

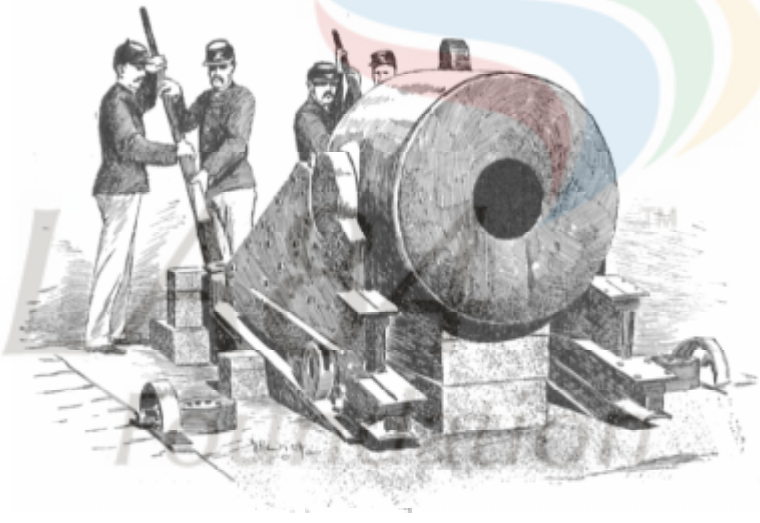
ing in the attack and defense of forts, calculation of trajectories under all circumstances, the theory and practice of gun construction and material of war, photography, electricity, telegraphy, etc.

At Leavenworth every officer who graduates is capable of constructing all kinds of field fortifications, military bridges, to command a company, a regiment, etc., under all conditions, to command a rear or advanced guard or an outpost, to estimate the value of ground- for military purposes and best adapt it, the subjects of bits and biting, horseshoes and shoeing, the care of and training and breaking of horses, the treatment of horse diseases, etc.

The school at Fort Riley is but just under way, and it is too early to formulate a complete course of instruction.

It is, however, the idea to carry the cavalry instruction still farther, while, in addition, the light artillery course treats, of field artillery and its action with an army in the field. In all these schools minor tactics, battle tactics, logistics etc., with all their varying problems, together with military history and military law, and law of nations, are taught in the most thorough manner. It is to be noted that while West Point is established by law, and maintained by annual congressional appropriations, the other schools have been organized by army orders, and are maintained by the zeal and *esprit de corps* of army officers alone. The professors and instructors are officers of the rank of captain or field-officer, while the students are all lieutenants.

To be continued.



UNITED STATES ARTILLERY SCHOOL. DISMOUNTING THIRTEEN-INCH SEA-COAST MORTAR.

A SUMMER THOUGHT.



SOMETIMES I can but ask me
this—
Would heaven to me be always
bliss

If I should miss the robin's call,
The bluebird's cheery note,
The fragrance of the lily fleets
On shining ponds afloat,

And all the precious things of mine
That make me glad in Summer-time?

And then the droning, fluttering bee,
The butterflies awlirl,
The pennons which the growing corn
From stately masts unfurl;
Primroses, like a golden fleece,
Spread by the singing rill;
The shadows which the sunbeams chase
Across the grassy hill.

Ah! over in that other clime
How sweet must be the Summer-time!

EUGENIA CHAPMAN GILLET.