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# THE PORTFOLIO.

VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST.

VOL. 8

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, JANUARY 31st, 1888.

No 5.



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## ✠ + The Portfolio. + ✠

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## + Editorials. +

✠ A college girl going home is not much like the college girl returning. Let me describe each. The former leaves with a joyous "Good bye, now don't forget to write to-morrow!" (little thinking how intensely interesting a letter would be written after that space of time.) "All ready?" Yes. "O, do hurry or that train will not wait to be caught." The cab flies over the ground, carrying this precious bundle of humanity. With the student I am following there are three friends. All are eager to help in the checking of baggage, the buying of a ticket or in carrying some of the numerous bundles. At last all is ready and our traveller is about to enter the car when a sudden fear seizes her as to whether she has her ticket. Upon search, this precious piece of paper is found

missing. Our poor girl has spent almost her last cent in mistletoe and holly, and now the distressing problem as to the way of raising money to carry her home arises. Her three friends count their money and after a silence of a few moments the four dollars where-with to carry her home is produced and a second ticket purchase. The train whistles and a rush is made for the car. The excitement all over our traveller takes up her satchel to get a book that has been a parting gift. Alas, for the memory of poor school girls, here she sees the lost ticket. Yes, she distinctly remembers putting it there. After a journey of about two hundred miles we lose our student. Being on the same train two weeks after, we notice a young lady pale and listless. At first we do not recognize the traveller of a fortnight ago, but now we see her full in the face and remember that two weeks ago the same young lady left H—— station. Her holiday has evidently not done much good. Judging from her appearance two weeks ago and that of now we would advise lights out at quarter to ten.

Breaks in college routine are always appreciated by the students, whether anticipated or not; but when a person gives a slight hint that a something is to happen the following evening, the excitement experienced by a college girl is intense. We call upon our fellow students to verify this fact. For the benefit of the new scholars, of whom there are not a few, let me say that the fun which follows hard work is enjoyed to the utmost, and further that, if honest work has not been done, we cannot fully enjoy. We thank Mr. Sanford for his kindness in giving us a pleasant evening. He evidently has found out that the love of bon bons eaten with the sound of music in our ears is a failing very peculiar to school

girls. A want of good reading in a college is a great drawback, but this is not the case with us. The time you are now wasting or putting to some good purpose is worth more to you, girls, than any that is coming. You have heard this a dozen times and it will do you good to hear it the same number of times more. It is criminal to read trash. You have a memory and you are blessed with a greater or less amount of intelligence, both of these are being ruined every day by trashy novel reading. This is the time for fires and I beg of you put the match to them. "Can you loan me some thing to read," is the cry heard here; but when a book, one which everyone should read, is offered and refused because it requires thought while reading, I think it is time to say something. "Reading makes the full man," says Bacon, and the choice as to whether our head shall be crammed with nonsense, which we will one day be ashamed of, or whether our reading shall be giving us thoughts to be used in the future, is for each to decide. Always endeavor to retain the writer's best thoughts and make use of them. Everybody has not original ideas and the next best thing is, for those who have not, to see and be able to use others. A reason given for the success of Queen Elizabeth's reign is that she possessed the faculty of seeing genius in men and choosing them as her advisers. Perhaps it would not be entirely lost time to name a few books worthy of careful perusal. Of all prose perhaps history is the most useful and forms a not unpleasant topic of conversation. Hallam's "Middle Ages," should be read by all. Gibbon, Macauley, Carlyle and Hume, are some of our finest writers in this department of literature. Next we would place Biography and Essays. In writing we find man's best thoughts, and in essays, above all other divisions of literature, the gems shine. Do not fail to read Macauley and Sidney Smith. In biography, Roswell's "Life of Johnson" comes first. Southey's sketch of Nelson, and Lockhart's "Life of Scott" are as readable as any novel.

All at some time read poetry and in this choose the classical. Our poetry has

reached perfection in Pope. Shakespeare writes a life-long study, and it has been said that to know Tennyson's "In Memoriam," thoroughly, would be a liberal education.

