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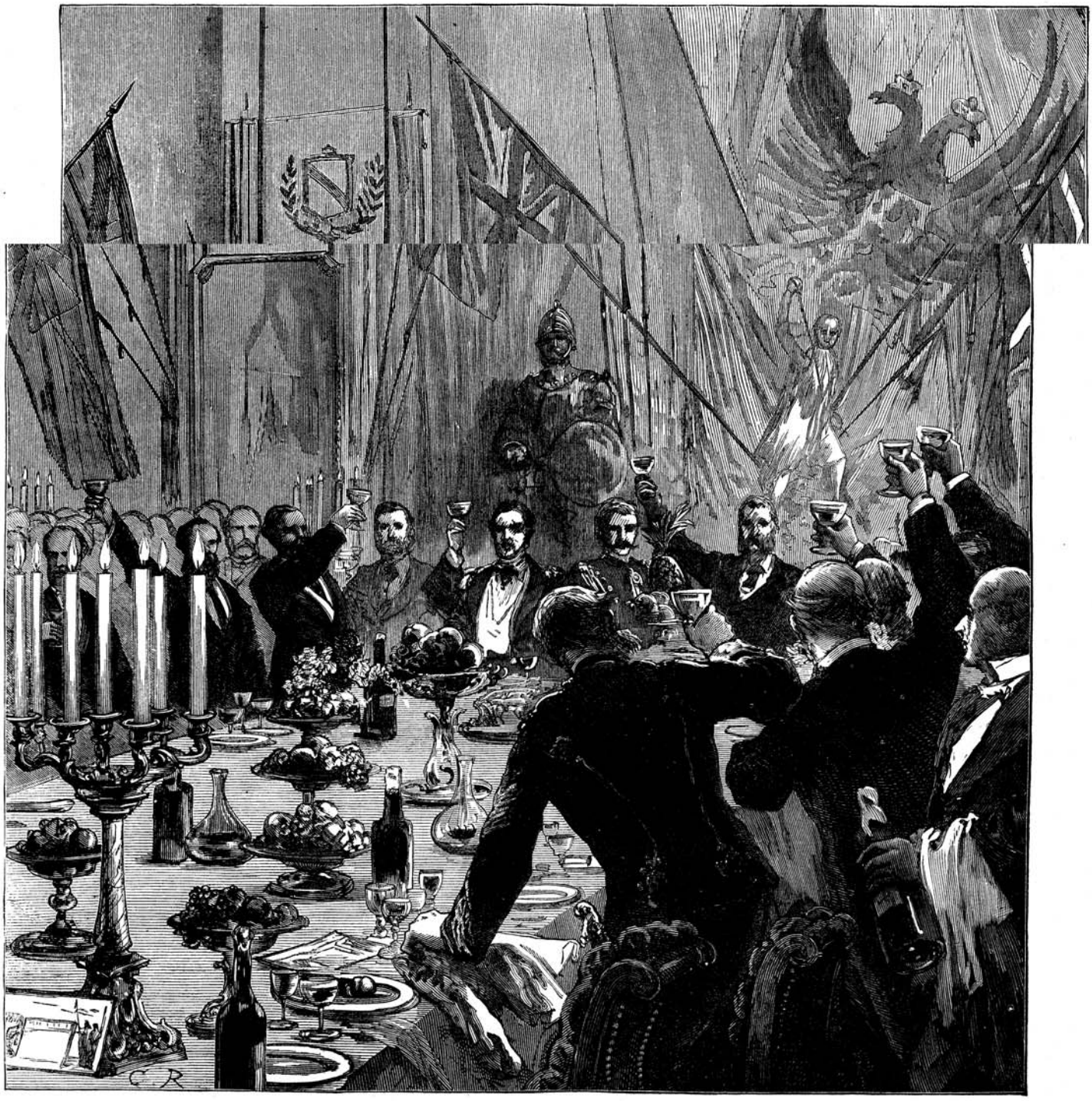


THE BALACLAVA BANQUET AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

THE BALACLAVA BANQUET.

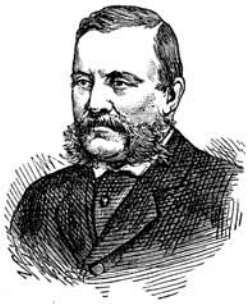
MAJOR-GENERAL DE SALIS, 8TH HUSSARS.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MUSSENDEN, 8TH HUSSARS.

COLONEL SEAGER, 8TH HUSSARS.

E. R. WOODHAM (CHAIRMAN COM.), 17TH LANCERS.

CORPORAL CAMPBELL, 13TH HUSSARS.



TRUMPET-MAJOR HARRY JOY, 17TH LANCERS.

SERGEANT LETHBRIDGE, R.H.A.

C. BROWN, 8TH HUSSARS.

SERGT.-MAJOR W. G. CATTERMOLE, 17TH LANCERS.

T. PERRY, 8TH HUSSARS.

W. BIRD, 8TH HUSSARS.

SERGEANT G. WEATHERLEY, 17TH LANCERS.

SERGEANT G. JOWETT, 11TH HUSSARS.

CORPORAL W. NICHOLSON, 13TH HUSSARS.

SERGEANT JOHN BREESE, 11TH HUSSARS.

SURVIVORS OF THE LIGHT CAVALRY BRIGADE.

THE BALACLAVA ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL.

The survivors of the famous charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade at Balaclava were entertained last Monday with a banquet at the Alexandra Palace, upon the twenty-first anniversary of that brilliant military feat, which has been so often made the theme of admiring comment. Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Invasion of the Crimea" narrates the action of Oct. 25, 1854, with great force and spirit. It is to be confessed, in the first place, that the whole of this splendid affair was a sad mistake, though glorious in its performance, and that it was not at all designed by Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, to sacrifice the brigade in doing that which such a force of cavalry never did elsewhere, and which could not, in any case, have gained a substantial advantage in the result of the battle. The order sent to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the Light Brigade, was certainly misunderstood. Every spectator, friend or foe, must have felt equally surprised when, as Mr. Kinglake says, this fated advance of the Light Brigade had begun "to disclose its strange purpose—the purpose of making straight for the far-distant battery which crossed the foot of the valley, by passing for a mile between two Russian forces, and this at such ugly distance from each as to allow of our squadrons going down under a doubly flanking fire of round shot, grape, and rifle-balls, without the opportunity of yet doing any manner of harm to their assailants. Then, from the slopes of the Causeway Heights on the one side, and the Fedioukine Hills on the other, the Russian artillery brought its power to bear right and left with an efficiency every moment increasing; and large numbers of riflemen on the slopes of the Causeway Heights, who had been placed where they were in order to cover the retreat of the Russian battalions, found means to take their part in the work of destroying our horsemen. Whilst Lord Cardigan and his squadrons rode thus under heavy cross-fire, the visible object they had straight before them was the white bank of smoke, from time to time pierced by issues of flame, which marks the site of a battery in action. The very goal that had been chosen for our devoted squadrons was the front of that twelve-gun battery, with the main body of Russian cavalry in the rear of it, which crossed the lower end of the valley. Lord Cardigan chose one of the guns, which he judged to be about the centre of the battery, rode straight at its fire, and made this, from first to last, his sole guiding star. In well-maintained order, but growing less every instant, as the incessant volleys of shot and shell tore through their ranks, our squadrons moved down the valley. A tendency to force the pace was repressed as a fault by Lord Cardigan; and it was apparent that the brigade never fell into doubt concerning its true path of duty, never wavered (as the best squadrons will, if the leader for even an instant appears to be uncertain of purpose), and was guiltless of even inclining to any default except that of failing to keep down the pace. The racing spirit had broken out, especially in the first line, some striving to outride their comrades, some determined not to be passed. In the course of the advance, Lieutenant Maxse, Lord Cardigan's second aide-de-camp, was wounded; and, when the line had come down to within about a hundred yards of the guns, Sir George Wombwell, the extra aide-de-camp, had his horse killed under him. This did not end the part Sir George was destined to take in the battle; but for the moment, of course, it disabled him, and there was no longer any staff officer in the immediate personal following of the General who led the brigade. Lord Cardigan and his first line had come down to within about eighty yards of the mouths of the guns when the battery delivered a fire from so many of its pieces at once as to constitute almost a salvo. Numbers of saddles were emptied, and along its whole length the line of the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers was subjected to the rending disturbance that must needs be created in a body of cavalry by every man who falls slain or wounded, by the sinking or plunging of every horse that is killed or disabled, and, again, by the wild, piteous intrusion of the riderless charger, appalled by his sudden freedom, coming thus in the midst of a battle, and knowing not whither to rush, unless he can rejoin his old troop, and wedge himself into its ranks. It was at this time, in the belief of Lord Cardigan, that, in the 13th Light Dragoons, Captain Oldham, the commander of the regiment, Captain Good, and Cornet Montgomery, and, in the 17th Lancers, Captain Winter and Lieutenant Thomson, were killed; and that Captain Robert White, Captain Webb, and Lieutenant Sir William Gordon were stricken down. The survivors of the first line who remained undisabled were feeble by this time, in numbers scarce more than fifty or sixty; and the object they rode at was a line of twelve guns, close supported by the main body of the Russian cavalry, whilst on their right flank as well as on their left there stood a whole mile's length of hostile array, comprising horse, foot, and artillery. But, by virtue of innate warlike passion—the gift, it would seem, of high Heaven to chosen races of men—the mere half of a hundred, carried straight by a resolute leader, were borne on against the strength of the thousands. The few, in their pride, claimed dominion: rushing clear of the havoc just wrought, they, with Cardigan still untouched at their head, now drove thundering into the smoke which enfolded both the front of the battery and the masses of horsemen behind it." Then following the first line, at a somewhat less rapid pace, came the three regiments acting in support, foremost of them being the 11th Hussars. Next came Lord George Paget's regiment, the 4th Light Dragoons; and lastly the 8th Hussars, less one of its troops. Until Lord George, governed by the exigency of the occasion, but at the same time undesignedly bringing the disposition of the supports to that exact form which his divisional General had intended to order, had aligned himself with the 11th Hussars, the three regiments following the first line were in echelon, the 8th Hussars being last to the right. When this regiment began to encounter the riderless horses dashing back from the first line, the shock created some degree of unsteadiness, which showed itself in a spontaneous increase of speed. All three of the supports were, in fact, subjected to trials from which the first line was exempt. They had to witness the havoc that had been made with their comrades in front. The ground they had to pass over was thickly strewn with men and horses lying prostrate in death, or from wounds altogether disabling. The remnants of that gallant force which stormed and captured the battery could not hold it more than a few minutes, and were obliged to retire, in doing which they were supported and protected to some extent by the Heavy Cavalry Brigade, under the command of Sir James Scarlett. It is significant enough to look at the estimate of killed, wounded, and missing made on the spot, as far as could be ascertained, at two o'clock on Oct. 25, 1854:—

	Went into action.	Returned from action.	Loss.
4th Light Dragoons	118	39	79
8th Hussars	104	38	63
11th Hussars	110	25	85
13th Light Dragoons	130	61	69
17th Lancers	145	35	110
	607	198	409

The 4th and 13th regiments of light cavalry are now styled Hussars.

