EUROPE.

Continued from First Page.

most determinately opposed to the scheme are the Count's own Conservative friends. With them this last move has materially shaken his *prestige*.

THE AUSTRIAN PLAN OF REFORM.

The evening edition of the *Vienna Gazette* contains an article on the Prussian proposal for a reform of the Federal Constitution. It appears from this article that Austria admits the necessity of a reorganization of the Bund at the present moment, as she did three years ago when the Congress of Princes was held at Frankfort; she also knows that every proposition of this kind will obtain popular sympathy, and the voluntary or constrained adhesion of the sovereigns. Austria will, therefore, support any proposal for reform which will not deviate too far from the basis which she laid down in 1863.

The Vienna Cabinet will wait for the whole of Prussia's programme before coming to any decision. According to the *Memorial Diplomatique* the representatives of the Secondary German governments in the Diet have already received instructions to present a counter proposition to that of Prussia.

It is stated that Austria, Bavaria, and Saxony have agreed to carry out a reform of the Federal Constitution without any reference to the success or non-success of the scheme proposed by Prussia.

The semi-official *Nord-Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* declares that the election of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern to the throne of the Principalities is a matter which concerns solely the family of the Princes of Hohenzollern, and is in no way connected with the Prussian State politics.

NOTES FROM THE GOVERNMENTS OF BAVARIA AND SAXONY.

From The London Times.

The Bavarian Government reminds the two hostile powers that the Federal law absolutely prohibits all war between members of the Confederation, and provides means by which all possible differences between them are to be settled and conflicts avoided. It speaks of the miseries which internal strife brought upon Germany in past times, the overthrow of the empire, and the domination of the country by foreign armies; it declares that the present Confederation was founded by those whose valor had broken a foreign yoke, and that it has been ever since a benefit to the people.

Nobody, it thinks, can deny that the Confederation has procured for Germany a prosperity unexampled in all her previous history.

"Fifty years of internal peace, during which none have dared to attack Germany, during which no foreign army has set foot on German territory—fifty years of development for all her resources, and all her interests, intellectual, moral and material, have at last healed the wounds of the Thirty Years' War as well as of more recent struggles, and restored Germany to the height from which her own faults had thrown her."

Well may Bavaria ask if that Confederation is now to be broken, the German nations again to shed their blood in a fratricidal struggle, and become again the prey of foreign Powers. The proposition of the Bavarian Government is that each of the antagonistic Powers shall declare that it will abstain absolutely from an attack on any other member of the Confederation. The dispatch of the Saxon Minister, Baron Beust, is equally decided in its views.

Though disfigured in some parts by obscurity of style, it speaks plainly enough against the pretension of Prussia that the Duchies are a conquest, and belong to the two Powers that hold them. "The Prussian Government," it says, "cannot be ignorant that our Cabinet holds a contrary opinion, and that on that point it is in accord with the German Governments." Having thus rejected the claims of Prussia, Baron Beust proceeds to show that Prussia has no fair grounds for believing she is about to be attacked.

Hungary.

A telegram from Pesth of April 14 says:

Both Houses of Diet sat to-day, for the first time, in the new building. The President of the Lower House, in opening the sitting, expressed the wish that the welfare of the country might soon be established on a firm basis, and said that the only means by which it could be secured was the reestablishment of a legal and constitutional state of things in Hungary. He stated also that the country earnestly desired that the Emperor should soon be crowned King of Hungary. The members of the Left and Center of the Upper House of the Diet have, in a private conference, resolved to vote the adoption of the second Address of the Lower House without any modification.

On April 16 the Upper House will hold a public sitting for the discussion of the Address.

The Principalities.

A telegram from Bucharest of April 13 says:

Placards have been posted up to-day here signed by the members of the Provisional Government and the Ministers, proposing to elect Prince Charles of Hohenzollern as Prince of Roumania, under the title of Charles I.

A dispatch of April 14 says:

The Plebiscitum for the election of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern has commenced. It is expected that the vote of the people will be taken throughout the Principality within six days.

BUCHAREST, April 15, Evening.—The Plébiscite has terminated in nearly all the towns, and Prince Charles of Hohenzollern has been unanimously elected Hospodar.

JASSY, April 15, Evening.—A band of 200 men, led by Mouratori and Rosetti, attempted yesterday a Separatist movement. They were dispersed by the police, who compelled Mouratori to fly. After this attempt the rioters, all said to be Russians, barricaded themselves in the house of Rosenorano, whence they fired upon the troops, who replied. It is said that there were 14 killed and 16 wounded. The riot is now at an end.

The people have not taken any part in the movement.

The Metropolitan, who was at the head of the insurgents, received a slight wound.

ARGES, 16.—The origin of the disturbances which took place in this town the day before yesterday, was a declaration of the newly-elected Separatist Committee that the choice of the Prince of Hohenzollern as Hospodar of Roumania had been brought about by stratagem. The Committee had also demanded the deposition of the Provisional Government, and the assembling of a special Legislature for Moldavia.

