



The Elizabethan.

No. 16.

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PRICE 6D.

THE ANDRIA.

AS most of our readers know, the Play acted this year in the College Dormitory was Terence's "Andria." This piece has always been a great favourite at Westminster, more so perhaps, than either the "Adelphi" or the "Phormio." There are two reasons which sufficiently explain this—first, that it has been regularly represented on our stage every fourth year since the Westminster Play first came into existence, and is not, like the "Trinummus," comparatively newly introduced and ill-understood; and, secondly, the innate power of the play itself. Anybody who reads it carefully through, cannot fail to see how it abounds, not so much in comic situations, as in striking scenes. The rage and despair of Pamphilus when he hears from his father the first news of the proposed nuptials between himself and Philumena, and his delight immediately afterwards when the acuteness of Davus discovers the trick by which Simo had hoped to find some cause for blaming him, their carefully devised plans, and the way in which those very plans subsequently became the means of bringing them face to face with that union from which they

were so desirous to escape, are peculiarly calculated to excite and retain interest; add to all this the appearance of the baby, and the tender and motherly way in which Mysis looks after it, the sudden committal of Davus to the stocks by Simo after a violent outburst of passion, and then immediately afterwards, the utterance of the old man's real feelings, in the concentrated grief and disappointment of the words "ô! Chreme, pietatem gnati!" and Pamphilus' pathetic description of the death of Chrysis, and the way in which she consigned Glycerium to his protection, and who can wonder at the popularity of the "Andria"?

But if the "Andria" is perhaps the best of Terence's plays, it is also decidedly the most difficult to act. The points to be remembered in its representation are more numerous, and more necessary to be attended to than those in the other plays. The scenes we have enumerated above, as being peculiarly striking, are all difficult to act; but besides these, there are others which although not so calculated to excite the attention of the audience, are perhaps even more difficult adequately to represent upon the stage. The scene with which the play opens is one of these; no doubt it gives us a very favourable

impression of the relations existing in Roman life, between a master and a faithful servant ; but the weight of the dialogue rests with Simo, and the part taken in it by Sosia, is by no means an easy one ; he has to appear to attend to and be keenly interested in all that Simo tells him, while he is only permitted to express his interest in a few scattered assents and moral reflections, and to render this well, and so as to avoid being a mere lifeless part, requires a good deal of tact in the actor. Again the scene in which Chremes finds the baby lying outside his door is by no means an easy one for Mysis, who, when the astonished old gentleman is demanding an explanation of the phenomenon, has to appear to pay no attention whatever to him, but to be thinking only of the cruel way in which she has been deserted by Davus, and when the latter immediately afterwards appears upon the scene, has to seem utterly confused, and unable to understand the purpose of any thing he does. "The best act is that which approaches most closely to nature," and Mysis, though not in any danger of becoming a stick, is in very great danger of making her confusion too artificial and too evidently feigned.

In the characters represented in the "Andria" there is nothing remarkable, except it be the intellectual superiority of Simo to the ordinary type of fathers. In ancient Comedy the same characters are continually springing up. We find over and over again the too indulgent old father who has such a high opinion of his son that he refuses to believe him capable of any sins until the unpleasant truth is at last brought home to him by hard experience ; the son good at heart, but led away by bad companions, and at last so entangled that he is of necessity compelled to trust his happiness to the machinations of an unprincipled slave ; the staid old housekeeper, a very model of respectability and virtue ; the weak and foolish young man deeply in love, but afraid to say anything about it, and the Crito, the *Deus ex machinâ*, who opportunely appears at the end to set all right by some unexpected explanations—all these are sufficiently common, but there is one character still more regularly introduced—and that is the cunning rogue of a s'ave, he is always there and always nearly the same, now he is called Geta, now Stasimus, now Davus, but whatever his name he is still the same deceitful and unprincipled scamp, and commonly allied with the son for the purpose of tricking his father. The conditions of Roman and Athenian life made such a character as this appear in a more favourable light to the ancients than it would to us ; a slave seldom owed gratitude to his master, he was too often not

bound by any bond stronger than that of fear of the punishment that would be inflicted on disobedience, and it is not therefore to be wondered at, if in the comparatively hopeless condition of slavery, he should deceive and annoy a master to whom he owed nothing but a grudge. At any rate, this class of slaves was commonly met with, and to them Comedy owes the principal part of the fun by which it is characterized.

Before concluding, we should like to draw the attention of our readers to a letter in the last number of the "*Elizabethan*" from a correspondent who calls himself M. His suggestion is that the lower Forms should have the Play explained to them beforehand, and we think that this would be an improvement at once useful and practicable. Some information of this sort would not only be very grateful to the boys and rouse their interest in the Play, but it would also, as M. says, give greater heartiness to the clapping. We ourselves recollect that five or six years ago the Master of the Form then called the Under Fifth, now the Upper Remove, explained to the boys in that Form the plot and principal points of the Play before it was acted, and the consequence was they enjoyed it much more than they did any other year before they got into the Forms in which the plays are read in class. We hope the authorities will at least consider, and, if possible, act upon M.'s suggestion.

THE accounts given by the Newspapers of our Play this year have been on the whole favourable, for which we are grateful. But we could not help feeling surprised, on reading in *The Times* the account of the Second Night's acting, that the character who had perhaps received the most praise from the spectators, and whom we ourselves had considered as the one *qui palmam meruit*, viz. Mysis, was not mentioned. However, Davus, Lesbia, and Simo all received a due amount of praise. In another column—in the shape of a letter from our esteemed correspondent, E. G. H.—will be found a Review of the Play in its classical and dramatic aspects, together with an *external* critique upon its late Representation.

NOTICES, &c.

THE yearly subscription for *The Elizabethan* is fixed at 3s. 6d. (including postage).

