

## Illustrated Interviews.

No. XLVIII.—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, C.B., R.N.

By WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



FOR years and years "Charlie" Beresford has been idolized by every class and colour all round the globe. The sturdy "B.P." have had him in their eye and in their heart, and on many memorable occasions he has filled these national (and metaphorical) organs to the exclusion of all else. We like our idols to be always before us; so when Lord Charles *does* disappear for a week or two, sure enough up crops some "character-actor" at the variety theatres to keep warm our admiration for this splendid fellow.

At the moment of writing, Lord Charles is rusticating at Ham; from which, *à priori*, the late Sherlock Holmes would doubtless gather (and rightly) that the hero of a hundred fights went in for a little farming. It was here I found him. He *must* be doing something, or he'd go crazy. His father,

the Rev. Lord John Beresford (afterwards fourth Marquis of Waterford), was always killing game — when he wasn't saving souls. An impecunious Methodist called one Sunday morning on Lord John in order to raise a question of theology, and — ulteriorly — a small loan. He found the muscular pastor *en plein air*, bringing down no end of birds. After numerous unavailing hints at his real mission, the visitor burst out, vehemently:—

"My Lord, did the apostles shoot on the Sabbath Day?"

"Can't say," was the quick reply; "*but I'm certain they fished!*"

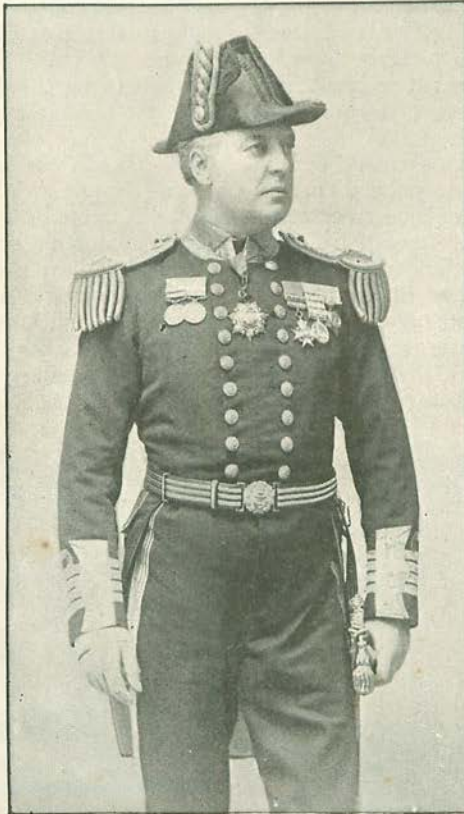
Lord Charles Beresford was born on the 10th February, 1846, at Phillipstown, in Ireland. At the age of nine he was sent

to Bayford House School, in Herts, where also were Lord Rosebery, "Jimmy" Lowther, Lord George Hamilton, and his brother Lord Claude; and lastly, Lord Charles's own two brothers, the late Marquis of Waterford and Lord William Beresford—the V.C. man.

The duckling does not take to the water more readily than this boy took to sport of every kind — except cricket; he always loathed cricket, the ball being notoriously erratic. And yet he was a delicate child. After two years under Mr. Renneau, at Bayford House, he became very poorly, and was transferred to the care of a private tutor — Canon Payne — at Walmer. In both Services a Beresford had won renown; so, before Lord Charles had even entered his teens, he fixed his bright blue eyes on the Navy. The fact was, he found home restraint irksome, and he rather fancied a life on the ocean wave; there was such a fine, free flavour about it.

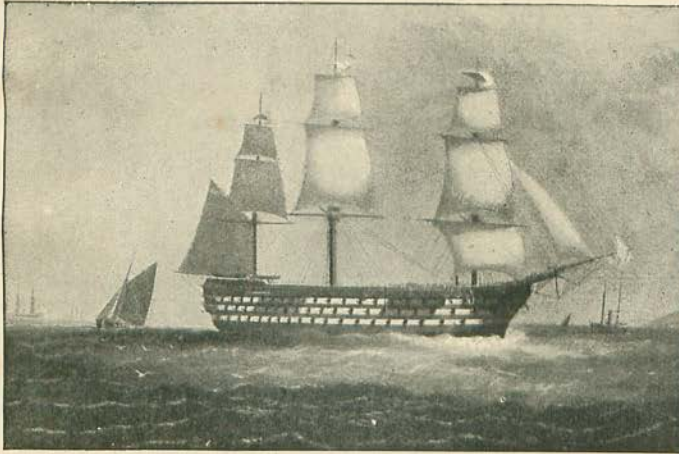
About March, 1861, Lord Charles left the *Britannia* (which he entered as a cadet in 1859), and entered the *Marlborough*, a three-decker, of 4,000 tons, with a crew of 1,150 men. Now, if you want to kindle the gallant sailor into enthusiasm, you have only to mention this ship; to this day he speaks of her with pride as "the smartest ship in the Service" — of course, in those days. The *Marlborough* was the flag-ship of Vice-Admiral Sir W. Fanshawe - Martin, commanding the Mediterranean Fleet.

"I joined her," says Lord Charles, "at St. Helens, in the Isle of Wight. I'm told I was a delicate-looking little chap of about fifteen. Having put off in a small boat with my chest, I pre-



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, C.B., R.N.  
From a Photo. by J. Heyman, Cairo.





THE "MARLBOROUGH," LORD CHARLES'S FIRST SHIP.

sently climbed up the side of the vessel, where the great big boatswain's mate was waiting for me. Never shall I forget that man's remark to his colleague:—

"'Mate, 'ere's another orficer kim aboard jist in toime; but, pore little beggar!—he ain't long fur this world.'

"Were it not for the *Marlborough*," Lord Charles declares, "I should never have stayed in the Service."

At this early stage he began to assert himself. He once got a severe drubbing for suggesting "structural alterations" in the ship and silence at work. I should explain that, in those days, a perfect pandemonium reigned whenever important orders were given on board. Everybody bellowed and cursed themselves hoarse. So frequently was young Beresford in trouble that, at last, he was sent home from the *Marlborough*, and later on drafted to the *Defence*, one of the ships of the first ironclad squadron. While in this vessel, he saved two lives from drowning, gaining the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal, and also that of the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society. The *Defence* nearly drove Lord Charles out of the Navy. He complains of her slackness and dirtiness; but doubtless the *Marlborough*

spoiled him for any other ship.

