

usual cunning, and loud were the complaints we heard that the five shots—the regulation allowance of each gun—were not sufficient to bring out the real stuff in a man. But with the morning air of the second day shaken nerves were restored again, and Englishmen were not found to be behind the picked shots of Switzerland. It is certainly rather fortunate that the latter should have failed to have rescued their rifles from the French Custom-house authorities; but as they well knew that they could only shoot for some of the prizes with rifles not above ten pounds in weight, they have little to complain of, we apprehend.

“The establishment of an open target, at which all comers can fire without any restriction, is a very lucky hit, and is, in our opinion, well calculated to elicit some very good shots from the crowd. Englishmen have a certain individuality which is likely to display itself in rifle-shooting as much as in other things, and a little “undress” shooting is sure to be very popular. As far as we have yet seen, the National Rifle-shooting Association has inaugurated among us a new sport, which will, we believe, rapidly take root, and place us in the foremost ranks as marksmen. It is a good sign when a nation takes to an exercise as a matter of sport, which it may be called upon to perform in grave earnest; and as long as we know how to snap the rifle, truly we may snap our fingers at the gentlemen across the water.”

Mr. W. W. Fenn, in *Tinsley's Magazine* (Vol. XXVI.), recounts his amusing “Recollections of a Volunteer,” showing in a pleasant chatty manner how readily a man in good health, and of moderate capacity and intelligence, may become efficiently acquainted with the use of arms, and be turned to good account for his country's defence. “Once brought into contact with the smart, upright drill-sergeant of the Guards,” he writes, “taught to hold oneself properly, look to the front, keep one's head up, shoulders back and knees stiff, and generally to comport oneself as if all the world belonged to us; introduced to the ‘goose-step’ under the name of ‘balance-step,’ with or without gaining ground; instructed in the mysteries of facing right, left, and about; initiated into the recondite processes of ‘fours’—‘forming fours’ it was then called—and ‘front forming company,’ with all the rest of the successive ins and outs of the early stages of manoeuvring, the martial spirit was stirred within me, and I devoted myself enthusiastically to the study of my new calling. The enthusiasm was further stimulated by the congenial company in which I found myself. Shoulder to shoulder with friends and

brethren of the brush, architects, engravers, musicians, authors, journalists, actors, doctors, &c., the sociability of a club was added to the attractions of our parade; and there was very soon established a spirit of emulation and an *esprit de corps* which I am glad to know still exists, and on a much larger scale in my own regiment.”

The following amusing sketch, entitled “Camp Life at Wimbledon,” is quoted from *Belgravia* (Vol. III.) :—

“It was a lovely summer's afternoon when Bob Miller and I got out of the train at Putney Station, on our way to the camp. The platform was crowded with volunteers from all parts of the kingdom, who had come down with us to take part in the great national meeting. Well has the camp bard immortalized these noble men—

“ ‘Some were short, some were tall,
Some were big, some were small,
Some were black, some were blue,
Others of a greenish hue :’

and, carried away by the poetic transports of his soul, concluded his strains in a mystic burst of admiration.

“Upon sallying forth from the station we were beset by a host of charioteers, all of whom eagerly professed the delight they should feel at being permitted to drive us to camp. . . . A quick drive up-hill brought us on to the beautiful common of Wimbledon. In the distance, far away across an undulating tract of heath, could be seen a long line of hoarding extending right across the common. Over it peeped the tops of the tents, gleaming snowy white in the hot afternoon sun.

“ ‘Pretty sight, isn't it?’ said Miller, noticing my admiring glances. ‘That hoarding rather spoils it, though. You see the windmill away to the left there? The Blue-bottles are camping to the right of it, where that big flag is. That long blue building is Jennings's: you know Jennings? No? He is the great refreshment man. We shall turn off here soon, and go over the common. Ah, here we are! Drive straight into the camp, cabby, and go to the quartermaster-sergeant's tent. Doesn't camp look well, eh? See, there's our post-office, and there's the telegraph station; we've got all the comforts of a town. The head-quarters are round the windmill. That's the notice-board over there, where the orders for the day are posted. Our camp is at the end of this street of tents. There's a jolly tent, isn't it? The luxurious owner has positively got a carpet and a chest of drawers, to say nothing of that small family bedstead. He's been here before, I'll bet. Closely packed those