

**THE WHITTALL FAMILY IN THE
18th & 19th CENTURIES
&
ASSOCIATED FAMILIES**

compiled by

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Sources:

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| 1. Family Papers | |
| 2. James Whittall, | Notes on the Whittall Family, 1879 (Printed below) |
| 3. James Whittall | Appendix to Notes on the Whittall Family (Printed below) |
| 4. Sir J.W.Whittall, | Family Reminiscences 1901 |
| 5. Edmund Giraud, | Family Records 1934 |

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PART I

THE EARLY WHITTALLS

CHAPTER I:

WORCESTER

The earliest known reference to our Whittall ancestry is to be found in the Parish Register of All Saints Church in the City of Worcester which records the marriage, on March first 1721, of James Whittle and Margaret Dumbell. An earlier entry covers the death of one John Whittle on April 23rd, 1705, who may have been a connection. In all subsequent entries referring to James and Margaret's children, the family name is spelt WHITTALL, so the earlier version was probably due to a clerical error. The register also shows that James and Margaret had eleven children, and that he died in 1780 at the age of 84.

In his family memoirs, written in 1879, James's great-grandson (another James) states that tradition had it that he had been a hop merchant, and agent to the Leighton family in Shropshire, wealthy and driving his own four-in-hand, and an owner of racehorses, winning cups at Worcester and Chester races. This is somewhat doubtful, as James was only 25 years old when he married, and presumably had been settled in Worcester for some short time beforehand. A connection with the Leighton family and Shropshire is, however, likely, as James's eldest grandson Charlton was probably named after Sir Charlton Leighton who, in his turn, was called after his mother, a former Miss Charlton. Sir Charlton was born in 1715, and settled on his estates in 1764, the very same year that the first Charlton Whittall was born. It is interesting too that the Parish Register of the village of Alberbury in Shropshire, in which lay the Leighton Estates bears records of a number of Whittells - Whettalls and Wheatalls living there in the 17th century. A search through the Leighton family papers deposited in the Shrewsbury Records Office might throw some light on the further background.

James appears to have spent all his life in Worcester and on his son Francis's admission to the Freedom of the City he is described as a 'Tobacconist', but whether a merchant or a retailer is not known. He seems to have been quite well-to-do for his great grandson James had pointed out and to him a "fine large house in Broad Street which belonged to his ancestor" and was also shown a number of houses in Turkey Street (was this prophetic?) which had also belonged to him. He was buried in All Saints' Church in a family vault which no longer exists.

As mentioned above, he had eleven children of whom only one, his daughter Margaret, survived him. Five died in infancy and four in early middle age, including George, the only son to marry, and from whom the present family is descended. The remaining son, Benjamin, joined the Navy, but was killed when 26 years old in 1762 at the battle for Fort

Moro in Havana, when serving under Captain, later Admiral, Lord Rodney, whose signature appears on several papers referring to him. Two sons, George and Francis, were admitted to the Freedom of the City and the tomb of the former and of his sister Betty is still existent in the old cemetery of Hallow, a village on the outskirts of Worcester.

Two copies of James's will exist, one in his own handwriting, and the Diocesan Register of Wills certifies that his estate did not exceed three hundred pounds. After bequests to his daughter Margaret (who had married a Mr. Somner of Chester) and his daughter-in-law Mary, nee Speed, the widow of his son George, the residue of his estate was left to his eldest grandson, Charlton, after provision for the education of the younger William.

These two, Charlton (1764-1823) and William (1769-?) are the first Whittalls of whom we have any detailed knowledge. In 1879 James wrote that his grandfather Charlton had had a fair classical education and joined the Navy at an early age as a midshipman and was present at the Battle of the Saints in the West Indies in April 1782, of which he has left a graphic description in a notebook. He subsequently passed his examinations for Lieutenancy but left the Navy on his marriage in 1789. He then lived and worked in Worcester for a time, being elected Freeman in 1798, but later migrated to Liverpool.

James never knew his grandfather, and what he writes about him he learned from his grandmother Sarah: "My grandfather was represented to me as a gentleman in manner and education, kind-hearted to a fault, and one who could never say nay to the appeals of even the unworthy. On his marriage he quitted the naval service - his first step to ruin - for had he remained, with his then means, he would probably have died an admiral in those times of easy promotion. I believe also that on the strength of the fortune he inherited from his grandfather he went in as a sporting character in the racing line, which diminished his fortune. I remember how my grandmother carried to her dying day an ill-feeling against her brother-in-law, William, over the possession of houses in Turkey Street which her husband lost in a gambling transaction. Shortly after his marriage my grandfather settled in Liverpool and set up as a merchant. He must still have possessed some fortune as the first house he inhabited was situated in Paradise Street, a mansion spacious enough to be later converted into the Star and Garter Inn. The Liverpool of that time must have been a very small, although a rising place. As already stated Paradise Street, now the centre of trade with only shops and taverns, was then the fashionable quarter. The then representatives of many families of note of this day, such as the Gladstones, the Ewarts, and others, were such small people that I have heard my grandmother say that they felt honoured by her husband's noticing them.

My grandfather did not prosper in business, as he was too easy-going in everything. His proper feelings of a man and a Christian made him refrain from entering into the African trade which was the most lucrative of all in his time, that of slaves. We may thank God that he abstained from that horrid traffic, yet his career was ever a downward one until despair drove him to intemperate habits.

Harrowing are the details which I heard my grandmother recount of her sufferings and of those of her children from her husband's conduct in this respect. To what low point, alas, a gentleman and a man of education and of many virtues may fall.

During his lifetime all the ancestral plate, race cups, etc., were disposed of to meet pressing needs, with the exception of a silver tea service which I bought at the sale of my

father's effects and gave to my son, Richard."

Charlton married Sarah Galliers, a lady two years his senior, in Chester on 25th March, 1789. The events leading up to the union are described in a letter written to his son in 1812, but this account must be taken with some reserve for it followed a bout of drunkenness, and a flaming family row.

"I said I would send you some account of the transaction of my life from my first acquaintance with your mother. On reflection I deem it unnecessary as it will only show you that almost incredible lack of worldly wisdom, I may say prudence, in me and a considerable share of female duplicity in your mother. I shall therefore only at present inform you that I first became acquainted with her when she was servant to Mr. Hill, who I was at that time clerk with, that I conceived a real affection for her which I thought returned. An unfortunate circumstance however occurred which caused the attachment to become known to my mother and friends, and though nothing criminal occurred, appearances tendered to injure almost irreparably the character and reputation of your mother. Every argument which reason and prudence could dictate were of course urged by my friends to abandon so imprudent an attachment - the difference in age, of education, the favourable prospects then before me and which I believe would have had the desired effect had not the core of her suffering from, as I flatter myself, a sincere affection for me, overbalanced every other consideration in my breast - in short I privately took lodgings for her at a country house near Perry Wood which I believe I pointed out to you when at Worcester"

The end of this letter has been lost, and subsequent ones show no evidence of further tension and contain many suggestions of mutual affection and respect. In these Sarah appears as a strong-willed and even obstinate character who ably strove to maintain the standards of family life and some degree of respectability. Although not of much education herself she was determined on her children having the best, and succeeded in so doing, except perhaps in the case of Sarah, her eldest.

Her grandson, James, who spent many years living with her when at school, describes her in these words: "My grandmother was the daughter of a respectable Shropshire farmer. According to what she herself told me her early years were spent in Shrewsbury or Ludlow, living with an aunt, from whom she learnt better manners than those of a country maid. Notwithstanding her prominent Roman nose, she was considered one of the Shropshire belles. When I saw her, which was in her decline, she looked the type of a Roman matron. Her features did not belie her character. She was stern, with a marked sense of what was right and wrong. She often told me to do always my duty in life at whatever cost or peril. Thanks to my good grandmother's energy and management our family did not reach a pauper's fate, and although of little education herself she yet succeeded in giving my father a good classical education, and taught her daughters music, drawing and other accomplishments. She kept a rigid hand on her children's conduct who otherwise would have been spoiled through the weakness of their father. Without being vain yet my grandmother was a proud and ambitious woman. From her counsels and warnings I got my horror of low associates, and of doing anything wrong or mean, of gambling and intemperance, and getting into debt. I was constantly with her during her last illness, and present in her last moments, in which the last words uttered were: "It is hard to live but it is harder to die". She was a Methodist in religious beliefs and had a great horror of the Roman Catholic religion. Notwithstanding she still professed some of

the old superstitions - she held to fasting on Good Friday, and also attributed in some measure to death having occurred in her house to having played cards inadvertently on the eve of Good Friday."

James also met his Great Uncle William and writes of him as follows: "A decayed old gentleman of very short stature, and bearing a very strong resemblance to my father. When I knew him in my youth his fortune was so reduced that he lived as a glove manufacturer. He was a kind-hearted, weak-minded and vain old man, a boaster of the consequence of the family, when he should have blushed at having brought it down so low in his own person. His wife was a member of the old and respectable family of Welsh Pearcys. She was a fit mate for her husband, kind-hearted and weak-minded in the extreme, spoiling her children and helping him by her household management to ruin. If I believe aright my Great Uncle William lost most of his fortune on the racecourse."

William lived and is thought to have died in Worcester. He had two sons, William born in 1792, and baptised in St. Helen's Church in 1793, and George Percy. Both were elected Freemen of the City in 1818, but nothing more is known of the former. George Percy kept in close touch with his cousins, and was present at his Aunt Sarah's death. A picture of him exists among the family portraits. He had seven children, of whom three daughters lived in straitened circumstances in Geneva.

CHAPTER II:

LIVERPOOL 1811 – 1819

The exact date of Charlton and Sarah's move to Liverpool is not known, but by 1811 they and their four children were well installed, with the two youngest, James and Mary, at school, and Sarah and Charlton working.

Sarah, now 21 years old, appears fitfully in the correspondence as a rather pathetic person of a somewhat difficult character. Her father's drunken habits, and the consequent family sufferings and poverty, which she was old enough to appreciate, greatly affected her as also her attitude to him, leading to his complaint that "her conduct towards me is greatly lacking in filial affection". Her attitude to the younger children seems also to have been unfortunate, as is shown by the fact that her parents had decided in the event of unforeseen circumstances not to leave them under her care, but under that of Mr. Breed, "so as not to be entirely under the control and subject to the will and pleasure of Sarah, for, believe me, I am certain she would prove a severe step-mother to them."

Sarah's education had also been neglected. In 1812, in a letter to her brother Charlton, her father wrote: "Eliza Harrison continues very intimate with Sarah and does all she can and in a serious way and by ridicule to break her of her duty and propensity to cleaning, but to no effect. It now occupies nearly half her time. I wish a tenth of it were devoted to writing and spelling, which I am sure she much wants, but nothing any of us can say can convince her to pay any attention to it.' Do mention it to her when you write again. Perhaps it may have some effect. James has assisted her in the letter by this conveyance

and says he thinks you will hardly make sense of it - she would not let anyone else see it."

Apart from her household duties Sarah helped in the family finances by sewing and hat-making, working unduly long hours at times, and seriously affecting her health. She died young of consumption.

In later years her nephew, James, wrote of her: "My Aunt Sarah, according to a gold mourning ring in my possession, died at the early age of 33. She must have been handsome as is shown in a very beautiful miniature I have of her. She, poor thing, died of consumption, brought on very possibly by witnessing the misery and hard times of her family."

The second child, Charlton, was called after his father. Of him his son James wrote: "My father first saw the light in this world on 4th July, 1791. As Saint Fortunatus Day, one of happy auguries, but unfortunately it was also the Anniversary of American Independence, and among those who participated in the Liverpool festivities of the day was the family doctor. For a long time he could not be found, and only arrived just in time to save both the mother's and the infant's life. The child so born was a 'wee bairn' for many a year and his mother despaired of rearing him.

Thanks to unwearied maternal care the infant ailments were overcome, but in manhood the child never attained over five feet three inches in height. He was brought up at Dr. Lewin's school, then the best educational institution in Liverpool. Besides a good grounding in English, he also acquired a fair knowledge of the Classics and Mathematics. As usual in his day for youths intended for commercial pursuits, my father was placed at an early age in a merchant's office. This firm was styled R. F. Breed & Co., doing an extensive business with foreign countries, and more especially with the United States, its chief being an American citizen."

He must have given every satisfaction, for in July 1810 he was sent to Smyrna to represent Mr. Breed's interests there, thus starting the long family connection with Turkey. Apart from business, Mr. Breed played quite a part in the family's life, and so a few words about him would be opportune. As previously mentioned, he was an American citizen, and apparently a bachelor, although a remark in one of young Charlton's letters hints at a past irregular life: "he has a motive for this in his position relative to his children, but he will not remove the stain on their birth". He was an ardent phrenologist, posing as a philosopher, "deriding", as young Charlton wrote, "What much better men hold sacred".

In character he was evidently somewhat of an old woman, tending to fuss and interfere, rigid in his ways, and in older age showing little elasticity in his attitude to the young. Between him and young Charlton, however, there was full confidence and respect, steadily maintained until at least 1845 when he was entrusted with the commercial and moral education of Charlton's youngest son, John. With the family, however, things were different. Mr. Breed felt it his duty to keep an eye on them and to send Charlton regular news of their doings, which they resented, while at the same time making full use of him when occasion arose. In this love-hate relationship with him Charlton and Sarah indulged in numerous attempts at what can only be described as deliberate mischief-making, in which they repeatedly insinuated to young Charlton that he was being exploited, "underpaid and generally overlooked in favour of others". Charlton it would seem took no notice of all this, and his relationship with Mr. Breed remained perfectly happy, and it

must have been a comfort for him to know that there was someone to whom the family could turn in time of trouble, and who would be willing to help them.

With young Charlton's departure for Smyrna starts the first series of letters written to him from England and copied by him into a number of books in Smyrna, and giving a picture of family life in Liverpool. The first one written by his father in July 1811 gives advice: "I have no fear for your arrival but hope you will be very careful of your health, considering you are entirely among strangers, and be very cautious in forming intimate acquaintances. Keep up your spirits and by no means neglect your duty to your Maker. Whatever particular national absurdities you meet with, never let the people or the individuals who you notice them in perceive that you consider them as such. If you do you will be sure to gain their ill-will without any advantage. I am glad you seem to feel the necessity of being extremely cautious in all your words and actions, for on the propriety of your present conduct depends the welfare and happiness of your future life." He also expresses the following surprising regret: "You don't say whether you are seasick, and I am glad to hear you are well, but I think a little seasickness would have been of service to you". As to the family, all were well and he himself had never had his health better, and had no cough but had grown old. With no situation in view he felt far from comfortable, but hundreds were in the same predicament.

(It must be remembered that all these early letters had to go by long sea and with ships not very frequent, the interval between individual letters was often quite long, and it could take months for a reply to be received.)

No further news then until December, 1811, when in an attempt to relieve their depressed financial situation, Charlton and Sarah embarked on a speculation in apples. They borrowed £30 from a friend and Sarah insisted on setting off herself to buy them. Arrived in Worcester, she found apples to be scarce and dear, and her trip proved a dismal failure: "Your Mother's apple speculation proved unfortunate. Delays in transport by canal resulted in their arrival half rotten and what with that and lapses by the hucksters we shall lose £10 after an infinity of trouble and vexation."

The next letter of 8th January, 1812, refers, as do so many, to the family's financial difficulties. "The payment of our debts due for ribbons, feathers and straw, etc. (no doubt in connection with young Sarah's hat-making) with the dullness of your Mother's business (sewing), my being out of work, and the unfortunate apple business, have kept us very poor and obliged to live with the greatest frugality, notwithstanding your too liberal allowance to your Mother, of which she received two quarters."

The ensuing letter of 29th February, 1812, makes sad reading, but is the only one to show any sign of family discord. In brief, Sarah had sent young James on an errand and had punished him for some reason on his return, possibly with unnecessary severity. Charlton intervened and tried to exercise his authority as Head of the Family, maintaining that he alone should have power to punish the children. In the subsequent altercation, Sarah's temper was aroused and high words were used, including a threat to throw him out of the house. Charlton in a passion went out, taking one of his guns which he pawned for 4s. 6d, and got drunk on the proceeds - the first time he had done so for quite a long period. His return home in this state immediately aroused intense fears of a reversion to his former habits, and the two Sarahs wrote desperate letters to young Charlton in Smyrna, which somehow or other old Charlton read. He then wrote and tried to explain what really

happened, and to justify himself over the several accusations raised against him, which included borrowing money on his note of hand, not having a job, not allowing his wife to have a servant, neglecting James's education, and so on.

As usual in domestic squabbles these accusations were not entirely fair. For example, Charlton would have found it difficult to approach the school over James's lack of progress in spelling as he owed at least two terms' fees. Also, he was in no fit state of health to undertake the suggested manual work, which in any case his pride would have prevented. He assured Charlton, "I shall not accept any situation in Liverpool so mean as to cause any reflection to be thrown on you, nor shall any action in my future life cause you to blush when you hear me called your Father". As for the servant question, he said he had found a very promising one, but Sarah had refused to have her in the house.

Throughout this letter Charlton did not mince his words about his womenfolk: "The coarse epithets and violent, nay wicked, language your Mother most liberally bestows on me when the most trifling thing puts her out of temper would be as disagreeable to you to hear as me to repeat, and convinces me that was my conduct the most meritorious and my endeavours perfectly successful, I should experience that peace and quietness I so ardently desire with her but for a short time uninterrupted. Your sister's (Sarah's) conduct towards me is far from abounding in filial affection."

Episodes of this kind make one wonder whether young Charlton may not have been glad to be so far from home - but above all they show to what great extent the family now relied on him both morally and financially.

Meanwhile his salary had been considerably increased, but this did not satisfy his parents, who kept on hinting that he was being unfavourably treated. Young James had also been taken into Mr. Breed's office, and reports of his work were good: "I think he gives Mr. Breed much satisfaction." This state of affairs did not last long, however, for on 20th August, 1813, James wrote to his brother: "Since my last I have experienced a great deal of uneasiness being deficient in the cash given to me to pay postage and it getting more and more without my being able to account for it. Mr. Breed was informed of it, and when I took him the letters on Saturday morning he told me I had no occasion to go again to the office. Not knowing what to do however, I did go down but was told at dinner time by Mr. Kett that I must not come any more. I durst not tell my parents, so pretended to go to the Post Office and Compting House as usual, but on the Saturday night my Mother received a note from Mr. Alderney and when I came home at night she asked what I was deficient in my cash and before I could give her an answer she told me I had borrowed twenty-five shillings from Mr. Alderney at the Post Office, and said she would see Mr. Breed on Monday to know how the cash went, and told me if I did not tell her where the cash went, I should go on board a man-of-war. However, she waited on Mr. Breed on Monday morning, and was astonished when Mr. Breed told her that I was discharged from the office. When I came home at dinner time, she asked me where I had been, and I said I had been at the office. Indeed so I had. She then told me she knew Mr. Breed had discharged me. I now did not know what to do. I thought of trying to get into another office, but I knew Mr. Breed would not recommend me, when he would not keep me on himself. On Wednesday, however, my Mother took me to Mr. Breed. He talked to me severely, told me he could not take me again, and said I must go to sea in a man-of-war to be shot at like a bird. He however saw my mother again on Thursday morning, and told me he would take me again on trial. You can easier imagine my feelings on this occasion

than I can describe them, as considering the loss of the money and losing my situation; and Mr. Breed's good opinion which I assure you I am trying my best to regain. The money I am certain was not made use of by me."

It is difficult to know whether James was actually responsible for the deficiency, for one of the office managers suggested that another clerk had been careless in entering the postages into the ledgers, and this possibility may have influenced Mr. Breed to re-engage him, for in November, 1813, his Father was happily able to write: "Respecting James, I cannot keep him more genteel than he is - all the Captains take him for Mr. Breed's son. I think he is getting as proud as you were and is truly sensible of his misconduct in spending Mr. Breed's money. The amount was near ten pounds, which has been repaid out of what you left me. Mr. Breed dismissed him and he was away five weeks, when Mr. Breed sent for him again during which time I believe there never was a boy suffered more in his own mind. I think it has been of great service to him for yesterday I met Mr. Breed and asked him how he went and he said he was a good boy and would do very well now. He says he has great abilities, and he has now no fault to find with him. He says you and James may be of great service to each other and do great things. He approved very much of your proceedings and says you are doing very well for yourself, and your prospects were very good."

