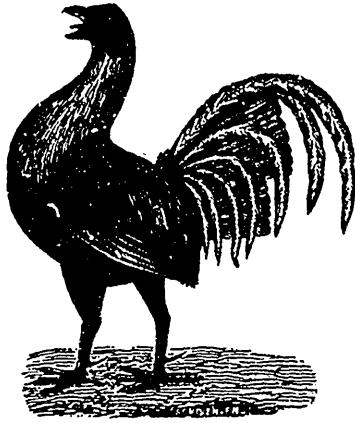


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# THE PORTFOLIO.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.

Vol. 7.

HAMILTON, MARCH, 1887.

No. 7



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# THE PORTFOLIO.

*Vita Sine Literis Mort Est.*

VOL. 7.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, MARCH, 1887.

No. 7

## SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

FATHER RYAN.

I walk down the valley of silence—  
Down the dim, noiseless valley alone,  
And I hear not the fall of a footstep  
Around me, save God's and my own,  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices  
Whose music my heart could not win ;  
Long ago was I weary of noises  
That fretted my soul with the din ;  
Long ago was I weary of places  
Where I found but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,  
I craved what the world never gave,  
And I said, " In the world each ideal,  
That shines like a star on life's wave,  
Is wrecked on the shores of the real,  
And sleeps like a dream in the grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,  
And still found the false with the true ;  
I sought 'mid the human for heaven,  
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue,  
And I wept when the clouds of the mortal  
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human,  
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,  
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar,  
And heard a voice call me ; since then  
I walk down the valley of silence  
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley ?  
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine,  
And I fell at the knees of the holy,  
And above me a voice said, " Be mine,"  
And there rose from the depths of my spirit  
An echo, " My heart shall be thine.

Do you ask how I live in the valley ?  
I weep and I dream and I pray ;  
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops  
That fall on the roses in May,  
And my prayer like a perfume from censers  
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the valley of silence  
I dream all the songs that I sing,  
And the music floats down the dim valley,  
Till each finds a word for a wing,  
That to hearts like the dove of the deluge,  
A message of peace they may bring.

But far in the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach ;

And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech ;  
And I have had dreams in the valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—  
Ah me, how my spirit was stirred !  
And they wear holy veils on their faces,  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard,  
They pass through the valley like virgins,  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley—  
Ye hearts that are harrowed with care ?  
It lieth afar between mountains,  
And God and his angels are there,  
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,  
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

## REVERIE.

FATHER RYAN.

We laugh when our souls are the saddest,  
We shroud all our grief in a smile ;  
Our voices may warble their gladdest,  
And our souls mourn in anguish the while.

And our eyes wear a summer's bright glory  
When winter is wailing beneath,  
And we tell not the world the sad story  
Of the thorn hidden back of the wreath.

Ah ! fast flow the moments of laughter,  
And bright as the brook to the sea ;  
But ah ! the dark hours that come after  
Of moaning for you and for me.

Yea, swift as the sunshine, and fleeting  
As birds, fly the moments of glee !  
And we smile ; and mayhap grief is sleeting  
Its ice upon you and me.

And the clouds of the tempest are shifting  
O'er the heart ; tho' the face may be bright ;  
And the snows of woe's winter are drifting  
Our souls ; and each day hides a night.

For ah ! when our souls are enjoying  
The mirth which our faces reveal,  
There is something—a something—alloying  
The sweetness of joy that we feel.

Life's loveliest sky hides the thunder,  
Whose bolt in a moment may fall,  
And our paths may be flowery ; but under  
The flowers there are thorns for us all.

Ah ! 'tis hard when our beautiful dreamings,  
That flash down the valley of night,

Wave their wing when the gloom hides their gleaming,  
And leave us, like eagles in flight ;

And fly far away unreturning,  
And leave us in terror and tears,  
While vain is the spirit's wild yearning  
That they may come back in the years.

Come back ! did I say ? but never  
Do eagles come back to the cage ;  
They have gone—they have gone—and forever !  
Does youth come back ever to age ?

No ! a joy that has left us in sorrow  
Smiles never again on our way ;  
But we meet in the farthest to-morrow  
The face of the grief of to-day.

The brightness whose tremulous glimmer  
Has faded we cannot recall ;  
And the light that grows dimmer and dimmer—  
When gone—'tis forever and all.

Not a ray of it anywhere lingers,  
Not a gleam of it gilds the vast gloom ;  
Youths' roses perfume not the fingers  
Of age groping nigh to the tomb.

For "the memory of joy is a sadness"—  
The dim twilight after the day ;  
And the grave where we bury a gladness  
Sends a grief, like a ghost, on our way.

