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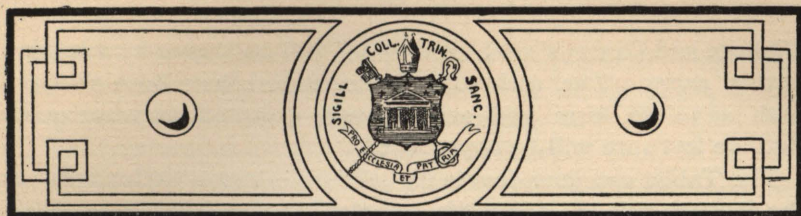
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**Trinity College**  
HARTFORD CONNECTICUT



W. E. LARNED - '10

# THE TRINITY TABLET

Vol. XL.

HARTFORD, OCTOBER, 1906

No. 1

*Editor-in-Chief*

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THE changes in this issue of the Tablet are almost self explanatory, yet a few words concerning the policy of the editors for the coming year seem necessary. The following are the chief alterations that have been decided upon,

The Tablet will be published once every month during the College year, with the usual Class Day number, making ten issues, instead of twelve as formerly.

Since the Trinity Tripod so completely and effectively covers the news features of the College life, the departments known as



"College and Campus" and "Athletics," will no longer be a feature of this paper. The make-up of the Tablet has been changed both as to its form and arrangement; expected improvements that we feel sure will be appreciated.

The Tablet can now devote its columns almost exclusively to the literary side of College life, and the fact that it is so narrowing down to a single line of endeavor, makes it more imperative than ever before that the students of Trinity support the paper.

It is understood that every undergraduate subscriber to the Tablet, and pay his subscription. *The Tablet* should be as well recognized that every undergraduate with any literary ability should contribute material. We want short stories, poems, essays; in fact we want literature of any form that is original and interesting. We expect to receive some material that, for various reasons we can not accept, but we hope above all things that no man's first contribution, if rejected, will be his last.

We are counting a great deal on the advice and support of our faculty and of the alumni, to a further extent, even, than in the past years, and it gives us the greatest pleasure to call attention to the letter of Professor Brenton on another page of this issue. It would be hard to imagine a more sympathetic or helpful cooperation from the English Department than that outlined in the communication spoken of. Under such a plan a man writing for the Tablet will not only receive "points" from the paper, but he will also be given credit in his English course. It is needless to add that the Board have accepted with the greatest appreciation, Professor Brenton's plan.

We are expecting occasional contributions from the different members of the faculty, during the coming year; we feel that the contents of our first issue justify us in such a belief.

Detail, though sometimes trivial, is, nevertheless, important and we call attention to the rules governing the submitting of material.

When possible, manuscripts should be typewritten, otherwise they should be written in ink on one side of the paper.

Manuscripts may be handed to the Editor-in-Chief, or to the Literary Editor at any time, or they may be left in the box for that purpose in Northam. Such material will be voted upon at



the next regular meeting of the Board. A fictitious name should be signed to the manuscript and a sealed envelope, containing the writer's name should accompany it.

No anonymous articles will be considered.

Rejected manuscripts will be held by the Editor-in-Chief to be returned at the request of the writer.

With the help of the undergraduates first of all, and then of the faculty and of the alumni we believe that we shall be able to edit the Tablet in a way that will be, to some degree at least, worthy of the traditions and prestige of Trinity College.



**T**HE recent appearance in Hartford theatres of two college graduates, one of them a Trinity alumnus, reminds us that college men are attaining eminence in the theatrical as in the other learned professions. Walter F. Dyett, who appeared as leading man in the Social Whirl, graduated from Trinity in '96. He has recently gone on the stage after spending a few years in business and has already made a notable success. James K. Hackett the great actor who starred in *The Walls of Jericho*, graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1891 and later, from the New York Law School. Soon after entering the profession he became leading man at the New York Lyceum, being then the youngest star in the history of the New York stage. His fame as a star in the *Anthony Hope* plays and in the *Pride of Jennico* is known all over the world.

Although many noted playwrights, as Clyde Fitch and J. M. Barrie, are college men, the number of actors who have had college training is comparatively small. In addition to those mentioned above, William Gillette, Harry Woodruff, Wilton Lackaye, and a few others are prominent. But they are the exception and the field open to college-men of today is both extensive and profitable. The influence of the actor on society is undoubtedly very great and possibly is more directly felt than that of any other professional man. It is certainly gratifying to know that the college graduate, who has long been predominant in Law, Medicine and Theology, should rapidly be coming to the front in the theatrical profession which is by no means the least noble of them all.



THE place that Trinity College has held in the city and state politics at different times in the civic life of the nation has been an important one. Dr. McCook's campaign for municipal betterment has made Hartford well known among the cities of our country, and the interest that the writings and speeches of other members of our faculty have aroused reflects credit and honor upon our College.

*"Senator" Luther*

It is with the greatest pride that we speak of the nomination of our President, the Rev. Flavel Sweeten Luther, Ph. D., L. L. D., for State Senator. Delegates favorable to Dr. Luther's candidacy were chosen Monday evening, October 15, by a majority of the Republican voters in their caucuses in the eighth, ninth and tenth wards of Hartford, which constitute the first senatorial district of Connecticut. Although there was an opposing candidate, Judge E. J. Garvan, an able and representative citizen, and although the contest was, to say the least, strenuous, it was nevertheless, conducted throughout with perfect good feeling on the part of the rival factions. Dr. Luther was formally nominated on the evening of October 17, and there is now nothing but harmony in the Republican ranks. Every indication is that President Luther will be elected to the Senate on November sixth, by the largest majority that the district has ever given a candidate.

Dr. Luther is so well known throughout the country at large that there naturally has been a great deal written in the prominent newspapers concerning his candidacy. Without exception the press see in Dr. Luther's willingness to accept public office, though already burdened with work, a strong tendency towards the real and only possible reform of American politics. In an editorial comment the Troy Times speaks as follows:

The scholar is entering more and more actively into politics, which is good for both politics and the scholar. One of the notable nominations recently made is that of President Flavel S. Luther of Trinity College, Hartford, for State Senator, he having been chosen at the Republican primaries of his district. He will be a valuable addition to the Connecticut Legislature, and his nomination is in keeping with a tendency which is sweeping literary men into public affairs.