Tranquility has now been completely restored. The regiment which suppressed the movement was composed of Moldavian troops. Many persons were wounded by the soldiery.

Mouratori and his accomplices have taken refuge on Russian territory.

The Metropolitan who was at the head of the movement, has been arrested, together with the Boyards Rosnovano and Lascesco.

The whole of Moldavia has now voted unanimously for Prince Charles of Hohenzollern.

Russia.

An attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor of Russia on Sunday, April 15. The Emperor Alexander was entering his carriage to take his usual drive, when an unknown individual fired a pistol at him. The ball providentially missed its aim. The police are investigating the matter.

Commercial Intelligence.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, April 16.—The tone of the market is unchanged. The news from Germany was considered less threatening and the suspension of the gold drain to the continent contributed to prevent any increase of weakness in the English funds. Consols, 86¼@86¾.

French Rentes 67f. 50c.

Five-Twenties improved ¼.

Erie paid up shares and Illinois Central recovered ¼ and ¼ respectively.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, April 16.—There has been a good demand. Sales of 12,000 bales, 3,000 on speculation. Prices ¼d. @ ⅛d. higher.

LONDON CORN MARKET, April 16.—Market firm at an advance of 1s.

LIVERPOOL, April 17—COTTON—Sales yesterday of 12,000 bales. Market firmer at ⅛@¼d. higher for American, and steady and unchanged for other descriptions. Speculators and exporters took 3,000 bales.

BREADSTUFFS firm. No market since the sailing of the Africa.

PROVISIONS dull and nominal. Lard easier. American, 71s.

PRODUCE—Sugar flat. Coffee steady. Rice steady. Ashes—small sales Pots at 33 @33 6. Linseed Oil quiet and steady. Tallow firm. Rosin steady. Spirits Turpentine quiet and firm at 40@50. for American. Petroleum—small sales at 20¼ for Refined. Clover Seed active at 36@46. for American Red.

LONDON, April 17.—Consols closed yesterday at 86⅛@86⅞ for money. Five-twenties, 67@69. Erie shares, 52¾@53. Illinois Centrals, 79¼@79¾.

FROM LONDON.

The Progress of the Reform Bill—Meeting of the Liberal Members at Earl Russell's—Second Reading of the Bill—The Scene Outside the House of Commons—Bulwer Lytton—Impending Prospects—"Recasting" British Institutions—A Joke on M. P. Low—The Irish Church Question—Princess Mary of Cambridge's Funeral—Husband—Interesting Anecdote of the Queen—A Visit to the Grave of Charles Lamb and the House in which He Died.

From Our Special Correspondent.

LONDON, April 14, 1866.

"Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on!" Every day the prospects of Reform grow brighter and brighter. The Liberals of England ought to be very much obliged to the obstructives of all parties, and of none, for their delightfully injudicious opposition to the bill, and especially to Lowe for that speech. Before its delivery there was certainly a lack, if not of latent earnestness on the part of the Radicals (I like the denomination; it is an honest, thorough one, expressive of the inevitable, inherent antagonism of right to wrong, freedom to slavery—though, like the word libertine, which originally meant a lover of liberty, its enemies have corrupted its signification), yet of due manifestation of it—wanting which, as a matter of course the Tories denied the demand for Reform, as, to borrow an illustration from Sydney Smith, they would have maintained, five minutes before Moses struck the rock, that there was no need of water. But we have changed all that, and notably. Lowe's abuse of the unenfranchised or the poorer class of voters (for the member for Calne has shifted his slander lately—much good may it do him!), and the urgent necessity for action has made us all face the music, and we are marching onward with confident expectations of success. John Bright's plain spoken advice to the people of England, telling them that they must organise, meet, agitate and petition, letting it be seen of all men that they were in earnest and would, in familiar parlance, stand no nonsense, had its desired effect. The press thundered, and the masses bestirred themselves to good purpose. Seldom has a greater change occurred in the aspect of things political in so brief a time. Before the holidays the Tories were confident, chuckling, contemptuous. The bill was a little, miserable one; as venal *Punch* wrote, "with but one leg to stand upon, and that leg a lame one, with half its allowance of arms, and ears, and eyes, in short a mere abortion;" the people indifferent, John Bull and his wife dozing by the fire, their bull-dog asleep, and so on. The measure would be lost—thimble-rigged out of sight by Conservative hate and Liberal disaffection. *Now* how different! The country *has* spoken and most unequivocally; meeting has succeeded meeting in all the large towns and many of the little ones; the papers are overcrowded with reports, and *The Times*, *Punch*, *Pall-Mall Gazette* and *Standard* left to console themselves in the pitifulest minority. (How natural that the second should fall foul of John Bright again! Taking invidious advantage of Carlyle's Edinburgh address to misrepresent a man who, had he lived long enough ago, might have been one of Carlyle's heroes—who in strong, earnest, thorough devotion to the principle of freedom and popular rights shall hereafter rank with England's best and bravest! But *Punch* is quite right in its attack—it is John Bright who has done it all, or nearly so, and hating Reform, *The Times'* puppet must needs hate its champion.) And now with the hopefulest prospects, we are facing the second reading of the bill.

