

OBITUARY OF A WESTERN EDITOR.

Ye editor sat in his ricketty chair,
As worried as worried could be;
For ye devil was grinning before him there,
And 'copy' ye devil said he.

Oh, ye editor grabbe I his big quill pen,
And it sputtered ye ink so free,
That his manuscript looked like a war-map,
When—"take this," ye devil spake he.

He scribbled an' scratched through ye live-long day,
No rest nor refreshment had he;
For ye devil kept constantly coming that way,
And howling for more "copies."

Day after day he belsored and wrote,
And slaying the whole countee;
While ye devil kept piping his single note,
'A little more outside copies!'

And when ye boys in ye news-room
Hear ye noise of ye fray,
Ye sound of ye blow and a blasphemous word,
'He's raising ye devil!' say they.

And oft when a man with his grievance came in,
Ye editor man to see;
He'd turn his back with a word of sin,
'Go talk to ye devil said he.

And ever and oft, when a proof of his work,
Ye proprietor wanted to see,
'Ye proof shall be shown by my personal clerk;
You must go to ye devil said he.

And thus he was destined through all of his life,
By this spirit tormented to be:
In hunger and poverty, sorrow and strife,
Always close to ye devil, was he.

YE EDITOR DIED. * * But ye devil lived on,
And ye force of life's habits we see,
For ye editor's breath no sooner was gone,
Than straight to YE DEVIL WENT HE.

THE DARTMOOR CAMP OF EXERCISE.

(Continued from Page 443)

BATTLE IN A FOG.

Tuesday, so far as the weather is concerned was hardly an improvement on Monday. It had rained away for the best part of the night, and again the field day, which was to have begun at nine o'clock in the morning, was put off till two o'clock in the afternoon. Again, also, the postponement resulted in a contretemps, for the cable to Merripit Hill was either broken or would not work because of the wet, so that General Smith, having moved guns and cavalry close down to the East Dart at an early hour, had to send for them again in the afternoon, already tired with marching. The sham fight was further spoiled by the weather, which, beginning at three with a driving mist, gradually settled in rain, ending the day in as wretched a manner as could well be imagined. The battle did begin and very prettily, but after a time all was wrapped in the rain fog, and there was nothing for it but to sound the "Cease firing," and bid the troops make the best of their way home. The "general idea" of the sham fight was as follows:—The forks of the Dart were the battle ground, and the objects of the struggle as regards Sir Edward Greathed's division was for its divided forces to effect a junction in the face of the enemy. Starting after one o'clock, in all innocence of the early morning manoeuvres of the First Division, the cavalry and the Horse Artillery of the Princetown Camp pushed along the Exeter Road to Two Bridges, the point at which it was laid down that they were to cross the stream. The Hexworthy or Hexworthy Camp of the First Division is about four miles lower down on the same side of the river; the West Dart. Here lay the 6th Dragoon Guards, half a battery of Royal Horse Artillery, a field battery, a detachment of Royal Engineers, and Lord Alexander Russell's brigade, this being the force which was to cross the rivulet and join its strength to the Princetown troops, if the enemy would per-

mit. General Greathed has at Princetown the 19th Hussars, the other half of the Royal Horse Artillery battery, a field battery, the remainder of the 1st Division Engineers, Colonel Wodehouse's Brigade, and Colonel Rodney's Brigade of Marines. By twenty minutes to two the cavalry and Horse Artillery of each of the First Division camps were ready at the specified fords. The manoeuvre they were to execute was exceedingly simple, and there was only one way of doing it. One of the hard roads which traverse the moors would lead the Hexworthy Corps straight to their main body, but this road was entirely commanded by Belliver from the high summit of a wave of moorland. It is clear, therefore, that the Princetown force must aid their brothers in arms by sending forward cavalry and artillery to seize the Tor at once and hold it while the Hexworthy troops marched in column along the road. It was a race on both sides, for the Second Division on exchanging victory was also to seize this natural fortress from where it commanded their approach and hold it, at least until they were dislodged by infantry, which was scarcely possible, could pound away at the regiments on the march. At Two Bridges General Greathed's advanced corps waited till two o'clock should come and the umpire give the word. It was fondly imagined that at Post bridge, the corresponding point on the East Dart, which General Smith was not to cross till the same hour, there were also cavalry and guns halted and another umpire waiting, watch in hand. This, however was not so. A correspondent says: "There had been a series of miscarriages and misunderstandings, and the Second Division had been in the field since seven or eight o'clock, when the Hexworthy people were quietly having their breakfast they were challenged to come out and fight by some guns close on the other side of the Dart. When Lord Alexander Russell did send his Carabiniers and Horse Artillery across he made a dash for Lofly Tor, a summit next to Belliver, with the guns an escort, having a mind to cover his march himself, and judging he made secure the contested ridges in a shorter time than his Princetown allies. Forcing the stream Sir William Hamilton took the guns at a gallop up the down, gaining the height in twelve minutes. To his great disgust, Sir William found the enemy there before him, and his dashy piece of work came to nothing. The Second Division were intended only to have crossed the East Dart at Postbridge, three miles up the stream, but, by some misreading of orders, General Smith considered himself entitled to cross at any point, and had sent down these guns and placed them in readiness close behind Lofly Tor. In short, there seems to have been an extraordinary number of misconceptions and mishaps, the whole culminating in the bad weather which settled over friends and foes alike and put an end to the proceedings.

