

OUT WEST.

[The following parody, which is calculated anonymously, has a world of sense in it, and is respectfully referred to those unsatisfied persons, for whom Canada is not good enough, but are continually spying out a better country:—]

I hear the speak of a Western land,
Thou callest its children a wide-awake band;
Father, O where is that favored spot?
Shall we not seek it and build a cot?
Is it where the Alleghenies stand,
Whence the honey comes already canned?

Not there, not there, my child.

Is it where the little pigs grow great,
In the fertile fields of the Buckeye State,
And get so fat on acorns and meal
That they sell every bit of them all but the squeal?

Where the butchers have such a plenty of hogs,
That they don't make sausages out of dogs?

Not there, not there, my child.

Or is it where they fortunes make,
Where they've got a tunnel under the lake;
Where the stores are full of wheat and corn,
And divorcees are plenty as sure as you're born;
Where long John Wentworth's right on hand?
Is it there, dear father, that Western land?

Not there, not there, my child.

Is it in the domain of Brigham Young,
The most married man that is left with an;
Where every one that likes can go
And get forty wives or more, you know;
Where 'salts' are plenty, and 'cheek' sublime?
Can that be the gay and festive clime?

Not there, not there, my child.

Is it where Colorado's mountains rise
From the boundless plains where the buffalo lies;

Where the air is pure and the water cool;
Where fortune favours oftentimes the fool;
Where the rocks are full of the precious ore—
Is it there we'll find that Western shore?

Not there, not there, my child.

Eye had not seen it, verdant youth;
Tongue cannot name it and speak the truth:
For, though you go to the farthest State,
And stand on the rocks by the Golden Gate,
They'll point out across the Western Sea
To the land whence comes the Heathen Chinee,
Saying, 'Tis there my child.'

THE DARTMOOR CAMP OF EXERCISE.

(Broad Arrow, 9th August.)

On Friday last week, the first time since the opening of the camp, the whole of the infantry was massed together. The marines did not join their comrades of the Line, nor were there any cavalry or horse artillery, while the second Tower Hamlets Militia were not yet in camp, but thirteen infantry regiments, four batteries of field artillery, two corps of the Engineer train, and two companies of Royal Engineers paraded. According to the printed programme of the manoeuvres, the strength in the field, making no allowance for "casualties," should have been nearly 8000 men, but the actual numbers, according to the field state, was only 5600. On paper, the infantry of the First Division is 3504; on parade to-day, it was 2953. On paper the infantry of the Second Division is 3945 strong; on parade to-day, it was 2508. In the manoeuvre regulations the 93rd, the third battalion of the Rifle Brigade, the 103rd and the 16th are set down as having each a strength of 468 men; on parade to-day, the 93rd placed 367, the Rifle Battalion 323, the 103rd 315, and the 16th 339. The 94th has a paper strength of 568 men, while on parade there stood under its colours only 377. Such are the simple facts.

BRIGADE FIELD-DAY

The drill on Friday was interesting and instructive. In all the field there was not seen the grand old, but now impossible British line, within the nominal zone of fire-range. The condition of compromise in which, as it seemed, we were determined to halt for a while—compelled to acknowledge that the old tactics would not do, yet reluctant to accept too inevitable, and fall in with the new tactics in their entirety—was abandoned almost wholly. Except in a few points woodenness was chased off the ground.

