

LITERATURE

CHANDOS, A NOVEL. By "Ouida." J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Ouida" has given us three novels, each of which attracted attention on its first appearance, but none of which possess the elements of permanent popularity. The literary work was started by the appearance of "Granville de Vigne," some years ago; it was pleasantly scandalized by the avidity with which "Strathmore" was sought after in the early part of the winter, and we predict for "Chandos" a popularity as great and as transient as its predecessors. The story is written in a style which we may apply term literary champagne. It is light, frothy, brilliant, and sparkling. It seems as though such characters as are described would naturally fall in just the very manner which "Ouida" portrays. We are at a loss to judge of the sex of the author or authors from the work, and have hardly any more clue than that found in the *nom de plume*. If it is a lady, she must have mixed freely with the fastest sort of Continental life, and evidently knows more of the world than the rest of her fair sisters; and we are inclined to think it is a woman, as there are certain strokes in the plot which would hardly have been introduced by a man. It is a deliciously spicy, racy, wicked sort of production, and just such a one as every one will abuse and every one will read. We have spoken of its conversational style, amusing and piquant; we will quote a few paragraphs, merely as a sample: "And you see Chandos' trap in the ring to-day? Four hundred grand set of outsiders, cream-and-silver liveries—prettiest thing ever seen in the park," said Winters of the First Guards. "Chandos has given you 'bosoms' for Wild Geese—best bit of blood out of Danubius; safe to run at the Duke," said the Marquis of Hallow. "Chandos has bought the Duke de Valere's seat; the nation ought to have divided for them," said the Earl of Brompton. "Nation's much better off; he's given them to the country," said the Duke of Devonshire. "You don't mean it?" said the Duke of Argenteau. "That man would give his head away."

himself from Madame de la Vivarot, the Duchess of Argenteau, and a score of titled braggarts, who cared for no other than their side as they cared for him, and made his way at last to where his dog stood at the gates in the bright light of a May evening at seven o'clock. So much for the frothy style of the work which is just now the rage in our fashionable circles. Its easy morality can be readily distinguished, and it deals in no character who has less than £10,000 a year, our readers may rest assured that any of the sins it depicts are written in French, which we all know takes away all the harm. A few words as to the plot. There are two heroes. The principal, one Ernest Chandos, is a rich, fated, petted favorite, of whom the extract we give above speaks. The other, John Trevenna, is an apparently jovial, but really scheming, wily, treacherous villain, who worms himself into the confidence of Chandos and ruins him. The reason for his extraordinary hatred is darkly shadowed forth in the prologue, but is never openly declared until the end of the work, when it is pointed out. Trevenna is Chandos' bastard brother. The great body of the work is given up to the slow process by which the false friend wrecks the financial prospects of his too trusting patron. The venomous treachery of the one and the confidence of the other are alike delineated, but we must protest against such a character as "Trevenna," and are sure that the readers of the work will agree with us in our opinion that there never could have existed such a man. We can understand how a man can murder a family of eight fellow-creatures; we can understand an moderate amount of deceit; but that one who is taken by another out of a jail, fostered, enriched, placed in Parliament, and made a great man, of for a space of twenty years bend all his energies to ruin his benefactor—it is impossible. Finally, however, the hero, who in spite of his affections and nonsense has our sympathy, comes into possession of his wealth again. He discovers that his evil genius, then a Prime Minister, made his fortune by fraud and usury, and threatens to expose him to the world. Exposure meant death with "Trevenna," and as he is about to end his life with his own hands, "Chandos" forgives his wrongs and promises secrecy. To deny to the work deep interest, considerable dramatic power, and a creative faculty of no mean order, would be unjust. When you read the work, it is with absorbing attention; it can pay away hours most pleasantly, but when you lay it by you can recall no good which has been inculcated by its pages. It has no moral, as it has no morality; it is the butterfly creature of a day, but is admirable while it lasts. It is unnecessary for us to recommend it, as it will read it anyhow. The appearance of "Chandos" recalls to mind the previous production of "Ouida's" pen, "Strathmore." It is a novel like "Chandos" in all its peculiarities, and will probably be re-read by many after the perusal of its successor which we have noticed above. JOHN BILLINGS—His Book. G. W. Carleton, New York. Philadelphia Agents: Ashmead & Evans, No. 724 Chestnut street. When Artemus Ward first published his humorous work, it made a sensation, not because of any great merit, but because the hideous form of orthography being a novelty, attracted attention. His second book was flat, stale, and unprofitable, and with its failure we had hoped that the last of this style had appeared. We must confess, therefore, that we opened "Josh Billings—His