



The Elizabethan.

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THE 'ADELPHI.'

FOR an editor sitting down to the last of his editorial duties, the writing of a leading article for the Play number, it would be great presumption to transgress one chief precedent: he must begin by disclaiming any intention of discussing the several merits of the Westminster cycle of Plays. But that is not enough; he must proceed to discuss them. Following this precedent then, we should place the 'Adelphi,' coupled with the 'Phormio,' as second favourite of the four; with the 'Andria' in our opinion it cannot hold a plea, having nothing that could stand in the balance against the 'Baby scene.' But we are inclined to think that it is a more characteristically Terentian play than the 'Andria.' The essence of Terence's humour is its subtlety, its reserve, its quietness; it is more to smile at than to laugh at; in the 'Andria' there is a

strong touch of the robust merriment of Plautus. But much of what is most delightful in the 'Adelphi' needs to be 'read and re-read, loved and loved again,' before it can be appreciated at its true worth. The actor is at an advantage; every time (we speak from experience) he reads his part or rehearses it he discovers some new beauty. The excellences of Terence are not on the surface; they ask search.

As every one knows, the plot of the 'Adelphi' turns on the contrast of character in the two brothers Demea and Micio—the one *agrestis, saevus, tristis, parcus, truculentus, tenax*; the other *clemens, placidus, nulli laedere os, adridere omnibus*: and the way in which Terence makes them change characteristics through the closing scenes is delightful. The *argumentum* runs thus:—

'Demea, having two sons, gives one of them,

Aeschinus, to Micio to adopt, and keeps Ctesipho, the other. Ctesipho falls in love with a music-girl whom Sannio the slave dealer has bought as a speculation. Aeschinus forcibly breaks into Sannio's house and carries her off (taking the blame of the amour on his own shoulders) to shield Ctesipho from the anger of his stern father, Demea. Aeschinus himself has married a penniless girl, the daughter of Sostrata; and a child has been born. But when the account of the rape of the slave girl gets about, Demea remonstrates and is very indignant; but eventually, when the truth comes out, Micio recognises Aeschinus' bride, and Demea is appeased and allows Ctesipho to keep his music-girl.'

All the types of character usual in Terence's comedies are represented: the young men, weak, generous, and a little uninteresting; the slave wily and deceitful; the nurse querulous and foolish; the old and disinterested friend, and the rest of them.

The first act is occupied with the remonstrances of Demea about Aeschinus' escapades, and gives a picture of the characters of the two title-rôles. The next act opens with the negotiations between Syrus (acting on behalf of Aeschinus) and Sannio. Ctesipho next enters, and is persuaded to leave the business in Syrus' hands. The third act begins with a querulous colloquy between Sostrata and Canthara; and then come the passionate complaints and vows of vengeance of Geta. A delightful scene follows, in which Syrus openly makes merry at Demea's expense, completing his discomfiture by that Parthian arrow of impertinence: *Nam quid tu hic agas, ubi siquid bene praecepas, nemo obtemperet?* The act closes with the pompous if affecting utterances of Hegio. Act IV. opens with a long scene, at the end of which Syrus, having sent Demea all round Athens to find Ctesipho, goes off to 'lengthen out the day in lazy leisure.' Then, after a really pathetic outpouring of his griefs by Aeschinus, comes the *dénouement* between him and Micio. Demea next appears, footsore and tired of his wild-geese chase, and inveighs more bitterly than

ever against Micio for his easy-going ways. Then follows Syrus' appearance, drunk: Dromo lets out the secret of Ctesipho's presence in the house. A fresh storm ensues between Demea and Micio, and the act closes with fearful threats from Demea of the life he will lead his daughter-in-law.

With the fifth act comes the transformation in Demea's character, and it is most beautifully worked out. He opens his long soliloquy with a reflection on human fallibility, gradually confesses that even Demea has been fallible, and finishes determined to try Micio's way—*blande dicere et benigne facere*. He goes on to astonish the guilty Syrus by his affability and effusive condescension; Geta next experiences his unaccustomed benignity. Then he quite overwhelms the bashful Aeschinus with kindness, and brings all to a climax by persuading Micio to marry Sostrata. This is perhaps as good a scene as any in the play, the characteristics of the brothers are so entirely reversed. The play ends with the liberation of Syrus by Micio's hand and at Demea's request—a request made after sundry sly hits at Syrus' excellent qualities as a slave—and a few words of sound moralising on the indulgent method of bringing up young men.

It is a fault common to all the Plays acted at Westminster, and a fault that is frequently objected to them, that they are deficient in action. A 'Baby scene' may verily cover a multitude of sins, but the charge remains generally true. Notwithstanding, the 'Adelphi' still contains some excellent pieces of action, notably in Act IV. Sc. 7, when Demea and Micio—especially Micio—dance 'high and composedly.' We say 'still,' and the word leads naturally to the question of the change of text used in this Play. The 'Adelphi' has been thinned by excision from about one thousand lines to some seven hundred and forty. Many will be sorry to lose anything; these are old and regular guests at the Play who have not failed for many years to visit Dormitory on the appointed nights, who value every line, every word, and every syllable.

But, again, there are some who think four hours a long time to sit in Dormitory, and these will welcome a reduction. With the curtailing of the long speeches, which are rather to read than to act, it were hard to find fault. The new edition was seen at a disadvantage; certain accidental awkwardnesses of situation created by the alteration, which were hard to detect before the Play had been seen acted as a whole, may easily be amended, and that done, there will be little left for tears. Lost 'points' may easily be made up for, as it appears. Perhaps no orthodox 'point' in the Play caused so much amusement as Sostrata's pathetic—not that it was received as pathos—'Quid jam?' in her scene with Geta.

We will conclude by remarking that the general opinion seemed to be that the 'Adelphi' of 1890 was a most successful Play, leaving to our critic the task of a more exhaustive and elaborate review of details.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

The first night of the 'Adelphi' was Thursday, December 11th. The ladies' places were tolerably well filled, but the house in general was certainly not as well filled as it should have been; the weather was very bad, which must have kept many away. The acting was considered remarkably good for a first night, and there was scarcely any, if any, prompting. In this last respect the Play got worse and worse each night. There was a very fair attendance of O.W.W.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

The second night was Monday, December 15th. The play certainly went more smoothly, though some thought it was scarcely as good as on the first night. The Dean took the chair; and the Headmaster's party included Mr. Yool, the Very Rev. the Dean of Lincoln, Sir Frederick Dixon, the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, the Rev. Subdean Prothero, Mr. F. H. Jeune, Q.C., Mr. Walter Severn, R.A., Professor Bonney, and Sir W. Phillimore, Q.C.

Towards the end of the Play an accident happened which just missed being serious. As Demea entered to open Act IV. with '*Defessus sum ambulando*' the drop-scene, just as it reached the top, tore and came down. Fortunately the splitting of the canvas warned him, and the beam which weights the end of it fell behind him. Several of the newspapers had remarked that he came too near the footlights on the first night!