There was, as you may know, a great meeting of the Liberal members at the official residence of Earl Russell, in Downing-st., on Tuesday last, 250 gentlemen being present, including the members of the Cabinet in the House of Commons. *The Star* had the only full report of it, the rest of the daily papers publishing only summaries, that in *The Times* being the worst of all—wherefore it wailed about "the breach of confidence involved in making public the speeches delivered at a private meeting," while the inscund *Standard* suggested (in a Toole-like letter, written to itself,) that Mr. Bright must have acted as short-hand reporter! The meeting was singularly unanimous, there being even less differences of opinion than might naturally have been expected—than there was between the Tories who assembled before the recess at the Marquis of Salisbury's. But two members found fault with the bill, and that mere qualified objection, intimated rather than expressed. All, in short, went off very harmoniously, Earl Russell opening the proceedings with an able review of the attempts at Reform legislation from 1852 downward, answering the pretexts put forward by the Opposition, exposing its personal bias and character, vindicating the working-classes, expressing confidence in them, and generally felicitating himself and his friends on the assurance of victory. It was generally felt that the meeting was more than successful in healing anticipated dissensions in the ministerial ranks; hence, Radicals out of doors were proportionately encouraged, and awaited Thursday night (the 12th), appointed for the second reading of the bill, in high good humor.

Of course there was a crowd in Palace Yard and about the House of Commons, of the demeanor of which take this condensed description from *The Telegraph*:

It was a quiet, laughing, good-humored, long-suffering "mob." It was a "mob" addicted to quiet chuckles of contempt; it was a "mob" that would have hissed Mr. Robert Lowe from Westminster to Calne, but it was also a "mob" that disdained to waste its powers of sibilation. Considering that the occasion was historical, one would have liked a little more color; but the bright morning had faded into a dull afternoon, and there was a cold, leaden-clay aspect about the sky. For a long while the only thing that seemed really alive was the clock. At three there was no crowd whatever; at half-past three the people had begun to arrive, at four there was a "mass meeting." All along the line of vision somber black hats, somber black coats, blended gloomily with the dull atmosphere. Considering that the English are not a demonstrative people—considering, also, that they have a good deal influenced by the weather—it was really refreshing to listen to a good, sound, honest, hearty cheer. There was plenty of latent enthusiasm in Palace-yard, what was needed was the spark that should kindle it. Various Liberal members, more or less distinguished, had received the faint tribute of a *somewhat* confused welcome, part of which was caused by mistaken identity, and part by the desperate anxiety to cheer *somebody*, before the first genuine burst of cheering arose.

Carriage after carriage arrived, and the British public, which loves a good horse and knows a good "turn-out," and is not contemptuously indifferent to armorial bearings, hazarded a murmur of approbation when a large landed patrician—obviously against the bill!—drove up defiantly, slighted with studious negligence, and walked into the House with that effort at unconsciousness which is always so painfully self-conscious. Meanwhile the police were doing their duty. Those good and gilted men have rather a habit of rushing upon unoffending spectators in the periodical intervals when an inspector passes; but, on the whole, they were generally affable, and—if one might hazard a guess upon a subject so secret—rather in favor of the bill than not. To all inquiries for Mr. John Bright, however—and there were a good many inquiries—they replied, "Gone in, Sir." The information was pretty nearly correct; but as the same question was freely hazarded with regard to Mr. Gladstone and Lord Dupre—both of whom had already not arrived—the statement was received with a certain amount of incredulity.

Faster and faster the carriages rolled in, and the "legislative wisdom" of the land, a considerable portion of which appeared to have not exactly made up its mind with the Reform Calendar before starting as to the precise amount of the fare, dribbled in without notice to the House. And while cabs and carriages were discharging their freight of legislative wisdom, the crowd began to grow a little impatient. Steadily the clock had been singing the only song it knew. Gradually the spectators—growing accustomed to the sight of real live members of Parliament—appeared to have come to the conclusion that they were rather uninteresting than otherwise. At times there was a little diversion—Mr. Layard, for instance, receiving a very cordial cheer. The crowd was not quite sure of its men. Those in the second rank craned over the necks of those in the first, and it must be difficult to study physiognomy, as exhibited in a brougham, under those peculiar circumstances. Two arrivals, however, there were which may be worth recording. You saw a Hansom cab drive up to the door; next you saw a large and bulky roll of papers (half the crowd, by-the-by, seemed to mistake petitions for bills); next you saw a keen, sharp, aquiline, aggressive profile; next the familiar glance of a couple of ready, inquisitive, almost angry eyes; and then, from the cab, came Mr. Roebuck. "Roebuck" the name was loudly and swiftly passed about, and its owner really seemed to linger for a minute or two before he entered the House. Twenty years ago that look of his—which was almost pathetic in its way—would have been answered with a cheer; yesterday the people only said "Roebuck," and let him go in. As he went away, folks began to think of "Beer-em," and to compare the member for Sheffield with the Scotch Terrier party, had the comparison occurred to them a little more spontaneously, the tough, valiant old Radical would have received the applause for which he seemed to seek. Some men are born great—some achieve greatness—and some have greatness thrust upon them. No one could have come down more quietly than Mr. Thomas Hughes; but the ignorant, in spite of his indolence, and venal mob caught sight of him, and broke out into cheering. There was a plaintively comic expression about "Tom Brown's" face as he gallantly tried not to look as if he knew that he was particularly popular. It was the sort of look one sees in the captain of a public school eleven, when his men, for whom he has materially helped to win the match, insist upon carrying him on their shoulders.