A thousand years ago, the few writers dated their letters 888; a thousand years hence, if writing is then used to convey thoughts, the ladies will date their letters 2888. Will the next thousand years bring us as many changes as the last has brought? We look back and say to ourselves, "we are glad that we did not live in 888." Will the people of 2888 say "that they are glad they did not live in 1888?" Will the locomotive,—

"Bumping, jumping, rocking, roaring,  
Like forty thousand giants snoring."

go over the country and through the tunnels? Will the still small voice of the telegraph be heard? Will they plough the deep as we do now? Will they require as much food to sustain the body or will they devise some plan to keep up the human system with more nutritious food taken in smaller quantities? What sciences, that we feel so proud of understanding, will they laugh out of existence? Will Edison be a Roger Bacon to this new people? Will they harness the balloon, ride through space and visit the moon? Will they—well, will they do anything that we are now doing? We will seem as savages to this future people. We know that they will read the same Bible; that the piling up of the waters of the Red Sea will be just as interesting; that the Ten Commandments written by Moses will still be in force. We know that Shakespeare will be perused with delight; that the MSS. of Spenser, or Byron, will be invaluable. Our habits and manner of living will seem just as strange as those of the people of 888. We hope that they will settle disputes without going to war; that the Golden Rule will become universal. We feel that they will reverence the Deity more than we do; that infidelity will be a word not found in their language. What possibilities are wrapped up in a human being to be developed by future generations? What gifts, that now lie dormant, will be in common use in 2888, we do not

know, but we feel that there is in us something more than has ever yet been drawn out. "It doth not appear what we shall be." Will the people still be battling—the good and the bad? Or will they approach the state of society that the Creator intended at the beginning? The social problems that are exercising the greatest thinkers, may be solved; and no oppression be known. There may be no very rich people nor wretched poor. But an ideal society, such as would have existed if sin had not entered into the world, we hope will be for our people of 1888; yet with all the turmoils and the crude implements, I am glad that I live in 1888.

When, at the beginning of a term, we commence new studies and attempt new work, do we not always say to ourselves, "Now I will try and have each lesson perfect every day and then at the end of the term there will be no need of cramming for examination." But how few of us keep this resolution. It is so easy to slight some day's lessons and soon there will be a large part of the book which will need to be thoroughly reviewed, before we can remember or understand those neglected portions. How pleasant it would be if resolutions could be kept as easily as they are made. There are some, I suppose, who when they say they will master anything, always do so, whether it be difficult or easy, pleasant or unpleasant. This requires perseverance and patience; and often, when they have tried and tried again, and have succeeded at last, what a feeling of relief siezes them to think that the hard problem is solved or the difficult task completed. If on New Year's Day we could think of some of the good intentions we had formed the year before and carried out, then there would be some satisfaction in making our resolutions for succeeding years. These are the ones whose names are carved among the great—the men who have patiently plodded through the lessons assigned them; and are now envied by those who have had the same opportunity. Some one has said that in all things "the aim should be perfection, Patience, the road."

## The Bravest of Battles.

The bravest battle that ever was fought—  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,  
With sword or nobler pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought  
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—  
Of woman that would not yield;  
But bravely, silently bore her part—  
Lo! there is the battle field.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam and wave!  
But, oh, these battles! they last so long—  
From babyhood to the grave!

—Joaquin Miller.

## The Wine of Ambition.

\* CHAMBERS defines ambition as "originally in Rome the going about of two candidates for office seeking votes." This desire for the place of honor is seen in the strife between Cain and Abel, which led to the first murder. Ambition breeds jealousy "which is as cruel as the grave." Who can fathom ambition? Who can foretell the end? He who can trace the path of the forked lightning, can point out the results of this absorbing passion. It is like a bottomless abyss. The man who launches his barque in the Maelstrom is no more certain of destruction than the man who gives his mind up to ambitious schemes. It is the most exciting, the most alluring, the most intoxicating, of any fancy that may sieze the brain. The desire for honor and power has led to daring deeds and atrocious crimes. It might be said of ambition as Madame Roland said of liberty, when she was being led out to be guillotined, "O Liberty, how many crimes have been committed in thy name!" When Napoleon urged his officers to engage in another campaign for his agrandizement, La Fayette replied, "the bones of Frenchmen lie bleaching in every

valley and on every mountain-top in Europe, attesting our faithfulness to you: we refuse to comply with your demands."

