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"THE REVIEW."

NIGHT.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

Gazing out at midnight
Over a misty sea;—
Out in that chaos of darkness
What is there child for thee?
"Billows that break have voices,
As breaking hearts, for those
That listen while sin rejoices
Over a sea of woes.

"Grief, like a tempest riding
Over a million souls,
Where, in the night of living,
Life, like an ocean rolls.
O! blessed be Him that giveth
A voice to the breaking heart,
The song of a love that liveth
When all that were loved depart."

THE HEAVY CAVALRY CHARGE AT
BALACLAVA.

From Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea"

The custom of the service requires that an officer who has the immediate command of a body of cavalry engaged in the duty of charging shall be the actual leader of the onslaught in the strictest sense, riding forward at a distance of at least some few yards in advance of his squadrons; but it must not be supposed that those who originated or sanctioned this practice were acting in contemplation of any such circumstances as those which now existed, or that they ever intended to subject a General officer, or indeed any other human being, to the peculiar species of personal hazard which Scarlett had resolved to confront. As tested in its general operation, the practice is not one which unduly exposes the life of the leader; for when a strong body of horse is started at full pace towards the foe, it commonly happens that either the attack or the distance gives way before the moment of impact; but in this rare example of a slow, resolute, charge of three hundred, directed uphill against broad and deep masses of squadrons which reckoned their strength by thousands, it seemed nearly certain, from the first that the general leading it must come, and come almost directly, into actual bodily contact with a host of adversaries, and remain for a time engulfed in it, because the enemy's front

ranks were so barred against all retreat by the squadrons behind them that there could be no hope of putting the body to flight by the mere approach of our squadrons.

At this time, the distance between the Russians and General Scarlett is believed to have been about 400 yards.

He turned to his trumpeter and said at once, "Sound the charge!"

Whilst the notes were still pealing, and before they could take full effect upon the squadrons behind him, Scarlett moved forward at a trot; and although the impediments of the camping-ground made it necessary for a rider in this the first part of the onset to pick his way with some care, yet the horse Scarlett rode was a horse of such stride and power that his rate of advance was not slow, even over the obstructed ground; and, as soon as the clear field which was at length gained enabled the leader to get into a gallop, the distance between him and his squadrons was swiftly increased. In a few moments he was so far in advance of them that Elliot judged it right to call the attention of the chief to the position of his squadrons. Those squadrons were by this time advancing; but the impediments of the camping ground proved of course more obstructing to the serried ranks of the Greys than to a horseman with only one companion and two attendants. Scarlett could not question that the distance between him and his squadrons had become extravagantly great; but still judging, as he had judged from the first, that it was of vital moment to strike the enemy's column whilst halted, he rather desired to accelerate the Greys than much to retard his own pace. Therefore, still pressing forward, though not quite so swiftly as before, he turned partly round in his saddle, shouted out a "Come on!" to the Greys, and invoked them with a wave of his sword.

When the squadrons attained to clear ground they began to reduce the space which separated them from their leader; but it is computed that, at the moment of Scarlett's first contact with the enemy's column, the distance between him and the squadrons which followed him was still, at the least, fifty yards.

The Brigadier now found himself nearing the front of the column at a point very near its centre, and the spot at which Scarlett rode was marked by the presence of a Russian officer who sat erect in his saddle some few paces in front of his people, and confronting the English intruder.

Scarlett by this time was charging up at speed, and, conjoined with the swiftness thus attained, the weight of a sixteen-horse gave his onset a formidable momentum. The Russian officer turned

partly round in his saddle, with a gesture which seemed to indicate that he sought to beckon forward his people, and cause them to flood down over the four coming horseman; but already Scarlett and his aide-de-camp were closing. Moved perhaps by such indication of rank as was to be gathered in one fleeting moment from the sight of a staff officer's hat, the Russian officer chose Elliot for his adversary, and was going to make his first thrust, when along the other side of him, rushing close past the elbow of his bridle-arm, General Scarlett swept on without hindrance, and drove his way into the column.

It was by digging his charger right in between the two nearest troopers before him that Scarlett wedged himself into the solid mass of the enemy's squadrons. When a man has done an act of this kind, and has lived to speak of it, it is difficult for him to be sure of what might be happening close around him, but Scarlett observed that of the adversaries nearest to him, whom he had not, he knew, gravely wounded, there were some who dropped off their horses without having been killed or wounded by him: and it seemed to him, if he were to judge only from his own eyes, that they were throwing themselves to the ground of their own accord.

It was well perhaps, after all, that Scarlett, in leading the charge, was extravagantly ahead of his troops; for it seems he was able to drive so far into the column as to be protected by the very bodies of his adversaries from the shock which must needs be inflicted by the Greys and Inniskillings when charging the front of the column.

From the moment when the Brigadier had thus established himself in the midst of his foes, it resulted, of course, that his tenure of life was by the sword, and not by the sword which is a metaphor, but by that which is actual and of steel: Scarlett, it seems, had no pretensions to be more than a passably good swordsman, and he had the disadvantage of being near-sighted; but he knew how to handle his weapon, and in circumstances which exposed him to attack from several at the same time he had more need of such unflinching industry of the sword-arm as might keep the blade flashing here, there, and on all sides in quickly successive whirls, than of the subtle, the delicate skill which prepares men for combats of two.

It was partly, perhaps, from the circumstance of Elliot's approaching him on the side of his sword-arm that the Russian officer in front of the column chose the aide-de-camp for his antagonist instead of the chief; but, be that as it may, he faced Elliot as he approached, and endeavoured