LITERATURE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS. ELSTER'S FOLLY. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Phila-delphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Had Mrs. Henry Wood, at the outset of her literary career, turned her ambition away from the channel of novel writing, and undertaken the editing of a popular edition of the "Newgate. Calendar," we do not doubt but that she would have made a great success. Endowed with wonderful fertility of imagination, and much better versed in the criminal law of Great Britain than in the rules of syntax, we regret, both for her own reputation and for the good of the literary world, that her good angel had not pointed out to her that the road to glory was through the "Calendar." But fate made her a novelist; and with all her faults, she can certainly write a most entertaining work. By a series of rapid executions she is enabled to manufacture works with alarming rapidity. Not six months pass but some new "folly," or "crime," or somebody's "daughters," comes from her pen; and it is thus only in the course of nature that, with the commencement of the summer season, we should have the regular instalment. This time the book has come in the shape of "Elster's Folly," which Messrs, Peterson, with their usual energy, have published this morning. We have read with a goodly amount of pleasure the advance copy sent us, and must acknowledge that we derived much amusement, considerable entertainment, but very little profit from it. It is written as all Mrs. Wood's books are written. This style is such as an author can only have at high pressure, and when writing at steam-power; and as to literary merit, though a critic for a moraing contempo, rary tells us it is a "literary curiosity" and "well constructed," it possesses none whatever. The details are rushed together and the plot evolved out of the details. The denouement is certainly well conceived, but at the same time it is so improbable that it is far beyond the most acute penetration to discern its drift. Let us look at the book. The scene opens in the country, amid a rural district which is described in the following elegantly constructed sentence:-

"The harvest was nearly gathered-this had been a late season—but a few fields of golden grain, in process of reaping, imparted their warm tints to the landscape."

It was amid this healthy scene that the hero appeared. We have vainly sought to discover from various remarks what sort of a looking man the hero was. We are told on page 21 that he was "a tall, slender man, of about four-andtwenty, a man of evident good breeding." And another valuable piece of information: "He wore a light summer overcoat on his well-cut ciothes, and had a most attractive face." An overcoat in August is rather warm, but he may have had his reasons. This hero was Val Elster, afterwards Lord Hartleton. It was he that was guilty of all the folly of the book. To let our readers know what his folly was, we make the following extracts:-

physiognomist might have found fault with the face; and, while admitting its sweet expression, would have condemned it for its itter want of resolution. Want of that, the inabi lity to say 'no' to any sort of persuasion, whether for good or for ill; in short, a total absence of what may be called moral courage, had been from his chudbood Val Elster's besetting sin. There was a joke against little Val when he was a boy of seven. Some playmates had insisted upon his walking into a pond, and standing there. Poor Val, completely unable to say no, walked in, and was nearly drowned for his pains. It had been made a loke against him then; how many such 'jokes' could have been brought against him since he grew up. Val him-self could alone tell. As the child had been, so that his irresolution brought him into he did not care to glance at; and while all too aware of his one lamentable deficiency, he was equally aware that he was powerless to make stand against it. People, in speaking of this, called it 'Eister's Folly.'"

Further on, however, we find him guilty of other follies, a little nearer crimes. We do not know what Mrs. Wood expected in a gentleman, but we are told, as an evidence of his great virtue, that he always answered people politely, "even if they were his interiors," As a general rule, gentlemen do. But we must leave our here for the present, and proceed to what we are told "is link upon link-link upon link-an awful, heavy, despairing weight of burden, which no hand could lift, and which would have to be borne for the most part in dread

secrecy and silence." Lord Hartleton dies, and Val becomes Earl.

He is engaged to a young lady, who, we are told on page 53, was "one of the sweetest, most lovable, most charming of girls, almost without a compeer in the world for grace, beauty, and goodness," He however fails in love, or, rather, is inveigled into love, with a Lady Maude, and becomes engaged to them both. This was a little exhibition of his folly. Lady Ma ide, we are told. had "handsome black eyes," but there was a "hardiesse" (?) about her. He marries Lady Maude, but continues to love and seek to court the "most lovable girl in the world." Another folly. Atter his marriage it appears that Lord Hartleton had been married to some one else for a number of years. His marriage was a secret one, he being told to stand up and call the woman his wife. He did so, continued to live with her, and was astonished to find that by the laws of Scotland he was legally married. The breaking of the news to the Earl was rather exciting. We quote the account, with an apology to the reader for its indelicacy. Mr. Carr was a triend of the Earl's:-"I hope you are well, Lady Hartleton," said

She would not see the offered hand, but sweps onward with a cold courtesy, stopping just a moment to speak to her husband.
"You are not going out with me, Lord Har-

"I cannot to-night, Maude. Business is

detaining me." She swept onward up the stairs, vouchsafing no other word. They lingered a minute before following, to let her get into the drawing-room. "Poor Maude! poor Maude!—What will become of her, if this is brought home to me?" "And if it is not brought home to you, the fact remains the same," said Mr. Carr, in his merciless truta.

