



# The Elizabethan.

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## THE PLAY OF 1877.

**T**HE "Adelphi," the masterpiece of P. Terentius, the Carthaginian freedman, was first performed at the funeral games of Æmilius Paulus, the conqueror of Macedon, B.C. 160, under the literary patronage of the Scipionic circle.

"Mutati sed non alii," the "Brothers" still wrangle and moralize in the Dormitory of College; though in 1877, A.D. it is no longer Flaccus, the son of Claudius, who makes music on Tyrian pipes, but Mr. Godfrey and the band of the Coldstream Guards.

The play is one of special interest, not only from its intrinsic merit, but because it was the last which Terence ever produced. A few months later an untimely death, connected in some way with the loss of his manuscripts while travelling, cut short his career of fame. Like the other plays of Terence the "Adelphi" is a translation from Menander, with one scene from the "Synapothnescontes" of Diphilus. Greece had avenged her political subjection by a literary conquest so complete, that a Latin dramatist could seek for inspiration nowhere

save from the Hellenic Muse, himself destined in due course to hand on the sacred fire to Molière, the glory of the comic drama of France.

The interest of the "Adelphi" lies in the admirable portrayal of contrasted types of character, particularly in the two brothers Demea and Micio, and the skill with which the personality of each individual is preserved throughout.

Demea is a stern father of the good old school, one who farmed his own land and ruled his children with a rod of iron: a man of substance, yet severely frugal, hating the exotic luxury of the city, one who in his rustic inexperience of life fondly flattered himself that nothing could happen without his getting wind of it, nothing could be done well unless he did it.

Micio was an easy-going city bachelor, bent on enjoying life without troubling himself too much about its problems; a man with liberal ideas of education, who freely allowed his adopted son to sow his wild oats, believing it better to lead by kindness and love than to compel by fear.

Demea has two sons, Æschinus and Ctesipho, the former of whom has been adopted by his uncle Micio. Æschinus, who had plunged into all the dissipations of the city, had fallen in love

and was secretly betrothed to Pamphyla, a girl of honourable birth, the daughter of Sostrata, a widow in reduced circumstances. Ctesipho also, an unsophisticated country-bred youth, had been smitten with the charms of a music girl, then in the possession of Sannio, a slave-dealer. Dreading lest the affair should come to the ears of his stern parent, Ctesipho gets his brother to carry off the girl by violence from her master's house.

Sannio pursues them, and an altercation ensues before Micio's house, which ends by Sannio getting his head soundly cuffed by Parmeno, a slave of Æschinus. At length Syrus, Micio's crafty slave, persuades Sannio to part with the girl at cost-price and be thankful to get that, Ctesipho being particularly anxious that the man should be paid at once lest Demea should hear of it. Meanwhile Geta, the confidential slave of Sostrata, has chanced to see Æschinus carrying off the music-girl. He naturally concludes that Æschinus has deserted his mistress's daughter, and a distressing scene occurs between him and Sostrata, attended by Canthara, an aged nurse. Geta eventually goes off to seek for Hegio, an old family friend, and to ask for his advice and help. The next scene discovers Demea who has heard that Ctesipho was mixed up in the late disgraceful riot. But by adroit flattery and lying Syrus makes him believe that Ctesipho is safe in the country after bitterly upbraiding Æschinus on his scandalous conduct. Just as Demea is starting for the country he meets Hegio and Geta, and hears all about the supposed desertion of Pamphyla. Demea departs to pour out the vials of his wrath on Micio, but shortly returns from a fruitless search, having been told by a labourer that Ctesipho has not been seen at the villa. He all but surprises his errant son and Syrus together, but the slave was equal to the occasion, and, capping his former lie by another, sends off Demea on a wild-goose chase after Micio to a distant quarter of the city, while he himself retires to while away the time with just a glass or two.

Hegio and Micio then appear. In place of denials or evasions Hegio is met with promises of most ample reparation, and Micio at once calls on Sostrata to allay her anxiety. As he leaves the house he meets Æschinus at the door, unwilling to expose his brother, yet in an agony at the thought of the unjust suspicions of his fidelity, Micio makes up a story that a relation is about to marry Pamphyla and take her to Miletus. Æschinus, unable to keep on the mask longer, bursts into tears, whereupon Micio, after a gentle reproof, delights his adopted son by a free permission to make Pamphyla his wife. Demea returning sore-footed, and in no angelic temper from his vain peregrination, meets Micio

before his house. Already boiling with indignation, Demea is goaded almost to madness by his brother's cool acquiescence in all that is most outrageous, and in this state is found by Syrus, who enters intoxicated. His drunken insolence is interrupted by the slave Dromo, who brings a message from Ctesipho. Demea catches the name and forces his way into the house, whence he bursts out upon Micio with furious invective, till at length the assurance that the music-girl was really an Attic citizen wrongfully enslaved, extorts from him a reluctant submission to circumstances. Discomfited at every point, Demea recognizes his past mistakes and resolves to try a new character. His churlishness, severity, and parsimony, give place to an extravagance of courtesy, indulgence, and profusion. He determines to hoist Micio with his own petard. Not only shall Æschinus wed his betrothed, but Micio shall marry the widow. No refusal is taken, till at length a most unwilling consent is wrung from the sexagenarian bachelor. Then an estate must be given to Hegio, Syrus must be freed and his Phrygian wife; lastly, the pair must have some money in their pockets to start with. The play now closes. Demea points out to Micio how cheap is the love gained by indiscriminate indulgence, at the same time giving his permission to Ctesipho's marriage, and the curtain falls to the accustomed "Plaudite."