The citizens of Connecticut will have little need for a Lincoln Steffens if men like President Luther represent her in the Legis-



lature, and the students of Trinity College could hope for no better example of the individual duty of the citizen to the state than that set by our President and probable Senator, Dr. Luther.



**T**HE students of Hamilton College have reduced rooting at their football games to an absolute science. Hamilton is no larger than Trinity. No greater proportion of the student body attends athletic events there than here. Yet a volume of cheers rolls out across Clinton Field which would put to shame the combined efforts of Trinity men on a half dozen occasions. Yells and cheers rise and boom out, to echo all over the campus plateau and break even into the valley.

*Rooting*

Look at the meager group of Hamiltonians huddled toward the center of their bleachers and you would hazard that they couldn't make much more noise than the average Trinity. But look again and see that each rooter carries in his hands a something which will magnify his voice to the Nth degree. These men, possessed of ingenuity and a disregard for fossilized custom, have every one of them come to the field equipped with a man's-size megaphone. In lieu of an attenuated cheer like the crying wail of a sick baby, they trumpet out Hamilton's defiance and necessarily and almost visibly impart spirit and confidence and strength to their team.

The Roman people were not above learning from others. Neither are Trinity men. Here is an idea which looks toward improvement. Why cannot Trinity turn it to profit?



**D**REAMS are peculiar things. Doesn't it seem strange that a choice word—a suggestion—the tone of a voice, collected and unconsciously stored in some hidden recess of the waking mind, will conjure up for a dreamer lands and countries which he has never seen, uncouth shapes and mystic forms which belong alone to the Land of Fancy? Or, that



into perfectly familiar surroundings, a man will dream Utopian conditions, changing, improving and fashioning until his new creation completely transcends the bounds of human possibility?

### *Utopia*

Last night, without any preliminary flights, dreams carried me out over the campus, then lowered me gently down into the Football Dressing Room of the gymnasium. There were the seried rows of safety-vault lockers from which nothing is ever lost. Overhead buzzed the electric fan which is put into operation in October and runs until the first of March. The same two wooden benches stretched away at right angles to each other and the third hugged the wall in its wonted position.

The players were beginning to arrive. Over there near the door, his elbows on his knees, sat our Irish coach greeting with courteous and gentle tongue all the eleventh-hour arrivals. Behind him towered the Pride of Trinity, whose love for his little Alma Mater has let him, year by year, safely past the eager sirens who call to him from Yale, Harvard and Pennsylvania, to our own humble field. You'll agree that dreams are wondrous things when I say that there, too, in the doorway, notebook in hand, I saw THE MANAGER


"But," my rational mind expostulated to my fancy. "A manager is a manager. He's not expected to work."

"Hush," answered Fancy. "Don't you remember? This is only a dream."

Dream or no dream, there the gentleman stood, nor did it seem that once again his only purpose in the room was to explain to the caustic Irishman why those shoes had not yet arrived from New York. He was sitting on one of the benches actually talking with a man, discovering the needs and grievances of Tommy Atkins. Two assistants were present—three men in all. There was a business-like air about the managerial staff which was decidedly refreshing. I noticed one player ask for a shoe-lace and shortly receive it. My dream-mind could actually conceive of a state of affairs where the management would have shoe-strings on hand.

But I was approaching Utopia. High altitudes, I am told, are cold, and cold always wakes me up.

A word of Reassurance. Fear not, O Ye Managers, Assistants and Managers-to-be. Hope not, Ye Men of the Squad. Dream Land and the Land of Actuality are far, far apart.

TRINITY COLLEGE,  
Hartford,  Connecticut.

Department of English.

October 17th, 1906.

Mr. Ralph Reed Wolfe,  
Managing Editor of the Tablet,  
Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut.

My Dear Mr. Wolfe:—

As the instructors in the department of English are very anxious to encourage the Trinity students to write for the Tablet, and as they realize that many of the men are obliged to devote a good deal of attention to writing their required themes, and so many find it difficult to spare additional time for voluntary literary effort, I wish to suggest a plan whereby the Department may co-operate with the board of editors in encouraging students who wish to contribute to the literary publication of the college.

Hereafter, if the board accepts an essay or a story written by a student who is a member of the class in English I. or the class in English II. it may be presented to the English instructor for his approval and possible correction, and, if the composition is of sufficient merit, it will be accepted in place of one regularly assigned Fortnightly Theme. Three pieces of verse at least three stanzas in length, two sonnets, or one long poem will, under the same conditions, be accepted in place of one Fortnightly Theme.

If your board approves of this plan it will be adopted at once.

Very sincerely yours,

CRANSTON BRENTON,

Professor of English Literature.



## Isolation

**I** crossed the track and climbed into the car.  
The way train standing at New Haven station,  
I found perhaps a dozen transient persons,  
The usual types, but near the middle sat  
A boy of ten or twelve. I took the seat  
Behind, and then I noticed he was weeping.  
Not sobbing as boys use, but weeping simply.  
A poor, ill-clad and white-faced little figure,  
The tears ran down upon his shabby jacket.  
His lips kept moving and I heard him whimper,  
"Oh Mamma, Mamma, Mamma, Mamma dear."  
"So young a child should not go unattended,  
They cause annoyance to the public."  
While I thought thus, a rather showy matron,  
With fur-trimmed cloak, the air that opulence  
Imparts, came in and took the seat before.  
"Some parvenue," I thought, but then she turned  
And saw the boy and heard his whimpered wail,  
Then rose and came into his seat and said,  
"What is it my child?" and in his little hand  
She pushed a piece of candy, but his fingers  
Closed listlessly, his features did not flush  
With joy but kept their look of childish grief.  
Surprised, she gently said, "What is it my child?"  
Then, with a most pathetic gesture, he  
Just touched his eyes and raised his face  
Up towards her. He was blind. His eyes were large,  
But dark and meaningless. I never shall  
Forget the look of tenderness which came  
From some deep fount of human sympathy  
And made that woman truly beautiful;  
The mother spoke in her affrighted face.  
She put her arm about the forlorn boy  
And drew his cheek against her breast and said,  
"How did it happen?" and the little child  
Replied, "I had the scarlet fever. Brother  
Got well. He can see; so can my sister.