"And our children! our children!" groaned the Earl, a hot flush of dread arising in his white tace.

Mr. Carr said something abruptly; it sounded like, "You must not have children." Whatever it was, Lord Hartleton shivered. Too late, Carr: too late;

They shut themselves in with the stranger, and the conference was renewed.

Certainly very melo-dramatic, but hardly as refined as Mrs. Hemans would like, or in fact Mrs. Grundy either. His wife finds it out, and dies, not of that, but from seeing her son get a fall. Rather hard that she should live through disgrace, and then peacefully die from nothing. The wife-we mean the Scottish one-mean-

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while has also gone the way of all flesh, and the here within the year marries his third wife, "the most lovable girl in the world."

The character of the Earl is an equally absurd mixture of opposites. He is good-hearted and weak, praying continually, as we are told, and has a determination to do his duty, yet is continually caught wishing * mself dead. Again and again does the pleasant anticipation break from his lips. His second wife is the best drawn personage in the book, but she seems to us to be rather peculiar. She hates Val, yet marries him for money-that we can understand; she then loves him passionately, and then commences to hate him again without any cause. Her feelings are like the tide, continually ebbing and flowing, and while we do not pretend to understand the temale heart, yet we do think the Lady Maude is unnatural.

There is but one other character worthy of note, and that is the Dowager Countess of Kirton. We would cordially advise Mrs. Wood to depict the manners of washerwomen, and leave ladies alone. We never heard of such a character among the fish-mongers of Billingsgate, much less in the polite circle of any civilized nation. We will describe her best by giving an account of her behavior at the time of the first Earl's death:-

The Countess Dowager's grief commenced rather turbulently. She taiked and shricked and danced round in her pink satin, in the middle of the hall, exactly as if she had been a wild Indian. It was so intensely ludicrous that the hall gazed in silence.

"Here to day, and gone to-morrow!" she "Nay," cried young Carteret; "here to-day, and g me now. Poor tellow! it is awini."
"And you have done it!" she cried, turning

her grief upon the astonished boy, and beginning to dance round him. "You! What business had you to allure him off again in that miserable boat, once he had gone home? "Don't trample me down, please!" he indig-nantly returned; "I am as cut up as you can be, Hedges, nadn't you better get Lady Kirson's

maid here? I think she's going mad.' "And now the house is without a master," she bemoaned, returning to her own griefs and troubles, "and I have all the arrangements thrown upon myseit." "The house is not without a master," said

young Carteret, who seemed inclined to have be last word. "It one master has gone from it, poor feltow! there's another to replace him; and he is at your elbow now."

He at her elbow was Val Elster. Lady Kirton gathered in the sense of the words, and gave a

ry-a real, prolonged cry of absolute dismay.

'He can't be its master." "I should say he is, ma'am. At any rate, he is the Earl of Hartleton." She looked from one to the other in helpless doubt. It was a contingency that had never so much as once occurred to her. Had she wanted confirmation, the next moment brought it to her from the lips of the butler.

"Hedges," called out Percival, sternly, in his embarrassment and grief, "open to the during-room door. We must get the hall clear."

"The door is open, my lord."
"Yah—ah—ah!" shrieked the Countess Dowager; "he, Lord Hartledon! Why, I was

gaing to recommend his brother to slip him off to Canada for life." It was altogether an unseemly scene at such a time. But nearly everything that the Countess

Bowager of Kirion did was unseemly. Her tadyship was so continually going through with this war-dance, that we think that Mrs. Wood must have just discovered the word, and sought to make it familiar to her readers. The whole character is much out of place, and had better have been omitted, or else put in the place of the housekeeper.

But with all its faults and absurdities, the book is well worth perusal. It is as absorbing as any book which has fallen under our notice tor months, and will make most entertaining summer reading. For interest, it is the best of all of Mrs. Wood's works, and will, we auticopate, have a vast circle of admirers. While most rid oulous, it is most absorbing. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have published it from advance sheets.

Literature at Home and Abroad -Authors, Artists, Publishers, and Pablic-What all are Doing.

The news of Literature at home and abroad, is not encouraging. Book-writing is going on as ceaselessly as ever, it is true (when did the bees ever think honey enough had been made?), but book buying has been slacking off for some time back, and book making is likely to come to a comparative stand still, after the works now under way, and in an advanced state, shall have been put forth.