The following was the caste,

<i>Demea</i> . . . . .	T. F. F. WILLIAMS.
<i>Micio</i> . . . . .	E. A. BULKLEY.
<i>Sannio</i> . . . . .	F. E. COBBY.
<i>Æschinus</i> . . . . .	W. A. CUPPAGE.
<i>Syrus</i> . . . . .	H. P. ROBINSON.
<i>Ctesipho</i> . . . . .	E. W. POLE.
<i>Sostrata</i> . . . . .	C. W. R. TEPPER.
<i>Canthara</i> . . . . .	E. G. THORNE.
<i>Geta</i> . . . . .	F. M. LUTYENS.
<i>Hegio</i> . . . . .	C. B. COLLYNS.
<i>Dromo</i> . . . . .	R. MEAD.

PERSONA MUTA.

<i>Parmeno</i> . . . . .	R. S. OWEN.
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Demea was on the whole distinctly good. He was at his best when his passion was most violent, as in his denunciation of Syrus,

"ut Syre te cum tua  
Monstratione magnus perdat Jupiter"

and the angry scene with Micio just afterwards. His prevailing fault was a tiring monotony of intonation, and a certain awkwardness of action which apparently arose from his not knowing what to do with his stick. He was also very uncertain about his part in the latter portion of the play on the first night. Still his acting was spirited throughout and received deserved applause.



E. A. Bulkley was equally successful as Micio. The long soliloquy, which constitutes the first scene, was capitally delivered, and his annoyed embarrassment when Demea and Æschinus are importuning him to marry Sostrata created great amusement. At times, however, he spoke rather too fast, and in some of the long scenes with Demea and Hegio allowed his acting to become rather tame.

Sannio made a decided hit. His excellent acting, assisted by his excellent "get up," presented the audience with a living photograph of the blustering and mercenary slave-dealer.

His by-play formed a favourable exception to that of most of the actors, in being rational and effective. He was always Sannio, never F. E. Cobby.

W. A. Cuppage, as Æschinus, had scarcely sufficient dignity of carriage for a haughty Athenian gentleman. He had a tendency to adopt a menacing tone in his first dialogue with Sannio, instead of maintaining a lofty hauteur, and even his impassioned soliloquy before the house of Sostrata gave sometimes the impression of anger rather than of distracted anxiety. Nor had he sufficient command of his countenance to keep up his character. It was impossible to think of him as the Athenian gentleman when obviously joining the audience in their amusement, or trying to make out his friends beyond the foot-lights. Still the character was by no means a failure, and his deep distress when Micio feigns that Pamphyla is about to marry another, was very well acted.

Syrus, the cunning, unprincipled, impudent slave, was well played by H. P. Robinson. He was indeed rather too gentlemanlike in his demeanour, and too independent in his dialogues with Demea. His sarcasms ought to have been covered with more cringing servility, and less ironical politeness. But this is perhaps hyper-criticism. The part had been carefully studied, and was acted with considerable ability, markedly better on each successive night. The fictitious direction to Demea was admirable, and his by-play was often good. In the drunken scene his action no doubt left room for improvement, but to walk like a drunken man when sober is as hard as to walk like a sober man when drunk.

The Ctesipho of E. W. Pole was very unequal. In his scene with Æschinus at the close of Act ii. he twice rose to real pathos, and gave the lines beginning "O mî Æschine! O mî germane!" with great feeling. But in some other parts he was a little dull, and would insist in coming right out on to the stage to express his fear of being seen by Demea, who was standing a few yards off.

No amount of imagination could transform C.

W. R. Tepper into an "anum decrepitam," as Sostrata was represented to be. She looked hopelessly youthful, and by no means justified Micio's intense aversion to the thought of marrying her, nor was the illusion assisted by her clear, young voice. But these were the faults of nature, for Sostrata endeavoured well by art to sustain her character. Her pathetic outburst, "Ah! me miseram! quid credas jam? aut cui credas?" brought down the house, and she gave great promise for future years. The weak part of the character was her action while Geta was rushing about the stage uttering imprecations on Æschinus and all his house. On the first night she and Canthara stood as disinterested spectators some distance from one another, and in the two later performances a spasmodic jerking of the arms every few seconds did not adequately convey the idea of anile agitation.