He's younger'n me but he sells papers.—  
It took me different, so I must go  
To Hartford to a school for blind boys.—  
Of course I cannot help much in the house.  
Father makes rubber boots and Mary Ann  
Is going to work next month for thirty cents  
A day. But I must go to school at Hartford.  
Conductor told my mother he would put me off  
At Hartford on the platform. Mother sent  
A letter. Do you think some one will come  
And get me? Mother said, if no one came  
That I must get a wagon, for a carriage  
Costs more. She gave me fifty cents. Do you  
Suppose the teacher from the school will come?"  
"Some one will come," she answered cheerily.  
"If no one comes, will you go with me on  
The wagon?" "My child I will not leave you  
Until you are safe with friends." The boy  
Grew bright and pressed his shabby cap against  
Her fur and ate the candy. All the way  
This woman, taught by mother love, rehearsed  
With animation, tales from nursery lore,  
About "The Stupid Boy," and "Jack," and bits  
From Mother Goose. He listened eagerly,  
Forgot his sorrows quickly, laughed and asked  
To hear it all again as children use.  
Then, when we came to Hartford I saw her,  
The boy's hand fast in hers, give him in charge  
Of one who came, and, bending over, kiss  
His cheek and say that she would not forget  
To come and see him soon and as she turned  
I thought a face more beautiful with love  
And heartfelt pity, shall I never see.

The sullen world seemed brightened by it.  
Such light was on the face of Christ our Lord  
When eyes divine grew dim for human grief  
And he "set in their midst a little child."



## The First and Second Quartos of Hamlet

**I**T is, indeed, difficult to explain the immense fascination which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" has for men of all classes.

At the present time, probably no play of any dramatist throughout the range of the literature of the world is more widely read than this middle tragedy of the English poet. Perhaps it is that Hamlet possesses the fascinating charm of an inborn gentleman—a charm which delights and appeals to us in his passages with Horatio. Perhaps, because we feel that he is powerfully swayed by the same race instincts which we ourselves acknowledge, we feel with him and fall under his magnetic sway, acknowledging, indeed, that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Nor is the popularity of this play a modern fancy. Dr. Furness has beautifully written in the passage quoted by Dr. Rolfe, "No man of mortal would (save Him whose blessed feet were nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross), ever trod this earth, commanding such absorbing interest as this Hamlet, this mere creation of a poet's brain. No syllable that he whispers, no word let fall by any one near him, but is caught and pondered as no words have ever been, except of Holy Writ. Upon no throne built by mortal hands has ever beat so fierce a light as upon that airy fabric reared at Elsinore."

Since the beginning of Shakesperian criticism, particularly since the time when Coleridge discovered to the world the beauty and strength and depth of the man of Stratford, criticism has been devoted to Hamlet above any of the other plays. Problems, too, have been numerous. I do not doubt that as much material has been written on the charm of Hamlet as has been devoted to the discovery of the spot where Hannibal crossed the Alps. Volumes and articles—enough to stock a library—have been written on the subject of Hamlet's madness. Learned doctors have even forsaken the sick-bed to enter the arena and prove to their own satisfaction that Hamlet was no more nor less than absolutely insane. I have always believed that the Dane, according to the light of his times, was justified in sending his two old school-fellows, whom he trusted as he would "adders fang'd," to their



death in England. Yet one could find within a stone's throw of the place where I am sitting, plenty of men who hold an exactly opposite view. Critics have lived and died without deciding whether or no the queen was privy to the murder of her husband. So problems multiply in this fascinating play. Some will be debated "till the crack of doom" and will probably never be settled.

But if aesthetic criticism has its pretty questions, criticism of the various texts present cruxes just as important and as enchanting. Textual critics have arisen who have ranked and served the course of enlightened Shakespearean criticism, second only to the great names of Coleridge and Schlegel. It is a problem suggested by the marked difference between the first and second quartos of Hamlet which I propose to discuss in this paper.

In 1603, there was printed at London what has come to be regarded as the first edition of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." This First Quarto, as it is called, though similar in general outline, was little more than half the length of the play as we have it now, was "decidedly inferior in power and general poetic expression and was, besides, markedly different in the order of its scenes and in the names of several of its characters." About a year later (1604), the Second Quarto appeared, of nearly twice the original length—[Q<sub>1</sub> has two thousand one hundred and forty-three lines; Q<sub>2</sub> about three thousand seven hundred and nineteen—Dr. Furness.] and possessed of so much Shakespearean poetry that from a collation of it and the First Folio, the standard text of the play was compiled. Here then is the question. Is Q<sub>1</sub> a poorly reported or pirated edition of Q<sub>2</sub>, or is the First Quarto an early draught of the story which Shakespeare saw acted, marked the defects of, and re-wrote with the immensely additional power of a rapidly maturing genius? In other words, did the playwright write but the one version, or did he write two, of his most celebrated play?

It is a problem on which much has been written, but the material is by no means exhausted, and above the other moot-points of "Hamlet," it possesses the additional fascination that there is a conscious end in view—one feels that when all the material has been gathered and sifted, this point, at least, will be definitely settled.

As I read the argument of Knight on this subject, I arrived at a conviction which neither Collier nor White could shake, that Quarto 1 is the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare's younger manhood (un-



printed until 1603); Quarto 2 the finished work of his maturer power. One needs only to read the Quarto of 1603 even superficially to be convinced. There is as much diminution of strength and power and beauty in passing from one quarto to the other, as there is in going from Shakespeare to Fletcher. One is conscious as he reads Q 1 of a suggestion of the music of the mature Shakespeare, but it is little more than a suggestion. The First is a shell in which the master has not yet breathed the life which rouses us, exhilarated, through the pages of our present Hamlet. Could faulty transcription accomplish this diminution which is consistent in the quartos from the First Soldier's

"Stand! who is that?"