THE THIRD NIGHT.

The third night was Wednesday, December 17th. The chair was taken by Mr. C. B. Phillimore; among those present were the Postmaster General, Admiral Sir A. Phillimore, Admiral Sir G. Willes, Mr. Jasper More, M.P., Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P.

The performance went well throughout, and the delays between Play and Epilogue were less. The audience was throughout appreciative.

Play Notes.

As usual, most of the leading newspapers had accounts and critiques of the Play. On the whole they were very favourable, the *Morning Post* indeed having nothing but praise for every character, from Demea to Dromo. Some others were less effusive, but none contained any very reasonable criticism.

Some of the reporters, indeed, seemed to have been much more impressed by passing through cloisters than by the Play itself. And in many the words '*lads*' and '*mortar boards*' figured largely—words which sound so very 'untechnical' to Westminster ears that they suggest, justly or unjustly, a prejudice against the writer.

The *Star* also favoured us by printing a long account embellished with sketches and wit, and further had the effrontery to say it had been asked to come to the Play.

Some sketches appeared in the *Daily Graphic* of December 16th, but they were not very good.

Last year, for the first time, the *Cambridge Review* sent reporters and printed a critique.

The *Times* has apparently not yet got the better of its fears of fire in Dormitory, though it was less conspicuously foolish than the year before.

The Epilogue was from the pen of H. Withers, and was a remarkably clever one, though sharing with so many others the fault of having no action to speak of; but the wit of the writing atoned for much.

The Prologue was written by the Headmaster, and dealt mostly with general subjects, as little of note had happened during the year.

A correspondent sends us the following extract from an old periodical called *The Theatre*, dated 1786:—

'On Thursday, the eleventh, a farce called *Small Talk, or the Westminster School Boy*, written by Captain Topham, author of *The Fool*, &c., was brought forward at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, for the benefit of Mrs. Wells.

'It has been an old and established rule among the

youth of Westminster not to permit any exhibition on the stage reflecting upon their body, and the title of the present piece having given them offence, they dispersed themselves over every part of the house, with a pre-determined resolution to oppose the performance.

'When Mr. Holman had got about half through the prologue, a party who had taken possession of a box next the Prince of Wales's commenced the tumult, and they were vigorously seconded by detachments in every part of the house. Mr. Holman, after an ineffectual perseverance, was obliged to retire.

'Mr. Davis now came forward; he said he had the authority of the manager to assure the audience there was nothing in the farce could give offence to the gentlemen of Westminster School; upon which one of the leaders cried out, "Change the title," and another said, "You must not use the king's scholars'

dress," to which Mr. Davis bowed assent, and the first act of the piece terminated without opposition.

'In the second act Mrs. Wells made her appearance in the dress of a Westminster scholar, when a general uproar took place, and the piece was prevented from being heard.

'If judgment may be given upon the merits of the whole from what appeared in the first act of this farce, the author has no reason to regret the premature death of his bantling. Humour it had none, and a few puns were the substitute of wit. The groundwork is old and worn out: a citizen making a fortune and entering into high life has been ridiculed a hundred times, and even so recently as in the opera of Fontainebleau; but, though stale and flat, it was not unprofitable, having drawn a considerable sum from those who came to oppose it.'—*Puck*.

THE ADELPHI, 1890.

MICIO	<i>D. Shearme.</i>
DEMEA	<i>A. L. Longhurst.</i>
SANNIO	<i>L. F. Wintle.</i>
AESCHINUS	<i>R. Balfour.</i>
SYRUS	<i>J. S. Phillimore.</i>
CTESIPHO	<i>J. S. Shearme.</i>
SOSTRATA	<i>B. C. Boulter.</i>
CANTHARA	<i>E. H. Cox.</i>
GETA	<i>C. F. Watherston.</i>
HEGIO	<i>A. C. Nesbitt.</i>
DROMO	<i>A. M. Andrews.</i>

PROLOGUS IN ADELPHOS, 1890.

Majorum partes proles excipio recens,
Et eadem qua majores nunc fungor vice.⁽¹⁾
Nam cepit nostra laudem non minimam Domus
Illinc, quod isdem plures ex radicibus,
5 Saeclis diversis orti, diversis locis,
Eandem semper repetunt quam patres scholam.
Quod tamen impositum est nos non amplius
deceat

Differre, justa quamvis de majoribus
Narrantes, et quae vos soletis maxima
10 Cum venia audire.
Primum merito prosequi
Commilitones jubeo luctu, quos pede
Properato mors vel lento absumpsit plurimos.⁽²⁾
Quorum est quem non memorare non quimus
virum; ⁽³⁾

Here stand I where my fathers stood of yore,
And bear the part that they have borne before.
For this not least among our boasts we place,
That sons so often of a single race,
Whom divers climes and divers ages bore,
Still seek the school their fathers sought before.

But to my task; nor let a long delay
Impede the just observance of the day;
Tho' 'tis a pious claim my words fulfil,
And all would hear with kind indulgence still.

First with due grief I bid you grace the dead,
Lost from our ranks within the year that's fled;
Many both old and young; and first a name
Which here at least has ample right to fame.
Resolved to 'scape oblivion's doom decreed,
Slade's wild ambition dared an awful deed:

¹ Two of the same family have also been Captains of the School, viz., R. Phillimore, who spoke the Prologue to the 'Phormio' in 1801, and W. G. F. Phillimore (the present Baronet), who spoke the prologue to the 'Andria' in 1861.

² The O. W. W. Obituary contains 33 names this year.

³ Alfred Slade (afterwards Sir Alfred Slade) carved his name in large characters near that of Dryden on the Dryden Form.

Tantum coegit aemulus cunctos puer
 15 Sui esse memores, facinus ausus maximum.
 Est nobis sella antiqua, in qua brevissimis
 Elementis sculptum apparet nomen Drydeni.
 En ! huic immensis nomen litteris suum
 Sladius adscripsit, haud scio an ratus fore
 20 Numero poetarum aliquando ipsum, aut credula
 Spe instinctus sempiterna usurum gloria,
 Si laureatorum umbra fiat vatium.

Deinde post recitemus res quemadmodum
 Nostrae sese habeant vel habiturae sint domi.
 25 Si jure tradunt esse quae latet viam
 Feliciorem, tum felices degimus,
 Tranquillis usi rebus et prosperrimis.
 Nam nec caremus nec caruimus ⁽⁴⁾ qui bonum
 Hoc studium iniciant animis, ut ad altissima
 30 Deceat tranquille tendere atque alacriter.
 O quanta et quot nostra haec tenet respublica
 Priorum exempla ! Fulta est praesentissimis
 Suis subsidiis ipsa : quantam civium
 Contraxit semper in se benevolentiam !
 35 Ut, si quid quisquam fecerit laudabile,
 Acceptum matri referat hoc almae lubens.
 Signiferos en ! habetis quos nostratibus
 Placet observare, celsos et fortes viros,
 Qui non dicionis tantum fecerunt suae
 40 Majora regna quam quae olim victricibus
 Aquilis Romani percurrerunt sed quoque
 Faciunt ut nostrae simili mentes ardeant
 Amore honoris et contemptu infamiae.