Meanwhile, young Charlton was apparently having a good time in Smyrna, for his mother wrote (3rd November, 1813) I am very sorry to hear you have been so unwell, but I hope it is only fancy if you feel no other symptoms of a decline than looking old although Capt. Roberts told your Father that he would not take you for more than twenty (Charlton was in fact 22 years old). I hope you will be very careful of your health and avoid as much as possible keeping such late hours as you did at the Carnival, which I am sure must be very injurious to the strongest constitution, and regular living will I am sure agree with you."

In England James, having regained Mr. Breed's favour, had had his salary fixed at £20, rising by £10 a year. Owing to postal delays, however, young Charlton did not hear of the episode of the missing money until 13th December. He immediately wrote and blamed his father for the incident, which instigated replies from both parents. Sarah wrote: "I am very sorry you write with such warmth against your Father, and you have very much hurt his feelings. He is much altered for the better, and has been very seldom in liquor for a long time, indeed in general drinks nothing but water unless half a pint of ale at night. His health is very good and he has not been afflicted with asthma all these two years." Her letter ends with the usual dig at Mr. Breed: "It appears to me he meant to deceive me by saying you were doing very well. I was led to believe you were making something handsome for yourself, and I am sorry it is not so. I hope you are placing no dependence on his promises."

Old Charlton wrote to say that he did not in any way deserve the charge laid on him. He had always kept a very strict eye on James, punishing him when necessary - perhaps too severely. He ends, "I suppose you must think me possessed of very little feeling not to be much hurt by your letter."

Meanwhile, an overland postal service via Constantinople and Vienna had been initiated and letters arrived much more quickly. Mary mentions this in hers of 7th April, 1814, the last letter from Smyrna having only taken five weeks. She goes on to say: "I am greatly obliged by all you say respecting me and shall endeavour to show my gratitude in my

studies. I do not wish to go to boarding school yet. I am now at Mrs. Siddons in Rooney Street among ladies educated in France, where I learn French, Geography, Needlework, Arithmetic and Writing. The language of the school is French, so I hope to make greater progress than with Miss Briton."

Life was now easier for the family. Young Charlton had raised his allowance by £60 a year, and there were no domestic troubles. The only letter of 1815 surviving is one written by old Sarah. She starts with advice to Charlton to be careful when out riding. "I was highly gratified to hear you had won your wages but I would advise you not to take such hazards. The Duke of Dorset, just come of age, was reckoned the greatest rider of the day - he was thrown from his horse and killed on the spot." She goes on: "Father appears very genteel. He wears a black coat and waistcoat and kersimere small clothes and leggings every day and is very sober and looks younger than when he left Mr. Birch's. He has not got any constant employment, but gets frequent jobs posting and settling books. He lately bought me a very handsome sarsenet gown."

James was also getting on well and giving full satisfaction, not having been a penny wrong in his cash since his return to work. "He is also five foot three inches high and lusty." News also of Uncle William in Worcester. "I understand the gloving business is much recovered since the peace so that your Uncle must get employment, and his family must be but small but what provides for themselves. When I proposed to take one of his girls he refused, telling me I half starved my own children, so the reply I made him was that I did not put it all into their bellies and give them no education and put nothing on their backs."

Sarah then goes on to make the one and only mention of her own family. "There is a duty calling that I have not yet had the power to search into, that is my own father. If he is still living he must be past labour so that if I could do it without materially injuring my own children, I should consider it my duty to relieve his necessities before any person in the world. If he is dead I should like to put a stone on his grave being the last I could do for him. I will write to my sister to know." The letter ends, "Bonaparte is got to Paris again and all the great powers are going against him, so I suppose you cannot write overland." A wonderful attitude to this great historical event!

Young Charlton had married Magdaleine Giraud on 9th January, 1814, but there is no mention of this event in letters from England until one written by Mary his sister on 16th January, 1816, by which time news of Richard's birth, in 1815, had also reached the family. This may be due to a loss of the intervening letters. Mary then wrote as follows: "I think your wife's accomplishments and sweetness of temper must amply make up for any deficiency in the formation of her face. I hope we shall soon have the extreme felicity of judging of that for ourselves, as Mr. Breed told my mother about a month ago he expected you home in 8 or 9 months time. I shall set to work for my dear little nephew and hope to have something acceptable to present to him on his arrival!"

A month later, on 7th February, 1816, her sister Sarah wrote: "We had been informed by Cook that you were going to be married and prior to your letters we had received certain information of your wedding to the lady you give me so pleasing a description of with the exception of her having a very ugly face, and in this I have reason to think you are exaggerating a little as both Capt. Trotter and Roberay seem to differ much from your opinion, describing her face as though not beautiful as far from being very ugly, and

disagreeable, but be this as it may I consider the endowments and qualifications she possesses as infinitely more of consequence than mere personal beauty, and sincerely hope and trust they will ensure you true and permanent happiness. With my best love to my sister and nephew who please to kiss for me."

In 1817 young Charlton came on a visit to England, and took James, now aged 18, back with him to Smyrna to help in his business. Later that year his father wrote to say that he had been away for a 'time, and on his return found old Sarah very weak and thin after an indisposition'. Trade in England was in a bad way, and there was no sign of a job. Young Sarah, however, had as much as she could do in the "bonnet way" and with her mother was frequently pegging at it from six in the morning until ten or eleven at night, for very little emolument, to the manifest injury of her health.

Writing to James, his Father gives some advice: "I hope you will use the greatest diligence to acquire a knowledge of everything that may be useful to you in your commercial pursuits and consider well that upon the propriety of your conduct the happiness or misery of your future life depends. I shall devote some of the leisure time, which I unfortunately at present have too much of, to write particular pieces of advice that I hope may be of service to you and send them as opportunity offers. You must not conclude because I have been imprudent and unfortunate that my observations are not worth notice. The shipwrecked mariner may be more capable of directing others of how to steer clear of the rocks on which himself has split than he who has been so fortunate as to avoid all the shoals and dangers with which this voyage of life abound."

Later on that year (1817) old Charlton was still out of work and in the autumn he wrote: "You must be well aware knowing the situation in which you left us that we must be very unpleasantly situated admitting the most rigid frugality to have been used, which is the case, unless your Mother and I sometimes indulging in a pint of ale at supper be deemed a deviation from it. The remittance you mention your intention to send will be truly acceptable, though it grieves me much to require it being sensible that of present you can ill spare it You desired me particularly to inform you how I settled my affairs. You know I came out under the Act for the relief of insolvent debtors so that no person to whom I was indebted prior to any discharge can hereafter make a legal demand upon me without first proving in the court that I am worth as much as I then owed after paying all debts and demands since contracted by me." This suggests that Charlton had recently been declared bankrupt.

Mary was now taking lessons in both piano and singing and her masters said that one year's training would make her quite proficient, if she kept it up. She practised with great assiduity, and showed great improvement, so much so that her father thought that she would make something of a singer. The only trouble was that the fees amounted to £25, and there was some doubt as to whether these could be met.

In 1817 old Charlton had written to Smyrna making a proposal about some business venture, which, apparently, was not at all well received, for on 14th September, he wrote: "I particularly notice the request you make your Mother respecting my conduct and am not vexed at your being so particular considering your motive, but you must judge me totally destitute of feeling if you suppose I could read unmoved that you entertained the idea that I am capable of acting in such a manner in any business you entrusted to my care as to lead to your ruin. As to coming home often in the evening, if I go out after tea

(which I never miss taking at home) I generally take a walk to the pier or about the docks till about 8, but never enter a publick house nor have I drunk spirits in the least to affect my head more than three times since I came home, and then on unavoidable occasions. I never drink anything but water during the day, but half a pint of ale at night with your Mother and that not always. I have endeavoured all in my power to procure employment but as I mentioned in my last letter with little success. The appearance of age which I carry is much against me. Nearly the whole of my time is passed at home in reading or walking in search of employment.”

The reply to this must have been much more conciliatory for in November, 1817, old Charlton wrote: "I am in a happier frame of mind. Your intentions are certainly the highest proof of your filial and paternal affection as well as your provident consideration and paternal solicitude."

The year 1818 opened with the usual money troubles, and also with ill health. Sarah had had a bad bout of erysipelas which had reduced her very much, notwithstanding every care and attention, while Charlton had suffered from asthma for upwards of two months. On the other hand, Mary was getting on very well with her music and the heavy cost of her lessons was not begrudged as it was felt that she would now be able to earn a "genteel" living, as she appeared more capable of teaching music than many who professed to do so.

The following incident of the church pew, apart from its amusing side, illustrates one aspect of Sarah's character and throws some light on the causes of the family's financial difficulties. Before leaving for Smyrna, James had taken a pew in Christ Church for four pounds a year. When the half year's rent was called for, Sarah could not pay it, and put the collector off, hoping for the arrival of some money from Smyrna. The next step was the arrival of a lawyer's note demanding £3.13s.6d. (the rent and his fee) and threatening an action. Sarah then consulted her lawyer, who advised her to defend the action on the grounds that she could not be sued while her husband was alive. Charlton was all for raising the money, for he knew he would be sued as soon as it became known that he was alive, and did his best to persuade Sarah to pawn the family plate. This she flatly refused to do, while Charlton unavailingly tried to persuade the lawyers to postpone action. This was followed by the arrival of the Sheriff with an execution against goods for £9.9s.4d. Sarah now wanted to prove that these goods belonged to young Sarah, and so were not available for distraint, despite the advice of her lawyer who pointed out the impropriety of such an attempt, which could well result in Charlton's imprisonment. This possibility would not have deterred her however, and only the necessity of calling on Mr. Breed to prove young Sarah's ownership of the goods persuaded her to raise the money by pledging the necessary articles.

And so, as old Charlton said, instead of £3.13s.6d., £9.9s.4d. had to be paid entirely owing to "your Mother's positive temper and absurd conduct”.

The letters now begin to tail out, the last one being dated February, 1819; young Sarah's health was now giving rise to alarm as she had begun to spit blood and consumption was feared, while her father had been confined to the house for a long period owing to shortness of breath. Old Sarah also was much affected by the "rheumatiz" which almost deprived her of the use of her left arm.

Prior to the winter, however, Charlton had been to Worcester, in connection with parliamentary elections in which he had obtained "four votes out of five for the candidate of his choice". There he found his brother William doing business in a very respectable way, and the family greatly improved in appearance. George, William's son, had given up his job in the Bank, which did not offer great prospects, and had joined his father in business. He is described as "very genteel and very much respected in Worcester". (He was elected a Freeman in 1818).

Charlton also had to unravel the very complicated testamentary affairs of a family in Stone and Staffordshire, and we last hear of him as buying himself a new outfit of a black coat, and waistcoat and blue pantaloons, together with a greatcoat and a flannel singlet and drawers. And his final words are of praise for Mr. Breed: "I believe he has your welfare very much at heart and he will do much to promote it."

CHAPTER III:

LIVERPOOL 1828 – 1838

The year 1823 saw the death of old Charlton, of bronchitis and heart trouble, and also of his daughter, Sarah, of consumption. Nothing further is known of the family life until 1828 when the second series of letters starts. These differ markedly from the earlier ones in the complete absence of any reference to financial distress. Evidently by now Charlton in Smyrna had become much more prosperous, and did not want his sons to lack anything, while staying with his mother and sister at school in England.

Mary's description of their new house supports this view: "It has a very good garden and stables behind, two very good parlours and five bedrooms. The rent is rather more than we intended, being £45 per annum, but it is the cheapest house for the size in Liverpool, in a most respectable neighbourhood where we cannot be annoyed with small houses. We have bought a beautiful bookcase and a drugget carpet for the best parlour and stairs, as we had not any carpet which would cover the room, and it would have been awkward to wait until you could send one. It took 45 yards; therefore you may judge the size." Indeed one visitor was surprised when the servant asked him to walk into the best parlour to find it so large and well furnished, and with such a good garden." Mary had also bought herself a piano.

Apart from their domestic duties and the care of the boys, both Mary and her Mother seem to have become involved in Charlton's business affairs, and there is constant reference to his shipments and the prices fetched. On one occasion Mary even advised Charlton not to export large quantities of dried fruit to England as owing to a reduction in the duty people were no longer making their wine from raisins. She also went so far as to buy Charlton a ship - the Spitfire - much to the disapproval of Mr. Breed who thought she had paid too much, although others told her she had got a bargain. This ship was refitted, loaded with cargo and sent out to Smyrna, after which all traces of it are lost.

There was even money to invest, for Sarah bought a piece of land at Everton, for which

she was once offered £600, but did not sell as she wanted £1,000. Again in 1832 Mary bought ten £10 shares in a new bank, and later nine £100 shares in the railway being built between Manchester and Liverpool, payable in instalments over three years.

All this capital went by the board, however, for when Mary settled in Smyrna, it was left in trust with her cousin, George Percy. On his death the trust was taken over by his son-in-law, one Chapman, who on experiencing some financial trouble, disappeared with the lot, and was never heard of again.

Sarah was now ageing and her health was slowly deteriorating. In 1829 she wrote: "I shall write as soon as I am a little stronger, but the spitting of blood has ceased." "I did not think a short time ago I should ever have written to you again, I was like a walking ghost. I thought I had been dead three days and should never die again. Dr. Rutter says I may go out in the summer but my lungs are in such a state that I must not let the air enter when I am in the winter."

As even she remained critical of the Whittall relations in Worcester, writing: "You say you could not enjoy the prospects if your Uncle's family wanted bread. If they were industrious it would be a different thing, but as they are I think it is no charity to support them. I don't think George has a shilling left of the £400 you lent him. If you have a fault it is being too generous. You must not forget you have six boys unprovided for."

Towards the end of 1831 Sarah became seriously ill, and we are indebted to Mr. Breed for an account of her last days. On October 15th- she was very ill and excessively cold, sitting close to the fire despite the warm day. On November 9th she is described as wasting away: "She appears to delight to see me and I always leave her more cheerful than when I enter her apartment. James is ceaseless in his duty to his grandmother, and his confinement is operating on his health."

A particular worry at this time was the delay through storms of Mary's return to England after a visit to Smyrna, raising considerable doubts as to whether she would get back home before her mother died. On 20th November, however, excitement ran high as her ship was seen approaching under the yellow flag of quarantine. To get her off the ship before this had expired involved considerable formalities including a letter to the Privy Council, but on the 25th she was allowed to land, and Mr. Breed wrote: "Mrs. Whittall will now, whenever it please God to take her, die in the arms of her beloved daughter. I feel on this occasion relief that is indescribable."

Sarah was slowly sinking and on December 1st was not expected to hold out many days more, but a day or two later was much better and when Mr. Breed called on her: "She rose up in bed and I placed the pillows on her back and shook her by the hand. She told me she prayed God for her release and was in a very low key, appearing perfectly resigned, collected and tranquil. To my intense astonishment Mrs. Whittall suddenly began a well-directed conversation on the subject of business, discussing the sale of some valonia at what she thought too low a price."

By December 6th Sarah was described as "worn, but lingering on wonderfully." This state of affairs continued until January 1832 when she died in the presence- of her beloved Mary, James her grandson, and George Percy Whittall, her nephew (of Worcester).

In 1826 Charlton had sent his eldest sons, Richard and James, to live with their Grandmother and Aunt, while at school in England. Richard returned to Smyrna in 1831 with his Aunt, and soon after the next two, Frederick and Charlton, arrived. The fifth son, John, was sent at a later date, and he was the last for Charlton's other two children, a son and daughter, died young.

Throughout this period Mary kept up a close correspondence with her sister-in-law, Magdaleine, in French, which although always comprehensible, was not always grammatical: "j'ai reçu votre lettre par le Stella et il me donnerait le plus grand plaisir d'entendre que vous êtes enceinte dans l'espérance qu'elle sera une petite fille. J'envoie par ce bâtiment le petit lit et j'espère qu'il vous plaira - un cote se descend pour pouvoir le mettre à cote de votre lit."

Mary never married but in an undated letter to Magdaleine she wrote: "Pour moi j'ai perdu un très cher ami, un qui ne sera jamais remplacé dans mon cœur. Il fut le seul que j'ai aimé, il était gentil, aimable et tout que vous pourriez désirer. Le premier fois que je l'ai vu je dis à moi-même il y a l'homme que je pourrais avoir pour mon mari, mais je ne me flatte pas qu'il pense à moi. Mais pourquoi parler de ce qui est perdu. Il est la volonté du bon Dieu. Je ne puis pas l'oublier." (As for me I have lost a very dear friend, one who will never be replaced in my heart. He was the only man whom I have loved, kind and gentle and everything one could desire. The first time I saw him I said to myself that is the man I could have for my husband, but I do not flatter myself that he thinks of me. But why speak of what is lost. It is God's will.)

Not only did she lose her love, but she also had to put up with comments from Charlton whenever the question of her marriage arose. Thus in 1832 she wrote: "I received your letter and cannot refrain from replying to some of your remarks respecting my marriage, which I doubt not is far distant. Did you allude to the one object or to anyone I might marry when you said I could not longer be the protector of your children? If I would have married for the sake of a husband I should not have been single now, and in the event of my marrying a suitable match I do not see the necessity of withdrawing my protection from them for I can truly say you have not their interest more at heart than I have. I have always said and do say I would never marry without your consent, and so far from having any idea of marrying at all, I look forward with greater pleasure to the time when your children will be educated and I can live near you, than marrying the best man in the world."

Several months later she wrote that she had had an offer of marriage but had refused as the man concerned had to support his mother and sister and had promised them an income of £200 a year. Mary was perhaps living up to a sentence in one of her letters: "I thought you had a better opinion of me than to suppose I would ever marry without a good prospect of bettering my situation."

Other difficulties with Charlton occurred over her care of the boys. Mr. Breed had evidently written to Charlton on the subject, and in 1830 she wrote: "We have received your two letters being the subject of Richard's health and our neglect of it. I never was so hurt in my life as I was at such an unjust charge from you, who I did think placed more confidence in us than to charge us with neglect towards the boys to whose comfort I would willingly sacrifice almost anything on earth. As for what Mr. Breed may have said from your remarks in your letter, it is entirely false and instead of him being the first to

draw attention to Richard's state of health we had Dr. R. in a fortnight before he ever knew he was unwell. That he was kept close to his studies notwithstanding his ill-health was equally false. When I reflect on what you say relative to neglecting your boy I feel quite indignant knowing as I do how little is merited ... I never saw Mother in such a state. I told Mr. Breed if you thought he would take more care of your children or feel greater interest in them, than we do, then you might place them under his care, but whilst they were with us he shall not interfere, especially in the manner he has done."

Mary never married and spent her last days in Smyrna, where she died in 1850. Of all the family she appears as the most sympathetic, and as a remarkable character in her devotion to the Family, lack of self-interest and above all in her sense of humour which intrudes even into her business letters. She must have been a very lovable person. Her nephew, James, describes her as "a very clever woman with considerable wit and strength of character. She devoted the best years of her life to taking care of the numerous nephews and nieces sent from Smyrna to England for their education - a responsible and thankless task cheerfully undertaken by her and for which she got little return afterwards from her youthful charges." She died from a severe cold following an attack of pleurisy.

A few words now about Charlton's younger brother, James. After coming out to Smyrna he became a partner with a third share in C. Whittall & Co. In person, of middle size and stout build, in manners bluff and genial, but not polished, he was not clever in business like his brother. He married a Miss Mary Schnell and had six children. "Being very corpulent and short-necked, my Uncle James was suddenly carried off by apoplexy on the 27th day of December, 1836, and his widow did not long survive him. His last days were embittered by having built at Bournabat a mansion I now inhabit which cost him a much larger sum than he anticipated."

CHAPTER IV:

CHARLTON AND MAGDALEINE

On 9th January, 1814, Charlton married Magdaleine Blanche Marie Giraud, the daughter of a French merchant, Jean-Baptiste Giraud and of his wife, Helene Tricon, born Cortazzi. Jean-Baptiste was born in Antibes in 1742, and settled in Smyrna in 1767, where he became a "merchant of eminence, occupying a leading position in the French Community, and also acting as Austrian Consul" (E.G.). His birth certificate describes him as "fils naturel de Jean, ici présent, fils d'Alexandre, bourgeois habite dans cette ville, lequel Jean nous a déclaré être le pere et la mère, Anne Scelle." Little is known about Jean-Baptiste, who died in 1811, his last years saddened by the loss of much of his fortune through the capture of two of his ships by the British.

His grandson James says he was "a man of education and of refined manners and taste", but the best insight into his character may be gleaned from some advice he offered his son Alexandre:

1. Remain attached to the religion into which you were born, without becoming bigoted

however.

