



# The Elizabethan.

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## THE 'ADELPHI.'

ALTHOUGH it is customary to regard the 'Andria' as first in merit of the four Plays now acted in Dormitory, there is much to be said for the claims of the 'Adelphi' to that distinction, as there are undoubtedly several points in which it possesses a marked superiority over the other three. It has no scene, of course, that can compare with the 'Baby scene' in the 'Andria'; but beside the 'Baby scene' all others in the 'Andria' sink into insignificance. The same is true in the case of the 'Trinummus,' the monotony of which is only relieved by the 'Sycophant scene.' The 'Phormio,' indeed, has several excellent scenes, but in this respect it certainly does not reach the standard of the 'Adelphi,' in which the interest is well maintained from first to last. The 'Adelphi' is

especially fortunate in its opening scenes; the first act of the 'Trinummus' mainly consists of a not very interesting dialogue between Megaronides and Callicles: so in the 'Andria' Simo begins by relating a somewhat tedious narrative to Sosia, an uninteresting character, who occasionally throws in a commonplace remark; and in the 'Phormio' the conversation of Davus and Geta is of the same dull description. In the 'Adelphi,' on the contrary, the interest begins at once, when in the first act the contrast between the characters of the two old men, Micio and Demea, is fully brought out.

More than any other play of Terence, the 'Adelphi' exhibits his partiality for a subtle kind of humour quite his own; and as it was the last, so it may be considered with justice the most characteristic production, and therefore the masterpiece, of its author. As we become more familiar with the plot, we are more and more



struck with its excellence ; actors especially are continually discovering some fresh instance of the delicate Terentian wit, which culminates in the delightfully dramatic effect of the scene in the last act, where Demea changes his tone and proceeds to beat Micio on his own element.

The *argumentum* runs as follows :—

‘Two old men, Micio and Demea, are brothers, the former living in Athens, the latter in the country. Demea has two sons, Aeschinus and Ctesipho ; he gives Aeschinus to Micio to adopt, but Ctesipho he brings up himself in the country. Unknown to his father, Ctesipho falls in love with a music-girl, the property of Sannio, a slave-dealer. He is afraid to take any steps himself to secure the object of his affections ; but Aeschinus, hearing of his brother’s trouble and acting on the impulse of the moment, carries off the music-girl by force from Sannio’s house in spite of the slave-dealer’s remonstrances, taking all the blame of the transaction upon himself to save the timid Ctesipho from Demea’s wrath. Aeschinus meanwhile has secretly married Pamphila, the penniless daughter of Sostrata.’ At this point the play begins.

Though for the most part similar in the types of character to the other comedies of Terence, the ‘*Adelphi*’ had a deeper purpose. The different systems of education represented in Micio and Demea respectively are both proved to be wrong in the end. Terence seeks to show that extremes in both directions, excessive strictness no less than unlimited indulgence, are alike unsuccessful ; they may appear to succeed for a time, but ‘*medio tutissimus ibis*’ will be found, after all, to be the safest rule of life.

The play is opened by Micio, who, being concerned at the discovery that his adopted son Aeschinus has been absent from home all night, dilates upon the cares of parents and guardians, when he is interrupted by Demea, who has heard about the carrying-off of the music-girl by Aeschinus. The difference in the characters of the two brothers is at once apparent. Demea angrily expostulates with Micio on his mode of bringing up Aeschinus ; but the city-bred Micio’s readier tongue proves too much for

his country brother, who is silenced, if not convinced.

In the second act Syrus, Micio’s slave, is sent out to interview the slave-dealer Sannio, who is enraged at the forcible abduction of the music-girl by Aeschinus. In spite of his ill-bred bluster, however, he is soon brought to terms by the crafty Syrus, who so works upon his fears that his insolence is changed into cringing entreaty. *At ut omne reddat ?* he whines, when Syrus promises to do his best for him. *Omne reddet*, answers Syrus impatiently, and the mercenary slave-dealer has to be content. Ctesipho next enters in search of Aeschinus, who presently bursts from Micio’s house with *Ubist ille sacrilegus ?* Ctesipho then thanks his brother effusively for his bravery, but is still timid as to the issue till reassured by Syrus.

The third act introduces us to the ladies, the widow Sostrata and her attendant Canthara, who seeks to convince her mistress of the excellent qualities of Aeschinus. At this point Geta, Sostrata’s faithful slave, who *solus omnem familiam sustentat*, hurriedly enters in a great state of perturbation without seeing anyone. With righteous indignation and threats of vengeance he declaims against the apparent unfaithfulness of Aeschinus towards Pamphila in carrying off the music-girl. Sostrata hears the whole story from Geta, and in despair sends him to fetch Hegio, the old-fashioned but faithful friend of the family. Demea meanwhile has heard that Ctesipho is connected with the abduction of the music-girl, and returns furious at the news, when he is met by Syrus. The slave, true to his promise, covers one lie with another and makes Ctesipho appear in the most creditable light. He then proceeds in a scene of charming humour to make fun of the old man’s weaknesses. Demea remarks that Ctesipho is, after all, *similis maiorum suum ; Syre*, he says, *praeceptorum plenust illorum ille. Phy*, answers Syrus, *domi habuit unde disceret*. Finally he makes the old man believe that Ctesipho is on the farm. Demea is just setting out thither, when he catches sight of Hegio coming on with Geta, who has just informed him of the seemingly heartless conduct of



Aeschinus. Demea makes known his presence, and Hegio, in words of affecting dignity and pathos, declares his determination never to desert the family of Sostrata—*denique animam relinquam potius quam illas deseram*. Then, after visiting and comforting Sostrata, he goes off to seek Micio.

In the next act Syrus and Ctesipho are conversing, when suddenly Demea is seen approaching, but Syrus just manages to get Ctesipho out of the way in time. Demea is angry with the slave for misinforming him as to the whereabouts of Ctesipho; but Syrus, nothing daunted, explains his mistake, and finally sends the old man on another wild-goose chase after Micio, after which he retires to refresh himself with a drink or two. Hegio then returns with Micio, whom he persuades to do his best for Sostrata, and the two go in to comfort her. Aeschinus now appears, and, after pouring out his griefs in a pathetic soliloquy, is about to enter Sostrata's house to visit Pamphila, when to his consternation his adopted father, Micio, issues from it, and, seeing the young man, resolves to tease him for the deception he has practised. *Erubuit: salva res est*, he remarks with glee, and proceeds to tell Aeschinus that a marriage has been arranged between Pamphila and another. At this news the young man is inconsolable, till Micio undeceives and pardons him, promising to recognise Pamphila as his daughter-in-law. Demea at length returns after his unsuccessful search for Micio: *defessus sum ambulando*, he says, when, catching sight of Micio, he reproaches him bitterly: his brother's cool indifference and epicureanism, however, only infuriate him the more.

In the fifth act Demea is still in this mood, when Syrus enters, much the worse for his potations: his drunken insolence does not improve the old man's temper. Suddenly Dromo comes out of Micio's house and tells Syrus that he is wanted by Ctesipho, who is indoors. Hearing his son's name, Demea forces his way past Syrus into the house, upon which Syrus retires in dismay. Demea presently comes out in a fury, and meeting Micio vents upon him a perfect storm of abuse; but once more he fails

to get the better of his brother's calm imperturbability. After a short interval Demea returns, and in a long soliloquy admits that, taught by experience, he sees that he too, as well as Micio, has been at fault. He resolves, however, while intending to correct his own mistakes, to teach his brother a lesson. Accordingly, from this point to the end of the play, he assumes quite a different attitude: all his old churlishness is changed to the most courteous affability. He gives his full consent to the ratification of the marriage of Aeschinus and Pamphila, and even orders the wall between the gardens of Micio and Sostrata to be pulled down; Ctesipho is allowed to keep his music-girl; promises are made to Syrus and Geta; and Micio, quite taken aback at the marvellous change in his brother's demeanour, consents under pressure from him and Aeschinus, to marry Sostrata, set Syrus and his wife free, and reward the faithful Hegio with a farm. Micio inquires the reason of this sudden change, and Demea, dropping the mask, shows him what an easy thing it is to become popular by mere indulgence, and ends by giving the young men some sound advice, which they will do well to follow in their future life.

