

Illustrated Interviews.

XXII.—SIR ROBERT RAWLINSON, K.C.B.



THE BOLTONS, South Kensington, does not cover a very wide area—it is a circle of houses with a church in the centre, surrounded by trees, amongst the boughs of which the birds seem to sing and make merry from New Year's Day to the ringing out of the old year. This is the third time our note-book and pencil have been busily employed in this very pleasant corner of Kensington. At No. 16, Madame Albani has chatted over five o'clock tea and deliciously thin bread and butter; at No. 27, Mr. F. C. Burnand once frankly declared that to become a successful humorist one must needs possess a serious turn of mind, and refuse to yield to it!

I remember this as I cross to the opposite side of The Boltons to No. 11, where the great civil engineer and eminent sanitarian lives—the man who saved many a life in the Crimea, and has numerous works due to his engineering skill, not only in this country, but in distant lands. There is little about his house suggestive of the craft of which he is a past master. He pleads a most artistic hobby: that of pictures; and after spending a day with him and Lady Rawlinson—they have been happily married for sixty-three years—I made a hurried survey of the artistic treasures on the walls once more, and tried to single out a picture which had not some history attached to it. It was impossible. And the day's pleasure ended in not only listening

to the story of a not uneventful life, but the bringing away of a collection of pictorial anecdotes of remarkable and often historical interest.

In appearance, Sir Robert, though on the very day I sit down to write he enters upon his eighty-third birthday, still retains that striking physique which singled him out as a probable "long liver" in the "fifties." He is tall, and his hair and beard are quite white—his spirits quick, undampable, and merry. That he is an enthusiast on many things is evident from the rapid way in which he discusses his pet subjects. Take Landseer, for instance. The great animal painter never produced a canvas of which Sir Robert could not tell you its story. On matters of hygiene—particularly of that relating to armies in the field—he is an indisputable authority, whilst he has always had the domiciliary condition of the people near at heart—the proper house accommodation of the people is a subject he is always ready to discuss. On all these matters, and many more, the great engineer speaks frankly, kindly, and well.



From a Photo. by

THE STUDY.

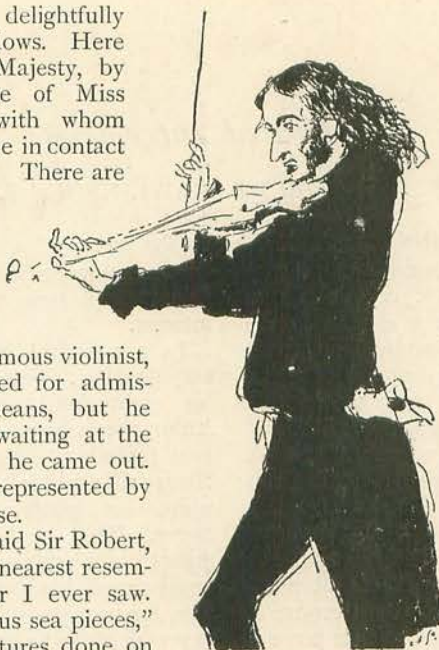
[Elliott & Fry.
Vol. v.--67.

The holly-bushes look delightfully green from the study windows. Here is a fine bust of Her Majesty, by Noble, and a statuette of Miss Florence Nightingale, with whom Sir Robert frequently came in contact during the Crimean War. There are several family portraits; and a couple of strikingly clever sketches of Paganini, by Landseer, drawn from their present possessor the remark that he never heard the famous violinist, because the prices charged for admission were beyond his means, but he caught sight of him by waiting at the door of the theatre until he came out. Marshall, the painter, is represented by an old lady picking a goose.

"I like that picture," said Sir Robert, "because the face is the nearest resemblance to my old mother I ever saw. There's a couple of curious sea pieces," pointing to a pair of pictures done on two pieces of rough deal board—"Storm" and "Calm." "They were painted by Richard Dadd, the mad artist. He had an illusion that his father was the devil. He was pronounced mad, and was confined in Broadmoor Lunatic Asylum. But come up-stairs."

On the upper landing hang several remarkable examples of Dadd's work. One is a canvas executed before he went out of his mind; two depict his efforts afterwards. One of the latter is an Eastern market place, the other "The Crooked Path"—an incident from the "Pilgrim's Progress"—done on a sheet of brown paper, and dated Broadmoor, September, 1866. Every face painted bears the sign of insanity! The staircase, which is flooded with light from the beautiful stained-glass window, has many fine canvases, notably Landseer's original study for the companion to "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," a genuine Holbein of Harry the Eighth, a Linnell, small but precious, for it cost three hundred guineas, and the sketch for Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Holy Family."

In a small ante-room near here



PAGANINI.
By Sir Edwin Landseer.

