

The Portfolio.

Vita Sine Literis Mors Est.

VOL. 2.

HAMILTON, APRIL, 1880.

No. 7.

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AU REVOIR.

It seems not right, that just when earth is waking
From her cold slumbers, when the young flowers start
To kiss the warm wind, and all things are breaking
Into the Spring's wild jubilee, thou shouldst depart,
Leaving the sunshine in the skies but taking
All with thee that makes sunshine in the heart.

The happy birds around are gaily singing
Each to his chosen mate in love's low tone;
Alas! the sweet Spring hours to me are bringing
But the sad thought, "I must be left alone."
While all things else have something to them clinging,
My hope of hopes and joy of joys has flown.

But wilt thou not in love and pity say
That ere the tempest shall come back to reign,
Ere Summer from our eyes shall pass away,
Thou wilt bring Summer to our hearts again.
Then, tho' thou leavest us, that sunny ray
Of coming joy shall shine thro' all our pain.

Promise but this, and smiles shall blend with weeping;
Promise but this, and tho' our tears may rise,
They will be light as are the dew-drops sleeping
Beneath the gleam of summer morning skies,
Half night, half day, but the night only keeping,
That thy bright smile may kiss it from our eyes.

CURIOSITY.

WHO, without consideration, would ever assert that seekers after truth, noble toilers in the fields of knowledge, might ' minds to whom the world at large is so stupendously indebted for so much of its wisdom,—who, I repeat, would, without thinking over the matter, assert that such men are members of the identical class to which belong those human beings who are endowed with, or, more correctly, who have developed to a great extent the petty, Paul Pry propensity which we designate "curiosity," more definitely, "inquisitiveness?"

It seems at first incongruous, almost absurd, to place the two together as belonging to one and the same class, "information seekers," yet contemplation assures us that the fact is obvious; it may be disagreeably so, but obvious all the same. The difference between them lies in the motive and object which prompts their search. Proportionately as the motive of the one is to be admired, that of the other is to be

despised; the one strives to penetrate the mysteries around, above, beneath us; the other strives to penetrate the affairs of other people, which are mysteries to those whom they do not concern; the one acting from a love of knowledge and of truth, seeks to benefit mankind; the other, from love of gossip, mischief, or spite, seeks the gratification of his baser nature. Knowledge, whether of a higher or lower kind, is sought, therefore the seekers are of one and the same class.

It is a sad fact that we cannot predicate the universality of the longing for the higher nobler knowledge, but are obliged to admit that, contemptible as it is, curiosity, whether to a greater or less extent, is a quality common to humanity; it may be controlled, it may be concealed, but—it is there, one of the many legacies left by our first parents. So early is it brought to light in childhood that we might almost term it an intuition; in many cases being crushed in childhood and youth, it never attains a normal development, and is so mild and harmless as hardly to attract notice, but too often is found in full growth, and in connection with harmful traits of character, rendering the individual a person to be despised and dreaded.

It is interesting to watch people who, from pure love of the thing, have cultivated a capacity for ferreting out other folks' affairs, a capacity that, properly directed, say in the business of a detective, would make them famous; they sniff a secret miles away, and pounce on the track of prey with the stealth of an Indian and cunning of a hungry hyena. Their imaginative faculty is of extraordinary growth; ever on the alert, out of five stray links of circumstantial evidence they can construct a chain about as many feet in length; and from conviction of their own sagacity and correctness would, if they had the power, sentence their criminal without so much as a trial.

A letter addressed in a strange hand, a slight pallor on the face of the receiver, a

hasty walk taken soon after, and one of these inquisitive people will not rest till he has fitted upon an unlucky victim one of several accommodating stories he has on hand to account for strange circumstances. And how that busybody gloats over the news when he finds out who that letter was from, and what it was about; how he glories in it if one of his nice little stories happens to be somewhat like the truth! For a while he tantalizes his victim with the knowledge of the secret; tiring of that sport he sells it off to the highest bidder at the next auction sale of scandal; then with renewed zest and freshened faculties starts again, spider-like, to weave new webs for future captives.

