of England against Austria. Francis Joseph fully believes that he is still able to hold his own and to defeat the French in the next battle; he, therefore, has no sincere wish to treat.

The difficulties in the Papal States are increasing every day. The Marches and Legations have unanimously declared their accession to the national cause. Napoleon, however, and Victor Emanuel advise them to remain loyal to the Pope. Since that time we learn by telegraph that the Swiss of the Papal Guard have entered Perugia by force, and repeated the havoc of 1849. It is probably in consequence of this outrage that the Cavalier Messino d'Areglio is sent as Commissioner to the insurgent Papal States to restore order, not with an army, but simply by his moral power. Disturbances have also occurred at Venice, which led to a conflict with the Austrians and to the death of several Italians.

THE FACTS RESPECTING THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION OF THE LOMELLINA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

TURIN, June 19, 1859.

I have just returned from an excursion through a part of the eastern provinces of Piedmont, which have been the victims of the late Austrian occupation. The impression left upon my mind by a two days' ride through this scene of devastation will be strong enough to last me all my lifetime. My road, starting at Novara, took me by way of Vigevano as far as Garlasco, and then back again by Mortara. The first object that caught my eye, after having left Novara, was a line of fortifications which extended along the whole road as far as Vigevano, and is continued from there, as I am reliably informed, down to the junction of the Ticino with the Po, and from that point along the last-named river up as far as Valenza. It forms a regular intrenched camp, provided with all the apparatus of modern fortifications—detached forts, bastions, parapets, platforms for batteries, mines, and even casemates for sheltering the troops, surrounded by a ditch 12 feet broad and 6 deep, running almost parallel with the course of the river, fronting toward the west, and running out from the banks of the Ticino, about 2 or 3 miles on the average, and inclosing a space of about the size of Staten Island. Within this space and outside of it, within gun-shot range, as far as my eye could reach, on both sides of the road, every trace of cultivation had almost entirely disappeared. In many localities the former surface of the country has been entirely changed by the leveling of rising grounds, and the erection of artificial hights; but everywhere, every vestige of vegetation had been destroyed, and where your eye was once greeted by the fresh green of the meadows, by waving rice and wheat fields, by the vine clustering round the mulberry tree, it meets now with nothing but the dreary gray of the naked, hard-stamped earth, fields laid waste, and the stiff rectangular forms of the bulwarks, with not vegetation enough to feed even a goat—in short, a scene that reminded me of the excavated cities of the dead, in the East.

This stupendous work, both of destruction and fortification, was executed, not by the Austrians themselves, but, under their command and guidance, by the inhabitants of these unhappy districts. The whole male population was employed during thirty-five days in compulsory service to transform their own fields into ditches and ramparts. In the district of Vigevano alone, 7,000 persons were engaged in this work, during five weeks, all day and part of the night. Their taskmasters paid them 2f. 5c. a day, but the wages had to be raised by the common councils of the neighboring towns and villages. I am told that the damage done to the fields and harvests near Vigevano amounts to $200,000, and I have seen in the same town the accounts of the disbursements of the wages, which amount to $100,000. All this does not include the heavy contributions which were levied by the invaders in the shape of victuals and other supplies.

I was very much astonished at finding the inhabitants in a state of stupefied resignation to their fate, where I had expected the rage of despair. But even the peasants, who, after their five weeks' restless toil, to which they were literally driven by the bayonet, looked wan and haggard as the shadows in Dante's *Inferno*, exhibited, in word and action, a sullen, indifferent mood, as if their fields and gardens had been swallowed by an earthquake or some other natural phenomenon, against which it would be useless to vent one's passions. Communicative as the Italians generally are, I met with little disposition on their part to converse on the visitation which had been inflicted upon them; but in all those instances in which I could overcome their moody reserve and get them to speak, they descanted on their misfortunes with an enviable philosophical equanimity, just as if all their hardships did not concern them at all, but had happened to some other people far away and long ago. I could not help admiring the good common sense and stoical fortitude of mind with which these—generally very ignorant—people appreciated the conduct and discussed the merits of their spoilers.

That the foreign army had made the most of the existing usages of war, living upon the country, levying contributions, and even destroying the fields for the sake of the fortifications, was not what they complained of: what they denounced was the entire absence of any plan and system in the Austrian requisitions, the insolent, overbearing deportment of the officers, and the looseness of the discipline among the soldiers, who were left to rummage and pilfer to their heart's content.

