



The Elizabethan

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THE 'PHORMIO.'

—*—
 THE 'Phormio' is the first of the cycle of Plays, the 'Adelphi' is the last. The 'Adelphi' of last year, long belated, followed its predecessors, and looked back to them over the intervening gulf of the years of war. The 'Phormio' of this year bridged no gap, it gave no signal proof of the vitality of tradition, but we may feel that it stands upon the threshold of a future that may bring strange changes to the world without, but in which we hope that the man of the future, be he what he may, will still find Terence acted between the walls of Dormitory.

We print below the plot of the 'Phormio.'

Demipho and Chremes are two brothers. The former has a son named Antipho; the latter is husband of Nausistrata, by whom he has a son named Phaedria. Nausistrata, of

whom Chremes stands in considerable awe, has property in the island of Lemnos, and Chremes is in the habit of going thither year by year to receive the rents. While there on one of his visits, under the feigned name of Stilpho he marries a Lemnian lady clandestinely, and has by her a daughter named Phanium, born sixteen years before the opening scene of the Play. On this Lemnian family Chremes spends a considerable part of his wife's income. Demipho is aware of this connexion of Chremes, and has further agreed that his son Antipho shall marry Phanium, passing her off as a distant relation of the family.

The Play opens at a time when Demipho and Chremes are both absent from Athens, the former on a visit to an old friend in Cilicia, and Chremes on a journey to Lemnos, whence he means to bring his second wife and her daughter for the intended marriage with

Antipho. Upon his arrival, however, he finds that they have already left the island in search of him, and he returns alone. They arrive safely, but, being unable to discover anyone in Athens of the name of Stilpho, are reduced to great poverty and distress, in the midst of which the mother dies, and Phanium, the daughter, is left alone with her trusty old nurse, Sophrona.

During this period the two young men, Antipho and Phaedria, are left at Athens in charge of Demipho's confidential slave, Geta.

ACT I.—In the opening scene Geta narrates his experiences to his friend Davus. Finding it impossible to control a pair of wild youths, he gives up the attempt, and lets them follow their own devices.

Phaedria first falls desperately in love with a music girl, who turns out afterwards to be an Athenian citizen, but who is now in the hands of a slave merchant, Dorio, for sale at thirty minae; but as Phaedria has no money to pay for her, he can do nothing but escort the young lady to and from the school where she is completing her education. Just at this time Antipho is told a touching story of a beauty in distress at a funeral. He goes to see, and it proves to be none other than Phanium weeping over her mother's corpse. The young man is immediately captivated by her beauty, but being afraid to marry her without his father's consent, he applies to Geta, who in his turn has recourse to Phormio, a shrewd parasite. Phormio immediately takes up the cause of Antipho, by whom he has often been entertained, and pretends that he is a kinsman of Phanium, and that Antipho is her nearest relation, and finally sues Antipho—who, of course, makes no defence—and compels him to marry Phanium off-hand. (Scene 4.) Repentance follows, and Antipho is wretched between the prospect of meeting his father and of losing Phanium.

Demipho now (Scene 5) returns home, angry with everybody on learning, as he thinks, that all his plans for Antipho's marriage with Phanium have been frustrated.

ACT II.—He gets into a violent quarrel with Phormio for the part he has taken, and also (Scene 3) consults three lawyers as to the course to be pursued, who give ridiculously

opposite opinions, and leave him in a greater state of doubt than before.

Meanwhile (Scene 4) Phaedria is left in sad plight, being unable to persuade Dorio to part with Pamphila, the music girl, and finding that she is about to be sold to someone else.

ACT III.—Again Phormio comes to the rescue; he sends a message by Geta to Demipho and to Chremes (who has now returned home) to say that he (Phormio) is himself engaged to be married; but that he is ready to break off the match and take Antipho's bride off their hands, if they will give him the same sum which he is to receive as portion with his present *fiancée*, and enable him to pay off certain debts. Poor Antipho overhears Geta making this proposal to the two old men, and not being in the secret, is greatly distressed. Demipho, scared at the largeness of the sum required, resists; but Chremes, anxious to get his daughter Phanium married at any price, to escape exposure of his own misdoings, agrees to furnish the money. Phormio receives it and hands it over to Phaedria, who redeems Pamphila from Dorio's hands and marries her. No sooner has this arrangement been completed than (Scene 4) Chremes stumbles upon Sophrona coming out of Demipho's house, and is frightened at hearing her, under the very windows of his Athenian wife, Nausistrata, address him by his Lemnian name, Stilpho. He stops the old woman's mouth, and forbidding her to mention it, discovers that Phanium, his daughter, is the identical lady whom Antipho has married.

ACT IV.—An amusing scene follows on his attempting to impart this piece of news to Demipho in Nausistrata's presence. The two old men now request Phormio to break off his arrangement with them and refund the money. Meanwhile, Geta has overheard the explanations between Chremes and his daughter and has communicated them to Phormio, who thereupon, knowing that he will no longer be required to marry Antipho's bride, stoutly refuses to refund, saying that he is still ready to complete the bargain.

ACT V.—A furious quarrel ensues, during which Phormio loudly relates the tale of Chremes' misdoings (as if of a third person),

and finally threatens to go and tell all to Nausistrata. This brings matters to a climax, and a struggle ensues, during which the stentorian lungs of Phormio are used to bring out Nausistrata from her house, to whom Phormio pours out the whole truth, to Chremes' utter confusion. Nausistrata is frantic, until Demipho endeavours to calm her, and intercedes for the guilty husband. Phormio is triumphant, and invites the public to Chremes' 'funeral obsequies:' and further explains all about Phaedria's marriage to Pamphila, and the trick by which the purchase-money was secured. Chremes, on hearing this, begins to fume, but is at once set down by the crushing retort from his imperious spouse, that the son might well have one wife if the father had two. Phormio then asks Nausistrata for an invitation to dinner, as a reward for his own services and as a punishment to Chremes; and they all go into the house as the curtain falls.

THE FIRST NIGHT.

The First Night was Thursday, December 16. The house was well filled, and the audience showed a readiness to be amused, which was remarkable, considering how few of a first night audience know Latin. On the whole, the Play went well. The more obvious jests in the Epilogue were heartily received. Among others Major-General and Mrs. Leishman were present.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

On the Second Night, December 20, the play did not go nearly so well; one of the leading characters was unusually nervous. The audience, however, was extraordinarily appreciative, and helped the play through to the end by their sympathetic reception of it. The Epilogue was received with the greatest warmth, and scarcely a single joke passed without evoking a roar of laughter. The Chair was taken by the Dean of Westminster, and there were present Sir John Stavridi, Mr. Justice Sankey, The Master of the Rolls, Mr. Justice Shearman, The Dean of Christ Church, Major-General Sir Nevill Smyth, Sir Hariland de Sausmarez, Sir E. Goodhart, Rev. R. B. Dickson, Dr. Charles, Dr. Barnes, Rev. H. L. C. de Candole, Messrs. Knapp-Fisher, P. G. L. Webb and John Sargeaunt.

