lected everywhere to get a sight of him, how would it be be I his pipes were generally known beforehand? And is it, although his appearances are arranged so as to be as great a surprise to his friends as his descents on their coasts to the chender, Garibaldi seems, after all, to run a much greater risk of being hugged to death by his lovers than shot by his haters.

So far, however, the hugging appears to have agreed with him wonderfully, for Garibaldi looked at least half a dozen years younger on board the steamer yesterday than when I saw him made his triumphal entry into Como on Monday. His volunteer bath seems to have freshened him up marvelously, and he looks now as full of work and spirits as he looked then out of breath and bored.

The reception at Lecco was, if possible, even more enthusiastic than that accorded to him two days before at Como. When our steamer was still fully a quarter of a mile from the shore, and the assembled populace could as yet have received no positive assurance that Garibaldi was on board, a great cheer was raised on fresh, and continued without interruption till we reached the landing-place. Among the cries, which was led by the 21 R. pipers of Volunteers, the wildest enthusiasm reigned, and as Garibaldi stepped ashore flowers were showered down upon him from every window and balcony which commanded his approach to the steamer.

As for the 2d Regiment of Volunteers—but a single one of whose 16 companies is as yet armed, which event is currently believed to be authorized—I must confess that its general appearance struck me as particularly ragged and unpromising, as compared with the 1st and 3d regiments, the headquarters of which are at Como. Were you to drill together the first 50 fellows you may meet with of a Sunday morning hanging about Whitechapel, you might form a pretty good idea of the average appearance of that peripatetic half company of Garibaldi's. Men, as a body, dressed with extreme taste, and to have been selected chiefly at the ground on the occasion of Garibaldi's landing at Lecco yesterday morning. But when I walked round the ragged many with which the ragged fellows, who were already too good soldiers to think of leaving their ranks to pick them up for themselves, begged of the loiterers about the landing place that one of those flowers which had been neglected in Garibaldi's set to stuck in the mouth of their rifles, and when I marked the pride with which each one rearranged away with his trophy, I felt that I was doing them a great injustice to compare them with English cadets.

If the outward appearance of the men was not all that could be desired, the most fastidious critic would have been puzzled to find any fault with the officers, who, without exception, looked very smart, active fellows. In Col. Prugnoni, who has shared all the most eventful enterprises and dangers of Garibaldi's life, and is one of his most trusted friends and companions, the 2d Regiment has a commanding officer who will make of it whatever is to be made out of the raw material.

At the close of the review-pass in the morning, which Garibaldi witnessed from the balcony of the principal hotel, he addressed a few words to the assembled volunteers. It is either respects, the antipodes of each other, the Pope, the high priest of the Italian church, and Garibaldi, the high priest of the Italian people, have at least this much in common—that they both possess a marvellous fascinating and penetrating voice. "Do you know," said Garibaldi yesterday, "that in this world everything is governed by money? The sailor who ventures out on the sea, the soldier who goes to war against the foe, or may find a traitor in the midst of the foes. As for you, you are a lucky generation. Do you understand me? While your fathers lived in hopeless bondage to the yoke of the stranger, it is your destiny to drive the foreigner from the soil of Italy. You are a lucky generation, and I most lucky to belong to you still. There is an organized army, and there are ranks like yours, where I see before me one wearing a cap, another a cylinder-hat, a third a pocket-handkerchief tied round his head. Well, we will do something, won't we? *Bravo, qualche cosa, non è cosa?*

With these words, which drew forth a burst of applause, Garibaldi withdrew, and, withdrawing into the recesses of the hotel, was seen no more for six hours, during which he was chiefly employed in transacting business with Colonel Prugnoni and his subordinate officers. In the mean time the mob, and the volunteers still, had been manifesting some not unlikely their impatience at Garibaldi's prolonged disappearance; and so, when he showed himself at the balcony for a few minutes, before his final departure, the General took occasion to administer a quiet rebuke, reminding the volunteers that nothing was to be achieved without discipline, he added, somewhat bluntly, "and whatever you do, don't take every possible occasion of making these demonstrations."

The enthusiasm displayed everywhere during Garibaldi's return to Como was quite indescribable. Wherever the steamer stopped it was surrounded by swarms of country folk in small boats, and every village girl brought her bunch of flowers, content to have thrown her offering toward Garibaldi, even though it should fall into the water for short of its mark.

Plans of Garibaldi.

A letter in the *Courrier de Marseilles* states that Gen. Garibaldi did not propose to remain long at Como. He was to embark at Bari, where Admiral Persano and his fleet were waiting to receive him with the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth Regiments of Volunteers, and land on the coast of the Adriatic, while the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Regiments would at the same time march across the Tyrol. It is added that it is not the intention of the Italian Generals to lay siege to the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, but to attempt an invasion of Lower Austria.

GARIBALDI AT COMO.

Correspondence of The London Daily News.

LAKE OF COMO, June 12, 1866.