2. Never do anything to others which you would not wish done to yourself.
3. Be gentle, polite and honest towards all men, without despising any, even the most lowly. We are all equal before God at our birth and at our death.
4. Avoid bad company, especially that of libertines. Attach yourself to solid and wise men.
5. Do not forget that wisdom and good manners render a man loved and esteemed.

And in strange juxtaposition to those moral precepts –

6. Do not forget to develop a good handwriting. You are destined for commerce and such an advantage is priceless.

A first cousin of his married André Massena, in 1793, better known in later life as one of Napoleon's Marshals.

Jean-Baptiste's wife, born Cortazzi, came of an ancient Byzantine-Venetian family, at one time large landowners in Crete, her father being Venetian Consul in Smyrna. Her mother, born a Countess Capo d'Istria, was renowned for having had 32 children, of whom none of the males reached maturity. Through her daughters however she had descendants in numerous countries including England and Russia. James, her grandson, described her as a "stout, very erect and tall old lady, with a stentorian voice, who inspired no little awe in my youthful mind. Her conversational powers were great and her manners those of a great lady. I have heard my Father relate a curious account of her last hours. The immediate cause of her death was a tumour produced by her imprudently riding to town at her very advanced age. When gangrene manifested itself her family assembled and, with her physician for their mouthpiece, went to the bedside to announce the sad news. After the first words she understood the state of affairs and exclaimed: "Out with it now! Am I going to die?" On receiving an affirmative answer she said, "Of course I have got to die like all others, and you too." After this she begged "all to retire from her bedroom", except her waiting maid, so as to prepare herself for her death. After some time the bedroom door was opened wide and all outside were invited to go in. They found her propped up with cushions, after having performed an elaborate toilette in which the pencilling of the eyebrows and the roseate tinting of her cheeks was not neglected. She then proceeded to say farewell to those present. To her children first, down to her servants to whom she gave her hand to be kissed. The priest was then called in to hear her confession, and after that the Holy Sacrament was administered to her. The poor priest, abashed before such an august penitent, by misadventure offered her the wafer with his left hand, upon perceiving which she looked at him and asked him: "Now where were you brought up to offer a lady anything with your left hand?," which discomfited the unfortunate priest to the point of his almost dropping what he held. This delicate point being arranged, the last offices of the dying were gone through, and she quietly breathed her last."

Magdaleine's marriage to an Anglican was viewed with disfavour by the Catholic clergy, but when threatened with ex-communication she persisted in her intention, saying: "If my husband cannot go to heaven with me, I will go to the other place with him, but I will not part from him". It is interesting that despite a statement in the marriage certificate that all the children were to be brought up in the Catholic faith, all were baptised into the Church of England.

It is not known whether there were any subsequent difficulties with the Catholic clergy, but if so they were short-lived, for in 1853 the Catholic parish priest at Bournabat, in which village Charlton was living, wrote to the Head of the Franciscan Order in Rome (in Italian) in the following terms:

"If gratitude encourages those who are in the habit of doing good works, I would be greatly lacking in feeling if I did not take this opportunity of informing Your Reverence of the many virtues of the bearer of this letter, Mr. Whittall.

There is not any person living in this city who does not hold Mr. Whittall in the highest respect, as the most upright of the upright, as the father of the needy, and as an outstanding ornament of the merchant community. A model of charity, Mr. Whittall has always been the first to assist me in my mission, and above all our church in Bournabat is most gratefully aware of his constant endeavours to benefit it in every way. I therefore feel I must take this opportunity of introducing such an outstanding personality to Your Reverence, so that he may fully realise how greatly his magnificent gifts have been appreciated."

Charlton was a man of immense integrity and of great business acumen, who became the foremost merchant in Smyrna. He was held in the highest respect by all, rich and poor alike, and of every nationality and creed, and his generosity was commensurate with his other virtues. It may be that he was harder on his family than on others and his attitude at times to his father, his sister Mary, and his sons may bear this out, but if so this must be set against his constant and loving care for their needs.

Amongst other things, he built and endowed the Anglican Church in Bournabat, dedicating it to the patron saint of his wife, St. Mary Magdalene.

She is described by their son, James, in the following terms: "As the only daughter and idol of her father's heart, she was most carefully brought up, and no money spared over her education and in teaching her the accomplishments of a young lady. She became proficient in music and singing, playing admirably on the piano and harp, and her voice was a powerful and well modulated one. Having always belonged to the first circles of society in Smyrna and been accustomed to receiving the distinguished savants and travellers that frequented her Father's house she early acquired great self-possession and most polished manners, even for a Frenchwoman.

Without being a beauty she was very fascinating and pleasing in her looks. Tall for one of the fair sex, with a great erect and graceful figure, she at first impressed the beholder as being haughty, but her gentle feminine smile soon dispelled that impression. I never knew a woman who possessed in so high degree the tact of never giving offence or pain, or one who had so high a regard for the feeling of others. Although a Roman Catholic in faith, she had none of the narrow-mindedness of those of her church inhabiting Smyrna. With a true and sincere piety she was tolerance itself and to all she was equally good. Sufficient was it to her that her neighbour was suffering want, sickness or grief to move her compassion. Neither creed nor race made any difference to her whether Mahometan, Jew or Christian, all were alike to her and had her aid and succour. A gentle word and smile ever awaited the poor that approached her. Proud may her descendants be at having had such a noble ancestress, whose virtues and charitable acts are still the household words of

the poor she succoured in her lifetime."

In 1820, Charlton paid a visit to England, stopping in Paris en route. There he was made much of by the Duke de Rovigo, formerly Marshal Savary, one of Napoleon's generals, to whom he had given refuge for several months immediately after Waterloo, when on the 'wanted' list of the new government. He also visited and dined with the Princesse d'Essling, wife of Marshal Massena, she being a connection of his father-in-law, and there is still extant a note from her inviting him to dinner.

Charlton wrote to his wife as follows (in French in the original): "While dining with the Duke of Rovigo, I received a note from Madame la Marechale Massena saying that she had heard of my arrival, and asking me to call on her. This I agreed to do, although it was a visit which offered me no pleasure.

On the following day, accompanied by the Duke, I called on her and was perfectly received. She told me that she had long wanted to meet you, and talked of your Father and Mother, and told me how affected she and her husband were by the letter she had received from them.

On the next day, who do you think paid me a visit? Why, Madame la Marechale herself, to invite me to dinner. I told her I was at that moment writing to you and she asked me to include all her kindest wishes. She strikes me as one of the great ladies of Paris, has done me a singular honour in calling on me."

Later Charlton wrote that the Massena family covered him with kindness, with Madame calling him "my little cousin" (? in view of his shortness of stature.). He seems to have got on well with the daughter, the wife of a General Reille: "One of the most attractive women I have met, and if you are jealous you can be pardoned for she is worthy of being your rival!"

Charlton and Magdaleine both lie buried in the Anglican cemetery in Bournabat, Edmund Giraud stating that she assumed her husband's religion before her death.

CHAPTER V:

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLTON AND MAGDALEINE

Five of Charlton and Magdaleine's sons were sent to England for their education, William, the sixth, dying young.

Richard, the eldest, was born in 1816, and was sent to school in England in 1826. He was not one of the world's workers, having good abilities but lacking in perseverance and ambition, with a mind mainly set on pleasure. In fact his grandmother writing to his father said: "My opinion of Richard is that he is the counterpart of your Father - no exertion and industry about him. It is not for want of strength as he is become very strong."

In 1829 Mary wrote: "He is so exceptionally idle we can scarcely get him up by 10 o'clock in the morning. This morning he was called at eight. I called him again and told him he should have no breakfast. It was sent down and the servant told not to take him any. She however did in secret and begged him to get up. He asked who sent it and she told him. He said he did not want any and would not get up. I thought he should lie so long as he liked, but at eleven I went up myself with the whip and struck him two or three times, and you may suppose I gave him a talking to. He had the audacity to say he had not been called. I paid him another visit, so what with calling, thrashing and scolding, we got him up by noon ... When he does get up he will neither draw, read, nor do anything but sit playing by the fire with anything he can get."

After an unsatisfactory schooling he returned to Smyrna in 1831, with his Aunt Mary. Nothing more is known of him until he went to Havana in 1841, having been told that jobs were easy to get there. He arrived on May 7th, with £45 in his pocket to find that the easy to find jobs were mythical. In addition, life was very expensive. On May 15th, he wrote to his Aunt Mary: "Suppose that a month or two hence I am without employment and all my money expended, what will then be the consequence? That I must either starve or beg or go to a plantation as a slave driver which many poor devils have been obliged to do. Suppose I were to get a passage to England and arrive safe, it would not be considered by my father as a misfortune that I came out here, but he would say that it was my own fault that I did not succeed. Now rather than give him an opportunity of saying this I would rather starve first." Later on he wrote: "I durst not tell my Father I have not got a job. The heat is extreme and the sickly season will commence in a few days or as soon as the rains commence. A person from a Northern climate getting the fever is almost sure to die. For myself I run very little danger for I care very little whether I get it or not."

Prophetic words as he died soon after, presumably of the fever (? yellow fever).

James, the second son, was born in 1819, and was sent to England in 1826. He was the counterpart of Richard, quiet, hard working and studious, getting on well with his lessons and attentive to his grandmother and Aunt Mary. The latter writing to Magdaleine, said: "James est très vif et très affectionne". Il me parle de vous tous les jours." (James is very lively and affectionate. He talks to me of you every day.) He never seems to have got into trouble, but there is a hint of human failing in a letter from Mary, dated 29th September, 1836. "The subject of my last letter would not be agreeable to you, it has occupied my thoughts ever since. I am anxious to hear from you in reply. Perhaps I think too seriously on the subject, but it is James who has deceived me, that I thought as near perfection as human nature could be. As for his attachment to Emma Turmean the more I think of the object the less reason to fear its continuance. He must have been affected with a temporary fit of insanity. I have not seen Miss E. since I returned home."

After leaving school, James worked for several years in the firm of Hornby & Co. of Liverpool to learn business methods; one of the Hornby's having married a Cortazzi, and so being related. On his return to Smyrna he married his cousin, Magdaleine Blanche Giraud in 1837. She was the daughter of his Uncle Alexandre Giraud, who had been educated in France, under the supervision of the Massena family, but on returning to Smyrna his career was not one that reflected credit on his family. Later James went into partnership with his Father, eventually succeeding him as head of the firm of C. Whittall & Co. He was of a very quiet and studious nature, more often than not to be found in his study poring over his coins -an interest which had started in early youth. After his death

his collection was sold at Sotheby's - in part to the British Museum and in part to the Czar of Russia.

His quietness and self-effacement was made up for by the rather imperious nature of his wife, who ruled everyone in Bournabat with a rod of iron. Edmund Giraud, her grandson, describes her in the following words: "For many years she was decidedly the greatest personality not only of the entire family but of the village of Bournabat itself. She was the head of the family for twenty-nine years and her strong character fitted her admirably for that position. For many years before her death she had an ever-increasing number of grand-children and great-grandchildren growing up around her and for some years in succession used to gather her descendants at Christmas for dinner in the dining and ballrooms of the "Big House". At times over a hundred had to be seated. In her sitting room with her fully grown-up children habitually around her she received the visits of her descendants from afar and of her numerous friends in an atmosphere of great dignity and state."

James died in 1882, and his wife in 1912. In this year there were living no fewer than 210 descendants of this couple including 79 grand-children and 112 great-grandchildren, with 133 living in Turkey and 67 in 14 other countries extending from Canada to China.

An apocryphal story of the old lady, told me many years ago, was that she used to sit at the gate of the garden with her Kavass who was set onto any man who failed to pay his respect to her, even insisting that the leaders of strings of camels descend from their donkeys to do so.

The third and fourth sons, Frederick and Charlton, came to England in about 1831, but the first mention of them is in a letter dated January 14th, 1832. "I am very satisfied with Frederic, he is very obedient. As for Charlton, I don't know what to make of him. He is completely metamorphosed, and instead of crying he is laughing all day. He is delighted with school, he begins to speak English. He begged a penny from me yesterday to buy crackers (fireworks). When I asked him what he would say when he went to buy them, he said": Me speak the woman and you give me that and I give you this," showing the penny".

In the autumn of this year one of Cousin George's daughters, aged 6 or 7 came from Worcester to stay with Mary, who wrote: "You would look at her with amazement if you saw her sitting with Fred and Charlton teaching them their lessons, and hearing them read. I think she excites some emulation in them seeing her so much more advanced."

There is no further mention of these boys until 1835, when their father had asked Mary to give each of them a sovereign. She protested. "This request has displeased me. In the first place, I allow them 2d. a week each pocket money. I took them to the theatre to see Power, a famous comedian, to the exhibitions of paintings, and to anything else worth seeing in the town, which in my opinion is quite enough. Neither should I mind the money if it was spend as most boys would, but they buy things the moment they get it, of which they tire in half an hour, give them away, and then quarrel about it. Don't imagine you thus buy their love. You will perhaps not believe me when I tell you your letters are seldom opened, and if opened not read if they cannot find a sovereign in them. What is the reason for this? My opinion is too much indulgence has made them selfish. Fred has a deal of low cunning and never speaks one word of truth. On the 5th of November I gave

him 1/- to spend on fireworks on condition they did not buy any gunpowder without my knowledge. A few days later while in the kitchen I smelled gunpowder. It turned out Fred had some which he set off. I told him how angry I was, especially after their promise. On the 15th I took them to the exhibition of paintings to see it lighted by gas. We returned home having had London oysters for supper. As they went to bed the servant fetched their candles. In two minutes the house was enveloped in smoke and smell of gunpowder. C. had put powder in the candlestick and set it off. His face was scorched and his hands worse and it is a miracle he was not blinded. I blamed F. for not telling me, he declared he did not know he had it, but I have since found he went with him to buy it. Frederick's lessons are quite drudgery, and he will sit for hours without doing anything but play with his fingers. Drawing he shows no taste for, indeed I don't know of anything he does. Charlton improved at school, I have one satisfaction in reflecting that whatever they may be I have neither spared trouble nor expense in their education since they were in England."

The last letter concerning the boys is undated but was evidently written in December 1837 for it carries a message of sympathy to Magdaleine on the death of her brother, Frederick, which had occurred in that year. "With respect to Charlton leaving school it will depend on the improvement I find in him. Fourteen years of age is certainly young enough to leave school but it is a subject for consideration whether he would derive more benefit from half a year or one year longer at school than in an office with opportunities for improvement for attending various lectures at the Royal Institution. For after all what education they receive at school is simply reading, writing and arithmetic, and a confused idea of Greek and French which they forget much sooner than they obtain. On the other hand, he may fancy when he leaves school he is completely finished and has no need for further improvement (which is not at all improbable). James thinks Charlton has great abilities. I think he is not deficient. My opinion is that if in his outset into life he chooses the right way, he will excel." Frederick at this time was working already in an office in Liverpool.

Charlton later returned to Smyrna when he set up in business, and married a Miss Elise Icard, and had eleven children. He died on a voyage to the Far East in 1864.

Frederick worked for some time in Liverpool, and Mr. Breed in talking to John refers to "the unhappy example so far afforded through your brother Frederick." He evidently got married in 1845, for in Mr. Breed's day book mention is made of John's buying a new suit to attend his wedding. Charlton's will of 1865 also refers to "Charles, the son of my late son Frederick". Later he returned to Smyrna and died on his farm at Torbali at the early age of 42. (e.g.) Nothing further is known of his son Charles.

(In his book Edmund Giraud states that Charlton Arthur was the second, and James the third son of Charlton and Magdaleine. This is palpably wrong. Charlton being under 14 and at school when his Uncle Fred died in 1837. He was therefore probably born in 1824.)

John, Charlton and Magdaleine's youngest son, was born in 1825. We know nothing of his early youth, except that on leaving school he worked for a time in Bristol, and at the age of 20 was sent to Mr, Breed, in Liverpool, to learn commercial methods. No step could have been more disastrous for John with his high and rather wild spirits, and his somewhat unstable character, could never agree with Mr. Breed's puritanical and

disciplinarian mind, and his total incapacity of understanding the ways of youth.

This comes out very well in a day-book kept by Mr. Breed in which his teachings and John's comments and progress are recorded. This fortunately still survives as a fascinating study of the conflict between these two very different minds and attitudes to life.

John's life at Mr. Breed's must initially have been monotonous. "I rise at 7 o'clock and have breakfast at half past. I then come to my studies, I write up my Journal, my cash book and read and learn just as it may happen. I go to Mr. Breed's at 10 o'clock and show him what I have done. I then practise the flute and sing until 11 o'clock. I go to the office and occupy myself copying letters, posting my books, a regular set which I am keeping to make myself acquainted with book-keeping. At half past one I go to dinner and return at 3. I next do what there is to be done until 7 o'clock. Then leave for home and arrive in time for tea at 8 o'clock, after which I read, play backgammon or drafts, and a little before 10 o'clock I drink a glass of water and then I go to bed, sometimes in high spirits, sometimes in low."

Criticism soon started. John was seen walking in Bold Street, "in which silly youths exhibit their folly when they have the ignorance and vanity to think they strut and excite the admiration of the lookers on. I hope you will keep free of a habit that has been most pernicious and that has I fear served to generate much injury in some weak minds." Mr. Breed then goes on to insist on "obedience to the instructions which are necessary to the system I pursue", and points out to the ill-effects that would follow any infraction of the rules.

John's early good resolutions - to lead a regular life, to stop smoking, to save money and to apply himself to his studies slowly began to be disregarded. The evening glass of water was often replaced by one or more of beer, the lunch hour extended and smoking maintained despite its ill effects on his weak chest - he suffered from asthma which frequently laid him low. Later, he began to exhibit expensive tastes in clothes, with suspicion of debts, and also to return home late, or even to spend whole nights out.

Mr. Breed's complaints increased: "You practice disobedience and deception." "The repetition of misconduct which set my system of government at defiance is becoming insupportable", and so on, and relations became more and more difficult. Finally, John started to abscond from the office for hours on end and even to return home drunk, and it must have been with some relief that Mr. Breed heard that he had decided to return to Smyrna, and then to set up in business with Frederick. In reply to the question how this plan would be received by his Father, John said he had written to his Father asking him to forgive him, as he had forgiven his brothers, and in August 1846 left for Smyrna.

After this we know nothing more of him until the description of his death contained in this letter, written by a friend in California:

"San Francisco - April 1st, 1851

The object of the present letter is chiefly to announce the death of poor John Whittall which took place on the 27th March, on his return from the races. Poor Jack came to my house one Sunday some three months or nearly so ago. He was in an awful condition, not a stocking on his feet -tattered clothes - walking with a stick and looking quite broken down. I asked him how he was and what was the matter -he said he was not well and

thought soon of going to hospital. I got him washed and gave him an entire suit of clothes, boots and all, and he looked quite different. I told him he should stop and live with me and as long as I had anything he was welcome to share it, having had different situations and different things to do, all of which he had let slip or lost on some shape or other. The two last he held before he came to me were washing dishes in a restaurant, and driving a mule. He soon with care recovered his health and spirits and went out to sell cigars for Mr. Eccleston, and did pretty well and told me he would pay something for his board. I received 13 dollars in all - at different times from him as he was addicted to drinking and gambling and could not make up the money to Mr. Eccleston. He got another situation and earned 15 dollars, but got intoxicated and gambled the money away. When he came home he was very drunk. I talked and conversed with him and told him to stop at home for it was almost useless putting him to business. He did so and was very steady until the race time when he undertook to sell cards at 10\$ commission. Jack got very tipsy that day. Next morning he sold cards again very nicely dressed - I told him to mind and keep steady and he said he would. But he got intoxicated again on the course and told Jones he felt very uncomfortable as he had eaten 3 or 4 dinners. He was an enormous eater at times and one night he ate so much at my house that Jones had to untie his neck handkerchief for fear he would suffocate. He started off from the racecourse in a waggon with a young fellow, also very drunk - in fact mainly all at the races were - and got out to walk, and it must be supposed got some more liquor for he was found dead by the roadside. The Jury in inquest held over him brought in a verdict of "visitation of God", but the Coroner told me he thought it was a fit and I thought so too, as he was subject to them at times."

John was decently buried in a mahogany coffin in the presence of such friends and Englishmen as could be mustered in the local cemetery.

PART II

THE LATER WHITTALLS

CHAPTER I

SIR JAMES WILLIAM WHITTALL.

1838-1910

James William Whittall was the eldest son of James Whittall jnr. Of "The Big House", Bournabat, Smyrna. Little is known of his youth. He accompanied his grandfather, Charlton Whittall, to Malta in 1853 and was sent to Constantinople in 1854, there to serve his commercial apprenticeship for one year, probably in the office of his uncle Charlton Arthur Whittall. He then worked in his Father's office, C. Whittall & Co. in Smyrna for five years. During these years he took to riding.