THE THIRD NIGHT.

The Third Night, December 22, was a great success. The play went very well, and the audience, though critical, was also extremely appreciative. The Epilogue was more warmly received, if possible, than it had been on the Second Night, and carried the evening through to a triumphant conclusion. Mr. Alan Stewart was for the second time in the chair as the oldest Old Westminster present. We were honoured by the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the audience also included the Spanish Minister, The Bishop of Worcester, The Dean of St. Paul's, The Minister of Education, the Headmaster of Charterhouse, the High Master of St. Paul's, the Master of Dulwich, Mr. H. F. Manisty and Mr. H. B. Street.

Play Notes.

THE Prologue was the work of the Head Master. It offered congratulations on many honours gained during the past year in the most felicitous terms, and when the Muse turned to a sadder theme it was expressed with no less grace. The Prologue was remarkable throughout for extreme lucidity.

The Press notices of the Play were interesting and generally sympathetic. The *Times*, as usual, printed the Prologue and Epilogue, and published also a most understanding critique.

The *Daily Telegraph* published a leading article, and an excellent notice. The *Westminster Gazette* also contained a notice.

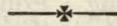
The *Daily Mail* published a most flattering leading article.

The Epilogue was written by J. G. Barrington-Ward, Esq., and was received with the greatest warmth. Its fun was never bitter, and seemed well-nigh inexhaustible. The idea of the trial gave a unity to the plot, which is too often lacking, but which is always welcome when achieved. It dealt with serious events—in such critical times as these it would be hard not to do so, but it dealt with them in a spirit that was always kindly, and we heartily congratulate the Author on performing with such conspicuous success a difficult task.

The School Orchestra performed on all three nights.

PHORMIO, 1920.

PHORMIO	R. C. Fisher.
DAVUS	J. G. Tiarks.
GETA	G. O. George.
PHAEDRIA	M. de Sélincourt.
ANTIPHO	R. P. Hinks.
DEMIPHO	M. C. Petitpierre.
HEGIO	H. W. Dulley.
CRATINUS	R. C. Storrs.
CRITO	A. H. Cocks.
DORIO	F. M. M. Eyton-Jones.
CHREMES	C. H. Taylor.
SOPHRONA	H. E. Wood.
NAUSISTRATA	A. G. N. Cross.



PROLOGUS IN PHORMIONEM.

O QUAM libenter excipimus frequentiam
 Hanc vestram, amici, rursus in subsellis.
 Numnam annus plenus curriculum exegit fugax
 Ex quo hic senibus protervus verba dabat Syrus,
 An somniamus? Scilicet in laboribus
 Suetis versatos fallit elabens dies.
 Suetisne dixi? At vox ea si in nosmet quadrat
 Tritam sequentes semitam inerranti pede,
 (Quis enim veteres movere consuetudines
 Sursumque deorsum vertere omnia audeat?)
 Sunt qui tamen consueta mutarint loca,
 Nostratium quidem, aut etiam suis laudibus
 Vel ampliores addiderint amplissimis.
 Nam quem¹ valentem nomine atque honoribus
 Ripaeque prataeque Isidis cognoverant
 Decanum et Aedis Christi principem diu,
 Ille avolvit ex amabili foco
 Augustiorem elatus in provinciam.
 Num decuit umquam matrem doctius caput
 Aut qui studio maiore, fide, constantia
 Nobisque nostroque adfuerit senatui?
 Vivat, scholaeque, ut ante, consulat suae!
 Est alter² hodie quem salutatum volo,
 Legum et senatus grande columen et decus,
 Qui stirpe alumnorum ortus antiquissima
 Factusque nostras iam prope ab incunabulis,
 Nunc tandem Elizae Societati praesidet,
 Quae gaudet ipsa ornari ab ornato viro.
 Plures³ omittam quos variis insignibus

Decorare placuit regi (quem servet Deus)
 Ut optime omnes meritos de republica,
 Quique Universitatis a gremio suae
 Novas reportant circa frontem laureas.
 Sileamus haec, nullius obliti tamen.

Nam tristiores Musa volt numeros sequi
 Alioque vertit animos. Persuadet dolor,
 Pietas persuadet, comitisque in annuis
 Mos usitatus, memoria ut gratissima
 Nos prosequamur mortuorum nomina.

Peremptus unus e gubernatoribus,
 Aetate iam provectus⁴ et scientia,
 Doloris causam praebuit nostris gravem.
 Ploramus autem capita dilectissima,
 Olim magistros. Occidere quattuor—⁵
 Tantisne damnis tam brevique tempore
 Hanc, cuius fuerant magna pars, angi Domum!—
 Multis et occidere flebiles suis.

Omnes periti: quin suo quisque in munere
 Curavit exaugendas fortunas scholae,
 Eadem abusus arte, eadem industria.
 Sed praeminebat unus⁶ ex aequalibus
 Terentianus si quis alius optimus,
 Qui cum praeesset regiiis scholaribus
 Plures per annos Turpio nostri gregis
 Has non modo egit fabulas sed edidit
 Urbique et orbi, qua fuit elegantia.

Dixi. Iam tandem Phormioni, ut antea,
 Assueta faveat bonitas applaudentium.

¹ The Very Rev. Sir Thomas Banks Strong, D.D., G.B.E. (Town Boy, 1873-1879), Dean of Christ Church, Member of the Governing Body, has been consecrated Bishop of Ripon.

² Lord Phillimore (Queen's Scholar 1859-1863), Member of the Governing Body, has become President of the Elizabethan Club. His family has been at the School for 150 years.

³ An unusual number of public and academical honours has been attained by Westminster during the past year.

⁴ Dr. Samuel West (Town Boy, 1861, Q.S. 1863-1867), Member of the Governing Body.

⁵ Canon Arthur Sloman, Master of the Queen's Scholars, 1880-1886; subsequently Headmaster of Birkenhead: he was present at the Play in 1919, a week before his death. Rev. Reginald Francis Dale, Master, 1870-1886, Master of Dale's in Barton Street. Rev. Watson Failes, Master, 1877-1907; Master of Rigand's, 1894-1907. J. G. Ranalow, Music Master, 1877-1919.

⁶ Canon Sloman.

EPILOGUS IN PHORMIONEM.

PERSONAE.

