



The Elizabethan.

Vol. XII. No. 10. WESTMINSTER PLAY NUMBER. Price 6d.

THE FAMULUS.

OUR old friend has more than justified his return. The manifold superiorities of the 'Famulus' to the other plays of our Cycle are treated of elsewhere; yet its enormous success came as somewhat of a surprise. The standard of acting was not encouraging at rehearsals; indeed, on the actual nights the way in which the cast rose to the occasion was even more surprising than was the case last year. The most grudging of critics cannot deny that, considering this is the first representation of Terence's masterpiece for more than half a century, the play received as much justice as could be expected. It is inconceivable how much easier the preparation of such a play is

made by a long and settled tradition. This year that tradition was wanting; but our venture into comparatively unexplored regions has met with deserved success. The road has been prepared for them that come after, and yet not so thoroughly but that each time it is trod afresh some new light may be thrown on the many dark places which may have escaped the notice of the pioneers of 1907. Our fear of ridicule prevents us from expressing the opinion that this year's play has been the best on record; we prefer to let so self-evident a fact express itself. In the concluding words of the Prologue:

Namque ut delectemini
Hoc solum curae est, hoc captamus praemium,

and we are perfectly content.

We append the plot of the 'Famulus,'

Thais, a young and pretty widow residing at Athens, has two suitors—Phaedria, the son of her neighbour Laches, and Thraso, a swaggering soldier of fortune, whom she detests. One day she refuses to see Phaedria when he calls at her house, but on the morrow invites him to come and receive an explanation of her seeming discourtesy.

ACT I. Scene 1. In conversation with Parmeno, his father's slave, Phaedria rails at the fickle Thais and swears he will see her no more. Parmeno applauds this resolve, but thinks it a counsel of perfection. He is moralising on the folly of lovers and giving Phaedria some sage advice when (Scene 2) Thais herself appears, and in reply to Phaedria's reproaches explains why she refused to see him on the previous day. Thraso, she says, has just returned from abroad, bringing with him a beautiful young slave-girl as a present for herself. Finding, however, that during his absence she has encouraged the attentions of Phaedria, he has refused to give her the girl unless she will bring the flirtation to an end. Now Thais has discovered what Thraso does not know—that the girl is none other than her foster-sister, Pamphila, an Athenian citizen, who, through a series of misfortunes, has been parted from her family and sold as a slave. Thais, as she tells Phaedria, is eager to restore the girl to her relations. But first it is necessary to cheat Thraso into the belief that he has triumphed over his rival. Will not Phaedria help on the scheme by absenting himself for a while? Phaedria at first ridicules the proposal and accuses Thais of jilting him, but in the end consents to go into the country for two days.

ACT II. Scene 1. To please Thais, Phaedria has bought for her two slaves—a footman and a waiting-maid. Before setting out for the country he bids Parmeno take them with his compliments to Thais' house. As he goes off Thraso's parasite, Gnatho, appears with Pamphila. Scene 2. After indulging in a lengthy soliloquy on his own cleverness and exchanging some impertinences with Parmeno, the parasite disappears into Thais' house, taking with him the slave-girl and an invitation to Thais to dine

with Thraso. Scene 3. Parmeno sees Chaerea, Phaedria's younger brother, coming up the street at full speed. The two enter into conversation. Presently it comes out that Chaerea has seen Pamphila and is over head and ears in love with her. Parmeno says in jest that if he wishes to be near his beloved he might impersonate the footman. Chaerea eagerly catches at the suggestion, and in spite of Parmeno's remonstrances insists on carrying it into effect.

ACT III. Scene 1. Thraso comes to fetch Thais to the dinner-party. His companion, Gnatho, is playing the toady, as usual (Scene 2), when Thais appears, thanks the captain for his present, and makes ready to accompany him. Just at this moment Parmeno presents the slaves, one of them being, of course, the impostor Chaerea. Thais takes them indoors and then sets out with Thraso. Scene 3. Chremes has been asked by Thais to call on her. Knowing nothing of his relationship to Pamphila, he thinks that Thais is setting her cap at him, and is with difficulty persuaded to go and see her at Thraso's house.

ACT IV. Scene 1. Phaedria has broken his promise and returned to Athens. Scene 2. Thais' head servant, Pythias, tells him the startling news that the footman has run away, taking Pamphila with him. Phaedria goes to look for the culprit, and presently (Scene 3) returns with the real footman (Dorus), whom he compels to confess the truth, and then (in Chaerea's interest) to deny it. Scene 4. Chremes appears, followed soon afterwards by Thais. Scene 5. The latter has quarrelled with Thraso—who imagines that Chremes is another rival—and has left his house in high dudgeon. She now tells Chremes that she is going to restore to him his long-lost sister, and produces proofs of the girl's identity. Knowing that Thraso will try to recover Pamphila by force, she puts her house into a state of siege. Scene 6. Thraso, supported by a band of ruffians, demands the restoration of Pamphila, but on meeting with a firm refusal thinks discretion the better part of valour and retires.

ACT V. Scene 1. Thais now discovers that her *protégée* has been kidnapped. Scene 2.

Chaerea, accused by Thais of abducting an Athenian citizen, replies that he loves the girl and means to make her his wife. Scene 3. Chremes returns with an old nurse who has helped to identify Pamphila. As they go indoors, Parmeno approaches the house. Scene 4. Pythias fools him by pretending that Chremes, infuriated by the abduction of his sister, has bound Chaerea hand and foot, and is about to brand him on the forehead as a runaway slave. Scene 5. Utterly distracted, Parmeno tells the whole story to his master Laches, who has just returned to Athens from his country place. Laches rushes into Thais' house to rescue his son—as he thinks—from torture and mutilation. Scene 6. Pythias tells Parmeno that she has made a fool of him, and leaves him ruefully reflecting that he has now incurred the wrath both of Laches and Chaerea. Scene 7. Thraso returns to make his peace with Thais, but finds that his suit is hopeless. Scene 8. Laches accepts the situation with a good grace. Phaedria is betrothed to Thais, Chaerea to Pamphila, Parmeno's fears are set at rest, and so all ends happily.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

The first Play, on December 12, was remarkable for the large number of O.W.W. who attended. Both Varsities were already down, the young O.W.W. especially being present in force. It had rained heavily all the afternoon, and the yard was two or three inches deep in water: but this did not prevent the ladies' part of the auditorium from being exceedingly well filled. Seldom can a first night's performance have passed off so well. The play itself went with a swing from first to last, the 'ragged regiment' scene in particular bringing the house down. The Prologue was not received very well, while the reception of the Epilogue was disappointing even for a first night. But no fault can be found with the audience's appreciation of the Play; in fact, the hearty encouragement that they gave throughout had undoubtedly a great deal to do with the success of the piece, not only on this night, but also on the other two. A cold reception on the first night would have made all the difference to the confidence of the individual actors and the cast as a whole on the second and third nights.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

The weather on the Monday was all that could be desired, and there was a crowded house. But, for some unaccountable reason, the audience seemed less appreciative by far than that on the first night. After the really enthusiastic audience on the Ladies' Night, this discouraging apathy came as somewhat of a surprise. It may perhaps be usually the case that a second night's audience is inclined to be more critical and less easily pleased than that on either of the other nights. The Epilogue, however, without doubt went off far better than before; but we must confess that on every night the audience entirely failed to see its very best points. Among the guests were the Dean (in the chair), the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Christ Church, Lord Collins, Lords Justices Buckley and Kennedy, Mr. Justice Bigham, His Honour Judge Bray, Archdeacon Wilberforce, the Provost of King's, Canons Hensley Henson, Beching, and Barnett, the Revs. S. M. Bampton, and R. B. Dickson, Messrs. E. H. Holthouse, F. Bonamy Morris, Norman Moore, R. J. Mure, &c.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

The performance on December 18 was witnessed by another large and distinguished audience, with whom no fault could possibly be found as regards appreciation or applause. The Prologue was received exceedingly well, and the Play went off even better than on the first night; the only disappointment being the still rather luke-warm reception of the Epilogue.