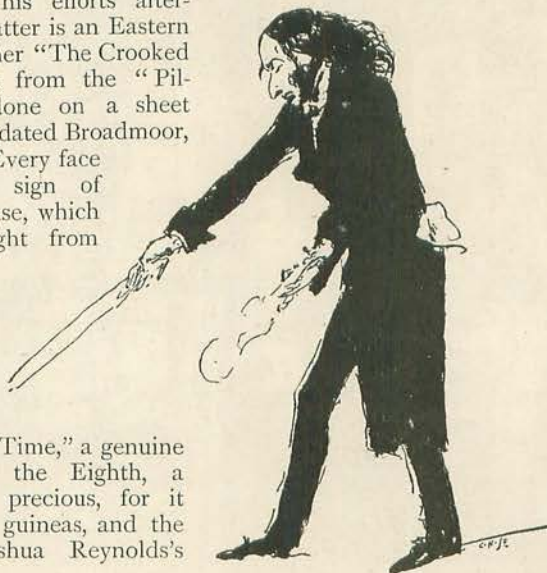
hangs a portrait of Miss Florence Nightingale as she appeared when engaged in her noble duties in the Crimean War. We pause for a moment before a moonlight scene—a picture of the graveyard in the Crimea, and Sir Robert crosses to a table and takes from it a forty-two pound shot, which he places in my hand—a shot of steel, forged and not cast.

"I keep that picture to remind me how very near I was being put to rest there myself," he said, thoughtfully; then, pointing to the cannon ball, he added, "Yes, and that very nearly did it. The story goes a long way

to prove that nothing is ever lost by being polite."

Sir Robert Rawlinson is probably the only man living who has been knocked off his horse by a cannon ball. It was Sunday morning, the 18th of June, 1854, in the Crimea, that Sir Robert—then Mr. Rawlinson—was riding out with some young artillery officers down a ravine called "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." A great crowd of our soldiers were assembled on Cathcart's Hill, and the Russians began firing. Mr. Rawlinson called out to a captain:—

"I'm not going any farther; good morning," and raised his hat to salute him. As he did so the shot came whizzing along in front of him, cutting the reins, the pommel of the saddle, and driving a steel purse against the crest of the hip-bone,



PAGANINI.
By Sir Edwin Landseer.



From a Painting by]

"THE CROOKED PATH."

[Richard Dadd.

making a large flesh wound, and seriously bruising the bone. The rider thought he was cut in two.

"Now, had I not raised my hat," said Sir Robert, merrily, "my right arm must have been taken off, as the shot perforated my coat beneath the arm. It has left a deep hole in my hip as a gentle little reminder!"

How pleasant were the picture stories told of the etchings and engravings in the bedroom! Over the door are the dogs of Sir Walter Scott, by a pupil of Tom Landseer—

valuable, for it is the only proof taken from the plate in that state. And the Landseers! Over the mantel-board are "Night" and "Morning," and near by an etching—and Sir Robert said he considered it better than the engraving—of "The Monarch of the Glen," a picture which Landseer originally painted for the Refreshment Room of the House of Lords for 300 guineas, but which, much to the artist's chagrin, was rejected by a Fine Arts Committee, of which the Prince Consort was chairman. Here is "The Midsummer Night's Dream."

"I was talking to Landseer one day," said Sir Robert, "and I asked him why he had painted the dwarf yellow.

"Oh!" he replied, 'that's mustard-seed, and he must be strong!'

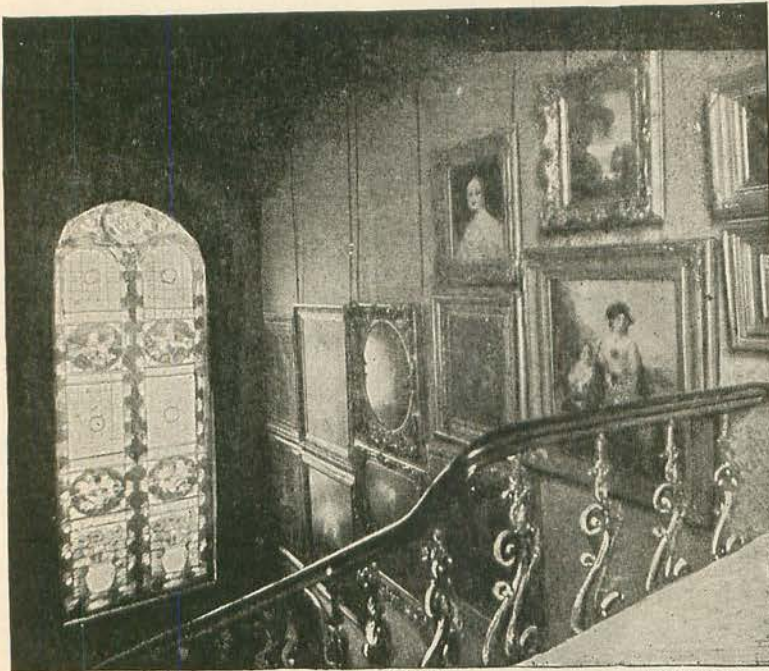
"You notice the white hare in the picture," continued Sir Robert. "Landseer never made mistakes, but if anybody imagined he did, he was very smart in replying to the charge. A lady pointed out to him that she thought the rabbit was wrong—she had never seen a rabbit's legs placed like that. Landseer was equal to the occasion, for he replied:—

"That is not a rabbit, madam; it's a white hare!"

In a corner is the engraving of the portrait of Landseer himself, with a couple of dogs peeping over his shoulder. It was painted when the artist was sixty-three years of age with the aid of a looking-glass—

and the retriever and collie came and looked over their master's shoulder to see what he was doing. What better title could have been found for it than "The Connoisseurs"? Landseer gave this picture to the Prince of Wales. We talked for a long time about Landseer. In Sir Robert's earlier days he was associated with Robert Stephenson, and we remembered a little story of a picture specially painted for Stephenson by Landseer.