to the omission of Horatio's beautiful lines,

"Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

Suppose that "with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies" to an Elizabethan theatre, to that very spot where sits the transcriber, or the shorthand reporter, who is asserted to have pirated the quarto of 1603. One thing the gentleman does above anything else, as of primary importance. He notes, as the play progresses, the order of the scenes and the names of the principal characters. Yet Quarto 1 and Quarto 2 differ essentially in these two points. In the first version Hamlet's scene with Ophelia comes before both his parley with Polonius and his interview with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. And the change to the present order is clearly one made by a man who had witnessed a representation of the first draught and reduced its defects. The present order, in which Polonius is the first butt of the scathing wit of Hamlet, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are his next victims and the scene with Ophelia comes only after these other two, is the very key which puts us in a position to understand Hamlet as he rails at "poor, silly Ophelia." In Quarto 1, from the absence of a motive, the whole scene is a hopeless puzzle. It is not until after these two almost preliminary scenes have been acted that we understand or see any motive for what seems the "wild and whirling" words of the prince. Polonius gives us our cue that "if this be madness, there's method in it," and the scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern confirms this suggestion. But in Quarto 1 Hamlet's attitude toward Ophelia is almost as inexplicable as if, without any introduction or explanation a modern playwright should make his hero turn and revile his



heroine in the midst of a tender love scene. For here, Hamlet's treatment of Ophelia, in all its harshness, comes only after such slight explanation as the audience might glean from the midnight scene after the disappearance of the ghost on the platform of Elsinore and Ophelia's account to her father of Hamlet's wild conduct before her. With the light of no other explanation, Hamlet's actions are incomprehensible except on the ground of pure madness. As the scene with Ophelia progressed, Elizabethan audiences undoubtedly came to the conclusion that Hamlet was insane. It was with a realization of this fact that Shakespeare in his mature work, among the expedients which he used to dispel the impression of Hamlet's madness, inserted before the Ophelia scene, Hamlet's passage with old Polonius and his conversation with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, in which his feeling is voiced that he is being watched by the King.

We have referred to the change in the names of some of the characters. In Quarto I, Polonius is Corambis, Reynaldo is Montano and Bernardo whom Francisco in the rewritten Hamlet addresses clearly by name:

Bernardo--Long live the King!

Francisco--Bernardo?

Bernardo--He. (Act I Sc. i.) is the 1st soldier."

There is another great consideration which may be linked to the argument that Quarto I is consistently inferior in power and poetic feeling to Quarto II. It is in the speeches of the principal characters that the most remodeling between Quarto I and Quarto II is done. The parts of characters like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are oftentimes almost identical. It is as though the master had gone over his early creation and given to his stronger characters the poetry of his stronger self. Contrast Hamlet's

"O that this too much griev'd and fallied flesh  
Would melt to nothing, or that the universall  
Globe of heaven would turne al to a chaos!"

with

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!  
Or that the everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!  
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!



Fie on't! O fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden  
That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it merely."

And, still considering the transcriber hypothesis, why should a reporter copy faithfully, word for word, such a comparatively unimportant speech as Valternando's report of the success of his embassy to Norway.

"Most fair return of greetings and desires, etc." Act II, Sc. ii.

And garble Hamlet's "Seems, Madam! Nay, it is; I know not 'seems;" (which in Q<sub>1</sub> is addressed to the king), his magnificent prose passage:

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in variety! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!"

And those other speeches of Hamlet which impresses even the first hearer as exquisite poetry?

Still there is one great argument which I have nowhere found elaborated to any extent, and yet which impresses me as the most cogent of all. Beyond the power of any bungling transcriber, the characters of the King and Queen and their influence upon the action of the plot are fundamentally changed in the rewritten Second Quarto. But, before considering the few word pictures which paint Claudius and Gertrude anew, it may not be out of place here to point out the importance of these two characters upon the tragedy as a whole.

Remotely, but still primarily, the whole motive force of the play as we have it now hangs upon these two. Had not Claudius killed his brother and married Hamlet's mother, had not Gertrude committed the great crime of adultery, there would be no motive for action. Through the whole tragedy run two motive forces—Hamlet's desire for revenge and his paralyzing horror at the adultery of his mother. Claudius is the casual source of one; Gertrude of the other. So, subtle though the idea be, these two characters are of such primary importance upon the general plot that his unsatisfactory treatment of them in Quarto<sub>1</sub> must be completely revised and amended in Quarto<sub>2</sub>.

In contrast to the unctious, wordy hypocrite with whom we are familiar, the Claudius of Quarto<sub>1</sub> is almost a man of action. Hamlet's description of him in the closet scene with his mother—a man



"With a face like Vulcan  
 A looke fit for a murder and a rape,  
 A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,  
 To affright children and amaze the world,"

is in accord with an estimate we should form of him from his actions throughout the play. In the second scene of the first act—the King's introduction to the audience—he indulges in no hypocritical and wordy vaporings on his personal bereavement at the death of the elder Hamlet. Rather, with kingly dignity, he goes tersely to the subject at hand—the embassy of Cornelius and Valtiwand to the court of old Norway. The king who delivers the business-like address:

"Lordes, we have here writ to Fontinbrasse,  
 Nephew to olde Norway, who impudent  
 And bed-rid, scarcely hears of this his  
 Nephew's purpose; and wee heere dispatch  
 You good *Cornelia* and you *Volterman*  
 For bearers of these greetings to olde  
 Norway, giving to you no further personall power  
 To business with the King,  
 Than those related articles do shew:  
 Farewell, and let your haste commend your duties,"

pictures a Claudius differing widely from the later pudgy specimen (one cannot speak of him without a feeling of disgust) who talks through fifteen lines of hypocritical sympathy before coming to the business of majesty. As Mr. Charles F. Johnson has pointed out, Claudius in his first inception was a typical stage villain. To me he is the creation of a younger man—the dark-browed type to which a younger playwright would naturally turn. But the humdrum villain was too tame for a man of such importance to the action of the play. As Dr. Bentley says, in Shakespeare's conception, Claudius "was no villian of force who thought of winning his brother's crown by a bold and open stroke, but a cut-purse who stole the diadem from a shelf and put it in his pocket." As Shakespeare saw Quarto I presented, he probably realized that he had not made his character consistent with the part he had to perform. The dark-browed villain of decisive speech was not the man to steal upon his kingly brother wrapt in sleep and "through the porches of his ears pour a leprous distil-



ment." In his first attempt Shakespeare gave the physbutes of a highway robber to the character of a sneak—a which he hastened to rectify.