Among the spectators were the Provost of Oriel (in the chair), the Earl of Halsbury, Mr. Justice Phillimore, Mr. Justice Ridley, Canon Duckworth, Canon Madan, the Revs. H. D. Nicholson and S. Andrews, Sir W. E. M. Tomlinson, Sir A. Guillum Scott, Professor E. V. Arnold, Messrs. P. G. L. Webb, W. C. Ryde, W. H. A. Cowell, G. M. Hill, C. F. Brickdale, G. F. Russell Barker, C. C. J. Webb, B. M. Goldie, G. H. Radcliffe, W. N. Just, W. A. Peck, &c.

Play Notes,

THE Prologue once more came from the Head-Master's pen. We can give it no higher praise than by saying that it is a worthy successor to the last five. After a brief word of welcome to the audience, it proceeds at once to remind them of the obituary for

the year. As a shepherd counts his flock at night-fall, so does the school count her *alumni* every Christmas, and misses many familiar faces. Attention is then drawn at some length to the Play, whose return to the Westminster stage it is hoped that all will rejoice to see.

The leading papers had all fairly interesting articles on the Play, though we must confess to a certain degree of disappointment at the coolness with which they looked on so interesting a change. Opinions on the Epilogue were somewhat divided.

The *Times* did not attempt a detailed criticism of the first night's acting, but remarked that 'the performance as a whole was the best of recent years,' and, as usual, after the last night, printed the text of the Prologue and Epilogue in full.

The *Standard* also had a short but very favourable notice after the First Play, as also had the *Daily Telegraph*, though we are sorry to state that the latter paper, in a criticism of the third night's performance, seemed to be under the impression that the Prologue had been written in Greek. In the same issue there were some rather weak translations of the Epilogue.

The *Daily Chronicle* attempted no criticism, but was touchingly sentimental. We hope, by the way, that the gods' monitors appreciate the proud title of 'juvenile choregus.'

The *Morning Post*, while not attempting a detailed criticism, had a fairly long and appreciative article on the Play after the first night, and after the last Play quoted largely from the Epilogue.

The *Daily Graphic* had a short though quite good account of the Play, and a rather poor print of the photograph of the cast.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* had another not very long but extremely favourable account after the first performance, and in its issue for December 18 some very appreciative remarks on the Epilogue.

The *Westminster Gazette* had a short notice after each of the first two performances, in the second of which there were some specially favourable remarks on the acting.

The *Globe* had an exceedingly short notice after the last Play, touching slightly on the acting and the Epilogue.

Of the weekly papers, the *Athenæum* for December 28 had an account which quite made up for its want of quantity by its quality. The *Guardian*, on the other hand, was long and rather poor. To begin with, the writer of the account thought that the last representation of the Play took place not much more than ten years ago. Apparently no other weekly paper contained any notice.

There were photographs of the cast in the *Tatler* and the *Bystander*, both of which were very good; while the *Graphic* had a decidedly weird drawing of the Epilogue.

The Epilogue was the work of A. S. Gaye, Esq. It could not perhaps compare with that of last year, which was quite extraordinarily good; but was undoubtedly well up to the average. The lack of warmth in its reception even on the last night is quite unaccountable. For a fine display of ingenuity even last year's could not surpass it. It may be that its want of success was chiefly due to the small opportunity that it gave for action, which is obviously an important factor.

On the third night the Rev. H. D. Nicholson presented College with a framed facsimile of the Programme of Music used by the Prince Consort at a special performance of the 'Adelphi' on December 30, 1847. Mr. Nicholson, who himself on that occasion took the part of Geta, secured the actual programme on the departure of Prince Albert. His present will prove an interesting relic.

Never, probably, have all the members of an Election come together again at a Play, or indeed anywhere, thirty-two and a half years after leaving school. This happy feat, however, was nearly accomplished on the night of the Third Play by the Election that were seniors in 1874-5. Unfortunately at the last moment one of their number, F. Whitehead, was kept away by illness; but the other six, E. V. Arnold, P. G. L. Webb, Walter C. Ryde, W. H. A. Cowell, G. Murray Hill, and C. Fortescue Brickdale, were all present. This Election, though small in number, made a lasting impression on the history of the School. They founded the ELIZABETHAN on almost precisely the same lines as those on which it continues to flourish. When Seniors they wrote and acted their own Epilogue. They revived the football match with Charterhouse. C. F. Brickdale drew the clever design which still adorns the cover and serves as the frontispiece of the ELIZABETHAN and he also illuminated an edition of the School Prayers. P. G. L. Webb founded the O.W. Football Club. Lastly, it may be mentioned as an interesting fact that all seven members of this Election went up to the University—four to Oxford and three to Cambridge.

FAMULUS. 1907.

GNATHO	<i>K. R. H. Jones.</i>
PHAEDRIA	<i>G. G. Williams.</i>
PARMENO	<i>J. L. Benvenuti.</i>
THAIS	<i>R. M. Barrington-Ward.</i>
CHAEREA	<i>J. C. Gow.</i>
THRASO	<i>A. S. R. Macklin.</i>
PYTHIAS	<i>M. Hammond.</i>
CHREMES	<i>C. K. Covington.</i>
DORUS	<i>H. N. Wood.</i>
SANGA	<i>A. E. F. Wood.</i>
SOPHRONA	<i>G. L. Troutbeck.</i>
LACHES	<i>J. R. Wade.</i>

PERSONAE MUTAE.

PAMPHILA	<i>E. W. Williamson.</i>
SIMALIO	<i>H. J. Davis.</i>
DONAX	<i>D. M. Griffin.</i>
SYRISCUS	<i>E. S. Wood.</i>

PROLOGUS IN FAMULUM.

BENE est si vos valetis : ego—sed Prologum
 Vocem decet esse tantum et praeterea nihil.
 Et quia tam multa habeo dicenda, exordium
 Eis faciam de rebus quae festo die
 Ludisque hilarique voltu conveniunt minus.
 Nam sicut agnos vespere ad praesepia
 Cogit numeratque sedulus pastor suos,
 Ita mater alma nostra hiberno tempore
 Caros alumnos huc et adfines vocat,
 Laetoque vos excipiens amplexu, tamen
 Oculis prospēcat anxiiis desiderans
 Dilecta capita quae nunc primum absunt loco.
 Ubi illud, queritur, ubi par fratrum¹ nobile?
 Ubi ille belli,² pacis alter³ artibus
 Insignis? Ubi honorata canities senis⁴
 Qui juvenis tulerat inter omnes lauream
 Invictus rediens quovis ex certamine?
 Hos ipsa gremio fovit, sed luctu pari
 Alios requirit quos amore mutuo
 Inter suos iamdudum merito adsciverat.
 Consiliis aderat unus⁵ : alter,⁶ strenua
 Virtute in omne tempus admirabilis,
 Puerile examen instituebat ut viri,
 Ipsius instar, officium cottidie
 Deoque civibusque praestarent suum.