In 1860 he went to Manchester to represent C. Whittall & Co's interests in J.C. Harter & Co. and subsequently became a partner in this firm. In 1862 he married Edith Anna Barker, daughter of Samuel Barker of Budja, Smyrna and took up residence in Bowdon, Cheshire.

The climate of England did not suit him and his doctor advised him to return to a warmer climate. He apparently decided to return to Turkey but when exactly and in what circumstances is not clear. He must have closed his residence in Bowdon late in 1870 and returned to Smyrna as his second son, Willie, was born in Smyrna in February 1871. He probably returned to Smyrna to see what prospects there were for him in the business world there but apparently decided that it would not be fair to his younger brothers, who had been promised partnerships in their father's firm, to enter the firm or work on his own in competition with them.

He then returned to the business in Manchester, for his third son, Reggie, was born in Styal, Cheshire, in 1872. It is possible that he returned to J.C. Harter & Co. temporarily till his youngest brother, Frederick George, was able to take over from him.

In 1873 he definitely left England and decided to settle in Constantinople where in October 1873 he formed J.W. Whittall & Co. in conjunction with Sidney La Fontaine, who was then agent for J.C. Harter & Co. in Constantinople. At this time his fortune amounted to £70,000, most of which he invested in his new Company.

He took up residence in Moda on the Asiatic side of the mouth of the Bosphorus, where, soon after, he bought a large property facing west towards the town and running down from the main street to the sea. He built a large house in the centre of the property and named it the Tower. In and around this property in the course of time he built wooden

houses for his sons and daughters, thus forming the Whittall Compound. He planted coniferous trees on both sides of his house and on either side of a drive leading up to the main street. He must have inherited a taste of gooseberries from his grandfather and great uncle as he planted a hedge of these in his garden, probably the only ones ever grown in Turkey. They flourished till 1914 but died during the war through neglect.

Here he reared a large family and lived a patriarchal life, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, all of whom every Christmas he entertained to lunch at two sittings, followed by a large Christmas tree in the entrance hall of his home. He entertained friends and visitors lavishly. In his book "Spun Yarn" Admiral Sir Henry Woods Pasha says:-

"The name of Whittall still stands high in the estimation of the Turks and the great reputation for generous hospitality enjoyed by the one who entertained the Sultan has been well maintained by his grandson Sir J.W. Whittall and by his great grandsons who now carry on the family traditions."

He took an interest in sports and was one of the founders of the Sporting Union Club of Kadikoy, of the Kadikoy Rowing Club, of the Moda Yacht Club and on the social side of the Kadikoy Library and Institute, whose premises adjoined his garden.

He owned yachts, first the Darenth, then the Djeylan, both sailing yachts and finally the Abafana, a steam schooner in which of a summer he toured the Aegean and sailed round the Sea of Marmara on fishing and shooting expeditions with members of his family or parties of friends. He was a keen small game shot. Much of the country was at that time infested by brigands, but he was never molested by them as he had always been a good friend of the peasants, helping them in their needs, supplying them with medicines and providing funds for the building of their village mosques. In one case a brigand chief actually preserved the shooting rights for him in his area.

In 1876 he was one of the founders of All Saints Church in Moda and subsequently endowed it.

In the Consular and Embassy circles he was at times considered somewhat of a nuisance as he was always pestering the Consuls and Embassy officials to take more interest in commerce. He founded the British Chamber of Commerce in Turkey in 1887 and was its first president for 19 years.

In commerce in Constantinople he was not at first very successful but when his sons joined him his firm became one of the most important in Turkey. He also engaged in financial and industrial enterprises as well as in mining concessions. He was one of the founders of the Yedikule Iplik Fabrikasi for spinning yarns. This mill was subsequently managed in turn by his son and grandson and grew steadily after the First World War till it was sold to the Mensucat Santral, a large Turkish Textile Manufacturing Company, in 1946.

He was in charge of all the Relief for the Armenians after the 1896 massacres, for which he was knighted by Queen Victoria at Osborne in 1898.

He was always a warm friend of Turkey and was a firm believer in the regeneration of the Turks as a nation, despite the fact that in his days Turkey was looked upon as "The Sick Man of Europe". He was convinced that one day the inherent qualities of the individual

Turk would break through the despotism of his rulers. In this connection it may here be said that many years after the overthrow of the Sultans Aubrey Herbert, another friend of the Turks, writes:-

“The foundation of Turkey is the Turk. He has gone through a prolonged torture. In the end his endurance has given him not only life, but national life and hegemony.”

He was a prolific writer and his views on Near Eastern affairs were expressed in letters to the Times and other papers. In 1901 he published a book, “Frederick the Great on Kingcraft”, in which he promulgates the manuscript of Frederick the Great as handed to his grandfather, Charlton Whittall, by Marshal Savary, Duke of Rovigo.

In his obituary the Times says that his house where he entertained his friend with lavish hospitality was a centre of charitable relief and a frequent refuge for victims of oppression. During the mutiny of 1909, Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, Commander of the First Army Corps, took refuge in his house. His property was thereupon surrounded by troops, who, however, under the terms of the Capitulations, could not enter into the Compound. The Pasha eventually made his escape by sea disguised as a sailor of the Abafana.

The Executive Committee of the Eastern Questions Association at a meeting after his death, with the Rt. Hon. Ameer Sayed Ali C. I. E. being in the chair, expressed its deepest regret at the death of Sir J.W. Whittall whose sympathies and untiring labours in furthering humanitarian work in Turkey justly gained the approbation of all classes, and whose high character and love of justice have won the veneration of all. In recording this testimony to the worth of their valued friend and colleague the Committee desire to offer condolences and assure his family how greatly the passing away of Sir J.W. Whittall is felt by all who knew the extent of his services to his fellow men, marked as they invariably were by wisdom, courage and unselfishness.

His funeral, if simple, was yet a stately occasion. At the service in All Saints Church, Moda, were present the Bishop of Dafnoussia, representing the Orthodox Patriarch and the Metropolitan of Chalcedon, a delegate of the Armenian Patriarch, the Archimandrite Father Ierothos, an Armenian priest and a Greek Deacon representing the Armenian and Greek Churches and communities of Kadikoy. Children of the Greek and Armenian schools lined the street outside the church. On the way to the cemetery the procession was joined by two Rabbis representing the Grand rabbi and the Jewish Community. The cortege was halted outside the Armenian Church as prayers were read and the bells of the Greek church of St Euphemia tolled. The cortege of horse carriages stretched from the Crimean Cemetery all along the water front to Kadikoy. At Haidar Pasha officials of the Anatolian (Baghdad) Railway joined the procession which was here preceded by municipal agents and police. Mourners from the town who had crossed over in a chartered ferry boat waited at the cemetery gates. In the cemetery the coffin was preceded by several Croats and Montenegrins in their national costumes and the coffin was carried by sailors of the Abafana and other yachts of the Moda Yacht Club. The pall bearers were the British Ambassador, Sir Gerard Lowther, the Consul General Mr. H.C.A. Evres, Sir Edwin Pears, Admiral Sir Henry Woods Pasha, Mr. T.J. Maltass and Mr. C.B. Charnaud. There were no flowers, only a large bunch of heliotrope was on the coffin.

Extracts from the Times

The late Sir J.W. Whittall

11.4.1910.

A Reuter telegram from Constantinople of yesterday's date states that Sir J.W. Whittall, an old-established merchant banker who retired from business some years ago, died this evening at his residence in Moda after a long and painful illness at the age of 72. He had been a successful business man and worked indefatigably to further the interests of British trade in the Levant. A constant friend of Turkey and protector of the oppressed and needy, he was highly respected. He was also a prolific writer on affairs in the Near East.

12.4.1910

Sir James William Whittall whose death was announced yesterday belonged to a family whose name is known and respected throughout the Levant and Asia Minor, and was himself one of its most honoured members. Born in 1838, the son of Mr. James Whittall, a leading British merchant of Smyrna, he began his business life in that city at the age of 16. A few years later he went to Manchester to complete his training. In 1875 he settled in Constantinople, where in after years with the able assistance of his son, Mr. Edwin Whittall, he succeeded in building up one of the largest export businesses in Turkey, and engaged, generally with success in many commercial, industrial and financial enterprises. He was the founder and for many years the President of the British Chamber of Commerce in Constantinople.

A warm friend of Turkey and of the different races who make up the motley population of the Turkish Empire, he was ever ready to help all who had need of his assistance and protection. His house at Moda, a suburb of Constantinople not far from Haidar Pasha, where he lived in patriarchal fashion surrounded by his numerous children and grandchildren, and entertained his friends with lavish hospitality, was a recognized centre of charitable relief, and a frequent refuge for victims of oppression. His Knighthood was given to him in 1898 as a reward for the work he did in saving Armenians during the massacre of 1896, and in relieving their consequent distress.

During the mutiny of a year ago in the capital when the leading representatives of the new regime were hunted by the mutineers, it was in the Whittall compound that Mahmoud Muhtar Pasha, the Commander of the First Army Corps was able to find shelter, and means were found to convey him out of danger.

Sir William Whittall's intimate acquaintance with Turks of all classes made him exceptionally well informed on all that was going on beneath the surface, and he was one of those who foresaw the overthrow of the Hamidian despotism, and was a firm believer in the regeneration of Turkey. His views on Near Eastern affairs found frequent expression in letters to the Times and other newspapers.

23.4.1910

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Eastern Questions Association, the Rt. Hon. Ameer Sayed Ali C. I. E. being in the chair, the following was passed unanimously:

“The Executive Committee of the Eastern Questions Association expressed its deepest

regret at the death of Sir James William Whittall of Constantinople, whose sympathies and untiring labours extending over a period of fifty years in furthering humanitarian work in Turkey justly gained the approbation of all classes, and whose high character and love of justice have won the veneration of all. In recording this testimony to the worth of their valued friend and colleague the Committee desire to offer Lady Whittall and her family their respectful and sincere condolences in their grief, and beg to assure them how greatly the passing away of Sir J.W. Whittall is felt by all who knew the extent of his services to his fellow men, marked as they invariably were by wisdom, courage and unselfishness.”

Copied from the Local Press in Constantinople in 1910

The Late Sir William Whittall

The immense concourse of mourners at the funeral of the late Sir William Whittall yesterday demonstrated that, besides being the leading figure in the British Colony of Constantinople, the deceased also occupied a most prominent position in the social, financial and industrial circles of this city. It would be practically impossible to give the names of all those present at the ceremony, where the British Colony was of course very largely represented.

The procession started from the residence of the deceased at 1.40 p.m. for the Moda Church of All Saints. Only the members of the family met at the house. The cortege was led by the small grandchildren of the deceased dressed in white holding bunches of white flowers. Then came the coffin covered with the flag of the R.M.Y.C. on which was placed a bunch of heliotrope, the favourite flower of the late Sir William.

The coffin was carried by sailors of the deceased's yacht the Abafsa assisted by sailors of Mr. Gavin Gilchrist's yacht the Florican and of Mr. Reginald Whittall's yacht the Rosalind. Lady Whittall followed in a mourning coach which in turn was followed by the sons and daughters of the deceased and the other members of his family.

The procession wended its way slowly to the church which was crowded with members of British Colony of Moda and with relatives and friends of the deceased.

The service was conducted by the Rev. W.S. Langston-Day M.A. the incumbent of "All Saints" assisted by the Rev. F.C. Whitehouse M.A. Chaplain of H. M.'s Embassy.

Within the altar rail were Mgr. Constantine, Bishop of Dafnoussis, representing the Bishop of Chalcedon and the Greek patriarch, a Delegate of the Armenian Patriarch, the Archimandrite Father Ierotheos, an old and valued friend of the Whittall family, an Armenian Priest who represented the Armenian Community of Kadikeui and a Deacon of the Greek Church of Kadikeui.

Three hymns were sung which had been chosen by the late Sir William who had given precise instructions as to his funeral. He had specifically requested that no wreaths or flowers should be sent.

After the short and impressive service, the coffin was placed on a hearse and was followed

by the mourners in carriages.

The children of the Greek and Armenian schools lined the road outside the church.

On the way to the cemetery the procession was joined by two Rabbis representing the Jewish Community.

All along the Kadikeui road the shops were closed and a great number of the inhabitants lined the street.

The procession stopped outside the Armenian church of Kadikeui and a priest came forward and recited prayers whilst the bells of that church and of the Greek church of St. Euphemia were being tolled.

On the Haidar Pasha road the procession was joined by a large number of officials of the Anatolian Railway Company.

On arrival at Haidar Pasha the procession was met by the numerous friends who had come from town in a steamer specially chartered for the occasion.

It is impossible to give an idea as to the number of those present but we venture to think that never has such a large concourse of people been present at the funeral of any Englishman in Constantinople.

The coffin on being removed from the hearse at the gate of the Cemetery was again borne by the sailors.

The pall bearers were the British Ambassador Sir Gerard Lowther, Mr. H.C.A. Eyres, H.B.M.'s Consul General, Sir Edwin Pears, Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Woods Pasha, Mr. T.J. Maltass and Mr. C.B. Charnaud.

After the service, numerous friends and acquaintances of the deceased came forward to condole with Lady Whittall and the members of her family.

The death of Sir William Whittall comes just a year after the movement which brought about a change of reign in this country. On that occasion Sir William opened the doors of his residence at Moda to a great number of persons who were in danger of losing their lives and many of whom were present at his funeral. With the pluck characteristic of Englishmen Sir William unhesitatingly risked his own life and those of the members of his family in order to protect those who had sought refuge in his home. The strain was, however, too much for a man of his advanced age and he was in failing health ever since that memorable day.

CHAPTER II

EDITH ANNA WHITTALL. “Moda Granny”

Memories of Granny prior to 1914 are very vague, I then being too young to have had much to do with her, and she, on her side, appearing to us children as a rather fearsome and formidable old lady, whose interest in us may not have been as great as it might in view of the large family she had had to bring up. But small as our contacts were, she was marvellous in allowing us to play and run wild in her garden, while at Christmas she always gave us a grand party round the tree in her front hall.

On occasion we were taken to her for tea, following which we would be enjoined to keep quiet, and to help us do so we were given picture books to look at, of which our favourite was an early one containing vivid, coloured plates depicting Chinese tortures, which always had the desired effect. (Some years ago I found a copy of this in a bookshop, but sadly it was too expensive for me to buy.) Another possession of hers we boys enjoyed was a sheath containing a variety of knives and other instruments, which we were told, had in the past, been used to aggravate the wounds of fallen enemy. Strange how innocent, little children enjoy horrors.

Following the war, which Granny spent in England, we used to return home for the summer holidays, when one of our first duties was to pay our respects to Granny. In early days, on these occasions we were always rather tongue-tied, but she was always very kind, dismissing us after a few minutes of rather formal conversation with thanks for having come to see her after which, like the real lady she was, she would, without prompting, give us permission to pick as many figs as we wanted off her trees on the cliff face.

As time went on Granny became more and more of a familiar figure and our former awe of her lessened as we saw more of her. Of a morning in summer, she and Aunt Maria were usually to be found sitting under the shade of the fir trees lining the Drive outside the front door. Then in the late afternoon she would sit under the shade of a terebinth tree (tzikouria) on the cliff top, in full view of the whole stretch of the city across the water. Here she would usually be joined by her elderly friends, of which, on one occasion, I counted eight, all in or about their eighties or nineties.

Another memory is of her arriving in Church, either by car or by carriage, and walking in dignified fashion to her pew at the front end of the nave.

In figure Granny was short and on the stout side, and was always dressed in high-necked, dark dresses, usually topped by a velvet neck-band, with her lovely diamonds dotted about her bosom. Whether sitting or walking she was always impressive and never lost her dignity, so much so that whenever I see a portrait of Queen Victoria in old age Granny comes to mind. Many years after her death I met Sacheverell Sitwell, who on hearing my name immediately asked whether I was a connection of hers, she having made a considerable impression on him. In brief, she was a magnificent Old Lady.

With increasing age I learnt to appreciate her more and more, as also to be able to talk more freely with her, and then I took to joining her for morning coffee in her small sitting room, in which she sat in a corner under an array of narrow shelves on the wall above, from which hung photos of her many descendants, each set in a small, oval gold frame. As a person, considering her age and background, I found her extraordinarily broad-minded and understanding, especially in regard to her attitude towards the young, but with all this

she never departed from her considerations of strict morality, and I remember how grieved she was when the first of her descendants was involved in divorce.

She was the doyenne of the British colony and the 'migali madama' to the Greeks, servants and shop-keepers, as also Matriarch of the Family, in consequence of which she was treated with the highest respect by all, high and low. She also acted as a very useful intermediary between us young and the older generation, for often if we made a direct request we were liable to be met with a direct refusal, but if the request came from Granny the picture was different. Thus, on one occasion we thought the time had come for a dance, and when through her the matter was put to Uncle Edwin we had our dance.

I always enjoyed her company, and was repeatedly astonished at her wisdom and at times very pertinent remarks and judgements. But in all my time I only heard her simply the least semblance to a criticism, and that was after Aunt Elmina, Uncle Harry's wife, had rather overstayed her welcome, when she told me, though she made Uncle a marvellous wife, and had fine children, she wished they would remain in England and not come to stay with her.

On Friday mornings Granny stayed aloof for on that morning she was visited by her pensioners, several aged and destitute men and women who came to her to collect their weekly alms. Who and what they were I never got to know, Granny remaining silent on the matter.

On one occasion she was sitting quietly in the garden, when a maid told her that a man wanted to see her. In appearance he turned out to be tall, thin and scantily bearded and obviously of part negroid stock. Asked what he wanted he said that from report he had heard that Madame was a very Great Lady, of whom everyone spoke with praise, and that he would like to work for her, when to her telling him that there was no work for him to do, he replied that he would always find enough to keep himself occupied and to make himself useful, as also that he had already noticed one or two fields of action in the establishment. Granny then told him that there was no accommodation for him, but he immediately, countered this by saying that he had already found an empty room over the chicken run, and had deposited his belongings there. How the discussion went on, I do not know, but Arrab, for so we called him, joined the community, to become a friend to all and ever ready to help, and ever at Granny's beck and call. I was very fond of him, and he was always full of fun and in good spirits (no doubt, never having previously in his life lived under such good conditions). After Granny's death he was taken up by uncle Reggie, with whom he stayed until he in turn died.

Prior to her death in 1930 Granny wrote the following letter 'To all my Children.'

My dearest Children,

When you open this letter I will be no more with you , my darlings, but with our kind Father's help I hope to join our dear departed ones now with our Saviour in the enjoyment of perfect peace. I want to thank you all, my dear ones, for all the loving care and affection to your Mother (you have made me so happy). God bless you and keep you in the love and fear of God so that we may all meet in that beautiful abode where partings are not known.

I leave you all, my dearest children, grand-children and great-grand- children under our kind Father's protection. Live in peace with each other. These are the last wishes of your loving Mother.

God bless you all, from Mother. February 15th. 1930.

(Granny forgot to include her great-great- grandchildren.)

P.S. Granny, in making her Will, showed a great knowledge and understanding of human beings, for she laid down, that in the distribution of moveable articles of value such as silver, carpets etc., a valuer should be called in to divide all into eleven lots, of equal value, and these subsequently to be drawn by lot by each of the children. How wise. I have seen such terrible family quarrels over Wills. At the time of her death teeth, eyesight and hearing were normal.

Granny shared her home with her sister, Aunt Maria and with Janey, the old family nurse. Aunt Maria, as I remember her was very deaf, although I once got a beating through misjudging the degree of her deafness. She as I remember, was a silent old lady and I cannot remember ever passing more than a few words with her, and I have often wondered how she passed her days. She was reputed to be able to eat anything right up to her last days, and certainly preferred the rich servant's food to that served at table, and was even able to eat melon at night which most of the older generation found impossible.

But she had one occupation: she controlled the supply of sugar in the house and every day the cook would apply to her for the day's ration from the stock she kept safely in a locked cupboard. But as time went on and demand grew larger, she would not change her practices, and so to satisfy the cook's needs, he, unbeknown to her, was given his own stock on which to draw, but, every day the old routine of him asking her for supplies had to be maintained, and was until Aunt Maria died, when the key of the sugar cabinet was found under her pillow.

