

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE DRAMA WAS OVER, the tragedy had occurred, the Charge of the Light Brigade was a matter of history. But the two chief personages in the drama remained, and it was beyond the power of tragedy or disaster to chasten or change them. There was to be a long, a painfully characteristic, aftermath.

Calamity was inevitable for Lord Lucan. He could not see that he was demanding the impossible, that either he or Lord Raglan must be responsible for the Light Brigade charge, and it was beyond the bounds of reason that Lord Raglan, the Commander-in-Chief, should take the blame on himself. Nevertheless, blinded by the most fatal and ill-omened of all grievances, a grievance against a superior officer, Lord Lucan pressed on to his own undoing.

At the interview of October 27, General Airey, finding Lord Lucan could not be reasoned with, became soothing. He was, as Lucan himself said, no unskilful diplomatist. There was no question of blame, he said reassuringly. Lord Raglan's report on the battle, which went out that day, dealt with Lord Lucan's part in the Light Brigade charge fully and fairly. "You may rest satisfied,

Lord Lucan," said General Airey, "you will be pleased with Lord Raglan's report." Lucan allowed himself to accept this assurance, and a month passed before Lord Raglan's dispatch on Balaclava reached the Crimea. He was then transported with fury to read, in the section devoted to the Charge of the Light Brigade, the statement that "from some misconception of the instruction to attack, the Lieutenant-General considered he was bound to attack at all hazards."

The blame was to be put on him, after all; in spite of General Airey's promises, Lord Raglan was making him responsible for the disaster. An extra cause for anger was Lord Raglan's warm commendation of Lord Cardigan, who had "obeyed the order in the most spirited and gallant manner" and had "charged with the utmost vigour."

White-hot with anger Lord Lucan devised a scheme. He would write a letter "so that the English public should know the facts of the case." This letter should go to the Secretary for War, the Duke of Newcastle, and be published with Lord Raglan's dispatch. The rules of the service laid down that such a letter must be transmitted through the Commander-in-Chief, and on November 30 Lord Lucan addressed a letter to Lord Raglan. It was an excellent letter. He stressed the ambiguous wording of Lord Raglan's two last orders, the authoritative behaviour of Captain Nolan, and the impossibility of disobeying an order brought by an aide-de-camp from headquarters. "I cannot remain silent," he wrote finally; "it is, I feel, incumbent on me to state those facts which, I cannot doubt, must clear me from what, I respectfully submit, is altogether unmerited."

Lord Raglan did his best to dissuade Lord Lucan from sending the letter, and on three occasions sent General Airey to remonstrate with him. No doubt his motives were mixed, but magnanimity was among them; he was aware that he held all the cards in his hand. However, Lord Lucan insisted, and on December 18 the letter was sent off with a letter from Lord Raglan covering Lucan's points. He had, he wrote, "asked General Airey to suggest to Lord Lucan that he should withdraw the letter, considering that it would not lead to his advantage to the slightest degree, but Lord Lucan refused."

On January 12 the Duke of Newcastle, having received the letter, wrote privately to Lord Raglan that he was "very sorry for the unfortunate course taken by Lord Lucan. I may tell you that I had already seen his letter to you, for he had sent it to this country to be published if you did not send it to me. I presume he is under the impression that I shall publish it with the dispatch from you. Of course I shall do nothing of the kind."

On January 27 the Duke of Newcastle officially communicated to Lord Raglan what Lucan might have known would be the inevitable consequence of his letter—the Earl of Lucan was to be recalled. After reading Lord Lucan's letter, the Duke "felt that the public service and the general discipline of the army, must be greatly prejudiced by any misunderstanding between your lordship, as the general commanding Her Majesty's forces in the field, and the Lieutenant-General commanding the Division of Cavalry. Apart from any consideration of the merits of the question raised by Lord Lucan, the position in which he has now placed himself towards your lordship, renders his withdrawal from the army under your command in all respects advisable." Lord Hardinge, the Commander-in-Chief in England, had been consulted, and the Queen had approved. Lord Raglan was to inform Lord Lucan that "it is Her Majesty's pleasure that he should resign the command of the Cavalry Division and return forthwith to England."

In a private note the Duke added, "Spare his feelings as much as you can, but I despair of his ever seeing the justice and propriety of this decision."

