

## "OLD ROMAN" AGAIN.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to tender you my thanks for having at least made a painstaking and conscientious effort to arrive at the true meaning of my letter. Your interpretation is exactly the one I hoped it would meet with, and I am sorely grieved that so many of our undergraduates had previously accepted the other and baser theory. Your criticism of my letter was otherwise very harsh; and I could not sufficiently express my indignation at your having expurgated some of what I humbly considered my most forcible paragraphs. However I am prepared to kiss the hand that smote me in consideration of your penetrating insight into my ulterior motives and of your kindly and comprehensive expression of my real views.

In preface to a brief criticism of the communications published in answer to my ill-starred letter, I would remind their writers as, *unius*, if I mistake not, reminded Sir Wm. Draper that for advocates of decorum they have resorted to very peculiar expedients to place me in an unenviable light.

Mr. Bunting is condemned out of his own mouth by the words "I do not wish it to be said that I can find no other method of replying to argument than that of calling names." But does he find any other method? I will not comment on the answer an unprejudiced undergraduate will make lest I roughly jar some chord in Mr. Bunting's finely strung chivalrous temperament. I am utterly unable to see why you published his rugby-stamped letter, unless it is because he is in the ring with you and the other incompetents who at present control THE VARSITY columns. And yet I am creditably informed he is so interested in the paper's welfare that he has never been at an editorial meeting, and that this graceful and gentlemanly letter is his first contribution to its pages.

In dealing with Miss Lawson, I will try to soften my bristling cestus. I cannot think she is so dreadful as her letter would indicate. I am sure that if my unworthy blood were metaphorically shed by her cruel missive:

Her little hand defiled with blood,  
Her tender tears of womanhood  
Most woman pure would make.

Furthermore I am sure that ere now she has repented of having rushed into the arena of print against such a contemptible gladiator as myself. She surely did not realize the full force of

But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight, nor of some other of her words which are even less creditable and profitable to her cause than Tennyson's damaging line.

Turn with me now if you will to Chandos. To begin with I would respectfully advise Chandos to confine himself to his favourite Webster and not burden his already overloaded brain with Grattan and Lord Dufferin. To every reader of his lines I respectfully submit the question whether their sickly sentimentality is not enough to justify my position. The poor, love-lorn, moon-struck sophomore takes up his effeminate stylus and dashes off a glowing vituperation against my dastardly self, not so much to reply to my statements as to strengthen his position in the affections of some beloved Chloris so cowardly attacked by me, so magnanimously defended by him and so deeply adored in his undying nineteen-year-old affections. I do not altogether blame you, Dan'l, for worshipping your ideal for

I have heard love talked in my early youth  
And since, not so long back, but that the flowers  
Then gathered smell pleasantly still.

But, praises be unto Venus, it was before I came to Varsity, not to say before I left my Sophomore year. And now I would counsel you to apply yourself more closely to your laudable forensic ambitions, to practise a more "austere devotion," and to remember that a young man achieving asinine distinction in his way of love is not likely to achieve distinction in any other sphere.

Let me treat for a moment of the general effect of my letter. I think it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who once wandered out into a meadow, and turning over a large stone watched the scurrying to and fro of the countless

little bugs disturbed by the unwonted light of day. Well, I turned over a rather huge stone, and you have seen the resultant animation. I poured in an acid, and there must have been a base for it to react on or we should have had no such clouds of rather disagreeable gas. Why, I am actually informed on good authority that at the "Women's Literary Society," last Saturday night, a motion was brought in that was virtually a vote of censure on the conduct of certain of the First year ladies. It was, of course, quashed by a combination of the First and Second years, but does it give to my letter the appearance of having been written by one who was scribbling in his sleep?

And now, as I sink back into the impenetrable obscurity from which I emerged for an ephemeral prominence, you will have no objections to my saying that I really believe the students of Toronto favor higher education for woman. But I am just as confident that they also believe that this is subordinate to the emotional part of their nature, and that down deep in their hearts, whatever they profess with their lips, they agree with Longfellow's Spanish student, when he says to his Gipsy sweetheart:—

The world of the affections is thy world,  
Not the intellect; the intellect is finite,  
The affections are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.

Jupiter and Mars preserve and keep thee, with Athena and Venus for thy handmaidens.—*Vale*.

"OLD ROMAN."

[We are in duty bound to give "Old Roman" another hearing in order to allow him a chance to defend himself against the attacks made on him editorially and otherwise in our last issue, but this will be positively his last chance to insert anything on this subject in THE VARSITY columns. We have again exercised our prerogative in excerpting the most virulent sections of his letter which did not really bear directly on the subject under consideration, and besides we confined him entirely to the defence of himself and not to propagate any new thing regarding the vexed Varsity women question nor to sustain any of his previous allegations by further proofs of his obnoxious statements. The discussion at this juncture will have to close as we can spare no more space for the subject. We are sorry now that we allowed "Old Roman's" first letter to appear, but under the circumstances we could not act otherwise.—ED.]

## THE WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE VARSITY:

The regular monthly meeting of the Women's Literary Society of University College was held on Saturday evening, 20th ult., in the college Y.M.C.A. Hall.

A communication was read from Hon. Edward Blake and Mrs. Blake accepting the position of patrons of the Society. Moved by Miss Jeffrey and seconded by Miss Lawson that the corresponding secretary be instructed to convey to Mr. and Mrs. Blake the cordial thanks of the Society for their kindly consenting to become its patrons, and that they be invited to attend any of its meetings. Carried unanimously.

Two letters from Mr. R. H. Knox, editor of VARSITY, asking the members of the Society to send articles for publication in the college paper, were read but no action was taken.

The Glee Club, under the able management of Mrs. Harrison, rendered very sweetly "Oft in the Stilly Night" and "I would that my Love," both of which were encored. Miss Julia Hillock's piano solo was well received. The essay "Varsity and Varsity Life," by Miss Hill, '93, contained vivid pictures of University life, and the brilliant witticisms provoked considerable laughter.

The inter-class debate "Resolved that the modern tendency to specialization is beneficial" was led by Miss J. S. Hillock, '92. We are naturally endowed with taste for one subject. By lessening the range we can concentrate our powers upon a few subjects and so make progress.