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RECOLLECTIONS
OF A
YOUNG SOLDIER
DURING THE
CRIMEAN WAR.

BY
HARRY POWELL,
//
LATE 13TH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

OXFORD:
PRINTED BY UPSTONE AND DOE, 15½, QUEEN STREET.

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1876.

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TO

H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD

AND THE

OFFICERS AND SURVIVORS

OF THE

SIX HUNDRED

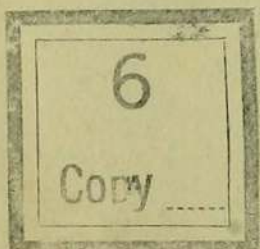
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,



HARRY POWELL.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A YOUNG SOLDIER

DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

You have most kindly and graciously promised to patronize my little pamphlet, and before I begin it I must beg to return your Royal Highness my sincere and grateful thanks for your kindness. I have had the great honour of speaking to you at the Rector of Exeter's. To my astonishment the Rector said to you, "one of the six hundred;" and you spoke to me about the banquet, and I told you about my old horse.

I have been represented in the "Penny Illustrated" as being left dead on the battle field in the Valley of Death.

Before saying one word of myself, I must say a few of my father. He served six years in the old 22nd Light Dragoons, twenty-one in the 13th Light Dragoons, and three years in the 15th Hussars, all that time (30 years) in India. At that time the soldier counted three years for two. He was discharged as a private at 1/11½ a day pension. He was made a Mason in 1824. I was born at Bangalore, in the East Indies, and I marched with the 13th to Madras in 1840, where my father volunteered into the 15th. The 13th lost a hundred men on that march besides women and children. I went back with the 15th to Bangalore, my father was camp color man; after three years I returned to Madras and embarked on board the John Lyon. I was nearly

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four months on board ship. On arriving in England, I went to see my brother and sister at Hounslow, and tried to get enlisted but failed, cried all the way back to London, tried again and succeeded in getting band pay, enlisting at Cahir. At an early age marched to Dublin, and have had many a good gallop over Phoenix Park; from there to Longford, marched to Belturbert, where an accident of a serious nature happened to an officer, by name P. Smith, very nearly losing his right hand, of whom I shall have to speak further on. I took the leading characters of a female in "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Irishman in London," "The Happy Man," "The Wags of Windsor," and a few other pieces. I will pass over my travels through England, Ireland and Scotland. I was present at the funeral of that great conqueror, the late Duke of Wellington. From Hounslow to Chobham, under His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. From there to Birmingham, where we had the route for Dover, we were to have gone through France, a counter order came on the march for us to go to Hounslow and Hampton Court, finally we marched to Portsmouth, the men singing and as happy as kings. My troop embarked on the 8th of May, 1854, on board the good little ship the "Mary Ann," No. 42, the B troop on the "Negociator," the E on board the "Monarchy." I forget the name of the ship or ships that took the rest of the troops. Capt. Oldham and Lieut. Montgomery on the first named vessel, Capt. Soames Jenyns and Lieut. Jervis on the second, Capt. Arthur Tremayne, Lieut. Percy Smith, Assistant Surgeon Armstrong, on the third, Colonel Doherty, Major Gore, Capt. Goad, Lieut. Goad, Cornet McLean, Chamberlin and staff officers on the other vessel

or vessels. Captain Holden came on board our ship to bid us good bye ; a great many of his troop, the F, were transferred to the A, myself among the number. We sailed in company with The Negociator for a long time, songs passing alternately between the two ships ; we had a first-class singer on our ship by name T. Jenkins ; towards evening we parted company and bid good bye ; the Captain of our ship, a gallant and brave old man-of-war's man, signaling and saying Nelson's celebrated words " England expects that every man this day will do his duty." Poor fellow, he did not live to give that signal in England again ; he died soon after arriving at Varna, to the great sorrow of the soldiers as well as the sailors, for he was beloved by both.

Before parting we sounded walk, trot, gallop and charge. The next order was all hands splice the main brace. The first Sunday at sea we were going along with a good breeze, and all sails set, when Captain Oldham, towards night, thought it was too fast for the horses. The captain of the ship altered sail, the ship gave a lurch on the starboard side, the ballast placed in the middle of the ship broke the boards nailed to the uprights, the same being nailed to the outside instead of the in, the ballast rolled under the horses, threw them on their beam ends, the women commenced to cry, the men vigourously went to work ; the good little ship righted, and everything passed off all right. In entering the Dardanelles the main and foretop masts were broken as one would break a lucifer match ; on arriving at Gallapoli we anchored nearly opposite the Montobello, a large man-of-war's-man ; their carpenters came on board our ship and worked hard till the masts

were thoroughly repaired ; by the way, one of our men, by name Bonus, nick-named Bosh, in throwing the manure overboard, being half-seas over, prepared himself to have a cooler ; he thought he could keep up with the ship, throws himself over board at the same time as the contents of the basket ; a life buoy was thrown out to him which he managed to catch ; he was left behind in a very short time, the ship was hauled to as soon as possible, a boat lowered and he was picked up. When brought on board he was as sober as a judge. We were towed through the Bosphorus by the London. We landed at Varna, after being 42 days at sea. I swam half the horses of the troop, after landing, which gave them a good washing and did them good.