The intimation of his recall reached Lord Lucan on February 12, and it came on him like a thunderbolt. "No one," wrote William Forrest, "is so astonished as Lord Lucan himself." It had never crossed his mind that his letter, so admirable in its advocacy, could have this fatal result. On the whole the army thought he was ill used, though no one wished him back. One of his very young officers wrote that it was "quite a relief to get rid of him, poor old man; he was a horrible old fellow." William Forrest attributed his downfall to his irritability and obstinacy, "he could not bear to have any suggestion made to him by anybody, and by his manner and address made many enemies. He will though, I think, come out of any investigation better than our old friend Lord Cardigan."

On February 14 Lord Lucan left the Crimea. William Howard Russell went on board the transport to bid him good-bye. There had been a friendship between them, and Russell respected Lord Lucan's conscientiousness. There was a fire, said Russell, burning fiercely in Lord Lucan's eye, and in farewell he shook his fist at the heights where headquarters stood.

Lord Cardigan had preceded him some weeks earlier, but Lord Cardigan came home crowned with laurels—a hero.

After the battle of Balaclava Lord Cardigan had spent even more time on his yacht. He saw a good deal of Lord Raglan, who was, he wrote "particularly kind to me about this time and asked me frequently to accompany him riding," and he exchanged some angry letters with Lucan on the subject of the orderlies who rode to and from his yacht, and the lateness of his returns.

On November 5 the Russians attacked again, and the battle of Inkerman was fought. It was, however, a battle in which the cavalry took no part, and it was therefore of no consequence that, though the battle began at five in the morning, Cardigan did not get up to his brigade until a quarter past ten.

After Inkerman the remnants of the Light Brigade were moved up near the scene of the attack, in case the enemy attempted a surprise. The camp of the Light Brigade was then more than six miles away from Cardigan's yacht, but still he did not relinquish command of the brigade.

Winter now set in, the worst winter for more than a century in the Crimea, and Lord Cardigan's health compelled him to stay on his yacht for four or five days at a time. Meanwhile the survivors of the Light Brigade, and especially the horses, were enduring fearful hardships. Sleet and snow borne on great gales of icy wind swept through their camp; the men had only tents, the horses had no shelter of any kind.

About November 7 the Commissariat notified Lord Cardigan that they no longer had transport to bring forage the six miles up to the camp, and suggested the horses should either be sent down to Balaclava together, or fetch their own forage. Lord Cardigan refused to allow either. The horses must remain where they had been posted in case of another attack.

On Saturday, November 11, the horses had one handful of

barley each as their day's food and the same the next day. They were standing knee-deep in mud, with the bitter Crimean wind cutting their emaciated bodies. They ate their straps, saddle flaps, and blankets, and gnawed each other's tails to stumps. An order had been issued that no horse was to be destroyed except for a broken limb or glanders, and horses, dying of starvation, lay in the mud in their death agony for three days, while no one dared shoot them.

On November 14 a fearful hurricane blew, sealing the doom of the British army. Tents were blown away, horses bowled over, such stores as existed were destroyed, and in the harbour a number of vessels were wrecked.

On the 19th Lord Cardigan wrote to Lord Raglan, and after a few remarks about Lord Lucan (he had been collecting complaints about Lucan's conduct which he enclosed in two envelopes), he informed Lord Raglan that, much to his regret, he would be "obliged shortly to ask you for leave of absence on sick certificate. Were it not for bad health, I assure you I should have no wish to go, for you know you have no keener soldier in your army." He might, he suggested, get a certificate from the principal medical officer "without having to explain my ailments in detail before a Medical Board." His intention was to go for a time to a warm climate, perhaps Naples, and he would like to go as soon as possible. "But I will follow your wishes and advice, even to the detriment of my health." Lord Raglan replied curtly that if Lord Cardigan wished to go home he must go before a medical board in the usual way. The board was held on December 3, and Cardigan was pronounced unfit for duty. On December 8 with Mr. de Burgh he left the Crimea, pausing for a few days at Constantinople, whence on December 12 he wrote Lord Raglan a last farewell complaint of Lord Lucan. "I cannot leave the country without affording you an opportunity of knowing how the duties of the cavalry command are carried on." He and Lord Lucan had had a final and furious wrangle about the orderlies who plied to and from Lord Cardigan's yacht, and Lucan had "taken the opportunity of commenting on the permission I received from your lordship to live on my yacht." Lucan had apparently been extremely offensive. "Can it be believed," wrote Lord Cardigan, "that any other general officers

commanding brigades can be so treated in this army except those who have the misfortune to serve in the Cavalry Division?" Having dispatched this final appeal, he sailed for Marseilles.

