

continued. The number of volunteers who entered for the regulated prizes was 292, while 494 competed for those open to all-comers. The first Queen's Prize of £250, with the gold medal of the Association, was won by Mr. Ross, of the 7th York, who, in the determining contest, made eight points at 800, seven at 900, and nine at 1,000 yards. About £2,000 was taken for admission to the camp.*

"If we look for the very root and spring of the present volunteer movement," observes a writer in *Once a Week*,† "we shall find it possibly in the celebrated letter of the Duke of Wellington, with which he rudely awakened Englishmen from the dream they had dreamed since Waterloo and Trafalgar, that our isle would be inviolate 'come the four corners of the world in arms to shock us.' The Saxon mind from that time slowly took alarm, and since the establishment of the French Empire the whole nation has turned in upon itself, as it were, to consult its own deep instincts as to what should be done. The *Times*, appreciating the blind instincts of the people, first shaped and moulded the movement in the direction it ultimately took; but it was to the voice of song that we owe the rapid and splendid development of peaceful citizens into armed battalions ready for the field. The philosopher who notes the shapeless grains of seed grouping themselves into regular forms when influenced by the vibrations of certain sounds, could in the volunteer movement see an analogous movement in the moral world, when the poet laureate's stirring song 'Riflemen, Form!' thrilled through the land, and at a stroke organised into serried lines the mobs of panic-stricken citizens. We question if any section of the nation has been taken so much by surprise by this movement as the military caste. Having experience of the lowest station only of the population of our own country, and of the National Guards on the Continent, it did not believe that the office, the chamber, and the shop, could turn out, at six months' notice, regiments worthy to be brigaded with regular troops, forgetting that in the Great Rebellion the shopkeepers of London marched to Gloucester, and there and then decided for ever in England, the contest between despotism and liberty. Those, again, who remembered, with a supercilious smile, the National Guard of Continental nations—middle-aged gentlemen, fat and frowsy, who do duty on compulsion—should not have confounded their capabilities with the picked

youth of this country: athletes, with bone, muscle, and pluck enough to go anywhere and do anything."

The writer then proceeds to comment on the review by the queen which was held in 1860:—"Among the many hundred thousands who crowded Hyde Park on the 23rd of June," he remarks, "jammed tight between two guardsmen in the purgatorial space before the stands, we noticed the long and sombre line of England's home army slowly pass before the queen. Across the green sod this sombre riband of men came on and on, their ranks ruled as straight as lines, and the whole mass sweeping round with a movement like the spokes of a wheel. For an hour and a half came the tramp, tramp, unbroken by a sound save by the distant music, their own feet, and the occasional cheers of the spectators, for it was perhaps wisely ordered that none but the queen's band should play during the review. Persons accustomed to the reviews of regular troops were struck by the exceeding simplicity of the uniforms. There was no holiday attire here. Grey and green made up the long column, save that, like a lance, at its head fluttered the brilliant scarlet of the Artillery Company and the bright tunics of the Huntingdonshire Mounted Rifles. It was impossible to avoid drawing comparisons between the different corps as they marched past; indeed, the line of military spectators who fringed the reserved standings were very demonstrative indeed in their professional criticisms, and it is but just to say that in no instance was there the slightest shade of professional jealousy evinced by them. 'What splendid horses!' we heard a guardsman involuntarily exclaim, as the Huntingdonshire Mounted Rifles went past; 'her Majesty don't mount our men like that.' Every horse perhaps was a valuable hunter, and the man that rode him was warranted to do some cross-country skirmishing if called into the presence of the enemy.

"The Honourable Artillery Corps again puzzled the people mightily, and we believe to this hour numbers went away with the idea that a battalion of her Majesty's Grenadier Guards led off the review. But we confess that, to our unprofessional eye, the most active and soldierly-looking set of men were the Inns of Court Corps. The greyish-brown dress possibly tended to give the men size, but it was impossible not to remark that the 'Devil's Own' carried off the palm for setting-up and athletic proportions. When we consider that these young lawyers are many of them just drafted from the Universities, where physical training is

* T. Archer's "Life of Gladstone," Vol. IV., p. 45.

† See July 14, 1860. Vol. III., p. 8r.