

wheeled his squadron half back so as to flank our line of retreat. This movement was effected in such a way that the enemy's right flank as thrown forward, and our right flank moving at right angles was brought into direct collision with the enemy's front. Then came the tug of war. The Russian cavalry used their lances, our troopers charged them with their swords. What followed may be best described by one of the actors in that glorious scene.—

"Was a genuine blood hot, all mad charge from the moment we dashed at the enemy. I know nothing but that I was impelled by some irresistible force onward, and by some invisible and imperceptible influence to crush every obstacle which stumbled before my good sword and brave old charger. I never in my life experienced such a sublime sensation as in the moment of the charge. Some fellows speak of it as being "demoniac." I know that it was such that made me a match for any two ordinary men, and gave me such an amount of glorious indifference to life, as I thought it impossible to be master of. Forward—dash—bang—clank—and there we were in the midst of such smoke, cheer, and clatter as never before stunned a mortal ear. It was glorious. I could not pause. It was all push, wheel, frenzy, strike, and down, down they went."

We have traced the course of the 11th Hussars up to this point, so as to make the part which Lieutenant Dunn acted in the midst of this *melee* intelligible. All discipline was now at an end; every man fought for his own band; his safety depended on his individual prowess and skill. In such a struggle the young Canadian soldier possessed physical qualities which gave him an immense advantage over most of his fellows. His great height (he was six feet three inches) and powerful arm, joined to his skill in the use of his weapon, made him one of the most formidable swordsmen in the British army. And then there is no exaggeration in affirming that he was and to the hour of his death continued to be an absolute stranger to fear. He was one of those few men so peculiarly constituted as never to have experienced that unpleasant sensation. It might be said of him as of Bayard, he was *sans peur et sans reproche*. He was as cool and collected in the hour of danger as that model of French chivalry himself. In such a moment the bravest soldier might have been justified in consulting only his own safety, but Lieutenant Dunn was too generous to refuse his aid to a comrade in distress. Wherever he saw a hussar attacked by superior numbers, he flew to his assistance and soon caused his presence to be felt. No wonder that the men he rescued spoke with enthusiasm of his unselfish and devoted courage, when the hour of danger was past, without the aid his strong arm brought them, some never would have lived to say, "We also took part in that gallant charge." The old troopers of the 11th Hussars still tell with kindling eyes how the young lieutenant, seeing Sergeant Bently of his own regiment attacked from behind by two or three Russian lancers, rushed upon them single handed and cut them down; how he saved the life of Sergeant Bond, how Private Levett owed his safety to the same friendly arm when assailed by a Russian Hussar. Kinglake relates in his usual dramatic style, how a young cavalry officer a mere youth almost fresh from the school, was seized with a sort of *acra indignatio*—a fierce rage against human life—an almost rabid desire to destroy it, how he inveighed against it in words, and accompanied his words with such deeds that more fell beneath his sword than that of any other

who took part in this fierce contest. He adds, also that when his warlike fury was over and he saw the havoc he had made, the reaction set in and he wept like a child. There is nothing improbable or incredible in the story in itself. Certain men, certain races even, are known to be subject to such outbursts of fury in the hour of danger and tears have often been shed after and during a battle, it is all a question of temperament. If the story has any foundation in fact it could only apply to Lieutenant Dunn, who, it is certain, killed more Russians than any other man in the field, but it could apply to him only in this respect. He was not at all an extensible man, given to sudden outbursts of fury in war or peace, to shed human blood for the mere pleasure of shedding it, was foreign alike to his character and principles, when he struck down the Russians it was in the human desire to save the life of a comrade which lent force to his arm. Nor was he at all addicted to the melting mood; he was as little demonstrative in the expression of emotion as we should expect any other young Englishman to be.

He was naturally shy and reserved, especially with strangers, and averse from saying much about what he did on that day. When it was alluded to in society he changed the subject at once. Even in the bosom of his own family, and among his most intimate friends he showed a certain uneasiness when it was spoken of. "It was nothing; I only did my duty," was his usual remark; oftener he made no remark at all. If speech be silver and silence golden, there was infinitely more gold than silver in his composition.