Book," with a sinking of spirit. Billings labors under a great disadvantage. The idea of the work is not original, the illustrations are not funny, the paper is bad, and the typography might be easily improved. But all extraneous obstacles melt into perfect insignificance when we consider that the draw back to success caused by the author himself. First of all, what possible wit is there in misspelling? What form or shape of humor is there in spelling "use" "uz," "dog" "dorg," and "horse" "boss"? What constitutes the fun in so murthering the laws of Lindley Murray that it is a matter for a translator, rather than a reader, to understand a work? We cannot see the point in thus seeking to make a stroke of wit by covering up the insipidity by vile spelling. If there is anything like humor in what is being written, then the quicker it reaches the reader's mind, the more powerful and pungent will be the effect. Shakespeare hath it that "brevity is the soul of wit"; and what would the bard think he were compelled to wade through a barbarous jargon in order to distil a spoonful of mirth? If a writer had that rare power of so putting things as to make them appear ridiculous, then it is worse than useless, it is positively injurious to his powers to weigh down his jokes with hideous phraseology. If nothing else, therefore, tended to ruin the pages of "Josh Billings, His Book," this one peculiarity would be quite sufficient to disgust all ordinarily intelligent readers. Laying aside this disadvantage, we must state that, having heard Billings as a lecturer, we were woefully disappointed in the subject-matter of the book. The main point of his wit lay in the rapidity with which he changed his subjects. One of his best points was his continual reference to "Answers to Correspondents," which, although not humorous in themselves, were made so by the sudden change of thought. But when we see the answer set down in a distinct chapter they lose much of their excellence. Yet, with all its defects, the book shows more merit than any which we have seen of the same kind. It has more true vim than Artemus Ward, but we deprecate the whole system of misspelling. Orpheus C. Kerr scorned to use it, and made a far greater hit than any of those who sought to manufacture wit out of misspelt words. As a candid opinion, we cannot recommend Billings, except as an antidote for rush of blood to the head. —Matthew Arnold has lately published three papers on "The Study of Celtic Literature," which are among the best things that he has written, being excellent specimens of intelligent and judicious criticism, and containing, in small space, a deal of curious and interesting matter. As regards Celtic literature, he occupies a middle ground, avoiding the mistaken enthusiasm of those who find all the traditions of past ages therein, chief among whom must be reckoned the Rev. Edward Davies, the author of "The Mythology and Bites of the British Druids," and the over-critical skepticism of those who find it little but a mass of imaginative rubbish of comparatively recent date. Speaking of one department of Celtic literature, that of the Welsh, he states, on the authority of one who is no friend to its high pretensions, that "the Myvrian

manuscripts alone, now deposited in the British Museum, amount to forty-seven volumes of poetry, of various sizes, containing about 4700 pieces of poetry, in 16,000 pages, besides about 2000 englynion or epigrammatic stanzas. There are also in the same collection fifty-three volumes of prose, or about 15,000 pages, containing a great many curious documents on various subjects. Besides these, which were purchased of the widow of the celebrated Owen Jones, the editor of the "Myvrian Archeology," there are a vast number of collections of Welsh manuscripts in London and in the libraries of the gentry of the principalities." —Mr. Dixon, editor of the London Athenaeum, will visit this country in August. —A monument is about to be erected at Nice to the memory of Ernest, the violinist. —Mr. Dickens receives two thousand pounds sterling for the series of thirty readings he is giving in London. —Mr. S. C. Hall is now in Paris, making arrangements for the publication of an illustrated catalogue of the great Paris Exhibition. —Mr. E. P. Hollister, who has been to France for the purpose of obtaining material for his "Life of Lafayette," returned to New York by a late steamer. —Hon. A. W. Thayer, United States Consul at Trieste, is about to publish, in Berlin, the first volume of his "Life of Beethoven." Mr. Thayer has been engaged on the work for fifteen years. —"George Elliot," the author of "Adam Bede," has just finished a new novel, which will shortly be published by the Messrs. Blackwood. The title is, "Felix Holt, the Radical," and the time the stormy period of the first Reform bill. —The Bishop of Exeter entered his eighty-ninth year on the sixth of May, having been born at Bridgewater on the sixth day of May, 1778. He is the oldest graduate of Oxford now living, having taken his B. A. degree in June, 1805, when he was only seventeen years of age. —A new paper called "The American Journal of Numismatics" has been issued in New York by Mr. Frank H. Norton, Librarian of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library. It proposes to become the exponent of the opinions and defender of the interests of all who make archæology and numismatics their study. —The Catholic World for June, full of various interesting papers, is out; the second number of the Crescent Monthly, a first-class literary magazine, published in New