

The Portfolio.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.

VOL. 2.

HAMILTON. DECEMBER. 1879.

No. 3.

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RETROSPECTION.

THE year is drawing to its close,
As I kneel to-night in prayer,
And the weight of sixty long years and more,
Has silvered my jet black hair with its score,
And furrowed my cheek with care.

I'm reviewing my life to-night,
My life that I cannot mend,
And the long stretch of years seems idly spent,
Its sorrows and tears and joys all blent,
A solemn significance lend.

Has my life been full of self?
Have I tried in my feeble way
To still the anguish of some aching heart,
To rob the bitter pain of half its smart,
To lead from darkness into day?

In sight of the cruel world,
Has my life been void and cold?
A page whose blotted lines no meaning bore,
A life whose days of usefulness were o'er,
A something that for naught was sold?

But oh, my Father! now to-night,
In whose pure sight I soon shall stand,
I would that thou alone should'st read my life,
For through my tears I cannot read aright,
Lead thou me to the better land.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE literature of the Restoration had palled upon the taste of the English people before Addison appeared, but to him were given the qualifications to fill the vacancy thus created. No power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; in this Addison stands unrivalled; yet his deepest sense of the ludicrous is tempered by politeness and kindness. Macaulay says of him: "He was the great satirist who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who without inflicting a wound effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy and virtue by fanaticism."

Joseph Addison (1672-1719), a clergyman's son, was educated at Oxford. Among his fellow-students he was distinguished for his delicate feelings, sly manners, and assiduous

application. Even in college days his reputation for ability and learning was marked, and it is said that in after years the professors expressed their sorrow that no copy of his remarkable exercises in composition had been preserved. His knowledge of the classics was extensive. Many Latin poems which were well received at both Universities issued from his pen while he was a student at Oxford. His first flight in English verse was an address to Dryden, which gained the great man's friendship, while by "a Poem to His Majesty," the king's favor was won, and a pension bestowed upon the fortunate writer enabled him to cultivate his taste by travel.

To celebrate the battle of Blenheim he wrote "The Campaign," which was as much admired by the public as by the ministers of state. This poem eulogizes Marlborough's qualities of greatness, his energy, sagacity, and knowledge of the science of war. Addison's particularly lucky hit was likening Marlborough to an angel guiding a whirlwind. Soon after "The Campaign," was published the narrative of his travels in Italy. The reading world was disappointed, but in time the tide turned, and before the work could be reproduced it was sold for many times its original value. The style is pure and graceful, exhibiting proofs not only of his scholarship but also of his humor, morality, and religious spirit. Macaulay censures this agreeable work, the history of a tour to cultivate the classics, on account of its faults of omission. Though rich in extracts from Latin poets, it contains scarcely any reference to the Latin orators and historians, ignoring entirely the noble literature of modern Italy, though noticing the Gondolier's songs.

The brilliancy of his imagination found expression in the articles which appeared in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*; here the great moral satirist found full scope for his powers; never has the English language been written with such sweetness, grace and facility.

He could describe virtue, vice, habit, and whims: but more, he could call beings into existence, exhibit them, and faithfully portray their characters. Addison's best portraits admirably and vividly drawn are worthy a Shakespeare or Cervantes.

The service rendered society by Addison's essays was marvellous; true, the age of licentiousness succeeding the restoration had passed away, yet there lingered incorrect notions of morality which Addison alone dispelled. Addison believed it easier to revolutionize England by laughing than by preaching, and brought about the revolution without one personal lampoon.

In Venice, Addison had witnessed a miserable play on the death of Cato; doubtlessly this incident suggested the subject for his tragedy, "Cato," which contains passages of great dignity and noble and patriotic sentiment. A noted critic says: "Cato is an inposing work of art, with the grace and majesty, and also the lifelessness of a statue."

Though the play is lost in oblivion, Cato's soliloquy has bestowed "immortal youth" upon its gifted author.

Addison has been the subject of one of the finest of Macaulay's essays; we cannot do better than give his opinion of this greatest of satirists.

