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EUROPE.

THE ARMISTICE AND THE WAR.

Our Special Despatches from Paris, Vienna, Venice, Prague and London.

Napoleon's Peace Plan Announced and Great Joy of the Parisians.

ITALY'S GAIN IF SHE OBTAINS VENETIA.

The Rout at Sadowa Reported in Vienna.

Twenty-five Miles Cleared by the Austrian Army in Panic Time.

The Empire at the Mercy of Prussia if Napoleon Did Not Act.

Venice in a State of Siege Preparatory to the Cession.

Austrian Preparations for the Evacuation of the Quadrilateral.

The Prussian Triumphs in Bohemia and War Scenes in Prague.

American Ideas—Sanitary, Industrial and Artistic.

What Neutral England Hears from the Fields and Cabinets.

&c. &c. &c.

The highly important European news, dated to the 12th of July, brought by the City of Paris, was published in the shape of telegraph and newspaper reports at considerable length in the HERALD yesterday morning. Our special despatches from Paris, Vienna, Venice Prague and London, given to-day, contain additional matter, with details of great interest relative to the armistice plan proposed by Napoleon, the chances of its adoption, the state of feeling prevailing in Vienna after the receipt of the news from Sadowa, the gradual abandonment of Venice by the Austrians previous to the formal cession to France, and the extraordinary war scenes witnessed in Prague and other portions of Bohemia just previous to the signal defeat of Marshal Benedek.

OUR SPECIAL DESPATCHES.

FRANCE.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, July 7, 1866.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE ARMISTICE.

The war cloud hanging over the entire continent, and already hurling its terrible blows upon the heads of combatants in Germany and Italy, has been almost completely dissipated by the arbiter of Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, who has again surprised his friends no less than his enemies by arranging a basis of peace.

Paris was electrified yesterday morning by a brief double-leaded article in the *Moniteur*, prominently displayed, announcing the cession of Venetia by Austria to France, and the Emperor Napoleon's request to the Kings of Prussia and Italy for an armistice, in order that a peace might be arranged.

EFFECT IN THE CITY.

The wonderful news soon spread over all the city, and the town was at once *en fête*. Flags were given to the breeze at every point, and all the streets were decked out in the gay tri-colors. The excitement was intense and the general gratification almost boundless.

ON THE BOURSE.

The Bourse, of course, was extremely animated, and all kinds of securities rose in an unparalleled manner. Such a scene was never before witnessed on 'Change. All financiers agreed at once that war could continue no longer, and they bought largely in all kinds of securities, not even neglecting Austrian bonds, which also went up. In Italians the rise was extraordinary, and every one was anxious to secure a share of the much abused stock. It was a grand day for speculators and a glorious one for the friends of Italy.

ITALIAN JOY.

They feel that at last the young kingdom is about to enjoy its rights, and that she will now enter upon the path of progress, undeterred by menaces from Austria or internal weakness. What the effect has been in Italy we have not yet learned. It will probably be something inspiring.

CIVIC ILLUMINATIONS.

In the evening there was an impromptu illumination of a brilliant character, and the streets were thronged until midnight by vast concourses of people. All was joy and gladness. Nothing of the kind has been seen here for years before. It was gotten up in so brief a time, and the illumination was so general and brilliant, that it could not fail to be noticeable.

ITALY'S GAIN.

Italy, if France turns over Venetia, will have gained all that she desired in the war, though precisely how far she is committed to Prussia by convention is not yet known. Prussia, as the victor in the recent bloody contests in Bohemia, where she utterly routed the Austrian main army, has a right to dictate terms to her vanquished foe, and she is not likely to accept the *status quo ante bellum*, but will claim some fruits for her short but expensive struggle. All this, however, may be speculated on as well in New York as here, as we have no exclusive lights on the subject. The understanding believed to exist between Count Bismarck and the Emperor probably embraced all the points likely to arise in the settlement of the question before a Congress, to which England and Russia been invited already.

A TROUBLED CROWN.

A little speck yet remains in the sky, even if the German question can be settled. The Papal States question must come up with Italy, and even if she agrees to give up all thought of carrying out the Italian idea of a united Italy, from the Alps to the sea, it is doubtful whether the forty thousand volunteers under Garibaldi will quietly relinquish one of their favorite plans or not. But all these phases of the continental questions may be better speculated on hereafter.

We do not yet know that we are to have peace until that is certain; the breech-loading rifle is apt to settle the vexed questions rather than diplomacy.

The telegraph will give you the latest features of the new aspect of affairs, and from these you may better judge of the real value of Napoleon's last *coup d'état*.

AUSTRIA.

OUR VIENNA CORRESPONDENCE.

VIENNA, July 8, 1866.

THE ROUT AT SADOWA.