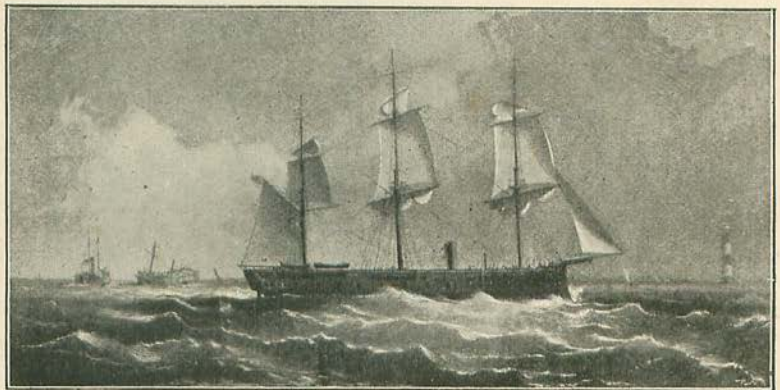
We next find Lord Charles in the *Clio*, a sailing corvette of 1,472 tons, belonging to the Pacific Station. Then came an unlucky spell. In Vancouver one day the midshipmen got up a point-to-point race; and a small crowd of ponies and riders subsequently got mixed on a narrow wooden bridge.

"I came off rather badly," remarked Lord Charles. "My leg and three ribs were broken,

and one side of my face was dreadfully cut. I remember I was insensible for twenty-four hours."

Again, a paper chase at Valparaiso resulted in Lord Charles breaking his collar-bone and sustaining concussion of the brain; this time his horse came to grief over some timber, and he was taken back to his ship on a mule, a charitable Chilian walking alongside in true Biblical style. But no wonder he remembers the *Clio*! Later on he fell 20ft. down the hold and broke another three ribs.

This chapter of accidents is not yet complete. Lord Charles was one day out fishing in the dingey with two other middies; the *Clio* was then near Panama. One of the middies couldn't swim, so he was idiotic enough to fall overboard into waters infested with enormous sharks. Lord Charles jumped in after him and brought him to the surface. But the boat had glided swiftly on, and the youngster remaining in it didn't know how to manage the sails. Altogether it was not a



THE "DEFENCE," ON WHICH LORD CHARLES SERVED AS MIDSHIPMAN.



cheerful situation. The rescuer was rapidly growing faint, so he shouted to the midgy to lower the sails and get out the oars. This the lad succeeded in doing, and a few minutes later Lord Charles struggled into the boat exhausted, and deposited his dripping companion on the dripping seat.

Young Beresford would do the most outrageous things in sheer exuberance of spirit. When the *Clio* touched at Honolulu he stepped ashore in search of adventure. As nothing extraordinary turned up, he made for the American Consul's house, where he promptly climbed the flagstaff and dragged down the "Stars and Stripes." He took the flag to his ship and slung it in a basket to the mainmast. Of course, he was found out, and then there was trouble. Both he and his companion were ordered to replace the flag in broad daylight; but this Lord Charles flatly refused to do. His connection with the Navy would have ended there and then had not a friend telegraphed details to his mother. The Marchioness at once sent this message: "Replace it, for my sake." Then he consented, and even hired a photographer to perpetuate the interesting ceremony. After this, the troublesome boy was sent home. About the year 1862, however, he was ordered to the *Tribune*, a frigate of 1,500 tons, under Captain Lord Gillford (the present Earl of Clanwilliam), who was requested to report upon his conduct once a month.

"I learned a tremendous lot in the *Tribune*," remarks Lord Charles; "tailoring, sailmaking, and so on. I've cut out and made no end of 'jumpers' and trousers, and could sew a hundred yards of canvas to-morrow if necessary." What is more, he can stoke a steamer, repair a boat, build a house, break the fieriest horse, and make a table or a chair.

By the way, Lord Charles passed for sub-lieutenant while on the *Tribune*, taking a coil of rope into the captain's cabin wherewith to demonstrate before the examiners. Altogether, he spent about four years on the Pacific Station,

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LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AT THE AGE OF 18.  
From a Photograph.

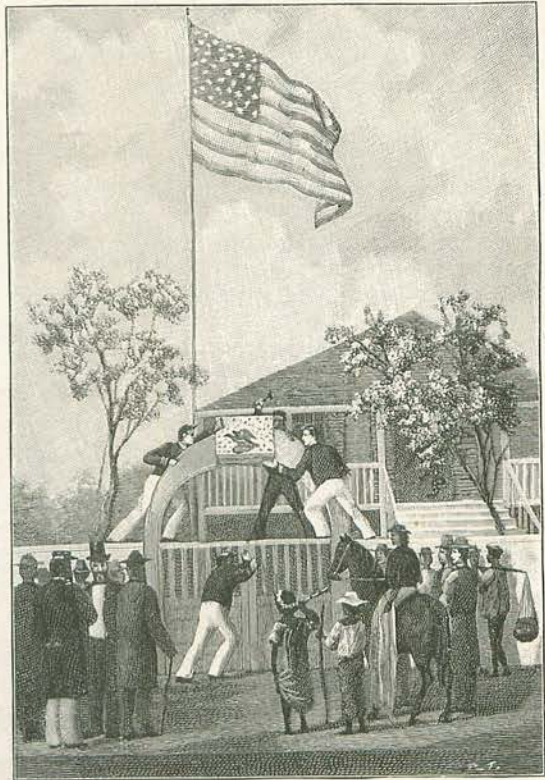
and saw a very great deal of service. The last ship he served in before coming home was the *Sutlej*, a sailing frigate of 3,066 tons. One day in 1866, while in this ship, Lord Charles was noticeably moody and depressed—a most unusual thing for him.

"What's up?" asked his messmates, with the joyous flippancy of youth.

"I feel certain there's something wrong at home," was the mournful reply; "either my father or my mother is dead."

And so it was. The Marquis of Waterford (formerly Lord John Beresford) had died the previous night. Lord Charles came home from the Pacific in 1868; but I can't close this part of his career without relating a couple of funny incidents that happened during his service on this station.