"To the influence which Addison derived from his literary talents, was added all the influence which arises from character. The world, always ready to think the worst of newly political adventurers, was forced to make one exception. Restlessness, violence, audacity, laxity of principle, are the vices ordinarily attributed to that class of men. But faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful to his early opinions, and to his early friends; that his integrity was without stain; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming; that in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; and that his only faults were a too sensitive delicacy, and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness."

"He was undoubtedly one of the most popular men of his time, and much of his

popularity he owed, we believe, to that very timidity which his friends lamented. That timidity often prevented him from exhibiting his talents to the best advantage. But it propitiated Nemesis. It averted that envy which would otherwise have been excited by a fame so splendid, and by so rapid an elevation."

"No man is so great a favorite with the public as he who is at once an object of admiration, of respect, and of pity, and such were the feelings which Addison inspired."

IMPRESSIONS.

BEFORE introducing the prepared paper into the press, the printers pay careful heed that no foreign matter is allowed to remain upon it which will in any way prevent the machine from leaving a perfect impression. No correct impression of a thing can be made on any mind that is not perfectly strong and healthy, even though part of the mind may be in a condition sound enough to receive it, the deceased ideas of the remaining portion will soon affect the good; just as a decayed apple will in time destroy a whole barrelful of sound ones. Upon such a mind the characters and occurrences met with in every day life are unnaturally reflected, just as the appearance of objects is distorted in an imperfect mirror.

People with happy tempers and bright hopes are not liable to receive these wrong impressions, but almost always see things in their best and truest light. Untrammelled by a morbid selfishness they can look upon things as they are, not as they would, or would not have them be. But unhappy people possessing bodily health need not despair of being able in time to add to it strength and soundness of mind.

Childhood is more readily impressed than any other age. A child's mind is freely open to all impressions, and, being unformed, it is easy to mould it in any direction; but evil will in a little while so harden it, and so blunt its sensibilities, that good will no longer take effect.

The "great unwashed," might in one sense be termed "children of a larger growth," though not in the sense in which the quotation is commonly accepted. Like children they are ignorant, but from choice,

fearing education, they know not why. It is true that a long continued course of evil hardens them, unfits them for receiving good impressions; but good expands the mind and thus makes room for more.

Such people are more easily touched through their feelings, callous though they may be. No amount of calm reasoning would convince them of the right or wrong of a thing, while they are easily affected by some simple and touching anecdote. Unscrupulous men take advantage of this peculiar impressibility and obstinacy. Communists, Atheists, and even political parties appeal to the feelings of the people, excite their emotions by vivid illustrations and finely drawn pictures, while the arguments they advance are so glaringly invalid that no educated person would dream of accepting them. Yet the tide of passion thus set in motion would overflow the most invincible barriers that reason could rear to stem its flood. Swift's "Drapier Letters" form one of many such instances. The people of this class have not yet learned to exercise their wills in order that they may put themselves beyond the power of such.

To an educated mind any impression that is opposed to reason is never for one moment entertained. A man must think seriously of a thing before he is fully convinced of its truth. An idea may be worked out by men of culture and deep thinking powers, and a correct impression of it formed; but, until this is done, they are not satisfied as to its truth and reason. If action does not immediately follow an impression it becomes dim, and in a little while is liable to be forgotten. Procrastination is one of the crying evils of the age. How many true and beautiful thoughts are lost before the possessor finds time to write them down. How many unselfish and kindly actions are not performed because the would be actor is too late.

The will governs the mind to a very great extent, it limits or extends its impressibility, and so controls the feelings that an aching heart may often be concealed under a smiling countenance.

The mind is sometimes so effectually steeled against any possibility of influence that the most striking idea fails to be impressive.

Literary Items.

THE cable announces the death of the widow of Charles Dickens.

MISS COLENZO, a daughter of the Bishop of Natal, is engaged in writing a history of the late Zulu war.