The practice was in drilling by half-battalion columns, the half battalion columns being taken as the tactical unit corresponding to the German company column. The initial formation was line of half battalion columns, the first line being composed of two battalions of the first brigade of each division, with the third battalion of each brigade in the same formation in the rear as brigade reserves, and the other two brigades also in the same formation, still further in the rear as divisional reserves. At the bugle sound the front company of each half battalion in the first line moved forward, spreading out as it advanced into skirmishing order, presently forming a thin open but continuous fringe athwart the front. By-and-by the next company of each half battalion moved forward in close order until, at the word "Reinforce skirmishers," it opened out, and the men rushed forward, and dropped into the intervals between the files of the first company. Thus the two companies were blended, a man of one alternating with a man of the other. Meanwhile the two remaining companies of each half battalion, which had remained behind lying down, advanced in close ranks until at the word they spread into open order, and, rushing forward still further, fed the skirmishing, that is, the fighting line. The third battalion of each brigade, coming into requisition as supports, moved forward, deployed into open order, in readiness at the order still further to feed the fighting line. It would have been interesting to see this actually carried out. We had seen the orderly blending of corps corresponding to the German *Züge*, but the problem of the "order of disorder," the grand test of fighting morale, lies in the blending in the fighting line of different half battalions corresponding to the German corps. To pour reinforcement after reinforcement, too, into the fighting line (without compromising a sufficiency of reserve to meet the contingency of a repulse), and then at the moment of its greatest strength to make its final charge that leads to victory—such are tactics which recent experience has proved the most truly and safely effective. But the leading brigades did not play out the game till the end. They commenced retiring by alternate half battalions, and left the fighting arena to the two supporting brigades, which had by this time deployed, and were advancing in the same manner as sister brigades had done. In this second advance General Herbert's brigade distinguished itself by the intelligence with which it availed itself of the cover which the depressions of the moor afforded, and the officers showed a readiness to accept responsibility which was very refreshing. Thus, when a halt was ordered, one company of the 16th happened to be in an exposed position. The time has been when it would have halted at the word if the ground under it had been red hot, but the officer commanding saw a hundred yards before him a hollow affording snug cover, and on his own responsibility he disregarded the "halt," until he had moved the company forward and stowed it away in the shelter of this depression. In another interval of halt the whole of the same regiment was invisible from a little distance, quite hidden in a longitudinal hollow, if it formed a natural parallel. This was intelligent skirmishing fighting, and deserving the warmest recognition. While these two brigades were so advancing, the other two, having retreated outside the fire zone, came into the relative position of reserves and should have reformed line in half battalion columns, instead of which they remained deployed in open order. This was a mistake. The two brigades failed

to absorb supporting battalions into the fighting line, but retreated as the two previously attacking bodies had done. But even without the supporting battalions, the fighting line was tolerably thick; so close, indeed, that the 42nd methodically dressed itself into close order, and, kneeling in orthodox fashion, poured forth volley-firing. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!* was one's mental comment on the attitude of the Highlanders. After advancing in a manner and formation the sole aim of which was to diminish as much as possible exposure to hostile fire, now, just in the eye of the fiercest period of that fire, to abandon the recumbent posture and form a dense kneeling wall two men deep, and then to retire at a deliberate walk by fours from the left of companies forming so many dense columns through which a hostile shell would drill a hole from end to end! One turned with pleasure from the stiff tactics of the Black Watch to the intelligent rush backward in the openest of order made in alternate half battalions by the 16th. The retreat concluded the day's operations, and the troops were all back in camp to dinner by one p.m.

INSPECTION BY THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

On Saturday morning the Field Marshal Commander-in-Chief, having arrived at Marlborough, the seat of Sir Massey Lopes, paid his first visit to the Camp of Exercise. The orders were that His Royal Highness was to inspect the Second Division at eleven a.m., and the First Division at three p.m. Some time before the first mentioned hour the Second Division had formed on parade in Ringmoor, with its back to its camp. On the right was the battery of Royal Horse Artillery. Then came the 13th Hussars, then the second batteries of field artillery, then the Royal Engineers with their pontoon train, then the infantry in their successive brigades, Colonel Thackwell's on the right, General Herbert's in the centre, and Brigadier-General Rodney's on the extreme left. The latter brigade had quitted their remote camp at Saddleborough on the previous day, and, crossing the Down, had pitched their camp on the right of the other two brigades of the Second Division, to which they belong. Notwithstanding the attenuated strength of the forces, lacking considerably the regulation numbers of a division even with the marines thrown in, the aspect of the parade was imposing. Behind the line of fighting men lay a beautiful prospect—first, the picturesque camp, then the sloping downs merging into fields broken by hedgerows, expanding gradually with a broad undulating arena of rich cultivated land, bounded by the heights of Mount Edgumbe, with the blue expanse of the Channel beyond. Punctually to the hour His Royal Highness rode on to the parade, attended by Generals Egerton and Billic, and Colonels Clifford and Jenyns and accompanied by General Staveley and his personal staff. On the conclusion of the inspection half battalion drill was at once commenced, and carried out in a manner similar to the exercises of Friday. The artillery on the flank then opened fire, and almost simultaneously the skirmishers became engaged. During the advance of the infantry in extending order, it was noticeable that the regimental officers were rather too assiduously careful in maintaining the continuity of the front, regardless of cover, and men were allowed to kneel to deliver their fire instead of lying down. Still the frontal advance against the Mamelon in front, the Caesar's Camp of the Ringmoor plateau, was very good, and the right flank, well strengthened for the purpose, pushed forward with no inconsiderable tactical skill, swinging round so as to bring a concentrated