No day shall return that has faded,  
The dead come not back from the tomb ;  
The vale of each life must be shaded,  
That we may see best from the gloom.

The height of the home of our glory  
All radiant with splendors of light ;  
That we may read clearly life's story—  
"The dark is the dawn of the bright."—Ex.

### POMPEII.

By excavations which have been made during the last one hundred and fifty years, we have, as it were, a living picture of a city 1800 years ago. Let us look and see what the picture is like.

Streets filled with the gayest shops, whose interior are adorned with the gaudy yet harmonious colors of frescoes, varied in fancy and design. Sparkling fountains that at every vista throw up their spray into the summer air ; crowds of people, mostly clad in robes of Tyrian dye ; slaves passing to and fro bearing buckets of bronze, cast in graceful shapes, upon their heads ; country girls are stationed at frequent intervals with baskets of blushing fruit and beautiful flowers. Passing now into a street less crowded than the rest, we may see at the end, a broad and lovely sea stretching out into the horizon. Crowded in this glassy bay are the vessels of commerce and the gilded galleys for the pleasure of the wealthy citizens ; also

the boats of fishermen may be seen passing to and fro.

On the opposite side of the city may be seen Mount Vesuvius, over whose grey summit, rising amidst the woods and vineyards that climb half way up the ascent, there hangs a black and ominous cloud. A Pompeian mansion is entered by a long and narrow vestibule, on the floor of which is the image of a dog in mosaic, with the well-known "Beware the Dog." On either side is a chamber of some size, set apart for the reception of visitors of no great rank. Advancing up the vestibule you enter an atrium, rich in paintings. On one side a small staircase admits to the apartments for the slaves on the second floor. You now enter the tablinium, across which at either end, hang rich draperies of Tyrian purple half withdrawn. In the pavement is inserted a small and most exquisite mosaic. From this saloon you enter the peristyle and here the mansion ends. This court is adorned with seven pillars, from each of which hang festoons of garlands ; the centre, supplying the place of a garden, blooms with the fairest flowers, placed in vases of white marble, that are supported on pedestals. To the left of this is a small fane, before which stands a bronze tripod. To the right is the room in which the guests generally assemble, and is termed "The Chamber of Leda." This beautiful apartment opens upon a fragrant garden ; here round a table of citrean wood, polished and wrought with silver arabesques, are placed three bronze couches studded with richer metals, and covered with thick quiltings elaborately embroidered.

Passing from this elegant mansion down the street, we enter the forum, with its crowds of people of all ranks. Nothing can exceed in variety the costumes, the manners and occupations of the crowd, or the bustle, the gait, the animation of life all around. You see here all the signs of a heated and feverish civilization, where pleasure and commerce, idleness and labor, avarice and ambition, all mingle together.

A little farther on is the temple of Jupiter, and the graceful edifice consecrated to Isis. An oblong pedestal occupies the interior building, on which stands two statues, one of Isis, and the other of Orus ; besides these, the building contains many other dieties to grace the court of the Egyptian

diety. The sacrificial crowd, arrayed in white garments, stand on each side of the steps, while at the top stands two inferior priests, one holding a palm branch, and the other a slender sheaf of corn. In the centre of the steps appears a priest robed in white from head to foot, with a veil parting over the crown. Half way down the steps stands another flamen, holding in one hand the votive wreath, in the other a white wand; while adding to the picturesque scene, the stately ibis looks mutely down from the wall upon the rite, or stalked beside the altar at the base of the steps. Outwardly all seems fair and pure, but beneath the veil lurks the vilest wickedness.

Let us now proceed to the great amphitheatre, where people of all ranks are assembled to witness the combats of gladiators and beasts. On the upper tier sits the women, their gay dresses resembling some gaudy flower-bed. On the lower seats, round the arena, sit the high-born and wealthy visitors. Corridors at the right and left, at either side of the arena, give access to these seats, and also entrance for the combatants. Strong palings at these passages prevent any unwelcome movements of the beasts, and confine them to their appointed prey. Around the parapet, which rises above the arena, and from which the seats gradually rise, are gladiatorial inscriptions, and paintings wrought in fresco, typical of the entertainments of the place. Invisible pipes wind through the whole building, from which, in the heat of the day, cooling showers are sprinkled over the spectators.