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The subscription to *The Elizabethan* for next year will be settled on our return to school. We need not trouble Old Westminster Subscribers to send us in their names, unless they wish to discontinue their subscriptions : but we should be glad to have the names of any new Subscribers by January 20th.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

ON Wednesday, December 16, the curtain rose for the first time on the Westminster Play of 1875. The house was on the whole remarkably well filled, the seats under the "gods" being quite crowded, and the ladies especially were very numerous, so much so that the large space allotted to them on this night, more than double of that allotted to them on either of the subsequent nights, could hardly have been made to hold any more. The play began very punctually at seven o'clock, and the appearance of *Simo* and *Sosia* was the signal for an outburst of applause, proceeding more, we are afraid, from the "gods" than from any other part of the theatre. However, we have no reason to complain of the audience, for they were by no means chary of their praise when it was deserved, and seemed thoroughly to appreciate all the points in the Play. The scene in which *Davus* brings in the baby, and consigns it to *Mysis'* care, and especially the affectionate kiss bestowed upon it by that lady, seemed productive of a great deal of amusement, particularly among the ladies; we are afraid, however, that a closer examination would have shown that the baby was held in rather a curious style, its head being allowed to stick out unsupported in such a manner as, had the infant been anything else than a big doll, would assuredly have produced a vigorous squall. Again, the removal of *Davus* upon the shoulders of *Dromo* roused the risible faculties of the audience to the highest pitch. But this was nearly the last, and in a short time the curtain fell. As there was neither Prologue nor Epilogue on this night, the performance was completed soon after nine o'clock.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

The "Andria" was acted for the second time on the night of Monday, December 20. Among the spectators were Sir Robert Phillimore, the Lord Chief Justice, the Home Secretary, Lord Grosvenor, and several other distinguished guests.

The Play did not commence on this night so punctually as it had done on Wednesday, but the delay was not wearisome, there being plenty of amusement to be had in hunting out old and well-known faces among the audience. The house was again very full, there being no vacant space to be seen anywhere. At about a quarter-past seven the Captain made his appearance, attired in the full evening dress of a former generation, that is to say, knee-breeches and silk stockings, with the addition of a gown, and, after the customary bows to the audience, repeated the Prologue, which seemed to be thoroughly appreciated. The "Andria" itself was soon afterwards commenced, and it quickly became manifest that the actors had improved considerably since the first night. The audience were remarkably appreciative, and very ready to bestow their applause wherever it was deserved. *Pamphilus'* pathetic account of the death of *Chrysis* was particularly effective, as also was the touching

O Chreme pietatem gnati!

Lesbia, as one of the daily papers remarked, "achieved a genuine success in her small part," and she certainly imitated the cracked voice and tottering gait of an "anacula temeraria et temulenta" very well. *Mysis* too called forth long and thoroughly-deserved applause, and we could not have wished to have seen her hold the baby in a more motherly and affectionate manner.

A short pause having ensued at the end of the "Andria," the Epilogue was commenced. The scene represented the Cabinet Council, with the Ministers sitting round a table covered with green cloth. Their dress caused a good deal of amusement, and the points throughout seemed to be well understood. The Epilogue itself will be seen printed on another page. An innovation was introduced in the shape of a song, in rhyming stanzas, sung by the Cabinet Ministers in honour of the end of the session, abounding in allusions to the pleasures of holidays and the country, intermixed with delightful anticipations of Greenwich and Whitebait.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

The third and last night of the Westminster Play was that of Wednesday, December 22nd. Among the audience were the Bishops of London and Exeter, Lord Devon, Baron Cleasby, Dr. Currey, and a number of others.

The house was on the whole better attended than on either of the previous nights; the lower parts especially were very full, while the attendance of "gods," we are sorry to say, was much too meagre. There were not more Home Boarders present than would suffice to fill the standing room, while below these were several rows of chairs almost entirely vacant. The Home Boarders, if they have so little patriotism, will have to be made to come next year. However, the Old Westminsters mustered in very great force, so much so, that there was not nearly room for all of them in the space allotted to them, and a large number remained hanging about the entrances.

About the Play itself there is not much more to be said than has already been said about the previous nights. There was again a decided improvement in the acting on that of Monday, an improvement which the audience were quite ready to acknowledge. The behaviour of *Mysis* seemed to be thoroughly appreciated, more especially by the ladies, who appeared throughout to take a most enthusiastic interest in the proceedings. *Davus* also caused a good deal of laughter, and *Simo* called down upon himself more than one burst of well-deserved applause. The Epilogue also was as well received as we could have wished, and we think we are not exaggerating if we say that there was hardly a single point missed in the whole of it. At about eleven o'clock the curtain fell amid cries of "Cap" and continued clapping. And the audience dispersed as the band played the National Anthem.

"THE PLAY,"

IN ITS CLASSICAL AND DRAMATIC ASPECTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE ELIZABETHAN."

