

line. The brigade moved forward at the trot. Shortly after it advanced, Captain Nolan was seen galloping across the front, shouting, and pointing to the Causeway Heights with his sword. The brigadier not realizing what Nolan was endeavoring to convey, regarded this as an unwarrantable interference with the direction of the brigade; and Nolan was unable to give any further information, for the first shell, bursting just in front of his horse, tore away part of the brave Hussar's chest. His horse turning, went back, the dead body remaining for some distance erect in the saddle.

After the brigade had been five minutes in motion, it was fired on from batteries and riflemen on the Fedioukine Heights, and also from batteries and riflemen on the eastern slope of the Causeway Heights. It then came under the direct fire of twelve guns in its front. A steady gallop was maintained, until what remained of the four squadrons got near the guns, when the pace was increased to an estimated seventeen miles an hour, and our men, galloping through the battery, went headlong into the Russian cavalry, which, repeating the mistake made in the Southern Valley, remained at the halt, until the men turned their backs before the handful of British soldiers. The 4th Light Dragoons got up to within thirty yards of the 11th Hussars, and on reaching the battery through which the 13th and 17th had passed, found the Russians endeavoring to carry away their guns. The 4th remained some minutes attempting to defeat this object, and began to send back some of the guns before going forward to pick up the remnants of the four leading squadrons.

The right squadron of the 11th Hussars only touched the right of the Russian battery, and passing on charged some Russians who stood at the halt till just before the collision, and then retired. The 8th Hussars, after suffering heavily from fire, brought up their left shoulders, and eventually charged facing the direction in which they had come, with the same success that had attended all the other encounters, the Russians giving way easily when attacked.

Meanwhile the 4th regiment Chasseurs d'Afrique, moving to the northern end of the Fedioukine Heights, got on the flank of the Russian batteries thereon, and so effectively silenced them that the survivors of the Light Brigade were not inconvenienced in their retreat by the fire of guns on that side.

The Heavy Brigade was moved forward on the northern slope of the Causeway Heights until it came under effective fire; but eventually, the divisional general considering that to keep it in this forward position would be to incur useless loss,

he retired, and practically comparatively little damage was done to the survivors of the Light Brigade in their retreat.

Nevertheless, the losses were great. Out of six hundred and seventy-three of all ranks who rode down the valley, only one hundred and ninety-five rode back. There were one hundred and thirty killed, one hundred and thirty-four wounded, and fifteen prisoners, the balance being dismounted, for out of the six hundred and seventy-three horses, four hundred and seventy-five were killed and forty-two wounded.

The havoc and confusion wrought amongst the Russian troops are indescribable, and this accounts for the number of our dismounted men who escaped. Several individuals of the leading squadrons dashed on to the banks of the Tchernaya, one officer killing in succession, near the river, the wheel, centre, and lead drivers of a gun which the Russians were endeavoring to carry off.

Lieutenant Percy Smith, 13th Light Dragoons, from an accident to his right hand, carried merely a dummy sword in the scabbard. While leading his men on the far side of the Russian battery, a Russian soldier, perceiving he had no sword, galloped up alongside, and resting his carbine on the left arm, pressed the muzzle close to Smith's body as the two horsemen galloped, locked together. Smith presently, finding the suspense intolerable, struck at the Russian's face with the maimed hand, and the carbine going off, the bullet passed over Smith's head, the Russian then leaving him alone.

Captain Morris, of the 17th Lancers, terribly wounded, gave up his sword to a Russian officer, who shortly afterwards, being driven from his side, left Morris alone, and he nearly fell a victim to the cupidity of some Cossacks. From them and others, however, he escaped, and eventually, with great difficulty, got back, up the valley, till he fell insensible close to the dead body of his friend Nolan.

Lieutenant Sir William Gordon, who greatly distinguished himself in personal combats in central India in 1858, is still an active man, although the doctors said, on the 25th October, he was "their only patient with his head off," so terribly had he been hacked by a crowd of Russians into which he penetrated. He used to make little of his escape, but we learnt that after being knocked out of the saddle he lay on his horse's neck, trying to keep the blood from his eyes. Eventually, without sword or pistol, he turned back, and, unable to regain his stirrups although a perfect horseman, rode at a walk up the valley. He found between himself and our Heavy Brigade a regiment of Rus-

sian cavalry facing up the valley. He was now joined by two or three men, and he made for the squadron interval. The nearest Russians, hearing him approach, looked back and by closing outwards to bar his passage, left sufficient opening in the squadron, through which Gordon passed at a canter. He was followed, and summoned to surrender, and refusing, would have been cut down, had not his pursuer been shot.

Most lovers of art have admired Miss Elizabeth Thompson's power in depicting the frenzied expression of the Hussar's eye in her picture, "Balaklava." I have seen many such faces, but carnage does not so affect all men, and we know that a cornet, rich in worldly possessions, whose horse was killed well down in the valley near the guns, kept his head, and extricating the saddle, carried it back into camp on his head.

The Light Brigade charge—albeit the Russian battery was wrecked, the Russian cavalry driven off the field, and the Russian infantry induced to fall back in squares—was nevertheless a glorious failure, since we left the Russians in possession of the three redoubts and our 12-pounder guns. The charge of the Heavy Brigade was an astounding success. But the terrible loss incurred by Light Brigade squadrons, and the glamour thrown over their wild ride by the impressive verses of the laureate, entirely blinded the public as to the material military success attained by the two exploits.

When the Russians were seen on the Inkerman crest, and were observed emerging from the Careenage Ravine and approaching the battery, a message was sent to Mr. Hewett to spike his gun and retire. This order was delivered at a critical moment. Hewett had been firing at and keeping back some of the enemy who attempted to approach on the ridge in his right front, but now one or more companies which had ascended the Careenage Ravine out of sight of the battery, were advancing by, and had got within two hundred yards of the right flank of the battery. The gun could not be trained to reach them as the embrasure confined its "field" of fire, but Hewett was quick of resource, and after one more round, as the gun was being reloaded, he gave the word, "Four handspikes muzzle to the right," and trained the gun so that its muzzle rested against the earthen flank wall of his battery. Turning to the messenger who was repeating the order, he shouted, "Retire!—retire be damned?—Fire!" and a mass of earth, stones, and gabions was driven by the projectile and sixteen pounds of powder into the faces of the victory-