



# The Elizabethan.

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## THE 'TRINUMMUS.'

It is impossible to compare a play with that which preceded it a year ago. We would therefore hesitate to pronounce absolutely on the merits of the 'Trinummus,' 1897. Our self-satisfaction in hearing the praises heaped upon the performance, in hearing it called a better play than any for an uncertain number of years—ranging between six and sixty—is somewhat damped when we look back at older records, and find that the same has been written down in this paper and in the ledger in whatsoever year we choose to look. We will therefore modestly content ourselves by declaring this year's play above the average, and by accepting a master's criticism that, considering the poor show on the dress rehearsal, the first night was the best he had known.

A readily admitted fact, however, was the excellence of this year's Epilogue. We need say little about it, as our correspondent has already dealt with it. Its only fault, perhaps, was that it was a little too good for its audience, and owing to this an exceedingly clever dialogue (not a common thing in epilogues) was suffered to fall rather flat.

With regard to the audience, we were much struck with its lack of powers to appreciate. This was especially marked on the second night. Never, perhaps, were there so few Old Westminsters of some standing, while of the visitors invited few accepted and still fewer came. There was little to detain men in town last December. Such as came, moreover, were content to listen in silence. The 'I modo' scene was almost ignored. Proper names in the Epilogue seemed to move them, but that was all.

Owing to a private bereavement last year's Chremes, who seemed cut out for Charmides, was obliged to resign his part. A hurried alteration had to be made in the cast in consequence, and fears were entertained of the success of the play. Thanks to tremendous energy, however, and constant rehearsals, such a fate was averted. We give the plot of the play for such as have forgotten it:—

The extravagance of his son, Lesbonicus, has obliged Charmides to undertake a voyage to Seleucia, leaving him and his daughter to the care of Callicles, and before sailing he has buried in his house a large sum of money. Lesbonicus, however, having spent all his available cash, has put up the house for sale, upon which Callicles, fearing lest the treasure should be discovered, buys it himself, and takes up his abode in it.

Act I.—Megaronides, hearing of the conduct of Callicles, comes to reproach him, and Callicles is forced, in self-defence, to reveal the secret of the buried treasure.

Act II.—Lysiteles and Philto come on in conversation, in the course of which Lysiteles confesses his love for Lesbonicus's sister, and persuades his father to allow him to marry her without a dowry. Philto accordingly proposes this to Lesbonicus, who, much to the disgust of Stasimus, insists on giving as his sister's dowry a field, the only remnant of his fortune. Stasimus, by dint of artful lying, tries to dissuade Philto from buying the field, but no final arrangement is made.

Act III.—Lysiteles endeavours to persuade Lesbonicus not to insist upon the dowry, depicting in forcible terms the ruin of the family, but Lesbonicus cannot bear the thought of his sister marrying a rich man without a penny of her own. He at last breaks away impatiently, followed by Lysiteles, and Stasimus is left to bewail his probable future life as a soldier's man-of-all-work. Megaronides and Callicles then approach: the former suggests the following device for providing a dowry for the girl, without exciting the suspicions of Lesbonicus, who would quickly squander the rest of the money if he found out where the

dowry came from. They decide, in fact, to borrow from the buried treasure. Their plan is as follows: A man is to be hired who will bring forged letters ostensibly from Charmides with a remittance for the dowry.

Act IV.—Charmides, however, unexpectedly returns. He praises the gods for his safe arrival after a rough passage, and is just about to enter the house, when he catches sight of the Sycophant, and questions him as to his name and business. The Sycophant returns absurd answers, but makes no secret of his errand. However, when put to the question, he cannot recollect the name of his friend who entrusted him with the thousand Philippeans. At length Charmides discloses his identity, and demands the money. The Sycophant is at first incredulous, but even when finally convinced, keeps up his effrontery, and swaggers off with a curse at Charmides for coming home. Again, as the old man is about to enter the house, he is stopped by the appearance of Stasimus in a state of half intoxication, and moralising on his stupidity in losing his ring in a wine shop. He addresses him, and learns the ruin of his property, his son's bad ways, the sale of the house, and the treachery as he supposes of Callicles. He well-nigh faints in the arms of his slave. The loud voices in the street bring out Callicles from the house, in the act of digging up the treasure; they enter to talk the matter over.

Act V.—Charmides comes out, praising Callicles for his honesty and loyalty. Lysiteles approaches from behind, and introduces himself to Charmides as his future son-in-law, to which he readily consents, and promises the thousand Philippeans as dowry. The play ends with the forgiveness of Lesbonicus, and his dutiful acceptance of Callicles's daughter, or anyone else his father chooses as his wife, and a promise to withdraw in future 'from wild and evil courses.'

#### THE FIRST NIGHT.

This was Thursday, December 16. The house was well filled, and there were a fair amount of Old Westminsters. The acting was an

immense improvement on that of any of the rehearsals. The Epilogue was well received, though of course the quotations were inadequately appreciated.

#### THE SECOND NIGHT.

The second night was Monday, December 20. The Prologue went fairly well, despite an attempt of the band to set it to music. The Old Westminsters turned up in scanty numbers, and some of them so far forgot themselves as to go up and talk loudly among the gods while the play was on. Comment is superfluous. As usual, the Dean was in the chair, and his party included Lord Justice Rigby, Mr. Justice Darling, Mr. Justice Phillimore, the American and Servian Ambassadors, Sir Henry Howarth, M.P., Mr. Henry James, and Mr. St. John Parry.

#### THE THIRD NIGHT.

The third night was Wednesday, December 22. With a full house, and no O.W.W. among the gods, the whole performance went brilliantly. The chair was taken by Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, and among the guests in the Head-Master's party were Mr. Justice Chitty, Mr. Justice Kennedy, the Head-Masters of Bradfield and Leamington, Sir E. Barnes, and Mr. C. L. Eastlake.

#### Play Notes.

THE Prologue was written by the Head-Master. It referred to the recent death of Sir Augustus Phillimore and the raising of his cousin, Sir Walter Phillimore, to the Bench, and to the retirement of Lord Esher, while it declined to say anything further on the subject of the Jubilee, which came in last year's prologue.

The Press was perhaps more indifferent to us than usual, especially after the second night. It was, however, entirely favourable. Even the *Standard* seems to have abandoned much of its wrath against the acting editions, and contented itself with comparing the 'Trinumus' to Shakespeare.

The *Daily Telegraph* endeavoured to translate the Epilogue before the third night, with a pitiable result.

The *South African Review*, which was materially interested in the Epilogue, the *Gentlewoman*, the *Speaker* and the *Lancet* all mentioned the play for the first time. The *Lancet* suggested we should adopt the 'Menæchmi,' the better to draw a 'medical' audience.