SIR,—In accordance with your courteous request that I would again furnish you with an external critique upon the "production" of "The Andria" this year in your historic "dormitory," I cheerfully undertake the task, asking you at the outset to believe, that, if in any of the remarks which I may feel it my duty to make, I appear in any way to use the tone of a censor, it will not be because I love Westminster less, but because—as I am sure you will unhesitatingly admit I ought to do—I love Truth and Terence more! Almost identified indeed, as I have had the privilege for so many years of being, with the successive "revivals" of Roman comedy upon your stage, I can assure you, without affectation, that to *my* heart they strike home with a feeling if possible even stronger than to that of an "Old Westminster," and this because I regard them, not merely as the precious relics of time-honoured custom, not merely as the dramatic heir-loom of many generations of King's or Queen's Scholars, not merely as the vehicle of histrionic tradition in St. Peter's College, and as the central point round which are gathered so many memories and associations of which Westminster may be justly proud, but also and pre-eminently because I see in them the perpetual and unfailing conservancy of that sacred fire, which, once kindled at Westminster by the genius of classical antiquity, it has been her glorious boast that no hands profane have ever been permitted to extinguish. There are indeed, sir, many, who, in this age of boasted enlightenment, are apt to fancy that the old beacons of scholarship are hardly worth the trouble of conservation, and that their "ineffectual fires" grow pale beside the blaze of modern science! Such persons however—no matter what their numbers or their influence—are welcome to the worth of their opinions! Let them, if they so choose, follow the Will-o'-the-wisps which the mist of their own ignorance or perverseness has created—such *false* lights will only lead them into a wilderness of speculative error or land them upon the desolate shores of scientific scepticism! At the best they will assuredly find themselves in the awkward position of the Princess in the famous Eastern story, who unwarily exchanged the "old lamp" for the "new;" for them no longer will the "great old masters" of literature exercise their mighty magic, for them no more will the crystal fountain of Parnassus pour forth its perennial streams: too late perchance—like that incautious Princess—they will learn to their dismay that the spell which had wrought the marvellous fabric of their country's literature had departed, that the richest veins of original fancy had been buried "a thousand fathoms deep," and that the treasures of scholastic lore had again been covered and concealed by a veil *less penetrable* than that which proceeded from mediæval indifference and superstition, because fabricated by the hands of those whose professed object it would be to hide a lustre which would eclipse their own. That there should yet remain in this of late too restless isle—despite the

revolutionary schemes of the happily defunct Endowed School Commission—quiet retreats within which the Classic Muse still loves to dwell is a matter for which in these days of "small mercies" we ought to be indeed thankful. Foremost among them, both in age and honour, may surely be reckoned St. Peter's College, Westminster; and no nobler or more appropriate tribute can it pay to its fair Protectress than to offer annually on her shrine a choice production from the pen of one of her most favoured sons. Nor—let rude tongues wag as they may, and unsympathetic voices clamour as they will—does the antique gem lose aught of its brilliancy by the inherent difficulty attending its modern setting. True it is that the ethereal genius which of yore inspired the embodiment of its own creations has vanished for aye behind the infinite horizon; true it is that the ear of the Lælii and the Scipios is closed for ever to the delivery of the admirable lines which had previously undergone the ordeal, of their friendly, but unsparing and judicious criticism; true it is that an audience can rarely now be assembled capable of appreciating in their fullest extent the exquisite beauty of dramatic models draped in the most elegant Latinity; true it is that not even the "groundlings" are now to be found whose "ears" the broad witticisms of Plautus can "tickle," nor yet the cultivated aristocracy who once delighted in the refined humour of Terence; true it is that the once Imperial language in which their works are enshrined is now little better than an "anatomical subject" in the dissecting hands of modern scholarship—yet true though all this may be, it only redounds the more to the credit of Westminster and of her sons that they at least have the discernment to perceive that some higher and nobler inspiration can be derived from classical study than a mere knowledge of grammatical construction and inflexions, of etymology and of syntax—important soever as this knowledge may be—and, that for the sake of their exalted sentiment, their almost inimitable location, their intimate acquaintance with human nature, their subtlety of conception, their vigour and beauty of expression, and their transcendent originality of thought, the great classical authors ought to be read and re-read with ever-increasing interest and delight. That for these lofty reasons, rather than from the abiding force of scholastic routine, Terence retains a permanent hold upon the respect and the affections, not only of the sagacious rulers of St. Peter's College and of their apt disciples, but of that cultivated band who still turn to Greece and Rome for their ideal standard of literature, is a belief which I confidently cherish, and this the more as each succeeding year brings in its train a group of fresh aspirants for the honour of illustrating that author's Comedies, and a throng of eager sympathizers with their arduous dramatic exertions. The "Play" in which the select Cast of "the Queen's Scholars" have but just filled their respective rôles, viz. "The Andria," is the piece commonly reported to be the first which its author presented on the Roman stage, and is certainly one which in every part of its composition bears the traces of his master-hand. To say, as some critics, both ancient and modern, have unwarrantably said, that the pen of

Terence was often little else than the vehicle for the composition of his aristocratic patrons, is, I contend, as idle and ridiculous as the ascription of the works of our own great dramatist Shakespeare to the widely differing talents of Bacon. It is but the baseless repetition of the old envious disparagement so splendidly refuted in the celebrated *Sic vos non vobis* of the mighty Augustan bard, and but equals the calumny which Terence himself denounces as proceeding from the miserable scribblers who objected to his adaptations of Grecian Comedy! Happily for his contemporary as well as for his posthumous reputation, the mean ambition of a Richelieu¹ was then undreamt of and unknown, and, like his great modern antitype Molière, Terence was at least allowed the credit of his own literary productions! Of these "The Andria" was no doubt one of the most studied and elaborate, being, as he himself declares in his own caustic Prologue, the trial Play by which his dramatic ability should be tested, and from the character of whose reception he should perceive

ecquid spei sit reliquum
Posthac quas faciet de integro Comœdias
Spectandæ an exigendæ sint vobis prius,

what hope there might remain that the Comedies which he should thereafter compose would be sat out or hissed off at once by the audience.