He once lay ill at a hotel in San Francisco,



REPLACING THE AMERICAN FLAG AT HONOLULU.  
From a Photograph.



and presents of fruit and flowers were left for him daily. One morning the proprietor of the establishment met the head waiter—a stately, serious man—on the stairs; the latter was carrying a suspicious-looking basket. "What ha' ye got there?" queried the proprietor, sternly. "*It's an offering for the Lord,*" was the solemn reply.

Lord Charles on another occasion attended the burial service of a marine who died at Monte Video. The coffin was brought into a room, but there was nothing to rest it on. "I met an old salt dodging here and there, evidently looking for something, so I said to him, sharply, 'What do you want?' I thought he was mad when he yelled: 'Three *cheers* for the coffin.'" At first it strikes one as an idiotic, inconsequent answer, but the man meant "chairs."

Lord Charles was twenty-two when he came home, and he at once went to college at Portsmouth to pass his examination. About this time there was a big Fenian scare, and we presently find the young lieutenant appointed to the *Research*, guardship off Holyhead.

"I remained in the *Research* about seven months," says Lord Charles; "and during that time I used to run across to Dublin and ride to hounds, so that I was able to tell my friends I rode about eighty miles to covert."

One night Lord Charles and two other dashing junior officers fixed their eyes longingly on the great gilded eagle that swung out from an inn in Holyhead. The temptation was too great, so they got upon each other's shoulders in order to reach the prize. Beresford was on top, yet he couldn't quite reach the sign, so he leaped up at it, with the result that the eagle came down with a terrific crash, almost burying him beneath its widespread wings.

It turned out that the inn-keeper had heard the conspirators talking outside his window, therefore he knew the meaning of the crash, and was ready to pursue. On running out, however, he only chased two fast-retreating figures down the street, not noticing little Lord Charles beneath the fallen sign. That eagle was actually taken on board the *Research*, provided

with a fashionable stand-up collar, and placed on the breakfast-table. As in all our hero's pranks, however, ample restitution was made.

After having served on the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, Lord Charles was, on the 17th October, 1868, appointed to the *Galatea*, commanded by the Duke of Edinburgh (now of Saxe-Coburg), with whom he went round the world. It will be remembered that the Duke had started previously, and got as far as Sydney, when he was shot by O'Farrel. To this day, I believe, His Royal Highness wears the bullet on his watch-chain.

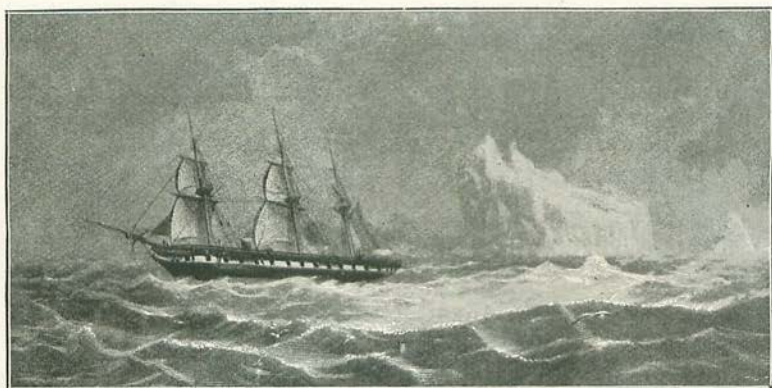
"We were the first Europeans who ever saw the Mikado," remarked Lord Charles, "and we would have been cut down in the streets by the Japs were we not guarded by thirty or forty men." Truly, all that is changed now in "the England of the Far East."

The cruise of the *Galatea* was much what you might imagine. The ship touched at every important port, and there were any number of receptions, presentations, big shoots, grand durbars, and the like. To say that the party had a hospitable greeting



"THE EAGLE CAME DOWN WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH."





THE "GALATEA," ON WHICH LORD CHARLES WENT ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

everywhere seems silly. Even the midshipmen had studs of horses placed at their disposal. In New Zealand, Lord Charles tells me, they met in society a Maori lady—"I took her in to dinner"—who afterwards threw off the veneer of civilization and "ran amuck" among the missionaries, killing several, and preaching the destruction of the white man generally.

Lord Charles tells an interesting story about the "Haunted Dock," at Sydney; for he cleared up a long-standing mystery when the *Galatea* was at that place. Cockator Dock was cut in the solid rock by convicts; and every night curious tappings were heard in the vicinity. These sounds were commonly supposed to be caused by the spirits of dead convicts. One night Lord Charles resolved to find the ghost, so he took with him old Quartermaster Kemp. These two tried in vain for hours to locate the sounds. At one moment they would be certain they knew exactly where the noises came from, but when they got there they saw nothing. At last Lord Charles was forced to give up the search; and as he was leaving the place he savagely kicked at an old plank that lay on a rugged ledge of rock. This was immediately dislodged, revealing—two enormous frogs! These were the "ghosts." Their unearthly croak was always caught up by the surrounding rocks, and echoed and re-echoed here and there, until it was utterly impossible to locate the real source of the sound.

"We took the frogs back to the ship in a pail," remarked Lord Charles; "and the Sydney people recall the affair to this day." The gallant sailor will long remember the *Galatea*, for when that vessel was at the Falkland Islands, he nearly lost his life.

One bitterly cold night Lord Charles got back to the ship at half-past eight, after

instantly seized one end of a coil of rope and leaped into the sea.

"I went down, and down, and down," says Lord Charles, "until I began to think the rope was not fastened to anything. At last, however, I grasped my man, the rope became taut, and I began to ascend. The ship's corporal helped us both out."

This incident has a sequel. About fifteen years afterwards, Lord Charles was speaking at a political meeting at Enfield, in support of Lord Folkestone's candidature. The hall was packed, and everybody was paying great attention to the speech, when suddenly there was a scuffle at the back.

There were also cries of "Order, order!" "Chuck him out!" and that kind of thing, when Lord Charles shouted, "Let the man come up here to the platform, and we'll hear what he's got to say." The man struggled forward in great excitement and a tattered condition. He only wanted to shake his saviour's hand. He had recognised Lord Charles as the officer who had saved him from the icy seas off the Falkland Islands. A public explanation followed, and an ovation followed that. It was a fortuitous incident in Lord Folkestone's electoral campaign.