Jane Saxby, or Janey as she was universally known, came out from Yorkshire to look after the children, and stayed with Granny until her death, a matter of 52 years. During all this period she refused to talk anything but English, and how she got on with the servants remains a mystery. She was very keen on discipline and her favourite saying was 'andsome is as 'andsome does. She came to lunch with us every Sunday for Father was her favourite charge, and we were very fond of her even though on one occasion she slashed at me with her umbrella for being rude.

On her death she was buried in the English cemetery, and Granny sent such money and belongings as she had to her nephew in Yorkshire, whom she had never seen, and he in his return letter of thanks offered to pay for her funeral, an offer which Granny of course refused but which greatly impressed her.

Interestingly these two old ladies stayed in Moda all through the 1914 war, during which an equerry from the German command called on them every month to make certain they were not lacking any necessities.

Obituary from the Times

LADY WHITTALL.

Lady Whittall, who died at The Tower, Moda, Constantinople, yesterday, a few days before her 95th birthday (August 7, 1935), was the widow of Sir James William Whittall, founder of the well-known firm of J.W. Whittall & Co., which is to-day carried on as a limited liability company in Turkey by his sons and grandsons. There are 11 children of the marriage, 10 of whom are living.

Daughter of Samuel Barker and his wife Marianne Françoise La Fontaine, she was born at Smyrna in 1840 and christened Edith Anna. Most of her long life was spent in Turkey. In

her youth she used to accompany her husband, who was a great sportsman, on his shooting expeditions into Anatolia, then infested by brigands. Sir William's parties were never molested, as he was a good friend to the peasants, and the chief of the brigands had broken bread and eaten salt with the Whittall family in their home.

Sir William and Lady Whittall kept open house to visitors to Constantinople and in the troublous days of Sultan Abdul Hamid they gave refuge to many leading Turks whose lives were in danger. Among those were the Anglophile Grand Vezir, Kiamil Pasha, the well known journalist Ali Kemal Bey, General Abdullah Pasha, and Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, Minister for War, who was smuggled disguised as a sailor from the Whittall house to Sir William's yacht under the noses of the soldiers surrounding the house.

Lady Whittall was deeply religious and devoted much of her life to performing charitable deeds regardless of creed or caste. She contributed generously to the upkeep of All Saints' Church, Moda, which was built by her husband and family. A high sense of duty and a strong and steadfast character won for her the respect and devotion of her large family and her many friends, while a remarkable ability to move with the times made her a sympathetic and helpful friend to the young. Retaining all her faculties until the end, she conversed easily in four languages with her numerous visitors, read the Times daily, and kept up, a regular correspondence with a hundred direct descendants, including 50 great-grandchildren scattered all over the world. Had she survived a little longer she would have been the living head of five generations, as her mother and her husband's grandmother had been before her.

CHAPTER III

MARIE WHITTALL. (Granny Smyrna)

Marie Kramer was born of mixed Swiss German and Swiss Italian parents in Zurich, and how and why the family arrived in Smyrna I do not know. However, once there, she married Richard Watson Whittall, and on the surface a more incongruous pair it would be difficult to find, he being handsome, well dressed, lavish over money and enjoying company and entertaining, while she was short in stature, rather retiring and somewhat insignificant, and brought up to good Swiss ideas on economy and methods of housekeeping. Consequently it must have been quite an effort for her to cope with her husband's ways, and matters were still further complicated by a seemingly endless run of children, she having 14 in all. Granny also had one further trouble in that a brother lost Grandfather quite a considerable sum of money and this at a time when things were not easy, and this preyed on her mind for many years, despite Grandfather having made light of the matter*. But, despite these factors, the marriage was a very happy one, its even course only interrupted when Uncle Jim and later Uncle Vem were captured by brigands and had to be ransomed.

Although Osie and I were in Smyrna in either 1914 or 1915 I remember very little of the place and people except for Grandfather's Napier motor car and falling out of bed, and having been made to play with a girl Ailsa.

The first war followed, completely to upset Granny's life, for first Uncle Dick died and

soon after Grandfather, both of post-war Spanish flu, and this not being sufficient, the Greco-Turkish war followed on, and with the capture of Smyrna, the town was burnt, and the family house sacked.

So, homeless, Granny moved to Moda in company of Aunt Estelle, her youngest and rather simple-minded daughter, together with Aunt Maud and her four daughters, she shattered by the death of her husband, Uncle Vem, and by the loss of their farm.

On arrival in Moda all were settled in homes, Granny in a very pleasant one in company of Aunt Estelle. Of this I remember little, but it was either with this one or the next that a delicious 'strawberry' vine grew over the terrace.

Granny had been left fairly comfortably off, although there was some trouble over Grandfather's estate, with Uncle Herbert laying claims to part of it necessitating Uncle Jim arriving from England to settle matters in Granny's favour. (Uncle Herbert was Grandfather's younger brother).

Settled in Moda, and now free from the domination of her husband, Granny was able to lead a life in keeping with her lights, living quietly and practising economy and seeing to her own finances, and it was only on the occasions of Mother's visits that there was anyone to boss her about, but whether to any effect is uncertain.

Her passage to Moda enabled me to get to know her better, but my stays were so short that I cannot say I ever got to know her well. But it was interesting having two grandmothers at my disposal, each so different in type and having very little in common except for the possession of the same grandchildren. For whereas Granny Moda was dignified, somewhat reserved and a Great Lady, Granny Smyrna was simple, approachable and more feminine in character, which factors, together with her sense of humour, allowed us to subject her to regular, affectionate teasing, to our and her great enjoyment. She was a lovable character and the young took to her easily, but owing to the shortness of my acquaintance I only saw the softer sides of her character, these covering a tougher and more determined side to her, of which she must have been possessed to stand up so manfully to her experiences. In brief therefore, she always made me welcome, and I always enjoyed visiting her and held her in the greatest affection.

On one occasion some of us approached her and demanded that she give us a dinner party. Granny immediately protested, and said that the idea was quite out of the question, and to our asking why made number of excuses, her dining room and the table were too small, she had no cook and there was no wine. So we countered by pooh-poohing the idea of the room being too small, and by saying that Mother would willingly lend her cook, Osman, to see to the dinner, while one of us had recently been in the cellar and had noticed quite a number of bottles. Granny continued to protest, but eventually we overbore her and a date and time were fixed, and of course, the occasion was a great success with no one enjoying it more than Granny.

At a much later date, after the second war, when Barbara and I were out with the fishing, John caught a fish, a kirlangitch, almost larger than himself, and quite spontaneously decided to present it to Granny. So off he went proudly bearing the large fish through the streets to be invited to come and partake of it in due course.

Quite a simple story but I have often wondered what it was about Granny that should have induced a small boy to present her with the first fish of any size that he had ever caught.

As I have mentioned, Granny in Moda largely took charge of her finances, largely with the aim of providing for Aunt Estelle after her death, a matter in which she was

successful. She eventually lived to be 100 years old, an occasion celebrated by a party and a cake bearing 100 candles, after which, it is said, she made an attempt to play the piano. She died soon after, a much loved figure, so small and slight, to leave behind her a host of descendants.

I was lucky in my Grandmothers... two such totally different figures and each equally high in my affections and each leaving behind such happy memories. It is sad that I never knew my Grandfathers, there again brothers, but from what I have heard quite different in character.

G.W.W. 1991.

**(Her Mother was Italian (originated in Zürich and said to belong to a very famous family) whom her Father married in Smyrna. She had two brothers. One let Grandfather down for £ 4,000, and Granny was so upset that thereafter she economised to an extreme to help pay Grandfather back. This may have been the start of her habit. The brother was subsequently in gaol. The other brother's son is still living I believe.)*

(Mother 1950).

CHAPTER IV

EDWIN WHITTALL Reminiscences.

Uncle was staying in Norwich with the Corbould Warrens and was invited to a shoot. As he had never shot at high-flying pheasants, he was told not to expect too much, as, without previous experience, he would find these birds very difficult. The gamekeeper who was standing near by took a rather superior attitude to this guest, which changed, when at the end of the day it was found that Uncle had done better than anyone else, getting something like 90% of kills. He was a first class shot.

Later in life he contacted me from Turkey and asked me to fix up an appointment for him with an eye specialist, whom on arrival he went to see. That evening I got a phone call: "I saw your Uncle to-day, Geoffrey, a most extraordinary man in his demands, for, well on in his eighties, he told me that when out shooting he could not see woodcock very well, and so would I please give him a pair of glasses to overcome this defect."

He was an old friend of Calouste Gulbenkian, the oil magnate, and used to correspond regularly with him. So whenever he came to London I used to phone Nubar, Calouste's son, who would call on Uncle and pay his Father's respects.

In the early days of the firm, Grandfather was going to Carlsbad for his annual cure, and leaving the firm in the hands of Uncle and Father, he gave strict instructions that they should lay off a certain commodity. But no sooner was Grandfather away than the two started buying heavily, so much so that on Grandfather's return he was in absolute despair at prospects of bankruptcy. The market then changed suddenly giving rise eventually to

very large profits, from which, it is said, Grandfather took all the credit.

Uncle Edwin and Father were the closest of friends. During the first war Father looked after an old friend, dying of T.B. which Father sadly caught to die from it in 1929. While he was ill the shares of some cotton factory came on the market, of which Uncle bought a large dollop on Father's behalf, without giving him any option, and leaving payment to be made as and when it would be convenient. This was done at a later date and after Father's death it was largely due to this purchase that Mother could lead a comfortable life until her end came. Only my dead brother Hugh and I know of this gesture of Uncle's.

In the 30's Uncle was very friendly with Sir George Clerk the British Ambassador, who used to come over to stay both in Moda and at the country house at Alemdagh. Barbara was very fond of the two, and in Moda took to joining them over elevenses in the garden, that is when we were in Moda. Sir George was very fond of his champagne, both at this hour and at others.

He was also very fond of shooting and on one occasion I got into hot water with Uncle's man, Hussein Pehlevan, an awful old rogue. What happened was that out with my gun and the dogs I put up a pair of pheasant and got a right and a left, to return in triumph (pheasants were very scarce birds). Hussein on hearing of this was furious. He had already located these birds and was keeping them for the Ambassador, in hopes of getting a large tip.

Uncle was the complete gentleman, in the best sense of the word, as well as being a most interesting man. It is very sad that he never took to writing his memoirs, which could have filled a fascinating book. At one time he, by some means or other had come by a chest containing correspondence to the Turkish Foreign Office, written in a variety of languages. This was deposited in London, presumably being smuggled out, but sadly was destroyed during the war.

I mentioned the Australian relatives. During the war Whittalls were sending parcels to P.O.W.'s, and one day received a letter of thanks from one, who said he was a Whittall from Australia and was there any connection. On investigation it turned out that he was a descendant of Percy Whittall who emigrated to Australia from Smyrna in the late 19th. century. Anyhow at a later date two of these Australians were coming to Europe and Uncle invited them to stay. One was a lady who had spent her life running a hostel for backwoodsmen somewhere out in the wilds, and she could never get used to uncle's gentle and polite ways and did not feel at home in such company. Anyhow one day there was talk of getting up a party to go somewhere into the interior, and she asked whether she could go, to which Pat Tweedie answered "No, you talk so much that you would drive us all silly. Your coming is quite impossible." She pleaded and eventually she was accepted and enjoyed the trip enormously. At a later time she was talking to Mother and said how wonderful it was to be talked to in a manner to which she was used in Australia, as also to meet one man who had addressed her in familiar and suitable fashion.

A story told me by Granny. When first married Grandfather used every Monday morning to leave a pile of gold pounds on the mantelpiece to serve as housekeeping money for the week. This went on, either staying level or increasing, until one day there were fewer pounds than usual. Nothing was said, and when the weekly pile continued to decrease Granny started cutting down on expenses, servants etc. Then after a time the piles started to increase again, servants were reengaged and so on. But never a word was said as to

why all this had happened and it was only after Grandfather's death that she learnt from Uncle Edwin of the difficulties facing them at the time.

One of the difficulties always facing Uncle Edwin was Uncle Reggie's jealousy, which resulted in every suggestion he made being vetoed. Thus at one time Uncle Edwin suggested repaying the preference capital of the firm. Uncle Reggie refused to allow this and in consequence the money has been lost. In earlier days uncle Hugh had made himself most unpleasant, practically accusing his brothers of trying to cheat him.

Uncle was said to be nervous of spiders, refusing to sit down if there were one on the table.

As I have mentioned Uncle was the complete gentleman in every sense of the word, and the only one of the family to give what one might call an aristocratic appearance. Barbara was a great admirer. She used to look forward to her elevenses with him, and considered him much the "best" of the relations. He was a most interesting person, and it is sad that he never wrote his memoirs. I have always regretted that I did not cultivate him more, but in those days I was young and enjoying the present more than the past. The first time we were in Moda after our marriage, he invited us to a long weekend on his yacht, giving us a fascinating time, and I have always thought how good it was of him. He was a keen fisherman, but always used lines as he found rods not suitable in those waters.

His son Kenny was likewise a fisherman and he did things in comfort. When staying with him in his house up the coast, we men would get up at five and go off in his boat, the Bati, to the fishing grounds, where we would disembark into a rowing boat, to fish, while the Bati returned home, to return later with the ladies on board, hooting as it approached. So, up came our lines, and we would join her, to find breakfast already served on the table, (and a very good breakfast at that). Then, after a suitable interval, fishing would recommence, until the Bati hooted again, when, on boarding, we would find drinks all ready and iced. We would now set off either for home, or for the shore if we were having a picnic, to enjoy a rest after a hard morning's work.

Uncle Kenny (his brother) was also a keen fisherman. He had a man called Haki, who enjoyed the bottle. One evening Uncle and Haki went off to spend the night on a deserted island, so as to be able to start fishing at daybreak. During the night a gale arose, and on waking up, Uncle found no Haki and no boat, and himself stranded on the island. So the morning passed and in the afternoon a rather penitent Haki turned up with the boat, to be properly sworn at, when it turned out that, after Uncle had fallen asleep he had continued drinking his raki, until the storm got up, when completely confused, by the state of affairs he felt the time had come to retire to his own bed and set off rowing back to Moda. On waking of a morning his wife expressed surprise at seeing him at her side whereupon he suddenly came to his senses. It is an interesting illustration of the relationship between Master and Man in Turkey, that he was not sacked, while Uncle and all others regarded the incident as a sort of joke... Uncle certainly dined out on it... and nobody had any blame for Haki, the episode was just one of those human vicissitudes.

A story about Aunty Gertie. She was very interested in Byzantine art etc. and when a British troop came to dig in the vicinity of the former Palace, she watched them with interest, but made herself most unpopular by telling the people that they were digging in the wrong place for what they wanted. After several failures they turned to her and rather

angrily asked her where she thought they ought to dig. She pointed out the place and they got straight to onto their objective.

Aunt Lily was my Godmother, but I never got to know her well, she always being of a very retiring nature, and never for that matter well, presumably after the effort of having 14 children. I very much regret this failure on my part, but I was seldom in Moda. Barbara first met her at tea at Aunt Gertie's Aunt Florry was there. She had arrived in England so debilitated that she had to travel from Dover to London by ambulance. That evening lying on her bed in a state of complete exhaustion, she was offered a seat at a window in Regent Street to watch some Royal procession. She seized on this and was at her window at 9 a.m. and sat there until 1p.m., returning full of the joys of life.

A couple of days later Barbara and I went to Aunt Gertie's for tea, Barbara's first encounter with some of the Aunts. Aunt Florry was lying at full length on a couch, in a state of prostration. Sitting on the floor was Cousin Adeline Whittall, aged 83 and smoking cigarettes compounded of a mixture of tobacco and mixed herbs. (She lived in a cottage in the country alongside two other old dears from Turkey, where she told me all visitors to a meal at the cottage automatically thought they would be having roast pork by reason of the smell from her cigarettes. On our first visit to her in the country we had to taste her spring water before being allowed in. Anyhow to resume the story, Aunt Florry was on a special diet for her tea, which turned out to be far richer than what was given us. Aunt Gertie told us all about her health misfortunes, with Aunt Florry intervening from time to time with hers - both making a very good meal. The only silent one was Aunt Lily, who really looked ill, and said nothing about herself. Barbara remarked on this as soon as we had left, while I reminded her that my delicate Whittall born Aunts mostly managed to attain their nineties, despite a lifetime of ill-health.

Cousin Adeline as a girl tried to swim across the Bosphorus. Feeling tired half way across she clutched onto the nearest floating object, and with its aid reached dry land, where she found that en route she had been embracing a dead donkey.

After Uncle's death his property was sold up, and is now a block of flats, as are all our houses. Moda is just a sea of high rise buildings, and even our former quail-shooting grounds are now built over, and with an abundance of cars all game has disappeared from the hills.

Obituary from the Times 6th March 1953.

F.E. WHITTALL C.B.E.

Mr. Frederick Edwin Whittall, C.B.E., head of the patriarchal Whittall family which, established in Turkey for 150 years in connexion with the Levant Company, has been one of the leading British families trading in the Near East, died at Moda, Istanbul, yesterday at the age of 88.

Born in 1864 at Bowdon, Cheshire, he was the second of Sir J.W. Whittall's 11 children. His wife was Miss Adelaide Helen (Lily) La Fontaine, who died in 1949, a year after they had celebrated their diamond wedding. Edwin Whittall spent most of his life in Turkey and was for many years the head of the firm of J.W. Whittall & Company. He knew the

country intimately having shot big and small game in many parts of Anatolia. Even at the age of 84 he would walk up hills for four or five hours at a stretch. In his youth he frequently travelled on horseback from Constantinople to Ankara to buy mohair for his firm. Besides being a first-class shot, he was an experienced deep-sea fisherman.

In the 1914-18 war he worked in Naval Intelligence in Greece, holding the rank of Commander R.N.V.R. He was appointed C.B.E. for his work in controlling and rationing the exports and imports of Greece before she joined the allies. He was an authority on Turkish finances and took a prominent part in the formation of the Turkish Petroleum Company, which after the 1914-18 war was taken over by the Iraq Petroleum Company. For many years he was on the boards of directors of the National Bank of Turkey and the Constantinople Quay Company. A man of great personal charm, Edwin Whittall was of the best type of British merchant settled abroad. He leaves five sons and five daughters.

CHAPTER V

OTHER REMINISCENCES

Brother Hugh's main distinctions were to meet the Queen at Gallipoli and to lunch on the Britannia, as also to sit at lunch next to the Archbishop of Canterbury who was on a visit to the Greek Patriarch. On one occasion when fishing in this interior, an intruder entered the camp but only removed air mail numbers of the Daily Telegraph - these for use as cigarette papers, which latter under state monopoly were very expensive to buy. One other story about Hugh. He bought some lobster pots, which a fisherman up the coast saw to. To start with these yielded a frequent supply which however gradually grew smaller, finally to cease altogether. So Hugh went up to investigate to find his fisherman entertaining a group of friends to a lobster meal.

During the 1920 war, my brother Vernon was in command of a small force of British troops in Angora when one day he received a message from the Turkish High Command to say that they were proposing to enter and take over the town on the following day, so to avoid incidents could it be arranged for the British to leave before hand, with, at the end of the missive, an invitation to dinner that night. Vernon made all the suitable arrangements, and that evening enjoyed a very happy dinner with the Turkish officers.

Sister Monica, when engaged to Herbert Jackson, son of father's old friends in Salonika, decided on a run-away marriage. So they came to England and approached a priest who was an old family friend, but he shattered their hopes of a quiet wedding by inviting a number of relations including myself.

In pre-1914 days my cousin Kenny was riding in a carriage with a number of others, when seeing a hare he picked up his gun and fired but with the carriage lurching at that moment he only just missed killing the clergyman of the day, Mr Langston Day.

GWW.

PART III

ASSOCIATED FAMILIES.

CHAPTER I

THE BARKER FAMILY

The Barkers originated from the township of Bakewell in Derbyshire where they acted as land agents to the Duke of Rutland.

The first member of the family settled in Smyrna in about 1750 presumably as a member of the Levant Company. He married a local girl and had offspring, one of whom, John became Consul in Aleppo where he had the unenviable task of looking after Lady Hester Stanhope, but also became a great friend of Burckhardt - the Swiss discoverer of Petra and Abu Simbel. Another son William, my great great Grandfather, married twice to have 13 children by his first wife and seven by the second.

One of the family settled in Alexandria to found the Egyptian branch of the family while Samuel, born in 1793, my great Grandfather, settled in Constantinople where he married Adelaide La Fontaine, member of an Anglo Huguenot family long settled in Turkey. Adelaide's sister, co-incidentally, married Dr Julius van Millingen, who tended Lord Byron on his deathbed as Missolonghi.

Samuel had four children, Alfred, Julia, Maria and Edith.

