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“THE REVIEW.”]
THE NORTHERN LIGHT.
 BY CARROLL RYAN.

Behind a mighty monarch's throne
 Who dwells by the northern pole,
 Where ceaselessly the sun has shone
 And the frozen billows roll;
 Whose history, since earth was young,
 Was never told by mortal tongue
 Or known to a human soul;

A bannered light is cast on high
 On many millions spears,
 Lifting far up into the sky
 The trophied sheen of years;
 And storms sweep up from a shoreless sea
 Where that monarch holds high revelrie
 With his star-crowned mountain peers.

And balefully the northern sun
 Shines o'er that monarch's head,
 While many wrecks of ships undone,
 Peopled by frozen dead,
 Go sailing past thro' the spectral light,—
 Pale ghosts of a day that has no right
 In that lifeless sea of dread.

Far, far away from balmy isles
 Those ships and men have come;—
 They ne'er will answer welcome smiles
 Who are forever dumb.

While around that northern pole they sail
 Before the breath of a ceaseless gale
 That will never waft them home.

And round, and round the pole they go,
 A weird and ghostly fleet;
 The shrieking winds around them blow
 The undissolving sleet,
 And the pilot stands beside the wheel,
 And the Look-out clad in ice, like steel,
 Sightless keeps his frozen seat.

Had watchers wait in distant lands
 Each unreturning barque:—
 Draw not the curtains trembling hands,
 Nor peer into the dark,
 For the Northern King has bound them fast
 In his icy sea.—Their keels have past
 O'er ocean nor left a mark.

And when upon the summer sky
 Ye see the arching light,
 And view the ships go sailing by
 Like arks of hope and might,
 O! pray for them who are far at sea—
 And the lost ones may return to ye
 Like angels in dreams by night.

Ottawa, Nov., 1868.

DEATH AT THE ALTER.

“At last,” I said, joyfully, as I descended the steps of a West-end mansion, and entered my brougham; “at last my day's work is finished, and I may hope at least for a few hours' repose. “Home,” I said to the coachman, and throwing myself back in the seat, gave way to my thoughts. I had acquired, during a practice extending over nearly thirty years, a habit of passing in review, at the close of my day's labours, all the patients I had seen and prescribed for. To this habit I attribute, in a great measure, the successful treatment of many of my most difficult cases; for frequently, while thus reconsidering the case, away from the sick room, the nervous worrying of the patient, and the well-meant but injudicious comments of friends, an entirely new diagnosis would present itself, and ultimately prove the correct one. My visiting-list that day was a heavy one, and I had reconsidered the symptoms, and determined on the treatment of half my patients, before I arrived at my own house in Cavendish Square. Alas! my dreams of repose were futile, for, as soon as I entered, the servant handed me two notes. One was from a Mr. Mansfield, the wife of a rich city merchant, with a mansion in Eaton Square, and ran as follows:—

“DEAR DOCTOR —

“Pray come round at once; Clara has had another of those distressing nervous attacks—if anything worse than the previous ones. Use all your skill, for at the present juncture it is most awkward.

“Yours very truly,
 “EMMA MANSFIELD.”

“Awkward, indeed!” I muttered, not over-pleased. “And is that the term used by a mother in speaking of a daughter's health? O Mammon, thou art, in truth, omnipotent! Here is this mercenary old woman speaking of her daughter's bad health as ‘awkward,’ and why? Because the said daughter has attracted the favourable regards a man old enough to be her father—a lump of gout and servile imbecility. What matter! is he not a baronet? Sir Richard Burley, of Burley Hall, Berks, with fifteen thousand a year—a park, a town house, and family jewels, of course; and of course, also, poor little Clara Mansfield's ‘nervous attacks’ (as her mamma

designated violent hysterics, followed by deadly syncope), are very ‘awkward,’ when the baronet is expected to make an offer every day.” Telling the coachman to wait, I entered the house, and while waiting for a glass of sherry and a biscuit (dinner was out of the question), I opened the other note; it ran thus:—

“DEAR DOCTOR,

“Please give me a look round at once. That confounded Russian Bullet in my body gives me a good deal of pain to-day. Besides, I wish to see you particularly on another subject, which almost drives me mad.

“Yours very sincerely,
 “GEORGE SELBY.”

“Confound that fellow!” I muttered; “been out at a bachelor's party, I suppose—had too much punch, and, as a consequence, the ‘Russian bullet,’ as he calls it, in his body, sets up a mild inflammation, by way of a remainder of its presence. I've a great mind not to go; these young fellows seem to think we doctors have nothing to do but get them round when their own folly has caused a relapse. Something else he wants to see me about, too, that ‘almost drives him mad;’—lost his money at cards, last night; or heard this morning that the horse he backed for the Derby is scratched, perhaps. It is some such folly, I'll be bound. I've a great mind not to go!”

Nevertheless, however great my mind *not* to go might have been, in less than five minutes I was being whirled down to Selby's chambers, in Clarges Street, Piccadilly. Now, in spite of my ill-humour (and who would not be a little annoyed at having their hopes of dinner and repose so rudely dashed aside, after a hard day's work), I felt considerably uneasy at young Selby's brief note. First, in a purely professional point of view, I did not like the return of the pain from the bullet; secondly, in a more human, friendly point of view, I was concerned to know what had occurred to make my young friend write in such strong terms. He was not usually demonstrative,—but now he wrote of something which “almost drove him mad.”

I may as well take this opportunity of saying a few words in explanation.

George Selby had been a patient of mine for the last nine months, and, under Providence, owed his life to my unremitting care. He was a Lieutenant in the—th Foot, and first on the list for his company. On the Glorious but bloody day of Inkerman he was stricken down, while leading his company on (the Captain had previously fallen). He was carried, desperately wounded, from the corpse-strewn plain—alive, but leaving

Aunt Susan, about seventy years of age is “unanimous” on man. She says, if all the men were taken off, she'd make arrangements for her funeral forthwith. She also says, “Suppose all the men were in one country and all the women in another, with a river between them, Good life! what a number of poor women would be drowned.”