It makes one shudder to contemplate a poor wretch pursued by one of these scandal mongers; one could almost believe in the bodily existence of "avenging Furies," bloodthirsty Erinnys in modern garb.

In some people unscrupulousness unites with inquisitiveness. In the vicinity of such there is no keyhole safe, no hiding place undiscoverable, no lock that cannot be tampered with. They are over-fond of investigating your possessions, of overlooking your papers and books, of peeping into your desk or private drawers; should they ever find something strange or queer, some inexplicable article or circumstance, they are all alive with suppressed eagerness; ask out-of-the-way questions and scrutinize your face while you answer, note whether you change color or display uneasiness, and imagine it where you do not; very, oh so very confirmatory of what they suspect! Then, after exhausting surrounding sources of information, go abroad, complain of the degeneracy of the age, and gradually dropping from the general to the particular, throw out some stray hints, and follow them up with a few indefinite interrogatives, till some desired item is extracted; by the time they have carried through several such scenes, stories are afloat which in the end reach you, the innocent origin of them, and of course are refuted; then when found out how that mischief-maker fawns and cringes, and declares that it was quite unintentional!—he never meant any harm, oh, never!

But about the most aggravating of all inquisitive people is the unconsciously curious friend; he or she, whichever it is, bothers you continually with questions, un-

important, yet questions that take so much time to answer. If out with you upon the street, they must know the name of every person you recognize, and you are fortunate if they stop at the name; pedigree and occupation are sure to be asked for, if not a history of your acquaintance; then, "why did you do this?" when you know that if they taxed their thinking powers for half a minute the reason would be evident; they gratify their curiosity at your expense, instead of their own. At first you answer calmly and indifferently, inwardly pitying their stupidity; they are acquaintances if not intimate friends or relations, and must be treated with politeness; patience gives out sooner or later, and you begin to mutter your replies in a rather ungracious style; but they are as obtuse as a grindstone, and no more discern your vexation than the same grindstone would take notice of the steel that it was sharpening. Suppose you are trying to solve some stubborn problem, when this friend brings you from the depths of calculation by the query, "I would so much like to know why you wear that ring on your fourth instead of your third finger?"—"Because I want to," you growl.—"But why do you want to?" etc. More questions follow, and you have to go through a catechism that would gladden the heart of an inveterate tease; but it is so innocently done that you cannot be rude; hints are thrown away—as senselessly attempt to storm a fortress with bows and arrows as attempt to pierce such an intellectual hide with a hint. Your relieve your over-burdened mind with a muttered invocation to patience or some other heathen deity, then meekly resign yourself, till Fate considers you sufficiently chastised and your tormentor ceases.

Curiosity in children is excessively troublesome. So long as their questions are about things which it will profit them to know, we consider it a sort of a duty to make martyrs of ourselves for their benefit, but when they grow inquisitive, particularly about one's own private affairs, why then we feel that that child ought to be brought to realize the truth of the adage, "Infants are to be seen and not heard." A condensed statement of facts never satisfies them; the details, the whys and wherefores, must be duly set forth, not once only but several

times, and the chances are even that will not suffice, and they keep at it until the ill temper within you no longer finds sufficient exit in exclamatory expletives. When the juveniles happen to be relatives, whom you are at liberty to rebuke or dismiss at pleasure, it is all very agreeable, but when it happens to be some acquaintance's spoilt "little darling," that pouts and howls on the slightest provocation, the situation is somewhat altered. Supposing, like Toddy, it takes a fancy to "see 'a wheels go 'wound," or to investigate the contents of your pockets, ruthlessly fingering the interior of your valuable repeater, or mercilessly dragging from their hiding places forgotten notes or cherished photographs, and keeps you toasting over red-hot coals of discovery until you well-nigh despair of ever escaping from the clutches of that tiny monster.

Yet we cannot condemn curiosity as being in all cases a reprehensible quality, for facts would at once disprove the statement; many a time it has led to the averting of catastrophes, or the finding out of that which has proved of inestimable value to man. It would be a pity, being common to humanity, as we have already affirmed, if it were always disagreeable and productive of other than good results. It is simply one of the many things that are evil when carried to excess.

