

For reasons unknown to us, Miss Kitchen does not wish anything said of her or of the way in which she has spent her time since leaving here and we would not for the world slight her request.

Miss Hardy, the former editress of the "PORT," seems to be pining for the work of last year; but variety, you know, Lill, "variety is the spice of life." However if you should find time hanging heavy on your hands, remember that you, as a member of the *alumnæ*, are allowed to have your say in this interesting paper.

Miss Mercer, "the meekest little girl in her class," is evidently offended at something. We are sorry, VERY, that she thinks we "all are much more fascinated by the charms of our publication than class '89 were." Is it because there is, quite an American air about it." I wonder! We were not aware of this fact as no one else had mentioned it. Poor Susie, we hope you will be in a better frame of mind soon and will forgive us if we have given any offence. Painting, for which she carried off the prize in '86, will receive much attention from her this winter.

Miss Leary, as is most natural after spending sometime in acquiring an education, has, since leaving here, spent much of her time in visiting. She writes, "You speak of this year's seniors having a new subject—Political Economy, and it just struck me that some of last year's seniors have also a new subject, quite new in fact to some of us, that of Domestic Economy; and of the two I believe ours is of the more importance." It may be, but if you could hear Dr. Burn's lectures on our Economy, I think you would agree with us in saying the latter is much more interesting.

Miss Aikins and Miss Shore have failed to connect.

### †The Great Musicians† OF THE WORLD.

✱ IN this day when music is "mastered and murdered" in almost every house throughout the

length and breadth of our land, it is desirable to know at least a few leading facts in the lives of those men whose compositions we are rendering. Shakespeare has written a great deal of stuff and nonsense about the iniquity of the man who hath no music in himself and the inferential excellence of the man who hath. Some of the very best people in the world could not, if their lives depended upon it, distinguish "Ye Banks and Braes" from "Yankee Doodle," or hum "God Save the Queen," while numerous disagreeable, good-for-nothing denizens of the lower sphere are professed devotees of the divine art. While this is equally true of musical knowledge, I would not wish to be one to present the claims of ignorance upon the admiration and gratitude of mankind. The amount of a man's ignorance is hardly the measure of his merit.

Music is the youngest of the arts belonging to the later phases of civilization. In its rude, undeveloped condition—in martial strains for the encouragement of warriors; in sacred hymns or sacrificial chants—it is true that it has existed since the world began. But in these it is the expression of mere feeling; it is no science. Two kinds of music were known in the Middle Ages—the songs of the Troubadours, unwritten and orally transmitted from father to son; and those of the church, which especially owed much to H. Ambrose and H. Gregory. Sacred music had its birth in the 16th century. Palestrina, in Italy, succeeded then in establishing a type that has ever since been more or less closely adhered to. The genius of Handel wrought out its development in the centuries later.

Modern composers are generally classed under the German, French, or Italian Schools. To the first belong Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn and Mozart, in 18th century, and Beethoven, Schuman, Schubert, Chopin, Weber, Mendelssohn, Wagner and Strauss, in the 19th century. Among our greatest Italian musicians are found Cherubini, Donizetti, Bellini, Rosetti and Verdi. The French claim Auber, Meyerbeer, Gounod and Offenbach.