"Stephenson was a man of a very kindly disposition and exceptionally simple tastes."



From a Photo. by]

THE LANDING.

[Elliott & Fry.

in consideration of which they would take 500 guineas' worth of proofs, and insure it for £1,000? Here is the story in Mr. Graves's own words:—

"My American correspondent came over to look to the safety of the picture. We were dining together with some friends one night, and about eight o'clock he said:—

"I must be off to Liverpool—the boat goes at twelve o'clock to-morrow."

"I pressed him to stay, remarking

said Sir Robert, "and some railway people wished to present him with a piece of plate of the value of 500 guineas. He had already received some £2,000 worth of plate, and assured his would-be kindly donors that he would rather have a picture by Landseer. This remark delighted the artist very much, and he said: 'This is the first time I ever heard of a fellow who preferred a picture to silver plate. Well, he shall have a good one.' The result was 'The Twins.'"

I could not help asking Sir Robert to allow me to tell him the sequel to this incident—a little anecdote related to me by the late Mr. Henry Graves, the famous print-seller, of Pall Mall, who probably knew Landseer better than any other man. The picture shows a sheep with twins by its side, and was the only painting the artist ever finished straightaway, instead of working on a number at the same time, as was his wont.

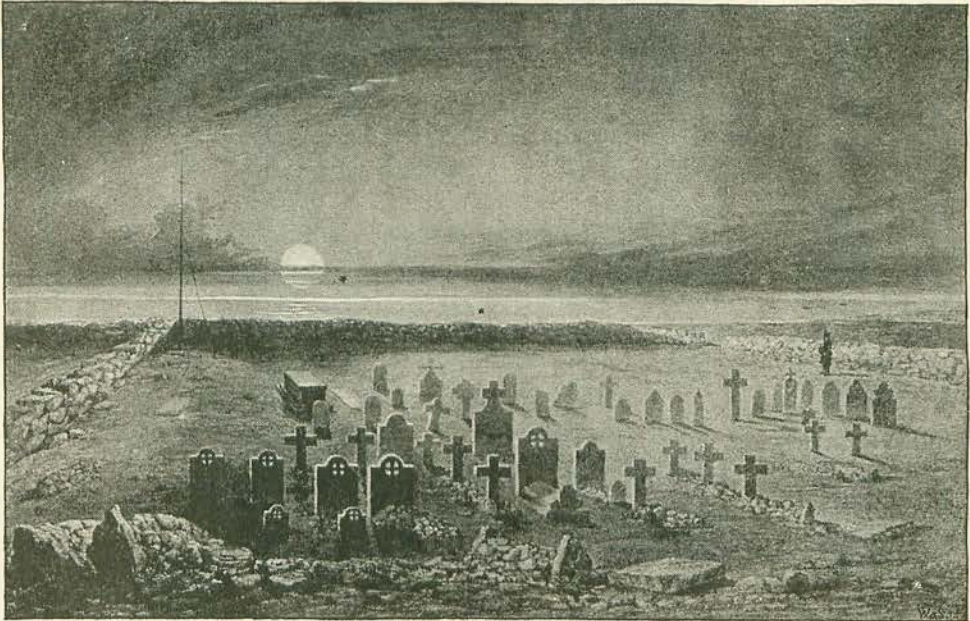
The picture was in the possession of Mr. Graves. He received a communication from America, saying that Landseer's work had never been seen in America; could it be lent for exhibition for a month in New York,



From a]

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

[Photograph.



GRAVEYARD IN THE CRIMEA.

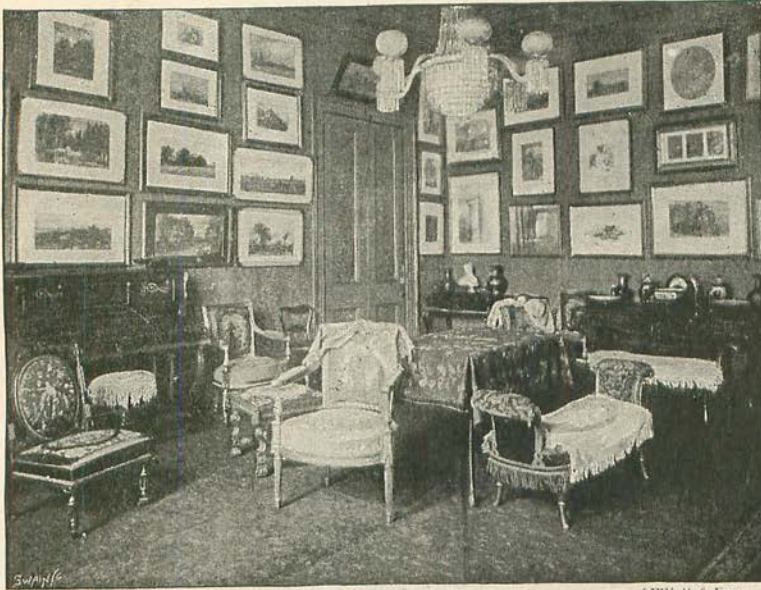
he could go by the early train in the morning and be in good time. He remained, and left on the morrow; the train was delayed, and he lost the boat. That vessel went down. But what about the picture? We wrote over to New York so as to get the necessary documents to claim the insurance, but they replied, 'What do you mean? The picture is being exhibited!' I had sent 'The Twins' in good time to Liverpool, and the authorities there noticing the case labelled 'Valuable picture by Landseer—great care,' and having a boat then going, were just in time to get it on board. Indeed, I believe it was the last thing received on board by the captain. So the picture went before, and the agent fortunately went after, the boat that was never heard of. It now hangs in the house of Mr. Stephenson's nephew."

