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NOVEMBER 16, 1892.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.



O sum up, I say that Athens is the school of Helas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person can adapt himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace, and it is equally true that the Literary Society is the school of Varsity, and that its members can adapt themselves to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact. For at one time they are speakers, at another, listeners; one day they are students, the next they are sports; one month they are rational beings, the next they are politicians; but every hour, and every day, and every month, wherever they are, whoever they are, and whatever they do, it is the peculiar glory of the Society, that it *makes them men*. O, ye miserable plugs! are ye made of brass and stone that ye have no eyes to see, no ears to hear, no hearts to feel the quick human life that moves and breathes and has its being among your fellow students who attend the mighty Lit.? If Newton lived among us, would he be like one of you? No such thing. He would be as Alfred De Lury is, the president of our circle. What would Demosthenes be? the most illustrious debater of all the illustrious throng. And Virgil? why he would take the deeds of our famed assembly, the *gesta* of many generations of oratorical heroes and political giants, and weave them into a new

and greater epic, to be the study and delight of all succeeding ages.

The van of Friday evening's long procession was gallantly led by the modern Orpheus, V.-P. W. R. P. Parker, stoutly supported by the immortal singers of ever melodious glees. Twice did their sweet, sonorous voices echo throughout the hall, sounding the psalm of the firm alliance that music has made with oratory in the great society. The rank and file of the harmonious core have learnt the great lesson of prompt obedience, and even majestic Kerr MacMillan, follows closely his superior's nod. It is truly instructive and pathetic to see such mighty men become once more like little children.

Our popular comrade, Mr. Carrol, now kindly advanced to the front and read in excellent style the report of the celebrated legal proceedings brought by the Bull against the Boat, and by the Boat against the Bull. This exposure of the broad, manly, and sensible procedure followed in the legal profession, seized the fancy of the Society, and there can be not the slightest doubt that the infatuation of many future legal limbs for their glorious calling will date from Mr. Carroll's humorous reading.

But law soon showed herself in darker colors. The men of '93 were appointed to debate this evening with the men of '94; the pleasing subject of capital punishment had been chosen, and now the grand tableau began. Mr. Woods, draped in the sable gown, appeared on the stage staggering beneath the weight of an authentic scaffold, from whose beam there dangled a human form. This beatific spectacle excited in the breasts of the rival orators the liveliest passions. "Just look at it," exclaimed the affirmative, "what rank injustice it shows, what abominable stupidity, what deep immorality, what disgusting and inhuman barbarism!" "Behold it," cried the negative, "who but fools would condemn it? you see therein expressed the very truest wisdom, the most expedient policy, the most enlightened philanthropy, the only engine that can reform the bad, the only safeguard that can shield the good!" The Society nodded, and rolled, and laughed, and cheered, now in derision, now in applause, but it was sadly noticeable that the humanity of '94 and the firm sagacity of '93 were the immediate products of the loyalty of either party to its respective class.

Mr. Woods, one of the very keenest debaters that we have to-day, pleaded his case in his usual Q.C. manner. He was ably seconded by Mr. Lingelbach, who evinced in his speech commendable partiality to the historical method. If Mr. Bowes, the leader of the negative, had been nourished from his childhood on Macaulay's essays, and so trained up to fluency, he would be a debater of a very high order. His power of grasping the opposing arguments and testing their validity when considered as a whole, is almost as valuable a quality as the imposing persuasiveness of Mr. Bull. That gentleman in one of his very finest efforts showed what it is possible for the stump to do, and we shall view with interest the career of one of its most promising sons.

During the course of the evening some stray graduate lambs had entered again with joy the undergraduate fold. Our veteran, Dr. Smith, was requested by the President to decide the debate. On due consideration it was awarded to the negative, but it is hoped that the feelings of mercy and virtue aroused during the course of the evening in the hearts of '94 will enable them to bear their pain with becoming fortitude, and even not to be too joyful if they see in a future noose-paper that a member of '93 has been hanged.

Our beloved Murphy, whose warm heart had sent him to our gathering, was asked to give us a joke and responded in all his old time form. "The Irish people," said Murphy, "are making a row it is true, but they have brought their troubles to a head, and the proud old Irish motto is, 'Wherever you see a head, hit it.'" Rob. Knox, with his big heart and big voice, bore eloquent testimony to the practical and manly influences of our Society. We had