

CAPTAIN WOLSELEY AT LUCKNOW.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XI.—LORD WOLSELEY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., &c.



From a Photo. by LORD WOLSELEY'S QUARTERS, ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM. [Elliott & Fry.]

LT is not intended that these papers should be so much biographical as retrospective. I meet a man. I ask him to glance through his life as he would through a volume of pictures. He passes by some quickly—they are ordinary and every-day subjects such as we all know and see; at others he lingers a long time—a picture here and a picture there revives more vividly some memorable incident in his career, and he almost lives it over again, so impressive does it become. To chronicle all the pictures scattered throughout Lord Wolseley's life would call for many pages; to inscribe his biography many volumes. His years have been full of countless incident, of action as brilliant as it has been brave; tact, discretion, unquenchable earnestness and enthusiasm has characterised his whole life. He has long since been recognised as our ablest soldier and commander. All this is the outcome of incessant work, and such work constitutes a history. Lord Wolseley's history is just now too much to remember, and far, far too long to write. This paper is but the happy recollection of a few days passed with him in Ireland,

where many of the more striking incidents of his life were brought to light again.

As Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces in Ireland, Lord Wolseley's quarters are situated at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. Here the heroic survivors of many a battle are quietly "waiting." As Lord Wolseley and I wandered about the place many proofs were afforded of the kindness of heart of the great soldier for these older brothers in battle. He has a word for every one of them as they stand straight and at "attention." For example, we are talking together at the porch. An old fellow hurries along—he is a new arrival. What does he want? He just thought he would like to remind his lordship that "they had slept in many a cold bed together." The old man had been through the Crimea with Lord Wolseley. The next moment a band passes by. It is on its way to assist in paying a last military honour to an old Victoria Cross man who is to be buried to-day. "There is a death here almost every week," said Lord Wolseley, quietly.

Lord Wolseley is a trifle below the medium height. His face is bronzed, his hair white. His right eye is blind, and

there still remains evidence of a wound on the left cheek in the shape of a scar, the history of which I am to know by and by. He talks rapidly, earnestly, and speaks with all the force of a man who means what he says. One could not help connecting his training as a soldier with the ease of his posture when conversing. He would stand talking for a couple of hours without moving his position an inch. He is frank and honest in all he says, he has no fear of giving utterance to his convictions, and he says nothing which is not worth remembering. He throws his whole heart and soul into a conversation, with all the zeal and ardour he would put into a campaign.

We went from room to room of his delightful quarters, now and again joined by Lady Wolseley—to whose artistic ingenuity every piece of furniture owes its place. What a work it was! When Lord Wolseley received his appointment in Ireland—a position he will hold for five years—it was close on a year before the house was ready to receive Lady Wolseley and her daughter, the Hon. Frances Wolseley. Each article of furniture—every chair, cabinet, cushion, and footstool, was labelled in London by Lady Wolseley, and allotted to the very corner it was to occupy, so that when they entered the place it was like walking into their old home imported bodily from town.



From a Photo. by]

LORD WOLSELEY.

[Elliott & Fry.

"During that year of re-decoration," Lord Wolseley merrily remarked, "I was to be found at a hotel." The manner in which that little remark was made told that Lord Wolseley loved—home.

The entrance hall has on its walls some fine armour—designs are ingeniously executed with the aid of cutlasses, breastplates, pistols, and sabres. The walls are of terra

cotta, the chairs remind one of those generally associated with the Knights of the Round Table. Over the fireplace tiny Egyptian idols are set out, above the marble table is Arabi Pasha's pistol, and on the marble slab are a couple of Cetewayo's milk pails—yellow vases about one-and-a-half feet long. Underneath are more milk pails, a wooden dish big enough to hold half a sheep, and some Zulu pillows of wood. These were all taken from Cetewayo's kraal.

To the left are the small reception rooms leading into the drawing-room. The walls are of white enamel, and the colour of the various upholstery harmonises to perfection.

Every one of these apartments is the resting-place of something of striking interest. Flowers are in abundance. Lord Wolseley says that flowers make life happy—they are the perfume of life. Crocuses of all colours, snowdrops, violets, and lilies-of-the-valley, fill the vases. In the first apartment are a couple of oil-paintings of Lady Wolseley and her daughter, as a child. These were painted in 1884, by Julian Story,

who married Miss Eames a few months ago. Here in a niche is a portrait of Lord Wolseley's great-great-grandfather, in armour, who fought in Ireland with William III. In the second room, over the mantelpiece is Frank Holl's picture of Lord

Wolseley, given by the artist to Lady Wolseley. On the mantel-board are three dolphins in Japan ware, which had been at the bottom of the sea for over ninety years. Staffordshire pottery is plentiful. This was a great hobby of Lord Wolseley's; indeed, he has one of the finest collections of Staffordshire ware in the kingdom. His quaint old watches, with enamel backs, picturesquely set out under

glass cases, and on cabinets, are distributed all over the house, and are of great value.

Near the door is a glass case. Lord Wolseley opens it, and replaces the sword he has just been wearing. The weapon once belonged to King Coffee, and was taken from his palace. An inscription on one side reads that it was given by the Queen to the King of Ashantee; the other side tells how it was bought by Lord Wolseley's staff at a private sale, and presented to him. Another sword belonged to Lord Airey; a third cost £2,000.

"It was given to me by the people of Cairo," remarked Lord Wolseley, "and was richly studded with diamonds. How-

ever, I took the stones off and gave them to my wife."

"Who makes good use of them!" chimed in Lady Wolseley.

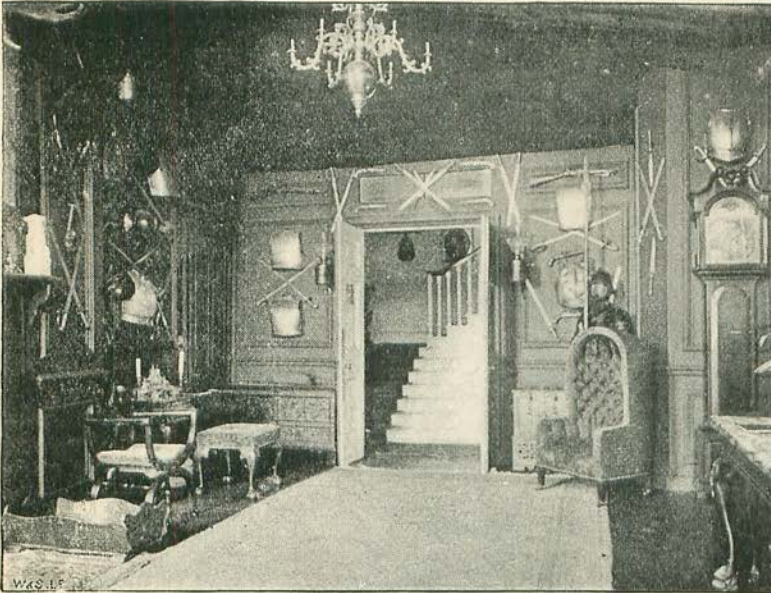
Another sword was presented by the City of London, and on the ledge below



From a Photo. by

LADY WOLSELEY.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo. by]

ENTRANCE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.