The drawing-room walls are covered with works of art—Sidney Cooper, George Fripp, Müller, J. B. Pyne (who was Müller's master), Absalon (who designed the grand curtain for Her Majesty's Theatre), and Brittan Willis are all well represented. Absalon gives "Crecy" and "Agincourt" as they are to-day. In the latter picture the mill is shown where it is said the King stood while the Black Prince won the battle. A striking portrait of Lady Blessington is by Shalon, and there are no fewer than three valuable portraits of the Queen, one of which is the chalk drawing by

Winterhalter, and the other is the original picture of Her Majesty painted by Parris from the orchestra of Drury Lane Theatre, a reproduction of which was published in the third number of this Magazine, together with the story associated with it, told me by the late Mr. Henry Graves, who sat by the side of Parris when he made the sketch. Lewis is responsible for "Interior of a Harem."

"Very expensive man to buy," Sir Robert said. "A few of his pictures were to be sold, and I attended the sale. One was a little larger than this, on a similar subject, and I thought I would buy it as a companion work. But it went for eleven hundred guineas!" Over a fine cabinet are a pair of dogs in pencil, by Landseer. "Racket" was drawn when he was ten years of age and "Pincher" a year later. The Satsuma ware and Sevres china scattered about the apartment are exceptionally choice, and the curious cloth which covers the table in the centre of the room—a table, by-the-by, which belonged to our Ambassador to France during the great Revolution of 1793—came from the Sultan's palace at Constantinople, and is worked with His Majesty's name in silk in the centre.

But what is unquestionably the most interesting among the contents of the drawing-room is the cabinet of Japanese ivories. It contains probably the finest collection



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

of such Japanese handicraft in miniature in the kingdom. There is everything in ivory, from a beggar with his rosary to a beauty with painted cheeks and almond-shaped eyes. You may handle the quaintest of ideas carried out in ivory; a skeleton carrying a baboon—calculated to beat Holbein's "Dance of Death" all to pieces; skulls with cobras intertwined—indeed, the serpent is everywhere; and all with some mystic meaning.

"The date of the workmanship of these," said Sir Robert, "must go back for centuries."

"I should think to the very beginning!" Lady Rawlinson remarked. And amongst these curios are rare jade bowls of white and green, and shining in the midst of all—as big and almost as brilliant as the noonday sun—is the largest ball of pure rock crystal in Europe. An exquisitely-carved rhinoceros horn in the shape of a goblet might pos-

sibly come in useful, for the legend associated with it runs that should poison be put in it, and some unkind friend request you to drink, the deadly liquor would disappear of its own accord.

We looked in at the small library, and then went into the dining-room. As in the drawing-room, the walls are hidden from view by artistic works—Landseer, Frith, Phil Morris, Müller, Ansdell, Ansdell and Phillip, Hefner, Weiser, Creswick,

Sant, John Wilson, Junr., Solomon, and Henry O'Neil—the latter artist's "Return of the Wanderer" being in a conspicuous position. As Sir Robert points them out, he seems to see an unwritten story on every canvas. He singles out the Müller as his greatest treasure, for it was the last and possibly the best work the artist ever chronicled with his brush, and he died eight days after its completion.

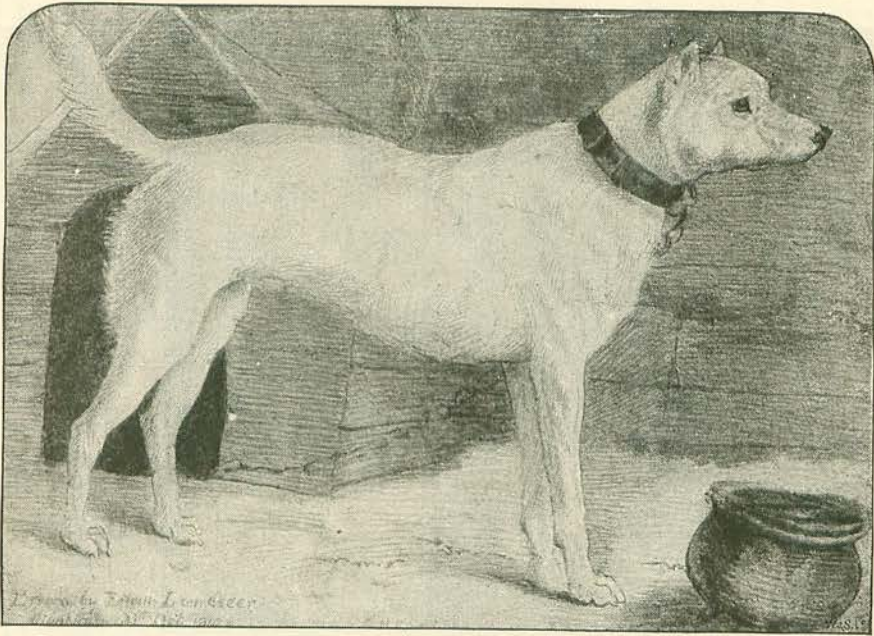
Pointing to the first study of Frith's "Dolly



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.



