

**NATIONAL RIFLE-SHOOTING  
MATCH. REPORT OF THE THE  
ROYAL RIFLE MATCH ON  
WIMBLEDON COMMON**

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National Rifle-Shooting Match. Report of the the Royal Rifle Match on Wimbledon Common by John Scoffern

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**JOHN SCOFFERN**

**NATIONAL RIFLE-SHOOTING  
MATCH. REPORT OF THE THE  
ROYAL RIFLE MATCH ON  
WIMBLEDON COMMON**





THE ENFIELD RIFLE, REVOLVERS, AND  
BREECH-LOADING GUNS.

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AND ALSO

DOUBLE BARREL RIFLES AND RIFLED CARBINES CARRYING  
THE GOVERNMENT AMMUNITION.

**IMPROVED REVOLVING PISTOLS**

With their Patent Spring Ramrod, and interlocking motion of the Chambers.

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*Arms and Fowling Pieces, Guns, Pistols, and Rifles of all Descriptions.*

**AIR-GUNS.**

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**NATIONAL RIFLE-SHOOTING MATCH.**

**REPORT**

OF THE

**ROYAL RIFLE MATCH**

ON

**WIMBLEDON COMMON;**

WITH SPECIALITIES OF RIFLES AND RIFLE AMMUNITION, AND  
A FULL ACCOUNT OF

- I. WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN COMPETITIVE RIFLE-SHOOTING.
- II. WHAT IS DOING THROUGHOUT THE NATION.
- III. WHAT SHOULD BE DONE IN FUTURE.

ALSO, A FULL DESCRIPTION OF NEW LUBRICANTS, AND A CRITICISM ON  
THE SWISS AND ENGLISH STYLES OF RIFLE-SHOOTING.

BY **JOHN SCOFFERN, M.B.**

AUTHOR OF "PROJECTILES," &c.

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168, FLEET STREET.

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DEDICATION.

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**Our Rifle Schoolmaster Wray of Wythe,**

IN

GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF THE ASSIDUITY AND SUCCESS

WHEREWITH

HE HAS TAUGHT THE YOUNG BRITISH IDEA

HOW TO SHOOT,

THIS BOOK, OR TRACT, OR PAMPHLET,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY ONE WHO HAS NEVER SPOKEN TO HIM,

BUT WHO

APPRECIATES HIS LABOURS.



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## PREFACE.

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It has been the custom time out of mind for authors about to commence a literary labour of love, to invoke the patronage of some appropriate god, goddess, or muse. Homer did it, and Virgil too; and our own immortal Milton, as is well known.

If men, godlike almost in power themselves, felt it thus well to seek celestial aid, how much more needing the kind offices of gods, goddesses, and muses, am I? So far as history records, it does not seem that Homer was any way hurried in his work; and I never could learn that a legion of printer's devils were ever let loose to worry the bard of Mantua. Virgil had ample time to write *his* copy; and write it deliberately he did, in fair Italian hand. As for Milton, though blind, he had the luxury of a fair amanuensis. No eyes had he to dim; his hand could never tire.

But here, at 11 A.M., in this day of grace the ninth of

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July, am I, broken by recent illness, exhausted by recording for two morning newspapers the professional doings of our grand "tir national;" sleepy as one needs must be who has not slept eight hours during the entire week gone by; replete with dining overmuch; and half jolted to death by travelling in a cabbage cart from Putney to Covent Garden, at 3 A.M., because, like many others at Wimbledon, I overshot the mark—missing, not my aim, but my train: here am I, pledged to write a book in eight and forty hours!\* Gods, goddesses, and muses, satyrs, demi-gods, and fauns, I would fain implore ye all. Yes, even the —!

Olympus and Pandemonium being thus invoked, I would now implore on behalf of mortals a meed of consideration. That which I have arranged to do I *must* do. My publisher is a man who stands no nonsense; and if you offend him, fights. He is of quick temperament and hot blood. He wastes no words, but comes to the point; in proof of which I do not apologise for setting before you a billet-doux found in my letter-box, on returning from Wimbledon last night.

"DEAR SIR,—First copy on Monday at 12 P.M.; last copy on Tuesday at 10 A.M.

"Yours ever truly."

\* This, besides two leaders to which I am pledged; two Wimbledon reports; and such eating, drinking, and sleeping as one needs must get.

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