It was my good fortune yesterday to be one of the very small band of strangers, who, happening to find themselves at Como, were witnesses of the triumphant entry of Garibaldi into the city, and his first manifestation of himself in the flesh to the volunteers of 1866. On waking up from their slumbers yesterday morning the good citizens of Como had as little idea as the rest of the world that a day had dawned upon them which would henceforth be so memorable in the annals of Italy in general, and their city in particular, as June 11 can hardly fail to become. On going abroad into the streets they could scarcely believe their eyes when they read the notice with which the walls were placarded, to the effect that Garibaldi was to leave Genoa at 5 a. m. and proceed directly to Como. Even as late as Sunday evening the impression was general in Milan, that some days would still elapse before such an irrevocable step would be ventured upon by the King and his advisers as the actual summoning of Garibaldi from Caprera, and it is still the opinion of persons not in diplomatic secrets, that the Government has acted somewhat precipitately.

No sooner was the startling intelligence of Garibaldi's expected arrival noised abroad in Como, than the volunteers set about rubbing up themselves and their arms, while the citizens zealously devoted themselves to decorating the city. By noon wonders had been effected in both departments of labor, and city and volunteers alike presented an appearance, which was highly creditable, considering that it was all the work of a few hours. Luckily, a fresh installment of volunteer accoutrements had arrived in the course of the morning, and, by dint of judicious distribution and much economy of arrangement, there was hardly a man who did not display a bit of red about him somewhere, while several companies were fully equipped from head to foot. Every volunteer, without exception, was armed with a bran new rifle, with bayonet attached.

Shortly before 1 p. m. several open carriages, each drawn by a pair of horses, which would have made a good show in Hyde Park, passed through the expectant crowd, converging to Camerlata—the railway station for Como—the Podesta and the rest of the municipal authorities. In the specials of these grand personages, all arrayed in suits of solemn black and white kid gloves, going forth in state to meet a plain blunt soldier like Garibaldi, with the view of bringing him back into their city in triumph, one could not but feel that there was something incongruous, and how much the General would have preferred being left to his beloved volunteers.

So wearily long to us, waiting in the heat and broiling sun, did the interval seem which elapsed between the disappearance of those carriages and their reappearance upon the scene, that men and women began to look fearfully at each other, and we began to fear that the Mayor of Como had been made the victim of a shameful hoax.

At length, however, nearly an hour and a half after he was due, the arrival of Garibaldi was telegraphed along the line of expectants by that electric movement of the crowd with which every observer of crowds must be familiar, and no sooner did the foremost carriage become visible at the end of the long suburb which stretches from the gate of the City of Como to the foot of the hills leading up to Camerlata, than the shower of flowers, wreaths and bouquets, which were poured down upon it, left no longer any doubt in anybody's mind that it contained Garibaldi—the idol of all true Italians, and every freedom-loving people in Christendom. When at last the carriage, escorted by mounted gendarmes, reached the spot where I stood, it was already half filled with flowers, and the Podesta and Garibaldi both looked as if they had had more than enough of being petted.

As for Garibaldi, although he forced himself from time to time to smile, not to disappoint the enthusiastic young ladies who rained roses so plentifully down upon him from the balconies, he seemed on the whole to look tired and out of sorts, and if not positively worn, certainly weary and much aged. Bitter advancing years or Aspromonte, or the effect of both combined, have turned much of his hair to gray, and the fire seemed to shine but dimly through that dreamy look about the eyes which has always been habitual with him. Altogether, as long as he remained seated in the carriage, it seemed to me that Garibaldi rather wore the air of a man who, after a hard and nobly spent life, was about to enter upon a well-earned rest, than of one inaugurating the most hazardous and arduous enterprise of his whole career.

This, my first impression, conveyed by the appearance of Garibaldi, as he made his triumphal entrance into the city, was very considerably modified by his subsequent bearing, when he showed himself at the balcony of the Town Hall to witness the march-past of his volunteers. Then it did one's heart good to see how happy the old fellow—"*il vecchio*," or "*il papa*," as the Garibaldini call him affectionately—looked as he leaned over the bannistrade, devouring the spectacle before him; and as one saw, as it were, a new life springing up in him, one no longer doubted that, with the aid of his tall fiel steed, he had another good campaign in him yet. To Garibaldi his volunteers came like water to the hart thirsting for the water-brook, and seemed to afford marvelous refreshment to his spirit. What wonder that after (probably) a sleepless night, and certainly a long wearisome railway journey on one of the hottest days ever known in North Italy, sitting by the side of the Prefect and among the young ladies, by whom he was overpowered, Garibaldi should have looked tired and bored? Once you gave him his volunteers, and you saw from the altered demeanor of the man, that he had got what he wanted all along, and not only he, but they, the volunteers. To attempt to describe their enthusiasm at getting their General among them would be quite hopeless. To my dying day I shall never forget the wistful glances which were thrown up to that face on the balcony by every volunteer as he marched past. After inspecting the volunteers at Varese and Gallarate, Garibaldi is expected to proceed to the depots at Bari and Foggia.

