EUROPE.

War Despatches by Mail to August 5.

Special Reports from the French and Prussian Armies.

Napoleon's Headquarters at Metz and MacMahon's at Strasbourg.

French Impetuosity, but First Misgivings.

March of the German Army—Seven Hundred Thousand Solid Men.

Premier Gladstone's Reply to Disraeli.

Great Britain as a War Power or Mediator.

Count Bismarck's Indictment of Napoleon.

British Guarantee Treaties for Belgium and Luxembourg.

The Inman steamship City of Brussels, from Liverpool the 4th and Queenstown the 5th of August, arrived at this port yesterday morning. The City of Brussels landed our newspaper files and special European correspondence dated to her day of sailing from Ireland. From these sources we have an ample report in continuation of our written history of the war between France and Prussia, dated to the latest moment.

WAR DESPATCHES BY MAIL.

Special History of the Great Conflict—The French Army Muster.

NAPOLEON'S HEADQUARTERS AT METZ.
METZ, July 30—A. M.

Nancy is sulkier than usual. The Emperor has given the place the slip. Whether the inhabitants of the town mourn the loss of the palatial splendor which they evidently must have enjoyed when powdered heads and sedan chairs were in vogue, or that they have been for the last fortnight in a state of excited suspense as to the movements of his Majesty Napoleon III., I know not; but the fact remains indelibly impressed on my mind that they are a sulky race, with habitually frowning brow and strong family resemblance to beetle-browed Stanislas. Stanislas and maccaroons are the staple commodities of Nancy. Yesterday, on the entrance gate near the railway station, workmen were busily employed in adding more flags to the display on the summit. With much persuasion I managed to extract from one of the Nancyites information, accompanied with a grant and frown, that the Emperor was expected. I pity the inhabitants of Nancy. Their perseverance of hope will be the death of them. On Thursday I despatched a letter for the NEW YORK HERALD, giving details of the state of the fortifications of Metz and took train for that place without delay. I knew that the Emperor was on the wing. Throughout the line the greatest excitement was apparent. As the train passed, young and old of both sexes collected at the station. Crowds pressed forward to gaze at us, and the patriotism and loyalty of the juventics was in some instances evinced by shrill shrieks of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" His Majesty was really expected. The news had been telegraphed down the line and young France was practising for the passing of the imperial train. From far and wide every person who had heard the news hurried to the railway.

SCENES BY THE WAY.

The bump of curiosity is strongly developed on the heads of Lorraine. At every station our train was stopped for some time, as the station master had "wired" up the line to inquire if with safety we could proceed. A steam horse was plunging along at a terrific pace some miles in our rear, dragging the imperial train, and in it was the ruler of the destinies of the nation, accompanied by the heir to the throne. Between the stations we were carried forward at headlong speed to avoid the chance of being overtaken. At last Azs sur Moselle was reached, a village within a few minutes of Metz. The station was crowded with the beauty and fashion of the neighborhood, from the Monsieur le Commissaire de Police, in cocked hat and tri-colored scarf, who strutted about in the plenitude of official dignity, to the unfortunate, limping, village idiot, ragged-breeched idiot, with thickened tongue and vacant stare. Poor fellow! What could he or the empire expect to gain from his patriotic curiosity? Metz was telegraphed to know if we could go ahead. The reply was to "shunt," and we were shunted. Excitement was at its height. Puff, puff, puff! a train was coming. Mothers held their babies aloft to obtain a view of imperialism; the Franco Fireurs, of whom there was a company—in their sensible, becoming, free-and-easy dress, Tyrolian hat and plume, linen blouse, trousers, gaiters, knapsack, belt and cartouche box and rifles—fell in; the Commissary of Police grew three inches taller and strutted inflated with the majesty of the law; the blue-bloused peasants propped their eyes and mouths wide open, took off their hats and gave the last finishing touch to shaggy locks plastered with water and grease for the occasion; the Roman Catholic Bishop, who, with gold chain, a massive ring, mauve-colored stockings and green and gold trimming to his hat, accompanied by two or three attendant priests, sparkled with excitement. Puff, puff, puff—a train passed—bitter disappointment on the face of all; it was a "luggage" hastening to avoid an imperial smash. Oh, dear! we are all more or less toadies.

AN IMPERIAL TRAIN WHIRLING TO THE FRONT.

After a detention of forty-five minutes the real imperial puffer hove in sight. Screaming and screeching as it dashed past with the rapidity of the whirlwind, a confused sense of carriages was all we saw. The train had come and passed before the shout of "*Vive l'Empereur*" had collapsed and people had returned from tip-toe to flat-foot. Among the crowd here, and, indeed, at all other places along the line, were many Sisters of Charity and priests. In the excitement of the moment the former as they hurried up showed their ankles and the latter waved their shovel hats on high. When the imperial train had passed we dashed after it. With respect to the reception of the Emperor by the Messins, his Majesty has every reason to be satisfied. There was but little military display, the Cents Gardes being the only troops in waiting at the station. The Emperor took his seat in one of the court carriages accompanied by the Major General Lebœuf; the Prince Imperial and the Prince Napoleon were in a second, followed by others containing the officers of the household. There was, of course, an enormous crowd, and the imperial cortége was was greeted with enthusiastic shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" "*Vive l'Prince Imperial!*" and in many instances bouquets of flowers were thrown from the windows. The Emperor was in uniform and wore the undress red kepi, having discarded the cocked hat. The Prince Imperial wore the uniform of a lieutenant of the Guard. Passing through the streets at a rapid pace, the imperial party took up quarters in the Préfecture.