By all accounts—and this information has since been confirmed by conversations with Austrian prisoners with whom I had occasion to converse—there prevailed an utter confusion in the Austrian commissariat throughout the whole time of the occupation. There seems to have been no fixed, definite rule who was to preside over the imposition of the contributions, whether the commissariat of the army, or the commanders of the corps, or the subordinate officers, in proportion to the number of their men quartered upon the several towns and villages; and, in default of such arrangements, it was quite unavoidable that the subordinates, in their uncertainty whether they would be provided for from above, should secure their share on their own hook, while this share was already included in an imposition laid upon the whole district by the superior commanders. As one of the Austrian officers themselves is said to have described it, this system of victualing was an "inextricable hurly-burly of orders, counter-orders and disorders." I have been shown at Vigevano the respective original orders issued by the Austrian officers on May 22, by which it is established to a certainty that the same set of soldiers was provided for by three different contributions, which were levied on the same day by three different military authorities; and what little chance of order was left was entirely removed by the continual dislocations of the troops, and the eternal marching and countermarching they kept up from beginning to end. Whenever they left a place, they took the whole unconsumed balance of the provisions along with them, no doubt stimulated by the traditional attachment of the Austrian soldier to his *Brodwagen*, and by the very natural fear that the place to which they were directed might already be exhausted by their predecessors. The towns and the surrounding country had, in such cases, to furnish everything they possessed in the shape of wagons, carts, horses, mules, bags, barrels, and drivers, to carry the provisions after their departing guests, and of course a great many of the conveyances and animals have still to find their way back to their owners.

The natural consequence of these defective and clumsy arrangements was, that many of the objects levied upon were spoiled, stolen, and wasted by exposure to sun and rain, and by incessant loading and unloading. It is estimated that fully one-third of the provisions furnished by the Lomellina during those five weeks, was ruined and lost in this way. The contributions consisted generally in two pounds of bread, one pound of meat, one quart of wine and half a pint of brandy a day, for each soldier, the officers being quartered upon the hotel keepers and the wealthier families, at the expense of the town; but beside these necessaries, they would frequently call for supplies of groceries, spices, medicinal drugs, fruit, leather, linen, and last but not least, for cigars and tobacco. The following is a copy of the official returns of contributions levied upon the town of Novara, from April 30 to May 29:

Bread	904,000 pounds.	Wine	16,000 gals.
Hay	594,000 pounds.	Brandy	190 gals.
Leather	20,000 pounds.	Oats	1,600 bush.
Flour	99,100 pounds.	Rice	200 bush.
Tobacco	7,600 pounds.		

Nor were the requisitions always adjusted to the size and wealth of the towns and villages. To mention only one instance of their sense for the fitness of all things, they called (I have seen the order of Gen. Zobel with my own eyes) upon the microscopical village of San Sizo, near Mortara, for 300 pounds of pepper, and 125 cwt. each of sugar, coffee and lemons. The little town of Garlasco had to bear the honor of harboring the Austrian headquarters, with its 600 officers of the staff, from April 30 to May 2, and then again from May 12 to May 27. The daily champagne dinners of Gen. Gyulai alone cost the town from 600 to 700 francs a day, and those of the other officers in proportion; and, in the mean time, the town had to feed, from May 2 to May 5, the 13,000 men of the Baumgarten division, and, from May 5 to May 12, the 7,000 men of the Sigismund brigade. In Novara, the Common Council had even to pay for the grinding of the officers' swords; and, in the same town, I have seen an order of Gen. Zobel which directs all the shoemakers of Novara to appear at headquarters, with two apprentice-boys each, and to mend the shoes of the soldiers—a work at which they were kept during three days.

Impossibilities did not exist for the Austrian officers; whenever the inhabitants had to plead their utter inability to furnish the required articles, the generals turned a deaf ear, or answered with an insult and a sneer. If the articles were not on hand, they had to go into Lombardy to buy them at the expense of the town, and in such cases the Austrians provided them most cheerfully with passports to Milan! The Cavalier Ceschio di Santa Croce, an Italian renegade and officer in the Austrian staff, is said to have addressed the following speech to a delegation of the Common Council of Valeggio:

"If you do not have the articles, you must get them within ten hours. There is no necessity of our showing you how to do it; but nevertheless, we shall assist you with our advice. Raise money on mortgages, and if this expedient should fail, too, apply to the Jews, who will help you at the rate of 30 per cent."

Generally the Lower Council were invested by the Austrians with the exclusive right and duty of providing for their necessities and had to bear the whole brunt of the responsibility, which was not a little increased not only by the petulance, insolence, and stubborn pertinacity of the exactors, but also by the prevailing disposition of the inhabitants to evade by all sorts of shifts the payment of their individual shares in kind and money. The people of Vigevano are still in high dudgeon against their City Fathers, who are accused of having evinced too much alacrity in satisfying the demands of the invaders, and even menaced their dilatory and contumacious constituents with denouncing them to the military authorities.

Against the conduct of the common soldiers I heard comparatively very few complaints; only the Croats and Bohemians rendered themselves hateful by their beastly habits and pilfering propensities. Complaints against these were generally bootless, as the majority of the officers seem to have acted throughout in a spirit which can only be explained by a deliberate resolution on their part to show how little they cared for the sufferings and the feelings of the people. If only one half of what I have been told is true, the sojourn of many of these officers must have been an uninterrupted series of knavish tricks and acts of wantonness, committed on purpose to try to the utmost the patience of their inoffensive hosts. There were certainly some honorable exceptions from this rule, and the good people of the Lomellina seem to have made it their duty to mention, whenever an opportunity is offered them, the names of those officers who, by their gentlemanly manners, their good-heartedness, and their exertions to mitigate the hardships of the invasion, have left a grateful memory behind them. But the majority seem to have run a regular race of acts of ill-breeding and brutal mischief, destroying the household furniture of their hosts, indulging, when at table with them, in foulmouthed vituperation against the Allies, calling King Victor Emanuel a "stupid blockhead," Louis Napoleon "the chief of scoundrels," and the Italians generally a "set of cowards and lazzareni."