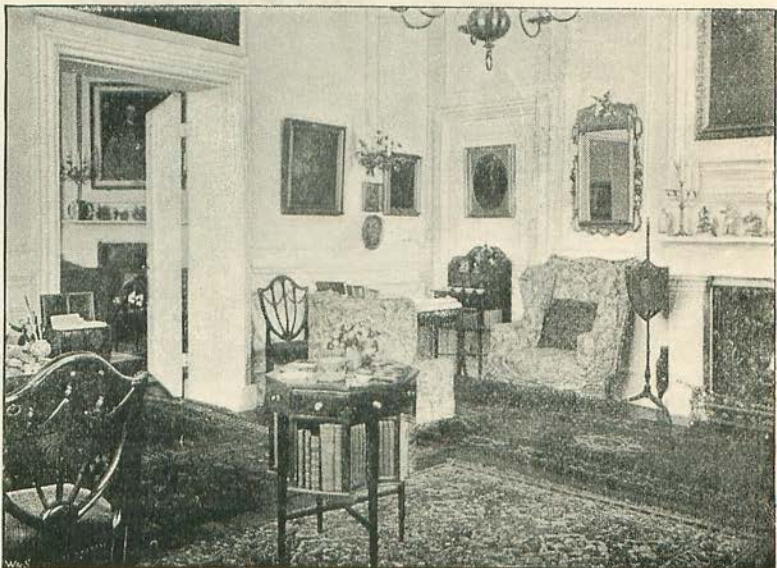
are the six volumes containing the thanks of the nation from the Lords and Commons, an honour bestowed upon Lord Wolseley on three occasions.

The drawing-room is very beautiful. On the occasion of a ball the folding doors at the end are thrown open, and the great hall of the hospital is converted into a ball-room. Many old-time pictures are here, countless curiosities and antique knick-knacks are set out, and the walls are frequently decorated with rare fans, of which Lady Wolseley was at one time an ardent collector. Over the marble mantelpiece—on which rests some choice china—is a painting by Sir P. Lely of the "Duchess of Portsmouth." Another canvas depicts the "Death of Sir R. Abercrombie." On a table is a silver box from Coomassie. It is made of half-

crowns, beaten out very thin. Here, too, is the gold and enamel box which contained the Freedom of the City. An inscription on a grandly cut crystal ball reads: "This crystal ball was fired out of a cannon by the rebels of Lucknow at the relief of the Residency, and fell amongst the 90th Regiment."

A "George Morland" stands on the grand piano. It is a dainty "bit of Surrey." The

owner declares he would carry that tiny canvas with him wherever he went, as a reminiscence of England. Morland's genius was never more heartily recognised. A glass case reveals some objects of intense interest. One by one Lord Wolseley takes them out—the gold and enamel snuff-box from the Emperor of Russia; a large gold infant's rattle, brought from Coomassie, which Miss Wolseley used to play with as



From a Photo. by]

FIRST RECEPTION-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

a child ; one of the few remaining decorations General Gordon had made for his brave fellows at Kartoum, and a couple of dollars used by him just before all his silver had vanished, and he was forced to issue notes ; a little silver cross which a French soldier took from a dead Russian's breast in the Crimea—its owner bought it from the Frenchman. Lord Wolseley is a great admirer of Pitt—here is a medallion of the famous Pitt Club. But his hero is Nelson ; to him he is the truest patriot England has ever seen ; anything associated with the great naval commander's name he buys. When the statue to Lord Nelson was erected in Sackville-street, Dublin, the fifteen committee men wore a medallion of Nelson, surmounted by a gold anchor ; this little case contains one, picked up in an old curiosity shop. A gold cigarette-case, with a horse-shoe in rubies, came from the Duchess of Edinburgh ; a curl of the hair of the Duke of Wellington is set in a pin, and I tried some of the snuff, for curiosity's sake, once belonging to the great Napoleon—but years have robbed it of its pungency.

In a little gilt frame is one of the Government notes, issued in 1884 by Gordon in Kartoum, when all his money was gone. It is torn, and in Lord Wolseley's handwriting the following may be read on the back :—

"This is one of the notes issued by General Gordon in Kartoum. It is for ten piasters (about 1s. 8d.). It was found in the steamer in which Colonel Stewart was wounded, in September, '84, just before he was murdered. Korti, February, 1885."

Possibly the most interesting of all the treasures is in the same frame. It is the last letter General Gordon ever wrote. Lord Wolseley had several missives from that brave man. Two days before Kartoum fell one was received which said : "Kartoum all right, can hold out for ever." Then came the last, still cheering—Gordon trusted to

the last—"Kartoum all right. 14, 12, 84. C. E. GORDON." It was brought to Lord Wolseley at Korti, by an Arab messenger, rolled up in the hem of his clothing.

A frame of similar pattern contains two letters, one of which is of remarkable interest. On Lord Wolseley's return from Egypt he was banqueted by the Queen at Balmoral. Her Majesty proposed the great soldier's health.

"When my husband returned," Lady Wolseley said, as we looked at the framed



ARAB BRINGING LORD WOLSELEY GORDON'S LETTER.

letters together, "I asked him what the Queen said. He positively could not remember ! I wrote to Lady Ely, who was present at the banquet, asking her if she could possibly recollect, and if so if she would kindly write it down. It seems Lady

Ely showed my letter to the Queen, and Her Majesty graciously wrote out the words herself."

The Queen wrote on the familiar buff-coloured paper :—

"Balmoral,

"Oct. 30, 1882.

"I wish to propose the health of Sir Garnet Wolseley and the brave troops he commanded in Egypt, and to congratulate him on his glorious and well-deserved success.

"V. R. I."

The dining-room opens from the drawing-room, and leads out on a green lawn. Its walls are a delicate blending of salmon and yellow, and the ceiling is supported by



GORDON'S LAST LETTER.

four massive pillars of white marble. This room is principally noted for its portraits. The two pictures of Queen Charlotte and George III., at either end, and the "Battle

of Wellington hangs near the door. It was here at luncheon-time that many capital hunting anecdotes and merry stories were told. The Honourable Miss Wolseley



Kalmuk
Oct. 30. 1882.

I wish to propose
the health of Sir
James Wolseley &
the brave Troops
he commanded
in Egypt & Deaula-
tude him with
his glorious &
well deserved
success
J.W.S.