A GALLANT GROUP—IN A HOTEL.

In the evening the court yard of the Hotel de l'Europe presented an animated aspect. On the terrace were seated Major General Lebœuf, Marechal Bazaine, and a host of minor military luminaries, in full uniform—stars, epaulettes and broad ribbons. They were in gentle converse, about anything but battle fields, with a group of ladies, surrounded by a cloud of aides-de-camp, orderlies and sentries at the entrance gate. Having dined in presence of all this military glory, the great difficulty of where to find a bed remained for solution. At the Hotel de l'Europe, not room to "swing a cat," and shakedowns being prepared in the dining hall. At the Hotel de Metz, "not a room, sir, of any kind." The minor hotels were overflowing. "We have refused dozens, to-night, sir, was the sterreotyped answer made by their owners, "but Monsieur can dine and breakfast here, if he desires too." Everything is frightfully dear. Within a few days hence, how many of these gold-laced sons of Mars will have ceased to breathe, or with mangled limbs be biting the dust in agony? This town, now alive with troops in the highest spirits, will without doubt be little more than a vast hospital. Already 40,000 beds have been ordered for the wounded, and the softer sex of all classes are engaged in preparing lint, bandages, &c. Twice a week the ladies of the leading families in the place meet in the Palais de Justice, which is given up to them for scraping lint and stitching bandages, have formed an association similar to an American sewing circle. While the Messines are thus employing their time for the alleviation of the future sufferings of the French army the messins do not fail to demand exorbitant prices from those about to sacrifice themselves for the honor of France.

ARMY DEFICIENCIES.

The declaration of war and concentration of troops were so sudden that neither officers nor men were prepared with the necessaries for campaigning, and the Messins are selling their goods wholesale at retail prices. As I have before stated the delay in making an advance was in consequence of the inefficiency of the Commissariat Department. Both food for man and beast are wanting. In this respect the long continued drought has caused great detriment. The innumerable empty country wagons, with four horses harnessed to each, waiting in the large space near the esplanade, to be laden with forage, give some idea of the enormous expense incurred by every day's delay. For each horse the government pays ten francs per day, but the wagons remain inactive and have done so for weeks. There is no forage to be had for money or patriotism. That the army will see hot work there is every reason to believe. Ambulances are being sent to the front and the troops are already on the move. I was roused this morning by a military band at four o'clock. In looking from the window I found the Forty-fourth regiment of the line *en route* for the front.

HOW THEY MARCH.

There is something about the marching of a French regiment that pleases me amazingly. The men, heavily laden as they are, come off a long march fresh and in good order, with but few stragglers. Should there be any, they almost invariably come up briskly, a clear sign that they are well shod. There is no limping and pedal torture, so painfully apparent in the rear of the British troops.

THE EMPEROR'S EQUIPAGE IN WAR.

The Prince Imperial, accompanied by General Boubaki, the pet of the Guards, visited the camp yesterday. He was enthusiastically received. To my mind the lad appears too delicate to undergo much fatigue. The Emperor went by train to the camp at St. Avold and returned about five o'clock. As two of the imperial carriages were in waiting at the railway station for a considerable time a goodly crowd collected to receive Napoleon on his return from the headquarters of General Frossard. One of the carriages was *a la daumont*. The Emperor's horses are splendid animals and were much admired by those who had come to years of discretion, while the small boys took great delight in the postilion's jacket of green and red, trimmed with gold lace and coquettishly ornamented with gilt buttons, his bright glazed hat, saffron colored leather *culotte* and huge boots, which, polished, reflected like a mirror the faces of the inquisitive young imps who crowded round their wearer. These boots, however extensive they may now be considered, are but pigmies if compared with those ponderous affairs worn by French postilions before railways caused the high road to fall into insignificance. In those days the boots were like Martello towers; they would have withstood a siege if necessary. They often remained in the stirrups, and at all times instead of a postilion taking off his boots he was lifted out of them and another dropped in.

The imperial boots have made me wander from my subject, the return of Napoleon III. from St. Avold. At last the special with its richly decorated saloon entered the station and the ruler of France, followed by his son and a small staff, descended on to the platform. His Majesty looked fatigued and very thoughtful. "Vive l'Empereur! Vive le Prince Imperial!" shouted the people. Within a few seconds "boots and leather breeches," bump, bump, bumped himself out of the station dragging behind him the man on whom the eyes of the world are so anxiously fixed in expectation of the moment when he will give the signal for a slaughter unparalleled in the annals of war.