Kingdoms have been reared and overthrown by aspiring men. Alexander erected a great empire, but it fell to pieces immediately after his death. Hannibal, ambitious for the glory of Carthage, performed one of the most famous exploits on the record. With his army he climbed over the Alps, burst into Italy and defeated the Romans in four great battles. Cardinal Richelieu humiliated Austria in order to make France famous among the nations of Europe.

People, whose aim is personal power and personal honor, seldom allow friends or affections to stand in their way. Richard III caused his nephews to be smothered with bed-clothes in order to clear his way to the throne. Queen Elizabeth ordered the execution of her rival, Mary Queen of Scots. The miser starves himself and his family in order to die a rich man. When he has hoarded up the amount he desired at first, he is not satisfied, but he must have just so much more; and when that is accomplished, he is not yet contented; but continues on in this way until he dies, causing all who come in contact with him to be unhappy through his inordinate desires. Selfishness is an offshoot of ambition, freezing up the avenues of the soul for benefiting our fellow creatures. If all the tears could be gathered together and all the sighs and groans heaped up, caused by scheming mankind, a mighty ocean would deluge the face of the earth and no grating thunder would equal the crash that would deafen our ears.

Ambition assumes strange characters. One woman is anxious to display her gay attire, while another is proud of her plain dress. The demure Quakeress is just as self-complacent in her gray bonnet and gray dress, as the lady who exhibits the latest novelty from Worth. James I. of England was fond of displaying his learning and Cardinal Wolsey used every effort of his being so that he might ascend the Papal chair.

Yet, how many reforms, how many industries would we enjoy at the present time, if it were not for the planning of ambitious people? Martin Luther, on discovering the wicked lives of the Cardinals of the Church of Rome, endeavored to find out the true doctrines and when found, gave them to world. Carefully fostering the Reform religion, he labored faithfully for the glory of Christ's church on earth. Michael Angelo, by improving the one talent given him, brought painting to that perfection that our modern painters vainly endeavor to copy. Samuel Johnson labored incessantly to gain a name in letterdom. William Caxton, holding his life in his hand for "practising the Black Art," gave us one of the greatest boons that mankind has ever received. Ideas have been exchanged, science has been benefited, and the Gospel has been spread through this medium. James Watt turned steam to such an account, that the oceans are conquered, travelling made easy, labor lightened, industry increased, and comforts of almost every description result from the ambitious mind of this young philosopher. After Christopher Columbus made his wonderful discovery; many, anxious to win a name, braved the Northern ice-bergs and faced a tropical sun to bring to light the treasures of the New World. A school-boy studies hard for the sake of occupying the post of honor, unconsciously benefiting himself and others by his striving. Ambition is ennobling, when it is not for selfish purposes; and no matter how high our aims, we will succeed.

"Thou hast a charmed cup, O, Fame!  
A draught that mantles high,  
And seems to lift this earth-born flame  
Above mortality."

—*Fern.*

**FOOLSCAP.**—When Cromwell became protector he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed on the government paper. Charles II. having on one occasion to use some for dispatches, this paper was brought to him. On being told the meaning of the stamp he exclaimed,— "Take it away, I'll have nothing to do with the fool's cap."

### + Mair's Tecumseh. +

\* THE drama immortalizes the actions of great men. Shylock, Portia, Macbeth, Hamlet and Richard III. will never be forgotten as long as Shakespeare's plays are read. The cruel act of Richard III., the noble conduct of Portia, the greediness of the Jew, are stamped on our memories with such an impression as only the Bard of Avon knew how to make. Originally, the drama was intended to instruct; now, it both amuses and teaches. Nearly all great writers have tried to write a drama; and from the ricketty old stage down to the splendid equipments of the present time, noble thoughts and grand inspiring poetry have come to us out of the mist of 'old times.'

