

## THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

## THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS.

(From the Broad Arrow, Sept. 7.

(Continued from Page 604.)

WEDNESDAY SEPT. 4TH.

*The Southern Army on the march.*—The active operations of the invading force commenced this morning. The cavalry marched away at six o'clock, and the infantry were ordered to start at seven. As a matter of fact, it was nearly eight o'clock before the different regiments marched off from Racecourse Down. The *corps d'armee* took three different roads, the 1st Division going by Tarrant Gunville, and the valley of the Tur-runt, and then about a mile from the last named village, bearing off to the westward, and crossing the path of the 2nd Division, at a place called by some Iwerne Farm, by others Bowers Barn. At any rate, however the place may be named, there was a meeting there of the two divisions; but, thanks to the admirable arrangements of Colonel Herbert, there was not the slightest confusion. Before the different regiments had reached Iwerne Farm, which was a sort of half way house, there was a good deal of falling out in some of the Militia regiments. Several of the Militia regiments had nearly a hundred stragglers before they reached Iwerne Minster. The crossing of the two divisions having, as I have said, been very cleverly managed, the whole of the 1st Division passed on through Iwerne Minster and Sutton Waldron to the camping place, which was in some fields near Fontmell, and near a place called Higher Mill. Both the camps to day surpassed in beauty of situation anything that has been seen hitherto with the Southern Army. That of the 2nd Division at Higher Mill, although itself situated in a *cul de sac*, commanded, nevertheless, most lovely views, not only of the neighboring country, but of the more distant vale of Blackmoor, a name suggestive to huntsmen of good runs and stiff fences; but the camp of the 1st Division was not only good from a tourist's point of view, but excellent in situation for the comfort and convenience of men and horses. There were no tremendously stiff gradients to ascend for the baggage horses, and no distance to traverse in search of water for the men. The stream, which rises a little above Higher Mill, and flows through Fontmell, is evidently a strong one, as it showed no signs whatever of giving out to day, despite the severe trial it was put to. The fighting men of the 1st Division arrived on the camping ground about eleven o'clock, and they had hardly finished marking out the camping ground for their respective camps before the head of the baggage column appeared on the ground. The contents of the wagons were quickly distributed to their owners, and soon the white tents were seen rising as if by magic all over the ground. Many critical eyes were fixed on the Volunteer battalions present with the 1st Division, who were, of course, comparatively green hands in the great mystery of pitching tents; but it was generally allowed that they went most creditably through the ordeal. The camp was on stubbles and clover leys, but seemed, nevertheless, to be tolerably dry, and altogether the 1st Division had reason to think themselves very lucky. The 2nd Division have their camp on an open down, or rather on two downs—Fontmell Down, and Compton Abbas Down—in a situation of beauty of which it is difficult to speak soberly. Even in Dorsetshire there cannot be many such views as that from Compton Abbas Down. On

the north the village of Melbury Abbas bounds the view, its pretty church tower cutting the sky line, and its houses dotted down the hill slope to the south in the most charmingly picturesque fashion. To the west, the eye ranges over miles and miles and miles ofdale and down, hill side and valley. Eastward and southward downs and woods bound the view. But, despite the picturesqueness, there is one most terrible drawback to camp on Fontmell Down—this is the lack of water. What is a drug at Higher Mill and Fontmell is an almost unattainable commodity on Fontmell Down. Men were to be seen staggering up the hill with buckets, who declared they had come a couple of miles with their burden. However, the water carts—those that had not "busted" on the march—are doing yeoman's service, and as the division marches tomorrow, the water question is not of paramount importance. The baggage was, on the whole, tolerably well managed today, the columns moving in good time after the men, and the hired transport material proving less rickety than it was feared would do. Praise ought to be given to Colonel Herbert for this, as he was careful to make the baggage columns avoid steep gradients, and the way he had the baggage of the 2nd Division smuggled up, as it were, to the top of a high hill was a lesson to raw hands. The Control, as usual, gave room for complaints. It would fill a couple of columns (says a correspondent) if I recorded half the grumbles which were poured into my ears as to that department's shortcomings, but I will give one case to show of what the Control is capable. The West York Militia drew their meat last night, and thanks to the Control who could furnish no wood, were unable to cook it till eleven o'clock. On receiving the said meat a "Meat Board" pronounced that all of it was more or less injured by exposure, and some totally unfit for human food. However, having turned their cooks out of bed, the West York had to cook the meat, which turned bad on the march to day. Another Meat Board was held on their arrival in camp, and the Control refused to furnish any more meat, on the ground that the bad meat having been accepted, they had no business to issue any salt pork to replace the putrid matter, which was all that remained for the West York men's dinner. Tomorrow the march is to Fonthill and Telfont.

