

THE MCGILL GAZETTE

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THE FOUNDER'S FESTIVAL.

After the lapse of five years this greatest event of our session has been restored, and with even more than its former brightness and splendour, as the brilliant assembly of last Friday evening can testify. It was, without doubt, a success, owing to the indefatigable efforts of the Graduates' Society, to whom and the Committee of Management much praise is due for the truly able manner in which the proceedings were conducted. The evening was cloudy and threatened rain, but this darkness only increased the brilliancy of the display of Chinese lanterns on the trees, and the bright electric light which threw its rays far down the avenue. Arriving at the college, the gentlemen were ushered into class-room No. 1, which, for the occasion, had been transformed into a dressing-room, while the faculty-room was made to do duty in the same capacity for the ladies. The students' box-lobby had been partitioned off by a flag, bearing the totally irrelevant inscription, "Missions." We suppose that contributions had been levied from the various city Sunday-schools; but, however that may be, it certainly served its purpose satisfactorily.

Over the front door (on the inner side, of course), was "*Au revoir*," to the left of it "*Glück auf*," and to the right "Welcome." The walls all around were tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens. The reading-room served as a small dining-room, and, being comparatively out of the way, was much frequented by students during the evening. The museum was found to be the resort of many young couples, who, finding it rather warm, generally made their way into the shell-room, there to enjoy the beauties of nature, and amuse themselves in other innocent ways. Proceeding to the Molson Hall, we found the library full to overflowing. At the upper end of it was a well-loaded table, while at the other end, where there is usually a door, was another refreshment booth shrouded in flags and evergreens, the effect of which was simply magnificent. In some of the alcoves were microscopes, for which we have to thank Dr. Osler; and many were the faces of young folks, and old too, there congregated. We cannot forbear again mentioning the decorations. On all the tables were vases full of beautiful flowers, which, we believe, it a committee procured in Boston; upstairs the pillars were twined round with evergreens, and wreaths were hanging everywhere. The platform had been raised about two feet for the evening's performances. Speaking to one of the older graduates, he gave it as his opinion that this was one of the most successful gatherings of the kind he had ever witnessed; and we can only hope that next year it will be equally, if not more successful. After our reception we passed into the hall, in which were assembled the cream of Montreal society. Here, there and everywhere, swept the gowns of our classmates, intermingled with brilliant hoods and elegant *toilettes*. In conversation, *en promenade*, listening to the music, hurrying to meet a partner, grouped and separate, all felt at every moment that the evening was a thoroughly enjoyable one.

The evening's proceedings opened with the customary oration from the President of the Graduates Society, Mr.

R. A. Ramsay, B.A., B.C.L. The speaker gave a short account of the life of James McGill; the progress of the University and its present status. He traced its history through the early legal and later financial troubles, ending in a few remarks about the Graduates Society, and the extension of a hearty welcome to its guests, there present.

The programme was quite varied. The members of the Glee Club show evidences of careful training, their time, phrasing and expression in the various glees allotted to them being remarkably good. The club possesses some fine bass voices; and in the quartette, "*Integre Vitae*," we think we discovered the germ of what, with cultivation, will prove a sweet, though not powerful, tenor. We hope, as the season advances, and each one becomes more accustomed to his work, to find a general improvement in quality of tone. But where all candidates are accepted, and none refused, only time and diligent practice can accomplish this.

We think we have scarcely heard a better amateur flautist than Mr. Quinones; he fingers his florid passages with extreme brilliancy and precision, and though at times just a trifle flat, he plays his adagios as though his instrument were a violin. Strangely enough most of the audience did not seem to pay the least attention to his performance, a slight which, though unmean', could hardly fail to sting the sensitive part of his nature. We hope we may hear him again—and also that beautiful carol, "*Good King Wenceslas*"—at the Club Concert, which, we understand, is to take place about February next.

As regards the lady soloist of the evening, without being harsh, we regret to say that we are extremely disappointed; and it is with a sigh we wonder when the "music loving" (*sic*) population of Montreal will become a discriminating one. Madame Vincent possesses a magnificent organ, but when she shall have placed herself under a severe course of instruction, and learnt that there are such simple things necessary to a vocalist as time, tune and execution, we shall be happy to hear her again. By a total disregard of her score and her accompanist (whom, though amateur, we believe to be a conscientious musician), and a miraculous conversion of crochets and the *genus* quaver into semibreves, Madame Vincent succeeded in proving to us the quality of her voice, but not that it was Donizetti's charming *carolina* she was singing. Her rendering went better in the two ballads, but even thereby hangs a drawback. Madame Vincent, before she can be heard with pleasure, must practice enunciation, and learn not to turn open Italian vowels into deeper gutturals than even the German language can produce.

"*Dame Durden*," the Glee Club's last *morceau*, proved a decided success, encored as it was, over and over again, by the whole assembly. We would not forget to sound a note of commendation and thanks for the pleasant promenade music furnished by Herr Gruenwald's orchestra.

Not the least agreeable little episode was the reception of a large and beautiful bouquet during the performance of "*Wenceslas*." Mr. Houghton analyzed it, and presented to each of the club members an elegant bud, without, by any means, exhausting its store of fragrance and color.

During the intervals, the stream of pleasure frequently eddied off into the library, museum or reading room, filling