A force, consisting of two troops of the 8th Hussars, two troops of the 13th Light Dragoons, viz., B troop, Captain Soams Jenyns and Lieutenant Jervis, E troop, Captain Arthur Tremayne and Lieutenant Percy Smith, Assistant-surgeon Armstrong ; the other troops of the 13th had not landed, the former went without tents. Lord Cardigan was the General in command. They marched from Devna to Bazargik, a large village, deserted, having been plundered both by Bashi Bazouks and Cossacks ; another halt was made at Karasi. I must here state that the object of the expedition being to discover whether the Russian army besieging Silistria had any detached parties about the country. The weather was very hot, the water bad, the country entirely deserted, very short of forage, and the horses suffered very much. From Karasi Captain A. Tremayne was sent out with fifty Turks to patrol over the whole source of the Danube into the Dobritchka, to feel for Cossacks

supposed to have crossed the river. After the siege of Silistra was raised, they were out from 1 a.m. to 10 p.m. and saw nothing of the enemy. Lord Cardigan had 200 Turks under his command at Rassoova. The river is very wide here. Saw Cossacks on the other side ; Lord Cardigan was rather cross at the unsoldier-like behaviour of the officers and men ; the facts of the case is this, the officers and men were very hungry, they tried to catch some pigs but did not succeed in doing so. Any one knows what a tractible animal that is, so the officers took out their revolvers, and as the pigs would not be caught they shot them, like wise men of the east. Notwithstanding the Brigadier's censure, he was glad to sup off little piggy that night. From there they marched to Silistria ; arrived a few days after the Russians had raised the siege ; found the town in a most deplorable state. The work called "Arab Tabia" was much damaged by the Russian fire ; the town a perfect wreck. They remained two or three days at Silistria. The main body of the Russians were in retreat. Now I am going to begin with another officer of the 13th, by name Lieut. Percy Smith, the same officer I introduced to your notice in Belturbert, in Ireland, and you must strongly bear in mind this officer had a crippled hand—his right hand. I shall have to speak of him further on. Lord Cardigan after receiving the different reports brought to him, and not hearing or seeing anything of the enemy, he made up his mind to go on himself the following morning, taking with him twenty men and a subaltern, that subaltern was Lieutenant Percy Smith who volunteered to go with the party. They started at day-break, marched some distance beyond Trajan's

Wall; seeing no enemy, turned back to join the main body, halted at a deserted village to feed and water the horses. The order came to mount. Lieut. P. Smith found the horses so knocked up that he thought it prudent and right to report the same to Lord Cardigan. His Lordship looked the horses over, and told him he had better stay where he was with twelve of the worst of them, he would take the remainder with him, adding that he should come on the next morning, and appear between nine and ten. When Lord Cardigan left, Lieut. P. Smith took possession of the deserted Khan, that is a coffee house, or a sort of rough hotel, in the middle of the village; made the horses fast round the yard, was about to close the gate and bar up the same when Lord Burghersh (Lord Raglan's senior Aide-de-Camp), who had been with Lord Cardigan in the reconnaissance, rode in, he was asked what was the matter, he answered, "My horse is so done up," Lord Cardigan had given him leave to remain with the other done up horses that night and rejoin his lordship next morning. The gates were then closed. The officer in command, viz., Lieut. P. Smith, 13th Light Dragoons, went round the building to see how it could be best defended in case of attack. After telling the men off to their different posts, in the event of an alarm, the men set to work to light a fire; before it was well alight, the sentry reported hearing a drum in the distance. By this time it was pitch dark, the horses were so done up that it would be useless to try to escape. The Lieutenant posted the men at the places already chosen, and ordered them to put the fire out, and not even to whisper for the chance of remaining undiscovered. In a short time, however, the village was

filled with mounted men of some kind or other ; a strong party rode up to the Khan and tried to get in ; they were very angry at the gate being closed ; some went away, while others formed across the gate. A fire was lighted in an open space not far off, men sitting round it. Lord Burghersh looked at them through his glasses and said, " It's all right, they are 'Turks.'" Another attempt was afterwards made to force the gate of the Khan. Two men had got up into the minaret of a small Mosque ; they could see from the latter into the yard, and would have been able to shoot all the horses. Lord Burghersh said it was madness to think of holding the Khan against so strong a force, he would go out and explain to the Turkish officer in command who they were. Lieutenant P. Smith insisted on going with him. They made their way to the fire. Neither officer at that time knew much of the Turkish language, and were only just able to explain they were English officers. Lord Burghersh wearing a cocked hat was recognised as a British officer, the other officer was taken to be a Russian. They cried out, " Russ ! Russ !" and separated him from Lord Burghersh, forcing him to sit some distance off ; a giant of a negro was placed over Lieutenant P. Smith with a drawn sword muttering, pointing to his schako " Russ." Lord Burghersh made another attempt to explain ; he forgot the Turkish word for Lieutenant, and made use of the word Captain, literally in Turkish, as I believe in Scripture, " the head of a hundred." " Not a hundred," several called out, " only twelve." This made matters worse ; the giant negro became very excited. Lord Burghersh was with the Turkish commanding officer. They brought him

bread and salt and a cup of coffee; he partook of a little, jumped up to take the remainder to his brother officer, but was prevented. Ominous sounds of drawing swords all round. Lord Burghersh refused to return to his seat, forced his way to his comrade and companion, and made another attempt to explain, this time more fortunate and successful; bread and salt were then offered to both. Lieut. P. Smith's friend, the negro, ordered to return swords; no doubt, that officer would not be ashamed to acknowledge, to his great relief.