Fewer lighter books, for summer and seaside reading, have been published this year than for many before. The novels have not been as plentiful as usual. Summer novels are generally of such a trashy nature, however, that, perhaps, we ought not to regret this falling off. Why won't some of our publishers make a small fortune by collecting in handy volumes the thousand or two short, smart stories which give so many readers to the weekly papers and monthly magazines? Everybody don't care to keep the mind strained over a long novel during the leisure moments they find in the country and at the wateringplaces. Many love to pick up a book to while away half an hour's idle time, and then put it away, to be dipped into again as into a bon-bon box-this they cannot do with the long novelbut this they might do with the volume of fifty or sixty short stories.

Nothing that has yet been put forth in this line, however, has been rightly done. The Harpers or the Appletons could get up a volume to meet the demand, if they would-neatly bound, with stories selected to suit popular, not esthetic tastes.

The question now exciting much attention in the literary world, here and abroad, is that of INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

The London Athenaum, noticing the accession

of a new Ministry in England, says:-"They may, if they please, put the great question of copyright with the United States on a new and sound tooting. A movement has arisen in America itselt; and this movement probably repulres no more than a triendly recognition on our side to secure its success. The Whigs, it is thought, were unwilling to meet and encourage this American effort, on the ground of our pride not allowing us to take any further surely, in a case where the interests of all our thinkers and writers are concerned, a government office may accept justice when it is offered

and put in a corner its own offended majesty, A LETTER FROM MISS BRADDON TO ONE OF HER

CRITICE. The London Spectator having intimated that in Miss Braddon's novel, "The Doctor's Wife," the best parts were at least derived from Flau-

bert's "Madame Bovary," the lady replies thus:-"Your criticism of "The Doctor's Wife' gave me so much gratification that I should be wanting in gratitude were I to allow you to remain under any misapprehension with regard to that book. Permit me then to say, that between it and 'Madame Bovary' no reasonable comparison can be sustained; most assuredly the latter in no way gave rise to the former. Gustave Flanbert's novel is a morbid analysis of a vicious and sensual woman, who abandens herself unhest-

tatingly to a career of unmitigated infamy. In 'The Doctor's Wife,' Isabel Sleaford is a sentimental girl, whose mind is steeped in girlish poetry, and whose romantic temperament preserves her from degradation, after leading her into danger. The very points you praised in 'The Doctor's Wife' are those in which that story differs most from 'Madana Board. differs most from 'Madame Bovary.' Indeed, the only resemblance it is possible for the most severe criticism to discover between the two books is in the solitary fact that the herome of each is the wife of a provincial surgeon, and leads a dull life. All the churacters, all the situations, incidents, scenery, dialogue, reliections, are entirely my own; and I dely the most scarching scrutiny to detect a parallel passage or a

orrowed thought.
"For the 'Lady's Mile,' I can also affirm that is all my own thunder, very mild thunder, perhaps, but warranted genuine, nevertheless "I am, sir, etc., M. E. Brappon."

Miss B, should have followed the example of George Elliot, (Miss Evans), who, after seeing her last book, "Felix Holt," out of press, took the money she received for it, \$20,000, and went abroad, to avoid reading disagreeable notices of it.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS AT HIS OWN GRAVE.

Dumas says in a recent letter :-"A short time since, an old friend of mine was arrested for \$2400, and thrown into the sent me word he was under jan. He lock and key, and asked me to liberate him. had not \$2400. I went to his creditor and entered into a contract binding me to deliver six lectures in any six provincial towns he pleased, released my friend. He accepted my offer, and my friend came out of fail at

Here is Dumas' description of his grave:-"There are few burying-grounds so pic-turesque as that of Villers Cotterets. The sixuation of the village in the midst of a forest enables the villagers to obtain all sorts of trees for the tombs. At a distance one sees a bosky with different colored leaves, and when one observes the play of light on all these groups of trees, and hears the joyous birds flying from limb to limb, one thinks it must be the park of me castle rather than a village cemetery. The lot destined for our family burying ground s a large square, marked by six magi , which were planted at my father's burial. They are now forty-nine years old, and are magnificent. I never go near tuese firs without protound emotion. All I have most sacred in my memories lie there. I went near them this time humbler and bowed nearer than ever to earth, fearing to look and anxious to see. A grave was dug at the foot of the stone which covers my lather's body. The graved gger stood a little distance off leaning on his spade, as he is represented in Hamiel. He had just completed his task. He saw me comme, and had moved aside. I stopped near the grave. Oh! sweet bitterness of tears, with what sombre voluptuousness I sought thee! The gurden planted on each of the graves where my maternal grand ather and numother and my tather sleep was well kept. I needed thanks to the gravedigger who was charged with this duty. I gathered a flower trem each of these gardens, and laid them on the bottom of the grave. I saw there a long square traced where there was no mound. Knowing it was reserved for somebody, I called the gravedigger, and asked him What is this 'It is your grave, M. Dumas. There are still three vacant places in your burying ground, and I have thought you would be glad to be as near as possible to your father and mother. I do not care which one of your parents may die before you; be sure this place will be kept for you. I made a sign to the gravedigger to come up, and stamping the ground with my toot to take possession of said to him: - So it is agreed, isn't u? 'This is my grave?' 'Yes, M. Dumas,' I took a louis out of my pocket, and gave it to him. thanked me by a sort of nol. as he said:—'You think it will do!' I replied, 'Yes, but have you thought to provide against your dving before Oh! don't be uneasy about that, M. Dumas; I will tell my successor to take care of

THE FEVAL-SARDOU QUARREL-HOW FEVAL WROTH "THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON."