THE QUEEN'S TOAST TO LORD WOLSELEY, IN HER MAJESTY'S HANDWRITING.

of the Boyne," over the mantelpiece, belong to the house. Amongst the other pictures it includes one of the only poet in the Wolseley family of note—though it should be mentioned that Lord Wolseley's mother was gifted in verse—Summerville, who wrote "The Chase." The original study for the great picture

is a splendid horse-woman, and rides wonderfully straight. Only the day before, she had led the field all through the hunt on "Lady Alice"; so Major Childers—Lord Wolseley's military secretary—who was hunting, too, assured me. Captain Smithson, late adjutant of the 13th Hussars, and now A.D.C. to Lord Wolseley, was also present, together with Lord Edward Cecil, another *aide-de-camp*—a son of the Marquis of Salisbury, and whose height is 6 feet 4 inches—who, full of hilarity, told of a race he had had with a brother officer that same morning. Lord Edward persuaded his brother soldier to race down a hill, because he knew that if he once got the officer's horse to go the rider would never be able to keep his seat. Lord Edward was right!

The day was bright, and, luncheon over, it was suggested that a visit should be made to places of interest outside. Lord Wolseley's raven was gaily hopping about the lawn as we entered the great hall where the old pensioners were gathered round the fire, engaged in an innocent game of cards. There is some grand armour here—

notably Cromwellian.

It was whilst standing here that Lord Wolseley referred to the late Duke of Clarence.

"The Duke was here to two or three little dances," he said. "He was devotedly fond of dancing. He was the most sincere young man I ever met. I would that we



GORDON'S BANK-NOTE.

had more like him. He never spoke an unkind word;” an expression in itself a monument to the late Prince’s memory.

Then we looked into the chapel and admired the grand ceiling by Cipriani. Every Sunday Lord Wolseley and his staff sit in a great oak seat overshadowed by an oaken canopy in the gallery at the far end. At the conclusion of every service the band plays “God save the Queen.” As we left the sacred edifice, and passed through the gardens, “Bully,” a very ferocious dog, was met with. “Bully” is very ugly. “Bully” poses as a protector, not as a handsome creature. Lord Wolseley is very fond of dogs. He points me out a little mound of earth under a mulberry tree, on which crocuses are growing. The mulberry tree was planted there by James II., and underneath the earth and the crocuses lies “Cæsar”—a dog who was a great pet of Lady Wolseley.

A glorious avenue of trees leads down to the stables. On one side is a field freely provided with difficult hedge-rows, hurdles, and ugly water-jumps—the practice ground of Miss Wolseley. We stay for a moment to watch her “take” the water. Blackberry—a pretty mare—is a bit shy, but a good run and a little inducement does it, and Blackberry clears the water with a good foot of ground to spare. All the horses have their names over their stalls in the stables. Here is Chance, Sir Redvers, Brown Bess, Blue-bell,

Blackberry, and Chem. A tiny cat practically lives on Chem’s back—a sort of feline jockey. Go into the stables when you will, the cat is always mounted, and Chem seems delighted to afford her accommodation. One or two horses are laid up just now.

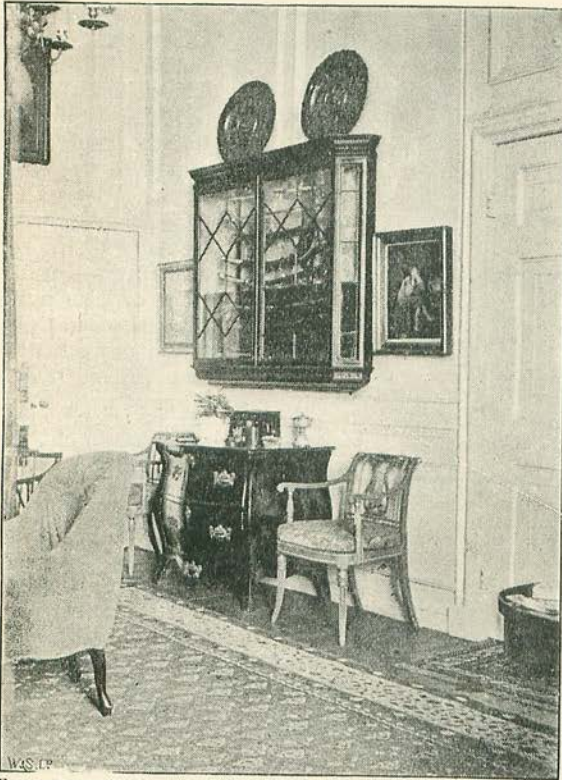
On our return to the house, Blackberry and Miss Wolseley were waiting. Lord Wolseley took the bridle, for Blackberry was not inclined to favour

the presence of a sentry, and a convenient camera chronicled the picture. Then Lord Wolseley mounts Paddy, and Lord Edward Cecil stands at the horse’s head, while another photograph is taken. Then the bark of a dog is heard. Lady Wolseley is now at the porch, and her pet dog—a fine specimen of the Dachshund breed—christened after King Coffee, takes up his position as well, and a third picture is secured.

Then we entered the house.



LORD WOLSELEY'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.



From a Photo. by] SWORD-CASE IN SECOND RECEPTION-ROOM. [Elliott & Fry.

There was still very much more to be seen before the study of the great soldier was reached. The staircases are hung with many rare pieces of tapestry, and numbers of quaint specimens of "picture needlework" are on the walls in frames.

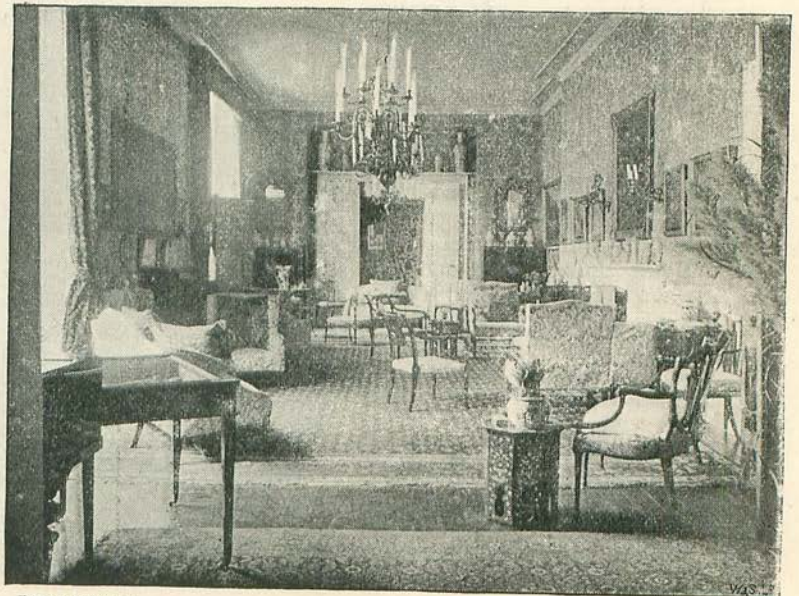
A pair of ironing boards, carved in oak and dated 1667, are in a corner—reminders of the days when ladies of high degree themselves ironed their own laces, collars, and frills. Near by is a handsomely carved gong from Burmah, a small oak cradle of the seventeenth cen-

tury, and a reproduction of Boehm's bust of Lord Wolseley done in 1882. A great cabinet with glass doors reveals the fact that Lady Wolseley not only collects fans—and lace, by the bye—but just now is industriously engaged in collecting rare covers of old books. Many of these are of exquisite workmanship. Miss Wolseley's hobby is bookplates, of which she has over two thousand specimens.

