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THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

As Macdonald's army was crossing the Alps, a little drummer boy was carried over a precipice by a storm; he fell unhurt to the bottom of the gulf, and there, deep down amid the crushed forms of avalanches, the poor fellow stood beating the rapid strain which had so often rallied his companions.

Beat on! little drummer, thy call is unheeded;
Beat on! thy companions are deaf to thy call,
The sound of thy drum can no longer be needed,
And thou 'neath the snow-flake art destined to fall.

The clash of the sword and the musketry rattle
Were silenced erstwhile at the tap of thy drum,
Its sound oft decided a hardly fought battle,
But now it is powerless 't avert thy dark doom.

Tap! tap! went the drum, and the snow-covered vallies
Reechoed the sound that seemed weaker to grow,
But oft as the lost one his waning strength rallies,
The drum is heard louder from 'mid the deep snow.

The soldiers above hear the poor drummer calling.—
Alas, 'tis in vain they would lend him their aid,
For 'round them they see their companions are falling,
They know to sustain life their strength they will need.

Still fainter the call of the drummer ascended,
And weaker and weaker his little arms grew,
His comrades at last knew his miseries were ended,—
No longer they heard the drum sound 'mid the deep snow.

Blow on Alpine winds! for his soul has departed,
This body no longer can feel your chill breath;
Plunge on, rolling avalanche! your hopes have been
thwarted,
Already he sleeps in the cold arms of death.

DARIUS WINTERTOWN.

A SONNET TO TATE.

I'm sad to night: my spirit's fading slow,
My heart is full, my hopes are growing dim;
The tears adown my cheek unbidden flow,
The future comes upon me fraught with wo,
And life seems wearisome, and joy a whim.
She whom I love and cherish and adore,
Whose every wish I sought 't anticipate,
In whom my life is centered,—she no more
Responds to my affection as of yore,
But leaves me sadly to my bitter fate!
Ah! pity me at least, if Love hath fled!
The sacred temple of thy virgin heart:
Tate, Darling, Come! ere every hope hath sped,
Some solace to my flickering soul impart.

DARIUS WINTERTOWN.

MODERN LITERATURE.

In heading this essay with the above words unqualified or unexplained, we would lay ourselves open to the charge of attempting to compress within the limits of an article in a monthly magazine, what would furnish matter for volumes. What we wish to do is merely to turn over a few thoughts concerning the uses and tendencies of the modern forms of English Literature; and there can be no fitter occasion for such an attempt, than the inauguration of a new candidate for monthly honors, especially when it is considered how important a part in our modern Literature, such periodicals play.

It is owing entirely to such ready and such wide-reaching means of the people that the literature of our day differs so much in character from that of the times of earlier writers. Then the author penned his lines without a thought for the great mass of the people; now magazines, pamphlets, newspapers spread intelligence and independent thought among the toiling crowds of the city, among the rugged cultivators of the soil; and that writer who cares to obtain a favorable hearing, must make his thought as clear to those whom he addresses as it is to himself. It is the difference which exists between a work prepared for the use of advanced and well-trained students, and a popular lecture; between a University text-book and a public-school primer.

No modern writer thinks of limiting himself to any staid mode of expression, such as epic, dramatic, lyric, etc. He knows that the great majority of his readers can not appreciate an attempt on his part to confine his thoughts within given limits. We have not had a poem written during the last century which one may call an epic proper, excepting perhaps Bulwer's "King Arthur," we have not even had a poet excepting Tennyson but who has also written in prose.

What are the advantages of the present Literary expression? They are the advantages which the free citizen of a mighty Empire possesses over the enslaved and superstitious subject of an eastern despot, over the trembling inhabitant of a priest-ridden State. Happy, respected and independent can the writer now live; not hanging on the capricious favour of a patron, nor compelled to force thought to run in the narrow channel prescribed by orthodox power. No one who is now able to use a pen can languish in neglect, where so many and as varied openings lie before him. No Chatterton now-a-days sinks into a self-sought grave; no Burns after one swift flash dies of neglect and vexation; no Johnson spends a youth in want and disease until he contract habits which terrify and disgust those around him; and where a genius like Edgar Poe dies after shaming and disgracing his lofty abilities, it is only when the friends which these abilities drew toward him have again and again failed in earnest attempts to draw him from his lower nature. And not only to authors do our multimiform periodicals ensure hearing and reward; permeating through every throbbing pore of the nation, they educate and purify, and give to the hard-working men and women something of enjoyment for the moment and hope for the future; and though there is another side to this picture in the shape of low novels and other worse prints, yet these, the darker