Struggles for liberty is the favorite subject for a drama. The noble Indian received little sympathy for his efforts to retain the land of his fathers, until Charles Mair became the red man's champion and gave us a true conception of the peculiar life he led. Tecumseh, the chief, is one of nature's noblemen, thinking only of his people's welfare. He is of the Delaware race and belonged to the Shawanoes. They became involved in a dispute with some powerful tribes in the South and removing to the Valley of the Ohio, spread themselves along the banks of the Scioto river and Great Miami. Tecumseh had a twin brother, the Prophet, who attended to the spiritual welfare of the Shawanoes and who professed to understand the mysteries of the future.

The Americans encroached on the lands of the Indian; and Tecumseh, during his life, was engaged in every struggle for liberty. The treaty of Fort Wayne ceded an extensive region on the Ohio, running up the Wabash, on both sides. Tecumseh endeavored to combine his people in order to withstand this treaty; signed, as he said, by irresponsible Indians. He made visits to every tribe from Mexico to the Great Lakes and west to the Mississippi. He also allowed his brother to gain an influence over the Indians, by his alleged intercourse with the Great Spirit, and he spared no

pains but labored unceasingly to further the interests of his people.

Mair has dramatized this part of Tecumseh's Life, ending with the American War. A few characters, Iena, Tecumseh's daughter, and Lefroy, an artist, are introduced for effect. The Prophet introduces us to the scene by a soliloquy, which shows his crafty nature, deceitfulness and ambition. His brother has been absent twelve months on one of his tours, and the Prophet hopes he will never return; he wishes to be leader of the tribes. He is obliged to hide this, however: for Tecumseh enters just then. Tecumseh recounts his success in inducing the tribes to band themselves together for battle against the Americans.

An American village is then pictured before us, and gives us a type of the conversation of the citizens and their feeling towards the Indians; after which, we are brought into the council-room of General Harrison, where Barron, an Indian Agent, relates his conference with Tecumseh. Just then, Tecumseh and his warriors are announced and an interview is held; when Tecumseh sets forth, in noble language, his people's wrongs. General Harrison is determined to stand by the treaty of Fort Wayne and they nearly come to blows, before the conference ends. General Harrison, after an audience with his men, marches a large body of his troops near the Prophet's Town. The Prophet, taking advantage of his brother's absence, gives battle, and is defeated.

The Americans have declared war against Canada, and Tecumseh with his warriors join General Brock's forces. This General was the Indian's friend, and Canada became the home of the red man. A combined attack on Detroit is made and General Hull is forced to surrender to General Brock. Brock, in scaling Queenston Heights, loses his life; but his army gain a complete victory over the Americans. The command was given to General Proctor, who, being over cautious, lost all that was gained by Brock. Disaffection broke out among his officers and Tecumseh is shot in another battle with the Americans.



Tecumseh's dying words were :

“The hour has come! these weary hands and feet  
Draw to the grave. Oh, I have loved my life,  
Not for my own, but for my people's cause.  
Who now will knit them? Who will lead them on?  
Lost! lost! lost! The pale destroyer triumphs!  
I see my people fly—I hear their shrieks—  
And none to shield or save! My axe! my axe.  
Ha, here it is! No, no—the power is past.  
Oh, Mighty Spirit, shelter—save—my people :

### † Human Unrest. †

In man is a spirit unresting,

That will not be fettered or stayed ;  
Betimes he entreats for the sunlight,  
Betimes he implores for the shade.

'Tis now for the roll of the billows,  
And now for the quiet of the plains :  
Here, lays of woodland enchant him,  
There, whirl of the mill-wheel erechains.

Now clinging the closer in friendship,  
And mourning the loved that are gone :  
Now flying the face of his fellows,  
And roaming the desert alone.

Now firm in the strength of his purpose,  
He scorneth the promptings of fear ;  
But now he hath need of an angel  
To whisper the watchword of cheer.

Lo! here at the dawning he labors,  
A giant in heart as in limb ;  
But there, like a child in gloaming,  
He sighs for a lullaby hymn.