We cannot do better, for the rest, than to reprint the following statements of personal recollections which appeared last week in the *Daily Telegraph*, and which are better than any narratives compiled by writers not present on the field of Balaclava that day:—

Mr. Edward R. Woodham, the chairman of the committee for the celebration, gives the following as his experience of the famous action:—The Colonel of my regiment, the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), was Sir Roger Palmer, Captain Cresswell being the next in command, but he had died of cholera previous to the battle of Balaclava. Every morning we used to turn out a little before daybreak and stand by our horses' heads in the expectation of an attack from the enemy. On Oct. 25, 1854, when the fatal order was given, we were in support of the Turkish redoubts, being ranged on the plain just behind them. We could not see the Russians advancing, as we were on the brow of the hill, but we saw the Turks driven out of the redoubts and running towards the 93rd Highlanders, who were near to the village of Balaclava. We retired from the position that we had previously held when the Russians captured the redoubts, the French at the time firing over our heads at the enemy. Meanwhile, the Russian cavalry had advanced into the plain fronting Balaclava. We stood watching the Highlanders and the Heavy Brigade drive back the Russians, after which we advanced a little to the top of the valley leading down to the Tchernaya. Suddenly the order came from Lord Raglan, who was on the heights above, for us to advance. I imagined I observed some of the officers protesting against the order. We advanced a short distance at a walking pace. The man next to me was named Wootten, an unsophisticated West-countryman, and when the order was given to move, he says to me, "Ted, old fellow, I know we shall charge." I recollect looking round and replying, "Oh, nonsense! Look at the strength in front of us. We're never going to charge there." Presently we got into a gallop, and then all was excitement. I remember looking at poor Wootten, and saying, "Yes, we're going to charge, and with a vengeance, too." We increased in speed at every stride, and went down the valley at a terrific rate. "Did you see anything more of your comrade?"—No, poor fellow; he was shot down almost instantly, and I had the melancholy duty of reporting his death to his bereaved widow and family. Well, to proceed. The scene that presented itself as we proceeded was indescribable; from all sides the bullets came flying, and many a man had his arm shot off, while our gallant comrades were falling from their horses in all directions. A battery on our right was firing shell, but we were galloping at such a pace that we had time to get away before the shells burst, and of course that, in a great measure, saved many of us from being wounded or killed.

"Did you commence slaughtering the Russian gunners at once?"—Well, as soon as we reached the guns the men began dodging by getting under them, and for a time defended themselves with the rammers; but it was no contest—they had no chance with us, and we cut them down like ninepins. Of course, we captured the battery, and many of our men dismounted to spike the guns. "The cavalry carried spikes, then?"—Oh, yes; each man had spikes in his pouch. All the cavalry regiments were supplied with gun-spikes whenever there was any likelihood of a battle. We had no hammers, but drove the spikes in with the hilt of our swords or our hands—in any way we could. "Did you escape uninjured?"—Providentially I did. At one time, however, I thought it was all up with me. Near to the end of the valley my horse was shot under me, and it fell with my left leg under it, so that I could not move; but happily I was afterwards released. "How was that?"—A corporal of the 13th Light Dragoons rode up and commenced pulling at my horse's head, thinking it was not dead. And so it proved, for the animal gave a bit of a struggle, which I took advantage of, and so regained my feet. All then was smoke and confusion, and all our men that I could see were cutting right and left, and making their way back to camp.

"What did you do without a horse?"—Well, I began running away as hard as I could; when a soldier belonging to the 8th Hussars, who was lying under his horse, shouted to me, "For God's sake, man, don't leave me here!" At this time the firing from the guns was incessant—indeed, it was murderous; still I returned and strove hard to release him, but without effect, the horse being dead. The enemy at this time were coming up the valley and killing the wounded on their march; so I said to the man, "It's no use my stopping here; we shall both be killed." The poor fellow said something in reply, but I don't recollect it now. I then reluctantly left him to his fate, and joined three or four of my comrades who, like myself, had been unhorsed and were trying to escape on foot. To facilitate our retreat we threw away everything that in the least encumbered us; even our "busbies" we pitched on one side; in fact, we retained nothing except our sword-blades, and those we carried for our defence. "Did not the Russians pursue you?"—Well, the enemy, seeing us together, concentrated a heavy fire upon us; and, in order that the gunners might direct their attention to something else, we lay flat down, and they did not pursue us further. Shortly afterwards I espied a riderless horse, belonging to the 17th Lancers, which I succeeded in capturing by seizing hold of its bridle; and, mounting it, I rode at full gallop to the top of the valley, when I handed it over to the regiment to which it belonged. The valley presented a fearful scene at this time. Our poor fellows lay moaning and groaning everywhere, but with the greater number the bullets had told their tale. Those who had escaped were making their way, some on foot and some mounted, with wounded and limping horses, as best they could, to the high road that divided the two armies. All those who were able at once formed, and it was a dreadful sight to see the havoc that had been made. Soon afterwards I met Trumpeter Smith, one of the survivors, whose horse I had to attend to. I asked him where his horse was, when he told me that it had been killed. I replied, "Well, it's not such a bad field, after all; it was the first I was ever in where there was no horse to clean." This was not said as a joke, for I assure you there was nothing to joke about then. We were all too serious, thinking of our poor dead and absent friends.

John Buckton, late sergeant in the 11th Hussars, and now "viewer" in the Government Clothing Stores, Grosvenor-road, Pimlico, says:—I was a private in the C troop of the 11th Hussars. Colonel Douglas and Captain Peel had charge of the regiment. It is a long time since the morning we made our charge, but I remember it well and painfully. As usual, we had been out since daylight. It was not a particularly cold morning, but it was rather foggy. We had been standing for hours by our horses, when I saw Lord Lucan give a paper to Lord Cardigan.—Did you apprehend its purport?—Well, we could see the guns in position; but we had no idea that we, the Light Brigade, would be ordered to take them without being supported by infantry. Of course we did not know what to think of it, and of course we got ready to obey. I don't recollect whether we tightened the girths of our horses; I fancy we did not. You know there were six redoubts, three of which the Russians had taken from the Turks. My description of the locality is that there was a valley, with hills right and left, and at the end of the valley—"The Valley of Death," you know—were the guns which we were ordered to seize. I should tell you that the regiments were arranged at our start in three lines, or rather, I may say, two lines and half a line—that is, two regiments in the first line, two in the second, and one, I think, behind. The valley was not wide enough for us to go in one line. We went off at a trot, and at first we did not see much; but we soon found what we were in for. We saw great numbers of cavalry and infantry at the rear of the guns, whilst on each side of the valley there were skirmishers who, as soon as they could, began to pepper us. I can give you no proper idea of what we did when we reached the Cossacks. Bullets fell thick and heavy amongst us; indeed, it seemed as if every man of us was doomed to destruction. However, we were not idle. We fought desperately, and many a Russian fell to rise no more. Their gunners we cut and hacked in every way, and but very few minutes elapsed before we had captured the guns. My horse was shot near the girth, and so near my leg that my trousers were covered with blood. "Then your horse fell with you?"—No, he kept up bravely, but every now and then I felt he gave a sort of jerk or quiver in his side, and I fully expected I should lose him. He took me back home, though, but he was shot in the camp the next morning. I also got a shot in the cloak rolled on the horse's back in front of me. So you see I was altogether very fortunate. "Were your men in anything like order when you got to the guns?"—Not the slightest; every man was for himself. We were all higgledy-piggledy, but fighting more like devils than men. We were being cut up in a dreadful way, and we could not stand it. An order was given by one of the Colonels to retire, but I could not say who it was. "Did you see the Polish Lancers?"—Yes, on our way back from the Tchernaya river, whither we had driven the Russians. We saw, as we thought, the 17th Lancers, and we were going to retire under them, but we found that they were the Polish Lancers, who had been stationed to cut our retreat right off. On our way down the valley they had been behind a hill on our left, and now they had emerged and formed a line right in our front. How we got through them I don't exactly know, but certainly I don't think they opened purposely for us to pass. Our poor fellows—the mere handful that were left of them—hurrahed and hallooed as loudly as they could, and that apparently had an effect upon the Polish horsemen, for it was evident their horses had not, like ours, been trained to withstand the noise and din of battle; and when they heard the British "hurrahs" and saw our brave fellows rushing towards them at such a mad pace, they became restless and turned round and about, and before they could form again in any kind of way our men had bobbed through their ranks and were scampering up the hill before them. It was at this moment that the Russian guns reopened fire on friend and foe alike. It was our belief that they thought the Lancers were clear out of the way; but such was not the case, and several of their horsemen fell.

"Did the Lancers use their weapons?"—Some of them pricked with their lances at our men as they passed, but they did not do much harm, owing to the fright and the manner in which our men had surprised them. The Chasseurs d'Afrique came to our assistance after we had passed the Polish Lancers.

"By what were the English wounded?"—Mostly with swords, but the shot did the mischief. It would take a good blow with a sword to kill a man, but a shot does it at once. When we reached the guns we had nothing but the Russian cavalry to contend with, sword to sword; but all the way down the artillery and infantry, especially the latter, had slaughtered us terribly.

"Did the van get much the worst of it?"—No, I think we all shared about alike. Of course, a cannon-ball would not be stopped by the first man it hit.

"What did you do when you did get back—that is, the few of you that were left?"—Well, we shook hands with one another as if we had been away for a long time. Our fellows looked pretty well, I assure you, and their horses were puffing from the gallop up-hill. The chargers, however, did not appear at all frightened, but stood, when formed up, as calmly as ever they did on a field day. I was twenty-three years of age at the time. I served twelve years in the Army, from November, 1848, to November, 1860, and because I joined under what was then called the "New (or twelve year) Act," I have never received a halfpenny of pension. What really happened, in a few words, was this: The Russians shot at us from the right and the left of the valley on our way to take guns from—what we thought—thousands of cavalry at the end of the valley, and they did the same thing on our way back. Try and imagine it.