Prospects of the Campaign in North Italy.

From The London Times, June 20.

The campaign about to open in North Italy may be expected to differ in many essential points from the war waged on the same ground by the first Bonaparte in 1796, and from those undertaken by Charles Albert in 1848 and Napoleon III. in 1859. In all former encounters Austria was only vulnerable on her western frontier of the Ticino. On being forced from that line, she fell back on those of the Adda, the Oglio, and the Chiese, till the contest was brought to the Mincio. South of the Po, from the Trebbia to the Adriatic, Austria had only devoted and dependent allies, and on their territories, since 1815, she had her garrisons at Piacenza, Ferrara, and Comacchio, the outworks of the Quadrilateral, on the right bank of the great river. It is true that on a first onset the plans of Milan was easily overrun, and the invader, by pushing forward across the Po on Parma, Modena, and Bologna, might come up to the Quadrilateral from the south no less than from the west. But in the present instance the war begins where it was wont to terminate, on the west at the Mincio, on the south at the Po, where the Italians not only have in their hands Piacenza and all the former strongholds of Austria, but turn against her all the resources no less of the Æmilia than of all the southern regions of the Peninsula.

At the time of the hastily patched-up peace of Villafranca, the King of Sardinia, although he came off the winner of one of the richest provinces in the world, found himself at the head of a State much weaker in a military point of view than the one he had before; not only had his borders shrunk back in Savoy and Nice, but even on the side of Austria he had no longer such a line of defense as the Ticino formerly constituted. The frontier of the Mincio was traced entirely in the interests of Austria, and no engineering contrivance could ever oppose aught else but stout men's breasts against an Imperial force issuing from Peschiera and Mantua, and securing the open plain up to Milan. The annexations of 1860, by adding the Duchies of Parma and Modena, as well as the Legations, to the monarchy of Victor Emanuel, gave the Italians nearly what not quite—the whole of the southern bank of the Po, enabling them to keep their foe in check on the west by threatening him from the south. By a strange oversight, however, which more impotent loss to Austria than to Italy on the part of the French negotiators, the Po was not made throughout its course from Piacenza to the sea the line of demarcation between the two belligerent States. On the contrary, all north on the right side—three-fourths of Ferrara, Rovere, and Comacchio, with the Commune of Ostellato—remained in their hands, for several miles, both banks of the river, while the Italians can only cross by throwing bridges over the broad stream under the enemy's cannon.

The conditions of it is in North Italy, is, therefore, not likely to be limited to the Mincio. Indeed, it is more probable on the Po that the war will extend. Should the Austrians take the initiative, they would have little to cross by ravaging Lombardy, and even sending Milan, for the Italians saw as their enemies know, have on the south a little Quadrilateral of their own at Piacenza, Cremona, Pizzighettone, and Pavia to the rear of which are the still formidable fortresses of Lodi and Alessandria, from any of which points an Austrian army advancing beyond Milan would be taken in flank. It is asserted, therefore, to suppose that the Austrians would rather carry the war across the Po to the south, where the contest would soon be brought to the walls of Bologna, a city which for the last 300 years the gold of Italy and the genius of Michelangelo have been turning into a vast citadel or intrenched camp of instrate importance, and which may yet become the base of the principal operations of the Italian army.

Should Austria, however, as our antiquets, resolve much awaiting her enemies within their own lines, it seems reasonable to expect that the Italians for their own part would not venture upon more than a recognoissance on the Mincio, and that their main effort would be made in front of Bologna, on the line of the Po between the Quadrilateral and the city of Pavia. We hear, indeed, that the Austrians have almost abandoned the territory of Bologna, as being of no great importance to their plan of defense. Not only have Imola, Ravenna, and Comacchio at the present day in Italian hands, but the towns of former cities have by means of gunboats been made as it were one with Bologna, which, on the other hand, is the center of all Lombardy, Emilia, and Tuscan lines.

By crossing the Po at Ponte Lagoscuro, where a large body of pioneers and a college equipped had recently been sent on the 12th, or at some other point to the south of it, and advancing on Bologna, the Italians would be turning the position of the Austrians, and, withdrawing into the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, would leave such forces as may be concentrated at Venice on the right. Such an army would be mustered on its southernmost strength to enable it to attack the strong places on one side, while it turns its main efforts against the other. Were it to abandon an enemy on Venice, it would naturally rely on the co-operation of the Italian fleet, which, it is said, with 1,200 guns and 20,000 men, has been assembled on the waters of Taranto under Persano. Should preference be given to an attack on Leghorn and Venice, a diversion might be made on the west by a simultaneous effort against Pescheiera and Mantua. It is well to bear in mind, meanwhile, that the fortresses on the Adige, and especially Legnago, are said to present less insuperable difficulty than those on the Mincio, as the great strength of Austria in that region, after all, always lies in the unapproachable lake city, Mantua.

Kossuth in Florence.

Correspondence of the London Daily News.