Four o'clock had struck, and the crowd, making up its mind that Bright had gone in earlier, was only held together by the chance of seeing Gladstone. It had not been an indifferent crowd—rather a crowd keenly inquisitive, keenly in earnest. Its cheers, originated by a few men here and there, had been far more hearty than in England expressions of opinion are wont to be. But hitherto there had been nothing which could honestly be called enthusiasm. In fact, the people were waiting for that one leader in whose splendid brain and whose generous heart they put their whole faith. At last there came a swaying about of the crowd—a cheer went ringing and rolling along the line—the police tried to keep back the mob, and men wouldn't have it—a sort of electric telegraphy seemed to flash and sparkle from face to face, and those behind cried, "Who is it?" And those in front were too busily cheering to answer the inquiry. It was wonderful—the change from the calm, indifferent, jesting manner of the crowd, to the sudden earnestness with which the leader of the Liberals was welcomed. Up went the voices, and off went the hats; and all that an unimpassioned spectator could see through the tempest of applause was a pale, grave, gallant face, firmly set; then a light on the face as the great orator was compelled to raise his hat in recognition; and by his side a lady, graciously proud of her husband's fame.

Said one working man to his neighbor, "Looks pale, don't he?"

Answered the other, "He'll make the Tories look a deal paler afore he's done!"

In the House all went satisfactorily. The petitions for the bill were very many, some members having much ado to carry their burdens for presentation. There were *few* against it! "received with roars of triumph by the opposition, and with laughter by the reformers." Mr. Gladstone made a fine aggressive speech, which brought out Lowe (to shift his slander, as aforesaid), and was about the only feature of the evening. Last night's debate was far more interesting. Observe how snob Bulwer Lytton—for he is a snob, despite all his cleverness—notwithstanding his cant of the Beautiful and the True (with capitals to 'em), and about "every man of letters revering the aspirations of the educated artisans for a remodelled state of society," inevitably fights, with his selfish class, against him, while John Stuart Mill is true as steel, and as incisive in his cutting through the sophistry and falsehood of our enemies. In fact Bulwer is an aristocrat at heart and a humbug, and always was one, as people might know by his novels. He cares only for sentimentalism and effect; human nature is not at all to his taste; truth is invisible to him, or, when he approaches her, it is only to administer to her face a dab of *rouge*. By the way, from purely physical causes, he speaks very poorly, being hardly able to make his voice heard; it and his rhetorical points seem to culminate together, and, as the last word of a long-wrought-out sentence is invariably lost, the key note of what he intends to say is wanting. He was more distinct, however, last night, than usual, and assuredly never obtained more applause, inasmuch that Mr. Mill, who had risen to speak, was obliged to wait until the Tory cheers subsided. John Stuart Mill *waiting* for Bulwer!

It is all but certain that Government will carry the first barricade opposed to its progress. Lord Grosvenor is said, on good authority, to regret his opposition to the bill, and as yet it seems improbable that he will meet with much active assistance from his own side of the House. According to the most careful calculations, the Ministry will obtain a majority of 30 to 40. But the success of the bill will not be thereby secured. Its real peril lies in committee. Amendments are certain to be proposed there, and we cannot doubt that these will have the sympathy of many members now on the side of the Government. It depends on the Ministry whether or not passive sympathy is exchanged for active support. Attempts will certainly be made to raise the proposed franchise both in boroughs and counties, and also to strike out the provisions by which lease-holders in boroughs are to have a county vote. Now the bill is so moderate a one that any mutilation will deprive it of its value. Yet such mutilation is, perhaps, inevitable, unless Government is prepared to resist any serious modification in the same manner as it has done the Grosvenor amendment. It behoves the constituencies, therefore, to keep both members and ministry well up to the mark. They cannot adopt all the motto of 1832, "The bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill," but they must hold fast to the two first sentences. So far, they may congratulate themselves on having won the first innings, but the real contest is yet to come.