The charge of the six hundred was a mistake, but there was a certain moral grandeur and sublimity about it. The national pulse beat faster when the intelligence reached England; the age of the chivalry seemed to be restored. The words of our Queen expressed the general sentiment of admiration, when she said, "The brilliancy of the charge and the gallantry and discipline evinced by all, have never been surpassed by British soldiers under similar circumstances." The services of the 11th Hussars were not forgotten. "Balaklava" is inscribed on their colours in memory of what they did and suffered on that day. A Victoria Cross—the Queen's own Cross of Valour—was also placed at the disposal of the regiment, to be given to the soldier they deemed most worthy to wear it. There was no doubt or hesitancy: it was unanimously voted to Lieutenant Dunn, who thus obtained the distinction of being the only cavalry officer who obtained this decoration. It was expected that there would be a still more substantial recognition of his merits when the first opportunity presented itself; but he was doomed to bitter disappointment, such as none but a young soldier can understand. The slaughter at Balaklava, and subsequent losses by disease, rendered it necessary to augment each of the Light Cavalry regiments in the Crimea by two troops. The 11th Hussars was so augmented, and one troop in it was given to the first Lieutenant; but Dunn, who was second, was passed over. He was two proud to stoop to ask a favour, or to use influence to obtain what he might justly claim as his right. If any man deserved promotion, assuredly he was that man. He had never been absent from duty a single day in the Crimea, and was left on several occasions in command of the regiment; yet he was superseded. Hence the general outcry in the regiment and elsewhere against the injustice with which he was treated. The troop which belonged to him of right was given to an officer on the Staff, who had no previous connection with the regiment.

That officer may have deserved even higher promotion, he had no claim to the command of that particular troop, which belonged of right to Lieutenant Dunn. The injustice was all the more glaring, because in other regiments—the 13th Light Dragoons for example—the vacant, or augmentation troops, were given to the senior Lieutenants, though, in one case at least, the officer thus promoted had remained at home, and taken no part in the campaign. Our young soldier had carved his way to fame with his sword—he had done enough for glory, and he had too much self respect to remain in the service after being treated with such neglect. He could leave it without any imputation on his courage, and his ample fortune made him independent of his profession. The career so brilliantly begun seemed already to have reached its close.

To be Continued.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### NOTES FROM MY WEST INDIA JOURNAL.

POLONIOUS.—"Very like a Whale."  
—*Hamlet, Act 1st.*

Many years past when serving as a subaltern officer in H. M. S., or "Green Howards," in the beautiful island of Trinidad, West Indies, and just after a severe shock of an earthquake, which had knocked down the steeple of the Roman Catholic Cathedral and done considerable damage to our barracks at St. James, an unearthly kind of noise was heard about midnight, apparently from the seaboard, causing great trepidation amongst the denizens of Port of Spain the capital town of the island, who had only partially recovered from the effects of the late visitation. The rain was pouring down with a violence peculiar to the tropics and fitful gusts of wind roared at intervals through the streets, making the stately cocoa nut trees bow their feathery heads to the blast. What could it portend? Was it the precursor of another earthquake or the rumbling of the pent up fires of Mount Quaco? The oldest inhabitant could not even give a solution to the doleful sounds that ever anon broke on their affrighted ears. At daybreak, however, the mystery was solved; a large whale after passing through the Bocas, had got on shore and become stranded on the beach some hundred yards in rear of the cathedral. Immediate measures were taken to secure the unlooked for prize, whilst his whaleship still continued his dismal bellowing in vain attempts to get into deep water.

Stakes were driven in the banks, and with much difficulty and considerable bungling ropes were clumsily rove around the whale's body and fastened to them by a party of Spanish negroes, who after driving spikes into their mud stampers, a kind of wooden clog worn in bad weather, gallantly mounted on the back of the unwieldy monster and commenced cutting and hacking him with their manchettos and other implements at hand. Meantime, however, the tide had been gradually rising and in the midst of their merriment at the anticipation of rais-