SOPHRONA	<i>A Char-lady</i>	H. E. WOOD.
GETA	<i>In Casual Employment</i>	G. O. GEORGE.
DAVUS	<i>An Extremist</i>	J. G. TIARKS.
CHREMES	<i>An Ulster Recruit</i>	C. H. TAYLOR.
DORIO	<i>A Police Constable</i>	F. M. M. EYTON JONES.
DEMIPHO	} <i>A Bench of Judges</i>	M. C. PETITPIERRE.
CRATINUS		R. C. STORRS.
CRITO		A. H. W. J. COCKS.
SERVUS	<i>Clerk to Demipho</i>	R. F. L. MOONAN.
ANTIPHO	<i>A Coalition Unionist M.P.</i>	R. P. HINKS.
PHAEDRIA	<i>A Coalition Liberal M.P.</i>	M. DE SÉLINCOURT.
PHORMIO	<i>King's Counsel</i>	R. C. FISHER.
HEGIO	<i>An Allied Officer</i>	H. W. M. DULLEY.
NAUSISTRATA	<i>A Writer of Reminiscences</i>	A. G. N. CROSS.

Scene :—A HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE. MORNING.

[SOPHRONA and GETA are discovered scrubbing and dusting.]

GE. Dulce domum. Armis depositis ex milite
 fio
 Privatus. Dignum num datur officium
 Centurione? *(he flicks a chair with his
 duster).*

So. Tuum cur non iuvat iste labor cor ?

GE. A, me servis cor consimilem esse putas.
 Non iuvat : hoc satis est.

So. Vere civilis es.

GE. Ohe !

So. *(looking up from her work).* Mene vocas ?

GE. Te. Sola fac tergas, mensam instrue, et
 ordine sellas
 Pone.

So. Ea cui loqueris ? quid facere ipse paras ?

GE. Acta diurna legam, dignum si pagina
 munus
 Offerat. *(Takes paper from his pocket
 and sits down to read.)*

So. *(indignantly).* Hem ! quid ais ? desidiosus
 homo es.

GE. Panem ex ore rapit iamdudum femina.

So. Quid vis ?

GE. Aut operari opus est aut reperire virum.

So. Non cuivis hodie contingit habere maritum.

GE. Non mihi.

GE. Sed te aetas iam properare iubet.
 Disce solum tergere ex me verumque
 laborem.

So. Aspice : Saponem, Sophrona, trade mihi.

[SOPHRONA and GETA discovered scrubbing and dusting.]

GE. What a joy to be home and a civvy become,
 but is this just the job for a soldier like
 me ? *(flicks a chair with duster).*

So. What, the labour-corps work is a thing you
 would shirk ?

GE. A service of slavery's wrong for the free.

So. You're a civvy in grain.

GE. This labour's a pain. Say, Sophrona.

So. Well.

GE. Ply your broom, show your grit, right tables,
 set chairs.

So. Don't give yourself airs. Pray who are
 you talking to ? Do your own bit.

GE. I've the paper to read : 'sits. vacant' may
 lead to a suitable job *(reads paper).*

So. *(indignantly)* Where there's nothing to do.

GE. They take women instead, and we're robbed
 of our bread.

So. When there isn't a lad then a lass sees it
 through.

GE. 'Tain't every Jill has a Jack for the hill.

So. I've got none.

GE. And won't have, unless you try soon.
 I must show you the way to work nine hours
 a day. Hand the soap up.

So. (*holding up soap*) Lux venit in tenebris atque
arcet numina tecto
Laeva humili.

GE. (*sadly*) Ille autem qui bona tanta dedit
Indignum tulit : effigie nam lusus iniqua
Dicitur ipse sibi desecuisse caput.

So. (*solemnly*) Sic perit augustus : sic celsae ceditur
arti.

[DAVUS steals in, carrying an infernal
machine.]

DA. Consilio hora favet prospera, fitque labor
Sordidus in triviis. (*placing bomb under
seat*) Iaceat sic machina bombis
Infernis : forsan Saxonas haec doceat.
(*crescendo*) Tecta domosque viasque ruam : sin
fana necessest—

GE. (*looking up*) Heus tu ! cur fanis sic minitare
malum ?

DA. (*aside*) Quid dicam ? (*to GETA*) a, doleo quod
tollere templa per urbem
Viginti placitumst. (*points to back-scene*)

GE. Qualis et unde venis ?

So. (*to DAVUS*) At—

DA. Quid 'at' ?

So. At monstri similest.

DA. (*proudly*) Habet hic quoque honorem
Pileus ; hic palmam, iudice plebe, tulit.

GE. (*sarcastically*) Num novitatis amor potuit
suadere furenti
Tale malum populo ? Quid tamen hic
agitas ?

DA. Maxima nonne hodie fit quaestio ? testis
ego adsum.

So. (*excitedly*) Quis reus ? ut litis bella forensis
amo !

An causast celebris ? divortia nota ? ven-
enum ?

GE. (*aside*) Vah ! quantum nunc id velle videtur
anus !

DA. (*to SOPHRONA*) Immo Consulibus Nausistrata
crimina defert.

So. Taedet. (*Enter CHREMES*) At ecce
Chremes !

GE. Tu quoque litis amans ?

CHR. (*sternly*) Quaerebam Davum.

DA. Notus mihi nomine tantum.

CHR. Vidistine ?

So. (*handing up soap*). It's Lux, to the housemaid
a boon.

GE. But the maker, poor creature, displeased
with the feature, just picked up the
scissors and snipped off his pate.

So. So the doom fell upon our illustrious John,
and high art is pointed the way to the
gate.

[DAVUS steals in, carrying an infernal
machine.]

DA. In a prosperous hour things are put in my
power. A neat little spot for a bomb
to be stowed (*placing bomb under seat*).
For schooling the Saxon there's nothing
like cracks on the nut. With his house
I will block up his road.
His churches and all they shall meet with
a fall.

GE. (*looking up*). What's that ? are you threaten-
ing churches ?

DA. (*aside*). The deuce !

DA. (*to GETA*). Oh no, I'm regretting to see that
you're getting your churches pulled
down for a secular use.

GE. Who and what may you be ?

So. (*to DAVUS*). What a hat there I see !

DA. What about it ?

So. It looks like a shell for a snail.

DA. It's the popular thing, with its praises all
ring. Why, this is the hat got the prize
of the *Mail*.

GE. Oh, the people will grovel to anything
novel. But what in the court may
your business be ?

DA. There's a trial to-day that's quite out of the
way, and one of the witnesses called
must be me.

So. What ? Who's to be tried ? There's
nothing beside gives me half so much
pleasure as when I've my eyes on
The dock. Father Abram a *cause célèbre*,
a Mayfair divorce, or a case of cold
p'ison ?

GE. (*aside*) Kidwelly she'd seek to have twice in a
week.

DA. No, this is a case of Don't-don't-you by
Do-do.

So. That's not for my chink. (*Enter CHREMES*.)
But here's Chremes, I think.

GE. So attending at court is a thing that you
too do ?

CHR. I'm on Davus's tracks.

DA. It's no use me to ax, for the gentleman's
known to me only by name.

CHR. Have you seen him ?