THE GREAT STAKE OF BONAPARTE.

The coming strife will be the heaviest stake that the Emperor has ever played. Should success attend him his prestige will be unrivalled; but should this last throw of the dice be unfortunate, and should the army be defeated, the result will be complete downfall. Who on earth can tell to what this country will be brought should any personal disaster befal the Emperor? What between socialism, republicanism and the unbridled passions of an infuriated soldiery, anarchy would stalk unchecked throughout the land. That the French will be victors is the popular belief. They are a gallant people, the army is in good order and provided with the most perfect weapons. The people, even his enemies, give the Emperor credit for unparalleled sagacity, and declare that unless certain of success he would not have declared war. The greater the confidence in victory the more intense will be the disappointment of defeat should it unfortunately occur.

GRIEF OF THE "SPECIALS."

The correspondents of newspapers from all parts of this world and from some of the next are in despair, and vow vengeance. They are not to be permitted to follow the army. Every device to evade the imperial order has been resorted to in vain. In one direction a journalist has adopted a white choker and a respectable suit of sanctified cut. He describes himself as a traveling English parson, and up to the present moment he has escaped hanging. Several have applied to be attached to the International Sanitary Commission, and have received a polite permission from the general in command, with the addition that the headquarters of that philanthropic body will be at Metz. To be shut up in a fortified town, miles in rear of the army in the field, would be slow torture to a go-ahead correspondent and bring him to an early grave. Some have offered themselves as assistants to the vivandieres to wash plates and glasses and supply drink to the Gallic warriors. Others have petitioned the Prince Imperial and every general commanding a division on whom they can pounce, but all have been refused.

THE PRUSSIAN SPIES.

Yesterday Metz was enlivened by the appearance of three Prussian spies, who were brought in to headquarters from the front by a party of gendarmes. Interrogated *al fresco* by two staff officers in the court yard of the Hotel de l'Europe, a large crowd collected. They had been arrested on this side of the frontier, and were charged with being spies and marauders. Dressed in dirty gray blouses, with faces of a dull brick color, and with hair to match, their personal appearance did not make a decidedly favorable impression on the inhabitants of Metz, who are but little higher on the ladder of politeness than those of Nancy, in which latter city even infants in swaddling clothes scowl and growl at a passing stranger. This may not be the case during the piping times of peace; but at the present moment I can vouch for the fact. One of the prisoners "owned up" to having been a non-commissioned officer in the Prussian service, another declared that he had formerly worked in a manufactory at Metz; but the third according to the information afforded by a communicative gendarme, "*se renfermait dans un systeme de denegation absolue et mutisme complet,*" which being interpreted may be best expressed "dumb as an oyster." The officers who were taken prisoners some days since will be kept captives at Orleans. Their names are Barons de Wehmer and de Villiers. Before starting for Orleans they dined with the Major General. The report that the English officer killed was Lord Charles Hamilton is untrue. The officer in question was Lieutenant Vins, Company C. He was born in Baden, but was of English origin, his mother being an English woman. He was an officer in the Baden army.

CAUTION.

Many of the journalists yesterday experienced an uncomfortable sensation about the neck on being informed that during the preceding night two trains of chloride of lime, thirty gross of handcuffs and two thousand yards of the stoutest whip cord had arrived, these goods having been especially demanded for the exclusive use of refractory journalists. After we have been handcuffed we are to be hanged and the air deodorized with chloride of lime.

You must regard the news from the seat of war with suspicion, gossip, invention and bombast being in the ascendant. The Committee *de la Viande de Cheval* suggest that the troops should eat horseflesh. On the day following a battle it will be found even more tender than immediately after being killed. Everything is not only very dear, but food during the campaign will be most scarce.

MACMAHON'S ARMY.

The *Fight* at Strasbourg—French Concentration and Prussian Dash.

STRASBOURG, HEADQUARTERS OF MARSHAL MACMAHON'S ARMY CORPS, July 30, 1870.

We are every moment expecting that some movement will be made toward the Prussian frontier, but Marshal MacMahon has not left Strasbourg, and, as nearly as I can find out, there is yet a division and a half of infantry encamped close round this town. The cavalry has all moved, and is now in and about a small town called Brumath, some thirty-five or forty miles to the northeast, and nearer the Bavarian frontier. I visited the spot yesterday, and came to the conclusion that as a whole

THE CAVALRY DIVISION

is as fine a body of men and horses as I ever saw, although what in England we call the "interior economy" of the regiments, and still more the cleanliness of both men and horses, is certainly very little looked after. The cavalry division is composed of three brigades, one of light cavalry (the Third Hussars and Eleventh Chasseurs a Cheval, each about 1,000 strong), another of cavalry of the line (the Second and Sixth lancers, each rather over 1,000 men and horses), and a third of heavy cavalry (the Eighth and Ninth cuirassiers, also about 1,000 horsemen in each regiment), making 2,000 men of each arm, or 6,000 men in all. As I said before, the horses are certainly not looked after as we would call looking after them, and the men are certainly the reverse of clean. But they all seem in good condition and are looking forward with eagerness to a brush with the Prussians.

