The Sorrows of Louis Napoleon.

The following remarkable article appeared in the London *Saturday Review* of October 19th, and has been extensively quoted by the English press. It is a bitter *resumé* of the troubles of the French Emperor.

Sorrows seldom fall to come, but they seldom come in the way that seems beforehand most natural and most easily to be expected. His enemies long ago prophesied that Louis Napoleon would come to the end he deserves. He would be properly punished for his arbitrarious *coup d'etat*, for all the miseries he has inflicted on private families and innocent individuals, and for all the woes he has brought on France. He would perish by the sword he had taken. He would perish by another revolution, or at least he would yield to another revolution, or at least he would lead the gloomy, anxious life of a military tyrant, hated by his people and afraid of them. These prophecies may still come true, for any prophecies that are sufficiently vague and general may be true. But at any rate they have not come true yet, and there appears no sign of their coming true soon. The Emperor has had, on the whole, a very successful reign; no party in France desires his downfall; the Bourse trembles with agitation when so precious a man is even falsely reported to have a headache; and he, his wife, and his son are personally very popular, mix on the most pleasant and sociable terms with Frenchmen and French women of all ranks, and are the object of quite as much general interest at Biarritz or Compiègne as our Queen is at Balmoral or Osborne.

And yet Louis Napoleon is a man on whom a dark cloud of care and anxiety is always seen to hang. But his anxiety does not from his failure, but from his success. He has invented the burden that is pressing on him. He is, as he wished to be, the Emperor, the sole responsible manager of French affairs, the one authority to whom all bow, the one judge of what is to be done and borne and attempted by one of the richest, bravest and most powerful nations in the world. This sounds a grand and admirable position, and it certainly satisfies and gives scope to the genius of any man who ever lived. Undoubtedly it is something very great and very high to be what Louis Napoleon is. But then, having so much power and so much responsibility, he also has a load of care very much beyond what falls to the lot of most men. This, again, is not in itself anything so very terrible. If a man is a great ruler, he must do the work of a great ruler, he must go through the trouble of governing. But the ill-luck of Louis Napoleon—the ill-luck, we should say, his punishment—is of a more serious kind. It is supposed that he can offer fifteen years of tolerable prosperity, he finds himself in the presence of very peculiar difficulties. The right of the whole system of personal government appears to be called in question at once, and he is accusing on him all, whatever course he takes, is seen as if for the rest of his life, he must unceasingly pay the penalty of attempts to prevent the occupation. But if he does crush Italy, he will have a very troublesome time before him. It is no light thing for him to break finally with the Revolution, to cease wholly to be a Liberal, and to become openly the adversary of European democracy. He fought the war of 1859 mainly to escape such a position, and the position would be worse now than it seemed to be then. The democracy would be almost certainly sweep away, and he would have to hold down Italy by force of arms. France is very strong, and France could perhaps hold Italy down. But what an incessant struggle it would be; how much of the work of his life it would annihilate; and how poor a position it would leave him to help in his old age, that he should be in Italy what the Austrians now are, and be drove there out! It would be a situation of trouble every one would feel could not last; and it is hard to conceive any fate more sorrowful for Louis Napoleon than that he should spend the remainder of his life in trying to maintain a situation of things that could not be maintained.