The following is the statement of William Charles Stanton:—Well, you must know that twenty-one years is a long time to remember the incidents connected with such a memorable charge; but I'll try and recall what I know of the matter. We had done nothing worth speaking about in regard to fighting for some time previous to the day on which the Light Brigade so distinguished themselves. On Oct. 24, 1854, we had been in readiness all the evening, expecting a night attack; for during the day we had heard the guns some distance off. At the dawn of morning we turned in to get breakfast and feed our horses; but before all of us were out of the saddle the guns again began to fire, and we were ordered out directly. Most of us had not time even to get a bit to eat, and the majority of us rode to the guns on empty stomachs. Having formed on the plain, we started, and came over a range of hills near Inkerman Valley, the Heavy Brigade being on the opposite side, about a mile from us—we could not exactly tell the distance—and they had previously repulsed the Russian cavalry. We had no idea at the time that we were about to charge; but it appeared very evident to us soon afterwards, when we saw the Russians. The order came, in the first place, from Lord Raglan, who was at the time so situated that he could not see what effect it would have. When Captain Nolan commanded us to ride for the guns, we were all puzzled, and did not at first understand the order; but Captain Nolan, repointing to the guns, said that we must capture them. We could all very well understand that there was a mistake made somewhere, for every one of us could see how impossible it was for us to attack nearly the whole of the Russian army with only about 600 men. But it was not our place to argue the matter, so we simply obeyed. The Russians had cavalry enough to swallow us all up if they chose. We advanced in three lines. The first line comprised the 13th Light Dragoons and the 17th Lancers; and at the head rode Lord Cardigan, along with Captains Morris, Webb, Oldham, Good, and Jennings, Sir William Gordon, and Sir George Wombwell. In the second line were the 11th Hussars and the 4th Light Dragoons, commanded respectively by Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas and Lord George Paget; while bringing up the rear was the third line, composed of the 8th Hussars, at the head of which rode Lieutenant-Colonel Shewell. The day was fine, and a very favourable one for a battle. As soon as we commenced to move, the enemy, who were on the right and left of us, began to fire, and kept it up during the whole of the ride, while the guns of the Russians in front of us, which we were sent to capture, were also fired. Very soon the shot and shell that were poured in upon us began to have a visible effect on

our number, weakening the lines to an alarming extent. Our lines were literally cut through by the enemy's firing, and I witnessed twelve horses fall at one time by cannon-shot. We had carbines with us, but we never fired a shot—our order was only to capture the guns. There was not much time to think; the command had come upon us suddenly and we were ready to do or die. At every stride saddles were being emptied or horses shot from under the men. Many of the men who had been dismounted or wounded got ridden over; for in the exciting charge this could not be helped. In that fatal ride no description could properly convey the awful sight that was presented. We were galloping as fast as our horses could go to keep in line together, and during the time it took to reach the valley, which was about a mile and a quarter in length, where the guns were stationed, you had not much thought of anything around you. As we rode down the valley I overheard no conversation pass between the men; I believe the officers gave words of command; but in the din and confusion nothing definitely could be heard. The trumpets sounded the charge; and after this the officers' or any one's orders could not be heard unless you were close to them. The only thing was to look before you to see what there was to do. The man who goes into a charge of this sort, you know, cannot tell half what he ought, and could give but a poor description of the scene. Just as we were close to the guns several of our officers got wounded, amongst them being Captain Morris, Sir William Gordon, and Captain Jennings. Sir George Wombwell was taken prisoner, and afterwards escaped. I believe he was in the hands of the Cossacks at the time, but was only a prisoner for a few minutes. He was a young and an active officer—a Lieutenant at that time—and, whilst the Cossacks were otherwise engaged, he managed to get away from them, and caught a horse which was passing near to him, and, mounting it, thus effected his escape. Directly we got to the guns we found that we were a mixed company; but I believe the 8th Hussars kept their line all through. Men were pushing eagerly forward in their anxiety to get to the front. As soon as we reached the guns we killed many gunners, and afterwards attacked the Russian cavalry, who gave way. Some of the Light Brigade pursued them for some distance towards Tchernaya Bridge, but these poor fellows never returned. Of course, those of our men who went after the cavalry were all killed, for they had no chance with nearly the whole of the Russian army, who were behind the guns, upon them. The Russian cavalry did not seem at all inclined to fight; they wondered what on earth we were going to do; and on the following day, when a flag of truce was sent to the enemy by Sir Colin Campbell, they asked what was the matter with the Light Brigade, wanting to know whether they were drunk or mad, or words to that effect, to make such a charge. We held the guns for a time, but were soon ordered to return, or there would have been but few of us left. We retired as best we could, mixing ourselves up in other regiments; and to the noble Chasseurs d'Afrique we owe a good deal, for they charged the Russian Horse Artillery, who were on the left of us as we went down the valley, and drove them away, so that, in returning, we had not to run the risk of their deadly shot. By this means many lives were saved. When we returned from where we started our hearts were almost too full to speak. It was a sad cut-up for us to see so many poor fellows missing, and many anxious inquiries were made after comrades, for there was such a sprinkle of us who had returned.

Thomas Wroots, an inmate of Chelsea Hospital, says:—I was a private in the D troop of the 11th Hussars, under Captain Douglas and Captain Dallas. I was right in the centre of the squadron. Just after we started I got pushed out—that is, me and my mare got pushed out of the line. I cried out, "Let me come up! Let me come up!" Just then the Russians commenced firing, and in half a second there was room enough for an omnibus to come up. The charge was a regular "Derby." I was near a man named Morton at one time. He was wounded in the right arm, and the pain was so great that he shrieked out fearfully. He asked me to undo his sword-knot, so as to pull his sword off and thus get his arm clear; but something, I can't tell exactly what, just then happened, and I had to ride on, for there was death all round. Another man near me was shot in the left side, and I should think he rode fifty yards, then all at once he tumbled to his left and came down on the ground like a lump of clay—just like a lump of clay, that is the only description I can give of it. His charger, like many others, galloped away. These things happened on the way down. There was too much confusion to say what did take place at the guns. You may depend upon it we had to do something, or else not a soul of us ever would have got away. One of the things I remember was that some of the horses without riders held back, some went forward like mad, and some followed us right in. I recollect, in our retreat, hearing Lord George Paget say, "For God's sake, 11th and 4th, do halt and show them a front!"—that is, when they were peppering us from the right and left. Some one said, "There's the Lancers; let us go and form on them, and we will show them a good front!" In place of that, it turned out to be a Polish regiment of lancers. We got near them, but they did not seem to stir. I saw one fellow, however, run up behind one of our sergeants—I think his name was Hudson—and catch him right in the middle of the back with his lance. He was not killed then; the ambulance brought him in afterwards, but he soon died. I saw the Captain of the Lancers quite plain. He said something to his men, and they all turned threes right and took up their places. It was then that their own artillery fired into them. We got past them, and my belief is they took pity on us, and let us pass them without touching us. We were "beauties," being covered with blood, dirt, and grime when we got back again. Every man that Cruikshank, one of our officers, met, he gave a glass of grog to.

Anthony Sheridan, an Irishman, also a Chelsea pensioner, with two medals on his breast, one English and the other Turkish, says:—I fought at Sebastopol, Inkerman, Balaclava, and Alma. I belonged to the E troop of the 8th Hussars, under Colonel Shewell and Captain Lascelles. I went out with the 8th from Portsmouth, and I came back with them. We were under Lord Cardigan, and a pluckier soldier never drew a sword.—"Be good enough to tell me your experience of the charge."—Well, I dare say you know as much about that as I can tell you. However, you must know that we had been expecting something of the kind for several days. On the morning of that memorable day we stood with our horses saddled ready for any emergency. Lord Raglan and his staff were on the hills above us, surveying the Russians with their field-glasses, when they saw, as I supposed, the cowardly Turks leave their guns in the redoubt and run for their lives. There were five guns left, and each was loaded and not spiked when the Russians got up to them. Presently Captain Nolan, riding a horse of the 13th Light Dragoons, came up with a paper from Lord Raglan, and we imagined at once that we were to move. The order was for the First Division to charge on the guns left by the Turks, in order, as, I suppose, that we might recover them from the enemy. Captain Nolan's words were, so it was reported, "My Lord, charge on those guns." I know when I heard the order given at first I said, "God forgive me! but every man must do his duty." Well, we merely trotted at first, but when we came within cannon-shot we put our horses into a canter. Captain Nolan, unfortunately, was killed before we got to the redoubt. The Russians met us with a heavy cannonade. They had fired the five guns left by the Turks, so that when we got to the redoubt we found that it was empty, for the Russians had limbered up the guns and taken them to where their heavy artillery and main body were stationed, a mile further on. My opinion is that when we found the guns had been removed we ought to have stopped; but poor Nolan was not there to explain matters, and somehow or other, the devil being in us, I suppose, for fighting—our officers being all brave men, and I can't blame any of them—we went full gallop at the enemy. It was almost dark, with smoke and fog, and you did not know were you were until you ran against a Cossack. You know your blood soon gets warm when you are fighting, and it didn't take us long to find out that we had nothing to do but to give them a point as good as their cut. I got a cut with a sword on the forehead at the guns. It was not much, but it has left this scar here (pointing to his forehead). I remember it now. It was fearful. We were cut and shot at in all directions, and it was each man for himself. People ask me sometimes if I killed anyone, but I'm not going to tell them, though I gave the Cossacks a great deal more than I got. If those Lancers had hemmed us in, it would have been all up with us. I was in the second line going out, but there were no lines coming in. As we were returning we saw the French on our left, whilst the Guards were coming up from Inkerman. It was a melancholy sight to see our poor fellows lying dead and dying all around us. I saw Lord Fitzgibbon, who was mortally wounded, pull out his purse and offer it to any one of us who would dismount and accept it, as his Lordship did not like it to get into the hands of the Russians; but lord! we did not think of money at such a moment as that. Life and honour were more precious to us than money, so I suppose the Russians got the English gold after all. Our men were heroes indeed. There was not a coward in the whole Brigade. I remember a man of the 17th Lancers riding to the charge in a curious dress. "What was that?"—He was a butcher, and that morning was employed slaughtering cattle for the commissariat. When the order was given he rushed from his work, and said he'd be d—— if his regiment was going without him. Attired in a blood-bespattered smock-frock, he ran after and caught a stray horse, and then pulling over his head a red cap, something like those worn by foreign sailors, he took his place in the ranks, and, amidst the laughter and jeers of his comrades, dashed ahead. He was a big, powerful fellow. I have forgotten his name, but he was seen doing good service amongst the Russians, who were evidently puzzled to understand to what corps he belonged.

