

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

## IT IS NOT FOR LONG.

BY MARIE.

The sombre shadows of the past

Fall on my weary brain;

Old memories crowd in thick and fast,

Till life's horizon is o'ercast,

And hollow sounds the angry blast,

In sweeping from the main.

Upon the solemn midnight air

What shadowy phantoms rise,

In ghostly coldness everywhere,

And mock me in their silence there,

Till pierced and maddened with despair,

I close my burning eyes.

And o'er me steals a gentle sound—

A slumb'rous sound of peace,

That fills the sleeping air around

With that serenity profound

In which all agony is 'drown'd,

And all sad wailings cease.

It is a voice that seems to say,

'Arouse thee, and be strong!

Thy night of grief will pass away,

See, yonder comes the dawning grey;

Ariar, be ready for the day—

'This life is not for long.'

I looked, and lo! around me stood,

In spectral array,

My early visions, pure and good,

But swallowed in the rushing flood,

As midst the waving foam I stood,

All whitened by the spray.

The vows I made at rising sun—

The noble deed and thought,

The valiant battle to be won,

And here, the little really done,

The very preface scarce begun,

All, all dissolved in nought!

But looking at them bold, I cried,

'Nay, do not mock me so!

Ye come my tardiness to chide,

And yet, on the receding tide,

Some blossoms I may scatter wide,

An offering ere it go.

Then rose there pallid shapes and pale,

The dim and haunting dead;

And, oh! I needed strongest mail,

To close the ear to their low wail,

For long across this dreamy vale

For them my soul had bled.

I waved them by with gentle hand,

And said, 'depart sweet ghosts!

When life's last embers have been fann'd,

And I on earth's green margin stand,

Return, and claim me for your band,

And lead me to your hosts.

But now rude labor doth await;

And I must up and do;

Must join the phalanx ere too late—

Must weave the golden thread of Fate,

Or Death will ope' its iron gate,

Ere half my work is through.

Blessed, voice, that cried in melody,

'Arouse thee and be strong!

I will arise, and heartily

Bid all these phantom figures flee,

For swiftly comes eternity;

This travail is not long.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## FORTY EIGHT HOURS OF GARRISON LIFE IN MONTREAL.

BY ABEL LOG.

## CHAPTER I.

It was towards the noon of a lovely moonlight in the month of August, 184—, that Captain Ernest de Lisle, after having spent a very agreeable evening with some friends in the neighborhood of the Mountain, was wending his way leisurely homeward to his quarters in the city barracks. As he crossed the Place d'Armes and was turning into the Rue Notre Dame, his gaze fell on the lofty steeple of Christ Church, and he uttered an involuntary exclamation of delight; for the silver rays of the rising moon were resting upon the polished spire, and it looked less like a thing of earth than of the clear and deep blue heaven above it. As, still gazing upon this bright object of his admiration, he proceeded even more leisurely than before, up the Rue Notre Dame, a little hand was suddenly laid upon his arm; and, glancing hastily to earth again, he beheld the dark eyes of a pale, though beautiful young girl, of apparently about eighteen years of age, fixed mournfully upon his own. In another

moment she had burst into tears, and, sinking at his feet, buried her face in his hands. At that instant a miniature slipped from her bosom, and a ray of light flashing upon it, Captain De Lisle recognised the well-known features of one of the gayest and most dissolute of his brother officers.

'Therese Lamontagne,' cried Ernest, as he raised the weeping girl tenderly from the ground. 'I thank God for having brought about this strange and unexpected meeting, which, by his blessing shall be turned to good account. There is no time to be lost. We must speak together immediately, and in private; for we should be certain to attract observation, did we remain longer here.'

Therese dashed away her tears, drew her shawl closer around her face, and beckoned the young soldier to follow her. Ernest looked up the street, and down the street, and towards a neighboring window or two; and seeing no one, and hearing no approaching steps, without uttering another syllable, obeyed. Recrossing the Place d'Armes, and passing quickly over the deserted Champ de Mars, he suffered himself to be led into an obscure street in the suburbs of the city, when his conductress pausing at a small mean house, produced a key, unlocked the door, and laying her finger upon her lip, took De Lisle by the hand and drew him after her into a dark room. With trembling haste she then struck a light, and divesting herself of bonnet and shawl, gazed upon Ernest with an expression of countenance, that told more of sorrow and of suffering than of guilt.

