

The Galaxy.

[New York, N.Y. : W.C. and F.P. Church, 1866-1878]

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not lost. The ancient Governor-General of Algeria resolved to show himself to the shopkeepers, and to command confidence and impose security upon them. Girding on his good sword, he mounted his horse and galloped to the Tribunal of Commerce, and harangued the people who happened to be at hand. "Reassure the people, gentlemen! Set them to work! Manufacture! trade! Let business of every description go on again! For as true as my name is MacMahon, during the seven years that I reign over France, I intend that order, security, and plenty shall be maintained!" This exploit of the noble warrior caused a rise in the Bourse of *fifteen centimes*. Your intentions are good, no doubt, Monsieur le Maréchal, but in order to secure stability we must first decide what order and what institutions are to be secured. Could we expect to found a stable government upon the unstable foundation of a Republic without republicans, and a monarchy without a monarch? The President of the Republic in his allocution to the consular judges had incidentally mentioned that he was President of the Republic. This inadvertence might wound the legitimists, and so the next morning the Prime Minister de Broglie suppressed this unfortunate allocution in the report to the official journals. He supplied the blank by a sortie against the *idealists*. Thus corrected and amended, the people read the discourse of the President of the Republic, together with endless columns concerning the dismissal of

some hundreds of republican mayors, to be replaced by so many legitimists and Bonapartists. And the Assembly is constantly plotting to suppress universal suffrage, which has come to be the fundamental political law, the great charter of the country.

The Marshal will doubtless be little pleased that confidence refuses to return. He will denounce the disobedient and ill-disposed populace which refuses to riot in pleasure; he will curse the ungrateful shopkeepers. "Mille tonnières!" he will exclaim; "I must love France to endure all this!"

VII.

What is the conclusion? There is none, properly speaking, to a reign which is beginning, to a life which is not finished. However, to make the attempt, we borrow from the "*Vie Parisienne*" a story which illustrates with sufficient clearness our opinion of Edme Patrick, descendant of Brian Boroihme, King of Ireland, and of the Prince of Thamand, Duke of Magenta, and now President of the French republic:

An old graybeard and a little, fair girl had stopped before the proclamation of the Marshal-President, signed Duke of Magenta. "Say, papa, the Duke of Magenta is the man who gained the battle of Magenta?" "No, my child," replied the father in a hollow voice, "it is the man who lost the battle of Sedan!" And they walked away.

E. RECLUS.

THE FLORIDA BEACH.

OUR drift-wood fire burns drowsily,
 The fog hangs low afar,
 A thousand sea-birds fearlessly
 Hover above the bar;
 Our boat is drawn far up the strand,
 Beyond the tide's long reach;
 Like a fringe to the dark green winter land,
 Shines the silvery Florida beach.

Behind, the broad pine barrens lie
Without a path or trail,
Before, the ocean meets the sky
Without a rock or sail.
We call across to Africa,
As a poet called to Spain:
A murmur of "Antony! Antony!"
The waves bring back in refrain.

Far to the south the beach shines on,
Dotted with giant shells;
Coral sprays from the white reef won,
Radiate spiny cells;
Glass-like creatures that ride the waves,
With azure sail and oar,
And wide-mouthed things from the deep sea caves
That melt away on the shore.

Wild ducks gaze as we pass along:
They have not learned to fear;
The mocking-bird keeps on his song
In the low palmetto near;
The sluggish stream from the everglade
Shows the alligator's track,
And the sea is broken in light and shade
With the heave of the dolphin's back.

The Spanish light-house stands in haze:
The keeper trims his light;
No sail he sees through the long, long days,
No sail through the still, still night;
But ships that pass far out at sea,
Along the warm Gulf Stream,
From Cuba and tropic Carribee,
Keep watch for his distant gleam.

Alone, alone we wander on,
In the southern winter day.
Through the dreamy veil the fog has spun
The world seems far away;
The tide comes in—the birds fly low,
As if to catch our speech.
Ah, Destiny! Why must we ever go
Away from the Florida beach?

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.