

THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

BREAK UP OF THE CAMP.

(From the Broad Arrow

) (Continued from Page 40.)

In our last impression we gave the regulations in full for the movements of the troops from the camp at Amesbury. No time was lost in breaking up. On Friday morning there was not a cocked hat visible, and half the officers were mufti on their way to town. Let us borrow a lively correspondent's description of the scene at the Salisbury station of the South-Western Railway, to meet the 12.25 train:—"If one of the battles was a 'Donnybrook,' it was a mild specimen of its class compared with the Salisbury station of the South-Western Railway. Amid a heaving sea of portmanteaus, campbeds, chests, cocked hats cases, and miscellaneuous impedimenta, multitudinous passengers helplessly bob about. Three parts of the chiefs and staffs of both armies—to say nothing of umpires field, and regimental officers—are gyrating in the Meads, or clinging convulsively to rocks in the shape of pyramids of baggage. Here is a brigadier who but yesterday was brave in many feathers, and ruled over his regiments with a majesty in which there might have been a little fussiness. To-day *cheu! quantum mutatus*, he is lugging his portmanteau to a place where he thinks he can get it labelled, the callous porters utterly ignoring him, for he does not look like a tipping man. There are Sir Robert Walpole and his aide, doughtily doing battle with a canteen proprietor. The general has secured horseboxes, which the canteen proprietor holding that this is a free country, and pinning his faith on the axiom, 'first come, first served,' claims for his pair of hairy-footed dobbins. Sir Robert's skill as a master of tactics, demands circumstances to evoke it in all its elasticity of resource. A kicking horse is backed into the face of the canteen proprietor, and he collapses discomfited. At length all are aboard as the Americans say, and the train quits the station. At a little station near Andover we halt, to find the station full of high military swells. Where did they come from? They are waifs and strays of the worshipful South-western. They had started by an earlier train, occupying the last carriage, which had serenely uncoupled itself, and left them stationary on the rails. In two hours they had advanced eighteen miles. We took them in, and civilly entertained them whether friends or foes, and after a long, long halt, moved on again. Strident voices are heard in the next compartment. The war is being discussed by Southern chiefs. Auricular demonstration makes it apparent that the Northern and Southern generals are actually sitting back to back, divided only by the partition. Then we reach Andover, where there is beer. Strategical evolutions of great dexterity are performed with a view to securing glasses of this beverage, and detached parties get out with great determination and success in search of pork pies. It was at the bar—the stick, as a profane aide denominated it—that the chiefs of the Northern and Southern armies first came into actual contact. There was no need to tremble for the result. Perhaps Sir John was the more dexterous in his flank movement on the barmaid's hand as she brought her glasses to the counter, but Sir Robert left nothing to be desired in the promptitude with which he put himself outside his glass of beer when once he obtained

it. A romantic man, imbued with the Quixotry of chivalry, might have expected them to toss who should pay for the two glasses. They didn't, but they were as amicable as if they had been reared together in childhood's happy hour, and never been parted since. At length Waterloo was reached, some time before five. Over the hand-truck and combat for luggage, cabs, and porters it is merciful to draw a veil. General Shute who had succeeded so well in his raid upon the Wiley, was driven back in his reconnaissance in force on a hansom; and if oburgation from everybody can have any effect in disturbing serenity, not even a canopy of costly state and the lulling influence of sounds of sweetest melody could make sweet the slumber of the directors this night.

THE VOLUNTEERS AND THE CONTROL.