"*Tout est perdu hors l'honneur.*" If General Benedek had chosen to plagiarize from his distinguished military predecessor, Francis the First, this is the message which might have been flashed over the telegraph wires after the disastrous rout of the Austrian army on the 3d of July. In fact it is perhaps a little questionable whether a small portion at least of that which Francis saved, and which Falstaff, thought so poorly of, was not lost among the muskets knapsacks, overcoats, canteens, and all sorts of military gear with which the roads, fields and ditches were strewn and filled over that rout of twenty-five miles which the whole Austrian army ran on that disastrous day. According to reports of those who participated in this stampede, the race at Bull Run must have been a mere child's play compared to it, and it only furnished another evidence of how a disciplined army can be frightened and demoralized in the presence of a superior foe, armed with superior weapons. The Austrian army is brave, and the material composing it is of the best in Europe. It is generally conceded now, however, that it was badly led, and that the Prussian officers, though lacking in the actual war experience which their opponents have had, hold their troops in better discipline, and that the *morale* of the Prussian troops was much the best.

THE AUSTRIANS DEMORALIZED.

We have as yet no official and very few unofficial details which are reliable about this last battle. Certain it is, however, that it has resulted in the complete demoralization, if not the destruction, of the Austrian army, and in actual loss of killed, wounded and missing of somewhere about a hundred thousand men, with between one and two hundred cannon, and an immense amount of war material, captured and abandoned.

OFFICIAL CONSOLATION.

Count Mensdorff, who went to headquarters soon after the battle ended, consoles the government here with a report that things are not so bad as they might be, and asserts in evidence that a hundred thousand men are still in fighting condition. What then is that of the other two hundred thousand who have been placed *hors de combat* after a war which has lasted but little more than a fortnight, and in which there have really been but four days fighting?

COGENT CONCLUSIONS.

The result of this disastrous war has proven, first, that the Prussians were much better prepared for the war than the Austrians were before its commencement. They were, in fact, in this respect somewhat in the condition of the rebels at the commencement of your civil war. Prussia had for months been determined to make war upon Austria, and had been making all the preparations for it, while the latter Power, standing upon the defensive, and hoping even up to the last moment that war might be avoided, when it did come it was found by no means ready for the shock.

The perfectness of the Prussian preparations were shown by the celerity with which they acted, and the wonderful rapidity with which they occupied first the Saxon and then the Bohemian territory, before the Austrians seemed scarcely aware that they were at war. What Benedek's mysterious and much vaunted "plan" was is still as unknown and unexplained as it was when a fortnight since, in spite of appearances, every Austrian seemed confident that it must result in success. Whatever it was, it has certainly proved a most miserable failure.

THE NEEDLE GUN.

I think there is no doubt that in all the important fights, and particularly the last one, the Prussians were able to mass the largest force upon given points. But, after all, the great deciding argument of the war has been the *Zund-Nadel-Gewehr*—the Prussian needle rifle. The wonders which the Austrian army have usually performed with the bayonet were completely estopped by this terrible weapon, as loading and firing it from five to seven times a minute the Prussian soldiery spent such a shower of bullets upon the advancing foe that by the time they reached them there were not enough left living to do much harm. No men, however brave and determined, could stand the fire of these rifles, and nothing so disheartens an army as the absolute knowledge that it is fighting against a terrible superiority in arms. It is said that General Gablenz and other officers in the Austrian army who witnessed the effects of this weapon in the Danish war, up to the very last moment counselled yielding all the demands of Prussia rather than go to war with her under such a terrible disadvantage. The Austrian government well knew the superiority of this gun, but, in pursuance of the system of red-tapeism, took no means to place themselves on an equality with their adversaries. Now, when the "horse is stolen," they are, I understand, opening negotiations for the purchase of a large number of American Spencer rifles.

THE FIRST NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

When the first news of the terrible defeat of last Wednesday began to arrive here it of course added much to the gloom which for a day or two previous had been overhanging the imperial city. General Benedek drew it exceedingly "mild" in his first despatch, simply stating that he had, in consideration of the fact that the Saxon troops had been beaten, deemed it advisable to fall back upon Königrätz. Then we were informed that the army was obliged to retreat still further, "slowly and in good order at first, but more rapidly as pressed by the enemy." We soon came to the conclusion that it was a great disaster, and that the Austrian cause was lost.

WHAT WAS LOST IN HOLSTEIN.

The retreat of the army to Olmütz abandoned the whole line of the Elbe to the Prussians as well as the control of the railway between here and Prague. It also placed them in undisturbed possession of a great portion of Bohemia, Silesia and Moravia, with only a broken up and demoralized army to oppose them. There seemed now nothing to prevent their coming immediately to Vienna; and, as the telegraphic communication between Benedek's headquarters and the capital were cut off for two days, we did not know that immediately after the battle he had sent General Gablenz to the Prussian camp with full power to negotiate an armistice.

PREPARING TO ABANDON VIENNA.

Preparations were therefore made for the abandonment of Vienna to the foe. The rolling stock of the Northern Railway Company was run off to the south, and as much war material as possible was hurried off. The National Bank packed up in barrels its hundred and twenty-six millions of specie florins, and shipped them up to the fortress of Komorn. The crown jewels and treasures were sent away to Innsbruck.