E. G. Thorne, as Canthara, the old nurse, was excellent both in action and appearance.

F. M. Lutyens entered into the part of Geta with spirit. His deep attachment to his mistress and his fierce indignation against the supposed destroyer of her happiness were both well brought out. His angry passages were declaimed "ore rotundo," with a vehemence that must have been audible afar, though his articulation was not always distinct.

The part of Hegio was acted by C. B. Collyns with due dignity, and the beautiful lines beginning "Cognatus mihi erat" were very well delivered. But his voice had a tendency to monotone, and like Geta, though always audible, was not always intelligible.

Dromo's seven words did not give R. Mead much opportunity for displaying any concealed talent, and Parmeno required more practical instruction in the boxing of ears.

Taken as a whole the performance was a distinct success, and this was the more creditable owing to the special difficulties under which the actors laboured, from the intermission of the performance last year.

There was indeed no "star" whose lustre reduced his satellites to the semblance of lay-figures, but there was no failure. Every part, however short—no part in a piece is ever *unimportant*—had been carefully studied, and was played in most cases with great spirit, in none badly; so that the general effect was, as it ought to be, that of a complete whole.

The only obvious defects were the stiffness of movement on the stage, and the frequent feebleness of the by-play. These are the ordinary stumbling-blocks of inexperienced actors, but those who tread the historic boards of Westminster ought to rise above the level of the average amateur.

The play was as usual well dressed, though the absence of the rings so commonly worn by Athenian gentlemen seemed a slight omission, and some improvement in face-painting, notably in the case of Sostrata, was certainly possible.

The old Dormitory of College looked very well on the first evening—the 13th—with the body of the temporary theatre dressed with crimson baize and well filled with ladies, with a background of black-coated gentlemen sloping upward to the roof. Though the ladies were doubtless amused by the novelty of the scene and the excited oscillation of the canes in the gallery, yet they must have found the whole performance very incomprehensible. It seems a pity that a short analysis of the Play in the vulgar tongue is not placed in their hands (and we might add in those of the lower part of the School), so that they might take as intelligent an interest in a Play of Terence as in an Italian Opera.

Though the voice of the prompter was not unfrequently heard, only one serious hitch occurred. Syrus was however unlucky enough to have one of his most telling passages spoilt by the untoward cries of a baby in the gallery,

“quum personæ pallentis hiatum  
In gremio matris formidat rusticus infans.”

The second night—Dec. 18th—was the best. The Chair was taken by Lord Devon, and the audience, consisting largely of Old Westminsters, was most appreciative. Scarcely a point was missed, and the Prologue and Epilogue were exceedingly well received.

The Dean of Westminster took the Chair on the third night, but the audience if more dignified was less lively.

The Prologue was as usual delivered before the curtain on the second and third nights by H. P. Robinson, the Captain of the School.

Allusion was made to the many O.W.s whose loss was to be deplored during the past two years, and especially to Sir David Dundas, James Mure, Esq., and Bishop Milman of Calcutta. The introduction of a Daily School Service in the Abbey was noticed, and the foundation of the Mure Scholarship and the Marshall and Cheyne Prizes. Lastly, the suggestion lately made in the public prints that the School should be removed into the country was indignantly repudiated, and the critics triumphantly told that their attempts to disparage had resulted in the increase of the School.

The Epilogue avoiding more immediately exciting topics dealt with the question mooted some time since of the endowment of a Professor of Research.

The Professor (Syrus) is discovered seated at

a table piled with books and papers. He congratulates the Universities on having at last endowed Wisdom with fitting emoluments. The *golden* age of Professors now begins and Syrus dreams of the day when he shall have won immortal fame amid the ruins of Baconian philosophy. He rises for a gentle constitutional, but is interrupted by the crew of a four-oar in flannels, whom he apostrophizes with contemptuous sarcasm.

They are soon succeeded by Ctesipho, an “Idle Fellow” with great-coat and portmanteau. He has come up the day before for his cheque, but he cannot wait, his cab is ready, he must be off to London. As Ctesipho hastens away Syrus congratulates himself on having attained a haven of rest after his laborious work as tutor. But his peace is short lived. A knock is heard and Micio enters as Garter King of Arms, clad in gorgeous heraldic costume. As a “Professor of Research” he claims to share the endowment of Syrus, but is peremptorily expelled. Before Syrus could recover from the shock, the door is banged and Sannio bustles in as a Proctor’s Bull-dog. He offers his arm to the Professor as a fellow-labourer in the field of “research.” They are joined by the Proctor himself (Demea) in genuine velvet sleeves. He at once jumps at the notion of concurrent endowment propounded by his subordinate, and takes possession of the official chair, whence he is with difficulty driven. At last to settle such complicated claims a Royal Commissioner (Hegio) enters as a “*deus ex machina*,” bearing Letters Patent to confirm the Professor in his Chair and emoluments; and the curtain falls on a peroration in honour of the Universities, bringing to a close a “Play” generally pronounced to be well up to, if not above, the average high standard of merit attained on the Westminster stage.

