

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XVIII.—WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL D



It may be fairly said that Dr. Russell is the accredited father of a professional family which, though necessarily limited in the number of its sons, possesses the world as its debtors.

The dodging of bullets and shells, the cornering of ourselves in some haven of refuge from the ferocious charging of maddened horses and men—in short, the participation in all “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” is not run after by the average man. Dr. Russell was the first of our known war correspondents. The remembrance of this—as I ascended in the lift which delivered me at the door of his flat in Victoria Street—was suggestive of the probable unfolding of a life of the deepest interest. Nor was I disappointed. I spent some hours with Dr. Russell, and when it came to “Good-bye,” he asked: “Have you got what you want?”

I was in earnest when I asked him if he could cut out ten or twenty years of his life, for my load of delightful information was so great that I feared the space at my disposal could not hold it all. His reply was: “Ah! willingly, willingly—if I could. The burden of my years is heavier than the load of incidents you are carrying away with you.”

Dr. Russell is of medium height, strongly built, wearing a white moustache, and

possessing a head of wavy, silver hair. He is now lame from injuries received by his horse falling on him in the Transvaal. He took me from room to room, and as he narrated the little incidents associated with his treasures, it was all done quietly, impressively free from any boastfulness. For he wished me to understand that though his life had often been in danger, in scenes where men won great names for heroic deeds and gave up their lives for their country, he was only a camp follower and nothing more in the nine campaigns which he has seen—he chronicled history, he did not make it. I hope this little article will prove a courteous contradiction to this.

You pass by many articles of rarity in the corridor on your way to the dining-room—cabinets of battle-field relics, jade bowls, Indian and Egyptian ware, a great Hindu deity, once the property of Baine Mahdo, the Oude Tlookdar, an Indian chief; recreation and sport are represented by gun-cases and a huge bundle of fishing rods in the corner. Here on a table are half-a-dozen cigar cases, one of which, with silver clasps, is from the Prince of Wales, as a souvenir of the visit to India in 1875-6, in which Dr. Russell acted as Honorary Pri-

private Secretary to H. R. H.; some exquisite cups and bowls of bedree work from Lucknow; and over one of the doors is



From a Photo. by

DR. RUSSELL. [Diaz Spencer & Co., Valparaiso.]

Landseer's "Horseman and Hounds," which, curiously enough, was reproduced in an article I wrote in this Magazine entitled "Pictures with Histories," in April, 1891. The cosy, small dining-room overlooks Victoria Street, and contains some excellent pictures—one of Dr. Russell's mother, another of the artist, J. G. Russell, A.R.A., who also painted the portrait of Mr. Russell's paternal grandfather opposite that of his uncle, and several depicting scenes in the hunting-field. Two big canvases, however, are particularly interesting. One dated Lucknow, March, 1858, is "The Death of Cleopatra," painted by Beechey.

"Beechey visited India long before the Mutiny, and was entertained by the King of Oude," explained Dr. Russell. "He painted this portrait, probably of a Circassian, for the King. During the looting of the Kaiserbagh of Lucknow at the time of the Indian Mutiny, when we were leaving the palace, I remarked to an officer that it was a pity to leave it hanging there.

"Cut it out of the frame," was his advice.

at it for an hour at a time, saying softly, 'Poor old thing! poor old dear! how fine and how silly he looks.' Dear Thackeray!—he was one of my dearest and warmest friends. He lived in Onslow Square, very near to my house in Sumner Place, for several years. He was very fond of my wife, and I well remember how, when she was laid low with a serious illness and was not expected to live, Thackeray would stand every morning opposite my house, waiting for me to appear at the window. If I nodded, it was a sign that my wife was a little better, and he came in for a few words; if I shook my head, he went quietly and dolefully away. We often dined at the Garrick Club. One night I met him in Pall Mall on my way home to dinner.

"Let us dine at the Garrick to-night," he said.

"I told him I could not, as I had promised to dine at home.

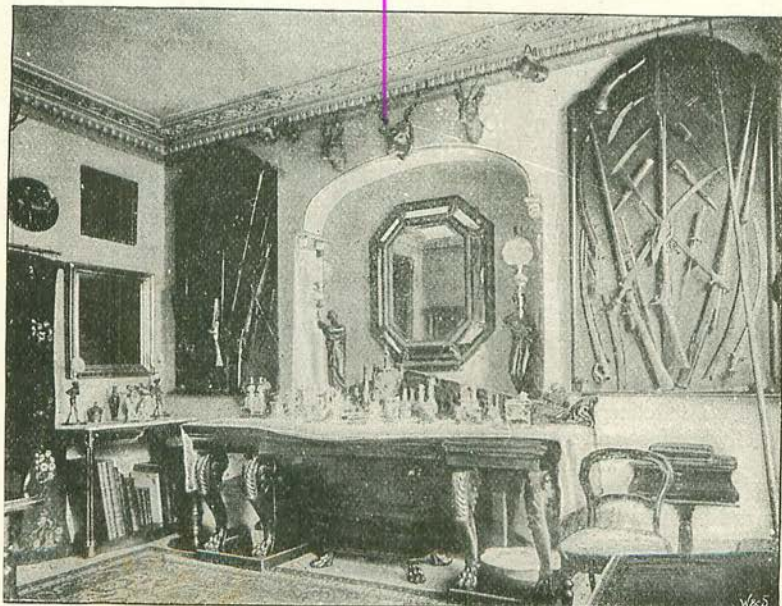
"Oh!" said he, 'I'll write to Mrs. Russell, and I know she will excuse you. It is important, you know.'

"I consented. I sent a messenger home

with the letter of excuse and a request for the latch-key. It came, with this little note in my wife's handwriting attached to it: 'Go it, my boy! you are killing poor Thackeray and Johnny Deane!' Thackeray was delighted and put the note in his pocket. Deane was a neighbour of ours."