In Paris they have had quite a literary scandal. It has, of course, delighted the general public, who are pleased to see literary men play battle-dore with disagreeable personalities as the shuttlecocks. M. Paul Feval is the author of it. He made a most unwarrantable attack on M. Victorien Sardou. M. Feval is a novelist, after struggling fearfully with poverty (which seems the initiation to literature almost every where), rose by degrees to a low, a very low degree of favor among the third and fourth class of newspapers, as a writer of novels for their feuilieton. In this position he remained until Eugene Sue published his "Mysteries of Paris." The great success of this novel made M. Antenor Joly, then manager of the Courrier (and one of the most curious figures of Paris) anxious to hit upon some novel which should counterbalance the reputation of Sue's story. One morning, an idea struck him, and he went at once to M. Feval's garret. The following conversation took place between them:-"Were you ever in London, Feval? 'Never." "Can you speak or read English?" 'Not one word." "You are just the manfor me because you will write without previous plas! want you to write a novel of 150,000 lines, enti tied the 'Mysteries of London.' You will give me the first three chapters to-morrow morning. They will be published in our to-morrow even ing's edition. Here are the first \$1000 copyright in advance." "No, really, I cannot accept those propositions. I am not capable of writing an English novel." "Nonsense! What are you "A novel, 'Les Compagnons' Hasard, which will prove quite a long novel. M. Antenor Joly ran through the first pages of the novel, and exclaimed:— Why, that is admirable-just the thing we want. Opliterate those Put in English names, torrents of gin, fog, and smoke, and it will be a first-rate English novel. Conclude the first ten chapters, and go to London to complete the work.' torrnight afterwards M. Feval was in London. quote this anecdote for two reasons: to show you how these people, who turn up their noses at the English for "shopkeepers," carry trade even into the realms of art, and this in the most unscrupu lous way; and to let you see the beginning of M Feval's fortunes. He owed them to the tule M.An tenor Joly gave him, and to the vogue it enjoyed in consequence of Eugene Sue's work's success He continued to be an obscure writer (although his income was quite comfortable) of novels in feuilletons until the deaths of Frederick Soule De Balzac, and De Bernard, and the exhaustio. ot M. Alexandre Dumas made him more couspicaous. He did not rise; others tell around him and so made him seen. Understanding the art of using social relations to advance himself, and of investing flattery to sure advantage, becoming less unskilled in the use of the pen, he has, or late years, occupied a good position. Husband ing his money judiciously, keeping clear of debt, avoiding discreditable relations with persons of both sexes, he has, aided by time, sidled himself into quite a good position as a literary man by these extraneous aids. Time hallows everything it spares. A fly, which the house-maid had killed, or my uncle Toby had gently put out of the window, becomes a precious trea sure when time hardens the amber into which it had floundered.

DORE VS. TENNYSON.

Messrs. Noxon, of London, who are Tenny on's publishers, announce to appear in Decem ber a volume (imperial 4to, price one guinea) containing "Elaine" by Alfred Tennyson, illus-trated by Gustave Dore. There will be nine full page drawings engraved on steel, in the first tyle of art, by J. H. Baker. They say: designs of this artist have never yet been en-graved on steel, and consequently have never been interpreted in their fullest sense. M. Dore been interpreted in their fullest sense. M. Dore has made these drawings with special reference to this mode of engraving, and it was at his special request that the publishers determined to incur the great outlay uccessary to produce this book. It is also the first time that M. Dore has illustrated the works of a contemporary

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his debts, and give him a pension of \$8000 s year, he, on the other hand, transferring to the Government all his estates, copyrights, and other property. It is said the only obstacle to this arrangement is M. de Lamartine's healtation to accept any tavor from the Government.

LAMB. In a few months the "Life of Charles Lamb," by B. W. Proctor, will be published, "Elia," illustrated by "Barry Cornwall," Lamb died in December, 1834, and Proctor is now 76 years oid. Tattourd's "Life," and "Memorials" of Lamb are not quite satisfictory, for they hint as much as they reveal. They err, also, in representing Lamb as a badly paid man of letters. When he retired from his office in the India House in 1837 after 27 years almost a letter and the satisfic for the ladia. House, in 1827, after 27 years almost no there, he was receiving, and had long received, £700 a year, and was superannuated on 1450 a year, with a pension to his sister in the event of her surviving him, which she did. In fact, Lamb was better off, all his life, than most of his literary contemporaries.

