

may well hesitate to believe that any Canadian officer would be guilty of them. The alleged victims were both commissioned and non-commissioned officers, but the tendency of such injustice has been, it is said, to cause general dissatisfaction in the force, which can only be allayed by the cashiering of the offenders. The North-West Mounted Police Force is a splendid body of men, and has done excellent service in the maintenance of order in the Territories. It would be deplorable if, from any cause, it should become demoralized and lose the high prestige which it has won both in and out of Canada.

We would be glad to hear an authoritative contradiction to the statement that a member of the French Chamber of Deputies had sent an insulting message to Marshal Count von Moltke on the occasion of his 90th anniversary. It would appear from the despatch which publishes that deputy's shame that he had first essayed to send his ribaldry by telegraph. But the officials, on learning the character of the message, returned it to the sender. He then, it is said, sent it through the post. The man who had so little self-respect, so little regard for the honour of France, as to insult a nonagenarian soldier and patriot, whose only offence was to have served his country by his military genius, courage and endurance, is M. Francis Laur, deputy for one of the Departments of the Seine. If the French Legislature allows a man who could thus debase himself to sit unrebuked in its councils, or if the Government neglects to call him to account, the Republic will be disgraced in the eyes of Europe.

Baron Sackville, whose *faux pas* while British Minister at Washington, land-d him in a cunningly devised party trap, and led to his summary removal by Mr. Cleveland, whose cause he had espoused, has been putting his foot in it in a manner which has inspired resentment beyond the pale of partisan warfare. Mr. George Washington Child, the munificent millionaire publisher of Philadelphia, had, as our readers are doubtless aware, presented Shakespeare's town with a memorial drinking fountain. Lord Sackville made a claim on the municipality for the rent of the ground on which the fountain stands. It seemed quite possible until lately that the claim was preferred in a moment of forgetfulness by the noble proprietor, or that it had been put forward, in the usual way, by his man of business. The proceedings at the banquet given a few days ago by the Mayor of Stratford leave no room for doubt, however, that Lord Sackville had demanded his rent with a full knowledge of what he was doing. For, on the occasion in question, his brother, the Earl of Delawarr, who is High Steward of Stratford-on-Avon, expressed regret at the Baron's action, and ventured to hope that he would himself acknowledge that it was a mistake. Meanwhile, the untitled American, who, in this case, certainly proved himself to be the "noblest Roman of them all," had offered to pay the ground rent. We sympathized with Lord Sackville when the publication of his private letter was turned to account by Republican wire-pullers and when an ungrateful government insisted on his recall because his inopportune championship imperilled its position with an Anglo-phobe electorate. But to ask for the ground rent of a fountain raised in honour of Shakespeare's town by a generous descendant of Shakespeare's compatriot—that is an offence against civilization and culture unworthy of an English nobleman.

The latest report of the mineral resources of the United States contains some interesting statistics as to the production and movement of petroleum in Canada. Petrolia, the centre of the Canadian oil district, is in Lambton county, Ont., and was settled in 1839. It is on Bear Creek, a tributary of the Sydenham, and about 160 miles from Toronto. The paying wells are confined to a belt running north-east and south-west for about twenty miles, with a width of from one mile to four miles. The product of crude petroleum in the year 1862 was 11,775 barrels of 45 gallons; in 1888 this product had enlarged to 772,392 gallons. These figures represent estimates, there being, it seems, no trustworthy statistics of production. According

to the petroleum inspection returns, published in the report of the Geological and Natural History Survey, the total of Canadian refined oils inspected during the year 1887 was 7,905,666 imperial gallons, or 225 barrels of 35 gallons (imperial). This, at a yield of 100 crude for 38 refined, corresponds to 20,804,384 imperial gallons or 591,411 barrels, and taking the average price per barrel for crude oil on the Petrolia oil exchange as 78 cents, the value of the total yield would be \$463,641. This shows an increase on the product of the previous year of 107,970 barrels—the increase in the total value being \$25,844.

We are nearing the end of the nineteenth century. With another generation its praises will begin to be chanted, as those of the 16th, 17th and 18th have been chanted. We who have lived in and jostled (directly or indirectly) with its great men see but dimly the purport of its grand movements. We are even tempted sometimes to listen to the wail of those disappointed aspirants who, because they have failed themselves (failed through false pretences, probably, for an age of sublime thinkers and workers is also through the superabundance of its intellectuality, an age of shams), try to hide his shortcomings by universal detraction. It is so easy to go into ecstasies over a past about whose realities we may know very little more than what may be conjectured by the names of a few "men of the time"; and it is so easy to speak slightly of men and women because we have seen them in the flesh or have read the interviewer's account of them. Long ago, the world's leaders kept themselves apart, so that mystery added to their prestige. The danger in our day is that they may be vulgarized by association with the rabble—rich as well as poor. But this degradation of dignities, the logical sequel of social democracy, is only a transition stage. The test will purge the gold from the dross, though the process may take time. In some cases it has taken so long that one almost doubts the judgment both of contemporaries and posterity. The compensation missed in one age may come, it is true, in the next—compensation to a shade for the neglect which doomed a sensitive soul to disappointment, to want, perhaps to death. It is expedient, however, not once, but always, that some one (scores, rather, hundreds, thousands) should die for the people, die and pass into blank forgetfulness. The history of invention is full of sacrifice, and there is not a boon of comfort we enjoy that has not been won by tears and blood for some, while bringing wealth and glory to others. But that is only one phase of the great struggle of this world's development. The moral of it all is that we should keep awake to what is most fruitful and assuring in our own time, to the greatness of the world in which our lot is cast, hoping for still grander triumphs, instead of making invidious comparisons with a past in which we would not willingly live an hour.