One result of the *Galatea's* tour was an extensive zoological collection, which included a big elephant. This great beast was something of a nuisance; indeed, had it not been for Lord Charles, he would never have adorned the Dublin Zoo. "I used to teach him funny tricks, such as standing on his hind legs. Oh! it was very simple. If I wanted him to raise one leg, I merely pricked him with a pin." The elephant was taken for a run ashore every time the *Galatea* put into port, but it was frequently a tremendous job to get him back again. In these cases Lord Charles was always sent for.

a tiring day's goose shooting. Just as he stepped on board he heard the awful cry, "Man overboard!" It was the sentry who had disappeared beneath the floating ice, great coat, rifle and all. Now, although our hero's pockets were stuffed with cartridges, and he was clad in heavy garments, he



"He had one trick I never taught him, and which eventually resulted in the death of his keeper. If anyone tried to pass him in his box, he would jostle that person playfully against the wall. Therefore, I never went into his den without an iron spike which I held horizontally, so that when the animal sidled up, he felt the prick."

When at last this elephant was landed at Plymouth, and was being transported by rail to London, a marine, named Paton, journeyed in the same truck, as keeper.

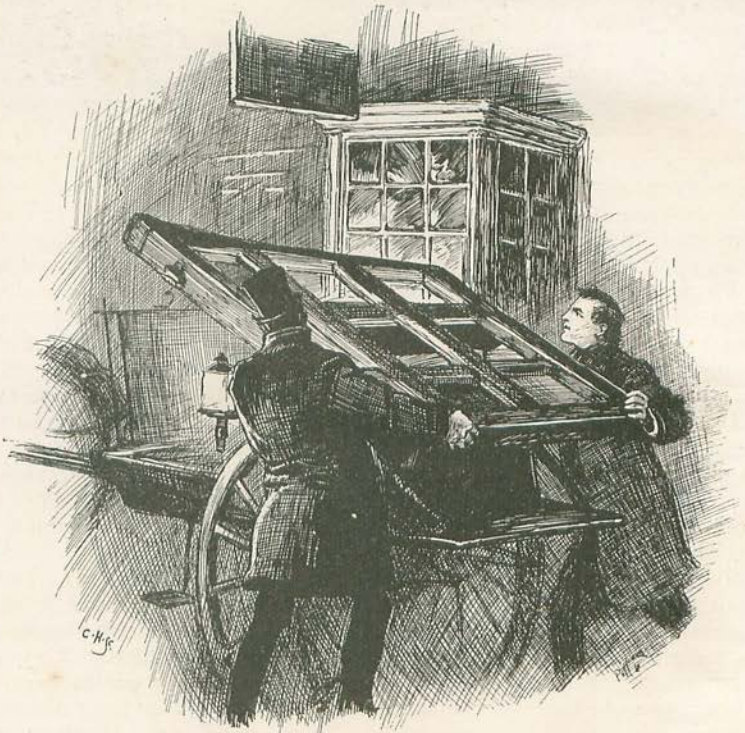
"When the train got to Paddington, poor Paton was dead," remarked Lord Charles. "He had been crushed against the side of the truck as he was trying to pass the elephant, and a bolt in the timber had broken his spine."

In 1871 the *Galatea* came home, and Lord Charles settled down for a time as a country gentleman. Even this had its mild excitements, though, for on one occasion he rode in a steeplechase with six other gentlemen, five of whom (including himself) broke their collar-bones over the same fence.

On November 1st, 1872, Sir Harry Keppel, K.C.B., made Lord Charles his flag-lieutenant on the *Royal Adelaide*, flag-ship at Devonport. About this time a first-rate story went about Plymouth, to this effect: Lord Charles and Sir Harry were driving home one night in a tandem dog-cart—they had been dining. Presently they came to a toll-gate and aroused the custodian, who was sleepy and uncivil. Lord Charles gave him half a sovereign and a lot of abuse, whereupon he took the former and then beat a retreat, leaving the gate shut. The two then dismounted, broke off the hinges of the gate with big stones, and put the whole concern crosswise on the dog-cart, to the detriment of the springs; the horse in the shafts was nearly lifted off the ground with the weight behind. They then drove

through the town triumphantly, and chopped up the gate for firewood.

I have said that Beresford was always pugnacious. Listen to this. He had a row one day in Plymouth with a cabman; it was the time-worn argument about fares, followed by satire and invective. The two arranged to fight it out, and Lord Charles (who had been taught boxing by a marine on the *Clio*) actually hired a room for the purpose. Both



"THE TWO PLACED THE WHOLE CONCERN CROSSWISE ON THE DOG-CART."

men turned up with backers, but the cabman came off best. "He could see rather better than I could at the finish," remarked Lord Charles. About this time, by the way, Lord Charles received his first command—the *Goshawk*, a composite gunboat of 408 tons.

In 1874 the "grate say captain" (as the Irish priests called him) was asked to stand for Parliament, by his brother, Lord Waterford. At first he declined, but when it was pointed out that he could do much for the Service in the House, he consented. I can't describe in detail his first election, with its fights and excitements. Here and there he was stoned. One day he met an old chap who remembered the '26 election, when one of the Beresfords spent £30,000 to beat a Steward who squandered £18,000.



"Lard Char—les," whined the old fellow—"ye're no man." "I don't agree with you," replied the candidate, "but why d'ye say that?" "Yerra, the lasht time a Beresford stud, it's up to me knees I was in blood and whishky; but the devil a dhrop av ayther have I seen this toime."

In 1875 came the great Indian tour of the Prince of Wales, and Lord Charles was appointed naval aide-de-camp for that gorgeous excursion. Big books have been written about this tour, but one tragi-comic incident stands out clearly in Lord Charles's mind.

"We were elephant shooting in Ceylon, and were driving back to Colombo, when the horses in the wagonette showed signs of fatigue. Lord Aylesbury, who was on the box, took the reins from our Tamil coachman, whereupon the animals swerved just as we were crossing a rude bridge, and the whole equipage, passengers and all, were precipitated into the nullah below. No one was hurt. I playfully belaboured the coachman with a bundle of elephants' tails, and then told him to mount the box. At the same time I turned to the Malay sergeant, and said, in solemn tones, 'Cut that man's head off.' He, thinking it an awful crime to upset the Prince, instantly drew his sabre, and rushed at the coachman. Fortunately the latter understood English, and scrambled on to a ledge of rock out of reach. Seeing that my joke had nearly caused a catastrophe, I called out to the sergeant, 'The Prince has graciously pardoned him; let him come down.'"

