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FOR THE REVIEW.

THE WARRIOR.

BY MISS M. A. CAMPBELL.

He has mounted his steed, and onward he hies,
With the speed of the falcon athwart the blue
skies:

One sigh to his love, one lowly breathed pray'r,
And the gleam of his sword dances bright thro'
the air.

The eye of his courser with war's fire is lit,
Proudly dashing the foam in flakes from the bit,
The breath of his nostrils, like the burning stroc,
Or the spray of the cataract, ascending in smoke.

He pricks up his ears to the deep voice of war,
And defiant he neighs to the trumpets afar.
Bendulah; Bendulah; how eager thy pace,
Like the hound of the hunter when bound for the
chase.

They onward my steed till the high-ground we
clear,
And dash at the foe with a bound and a cheer,
Like a rock from the hills, dashing down on the
plain,
We'll clear us a path grimly marked with the
slain;

'Neath the red eye of battle reap fame and renown,
And pluck of the garlands of victory's crown.

A SHOT AT TWELVE PACES.

(Concluded.)

"'Thrifle!" ejaculated Doolan.

"Now, cannot we hit upon some method
for bringing to a peaceful issue a business
which, if proceeded with to the end at pre-
sent proposed, must, as I'm sure you per-
ceive, bring nothing but ridicule upon all
engaged in it."

"Faith, then," said Mr. Doolan warmly,
"I perceive nothing of the kind. Hark ye,
Mr. Morley, I came here to arrange peace-
ably the time and place for this meeting,
and not to dispute about the rights and
wrongs of the matter, or to question the
good sense which no doubt injured both
the gentlemen to take the fair and honor-
able course which they have taken. May
I beg, sir, that you will enter, as soon as you
conveniently can, upon the real business
for which I am here."

"There was nothing for it but to pocket
the olive, and do as the lieutenant wished.
Time and place were agreed upon, and Doolan
rose to take his leave. As we were
shaking hands in the most friendly manner,
I said, "By the way, Mr. Doolan, I must
not forget to tell you that I have nothing
at all in the shape of a duelling pistol,
perhaps you are better provided."

"Make yourself perfectly easy about that

Mr. Morley," said Doolan, who would no
more be without hair triggers than hair
brushes; "I never travel without the pace
makers. *Au revoir.*" And Mr. Doolan took
his departure, after receiving my assurance
that I would call upon the surgeon, and
make sure of his attendance upon the
ground.

I cheerfully undertook to do this, as I
was determined that, any rate, the surgeon
should not be an Irishman, and I had some
hopes that he might be able to suggest
some way out of the difficulty. Accordingly
after writing a couple of lines to O'Dowd to
say that I had arranged everything, and to
inform him of the time and place, I set off
at once to look up the surgeon. His name
was Hale, a thoroughly scientific man, de-
voted to his profession, and as little likely
as anybody to have any sympathy with the
romantic folly of a duel. I found him at
home, in remarkably good spirits, as doctors
generally are, and engaged upon a paper for
the 'Lancet,' upon the subject of gun shot
wounds.

"How are you Hale?" said I.
"How do, Morley?" said he. "What's
the matter? Anything wrong with you?
You look rather out of sorts. Digestion
wrong, or what is it?"

"Oh! there's nothing the matter with
me," I said; "don't flatter yourself. I
want your help certainly, but not for myself.
You'll be wanted about half past five
this afternoon at—"

"Eh!" said Hale. "You don't mean
to say that Mrs—"

"No, no," said I, "nothing of the kind,
quite the reverse, indeed. No, the state of
the case is this.—O'Dowd has taken um-
brage at something O'Flaherty has said, and
has insisted upon calling him out."

"Ah, that's it, is it," said Hale, his
eyes brightening, "and you'll want me up
on the ground in case of accident. Certain-
ly, with all my heart. Pistols, of course,"
with a glance at his manuscript—"nothing
like pistols. You may depend upon me,
Morley, you may be quite certain that I
shall be there."

The villain was evidently in want of an
illustration to prove some confounded
theory of his own with regard to bullet
wounds. His glance at the manuscript
betrayed him.

"No, but look here, Hale," I said, "the
affair ought not to be allowed to go on."

"You think not," said he, as if enter-
taining the very gravest doubts as to the
wisdom of my opinion.

"Certainly I think not, and you'll think
so, too, when you hear the case. Last night
O'Flaherty, when slightly screwed, charged
O'Dowd, with having tubercle of the lung.

"And a most insolent thing to say, too,
though it's a positive fact all the same. *In
vino veritas*, and no mistake. But still a
man with any respect for himself, can't al-
low his lungs to be thrown in his face in
in that way without taking notice of it.
And so O'Dowd demands an apology or a
meeting, eh?"

Just so. He insists upon an apology,
and it's really too absurd—a declaration
from O'Flaherty that the charge brought
against his lungs was unfounded."

"Quite correct," said Hale, and this
declaration O'Flaherty is, of course, unable
to make. His statement was a perfectly
true one, and he can't unmake it without
telling a falsehood. Upon my word, if you
see any way but one out of the difficulty
you are cleverer than I."

"I believe you are all gone mad," I said,
vexed beyond bearing. "There's not a
creature who will look at the thing in a calm
and reasonable manner. Why, do you
realize, sir, that just for a ridiculous word
from a drunken man a valuable life may be
lost?"

"Ah, very sad, very sad, indeed," replied
the doctor coolly; "but it can't be helped.
The matter is gone too far now to be stop-
ped. A meeting is absolutely necessary for
the honor of the parties, and,"—laying his
hand casually upon the MS., and speaking
in a thoughtful manner—"and may be of
infinite service to the cause of—"

He broke off there, but he meant "the
cause of science," I'm certain, confound
him! He was devoted to his profession was
Hale. "Half past five, at Harrison's bung-
elow, if you please, Mr. Hale," said I coldly,
and walked out of the room, the man of
science following me to the door, and as-
suring me, in the cheerfulest and friendliest
manner, that I might depend upon him
absolutely, that he would sacrifice any
number of patients sooner than not be
present, and that he would be certain not to
forget his instruments.

I had done my best. I had called upon
Common Sense to help me, but Common
Sense was nowhere to be found. I had ap-
pealed to the Dread of Ridicule, but it slept,
and could not be awakened. I had asked
Science to lend me a hand, but Science
wanted both of hers to seize her own op-
portunities. There was no resource now
but to let the matter go on to its bitter end.

In affairs of this kind, you know, it is
not etiquette for the parties to go in com-
pany to the battle ground, as pugilists do to
a prize fight. We must go separately to
what "Bell's Life" would call a likely spot,
and meet there with distant politeness. As
we had to drive a good way to the place
pitched upon by Doolan and myself—an