

silence our contemporary draws the inference that we have been converted. Our attitude is one of defence, not one of defiance; we are conservative, not radical. We have no occasion, as we certainly have no desire, to put ourselves in an attitude of antagonism to the affiliated colleges. But at the same time we reserve to ourselves the right of criticism and attack when necessary. Our first duty, as we regard it, is to University College and its interests. When they are concerned it is ours to do what we can to defend and protect them. Our contemporary has, apparently, not forgiven THE VARSITY for the publication of the New Protestantism articles. We are sorry for this, but have nothing to regret in the matter. We have no quarrel with the *Knox College Monthly*, but feel it but just to the former staff of this paper, as to the present, to correct the impression which the *Monthly's* article would convey. We have nothing but the most friendly feelings for our contemporary, whose Board of Editors is composed entirely of our own graduates, and whose value as a magazine is increasing with each issue; but we must respectfully decline to receive its congratulations about our "change of front."

Not only all who have had to do with University College in the past few years, but University men generally,—and not University men alone, but all who would zealously care for and foster what there is of Canadian literature,—will welcome the announcement that Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., of London, are about to issue a volume of the poems of Mr. T. B. Phillips-Stewart, of THE VARSITY staff in the spirit, but long lost to us in the flesh, in his wanderings over seas. The class of '87 need not be reminded that in their sophomore year Mr. Phillips-Stewart did them the honor of winning the prize by his poem, "The New World," which has its place in "THE VARSITY Book." The poems which appeared over his name in our columns last year are familiar to our readers; and little that we can say in praise and sympathetic approval of them will have force to add to their power, and beauty, and promise.

Mr. Phillips-Stewart departs from London for Rome within the month; and it is not unlikely that before these lines are in print his volume will have been launched on the perilous sea, whose ebb-tide leaves stranded multitudes of waifs. But we have all confidence in his self-sustaining strength and the high poetic purpose which will, in time, compel the literary world to take note of him; and we are assured that the best wishes of our readers are with the gifted young Canadian in his first attempt to scale the Old World heights.

UNRECORDED CONVERSATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

I.—STEELE AND DEAN SWIFT.

One afternoon Mr. Addison and Sir Richard Steele entered But-ton's arm in arm, and found assembled most of the wits who frequented that well-known coffee-house. Mr. Ambrose Phillips, with somewhat violent gestures and not a little excitement, was delivering his opinion of Mr. Pope's paper on Pastoral Poetry in the *Guardian* of that day. Mr. Addison said but little, and seemed lost in meditation while he smoked his long pipe. Sir Richard, who had been fuddling himself earlier in the day, absorbed quantities of spirits and water, throwing out flashes of wit into the discussion going on, and then relapsing into a moody silence.

Dean Swift entered with a pretentious grandeur of manner which was lost on those present by reason of the ardour of their conversation. After a few words with Mr. Addison, the Dean, annoyed at Sir Richard's persistent inattention to his presence, bawled out with the ill-bred vulgarity which was so disagreeably characteristic of him, "So, Mr. Dick, you don't know your friends any longer now, when you see them,—eh?"

"They do tell me that I am growing short-sighted," said Steele, turning to his fellow countryman with tipsy gravity, "but if you would kindly shut your mouth so that I may see more of your face, perhaps I then shall be able to make out who you are."

II.—HUXLEY'S MERRY JEST.

"Herbert Spencer has been telling me that you were labouring last evening under extreme cerebral excitement," remarked Huxley, as he met Richard A. Proctor emerging from a London drug store on the second of January.

"I have just been procuring some bromide," returned Proctor, smiling feebly.

"I understand," Huxley continued, "that you magnanimously offered to clean out two bobbies with one hand tied behind your back, and that you drew a great crowd by rendering several local selections very acceptably——"

"Good Heavens!" gasped Proctor, "Did I do that?"

"Very acceptably," persisted Huxley, "though with a rather thick utterance. You made the street howl with melody, and were the centre-piece of a large and enthusiastic celebration."

"I haven't the slightest—I don't remember——" ejaculated Proctor, putting his hand to his head vaguely. "Last evening is a perfect blank to me!"

"Would I not be justified, now," Huxley inquired with a merry twinkle in his eye, "in putting this on record as an exceptionally well authenticated instance of Unconscious Celebration?"

W. J. H.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

"A SUGGESTION."

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

DEAR SIRS,—In your last number appears one of the most astounding instances of the "consciousness of genius" that the American continent has produced. I attack the article from cover because the author's acquaintance is a source of intellectual profit to me. I confess that the first sentence of "A Suggestion" slightly staggered me. On recovering, it occurred to me, "this *must* be a joke." But the "suggestion" of this galaxy "Rasselas," "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and "A Suggestion," so primarily essential to its creation in the mind, is evidently *no* joke. The author might have omitted poor Ben Jonson's name, and certainly he ought not to have tried to father his hasty *suggestio mei* on the undefended dead. You must understand, Mr. Editor, that I proceed according to the canon that "Brevity is the soul of wit," and, therefore, do I conclude that the first thirty lines are *not* a very prosy joke, but a little revelation of genius. The author finishes (alas! too soon) by throwing out the suggestion. What a pity this was not done instead of putting it in print. But—and here ensues another train of subtle philosophy fairly sampled thus—"I cannot help thinking that to some the VARSITY has been merely a vehicle for the insertion of 'copy' which could not elsewhere be inserted," and "But 'comely,' truly, VARSITY articles have almost always been." This latter phrase must, according to Ruskin and Arnold, mean that the articles in question are beautiful within and without. Here, evidently, one of the "fat women" came betwixt his "wit" and his sense. Roget and many others use the word "Psychics," and it can be found in many dictionaries, so that this special coining of the author must be, as it indeed appears, a counterfeit. Still we may acquit him of any criminal offence for he observes: "Doubtless, there are many in University College who know much more of the matter than do I."

And here let me notice a pretty literary gem of your own, Mr. Editor: "The *battle* of the magazines will open this winter with a brilliant *campaign*."

Yours feebly,

OLD SLEDGE.

"VARSITY."

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Every time that I take up your valuable paper my highly strung nerves receive a shock on observing the title which to me savours somewhat of slang. I have heard the term used at Oxford in reference to the 'Varsity boat or the 'Varsity Football team, etc., such being also the case at Cambridge University. I think it would seem to any one unbecomingly that the first word which meets the eye in the organ of this great Educational Institution, which would be supposed to be devoted entirely to articles in cultured language and other matter of the same kind, should be of the nature of slang. I will not, however, go so far as this without making some suggestion myself; I think some such title as University Gazette or Chronicle would be more appropriate. When I leave University College I am sure I shall feel much more inclined to continue taking your valuable paper, if it bears a different name. I have spoken to other University men on the subject and fancy a change of name would meet with general acceptance; the same, I think, will prove true with regard to the outside public, not to speak of our graduates. If I have not made myself prominent in any other way in University College affairs I shall feel much gratified if I shall prove to be the means of bringing about this much needed reform; or, at any rate, to bring about a thorough discussion of the subject. Hoping this will meet with your approval,

I remain yours,

J. C. BURROWS.

University College, Toronto, Dec. 8th, 1886.