

THE FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

Upon the breezy headland the fisherman's grave
they made,
Where over the daisies and clover bells, the
birchen branches swayed;
Above us the lark was singing in the cloudless
skies of June,
And under the cliffs the billows were chant-
ing their ceaseless tune;
For the creamy line was curving along the hol-
low shore,
Where the dear old tides were flowing that he
would ride no more.

The dirge of the wave, the note of the bird, and
the priest's low tone were blent,
In the breeze that blew from the moorland, all
laden with country scent;
But never thought of new mown hay tossing on
sunny plains,
Or of lilies deep in the wild wood, or gemming
the lanes,
Woke in the hearts of stern, bronzed men, who
gathered around the grave,
Where lay the mate who had fought with them
the battle of wind and wave.

How boldly he steered the cable across the foam-
ing bar,
When the sky was black to the eastward, and
the breakers white on the sea,
How his keen eye caught the squall ahead, how
his strong hand furled the sail,
As we drove o'er the angry waters before the
raging gale!
How cleverly he kept all the long dark night, and
never a person spoke
Good words, like those he said to us, when at
last the morning broke!

So thought the dead man's comrades, as silent
and sad they stood,
While the prayer was prayed, the blessing said,
and the dull earth struck the wood;
And the widow's sob, and the orphan's wail,
jarred through the joyous air,
How could the light wind o'er the sea blow on so
fresh and fair?
How could the gay waves laugh and leap, land-
ward o'er sand and stone,
While he, who knew and loved them all, lay
lapped in clay alone?

But for long when the beetling heights the snow
Tipped billows roll,
When the cod, the skate, and dogfish dart around
the herring shoal;
When gear is set, and sails are set, and the
merry breezes blow,
And away to the deep sea harvest the stalwart
reapers go,
A kindly sight and a hearty word, they will
give to him who lies,
Where the clover springs, and the heather
blooms, beneath the northern skies.

Dearth of Artillery.—No. 5.

DEAR SIR,—It may be desirable to recapitu-
late very briefly the general purport of the
previous letters on this vital subject, to
which the *Brad Arrow*, kindly gave publi-
city. 1st. I called attention to our alarm-
ing deficiency of field artillery—alarming,
because we could not, with the utmost ex-
ertion, put 100 field-guns on a war footing,
if required; while the other Great Powers
of Europe, among whom England once
used to rank, could with little difficulty
send out nearly ten times that number *each*.
2ndly. I advocated a method of increasing
our present field artillery which would give
us about 700 guns, in a condition far from
non-effective for home service or defensive
war, and expansive in a more prompt and
practicable way than on any other organiza-
tion if required for offensive or foreign ac-
tive service; and 3rdly, I enlarged on the
fact that this could be done at once, at no
additional expense, without making one
single new "appointment," or giving any
opportunity for the further spreading of
that canker of jobbery which is corrupting
our whole military system.

When, however, I suggested that our
present force of field artillery could be, by
redistribution into nucleus batteries in the
mode I briefly sketched out, converted into
a cadre artillery of a strength somewhat
approaching what it ought to be, I tacitly
assumed that our artillery personnel remain-
ed constant; that its present strength of offi-

cers and men did not diminish, either in
quantity or quality. This postulate, unfor-
tunately, cannot be admitted; every one
knows that the artillery is greatly below its
proper strength, and is still decreasing in
number, and that appearances are kept up
by inducing volunteering and transfers from
one "brigade" to another—robbing Peter
to pay Paul—in a deft and clever manner,
which, however detrimental to the real
interests of England, is so far comforting as
that it shows the Horse Guards' officials are
able to do something besides devise new
uniforms, which some might otherwise sup-
pose to be the highest attribute of our head-
quarter staff in 1876. And those who are
behind the scenes know that, in despite of
all the official placebos and assurance we
hear in Parliament and out of it, the recruits
we do get are worse in character and capa-
bility every day. So far for the men; as
regards the officers, the paucity of them has
been admitted, but things are worse than is
known to the public, as usual. On reference
to the last Woolwich regimental list, I find
no fewer than seven batteries have no lieu-
tenants whatever with them, a considerable
number, both of field and garrison, have
only one; many have only two; the "horse"
artillery alone seems kept up to its full
strength, of course at the expense of the
other more important branches. So much
for quantity: deterioration of the quality of
officers may be safely inferred when we
know that it has been decided to "push for-
ward" fifty cadets of the R. M. A., which
means to send them up for examination
before they are fit, and to make matters easy
for their passing and being commissioned! While to fill up these vacancies in the ac-
ademy, it will be easier for candidates to
pass in, of which advantage will no doubt be
taken by a number of the noodles with-
interest, for the exclusion of whom, when
the army was well-nigh clogged up with
them, the country demanded the com-
petitive test—a test which has answer-
ed its purpose as well as most human
contrivances, notwithstanding the manage-
ment and jobbery by which it is daily and
hourly sought to be evaded, and the promi-
nence and publicity given to every particle
of dross thrown up along with purer metal
by its operation.