THE STANLEY-BARTTELOT CONTROVERSY.

It looks as if some members of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition were about to forfeit, through demerits of their own, some share of the honest fame which a generous world certainly did not begrudge them. The chief of the expedition set out on his humane and arduous quest with a prestige which many a distinguished soldier might envy. As one of Gordon's co-workers, Emin Pasha was deemed well worthy of the trouble taken to rescue him from a position of peril. He had conferred some service on science, had some reputation as an administrator, and, from his unusually romantic career, was altogether a noteworthy figure. As to his actual situation opinion was divided, but it was generally believed that no time should be lost in bringing assistance to a man who had dared and endured so much in the cause of civilization. That H. M. Stanley should have been chosen to command the rescuing force was in the natural course of things. It was he who had discovered Livingstone's whereabouts when that earnest missionary and intrepid explorer had been deemed hopelessly lost. He had since then continued Livingstone's work, which he had even surpassed by raising the veil of mystery from Africa's central

river system and contributing materially to the formation of the Congo Free State. There was some controversy as to the route by which Emin Pasha should be reached, not a few being in favour of starting from the east coast—a plan which the homeward journey proved to be less difficult than the course adopted. Stanley was, however, in the service of King Leopold, and felt obliged to follow His Majesty's suggestions. The decision to push northward by one of the chief branches of the Congo, through an unknown region and with thousands of tons of baggage, necessitated a strong corps of trained carriers. A certain number of Zanzibari had been engaged, and for the remainder, without which the rear guard could not advance except at a snail's pace and with well nigh intolerable toil and weariness, Stanley himself had made an arrangement with Tippo-Tib. That he did not entirely trust the Arab trader he freely avowed to Major Barttelot. Indeed, he gave that officer to understand that not improbably Tippo-Tib would play him false. In that case, what was the second in command to do? On that point he was left practically to his own resources. The force of men provided for him was clearly and wholly inadequate to the task which it was expected to perform. The peace pact with Tippo on the Arab's fidelity to the terms of which the arrival of the carriers depended had been made by the chief of the expedition with a full knowledge of the trader's character and of the possibility that Major Barttelot might be subject to annoying delays and patience-exhausting breaches of promise.

We know what happened. Major Barttelot was asked to perform the impossible. He lost his life indirectly through Stanley's arrangement. Stanley had the pick of the force with himself. Major Barttelot had not the explorer's experience in dealing with natives, and he was, it appears, impetuous in temper. The tragedy seems to have been due to misunderstanding. If what Stanley has lately more than hinted be true, the man who shot Barttelot was unjustly punished with death. On the other hand, if the account published by Major Barttelot's brother regarding the whole question of the rear column be accurate, the deceased officer was unfairly treated during his life and Stanley has been harsh to his memory since his tragic death. Even the explorer's own account of his disposal of the rear column, and of his instructions to its commander, leaves the impression that the unfortunate officer was more sinned against than sinning, and that a share, at least, of the blame for the postponements, uncertainty and endless misunderstandings connected with that portion of the expedition should fall on Mr. Stanley himself. It is to be regretted that any disagreement should have arisen on the subject, but it was unavoidable that the reproaches which the chief of the expedition did not hesitate to cast upon all who were associated with the rear column should be answered by some person. Mr. Stanley's story has been widely read on both sides of the Atlantic. He gives high praise to some of his lieutenants, and, indeed, he could not do otherwise, for never, by his own showing, were duties so arduous, so fraught with peril, performed with more cheerfulness, courage and fortitude than Stanley's companions brought to the tasks entrusted to them. But no less credit is due to "poor Jameson," who fell a martyr to his generous zeal, and, as for Major Barttelot, it is the least we owe to his memory that we should carefully weigh every word of his posthumous defence. At the same time, we must beware of giving heed to damaging statements like those of Dr. Peters, though he claims for them the authority of Emin Pasha. Between the latter and Stanley there seems from the very first to have existed an incompatibility of temper which gave rise to unseemly quarrels. Which of the two was the more blameworthy it is hard to say, and we should be all the more reluctant to express a judgment on the German-Arab naturalist because his rescuer has been at such pains to present his foibles to the world. Our admiration for Stanley is, however, not the less hearty, and our appreciation of his great work as an explorer is not the less sincere now that we know something of his faults as well as of his virtues. His career is his best justification.