

tion of minister of foreign affairs. In 1887 he was chosen minister of war in M. Floquet's cabinet, and now again, in 1890, he has been called to the position of prime minister, *Vive la republique Francaise*.

The political storm in Germany seems to have spent its first wild force, but the political waters are by no means calm. The heavy waves of popular feeling still beat upon the German shore.

On the 1st of April Bismarck completed the 75th year of an eventful and laborious life, having relinquished his toils just in time to spend his birthday amid the less exciting scenes and calmer pursuits, for which his many-sided nature has retained a keen and genuine love amid all the engrossing cares of his official career. There could be no more beautiful and pathetic scene than that of his departure on Saturday, the 29th of March, from Berlin, amid the uncontrollable emotion of a great people conscious of their immeasurable obligations. One may dimly conceive the rush of conflicting emotions, and of chequered memories that must have overwhelmed the veteran statesman, as his countrymen crowded around him in their eagerness to express, however humbly and imperfectly, their mingled pride and admiration in his mighty work, and their sense of the dangers to the Vaterland which his unflinching courage and profound knowledge will no longer be at hand to anticipate and avert. Our ordinary speech serves only for the middle range of emotion and passion. In supreme moments man is reduced to eloquent silence, or to an inarticulate cry. That surging crowd straining its eyes for a last look at its hero was dumbly struggling to express what each one present knew to be too deep for expression. The real greatness of Prince Bismarck lies in the fact that his great power was never used to benefit himself. His whole life was, according to his idea, devoted to the welfare of his native country.

Toward the movements that have occupied Western Europe the attention of the world has been directed and the affairs in other parts of Europe have only received minor attention. The restoration of the Pope to temporal power is a theme which seems likely to force itself into notice. As is well known, Austria has been hindered, by her entanglements in the Triple Alliance, from giving aid to his Holiness, but the time seems now to have arrived when she can act. It is this fact that gives a peculiar significance to the movements of Dr. Windthorst and the Catholic party in the German Empire. The Italian government would no doubt be very willing to see a decrease of papal influence in Italy. Austria seems willing to give his Holiness the sovereignty of the little province known as the Italian Tyrol; that is the Italian-speaking portion of the Tyrol, a province of western Austria. This principality, however small, would make of the Pope a temporal sovereign and give him the right to place

a Papal legate in every Court of Europe. Hitherto Germany has objected to this arrangement. In this crisis, now that Bismarck has resigned and the Catholics of Germany see a chance to gain power in the Reichstag, can that objection be continued? Ah! that is the question. Who will answer it?

Sir Morrell Mackenzie, the eminent physician who attended the late Emperor Frederick, has lately contributed an article to the *New Review* in which he very plainly shows the evil effects of tobacco. He says: "The use of tobacco plays havoc with the voice and has frequently been the ruin of singers and actors. It causes extreme sensitiveness to cold, acts on the nerve-centers and affects the action of the heart, and often blurs the retina of the eye, causing partial blindness. By incessant smoking the tongue and throat may be irritated to such an extent that a cancerous condition may be induced in people predisposed to that awful disease. Nor is it necessary to smoke to be a victim of tobacco. For a person with a delicate throat, exposure to an atmosphere laden with the fumes of tobacco is even worse than smoking itself." This is a terrible indictment. Coming as it does from so thorough and practical a physician as Sir Morrell Mackenzie, these statements ought to have an influence upon society. Surely smoking should, for sanitary reasons, be banished from public conveyances. J. H. WARD.

EUROPE, April 7, 1890.

CHURCHILL'S MAIDEN SPEECH.

The Hon. Henry M. Russell of Tyrone, Ireland, a member of the British Parliament, who was in New York this week, told some interesting things about Randolph Churchill in an interview at the Fifth-avenue Hotel.

"I see that Lord Churchill is making another sensation in Parliament," said he, "by his speech on the Parnell commission. He is always making sensations. I remember his maiden speech in the House of Commons. It was in the spring of 1874. Gladstone had attacked the Indian policy of Disraeli, who had not yet been made Earl of Beaconsfield. The great Liberal leader was never in better vein than on that occasion, and he slashed right and left in the most savage way. It was about the time that the Queen was being made Empress of India, and this act gave the opposition an opportunity which finally ended in the rival's overthrow.

No one seemed ready to answer Mr. Gladstone's attack, and there was the usual subdued murmur which happens when a deliberative body does not quite know what to do. All at once a boyish-looking young fellow whom I had remarked before took off his hat, arose and began to speak. He looked extremely slight and youthful, and every one supposed it would be the usual thing with a debutante—a few words disconnected, some halting and indecision, and then a breakdown and

an ignominious failure. To attack Gladstone! Why, it was Apollo attacking great Jove. So everyone took a comfortable seat and got ready to laugh. But the time for laughter did not seem to come. With perfect coolness and the aplomb of Captain Hawtree himself, the youthful speaker answered the principal statements of Mr. Gladstone.

Then, suddenly changing his style and argument, he began a defense of the conservative policy and its leader. Just then, faultlessly clad in evening dress and with a primrose in his buttonhole, Disraeli came into the room with an air of inscrutable impassiveness that covered his face like a mask. He listened an instant and an appearance of interest came into his face. Churchill went on, and when he wound up with a brilliant peroration the English Parliament perceived that the conservative side had an addition that would be valuable, and the House rang with delighted cheers. Next morning he was famous, and since then there has been no laughing when Churchill began to speak."

WEIRD GYPSY MUSIC.

When Franz Liszt was staying at the Castle Basili Alexandris, in Mircesci, he expressed a wish to hear Roumanian gypsy music, and his friendly host engaged a band of gypsies to come. They were gypsies from Jaffa and their leader was called Barbu Lautar. All the band wore sort of kaftans, which were belted in by girdles. They also wore caps of sheepskin and on their feet they had sandals.

When they were brought into the hall, where there was a numerous company assembled, each one laid his hand on his heart and bowed deeply, upon which the host had them served with champagne as a greeting. Then Barbu gave a sign by pointing with the first finger of his left hand, and immediately there resounded a strangely peculiar music through the hall. The instruments consisted of fiddles, flutes and the cobza, the strings of which were beaten with drumsticks. At first they played a national march. After it was finished the Roumanian Bajas, who were present, full of enthusiasm, threw gold pieces into the old man's cup, while they called, "Drink, Barbu, Lautar; drink master!" And the old leader sipped his wine, while he kept the gold pieces in his mouth.

After that followed a gypsy melody. The whole melancholy of Steppes breathed from it is piece, when suddenly the song was interrupted by a shrill cry of lamentation, then the instrument stormed away in a wild prestissimo, like a regiment of cavalry passing over to an attack.

Liszt was completely enchanted by the wonderful performance of the musical vagabonds, of whom none knew a note, and when at the close all broke out in applause, he, too, went up to old Barbu, threw gold pieces into his cap and drank