

with two or three batteries, had, after some delay—caused, we supposed, the imaginary “three thousand” at Wilton—advanced from thence, rolling up Walpole’s loft, while the 2nd Division was directed against Stapleford, Wishford, and Steeple Langford. Walpole’s line, excessively prolonged, had compelled him to place many of his reserves in readiness for an attack in the direction of Yarnbury. Nearly all were now hurried to the left, but slowness of movement entailed by the necessity of crossing the dingles on the Wileybourne at and above Stapleford was fatal to the defence. The tide of battle advanced along the loft front and up the hill. Michel’s skirmishers, constantly fed by their supports, drove in Stephenson’s posts, carrying Newton Wood without strenuous opposition. The view from Newton Hill towards Stapleford was at the moment highly interesting from an artistic, but melancholy from a military point of view—long lines of skirmishers insufficiently supported advancing against equally weak lines of defenders, which, however, were speedily reinforced, although the defence had, to our eye, numerically the best of it. The attacking line was taken in flank by a battery on Newton Hill; yet there seemed to be a tacit understanding that the defence was to be driven in, and the aggressors to carry their hills between Wishford and Stapleford, advancing along Stopford Bottom. Had it been a matter of reality, the fire of Walpole’s battery at Newton Hill, raking the low ground from end to end, and the very existence or battalions in close order, must speedily have put a term to the arduous of the skirmishers who, regardless of its innocuous thunder, continued to press on in roar of the weak supports, notwithstanding they were exposed to its rapid and well-directed fire.

The battle was apparently lost by the fact that Walpole could not bring up his reserves in time successfully to dispute the possession of Newton Hill. Whether the fault was his own may be a question, considering that he was compelled to defend a greatly extended line divided into two zones by the Wileybourne, and offering in connection with the accidents of country favouring the Southern army almost insurmountable difficulties.

*The Kilkenny Militia, a Warning incident.*  
—When Walpole’s men were driven from Newton Hill, and Brownrigg saw that his opportunity had come, he sent the 88th at Wishford, and drove the enemy out of it in double quick time. Then occurred an incident which is thus described by the correspondence of the *Daily News*—“The 88th and the Kilkenny Boys,” the latter giving vent to a wild Irish yell of delight as they rushed after the retreating foe, pushed on beyond the village up the slopes of Stopford Bottom beyond. Here they had to wait a little until their comrades of the 1st Division could get upon their right. These were not long in coming, and then took place a scene which was no doubt exceedingly interesting to the good people of Wiltshire, who crowded the hillsides, and gathered on every commanding point to view it, but which as little resembled real fighting as anything which could well be conceived. Two long waving lines of skirmishers deliberately lain down on the downs and potted at one another at close range. This was all very pretty, but how in the name of breechloaders did either party get there? Both had to advance for many hundred yards over a smooth down with no cover on it, than on the back of one’s hand, and on which nothing two foot high could have lived for thirty seconds under

even very moderate fire of Spider rifles. However, the matter was apparently taken quite *au sérieux* by the regiment’s engaged, for they popped at each other with a steadiness which in men who were—or ought to have been—cold corpses was as praiseworthy as astonishing. Just as the banging was becoming somewhat monotonous, the ‘bould bhoys from Kilkenny,’ determined to show us how they do things in old Ireland. For some reason best known to themselves, they suddenly made a wild frantic rush at the regiment opposed to them, filling the air with hideous yells, and brandishing their rifles round their heads, evidently intending to make use of them as shillelahs should the base Saxons dare to withstand their onset. They were received with a ‘schnellfeuer,’ which would have cost a sight of masses had there been bullets in the rifles of the regiment they were charging. As there was only paper, the Kilkenny boys rushed on until they were within five feet of the foe. Unluckily for them the English regiment did not seem to see going, and looked uncommonly ready to use the but-ends of their muskets before they budged. In galloped the umpires, and after rating both parties soundly for having got so close, ordered, to the great astonishment of every one, the English regiment to retire. The Irish raised a fiendish yell as their foes retired silently, like good soldiers as they are, before the undisciplined ragamuffins opposite, who should have never been allowed to disgrace, by their unwelcome presence, the division and the *corps d’armée* to which they are attached.” This correspondent adds:—“I have the less scruple in writing strongly about the Kilkenny Militia, because the other Irish Militia regiment with the Southern Army—the Royal Southdown Militia—are as good as their countrymen are bad, and, indeed, are a model of what a Militia regiment ought to be. The Kilkenny Militia next distinguished themselves by broaking their ranks to catch a hare, in which warlike exploit they succeeded. Whereupon the officer commanding the company which had made the capture sung out, ‘Sergeant,’ take down the names of the men who left the ranks, and bring the hare to my tent when we camp.”