From the Drawing by]

"RACKET."

[Sir Edwin Landseer.

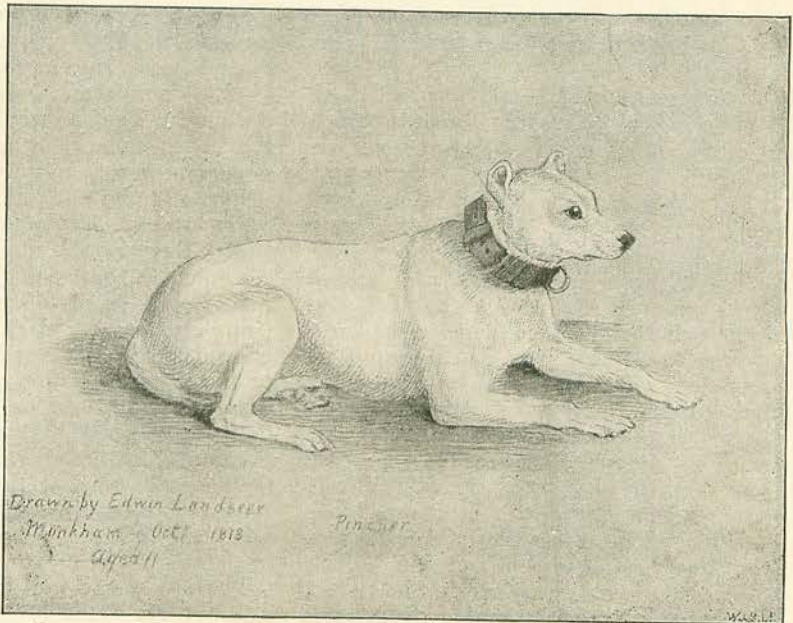
Varden," Sir Robert said: "Frith painted three 'Dolly Vardens.' One of these was a commission from Dickens in 1844, for which he received £20. When Frith asked Dickens if he wanted the sketch, his reply was, 'No, of course I don't.' That is the sketch which Dickens refused, for which I paid the small sum of fifteen guineas. At his sale the picture, for which he gave £20, realized one thousand guineas.

"Those donkeys on a common are by Ansdell, R.A. I gave him an order to paint me some donkeys, and he painted them in an old churchyard with tombstones. I complained to him in a joking sort of way.

"'Oh!' he replied, 'I thought a churchyard was just the place for a sanitary commissioner!'

"There is another canvas

by Ansdell and Phillip, R.A.—a Spanish scene. Ansdell painted the mule and surrounding landscape, whilst Phillip put in the two figures. The young girl on the mule is Ansdell's daughter. That is Sant's own little girl in the picture called 'The Fairy Tale,' and 'The Gossips' is by Solomon, to which a story was written by Miss Power, the niece



From the Drawing by]

"PINCHER."

[Sir Edwin Landseer.



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Lewis & Fry.

week. He worked at his father's business at Chorley, and before he was twenty-one he was a stone-mason, bricklayer, millwright, carpenter, sawyer, and even a navvy, and all with a view of grounding himself in everything of a practical nature which would tend to make him an engineer—a profession on which his heart was set.

"When I was one-and-twenty," he said, as he contemplatively

of Lady Blessington. Whilst Solomon was painting 'The Gossips' for me, he was engaged on a portrait of Jenny Lind, who, by the way, used to live here in The Boltons. Solomon told me of some of the great singer's odd expressions which she made use of whilst her portrait was in progress of being painted.

"No, no," she would cry, 'it's not like me! You haven't made my nose big enough. Don't you see my nose is all over my face? Oh! and look at my hair. It isn't green enough!'

"Not green enough?" Solomon exclaimed.

"No; don't you see that my hair is the colour of what you call hay before it is made?"

So, brimful of these stories, we sat down together by the fire. I heard of a most useful life—a successful career, conceived and carried out by the man who related it. Whatever success has fallen to Sir Robert Rawlinson's lot has been honestly laboured for. Sir Robert to-day is a real example, a personified definition of—Industry. He refers to it all very quietly—there is not a tittle of over-estimated powers about his speech. He started life with a purpose—he has lived it with a will. Born at Bristol on the 28th February, 1810—his father, Thomas Rawlinson, of Chorley, Lancashire, was a mason and builder, his mother a Devonshire woman. Sir Robert barely went to school—he frankly declares that his education only cost three-halfpence a

turned over the past pages of his life in his mind, "I was residing at Liverpool and entered the Dock office under Jesse Hartley, the greatest dock engineer the world has seen. I remained there for five years, for the last three of which I was Hartley's confidential draughtsman and adviser. Then I went on to the London and Birmingham Railway, the Blisworth contract, under Robert Stephenson. Stephenson was remarkably considerate and indeed a gentleman, and treated me with almost brotherly kindness. I was in charge of the masonry. The railway was in a cutting about two miles long and sixty feet deep through rock, with an intervening bed of clay, which had to be cut out and then filled in with masonry. I was then twenty-six."

