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NOVEMBER 23, 1892.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.



As the shades of Friday evening were darkening into night, we took our umbrella, turned up our coat collar and sallied forth into the darkness and mud. Steadily we plodded on until lights flashed before our vision and soon we were at the Lit.

The ordinary student has a bone to pick with President DeLury, and briefly the cause is this: Despite the time-honored custom, despite threadbare precedent, our President persists in opening the meetings on time. In the words of Artemus Ward, we would say "Why is this thus?"

Well, as we had hinted, President DeLury took the chair. The minutes were read, and thoughtfully the Society pondered over the gems of ancient history contained therein.

And now doffing its sad and thoughtful air the Society bent forward its ear to hear Mr. Faircloth. But why is this wait? Mr. Macallister, herald-like, steps forward and informs us that Mr. Parker, the accompanist, has departed for parts unknown, but that neither money nor time would be spared in securing him, and that meanwhile Mr. Faircloth was parading the corridor singing "He cometh not."

Next we looked to Mr. Brown for amusement and we were not disappointed. In a tone, suffused with emotion and bad Dutch, he told us of the harrowing experiences of a hen fancier with the festive *Mephitis Americana*. The rendition was good, and the merit of the piece, as well as the way in which it was delivered, evoked bursts of laughter.

Mr. Biggar now stepped to the vacant place, gave his toga an appropriate fold and read to us an essay on "Literary Style." The paper, even if on a somewhat abstruse subject, was one which commanded attention, being thoughtfully and well-worked out, the only defect was a slight rapidity of utterance on the part of the reader which made it somewhat difficult to follow the reasoning at times.

Now the missing link appeared, and so he and Mr. Faircloth went to the front. Mr. Faircloth tuned his violin, and a musical genius at the back of the room who could differentiate a *diminuendo* from a *crescendo* said "hear, hear." The violin selection was so well received that an encore had to be given. The Society now smiled an anticipatory smile, leaned back in its seat and waited for the debate.

Home Rule now engaged our attention; and by a strange irony of the fate the upholding the wearing of the *Green* was entrusted to the Freshmen. Mr. Falconbridge, the leader of the affirmative, now stepped forward, the emerald flag waving above him, a shamrock in each hand and his manuscript in the other. As he spoke, our memory went back to the time when we were a Freshman. As the Society was in its youth so it is now; always does it show the same mental acuteness, always the same readiness of encouragement. Mr. Falconbridge confessed his delinquencies and the Society sympathized with him; he confessed that he had never spoken before, and the Society agreed with him and folded him to its breast. His manner was quiet, but he promises well, especially if he avoids a tendency to quote too largely. Mr. Montgomery, with blood in his eye and an orange lily in his coat, now stood up for the negative. There seemed to brood around him an air of Enniskillen and the Boyne. With indignant mien he portrayed the characters of the men who desired to rule "ould Oireland." At one time he uttered a remark which the Society construed as a slur on Ireland, and at once thirty-two shillelaghs were brandished in the air. Mr. Montgomery manifested coolness throughout and his points were well put. Mr. Allan now championed the cause of the affirmative. He did not pay servile attention to his notes; he spoke forcibly and well, giving one of the strongest speeches of the night. Mr. Proctor stepped forward for the negative, bearing a ream of notes. He proposed to argue the case mathematically from a dynamic—or was it dynamitic?—standpoint. Occasionally he grew eloquent and the Society agreed with him, assuring him that his fervid utterances were the thoughts of its utmost heart. He showed industry of application in the long list of strong objections which he presented to the proposed scheme, but his speech was slightly marred by a tendency to lack of method.

President DeLury now gave his decision in favor of the negative; at once the orange waved above the green, the emerald flag was trailed in the dust, and the strong men of '95 lifted up their voice and cheered, while the strong men of '96 lifted up their voice and wept.

The mock parliament, which is to have its first meeting on December 9th, next engaged our attention. Leaders for the respective sides had to be chosen, and Messrs. Boles and Strath were the lucky men. A protest against their election has been entered on the grounds of personal bribery, and also because the candidates have for months past been recklessly promising appointments in the civil service.

Charley Stuart, who had dropped in, spoke to us for a few moments. C. S. is always welcome, and his remarks were appreciated. It is pleasant indeed to hear those who have passed over the threshold of graduation, come back and look upon our faces once more, even if it is only, as it were, through the window pane.

The orders of business and the members having been exhausted, the President declared the meeting over, and the Society accordingly went out into the outer dampness to gather mud.

H. B.