In the next picture, Lord Charles is seen in an elephant howdah, with his Chinese servant, Tom Fat. This extraordinary worthy merits a paragraph or two to himself; but I had better give the story in his master's own words: "Tom Fat was sold to me for twenty-five dollars, the vendor being his own uncle, who lived near Hong Kong. Everybody liked my Chinese boy. When he had been with me nine years, it suddenly struck him that he had never had a regular holiday like the rest of men. Therefore I gave him a week's leave; this he spent in London. In the same time he had also spent £87 of my money. As he didn't turn up after ten days, I knew something was wrong; and eventually the police found him at the Criterion giving a supper to *fourteen* 'lady-friends'!"

What was the meaning of this? Why, the guileless Chinese boy was an accomplished forger; and before he started on his little holiday in town, he forged his master's name to a cheque for £2,000. Now, Lord Charles

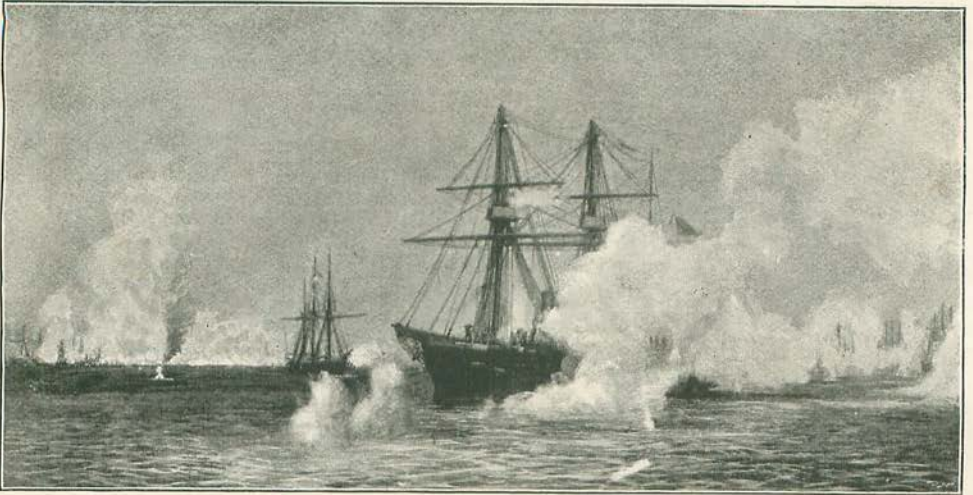
is not a man of strict business principles; he is far too easy-going and good-humoured. His servants supply him with small change when necessary, and he never carries a watch. The forgery would probably have gone on much longer were it not that Tom Fat dropped into the Marlborough Club one day, and presented a beautifully-executed I O U (of course, in his master's name) for £30. In due time Lord Charles was gently reminded of this "little bit of paper," and then Thomas's little game was up. He got five years' "penal," but his old master got him off after he had served three. Lord Charles eventually paid Tom Fat's passage to China, and set him up there as a bookseller, he being studiously inclined.

"He was born to rise," concluded his lordship; "and I shouldn't be surprised if he figured as a high mandarin during the last war."

After serving in the turret ship *Thunderer*, Lord Charles was, on June 12th, 1879, appointed to the command of the Royal yacht *Osborne*, Prince Louis of Battenberg being one of the lieutenants. This command he gave up in 1881 to take over the famous gun-boat *Condor*, of 780 tons. In May, 1882, that redoubtable little vessel was ordered to Alexandria; and the next incident Lord Charles has to tell deals with the memorable day of the massacre—Sunday, June 11th, 1882, when even the British Admiral, Sir Beauchamp Seymour (afterwards Lord Alcester), narrowly escaped with his life.

"I was strolling towards the Grand Square, when I met a brother officer, who asked me to drive up the town with him to see if his wife and family were safe. We hired a conveyance off the rank, and proceeded on our way. Presently we saw crowds of wounded Greeks coming towards us, and farther along were menacing crowds. A few minutes later our carriage was surrounded, and the crowd began to strike at us. I saw it meant death to stay there, especially as our rascally 'cabby' was in perfect sympathy with the mob. Leaping on to the seat, amid a perfect hail of blows from sticks and miscellaneous weapons, I took the reins and commenced to lash the horse. The crowd had to give way, and in a few minutes more we were beyond danger. It was a near thing though, for we were nearly pulled out of the carriage." Seventy-three European bodies were afterwards found. Subsequent events are matters of history—the rise of Arabi—Egypt's Cromwell—and the bombardment of Alexandria.





THE "CONDOR" IN ACTION—FIGHTING THE MARABOUT FORT AT ALEXANDRIA.  
By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A. By permission of the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street.

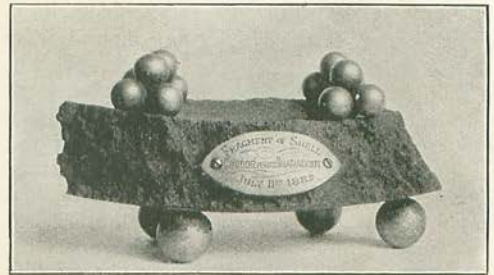
After the riots came an exodus such as Egypt hadn't seen since the departure of the troublesome, grumbling Israelites. In ten days Lord Charles sent away from 12,000 to 18,000 refugees. Many went on board ships in the harbour, others cleared right away with nothing more than the clothes they wore. Meanwhile, Arabi—or "Horrible Pasha," as our bluejackets used to call him—was getting things ready—organizing the army, fort-building, and mounting big guns. Our admiral protested, and Arabi said he would give up further preparations. One night, though, great search-light beams were thrown on Alexandria, and, sure enough, there were swarms of Arabs working away on the defences for dear life. Then it was resolved to throw far more damaging things into the town. The first shot, weighing three-quarters of a ton, and travelling at the rate of a mile in three seconds, was fired at 7 a.m., on July 11th, 1882.