The modesty and candour which dictated these lines met with their just reward. Their author lived to see the successful production of at least five other Dramas, and—had it not been for his premature and lamented death—would probably have given to his contemporaries and have bequeathed to an admiring posterity, not merely a roll of dramatic literature unparalleled in beauty and extent save by the alas! lost works of the mighty Menander, but a correct reflex and a living echo of the utterances of that voice now only heard in desultory fragments from the eastern shores of the Adriatic! Such as he remains, however, in his happily perfect Dramas still extant, and just now in particular in "The Andria," Terence suffers but little in the hands of his modern representatives at Westminster. True enough, the tone and the accent may be, strange, nay, barbarous, yet they have been sanctioned by the custom of ages no less than by the admitted impossibility of restoring the veritable ancient pronunciation! To the English, if not to the Continental, ear they are as musical, nay, as majestic, as were ever the original vocalizations, and when it is considered that an exact knowledge of those vocalizations can never now be attained, that moreover there is no existing standard by which all scholars would be content to abide, that any radical change would only aggravate the confusion already prevailing without resulting in ultimate acquiescence, that Latin itself—for purposes at least of international oral intercourse—has become nearly if not quite "a dead language," and that the main object of English scholars is to be able to quote, read, recite, or speak it so as to be

¹ Cardinal Richelieu was in the habit of employing various *litterateurs* for the production of poems, &c., to be afterwards published in his name.

understood in *their own* country, we cannot but rejoice to find that upon the Westminster stage the familiar sounds are resolutely conserved, and that Terence is not clothed in a jargon which to speak in homely but significant language would be neither "fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red-herring"! But in venturing upon this general retrospect of what may be termed the classical surroundings of the annual presentment of Latin Comedy, known in ordinary parlance as "The Westminster Play," I must not forget that as "the Play" itself has been the central pivot round which my remarks have turned, so it is the recent "production" of "The Andria" upon which I have been especially requested to comment. In offering, then, some remarks thereon, I must assume, as I think I safely may, that the Plot of the Drama is familiar to your readers. In what light, then, are we to consider its nature and development? First of all the "unities" of time and place, as usual, are carefully guarded, the famous opening dialogue between *Simo* and *Sosia* having put the audience into possession of all the circumstances leading up to the immediate action. The only dramatic fault indeed which can be ascribed to the author in the conduct of the piece is the final dismissal of this *Sosia* at the close of the first act, notwithstanding the injunction of *Simo* that he should put a good face upon the pretended nuptials—should effectually frighten *Davus*, and should watch *Pamphilus* also, in order to discover whether any plan was being hatched between them.

Nunc tuum est officium, has bene ut adsimules nuptias
Perterrefacias *Davum*; observes filium,
Quid agat, quid cum illo consilii capet.

Herein, however, it may be pleaded in defence of Terence that this action on the part of *Sosia* may be held to have been carried on "behind the scenes," and thus it may account partly for the continual distrust of *Davus* exhibited by *Simo* throughout the entire piece. Against the remaining development of the Plot no serious objection can be sustained, since nothing more natural and legitimate can be conceived than the crafty schemes whereby *Davus* endeavours to frustrate the completion of *Simo's* design of marrying his son to the daughter of *Chremes*, or than the mode in which each successive scheme is thwarted either by the vigilance of *Simo* or by the sheer force of accident. The introduction of the young *Charinus* as a foil for *Pamphilus*, and also to form an amusing underplot, is skilful in the extreme, and is admirably interwoven with the main story, while the appearance of *Crito*—the Andrian stranger—in order to unravel the intricacies of the piece, and to corroborate the story of the forlorn *Glycerium*, is not only charmingly natural, but is in exact harmony with the indications of the sequel so dexterously put into the mouth of *Davus* in his famous soliloquy in Act i. Scene 3. If, however, in the general development of his plot, Terence shows that complete mastery of his art which is so well conveyed in the Horatian phrase *Ars celare artem*, his ability is equally displayed in every detail of verbal expression, and of scenic arrangement. Not only is every scene but every speech, nay every phrase, and every word made

to *tell*, and those only who have carefully and diligently studied the Latin text in view of its intended dramatic effect, can appreciate the enormous difficulties which lie in the way of its adequate enunciation. For example, in the very opening scene, *Simo* has to deliver an exordium which Cicero himself, the supreme master of oratory, has declared to be, in view of its object, a perfect specimen of narrative composition. Again there is the soliloquy of *Davus* above alluded to, requiring almost every variety of gesture and of vocal modulation, and the same may with even more emphasis be said of the exquisitely pathetic lines in which at the close of the first Act *Pamphilus* displays the force and strength of his affection and recites the final appeal to his loyalty and the last wishes of the dying *Chrysis*.

Again, in Scene 4, Act i., and in Scene 2, Act ii., *Mysis* and *Davus* have respectively to exhibit in its highest degree that *Vis Comica* which in a certain celebrated dictum has been so curiously declared to be wanting in Terence; for what indeed can be more comic in its way than the *importunitatem spectate aniculæ quia compotrix ejus est*, or than the conclusion which *Davus* draws from the *Paululum opsoni, ipsus tristis, de improviso nuptiæ*, viz. *non coherent*. The fact indeed seems to be that though Terence could if he liked throw in at pleasure his comic touches, and could, even as in the ignominious deportation of *Davus* by the *lorarius* or slave-flogger at the command of the enraged *Simo* in Scene 2, Act v., make use of farcical effects if they suited his purpose, yet he never forgot that it was in the exposition of subtle humour and in the delicate portraiture of individual character under given circumstances that his genius really lay. And nowhere can this be more easily perceived than in the farcical scene just mentioned, in which, in the very act of being carried out by the "Flogger," *Davus* ironically exclaims, *tamen etsi hoc verum est*—implying that while for all the falsehoods he had escaped scot-free, yet at last he was about to be chastised for telling the truth—a most "happy hit," which, in the bustle of the exit, was unfortunately overlooked on the Westminster stage. Another severe ordeal for any actor is found in Scene 3, Act v., where *Simo* so bitterly reproaches his supposed unfilial son, and where that son in an agony of divided obligation promises to obey his father's behest, but beseeches him to hear the tale of *Crito* before he pushes matters to an extremity.

