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◇ THE ✠ PORTFOLIO. ◇

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

+ Editorials. +

✠ MONTH after month, and year after year, the statement, "We invite correspondence and contributions from the alumnae and former students," has been printed in the "PORT." It is a rare occurrence for any member of the Alumnae to voluntarily send in any article, so rare, that one a year will probably be the most ever received, and I think I am correct in saying that never has any former student, not a graduate, sent in one line. It is said that women are not as loyal to the colleges in which they receive their education, as men; and in the writers experience she has found it true. However, a happy change has taken place and henceforth we expect to receive an article once in a while from some member of the Alumnae. This will be most acceptable to the

"PORTFOLIO" staff, and we hope by this means to make the paper more interesting.

The school wish to extend their thanks to Miss Watson for the kind interest she took in providing suitable entertainment for Hallow E'en. So often in colleges the students are left to amuse themselves, and when their spirits overflow and a dozen or so take part in a mad frolic they are in disgrace and severely reprimanded. We are sure that all who attend colleges will agree with the former statements when they know that Miss Watson was the originator of a supper. Although this was not the first part of the evening's entertainment we have mentioned it first for reasons best known to those within college halls. However, that which proceeded, viz.: Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, was hardly less enjoyed. Perhaps it is needless to say that no pranks were indulged in that night.

The death of the 'Swedish Nightingale' is announced. For several weeks, Jenny Lind (Madame Goldschmidt) has been seriously ill. During the latter part of her life she seldom appeared in public, except to sing at benefit concerts. Probably no vocalist ever received such ovations as were given to her when she visited America the first time, so great was the enthusiasm, that a single ticket was sold for \$650, in Providence, R. I. Jennie Lind was highly esteemed by all who became acquainted with her, for her womanly ways. Born in comparative poverty in Sweden, she would have received but little education; but a singer being attracted by her magnificent voice, while she was yet a child, placed her under proper instructors. From that time until she retired from public life, she exhibited great perseverance in the cultivation of her talent. Three children are left, and what is remarkably, not one possesses her talent. Genius is not hereditary.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, editor of the *United Ireland*, who visited Hamilton some time ago, is in jail for seditious language. Great excitement prevails in Ireland over the arrest, and O'Brien has added to it by refusing to wear the prison garb.

Mr. O'Brien's offence is political. He was not accused of larceny or murder, but for an endeavor to assert the rights of the Irish people. Suppose Canada were of such a size that English landlords owned nearly all the land, who demanded rent before they would allow Canadians to cultivate it, or make a living from it. Then after paying the rent, suppose they had not enough left to support their families comfortably. The question would soon be asked, "What have these Englishmen done for us? Canadians have a right to make their own laws just as Englishmen have a right to make laws for England. We do not ask Englishmen for their earnings; they have no right to demand ours.

We imagine we see every hall filled with indignant people, and every pulpit denouncing the wholesale robbery. Yet O'Brien is imprisoned for doing the same thing any Canadian would feel himself in duty bound to do.

One of Canada's pioneer educators, Dr. Nelles, Chancellor of Victoria University, Cobourg, has passed away. Being connected with the college, while it was struggling through the privations of a new country, he learned to care for it like a father for a child. He understood its needs and adapted himself to the circumstances. To-day a great number of eminent men owe their instruction to Dr. Nelles. As an educationist, he stood in the front ranks of the noble army of men and women who are trying to benefit humanity. A great feature to be admired in him was, that he was a friend of the student. His place may be filled by a great scholar, but the students will miss his kind sympathy and fatherly interest.

"Study thyself; what rank or what degree Thy wise Creator has ordained for thee."

The Religion of Labor.

(CONTINUED).

People ask, "How is it that the workmen are so much felt at Government"? It is because we determined to educate public opinion until public opinion will force upon society our opinions and theories. Through want of proper care, ten thousand little children died in New York in one year. Did the coal ring have anything to do with it, when they allowed only a certain amount to go out and thereby raised the price? Did the three railway kings have anything to do with it when they kept back the wheat so that it could not be moved? Jay Gould has said, "I can hire one half of America to cut the throats of the other half." The capitalist is not to blame but the people who permit this. The clergy are helping the work on and if a solid phalanx would be formed, they would do more to educate the people than the press.