You may count the ink-pots and paper-weights made out of shells and bullets by the score. But examine these two great boards or shields, covered

with red cloth, on either side of the fine side-board. Picturesquely arranged are muskets from the Crimean battle-fields, Alma, Inkerman, etc., matchlocks and tulwars from India, spears, Zulu assegais, swords, fencing foils, revolvers, and old-fashioned pistols. Here is a beautiful dagger from the Rajah of Mundi, near it is the key of one of the magazines



From a Photo. by

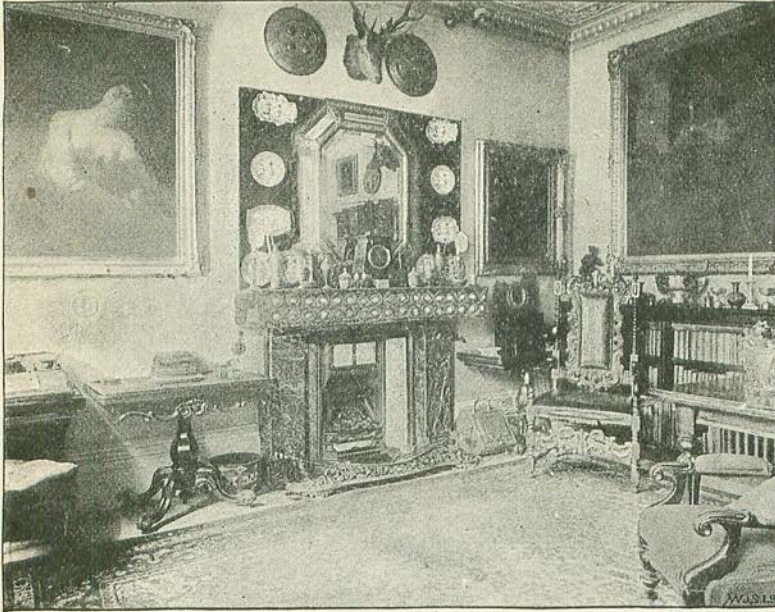
THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

I did so, and a soldier wrapped it round his rifle barrel, and so we got it away."

The other canvas, painted by a native artist, is of the King of Oude himself, surrounded by his Court and attired in all his Oriental splendour.

"That was one of Thackeray's favourite pictures," said Dr. Russell. "He would look



From a Photo. by

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.]

knick-knacks are countless. This exquisite jade vase—once studded with rubies—was given to its present possessor by the Maharajah of Puttiala. It is one of many here. The medals, one “in memoriam” of the coronation of the Czar at Moscow, 1856, and silver trinkets are numerous—an immense “turnip” watch, the property of a great-great-grandfather, was said to be 150 years old when he first had it.

An idol from a Japanese temple,

and a chobdar of rare beauty, composed of various stones of different lengths, all with some mystic meaning, are here. A hundred photographs of celebrities are set out on a screen near the door—Sir Collingwood Dickson amongst them.

of the Great Redan at Sebastopol, which the present owner took out himself, on 9th September, 1855, the day of the fall of the place. Handle this remnant of a scabbard thoughtfully: it once belonged to a poor fellow in the Crimea—the remainder of it was driven by a shell splinter into his side. Examine this curious old blunderbuss, and listen to its story.

“The bravest and coolest man I ever knew,” said Dr. Russell. “He practically won the battle of Inkerman with his two eighteen-pounders.”

“It comes from India,” said Dr. Russell. “A pile of arms were brought in to headquarters at Lucknow to be surrendered. I was examining this article, when Lord Clyde—who was standing by my side—asked: ‘Is it loaded?’

The portrait of Dr. Russell’s second son—now Vice-Consul at the Dardanelles—reminds him to tell me that he is now the only survivor of the original party who went with Gordon up to Khartoum when he was first appointed Governor. Gordon made him Governor of Farschodah—a bad place for a white man at present.

“‘No,’ I answered, immediately pulling the trigger. But it was! The charge tore up the ground at Lord Clyde’s feet, and his escape was miraculous. His anger was considerable. No wonder I did not know it was loaded, for the steel ramrod hopped up when I tried it, but the piece was fully charged with telegraph wire cut into small pieces!”

“I can see Gordon now,” Dr. Russell said, quietly, “fighting in the trenches at Sebastopol. I can just recall a very striking incident I heard one night. There was a sortie, and the Russians got into our parallel. The trench guards were encouraged to drive them out by Gordon, who stood on the parapet, in imminent danger of his life, prepared to meet death with nothing save his stick in his hand.

The drawing-room contains objects of great interest. An autographed picture of the Princess of Wales fondling a kitten rests on the mantel-board with other souvenirs. Just near the piano—which is covered with some fine Japanese tapestry—is Meissonier’s “1807.” This beautiful plateau and coffee set of Sèvres was bought at Versailles in 1871, when the people were starving, for a trifle. A tiger’s skin—a trophy from India—lies in front of a shelf over which rises a fine mirror. The

“‘Gordon—Gordon! come down! you’ll be killed,’ they cried. But he paid no heed to them.

“A soldier said, ‘He’s all right. He don’t mind being killed. He’s one of those blessed Christians!’”

A large portrait of Dr. Russell is on the

wall amongst others, taken in Chili, in all his medals and decorations. These are many, for he is a Knight of the Iron Cross, an Officer of the Legion of Honour, has the Turkish War Medal of 1854-6, the Indian War Medal of 1857-8, with the clasp for Lucknow, the South African War Medal of 1879, the Medjidieh (3rd and 4th class), the Osmanieh (3rd and 4th class), the St. Sauveur of Greece. He is a Chevalier of the Order of Franz Josef of Austria—the Redeemer of Portugal—etc.

We looked through a book of literary and pictorial reminiscences of the Crimea. Many of the sketches, the majority by Colonel Colville, now Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh, are highly humorous. The gallant colonel has certainly depicted the chroniclers of war's alarms under very trying circumstances, and Captain Swaebey of the 41st, who was killed at Inkerman, presents the landing of the famous war correspondent and the total annihilation of the rival pressmen of the *Invalide Russe* and the *Soldaten Freund* in a boldly dramatic way. Here is a photograph by Robertson. It shows Balaclava—"The Valley of Death." On the opposite page is a cartoon from *Punch*. A mother and her children are sitting with open ears and excited, tearful faces listening to Paterfamilias by the fireplace, reading a description of the cavalry fight of Balaclava from the *Times*, and flourishing a poker over his head. That account was written by Dr. Russell, and there is little reason to doubt that the word-picture penned by him inspired Lord Tennyson to write the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

We turn over the pages of the album. This slip of blue paper is a delivery note from the Quartermaster-General for a box from England, which Dr. Russell got up with great difficulty at Balaclava. It created great joy,

as the label on it of "Medical Comforts" suggested to the hungry warriors something good from the old country. They gathered round in anxious expectation. Alas! the box contained wooden legs, splints, and such useful supports in life! The letters from generals commanding are numerous—a passport to the interior after the war, a portrait of Catharine of Russia, and one of the Czar Nicholas, torn down from a wall at Buljanak, and many other mementoes. The reading of a letter from the famous French *chef* Soyer reminds Dr. Russell of an anecdote.

Soyer was arrested one night in the Crimea as a spy.

"Who and what are you?" asked the officer into whose presence he was brought.

"I am an officer," was the reply.