The way to Lord Wolseley's study is to the right of the entrance hall. The first apartment passed through is Miss Wolseley's study. The tone of the walls is of white and blue, the furniture of rose-wood. There are some delightful water-colours here, principally of scenes in Cyprus. The only suggestion of matters military about the room is a small breastplate near the fireplace—the remnant of a suit of armour.

A door opens to a small corridor of white enamel. This is one of the most interesting corners of the house. One side—along which the windows run—is devoted to old military pictures, of which Lord Wolseley has a very choice collection. Here, too, are many of the playbills of performances given by the French Zouaves in the Crimea.

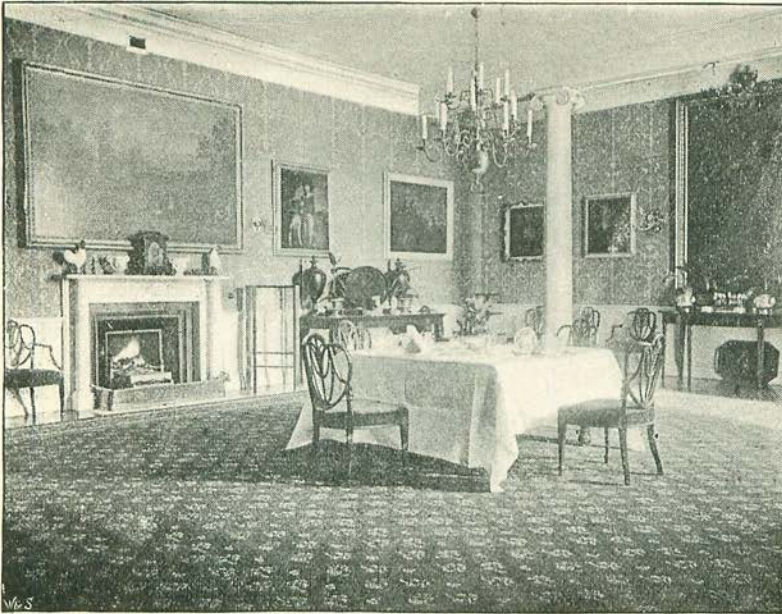
The opposite side contains an excellent library, whilst in the spare spaces are



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.



where it was hung in Cete-wayo's private room." Over the door is a suggestive picture of General Gordon — "The Last Watch — Kartoum."

The study is decorated in blue and white. Many are the engravings of Nelson; there are no fewer than four in the immediate vicinity of the mantel-board. A clever crayon drawing of Bismarck, by Linbach, reminds Lord Wolseley to credit Bismarck

From a Photo. by]

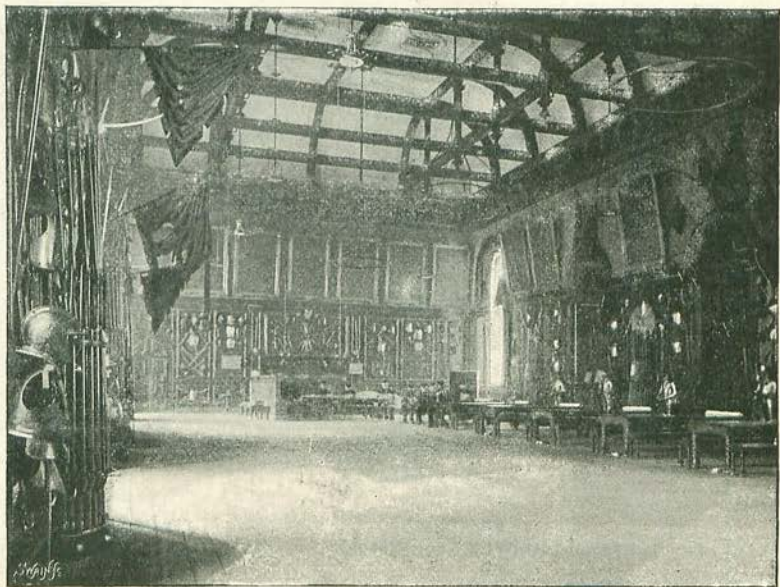
THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

set out the various testimonials and illuminated vellums presented at various times. There are quite a number of letters captured from the Mahdi. One of these has the following inscription:—"Letter from Mahamet El Kheir Emir, of Barbar, to Abdul Magid Wad Le Ralik, giving an account of the capture of Kartoum and death of Gordon (the accursed), picked up on the battle-field of El Kirbek, Feb. 11, 1885. Found by a soldier of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in a donkey's saddle-bag."

This leads on to Lord Wolseley's dressing-room. With but few exceptions the pictures here are nearly all prints or engravings. One of the Queen has the following note of interest written beneath it:—"This picture was taken in the Ulandi Kraal in August, 1879,

with the most interesting conversation he has ever had with any man. There is a print of Warren Hastings—another hero of Lord Wolseley's. An engraving from Frank Holl's picture of Colonel Stewart suggests to its owner to tell how at Stewart's death his brother officers and friends were desirous of having a picture of him painted. Frank Holl—best and kindest-hearted of



From a Photo. by]

THE GREAT HALL, USED AS A BALL-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

all artists—was asked if he would do it for £300. £300! No; he would do it for nothing. In a niche between the two windows are grouped together the autographed portraits received from members of the Royal Family. The centre is occupied by Her Majesty—dated Balmoral, October 31, 1882—and round the Queen are gathered Princess Beatrice, Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Duke of Cambridge, Emperor of Russia, William I., Emperor of Germany, and others.

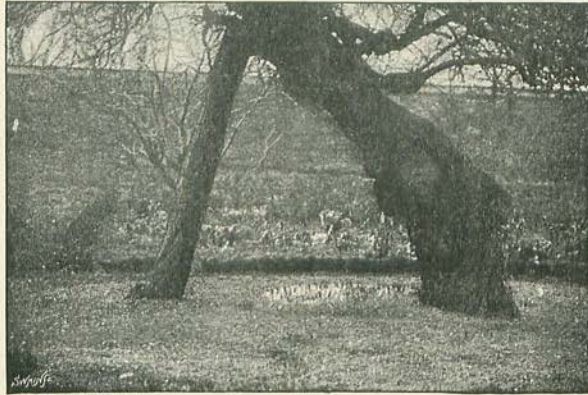
The volumes here are as numerous as they are varied and useful. Lord Wolseley considers books and horses among the greatest comforts a man can have. He has every work written on the life or times of the great Duke of Marlborough—a man whom he considers far greater than Wellington. The early hours of the day—for Lord Wolseley is down at six every morning—find him at work adding something to the history of the Duke which he is writing. Already a dozen bulky volumes of MSS. are completed. He works and writes, sometimes sitting at his table, sometimes standing at his desk. The mention of Wellington's name causes Lord Wolseley to take from a chair a small flag. Though the brilliancy of its colours—gold and red—has faded, it still betokens a former richness.