When the Henry George system of taxation is in force, British capitalists will not be able to own 100,000 acres of land in America and another have nowhere to lay his head. When England introduced protection, men were starving in the streets, bloodshed followed and the soldiery had to be called out to shoot the people down. This iniquitous legislation tariff must be repealed that exists between the United States and Canada. Commercial union will benefit both countries. Hume says, "that a protective tariff is one of the worst forms of robbery on the people that could be devised." Monopolies commenced in the reign of William the conqueror, when certain people manufactured certain articles. A protective tariff was put on Athens by Draco, but repealed by Solon. These abuses can be abolished by the people, who are greater than Parliament.

Before parting, he said: "Remember that this is a time that calls for men—high-minded men who know the right.

After referring to some workingmen whose illustrious careers were worthy of imitation and imparting some excellent advice to his hearers, the eloquent lecturer took his seat amidst great applause.

The Ettrick Shepherd.

* I T seems strange that so little is heard of the poet who wrote one of the finest fairy tales that our literature contains.

We do not intend to give here a large number of facts that are uninteresting; and, with few exceptions, never remembered. Hogg was, at eighteen, a remarkably fine looking young man. His light brown hair, coiled under his bonnet of blue, was the envy of all the country maidens. From all descriptions we should judge that he had the true poetical visage. But that part of a man which education makes, is lacking in him. If he had lived in our day it would not have happened as it then did—that he spent only six months in a school-room. But, like a true poet, he possessed the knack of making use of all he heard or read. By his mother he was told legends connected with his country, and this, together with his occupation as a shepherd, more than any other occurrence influenced his life.

His poetry, as one would expect, is almost wholly the work of imagination. This is true of "The Queen's Wake," which was published when Hogg was forty-one years of age. It consists of a number of tales and ballads which are supposed to have been told and sung before Mary, Queen of Scots, at a royal wake at Holyrood; to prove to her the wondrous power of Scottish song. No one can deny the genius the author shows in this production. It is fanciful in the extreme, and we will print a small part to give an idea of his style. First, let us say that for years the faeries had looked the world over for a maiden absolutely pure, and Kilmeny exactly filled the requirements.

* Bonny Kilmeny.*

(From the Queen's Wake.)

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hang frae the hazel tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Land the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!
When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell
rang,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was read on a western hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
'Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sot baith holt and dean;
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny where have you been?
Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew.
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been.
In yon greenwood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maik
That neither hath flesh, blood, nor bane:
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane.
In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowrets gay;

But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
 And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
 She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee;
 Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie,
 She waked on couch of the silk sae slim,
 All striped wi' the bias of the rainbow's rim;
 And lovely beings round were rife,
 Who erst had travelled mortal life.
 They clasped her waist and her hands fair,
 They kissed her cheek, and they kamed her hair,
 And round came many a blooming fere,
 Saying 'Bonny Kilmeny, ye're weelcme here!'

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
 And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
 The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
 The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
 The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
 And the flowers of everlasting blow.
 Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
 That her youth and beauty never might fade;
 And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
 In the stream of life that wandered by;
 And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
 She kend not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
 It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn.

'O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
 The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
 A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
 And the moon that sneeks the sky sae dun,
 Like a gowden bow, or a beamless sun,
 Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
 And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
 But lang, lang after baith night and day,
 When the sun and the world have eelyed away;
 When the sinner has gane to his wasome doom,
 Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!'

Then Kilmeny begged again to see
 The friends she had left in her own countrie,
 To tell of the place where she had been,
 And the glories that lay in the land unseen.
 With distant music, soft and deep,
 They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
 And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
 All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.
 When seven lang years had come and fled,
 When grief was calm and hope was dead,
 When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
 Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!
 And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
 But still and steadfast was her ee;
 Such beauty hard may never decline,
 For there was no pride nor passion there;
 And the soft desire of maiden's een,
 In that mild face could never be seen.
 Her seymar was the lily flower,

And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
 And her voice like the distant melody,
 That floats along the twilight sea;
 When a month and a day had come and gane,
 Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene,
 There laid her down on the leaves so green,
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen!

* Burial Places *

Of some of England's Poets.