Robert Grant, another pensioner in Chelsea Hospital, says:—I was a private in the F troop of the 4th Light Dragoons. Lord George Paget was our Colonel, and there was also Captain Portal. I had been out all night with Major Halkett, of the 4th, visiting outlying pickets. There was a mounted picket of the 17th Lancers on a large hill—I think it was called Canrobert's Hill—and we also saw the Turkish sentries who were posted on the road. They told Major Halkett that the Russians were in the valley below, and he reported the fact during the night to the Brigade-Major. When Halkett came in all the camp fires were ordered to be extinguished. The men of the Light Brigade had to turn out early in the morning, or rather to stand to their horses. We had not been allowed to undress on that as on other nights, but had been kept ready for orders. We had oftentimes been turned out for nothing, and that vexed us. "Were the men anxious to get at the enemy, then?"—Yes; it was their general talk and feeling. They wished to have the war decided promptly, and their desire was to get to close quarters as soon as possible. Well, the order came about eleven o'clock in the morning, and we were soon off in a trot. "Did the men express any surprise at such an order being given?"—No; we had every confidence in our Generals and officers. We knew they had a better knowledge of what the Russians were doing than we. They had field-glasses and numbers of spies to give them information, so that we thought the order was given for the best. In the early part a peculiar thing occurred. A shot came over a hill and dropped on the neck of a horse belonging to a man named Gowens. The shot cut the horse's head off as cleanly as if it had been done with a knife. The horse stood for a moment and then dropped. Gowens got on to a spare horse, and in a few minutes afterwards this horse's head was also shot clear away. It was the artillery did this—it played fearful havoc with our horses. "Was not Gowens hurt?"—Not a bit of it. The shot fell eight or nine inches behind the first horse's ears, and it took his head off as clean as a whistle. "Were any orders given to halt at any time when you were going down the valley?"—We halted once for a short time near the road. The Russians saw us. They did not fire, but they were ready for us. They had man-holes—I mean holes in which a man could stand without being seen. We could only see their heads, at the best, and from these holes they fired on us all the way down; and I remember there was also a little trench flung up, with green boughs. We soon saw the full force of the Russians. We got the squadron in quarter-distance, and that is the way we charged. All was confusion at the guns. Some of the men got down to cut the traces, but each man had to fight for his own life. "They were not, I suppose, told off for the purpose?"—No; but every man did as he liked. "Can you remember any incident of the charge?"—Well, something funny took place. I saw two or three old Russians on horses. I don't know what they looked like. They were quite old men. They appeared to be paralysed, and they did not seem pleased and they did not look sorry. They were quiet and still. I put my sword against one of their faces and said, "What do you want here, you old fools?" I would not touch them. "That was chivalry, certainly. What made you 'spare the weaker knights'?"—They were poor harmless fellows, who, as I thought, were obliged to be there. They were not volunteers, but old men who would have given all they had in the world to be somewhere else. They were not the right men in the right place, so I left them and turned my horse on to the young and strong, who were using their swords most vigorously. There were too many likelier sort of fellows about to touch without attacking those poor old cripples. Our officers had revolvers, and they did great execution with them. The privates had not revolvers. Those revolvers did great service. In fact, the officers altogether did a great deal more service than the men, because of the revolvers. Many of the Cossacks got shot foolishly like, for after one discharge they thought it was all over, but the revolver had several barrels. Those Cossacks were all for plunder, and they tried to surround our officers, but they got knocked down with the shots. I gave one man a "nick" between his shako and the top of his jacket. He fell, but I do not know whether I killed him. I can't remember whether he sang out at all, but he did not trouble me again. "Did you see the Lancers, about whom so much has been said?"—I thought the Lancers were our Lancers, and I got close to them, but they did not stir. They were great cowards, and I heard from our prisoners afterwards that they were disbanded. I was actually going round to form on their flank, but devil a one stirred. I had passed them some distance when my horse was shot under me. He was hit in the hind quarter. His belly was cut open, and his legs were broken. The shot came from a cannon that had a low sweep, and it struck him in the thick of the thigh. My leg was covered with blood. I could not get free from him for some time. Captain Portal passed, and said to me, "D—— you, get up; never mind your horse;" but I replied, "I can't, for he's lying on me." A private named Macgregor, of our regiment, however, came to my assistance. He asked me to get behind him on his horse, but I was not able, as I could not use my leg. I managed to find my way by some mystery at last to the camp, and they had pretty well all got home. I made the forty-fifth man of our troop who returned, and we went out with 135 men. It was worse coming back than going, for we did not know where we were. Lord George Paget thanked us all as we re-formed on the hill, saying, "Well, my brave fellows, I am thankful to see you back again." The Russians were afraid to follow us up the hill; for if they had they would have had it hot from our artillery, who were ready for them.

Dennis Connor, another of the Chelsea pensioners, states as follows:—I was in the 4th Light Dragoons (now the 4th Hussars), under Lord George Paget. We were drawn up ready on the morning of the charge. All were perfectly cool and collected. When the order was given I heard the men chaffing each other. One would tell another that he "would lose the number of his mess that day," meaning that he would be shot; others said, "Here goes for victory!" whilst others declared they would have Russian biscuits for dinner. Lord George led our line gallantly. There was no sign of flinching; but he made us laugh as he kept drawling out in his own peculiar tone, "Now then, men, come on," and on we went certainly. I saw Gowens' horse shot. The animal staggered, turned round two or three times, and fell. I was one of those who tried to cut the traces of the Russian guns. I used my pocket-knife, but I found that within the leather were chains of steel. Our officers did more service with their revolvers than we could with our carbines. They fired five shots to our one, and that seemed to alarm the Russians. I don't think we were away from our first position on the hill more than twenty minutes, and that included charge and all. The enemy retired in confusion when the charge was made. They could not re-form their line. We took some prisoners and exchanged them afterwards for our own men. When we returned we had a bottle of grog from the canteen, while General Cruikshank gave a glass of rum to each man who passed by him. I can corroborate everything that Corporal Grant has said. The Polish Lancers did follow us a little way up the hill, but they were cowards, and turned back again.

William Bird, belonging to the 8th Hussars, who composed the third line of the charge, says:—Colonel Shewell commanded the regiment, the next in command being Captain Tompkinson. The comrade who covered me was Tom Hefferan; he had only come up from the hospital at Scutari two days before, and, poor fellow, was very ill. As soon as we began to charge he said, "By God, boys, do you have this firing every morning?" I answered, "This was nothing to what we generally have," little thinking what it would lead to. I remember that he and Sergeant-Major M'Clure were the first I saw killed. Both of them, I believe, were shot through the head, and immediately fell from their horses; I never saw them again. Opposite the second battery, on the right of us, I lost my first horse, which was shot dead; but, by a skilful movement, I landed on my feet, and was not hurt. Shortly afterwards I caught a stray horse, which was riderless, belonging to the Scots Greys, and rejoined my troop. My feelings as I went down the valley were principally that of intense excitement—a sort of sensation of madness. At the bottom of the valley we halted some time, wondering what to do. I heard Lieutenant Phillips shout to Colonel Shewell, "The Lancers are cutting off our retreat!" to which Colonel Shewell replied, "No, Phillips; it's the 17th coming to our relief." Immediately afterwards I heard Lord George Paget call out, "Where is the General?" Colonel Shewell answered that he did not know. Lord George then said that we had better take our regiments back as best we could. Colonel Shewell, having wheeled us about, said, "Every man for himself, and God for us all. Go into them, men!" We then made for the Lancers of the enemy, and they opened their lines for us to pass, but we did not feel inclined to go through. I did not think it was a trap for us, but there was a sort of feeling of devilment or courage in us at the time, and we would not avail ourselves of their opening, but cut our way past their right and left flanks. In this charge my second horse, which had been shot, fell on my left leg, and I remained on the ground until relieved from my painful position by some of the enemy's soldiers. When I found I could not move my leg from under my horse, I thought it was all over with me, because I had heard that the Russian soldiers were very barbarous, and killed all their prisoners; but, to my agreeable surprise, they ordered me to accompany them, with several other of my comrades, to the bottom of the valley, where we were assured by a Russian officer that we were in the hands of Christians, and would be taken care of. I had received a bullet-wound through the calf of the right leg and a lance-wound in the arm. The Russians kept me a prisoner for twelve months. On the following morning—Oct. 26, 1854—in company with a number of other prisoners, I was brought before General Liprandi, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army. He asked us what amount of brandy had been served out to us that morning. We replied that we had had neither brandy nor victuals of any kind, telling him that we were very hungry. The General then ordered his aide-de-camp to see that our wants were attended to, and we afterwards obtained some beautiful white bread and German sausage. While appeasing our hunger we were surrounded by the Russian soldiers, and some of them gave us some apples. According to General Liprandi's orders we obtained also some native drink, which they call vodka. We had handed to us also some marching clothes, and afterwards marched up the country to Veronetz, which took us from three to four months to accomplish through a severe Russian winter. Our treatment from the higher class of Russians was of a very kind character, but the peasantry behaved to us more like brutes than Christians, and our privations were great. At Veronetz Mr. Catlin, an English merchant, took charge of me, he undertaking to be responsible for my body; and during the three months I was with him he treated me most kindly. At the expiration of this time a Russian officer fetched me, and I was exchanged with my fellow-prisoners at Odessa, and rejoined my regiment in the Crimea.

THE BANQUET.

The fine bright weather on Monday brought the people to Muswell-hill in much larger numbers than had been expected. From early in the forenoon till late in the afternoon frequent trains running to the Alexandra Palace from King's-cross were more than well filled. By one o'clock most of the Light Brigade who attended the commemoration were assembled in the Great Central Hall, where they witnessed the unveiling of the Balaclava Trophy. The principal object in this trophy was a colossal figure of Honour standing on a pedestal, at the

base of which were relics of the engagement, with the names of the officers who fell in the charge or who have died since Oct. 25, 1854. Along the hall, and extending from the trophy to the terrace, was a well-arranged museum of relics, consisting of arms and of bullet-riddled and sabre-cut helmets and other portions of uniforms. There were also in the collection articles found in the baggage of Prince Menschikoff, which was abandoned by him on the field of battle. There was the head of the charger which carried the Earl of Cardigan while leading the charge. This was sent by the Countess of Cardigan. But a more remarkable object was a living horse, a high-caste chestnut Arab, the oldest charger which has survived the Crimean War, if not the oldest in the British service. This animal is the property of Colonel Kent, of the 77th Regiment, who kindly lent him for the occasion. Having served in the Crimea, the horse went round the Cape to Australia, and did duty throughout the Indian mutiny. He has been twice in India, and is now with Colonel Kent's regiment at Woolwich. As the beautiful little beast stood bridled and saddled at the Alexandra Palace he looked quite young and quite fit for another campaign in any part of the world. Colonel Kent also lent the Russian drums captured by the 77th at the battle of the Alma. During the unveiling of the trophy the band of the Alexandra Palace Company performed an appropriate selection. From two o'clock till half-past four there were a variety of theatrical performances, in which Mr. G. Conquest, Mr. Terry, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Miss Julia Gaylord, Miss Lucy Franklein, Mr. F. H. Celli, Mr. J. Clarke, and other popular members of the theatrical profession took part. The great attraction in the theatre was, however, the recitation by Mrs. Stirling of Mr. Tennyson's ode, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The enjoyment of those who took part in the commemoration was throughout much enhanced by the admirable programme published for the occasion. It contained much appropriate information, commencing with the account of the battle of Balaclava and the charge of the Light Brigade, written from the camp before Sebastopol by Dr. W. H. Russell, correspondent of the *Times*.