"What rank?"

"I am chief of a battery."

"Of what battery?"

"Of the Batterie de Cuisine de l'Armée Anglaise, monsieur!" was the witty answer.

"M. Soyer," continued Dr. Russell, "was very eccentric, but very original—as a cook supreme. He erected a handsome monument to his wife's memory at Kensal Green, and was on the look-out for an



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

inscription. At last he made known his wish to Lord Palmerston.

"Well," said the great statesman, "I don't



From a Photo. by

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.]

on the 19th September, when they obtained their first view of Paris from the heights of Châtillon after the battle of that day. A very few inches nearer, and the probability is that Dr. Russell would not have been sitting in his chair in the cosy study at Victoria Street.

William Howard Russell was born at Lilyvale, co. Dublin, on March 28th, 1821. He really belongs to a Limerick family, and to this day there is just

think you can do better than put on it: *Soyez tranquille!*"

From the drawing-room, the carpet of which was a wedding present from the suite of the Prince of Wales on Dr. Russell's marriage to Countess Malvezzi in 1884, we went into the study, the writing table in which was a personal present from the Prince of Wales on the same occasion. Boxes, full to their lids with diaries and papers, are scattered about; the portraits on the walls are mostly family ones, though here and there hang a few outside the immediate family circle. Dickens and Thackeray are not forgotten; and the head of a little dog is here, under which Landseer has written "Brutus." It was his own dog.

"The most faithful friend I ever had," the great artist said, as he put the picture in Dr. Russell's hands one day.

Over the mantel-board is a picture of the *Scrapis*, the vessel in which Dr. Russell accompanied the Prince to India, and photos of the Prince's parties in India and Turkey. A huge paper-weight and an inkstand are not without a history. The inkstand is formed from a piece of a shell which is embedded in a stone from the Palais de St. Cloud. It was fired by the French from Valérien at their own palace the day it was burned, just as General, then Colonel, Fraser arrived from Versailles. The paper-weight is also a very formidable bit of a shell which was fired from Vanvres at the staff of the Crown Prince

the faintest and happiest tinge of the dear old brogue on the tip of his tongue. He exemplifies in a way the "distractions" of the "distressful country" in politics and religion, for he had a great-grand-uncle hanged on Wexford Bridge in 1798, as a rebel during the war; whilst his grandfather was engaged on the side of Government, and was a valiant member of a Yeomanry Corps. He went to the Rev. Dr. Wall's, who used to flog severely, and to the Rev. Dr. Geoghegan's, a dear old fellow, who was not so birchingly inclined, both in the same street; but whatever he knows is due to Dr. Geoghegan's school, where he was a "day boy" for six or seven years. Amongst his schoolfellows were General Waddy (Alma, Inkerman, etc.), R. V. Boyle—who defended Arrah in the Mutiny—General Sir Henry de Bathe, Colonel Willans, and Dion Boucicault, who was then called Boursiquot.

"Boucicault was a very cantankerous boy," said Dr. Russell, "though unquestionably plucky. I remember he fought a big fellow named Barton—who, by-the-bye, became a famous advocate in India, and died not long ago a J.P. in Essex—with one arm tied behind his back, and took a licking gallantly. He was always considered a clever fellow; but, oh! how he used to romance! St. Stephen's Green was the great battle-field of the schools—Wall's, Huddart's, Geoghegan's, etc.—in those days. Black eyes were as plentiful as blackberries, and I had my share. I was always very fond of soldiering,

and used to get up early and set off from our house in Baggot Street to watch the drills in the mornings at the Biggar's Bush Barracks. I used to get cartridges from the soldiers, which caused my people much annoyance. Yet not so much as they did the old watchman in his box at the corner of Baggot Street. We found him asleep one night, discharged a shot or two inside, and pitched him and his box over into the canal. He escaped, but we did not, for we caught it severely, and deserved it. When the Spanish Legion was raised I made frantic appeals to join—officer, private, anything—and was only prevented from running away with De Lacy Evans' heroes by the strong arm of authority.

"I entered Trinity College in 1838 at seventeen. Only the other day I was present at the tercentenary, and found myself in the identical place I used to occupy at examinations when a student. There I again met an old class-fellow—Rawdon Macnamara, President of the College of Physicians, Dublin. There were glorious doings during election times, when the Trinity College students—who were mostly Orangemen—met the Roman Catholics and engaged them in battle; but, alas! they were tyrannous and strong. The coal porters were there—'the descendants of the Irish Kings from the coal quay,' as Dan O'Connell called them, and sometimes we had to seek safety at the college gates. Sometimes we had it all our own way, and made the most of it. Away we would go to King William's statue on College Green, shouting, 'Down with the Pope! Down with the Pope!' During one election there was an exhibition in the Arcade of the 'wonderful spotted lady' and 'the Hungarian giant.' We made a charge, overturned the pay box, dismissed the proprietor, made 'the Hungarian giant' run for his life, to say nothing of seeing 'the spotted lady' going off into hysterics. The Dublin coal porters used to be called in to disperse us. We frequently parted with broken heads. We were often triumphant, though."

Dr. Russell left college for a couple of years, during part of which he was mathematical master at Kensington Grammar School. He returned to Trinity, and with the elections of 1841 came his first real literary effort, though he is very proud of a sketch and account of an *alauda cristata*, or crested lark, which appeared in the *Dublin Penny Journal* when he was fifteen years of age—the bird was of his own shooting. A cousin, Mr. R.

Russell, employed on the *Times*, came over to "do" the elections, and suggested the earning of a few guineas to the young collegian by going to the Longford election and writing an account of it. He accepted the suggestion, and not only penned a vivid description of the scene in the hospital where the wounded voters lay with bruised bodies and cracked craniums, but entered heartily into the political campaign, and spoke and fought in it *con amore*. His description delighted the *Times* people. He received bank-notes and praise, both acceptable and novel; he continued to write more descriptive accounts of the meetings of the day, and Delane, the editor, told him to expect constant employment.

O'Connell? Dr. Russell knew him well. No orator has impressed him more, before or since.

"O'Connell was really an uncrowned king," he said. "He wore a green velvet cap with a gold band round it, and a green coat with brass buttons. Still, we had a crossing of swords occasionally. The *Times* commissioner, Campbell Foster, characterized a village on O'Connell's estate, at Derrynane, in a letter on the state of Ireland, as a squalid, miserable settlement of cabins, not possessing a pane of glass in any of the houses. O'Connell declared this to be a lie. I was requested by the *Times* to repair to the spot with Maurice O'Connell to see for myself, and to deny or corroborate Foster's assertion. I could not but corroborate it. On entering a crowded meeting one night at Conciliation Hall, O'Connell rose up and shouted: 'So this contemptible Russell says there is not a pane of glass in Derrynane? I wish he had as many pains in his stomach!'