Before quitting this subject for the present, allow me two quotations, the first from the speech of Prof. Beesley, at the Reform meeting in St. Martin's Hall (where, by the way, there was a picture representing Lowe and Horsman as the undistinguishable Terrier to which they were likened by Mr. Bright). Said the Professor and his words are suggestive:

"I attribute to the recent triumph of republican institutions in America the present agitation for Reform in this country. The question will be, before long, not whether we shall reform our institutions, but the recasting of them."

Professor Beesley is, I may add, the editor of a weekly paper of great influence among the working classes. My next extract is from *The Owl*, and apropos of Lowe. You may remember John Bright's remark about the member for Calne, a "pocket-borough" of the Marquis of Lansdowne, that that nobleman might, had he so chosen, have sent his footman or butler to the House of Commons; also, that the exceptional independent electors memorialized Lowe on the subject of his insult to the working-classes, and that he replied to them, sophisticating and explaining away his palpable meaning. Now, *The Owl* (by no means a dull bird) gets off this exquisite joke on Lowe, who, recollect, is one of the editors of *The Times*, an ex-Oxford tutor, and "a heavy swell," generally. The article is just the thing that *Punch* would have had in Jerrold's time—before the principal writers on it had been provided with snug berths by wily old Palmerston.

The following address has been forwarded to us for publication. We have not, as yet, received Mr. Lowe's answer:

SIR: We, the other upper servants in the Marquis of Lansdowne's household, feel it to be incumbent on their positions to notice a matter which has a great deal to do with the privileges of their order. Some fellow, calling himself a member, with other easily dirty radicals, has had the impudence to hail you over the coals, and we regrets to see that you have demeaned yourself by a bargaining with them. They seems to be a boundless lot, as do not take in what's your place as a servant out of livery, and what isn't. It ain't for you to answer the door-bell as 'as got "servants" plainly engraved on the outside; that ain't your place, and you fought to know it. Though a servant you're still a footman. Where his Lordship rings, then you had best see what he wants and do it. But never you go and take orders from tradesmen, and such like, as knows nothing about the best families.

We, the undersigned, has always had the best places, and have never allowed any interference in the house, and we ain't going to begin now. We will stick to you, and as long as his Lordship is satisfied, you will always find all the other gentlemen and ladies in the steward's room quite affable like. But we has our rights and our rules, and if you is arsing to have dealings with alow feller like Bishop and them others as keeps little shops at Calne, and argefy with them as if they was your masters and not his Lordship, the sooner you goes into a livery coat and plushes agin, and goes back to that last place where you had a good character, the better.

(Signed by the House Steward, Butler, Groom of the Chambers, and other servants out of livery in the Marquis of Lansdowne's Household.)

On Tuesday last, Sir John Gray, the new member for Kilkenny, revived the almost extinct question of the Irish Church establishment. (One remembers when it formed the battle-standard of the Whigs; when a division on its merits decided the fate of a ministry.) Sir John is a Protestant of intelligence and practical experience; he spoke for two hours, and was listened to with profound attention. He plowed up the old historic ground, the origin of the iniquity in question, and showed how miserably all the attempts to Protestantize Ireland had failed, and most deservedly. Although refused the support of the Government for his motion, the admissions he obtained from the Secretary for Ireland were important, and suggestive of a step in advance in the willingness to "do something" for "the sister country."

The good-looking Princess, heiry of Cambridge (whom everybody married to Viscount Hood a year ago or more), has at length found a husband in the Prince of Teck, a handsome young fellow, whom the public remember as appearing in a very *bizarre* uniform at the Brighton review. He is tall and slight in figure, wears a thin, boyish moustache, and looks younger than his age, 29, four years less than the jolly Princess. The two were at Covent Garden theater together one evening last week, and, of course, were looked at a great deal. It is said that the Princess of Wales contrived the match, and that she has become a great favorite with the Queen. Teck is, by the way, I am happy to state, half-plebeian, *his* mother, a German lady, having been "morganatically" married to the brother of her sovereign, the King of Wurtemburg. According to my opinion, as that of Falconbridge in King John, he is all the better for this approach to a bend sinister or "bend-in-over-the-left" in his escutcheon.

The chapel of St. George's Hall, Windsor, is being prepared for the marriage of Princess Helena to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. We have news of the Princess of Prussia (her Majesty's eldest daughter) having given birth to a fifth baby. She evidently takes after her Ma in fecundity. There will be a prodigious royal family extant in the next generation.

An interesting anecdote of the Queen's humanity and attachment to her army has just come to my knowledge. You may have noticed in the news from Ireland the trial of a Sergeant Dermach for Fenianism, of which he was found guilty and sentenced to be shot. When the warrant was brought to the Queen for signature, her consent was urgently solicited on the grounds of the necessity of making an example, and at length obtained, though she burst into tears in the act of according it. Within an hour afterward she sent for the warrant again, and tore it to pieces—and God bless her for it! The act will effect more toward extinguishing Fenianism in the ranks—it it exist there—than all the constables, spies, lawyers, Judges and bayonets within the four seas of British rule do.