Now earth is a storehouse of blessings,  
And life is a pathway of peace ;  
Then ill upon ill is his portion,  
And death is besought for release.

Betimes he is waiting for pinions  
To fly where the eagle ne'er soared :  
Betimes he would linger forever,  
And earth is an Eden restored.

Thus e'er the heart of the human  
Is circling 'twixt sunshine and shade :  
Now, Hope on his brow is triumphant,  
Now, Faith in his bosom doth fade.

But 'twill not be so through the ages—  
There cometh an end to his woes,  
And this wavering heart of the human  
Shall find an eternal repose.

### † Women of Renown. †

✱ **A**LTHOUGH the sterner sex  
have won the laurel since  
the first productions of literary effort, yet,  
they have been pushed aside in later times,  
and now are obliged to compete with the  
scientific researches and airy flights of  
women. This is owing, no doubt, to the  
gradual change in the position of women ;  
for, in the earlier times her ambition con-  
sisted in the performance of home duties,  
and skill in the use of the needle. For a  
number of years, reaching up to the six-  
teenth century, the work of translating  
the writings of Greek and Roman authors ;  
the composition of new works ; the study  
of literature in general, was shut within  
the monasteries. We have, it is true, the  
account of Queen Elizabeth studying,  
Greek, and of Lady Jane Grey reading  
th. language fluently ; but, these shine as  
stars in a moonless sky. Such names as  
Lady Rachel Russell, Lady Mary Mon-  
tague, bring us down to the eighteenth  
century ; and further on, we are attracted  
by the sweet and touching poetry of  
Felicia Hemans.

This sweetest of English lyrists was  
born in 1793, at Liverpool. The daughter  
of a merchant, she was remarkable in early  
childhood for precocious talent and great  
personal beauty. Retiring and dreamy in  
her nature naturally, her fine imagination  
drank in full draughts of beauty from  
the scenery of her Welsh home. Some  
of her first poems ; “Modern Greece,  
Dartmoor, and Welsh Melodies were  
very favorably received ; but her  
tragedy, the Vespers of Palermo, was un-  
successful. In 1826, the “Forest Sanc-  
tuary” appeared. It is the description  
of a Spaniard, who is obliged to flee to  
America on account of the religious per-  
secutions in his own country. He ex-  
periences all the heart yearnings for  
his native land, and suffers all the incon-  
veniences arising from the settlement in  
a new country. This poem is the finest of  
Mrs. Hemans's works ; for it abounds in  
beautiful passages full of tender feeling  
and exquisite pathos.

Mrs. Hemans visited Scotland in 1829, and made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, and in 1830 visited Wadsworth at Mount Rydal. Her brother Major Browne, induced her to move to Dublin, where, for a time her failing health improved. But, at the age of forty-one she passed quietly away, having died as she once wished—in the spring. Her poetry expresses wide imagination, exquisite delicacy, and a purity and loftiness of feeling. The style of writing was harmonious and graceful. Almost all her powers are rich in fine description and intermingled with which are gems of beautiful imagery.

There has probably lived within the past century, no woman whose genius character, and position, are more full of interest than Elizabeth Barrett Brownings. She was far above the female poets of the age, and ranked with the first poets. Very little is known of her family life; but we learn to admire, respect and love this warm-hearted friend of liberty, through her works. Born in London, in 1809, Miss Mary Mitford describes her as she appeared at the age of twenty-six years:—

“Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend that the translator of the “Prometheus of Æschylus,” the authoress the Essay on “Mind,” was old enough to be introduced into company”

Her education was such as a woman seldom receives. She was taught in classics, philosophy and science, and had an extensive knowledge of Greek literature. Mrs. Browning's first published volume was entitled “An Essay on Mind.” A critic, in the *Edinburgh Review*, speaks of it as neither possessing much intrinsic merit, nor giving promise of originality; but, as “remarkable for the precocious audacity with which it deals with the greatest names in literature and science.”

