

expedition who has died in the service, and with the expressed hope that he may be the last.

We have in our camp quite a menagerie of animals, including a black bear, a wolf, two foxes, several cats, a lamb, a <sup>gopher</sup> and nearly forty dogs of every size, age and variety, and we are on the look-out for a moose, a deer and a badger, when we think that our collection will be about complete.

But in spite of all the *attractions* of a military life, the beautiful stream, and strawberry covered prairie surrounding us, all are anxiously awaiting the time when we shall be free to return to our distant eastern homes if we choose, for though a quite time in barracks or camp, or the hard work of marching through a wild country in a wintry season does not bring so much glory as accrues to the soldier described by Shakespeare in his "As you like it,"

"When the fierce soldier, bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth."

yet there is probably as much to weary him, and far less to interest and incite on to renewed and continued military service. So much is this the case that even the hard work, danger and excitement incident to the march from Thunder Bay to this place was enjoyed by many more than the quiet, dreary and monotonous state of existence passed in barracks during the winter months.

*Justus A. Griffui*

CAMP ASSINIBOINE, July 1872.