

of the campaign was fought today, but with such complete change of position on the part of the rival armies, and with results admitting of so many different interpretations by staff officers and umpires, that I feel wholly at a loss to offer any authoritative exposition or summing up of the day's operations, and shall accordingly confine myself to a statement of what I actually saw. Knowing that the umpires, foreign officers, &c., were to rendezvous at the Long Barrow Cross Roads, the junction of the Salisbury and Amesbury cross roads, I proceeded to the "Druid's Head," a point about a mile nearer to Salisbury, and of some consequence locally from the fact that Mr. Woodford, of sporting fame, has his training stables here. The Druid's Head lies as nearly as possible midway between the positions occupied by the rival camps last night, and as the exact intentions of the rival commanders are not allowed to transpire, and the printing even of 'confidential memoranda' has been abandoned, through fear of a surplus copy getting astray, a central position taken up before the commencement of hostilities has its undoubted advantages for understanding what follows. Early as I thought I was on the field, flag signallers were already on the alert, and light cavalry were sweeping round in the distance, trying to make out the plans and dispositions of the enemy. The sort of instinct that is acquired after some familiarity with autumn manoeuvres led me pretty straight to the infantry columns, but a glance showed that the usual order of proceeding had been inverted. Sir A. Horsford's Division, which has hitherto executed most of the long marches, was on its way indeed, but the second Division under General Brownrigg, had left camp earlier, and was now some miles in advance. The direction taken by the columns was puzzling. Hitherto in all the engagements the efforts of the Southern Army, as the invading force, had been to march northwards, with the ultimate object of wheeling to the right and so making good their way to London. They now, quitting their camp of the night before at Berwick St. James, marched, as nearly as possible, south or south east. Some light, however, was thrown upon their intentions by the detaching of some infantry battalions with half a dozen guns across the plain to hold a strong position on their left at Box Hill, an eminence with a clump of trees upon it, from which it takes its name. As soon as the Box Hill is occupied, it becomes the point by which the force guided its march. Having gone to the south or south east sufficiently far to reach a deep winding valley leading down towards the Avon, Sir A. Horsford, following in the footsteps of General Brownrigg, turned due east and made a preparation for crossing the Avon at Woodford. Once across the river and in possession of the strong chain of hills lying to the north and north east of the village of Woodford, the Southern Army would be on its way to London, and would have slipped, so to speak, out of the hands of the Northern Army, which had been confronting it the night before, between Stonehenge and Amesbury. The valley through which the column marched was long and winding, and thus protected from the enflading fire of artillery but there were some long stretches of ground where the Northern guns, had they known what was going on, would have delighted to play. First in order came the Rifle Brigade, with a supporting force of artillery, and the pontoon bridges of the Engineer train; then the Brigade of Guards, followed by the wagons, forges, and led horses of the En-

gineers; and after them the several infantry battalions composing the division, dotting the valley with lines and patches of green and grey and red. In all, the 1st Division alone could not have covered less than a mile from front to rear; probably it exceeded that length, as sufficient distance was observed to enable the battalions to halt, wheel upon to the brow of the hill overlooking the valley, and come into action in case of need. The march of the column was steadily directed upon Woodford—that is to say, the Woodford to which the bridge across the river Avon belongs; for according to what seems the inevitable tendency in this part of the country, there are three Woodfords—Upper, Lower, and Middle or Church Woodford. And I believe it is a moot point at this moment among Engineer officers whether the bridge actually crossed properly belongs to any of the Woodfords, and I ought not to be laid down as that of Great Durnford.