Orleans, is also out. The Land we Love is the name of another excellent Southern magazine, devoted to literature and politics. The first number of which has just been issued. It is published at Charlotte, N. C., and is edited by General D. H. Hill, late of the Confederate army. —Among the latest announcements of English publishers is a sort of Spurgeon Jest Book, with the title: "Anecdotes and Stories of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, now first collected and arranged." The London Review says of it:—"This must not take it itself the credit of being the earliest clerical budget of wit. There was a 'Stern's Convivial Jester, or That's Your Sort.'" —Messrs. D. J. Sællier & Co. have prepared new editions of the following excellent works:—"Lives of the Early Martyrs"; "Life of St. Vincent de Paul"; and "The Controversy between Pope and Maguire." They have also issued "A Popular Life of St. Patrick," from the pen of a talented and worthy priest. This work is, as its title indicates, intended for general circulation among the people, and will prove a very useful and valuable addition to Irish literature. —It is believed that Napoleon's "Life of Cesar" will extend to four volumes, as the second only goes as far as the passing of the Rubicon. —The latest criticism upon "Ecce Homo" is that of Lord Shaftesbury, who expressed his opinion of that work in the following terms:—"See how men are deluded, how they are misled by those who should be their guides. I confess I was perfectly aghast the other day when speaking to a clergyman, and asking him his opinion of that most pestilential book ever voiced, I think, from the jaws of hell; I mean 'Ecce Homo.' When I asked him what was his opinion of that book he deliberately told me he being a great professor of Evangelical religion—that that book had excited his deepest admiration, and that he did not hesitate to say that it had conferred great benefit upon his own soul. Why, if we are to have this miserable and uncertain teaching, if the guides to whom we look for light and help can approve such works as that, how can we expect that the mass of the people, the mass even of the educated middle classes, who are supposed to think for themselves, will not be led to wander out of the right way? The booksellers do not copy this notice in the advertisements."

lated. Nor was there ever anything like a reclamation made either against himself or anybody else, as is proved by the official communication of the Minister of the Interior. What his anonymous German accuser will say to all this Antoine, which lie at the bottom of this controversy, M. Louis Blanc, who ought to be a good judge of the matter, affirms that he is not surprised that that authenticity is questioned, and that he feels bound to say that, after having paid attention to the papers to which they have given their names, he is most decidedly under the impression that they are not genuine. —Colonel Thomas Fitzgerald has enlarged and greatly improved his paper, the City Ren. The item has been established for nearly twenty years, and is at present an ably-conducted and extremely readable literary journal. —A newspaper, entitled The Hub of the Union, is to be issued at "Hub," about the 15th of June. THE NEW YORK PRESS. EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF LEADING JOURNALS UPON CURRENT TOPICS. COMPILED EVERY DAY FOR EVENING TELEGRAPH. New Move on the European Chess-Board. From the Tribune. If Louis Napoleon, by his speech at Auxerre (or by the interpolated account of it in the Monitor), did not mean to pledge himself to the support of Italy and Prussia, he undoubtedly wished to be understood so at Vienna. The speech contained the significant hint to the Austrian Government that if France, "detaching the treaties of 1815," and always sympathizing with the legitimate aspirations of oppressed peoples, especially with those of Italy, which a few years ago, by the cession of Savoy, enabled France to "rectify" a part of her frontier, should once more unite all her forces with Prussia, the Prussia, the aggregate strength of the two belligerent parties would be very materially changed. Should France remain neutral, the strength of the two parties would be about as follows:—Prussia and Italy together have a population of 40,000,000 souls, and their armies, put on a war footing, will together number about 1,000,000 men. On the other hand, we have Austria, with 35,000,000, and the minor German States, with 12,000,000, together 47,000,000 of inhabitants, and also mustering an army of about 1,000,000 men. The Federal Diet pledged itself, on the 9th of May, against Prussia, with the exception, however, of Mecklenburg and the XVth and XVIIth curia (which means a majority of the following States—Oldenburg, Anhalt, Schwarzburg, and the four free cities). Of these States, Mecklenburg would be prevented, by her geographical position, from furnishing a contingent to a Federal army directed against Prussia, and so would the States of Oldenburg, Anhalt, Schwarzburg; but, on the whole, the contingent of the minor States to the Federal army may, since May 9, be set down as the certain ally of Austria. This would nearly balance the strength of the two parties. The alliance of France with the opponents of Austria would insure the success of the latter. For Austria, with its many discontented provinces, to resist the onset of three powers as consolidated and homogeneous as Prussia, Italy, and France, is out of the question. The Court of Vienna is, of course, fully conscious of this fact. Louis Napoleon, moreover, has taken