

and credit must also be given to N. C. officers and men, who by their hard work and cheerful sacrifice of their time, for small remuneration, make the force in New Brunswick one it is a pleasure to inspect.

I have the honor to be,

Sir

Your obedient Servant,

DARRELL R. JAGO,

Lieut. Colonel.

Lieut. Col. G. Maunsell,
Deputy Adjt. General.

(To be Continued)

CAMP TILLEY.

St. Andrews, July 7, 1874.

The Editor finds that during his absence "for the country's good," the motto of the Reporter so thoroughly Saxon in word and character, has been converted into the historical "*veni vidi vici*," which great Cæsar might have employed when compelling his conquered foes to pass *sub iugo*, on the occasion of some magnificent triumph. But if we fail to see the application in regard to the Reporter, we can apply a portion, at least to this "Camp Tilley" of ours at St. Andrews, having already *venied*, and *vidied*, so that it only remains to *vici* in order to render the application complete. The camp is delightfully situated on a gently rising ground about a mile from the ancient town of Saint Andrews, overlooking Passamaquoddy Bay, and affording one of the most magnificent prospects, with its alternations of land and water, to be found in New Brunswick. The forces consist of the 67th and 71st Battalions, Lieut. Colonels Upton and Marsh, respectively, with one isolated Company from St. George and one from St. Stephen, making a total of fourteen Companies, which marched full strength into Camp, greatly to the satisfaction, and no less to the praise, of the Brigade Major of the District, Lieut. Colonel Inches. As the water supply is abundant and convenient, the rations plentiful and of excellent quality, the health of the men is extremely good, very few being named in the Sick Reports of the Medical Officers. When off duty they enjoy themselves amazingly, those of them who have never before seen the salt water, watching the ebb and flow of the tides—gathering shells on the shore—digging among the clam beds—or catching lobsters among the rocks after the tide has receded. It is amusing to witness them lugging their captured prisoners into Camp, carefully bearing their claws downwards, for the "natives" bite viciously, as some of the "Seventy firsters" have already discovered to their sorrow. The clams are gathered by the bushel, roasted or chowdered according to the tastes of our soldier epicures, who are becoming connoisseurs in all matters pertaining to the bivalves or the "natives" aforesaid. Those who prefer an hour of deep sea fishing, have but to charter a small boat, set off with bait and line, and if at all fortunate, return laden with finny spoil in the shape of cod or haddock, which makes a most delicious first course to the soldier's table. The result of these excursions is a wonderful saving in the beef and mutton large quantities remaining unconsumed, to be given away to every applicant, or exchanged for milk, butter, eggs, and other groceries not down in the regular rations. Thus it will be seen the men are sumptuously every day, and are almost universally happy and contented.

The regular duties of the day commence at 5 A. M., when the gun fires and the men town out at the sound of the reveille, to clean up tents and prepare themselves for the receiving of rations which are issued to the respective Quartermasters by the Supply Officers, after being inspected by the Board. These are in turn handed over to the several companies by the Battalion Quartermasters and constitute the issue for the day. From 6 to 7 o'clock the men are at Squad or Company drill under their respective Captains. At 8 o'clock, breakfast, after which the men are at leisure—except those on duty—until 10, when they parade for Battalion drill under their Battalion Commanders. Dismissed at 12, when the men amuse themselves ball playing, fishing &c., until the dinner hour, 1 P. M. From 1 to 3.30 P. M. the men are again at leisure, when they turn out for Brigade parade, and are put through a number of Brigade movements by the Commandant of the Camp, Lt. Col. Maunsell, D. A. G., which are generally performed in a most creditable manner, considering that some of the men have never before attended a Camp of Instruction. His steadiness in the ranks and precision in the various movements are largely the result of the teaching at the Military School, as we find a number of the Cadets taking the posts of officers, non commissioned officers, and sometimes privates in the ranks, showing the excellent effect of even one well disciplined man in a company. At 5.30 o'clock the parade is dismissed and the ordinary duties of the day are at an end, except the Piquet, which parades at Retreat 7.30 P. M., and is marched to town to look after occasional stragglers and absentees. Tea at 6 P. M. Tattoo at 9.30, when the rolls are called and all men are supposed to be present. At 10 P. M. lights out, when the Camp is supposed to assume a perfect quiet.

