

centre column continued its march through the seething clouds of dust, which did not rise very high, and crossed a common called Baily Sleigh, observing all precautions, and sending out a line of skirmishers, although Marshall's men were out in advance. Although the *recaille* had sounded at four o'clock a. m., and the Prince's Cavalry division had moved at seven a. m., they looked as fresh as could be. Wombwell's Light Brigade, with the Prince of Wales at the head of the 10th Hussars, was somewhere in advance on the right front poking up the enemy, and, there was not a sight or sound away towards the canal, where it was expected the skirmishing must certainly begin, it became pretty certain that this part of the northern army could not refresh itself with the smell of gunpowder for a good hour or more. In fact, the enemy had destroyed all the bridges and blown up the railway arches (though one saw the trains passing over them daily) and it so happened that there were hereabouts no pontoons. The Duke of Cambridge was posted at the Brookwood bridge, over the canal, at the other side of which was an arch for the railway. There was a notification posted on the bridge that it had been destroyed, and the railway arch blown up, at 5.55 a. m., by Lieutenant Williams, R. E. The outbreak of hostilities had been anticipated by several hours. General Codrington and General Napier were of opinion that the bridge was not to be passed under an hour, and there were no pontoons on this side of the canal. The Engineers of Carey's train had come round on the other side of the canal and railway, and sought to lay down their pontoons here, but the Duke of Cambridge ordered them back, as it was very sure they could not have passed under the ruined railway arch. At this time the Rifles were passing the canal nimbly by means of lock gates, and occupied the road and the railway embankment; but if Staveley had kept outposts there it would have been impossible for any enemy either to have crossed the lock, laid down pontoons, or sent his cavalry along the towing path towards Woking to find an exit. The Household cavalry, covered by the Rifles, on coming to the canal-bridge were obliged to wheel and trot along the towing-path, but before the leading squadron was got quite away a young officer of Engineers dashed into the canal below the lock, and forced his horse across in water which rose over the saddle-flaps, issuing at the other side amid the cheers of the few spectators. He rode back again, and said in a clear, loud voice, "This ford is practicable for cavalry." Whether it was wise or not, the voice of the charmer was not listened to by even the Hunt's Yeomanry, who might have washed their spurs in gold had they dashed across and shamed the steel-clad, who had neglected such an invitation. It is true the guns could not have crossed, but they could have covered the horsemen, and, at all events, there was a body of riflemen already at the other side. It so happened that some railway sleepers and iron rails lay at the other side too, and a company of sappers at once laid hold of them and proceeded to haul them one by one over the lock by means of ropes. The rails were just long enough to cross the lock and leave an inch or two on each bank, but as the lock is of solid masonry that was enough. When the rails were laid side by side in adequate number the sappers took the sleepers and laid them across, inverting the natural railway order of things, and in fifteen minutes a very good substitute for a bridge was laid across the canal lock. The Duke of Cambridge waited till the operation

was nearly completed, but by that time the sound of the guns came down from the direction of Fox Hill, and the Duke and Staff turned to the left up the towing-path to reach the scene of action.

Instead of moving on the position which Staveley might have occupied along Chobham Ridges, blowing up the bridges on canal and railway, to prevent Carey marching due southward at his ease, and then, wheeling to the left, turn Fox Hills Range, the General commanding the northern Army, divining that Staveley would withdraw to the latter position, made very skillful dispositions to attack him in the latter stronghold. From Farnborough to Woking the railway and canal, which cuts it near Frimley Green, run nearly parallel together, Chobham Ridges being at right angles to the line, and an enemy attacking from Chobham Common an Army posted on Fox Hills must cross the bridges on both before he can reach it. But the latter then fights with the canal at his back, and two lines of railway, which, if reached by the enemy, may offer great obstructions to his retreat. The southern Army would have, however, the great advantage of fighting on the inner line, and of being able to adapt his dispositions to meet those of the attacking force with little difficulty if he took ordinary precautions to ascertain them. At 11.45, as the Duke of Cambridge was making his way across through very rough country towards the sound of the guns on the right, a portion of Smith's Brigade had, under circumstances described elsewhere, marched into Alder shot. There was not any musketry to be heard at this time, and all in front of Carey's march the heathier knolls and wooded heights were perfectly quiet.

