

DRUMHARRIFF HILL.

(From the *Illustrated News*.)

Short is the way from friend to friend—
The quiet village lies below,
And, leading to my journey's end,
The little river waltzes slow.
Like yesterday it seems, and yet
I meet few faces that I know;
Is it so long then, since I crossed
Drumharriff Hill to Pettigo?

There is the path by which we played
There Castle Ternon's batt'ring walls
And, sure, those eyes, my pretty maid,
My memory at once recalls,
That voice I've heard a thousand times—
It cannot be so long ago
Since you and I together crossed
Drumharriff Hill to Pettigo.

The primrose clusters kiss my feet,
The daisies nod a "welcome back,"
The hawthorn sheds its fragrance sweet,
The sunbeams play along my track.
I feel the blood of other years,
Rush through my veins with blissful flow,
As I pass o'er with youthful step
Drumharriff Hill to Pettigo.

The way is short from friend to friend—
One quaint old gable lost to view,
Where yonder trees with blossoms laden,
I see another peeping through.
I see the forms of those I love
Move in the garden to and fro;
With hopeful heart I hasten down
Drumharriff Hill to Pettigo.

O heart, thou mockest time in vain!
Go back again across the hill!
Go slowly down the shady lane
That leadeth to the ancient mill.
Be still, wild-beating heart, be still!
All, all is changed since long ago,
When, full of life and hope you crossed
Drumharriff Hill to Pettigo!

JOHN BEADE.

THE DARTMOOR CAMP OF EXERCISE.

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Last week, or, strictly speaking, the fight at Wigmore Bridge on *Thursday* brought the first series of operations to a close. On *Friday*, morning General Smith marched the Second Division across the moors in the Exeter direction, to the encamping ground known as Merripit Hill, in the heart of the moor. At four o'clock the troops breakfasted. An hour and a half afterwards they had started on the march. The day was intensely hot, and before fifteen miles were covered large numbers of men fell out from the ranks weary and exhausted. It speaks well, however, for the staying powers of the auxiliary forces that the Tower Hamlets Militia did not lose a single man from this cause whilst on the road. Between eleven and twelve o'clock the division arrived at Merripit Hill, and were soon busily engaged in pitching their tents. The camps of the two brigades were separated by the high road and about a quarter of a mile distant, on the slope of a commanding eminence, were fixed the headquarters of Major General Smith, whose marquee stands well to the front. "The site of the encampment," says a correspondent, "is sublime in its very lonesomeness; heather clad hill succeeds heather clad hill, and rocky tor succeeds rocky tor, until the whole is lost in the dim distance, the horizon showing a purple hue against its background of invisible cloud topped hills." It was understood that the brigadier would carry out a series of drills independent of the major general commanding. The Division was to remain in the neighbourhood for about a week, and then the other having gradually approached it, a series of battles, division against division, would be carried on for another week, the whole concluded with a march past of the combined armies.

Up to Sunday night there was very little reported from the Second Division. On *Saturday* there had been short brigade drills for the infantry, while the cavalry had a

little outpost practice. On *Sunday* there were no church parades, owing to the rain. The reports from the First Division at Yarnation were much to the same effect:—"Nothing doing in camp but regimental drills." In one aspect, however, even these simple movements are by no means uninteresting. To the country folk who talk about going to the "autumn manoeuvres," as if they thought that the tents were properly described by that appellation—apart from any operations conducted by the inhabitants of them—the evolutions of a regiment probably seem grand and impressive; indeed, to every one who is not thoroughly weary of the routine of regimental duties there is a certain charm in watching the mechanical movements of well drilled men. "Here is a black column of rifles changing front with such steadiness and precision that it looks like a huge solid mass swinging round on a pivot. All at once it takes to itself wings, and slowly separates them until wings and body become one thin straight line. Then by some mysterious process it divides itself into two, and each half closes up and becomes a solid mass like the first. Evidently these are instinct with life, for now each extends its incipient wings until they join, and—the two become one again. Then the ends bend back rapidly, and the body seems for a while to be writhing in strange contortions to be breaking itself up, and suddenly it becomes a square once more and every side of it gleams with sunlight reflected from a hundred bayonets. Further down the slope are moving lines, and blocks and dots of red, that unite on the whole, or separate themselves like so many marionettes pulled by one wire. All this, simple as it is to us who know 'how the trick is done,' must seem very wonderful to those who have hardly ever before seen anything larger in the way of military operations than the erratic movements of a solitary man on furlough; and therefore we cannot wonder that even on 'off days' many a crowd to see the autumn manoeuvres. But there is something more than this to attract, and the crowd is not wholly composed of simple country folk, nor do they come all in foot. The dashing drags and wagnettes, overflowing with many coloured raiments, are prophetic of many a picnic *à fresco* luncheon."