Beresford was instructed to keep his *Condor* fluttering about, rendering assistance here and there and carrying messages. But this rôle didn't suit him at all. After having helped off the stranded *Téméraire*, which seemed desirous of taking up her anchorage in the Grand Square itself, Lord Charles actually challenged the Marabout Batteries—one of the most formidable forts of Alexandria, manned by the flower of Arabi's artillerymen. Remember, the *Condor* only carried three small guns, while the Marabout Fort mounted the following formidable armament: two 8-ton, two 12-ton, two 10in. and two 9in. guns, twenty 32-pounders, and five

mortars! No wonder the battery didn't deign to reply, but went on harassing the *Monarch*, *Penelope*, and *Invincible*.

Of course, one shot would have disabled the *Condor*, yet it is a matter of history that after firing 200 rounds she silenced the fort, whereupon the admiral hoisted the famous signal, "Well done, *Condor*"—a cry that has often greeted the gallant sailor at great public meetings.

At Park Gate House, Ham Common, Lord Charles has a paper-weight consisting of a fragment of a shell fired from the *Condor*, which passed right through the magazine of



FRAGMENT OF "THE SHELL THAT FAILED" (NOW A PAPER-WEIGHT).

the Marabout Fort, without exploding. His museum also includes the *Condor's* binnacle, and the red and white flag of the conquered fort. He is a great man for getting trophies of his fights. In the stable you will see a long board on which is painted in big letters: "Tell-el-Kebir." This is the actual name-board of the railway station near which the battle was fought.



# TELL EL KEBIR

RAILWAY STATION NAME-BOARD, TAKEN AFTER THE BATTLE OF TELL-EL-KEBIR.

After having saved the Khedive, Tewfik, from Arabi's vengeance (he got nothing in return save an autograph portrait, here reproduced), Lord Charles was intrusted with the policing of the town. It wanted a lot of policing. The rabble sprinkled petroleum here and there, and set fire to the houses; they also considerably released the convicts, that the latter might not miss any part of the fun.

Having made the Ministry of Marine his head-quarters, Lord Charles set the Arabs to clear away the ruins, under the supervision of marines. For the first four days ten or twelve of his men were engaged night and day in writing out instructions to restore order. Twenty interpreters were employed, including those sent with the patrols to prevent unnecessary punishments. Inquiries were held in thirteen different courts.

Of course, the fierce fires that raged everywhere had to be dealt with; but, unfortunately, the appliances were not such as would be approved by Captain Simonds. One steamer, with a leaky boiler, and two manuals were found; but ladders, shovels, picks—all these were missing. Also, the hose was rotten or rat-eaten. To crown all, the water was thoughtfully cut off by Arabi, who built an earthwork across the canal at Kafer Dowar, two miles south. Nevertheless, on the twelfth day, Lord Charles was told that all the fires were out. We now find this distinguished officer promoted to captain.

The Europeans who had watched the bombardment from the deck of the specially chartered P. and O. steamer *Tanjore* found their occupations gone when they got back to Alexandria—also their houses and shops. Still, no one seemed to take a gloomy view

of things. There was a photographer who found himself *destitute*. Did he retire to a dark room and "take" his own life? Not a bit of it. He rigged up a stall in the street, borrowed a camera, got his chemicals on credit, and opened a subscription list for sets of fifty views of the town and forts, at £2 per set. Within a year he had a fine establishment. Then Lord Charles noticed a waitress in the café who, before the bombardment, had been the cultured principal of a ladies' school. He also came upon an old Irishman whom he had last seen sitting as model to an artist friend who was engaged in painting the head of St. Matthew. The old fellow was cleaning out

the camels' stables, and on seeing Lord Charles he put down his shovel and said, with an air of apologetic disgust, "Nice okapaation fur wan o' the twelve Apostles; aint it?"

Here I am reminded of the rich crop of stories associated with the career of this distinguished man. A labourer once wrote to him, saying that his wife had just had twins—a boy and a girl—and he wanted to call one "Lord Charles Beresford Brown," and the other "Princess of Wales Brown." Lord Charles gave his permission, and obtained that of the Princess. Four months later the man wrote again: "I am happy to inform

you that 'Lord Charles Beresford Brown' is well and strong, but that 'Princess of Wales Brown' died this morning."

Lord Charles is a man of few words, and those very much to the point. Speaking in the House of Commons, one day, in reference to the Arab slave-dealers, he said, with great emphasis: "Mr. Speaker, we ought to catch these men, give 'em a fair trial, and then hang 'em." Unconventional, Lord Charles has always been. Receiving an invitation to dinner at Marlborough House one evening, he replied by wire: "Sorry can't come. Lie follows by post."

When order was restored in Alexandria, Lord Charles burned to get to the front, in order that he might have his share of fighting. The Khedive then sent him with fifty horses



FLAG OF THE MARABOUT FORT.



to see what was going on. The horses were towed in a lighter round from Alexandria to Ismailia and Port Said; but as the man in charge of the steamer thought he knew navigation better than Lord Charles, the bow of the lighter was stove in, and a scene of awful confusion ensued. Beresford slid down from the steamer and cut the horses loose. Although the water was rushing in, the animals were fighting each other like mad; and when the lighter sank, Lord Charles had to swim about for an hour and a half heading them towards the land. Only six horses were drowned.

Lord Charles couldn't get to the front, although he tried to push on as "special" for the *New York Herald*; then he went home. In September, 1884, the Nile Expedition for the relief of Gordon was tardily decided on, and our hero was attached to Lord Wolseley's staff. On arriving at Cairo, he commenced the big task of getting the boats up to Korti; and he insisted on taking his boiler plates (each weighing about 12lb.) across the desert from Wady Halfa. The importance of this is shown later on.

As all the world knows, Lord Charles commanded the Naval Brigade at Abu Klea, at the close of which battle he was the sole survivor of a detachment in charge of the machine gun. He says that this Gardner gun jammed after firing thirty rounds, the enemy, 6,000 strong, being then 200yds. away. Lord Charles and the captain of the gun, Will Rhoods, were trying to clear the barrel when the enemy were upon them. Rhoods was at once killed, and his commanding officer was swept to the ground in the rush; he escaped with only a few spear scratches. Among the killed at Abu Klea was Lord Charles's favourite donkey, "County of Waterford." When I asked him why he gave the ass such an outlandish name, he replied: "Because

the second time I contested it I lost my seat."

