

CARTHAGENA.

A DAY'S BOMBARDMENT.

This is the seventh day of the bombardment, and yet there is no sign of surrender. About half-past two yesterday afternoon I did think there was prospect of the beginning of the end. The Spanish flags were withdrawn from Moros and Despeneparros (which for some time have ceased to flaunt the black flag), and the black flags disappeared from the castles. The batteries on this side delivered their fire with cruel steadiness and effect all the same; this lowering of banners meant nothing that was known, and could not be taken notice of; still Carthage did not reply with a shadow of her former spirit. There was a silence, striking by contrast with the recent uproar, and only made more audible by the rare discharge of a gun. We ask ourselves, what can they be doing? Rumours of the most contradictory kind had their course—"The Junta is escaping"—"the long-expected revolution within has broken out"—"they are burying the dead"—they are deliberating as to the conditions they will ask before giving in." This morning there is a change; the cannonade on our side has intensified, and there are moments when it is as fierce as on the terrible opening morning, and the answering shots from the Plaza send their echoes rumbling through the hills just as often and noise (talaz) occasionally thunders, but I do not apprehend that orders have been given to the castles to preserve their projectiles for the fleet. That fleet is idle, except for its activity in going to Alicante for coal. One report yesterday said the Numancia, attended by a swarm of little steamers had gone out; the little steamers came back, but the Numancia never returned; therefore, the Numancia must have been captured. At this moment I don't know what basis there is for the story, whether it is pure fiction, or fiction founded upon fact. That it is not simple truth I am satisfied. General Ceballos (by the bye, he is indisposed) does not know much more. I have a strong suspicion there is a want of combination between the land and naval forces. The general on *terra firma* is not in constant communication with the general at sea. The engineer officers of this army of operations know their business, and do it, so do the artillery, and their men are behaving well; but the intelligence department of the army is very badly managed.

In the house where I am billeted a couple of woe-begone women, who have escaped from Carthage, have sought refuge. They are pale with mortal terror still, and shudder at every cannon shot they hear. These women tell me the food in the town is tolerably abundant, but very bad. Water, salt and oil are scarce. The defenders of the different positions are mixed, composed of soldiers, volunteers, and convicts, in order, presumably, to pay off one against the other. When the firing becomes heavy, the women and children go to the arsenal for refuge; when it relaxes they return to their houses. But all the women are not thus faint-hearted; some march to the ramparts, rifle in hand, and one notably, the wife of a conspicuous Cantonal, endeavours to emulate the example of the Mail of Saragossa, by standing by her husband's side in the battery and firing the guns. There is no use in controverting it, there is a fund of misdirected heroism in the smoke-bergit city yonder. The Spanish Government troops (constructed by that eloquent apostle of democracy, Emilio Castelar), have hailed hot ruin upon it for now nearly a week; ever

house in the town is damaged more or less, the streets are impassable for fallen bricks balconies, smashed cornices and chimney-tops; pieces of iron are wrenched forcibly from their holds and sent hissing through the air, the Devil is playing nine-pins in the public squares, the hospitals are crammed with bleeding and disfigured victims; and yet—in angles of masonry here and there—knots of four or five men, their teeth clenched and their faces and naked arms black with gunpowder, the smell of strong brandy in their mouths I dare say, are acting the heroic part, are doing all that Nelson's stout fellows, Drake's and Collingwood's ever did—are standing to their guns. And when a shell bursts and a limb is jagged by the merciless iron splinter, the stern, grimy, half-drunken insurgent cries, as he falls, "Viva la Republica Federal!" This is the story, and if this is not heroism of a kind, as the dogged determination with which Tom Sayers, with broken right arm, stood before Heenan was, I fear my hero worship's tainted with heathenish idolatry. I own I admire those blackguards—I cannot help but admire them. In a sense the right arm of Carthage is broken; her munitions as many circumstances indicate, are failing. Round shot are fired too often and the red smoke fluttering sky-high as some shell with too short a time fuse bursts innocuously, is too frequent. But still she holds out, and when, to all outward tokens, she is smitten heavily and sent to earth, she plucks herself together for the next round and "comes up smiling." What can be the objects of these men in holding out with such obstinacy. There is no army outside to relieve them: the attempts to kindly cantonal insurrections elsewhere by way of diversion have all failed ignobly; they are not for concessions, for they know perfectly well the Madrid Provisional Government would be only too happy to give them any. They must have an object; and this is what is said here, but that dare not be published in Spain under the present Liberal Administration. Hopes have been held out to those Cantonals that if they can hold their ground till January—one short month more, and they have now held it for nine five—there will be a movement—a Parliamentary movement, if you please—in Madrid in their favour. It is quite possible they may be able to hold out till January—apparently they can get food supplies when they please; the bombardment has failed, as bombardments always do if the assailed party can get over the first few days panic; there are enough military men in the place to know that a siege is a tedious undertaking, and that the existing so called "investing" force must be at least doubled before it can be attempted. Well, if the Federal Republic be proclaimed in Madrid, as is possible, the consequence is easily foreseen. Such of the officers of the army as are still faithful to this Government—though they are quite as conscious as their enemies of Carthage that it is a mere pasteboard Government—will throw up their commands, the army will be more disorganized than ever, and the one hope for Spain will be in a return to Bourbon absolutism, and the proclamation of Charles the Seventh. The country will have but a choice of evils—the Prince of the Asturias is young, is not in the field, and the projects of his friends are not ripe; besides, Spain will hardly tolerate a regency. The choice, I repeat, is between the evil of a clerically inspired autocracy on one side, and a rampant radicalism on the other, and of the two the former, in my opinion, is the lesser.