"When the Duke was buried," Lord Wolseley said, "the great pall was surrounded by six small flags. A short time ago the present Duke was

asked to take these out of the crypt at St. Paul's. He took four of them. A friend of mine secured two, from whom I obtained this."

I then settled down to hear from his own lips some of the incidents which have formed part of a life which on more than one occasion may truly be said to have been charmed. He has had bullets run through the lappets and sleeves of his coat; shots have carried the cap off his head, but still have missed him. He has been laid low with wounds

such as many a stronger man than he would have succumbed to, but he point blank refused to die, and he kept his word and held on to his decision. Look at his early training. True, he was a soldier from the first, but he was a better one at the end



From a Photo. by

"CESAR'S" GRAVE.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo. by

"THE JOCKEY CAT."

[Elliott & Fry.]

of eight years. During his first eight years in the army he was at war every year. In 1852 and 1853, in Burmah; 1854, 1855, and 1856, in the Crimea; 1857, 1858, and 1859, in the Indian Mutiny; and 1860 found him



From a Photo. by]

LORD WOLSELEY AND THE HON. MISS WOLSELEY.

[Elliott & Fry.

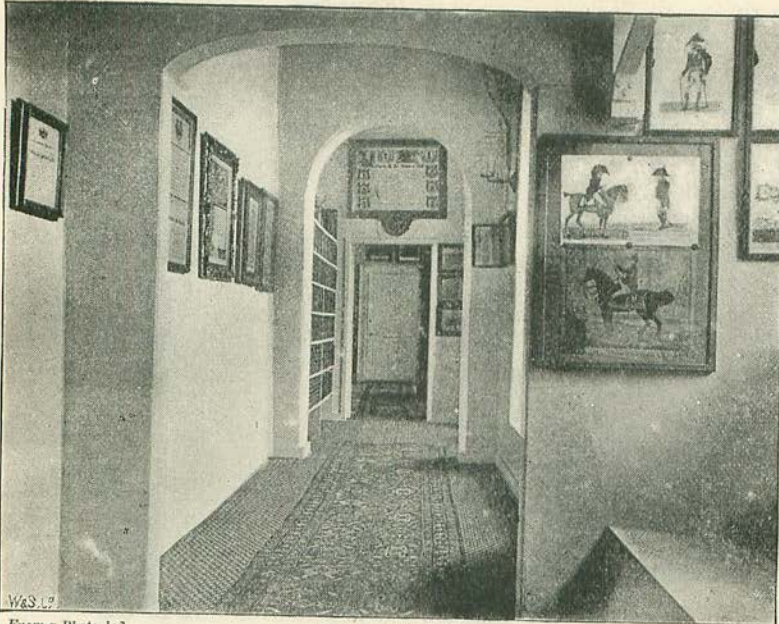
in the China war. He frankly says this is the secret of his success. Lord Wolseley accounts for his rapid promotion by the experience he gained during those eight years of preliminary training. At the time he was made a captain—within three years of joining—he was the youngest in the army; he was promoted to be a Major as soon as the allotted six years had passed, and nine months afterwards was Lieut.-Colonel—a record of rapid rising neither to be beaten nor equalled.

"We all have chances," said Lord Wolseley, "but a large proportion of men don't know it. The opportunities are waiting for them to grasp, and they won't put out their hands to take them. I had my chances, and had the knowledge to grasp them. Then I was fortunate enough to win approval. There is only one way for a young man to get on in the army. He must try and get killed in every way he possibly can! He must be absolutely indifferent to life. If he does not succeed in getting killed he is bound to get on—

that is, always assuming he has intelligence and the instincts of a soldier."

Lord Wolseley comes from a family of soldiers, and is the son of the late Major G. J. Wolseley, and was born at Golden Bridge House—curiously enough, within a stone's throw of his present abode—on June 4, 1833. A portrait of his mother, here reproduced, stands on a table in his study. He was called Garnet, after Bishop Garnet, his father's great-uncle. He has practically little in the way of ancestry to hang his successful career on. The successful man—be he a soldier or what you will—lifts himself in life, and does not depend on the support of ancestral pillars. So says Lord Wolseley. He passed his early days in Dublin, occasionally coming over to England on holiday visits to Sir Richard Wolseley. He entered the army in 1850 as an ensign. The campaign in Burmah was his first war.

"The first man I ever saw killed was during a skirmish in Burmah," Lord Wolseley said, "and Lord Alcester—then



W&S L.P.

From a Photo. by]

THE CORRIDOR.

[Elliott & Fry.

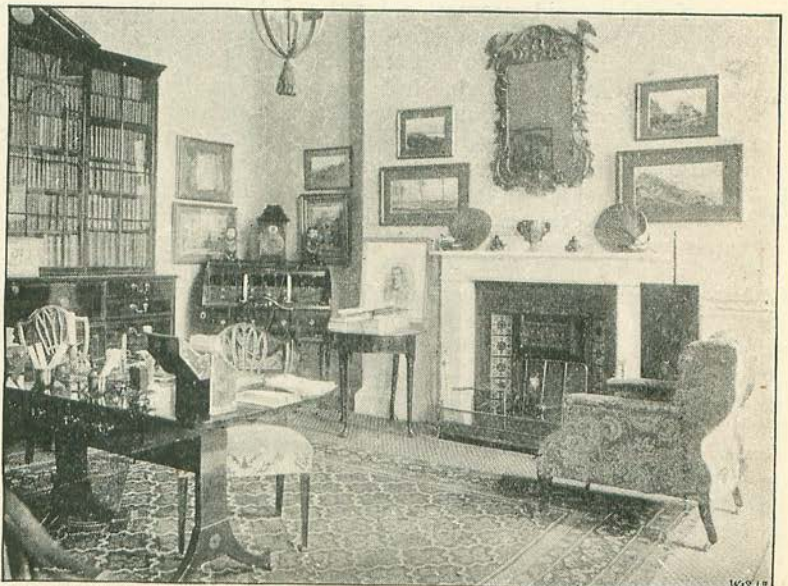
a young naval commander—was responsible for it. I can scarcely tell you how I felt on going into my first action. It is a sensation hard to describe. Nine out of ten men don't know how they are going to behave. You look forward with eagerness to see what a battle is like. I know I was longing to get shot at. Nerve—nerve, is the great thing needed. The wise men who haven't got it give up, the fools stay on and come to grief. Your soldier may have spirit and enthusiasm, but nerve beats everything else. Spirit is not much use when death is in the air, enthusiasm of little avail when bullets are whistling about and trying to pick you out from amongst all the others. Nerve, nothing but nerve, tells in the long run.