'Forgive me, sir, for throwing myself on the mercy of a stranger,' cried Therese Lamontagne when her tears would allow her utterance. 'I mistook you for captain Villiers. I had wandered to this city and into the streets to-night, in the hope of meeting him; of being able to throw myself once more at his feet, and make one last appeal to his feelings as a man, and his generosity as a soldier; to beseech him by every impulse of honor and humanity, not to cast me, heart-broken and penniless, upon the cruel mercies of a cold and unsympathising world.'

'I fear that all such appeals will be vain,' replied Ernest, gloomily, 'but listen Therese. An accidental recognition in this vile locality would be fatal to your reputation as well as highly injurious to mine. Here is money. In five minutes after I have left you, quit this house, never to return to it. There are twenty hotels still open. But stay—a new idea has occurred to me. Lay upon this table what you consider an adequate remuneration for any attention you may have received here, and accept of my escort to a place where you will be safe from intrusion, and have some, it not all, of the comforts of the home you have lost.'

Therese gladly complied, and, taking the arm of Ernest, softly let down the latch behind her. Captain de Lisle drew his cloak more closely about him, and crossing the Champ de Mars again, skirted the Place d'Armes, turned into the Rue Notre Dame, and then hastening down an adjoining street, knocked at the door of a small neat house, some distance along it on the right hand side. In a few minutes the sound of approaching steps were heard upon the staircase, a ray of light flashed through the keyhole, and an elderly woman of respectable appearance presented herself in response. Ernest whispered a word or two into her ear, entered with his trembling charge, and the door was immediately closed. Shortly afterwards it was opened again, and De Lisle passed silently out. As he was walking from the spot, however, he heard a cough and a titter behind him, and turning round, perceived two of his brother officers; one of whom stepping forward clapped him familiarly upon the shoulder, and cried, laughingly, 'Well, then, I have lost my half dozen of Champagne after all. Why, my good moral and religious friend Ernest, what a sly dog you are! Here have Farley and I been watching your movements for the last half hour, the one insisting that it was you and the other that it wasn't. I admire your taste my boy. An extremely pretty face, and one of the neatest little ankles in the world.'

'Captain Villiers,' returned Ernest De Lisle disengaging himself, 'you have acted the base part of a spy upon me in this instance; henceforth I must trouble you to interest yourself in your own affairs, and leave me to the arrangement of mine, in the performance of which duty, it will be unnecessary for me to add, I shall not require your assistance.'

A roar of laughter was the reply, and Captain Villiers and his friend Farley swaggered merrily away, declaring that it was one of the most capital jokes they had enjoyed for a long time. Ernest bent his steps in the opposite direction, and, soon reaching his lodgings, threw himself disconsolately into a chair, and revolved in his mind the events of the evening.

## CHAPTER II.

When Ernest De Lisle made his appearance upon parade the next morning, he could scarcely help observing himself to be the subject of universal attention, and that many coughs, and nods, and winks, were being exchanged among the officers at his expense. He caught, indeed, one young subaltern in the very act of him a look which caused the discomfited youth almost to drop the sword he hugged from under his arm. 'The duties of the day once over, Colonel Seaburne, his commanding officer, shook him heavily by the hand, and said in his usual bluff honest way—'Dinner exactly at five, boy. Be punctual. May expects you.

The mess can spare you to-day. No shirking, sir—silence, or I will immediately put you under arrest.'

Ernest smiled, and pressing the Colonel's hand in return, moved from the heat of the sun into the shade of the poplars. He caught the eye of captain Villiers, and felt convinced that he was the subject of that gentleman's remarks. As he passed within a few yards of the group, his ear gathered the following fragments of the conversation:

'The Rue St. Gabriel, did you say? Do you recollect the number? It is one of the most splendid things I ever heard.'

'I can afford you no correct information upon that point,' returned Captain Villiers, 'but I should know the house again. It has a green door, with a brass knocker; and is kept by an old hag with a sallow face, a sunken eye, a brown wig, and yellow ribbons.'

