

perhaps better attended to than among any other assemblage of young Englishmen, it is not surprising that they should make such splendid young soldiers. That the use of their brains does not militate against the use of their legs, the repeated cries of 'Bravo, Devil's Own!' as they marched past, fully testified. Indeed, a good many could not help remarking that here, as in a good many other places, his sable majesty took excellent care of his children. It was observable in this review

—such splendid beards, worthy of Titian, and such fine faces! Imagine some dirty little scrub of a Frenchman picking off his Stanfield, or potting a Millais, in an affair before breakfast! But there would be plenty of Englishmen left to avenge them, and to paint good pictures afterwards. Then there were the Scottish, Welsh, and Irish corps, each distinguished by some national badge or costume. The kilted company of Scotchmen certainly marched admirably, and fully justified the excellence of the



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that the spirit which leads us to stick to what is termed in the army the regimental system also obtains most fully amongst the volunteers. Each corps felt a pride in itself, which doubtless will tend to excellent results if the volunteers are ever called into the field on active service. 'Look at the Robin Hoods!' said a soldier near to us; 'every man of them looks as though he had shot with William Cloudestie, and could pick off the Sheriff of Nottingham at a thousand paces;' and most certainly, if there is any reliance on manly bearing, that old idea, that we thought had perished with Merry Sherwood, lives and moves in the breasts of the brave men in Lincoln green from Nottingham. Not less admired was the little company of Artists

costume for that exercise; and the Irish, in their green uniforms, looked, we must confess, very like their own constabulary; and we could not pay them a better compliment. . . . If Mr. Bright or any of the 'peace party at any price' were present, it must have galled them to have seen the Manchester corps, 1,600 strong, move along its dark green mass, forming with the Robin Hoods a brigade of themselves. The Lancashire lads, it is clear, are not inclined just at present to beat their swords into pruning-hooks. Neither must we forget the Durham corps, brought to the metropolis by the munificence of Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry. Up to a late hour on the previous Friday these citizen soldiers toiled in the deep mine, in the