But, in the consistent difference in the character of which we observe as we turn from Quarto 11 to the firsttion, is our greatest proof that Quarto 11 can be nothing writing of an original prodnction. With this change insonal deliniation of the Queen is linked a change in t motive on which the tragedy rests. We can grant that a transcriber might garble passages and omit lines at a t who can conceive of the paradox, that omissions and can ditions could be made by a mechanical short-hand write would consistently, and, as though with consummate art the whole motive of the play?

Some one has said that Hamlet is a tragedy of the soul conflict of two master passions raging in the mind of the hero. In that same great speech which the ghost make castle platform, Hamlet learns of the murder of his father adultery of his mother. From then on, his mind is th ground of primal instincts. He is urged by a conscious duty to vengeance for the murder of his father. His will yzed by a revolting consciousness of the great guilt of his Evidence of his mother's guilt is always before him. deep-seated is his sense of horror at it, that only once to does he pronounce the dread name by which his mother be called. This, I take it, was Shakespeare's mature co of the tragedy of Hamlet—a struggle of primal instinc soul of a man, in which consciousness of adultery on th the mother should overshadow and inhibit desire for v for the lesser crime of murder.

Shakespeare was a Teuton and to him horror at adulte matron was the strongest of primal instincts. Probably of the idea of sanctity of the matron arose in the earl when punishment for even an ordinary crime was dea spect for the law was born of fear and through a develo generations, that law became an instinct—one of the stru the fundamental instincts of the human race. Today, d in the position in which Hamlet was placed punish him wronged him, with death, even under our enlightened law are presumed to take no account of extenuating circum

few juries could be found to convict the offender. So, Shakespeare felt horror the stronger motive, and beautifully he carried out the thought in the rewritten version.

In the "Hamlet" of today, Gertrude is never forgiven the crime she has committed against the laws of God and of society. From first to last she is guilty of a thing which makes her son shrink from her with a quintessence of horror. Hamlet's pitying, "Frailty thy name is woman," is changed by the dread news which the ghost imparts, to the terrible, "O most pernicious woman." Nothing could be more scathing than the tremendously powerful arraignment of a mother by her son in the splendid closet scene, and it must be remarked that between the two, passes no word of forgiveness.

Even the queen's promise:

"Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,  
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me,"

elicits no tender response from the son. The queen has committed a deed of such moment that the son would be almost stooping with her did he offer forgiveness. Even at the last, his deep-seated feeling of horror at his mother's crime prevents his feeling any pity or the semblance of forgiveness. When the mother that bore him is going to a poisoned death, though Hamlet realizes that he himself, must soon make a final reckoning before the Great Throne, he gives the queen no other word of farewell than the bitter, "Wretched Queen, adieu."

How completely was this recast from the story in the First Quarto! There, in that magnificent burst after the disappearance of the ghost, in which Hamlet betrays to the audience his innermost feelings at the news of the double crime,

"O, all you lost of heaven! O earth! What else?  
And shall I couple hell?"

*he makes no reference to his mother at all.* The murder has made the great impression on his mind and the king is the mark for all his splendidly powerful arraignment.

"Yes, yes, by heaven, a damned penituous villaine,  
Murderous, bawdy, smiling, damned villaine."

The single word "bawdy," is the only hint thrown out to the audience that the fall of his mother, in the amazement and horror which he experiences at the other crime, has made any impression



on his mind whatever. Even if Gertrude's sin has affected the son, it is the King, not the Queen who is blamed. We can get some idea of the scathing strength which must have belonged to the adjective, "penituous" as applied to the queen in Q<sub>2</sub>, when here we find Hamlet, in a paroxysm of hate and rage applying it to the man whom he felt to be entirely responsible for his load of sorrow.

The scene between Hamlet and his mother presents another point of distinction worthy of notice. In the present text, based upon a collation of Quarto<sub>2</sub> and Folio<sub>1</sub>, the only evidence that the Queen was acquainted of the murder of her husband is based upon the slim supposition that her exclamation of surprise,

"As kill a king!"

in response to Hamlet's

"A bloody deed! Almost as bad, good mother,  
As kill a king and marry with his brother,"

is sincere. In Quarto<sub>1</sub> the Queen not only responds to Hamlet's

"Not as much harme, good mother,  
As to kill a king and marry with his brother,"

with the surprised,

"How! Kill a king!"

but she evidently sincerely affirms,

"As I have a soule, I swear by heaven,  
I never knew of this most horrible murder."

From the present text, if we cannot say that the Queen was cognizant of the murder of her husband, neither can we say that she was not. The omission of these words which would solve our doubts are surely significant. If Shakespeare did not wish us absolutely to assume that Gertrude was privy to the murder of the elder Hamlet, at least he would rather risk our suspecting so than allow the Queen to gain a particle of our sympathy by a cogent avowal that on this point, at least, she is guiltless.

The closet scene presents another link for our chain. In Quarto<sub>1</sub>, this dialogue occurs between the Queen and Hamlet:

Hamlet—"And mother, but assist me in revenge,

And in his death your infamy shall die."

Queen—"Hamlet, I vow by that majesty,

That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,  
I will concede, consent and doe my best,  
What stratagem soe're thou shalt desire."

Hamlet responds:

"It is enough, mother, good night."

How in a few words the whole motive is changed! Here is no evidence of a crime which cannot be forgiven. How clearly does this scene show, as Hamlet's speech on the platform suggests, that a desire for vengeance for the murder of his father is uppermost in the mind of this early Hamlet. To avenge the crime of murder he will forget and forgive what only the maturer mind of Shakespeare realized is the greater crime of adultery. Here then, is the preparation for Gertrude's complete return to grace. She has promised her aid to Hamlet. Does she but keep her word, the audience can do no more than act in sympathy with Hamlet, and also forget and forgive.

Now we come to the scene between Horatio and the Queen, omitted in Q<sub>2</sub> which completes Gertrude's absolution. As we know mother and son, the Queen is the last person to whom Hamlet would go for sympathy and help immediately on his escape from the English adventure. Yet, in this omitted scene, Horatio's first words are:

"Madame your sonne is safe arrived in Denmarke,  
This letter I even now receiv'd of him,  
Whereas he writes how he escapt the danger,  
And subtle treason that the king had plotted.  
Being crossed by the contention of the windes,  
He found the packet sent to the King of England,  
Wherein he saw himself betray'd to death,  
*As at his next conversation with your grace,*  
*He will relate the circumstance at full.*

Either Hamlet's letter makes mention of his intention to come to the Queen or Horatio knows that relations between them are already so intimate that Hamlet on his arrival at Elsinore will repair at once to his mother.

