

## CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Any particulars concerning the famous "charge" at Balaklava, during the Crimean war, which Tennyson has so finely immortalised in verse must be of general interest, although it is now several years since the gallant Six Hundred rode up to their death, while

"Cannon on right of them, cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them, volley'd and thundered."

We gladly give place, therefore, to the following personal and graphic account of the affair which has never before been made public. It came substantially from the lips of the Earl of Cardigan, the Commander of the Eleventh Hussars at Balaklava, in 1854, who actually led the celebrated "charge," and was related to Mr. Stephen Masset, during his recent visit to England, after he had recited Tennyson's stirring epic to Lord and Lady Cardigan, with an effect which may be easily imagined by all who have ever heard his recitations.

At about one o'clock on that memorable day, after the Heavy Brigade had been attacked by the Russian cavalry, the whole of the cavalry division was considerably advanced towards the enemy, and the Light Brigade had been ordered to dismount to relieve their horses. Suddenly they were again ordered to "mount," and aide-de-camp Captain Nolan came forward, and told Lord Lucan, commanding the cavalry, that the Light Brigade were to attack the Russians in the valley. Lord Lucan rode up to Lord Cardigan, and said: "It is Lord Raglan's order that the Light Brigade is to attack the Russians in the valley." Lord Cardigan replied, saluting with his sword: "Certainly, my lord, but you will allow me to inform you that there is a Russian battery in front, and one on each flank, while the ground on the flank is covered with riflemen." Lord Lucan answered: "I cannot help that, it is Lord Raglan's positive order that the Lieut. Brigade is to attack them."

Lord Cardigan then formed his brigade, of five regiments, with three regiments in the front line and two in the second, when Lord Lucan ordered Lord Cardigan's own regiment, the Eleventh Hussars, back, so as to form a support on the left rear of the first line. Lord Cardigan immediately ordered the advance. After going about sixty yards, Capt. Nolan rode obliquely across the front, when a Russian shell fell upon the ground near him, and not far from Lord Cardigan Nolan's horse then wheeled about and carried him to the rear, and Lord Cardigan led the brigade down to the main battery in front, about one mile and a quarter distant. On arriving at about eighty yards from the battery, the fire became very severe, and the officers were considerably excited and had to be ordered to "be steady."

Lord Cardigan, at the head of his brigade, passed close by the muzzle of a gun, which was fired as he entered the battery, and rode forward through the Russian lumber carriages until he came up close to their line of cavalry. His brigade did not follow him, and he was attacked by two Cossacks, slightly wounded, and nearly dismounted, but he fended them off, and gradually retired from them and others who were attempting to surround him. When he got back to the battery his command had retired and diverged to the left, and he slowly retreated until he met General Scarlett, commanding the heavy brigade of cavalry. He told him that the Light Brigade was destroyed, and mentioned the fate of Capt. Nolan, after bringing

the order for the attack, when Gen. Scarlett said that he had just ridden over Capt. Nolan's body.

Lord Cardigan then had his brigade counted by his staff officer, and found that there were only 195 men present out of 650. He then immediately rode off to Lord Raglan to report what had taken place.

The first thing that Lord Raglan said was "What, sir, could you possibly mean by attacking a battery in front, contrary to all the usages of warfare, and the custom of the service?" He replied: "My Lord, I hope you will not blame me, for I received a positive order from my superior officer in front of the troops to attack them, although I was quite well aware of the unusual course of proceeding ordered." Lord Raglan then enquired what he had done, and was told that he led the Brigade into a Russian battery, that he had ridden up to the Russian cavalry, that he was not followed by the brigade, that he was wounded and nearly dismounted, and had some difficulty in getting away from a number of Cossacks, that the brigade was nearly destroyed, there now being only 195 left out of 650, and finally that the whole affair had occupied the brief space of 20 minutes.—*Gazette*.

