

J.WREN

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE DAILY TELEGRAPH."

Sir - I can vouch for the authenticity of the following: On the morning of the charge a butcher of the 17th Lancers, named Vye, asked a comrade, "What's the row over there?" and he was told that the Russians "were playing the very d---- with them." Attired as he was in his blue blouse, red cap, jack boots, and with his sleeves tucked up, he immediately borrowed a horse of one of the Scots Greys, and rode up to his own troop, who were just preparing for the charge. "Who is that?" said the colonel, "That is the butcher," was the reply. "Send him away at once," remarked the officer. He then went to the 11th Hussars, but he was sent away from them also. He then made his way to another troop in his own regiment, and on the captain inquiring of the sergeant-major who he was, and being told it was the butcher, he said, "Oh, let him alone; I wish I had a hundred such men." This Vye of his own free will charged with the Six Hundred into the valley, and not only returned alive, but brought in a prisoner. When the meritorious medals were being distributed Vye's name was mentioned to the officer, as one who was more deserving of the medal than those who had been compelled to take part in the awful ride, because his avocation demanded his presence elsewhere, and the action upon his part was purely voluntary.

The medal was eventually awarded to him, and at the presentation the colonel asked him what he could do for him, as he could not promote the man on account of his being a bad scholar, but the butcher said he didn't know what they could do for him, unless it was "to always let him drink as much grog as he liked," upon hearing which the colonel said, "Well, as there really does not appear to be anything else I suppose it must be so."

If this man Vye is alive he is entitled to be present at the banquet, where he would meet with many of his old comrades, who can corroborate the facts I have narrated. I thought this little episode might be interesting to your readers, and therefore worthy of publication.—

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J.WREN, late 10th Hussars.

19, Hack-road, Woolwich, Oct. 19.