

Shelter for the Garrisons.—Casemated shelter, out of reach of the direct fire of the enemy, should be provided for the entire garrison of a coast fort or battery. Redoubts and other constructions in the interior of another work are not to be recommended. After a while they get beaten down and impede the movements of the garrison. We must never lose sight of the fact that coast defences—unlike works further inland, which, as a rule, are liable to be attacked with ordnance of medium calibres only—are subject to the attacks of the heaviest descriptions of ordnance known. Under these circumstances earthen works and earthen covered defences of all kinds have the defect before alluded to—the earth gets scattered about, blocking the interior communications, often seriously impeding, if not stopping altogether, the working of the guns. If the casemates formed in the body of a work are insufficient to furnish shelter for the entire garrison, additional cover may be formed in the ditches communicating with the *terreplein* of the work by means of covered staircases. It will be found that the interior square of the first is the place where the majority of the enemy's shells will burst.

OUTSIDE CARTHAGENA.

The following interesting views of "Outside Carthagená," is by a correspondent of the *London Standard*, writing from Murcia:

I counted on a friend who had promised to use his influence to obtain me a pass; "the only difficulty you would have," he said, "will be to return." So confident was I of getting the pass that I hired a tartana of the *alcalde* of Marcellinos to take me to the extremity of the lines. My friend, however, had volunteered to do more than he did. One presenting myself at the house temporarily occupied by the general chief I was told he was breakfasting. Perforce I had to dance attendance. But the minutes spent in "doing the ante-chamber" were not lost. The scene I witnessed was worth studying, such a one as would have furnished Charles Lever with the text for a characteristic chapter. Not that there was rollicking fun about it, but it was full of military colour. At the door stood a youthful sentinel, who might as well have been practising with a dumbbell, so constant was the stream of officers passing in and out. It was a perpetual shift of his rifle from the "support" to "the shoulder" (the Spanish equivalent for the "present") with this martyr to military etiquette. Apparently there is as great a luxury of aide-de-camp here as with the Carlists. In addition to the personal followers of General Ceballos, there were the aides de camp of the brigadier who is chief of staff to the general in chief, and those of the generals who were taking their morning meal with the general in chief and the officers of the escort of mounted civil guards of the general in chief, and the mob of officers of the staff corps, each with his plan of El Campo de Carthagená in a roll under his arm, and of the medical and administrative branches, the latter more resplendent in embroidery than all the rest. I am not exaggerating when I say every branch of the land service was represented, to judge by the time I was left cooling my heels. I turned the occasion to profit, however, by adding to my stock of information about the Spanish army. Ceballos, I can now inform you, holds rank of teniente general which corresponds with our lieutenant-general; Pasaron, who is "chief of the lines,"

is *mariscal de campo*, which corresponds with our major general; the rest are only brigadiers. The rank of captain-general is the highest military grade. Over and above the three brigadiers commanding the attenuated right, centre, and left of the attack, we have brigadiers of engineers, of artillery, and, I suppose, of the staff corps. I should not be at all surprised if we had a brigadier of veterinary surgeons. In fact, there is a plethora of exalted martial personages in this thin-bodied army, and I learned that a reinforcement of four brigadiers had just arrived by train from Madrid to assist in taking stiff-necked Carthagená. A couple of hundred muscular sappers and a couple of thousand smart light bobs would have been more to the purpose. This is an invidious comment; but, recollect, I was cooling my heels. The cavalier was a military man? "Yes"—boldly. The affirmation on my part was not a lie; at all events, I reconciled it to my conscience, for is there not a threadbare uniform of the Bloomsbury Rifle somewhere in a wardrobe in London, and did I not recollect that I was a corporal in the *corps civique de securitie*, a cross between a special constable and a *compier de Nanterre*, during the siege of Paris? The cavalier had seen service? "Under two flags"—boldly again. I trust the recording angel will pass over the exaggeration, for have I not indeed been blown about on Brighton Downs on an Easter Monday, and did I not do duty once at the door of a butcher's shop in the Rue d'Amsterdam? When it was discovered that I was a military man, and not a mere poor devil of a civilian, the ice was broken immediately. The Spanish officer has his grievance—the smallness of his pay, always after that the biggest grievance of all, that he is serving not Spain but a clique of professional politicians in Madrid, none of whom have any property save their tongues, or any stake in the interests of the country save the offices they hold and turn to account to rob it. The Spanish officer was great in his grievance. The soldier was the best paid soldier of any service in the world—and this is true; the Spanish private now receives from 10d. to 2s. a day, besides his plentiful rations of bread, meat, and wine, and the officer amongst the worst. He could not go into a tavern like a private; he had to keep up a certain appearance; and the consequence was before he attained the rank of commandant when he could live on his pay, he had to eat into his private means. He has more gold on his shoulders than in his breeches pocket. This is one of the causes of the frequency of pronunciamientos, for a captain may jump to a captain generalcy on the back of a pronunciamiento. As a case in point illustrative of the poverty of the Spanish subaltern, I may mention that a hawkler arrived with a bottle of chartreuse, and five had to club their pesetas to pay for it. From talk of emeluments the gossip changed to other topics, the Carlists, the *Virginus* business, and the like, but invariably returned to the bitter old grievance, and I was put through a regular course of cross-examination as to what was the officer's position in the British service—his salary, his chance of promotion, &c. Of two things I convinced myself; impoverished Spain cannot long afford to give the soldier the disproportionately high pay he now gets; and if the officer's pay is not soon increased there is likely to be a strike. All this will bear in mind pray, as we were conversing, audible mid noise of speech and laughter, the jingling of spurs and sabres, the clattering of hoofs, and the echoes of bugle-calls, rumbled the angry diapason of