'You appear to know the place pretty well,' observed a corpulent lieutenant. 'Here there was a general laugh, in which Villiers heartily joined.'

'And this is the fellow who is always preaching morality to us, eh?' cried the young subaltern, munching the strap of his glazed cap, and seating himself upon the hilt of his sword. 'Ah, it is always the way with these sleek-visaged, methodistical scoundrels. By the by I can tell you a story.'

I was, once on a time, away on a hunt with a Tascorora chief or two, in the backwoods of Lake Ontario, and as luck would have it, there was a camp meeting held within a yard of the very spot where we had pitched our ten for the night. The most active and zealous of the pious fraternity, then and there figuring, was a fat, oily faced gentleman, in his shirt sleeves and a flood of tears, esconced in the hollow of a dead tree, bewailing the sinfulness of all flesh, and dealing out the brimstone bountifully to a highly terrified congregation of about a couple of hundred roaring men, women and children. Well, gentlemen, will you credit it, when I assure you upon the faith and honor of a soldier, that shortly afterwards this identical, oily faced—

Ernest could not catch the concluding portion of this entertaining story, but he presently heard a most uproarious burst of laughter, and, glancing back, saw two or three of the officers bent completely double, holding their sides, and stamping violently upon the ground in a perfect agony of mirth.

'To bear these insults in silence,' thought Ernest, as he gained his quiet and retired room in the barracks, 'is more than my hasty temper will permit me to do; and yet to resent them—bah! I am not the first person whose good intentions have been misinterpreted. Falsehood was ever a suicide. The thing will die out of itself by and by,' and he seized a book and began to read. He was interrupted by a knock at the door.

'Ah, Crawford,' he cried, rising and extending his hand, I am out of spirits this morning, and glad you are come.'

'Wait a bit,' said the lieutenant, seating himself upon the chair Ernest had placed for him, and throwing his cap and gloves upon the table; 'a bearer of evil tidings is seldom a welcome guest, and in such capacity I am sorry to add, I am doomed to figure to-day. There is a rumor on parade that is not calculated to do you any credit. It must be put a stop to immediately.'

'Have the goodness to state its import,' said Ernest coloring.

'It is reported that you were seen with a young female upon your arm at a late hour last night, and in a somewhat suspicious locality; that is the head and front of your offence. Now, had a little adventure of the kind occurred to Villiers, or to Farley, or even to myself, or fifty others, the circumstance would have attracted no notice, and provoked no comment whatever; but when you are stated to be the party concerned, who has the reputation of being a steady church-goer, tight stickler for morality, and all that sort of thing you know, my dear fellow, the case is widely different. Well, Villiers is very bitter against you, and swears that every man, woman, and child in the city, shall have heard the story before this time to-morrow. Now be quiet and sit down again, or I will hold my peace. I don't ask you whether such a report be true or false. I only say if it be true that you were seen walking with, and to enter a certain house in the company of, a young female at such an hour, in such a place, your object in having so done was a good and a laudable one; and I will drill a hole through the body of that man who dares to tell me I lie. Give me your hand.'

'And my heart too, as Brutus says,' replied Ernest. 'Crawford, I never doubted you a moment, though I feel reassured and comforted by your words; but if permitted to live another four and twenty hours I will be avenged on Captain Villiers, for the base interpretation he has been pleased to put upon my proceedings last night.'

'Ah, will that be altogether consistent?' enquired Crawford, elevating his brows; 'will you who have said duelling should not be tolerated, call out Villiers? Will you who say "forgive us our trespasses, &c. &c." (I think it runs something to that effect) harbor a spirit of revenge? Oh fie, you puzzle me, De Lisle, and it is not the first time you have done that either.'

'To what do you allude, now my friend?' asked De Lisle.

'To the matter of the hundred and fifty pounds which you (who are rarely seen to handle a cue) won the other day from Villiers, while he (so he says) was in a state of intoxication. Is this a fact?'

'Yes.'

'And you do then occasionally play?'

'If you call pushing two or three ivory balls about, for once in a way, with a long stick over a green cloth, playing, why I must certainly reply in the affirmative,' said Ernest, laughing until you could have counted all his teeth.

'Ah, I do not understand you, De Lisle. But now about this man. Do you purpose challenging him?'

'No.'