It must be admitted that the young men in the 'Adelphi' are not very interesting: Aeschinus is the better of the two, but neither of them equals or even approaches Pamphilus in the 'Andria.' The old men, on the contrary, are decidedly above the average, the marked difference of type to begin with, and the sudden transformation of Demea's character in the last act, lending additional interest. Syrus, moreover, is certainly the best of Terentian slaves: his sly way of baffling and making fun of the old men is especially attractive, and we can fully appreciate the force of his words after sending off Demea on a wild-goose chase after Micio: *I sane: ego te exercebo hodie, ut dignus es, silicernium!* It is a pity that his 'drunken scene,' with its climax in the expressive *abit*, does not last a little longer. It seems a pity, also, that in the acting edition Sannio should be robbed of the scene which gives him the best opportunity of showing the true brutality of his nature. The cur-



tailoring of the text, too, causes rather a difficulty after Act V. Scene 3, where the drop-scene has to be lowered in order to give Demea time to change his rustic *pallium* for one more suited to town wear. In the female parts, though neither is by any means long, there is much to fascinate the audience, Sostrata's pathetic *Hem! perii!* and Canthara's plaintive shriek *Au! au! mi homo* being particularly effective. The part of Hegio, too, if short, is certainly not without interest: in his dignified utterances there is a combination of pathos and undying affection that is worthy of the days of medieval chivalry.

In conclusion, although the duty of criticism properly belongs to another, we cannot help agreeing with an Old Westminster, who on the third night patriotically, if not with absolute accuracy, declared that the 'Adelphi' of 1895 was the best Play we had had for fifty years.

#### THE FIRST NIGHT.

The first Play was on Thursday, December 12. About six o'clock there was a terrific storm of wind and hail, which doubtless kept many people away. There were not many O.W.W. present, and the seniors' pit was half empty; considering the bad weather, however, there was a very good attendance of ladies. The Play went remarkably well all through; and there was no prompting on this or either of the other two nights. The Epilogue also went well, but hardly as well as the Play itself. The only hitch was the clapping, which was very badly managed by the 'god-monitors': several times actors were much disconcerted by the clap coming too soon or too late.

#### THE SECOND NIGHT.

The second Play was on Monday, December 16. There was a very large attendance, and many could only find standing room. The Prologue was first given, but by no means successfully. The Play, however, again went very well, and the actors were materially assisted by a vast improvement in the clapping, upon which the 'god-monitors' are to be congratulated. The Epilogue did not go so well as on the first night, but this was not the fault of the actors so much

as of the audience, which was very unappreciative. O.W.W. were in much greater force than on the first night.

The Dean was in the chair, and among his party were The Rt. Hon. Lord Welby, The Rt. Hon. Sir George Bowen, G.C.M.G., W. S. Seton Karr, Esq., Sir Alfred Lyall, K.C.B., Sir Henry Cunningham, K.C.I.E., and The Rt. Hon. George Denman.

The Head-Master's party included the Solicitor-General (Sir Robert Finlay, M.P.), the Italian Ambassador (General Ferrero), the French Ambassador (Baron de Courcel), the Spanish Ambassador (Count Casa Valencia), The Rev. Canon E. E. Allen (O.W.), Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, K.C.B. (O.W.), Sir Henry Waterfield, C.B., K.C.S.I. (O.W.), The Rev. Canon Gore, Mr. Justice Wills, R. Jasper More, Esq., M.P., Mr. Justice Kennedy, The Rev. Dr. Troutbeck, Thomas Bond, Esq., F.R.C.S., Colonel Newdigate, and the Professor of Poetry at Oxford (W. J. Courthope, Esq.).

#### THE THIRD NIGHT.

The third Play was on Wednesday, December 18. This was certainly the best night of the three in every way—which is saying a great deal. The attendance was enormous, surpassing even that of the second night: O.W.W. especially were present in crowds, filling up every vacant space there was to be found; the 'Cap,' which had been moderate on the second night, amounted to over £40. The Prologue was better received than on the second night, and the references to the merits of the great headmaster, Dr. Busby, whose bicentenary had so lately been celebrated 'Up School,' were deservedly applauded. The acting was better than ever; and the whole Play went without a hitch, the clapping again being all that could be desired. But the greatest improvement apparent was in the Epilogue, which took much better than on the two previous occasions. This was the most successful Play night there has been for a long time.

The chair was taken by Sir Walter Phillimore, Bart., Q.C. (O.W.), and there were also present The Rev. H. L. Thompson (Head-Master of Radley) (O.W.), Sir Henry Waterfield,



C.B., K.C.S.I. (O.W.), T. W. Wheeler, Esq., Q.C. (O.W.), Lord Justice Rigby, The Rev. Canon Wilberforce, D.D., The Rev. B. Pollock (Head-Master of Wellington), Colonel Turner, C.B. (O.W.), R. Jasper-More, Esq., M.P., Sir Walter Besant, Dr. R. Southey, M.D. (O.W.), J. L. Shadwell, Esq. (O.W.), G. V. Yool, Esq., The Rev. H. Montagu Butler, D.D. (Master of Trinity College, Cambridge), G. F. Russell-Barker, Esq. (O.W.), Mr. Justice Collins, and the Provost of Oriel College, Oxford (the Rev. D. B. Monro).

### Play Notes.

The criticisms of the Play in the press were even more favourable than usual, with the single exception of the *Globe*, which contained a fairly long article after each performance. On Friday, December 13, the writer chiefly confined himself to finding fault with the acting edition: he also apparently grudged the ladies their customary refreshment after the third act, for he complained that 'the audience were strangely kept waiting during a long interval between Acts III. and IV.' After the second night he was very severe:—'the performance of the "Adelphi" could not be said to have reached its former standard'—'the violent and abrupt re-entrance of Aeschinus at the opening of Scene 3, Act. II., was altogether uncalled for and ridiculous'—'Syrus need not appear so extremely drunken as he did last night in Scene 1, Act V.' He was softened, however, by the 'ample justification of the unprecedented employment of very young scholars to impersonate the female characters of Sostrata and Canthara.' He concluded on December 19 by indulging in a few parting shots at the Prologue and Epilogue.

As regards actual criticism the *Times* was the most

sensible, and its representative showed real appreciation of his subject. The *Daily Chronicle* reporter, too, was evidently much impressed, though it is hard to see what reason he had for saying that the Play was 'not "the thing" at Westminster.'

The *Morning Post*, as usual, was complimentary in the extreme, having nothing but praise for everything and everybody. It was especially impressed by 'the ladies,' Sostrata and Canthara, who on the first night were 'very charming' and on the second 'improved on acquaintance.'

Other notices of the Play appeared in the *Daily Graphic*, *Standard*, *Guardian*, *Graphic*, *Punch*, and *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. Sketches also appeared in the *Daily Graphic*, *Graphic*, and *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. They were better than usual, the most successful being those in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.

The Prologue was written by the Head-Master. After referring to the number of great men Westminster has produced, it proceeded to mention as one of the greatest Dr. Busby. In fact it was to a great extent a repetition of the *Laudes Busbei* delivered so lately 'Up School' at Commemoration, when the two hundredth anniversary of the great head-master's death was duly celebrated. It concluded by refuting the slanderous allegations of his detractors, mentioning the remarkable esteem and affection which his pupils had for him.

J. S. Phillimore, Esq. (O.W.), was again the author of the Epilogue. It proved to be far more successful than at first seemed probable, the '*trilbities*' of the Psalteria and the appearance of Hegio as Busby's Ghost, armed with the traditional birch, and seated in his own chair, evoking perfect storms of applause.



