FROM THE RHINE.

An Intensely Interesting Letter.

The following letter from an intelligent Prussian, who has spent many years in the United States, appears in the *Nation*. It will be found well worthy of perusal:

BERLIN, JULY 22, 1870.—In the evening we went to bed in peace, and in the morning we rose in war: so sudden is the change, so premeditated the attack, so infamous, so silly the pretext. The German people would not deserve to exist as a nation, if it did not rise like one man to resent the outrage, if it did not concentrate all its powers against the impudent breaker of the peace, against the infuriated hordes of duped Frenchmen.

If you ask me for the *signatura temporis*, I answer: It is just as it was in 1813; nay, it is still better, for in our war against the old Corsican, it was only Northern Germany which took up arms, while in our present war against the Corsican's nephew the whole nation is rising. There is nothing overbearing, nothing like brag, in the deportment of any class of the people; but everywhere you meet will a steady resignation, an elevated calmness and the earnest determination not to lay down arms before the national enemy is humiliated and the honor of our fatherland avenged. Counting as he is, Napoleon has made a great mistake this time. He expected to isolate Prussia by a purely dynastic question; badly informed, he relied on the alleged dissatisfaction of South Germany, of Hanover, Hesse, Nassau and Frankfort. But all over Germany the people discovered at once the clumsy fook, and it is difficult to say where the popular enthusiasm and willingness for sacrifice is greatest, Hanover, Frankfort and Wiesbaden, the former residences of the dispossessed princes, strive to outdo all the other cities! In their devotion, and Frankfort, the reputed headquarters of everything that is inimical to Prussia, easily vies in patriotism her sister cities. It was present yesterday when the Frankfort reserves arrived in town. Think of the march of the Seventh Regiment through New York, on April 20, 1861, and you have an approximate idea of the enthusiasm of the people. The young merchants had hastened home from Italy, Southern France, and England, to take up arms for their country, and there were a great many among them who were no longer *compelled* to do so. Even the Duke of Nassau openly declared that in such a war he never would accept his land crown from the hands of Louis Napoleon, or, as General Butler would say, of the greatest criminal of the age," and to make good his word the disbarred German Prince placed himself at the disposal of King William of Prussia. The Catholic nobility, who formerly sought distinction in the service of Austria, send their sons to the Prussian army. There are so many offers of volunteers that they must partly be refused. Catholic priests pray for the victory of Germany. Former party differences are forgotten and buried. Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Baden acknowledged at once that the *casus foederis* was given, and, without being asked, mobilized their armies, to be put under the command of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the same German Vaterlandsgefühl which defeated the Southern troops in 1866. "We were badly led in that campaign," I was told, the other day, by a Bavarian officer at the Bayerne depot. "Now we are happy to fight under experienced generals, and to prove that we are of the same stock and of the same efficiency as our Northern brethren."

How fortunate you Americans are! You have no powerful and greedy neighbors who break into your peaceful homes, violate, burn and destroy everything before them to satisfy an ambitious whim of their ruler; to acquire more territory, or to gain preponderance over other powers. For the last two hundred years we have suffered from this incubus, which, which we began by Louis XIV., and which will be continued by our neighbor under Louis Napoleon. I celebrated the last Fourth of July at Worms, on the Rhine, to show to my children the colossal statues of Luther and of his companions, and, as the most dignified celebration of that glorious day, I thought to them the intimate connection between the German Reformation and the American Revolution. One-half of the city of Worms, famous of old through the Nibelungen, was, about 180 years ago, destroyed by the French, who even tried to blow up the strong tower of the cathedral, and the former proud, imperial city, with its 70,000 inhabitants, is now a small country town of 12,000. Go to Heidelberg, the romantic city, the ruins to the French; to Speyer, where they even robbed the coffins of the emperors, and to a thousand other towns and villages; wander through the Palatinate and along the Rhine for a hundred English miles—everywhere you will find the same marks of French brutality and devastation, felt by the grand monarque. The houses of hundreds of villages along the Rhine show strong old stone walls as foundations, and frame buildings erected on them by the poor inhabitants, who had to rebuild their dwellings from among the ruins made by the French. Pursue any book of French history, and, with the exception of the time of Napoleon Michelet, you will find that these misdeeds are extolled as glorious exploits, as political necessities. And the same thing was repeated for times during the last century, and now, marching, as they pretend, at the head of civilization, the French want to repair their inroads over more. The Bavarians, the Prussian soldiers of the Teutonic, are mere beginners in this art of warfare which has been brought to perfection by *le grand monarque*.