At length Edgar Allan Poe is to receive full justice at the hands of Mr. J. H. Ingram, of London, who has just ready for the press two volumes, treating of his whole career and its vicissitudes with great fullness, and with materials said to have been furnished by those who were in the closest relations to him, and not heretofore known to the public.

Of all the poets who do not look like poets, Robert Browning may be said to look least like a master of verse. He is stout, comfortable, prosaic, but fine-looking, in figure and face. Mr. Browning is a sturdy believer in the doctrine of work. He goes regularly to his study every morning, and there writes till noon, being in this like Bulwer. He has been heard to say that he has no patience with those writers who are obliged to "wait for inspiration."

Literary Items.

MACAULAY has pointed out that the first English author who really made a good paying business of literature was *Richardson*, for the good reason he published his own works.

MRS. OLIPHANT, who has serials now running in two English magazines, is probably the most prolific of living writers. Within the past three years she has published five or six works.

MR. EDWARD JENKINS, the author of "Ginx's Baby," is to be the editor of a new illustrated daily paper in London. It is to be of a satirical turn, and its Parliamentary reports are to come through a telephone.

It is stated that the life of the late Prince Imperial, which is now being written by Paul de Cassagnac, is objected to by the ex-Empress Eugenie. Notwithstanding this there is every probability of its being published in several European languages.

HOMER was a beggar. Spencer was in want. Cervantes died of hunger. Terrence, the dramatist, was a slave. Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold. Dryden lived in poverty and distress. Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, yet starved with all. Butler lived a life of meanness and distress. Plautus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill. Tasso, the Italian poet, was often distressed for five shillings. Steele, the humorist, lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs. Otway, the English dramatist, died prematurely, and through hunger. Bentivoglio was refused admittance into a hospital he had himself erected. Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at eighteen. The death of Collins was through neglect, causing mental derangement. Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was imprisoned for a debt of \$40. Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law. Fielding lies in the burying ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot. Milton sold the copyright of "Paradise Lost" for seventy-five dollars, in three payments, and finished his life in obscurity.

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former students.

A YEAR ago this spring, for the first time, a calisthenic review closed the session of those useful exercises. The satisfaction at the success of the entertainment was manifested by numerous complimentary and congratulatory speeches. In fact the enthusiasm was so great that first one of the Directors arose and after a few preliminary remarks very cordially offered a prize to be competed for by the succeeding class, then another followed this good example so nobly given, and all bid fair for the next year.

With these brilliant expectations on Friday evening last this year's calisthenic class assembled for the annual review. It was the bright hopes connected with that evening, when grace and beauty was to be rewarded, that through the long year, week after week, kept those ponderous clubs swinging, oftentimes menacingly near the craniums of companions. However, the night of triumph at last arrived, and a most disagreeable one it was outside, but, for the few friends gathered the genial light and heat chased rain and muddy streets from memory. We do not purpose entering into the details here as a full description will be found in another column. But let us pass on, the last exercise was over; now for the prizes! was the exulting thought of many a beating heart. Our honored Principal arises;

he claims supreme attention, for is not that momentous question to be decided? Why, at his words, is every countenance o'ercast and mute looks of despair exchanged? They are simply, "Before dismissing let us sing 'God save the Queen.'" Refreshments were then in order, and one would not suppose the disappointment was heart-rending to see the way the apples disappeared and the unheard of capacity of pockets for swallowing up pippins and russets that meant famine in the larder. But to return to the exercises. There were a great number of them performed very gracefully, and, as the Major afterwards said, they far exceeded his expectations. May we not venture to make the proposal that at all such reviews in the future the interest be increased by a distribution of prizes; at least it might have a trial.

