

CRIMEAN WAR SAW ORIGIN OF THE V. C.

Instituted by Queen Victoria in 1856—Some Thrilling Deeds Which have Won Most Coveted Honor British Soldier or Sailor Can Gain.

About sixty years ago the Russian fortress of Bomarsund in the Baltic Sea was being bombarded by an Anglo-French force. Suddenly a shell fired from the fortress fell on the deck of H.M.S. Hecla. In an instant a brave young mate seized it, and with the fuse blazing between his hands, he flung it with a jerk overboard. That young mate—ultimately became Rear-Admiral Charles Davis Lucas, who died a few days ago—was immediately promoted lieutenant and awarded the V.C., being the first to win that much-coveted decoration, although, owing to three other officers being a senior rank, he was fourth actually to receive it from Queen Victoria.

Many a gallant deed on land and sea since that day has been rewarded by the bestowal of the little Maltese cross of bronze which bears the simple inscription, "For Valor."

The Victoria Cross had its origin in the Crimean War, and was primarily intended to be conferred upon junior commission officers and the rank and file. Neither rank, length of service, nor wounds, or any circumstance whatsoever can qualify for this noble badge, save a personal act of signal bravery performed in the presence of the enemy.

The decoration was instituted by Queen Victoria in 1856, the Prince Consort being, it is said, its originator and the designer of the insignia of it.

Where Crosses Were Won. It would require a volume to describe the many acts of personal bravery which have won the V.C.; but perhaps the most heroic deeds were those performed during the Indian Mutiny which provided the most V.C.'s. Altogether during that campaign, 132 heroes won the decoration.

The Crimean War accounted for 111, the war in South Africa for seventy-eight, the Zulu War for twenty-three the Afghan War (1878-80) for sixteen, the New Zealand campaign for twelve, and the operations on the North-west Frontier of India (1897-8) for ten. These wars accounted for 432 crosses, the remainder, between ninety and one hundred, being distributed among the various campaigns in Africa, India, and elsewhere that have been fought during the past half century.

Each V.C. is made of bronze which once formed part of some Russian gun captured during the Crimean War, and although the medal itself is intrinsically worth only about 9 cents, a number of them have been sold at sales for \$500 and over. The winning of the V.C. carries an annuity of \$50, which may be increased to \$250, to all except officers, and including those who have risen from the ranks.

Boys' Gallant Deeds. Several boys have secured the medal for valor. There was Bugler Hawthorne, of the 1st Life Guards, who gallantly tried to save Lieutenant Salkeld at the blowing in of the Caabree Gate at Delhi on the morning of September 14th, 1857, and who was at Delhi that young Bur William Sutton, on the eve of the assault of Delhi, voluntarily went close up to the walls to ascertain the state of the breach. He succeeded and by the whole regiment was elected for the V.C. Like Hawthorne, he was a mere lad.

Later at Cawapore we find Drummer Thomas Finn, of the 6th South Staffordshire Regiment, actually charging the guns of the rebels with the short sword, the only arms of his rank, with which he slew in hand-to-hand combat two stalwart gunners.

In a few rare instances the V. C. has been won by more than one member of a family. The most conspicuous case is that of the Gough family, which can boast of three V.C.'s—General Sir C. J. S. Gough, General Sir H. H. Gough, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Gough. The first two were brothers of the second. Major-General E. H. Sartorius and Colonel R. W. Sartorius provide another case of brothers winning the decoration. Another instance of a father and son winning the cross is seen in Lord Roberts and his gallant son, Lieutenant the Hon. F. H. S. Roberts, who lost his life in gaining the V.C. at the battle of Colenso. Lieutenant Roberts, as all will remember, won the cross in an heroic attempt to save the guns at Colenso in the Boer War, his cross by order of the late Queen, being awarded to Lieutenant Roberts' parents after his death.

Savior in a Tree. The navy has always been proud of the manner in which Sir Norwell Salmon won the V.C. at Lucknow by climbing a tree, and from this dangerous and exposed position silencing the firing of a rifle from the British troops. No man distinguished himself more, however, during the Mutiny than Sir Dighton Probyn. At the battle of the Queen, when his squadron charged the rebel infantry, he was separated from his men and surrounded by five or six sepoy. He defended himself from various cuts made at him, and before his own men had joined him he had cut down two of his assailants.

At another time, in single combat with a sepoy, he was wounded in the wrist by a bayonet, and his horse was also wounded, but though the Sepoy fought desperately he cut him down. The same day he singled out a standard bearer, and in the presence of a number of the enemy killed him and captured the standard. These are only a few of the gallant deeds of this officer.

A Technical Error. Mr. Nibband—it seems to me that perhaps has been the cause of most of the casualties. Wife—But, George, isn't he a war correspondent; not a general?—London Opinion.

ENGLAND UNDER WAR CONDITIONS

A Nation Fully Awake to the Danger of the Hour.

RECRUITS DRILL IN EVERY OPEN SPACE.

Nation Passes from State of Peace to Warfare Without Slightest Sign of Excitement.