Alfred married Evelina Charnaud, sister of "Uncle" Charley Charnaud of Moda, while Edith, born in 1838, married James William Whittall.

Julia and Maria did not marry; the former lived with her brother Alfred, the latter with her sister Edith, my Grandmother.

I never knew Aunt Julia but report had it that in her old age she was very difficult, so much so that no nurse would stay long with her, the story among us children being that this was because of her shocking language.

Aunt Maria led a quiet life in Moda. She was reputedly deaf, but when as a boy, as I thought safely made a rude remark about her I got a thrashing.

To keep her occupied, Granny put her in charge of the domestic sugar supplies which she kept under lock and key, to be meted out daily to the cook. This system worked well until with her becoming more and more economical cook was allowed to supplement his resources, unbeknown to Aunt Maria. When she died the key of the sugar cabinet was

found concealed under her pillow.

Aunt Maria had the digestion of a bear, and until her death she preferred eating the coarse and rich servant's food to that served at table.

During World War I, she and Janey, father's own nurse, refused to be evacuated to England and stayed on in the Big House and here they were invited once a month by a German equerry sent by General von der Gulz, the German Commander In Chief, to see that they were in good shape and had all necessary supplies. Aunt Maria survived the war to die at the age of 98. I have often wondered how these two old ladies passed the time during those days. (Janey, a true Yorkshire woman, despite her 60 years residence in Granny's house, refused to talk anything but English).

Great Uncle Alfred Barker married Evelyn Charnaud - and on leaving Turkey, settled in Esher, in a large barrack of a house called Elmfield, on the Portsmouth Road. They had a number of children - Francis, Herbert, Eveline, Joanna, Freda, Cecil Mayerte and Eric, as also another daughter who married the Reverend Ethelbert Goodchild and whose Christian name I have forgotten. In the remainder of his family's eyes, Frank made a misalliance in marrying a Miss Vere, a dress maker with whom however, he led a happy life and had 2 sons - Vere and Arthur. As a man of business he proved a great success, ending as Chairman of Vickers, a house in Lowndes Square and an estate at Chessington, in Surrey, which afforded him some shooting. The house was known as Burnt Stub and I remember nothing about it.

I cannot say I ever knew Cousin Frank and his wife. However I met their two sons, Vere the elder, a most unpleasant individual and Arthur who married Kathleen Whitehouse a first cousin of mine. Arthur was a prisoner-of-war in Japanese hands during the war which permanently affected his health, but on his return he set up a publishing business, running this until his comparatively early death.

Burnt Stub had in the meantime, been sold, with part of the land and house now converted into Chessington Zoo, with Arthur's sons occupying the remaining land.

Frank's brother Herbert married my father's sister, and the couple henceforward became known as Uncle Bertie and Aunt Lella. They lived in Esher and had two daughters Evelyn and Edith. They lived very formally and my chief memory of the house is over the fuss made if on entering one dirtied the front door step.

Uncle Bertie was on the Stock Exchange, and was involved in the flotation of a dead company, the "Islas de Guadalquivir". He also used to play golf with my brother Bill, with both parties being suited. Uncle because he was free to express anger and disappointment in suitable terms. Bill because he always received a handsome tip.

Uncle and Auntie's Diamond wedding gave birth to their first quarrel - and this over whether the quantity of champagne should be computed at 1/2 a bottle per person or a third. Auntie was for the former and got her way - fortunately as it happened.

Of the sisters, Evelyn married an MP with estates in Gloucestershire and a house in Grosvenor Crescent - a great collector of English water colours. I got to know her when widowed and living in Cheyne Row. A delightful old lady whose company I thoroughly

enjoyed and whom I often visited.

Another sister Freda, married Wells-Cole, a Doctor in Lincoln, while the third married the Reverend Ethelbert Goodchild who had a Parish in Paddington.

These formed the first family and then there was a hiatus broken by the arrival of three more children. In this connection I heard Aunt Evelyn say "I don't know how the modern do it - I had children, and then they stopped coming and so I sold the prams cots and all - and then suddenly I had three more", these three being May, Cecil and Eriat. This stage I enter into the picture for on paying Aunt a visit, I received an open invitation to spend the weekend as I wished.

Aunt Eveline was a darling - one whom I greatly loved. She tended to be dominated by her three younger children who all lived with her. On one occasion I found her behind a screen eating an ice-cream. "Don't tell May, I love these so and she does not allow me to eat them".

Life at Elmfield was old fashioned. Early morning tea, fires in the bedrooms, dinner served at night except on Sundays, when cold meal was served. Afternoon tea, served in the billiard room was a joy - served as it was immaculately with thin cut sandwiches, Lapsang Souchong tea and beautiful silver.

The household depended on Larna, a servant of long standing (who, rumour had it, bathed Cecil every night).

The peace of the household was shattered when one night May was woken by noises proceeding from the cook's bedroom, where she was found to be in process of labour. Packed off to the hospital, May refused to have her back despite Aunt Eveline's pleas over her being such a good cook.

Aunt Eveline eventually died when it was found that she had kept all her dresses of old. I was present on the occasion of a discussion over their disposal and suggested getting in touch with a museum. This was done and the clothes were very gratefully received.

Following my Aunt Eveline's death, the numbers in the household diminished. Cecil married, and had children, Eric set up a separate establishment and Gordon married.

A word about Gordon Charnaud. He was a first cousin and reputed to be suffering from tuberculosis, and on being offered shelter at Elmfield, proceeded to live there for many years, doing nothing, with May reputed to be in love with him.

Eventually he and May built and ran a petrol filling station at Hinchley Wood on the Esher by-pass and together they ran this until on the occasion of his becoming engaged, the enterprise was sold. An impression of the filling station is in one of the stained glass windows of the church.

All this left May alone in the large house, and in the process of settling down in practice I only had occasion to visit her on rare occasions.

I then became engaged, to leave May in a doubtful state of mind, my fiancée being

Russian. However, I took Barbara to show her off, when on meeting they fell into each others arms having long known each other, having met at the house of the Galitzine's, who rented one of the Barker's houses, so all was well, and my choice of wife fully approved of.

Then came the War and for many years, I had no communication with May, but once back at home I took the family to see her on several occasions - the children were fascinated by her. She continued to live alone but I saw changes in the house. The lovely Iznik pottery and the Ghordes rugs had gone, while the Greek embroideries which upholstered the chairs in the drawing room were falling to pieces - what vandalism to use these beautiful works of art for this purpose.

Our last visit was sad. The winter was cold and the house unheated and May had set up screens in the hall to form a cubicle, which contained her chair, a small table, the telephone and an electric fire, together with rugs and books and here she spent her day.

Meals proved a problem as the kitchen stood at a lower level, and the resident staff was too infirm to carry the tray up the connecting short flight of stairs. So this was left on the floor at its top to be picked up by May and carried to her table.

Despite all, May's spirit was undaunted and she never complained or harked back on the glories of the past, but always remained her cheerful and optimistic self. A truly wonderful character.

Her death revived old conflicts with the Frank Barker family, for none of the Barker memorabilia were left to his sons, the rightful heirs, but to one who did not carry the name of Barker.

PS Uncle Bertie was in Bakewell on one occasion and there saw a house bearing the Barker coat of arms. He called on the owner, an elderly lady who turned out to be a Barker and had no heir. Delighted to find one she proposed leaving her property to Uncle, but he persuaded her to leave it to his brother Cecil who was not well off and had sons to carry on the name.

GWW 1997

CHAPTER II

THE GIRAUD FAMILY

Jean Baptiste Giraud was born in Antibes, in the South of France, where the family were well established, owning several properties. His Father had at one time been Mayor of the town, where a first cousin, Marie Rosalie Lamarre had married Andre Massena, a local boy, who later rose to command the French armies during the Peninsular War, and to end up as the Prince of Essling. Charlton Whittall when in Paris in 1820 visited him and an account of this visit is given in the paper on the Early Whittalls.

Jean Baptiste was well settled in Smyrna in 1767, where he married Helene Tricon, née Cortazzi, details of which family are attached. Their daughter Magdaleine Victoire Blanche married Charlton Whittall, and to strengthen the family connection their son James married a first cousin Magdalene Blanche Giraud. Prior to this however, Jean Baptiste had lost two ships to the British in the course of the Napoleonic wars, which brought him close to ruin.

James' wife, Magdalene was a forceful lady who ruled household and family with a rod of iron, while at the same time ensuring that her husband, a somewhat retiring man, was never disturbed while at work in his study, usually in connection with his coins of Asia Minor. It is said that every Christmas she insisted that all her children and descendants and their offshoots had to appear for Christmas lunch in her house, an invitation which none dared refuse. Numbers of such guests might almost reach 100, which is not surprising considering that at her death she left 202 living descendants (1910). It has also been told me that she used to enjoy sitting outside the gates to their large garden, attended by a cavass, whose duty it was to ensure that all men leading a string of camels got down from their donkeys to pay her proper respects, or else get beaten up for lack of such courtesy.

In later years Frederic, a grandson of Jean-Baptiste married my grandfathers' sister Mary. Their eldest son Charlton worked in the firm of C. Whittall and Co., in which showing a lot of talent, Grandfather Richard wanted to make him a partner, but his brother Herbert refused this and so Grandfather encouraged Charlton to set up on his own and gave him every encouragement and assistance, eventually to do very well. And it is good to know that this was never forgotten, and in due course Charlton's brother Harold paid for the education of my Uncle Donald's three sons. This Harold was a great friend of my mothers from childhood onwards.

Yet another brother Edgar had nine children, but not being able to stand up to them in the house, he lodged them in a series of huts at the bottom of the garden, in one of which their communal clothes were kept.

With the take-over of Smyrna by the Turks in 1921, Edgar and his wife escaped to Athens, where sitting in the King George Hotel, one of their children unexpectedly came up to them, to be greeted with an "Oh, so you have turned up, where are the others ?" Fortunately in the confusion in Smyrna none were lost, not that their Father seemed to care.

Another son, Edmund, who wrote a history of the Girauds and Whittalls, married Ruth Whittall, a marriage which ended unhappily, with the two of them sitting at table at each end and well separated, each supplied with a personal refrigerator.

Edmund while at school in England, (for all the Girauds were educated in this country to be completely bilingual) had studied the organ and Church singing, and on his return to Smyrna took over the choir in the Anglican Church, for strangely all the sons were Anglicans. This came about through their Father being absent from home for some time and leaving his Catholic children to the care of his strongly Protestant Dutch wife, Anne de Hochepped, who promptly converted them. Before Ruth's death, Edmond had become obsessed with a Turkish lady, by whom he had a son. Once free, he wanted to marry her, but by Turkish law she could only marry a Moslem and so Edmond took over that

religion. Despite this he once turned up in the Anglican Church for Communion, and was apparently surprised and maybe annoyed when it was not offered him.

Another brother Jim married the sister of my Aunt Mercy, wife to Uncle Charlton. He had a son Osmond, who proved a decided problem. In fact on one occasion Jim saw a complete stranger driving his car, and stopped him to find out what it was all about, when it turned out that Osmond had clandestinely sold it as he needed some money. Poor Osmond, he never settled down and eventually committed suicide.

Having related these escapades it is only fair to add that all the brothers were very kind-hearted (except perhaps for Edmond) and always the best of company. Mother, who knew them better than any of us, would never hear of a word spoken against them, and I am always grateful to Edmond for having given me a copy of his book. And now that I come to think of it my Uncle Jim whose tongue was not always of the kindest always spoke well of them. I used to meet them in his house and always found them great fun.

GWW 1990

CHAPTER III

AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF THE CORTAZZI FAMILY

(Translated from the Italian).

The story of the noble Venetian family Cortazzi, which, prior to becoming Venetian in the 15th century, was known as Coplannu is given in brief in an official document drawn up towards the end of the 18th. Century in the presence of the Russian Consul-General, before whom were laid all the documents to establish the right to noble birth of a descendant of the family who settled in Russia.

The document establishes that the Head of the Cortazzi family, at the instance of his brother, domiciled in Russia, presented 66 documents and acts, bearing fully authenticated seals. Some of these were in Greek, others in Latin and others in Italian, originating from the Empire of Constantinople, the Kingdom of Candia and Morea, the Doges of Venice, the Admiralty of the Republic of Venice and its Council of Elders. These documents after having been closely examined, established the following story of the Cortazzi family:

In the year 1182, Alexis Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople, sent his son Isaac to Candia, as Viceroy, with 101 galleys of which twelve were commanded by twelve Princes (? high noblemen) of Constantinople. These with their families formed a complex of 90 persons, and were sent to Candia by the Emperor to govern Candia after submission of its rebel population.

After the happy arrival of the expedition and its disembarkment on the shores of Candia, Prince Isaac ordered the burning of the boats, which measure had a great effect on the hostile Cretans, who, faced with the firm will of the Prince, submitted immediately and abandoned their possession of the island to the twelve Byzantine Princes, one of whom was Cortazzi.

Isaac Comnenus having then divided the Kingdom of Candia among the twelve Princes, left them in charge to govern the island and returned to Constantinople, in obedience to his Father, who, in view of his advanced age, wanted his son beside him. He

left Candia in 1185, but before returning to Constantinople he visited Mount Sinai, Mount Athos and Jerusalem, bestowing rich presents.

Isaac Comnenus having succeeded to the throne with his brother Andronicus, married their sister in 1186 to Boniface, Marquis of Monferrato, giving her as dowry the Kingdom of Candia and Salonica. But as these were far from his dominions the Marquis sold them in 1204 to the Republic of Venice for the sum of 100,000 pauperi and 1,000 marchi of silver. At this time Henry Dandolo was Doge.

Following on this the Venetians sent a fleet under the command of Rehieri, together with a colony of noble Venetians and some infantry to take possession of the Kingdom, but the 12 Byzantine Princes roused all the population, and after several bloody battles completely destroyed the Venetian Army.

The Venetians then sent another army which was also destroyed, the 12 Cretan Princes (from Constantinople) not wanting to cede the power they had enjoyed for so many years.

Finally after 58 years of war, the Venetian Senate, exhibiting that prudence which so characterised its action, suggested a compromise, offering to leave the 12 Princes in possession of their former privileges provided they accepted the sovereignty of Venice.

These conditions were accepted, and a Treaty was signed in February 1264 between Marco Dandolo and the 12 Princes, of whom the Cortazzi were the most important on the island, and this was ratified by the Senate. It confirmed to them their knightly orders and all the prerogatives and privileges hitherto enjoyed.

This treaty was loyally respected and the 12 Princes remained in peaceful possession from 1264 to 1669, when, after 24 years of resistance the island was conquered by the Ottomans.

The greater number of the Princes, including the Cortazzi, incapable of supporting the Ottoman yoke, abandoned all their possessions and fled to Venice, which Republic, in recognition of the long and memorable services of the Cortazzi family gave them vast possessions and the command of an army in the Morea. Here they remained until it was in turn conquered by the Turks. The Head of the Cortazzi family was killed in battle and the remainder were captured and transported to Constantinople in slavery.

Relations in Venice assisted by the Senate ransomed them, and they then established themselves permanently in Venice.

After a few years, to reward them for their services the Senate nominated the Head of the family Consul-General in Smyrna. This position was transferred from Father to Son until the Republic of Venice passed under the control of Austria, under the Treaty of Campo-Formio.

Here ends the manuscript which gives the History of this very ancient and noble family.

THE CORTAZZI FAMILY.

(Copied from the Archives of the University of Padua.)

The Cortazzi family was one of those which accompanied the expedition of the Emperor Alexander Comnenus to colonise the island of Crete in 1182. The expedition led by Isaac Comnenus, son of the Emperor, took with it twelve families, which remained in Crete, to protect the island from rebels.

The Head (of the Family was Eustace, who followed by his son Michael and his brothers (George, Paul, Mino and Constantine, had possessions and cavalry near the

Monastery of Meno.

When the island was ceded to Venice, the Cortazzi killed a certain Calergi, who had betrayed his compatriots, and for this reason they were banished, but shortly after restored to grace and their properties restored to them. In 1260, the Cortazzi, the principal family in the island, were again in arms against the Venetian Government, together with all the other principal families in the island, the 'Arcondopuli'.

In the letter written to the Regimento of Canea and Rettimo by the Duke of Candia on the 25.3.1260, after the peace brought about by Ser. Alessio Cabergo, the rebels are reconfirmed in possession of their cavalry and the following sentence occurs:

“To Ser Michael, Ser Giorgio and Ser Constantine CORTAZZI and to Ser Matteo and Ser Giorgio Calafatto. Who with all their relations raised the recent rebellion of Rettimo, and to our most faithful friends.”

This family among the most ancient and noble in Candia always took first place in the Island. Priests, Notaries and illustrious soldiers decorate its genealogy, and even to-day Cortazzi, descendants of this illustrious stock are serving in the Imperial Ottoman Army."

It would appear that after the year 1307 the Cortazzis had abandoned the island of Crete although some remained or else returned as in 1692 the Nobleman Luca Cortazzi came to Padua to take his "laurea dottorale."

The family tree of the noble Cortazzi family exists in the Album della Nazione ultramarina, which is conserved in the Archivio antico of the University of Padua: - Alb. No.4282, page 38.

In his History of Venice di Laugier talks about the very ancient family of Cortazzi in the year 1241.

This family is also mentioned in Daru's Histoire de Venise.
N.B. The island of Crete is variously known as Candia and Caneo.

CORTAZZIS.

The following notes are supplementary to the attached History of the Family.

After losing their lands in Crete, the Venetian Government offered Athanasius, former Bishop of Rhethymnos, (Rettimo) together with his brother Emmanuel and the latter's three sons, lands in Greece, in the Morea between the towns of Argos and Nauplia, in compensation for their losses. These comprised territories attached to the Monastery of St Theodosius together with some attached to the Convent of Our Lady, situated in the adjoining village of Herbaca. these also being lost to the Turks at a later date.

After the death of Lukas a collection of papers referring- to the family came into the possession of Charlton Whittall, no doubt through his wife, granddaughter of Lukas, and these remained undisturbed until 1950 when they were handed over to the Academy in Athens, who using these and other papers published two booklets on the family.

In the first of these booklets, published in 1956, the information gleaned from the Whittall papers was combined with that obtained from another source, and from these were drawn up:

1. A list of all known members of the family from the 12th to the 18th centuries.
2. A genealogical table of all known members of the family from the 16th. to the 19th. centuries.
3. A list of other Cortazzis in Smyrna (18th. & 19th. centuries).

The further booklet, published in 1962, covers a number of documents, of which nineteen, dated between 1698 and 1712, refer to litigation over lands in the Peloponnese, while a further 28, dating from 1701 to 1879, cover financial and commercial activities entered into by amongst others Francesco Cortazzi and his three sons, Luke, Michael and Emmanuel.

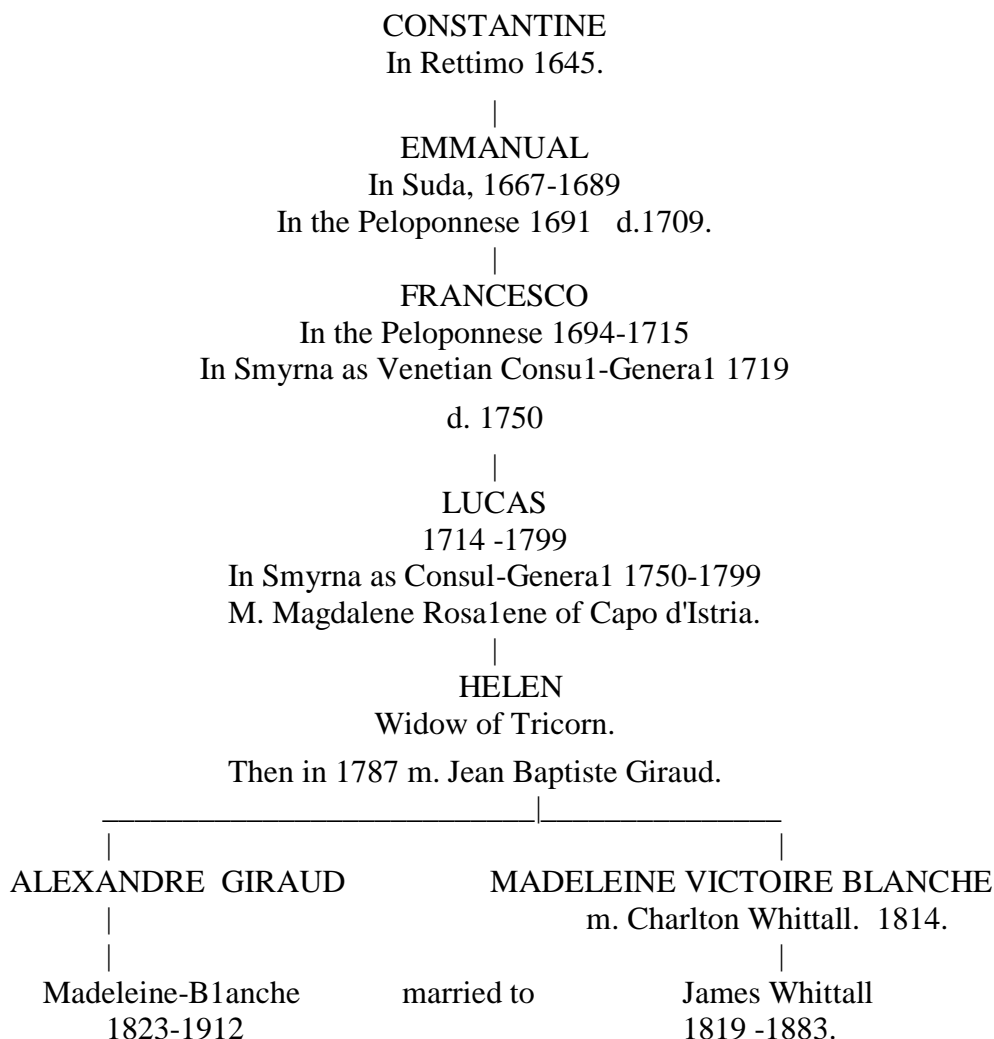
Copies of these booklets were presented to the family, but sadly, they are written in Greek and so are largely unintelligible. It remains for some wealthy future member of the family to have them translated.