I HOPE you're hearty ; I myself rejoice—
 But Prologue should be nothing but a voice.
 I've much to say, so first I will lament
 Sorrows that clash with mirth and merriment.
 For as a shepherd with the setting sun
 Gathers his sheep and tells them one by one,
 So at mid-winter Westminster recalls
 Her sons and kinsfolk to these ancient halls,
 And welcomes them, and welcomes them again—
 Yet sighs regretful as she looks in vain
 For well-loved faces never missed before.
 'Alas,' she cries, 'shall I then see no more
 'That noble pair of brothers? Where are those
 'Brave veterans, whose service England knows,
 'Heroes of peace and war? And where is he,
 'The very type of modern chivalry,
 'Whose youthful prowess ne'er the palm did yield,
 'But won fresh victories on every field?'
 These were her children, bred and nurtured here,
 But others, too, she mourns with grief sincere,
 Adopted sons whom as her own she loved,
 As they their love by loyal service proved.
 One to our counsels ripe experience lent,
 And one, a bright star in our firmament,
 With zeal unflinching taught the wayward youth
 To live for Duty and revere the Truth.
 Still in their hearts his influence abides,
 His counsel cheers, his great example guides.

¹ Captain Christopher E. Balfour, D.S.O., T.B. 1886-9, and Reginald Balfour, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Q.S. 1888-1893 : sons of A. Balfour, O.W.

² Admiral Sir George Granville Randolph, K.C.B., T.B. 1829-30.

³ William Waterfield, Q.S. 1846-50, a distinguished Indian civilian.

⁴ Edmund Charles Burton, Q.S. 1841-5, President of the O.U.B.C., three times winner of the Grand National Steeplechase, called by Sir John Astley 'the best all-round sportsman in England.'

⁵ George Valentine Yool, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge : a member of the Governing Body and Auditor.

⁶ William Gunion Rutherford, Head-Master 1883-1901.

Sed haec mittantur tristia saltem aliquamdiu
 Renovamus hodie, si placebit, memoriam
 Longe petitam : nam decem vel amplius
 Sunt lustra ex quo, detrusa iudicio nimis
 Severo, nostra hinc exulat comoedia.
 Successit mox, ut scitis, in vacuum locum
Trinummus, Plautinarum non quidem optima
 Sed enim meliores aliam scenam postulant.
 At non ita pridem vir pietatis et ingeni
 Doctrinaeque omni dote locupletissimus,
 Newmannus ille, Cardinalem quem vocant,
 Cum nollet lepidas artes obsolescere
 Oblivione positas et turpi situ,
 Viam monstravit qua, centum quasi versibus
 Minor et novo *Pincerna* ornata nomine,
 Posset theatro tandem reddi fabula.
 Eum secuti auctorem et eius spongia
 Usi calamoque saepius, librum tamen
 Ita nostri gregis in morem iam refecimus
 Ut nostrum *Famulum* nomen deceat indere.
 Nunc vos penes est arbitrium : vestris plausibus
 Comoedia restituta si possit frui,
 Sat nobis fiat : namque ut delectemini,
 Hoc solum curae est, hoc captamus praemium.

But now, at last, let grief be put away,
 For, if it please you, we'll revive to-day
 The memory of a long-forgotten play,
 Which, censured by a too fastidious age,
 Full fifty years was banished from the stage.
 So Plautus in our cycle found a place
 Whose *Threepenny-bit* now filled the vacant space.
 True, it lacked something of his wonted wit,
 But his best plays our scenery did not fit.
 Well, in more recent times, a man renowned
 For genius, learning, piety profound,
 Showed how oblivion's creeping rust might cease
 To dim the credit of a brilliant piece.
 I speak of Newman, who, when he'd suppressed
 Some hundred verses and revised the rest,
 Named it *The Butler* : so without offence
 The play might please a modern audience.
 Where Newman led we followed, and annexed
 The plan and outline of his altered text,
 Yet so revised it that we thought it right
 To change the name ; *The Footman* holds the
 stage to-night.
 Now you're the critics ; your applause can bless
 Our venture, our revival, with success ;
 If you are pleased, we have no higher aim,
 No ampler recompense our labours claim.

EPILOGUS IN FAMULUM.

PERSONAE.

LACHES	<i>A Humourist on tramp abroad</i>	J. R. WADE.
PARMENO	<i>A Railway Porter</i>	J. BENVENISTI.
PYTHIAS	<i>A Maid-servant</i>	M. HAMMOND.
PHAEDRIA	<i>A Super-dramatist</i>	G. G. WILLIAMS.
GNATHO	<i>A Titled Newspaper-Proprietor</i>	K. R. H. JONES.
CHAEREA	<i>A Corinthian</i>	J. C. GOW.
DORUS	<i>A Policeman</i>	H. N. WOOD.
THRASO	<i>An Irishman</i>	A. S. R. MACKLIN.
SANGA	<i>A Socialist Leader</i>	A. E. F. WOOD.
THAIS	<i>An American Lady Athlete</i>	R. M. BARRINGTON-WARD.
CHREMES	} <i>Telepathists</i>	} C. K. COVINGTON.
SOPHRONA		

PERSONAE MUTAE.

SIMALIO	} <i>Railway Servants</i>	} D. M. GRIFFIN.	
DONAX			E. S. WOOD.
SYRISCUS			H. J. DAVIS.

Scene :—An open space between a railway station and an hotel. LACHES is discovered outside the station with a bag. At the back are PARMENO and other railway servants engaged in animated conversation.

LA. (*looking at his watch*)

Nonne recordandumst me pervenisse diebus
 Quattuor, horis sex, trans mare ab America?
 Mauretania me vexit : Germania tandem,
 Ut decuit, laurum cessit Atlantiacam.

(*wearily*) Sic transit. Porta ! num quis portare
 meas res
 Vult?

LA. (*looking at his watch*)

It gets shorter and shorter ; four days and
 a quarter my course from the Hyperhesperian
 strand.

The swift Mauretania conquers Germania ;
 that's as it should be by Neptune's command.

(*wearily*) But I fed some the fishes. Now, porters,
 who wishes to carry my bag in ?

PA. Ego. (*aside*) Nigrum crus et mihi
corpus erit
Verberibus totum, si illis me iungere nolam.

LA. Quin portas?

PA. Vetitumst : hi mihi pacifice
Persuasere ; vetat nos unio nostra operari.

LA. (*sarcastically*)

Atque haec Libertas, credo, vocatur.

PA. Itast :

In directores dux bellum edixit, et illi
Parendum a nobis : ille ferire iubet :
Danda recognitio, merces maior, breviores
Horae. (*exit with his companions*)

LA. Si bene quid vis fieri, facias

Iipse.

(*he carries his bag to the hotel door and knocks*)

Heus, heus, aperite ! ecquis res has feret
intro ?

PY. (*opening door*) Salve : ego conabor. (*she falls*)
Me miseram, perii !