*Night March of Sir Robert Walpole's cavalry*—By six o'clock this morning all the forces of the Wiley were in possession of the Northern Army, whose cavalry has made a brilliant dash for the stream which it was arranged in the programme was to divide the contending forces on Thursday. A great secret was made of this intended movement in the camps, the Duke of Cambridge himself knowing nothing about it on Tuesday night. The first order was that the cavalry should march at two in the morning, but at the last moment this was altered to as soon after midnight as possible. There was much of the stir and adventure of real war in this incident. Some idea may be formed of it from the following description by a correspondent of the *Times*:—

"The last orders concerning the march and the junction and reconnaissances were given, and what with the lights and shadows and the staff and their horses it was a picturesque scene. General Shute left the Household Cavalry to go their road, for the clock had struck, and, followed by his staff, dived down what seemed in the blackness a veritable abyss, but which was probably the most graduated of grassy dells, making across the country for the Light Brigade.

Soon their road was crossed, and the tramp ing horses of the columns passed along, having left their camp in excellent time. It was composed of the 9th Lancers, the 13th Hussars, and Major Williams's battery of Horse Artillery. The 19th Hussars had been separated from their brigade and detailed for service with the infantry of the two divisions. For several miles the road was straight, and all went well. Presently came a check, then on we went again; but near Nether Avon we came to a stop of long duration; and by and by it was found that the head of the column had overshot a cross road it ought to have taken. Countermanding cavalry in a clotted row, full of sidgely horses is a tedious matter, but at last all is right, and on we went again. "Blacker and blacker grew the night, till at last the man next to you is as invisible as though he had been a hundred miles away." It began to lighten, and the flashes went on all night, at times coming every second with great brilliancy. We were very much obliged to them for they showed us our way a little. We pushed on at a fast walk, and now and then a trot; the clatter of a thousand hoofs and the rumbling of the guns disturbed the villages we passed through; candles were lighted, and sleepy men and women looked out of the little latticed portholes which do duty for windows in the upper floors of cottages. The night grew darker still, and a big bully of a cloud gathered in the sky and emptied its wrath on our devoted heads in a pelting storm. At every check, the horses bumped and crowded upon each other, full sad chargers danced about the road in the lightning, and it was a wonder no one's leg was broken. Lord Charles Bruce, and Mr. Stagg, a farmer, who most kindly piloted us the whole night, and familiar as he was with the country, could scarcely find their way through the desolate blackness of the downs, rode at the head of the column, General Shute and his staff in the centre. For some way we trotted along merrily—then came a check which tumbled us off top of one another, and we stood in the rain and in the lightning a long and weary time. Lord Charles Bressford volunteered to go to the head of the column and see what was the matter, and set off on an errand not so easy on a road clogged with guns and horses, and bounded by ditches, or precipices, or brick walls, for all we knew we could see. By and by Lord Charles came dashing back in the dark with two pleasant news that the column ended with a squadron of the 13th Hussars, the officer of which had halted because he had lost the guns before him, and he did not know where he was. General Shute had given the strictest orders about keeping the links of the column connected, but here was it broken off in the middle, and the latter part of it riding none know where or how long by itself in the middle of the great Salisbury desert, on a night of rain and lightning, and darkness demoniac. Again was there a countermarching of cavalry and a jamming and bumping indescribable of men and horses. "Away the general and his staff and the lost 13th rode into the dark of what felt under us like a trackless steppe. Every minute we pulled up, and the bugler was made to blow the 9th Lancers' call, that being the regiment at the head of the dislocated column. We scanned the horizon at each flash of lightning. General Shute made the bugler blow his breath away till the blast became like the blast of lost lamb from its mother. At last there, as a reply and a carbine shot, and in a few minutes more, the brigade was itself again."

(To be continued.)