SEVERAL times, recently, our attention has been drawn to the fact that many college papers are advocating the curtailing of the space in their publications devoted to literary articles. They think it would be advisable to have fewer essays, and more locals, personals and clippings. Now, it is all very well to have humor and personals in preponderance, certainly more agreeable to a certain class of readers, and, of course, editors all have an overweening desire to please the public, as is demonstrated in another column, but it seems to us that if our college papers are to be turned into comic sheets, with about an eighth part in each issue devoted to common sense, why not at once set up as distant followers in the wake of *Punch* and *Grip*, or rivals of advertising almanacs? What are college papers for? With what interest and for what purpose were they originated? Our answer to such would be, they were intended to promote the interests of the institutions with which they are connected, and the interests of education in general; to form a substantial link

in the chain which binds graduates to their Alma Mater; and lastly, though far from least, being carried on entirely by the students, to prove a source of incalculable benefit to said students. To the best of our knowledge the first two missions of our papers are well looked after, in some cases rather too well, but that does not bear upon the matter in hand. As to the last use, in some Colleges the paper and the societies are expected to furnish sufficient practice in essay writing, but whether this is or is not the case, the fluency of pen which only comes of much practice, and the necessity for this practice having a place in an education intended to fit us for practical life, are not things to be overlooked; thus in doing away with part of our publications given to writing of this stamp, we not only throw aside the valuable opportunities for this very exercise, but ignore one of the objects which formed a chief reason for the starting of the papers. There are, we acknowledge, difficulties in the way if we desire to adhere to original intentions; the course of duty rarely does run smooth. It is not easy to get interesting essays, and many editors seem to prefer anything at all rather than an uninteresting one. They do not like to insert articles that are prosaic, battered reproductions of other people's thoughts, or slightly diverse settings of antedeluvian axioms; and they are right, but that is no reason why they should not take a little more trouble in procuring better ones. But to use an axiom ourselves, reprehensible as the action, not the axiom, is, "What man has done, man can do," and as some college editors have succeeded in making their papers interesting without crowding out the literary matter, why, then, it is possible for us and for others to do the same.

The first meeting of the Senior Society after Easter was an interesting one. Miss Morris' speech and Miss Fish's essay were particularly worthy of praise.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Notre Dame Scholastic*, always grave and studious in appearance and in contents, reaches our exchange table regularly each week. In the last of the March numbers the writer of "Literature, its Power and Province," strives to impress upon us the fact that we should not consider all books of a serious character right and proper for perusal because they are serious, and that often they are far more injurious than the worst of the lighter kind known as novels. It seems to us the matter needs no amplification. No class of books or class of anything can be exempted from the statement, that there must of necessity be in that class some that are not good, except of course where the classification is based upon the quality of being good or evil.

THE *School Magazine* for April contains a very good article on the "Origin of Language." The writer clearly sets forth the different current opinions and his own ideas on the subject. A feature of the magazine, novel in periodicals, published in connection with educational institutions, is the publication of examination papers. It must prove a great benefit to the student readers though uninteresting to outsiders.

THE author of "The Maple Leaf," in the *Acta Victoriana* for March, seems to take a very hopeful view of Canada's present condition, notwithstanding the N. P. ravages, the late increase of failures and the general depression throughout the country; but then, it is not to be wondered at, students, as a rule, do not have very much spare time to spend over newspapers. The articles on "Rome in the Days of Tacitus" and the "Crusades," are well written. The *Acta* is fortunate in having such a number of interested correspondents. It is refreshing to see graduates and friends of a college taking such a lively and sustained interest in its welfare.

AN editor of the *Subbeam* has been brought to realize that "to err, is human; to forgive, divine," but we hope that sundry personal grievances have not led to her generalisations, if so, we beg to tender heartfelt sympathies, having ourselves suffered in a like manner.

THE CALISTHENIC REVIEW.

THE following is a notice copied from the city *Times* of the review which took place on the evening of the 2nd of this month:—

The calisthenic review in the College was a decided success. It consisted of marches—slow, quick, double quick and good hearty running—then club exercise, first with one club, then with two, all, of course, to music. The young ladies seemed to enjoy the exercises, and went through the various and somewhat complicated evolutions with wondrous ease. That such exercises are conducive to health cannot be doubted, indeed, they should be in every ladies' college in the land. In the resting intervals some beautiful instrumental pieces were furnished by the young ladies. One by Miss Rouse, of Bay City, Michigan, was a gem. A duet by the Misses Clerk, of Montreal, was very much admired. The marches were played by Professor Ambrose and Miss Robertson. Major Dearnaly's instruction is fully appreciated by the young ladies. At the close of the exercises the following paper was presented, signed by all the class:—

Major Dearnaly,—

We, the members of the calisthenics class of 1880 of the Hamilton Ladies' College, take great pleasure in offering to you on this occasion our sincere and heartfelt thanks for your unvarying kindness and patience during the many happy hours which we have spent in profiting by your instruction, and hope that we may enjoy the privilege of further instruction from you in the future.