The newspapers began to speak more respectfully of Bismarck and the King, and the horrid caricatures of the former which graced the windows of the photograph shops, in which the Prussian Minister was usually represented with only three straight stiff hairs growing like marlinspikes out of his head, were removed.

THE CESSION OF VENETIA.

It was understood that Vienna would not be defended, but abandoned to the enemy. In fact it was admitted that Austria was completely at his mercy, and must accept such conditions as he would choose to grant, when the fact of the Emperor's having transferred Venetia to Napoleon, and the latter having offered to negotiate an armistice and a peace with Prussia became known and put a more favorable face upon the matter.

HOPES FROM A CONGRESS.

If the armistice of six weeks be accepted and a fixed fact, it is probable that terms of peace with Prussia will be arranged by a European Congress—which will, at the same time, reorganize Germany, and, revising the treaties of 1815, regulate anew the map of Europe.

NAPOLEON'S CHANCES.

The Emperor of Austria has performed a master-stroke of policy in giving Venetia to France. As the territory is now no longer Austrian, but French, the Austrian army can retire from it with honor; and if Italy's belligerent propensities are not satisfied with obtaining the territory she has so long coveted, and wishes to continue fighting for it, she will have France, and not Austria, to fight. It is not probable that Napoleon will abandon Venetia without receiving a territorial equivalent for it, perhaps in the shape of the island of Sardinia and a political equivalent in the final settlement of the question of the temporal power of the Pope. Austria, by abandoning Venetia, knocks away from under the treaties of 1815 their principal prop, and thus makes the question of the reorganization of Europe, including that of the Germanic confederation, which exists under them, a European question. This no longer leaves the terms of peace between Austria and Prussia in the hands of the latter, but to be settled by the European Areopagus. It is not for the interest of the European Powers that Austria should be too much humbled, and weakened, and diminished in extent to the gain of Prussia; and she will, of course, make and get better terms in the congress which must now certainly meet, than she could from the haughty foe who now has really conquered her.

HOPES OF THE PEOPLES.

The Austrian government will probably have as much difficulty in arranging matters with its own people and settling the discordant elements which the war has stirred up, as it will have in making terms of peace with Prussia. Already the Austrian people, through the liberal press, are endeavoring to take advantage of defeat and disaster to force upon the government reforms in a liberal sense, and particularly the restoration of the suspended constitution. Up to the year 1860 Austria had always been an absolute monarchy, the Emperor and his ministry, creating the laws, and responsible to nobody, regulating the whole affairs of the empire. After the Italian war the young Emperor, seeing the necessity, if he would preserve the integrity of his empire, of rallying his people to the support of the throne, and of making them directly interested in the welfare and progress of the government, granted a constitution, which provided for the election of deputies to a general Parliament, or Reichsrath, from the whole empire. To this body was to be submitted the laws proposed by the government, and the budget, and indeed it possessed the powers usually accorded to representative bodies under constitutional monarchies.

It was hoped that the effect of this institution would be not only to interest the people individually more in the welfare of the government and the country, but that its operation would tend to centralize, fuse and agglomerate the various discordant elements of which the Austrian empire is composed. It did not, however, seem to have this last effect.

HUNGARY.

Hungarians, whose determination to retain as much as possible of their nationality, and their resistance to anything like Germanization, controls all their acts, refused to send any representatives to the general Parliament, and never did.

BOHEMIA.

In Bohemia, the German element succeeded in finding a representative, and from Italy no members were returned, while the Slavic race everywhere in the Austrian dominions looked upon the Parliament and the institution with unfavorable eyes, and as instruments contended to Germanize them as a race. The result was that as the Parliament did not represent the empire, the Emperor, in September last, very much to the regret of the liberal party, suspended the constitution, and returned to the old state of affairs.

GERMAN LIBERALS.

Now the liberal German element demands that if he would keep the empire intact that he should restore the constitution, and it is a fact which I can vouch for from actual knowledge and statements from their own lips, that no inconsiderable number here hail disaster and defeat as a means of forcing the government to again invite the people to participate in its management. "Had Austria been successful," they say, "we should have seen the government become haughty again, and return to absolutism." Those who demand the restoration of the constitution claim that the refusal of the Hungarians (whom they regard as obstinate, impracticable idealists) to participate in the general government and control of the empire should not be permitted to deprive them of this privilege, and they are now loudly demanding a return to the constitutional system. The government, however, does not yet seem prepared for this, and I am informed that the *New Free Press* and other liberal journals here have been informed that they must stop talking about this matter now, in pain of confiscation and suspension.

THE REVOLUTIONARY ELEMENT.

Poor Austria! The present war will for her not only result in loss of territory and prestige, but may not unlikely lead to serious difficulties and troubles between her government and peoples. In Hungary there is a greater ill-feeling than ever on account of the recent suspension by the Emperor of the local Diet, and the rumor that the Prussians were organizing a Hungarian corps at Breslau, to operate as the nucleus of a revolutionary army in Hungary was hailed with great delight. There probably never was any foundation for the rumor.