Not long ago I went to Edmonton, to see the grave of Charles Lamb, thereby redeeming a promise made to myself long back, on the other side of the Atlantic. There are many Americans who will like to read the latest description of the place of sepulture of the most delightful of English humorists, especially as I shall be at the pains to afford more particulars than have yet appeared in print, and have had the good fortune to alight on a new item or two. Wherefore, I avail myself of this letter to write out the details to THE TRIBUNE.

Edmonton is about 10 miles out of London, lying on the north-east; you reach it by the Great Eastern Railway, starting from Shoreditch. A journey, mostly over the house-tops of a dingy neighborhood, brings you through the outskirts of the giant metropolis and the heterogeneous blending of town and country common to all suburbs, to fields and the little town in question, the "station" where one alights being partly over "the wash," or pond, celebrated in Cowper's immortal ballad of John Gilpin. Church-lane, leading to the churchyard, is close behind; five minutes will bring you to the latter. Inquiring my way of a fellow-traveler, who resembled a retired military officer, wearing the cap, beard and mustache appropriate to one, he professed himself an inhabitant of Edmonton, and civilly asked if he could be of any service in directing me more minutely, when I told him my object. "Charles Lamb!" said he, "I recollect the old gentleman very well! I helped to bury him." I stared and questioned him, when he proved to be the sexton of the place. He could give me no *live* reminiscence of Lamb, beyond the fact that "he always dressed in black" (which I knew before), but pointed out the house where he died—we were close to it—and subsequently guided me to the grave. I shall speak of the house first, it has not been described in any of the publications about Lamb, nor, so far as I am aware of, been put in print at all.

It is in Church-lane, and known as Bay Cottage (then as now), a modest little tenement, approached by a narrow strip of garden, and shouldered into the background by more pretentious neighbors—one a "villa," with a lion ramping in stone, or at least in plaster, on each side of its carriage entrance. Down this strip runs a central crosspiece, margined by trim flower-beds, a walk of neat white-edged flag-stones leading to the low, old-fashioned door. The house is a decidedly small one, two stories in height, evidently of brick, plastered, with warm yellow-brown stains upon it, a blue slate roof, of irregular angles, divided by a horizontal line. The adjoining houses rise above it, as well as squeeze it into the rear. Over the old-fashioned window, opening centrally, with leaden panes of glass to it, affords light to the ground floor, there are two above. In this upper room Charles Lamb died. The neatest, humblest, quietest of retiring places, Bay Cottage—it may take its name from a clump of bushes near the door—must have looked just the same during his residence as it does now—as it did on the mild, dull April afternoon that I stood gazing through the rails at it, listening to the reedy thrill of a thrush singing in the lime-tree close, and fancying that "quaint figure in black" emerging over the threshhold, and coming with "a bland sweet smile" toward me.

A very brief space brought us to the churchyard. It is a large, irregular-shaped one, with many perpendicular white tombstones in it, fewer flat ones, and numerous green mounds of the ordinary form; there are trees environing it. The church, built of white stone, with some handsome windows of the "decorated" and "perpendicular" styles, and here and there with a tower, is, taken altogether, above the average. Lamb's grave lies away to the left, as you enter from Church-lane, between two gravel paths, not far from the tarred fence of a large garden, which makes a sharp angle in the churchyard. It is a table stone at the head, with the inscription and verse I have written on it by "Dante" Carey, cut entirely in Italian capital letters (two lines overrunning, the redundant words are transported below on the *right-hand* side of the stone, like a refrain), and a small one at the foot, containing simply the initials of those beneath. Between us and it, and, I think, newly-turfed mound. The adjacent monument of "Gilpin Rippon of Eagle House, Edmonton, and the Bank of England," on the right, is not a "hideous erection of the fluted order of village architecture," invidiously described in *The Saturday Review*, four years ago, but a sensible tomb of the modern Greek style, with quadruped sediment, Sosneau ornaments, and a low iron rail surrounding it. Neither is Lamb's grave over-grown with nettles and long grass," as then was probably the disgraceful truth (though, by the way, the sexton denied it, for one could see by the discoloration of the headstone that at least one foot nine inches of earth had, not very long ago, been removed from it), while that at the foot must have needed all but excavation. At present the grave and all its belongings looks decent enough—thanks, perhaps, to that irascible Saturday reviewer. It was no less than sixteen feet deep—on the sexton's authority, corroborated by that epitaph applied to it by Tailfourd. He also confirmed the biographer's statement that, when the grave was re-opened to admit the body of Mary—thirteen years after that "afternoon wintry walk on which, about a fortnight before his death, he had pointed out to his sister the place where he wished to be buried"—the coffin of Charles Lamb appeared quite sound. "So dry," says Tailfourd, "is the soil of the quiet churchyard, that the excavated earth left perfect walls of stiff clay, and permitted us just to catch a glimpse of the still sprinkled edges of the coffin in which all the mortal part of one of the most delightful persons who ever lived was contained, and on which the remains of her he had loved with love 'passing the love of woman' were laid beneath to rest. They were lovely in their lives, and in death they are not divided."

