

THE OCTOBER MAGAZINES.

"THE GALAXY."

The Galaxy gives two illustrations this month, one English, and very good, illustrative of Charles Reade's novel, "Put Yourself in His Place," and one American, and very bad, by Winslow Homer, illustrating Mrs. Edwards' novel of "Susan Fielding."

We take the following from Mr. Justin McCarthy's paper entitled "The Real Napoleon":

Within the past twelve months, the genuine character of Louis Napoleon has displayed itself, strikingly, nakedly, in his policy. He has in succession, mild liberalism, severe despotism, reactionary conservatism, antique Caesarism, and then, in an apologetic, contrite sort of way, a liberalism of a rather pronounced character. Every time that he tried to give up the way he was secretly intriguing with some other, and making ready for the possible necessity of having to abandon the former and take up with the latter. He was like the lady in "Le Diable Boiteux," who while openly coquetting with the young lover, all the while her hand behind her back to the old admirer. So far as the public could judge, Louis Napoleon has, for many months back, been absolutely without any settled policy whatever. He has been waiting for a wind. Such a course is probably the safest a man in his position can take; but one who, in a great crisis, cannot originate and initiate a policy, will not be remembered among the grand rulers of the world. I do not remember any greater evidence given in our time of absolute incapacity to seize a plan and determine upon it, than was shown by the Emperor of the French during the crisis of June and July. So feeble, so vague, halting, vacillating was the whole course of the Government, that many who detest Louis Napoleon, but make it an article of faith that he is a sort of all-seeing, omnipotent spirit of darkness, were forced to adopt a theory that the riots in Paris and the provinces were deliberately got up by the police agents of the empire, for the purpose of bringing down the despotic class of any possible hankering after democracy. No doubt this idea was widely spread and eagerly accepted in Paris; and there were many circumstances which seemed to justify it. But I do not believe in any such Imperialist theory. I fancy their sudden surprise and alarm, by their sudden collapse. Probably the Imperial authorities were very glad when the disturbances began. They gave an excuse for harsh conduct, and they seemed, for the time, to find the Government in the right. They restored Louis Napoleon to that position, in the eyes of timid people, to that position, as a supreme maintainer of order, which for some years he had not had an opportunity effectively to occupy. But the obvious want of stamina in the despotic force soon took away from Louis Napoleon all the authority that he had. Imperial authorities this opportune prestige, and very little political capital was secured for Imperialism out of the abortive barricades, and incoherent brickbats, and effusive chantings of the "Marseillaise." In truth, no one had anything else to offer just then in place of the Empire. The little crisis was not a test whatever of the Emperor's hold over his people, or of his power to deal with a popular revolution. To me it seems doubtful whether the elections brought out for certain any fact with which the world might not already have been well acquainted, except the bare fact that Orleansism has hardly any more of vitality in it than Legitimism, Rochefort, and not Prevost Paradol, is the typical figure of the situation.

The popularity and the success of Rochefort and his paper are remarkable phenomena, but only remarkable in the old-fashioned sense, in that the straws which show how the wind blows. Rochefort's success is due to the fact that he had the good fortune to begin ridiculing the empire just at the time when a general notion was spreading over France that the empire had been making itself ridiculous. Louis Napoleon had reached the turning-point of his career—had reached and passed it. The country saw now all that he could do. The bag of tricks was played out. The anticlimax was reached at last.

The gallop, the crisis, the turning-point of Louis Napoleon's career seems to be to have been retained, and even then it was but a small war in itself, so fatal and gigantic in its results—was appealed to the Emperors and Kings of Europe, and proposed that the nations should hold a conference to settle, once and for all, pending disputes, and to settle the attitude of Louis Napoleon at that moment was dignified, commanding, imperial. His peculiar style, forcible, weighty, measured—I have heard it well described as a "monumental" style—came out with great effect in the language of appeal. It was dignity and grace, there was that Edmund Burke so appropriately terms "a proud humility." In Louis Napoleon's allusion to his own personal experience in the school of exile and adversity as an excuse for his presuming to offer advice to the emperors of Europe. One who reminded of Henry of Navarre's allusion to the wind of adversity which, blowing so long upon his face, had prematurely blanched his hair. I do not wonder that the proposed Congress never met. I do not wonder that European Governments put it aside—some with contempt, some and feigned willingness to accept the scheme, like Russia and Austria; some with cold and brusque rejection, like England. Nothing worth trying for could have come of the Congress. Events were brooding of wider France, and England, and even then it was but a semblance. After that came only humiliations and reverses. In a diplomatic sense, nothing could be more complete than the checkmate which the Emperor of the French drew upon himself by the mere slandering of his conduct with regard to Prussia. He succeeded in placing himself before the world in the distinct attitude of an enemy to Prussia; and no sooner had he, by assuming this attitude, forced Prussia to take a defiant tone, than he suddenly sank down into quietude. He had but to let it pass, and he had to undergo the humiliation of seeing Prussia rise in public estimation, by means of the triumph which his unnecessary and un-called-for hostility had enabled her to win. In fact, he was stung by his pupil Bismarck, even more signally than he had previously been outgeneraled by his former pupil, Cavour. More disastrous and ghastly, by far, was the failure of his Mexican policy. That policy began in falsehood, treachery, and ended as it deserved. Poetic and dramatic justice was fearfully rendered. Never did Philip II. of Spain, never did his father, never did Napoleon I. never did Mendez Pinto, or any other celebrated liar, exceed the deliberate monstrosity of the falsehoods which were told by Louis Napoleon or Louis Napoleon's Ministers at his order, during the earlier stages of the Mexican intervention, the fact that the French Emperor had a protegee in the background, who was to be seated on a Mexican throne, was not much affected by perjury in sovereigns. It laughs at the perjuries of princes as Jove does at those of lovers. But it could not overlook the appalling significance of Louis Napoleon's defeat in that disastrous chapter of his history. Wisdom after the event is easy work; but many, many voices had told Louis Napoleon beforehand what would come of his Mexican policy. Not to speak of the hints and advice he received from the United States, O'Donnell, then Prime Minister of Spain, by General Prim, who commanded the allied forces during the earlier part of the Mexican expedition; by Prince Napoleon, by many others—that neither the character of the Mexican people nor the proximity of the United States would allow a French proconsulate to be established in Mexico under the name of an Empire. It is a certain fact that Louis Napoleon frequently declared that the foundation of that Empire would be the great event of his reign. This extraordinary delusion in-