O succurre mihi cito.

LA. Laesane es ?

PY. (*rubbing her elbow*) O, vereor ne

Fractus sit cubitus.

LA. Curre cito ad medicum.

PY. Quam dolet ! O ! Dabitur sed compensatio
certe. (*exit*)

LA. Non dolor hic, credo, fraude doloque caret :
Os modo ridiculum laesit.

[*Enter PHAEDRIA.*]

PH. Salvere—

LA. Vocat quis ?

I modo !

PH. Sis clemens : non sum ego qui videor.

LA. Non ego te agnosco.

PH. Fabianus maximus, exsto
Dramaticus princeps, Shaksperio melior.

LA. (*effusively*)

Virque superque virum, iubeo salvere, theatri
Clare reformator.

PH. Primum abolendus erit

Censor.

[*Re-enter PYTHIAS with her arm in a sling, and
followed by DORUS.*]

LA. Eho ?

PY. Haud fregi quidquam, sed damna
rependerit :

Hoc habitu abstruso, et dote parata—

Do. (*aside*) Quid o !

PY. Nubere nunc potero.

Do. (*aside*) Cur me proponere cesso ?

LA. Gratulor : at quid vis ?

PY. (*handing card*) Hoc tibi nescioquis
Mittit.

LA. Colloquium mecum vult editor ; ohe,
Nec mora nec requies ulla !

PA. (*aside*) I do, Sir. The worst o't
Black leg and all bruises is he who refuses to
join with the others.

LA. Well, take it.

PA. I durst not.

They've taken occasion by peaceful persuasion
to stop me.

LA. (*sarcastically*) That's freedom ?

PA. No, not as I like.

They've *bell'd* the directors and pose as pro-
tectors and forc'd us for full recognition to
strike.

Less hours and more pay is the cry of the day.
(*exit with his companions*)

LA. You must do for yourself what you want
done aright.

(*he carries his bag to the hotel door and knocks*)

Is the Boots not about ?

PY. (*opening door*) Oh, good morning : he's
out, so I'll try, if your bag is in anyways light.

Let me take it. (*she falls*) Oh gymini !

LA. Hurt are you ?

PY. (*rubbing her elbow*) Crimini, broken my arm.

To the surgeon away.

PY. It's horribly painful but might be made gain-
ful : you'll have by the law compensation to
pay. (*exit*)

LA. A fraudulent money-moan just for a funny-
bone.

[*Enter PHAEDRIA.*]

PH. How do you do ?

LA. Who are you ? Get along.

PH. Mark, mark me : I'm not what I seem.

LA. I don't spot who you are.

PH. I'm a Fabian, first of the kind.

As a maker of plays I'm ahead of all praise
and leave Master Shakspeare a league's
length behind.

LA. (*effusively*) Great Superman, you ? and how do
you do ? The stage was effete till you gave
us a play.

PH. The Censor must go, tho', that's certain.

[*Re-enter PYTHIAS with her arm in a sling, and
followed by DORUS.*]

LA. Hallo !

PY. Tho' I've broken no bone, you've my losses
to pay.

Base apron, off ! So with a dower—

Do. (*aside*) What 'o !

PY. I can marry.

Do. (*aside*) You shall, dear, and Bobby's the man.

LA. Very well, but what is it ?

PY. (*handing card*) Here's someone to visit—

LA. An interview ? Oh, the pestiferous clan.

PH. Tui miseret
Me ; sed cur quereris ? nam coepit in America
ista

Inter vos primum surgere tale malum.

LA. Extra duc hominem.

[PYTHIAS opens the door for GNATHO to come out, and then goes off with DORUS.]

GN. Quam blande colloquium das !

LA. Sed tibi quid dicam vis ?

GN. Tibi quod placeat :
Quicquid agunt homines, nostrist farrago
libelli.

PH. (*aside*) Et quae non faciunt.

GN. Scilicet omne benest,
Si advertis mentem populi ad novitatis
amorem.

(*producing a paper*) Tune hoc vidisti ?

LA. Non ego : dic, quid id est ?
'Limerici versus ?'

GN. Res summaest simplicitatis :
Scripsimus en versus quattuor ; unus abest.

LA. Suppeditandus erit ?

GN. Recte. Contendere vobis
An placet, ut verum suppeditetis ?

LA. PH. Ita.

GN. Una prior fit conditio—

PH. Scio ; parvulus ordo
Post mittendus erit.

GN. (*contemptuously*) Non satis iste mihi :
Res agitur multo maior : cedo uterque
trinummum.

LA. PH. En, cape.

GN. Victori praemia larga dabo,
Phonographumve pianolanve—quid eligis ?

LA. O, da
Phonographum : ioculos quot mihi per-
petuos

Servet. At audiat haec tantum—vel qui venit
ecce

Athleta. [*Enter CHAEREA.*]

GN. O iudex optime, visne ?

CHA. Volo.

LA. (*reading*) Id studiumst stupidorum—

PH. (*reading*) abolere domum dominorum :

LA. (*reading*) Nequiquam pignus dant—

PH. (*reading*) populumque agitant.

LA. (*after thinking*) Vis valida est titulum.

PH. (*significantly*) Ita gaudeat emptor honorum.

GN. Hem, quid ais ? Mene hoc dedecore
insimulas ?

CHA. Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites :
Advisari vult curia. (*Going aside and*

tossing a coin) Sunt capita.

(*to PHAEDRIA*)

Tu vincis.

GN. Meritam mercedem hanc accipe victor.

PH. I sympathise, tho' it was *your* side, you know,
set the fashion.

LA. Well, tell him I'll see him.

[PYTHIAS opens the door for GNATHO to come out, and then goes off with DORUS]

GN. Dear Sir,

Much oblig'd.

LA. I'm to tell ?

GN. What you choose :
all is well in a hodge-podge : we deal with
all things that occur.

PH. (*aside*) And with things that do not.

GN. For you've
only to spot some novelty drawing men into
the net.

(*producing a paper*) Seen this ?

LA. No, what is 't ? What, a Limerick ?

GN. List. It's the easiest problem that ever was
set.

Four lines are in print, one is wanting.

LA. You hint that it might be supplied ?

GN. If you choose to compete.

LA. PH. Very well.

GN. On condition—

PH. I know, the remission of sixpence.

GN. (*contemptuously*)

Oh, more ; a more venturesome feat.

Half-a-crown.

LA. PH. There you are.

GN. The prize now, a star pianola,
a phonograph, which do you choose ?

LA. A phono : my jokes will be lasting as oaks.
Be the umpire to settle the matter—or who's
He that comes ? Just the man : he's an
athlete.

[*Enter CHAEREA.*]

GN. You can and you will give decision
who win and who lose ?

CHA. Aye.

LA. (*reading*) There was an old person of Fowey

PH. (*reading*) Who the great House of Lords would
destroy.

LA. (*reading*) Words idle he spoke,

PH. (*reading*) And he stirred up the folk ;

LA. (*after thinking*) But titles aren't merely a toy.

PH. (*significantly*) To the buyer of honours what joy.

GN. What, glancing at me ? Think I gave £. s. d. ?

CHA. The suit is too knotty for me to decide.
In a matter so nice the Court seeks advice.

(*Going aside and tossing a coin.*) Heads !