FLORENCE, June 15, 1866.

Kossuth is here. Of course his object is to associate himself with the descent of the volunteers on the Dalmatian coast. But I have reason to believe that he will not succeed in any such scheme. In fact, his presence among the Sclave races, among whom Garibaldi (if Garibaldi leads that portion of the volunteers who will undertake this service in person) must first come, would be far more hurtful than really dangerous. In Hungary, which is quite another nation, where the name of Kossuth is still a power among the young and among the lower classes of the population, the presence with Italian volunteers might be more serviceable. And if the incursion of the volunteers inland from the Dalmatic coast should be pushed so far, as is very probable, then it might be possible that Kossuth might be invited to join them.

The Bourbonists in Southern Italy.

NAPLES, June 13, 1866.

The poor and the ignorant, on the contrary, whose name is legion, are wedded to the past, regret the "peace at circumstances" provided for them with a purpose, and are the victims of the priest and Bourbon intrigues. Without any disturbance, without fire, to the liberation of a large body of bourbonists, it was not to be expected that the volunteer movement should have been so well responded to in Naples as in other cities torn by factions and sunk in ignorance. Even of those volunteers who left a week or two since *a hundred have been sent back to us for misconduct*, and are now in the Castle of the Carmine, awaiting the interior orders of the Quester. In what their misconduct consisted I cannot precisely say, but it is fair to presume that the Bourbonists would not omit such an opportunity of attempting to demoralize a body of men on whom so much depends, at the same time *Naples is full of the very worst characters, who for plunder would enroll under any banner.* The Bari papers speak of another disturbance among the volunteers in that city.

It originated in a slight quarrel, which was fanned into a flame by some of the wretches I have described, who, for purposes of their own, had put on the red shirt. Twenty-seven were arrested and shipped off unmasked, with 49 were sent off to their homes. Another body of volunteers from Sicily and the Calabrias, 300 in number, officered by a priest of Cetrone, touched at Corfu on the 8th inst., and ran through the streets shouting "*Viva l'Italia!*" "*Viva la Grecia!*" and, under the windows of the Austrian Consul, "*Abasso!*" In a season of prolonged inaction, therefore, even the volunteer movement, in itself so admirable, is from various causes fraught with danger to the country. Arrests, it is almost unnecessary to say, continue to be made on a large scale and in widely distant localities. Some persons have been arrested in a house at Pozzuoli, where new uniforms—not many—were found, after the pattern of the old Bourbon infantry, buttons with the lily and arms were seized at the same time.

At St. Sebastiano, a commune at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, the curé and the captain of the National Guard were arrested last week, charged with conspiracy with the brigand chief Pilone, now in Rome. At Gragnano, near Castellamare, the vicar guardian and a *frate* of the Minori Osservanti have met with a similar fate, which impeded over others of the order who had fled. At Miano, near Naples, an ex-judge, the curé, and a medical man have been arrested, as have been the two agents of the old Bourbon police in Torre del Greco and Naples. I cite these cases to show the variety of those who have made themselves obnoxious to the law. Among them priests and monks predominate; their efforts have been directed principally to corrupt the army, and it is recorded to be wondered at that the Italian Parliament has by one overwhelming vote suppressed all monasteries, a measure which that involves the ruin of the thousands of monastery of Monte Cassino. The ruin of the thousands of monasteries, and the seizure of papers connected with the criminal attempts of the clergy and the Bourbonists have been handed over to the judicial power, and will, I believe, amply justify the authorities in the prompt and severe measures which they have adopted. On the line of the Castellamare Railway, between Nocera and Pagani, 10 persons, with the capitulation of Gaeta at their head, were arrested last week. The great danger of the South lies, of course, in the interior; but a complete system of surveillance has been organized on the coast from Terracina to the Calabrias, and on the Papal frontier, to prevent any surprise, or the landing of any body of men who might serve as a nucleus to the malcontents.

The Prussian Army.

CHARITABLE COMMITTEES—ATTACK UPON SILESIA ANTICIPATED—SPECULATION ON THE AUSTRIAN PLAN OF ATTACK—THE AUSTRIAN BRIGADE KALIK—FIELD TELEGRAPHS—DEMORALIZATION OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY IN MORAVIA.

From the Military Correspondent of the London Times.

KOHLFURT, June 13, 1866.

The end side of the picture of war has been to-day, too, brought before the public. Addresses, headed "To all Prussians," have been placarded over the country, asking for aid, to enable the Charitable Committee to carry out its benevolent objects. These are best told in the words of the address itself, which in a few lines call up many a piteous scene of sorrow, or sickness, and of death. They are, first, to aid the families who depended for their support on soldiers who have been drafted to the war; secondly, to send to the seat of war hospital comforts, provisions, and surgical appliances; thirdly, in case of the hospitals being filled to overflowing, to obtain accommodation for the sick and wounded who may be brought from the theater of war, and to supply their wants; fourthly, to support the widows and orphans of those who are killed. The Committee have already met with considerable support in Berlin, but should the war be a long, or a bloody one, large funds will be required to carry out their intentions.