The dinner was prepared in the principal saloon of the palace—a fine apartment, some 200 feet in length. One half of this was fitted up as a reception-room and the other half as a banqueting-chamber. The latter was very handsomely decorated. Behind the chairman's seat was a trophy, having the Russian flag as a centrepiece, encircled by the English, French, Italian, and Turkish flags. Effigies in armour kept guard on each side of this trophy, and along the side walls were military emblems and mottoes. The tables were rich in adornments of plate and choice fruit and flowers. Covers were laid for about 250, and the guests of each of the five regiments which furnished contingents to the Light Brigade—the 4th Light Dragoon Guards, the 8th Hussars, the 11th Hussars, the 13th Light Dragoons, and the 17th Lancers—were ranged so that the survivors of each contingent should be together. The officers present who were in "the charge of the Light Brigade," and who now met at this commemoration, were Colonel Trevelyan, 11th Hussars; Colonel White, 17th Lancers; Major Sir George Wombwell, 17th Lancers; and Lord Tredegar, 17th Lancers. Colonel Kent, 77th Regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel Galt, Major C. Lennox Jervis, Captain Clutterbuck, and other officers also attended. About 120 of the rank and file, and non-commissioned officers, of the Light Brigade sat down to dinner; and their names are here given:—

Edward R. Woodham, J. Hickey, J. B. Forbes, D. Heron, J. Edden, W. H. Pennington, J. Palin, W. Pitt, Frederick Short, James Whitby, Daniel Deering, Thomas Ryan, John Boxall, James Batton, Henry Keagan, Robert Ferguson, William Thorne, Walter Best, William Butler, Peter Carroll, Thomas King, John Ford, George Baum, R. Owen Gleudwr, G. Lay Smith, William Williamson, John Breese, John Buckton, Richard Young, John Lawson, William Perkin, Isaac Hanson, John Ettridge, R. Evans, James Pamplin, John Brooks, Charles Warren, Joseph Gumage, Henry Taylor, William Grey, P. H. Marsh, Charles Aldous, Thomas Dyer, William Butler, James Mustard, Sergeant Kennedy, William Travers, Thomas Mullins, Robert Harris, James Scarfe, James Tiggell, Sweeney, G. D. Price, J. G. Baker, Fred Armes, John Howes, John Holloway, James Devlin, Charles Macauley, Thomas Tremley, Robert Nichol, John Hogan, John Mortimer, John M'Causland, James Hefferon, Robert Johnson, James Dewan, William Grey, David Andrews, Isaac Middleton, Matthew Holland, Henry Jewell, William Smith, Richard Davies, Richard Brown, William Bentley, John Proctor, John Glannister, Henry Parker, W. L. Rhys, Anthony Wilder, Robert Martin, James Gusterson, Seth Bond, James Fletcher, Charles Powell, David Grantham, Thomas Williams, Charles Cork, James Hodges, Thomas Alliston, N. W. Easton, Benjamin Beeston, William Watlin, Edward Martin, A. Mitchell, James Lamb, James Lincoln, Thomas Cooke, W. D. Colson, James Malanfy, James Cameron, Job Allwood, Henry Brown, J. H. Harding, John Allen, George Garnham, Frederick Peake, Joseph Rhodes, Edwin Leoney, J. D. Robinson, Joseph Reintly, John Baker, Thomas Marshall, Francis Dickenson, David Stanley, Thomas Allen, Charles Morgan, John Browne, Thomas Clarke, William Purvis, Thomas Morley, James Bloomfield, William Barker, George Herriott, James Nunnerley, Robert Williams, John Penn, M. E. Lanfred.

With but few exceptions they were in plain clothes, but were their war medals, and it was gratifying to see that to a man they were dressed respectably and seemed to be occupying comfortable positions. Their hearty greeting of one another was in itself a sight to see. Some of them who had been companions in the same regiment had never met since they left the Army till brought together on this occasion. In the *menu* and serving of the dinner Messrs. Bertram and Roberts acquitted themselves most creditably, and the toasts were heralded with becoming effect by Mr. Wilson, the toastmaster, and a trumpeter of the 8th Hussars. The band of the 8th Hussars played now and then during the feast. Colonel White, of the 17th Lancers, occupied the chair; Baron de Grancey, Military Attaché to the French Embassy, in the uniform of a Chasseur d'Afrique, took his seat on the right of the gallant Colonel. On the other side of the Baron was the Commandant Canovaro, Naval Attaché to the Italian Legation, next to whom sat Major Sir George Wombwell, Bart., of the 17th Lancers. Sir Edward Lee and the directors of the Alexandra Palace also sat on that side of the chairman. On his left hand sat Lord Tredegar, better known in the service as Sir Godfrey Morgan, and Lieutenant-Colonel Galt; and included among the other visitors invited were General Sir Thomas McMahon, Colonel Trevelyan, Colonel Pell, Colonel Kent, Major Montague, Major E. Lennox Jervois, Mr. J. Malone, 6th Dragoons; Mr. J. Wooden, 104th Regiment; Mr. J. Kelly, 8th Hussars; Mr. J. Berryman, the Rev. R. Halpin, Sir Frederick Perkins, M.P., Mr. J. Pennington, and Mr. N. A. Woods, correspondent of the *Morning Herald* in the Crimean War. When the first toast was called by Mr. Wilson, the toast-master,

The Chairman rose and said: Comrades,—I am sorry for your sakes that I occupy this place. When I came here this evening I had no idea that I should have to do so; but, in the absence of names that are now historic—Lord Lucan, Lord George Paget, and others—I was asked to take this position, though I feel unworthy of it ("No, no!" and cheers). I must say that I had really a feeling of some pride when I came to look back twenty years ago, and thought that, as a young man, I had the honour of leading a squadron of direction alongside of our gallant chief, who is now dead and gone; and perhaps on this account I am not altogether unworthy of being before you (Cheers). I now rise to propose the toast of the day among soldiers, a toast which is dear to us all. It seems to me that no men in England have given greater proof of their loyalty to the Queen than ourselves. I drink therefore to the health of the Queen, and I feel I need say no more, because more words would spoil the sentiment (Cheers).

The toast was drunk with great cheering, and was followed by the National Anthem, sung by an efficient choir, with Miss Ellen Horne, Miss Emily Mott, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Mr. William Dalton, soloists, and Mr. F. Archer, accompanyist.

The Chairman: Comrades, I now rise to propose the second toast, one which will be drunk, I am sure, with as much loyalty and heartiness as the last. The Prince of Wales has gone to India. Let us drink, not only to his health, but to his happy return (Cheers). Many of those happy fellows I see around me have been in that country, and have shed their blood there; and to them, and to all here, I need not do more than propose the "Health of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Colonel of the 10th Hussars, and may God speed him on his journey and send him safe home again" (Much cheering, and calls for cheers for the Princess of Wales).

Mrs. Stirling, who had declined the invitation to dinner, entered the room and took a seat near Sir Edward Lee.

The Chairman, rising amid some slight commotion, said: Comrades, I have now to propose the third toast—(a voice: "Order, please")—"The British flag." I know not what to say about it. One could say so much that, perhaps, the best thing would be to say nothing at all. That glorious flag for years—for a thousand years—has braved the battle and the breeze, and I see many gallant fellows who have fought under it. This flag has gone everywhere, and, by some extraordinary fatality, wherever it floats blessings seem to grow under it like flowers. We will drink to the British flag with all honours (Loud cheers).

Sir Edward Lee, being called upon to propose the next toast, said: Colonel White and Gentlemen,—I hope I shall be exonerated from any charge of possessing more than my share of national vanity when I bring before your notice the toast of the day. One may safely say that this is no common anniversary we celebrate to-night, and that those are no ordinary guests we have bidden to our board. On this day one-and-twenty years ago was achieved a chivalrous exploit—I use the word chivalrous advisedly, for in what does the truest chivalry consist but in a high conception of that little word—little, but pregnant with meaning—duty? That deed of arms, I maintain, was "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." Besides the actors in it, so many of whom are present here this evening, one can see the shadowy figures of your mythical heroes almost become substantial, and one can realise that there may have been some truth after all in the story of Horatius defending the bridge, a single breast against a phalanx of enemies; of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans repelling the foe at Thermopylæ, though the arrows from his ranks were thick enough to darken the air. The material results of the Balaclava charge may have been small, but its moral effect was magnificent (Cheers). The blood that was shed in that brief mad ride in the North Valley was not shed in vain. There may have been a blunder, but I hold with the Laureate, when he wrote to Mr. Woodham, secretary of this committee, that England should be thankful for it, proving, as it did, that her soldiers are "the most honest and most obedient under the sun;" true to their flag, true to discipline, and true to the comrades that gallop knee to knee with them into the gaping mouth of destruction (Cheers). A blunder it may have been, I repeat, but a blunder rich in the noblest traits of soldiership—in valour impetuous, in fortitude uncomplaining, in devotedness sublime. A blunder it may have been; but it is one which shall shine luminous for ever on the golden roll of our military history (hear, hear) — a blunder, if it was one, which shall set the pulses of our island race tingling with pride, and their hearts throbbing with emulation, while a shred of the Union-Jack remains to be nailed to a British mast-head or be carried in the midst of a British regiment to victory (Cheers). There was no need on the 25th of October, 1854, when the trumpets sounded the charge, for officers to appeal to their men for support; they felt too much confidence in the mettle of those behind them (Hear, hear). There was no need for men—when, with teeth clenched and knees well pressed into their saddles, they leant forward for that glorious charge—to look to their officers for encouragement, for they knew that the bluest blood of England was in the front—(loud and protracted cheering)—and they knew that there, with themselves, would be "in at the death." If I desired to cite individual acts of heroism, I could recall enough among those which have been related to me of the guests now sitting at this table to make an "Iliad" of our own. There were men there who rode into action though their sword-arms were disabled. There were men who, though wounded themselves, contrived, in all the heat of that desperate retreat, to aid in saving comrades who were more seriously injured than themselves (Cheers). There were men who stood by their prostrate officers and made their bodies a defending shield—a target for the enemy—in the face of appalling odds (Cheers). I was reading the other day in a volume by one of our highest military authorities his idea of what a cavalry officer should be, and he declared that the leader of a body of British horsemen should be the Prince Rupert of the Army, and should covet true honour like a sinner. In going over the episodes of that memorable Ride of the Six Hundred, I could not help saying to myself that not merely the gallant Cardigan himself, but the humblest troopers under his command on that day, were all Prince Ruperts; and might be imagined saying, as they rushed forward, with the light of battle on their faces,

> By Heaven! methinks it were an easy leap
> To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon

(Cheers). I am reminded by an inscription I see on the walls that this is also the anniversary of another fight—a fight in which our legions were arrayed against a Power which was our cordial ally in the Crimea, and a distinguished military representative of which I am so glad to see present at this table (Much cheering). There were four hundred and thirty-nine years of interval between Agincourt and Balaclava; but time wrought no change in the breed: and those who were in the last battle, as in the first, might, in Shakspeare's language, "Stand a-tiptoe when this day is named" and "remember with advantage what feats they did." For us who have the privilege to greet them, I may paraphrase the address of Henry V. to the English host, and say that their names are "familiar in our mouths as household words"—that we should yearly on the vigil feast our friends, and that their fame should in flowing cups be freshly remembered. With this object have the directors of the Alexandra Palace sent their invitation to the remnant of the Light Brigade to repay in some small way the debt of gratitude due to you by your countrymen, and to prove that there is still appreciation in this our land for the courage which knows not when it is beaten, and the endurance which has made the empire what it is and carried our victorious flag to the uttermost ends of the earth (Cheers). I shall now hope that, as this commemorative banquet has taken place for the first time under the roof of the Alexandra Palace, it will eventually become an annual institution (Loud cheers). I hope we shall see you here year after year, and so far as I am personally concerned I trust that so long as there is a man of the Light Brigade alive, even if he has not a comrade left to shake hands with him, yet he will wend his solitary way to Muswell-hill to receive the congratulations of his country (cheers and a laugh), to receive from his fellow-countrymen that tribute of admiration which the Empire is always ready to bestow on those of her sons who have served her nobly and well (Hear, hear). I shall ask, in conclusion, those at this board who were not in the charge to drink to the health of those who were, and to honour those who now honour us with their presence—those whom we respect, revere, and love—those whose names only to mention sets the heart leaping as at the sound of a trumpet—"The Survivors of the Six Hundred." (Cheers).