## THE 'ADELPHI,' 1895.

MICIO . . . . .	<i>R. Airy.</i>
DEMEA . . . . .	<i>W. C. Mayne.</i>
SANNIO . . . . .	<i>J. H. Reynolds.</i>
AESCHINUS. . . . .	<i>A. H. Hogarth.</i>
SYRUS. . . . .	<i>C. D. Fisher.</i>
CTESIPHO . . . . .	<i>M. L. Gwyer.</i>
SOSTRATA . . . . .	<i>H. R. Flack.</i>
CANTHARA . . . . .	<i>A. S. Gaye.</i>
GETA . . . . .	<i>G. H. Bernays.</i>
HEGIO . . . . .	<i>R. K. Gaye.</i>
DROMO . . . . .	<i>W. H. C. Clay.</i>

## PROLOGUS IN ADELPHOS.

Sunt queis tot homines quot sunt redditum volunt  
 Quodcunque in terris exstat observantiae ;  
 Tantidem facimus si quis immortalium  
 Mortalis divum nactus benevolentiam  
 5 Vir unus ultra aequales se provexerit  
 Vi quadam eximia cordis atque acumine.  
 Sunt alii contra qui praeconio carent  
 Nisi quod benivoli produnt familiariter,  
 Ob ea laudantes quae fecerunt optime.  
 10 Illi adsequuntur gloriam ; his pietas magis  
 Propria suorum obtingit ac veneratio.  
 Utroque nobis cecidit sors feliciter ;  
 Plerosque habuimus nemo quos non omnium  
 Autumat honore dignos ; habuimus et viros,  
 15 Obscuros sane populo, nobismet deos.  
 Ita ille est noster, nunc cui nuper plurimas  
 Praestitimus laudes\* : vitam is vixit non sibi,  
 At in qua puer eductust huic vixit Domo.  
 Dum cuncta miscent civium discordiae,  
 20 Id egit res incertae ut exirent suis  
 Meliorem in partem, magni nec fecit preti  
 Illine an illi rem curarent publicam ;  
 Nam utrosque habuit favitores, ut cui dignius  
 Implere visumst munus quam, quod sit sibi  
 25 Magis in rem, id agere. Sensum si astu calluit  
 Populi et qui populo praeerant, vos iudices  
 Laudine an vitio duci id factum oporteat.  
 Maledicunt quidam nostro—eum nili pendere  
 Puerorum terga, nec nisi loro cum suis  
 30 Agendam rem censere. Haec qui narrant, nihil  
 Narrant, sed scurris fingunt quod sit gratius ;  
 Sit verum an falsum floccum non interduunt.  
 Absurde dicunt male quae dicunt ; nam velim  
 Declarent illud cui facturum sit fidem,  
 35 Ricardum nostrum idcirco a pueris diligi,  
 Ut erat dilectus, quod mulcaret strenue.

The lofty genius of a gifted few  
 Claims universal honour as its due :  
 So grand a thing we deem it, if some wight,  
 Of Providence the happy favourite,  
 Pass all his fellows early in the race  
 By dint of special intellect or grace.  
 And one again there is, whose trumpet's blown  
 Only by those kind champions who have known  
 In a more homely sphere his virtues rare,  
 Yet love e'en so his merits to declare.  
 The first is famous ; on the last attends  
 The love and veneration of his friends.  
 In both *our* lot is blest : of those, whom all  
 Have glorified, our annals can recall  
 A gallant host—of others, too, a line  
 Unknown abroad, and yet for us divine.  
 Of such was he, whose praise we late proclaim'd  
 Unstinted, he whose pure ambition aim'd  
 Not at his own advancement, but the weal  
 Of this old House which bred him. For the zeal  
 Of rival parties, this or that one's rule,  
 He car'd not, save to benefit his School,  
 Rever'd alike by Parliament and King,  
 As one who thought to do a nobler thing  
 Than seek his own advantage. If he knew  
 The people's temper and the statesman's view,  
 And could discriminate, was he to blame ?  
 Rather his shrewdness should enhance his fame.  
 They who would sneer that he his scholars' backs  
 Held cheap, and rul'd exclusively by whacks,  
 Are idle gabblers, born to please low fools,  
 Who reck not what is true, what false, of schools :  
 A silly libel, void of sense and tact :  
 Our Richard, if they'd plainly state the fact,  
 Was lov'd, as lov'd he was, the truth to tell,  
 Because he flogg'd so wisely and so well. A. G.

\* The Busby Bicentenary, celebrated at Commemoration, November 18, 1895



## EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS.

1895.

## PERSONAE.

MICIO . . . . .	<i>An uncle . . . . .</i>	R. AIRY.
DEMEA . . . . .	<i>A stern parent . . . . .</i>	W. C. MAYNE.
SYRUS . . . . .	<i>A mesmerist, modern magician, financier, &amp;c.</i>	C. D. FISHER.
HEGIO . . . . .	<i>Busby's ghost . . . . .</i>	R. K. GAYE.
DROMO . . . . .	<i>His servant . . . . .</i>	W. H. C. CLAY.
AESCHINUS . . . . .	<i>An unemployed athlete . . . . .</i>	A. H. HOGARTH.
PSALTRIA . . . . .	<i>A model . . . . .</i>	H. G. QUIN.
SANNIO . . . . .	<i>A wine merchant . . . . .</i>	J. H. REYNOLDS.
GETA . . . . .	<i>A dentist barber . . . . .</i>	G. H. BERNAYS.
SOSTRATA . . . . .	<i>An American widow . . . . .</i>	H. R. FLACK.
CTESIPHO . . . . .	<i>A football player . . . . .</i>	M. L. GWYER.
CANTHARA . . . . .	<i>An advanced woman . . . . .</i>	A. S. GAYE.

*Scene*—A STREET IN WESTMINSTER; ON THE LEFT THE HOUSE OF SYRUS, ON THE RIGHT THAT OF MICIO.

## IDEM ANGLICE.

[MICIO discovered, calling for AESCHINUS.]

MI. Aeschine! Sed primo luci, non ante, redibit:  
 Clavem habet ille domus: quid querar? ipse  
 dedi:  
 Dixi ego 'Potato, potusque inlode fenestras:  
 Dissolvat nummos alea, fumus, amor.'  
 At patruī exagitant quantae praecordia curae!  
 Neve giganteae pendeat orbe rotae;  
 Aut, dum Niagaræ glaciem talaribus occat,  
 Alserit, aut (dolor hic saevior) occiderit:  
 At ne multa iocer, iuveni iam ducere tempus  
 Uxorem; nec, quam nunc cupit ipse, decet:  
 At qui cogetur nolens? ratione voluntas  
 Flectendast, artem quam Syrus unus habet:

[Enter DEMEA.]

Ergo Syrum quaero. (*Knocks at the door of  
 SYRUS' house*)—(*seeing DEMEA*) Perii! num  
 frater adest? (*to DEMEA*) O!  
 Te quaerebam ipsum, Demea. (*hesitating*)  
 Pulchra dies?  
 DE. (*aside*) Erubuit. (*to MICIO*) Non est. Quid  
 agis, dic, aedibus istis?  
 Has Iudaeus habet: pignoribusne locas

[TRANSLATED BY AN OLD WESTMINSTER.]

[MICIO discovered, calling for Aeschinus.]

MI. Aeschinus! Here! Aeschinus! he's not back  
 yet;  
 He won't be home till morning now, I'll bet;  
 He's got a latch-key on his silver chain,  
 I gave it him myself. I can't complain.  
 I told him, 'Go and drink and smash the glass  
 Of all the windows and the lamps you pass;  
 Spend all your money—or I should say mine—  
 On such delights as women, weeds, and wine.'  
 Yet I am anxious, I am bound to say,  
 When I think where he might have spent the  
 day:  
 Perhaps in the Great Wheel, or Niagara's Hall,  
 Where—on the 'real ice skating rink'—he's had  
 a fall.  
 Joking apart, the time has really come  
 When he should take a wife and make a home.  
 I can't accept his latest and his last,  
 A woman with a Ponderbury's Past.  
 But who can force a man against his will?  
 No, one must gild the philosophic pill.  
 Syrus is just the man to set things right  
 And put the matter in a pleasing light.

[Enter DEMEA.]

I'll find him (*knocks at the door of SYRUS'  
 house*). Here's my brother. Oh, I say!  
 (*to DEMEA*) I wanted you—(*hesitating*) isn't it a  
 lovely day?  
 DE. (*aside*) He blushes. (*to MICIO*) Not at all. I'd  
 like to know  
 What is your business here with 'Ikey Mo'?



Argenti lateres? quos plena in luce diei  
E mediis credo te rapuisse viis.

MI. Quid tu adfers?  
DE. Ego? nil.

[Enter SYRUS.]

SY. Quis me vult?  
MI. Demea.  
SY. Salve:

Quid vis?  
DE. (*displaying a picture*) Hanc tabulam vendere:  
bella quidemst.

SY. Sed cuius facies? num Busbeiana tabella?  
Immo Germani regis.

DE. At ipse manu  
Hanc pinxit.

SY. Nolo: multas coimentibus istae  
Sunt viles.

MI. Syre, tu Mesmeris arte vales:  
Tune a deliciis iuvenem potes?

