

was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact.

They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy; but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and the Enniskillens went right at the center of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses gather way, nor had the men quite space enough for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance and threaten to annihilate them as they move on. Turning a little to their left so as to meet the Russian right the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskillens rises through the air at the same instant.

As lightning flashes through a cloud the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the red coats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers and in broken order against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them, they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many.

With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was the fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge and had fled off at one flank and toward the center, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horse and red coat could be seen at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like a bolt from a bow, the First Royals, the Fourth Dragoon Guards and the Fifth Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and, dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout.

I afterward learned that it was in consequence of mistaking the the order of Lord Raglan that the Light Brigade made this terrific,