With a loud and warlike flourish of trumpets, the gladiators enter the arena, and sweep round the oval space, slowly and deliberately, in order to show to the best advantage their brawny limbs with their iron and well strung muscles; and also to give the spectators a chance to form such wagers as the excitement of the moment might suggest. It is often customary to begin the sports by the most cruel of all, and some gladiator or criminal is appointed to the beasts to be slain first, as an initiatory sacrifice. But at other times the combat between the gladiators comes first. The gladiators stand at a considerable distance from each other, their features expressing compressed and vigilant ferocity. We may

watch them as they proceed in their dreadful fight, and see the vanquished gladiator roll his dim and despairing eyes around the theatre; but only merciless and un pitying eyes glare upon him. Not a hand—not even a woman's hand—is raised as the signal of charity and life. The signal of death being given, the dying gladiator bends his neck to receive to fatal stroke. With slow and measured steps the dismal headsman approaches the gladiator, draws the edge of the blade across his neck, then turning to the assembly to see if remorse had come upon them, but the dread signal continues the same; the blade glitters brightly in the air—falls—and the gladiator rolls upon the sand. Immediately his body is dragged from the arena, and thrown into the gloomy den called the spoliarium.

Let us even imagine that we can see a vast vapour shooting from the summit of Vesuvius, in the form of a gigantic pine tree, with the trunk blackened, and the branches fire; rolling towards the doomed city like a dark and rapid torrent. At the same time there comes from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone; over the city and over the sea, far and wide, falls this awful shower. Torrent after torrent descends upon this doomed city, and sealed it as if hermetically.

“Death, death, is the gloomy shore,  
Where we all sail—  
Soft, soft, thou gliding oar;  
Blow soft, sweet gale!  
Chain with bright wreaths the hours,  
Victims if all  
Ever, 'mid song and flowers,  
Victims should fall!”

In the year 1840 there had been about four hundred skeletons discovered in Pompeii; but as a great part of the city is yet to be disinterred, it is hardly known how many perished in the destruction. However there is every reason to believe that the greater part of the population escaped.

C.

#### FAMOUS WOMEN.

Among the many splendid advantages specially appertaining to the female sex I fear mental superiority has not been included. The gift of beauty, with its concomitant delights, social superiority, the best of everything, her own way, and the last word in every argument—all these may

be privileges enjoyed by the sex; but the priceless prerogative of superior intelligence does not seem to have been added. The laurel of immortality has been bestowed upon comparatively few gifted women. Still both in classic and modern days we find women of bold, fertile and vigorous genius, profound and elegant scholars, and discriminating critics.

Among the gifted few in the shadowy realms of antiquity, we find Sappho, whose poetry was declared to be unrivalled in sweetness and grace by her contemporaries—a decision confirmed by posterity. Solon, after hearing his nephew recite one of her poems, exclaimed that he would not willingly die till he had learned it by heart; Greece testified its high sense of her powers by bestowing on her the appellation of the "Tenth Muse;" and the Lesbians saw in her a superior being, and placed her image on their coins, as that of a divinity.

Early in life Sappho married Cercolas, and one daughter, Cleis, is mentioned in her poems. Having lost her husband, Sappho turned her attention to literary pursuits, composed elegies, odes, etc., and instructed the young ladies of her native city in music and poetry. She became to them a benefactress, and their attachment to her was of the most affectionate description. The misfortunes of her life have a political origin, and terminated in exile. It is probable that she was drawn into the conspiracy against Pittacus, the tyrant of Mytilene, by the poet Alcaens, and was banished from Lesbos with him and his partisans. Sappho took up her residence in Sicily, and further her history is not known. Odes, epigrams and hymns to the gods, are the class of productions that gained for her an exalted reputation. She has added to the measures of her native country a most harmonious metre, called after her own name—the Sapphic measure. Ancient critics classified her poems, according to their metre, into nine books. But fragments of these works are remaining to us. Violet-crowned, pure, sweet, smiling Sappho, she is called by her contemporaries.

In more modern times, and in the sunny land of Italy, Vittoria Colonna bears off the palm of poesy. Living in the days of Henry VIII and the Reformation in England, when Naples was alternately the battle-field and the prize of contending parties, and when

her own family the princely house of Colonna, was rendering itself a scourge to the country by its lawless violence, its freebooting habits, its private wars, and its clan animosities, Vittoria Colonna's lot was cast amid turmoil and warfare. In 1490, the year of her birth at Marino, Naples, after being torn to pieces in a struggle, between French and Spanish invaders, became the peaceful possession of Ferdinand II, of Spain. As the fiefs of the Colonna clan were wide-spread and extensive, to secure a strong hold over these powerful new subjects, Ferdinand II caused, four years later, the infant Vittoria to be betrothed to his subject Ferdinand d'Avolos, son of the Marquis of Pescara, a child of about the same age as the little bride.