SY. Omnia possum;  
Expers fit digiti nulla placenta mei:  
Non tantum Acta Diurna Revisorumve Revisor,  
Non tantum imperii Grundia Mater habet.

DE. Nota canis.

SY. Quali puer inretitus amore  
Civili vitae coniugioque negat?  
An, matutinus vicos Batterque marina  
Aequora pneumaticis dum vorat ille rotis,  
Cyclopedem sequitur Cyclopes comitata virago,  
Captivumque tenet nympha bifurca virum?

DE. Audi carnificem! Se matutina iuventus  
Haec aget? At medium stertit adusque diem.  
Omnia num tu scis?

SY. Quid non scio?

DE. Ctesipho qua sit.  
SY. Sugere tu ova aviam! Quam puerile rogas!  
(*pointing*) Est vicus (nostin?), cui dat Victoria  
nomen.

DE. Quidni? ubi Neptuni Copia, Marsque, tuast?  
SY. Ad laevam plateast amplissima Ballistarum,  
Roffensisque capit vicus: agellus ibist.

DE. Area Vincentis: quid agit mihi filius istic?

SY. Nempe pila ludit.

DE. Ludat ut ille pila!  
Non certatur enim; nec in otia dimidiatur  
Hicce dies: omni sabbata luce facis.

SY. (*confused*) Vah! me hominem censes? de ludo  
erravimus isto.

D'you think the wily Jew inside the shop  
Will take the ingots that you've come to 'pop'—  
Those ingots that were spirited away  
Right in the public street in open day?

MI. What do you mean?  
DE. Oh, nothing.

[Enter SYRUS.]

SY. Who is there?  
MI. Demea.  
SY. How are you? What for you, mein Herr?

DE. (*displaying a picture*) I want to sell this print,  
it's excellent.

SY. Whose picture is it? it cannot be meant  
For Busby—no, it is the Kaiser.

DE. And  
It's painted by his own right royal hand.  
SY. I can't help that; it's worthless quite to me.

MI. Syrus, you are a mesmerist, I see.  
D'you think you can control a wild young man?  
SY. I can do everything—of course I can.  
My finger is in everybody's pie:  
The *Daily News* has not more power than I,  
The *Review of Reviews* acknowledges my sway,  
And Mrs. Grundy lets me have my way.

DE. Oh! chestnuts!  
SY. And does your enamour'd son  
Refuse to marry and to settle down?  
Does he spend all his mornings *à la mode*  
Riding a bicycle down Albert Road,  
Or else inside the Park at Battersea,  
Where lady cyclists flock and take their tea,  
Where many a man—if there be truth in  
rumours—

Has fall'n a victim to a girl in bloomers?  
DE. Nonsense! The young men of the present day  
Don't pass their mornings in that sort of way;  
They stop in bed till noon—why, you don't  
know...

SY. I do.  
DE. The whereabouts of Ctesipho.  
SY. Oh! teach your grandmother! and don't talk  
rot.  
(*pointing*) You know Victoria Street, do you  
not?

DE. Where stand the Army and Navy Stores?  
SY. Quite so;  
Well, on the left you'll find Artillery Row,  
Rochester Row comes next, you go down there  
And then you'll find a field.

DE. What, Vincent Square?  
What's my son up to there then?

SY. He's at play.  
DE. What, playing football? There's no match  
to-day;  
Besides, it's not a 'half.' I like your cheek:  
You'd give us Saturdays six times a week.  
SY. (*confused*) I may be wrong; if so, I can't help  
that.



Scis multas feles esse canesque loco ?  
 Hos ille observat, Spectatorique remittet  
 Dicta, sagacem animum, consilia, acta canum.  
 I nunc ! quid cessas ? non es Shahzada.

DE. Ferine

ANseris aucupiumst ?

SY. I, silicerniolum !  
 [Exit DEMA.]

MI. Aeschinus ergo manet devinctus amore puellae,  
 Quam formae exemplar pictor habere solet.

SV. Quae nurus !

MI. At generosa, decens, bona, comis, amandast.

SV. Dispicuit quid in hac virgine ?

MI. Trilbities.

SV. Perfacile emendes vitium—detrilbificetur.

MI. Quid pueris facias, quaestio saeva manet.  
 O si Busbeius nunc viveret ille magister !  
 Miranda iuvenes is ratione regat.

SV. Busbeius ? Quid si hic iam nunc ipsissimus  
 adsit ?

MI. Tu potes hoc ?

SV. Possum cuncta ego ; nulla morast.  
 (solemnly) Si te festa movent, haud immemo-  
 resque nepotes,  
 Huc ades, o nostrae gloria magna domus :  
 Te tua turba vocat, te bis centenus et annus :  
 Exspectant umbram pulpita nota tuam.  
 (with levity) Mittite Busbeium mihi, nec sua  
 verbera desint.

[HEGIO, *birch in hand, slowly rises at the back of the stage, followed by DROMO, who places a chair, upon which HEGIO sits.*]

HE. Quis me vult ?

SV. Ego te, docte, cliensque meus.  
 Quaestio propositat de natis rite regendis :  
 Diceris hac princeps arte fuisse.

HE. Fui :

Quid vis ?

SV. Filius huic paulo ante athleta petebat  
 Transatlantiaci praemia curriculi :  
 Mox, ubi lancaeis ludo superamur in omni—  
 (Non crus, non aequae longa phaselus erat)  
 Constantinopolim transvectus Softa vocatur—

MI. Sane ideo quod nil durius esse potest.

The square's the haunt of many a dog and cat ;  
 He's gone to study them ; their speech, their  
 thought,

Their instincts, and their actions he'll report,  
 And send to the *Spectator*. Hence ! away !  
 You're no Shahzada to prolong your stay.

DE. I tell you it will be a wild-goose chase.

SV. Oh ! go and hide that undertaker's face !

[Exit DEMA.]

MI. So Aeschinus has got it in his noddle  
 That he's in love with some young artist's model.

SV. Dear me ! how terrible !

MI. Well, I don't know.

Her people, I believe, are *comme il faut* ;  
 The girl herself is really not half bad.

SV. What's wrong, then, with her ?

MI. Why, she's Trilby-mad.

SV. That's a mere nothing, that will quickly go ;  
 Inoculate her from a swollen toe.

MI. Well, well, that's really not a bad suggestion ;  
 But what shall we do with our boys ? that is the  
 question.

If only Busby were alive ! He had  
 A proper way with every lazy lad.

SV. Busby ? You'd like to see him ?

MI. Oh ! I should.

But can you raise him ?

SV. I should think I could.

I can do everything ; it's all a trick,  
 I'll have him up in less than half a tick.

(solemnly) If to be made the hero of a play

By generations born long since thy day  
 Can give thee pleasure, come, O Busby, come,  
 Thou glory of our once illustrious home,  
 All thy admirers call thee—all would see  
 Thy face on this thy bicentenary—  
 Thy well-known chair awaits thy form again !  
 (with levity) Send Busby up, and mind he brings  
 his cane.

[HEGIO, *birch in hand, slowly rises at the back of the stage, followed by DROMO, who places a chair, upon which HEGIO sits.*]

HE. Who calls ?

SV. My friend and I. We were debating  
 Upon the proper means of educating.  
 You were a master in the art, I know.

HE. I was. What do you want ?

SV. Not long ago

This fellow's son, with others, crossed the sea  
 To pit his skill against the 'cute Yankee ;  
 But finding 'Jonathan' a bit too 'hot'  
 Both on the cinder-track and on his yacht,  
 He went to Turkey—took the name and state  
 Of a Softa.

MI. 'Harder' 's more appropriate.



Sy. Infandis Turcis infandior ipse cruentum  
Certamen miseris luit in Armenios :  
Luderet et iam nunc ; sed mox coiere potentes  
Sex populi Europae, pulsus et ille domum.  
Restat inops, et adhuc totus pede virginis  
haeret.

HE. (*stroking his birch*) Perfacile huic noto fuste  
medebor ego.

MI. Ecce autem ipse venit, de quo disquiritur.  
Audi ;  
Quidnam Bellonae garrit in aure suae ?

[*Enter AESCHINUS with PSALTRIA on his arm, followed  
by SANNIO and GETA.*]

AE. (*fondly, to PSALTRIA*) Nonne loquere mihi ? Non  
subridebis amanti ?

PS. (*in a loud whisper*) St ! persona ego sum muta,  
loquique vetor.