DA. (*uneasily*) Hominem non equidem video.
[Enter DORIO. *He looks round at the furniture.*]

DO. Hem, quid cessat opus? (to GETA) Quid stas?

GE. (*bustling SOPHRONA*) Hei, missus abibo
Et mercede carens, ni tua conficies.

SO. Quid de me quereris? fer opem tute ipse.

GE. Iuvate
Auxilio, comites.

DO. (*consulting watch*) Litibus hora venit.

[*They fall to hurriedly, place chairs, clear away bucket, etc.*]

En, quaesitor adest. (*Enter crowd, headed by HEGIO.*)

Iam iam considite transtris.

[*The Judges file in, preceded by SERVUS.*]

Esto silens omnis.

DE. Quis prior in tabulis?

SER. (*rising*) Phaedria.

DE. Num solus?

SER. Meus error: Phaedria et alter.

DE. (*to DORIO*) Dein arcesse reos.

DO. (*ushering in PHAEDRIA and ANTIPHO*) Hac, precor, ite via.

DE. Crimina nunc recita.

SER. (*reading*) 'Nausistrata nomina defert,
Quandoquidem populo verba mali dede-
rint:

Prodiderint quoniam cives, suffragia nacti
Fraude.'

DE. Quis accusat?

SER. Phormio.

DE. Phormio ubist

Accusator?

DO. Abest.

DE. (*angrily*) Ubi iunior?

DO. Is quoque cessat.

DE. (*resignedly*) Recte tardipedem Iustitiam esse
ferunt.

PHO. (*entering hastily*) Si quis me quaeret rufus—

DE. Iam desine, praestost.

PHO. (*cheerfully*) A video. Salve.

DE. (*gravely*) Phormio, nilne pudet?

PHO. (*impudently*) Non ego sollicitor: nam quis te
tale querentem—?

(*casually*) Detinuit casus. Si libet, incipiam.

(*to PHAEDRIA*) Nunc demum luis atque luis me
vindice poenam,

Phaedria. Ut ulciscar te comitemque
probe!

(*to DEMIPHO*) Res simplex, neque vos longo ser-
mone morabor.

Multi adsunt testes: visne adhibere?

DA. Not me. (*Enter DORIO.*)

DO. Are you all on the spree? Why this
idling?

GE. (*bustling SOPHRONA*). Here, I shall get all the
blame, and also the sack, if at work
you are slack.

SO. Oh, put it on me; you're a lazy old
sport.

GE. Come on now, come on, for the work must
be done.

DO. And pretty late too; it's the hour for
the court.

[*They fall to hurriedly.*]

Here's the clerk. (*Enter crowd, headed by HEGIO.*)
Now make space, now silence.

[*The Judges file in preceded by Clerk.*]

DE. First case.

CL. Rex v. Phaedria.

DE. Alone?

CL. My mistake—and another.

DE. (*to DORIO*). Bring the prisoners in.

DO. (*ushering in PHAEDRIA and ANTIPHO*). This
way.

DE. Now begin, I read the indictment.

CL. (*reading*). She says one and 'tother
Combined in deceit to bamboozle and cheat
to get votes, and their pledges are not
carried out.

DE. For the Crown?

CL. Mr. Phormio.

DE. In court now?

DO. Oh lor me, no.

DE. His junior?

DO. He too, my Lord, is not about.

DE. What, neither? And so they say justice
is slow.

PHO. (*entering hastily*). Has the Chief been en-
quiring?

DE. Enough, he is here.

PHO. Good morning, my Lord.

DE. Pretty calm, on my word.

PHO. I'm no petty attorney, and how can
I bear —?

Detained by a case. Now I'll start, by
your grace. Instructed by Lewis &
Lewis I'm bent

To show that you two are knaves through
and through. It's a very plain case,
little time shall be spent. (*To DEMIPHO*)
You'd have evidence?

DE. Volo.
 PHO. Heus, Geta! tune homines nosti?
 GE. (*entering witness-box with a parcel*) Renovasne dolorem?
 Est ita res.
 PHO. Miles tu veteranus?
 GE. Ita.
 PHO. Nonne tuis votis potiuntur honoribus illi?
 GE. Est ita.
 PHO. Polliciti maxima praemia?
 GE. Itast.
 Res.
 DE. Promissa refer.
 GE. 'Tellus heroibus apta.'
 DE. Quae terra heroi convenit?
 GE. Ampla domus
 Marmorea, atque cibus instructa et nectare gratis.
 DE. Nondum volt Scotus nectare egere suo.
 PHO. (*playing up*) Poti, non Scoti, praeponunt umida siccis.
 DA. Non Scotis igitur deficit umor.
 OMNES. Haha!
 DE. (*loudly*) Ordinar, ordinar ipse loqui. Non nostra theatrum Iudicia. (*to GETA*) Anne tibi dona dedere?
 GE. (*displaying a doll's house*) Vide. Parturit aedilis, nascuntur ridiculae aedes.
 DE. Heu, quantum, o fallax, sumptibus addis onus!
 Omne tulit punctum qui miscet futile dulci.
 DA. (*jumping up*) Me quoque decipiunt.
 DE. Testificare?
 DA. Libens.
 DO. Huc accede.
 DA. (*taking GETA'S place in witness-box*) Datast mihi lex nova: Libertatem Appellant; faciunt Tartara.
 CHR. (*rising*) Quid loquitur?
 (*to DEMPHO*) Est similis mihi charta: 'Salus' inscriptio nostraest.
 PHO. Quid tamen in chartis?
 DA. Nil nisi verba.
 CHR. Tuam
 Da mihi. (*comparing the two*) Vix nostrae Libertas ista Saluti Congruit.
 DA. Hanc legem, si cupis, ure, Chremes.
 CHR. Quapropter?
 DA. Quod amas incendia tute parare.

DE. Yes.
 PHO. Now, Geta, express what you know of the two?
 GE. (*entering witness-box with a parcel*). An old story of woe.
 PHO. You serv'd at the front?
 GE. Yes, I bore all the brunt.
 PHO. And then for the prisoners voted?
 GE. That's so.
 PHO. Because they pretended the world should be mended?
 GE. That's right.
 DE. Can you say what precisely they said?
 GE. Good land they would give where a hero might live.
 DE. And what's the right land for a man who has bled?
 GE. A palace with money and wine, milk, and honey.
 DE. Like Scots then your whisky you won't yet forego?
 PHO. (*playing up*). The Forth and the Clyde had the thing to decide.
 DA. And the wet and the wit go together.
 ALL. Hoho!
 DE. Order, order! The court's not a stage. (*To GETA*.) Now report what they gave you.
 GE. (*displaying a doll's house*). The mountain has brought forth a mouse.
 DE. But tremendously great is the increase in the rates; so both ways they have it.
 DA. (*jumping up*). Me also they choose.
 DE. You'll give evidence?
 DA. True.
 DO. Then this way.
 DA. (*in witness-box*). A new Act of Parliament promises Freedom; but there, it is hell.
 CHR. And my Act offers safety.
 PHO. In fact what is in them?
 DA. Mere words that are lighter than air.
 CHR. This safety for me will barely agree with Freedom for you.
 DA. Well, burn you the bill.
 CHR. Why burn it?
 DA. Because you love fires more than laws.