(*to PHAEDRIA*)

Yours.

GN. 'Tis your merit that serves as your guide.

[*Re-enter* DORUS.]

DO. Hem, quid vos agitis? Ludere nempe vetat
Lex coram populo pro nummis.

PH. Num locus intra
Legem hic est?

CHA. Stultum hoc desipere in loco erat.

DO. Dicite quisque suum nomen: quo in vico
habitatis?

LA. Lusor ego infelix: ille trinummus abit.

DO. Admoneo; quicquid dices, scribam: id docu-
mento

Contra te esse potest.

GN. Parce metu; error hic est;
Hoc non fortuitumst, sed summorum inge-
niorum

Certamen. Dictum hoc officiale lege. (*hands
him a book*).

PH. Corpore in inculto hoc penitus latet ingenium
ingens.

GN. (*aside*) Saltem inflare tubamst callidus ipse suam.

PH. (*overhearing*) Saxa domos vitreas habitantibus
haud iacienda.

DO. (*grumbling*) Semper idem.

GN. Ah! rem non constabilire potes.

DO. (*aside*) Suspitor, at metuo periuri crimina falsa:
Lictori haud felix sors, mihi crede, datast.

(*exit*)

LA. (*to PHAEDRIA*) I comes huc intro; victus volo
ab hoste doceri. (*exeunt*)

CHA. Non tolerandum hoc est, associata manus
Quod directorum effatur. Nos nostra regamus
Dissociati istis.

GN. Tune Corinthius es?

CHA. (*proudly*) Nec cuivis homini contingit adire
Corinthum.

Nos ludi causa ludimus, ast alii

Pro lucro; neque nos leges patiemur iniquas,
Quas isti servis imposuere suis.

Voce mea effabor: nobiscum, si quis amator
Est puri ludi, se comitem associet.

GN. Macte puer virtute. (*aside*) Placet pars altera
nobis.

[*Enter THRASO, who picks up the newspaper.*]

THR. 'Limerici!' o patriae nomen, ave!

GN. (*aside*) Quid agit?

CHA. Δις κράμβη θάνατος. Crambo repetita trucidat
Athletas miseros, iudiciumque frequens.

(*exit*)

THR. (*suspiciously*)
Olfacio murem; video ecce per aera nantem;
Praecidam in gemma.

GN. Hic est male sanus homo.

THR. Begorra! oppressis, credo, minitantur Hibernis
Damna nova. O domini, quos ego—

GN. (*in alarm*) Quo fugiam?

[*Re-enter* DORUS.]

DO. What? in public you gamble in spite of
preamble and clause?

PH. Not a place within
meaning of Act.

CHA. This an idiot's mess is.

DO. Your names and addresses?

LA. I've lost my half-crown, that's a horrible fact.

DO. I warn you, whatever you say stands for ever
here written as evidence good in the Court.

GN. Pooh, pooh, go to France; This is skill and
not chance, no hazard at all but legitimate
sport. (*hands him a book*)

PH. My beard may be rough but my brain is such
stuff as the wisest are made of.

GN. (*aside*) He knows how to blow
His own trumpet.

PH. (*overhearing*) I've heard from some little bird of
stones and glass houses and who mustn't
throw.

DO. (*grumbling*) The old story.

GN. No proof.

DO. (*aside*) I suspect, but aloof I must
hold, lest they charge me with perjury. Oh
Not happy the lot a policeman has got.

(*exit*)

LA. (*to PHAEDRIA*) Come along, I should like to be
taught by the foe. (*exeunt*)

CHA. These rules the F.A. has put out who shall
play are not to be borne, so we live by our
own.

GN. A Corinthian you?

CHA. (*proudly*) *Non cuivis*—it's true. We
leave the professional strictly alone.
A.F.A. is our cry and far rather we'd die
than submit to the laws of a mercenary
crew.

GN. Very noble and fine. (*aside*) But the other
side's mine.

[*Enter THRASO, who picks up the newspaper.*]

THR. What, Limericks? Arrah,
for Ireland, that's thrue.

GN. (*aside*) What's he mean?

CHA. Cold kale's poison but crambo
it cloy on the lips of an athlete and ends
his career. (*exit*)

THR. (*suspiciously*)
I smell here a rat, he is floating—that's pat—
in the air, in the bud I will nip him.

GN. He's queer,
In fact perfectly mad.

THR. Begorra, that's bad; a new
wrong to Ireland; oh Barons' and Dukes—

GN. (*in alarm*) Oh, where shall I flee?

[Enter SANGA.]

SA. (*pointing at GNATHO*) Hic est ille.

THR. Quis?
 SA. Hic. Reddatur Hibernia Hibernis.
 GN. Auxilium ! Lictor !

[*Re-enter DORUS : PYTHIAS stands at back.*]

SA. Fuste resiste viro
 Et saxis fractoque vitro. (*shouting*) Reddatur
 et Indis
 India : barbaries Anglica dispareat !

[*A crowd collects, including PARMENO.*]

DO. Seditiose, cave.

SA. Vi deiciatur et armis.

[*THRASO throws a bomb : confusion.*]

PY. Au, quam pertimui ! Bombus ut horribilis !

PH. (*returning*)
 Altera Ioannis Tauri insula adesse videtur.

[*Exit GNATHO in a hurry.*]

THR. (*pointing after GNATHO*)
 Vidistine illud ? Proicit ille manu
 Ipse sua, falsa ut de me suspicio fiat.

SA. Pro pudor, o comites ! num tolerabitis hoc ?
 DO. Tu cave quid dicas.

[*DORUS overpowers THRASO.*]PY. (*admiringly*) Quam forti pectore et armis !DO. (*to THRASO*) Ad stationem ito.

PY. (*to DORUS*) Te reducem accipiam.
 Intrepidus solum meruit vir ducere pulchram.
 (*exit.*)

SA. Saevitiam hanc, comites, aspiciate Armeniam :
 Non tamen haec fient, ubi iam socialiter orbi
 Victor iura dabo : me duce, nullus erit
 Lictor, nec leges.

PA. Quis nos custodiet atque
 Res nostras ?

SA. Nullae res tibi erunt propriae ;
 Sed mea tum tua erunt, tua erunt mea.

PA. (*aside to the crowd*) Nonne manebunt
 Omnia quae duro parta labore domi
 Nunc habeo ? Tentabo hominem (*picks up*
 SANGA'S overcoat.)

SA. Hem, quid agis ? Chlamys illa
 Est mea. Fur ! Lictor !

PA. (*sarcastically*) Res tua nonne meast ?
 En recipe.

[*Re-enter DORUS.*]DO. (*to SANGA*) Admonui prius.

SA. Expediam.

DO. Remove te.

[*Exit SANGA ; the crowd boo as he goes.*]

[Enter SANGA.]

SA. (*pointing at GNATHO*) Do you see him ?
 That's he.

THR. Which one ?
 SA. This. For the Irishmen Ireland.

GN. Gadzooks !
 Police ! Help !

[*Re-enter DORUS : PYTHIAS stands at back.*]

SA. Smash their bones with sticks,
 bottles, and stones. (*shouting*) For the
 Indians India. Let England be—

[*A crowd collects, including PARMENO.*]

DO. Hi !

No attack on the crown.

SA. Hit his eye, knock him down.

