

stood in front of their little dwellings and behind the hedgerows; and there was pleasure in the face, and pride in the tramp of every soldier as he marched through such scenery and before so many admiring eyes. It was impossible for any of them not to feel when marolling this morning that "This is a country worth fighting for." The main body of the troops, having passed over Crookham Heath—certainly one of the finest in England—reached Greenham Heath by ten o'clock. The water on this heath is not good. Some of it, marked "for horses," is so bad that no one who valued his horse could think of letting the animal drink it, so that the cavalry horses have had to be sent to water at some distance; but, with that one drawback, it is a capital encamping ground, and the surroundings are really beautiful. There is a good deal of heather here, but it is not so high as at Silchester and Pamber, and a good deal of the ground selected for the camp is covered with grass that would not disgrace a lawn. We have the town of Newbury at a distance of a mile and a half, and the scenery in that direction is not inferior to that through which one enters the heath at its western extremity. The camp is formed with the headquarter tents up the north western end of the common and facing the south. Immediately in front of the headquarters are the tents of the Cavalry Brigade; in front of them, those of the Royal Artillery. Not far off from the Artillery are the three brigades of infantry, Maxwell's on the right, Pakenham's in the centre, and Stephenson's on the left. The Engineers and the transport branch of the Army Service Corps are to the right of headquarters. Throughout the day crowds of visitors have been making the tour of the camp. The weather has been delightful, and the health of both men and horses is in the highest degree satisfactory. When it is remembered that there are no fewer than 7000 men and 5000 horses on Greenham heath, it will readily be understood that there are public servants who must have a very anxious time of it amid all those beauties of nature by which they are surrounded. One casualty of a melancholy nature occurred this morning at Silchester. A soldier, servant of Major Windham 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, dropped dead while cleaning his master's horse. An inquest having been held on the body, it was brought into the camp here in the forenoon, and the poor fellow will be buried with military honors, in Newbury church to-morrow morning.

The 3rd Division, with the headquarters camp, marched from Hazley Heath, a distance of about eleven miles, to Burghfield Common, near the Mortimer station of the Reading and Basingstock Railway, where they pitched their tents about half past one. The start was made at seven o'clock; the cavalry must have been out of their beds two hours earlier, and it thus appears that had the order for the marches to be over by 9 a. m., been adhered to, the slumbers of Brigadier Marshall's unfortunate troopers would have been broken at half past twelve last night. Seven o'clock will probably be the starting hour for the rest of the manoeuvres, and that is, soon enough, in all conscience.

The chief incident on the march occurred in passing Strathfieldsaye. The Duke had courteously offered Sir Robert Walpole the short cut through the lodge gates. To enter the park, the division had to pass close to the statue, and Sir Robert ordered the column to close up, and to do honor to the memory of the great field-marshal by drawing their

swords and fixing bayonets as they passed below his bronze effigy. A British regiment had never before, we believe, passed the Strathfieldsaye gates, nor had the British soldiers ever done an honor to the memory of the chief, who led them as none ever did, since they followed him to his grave in St. Paul's. To-day some of the finest regiments in the army, regiments which carry the Duke's greatest battles on their banners, saluted him once more. The decision to pay this mark of respect had only been come to yesterday, or doubtless, spectators would have come from far and wide. As it was, a hundred or two of country folk, many of the duke's tenantry among them, stood by the roadside, or on the blocks of granite strewn round the palisade which fences the column. There were a few carriages, full of ladies, and a few gentlemen on horseback—Sir Wm. Codrington who commanded in the Crimea, Lord Eversley, whose beautiful park is on the other side of the heath, Col. Towneley, the courteous and indefatigable commissioner for Hampshire, Mr. Dunn, the commissioner for Berks, Sir Paul Hunter, and others. The son of the great duke was there, and rode forward to greet Sir Robert Walpole, and the Duchess of Wellington sat in a carriage drawn by three ponies abreast, as in the newest ladies' fashion. The troops came by in the order of their march, first an advance guard of cavalry and guns, then the main body of cavalry, artillery, and infantry. When the main body had closed up, Col. Marshall's brigade, who had been standing by their horses, got into their saddles. Sir Robert Walpole and his staff rode in front, the word was given to march, and the troops moved towards the park gates, between the first Duke of Wellington, keeping watch in bronze on the right on his high granite column, and on the left the second Duke of Wellington, the duchess's pony carriage being drawn near him. Two Life Guards had been posted before the park gates on either side as sentinels of honour, and between them the troops passed on and out of sight behind the tall flag of Strathfieldsaye Park. As in a march past, Sir Robert Walpole, and then Sir Charles Staveley, and then the generals of Brigades, and all the Staff drew off at the saluting point, ranging themselves, Sir Robert Walpole beside, and the rest behind the Duke of Wellington. The cavalry came on—Horse Guards, Life Guards, and Life Guards again—with drawn swords. When abreast of the column the word was given, "Eyes, left," and looking up at the statue, and riding between the father and the son, the squadrons passed on into the park, which the nation gave to the soldier it delighted to honour. The duke accompanied Sir Robert through the park and some way beyond; but the duchess drew the reins of her three ponies just beyond the further lodge, and went back to breakfast. In the roads beyond Strathfieldsaye the infantry rested for a while, piling arms and lying down on either side. Sir Robert and his following, rode on to Silchester, and inspected the Roman wall, and the remains of a forum laid bare by the Duke of Wellington. By the time the staff returned the camp was pitched, that of the troops on Burghfield Common, a good and comfortable camping ground broken into patches by furze and gorse. The headquarters of the Army corps made a little colony by themselves about a mile off at Mortimer Mill. This headquarter establishment pitches 60 tents, and draws rations for 267 mouths. To-morrow night the divisions will lay in a fine clear camp on Crookham Heath; the next day they will again diverge, and will reach Pewsey on Saturday.