There was no illustration of the play this year in any of the large weeklies.

The *Daily Graphic* artist, Mr. R. M. B. Paxton, drew the actors on the first play night with much success.

The Epilogue was written by Mr. R. K. Gaye, of Trinity College, Cambridge. Contrary to the usage of some years past, it followed the action and parodied the speeches of the play in a very clever manner. Its want of caninity was much admired.



## THE 'TRINUMMUS,' 1897.

MEGARONIDES . . . . .	<i>W. R. Le G. Jacob.</i>
CALLICLES . . . . .	<i>A. S. Gaye.</i>
LYSITELES . . . . .	<i>A. C. L. Wood.</i>
PHILTO . . . . .	<i>F. Waterfield.</i>
LESBONICUS . . . . .	<i>E. E. Cotterill.</i>
STASIMUS . . . . .	<i>G. H. Bernays.</i>
CHARMIDES . . . . .	<i>F. T. Barrington-Ward.</i>
SYCOPHANT . . . . .	<i>H. R. Flack.</i>

## PROLOGUS IN TRINUMMUM, 1897.

Est aliquid vos primumdum quod monitos velim ;  
 Quoium in locum successi, is certe non probi  
 Nec liberalis functust officium viri.  
 Nam itast, ut scitis, in recitandis prologis,  
 5 Vix quit iam dici quod non dictumst antea ;  
 Tamen argumentum ille occupavit prae loqui  
 Orationis nostrae, quasi foret suom.  
 Expletumst anno, non illius sed meo,  
 Quod nullis unquam contigit mortalibus,  
 10 Eiusdem ut reginae auspiciis annos prospere  
 Iam sexaginta gesta res sit poplica.  
 Etsi ipse id gratulari civibus volo,  
 Inducere hoc in animum non possum tamen,  
 Quae praemonstrator voluit, fabularier.  
 15 Hac igitur fabulandi missa copia,  
 Rationem nostri insistam solitam prologi.  
 Qui nostro aliquando in numero conscriptust  
 semel  
 Habet hoc insculptum pectori, quasdam poplo  
 Satis notas gentes esse adeo implicitas fide  
 20 Nobiscum antiqua amoris consuetudine,  
 Ut nos ab illis, illae a nobis sentiant,  
 Boni si alterutris quid ceciderit seu mali.  
 Ut me aequomst, tali e gente qui ipse ortus fui,<sup>1</sup>  
 Sum maestus, fateor, gaudeoque idem simul,  
 25 Quom mecum reputo quae his expertast men-  
 sibus  
 Ex illis una quas memoravi gentibus.  
 Sex olim fratres<sup>2</sup> eadem huc emisit domus :  
 Hinc illi postquam abierunt, unus proelio  
 Perit in primo, ceteri faustam magis  
 30 Fortunam abusi, rem gerebant strenue,  
 Militia praecellentes, litteris, foro.

So please you, friends, before the play begins,  
 Hear how I've suffered for another's sins :  
 My predecessor, as you'll all agree,  
 Was neither kind nor generous to me.  
 You know what prologues are ; we're puzzled sore  
 To say a thing that's not been said before ;  
 But he—such heartless conduct should be known—  
 Purloined my theme and gave it as his own !  
 My year, not his, beheld the glorious scene  
 When all the world paid homage to our Queen,  
 Hailing the advent of that glorious day  
 Which crowned the unrivalled honours of her sway.  
 I'd like to exercise my proper right  
 And take this topic for my speech to-night,  
 But pride forbids the wish ; I will not deign,  
 The tale once told, to tell it you again.  
 So now you know the reason, if I seem  
 To merge the greater in the lesser theme.

Now all who in our ranks have been enrolled  
 From time to time, require not to be told  
 That certain families of name renowned  
 To us by strong and ancient ties are bound.  
 So close the bond, that whatsoe'er befall,  
 Sorrow or joy, from one extends to all.  
 I, too, with them by kinship close allied,  
 This day am filled with mingled joy and pride,  
 When I recall the fortunes of one race  
 That in our annals holds an honoured place.

Six brothers, scions of one house, of yore  
 Were numbered in our ranks : their boyhood o'er,  
 In his first battle one was slain ; the rest,  
 Each in his sphere by fame and fortune blessed,  
 With sword and pen, in camp and court, excelled,

Thomas Nelson Waterfield, T.B. 1811-14, Q.S. 1814-17, father of Sir Henry Waterfield, K.C.S.I., T.B. 1845-51, Q.S. (Captain) 1851-53, father of the present Captain.

<sup>2</sup> John George Phillimore, M.P., T.B. 1817-20, K.S. 1820-24 ; Sir Robert Joseph Phillimore, Bart., T.B. 1820-24, K.S. 1824-28 ; Charles Bagot Phillimore, T.B. 1827-32, K.S. 1832-35 ; Greville Phillimore, T.B. 1831-32 ; Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, K.C.B., T.B. 1833-34 ; Richard Phillimore, T.B. 1834-36, K.S. 1836-37, Q.S. 1837-40.

Neque unquam, utcunque sollicitos negotia  
Poplica tenebant, ideo curabant minus  
Acerrume servire nostris commodis.

35 Abierunt cuncti hi fratres communem in locum;  
Quod vita excessit nuper qui diutius  
Superstes illis fuerat, hoc est quod movet  
Tum desiderio mentem, quom causa est quoque  
Quor genti amicae res perhibeam prosperas.

40 Ex stirpe hac vetere suboles crevit liberum  
Qui nobis quae velimus etiam ipsi volunt;  
Inde ortumst illud quod nunc pergo dicere.  
Die eodem ferme quo gens exstinctast patrum—  
Patres enim autumamus quos fratres prius—

45 Imagines maiorum, praclare sua  
Re gesta, illustriores fecit filius,<sup>1</sup>  
In eum proventus in re poplica locum  
Populi quem tenuit magno cum plausu pater.<sup>2</sup>  
Dicturust iura is iure qui patris sui

50 Contagione iura didicit dicere.  
Quas partes iam suscepit postulo et volo  
Pari ut cum laude tot per annos transigat,  
Senex quot ille noster qui<sup>3</sup> cessit suo  
Loco quem caperet noster inter iudices.

Yet ever, 'midst the cares of office, held  
Our memory dear, and strove, nor strove in vain,  
By service true our gratitude to gain.

These brothers all have paid the common debt,  
And while we yield our tribute of regret  
To him, the last survivor of them all,  
Who lately passed away, we may recall  
The happy fortune which to-day attends  
A house, whose sons have ever been our friends.