After the betrothal, Vittoria, together with her future husband, were educated under the care of the young Pescara's elder sister, the Duchess of Francavilla, at the little island of Ischia. A cultivated woman, the Duchess of Francavilla was admirably qualified to make an invaluable protectress and friend to her youthful sister-in-law.

Quietly and happily Vittoria grew from infancy to womanhood, sharing the studies of her future husband and present playmate, and growing in every grace of body and mind. In the nineteenth year of her own and the bridegroom's age, the long-arranged marriage took place, with all the usual pomp and ceremony. For two years the young couple lived happily in their rocky home of Ischia. Then young Pescara, as a Neapolitan subject of the King of Spain, joined the army opposed to France on the plains of Lombardy. Here, before the walls of Ravenna, he was taken prisoner, and during his confinement Vittoria wrote a poetical epistle to him, one of the first productions of her pen. Elegant, classic, well-turned, ingenious, are the terms that have been applied to it. Pescara was shortly after unexpectedly liberated, and made a brief visit to Naples. Subsequently, in 1522, he made another flying visit to his home. This was the last time Vittoria ever saw him. Meantime she continued her quiet and peaceful life at Ischia, surrounded by a select circle of poets and men of learning, for at this day the remote rock of Ischia was celebrated throughout Europe as one of the best-loved haunts of Apollo and the muses.



One of its brightest stars celebrates it in this wise:—

"Proud rock! the loved retreat of such a band  
Of earth's best, noblest, greatest, that their light  
Pales other glories to the dazzled sight,  
And, like a beacon, shines throughout the land."

This quiet life was interrupted by the news of Pescara's illness. He had been wounded in the battle of Pavia, and was gradually sinking. Before Vittoria reached Milan he was dead. In her thirty-sixth year, and the full pride of her beauty, she was a widow. Overcome with grief, she retired to the convent of San Silvestro. Here her life as a poetess began. One hundred and thirty-four sonnets, forming a nearly uninterrupted series, "In Memoriam," were inspired by her grief at the death of her husband.

"I only write to vent that inward pain  
On which my heart doth feed itself,  
Nor wills aught other nourishment,"

begins the first of these elegiac sonnets—all of which exhibit the beauty of accurate finish and neat polish. The enthusiasm created by these tuneful wailings was intense, and Vittoria soon became the most popular woman of the day.

Short visits to Rome in 1530, and some of the following years, turned her attention to the "new religion" that was engaging the thoughts of the learned men of her time. Vittoria is believed to have had leanings to the new faith, though she never openly avowed it. Her poems on religious subjects exhibit a superiority in vigor and earnestness to her earlier works. In 1537, she met Michael Angelo at Rome, and then commenced that famous friendship. The artist was in his sixty-third, the poetess in her forty-seventh year. Her last days were spent between the convent of Viterbo and Rome. In the latter city she died, in the fifty-seventh year of her age, visited to the last by her faithful and devotedly attached friend, Michael Angelo. No memorial of any kind remains to tell the place of her burial.

(To be continued.)

### CHARACTER.

Character indicates certain organic conditions, and nature operates always and everywhere by means of organs or agents—never without them.

Organism is in perfect correspondence with the function or act. Thus, whenever

nature would put forth power of function, she does so by means of power in the organ which puts it forth.

Thus the office of wood is to rear aloft that stupendous tree-top, and hold it there in spite of all the surgings of powerful winds upon its vast canvas of trunk, limbs, leaves and fruit. Now this requires an immense amount of power, especially considering the great mechanical disadvantage involved. This power nature supplies; not by bulk, because this, by consuming her material and space, would prevent her making many trees, whereas her entire policy is to form all the trees she can; but by rendering the organic texture of wood as solid and powerful as its function requires. The structure of the white and grizzly bear, of the tiger, hyena, and all powerful animals, and, indeed, of all weak ones, in like manner correspond equally with their functions.

Character is also indicated by the temperaments, of which there are three, the vital, the motive, and the mental.

The vital temperament embraces the heart, lungs, stomach and liver, and the entire system of internal organs which creates life-force. The large end of a good egg is warmer than its other parts, because its vitality resides there. The vital apparatus forms first, and deposits the material for forming the other portions; is more active during the early part of life than the other parts; is the source of all power and energy; re-supplies muscle, brain, and nerve with that life-power spent by their every exertion. It is to man what fire, fuel, water, and steam are to machinery.

The motive or muscular temperament is a necessary part of life itself. How could we walk, work or move? The muscles, of which there are about 527 in the human body, constitute the lean meat or red flesh of all animals, and are rendered red by the immense number of minute blood-vessels which are ramified upon every fibre of every muscle, in order to re-supply that vital power which is spent by its exercise.