*Southern Army.*—The most notable event to-day was the change of position on the part of the headquarters staff, and the general concentration of the forces upon Raccoourse Down. Hitherto Sir John Michel's camp had been at Franco Farm, a point on the river Stour, about two miles to the left of Blandford. In future it will be with the infantry on Raccoourse Down, some three miles to the right of Blandford, or a distance of between four and five miles from the point where headquarters originally stood. As long as the enemy lay quietly preparing in his lines at Aldershot, it was considered apparently that the convenience of the moment was all that need be studied. Now, however, that General Walpole has actually began his march, things wear a different aspect, and the only safe position for our general is in the midst of his army. The headquarters staff do not move alone, for the pontoon and telegraph troops of the Royal Engineers, which hitherto have been encamped on Whitley Mill Down, between Elandford and Franco Farm, also move up to-day to Raccoourse Down. They will no doubt regret the beautiful view which they have hitherto enjoyed over Lord Portman's park, where at one time some hundreds of deer can be seen grazing or lying under the shade of the trees, which are separated from Whitley Mill Down only by the road to Franco Farm, and the light iron railing which skirts the park. But the Engineers will probably miss still more the crowd of sight-seers from Blandford and its vicinity, with whom their camp was a favourite object—partly because it was most easily accessible from the town, and partly because, in the Engineer equipment, there is much of special interest that is comprised. Of the camp generally, as of the Egyptian Queen, it may be said that "Time does not wither, or custom stale the infinite variety" of its attractions, for the worthy denizens of Dorsetshire, the more they see of the "licentious soldiery," and their glittering equipments, the better pleased they appear to be.

The 2nd Division is encamped peacefully on Bottle Bush Hill, and like the invading force now represented by Sir Alfred Horsford's command, the troops under General Brownrigg's supervision are halting and gathering fresh strength for tomorrow's fight, which promises to be far more energetic and interesting than that of Monday last. The 1st Division is to move at 3 a. m.; and the helligents will meet on or near Linneston Down about 9.30. General Brownrigg has orders to attack at all hazards, and so we are sure to see some powder burnt. A finer site for a pitched battle could hardly have been selected, and if all goes well, tomorrow's manoeuvres will be highly relished by the fortunate spectators.

(To be continued.)

The St. Peterburg *Artillery Journal* asserts that the attempts to imitate Krupp's cast steel ordnance in the government works of Perma and Obouchow have been entirely successful, and Russia will not only be able to dispense with M. Krupp, but it is confidently affirmed that the Russian cast steel is firmer than and more durable, and not so liable to burst as M. Krupp's. The gun foundry at Perma now engaged in casting 26 9 inch mortars, with Trellow do Boltier locks, and one 11 inch mortar, Obouchow is to turn out thirty two 7 in. cast steel guns. Time for delivery is however, allowed till the summer of 1874.