

powers, resident officials who should oversee and virtually direct the Turkish authorities, a course which would probably be complicated by the same jealousies which at present bar the way to action. Another and perhaps less difficult course proposed is that of appointing in Constantinople a Commission of Supervision to which the Consuls throughout Turkey should constantly report and which should enquire into and bring before the Porte every attempt at oppression. Whichever of these courses should be adopted the aid of the American republic would count for much in carrying it out. The appearance of American gun-boats beside British ones in Turkish waters would, he predicts, do more than aught else to bring the Porte to its senses and to speedy terms than any other possible event, and probably without the firing of a shot! Such a new and nobler crusade, in defence of the lives and liberties of their oppressed fellow-Christians, would give abundant scope for the best chivalrous feeling in both countries in a worthy cause, and the mere circumstance of their standing side by side in defence of the weak and oppressed would do more to cement the brotherly feeling which should prevail between them than reams of diplomatic correspondence, or even the most eloquent after-dinner orations. But if such a calamity were to occur as a rupture and fratricidal conflict between these two great divisions of the English-speaking peoples, to whom, beyond all others, are committed the highest destinies of humanity, it would do more to put back the dial of human progress and give colour to Nordau's evil omen of the world slipping back into "Degeneracy," than any other event or combination of events that could happen or ever happened in the century whose sands are so nearly run!

FIDELIS.

Parisian Affairs.

NO danger is expected now to follow the message of Mr. Cleveland, and both Americans and English here—and elsewhere?—desire to bury in oblivion as rapidly as possible the insane political act of the President. Out of evil, perhaps good. Whether two peoples love each other or not, the event has established that it is difficult to fasten a quarrel on a nation that desires only to live in peace and to trade. Beyond doubt it has injured the cause of Republicanism in general, by exhibiting the possibility of a President being able, of his own will, to provoke a war on a false issue and against an unsuspecting friendly people. The Royalists are ringing the changes upon that. The English colony here mixed upon the most intimate terms with Americans; but astounded at the Presidential act, and followed by the approbation of his fellow-citizens, save most honourable exceptions, henceforth confidence must be measured, and the best intentions will be wrapped in suspicion.

For a moment there was a chuckle, despite the decided disapproval of Mr. Cleveland riding the Monroe doctrine—ignored by Europe—to death, that at last the last hour of the British Empire had sounded. Utopists had already carved out Old England, following hates and ambitions. The calamities in store for John Bull, whose sole crime appears to be that of being a more successful land-grabber than other powers, while surpassing the latter by affording to the world at large all the trading rights and privileges he enjoys himself, were awful. Next succeeded amazement that he did not surrender at once—say: "Don't fire, Colonel; I'll come down." He remained perfectly calm, coolly resolute, and quite prepared till the hurricane passed by—in America. The outburst was too unnatural to live. Another surprise for the French was that Canada was not invaded instantaneously and that Canadians were resolved to remain Canadians and to die in the ditch, rather than separate—which nothing prevents them from doing if they pleased and when they like—from Motherland. These facts have opened the eyes of the unintelligent foreigner, and have brought home to the American Executive itself that no single power or combination of powers need expect to speculate in a walk-over contest with England. More than ever, she will have to count upon herself and keep her powder dry.

Another, once inflammatory, subject has been interred—that of saving the Armenians and Turkish Progressives from Ottoman inhumanity. They must work out their own salvation. As Russia will not fire a shot to shield the to be massacred classes—the better to accelerate the collapse of

the Turkish empire, France will follow suit. The world has no more sentimental politics; ask President Cleveland. The ambassadors will protest as massacre follows massacre, and the intriguers at the Yildiz Kiosk will laugh more and more; but with this feature, that they are hurrying Abdul-Hamid to his certain doom. It is upon Constantinople that eyes now are fixed for the long expected solution—not upon the dozen guardships and the orchestra of ambassadors.

More interesting to Parisians than either the Anglo-American fiasco or the slaughterings in Turkey, is the case of M. Max Lebaudy, third son of the famous sugar refiner, who was the richest man in France. He left 215 fr. millions to be divided between his widow and four children. He laid the foundation of his own fortune, and he and his wife—who lived perpetually in strife due to unsuitability of temperament—built up the pile, million by million. Avaricious and miserly the widow resided, under an assumed name, at St. Cloud. Her income was nearly two fr. millions a year, and she expended but 6,000 frs. She did her own marketing and cooking, and passed her time in the churches and helping the indigent. "She reared her son Max, then a lad of six, up on these economical lines. When 18 he broke loose from that restraint, became a type-Johnnie, plunged into all the fast pleasures of Paris life, raised the wind on post-dated bills, to be taken up when he attained his majority. The rate of interest never cost him a moment's attention; he was the client of every usurer in Paris and the provinces; he bought houses, mines, factories, forests, timber, electrical societies, and companies on a kin for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers. He was followed by representatives of all the tribes of Israel, or by, worse still, Christian sharks of both sexes.

To avoid his running through his fortune, he was placed under the tutelage of a Judicial Council. He demanded, on arriving at 21 years of age—he has just died at 22—to be emancipated from that break on his pace down the road to ruin, which his mother placed upon his conduct: he won his suit; his eminent counsel demonstrated that his mother deprived him of the means to live up to his fortune, one-and-a-quarter million francs yearly; that his debts which he demanded to be checked, and the imposters exposed, did not exceed his revenue. Counsel also laid down that it was good for the interests of society that the possessors of inherited millions should be allowed to disburse them with an extra freedom. The deceased was never naturally strong, and dissipation rapidly exhausted his store of vital force. Having reached legal age, he was drawn, like other conscripts, for three years' service in the army. He was attached as a mule-driver—for he was only a simple private—in connection with his cavalry regiment at Fontainebleau. Really unfit for that hard work, he was transferred to lighter duties. Then rose the cry of "favouritism," and he was hounded by demands for hush-money. He had all this time an important stud, trained horses for the turf, won a *grand prix* of 200,000 frs., that he handed over to the charities, and kept near his barracks a bachelor's home, and, of course, a pretty housekeeper. But his health continued to give way. Military medical boards admitted his constitution was impaired; had he been an ordinary individual he would be discharged; the doctors sent him from one hospital to another, they feared to sign his discharge lest public opinion would accuse them of having been bribed; the Minister of War hesitated to liberate the dying soldier, fearing to be taxed with having a special weight and measure for millionaire privates. At last he was sent to the hospital of Amélie-Bains, where the sick soldiers from Madagascar are concentrated for convalescence. Here he contracted typhoid, which, aided by tuberculosis, emancipated on Christmas Eve the poor cavalry private, whose last words were, alimentation for being the owner of millions and envying the situation of his comrades who have only the regimental pocket money—one sou per day. It was Mlle. Massy, the beautiful actress of the Theatre Francais, who threw up her permanent appointment to care him in his illness, that closed his eyes; his brother was also present. That's the career of a youthful millionaire whose only misery was his wealth. The deceased was nicknamed the "Little Sugarstick," out of compliment to his father's industry.

Z.

Paris, Dec. 28, '95.