special pains to urge it upon the immediate attention of Austria, and to that end has dispatched a special envoy to Vienna, the Austrian ambassador, to insist that this messenger was to request the Austrian Government to make certain concessions with regard to the Venetian question, and they claim to have trust-worthy authority for stating that the result of the negotiations entered into between Austria and France is such an arrangement as to total change in the present course of political events, as it would relieve Austria of the double burden of carrying on war simultaneously in the North and the South. The purpose of all this is clear. The Austrian papers speak of an arrangement which would provide for the cessation of a part of the whole of Venice. If in return France and Italy would supply Austria with arms, Prussia, which, with its 19,000,000 of inhabitants, would be left alone, at war with opponents commanding more than 50,000,000. The next European move is likely to bring more detailed accounts of these new negotiations. It is in the meantime, clear that such an arrangement must have presented itself to the minds of Austrian statesmen as the most advantageous that, in view of the threatening attitude of France, could be obtained. They all know, and they all admit, that Austria is in a position of Austria source a greater expenditure than income; that this burden is growing heavier every year; and that, in any European complication, Venice is the most vulnerable point of Austria. If, therefore, Austria would get rid of its greatest danger, with a fair prospect of now solving the Gordian knot of German unity at the expense of Prussia. "Hias in Nuce." From the Tribune. The Telegraph sent us the Cabinet speeches so late on Wednesday evening that we could not comment upon them. Perhaps our readers would like to know what the Cabinet did say, therefore we reproduce each speech in a nutshell: I. The President.—No speech. Much obliged. Support "particularly gratifying under existing circumstances." Go to the Secretaries. II. The Secretary of the Navy.—The old man not at home. Off to Auburn. You have seen his three columns, perhaps. If he were here— III. The Secretary of the Navy.—Thanks. Midnight talk should be discouraged in decent families. We will simulate a storm of indignation, and "rights of the States." Go home, and don't keep people out of their beds! IV. The Secretary of War.—Speech written. Didn't speak before because Lincoln had been killed. Public life is a sacrifice. Has "avoided trenching" on the able man. When Johnson became President, the Rebellion was considerably smothered. I first thought that there should be negro suffrage. After "calm and full discussion," my mind yielded to "adverse arguments." I believe in a better reconstruction than the President has recognized the right of Congress to amend the Constitution, for every third Congressman is a Constitutional lawyer. (Tut! Tut! Good words, good words! Mr. Secretary.) Why couldn't the President at all right, Congress is all right, the country is all right, the Rebels are

coming all right. Sorry that Congress and President cannot agree, for I need not tell you that the Union party saved the nation from armed rebellion. President and Congress are coming all right—no more to be said. We are Congressmen. We will all be lovely once more—but it is very late, and more speech has been made than was intended, so good night, and come again. VII. The Attorney-General.—Very sorry; couldn't speak; excuse me. VIII. The Secretary of the Interior.—As to the President's policy, the least said is soonest mended. But I won't distrust the Union party, nor betray its secrets to any party. I will, however, so stay away with your fiddles, for I'll not talk to you to-night. The President and His Cabinet.—The Administration Policy. From the Times. The public will be gratified by the evidence afforded on Wednesday last of the attitude held by the President's Cabinet towards the policy of his Administration. It is always well to have the views of men holding posts of so much influence and responsibility, upon the leading political questions of the day, distinctly understood. During a very critical period of Mr. Lincoln's Administration a caucus of Union Senators appointed a committee of nine to wait upon the President and to deliver to him a report upon the Administration. The committee was courteously received, and a written address urging the importance of united Cabinet councils, in order to a vigorous administration of affairs. Each member of the committee, being called upon in turn by the President for his opinions, concurred in this view of the case, and insisted upon the absolute necessity of a concurrence, on the part of every member of his Cabinet, with the President in the principles and policy of his Administration. Mr. Lincoln withheld any expression of his own sentiments, but said there was one question he wished each Senator to consider carefully and to answer to his own conscience, and that was this: "Should I, said he, 'the importance of having each member of my Cabinet agree with me; but are you not really the most anxious that I should have a Cabinet, every member of which will give you good advice, and will be prepared to answer the question he believed that he should answer, and he would give me another interview. If agreement with him was what they really wanted, that was already secured. The Committee did not return. The President had not evinced any special anxiety that the President should have the united support of his Cabinet. But it is just