The following day, Lord Cardigan picked that detachment up, and marched to Rassoava on the Danube, that was about six miles from the village in which the above occurred. The Turks who came into the village were a regiment of Bashi Bazouks, about six hundred strong. Apparently only three of their officers belonged to the regulars, so it could not be expected their discipline was first-class, or anything bordering on it. The expedition remained two or three days at Silistria. The enemy on the opposite bank, that was the rear guard, the main body being in retreat, they marched to Schmula, where Omar Pacha was in command of a large Turkish force; the Pacha lent tents which were very acceptable, after so many nights "al fresco;" they marched back to Yani Bazar and Devna, reaching the latter place after travelling nearly all night through a tremendous thunder storm. The patrol was done by horses who had only been a few days out of the transport. In starting, the horses were burdened like pack horses, having to carry three days' forage, and three days' provision; hence the sore backs. The men's health was good, except that many of them

suffered from sore eyes from the hot weather and dust ; discipline all that could be wished. Lord Cardigan arrived at Devna in time to order dismiss to be sounded, on that wet and gloomy morning.

The infantry, although on higher ground than us, lost a great many men. The only man I remember being buried of the Light Brigade at Devna, was a sergeant of the 17th Lancers, who was drowned. There was a beautiful bathing place at Devna, I was told, made by the Russians in 1829. At Devna Lord Lucan gave an order the trumpeters were not to have grey horses, remarking at the time, "A trumpeter was of as much consequence as an officer." I am glad to know his Lordship is still alive, and perhaps will remember the order he gave, at the same time I must tell his Lordship he took one of the best horses in the regiment from me. I selected a mare nick-named Butcher, A 36, a good strong little animal, a runaway. I shall have to refer to her further on. From Devna we marched to Yani Bazar, where we encamped some time. There we had nothing but drill, sickness and death. I remember one week in particular, I sounded five of my own comrades to the grave and was borrowed by the 17th to perform the same over one of their departed comrades, very distressing and depressing to the poor fellows in hospital. The doctor of the 11th Hussars, by name Cross, like a sensible man, would not allow the mournful dirge to be sounded. Under Lord Cardigan we practised all manœuvres and other duties he thought we might be called upon to do. One particular and favourite movement of his Lordship's was the front line advancing and retiring, the second coming up,

the same as our heavier comrades in arms did at Balaklava.

At last came the order for the Crimea ; to the great joy of officers and men. We had the order one evening, and marched next morning. I think I ought to say here that our camp was honoured by the presence of two English ladies, officers' wives, who shared the hardships, heat, &c., the same as the men, one I think of the 8th, the other the 11th. I hope these ladies, if alive, which I trust they are, will forgive me for mentioning them. We marched back to Varna, the 13th embarked on board the Jason. Captain A. Tremayne's troop was the first cavalry soldiers landed at Eupatoria on the 14th of September, 1854; the next day the rest of the regiment disembarked, the horses were put into flat bottomed boats, the sailors could not get them quite up to shore, the men fully accoutred with a full amount of Ammunition, water bottles filled, and three days' cooked provisions. The boats being heavily laden, as I said before were not able to get to shore; the horses were pushed or thrown into the water over the sides of the boats; a man of ours, by name Kneller (before enlisting he was a conductor to a Buss in London), trying to throw his horse over into the sea, went over with the animal; poor fellow, I thought he was gone for ever; a sailor on board a man of war jumped in after him and brought him up, he was taken on board and attended to and appeared all right the next morning. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge on shore seeing what had happened insisted on the horses being brought to land. I hope if His Royal Highness condescends to read this he will remember the circumstances of the 15th. The 16th, two guns of the I troop R.H.A., a

company of the Infantry and all the Cavalry who had landed, the whole under Lord Cardigan, went out reconnoitring to see if we could find the enemy, Lord Cardigan formed the men up on the march and told them what to do in case we met them. We went a long way, the Infantry had to wade and make the best of their way through the salt lakes which abounded there. His Lordship took us on till evening; when "Halt" sounded he gave the order for the men to have their evening meal. Many of them to my knowledge had already eaten all they landed with. After a little rest for the horses we returned to old Fort Eupatoria where we bivouacked that night. I was with his Lordship that day; Captain Oldham had a great difficulty in rousing up the Sergeant who was left behind, I forget his name, but he came from the 3rd Light Dragoons to us in Birmingham, nothing like some brave and weather beaten soldiers who came from that distinguished regiment. On the 18th towards evening the enemy made their appearance, Lord Cardigan's Brigade Major came galloping along the lines shouting "Turn out! Turn out!" which we did in a short time; Adjutant Irwin of the 13th gave us credit for the short time we turned out in, and said "well done men." The enemy set fire to several hay and corn stacks, saw we were ready for them, and thought it prudent to remain at a distance. The Reveille sounded very early the next morning; the Light Brigade under their gallant leader, and the I troop of Artillery, formed the advance of the whole of the army. In the afternoon, after a long and hard ride, we came up with the Russians, rather, I ought to say, they faced us at Bulganak. Officers and men so thirsty, the former offering brandy for water,

