

THE LAKE CHARLES ECHO.

VOL. XI.]

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Attorney at Law,

Lake Charles, Calcasieu Parish, La.

Practices in Calcasieu, St. Landry, Lafayette and Cameron Parishes, La. Feb. 15, 1868.—17.

F. A. GALLAUGHER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Lake Charles, Louisiana,

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FERREOL PERRODIN,

Attorney-at-Law,

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The largest and best stock of school

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Nos. 123, 121, 124, Strand,

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DEALERS IN

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For Any Stove We Keep. No Other

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HIDES! HIDES!! HIDES!!!

The highest market price paid for

hides at the store of

J. W. BRYAN & CO.

The Light Brigade.

ANOTHER GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE

CHARGE OF BALAKLAVA.

A survivor of the celebrated ride into the jaws of death gives in the Boston Commercial Bulletin the following graphic picture of the charge:

"Lord Cardigan's eye glanced us over; then spurring his horse forward a few paces, he said:

"My men, we have received orders to silence that battery."

"My God! my brother ejaculated. Then grasping my hand, he said:

"Fred, my dear fellow, goodbye; we don't know what may happen. God bless you; keep close to me—"

"What more he might have said was lost in Lord Cardigan's ringing shout of:

"Charge!"

"We went in at a trot; the trot changed to a canter, and the canter to a gallop. Through the lines I could see Lord Cardigan several horse-lengths ahead riding as steadily as if he was on parade.

Now, to tell the plain truth, when we had ridden a short distance, say one hundred paces, I felt terribly afraid. The truth flashed upon me in a moment that we were riding into a position that would expose us to a fire on both flanks, as well as the fire from the battery in front of us, which we had been instructed to silence. I said to myself, 'This is a ride to death!' but I said it loud enough for my brother to hear, and he answered and said:

"There goes the first!"

"The first was Lord Egan's aide-de-camp, Capt. Nolan, who, after making a slight detour, was crossing our left to join us in the charge. A cannon ball had just cut him in two as my brother spoke.

"My heart leaped into my mouth and I almost shrieked with fear, but I restrained myself, and setting my teeth hard I rode on. A moment later the rifle bullets from the sharpshooters on the hillside began to whistle about our ears. Saddles were emptied at every step.

"Then came the whistling shot and the shrieking shell and tore through our squadrons, mangling men and horses, plowing bloody furrows through and through our ranks. Then my fear left me. My whole soul became filled with a thirst for revenge, and I believe the same spirit animated every man in the ranks. Their eyes flashed and they ground their teeth and pressed closer together. The very horses caught the mad spirit, and plunged forward as if impatient to lead us to our revenge and theirs. At this time there was not much to be seen. A heavy dense smoke hung over the valley, but the flaming mouths of the guns revealed themselves to our eyes every moment as they belched forth their murderous contents of shot and shell.

"Now a shot tore through our ranks, cutting a red line from flank to flank, then a shell ploughed an oblique and bloody furrow from our front to our left rear; anon a ricocheting shot rose from our front ranks, fell into our centre and hewed its way to the rear, making a terrible havoc in its passage. Oh! that was a ride. Horses ran riderless, and men bareheaded, and splashed with the blood of their comrades pressed closer and closer and ground their teeth harder, and mentally swore a deadlier revenge as their numbers grew smaller.

"Alone and in front rode Cardigan, still keeping the same distance ahead. His charger was headed for the centre of the battery. Silently we followed him. Up to this time neither my brother nor myself had received the slightest scratch, although we were now riding side by side with comrades who at the start were separated from us by several miles. We reached the battery at last. Up to this time we had ridden in silence,

but what a yell burst from us as we plunged in among the Russian gunners! Well would it have been for them if they had killed us all before we reached them. They had done too little and too much. They had set us on fire with passion. Only blood could quench our thirst for revenge. We passed through the battery like a whirlwind, sabring the gunners on our passage. I don't believe one of them lived to tell the tale of that ride. Out of the battery and into the brigade—an army it was—of cavalry. Our charge was resistless.

"The Russians fell before our sabres as corn falls before the reaper. They seemed to have no power of resistance. And there was no lack of material to work upon. They closed in upon us and surrounded us on every side, but we hewed our way through them as men hew their way through a virgin forest, and only stopped when we reached the bank of the Tchernaya river.

"Wheeling here we proceeded to cut our way back again. On the return ride I was assailed by a gigantic Russian trooper who made a strike at me with his sabre. I partially guarded it, but not wholly, and the next moment felt a stinging pain in my neck. It passed in a moment, however, and I was about to make short work of the trooper, when I heard my brother cry:

"Ah! you would, would you?" and the Russian fell cleft to the chin.

"We cut our way through and once more entered the fatal valley. When half-way back to our starting point a cannon shot struck my brother and beheaded him. Tom, ah, thank you!"

The color-sergeant drained another glass.

"When we formed up on arriving at our starting point, Lord Cardigan, with the tears streaming from his eyes, said:

"It was not my fault, my men."

"And the men replied with one voice:

"We are ready to go in again, my lord, if you will lead us."