

was no sign of the main attack, which, according to what was now known of General Brownrigg's intentions, ought to have commenced soon after ten o'clock. Some maintained that these troops had already reached Blandford; some that they, too, were victorious, though with the 95th and 60th Regiments captured, the heavy cavalry unable to act by themselves, and part of their artillery neutralized, while Horsford's division was apparently intact, it was difficult to see how this could be, but few ventured to surmise what would be the real state of the case.

The main body consisting of the 7th and 23rd Fusiliers, with the Lancashire, West Yorkshire, and Kilkenny Militia, the 2nd Dragoon Guards, and about six guns of the Field Artillery, under General Greathead, duly reached Witchampton, though by a longer route than was originally contemplated; and there they found a bridge blown up and a force of Sir A. Horsford's, in what looked like a strong defensive position. There was a ford near the bridge, so that the umpires only allowed a few minutes' time for repairs; but the 7th Fusiliers, without waiting for the communication to be re-established, plunged into the river and forded it. There can be no doubt therefore of the readiness of General Brownrigg's army to attack; but so masterly was the defence that, although Captain Peel had with him only a squadron of the 7th Hussars a portion of the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade, two guns, and twenty sappers, he produced on the mind of the attacking force the impression that they had the whole of the 1st Division to deal with, and they retired, thinking that their flank march had been discovered. From that moment, as an army they were out of the field; they first lost their way, and then halted an hour or so, and when your correspondent met them in the course of the afternoon they were trudging back, heavily laden, to Holly Down, halfway from the place they had come from in the morning cheerfully, and making the best of it, but well nigh beaten after six or seven hours' march. Fortunately, they were met by an umpire, who told them that hostilities could no longer be usefully prolonged, and who put them in the straight road for Blandford Race Down, which all but the stragglers reached about ten o'clock. Opinions are greatly divided as to the merits of today's operations. Some umpires even stoutly maintain that it was confusion from beginning to end; others, engineers of high experience and position, hold that General Brownrigg's plan, if only carried out as he laid it down, must have ensured success, and that his opponent was defeated in advance; but all admit that, as the attacks were successively developed, Sir A. Horsford crushed them, and remained undoubted masters of the field.

(From the Broad Arrow, Sept. 7.)

FRIDAY, AUG., 30TH.

**Northern Army.**—This morning the people of Newbury turned out apparently to a man, woman, and child, to witness Staveley's Division marching through their town. First came the cavalry brigade. One might travel Europe through without finding so fine a body of heavy cavalry, man for man, as the cuirassed troopers that followed Marshall. In their way, not less fine were the infantry who followed. There were names memorable in our English history on the silk banner poles and carried under those hoods. On many a breast were the medals which commemorate campaigns in which British sol-

diers have deserved well of their country. Were it for nothing else than the dissipation of the idea, so common in country districts that soldiers are synonyms for fiends incarnate, such a march as the present would be worth all the money it costs. The people see that the army is not composed as has been said, of the "dregs and froth of the nation." The bright sunshine which smiled upon the march through Newbury was of short duration. The baggage had not cleared the town when the rain came on. It was rain of the most uncompromising character, not a straight downpour and done with it, but a fine, persistent, wetting, small rain, that got heavier at intervals, but never left off. Long before the infantry had marched the nine miles which separate Newbury from Hungerford, they must have been wet through, for they did not put on their great coats. The cavalry cloaked, for their cloaks are practically waterproof, for their cloaks not only covered the riders, but, spread over the horses quarters protecting their loins, the part of the horse most liable to injury from moisture. It was about half past nine o'clock that the cloaked troopers rode into Hungerford; they had quitted Greenham Common about seven. It was a sombre march, splashing through the mire, through the bitter drizzle, but the troops were in good heart. The infantry of Erskine's and Anderson's brigades followed close on the cavalry, and in spite of the rain the bands struck up cheerily in the streets of Hungerford, and the men stepped gallantly out. But the march from Hungerford forward to little Bedwin was very dismal. The distance is over three miles; for a part of the way the road is very narrow and uneven, and when the camping ground was at last reached, it turned out to be the herring back of a steep down, bare and shelterless. It was quite one o'clock before the troops reached this inhospitable place, and scrambling up over the slippery grass, they piled arms and waited for their baggage. But the steepness of the hill was inimical to the rapid advent of the baggage, with four extra horses, the regimental transport of one brigade was got up the steep, soldiers pushing the wagons behind. Then came the supply, and a bread wagon, in making lee way, drifted into a store wagon, and upsetting, blocked the way. It was a long time before the bread wagons could be got upon its wheels again. The brigadier superintended the operation of unpacking it, in which in truth so many officers and men participated, or were spectators with a faculty for volunteering suggestions, that it seemed as if they might have among them picked up the wagon and walked away with it into the next county. So steep was the hill, that ultimately it was judged advisable to pack the supply train at the foot along the side of the road. It was two and three before all the men ultimately got under canvas. Even when this was done the accommodation could not be called of the most exhilarating character. For the ground was perfectly saturated with rain. The march of today, and camp of tonight, is one which will test the fitness of the troops. Headquarters were established on the lawn of Hungerford Park. On Hungerford Common were the Artillery and General Parkes' Brigade, along with the Engineer train, all of the 3rd Division. The 4th Division marched this morning at six o'clock, and taking a route to the southward, went on to Great Bedwin. Late in the afternoon the weather became better, and there was a beautiful sunset.