Muscular exercise is indispensable to greatness and happiness. When the brain is worked more than the muscles it becomes partially congested, loses its snap, leaves the mind dull and memory indistinct, which exercise remedies. All great men have laid the foundation of their superiority by work-

ing hard during their early life, and continuing to exercise daily through life; while those students brought up without labor rarely take a high intellectual stand. J. L. Adams always rose before the sun to take his exercise, and as he became old took much of it in swimming. Jefferson worked "like a Trojan." Washington was a robust hard-working farmer and soldier.

The mental temperament embraces the brain and nerves, or that portion of the system called into exercise by thought, feeling, memory and sensation. The brain consists of a nervous matter, underneath of which it is fibrous, while the upper is a soft substance. It is folded up into layers or furrows, called convolutions, which allow a great amount of nervous matter to be packed up in a small space, and their depth and size are proportioned to the amount of mind and talent.

In animals and idiots they are small and shallow; in men of ordinary talents, much deeper; while the dissectors of the brains of Lord Byron and other great men were astonished at their size and depth. The brains of Curvier, Byron, and Spurzheim are among the very heaviest ever weighed. Byron's hat was small, no doubt because his brain was conical, and most developed in the base; but its great weight establishes its great size. Bonaparte's head measured 24 inches around, also Webster's, Franklin's and Chief Justice Gibson's, of Pennsylvania.

A well balanced temperament is by far the best. Excessive motive with deficient mental gives power with sluggishness, so that the talents lie dormant. Excessive mental confers too much mind for the body. Therefore, their equal balance gives an abundant supply of vital energy, physical stamina, and mental power.

Every part of everything bears an exact correspondence to that thing as a whole. Thus, tall bodied trees have long branches and leaves; short bodied trees, short branches and roots. Very thrifty growing trees, bear large fruit, as the Baldwin and Fall Pippin.

In accordance with the general law, that shape is a character, well-proportioned persons have harmony of features and well-balanced minds. Hence, woman, more beautiful than man, has finer feelings and greater perfection of character, yet is less

powerful. Nature never deceives—never clothes that in beautiful exterior which is internally bad. Sometimes the handsomest women make the greatest scolds; yet homely persons are often excellent tempered, benevolent and talented, because they have a few powerful traits, and also features.

Walking indicates character. A short quick step indicates a brisk and active, but rather contracted mind, whereas those who take long steps generally have long heads; yet if the step is slow, they will make comparatively little progress, while those whose step is long and quick will accomplish proportionately much. Those who in walking roll from side to side lack directness of character and slide every way according to circumstances, whereas those who take a bee-line—whose body moves neither to the right nor left, but straight forward—have a corresponding directness of purpose.

Laughter is very expressive of character. Those who laugh very heartily have much cordiality and whole-souledness of character, except those who laugh heartily at trifles have much feeling, yet little sense. Those whose giggles are rapid, but light, have much intensity of feeling, yet lack power, while those who combine rapidly with force in laughing, combine them in character.

So also, those who grasp or shake lightly in shaking hands, show the force of character. So that the shape of the hand, the size of the nose, the size and shape of the mouth, the color of the eye, the sound of the voice, the color and texture of the hair, the redness and paleness of the face, have each a corresponding trait.

The phrenological organs have likewise their facial poles, some of which are as follows: That of acquisitives is on each side of the middle portion of the nose, at its junction with the cheek, causing breadth of nose in proportion to the money-grasping instincts, as in Jews, while a narrow nose indicates a want of the speculative turn. Firmness is indicated by length, prominence and a compression of the upper lip. This accounts for the saying, "Keep a stiff upper lip." Self-esteem has its pole externally from that of firmness, and between the outer portion of the nose and the mouth, causing a fullness, as if a quid were under the upper lip. The affections have their poles under the edges of the lips; this is the reason of

kissing. The pole of mirthfulness is located outward and upward from the outer corners of the mouth; hence the drawing up these corners in laughter. Approbativeness has its pole directly outward from these corners, and hence the approbative laugh does not turn the corners of the mouth upward, but draws them straight back, or outwardly.

Similar locations are assigned to all the other organs.

By these and other means the character of every living being and thing gushes out through every organ of the body, every avenue of the soul. If we attempt deception, the very effort convicts us. And if all nature's signs of character were fully understood, all could read, not only all the main characters of all they see, but even most of the thoughts and feelings passing in the mind for the time being—a gift worth more than Vanderbilt's millions. NETTIE.