"Yet O'Connell was always personally kind to me. Once my carriage broke down on the road to Dublin from a monster meeting. O'Connell's was passing at the time. He turned out poor Tom Steele, gave me his place, and a good dinner into the bargain. 'Honest Tom Steele,' as they all called him. He was devoted to O'Connell, and after his death became disconsolate, and eventually threw himself off Waterloo Bridge."

It was just before the arrest of O'Connell that Dr. Russell saw Lord Cardigan for the first time. He was with his regiment of hussars, near Clontarf, where there was a great display of the military who had been sent to prevent the great agitator from holding a meeting, which had been declared illegal by

proclamation. Cardigan was quite magnificent. The next time Dr. Russell met him was in a transport going to Varna. The third time he saw him crestfallen and wounded not quite in front after Balaclava. But O'Connell and his head pacificator, Tom Steele, wore great bunches of shamrock in their coats, and a great posse of priests begged the people to disperse quietly. Then commenced the memorable Irish State trials.

"Both the *Times*—for which I wrote the descriptive portion of the trials—and the *Morning Herald* had chartered special steamers to carry the news and the results of the Government prosecutions to London," said Dr. Russell. "The great day came. The trial of O'Connell and the traversers lasted long, but at last it was over. It was very late on a Saturday night when the jury retired; the judge waited in court for some time, but went away after an hour's expectancy, and the other newspaper correspondents left to get refreshments. I was sitting outside the court, wondering whether I should go to bed. Suddenly my boy rushed up to me.

"'Jury just coming in,' he said.

"And they brought in a verdict of guilty. The moment I heard it I flew from the court, jumped on a car—drove to the station, where I had ordered a special train to be in readiness—got to Kingston—hailed the *Iron Duke*, the steamer chartered by the *Times*—got up steam in half an hour, and left with the consolation that the steamer of the *Morning Herald* was lying peacefully in harbour! Arrived at Holyhead—sped away—special to London—tried to sleep, couldn't—tight boots—took them off. Reached Euston,

"'So glad to see you safe over, sir!' he cried. 'So they've found him guilty?'

"'Yes—guilty, my friend,' I replied.

"The *Morning Herald* came out next day with the news of the fact—the bare fact—as well as the *Times*! The gentleman in the shirt-sleeves was an emissary from their office!"

In 1846 Dr. Russell married the daughter of Mr. Peter Burrowes, and severed for a short period his connection with the *Times*, in the same year becoming "Potato Rot Commissioner," as it was termed, to the *Morning Chronicle*, for which he wrote letters from the famine-stricken districts in the West of Ireland. In 1848 he was special constable on the occasion of Fergus O'Connor's abortive Chartist demonstration at Kennington, and in 1849 he accompanied the Queen's flotilla on a visit to Ireland, and described for the *Times* the first review at Spithead by the Queen, as well as the first review of the French fleet at Cherbourg by Napoleon, after the *coup d'état*. He was summoned home from Switzerland in the same year to attend the Duke of Wellington's funeral. At this ceremony Dr. Russell saw the late Cardinal Howard, then a cornet, riding at the head of a detachment of the Life Guards.

"I was at his funeral only a week or two ago, at Arundel," he said. "A Roman Catholic bishop spoke to me at the Castle, after the ceremony was over. Did I remember him? No, I did not. He introduced himself as Dr. Butt, Bishop of Southwark, who thirty-six years ago was Catholic chaplain in the Crimea, and presently I met his venerable colleague, Bishop

PASS FOR THE BRITISH TRENCHES, ~~FOR THIS DAY.~~

June 4 1863

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
HEAD QUARTERS

W. H. Russell Esq

J. A. Swinson

Has permission to pass through the Trenches.

man waiting with cab, struggled to get on boots, only managed the left foot, and when I reached the *Times* office it was with one boot under my arm.

"As I got out of the cab in Printing House Square, a man in shirt-sleeves—whom I took to be a printer—came up to me.

Virtue, who had also been a chaplain in the Army before Sebastopol. I had not seen either of them since. At lunch I sat next Father Bowden, chief of the Brompton Oratory, who had been in the Guards, and who was a fellow member of the Garrick Club."

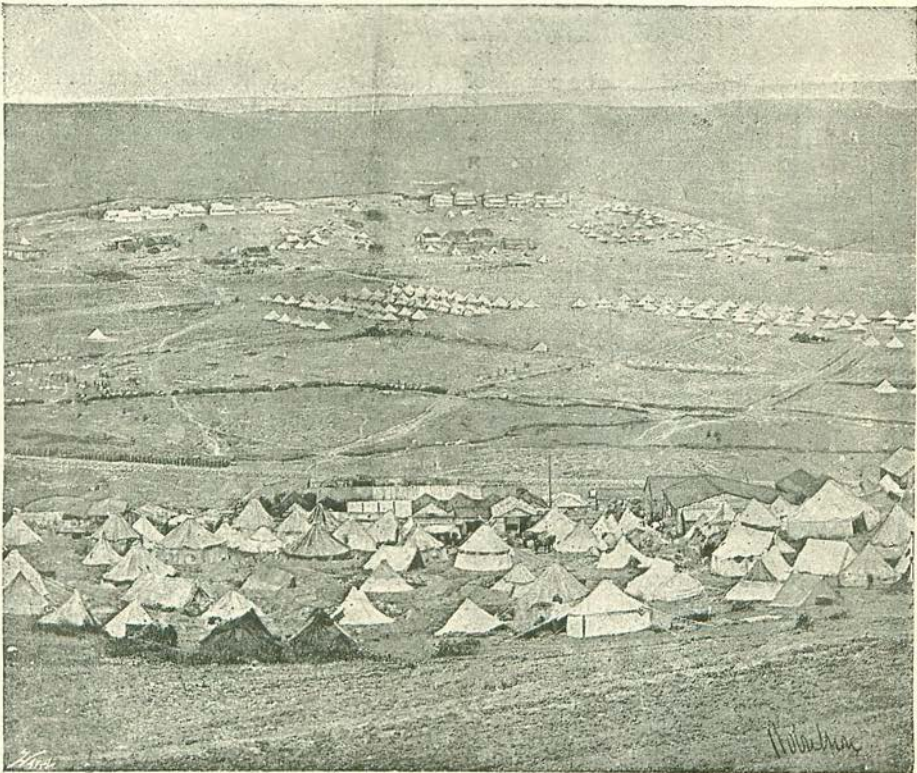
We hurried over events. The first battle he saw was that between the Danes and Prussians at Idstedt in 1852, where he was put in a place of safety, which half an hour afterwards became the centre of action! He was wounded under the arm by a bullet. In February, 1854, he went to Malta with the advanced guard of the army. He scarcely wanted to go. He pleaded his business at the Bar, and other matters, to the editor of the *Times*; besides, how could he leave his young wife and two little ones?