“The first engagement I was

in came about as follows. It was in Burmah:—

“I was at Rangoon at the time, and the news arrived there of the rout of a company commanded by Captain Lock. Every soldier who could be spared was to go up the river, push through the jungle and punish the enemy. Two hundred of the 80th Regiment went, under command of Sir John Cheape. We fought for nineteen days, until

at last we worked our way up to the final position one afternoon, halted and began making arrangements for attacking the next morning. At daybreak, when the fog cleared, I was told off with four men to a certain point to skirmish. *I had never been drilled!* My four men—or rather boys, had neither been drilled nor even fired off a musket. I tell you this to illustrate the



From a Photo. by]

MISS WOLSELEY'S STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRESSING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

a soul seemed to be stirring, though I could hear heavy firing. I got out of the hole and ran for my life. It was 150 yards to our lines, and I cannot tell you the sensation of that 150 yards' run, expecting every moment to provide a refuge for a dozen or twenty bullets in my body. I found our people lying down. It was not so easy to reach the enemy as had been anticipated, and consequently

great nonsense of some people's ideas, who state that the army to-day is inferior to that of thirty years ago. Though I had not been drilled I was well up in strategy tactics, of which I had been a student from my earliest days. We started, and suddenly came upon the enemy. The enemy heard us, and opened a heavy fire, killing my four men. More men now came up, and we were ordered to go on and charge. There was a native regiment of infantry extended in skirmishing order, and I well remember kicking a fat old native officer because he wouldn't go on. Then volunteers were called for the charging party. I said I would go, and with others—principally of the 80th—under the lead of the present General Allan Johnson, we went.

"When about thirty or forty yards from the enemy's works I fell into a great hole, dug some five feet deep, with a very formidable spike in the middle, and brambles, and twigs and leaves scattered over it; it was indeed a man-trap! I was stunned for some time. When I recovered I rose and crawled out—on the enemy's side! They commenced firing. I disappeared into my hole again. I waited awhile. Not

volunteers for a second storming party were asked for. Another man named Taylor led one detachment, and I led the other. I warned him of the hole, and we went stealing on, two and two, along the narrow



LORD WOLSELEY'S MOTHER.



From a Photo. by]

LORD WOLSELEY'S STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

path right and left of the dangerous trap. Taylor was shot through both legs, and died by my side afterwards. Only a few more yards and we were victors! I fell, shot through the left leg. I thought I was bleeding to death. The men saw me fall and were inclined to go back, and a sergeant named Quin wanted to carry me away. 'Go on! Go on!' I cried with what strength I could—"Go on, men—go on!" They did, scrambled over the parapet—and the enemy bolted."

Such was the first day's real work of the young ensign. He was so badly wounded that he had to lie up for three months, for the best part of two months lying on his back, and for a considerable time afterwards going about on crutches. On his recovery he obtained a lieutenancy in the 90th Light Infantry. Then came the news of the battle of Inkermann. This called him to the Crimea, and on November 19, 1854, he started from Ireland, where he was staying when the news arrived. Here again his conspicuous bravery brought him into prominence; in the Crimea, as in all his subsequent engagements, he practically snapped his fingers at the bullets, and held up his head as a bull's-eye for shells. He was twice wounded—once very badly, which resulted in the loss of the sight of one of his eyes, and the still visible scar on his cheek.

We now come to the week before Sebas-

topol was taken. Young Wolseley was an engineer officer, and, being short of men, experienced fellows were taken from the line for engineering work. The young officer had charge of the advance sap close up to the redoubts. He was to push on the sap at night as fast as possible. The place was very rocky.

"It was a glorious night," continued Lord Wolseley; "the moon was shining, and by its light I was sketching a plan of the

place to pass on to the officer who was to relieve me. I paused for a moment to look at a certain battery, expecting them to open fire. Suddenly I saw a flash! A round shot fell amongst us, and struck the gabion which was filled with stones, scattering them with terrific force amongst us. Both the poor fellows by my side were killed. I fell to the ground. I was lifted up by two men and carried into the camp. My left cheek was lying on my jacket—I thought my jawbone was broken. I was hit all over the face, riddled with the stones and flint. They got me to the doctor's hut—through which a stream of wounded were passing all night—aye, we were losing a battalion a day then. They wanted to patch me up, but I wouldn't let them. I whispered that I had something in my cheek. They said it was my jawbone. But it was not. For the very next morning a sergeant gave me, wrapped in a newspaper, a piece of flint two-and-a-half inches long, which they had pulled out of my cheek with a pair of dentist's forceps."

Such is the story of the scar and the loss of sight of the right eye. Wolseley had to live in a dark cave for many days after this occurrence. He was wounded, however, previous to this, when he fought from sunrise to daybreak next morning—four-and-twenty hours. Utterly exhausted he fell from a wound in the thigh, received whilst getting over a parapet to go out, for



BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

he had to make a trench—the connecting link between the lines—himself. He was found amongst the dead and dying, where he was picked up by a brother officer.

“We won some of our engagements simply through shouting,” Lord Wolseley said. “We had no men, and I don’t believe we had twenty-five fellows the last time we attacked. We were shouting, shouting, shouting, and afterwards I could not speak for four days, whilst some of the officers lost their voices for a week. We were firing from behind a heap of dead bodies, and I told the bugler to blow his very loudest whilst we cheered, and so the enemy thought we had plenty of men in the rear.”

Lord Wolseley referred very merrily to a certain Christmas Day which he spent in the Crimea, and how he made a Christmas pudding, the result of which went a long way to prove that his culinary education had been neglected.

“In the Crimea we messed by companies,” he said. “It was Christmas—Christmas in the Crimea. What more natural than—a plum-pudding! A brother officer and myself determined to make one. We had no bread nor flour, only biscuit, which we powdered up in a hollowed-out shell, with

a shot for a pestle. No plums either. But we chopped up some figs, and managed to get a couple of pounds of very bad suet from Balaklava. We had some doubts in our mind as to whether it ought to be roasted or boiled, but finally decided on the latter, and wrapped our mixture up in a towel.