An attack on Silesia appears to be anticipated, as reinforcements were sent there this morning by special trains. Certainly one regiment of the Guard went down, and this fact has been construed to mean an intention of serious fighting in that direction, as it is generally imagined that this *corps d'élite* is to be kept as a reserve with which the Prussians will, in the case of a victory, give the final blow to the shaken troops of the enemy, or, in the event of a reverse, cover their own retreat. There has been little speculation to-day on the probable Austrian plan of the campaign. The prevalence of the report in the early part of the day, which fixed upon Pilsen as the point of Gen. Benedek's attack, has been considered to establish conclusively that an attack will certainly be made somewhere on the Silesian frontier, but whether with a great force, or merely as a feint, or conjointly with an attack on Saxony, few now pretend to know. Nor is it likely that even the very highest military authorities on this side of the frontier can base their own opinions on any very certain calculations, for the Austrians are believed to be in force both on the Silesian frontier and round Olmütz, and unless the Prussians themselves were about to assume the offensive it must be difficult to determine at which point the Austrian commander intends to strike his hardest blow.

Perhaps the Intelligence Department of the staff may have obtained some secret clue which will help Gen. Moltke to solve the problem. The reputation for generalship which has been almost unanimously throughout Europe accorded to the Austrian Commander-in-Chief does not seem to have inspired so much dread in Prussia as it has confidence within his own lines. Here it is commonly said that Austria, finding herself without a general, was obliged to invent one, and that the determined character of Benedek made him a favorable subject for the operation, which has been accordingly performed upon him. Whether this is so or not the events of a few weeks will very probably decide. At present the Prussians are more anxious about the supposed numerical superiority of the Austrian troops than to fear the result of any brilliant strategical combinations on the part of their commander.

The brigade Kalik, which formed the Austrian force in Holstein, has passed over the Elbe without being impeded by the Prussian gunboats lying in that river, and yesterday had joined Kassel unmolested. It is now, therefore, free, if so destined, to go to Darmstadt, and form the nucleus of the corps of troops which the minor States allied to Austria are said to be about to direct against the Prussian provinces on the Rhine.

An order has been issued at Berlin to form a fourth field telegraph division. At present there are three divisions, of which two are with the army in the field, one with the headquarters of the Crown Prince in Silesia, the second attached to the wing commanded by the Archduke Charles. The third division is to go to the King's headquarters, when he goes into the field to take command of the whole army in person. Each of these divisions consist of three officers, one medical officer, 43 train soldiers, 12 telegraph workers, three wagons for the carriage of instruments, six for the transport of materials, two baggage wagons, and 50 horses. The use of a telegraph is now almost indispensable for an army in the field, and as troops must act sometimes along lines where there are no telegraph, and headquarters must be established often at points to which no permanent telegraph lines extend, these field telegraph divisions will perhaps have some importance in the decision of the issue of the campaign.

Should the Austrians attack Silesia, there are three lines by which they may advance directly into that province; first, on the east, by Cracow, on Königshutte; secondly, by Weisskirchen, on Oderberg and Ratibor, or from Olmütz on Neisse or Ratibor; thirdly, from Josephstadt, on Glatz or Freyburg. There is also an indirect line from Prague and Josephstadt by Lobau to Görlitz, but this is a long route into Silesia, and would probably be more suitable for an attack on Saxony. An attack from Josephstadt, if successful and carried as far as Breslau, would cut off all the Prussian troops in the southeastern portion of the province; and it is by this line the latter seem to expect to be attacked, for the headquarters of the Silesian army are upon this line at Furstenstein, near Freyburg.

MASSING OF PRUSSIAN TROOPS ON THE NORTHERN FRONTIER OF SAXONY—CONCENTRATION OF PRUSSIANS IN SILESIA—AUSTRIAN FORCES ASSEMBLING AT ASCHAFFENBURG—THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

From the Military Correspondence of The London Times.

BERLIN, June 15—7 a. m.

Heavy masses of Prussian troops are drawn together on the northern frontier of the kingdom of Saxony ready to advance at a moment's notice, if requisite, against Dresden. In Silesia the army has hitherto been scattered in cantonments at various points along the frontier, but yesterday it has been concentrated in a great action between Bunzlau and the frontier. Whether the Prussian concentrations are for offensive or defensive purposes, no one ever now dares to pretend to tell beforehand, but probably those in Saxony are for attack, as far as Dresden is concerned. There is I know may be intended to prepare either for an advance into Moravia, or to oppose an anticipated attack by the Austrians from that quarter.