SIGNED BY ALL THE CLASS.

Short addresses were delivered by Dr. Burns, the Rev. Mr. Wakefield, Mr. Dennis Moore, and Alderman Blaicher. The last announcement we heard was supper for the fair squad who had given us such a delightful evening.

THOSE who remained in the city during Easter spent a very pleasant holiday.

PRESENT TENDENCIES OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

IN this age of the world, when our libraries are flooded with every variety of periodical, from *Scribner* and the *Quarterly* to the penny sheet printed solely for the little folks; when every foreign country is, to some extent, in communication with our own, the task which we undertake is no light one. Never has there been so wide a field of literary effort; never have there been such fine opportunities for the dissemination of knowledge among all classes of people.

It is true that papers and magazines occasionally fail, but their places are quickly filled, and the number increases year by year. It is not long since an author to become known as such, was compelled to have his work printed in book form, several thousands of copies sold and read, before his name would be known and recognized in literary circles. But now, comparatively speaking, he reaches the top round of the ladder in a day. Copies of a work are sent to the editors of periodicals having thousands of readers. Immediately it is known that a new star has appeared, his name is in every one's mouth, and the criticisms that necessarily follow greatly benefit the new aspirant for fame.

Acknowledging then that the market is flooded with all kinds of periodicals, it becomes our duty to discover, as far as possible, their leading characteristics.

There is among editors, as in all other classes, a great rivalry. In what does this consist? For what are they striving? We may safely say that the highest ambition of most editors is to make their paper the most popular among the people. The reason for this is obvious. It is the way they have chosen to gain a livelihood, and the greater the number of subscribers, the greater the number of dollars in the till. Bear in mind that we speak now of the generality, there are worthy exceptions. But as a proof of this point I would direct your attention to the very prevalent system of offering premiums as a greater inducement to subscribers. It is true that these chromos, which are the usual premiums, may have a good effect in educating a taste for art, but we hope it is no reflection to say that few are magnanimous enough to offer them for such a pur-

pose. If we determine the tendencies of our literature, we determine at the same time the taste of the people. Newspapers were never printed until there was a demand for news, neither is anything printed now for which there is no demand. The supply must in some measure meet this demand. Let us glance first at our daily papers. You will say at once their leading and characteristic topic is politics. Then the people are interested in politics. Certainly they are, to an extent never before known, and in this one fact lies the safety of our government. Let those who cry out against party papers beware. So long as the side in power is kept in check by the vigilant surveillance of the other, so long only may we expect our government to be in every respect constitutional.

If the managers of these papers would keep strictly to what they believe to be truth all would be well. But unfortunately this is not always the case, and we find the less cultivated indulging in all manner of abuse directed against their opponents simply because they are opponents. This is altogether inexcusable, nothing can justify the atrocious falsehoods that sometimes appear; take, for example, the late discussions on the N. P.

Another item is the news, foreign and domestic. The despatch with which this is obtained and becomes known far and wide is of the greatest advantage. What would have become of Ireland if her cry for help had not speedily reached the farther ends of the empire? and how can a man obtain enlarged ideas of human work and destiny if his mind is continually wrapped up in petty home interests?

As an advertising medium every one will admit that our papers are becoming daily more useful.

The custom of inserting a number of "Personals" prevails to a great extent in United States' journals, and is being gradually introduced here also. It is thus described by Widow Greene:—

"I can't go into a neighbor's yard
To say how ye be? or borrow a pin,
But them 'tarnal papers 'll have it in;
'We're pleased to say the Widder Green
Took dinner a' Tuesday with Mrs. Keene,
Or, 'Our worthy friend Mrs. Green has gone
Down to Barhamstead to see her son."