And then the reckless destruction of property which was in many cases committed in utter wantonness, without any use or purpose, and in which the officers are said to have been the prominent actors. Thus, they cut down about 60 acres of wheat near Vespolate, because they wanted the straw to cover the huts of the soldiery, while right by, at arm's length, they might have provided themselves with any amount of the finest reeds eight feet long, which are generally used in Italy for covering out-houses, and which would have answered their purpose just as well, as, if not better, than half-grown straw. The property of the State seems to have been the favorite mark of their destuctive rashness. I shall not say anything of the demolition of the railroads and almost every bridge they could lay their hands on, as this may be justified by reasons of military expediency; but the destruction of the numerous station-houses of the railway along the whole road traveled, is an act of downright and unjustifiable vandalism. The fact that all their walls have been left standing, shows plainly enough that military considerations had nothing to do with it, and that it was only committed for the sake of making havoc. The platforms in front of them had been broken up, the iron pillars which support the overhanging roofs, smashed, the railings, the furniture, windows, stoves, down to the very doorlocks shattered to pieces, the gas and water-pipes torn from their fastenings and thrown about; in short, everything that was breakable has been ruined and laid waste.

It is but just to add that aside from the shooting of the Cignoli family, and the forcible abduction of some contumacious mayor, no case of bodily violence offered to persons has come to my cognizance; and the accounts of violations of ladies, current some time ago, were mere inventions of correspondents of Paris papers, who had to season their letters with all kinds of imaginary events, in order to gratify the appetites of their readers.

How much the total damages and contributions amount to, and whether there is any prospect of the sufferers being indemnified is more than I or any body else can tell. The Government last week appointed commissions to ascertain the true extent of the damage, but it will be some time before the report will be published.

At any rate, it is certain not only that the Austrians have furnished a new proof of their inability and unwillingness to win the affections of the Italians, and that their late reverses are to a great extent owing to the ignorance in which they were kept as to the movements of the Allies, by the dogged stubborn silence of the peasantry—of a peasantry which it would not have been difficult to conciliate, if the Austrians had adopted a wiser policy.

ADVANCE OF THE ALLIED ARMIES.

By WILLIAM RUSSELL.

BERGAMO, June 14.

You will, of course, ask yourself what I can have to do in this rather out-of-the-way place. The answer is simply that I wished to have a look at the Italian movement in its every-day garb. On all the line where the great army of the Allies passes, it spreads such a halo around it, that everything else is made obscure for miles, and you see nothing but this colossal symbol of force and determination. Nor can it do otherwise; there is a grandeur in the very sight of a large armed force which imposes and subdues. How much more must this be the case when it comes with the prestige of victory and in the name of freedom. It must eclipse everything else. Besides, in this special case, one must remember that the initiative had, long before the war even began, been taken out of the hands of the people. It was in order to regulate the Italian movement, and not to let it run wild, as it did in 1848, that the two Sovereigns have put themselves at the head of it. They kept down systematically all fermentation, prevented agitation, and the people, trusting to their powerful interference, gave scarcely any sign of life while their fate was being decided. One must keep this always in mind, for had it not been for the assurances from France and Sardinia, we should have seen a repetition of many of the scenes of 1848. As it was, the people had not trusted in vain, for town after town and district after district were rid of the Austrians by the gradual advance of the Allies, and without any danger or sacrifice on their part. There were, indeed, numbers of youths who, even before the war broke out, went over to Piedmont and enlisted, but this was the act of individuals as such, and not of the people collectively.

These latter had hitherto only had occasion to show their spirit in most parts by enthusiastic displays of welcome and gratitude toward the Allies. Wherever, therefore, the Allies have passed on their line of advance hitherto the Italian movement is only as it were beginning.

The slopes of the mountains to the north form, however, an exception; here the popular element was called early into play. Garibaldi, the renowned partisan chief of Italy, was sent over, long before the allied armies moved, to rouse the population of the hills and to drive out the Austrians with their assistance. With a body of about 4,000 or 5,000 men, among whom was a large number who had come over from Lombardy, Garibaldi was the representative, as it were, of the popular element; his mission being to make a diversion on the flank of the armies which still occupied the country in force, it could only be accomplished by the assistance of the people.