On January 13 Lord Cardigan landed at Dover to find himself a hero. As he came on to the pier a crowd gathered and gave "three cheers for Balaclava." In London he was mobbed by enthusiastic crowds, his picture was in every shop window, his biography in every newspaper. A woollen jacket, such as he had worn in the Crimea, was copied, christened a Cardigan, and has been sold by the thousand. The jacket keeps the name to this day. *Punch* published a flattering cartoon entitled "A trump Card(-igan)." The Queen, immediately he arrived, asked him to Windsor from Tuesday to Thursday, and at Prince Albert's request he gave a description of the charge. The day he left Windsor he called at the Horse Guards and was told he was to be appointed Inspector-General of Cavalry. Unfortunately he did not keep his head. On February 5 a banquet was given in his honour at the Mansion House, and he made an egotistic and bombastic speech giving a highly coloured account of his own prowess in the Light Brigade charge. He arrived on horseback wearing the uniform he had worn at Balaclava, and was cheered by immense crowds, who plucked the hairs from his horse's tail to keep as souvenirs. *The Times* commented that there was a strong flavour of Madame Tussaud's wax-works about the whole affair.

All England, it seemed, panted to do him honour. The county of Northamptonshire presented him with a testimonial in the form of a roll forty yards long, Yorkshire gave him a sword, Leicester an illuminated address. Bands met him at the railway station playing "See the conquering hero comes"; women wept as he delivered his speech. As time went on, he spoke with more and more emotion and became "so overcome that he was unable to proceed" and had "to frequently pause and be revived."

When Lord Cardigan's glory was at its height, on March 1, Lord Lucan arrived in England, and at once sent his son, Lord Bingham, to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Hardinge, to demand a court martial. It was refused. On March 2 Lord Lucan addressed the House of Lords on the subject of his recall, and again on the 6th and 9th. On March 5 he sent another demand for a court

martial. It, too, was refused. Lord Panmure, who had succeeded the Duke of Newcastle as Secretary for War, wrote to Lord Raglan on March 16 that he was absolutely against it. It would be a scandal to the Army. "We have so far prevented him and Lord Cardigan coming into collision," he added. On March 19 Lord Lucan once more addressed the House of Lords at great length on his recall and his being refused a court martial, and a debate followed. The House was against him. It was felt that he had acted improperly in exposing the intimate affairs of the high command of the Army to the public gaze. "It was regrettable," said the Duke of Richmond, "to hear particular acts, accusations and private conversations brought forward," nor should Lord Lucan, in his high military position, have publicly attacked Lord Raglan the Commander-in-Chief. No motion was brought forward to support his application for a court martial. He had failed.

He could do nothing more, and withdrew to Ireland to derive what satisfaction he could from seeing Castlebar illuminated in his honour and receiving an address of welcome from a body describing itself as his loyal and devoted tenantry.

He was, however, very shortly back in England. Not only his generalship but his personal courage was being impugned. Immediately after his speech in the House of Lords a pamphlet was published entitled "The British Cavalry at Balaclava. Remarks in reply to Lieut.-General Lord Lucan's speech in the House of Lords by a Cavalry Officer." The cavalry officer was no other than Lucan's old enemy, Anthony Bacon. He condemned Lord Lucan not only for being inefficient and out of date, but because he had not led the Charge of the Light Brigade himself. It was the practice both of the Duke of Wellington and of Napoleon when serious operations were in question and danger threatened to put themselves at the head of their troops. Murat, Ney, Massena, Hill, Crawford, Picton had all followed this practice; Lord Anglesey and Lord Combermere were to be found with their leading squadrons. "It was not their practice to . . . place a whole Brigade between the enemy and their own persons," wrote Anthony Bacon. In spite of entreaties from his friends, Lord Lucan would not keep silent. He published a pamphlet in reply, entitled "A Vindication of the Earl of Lucan from Lord Raglan's Reflections," and plunged into

an abusive correspondence with Anthony Bacon, which was also published. Meanwhile Lord Cardigan went about London, speaking, wrote Henry Greville, "with great bitterness and asperity" of Lord Lucan's conduct in the charge and sneering at the "Look-on system of cavalry tactics."