DUTY.

The heavy cavalry have not at present much to do, but the light brigade is busy patrolling the line from Brumot to Neurembourg and Wissembourg, where the position is completely open to the Bavarian troops, and into which their pickets make almost daily forays. In fact, all along the line of which I speak there are villages and small towns which hardly know whether they are French or German. They are situated upon the French side of the frontier, but their language, habits and manners are decidedly German, although I don't think their sympathies are with Prussia. But to return to the French cavalry. How the 2,000 cuirassiers, wearing metal helmets and cuirasses, are to live, move and have their being with the thermometer at 80, and of what use they would be if they could move about, it is impossible to say. The light cavalry brigade are all mounted upon barbs, horses brought from Algieria, and a very picture to look at. They will keep their condition and their courage upon almost any conditions whatever. The officers, too, of these two corps, the Third Hussars and Eleventh Chasseurs à Cheval, are all young men, and many of them belong to the very first families in France. They are very full of what we should call "dash," and most anxious to measure swords with the enemy.

In the ranks of these regiments also (particularly the Eleventh Chasseurs, that came from Paris, where it was quartered for some years) there are quite a number o young men of good family who have joined as volunteers since the war commenced. A friend of mine told me that in one squadron of the regiment there were serving as private soldiers or as non-commissioned officers no fewer than seven young men of title, and some of whom are very rich, indeed. One of them, whose family is and has been Orleanist for centuries, was asked the other day how he could make up his mind to serve "Celui-ci," as the Emperor is always called in certain circles. "I don't," was the reply; "I don't serve 'Celui-ci.' I serve no man in France. I serve France, '*Ma Patrie*.'"

FRENCH ARTILLERY.

I visited to-day the immense body of artillery, consisting of eight batteries of field guns, now encamped at the Polygone, a large open space, about two miles outside Stasbourg. Of the guns themselves it would, perhaps, be impertinent for me to give an opinion about, for I am not well versed in the subject of artillery. This much, however, I may say—*viz.*, that they looked old and battered, more as if they were coming out of than going into a campaign. But of the horses there could be but one opinion, and that is, they are utterly unfit for their work. They are small, weak, and without either weight to pull well or speed to get quickly into position. Man for man, gun for gun, and team for team, I would back any one of our Woolwich batteries to walk round and round them. And when we remember that the Prussian artillery is, perhaps, the arm upon which that army prides itself more than any other, I do not wonder that French artillery officers speak with caution and reticence when talking over the chances of the war.

GENERAL FORGEOT.

The general who commands the artillery of this army corps is a man of great skill and great invention. It is he who has brought the famous weapon called

THE MITRAILLEUSE

to perfection.

Of his internal machine there are four batteries with MacMahon's corps d'armée. I have tried hard, but have not been able to get a sight of one of them. Even the officers attached them are made to promise that they will not say a word to any one concerning them. But I have been able to pick up a few details, all of which tend completely to confirm the opinion formed respecting them by so many persons. At 1,500 yards the aim of one of these weapons can be made as certain as that of a revolver at six paces in the hands of a first rate shot. The motion of this gun (if gun it can be called) partakes somewhat of the nature of the revolver as to its loading, save that it has a side movement right and left, and keeps on discharging to the front and to both flanks a perfect shower of projectiles, that are themselves bolts more than balls, and at 1,500 yards can be sent through a four-inch board. My informant had seen some of the first experiments of this terrible engine of destruction before it was brought to its present perfection, and he declares that nothing in the shape of man or horse could stand against it, and that a brigade of infantry attempting to storm a battery of mitrailleuses must be utterly destroyed in a very few minutes. This, of course, is one of those fearful problems which have to be solved during the war now about to begin. Another is that of the future

USE OF CAVALRY IN WAR.

Many persons are of opinion that in all future wars, now that infantry are armed with arms of precision that carry a long way, cavalry will be of no use. Others, again, say that in future campaigns the day will be invariably won or lost by cavalry. Many more, again, insist that, now artillery is being brought to such perfection, there will be hardly any use for either cavalry or infantry. Should the French stand by the arm for which they are most celebrated, and declare that all future battles will be battles of infantry, of which the better armed will gain and the worse armed will lose the day for a certainty.

THE PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN.

All plans of future movements are kept profoundly secret, so much so that I doubt very much whether any one in this corps d'armee except Marshal MacMahon himself and General Coulson, the chief of his staff, could really tell us what is to be done or likely to be done. But I still adhere to the opinion I have already given more than once—namely, that MacMahon, having failed in his attempt to induce the Prussians to give battle opposite Strasbourg, has changed his front and will now cross into Germany at the Bavarian frontier, somewhere about Wissembourg or Thionville.

NEWS FROM A DESERTER.