which was very scarce both for man and horse. We came to a halt. The right and left troops of my regiment went out skirmishing; I am told also a troop of the 11th, Adjutant Irwin of the 13th commanded the line of skirmishers of his regiment, I was with him whilst out skirmishing. Up gallops the brave and daring Capt. Nolan, and says to Adjutant Irwin in my hearing "the Russians are dam'd bad shots"; the bullets were then flying over us, we were quite close to each other; Capt. Nolan, as cool as a cucumber, dismounted, looks round his horse, remounts and rejoins Lord Raglan. My brother trumpeter, by name Dick Davis, rode over to me and asked me if I had had a shot, I said "no," I thought they were not near enough. He told me that he had had several. I then thought it was time for me to get my pistol ready; Adjutant Irwin seeing this asked me what I was doing with that and ordered me to put it away, remarking I shall want you to sound; soon after I sounded "skirmishers in." When we formed up with the reserve we had to sit and be fired into by the Russian Artillery; our I troop opened fire, and the very first shot was effective, the I troop was on the right of the line commanded by Captain Maude, and that officer can corroborate what I am going to state; a shell came and burst into a grey horse immediately in front of me, the horse was of course killed, the rider not the least hurt; his name was James Shaw, the man on the left wounded in the ankle, Captain Maude remarking at the time it was most extraordinary; that horse in England belonged to the Trumpet Major. Sergeant Priestley of the 13th lost his foot, Robert Wynn had his horse shot in returning, the same shot nearly hitting Lieutenant P.

Smith who had a narrow escape. Lord Cardigan was in a very bad humour that night; just before being dismounted he told Colonel Douglas who commanded the 11th he would put him under arrest for answering him; the fact was his Lordship wanted to charge the enemy but was not allowed to do so.

The next day, the 20th, the great and glorious victory of the battle of the Alma. A grand and military sight as that was, as the troops advanced, I never saw, and never shall again; a bright sunny morning, bayonets fixed, swords drawn, the sun shining down on both, and victory shone in the men's faces. The cavalry were afterwards dismounted, part of the time waiting for orders; at last the order came to mount and gallop up to the front. In going through the Alma our poor horses wanted to stop to drink but were not allowed to do so, but were spurred through and urged to the heights of Alma, our own men and the enemy laying dead and dying as we passed them on the field. Arrived on the heights, a great shout proclaimed the battle won, and ours! The Russian cavalry with some guns formed up in the distance, facing us, giving us a few parting shots without doing us any damage. Adjutant Irwin would not allow us to shout till after we had pursued the enemy, then he said "now men, you can shout!" The next morning, before breakfast I went over the battlefield, which is beyond my powers of description, and I believe every one else; it must be seen, it cannot thoroughly be described. That morning, the muster roll was called, Adjutant Irwin was the officer who commenced calling it; he was suddenly taken ill and had to hand it over to another officer, this would have been an addition to Miss

Thompson's roll call, a brave officer taken suddenly ill! that officer died, I believe, from sheer exhaustion, and the jolting of the horrid vehicles that were had for the sick; he died before he could be got on board ship. Cornet McLean was on board the same vessel very ill, and saw the last of an officer who had taught him his drill, and one whom he highly honoured and respected. I will tell this in particular to the survivors of the 17th that officer came from their regiment to the 13th in Cahir, in Ireland. I have also been asked what became of Lieutenant Colonel Lawrenson. After the Alma he could scarcely sit on his horse although England never produced a more perfect figure on a horse than he was, and also a first-class rider, which all that knew him will admit. His horse was led down by a dismounted man to board ship. I am glad to say he recovered. I called to see him in London, he was out of town. I have not seen him for more than 20 years. After burying the dead and having a little rest we marched towards Sebastopol, the Greys landing at a place, one or two days march from the Alma; horses and men looking as clean as if they were going to a review in Hyde Park, they were greatly cheered; we poor dirty and ragged lot coming up showed a marked contrast in our appearance, however we had seen a little service. On the 24th or 25th, I will not be sure which, but that is immaterial, the march of the army was led by the Artillery of the first division, Captain Maude, I troop, R.H.A., had the honour of being in advance. Their route lay through a forest, and after passing on some miles, finding themselves unsupported by cavalry, they hesitated, and the same was soon extended to the troops which came next

in the route, the road being narrow. At this juncture Lord Raglan and Quarter-Master General Airey overtook them, Lord Raglan demanding with some severity why they had not proceeded according to orders he had personally given a short time previously, as they passed him on the road before entering that portion of the wood, his Lordship rode smartly on and desired the troop to follow. After they had advanced about three miles, the Commander-in-Chief galloped back with great speed and excitement in quest of the cavalry, some of whom coming up, viz. the 8th Hussars, were ordered to the front; soon after some of the Greys came up and remained by the guns of the I Troop, R.H.A., in a bend of the road leading to an open space that skirted the wood, and through that space a mass of about 15,000 Russians were marching. Lord Raglan ordered the troop of Horse Artillery to advance at a gallop, which movement was executed in a splendid and most brilliant manner, and came into action on the open space; opened fire on the Russians with round shot and tincase, causing the retreat of the enemy, which became a complete rout, leaving their arms and baggage on the road. The troop limbered up to the front and pursued, supported by the 8th Hussars, and the Greys coming up with the Russians at a bend of the road leading into another wood, they made a stand, formed and gave the troop of artillery a family or parting shot at a distance of 200 yards; not a man or horse was hit, as they fired high, even the twigs on the top of the hedge on either side of the road, were cut level by the Russian fire. The two leading guns again came into action front and plied them with tincase, during which time the Russians took shelter