It was a terrible time. Lord Charles one day paid eight shillings for a lemonade bottle half-full of water; and later on he read the burial service over Cameron and St. Leger Herbert, the newspaper correspondents, who were killed at Abu Kru. Of course, Lord Charles can recall no end of interesting incidents. He speaks of one of his men who, in one battle, received forty-six wounds and yet lived.

It is a matter of history how Sir Charles Wilson made a dash for Khartoum by way of the river. He reached the capital of the Soudan on January 28th, 1885, but he was too late; the city was in the hands of the Mahdi, and it was alive with warriors and gay with banners. The vicinity was also alive with lead presently, and Wilson prudently steamed out of range. He had had a terrible journey up, the river banks being literally lined with batteries and entrenchments. For example, there were four Krupp guns mounted at Halfiyeh.

Plainly, there was nothing for it but to go back. Unfortunately, the pilots were treacherous, and, thanks to them, the two

steamers were wrecked below the Shublaka Cataracts. Wilson then landed his men on the island of Mernat, and sent Lieut. Stuart Wortley (who ought to have received the V.C. and didn't) down to the British camp at Gubat with news of his plight. Beresford forthwith rose from his sick bed, manned one of the two remaining "penny" steamers at Gubat (the *Safieh*), and then started to the rescue, on the afternoon of February 1st. News of Wilson's position was also sent across the desert to Wolseley, at Korti.

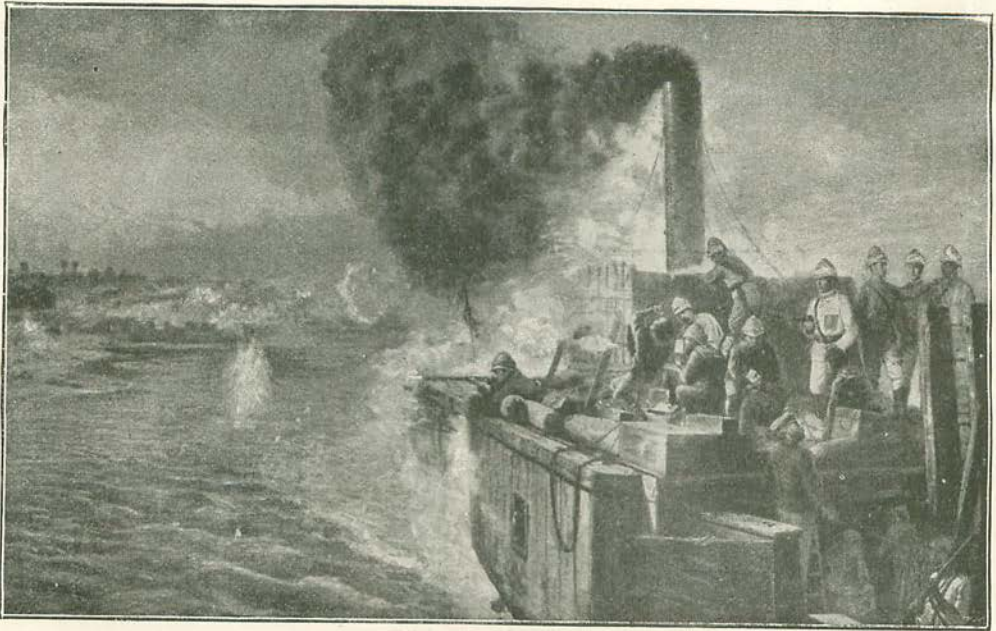
The tremendous fight of the *Safieh*, lasting twenty-two hours, is very well known, and it eclipses even the performance of the *Condor*. Beresford had two Gardner guns, two light



THE KHEDIVÉ TEWFIK, WHOSE LIFE WAS SAVED BY LORD CHARLES.

From a Photo. by Professor Fritz Luckhardt, Vienna.





THE FIGHT OF THE "SAFIEH" AT WAD-EL-HABESHI.  
From the picture by Dickinson and Foster.

guns, and his handful of riflemen. Among his officers was Mr. Herbert Ingram (of whom more hereafter), who served one of the Gardner guns after its captain was killed. The enemy had batteries of heavy guns and about 4,000 riflemen. "Victory was almost ours," remarked Lord Charles, "and we were giving a cheer, when at the second 'Hip,' a big shot struck the *Safieh's* boiler. A vast cloud of water and steam rose from the vessel, scalding seven men; Wilson thought she had been blown up." Lord Charles actually anchored the little steamer, in her crippled condition, within 20cyds. of the enemy's works; he then put out the fires, produced in triumph his boiler plates, and had a patch put on in ten hours, while his men on deck made such excellent practice that the enemy's riflemen dared not even show their heads. Mr. Henry Benbow was the engineer who mended the boiler under these trying circumstances. "Certainly, Benbow ought to have got the V.C.," said Lord Charles to me. "It's a curious thing," he went on, "that while a man may receive a V.C. for saving a single life, he seldom gets it for saving many." Lord Charles possesses a big painting (here shown) of this famous fight, and the rough sketch for it was prepared by Mr. Ingram on the spot.

Here I must digress for a moment to tell the weird, extraordinary story of the ultimate fate of Mr. Herbert Ingram, Lord Charles

Beresford's most brilliant and dashing volunteer. In the first place, Lord Charles outlined the story for me, and Sir William Ingram very kindly filled in the details of his brother's tragic death. So keen was Mr. Ingram's interest in the Gordon Relief Expedition, that he actually took his own steam launch out to Egypt to join the expeditionary forces. He was at Abu Klea, Metemneh, and anywhere else where there was any hot fighting to be done.

