

was melting; that was all; and the realism was endured more than enjoyed. The shooters fire their five shots at the bullseyes; wait for the bugle-call; then drop their rifles and advance to learn their scores. Eight hundred men a day can practice in these miniature ranges, which are more effective than those at Long Branch, for the distances are shorter; and a man who happens to be slow in the uptake about how to hold, to sight and discharge the rifle, can be given all the instruction his head and his country require.

Where Men Are Stalled.

There are to be thirteen hundred horses in the camp, when the tale of cavalry and artillery is completed. We sampled the animals, which were coming in daily, in the stables that are better than anything many of them will occupy when they leave their native land. There were light saddle horses, such as ladies delight in; and the twelve hundred pounders that are for general purposes, where speed and strength are required in combination.

The cavalryman has more to do in camp than the infantryman. His charges have to be fed early and tended late. He swings the fork oftener than he lunges with the bayonet. The artillery was not quite complete as to men, horses or guns. If your mind runs to the ornaments of the bucolic field; and you have been keen on the judging of classy animals in the ring, how do you feel when you know that parks of artillery—guns and carriages—filled the judging arena at Toronto Exhibition?

The supersession of peaceful husbandry by the implements of war in the region of the horse stables, cattle byres, sheep pens and poultry sheds, gave a mighty strange aspect to the whole camp. The horses were the only quadrupeds in the long, low buildings. The cattle barns have been swept and garnished and made as sweet as the new mown hay; and in them men repose in the stalls, though I saw none lying in a manger. The roofed sheep pens have been walled in, and by this time are a dining hall for a thousand.

The hospitals are stalled off; especially

the infectious quarters and the department for blessings like disinfection. In an upper room is a chamber, made of boards with sawdust between, wherein the clothes of such men as have been roughing it overmuch in the far-off woods are put through a steam bath for half an hour, to the end that they may have life less abundantly, and then dried by a fervent heat turned into the same chamber.

The subject of this near-godly process meantime lies in bed, waiting for his only pair; and only everything else. You see a masculine prototype of Psyche ready for the bath—sitting in it, i' faith; said bath being a shallow wooden tub of exceeding usefulness and of no ornamentation. A soldier bathing while his garments are being steamed, even as potatoes are steamed, is one of the aspects of modern warfare that would make Napoleon gasp.

Inoculating Against Typhoid.

In the other hospital—I suppose it might be called the general hospital, where each bed has its own stall—wherein the private is like cathedralled deans and archdeacons, and prebendaries and canons of the church, those doughty soldiers of the Lord—we found Dr. Strathy giving a young giant his third inoculation against typhoid. He was a cheerful young giant. You could not see anything of his flesh, which the doctor reached, below the right shoulder, through the opened shirt. The filling of the needle within the bottle of germs—they looked like so much thick and addled beer; if such stuff can be—the injection of the dose—about five hundred million germs, I believe—and the sterilizing of the needle, combined to make an interesting affair for those of us who looked on.

A hospital is never a cheerful place for one who draws reflectively the fleeting breath of life. Here some of the men looked sick, some were sad, some were positively happy. There was nothing to tell that the comforts of the place were sent by Liberal ladies. It was good to see the men who sat in five dentists' chairs, patients of the white-coated eminent practitioners,