The second contingent of the metropolitan Volunteer force left London on *Saturday* in special trains from Paddington, en route for Dartmoor. The contingent, which replaced Colonel Du Plat Taylor's regiment, the 49th Middlesex (Post Office), consist of the London Rifle Brigade (two companies) the 26th Middlesex (Her Majesty's Customs and Docks) Rifles (two companies), the 23rd Middlesex Inns of Court Rifles (two companies), the 35th Middlesex (Artists) Rifles (one company), the 11th Middlesex (St. George's) Rifles (one company), and the 1st Middlesex Engineers (one company). The Inns of Court and Artists are attached to the Provisional Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Sackville West, of the Oxford University Rifles and was to be joined at Dartmoor by the Oxford and Cambridge University Rifles (one company each), the Lunceston Rifles, and one company of the 4th Devonshire Administrative Battalion Rifle Volunteers. Colonel Sackville West is assisted by Major Bulwer, Inns of Court; Major Leighton, R. A., Artists; and Captain and Adjutant Batten, Inns of Court. The London Rifle Brigade Customs, and St. George's will be side by side in another battalion, under the command of Lt. Colonel Hayter, of the London Rifle Brigade,

and was to be joined by the 1st Devonshire Rifles and the 2nd Hants Administrative Battalion. The 19th Surrey (Lambeth) Rifles were also to have formed part of this battalion on Monday, but they received orders from the War Office to postpone their departure till *Saturday* (this day). Lieutenant Colonel Adrian Hope, of the 40th Middlesex (Central London Rifle Rangers), and Major Swann, of the 1st Devon Rifles, act as majors to Colonel Hayter's battalion, and Captain Ewens, London Rifle Brigade, as adjutant. The quartermasters of each of the battalions preceded their regiments, and went to Dartmoor on *Friday* to get every thing in readiness, and draw the stores and rations.

RECONNOITRING AND OUTPOST FIGHTING

Monday's programme could not be carried out as intended, in consequence of the weather. The moors were so saturated and the weather still so threatening at the hour fixed for the early morning march that Sir Charles Staveley decided to let the camp of the First Division stand till the middle of the day. The affair between the cavalry and Horse Artillery of the two divisions had been fixed for ten in the morning and had therefore to be postponed, and did not even come off as was ordered in the afternoon. In the morning, while the tents at Princetown were drying in the breeze, the troops were paraded by the brigadier in front of the camp; and the field telegraph was kept at work between the camps. At last, when the weather seemed inclined to better itself, Sir Charles flashed marching orders to the camps on the opposite hill side. Sir Edward Greathed was to strike his tents when the men had dined. The skirmish of cavalry and artillery was fixed for four o'clock, orders being sent to that effect to General Smith and the Second Division by the cable which lay along the moor. All the way to Merripit Hill this field telegraph is laid, and it was administered most efficiently by Captain Durnford and a half troop of Royal Engineers. It saves a world of horseflesh, such a thing as a galloping orderly being scarcely known. The cable is rather worn and faulty, and the penalty of £5 specified in the Act does not prevent it from being cut as often as miscellaneous ideas enter a Devon head. The headquarters camp was struck at mid-day—all but two marquees, which were left in charge of a guard of the 17th Regiment. By half past two the Yarnation Camp and the tents of Colonel Roaney's Marines on Ringmoor were struck and packed, and the division was ready to move. The correspondent of the *Times* remarks that "the camp had left its mark on the down; for the ground where it was pitched was nearly worn out. Dartmoor turf is merely a crust; tear it a way and you come to a rotten, peaty substance. A night's rain can turn the most promising camping ground into a spongy bog, as has been proved on Baredown and Guiston for the selected ground of the First Division. It was to have moved there to-day instead of Princetown and Hexary," but Colonel Gamble, most experienced of quartermasters, visited the chosen spot after rain and found them quite unfit for human habitation. With an A. Q. M. S. less able to defy the malice of the weather by his practical eye for country, we may well believe that these manoeuvres would have left a legend to the country folk of a whole camp sucked silently into the bowels of the earth in a single night. The very necessary changes of sites which have been made have solely troubled the Control Department, whose contractors have delivered wood and other heavy sup-