* THAT wonderful cemetery,
 Westminster Abbey, seemingly so out of place amid the jostling throng, and never-ceasing noise of west-end London life, is the resting place of many of England's poets. "Outside the solemn corridors the guilty still pall happiness, and the tired still struggle on; inside, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Without, comes to every one the summons, 'to life!' and the turmoil and the strife rush on; within, the only democracy are in perfect quiet and peace, to whom no call will ever sound save the one 'to God.'

Here lies Chacer, the "Father of English Poetry," and Spenser, upon whose tomb are inscribed these words: "Heare lies, expecting the seconde cominge of our Saviour Christ Jesus, the bodye of Edmund Spenser, the prince of poets in his tyme, whose divine spirit needs noe other witesse than the works he left behinde him." Near by are Dryden, Cowley, Gay, Herrick, Sheridan and Ben Jonson, over whose grave only what Goldsmith said of him: "O, rare Ben Jonson" Upon Thomas Campbell's tomb is an epitaph written by himself:

"This spirit shall return to Him who gave its heavenly spark,
 Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim when thou thyself art dark.
 No! it shall live again to shine in bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recalled to breath, who captive led captivity,
 Who robbed the grave of victory, and took the sting from Death."

In the chancel of the quaint little churh at Stratford-on-Avon, in the town where he was born, where he was married and

where he died, lies he who has been called the "greatest genius of immortal verse."

Milton quietly rests in a modest tomb in St. Giles burial ground, Cripplegate. Many pilgrims are attracted hither, since it is the burial place of him, who having passed through blindness, pain and poverty, gave to the world his wonderful "Paradise Lost."

The churchyard at Stoke-Pogis is not only the scene of the famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," but it is also the place where the author of the famous Elegy rests. There by the side of his mother, whom he loved so devotedly, he lies in a humble tomb, to which place the numerous admirers of his verse flock to pay him tribute.

Pope died at Twickenham and was buried beneath the church in which he worshipped. The melancholy Cowper is buried at Dereham, and Oliver Goldsmith at Temple Church, London, Westminster Abbey, also, has a monument to his memory, in the cemetery of Shoe-lane work-house, in the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, lies that wonderful boy, Thomas Chatterton. Wordsworth rests in the almost neglected churchyard at Grasmere by the side of his beloved daughter. Kirke White, whose young life promised so much in the future, lies in the church of All Saints, Cambridge Tom Hood, poor and heart-broken, was buried in lovely Kensall Green.

Shelley was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia, but his body was washed ashore and burned by his intimate friends—Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt and one or two others; now his ashes lie in a grave by the side of John Keats, in the beautiful protestant cemetery at Rome. At Florence, Italy, lies the author of Aurora Leigh, the lovely Mrs. Browning.

And so, scattered here and there, mostly on English soil they rest.

"And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber."—*Marjorie.*

† Class '87. †

* I N our last issue we made the statement that we would devote a short space to the members of class '87. In doing this we find some little trouble as all have not responded to our call. The question, "After graduation, what?" so often heard asked by them, has been answered; and from what we hear, in much the same way by all. Free from restraint they are following their own inclinations. Miss T. Robinson's carries her to the United States. Away over in the Yankee town of Syracuse we find her, under the kindly protection of Chancellor Sims. The studies of music and languages occupy most of her time. In these we wish her every success.

In parting with the graduates of '87, we kept one to remind us of the "good old days." Miss E. Robinson is still a student among us, but only a very small one, as her studies are but two in number—French and German. Nor has Mr. Ambrose, much to his joy, lost his best pupil in music.

In Miss Burns we hardly recognize the young lady who, last year, wandered about the halls with such a careworn expression; and when asked if she wished anything, replied: "There is another page of the "PORT" to be written." But now all is changed, and "so light of foot, so light of spirit" is she that she does not seem like the old Aleda. Our Saturdays come but once a week, but to her every day is Saturday. Happy in her painting we leave her; and the city also.

Down East we go to Campbellford, the home of Miss Tucker, who is remembered here as the friend of those who had no friend. Em writes that she was constantly accused of robbing class '87 of its dignity, but she adds, "Do you remember what Sam Jones said? The more dignity one has the more he resembles a corpse." (O, what consolation this to the present seniors.) She does not shirk work but takes her part in dish washing and other household duties, which are more useful than agreeable.

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.