The railways are swarming with troops. It is evident, too, from their appearance, that Prussia has made great exertions in order to place the army she has in the field on a war footing. English recruits, who seem hardly able to carry their knapsacks and arms and grizzled landwehr men, who have long left the ranks of the regular army, are equally enrolled in the regiments which have little been sent to the front. At every railway station detachments of soldiers either get into or out of the trains, and everywhere one be detected the busy air and feverish bustle which foreboded the gathering together of an army for battle. Daylight this morning was ushered in by a slow, drizzly rainfall, which soon made the roads muddy and sloppy, but numerous detachments have been spinning along them since the earliest dawn appeared, to gain the country in busy stations, on the platforms of which, made greasy by the moisture, the soldiers, wrapped up in their cloaks, huddled together, to get as much shelter as possible from the weather, until the time came for them to get into the train.

Some of the detachments appeared to be recruits drawn from the neighboring country. Many of the men were accompanied on their march to the station by women, who, cent silently as they moved almost mechanically alongside of the marching ranks, and who strained with eager eyes after the train till a turn in the line or distance hid them from our view. The soldiers themselves looked grave, but very determined. The news which came from Frankfort last night has roused the war spirit in the land; still there was many a wistful glance cast back toward the cottages which, with black roofs built into their white walls, and high thatched roofs, look not unlike the homesteads of Cheshire or Worcestershire. Nor does the appearance of the people destroy the resemblance. Especially in the men there is a marked look of the better agricultural classes in England.

From every little village and every small town soldiers appear to be hurrying to central positions for the concentration of their brigades, divisions, or corps. The large bodies marched yesterday to their places of assembly; this morning nothing detachments and small bodies of men from distant parts were being called up to headquarters. There are also a few—fortunately, very few at present—of those detachments to their rear which have always to be made daily from a large army to carry the sick to the hospitals.

Nothing is known of recent Austrian movements, or at least, if any intelligence has come in, it is kept most carefully secret. Although many who pretend to know something of the plan of operations disclaim the reject the idea that the Prussians will make an offensive movement, the sudden concentration of the armies and the bustle of rapid preparation evidently foreboded an advance. When I say nothing is known of Austrian movements, I allude only to the Austrian armies in Bohemia and Moravia, either, although nothing can be certainly known, *as Austrian force is supposed to be assembling at Aschaffenburg, possibly with a view of supporting the minor allies of the Empire in an attack on the Rhenish Provinces.*

The king of Prussia and his staff left Berlin last night, but it is thought that he will join the army to-day. Hostilities may actually commence either to-day or to-morrow, but as yet it is impossible accurately to foresee what will happen. The military conduct of a campaign alone is a problem which few can solve, and, when it becomes intricate, is with political considerations, it becomes almost inextricably confused to all except the very few who have an insight into every particular.

About 36 miles southward of this town the new Royal residence, *the Castle of Pleissenstein, where till now Count Bismarck and his lady sojourn.* He has now conferred there more to the east. The Berlin papers told yesterday that he had gone to Neisse, which is about three hours by railway from Breslau. Neisse is in Silesia, not far from Glatz, and is in Moravia—the shot which fell rounds which lend over the mountains on this portion of the frontier join an advantageous point from which to invade Moravia and strike a blow at the line of railway communication leading from Vienna to the Austrian positions in Bohemia, or at which to concentrate an army to resist an Austrian advance from Olmütz.

Breslau is in itself also an important point, for here unite the lines of railway from Berlin by Liegnitz from Berlin by Lissa, which connects Silesia with all the eastern provinces of Prussia, the railway to South-Eastern Silesia, and that to Freyburg, which passes near Schweidnitz.

THE SECOND RAN OF THE LANDWEHR CALLED OUT—THE ARMY RAISED TO A TOTAL OF 705,000 MEN.

From Berlin Correspondence of The London Times, June 15.

Apparently, the Prussian Government are inclined to take the business view of the case, and to prepare for meeting a good many Southerners in the field. *They have just taken the extreme step of calling out nearly the whole second ban of the land wehr.* This Spartan measure, which would be unconscionable in any other civilized country, and is here rendered possible only by drilling nearly every able-bodied man in times of peace, *raises the army to a total of 705,000 men, or, after the deduction of non-combatants is a fighting army of 500,000 infantry, 50,000 horse and 1,000 guns. To these men will be added 100,000 landwehrmen, who, for the present, are allowed to continue in their several vocations, but are liable to be summoned at any moment.* I have, however, heard it surmised that there were not officers sufficient to embody them all. Of the fresh troops now raising, the greater part will be sent *to oppose the Hanoverians concentrated near Coburg, and the mixed Southern corps forming at Darmstadt.* Already nearly the whole of the landwehr regiments which garrisoned Berlin since the departure of the line have left in a south-western direction.

The Destiny of Germany.

From The London Times, June 19.