PRENCH AUTHORS MANGLING ENGLISH. M. Clement Duvernois, one of the editors of La Liberte, headed one of the recent efficials of his payer with these English words:-"Go Head!" He meant Go Ahead! M. Jules Janua. Head!" He meant Go Ahead! M. Jules Janin in a recent feutileton, said:—"A horse! A horse My kingdom for a horse! to use Samuel John son's language. O rare Sam Johnson!" Have Have you noticed the mistakes made in M. Victor Hugo's last novel, in speaking of America He calls Colonel Benton "the famous Mis-our banker," and Clay "the mill boy of the scars (translating, not unmaturally, stasses by scars) and says:- "We (Americans) call Winfield Scot 'hasty plate of soup,' because the first thing he did after dejeating the English was to sit down to table." He says the American love for nick names is a tashion of the lower Greek Empire. and it evidently proves revolting to his tastes. . . . A Freuch newspaper, speaking of the it be believed in London a soup made of rotten green walnuts and cats' livers is eaten, and popu-lar in all classes of society?" Some of the subscribers to the paper insisted upon further par ticulars, in order that they might avoid this horrible soup when they went to London. The editor said the soup he alluded to was called in Lordon walnut catsup, and should by all means be avoided.

THE NEW YORK PRESS.

EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF THE LEADING JOURNALS UPON CURRENT TOPICS.

COMPILED EVERY DAY FOR EVENING TELEGRAPH

A Pennsylvania View.

From the Tribune. The monster meeting at Reading, Pennsylvania, was so called, we suppose, from the monstrous doctrines it advocated, and the speech of the Hon. Richard Vaux, its President. As few of our readers may know this statesman, we will write his biography, apologizing for its length. Many years ago, Mr. Vaux was Mayor of Philadelphia; many years ago he was elected a Director of Girard Coilege, but unfortunately had not the benefit of a previous education at that institution; many years ago he invented the Vanx shirt collar, which is still largely worn in Philadelphia-by himself; the other day he went to Reading, and was appointed spokesman for the Democratic party. These are the principal events of his public career, which, it will be seen, has been steadily downward. First, Mayor, then Director; then Shirt Collar Inventor; then President of the Reading meeting: this is a fearful decline, and we fear it is not ended, as it is said that Mr. Vaux wants to become Secretary of State under conditions which would make that office next to the lowest in the country.

We are glad he was allowed to make a speed for he, of all men, is best fitted to speak for the Denocracy. Others have the tact to hide its purposes, but Mr. Vaux scorns concealment. With his usual energy he seized the occasion to show h s knowledge of the longest words in the dictionary, and to review the history of the United States, We find, therefore, that the Democrats of Pennsylvania believe that a word of six syllables is better than a word of one, and that the war was begun in New England. It is also a cardinal article of the Democratic faith that the present Congress represents nobody, and that not one of its acts is constitutional Will Mr. Vaux question the constitutionality of its adjournment? Another platform of the party affirms-'It is wrong to teach little niggers read." From these premises the conclusion is reached that "Andrew Johnson is an honest man, who has remembered the teachings of his youth, and, though captured for a while by the Black Republicans, has scratched back to the Democracy." Thus we find out what principles and purposes are attributed to the President by the Democrats who support nim.

Johnsonism, in their opinion, is hatred of New England, tear of the South, and a profound conviction that the country will be rained if little niggers receive a better education than Presidents of Democratic meetings.

How Train Would Do It. From the Tribune.

Mr. George Francis Train, in addition to his regular labors, has taken the job of running the Democratic party of Nebraska on the Johnson track. He has just organized it at Omaha as "The Johnson Club of Nebraska," on this platform:-

First. That the Union is indispensable and insolu Second, The equality of States and the right of representation so earnly guaranteed. The right of each House of Congress to judge or the election and scation or its members, and that no member,

should be admitted to either House of whose loyalty here is a reasonable doubt.

Third. That slavery is abolished in all the States and Territories thereof, and should never, in any irm, be revived. Fourth. That each State should prescribe the

Fifth. That the right or each State to regulate its domestic affairs should be maintained.

Sixth. That we most fully and cordially approve of the stern and inflexible patriotism of President Johnson displayed during the late Rebellion, and warmly approve his untiring efforts in behalf of the vigorous and continued prosecution of the war under the war poncy of President Lincoln's Admis-tiation to its final result in saying the Union from dstuption, and we also cordially approve the polic parsned by the President in his efforts to restore har

states of the Union.