In the closing explanations, Terence if possible surpasses himself and exhibits in perfection those charming traits of nature which can alone proceed from the pencil of a master of dramatic art. It is not indeed too much to say that in the manner in which the original but long-lost infant name of *Glycerium*, viz. *Pasibula*, is recovered from the mouth of her lover and husband *Pamphilus*, there is "that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," and which is the highest evidence of genius. *Ex ipsâ millies audiui* is indeed alone enough to take an audience by storm.

If, however, it be difficult by any language of panegyric to do full justice to the productions of our Author, how much more difficult must it be for young and

inexperienced amateurs to fully illustrate their significance upon an almost extemporized stage! It has, I am well aware, been both thought and said in many quarters that the late Representation of the "*Andria*" in St. Peter's College was scarcely "up to the mark," and without hazarding any invidious comparisons, this opinion may possibly be correct. Still, I cannot help thinking that the hearty and genuine plaudits which throughout greeted its concluding representation—plaudits proceeding not simply from any well-organized gallery of "gods" fitfully interested in sublunary affairs, but from the warm appreciation and deserved sympathy of a crowd of critical humanity below,—I say I cannot help thinking that these plaudits so unanimously given, sufficiently proved that the Queen's Scholars at Westminster had not yet "lost their cunning," and were still capable of maintaining their traditional histrionic fame!

I do not think, sir, that in the position which I have been called upon to occupy, or in the discharge of the task which I have been invited to fulfil, you will expect or desire me to point out the deficiencies or the merits of individual actors, or to precisely indicate how or wherein they may have respectively failed or succeeded. Still, in the due exercise of my critical functions, I must not hesitate to pronounce that the *Simo* of Mr. J. A. Turner, the *Mysis* of Mr. G. A. Bolton, the *Lesbia* of Mr. C. B. Vyvyan, and even the *Davus* of Mr. F. W. Courtenay, were highly creditable efforts; and that if the *Pamphilus* of Mr. E. H. Alington, the *Charinus* of Mr. R. D. Brinton, and the *Chremes* of Mr. E. A. Jones were not all that could be desired, it was rather owing to the supreme difficulty of adequately interpreting their author than from any want of earnestness and diligence on the part of the gentlemen who respectively undertook these rôles. For the "Captain" indeed, Mr. E. H. Alington, as every "Westminster" "Old" or "Young" knows, the most ample excuse must always be made, since upon his shoulders devolves not merely the obligation of making all the preliminary arrangements both internal and external, involving an enormous correspondence, but also the extra duty of delivering the entire Prologue, and generally the major portion of the Epilogue. It cannot be denied that the subordinate characters of *Sosia* and *Byrrhina* were very fairly rendered by Messrs. H. R. K. Rogers and F. D. Crowdy, and that *Crito* was neatly represented by Mr. R. F. Macmillan, while Mr. R. H. Godfrey as *Dromo*, did his duty efficiently, and that was all which the action of the piece demanded of him.

Into the merits of the Prologue or of the Epilogue, whether in regard to their composition or their delivery, I do not consider that it is my province to enter, and therefore, sir, I will only conclude by offering to yourself and your school-fellows every good wish, not merely for the coming year, but for the future prosperity and renown of Westminster, its Masters, its Scholars—and its Play!

Yours ever faithfully,

E. G. H.

ANDRIA,

1875.

<i>Simo</i>	J. A. TURNER.
<i>Sosia</i>	H. R. K. ROGERS.
<i>Davus</i>	F. W. COURTENAY.
<i>Mysis</i>	G. A. BOLTON.
<i>Pamphilus</i>	E. H. ALINGTON.
<i>Charinus</i>	R. D. BRINTON.
<i>Byrrhia</i>	F. D. CROWDY.
<i>Lesbia</i>	C. B. VYVYAN.

<i>Chremes</i>	C. A. JONES.
<i>Crito</i>	R. F. MACMILLAN.
<i>Dromo</i>	R. H. GODFREY.

PERSONÆ MUTÆ.

<i>Servi Simonis</i>	{ E. A. BULKLEY.
	{ C. B. COLLYNS.

PROLOGUS AD ANDRIAM, 1875.

Notas recurrens jam refert annus vices;
 Aliusque et idem nascitur Terentius.
 Scenas videtis veteres, actores novas,
 Ceditque cœtus ille vester tempori.
¹ Præsul benignus hodiè abest, suis priùs
 Adesse solitus, tabe nam languens ferâ
 Affixa lecto conjux hæret optuma!
 En! unquam hic unus annus plura fecerit
 Mutari, plures an lugendos viderit?
 Longum est, hic omnes si recenseam: tamen
 Sunt quos tacere fuerit hoc loco nefas—
 Legum peritus ² Judex ille, qui Scholæ
 Terentioque, dum poterat, omni modo
 Semper favebat: quem cum filio simul
 Uxori et matri nunc idem annus abstulit.
 Senex ³ et alter Paulino ascriptus choro,
 E gente ad nostros semper acceptâ Lares,
 Alumnus alumnis fidus, et fautor Scholæ.
 Rei aut navalis ⁴ spes modo, et nostrum decus,
 Qui barbaris prodesse dum frustra studet
 Vi perfida ictus ac veneno concidit;
 Nec pœnas sivit vulneris sumi tamen;
 Nam quem colebat, Christus exemplo suo
 Ignoscere in ipsâ docuerat moriens cruce.
 Suisque et patriæ præmatura est, non sibi,
 Mors illa, dignus vitæ nobilis exitus!
 Restant et plures, ⁵ cara capita, qui neci
 Juvenes, senesque cesserint:—Abest loco,
 Ad lustrum sextum qui ⁶ Magister optimus
 Pietate, curâ, studio, doctrinâ, Scholam
 Ditabat olim: nunc discedens munere

Benignus auget: alter ⁷ etiam, annis minor,
 Ludi Magister instituit alibi suos:
 Abit nunc ipsum ⁸ tertius: omnia omnibus
 Bona dicta nunc, et additas velim preces,
 Deus futuram ut sortem rite prosperet!
 Sed pluribus quid vos morer? Prolem novam
 Nunc ominemur, et recentèr auctius
 Partos ⁹ honores concelebremus ædium
 Nostrarum alumnis:—hæc uti semper domus
 Patriæ populoque fructus efferat novos,
 Largiùs in annos et proventum det Deus!