"THE whole of Italy is expressed in the word Dante," says Victor Hugo, "and the whole of England in the word Shakespeare. It is literature that makes nations great."

ARTHUR GILMAN, the Chaucer scholar, is about to publish a work called "Shakespeare's Morals," in which he will aim to show by parallel passages that the poet's indebtedness to the Bible was large. A chapter on the genius of Shakespeare will be added.

TENNYSON'S "Harold" has found a German translator in Count Albrecht von Wichenburg, who will publish his translation this autumn at Hamburg. Longfellow has long been a popular poet in Germany, where his works are eagerly translated and read. The "Golden Legend" will shortly be added to the number of these translations. The translator is the Baroness Hohenhausen.

MESSRS. BELL have in press a "History of the Precious Metals" by Mr. Alexander Del Mar, member of the United States Monetary Commission of 1876, in which the author traces the history of the stock of coined silver and gold now in the possession of civilized states from the earliest period. Since the publication of Mr. Wm. Jacob's work on the subject in 1831, no book covering the same ground has appeared in England.

WILLIAM BLACK is a very rapid writer. There are fabulous stories told of the amount of leader writing which he could accomplish in his days of journalistic work. In writing novels he seems to sit down with all his matter in his head, and only the actual work of penmanship to do, so that he can write straight on. He will take perhaps a week of what ignorant mortals might consider idleness, and then in a day or two write out all that had accumulated in his mind. He seldom works two days in succession, even when in the midst of a novel, as the strain of this continuous work is too great.

The Portfolio.

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Female College, Hamilton, Ontario.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,
BUSINESS EDITOR,
ASSOCIATE EDITORS,

L. G. BRYSON.
M. J. BUCK,
{ C. M. WILSON.
{ T. D. CLERK.
{ B. SMITH.

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THE PORTFOLIO, HAMILTON, ONT.

We invite contributions and correspondence from the Alumnae and
former students.

HAVE we not heard the question whispered, "What ails the seniors lately, they look so grave and preoccupied?—every sentence speaks business, every look conveys a world of meaning, they assemble in groups of twos and threes and talk mysteriously in under tones?" Yes, my sisters in tribulation, this very important subject that has engrossed the attention of all for the past three weeks, the very thought of which has followed us like our shadows, haunted us like the ghost in Hamlet, is no less than those dreadful examinations. Now that the struggle is over, the victory won, we can look back with something of composure over the long days of suspense. Moral science I am afraid troubled the seniors far more when viewed in the light of the coming trial than in that of conscience. The juniors studying History talked apparently with the greatest delight of wars, and rumors of wars, while those in Philosophy learnedly discussed cause and effect. Physics and Metaphysics were at everyone's finger tips, while a circle hemmed in those studying Geometry and Trigonometry, even the Logicians so far forgot themselves as to murmur audibly "*Barbara, Celarent Darii Ferio*," etc. Patience, however, was rewarded, and most of the students have left for the holidays with the "well done" of their teachers still ringing in their ears.

THE following letter has been received by our Principal, Dr. Burns. We publish it, as being of interest to both students and friends of the College:—

OTTAWA, Dec. 11th, 1879.

SIR,—His Excellency, the Governor General, having decided, on the recommendation of the Provincial Authorities, to present a Silver Medal, to be competed for by the pupils of the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton. I am commanded to request you to be good enough to forward to me for His Excellency's consideration such suggestions as to the course of study and conditions of competition for this medal, as will, in your opinion, best promote the cause of education at the establishment under your supervision.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

F. de WINTON,

Major R. A., Governor General's Secretary.

The Principal W. F. College, Hamilton.