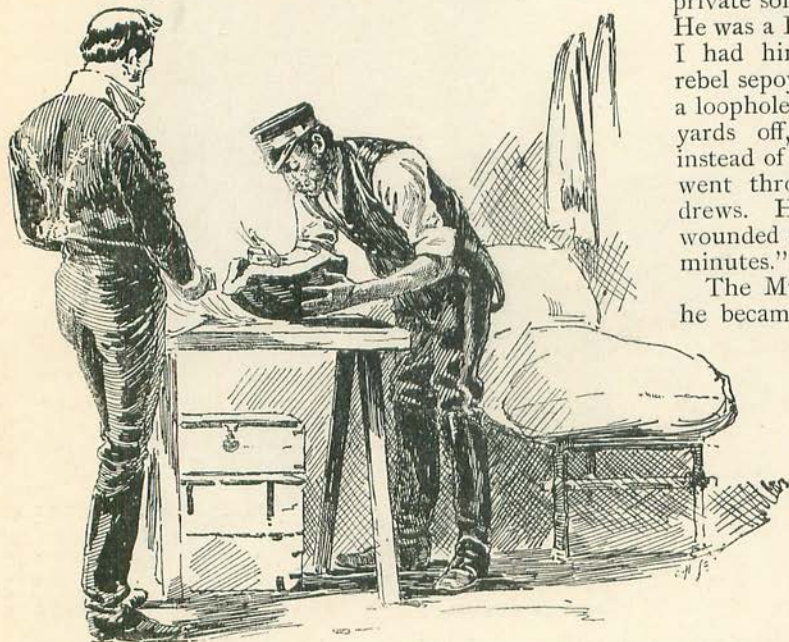
“Now in the ordinary course of events it was not our turn for the trenches, but the pudding had scarcely been boiling half an hour when an officer came in and ordered us out. What was to be done? Eat the Christmas concoction now or to-morrow? Decision—now. And, unmindful of the fact that Christmas puddings take a great deal longer than half an hour to boil, I confess to eating liberally. Away I went to the trenches. About twelve o’clock I thought I was going to expire. It was the only night I ever had to leave the trenches. A regimental doctor got hold of me, and I was on my way home, when the walk did me so much good that I went back again. Since then I have never made a pudding, either Christmas or otherwise.”

Then came the Indian Mutiny. He was really bound for China when the Mutiny broke out, and the 90th were the first to

land. Whilst on his way to China in the *Transit*, he was shipwrecked in the Straits of Malacca. Together with his company, he was posted on the lower deck, the only light afforded being that of lanterns. How vivid

the Lucknow Residency. The picture represents me carrying off a wounded man out of fire to a neighbouring shelter. The wounded man was Private Andrews, of my company, one of the *very bravest* private soldiers I ever knew. He was a Londoner. When I had him in my arms a rebel sepoy fired at me from a loophole about six or seven yards off, and the bullet, instead of going through me, went through Private Andrews. He was thus badly wounded twice within a few minutes."

The Mutiny over, in 1858 he became a Major in the 90th Foot, and Lieut.-Colonel in 1859. In 1860 Wolseley was with Sir Hope Grant in China. Here he formed those very decisive and strong opinions of the Chinese which are as great a conviction with him to-day as in the sixties. He believes the Chinese to be the greatest



LORD WOLSELEY'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

W. D. Howson
-1872

and solemn is the picture! The ship sinking, a thousand souls on board, the men standing at "attention," silent, and waiting for death. In turn they made for the boats, until at last it fell to Wolseley with his 112 men to go on deck, and they were saved. The shipwrecked party lived at Malacca—an almost uninhabited spot—for ten days. They had saved some salt pork from the ship, and this was put into a pot with pieces of baboon!—a most sickening meat. At last Singapore was reached—Wolseley, having lost all he had in the *Transit*, buying a fresh kit at Calcutta, which the enemy eventually burnt at Cawnpore.

Lord Wolseley led the storming party that eventually relieved Lucknow. Our frontispiece is a reproduction of Mr. Wollen's picture, which now hangs in the officers' mess-room of the Marine Artillery at Portsmouth, for which Lord Wolseley sat. In speaking of this picture, Lord Wolseley said:—

"It was at the storming party which I led against the Metee Mohul in November, 1857, which opened out the way into

race in the world; they possess all the elements of being a great people, they have courage, physical power, and absolute contempt for death. To-day in that country soldiering is looked down upon; only the "failures in life" enter the army. Let a Bismarck or a Napoleon rise up amongst them, and in two generations they would be the greatest nation and conquering power in the world. They only need a leader. Give them progress and they will conquer. Three hundred years ago they were the head of the world, but their growth was stunted. China wants a modern man with modern ambitions. Let their leader come, and they must revive again.

"So great is their aptitude for learning," Lord Wolseley said, "that I should be glad to have a force of Chinamen here, where, under the tuition of English Infantry officers, in one year they would turn out the finest soldiers in the world."

From China he went to Canada, where in 1870 he was in charge of the Red River

Expedition, of which he had supreme command. For this he was knighted. Then followed a period at the War Office, where he did more to convert our army into a modern fighting machine than any of his predecessors. A short campaign in Ashantee brought him the thanks of Parliament, a grant of £25,000, a K.C.B., and the freedom of the City of London. He was then sent out to Natal to carry out a change of Government. One of the papers stated that "a new Governor had come out to drown the independence of the country in champagne

betrayed into my hands by his Prime Minister. He was surrounded in a kraal, and there was no escape for him. I never spoke to Cetewayo—I refused to—but I can see him now, walking into camp, very dignified, very fat, very kingly in appearance. When I took him he was accompanied by several hundred wives. I gave him three out of these, and shipped him away in a man-o'-war to an island in Table Bay. He was continually asking for more wives—a request I never granted. But at last, when he heard I was returning to England, he sent me a message to the effect



From a Photo. by]

LORD WOLSELEY AND LORD EDWARD CECIL.

[Elliott & Fry.

and sherry," so liberal was he in the entertainments he gave. After a year at the Indian Office he was appointed the first Governor of Cyprus, in 1878. Then the Zulu war broke out. Lord Wolseley had a most amusing anecdote to tell about Cetewayo.

"For six weeks," he said, "we were trying to capture him. He was eventually

that "if I wouldn't give him any more, would I exchange the three he had for three others!"

Not the least interesting part of the time spent at the Royal Hospital was passed in listening to stories associated with the Egyptian Campaign, and reminiscences of General Gordon.

"The Duke of Connaught," said Lord

Wolsey, "was the best brigadier I had there. He was a capital officer, devoted to his men, and a most keen soldier.

"Gordon left London on January 18, 1884; he started from my house, and when he left he said, 'I pray for three people every night of my life, and you are one of them.' When Gordon went to Kartoum he went for God. I think Charley Gordon was one of the two great heroes I have known in my life. I have met abler men, but none so sincere. He was full of courage and determination, honest in everything he did or ever thought of, and totally indifferent to wealth. His departure for the Soudan took place late in the afternoon. There he stood, in a tall silk hat and frock coat. I offered to send him anything he wanted.

"Don't want anything,' he said.

"But you've got no clothes!"

"I'll go as I am!" he said, and he meant it.