From out the parent stock there sprang a race  
Like to their fathers, lovers of this place,  
And, strange to tell, close on the very day  
That saw one generation pass away,  
When that last brother left the light, a son  
Fresh honours for an honoured house had won,  
Preferred to that high office of the State  
Which, praised by all, his father held of late.  
Most justly he the name of Judge has earned,  
Who from his sire the Judge's lore has learned.  
Long may he play his part! long may his name  
Be known and honoured, rivalling the fame  
Of him whose vacant office he will hold,  
That veteran of the Bench, our friend of old.

I. F. S.

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter George Frank Phillimore, Bart., T.B. 1857-59, Q.S. 1859-63, Justice of the High Court 1897.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Robert J. Phillimore was Judge of the High Court of Admiralty 1867-75, of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division 1875-83.

<sup>3</sup> Lord Esher, T.B. 1830-33.

EPILOGUS IN TRINUMMUM,  
1897.

PERSONAE

STASIMUS . . . . .	<i>An inn-keeper, servant of Lesbonicus</i>	G. H. BERNAYS.
MEGARONIDES . . . . .	<i>A journalist</i>	W. R. L. JACOB.
CALLICLES . . . . .	<i>A schoolmaster</i>	A. S. GAYE.
LESBONICUS . . . . .	<i>A cricketer</i>	E. Æ. COTTERILL.
PHILTO . . . . .	<i>An African millionaire and moneylender</i>	F. WATERFIELD.
LYSITELES . . . . .	<i>Junior partner in the firm of Philto &amp; Son</i>	A. C. L. WOOD.
CHARMIDES . . . . .	<i>A gentleman gone to Klondyke</i>	F. T. BARRINGTON-WARD.
SYCOPHANTA . . . . .	<i>An adventurer</i>	H. R. FLACK.

Scene—A STREET NEAR WESTMINSTER; ON ONE SIDE THE HOUSE OF CHARMIDES, FOR SALE; ON THE OTHER AN INN KEPT BY STASIMUS.

[As the curtain rises, an auction is proceeding.]

ST. It venum, it venum, it domus haec optabilis!  
ME. Assem  
Unum ego; nam quod non est opus, asse nimis  
Carumst.  
ST. Heia, asine! est domus haec Rigaudibus ipsis  
Pulchrior, et nulla commoditate caret.

[As the curtain rises, an auction is proceeding.]

ST. Come, going, this commodious residence.  
ME. I'll bid a bob, though 'tisn't worth two pence.  
ST. Bid higher—advantages of every kind,  
Better than Rigauds' best, you here will find.

- CA. Centum quinquaginta ego do sestertia.  
 ST. Venum it, Venum it,  
 It venum ! ivit ! (*brings down his hammer.*)  
 ME. (*satirically.*) Habes !  
 ST. (*suggestively.*) Res bene gesta ; tamen  
 Nil mihi das.  
 CA. Timeo Stasimos et dona petentes :  
 Sed mihi nunc dominus conveniendus erit.  
 ST. Ille quidem Ovali certamen ludit in agro.

[*Enter LESBONICUS.*]

- Sed video reducem. (*to LESBONICUS*) Postulat  
 emptor erum.  
 LE. Cuncta expectanti veniunt.  
 CA. Ades aedibus emptis :  
 Dedecoris tanti nil pudet ?  
 LE. Immo nihil.  
 CA. Pro victu quid ages ?  
 LE. Quid ? carmina regia condam.  
 ME. Nescioquid maius nascitur Austinide.  
 LE. Ranjitsinhji librum scripsit ; cur non ego carmen ?  
 ME. Argutos inter non olor, anser eris.  
 LE. (*reciting.*) 'At regina gravi iamdudum saucia cura'—  
 ME. Et Dido et Dodo iam periere diu !  
 CA. Publi Vergilii sunt istaec verba Maronis.  
 LE. Vergilii ? non sunt ; sunt mea ; nam quotiens  
 Haec olim repetebam illa tibi parvulus aula !  
 Sed venit, en, Philto Lysitelesque meus.

[*Enter PHILTO and LYSITELES.*]

- PH. Tene modo audivi versus recitare Latinos,  
 Quos schola depretiat plurima, nulla colit ?  
 LE. Quid ? numnam Gothici versus abolere Latinos  
 Conantur ?  
 LY. Forte et ludicra nostra adiment.  
 ME. Quis tu detrectas versus impune Latinos ?  
 O mendacilocum vanidicumque caput.  
 Tu Kimberleis dudum debere metallis :  
 Illicitus lapidum diceris emptor !  
 PH. Eho,  
 Improbe, talia mi tu audes, fraudator et ipse,  
 Dicere ?  
 ME. Mendaces tu sociique tui :  
 Laudabunt alii clarum Rhodon et Matabeles,  
 Ferratasque tuas, o Buluvaio, vias.  
 Occupet Hessiculum scabies ! Criticus mihi nil est  
 Africanus. O Verum ! o Tempora !  
 LY. Sed cave ne  
 Tempora mutantur.  
 ME. Sed non ego mutator in illis.  
 PH. Sit licet iniunctum, litera scripta manet.  
 LE. Nolite in tali re vos iurgare : Latinos  
 Defendam versus callidus ipse pila,  
 Et pro te, Philto, nobiscum natus agat rem.  
 (*to LYSITELES*) Iactemus.

- CA. I bid ten thousand.  
 ST. Going ! Going ! Gone !  
 ME. You've got it now.  
 ST. And very wisely done—  
 Excuse me, might I just suggest—my fee ?  
 CA. When seeking gifts no Stasimus for me.  
 I've got to go and meet my spendthrift ward.  
 ST. He's playing cricket on the Oval's sward.

[*Enter LESBONICUS.*]

- But here he is. (*To LESB.*) The agent wants his  
 master.  
 LE. Well, wanting doesn't make him come the faster.  
 CA. Doesn't this business shame you ?  
 LE. Shame be blowed !  
 CA. But how'll you live ?  
 LE. I'll write a royal ode.  
 ME. I fear poor Alfred won't be laureate long.  
 LE. If Ranji writes a book, can't I a song ?  
 ME. No swan, methinks, but cackling goose you'll  
 prove.  
 LE. (*recites*) 'The queen, long smitten with the dart  
 of love—'  
 ME. Dido's extinct as Dodo, luckless bird.  
 CA. Why 'twas a line of Vergil's that you heard.  
 LE. Vergil's ? They're mine ; as Rep. I'd have you  
 know,  
 Up-school I've said them fifty times or so.