The story of the lives of half of these it would be impossible to give within the limits of an essay. Bach, the father and founder of modern German music, spent most of his uneventful life at Weimar and Leipsic. In his own day he was known far and wide as a learned composer, a brilliant improviser, and an organist beyond rivalry. It was left to succeeding generations to recognize in him creative powers as a musical thinker.

Handel, the second great hero in the world of music, though born in Germany, and receiving his artistic education there, is by association English. Living in England in the time of the second George, he was contemporary and associate of Johnson and Garrick, Swift and Savage, Addison and Steele, Gay, Pope, and Arbuthnot. To the modern mind his name is linked with the oratorios, yet for fifteen years after his coming to England he struggled heroically in the composition of Italian operas and these created as great a furore then as an opera from Gounod or Verdi would in the present day. Among the operatic singers of his day Handel was known for his irascible temper. The celebrated Madame Cuzzoni, who made her debut in his "Otto," sometimes gave him trouble through her whimsicalities and insolence. Declining one day to sing an air he had given her, Handel flew at her and shook her like a rat. "Ah, I always knew you were a fery tevil," he cried, "and I shall now let you know that I am Beelzebub, the prince of de tevils," and dragging her to an open window was on the point of pitching her into the street, when, in every sense of the word, she recanted.

Handel's fame rests on his great Oratorios, Messiah, Israel in Egypt, Judas Maccabeus, Samson and others. He died in London, 1759, and was interred with England's warriors, statesmen and poets, in Westminster Abbey. His statue is one of the most beautiful ornaments of that famous resting place.

Gluck may justly claim the title of founder of the modern opera. His most celebrated operas were written for the Grand Opera, in Paris. A foolish rivalry

existed between himself and Piccini, the representative of the Italian School of Music, which divided all Paris. In the streets, coffee-houses, private houses and even schools, the merits of Gluck and Piccini were canvassed.

Haydn is the father of that class of musical composition called the symphony. An Austrian by birth, Haydn's musical career began when he was eight years of age. He was one of the most prolific composers that has ever lived. His two great oratorios, the Creation, and the Seasons, the last founded on Thomson's poem, are the most popular compositions of their kind at the present day. The last time Haydn appeared in public was to hear "The Creation," of his younger days. He, old and feeble, had to be wheeled in a chair into the theatre. The presence of the old man roused intense enthusiasm among the audience, which could be no longer suppressed as the chorus orchestra burst in full power upon the superb passage, "and there was light." Amid the tumult of the enraptured audience, the old composer was seen striving to raise himself. Once on his feet he mustered all his strength and in reply to the applause of the audience he cried out as loud as he was able: "No, no! not from me but," pointing to heaven, "from thence—from heaven above comes all!" Saying which, he fell back in his chair, faint and exhausted, and had to be carried from the room.

Mozart, in his youth, was a musical prodigy. When not five years old, his father one day found the child bending over a music score. In answer to the enquiry what he was doing, he said he was writing a concerto for the piano. Examining it, tears of joy and astonishment rolled down the father's face on perceiving its accuracy. "It is good, but too difficult for general us," said a friend who was present. "Oh! it must be practised till it is learned," said the young Mozart. "This is the way it goes," so saying, he played it with perfect correctness. About the same time he offered to play the violin at a performance of some chamber music. His father refused.

"How can you? You have never learned the violin." "One need not study for that," the child musician replied, and taking the instrument, he played with ease and accuracy. Mozart did not live to complete his 37th year. The strange story that is told in connection with his Requiem is not a myth. One night there came a stranger singularly dressed in gray with an order for a requiem to be composed without fail in a month. The visitor, without revealing his name, departed in as mysterious gloom as he came. Again the stranger called and solemnly reminded Mozart of his promise. The composer easily persuaded himself that this was a visitor from the other world, and that the requiem would be his own; for he was exhausted with labor and sickness, and easily became the prey of superstitious fancies. When his wife returned she found him with a fatal pallor on his face, silent and melancholy, laboring with intense absorption on the funeral mass. He would sit brooding over the score till he swooned away, and only came to consciousness to bend his waning energies again to their ghastly work. He died with the unfinished Requiem lying on his bed; his last efforts having been to imitate some peculiar instrumental effects. To-day, no stone marks the spot where were deposited the remains of one of the greatest musical spirits; indeed, the very grave is unknown for it was the grave of a pauper.