### THE FIRST NIGHT.

The first performance of the “Adelphi” was given on Thursday, December 13, before an audience which, though large, was not—as indeed one could hardly expect—enthusiastic or appreciative. The house in fact was filled from the pit to the “gods,” and the ladies mustered in strong force, filling completely the seventy or eighty places allotted to them on what is generally called the “ladies” night. We cannot feel too grateful to the ladies for honouring us with their presence, as it must be, at least in the majority of cases, perfectly unintelligible to them. Their presence brightened up the house, and though they understood it not, they appeared to like the novelty of the scene. To say the representation went off without a hitch would be saying too much, and more than the most enthusiastic Westminster would care to state but



for a first night, or as the "press" are pleased to call it, "the public dress-rehearsal," it went off very well. The parts were fairly well known, but a slight lack of spirit seemed to prevail in the latter part of the play, though it is only fair to say that the last act was given with more vigour than had been anticipated, and afforded perhaps more amusement to the audience on the first night than the other acts. The most notable incidents were the presence of a baby in the "gods," who began to cry in the third act, and disturbed the gravity of Syrus, and the departure of the band after the fourth act, whereby we lost the National Anthem at the conclusion. There was no star whose light might throw the other actors into the shade, but all the parts seemed adequately filled, the ladies' ones included.

### THE SECOND NIGHT.

The performance of the Play on Tuesday the 18th of December was honoured with a large and most appreciative audience, including Lord Devon (in the Chair), Sir Robert Phillimore, Canon Farrar, Lords Justices Hannen, Denman, Thesiger, Sir Robert Baggallay, the Master of the Rolls, and many others. Scarcely a point was missed, and the acting, which showed a marked improvement throughout on that of the previous night, was thoroughly appreciated, and at times deservedly applauded. The Prologue, an excellent one—was very well received, and the audience showed in a pretty clear manner what they thought of the critics' attempt to remove and damage the School, the couplet

*Sic vos non vobis mellificastis, critica gens!  
Minuere dum studetis, augetis scholam,*

evoking a storm of applause. Perhaps the actors who carried off the palm on the second night were W. A. Cuppage, H. P. Robinson, and C. W. R. Tepper, who as Æschinus, Syrus, and Sostrata were excellent. Syrus' scene with Demea when he is sending him on a fool's errand after Micio was perhaps the best of the evening, and his "ibi est" was perfect. But the hit of the evening as regards the Play was Demea's "*Defessus sum ambulando*" when he returns after his goose-chase. E. A. Bulkeley too was suited to his part of Micio, and on the whole the second night's representation went off very well. The Epilogue, delivered for the first time, was very well received, though interest flagged somewhat towards the end. Demea again made a hit, as the Proctor and the crew of the four-oar evidently pleased the ladies most. It went without a hitch, and the curtain fell amid loud plaudits and cries for "Cap."

### THE THIRD NIGHT.

It had been predicted some weeks beforehand that the second night's success would not be surpassed by the third, and certainly in our opinion the prediction was correct. The house was perfectly full, however, on the 20th, and the audience a distinguished one, though not so appreciative as on the second night. The Very Reverend Dean Stanley took the Chair, and right glad were we to see and have him present

amongst us once more after an interval of four or five years. Sir Robert Phillimore was again present, Canon Duckworth and several other celebrities. The representation, though no doubt far from perfect, was more finished—as one might expect—than on either of the former nights, and we think it went off without any serious flaw. The Prologue was as well received as on the second night, and the Epilogue was decidedly appreciated. As regards the Play itself, we think there is no doubt as to whom the greatest praise is due—H. P. Robinson—who as Syrus even surpassed his second night's acting. The first scene was decidedly good, and the last two scenes of the fifth act had more, far more life and vigour in them than on any other night. The scene between Æschinus and Micio was very well delivered on both sides, though Micio did not find any less difficulty in the trying passage "*Erubuit, salva res est!*" than his predecessors have in former years; however, he made it one of the hits of the evening, as indeed it should always be. Demea evoked, as on the second night, shouts of laughter in his short speech beginning with "*Defessus sum ambulando,*" and Sostrata delivered her little passionate speech with much pathos. Mutes so seldom get a word of praise that we feel it our duty to say that R. S. Owen played his small part well. On the whole we think that the "Adelphi" of 1877 was by no means below the average, and we feel grateful to the Press for the very favourable criticisms they have passed on us, and we will now leave the "Adelphi" to pass into insignificance for another four years, when we hope that it may prove as successful with the new caste as it has this year.

## PROLOGUS IN ADELPHOS,

1877.