EPILOGUS IN ANDRIAM.

A CABINET COUNCIL.

Ministers sitting round a Table covered with Green Cloth.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>P.</i> (<i>Prime Minister</i>)	E. H. ALINGTON.
<i>A.</i>	G. A. BOLTON.
<i>B.</i>	J. A. TURNER.
<i>C.</i>	C. B. VYVYAN.
<i>D.</i>	R. F. MACMILLAN.
<i>E.</i>	F. W. COURTENAY.

P. Este salutati, fidi charique sodales!
 Curæ adjutores, participesque meæ!
 Ad finem perducta propè est jam Sessio: et actis
 Tandem imponenda est ultima ritè manus—
 Concio enim solitâ Reginae est arte coquenda.
A. Ah! res ingenio convenit ista tuo!
P. Officii nostri est, ea quæ confecimus, aut o-
 -misimus, ad libitum promere, vel premere!

⁷ The Rev Francis Tatham, Head Master of Hereford Cathedral School.

⁸ S. T. Irwin, Esq., Senior Assistant Classical Master of Clifton School.

⁹ Sir R. Phillimore, Member of the Supreme Court of Judicature, and G. A. F. Cavendish Bentinck, Esq., H.M.'s Judge Advocate General.

¹ The Dean of Westminster.

² Sir E. Vaughan Williams, and his son, the Rev. A. C. Vaughan Williams.

³ The Rev. Thomas Randolph, Prebendary of St. Paul's.

⁴ Commodore J. G. Goodenough.

⁵ Right Hon. Alexander MacDonnell, Lord Tredegar, the Hon. Henry Gage, Rev. Sir W. A. Musgrave, Colonel Peers Williams, Sir Percival Dyke, J. C. Sim, D. M. Dunlop, W. T. Chamberlayne, F. S. Lucas, J. H. Smyth, George Upperton, and R. H. Kelly.

⁶ The Rev. James Marshall, Vicar of Pirton, Oxon.

Quàm species operis subtilis, deli-que-cata,
 Vix opus est narrem ; vos benè nôtis enim.
 Est stylus indefinitus, lucemque tenebrasque
 Inter ; non simplex sensus, at ambiguus,
 Atque sui generis. *B.* Rectè ; sic tutius ! *P.* At
 quos
 Et quot, quoque modo, fas tetigisse *τόπους*,
 Cautum sit nobis ; variis tam vocibus usus
 Adversus¹ triplici Cerberus ore latrat.
C. Incipe, tu noster ! *P.* (*taking up a manuscript
 paper*) Longo stabilitur ab usu
 Principium ; prinđ plana patensque via est.
 Sic exordimur—(*reads from the paper*) “Proceres, lec-
 tique fideles
 E populo, paucis vos monuisse volo.
 Solenni nostrum hâc vice rursus adire Senatum
 Gaudeo ; nec mî ullum gratius officium est.
 Externæ Gentes, cum quæis in fœdera veni,
 Omnes in memet pectora amica gerunt.
 Unica res, fateor, pendet sub lite ;” (*stops*) sed isthic
 (*takes up a pen and alters it.*)
 Erravi ! non sub lite, “sub arbitrio est.”
C. Arbitrium nostri rivaies prorsus amabant :
 Criminis usque rea est Anglia ; digna cruce !
B. Arbitrii en fructus ! Delagoa, Alabama, Juanna !
 Ter luit en pœnas ! *D.* Num luitura quater ?
 (*P. reads on*) “Quùm tranquilla foris sit res ita, jure
 quietem
 Par mihi cura fuit constituisse domi !
 Ergo oblectatis quanquam violentèr, Hibernis
 Facta est laxa magis mentis habena feræ.
 Contentos tandem spero hos fore.” *A.* Forsan ab
 ipsis
 Lata² domi blandâ lex ratione domet.
C. Quisque sibi lex est ! *B.* Utinam jactâsse liceret
 Grande-sonans aliquid—rem magis ad populum !
 Ære vias ferri conductas publico ubique ; aut—
 (*P. taking his next neighbour by the button, whispers
 audibly*)
 (Extera tractanda hâc lege *Canalis*³ erit !)
P. (*to the last speaker*) Tu taceas ! Sequimur non
 nos heroïca gesta ;
 Corporibus sanis consuluisse, meum est.
D. Euge ! istud teneas ! *P.* Res Sanatoria primum
 Nunc habet (id poscunt pignora nostra) locum.
 (*Reads on*) “Lætor vos operam tantam impendisse
 Suburræ
 Purgandæ, fœdis artificumque casis.
 Inde tribus, mihi sic persuasum est, commoda Regnis
 Immensa, et Populo sunt oritura meo.”
B. Faustum spero omen ; post cœnum⁴ cœna ! *P.*
 (*reads on*) “Magistros
 Et servos pacto conciliare pari
 Vos potuistis ! ab hoc anno rixantibus unum
 Consilium stabit fratribus, unus amor !
 Collectis opibus quæ concedenda potestas ;
 Subjectus quâ sit conditione labor.
 Difficile hoc tandem vestrâ arte problema solutum est.”
C. Quicquid Plebs hodiè postulat, hocce ratum !