Well, we will stand and repel the new attack. We are refreshed and the work will be bloody and heavy, but it must be done. It will cost us untold millions of treasure, hundreds of thousands of noble lives, seas of blood, endless misery, suffering, and slaughtering, but we are bound and determined to triumph in the end. It will be a war between the Teutonic and Latin races, which Napoleon tried to bring about in 1854, when he broke into Mexico, and which was only put off by the defeat of the slave-barons in Richmond. We Germans, by fighting out this war will prove to the world that the civilization of the present century is stronger than the mediæval traditions and robbing propensities of reckless gamblers; that the genius of civil liberty is more firmly established in Europe than the despotism of the French Empire; that the labor of generations yet performed in the interest of peace and humanity is a better keystone of social order than the bloody work of even the most efficient agents of the Latin race, the African Bedouins, Spahis, and Turcos. You, in your glorious struggle against slavery, relied on the sympathies of whole civilized world. You were not disappointed in us. Germany was concerned. Even our monarchy seem believed in your ultimate success; our press, with a few insignificant exceptions, was in your favor, and the Prussian minister at Washington was the first of all foreign diplomatists to wish you, in the name of his sovereign, good speed and victory. And the French? They tried to stab you from behind by invading Mexico.

Once, too, is the cause of humanity, and it does not matter whether a foreign or a domestic enemy seeks the ruin of a civilized nation. Every farmer who tills his little patch of land, every mechanic who with the sweat of his brow earns a decent livelihood, every teacher of the people—be he a schoolmaster in the remotest Western settlement or editor of the widest circulating paper—who with his brains works to educate his fellow-citizens, every politician and statesman who believes in self-government and national independence, every man who respects the ten commandments, in short, every thinking being, must and will be on our side in this tremendous struggle.

Yet, however strongly the moral weight of the whole civilized world may be in our favor, it is not strong enough to defeat the enemy. In order to do that we must have the strongest battalions. In this respect we can favorably compare with the French. The North German army has—147,888 men ready for the field (300,310 infantry and 53,928 cavalry), with 1,212 cannon; besides 104,955 Landwehr, with 432 cannon, and 154,232 men, with 234 cannon, to be left behind for garrison duty; to which number 100,000 Southern Germans, with 370 cannon, are to be added. Prussia an army of 500,000 men and 1,000 cannon is reached, which is divided into three armies, namely: 1. The Southern army, under the Crown Prince of Prussia; 2. The Northern army, under Prince Charles Frederick of Prussia; and 3. The Rhine army, at present under the command of King William of Prussia. Nothing is known here beyond these mere outlines, the movements of the troops being strictly kept secret. The French, on the other side, have 638,000 men in active service and as reserves, of whom 380,000 are ready for the field; besides they have, since 1868, a "national mobile guard," which is to garrison the fortresses, but thus far has not shown its efficiency; while the Prussian landwehr will forcably compared with any soldiers in the army. The French have only 988 cannon of different sizes, but 144 mitrailleuses; the practical value of this newly-invented wholesale murdering machine, however, is still to be tested. The French navy is, of course, much larger than the German, and our commerce will consequently suffer enormously. The French, having had time fully to prepare before declaring war, are about ten days ahead of us, and may be able to reach the Rhine by the end of the first or second month. We do not mean to fight before we are in the proper condition, and rather prefer temporarily to give up some territory than to risk a battle with insufficient forces. You may look for the first pitched battle in the latter part of August.

Whatever its result may be, one great thing we owe to Louis Napoleon, and for one great benefit every intelligent German thanks him: He has perfected what time he could not consummate ourselves; he has made Germany one great, united empire; he has inspired thirty-eight millions of Germans with one will, one energy, and one determination to triumph and be—conquer. The North German Confederation" makes her last appearance on the political stage—one united Germany, a new first-class power, will appear in its place. Hail to the new world of the peace of Europe!

FRIEDRICH KAPP.

BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Who Are the Coming Men?

The death of two active Bishops of the Methodist Church, says the New York *Independent*, has left out seven, of whom two are entirely disabled by infirmity. The successors of bishops is regulated in the Methodist Church by the exigencies of the case, and there will doubtless be four new ones elected at the General Conference in May, 1872. Of course, this fact has a great deal of conjecture affoat in regard to the men who are most likely to be elected. All of this gossip is, of course, studiously ignored by the Methodist papers. But, as we have no candidates, and are above suspicion and entirely unaware, or way, in this dull dog-day weather, repeat some of the floating guesses. It is generally conceded that the older men, who were talked of long ago, will not be elected. Minor Bayman, the eloquent triumphant speech on the slavery question in the General Conference of 1856 stamped him as one of the greatest orators of the age, would hardly accept the arduous office of a bishop now; and Abel Stevens, his antagonist then, is, perhaps, be content to rest on his laurels, and, and which will be regarded by literary men as one of the greatest of church historians. Dr. Curry's course on the Jacobinic question, and his general tendency to the position of "off ox," would doubtless shut him out, even if it were not for the "slander" of his opponents that he is a secession sympathizer. Dr. Eddy, the most logical, as well as the most obstinate, of all the leading men of the Church. His great ability, and his unselfish devotion to the cause of the Church, have made him a great favorite