Mr. Rawlinson completed the work successfully. At the age of thirty, he once more went to Liverpool, filling the post of Assistant Surveyor to the Corporation. He remained there for two and a half years, when, on the recommendation of his first employer—Jesse Hartley—he was appointed engineer to the celebrated Bridgewater Canal. Then I listened to the story of how he came to design and complete the wonderful hollow brick ceiling over St. George's Hall, Liverpool; the lightest work of its kind, probably, in the world.

"Whilst I was in Liverpool," Sir Robert said, "I met young Harvey Lonsdale Elmes, the architect of St. George's Hall. He was

about twenty-four years of age, yet he captured 1,500 guineas, being the three premiums offered for designs for St. George's Hall, the New Law Courts, and the New Collegiate Institute. We often met and talked together. I assisted him in getting out the plan for the foundation, and I laid the first brick of St. George's Hall. Elmes was consumptive. He went for a time to the Isle of Wight. He became worse, and the doctors ordered him to winter in Kingston, Jamaica. One day, before leaving England, he sent for me.

"'Rawlinson,' he said, 'if anything would give me a chance of coming back with my life, it would be to see my building in your hands!'

"What could I say? I undertook the task until I handed it over to the great London architect, Mr. Cockerel, who completed it."

Now came an important epoch in Mr. Rawlinson's career. In 1848 the Public Health Act was passed and he was appointed the first engineer superintendent inspector. He made the first inquiry and wrote the first report on Dover—he subsequently inspected and reported on the state and condition of towns and villages from Berwick-on-Tweed to Land's End, from Liverpool to Hull.

"The Commission of Inquiry lived until 1854," continued Sir Robert. "It met with such violent opposition in Parliament that it had to be broken up, though it was immedi-

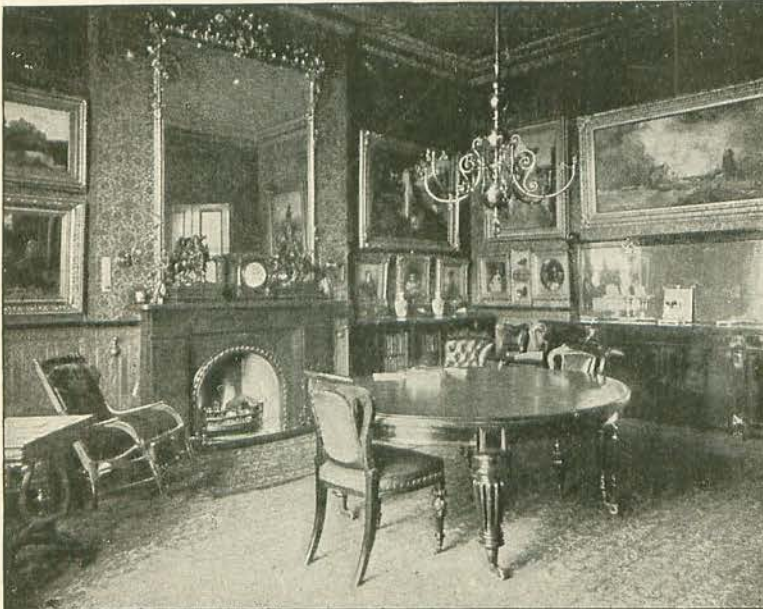
ately revived by Lord Palmerston, under the chairmanship of Sir Benjamin Hall. I was at this time engineer to the Birmingham and Wolverhampton Waterworks." The lad who had been stone-mason and bricklayer, sawyer and carpenter, was earning £5,000 a year. It was at this point in our conversation that Sir Robert referred to the Duke of Wellington.

"I used to see him," he said, "walking down from Apsley House to the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in white trousers and blue frock-coat with brass buttons. Whenever he was in London on a Sunday he used to attend the early morning eight o'clock service at St. James's, and when I had any friends who wanted to see the great Duke, I used to take them to church. Frequently he, with myself and friends sitting at a good point of vantage, would be the only people there. But this by the way. Now came the winter of '54 and '55—the time of Crimea. In the spring of 1855 I was sent out as Engineering Sanitary Commissioner to the East. There is a portrait hanging there of Dr. Sutherland and myself taken in our hut in the Crimea.

"I was down in Lancashire one Saturday and came up to Euston in the evening, arriving there at ten o'clock. My wife was there with the brougham waiting for me—much to my surprise. She said, very quietly, 'I've got a note for you from Lord Shaftesbury; he's called several times to-day.' I

knew what it meant—the Government wanted me to go out to the Crimea. The note read: 'Dear Rawlinson,—See me to-night if possible; if not, at eight o'clock to-morrow morning.' We drove away to Grosvenor Square at once, but Shaftesbury was dining with Palmerston. I went again at eight o'clock in the morning. He was sitting in his library.

"'Well, Rawlinson,' he said, with a gloomy expression, 'we are losing our poor



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

army in the Crimea. I've induced Palmerston to agree to a Sanitary Commission. Dr. Sutherland and Dr. Gavin will go, but I want an engineer. Will you go?'