in the wood. The Greys dismounting right and left of threes, taking their carbines followed the enemy into the wood and did good execution. The guns were again limbered up to the front and advanced to the extreme end of the road leading into the valley on the road to Bagstche Seria, after remaining there some time, limbered up and retired on Mackenzie's Farm, the cavalry supporting. The cavalry stragglers of the enemy galloped across the plain as fast as their horses could put legs to the ground. After the excitement was over, and matters talked over, it was given in by all that it was a lucky thing Captain Maude halted the troop in the wood, notwithstanding the answer of Lord Raglan, who it was said agreed to it himself as to the family shot that was sent into the troop afterwards; the gunners were in the act of dismounting, the balls passed over their heads, the Captain could not have been more than one hundred yards from them when they fired, and had a most providential escape as he remained mounted. I am happy to relate that that officer is still alive, also Mr. Norton, who will be able to confirm what I have written about the gallant I troop of Artillery. After looking round Mackenzie's farm, the men trying to catch some pigs, and looking out for anything in the way of something to eat and drink, we marched down to the banks of the Tchernaya; on the road officers clothing strewn about, Arab Bogies upset. We then saw the complete run away affair it must have been. Our poor comrades of the Infantry, must have been very tired that night as they had a very long and hard march of it. We were tired enough riding, how must it have been for those walking? Lord Cardigan sat by the fires of the A troop

13th Light Dragoons, before his own people came up ; from him we heard that Prince Menschikoff's carriage had had a narrow escape. Next morning, early, the Light Brigade commanded of course by their gallant leader, were ordered in pursuit of a Russian convoy escaping into Sebastopol. Lord Cardigan called out for a trumpeter ; he never had one specially told off to him, but had the first he could get ; I was the first out, "trot" sounded, the troops went at a quick pace, Lord Cardigan leading the way, some of the horses ready to fall. His Lordship, always well mounted, was a long distance in front of the troops. An officer came galloping up to him and reminded him of the danger of his own position ; he merely turned his head, took no notice, and kept the troops at it till he saw it was useless going any further ; ordered "halt" to be sounded, sent his Brigade Major a little further on to see if he could see anything. In coming back the ships were safely anchored in Balaklava harbour, which had been taken by our gallant Tars. All this time we were without tents, and only had what we landed with. The 13th had an oil skin given to them by their Senior Colonel, which was very useful, as it kept them from the damp ground. While at Balaklava we had several turns out and reconnaissances ; sometimes, just as we were going to dinner "turn out ! turn out !" pots and pans, dinner &c., all left ; when we got back, perhaps have to move to fresh ground, consequently see nothing more of the dinner ; on one occasion, the A Troop went out to reconnoitre, Capt. Oldham and Lieut. Montgomery in charge ; we went a long distance on the Woronzoff Road : Captain Oldham ordered us into a secluded little place, where we had to jump our horses over a ditch ; half

the men were ordered to unbridle and feed their horses, the men partaking of food at the same time, the other half doing so after them. I unfortunately that morning left mine and my brother's ration behind, consequently we had nothing to eat, and even when we got back the mess tin was pork minus; all the pity I had was 'served you right, as you ought to have taken it with you.'

It was a wonder we were not all taken prisoners when feeding our horses that day, we were in a most helpless state of defence, and no possibility of getting away. We went the same road another day but we were not to be caught a second time; we saw the enemy on the look out for us. Another day the same troop under the same officers, in the valley which was afterwards called the 'valley of death,' Serjeant H. Alderson was sent out and made to go rather further than he would have chosen to, and the Cossacks being hid from view, pounced down upon him and took him prisoner. I think if he could have wheeled sharply round and galloped back to the troop he might have saved himself, but he was a long way off, too far for a single soldier. He never saw any more of the Crimean War so perhaps it was lucky for him. Lord Cardigan heard the matter talked over by the men; he wanted to get at the bottom of it, but could not. The country round and in Balaklava was lovely when we first arrived; grapes in abundance: we used to eat a tremendous quantity as long as we could get them, the officers thought they would make us ill, thank God, I never suffered one day's illness there, nor all the time I was in the Crimea, Turkey, and at Scutari.