"Nonsense!" said Delane. "It'll be a pleasant excursion. When the Guards get to Malta, and the Czar hears of it, he won't be mad enough to continue his adventure. You'll be back before Easter term begins, depend on it"; for Dr. Russell at this time was in practice in election and Parliamentary cases, having been called to the Bar in 1850.

"Well," added Dr. Russell, smiling, "I got back in 1856!"

to paint! It was one long story of suffering, from the beginning to the end. The war correspondent paid £5 for a ham, 15s. for a small tin of meat, 5s. for a little pot of marmalade, £6 for a pair of common seaman's boots, and £5 for a turkey; and he fattened up that turkey for days. The turkey was kept under a gabion. It wanted three days to Christmas. Dr. Russell, accompanied by a friend, went forth to look at the bird that was to be killed for the banquet. They looked through the wickerwork and could see the feathers, but the bird did not move. They raised the gabion. Alas! some villain had stolen the turkey, leaving nothing but the claws, head, and wings!

"That was a very miserable Christmas Day," added Dr. Russell. "Inkerman had just been fought, the army was practically dying out. Then consider the terrible knowledge we possessed. We spent that Christmas Day knowing that there was no hope



From a

BALACLAVA.

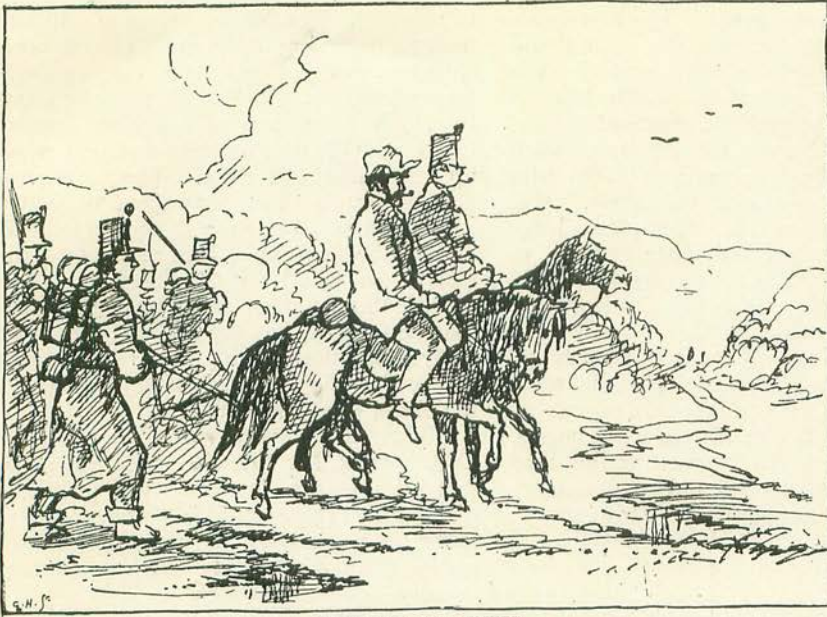
[Photograph.]

His descriptive writing from the Crimea of the dreadful winter roused England and turned out the Government.

What terrible pictures his pen was forced

of entering Sebastopol for weeks to come."

Dr. Russell wrote his account of the battle of the Alma in the leaves of a dead Russian's



RETURNING FROM PICKET.
(Sketched by Col. Colville.)

note-book upon a plank laid across a couple of barrels, under a scorching sun.

Dr. Russell put a little brass eagle in my hand.

‘That is from the shako of a Russian soldier,’ he said. ‘I never saw such gallantry. The fellow rushed out of the column that came down on the Light Division, and which had thrown the Scots Fusiliers into confusion, and made straight for the standard of the Guards. He clutched the staff—swords and bayonets cut and pierced him, but he fought on; and Lindsay and others had to fight for it too. At last he dropped, and I brought this brass eagle, which Norcott’s sergeant gave me, as a memento of one of the most persistent examples of hopeless bravery I ever witnessed.’

When peace was declared he returned to England in the spring of 1856. He reached home late at night, and his wife led him quietly upstairs to a bedroom. She opened the door, and there stood his little ones in their night-gowns at the foot of the bed, singing: ‘Oh! Willie, we have miss’d you, Welcome! welcome home!’

‘I had never heard the song before,’ said Dr. Russell, ‘and I thought it was some little ditty of their mother’s teaching for my welcome. Imagine my disgust next morning, when sitting at breakfast, to hear a band of Ethiopian melodists outside strike up—‘Oh! Willie, we have miss’d you!’”

Now, Dr. Russell’s baptismal appellation is William.

He had not long been home ere he was asked to go out again to Russia to describe the Coronation of the Czar, the account of which he considers his best bit of writing.

“Whilst at one of the receptions at Moscow,” he said, “I met a Russian officer, who spoke excel-

lent English, who had been at Balaclava, and was much interested in the details of the day. In the course of conversation he said:—

“‘I laid the first gun of my battery against a troop of your artillery so true, that when the shell burst, it blew the officer who was riding in front into pieces.’

“‘Pardon me! You are mistaken,’ I said. ‘Permit me to tell you that Captain Maude, who was the officer who rode in front of that troop, is now standing close behind you!’ Major, now General, Maude was indeed badly wounded by that shell, but he is now alive and well, I hope, and at the head of the Queen’s stable.

“Returning home again, Thackeray and others suggested that I should lecture on the war. I did so, with Willert Beale as my impresario. I used to rehearse my lecture before a select audience—Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, John Leech, Thackeray, Delane, Douglas Jerrold, and half the Garrick Club, who used to introduce, ‘Hear! hear! cheers and laughter’ at appropriate places. At last the eventful night of the *début* as lecturer came. The scene was Willis’s Rooms. I peeped into the vast room. Great Heavens! The hall was filled with Crimean officers. I recognised Lord Lucan, Lord Rokeby, Airey, etc., etc., all grimly expectant in front, and many familiar faces behind.

“‘I can’t go on,’ I said.



*Landing of Gordon at and destruction of the Correspondence
of the Swahili People & Soldiers Friend*

(A Sketch by the late Captain Swaby.)

“‘Nonsense,’ said Thackeray. ‘I’ve lectured, so can you.’