The next words of the Queen are equally luminous. Referring to the King, she says:

"Then I perceive there's treason in his looks  
That serv'd to sugar o're his villainie!  
But I will soothe and please him for a time,  
For murderous minds are always jealous."



Here, by an explicit promise, the Queen allies herself with Horatio and she receives her share of the sympathy which we extend to the friends of the Danish Prince. In intent, at least, she has fulfilled Hamlet's demand.

"Mother, but assist me in my revenge,"

and henceforth she must be regarded as Hamlet's ally, shriven and forgiven—a penitent and absolved Magdalen. In the remaining dialogue, Shakespeare completes the enlistment of our sympathy for the Queen by picturing her as the solicitous and loving mother.

"O faile not, good Horatio, and withall commend me,  
A mother's care to him,"—

"Horatio once again I take my leave,  
With thousand mother's blessings on my sonne,"

are the first strokes by which the guilty Gertrude is completely absolved. Nor does the bitter "Wretched Queen, adieu," with which Hamlet now takes his everlasting farewell of his mother appear in the 1603 Quarto.

In *Q<sub>1</sub>* then, the only motive is clearly the desire of a son to avenge the death of his father. But, on the presentation of the play, several defects must have impressed themselves on Shakespeare. With no counter motive apparent, why did not Hamlet swoop to his revenge and accomplish the murder of his uncle? What was the motive for his vacillation? Shakespeare saw that the "wild and whirling words" of Hamlet could not be explained on any rational ground and that, too, he had in the story of his play another motive, stronger than the desire for revenge, by the use of which a structure could be erected which would, indeed, be a tragedy of the soul. So, with a maturer mind and pen, he rewrote and changed to the Hamlet of today.

As I marshall the facts before me, there is no possible doubt in my mind that *Q<sub>1</sub>* is the work of Shakespeare's youth; *Quarto 2* the revision of his manhood. There are the changes in the order of the scenes and the names of the characters; the first and easiest notes a shorthand writer would make. There is the fact that the marked differences between *Q<sub>1</sub>* and *Q<sub>2</sub>* occur in the speeches of

the principal characters—where a mature emendator would be most likely to apply his strength. There is, besides, the all-conclusive point that with a skill which belonged alone to the master dramatist, King, Queen and motive were consistently changed until the weak and poorly motivated Quarto One was transformed into our powerful and complex tragedy of the soul.

—Keith Willoughby.



## *L'Esperance!*



UT in the fields!  
Breathing the winds,  
Thinking of manhood!

Watching the clouds,  
Wind driven clouds.

Oh make me the wind!  
Make me the cloud—  
No,—make me the blue sky far beyond.  
Queer little hill top—  
Winds and clouds  
But make me that blue sky far beyond.

A fuzzy old "grey" by my feet just skirt—  
But make me that blue sky far beyond  
The blue, blue sky so far beyond.

—Le. V.



## A Summer Hunting Trip.

HERE'S a wide difference between a hunting trip for four-legged game, and one for manuscripts of some classical author, but a certain exhilaration attaches to each, in part due to the very uncertainty of the chase. The student of a manuscript tradition must haunt in successive seasons European libraries, until he has exhausted the possibilities of the field, the contents of his pocket, or the limits of his holiday. He must study, more or less fully, as many as possible of the extant MSS. of his author, and he must be sure that no important *codices* have escaped him. Some he will find listed in catalogues of the libraries where collections of such MSS. have been gradually accumulated; others will try to escape his notice by being wrongly described in the catalogue, or by being omitted from it altogether. How is he to discover them? That is for him to find out. The various processes are not easily detailed in a brief article. Sometimes he misses, and that means woeful chagrin for him, when he becomes aware of it later. Sometimes, and very often, he must be content to prove a negative,—to prove that a given library, or city, or country, does not contain any MS of this author, or that the MSS it does contain are not of value as against others for the reconstitution of the original text. This is an important result to reach, but it isn't very exciting. Sometimes he will spend weary days and weeks in the most scrupulously careful copying, or collation, of some MS., only to prove later that it is a descendant of an extant original, and hence of no value as a witness to text, so long as the original exists in complete form. Sometimes he will find something both new and important (for not everything that is new is important), and that makes up for the barrenness of his previous results.

My task during this last summer in England was to examine, if possible, all the MSS. of Pliny's Letters that could be found in that country, to determine, as far as might be, their individual relation to the families of MSS., that I had already studied in previous years, to collate such of them as appeared to be of primary importance, and incidentally to note down points about any



other MSS., that seemed especially interesting. The task was a rather large one for only three months, but practice gives speed and I managed to get through it within the allotted time. The results of the investigation will appear elsewhere, and are almost too technical to be of interest even to the Trinity men who may be interested in a general way in all the research work that is going on at the College, or under its auspices. A few sentences must suffice in the Tablet.

To the real enthusiast about manuscript work every MS. is likely to be of interest and to display a certain personality of characteristic. Most of these MSS. that I studied in Oxford, Cambridge and London, will help to a clearer knowledge of what there was yet extant of their sort at the period of the Renaissance, and what their archetype must have been like,—for nine-tenths of all belonged to one “family.” Two others were of more value. One of these proves to be a better copy of an important lost original than the only other MS. of its sort yet discovered. This copy was concealed under a wrong catalogue description, and perhaps had on this account escaped the notice of other hunters. How can one tell that one MS. is a better (that is, more accurate) copy than another of the same original, when that original disappeared in the unknown past? That is one of the Sherlock-Holmes mysteries, which, after all, are no mysteries at all when you’ve once been initiated.