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### Correspondence.

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TO THE EDITRESSES OF THE PORTFOLIO :

LADIES,—I was much surprised at seeing in one of the March numbers of the Varsity an article on the "Degradation of the Gown," written by one, Spartacus. In his letter he took upon himself to show that the academic robe had been very much lowered fairly dragged through the mire, because our college—a Ladies College—and one or two other institutions had seen fit to adopt it. Are lady and medical students so vastly inferior that their wearing the gown renders it unfit for the loftier order of beings—University students?

We are told that "the gown is the established badge of the learned professions—*Divinity* and *Law*, to which modern indulgence (?) has added *medicine*." Surely no one can doubt that the medical is one of the most learned professions, and yet the feelings of poor Spartacus were painfully "lacerated" on seeing a group of medical graduates arrayed in robes similar to those which he so fondly cherishes.

There seems to me to be a certain inconsistency in telling us, as one reason why they should never do it, that the medical students "are utter strangers to the gown in their daily life;" because I happen to know that an overwhelming majority of the students

of University College are likewise strangers to it in daily life. On convocation day and a few other similar occasions they "beg, borrow, or steal" one, and the rest of the time appear gownless.

But this objection at least could not be brought forward as a reason for our not adopting the flowing robe. Our undergraduates are most faithful in wearing their gowns, and are seldom, if ever, seen around the college halls or lecture rooms without them, and they certainly do not seem to feel that anything "degraded" surrounds them.

Spartacus "bows his knee to the sainted memory of his sires, and fondly recalls that they too were gownsmen." Is it our fault that we cannot also look back into the shadowy past and fondly recall that our maternal ancestors were gownswomen? We know only too well where to lay the blame, and are thankful that all men are not small enough to object to a thing merely because it has been done by a woman. This seems to be the only objection to our adopting the gown, and indeed none other could be brought forward against a college so well known and firmly established as ours, when the prescribed course of study is more extensive and liberal than is that of any other Ladies College in the Dominion.

I might also remark in passing that it was at the instigation of a very prominent graduate of the Toronto University that we first thought of adopting the gown which our friend Spartacus finds so degraded thereby. I hope he will reflect on the subject and be more just in future.

AN ADMIRER OF PORTIA.

A LARGE division of the students attended the oratories Samson and The Three Holy Children. The music was very much enjoyed. As it is very seldom—not oftener than once a year—that an oratorio is rendered in this city, they are all the more appreciated.

No. 1, "I can prove to you that the moon is made of green cheese. No. 2, "No, you can't. No. 1, "Yes, I can. All the planets are made of green cheese, the moon is a planet, therefore the moon is made of green cheese." No. 2 retires fully convinced of the subtle power of logic.

## The Portfolio.

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### Editorials.

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A FEW years ago the name "Sam Jones" did not bring up to our minds any more than just the thought of a revivalist from Georgia, whose funny sayings the newspapers sometimes quoted. Until he came to Toronto last October, few of us knew any more about him than this; but then his fame became widespread throughout this part of the country, and when we heard he was coming to lecture in Hamilton, we were extremely desirous of hearing him. Our wish was more than gratified, as on the afternoon of Feb. 21st he gave us a very interesting address in the parlor of the college.

We cannot say that his appearance is imposing, and his voice is certainly neither powerful nor winning, yet there is something in his manner which is so earnest and outspoken, that one cannot help feeling interested and convinced that what he says is the truth. Some things he said seemed to strike home very forcibly. He urged us to remember for what purpose we were here, and said that we should improve every opportunity to enlarge our scope of knowledge;

but above learned women he placed a virtuous woman, and exhorted us to prepare ourselves to be noble Christians, so that our influence will always be for the cause of right.

We were all delighted that Dr. Burns permitted us to attend his lectures on "The Battle of Life and how to win it," in the evening, in Wesley Church, although on the whole, we did not enjoy it as much as his talk in the afternoon.

IN another column will be found a letter which we received from an alumna, in regard to the adoption of the gown by the graduating classes of this college. We were pleased to receive it, and as it expresses nearly all we would like to say on the matter, we will only add a few words. We may remark that some Ladies' Colleges in the United States had adopted the gown before we did, and one or two have done so since. We learned the latter fact from our American exchanges, of which we receive not a few, and we have not noticed any complaint about it in any of them, but quite the contrary; and our friends across the border are generally ahead of us in everything. They were ahead of us in its adoption, and it is a wonder that some one even more imbued with the spirit of conservatism than Spartacus has not appeared before now among them, censuring its adoption and consequent degradation, by such institutions. But again we are afraid the Americans possess a more liberal spirit and broader views concerning several matters than the Canadians. We do not wish or mean to be unpatriotic, because, of course, we excel in many things. Canada is a great country, but still we do admire our Yankee cousins in some respects.