Carved on a bench, the work of bygone years,
 In tiniest letters Dryden's name appears ;
 Here by its side in lines of vast extent
 Slade carved his own, on some quaint purpose bent ;
 In hope perchance himself one day to stand
 Enrolled a poet in the glorious band ;
 Or deeming thus his memory ne'er should fade,
 But live as surely as the Laureate's shade.

Our present fortune let me now explore,
 And glance at what the future holds in store.
 Blest have we been, if blest, as sages say,
 Is he who treads an uneventful way ;
 Welfare and peace are ours, who know the right.
 Taught now as ever by examples bright,
 To choose a lofty goal, and seek success,
 With temperate zeal, and sober eagerness.
 How richly stands our commonwealth endowed
 With ancient honours and with memory proud ;
 What strength she boasts within her walls contained,
 What love inspires in all her care has trained ;
 Who freely each of every exploit new
 To Alma Mater own the glory due.
 Glad homage to the splendid roll we yield,
 Of those who bore her standard in the field ;
 Whose names at once o'er wider kingdoms reign
 Than once the eagles ruled as their domain,
 And in our hearts arouse an emulous flame,
 Desire of glory and contempt of shame.

⁴ The Committee of O.W.W., who are engaged in decorating the great schoolroom with the armorial bearings of former alumni, have added since last Play the arms of Ben Jonson, Robert Southey, Charles Wesley, George Herbert, Vincent Bourne, Charles Churchill, Richard Cumberland, Sir Elijah Impey, Sir Harry Vane, and many others.

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS, 1890.

SCENE—*A Judge's Court.*

PERSONAE.

MICIO	<i>A man about town</i>	D. SHEARME.
DEMEA	<i>A farmer</i>	A. L. LONGHURST.
SANNIO	<i>A matrimonial agent</i>	L. F. WINTLE.
AESCHINUS	<i>A guardsman</i>	R. BALFOUR.
CTESIPHO	<i>An agitator</i>	J. S. SHEARME.
SYRUS	<i>A judge</i>	J. S. PHILLIMORE.
SOSTRATA	<i>A widow</i>	B. C. BOULTER.
CANTHARA	<i>Her maid</i>	E. H. COX.
GETA	<i>An usher</i>	C. F. WATHERSTON.
HEGIO	<i>A judge's clerk</i>	A. C. NESBITT.
DROMO	<i>A police officer</i>	A. M. ANDREWS.

SCENE—SYRUS' Court. SYRUS found sitting. *To him enter MICIO.*

GE. Consedere duces. Sy. Cur me tot volvere casus
Sors iubet? (*To MICIO*) Heus, quid vis? Qui
vir, et unde venis?

MI. Infandumne iubes, praetor, renovare dolorem?
Nam puerum Parcae corripuere mihi.

Fratris erat natus; curandum Demea nobis
Tradidit; hunc portis accipit illa suis
Illustris schola, quam versu si dicere non est,
Signis perfacile est; namque ibi Sutclifus,—

HE. O fortunatus nimium sua si bona norit
Iunior! hoc tecto qualia quotque vorat!

MI. Hic lusisse pila, hic fustem librasse salignum
Condidicit: virgae subsecuere pigrum:
Doctrinae modus et libris imponitur aequus:
Sic mens in sano corpore sana subit.

Sy. Sed brevitatem opus est.

HE. Brevitas anima est salis.

MI. Inde

Militat, et passus anseris, ecce, iuvant.
Haec gemitus causa est; nam seditione coorta
Exilio iuvenem Bermuda dira premit.

Sy. Quid tamen haec ad me? ne tantum erraveris
ab re.

MI. Quid? puerum patri reddere nonne potes?
Tu qui Barnardum iussisti reddere natos,—

Sy. (*curtly.*) Res age, inepte, tuas.

MI. Sed lupus ipse venit.

GE. The Judge comes into Court.

Sy. Oh, why does fate me thus compel
To try these cases? Come, your name, abode,
and business tell.

MI. Ah, must I shew the skeleton? I've lost my
brother's heir,
Whom Demea entrusted as a child to my fond
care:

I sent him to that famous school, which baffles
scansion, but 's
Distinctly recognisable by landmarks: You
know Sut's—

HE. Thrice happy, happy junior, if he his blessings
knew!

'Tis there he eats great quantities of stuff, and
such stuff too!

MI. He played football; the leather, too, with willow
wand could whack:

The tanning-cane would touch him up whenever
he got slack,

This diet, tempered with not-too-much work, doth
give combined

A healthy frame of body, and a healthy frame of
mind.

Sy. But please be brief.

HE. That brevity's the soul of wit we know;

MI. Well, then he went a-soldiering, and learnt the
goose-step,—so.

Aye, there's the rub—for breach of discipline they
sent his corps

To dread Bermuda.

Sy. Why all this? The point a little more.

MI. What? You who made Barnardo give up waifs,
can't find my neph—

Sy. Oh, hold your tongue, impertinent!

MI. Well, talk about the dev—

[Enter DEMEA, dragging AESCHINUS with him.]

DE. Perdite vir ! Caelebs ! si Telegraphema Diurnum
Res regat humanas, sit tibi multa gravis !
Quem tibi donavi, vacua qui parvulus aula
Luderet, in corvos sic, scelus, ire sinis ?

MI. Quis tantus furor, o frater ? saevisne, quod iste
Antipodas longos militiamque fugit ?

DE. Militiam duram ! Gyaris et carcere dignum
En iuvenem ! AE. Perii ! patruae care ! SY.
Tace !

Sic nostra fraterna agitis convicia in aula ?
Ordo sit ! (to DE.) Quid vis, dic mihi, quidve
refers ?

DE. Hicce redux furtim tenerae dulcisque puellae
Belligero ornatu mollia corda domat.
Mox taedet flammae ; sed iudex milia centum
Pro devastato reddere corde iubet.
Aeris inops decoxit. SY. At hic cur garrulus
adstas ?

I nunc in diram, tuque puerque, crucem.

DE. Nonne hic, te mandante, Reformatorium inibit ?
Adstringive iube. AE. Parce, Syrisce, precor :
Effodientur opes, delenimenta parentis :
Da veniam. DE. Sed spem non ego emo pretio.

AE. Sed relevabo aliquem, qui se non vult relevatum ;
In comites cunctos iurgia saeva geram.