On Friday evening a party of London Volunteer officers, just returned from the manoeuvres, perhaps by way of imitation of the great military dinner at the War Office (of which a separate notice is given on the next page) gave an entertainment of their own in one of the streets off Piccadilly. The campaign, of course, was the question of the night. There was a general expression of gratitude towards the "Line" for the friendly way in which they had acted with respect to the Volunteers, and the Control Department was said to have kept the men from starvation better than might have been possible. There was, however, no effort made to hide the complaint that food had been served to the military on almost every occasion some hours before the Volunteers got sight of it. This was sorely felt when a day came on on which salt pork was in use for the Regulars would, on obtaining the meat, at once place it in hot water, and so get rid of much of the salty nature of the viand before the dinner hour, whereas the Volunteers had to hurriedly cook it and eat it as it was. Another grievance was that Volunteers were charged exactly double price for any provisions they had in the military canteens. In fact, so generally was this the case, and so severely was the matter felt to tell on the pocket, that the Volunteers were obliged to resort to the plan of getting the soldiers to purchase their articles for them. High praise was heard of Solisbury Plain and its neighbourhood as a camping ground. There was water everywhere not alone enough to drink, but enough to bathe in at every point, and the luxury of bathing for men who often remained two nights together in their clothes, had, it was asserted, been so valued by men of all arms, that large groups requested every morning to be "told off" for this purpose.

WEAR AND TEAR OF UNIFORM.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—"Not a few recruits, I am told, have been brought in by the manoeuvres, and I suspect that there would have been a great many more had the Government behaved with a little more liberality to the men in various points of detail. One of these matters is that of uniform. You cannot—especially when you are wearing shoddy, and indifferent shoddy too—prevent clothes from being a good deal the worse for wear after a month's campaigning and marching than they would be after three months of garrison duty. But nevertheless so far as I am informed, the men are to receive no compensation for the wear and tear of their uniforms, and if the said uniforms require any repairs or replacing, all costs will be stopped out of the men's pay. Surely this is unworthy a great and rich nation. If we are to have autumn manoeuvres for the

benefit of the whole country, it is surely not fitting to make those who work hard to show themselves good soldiers, and worthy of the interest the country takes in them, pay for their hard work as well as do it. A good deal too, might be said on the subject of the extra expense to which officers are put by the manoeuvres, and the necessity of allowing them extra pay during the time they are in the field. But one must not ask, I suppose, for too much at once from that heavily burdened being, the British taxpayer."

OUR FOREIGN CRITICS.

For the following, relative to the opinion of the foreign officers who were present at the manoeuvres, we are indebted to the *Times*:

"Setting out with compliments to the excellence of our materials, which may be accepted as sincere, our critics very often gave us to understand that we do not know how to make the most of them. One eminent personage, indeed—a man who is a politician as well as a soldier, after the march past on Thursday, said that 50,000 troops like those he saw, ought to hold in check 100,000 men of any other nation. Mind, he did not say 'beat' but 'hold in check,' and, he added, 'if properly handled.' That was very high praise. But he also said that, looking to the question of expense and to our peculiar position, he did not think England could pretend to rank with the great military nations of the continent, and that she must be content to act with allies, where she could have a sure base of operation, in which case her influence would be enormous. It may be said, without making comparisons that the arm which the French officers most admire is the infantry. They are never tired of praising their steadiness, good humor, perfect repose, order, and fine appearance. But then they are 'desolate' at the slowness of their deployments, their dense formations, and their adhesion to a system which one of them said was 'an order of battle in line, with supports in column, which could not support when called upon.' Their artillery officer cannot bring himself to like steel guns, but he is as great an admirer of the quality of our infantry as the gallant general of the brigade who has watched them so closely, although he might not quite have grasped the nature of field movements. It is from the able and distinguished representatives of the most formidable army in the world that our system receives the most rigid examination. They are not extravagant in praise. But they are earnest on two points—the very fine staff of all sorts in our army, and the deficiency in instruction in what is termed 'fear discipline' of the men, and the indifference or ignorance of officers in subordinate commands when they ought to act without needing orders from above, or being told what to do by umpires. Thus, a line of skirmishers advances far away from its supports with one flank perfectly unprotected, over a field to attack a line of infantry which lines a hedge, in front, and out-flank them on the right or left, and the officer goes on letting his men burn their cartridges as fast as they can till an umpire catches sight of the ruin he is causing and orders him to fall back; or a squadron remains halted under the fire of a battery at short ranges; or guns come into action on the brow of a hill exposed to infantry fire, and not at all properly supported. The faults of artillery officers in this way are, however, not at all common comparatively. They consider the employment of such troops as Yeomanry in regiments quite ridiculous. The real use of such men—and it is