"He never had any money; he always gave it away. I know once he had some £7,000. It all went in the establishment of a ragged school for boys.

"I asked him if he had any cash.

"No,' was his calm reply. 'When I left Brussels I had to borrow £25 from the King to pay my hotel bill with.'

"Very well,' I said, 'I'll try and get you some, and meet you at the railway station with it.' I went round to the various clubs and got £300 in gold. I gave the money to Colonel Stewart who went with him: Gordon wasn't to be trusted with it. A week or so passed by when I had a letter from Stewart. He said, 'You remember the £300 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came out to cheer Gordon. Amongst them was an old sheik to whom Gordon was much attached, and who had become poor and blind. Gordon got the money, and gave the whole of it to him!'

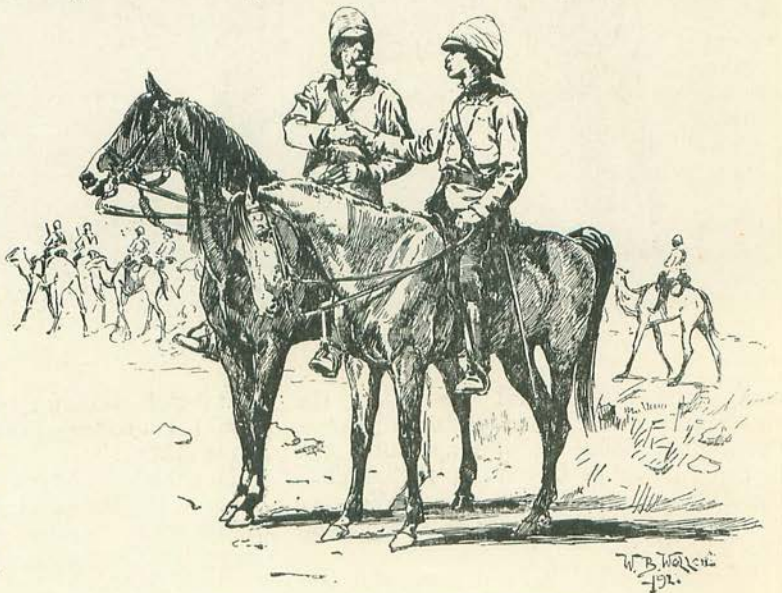
"I left England the August following his departure. Early in April I had pressed the Government to relieve him. My calculation was that he wouldn't hold out beyond November 15, 1884—based, of course, on the amount of provisions and ammunition which he possessed. Never in history was there such a race—about 1,800 miles up the Nile from the sea, when we lost at the post by a neck. The Mahdi made pretence that he had won a great victory by taking round a few helmets he had picked up. The people of Kartoum were starving—existing at last on herbs and roots. Charley Gordon would have been alive to-day had not poor Stewart been struck down.

"Colonel Stewart was the handsomest man in the army. He could do anything. I picked him up as a captain in Zululand. When I first landed, and, on reaching Korti, found Gordon in extremis, I had made up my mind to send the Camel Corps, which Stewart commanded, across the desert. But we couldn't move. Both men I sent were killed. I rode into the desert with Stewart when he was starting across the sandy plain.

"Now, Stewart,' I said, 'I'll make use of an Irishism. I'll never forgive you if you get killed.'

"I won't!" he cried, and wrung my hand, as he rode away.

"Poor Stewart! When he was dying he wrote me a message, apologising for



"I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU IF YOU GET KILLED."

having got killed. When I heard he was wounded it was a great blow to me. I was connected by telegraph from Korti to England, and I wired to Lord Hartington—'Stewart wounded, chance of living, strongly recommend him a Major-General.' Within twelve hours the Queen made him a Major-General. I believe in the sudden delivery of good news to a wounded man in battle. It held Stewart up for days, but he finally succumbed, and was buried in the desert.

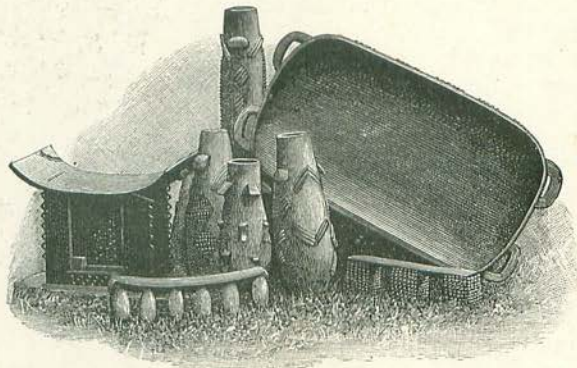
"I have never smoked since I was in the desert in 1885. I once used to smoke in all actions, and in India demolished some twenty cigars a day. I thought smoking injurious to the nerves, and I wanted every iota of nerve before I went up to take Kartoum. I remember, too, I did not smoke for a week before Tel-el-Kebir was won. I used to carry a case containing six regalias. After the fight was over and I had despatched my telegram to England, I went off to find a poor *aide-de-camp*. I lit a cigar. By the time I found him I had smoked a couple, and finally finished the whole half-dozen, and excellent cigars they were, too."

On Lord Wolseley's return from Egypt he was elevated to the rank of Viscount.

In reply to a question regarding compulsory service, Lord Wolseley said: "It is a mistake to imagine that I have ever advocated universal service for England. I have on more than one occasion pointed out the great benefits which must accrue to any nation that has the patriotism to adopt such a system. I have done so by balancing the pros and cons on this particular point. The advantages are, briefly, that you supplement your ordinary schools of education in which the mind alone is taught and trained. By a service of a couple of years in

the army, such as the young German soldier receives, you develop his physical power, you make a man of him in body and in strength, as the schools he had been at previously had made a man of him mentally. You teach him habits of cleanliness, tidiness, punctuality, reverence for superiors, and obedience to those above him, and you do this in a way that no other species of machinery that I have ever been acquainted with could possibly fulfil. In fact, you give him all the qualities calculated to make him a thoroughly useful and loyal citizen when he leaves the colours, and returns home to civil life. And of this I am quite certain, that the nation which has the courage and the patriotism to insist on all its sons undergoing this species of education and training for at least two or three generations, will consist of men and women far better calculated to be the fathers and mothers of healthy and vigorous children than the nation which allows its young people to grow up without any physical training, although they may cram their heads with all sorts of scientific knowledge in their national schools. In other words, the race in two or three generations will be stronger, more vigorous, and therefore braver, and more calculated to make the nation to which they belong great and powerful. Such a system must necessarily be a burden upon the people, entailing upon the present generation a considerable loss of time, and many other drawbacks, all to be endured for a great future benefit to the nation. In fact, the plan means a certain amount of self-abnegation to the individual for the sake of the future of the nation to which that individual belongs."

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by] CETEWAYO'S MILK-PAILS, DISH, AND PILLOWS. [Elliott & Fry,