

OCTOBER

There comes a month in the weary year—
A month of leisure and healthful rest;
When the ripe leaves fall, and the air is clear:
October, the brown, the crisp, the blest.

My life has little enough of bliss:
I live the days of the old eleven,
Counting the time that shall lead to this—
The month that opens the hunters' heaven.

And 'tis for the mornings crisp and white,
With the sweep of the horns upon the track
The bark-roofed cabin, the camp fire's light,
The break of the deer and the rifle's crack.

Do you call this trifling? I tell you, friend,
A life in the forest is past all praise,
Give me a dozen such months on end—
You may take my balance of years and days.

For brick and mortar breed is filth and crime,
And a pulse of evil that throbs and beats;
And men grow withered before their prime
With the curse paved, in, on the lanes and streets;

And lungs are choked and shoulders bowed
In the smothering reek of mill and mine;
And death stalks in on the struggling crowd,
But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine.

And of all to which the memory clings,
There is naught so sweet as the sunny spots
Where our shanties stood by the crystal springs,
The vanished hounds, and the lucky shots.

—From *The Altitude* for October.

THE DARTMOOR CAMP OF EXERCISE.

(Concluded from Page 468.)

THE MARCH PAST.

Thursday was a bright, sunny day for a marvel, and a general holiday seems to have been proclaimed in all the towns and villages within a wide radius of the scene of action. On either side of the grand stand stood long double rows of carriages, and beyond that again on either hand lines of spectators on foot as far as the eye could reach. The on-lookers from the stand comprised nearly all the county families of Devon and Cornwall and any detailed list of names is impossible.

But it may be mentioned that amongst those present were the Duke of Bedford, Lords Clinton, Fortescue, Blackford, Mark Kerr, and Charles Beresford, Sir Massey Lopes, Sir H. F. Dare, and Sir Stafford Northcote. The ground set apart for the march past was of no great breadth. Opposite the stand, at a distance of a few hundred yards, the green plantations of Pound bound the area. A wide and beautiful prospect lay spread out all around the elevated terrain on which the ceremony of the day was to be enacted. In front of the stand in the distance stretched the rising swell of Hingston Down, its under-features studded with church towers and hamlets, its crest fringed with chimneys of the mines which probe into its depths. Beyond Hingston Down there rose up against the sky the rugged outline of Rough Tor and Brown Willy, the highest ground in Cornwall. Further to the right, behind the pretty villas which fringe the slopes above Tavistock, stood the green peak of Brent Tor, crowned with its hoary church; and on the right rear were the brown slopes of Yannaton and Ringmoor, backed by the granite mass of Sheep's Tor, and the agglomeration of crag, boulder, bog, fog, and heather, at which, under the general name of Dartmoor, we have learnt to shudder. Gradually in front of the green boundary of the plantations grew and lengthened the line of troops, the uniforms, red, grey, black, and blue, the nodding plumes, and the waving banners thrown up by the contrast of the green back-ground, and as regiment after regiment moved on into its place with band playing and colours flying, the spectators were treated to a kind of informal preliminary march past. Now the air was cut