His troubles at home are scarcely less serious. There, too, he has reached a point where he must choose along one of two diverging paths, either of which will lead him into dangers and thickets and quagmires. Last January he promised large measures of Liberal reform. There were to be increased freedom of the press and increased freedom of public meetings, and various other changes in the same direction. For three-quarters of a year he has been meditating on the extent to which it would be convenient to him to fulfill the hopes he has given. Practically he has to some extent corrected what he promised. The press has had a degree of liberty allowed it which is far more before enjoyed since he began his reign. The law has not been altered; but it has not been put in force with anything like the old severity; and no one has been in the least discontented that the Emperor has not moved faster. But now the time has come when his real intentions must be declared. If at the beginning of next session he simply keeps silence, it will be taken as a sign that he does not mean to give any increase of liberty, that he has done with his project of crowning the edifice, and that he is prepared to ignore and defy the friends of freedom in France. He may decide on running whatever risk this involves, for it is for him to meet the easiest and most tempting policy, just as in foreign politics it is for the moment the easiest and most tempting policy to take the side of the Catholics in the Roman quarrel. But then there is the future. No one can doubt that there is a growing wish in France that the country should have a larger share in the management of its own affairs. This wish shows itself in a temperate way; but the recent elections in the Cornish borough, and the language which candidates have used, sufficiently show that the wish is there. If France decides now on making no concession, he will either have to repress this wish for the rest of his life, or he will have to yield heretofore under pressure, what he declines to yield now when it seems to be given of his own free will. He redeems his promise at last January, he will have before him the difficult task of ruling the country and moderating the aspirations of the French Liberals during a series of years which, it may be confidently said, will be years either of actual war or of great difficulties, external and internal. The system, too, by which he and his empire have hitherto profited so regularly—the system of regulating peace and war, and of keeping some at last on the point of revolting in bad side. The harvest in France and here seems to be ripe for war, and, what is much worse than all, the municipalities are overburdened with debt. The question is coming which Louis Napoleon will have to ask himself, "Am I at all hazards to keep the peace of Europe? Paris and Lyons, and all the towns where there is a dangerous population, are so overburdened with taxes imposed their resources to carry on gigantic works cannot go on paying the interest of their debts, if I try to force the State to find the money? If workmen are thrown out of employ, am I to carry on these works to be commenced when it is known that the old gigantic works do not pay? For the moment the decision may be difficult. France is very rich, and very obedient. But what a prospect lies open for the future, what a growing weight of care to fall on the shoulders of one elderly, irresolute man! The interest is so to say that the prospect that lies before Louis Napoleon is a melancholy one. He may not improbably record the tale of his old age, if he lives, as one of its strongest warnings to those who are anxious and to labor the lonely grandeur of personal and irresponsible power.

AN ARAB'S IDEA OF WOMEN.

New Book by Sir Samuel Baker.

The interest concerning the regions of the Upper Nile created by the Abyssinian expedition, has induced the publication of a new book in London, by Sir Samuel Baker, whose title is "The Nile Tributaries and the Sweet Waters of the Hamran Arabs." It is said, Hunters of the Interior, to be as interesting as the author's previous work. One of the reviewers says:

"This is indirectly a Nile book, and indeed is a really an Abyssinian book; inasmuch as it is a collection of sketches by the author, about gazelle shooting, elephant shooting, crocodile shooting, stalking giraffes, hippopotamus hunting, and so forth, all thoroughly enjoyed, set in bright sketches of life among the Arabs and Tokrooris, and told with zest.

Mr. Baker's diversion into Abyssinia was along the course of the Atbara and the Settite, and along the track taken by Mr. Dutton from Kartoum over the frontier ground occupied by those negro settlers, the Tokrooris, of whom we said enough last week when sketching the course of Mr. Dutton's journey. Mr. Baker saw little of Abyssinia proper, and did not come near the Abyssinian, or the capital of King Theodore, and he is touched Abyssinia only from the land side, of course he has nothing to tell about the fertile region between the Red Sea to the interior. The book is simply to be read for its own interest, as it tells of travel and sport over ground that is now being described with accuracy. It has apart from its brightness an already record of adventure, some geographical interest. For Mr. Baker is a skilled observer, and carries to his wild sports the taste and knowledge of a naturalist. His map of his route indicating the character of the country, the tribes and the animals, and the character of soil in each region, is one that geographers will thank him for, while also the political economists and politicians may draw here and there a useful hint from his experience.

On his way over the Nubian desert Sir Samuel Baker tells how an Egyptian regiment was once destroyed in it because the men, in pain of thirst, tempted by a mirage killed the guide who was leading them astray and would not turn out of his course towards a phantom lake, pursued the phantom and to a man were lost.

Sir Samuel Baker's explorations in the region of the Blue Nile and the Atbara, here described, were made in 1861. As the great central Victoria and Albert Lakes maintain the standard flow of the Nile waters, so, he says, the rain floods of Abyssinia, poured into the Nile by the Blue Nile and the Atbara are the sources of the annual inundation to which Egypt owes its fertility.