AE. (*stroking PSALTRIA'S foot*) Quantule, quantule pes !  
Billecli digne tabella !

Ah, quid opus verbis ? Pes tibi carmen hic  
est.

HE. Unus pes carmen ? Multo pede carmina  
constant.

Insanire, puer, desine : (*to DROMO*) tolle in  
equum !

[*DROMO 'horses' AESCHINUS, and HEGIO birches him.*]

In quo verberibus parcis, corrumpitur infans.

OMNES. Busbeius nobis arbiter unus erit.

HE. Accipio : iam quisque suas proferte querellas.

DR. Sannio, dic primus : quid petis ?

SA. Aera peto :

Huic decies duodena dedi Champana Lyaei  
Magna, et adhuc mihi se solvere posse negat.

AE. (*indignantly*) Non habui : haud vinum, baca  
anseris illa erat : aera

Sunt data.

HE. Causa quidemst optima : (*to DROMO*) tolle  
in equum !

[*DROMO 'horses' SANNIO, and HEGIO birches him.*]

(*to GETA*) Quid tu vis ?

GE. Barbam huic rasi dentesque polivi :  
(*producing scissors and forceps*) Utor forficibus forci-  
pibusque simul.

HE. Ne tonsor supra cultrum.

GE. Nunc reddere nummos

Mille fugit.

HE. Recte, o perdit : (*to DROMO*) tolle  
in equum !

[*DROMO 'horses' GETA, and HEGIO birches him.*]

[*Enter SOSTRATA.*]

HE. (*to SOSTRATA*) Dic, mulier, causam : quid vis ?

Sy. Outdid the Turks themselves in his ferocity  
And perpetrated many a cruel atrocity  
Throughout Armenia. He'd be at it still,  
If Europe had not join'd to thwart his will.  
He's now at home, with nothing else to do  
But hang around this girl he's taken to.

HE. (*stroking his birch*) Is that all ? I can cure that  
pretty quick :

For all such cases I prescribe—'The Stick.'

MI. Ah ! here's the man himself. We now shall hear  
What he is murmuring to his 'vivandière.'

[*Enter AESCHINUS with PSALTRIA on his arm, followed  
by SANNIO and GETA.*]

AE. (*fondly, to PSALTRIA*) No words ? No smiles  
to dimple that fair cheek ?

PS. (*in a loud whisper*) Hush ! I'm a mute : I'm  
not allowed to speak.

AE. (*stroking PSALTRIA'S foot*) Oh tiny foot ! the  
smallest in the land !

Immortalised by Little Billee's hand ;

What need of words ? thy foot's a poem !

HE. What,

A poem of one foot ! of course it's not ;

A single verse requires more feet than one.

(*To DROMO*) 'Horse' him ! No more tomfoolery,  
my son.

[*DROMO 'horses' AESCHINUS, and HEGIO birches him.*]

My motto's 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.'

ALL. Our 'Arbiter-in-chief' he shall be styled.

HE. Agreed ! Unfold your grievances to me.

DR. Now, Sannio, what d'you want ?

SA. My £ s. d.

I sold that fellow, who's just had the cane,  
Ten dozen magnums of the best champagne ;  
Now he won't pay !

AE. (*indignantly*) It wasn't wine ; t'was made  
Of German gooseberries. Besides, I've paid.

HE. His plea is good. (*to DROMO*) Horse him.

[*DROMO 'horses' SANNIO, and HEGIO birches him.*]

(*to GETA*) And what for you ?

GE. I shaved this man and 'denticured' him too.  
(*producing scissors and forceps*) Mine is a  
dentist's and a barber's shop.

HE. Let not the Barber go beyond his 'Kropp.'

GE. Now he declines to pay me what he owes.

HE. Quite rightly too, youscoundrel ! (*to DROMO*) Up  
he goes !

[*DROMO 'horses' GETA, and HEGIO birches him.*]

[*Enter SOSTRATA.*]

HE. (*to SOSTRATA*) What want or grievance, Madam,  
brings you here ?



So. Virum.  
 HE. At ecce facultas !  
 So. Stemma volo, titulos, et diademation.  
 Septem nobilibus natae nupsere Britannis,  
 Meque socrum totus paene Senatus habet :  
 Ipsa humilem accipiam? Me dos immensa  
 sequetur.  
 MI. (*aside*) O dolor omnipotens ! tune vocaris amor ?  
 So. Cui nunc addicar ? Nunc veneo, veneo...  
 MI. Quis vult ?  
 Ne simul una omnes dicite.  
 [SYRUS holds up his hand.]  
 So. Vendita sum.  
 Quos profers titulos ?  
 GE. Septem dux ille Dialum est.  
 AE. Spurius est.  
 SY. Minime : sum speculator ego :  
 Adsum ego, cum fervent saevis fora turbida  
 tauris,  
 Seu tauros superans, ursa timenda, furis.  
 Saepe uno millena die mihi millia crescunt :  
 Illustravit opes civica cena meas.  
 So. Mox tu dux fies : detur modo Partibus aurum.  
 Te capio. Meus est, in mea iura subit.  
 [HEGIO nods : DROMO mistakes his meaning, and  
 holds out SOSTRATA'S hand.]  
 HE. Non hoc innueram : in partem pecca magis  
 istam.  
 (*applying the birch*) Una, duae,  
 So. (*screaming*) Au !  
 HE. Tres,  
 So. (*screaming*) Au !  
 HE. Quattuor.  
 DR. Anne sat est ?  
 So. (*screaming*) Quo Doctrina mihi Monroea,  
 iuraque sexus ?  
 HE. Iura virum poscis ; mascula poena decet.  
 So. Casus hic est belli.  
 SY. (*aside*) Filibustrandique facultas !  
 So. Mulcatur Patruī femina Ionathani ?  
 GE. (*pointing to HEGIO*) Non timet ille minas : facilis  
 descensus Averno ;  
 Inde extradendi foedera nulla valent.  
 SY. (*soothingly, to SOSTRATA*) Reprime te, tangatque  
 locos Homoea dolentes.  
 So. Vos ulciscar : eo. [Exit.]  
 DR. Proximus adsit.  
 [Enter CTESIPHO.]  
 AE. Adest  
 Ctesipho.  
 HE. (*to CTESIPHO*) Quid quereris ?  
 CT. Leges, patremque severum.  
 HE. Quid fecere ?

So. I want a husband !  
 HE. Now's your chance, my dear !  
 So. I should prefer a title—all my girls,  
 Seven in number, married English earls ;  
 I've half the Upper House as sons-in-law,  
 I'm worth a million dollars, if not more,  
 I can't accept a common sort of cove.  
 MI. (*aside*) Almighty Dollar ! you're the Queen of  
 Love.  
 So. Who'll bid ? Now, going—going—  
 MI. Come, be bold !  
 Who'll have her ? don't speak all at once.  
 [SYRUS holds up his hand.]  
 So. I'm sold !  
 Your rank ?  
 GE. As Duke of Seven Dials he's known.  
 AE. That's a sham title.  
 SY. No, it is my own,  
 I am an inside broker ; I'm 'all there'  
 Whether the 'bull' is 'raiding,' or the 'bear.'  
 I've often made a fortune in a day,  
 And many a city dinner comes my way.  
 So. I guess you'll be a duke ; you've only got  
 To keep upon the boil your party's pot.  
 I'll take you.  
 [HEGIO nods : DROMO mistakes his meaning, and holds  
 out SOSTRATA'S hand.]  
 HE. That was not my meaning quite,  
 But still you're erring on the side of right ;  
 (*applying the birch*) One—two—three—four—  
 DR. Is that enough ?  
 So. (*screaming*) Oh ! oh !  
 I will unearth the Doctrine of Monroe ;  
 Where are my Woman's Rights ?  
 HE. You claim equality  
 With man—and this is man's impartiality.  
 So. This is a case for war.  
 MI. (*aside*) A chance for 'Jingoes.'  
 So. A woman whipped ! beyond a joke this thing  
 goes.  
 GE. (*pointing to HEGIO*) It's no use threat'ning :  
 he'll slip down below—  
 There is no extradition thence, you know.  
 SY. (*soothingly, to SOSTRATA*) Now, pray don't lose the  
 little hair you've got ;  
 Let Homoea touch the injured spot.  
 So. I'll be avenged ere many days are past. [Exit.]  
 DR. Next, please !  
 AE. Why, here comes Ctesipho at last.  
 HE. (*to CTESIPHO*) What is your grievance ?  
 CT. With the laws I've one ;  
 Another with my dad.  
 HE. What have they done ?