“‘I can’t do it, I tell you—go on, somebody, and say I’m ill. The money will be returned!’

“Just then Deane came up with a bumper of champagne. I couldn’t drink it. I peeped through the doorway again, when suddenly I was seized and run on to the platform by Thackeray and Co. So I unwillingly made my first appearance as a lecturer in rather an undignified manner.

“I visited many towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and made money by my tour, but it was distasteful to me; I was glad when my engagements were over, and have never lectured since, though often asked to do so. When the Indian Mutiny broke out I was abroad, but I was sent for, and after a short holiday, I was asked by Delane very urgently to go out and join the army preparing to relieve Lucknow, under Colin Campbell. That was in 1857. The very day I arrived at Calcutta, the news came that Havelock was dead, and that Colin Campbell had got the garrison and the women and children out of Lucknow, but that he was unable to take the place. I went up country to join Sir Colin Campbell’s headquarters at Cawnpore, with Pat Stewart.

“Sir Colin said to me: ‘Now, Mr. Russell, you’re welcome. You have seen something of war. I am going to tell you everything. But only on one condition.

That when dining with headquarters mess you don’t blab what you hear. There are native servants behind every chair watching, and what is said inside the tent is known outside five minutes afterwards. I want to show you my plans for attack on Lucknow. Go with Colonel Napier. He will let you see what we are going to do.’ The officer to whom Sir Colin introduced me, afterwards Field Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, took me across to his tent. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘here are our plans—ask me anything you please. Mind! You must keep my purdah down.’

“Now, though I had not been long in India I knew that a ‘purdah’ meant a curtain. I rose and let down the flap over the entrance of the tent, shutting out all the light.

“Napier smiled.

“‘No, no,’ he cried, ‘what I mean is, you must keep my plans to yourself!’”

Dr. Russell was present at the siege of Lucknow, and also served in the campaigns of Oude, Rohilkund, etc. Whilst on one of the many night marches Sir Colin made in India, he received a kick from a horse which nearly led to the loss of his life.

“A horse broke loose and commenced to attack my little stallion,” he said. “I went to its assistance, when the brute, which belonged to Donald Stewart, an Indian officer on the staff, let fly at me, catching me on my right thigh. The kick bent the scabbard of a sword I was wearing, and fairly drove it into

my right thigh. We were just on the move, hoping to come into action with some Oude rebels, and I was in agony—unable to move a step—so I was placed in a litter and carried along with the sick of the headquarters staff into Rohilcund. Small-pox broke out at Lucknow, and clung to us on the march, and among the sick were Sir W. Peel (he died at Cawnpore), Sir David Baird, and Major Alison. On the 25th March, 1858, the battle of Bareilly was fought. Our coolie bearers had carried the sick litters into a shady tope or grove of trees—the sun was fierce. There I lay, helpless, listening to the sound of battle close at hand. My only clothing consisted of a shirt. Suddenly a cry burst from the camp followers:—

“The Sowars are coming! The Sowars are coming!”

Our Syces ran up with the chargers. How I did it, I do not know. But I hopped out of my litter and scrambled up into the saddle—the flaps felt like molten iron, and the blister on my leg rolled up against the leather roasted by the sun outside the tope—on my horse. My servant—a very brave fellow—held on by the stirrup leather, flogging the horse, for I had only bare feet and bare legs. Suddenly he let go. He saw a Sowar making for us, and he released his hold so as not to impede my flight. He was cut down, I presume; for I never saw him again—and his wages were due. I struggled on, but the sun was more powerful than I. I had only proceeded a few yards when I fell off my horse insensible—with sunstroke.

“Then I heard a voice.

“Look—a white man!”

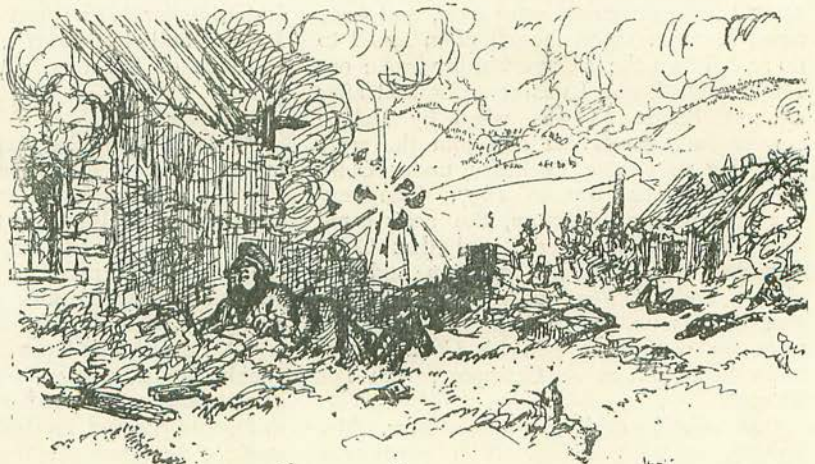
“It was some of our people, thank God! They thought I had been killed, and that the Sowars had stripped off my clothing, for I was naked, all save my shirt, and it was bloody. They bent over me. “He’s warm,” cried one of the men—it was Tombs’

battery that had come up. I got back to camp, but I was very near the point of death; and, indeed, I had the unique and unpleasant trial of listening to my good friends and physicians, Tice and Mackinnon, discussing the question of my burial at the foot of the charpoy, on which I was stretched, apparently dead.”

Such is one of the experiences of Dr. Russell during the Indian Mutiny.

Yet another Christmas Day (1858) was spent in India on the borders of Nepaul. The day dawned upon an anxious people, but it *was* Christmas, and the war correspondent, with a party of friends, meant to keep it up. They gathered for dinner in a large mess tent, from the ridge pole of which hung a huge lamp. A well-known Scotch enthusiast’s presence suggested a Highland fling as an appropriate finish. The gallant Highlander got on the table, and his tripping was so vigorous that it shook down the lamp. In two minutes the tent was in flames. So ended another Christmas Day.

In 1859 Dr. Russell returned to England, and received the Indian War Medal with the Lucknow clasp. In 1860 he started the *Army and Navy Gazette*, of which he is still part proprietor and editor, and in 1861 went to the United States, in time to hear Mr. Lincoln deliver the Inaugural Address at Washington, which was accepted as a proclamation of war against their “domestic institutions” by the Southern States. He was exceedingly well received, and sat down at Lincoln’s first official dinner in the White House, being the only person there who was not a Cabinet



DR. RUSSELL: OR THE TROUBLES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT.
(A Sketch by Col. Colville.)