CHR. (*eyeing DAVUS with suspicion*) Vocem illam agnosco. Falsane barba tibist?

DA. (*passionately*) Te nimis atque habitum bicolorem novimus. At nunc.
(*removing his beard*) Nil moror utrum sis fuscus an ater homo.

CHR. (*seizing him*) Davus eras!

DE. (*to DORIO*) Davus? Constringito.

CRI. Fer.

CRA. Rape.

DA. (*struggling with CHREMES and DORIO*) Tanti Americus sceleris testis, opinor, erit,

CHR. Electus praeses num poscit Hibernica vota?

DA. (*hits CHREMES*) Portabis patriae bella facesque meae?

CHR. Supplicium expendes simili vice, furcifer
(*Exeunt sparring.*)

PHO. Inter
Arma silent leges.

DE. Phormio, perge loqui.

PHO. (*calling HEGIO*) Hegio, dic. Horum nos olim in foedera versi
Blanditiis?

HE. (*entering witness-box with a cash-box*) Certe.

PHO. Spes tibi pacis erat?

HE. Immo nummorum.

PHO. Quo pacto falleris?

HE. Arca.

PHO. Trade.

HE. A Germanis hoc fabricatum opus est.
(*to DEMIPHO*) Inspicedum.

DE. Vacuast.

HE. Et quae reparatio fiet?

DE. Hic nulla argenti spes: pete Concilium.

HE. (*bitterly*) Quid remoram narras atque irrita verba Genevae?

CRI. Suavi plura modo forsan ab hoste feras.

HE. (*contemptuously*) Circaeο forsan ramo.

PHAE. Manifesta sed audi
Oxoniae dicta.

ANT. Haec Anglia cras referet.

HE. (*angrily*) Tolle professores qui nil profitentur amici:

Nulli mordebunt foedera nostra canes.
(*bitterly*) Cras in perfidiam, cras in commercia foeda

Ibitis.

PHAE. At pacis commoda nonne iuvant?

HE. Oderunt socii socios atque hostis amatur.

DE. Ex hoste, ut suades, hostia fiet.

CHR. That voice! Have you got a false beard to your gill?

DA. I know you, my man and your black and your tan, but I don't care a farthing for all that you are.

CHR. (*seizing him*). It's Davus.

DE. (*to DORIO*) Arrest him.

CRI. Seize, grip him.

CRA. And best him.

DA. (*struggling*). Bear witness the land of the Stripe and the Star.

CHR. Would the President gain the whole vote of Sinn Fein?

DA. (*hits CHREMES*). Are you out for the rapine of Galway and Cork?

CHR. You shall have tit for tat, you vile plundering rat. (*Exeunt sparring.*)

PHO. In the crack of the rifle the laws will not work.

DE. Now the case may proceed.

PHO. (*calling HEGIO*). Did trickery lead to the making of treaties, and theirs was the trap?

HE. (*in witness-box with cash-box*). Yes.

PHO. Peace then you looked to?

HE. No, cash.

And they cook'd you?

HE. A chest.

PHO. Let me see it.

HE. And never a snap.

In Germany made.

DE. So nothing is paid.

HE. Reparation I want.

DE. Well, you can't get it here.

Try Geneva.

HE. Mere chatter, all words and no matter.

CRI. Try coaxing the enemy; speed isn't dear.

HE. More likely by mercy of pig-making Circe.

PHAE. But look at the letter, from Oxford that came.

ANT. And England to-morrow the same words will borrow.

HE. Oh, hang your professors: I call it a shame.

Our treaties no hound shall go gnawing around. What, trade with the Huns?

PHAE. But the blessings of peace?

HE. Of allies for allies now the amity dies, and now towards your enemies enmities cease.

DE. So now that you've nicked him you'd make him a victim?

HE. (*pausing at back*) Eo,
Doctus ab hoste hostem docturus. Perfida
tellus,
Nec tecum possum vivere nec sine te.
(*Exit.*)

DE. Quo properat ?
PHO. Rheni fugit indignatus ad undas.
(*referring to his papers*) Fulmina nunc spectata :
femina testis erit.

PHAE. Hem !
PHO. Nausistrata, ades.
ANT. Perii.
PHO. Nausistrata.
PHAE. Iudex.
Optime, num toleras, obsecro, tale nefas ?
ANT. Haecine iustitias ?
PHO. Nausistrata, protinus exi :

[*Enter NAUSISTRATA. PHORMIO waves her to witness-box.*]

Opportuna. Reos conspice. Quid poteris
Dicere de nostris ?
NAU. Quid non ego dicere possim ?
(*with hand on heart*) Ardor ut antiquus pectora
nostra rapit !
Agnosco veteris flammae vestigia.

CRI. Dido
Altera iudicium notitiamque petit.
ANT. (*bitterly*) Vilificatus Eros et quicquid femina
mendax
Audet in historiis—

PHO. Haecine vera negas ?
ANT. Omnino.
NAU. (*producing book*) Veteris sit epistula testis
amoris.
(*indicating public*) Hi tua ridebunt carmina.

DE. Mitte iocos.
(*solemnly*) Hic nisi iudicibus nulli licet esse
iocoso.
NAU. (*impudently*) Quid ? Credis linguam posse
tacere meam ?

DE. Pergisne ?
NAU. At cur non ?
DE. Nihil ad rem fabula.
NAU. De te
Narrabo.

DE. Ut taceas !
NAU. Te quoque qui fueris
Exponam.

DE. (*to audience*) Rerum nonne haec ipsissima
margo ?
(*to NAUSISTRATA*) Sicine contempto iure—
NAU. (*gleefully, aside*) Senem tetigi.
DE. Committo te : tres teneat custodia menses.

HE. I'm off now. The lesson I've learnt from
the foe I shall teach him again. Oh, land
of false men, nor with nor without thee
in life can I go. (*Exit.*)

DE. Where is he gone ?
PHO. I divine, to the banks of the Rhine. Next
witness a lady, so look out for shocks.

PHAE. Eh ?
PHO. Nausistrata.
ANT. Hang it !
PHO. Nausistrata.
PHAE. Dang it ! My Lord, you won't let
her get into the box ?
ANT. Pretty justice !

[*Enter NAUSISTRATA. PHORMIO waves her to witness-box.*]

PHO. That's right. Keep the prisoners in
sight. And what can you say of the
prisoners there ?
NAU. What can't I ? I feel all ardor and zeal, the
Downing-Street flash and the Cabinet air.