ON the evening of Friday, April 1st, a number of invited friends—more than could be accommodated on the platform—came to see the Calisthenic Review. For some time

past Major Dearnley has been giving instruction in this important exercise. At a few minutes past eight the young ladies entered the concert hall carrying clubs. The various exercises with them were then gone through with, accompanied by music on the piano, without any accident occurring. A single line was then formed which left the hall and passed upstairs. The young ladies soon returned with rods in their hands. This was a new exercise which the Major had introduced this year, but it was very well done. After a good deal of fancy marching, sometimes accompanied by a favorite college song, a mass was formed on the platform. Dr. Burns, Rev. Mr. Morton, Rev. Mr. Fraser and several other gentlemen then made a few remarks on the exercises of the evening. The pretty effect of the marching was enhanced by the becoming dress of the young ladies, which consisted entirely of black, with a bow of wide yellow ribbon worn on the left shoulder. The young ladies were somewhat fatigued, as the drill was much longer than the usual one, but the refreshments soon restored all to their wonted spirits.

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### College Items.

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WELL, now, why?

POWERFUL Geology.

"TROCHE or trochee."

"WILL you bring us an eye to-morrow, professor."

"SHE was a count over there in the old country."

"IS PLASTEUR the French doctor of hydrophobia."

"YOU don't have to sweep your own rooms, do you." Momentous question of a day student.

"I REALL? can't think what his name was, but, anyway, his brother's name was Bob."

"WHAT would you say? I would say die and give me his money."

"IT is only pinned on by the tail. No, you won't grab it either. It's little George."

"WE will hire you for a talking machine. You are quite an expert in the art of conversation."

"AND there is also this fact."

WE heard a senior solemnly declare that ten times twelve is a hundred and thirty-five.

O WHERE, O where, is your little dog gone, Kathleen? Why so sad a countenance?

HE will be the death of some of us yet, judging from the quick way some move when they hear the gentle foot-falls of his rubbers. She swept past the table so rapidly as to remove everything off it, but she got past it in time.

"YOU can all come up to my room, and bring your tea with you, and stay for supper."

"I BELIEVE that is horse."

"DO you know where the janitor is? Oh, George! or?"

AND then Nettie came "stalking" in quite a while after all the rest.

"I WILL rent a sewing machine and do all the sewing for you." Like to see you about that time Em.

ALL the seniors, at least, should see the engraving in the *Equitable Gazette*, No. 27, page 460. It is quite a gem, and so real and artistic.

DID you not enjoy the masquarade. Some of the costumes were splendid. It is wonderful how they could be arranged in so short a time.

"CORRECT your indigo (?) young ladies."

"I HAVE not got that mute beside me now; you act more like a Christian and talk to me once in a while."

COMING home from church one evening, a little dog is run over. Some sympathetic young ladies see it, and this is what they said, "Oh, that poor little dog; if you had only seen it wag its tail afterwards; it was terrible."

DID everyone see those four awful little boys in the gallery Sunday night, who tried to go to sleep, but were too lively to remain long enough in one position.

PEPPER and coffee make a pleasant mixture.

"It would be nice light reading for the summer time," referring to a text book on Geology. Thanks.

"WHERE do the olfactory nerves go?" "To the ear." Disgusted look comes over the face of the patient professor.

"I WENT to see two dead mice this morning and one of them was kicking."

"SEE how they all follow the leader." An amusing incident at the social. You were a little too soon.

It is not very polite to walk so fast on the street, Bella, when some one else is trying to keep up with you and is so desirous of having a little conversation.

QUITE a number of the students accepted the cordial invitation to attend the Orange Reception at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Rosebrugh. The rooms were prettily decorated with orange ribbons and orange paper made into flowers and various other forms. The tea table was covered with all the good things that could be desired on such an occasion, the cakes being ornamented with oranges. Music was rendered during the evening by some of the best vocalists and musicians of the city, so that all parts of the evening were equally enjoyable. Very pretty paper flowers and fancy work were also for sale. The young ladies could hardly have done otherwise than enjoy themselves, and came home at an hour which is unusually late for us.

WE also had a glimpse of pretty things at the bazaar, held lately in the Centenary church by the young ladies of the Mission Band. The weather was rather unfavorable, but we have heard that quite a nice sum was realized for the society.

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### Exchanges.