Jam nunc meum illud verbum facio Demeæ :  
Quam gaudeo ! ubi hujus generis tot superstites  
Restare video, vivere, et frui, lubet.  
En tandem, iniqua post jejunia ut dapes,  
Terentianus redditur scenæ lepor !  
Quam tristi nuper intermissus omine  
Quis nescit ? aut quot per biennium domus  
Raptos ! alumnos vident ? Ac præ ceteris  
Binos lugemus, annis et studiis pares :

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<sup>1</sup> In 1876. Paul Butler, Esq., Sir Joseph Hort, Bart., Sir Percy Burrell, Bart., Bishop Milman, Rev. L. C. Randolph, Sir Samuel Fludyer, Bart., James Mure, Esq., Rev. W. Gresley, Rev. R. Brickdale, Gerrard H. Andrewes, Esq., E. P. Colquhoun, Esq., Sir Robert Gore Booth, Bart., Cuthbert Druitt, Esq., W. M. R. Clabon, A. R. Blackie, Earl St. Germans, &c.

In 1877. Hon. W. F. Byng, Viscount Gage (a very old friend of the school), Rev. John Salter, Lord George Gordon Lennox, Sir David Dundas, W. G. Hallett, Esq., H. R. Rogers, W. H. Hyett, Esq., W. Benthall, Esq., H. L. Haden, W. G. Dyce, Lieut. N. W. T. Bosanquet, Sir Matthew W. Ridley, Bart., E. E. Mason, Tudor Lavie, Esq., Rev. J. A. Frere, Admiral Rous, George Darby, Esq. (a constant attendant at the Play), F. Noyes and C. Noyes (twin brothers), &c. &c.

Olim Senatûs alterum <sup>2</sup> ac Fori decus,  
 Convivam ad mensas omnibus gratissimum  
 Artium amatorem, nobis auctorem boni.  
 Lares ad nostros alterum <sup>3</sup> notissimum,  
 Musis amicum, mitem, benevolum, pium,  
 Senem dulcissimum, ut gestandus in sinu  
 Fuerit—tironum hic sedulo imperitiam  
 Qui præsens sublevabat, consiliis juvans,  
 Gestu decorum quid sit, aut quæ gratia  
 Desit loquelæ : qui Terentio jocos  
 Subjicere proprios nôrat, Atticos sales ;  
 Unicus amator, unicum decus Scholæ :  
 De quo nunquam ita magnificè quicquam dixerim  
 Quin verba virtus superet illius mea !  
 Nec illum <sup>4</sup> taceam, cui longinquis in plagis  
 Indis verendo cunctis nuper Episcopo  
 Medium interrupit mors superveniens opus.  
 Ad alia vero quod attinet, quid sit novi  
 Si nôsse vultis : de sacris rebus loqui <sup>5</sup>  
 Vix tempust hic, tamen est quod possem dicere :  
 Dein istud placuit, posthac ut in Collegium  
 Inrandi major copia <sup>6</sup> fiat advenis :  
 Præmiaque ingeniis plura posita sunt nova,  
 Præsertim dulcis memoria illius senis <sup>7</sup>  
 Ut posteris perennet, et quæ nomine  
 Magistros <sup>8</sup> referant, emeritos nostrâ domo.  
 Non me id sollicitat, quamvis pertinaciter  
 Urbani assidui cives quos scurras vocant  
 Infausta vaticinentur, rumores serant ;  
 Dum vera falsis malevolè contaminant,  
 Pro lubitu fingunt res, et adfirmant fore ;  
 Quæ neque sunt neque futura sunt illi sciunt ;  
 Aut si quis forte, parasitaster parvolus  
 Nos probris insectetur, et Terentium  
 Noxæ ipsum insimulet, O ! sed ipse sentiet  
 Posterius, nolo in illum gravius dicere.  
 Quin pueris jam non sufficit adfluentibus  
 Locus :—quid illis fiat, id ipsum quæritur.  
 Nosne ergo priscis exulemus sedibus ?  
 Terentius noster propriâ pellatur domo ?  
 Tam parvolam ob rem pene e patria ? non puto !  
 Sic vos non vobis mellificâstis, critica gens <sup>9</sup> ?  
 Minuere dum studetis, augetis scholam.

## EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS, 1877.

*Syrus, as the new Professor of "Research," is seated in a studious attitude at a Library table, which is heaped up with books and papers.*

*Syrus.* Tandem Academiiis, quas Camus lambit et Isis,  
 Justus habetur honos, consuliturque probè !

<sup>2</sup> Sir David Dundas.

<sup>3</sup> James Mure, Esq.

<sup>4</sup> Bishop Milman (Calcutta).

<sup>5</sup> Introduction of Daily School Service in the Abbey.

<sup>6</sup> Governors' Resolution to alter restriction as to Competition for College.

<sup>7</sup> Foundation of Mure Scholarship, by Old Westminster.

<sup>8</sup> Marshall and Cheyne Prizes.