GWW 1990.

GENEALOGY.

The Archives in the University of Padua state that Eustace was head of the Cortazzi in 1182 and was followed by his son Michael.

Manousaka refers to a Mihali Cortazzi in 1192 and gives the names of many Cortazzis in Crete between the above years and 1637, but he cannot establish a direct line of descent, but from 1645 he has been able to trace the following lines:



CHAPTER IV

LA FONTAINE FAMILY

This family originated from Montauban in the South of France, just North of Toulouse and its earliest recorded member is one Claude, who married in 1645 and had a son David in 1651. All in the family were Protestants, and it is not certain whether, when Claude moved to Nancy, in Lorraine, the reason was one of religion. (The Edict of Mantes was not revoked until 1685) Anyhow, once in Nancy he was nick-named 'Le Lorrain' and earned his living by dealing in embroideries and rich materials in which he was expert. His son David then moved to Geneva, this time perhaps on religious grounds, and here he married and had a son Bernard, who later set up in the watch and clock making business. At the same time he altered the family name of 'de Lafontaine' by dropping the 'de' and splitting the latter half into La Fontaine. In due course he also married to have a son, Jean-Gedeon who followed in his Father's footsteps in the clock-making business. The La Fontaine clocks must have been of some repute in Turkey for specimens are still to be seen in mosques in that country.

Jean-Gedeon married Marie-Francoise Morier, daughter of Isaac of Vevey, and they had two sons and two daughters. Of these Charles continued in his Father's business, whereas James set off for England to live there for seven years. Here he acquired British nationality by Act of Parliament, and then joined the Levant Company and moved to Smyrna, no doubt on the advice of Morier relatives who had already settled in that town. In Smyrna James married a Venetian lady of the high-sounding name of Nicolette Cocchini de la Grammatica. By her he had nine children, of whom one daughter, Marianne, married Samuel Barker, to become my great Grandmother, while another, Adelaide married Dr. Julius van Millingen (q.v.). The remaining children joined in the pattern of intermarriage to such a point of complication, that as children we simplified matters by regarding all La Fontaines as relations. (For further details of the Moriers and van Millingen, see separate sheets.)

Meanwhile, someone, visiting the Protestant Cemetery in Constantinople noticed a tomb, bearing a Coat of Arms, and the following names:

1631 David de Lafontaine

1686 Hustine Constance.

1686 Abraham de Lafontaine

1725 Petrus de Lafontaine.

1740 Joana de Lafontaine.

This discovery led to a lot of speculation as to who these people were, especially as they had retained the old form of the name. However when on one occasion I was staying in Holland, I came across a book entitled 'Ottoman-Dutch Relations during the Embassy of Cornelius Colkoen at the Sublime Porte. 1726-1744 by G.R.Bosscha Erdbrink.' This was of course written in Dutch, but from it I gleaned;

1. In 1726 the Dutch widow of the Embassy Secretary (Pietro de Lafontaine), who had recently died, eloped with the Secretary of the Venetian Embassy, taking with her her son

Abraham. The boy was eventually returned.

2. The Dutch Ambassador Calkoen had put in a complaint over a Dutch merchant, Abraham de Lafontaine, who was described as “an incompetent man, with a loose conduct of life, and generally incapable of transacting business by reason of drink, even, on occasion, before the hour of midday. His partner, of the name of Leidstar held the responsible post of Treasurer to the “Nation” and was heavily in debt.

3. The Leidstar firm was run by Pietro Leidstar, his three sons and Abraham de Lafontaine, who with Pietro started a new venture in Angora in 1731, which went bankrupt in 1739, involving many Dutch merchants in losses.

The Porte had agreed to consider that the insolvent merchants were responsible to their creditors for the losses they sustained, and as a result the two partners, who at the Ambassador’s request had been brought from Angora to Constantinople by a Cavass of the Porte, were imprisoned in the local bagnio pending trial before the Judge in Galata. (Reference in the Leg. Arch. Turkiye 598. 1156, 1166-8.) . It would appear that the two partners had acted each on his own account without informing the other of his own private affairs. Matters were concluded in March 1746.

One daughter Johanna Lafontaine married a Leidstar and they had a daughter who married David van Lennep, member of another Dutch family. In turn their daughter Clara married Isaac Morier, brother to Francoise Lafontaine.

There is the tomb of a La Fontaine in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, and mention of another who gave financial assistance to the painting of the roof of the Great Hall at Greenwich. Possibly the same individual?

Few reliable accounts of Dutch trade at Angora are available, the only complete series of books being those of the firm of Leidstar and Lafontaine.

Another interesting point is that Daniel de Hochepped was Dutch Consul in Smyrna from 1688 to 1717 and Elbert Ambassador at Constantinople from 1747 to 1763

G.W.W. 1991

CHAPTER V

THE MORIER FAMILY

The Moriers did not descend from Huguenots as has been wrongly averred, but came from Swiss peasant stock; many are still to be found in the Chateau d’Oex area. The earliest member of this family of whom anything is known is one Abram, a boot maker by trade, who settled in Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva, of which town he became a 'Bourgeois' in 1681, a hereditary title of some distinction, conferring Swiss nationality on all male progeny. His eldest son sat on the Town Council and had four sons.

James Abram, who settled in England and died unmarried.

Jean Francois, a baker, whose son Peter David also went to England, There he set up as a

calico printer. He married an English woman and had children.

Samuel William who went to Smyrna, where he died childless.

François Isaac who remained in Vevey and worked as a baker, having nine Children, of whom Jean Louis Francois and John James went to England to be apprenticed to their cousin Peter David, the calico printer, while Isaac went to Smyrna at his Uncle Samuel's behest. Finally their sister Francoise married Jean Gedeon La Fontaine (our ancestor) in Geneva, while the others stayed on in Switzerland.

Isaac, born in Vevey in 1750, was in Smyrna apprenticed to his Uncle Samuel who however died before he was old enough to take over the business. So he became Head Clerk to David van Lennep, whose daughter Clara, he eventually married. (Clara's grandmother was Joanna de Lafontaine, a member of the Dutch family of that name.). In those days it was wiser for every European settled in the Ottoman Empire to come under the protection of a foreign power. In Smyrna, Constantinople and elsewhere the three Western trading powers were France, England and Holland. Given their close links with England, it was natural that the Moriers should come under English protection. In Smyrna Isaac, and possibly his Uncle before him, put himself under the protection of the British Consul, and in this manner acquired British nationality by naturalisation, and later became a member of the Levant Company.

Isaac and Clara had three sons, John Philip, James Justinian and David Richard, and one daughter Emily (Molly), all of them born in Smyrna. Then, later, in order that the boys should grow up as 'Englishmen', Isaac decided to settle in England, where they were welcomed by Clara's sister who had married Captain the Hon. William Waldegrave R.N., later to become Lord Radstock for the part he had played in the Battle of St Vincent.

In 1794 the eldest of Clara and Isaac's sons returned to Smyrna to complete his commercial training in Wilkinson's Counting House prior to joining the Levant Company, but after four years he returned home on leave and shortly after went back, this time as private secretary to Lord Elgin of "Marbles" fame. His seat in the Counting House was now filled by his brother James Justinian who also changed course to become secretary to Sir Harford-Jones, the first British envoy sent to Persia. He served in the same capacity with the next envoy, Sir Gore Ouseley, and finished as British representative before retiring. He twice acted as 'mehmandar' to two Persian envoys (not the Shah). After this he returned to England to write, publishing books on Travel in Persia, and later the "Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan", which, according to the Oxford Companion to English Literature gives an accurate description of Persian Life and Manners.

By the time the third son, David, was due to go to Smyrna, Isaac had gone bankrupt. So he became clerk to his brother John-Philip, who had been appointed British Consul-General to the Morea with a view to keeping the notorious Ali Pasha of Jannina on the allied side. This started David off on a diplomatic career which finished in Berne where he was H.M.'s Minister. He was followed by his son Robert, who became Ambassador to St. Petersburg. Sir Robert's daughter, Victoria then married Lord Wester Wemyss, and it is through their daughter, Mrs. Cumniak that I obtained all this information.

Isaac was later appointed as first British Consul-General in Constantinople, a difficult job as he ran counter to the interests of the merchants who had, up to then, had it all their own way. He died there of plague in 1818, and with him ended the Morier involvement in the Near East.

(At a dinner party I sat next to Mrs Cumniak who told me she was writing a book on James Morier which led to an interchange of information on the families)

Mrs Cumniak writes;

“David van Lennep, Isaac’s father-in-law and employer was the son of a great Amsterdam silk merchant, which was no doubt the reason why he and his friend a La Fontaine, settled in Smyrna which was then one of the principal markets for Persian silk. David did well and became one of the principal Dutch merchants and was elected head of the Factory; but he was never Consul. Rather late in life he married Anne-Marie Leydstar, who must have been the daughter of one of the sons of Pietro Leydstar. Her mother was Johanna de La Fontaine”.

“The La Fontaines must have been Walloons, i.e. French speaking Protestants from the Southern Netherlands who had sought refuge in Amsterdam from the Alva persecutions. Johanna was in some way connected with the celebrated publishers, Abram Wolfgang, who published among others the works of John Locke and the Huguenot explorer Chardin. She therefore came from a very cultured background and it must have been from her that her daughter got her taste for French literature, a taste all the more remarkable that she had never left Turkish soil and always dressed in Greek dress, as indeed did most European women for reasons of security”.

“It seems very likely that your great-grand-father, James La Fontaine, acquired British nationality and entered the Levant Company on the advice of Isaac Morier who, however, was his uncle, not his grandfather. He was also related to Mrs Morier through her La Fontaine grand-mother. There is no mention of him in the Morier papers, but he may well have started his apprenticeship with Isaac in London, whose own sons were still very young at the time.

It is interesting that a La Fontaine contributed to the decoration of the painted Hall at Greenwich. He may have been French, but I think that it is more likely that he was Dutch, given the cultivated milieu the Dutch La Fontaines belonged to, and the close links then existing between England and Holland.”

G.W.W. 1990

CHAPTER VI

OTHER FAMILIES.

De Cramer.

The De Cramers were of Austrian descent. Mother’s sister Mary married Frederick De Cramer. He was working in England at the start of the 1914 war and was interred. His family lived in Harrogate, where we visited them in 1915. After the war they all returned to Smyrna. One daughter Thelma married Eddie Wilkinson, who was Consul in Izmir (Smyrna) and their grandson Charlie I think lives in Istanbul.

Fidao.

This family originated from Monfalcone, near Trieste. Thus those who settled in Smyrna in the 19th century were Austrian subjects. Mother's sister May married Rudolf Fidao. He was a tough man but his twin sons Rudolph and Frederick (Fritz) both worked for Molyneux, the great Parisian dressmaker. We used to see Rudolph in Paris but both boys died. His other surviving son Richard became a naturalised British subject in 1947/48.

Keun.

The first of this Dutch family arrived as Dutch Pastor in Smyrna in the 18th century. Of his descendants both married into the Whittall family and their children were born British. One of his descendants married one of Great Uncle Herbert's daughters Kathleen. One Keun was at one time mistress to H.G.Wells while another died as a hero of the French Resistance.

Maltass.

My Great Uncle Edward married Mary Eliza Maltass, daughter of William George Maltass and Elizabeth (Eliza) Jackson of Smyrna. My Great Uncle Herbert married a Louisa Jane Maltass. The family originally came from Ripon in Yorkshire. They went out to Turkey on commercial and diplomatic business in the 18th century and intermarried with other European families out there.

Van Heemstra.

Baron Willem van Heemstra came from an old family in Friesland but had difficulty in settling down and after some upsets was pensioned off by his family. He arrived in Smyrna and set up a farm and married Mother's sister Maud. He lost his farm during the course of the great Turkish War in 1921 and died soon after. As a boy I greatly liked him. A hard disciplinarian and an excellent horseman.

Van Lennep.

A reputable Dutch family settled in Smyrna in the 18th century, at which period there was a considerable Dutch colony in Turkey. A portrait of the Van Lennep family is in the Ruyksmuseum in Amsterdam..

The van Lennep connection with the Whittalls.

Wernherus de Lineppa

Living 1093

Joris van Lennep b. circa 1330	=?
Joris van Lennep b. circa 1360	=?
Jan van Lennep Jorisgoon 'den Alden' 1420	= van Helbergen
Heinrik van Lennep	=?
Warner van Lennep	= Geertruid van Doorn
Gerrie van Lennep	= Batha Geerlichs
Warner van Lennep	= Mechteld Doeghweerd
Abraham van Lennep	= m. 1595 Elizabeth van Schriel
Warner van Lennep b. 1597	= Sara van Halmael
Jan van Lennep (Koopman de Amsterdam)	= m. 1666 Jeltie Sieuwerts van de
Schellingh	
	= 3 rd Maria Sijen
George van Lennep	= Hester van Halmael

David George van Lennep (Family portrait in the Ruyksmuseum)	= Anne Maria Leidstar (Daughter of Johan Justinus Leidstar)
Clara van Lennep	= Sir Isaac Morier of Vevey, Lausanne (Naturalised British subject)
Marie Francoise Morier	= Jean Gedeon La Fontaine b. 1736
James La Fontaine b. 1765	= Nicolette Cocchini de la Grammatica
Marianne Francoise La Fontaine	= Samuel Barker of Budja, Smyrna
Edith Anna Barker	= Sir James William Whittall b. 1838

CHAPTER VII

DR. JULIUS van MILLINGEN.

These notes supplement the account of Millingen's life given in the Practitioner on the occasion of the centenary of death, a copy of which is attached below.

Parentage.

Julius' father, James, spent his early life in commerce, during which period he spent two years in prison in France during the course of the Revolution. A great sufferer from asthma and highly interested in architecture and the antique he subsequently settled in Rome, where he exercised his knowledge and flair for antiquities to their purchase and sale both to private individuals as also to museums.

He was also the author of a number of learned articles, mainly on coins, and was elected Fellow of both the British and the French Societies of Antiquaries, as also Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. In his later years he was granted a British Civil List Pension of one hundred pounds a year.

Marriages.

Julius was a much-married man. As a Presbyterian he married his first wife, a Catholic, in an Orthodox Church. Following this he is alleged to have abandoned her, and left her without any money, while she was on a trip to Rome, with their son, Frederick, a journey undertaken with his full permission. Anyhow the marriage ended in divorce, this being allowed under certain circumstances by the Orthodox Church.

In this troubled situation in Rome, his wife was greatly helped by the Turkish Ambassador, Mehmet Kibrizli Pasha, whom she eventually married after becoming a Moslem. Later on she wrote a book, entitled "Thirty Years in a Harem". Her husband later became Grand Vizier and was consequently resident in Constantinople, where

according to Trelawny, Millingen used his Palace influence to intrigue against him. Trelawny also goes on to say that Millingen then married the widow of a Greek butcher, a man of some means, whereas he married one Zaphira Takardjik, the widow of a Ralli, one of the best known and respected Greek families in Turkey. By her he had two sons, and on her death he married Adelaide La Fontaine, Aunt to my Grandmother.

Frederick van Millingen.

Frederick, Julius' son by his first marriage, entered the Turkish Army, under the name of Osman Bey, no doubt with the help of his Father-in-law. In this he reached the rank of Major, or so it would seem, for on discharge he always referred to himself as such. He then proceeded to marry a Serbian lady and took the name of Alexis Andreyevitch, under which name it is said he was known in Russia. Later in life he is known to have been wanted by the Police of three countries in Europe, and amongst other things he tried to blackmail his Father and the Sultan. Sadly I could get no further information about him from the van Milligan descendants, but whether this arose through ignorance or deliberate policy I cannot say. He wrote a scurrilous book about his father "Sin and its Virtues".

Missolonghi.

Millingen's employment during the Greek War of Independence was as Physician to the Greek Forces and only came into professional contact with Byron during his last illness when his assistance was sought by Byron's personal Physician, Francesco Bruno. The two disagreed over the most suitable form of treatment and after death had intervened Bruno tried to lay all the blame on Millingen, a lead which has been followed by others. However an autopsy was performed which disclosed that Byron was suffering from purulent meningitis, associated with an enlarged heart and liver disease, and if this be correct, it is doubtful whether he would have survived even in these modern days.

Anyhow Millingen then sent in a bill for a hundred pounds to the Executors to cover his services. The amount of this could be open to criticism, but why Millingen should be reviled for sending in a bill at all is hard to stomach, for after all he had no contractual obligation towards Byron, and was called in to help treat him in distress.

Defection to the Turks.

Millingen has also been heavily censured for changing sides in mid-stream, with Trelawny particularly virulent on the subject. In the Dictionary of National Biography it is stated that Millingen was captured by the Turks together with a Greek army, and that Sir Stratford Canning, our Ambassador at the Porte made representations to the Turkish Government to have him released, which suggests that there was no underlying motivation to change sides. Once in Turkish hands Millingen may then have found himself more at ease with these stolid men rather than with the more volatile and untrustworthy Greeks. Anyhow he stayed where he was and eventually landed in Smyrna in 1827.

Trelawny.

This man is a fascinating character, a thorough-going adventurer who circulated round Byron and others of note in Italy and Greece. Having slanged Millingen for defecting, it is interesting to go into his career. Having developed an admiration for one Odysseus, a Klepht chieftain, Trelawny married his daughter Tarista. Soon after, Odysseus, having failed to get any money out of the British, and disappointed over prospects of advancement, set off in 1824, in company of Trelawny to the camp of Omer Pasha, the

Turkish General, and concluded a Treaty of Alliance. His treachery brought no advantage for in 1825 the Turks were defeated and he was captured and shot by the Greeks. Trelawny escaped to a cave in which Odysseus had secreted his wife and his treasure, and here he was badly wounded by two Englishmen hired to assassinate him. He recovered and set off with his wife to the island of Zante where a daughter was born in 1826. He then quarrelled with his wife and relegated her to a convent, and the infant having died in the meantime, he packed the body up in a box and sent it to his wife.

Subsequently he wrote a book entitled "Records of Shelley, Byron and the Author", which was published in 1858.

Constantinople.

Once settled in this town Millingen made a success of his profession, but even here, Nicolson does not allow him to rest in peace, describing, him as "cut by the British Colony and execrated by the Greeks". Yet this same man was elected President of the Greek Literary Society, and married into two prominent and highly respected Greek and British families, a fact which raises the question as to whether his past was at that time considered to have been as unsavory as has since been made out.

Grylls in his Life of Trelawny states that Nicolson got details of Millingen's first marriage from Sir Edwin Pears (the father of a favourite Uncle of mine). Sir Edwin arrived at the Bar in Turkey in 1873, and in his memoirs makes no mention of Julius, although he does of his son Alexander. Julius died in 1878 and, it is as doubtful that he would disclose his past to a young newcomer, as would the sons, who held their Father in great esteem. In consequence it is likely that any information received was based hearsay.