London, Nov. 10.—(Correspondence of the Ass'd Press)—Two months ago a London newspaper described England as "a nation half awake," and contrasted the unfulfilled aspect of London life with the transformation that war had cast over Paris and Berlin. Since then England has become a nation fully awake. This awakening has been more an inner than a surface change, and only those who have known England from within can realize how great the change has been.

The most remarkable feature of recent British events has been the entire absence of excitement with which the nation has passed from a condition of profound and thoughtless peace to a military status which pervades all the activities of life, and seems almost to have brought upon the scene a harder and soberer nation. Sports, politics, society, the three absorbing interests of the population three months ago, have disappeared from the columns of newspapers, and the talk of the people, and have almost vanished from existence.

The English Way

Companies of recruits, some fully uniformed and shouldering their rifles, others in civilian clothes and bare headed, with blankets slung over their shoulders, march about the streets. Traffic is held up while they pass, the people stop to look; occasionally an old man raises his hat, but strangely enough to the American spectator there is never any cheering. This is not sympathy, it is the English way. The British sentiment, but he conceals it carefully. "We feel too deeply for that," a prominent Englishman explained, when an American asked why the soldiers did not stir the populace to demonstrations. The reserve battalion of the London Scottish, the first of the volunteers to be put in the firing line in France, killed and with bayonets playing, marched through a thick crowd around Victoria Station tonight, and never raised a shout.

But there is another side. The wealthy classes have given up their luxuries, and their pleasures, without

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"How much do you charge for a plateful?" "Three pence," said he. "I'll give you sixpence for every plateful you eat yourself." "Done," said he.

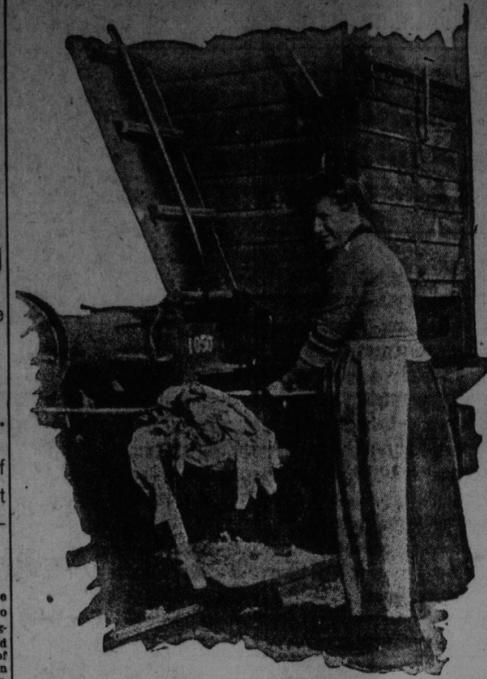
He finished two platefuls and had begun a third, when he was overtaken by rebellion from within, swiftly followed by catastrophe.

"That's not fair," I said. "You can't count those two platefuls." "O my Gawd," he said, "ave I got to begin again?"

With that we may fairly take leave of a book which is as full of old-fashioned naval jollity as an egg is full of meat. It is like a compound of Maryat, Whyte-Melville and the late Mr. "Lobby" rolled into one.

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A BELGIAN REFUGEE WHO FLED FROM GERMANS



Above is pictured a refugee woman who fled to the little village of Rosendaal, in Holland, when the Germans were advancing on Antwerp. She is shown washing the family clothes on the steps of a Belgian car. These cars are used for housing refugees. A correspondent who witnessed the Belgian flight writes:—"I saw a woman of apparent wealth place her fur trimmed cloak around the shoulders of a delicate and poorly clad young mother who was nursing her baby. The intense suffering of the last few days has united all the Belgians into one great family."

In public squares, on the lawn of the Temple where barristers work and live, in all the open spaces among the stately law courts, and in the courtyard of the National Academy sacred to art and science.

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There was nothing at all in the great room, so far as I remember, except a sideboard and a dish filled with pats of butter, which stood on the sideboard. I picked up a pat of butter on the end of the ash-pant I was carrying, and told Vyner that if he would come outside I would throw the pat of butter to a surprising distance.

"Why go outside?" said he. "Why not take a shot at those fellows who are arguing so busily over there?" "And so I will," said I.

The pat of butter described a beautiful yellow parabola at high speed, and lighted upon the eye of one of the disputants. The impact doubled him up, and he thought that the other man had hit him. Drawing his right fist back very slowly and carefully, he struck his friend full on the point of the nose. The next moment they were both rolling on the floor, fighting like cats. My companion and I were laughing so much that we couldn't separate them; and they finally had to go to bed for a week to recover themselves of their wounds.

It was about the middle period of the author's life, when, returning from a ball in London, in the early morning, he came upon a person selling wheelies. He invited "Charlie" to supper breakfast—upon a plate of these delicacies.

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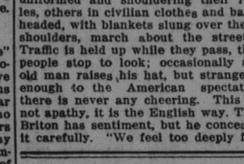
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