<sup>9</sup> The recent correspondence relating to the School in the Newspapers has led to a large increase in the applications for admission. Efforts are being made to provide additional accommodation for Boarders.

Hos Sophia illustres animo securo recessus  
 Tranquillo, et meritis dotibus aucta, colit.  
*Aurea* jam in terris procedent ordine longo  
 Sæcla Professorum, splendida luce novâ.  
 Ipse inter primos Scrutator mentis acumen  
 Intendo vigilans, exacuoque meum.  
 15 Usque sequor verum ! Ah ! mihi quando 'Εὐρηκα'  
 licebit  
 Dicere, et æternum corripuisse decus.  
 Nil detrectârîm ;—an turris subeunda Baconi ?  
 Si sic decretum est, in caput illa ruat !  
 20 Dis placeat precor ! (*Looks at his watch.*) At spatio  
 me incedere noto,  
 Ut mos est, lentis passibus hora monet.  
 (*Looking for his cap.*)  
 25 Pileus ast ubi sit ? teneo !  
 (*Marches meditatively round the stage for a  
 "constitutional," enter in the back five  
 Undergraduates, in white boating costume.*)  
 1st Und. (*pointing to Syrus*) Quisnam ille ?  
 2nd Und. Professor.  
 30 Non nôras quæso hunc ? 1st Und. Quid docet ille ?  
 2nd Und. Nihil !  
 Res solet abstrusas investigare, cerebro  
 Assidûè texens tenuia fila suo !  
 35 1st Und. Doctus araneolus sanè ! at quid nunc agit ?  
 2nd Und. Altè  
 Cogitat ! illud agit, prætereaque— (*Syrus looks re-  
 proachfully towards them.*) 1st Und. Tace !  
 Syr. (*pointing*) En ! juvenes culti ! gregis exemplaria  
 40 nostri !  
 En ! Academiæ maxima causa mali !  
 Hi sunt, ut reor, athletæ ; crassissima corda !  
 Remigii albatos quos sacer urget amor !  
 (*Exeunt Und.*)  
 45 Quid tandem juvat usque docendo perdere tempus ?  
 Cur saxum volvit "tutor" inane miser ?  
 Quid schola *prima—secunda—quid ultima* denique  
 prosit !  
 Vix ea sunt vero vilia digna sopho !  
 (*Takes a turn up and down the stage.*)  
 Sat cursum hunc egi ?  
 (*Meets Ctesipho, an "Idle Fellow" with great  
 coat, bag, and umbrella.*)  
 Ah, salve, mi ! Insuetus Athenis  
 Quam rem agis hic ? *Ctesipho.* Quam rem ? Cau-  
 tus, ut antè, meam.  
 Syr. Quippe inter socios segnes numeraris ? avitæ  
 Qui Matris siccant ubera, aguntque nihil ! (*aside.*)  
 Ctes. Sic vocitor ! tamen officium bis strenuus anno  
 Præsto hic ; quæ merui, fœnera prompta peto !  
 Me licet haud *socium residentem* rite vocâris,  
 Hâc in re *residem* nemo habiturus erit.  
 Syr. Omnibus in promptu dos cara ! an veneris, oro,  
 Nuper ? Ctes. Heri ! Syr. In præsens quid medi-  
 tatis ? Ctes. Iter  
 Londinum repeto : stat rheda parata : vale tu ! (*exit.*)  
 Syr. Mi plaudo ipse domi ! Ah ! vita serena mea  
 est.  
 Priscæ me sortis tædebat ; Mentor ineptos  
 Quum juvenes *monui sedulus* esse probos !  
 Arduum erat, durumque ! Inveni denique portum,  
 Ingenio dignum munus, opusque meo !



Me doctæ miseret turbæ, quos tristis Egestas,  
Et malesuada Fames, atraque Cura premunt  
(*reclining easily in his arm-chair*).

Oblecto me hic! hæc Academia otia fecit  
Grata mihi! (*Knocking heard at the door.*) Quid-  
nam hoc? insonuere fores!  
(*Enter Micio, as Garter King of Arms.*)

Quisnam tu? *Micio.* Vir docte, rogo te, quid velis  
istud

Schema Academiae propositumque novum?  
Scilicet occultos qui rerum exquirere fontes  
Nôrint, hos (fama est) præmia larga manent!  
*Syr.* Sic est. *Mic.* Ah! laudo factum! hæc provincia  
nostra est!

Antiquarium enim nos profitemur opus.  
Obscuras stirpes radicibus exploramus:  
Edimus in lucem, quæ latuere prius.  
Ap Jones, Ap Jenkyns, Ap Rees, Ap Powys, Ap  
Howell (*unfolding a long scroll*)—  
Usque ad primævum dinumeramus Adam!  
Anne tuum ausus eris nostro æquiparare laborem,  
Nugas cum tractes? Eia, age! Cede loco!  
(*Advances to turn him out of his chair.*)

De cathedrâ descende tuâ! *Syr.* (*angrily*) Exi, fur-  
cifer! aut te

Jam servi expellent! (*Pushes him off the stage.*)  
Discrucior! perii!