"The whole thing now comes vividly before me. When I learned afterwards that from December to March, out of an army of 32,000 men, 11,000 had died through starvation and climate—in three months more at the same rate there would have been no British Army!

"I'll go, my lord," I said.

"He embraced me like a woman.

"You shall take such powers as men never took before," he said, and he kept his word. The Commission sailed on the following Thursday, at the end of February, landed at Constantinople on the 6th March, and the next day we went over to the great hospitals on the Asiatic side, where the men were dying at the rate of sixty and seventy a day. The wards were full of sick and dying, there was no adequate ventilation, and the area outside of the hospitals was covered with filth and the carcasses of animals. The cleansing was heavy work. On the second day of our arrival I had the upper portion of the windows broken to let ventilation into the rooms. Armenians and Greek labourers cleared away the carcasses—for the Turks would not touch them—and subsequently the hospitals were white-washed. By mid-summer our hospitals were the cleanest in Europe—so Florence Nightingale wrote home. The mortality decreased from sixty and seventy per thousand to twelve and fourteen, and went on improving. The French did nothing, although they had

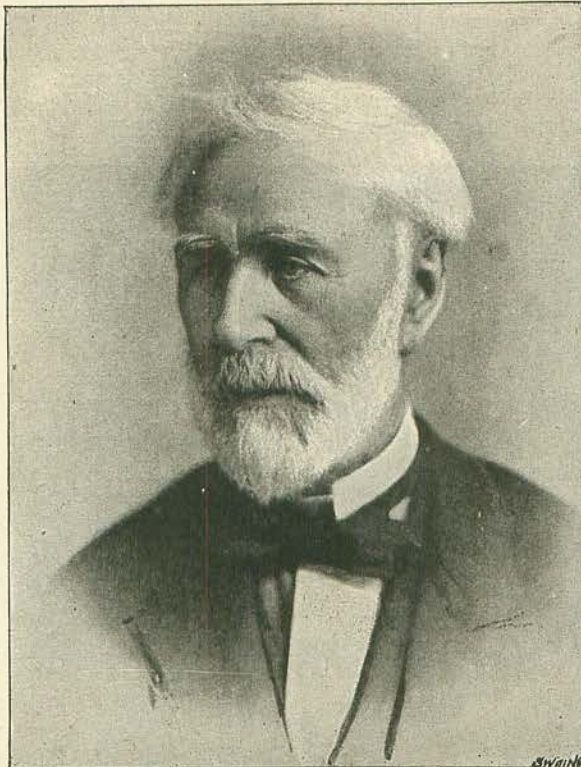
some palaces on the European side for their sick. They neither drained, ventilated, nor cleansed the surroundings—men, nurses, officers and doctors went down with fever—they telegraphed home for nurses and doctors; the reply was, 'there were none to spare.' *Peace was absolutely necessary!*"

Sir Robert referred to all this very quietly, but the value of this work will never be estimated or known. Sir Colin Campbell—afterwards Lord Clyde—who led the Highland brigade at the Battle of the Alma—called him the "Inquisitor General," a compliment, indeed; and to-day the veteran field-marshal, Lord William Paulet, never meets him without gripping his hand and exclaiming: "I'm glad to see you, Rawlinson—had it not been for you I shouldn't be here to-day."

The wound from the cannon ball was the cause of Mr. Rawlinson's return home from the Crimea, but he continued to act until the end of the war. The late Emperor of Germany, Prince Bismarck, and Count Moltke have all acknowledged his services in sanitary matters. In 1864 Lord Palmerston made him a C.B., in 1885 Mr. Gladstone recommended him for Knighthood, and in 1889 Lord Salisbury for

a K.C.B. Sir Robert has served on three Royal Commissions; water-works have been constructed under his directions in Hong Kong—the name Hong Kong curiously enough means 'fragrant streams'—and Singapore; and Sir Robert conceived and established a system of main sewerage which has had not a little to do with the health of the people.

Then as we sat together by the window opening on to the green lawn we talked of many a famous man Sir Robert had



From a Photo. by]

SIR ROBERT RAWLINSON.

[Elliott & Fry.

known. He spoke of the blunt ways of Garibaldi — rough, uncouth, though not lacking in the heartiness, however, inseparable from a sailor. Then of Lord Shaftesbury, Carlyle, and many more.

"I remember a little incident that happened one day when I was staying with Lord Shaftesbury," said Sir Robert. "We were walking together in the grounds when a gardener approached him, and asked for a gun and packet of cartridges to shoot the blackbirds and thrushes which were ruining the fruit trees.

"No," said Shaftesbury. "You may get nets if you like and cover the fruit, or hire a boy to keep the birds away, or sit up yourself; but if you shoot a bird in my gardens you must go about your business."

"Next day I was standing with him on the steps. A gun went off.

"Shooting?" I said.

"Yes," he replied; "that's the keeper shooting your dinner."

