

over seven miles of river frontier awaiting a concentrated attack somewhere, but always doubtful till the last moment when it was to be made. Last year the want of information was conspicuous, but accounted for by lack of experience. This autumn it is astonishing that greater progress had not been made, for the instances of first-rate work only served to show in greater relief the generally moderate standard of efficiency in "intelligence" duties. It could not be from want of capability, for nothing could be finer, more workmanlike, or more apparently intelligent than the regiments on Salisbury Plain. There must be still some points unattended to throughout the year in training officers and men, and certainly such work cannot be learnt for the first time when the divisions are formed in autumn. It is said by some officers that the duties we speak of cannot be practised without knocking up horses and men, but we believe this to be a danger more imaginary than real. It is akin to what used to be said about the slow marching of the typical infantry soldier and will yield to proof gained by trial and endeavour. To think otherwise would be to place English cavalry on a lower level than foreign, and no one could attempt to justify such an aspersion of their character. Perhaps there is too much dead weight upon the horses. Indeed, we constantly hear complaints from cavalry officers on this score, and sore backs were not as uncommon this year as could be wished. But who is to inaugurate a reform in equipment unless it be cavalry officers themselves? And how are they to know what is wanted unless they have practical and long-continued hard work in peace time to show as far as possible what are the requirements of war. It would be well to have a return called for of the horses laid up during the manoeuvres and the causes of their becoming ineffective. The conclusion to be arrived at is not whether they did too much, but how to fit them for equal or greater work without so many casualties. No one can say for an instant that a nation of riders and sportsman cannot match any troops in the world in all that pertains to horsemanship, including, as the word does, such training of the animal, such clothing and management of him as shall enable him to do the greatest amount of work with the least suffering. The peculiarity of English military horse equipment is that it is made as if to last for ever, and to carry unnecessary weight. In view of the active duties now required from cavalry, and the infrequency of great charges, it would appear that a thorough revision of equipment is called for, in order to decrease the dead weight as much as possible. Might it not be worth while to examine how far the equipment of the Marquis of Ailesbury's regiment answered the purpose of a campaign, as far as could be ascertained in the few days of the manoeuvres? We strongly suspect that all nations might improve their equipment, in the direction of lightness; and where could the subject be better studied than in the hunting stables of Great Britain? After many years' talking about it, the infantry soldier's knapsack has been materially lightened, and the weight distributed so as to save his vital organs from the strain formerly put upon them. What has been done for the man might now, with much wisdom, be done for the horse, setting as first of necessities the saving of labour, and leaving appearance to occupy the second place. Not that there is likely to be any real loss of good appearance, for it is a fact that half our ideas about smartness are formed by the habit of seeing particular costumes, and are now as

entirely matters of fashion as the trimming and shape of ladies' bonnets. We have an ideal of dress for the hunting field or deerstalking and the curious point of it is that the military costumes of our forefathers were much like the sporting dress of the present day. We imported stiffness into England, and have adhered to it with pertinacity, though other nations are freeing themselves fast from its chains, and though we, with our small army, can afford to make great changes in dress and equipment better than anybody. For instance, take the case of long boots for mounted men. What gentleman or farmer, or groom in England would adopt trousers and straps as a costume to ride across country or do rough work in? Everybody uses long boots of some kind, or breeches and gaiters, for any hard riding he may have to do; but on the top of this common sense comes a comical bit of prejudice, springing very likely from the racing necessity of having light men to ride our thoroughbreds. It is *de rigueur* in Great Britain for a sporting man to have thin legs, so we cling to the same idea for our brawny cavalry soldiers, and, when we adopt boots at last, we make them so tight that the unfortunate horsemen have to wait for days sometimes and snatch an opportunity when their feet are exceptionally cool and dry to pull them off. Then the difficulty is quoted against the principle of boots and not against the bootmakers, or rather boot buyers. Surely no sensible man will argue that thin legs are specially manly and soldierlike, or that pretty little ankles are generally considered an attribute of the sterner sex. Why then, in the name of common sense, should we think it "smart" to imitate them? What could be grander than the old suits of armour where the breadth of the feet was insisted upon? What more gallant or even foppish than Rupert's cavaliers? Yet they were dressed in the extremity of lossiness. No wise and experienced soldier would advocate ugly or poor-looking uniforms. Indeed, if you err at all it is on the side of ugliness and plainness. We maintain that a certain ease of dress is eminently soldier like, and that it is a grievous sin against good taste to attempt to hide the firm flesh and swelling muscle which become mature manhood better than a simulation of the slenderness of boyhood. It is a fact that the long boots can never be popular so long as they are made tight. Then it is said, "But, how are the dismounted men to march in long boots?" The answer to this is that there ought to be hardly any dismounted men. The defensive party in cavalry affairs argue, in our opinion, in a vicious circle. They say that saddles must be heavy to carry, a heavy dead load, that boots must be tight for smartness, and that long boots are not good to march in on foot. We reply, your dead weight is too heavy; lighten it. Smartness is a word with a thousand meanings, and if easy-fitting boots are not smart they are manly and soldierlike, and may be made both comfortable and handsome. Far arguments on the score of dismounted men are of no account, for your dismounted men should be supplied with horses. The weakness of English cavalry regiments in the field is quite lamentable, considering the number of men paid and fed.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF COL. DRUMMOND