THE other day, while looking over some old copies of exchanges, only a month or so old, however, we came across the following sentence:—"our five month's abstinence from slinging of editorial ink has slightly rusted us." We gave it a glance, and passed on, but some mental jar, as it were, awakened the dormant spirit of criticism and recalled us to the spot. We again took up the paper, and read the sentence over more carefully, but a second reading instead of setting them at rest, confirmed our doubts, and brought to light new difficulties. We had recourse to a particular analysis. "Abstinence from slinging of ink" is evidently the subject affirmed of the verb "rust," but, does abstinence rust? Again, abstinence implies self denial, or the refraining from something which gives pleasure; accordingly substituting, the sentence would read thus, "the refraining from slinging of editorial ink has slightly rusted us." Then, neither the "abstinence" or the act of "slinging" being the cause, it is possible that the ink may have occasioned the corrosion. Now, unless the ink be aniline colored or the pen a gold

one, the presence of ink produces rust, but its absence, only in the case of forgetfulness in regard to the use of a pen-wiper; though this is a case of its absence we would not for a moment suppose that the editor in question was absent minded enough to have neglected to employ his pen-wiper. The mystery might be solved could we accept the supposition that editorial ink is possessed of the mysterious power of operating when inactive, and separated from the object operated upon. We are now thrown upon the horns of a dilemma, and must either accept an unproved and unproveable proposition, or admit that some brother editor has been in fault, and we acknowledge that, as is usual in such cases, neither alternative is agreeable: the first, we cannot entertain, and consequently, are obliged to bring in a verdict of "guilty" of a breach of the rules of rhetoric.

Here we take a parting glance at the sentence, a glance expressive of the satisfaction that always accompanies the completion of anything that has tasked our perseverance; syllable after syllable is passed over in review, and a triumphant exclamation hovers upon our very lips, when the last little word *us* prostrates our exultation for ever in the dust.

It had completely escaped our notice that "the abstinence from slinging of editorial ink" had rusted, not the editor's pens, but the editors themselves. We have heard of idleness being the rust of the mind, but never of rust as the result of abstinence or editorial ink. Nothing remains for us but to give up in despair—the riddle is unreadable.

MAJOR DEARNALLY has again opened his class in Calisthenics, greatly to the satisfaction of his pupils of last year, who have not forgotten or failed to profit by the thorough drilling they were put through.

The class at present comprises about fifty of our students, all of whom evince so

strong a desire to excel, that although last year's exhibition was a marked success, as many no doubt will remember, yet a far superior one is expected to be held next Easter. While congratulating ourselves, however, on this splendid opportunity afforded us of strengthening and developing the muscles, we cannot but be moved with compassion when we consider the feelings of Mr. Punch on the subject, for these club and marching exercises lend to distort the figure after "the dreaded O'Farrel Mackenzie type."

THE "White and Blue" kindly points out the indefiniteness of the opening sentence in one of the articles which appeared in our last number, as follows:—"Some thoughts about some things" is the heading of an article in THE PORTFOLIO (Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton); after the heading comes the opening, thus: 'On looking from the window this autumn day, we are struck by the general appearance of desolation and decay.' Now, if our recollection of the 'ambitious city' is correct, the window referred to either looks out on King Street, or if toward the rear, on the blank wall of a flouring mill. Does the fair writer of the article wish to insinuate that the N. P. is a failure, and that Hamilton is going to the dogs, or that the Morgans are not grinding as much wheat as in past years?"

We admit that the author of the article did not fully express the idea she intended, but we do not think there could have been any difficulty in finding out her meaning from the context, or failing in that, to remember that many of our students and contributors are not resident in the College. Not that we have any wish to advocate the N. P. or to attempt to sustain the reputation of the flour trade in this "ambitious city," for we do not pretend to be so thoroughly conversant with such subjects. The truth of the matter is that the identical article was sent us anony-

mously, and that just over the page at the end of the editorials was an acknowledgment of its receipt, and the hitherto unpublished statement that we could not notice any such contributions, but that we made an exception of this case, owing to our own oversight in not before making known our rule in that respect.