Beethoven is in music what Shakespeare is in poetry—a name before the greatness of which all other names, however great, seem to dwindle. He is the Sampson of music. Shut out by deafness from the outer world, his compositions are characterized by the most lofty and ideal thoughts, and the most perfect and sublime expression that have ever been conceived. His life was quiet and uneventful. Born at Bonn, in 1770, he died at Vienna, in March, 1827.

Mendelssohn, one of the favorites of fortune, was born of a Jewish family of great wealth and distinction. Nature endowed him with her rarest gifts—a most affectionate, lovable disposition; a brilliant intellect; a genius, if not of the

greatest, of the most sympathetic and attractive kind; and withal, a face of exceptional beauty, which reflected the light and nobility of his soul. His gentle, cloudless life is mirrored in his works, which abound in lovely melodies and beautiful harmonies which appeal to our affections and sympathies, rather than to our intellect. Mendelssohn is best known to the general public by his "Songs Without Words." He was born in Hamburg, 1809, and died in Leipsic, 1847.

Wagner's name has, within the last twenty years, probably been heard more frequently than that of any other artist. At the outset of his career, ridiculed and scorned, no composer ever celebrated a greater triumph than did this man. Born in Leipsic, 1813. Wagner went to Paris in 1839. The few years he spent there belong to the saddest period of his life. He lived in actual poverty—in want of the most urgent necessities. He earned a miserable pittance by giving piano lessons and arranging Italian operatic airs. His first work, *Rienzi*, after Bulwer's novel, was completed during these years; its success was decided and Wagner returned to Germany. "The Flying Dutchman," followed soon after. On the 19th of October, 1845, "Tannhäuser" was performed for the first time in Dresden. The "Meister Singer" was produced in Munich, in June, 1868, and Wagner's fame was established throughout Germany and far beyond it, as one of the greatest composers of dramatic music. "Lohengrin," the "Ring der Niebelungen" and "Parsifal" were written later.

Gounod is the sweet singer of "Faust." This opera has had unprecedented success. But a few days ago Gounod witnessed the five hundredth performance in Paris. To us he is better known in his "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita."

Listz is the king of Pianoforte players, one who has developed the capabilities of this instrument to an extent altogether unknown before. He rose to the greatest social distinction. His society was courted by kings and princes, queens and princesses. He died in 1886, at the age of seventy-five.

Rossini, the greatest composer of operatic music Italy has ever produced, gives us the "Barber of Seville," and "William Tell." Verdi, the most prominent living Italian, is best known in "Il Traviata" and "Trovatore."

Offenbach, the king of opera bouffe, is the maddest, merriest musician that has ever lived. Strauss is the famous waltz king,—the composer of some of the most spirited and fascinating dance music ever written.

This sketch would be incomplete without some reference to England's modern musician. Sir Arthur Sullivan was born in London, 1842. A large number of songs, caratas and oratorios have been written by him. But he will be remembered as the composer of "Pinafore," "Patience" and the "Mikado," which have gained a popularity in English speaking countries surpassing everything of the kind ever written. "Mikado" alone was produced four thousand times in England, United States, Austria and Canada, within one year of its first appearance.

+ Exchanges. +

"We are nothing if not critical.—Shakespeare.

The June number of the "*Adelphian*" has reached us within the last month and if it is not too late we should like to refer to a statement made in this issue. It appears that four college papers, besides our own, have the motto "Vita sine literis mors est." The "*Adelphian*" claims that this has been its motto for seventeen years. The "*Hamilton College Monthly*" is now in the eleventh volume; both the "*University Mirror*" and "*High School Record*" have the same but of more recent origin. Since 1878, when the "PORT" was established, "Vita sine literis mors est" has been its motto, and for nineteen years it was that of the Alumnae Association.

The October number of the "*Acta Victoriana*" comes to us in mourning on account of the death of the Principal, Dr. Nelles. A large share of the paper

is taken up with the obituary and "In Memoriam," written by our Principal, Dr. Burns. The PORT extends its sympathy to the friends for the sad bereavement.