Great Jerusalem! Can't I stir
'Thout raisin' some fellers fur?
There ain't no privacy, so to say,
No more'n ef this was the judgment day."

This, in our opinion, is to be deplored. In the first place, because it encourages gossip, which is a virtue applauded by none. In the second place, it is a transgression of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would," etc. It is by no means the wish of every man to become a public character merely to please his neighbors.

Now comes a difficult part of the subject. This is the custom of detailing at length all the murders, suicides, and other frightful crimes that are perpetrated; going into the minutest particulars; raking up the whole family history, and even procuring pictures of the leading characters. And more than this, viz., the placing of these on a bulletin board in some conspicuous place, as was done in this city during the examination into the Biddulph tragedy. What a generous act! Surely the man that instituted it should be considered a public benefactor! What beautiful characters to be placarded for our imitation! Does any one know of a man who by contemplating a character worse than his own was led to reform? No. The opposite is true in every case. By examining the pure and good in nature, and in man, we are led to see our own weakness in comparison, and yet, to feel that man if he will but try in the right spirit, is capable of great things.

The publishing of these tragedies in which the murderer is often made a hero, is an outrage against refined society. It not only does not prevent crime but tends rather to increase it, and often facilitates the escape of criminals. Nothing but the voice of the people will stop this great evil, and at present there is no sign of the cry being raised against it.

Having glanced at one of the evil tendencies of our periodicals, we will take up the only other which time permits. This is the pernicious dime novel style of reading that fills a great many of our weeklies and monthlies. The love of such reading grows on those who indulge in it, until it is to them what the intoxicating cup is to the drunkard. Many sad examples of this are all around us. People who spend their whole lives in dreaming. They forget that

"Life is real! Life is earnest! and the grave is not its goal." As long as such people live, so long only will such papers as the *Family Herald*, *New York Weekly* and *Saturday Night*, have an existence. Such heroes! Such heroines! It is a shame to use noble terms to designate characters so low. Year in and year out the same old story, Love! Murder! and no body killed! When will the people assert their power and put this down with a strong hand? Is it not high time that such trash should cease to waste the time and corrupt the morals of the young and old of our Fair Dominion?

But we leave this and pass on to a pleasanter subject. It is difficult to imagine the progress that has been made, even in the last two years, by the higher order of periodicals. The amount of money needed to publish these serials in their present form is enormous, while the style of literary productions to be found in them is above question. Especially is this remarkable and delightful when we remember that a corresponding progress must have been made in the taste of the people. We venture to say that no nation has advanced so rapidly in science, literature and art as those nations in which, during the last half century, literature has had free circulation among all classes of society. In no part of the world has the press such perfect liberty as in Great Britain and America and the blessings accruing from it are on every hand. A few years ago the style of reading now found in the *London* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, in *Scribner*, and *Harper* of America, would have claimed the attention of comparatively few. Now they number thousands of readers, and it is true that, to keep up with the best current literature of the day we must always be students. Who, for instance, would have thought that the lectures of Joseph Cook could have been appreciated by so many. One would almost think they would have benefitted the learned few only, but witness the immense publication that they have had both in the States and Canada.

Canada has, at present, no really first-class secular periodicals, nor is there a very good prospect of any. It can hardly be expected that she should compete with English and American journals which have gained a world wide celebrity. Even in our church serials,

which are improving greatly, we find most of the illustrations borrowed from *Harper* or *St. Nicholas*. However, we live in hopes of some day having periodicals of which we may have reason to be proud, and no longer be indebted to either the Mother Country or Brother Jonathan for literary sustenance.

AN Italian priest and philologist, Bernardino Peyron, has discovered in the binding of a Greek manuscript from the library of St. Ambrose, on Mount Ablioss, two fragments of St. Paul's Epistles, in the Greek text. Similar fragments in Paris have long been highly valued.

SYDNEY ROSENFELD has accepted an offer from M. B. Leavitt to write a one-act satire on the satire of the "Pirates of Penzance," for \$500. The piece will be called, "Penn's Aunts among the Pirates," and will be entirely original both in text and music.