Lord Lucan's unpopularity was now great, and when he was made K.C.B. and, in November, 1855, colonel of the 8th Hussars, *The Times* wrote scathingly of the appointments. Again he would not keep silent, and wrote angry letters, which *The Times* was delighted to publish.

It was the hour of triumph for Lord Cardigan, the hero of Balaclava, and in his new appointment as Inspector-General of Cavalry he revelled in military power. Officers hastily wrote to warn each other of the coming ordeal; nothing like it had been known before, no detail escaped the major-general's eye, and he was apt to be displeased with everything. "No very pleasant day was spent" when Lord Cardigan came down.

Meanwhile in June, 1855, Lord Raglan died in the Crimea, officially of Crimean fever; actually, it was said, of a broken heart. Fearful misfortunes had overtaken him. He had seen the British army perish before his eyes during the winter of 1854, starved and frozen to death on the heights, paying the price for the loss of the Woronzoff Road. "I could never return to England now," he said after the disasters of the winter. "They would stone me to death." Worse than the loss of an army was to follow. British casualties from sickness had been so great that the army before Sebastopol was now an army of inexperienced lads, raw recruits sent hastily out after a few weeks' drill. On June 18, the anniversary of Waterloo, an assault was at last made on Sebastopol. The task was exacting, there was a strong fortification to be stormed under deadly fire, casualties were high. But the men who had won the Alma by sheer fighting, the troops whose morale had carried them down the North Valley at Balaclava as if they were on parade, were dead. The raw British troops gave way, the assault failed, Lord Raglan's heart was broken, and a few days later he died.

The glory of Lord Cardigan did not long remain untarnished. He, too, had been made K.C.B. in the summer of 1855 as a reward

for his distinguished services with the cavalry in the Crimea. But in January, 1856, Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch published the results of their "Inquiry into the Supplies of the British Army in the Crimea." They baldly attributed the destruction of the cavalry to the inefficiency, indifference, and obstinacy of the Earl of Lucan and the Earl of Cardigan. A storm broke, Lord Cardigan and Lord Lucan were attacked in the press, columns described and deplored their conduct, leaders demanded their dismissal. Meanwhile the two noble Earls rushed into print to attack Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch, and each other. In July, 1856, a board of general officers called the "White Washing Board" sat at Chelsea to examine the allegations. Both Lord Lucan and Lord Cardigan were handsomely exonerated; but Lord Lucan brought—and lost—a libel action against the *Daily News* for its comments on his want of self-command and bad temper.

Meanwhile peace had been signed in April, 1856, troops began to come home, and in December the Honourable Somerset Calthorpe, one of Lord Raglan's nephews and his aide-de-camp, published a book entitled *Letters from Headquarters*. After several highly uncomplimentary references to Lord Cardigan, he wrote that at Balaclava after the charge had taken place, "Lord Cardigan unfortunately was not present when wanted." This statement was taken to imply that Lord Cardigan had never reached the guns; indeed, many people who had been present at Balaclava believed that was the truth. Moreover, the cavalry left in the Crimea had raged as they read of Lord Cardigan's triumphs. Robert Portal wrote that he wished "someone at the public meetings, where he trumpets his own praises, would ask him a few home questions. Who was the first man out of action at Balaclava? Was he not asked if he had been in action at all on that occasion?" William Forrest told his wife that the cavalry were disgusted and Cardigan was by no means the hero people at home imagined. As the Balaclava veterans returned, it began to be whispered everywhere that Lord Cardigan was a fake. Meanwhile Cardigan behaved with great foolishness. Having demanded a retraction, which Colonel Calthorpe refused, and asked for a court martial on Colonel Calthorpe, which he did not obtain, he embarked on a campaign of persecution. He wrote to Lord Westmorland, on whose staff

Colonel Calthorpe held an appointment, asking that he should be dismissed. When, in 1859, Cardigan became colonel of the 5th Dragoon Guards, he did his best to prevent Colonel Calthorpe from exchanging into the regiment; he even wrote a personal appeal to the Prince Consort asking him to interfere. It was not, however, until 1863 that Lord Cardigan applied for a criminal information for libel against Colonel Calthorpe in the Queen's Bench.