[*Enter PHILTO and LYSITELES.*]

- PH. Weren't you just now reciting Latin verses  
 On which the schoolmasters all heap their  
 curses ?  
 LE. The Vandals bid all Latin verse begone ?  
 LY. The Play they'll want suppressed before they've  
 done.  
 ME. (*to PH.*) To do all this so you're the man who  
 tries ?  
 Your head's as full of nonsense as of lies.  
 Give Kimberley or give De Beers a trial,  
 For I.D.B. is just about your style.  
 PH. What of your swindles ? This to me from you !  
 ME. Liar yourself, your friends are liars too.  
 Rhodes and his Kaffirs let another praise,  
 And Buluwayo's brand-new iron ways.  
 A plague on H—ss, and on his critic too—  
 O Truth ! O Times !  
 LY. Stop, stop, I think that you  
 Forget times change.  
 ME. But not myself, my boy.  
 PH. Yet letters no injunction can destroy.  
 LE. Hush, listen : I can play the game of cricket,  
 And I'll defend the verses at the wicket.  
 (*To PH.*) For you your son shall do his best to win.  
 (*To LY.*) Let's toss.

LY. Capita !  
 LE. Ah ! sunt capita ; ergo in eas.  
 Arbiter es nobis, Stasime. (*bowling* LYSITELES)  
 Eboracensis ut ille  
 Iactus discussit robur, amice, triplex !  
 PH. Heu, pila prima tibi nimium fuit. Ovum anatis te  
 Non fregisse !  
 LY. At non rite paratus eram.  
 LE. (*goes to the wicket.*) Da mihi praesidium.  
 ST. Medium et crus.  
 LE. Da mihi centrum.  
 ST. Paullum extra medio—iam nimis—ah ! medium.  
 CA. Sic recte : semper medio tutissimus ibis.  
 PH. (*to* LYSITELES) Nunc iace.  
 (LESBONICUS *makes a big hit.*)  
 ST. Sex ! Fines attingit.  
 ME. Euge, puer !  
 ST. Tu mox caeruleo roseum hunc mutabis honorem :  
 LY. Lauri curandae, maxime Ranji, tuae.  
 ST. Iessopus alter eris.  
 PH. Non defensoribus istis  
 Anglia eget : plorant iam domiti Antipodes.  
 (*to* LESBONICUS)  
 Sed quando aera mihi, dederam quae mutua,  
 solves ?  
 LE. Cras ; hodie quadrans aeneus haud superest :  
 Saxose sum fractus.  
 PH. (*pointing to the inn.*) Ego hoc pro faenore sumo  
 Hospitium.  
 ME. Lex non faenora tanta sinit ;  
 Vos ad claustra Domus decet apparere.  
 ST. (*taking* PHILTO *aside.*) Tribus te  
 Verbis, Philto, volo. Ne domus haec tua sit.  
 Hic habitant larvae simulacraque luce carentum :  
 Nascitur hic germen microbique frequens,  
 Ut subeant febres ; nec certificata cloacast :  
 Quinto quoque gradu mus moribundus adest :  
 Solaque culminibus ferali carmine felis  
 Audin ut hic ululat ; pulcibusque domus  
 Plena, et araneolis tam parvis quam manus  
 haec est ;  
 Per totam nigrans it scarabaeus humum.  
 LY. Haec tibi cum grano salis accipienda.  
 PH. Profecto.  
 (*to* STASIMUS) Ique doceque aviam sugere—  
 ST. Num dubitas ?  
 (*STASIMUS opens the door, out of which come  
 blackbeetles.*)  
 PH. Lysiteles, o Lysiteles, o Lysiteles ! o !  
 Ut vidi, ut perii ! hos exige ! meque tene !  
 (*Sinks into* LYSITELES' *arms.*)  
 ST. Hos licet expellas solea, tamen usque recurrent.  
 PH. (*faintly.*) Quaerite aquam vitae salque volatile mi.  
 (*All but* STASIMUS *go in, carrying* PHILTO *off.*)  
 ST. Hinc illae larvae et lacrimae ! Nunc forte quietis  
 (*Takes a newspaper from his pocket.*)  
 Hora mihi dabitur. Numquid in orbe novi ?

LY. Heads !  
 LE. Heads it is, so you go in.  
 Our umpire's Stasimus. (*Bowls* LY.) Ah ! that's  
 a corker !  
 Your triple oak I've scattered with my yorker.  
 PH. The first ball's done you : what atrocious luck !  
 And now you haven't even broke your duck.  
 LE. Guard, umpire, please.  
 ST. Middle and leg.  
 LE. No, no,  
 The middle.  
 ST. A trifle more—too much—ah, so.  
 CA. That's right : he's safe who to the middle sticks.  
 PH. Bowl up. (*LESB. hits*)  
 ME. Well hit, well hit.  
 ST. A boundary, six.  
 Soon, sir, you'll have to change for Blue your  
 Pink.  
 LY. Ranji, your laurels aren't quite safe, I think.  
 ST. A second Jessop.  
 PH. We have plenty more :  
 The Australians even now defeat deplora.  
 (*To* LESB.) What of that debt of mine—when can  
 you pay ?  
 LE. I haven't a brass farthing here to-day.  
 I'm stony broke.  
 PH. Well being short of tin,  
 In lieu of interest I shall take the inn.  
 ME. Such interest 'tis illegal to demand !  
 Another Kirkwood at the Bar you'll stand.  
 ST. Philto, a word with you apart : don't buy  
 This house ; just listen and I'll tell you why.  
 Spectres and shades of those within the tomb,  
 And germs and microbes swarm in every room.  
 The drains are *nil*, and typhoid roams the house,  
 At every step you meet a dying mouse.  
 High on the roof, forsaken and alone,  
 Puss makes night hideous with her boding  
 moan.  
 Fat fleas and spiders tiny as my hand,  
 And great blackbeetles overrun the land.  
 LY. This with a grain of salt—  
 PH. Why, I believe you.  
 (*To* ST.) Go teach your grandmother—  
 ST. What, me deceive you ?  
 [*STASIMUS opens the door ; blackbeetles come out.*]  
 PH. Lys—Lys—Lysiteles ! O hold me tight !  
 I saw, I perished ! take them from my sight !  
 ST. You drive them out they'll still come back, I  
 guess.  
 PH. (*faintly*) Some sal volatile : a B. and S. !  
 [*Exeunt* Omnes *except* STASIMUS.]  
 ST. Hence tears—and ghosts ! and now perhaps I  
 may  
 Enjoy some quiet. What's the news to-day ?

Regem Germanum nobiscum semper habemus.  
 O germanum asinum ! qualia verba refert !  
 'Care Henrice, manu armata, si forte necessest,  
 Fac ferias pro me pro patriaque : Deus  
 Si volt, sic poteris circum tua tempora laurus  
 Texere.' Tum frater : 'Rex, domine armi-  
 potens,  
 Maiestate tua sacrosantissime semper,  
 Hoc evangelium discet ab ore meo  
 Qui volt, qui nonvolt. Saeclorum in saecula  
 serene,  
 Maxime Rex ! Hoc, hoc, hoc resonate.' Sat est.  
 O Susanna ! quis hic nunc advenit ursa polaris ?  
 Ipse senex ! iuveni dixero adesse patrem.  
 (Goes off.)