Seventh, Flut as no State could withdrawifrom the Union, there can be no readmission to the U and that all enabling acts for that purpose are im

Eighth. That in no event smaller attention for slaves directly or indirectly, make remuneration for slaves received, nor in any manner pay or become responsible for any portion of the debts or habilities in-Eighth. That in no event should the Government curred by the States lately in Rebellion -Train, we presume, understands how to

barmonize "the right of each State to regulate its domestic affairs" with an assurance that Slavery should never, in any form, be revived. That is, we trust, Train's opinion; but suppos South Carolina, Georgia, etc., should think differently—which "sovereignty" is to prevail—that of Georgia? Then as to "loyalty;" who is to judgee? and whose "reasonable doubt" is to exclude a fairly

lected member wom his seat in the Senate or House? We need light on this point: can Train

author, and, to use his own words, he deares the work "To be a monument to Mr. Tennyson of its own electors," we want to know who and his own powers." "Mon frere a fall cette constitute the State that is to do the prescribing;

tois-ci le grand success qui fora descendre son nom a la photorite.—Ernext Dote." As Dore is ignorant of English, "Elause' was translated for him into French prose, and he has made his designs on this.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT BUYING LAMARTINE OUT.

It is rumored the financial position of M. de Lamartine has been discussed by the French Cabinet, and it is in contemplation to pay all of the country till they could fight no longer. Did country till they could fight no longer. Did country till they could fight no longer. foes puts its defenders under the feet of its deteated insurgents? Can that be the way to secure its perpetuity? No! O, George Francis! the Union is not "perpetual and indissoluble," It it pursues so base and treacherous a policy as

Steering for the Rocks.

Frem the Nation.

There is a strong impression affoat in political circles that there is trouble of some sort ahead during the coming year-trouble more serious than any which the country has yet had to encounter, and it is but right that the public should know exactly the nature of the danger into which, in the opinion of a great many men who are neither hasty mor simple, it is rapidly dritting.

There is now very little question that the President has fully resolved to commit himself to the cause of the South, and turn the Government over, so far as it is in his power to do He will make a vigorous effort to do this by the forms of law, and by a liberal use of corrupting official influences; but he will not stop with these. He has entered upon a path which may, and unless there be more modera-tion in him than has yet been revealed, probably will lead him to an attempt to carry out his theories by force of arms, unless so thoroughly described in the elections this fall as to destroy all hopes of dividing the North.

All our readers are tamiliar with the threats which have been made by the President's new allies, of his recognizing the Southern members, and those who might join them, as the genuine Congress. This is not likely to be done at present, simply because a quorum could not be got together in that way. When the Southern seats are filled there will be 72 Senators and 242 Representatives. But there are not more than 31 persons now claiming to be Senators, nor more than 93 claiming to be Representatives, who could possibly be induced to take part in any such disorganizing and revolutionary proceedings. The scheme, therefore, cannot at present be carried out with the slightest pretense of But the next Congress will present an entirely

different question. There is very little denot that the Republican party will lose one rapresentative in Connecticut, three in New York, one in Pennsylvania, three in Ohio, three in Inclana, two in Illinois, one in Michigan, one in Wisconsin, two in Missouri, and one in Kentucky; the four Johnson-Union members from Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri will be suc ceeded by other Johnson men, if not re-elected. Four of the members elect from Tennessee to the present Congress are too loyal to support Mr. Johnson. Not more than two of these will te re-elected. No members have been yet elected in Texas. Four Secessionists will appear from that reconstructed State next winter. Thus, at the opening of the Fortieth Congress, 117 persons claiming seats in the House will certainly be prepared to support Mr. Johnson's policy. If he can only carry five more he will have a clear majority of those whom he will consider lawfully elected to the lower branch of Congress. Now it is very probable that, in addition to those losses which we have before mentioned, the Republicans will lose one member in Connecticut (Mr. Hubbard), two m New York (Messrs, Humphrey and Ketcham), two in Pennsylvania (Messrs. Thayer and Miller), two in Ohio (Messrs. Hubbell and Ashley, or Mr. Clark), one in Indiana (Mr. Hill), one in Illinois (Mr. Harding), and one in Wis-consin (Mr. Sawyer), ten in all; while it is not certain but that five or six other seats may be lost. Taking, however, these estimates as the basis of calculation, it will be seen that the propable loss of 28 members, though it would cave a Republican majority of about 40 in the House of Representatives as at present consti-tuted (113 Republicans to 71 Johnsonians), would yet give the Johnson party 127 members out of 242, in case the Southern delegations were samitted.