A WORK on "The Philosophy of Hand-writing," by Don Felix di Salamanca, and which recently appeared in London, finds in Lord Beaconsfield's writings signs of "flashiness," in Carlyle's "originality and causticity," and in Mr. Bright's a "straightforward and decided temperament." Rosa Bonheur's hand is "bold and defiant," and Charles Reade's, at the start, "clear, vigorous and apparently legible, but full of difficulties and confusions as one reads further on."

MR. BUCKLAND tells a curious story about the naming of the animal we know as the kangaroo. When Captain Cook discovered Australia, he saw some of the natives on the shore with a dead animal of some sort in their possession, and sent sailors in a little boat to buy it of them. When it came on board, he saw that it was something quite new, so he sent the sailors back to inquire its name. The sailors asked, but not being able to make the natives understand, received the answer, "I don't know," or, in the Australian language, "Kan-ga-roo." The sailors supposed this was the name of the animal, and so reported it. Thus the name of that curious animal is the "I-don't-know," which is almost equal to the name given to one of the monstrosities in Barnum's museum, the "What-is-it."

College Items.

MISS EDITH HACKET, a young lady of no small musical ability, recently spent a week in the College, visiting her sister.

PROF.—“Give the principle parts of the verb from which *relatam* is derived?” Student—“*Lingo, lingere*—” General convulsion.

AT opening service the other morning, some of the students had to be informed that *Corinthians* was not in the Old Testament.

OYSTER suppers are very much in vogue just now. Too often, recently, scolloped oysters have been served up hot in French style.

THANKS to the kindness of a director, the Seniors had the opportunity last month of tasting some March strawberries, and of looking at some March tomatoes.

YOUNG ladies who read Dante on Sundays should be more careful how they talk about it. One of them told us last Sunday that just then she was in Purgatory, but in a couple of weeks would be in Paradise!

“Do you understand to-day’s Mental?” (Mental is an abbreviation of Mental Philosophy.) “I think I do,” she replied, “but it is ‘seeing through a glass darkly,’” when some one interrupted, “So you see it in your mind’s eye.”

TALK about certain persons being born with a silver spoon in their mouths! Why, although some of our students confess that they entered this vale of tears minus that useful article, yet they all eat from gold (?) three times a day.

THINKING aloud ought to be forbidden in the classes. In geology, not long since, a student had for the first time been impressed with the fact that the highest mountains came up in the later periods; she was heard to murmur, “My! Hamilton mountain must have come up very early.”

It was in church, right in the middle of a sermon, when she was heard to sigh as though a heavy burden had been taken from her shoulders. “What’s the matter?” anxiously enquired the one who sat next. “Oh, that man in front there yawned such a big yawn, I thought his jaws were going to come apart.”

ONE of our editors got a letter from a subscriber who kindly sent an answer to a question propounded in our last. The question was in an essay headed, “Trifles”—“What is more exasperating than the incessant hum and persistent attacks of a single mosquito?” The all-important answer was, “Two mosquitoes.”

ABBREVIATIONS are very convenient at times, but not always. We have found them mystifying. The other day we overheard one young lady ask another, “Have you written out your sin yet?” Very naturally we were horrified, but the answer almost paralysed us. “Yes, but isn’t it horrible?” Sleep forsook our eyelids that night for wondering what the heinous crime could be. It was a *synopsis* they meant.

OUR students had the pleasure of listening to a second lecture by the Rev. Dr. Peck, of Brooklyn, on the subject, “Pluck vs. Good Luck.” The lecturer has a wonderful power of carrying his audience with him, through scenes ludicrous and pathetic, and the happy gift of entertaining while instructing his hearers; these, together with an agreeable delivery and genial countenance, combine to render his lecture exceedingly enjoyable.

A DAY after the appearance of our last number, which contained some comment on the geese which adorn the Senior Class Room, the Seniors walking in to recitations found the following inscribed upon the blackboard, “*Them geese is ducks.*” It is said they are anxious to find the author of that line. We suppose they are desirous of saying to that individual, “I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.” Perhaps not, though.