ANT. Queen Eliza the second she looks to be
reckoned. A packet of fiction, all tales
of Jim Crow.

PHO. Do you say they're not true.
ANT. I assuredly do.
NAU. (*producing book*). Here is witness in print :
you'll be laughed at, you know.

DE. No jesting. That sport is reserved for the
Court.

NAU. Do you think I can stand here nor let
my tongue wag ?

DE. What, again ?
NAU. And why not ?
DE. Tales don't hit the spot.
NAU. I'll tell one of you, then.

DE. Enough of this gag.
NAU. From my note-book I'll skim it.

DE. She's truly the limit (*to NAUSISTRATA*).
Your behaviour is actual contempt of
the Court.

NAU. (*aside*). I've stung him.
DE. To prison, the second division, three
months.

NAU. Indignum! Ast opus est editione nova :
Nondum adscripta meis est pennae linea
libris
Ultima, meque bonam charta suprema
docet.

DE. (to DORIO) Hanc rapito. *She is removed
protesting.*

PHO. Doleo tantum saevire clientem.
DE. De minimis lex non curat : omitte. Rei
Num se defendunt ?

PHAE. Pro nobis Dorio dicat.

DO. (entering box) Dicam ego, si voltis.

PHO. (cross-examining) Quae bene facta probas ?

DO. Effecere quidem terram lictoribus aptam :
Haud miseram sortem denique lictor
habet :
Otia, mercedem, caligas—

DE. Intelligo : tantis
Luxibus e nostro te iuvat aere frui.
(to prisoners) Ipsi quin etiam vestram defen-
dite causam.

Dic, uter intactam iactat habere fidem ?

PHAE. (indicating ANTIPHO) Hic est quem rogites.

ANT. (indicating PHAEDRIA) Immo hic
promissa fefellit.

PHAE. Quem, precor, urgebat sacra fames olei ?

ANT. Quo suadente operis deerat protectio
nostris ?

PHAE. Quis vestit rubris agmina tanta sagis ?

GE. (to audience) Contendant fures, gaudet pro-
bus.

DE. (to DORIO) Opprimito. Haec est
Curia, non circus.

PHO. (rising : to DEMIPHO) Quid tibi plura
feram ?

Crimina confessis cessas indicere poenam ?

DE. Cesso : collegas consuluisse decet.

(to CRATINUS) Causa peroratast : quid ais,
doctissime frater ?

CRA. (after pause) Admissum valde suspicor
hic facinus.

Sed Crito quid censet ?

DE. (observing CRITO asleep) Noli vexare ;
quiescit.

(summing up) Irrita polliciti δῶρά τ' ἄδωρα
suis

Lex est ut capitis—

DA. (appearing at window) Capiti tamen ipse
caveto.

Discite quod fulmen Celtica dextra gerat.

CRA. (pointing to DAVUS) Spartacus expectans !

[Bomb explodes : general confusion : all hurry out.]

NAU. What a shame! But I say, my
old sport,
In a second edition I'll show the impression
of justice that puts me in jail.

DE. Take her off. *(She is removed.)*

PHO. Very jubilant I ain't to have such a client.

DE. Of trifles like this one the law makes a
scoff.

Any counsel appear for the prisoners here ?

PHAE. I should like to have Dorio:

DO. (entering box). Why, Sir, of course.

PHO. Have you aught in their favour.

DO. Oh yes, Sir, I crave your attention to
what they have done for the force.

The policeman's now got not an unhappy
lot, more leisure, more pay, and no
charge for a boot.

DE. I see ; you are glad of those luxuries had at
the ratepayer's cost, that poor object
of loot.

(To prisoners) Defend yourselves now. Can
either avow that his promise was kept ?

PHAE. (indicating ANTIPHO). It is him you must
charge.

ANT. (indicating PHAEDRIA). It was he told the lie.

PHAE. Who had oil in his eye ?

ANT. Who left unprotected our products
at large.

PHAE. Who after the war let the troops put on
scarlet ?

GE. Let robbers fall out, the good comes by
his own.

DE. (to DORIO). Inspector, arrest him. I'll joke
him and jest him. Does he think that
the Court is a place for a clown ?

PHO. That is all then, my Lords ; they've owned
up to their words ; there's only the
sentence for you to declare.

DE. One moment. What view, learned brother,
have you ?

CRA. I rather suspect there is guilt in the
fair.

But what's Crito to say ?

DE. (seeing CRITO asleep), Oh, don't worry him,
pray : he has been here so long that he
thinks he's abed.

Who fair promises makes and afterwards
breaks and gives gifts that are no gifts,
then on his own head—

DA. (appearing at window). You look out for your
own, for you're going to be blown, so
help me St. Patrick, half up to the sky.

CRA. (pointing to DAVUS), A Bolshi !

[Bomb explodes : general confusion : all hurry out.]

PHAE. (*as he goes*) O missum in tempore fulmen !

ANT. Phaedria, nos iterum servat Hibernia.

PHAE. Itast (*exit*).

PHO. (*returning*) Sed videone Critonem ? Is certe est. Heus, Crito, flammās !

CRI. (*stupidly*) Dormibam. (*He scuttles off*).

PHO. (*picking up fragments of bomb*) Haec tanti causa fragoris erat ?

Maxima ut in minimo violentia vase latebat !

Quam vanus bruti fulminis ictus abit !

Vana etiam temptet, si quis subvertere leges

Audeat. (*coming forward*) Ad finem fabula nostra venit,

Et iam ficta silet discordia. Si modo possit

Pax simili miseris civibus arte dari !

Si modo nunc populo concordia rideat omni,

Ut laribus nostris ridet amoena quies !

Sed quid plura sequar ? Veniam date, quaeso, secundis

Plausibus, atque iterum 'Floreat' aula sonet.

PHAE. (*as he goes*) Sweet flash ! What an opportune crash !

ANT. So Ireland's again our salvation.

PHAE. Ay, ay. (*Exit*.)

PHO. (*returning*). But isn't that Crito ? I'm sure I am right.

Oh, Crito, my Lord, fire !

CRI. I was asleep (*scuttles off*).

PHO. (*picking up fragments of bomb*). That a small bit of tin with some powder within so much of the world to destruction should sweep.

But it didn't, you see ; and the law, you'll agree, in spite of all rogues will supremacy keep (*comes forward*).

Our play concludes. No longer rage The mimic battles of the stage.

Oh, could our other quarrels cease And high and low join hands in peace,

And toilers every evening come

To cheerful hearth and happy home !

But I have said my say. Around

Let 'Floreat' once and twice resound.

FLOREAT.

CORRIERE LONDINESE. (MILAN)

La 'Westminster play' e il suo epilogo.

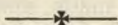
LONDRA, 30 dicembre.