Bismarck and his "next friend" at the Tuileries know too well the danger of playing with fire to avail themselves of the revolutionary element in Europe, which, when once set in operation, even these potent magicians might not be able to control.

VENETIA.

OUR VENICE CORRESPONDENCE.

The Austrian State of Siege Antecedent to the Cession.

VENICE, June 24, 1866.

Besides the Emperor's new manifesto, we have been treated during the week by the local and various military authorities, without stint, to orders, proclamations, notices, injunctions and intimations suited to all grades and capacities. The mere headings of them would fill a column of the HERALD, and the sale of the paper they are printed on would make my fortune.

Among the first of these attractive sheets was one from the royal lieutenant Marshal, in concert with the respective Lieutenants of these parts, proclaiming the most vigorous state of siege from the Southern Tyrol to the Luogo-tenenza of Trieste.

Almost simultaneous with this appeared a notice calling upon those in the unlawful possession of arms to consign them within fourteen days to the police.

Following this came another notice from the Military Governor and General of Artillery, manifesting the hope that nobody will give him occasion to touch off his cannon to their detriment.

Passing over a number of minor posters there is one meriting attention from a literary, social and artistic point of view. The first part treats of printed matter, books, papers, pamphlets, engravings, &c., warning all of the consequences of receiving, holding or distributing anything in this line offensive to good government. Under the rubric A, and within sections one to eleven, with a little interpolation of a, b, c., the whole occupying a space equal to about a column of closely printed matter, are enumerated the various modes of offending in this line. That under B and within the numbers twelve to fifteen inclusive, relates to meetings, public or private, including social gatherings, all or any of which may be dissolved, suspended or placed under military surveillance at any moment. C, section sixteen, hedges public spectacles. D, section seventeen, relates to the license of arms. E, section eighteen, forbids the collection or contribution of money or material of any kind for any purpose whatever, including those having a benevolent object in view, without the permission of the provincial commandant and the respective commandants of fortresses.

The least agreeable portion of this section is an exception in favor of the usual collection in the churches, which is unremitting. The next, F, relates to us foreigners and to those who harbor us, notifying us to be in readiness at any moment to give an account of ourselves and our doings.

The joke of all this is that there is nothing new in it.

LOOKING OUT FOR THE DRAMA.

I will give a little instance appropos of the hedging in of theatrical performances. During the past winter Rossi one evening after having performed Hamlet to the delight and satisfaction of the audience, added a little bit from Dante to their still further gratification. He had hardly got from before the footlights, however, when he was arrested for having "spoken a piece" without having first obtained a special permission therefor. But the inconvenience to Rossi in this case, however, was of short duration. Toggenburg, the bugotenente, being one of the audience, gave orders for his immediate release.

AGAINST CANARDS.

Of a similar tenor to the preceding is the proclamation against, and defining punishments for, the spreading of false or alarming news or acting in any way subversive of public tranquillity.

That the authorities themselves are very anxious to keep the public unalarmed is made manifest by a notice issued on the 21st, warning the people that on the 22d there would be practice with heavy artillery at the fortress of Alberoni. Consequently during the day of the 22d everybody was in anxious expectation of being deafened by the sound of the cannons, but their tympanums remained unshocked, the exercises having taken place at an early hour, winding up with the loss of two legs to one man and the killing outright of another. This intelligence is from a private source, and is not in the *Gazzetta*, as hardly any disagreeable fact is. It is worth mentioning though, as going to show how strictly the law against the diffusion of alarming intelligence is observed.

THE DRAFT.

Yesterday there was one turn more in the vice of conscription. This was a notice calling on such as had, in the previous calls, been excused or rejected, to again appear before the authorities for re-examination. And this Sabbath morning is an earnest appeal from the Patriarch of Venice, the Cardinal Trevisanato, begging all who are not helping the country with their arms to bow down before the altar with their prayers in its behalf.

DANGEROUS DOGS.

Yesterday, also, the canine inhabitants had their appropriate notice; they are to wear iron muzzles, close enough to prevent their eating or biting, and open enough to admit of their drinking. For the facilitating of this latter every keeper of *caffè*, grocery, pork shop, wine or liquor store, &c., is required to keep a supply of fresh water constantly in front of his door, any neglect of this to be followed by a fine. This explains what has been hitherto a mystery to me—the uses of the little vases and pots, something like druggists' mortars, that I have been wont to see here and there in my walks about town. In some places, in lieu of these pots, a spot on the pavement alongside the doorways is hollowed out and used as a receptacle for water.

NO TRAIN TO VERONA.

Yesterday afternoon just previous to the hour for the starting of the train the travel to Verona was stopped. Those who had already bought their tickets had their money returned to them. I am sorry for this. It was my intention as soon as I got this letter off my hands to take a run up there, as I consider Verona at the present moment more of a "head centre" than Venice—that is as regards military operations. But it is probable that this, too, may in turn become some day a "right lively little place."