lained a hold over his mind long after it had become apparent to all that the bubble was bursting. The catastrophe was very near when Louis Napoleon, in conversation with an English political adventurer, who then was a member of Parliament, assured him that, however the situation might then look dark, history would yet have to record that he, Louis Napoleon, had established a Mexican Empire. The English member of Parliament, although ordinarily a very shrewd and skeptical person, was actually so impressed with the earnestness of his Imperial interlocutor that he returned to London and wrote a pamphlet, in which, to the utter amazement of his acquaintances, he backed the Empire of Mexico for a secure existence, and said to it *esto perpetua*. The pamphlet was hardly circulated when the collapse came. If Louis Napoleon ever saw anything, he believed in the Mexican Empire. He believed, too, in the certain success of the Southern Confederation. No Belgravia Duadraro, or other Georgian girl, could have been more completely taken by him than was the Emperor Napoleon III., whose boundless foresight and profound sagacity we had all for years been applauding to the echo. That which is called foresight and sagacity in a King, in a Esquire, is called obstinacy in a donkey. That which is called foresight and sagacity in an Emperor, is often what we call blindness and blundering in a newspaper correspondent. The question is whether we can point to any great, even any political enterprise, subsequent to his successful assumption of the imperial crown, in regard to which Napoleon III. fell upon to act or to judge, did not show the same aptitude for rash judgments and unwise actions? Certainly not. In the result with which he had to do, he meant it to have. The Italian Confederation, with the Pope at the head of it; the German Empire, divided into the line of the Main; the Mexican empire; the "reconciliation" of frontier on the Rhine; the acquisition of Luxembourg; these are some of the great Napoleonic ideas; by the success or failure of which we may fairly judge of the wisdom of the Emperor. He has simply had a new form of government every year. How many different ways of dealing with the press, how many different schemes for adjusting the powers of the several branches of legislation, have been magnificently announced and floated during the last few years, each in its turn to fall rather more desolately than its predecessor? Now, it seems, we are to have at last something like that ministerial responsibility which the Imperial lips themselves have so often described as utterly opposed to the policy of France, assuredly shows great mental flexibility to be able thus quickly to change one's policy in obedience to a warning from without. It is a far better quality than the persistent treachery of a Charles I. or the stupid dogmatism of a George III. But unless it be a characteristic of great statesmanship to be almost always out in one's calculations, wrong in one's predictions, and mistaken in one's men, the Emperor has for years been in the habit of doing things which are directly incompatible with the character of a great statesman.

The Galaxy Miscellany gives the following interesting account of the Countess Guiccioli:

At this time, when one of our most eloquent writers is advocating the cause of Lady Byron, and bespeaks the sympathy of all in her behalf, a few facts relating to the Countess Guiccioli may not be uninteresting to the public. Teresa Guiccioli was the daughter of a nobleman of Genoa, a city of the Roman States; she was one of ten children. Placed in a convent, where her aunt was Abbess, until the age of nine, she was then removed to the establishment of Santa Chiara at Faenza, kept by a lady of scientific acquirements and conducted on the most liberal principles as regarded study—so much so that after a few years it was suppressed. The Countess's literature was studied profoundly. It is probable that the early bias given to her mind for her native literature was the cause of her inducing Lord Byron to write "The Prophecy of Dante," the dedication of which is as follows:—

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"Lady! fit for the cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born, but where I would not die,
Of the great book-stories, I have
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
Harsh rhyme copy of the South's sublime,
Thou art the cause, and, howe'er I
I'll short of it in rhyme be true,
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