Last night, Lieut.-Col. Thomas Drummond died at his residence in Portsmouth after a severe and lingering illness. In his demise

Kingston has to mourn the loss of one who has been a good citizen, a prominent man in public affairs and a genial, kind-hearted gentleman, who will be missed not less for social qualities than for the other valuable characteristics we have named.

The late Mr. Drummond came to Canada from Scotland in his youth, and for many years efficiently commanded one of the steamers of the firm of Messrs. Macpherson & Co., then wealthy and doing an extensive business. He afterwards left for Scotland with his newly wedded wife, and engaged in business Edinburgh with his father, a contractor and builder. It was during these years of his return to Auld Reekie, that the foundation of his firmest friendships with Kingstonsians was laid, for he accorded the heartiest welcome and most liberal hospitality to any one from Kingston, or indeed Canada, whom he had the fortune to meet on a visit to the classical city. His exceeding kindness was long remembered by the recipients. Again he returned to Canada, and after a brief sojourn at Brookville, once more made his home in Kingston, where it has had a permanency of over twenty years; for some time he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, and succeeding these was appointed to the post of Bursar to Rockwood Asylum, a trust which he performed with a care and consistency very satisfactory to the Government, till within a few weeks of his death, when his illness prostrated him. For years he had suffered from Sciatica, and in his last days, while he was slowly sinking away, he was aware of his approaching end, and prepared to meet it. He died peacefully surrounded by members of his family, who have ministered, as only those to whom he was so dear could have done, to relieve the pangs and soften the afflictions of a deathbed.

As a public man, Col. Drummond was indeed prominent. For many years, since the death of his superior officer, the late Col. Jackson, he had commanded the Kingston Volunteer Field Battery and by his energy and discipline, maintained it as the best artillery corps in Canada. Very recently as a rare and especial mark of favor, for his service of 35 years as a volunteer, he was permitted to retire retaining his full rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He took a deep interest in the Kingston St. Andrew's Society, the Kingston Mechanics' Institute, and the Kingston Curling Club, and under his energetic Presidency of each of these institutions they attained their greatest prosperity. In the Masonic Order he was highly respected, being a member of St. John's Lodge, and for some time prior to his death having held the position of Representative in Canada of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. As journalists we have to mourn the death of one who was identified with Kingston newspaper management. But apart from his public usefulness, Col. Drummond was valued as a friend, for genial warm heartedness, was ever open to cheer those whom he ment, while enemies he had none. He leaves a sorrowing wife, two sons (now in Manitoba) and two daughters, one of whom is married to the Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Renfrew. His brothers are Messrs Andrew and George Drummond, the former of the Bank of Montreal, the latter in partnership with Mr. Redpath, in the wealthy Montreal firm. Mr. Redpath is also married to a sister of the lamented gentleman. The grief at his death will be extended over a wide circle, and that will be a deep public sorrow. The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon privately, though the Volunteers and Masonic order would have paid the highest honors to his remains, were it not otherwise his wish.—*Kingston Whig*