

## AUTUMN SONG.

Leaves are falling (though cool is not),  
And pumpkins are yellow, and maids are blue;  
Potatoes and apples begin to rot;  
There's many a liver congested, too.

The dews stay late on the cabbage-leaf,  
And there, red beet forsakes the ground;  
And lovers' wanderings grow more brief  
And fewer loafers are loafing around.

The celery rivals the turnip fair,  
There's new delight in the tender steak;  
And boys go munching the chestnut rare,  
Without one thought of the stomach-ache.

The last of the cattle-shows is seen,  
The monster squash to the cows is fed;  
Everything is brown that once was green,  
Except tomatoes and they are red.

The drowsy citizen hates to rise,  
The hash may be cold, but so is the air;  
'Tis heaven to slumber for now the flies  
Are less affectionate, and more rare.

And who is the busiest man we see?  
'Tis the Doctor, dashing by in his chair;  
And well may he hurry, you will agree,  
For it isn't every patient that pays.

'Tis a rare, rare season—so breezy and bright!  
The dahlias, and even the squashes, are gray!  
One wouldn't regret the cold at night,  
If it wasn't so deucedly cold by day.

A wandering shiver inspires the doubt,  
Whether Indian summer will come this year;  
But its warmth can be felt when you don't go  
out.

And its haze may be seen through a glass of  
beer.

—Bunchiello.

## THE DARTMOOR CAMP OF EXERCISE.

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We closed our record last week with the statement that on Friday last the relieving force was to follow up its victory on Thursday, and to fight its way to Plymouth. Friday morning, however, reversed the pleasant prospect. General Smith's troops were in wretched plight in their camp at Black Tor. Since midday of Thursday it had poured with rain, water lay in pools in the tents, and the horses, trampling uneasily all night in the driving storm, stood up to their hocks in mire, some wretched animals appearing to be almost bogged at the picket ropes, sunk, as it were, at their moorings. The waterproof sheets of the men were of little use, for the water ran into them when they were spread upon the ground. Most of the troops spent the night sitting on their knapsacks, huddled in soaked and dripping tents, and it is to be doubted whether there was a dry shirt in the whole division. Such a night was followed by a day of thick fog and heavy drizzle, through which the division moved from the drowned-out camp at Black Tor to the drier plateau of Ringmoor Down. Of course, there could be no manœuvres, and the roads were so bad that it was a whole day's work to move the baggage the short distance of four miles. Every thing which mud and water could touch was soiled and saturated, and Sir Charles Staveley was obliged to give up also the contemplated programme for the day. Time was needed for drying clothes and clearing accoutrements, and the divisional generals were left to order what drills they chose. So the week was virtually spent, and there remained but two days on which manœuvres would be possible, even if there should be an interval in the inclemencies of a Dartmoor summer. In this unlikely event, it was understood that the 2nd Division would on Monday take up a position across Roborough Down and defend the Plymouth Road against Sir Edward Greathed. Whatever might take place on Tuesday, Wednesday must be devoted to cleaning and furbishing for the march past, the end of all, on Thursday, when the presence of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh might be expected to give *clout* to the proceedings. We

ought to state that a large body of Volunteers arrived in the course of the day (Friday), chiefly from Plymouth, Tavistock, and Exeter, and took up their quarters preparatory to engaging in the operations of the final work. In the camp of the 1st Division, on Yannaton, there was a great deal more activity. The opportunity was seized, as the general order of the day left all commanding officers to their own discretion to hold an inspection of the 1st Devon and 1st Somerset Militia. The former was inspected by Brigadier-General Wodehouse, and the latter by Brigadier-General Lord Alexander Russell. The inspection was in each case a very severe one; but the inspecting officers expressed themselves thoroughly satisfied. It is said that these two regiments have conducted themselves so well all through the manœuvres as to cause the character of the Militia force of this country assuming to be a fair sample, to stand higher than ever before.