[Enter CHARMIDES.]

CH. Salsipotenti et multipotenti exopto ego—pestem.  
 Sed bene quod confit scilicet omne benest.  
 Non cuivis homini contingit adire nivalem  
 Klondykum, et tota pelle redire domum.

[Enter SYCOPHANTA.]

Scotice magne ! quis hic nostras circumspicit  
 aedes ?  
 Plane carcereast hic, ut opinor, avis.  
 (to SYCOPHANTA) Heus ! tune emisti plateam ?  
 Mihi dic, quis et unde es ?

SY. Pax e Pacifico deferor Oceano.  
 CH. Ut te pacificasti, ita te depacificato.  
 SY. Pace tua,—

CH. Sed pax non erit ulla mihi,  
 Te praesente. Quis es ?

SY. Klondyko nuper ab agro  
 Veni ego, qua socius mi fuit iste senex,  
 Is qui illic habitat, quem versu dicere non est :  
 Is me misit, ut hinc nescioquid referam.

CH. Siste, precor, paullum : Klondyko dicis ab agro  
 Te reducem ?

SY. Verumst indiciumque fero.  
 (Produces what seems to be a nugget of gold.)

CH. Quid video ? quid non mortalia pectora cogis,  
 Auri sacra fames !

SY. Est ibi dira fames,—  
 Sed non solum auri.

CH. (examining the nugget.) Germanum aes esse  
 videtur :

Heu non omne, puer, quod micat auriferumst !  
 (it collapses.) Dique deaeque omnes ! quantumst  
 in rebus inane !

Dic mihi, prave, quid hoc ? decipimur specie.  
 At quali facie fuit is qui misit ?

SY. Homo altus  
 Septem octove pedes, crinibus et rutilis.

CH. Hunc teneo. At quales per terras veneris illinc  
 Dic.

SY. Ego discedens litore ab Eukonico  
 Perlustravi Asiam ; tum me Africa cepit, ubi inter

The Kaiser with us we have always got :  
 (reads) The German ass ! just listen to this rot !  
 'Dear Henry, with mailed fist if need arise, sir,  
 'Hit hard for Fatherland and Us, your Kaiser.  
 'Thus you'll be able (Heaven will give you  
 leave),  
 'Round your young brow the laurel wreath to  
 weave.'  
 To which his brother, 'Lord Armipotent,  
 'Majestic, Sacrosanct, Magnificent,  
 'The Gospel of Your Personality  
 'Who's willing, who is not shall learn from me.  
 'Highness serene for ever and a day,  
 'With glasses raise *Hoch ! Hoch ! Hoch ! Hoch !*  
 we say.'

But O Susannah ! here's a polar bear !  
 It's Charmides ! I'll tell his son he's here.

[Exit.]

[Enter CHARMIDES.]

CH. Almighty god and monarch of the brine,  
 Nay—*mal de mer* for ever more be thine !  
 Yet all is well that ends well ! few you know 'll  
 Reach snowy Klondyke and return home whole.

[Enter SYCOPHANT.]

Great Scott ! and who is this that's looking  
 round ?

At my house too ! some gaol-bird, I'll be bound.  
 Hullo there ! what's your name ? 'is this street  
 yours ?'

SY. Pax is my name, from far Pacific shores.

CH. Un-Pax yourself at once.

SY. Peace, peace, I pray.

CH. No peace for me while you're still in the way !  
 Who *are* you ?

SY. Well, from Klondyke. This old man  
 (points to house) He was my partner, but his  
 name won't scan.

He sent me home with something.

CH. Wait a bit.  
 You say you've come from Klondyke ?

SY. Ay, that's it.  
 And here's a proof (shows nugget).

CH. Alas ! what ills untold  
 Men bear for thee, accursèd thirst for gold !

SY. There's thirst—and hunger—of another kind.

CH. (examines nugget) In Klondyke German gold  
 you seem to find.

'All isn't gold that shines' a wise man sings :  
 (it collapses) Why, goodness me ! the emptiness  
 of things !

You scamp, what's this ? It isn't real at all :  
 What was he like who sent you ?

SY. Why, as tall  
 As six or seven feet, with ruddy hair.

CH. I know, I know : and when you came from there  
 Where did you go ?

SY. Well, when I left the Yukon  
 I traversed Asia just in time to look on



Graecos et Turcas pugna cruenta fuit :  
 Graeculus esuriens in bellum, iusseris, ibit.

CH. Non ego iussi, at res semper ago ipse meas.  
 SY. Nempe Senatores centum iussere Britanni.  
 Graeculus ad Turcas acer erat—fugitor.  
 Sed tenuit Cretam Vassos ; captusque Silomo  
 Ploravit frustra tristia fata dolens.

CH. Quid? Graecos, Turcas, Cretam tenet Africa?  
 SY. Sic est,—

Nuper ubi invenit Nansenus ille polum,  
 CH. Tu caput in saccum—  
 SY. Venitque per aethera vectus  
 Andraeus.

CH. Gerrae!  
 SY. Nunc mea facta loquar ;  
 Nam Dolomitarum nova multa cacumina vici,  
 Qua cere- comminui -brum mihi paene.

CH. (*sarcastically.*) Dolet  
 Quod paene.

SY. Indemihi visus serpensque marinus,  
 Nymphaque quae in piscem desinit.

CH. At potius  
 Desine tu, mendax ; nostris procul aedibus esto.

SY. Quid 'nostris'? Sociist haec domus, hercle, mei.  
 CH. Ille ego sum.

SY. Quid ais? tune ille?  
 CH. Ipsissimus.  
 SY. Istud  
 Credat Iudaeus. Sed sine, sis, ineam.

[SYCOPHANTA *pushes towards house*, CHARMIDES  
*trying to stop him.* Enter LESBONICUS,  
 LYSITELES, and STASIMUS.]

LE. Quidnam hic est strepitus? O salve, mi pater!  
 CH. At tu  
 Dormitorem hunc eice.

(SYCOPHANTA *appears suddenly as a Turk.*)

LY. Quid video?  
 Magnum Paniandrum est.

CH. O transformatio digna  
 Maskelino atque Coquo! Turcane terribilis?  
 SY. Pax sum, nec sine honore: ut scriptor cyclicus olim,  
 'Si tu vis pacem, provide, bella para.'  
 Concentum Europae duco.

ST. Concordia discors  
 Illa erat.

LY. Europae quantus haberis apud  
 Concentum?  
 SY. Sum conductor, fidicenque secundus  
 Non ludo.