One of our most welcome exchanges is "*Hamilton College Monthly*." All the articles seem to be original and that, we think, is one thing greatly to be desired in a college paper. The essays, though short, are all interesting. The writer of "Nature's Noblemen" speaks of a number of America's great men, who, though beginning life in poverty, have risen to occupy the highest positions in the nation. The writer says, "We do not mean to infer that there is no such thing as aristocracy, but that it consists not in money, not in high office, not in external qualifications, but in the true nobility of a pure, honest and Christian heart and mind."

If the funny boy of the "*Niagara Index*" would select his jokes from some almanac in which a *point* is considered essential, his remarks might be better appreciated by the more enlightened portions of humanity.

We acknowledge the receipt of the University gazette, Geneva Cabinet, Notre Dame Scholastic, College Index, Bible College Exponent, North-Western College Chronicle, College Chips, Rouge et Noir, Lutherville Seminarian, St. John's College Magazine, The Student, Haverhill Life, The Simpsonian, Normal News, The Tuftonian, Academy News, The Dartmouth, The Varsity, College Message, University Monthly, The Deltan, The Argosy, Knox College Monthly, The Earlhamite, The Cue, High School Bulletin, Dalliousie Gazette, Western Maryland College Monthly, St. Vialteur's College Journal, Presbyterian Journal, Wilmington Collegian, Bethany Collegian, The Adelphian, Troy Polytechnic, University Herald, The Hamptonia.

The "*Student Life*" contains an article on "A Word for Ireland." It is refreshing to know to that right minded people are becoming aroused to the injustice that has been practised on that down-trodden country. The article recommends trying

the experiment of giving Home Rule to Ireland, then the people will be quiet, because satisfied. Freedom is the only remedy for oppression and Ireland will never submit calmly to Coercion.

Gladstone seems to be a favorite with our friends across the border, judging from the sentiments expressed. We fully appreciate the character of the Grand Old Man and hope he will live to accomplish the good he has begun.

Our sister editors of the *Oah, Lily* and *Ivy*, evidently believe in giving their advertisements a front place, as they appear in connection with their reading matter, which does not seem in harmony with the æsthetic tittle of the paper. The "Locals," we think, contain too much trashy nonsense heard in the recitation room from silly answers made to questions given by the teachers, which is not palpable to outside readers.

The *Adelphian* comes to us this year with some interesting articles. This paper must be a benefit to the student, as it bears evidence of time and study spent in writing it. We agree with the sentiments in "Think for Yourself," and deplore the fact that too many are led instead of being leaders.

✦ Clippings. ✦

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find;
To our own stronger errors blind.

—*Gay*.

For friendship, of itself an hoïy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.

—*Dryden*.

"Politeness is like an air cushion: it may have nothing very solid in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully."

Doubt, a blank twilight of the heart, which mars
All sweetest colors in its dimness same;
A soul-mist, through whose rifts familiar stars
Beholding, we misname.

—*Ingeloro*.

"We are all of us willing to divide our sorrows among our neighbors, but our pleasures we are more stingy with."

—*Josh Billings*.

Gather gear by every wile
That's justify'd by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

—*Burns*.

"The noblest life is the life that loves, that gives, that loses itself, that overflows, as it were irrigates the great fields of human anxiety and toil; the warm, hearty, social, helpful life; the life that cheers, comforts and sustains, by its serenity, patience and gratitude."

"Think of your own faults the first parts of the night, (when you are awake), and the faults of others the last part of the night, (when you are asleep)."

—*Chinese Proverb*.

"You must learn to deal with odd and even in life, as well as in figures."—*Ex*.

As the sun,
Ere it is risin, sometimes plants its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

—*Wallenstein*.

"There's nothing so kingly as kindness, and nothing so loyal as truth."—*Alice Carey*.

O, let me be myself! But where, O where
Under this heap of precedent, this mound
Of customs, modes and maxims, cumberance rare,
Shall the myself be found?

"Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think."—*Emerson*.

"Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."—*Shakespeare*.

"Keep thy tongue and keep thy friend."—*Socrates*.

One thing is forever good;
That one thing is success.

—*Emerson*.

"It's going on and up that's the fun of study, not arriving at the place—arriving is the end."

"The absurd man is the man that never changes."

The childlike faith, that asks not sight,
Waits not for wonder or for sign,
Believes because it loves aright,
Shall see things greater,—things divine.

DR. SINCLAIR, 
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