The restriction to travel above mentioned, it seems, did not apply to Toggenburg, the Military Governor. During the evening of yesterday he with his corps of officials started for Verona.

ORDERS TO LEAVE.

It is worthy of remark that as the exits from Venice are being rendered fewer and tighter the notices to quit are multiplied. I am told that as many as a hundred, including one priest, yesterday got their intimations.

EVACUATION OF ROVIGO.

In regard to transactions on the Mincio line and in the Tyrol I have no doubt you will get from other sources better and fuller information than I can furnish you.

But I have just this moment got intimation, from a source that I have hitherto found uniformly reliable, of a movement in the vicinity of Rovigo, which, to say the least, is a little surprising.

This whole territory, so solicitously fortified and cleared of impediments to military operations, such as the felling of trees and destruction of buildings, has been suddenly evacuated, the troops being sent towards Verona. Here too, in Venice, which for a week or so had been rather quiet as regards the movements of soldiers, the marching of men towards the station, doubtless for Verona, was the other day resumed.

What all this tends to you will probably know almost as soon as I will.

THE ITALIAN ADVANCE.

The local paper last night favored us with the intelligence of the Italians having crossed the Mincio, and their having got as far as Goito, on the road to Roverbella. It says nothing either in confirmation or denial of Garibaldi having secured some of the passes of the Tyrol. In the beginning of the week there was a rumor, which lasted a whole afternoon, of the Italians having crossed the Po. After diligent inquiry I found this had its origin in the fact that some materials for the formation of a pontoon had been carried by the current to the Italian side. Rumor had it that the Italians had immediately added to this material of their own, had finished their bridge and crossed.

ISOLATED.

We are becoming pretty effectually isolated from the outside world. The *cafés* have now been six days without an English, French or Italian paper. No travellers are moving about, and letters are sparse. There are so many and continual changes in the Post Office department that one hardly knows when to expect or how or when to send a letter. These are hard times for correspondents, especially for those in any way connected with the public journals—particularly now that the commandants have made war upon them. General Benedek (of the North) says:—"I enjoin upon commanders and officers to be vigilant in their efforts to prevent any one connected or within the lines from corresponding directly or indirectly with any journal." Nevertheless, I hear that Russell (R. R.) has obtained permission to accompany one of the armies. Besides this there seems to be an authorized official correspondent at Verona—the chief peculiarity of his letters (published in the Vienna *Abend Post*) being that he says nothing of the general headquarters, where he is, but gives the most minute details connected with the Italian army, where he is not.

Hearing from the Seat of War When in a State of Siege.

VENICE, June 28, 1866.

As I cannot give the news from the battle fields this time from personal observation, nor from hearsay even, in time to compete with the telegraph, I may at least present an idea of my means and manner of getting information in regard to local and outside matters.

Fancy me taking dinner with my landlord and landlady, when, in the street below, we hear a not unusual cry in these parts. It is from the man who sells *capi tondi*. *Capi tondi* are little corrugated clams, about the size of a large strawberry, which the government permits to be eaten at this season in lieu of oysters, which are now having an undisturbed and lawful rest till September.

My landlord expresses a wish to hear what Capi has "of news," so he goes to the window and cries "Ca-pi." Capi, in reply, says "ch-ech." The landlord goes to a side wall and pulls on a knob he finds there, and the door, three stories below, opens like a door in a fairy tale.

Capi knows the way. We hear his measured tread on the stairs, and at last, through a long ante-chamber, his pace still measured and slow, as would be that of anybody having four baskets on his head—three of capi and one with the empty shells thereof. When he gets to the door he lowers himself uprightly so as not to dislodge the load prematurely from his head. Being safely within he disburthens himself of the four baskets and a circular cushion, takes off his cap and discloses a bald crown; the lack of hair, however, on the top of his head is compensated by ringlets, one streaming over each temple and past each ear. He and my hosts are familiar and jocose. They speak in a language which when I first came here with my Florentine and booky Italian was all Greek to me, but which now serves me for all purposes of pleasure or profit. It is some time before they begin to get the news out of Capi. He has opened two soldi worth of his bivalves (eyeing me furtively, meanwhile, with a view of divining how much confidence may be reposed in me) before he divulges that "Beppo (Garibaldi) is in the Tyrol."

That "they are about crossing the lower Po," and that the rest are advancing toward Peschiera and Verona.

With a view to detaining him a while longer I also order two soldi worth of capi. As he is sweeping off the half shells from the table my landlord discovers a mistake—he has only given me nineteen. So Capi opens me three more, which swells the number to my rightful due. It is but just, as well as charitable, to presume that this mistake is more through inadvertency than intention, as he has been all absorbed while serving me in giving a graphic account of an accident at the Alberoni, of how a poor fellow had his legs shot off, of his being taken to the hospital, of his subsequent sufferings and death.