Minister. He was unfortunately present at the first battle of Bull Run. Dr. Russell gave it as his opinion that McDowell, the general commander of the Federal troops, may have lost that battle through eating too much water-melon. He was a confirmed vegetarian, and ate too much of that fruit the morning of the action. At all events, brave and capable as he was, McDowell was beaten. The Federals fled in disorder from the field, and Dr. Russell had to describe the flight, which was to him personally a most disagreeable experience. The North, angry and frightened, could not forgive; and when

shall induce me to receive a correspondent of a paper which has shown itself so hostile to me as the *Times*." The French Government would not allow the presence of any correspondents. Dr. Russell heaped coals of fire on their heads, so to speak, when, after the battle of Wörth, a little later on he assisted in securing the release of two correspondents of the Paris Press from captivity, who had sought refuge in the clock tower of a church.

Dr. Russell proceeded to Berlin and joined the staff of the Crown Prince. Colonel Pemberton, of the Grenadier Guards

—a valued friend—burning with a desire to see service, joined him, as did also Lord Ronald Gower, who—when his mother was Mistress of the Robes—had been much with the Queen's children, and who was sure of a warm welcome from the Crown Princess.

"Our reception," said Dr. Russell, "at the New Palace, Potsdam, was most gracious, but the Crown Princess was in tears. She said: 'You have arrived at a dreadful moment. My husband and his father

start for the scene of carnage immediately. You have traversed the Palatinate, and you have seen the peaceful towns and villages which will soon be heaps of ashes, and the harvest ripening in the fields will soon be soaked with blood; but I feel assured we shall conquer in the end.'

"In the midst of the preparations for war, I was bidden to the christening of a little princess at the Palace. I was presented to the Emperor by Lord Augustus Loftus, our ambassador on the occasion. His Majesty made a very kindly speech and said, 'The Press is a new power, and I accept you as its ambassador.'

"The day of my arrival at Berlin, Count Bismarck sent to say that he would like to see me early next morning (*Morgen früh*) at the Foreign Office—what 'early' meant I knew not. I was in the Wilhelmstrasse before the doorkeeper was awake. It was long after eight o'clock before I was introduced to the Great Chancellor, who offered me a cigar, and as soon as I was seated launched into serious business. I was much impressed with his



MORE TROUBLE.
(A Sketch by Col. Colville.)

his account of the battle—which the leading journal of New York declared was awaited with as much anxiety as a Presidential message—arrived, the vials of wrath were poured out upon him. Dr. Russell was not altogether popular in America. The man who does not fear to speak and write the truth is not always a popular personage. He wrote facts, hard-hitting facts, and the Press nicknamed him "Bull Run Russell," as if he caused the disaster. However, newspaper abuse did not deprive him of the necessary breath to reach England.

In 1866 he joined the Austrian Army under Benedek, and again, at Königgrätz, had to fly before a victorious enemy; but he visited Kuhn's headquarters, Custozza, etc., remaining in Vienna some time after as the *Times* correspondent.

Now comes a memorable year, 1870, which brought the declaration of war between France and Germany. He asked to join the French headquarters, but the Emperor said: "I should be happy to see Mr. Russell at my headquarters, but nothing

estimate of the Emperor of the French. 'He is a dreamer—a mere dreamer,' he said. 'I went to see him at Biarritz in order to come to some understanding about our relations, and, if possible, to clear the sky. I had practical questions to propose and settle but I could not get him to grapple with a single one. He wished to entertain me with his theories for the removal of the causes of poverty, and for meeting the dangers of an educated proletariat. I was only anxious to lay the way for peace; but, no! he would have none of it. Now see what we have come to!'

"My interview with Count Bismarck lasted two hours, during which he spoke almost uninterruptedly, with great vivacity, generally in French, frequently breaking out into English, and he quoted Shakespeare at least twice.

"At the close of the interview I asked him to procure me a Legitimation, without which I could not accompany the army. 'I am not the man for that. General von Roon is your man.' 'But I do not know him, sir.' 'Well, perhaps he will do it for me—we will see.'

"The Legitimation business detained us several days in Berlin. In the meanwhile, the mobilization of the army was rapidly going on. It was almost impossible to obtain horses, and we could get no vehicles. I will tell you how we managed to get one. One day we saw a Berlin egg-cart, a sort of flat van on wheels. An idea struck us. Why not buy an egg-cart, get a light frame to go over the top, and cover it with canvas? Excellent. So we bought a cart and rigged it up. But how to distinguish it? Another happy thought. My crest is a goat, so we painted a big black goat on the canvas. All through the campaign vulgar boys and people would point at it and cry—'Ba-a-a! Ba-a-a!' to the great annoyance of my servant. One curious thing occurred in connection with my waggon. An English officer attached to the French army as one of the Geneva Cross Association saw this cart in the French lines, and inferred that the German army had been defeated and my cart captured. I lost my egg-cart on the march to Versailles."

At last Dr. Russell got away from Berlin with Lord R. Gower and Colonel Pemberton. His military railway ticket—the number of the train and the time-table of the stations were printed on it—was dated some time before war was declared! At Worms they left the train and took a carriage for Landau. Their coachman was not a man to be sought after. At one spot he refused to go any farther

with the pair of horses, which had been obtained after much trouble, and they only got to Wissembourg the night after the battle, in rear of the Crown Prince's staff. The result was that Dr. Russell and Lord Ronald Gower were arrested as spies, and sentries placed over them, with orders to shoot them if they stirred.

"A false alarm roused the sentries," the old war correspondent explained. "They left us. We made good our escape into the inn, where a good Samaritan gave us some delicious hot coffee. Years afterwards I came across the landlord's son who had so befriended us, as a waiter at the Salthill Hotel, Dublin."

Dr. Russell was at the battle of Wörth. The Crown Prince's dinner was very simple, consisting of soup served in metal cups, and boiled ration-meat, bread, cheese, and beer. There was silver on the table, however. It belonged to the camp equipment of Frederick the Great, and was, and is always, carried at the Royal headquarters in war time. He spoke of the great anguish of the Crown Prince as he read the names of his fallen officers.

Dr. Russell was at the siege and fall of Paris, which he entered with the Crown Prince, and took a cartload of fresh meat and vegetables over the bridge into Paris, the first day it opened, to the British Embassy. There he found Sir Richard Wallace in his shirt-sleeves, serving out horse-flesh to the starving English grooms, tutors, and governesses. He remained in Paris till the massacre by the Communists in the Place Vendôme, and returned the night after the Commune expired in ashes and blood. He looked on at the gay city in flames.