I will now hasten on to the ever memorable 25th of October, 1854. Both brigades turned out very early that

morning. The I troop, always in front, were ordered up under the brow of the hill, near the Turkish redoubt. The guns were covered by the 13th Light Dragoons, we had not been there long, before Captain Maude was seriously wounded. Lieut. P. Smith was then acting Adjutant, he at that time was near the right, of the right troop; he said, "There goes poor Maude," thinking he was killed, as many more of us did. During the time the firing was going on between the artillery, we had to sit quietly on our horses; Lieut. P. Smith telling the men to sit steady and not bob their heads about. That officer may forget what he said, but I do not. The Turks suddenly gave up the redoubt, we retired at a walk, the enemy peppering into us. Lieut. Goad was wounded about that time and I believe lost his horse; Col. Doherty was out then, but I did not see him afterwards. In returning I could see many of the Heavies had been seriously wounded, the shots that went over us must have gone into them. The Heavies afterwards occupied the ground our tents were pitched on; in the morning, we retired to the rear of them. We sent skirmishers out, however they were called in, we quietly looking on and waiting the result of the attack on Bala-klava. A large Russian force of Cavalry rushed down on the thin red line of the Infantry; not one of them flinched, nor a shot from them, till the enemy were close to them, and sent them wheeling to the right. They then charged the Heavy Brigade, the Heavies met them and executed the same movements we had practised in Turkey. The Turks thought it was all over, and called out to us to go and help them, they little understood what was going on, and British courage. The next line advances; a regular

sword to sword encounter. The Russian Cavalry had had enough of it, they wheeled round and made their way back as fast as they could, being accommodated with as much fire as could be brought to bear upon them, and there is no doubt they had it hot. Lord Cardigan said the Heavies had the advantage of us, little dreaming of what was to follow. After some little time we were moved down into the valley waiting for orders and the next move. Down came the daring and brave Captain Nolan with an order from Lord Raglan; Lord Lucan then was on the right of the line, consequently the A troop would be near him. I belonged to that troop and distinctly heard the order given; it ran thus,—The Light Brigade will charge and take those guns, pointing at the same time, so there could be no mistake; and supported by French Cavalry on the left, the English Infantry on the right. To my mind Lord Lucan seemed to hesitate. Capt. Nolan said, “There are the guns, and it’s your duty to take them.” Lord Cardigan was called and consulted with; the conversation of course I did not hear. His Lordship placed himself in the centre of the line, that would be between or rather in advance of the 17th and 13th, and gave the order to advance. I never heard a sound of any sort, and many who were nearer to his Lordship, say the same as myself. Captain Nolan, poor brave officer, was the first shot; when I first saw him he had his hands thrown up, and seemed to me to be wounded in the chest; one of our farriers remained with him; he rode in a forage cap, and I believe a trooper of the 13th, who had some men and horses on Lord Raglan’s staff. The right troop of the 13th suffered more than the others from the rifle balls

fired from our right. Going down, Captain Oldham, the senior officer of the 13th, at that time rode a very fine grey horse; both were killed, being blown to pieces. Lieutenant Montgomery of the same troop was killed also; Captain Goad was killed, whose brother was wounded in the morning. Lieutenant P. Smith was the only officer who came out without having lost his horse; he rode in that charge without being able to draw his sword. I had a brother who lost his leg, and was taken prisoner, and afterwards died at Semphoropol. I received a letter from him stating how very kind the Russians had been to him, and how well he had been attended to by the sisters of mercy; his name W. Baynton. I had a very narrow escape, a ball hitting the right top button of my jacket which glanced it off, and cut the jacket down as if it had been done with a sharp knife, and slightly grazing my throat; my horse was shot in the off fore leg in the upper part; however she managed to go down with me and carry me out.

In coming out of the charge I saw Lord Cardigan wave his sword to the right, and heard him say, "I am so very sorry for the Light Brigade, but this has not been one of my wild tricks." I think every officer and soldier must acknowledge he did his duty most bravely. After being rested a little, we were ordered to mount and muster to see how many there were able to mount. I was told by Corporal Nagle the muster was twenty-seven out of a hundred and three, but that seems rather difficult to get at. Regimental Sergeant Major Gardner ordered me to mount, not then knowing my mare was wounded I tried to move her one pace forward, and found she could not move. I did not know till then that she was

wounded in going down. Being kept on the move kept her warm but when she got cold that accounted for her not being able to move. I never rode that mare again, I had another given me the next morning; that same horse that I rode down, was many years afterwards presented to Her Most Gracious Majesty by Lieutenant-Colonel McLean. Before leaving this ever memorable day, I must ask T. M. Joy, one or two questions; the first is, was he Lord Lucan's trumpeter that day? the next, Did his Lordship go down into the charge? If his lordship did not, I feel sure he would not have left his lordship. William Brittan of the 17th was mortally wounded, and carried out of the field dying; William Howarth, of the 13th was killed, the other three trumpeters escaped. The 4th Light and 11th Hussars formed the second line, the 8th Hussars the third, the guns *were not spiked*. I have lately seen Miss Thomson's picture on Balaklava; the chesnut horse of the 11th looks as if it had just been brought out of Her Majesty's stables. It must have been a most extraordinary bullet that took the boot off, and left the foot unhurt. The boy trumpeter could not have been present, as there were no boy trumpeters in the Light Brigade, they were all full trumpeters, and therefore could not have been boys, all young men from the band had to join the ranks; this can be proved by the War Office; and many officers who were present, of different regiments, have expressed the same to me as I here state. I am afraid that clever young artist has been imposed upon in the whole representation of the picture. On the night of the 26th, when we were all laid down in our tents, a furious stampede of horses was heard galloping across the plain,