SY. Scribe librum, nomenque 'Nigerrima Bermuda'
detur ;

Atque ingens pretium bibliopola dabit.
Aut, ut nunc multi, macer ad praetoria Aquari
Assideas ; quis non sic dabit aera ? AE. Placet :
Aut cocta lymphæ cogam dare terga 'bacillos' ?

DE. Tune coques quidquam ? decoquere ante
soles !

[Enter DROMO dragging in CTESIPHO with camera.]

MI. En secum trahit huc puerum tibi lictor agrestem.

DR. Hic meritas poenas iustitiamque fugit.

SY. Fare age, si quid habes pro teipso dicere. CT.
Amici,

Romani, cives, quin datis auriculas ? SY. Am-
pallas mitte.

CT. Est puer, huius sedis alumnus, Harrisonus.

DE. You wicked rake, you bachelor ! If ever the D.T.
Control humanity, your life will not worth living
be !

I put into your empty nursery my darling son,
And now I find you've let the boy to rack and
ruin run :

MI. Why fuss, Demea, my dear ? Are you upset be-
cause he flees

The drudgery of barrack-life in far Antipodes ?

DE. Pooh ! Barrack-life a drudgery ! The 'Bay' and
prison-fare

Would suit the puppy better.

AE. Uncle, save me !

SY. Silence there !
Is this the way you bring domestic squabbles
into court ?

Order ! Now tell me what you want, or what's
the claim you've brought.

DE. My boy stole back to England, where his uniform,
so smart

Quite captivated some sweet girl's impressionable
heart ;

He soon got weary of his flame, but found him-
self one day

Let in for breach of promise, with £10,000 to
pay.

He'd got no cash, so went to smash——

SY. Be quiet, blockhead, do :
Don't chatter here—go hang yourself, and take
your brat off too.

DE. Please have the boy packed off to a Reformatory or
Locked up in close confinement.

AE. Syros, mercy, I implore !
I'll dig for gold, that may have charms to soothe
my parent's breast :

Forgive !

DE. I will not pay for hope deferred huge interest.

AE. But I'll relieve someone, for which Relief I'll get
no thanks :

And sow discord, and lie about my comrades in
their ranks.

SY. Or write 'In Dark Bermuda : ' some great pub-
lisher will buy it ;

Or be like Jacques, a fasting man ; you'll find that
pay.

AE. I'll try it.

Or doctor up a 'lymph' and make the germs
turn tail.

DE. That's fine !

You couldn't doctor anything, the 'dock's' more
in your line !

MI. See where a 'bobby' drags your bumpkin son
into the court.

DR. This man his punishment would 'scape and
justice thwart.

SY. Come, speak, if you have anything to say in your
defence.

CT. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears !
SY. Oh, do talk sense !

CT. One Master Harrison, brought up at this great
learning's seat——

AE. Memini; crure peritus erat.
 CT. Fustibus immeritum caput huic laceravit, et ora
 Sanguine foedavit, Balforiana cohors.
 DE. Illis robur et aes triplex praecordia circa!
 SY. Tu tamen his rebus quomodo laesus eras?
 CT. Me, facinus camera quia photographarer
 iniquum,
 Comprendit saeva Caddelus ipse manu:
 Saeva Magistratus Removabilis ore minatur—
 SY. Cur igitur stringunt vincula nulla manus?
 CT. Ecce, datis vadibus, per marmora nocte cucurri,
 Immemor, heu, velox quam foret 'umbra'
 sequi:
 Quisque suas patimur; (to SYR.) sed te quoque
 photographabor ('takes' SYRUS)
 SY. Septem cum duro deinde labore dies,
 Contemptor legum, tibi do.
 CT. Salvete, catenae!
 Dulcest pro patria Gladstonioque mori!

[CTESIPHO is carried off by DROMO.]

SY. Nunc intervallo capiat sua prandia quisque;
 Guttaque sumenda est una (duaevae) mihi.
 (Exit.)

GE. Surrexere duces.

DE. Abeamus nos quoque pransum:
 (pointing to A.B.C. shop)

MI. Illa mihi, dic, sis, quid tria signa valent?
 Aerium Panem vendunt hic Consociati,
 Et quae non capiti potio calda nocet.
 Hic cophe, tea, cocoa, lac, bovril sumere possis.
 DE. Ingrediar; dulce est tea sipere atque cocoa.
 MI. Ei mihi, quid faciam? potum noloque voloque:
 Nec te-cum possum vivere, nec sine te.

[Exeunt omnes. Enter SOSTRATA, CANTHARA, SANNIO.]

SO. Canthara, perventum est praetoris ad atria,
 teque
 Iam tandem ulciscar, Sannio false, probe.
 SA. Quid feci?
 SO. Rogitas quid feceris? o scelerate,
 Tu mihi promisti conciliare virum;
 Argentumque dedi: sed nondum apparuit ille
 Vir mihi: nunc igitur damna—virumque—
 peto.

[Re-enter SYRUS, AESCHINUS, &c.]

AE. (offering Bath bun from A.B.C. shop) O Syre,
 sume cibi.

DE. Sua cena, Syrisce, sit isti.
 SY. (angrily to AESCHINUS) Corruptisne meum iudi-
 cium?

AE. Ah minume.
 MI. Huic, precor, ignoscas, legum columnenque
 decusque.

SY. Hac sola veniam condicione dabo:
 Corrige verberibus iuvenem istum, Micio.

MI. Eho, ad me! (boxing his ears)
 Liber es: ique viam quam decet ire.

SY. Sat est.

SY. He was, if I remember, rather handy with his feet.
 CT. His undeserving head by Balfour's myrmidons
 was broke,
 His beauty spoiled—

DE. They've steelled sinews, aye,
 and ribs of oak!

SY. But where do you come in?
 CT. Me Caddell savagely attacked,
 Because I took a photograph of this disgraceful act,
 And one of the Removables then threatened me
 with jail—

SY. But why no handcuffs on your hands?
 CT. You see, I

gave them bail,
 And fled across the sea by night: alas! I never
 knew
 That Shadows went so fast: we've all got one:
 I'll 'take' you too.

SY. Contempt of court! Sir, one week's hard:
 CT. Come, come, ye fetters grim!
 Tell Home-Rule bill and Home-Rule Bill, I died
 for her and him!

SY. Lunch time: I'll take a drop or two—my appetite
 is keen.

GE. The Court will rise.

DE. Let's have lunch too. Pray, what
 might those signs mean?

MI. Here C. (for Co.) sells A. and B. (for Aerated
 Bread),
 And hot drinks (non-intoxicant) which won't
 mount to the head:
 They've coffee, tea, and cocoa, milk, and bovril,
 most nutritious.

DE. I think I'll go inside; the cup that cheers is so
 delicious.

MI. What shall I do? I've such a thirst; to be or
 not to be?

A cup of tea would kill me, but I'm dying for
 some tea.