as important now as ever before—and the Senate probably will offer no opposition to any measure which may be proposed to secure the demonstration of Wednesday shows that, with the exception of Mr. Speed, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, the President's Cabinet is united in support of the general principles by which his administration is guided. Mr. Speed, however, has already evaded any expression of opinion whatever, while Mr. Harlan, with equal frankness and greater ingenuity, sought to convey the impression that the President's policy was "in betrayal of the confidence reposed in him by the Union party," and that no one could expect him, Mr. Harlan, to be "guilty of ingratitude so glaringly dishonorable." This is slightly Pecksniffian, and quite characteristic; it indicates unmistakably that Mr. Harlan, as Mr. Speed, comprehends the early retirement. Mr. Speed, in his calm and comprehensive speech at Auburn, merely reaffirmed, in clear and statesmanlike terms, the principles he has always held as to the means by which the States lately in rebellion can, with great safety and wisdom, be restored to their relations with the Federal Government. They are precisely the same which he held under President Lincoln, and which President Johnson is simply striving to carry into practical effect. He believes them to be the only principles which the Government, acting under the authority and within the limitations imposed upon its power by the Constitution, has a right to make the basis of its action; and he sustains this belief by arguments which address themselves to the great sense of the judgment and candor of the country. Secretary Stanton's position on the subject has been open to more doubt and misrepresentation, perhaps, than that of any other member of the Cabinet. We said a few days since, in our time and energies have been so fully devoted to the practical details of his own department, that he has had but slight connection with the political action of the Government. But in his address on Wednesday he marked a marked departure from the patriotism and devotion with which the President has sought to secure the peace and tranquility of the country on just and sure foundations, and declares his own cordial concurrence in the measures which the President proposes by which he has sought to accomplish that object. Nor does he hesitate to express, in distinct and emphatic terms, his dissent from the plan of Reconstruction reported by the joint Committee of Congress, especially the disfranchisement of the great mass of the Southern people until 1870. He says that in his judgment "every proper increment, to Union in the South should be secured, and that the power of Congress to limit its own power by constitutional amendment for the period of four years might be deplorable in its results." While he accords to those who differ equal honesty with himself, he does not believe in the proposed plan now stands, he is unable to perceive the necessity, justice, or wisdom of the measure. Secretary McCulloch was most emphatic and distinct in declaring his adherence to the President's plan, though he said that, a better one can be devised, and that he would be glad to agree upon anything it is willing to offer in its place. The only amendment to the Constitution which he thinks important is the one changing the basis of representation, and it was not until the President failed that this was not adopted long ago. In concluding he said: "I have desired and hoped for the continuation of this great Union party, with which I have ever been identified; but if its leaders can present better and better programs of the Committee, I am greatly attracted, and that its day will be numbered. I trust, fellow-citizens, that this will not be the case; that it will discontinue hostility and attempt to contribute to the construction of the country, and that it will embrace those principles which look to harmony, to restoration, and to peace. If it should do this it will still be the best of all possible courses for the country, and cover itself with imperishable glory. If it does not, its days are numbered, and the signal will be given to the country to be known to prosecute the war with vigor, but it lacked the wisdom to avail itself of the benefits of victory." These are wise and indubitable counsels, and we trust will not be without their just influence, with Congress and the country. Mr. Dennison, the Postmaster-General, spoke substantially in the same vein. He thought the differences between the President and Congress had been exaggerated. They relate solely to the question of the Southern States, which shall be readmitted to representation in Congress, and he says very freely that he does not believe them to be irreconcilable. Indeed, he rejoins in the extreme party claims which it had in the opening of the session, room for conciliation that time and discussion are rapidly bringing the two departments of the Government upon a common platform. We trust these hopeful predictions may be realized. We concur in the opinion that, so far as differences of principle and of opinion are concerned, they are not insurmountable. The most formidable obstacles to the harmony of action lie in the temper and tone of feeling which have been assumed by the debates and discussions of the session of Congress. When we see signs of abatement in the hostility and denunciation which have thus been so lavishly bestowed upon the President, by leading members of Congress, and if it is accompanied by all the stronger hopes of harmony in the Union party.