- CT. Meus carcere languet amor.  
Accusatur enim Officium petiisse Registri,  
Conubiumque tribus conciliasse viris.
- MI. Pro mores trigamos! O improba femina,  
cum sint  
Innuptae tot adhuc praecipueque sophae!
- HE. Virgone insanast?
- CT. Immo sanissima: nam me  
Miratur, cunctis praeposuitque viris.
- HE. Vanus es; ast habeas corpus.
- CT. Mitissime iudex!  
O si iudicium rostra Britannia probent!  
Ibo arcessitum: iam diruere arta iubebo  
Carceris. [*Exit.*]
- SY. O tu pars tertia, curre, viri!
- HE. Ecqua manet iam lis?
- AE. Si lis, ubi vapulo tantum,  
Nostra.  
HE. Quid est?  
AE. Nempe hanc ducere discupio.
- HE. Personam mutam?
- AE. Quidni? hoc in coniuge summum.  
At pater haud patitur.
- HE. Micio, tune vetas?
- MI. Certus es hanc mutam? nam Stentorida ex pede  
dicas.
- AE. Certus; amanti etenim nil mihi muttit amans.
- MI. Nil moror in muta: nil vita exposita nocebit,  
Nilque superficies quantulacunque pedum.
- AE. (*joyfully*) Iam certa est mihi vita: furor Cool-  
gardius auri  
Et fortuna avidum Rhodesiana vocat.  
(*to PSALTRIA*) Tu pede conculcans ingentia saxa  
refringes,  
Psaltria, et ipse auri semina rara legam.
- PS. (*singing*) Nonne subit, Ben Bolt, tibi suavis Alicia  
mentem,  
Cui fuscus clara fronte capillus erat?
- MI. Muta canit! Syre, Svengalicis huic artibus obsta.
- SY. (*after making mysterious passes before PSALTRIA'S  
face*) Conticuit.
- HE. Pater o barbare! (*to DROMO*) tolle in equum!
- [DROMO 'horses' MICIO, and HEGIO birches him.]  
[*Re-enter DEMA.*]
- DE. (*in surprise, seeing MICIO capering about and  
making sundry contortions after his birching.*)  
Quid saltas, frater?
- MI. Lacrimas ob gaudia fundo  
Quod tam felices, Aeschine, vos video.
- CT. They've sent my girl to 'quod'; she is, they say,  
With registry officials too *au fait*.  
She's charged with marrying two husbands more  
Than are allowed at present by our law.
- MI. Oh! trigamy! What wicked selfishness!  
When lots of worthy girls are husbandless.
- HE. The woman must be mad.
- CT. Oh! no, not she;  
She has the good sense to admire me;  
I am her favourite.
- HE. Conceited porpoise!  
You seem to have forgotten 'Habeas Corpus.'
- CT. 'O upright judge!' I'll see what I can do  
To get the English Bench to take your view.  
I'll fetch her—have her prison doors undone. [*Exit.*]
- SY. Now then, three-quarter, let us see you run.
- HE. Have all the cases on the list been heard?
- AE. There's mine—if 'case' is quite the proper word,  
When you get all the pence, and I the kicks.
- HE. What is it?
- AE. I am rather in a fix;  
I'm very keen on marrying this girl . . .
- HE. This mute?
- AE. That makes her all the more a pearl.  
But father won't allow it.
- HE. Micio,  
Do you forbid the banns?
- MI. I'd like to know  
Whether she's really dumb; her voice might put  
Stentor to shame, to judge her by her foot.
- AE. I'm sure she's dumb—she's even dumb to me.
- MI. Well, if you're certain of it, I agree.  
Whatever be their length, let me repeat  
I hope her past is cleaner than her feet.
- AE. (*joyfully*) Hurrah! my line is clear. I'll pack  
my traps  
And find Coolgardie's gold-fields, where perhaps  
I'll rival Rhodes's fortune in a year;  
(*to PSALTRIA*) Your foot will come in useful  
there, my dear,  
There's lots of 'crushing' to be done, I'm told,  
You can do that, while I pick up the gold.
- PS. (*singing*)  
'Oh! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,  
Sweet Alice with hair so brown?'
- MI. She isn't dumb, she's singing! Syrus, quick,  
Just silence her with your Svengali trick.
- SY. (*after making mysterious passes before PSALTRIA'S  
face*) She's dumb again.
- HE. Oh! you unnatural father!  
(*to DROMO*) 'Horse' him at once!
- [DROMO 'horses' MICIO, and HEGIO birches him.]  
[*Re-enter DEMA.*]
- DE. (*in surprise, seeing MICIO capering about and  
making sundry contortions after his birching.*)  
Hullo! you're looking rather  
Uneasy.
- MI. I am shedding tears of joy,  
Seeing the happiness of my dear boy.



DE. (*taking off his hat to HEGIO*) Salveat Orbilius.  
HE. Petasum non demere possum  
Maiorem domino ne putet esse Dromo.

SV. Prendisti natum tu, Demea?  
DE. Natum ego? nusquam  
Mille alias fraudes: hic mihi solus abest.

[*Re-enter CTESIPHO in military costume, with CANTHARA.*]

SV. Eccum ipsum.  
CT. Salvere patrem—  
DE. (*astonished*) Quo vadis?  
CT. Ashanti:  
Gloria me Umbellae ducit Ashantiacae.  
Adsum ideo capitis Busbeio tegmine miles  
(*takes off his 'busby' to HEGIO*).  
MI. Sed quid agat mulier?  
CT. Vult comes ire viris.  
CA. Ad nostros antiqua parum facit Anglia mores;  
Africa iura mihi liberiora dabit.

SA. Iungam ego me vobis; nigris ego vina parabo:  
Ditabor vendens spirituosa nigris.  
DE. (*shocked*) Nil tibi Khama pius? Sebele nil, nilve  
Bathoen?  
Khama nihil patitur vendere praeter aquam.  
SA. Tanto maior erit quae tus; properate, coloni.  
CT. Ex Libya mihi laus.  
SA. Ex Libyaeque lucrum.

[*Re-enter SOSTRATA: all except MICIO, Demea, SYRUS, HEGIO, and DROMO, form a procession, two and two, and march slowly across the back of the stage.*]

MI. Ordine bina cavam subeunt animalia in arcem.  
SV. Unus, quem tranent, iam fluvius superest.  
HE. Vadite: laudabit Rudyardi Musa Kiplatrix:  
Vadite, et intrepida vincite regna manu.  
Parcite subiectis; sed debelletur Ashanti,  
Ne tibi vellatur cauda, Britanne Leo.

(*rising and coming forward to address the audience*)

Luserunt pueri; seniores, plaudite: si quis  
Noluerit promptus plaudere—(*shaking his birch*)—tolle in equum!

[*DROMO, at the familiar words, rushes forward and looks wildly round among the audience for some one to 'horse,' and then retires.*]

SV. (*waving HEGIO back*) Non tibi verba suprema;  
quiesce, o turbida imago.

[*HEGIO sinks back into his chair.*]

(*to the audience*) Si placere novis apta vetusta  
iocis,

Si vetus est cordi vobis sollemne, tonabit  
'Floreat': id fidi pignus amoris erit.

DE. (*taking off his hat to HEGIO*) Bravo, Orbilius!  
HE. I am sorry that  
I cannot possibly take off my hat;  
Dromo might think—and that would never do—  
I wasn't quite so great a man as you.  
SV. Well, Demea, have you found your offspring yet?  
DE. My offspring? No. I think I must have met  
With every other scoundrel in his set.

[*Re-enter CTESIPHO in military costume, with CANTHARA.*]

SV. Ah! here he is.  
CT. Well, father, where's your hand?  
DE. (*astonished*) Where are you going?  
CT. To Ashanti land;  
There are more umbrellas to be picked up there,  
And 'Busbies' are the proper things to wear  
(*takes off his 'busby' to HEGIO*).  
MI. What does this woman want?  
CT. She's going too.  
CA. Old England may be good enough for you:  
It's not for me. In Africa we'll get  
The Woman's Rights denied us here as yet.  
SA. I'll join you. There's a fortune to be made  
Out of those niggers in the spirit trade.  
DE. (*shocked*) Have you forgotten Khama's visit  
here?  
He won't permit the sale of wine or beer.  
SA. So much the better. Fall in! rank and file.  
CT. I'll make my name out there.  
SA. And I, my 'pile.'