At the village of Wated Negur, Sir Samuel found the Arabs still honoring the memory of the only Englishman who had visited them in former time, Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, who, says our author, "was universally voted the best book on Abyssinia that I have ever read." At Wat el Negur Sir Samuel had some curious talk with one of the Arab Sheikh Achmet has the ideas, and the devotees of celibacy, concerning whom a book has just been written, had and have their ideas. Opinions differ.

AN ARAB'S NOTIONS OF WOMEN.

The sheik laid down the law with great force, "that a woman was of no use when she ceased to be young, unless she was a good strong person who could grind corn and carry water from the well." The assertion he was seconded, and supported unanimously, by the crowd of Arabs present.

Now it was always a common practice among the Arab women, when they called upon my wife, to request her to show her bands; they would then feel the soft palms, and exclaim in astonishment, "Ya Mariam! never ground corn!" that being the duty of a wife unless she is rich enough to possess slaves. Sheik Achmet requested me to give him some account of our domestic arrangements in England. I did this as briefly as possible; explaining how ladies receive our devoted attentions, extolling their beauty and virtue, and, in fact, giving him an idea that England was Paradise, and that the ladies were angels. I described the variety of colors; that instead of all being dark some were exceedingly fair, that others had red hair; that we had many bright blue eyes, and some irresistible dark blue; and at the close of my descriptions, I believe the sheikh and his party felt disposed to commence immediately to the chilly shores of Great Britain; they asked, "How far off is your country?" "Well," said the sheik, with a sigh, "that must be a very charming country; how could you possibly come away from all your beautiful wives? True, you have brought one with you; she is, of course, your slave, and very lovely; perhaps those you have left at home are the old ones?" I was obliged to explain, that we are contented with one wife, and that, even were people disposed to marry two, or more, they would be punished with imprisonment. This announcement was received with a general expression of indignation, the sheik and his party, who a few minutes ago were disposed to emigrate and settle upon our shores, would none at the most have ventured upon a return ticket. After some murmurs of disapprobation, there was a decided expression of disbelief in my last statement. "Why," said the sheik, "the fact is simply impossible! How can a man be contented with one wife? It is ridiculous, absurd! What is he to do when she becomes old? When she grows, if very lovely, perhaps he might be satisfied with her, but even the young women some day grow old, and become hideous. The man does not fade like the woman, therefore, as he remains the same for many years; but she changes in a few years. Nature has arranged that the man shall have young wives to replace the old. Does not the prophet allow it? Had not our forefathers many wives?—and shall we be less? Look at yourself. Your wife is young, and (and here the sheik indulged in a complimentary "bit in your ear") she will not be the same as now; will you not then let her have a nice house all to herself, where she grows old, while you take a fresh, young wife?"

I was obliged to explain to the sheik that, first, our ladies never looked old; secondly, they improved with age; and thirdly, that we are supposed to love our wives with greater ardor as they advanced in years. This was the sheik's last argument, and he finished by coupled with the exclamation, "Mashallah! Wallah! Wallah! Wallah!" This was too repeated by the whole party.

Sir Samuel Baker's remarks on polygamy, continued, "You men are selfish; you expect from the woman that which you will not give in return, 'constancy and love;' if you, who demanded a multiplicity of wives, would it not be impossible to love her? how can she love you if you insist upon other wives? "Ah!" he replied, "our women are different to yours; they would not love anybody; look at your wife, she has invited with you far away from her own country, and her heart is stronger than a man's; she is full of self-sacrificing, because you are with her; but our women prefer to be far away from their husbands, and are only happy when they have nothing to whatever to do. You don't understand our women; they are ignorant creatures, and when their children grown up, they do nothing but work. You have explained your wives; your women are adored by the men, and you are satisfied with one wife, either young or old; now I will explain our customs. I have four wives; as one has become old, I have replaced her with a young one; here they all are" (he now marked four strokes upon the sand with his stick). "This one carries water; that grinds the corn; this makes the bread; the last does not do much, as she is the youngest, and my favorite; and if they neglected their work, they get a taste of this" (shaking a long and tolerably thick stick). "Now, that's the difference between our establishments; yours is well adapted for your country, and ours is the best for our own."

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