LY. Creta nonne modo egrederis,  
 Insultans?  
 SY. Mene incepto desistere victum?  
 Κρητες ἀεὶ ψεύσται' quod cupio, id teneo.  
 Mene Potestates Europae excludere? numquam  
 Hoc facient!

LY. Tamen hoc nos faciemus: abi!

A bloody strife, that lasted several weeks,  
 In Africa between the Turks and Greeks.  
 Your Greekling fights at but a word from you.

CH. From me?—not much: it wasn't mine to do.  
 SY. Yet from M.P.s five score they took the hint,  
 And Greece beat Turkey hollow—at the sprint.  
 Vassos held Crete, while with dejected strain  
 Silomo, captured, mourned his fate in vain.

CH. What, Africa hold Cretan, Turk and Greek?  
 SY. Why, yes, where Nansen went his Pole to seek—

CH. O put your head in a bag—we've had enough.  
 SY. —And Andrée sailed in his balloon.

CH. O stuff!  
 SY. And now of my achievements let me speak:  
 I climbed a Dolomite, a brand-new peak,  
 And almost broke my neck.

CH. I almost wish

SY. You had. And once I saw a lady-fish,  
 As well as real sea-serpents.

CH. Stop! no more.  
 Go take your lies to some one else's door.

SY. This is my partner's house.

CH. But I am he.

SY. What, you my partner?  
 CH. Why, assuredly.  
 SY. Tell that to the Marines, but let me in.

[SYCOPHANT *pushes towards house.* Enter LES-  
 BONICUS, LYSITELES, and STASIMUS.]

LE. Why, hallo, father! what on earth's this din?  
 CH. I wish you'd help me chuck this rascal out.

(SYCOPHANT *appears as a Turk.*)

LY. The great Panjandrum 'tis, without a doubt.

CH. A transformation from the Egyptian Hall!  
 Are you the Terrible Turk?  
 SY. I'm Pax, that's all,  
 With honour; for the cyclic poet's right,  
 'If you want peace, look out, prepare to fight.'  
 I'm leader of the Concert.

ST. That's the thing  
 That's nought but discord when it tries to sing.

LY. And what might you be in the Concert, pray?  
 SY. To play the second fiddle's not my way,  
 For I conduct.

LY. I think you've just left Crete  
 In triumph?  
 SY. What, me thus to own defeat?  
 Cretans were always liars: nought can sever  
 My 'wish' and 'have': the Powers exclude me?  
 Never!

LY. Maybe they won't, but *we* are nothing loth.

(LYSITELES and LESBONICUS *push him off.*)

SV. Viderit hoc iudex ; in ius mecum ibitis ambo.  
LE. Ius clamas, sed mox iure coquere tuo.

[*Enter CALLICLES, MEGARONIDES and PHILTO, dragging in the SYCOPHANT and a box.*]

CA. Em tibi thesaurus, quem nos servavimus : iste,  
Ni praesenssem, surripuisset homo.

SV. Furem ego deprendam.

LY. Furem fur rite prendet.

CH. (to LESBONICUS) Praemia sed tu nunc da sua  
cuique, puer.

LE. (to CALLICLES, *giving him Maundy pence and a Latin verse-book*)

Maundius hic nummus tibi, qui bene carmina  
calles :

Nasonis stilus hoc codice verus inest.

CA. (*reading.*) 'Hei didulum, atque iterum didulum,  
felisque fidesque :

Vacca super Lunae cornua prosiluit.'

LE. (to LYSITELES, *giving him a book on cricket*)

Hoc libro ex uno disce omnes inscius ictus.

LY. (*reading.*)

'Ad crus pelle pilam ; iam trahe, iamque seca.'

LE. (to PHILTO, *giving him a blackbeetle trap and smelling salts*)

Em scarabaeorum donum exitiale catervae,

Philto, et odorati vas salis, ecce, tibi.

(to STASIMUS, *giving him a gun*)

Heus, Stasime ! hoc poteris vivacem occidere  
felem.

ST. Glans Dumdumst. (*Shoots.*) Vitas non habet  
illa novem.

SV. Quid mihi das ?

LE. (*giving him toy bagpipes.*)

Poteris tumidas tu rumpere buccas,

Cui curaest propria personuisse tuba.

SV. Gordona montanum nunc aequiperabimus illum,  
Qui modo Dargai saucius insonuit.

LE. (to MEGARONIDES, *putting the box over his head*)  
Arcam Pandorae tibi do, Megaronida.

LY. Nunc pol  
Fungino generest, seque tegit capite !

PH. Quin potius clamas, 'Vivat Regina ?' canamus

Id carmen, quod amat quisquis amat patriam.

OMNES. 'Usque Deus nobis Reginam sospitet almam,

Eximiam nobis sospitet usque Deus ;

Sit semper victrix, sit semper gloria felix :

Reginam nobis sospitet usque Deus !'

PH. (*coming forward.*)

Sic nos ludicra nostra decet concludere, ut urbi

Atque orbi pateat testificata fides ;

Quaeque fideli animo felici hoc iubilat anno,

Floreat aeternum Regia nostra Domus.

(LYSITELES and LESBONICUS *push him off.*)

SV. Assault me, will you ? I'll arrest you both.

LE. You think the courts give ear to such as you ?  
You'll court disaster if you think they do.

[*Enter CALLICLES, MEGARONIDES, and PHILTO, dragging in SYCOPHANT and a box.*]

CA. Here is your treasure which I've kept : I fear  
This man had stolen it, had I not been near.

SV. I'll catch the thief.

LY. What, thief catch thief ? Well done.

CH. (to LESB.) Come, give away his prize to each,  
my son.

LE. (to CALL., *giving him Maundy pence and a book*)  
With Maundy pence a book for you, the poet.

In point of style, why, Ovid's far below it.

CA. (*reading.*) 'Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the  
fiddle,

The cow jumped over the moon.'

LE. (to LYSIT., *giving him a book on Cricket*) You're  
pretty rank,

You can't play much, but this will teach you all.

LY. (*reads.*) 'Now hit to leg, now cut, now pull a ball.'

LE. (to PHILTO, *giving a beetle-trap and smelling salts*)  
Take this—'twill give the cockroach tribe a  
fright,

And when you faint these salts will set you  
right.

LE. (to STASIMUS, *giving a gun*) A shot from this not  
even a cat survives.

ST. (*shoots*) Well, that one truly hadn't got nine lives.  
But then—a Dumdum bullet.

SV. What for me ?

LE. (*giving him toy bagpipes*) Why, as your chief  
amusement seems to be

Yourself to blow your trumpet, p'raps you'll  
please

To do your best to burst your cheeks with these.

