

through the obstructions of innumerable difficulties. And because I consider the leisured wealth of many, and the material prosperity of more, to be a most necessary adjunct to the formation of a literature, I welcome any change which may pour capital into the country from any source soever. And, thinking as I do, I cannot but favour any political independence to ripen the season for a heart and soul-annexation with the States. Continued independence would perhaps be preferable, but who, contemplating the continental designs of our neighbours could blind himself from foreseeing incessant attendant feuds continually growing into warfare?

Sad it is that we must await the bidding of gold to create for us the leisure so needful to inspiration, and to generate in the land the Maecenas spirit which we as sadly lack. However, a mere material and bestial prosperity, though as an attributive adjunct so needful, is in itself poor stuff. I wish I possessed power to tell it to more than yourself, who already know it, that not for the cruel knowledge that a country is omnipotent for a space of Time in arms, and not for the historic intelligence that it has at one time swayed by cunning the marts of the world, is that country to be held forever in the world's esteem and reverence. But by eternal reason of the potent voices outlasting empires that have there rung forth their souls in fierce protest or in warning, in the worship of Truth, or in submission to the Beauty within them.

I forgive you for saying that you intended leaving the country.  
Yours sincerely,  
R. S. P.

"MY LADY."

[I have no fault to find with the poetry in general to be found in THE VARSITY; but none has ever exactly expressed my views. When, last week, in turning over the interesting pages of our exponent of thought, etc., "My Lady" caught my sight, I thought "Surely here is what I want!" But no. Why? I cannot tell. It is beautiful. At least I suppose it is for I cannot understand it and so I give it the benefit of the doubt.

I am therefore forced to write a poem expressive of my own sentiments. This poem may not succeed, but it has all the elements of success about it. First, I have taken a popular subject; second, I have treated it in a popular manner, referring to popular persons whose relations, down to the third generation will, no doubt, be flattered at my delicate allusions to the family talent, and will of course mention this delightful little poem to their acquaintances, and even make an odd new one that they otherwise would not care to make, just for the sake of having a chance to publish the advertisement a little more widely. I have worked myself up to a high state of enthusiasm and I have poured forth this enthusiasm in delicate, sweet-sounding or sonorous phrases and words that do not express anything in particular; and finally, I have expressed some very deep sentiments and emotions whose meaning I scarcely know myself.

All this I have done for my readers. Now, to please myself. I have reserved only one whim and that is to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I know that nineteenth century poets (especially lyrical) are expected to avoid this as they would the plague, but I also know that I am ahead of my time and can calmly bear the hostile criticism of the age in which I am unfortunately placed while I look proudly forward to the homage of generations as yet unborn.]

I will sing you a song of a beautiful land,  
Of a city down by the sea.  
In the wealth of its beauty it shines from afar,  
In its mantle of purity.  
But though great is the beauty of life on its face,  
And sweet is the sun on its brow,  
Though the waters from eastward and westward and south,  
In their pride, have rolled over, as now,  
'Tis not of its beauty or grandeur I sing,  
Though each is full worthy of song;  
The loving young face of a 'Varsity miss  
Has caught me and carried along.  
Oh! her beauty is bright as the sun in his might,  
As he treads through the portals of day;

And, in form, she's as fair as the sirens once were,  
When they led the Greek sailors astray.  
But her heart is so good, that I know she ne'er would  
(Though her actions seem strange I must say)  
Treat the masculine sex, on whatever pretext,  
In such a horribly Paganish way.  
Then, she knows more of French than does Archbishop Trench;  
And, in culture, do all men agree,  
Mathew Arnold had not, in his wisdom of thought,  
Such command of the art as has she.  
She has beaux by the score, who would tramp the world o'er  
From where'er, like the knights of old time,  
To the shrines of the East, could they win, but the least,  
On their lady-love's thoughts, in that clime;  
And would count it but gain, just to tramp back amain,  
With the glory of love in each soul,  
Could they win but the race, with a fortunate grace,  
To receive her sweet self at the goal.  
But I'm sorry to say, though confess it I may,  
That she never has smiled upon me;  
Still my love is as deep as the regions of sleep,  
Or the shadows down under the sea.  
Yes! I'm true as, you see, true lover must be,  
Till he meets a sweet face, that, to him,  
Is still fairer by far, than the gates slide ajar,  
And he, fancy-free, takes a new whim.  
Then! come fill up the cup! and of nectar we'll sup  
As we drink her sweet health full and deep,  
And we'll shout out our joy, somewhat mixed with alloy,  
Till the pluggers have e'en gone to sleep.

N. B.—The author considers the allusion in the last line a particularly delicate and touching one.

TIMOTHY SEED.

LITERARY NOTES.

Referring to the financial position of Johns Hopkins University, on the thirteenth Commemoration Day (Feb. 22), President Gilman said:—"A prudent management of our affairs during the last few years has enabled the trustees to pay all our current expenses, to build three large laboratories, to collect a large library and a great amount of apparatus, and to buy a great deal of real estate for the buildings that are wanted, and at the same time to lay by a considerable amount of accumulated income. This store they are now spending. It is not, like the widow's cruse, inexhaustible, but if the sum of \$100,000 can be added to it, and if our receipts from tuition remain undiminished, the University will go forward during the next three years without contraction, without borrowing, and without begging." This is better than many of those in sympathy with the university had expected and all must hope that no money may be lacking to enable that institution to continue the grand work it has done in the past.

*Haper's Weekly* for March will contain the opening chapters of a new novel, by Howells, which is to give the New York adventures of Isabel, Basil and other characters who figured in "Their Wedding Journey."

George Kennan, the author of the *Century's* Siberian articles, went there many years ago to help run a telegraph line across Russian Asia. He is described as having a spare figure; a long thin face; mouth concealed by a heavy moustache, and eyes large and dark.

Mr. Philip H. Welch, the author of "The Tailor-Made Girl," died in Brooklyn, on Sunday, Feb. 25th. The cause of his death was cancer in the mouth, and, though he knew that the end was inevitable, with wonderful fortitude he kept at work until the last fortnight. While many humorists of to-day yielded to a supposed popular demand for vulgarity, Mr. Welch never lowered the tone of his work, which was highly appreciated for its delicacy and purity.

The *Critic* observed the seventieth anniversary of the birth of James Russell Lowell, which occurred on Feb. 22nd, by printing some seventy letters and poems from American and English men and women of letters, among whom are Tennyson, Whittier, Gladstone, Holmes and Stedman.