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The fifth number of the *Tuftsion*, a neat and well prepared paper, issued by the secret societies of Tufts College, contains the following macaronic poem, entitled "Aman-tis Res Adverse," or, as it might be translated, "A Lover's Hard Luck:"—

A Homo that one dark night,
Puellas visitare,
And mausit there so very late,
That illum constat care.

Pueri, walking by the house,
Saw caput in fenestra
Et sunt morati for a while,
To see qui erat in there.

Soon, caput turn'd its nasum round,
In visupuerorum;
Agnoscent there the pedagogus,
Oh! maximum pudorum!

Progressus puer to the door
Cum magna quietate,
Et turn'd the key to lock him in,
Moratus erat sate.

Then pedagogus rose to go,
Est feeling lunky dore;
Ille non potest to get out,
The key's outside the fore.

Ascendit sweetheart nune the stalt:
Cum festinato pede,
Et rous'd puellas from their sleep,
Sed, habent not the door-key.

Then excitato domino,
By her tumultuous voce,
Insanas currit to the door,
Et obvenit the lady.

"Furentem place!" the master roared,
"Why spoil you thus my somnum?
Et, cito from the other door,
Si rogus have locked the front one!"

Puella tristis hung her head,
And took her lover's manum
Et, cito from the other door,
His caput est impulsum.

Cum magno gradu redit home,
Retrorsum nunquam peeping,
Et never ansus est again,
Vexare people's sleeping.

DEATH AT THE ALTAR.

(Continued from our last.)

I was shown into the drawing room, and was quickly joined by Mrs. Mansfield. "So very unfortunate for poor, dear Clara," she said, sailing up to me, and taking my hand in her vulgarly-artificial manner; "so peculiarly, unfortunate, Doctor, at present. I suppose you know that she is engaged to be married to Sir Richard

Burley? Such an excellent match! Dear Clara has the highest respect and regard for him, and he, dear man, is most impatient for the ceremony to come off. Indeed, papa and I have just been talking it over with Sir Richard, who is still with Mr. Mansfield, and who talks of a fortnight; but we both thought that nothing less than a month would be proper and decorous. Do you not agree with me, Doctor?"

"Madam," I said, gravely, "my time is valuable: I was not aware that you sent for me to discuss your daughter's marriage. I gathered from your note that she is ill, and hurried here, as, from what I know of her constitution, I greatly mistrust and fear these fainting-fits."

I could scarcely keep my temper during the next five minutes, in which Mrs. Mansfield insisted upon treating me with the whole history of the arrangements—the liberal settlements promised by Sir Richard, the family jewels, and all the other primary points in the eyes of the sons and daughters of mammon.

"Will you allow me to see your patient, Mrs. Mansfield?" I said at last, resolutely, "or I must wish you good evening!"

"O, certainly—certainly! Doctor," she said with some asperity, for she could not fail to notice the air of displeasure with which I listened to her worldly cackling.

I was shown into a small room up-stairs, which the sisters called their own. I found my poor little pet, Clara, with her face buried in the pillows of the sofa, and sobbing as if heart would break. I had little difficulty in eliciting everything from her. I had attended her from her childhood upwards, and had been her confidant and adviser in many a childish sorrow. Now she was only too glad in being able to tell some one her misery and repentance.

"And do you really mean to marry Sir Richard Burley?" I asked, when she had concluded.

"How can I help it, Doctor? He asked me before mamma this morning, and mamma looked at me so, and then I was angry because—because—I had written to some one and no answer; and then mamma half answered for me, and she took my hand, and put it in his, saying, 'God bless you, Clara, and may you be happy.' What could I do? What can I do? See! what he has sent me," she added, starting up, and taking a morocco case from the table, she drew forth an emerald bracelet which must have cost some hundreds.

"See!" she said, holding it up to me, "is it not pretty? but I hate it, I hate him, and I hate myself."—and flinging the glistening jewellery aside, she again buried her head in the sofa-cushions, and wept.

"What shall I do, Doctor?" she said distractedly, after some little time, which I employed in feeling her pulse, and writing a prescription, "pray advise me, or I shall go mad."

"The only advice I can offer you, my dear Clara, is to wait. They cannot force you to marry this man against your will."

"But they will," she continued. "I can not help it—mamma never leaves me in peace, but is continually dinning into my ears how grateful I ought to be to Sir Richard. I know they would make me marry him, if I remain here. Oh! why does not George come and take me away, if he really loves me?"

I started at these words. "Surely," I thought to myself, "an elopement, though objectionable as a rule, would be better than this hideous sacrifice."

But the reader may ask. Was not Clara bound in honour to marry Sir Richard Burley, having accepted him? Not emphatically no. Is it right or just, because a girl has in a moment of weakness been untrue to herself, that she should take a false oath to the same effect at the altar of God, and dedicate her whole life to the lie. Assuredly not—at least, so said my humble judgment. Full of the thoughts with which Clara's last words had filled me, I took my leave of her, telling her to keep her heart up, and promising to interest myself in her favour, and call again on the ensuing day.

It was now so long past dinner hour that I resolved to forego the meal altogether, and to take a chop at my tea. I ordered the coachman to put me down in Clarges street, and then sent him on home. I found George Selby much as I left him stormy, cynical, and savage with himself and the world. It was in vain I tried to console him, and hinted that if he took the race in his own hands the game was his own.

"What! be accused by these vulgar cits of running away with their daughter for her ten thousand pounds!" exclaimed George, indignantly. "No, a hundred times no! If the baronet likes to soil his hands with their money bags he may; but, as an officer and a gentleman, I wash my hands of the whole business."

"What, even poor Clara?" I asked.

George was silent; and when I went on to describe the poor child's (she was barely eighteen) grief and despair, tears stood in his eyes and he stopped me, saying—

"There, don't say any more, Doctor! I'd rather go through the last hour of Inkerman, with ten thousand Russian rifles, and a dozen batteries sending their whistling messengers of death into our thin line, than hear you talk of that poor girl. By