

TUESDAY, AUG. 27.

Northern Army.—This morning the reveille sounded in the camp of the 4th Division, at Hazely Heath, at 4.15, while the grey dawn was yet breaking. There was no time to be lost. If a lazy fellow said unto himself, "Yet a little more sleep, a little more folding of the hands to rest," his tent was ruthlessly struck over him, and as continued slumber in the face of the camp was impracticable, he had forwirth to arise and dress in the open air. The tents fell to the bugle sound at five o'clock precisely, before which time the smoke had been long rising from the camp kitchens, and presently the men duly received what the standing orders, in defiance of the facts that cups are institutions unknown to soldiers, think proper to call "a cup of coffee." The "fall in" sounded at 5.30, and no time being wasted in parading, a custom that was as hard to get rid of as it was wearying and irritating, the heads of the column were in motion at 5.40. In considerably less time than an hour not a vestige of the 4th Division was visible on Hazely Heath, with the exception of a few mysterious barrels, which may have been left for the convenience of the 3rd Division, but which that force, when it arrived, thought proper contumaciously to disown.

Following the principle adopted in yesterday's march, the division marched in two columns, each of which took a different route. Two brigades under General Maxwell, preceded by a squadron of cavalry, a battery of artillery, a detachment of engineers, and the train of the Royal Engineers, took the route to the right. Their road was by Hound Green, Strathfieldsaye, Westend Green, and Silchester to the Common. The country on the line of marching is a splendid landscape all along. Nowhere in all England can one find more picturesque rural scenery. It had a highly exhilarating effect on the troops, who marched in first rate style. The villagers crowded to see them on several village greens, and near one of the entrances to Strathfieldsaye the Duchess of Wellington, in a Victoria with three horses abreast, witnessed the column marching past. The officers in command of the various battalions returned the compliment by having their bands playing as they came in front of her grace. There were two halts—the first for ten minutes, about four miles from Hazely Heath; the second, just after the troops had crossed the Great Western Railway. The Duke of Wellington saved the column about a mile of the march by allowing them to pass through a farm on the Strathfieldsaye estate; and when Lord Mark Kerr and his staff arrived at the encamping ground they were received by the Duke of Wellington. The second column consisting of one brigade, a squadron of cavalry, a battery of artillery, and a detachment of engineers, was commanded by Col. Stephenson. They took the route to Wiler's Green, Chandler's Green, Inge's Green, Brambley, and the Pamber End to Pamber Common. The advanced guards reached the encamping ground at a quarter to ten, and the main body of the division at ten o'clock. Silchester Common is not sufficiently extensive for the encampment of over 7000 men; but Pamber Common lies close by, and no inconvenience is felt from the fact that one portion of the camp is separated from the other by a road of about half a mile in length. The march to day was a good twelve miles. The formation of the camp is thus—the tents of the headquarters are pitched on the east end of Pamber Common. At a short distance nearly in front of them, but to the left are the artillery. To the left of the artillery is a

brigade of infantry, and the transport with one regiment thrown forward *en echelon*; the 9th Lancers on the extreme left. Forward to the right of headquarters are two batteries of artillery; the cavalry brigade is on the right of these two batteries; and in front of all are the 2nd and 3rd Brigades at the west end of Pamber. This formation has been made with reference to the water supply, which in camping arrangements for an army of so many horses, must be a matter of prime consideration. As the defending force had not yet neared the enemy's country, there were no outposts but the usual pickets were established.

