

pensed with or parceled out among several members of the faculty, however able and efficient those members may be. Here, for half a year, this line of labor has been partially neglected and partially ignored. It is idle to assume that if the University does not prosper under such circumstances any blame can possibly attach to the Dean of the Faculty or to any of its members. Such an assumption is quite unwarranted, and flavors of either ignorance or malice, or both. The united ability and enthusiasm of that body could not be expected to fill the vacuum. The whole responsibility lies with the Board of Regents, and attempts to place it elsewhere are worse than useless. The necessity and demand for a chancellor is constantly increasing, and will not cease until the position is filled. There has been time enough for consideration, and there should be no difficulty in procuring a salary sufficient to induce some man who is worthy of the place to accept it.

The Student's Scrap-book.

KING LEAR—A REVIEW.

A traveller in Alpine regions observes the snow-crested ridges with their many elevations and depressions forming an irregular outline against the blue, cold sky. Far away in the distance, overtopping all the other peaks, rearing its lofty summit to the heaven of heavens, is Mount Blanc, and at its base is a little lake like a mountain tarn. This is the monarch of the Alps, royally apparelled, for the reflection of the sunbeams from its crystal snow displays his silvery robe. A mighty sovereign, indeed, is he, but the emblem of a creation more sublime; for hills, mountains, oceans, nay, even worlds and systems of worlds, are but atoms in the comprehensive mind of genius. The mind of the child, it is said, is a vacuum, but it is a vacuum so great, with potential capacities so infinite, that the boundless universe can be poured into it. The mind of genius, therefore, instead of being a microcosm, assumes a grander name, becoming, as it were, a universe in itself to which the earth is a microcosmic adjunct. Hence, there is no impropriety in the ascription of this majestic object of nature as the type of Shakespeare's most sublime creation—King Lear—as it is presented in the beginning of the tragedy. We perceive in Lear, in his first appearance on the stage, a form of colossal grandeur in repose, the placid slumber of vast energies, soon, however, to be thrown by the concurrence of adverse circumstances into violent convulsions—convulsions that spread havoc and chaos o'er fertile fields and laugh at the wreck themselves have made.

The malignant winds mockingly sportive drive the snow flakes here and there. On the summit of Mount Blanc, in the upper air, they wail dismally a funeral dirge, but no mortal ever hears the death-knell or sees the prepared destruction that awaits the innocent below. The snow accumulates on the verge of a precipitous descent until it becomes a mountain in miniature. At length it is detached by its own weight and slides quickly down the declivity. It increases rapidly in magnitude by the adherence of other masses of snow until the atmosphere,

compressed in front, destroys alike forests, fields, and the homes of lowly peasants, while the little lake, rudely aroused from tranquil sleep, tosses its waters angrily against the shore. Thus, as gravitation necessitates the aggregation of chaotic atoms, so each adverse occurrence adds to the energy of the half-dormant tempest pent up in the mind of Lear, till goaded to intensity by base ingratitude, "that marble hearted fiend," it bursts forth in a storm of passions that rive his soul and shatter his frame. A remarkable metamorphosis occurs. Mount Blanc becomes an *Æna* with Titanic fires in its bosom, where are forged the thunderbolts of his curses that descend in torrents upon the heads of his persecutors. The snow melted by the intense heat flows down the mountain sides and the lucid waters of the little lake are mingled with the turbid mountain flood. His madness increases. Wild demons wanton where majestic reason sat enthroned; yet he is still the royal Lear, kingly even in his wildest aberrations.

The effect of such a scene upon us is partially relieved by the sportive raillery of the fool; but this to render the storm more appalling gives way to the feigned madness of Edgar, whose hideous appearance and mocking philosophy combined with the insanity of the king and with the confusion of external nature in heightening the sublimity of the scene. If there is any creation, ancient or modern, to which Lear can be compared it is the *Edipus Coloneus* of Sophocles. Both yielded the scepter to their relatives—one that he might be free from care, the other that he might free his realm from the withering curse of the gods. All the passions of the one were aroused to tempestuous fury by the ingratitude of his daughters; those of the other by the machinations of his sons. The vehement invectives of King Lear have their parallel in the daeth-distilling curses of *Edipus Rex*. The bitter reproaches of the former are equalled only by the virulent imprecations of the latter that wither his heaven-acursed progeny, the objects of his hatred; destined too soon, alas! by its diffusive action to wither also the rosebud of his bosom, to extinguish that light of his imprisoned soul, the maid Antigone. In each also there is a tempest; but the emotions of *Edipus* mingling with the din and tumult of the external world are lost amid its vaster grandeur, while in Lear, "the sheets of fire, the bursts of horrid thunder, the groans of roaring wind and rain" were overpowered by the storm that raged in his soul. He himself says—

"The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else."

The sublimity of natural phenomena in *Edipus* is unequalled by anything in Lear; yet in the true dramatic element, in the passions of the mind, Lear is decidedly superior to any creation of Sophocles. CALIBAN.

IAGO.

A casual reading of Shakespeare's *Othello* might lead one to consider Iago as merely a malicious villain. A closer study would convince one that he was much more than this, and moreover that the element of malice was very slight in his character.

On his first appearance on the stage he reveals several points in his character. First, that he takes good care of himself is plainly seen in his dancing attendance on the rich, love-sick, and therefore foolish Roderigo. He tells