In June, 1863, the battle of Balaclava was fought over again in the Queen's Bench. The result was most unhappy for Lord Cardigan. It was proved beyond a shadow of doubt that he had reached the guns, and the fact that he was non-suited on the ground that the action had been too long delayed was of no importance. But the story which did emerge, the facts of his indifference, his neglect of his brigade, his callous lack of responsibility for his men, created an impression his courage could not efface. "He was," it had been written, "the personification of all the men who rode that bloody course. His name transported us out of the common prosaic associations of our everyday life." He could be that personification no longer.

Lately, however, a great change had taken place in his life. In January, 1857, a certain Miss Adeline de Horsey had come with her father, Mr. Spencer Horsey de Horsey, to stay at Deene Park. Mr. de Horsey was an old friend, and Cardigan had known his daughter since she was a child—a considerable period, for she was thirty-three. Lord Cardigan was now nearly sixty years of age, but still remarkably handsome, and he would shortly be an eligible widower, since his wife, from whom he was separated, was known to be suffering from an incurable disease and her early death was inevitable. Miss de Horsey was extremely good-looking in a dashing Spanish style; she danced the cachucha after dinner wearing Spanish costume, rode superbly, and sparkled with vivacity. She was not, however, well thought of in the best society: her manners were free, she had been surrounded by too many admirers for too many years, and there had been an odd entanglement with a Count de Montemolin, who claimed to be a member of the Spanish royal family. Lord Cardigan, however, fell violently in love with her, and very soon she had quarrelled with her father, left home, and was established in a house off Park Lane, and visited by Cardigan every

day. On July 12, 1858, at about half-past six in the morning, there came a loud banging at the door of the house off Park Lane; servants hurriedly withdrew the bolts, and Lord Cardigan, rushing upstairs into Miss de Horsey's bedroom, clasped her in his arms, "My dearest, she's dead . . . let's get married at once."

It was thought better to marry out of England, and in the course of a cruise in Lord Cardigan's magnificent yacht the marriage took place in September, 1858, at the Military Chapel, Gibraltar; Mr. de Burgh was a witness.

After the marriage Lord and Lady Cardigan lived in princely style. A private orchestra was set up at Deene Park supervised by a "master of music"; additions were made to the house and a great ballroom was built by Wyatt. There was the magnificent yacht, "of which the beauty and fittings caught every eye," at Cowes, and the mansion in Portman Square. Lord Cardigan also gave substantial presents to his wife. In 1864 she was "in ecstasies over the gift of a house in Scotland." Financial difficulties, however, were no longer unknown: in 1864 Lord Cardigan raised £150,000, and by the end of his life the estate was heavily mortgaged.

It was an unfortunate marriage. Lord Cardigan had been no wiser in the choice of his second wife than of his first. There were no children, and the second Lady Cardigan turned out to be a very strange person indeed.

She did not go much into society—the circumstances of her marriage had given Queen Victoria a prejudice against her—and she filled Deene Park with "a certain kind of racing society." The county was scandalised by her daring clothes, by her Spanish dancing, and the freedom of her conversation, and one at least of Lord Cardigan's sisters was forbidden by her husband to enter Deene Park. "It is an infamous house," he said. After Lord Cardigan's death her peculiarities became pronounced: she received visitors in the drawing-room at Deene Park dressed in Lord Cardigan's cuirass and cherry-coloured trousers—this, she said, was a bicycling costume—and in the summer she had herself rowed about the harbour at Cowes, reclining in the stern of a gig, dressed in Spanish costume, and singing to a guitar.

During Lord Cardigan's life time he was extremely jealous and for years refused to allow his wife to be taken down to dinner

by any other man. She was equally jealous, and especially detested the memory of the first Lady Cardigan. One day Lady Cardigan was seen to snatch a miniature of her predecessor from a table and grind it to powder beneath her heel.

In 1860 Lord Cardigan realised a life-long ambition: he was made colonel of the 11th Hussars. It was the one unalloyed satisfaction of his life. His last years were spent in declining health, and on March 28, 1868, at the age of seventy-one, he died from injuries resulting from a fall from his horse; it was thought that while riding he had had a stroke.