SO. At length, dear Canthara, we have arrived at court,
 and so

I'll pay you out now, properly, you traitor, Sannio.

SA. What have I done?

SO. What have you done? You pettifogging brute,
 You undertook to find for me a husband that
 would suit:

I paid you money down: but so far husband
 have I none:

And now I've come for both.

AE. Pray, would your lordship like a bun?

DE. Sweet Syrus, scorn his stodgy stuff.

SY. You'd bribe me, sir?

AE. No fear.

MI. Most noble Pillar of the law, do not be too severe.

SY. If you'll correct the lad, I'll let him off.

MI. Boy, come here, you!

You're free: now mind you go the way you
 should.

SY. Yes, that will do.

Well, what's your business? who are you?

SY. (*to SANNIO, SOSTR., &c.*) Quid vultis? Quis tu?
 SA. Qui sim vin' scire? marita
 Siqua cupit fieri, sive maritus, ego (*low bow*)
 Conubio iungo stabili.

SO. Propriumque dicabis
 Hunc mihi.

MI. Mene autem?
 SO. Te.
 MI. (*imploring*) Syre!

SY. (*to SOSTRATA*) Tune cupis?
 SO. Scilicet.

SY. Ergo tibi sit Sostrata, Micio, coniux:
 Sannio, tu reddes quot dedit illa minas.

SA. Ei mihi nunc dubium est etiam de sorte!
 SY. Bona est sors:
 'Dimidium melius' iam datur: uxor erit.

SA. Cantharam amo ante alias.
 CA. Au, au! scelerate, voluntas
 Est mihi nulla tibi nubere: nube tibi.

OMNES. Hymen, o hymenæ, Hymen ades, o hyme-
 næe!

SA. Estne tibi coniux, optime?
 SY. Nulla quidem.

SA. Hoc mihi curandum, sodes, permitte.
 SY. Benigne!

SA. Femina nota mihi est, quae tibi conveniat:
 Aurea caesaries; series nitidissima dente,
 (*aside*) Falsa quidem: (*to SYR.*) blanda est moribus,
 alma, placens,
 (*with emphasis*) Et locuples: illi iam sexagesimus
 annus.

SY. Non palea veteres sic capiuntur aves.
 AE. Parvulus at nobis ager est.

MI. Est.

SO. Obsecro, mi vir,
 Quid nunc fiet eo? nonne tuum omne meum est?

AE. Malim equidem accipiat Salvans Exercitus.
 DE. Immo
 In vili procul hinc experiantur agro.

SY. (*to audience*) Si vobis placuit res, non mihi dis-
 plicet; at nunc
 Seria iam vobis dicere verba velim.
 Tantum nos pueri vos hic gaudemus adesse
 Quantum vos ipsos rursus adesse iuvat.
 Hic communis amor iuvenesque senesque re-
 vincit:
 Quos fovet hic, et quos fovit Elissa domo.
 Has ipsi partes egistis, consule Planco:
 Longo intervallo proxima nos agimus.
 Nostra iterum veteres collegit scena sodales,
 Visque nova antiquas iungit amicitias.
 Aspicitis muros inscriptos nomina vestra,
 Et puerilem horam fors meminisse iuvat.
 Praesentes vos Praeteritos salvare iubemus:
 Permaneat nobis omnibus unus amor.
 Sic ornare decet cunctos socialiter Aedem;
 Sidera sic feriet vertice nostra Domus.

SA. Who, sir? If any miss
 Or master seeks to taste the joys of conjugated
 bliss,
 I find them partners.

SO. Then to me, please, Micio award.

MI. Not me?

SO. Yes, you.

MI. Oh, Syrus.

SY. You want him?

SO. Rather, my lord.

SY. Let Micio and Sostrata be one, no longer two.
 You, Sannio, restore the fees the lady paid to you.

SA. It seems I've drawn a blank this time.

SY. You've drawn a prize, you'll see.
 The 'Better Half' falls to your share; your prize
 a wife will be.

SA. Sweet Canthara's my only joy.

CA. Not much. I've not the least
 Desire to stick to you for life; stick to yourself,
 you beast.

ALL. Hail, blushing bride, hail bridegroom!

SA. Oh, most noble sir, have you
 A wife?

SY. Not to my knowledge.

SA. Let me find you one.

SY. 'Twon't do.

SA. I have a lady on my books who'd suit you to a T.
 Such golden hair and rows of pearly teeth (all
 false) has she;
 Domesticated, pleasant, tame; a human golden
 calf,
 The shady side of sixty.

SY. You can't catch old birds with chaff.

AE. We've got a bit of land.

SO. What shall we do with it, sweet Mike?
 For all your worldly goods are mine now, dear.

AE. I think I'd like
 To give it to the 'General.'

DE. Nay, rather let him buy
 Some waste ground many miles from here on
 which his Scheme to try.

SY. If you are pleased, 'tis well; but now a word
 Of serious intent I fain to you
 Would say. Do you rejoice once more to come,
 It yet cannot outweigh the joy we feel
 That you should grace us thus. Here at this time
 Love mutual enthrals once more both young
 And old, whom Alma Mater fostered once,
 And those she fosters now. We here enact
 (Your footsteps following) those self-same parts
 That you yourselves did once, when others ruled.
 The Play's a trysting-time for whilom comrades,
 And serves tried friendships to rejuvenate.
 Perchance the sight of these your names inscribed
 Upon these walls may bring to memory
 Sweet hours of boyhood's days; the Present gives
 Glad welcome to its Past; let one affection
 Be ever ours reciprocal; thus linked,
 Let all bedeck our other Home's fair fame
 With some fresh glory; thus shall Westminster
 O'ertop the heavens with uplifted head.

THE 'ADELPHI,' 1890.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—To an Old Westminster there are few pleasures in the world like that of being at the Play. Old friends, old scenes, old memories combine to make a Play night one of the happiest in the year. I was going to add that there can be few more agreeable tasks for an Old Westminster than to write the 'critique' for the Play number of the *Elizabethan*. But an Old Westminster who can still number the 'Plays' he has seen on the fingers of his two hands may well feel a twinge or two of diffidence when he sits down for the first time to a task which demands so much for its due performance. He may well hesitate like Aeschinus upon the threshold, and exclaim with him, '*Perii: horresco . . . ubi pultare hasce occipio miser.*'

But, Mr. Editor, if your critic be a poor one you must confess that it is you who are to blame; for was it not you who asked me to undertake the task? And who that was human could refuse so flattering an invitation? So, passing over idle apologies, which could never be enough for my shortcomings, I will go straight to business, looking to you for protection from the criticisms of critics, and borrowing for the nonce the ægis of your editorial 'we.'