a tremendous cannonading took place, the whole camp was alarmed. "Turn out! turn out!" The enemy are on us and we turned out as soon as we could. Waited some time and could not hear any particulars; were ordered not to take our accoutrements off. Found out in the morning a whole Russian picket had broken loose from their riders, and an old friend of mine, by name Willsden, of the 4th Light, tells me a horse of theirs, named Donkey, was the cause of the picket breaking loose, and leading them into our camp, that animal had been taken by the Russians. The horses were very acceptable, and eventually were turned over to the Artillery. Soon after we marched up to the front to the heights of Sebastopol, close to Inkerman. The Artillery used to come into our tents and we used to have a chat together; they told us there was a very weak point close by. On the 4th I went through the French camp with a Corporal of ours, by name Nagle, who could talk French like a native. The French seemed to be expecting something; they were all busy making and drinking coffee, and seemed as happy as possible. "*Bone* English," "*bone* France," passed between us, and we had a glass or so together in the usual French style. I speak from experience, they are the jolliest and merriest comrades in arms on the face of the earth. Many and many a glass I have had with them on the French Hill at Balaklava, commanded by General Bosquet. Early on the morning of the 5th, we were aroused by hearing firing, the Cavalry turned out, and Lord George Paget had the command, Lord Cardigan not having arrived at that time. Lord George took us up under fire, and several of the 17th were killed; I don't think we lost a man. Joe Gammage's horse fell down into a hole that

had been filled up, he must have thought at first his horse was shot; we had a laugh over it. Lord Cardigan came up and ordered retire. The French Zouaves came up at last and turned the tide. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge rode my original grey mare that day after he had lost his own. What a terrible and sad day it must have been for his Royal Highness to lose most of his famed officers and fine Guards, they having suffered so terribly. Next came the great storm of the 14th, all the tents were blown down, excepting the one I had the good fortune to be in; we put our sword scabbards in for tent pegs, and each man took it in turn to stand to the pole. We had fourteen horses die that night from starvation and the weather, and it was dreadful to see them eating each other's manes and tails off. We were ordered to Bala-klava, where we stayed the winter, comparatively speaking, very comfortable. We had vidette and other duties to do, and bring the sick down from the front. At last Sebastopol was taken; the 13th went up on duty that morning, I mean after it was evacuated, to keep the ground and prevent any of the French and English taking anything from Sebastopol beyond where they were placed, much to the annoyance of both French and English; however, it was not our men's fault, as both Generals gave the orders. Colonel Doherty rode into the Redan; I was with him there, and saw the dreadful havoc, destruction and loss of life; officers urging the men to work away, burying them all together, friends and foes, such is the horrors of war. Some time after this the C Troop of Artillery, the 4th Light Dragoons, 6th Carabineers, 12th Lancers and 13th Light Dragoons, under Lord George Paget, landed at Eupatoria;

General d'Allonville was there with a large force of French Cavalry and Horse Artillery. We went out several times, often taking and capturing a great quantity of cattle. On one particular occasion, at a place about two days' march from Eupatoria, on the road to Baghtchiserai, we saw General d'Allonville, who commanded the whole force, draw up with his staff on the brow of a small hill in front of us. Presently Captain Keith, of the 4th Light Dragoons, came with an order for the English Horse Artillery to advance with the 12th Lancers as a support. Captain Thomas halted his Troop at the foot of the hill alluded to, and rode up it himself; on reaching General d'Allonville he found the General wished him to come into action against a Battery of Russian guns waiting for us on the other side of a small stream, about half-a-mile off. Captain Thomas examined the guns with his glasses, and saw they were three heavy Russian eighteen-pounders, while his own were only nine's; he then looked over the ground, and fortunately for him saw a little square peg driven into the ground close to where he was; he examined more closely, and found others at regular distances between himself and the enemy. He said nothing about it, but instead of bringing his troops into action on the crest of the hill as he had been told, he galloped down as hard as he could till he got within four hundred yards of the enemy, fired two rounds from all his guns, limbered up and galloped back over the crest of the hill. He lost neither man nor horse, while he dismounted one Russian gun and damaged another, besides killing several men and horses. The Russian guns as he supposed were already laid for the ranges marked by the little pegs, consequently they all missed him. On the other

hand the 12th Lancers formed up on the crest of the hill and had one, if not more, shells dropped exactly into them. Turkish Cavalry were present. I cannot help referring here in justice to two officers now living; the one for his honourable sense of right to his brother officer, the other not being justly used for his bravery and past services. An order came to the commanding Officers of regiments to send in the name of an officer, non-commissioned or private, for the legion of honour. Captain S. Jenyns and Captain A. Tremayne, to their credit, wished Captain Percy Smith to be recommended instead of either of themselves, they having already received the rank of Brevet Major. The Commanding Officer thought that Captain Smith had already been amply rewarded by getting a Troop, and would not send in the name of the Officer above-mentioned, whereupon Captain Tremayne allowed his name to be sent in. The same thing would have happened again in Ireland, if it had not been for Captain Tremayne. Both Officers are still alive, also another, Captain Gardner, who can testify to the truth of what I write. The nights on our expeditions were cold; on one particular occasion we were on the march, on Sunday; the Rev. Hewlett was anxious to have church service, but found it almost impossible, gave it up and rode about with the men, facing all dangers, and talking to officers and men. On another occasion the same Rev. gentleman came up to church parade on the sands of Eupatoria riding a Cossack horse, he persevered and read part of the service mounted, but the weather being so strong and rough we could not hear a word he said, so he asked the Commanding Officer to dismiss the parade; that gentleman, I know, I am