Here, then, if anywhere, Lombardy, is, for the moment, the place to see whether an Italian movement, which, like every other, must imply risks and sacrifices, exists or not. It has not only been left to itself, but stimulated to show itself. Remember now the facts which tell more than anything else. Before the allied forces stirred from the Po, Garibaldi with his troops was at Varese, between the Lago Maggiore and Como. Before they had crossed the Sesia he had gone to Como, before the Allies entered Milan he was at Lecco, before they stirred from Milan he had entered Bergamo, and while they were crossing the Adda he was already in Brescia. That all this did not happen without vicissitudes and losses is natural, but this does not impair the great facts.

No doubt, to the boldness and resources of the commander and the bravery of his troops this success is due in the first instance. There was always an apprehension abroad that the Italians would not fight very desperately. The bravery of the regular Piedmontese army, of course, no one doubted, but the volunteers had a rather dubious renown from 1848, when, with some brilliant exceptions, they did not show much fight. Garibaldi's troop formed, then, one of these exceptions; and certainly the Cacciatori delle Alpi keep up the renown of their chieftain. To any commander, but above all to the leader of light troops like Garibaldi's, the confidence of the soldier is one of the most necessary qualifications. The leader of the Cacciatori delle Alpi possesses this to an incredible degree; he seems to know how to inspire every one with blind obedience and unbounded trust in his skill and luck. Hence it arises that all the more enthusiastic of the youths (many among them of the best Italian families) have entered his troop, which, unlike other volunteer corps, may be looked upon rather as a *corps d'élite*. The result of this is that, if anything, too great daring is their fault.

To such a body of men it was alone possible to undertake the hazardous mission which it received to throw itself on the right flank of the enemy on the slopes of the Alps, and rouse the population in those parts. If the people did not rise, and if the Austrians sent an overwhelming force, there was no outlet but to surrender or be killed. The Austrians did send, as you know, Gen. Urban with a division to catch Garibaldi, and he would possibly have succeeded in forcing his troops to withdraw into Switzerland and be disarmed had it not been for the good spirit of the population. As it was, Garibaldi kept him back by continual skirmishes and clever marches, until the advance of the Allies forced him to withdraw. The whole expedition of the Cacciatori was rather one of those adventurous enterprises in the style of the middle ages than of modern warfare, and it will read almost like a romance when all its details are known. Aided by the hardiness and spirit of his troops, Garibaldi was able to realize the mission of light troops to perfection. Now on the flank, now on the rear, now in front of the enemy, and appearing on points where he was least expected, he owed to this mobility his escape from the superior forces which were sent against him.

But all this would, perhaps, have as little availed him as the bravery of his troops, had he not found the people ready to side with him. He had worked here in 1849, and his name was well known; it was one of the few which had come out without a stain from that war. He was, therefore, the man for the work.

If you look at the map, you will find on the northern slopes of the Alps a number of larger or smaller towns scattered about, with a population ranging from 5,000 to 40,000. Most of these towns are of old origin, and not few among them have played a considerable part in history, as the heads of one or another confederation of Lombard towns. Although centuries have passed since they lost their independence, so strong seems the vitality of freedom that the traditions of it are religiously kept up, and a spark of the spirit which once animated them has survived centuries of subjection. It was natural to suppose that, if anywhere, here one could reckon on supporters of the Italian cause.

Nor was this supposition wrong; for they who would have stirred sooner had they not had orders to remain quiet lost no time in answering the signal for rising. As soon as Garibaldi's troops showed themselves in the neighborhood of one of these towns the Austrians thought it time to quit, in order not to expose themselves to be attacked in a town in revolt. Arms, of the existence of which no one knew, were rapidly forthcoming. A national guard was immediately organized, barricades thrown up to resist, in case the Austrians tried to return, volunteers were enrolled, means of subsistence as well as of transport organized for the friendly troops, and information collected about the movements of the Austrians. And this spirit was not displayed in one town or two, but in all without exception.

There was but one class which, as a body, did not join in this general movement, and this was the clergy, which is strong in numbers and influence over the peasantry in the villages. This was especially the case at Bergamo, which is the seat of an ancient bishopric and possesses an incredible number of convents. Too weak to make head against the stream, most of its members apparently follow it, but in reality exert their influence secretly against it. As this is known, the feeling against the whole class is very strong in the towns, and if ever the movement should take a revolutionary turn it will end ill for them.

The peasantry in the villages, although unmistakably worked upon by the priests, have shown themselves neither forward nor backward in the national cause; they do what they are told, but, with that distrust this class usually shows against any innovation, they keep back not to compromise themselves too early, and to see which way things are turning. Here, as everywhere else, the system of Austria has been to favor the peasantry against the towns and the great proprietors. Hitherto this went only so far as to exact a far greater proportion of taxes from those classes which were known to be hostile to Austrian rule. It seems now that, in the danger of a rising of the towns of Lombardy, it was decided to excite, if possible, the jealousy and rivalry of the different classes—a system which had had signal success in Galicia in 1848. There are certain signs that a crusade has been preached against the landlords. This is more apparent in the plain, where the greatest number of large properties exist; but even there it can have no effect unless a Communistic turn is given to the agitation. The position of landlord and peasant is here simply that which exists in England between landowner and farmer, and between this latter and the laborer. The only difference is that the rent is paid in kind, and not in money—so many measures of wheat for each acre, so much silk for each mulberry tree, and so on. There is no trace of forced labor, or any other remains of the feudal system. That the idea of becoming proprietors instead of laborers may be made palatable and find admirers among the peasantry there can be no doubt, but in the mean time it is only in its infancy, and as soon as the new Government is established it will die of itself.