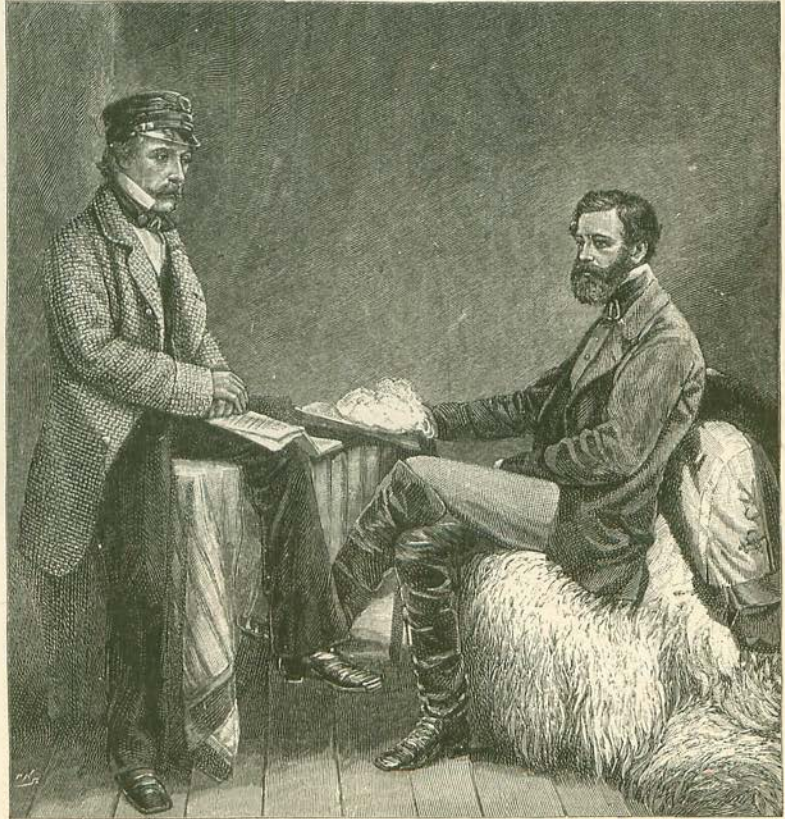
"Well," I said, "if I have to come again into this world I'd be a blackbird or a thrush; I wouldn't be a pheasant or a partridge!"

"I can only hope he forgave me.

"Carlyle? Well, from about 1865, and on to near his death, at the request of the Sage of Chelsea, I spent many pleasant evenings with him. He usually sat on a low seat leaning against the side of the fire, smoking a long clay pipe up the drawing-room chimney. I sat on a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace. I do not remember that we ever had any form of drinkable refreshments during the couple of hours I might be with him in the evening.

"One night I questioned him about the destruction of the manuscript of a volume of his 'French Revolution.' I asked, 'Is it true that an entire volume of the manuscript was lost or destroyed?' when he replied in a tone of distress, 'Yes, yes; it is ower true. I lent it to a friend, and never saw it again.' I said, 'I can hardly comprehend how you got over it.' He replied, 'For two days and nights I could neither eat nor sleep.' I then said, 'Well, but you did get over it, some way?' 'Well, yes,' he replied. 'I just went into the country, and for several weeks did nothing but read Marryat's novels.' Bursting into a loud laugh, the thought of this time seemed now to amuse him. 'Well,' I said, 'and what did you do then?' When he replied, with a deep sigh, 'I just came back and wrote it all over again.' Then he further said, solemnly, 'I dinna think it's the same; no, I dinna think it's the same!'

"On other evenings we had conversations on various matters, as for instance, modern portrait statuary in London, which I said upon the whole was not satisfactory, in which



DR. SUTHERLAND.

"IN THE CRIMEA."

MR. RAWLINSON.

From a Painting.

he agreed. I ended the discussion by saying that if our portrait statuary became much worse, when some monster murderer had been tried and found guilty, the judge, putting on the black cap, should say, 'Prisoner at the bar, a jury of your countrymen having found you guilty of a most atrocious crime, you must be hanged until you are dead, and then a statue shall be erected to perpetuate your memory, and God help your soul.' Carlyle assented, but not in any hearty manner. No doubt I had ventured a little out of my bearings.

"On another occasion I brought on the subject of the attack of Mrs. Beecher Stowe on the memory of Lord Byron. I said there might be something in Byron's separation from his wife neither agreeable nor pleasant, but that I could not believe there was much of truth in the abominable scandals; and that, even if some of it was true, it did not justify Mrs. Beecher Stowe either to make or meddle. I further said that Byron, in his lone death, evinced more feeling for his wife than we have any evidence she ever did for him. In his dying moments he

wished Fletcher, his servant, to convey a message to Lady Byron; with his last breath Byron muttered, 'You will be sure and tell Lady Byron.' Fletcher replied, 'I have not heard one word that you have said,' when Byron with an exclamation, 'Ah, my God!' fell back dead."

"You met Mrs. Carlyle, Sir Robert?" I asked, as we opened the veranda door to examine the bushes in the garden and watch what progress spring was making.

"No, never!"

"But do you know if it is true that Carlyle used to wear an expression of 'Silence, woman,' whenever she was in the room?"

"Well, you know," Sir Robert replied,

"Carlyle lived in a house that stood on Thames gravel. Perhaps that accounted for his dyspepsia and her headaches. But I can tell you this: One day Mrs. Carlyle sent a message, saying she wanted to see me particularly. But I was not to go until she sent for me, and that would be when Thomas was away, for if he was at home when I called, she wouldn't be able to get a word in edgewise!"

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by]

LADY RAWLINSON.

[Fall, Baker Street, W.