In early life, the bursting of a blood-vessel in one of her lungs, rendered it

necessary for her, in company with a favorite brother, to visit Torquay. While there, the sudden drowning of this young man, nearly prostrated her. For seven years she lay in a darkened room and continued her studies; having a Plato bound like a novel to deceive her physician, who feared mental application would react injuriously upon her enfeebled frame. She wrote “Lady Geraldine's Courtship,” while lying on a couch, unable to sit up. The “Seraphim,” is a dialogue between two angels, who are witnessing the crucifixion, and giving utterance to their emotion as they gaze upon the awful spectacle. This work is somewhat of a failure; as it is impossible to depict dramatically the working of angelic natures. The “Drama of Exile,” the “Cry of the Children,” and “Aurora Leigh,” a social epic in blank verse, are among her productions. While residing in Italy with her gifted husband, Robert Browning, she wrote “Casa Guida Windows.” Her death occurred in 1861, caused by a rapid consumption.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is an example of our pioneer educators. She was born in the town of Litchfield, in the State of Connecticut, 1812. Her father, Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D., was one of the grandest and sturdiest men that New England has produced. Her mother possessed extraordinary talents, rare culture, fine taste and a sweet, gentle temper. She died when Harriet was four years old; and then the little girl went to live with her aunt, whose thrift and orderly habits helped to form the character of her niece. After two years spent there, her father brought her home to meet the ‘new mother,’ who was a very beautiful lady. Dr. Beecher laid the foundation of his children's literary greatness by causing them to become familiar with literature in their youth. Scott, Byron, Moore and Irving, were the favorite authors; and in one summer, Harriet and her brother George went through *Ivanhoe* seven times. She was but nine years old when she wrote her first composition in the “Difference Between the Natural and the Moral Sublime.” Two years after, she was appointed to be one of the writers at

the annual exhibition of the school. At twelve years of age, Harriet went to a school in Hartford—just opened by her sister, Catharine. There she distinguished herself as a clever writer of compositions, whether of prose or poetry. After spending a short time as teacher there, she and her sister returned home to Cincinnati.

There she joined the famous Semicolon Club—a society which had just enough regulation to prevent confusion and waste of time, without hindering perfect freedom of discussion and intercourse. Here, essays, sketches, reviews, stories and poems were read, discussions and conversations were carried on, and music came in to enliven and diversify the exercises. Among the members of the Club was Prof. C. E. Stowe, widely known, both in Europe and America, as a scholar and an author. On the 5th of January, 1836, Prof. Stowe and Harriett were married.

Mrs. Stowe had always felt a deep interest in the slaves, and she and her husband often gave shelter to the fugitives or helped them to Canada. The famous Uncle Tom's Cabin was the outcome of the slavery troubles, and it first appeared in the National Era as a serial. The popularity of the book was unbounded, and its circulation was unprecedented. Within six months, over one hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold in America, and within a few years it reached a sale of nearly five hundred thousand copies. Before 1852, it was published in nine different languages. This book, aside from its political influence, was a witness for Christ: it increased the sale of Bibles in Paris—purchasers demanding to know if this was the real Bible—Uncle Tom's Bible. Charles Dickens said of it "A noble book with a noble purpose."

"The Minister's Wooing," "Died," "The Pearl of Orris," "Island," "Queer Little People," and "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," are some of her best productions,

In 1864, Mrs. Stowe built a beautiful house in the city of Hartford, where she now resides, surrounded by a large circle of family friends. Her brother, Henry

Ward Beecher, the Brooklyn divine, died a short time ago; but Mrs. Stowe's health would not permit her to attend the funeral,—*Gladys*,

### ✦ Clippings. ✦

"To act with common sense, according to the moment is the best wisdom I know, and the best philosophy to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness which has given so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation, which only makes our weakness more contemptible by showing that we are not what we wish to appear."

—*Walpole*.

"If we do not reason we are bigots; if we cannot, we are fools; if we dare not, we are slaves."—*Dr. Black*.

"Fine sense and exalted sense are not half as useful as common sense. There are forty people of wit for one of sense, and she who will carry nothing about her but gold will be every day at a loss for readier change."

"If you wish to appear agreeable in society you must consent to be taught many things which you know already."—*Talleyrand*.