[*THRASO throws a bomb : confusion.*]

PY. Oh horrors and horrors, with fright I
 shall die.

PH. (*returning*)
 It seems like J. B.'s other island.

[*Exit GNATHO in a hurry.*]

THR. (*pointing after GNATHO*)
 Here, seize him, he's trying to
 throw the suspicion on Pat.

SA. Will you stand this, good folk ?

DO. Was it treason you spoke ?

[*DORUS overpowers THRASO.*]

PY. (*admiringly*) Dear Bobby, you're strong, but he
 fights like a cat.

DO. (*to THRASO*) To the station you go.

PY. (*to DORUS*) Come back soon, dear,
 and know how the brave win the fair and
 how none but the brave. (*exit*)

SA. It's as bad as the East. As for Bobby, the
 beast, our Socialists soon will provide him
 a grave.

PA. But our property, who will protect it ? not you ?

SA. There'll be none, for thine shall be mine and
 mine thine.

PA. (*aside to the crowd*) What, I lose what I gain by
 my labour and pain ? I'll try him. (*picks up*
 SANGA'S overcoat)

SA. Here, what are you up to ? That's mine.
 Police !

PA. (*sarcastically*) I thought thine was the same thing
 as mine. Here you are, take it back.

[*Re-enter DORUS.*]DO. (*to SANGA*) I have warned you before.

SA. I'll explain.

DO. You move on.

[*Exit SANGA ; the crowd boo as he goes.*]

PA. Sic agitator abi seditioque tua.
Quin rursus, comites, ad opus redeamus?
OMNES. Eamus.

[Enter THAIS with tennis-racquets, etc.]

THA. Porta!
PA. Portare haec me sine: taximetrum?

THA. Aufer in hospitium.
PA. Credo, Americana?
THA. Profecto,
Nata in Tennessee. (*she tips and dismisses him.*)

[Enter CHAEREA, vainly trying to play Diabolo.]

(to CHAEREA) Quid, vir inepte, facis?

CHA. Heu, quam difficilēst infernum hunc ludere ludum!

THA. Visne ego demonstrē quomodo—
CHA. Dia, volo.

[*She shows him how to do it.*]

(*watching her*) Vah! nonne hoc monstri similest?
Mirabile! Virgo

Nostrarum similis non ea, quas, graciles
Ut fiant, matres constringere pectora cogunt:
Constrictum ut nimium cor sit.

THA. Tu conare iterum. Ut est facile!

CHA. Da, sis. (*aside*) Pulcherrima rerum!

THA. Euge, πάλιw· magnumst! heia age!

CHA. Vah, cecidit!

THA. Nil agis.

PH. Haud docilem te discipulum esse diabli
Crediderim; at numquam dicere certa
potes.

CHA. Amissos miseri multos ploramus honores.

THA. Poculum in Henleia grande remisit aqua
Leander Belgis.

CHA. Fateor; palmamque tenes tu
In campo.

THA. At ne spem perditē; victor enim
Certavit nostro cum Praeside Episcopus iste.

CHA. Sed Gallus se nos exanimasse pila
Iactat.

THA. At exuvias vos mox referetis opimas
Victores ludis forsā Olympiacis.

[*Re-enter GNATHO.*]

PH. (*aside*) Hunc licet expellas bombo, tamen usque
recurrat.

GN. Venisti, credo, nuper ab America—

CHA. (*interrupting*) Thais!

PA. Yes, you rebel, be gone. Now,
mates, what d'ye say? back to work, eh?
ALL. For sure.

[Enter THAIS with tennis-racquets, etc.]

THA. Here, porter.
PA. Yes, gi' m' it here, please, M'um.
Taximeter?

THA. No, the hotel.
PA. An American lydy?
THA. Tennessee. (*she tips and dismisses him.*)

[Enter CHAEREA, vainly trying to play Diabolo.]

(to CHAEREA) My good fool, what, at play with
a spool?

CHA. It's the devil to play and no devil
to guide 'ee.

THA. Shall I show you how?
CHA. Aye, if you please.

[*She shows him how to do it.*]

(*watching her*) Crikkemi, it's miraculous, comes
of her wearing no stays.

THA. It's as easy as lying. Again you'd be trying?

CHA. Yes, please. (*aside*) Oh, her beauty is
quite beyond praise.

THA. Very good, Sir; encore. Now higher. Once
more.

CHA. It's down again.

THA. Yes, you don't do very well.
PH. So quick has it caught you? I shouldn't have
thought you the Devil's Disciple: you never
can tell.

CHA. Many cups we have lost.

THA. Yes, from Henley one crost
to the Belgians.

CHA. Lawn-tennis, at that *you're* ahead.

THA. Come keep up your heart, you're not yet in
the cart, your garrulous vagabond vanquish
our Ted.

CHA. Yes, yes, but at golf we're now Gallia's scoff.

THA. But may possibly win in Olympian game.

[*Re-enter GNATHO.*]

PH. (*aside*) Knock him out with a bomb, yet back
he will come like nature.

GN. From Yankee-land lately you came?

CHA. (*interrupting*) Miss Thais—

GN. (*pushing him*)
Pace tua cum Thaide colloquar ipse.
THA. Pol vero hic paenest limitis ipse modus.

[*Enter CHREMES and SOPHRONA.*]

CHR. Feminum atque virile genus, spectate, quod
uxor

Atque ego praebemus nobile prodigium.

GN. (*rushing up*) Paula, precor, mora sit nobis; res
mystica certest
Et vobis dabitur pagina plena.

PH. Quid est?

So. Est in corporibus nostris mens una duobus;
Quicquid et hic novit, novi ego *τηλεπαθήσ.*

PH. Miror utrum sit fraus an sic sincera loquatur.

CHR. Tentate. (*He goes to PHAEDRIA, who hands
him a book.*)

Hem, quidnam hoc?

So. Fabula.

CHR. Sed titulus?

So. 'Arma virumque.' (*PHAEDRIA hands him
another.*)

CHR. Huius titulum scis?

So. 'Candida.'

CHR. (*going to PYTHIAS*) Quid iam?

So. Anulus.

CHR. At qualis?

So. Pignus amoris.

Do. Itast.

(*aside to PYTHIAS*) Deliciae!

PY. (*aside to DORUS*) Mea vita!

CHR. (*going to GNATHO*) Quid hoc?

So. Credo esse trinumnum.

GN. (*to PHAEDRIA*) Non tuus est.

CHR. (*going to CHAEREA*) Mihi dic: quid mea
dextra tenet?

So. Telegraphema.

CHR. Unde huc venit?

So. Ex Australibus oris.

CHR. Et quid inest?

So. Victrix Anglia.

CHA. Testis ego.

GN. (*to actors*) Sat lusumst, pueri.

[*Coming forward and addressing audience.*]

Vos hoc attendite, amici,

Quod vobis dicam: turba fidelis adhuc
(Nec pudet) eloquimur patrio de more Latine,
Doctorem quamvis vociferante choro.

Non nostra, fateor, Cicero ratione loquendi.

Conscriptos poterat voce movere patres;

Quid iuvat ignaros oblitam imitariem?

Quis Tulli vocem nunc revocare potest?

Vobis iudicibus bene si dixisse videmur,

Floreat, atque piis plausibus aula sonet.

GN. (*pushing him*) Beg pardon, just now
I've the card on.