With the toast were connected the names of Lord Tredegar, Sir George Wombwell, Colonel Trevelyan (11th Hussars), and Colonel Mussenden (8th Hussars).

The trumpeters of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars (one of the regiments engaged in the charge) sounded in succession, and with great effect, the cavalry calls, "Walk—trot—gallop." The band of the same regiment played "Garryowen." Before these gentlemen were called upon to respond,

Mrs. Stirling was introduced to give a recitation. By way of preface this lady said: "Gentlemen,—I am an actress, as, perhaps, some of you may know, and am much more used to speak in public the words of others than my own, but I feel I should like, in my poor way, to say how proud I feel to find myself in the presence of so many brave men (Cheers). Courage and bravery are qualities especially dear to us poor cowardly women, and I feel my heart burn at this moment, when I think of the impression that your extraordinary bravery must have made on your foes. I know at home it filled us with admiration, with pity, and with wonder—wonder which has endured for twenty-one years—at a feat which will be esteemed as one of the brightest and most gallant deeds in the annals of English history (Cheers). You know, gentlemen, what one of our distinguished allies said of this memorable charge. He said, 'C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.' I may now give you a few words better than my own." Mrs. Stirling then recited with great spirit an ode on "Balaclava," by Mr. Richard Chandler:—

> The scribbler in safety may fairly enlarge
> On the blunders we made in that terrible charge;
> But the brunt of our steeds and the stroke of our steel
> Caused the columns to waver, the squadrons to reel:
> We were but six hundred; how many the foe
> We knew not, we cared not, we asked not to know!
> Midst the flashing of cannon, the musketry's roll,
> We heard but our orders, we saw but one goal:
> The fire-fringèd mountains we shook with our tread,
> Front and flank were our foemen, behind us our dead;
> Midst a whirlwind of carnage the guns we rode through,
> For slaughter too many, for conquest too few!
> Then breathless, but fearless, a passage we tore
> Through a death-dealing host where our dead lay before.
> It might not be war, the mad freak that we wrought,
> To learn the result, ask the Russ what he thought,
> Count the labyrinth'd legions that studded the track
> Where a regiment swept forth, and a troop straggled back!

Great applause followed this recitation, after which the chairman called on all the survivors to stand up while the officers responded.

Lord Tredegar: Colonel White, Comrades, and Gentlemen of other Regiments,—It has been allotted to me to return thanks for the survivors. Our health has been drunk, and we have been treated in a most magnificent way. Our actions have been spoken of in the most flattering terms, and we have just heard a most eloquent, most charming, and touching oration spoken by Mrs. Stirling, which, I am sure, has reached the hearts of every one of us. After such an oration as that, what could one of the survivors of Balaclava have to say? The first duty of a soldier is obedience, and the next duty is modesty, and I for one never was a man of many words. It is a proud position to be able to return thanks for the Six Hundred, and I am very glad in being able to meet so many of my old comrades here to-night. You must all feel that your deeds which were performed so long a time ago are not only still remembered, but are likely to be remembered for ever by our country (Cheers). I am sure we are all very proud to be remembered in this way, and are all glad to return our thanks to the directors here for the magnificent way in which they have entertained the survivors of the Six Hundred (Loud cheers).

Sir George Wombwell: Colonel White, ladies (several of whom had now entered the room), and comrades,—After the able speech you have just heard from my gallant comrade, Lord Tredegar, I have scarcely anything more to add. It never has been the custom of a soldier to make a long speech, and I am not going to be any exception to the rule to-night. I wish very much to say how pleased I am to see you all, and especially the old 17th men whom I see here to-night, men of my own regiment. I am extremely glad to see them, and I trust they will live to see many more anniversaries of the 25th of October. (Cheers.)

Colonel Trevelyan, who was received with renewed cheering and a good deal of decidedly cordial approbation, said,—Brother Comrades, I have been asked to say a few words on the part of the 11th Hussars (Calls for "Order" and silence, the majority of the company being at this time on their legs). Words have almost been taken out of my mouth, because before me have spoken many gallant officers; but on the part of the 11th I may thank the directors of the Alexandra Palace for enabling us to come here among the other four regiments. We are met together here, and I hope we may live many a long day to resume our friendship. I am glad to see you, every one of you (Cheers for the 11th).

A new patriotic song and chorus, "The Light Brigade," composed by Mr. Alfred Emden, of the Alexandra Palace, and set to music by Mr. H. Weist Hill, was sung by Mr. W. Dalton and the choir.

Mr. Pennington, the actor, who was one of the Six Hundred, begged silence for a few moments while he recited Tennyson's poem of "The Charge of the Light Brigade." It was received with enthusiastic applause.

The next toast was to "The Memory of the Dead."

The Chairman: Brother Comrades, let us restrain our hilarity for one moment (silence was at once observed), and let us solemnise ourselves for a time and think of the brave fellows we left behind us, never to come home again. Few of us here did not leave friends, and very dear friends. The toast I have to propose is to "The Memory of the Dead."

The toast was drunk in solemn silence. The band played the "Dead March."

Miss Emily Mott, in a powerful voice, which filled all the

vast hall, sang, with due appreciation, the song "England's Dead."

The Chairman: The toast I have now to propose will be one most acceptable to us all, that of "Our Gallant Allies" (Cheers). I will only just say this—Where would many of us have been but for the Chasseurs d'Afrique? (Cheers). Many of you will remember how they put to silence the guns on our left flank, and in the gallantest style prevented attack from others. May the French always be our allies (Cheers). I hope, and I am sure you will agree with me, that the blood we shed together on that day may have the effect of cementing the alliance between the two nations. Those who came from Italy also gave us material assistance. I give you the toast of "Our Allies," connected with the names of Baron de Grancey and Commandant Canovaro.

Baron de Grancey hoped he might be allowed to adopt some of the words they had heard and address them as "comrades" (Cheers). The greatest honour that had been conferred upon him since he became military attaché in this country, as representing the French army, was being invited to this banquet. He was glad to see there had been a protest against a book issued some time ago trying to break the confidence between the French and British armies ("No, no!" "Never!"). He would not deign to answer an author who had attacked the chivalrous Marshal Canrobert. He would leave all that to the good sense of the British soldier. Lord Strathnairn, from the appointment he held in the French army, was the best judge on that subject. Another reason why he was glad to see this meeting was that there were credulous people who believed that getting together an army and keeping it in good order was exactly the same as getting and keeping together a number of people belonging to any trade or engaged in any commercial or industrial occupation. It was a very dangerous idea. He should like to see such people braving fever in distant countries and living on short supplies of food. He should like to see all of them sacrificing their lives as did the soldiers on board the Birkenhead, in order that women and children might be saved. There were two qualities of the greatest use in military service, and those were discipline and devotion (Cheers). Discipline and devotion all over the world! He thanked them for the compliments paid to the allied armies, and with reference to the Russian army and to Russia he reminded them of the charming way in which this country had recently received that dear and beloved Princess, her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh (Cheers). He would propose the "Health of her Royal and Imperial Highness," and would also remind them of the services performed by Miss Florence Nightingale.

Signor Canovaro, who asked permission to speak in the French language, said that on behalf of the Italian army, their ancient comrades in the Crimea, he returned them his sincere thanks. He freely admitted, however, that the chief glory of the Battle of Balaclava belonged to the English Army.

Mr. Woodham proposed the health of the worthy host who had so kindly entertained the men from Balaclava, and he hoped that next year they might meet in the same way (Loud cheers).

The only remaining toast of the list was, "The Soldiers of the Pen," to be proposed by the chairman, and responded to by Mr. N. A. Woods, one of the Crimean "special correspondents."

After the chairman vacated the chair, several of the rank and file reached the upper end of the room, and proposed cheers for Cardigan and Nolan, and three more for "those who knew how to take care of themselves."

The company then dispersed to enjoy the various entertainments still remaining on the programme.

THE OFFICERS' DINNER.

At a later hour of the evening many of the officers who were engaged in the Battle of Balaclava celebrated the anniversary by dining together at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, where covers were laid for forty persons. General the Earl of Lucan, G.C.B., presided, supported by Lieutenant-General Lord George Paget, K.C.B., Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Hodge, K.C.B., Major-General Sir Thomas M'Mahon, K.C.B., Lord Tredegar, Lord Bingham, the Hon. H. H. Jolliffe, Sir George Wombwell, and Colonel E. Seager, late of the 8th Hussars, who rode in the charge, and commanded a squadron of that regiment, which, in returning from the charge, broke through the Russian line formed to cut off their retreat.

Lord George Paget, when he proposed a toast, said: "You are all willing, I am sure, to do honour to the part which the Light Cavalry Brigade took in the charge—the never-to-be-forgotten charge—at Balaclava, and I wish to state here the reasons that have prevented us from being present at the banquet given in their honour at the Alexandra Palace. It was a matter of fair question why the officers of the Heavy Brigade were not included in the invitation to that banquet. This is not the place, and I am not the proper person, to dwell on the gallant deeds of the two brigades on that day. Suffice it to say that the services of the two brigades were so associated that I could not reconcile it to my feelings to take any part in the commemoration of the gallant doings of that day from which the Heavy Brigade was excluded. But because there was this exclusiveness it did not prevent me from sending my contribution towards the enjoyment of the gallant fellows meeting elsewhere to-day, although I must repeat that I did not expect that the banquet would have assumed the character it did."