¹ Referring to the three Parties of “the Opposition,” men-
 tioned by the Premier in his recent speech at the Mansion
 House.

² Home Rule.

³ Suez Canal.

⁴ Greenwich Dinner.

Hactenûs est dominata Pecunia ; nunc, vice versâ,
 Imperat assiduo trita labore manus.
A. Quid deinde insequitur ? *P.* Nova Lex Agraria
 nosmet
 Detinuit multas ista per hebdomadas.
D. Pigra quidem semper res rustica ! *P.* Mutua
 cultor
 Possessorque agri commoda percipient.
B. Possibile ; at, nemo tandem quâ obstringitur
 an lex
 Ista vocanda ? *P.* Placet, quo magè laxa, magis.
C. “Terrarum domini” hoc, nî fallor, fœdere cedunt
 Distat, an utaris, possideasve, parum.
B. Plena pericli res. *P.* Est altiùs inspicienda ;
 Quin huic ovo egomet sedulus incubui.
A. Quidnam agit interea bonus Hodgins ? *P.* Arch
 imagistram
 Ille alium, causam qui tueatur, adit.
 Procedo—(*hesitates*) Incertus sum dudum, (*pauses*)
 mentio an ulla
 Cujusdam infaustæ sit facienda rei :
 (*Hesitates*) Navium, id est, merces quæ portant—
 (*pauses*) Intellexistis ?
B. Certè. *A.* Etiam. *P.* (*after a pause*) Id forsân
 seriùs aggrediar !
D. Quid vetet exequias nobis persolvier Aulæ
 Rufinæ ? Threno nonne ea digna pio ?
 Scaccari en ! sellæ, Placita et Communia cessant ;
 Regius o, Juris gloria, Bancus ubi est ?
 Vos tituli illustres, et nomina sancta, valetè !
 Inscia Mansfieldi dormiat umbra, precor !
P. Ad metam properem moneor : (*taking out his
 watch*) sunt cætera parvi
 Momenti ; finis deinde coronet opus.
 (*Reads*) “Quod restat, grates reddo, voveoque salutem ;
 Jam repetat fausto numine quisque domum.”
 Præterii, Augusto instanti quæ mense, vetusto
 More, *trucidantur* Proposita *Innocua* ;
 Hæc infirma quidem, et primo titubantia ab ortu ;
 Illa, rogandi aliquas quæ subiere vices.
 Auctores solamen habent, rediviva resurgent
 Vere novo, quùm jam proximus annus eat.
 Exactus labor est ! ad ventos seria mitto !
 Indulgere joci nunc lubet. (*All*) Euge ! benè !
 (*All rise and stand in front of the stage,
 and recite a stanza in turn.*)

“Dulce, dulce concinamus !

Vicum⁵ viridem petamus,

Hilares, lætique !

Tempus instat nunc edendi

Pisces ; tempus nunc bibendi ;

Debemur nos utrique.

(*The last line of each stanza is to be
 repeated by all.*)

A. “Succedit otium labori,

Feria data Senatori ;

Ecquis non fruetur ?

Quando ritè ac decorè

Thesis hæc rotundo ore

E solio tradetur.

⁵ Greenwich.

B. "Lagopedēs jam, et perdice
Nos invitant—gratæ vices;
Cornua et cervina⁶;
Si contenti non manetis
Hic humilibus dumetis
Cacumina Alpina!

C. "Consessus cessant nunc⁷ selecti;
Nulli testes sunt suffecti;
Silet peristylum⁸;
Turbæ non, ut congregantur
Sub flagello⁹, suffragantur:
Cessat hoc concilium.

D. "Jam non lacessit usitata
Sempiternum scamnis lata
Ex adversis quæstio;
Nec quæ causâ emendandi
Fit, aut merâ causâ fandi
Multiplex suggestio.

E. "Alteræ confundantur¹⁰ Partes
Astutæque harum artes!
Has non tolerabimus:
Nos Ecclesiam, et Reginam
Sanctionem per divinam
Fidi conservabimus.

Omnes. "Dulce, dulce concinamus!
Choros semper sic agamus,
Ceui juvenutis flore!
Omnis curæ vacuorum,
Ludo tandem dimissorum
Puerorum more."

(*This whole stanza to be repeated by all.*)

P. Sat lusum—solito an magis audax Musa videtur,
Vobis Judicibus, mensque proterva nimis?
Lascivus forsan, tamen est sine felle libellus;
Nec pueris justi cura pudoris abest.
Angligenum quem non Arx Libertatis, et Ara,
Majestate suâ moverit ista Domus?
Nos hanc a teneris venerari assuescimus annis;
Augustas nobis pandit amica fores.
Ingeniū met mores ascripti, ac mentis acumen,
En! trutinâ pensans æstimat æqua suâ.
Prudenti favet huic; insulsum deprimit illum;
Pertineant ad rem quæ data cunque, probat.
Hoc aliæ modulo vellent se fingere Gentes;
Terrarum simile aut par, nihil Orbis habet.
Salve! magna parens frugum Anglia! magna virorum!
Te matrem proles macula jure colit.
Usque sinu foveas, qui tanta negotia firmis
Sustineant animis, consilioque gravi,
Viribus ad summum, atque acri certamine vectos,
Et propriâ natos nobilitate duces!
Rursum nostra metu puerili corda levavit
Judicio leni vester, ut antè, favor.
Id gratum. At scēis semper (decet istud Alumnis!)
Regius his judex visus adesce simul!
Orbis dimidiâ ejusdem nunc parte remoti
Nocte quis hâc memores nos minùs esse putet?

⁶ Deer-stalking.