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A new exchange, the *Irving Literary Gazette*, is one of the most interesting received. In a well written article on "The Land of the Mikado," a bright future is predicted for that country; and the chief differences between the Japanese and Chinese are pointed out. "The Chinese are as indolent as the Japanese are industrious, and while the former are proficient in craftiness and shrewdness, the latter exceed in intelligence and general thrift."

In the *Wilmington Collegian* we find an

article on the "Marsian World." It points out various analogical reasons why that planet may be thought to be inhabited. There it also a strong plea for the preservation of "Our Forests."

Another new exchange, *The Mezzophantian*, contains two departments on interesting but unusual subjects, viz: Art and Music. But as it is edited by ladies it is not so surprising.

The editorials in the *Beacon* are better than usual. All the pros and cons of secret societies belonging to colleges are fully discussed in "Two Sides."

After reading the third editorial in the *College Times* it was really quite funny to find ourselves reading the last paragraph on the thirteenth page, "Not content with modestly keeping—we grind our teeth with rage when we are taken in by them, etc."

What will the next thirteen or fifteen years bring us? What progress will science make during the twentieth century? For answer read "The Twentieth Century" in the *Philo Star*. It is the product of a highly imaginative mind. Woman's political position is also well defined. We entirely agree with everything expressed in this article. You surely did not mean by the least sentence of your opening paragraph under the head of "Exchange," that we are now going to notice a few of this class; that the following are good examples. But, no, on second reading, we find that was not the meaning intended. Because, if you did, you are very much mistaken as to the character of the articles published in the PORTFOLIO, as the members of the Faculty have nothing whatever to do with them or its publication.

We have also received the following: *Adelphian, Student, Bethany Collegian, Troy Polytechnic, Genesee, Torch, Rouge et Noir, Student Life, Niagara Index, North-Western College Chronicle, Bible College Exponent, Presbyterian College Journal, Argosy, High School Journal, Res Academicæ, Messenger, Notre Dame Scholastic, College Message, Normal News, Dalhousie Gazette, Cue, Young Idea, Lutherville Seminarian, Chi-Delta Crescent, Hamilton College Monthly, Vindex, Trustonian, University Gazette, Hamptonia, Knox College Monthly, University Monthly, Varsity, University Herald, Southern University Monthly, Academy News.*

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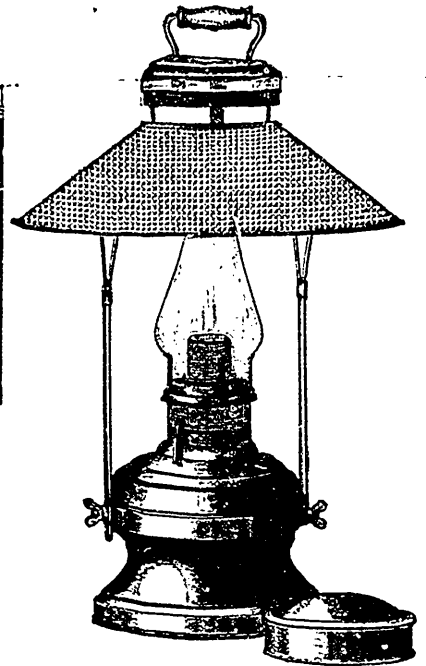
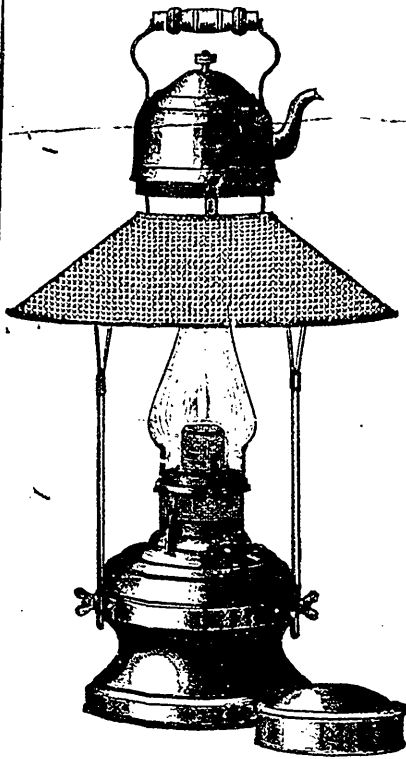
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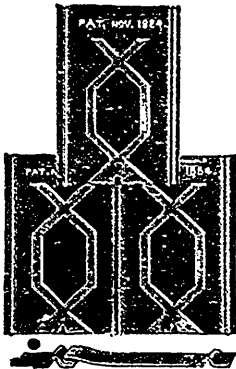
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