A Hanoverian deserter from one of the Baden regiments was brought in here yesterday. I had a long talk with him. He says that he only left home a week ago, and that all the old kingdom of Hanover are anti-Prussian in their sympathies and would be delighted to hear of France gaining a victory if it was likely to restore them to their old independence. He tells me that excepting the valley of the Moselle and immediately about Berlin, the war is very unpopular indeed, and manifested the utmost surprise at the unwarlike appearance of this the most frontier town in France.

I suspect there is a good deal of truth in what he says. Throughout Prussia the people are forced to give up their horses, carriages, carts, corn, bullocks, sheep &c., for the war. Here there is nothing whatever of the kind. Whatever the government want is paid for at the market rate and value. In Berlin itself a banker's letter of credit is of no use whatever, as bills on London, still less on Paris, cannot be cashed. Here I went two days to Mr. Elose, the banker, with an American gentleman who wanted $5,000. He had a letter of credit from the American banker Monroe on Paris. He got the money in hard Napoleons in about five minutes. And indeed business of all kinds goes on here exactly the same as people are married and given in marriage, and they jabber their curious Alsatian patois, and they drink their bocks of Strasbourg beer, and smoke their pipes, and pass hours upon hours at the cafés reading *Le Courrier du Bas-Rhin* from its title to its printer's name, and then *da capo*, as if nothing had happened, was happening, or was likely to happen.

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

This officer is very little seen. He has so much to do that he can hardly afford to spend much time in amusements. He is a short, soldierlike man, with unmistakable evidence in his features of his Irish origin. He rises at five o'clock A. M., generally hears mass in the cathedral, which is close by the old palace he is living in. At seven o'clock A. M. he receives his generals and chief staff officers, and works until eleven o'clock A. M., when he comes to the hotel I am living in (the Maison Rouge, a capital house) to breakfast. At twelve o'clock he goes back, works all the afternoon with his secretaries or staff officers, takes a gallop with a single aide-de-camp when it gets well towards evening, and returns to dinner at seven o'clock at the hotel.

MacMahon is a great admirer of the American nation, and talks with wonder of the manner in which your great civil war was carried out. He has a frank, pleasing manner, is very easily approached and never forgets a person he has once seen. With all the officers and soldiers who have served under him in Africa his very name is a tower of strength. And, by some means or other, every general, either of division or brigade, and every regiment (except the lancers and cirrassiers, neither of which ever go to Algeria,) have been what the French call by the pet name of "Africans," and have served under him.

THE PEOPLE OF STRASBOURG.

The citizens are raising, what is for them a very large sum of money for the use of the wounded in this war. They evince the greatest possible anxiety to assist the troops in every possible manner, and if men are to be judged by their actions, it is impossible not to conclude that the war is most popular with them.

A PRUSSIAN ADVANCE GUARD.

As I write news has been brought in that a considerable body of Prussian troops had been seen near Forbach, within the French frontier, on the line of railway leading to Metz. They were met by the French light cavalry of the Fifth army corps, and fell back within their own frontier. French spies report that within the Prussian, or rather the Bavarian, territory the lines of rail leading to Mannheim, as well as those leading to Mayence, have been utterly destroyed by the Prussians.

THE GARDE MOBILE

of Strasbourg and all the department is being rapidly formed, and mounts its uniform for duty on Monday, the 1st of August, I believe.

FORTIFICATIONS AT STRASBOURG.

These are being put in order and guns mounted along the ramparts. In short everything foretells that we are approaching the beginning of the end.

The French Delay in Moving—Cause of the Halt.

STRASBOURG, HEADQUARTERS OF MACMAHON'S ARMY CORPS, July 31, 1870.

At length the real cause of the delay in moving this corps has oozed out. The commissariat, or what the French call *l'intendence*, is not ready, and of the six months' rations for an army of 150,000 men and 20,000 horses which were ordered to be stored by August 1, barely one-half has been got together. The fighting part of the army is furious at being thus kept back after all the hurry they made to get here. Thus the Third regiment of zouaves reached Strasbourg from Constantine, which is sixty miles from the coast in Algeria, in five days, including the voyage to Marseilles and six hours' delay in that town. And a cavalry regiment, the Second Chasseurs d'Afrique, commanded by the Marquis de Gallifet, reached Mulhouse from Oran in six days, Oran being two days' march from the port of embarkation in Algeria. And from every corner of France it was the same. Generals and colonels, captains and lieutenants, sergeants and privates, all hurried off to the scene of war as fast as they could, and now to find themselves delayed in consequence of the bad arrangement of the commissariat is really too provoking. It is the old, old thing—a story which we in England have had to tell at the outset of every war and which you had to tell at the commencement of your great struggle with the South.

The fighting portion of the army say that the *intendence* is certain to break down this campaign, and that they hope the Emperor will revert to the old French system, which worked so well under the first empire, of having an officer in each regiment who is entrusted with providing all that the men need in the way of food, tents, clothing or what not. It would be a curious commentary if, just as we in England have, at an enormous outlay and after a great deal of trouble, formed what is called a "control department," which is an exact imitation of the French *intendence*, that the original of our copy should break down and fail altogether.