THE last week or so of rainy weather has been a source of great grief to our students, in that it has hindered the flooding of our rink; so that we cannot reasonably expect to have any enjoyment in the way of skating before the Christmas breaking-up. Several weather prophets had emphatically stated the December month would be a very cold one, and we believed them; but here we are, far on in the month, and not a square inch of ice on the rink to gladden our hearts with the hope of "more to follow." Setting aside the attendant disappointments, such a quantity of rain as has recently descended, at least in the vicinity of the College, and in this dreary season, would be enough to discourage the most sanguine of temperaments.

Since writing the above, snow has fallen, and though during the holidays we may not be able to skate, we can make up the lost pleasure in sleighing, and can hope to find on returning after Christmas the long-looked for and much-desired ice.

It would seem that the statement made in our last paper concerning anonymous contributions, has either not been seen or not been regarded; for we have since received an unsigned article, which we would gladly print, did we but know the author's name. However, if the contributor would send us her name before the sixth of next month, we would with pleasure publish her effort in our next number.

MONEY is scarce—our Society treasurer is not slow to fine defaulters.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

OWING to a mistake, which we much regret, we are not able to publish an abstract of the lecture delivered by the Rev. Dr. Peck, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the Central Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday, the 10th inst., under the auspices of our own Alumnæ. However, the following short notice of it taken from the *Times* will give our readers, and the many who were unable to be present, some idea of what they missed "in one of the richest treats that our people have enjoyed for many a day:"—

"The lecturer began by admitting that '*J. Homme Qui Rit*,' of Victor Hugo, had furnished him the title of his lecture, but nothing more. Hardly knowing what to expect, song or sermon, the audience soon betrayed both in feature and in cheer that it was under the spell of the song, and we venture the guess that long before the lecture closed few in that audience would deny that their hearts were completely carried by the address; that, but for its apocryphal title, might well be called a sermon. Dr. Peck is a very pleasing speaker, and carries his audience grandly with him. The subject might be expected to lead to the laugh for the laugh's sake, but it has rarely been our fortune to listen to so much of what might well be called the essence of common sense, presented in so charming a manner. Good nature at home, in society, in business, in the church, was really the subject of the lecture. The absence of it in the various relations of life furnished most laughable incidents; and some illustrations were of so pointed and practical a character that Toronto, and not Hamilton, must furnish them. The cultivation of good nature, imperative on all lacking in that most desirable quality, was urged in a masterly style, to the unbounded delight of his audience." We guarantee to Dr. Peck a crowded house the next time he visits Hamilton, and hope his return may be soon.

At a recent examination in history the question, "Who were the Lollards?" was asked, and at once came the bright response, "They were father and son, the followers of John Baliol."

EXCHANGES.

IN this month's exchange notices, we welcome quite a number of new friends; old friends are of course more interesting, but the interchange of several numbers is quite sufficient to establish at least an agreeable acquaintanceship between College organs.

The Kings College Record, from Windsor, U. S., contains an excellent editorial on the subject of "Reform in Spelling." In it the advantages and disadvantages attendant upon a change in orthography are clearly shown. We agree with the writer in his opinion that the benefit accruing from such a change would be altogether inadequate to the injury. On another page of the paper the editorial is laughably illustrated by a specimen of the spelling of olden times when "etymology yielded to convenience."

The first number of the Dalhousie Gazette which we have had the pleasure of reading, is quite a racy one. Two articles, one on the College advertisement board, under the title of "Ecce," and the other on "Noses," afforded us considerable amusement. Sines and co-sines seem to figure as frequently in the "Inner Dalhousie" life as they probably do in the trigonometry class.

The Roanoke Collegian believes in cramming, but after making this statement, hastens to limit the application of the word. The cramming it advocates is hardly what might be included under a generally accepted definition of the term. It says of it, "This process should go on day by day," throughout the session, and is in reality the doing of the appointed work at the appointed time, what is universally considered as the legitimate occupation of all college students; whereas the cramming process is universally condemned.

