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"I'LL LIVE THE PAST AGAIN."

BY W. W. S.

Shine out Pale Moon! upon me lonely smiling,
 And tell of days that long—so long have fled—
 Whisper dark trees, my too fond heart beguiling
 To feast on memories that were better dead.
 Leave me, black sorrow, but for one brief moment,
 Leave me, sad grief! that fills my heart with
 pain,
 Away, despair! I'll have no more to do with woe
 meant;
 But for dillards, I'll live the past again!
 Shine out, Pale Moon! 'twas thus that thou wert
 shining
 When I, not lonely sitting, saw thee then;
 Whisper, dark trees, but not in sad repining—
 For she is by my side in thought again!
 In thought, once more her soft white hand I'm
 holding,—
 White she doth on thy beauty gaze, pale Moon!
 I see thee not—her face alone beholding
 Asking a gift from her—a priceless boon!
 And now, fair moon, thou art not rival longer,
 She sees thee not, nor hears thee, whispering
 trees;
 Stirred by questions—ah! how greatly stronger!—
 Thou hast not power now, still Moon, to please!
 Whispering softly, "Dearest girl, I love thee."
 "I love thee, dearest, more than words can
 tell!"
 Answering kindly: "By you moon above thee,
 'I love thee also—love thee, ah, to well!"
 Her eyes are bright with tears the tears of glad-
 ness—
 Her brow is pale with joy, the joy of love—
 My love, so great, was near akin to madness!
 But she was gentle as the gentlest dove!
 Her ruby lips with burning kisses pressed I!
 Wishing the speedy night would ne'er be gone,
 Her loosened hair with fondling hands caressed I,
 Thinking that Heaven for me had now began—
 Be dark, bright moon! alas, her vows are broken!
 Murmur, black trees, for joys that long have
 fled!
 Speak not her name—let that remain unspoken!
 Tho' memory lives, let all—all else be dead.

[Written expressly for "THE REVIEW."
 WOMAN.]

(Continued from our last.)

"The canvas glows beyond e'en natural warmth, and pregnant quarries teem with human form." Niobe turned into stone, may preserve contour and shape, and form and proportion, but beauty, with its own natural and thrilling effect, dwells within

the breast that swells and sinks with the breath of life, when the deep drawn sigh or the audible inspiration tells of intense feeling and burning sentiments, and the heart throbbing with unutterable emotion. Art has merit sacred, but no conception of mimic skill, and plastic representation, can adequately portray the dimpling and playful smile of beauty and loveliness, nor the mingled attractions of those charming creatures, "the laughing dames, in whom we take delight,"—"Whose large blue eyes, fair locks and snowy hands, might shake the saintship of an anchorite."

Heaven for benevolent purposes must have designed this beauty, which we cannot view without glowing admiration, nor approach but with apprehensive timidity. The blooming rose, and the fair lily, have their attractions, and their blended charms on the blushing cheek of woman were laid in by nature's pencil, in order that the lords of the creation while inspired by admiration and entranced with delight, might learn to love and cherish objects so beautiful and so fair. For the highest degree however of mere personal attraction, I hope I will be excused, if, as an individual, I profess little admiration. The intrinsic value of beauty is small, it is a fair but fading flower, and at the best, if unassociated with mild affections, the generous sentiments of noble aspirations, of a fine moral sense, and an enlightened mind; can boast of little beyond the merits of the senseless statue, and the glowing canvas of the painter. It must be owned, however, that it is easier in the calm and cool reflection, and in the retirement of the study to pronounce these austere sentiments than actually to resist the influence of beautiful forms, and insinuating smiles, and speaking glances, or encounter them with the calm interpidity of wisdom.

"Vultus nimium lubricus adspici," to view with insensibility countenances, too dazzlingly beautiful, and while we feel the fire that penetrates our system and shivers every nerve, prudently and with undiminished faith in our better lessons, to remember that the winning play of the coral lips, and the beam of beauty's burning glance, may be-

guile the unguarded heart, and bring to bondage the yet free and unfettered spirit. The pendency of deportment and the circumspection requisite in the presence of such fascinating attractions is doubtless, less demanded in certain periods of life. There is an immunity belonging to years, and grizzled locks, not conceded by nature to young and fervent breasts. It may be the fortunate, or secure conditions of some amongst us in proportion to seniority to boast, and insensibility to which we are indebted to time, that has left us little more than shadowy remembrances, (still cherished no doubt, of our former feelings,

"Since the tides of life and sense have ceased with vernal strength to roll,"

And undazzled under the beaming eye we may progress,

"Young Peri of the West it's well for me
 My years already doubly number thine,
 My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
 And safely view thy ripening beauties shine."

It should notwithstanding be confessed without disguise, that we are all the natural born subjects of beauty, and though wisdom will, and ought to revolt, against the dominion not legitimately exercised. Yet, too often, our hearts prove traitors to our liberty, and though reason sternly rises in arms, still in the conflict of our feelings, with our sense of prudence, we are at all periods prone to acknowledge the force of that early, and habitual allegiance, so often sworn, at the shrine of our nature's cherished idol. Hence Moore writes:

"Woman be fair, we must adore you,
 Smile and the World is weak before you."

Happy is it for our race, that the Creator of the sexes, to the loveliest forms, unites souls as tender, benign and noble, and imparts understandings as elevated and minds as wise. Woman, to the beauty and loveliness of a cherub, unites the benignity and goodness of an angel. The destined mothers of the human family are worthy of the high position heaven has assigned them. Great is the responsibility of woman's social condition. Arduous her task, and deep should be the reverence paid to her character, and warm the sympathy of her cares. As a help meet for the partner to whom her tenderest interests are connected, she is en-