[*Re-enter SOSTRATA: all except MICIO, Demea, SYRUS, HEGIO, and DROMO, form a procession, two and two, and march slowly across the back of the stage.*]

MI. 'The animals went in two by two.'  
SV. 'There's one more river to cross.'  
HE. Be off! let Rudyard Kipling sound your praises,  
Send Prempeh and his niggers all to blazes!  
Spare friendly peoples, make the rebels quail,  
Don't let them pull the British Lion's tail.

(*rising and coming forward to address the audience*)

The play is done. Have we deserved a 'call'?  
Applaud, or if you won't (*shaking his birch*), I'll  
birch you all.

[*DROMO, at the familiar words, rushes forward and looks wildly round among the audience for some one to 'horse,' and then retires.*]

SV. (*waving HEGIO back*) I'm blowed if you shall  
have the final word,  
You garrulous old ghost! Let me be heard.

[*HEGIO sinks back into his chair.*]

(*to the audience*) If we've not shocked all literary  
ogres

By showing trousers underneath our togas;  
If, as I hope, your hearts beat as of yore,  
Let 'Floreat' resound from roof to floor,  
From floor below back to the roof above,  
Shout 'Floreat': the pledge of constant love.

R. E. O.



## OBITUARY OF O.W.W.

- HAROLD WILLIAM ABERNETHY, Esq., aged 36. Admitted 1872; Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers.
- WILLIAM HUNTER BAILLIE, Esq., aged 97. Admitted 1810.
- The Rev. WALTER RALPH BARNES, aged 46. Admitted 1863.
- Sir HENRY BROMLEY, Bart., aged 78. Admitted 1831; formerly Captain of the 48th Regiment.
- CHARLES BUCKNILL, Esq., aged 48. Admitted 1858.
- REGINALD THISTLETHWAYTE COCKS, Esq., aged 78. Admitted 1829; Banker; for many years Treasurer of the Royal Geographical Society.
- HERBERT MASCALL CURTEIS, Esq., aged 71. Admitted 1836; a member of the Oxford University Cricket Eleven, 1841 and 1842; for many years Master of the East Sussex Foxhounds; M.P. for Rye, 1847-52.
- JOHN BOURCHIER DURY, Esq., aged 39. Admitted 1871.
- GILBERT LAXTON EDWARDS, Esq., aged 24. Admitted 1883.
- Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES FLUDYER, Esq., aged 54. Admitted 1852; formerly of the Grenadier Guards.
- GEORGE TOWNSHEND FORESTER, Esq., aged 89. Admitted 1818.
- JOHN BROKE HUNT FOULSTON, Esq., aged 22. Admitted 1887.
- The Very Rev. WILLIAM ROBERT FREMANTLE, aged 87. Admitted 1818; coxswain of the Oxford University Eight in the first race against Cambridge at Henley in 1829; Dean of Ripon.
- OCTAVIAN BAXTER CAMERON HARRISON, Esq., aged 75. Admitted 1826; K.S. 1833; of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.
- Captain HENRY WALDEVE LOGAN-HOME, aged 32. Admitted 1876; Royal Marine Light Infantry; served in the Soudan, 1884.
- The Right Hon. Lord CLARENCE EDWARD PAGET, aged 83. Admitted 1821; M.P. for Sandwich, 1847-52 and 1857-66; Secretary to the Admiralty, 1859-66; Admiral in the Royal Navy; served at Navarino, in the Baltic, and in the Black Sea.
- CHARLES BAGOT PHILLIMORE, Esq., aged 76. Admitted 1827; K.S. 1832; Editor of 'Alumni Westmonasterienses'; formerly a clerk in the Board of Control.
- The Rev. CHARLES WILLIAM SPENCER-STANHOPE, aged 54. Admitted 1854; Q.S. 1856; Vicar of Crowton, Cheshire.
- The Rev. WILLIAM LILLEY SMITH, Esq., aged 68. Admitted 1839; Q.S. 1841; Rector of Dorsington, Gloucestershire.
- CHARLES COPLAND TEMPLER, Esq., aged 69. Admitted 1839.
- WILLIAM STAPLETON TROLLOPE, Esq., aged 41. Admitted 1868; Solicitor.
- FREDERICK HENRY VANE, Esq., aged 87. Admitted 1818; formerly in the 12th Lancers, and subsequently in the Consular service.
- BENJAMIN LEWIS VULLIAMY, Esq., aged 79. Admitted 1825.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

### *Busby's Ghost and the Play.*

It may be interesting to note in connection with the appearance of Dr. Busby in this year's Epilogue, that Busby's ghost was aroused from his slumbers and summoned to assist in the Epilogue which followed the *Trinummus* in the year 1860. The subject of the latter Epilogue was the threatened removal of the School, and it was very appropriate that Dr. Busby, who had the interest of the School so much at heart, should be summoned to give his views on the proposed removal.

CONSERVATIVE.

### *Distinguished Visitors to the Play.*

It has often occurred to me that it would be interesting to note in the *Elizabethan* the names of the royal and other distinguished visitors to the Play in the past, and the dates of their visits. In former days the visits of distinguished persons were no doubt large in comparison with recent times. The *Elizabethan* now records the names of the chief guests at each performance, but the information in the past can only be collected by degrees when opportunity offers.

I have recently been reading Mr. Austin Dobson's pleasant 'Eighteenth Century Vignettes,' second series, which has given me the opportunity of making the present note. In September, 1762, Louis Jules Henri Barbon Mancini Mazarini, Duke of Nivernais and Donzais, came over from France to England as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to undertake the negotiations for peace on behalf of Louis XV., and in the same year, as Mr. Dobson tells us (p. 126), 'he was present when the King's scholars of Westminster School played the "Eunuchus" of Terence at the Dormitory before some of the Royal Family.' It is not difficult in this case to trace the special reasons for the presence of the French Ambassador. The Prologue was spoken by Paul Henry Maty, the captain, who also of course took part in the representation of the Play. P. H. Maty was the only son of Dr. Matthew Maty, the medical adviser of the French Embassy, and this doubtless accounts for the presence of the Ambassador and his interest in the Play. The peace preliminaries having been signed in November, the Prologue was appropriately devoted to that subject (see 'Lusus Alteri,' p. 97). The 'Lusus Alteri' does not disclose who were the members of the Royal Family who were present on this occasion.

Having given the hint, and set the example in practice, I hope others of your readers may take the one and follow the other.

CONSERVATIVE.

P.S.—If you care to receive it, I will send you a list of the visitors to the Play to whom reference is made in the 'Lusus Alteri.' The references are only occasional. [We should be very pleased to receive it.—ED. *Elizabethan*.]

## THE 'ADELPHI,' 1895.

### *To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The 'Adelphi' of 1895 was chiefly remarkable for the sustained excellence of five out of the ten parts. One does not want in a Westminster Play one good actor and a mediocre following; and the tendency is for the slave to throw the other characters into shadow. This year the two old men were acted with great skill, and the main points about their characters were never forgotten. Sostrata and Canthara were both living people, and made their small parts



interesting. And Syrus, though he was not so subtle as he might have been, had a distinct character which he sustained throughout.

The young men of our Plays are never satisfactory, and no one can help disliking them, however well they are acted. It would be impossible for a healthy-minded person to act them naturally, and in judging of the acting of these parts a good deal of indulgence is the barest justice. Still they might easily have been acted better than they were. Mr. Gwyer was rather monotonous, and good and evil fortune seemed to have very similar effects on him. It is not an easy part to act, but at all events there are occasions when Ctesipho has to express something strongly—his gratitude to his brother for instance—and to such occasions Mr. Gwyer did not quite rise. But the part is very slight, and at the same time difficult.

