

the philosophic scepticism, with which this well trained, scholarly man of the world receives the story of the frightened sentinels about the "dreaded sight" that haunts the castle walls, is most reassuring; we feel at once that here is a man who can be depended upon, one who will not be carried away by childish fear or unreasoning credulity. Still, like a true searcher for the facts, he is not unwilling to sift the matter to the bottom. In this no idle curiosity impells him, but a right-minded desire for knowledge and information on all that is taking place around him.

In a few lines, then, we learn more than one interesting quality of Horatio's self. He is quiet and reserved, not given to accepting dubious statements without a thorough investigation, nor unwilling to be convinced when the proof is laid before him. He is strong and self-reliant and those about him lean upon his superior mind with confidence that the support will not be insufficient. He is not easily thrown off his guard by any unexpected event, neither is he unstrung by strange and mysterious occurrence. The apparition of the murdered king is viewed without undue excitement.—"Looks it not like the king? Mark it, Horatio."—whispers the awe-struck Bernardo, and Horatio answers slowly, and weighing every syllable;—"Most like; it harrows me with fear and wonder." We can readily believe that the wonder was uppermost in his mind. When the spectre vanishes without disclosing its identity or mission, Horatio is a little disconcerted, partially, perhaps, from fear but also from disappointment in no learning more about the ghostly visitor. How different is the bearing of sensitive, high strung Prince when he is brought face to face with the same uneasy spirit! "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" It is a cry of fright, of horror. To be sure Hamlet recovers himself and questions the ghost; but right here is the difference between the two men. Hamlet regains his composure. Horatio never loses his.

As a friend, Horatio is all that one could ask. With him the meaning of friendship goes deep. He fully understands what the word implies and lives up to his own lofty ideal. The confidence reposed in him by Hamlet is not betrayed. The thought of such treason never even presented itself to the true heart and warm sensibilities of Horatio. By a word to the king he might have unmasked the dissembling Prince. To some men, in the position of Horatio,—for he was not high in the affairs of state,—the temptation to betray a confidence for the sake of gaining a monarch's favor might have been too great. But he was not even tempted. Such a false position would have been an absolute impossibility.

Horatio is sincere. He means what he says and says what he means. His words are unconventional and not moulded by the current freaks of fashion. Osric may vie with Polonius in stringing together a vocabulary while forgetting the attendant sense, that alone makes speech of value; but Horatio never attempts to emulate them. His mind is clear and his expression of the thought born from that clear mind is of fitting transparency. He is a man to whom one might unburden the innermost soul and be sure that a sincere response would be given. This quality of Horatio makes him a trusted confidant of the Prince.

There are situations in the drama which seem to require that Hamlet and Horatio have come to understandings behind the scenes. The two characters leave the stage together and enter it together in a subsequent scene. We can almost comprehend their conversation while absent from sight and free from interruption. And still more strange, as it may seem, we are able to judge much of the workings of Horatio's mind and heart from these unknown colloquies. Thus the skill, the almost more than human art of the Great Master is revealed.

Both on and off the stage we see Horatio as the same whole man.

To institute a comparison between Horatio and Cassio who appears in *Othello* would be instructive. Both are among the best of Shakespeare's male characters,—perhaps the very best. Both are honest, true, noble, sincere. One marked difference, however, may be noted. Cassio is simple-hearted. In fact, it is on this simple heartedness of purpose and character, that he depends for much of the peculiar charm with which he impresses us. Horatio is wanting here. As said before, he is a man of the world, pure and undefiled, but, none the less, well acquainted with what is going on about himself and the royal court. His eyes are open and he will not rush blindly into peril as did Cassio. If there is a flaw in the mental make-up of Horatio it is right here. It is possible that he was over-cautious,—so much so as to render him more careful of self than was compatible with the best interests of his friend.

The more we think over Horatio's power, his experience, his good sense, his capabilities the less are we able to reconcile these with his inactivity. Is it possible that Horatio would, in a calm, friendly way, permit a man who so bound in him as was Hamlet, to be drawn down by the relentless undertow of destiny without making a single effort to save him? Horatio was strong and able. Why did he not do something? With his advantages we cannot forgive him for leaving Hamlet so entirely to his own devices. "Certainly", you reply, "but that would have spoiled the play." Very true, still there is something wrong. We are inclined to throw a share of the blame on him who created Horatio. It is, to be plain, an imposition on a man of Horatio's nature to place him in a position which calls for him to lend a hand and then manacle him with fetters of inactivity. Horatio is either selfish or wronged, we are inclined to think the latter.

Viewed from a literary standpoint Horatio is a marvelous creation. Viewed from the utilitarian side—"How would he appear on the stage"—it must be confessed that he is not a success. It is impossible to give his part to the star of a theatrical company, for it is not what might be called a leading role. Then, too, if an only moderate player attempts the character, he will, almost certainly, fail to bring out the delicate shades that are in the soul of a correct rendition. Under such unfavorable conditions Horatio degenerates into a "supper" who has little to say and do and less to think of.

Perhaps the words of Thomas Carlyle are not unfittingly illustrated in Shakespeare's treatment of Horatio. How much in Shakespeare lies hid; much that is not known at all, not speakable at all: Like roots, like sap and forces working underground! Speech is great but silence is greater. '85.

The *Doane Owl* lays down the rule that a young man should "never set in the same seat with a lady." Astounding.

Found on the campus of a southern college.—"Dear Father: I am studying hard. The professors say I am doing well. I am thinking about joining the church. Please send me \$125. Your loving son, —"

On the evening of Saturday, May 30, the whole body of students was invited to spend the hours from 8 to 10 in Chancellor Maratt's hospitable parlors and most of them did so. The rooms were too full to permit any "distant feeling" on the part of any, and the only ones that observed any "backwardness" were a few small individuals that got themselves wedged in between extensive corporosities. The evening was cool, the refreshments delicious, and enjoyment universal.