It would *a priori* seem likely that the ar-
tillery service would be well filled up in all
ranks, whatever might be the case with
other branches of the army. Its high repu-
tation for ability and knowledge, the rank
and consideration it enjoys in most armies,
the nature of its duties, giving more scope
for individual action; its organization into
small independent bodies, which in former
days gave rise to closer and better relations
between the officers among themselves, the
men among themselves, and both classes
with each other, than was to be found else-
where in the army; the peculiar and dis-
tinctive uniform, *simplex munditiis*, as it
used to be before the Horse Guards gold-
laced it; the more rational and less routine
system which existed in the old B. O. days,
when officers really commanded their bat-
teries; the increased chances of reaching
the positions of major and sergeant-major
respectively, which used to confer some
authority and consideration before H. R. H.
(no doubt with the best intentions) ruined
the artillery by the "brigade system;" the
slight extra pay, more valuable, as
marking an admitted superiority than for
its amount, the artillery ought to be a popular
service with both officers and men who pos-
sess ability and knowledge enough to be fit
for it. Why is it not so?

To this question I propose in the present

paper to attempt at least a partial answer;
space or time will not admit of an exhaus-
tive investigation of what is really a difficult
and complicated subject connected and en-
tangled with many old troublesome political
and social problems; but the main bearings of
the case can be indicated sufficiently for my
purpose in a brief space.

First, as regards the officers. I do not
believe that at this moment there is one
artillery officer, even amongst those of
least ambition and coolest judgment—always
excepting that valuable class who have con-
trived to pass all their service, or nineteen
twentieths of it, "by hook or by crook,"
at Woolwich—who is satisfied with his posi-
tion. Entering the service after a difficult
examination and severe course of study,
comparatively to other branches, the Royal
Artillery officer finds that when commission-
ed and supposed to be fit for duty, he is
sent for a year to Woolwich Garrison, nomi-
nally, to learn there what he ought to have
been taught at the Academy, but really to
pay more subscriptions and give forced sup-
port to the Woolwich mess and band, and to
give a pretext for more "appointments,"
for these are the real motives of the year's
detention of newly-commissioned officers at
Woolwich which has caused such deep dis-
satisfaction all through the corps—here, as
elsewhere, the Woolwich clique being the
curse of the regiment! When this year is
over, after having been nominally transferred
to perhaps two or three batteries which he
never joins, but where his printed name
hides an otherwise ugly deficiency of officers
he is at last "potted," and joins some-
where.

He very possibly finds himself the only
lieutenant, though there may be one or two
others nominally belonging to the battery,
kept at Woolwich and transferred about in
name as he was himself. He has the whole
orderly duty of the battery to do always;
the captain, who has never less than fifteen
years' service, can't be expected to help
him much; he, and the major too, assum-
ing both to be present, which however, is
frequently not the case, are men of double
his age, or thereabouts; it may be fancied
what a pleasant time he has of it in the
delightful outstations which are assigned to
single batteries. To compensate for that,
he has fourpence a day more than his brother
in the infantry, though much less than his
brother in the cavalry. He used to have
the small, but pleasant swagger of being a
full lieutenant before they were, but the
new system of back-dating the commissions
of young officers of other arms, together
with the year he is kept at school at Wool-
wich after he has passed out of the "shop,"
has taken away the whole of this advantage,
and was probably intended to do so.

He plods along his dreary course as he
best can for some years, finding on the way
that the artillery has quite given up its old
claim to be the best service for a poor man,
as the glorious brigade system, with brigade
messes, brigade bands, brigade entertain-
ments, and subscriptions and the like, to-
gether with the constant changes in uniform
and increased price of it, have made it one
of the most expensive. He has to study
harder, work harder, and undergo more
foreign service (I don't assume that he is
one of the favoured Woolwich clique) than
officers of other arms; at last, looking dazed
and old for his years, he completes six years
service. Suddenly he discovers that a
young medical officer, who entered the ser-
vice at the same time that he did, has brok-
en out into captain's lace and captain's pay
for which the poor gunner sub. will have to
serve quite eight weary years more! As he