While the column was thus upon its march, heavy firing was going on upon the left, but as this was supposed and asserted to be according to programme, no notice was taken of the marching division. The Northern Army, having made good use of its artillery, yesterday, began again early this morning. At first they were really firing only at the pickets and outposts of the Southern Light Cavalry, but having driven these in they made up their minds apparently that Box Hill was the key to the Southern position, and determined to assault it, at all hazards. In reality, it was held only by the weak brigade detached from Sir A. Horsford's left, aided by a small detachment of Light Cavalry. But the Northern Army evidently thought they had a strong force to deal with, for they advanced to the attack with no less than seven brigades of infantry. Box Hill was gallantly held for some time, but in the face of a line thus extended, there was ultimately nothing to be done but to withdraw to the ridge, a mile or so behind which was the hill projecting one side of the valley through which Sir A. Horsford's force was still on its march. A retrograde movement was further manifested by the fact that Marshall's Life Guards were to be seen in the extreme distance, making a *detour*, as was afterwards ascertained, of fully nine miles to get in rear of the Southern lines. The 16th regiment and the Rifles accordingly fell back but in beautiful order, occupying a succession of positions, out of which they never could have been driven, save by overwhelming force, and from which, even as it was they must in real war have inflicted heavy losses upon the enemy. The small detachment of the 7th Hussars helped them as long as was possible; but when at last they had to retreat and cross to the opposite bank of the river, it was most interesting to see how, at a mere wave of the officer's sword the *vedette*'s came in, drew together, and retreated in a formation that the enemy would have thought twice about attacking. The Northern infantry, however, marched like tigers. The Southern skirmishers delayed, but were powerless to stop their advance; and the last of Sir A. Horsford's battalion had fairly to cross the river at a run. Under cover of a hot fire kept up by some of their comrades from the garden walls and rears of some of the houses in the village, most of the 16th succeeded in making their escape. But the pursuit was too hot to permit them all to escape, and the Southern Engineers had to blow up the bridge while some of their men were still on the opposite bank. This was the case notably with the Rifle Brigade, who after all their

zealous exertions and hard fighting, were abandoned unavoidably to their fate. The line of skirmishers in rear—about a quarter of the regiment—prepared to sell their lives dearly, and, from the position which they occupied, actually kept for some time two whole regiments of the Northern Army in check. But the Life Guards, after their long and, as it seemed up to this moment, purposeless ride, appeared on their flank on a still higher crest of the ridge, and rode straight at them. The Rifles formed, not in squares, but ranks two or three deep *en echelon*, so that the horsemen as they advanced, and still more as they retreated, would have received the fire of the whole line. The moment of their success, however, was fatal to the Rifles, for the umpires held that being exposed to two dangers—from cavalry on the summit and lines of skirmishers in the valley—the Rifles in forming square to resist the Life Guards, made themselves into easy marks for the infantry fire. They were accordingly ordered to retire, and as, in obedience to this injunction, they crossed the brow and prepared to descend, they had the further mortification of seeing their own comrades, and supports of the same regiment, prisoners and strictly guarded by a large party of the Blues. Twenty minutes were allowed for the repair of the bridge, but in what seemed, in the midst of the stirring events just described, a much shorter time, the Northern Army were allowed to cross the Avon, and advance to the attack of Sir John Michel's troops in their new position. So far and no further, however, was the order of the day. The Southern Army was so posted that advance against their artillery and infantry was hopeless, and in the skirmishers near the river, it was authoritatively stated that the Provisional Battalion of Volunteers, and notably the two companies of 'the Inns of Court,' had distinguished themselves and rendered substantial service. When the daily conclave of generals and umpires was held, subsequently this regiment was selected to guard the enclosure within which the deliberations were held.

"Up to this point, I have described what I actually saw, as far as more fighting went it seemed to me that the portion of the Southern Army which was engaged was overwhelmed and in part captured by the North. On the other hand, the chiefs of the Southern Army hold that their object, which was not to fight, but to march round the Northern Army, and so get nearer to London was absolutely accomplished, inasmuch as General Brownrigg's Division actually reached the London Road, while the rearguard, under Sir A. Horsford, barred the way to pursuit. The Southern artillery officers also insist that the guns, both of Sir A. Horsford's and General Brownrigg's force some thirty or forty in number, were so placed many of the movements executed by the Northern Army across the river and likewise the passage of the bridge would have been impossible. To these guns, however, firing from some distance, no attention seems to have been paid. This is a matter which will happen, for nothing is more difficult than to tell, at a distance, in what direction guns are pointed. There is a puff of smoke which the wind possibly throws back before the report is heard, and under such circumstances, not only is it impossible to tell the direction of the shot, but the guns themselves may be easily mistaken for those of the opposite army. Sir R. Walpole's army are equally satisfied that they have succeeded in the object which they had in view, which was to cut off the enemy from his base of supplies, and for this purpose to place