Grandia turbantur penitus concepta cerebri;  
Con-que-catenatæ diffugiunt ideæ!  
Quid faciam? (*Another very loud knock is heard.*)  
Ecce! iterum strepitus!

(*Enter Sannio as a Proctor's Bull-dog, who offers  
him his arm.*)

*Sannio.* Tibi, docte fidelem  
Adjutorem operis me sociare decet.  
*Syr.* Quis tu? *San.* Indagator celeberrimus, atque  
Molossus!

Umbra Procuratorem assequor assidua!  
Insisto juvenum gressus; huc cursito, et illuc  
More canis, metam certus adire datam!  
Cauponæ mihi sunt notæ omnes; *Insignia Regis*,<sup>1</sup>  
*Mitra*;<sup>2</sup> ac *Stella Vetus*,<sup>3</sup> *Virgineumque Caput*;<sup>4</sup>  
Nullus in Urbe locus me usquam latet, angivepor-  
tum;

Nec Sancti Thomæ quæ plaga nomen habet.  
Quisnam eat infitias? Academicus Inquisitor  
Sum plane. (*Holds out his hand to Syrus.*) Argenti  
da mihi dimidium!

*Syr.* Argenti! *San.* An tu aliquâ communem ex  
parte salutem

Auxisti? *Syr.* Ludos me facis, illepide!  
Pistrinum tu gustabis! (*Enter Demea as Proctor.*)

*Demea.* Defessus sum ambu-  
lando, *altam* trivi terque quaterque *viam*!  
Effusus labor est scrutanti pænè,—togata  
Gens nusquam; in toto pilea nulla loco.  
(*Catches sight of Sannio.*)

Ah! tibi quid fuerit demiror, amice, negoti  
Hic? *San.* Causam nostram quippe, magister,  
ago.

Inquisitores, nôsti, sumus. *Syr.* Inventores,

At rarò! liquet id! *San.* Sed sine dote sumus.  
*Dem.* Verè ais! idcirco (*goes up to Syrus*) necum  
tu divide honorem.

(*Tries to take a seat in Syrus' chair.*)  
Sint cathedræ, si non sufficit una, duæ.

*Syr.* "Tu legem violas! Vice-Cancellarius istud  
Judicet; at valeas tuque, canisque tuus.

(*Drives them to the back of the stage.*)  
Quid feci ut probra hæc paterer? (*Enter Hegio, as  
one of the new Commissioners.*) *Hegio.* Præclare  
Professor!

Quid turbæ est? *Syr.* (*advancing sympathetically*)  
Duce te, lætor! Apollo mihi es!

Nam Delegatis tute ex illustribus unus,  
Nostræ omnis nuper quæis data cura rei est.

Audi! Academiae vexat sermone maligno  
Nosmet majores invida turba deos,

Detrusisse volunt solliis!" *Heg.* "Ah! pone timorem!  
In pretio semper, crede, Professor erit.

Optima vivendi nostro lex obtinet ævo;  
Nimirum, ut placeas, morem et ubique geras:

Nobis commissum est fræni moderamine cauto  
Conservare vetus, fingere rite novum.

Apto consilio sic fingere sacra profanis  
Ut sit pro bello pax, et amica quies!

Corrigit, et quæ sint partim vitiosa recidit  
Vir sapiens; quæ fas, ista secundat ope.

Artium enim fabricas, mercaturamque Bonarum  
Grantam hodie reputes, Oxoniamque, meras.

Nunc Cathedram tibi quæ confirmet, ecce! "Pa-  
tentis

Literæ!" (*Hands him a paper.*) At inventis sit  
mora nulla tuis!

(*Comes forward and continues to the Audience.*)  
Sat lulum! veniam detis, si visa, Patroni,  
Indulsisse nimis musa proterva jocis.

Quem puerum Almarum haud tangit Reverentia  
Matrum

Debita? quis non has suspicit ore pio?  
Cui non in votis Grantæ feliciter olim

Se recipi gremio est, seu Rhedycina, tuo?  
Nempe ambabus inest sacræ Custodibus Arcis

Lumen inextinctum, perpetuosque vigor.  
Latius effusus illo de fonte salubres

Doctrinæ rivos Anglia tota bibat!  
Mutatæ, sed non aliæ, volventibus annis,

Ut prius, erudiant, nobilitentque suos!

*Floreat.*

## School Notes.

It must have been noticed by nearly all who attended the Play on the first night that the usual "God save the Queen" at the termination of the piece was omitted. This we understand was entirely a mistake and a most deplorable one; for we quite agree with "one who, is influenced by last impressions" (see Correspondence), that it is a great thing to send away an audience in a good humour at the last moment. It was a very grave error on the part of those to whom is entrusted the keeping of order behind the scenes, and the only

<sup>1</sup> The "King's Arms."

