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NOVEMBER 30, 1892.

LITERARY SOCIETY.



THE students of University College entertained their guests last Friday evening with their 147th public exhibition. The Literary Society, it is true, in a delightful spirit of satire, had circulated the rumor that there was to be a public debate on the occasion, and had muttered something about addresses and essays and readings; but this threadbare trick deceived no one. What was to be the real great feature of the evening was well understood and eagerly expected by all. The grand shouting association of our mighty students has now attained the very zenith of glory. Richly endowed by former decades with a peculiar capacity for the formation of extraordinary and appropriate sounds, they have labored with the zeal becoming so noble a cause to improve the methods of their ancestors, to discover new and more effective harmonies, and to bequeath to posterity a system of oral expression, tried more than once before the most critical audiences, and always confirmed as worthy its unrivalled fame. As the hall gradually began to fill, the performers at the rear braced their feet on the benches, and carefully examined the wondrous and delicate mechanism of their throats. All being well, the introductory flourishes were ably performed, and soon the machine settled down to work in perfect form. Though the merit of the evening was admitted by all, there can be no doubt that the highest palm was won by the grand opening sym-

phony, entitled "Welcome to Visitors." As the sonorous notes of this great anthem rose, crash after crash, to the heavens above, men thought of the days of the Lisbon earthquake, and formed all-exaggerated ideas of the Woolwich Infants' lung force. We were naturally reminded of the explosion of the *Orient*, and, seeing the fate of many visitors, exclaimed:—

There came a burst of thunder sound,
The guest! oh where was he?

We also thought that if the poet Gray had been present he would afterwards have hesitated long before writing that famous line—

Can animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

These are high tributes to the power of the choir, but the highest is yet to come. A freshman, who was leading his first love to a seat, overpowered by the heartiness of the reception, *actually blushed*.

At the conclusion of this sublime effort, the Glee Club straggled forward, and amused us with a song. This enabled the association at the rear to adjust its vocal organs to the tune, "*Interruption of the President's Address*," which was the second number on the students' programme. Mr. De Lury kindly consented to furnish the solo for the association's chorus, and the combined effect surpasses description:—

Pres.: You are great, you are good, you are historic.
Choir: Sit down; speak up; take a drink.
Pres.: You are essayists, orators, poets too.
Choir: Take off your hat; Graham, go and be hanged.
Pres.: Above all, you are gentlemen.
Choir: You bet your life; sit down; put him out.

Mr. Brown, having carefully considered the risk, and concluding that he could die in no nobler cause, bravely advanced to the sacrificial altar, and laid thereon an essay. The gods at the back of the room accepted the offering, and cutting open the bag of the winds, which Murphy Graham had just brought in, prepared for action. The fight was fierce and long, until the attacking forces, goaded to desperation at seeing their enemy steal at least ten drinks, made a final effort, and soon the mournful strain,

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the ground,
announced that all was over.

Satisfied with this achievement, the association consented to hear in silence the musical event of the evening, a march, admirably performed by the newly organized Banjo and Guitar Club. The enthusiasm with which this selection was received and encoored may possibly have opened the eyes of the association to some defects in its own musical theories. Accordingly, when Kerrly Macmillan announced that he would read a lecture by Artemus Ward, the boys adopted some novel styles of solo interruption, which they terminated only to hear the Glee Club's second song, and to prepare for the last grand conflict as to whether the field belonged to them or to the debaters.

These gentlemen had not only to fight united foes, but were also to fight each other. The point of contention was this: "Does merit receive more adequate recognition than ever before?" "By all means," said Mr. Bull, "and all men know it." "By no means," said Mr. Hellems, "and women show it." The speeches of the leaders were good in thought but better in delivery; the speeches of the subordinates were uneven in delivery but better in thought than in elocution. In depth of reasoning, clearness of statement and elegance of form Mr. Phillips was most decidedly the speaker of the occasion. Mr. McLean well maintained his high reputation for clear logical exposition. We always believed Mr. Hellems to be brave, but we are now doubly convinced that he is a hero. In the very teeth of the armed propagandists of the day, actually aware that the enemy with their Literary Society, with their Gossip Circles, with their Residence Committees, were before him, he had the courage to declare that the true place of woman was in the