"Firmness without mildness is harsh and forbidding; mildness without firmness becomes weak and contemptible; both united make a character respectable and amiable."

Where do you find men of least weight? In Ireland, "Men of Cork;" in Scotland, "Men of air (Ayr);" but in London their are "lighter men."

"A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love."—*Bacon*.

"Ingratitude is the abridgement of all baseness—a fault never found unattended with other viciousness."—*Fuller*.

"Be substantially great in thyself and more than thou appearest with others, and let the world be deceived in thee as they are in the lights of heaven."

—*Sir Thomas Browne*.

Finding fault with the Looking-glass.—An old woman looking at her glass and finding that it too faithfully reflected her sunken eyes, wrinkled face, and livid complexion, was overheard saying, "They don't make mirrors so well as they used to do."

"Modesty is to merit what shade is to the figures in a picture—it gives to it force and relief."—*La Bruyere*.

A Common Observation.—Certain people study all their lives; at their death they have learned everything except to think.

## Wesleyan Ladies' College,

HAMILTON.

Successful Musical Entertainment.

✻ If the lovers of artistic music in this city were fully cognizant of the excellence of her musical performances given from time to time in the Wesleyan Ladies' College, the fine large concert hall of the institution would not accommodate the friends of the college who would be anxious to attend. As it is, the event is looked forward to with much pleasure, and the attendance is always good. That element which has always more or less to do with the attendance at all entertainments—the weather—was decidedly against a good turn-out last night, and still the gathering was large, the hall being very comfortably filled. Every one present was more than pleased, and well they might be, for the concert was an artistic success. In every respect the pupils fully maintained the very high reputation which the college has always possessed as an institution where music, as well as all other branches of study, is carefully and thoroughly taught. The success which the pupils attained must have been highly satisfactory to Prof. Ambrose and his assistants, as well as to Dr. Burns, the Principal. The programme was carried out as follows: "Hungarian Sketches," No. 7 (eight hands—two pianos)—(Volkman). Misses Telfer and Kenter and the Misses Hobbs; piano solo, "Scherzo," (Wollenhaupt); Miss Grace Menzie; vocal duet, "The Flower Gatherers," (Concone); Misses Lattimer and Hilliard; piano solo, "Ines," Op. 13 (Ravina); Miss Coldren; duet for two pianos, "Hussanreit," (Spindler), Misses Phippen and Lattimer; song, "Robin Adair," Miss Telfer; piano solo, "Le Chasse," (Reinberger), Miss Marion Burns; duet for two pianos, "Marche Brillante," (Kuke), Misses McCormick; piano solo, a "Murmuring Zephyrs," b "Widmung," (Niemen-Jensen, Liszt-Schumann), Miss Edith Robinson; duet for two pianos, "Norma," (Rosellen), Misses Menzie and Coldren; vocal duet, "Cheerfulness" [Gumbert], Misses Marion Burns and Quay; piano solo, "Riccordati," [Gottschalk], Miss Aleda Burns; duet for two pianos, "Homage to Handel," [Moscheles], Misses Marion Burns and Robinson; vocal chorus, "Carnival of Venice," piano solo, "Dance Negre," [Ascher] Miss McCormick; "Faucredi Overture," [eight

hands], [Rossini] Misses Merrill and Misses Martin and Lattimer; "May God Preserve Thee, Canada;" "God Save the Queen."