(O. R.) Ogni anno, a Natale, nel *Dormitory* della Scuola di Westminster, una delle più antiche d'Inghilterra che rintraccia le sue origini, attraverso varie riforme, fino a Edoardo il Confessore, si dà spettacolo e Plauto e Terenzio tengon con vece alterna il cartellone. Il *Dormitory*, l'antico dormitorio del convento di Westminster, dove la scuola è insediata, si riempie per l'occasione d'un pubblico illustre: magistrati, ambasciatori, vescovi, nomini politici in gran parte ex-allievi di Westminster occupano le poltrone (il Decano dell'Abbazia è al posto d'onore) mentre gli scolari che non recitano affollano la galleria pronti a prorompere in bene ordinati e tempestivi applausi al cenno delle canne brandite dagli istitutori. Quest'anno toccò al *Phormio* del mite e garbato Terenzio l'onore della scena; ma, come sempre avviene nelle rappresentazioni di Westminster, l'interesse fu più che per le vicende dei vecchi avari Demiphò e Chremes e dei loro figli prodighi Antiphò e Phaedria, più che per la venalità del parassita Phormio e le ingegnose trovate del servo

Geta, per l'epilogo. L'epilogo della *Westminster play*, scritto in latino dal rettore, è sempre una gustosa rivista satirica degli eventi e dei personaggi che sono stati al proscenio durante l'annata. E così, questa volta, il pubblico di Westminster ha riudito nell'epilogo il servo Geta tramutato in centurione smobilitato a lagnarsi del Governo e la domestica Sophrona lamentarsi della carestia di mariti in una parafrasi del classico: non a tutti è concessa la fortuna di visitare l'allegria Corinto: *Non cuivis hodie contingit habere maritum*. Ma ecco che assai a proposito trattandosi di gente che pulisce un'aula giudiziaria, arriva un pezzo di sapone. Vien dalle fabbriche di Lord Leverhulme, l'uomo che decapitò il suo ritratto.

Ma ben altro sapone occorre all'Inghilterra; arriva Davus *sinn feiner* con una bomba nel cappello, cappello che ha vinto un concorso, come un certo copricapo lanciato dal *Daily Mail*, ciò che fa esclamare a Geta, sempre in latino, se l'amor di novità doveva ispirare un tale orrore. Ma entrano i giudici a dirimere un litigio tra Nausistrata scrittrice di memorie come Margot Asquith e, Antiphò e Phaedria l'uno deputato unionista e l'altro liberale ma entrambi membri della coalizione governativa ed anti-asquithiani. L'arrivo di

Chremes, poliziotto ausiliare, in saio bicolore *black and tan* (nero e tabacco) provoca una gran lotta col *sinn-feiner* Hegio; un ufficiale francese viene a lagnarsi di una certa cassaforte vuota *made in Germany* e del manifesto di pace mandato da professori di Oxford ai dotti tedeschi e conclude: 'Non posso vivere coll'Inghilterra ma non posso neppur vivere senza di essa.'...La situazione politico-giudiziaria s'imbrogia finchè al *sinn-feiner* Davus vien la buona idea di far esplodere la sua bomba, vero *deus ex machina*. Tutti si sguagliano tranne il giudice Crito che dorme e i due deputati che si rallegrano a vicenda di essere stati tolti dall'imbarazzo dalla bomba. Ancora una volta la coalizione male in gambe è salvata dall'Irlanda.



Correspondence.

THE 'PHORMIO,' 1920.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I had just arrived, after a race against time, among the last of as dense a crowd as I have ever seen at the Play. I stood for a moment, wondering whether or where I should find a seat, when I felt my sleeve plucked from behind, and a message was delivered to me: 'The Editor of "The Elizabethan" asked me to tell you that he may want you to write the critique.' There was no time to argue about it, for at that moment the curtain parted, and Prologus made his triple bow, as I slipped into the last vacant seat. 'Rot!' I said to myself, 'he can't mean me; the present Editor of "The Elizabethan" can hardly have heard of me; I had left Westminster years before he was born; besides, he would have given me some warning; I have forgotten all my Latin, I have not read the "Phormio" for over twenty years, I have not even a pencil to take notes or elbow-room to use it if I had; had I known that this was expected of me, I might have muzzed it up, and I should have sought a place upstairs among the gentlemen of the Press, where writing facilities, a copy of the Prologue and Epilogue, and probably a glass of sherry would have been provided for my comfort; obviously the thing is impossible,'—and I settled myself to enjoy my evening, according to plan.

Meanwhile, the Prologue had begun, and, as I listened, I was astonished to find that I was able to follow its points almost without difficulty. This was due, I think, in equal measure to the not too curious felicity of its language and to the quiet sympathetic eloquence with which it was delivered. Indeed, I can call to mind no Prologue of the past more graceful in its references,

more flattering to those whose knowledge of the classics belongs not to this generation, or more expressively spoken. A good beginning.

By this time I had forgotten all about you and 'The Elizabethan' critique. In the commendably short interval I amused myself trying to put name to vaguely familiar faces in the house, and looking to see who were the distinguished visitors in front. In the middle of the row I was glad to see again, alert as ever, our old friend, Mr. Alan Stewart, who, I believe, has hardly once, if ever, missed a Play for something like sixty-five years. Near him were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the President of the Board of Education. I hope the latter profited by the opportunity afforded him of appreciating properly the value of our Westminster pronunciation; incorrect no doubt it is, but it is at least more intelligible to English ears and probably would be not more unintelligible to Terence if he could hear it (but he can't, so it doesn't matter) than that mongrel product of pedantic imagination prescribed by the Board, and unlearned by its victims so soon as they enter a profession such as the Law in which Latin is still a living language. Perhaps you, Mr. Editor, may find opportunities of bringing nepotic influences to bear.

Of the Play itself I write with the utmost diffidence, knowing well that many of your readers are much better qualified than I to pass judgement on it. I am told that on the Second Night it did not go well, and that Phormio in particular seemed to lose his nerve. But hearsay is no evidence, and my opinion must be given only on what I saw with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. On that evidence I say deliberately that R. C. FISHER'S Phormio gave me more pleasure than anything else in the Play. If he was nervous (as, I am informed, some of our greatest actors always are), he did not show it on the Third Night; on the contrary he seemed to enjoy his mischief-making and gave the impression that he was not playing a part at all. In one instance he forgot his duty to the audience and the Play; it would have been more in accordance with tradition and, I think, quite consistent with his general interpretation of the character (a suave parasite, not a loud-voiced bully) if at the dramatic crisis in the last Act he had been more blatantly jubilant in bidding us come 'obsequias Chremeti.' Apart from this, and an awkward gesture now and then, I saw nothing to criticise, and there was much to praise, especially the humorous management of his voice and features to suit the occasion.