Notwithstanding, I cling to the hope that Carthage will fall within the next fortnight. We have now five powerful fixed batteries in front of it, all of which are doing their work efficiently—to wit, Ferrol and Lower Roche on the left, commanding Moros and Despeneparros, Subillaga and the Railway Battery more to the centre, and the Piquetta or the Windmill Battery, as it is indifferently called, to the right. In addition to these there are the provisional batteries, one of which, of four Krupp guns, was impudently planted under the nose of the Molinos work, one of the enemy's advances, early yesterday morning. On Sunday afternoon I visited the staff headquarters, close to the artillery reserve park in the middle of the line. I saw two prisoners in civilian's clothes brought in with their arms bound with cords; one was old and was seated on a donkey; he looked like a dervish in the conical fur cap he wore; the other, young and slim, was on foot. Both frankly admitted they were convicts and were trying to escape from Carthage. These worthies professed to feel very indignant at being made a public exhibition of to the gipping, staring soldiers. They were taken to prison, but nothing very wicked will be done to them. In my opinion they would be rejoiced at the chance of changing bombarded Carthage for the deepest, darkest dungeon of the Peninsula. While the prisoners were the centre of attraction, tidings came that there was a sortie towards Alumbres, and there was quick galloping to and fro. But the sortie is passed, and this did not amount to anything. It might have been a feint to draw off attention while provisions were being got in elsewhere. One incident occurred while I was at headquarters which is not so unusual as to extort comment here, but which is worth mentioning as a sample of the fortitude of the faithful, sober Spanish soldiers. A wounded artilleryman was being conveyed to the field hospital on a stretcher. As he passed the groups or staff officers and others, his eyes brightened, and a smile lit up the wan face. "Adios, Jose!" said the boy with an attempt at cheerfulness, as he raised his bandaged head and moved the blankets in salute to a companion he had recognized in the bystanders. "Have you a cigarette to spare?" The brave lad's thigh was ripped open, but he was a hero in his fashion, although only one of the rank and file, and calculated that Jose would tell the tale of his conduct in the village they came from. The respect of the village—his world—for him was fame.—From the Standard Dec. 9.

A special despatch from Berlin to the London Hour says the commander of one of the German vessels seized by a Spanish man-of-war in the Sooloo Archipelago and carried to Manila writes home that himself and crew were sent to prison and kept there two months, during which time they received very harsh treatment at the hands of the Spanish officials. The Hour's despatch says:—"Public feeling in Germany is much excited over the seizure of the vessels, and the fullest satisfaction for the insult to the German flag is demanded."

REMITTANCES Received on Subscription to THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW up to Saturday the 17th inst.

Bowmanville, Ont.—Capt. C. R. Loscombe to \$2.00
 Brockville, Ont.—Lt. Col. W. H. Jackson, D. A. G. [Sep. 1873] 2.00
 [Dec. 1873] 2.00
 Lt. Col. Cole, [Dec. 1873] 2.00
 Capt. G. E. McClean, " 2.00
 Bourg-Louis, Que.—Maj. E. Puellet, to July 72 4.00
 Quebec, Que.—Lt. Col. L. P. Vohl, to Feb. 1871 2.00