

could almost imagine that one heard the savage curses of the gigantic troopers echoed back by the derisive laughter of their lighter adversaries. The Life Guards, seeing that they might just as well attempt to ride down ostriches as try and catch their active tormentors, quickly retired back over the brow of the hill, but not before several saddles had been emptied by the fire of the enemy's infantry. Marshall, warned by his mishap of the preceding day, now thought it was time to be off before the enemy should bring artillery to bear on him. He accordingly filed off as quickly as possible, only just reaching the valley below in time. Hope Grant's skirmishers began at this time to fall back, all but one company of rifles, who seeing that the enemy's skirmishers were crossing the field in a very leisurely manner, crept along the outside of the south-eastern bank like Red Indians seeking to surprisè a foe, and reached unperceived a point about 200 yards distant from the opposing skirmishers. Finding then they were discovered they opened a sharp fire, which must have killed every one of their adversaries, who calmly stood up in a field so open that a hare could not obtain cover in it, and responded in kind. They ought either to have quickly retired or to have carried the bank with a rush. On, on, ever on, pushed Carey's men, the enemy fighting stoutly as they went, but steadily yielding ground, though by this time the guns of the entrenched camp thundered steadily over their heads, and were able to afford them assistance: not much though, for Carey also had artillery, which did not fail to reply. Fox Hill was carried with a rush by the skirmishers of the 46th, but here they were brought to a standstill, for the men had exhausted their ammunition, and the regimental reserve situated on the road not far from their rear was somewhat tardy in furnishing a fresh supply. We may here observe that Maxwell's brigade formed the left of Carey's division, and Colonel Smith's the left. The cavalry had mostly crossed the railway, and threatened, but did not execute, several charges against the Life Guards. Meanwhile, Staveley, seeing that Carey was fully occupying the attention of Grant, had pushed forward so as to bear hardly against that General's left. The Staple's Hill battery, however, and the skirmishers of the 4th Regiment, somewhat delayed his progress. The 46th had by this time replenished their pouches, and gradually drove the Rifle Brigade back. Carey's left brigade still gained ground, and bore fiercely against Grant's right, capturing with comparative ease an old half-ruined redoubt which crowned an isolated hill in that part of the field. His cavalry sought to do something worthy of their Royal commander, and made a dash at a cloud of Volunteer skirmishers hoping to capture them; but a body of Guards dashed down the hill, poured in a volley, which sent the intruders flying, and brought back the Volunteers in triumph to the redoubt. Carey then made a regular advance in echelon of Battalions from the left against the works, but was received with such a withering fire that he was obliged to abandon the attempt, and to retire up the opposite slope a short distance. Whilst the battle was thus raging on Grant's right, his left had been completely turned. The 60th creeping along the edge of a wood, drove back the 4th regiment, and several battalions were formed perpendicularly to Grant's line. Other battalions had also passed completely round the left and formed order of battle about Glover's and Gracious Ponds.

The whole of Grant's rear was thus laid bare, and his position seemed desperate. Carey and Staveley may be compared to the

arms of a pair of nutcrackers, and Grant to the nut which is being cracked. The nut was, however, a tough one, not to be broken without difficulty, for though, as we have said, his rear was laid bare, yet the large fortified enclosure in rear of his right bore directly on the valley up which Staveley's right brigade would have to advance, and the other works, being fortified in rear as well as in front, were in no more danger of capture than before. The Duke of Cambridge now considered the troops had done enough—the hour was half past twelve—and sounded the cease firing. The general opinion was that Grant had successfully maintained his position, but, on the other hand, it may be said that the works on which he relied were of such weak profile that they could easily have been destroyed, especially as the fire would have been converging. The artillery once silenced and the in'antry shako, the ditches were so narrow and shallow, that to capture the works by assault would have been no difficult or dangerous undertaking.

Immediately after the close of the action, the three commanders recalled their baggage and repitched their camp in the old position.