This, with other stories of the times, elicit from my hosts ejaculations of pity and horror. That is as far as they may venture at present.

To change the subject my landlord makes a joke and orders a half soldo worth more of capi. This is not an extravagant indulgence on the part of my host, as a half soldo is only a quarter of a cent when reduced to our currency. So Capi insists on not breaking the soldo, in which he has my support, in addition to my support he has also my patronage to the amount of one soldo more. These eleven capi I present to my landlady.

A SPEAKING REPORTER'S REMEDY.

Capi then directs his conversation to me. Sees that I am a stranger, and is sorry that I should happen here in these evil days; but if I stay a little while longer I will see Venice resume its pristine glory and beauty; I will see *feste*, balls, illuminations, theatres again open, and regattas on the grand canal. "*Magari!*" says my landlady. No one word in English can express this word *Magari*. Its sense may be summed up as follows:—"I would to heaven it were so." "Nothing in the world would give me greater pleasure." "I fervently hope you may be right," &c. He then takes his leave, uttering prophecies and words of hope and encouragement contrary to law, the whole of us responding in chorus, "*Vedremo!*" (we shall see).

THE COST.

Besides the new news elicited from Capi, was the confirmation of all I had gathered about town and gleaned from the journals for four days. This cost me, as may be seen by a careful perusal of the preceding, three half cents, which, giving credit for the thirty-three capi's received also, cannot be considered high, at any rate it is cheaper than the *Gazette Ufficiale di Venezia*, which costs fourteen soldi daily.

OTHER SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

After this I had an interview with a gentleman, to whom I have been indebted for many items in advance of their appearance in print; he has something to add to the voice about town of the sudden moving of troops through Padua from various directions towards Verona.

What he knows particularly about is the circuit of country radiating from Rovigo to the Po, and the road from Rovigo to Padua. This country, which the Austrians had so elaborately fitted up as a battle field, levelling trees, three hundred houses, several churches and occupying from six to eight thousand acres with their works, had been suddenly abandoned, every mode of conveyance, from market wagon to locomotive, being appropriated for the conveyance of the troops towards Padua.

STUDYING THE FIELD OF CONTEST.

The next scene is in my study, which is also my bedroom and parlor. The greater part of one side is occupied by a map of Europe. The news of the battle of Custozza has at last reached Venice, and I am busily studying out the lay of the ground from the map; where the map seems to fail me I appeal to my memory. These two I find are not quite sufficient, so I summon my landlord, a native of Verona, to get the benefit of his experience; as he is not used to maps or printed matter generally, he declines any reference to that which I have on the wall or scattered about the room. He prefers enlightening me in this wise. He clears off a space on my table and choosing a pencil from the mass of stuff thus heaped up on one side, he lays it down again, saying that is Peschiera. "*Bene*," say I.

Then he calls a piece of India rubber placed in another spot "Villafranca." After Villafranca he asks me if I know Monzambano. It happens that I do, and I answer accordingly. So a pair of compasses stand for Monzambano. "*Ea bene*," says he, then—making it all clear with my gum bottle in another spot—"then this is Sallonza," which, upon reference again to the map, I find really to be the case; for there, indeed, is Sallonza as plain as it can be made to the naked eye with microscopic letters. I am thus enabled to go on with my map for the HERALD.

After this I want to know the name of a certain river I find down on the lower country below Rovigo. This I find is not a river, but one of the wonderful network of canals that extend along this coast, and which, in any other than war times, would be worth a careful description.

A NAVAL OPINION.

The conference with my landlord is broken off by a visit from a gentleman wearing the uniform of an officer in the Austrian marine service. I lose no time in asking him what he and his fellow officers think of the news from Verona.

He replies that they are in exceedingly bad humor and dispirited.

"How?" says I. "There is some truth, then, in the report that your folks suffered severely from the Italians?"

He shakes his head disdainfully.

"Then the report that they are already negotiating a peace including the cession of Venetia has some foundation?"

"Not exactly," says he; "but the truth is that the Italians have been so badly beaten that our boys are afraid that there will be no more fighting." Of course I cannot but condole with him on this unsuspicious prospect of a sudden and ill-timed peace.

AN ITALIAN SYMPATHIZER.

In the evening I visit the Conte Zobenigo. After, not sipping, but tossing off, my little cup of black coffee, in the Italian manner, I approach a young lady seated at a window flirting a fan and inquire the news of her. "The news is good and glorious," says she. "*I nostri* (meaning thereby "our" Italians) have performed feats of extraordinary valor." She then gives me as circumstantial and animated an account of the battles as if she had been an eyewitness. During the recital she continues flirting her fan, and as she turns it first one side out and then the other I recognize on it the Italian colors—red, white and green. She winds up by anticipating, in the precise words of "Capi Tondi," the good time not far distant when I will see "*feste*, balls, illuminations in the *Piazza San Marco*, theatres again open and regattas on the grand canal," to which I add "Magari."

THE GLOOMY SIDE.