T. B. G.

FROM PARIS.

The German Imbroglio—How it Affects Values—The Little Bourse—Bismark and His Appeal to Universal Suffrage—Conscription in France—The Price of Liberty—The Alliance Rumors—The Strasbourg Election—Character of the Candidate—His Life of Franklin—The Liberty of the Press—Literary.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, April 13, 1866.

Will the quarrel between Prussia and Austria break out in open war? is still the absorbing question. Half the men you meet say no, half say yes. The response in either case, however confidently uttered, is largely based on mere conjecture. There are no facts in the case known to the public here that will not be as well known to you by the time this reaches you. And it looks very much as though the folks in high places, diplomatic or other, knew nothing more than the public. The Bourse yesterday was quite feverish, and there was a decline in all quotations, from the Government three per cents, which head the list, down to the little Mexican bonds, which fell from 276 to 267. You recollect they were originally issued at 340, with a nominal par value of 500. Since Crimean war-times I have not seen this "Little Bourse" so crowded as it was last evening. This "*Petite Bourse*" is a curious illegal institution. Between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock, "there might have been seen," as the late G. P. R. James would say—in point of fact was seen—on the broad north sidewalk of the Boulevard des Italiens, between the Rue Le Pelletier and the Rue Drouot, a great throng of men, slowly moving to and fro, now gathering in groups of three, or four, or more, then dissolving, re-mingling, stopping for a moment, then on again. Eager-faced men, their eyes shining with the reflection of the franc, which is cis-Atlantically, as Almighty as our American dollar. A fresh-come New-York observer might have supposed them arrived that day from Wall-st., run across sea with no other Change from that to this than the difference of afternoon and night sky. And their language, if not the same, is equally uninteligible to the layman, whether born of English or French tongue, being made up of financial slang, truncated phrases, and other technics. All transactions here are out of the law, and done on parole; but though often not strictly honest, that is, often of an extremely aleatory and risked nature, I am assured that, as at professed gambling tables, the law of honor is rarely broken. Years ago the Little Bourse was much more important, both as to the amount of business and number of speculators. They used to meet in the old Salle Farwicini, and when driven from there and two or three intermediate gathering-places, lighted down upon the broad sidewalk above-mentioned, and the neighboring Passages du l'Opera. From about 1852 to 1864 or '65, there was a fierce struggle on the part of Government to put down these irrepressible of the Sidewalk Exchange. It could not go quite so far as to ordain that a man should not walk along of an evening with perhaps a fellow-man on his arm, and exchange glances with the eyes of other men that had speculation in them. It was amusing enough, though laborious in those days—or nights, rather—to wedge one's way through the dense crowd, and note the patient Sergentes de Ville wedging theirs to and fro. As often as they came upon a group of three or four chaffering in mystic language about misty values, dispersing it with the formula: "*Circulez, Messieurs! Circulez!*" Move on, gentlemen! move on! And a minute later the group collected again, or its scattered members entered into "new combinations." Those worthy policemen, in their seemingly vain contest with the floating throng, used to remind me of the Angels-demonic bottles reported by Milton, where the subtile bodies of his high speculative combatants cut and slashed through the middle, presently come slap together again. In the long run, however, the agents of the high ruling powers got the better of these sons of mammon. Now-a-days it is only rarely that they show themselves in numbers, yet much diminished from their full estate of old. Their unusual multitude last evening is a striking sign of the feverish unsettledness of men's minds at this time.

As I intimated a paragraph ago, it is needless to report here facts bearing on the war question, which you will be fully informed of—such as the diplomatic correspondence between Prussia and Austria, Bismark's proposition of an appeal to universal suffrage, the comments of the German press on this proposition, and the like. You will not fail to notice on one part that Bismark's proposed appeal to universal suffrage, whether it be regarded as menace to Austria or bait to the German people, does not *take* with the latter or greatly scare the former; but, on the other part, that it does seem to be an adjournment at least of the appeal to arms. The most noticeable side of the case is something else. That the Liberal party in Prussia, and that the German Liberal Reformers, represented by the *National Verein*, distrust any gift offered by such a hopeless old Greek as retroactive Bismark, is most natural. That they should look *his* gift horse in the mouth is commanded by the most ordinary prudence. That a *coup d'etat* of his, striking against the aunt, ramshackle Constitution of Confederate Germany, should be regarded only as a stroke of personal ambition—at best as a greedy war of building up a Prussian preponderance in Germany out of its ruins—is most rational. That Austria should not take the without of this ratio, as she easily might, by accepting the proposition in a fuller sense than it is offered, exclaiming for costly peaceness to her economic interests, put herself at the head of a really liberalizing movement thus inaugurated, and carry Germany with her, is also most plausible and natural and historical commonplace. But that Bismark, no matter with what ulterior purpose, should come near to accepting universal suffrage as a present ally, is one of the best late signs of promised better times. He, of course, would mean to use for his little own and Prusso-ambitious purposes the instrument of universal suffrage, just for once, and then dismiss it, That your "aide-de-camp" should have come to that, is worth noting. And Her Bismark is an able statesman, ranks high in that category, according to all historical quotations. So is Napoleon Third, who also made his appeal to universal suffrage, and was *sanctioned by it*, let us now recognize that fact, as history and policy advise us to. Universal suffrage seemed then a good servant. It is by its very nature master, and is likely to be a hard one to him, who, having been accidentally well served by it, whims that it will always wear his family livery. Whether his French Majesty does or does not conceive that he can drive Universal suffrage in dynastic harness throughout, and by some diplomatic trick of horsemanship prevent the breaching from bursting and a *coup d'etat* *governor* in the long run, your correspondent has no means of knowing. He venturest to guess that he does almost know that the *force des choses* in the course of history certainly tends, despite all opposition, to unapparently set up a popular *omnibus* line. Looking to this final final result—and overlooking the transient instruments—some Liberals here sustain and favor Bismark's sham appeal to Universal Suffrage and tentative *coup d'etat*. Here is the motive of their argument in favor—not directly of his scheme for the unification of Germany, but yet less of his personal policy in general—but of what will inevitably result from it. The argument is bad—jesuitical—the end justifying the means. Their motive, so explained, is patriotic, and, in a sense, good.