The Dark Hours of Austria. From the Daily News. Just now, upon the eve of a grand European war, in which Austria appears to be menaced from all sides, and its utter dismemberment threatened, it may not be unprofitable to call back moments in Austrian history when for a time its fall seemed certain and unavoidable, and yet when, by its own recuperative force, it succeeded in overcoming all danger and rising superior to all hostile combinations. We shall refer to these historical instances not in the spirit of a panegyric, but merely as indications of the great power of resistance Austria possesses, and has always possessed, and further to show that those who predict, from the present combinations against the House of Hapsburg, its downfall as one of the great ruling powers of the earth, are not thoroughly measured the resources nor the elasticity of a Government compelled to fight for the maintenance of its dignity, ay, for its very existence. The present situation bears a remarkable analogy to the condition of continental Europe upon the death of the Emperor of Austria, Emperor of Germany and Archduke of Austria, in 1740. Against his daughter, Maria Theresa, who claimed to succeed him, by virtue of the "pragmatic sanction," in the hereditary dominions of Austria, almost the whole of Europe combined in maintaining her successor, and under the name of the Salic law, for centuries past the great law of kingly descent on the continent. It was then that Frederick the Second of Prussia, young and ambitious, won his first spurs in battle. Besides the Emperor of Russia, Emperor of France, and even Spain and Savoy, and some other minor powers of Italy and Germany, preferred claims to the several portions of the Austrian dominions, and for a time it appeared as if the days of the Austrian Hapsburgs, as a ruling family in Europe, were soon to end. But Austria outlived the danger, and came out of the struggle with very little loss. Frederick gained a portion of Silesia, and France obtained Lorraine and Alsace. But, on the other hand, Austria's influence rose grandly, and Maria Theresa succeeded in having her husband, Duke Francis of Lorraine, elected German Emperor, notwithstanding the opposition of Russia, Prussia, England, France, and Spain. Austria was thus almost miraculously saved from utter ruin by the fervid patriotism and martial vigor of the Hungarians, to whom Maria Theresa presented herself, her infant son in her arms, pleading with tearful eyes for instant succor. Again, in almost our own time, the Napoleonic wars have often brought Austria to the verge of complete destruction. All its dominions overrun by a victorious enemy, its capital in the possession of a hostile army, its own organized force of resistance nearly destroyed, and its army in battles, and the weak remnants of a once proud army and brave spirited population demoralized by constant defeat, and added to all this (in 1811) national bankruptcy working the most disastrous results upon the people—all this did weaken for a time, it is true, the power of Austria; but in 1813, as if with a sudden bound, to the astonishment of all Europe, and to the amazement of no one more than Napoleon himself, Austria stood fully armed, dauntless, and in all the strength and vigor of unshaken manhood on the plains of Leipzig, bidding defiance to the conqueror of the continent. It was here again that, in the darkest hour of Austria's fortunes, it drew new life and redoubled strength from Hungary, that great preserver of Austrian power in Europe. As, in 1848-9, the whole of the rest of Austria was unable to cope with Hungary alone, so with Hungary firmly on its side and ready for every sacrifice in its support, Austria rose twice superior to the armed combination of the principal powers of Europe. True, the relations between the Viennese Government and the Hungarian people are not the most cordial just at present. Hungary has been a constitutional monarchy from its first advent among the family of European nations, a thousand years ago, and the Hungarians are great sticklers for their time-honored constitutional rights and privileges. But we have no doubt that they will again rally to the support of their sovereign and the integrity of the Austrian Empire with all the impulsiveness and ardor of former times, as an equivalent for the firm re-establishment of their old form of government and their local autonomy. If this be granted, and granted in a manner to win the faith of the Hungarians, and dissipate their innate suspicions of the value of the promises of kings in need, even the present powerful coalition against Austria will end without imperiling her position. But that the principles of reform, so loudly proclaimed by the youthful Emperor Francis Joseph at the Congress of Princes at Frankfurt, must become his rule of action at home and abroad, or else *felix Austria* will be *felix* no longer. COAL. JAMES O'BRIEN, DEALER IN LEHIGH AND SCHUYLKILL COAL. BY THE CARGO OR SINGLE TON. Yard, Broad Street, below Fitzwater. Has constantly on hand a competent supply of the above superior coal, suitable for family use, to which he calls the attention of his friends and the public generally. Orders sent to No. 206 South Fifth Street, No. 32 South Seventh Street, or through Dispatch or Post Office, promptly attended to. A SUPERIOR QUALITY OF BLACKSMITHS' COAL. 765 GEO. 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