The cast of the 'Adelphi' of 1890 are to be congratulated on a most distinct success. It is some years since there has been so good an all-round cast. Not only was there none of the parts indifferently filled, but more than one of the actors might be selected as quite out of the ordinary run. The Play as a whole went with a go and a spirit which prove that the keenness which has for long characterised Westminster acting is not one jot abated, but if possible increased; while the careful finish of important scenes showed that time and trouble had been spent on them in no grudging measure. The acting was all alive, and the actors clearly had their hearts in their work. It is this keenness which, over and above its long history, has given the Westminster Play the unique position which it holds as a thing apart by itself. As long as it is kept alive we need have no fears for the permanence of the Play. The Play will have nothing to fear from outside attack if the sacred fire is kept burning within; and if we may judge from this year, there is little danger of its burning low.

Whatever may be the merits and demerits of the 'Adelphi' in other respects, it certainly has the great advantage of having the best two old men's parts in our four plays. On the Simo of the 'Andria' indeed much of the success of the play must depend; the Chremes of the 'Phormio' is an amusing sketch of a hen-pecked husband; in the 'Trinummus' Megaronides and Callicles are good character-studies. But in none of the other three plays is there anything to compare in interest with the elaborate contrast of two opposed types of character, which it is the object of the 'Adelphi' to draw. There is a genial humour running

through the repeated passages of arms between Demea and Micio which is equalled in none of the other plays; and in Demea at least there is a vein of pathos to which even the pathos of Simo's rough passion will not bear comparison. There is no old man's speech spoken on our stage that has half the power of touching one's sympathy that is wielded by the lines beginning, '*Ego ille agrestis, saevus, tristis.*' It is the prime function of the 'heavy father' in Latin comedy to be fooled; but there is no prettier bit of fooling in the four plays than Syrus' parody of Demea's sententious saws, from the sphere of morals to that of cookery, or than the elaborate directions by which he guides Demea to the 'Other-end of nowhere.' And Micio has his chance for pathos in his scene with Aeschinus in Act IV.; while in the concluding scenes of the play there is a quiet humour depending for its effect on the two old men, which, if not as broadly comic as the humour of the 'Baby scene' or the 'Sycophant scene,' is yet very telling in its own way. Whether an old bachelor is likely to turn Benedick on a sudden at the wish of his adopted son is another question—and one, we may be pardoned for thinking, which is of little consequence.

So much of the action of the 'Adelphi' and the whole of its *ἦθος* depending on the two old men, the first essential is to have a good Micio and a good Demea. In this respect the cast of 1890 were particularly fortunate. Nature herself had gone a good halfway to make them an instructive contrast, and art gave a good account of the rest. Micio, as represented by Mr. D. Shearme, was a dapper little old man, delightfully easy-going and offhand in his manner, with all the quickness, polish, and good humour of an *habitué* of the Athenian clubs. Mr. Shearme may safely be pronounced one of the best old men of recent years. His part was manifestly a pleasure to him. He had succeeded in a rare degree in divesting himself of his own person and transforming himself into the Athenian gentleman of independent means. In the quick dialogue he was particularly happy, and indeed all the lighter part of his work left nothing to be desired. The cool nonchalance of his demeanour in Act I., scene 2, stood out in splendid contrast to Demea's blustering; while his '*Tune jubes hoc, Demea?*' and his '*Quid tu autem huic, asine, auscultas?*' in the last act could not have been better given. His gestures were natural in themselves and appropriate to the words they emphasised, and he moved about the stage with ease. It was in the more serious parts that there was perhaps a something lacking. There were places in which one could have wished Micio a little more emphatic. For instance, he might have made more than he did of the time-honoured '*Erubuit! salva res est.*' Again the manumission of Syrus was a little muddled. One likes to hear something of the smack, which we may well believe that Micio administered with a hearty good-will, and without wishing any personal injury to the Syri of the future, I venture to suggest that this might be effected.

But in all else Mr. Shearme achieved a marked triumph, and we shall look forward with pleasure to seeing him again next year.

The brunt of the play falls on Demea's shoulders in point of the length of his part, and a part so long may well be tedious. It is, therefore, high praise to Mr. Longhurst when we say, as we honestly can, that we were not for a moment weary of him. But we can say very much more. He had evidently given much careful thought to the long soliloquies which his part contains; and his general conception of Demea's character was good, and also of the sudden change of manner which has puzzled so many critics. We confess to being puzzled at their puzzlement. The change is only in a small degree real, and is mostly assumed. Demea's principles receive a severe blow when he finds that Ctesipho is no less human than the rest of his kind. His pride is humbled, and he really means to relax something of his old sternness. But he still sees as clearly as ever the weakness of Micio's principle—its failure on the other side; and he means to read him a lesson. Thus the soliloquy in Act V., scene 4, indicates a real change, but its limits are indicated clearly enough by his concluding speech in the last scene of the play. This we take to have been Mr. Longhurst's idea of the matter, and he certainly worked it out thoroughly well. There was a bluntness and sincerity in his manner which won the hearts of the audience, even when he stormed, which he did to good purpose. His '*Ad portum, ad lacum, quo non?*' was delivered with great effect; and the '*Defessus sum ambulando*' could not fail to be received with enthusiasm, even if it had not been given so well as it was. He entered into the joke of turning the tables on Micio with a *bonhomie* that carried the audience with him, and one or two pieces of irony were very well given, as, for example, the '*Res apparet*' to Syrus' protestations of virtue in prospect of his freedom. There is a small point which may be noticed. Demea had a tendency to come too far forward and to walk right up to the footlights, which is surely undesirable. But as on the second night Jupiter himself from Olympus signified his disapproval by hurling a substantial thunderbolt (in the shape of the drop-scene) at Demea's head, amid the applause of the assembled 'gods,' it is needless for mortal critic to say more. This incident, one eminent weekly observed, gave to the '*Defessus sum ambulando*,' which immediately followed, 'the force of a topical illusion.'

The old men of this play being more than ordinarily interesting, it follows that the slave does not stand out so much above the rest of the cast as is the case in other plays. But in himself Syrus ranks high among Westminster slaves, and is perhaps only excelled by Davus of the '*Andria*.' Mr. J. S. Phillimore, the Captain, has had the good fortune to play both, and he has what is, we believe, the unique record of having taken part in all four plays. Those who saw his Nausistrata in 1887 expected great things of him, and their expectations have certainly not been

disappointed. Mr. Phillimore was so excellent a Davus that it could hardly be hoped that his Syrus would better what was already best. But remembering that Syrus has not quite as good a chance as Davus, we may say that Mr. Phillimore had really gained something in finish on his last year's acting.

