

was one of the 17th Lancers. The officer was faint and exhausted from loss of blood, and was feebly asking for water. Neither of the men who were helping him had their water-bottles with them, and mine had been shot through in the cross-fire when the Russians first opened fire upon us at the commencement of our deadly ride. I saw no chance of getting water other than by searching among the dead bodies on the battlefield. I accordingly retraced my steps, and was soon fortunate enough to find a calabash, half full of water, strapped to a dead trooper's saddle. I snatched up this calabash, and, as I made my way back, pulled out the stopper and had a good drink, as I was frightfully parched myself. I had to get along as sharply as I could, for the enemy were again on the move; but I succeeded in reaching the wounded officer without any mishap, and gave him the water, which he gratefully acknowledged, and, turning to us, said, "Men, leave me here, and seek your own safety." But we would not leave him, and the two other troopers carried him off the field while I limped along by his side, ready to render any assistance I could, should the necessity arise. As we were moving painfully along I saw a trooper of another regiment who had been severely wounded, and another endeavoring to get him off the field, but they were getting along very slowly. I went to their assistance, leaving the two men with the wounded officer, whom they eventually succeeded in carrying safely from under fire. I afterwards heard that this officer died the next morning, having had one of his legs amputated. My comrade and myself managed to get the wounded trooper safely into our lines. I then went in search of my regiment, and at last found what was left of it—only about half remained. We went into action that morning 112 strong and came out with only 61. Of horses we lost 84, and had besides several wounded, some of which had to be destroyed. As a matter of fact, out of the 112 horses of my regiment which took part in the charge, only one named *Butcher* (so called from the number and severity of his wounds) was brought back to England. This horse was presented to Her Majesty the Queen when the 13th Hussars embarked for India in 1874, and was kept at Hampton Court until its death about ten years ago. Our two regimental doctors had their hands full that day. They were very busy taking off a leg or an arm here, extracting bullets there, and dressing the wounds, more or less severe, of others. The roll of my regiment had been called before I reached it, and I found I was reported "killed" or "taken prisoner," but I fortunately was neither, and am alive at the present moment, with the glory of being one of the survivors of "The Charge of the Six Hundred." I must not forget to mention that the two men who gallantly succoured (sic) the wounded officer and carried him safely off the field were, shortly after landing in England, awarded the Victoria Cross as a reward for their bravery and humanity. I myself just missed obtaining it. The colonels of the regiments of the Light Brigade got one each to be presented to the most deserving man of each regiment. Some of the colonels made the remark that one man was as much entitled to it as another. Through going down the valley in front of the enemy and bringing Captain Webb of the 17th Lancers, a drink of water, I was allowed to draw lots for it with Corporal Malone of my regiment, who assisted Sergeant Berryman to carry this officer off the field. Malone being the oldest soldier got first draw, and drew the lucky straw.

Ed. Note: *Most accounts say Nolan's horse wheeled immediately and he rode to the rear.

Private Thomas Lucas, Regt. No. 1540, 4th Light Dragoons

Source: Affidavit filed in the Cardigan v Calthorpe lawsuit from unident press clippings courtesy of Rod Burman

AFFIDAVIT of THOMAS LUCAS, formerly Private in the 4th Light Dragoons, now Serjeant in the Corps of Commissioners, and stationed at the Army and Navy Club, London.

Sworn 28th May, 1863.

Filed 2nd June, 1863.

SAY,

1. I remember the charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade at Balaklava on the 25th October, 1854. I was in the front rank to the left flank of the squadron. I took part in the charge, and saw Lord Cardigan just previous to the charge, and never saw him afterwards till I returned to England. When our line got to the guns I saw a few scattered parties of the first line in front of us; the first line was then completely broken up. A number of our regiment, numbering not more than twenty, together with Lord George Paget, went in support of the 11th Hussars. The Russians who were attacking the 11th fell back, and we then saw a regiment of Polish lancers to our rear. All that time I was within about four yards of Lord George Paget, and distinctly heard him call out loudly, "Where is Cardigan?" I did not hear any reply given, but immediately after I heard Lord George Paget say, "Eight and Left Incline; " I was at this moment cut down by a sabre wound from a Cossack, and was taken prisoner. On that evening General Liprandi sent for some of the prisoners, including myself, and asked several questions about our position; and amongst other questions he asked, "Who was the General who went back on the chestnut horse with white heels?" and he was told it was Lord Cardigan. He then remarked, "He was lucky to get back, as the Russians had chased him as closely as they could." Heard no order that day given by Lord Cardigan except the order to charge. I got two sabre cuts on the head, one in the hand, and five lance wounds in my body, and my left arm was subsequently amputated in consequence of the wound received in the hand.

Cornet Fiennes Wykeham Martin, 4th Light Dragoons

Source: Letter written October 27, 1854 to his mother, from Letters from the Crimea, by Mrs. Wykeham Martin, privately printed, 1868.

"Dear Mama, I write to you to allay any fears you may have about me, as you will see by the Times that the Light Cavalry Brigade were let into a sort of Chillianwallah trap and cut to pieces. It is unfortunately too true; I am one of the lucky ones who escaped, although our regiment and the 11th Hussars went further than any into the gorge. The facts of the case are these. Lately the Cavalry have had nothing to do but guard Balaklava, and keep the communication open between it and Sevastopol, and have not been disturbed by the enemy except in occasional skirmishes with the pickets and videttes, when suddenly the other morning at day-break they made an attack on a line of small forts kept by the Turks in front of our position. The Cavalry, who were all out and mounted for the usual morning parade, that we always have an hour or two before daybreak, so as to be ready for any attack, went immediately to their support, with a troop of Horse Artillery; but could you believe it, the Turks left all the forts, some even before they were fired; the consequence was a swarm of Cavalry made a dash into Balaklava itself, but they were met on the left by the 93rd Highlanders, who are not in the habit of running away like the Turks, and sent back minus a few men, and on the right by the Heavy Cavalry, who likewise sent them to the right about, the Light Brigade