Here at Bergamo the priestly element has its headquarters in the upper town. Bergamo mainly lies on and at the foot of the last hills of the Alps, between the valleys of the Brembo and the Serio. The old town, surrounded by high walls, is built on the hills, while the new town lies in the plain at the foot of them. In everything there is a contrast between the two, one being the representative of progress, the other of stand-still and decay. The whole trade, which is considerable, has quitted the old town, and has established itself in the more accessible plain, while the clergy and the employees occupy the old town. The former thus has all the advantages, except in beauty of situation and venerable monuments. In this the old town will be rarely surpassed. Standing on its bastions, which have been converted into promenades, planted with rows of acacias and horse-chestnuts, you can look on one side almost into the heart of the Alps, while on the other a large part of the Lombard plain lies before you, with the dome of Milan Cathedral and the town of Brescia in the distance. The last slopes are dotted over with white country houses among clusters of woods, while in a semicircle before you at least 30 villages are distinctly visible.

The contrast between the old and new town is just at present even more striking than usual, owing to the animation which has been impressed on the latter by recent events. Going from one to the other is as if you came to another world. In the upper town nothing but priests, a few bare shops, numbers of venerable churches, and other mediæval buildings; a few national guards at the gates serve alone to remind you that you are in the nineteenth century. Down below, on the contrary, all is bustle and animation; numbers of Garibaldi's volunteers roaming through the streets, officers coming and going, every one on the look-out for what is passing, the cafés and restaurants filled as well as the streets—all frank joy and activity, as above by priestly silence, and lethargy.

On Sunday last, the King came to have a look at his good town of Bergamo. He remained in the lower town, where the bishop and his clergy paid their visit; the town had presented its address before, and even the clergy had to smile. The municipality ordered thanksgivings, and the cathedral is being decorated for the ceremony, which is to take place to-morrow.

BRESCIA, June 16.

From the heading of my letter you can perceive that we are fast advancing toward the point where the Austrians must stand at last. In the mean time the allied armies are following almost without firing a shot. Already on the Adda like it was evident that the Austrians had given up resistance for the present, and intended to take up their position in or close before their famous *quadrilatere*. They had, indeed, destroyed all the bridges on the Adda, but put no difficulties in the way of others being constructed. As I told you in my letter from Bergamo, it is more than probable that Garibaldi's appearance at the same time on the right flank of the Austrian line contributed to hasten the backward movement, but the plan for it had been devised before, and the order given. The evacuation of Bergamo must, however, have taken place before it was expected, because letters sent there from the Austrian headquarters were intercepted, and from these it appears that the plan of the Austrians was to retire in all haste behind the Chiese, the last transverse river before the Mincio, and from thence the order was to draw back step by step toward the four sallyports of the *quadrilatere*, Peschiera, Valeggio, Goito, and Mantua.

Hitherto this plan has been followed very nearly, for, except a few skirmishes with Garibaldi's troops, they nowhere waited for the approach of the Allies. It was only yesterday that the last of these skirmishes took place, at Rezzato, a village a few miles in advance of this town, on the road to Lonato and Peschiera. Although small in its dimensions, it was, as usual, hot, for the volunteers are brave as lions and the officers daring. Yesterday, two companies, sent out as *éclaireurs*, fell in with a whole battalion. Nothing daunted by this, a detachment was sent off to some woods in the neighborhood, which were situated on the bank of the Cassina, which the rest hastened to occupy. The Austrians came on, but were so well received, both in front and flank, that they soon turned. Animated by this success, the volunteers rushed forward into the village and penetrated to the bridge which leads over the canal. Arrived there, they fell into a regular ambuscade. They were received with a hail of musketry, which came down upon them from all sides, the spot near the bridge being the point of union of several roads. They were checked by this unexpected reception, but even more by the sight of the large masses of Austrians to which the original battalion had increased. Although only so few in number, yet encouraged by the words and example of their officers, they kept their position until two regiments under Garibaldi's own leadership arrived. When the Austrians saw this reinforcement, they likewise brought up fresh troops and two batteries of artillery. To these only a few mountain guns could be opposed, which, of course, could not hold their own against their larger-mouthed opponents. The result was that the Austrians could not be driven from their position. But neither seemed they to have a wish to disturb Garibaldi's troops in their position. The Division Cialdini of the Sardinian arm came up to the assistance of Garibaldi, but it arrived only when the fight was over. The commanding officer who led the original two companies toward Rezzato received three rifle bullets, but he is still alive. Col. Tarr, the Hungarian officer, who, as you will remember, was arrested in Wallachia in 1856, by the Austrians, and liberated by the British Government, accompanied these two companies, and while forming them to a new attack, was shot through the arm besides which about a hundred of the Cacciatori were killed or wounded.