Lord Lucan said: "It affords me the greatest pleasure to meet my comrades of something like fifty years' standing. With regard to the Alexandra banquet, I may say that I heard nothing of it until I came to London from Ireland a few days ago. I had nothing to do with it as far as its arrangement was concerned, but I at once observed that the object was to bring together and give honour to the Light Brigade alone, and I felt this more particularly, admiring the Light Brigade as I do, and feeling also that their achievements on the great day we are now celebrating can never be surpassed, that one branch of the service had been neglected. It is well that feats of that kind, occurring twenty-one years ago, should be commemorated to-day. I have no hesitation in saying that it was impossible for any body of soldiers to conduct themselves more nobly, more splendidly, than did the Heavy Brigade in connection with the Charge at Balaclava. It is probable that they were not brought immediately into action as were the Light Brigade; but, had it not been for the position which they took and the bravery they displayed, the enemy would have been able to have burnt our ships, and inflicted incalculable injury. It is therefore I feel that their efforts should have been acknowledged, and I now take the opportunity of bearing my testimony to their gallantry."

The following is the Poet Laureate's letter to the chairman of the committee:—

Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, Oct. 20.

Dear Sir,—I cannot attend your banquet, but I inclose £5 to defray some of its expenses, or to be distributed as you may think fit amongst the most indigent of the survivors of that glorious charge. A blunder it may have been, but one for which England should be grateful, having learned thereby that her soldiers are the most heroic and most obedient under the sun. I will drink a cup of wine on the 25th to the health and long life of all your fine fellows, and, thanking yourself and your comrades heartily for the cordial invitation sent me, I pray you all to believe me, now and ever, your admiring fellow-countryman, A. Tennyson.

Our Illustration will, it is hoped, be acceptable upon this occasion, and will serve many years hence as memorials of such a brilliant event in our national history. This Journal, at the time of the Crimean War, furnished a great number and variety of original illustrations of all the incidents of that renowned campaign and siege of Sebastopol. The sketch of the Charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade, which was then made for our own use, has been again used in the new Engraving published this week, which has been specially re-drawn from that sketch, by Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A., for the present occasion. The portraits of many of the surviving soldiers who rode among the Six Hundred are engraved from such photographs as we have been able to get; they are not a selection purposely made, and it will be understood that we have had no idea of distinguishing individual merits. For some of them we are indebted to the assistance of Mr. George Latham, now an engraver and photographer at Starch-green, Hammersmith, who was orderly-room clerk of the 17th Lancers in the Crimea, and was, of course, personally acquainted with most of those brave men. With reference to the collection of Balaclava relics, it should be observed that the Russian helmet and sword were picked up by one of the Scots Greys, in the Heavy Cavalry Brigade part of the action. The drum and bugle were taken by men of the Coldstream Guards at Inkerman. The horse-pistol was in a saddle-holster of a Russian horse captured by Sergeant John Howes, of the 4th Light Dragoons, to ride back from the charge at Balaclava. Mr. Robert T. Landells, our well-known Special Artist, who went also through the Danish War of 1864, the German War of 1866, and the war between France and Germany, in 1870, for this Journal, contributed to the Balaclava Festival a portfolio of Crimean sketches. They were arranged on a red screen in the central hall of the Alexandra Palace, where they attracted such crowds of visitors that two policemen were employed to keep the approach clear. We doubt not that Mr. Simpson, our Artist now on his way to attend the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, would likewise have supplied many sketches of the siege of Sebastopol if he had not been absent from England just at this time.

A number of copies of the engraved portrait of Lord Cardigan, the gift of Mr. Mitchell, of Bond-street, were distributed among the men of the Light Brigade. They were treated by Messrs. Gatti, on Tuesday evening, with free admission to the Promenade Concert at Covent-Garden Theatre.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

The volunteer year closes to-day. We give some of the principal events which took place last week.

The annual prize-meeting of the No. 3 company of the St. George's (Captain Baxter's) took place at Wormwood-scrubbs. A very handsome list of prizes was competed for, consisting of various useful articles and several sums of money, to the value of £50. In the first series the winners were—1, Private Troake, who won a carved oak bookslide, containing several handsomely-bound volumes, presented by Mr. George Bubb; 2, Lieutenant Johnson, a polished Coromandel-wood cabinet of "games," presented by Captain Baxter; 3, Sergeant Garrett, an elegantly-mounted olive-wood smoker's cabinet, fitted complete, also presented by Captain Baxter; 4, Quartermaster-Sergeant Simpson, £3 10s.; 5, Private Cowley, a solid leather dressing-case, presented by Lieutenant Johnson; 6, Private P. Gray, £2 10s.; 7, Private Randall, gold pencil-case, presented by Captain Baxter; 8, Private W. Bendall, £2 5s.; 9, Private Shave, a very handsome ebony and silver-mounted tankard, presented by Mr. A. W. Staden; 10, Private Cawley, a beautifully illuminated album, presented by Captain Baxter; 11 Private A. Thornton, £2; 12, Private Evans, travelling leather writing-case. Second series—1, Sergeant Luker, a handsome book, presented by Mr. R. Bumpus; 2, Private G. Champion, a flask; 3, Sergeant Oocock, bronze inkstand, presented by Mr. C. N. Peal; 4, a box of cigars, presented by Mr. W. Lakin, was won by Private J. Champion. At the conclusion of the shooting Captain Baxter awarded the prizes to the respective winners. About thirty members with their friends sat down to dinner in the rifle-pavilion, when Captain Baxter congratulated the successful competitors in his usual happy way, and took occasion to remark on the prosperous state of the company, as shown by this prize-meeting.

A match was fired between teams of twelve men from the 2nd London and the 39th Middlesex. The latter were successful, scoring 659 points against 628 of their opponents.

At Rainham the members of the 2nd City of London held their annual competition for the regimental gold badge, and the winner was Sergeant Brown, with 37 points.

The annual competition of the 37th Kent took place at Cranbrook, when the following were the principal winners:—Officers' prizes: Corporal Goldsmith, 37; Sergeant Nunn, 33; and Corporal James, 30 points. Non-commissioned officers' prizes: Corporals James and Springett, 17 points each. Colonel Alexander's prize: Corporal Springett, 16; and Sergeant Nunn, 11 points. The challenge cup was won by Private J. Pettett, and a recruits' prize by Private Gilbert.

At Tunbridge Wells eight companies of the 2nd Administrative Battalion Kent met to shoot for the possession of the regimental challenge cup. After a most exciting competition the result was found to be a tie between Tunbridge Wells and Leeds Castle, with 204 points, Tunbridge being third with 201. On shooting off the tie at 600 yards Tunbridge Wells won by one point.

The A company 5th East Kent held their quarterly competition for the ladies' challenge cup at the company's range. Sergeant Richford proved the winner. The monthly challenge cup was also competed for at the same time. Sergeant Richford also proved the winner.

The annual prize-meeting of the 4th Hants took place at Warblington. The principal winners were:—Challenge cup: Sergeant G. Carter, 1st series; £5, Sergeant Tatchell; £4, Sergeant G. Carter; £3, Sergeant Watson; £2 each, Corporal Cousins and Corporal Carter; £1 10s., Lance-Corporal Suter; £1 each, Lance-Corporal Brown, Private Beacon, Private Sims, Captain Scott, and Sergeant Howse. Recruits' and consolation prizes were won by Privates W. Jones and Batchelor. There were also prizes for the highest scorer at each range.

The 17th Wilts held their annual prize competition at the Marlborough range, when the following were the principal winners:—Silver goblet and challenge medal, Corporal Crook; £2 12s. 6d., Sergeant Lamborne and Private Lanfear; £2 2s. each, Corporal Brampton and Lance-Corporal Hollins. Range prizes were won by Sergeant Trueman and Corporal Taylor; and the first recruits' prize by Private Barnett.

A match took place at Chesterfield between teams of ten men of the Staveley and Chesterfield Rifles. After a close match throughout, the Staveley team secured the victory by four points, scoring 337 against 333 by their opponents.

At the Hartlebury range the winners of the Beauchamp Cup at the late Worcestershire county meeting met to compete for a series of prizes. The principal prize was taken by Private Griffiths, of Wolverley.

Two batteries of Monmouthshire Artillery volunteers, at Blackwood and Abercarne, have been disbanded by an order from the War Office.

The 2nd Suffolk competed at the Framlingham range for their annual prizes. The principal winners were Corporal Gray, Private Vyse, Private Norman, and Sergeant Kent.

The monthly competition of the 8th Suffolk took place at Saxmundham, when Private Butcher was successful after shooting off a tie with Sergeant Holmes.

The gold challenge medal of the Altcar Club, which has to be won three times by the same person, was won for the first time by Private S. H. Moran (1st L.R.V.), on shooting off the tie with Messrs. Sprott, Barker, Alexander, and Cox.

At Bowden a match took place between teams of ten men from No. 8 company 1st Manchester and the 12th Cheshire. The Manchester team were victorious by twenty-two points, scoring 519 against 497 by the Cheshire men. The cup for the highest score was won by Private Walton, 1st Manchester.

The members of the 8th Lancashire Artillery last week brought their prize competitions for the year to a conclusion with the contest for the annual repository prizes, and for two cups presented by Lieutenant-Colonel Clay. This is a branch of artillery work in which this regiment particularly excels, a detachment from them under Battery Sergeant-Major Bellis being fortunate enough to win the repository competition at Shoeburyness in 1874. This year again they were the champions of the first week, their two detachments completing their work respectively in 7 min. 30 sec. and 7 min. 42 sec. They were confidently expected to be the victors, and were congratulated on their success, but were doomed to disappointment, being beaten in the second week by three detachments, who did the work in 6 min. 29 sec., 6 min. 54½ sec., and the winners, who finished in the unparalleled time of 5 min. 54 sec. The result of the competition is that the first prize is taken by No. 9 battery, under Battery Sergeant-Major Platt and Sergeant Kewn, in 6 min. 20 sec.; the second by Nos. 4 and 1 batteries, under Battery Sergeant-Majors Bellis and Kay, in 6 min. 30 sec.; and the third by Nos. 2 and 3 batteries, under Battery Sergeant-Majors Sharp and Billingsley, in 6 min. 38 sec.

The 3rd West York Artillery held their annual prize-meeting at York. The principal winners were as follow:—The challenge cup was won by Bombardier Thornton. The members' prizes: £4 Gunner Taylor, £3 Bombardier Thornton, £1 10s. Gunner Hart. The Lord Mayor's prizes were won by Gunner Pinder, Quartermaster Sergeant Waller, and Gunner Appleyard; the Sheriff's prize, Gunners Lane and Goodram.

At the butts at Bootham Stray, near York, the 1st Royal Dragoons fired their return match against the 1st West York Rifles. As in the previous week, the conditions were teams of eight sergeants, ten rounds at 200 and 400 yards, five to be fired with the long snider and five with the carbine. The volunteers were again successful, this time by the narrow majority of nine points. The scores were:—1st West York, carbine, 158, and rifle, 199: total, 357 points. 1st Royals, carbine, 157, and rifle, 191: total, 348 points.

A match was fired at the Possil range between teams of ten men each from the ninth company 19th Lanark, the fourteenth company of the Queen's Edinburgh, and the fourth company 19th Lanark. The former won by a large majority, scoring 456 points against 389 by the Queen's Edinburgh team, and 386 by the fourth company. The highest score in the match was made by Private J. Geddes, of the winning team.

