praise is due to the Master of K.S.S. for his energetic training, and to the cast for its whole-hearted efforts to make the play a success.

The PROLOGUE was the work of the HEADMASTER, and was as witty and appropriate as his prologues usually are. It appealed to the long lives of Westminster men to prove the health of the school as compared with other schools in clearer climes.

The EPILOGUE was the work of Mr. G. K. A. BELL, of CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD. It was distinctly clever, and the author made the most of a year full of politics. It is unnecessary to speak of it fully, as it speaks for itself in these columns, but its most characteristic point was an abundance of well-adapted quotations from classical authors, cleverly wrought into a tissue of soap-trusts and suffragettes,

Koepenick, and Chicago meats, education bills and fallen cabinets.

It only remains for me, Sir, to thank you for allowing me to occupy so much of your space on so genial a theme, and to wish your successors in the future as great successes on the Westminster stage as you and your compeers have just experienced.

I remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

DEMIPHO.

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NOTICES.

PHOTOGRAPHS of the cast may be had direct from Messrs. Alfred Ellis & Walery, 51 Baker Street, W., *not* on application to the Captain.

It is to be observed that this number is entitled 'Westminster Play Number, 1906,' a date which was also, by an unfortunate mistake, applied to the 'Adelphi' Play Number of last year. We hope that the confusion, which is unavoidable, may be pardoned.

Morat.