The instrumental numbers, of course, formed the principal part of the programme. It would be difficult indeed to single out of any of the selections, or any one of the performers and say that that selection or that pianiste was better than any other. Among the piano soloists Miss Coldren is deserving of special praise. In addition to thorough training and technical exactness, she displays a scoufulness which carries her music to the very heart of the listener. Miss Aleda Burns also played in a finished manner, giving to the music expressions of feeling that showed a true gift for the art. Miss Edith Robinson played some high class music, and did it remarkably well. Miss McCormick, Miss Marion Burns and Miss Grace Menzie also did very well. Miss Telfer, Miss Kenter and the Misses Hobbs played the opening number in splendid time and with good taste. In the duet by Miss Phippen and Miss Lattimer, a misunderstanding occurred which threw the parts out of time. Under similar circumstances many older players would have become embarrassed, but the young ladies covered their mistake admirably and so gracefully that many people did not know they had been out at all. The Misses McCormick, Miss Menzie and Miss Coldren, and Miss Marion Burns and Miss Robinson, played their difficult duets correctly and well. The overture with which the programme closed, was all that could be desired. Among the vocal numbers, the duet by Miss Marion Burns and Miss Quay was exceedingly pretty, as was also Miss Lattimer and Miss Hilliard's duet, "The Flower Gatherers." Miss Telfer sang a very pretty arrangement of the ever popular Scotch air "Robin Adair," and sang it nicely. The vocal chorus showed a good volume of clear, strong voices well-trained and harmonious.

At the close of the programme, Rev. Dr. Burns, the Principal, expressed himself delighted with the concert, and the sentiment seemed to meet the general opinion. He spoke of the great advantages offered by the college in its various departments, and referred in a few touching remarks to the late Mr. Dennis Moore, President of the institution. Mr. W. E. Sanford, Acting President, Rev. Dr. S. J. Hunter and Dr. Parker, of Toronto, also made brief speeches. The singing of "May God Preserve Thee, Canada," in which Mrs. Martin Murphy sang the solo, and of "God Save the Queen," closed the proceedings.—*Hamilton Times.*

## + Exchanges. +

"We are nothing if not critical.—*Shakespeare*."

We are indeed fortunate in securing the *Illustrated London News* for an exchange. This paper affords us all an opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the leading events of the time, and is, as ever, filled with beautiful illustrations.

We welcome to our table the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, which is a most excellent paper. With the greatest of pleasure did we peruse the article on "Reciprocal Duties of the Press and the Public," in the Jan. number.

How quickly the thread-bare question of "Home Rule" could be settled if the English parliament could read the article on that subject in the Nov. number of the *Beacon*. The local columns of college papers seem to be a never-ending source of trouble to this exchange. We wonder they consider the subject of sufficient importance to dwell upon.

The *Student Life* is among our most interesting and welcome exchanges. The local column and editorial notes are good. The remarks on light articles for the papers meets with our approval.

We congratulate the ladies of the Centenary Female College, on their first attempt at journalism. The *Mezzophantian* will in time, we think, be a popular exchange.

The *Bethany Collegian* from West Virginia might be improved if so much space were not given to funny (?) locals.

Our attention is attracted by the rather giddy attire of the *Deltan*, a high school paper from Grand Rapids. Although the articles are not remarkably brilliant, it is, on the whole, a very good paper.

The *Argosy* justly deserves the popularity it has won in our sanctum. The revised edition of Poe's "Bells" is bright and clever. We all enjoyed the article on "Popularity."

The *Cue* might be improved by having a little more reading matter of interest to outsiders.

We find very little worthy of special mention in the *Phi-Rhonian*. The articles are all very similar.

A careful perusal of the *Earlhanite* of Richmond has given us much pleasure. It cannot be classed among our college papers however, as evidently few, if any, of the literary articles are written by the students.

## + What is Tact. +

What is tact? 'tis worth revealing—  
'Tis delicacy's finest feeling;  
It is to scan an other's breast,  
'To know the thought ere half exprest,  
If word or tone should waken pain,  
'To drop the subject or the strain;  
'To mark each change, each shade to know,  
From care's cold brow to pleasure's glow:  
'To read in the averted eye  
Refusal now, or sympathy,  
Now catch the sigh, the timid tone,  
And make the speaker's thought your own;  
'To twine around with winning art,  
And gently steal the heart.

NO CARDS.—A young lady having learned that her lover played cards refused to marry him until he pledged himself to abandon the habit. When the marriage was announced in the papers, in order that the friends might know the circumstances under which they started life together, "No Cards" was added to the announcement.

MIND YOUR P's AND Q's.—This originated in the old English ale-house, and was a call of attention to the pints and quarts being scored down against the unconcious and reckless beer bibbers.

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