ST. The Gordon Highlander I'll equal quite,  
Who played, though wounded, on Dargai's  
height.

LE. (to MEGARONIDES, *putting the box over his head*)  
Pandora's box for you.

LY. Sure now, between us,  
His head's his sunshade—of the mushroom  
*genus.*

PH. Nay, let us sing in Queen Victoria's praise  
The song that every Briton loves to raise.

OMN. 'God save our gracious Queen,' &c.

[*Air—'God save the Queen.'*]

PH. (*coming forward*) No fitter close we have, that  
all may see

No diminution in our loyalty.  
And may Westminster, that hailed its Sove-  
reign's reign,

As bright a lustre evermore maintain.

## OBITUARY OF O.WW.

- The Rev. RICHARD LEONARD ADAMS, aged 59. Admitted 1850; Rector of Shere, Surrey, 1876-93.
- The Right Hon. JAMES CHARLES HERBERT WELBORE ELLIS-AGAR, Earl of Normanton, aged 78. Admitted 1832; M.P. for Wilton 1841-52; created Baron Somerton in the peerage of the United Kingdom, April 9, 1873.
- The Very Rev. JAMES ALLEN, aged 94. Admitted 1815; Dean of St. David's 1878-94.
- The Hon. WILLIAM ASHBURNHAM, aged 50. Admitted 1858; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.
- The Rev. BENJAMIN BUCKLER GIFFORD LUDFORD-ASTLEY, aged 80. Admitted 1830; Rector of Cadeby, Leicestershire, 1872-91.
- HERBERT BERENS, Esq., aged 30. Admitted 1882.
- ROBERT JOHN BOYD, Esq., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., aged 41. Admitted 1869.
- Sir JOHN HENRY BRIGGS, aged 88. Admitted 1822; Chief Clerk of the Admiralty 1865-70.
- CLARENCE CALDECOTT BRISTOWE, Esq., aged 29. Admitted 1877.
- EUSTACE CARDEN, Esq., aged 33. Admitted 1875; Senior officer of P. and O. S.S. 'Aden'; drowned off Socotra.
- The Rev. WILLIAM SPILLER COX, aged 26. Admitted 1883; Q.S. 1884; a missionary at Sierra Leone.
- LEWIS CHARLES TENNYSON-D'EYNCOURT, Esq., aged 82. Admitted 1826; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; a Metropolitan Police Magistrate 1851-90.
- ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER DOWDESWELL, Esq., aged 51. Admitted 1861.
- Lieut.-General JOHN WALPOLE D'OYLY, aged 75. Admitted 1834.
- Colonel JAMES GALLOWAY, C.B., aged 61. Admitted 1848; formerly of the Indian Staff Corps; served in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny 1858, and in the Afghan War 1879-80; commanded the 29th Bombay Native Infantry in the Egyptian War of 1882.
- WALTER RALEIGH GILBERT, Esq., aged 19. Admitted 1892; a student of St. Thomas's Hospital.
- Captain ARTHUR BRISCOE HAWES, aged 64. Admitted 1846; formerly of the Indian Army.
- MULTON LAMBARDE, Esq., aged 75. Admitted 1833.
- EDWARD BECHER LONGHURST, Esq., aged 23. Admitted 1887; Second-Lieut. K. O. Yorkshire Light Infantry.
- The Rev. HENRY PARTINGTON, aged 88. Admitted 1821; K.S. 1822; Vicar of Wath-upon-Dearne, Yorks, from 1833.
- HENRY CECIL PECK, Esq., aged 31. Admitted 1877; Q.S. 1880.
- Admiral Sir AUGUSTUS PHILLIMORE, K.C.B., aged 75. Admitted 1833. Admiral Superintendent of the Royal Naval Reserve 1876-9; Commander-in-Chief at Devonport 1884-7; served in China 1842.
- STUART KENYON ROBERTS, Esq., aged 22. Admitted 1887.
- The Rev. JAMES MUNRO SANDHAM, aged 79. Admitted 1830; Prebendary of Chichester; Rector of Hardham, Sussex, from 1846.
- Colonel CHARLES GEORGE SLADE, aged 60. Admitted 1850; formerly of the Rifle Brigade; sometime Commandant of the School of Musketry at Hythe; served in the Ashanti War 1873-4.
- NEWTON REGINALD SMART, Esq., aged 66. Admitted 1844; Q.S. 1845; of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

GERALD STEPHENSON, Esq., aged 34. Admitted 1876; Q.S. 1879; a Solicitor.

The Rev. DOUGLAS STUART, aged 37. Admitted 1868; Q.S. 1870; Vicar of Ipplepen, Devon, from 1887.

JOHN LOCKHART SYMS, Esq., aged 81. Admitted 1827; a Solicitor.

RICHARD PELHAM WARREN, Esq., aged 81. Admitted 1829; High Sheriff of Flintshire 1868.

WILLIAM WICKHAM, Esq., aged 65. Admitted 1844; Q.S. 1846; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law; High Sheriff of Hants, 1888; M.P. for East Hants from 1892.

JOHN WRIGHT, Esq., aged 63. Admitted 1845; Registrar of the Bloomsbury County Court; rowed in the Cambridge eight 1854.

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'TRINUMMUS,' 1897.

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*To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'*

SIR,—When the 'Trinummus' of Plautus was substituted for the 'Eunuchus' of Terence in 1860, it appears to have been selected because it seemed to be best fitted for production on the Westminster stage. The change was unpopular at the time, chiefly because it was a change, not so much on account of any defects in the new play, which could hardly be judged by one or two representations. It was, however, reasonably expected that the 'Trinummus' would soon become familiar to the Westminster audience, and attain a traditional character no less than the Terentian plays. This, no doubt, to a certain extent it has done; but its traditional character is perhaps in some respects not of the kind intended. There seems to be a fairly general complaint that it is a dull play, with little to recommend it except the ease with which it may be produced and the fourth Act. The plot, what there is of it, is weak, and the end is more or less an anti-climax. We naturally look for something in the way of character-drawing to make up for this defect. This, however, is practically confined to the Sycophant, who appears in the fourth Act alone, and to the Slave, whose great scene is also in the same Act. Other drawbacks to the play are the monotonous dialogues, and the preponderance of the 'old man' element, which on the Westminster stage is nearly always tedious, and nearly always unnatural. It seems a pity that out of the twenty extant comedies of Plautus we have selected one which can scarcely rank among the best works of that author. The 'Amphitruo,' generally considered one of the best things of its kind, has precedent at Westminster, not to mention the 'Aulularia,' the excellence of which for acting purposes has been amply proved by the recent performance at Radley. Perhaps it is not too late to hope that Plautus, since he must contribute to what the daily papers love to call the Westminster repertory, may be more worthily represented. Such

a criticism on the 'Trinummus' must be understood to be from the point of view of its production at Westminster. It requires a remarkably good cast to make it at all interesting, and it cannot be denied that the monotony of the first three Acts was considerably relieved this year by the spirited manner in which some of the scenes were given, especially those between Philto and Lysiteles, Philto and Stasimus, and Lysiteles and Lesbonicus, which were duly appreciated by the audience. Little fault can be found with the fourth Act, but the fifth is correspondingly feeble, though Lysiteles managed to put a little life into it this year. The performance of 1897 may on the whole be considered as successful as the nature of the play permitted; but it made one think with regret what such a cast would have done with a livelier piece than the 'Trinummus.'