by the shrill sound of the bagpipes, and amidst a flutter of waving tartans and dancing ostrich feathers and dangling sporrans the long line of the Black Watch strode forward over the heather towards the place appointed in the line for the noble Highland regiment. Presently there followed, trim and stately, the massive ranks of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, crowned by those busbies which, however much they may be execrated on the march, make so gallant a show on parade; and then the double companies were made up of stout, well built, bearded men in plain scarlet tunics, and wearing shako tipped with the light Infantry black ball. These are the battalions of Marines, who throughout the whole of the manoeuvres have earned the warmest encomia from every one capable of judging of soldiers for their uncomplaining contentment under arduous circumstances, the excellence of their marching, the skillfulness and common-sense of their skirmishing, and their smartness and solidity on parade. Then there came the 2nd Queen's, the best skirmishing battalion in the best skirmishing brigade of the army, and a battalion in every respect supporting the tradition! fame of one of the oldest regiments in the British Service. There followed the infantry, a long stream of cavalry, moving by files, and as the horsemen passed people wondered to see that, notwithstanding hardships and exposure to bitter weather, the horses still bore themselves proudly, and caracolled with as much spirit, as if they were fresh from their barracks. At length by half-past eleven the parade was set. The long continuous line, undulated over the swell and down into the hollows of the down, stood complete. On the extreme right of the line stood Hamilton's battery of Horse Artillery. At close intervals next were the Carabineers and 19th Hussars in columns of squadrons; then the Field Artillery and Royal Engineers in line. There were the infantry of the First Division in quarter column of double companies, with an interval of thirty paces between brigades and twelve between battalions. Attached to the First Division for the day, and on its left, were the brigade of Marines. On the left stood the Second Division, arranged in the same manner as the First. On the right there glittered the bright helmets of the Carabineers; in the centre, dark, sombre and serviceable-looking, without an ornament that emitted a sparkle, the battalion of the Rifle Brigade, between a scarlet Militia regiment and the tartan plume and bare knees of the Highlanders. Then there was a battalion of Volunteers in uniforms of varied hues, ranging from a light grey to the invisible green and cock's feather of the London Rifle Brigade. Just visible from the space in front of the standard were the grey horses and towering bearskins of the Scots Greys, and the left of the line, gradually diminishing in the long perspective, at length disappeared altogether in one of the folds of the ground. All the preparations being completed, brigadiers with their staffs took post in front of their respective brigades; generals of divisions in front of the centre of their divisions; and Sir Charles Staveley, with the headquarters staff of the Army Corps, took up a position in front of the centre of the whole, directly opposite the saluting point, there to await the advent of the Prince of Wales, who, in virtue of his superior military rank as general, was the officer before whom the Army Corps was to march past, and who was to take the salute. It may be mentioned that the total number of troops upon the ground was 9460 men of all

ranks. Among the earliest notable arrivals was Mr. Cardwell mounted on a grey cob, and accompanied by Colonel Mackenzie, Assistant Quarter Master General. Soon after there rode upon the ground Major von Schroetter, the German military attaché, in a day not long gone a member of the staff of the 3rd Prussian Army Corps during the siege of Metz.

Twelve o'clock came, the hour at which it had been notified that the march past was to begin; but the princes, who had slept on board the royal yacht, and were driven from Plymouth to Roborough by Lord Charles Beresford, were not quite punctual. At length, at a quarter past twelve, the first gun of the royal salute from a battery on the extreme right gave token of the approach of the royal visitors. The sapper in charge of the royal standard promptly ran it up to the masthead. The cheering along the line of spectators on the right of the stand came nearer and nearer as the prince, bowing as they came, rode along the line. The loudest cheer of all rang out from the stand and its vicinity, as they wheeled their horses under the royal standard, and halted while the bands played the royal salute, the troops presented arms, and the colours of the regiment were gracefully drooped to the front. The parade being in field day, not in review order, all the officers of the staff wore undress uniforms, and the costume of Prince of Wales was a general's undress, while the Duke of Edinburgh wore the uniform of the 1st London Artillery Volunteer Corps, of which regiment his royal highness is the colonel. The princes were attended by Major General Ellice, Quarter Master General, Lord Charles Beresford, Colonel Edgcombe, Mr. Francis Knollys &c., and having been formally received by Sir Charles Staveley rode off, attended by the headquarters staff, to the right of the line, there to commence the tour of inspection. As their royal highnesses passed along the line, each regiment in succession presented arms, whilst its band played. The princes must have been gratified to notice how well the troops looked, and with what surprising cleanliness and smartness they had turned out after their campaign among the bogs and rains of Dartmoor. So creditable was the appearance made that it must have been difficult for anyone who had witnessed and shared them to believe that the hardships had been so intense and persistent as they have been described.

When the princes had passed slowly along the whole of the long line from right to left, they cantered back to the saluting point, and took post there together, with Mr. Cardwell on the right of the Duke of Edinburgh. The Army Corps Staff moved to its place, the cavalry bands massed and moved forward, Sir Charles Staveley leading the way, preceded by the staff. Then followed the Army Corps Staff, Colonel Oakes and the Cavalry Brigade of the 1st Division, and then came Hamilton's Battery of Horse Artillery, smart and trim, as if it had come out of barracks, instead of a muddy camp, and Carabineers were quite equal to their prestige as one of the best regiments in the Service at marching past, and it was the subject of general remark by those who saw the 19th Hussars this time last year, that the regiment had so vastly improved that it could not be recognised as the same. The young soldiers of the 19th are a smart, well-set-up set of fellows, and the stamp of horses on which the regiment is mounted does great credit to the judgment of the commanding officer. Nothing on the ground turned out smarter than the Engineer Train.