If the present programme is carried out, the Southern kepre entatives will insist upon their right to vote for Speaker at the commencement of the next Congress. The Clerk will not call their names; and the plan meditated is for the 70 or 75 Johnson members who are clearly entitled to seats to unite with the 58 excluded Southerners, elect a temporary Chairman in place of the Clerk, choose a Steaker, and apply to the President for recognition. This recognition is, of course, to be given, and the unrecog-

nized House to be forcibly ejected. We need not say that such conduct would lead to the instant impeachment of the officials concerned in it, if the majority of the lawful representatives were allowed to meet anywhere, and that the President would as a matter of course reluse to acknowledge the validity of the proceedings. This would equally, as a matter of course, bring about a conflict of authority, the decision of which by the Senate would unavailing to prevent an appeal to force. If convicted by two-thirds of the court of impeachments, as now constituted, the President would still deny the velidity of the sentence, twenty-two Southern Senators being excluded. and thus the issue would be left to the decision

If the new coalion carries 93 out of the 184 undisputed seats in Congress, Mr. Johnson's triumph may be as peaceful as it will be com plete; or it it fails to prevent the election of 122 Republicans, he may abandon the hope of success in a struggle where n he can have no pretense of legality upon his side; but we think the former alternative highly improbable and the latter almost impossible. The only remaining prospect, unless the courage of one party or the other fails at the last moment, is

The disadvantages of the loval North in such an event must not be denied or underrated. The South would have in such a struggle, exactly the position which, if it had taken it in 1866, would have insured its triumph. It would undertake to crush a divided North in the name of the Federal Government. It would ight its battles in the name of the United States, under the command of a nominal President of the United States, and with the sanction of a self-styled Fede-ral Congress. It would have an equal chance for recognition by all foreign powers. would have powerful aid in the North, especially in the States where the local administration might be in the hands of Johnson men. On the other Land, it is a favorable circum-

stance that the governor of every Northern State is now a Republican, and that the only governors who can possibly be displaced by Democrats within the next year (except in case of death) are those of Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania. The bulk of the Northern States, therefore, as far as their executive authorities are concerned, will certainly with Congress. The militia would be under its control, and, in the absence of a large standing army, this would be an immense advantage.

What has brought this Government into such a critical position? Why is it that, after such a terrible experience as we have just passed through, we are again driving straight upon the same rocks? For two reasons: the perverseness of the President, and the lack of true statesmanship in Congress. On these points we shall make some brief remarks. It is now undeniable, as it has long been evi-

dent to all sensible politicians, that Mr. Johnson, menths ago, resolved upon breaking up the party to which he owed his election. His offcious declarations of neutrality in the fall of 1865; his hasty recognition of the Southern states before they had really complied with his own terms; the offensive language of his vetoes, the bitterness of his speeches, all indicated the desire of his heart to carry out the scheme to which he is now openly committed, of organizing a party on the basis of personal devotion to himseli. As soon as he had secured the success of this durling idea of his brain, he did not hesitate to stultify himself by opposing the new

Constitutional amendment, although it is, in sub-tance, exactly what he had him-elf recommended a few months previously. All his pre-tended moderation is simply indispensable pru-dence in a bad cause. His power of appointment to office is restricted by an adverse Senate; his power over the a my by a patriotic Lieu enant-General. The moment he is unfettered he will show his real nature, to the dismay of those simple people who mistake the stre sinces of a

politician for the d guity of a statesman.

Mr. Johnson has determined that his will shall be law. He, no doubt, tancies that he is actaated by a regard for State rights and constitutional guarantees; but he has no hesitation to overriding these whenever it better suits his purposes. His regard for the rights of the States is so protound that he cannot tolerate the interference of Congress to save the negro race from extermination; yet it is so shallow that he does not heartate to promise military intervention on behalt of Kebels at the coming Missouri election. His real object is to force i reconstruction of the Union without any nution of Southern power; nay, even with an

We cannot let Congress pass entirely without censure, although we are aware that its duties have been exceedingly difficult, and its path blocked up with embarrassments. Its defect has been that those of us members who have any wisdom have lacked courage, and that those members who had courage lacked wisdom, while the majority had neither, but simply good intentions. Air. Stevens has a boldness and plack that are invaluable; but, un ortunately, be is juli of the most absurd medieval ideas. Mr. Fessenden has an excellent judgment on most questions, but is over-cautious, and allows time to slip by white feeling his ground. cannot imagine how any one holding the views expressed in the report of the Committee on Reconstruction could doubt the power of Congress to reorganize the Southern States upon any basis which it mis at deem fit. Had Congress done this, and completes the work of restoration upon its own terms, the power of Mr. Johnson for mischier would have been destroyed, and the deleat of the Union party been made impossible.