Last Saturday Lord Saltoun laid the first stone of the breakwater expansion works at Fraserburgh, towards which Government has granted a sum of £60,000. Lord Saltoun is the ninth lineal descendant of the man who laid the foundation-stone of the harbour 360 years ago.

The young sea-lions which have recently arrived at the Brighton Aquarium from the coast of California, and which are the first that have ever been exhibited in this country, were shown to the public for the first time on Monday. They are from 5 ft. to 6 ft. in length, and when full grown will measure from 12 ft. to 15 ft. The baby porpoise recently caught off the North Foreland is still on view.

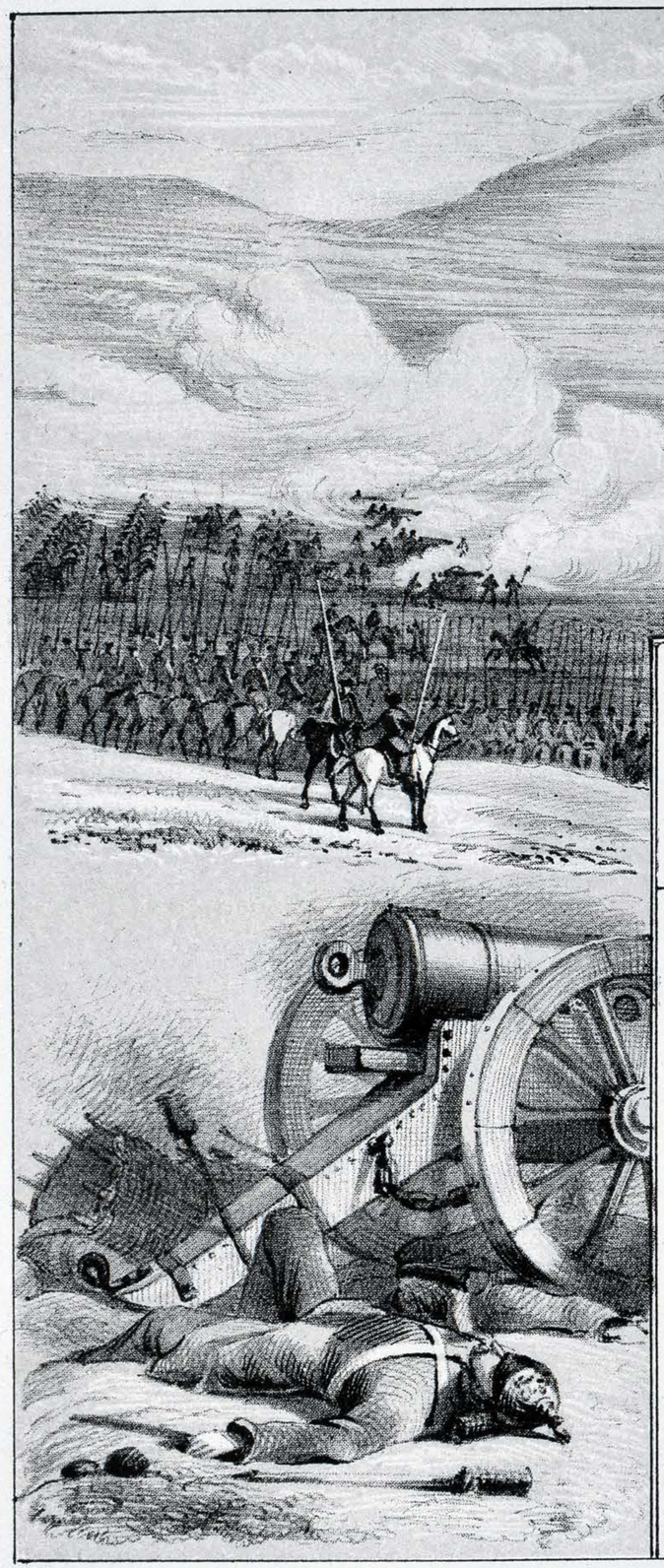
Archbishop M'Hale presided at a Home-Rule meeting held last week in Tuam, at which Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P., Mr. Butt, M.P., and other prominent representatives of the party attended. In addition to the ordinary demand for an Irish Parliament, resolutions in favour of denominational education and fixity of tenure were adopted, as was also a proposition denouncing the exclusion of Irish from Government schools.

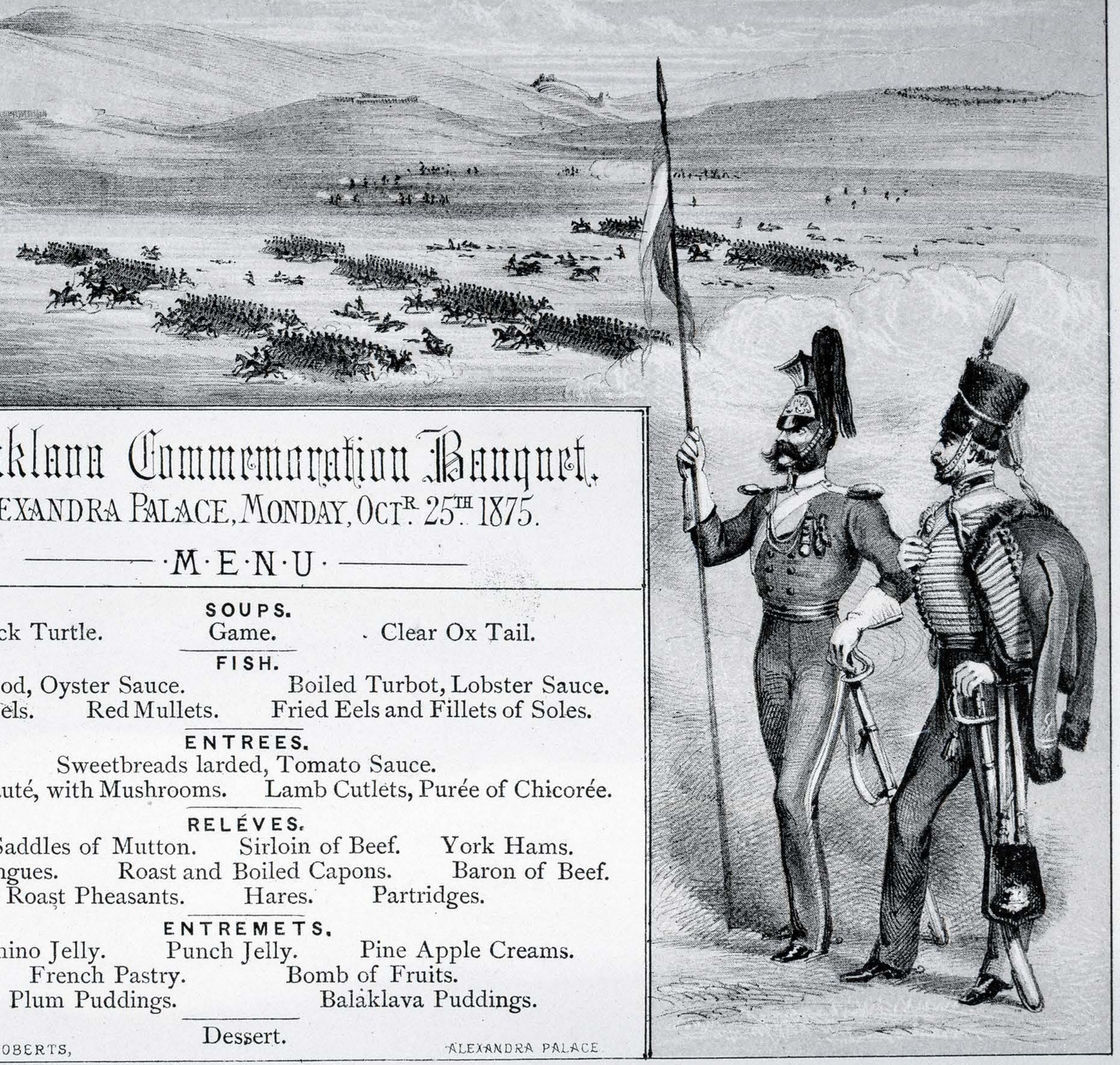
The Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee held its first meeting last Saturday, at Glasgow, and elected the following as its officers for the ensuing year:—Mr. John Kane, Darlington, chairman; Mr. George Odger, vice-chairman; and Mr. George Shipton, treasurer. The congress itself had, on the previous day, elected Mr. Henry Broadhurst to be the secretary. The elections of Saturday were all unanimous.

The official inquiry respecting the loss of the ship Ellen Southard and the capsizing of the Liverpool tubular life-boat, which had just rescued the crew of the first-named vessel during the great storm last month, resulted, yesterday week, in the decision that no blame could be attached to anyone. The accident to the life-boat was attributed to the extraordinary and frightful state of the sea, and not to any defect in her construction. The surviving members of the crew and also the crew of the New Brighton boat were warmly complimented for the bravery they displayed on the occasion.

Mr. Sclater-Booth, President of the Local Government Board, attended a conference of poor-law guardians at Shrewsbury last week. He said that the number of paupers in the country at Lady Day last was smaller than for the past eighteen years, and the cost of relief was less than for six or seven years. Referring to the feeling in some quarters that the orders of the Local Government Board with regard to outdoor relief were not sufficiently stringent, the right hon. gentleman said that at present the Government did not wish to interfere in this matter, preferring to leave it to the action of boards of guardians.

The South Holland Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck have presented Captain Gibbs, of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company's steamer Lord Cardigan, with a large silver medal, for the humane conduct exhibited on Dec. 2 last in saving two survivors of the crew of a fishing-boat wrecked near the pier off the new waterway hook of Holland. The mate and second mate have each received a smaller silver medal, and three of the hands have respectively got a bronze medal for their humanity. They put off in their life-boat in a heavy sea and threw ropes to the fishermen, who were clinging to the pier.





Balaklava Commemoration Banquet.

ALEXANDRA PALACE, MONDAY, OCT.R 25TH 1875.

·M·E·N·U·

SOUPS.

Mock Turtle. Game. Clear Ox Tail.

FISH.

Crimped Cod, Oyster Sauce. Boiled Turbot, Lobster Sauce.
Stewed Eels. Red Mullets. Fried Eels and Fillets of Soles.

ENTREES.

Sweetbreads larded, Tomato Sauce.
Chicken Sauté, with Mushrooms. Lamb Cutlets, Purée of Chicorée.

RELÉVES.

Roast Saddles of Mutton. Sirloin of Beef. York Hams.
Glazed Tongues. Roast and Boiled Capons. Baron of Beef.
Roast Pheasants. Hares. Partridges.

ENTREMETS.

Maraschino Jelly. Punch Jelly. Pine Apple Creams.
French Pastry. Bomb of Fruits.
Hot Plum Puddings. Balaklava Puddings.

Dessert.

BERTRAM & ROBERTS, ALEXANDRA PALACE

Maclure & Macdonald, Lith.rs to the Queen, London.
New Autographic Process.