**Southern Army.**—To day has been one of comparative rest for both men and horses in

the southern army corps. Both needed a quiet day, as the Second Division had a very tiring day's work, and the cavalry of both divisions was out nearly twelve hours. When one bears in mind that even our light cavalry horses carry something very nearly approaching to twenty stone, it is no wonder that some of the horses in the mounted regiments were quite knocked up by yesterday's hard work. In the 12th Lancers there were thirty-four sick animals this morning out of a total of something under 350 troop horses in the whole regiment. If we were to go on long at this rate, it is evident that both our cavalry brigades would very soon be dismounted. The men looked healthy and well, but the hard work is evidently telling on the horses, some of which look finer drawn already than those of many regiments of the Prussian cavalry when they arrived before Paris. Col. Wombwell has adopted a plan in the 12th Lancers, which the Germans always found to succeed well during the summer, viz., picketing the horses without blankets. Col. Baker on the contrary is all for the use of the blanket. It is said the Life Guards, for whom the Prince of Wales's Own were altogether too many last year, are determined to revenge themselves when they meet in hostile array, and have vowed to give the 10th a "jacketing," if they possibly can. The 7th Hussars whose uniform so closely resembles that of the 10th, have decided on wearing a huge figure "7" in front of their busbies, in order that they may not act as scapegoats for their comrades and fall victims to the crushing charge of the Life Guards. But somehow I can't help thinking, with all respect for the "Nursemaid's Own," as the light cavalry call their big brethren, that Baker's Hussars are uncommonly well able to take care of themselves, and that we may, after all, perchance be rejoiced at the sight of prisoners, from even Her Majesty's Life Guards. Far be it for me to suggest that the men of the 10th would ever show their backs to the foe, but still if they were obliged to flee, a fence would always save them from capture, and they have shown us already that they can take their fences like workmen whilst the very idea of a leaping Life Guardsman is provocative of a smile.

(To be continued.)

#### WHAT HE THOUGHT.

The repeated disasters during the racing week on the New Orleans Shell Road were ludicrously illustrated by the trials of a nice young man. He had taken his dulciana, and was showing her how to make "two forty on the shell," when his lines accidentally broke, and the youth tumbled back over the seat, the heel of his boot hanging on the ladies crinoline and his body dragging along in this way by the increased speed of the horses. The lady had grasped the dashboard and was holding on for dear life while supporting the weight of her bean.

"Hold fast!" he cried in terror.

"Let go you brute!" she screamed.

"I can't!" he mumbled.

Amid screams and cries and bitter upbraiding, the horses flashed along, till at last some friendly hand checked their speed and the unfortunate pleasure seekers were relieved from their uncomfortable situation.

"How dare you do that!" asked the lady of her escort indignantly.

"Do what!"

"Hold on to my dress in that way."

"Was that your dress?"

"Yes."

"I beg your pardon then; I thought it was a wire fence."