It is, however, more important to look to the future than to the past. Imminent as are the dangers before us, we do not think it impossible to avert them; but the effort will require the ulmost wisdom and armness on the part of the Northern people. A timely preparation for the conflict of 1861 might have prevented it alsogether, in which case those who foresaw its appro ch might bave been ridiculed as false prochets. So at this crists, if the President sees that the North is fully prepared to meet him, he will be forced to abandon his scheme, and those who now sound the alarm may then be laughed at; but this is a small risk for us to bear compared with the dangers which might befall the country through the unwise silence of the press. The proceedings of the Union caucus at Washington show that our apprehensions, are shared by many of the oldest and coolest politicians there; the language of our leading generals shows that they foresee the same contingencies; and if we are mistaken in our tears, we err at least in good company and

The Causes of Benedek's Defeat. From the Times.

A French paper assigns as the three principal causes of Benedek's defeat, that the Bavarians were too slow, that the Austrians were numerically inferior, and that the Prussians, with their needle-guns and rifled cannon, had the best arms. Though all these circumstances may have largely contributed to the loss by the Austrians of the great day of Sudowa, yet we think that there were an'erior causes at work in tayor of the Prussians and against the Austrians, and the almost sole result of the wait-and-be blessed

strategy, or rather no strategy, of Benedek.

We have before us for review all the successive events of the campaign in Bohemia, beginning

with the first advance of the Prussians into Saxony on the 16th of June, and ending with Sudowa on the 3d of July. We can now form a comparatively correct estimate of the strategy of both combatants. Without encumbering our remarks by any extended reference to details, and endeavoring to be brief, we ask the reader's attention for a few moments to the position in which the 16th of June, the day of the declaration of war, found both belligeren's. Prussta had an army of 144,000 men unfer the Crown Prince in Silesia, extending along the entire Austrian frontier Oswieczia. She had another army of 120,000 men under Prince Frederick Charles in Prussian Saxony, on the western and along the northern and northeastern frontier of kingdom of Saxony. Austria, on the other hand, had a large army, estimated to consist of about 250,000 men for active operations in the field, exclusive of post garrisons and other detached service, under Benedek, his line stretching like the two sides of a triangle from the valley of the Eger op into the sallent angle which Bohemia makes into Royal Saxony, and down again along the line of the Glatz cruntry and Prussian Stiesia to the borders of Galicia. From his extreme northern outpost, near Aussig on the Elbe, Benedek was only about fourteen miles from Dresden, while the Prussians, from their nearest point anywhere on the Saxon frontier, had more than thirty. Had there been that vim, and nerve. been that vim, and nerve. resoluteness of action which Prosslans have shown, in the Austrian commander, the night of the 16th of June would have seen him in Dresden, and on the 18th he could have controlted with his whole army he three corps d'armee of Prince Frederick Charles on the memorable field before Leipsic. Two hundred thousand against one hundred and twenty thousand would, in spite of the Prussian needle-gun, have given Benedek all the chances of victory. On his right the bulk of the Prus sian army of Silesia, consisting of four corps d'armee, was concentrated between Franken-siein, Giatz, and Nelsse, and between them and the Austrians lay the Riesen-gebirge, with easily defensible passes. An Austrian victory over th Frussians at Liepsic, however, would have at ence prevented any offensive movement of the Prussians in Silesia, for then Berlin would have been much more in danger than Vienna now is. With all these advantages promising, why did Benedek delay and remain quietly cooped up, as it were, behind his mountains, while the Prussians overran Saxony from two directions? In addition to these strategical reasons, so obvious that even an unmilitary eye can comprehend them by carefully studying a good topographical map of the country, he ought to have been prompted to an instantaneous advance in force, by the political reason that the Saxon allies of his sovereign should have been encouraged by the presence of their Austrian protectors against Prussian invasion, and that the minor German States yet wavering might, by the resolute action of Austria, have determined to take her side. Certainly these were reasons enough to have counselled action instead of delay. Benedek chose the latter, and in this hes the principal cause of his uttimate defeat. The Prussians, however, acted as Benedek ought to have and in this hes the principal cause of their resent success.

It may be that in his mountain fastnesses north of the line of Prague and Pardubitz, Benedek considered himself secure against attack, and able to repuise any concerted movements of the enemy; that he felt himself compelled to commit the same strategical fault as did the Prossians by dividing his army into two columns, one perating north opposing Prince Frederick barles, the other to the east against the Crown Prince. It may be that he expected the speedy arrival of a corps of fifty thousand Bavarians to ion the twenty-six thousand Saxons, who were to retire, or had retired into Bohemia, and with them to constitute the left wing of his army, covering Prague and his own flank and rear, and it may also be that the Bavarians were to slow in coming. All this may be true, and yet be no cause for his defeat; since he allowed the Prussians to enter Saxony unopposed, and make it their new base of operations, thus homming in the northern portion of Bohemia, vice, and advancing thence against his position

in concentric lines.
Even then, rapidity of movement could have saved him. Though military parallels are not often correct, as the conditions of ground, of weather, and many other things beyond the