We take up the Notre Dame Scholastic, and read on the first page, "Voltaire: By Æquitas: As a Leader of Public Opinion." Æquitas may or may not be a leader of public opinion, for all we know, but we were a little surprised at his stating it in conec-

tion with the title of his essay. We supposed that he would have preferred his position to have been inferred from the quality of his opinions! However, although this statement raised our expectations as to what would follow, we were not disappointed, for the ideas and opinions found in the article were really excellent. Then, we were somewhat astonished at the sentiments expressed in the opening editorial of the Scholastic, concerning holidays. We thought only Professors and Principals, and few indeed of them, looked upon vacations as "necessary nuisances."

The last two numbers of the Queen's College Journal are before us. The College Concursum Iniquitatis, in its struggle for the suppression of evil and evil doers, seems to be undergoing the contumely that so often falls to the lot of those who persist in doing their duty, no matter how disagreeable. It should not despair so long as it has a champion in the Journal. If ridicule is so powerful in rectifying wrong, the Court will not long remain in unmerited disgrace, for such allegories as that of "Aries and Taurus" cannot fail to laugh all reproach away.

One of the new friends whom we have the pleasure of placing on our exchange list is the White and Blue, from Toronto. It is a four-page paper, and appears once a week instead of once a month, as is usual with college papers. So far, it seems in a fair way to carry out the intention with which it was started.

The College Journal, from Wisconsin, is also a new friend. We noticed that at the head of the first column, and just above the title of the poetry with which it opens, is the word Poetry. We were wondering whether the editor thought the word necessary to distinguish the versification from the prose around it.

We acknowledge the receipt of The Richmond College Messenger, Acta Victoriana, Argosy, University Herald, Simpsonian, and Shattuck Cadet.

College Items.

MISS JESSIE B. LORD, of Bay City, Mich., a former student, spent a few days with us at the close of last month.

MISS M. R. DICKSON, class of '77, when in the city the other week, did not forget to call on old friends in the College.

THERE is a clock, it keeps good time, and yet the owners are perfectly innocent when caught late for study hour. For the reason enquire at No. —

X MISS G. BUCK, class of '79, is at present resident in the College for the purpose of continuing her study of the Fine Arts under the instruction of Prof. Martin.

CLUBS are flying, some halls are impassable, health at the expense of everything, black eyes included. Some folks are in mortal terror of broken heads.

"I WONDER why my silver chain is getting to look so like brass," remarked one of our forward juveniles. A classmate kindly suggested the reason, "because it's so near your face."

THERE seems to be one ventilator in the house that nightly requires an extra push to close it; however that may be, the fact still remains that at that time a curly head invariably appears at the aperture, and a whispered good night follows.

WHAT magnetic influence draws the four sisters of the G. N. C. Club together as a certain bell peals forth?—They regard not the enticing songs of "Auld Lang Syne" floating up through the spacious halls, other than an æsthetic taste calls louder for satisfaction.

LAST WEEK the College was favored with a transient visit from Miss Paterson, on her way home to Chatham, having spent the last fortnight in Toronto. Some of the girls, in the exuberance of their joy, and destitute of suitable instruments, serenaded Miss Paterson by setting off several alarm clocks. Fortunately they chose the early part of the evening for the demonstration, otherwise their efforts might not have been properly appreciated.

It was in the Logic class, and the subject in hand was the contradictoryness of propositions in A. E. I. O. Said the Prof. —, "Miss — what follows, supposing I be true?" Said she,—"It must follow as the night, the day, thou can'st not then be false to any man."

THE last meeting of the Junior Literary Society, an open one, was well attended by our students. After the excellent programme was carried out, several of the visitors rose and congratulated the Society on the progress it had made during the short year of its existence.

ONE of the O'Neil family got a barrel of apples from home last Saturday, an unheard of thing in College annals, but strange to say a week had not elapsed, when the barrel was found to be empty. One way we would account for the mysteriously rapid disappearance of the fruit, is that the O'Neils believe in a "community of goods."