Returning to the camping ground at Hazely Heath, we find it stated that the advance Guard of the 3rd Division came winding down the grassy slope, and on to the pleasant sward under the oak trees which make so beautiful the strip of common in front of the Village of Hartley Row. Some time before one o'clock it was very pretty to watch the continuous stream of redcoats emerging from under the trees, and it was good to note with what spirit and vigor the men stepped out to the cheery tunes which the bands were playing. At Hartley Row there diverges two roads on to Hazely Heath. The left hand one is the easier, especially for vehicles, as well as more direct, and it was it that was chiefly taken by the 4th Division yesterday. But there was no staff officer accompanying the advance guard as a guide, so the officer after a moments hesitation, took the turning to the right, and the column followed as sheep follow their leader. The result was that, in the narrow and steep road leading on to the heath, there were several blocks and stoppages, and thus it was considerably later than had been the case on the previous day before the whole road was clear of baggage. The march was conducted in three columns. The heavy brigade of cavalry, accompanied by the battery of Horse Artillery, came from Bourley by the left hand road, marching independently. The brigades of Parke and Anderson had assembled near All Saints Church, and took the same route as that followed by the cavalry. The latter were accompanied by its own regimental transport. The baggage of the two infantry brigades just named fell in with the rest of the baggage consisting of that of Erskin's brigade and of the division, and the whole followed the route taken by Erskin's brigade by Cove Village and Minley. The arrangement was rendered advisable in consequence of the superiority of the way by the roads on the right route, over those traversed by the left column. The arrangement for the marshalling of the baggage was said to have been very good, and the start creditably smart, as was anticipated when an officer of so much experience and energy as Major Hand, of the 82nd Regiment holds the appointment of baggage master. An hour after the march of the advanced guard every wagon was in motion. The rear was brought up by the auxiliary transport troops of the Royal Artillery, which are intended for the uses of the Militia regiments when they join the army at Pewsey, whither to their own disgust, they are to be conveyed by railway. From the outset the hired transport began to give indications of its deficiencies. Rotten harness broke at the first essay at starting, and at the very beginning it was necessary to assist several of the pairs of screws by pairs of Army Service Corps horses. Several hired transport wagons came on to Hazely Heath towed in this manner, and some said the Army Service Corps horses were not only dragging the loads, but tugging along the tired horses as well.

Owing in part to the delay of the baggage at the steep leading on to the heath, and partly to the circumstance that the 3rd Division being accompanied by the general commanding the Army Corps and his staff, the tale of baggage was much larger, the 3rd Division were considerably longer this morning in getting their camp pitched than had been the 4th Division the morning before. So late as eleven o'clock Sir Charles Staveley and his staff, as they sat on the edge of a gravel pit, were awaiting with what patience circumstances admitted of the arrival of the headquarter tents. At half-past eleven the pitching of the tents was not completed.

(To be continued.)

ARKANSAS AMUSEMENT.

They appear to have rare and exciting sport in Arkansas, if the following letter from the *Missouri Democrat* is to be taken as a specimen:—

"MY DEAR BOY.—The double barrel that you sent came safely to hand, and I was only shot at once while I was carrying it home. Bill Slivers popped at me from behind the fence as I was passing his house, but I had loaded the two shooter as soon as I got it, and he didn't jump from behind that fence but once. I am glad that one of the barrels is a rifle, as I needed it for long range practice. The other I can fill with buckshot, and can riddle a man nicely at close quarters. I mean to try both barrels on those Jetts when I meet them. You see old man Jett stole a mule from us in the war, and when it was over pap laid for him and killed him. Then Nigger Tom Jett, as we called him—the dark faced one—he laid for pap and plugged him. Then I picked up a fuss with Tom and cut him into gibblets, and since that time his brother Sam has been laying for me. I know it is his turn, but I think my double barrel will prove too much for him. If you want to see fun come down for a while, and bring a rifle. It don't make any difference which side you belong to, and it isn't even necessary to join the militia. It is easy to get up a grudge against somebody, and all you have to do is to lay for your man and knock him over. Behind my pig pen is one of the sweetest hiding places I know of, and it is so handy. A good many people come within range in the course of a week, and a man can pass his time right pleasantly. I wish you would pass me a catalogue of Sunday school books with the prices if there are any in St. Louis. If we can get them on time we will have a big lot of books. I am Superintendent of the Baptist Sunday School now, and am running it under a full head of steam. Old man Byers, who was turned out, is right mad about it, and swears he will chew me up; but he will chew lead if he don't keep clear of me. My wife wants to know if you can't send her a new set of teeth without her getting measured for them. Her twenty five dollar set was busted all to flinders by a pistol shot that went through her mouth but it didn't hurt her tongue. Write soon to your friend and pard.

"P. S.—That sneaking ornary cuss, Sam Jett, crept up last night and fired at me through the window, but he didn't happen to kill anybody except a nigger girl. I mean to go for him, though, to day, and will be glad of a chance to try the double barrel.