MACMAHON GOES TO SEE THE EMPEROR.

After I wrote you this morning a telegram was received here from the Emperor at Metz, where the Emperor now is, and not at Nancy, as the papers try to make out. Ten minutes after he received the telegram the Marshal left for Metz, and will not be back before to-morrow morning, when it is not unlikely that a movement of these headquarters may take place.

DISCONTENT.

Another cause of discontent in the army, or, at least, among the very best troops of the army—those that have come from Algeria—is a change that the authorities are about to make in the way they carry their baggage. Hitherto in Algeria, in every regiment of Turcos and of zouaves, the officers of each company (captain, lieutenant and sub-lieutenant) were allowed two mules between them. One of these mules carried their small tents and camp beds, the other their cooking utensils and clothes. This is now to be altered. The mules are to be abolished altogether, and each half battalion of officers, that is the officers of three companies, are to have between them a small covered two-wheel cart, which will be drawn by one horse. To the regiments that were until now on the peace establishment, this change is no hardship whatever. They would have to provide some kind of carriage for the campaign, and might as well have one sort as the other. But the officers of zouaves, Turcos and Chasseurs d'Afrique, are always upon a war footing, they are obliged to keep up their baggage animals all the year round, and have brought the same with them from Algeria at great expense.

The consequence is that they will now have to part with them at a considerable loss, and not being wealthy men they do not like the prospect at all. It is in cases like this that the want of a free press is felt. If the officers of the army could, as in England and America, make themselves heard in the columns of the newspapers, the authorities would take care to remedy their wants. As it is the *intendence*, and the civil administration do very much as they like, and the commanders of divisions and corps know little of what regimental officers are discontented about. In addition to the change in baggage animals they are ordered now to change their tents. Each officer is ordered to provide himself with what is called a *tente Randon*, being of a pattern approved of by the late Marshal Randon when he was Minister of War.

This involves an outlay of at least sixty to a hundred francs, say from fifteen to twenty dollars, which is about the month's pay of an infantry officer. As I said before, the French officers are by no means wealthy men, and the order has disquieted those who were provided with tents not a little.

AT WISSEMBOURG.

There was yesterday another skirmish near Wissembourg, about fifty miles direct north from here. Some Bavarian hussars crossed the frontier and attempted to destroy the railway that leads to the town from this, and which goes on direct to join the great railway to Mayence. They were surprised by some French cavalry, and driven back with the loss of two men killed and three wounded, the latter being taken prisoners. On the French side one man was killed.

PRUSSIA.

From Berlin to Cologne—The Army Movement to the Front—Seven Hundred Thousand Men Ready for the Fight with Napoleon—A "Special" and Bismarck.

COLOGNE, August 2, 1870.

After continual detours and stoppages on the wayside through Germany I finally reached Berlin six days since, and immediately informed you by telegram and letter of what I had seen and learned during the trip northward. Nothing is certain or sure one minute now in this war-making land. Amid all this din, uproar, transportation, soldiering, ordering and counterordering, "specials" are seeing a lively time, and if they do not get into prison as spies it is almost impossible for them to keep their communicating lines in the rear open. So you must not expect either celerity or regularity. I have determined to start out and get as near as will be possibly allowed to the seat of operations, in order to see and hear what I can. It is something for me to have been able to post myself thoroughly in regard to the various people's sentiments, armies and positions as I passed, and I now proceed on to hear the action, knowing well the two parties about whom I am to treat.

But to resume as quickly as possible what I saw and did in Berlin, in order to catch the mail, I will have to write as quickly as pen can run. Berlin, very dull generally at this season, was found all alive with bustle, excitement, and, above all, with the movement of troops; "the military" were the order of the day in the streets and when not drilling, and presenting arms in Prussian style, being sent off from the depot; in fact, for the last three weeks I have been witnessing Prussia's marshalling of her million of armed men towards the Rhine, where they are now, or, to the best accounts, at least 700,000 ready for the fight. The people in the capital seemed anxious, but confident of success. The troops I met were quiet, but hardy and determined looking; they were not certainly gay, and seemed to observe the laws of discipline pretty freely. On arriving at the council held among your war correspondents on the Prussian side, I found that application had been made through regular channels to Count Bismarck for permission to accompany the army. On the next day a refusal was sent in from M. de Thile, Vice Chancellor of the Confederation. The Foreign Office refused curtly. At a second meeting it was decided that your specials on the Prussian side should have to shift for themselves, and consequently each man took with himself, not an army to follow at headquarters, but a county to observe.