'What then?'

'He shall challenge me.'

'He is a dead shot.'

'Pooh! Look here.'

Ernest grasped a pistol, and threw up the window.

'Where shall I lodge this bullet,' said he, 'Choose a spot.'

Crawford looked out upon a little square spot of ground, which had been laid out with great taste, and pointing to a diminutive bird, said, 'there is a mark for you.'

'No,' answered Ernest, 'that bird is a friend of mine.'

'There is another then.'

'And that too. Try fix upon upon something else.'

'What think you of the nail which confines the branch of yonder apricot tree to the wall? Just pretty duelling distance, too.'

Ernest cast a careless glance at the object, and fired. The nail sank to the head in the mortar, and the bough being set at liberty, instantly swung from its thralldom. Ernest closed the window, and the two resumed their seats.

'I shall be cautious how I quarrel with you,' said Crawford.

'Oh, in the event of that,' replied Ernest, 'we will do the thing in the regular and approved New Orleans fashion,—over a table, or from the corners of a pocket handkerchief.'

'Ah, you make me ill,' said the lieutenant wiping his brow, 'I would not be Captain Villiers for a trifle. I never saw you roused before, Ernest, and cannot, for the life of me understand what, holding the peculiar views you do, you are going to be about. At all events I am at your service any moment my assistance may be required; and wringing the hand of his comrade once more, Crawford tucked his sword comfortably under his arm, and withdrew.

Ernest took up his book again and read a chapter or two. He then looked at his watch. The hands pointed to the hour of five. The great clock of Christ's Church was just striking, and all the lesser clocks of the city, as though they had only been waiting the pleasure of their more learned and popular friend, began immediately to do likewise. Hastily arranging his toilet, and seizing his sword, cap, and gloves, Ernest sallied out, and walked rapidly in the direction of Mount Royal.

## CHAPTER III.

As Captain De Lisle was turning the corner of the Place d'Armes, he narrowly escaped a collision with an old and esteemed acquaintance, in whose society he had spent a pleasant hour only the day before. He apologized for his impetuosity, and held out his hand. The old and esteemed acquaintance inspected it, stated him in the face, and passed majestically on.

'Very good,' muttered Ernest; 'I'm afraid I shall have a rather long account against you, Captain Villiers.'

Just then a carriage, containing three ladies and a lap-dog, dashed by. Ernest raised his cap and smiled. The three ladies drew down their veils, and frowned.

'Captain Villiers,' muttered De Lisle, again. He coloured to the temples, hummed an air, and presently, entering the tastefully-arranged grounds of Colonel Seaburne, knocked his well knock at the door, and was ushered into the drawing room.

His reception at the hands of the good natured old colonel, was not a whit less cordial than such receptions on his part had ever been; but when Ernest advanced to the beautiful May Seaburne, instead of welcoming him with the sweet smile that was her wont, she arose, and made the same description of salutation that she would have bestowed upon a perfect stranger; then, nearly sinking under the effort, left the room, rushed to her chamber, and gave vent to a violent flood of tears.

Ernest bit his lip, and turning, beheld Captain Villiers, whom till then, he had quite overlooked. The captain advanced with his usual frankness. Ernest surveyed him from head to foot, and swung round upon his heel.

'Heyday!' exclaimed Colonel Seaburne, 'Ernest, my boy—Ernest—Villiers—gentlemen—what is this? What do you both mean? Where is May, and what are you both staring at each other in that manner for? I demand an immediate explanation. Ernest, sit down.'

'I am sorry to observe sir that I cannot, in the presence of Captain Villiers,' said Ernest. 'And I am constrained to add, sir, that I will not, in the presence of Captain De Lisle,' said Villiers.

'Upon my word, gentlemen,' gasped the Colonel, growing perfectly scarlet, 'instead of your colonel and commanding officer, I might be taken for your drill sergeant, or one of your corporals. Come, come, Ernest, you have forgotten yourself—Villiers, I am ashamed of you. Sit down now, and eat each other's stewards, if you like.'

Ernest apologized for his haste, and obeyed. Captain Villiers did the same. May re-entered the room. She was very pale, but did not look any the less lovely and interesting on that account. Captain Villiers offered her arm, for the purpose of leading her down to