The slave of Latin comedy is always a rascal, but withal so genial, humorous, and resourceful a rascal that he invariably has the audience on his side. And he really has many virtues of a rough kind. The Syrus of this year won our hearts at once. He took his audience, and especially the young Old Westminster Pit, so entirely into his confidence, had so merry a twinkle in his eye, and enjoyed his jokes with so hearty, though quiet, a good-will that he was quite irresistible. In most respects Mr. Phillimore is certainly the best of recent slaves. With Mr. Bain, who took Syrus in 1881, and with whom Mr. Phillimore has been compared by more than one critic in the papers, we are personally unable to draw a comparison, as being of too tender years when we saw his acting to form a just estimate of its merits. Mr. Phillimore's acting is singularly quiet and restrained. It is, even as were the plays of Terence himself, not for the many, but for the few. It might be said that there is not quite enough *action*, but this is a matter of taste. What action and by-play there is is appropriate in every detail. But in the intonations of the voice, and the expression of the face—in which the actor's art is most consummately displayed—we have never seen Mr. Phillimore excel. His face was a perfect study, and we can hardly give higher praise than to say the action of the play might have been read in it without gestures of the body, and almost without the words. There is a refinement of touch in Mr. Phillimore's acting which places it on a very high level; and in places may be traced an art which is nature itself. To mention the good points one by one would be tedious; to touch upon one or two weak ones will be a shorter business. Surely in the '*Hoc salsum est*,' &c., the gestures of Demea should be parodied as closely as possible. As far as we remember Mr. Phillimore pointed to the ground as if to different dishes of fish. What were Mr. Longhurst's gestures with '*Hoc facito*,' &c., we cannot clearly recall; but by arrangement Syrus might have gestures to copy which by a slight parodying might apply to the kitchen while they still resembled Demea's. The 'drunken scene' is always one in which it is not possible to please everyone. Some like Syrus very drunk, some moderately drunk, and some hardly drunk at all. Mr. Phillimore hit a happy mean, and his intentions were laudable. But it seemed to us that different parts of Mr. Phillimore were at different stages of intoxication; and his head was certainly more drunk than his legs. But he brought out the humour of the scene very well; and his '*Abiit*' was splendid, and well deserved the clap it called forth. Of other points, his '*Ehem, Demea, haud aspexeram*,' &c., and his '*Oh! qui egomet produxi*' were quite unsurpassable.

Mr. Wintle, as Sannio, had quite a different idea of the part from that of the Sannio of 1886, though an equally possible one. In both cases Sannio is a scoundrel—that goes without saying; but in 1886 he was a burly, blustering, sturdy scoundrel, and this year he is a chicken-livered, fawning, cringing one. We take the former view of the part to be the truer, though in any case Sannio is of course reduced to cringing in the end when bullying fails. But Mr. Wintle had his own idea well worked out, and played it well. Sannio's is the part which suffers most from the recent revision of the text, whereby he is deprived of his best scene. It would not be appropriate here to criticise the revision that has been made. It was Cæsar, we believe, who apostrophised Terence as '*dimidiatè Menander*.' If he had been in possession of the new acting edition of the '*Adelphi*,' he would have had to reduce his compliment to a smaller fraction.

The character of Ctesipho has often been mistaken and maligned by malevolent critics, who have sometimes treated him as a prig and sometimes as a hypocrite. In reality we have no reason to believe him either. It is not his fault, as far as we can tell, that his father thinks him better than he is, and paints him as a model of all the virtues. In Mr. J. S. Shearme's hands he was a very attractive young gentleman. He was a little wild, and had no doubt something of the 'good young man' about him; but that was only as it should be, for his falling in love is evidently his first scrape, and he is terribly frightened of his father, while his innocence shows itself in his horror of inventing any excuse for his absence. All this Mr. Shearme brought out very well. His gratitude for his brother's kindness was very warmly given, and there was a tone of unaffected happiness in his expressions of joy. The radiant smile with which he welcomed Syrus' suggestion that he should go in and make love to the music-girl was delightful to behold. There was a quietness and gentleness about Mr. Shearme's acting which was very pleasing and quite in keeping with the part. One of his exits, by the way, was surely on the wrong side. Unless our memory plays us false, Ctesipho retired into Sostrata's house. Aeschinus was no doubt a most kind and generous brother, but he could hardly have placed the house of his mother-in-law at Ctesipho's disposal.

Mr. Balfour, whose Mysis was one of the good things of last year's '*Andria*,' again acquitted himself well this year as Aeschinus. He was easy and graceful in his carriage, and spoke with a careless good-humour well suited to the young Athenian of fashion, but withal of generous heart. So well did Mr. Balfour do those scenes in which an easy indifference of manner was appropriate, that one can only regret that it did not fall to his lot to act the scene where the capture of the music-girl is effected—omitted in the new text—and which would have given him a splendid opening for the effective display of his strong point. Mr. Balfour gave his long and trying soliloquy in Act IV., scene 4, excellently, his reproduction of

Canthara's words being particularly good. He was less happy in expressing the sudden failing of his courage in '*Perii: horresco semper ubi pullare hæc occipio miser*'; and the scene with Micio, in which he finds that his father knows all, was perhaps his least satisfactory piece of acting. He was neither agitated enough at the beginning nor repentant enough at the end. He was also a little apt to lose his interest in the proceedings when himself not a prominent actor in them. But the part of Aeschinus is a hard one in this respect, as he is often on the stage for a long time with little to say. The 'young man' is always a trying part in respect of gesture. The old man has his stick, and the slave his beard, but the young man has neither stick nor beard, and the modern resource of trouser pockets is for obvious reasons out of the question. The young man may be excused, therefore, for being at times at a loss for gesture; but we question very much if the Athenian youth would have played with the weight which keeps down the end of his *pallium*, even if that be not entirely a device of the costumier.

There is no more thankless part in the *Adelphi* than Geta, and his sustained passion in the first scene in which he appears is particularly difficult. Mr. Watherston spoke his lines with an earnestness and intensity of feeling which gave at once the impression of the faithful servant; and if meanwhile he paced up and down a bit of the stage very much after the manner of a lion at the 'Zoo,' the fault, perhaps, is rather in the play than the player. Still Mr. Watherston might have varied his motions more than he did, and the narration of the vengeance he will take if he gets the chance—'*eriperem oculos*,' '*tunderem et prosternerem*,' and so on—gives him an opportunity for vigorous gesture of which he hardly took advantage. But Mr. Watherston played with vigour and displayed a very real emotion. His attempted exit before seeing Sostrata was very cleverly managed, especially the '*Quisquis es, sine me*'—particularly so as the delayed recognitions of Terentian comedy are very hard to give naturally.

Sostrata (Mr. Boulter) was quiet and dignified, and not without a certain matronly grace. At times Mr. Boulter spoke with real pathos, but as a whole his impersonation was a little wanting in strength. His intonation was better than his gesture, though by neither did he betray quite enough of agitation in the scene with Geta. He was very ably seconded by Mr. E. H. Cox as Canthara, who in appearance and fussiness was the old nurse to the life, and whose voice was vastly diverting, if somewhat outrunning nature. His byplay was excellent.