SURELY the memories of rambles in the Easter holidays are pleasant to those who at that time resided in the College. Let those who would dare deny the fact think of the Sabbath evening when they vainly sought for the Church of the Ascension on Bay and Jackson Streets, and hot and tired at last sought refuge in the Central Presbyterian; and again, when, truly, “distance lent enchantment to the view,” in the case of those rickety James Street steps and climbing the mountain. That day was performed in its broader sense, while the thought of tea dwindled down to a very narrow one as the City clock pointed to a quarter after six.

Clippings.

"THARE iz no good substitute for wisdom," says Josh Billings, "but silence iz the best that haz been discovered yet."

A— translated *Verstanden Sie vor vier Monaten*, "Will you stand it for four months? What are you laughing at, anyway?"

"HAPPY the nation whose annals are uninteresting," remarked the Professor one morning. Yes, but it is hard on local editors.

A SCOTCH schoolmaster crossly asked his pupils, "Who signed the Magna Charta?" A little girl tremblingly replied, "Please, sir, it was na me."

COCKNEY English.—Friendly inquirer,— "And how is the good firm of John Smith getting on? Flourishing, I hope." Junior Partner,— "Oh! it's no longer 'John Smith,' but 'Smith and Cow,' and I'm the Cow!"— Fun.

PROFESSOR—"Now, Mr. B—, will you give me an illustration of Real Estate?" Mr. B—"Yes, sir," (holding up a lead pencil). Professor (in great astonishment)— "Upon what theory do you term that real estate?" Mr. B—"Upon the theory that it is stationery."

Two students were coming from the college grocery with a bag of crackers: *1st. Student.*—These must be the remnants of the crackers which Noah took on board the Ark for his boys. *2nd. Student.*—(With a look which betrayed no lack of confidence in his biblical information,) yes, Cain and Abel.

If Pinafore has done no other damage to the world, it has at least knocked the sublimity out of one of our most awe-inspiring words. Never again can that word be used with its former effect; never by its impressiveness can it send a thrill of awe through the veins of the hearer. To no purpose now does the orator rise to heights of eloquence from his stately periods, build his lofty climaxes, if he forgets, and, as formerly, caps them with "never." So let us hunt up a synonym for this word, which will hardly ever acquire again its ancient seriousness.

THERE was a young student in Chapel
Who said, "I think that a snug little nap'll
Do me more good
Than a sermon could,"
And his snores softly rose in the Chapel.

There was a young tutor behind him,
For ten seconds glared mildly to find him;
Then he took out a book
With happiest look,
And seventeen marks he assigned him.

—*Yale Record.*

MR. WHITTIER'S "Maud Muller," according to a correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, rests upon the following scanty foundation. The poet and his sister were journeying through York Me., and stopped to inquire the way of a young girl who was at work in the hay-field. Her beauty, and the modesty with which she raked the hay over her naked feet while they were talking with her, touched the poet's fancy, and that night the poem was written. "If I had any idea that the plaguey little thing would have been so liked, I should have taken more pains with it," the correspondent makes Mr. Whittier say. Somewhat un-Quakerish language; but then the theme is not altogether a Quakerish theme.

A FUNNY incident occurred yesterday morning to an able-bodied policeman, which he will remember until that period when he will be required to shake off—not his uniform but "his mortal coil." Observing a wire of the fire telegraph lying across the street he proceeded to break it, in order that horses in passing might not become entangled in it, but the next moment he was coiled completely up, with both ends of the wire in his hands and a powerful stream of electricity being injected into him. He tried to shake the "darned" thing off, but it stuck to him like a leech, and whilst wrestling with the electric fluid, he keeled over in the mud like a broken down gladiator, soiling his new clothes. Just think of it. Solicitous spectators advised him to let the thing go, but this was what he could not do. Occasionally, as he bent double, the poor fellow exclaimed, "Oh! oh-o!" He was being "wired" into with a vengeance, but at a lucky moment the current was broken, and he dropped the wires, vowing that he would never again touch a wire during the rest of his natural sojourn in this vale of tears and electricity.

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