LAST Friday evening the O'Neil Family had it announced that they would give a concert that evening in the College drawing-room, to which they cordially invited the faculty and resident students. Remembering their former interesting entertainment the boarders with scarcely an exception were present at the stated hour. To the astonishment of all, the members of the Family appeared as colored jubilee singers. The change effected in their countenances by means of burnt cork was ludicrous in the extreme, and together with their gestures, and elaborate and appropriate costumes, created no small amusement. The leader of the singing, or *Professoress*, as she styled herself, opened the performance with a racy speech, containing short biographical sketches of the principal performers, after which the programme was proceeded with. The singing was most creditable, and the imitations of the colored people, in both speech and manners, throughout was admirably sustained. Miss Norah O'Neil presided at the piano and succeeded in bringing to the remembrance of the audience her model Blind Tom. At the close of the evening a collection was taken up in order to assist the Family in the payment of expenses. Report has it that at least eight cents of the proceeds went toward the purchase of the corks.

(Eric Elliott was Miss
Norah O'Neil)

ABOUT two weeks ago our students had the pleasure of hearing Prof. Willis, of Chicago, deliver an interesting lecture, on Physiognomy, in our Collegiate hall. The peculiarities of disposition as expressed in the face, and the qualities of character as represented by the different features were treated of, and illustrated by numerous fine engravings. Toward the conclusion of the lecture several of our number were called to the platform, and so truly were their characters read that the most sceptical among us were won over to believe in Physiognomy. Since then new traits of character are being daily discovered in familiar faces by the hearers of the lecture, while analyses of the countenances of recent acquaintances have in some cases been attended by the most ludicrous results. Not content with analysing the faces of others, some have taken to analysing their own. We discovered a student poring over one of the pamphlets left by Mr. Willis if by any means she could discover what was indicated by her somewhat celestial nasal organ.

✦ Clippings.

DATING from the Christian era, commenced in Italy in 525, and in England in 816.

FRENCH chauvinism is responsible for a good many instances of extraordinary ignorance of men and things not French, but from Victor Hugo more might have been expected than a solemn confession that he had never heard of an American named Emerson.

THOSE who complain of hard times please glance over the following facts in the early history of literature. The king of Northumberland in A. D. 690 gave 800 acres of land for a History of the World; and a Countess of Anjou once gave 200 sheep and a large parcel of furs for a volume of homilies, and 120 crowns for a single book of Livy. In 1720 a Latin Bible was valued at \$250, and this was a time when two arches of London Bridge were built for less than \$150. A laborer in those days had wages so small that the earnings of fifteen years had been necessary to buy the Bible, and the Bible being in Latin he could not have read it after all.

A SCOTCH satirist, in describing the sermon of a graduate of the new school, gives the text as Exodus xxxv. 26: "And all the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom, spun goats' hair." The following is the—"Thirteenthly. My brethren, I have endeavored to show how the hearts of those women were stirred up—that is to say, moved, or impelled, or inclined to do what? or, in what? In wisdom, that is to say, in the wisdom that spun goats' hair. Now, there are various commentators who have expressed themselves as to whether it was really goats' hair or the woolly covering of the alpaca, which is an animal of the ruminant species, and lives upon fish and small birds. But there can be no doubt whatever, that whether it was goats' hair or not, it was decidedly hair of some particular description, or kind, or color, or nature, or quality. But then it was spun. Now how, my brethren, was it spun? There are various kinds of spinners. There are cotton-spinners, for instance, in Glasgow, and Liverpool, and Manchester, and in many other manufacturing towns where they spin—not, perhaps, goats' hair, but something which is capable of being manipulated by the skilled artisans of the nineteenth century, who can do anything with the various phenomena of a bountiful providence, the result of which cannot do otherwise than awaken our hearts to the contemplation of many things that are calculated to enlighten, and expand, and strengthen our inner man, so to speak, with all that characterizes the immensities of creation viewed from the standpoint of our individual experience. There are other spinners. I recently read of an old sailor, an ancient mariner, a veteran navigator, of whom it was said that he had spun yarns over every sea and ocean, but as this statement would seem to be figurative, and its meaning occult, concealed, mysterious, I confess myself somewhat at a loss to comprehend precisely the character of this particular kind of spinning, but I cannot doubt that there underlies this obscure narration some grand truth, which at some future time I may be able to improve, and so now I leave it, and come, Fourteenthly, to"—&c.