Were it not for the example of determination and courage, which produces a great effect here, one might almost regret such skirmishes, for a small brave troop is soon exhausted. But it was by this daring against most formidable odds that Garibaldi has so successfully accomplished his mission, and thus one step in advance gives ten times as many volunteers as are put *hors de combat* by the engagement preceding it. Thus, the town of Brescia alone has given, out of a population of 40,000, 3,000 volunteers; the whole town is swarming with them, and they are just as eager as those who were first enlisted—nay, more so, for the prestige with which the adventurous expedition into Lombardy has endowed Garibaldi's corps is a wonderful spur to all young men in the towns, they leave silk and cotton, trade and industry, to follow the tricolor banner.

Now you would like to know how we came from the line of the Adda to that of the Mella and the Chiese. The history is told in a few words. For one step the Allies made in advance the Austrians made one to the rear. This is literally the whole story—no incidents except those always consequent on the march of a large army, more or less heat in the day, and chill or rain at night, more or less dust and incumbrance on the road, fewer or more dainties to be got by foraging.

But with all that, you must not suppose that because there was no fighting the march of the large force of the Allies went, as it were, by itself. Although in popular opinion the idea of a commander-in-chief is a gentleman on a prancing horse, among no end of cannon balls and bursting shells, the *coup d'œil* on the battlefield, however important, is by no means the greatest quality in a commander. Most battles have been won before even they began by the preliminary dispositions. This was the art in which all great generals excelled.

As no one could foretell that the Austrians would continue to retreat, one had to be prepared at every step for a reconter with them, and while never losing sight of this possibility it was of the highest importance to conceal the real plan of attack, to bring up the army under the most favorable conditions before the enemy, and to guard against any countermovement of the latter. How far this has been done will be probably apparent shortly. But beside these strategical dispositions, there was likewise the "*res frumentaria*" to be looked to, on which Cæsar, the great commander, lays such stress, the maintenance of a large army making no requisitions. The Roman armies and those of the French Republic had the advantage which the Austrian army of the present day has likewise—namely, to live on the country through which they pass. This facilitates and simplifies marching very much. There are no long wagon trains which are slow to come up and incumber the roads, but it becomes quite different if one has to organize a regular system of supplies over a long line for a large army in advance. The French and Piedmontese soldier has, indeed, an invaluable quality—namely, to carry the most necessary part of his rations for several days with him, and to keep them, too, which is the great art. He is thus never entirely dependent on the commissariat. But when it comes to a systematic advance, and not a short expedition, then the difficulties are the same as with any other army. The rapidity of the movement scarcely allowed the drawing of these regular supplies from the country by means of contracts or ready money purchases; at any rate, one could not trust to this expedient, and it was necessary to be prepared with everything without reckoning on what the country itself could supply. Everything had to be brought up over long distances. To facilitate this, an auxiliary train has been organized for each of the two armies, by means of contractors, who supply the carts of the country. It answers well; the horses and mules are, in spite of some hard work, round and sleek, and the men are kept in order by the agents of their employers, so that no trace is found of all the excesses by which these bodies of men usually distinguish themselves. The result of this is that the soldier has not been a single day without his full rations, and, what is more, he has them as soon as he arrives, which makes a great difference.

Now that the country behind is free of the enemy, all these difficulties will be considerably diminished. Lombardy is, as every one knows, extremely rich in all natural productions, and will be able to supply most things, even if the allied army should have to remain for a considerable time.

As for the movements by which the troops advanced from Milan toward the Mella, it would be premature to speak of them, beside which they can only be understood when the plan becomes more developed. I will give you, therefore, only a general sketch now. As you know, the first move in advance of Milan was in the direction of Lodi, which the Austrians abandoned after having been driven from their position at Melegnano, which is just half way between Milan and Lodi. This movement was only a kind of demonstration to leave the enemy uncertain as to the point where the passage was really to be effected. There are not less than six great passages across the Adda, beside several other smaller ones. The great are at the fortress of Pizzighettone, Lodi, Cassano, where the railway bridge crosses likewise, at Vaprio, Ponte San Pietro, and at Lecco. All the bridges except this last, which is out of the way, and had been passed before by Garibaldi, had been destroyed by the Austrians—that of Lodi immediately after the demonstration toward that place, and the others on the night of the 10th and 11th. The next day, pontoon bridges were already erected, both at Vaprio and Cassano, and the troops began to pass across. The same evening the King left Milan, and the next morning the Emperor transferred his headquarters to Gergonzola. Every day since, the advance has continued.

The country beyond the Adda is perhaps more than any other part of Lombardy intersected by roads, connecting the many considerable towns and villages which lie on this line eastward. This facilitated the advance considerably, for, being so close to the enemy, it was always necessary to keep well together.