Mr. W. R. Jacob as Megaronides made on the whole as much as possible out of a poor part, and saved the first Act from falling absolutely flat. His elocution was excellent, though the tone of his voice was perhaps rather young for an old man, and he had the common fault of not knowing what to do with his arms. He improved greatly on the third night. His 'Immortalis est; vivit victuraque est' was very well given.

Mr. A. S. Gaye also had a miserable part, and therefore can scarcely be blamed for being rather dull. His entrance with that most remarkable of spades was somewhat amusing. On the third night he dropped his voice unaccountably on several occasions. It should be mentioned that he was not chosen for the part of Callicles till the rehearsals were well advanced.

Mr. F. Waterfield made an excellent Philto, and showed that he was far better suited for an old than a young man's part. He played the indulgent father to perfection. He seemed to hesitate several times on the third night; but otherwise his performance calls for no adverse criticism. He said the Prologue (on the second night under very trying circumstances) clearly and intelligibly; and his appearance in the Epilogue was very amusing.

Mr. A. C. L. Wood as Lysiteles deserves to be congratulated on having given us the best interpretation of a young man's part we have seen for many years. In spite of the fact that he was the only member of the cast appearing for the first time, and the young man's part he had was of the usual uninteresting type, he made a very pleasing impression by the insinuating, and at the same time natural, manner in which he coaxed Philto to consent to all his plans. His best points were: 'Quod tuum est, meum est; omne autem meum, tuum est,' and the time-honoured 'Tunica propior pallio.'

Mr. E. E. Cotterill was rather inclined to overdo Lesbonicus. He was much too loud; on the first night especially the contrast between him and the others in this respect was very marked. This was more natural in the part where his temper gets the better of him, but even then he was a little forced.

On the whole he was less pleasing than last year. In the Epilogue, on the other hand, he was perfectly natural, and indeed he had a good deal to do with its success. Everything centred round him, and he kept the whole thing going, making every bit of his opportunity.

Mr. G. H. Bernays, who has now appeared in all four plays, far surpassed his previous performances by his playing of Stasimus in the 'Trinummus.' On the first night he was the soul of the play, and was equally good all three nights. His disparaging description of the field in Act II., and his maudlin moralising in Act IV. evoked loud and deserved applause. Among other points which pleased the audience may be mentioned his 'Ratio quidem herile apparet; argentum o'χεραί,' 'Hic postulet frugi esse; nugas postulet,' 'Quod ad ventrem attinet,' his series of 'I modo,' and his list of companions at the tavern. Perhaps he recovered too quickly in the 'drink scene,' when he suddenly became extremely serious after giving vent to his semi-drunken sentiments. Otherwise he made an excellent Stasimus. He was very funny in the Epilogue, especially as umpire, and in those two glorious speeches beginning 'Tribus te verbis, Philto, volo,' and 'Regem Germanum.'

Mr. F. T. Barrington-Ward, originally chosen for Callicles, made a very fair Charmides, though like Mr. Jacob, he was too young for an old man. He said his opening lines: 'Multipotenti et salipotenti' with suitable pompousness, and, for the rest, played up very well to the Sycophant; and his statement, 'Ludam hominem probe,' was borne out by his acting.

Mr. H. R. Flack had the important part of Sycophant, and on the first night seemed hardly suited for it. He was better on the second night, but on the third he showed a vast improvement, and came nearer perfection than any of the others. He was, however, too serious and gentlemanly, and on the first two nights showed scarcely any of the requisite swagger and impertinence which makes the Sycophant scene the best thing in the play. All this was more or less rectified on the third night, when the scene between him and Charmides was received with its usual popularity. Besides his saucy exit, which was equally well done on all three nights, his 'Nugari nugatori postulas,' 'Rursum te decharmida,' 'Scriptum quidem,' and his various geographical enormities deserved and won loud applause.

The Prologue consisted of some scholarly verses by the Head-Master, and referred chiefly to prominent members of the great Westminster families of Waterfield and Phillimore. The Epilogue, written by Mr. R. K. Gaye, was one which will not be readily forgotten by those who had the pleasure of witnessing it. Unlike most epilogues, its plot was based more or less on that of the play, while numerous quotations from it were ingeniously worked in. It teemed with well-known quotations from other authors, and was comparatively free from canine Latin, with such exceptions as 'Saxose sum fractus,' and 'cum grano

salis.' 'Hei didulum atque iterum didulum' was an old friend. It is a noteworthy fact that the audience discovered a joke where none was intended; viz. in 'Numquid in orbe novi?' when Stasimus took up the 'Globe.' The speech that followed was a masterpiece of its kind, and nearly every word was greeted with roars of laughter. It was inserted on the second night, and was written, it is said, by one who does so much every year for the play in general and the Epilogue in particular. The singing of the National Anthem formed a fitting conclusion to the play of 1897.

It should be mentioned that the whole performance went without a hitch all three nights. The old scenery looked as well as ever. 'Isn't it a pretty scene? They had the same last year,' was overheard in the ladies' pit.

That future plays may be as successful as the 'Trinummus' of 1897 is the fervent wish of

Yours faithfully,  
Δεύτερος αὐτός.

*To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'*

SIR,—In writing the following letter I am aware that I am treading on rather delicate ground, and I

trust you will extend me your fullest indulgence. I wish to ask if the time has not arrived when the Prologue should be spoken on the first Play night as well as on the last two. It is only, I think, since 1880, when F. W. Bain was captain, that the Epilogue has been produced on the first night, and surely this makes a respectable precedent. At present the distinction is purely arbitrary, for there is no reason why the Play should be presented differently on different nights. When we consider the origin of the first night as it at present exists, I think we may justly assert that the ladies and many O.W.W. unable to appear on the Monday or Wednesday are deprived, on totally insufficient grounds, of what would be a great source of pleasure to them.

Believe me, yours truly,  
PROBUS.

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### NOTICE.

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Copies of the Cast may be had on application to the Captain, St. Peter's College, Westminster, at 3s. 6d. each.

**Moret.**