

“VERS LA GLOIRE”

were moored, while from the frowning citidal above his town he saw his proud flag fly and watched the scarlet troops come down.

But now the glamours of his boyhood days were flown, and naught but cold and mud and bitterness and death remained on that awful landscape fronting toward Hill 60.

Distance lends enchantment to the view. This trite saying has many applications, but above all it applies to martial glory.

I talked once with Trooper William McCormick, of the Eighth Royal Irish Hussars, who rode with the Six Hundred in the immortal Charge of the Light Brigade. He said nothing of martial glory, but he talked much of the bitterness of the Crimea, of the lack of food, of the terrible cold, of the suffering of men and horses in open bivouac throughout that awful winter.

I said, “Trooper, do you remember the morning of the charge?”

“I remember it as if it was yisterday,” he answered. “The ’orse-lines was murk and damp, and me mate and I was cursing as the mist came floating up the Balaklava Valley.” He said nothing about the glory of the charge, but talked only of the hardships and the sorrows. The long Valley of Balaklava for Trooper McCormick was a nightmare of haunting gloom, a place of