THE title of Doctor was invented in the twelfth century, at the first establishment of universities.

THE pianoforte was invented by a German named Americus Backers, and was first used in public at Covent Garden Theatre in 1767.

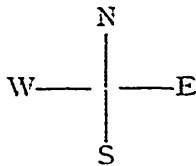
Bells were first set up in churches as a defence against thunder and lightning. The first bell hung in England was in 945. Chimes were invented in Belgium in 1487.

"I never in my life committed more than one act of folly," said an acquaintance one day in the presence of Talleyrand. "But when will it end?" inquired the latter.

Teacher: "Feminine of friar?" First bright boy: "Hasn't any!" Teacher: "Next." Second bright boy: "Nun." Teacher: "That's right." First bright boy indignantly ejaculates: "That's just what I said."

A NATIONAL school of art wood carving has been established in England, to revive the neglected art of carving in that country. It offers twelve free scholarships.

THE word "news" is generally attributed to the adjective "new." Some ingenious mind, however, finds its origin in a custom in former times of placing on the newspapers of the day the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass, thus:—



This symbol was intended to indicate that the paper contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe.

PERHAPS no mistake touching our fellow-men is more common than that of judging of the ordinary feelings and habitual disposition of a writer by the tone of his productions. Especially is it true of wits and humorists. Cervantes, Moliere, and nearly all the celebrated humorists, were melancholy men, and their dismal experience reminds us of the comic actor who, having split the sides of the Parisians with his fun, asked a physician to prescribe for his profound melancholy, and was told there was but one cure—to go and see Carlini. "Alas!" was the reply, "I am Carlini."

There's not a thing stuned to mirth.
Hath not its chord of melancholy.

THE felt hat is as old as Homer. The Greeks made them in skull caps, conical, truncated, narrow or broad-brimmed. The Phrygian bonnet was an elevated cap, without a brim, the apex turned over in front. It is known as the cap of Liberty. An ancient figure of Liberty in the times of Antonious Livius, A. D. 115, holds the cap in the right hand. The Persians wore soft caps; plumed hats were the head-dress of the Syrian corps of Xerxes; the broad-brim was worn by the Macedonian kings. Castor means a beaver. The Armenian captive wore a plug hat. The merchants of the fourteenth century wore a Flanders beaver. Charles VII., in 1469, wore a felt hat lined with red and plumed. The English men and women in 1510 wore close woollen or knitted caps; two centuries ago hats were worn in the house. Pepys, in his diary, wrote, "September, 1664, got a severe cold because he took off his hat at dinner," and again, in January, 1665, he got another cold by sitting too long with his head bare, to allow his wife's maid to comb his hair and wash his ears; and Lord Clarendon, in his essay, speaking of the decay of respect due to the aged, says that in his younger days he never kept his hat on before those older than himself, except at dinner. In the thirteenth century, Pope Innocent IV. allowed the cardinals the use of the scarlet cloth hat. The hats now in use are the cloth hat, leather hat, paper hat, silk hat, spring-brim hat, and straw hat.

SAYS the *London Truth*:—"I advised the clergy last week, who complain of the small coins that find their way into offertory bags, to substitute basins. One of the most witty of our judges says that when he goes on circuit he attends church on Sundays with a three-penny piece in one pocket and a sovereign in the other. 'If there is a bag,' he observes, 'I get off with the three-pence, but if there is a plate it costs me the sovereign.'"

THE *Chicago Tribune* has adopted the following "spelling reform" changes:—Drop *ue* in such words as dialogue, catalogue, etc., and the final *e* in such words as definite, infinite, etc., where the preceding vowel is short. Tung for tongue. Drop final *te* and *me* in such words as rosette and programme, and change *ph* for *f* in words like photograph.

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