The two Great Powers of Central Europe have said the last words that divide peace and war. Hitherto they have suspended to reason, and protested humanity, but now they may a dread game, and are at the mercy of terrible contingencies. It is possible that future historians will pass with little remark over the almost imperceptible step that leads from a state of things rapidly culminating in war to the act itself. Causes and consequences will be found to fit in so closely as the ragged edges of the fracture, which, the eye fatal to the vase, may, for a moment, be concealed from the eye. But to us who know not the future, and who are timidly gazing anxious from the past, and looking round for the lost omen, the words of the Sovereigns who now stand before the world sword in hand have an awful import. How does Prussia how does Austria discern herself as she casts the die of war? There is this common foundation to the claims of both, that the grander issues will yet depend on the history of the whole each makes out within less nothing by an objective of the last fourteen months or two, and incidents put in the very foreground of the quarrel are found to be nothing more than the feeble head of a procession irresistibly thrust on by the column behind.

We may reasonably doubt whether Prussia could have helped taking possession of Holstein, and, on the other hand, whether the Diet had any choice but to mobilize the Federal forces. As to the smaller States, what they do attach an emergency, certain known affinities have taken into account, is only a comparison of one overwhelming force with another. They must go as they are pushed, even if it be to and fro. How to deal with these is a military question, and this it has now come to. But, passing by these incidents, we come to the great opinions on which these Powers severally rest their cause. Had the belligerents consented to keep their proper parts and speak in character, that the distance might be well sustained, they could hardly have done it better. Each comes out in bold relief, the Prussian and the Austrian we have known so long, little as we might think they would one day stand in such fed antagonism.

Prussia's first and last appeal is to Germany; and whether she speaks to Courts or to people it is Germany she pleads for, and Germany that has to cover her mistake. Germany is divided. Division lays a multitude of States open to evil influence. The Diet has long represented, not unity, but division. For true unity a new Constitution is wanted—of what kind, is what name, with what center, time must tell. The geography of the region is ridiculous. Prussia cannot turn its face any way without having an enemy, or a bad neutral, a day's march in the rear. If there is to be a paramount German Power, and without that there can be no Germany, then that Power should have a better geographical position and a more preponderating influence. Germany is defrauded of its due rank and place in the world. It is not allowed, without interruption, to vindicate its nationality, even when it is enforcing rights guaranteed by treaty. Prussia does not condescend to notice what the Diet was ready to do. Perhaps the feebleness of the result, a small new State, nay, two small new States, supersedes the necessity of notice. The conclusion from a train of thought rather felt than expressed is that neither can Austria stand for Germany, nor the Diet, by the confession of Austria itself, and, under the existing conditions, no alliances are possible between the several States.

There must be a new Constitution and a new Power that shall really stand for Germany, speak for her, and protect her from insult and wrong. This can only be done by setting aside the present Federal system, obliterating boundaries, and making military consideration supreme. If Prussia can unite Germany, and obtain justice to her numbers, her position and her history, then Germany can afford to deal as fairly with other races and territories not her own. Prussia, of course, cannot insist on any Divine or treaty right to become the chief of Germany and its symbol of unity. This want in her title she makes up with the power of the sword, the fortune of the great soldier, and the high destiny that has still to run its course. It is no ill saying that an army of sheep commanded by a lion will beat an army of lions commanded by a sheep. It is an army of sheep that Prussia is addressing, and she must prove herself a lion—an animal that sees far, decides quickly, can make a terrible spring, and, when it once grasps, never leaves hold. Thus much is to be said for these appeals and these representations; that they are intelligible. Unless it be that the one idea of Germany has not yet quite developed itself, and except for some possible skepticism as to Prussia's notions of truth and honor, all is plain here. We may assume, or not, as we please, that the new Constitution of Germany is to be Prussian, and that, in fact, Prussia and Germany are henceforth to be the same.

What has Austria to say for herself in this hour of trial, when she has to bid against a Power confessed to have a glorious cause, and accused of unscrupulousness and audacity? Austria tells the world she is for peace and quiet, and always has been. She appeals to truth and justice, and to the Almighty that has them and her in charge. She could wish that her own peoples were assimilated, and knew one another better. She would then have her family more about her; but, as they are not all about her, she must act for them, which makes her position still more awfully responsible. It is the Empire she has to make the best of against the somewhat less substantial though grander name of Germany. But she is German still, and, in a sense, Germany. Not that she can appropriate the Cæsars to herself; but she is the Germany of the lesser States, that flock to her from a fiercer terror; she is the Germany of the Diet. She is the Germany of Courts, that like to see two great Powers keeping one another in order, and are content that the stronger of the two should also be the less German. It suits the politics and the tastes of the lesser States that Germany should not take too high a flight and aspire to too close a unity, or resent too keenly the wrongs of the race. So they like the hybrid Empire which has something to fall back upon beside its German character.

Austria touches very tenderly upon some questionable affairs in the North Sea, in which she lately found herself in indifferent company; but the Almighty she appeals to cannot care, she thinks, for such a trifle. A few words of utter loathing are enough for Italy. It is Prussia that is giving that enemy of mankind, so Austria intimates, the desired opportunity of one more crime. That the dynasty has been always just and true, and has always enjoyed Divine favor, she calls to witness a prosperous and tolerably united people. Austria is content. She only wants to keep her own, addict herself to the arts of peace, and foster her resources. She could have no other interest. She has nothing to gain. Prussia must be the aggressor, not Austria. All this is very simple and winning, but it is not politics. *The truth is, Austria is not Germany, and will not be Germany. She will not allow Prussia to be Germany—why should she, of course?—or even Germany to be Germany. She wishes to divide, and reign by division; Prussia to unite, and reign by the unity.* That is at least a political idea, and better worth fighting for than most objects of ambition. Whether the means employed can be justified by the end is quite another question.