The other MS. is of very high value for the constitution of the text of Pliny’s Letters; for though it is nothing but a combination of two early printed texts (of 1498 and 1502 respectively), with some two score leaves of MS. inserted and hundreds of corrections made by various hands, and contained no indications of previous ownership before 1708, when it was bought at a public auction in Oxford, yet it was possible to prove with perfect conclusiveness, that the book belonged originally to Guillaume Bude, the distinguished scholar who founded Greek studies in France, and died in 1540; that the MS. corrections were for the most part from his hands; and that they, and the MS. pages, were copied from a MS. in Paris which was the only complete MS. of the Letters to survive the Middle Ages, was better than any MS. now in existence, and was probably at last thrown into the waste-paper basket by Aldus, the great Venetian scholar and publisher, to whom it was sent for study, within the first five years of the



16th century. So now we have an especially valuable and direct witness to very many of the most important readings of the most important MS. of Pliny's Letters in existence at the time of Aldus' famous edition. As the chase is often more exhilarating than the capture, so in this instance the course of reasoning that unfolded the indubitable history of these annotations was more interesting than the conclusions themselves,—but that is another story, and a longer one.

My charming holiday came to an end with a fortnight along the German frontier of the Roman empire, where the great rampart, the limes, or Pfahlgraben, with its occasional forts, stretched all the way from the Rhine at Niederbieber to the Danube near Regensburg, and can still be clearly traced along the summits or northern slopes of the delightful hill country through which the busy German river cut its great canon down towards the northern sea.

—*Elmer Truesdale.*

## On Christmas Eve.

**I**T was the night before Christmas. Jason Shepard, seated before the old fashioned mantel with its glowing bed of coals underneath, appeared dejected. The face which the fire lit up, was almost handsome though browned with exposure. The stalwart frame, the proud head, with its thick brown hair, the broad shoulders, gave to the man an appearance of compact strength.

The log in the fireplace yielded suddenly to the flames and dropped into the bed of coals below with a muffled thud. Shepard stirred uneasily, rose slowly from his chair and passed across the dark wainscotted room. He reached the window and peered out. He was unutterably lonely and the shadows of the gloomy old house depressed him. He was thinking of another Christmas Eve. Three years, but what long, lonely, comfortless years they had been; how different from this night had been that other, three years ago. Tonight the snow-clad hills and meadows about the old manse lay wrapped in a mantle of snow, unbroken quiet and moonlight. Not a breath of air sighed about the gabled ends of the farm house. A hushed stillness pervaded the winter atmosphere. But on that other night, the winds had shrieked discord—



antly through the trees, tugged at the doors and rattled the window frames. The cold damp snow had driven against the glass and piled up in grotesque shapes, upon the sills and thresholds.

There had been a long hard ride through the storm, and the return with the doctor only in time to hear the last words of a dying mother, a mother about whom he had twined his affections and whose death had left him alone in the world.

Alone! Jason's glance passed over the rose bushes and shrubbery of the door yard and the stretch of meadow beyond to where a high row of evergreens rose up dark against the snow. A little gleam of light found its way through the thick branches, and as he looked his face grew dark and forbidding.

That square of light marked the home of his brother, and that evergreen barrier that stretched between the two houses was a monument of the enmity and jealousy of the two brothers, which had started six years before when Fannie Irving, the much courted daughter of the village post master, jilted Jason Shepard for his older and more prosperous brother, Amos.

This disappointment had sorely wounded the younger brother and the reserve which was part of his nature grew upon him.

At the death of their father the following year, the old homestead and a small part of the farm had fallen to Jason and the rest of the place had descended to Amos. Upon this inheritance Amos erected a new house adjoining the homestead. During the last illness and the funeral of their mother, which followed soon, both brothers had of necessity haunted the old home of their boyhood together, but had carefully maintained an attitude of icy reserve toward each other.

Since that time, whenever by chance they met in the village post office or in the church at the four corners, they quietly ignored each other. For a brief period this estrangement furnished food for the village news venders, but eventually, like all items of gossip, came to be accepted as a matter of course by the staid people of the countryside.

Jason, looking out into the night reviewed all this in his mind. Suddenly he turned and crossed the room and, taking up a parcel from the table, he slowly unrolled it, disclosing a large wreath of holly, bearing an abundance of red berries. He lifted it carefully and surveyed it, and his strong face grew tender as he looked.



Then he drew the wreath carefully over his arm, donned his worn slouch hat and went out into the crisp winter air.

He made off briskly over the snow, rounded the hills which sheltered the farmhouse and entered the little vale where, for the last three generations the Shepard family had had their burial ground. It was a tiny enclosure, encircled by a high row of cedars, which in their neatly trimmed state, gave evidence of painstaking care. It was to the far end of this little God's acre that Jason bore his offering, to a corner, where rose in the moonlight a white marble headstone that marked the last resting place of his dead mother.

There he dropped to his knees in the snow and placed the wreath tenderly upon the grave. "Dear Little Mother," he whispered softly and a sound strangely like a sob escaped from Jason Shepard.

Occupied thus, he did not hear the approaching footsteps of a man who entered the lot and stopped suddenly when he saw that he was not alone. It was a form that resembled Jason's, but the shoulders bore a stoop and the face was older.

The man, bent over the grave, suddenly became of a strange presence and turned, "Jason!" exclaimed the newcomer, "You!" returned the man by the headstone, and in the voice was surprise and rising resentment. There was a moment of silence, then the older man spoke, and now the voice bore an entreaty, "Jason, do not let us quarrel here. See, I too, have an offering in her memory." As he spoke, he came to the side of the grave and laid upon it a wreath similar to Jason's. Then he continued, addressing the man opposite him, who stood gazing moodily at the ground as if undecided whether to go or to remain. "Brother," the tone was gentle and the man addressed moved uneasily. "Here over this grave let us forget our enmity. In the memory of the mother whom we both loved, let us be brothers again. It would please her *up yonder*.." For a moment the two stood silent. Then the younger man moved. "Yes! she would have wished it," he said hoarsely and across the white mound the two brothers clasped hands.

—Raymond Jewett Maplesden.

## *The Angels.*

*After the pastel of Theodore de Banville.*

**D**OWN through the space of a purple night,  
Messengers of Heaven's high Lord,  
A troop came circling, bearing far  
Words of love and of wrath out-poured.

Malushiel of the fiery locks,  
Metator, Lord of Cherubim;  
Saramiel, the Shield of God,  
Mighty in armor, strong of limb.

In their midst, on his fiery steed,  
The boy child Wriel rode along,  
And as he pranced and shouted aloud  
Vast halls of space re-echoed the song.

And now he'd lean down from his seat,  
And snatch at planets as they passed.  
He failed—they went too swiftly till  
He caught a tiny one at last.