"As I watched millions of fiery tongues leaping up towards the sky," continued Dr. Russell, "my mind went back to the extravagant splendour of the year in which the Great Exhibition was held, when I served on the jury in the arms department. There, on the grand-stand of the racecourse, I saw the Emperor. With him were two Emperors and several Kings. He was reviewing part of the great army which in a few years was to be swept into captivity. What an inconceivable change! I stood behind the Emperor of Germany on the same grand-stand from which he reviewed the German army previous to its triumphant march into Paris. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my senses when I rode under the Arc de Triomphe in the train of the conqueror

down the Avenue of the Champs Elysées. That afternoon, after incurring many dangers—indeed, imminent peril—I managed to get from the Prussian lines, and make my way to the railway station. There a special train arranged to take me to Calais, whence I sent my account to the *Times* of the entry of the German army into Paris.”

Dr. Russell took from one of his great despatch boxes a number of volumes. Among them were the diaries of his trip to India when he accompanied the Prince of Wales as honorary private secretary. The

Times asked Dr. Russell to act as their correspondent. Then trouble arose. Other correspondents wanted to go in the *Serapis*, but this was objected to. At last a compromise was arrived at.

“It was,” said Dr. Russell, “to the effect that I could not write letters from the *Serapis* as the *Times* correspondent, and that the other newspaper correspondents might go to India on their own responsibility. Still letters *did* appear in the columns of the *Times* during the voyage out. I used to write to the editor personally, and he would put in my communication with the head-

ing: ‘We have received the following from a friend on board the *Serapis*.’ It is impossible to describe all the rejoicings and festivities. I saw in Nepal an army of 900 elephants for the hunting party arranged by Jung Bahadur, surely the biggest elephantine gathering on record! And such sport as there was. The Prince is a very steady rifle shot,” and together we looked through the record of a day’s shooting as chronicled in the diary:—

“H. R. H. Prince of Wales: One tiger 7ft. 6in.; one pig, two hares, one partridge.

“Lord Suffield: One tiger, 7ft. 9in.; one tiger’s cub, three cheetahs.

“Prince Louis of Battenberg: One cheetah.

“Captain Rose: One tiger, 9ft. 6in., which charged the Prince of Wales, wounding his elephant.

“Russell: One cheetah.

“Col. Fitz-George: One pig.”

And so forth. “Ellis, Prinsep, Sam Browne, Fayer, various heads.”

“One day we killed six tigers,” said Dr. Russell, “of which the Prince shot five. The

best work in this direction on the part of the Prince was a couple of tigers shot in an hour—one was killed with the first shot, the other creature took a long time to come out of its lair. We threw every soda-water bottle we had got with us at him until he was roused by one thrown by Jung Bahadur, which burst on a stone near his head. We left Bombay in the March of 1876, bringing home a grand menagerie and an infinite wealth of presents for the Prince. We arrived at Portsmouth on the 11th of May—after visiting many of the principal cities homewards—and the following day made a state entry



(A Sketch by Col. Colette.)

into London.”

Dr. Russell’s last campaigning experience was in 1879, when he accompanied Lord Wolseley to South Africa, and was at the taking of Sekukuni’s stronghold. The close of the pleasant hours spent with the famous war correspondent was nearing, and lighting up our cigars, he looked back upon that well-remembered day when he met with the regrettable accident which resulted in his lameness.

“We had arrived within ten or twelve miles of Pretoria,” he said, “and halted for the day. I said I would go on to Pretoria and get my

despatches off. I left the camp alone. Sir Baker Russell suggested my taking an orderly. But I wouldn't. Whenever I meet Sir Baker now he always says: 'Ah! you should have taken that orderly.' I rode six miles from the camp over a sprint, reaching a road which led down a steep hill to a ford. The threatening sky told me to look out for a Cape storm. They rush down upon you with scarcely a warning. I knew the river at the bottom of the road would swell rapidly, so I urged my horse forward down the hill. I got into the middle of the ford just as the storm burst on us in all its fury. A flash of lightning struck the water, my horse reared violently, lost his footing, threw me over his shoulder, and I fell under him. My right leg was caught by the stirrup; my left leg was under the horse's shoulder; his neck lay over my chest, preventing me from rising. There was I on my back, with my head just up, supporting myself with my right hand on the bottom of the river, and with my left joggling the reins to make the poor beast rise—the water slowly rising with the pouring torrents—I was drowning. I could feel the water getting higher and higher—it reached my neck, my chin—when, with almost a dying effort, as my horse struggled up a little, I made an attempt to move my leg, but down he went again. However, the strap of my spur gave way—my right leg was liberated—I was able to raise myself on it and to pull at the horse's head. My horse got up; I managed to lean on him, and he just carried me to the bank. I tried to get on his back, and down he went again, so with my leg doubled under me I put one hand on his shoulder, and so I crawled on to the house of an old Scotch farmer named Gray. He put me into bed, and rubbed me with 'Cape smoke,' and I found that I had not only lost my helmet, note-books and despatches, but that my leg was useless, with a chance of being lame for the remainder of my days.

"In the morning the headquarters staff rode across the ford, amongst them Lord Wolseley. He called at the

farm; Gray told him of my plight, and he came to my side.

"I thought my last day had come, and that my body would never be found," I said to him.

"My dear fellow," was his characteristic reply, 'I would never have left the country until I had found you, and I would have given you a jolly good burial!'"

I knocked the ash off my cigar and rose to go.

"But what, Dr. Russell," I asked, 'do you consider the most unenviable position in which you were ever placed—in what battle?'"

"It wasn't in a battle," he answered, merrily, and laughing happily. "Oh, no! it wasn't in a battle. It was in a bed! When I was accompanying the Prince to India, we stayed at the Palace at Athens. One night the King said to me, 'Do you get up early, Mr. Russell?'"

"Yes, sir," I replied; 'I generally rise at six o'clock.'

"Very well, we'll say half-past six tomorrow morning. I want to walk with you in the garden and talk over one or two things.'

"I went upstairs to bed. I couldn't sleep. The mosquitoes bit me to their hearts' content, particularly about the hands and arms. I happened to have a pair of long white kid gloves in my bag. I got up and put them on.

"I awoke in the morning with the knowledge of having somebody by my bedside. It was the King, accompanied by his big dog. It was half-past six! I sat up in bed.

"In half an hour, Mr. Russell," said the King, smiling, as he left the room, 'I shall come back for you.'

"At breakfast that morning, during a moment of silence, the King, addressing the Queen, with a sly glance in my direction, said:—

"Well, I've met a great many dandies in my time, but Mr. Russell beats them all. He actually sleeps in white kid gloves!"

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by]

A HINDU DEITY.

[Elliott & Fry.