Mr. Hogarth's Aeschinus was distinctly a better performance. He had his conception of the part, and he sustained it. At the same time it may be doubted whether his conception was the right one. He made Aeschinus rather too foolish, especially in the last scene. However, he was above the average of the young men in Westminster Plays—not that that average is a particularly high one. The part is not very long, neither is it particularly difficult except the soliloquy. This he delivered very well until he came to the change in 'Cessatum usque adhuc est: nunc porro, Aeschine, expergiscere.' Scene 5 of Act IV. he acted very well indeed. In manner Mr. Hogarth was rather like Mr. Fisher as a young man last year. Possibly he imitated him consciously; the result was that he was a great deal more manly than the words he had to speak. In Act V. Scene 8, Aeschinus was unintentionally amusing. His 'sine te exorem, mi pater,' was said in such an appealing way, and the humour of begging his father to marry at sixty-five did not seem to strike him.

Sannio is on the stage throughout Act II., and in no other act of the Play. Mr. Reynolds looked the part. There was a cringing brutality about his representation of it, and he only failed when Syrus said 'aiunt te proficisci Cyprum.' 'Hem' is of course a difficult word to put much meaning into, but he made it comic. On the whole, he acted well.

Geta comes on in Act III. Scene 2, in a state of excitement and despair. Mr. Bernays played this scene rather well, except when Sostrata calls to him. He should be excited and so not recognise her, nor understand her when she tells him her name. He did not do this naturally at all. He has not much to do in the other two scenes in which he appears. He made a very good 'confidential slave,' as he is described, and appeared devoted to his mistress. In fact, one may apply Hegio's words to Mr. Bernays. 'Geta, ut captus est servorum, non malus.'

Hegio is not a lively part. He is an old man with rather too much dignity, very prosy, and rather a bore. Mr. R. K. Gaye brought out these characteristics strongly, and was nearly as dull as his part. He was in fact just what one requires of Hegio,

and that is not an attractive character. Mr. Clay looked the part of Dromo to perfection.

The third Act opens with a delightful little scene between Sostrata and Canthara. Mr. A. S. Gaye as Canthara showed a good deal of insight into the character. He brought out the unreasoning confidence which lady's maids usually place in the young gentlemen interested in the young ladies of the family, and the respect they have for good birth, in the words "natum ex tanta familia." He was a servant who "knew her place," and was careful not to appear more intelligent than became a lady's attendant. And besides all this, he was very well suited to his part in face and figure.

Mr. Flack made a very good Sostrata. In appearance—no small matter when a boy has to act an elderly woman—he was excellent. In novels he would be described as *petite*. He played with a good deal of reserve, was very ladylike in his distress, and altogether gave a touching representation of the character. His firm resolve to disclose the whole matter of Aeschinus's supposed infidelity was particularly well acted.

It now remains to speak of the three principal characters: Micio, Demea, and Syrus. This is a very pleasant task, as they were all three so good. It is probably a very long time since two such good old men were seen in a Westminster Play as Mr. Mayne and Mr. Airy. And though Syrus has been better acted, Mr. Fisher maintained the high average of slaves.

Micio opens the play with a soliloquy, which Mr. Airy spoke very well. He was from the first a good-natured, kindly, easy-going old man. The scene with Demea, when he hears how his adopted son Aeschinus has carried off the citharistria, was very good; although, perhaps, he might have been more amused at Aeschinus's doings. He behaved to Demea throughout the play with a great deal of humorous forbearance, and always got the better of him through his invincible good-nature and his gentlemanly manners. Perhaps Act IV. Scene 5 was his best scene. He was so kindly as almost to bring tears to the 'eye of sensibility,' and made the audience feel more with him than with Aeschinus. Well might Aeschinus exclaim, 'Hoc est patrem esse?' In the seventh scene of the fourth act, Mr. Airy acted excellently. 'Di bene vortant' was said very heartily, and he always managed to emphasise the contrast between himself and Demea. His invitation to Demea to dance with himself and the music-girl was irresistible to all except Demea. His long talk with Demea in the fifth act was very well done, and he kept up his high standard when he was asked to marry at sixty-five, by appearing to be transfixed with unaffected horror. He yielded rather too abruptly, but that is chiefly the fault of the writing. He was very humorous all through, and especially in the last scene, and was, on the whole, as good a Micio as one can wish for or expect.

Mr. Mayne had a more difficult part in Demea, but he was more than equal to it. His was unquestionably the best piece of acting. Demea is



always giving way to the falsehood of extremes, and is as ridiculous in his new policy of mildness as in his old habit of severity. Every point in his character was brought out by Mr. Mayne just enough, and it is no exaggeration to say that he was an ideal Demea. He acted best in his scene with Syrus in the third act, for it is not an easy scene, and he made his simplicity and sincerity seem so perfectly natural. Somehow Mr. Mayne managed to show the unity of character between the Demea of the last act, who is sternly bent on generosity, and the original Demea who is hot-tempered and severe. And this speaks very highly of his power as an actor.

There is not the same difficulty in playing a slave in one of Terence's plays as there is in playing a young man. The slave's character can always be understood; the type is eternal. The temptation is rather to overdo the part, and consequently the actor must use a great deal of reserve; he must never let himself go too far, and never let his motives or his schemes be too obvious. The slave is an Odysseus made more attractive by less noble surroundings. He is unscrupulous and crafty, with a saving sense of humour—at least in this play. But it must be remembered that the leading point about Syrus is his subtlety; he takes the delight of an artist in his villany; his end in view does not matter very much to him; he pursues his art for art's sake.

Mr. Fisher as Syrus was very good, but had one fault. He was not subtle enough. He overplayed the part a little. But when that has been said there is nothing more to say against his acting. Throughout the play he was spirited and humorous. And though his craftiness was not at all delicate, there was in it a certain broad humour which redeemed it.

As the play proceeded Mr. Fisher's acting steadily improved. His first scene with Sannio was quiet but good. There was only one thing to take exception at. At the words '*pecuniam in loco negligere*' he emphasised the '*locus*' by violently nudging Sannio in the stomach. The celebrated scene in the third act where he parodies Demea went very well indeed. Mr. Fisher never let the audience miss his points, and at the same time brought them out quite naturally. In Act IV. Scene 2 he made his lies very amusing. They came out none too readily, and one could see him taxing his powers of invention to the utmost. The gusto with which he said '*cyathos sorbillans paulatim hunc producam diem*' was excellent; and this promise he more than fulfilled in the fifth act. He was rather too drunk. His '*s(h)enex*' and '*s(h)apiencia*' were overdone; the best part of the

scene was his drowsy reeling exit: '*edormiscam hoc villi, sic agam.*' He slept off his wine in a remarkably short time, for when he reappears in Scene 5 he is eminently respectable, and is quite irresistible when he begs for the freedom of his wife. A very manly, humorous performance.

The actors worked very well together, and the improvement between the second and third nights clearly showed the solid power of the whole cast.

Every one concerned is to be congratulated on this Play.

The Epilogue this year was very amusing, though not such a clever piece of writing as the great '*Imperium et Libertas*' of last year. It was a most successful idea to bring on an American widow, and Mr. Flack looked 'charming'; his voice was very far from charming, for he had a most realistic nasal twang. Micio's opening speech was delightful. The German Emperor gained a well-merited laugh for his picture. But, of course, the inevitable Trilby and her preposterous feet were the great attractions. There were some excellent perversions of tags from the play, and one or two very clever translations of proverbs—for instance, '*In quo verberibus parcis, corrumpitur infans.*' The most atrocious pun was that on Softa. Mr. R. K. Gaye acted very well indeed as Dr. Busby, and Mr. Fisher as Syrus. Altogether it was an unquestionable success. On the last night there was one great moment when the whole audience shouted at the words, '*Quo doctrina mihi Monroea.*' Westminster also helps to decide our foreign policy!

The Prologue consisted of thirty-six lines of beautiful Latin, but was, to speak truth, rather dull. It began with the customary platitudes, and after ten lines of this stuff the writer passed gracefully from the general to the particular. But it may be questioned whether the sense was as good as the sound, or the sound Latin. Is it so certain that Busby is '*obscurus sanè populo*'? It was amusing to notice the contradiction between the Prologue and Epilogue in the matter of Busby's educational methods.

*'Maledicunt quidam nostro—eum nili pendere*

*Puerorum terga, nec nisi loro cum suis*

*Agendam rem censere.'*

The great Busby, acted and well acted by the speaker of the Prologue, used this summary method and none other, and the formula '*tolle in equum*' became quite monotonous. However, '*Absurde dicunt male quae dicunt.*' The Prologue had this great advantage: it was easy to follow, although Mr. R. K. Gaye, the captain, was so nervous.

Believe me, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours faithfully, Ω.

**Morcat.**