

EDITORIAL NOTES



THE news of the untimely death of Prince Henry of Battenburg from swamp fever, contracted among the malarious fens of the African gold coast, cast a gloom over the whole Dominion. While there are few citizens of the Empire more loyal to the British Crown than Canadians, the people of this country, nevertheless, have an especially soft spot in their hearts for soldier princes like the late husband of Her Majesty's youngest daughter.

There is something extremely pathetic in the story of the tragic end of a man who, for the sake of the country in which he has made his home, forgoes the many luxuries and pleasures with which life at an Imperial Court is inseparable, to undergo the hardships and privations of a campaign in a country so infested with diseases as the gold coast of South Africa. In this unromantic age one cannot point to many instances of bravery and self-denial of this kind on the part of princes and members of royalty, and it appears particularly distressing that when such efforts of practical aid to the State as those which marked the last acts of the life of the gallant Prince are made, they should be terminated so abruptly.

The Ashanti expedition which the late Prince Henry joined, was undertaken to suppress an uprising of the Ashantis under their King, Prempeh, who had opposed the placing of a British Resident at Coomassie, the capital. The country through which the expedition had to pass is, in many places, dense with swamp and marsh, and has long been noted for its malignant fevers.

The British were within thirty miles of their destination when Prince Henry took ill. He was at once sent back to the coast with all possible despatch,

where, his condition becoming alarming, the cruiser *Blonde* was ordered to convey the sick Prince to the island of Maderia in the hope that a sea voyage would be found beneficial; but he died on board before the island was reached. One of the last requests of Prince Henry was that he should be allowed to remain at Sierra Leone until news had been received of the success of the British expedition, and it was with some difficulty that he was persuaded by his medical advisers to relinquish the idea. His life was given for England and Britain's cause, but if we mistake not, Prince Henry of Battenburg will, by the last acts of his life, apart from all other virtues, live long in the memory of the ever grateful English people.

The late Prince was born at Milan, on October 5, 1858. He was a colonel in the British Volunteers, an honorary colonel in the Bulgarian Infantry, a Knight of the Garter, and, by Royal letter patent, had the right to be addressed *Royal Highness*. He married Princess Beatrice of England, youngest daughter of the Queen, at Osborne, on July 23, 1885. She was born in 1857. The Prince and Princess Henry of Battenburg have four children.

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That the events of the past month in the diplomatic world have been extremely momentous, must be generally admitted.

The New Year was ushered in with rumblings of distant thunder in the far East—with the Kurdish plague of fire and sword and barbarism.

The widespread consternation felt by civilized nations at the fiendish atrocities being perpetrated in Armenia, was interrupted, however, by President Cleveland's bellicose manifesto concerning the Venezuelan boundary dispute, which, in turn, has been eclipsed by the excitement consequent upon Dr. Jameson's raid in the Transvaal and the stand taken by Germany respecting that affair,