I determined to strike for the centre and proceed as near to the operations as I could get. Some said they would (and did) leave at once for the Baltic, some for South Germany, some for the Russian frontier and some for Centre Germany. On consulting further about negotiations at Berlin with your special stationed in that city, he said, "Bismarck, whom he knew well, had refused to see anybody." I replied that to get the news was for me as an absorbing a matter as a larger aim might be to a larger man, and hence I proposed to see M. Bismarck immediately, and get a yes or no, as time was pressing; that, although we were expecting the battle to have begun, I could not start without seeking once more, and, backed by strong influence as I was, to obtain the immense advantage of going with the Prussian army to describe its accomplished facts and deeds, rather than to move on the outskirts of the same.

I immediately made a written application to the Count, with my recommendations, and, to avoid waiting for a reply, which might never have come, I carried it myself to the Foreign Office. There I obtained access to the puissant seigneur, who directs the destinies of millions. The Count was in the midst of hurrying up his preparations to leave the city with the King and staff that same day, at six P. M. He had barely time to say to me that my application had been received, but that he could not make an exception for any one; "it is not possible." Those were the words he used; and, although I was treated politely, there seemed to be not the slightest regret that a newspaper writer could not proceed to the war. He and all the Prussian people are down on a free press just at this juncture; they all seem to have an instinctive dread of a writer or a paper, for fear those terrible, bloody French may eke out a crumb of comfort from indiscreet tattling. It has been no use to put it on the ground of "only writing accomplished facts," a pledge not to divulge, sympathy, or urgency, or anything—they will hear of no writing by their own or by others, as, somebody says, the two warriors of the day seem to wish to fight it out in a dark room between themselves and their armies. However, we will see what we will see. In the meanwhile it has been a clear, and, I regret to say, rather a successful attempt at muzzling the press of the whole world, in so far as lay in the power of the directing masters. I had been led to suppose that I would find folks more liberal in Berlin than they had been in Paris; but I think it would be difficult for Napoleon, Lebœuf & Co. to adopt more stringent measures in regard to the newspapers than those enforced on the right bank of the Rhine, and which I am now experiencing.

INDEPENDENT.

The refusal called for action, and I immediately concluded to proceed to the Rhine, at the nearest point and by the first allowed train not exclusively held for Prussian helmets, as they all, with rare exceptions, are, and under the control of the military. The King was to leave at six P. M. I saw his Majesty start, amid the vivas of his burghers, who were reading his amnesty proclamation "*an mein volk*," out in extra sheet, and accompanied by Moltke, Von Roon and Bismarck. From the Potsdam-Berliner station they proceeded directly to Brunswick, Hanover, Cologne and Mayence, where they are now. On the whole route the greatest enthusiasm and confidence was expressed for and in Prussia's King.

By the way, I had an excellent opportunity to see him the day before his departure from Berlin. He came to the hotel where I was stopping to see a blind Grand Duke—one of the small Gerolstein family of dukedoms, on a visit of obeisance to the capital. The King came in full uniform, soldier's helmet, driven in a one horse cab, with the aid-de-camp sitting by the driver on the box. He jumped out very actively, was ushered in the Duke's apartments on the first floor, and after a few minutes' visit came out to find the waiters and a few guests of the house doing their level best in the gaping line to catch a glimpse of him. To the door he was accompanied by the blind Duke *nolens volens*, but the king pressed him not to go out to the cab. A crowd of urchins, newspaper boys, bootblacks and old women caught sight of his Majesty as he was descending and laid in wait for him at the cab door. Old Wilhelm saluted them royally; they took off their hats and headgear, and two old women rushed up and handed him petitions. He took them with his own hand, indeed as if he was thankful to receive them, and with a general bow from him the carriage galloped off in a hurry. The petitions related to the exemption of sons from the landwehr. I was struck with the good humor, activity and youthful appearance of this sovereign, who, although seventy-two years old, looked and moved more like one of only middle age. I happened to push in a train bound for this point at one o'clock on the night of the King's departure, so I found myself going to the wars only five hours' time behind that conveying the royal military-diplomatic destinies of the Fatherland.

We had along a goodly number of soldiers. Now, German soldiers travelling in the trains must sing and drink; hence there was no means of doing anything but watching the ambulance committeemen as they paraded at the stations with the red cross on their arms and the patriotic ladies from the villages as they handed around immense bowls and jugs of beer and cherry water to the thirsty devourers. Bread, beer and slippery sausages, long enough to pull a cannon into action almost, were the vogue at every station, where a delay of many minutes was invariably made to take on something or other for the theatre of war, either a company, a gun, a catsson, a hog or express packages (also the express), or horses or a flock of geese. It seemed, when the train finally did reach here this morning, that we had on board "a little of everything." All the sundries were, however, safely delivered and without accident after rather a close confinement.

Only one railway accident has as yet occurred in the transportation of that immense host to the Rhine—seven men killed, forty wounded. Here at Cologne, which I shall make a species of headquarters for the present, we are not far off from the theatre of war. The city is fortified, under martial law, and we are subjected to all the peculiarities and restraints of war's grim-visaged front and keen eyes. The hotels are watched and visited many times a day. My whole history I believe was written out on the ledger this morning, and God only knows what is to come afterwards on the score of passport and passes. But I have seen war in two hemispheres before, and I will try to move along. Yet, while doing my best to satisfy your readers, you must recollect in what difficult, not to say impossible, straits we are navigating just now in these regions, and not expect the usual rapidity and punctuality which you expect and which it is the right of a great, live paper to afford itself. I intend to make short excursions from here down the Rhine southwards, perhaps to Mayence or Frankfort, if I can get there; otherwise, on and on, backward and forward, writing on the run, if any kind of open communications can be found or invented whereby to send the news.