These jubilant expressions continued to be rife till about yesterday noon, when they began to abate and have continued abating till to-day, when they have sunk to zero. I am at as great a loss to assign a good reason for their present despondency as I would have been to tell why they were at first so sanguine. I can only say that I believe much of this sudden change of feeling is owing to the climate, which is one of the worst in the world for persons of a nervous temperament, and those who are not naturally nervous stand a chance of becoming so by living here.

MORE PROVENT MARSHAL PROCLAMATIONS.

The Lieutenant Marshal, after abstaining for a few days from the issue of proclamations, is out again with one, dated Udine, declaring that the government is ready and apt to shoot any one, civil or military, who, by word, act or omission causes detriment to the government, or procures advantage for the enemy, especially by the setting fire to ships of war, arsenals, dockyards and such like. There have been several of these fires lately, and Habermann don't want to have them repeated.

One of the fourteen cannon claimed to have been taken from the Italians in the late battles has been sent towards Trieste, via Nabresaia, garlanded with flowers.

A great part of the telegraphic columns are occupied, of course, with confirmations of the victory over the Italians, and congratulatory orders from headquarters.

The authorities were in such good humor this morning that the road to Verona was thrown open to the public, but this evening it is closed again by a fresh order, as are also the ports of Malamocco and Chioggia.

This would seem to indicate that the Italian fleet is again in sight, as that was to have been the signal for the closing in of Venice.

SOUND OF ANOTHER BATTLE.

Yesterday cannonading was heard in the direction of Brondolo. As yet nobody seems aware of, from what it proceeded. We only know here that all the revenue offices stationed along the Litorale have been abandoned, their officers all being in Venice.

BOHEMIA.

OUR PRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE.

The History of American War Scenes Repeated.

PRAGUE (Capital of Bohemia), June 28, 1866.

A few years ago, when war was a thing which you knew of only by reading history—a horrid fiend, who laid waste foreign lands, and slew and maimed their inhabitants, but who never haunted your peaceful valleys, broad prairies and smiling river banks—at that time I could have written you a most entertaining and highly sensational letter, descriptive of the sights which passed before my eyes and the sounds which have fallen upon my ears during the past two days. I could have described to you the crowds of soldiers waiting at nearly every railway station on the road from Vienna here, hastening to the front; could have enlarged upon the beautiful appearance of the bivouacs and camps along the road, and could have related a thousand little incidents which would have been, I am sure, highly interesting to your readers.

ARRIVALS FROM SADOWA.

Then I could have described to you the scene in Prague yesterday, during the progress of the battles about Josephstadt, the first important fight between the Prussians and the Austrians which have taken place since the commencement of hostilities. I could have described the immense solid mass of people, men, women and children, who all that next day blocked up the approaches to the railway station waiting to catch a glimpse of the wounded soldiers who were being brought in fresh from the field of battle—how when they arrived they were taken tenderly from the train and placed in carriages, omnibuses and ambulances, and borne to the hospitals and to the private houses, in which many families had made preparations for receiving one or more—how they lay or sat with bleeding arms and shattered legs, with their heads bound up and streams of blood running down their faces; how some too badly wounded to be carried in this manner were borne on litters, and how some were dying as they passed; how, as they rode through the crowd, this immense mass of rugged, rough men and women, of all classes, respectfully saluted the wounded men; how they were showered with oranges, cherries and strawberries; how beer flowed for them like water, and how money was placed in their hands, and how, as those bleeding, shattered men passed along, not only women, but strong, rough bearded men were audibly sobbing and weeping, and how even your correspondent, "albeit unused to the melting mood," felt a choking sensation in his throat, and experienced a dimness of vision, which to him was unaccountable, and only attributable to the heat and the dust.

Then I could have described to you how several volunteer companies, which have been raised in Prague, and have been garrisoning the town, were hurried off to the scene of action, and how weeping old women sobbed aloud as they kissed and blessed, and piously made the sign of the cross upon their boys' breasts as they bade them goodby.

STREET PICTURES.

Then I could have given some graphic descriptions of the scenes in the streets of this quaint old city—the crowds at the corners eagerly reading the telegraphic despatches which came in from the battlefield every hour—the throngs which besieged the newspaper offices, constantly issuing extras, and the cries of the boys and girls selling them in the streets.

ALL THE SAME.

But I am forcibly reminded in my present position of a saying in use among the South Americans. Up in one of the northern South American republics is a little old dilapidated town of the name of Popayan, where men and women, and children live and eat, and drink and sleep, and grow up and marry, and beget and bear children as their fathers and mothers have done through generations before them. The inhabitants of that portion of the country forcibly struck me in the similarity between the continually recurring incidents in the above mentioned town, and those in all other portions of the earth, have generalized their idea into the forcible and expressive proverb "*Todo el mundo Popayan*," which means that all the world is just the same as Popayan.