*Banquet.*—The Prince of Wales and a distinguished company were entertained in the evening by Dr. Lush, M.P. His Royal Highness sat upon the host’s right hand. To the right of the Prince was General Schousted, aide-de-camp to the King of Holland, the senior among the foreign officers present, though, in point of military rank, not superior to others who were at table; and next to him came Sir H. Storks, the Bishop of Salisbury, and Colonel von Krause, of the general staff in the German Army. To the immediate left of the chairman were the Duke of Cambridge, General Davoust, the Duke of Teck, and Mr. Cardwell. Only two toasts were given—“The Queen” and “The Prince of Wales.” In proposing the latter, Dr. Lush spoke of the general interest which had been excited in Salisbury by this royal visit, and the honour which was felt to be conferred upon the town by the acceptances on His Royal Highness’s part of the invitation to dinner, and by his presence in company with so many distinguished representatives of foreign nations. On the part of the people of Salisbury and the district generally, he wished the Prince health, long life, and every happiness. The toast, having been most cordially drunk, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in replying, said:—

“I thank you for the high compliment

which you have paid me in proposing my health, and I trust you will permit me to take the opportunity, speaking in this place, of thanking you, as the representative of the city of Salisbury, for the welcome which you have extended, not only to me, but to the army which is now round about the city of Salisbury. I feel sure that I am but expressing the feelings of my illustrious relative on my left (the Duke of Cambridge) and of the English officers that I see around when I say that they will not easily forget the hospitality and the kind feeling which has been evinced towards the army on the occasion of the manœuvres during the present year by the inhabitants of Salisbury and the surrounding country. I have also to say what pleasure it affords me—as I am sure it does to every Englishman who is present—to see at this hospitable board so many distinguished foreign officers who have been sent as the representatives of their different governments to assist at these manœuvres. I am sure they will look kindly on us; and however just, and, possibly, severe their criticisms may be upon our army they will, I am sure, believe that we receive them as soldiers of distinction and as visitors whose presence we highly value. I thank you, Sir, as representing the citizens of Salisbury, most cordially for their reception, and I thank you not less for the honour which you have done me personally.”

Soon afterwards the Prince, rising from the table, gave the signal for the company to mingle in general conversation over coffee and cigars, according to the continental fashion. On leaving for Bemerton Lodge, about eleven o’clock, His Royal Highness was, as before, loudly cheered by the crowd outside the building.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th.

This morning at half past ten o’clock, His Royal Highness attended Divine service in the cathedral, Salisbury. The corporation, some time previously, had proceeded in state in their carriages, with postilions, maces, &c., to Bemerton Lodge, to attend His Royal Highness. In the cathedral close large numbers of well-dressed persons assembled to witness the arrival of the procession, and the anxiety to obtain places in the interior of the building was very great. Owing, however, to the fact that services are held in the nave while the rest of the cathedral is undergoing restoration, but a limited number, comparatively, could be present. The bishop and cathedral clergy met the Prince and his suite at the western door, and a procession was formed, consisting of the choristers and clergy, followed by the corporation of Salisbury and the officers, and finally of the members of the royal party, with whom came most of the general officers composing the umpire staff. Mr. Cardwell, M.P. Newdegate, M.P., Dr. Lush, M.P. and Mr. A. Seymour, M.P., were also among those for whom places were specially reserved. As the procession moved along the nave, Mozart’s anthem, “I will give thanks,” was chanted by the choir. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Salisbury. After the service there was a collection for the fund for the restoration of the cathedral. The Prince left the buildings shortly after one o’clock, and walked over with the Duke of Cambridge to his quarters in the close, where he partook of luncheon. The foreign officers left town early this morning on a visit to the Marquis of Bath’s estate, Longleat at Warminster, where they were invited to spend the day.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th

It appears that the umpires, one and