Target practice under the Musketry Instructor commenced on Saturday last. The Range is situated on the shore of the Bay about 2½ miles from Camp, and although not equal to the Range at Fredericton, gives a pretty fair line of fire at the respective distances of 200, 400 and 600 yards. Four Companies proceed daily to the Range, a Medical Officer being always on the ground. Fifteen rounds are fired daily by each man, the Register being kept by Captains of Companies. The firing up to the present date gives a fair average, comparing favorably with all previous Camps held in this District.

So much for Camp duties.

The town of St. Andrews, however pleasantly situated, is to all appearances lacking in that business enterprise and ceaseless industry which alone secures prosperity to any community. It has a sort of Rip Van Winkle aspect everywhere, and the air of a place in which every citizen having determined the exact amount necessary for his temporal wants during the year, neither asks nor expects any thing further. With the exception of a single establishment for canning Lobsters, of which a Mr. Hart—a native of Fredericton—is the proprietor there is not, we believe, a single manufactory of any description. We are told, however, that the place has quite a respectable foreign trade, and that the people depend more upon their shipping returns and coast line fishing, than upon the trade or manufactures of the city proper. It once, however, did a thriving business, prior to the alterations in the West India trade, and boasted a fine Market and Market House.

The latter is now unused and going to decay, the swallows building their nests confidently under its spreading eaves. There are quite a number of stores, which are not always open, and it is no uncommon remark to hear, when applying for different articles, that you can find them at Mr. So-and-S's "if lies open to day." Their grand Hotel, which was to make St. Andrews a second Saratoga, stands out bleakly on the hillside, unfinished and desolate, its Doric architecture and pretensions proportionally bemoaning in solitary grandeur its blasted hopes and once fondly cherished ambitions. They say it never will be completed.

His Honor the Lieut. Governor and family arrived on Thursday last, and was received at the depot by a Guard of Honor from the 71st Battalion under charge of Capt. Staples, the Guard presenting a very creditable appearance. On Saturday morning His Honor accompanied by Mrs. Tilley, visited the Camp, which they inspected in company with the Commandant and Brigade Major admiring very much its orderly aspect and picturesque appearance. His Honor holds a Leave at 3 o'clock to day (Tuesday), and at the same hour to-morrow has invited the Brigade Staff and Regimental Officers to luncheon. A ball by the Officers of the Camp is on the tapis, but is not yet fully determined upon. The duties of Camp have afforded but slight opportunity for proving or accepting the hospitalities of the citizens of Saint Andrews, but we find our friend Robinson, M.P. for the noble County of York, a host in himself. His attentions to his York County friends, and in fact to all the officers, have been unremitting, and we have partaken to the full of his generous hospitality. He has already had two parties out fishing in his beautiful yacht *Bella*, and has given a number of the officer a pleasure excursion which they can never enjoy at their inland homes. Of course we keep mum about the "sea-sickness" and all that sort of thing, which is never mentioned outside "Camp Tilley."

On Saturday last we were surprised by the arrival of three "distinguished strangers,—the Hon. Provincial Secretary," the High Sheriff of York, and Julius L. Inches, Esq., who drove into Camp on the arrival of the train, and enabled us to enjoy a very pleasant hour with our friends from Fredericton. The Secretary and Mr. Inches are the guests of Mr. Robinson, the Sheriff and his family are at a private boarding house in the town.

Thus far there has been but on drawback to the Camp, and that, of course, is beyond human control. It has been raining, raining, raining almost incessantly up to yesterday, interfering with the drill and exercise of the men, and rendering Camp life anything but agreeable while the windows of Heaven are unstopped. The men, however, bear it most patiently, and there is not a word of murmuring or complaint.

What we have said already on similar occasions in regard to the Commandant Lieut. Col. Maunsell, may be repeated in regard to his command at Camp Tilley. Possessing the *suaviter in modo, cum fortiter in re*, he secures at once the respect and obedience of his men; always ready to yield any reasonable indulgence, but never allowing duty or discipline to be neglected or forgotten. Thus everything goes well, and the success of the Camp is already ensured.

The Camp breaks up on Saturday morning next.—N.B. Reporter,