During the ten years of their marriage he never gave up the attempt to procure his wife social recognition: he would not speak to his friends unless they, and their wives, received her; he appealed to his sisters; he wrote round to his relatives reminding them it was their duty to acknowledge his wife by a formal call. "She is a very good little wife to me," he wrote to one of his sisters in 1866, "and no two people could be better suited."

However, the servants at Deene said the old man was frightened of her and that, when in a rage, she threw plates at him. Since the Earl of Cardigan had no son by either of his marriages, his distant cousin the Marquess of Ailesbury succeeded to his title; both the Earl and the Marquess being great-grandsons of the third Earl of Cardigan. After more than 130 years the descendants of Thomas Brudenell, the distinguished younger son of the third Earl, thus succeeded to the family title, and the Earldom is now the courtesy title of the eldest son of the Marquess.

Lord Lucan survived Lord Cardigan by twenty years. His undertakings in Ireland did not prosper. A very large scheme for rearing and fattening cattle to be sold as meat in England happened to coincide with the first introduction of frozen meat from the Argentine, a great deal of money was lost, and at the end of his life he felt himself to be financially straitened. He had the consolation of military honours: he was promoted general, made Gold Stick and colonel of the 1st Life Guards in 1865, made G.C.B. in 1869, and finally promoted field marshal in 1887. His most important act, however, was of a totally unexpected nature. In 1858 the House of Lords and the House of Commons disagreed over Lord John Russell's Bill to remove the disabilities of Jews in taking

the Parliamentary oath. Practising Jews were unable to sit as Members of Parliament, as their religion precluded them from taking the oath, but Lords and Commons could not agree as to what the form of the oath for Jews was to be. Lord Lucan got up and proposed a simple and practical compromise—a clause was to be added to the Bill to enable each House to modify the form of oath required at will. The solution was hailed with universal relief, and the Bill with Lord Lucan's suggested clause added passed both Houses in July. The Jewish community, through Sir David Salomons, presented Lord Lucan with an official address of thanks.

In 1888, at eighty-eight years of age, Lord Lucan died, vigorous and alert to the last. "A marvellous survival," wrote William Howard Russell—"younger than most people's elder sons." He was succeeded by his son, Lord Bingham, one of the most lovable and universally beloved of men. The fourth Lord Lucan and his wife did a great deal for Mayo. Under the Land Acts of the end of the nineteenth century, Irish peasants had certain rights of purchasing land, and the fourth Earl of Lucan made it easy, at considerable cost to himself, for his tenants to buy their holdings. Much of the land his father had "consolidated" was thus restored, and the Mall in the centre of Castlebar was presented to the town. Lady Lucan started a tweed industry in Castlebar, to which she devoted a large part of her time, providing a warehouse for the tweed at Laleham. Most important of all, the fourth Earl of Lucan made friends among Catholics. In 1866, as Lord Bingham, he had added a clause to the Poor Law Amendment Bill enabling Roman Catholic children in workhouse schools to be educated in their own faith; when he became Earl of Lucan, Canon Lyons, the parish priest of the Roman Catholic Church at Castlebar, was one of his intimate friends. Old people at Castlebar still like to recall how the Earl and the priest were to be seen almost every day walking up and down together under the trees in the Mall.

It is the memory of the fourth Earl which remains in Mayo. There are no longer Earls of Lucan at Castlebar, and the third Earl has passed from everyone's mind, but the recollection of his son is cherished. Today if anyone mentions the name of the Earl of Lucan in Castlebar, he will be told "Ah—he was a saint."

The sufferings, the courage, the endurance displayed in the Crimean War were not wasted. It had been a small war, an unsuccessful war, a horribly mismanaged war, but it proved to be of enormous importance. After the Crimean War a change came in military affairs—even the incompetence of the Crimea bore fruit. A new age of army reform began not only in England but in Europe and the United States of America: staff colleges were set up, the conditions under which commissions and promotion were obtained were reformed, medical and hospital services, supply, clothing, cooking were all investigated and improved. Above all, the treatment of the private soldier was changed. The bravery, the stubborn endurance of private soldiers, reported in newspapers for the first time during the Crimea, had been a revelation. At the beginning of the campaign the private soldier was regarded as a dangerous brute; at the end he was a hero. Army welfare and army education, army recreation, sports, and physical training, the health services, all came into being as a result of the Crimea. The agony had been frightful, but it had not been useless.

It might, almost, be called a happy ending.