While Staveley was calmly awaiting his enemy, secure in the delays the passages of canal and railway would afford him, the Prince of Wales had actually gained the plateau on the right. According to some, His Royal Highness took a half-battery of Ruck Keeno's, but was himself either captured or inevitably slain in his attempt to escape, for he ran the gauntlet of a withering fire from the infantry in support of the guns. All accounts agree in the intrepidity and dash of the charge he made upon Castobadie's guns with his detachment of the 10th Hussars, but that officer was enabled to bring his guns into action in the rear, as he was charged, and to fire several rounds, some of which were unpleasantly near His Royal Highness. Having escaped, the Prince took up his position upon a knoll of the Fox Hills, screened by a body of civilian spectators, but at the same time, and indeed for some period before his arrival at that part of the line, the glitter of the cuirasses and helmets of the Household Cavalry as the sun shone on them through the intervals in the forest, betrayed their presence to the enemy, who had two batteries in position looking down towards the Fairbright roads. It was now twelve o'clock, a fine, hot sun and clear sky, but no sound or sign except those mentioned to betray the movements of a far larger army than England sent to take her part in the war of 1854. Prince Edward, Maxwell, and Lysons were cautiously groping their way through cross-roads and byways, and Staveley's Cavalry were mostly engaged in doing nothing on the plateau in the flank of his Army. Detachments of his Lancers and Hussars had been sent out, but they brought no news of the enemy, who must be near at hand. An upward glance, however, from the end of any lane showed Staveley's guns on the heights and his infantry lying among the heather. Noon passed, and after it came a

long array of minutes of inactivity and inactivity on the part of Staveley, while Lysons was moving up directly upon one flank and Prince Edward was moving towards the centre Maxwell being directed down towards Ash to aid the baggage in creating as much dust as possible to throw in the eyes of the General, and induce him to believe the main attack would come upon his right. From noon to one o'clock the three brigades kept feeling their way, and the Cavalry Division, or the greater part of it, had snugly ensconced themselves in the hollows of the eastern spurs of the Fox Hills without attracting observation. Now and then a few rounds were fired by the gunners at an incautious *défilé* of the troopers. Where could Carey be? The Duke of Cambridge, inquiring in vain, had his attention attracted at last to the mass of cavalry which remained inactive on the plateau. He directed Sir Hope Grant to send them off with a troop of artillery, and at the same time he rode over himself and ordered Colonel Fiennes to move off the whole of his brigade to find out the enemy at all hazards and bring news of his whereabouts, and then taking a skilful cast through the woods he came upon a battery of Staveley's, a division of which was just opening on a column of the enemy's infantry. At 1.15 the skirmishers of the 15th Regiment, 2nd Battalion, and the Volunteers in support and in extension, were visible to the leading skirmishers of the 42nd Highlanders, who with the 4th Regiment, the 53rd Regiment, 59th Regiment and 1st and 2nd Middlesex Militia had wormed their way through the woods, and found themselves at the base of the steep and rugged ascent which led to the plateau on which Staveley's left was resting. The Highlanders bounded nimbly up the familiar heather, and the other regiments of the 2nd Brigade came beautifully into line in the rugged ground, while on the right the three battalions of Guards, the Rifles and the 3rd Middlesex showed from under the wood in two lines, covered by a cloud of skirmishers. The division, however, had not brought up its guns, but it came on in such force and beautiful order that the portion of the 2nd Brigade of the 2nd Division, formerly Smith's was obliged to yield the ground and retire on its supports; but the guns of Staveley's batteries opened a vivid fire on the advancing battalions. There was at the same time a brisk cannonade commenced at the other side of the ridge, or rather the projecting eastern spur, which showed that Staveley had suddenly found plenty of work cut out for him. As Lysons's Brigade advanced, not a sentry or a vidette or post of any kind was encountered from the cross road from which he crossed into the open, up to the line of skirmishers near the summit, but when the 42nd had reached the plateau, and the line of skirmishers was advancing across the open, Tower, lying in wait for the enemy with the 3rd Dragoon Guards in a handy hollow, suddenly wheeled into line, charged, took them in flank, and brushed them away like flies. So says one account, but according to others the Highlanders would have destroyed the charging cavalry, and there is a question for umpires and for cavalry men and infantry men to argue for a considerable period of their natural lives, the critical test, fortunately, not being quite applicable. Lysons was in capital spirits as he saw his skilful onslaught crowned with success. His brigade advancing rapidly was out on the plateau in an incredible short space of time, and moving in two lines, as the Guards appeared in irreproachable steadiness on his left, made a desperate effort to sweep Stave-