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CANNÆ.

Round Cannæ's scattered hovels,
Beside Aufidus' stream,
The blinding wind Vulturæus
Is sweeping o'er the plain—
Over two stately armies
Advancing to the fight,
Their standards and their armour
All glancing in the light.

The serried front of Carthage
Is formed for the fray,
With its varied line of soldiers
In many a strange array ;
There, cruel, strong-limbed negroes
From Afric's arid waste
Are mingling with the giant Gauls,
Light-hued of hair and face.

And there uprears each elephant
Its huge, unwieldy mass,
And wheeling swift in dusky troops
The fierce Numidians pass ;
And the white-vested Spaniards
Are standing side by side,
With bands from Labian cities
Tired of the Roman pride.

How fearlessly and proudly
Bears Rome upon the foe !
Far in the van, reared high aloft,
The conquering eagles go—
Go haughtily and bravely
Across that fatal plain,
Which few of those beneath them massed
Shall ever leave again.

Now rises loud the shout of war—
Now steel rings sharp on steel—
The armies shake like storm-swayed grain,
As grain, Death's scythe the they feel ;
But slowly breaks the Roman line
Before the savage foe,
And down go Romans, stricken hard,
And down the eagles go.

Spurs off in haste proud Varro,
Who caused this fatal day ;
While good Emilius fights and dies,
As only heroes may.
And the sluggish stream Aufidus
Now deeply-coloured runs,
Tinged by the blood of thousands
Of the seven-hilled city's sons.

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The conflict stern has ended,
And night has covered o'er
The sodden shapes that once were men,
The pools of clotted gore ;
And far above the quivering field,
Where lies the pride of Rome,
The stars are shining silently
To welcome true souls home.

O Rome ! hadst thou not omens
To trust not in thy might,
Did not the gods in kindness
Forewarn thee of this fight ?
Did not the Sabine statues
Perspire red drops of blood,
And the fountain at fair Cœre
Pour forth a heated flood ?

And on the Campus Martius
Did not the bolts of Jove
Bring death to many a trembling wretch
From the darkened heaven above ?
O Rome ! when next thou sendest forth
Thy citizens to slay,
See that the gods be on thy side
And envious pride away.

THE CANADIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

An Essay Read before the University Literary Society by Mr. H. Felly, B.A.

My object in qualifying the term Literary Society with the word Canadian, was to give myself scope for making a few general remarks upon intellectual life in Canada. These I now proceed to make.

Canada is in her youth, and, as is very often the case in youth, the animal in her is predominant. Commerce, agriculture, manufactures—physical things seem to confine the hopes and bound the enterprise of the people. And yet not altogether ; there is some little stir of the higher life of mind, some kindling of mental fervour, some slight energy of intellect.

This is most clearly seen, perhaps, in political circles. Here we find the greatest heat of intensity, the most restless and enthusiastic activity. True, this is not always of the best kind. The mercenary idea, the grossly utilitarian, seems to thrust itself in everywhere. Personal interest rather than pure love of the thing, selfish hopes instead of public spirit seem to be the impelling force, the stream which turns the little mill-wheel of our life. If our newspapers—strongly partizan, as they usually are mirror with any truthfulness at all the real state of the country, then we must conclude that there is interwoven into the fabric of our national life a very strong element of the lower part of human nature.

Still, taking them with all their failings and faults, the political excitements of our country are a hopeful sign. We