happy to say, is still alive. Winter setting in, the 13th embarked on board the Etna, and had a very rough passage. The same night the 12th Lancers were regularly washed away, they were encamped so close to the sea. At Scutari I joined the ranks, and was made a full Corporal the same night into the D Troop, commanded by Captain Jervis. We were burnt out at Scutari, the building being destroyed in a very short time, we lost all our clothes and most of our accoutrements, this happened on the 2nd of February; afterwards peace was proclaimed. The 4th and 13th embarked on board the Assistance, a very bad vessel, but we had fine weather, she broke down near the Bay of Biscay, run into some fishing smacks on the coast of Spain in broad daylight; this was the fault of the man on the look out; one of the 13th who had been having a pipe below nearly set fire to the ship; we arrived safely at Portsmouth, where Colonel Doherty came to see us, he was well received by all the men as he was so kind-hearted to them. We were taken across to Gosport in a small steamer, where Her Most Gracious Majesty inspected us and very anxiously enquired for the senior officer who had served with the regiment, which was Captain Smith, who was left ill on board the "Assistance." Major Holden came home with us, also Capt. Jervis. We were ordered to Cork, the 4th Light to Brighton, we all had furloughs granted to us. I had a sister living in service at Brighton with Lady Caroline Turnor, of Stoke Rochford, that lady very kindly gave me an invitation to go to Brighton for a week and stay at her house, I accepted her kind offer; on arriving there I was treated with the greatest kind-

ness ; that lady even shook hands with me, and having a son about to go to college I had the offer of being his servant. When I returned from Brighton the Commanding Officer had made a sort of lottery of the decorations given to the regiment by the French : one of the Trumpeters, by name R. Davis, was lucky enough to draw or win one, one or two of the other men who had the decoration were not actually even under arms that day, therefore could not have been in the charge, someone else drew for me in my absence, with leave. My friends all persuaded me to leave the army, which I did, and gave £20 for my discharge at Cahir, the very place I enlisted at. I was 11 years and 174 days in the 13th, and 2 years besides that on band pay ; I only got credit for 8 years, as boy's service did not count in those days. Through the kindness of Col. Barnett and Capt. Hayes of the 12th Royal Lancers, I have been appointed Trumpet Major of the O.Y.C., and to the officers and men of that regiment I return my sincere thanks for their kindness to me at Thame; many of them asked me for my song, so I publish it with this. To the officers of my old regiment whom I have had the great pleasure of seeing and shaking hands with lately, I feel deeply grateful for their great kindness to me, trusting my little history will amuse them and that they will find it quite correct in all particulars. To Your Royal Highness, and Mr. Collins words cannot express what I feel in your great condescension to me.

I have the honor to remain,

Your Royal Highness's most humble
and obedient servant,

HARRY POWELL,

Late 13th Light Dragoons, T.M.O.Y.C.

SONG.

WHEN I was an infant, gossip would say,
I'd when older be a soldier ;
Rattles and toys I'd throw them away
Unless it was gun or sabre.
When a youngster up I grew,
Saw one day a grand review,
Colors flying set me dying
To embark in a life so new.

Chorus.—Roll drums merrily march away,
Soldiers glory lives in story,
His laurels are green
When his locks are grey,
Then hurrah for the life of a soldier.

Enlisted, to battle we march along,
Courting danger to fear a stranger,
The cannons beat time to the trumpeter's song,
And made my heart a hero's,
Charge our gallant leader cries,
On like lions then we fly,
Blood and thunder, foes knock under,
Then hussah for victory.

Chorus.—Roll drums merrily, &c.

Who so merry as we in camp,
Battle over live in clover,
Care and their cronies are forced to tramp,
When all are social pleasures.
Then we laugh, we quaff, we sing,
Time goes gaily on the wing.
Smiles of beauty, sweeter duty,
And each private is a king.

Chorus.—Then roll drums merrily, &c.

When I was an infant, I was told that

The world was a garden, and I was to be

Its flower, and I was to be its fruit

And I was to be its seed, and I was to be

Its leaf, and I was to be its root

And I was to be its stem, and I was to be

Its branch, and I was to be its bud

And I was to be its blossom, and I was to be

Its fruit, and I was to be its seed

And I was to be its leaf, and I was to be

Its stem, and I was to be its root

And I was to be its branch, and I was to be

Its bud, and I was to be its blossom

And I was to be its fruit, and I was to be

Its seed, and I was to be its leaf

And I was to be its stem, and I was to be

Its branch, and I was to be its bud

And I was to be its blossom, and I was to be

Its fruit, and I was to be its seed

And I was to be its leaf, and I was to be

Its stem, and I was to be its root

And I was to be its branch, and I was to be

Its bud, and I was to be its blossom

And I was to be its fruit, and I was to be

Its seed, and I was to be its leaf

And I was to be its stem, and I was to be

Its branch, and I was to be its bud

And I was to be its blossom, and I was to be



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