The Austrians retired so fast that none of the bridges over the Serio, Oglio, or the Mella have been destroyed. The railway itself was left uninjured, and the telegraph only so little damaged that almost all along the line the poles remained standing, removing, thus, one of the greatest difficulties for its reestablishment. I need not say that as soon as the army passes both telegraph and railway are put again into working order, and the bridges which have been destroyed are all in process of reconstruction.

According to the last news the Austrians have large forces concentrated on the open plain before Montechiaro, which is one of the few spots on this side of the Chiese sufficiently extensive to be the battle-field of a large army. One corps, about 20,000 strong, was yesterday still at Bagnolo, and had made a heavy requisition on the place. A story is here related, for which I cannot vouch, but which I have heard from people who have come to-day from there. The Austrians placed guards before all the bakers' ovens, and ordered them to make bread as fast as they could. This bread was distributed between the German and Croat soldiers, but an Italian regiment which was with the corps received no rations, although the soldiers had had nothing to eat for the last twenty-six hours. The people, seeing this, prepared some *polenta* for them, but were prevented from giving it by the Austrian authorities. If this is true, the Austrians must have been undeceived as to their first impression with regard to the Italian troops which are in their army.

In spite of the concentration of the Austrians on this side of the Chiese, I can scarcely believe they will seriously try to defend that line, with the river in their rear. They may, perhaps, do something of the kind behind the Chiese, as the left bank of it on both sides of the town of Montechiaro is skirted by a line of low hills, which forms the first of a succession of positions in the direction of the Upper Mincio. The only question is whether the Allies are obliged to accept a battle on the ground which the Austrians have chosen for themselves. They showed already before that they don't always take their wishes into account, for they left the Austrians at Mortara and went instead up the Ticino, where the latter had to follow in hot haste.

In the mean time the town of Brescia is in no small excitement at the presence of the Allied troops. Brescia, as you know, has always been distinguished for its ardor in the national cause, and was in consequence fearfully ill treated by General Haynau. If anything, the tragedy enacted here in 1849 has rather increased the patriotism of the great mass of the inhabitants. It is, as a general rule, in these populous towns that one must look for the force of the Italian movement. There is, of course, in Brescia, as well as in every one of them, the old generation of nobles, who are reactionary, and the priesthood, which belongs to Austria, the dutiful daughter of the Church, but this is only a small, very small fraction, which comes scarcely into account. The great majority of the people engaged in trade, especially the silk trade, are heart and soul with the movement. The chief production of all this part along the southern slopes of the Alps is silk, and the towns are the centers where the produce of the surrounding country is disposed of. But you must not imagine these towns like other country towns on the continent, full of prejudices and far behind their age. Although they are on a small scale, they resemble in their spirit those large manufacturing towns of England which are the most advanced part of the community; the difference is that most of them have played a more or less prominent part in history, which they are proud of. They are, in fact, still what they were as *Municipia* under the Romans and as Free Towns in the Middle Ages—the strength and pride of Italy. The Austrians well knew this, for not only did they never reckon upon them, but they considered them rather as their most deadly enemies. When they had to withdraw before the Allies, they quitted them as fast as possible, for they knew that the first tricolor would be the signal for a general rise, and they had in lively recollection the street fights of 1848.

With the exception of a part of Garibaldi's men, none of the Allied troops have stayed in the town, they are encamped outside. As soon as they appeared in the neighborhood the Municipality got up an address, signed by all the most prominent citizens, in which they declared their resolution to renew the union with Sardinia which had been broken off since 1848. This address was presented to the King.

The beauty in these towns is that, in spite of the systematic war which Austria has carried on against the Municipalities, naming her own creatures and preventing as much as possible their action, there is so much life in these old bodies that as soon as the pressure is withdrawn they right themselves in an instant. They establish their self-government as if they had always exercised it; there is no new organization required; the most objectionable among the councilors go away of their own free will; some popular men are taken in, and the system works admirably. It was the same in all the towns which the Austrians have left hitherto. And this is likewise the secret why no excesses are committed: no *interregnum* ensues, which leaves free scope to the development of evil passions. No doubt, the Municipalities are considerably aided in their work by the great predominant idea which has taken complete hold of most minds—namely, to do everything and submit to everything in order to get rid of the hated foreign dominion; but were it not for the Municipalities this would scarcely be sufficient to prevent over-zeal and the dangers accompanying it.

JUNE 17—10 a. m.

The town is resounding with cries of joy. King Victor Emanuel is making his festive entry, at the head of his staff. The stern-looking gray buildings are festively decorated with tricolors and carpets, the windows and balconies as well as the streets filled with an enthusiastic crowd, it rains flowers from all sides, and the sun is brightening every object. It certainly compensates for many hardships and dangers to make war in a friendly country, where you have the people with you, and where every one of your steps is strewn with flowers and illuminated by bright, happy faces. The war almost loses its horrors, unless, perhaps, you have to go and see a wounded friend close by.

The moment for something decisive seems fast approaching; the armies are more concentrated, so as to be in hand, and are advancing toward the great aim.