THA. Well, if this ain't the limit!
He's quite without shame.

[*Enter CHREMES and SOPHRONA.*]

CHR. Now, ladies and gentlemen, two continental
men, one of them woman, a wonder would
show.

GN. (*rushing up*) One moment for me: when a
thing's mysteree, I give a whole page.

PH. Well, and what is it?

So. Know

That our bodies are twain but are serv'd by one
brain; what is known to my husband is
known to me too.

PH. Is this a mere jigjag of minds that are zigzag
or is it in fact what is Zancigly true?

CHR. Just try. (*He goes to PHAEDRIA, who hands
him a book.*)

This is what?

So. It's a drama.

CHR. You've not as yet named it.

So. I do: it is "Arms and the Man."

(*PHAEDRIA hands him another.*)

CHR. And this other?

So. Is "Candida."

CHR. (*going to PYTHIAS*) What's this I'm handed?

So. A ring.

CHR. Of what sort?

So. Of the wedding.

Do. Dear Nan,

(*aside to PYTHIAS*) For Pythy I can't say.

PY. (*aside to DORUS*) Dear Bob, you're my fancy.

CHR. (*going to GNATHO*) What's this?

So. A half-crown.

GN. (*to PHAEDRIA*) 'Tisn't yours.

CHR. (*going to CHAEREA*) What is here?

So. It's a telegram.

CHR. Where does it come from? Declare.

So. From Australian shores, from a sunnier year.

CHR. And what does it say? Tell us that.

So. That the day is with England.

CHA. It says it, so cheer, my boys, cheer.

GN. (*to actors*) Enough, enough, our fooling ends.

[*Coming forward and addressing audience.*]

Now for one word to these our friends.

We utter, unabasht, the tone

Of Latin to our fathers known,

Tho' learned men our right deny

And pedants raise their parrot cry.

Not thus, we own, were Tully's words

Enunciate in his House of Lords;

But voices die, and ne'er again

Can Tully's voice be heard of men:

Small skill he needed who espied

Poor Neddy in the lion's hide.

With you the judgment rests: if you

Applaud, let 'Floreat' sound anew.

OBITUARY OF O.WW.

The Rev. WILLIAM GEORGE ARMITSTEAD, aged 73. Admitted 1846; Q.S. 1847; O.U.C.C.; played against Cambridge 1853-4 and 1856-7; Vicar of Goostrey, Cheshire.

Major The Hon. EDWARD RODEN BOURKE, aged 71. Admitted 1851; late of the Inniskilling Dragoons; Military Secretary to the Governor General of India 1869-72; Postmaster General at Madras 1872-6.

Capt. CHRISTOPHER EGERTON BALFOUR, D.S.O., aged 35. Admitted 1886; of the King's Royal Rifle Corps; served with distinction in the South African War.

REGINALD BALFOUR, Esq., aged 32. Admitted 1888; Q. S. 1889; Scholar and subsequently Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; 1st class classical tripos part i. 1897, part ii. 1898; sometime Secretary of Education for the County of Gloucester.

EDMUND CHARLES BURTON, Esq., aged 80. Admitted 1838; Q.S. 1841; President of O.U.B.C. 1847-8; won the Champion Sculler's Cup at the Thames Regatta 1846, the Oxford University Sculls 1847; rowed against Cambridge 1846 and 1849; stroked the Oxford eight at Henley 1847 and 1848; steered the Oxford crew which won the Grand Challenge Cup 1851.

THEODORIC CHAPLIN, Esq., aged 26. Admitted 1895.

JOHN MILL FRODSHAM, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S., aged 72. Admitted 1847.

HERMAN GEORGE GWINNER, Esq., aged 43. Admitted 1876; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

ROBERT WILLIAM DAKER HARLEY, Esq., aged 61. Admitted 1860; High Sheriff of Herefordshire 1883.

HENRY STORAR JACKSON, Esq., aged 52. Admitted 1872.

FRANCIS JAMES PEARSE, Esq., M.R.C.S., aged 59. Admitted 1860.

FELTON GEORGE RANDOLPH, Esq., aged 52. Admitted 1866; Q.S. 1869; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

Admiral Sir GEORGE GRANVILLE RANDOLPH, K.C.B., aged 77. Admitted 1839; took part in the destruction of Malloodo, Borneo, 1845; served in the Black Sea, 1854-6.

The Rev. JAMES GRENVILLE SMYTH, aged 81. Admitted 1837; Q.S. 1840; Prebendary of Lincoln; formerly Vicar of North and South Elkington, Lincs.

WILLIAM WATERFIELD, Esq., aged 74. Admitted 1843; Q.S. 1846; held a number of responsible positions in the Indian Financial Department at Madras, Calcutta, Bombay and Allahabad, and subsequently became Comptroller-General.

HERBERT EDWARDS WRIGHT, Esq., aged 58. Admitted 1862; Q.S. 1863.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—Your critic this year has a task of greater difficulty and of heavier responsibility than usual. With regard to the four plays which we have hitherto regarded as a complete inviolable cycle, the memories of past performances set up a standard by which each,

as it comes round, is judged. But this year the critic is confronted by a play which at Westminster has not seen the light for more than a generation. Accordingly he finds himself left with no guide but his own opinions, and a standard, such as it may be, which a perusal of the play may have led him to set up. For he did read the play; and his reading led to the opinion that the 'Famulus' was beyond all question the best of the plays acted at Westminster; that it would certainly be more entertaining for the audience; and that, owing to the greater opportunities afforded to talent, it could hardly fail to be a favourite with the actors. For the moment our concern is with the feelings of the audience; and it is indeed a pleasure to be able to state that the conclusions reached after reading the Play were amply justified by the enthusiastic comments that rose every night from all parts of the House.

It is not difficult to see wherein the 'Famulus,' as we must now call it, has the advantage over the other four plays seen at Westminster. The chief attraction of Terence's plays has always been charm of style. The plots may be in some sort skilfully constructed but there is little interest or variety in them; the motive of the plays is always love, and love of an exclusively pathetic and sentimental kind; and so there always seems to be as great an unreality, though of a different kind, in the atmosphere of these plays, as in the Arcadian philanderings of eighteenth century pastoral writers. As one of the ablest critics of Latin Literature has said, Terence's 'personages seem to move about in a kind of Fool's Paradise without the knowledge of good or evil.' In such an atmosphere the characters must necessarily partake of the unreality and so lose much of their force on the stage. Hence the greater interest of the 'Famulus' is not that the characters are more vigorously drawn, or more true to life than in the other plays, but simply that there is a greater number and variety of them; besides the young men in love, and the scheming slave with whom we are all familiar from the other plays, we are here introduced to the most charming delineation of Athenian womanhood that has come down to us, to a subtle conception of the parasite (quite different from that portrayed in the 'Phormio'), and to a 'Miles Gloriosus,' who provides much of the fun of the play, and yet is less extravagant than his more famous prototype in Plautus. The play thus gains in variety, which in some form or other is essential to all drama.