Geta unquestionably has the heaviest burden to bear, and on the whole G. O. GEORGE acquitted himself well. He was perfectly at his ease in

embarrassing situations (rather like some one of the same name acting prominently on the World's stage?), sometimes a trifle casual and neglectful of details (in this, too, suggestive of his distinguished namesake?) I wondered whether perhaps he had rehearsed too much and become a little stale, or had not had time to rehearse enough, and so relied on his natural self-confidence and undeniable histrionic gifts. I wish I had seen him on the First Night, for I am not quite sure whether or not I can endorse an opinion which I heard that his performance was worthy to rank with the best of his predecessors.

Demipho is the third of the leading parts, and M. C. PETITPIERRE impersonated very correctly a type of old gentleman, who not only appears annually on the Westminster stage, but is commonly to be seen in real life, on public bodies, in first-class railway-carriages, in sedate hotels, and (alas) in clubs, pompous, domineering, and sometimes peevish. His only visible emotion is anger, and never so much as a flicker of a smile ever brightens his austere features. Such has every Demipho been, at any rate within my memory well, ill or indifferently portrayed according to the ability of the actor, and such was the Demipho of 1920, distinctly good—of his type. Now, with all deference to tradition, I venture to suggest that a rather more bluff, hearty type might suit the case better; my old edition of Terence describes him as 'in gaudio apertus.' I would even go so far as to let him show now and again a sense of humour; he might surely, without any serious loss of dignity, share the amusement of the audience at the discomfiture of Chremes at the end of the Play.

C. H. TAYLOR as Chremes had a part not difficult to play reasonably well, but only too easy to make absurd, and I was grateful to him for resisting this temptation. I remember one year when Chremes spoiled the Play for me; this year he added to my enjoyment of it.

Terence's 'young men' are generally rather thankless parts to act and tiresome to watch, but M. DE SELINCOURT as Phaedria and R. P. HINKS as Antipho suggested possibilities which I should like to see followed up in future Plays. It may be that I have been unobservant before, but on this occasion at any rate there would have been no excuse for not recognising Phaedria as the son of his father, and seeing in Antipho a marked likeness to Demipho. It was clever work, and the credit is due not to the author alone, but to the actors and their trainer for carrying out so successfully the author's intention.

Nausistrata after a colourless beginning warmed up and evoked hearty applause in the final scene. But, to be candid, I think the applause was a

tribute more to the play than to the player. Not that A. G. CROSS was a failure, or even a weak spot in the cast. Far from it. But I have in mind a very perfect and intensely feminine Nausistrata of some years ago, who set a standard which I shall always hope to see equalled, and until that happens I shall always be disappointed.

H. E. WOOD suggested in the Epilogue that he could have done much more than was required of him as Sophrona, a character which offered little scope for his ability. He will doubtless have other opportunities, and I trust that he will justify my expectations of him.

As for Davus, I doubt whether J. G. TIARKS himself will expect me to single him out for special praise. He made some rather spasmodic efforts to infuse life into his part, and it was not entirely his fault if they fell flat. So far as I can see, he is only introduced for Geta's convenience. H. W. DULLEY, R. C. STORRS, and A. H. COCKS as Hegio, Cratinus, and Crito respectively need fear no comparison with other members of the cast; I can say without fear of contradiction that Irving, Tree, and Little Tich might have done as well, but could not have done better.

I have kept Dorio to the last for emphasis. He had not many lines to say, but F. M. M. EYTON-JONES made the most of them, and his gestures, helped by an excellent make-up, were excellent. I was not alone in regretting that his stay on the stage was so short, but it was enough to leave a lasting memory behind.

It is hard enough to judge the Play fairly on one performance, but it is quite impossible to do justice to the Epilogue without seeing it at least twice. Since December 22 I have carefully read it, and still I cannot decide how to class it. If you insist on a more definite opinion I shall say that I rather preferred that of 1919, and that no Epilogue in the last twenty years can be put in the same class with some in the closing decade of the nineteenth century. How ancient that seems! Do I stand convicted of middle-aged prejudice? However, be that as it may, the Epilogue of 1920 was so brimful of good points that my dull wits panted in a vain effort to keep pace with them. That is as it should be, of course, but that is why I wanted to see it a second time that I might view it steadily and see it whole. As regards the acting I do not think many will disagree with me if I award the chief honours to Demipho, Phormio, Geta, and Sophrona, all of whom in their different ways were quite excellent.

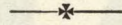
The reception of the Epilogue was not so cordial as in some years. I believe the chief reason for this was the direct reference to Ireland and the

introduction of a Sinn Fein extremist and a 'Black and Tan.' Writers of Epilogues must of necessity sail close to the wind in their satire on current events; but the situation in Ireland to-day is so utterly tragic—much more so, viewed from a purely British standpoint, than the Great War itself,—that it would have been better to abstain from any allusion to it in a comic context.

This is not a critique. I have already given reasons why I could not undertake that responsibility. But my Christmas post brought me! in addition to a peremptory demand for income-tax, a letter from you confirming the forgotten warning of three days before, and the best I can do for you is to offer these few rough notes from memory. I must add to them my sincere congratulations on a most enjoyable Play, not

only to the members of the cast, but to the producer and stage-manager, who once more showed that his unquestionable loyalty to old-established custom is not so rigid as to prevent him from indulging judiciously the natural abilities of individual actors.

Your obedient Servant,
SPECTATOR IGNOTUS.



NOTICE.

Photographs of the Cast and Epilogue may be obtained from Mr. A. F. Brown, 185, South Lambeth Road, S.W. 8, the producer of a series of postcards of the School. All particulars from the above, *not* on application to the Captain.

The Elizabethan

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Jfloreat.

ANOTHER PEPYSIAN O.W. (See *The Elizabethan*, Vol. XV, No. 3, p. 37.)
According to Wood's *Asenay*, William Fuller, son of Thomas Fuller, was born in London, educated at Westminster, became a member of Magdalen Hall, and in 1664, up took the name of F.C.L., six years after the foundation of St. Edmund Hall. About that time he took holy orders, was made one of the chaplains of Christ Church, and when the King took up his headquarters at Oxford in the time of the rebellion, became chaplain to Edward Lord Lyttelton, and accompanied the great earl there. After the Restoration...

...of Lord Sandwich, down to the William's School, and came about one of the clock to Mr. Fuller's, but he was out of town. He turned up, however, in London on the next day. On May 31, 1668, Pepys was on board the *Albatross*, just returned she (Cavalier's bark) and Sandwich's flagship of Dover and... This day I began to teach Mr. Edward... I wish to have a very good foundation laid by the Latin by Mr. Fuller. Unfortunately Edward Montagu's views as to their holiday rest have not been broken off in June 22 of the same year we read, by your friend, Mr. Fuller of Twickenham, and I dined alone at the Sun Tavern, when he told me how he had the great of being Dead in St. James's sun Ireland; and I told him my feelings, and how I regretted and for another...