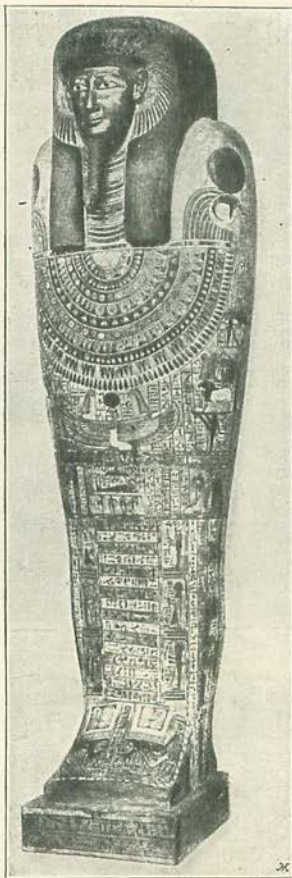
As a kind of souvenir of his adventures in Egypt and the Soudan, Mr. Ingram at length bought a mummy for £50 from the English Consul at Luxor. The mummy was that of a priest of Thetis, and it bore a mysterious inscription. After obtaining, at Cairo, the necessary permits, Ingram sent the mummy home in a big case, which was opened by his brothers at the offices of the *Illustrated London News*. Over the face was a *papier-maché* mask, which is now deposited in the British Museum. The last-named institution was asked to send along an expert to decipher and translate the inscription, which was long and blood-curdling. It set forth that whosoever disturbed the body of this priest should himself be deprived of decent burial; he would meet with a violent death, and his mangled remains would be "carried down by a rush of waters to the sea." This is the first part of a fascinating romance of real life.



Some time after sending the mummy home, Mr. Ingram and Sir Henry Meux were elephant-shooting in Somaliland, when one day the natives brought in a great chunk of dried earth, saying it was the spoor of the biggest elephant in the world. The temptation was too much for the two sportsmen, so they hunted up that herd. "I've left my elephant-gun behind," cried Sir Henry, in dismay. "Take mine," said Ingram, generously, leaving himself with a comparatively impotent small-bore.

When they sighted the elephants, Sir Henry went after a bull, and Mr. Ingram turned his attention to an enormous cow. His method was to turn round in his saddle, fire a shot, and then gallop his pony on ahead, dodging the infuriated elephant among the trees. At last, looking back for another shot, he was swept out of his saddle by the drooping bough of a tree. The moment he reached the ground the wounded elephant was upon him, goring and trampling him to death, notwithstanding the heroism of his Somali servant, who poured a charge of shot right into the monster's ear.

For days the elephant would not let anyone approach the spot, but eventually Mr. Ingram's remains were reverently gathered up and buried for the time being in a nullah, or ravine. Never again was the body seen, for, when an expedition was afterwards dispatched to the spot, only one sock and part of a human bone were found; these pitiful relics were subsequently interred at Aden with military honours. It was found that the floods caused by heavy rains had washed away Mr. Ingram's remains, thereby fulfilling the ancient prophecy—the awful threat of the priest of Thetis. The mummy is now in the posses-



THE "INGRAM" MUMMY, NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF LADY MEUX.



PAPIER-MACHÉ MASK OF THE ABOVE MUMMY, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

sion of Lady Meux, and Sir Harry has the tusks of the elephant.

But let us return to Lord Charles Beresford's desperate fight on the Nile. It is difficult to over-rate the effects of this action at Wad-el-Habeshi, which Lord Charles fought in a miserable little Thames steamer, rotten with age and caulked with rags.

Not only did it save Lord Charles and his men, and Wilson and *his* party (who were soon safe at Korti), but by the salutary effect it produced on the great Emir, El-Nejumi, Sir Redvers Buller was enabled to withdraw the desert column in safety without being threatened by the Soudanese. This is proved by Slatin Pasha, and also by a letter from Father Ohrwalder, who escaped from Khartoum after having been a prisoner for ten years in the hands of the Mahdi.

In December, 1889, Lord Charles took command of the *Undaunted*, twin-screw armoured cruiser of 5,600 tons. "You see," he says, bitterly, "I had to get in my sea-time to qualify for flag rank." Will it be believed that Lord Charles's service with the Gordon Relief Expedition, and his subsequent heroic rescue of Wilson—in all 315 days—was disallowed by the Admiralty as "sea-time"? With his Naval Brigade he was present in four sanguinary actions, besides almost daily skirmishes up and down the Nile in search of fuel for the camp and fresh meat for the sick.

There are actually several well-known precedents which emphasize the enormity of this scandal. On March 28th, 1863, Captain (afterwards Sir George) Tryon got one year and two months' sea-time allowed by Order in Council for acting as transport officer at Massowah, during the Abyssinian War. Six



Lord Charles Beresford gewilt  
 grogga & Wardiaupta tum die Matting  
 was ganzar Coeffarn Gausflimus arworben

FACSIMILE OF PART OF FATHER OHRWALDER'S LETTER WHICH STATES THAT LORD CHARLES'S NILE FIGHT IN THE  
 "SAFIEH" SAVED THE WHOLE BRITISH COLUMN.

months of this time were spent in an Admiralty office making up accounts. Then over and over again has this most distinguished officer been passed over slightly when G.S.P.'s (Good Service Pensions) and A.D.C.'s have been awarded. These have been given to many of his juniors, not one of whom has seen even half his service before the enemy. The "true inwardness" of this flagrant ill-treatment of a brilliant and popular officer, and the influence at work against him in high—very high—places, will one day be made public; but the matter has no place here. A less generous man than Lord Charles would have published the facts long ago.

Here is reproduced a photo. which Lord Charles calls "The Two of Everything." There are his two daughters, Kathleen and Eileen; two personal servants (valet and coxswain); two Arab ponies and two Egyptian donkeys; and, lastly, Lord Charles's

two pet bulldogs, "Alec" and "Bonny." The *Undaunted* came home on June 20th, 1893, and paid off. Soon afterwards Lord Charles got command of the Steam Reserve at Chatham. Here he did invaluable service, passing thirty-three vessels into the Navy, after conducting the necessary trials. While at Chatham Lord Charles was induced to join the vast army of cyclists, out of sheer curiosity, "just to see what it was like."

"I started on a hired machine," he confessed to me, "and practised perseveringly in a secluded part of Chatham Dockyard. My valet helped me. To this day," he went on, smilingly, "I rather fancy the trees, walls, and even roads bear traces of my initiation into the mysteries of wheeling."

Truly Lord Charles Beresford is a man of varied experience and many accomplishments. One comes away from him with Burke's description of Johnson ringing in one's ears—"a tremendous companion."



"TWO OF EVERYTHING."  
 From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.