Obstacles to German Unity.

From the Berlin Correspondence of The London Times, June 16.

So the war, long dreaded and delayed, has indeed become a reality. The German Princes, who have so long rivaled each other in resisting the progress of the people and irritating them by petty molestations, are reaping enough to go to war for dynastic purposes. Those who have long been regarded as impotent by their subjects are as senseless as to prove, in the most emphatic way, that they can also do a great deal of mischief. Public exasperation at their conduct is very violent in nearly every part of Germany, perhaps, nowhere more so than in Prussia. The minor potentates have been held in such detestation by the subjects for years past, that they are always supposed to be in the wrong. Though people may admit the Kingdom were right in opposing Bismark, they will indignantly ask whether such as are merely tolerated can be right under any circumstances to kindling a war and aggravating that national division of which they are the unfortunate cause.

Though not in the least favorable to Bismark, who, on the contrary, is hated and denounced by all parties alike, the rate-paying millions who feel the armies with their own flesh and blood are still more enraged at the Elector of Cassel or the Duke of Nassau presuming to do, to will, to be anything. There are few among the secondary Princes who were not as arbitrary as any Government that ever existed in this country; while ruling over little bits of territory, and debarred from the possibility of having any high-flown objects of ambition in the world, they were apt to render those small persecutions and trivial malignities in which German absolutism manifests itself in the present century even more numerous and galling. At Wiesbaden, that at Bonn, at Hanover, that at Potsdam. Indeed, while they had nothing in their domestic politics to raise them above the level of the Bismarcks of Prussia, they gave additional offense by being so many impediments to the dearly-beloved unity of Fatherland. Such, at any rate, is the prevailing state of public opinion in Northern Germany at the beginning of this sanguinary crisis.

In the South it is counterzeited by Republican and Roman Catholic tendencies, which, with the difference of race and dialect, are strong enough to make the Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg the natural allies of the Kaiser. I perceive that the Hamburg, Bremen and other Northern papers are conjuring the Southerners to consider that in helping for Austria they are supporting the cause of hopeless reaction, and aiding in the suppression of German culture, religion and science. I even see that they are indulging in the fond delusion that in a month or so the Bavarians and Swabians will be raised to a consciousness of their mistake, and will aid in preserving Prussia, whatever the shortcomings of the present Government. But unlikely their sanguine hopes will be dashed to the ground. Whatever the Germans may say or sing of their unity, a sober observer cannot help discerning that as yet there is something more insurmountable than is offered by the mere fluvial frontier, in the course of the River Maine.

The Federal Army.

Correspondence of The London Daily News.

FRANKFORT, June 19, 1866.

The German war has begun. As soon as it became known yesterday that Prussia had crossed the frontiers of Saxony, Hesse and Hanover, the whole aspect of this place changed as by magic. The Federal Military Commission issued orders to collect troops for the protection of this town against an attack of the Prussian corps assembled at Wetzlar, and in the afternoon Federal troops poured in from all sides, and sent out an avant garde on the road to Giessen, where the Prussians had advanced. Some more troops arrived in the evening, and to-day the commander-in-chief of the 8th Federal corps has taken up his headquarters here. *The corps under his command, 50,000 to 70,000 strong, composed of the contingents from Wurtemberg, Baden, Hesse, and Nassau, will be concentrated by the middle of the week, and then move forward for the defense of Electoral Hesse,* and will try to operate a junction with the Hanoverian and Russian troops, which by this time will be expected to have reached Gottingen. Should Prussia not succeed in this raid against the weak States in her rear, she will be in a difficult position, as her western provinces will then be cut off from the main body of the monarch. The Diet has shown an alacrity which was not expected. The Prussian telegraph here was taken possession of yesterday evening, and the officials sent away. Our communication with Berlin is, therefore, cut off, and to-day, for the first time, the Post has not arrived. Railway communication with the North has been cut off.

The alarm which existed yesterday has somewhat subsided to-day, as new troops continue to arrive, so that the streets have the appearance of a camp. Troops, guns, ammunition wagons and saddle horses follow each other, and orders are galloping through the streets, bearing orders to the various corps. Frankfort takes this town intensely, as she is aware that the citizens have never been her partisans, and have shown their feelings openly enough during the last momentous weeks. If she had got the town into her possession for a single day she would most probably have inflicted upon it all the injury in her power, and raised a heavy contribution.

The main body of the Saxonian forces, 60,000 strong, will operate in Saxony in conjunction with Austria. The Saxon army is 35,000 strong. The Eighth Federal Corps in our neighborhood numbers about