To come for a moment to immediate facts again bearing on the war question: For the last few years, the price which a conscript had to pay to Government to liberate himself from military service has been 2,800 francs. Note here, parenthetically, two facts: France, in these past few years of "profound peace," has claimed annually 100,000 conscripts for the army—that is, one in three of all valid men come of age in any one of these peaceful years. In several of these years—any one from 1861 to 1864 inclusive—the American Government was paying, directly or indirectly, large bounties to enlistees, as a means of avoiding the necessity of a conscription. I think your highest combined bounties—central Government, State Government, town Government bounties, all put together—amounted to $1,000, more or less, at a time when gold was anywhere in the upper regions of 200 to 280—and that when we were at fiercest desperate hand-grips with Death and the other party, in agonized struggle for our right to live as a nation. So much for the parenthesis, which is worth thinking on.

Two days ago Government here gave notice that the price of liberation for the conscription—the price of blood—was reduced, for this year, from 2,800 to 2,100 francs. This, surely, looks like a peace symptom. As for the numberless and absurdly varied rumors of Franco-Prusso-Italian, of Franco-Austro-Italian, and ever-so-many other alliances, formed in view of the coming war, I have (apart from the evidently fanciful character of most of them) some positive reasons for making light of all of them. An acquaintance of mine, singular from all others in these two points, that he really is in social communion at least with eminent official persons—who, if not more likely to know, are less likely to be ignorant than the mass of "high-quartered sources"—and that he never imagines or *sensationalizes*—this singularly sensible and well-connected gentleman assures me that all the talk of triple alliances and counter alliances is mere outside talk, in his opinion; that France carefully preserves an independent, expectant attitude, and that Italy shapes her conduct carefully after that of France.

Next to and with the question of the possible German war, and its great probability of becoming a European war, the election of a deputy to the Corps Legislatif from an electoral district of which Strasbourg is the center and chief part, holds honorably first place in the talk and thought of Frenchmen to-day. Most honorably to them, most deservedly in itself, most interestingly to us. As the Liberal candidate for the suffrages of the Alsacians was not merely an intelligent foreign spectator of our late civil war, but was an intelligent advocate and earnest partisan for "our side" throughout it—not because it was "our" American right side, but because it was "our" human, world right side, the side of man's freedom, of civilized right and reason and justice—so is Edouard Laboulaye to-day, whether accidentally beaten or victorious next Sunday and Monday at the polls there, the standard bearer of the flag of universal human liberty. So few days now will decide the immediate result, that it is not worth the while to anticipate fact by risked prophecy. One thing, meanwhile, is certain, that this electoral contest has a significance of peculiar import. Should the opposition candidate triumph it will be a Waterloo for the Administration; should he fail of triumph, it will be a Bunker Hill for the Opposition. Let the immediate result be what it may, I deem it no extravagance to say that this election will be looked back to as sign and token, menacing or auspicious, omen of great fatal results, as we now look back to the *Plebiscite* of 1851. And what helps to give it this solemn importance is the perfectly frank and distinct character of the "profession of political faith" that Laboulaye has published.

For a special reason I will notice one of the features of this remarkable paper. Beside that our Laboulaye frankly sets himself forth to French voters as a thorough-going American Abolitionist on the Slavery side, a thorough-going Unionist on the political side, a thorough-going advocate of our free individualism—as displayed in his admirably clever *Paris en Amerique*—on the great broad side of individual liberty, he tells his Strasbourg folks that he came among them years ago a delegate from Parisian folks on his side, a delegate *type-founder*, to take part in the doing of honor to Strasbourg's greatest citizen, Printer Gutenberg