The small part of Hegio was quite one of the best played of the year, and deserves notice out of proportion to its brevity. There was a stately dignity and old-world courtesy in Mr. Nesbitt's Hegio which put in bodily form the description of him by Demea as a man '*antiqua virtute ac fide*.' His delivery was admirably clear and measured, and deserves the more praise at a time when this important point seems likely to fall

into some neglect. There are few passages in Terence expressive of a deeper pathos than Hegio's lines beginning '*Cognatus mihi erat*'; and Mr. Nesbitt spoke them with a real appreciation of their force.

When we add that Mr. Andrews, as Dromo, submitted to be hustled off the stage by Syrus with as good a grace as the circumstances admit, we have completed the catalogue of the parts, and can only reiterate our congratulations on a most successful play.

Of the Epilogue we need say little more than that it was worthy of its predecessors of the last few years. It had one special merit—that of sticking closely to the play which it burlesques and borrowing freely from its text. The gravity of Syrus in the capacity of Judge was inimitable. Aeschinus made a dashing guardsman, and Ctesipho as an Irish agitator contrived to put on a touch of the true brogue. The Epilogue concluded with some really admirable lines, which were spoken by Syrus. The author had expressed some particularly graceful and appropriate sentiments in equally graceful and idiomatic Latin.

The Prologue contained, among other topics, an amusing and neatly turned allusion to the Slade who is the hero of the legend connected with the Dryden Form, and not unconnected with Dr. Liddell's 'rod.' It was excellently delivered by Mr. Phillimore, the Captain.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
ISSI.

OBITUARY OF O.WW.

- GEORGE MARMADUKE ALINGTON, Esq., aged 92. Admitted Christmas 1812. Of Swinhope, Lincolnshire.
- The Rev. HERBERT BARNES, aged 58. Admitted January 22, 1846; Q.S. 1847-51. Archdeacon of Barnstaple, 1885-9; Canon Residentiary and Treasurer of Exeter Cathedral.
- HENRY HOWARD BOVILL, Esq., M.R.C.S., aged 35. Admitted May 6, 1867.
- WILLIAM HENRY CHETWYND, Esq., aged 77. Admitted January 17, 1827. Formerly in the 7th Hussars. Of Longdon Hall, Staffordshire.
- FRANCIS HENRY DICKINSON, Esq., aged 77. Admitted June 18, 1824. M.P. West Somerset, 1841-7; High Sheriff of Somerset, 1853.
- WILLIAM FRANCIS DODSON, Esq., LL.D., aged 75. Admitted June 26, 1829. Formerly an advocate of Doctors' Commons.
- GEORGE TUPMAN FINCHAM, Esq., M.D., aged 72. Admitted February 25, 1828. Formerly Senior Consulting Physician at Westminster Hospital.
- The Rev. CHARLES GARTH FULLERTON, aged 53. Admitted February 15, 1848. Rector of Boothby Graffoe, Lincolnshire, 1863-81.
- JOHN SEBASTIAN GWILT, Esq., aged 79. Admitted January 11, 1819; K.S. 1825-26. Architect.

- The Rev. CHARLES RANKEN HALL, aged 78. Admitted April 26, 1827. Rector of Shire-Newton, Monmouthshire, 1856-84.
- The Rev. WILLIAM HEBERDEN, aged 86. Admitted October 10, 1817. Formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford; Vicar of Broadhembury, Devon, 1829-74.
- The Rev. RICHARD HENRY HOWARD, aged 76. Admitted January 14, 1828. Vicar of Dalston, Cumberland, 1853-65.
- WILLIAM MANSFIELD KING, Esq., aged 76. Admitted October 13, 1823.
- FELIX KNYVETT, Esq., aged 81. Admitted February 4, 1822. Apparitor-General of the Province of Canterbury, 1852-85.
- EDWARD MALTBY, Esq., aged 78. Admitted September 19, 1821. Formerly of the Madras Civil Service.
- The Rev. WILLIAM MONEY, aged 87. Admitted June 20, 1815. Formerly Chaplain at St. Servan, France.
- KENYON BETHELL OTTER, Esq., aged 32. Admitted June 12, 1868; Q.S. 1872-73.
- The Rev. WILLIAM ST. GEORGE PATTERSON, aged 74. Admitted June 15, 1829; K.S. 1830-34. Succentor of Lichfield Cathedral, 1846.
- THOMAS EDWARD PRESTON, Esq., aged 73. Admitted January 12, 1830.
- LEWIS SHAPTER, Esq., M.D., aged 42. Admitted January 24, 1862; Q.S. 1863-67.
- Sir ALFRED FREDERICK ADOLPHUS SLADE, Bart., aged 56. Admitted June 25, 1846; Q.S. 1849-53. Served in the 57th Foot during the Crimean War, and was wounded in the attack on the Redan. Receiver-General of Inland Revenue, 1875.
- ROBERT WILLIAMSON HUNT SMART, Esq., aged 60. Admitted September 30, 1842; Q.S. 1843-47. Solicitor.
- The Rev. EDWARD ARTHUR SMEDLEY, aged 86. Admitted January 12, 1818; K.S. 1818-22; Usher, 1828-36. Vicar of Chesterton, Cambs, 1836-73.
- Sir WARINGTON WILKINSON SMYTH, F.R.S., aged 72. Admitted January 14, 1825. Rowed No. 2 in the Cambridge Eight, 1839; Chief Mineral Inspector in the Department of Woods and Forests, 1857; President of the Geological Society, 1876-8. Knighted, August 12, 1887.
- CHARLES JOHN STENNING, Esq., aged 41. Admitted October 7, 1863. Solicitor.
- FRANCIS WILLIAM STOKES, Esq., aged 56. Admitted October 9, 1846; Q.S. 1847-50.
- ARCHDALE DRURY TAYLER, Esq., aged 27. Admitted June 15, 1876.
- The Rev. VERNON PEARCE TAYLOR, aged 81. Admitted September 30, 1823. Vicar of Wyke-Champfflower, and of Pitcombe, Somerset, 1846-80.
- WILBRAHAM SPENCER TOLLEMACHE, Esq., aged 82. Admitted February 5, 1818. High Sheriff of Cheshire, 1865. Of Do fold Hall, Cheshire.
- Major-General SAMUEL TRYON, aged 84. Admitted January 16, 1816.
- The Rev. EVELYN HARDOLPH HARCOURT-VERNON, aged 68. Admitted January 21, 1835; K.S. 1835-39. Prebendary of Lincoln.
- ALFRED WADDILOVE, Esq., D.C.L., aged 84. Admitted February 15, 1820. Of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Formerly an Advocate of Doctors' Commons: Official of the Archdeacon of Middlesex.
- General JOHN HOPE WINGFIELD, aged 79. Admitted June 27, 1821. Formerly Colonel of the East Yorkshire Regiment.
- WALTER VERE VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, Esq., aged 50. Admitted November 22, 1852; Q.S. 1854-58. Of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

Morrat.