BRESCIA, June 18, 1859.

The Austrians have abandoned their position before Montechiaro and have retired beyond the Chiese; the decision is therefore delayed. The allied armies are following them as close as is compatible with their further plans. Where the enemy will step now it is of course impossible to say—whether he will place himself boldly in advance and defend the great approaches on the famous fields of Castiglione and Lonato, or whether he will take a flank position somewhere to oppose the Mincio passage, as he did in 1848 at Volta; or whether he will altogether withdraw behind the Mincio line; or, finally, whether he is preparing for some bold offensive movement, are all of them suppositions equally possible, and for us equally probable. His choice will, I think, depend on whether he has received the reinforcements which he was expecting, and whether he thinks them sufficient to hasten the decision. But, whatever his plans may be, they will be considerably modified by the movements of the Allies, who, having the initiative, may throw the plans of their adversaries into confusion. We have seen such things before now, and may see them again.

At the same time that the Austrians withdrew from the position before Montechiaro they likewise crossed over the Chiese, on the main road from Brescia to Verona, and Garibaldi occupied yesterday the position in which the Austrians were on the 15th, the day of the last skirmish. By this time some of our outposts are already, I dare say, beyond the Chiese.

Yesterday and to-day the town of Brescia had its day of joy; yesterday the festive entry of the King, and this morning the arrival of the Emperor, almost without any one knowing anything about it. Last night, in celebration of the occasion, there was an illumination, for *ensemble* the prettiest of any I have seen since the triumphal march of the two Sovereigns, and the pretty effect was produced by very simple and inexpensive means, namely, Chinese paper lanterns of the three sacred colors. They gave a subdued light, in which the crowds below appeared with regular stage effect. What one cannot help remarking at every similar occasion is the wonderful behavior of the crowd—no pushing, no quarreling, everything as peaceful and polite as if the people were in a drawing-room, and not even the sight of a policeman—a being who has altogether vanished with the Austrians. A stray *douanier*, or excileman, who has pinned a tricolor rosette on his cap, is the only remaining bastard specimen of this genus. The police, as a distinct department, as you know, is abolished by the decree of organization published for Lombardy. It forms now a branch of the internal administration, and there is better order and security than there ever has been.

Yesterday afternoon the King went in an open carriage to the Emperor's headquarters, which are quite close here, and this morning the latter came quietly in the early morning and established himself in the Casa Fenaroli, which Napoleon I. occupied repeatedly, and which had been prepared for the reception of the nephew. Of course, while either of the two Sovereigns stays, we shall have holiday and a repetition of the illuminations and the enthusiasm. It will be quite a competition with Garibaldi and his corps, who were the favorites far ahead hitherto. Not unnaturally either. It was they before whom the Austrians withdrew. They appeared as the heralds of the release, and had consequently the first burst of enthusiasm and affection, which I think will be never effaced from the minds of the Brescians.

As I have mentioned Garibaldi and his corps it will perhaps interest you to hear how he came from Bergamo to Brescia. The Austrians had scarcely withdrawn from Bergamo when a messenger was caught on the road who brought orders from head-quarters to hold Bergamo at any price, if it had not been given up yet. It would have been rather awkward had the order come before, for Garibaldi without any cannon would scarcely have thought of attacking the Austrians in a town inclosed by high ramparts, with only two outlets. As it was, the National Guard fell to making barricades so as to keep the place against the Austrians should they attempt to return. In the mean time Garibaldi went after the Austrians, who were retiring toward Brescia. In order to mislead them he turned down toward Romano, which is close to the high road from Milan to Brescia; the Austrians followed to bar the road to Brescia: they had scarcely gone off on the scent when Garibaldi turned again to the north, and making a march of 45 miles in less than 24 hours, appeared before and in Brescia before the Austrians had the remotest idea of his whereabouts. How little they knew appears from the fact that the Major attached as *chef d'état major* to General Urban's division was caught with several orderlies in the town of Brescia, into which he had come from the neighborhood, never suspecting the presence of Garibaldi's corps.

The most beautiful thing, however, was that while the main body went in all haste to Brescia 24 men were put on two omnibuses, the two officers commanding them, Col. Tarr and Major Camozzi, following in little two-wheeled carts of the country. The whole went off to Lake Iseo and raised the Val Canonica. The people rose immediately, some 4,500 stand of arms were ready, with which the National Guard was armed, the Austrian steamer on the lake was taken possession of, and the two officers returned, leaving the 24 men there as garrison, but bringing 250 volunteers away to Garibaldi's camp.

Such marvelous feats of mobility can of course only be done with troops who are unencumbered by baggage; a little bag containing a shirt, and perhaps a pair of socks is the only baggage which officers or men have. They make war according to the late Sir Chas. Napier's ideas. They have good boots, with leather gaiters up to the middle of the leg; the trowsers, rather loose, are stuck into the gaiters; a short tunic of light gray linen, and over it a gray coat reaching down to the knees, a light cap, and the rifle complete the accoutrement