"Oh Father Metator, look, look here!  
I just now caught this little ball.  
May I not keep it for my own,  
Please can't I keep it, keep it all?"

"Drop it, Wriel" Metator cried,  
"Drop it child and come on your way.  
We've far to go, the road is hard,  
We must be there by end of day."

"But, Metator,, it is so small,"  
The child replied with a shout of mirth.  
"Yes I know it," the father said,  
"It may be small, but that's the earth."

—Richardson Little Wright.



## The Requisite Accomplishments of a Fusser.

**N**OWADAYS that enviable individual, the fusser, must needs be many-sided. He must be able to answer the 'phone at 7:15; persuade himself by a mental process of his own that he was inadvertantly omitted from the first list, get into evening clothes in fifteen minutes and scurry across the city in fifteen more.

He must meet his hostess as one unconscious of the fact that he has been asked to fill in, and, as a gentleman, relieve her from any embarrassment.

He must ask dances from the girls to whom he is introduced. And he is in the hands of his friends.

He must utter platitudes with the air of a Columbus and politely smile when his partner begins the funny story his father used to tell.

He must correspondingly entertain her with an accumulated lore of small talk.

He must profusely and earnestly excuse himself when the "Girl Who Doesn't Know How to Dance" walks up his toes and slides down his instep.

He must look simple and gullible when his partner breathlessly pleads that she didn't intend to cut the last one.

He must glibly lie that coffee stains never show on black cloth.

The evening over, he must form one of a line, extend a gloved hand, and, with an suave smile, vary the conventional phrase enough to indicate that this particular evening has been the consummation of a life of pleasure.

P. S. Dear Uncle Bill!—No fussing for mine.

Yours,

—K. W. '09.

## Exchanges.

**C**RITICISM, we feel is necessarily ambitious striving for honourous comment rather than conscious uplifting of our College contemporaries. Certainly the undergraduate editor who has a descent name of modesty is handicapped. Yet we must criticize. It is the divine right of students. Men who know nothing will cheerfully elaborate on it to point out the defects of their fellows. So after all we do not feel such a hesitancy as we should. If we must hunt—College publications are our lawful prey. It is our intention to be frank, even blunt. There shall be no “Damming with faint praise nor yet praising with faint damm.” To us the essentials of all criticism are discrimination and sincerity. We have no appreciation for the writer who artfully conceals his meaning, if he has one, with epigrams and verbal contortions. Criticism, we fear, has come to be the art of telling about things you know nothing about in a telling way. For the rest we have nothing to say until next month and then—but what man can look into the future.



## The Stroller.

**T**HE Stroller reminds himself of the gentleman who is business manager of the “Seeing New York” Automobile. This accomplished caterer to the public whim was accustomed to sprinkle sundry gentlemen of fortune along the route and have them trump up a little excitement for the guileless visitor. Now it occurred to The Stroller that Sundry Collegiate wags of the grosser sort might be bribed to create humorous incidents for his benefit. But he remembered that The Stroller was both Philosopher and Jester and if nothing funny happened he could philosophize a bit. He recalled Hamlet and Lydia Pinkham, how they jested not neither did they yarn, yet Mark Twain in all his glory was not advertised like one of these. It was finally the evolution of a freshman that suggested itself to him. “To do or not to do,” that is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind or elsewhere to suffer the slings and paddles of outrageous Sophomores



Or to take arms against a sea of trouble  
 And by opposing them, end them? To think, to smoke  
 To swear—and by a pipe to say we end  
 The cuckoos and the thousand varied larks  
 That “fresh” is heir to—’Tis a consumation  
 Devoutly to be wished—To think, to smoke  
 To smoke—perchance a pipe, aye there’s the rub  
 For in that dream of life what joy may come  
 When we have shuffled off the Sophomore’s trail.

The stroller was thrilled by all this. He was awakened to the new things in College. Like the 1907 Ivy he had become so attached to the old order of things, that he was about to publish a volume of ancient history, but happily he spared the College from two dead issues. Verily there were new men in the College and he saw that it was good. Poor Stroller he rejoiced too soon, for even while he was writing this eulogy he learned that the newly made Sophomore had blacklisted the marine art of paddle manipulation and the College was to be ruled by a Senate, elected by the Freshman. Yet he couldn’t help thinking that The Stollrer and Longfellow were right about the efficacy of little drops.

“Little drops of paddles  
 Little bits of horse  
 Start the erring Freshman  
 On his College course.”



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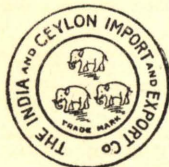
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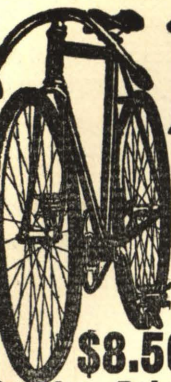
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NAILS, TACKS  
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We will allow a **cash discount** of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.55 per pair) if you send **FULL CASH WITH ORDER** and enclose this advertisement. We will also send one nickel plated brass hand pump and two Sampson metal puncture closers on full paid orders (these metal puncture closers to be used in case of intentional knife cuts or heavy gashes). Tires to be returned at **OUR** expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination.

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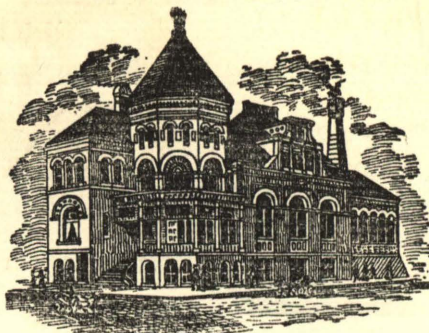
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Cash Capital  
\$1,000,000.00

Total Assets,  
\$5,170,036.80

## SUMMARY.

Cash Capital,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve for Reinsurance,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	\$2,484,918.49
All Outstanding Claims,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	245,632.96
Net Surplus,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1,441,485.35
Total Assets,	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	\$5,172,036.80

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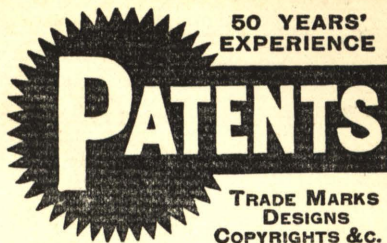
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