The remarks embodied in the following extract from the special correspondent of the *Times*, are too interesting to omit:—

"Last night (Monday) the outposts of the 1st and 3rd Divisions kept close and keen watch. The 1st pushed their pickets and vedettes as far as Chobham, and there were some firing in the early morning. A party of Staveley's sappers sent out yesterday evening to lay down faggots over a wet piece of road never turned up all night, and came into camp in the morning with a history of how they had been surprised by a picket of Grant's Highlanders, had lost their cart and tools, but had themselves escaped to a barn, where they lay all night, *perdu*, and very comfortable. Colonel Hamley, of the Staff College, is with the 3rd Division, in charge of a party of twelve of his officer-students, and four of the Sandhurst military professors. The officers have distinguished themselves both at the Hog's Back, and here as early and active reconnoiterers; they have a great deal of the road-finding, and have been very useful as guides to the columns. This morning Captain Lascelles and Captain Carder eluded the outposts at Gracious Pond got right into the enemy's position on Plutter's Hill, and came back into camp with their sabretaches full of sketches of the redoubts, and their heads full of information as to the nature of the ground, the extension of Grant's outposts, the exact position of his flanks, &c. They were shot at, and had to gallop across the country for their lives.

"In order to allow the 2nd Division to get well on its way, Staveley kept his troops in camp till between nine and ten o'clock. The weather was most perfect, the somewhat withered beauty of the country rekindling in the tempered sunshine, which did for it what the waxlights of a ball-room do for a woman past her prime, making its faded cheek seem almost young. If a single shower had but laid the dust, there would have been nothing left to wish for. The cavalry and artillery stirred it up along the roads in choking clouds, but one breathed again on the moorland battlefield. Riding alongside the cavalry and artillery, who are leaving to leave a passage clear, the Staff had scarcely gone a mile when the booming of guns began away over the woods to the front. Can Carey already—it is just ten, and he has a good five miles to go—have got so far forward as to be bearing against the enemy's

right, or is it Grant at work pounding the head of Brownrigg's column, which has orders not to engage till it receives the initiative from the left? Opinions differ this way or that; but to make matters sure, a message is sent desiring Brownrigg on no account to compromise himself, as he cannot be supported, and is not strong enough to act alone. Escaping from the hedges and their dust clouds, we climb Pils Down, and get a splendid view of the country. We are among Carey's troops, already well to the front, and here is one of his batteries playing on a massed column of Horse and Foot Guards ranked along the edge of a wood a mile and a half off. Fox Hills and Grant's right batteries are the same distance in front of us, and there could not be a better point from which to study the whole position. The ground is high, and country extending into several counties is spread out round us like a map. An expanse of waste moorland, of wooded and cultivated country, a wide and beautiful landscape, lost at last in haze, but clearly spread out for many miles on every side, delights the eye. These, however, will be here to-morrow and for ever, and our present business is with the long moving line of bright and sombre colour, the processions, diminutive in the distance, of guns and horses, the solid and the glittering array of cavalry—all the pomp and circumstance of this week of mimic war. The skirmishers in front of one of Carey's brigades spread out in long lines over the Downs and advance towards those of the enemy, firing as they go. The artillery are hard at it on each side. The smoke is wafted away over the eastern woods of the enclosed country, and clouds of dust hanging over the roads tell of Brownrigg's columns. A flash of breast plates shows where the enemy's cavalry move northwards to protect the Bagshot road; our guns open on them at a long range, with what effect it would puzzle the umpires to say. The skirmishers push on. Carey's and Stephenson's infantry form their line of battle behind some rising ground a mile or so in front of the Fox Hills redoubts. Our guns fire when they can. The enemy's cavalry move uneasily, looking for something to do and finding nothing—I believe there was a charge, but I did not see it. This line of steel is the Life Guards, but it matters nothing, for to the right they are blocked by the railway-cutting, and in front by Staveley's guns. Brownrigg's 60th Rifles appear at Fellow End, and all along the front the troops of the 2nd Division are coming up, and lie down as they arrive within 1000 yards of the batteries. Staveley now reduces his left attack to an artillery fire, tremendously strengthens his right, pushes forward long lines of men and more skirmishers, drives in the enemy's, and is about to advance his line in a general assault. But the umpires hold that before he can do so he must make more impression on the redoubts with his artillery, for at present no infantry can stand before their fire and live. Presently an attempt is made on the right, but such a belching and bellowing broaks forth from the redoubts, and especially from one in a clump of firs, that the umpires will not let the regiments go. They retire and lie down, and Colonel Donville tries what he can do against the firs with some guns on a knob. Again the infantry are led forward; again fire, not from heaven, rains upon them and rages furiously for some ten minutes, the echoes rolling grandly through the woods. There is a strange contrast of sights and sounds. Soldiers with all the light of battle in their faces, listless idlers and ladies riding between tremendous fires,

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