

regular colonels on the staff expressed his amazement at the rapid marching of the Victoria Rifles, over the broken-down corduroy road between Huntingdon and Port Lewis, and there was never on record finer exhibitions of military endurance than the marches in heavy-marching order of over six hundred miles in the North-West, by our French-Canadian regiment, the 65th. The record has been published in French, and I feel sure that we would welcome a translation.

No climate or sports in the world are so well adapted to develop physical endurance as the climate and sports of Canada. Our French-Canadian habitants are the very hardiest, as they are the very happiest, people in the world, and Doctor Drummond has made us feel towards them the loyal affection of a brother. In spite of petty differences, we "Canucks," French and English, are true to one another, and we have many reasons to thank Providence for placing us in this country together. If there are any particular enemies of our Dominion, a tour through the provinces and a good look at the two races ought to convince them that Canadians are pretty good stock, and quite able and willing to take care of themselves.

UNEQUALLED AS ROUGH RIDERS.

There are no rough riders in the world to match our Strathcona Horse. Our physical outfit is just as good as it ought to be. Major Malet, who was an officer in the army of the Potomac, estimated the Canadians as the best soldiers, physically, the world can produce. In the company of the 81st Regiment of New York Volunteers he had forty-five Canadians, "whose hardy prowess," to use his own words, "no toil could exhaust, and whose gay spirits no hardships could dampen." When the army was on the march, with the thermometer ninety degrees in the shade, his English and French-Canadians kept up their spirits and those of their comrades by lively Canadian songs, just as our boys did in Africa, when they turned the "The Maple Leaf" and "En Roulant" into lullabies for the refugee babies they carried in their arms from Sunnyside. Mayor Malet said that when the tired Americans threw away their blankets on the march, the Canadians picked them up, carried them with their own to camp, and had the fun of making their comrades buy them back at a dollar a piece. One of them who had gathered thirteen jocularly said to his brother Jonathan: "We'll carry you if you're wounded until we drop, but we'll not be flunkies, and if you're too lazy to carry your own blankets, then you'll pay to get them back." And as the night turned cold they were only too glad to pay.