<sup>2</sup> The "Star."

<sup>3</sup> The "Mitre."

<sup>4</sup> The "Maidenhead."

defence they appear to have is that nobody noticed the band going away at all ; every one appears to have been at the sack-whey, or somewhere out of the theatre, so that the musicians were allowed to depart unmolested, and great was the ruefulness of the faces of the actors when the call came for "God save the Queen."

THE same correspondent who sends us the verses on the "Characters of the Adelphi" also forwards us the following stanza, which will be seen to be in the form of an acrostic :—

"An old man has two sons, and one of these  
Doth give his brother, who the youth neglecteth,  
Eldest but flightiest ; and he, to please  
Love-smitten Ctesipho, his love protecteth.  
Poor Æschinus endeavours to appease  
His own love, who his honesty suspecteth  
Irate ; until at last old Demea all correcteth."

It may be somewhat lacking in lucidity, but "brevity is the soul of wit."

### THE PROLOGUE.

Now may I cry with Demea in the Play,  
"How I rejoice to see the present day  
Marshals our audience in order due,"  
And that the play postponed, revives anew,  
For now we hail, like feasting after fast,  
Terence returning to our stage at last ;  
Who knows not the sad cause of that delay ?  
How many these two years have snatch'd away ?  
Full many a friend has left for evermore  
This worldly stage ; yet one we must deplore,  
Kind, gentle, good, his memory we revere ;  
A loyal son, he held his old School dear.  
Beloved by all, how oft did he prepare  
Our youthful actors by his patient care ;  
How often by example strove to teach  
The grace of gesture, and the charm of speech ;  
Our Epilogues, too, sparkled with his wit,  
His School's delight, he took delight in it.  
Whatever tribute to his fame we raise,  
His worth must still exceed all words of praise.

And next, to show what the departing year  
Has chiefly realized of changes here :  
Although 'twere possible, 'tis scarce, I trow,  
The time to speak of sacred subjects now.  
Of other news, the greatest is the last.  
Our Governors—'tis but a fortnight past—  
Resolved, old prejudices cast aside,  
To throw the gates of College open wide ;  
So that competing, after one more year  
Strangers might seek and win admission here.  
Besides, for two new Prizes we may strive,  
In which our former Masters' names survive.  
While by another, honour due we pay  
To his loved memory who has pass'd away.  
Each day more come and seek to enter here  
Lest room should fail us now, is what we fear.  
Ye critics ! of your censures see the fruit !  
The School you hoped to crush you still recruit.

### VERSICLES ON THE CHARACTERS IN THE "ADELPHI."

EASY-GOING, Overflowing With the milk of kindness, Micio we See his showy Son adore to blindness.	Who alive is, And a <i>civis</i> , Not what they had thought her. One whose <i>vouls</i> is Like a mouse's Wanted some such sharp girl, As that luting, Tooting-fluting, Fascinating harp-girl. Æschinus, "a Festive cuss" a Yankee would have call'd him, He, we hope then Did not mope when Nuptial bonds enthral'd him.
Micio he Thinks a showy Youth may just too far go, And should tremble To dissemble, And at once to Pa go.	Geta, braving his Foes and slaving, his Mistress to preserve, I Think hast rapt us With the <i>captus</i> , Of Athenian <i>servi</i> .
Then too Demea's Most abstemious, Quite unlike his brother, Very crusty, With disgust he Has his wrath to smother.	Syrus reeling, Drunk, appealing To the angry <i>wise one</i> , "Rem constabi- Lisses ; abi ;" Sure ! may well surprise one.
And then wily, Very slyly, Brings the commons over ; For Micio's pains The thanks he gains, And lives himself in clover.	
Ctesipho too, Stoopeth low to Find their old friend's daughter,	

### Correspondence.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

T. U. V. No ; thanks ; we are content with Terence and Plautus.  
ALTER. No such change is necessary. Why alter the usual spelling of Terence ? one "r" is sufficient.

The subscription for 1878 to *The Elizabethan* is as usual 4s.  
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The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his Correspondents.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ELIZABETHAN.

DEAR SIR,—Does the Play every year begin at the same early time as it did this year ? I do not remember finding the same difficulty in being in time as I experienced this year, two years ago. I am sure I see no reason why the Play should begin so much earlier than all other entertainments in London, unless it be to preserve a distinction between it and ordinary theatres, and if that is the object, I should fancy that its general character rendered it unnecessary. Hoping to have more time to eat my dinner next year, I remain, Yours, &c., EPICURUS.

(This seems a very sore subject with a great number of correspondents, all of whom have their complaints on the difficulty of dining in time. We are very sorry for them, but it has always been the case that the Play should commence at 6.30, and no alteration is likely to be made for the comfort of a few Correspondents' stomachs.—Ed.)

Many letters have been temporarily omitted from want of space.—Ed.)

Floreat.