

Literary Chit-Chat.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for July will contain a long poem by Whittier.

Professor Momson's "History of Rome" is being translated into English. Charles Scribner's sons are to be the publishers.

Lord Tennyson is the fortunate possessor of three homes, one in London, one at Aldworth, in Sussex, and another at Freshwater, on the Isle of Wight.

"The Fall of the Great Republic," is a sensational history of the downfall of the United States. It purports to be written in 1895 by Sir Henry Standish Coverdale, Intendant for the Board of European Administration in the Province of New York. The first chapters of this American "Battle of Dorking" are well written but the concluding ones violate all canons of probability.

Miscellaneous.

SUPPRESSED STANZAS OF GRAY'S ELEGY.

The following stanzas which Gray had inserted in the first M.S. of his immortal poem, he afterwards changed or omitted. The second of the four was moulded into the 24th, and the fourth into the 19th, as the poem now stands. The other two, beautiful as they are, were left out perhaps because they were thought to mar the unity of the poem. None but a true poet would have been able to cast aside such lines:—

The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than power or genius e'er conspired to bless.

And thou who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
Dost, in these notes, their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led,
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate.

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids ev'ry fierce, tumultuous passion cease;
In still, small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool, sequestered vale of life
Pursue the silent lesson of thy doom.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. GRANT.

Senator Ingalls, of Washington, has recently related the following incident which will be read with interest just now:—

"General Grant was one of the most entertaining after-dinner talkers I ever knew. He was only the silent man in crowds, and at times when flatterers tried to draw him out and make him talk about himself. But after dinner, or with a few congenial friends anywhere, he was ready, interesting and often fascinating in conversation. I recall especially one evening when General Grant was President. It was at a dinner party he gave at the White House. Among the guests were a number of Senators and General Sheridan. Mrs. Grant and the ladies had retired from the table and we were smoking our cigars. General Grant talked a great deal. He was in his happiest mood, and I know everybody enjoyed him just as much as I did. I don't know how it came about, but finally we began to go backward and talk of the time of life a man would most care to live over again. Each one mentioned some particular age when life seemed brightest and most desirable, and a period he would enjoy to live the second time. Some turned back to boyhood, others to early manhood with the pleasant recollections, while to some the present was most satisfactory. 'And you, General; what part of your life would you like to live over again?' one of the guests asked of the President.

"General Grant dropped his chin on his breast, and was silent for a minute or two. I can see him now, as we all waited for his answer, and tried to read it in his face, which, as usual, was a sealed book. But we fully expected he would choose that part of his life which had been prosperous and great. He lifted his head and said in a voice of quiet decision that left no doubt of sincerity:—

"'All of it. I should like to live all of my life over again. There isn't any part of it I should want to leave out.'

"I shall never forget the impression his answer made on me, and I think it impressed every one else. He was the only man in the room who was ready to take the bitter with the sweet in his life. Every one of us had left out some particular time of hardship and discouragement, when the world seemed darkest. Not one was brave enough to face that time again; and probably not one of us had had such hard times and so much of real adversity to begin with. I think the most of us had begun to prosper before he was out of the woods. But General Grant was the only man smoking his afternoon cigar at the White House that evening who had the courage to live his whole life over again."

THE ÆSTHETES.

The wild young kitten aroused the cat,
As dozing at ease in the path she sat.
"Oh, Mother!" he cried, "I have just now seen
A flower that suggested an Orient queen!
'Tis yonder by the nasturtium-vine—
Barbaric and tropic and leonine—
(I am not quite clear what these terms may mean,
But they've something to do with the flower I've seen!)
And the aim in life of a high-souled cat
Is to gaze forever on flowers like that!"

To the wild young kitten replied the cat,
As blinking her eyes in the sun she sat:
"I should hope I had known how sunflowers grow,
I—couldn't—count—how—many years ago!
But they never caused in my well-poised mind
Ideas of a dubious, dangerous kind!
And your time henceforth—it's your Ma's advice—
Will be spent in maturing your views on Mice!"

The wild young puppy disturbed the pug,
As she drowsed in peace on the Persian rug.
"Oh, Mother!" he cried, "I have just now seen
A plume that suggested a rainbow's sheen!
With a gorgeous eye of a dye divine,—
Blue-green, iridescent, and berylline—
(I am not quite clear what these terms may mean,
But they've something to do with the thing I've seen!)
And the only joy of a cultured pug
Is to gaze on such in a graceful jug!"

To the wild young puppy replied the pug,
Composing herself on the Persian rug:
"I would blush with shame through my dusky tan
If I raved at a piece of a peacock fan!
'Twould never have raised in my sober mind
Ideas of a doubtful, delirious kind!
I will see that henceforth your attention goes
To perfecting the snub of your small black nose!"

—Helen Gray Cone, in *St. Nicholas* for June.

Literary Review.

ELECTRA for June, contains a well arranged variety of interesting articles biographical, historical, practical, philosophic, and imaginative. This periodical is what it claims to be, a "Magazine of pure literature," for the home circle.

"WELCOME HOME, BRAVE VOLUNTEERS," is a new sheet of Music dedicated to the Volunteers of Canada. The words by John Innes are spirited and of the music it is sufficient to say that it is composed by F. H. Torrington, and doubtless worthy of his reputation. Printed and Published by Tm.s & Graham, 26 and 28 Colborne St., Toronto.