Take any report in the NEW YORK HERALD of the circumstances attending any one of the great battles of your four years' war, substitute the name of this one for the one which that bore, and then in place of Washington or Philadelphia read Prague, and make Bismarck the recipient of all the curses which, as your wounded from the bloody battlefield passed by, were showered upon the head of Jeff Davis, and you will have quite as thorough, graphic and sensational reports as I could give you of the scenes which transpired here yesterday.

CARE OF THE WOUNDED.

The parallel goes further. In former wars, as a rule, the care of wounded soldiers was left to the government. During the Italian campaign something was done in Austria by voluntary movement of the citizens, and now, stimulated and encouraged to a great extent by the successful and beneficial results of your sanitary commissions and voluntary associations, these for the care of the sick and wounded soldiers have been formed all over the empire. Here for the past few days all the ladies of Prague have been engaged in making lint and bandages and clothing, and almost every family has signified its willingness to take charge of one or more wounded soldiers.

AMERICAN IDEAS ADOPTED.

To show you how far American ideas have spread upon this and other matters, I must state that soon after my arrival here I was introduced into a room where some fifty or sixty ladies were busily engaged in plying needles and working sewing machines, and engaged in a variety of ways, preparing for the arrival of the wounded men. These ladies, of whom there are one hundred and fifty in all, are organized into what they call the "American Club," and their object is to introduce as much as possible into Bohemia American ideas about education, labor and labor-saving machinery, the independence and existence of woman, with, I should judge, the slightest tinge of what you would call "strong-minedness" and "women's rights"-ism. Most of these ladies, who are of all ages, and some of them exceedingly beautiful, are Bohemians by birth. The impulse given to the present movement, and which has resulted in the present organization, is due to a gentleman of extraordinary ability and native genius, united with a lively disposition to improve mankind in general, and his own countrymen in particular. This gentleman, Mr. Votja Napastek, is a Bohemian by birth, a man of independent means, of thorough education and great literary tastes, and is now a member of the Bohemian "Landtag," or local diet of this division of the Austrian empire.

Mr. Napastek, some years since, went to the United States, where he resided for eight or ten years, most of the time in the West, where he at one time, in Milwaukee, published a daily paper in the Bohemian language. Upon his return to Prague, some four years since, he set about the introduction of American ideas and things into his native country—brought over a lot of genuine American sewing machines—to take the place of the miserable imitations which, under the name of American machines, were then being scattered over the continent, introduced models of labor saving machines of various kinds, and gave a series of lectures upon their uses, and upon the benevolent and educational institutions and systems of the United States. Every Sunday lectures are given by him and other gentlemen to the American Club, and he has at his rooms, as a free exhibition, to which he invites all who choose to come, large views, which he has had painted, of the prominent educational and benevolent institutions of the United States.

AMERICAN BOOKS, PICTURES AND NEWSPAPERS.

At Mr. Napastek's rooms I found a library, consisting of several thousand volumes of well selected books, in which were all the principal American publications of late years. Among his collection of the lives of representative men, I found a biography of James Gordon Bennett. Around the library are hung portraits of President Lincoln, Peter Cooper, Rev. Dr. Bellows, and other distinguished Americans. Mr. Napastek procures as fast as they are published all new American school books and maps, which, from their thoroughness and simplicity, he considers the best in use. He takes more than thirty American newspapers and periodicals, and is doing much toward the introduction of practical American ideas into his native country.

STRETCH WAR FEELING.

The Bohemians have entered heart and soul into this war.

POWER OF THE COUNTRY.

Bohemia, of which this city is the capital, contains about five millions of inhabitants, of whom two millions are Germans, and the remainder a branch of the great Slavic race, with a language of their own. In Prague only about one-sixth of the people, indeed, speak German, and I have been terribly tortured during my stay here with this peculiar, strange, but not unmusical language, abounding in "y's" and "v's." All attempts of the Austrian rulers to enforce the adoption of the German language have been steadily resisted by the Bohemians, and have failed. In the local Diet both German and Bohemian are spoken, and the records are kept in both languages. In most of the schools the Bohemian language is employed; in the churches it is used for preaching, and to one of the old churches here, where Tyco Brahe is buried, and around which linger still some of the reformatory ideas of the Hussites, who, during their success converted it into a Protestant church, though now restored to the old form of worship, the prayers are said in Bohemian.

Five newspapers are published here, three of which are in Bohemian and two in German.

Bohemia, as a division of the Austrian empire, is under the authority of a governor appointed by the Emperor, and its local government is a diet whose members are chosen one for every forty thousand voters, and whose powers are limited.

DISLIKE TO GERMANS.

The Bohemians hate the Germans, and particularly the Germans of the confederacy outside of Austria, with a holy hatred. They would be glad to be restored to their independence and sever the tie which now for more than two hundred years has bowed them to Austria. The more practical and sensible men of Bohemia, however, see the utter hopelessness of this at the present time, and, as the next best thing, demand as much autonomy as possible in the Austrian empire. In order to increase this they desire to see Austria cut herself entirely loose from the Germanic confederation, and ceas