LATEST NEWS.

The latest here, obtained from reliable and well posted sources, is this:—Both parties prepared and equal in numbers; soldiers especially enthusiastic and counting upon General Goebel as their big man and great general; Betterf in command of the department of all the Rhine cities; heavy fighting expected at Landau, not far from Frankfort, on the frontier; point there to be attempted by the French; they cannot cross between Coblentz and Mayence, too stony, and country on either side of the Rhine too abrupt and steep; may cross between Cologne and Bonn, where formerly French passed, but not anticipated just at present here, because it is said they would have too heavy fighting with the *élite* of the Prussian army. Cologne is all astir; steamboats carrying to and fro also a little of everything, especially soldiers and provisions. As I close the bands over the water there, at the fortress, are indulging freely in the gay strains of the "Grande Duchesse" and "La Vie Parisienne." Offenbach does not sound much like war; still, all our ears are intently listening for the mighty roar of the mightiest fight that this age will have witnessed. And now, on to the front or flank! as best may be.

NAPOLEON'S BATTLE REPORTS

His Majesty's Account of the Battle at Saarbruck.

[From Galignani's Messenger, August 4.]

A telegraphic despatch from the Emperor's private secretary was received by the Minister of the Interior last evening at ten minutes past five, ordering, by his Majesty's direction, the following note to be communicated to the Paris journals:—

METZ, August 2, 1870.

This day, at eleven in the forenoon, the French troops had a serious engagement with the forces of Prussia. Our army assumed the offensive, and, crossing the frontier, invaded the Prussian territory. Notwithstanding the strength of the enemy's position, some of our battalions sufficed to carry the heights which command Saarbruck, and our artillery in a short time succeeded in driving the enemy from the town. The impetuous onset of the French was so great that they suffered but trifling loss.

The engagement commenced at eleven and terminated at one.

The Emperor was present at the operations; and the Prince Imperial, who accompanied his Majesty everywhere, received, on the first battle field of the campaign, the baptism of fire. His presence of mind and coolness in danger were worthy of the name which he bears. His Majesty and the Prince were back at Metz soon after four.

The King of Prussia's Departure from Berlin.

The special correspondent of the London *News* gives the following description of the Prussian King's departure for headquarters:—

If you had been near King William's palace this morning and had remembered the farewell parades of the Royal Guard in 1866, you would have had that year brought very vividly before you. There was the old King in high spirits smiling pleasantly at his men. There was the line of glittering bayonets, the spiked helmets below them, and the silver eagle borne proudly aloft. The First Guard regiment was represented by as fine a set of young fellows as you could wish to see. With bearskins on their heads, they would have looked immensely tall, and even with the spiked helmet they had an imposing appearance. The new flags of the regiment were brought out from the palace, covered by their waterproof cases, and were placed on the right of the line. A cheer burst from the crowd, and another louder cheer as King William passed along.

His Majesty was on foot, and after inspecting the troops he returned to the steps of the palace to see them march away. Loudly swelled the music above the shouts of the people. Never did men step more closely together than the soldiers of the First regiment. Their feet seemed to strike the pavement with sharp and regular blows, Frederick the Great himself might have approved the discipline of the corps. Now they had left the palace and were moving down the Unter den Linden, with a crowd running by their side. Men and boys scrambled after as fast as they could. There was no more shouting, for the people kept their breath for jostling around the street corners and hurrying on to the railway.

This was the final departure. Smart and tidy as the corps looked, it was in heavy marching order—too heavy an order, I think; but let that pass. The soldiers carried everything with them—coast and haversacks, flasks and cooking tins, with a short sword in addition to the bayonet, and a spare pair of boots to be ready for the chances of the campaign. We have before spoken of Landwehr men, of the great mustering of reserve to defend the country. But here, as we see the Guard regiments set forth, we see the pomp of war as it might be with no Landwehr system. Fine strapping lads, well drilled and well officered, march away to the lively strains of the military band. Who looks back or doubts the result? Who but is ready to meet Frenchmen, or Russians, or anybody else, when the word is given and the silver eagle is raised on high? They are not such dark, sunburnt warriors as have come from Paris and from Chalons in the Imperial Guard, but if these Prussians meet their rivals in an open field it will be a Roland for an Oliver. So they tramp on to the railway.

The Armies—Latest Muster Roll.

[From the London Army and Navy Gazette, Aug. 1.]

The following is a correct statement of the available strength of the French and Prussian armies:—

FRENCH ARMY.—Total strength of field army, 288,000; army of reserve, 93,600; troops remaining in Algiers,