⁷ Select Committees.

⁸ Lobby.

⁹ Government Whip.

¹⁰ Opposition.

Trans spatia Oceani, longinqui Gangis ad oram
Acri prosequimur nos pietate viam.
Rex tanquàm populos accendit amore volentes;
Indica et Alberto mens duce victa jacet.
Incolumem nostrum servet Deus! Optime Princeps,
Anglorum rediens corda, oculosque juves!

Floreat.

A LETTER FROM TERENCE O'GRADY (‘VALLEY-DE-SHAM’) IN LONDON TO HIS WIFE BIDDY IN DUBLIN.

DEAR BIDDY—

I sind you these lines that you're readin'
To give some account of a sight I've jest seed, in
A nate little bootiful private Theatre,
As licks all I've seen since I first eat a tater.

Ould Masther was axed to the Play, and, elated,
—'Twas wheer as a bhoy he had been eddicated—
Vowed, throth, he'd tek me (I should weermynewtunic)
To see a world's wonder, a thing truly ùnic(que)
(I couldn't concaive why he dragged that word grand
in,—

Now I spose it manes somethin' that's past under-
standin')

So we wint, me and Masther, and his popplelarity
Soon got me a place to see the great rarity.

Arrah! Faix! it *was* fine!—I've seen at the
Rotunda

Say-storm, house-on-fire, and lightnin' and thunder,
But this, Och, thim things wasn't half sich a wonder.
A-trav'lin' with Masther in Europe and Asia
I've heard many plays that I vow would amaze ye,
In iv'ry langwidge on airth that is spoken,
In langwidge that's perfect, in langwidge that's broken,
But niver, by gor, till that sate there I sat in,
Had I heard one in langwidge that's dead, i. e. Latin.
For, Biddy mavourneen, I swear by the bowld O'More,
That Play was in Latin, two thousand year ould or
more,

And was played the first time before child, man, and
woman

Who iv'ry man jack on 'em all was a Roman.
They must have bin mighty well taught iv'ry kiddy
To have known what it all was about, darlint Biddy,
For there wasn't five men out of more than five hunder
Who last night understood it or did more than wonder;
And even that wonder another one outdid—

—A parcel of school-boys those Latin parts spouted!

Shure, all I made out was that one of their slavies,
A cunning rapsCALLION, a feller called Davies,
(He must have been Welsh, tho' they say he was
Dacian,)

Endangerin' his place, and forgettin' his station,
Played tricks on his betters in hopes from disasther
To shelter the youth his unfortunate Masther.
But (as a friend towld me) the play this discloses;—
Old Simon, so called from the flattest of noses,
A wealthy Athanian, who acts rayther slyly,

Has a son who's named Pamfles, of whom all spake
highly,
But who sacretly marries (that coortin' mayn't weary 'em)
A swate purty maid from St. Andrews, Glycerium.
When Simon larns this he purtends (ere he's seen her)
That his son shall espouse the high-bred Fillymena,
A daughter of Creamy's, another old fogey ;
And thin 'tis that Davies (the craftiest rogue, he !)
Advise his Masther, with cunningest biddin',
To purtend to consent right off-hand to the widdin'.
So the elders, belavin' him yieldin' and supple,
Git iv'rythin' ready to marry that couple.
Faix, here is a tangle ! Poor Pamfles, long-married,
To church wid another about to be carried !
Thin Davies (Och, shure, now he didn't act shabby !)
Makes 'em laave at ould Simon's door Pamfles's babby,
And this Creamy seein', will give 'em no quarter,
But breaks off the marriage at once wid that daughter.
Still, as it turns out Miss Glycerium's another—
—A daughter old Creamy's had by the same mother,
Whom he'd lost as a girl, and now finds a tall leddy,—
Och, Pamfles had married his daughter already !
And fair Fillymena, that other swate gal of his,
Kind Pamfles provides with Kaywrinous, a pal of his.
Shure, that is the plot : but the strangest part's
comin'—
You'll hardly belave, tho' I vow I'm not 'hummin' ;
The Play's by an Irishman—shame niver bigger
That for cint'ries the credit they've given a nigger !
The Author was niver of African linnidge—
Such a tale, Biddy 'vourneen, is gammon and spin-
nidge ;
Arrah, shure now I know that he came from ould
Erin !

In a whisper I heard my next neighbour declearin
That none but a Paddy—Mike, Brian, or Larry,
A play would complate and not iver once't carry
To the footlights his heroine, but laave her at zero,
With the love-making done all alone by the hero ;
And name the production from her, who no minute
Ere spends in one scane, or takes any part in it ;
And moreover (my *razons* come thicker than hirrin's)
The name of the Author (*con-clusive* !) was . . . Tir-
rince !

Arrah, div'l a doubt 'twas a Paddy as did it,
Shure one gits the work and another the credit ;
Though they actually thowt, and some think still I'm
fearin'

That from Afric came Tirrince and not from ould
Erin ;

But justice to Ireland I'll do if I know it,
And begin with great T. when I name her first poet,
And ask what had baten the work of that laddie,
Had he only composed in his own native Paddy.

Mavourneen, good-bye. Ere I sind this long letther
I'll jest draw a moral to make us all better.

It sames purty clear that those plays are most plasín'
Which you can't understand, tho' you keep on a-gazin',
For I niver see paices to such rapture any stir
As plays at the Op'ra and plays at Westmenister.

Thin once't more, my jewel, good-bye.—Kiss the
childer.

I hope Tirry junior, the weather bein' milder,
Gits on wid his larnin',—the Priest's kindly teachin'
Has made little Micky now fitted for breachin',
And that next Tuesday's mail to his darlint ould lady
Will tek through the post agin

TIRRINCE O'GRADY.
P. R. S.

Florat.