Another reason why the 'Famulus' provides more entertainment than the other plays of the cycle is that in several scenes—notably in the assault on Thais' house, the examination of Dorus, and the fooling of Parmeno by Pythias—the play has more in common with farce than with the comedy of manners to which it really belongs. Farce is a *lingua franca* which appeals to any audience; whether they hear the words spoken or not, they can follow the action; but when there is no farcical element, it is impossible to appreciate Terence's plays, in which the interest may

fairly be said to be literary rather than dramatic, without hearing and understanding what is said. Now of course, this is beyond the powers of a large proportion—dare we say it?—even of the Old Westminsters in the audience. Farce can be understood by all, and is consequently appreciated. Add to these considerations the fact that in the 'Famulus' there is a happy absence of the soliloquies which are always apt to be tedious, that in the farcical scenes the actors have grand opportunities to 'rag,' and that—*pace* all who may have acted with distinction the parts of 'old men'—there is only one 'old man' in the play and he has next to nothing to say. For these reasons, and others which will no doubt suggest themselves, the revival of the 'Famulus' was warmly welcomed by enthusiastic houses.

But it is time to turn from general remarks to a detailed criticism of the various actors. The burden of the play falls on the confidential slave Parmeno; this important part was entrusted to Mr. J. L. BENVENISTI whose previous appearances in Westminster plays certainly promised a good performance. Mr. Benvenisti worked hard, and showed that he understood what the slave ought to do, displaying greater ability than most of the other members of the cast. Therefore it is all the more disappointing to have to say that his performance was to a great extent spoilt by staginess and over-acting. No doubt it was in a laudable attempt to avoid the common fault of 'woodenness' that he fell into the opposite extreme; but whatever the motive, the effect was not successful. From his first entry he struck attitudes and modulated his voice in a manner worthier of the melodramatic than the comic stage; by the time he reached the last act he had worked himself up to such a pitch that he made the audience quite uncomfortable; he acted comedy in a pseudo-tragic style; it was impossible to laugh at him and the situation did not call for tears. He will pardon us these strictures; staginess is a fault so seldom seen at Westminster, and so contrary to the traditions of its stage, that it seemed necessary to mark our disapproval. Next year we hope Mr. Benvenisti will give us all his energy and animation without the disfiguring over-action we disliked in Parmeno.

The part of Gnatho was well played by Mr. K. R. H. JONES. It was a relief to see the improvement in his looks after the first night; it really seemed incredible that such a villainous-looking creature, however obsequious, could have been welcome at Thraso's table. Mr. Jones was at his best in his first scene, when Gnatho describes his manner of life; in the scenes with Thraso, perhaps a little more care might have been taken to bring out the precise relation the parasite bears to the boastful soldier; Mr. Jones, though never dull or lifeless, always seemed to be more pleased with himself than with Thraso's wit; more mock humility would have presented a greater contrast to Thraso's bombast, and might have been made most amusing to the audience.

Terence's young men are with us in every play;

they bear a strong family likeness to each other, and unfortunately none of them has sufficient character to give an actor much chance. Mr. G. G. WILLIAMS as Phaedria, and Mr. J. C. GOW as Chaerea, made noble attempts to express the rapid sentiment which Terence ascribes to them; that they failed to convince us of the genuineness of the mawkish feelings they described was not surprising; Mr. WILLIAMS perhaps approached nearest to it in his scene with Thais in the first act, when his tenderness all but struck the right note. Mr. GOW made a fine figure in the Oriental dress of the Famulus. Mr. C. K. COVINGTON as Chremes, unhampered by the necessity of showing himself to be a lover, scored a great success in his 'after dinner' scene; he was amusing without exaggerating what Pythias calls his increased hilarity; and his affectionate advances towards that lady were quite admirable.

Thais is quite the most charming of Terence's ladies; combining grace and dignity with real goodness and kindness of nature, she has a ready sympathy and tact which must be the secret of the matrimonial successes she recounts. In Mr. R. M. BARRINGTON-WARD'S experienced hands she lost none of her charm; whether tenderly leading Phaedria from sulky silence to a more or less cheerful acquiescence in her schemes, or derisively mocking the fooled Thraso, or reproaching Chaerea with quiet dignity in the touching words *Non te dignum Chaerea fecisti*, &c.—in all these different moods Mr. BARRINGTON-WARD was equally convincing; it is a great pleasure to be able to congratulate him on a very successful performance.

The part of Thraso needs only to be played with plenty of bluster and assurance to meet with an enthusiastic reception; that magnificent helmet goes more than half way to ensure success. Mr. A. S. R. MACKLIN supplied all that was needed in a most able fashion. His magniloquence, his unbounded self-satisfaction, his irritation at his rival's superior presents to Thais—an irritation which occasions Parmeno's famous *tacent: satis laudant*—the show of bravery which hides the man's real cowardice—all these qualities were well brought out by Mr. Macklin, who rose to the occasion perfectly in the great scene of the assault on Thais' house.

One of the Press critics remarked, that it used to be a tradition at Westminster, in the days when this play was acted, for the part of Pythias to be played exceptionally well. No doubt the critic was right; at any rate if future actors of the part come up to the standard set this year by Mr. M. HAMMOND, they will do well. The words *O Capitulum lepidissimum*, with which she greets Chremes, were spoken in a charming tone of coy delight; her distress at the disappearance of Chaerea, and her utter contempt of Dorus—*vietus, vetus, veterosus senex*—were quite admirable; but Mr. HAMMOND was at his best in the last act, when Pythias first deludes Parmeno into believing that Chaerea is suffering untold tortures as a runaway slave, and then laughs at him for having

been fool enough to believe her. The hysterical laugh which cannot be restrained, driving Parmeno wild with fury, was a fine piece of acting. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hammond will appear in several more Westminster Plays, and each time as successfully as this year.

Of the minor characters, Mr. A. E. F. WOOD was delightful as the quiet pompous Sanga, marshalling his army and dusting their faces with his towel. Mr. H. N. WOOD as Dorus quaked and shivered and shook in the proper manner, and duly showed a disposition which thoroughly deserved the kick which sent him off the stage. Mr. G. L. TROUTBECK as Sophrona spoke his one word as indignantly as could be; and Mr. J. R. WADE as Laches reminded us how grateful we should be that in this play at least the protagonists are not prosy old men. The Personae Mutae did what was required of them in excellent fashion.

A thoroughly good performance of the Play was followed by an Epilogue, which suffered from an unaccountable failure on the part of the audience to see its points. Some quite good jokes passed unnoticed on all three nights, and the hearty roar which usually accompanies the Epilogue was rarely heard. The fault did not lie with the Epilogue, though perhaps it was not quite as sparkling as some of recent years. No one joke stands out from the rest, but a word of praise is due to the ingenuity which com-

posed a Limerick which can be forced into Elegiac couplets, and which will bear translation.

I have trespassed on your space, Sir, far too much. It only remains to congratulate not only the actors who acquitted themselves so creditably, but those who spent incalculable time and pains in the preparation of the play. Their work was naturally increased by the choice of a play new alike to the actors and to those who trained them; their satisfaction at so great a success must be all the more gratifying. And finally, Sir, may I venture to express the hope that the 'Famulus' may find a permanent place among the Westminster Plays? As I have said, it is the most entertaining Play I have seen at Westminster, it lends itself more than any other to amateur acting, and, in its present form, its morality is at least not worse than that of the other plays. The only argument against it that occurs to me is, that it will become so popular that the other plays will fall into discredit in comparison with it.

I beg to remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
CANTABRIGIENSIS.

NOTICE.

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

Floreat.