Apropos of sending out reinforcements of British troops to meet any new Fenian emergency, the *New York Times* says:—The cable dispatch of this morning which announces that the British Government will immediately despatch a large body of troops to Canada to repel threatened Fenian invasions from the United States, is the most extraordinary and incomprehensible news we have yet over the submarine wire. There is nothing in the world more unlikely at this time than a Fenian invasion of Canada. No such invasion is threatened by any body outside the madhouse, nor so far as we know, by anybody inside one. The Fenians gave up all hopes long ago liberating Ireland by way of Canada; and moreover they have as little hope of whipping the United States troops who guard this side of the line, as of whipping the bold volunteers who guard the other side. The English Government need put itself to no expense to defend the New Dominion from Fenian invasions. It is more likely that they will have to defend the Pope against President Roberts, who has lately been holding council with his enemies.

## A TERRIBLE BEDFELLOW.

I looked at my neighbor with considerable curiosity. His face indicated a man of not over thirty years—a period at which men are still young—but his hair was as white as fresh fallen snow. One seldom sees, even on the heads of the oldest men, hair of such immaculate whiteness. He sat by my side in a car of the Great Western Railroad, in Canada, and was looking out of the window, suddenly turning his head, he caught me in the act of staring at him—a rudeness of which I was ashamed. I was about to say words of apology when he quietly remarked:—"Don't mention it, sir. I'm used to it." The frankness of this observation pleased me, and in a very little while we were conversing on terms of familiar acquaintance, and before long he told me the whole story. "I was a soldier in the army of India," said he, "and, as is often the case with

the soldiers, I was a was a little too fond of liquor. One day I got drunk, and was shut up in the black hole for it. I slumped down upon the floor of the dungeon, and I was just dropping off to sleep, when I felt a cold slimy shape crawling across my right hand as it lay stretched out above my head on the floor. I knew at once what it was—a snake! Of course my first impulse was to draw away my hand; but knowing that if I did so the poisonous reptile would probably strike its fangs into me, I lay still, with my heart beating in my breast like a trip hammer. Of course, my fright sobered me instantly. I realized all my peril in its fullest extent. Oh, how I lamented the hour that I touched liquor! In every glass of liquor there is a serpent; but it does not come to everybody in the shape it came to me. With a slow, undulating motion the reptile dragged its carcass across my face, inch by inch, and crept down over my breast and thrust its head inside my jacket. As I felt the hideous scraping of the slimy body over my cheeks it was only by the most tremendous effort that I succeeded in restraining myself from yelling loudly with mingled terror and disgust. At last I felt the tail wriggling down toward my chin; but imagine what I felt at my heart, if you can imagine it as I realized that the dreadful creature had coiled itself up under my jacket as I lay, and had seemingly gone to sleep, for it was still as death. Evidently it had no idea that I was a human creature: if it had it would not have acted in that way. All snakes are cowardly, and they will not approach a man unless to strike him in self-defence. Three hours I lay with that dreadful weight in my bosom, and each minute was like an hour to me—like a year. I seemed to have lived a life-time in that brief space. Every incident of my life passed through my memory in rapid succession, as they say is the case with a drowning man. I thought of my mother, away in old England; my happy home by the Avon; my Mary, the girl I loved, and never expected to see more. For no matter how long I bore this, I felt that it would end in death at last. I lay as rigid as a corpse, scarcely daring to breathe, and all the while my breast was growing colder and colder where the snake was lying against it, with nothing but a thin cotton shirt between my skin and its. I knew that if I stirred it would strike, but I could not bear this much longer. Even if I succeeded in lying still until the guard came, I expected his opening the door and coming in would be my death warrant all the same; for no doubt the reptile would see that I was a man as soon as the light was let in at the door. At last I heard footsteps approaching. There was a rattling at the lock. It was the guard. He opened the door. The snake—a cobra-di-capello I now saw—darted up its huge hooded head, with the hideous rings around its eyes, as if about to strike. I shut my eyes and murmured a prayer. Then it glided away with swift motion and disappeared in the darkness. I staggered to my feet and fell swooning in the arms of the guard. For weeks after I was very sick, and when I was able to be about I found my hair was white as you now see it. I have not touched liquor since.

ARRIVAL.—Assistant Commissary General Palmer has arrived in Montreal, and entered upon the duties of his office.

The 29th Regiment will be moved to Upper Canada early next month, after which the 14th will probably be moved to Montreal.