## THE MILITIA IN CAMP.

Saturday commenced inauspiciously with rain and mist; but at about two o'clock, after an unusually heavy shower, the clouds rolled away and the sun shone out brilliantly, and there was a beautiful breeze, which was very acceptable for drying the men's clothes, nearly all of which were wet. Owing to the morning's rain, however, little was done in the camp. The regular regiments in the 1st Division—with one exception, that of the 11th—paraded for the inspection of arms by the commanding officers. The colonel of the 11th having, as all other officers had, his discretionary power for the exercise of his men, took them far away in the rain on a skirmishing expedition, and right earnestly did the poor fellows settle down to this work, notwithstanding the prospect of having their only garments in the same condition as the others. The Militia regiments had a regular field day, the brigadiers performing the duty of inspecting them now instead of the regular inspection at headquarters prior to their dismissal. The 1st Somerset, which is attached to the 2nd Brigade 1st Division, fell in at ten o'clock to be inspected by Brigadier-General Lord Alexander Russell, who on arrival was received with the usual salute by the men formed in line facing south. His lordship, with whom were his brigade-major and aide-de-camp, rode down the front of the line and back by the rear. The men then marched past in columns of companies, closed on the leading companies, changed ranks, and marched past in quarter-columns of battalions. They afterwards formed in line on the original alignment, and were put through the manual and firing exercise by the Adjutant, Captain H. A. Adair. Colonel Hussey (the second major), Major Henley, Captains Parr and Patten then put the regiment through various battalion movements, after which Lieutenants Hillcoat, Synte, Douglas, and Hayward exercised the men in company drill. At the close, Lord Russell addressed the officers, expressing his approval of the appearance of the regiment, and the way in which they executed the various movements. He had known many Militia regiments—he had been in the garrison with them—and he must say that he knew none better than the first Somerset. The way in which they had adapted themselves to camp life—had given him the greatest satisfaction when he considered the short time they had to acquire this knowledge. On the night when they encamped at Haxary, although the baggage was late, their tents were pitched readily, and as well

as any regiments in the brigade. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the clean way in which the men had turned out after so many wet days, and their general appearance and drill, showed him that officers, non-commissioned officers and men had taken every pains to make themselves efficient as possible whilst under his command. If, he said in conclusion, the 1st Somerset Militia were not so good as a line regiment, they were fit to be brigaded with any regiment of the Line; and he should have much pleasure in making a good report of them.

## THE ARMY DRYING ITSELF.

A letter from Horrabridge, dated Sunday night, says:—"To day has been fine, though a chilly wind has been blowing, and though threatenings in the sky have warned us that the storm is still hanging above our heads. It is marvellous how a few hours' breeze can dry these roads and downs. By this afternoon there was actually dust on Lynch Hill, there was not a drop of water in the heather, and the country had almost begun to look as though it wanted rain! The army has heard Divine Service, and has been busy drying itself. Church parades of the various licensed persuasions were held on the different downs in the morning, the Rev. T. Coney, M. A., chaplain to the forces, officiating at Ringmoor before the Second Division and headquarters. Mr. Coney preached a good practical sermon in seven and a half minutes, and the 2nd Tower Hamlets particularly distinguished themselves in the singing of the hymns and the choral part of the service. The walls of the tents have been looped up all day to give free passage to the breeze, and the heather has been littered with clothing and accoutrements spread out to dry. The canvas towns on Ringmoor and Yannaton are seen afar, the rows and squares of tents lying white and pictures up in regular formation along the high slopes. The camps themselves command a fine landscape, which after the week of rain and fog seems to stretch away on every side in beautiful and surprising clearness, Plymouth Harbour and the sea being visible on the southern horizon. All day sightseers have visited the different camps Horrabridge and Bickleigh stations, happy, at last, in fine weather, after so many drenchings and such bitter disappointments. One of the most melancholy features of the past week has been the full vans of holiday folk arriving at some bleak spot in pouring rain after some ten or twelve miles' drive from Plymouth to see the battle which was to be. The divisional generals have made cunning dispositions for the sham fight to-morrow, and we may expect a good field-day. The ground is rather cramped, and the divisions will be in positions only about three quarters of a mile apart when they are let loose to do their best, so there will not be much room for manœuvring. The firing will probably begin at once, but the posting of guns and the management of an infantry afford plenty of opportunity for a display of skill. The march past on Thursday will be held at twelve o'clock on Buckland Down, half a mile from Horrabridge Station."

Mr. Cardwell had arrived in the vicinity of Dartmoor on a visit to the Duke of Bedford at Endsleigh, and was expected to be a spectator of the next sham fight. Sir Charles Staveley continued to act as general commanding the Army Corps. Another correspondent says:—"If the weather prove at all favourable, we are to have a combat between the two divisions on Roborough Down, to which point we have retreated before the advance of our merciless foe—the fog."