

melodious lays of a half-forgotten past;
and forcibly bringing to our minds the
line of Keats:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The *Westminster Review* for October abounds in excellent reading, as usual. With the first article, advocating increased attention to the militia and volunteer defence of the Mother Country, we have little to do; unless we follow her example in this respect in British America. The article on Rousseau, while making such an apology for his principles as we should expect from the known tenets of the "*Westminster*," gives as fair an exposé of the weak points in his personal character as one could wish. In the articles entitled "*Modern poets and poetry of Italy*," "*Garibaldi*," and "*Bonapartism in Italy*"—the Review shows its hearty sympathy for the great cause of Italian independence, and its faith in Italia's intellectual as well as social resuscitation: a faith far from groundless, while Italy after centuries of coercion can still boast a Victor Emanuel, a Cavour, and a Garibaldi; and still is animated by the patriot strains of Alfieri, Leopardi, Marchetti, Giusti, and Poerio. Marchetti laments his fallen country thus:—

Upon the shore deserted and oppressed
Stands Italy, once queen of realms,
begirt

With diadem of glory!—humbled now,
And strewn with ashes—see, she
wrings her hands

And groans in agony—but it is well,
At length she feels her suffering and
her shame.

A Poerio echoes the same feeling in his "*Speranze*," where he indignantly scouts the idea that Italy is dead:—

Why then these Austrian hosts which
night and day

Watch every movement, menace every
word?

How! Can the dead arise in armed
array,

Can the dead seize the lance or wield
the sword?

No, no! 'Tis not the silence of the
grave,

Hark! o'er our shores the waves of
hope are breaking, [to save,

We yet have hearts to beat and hands
They only need the signal for awaking!

The iron tread of despot's armed heel,
The long and bitter martyrdom of
years,

'Twas needed—all—the patriot's heart
to steel,

Freedom must be baptized in blood
and tears.

Italy dead! The memory of the past
Still bids us hopes of brighter days to
cherish;

Strike then, my lyre! thy loudest note
—thy last,

And bid her sons throw off the yoke,
or perish.

The article on "*Bonapartism in Italy*" shows clearly how little can be expected from Napoleon the Little, if as he has heretofore done, and as his *Idées Napoléonnes* indicate, he treads in the footsteps of Napoleon the Great. The article is a rapid but complete glance at the parricidal wrongs a Corsican inflicted on a country which may to all intents and purposes be called his fatherland: showing that the old Lombard sceptre which he grasped in 1805 was indeed a rod of iron. The narrative pauses in its course to dwell on a fine contrast presented in the celebrated passage of the Alps. We have all seen the common representation of the scene, where *le petit Caporal* in the foreground is mounted on a most rampant charger at the very summit of St. Bernard, and in utter defiance of the laws of gravitation. The true picture is here very differently given:—

"Bonaparte was mounted on a vigorous mule, sagacious and sure footed, led by a mountaineer. The story is as beautiful as a poetic legend of the time of Charlemagne. The young muleteer was a lover, with whom the stranger, buttoned to the throat in a plain grey surtout, entered freely into conversation, for Bonaparte, who despised men, despised no means of satisfying his insatiable thirst of inquiry. The simple muleteer believed that the interest his answers excited, was on his personal account, and so he told his story. It is an every-day one, and yet seems never commonplace. He was a lover too poor to marry. His ambition must have set Bonaparte's active imagination making strange contrasts. He had marched as a conqueror over the three great scenes of ancient and modern civilization. He had conquered Italy, the inheritor of