

AS OTHERS HEAR US.

CANADIAN muse, if not too lofty sing,
How starting from the corner of Yonge and King,
Adown the sidewalk "right along" I hammer
Like some belated mediæval palmer.
Street cars I see, but all are useless, as
None overtake me, but all meet and pass.
As this but little consolation hath,
On foot unwilling I pursue my path.
A prospect so remote as home and hearth
Kindles within my bosom gloomy wrath;
A car at last! but goodness! what a jam!
But even a crash will end in home and calm.

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These rhymes are bad,
But let me add,
They're in "Amurean" fashion:
If that's your speech,
Sir, I beseech
You, don't get in a passion,
Because it is
My fate to quiz
This queer pronunciation.

THE CONVERSAZIONE

FEBRUARY 11, 1892, is a day which will long be remembered in the college "fasti" of Trinity, as the date of one of the most, if not the most, successful of her far-famed conversaziones. Everything combined to add success and lustre to this year's celebration of that long established event. The elections of last March had produced an efficient and energetic council, the various committees were well chosen and managed, and all in college worked with a will to contribute their quota to the preparations. Various changes and arrangements newly introduced, such as the electric bells, bugle, etc., worked like a charm, and last, but not least, the strenuous efforts made to reduce the number of invitations were—much to the sorrow of some who had to be omitted—in no small degree successful. In 1891 no less than 1,400 guests thronged the halls and corridors, while this year the number was not above 900. Before eight o'clock the stream of visitors commenced, and continued with varying current until ten o'clock. The Provost and Mrs. Body, as for some years past, did the honours for old Trinity, and after a hearty handshake, the guests proceeded into Convocation Hall, where the concert was to be held. The hall was soon filled to overflowing, and the remainder—no small number—took up their position in the gaily decorated entrance hall, busily occupied in filling their programmes, or else proceeded to the two lecture rooms in the new wing, where dancing was going on all the evening, on floors as slippery as ice, to the strains of Napolitano's orchestra. The concert was a brilliant success, for no pains had been spared to obtain singers of exceptional quality, and the audience found it hard to decide which they enjoyed most, the sweet strains of Madame de Chadenedes, or Mrs. Mackelcan's melodious contralto. The recitation by the Rev. Prof. Huntingford was much appreciated, as also were the quartette and trio arranged by that most energetic of dons; the strains of "Here's a Health unto His Majesty," still haunt the corridors. When the concert was finished, and the audience had emerged into the hall and the refreshment room, it took but a few minutes to clear the hall of the chairs by the help of willing hands. Corlett then pressed an electric button, and warning bells rang out, and simultaneously "music arose with its voluptuous swell" in the lecture rooms and Convocation Hall, and all three rooms were quickly filled with couples eager for the dance. The corridors had been adorned beyond recognition, and curtained off into cosey nooks, which found many occupants who found that Shakespeare spoke only too truly, "How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night." Two

minutes before each dance a clear-sounding note on the bugle sounded through the corridors, and, as the music commenced, electric bells were heard, and since notices in various parts of the building announced the number of each dance, those who really desired to do so, had no difficulty in finding their partners. The dancing continued until a few minutes after 1.30 a.m., and all the twenty dances on the programme were played, owing to the kind permission of the Provost, and we hope he will consider that his leniency was so well used, that he may repeat it on future occasions.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Overture by Orchestra.....
2. Part Song..... "Banish, O Maiden," Lorens
The Rev. Prof. Huntingford,
Messrs. Webb, Mockridge and Stevenson.
3. Song..... "Venezia," Paul Rodney
Madame de Chadenedes.
4. Song..... "The Children's Kingdom," Blumenthal
Rev. E. P. Crawford.
5. Song..... "Were we Lovers Then," Hope Temple
Mrs. Mackelcan.

PART II.

1. Recitation..... "The Revenge," Tennyson
The Rev. Prof. Huntingford.
2. Song..... "Murmuring Zephyrs," Jensen
Mrs. Mackelcan.
3. Song..... "A Bunch of Cowslips," Wakefield
Rev. E. P. Crawford.
4. Song..... "Serenade," Gounod
Madame de Chadenedes.
5. Part Song..... "Here's a Health unto His Majesty," Savill
The Rev. Prof. Huntingford, Messrs. Stevenson and Mockridge.

CONVERSAT. NOTES.

During the evening, electrical and chemical experiments were exhibited in the new Physical Department, under the direction of Professor Smythe and assistant.

The library was also thrown open, and found many visitors.

Convocation Hall and the dining room hardly recognized themselves in their verdant garb of palms and plants.

The heads of committees were proudly conspicuous by badges of red and black, with the date in gold on the tail ribbon—these will be a pleasant memento of this most successful conversat.

The handsome gaseliers in the western corridors were a marked improvement.

The Steward was in his usual form on such occasions, and managed his department of refreshments to perfection.

The men made use of their rooms for special friends, and several *recherche* repasts were provided in the rooms of the more extravagant for their fair ones.

We were delighted to meet the representative of Queen's Mr. Hugo, and to exchange expressions of cordial good will.

The loyal commencement of the concert with "God Save the Queen," was much commended.

How strange a thing is human morality—people seem to have no scruples about stealing umbrellas, or forging and altering tickets for a conversazione, we can only hope that "*hos divi conscia facti mens habet attonitos.*" Those who have been thus unscrupulous, may feel assured that their presence will not be requested in future.

Dancing and song and a frolicsome throng
Keep up the merriment ever so long;
There's plenty of this and plenty of that
To be found at the Trinity Conversat.

There's a thousand or more between dais and door,
You can hardly see a square inch on the floor.
There's a regular scrimmage, but who cares for that,
On the night of the Trinity Conversat?