Another correspondent writing from Merripit Hill says:—"We have at length met the enemy and exchanged shots with him, but it would be difficult to determine who was the victor, he or we, as the battle was abruptly terminated by one whose orders are supreme in this part of the world—General Fog to wit. The enemy had divided his force, one part being at Cumston Tor and the main body near Princetown. Wishing to form a junction between the two, he moved his main body forward, and our operations were extended to prevent this coalition. It was intended that the fight should take place in the morning,

but as our foe was not ready we obligingly waited for him until the afternoon, sending to the front, however, some squadrons of cavalry and a couple of guns of artillery as outposts. In the afternoon the whole division moved off to ground previously assigned to it, and as our artillery moved up the ridge of Belliver Tor the enemy opened fire. Having guns posted just in the rear of the place mentioned, and on commanding ground, we speedily replied, and for some time the artillery duel progressed. Our horse artillery quickly opened from Belliver Tor in the right centre of our position, the greater part of our infantry operating on the left of the Tor; whilst on the right flank our cavalry were posted in order to check any advance by the main road upon our camp, which was about a mile and a half to the rear. The infantry first came into play in our centre, and the line of fire quickly extended to the extreme right of the ground taken up by the infantry, where the Tower Hamlets Militia were stationed. As the opposing lines moved forward they descended the slopes of the hills into the valley through which Cherry Brook runs, and were soon lost in the smoke. Rain had been falling for some time, and with it came a dense mist which effectually screened the contending hosts from each other, and also from spectators. Down in the valley could be heard a sharp and continuous fire, and the shouts of the combatants were unbroken by the boom of the big guns, the artillery being unable to see at whom to aim. At length the rattle became less, until it suddenly ceased altogether; Major General Sir Charles Stavelly having wisely terminated a struggle which really was worse than a combat in the dark, the fog increasing in density and volume. Most of the troops were soaked to the skin, and it was with great pleasure that they greeted the arrival of the members of the "umpires" staff who brought the instructions for them to return to their encampment. Rain is still falling, and appears likely to do so for hours at least, so that it is as uncertain whether not any operations will take place to-morrow. Some two or three hours before the commencement of the battle an intending spectator fell from his horse at Belliver Tor, and, tumbling over the rocks, was so injured that he died almost immediately. The deceased, who had previously had attacks of apoplexy, was a tradesman named Jeffery, residing at Chagford."

ANOTHER LOST DAY.

The events of Wednesday were looked for with considerable interest, as the enemy was expected to dispute the passage of the British through Princetown by the Two Bridges Road. The result, however, was a more complete checkmate than ever. The rain and fog, which put an abrupt end to the battle of Cherry Brook on Tuesday, continued until this morning, and to add to the discomfort it caused a bitterly keen north-wester swept down the valley from the hills on the right. The night was intensely cold; in fact, the worst during the whole campaign; and as day broke no better weather, Sir Charles Stavelly issued orders that the troops should not move from their encampment, and that no outpost should be thrown out.

As at Merripit Hill, so at Princetown. It was found to be physically impossible to execute the manoeuvres which had been projected in the midst of the previous night's rain. It appears that whereas in fine weather there are portions of Dartmoor which are not a bog, in wet weather Dartmoor be-