big guns. The bombardment was going on—people were being killed—is still going on but in a mitigated form. My heels were pretty cool by this, but my friend never turned up. At length a door opened, and General Ceballos appeared—A tall, portly, handsome man, of aristocratic bearing, ruddy cheek, but with hair softly white as snow. The uninformed mob, stood up forming a lane; the comely handsome general passed, bowing to each and all, was assisted to a caparisoned charger at the door, and disappeared with his glittering *entourage* before I could button-hole him for the pass. I had sent in word I wanted one, but the fact was—there is no concealing it—I had been civilly thrown over. All is fair in war. I can understand a man who knows much about the position and strength of an army outside being refused the possible chance of conveying his information to the enemy; but what I do object to is having been kept in the vestibule so long. Could they not have straightforwardly told me to go to the duce at once? I would have taken my hat and thanked them. It is awkward to return to people after you have bidden them good-bye. I had not the moral courage to confess that I had been graciously snubbed. I drove to the railway station, dismissed the tartana I had uselessly hired, told my servant that urgent private affairs called me to Murcia, and here I am. On arriving I discovered that I had made a great mistake in coming away—Carthagená was positively to be taken that day. It was the first time I had heard in Spain that anything was to be done then and there, and not tomorrow. That was a comfort. But Carthagená was not taken, and will not be taken—bar some unforeseen event—before the 15th inst, at the very, very shortest.

Of course, not having succeeded in obtaining official permission to risk my life by skirting the Castle of St. Julian on my way to Escombreras, I felt bound to go there without permission. I wished to show my Spanish friends that with determination and little gold, the apparently impossible was possible. As very often occurs in this world, my detention was all for the best. On arriving at Murcia I met the courier of a friend I had been particularly anxious to see; he had come over from Escombreras direct, and he told me not an English ship was there: the last yacht had left the day before, and the foreign squadrons, our own included, had moved to Porman. It had been hinted to them that they were in the way of the combatants; so they shifted their quarters. Not an Englishman was left in Escombreras but Mr. Walker, a gentleman connected with mines in the vicinity; Captain Pauli, R. N., our vice consul, and one solitary, forlorn, special correspondent. "It's summat orful, sir, the things we've a-born obliged to heat," said the melancholy courier; "there used to be a bit o' grub when the ships was there, but there ain't nothing Christian now." Poor courier! I sincerely wish him a happy return to the delights of the areas around Buckley squeezer, with their Christian roast geese and mutton outlets. This undeniable Cockney, whom it was a reminiscence of Lent to look upon, told me he and his master had to sleep on the floor in one cupboard of a room in Walker's house, that gentleman having kindly given asylum to a couple of refuge families. It was useless to go to Escombreras on the chance of getting into Carthagená, the Numancia fired at every speck on the waves outside the breakwater; there was no possibility of entering except in a boat flying a foreign flag, and sent officially from one of the squadrons. Under