Julius maintained his interest in archaeology to the end, and apart from discovering the ruins of the city of Aczani, he excavated the Temple of Jupiter Urius up the Bosphorus.

He died a confirmed Christian and was buried in the British Cemetery at Haidar Pasha.

He left three sons, one an Oculist of some renown, another a Bank Manager, and the third, Alexander, a Professor at Robert College, up the Bosphorus, and the author of two classic books on the Churches and Walls of Byzantium.

The following graves are to be found in the British Cemetery:

Julius van Millingen died 1878.

Adelaide, nee La Fontaine, wife of Julius, 1819-1897.

Edwin van Millingen, Oculist, 1850--1900.

Alexander van Millingen married Hope Mackenzie, 1840-1915.

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History of Medicine

After Missolonghi - Julius Millingen, M.R.C.S. (Edin.),

By

BRIAN HILL

Two young and inexperienced doctors attended Lord Byron on his death-bed in the fever-infected town of Missolonghi on the shores of the Adriatic in 1824. One was Francesco Bruno, the poet's personal physician, who had been recommended to him by the English doctor at Genoa and had accompanied him to Greece; the other, Julius Michael Millingen, is the subject of this article.

An unconventional schooling

Julius Millingen was born in London on July 19, 1800. His forbears were Dutch, the more recent ones being of some distinction, for his father was an archaeologist of note and his uncle, after serving as a surgeon with the British army during the Peninsular campaigns against Napoleon and at Waterloo, had been appointed physician to the military asylum at Chatham and Hanwell. Both men earned a mention in the Dictionary of National Biography.

Young Millingen had an unconventional upbringing. He accompanied his father to the continent of Europe and spent his early years between Calais, Paris and Rome, in which last-named city he went to school. During his holidays he amused himself by going on walking-tours through Germany and claimed in later life to have visited Goethe himself at Weimar.

When he reached the age of seventeen, Julius, encouraged by his uncle's example, entered Edinburgh University in order to study medicine. After four years' attendance in the medical school he was granted a diploma by the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh.

Aid for the Greeks

It was in the same year, 1821 that the Greek nation rose in rebellion against its Turkish overlords. There was much sympathy in England for the Greek government and a 'Greek committee' was formed to collect and forward medical supplies and other material to the insurgents. Julius Millingen was recommended to this committee by the Member of Parliament for Norwich and, in 1823 he left London for Corfu with letters of introduction to the Greek government and to Lord Byron, who had joined the insurgents with the intention of raising a troop to fight on their side. The committee also charged the young surgeon to safeguard and distribute a consignment of medical stores provided by the Society of Friends, and, to quote Harold Nicolson whose book, 'Byron: the Last Journey', treats Millingen rather roughly, 'to place his inexperience at the disposal of the Greek Government'.

Millingen met Byron at Metaxatos at the beginning of the winter of 1823-24. The two men seemed to have got on pretty well together; at any rate Millingen accompanied the poet to his fatal base at Missolonghi.

To bleed or not to bleed

Thus it came about that Francesco Bruno, 'an intelligent, but timid student of the art of

medicine', and this newly fledged surgeon found themselves faced with the appalling problem of treating a world famous figure in an illness which neither knew anything about. Both doctors fell back on the usual treatment of the time - bleed the patient and so reduce his fever. For some time Byron resisted them, saying that there had been 'more deaths by lancet than by the lance'; he gave in eventually when Millingen warned him that 'the disease might operate such a disorganisation in his cerebral and nervous system as entirely to deprive him of reason'. The 'damned set of butchers', as the poet called his doctors, accordingly bled their patient several times, on one occasion finding it difficult to stop the flow of blood they had started. One pound of blood was taken on April 16 and more at two sessions the next day.

'The relief obtained did not correspond to the hopes we had anticipated', said Millingen. The weakened poet sank into unconsciousness and died under his terrified doctors' hands.

Quarrels over the corpse

After the autopsy the medical men, now released from any restraint, set about each other. Bruno asserted that Millingen was responsible for the death of their patient by delaying the phlebotomy that might have saved him. Millingen claimed for work at the autopsy, putting in a bill of £100, a sum larger by several times than his annual salary from the Greek committee. He refuted Bruno's charges in the press, giving the cause of the poet's death as an attack of 'purulent meningitis'.

Some years later he wrote an account of this period in his life. 'Memoirs of the Affairs of Greece' he called it. In these pages he could treat Byron's death in the proper romantic manner:

'We could not refrain from pausing in silent contemplation on the lifeless clay of one who but a few days before was the hope of a whole nation and the admiration of the civilised world. We could not but admire the perfect symmetry of the body which might have vied with that of Apollo himself'.

This sounds exaggerated, to say the least. Byron, at 36 years of age, was not in his first bodily vigour and, at any rate, had been cursed from birth with a misshapen foot.

A rosy-cheeked dandy boy

Millingen's reminiscences stirred up another opponent, more formidable than Bruno, a friend of the dead man. This was E. J. Trelawny; the adventurous 'younger son', who also fought with the insurgents against the Turks. The two men met after the tragedy of Missolonghi and soon afterwards the doctor went down with a bad attack of typhoid fever. 'Millingen', wrote Trelawny, 'has been at Death's door, but Death would not let him come in. He is out of great danger.'

Trelawny had no great liking for the young surgeon. 'A tall delicately-complexioned, rosy-cheeked dandy-boy,' he called him, 'of simpering and affected manners, who whined and cried like a sick girl'. 'No persons', added Trelawny dogmatically, 'are so complaining and querulous as doctors and priests when they are ill'.

Recovered, Millingen secured a position as a surgeon in the Greek army, in which he served until his capture by the Turks at the fall of the fortress of Navarino in 1825. According to Trelawny, who accused the surgeon of selling for his own benefit the medical stores entrusted to his care by the Society of Friends, Millingen agreed to serve under the Turkish flag: 'one man alone was mercenary and base enough to abandon the cause for which he was engaged, and for which he received pay, even to be a deserter to the enemy - and that ----- was Millingen a self-styled Englishman, and professor of a science considered the most liberal ... this ---- comments, criticizes, and runs amok with his scalpel, stabbing at honourable men!' This is an excerpt from a long letter sent by

Trelawny to the London Literary Gazette, and the blanks represent words which the editor removed as being 'epithets which we would not ourselves sanction or apply to the worst of human beings'.

What had roused Trelawny's fury was not, however, Millingen's defection to the Turks, but a line in his Memoirs - 'as Lord Byron observed of him (Trelawny), he could not, even to save his life, tell the truth'. That piece of reporting, probably true, set Trelawny almost gibbering with rage.

In practice in Turkey

Whether Millingen deserted or was taken prisoner at Navarino (the Dictionary of National Biography states that he was released on representations by Stratford Canning, British Ambassador to the Porte), he was certainly in practice in Constantinople in 1827, and gaining a reputation as a skilful physician. He was employed by the Dutch legation there and was made Dutch delegate to the International Board of Health sitting at Galatea. Indeed, he spent the better part of his life in the Turkish city, becoming court physician to five Sultans in succession (a Sultan's reign was not always a lengthy one). He was a member of the International Medical Congress on cholera held in Constantinople in 1866 and also a member, and later president, of the General Society of Medicine. He was not, however, a popular figure in the capital, or so it is said.

Much married

'He lingered on', wrote Nicolson, 'a gaunt and sallow figure in his fez and stambodine, cut by the English colony, execrated by the Greeks, and pointed out to tourists as the man who had tended Lord Byron on his death-bed'. He married, it seems, three or four times. His first wife, a Catholic, whom 'he treated abominably', left him, embraced the Islamic faith and entered a harem. Her son, Frederick Millingen, served in the Turkish army, but eventually took Greek nationality. His father's later marriages produced two sons, one of whom became an oculist well known in Eastern Europe; and Nicolson admits that his strictures on their father's character were strongly contradicted by them.

Millingen's other distinctions at Constantinople included the presidency of the Greek Literary Society in that city (which hardly fits in with the story that he was cut by the Greeks), and the discovery of the ruins of Aczani in Phrygia. His hobby, following his father's tastes, was archaeology. He began, but never completed, a life of Byron. The manuscript was lost in the great fire at Pera in 1870, together with most of the author's effects. Finally, he is credited with having been one of those who introduced the Turkish bath into England, where it soon became 'the thing'. Certainly an article over Millingen's signature on 'oriental baths' appeared in 1858 in the *Gazette Medical d'Orient*.

Julius Millingen died in Constantinople in 1878, one hundred years ago this year. He was buried in the British cemetery at Haidar Pasha, leaving it to his sons, 'and particularly to his son, Alexander, that gentle and accomplished scholar, to render the name of Millingen again respectable and respected'. Perhaps he was conscious of his unpopularity among his compatriots.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GULBENKIANS

Pre-War

One year, shortly after Father's death in 1929, I returned to England after a visit to Mother in Turkey bringing with me an accumulation of stamps, which I had found in an attic. These I proposed to sell, but being completely ignorant of the value of stamps; I had no idea of how to set about things. Then, by accident, I came across a dealer bearing a Levantine name, which made me feel at home and I consulted him.

He was one K.P. Gulbenkian (Krikor = Gregory, Parsegh = Paul), originating from Smyrna, whose father had been a lawyer and had worked for the Whittalls. We talked and discussed the matter of the stamps at length, becoming friendly in the process and eventually fed up with the whole process, I accepted KP's offer. Naturally, in dealing with an Armenian, I was like a lamb among lions, but the outcome could not have been bettered for although I did not receive anything like full value for my stamps, I made a good friend. KP was a poor relation of Callouste Gulbenkian, the oil multi-millionaire, but was not recognised as such. Callouste had been Head Clerk to Uncle Edwin in Constantinople, and when Uncle had refused to buy a parcel of shares in an oil company, bought them for himself to make his fortune. In after life, Uncle when asked whether he regretted not buying the shares, answered, "No" for the possession of such money would not have allowed of a quiet and or peaceful life. Throughout his life, Uncle Edwin kept up a correspondence with Callouste. According to Kenneth Clark, he was a man of great artistic taste and perception. Otherwise I only heard of one talk about him. His valet asked his advice over the investment of his savings and this was freely given him, with the result that he suffered great loss. A friend taxed Callouste over his behaviour and was shortly told that the servant would not suffer in the long run and in the meantime would be free of worry over his money, whereas he, Callouste, would not lose an excellent valet.

KP's office lay in the Strand - in those days a street much favoured by strays, dealers, and here I would drop in whenever I had a moment to spare, sharing a meal or watching KP at work. With regard to the food, we used to have meals sent up from some local restaurant and from this habit, the office had accumulated a large stock of cutlery and plates bearing the names of various establishments.

In regard to work, KP was very skilled at buying and had an excellent knowledge of his subject, but in respect of honesty, he was no better than the vast majority of other dealers. As a keen buyer I was on occasion surprised as on one occasion he gave an old woman an astonishingly high amount for what I considered to be a load of rubbish. I taxed him with this to be told that he felt sorry for the old woman who looked impoverished and miserable.

At that time I was collecting stamps with a medical interest and one day, I found one I wanted and KP priced it at five shillings. I offered him two, and thereafter we had a lengthy bout of bargaining which ended in my buying the stamps for three shillings. To reach this conclusion took us some forty minutes at the end of which KP said "This was marvellous and I have not enjoyed myself so much for months - come and have lunch on me". So I was taken to a restaurant where we had a slap up lunch, costing infinitely more than what he gained from me.

Of course, what I enjoyed in KP's company was the oriental atmosphere, that of life in Turkey, which I always so greatly missed in England, and to heighten this we often went

to a Greek restaurant known as “Demos”, run by one Demosthenes Kehayoglu, a Greek from southern Turkey. He spoke English well as also Turkish, French and of course Greek. His wife spoke seven languages but no English, this she said being too difficult to learn. Always present in the establishment was an old Turk, know as Haffi, who loitered about and did odd jobs in hopes of a tip. Where he slept and how he survived remained a mystery. When Vernon was in England he often accompanied us, greatly enjoying the company and laughingly chaffing the company. At other times KP and I used to eat at a Chinese restaurant - very cheap, good and filling food. During this period, KP had one stroke of luck - there was a fire in his office building which led KP to financial advantage.

When I first met KP I had fixed lodgings in Hospital but thereafter, when I settled in practice, I had no fixed lodging, as doing locums I was never long in any one place. At the same time I was saving money, for on settling into practice, I would have to buy my share of income, house and all equipment, as also a car and in the meantime I had no capital. So it came as a boon to be able to spend odd nights in KP’s flat of the moment. He always lived on his own, but where or how the other members of his family lodged I cannot remember. In later years Badriq ran a green grocer’s shop in Notting Hill and here I often stayed. How we ate I cannot remember, except that on Saturday nights we used to go to the Portobello Market in which butchers, late on a Saturday evening, sold their surplus meat at a cheap price, enabling us to buy a leg of lamb for half a crown (two shillings and six pence), which afforded us a sumptuous meal on the Sunday.

The Family

KP’s family was made up of mother, sister, Hripsime and brother Badrig (Patrick). The old lady, stout and always dressed in black, was a delightful person but sadly only spoke Turkish and Armenian which limited conversation. She was good fun and a good cook, but as to what authority she wielded I never made out. She certainly showed disapproval of some of KP’s goings on but in general accepted her family with tolerance, they in return showing great love for their mother. She and Vernon got on well - he teasing her with her being not quite certain as to whether he was telling the truth or not. To put it briefly, she was greatly loved, but whether in control of the children or not I do not know. The daughter Hripsime was short and stoutish, ugly and dark in colour and very kindly. I never knew her well although I believe that it was hoped that I would marry her. Badrig was very good natured and obliging but not clever - in fact I felt that he was honest and this as he did not have the brains to be dishonest. I liked him and we got on well. There was also a younger member, one Edward who had been the son of Hripsime by a first marriage - an intelligent youth of whom I saw little. They formed a very united family all depending on KP in every way - as also exploiting him.

On entering into General Practice in 1934 and settling into a house of my own, I no longer needed to lodge with any of the Gulbenkians. At the same time I enjoyed a stroke of good luck, for when sitting one day in KP’s office a young man entered with a view to selling some stamps. We got talking and he turned out to be a Canadian, returning to England with the others of his family. He was hard up and looking for work of any kind. I liked the look of him and after a time I asked him whether he would like to look after me in my new bachelor establishment. He jumped at the offer to stay with me until I married after which he eventually emigrated to Australia to do well. He was a grand fellow and we got on fine. We kept up a correspondence until his death. From now on, what with work and marriage in 1936, I did not see as much of KP as formerly.

Then in 1938, we heard that Hripsime was engaged and we were invited to the wedding and reception, which latter was held in the family flat at Stamford Brook, shortly after the Chamberlain - Hitler agreement at Munich. On arrival, we found the room full with a motley crowd all talking a variety of languages - English, French, Turkish, Greek, Spanish. The food was excellent - the drink plentiful, with all evidently enjoying themselves. Although I do not think that Barbara felt completely at home - in contrast to me. The noise was much in evidence. My brother Vernon was in his element but how he got home again I cannot tell. Sedrak and Hripsime were very happy and strangely enough, both died while talking on the telephone.

Then came the War and enforced absence from England. But buying oranges in a remote township in Algeria, I found out that the owners of the store were Armenians, both within a half mile of our house (They became most useful, putting me in touch with the market and so to a supply of wine for the men).

Post-War

On my return home after the end of the War, I at first saw little of KP through being involved in my family, as also in rebuilding the practice which had suffered grievously in consequence of wartime conditions and of my partner's ill health. KP during the same period had however done well, enabling him to buy houses at wartime prices for both Badrig and Hripsime. How Badrig was employed during the War I do not know, but soon after its end he married a French Gulbenkian cousin, who brought him a thousand pounds. After the War he worked in a men's clothing shop. They had two sons.

Hripsime took lodgers in her Bayswater house, into which Vernon settled for a time, to be treated with the utmost kindness and consideration despite his unconventional ways, which has led me to remain eternally grateful to her.

Then with the introduction of the NHS, our Practice partnership broke up and now I was working on my own, which left me with little spare time and during this period, KP married Vergine, the only daughter of one Nercesme Gulbenkian, a wealthy cousin, who utterly opposed the wedding but Vergine took no notice, married KP and thereafter never saw her father again.

Vergine had been well educated and had been brought up under far better conditions than existed in her husband's family circle, and so soon after marriage, KP bought a very pleasant house and garden in West Byfleet. Badrig and Hripsime had their separate establishments but how Mother fitted in I cannot remember, but she may well have died by then. KP and Vergine settled down well, with him developing grandiose ideas over planting a vineyard and making his own wine. Here two children were born, Paul and Sylvia, with life carrying on quietly and happily

I remember that world with happiness. As with everyone else members quarrelled over church and politics and in those days made rare contact other than with fellow Armenians.

One final story. KP had made friends with a North Country landowner who decided to sell one of his pictures - of which he knew nothing. A dealer offered him £3,000, and he casually mentioned to KP that he was thinking of accepting the offer, but KP advised him to call in another dealer. He offered £5,000 and KP advised calling in a third dealer. He offered £20,000. The owner was keen on accepting this offer, but KP told him it was now

time to sell it at auction. This was done and the picture fetched £150,000 - a Franz Hals.

Nubar

Callouste Gulbenkian, the multi-millionaire had two children, a daughter who married an Essayan, and a son Nubar, married to a French lady, Marie Ayala, who bore him no children. They never associated with KP and his circle although always interested in their activities, and I cannot remember how we go to know them.

Nubar was a colourful character living in London in a flat overlooking Green Park. He also owned a country house in Buckinghamshire from which he used to go hunting – a sport he loved. He always wore an orchid in his buttonhole, even when out hunting and the story goes that when on one occasion a fellow rider remarked that he had never seen anyone wearing an orchid on the hunting field, Nubar remarked “and probably you have never before seen an Armenian on horse-back”. Marie his wife was a real charmer who managed things very well for I cannot see Nubar as an easy character to live with. She was a great supporter of the Buckinghamshire branch of the Red Cross, and when a horse bearing her family name, Ayala, won the Derby she gave all her winnings, reputed to be £40 000 to the Red Cross.

How we got to know them I cannot remember but at best we were only acquaintances. He had a knack of getting himself attached to one Near Eastern embassy or another, eg. Turkish or Iranian, maybe to avoid paying income tax on his vast income.

On one occasion he sued his father over a matter of finance and after winning his case his father is said to have been pleased that his son had shown such financial acumen and enterprise. (The loss of the case meaning nothing to him).

Whenever Uncle Edwin was in London, Nubar paid him a visit, probably at his father's request, although he might have got the information from me. Nubar never attended the Armenian Church on the occasion of family deaths, this task being deputed to Marie. Nervous of going alone, she would then ring us up to find out if we were attending and if so would pick us up in one of Nubar's three Rolls Royce's (NBG1, NBG2, and NBG3). When KP married again after Vergine's death Nubar rang me up to find out how it would be possible to meet her. To this I suggested that if he attended my daughter Maya's wedding reception, she would be at it and this he did.

Nubar and Marie always gave the impression of a couple who got on very well. I only heard one detail of their domestic life and that came when I heard Marie complaining about their cook, who was robbing them right and left, but whom she could not sack because of the turmoil Nubar would raise. On Nubar's death we attended his funeral and a short time later, Marie invited all those who had attended the funeral to a farewell party at the Ritz - after which she returned to France, where she also died.

Fishing

KP was very fond of sea fishing, and we often joined forces to spend a day spent somewhere along the South Coast. Our ambitions were modest - the main one being to spend an enjoyable day by the sea. In regard to the fish our expeditions were modest. We did not set our eyes at catching large specimens but remained contented with a bag of small ones, which incidentally, fried that same evening tasted delicious. On such occasions, I supplied the transport and KP the tackle and bait; the latter usually bug

worms which we bought en route - these worms being some six inches long to be dug out of the sea mud. KP's tackle was odd, but adequate, serving our purpose well.

Arrived at our destination the next thing to do was to find a suitable site for our activities and thus could be either the end of a pier or any part of docks or their sea walls, while on occasion we hired a boat as in Southampton waters. Piers were most comfortable as on these we were able to make use of chairs or benches, and also of the bar if such existed.

Next the rods were assembled, hooks baited and cast out to sea as far out as possible and after this the rods could be held in the hand, or laid down on the ground with a small bell attached to the far end to give warning of a bite. This latter system allowing of free arms to move about. This latter system carried its dangers as when, on one occasion, a large fish took the bait and swimming out to sea took with it the rod, leaving KP to sorrow over his loss. But he had his rewards on a later occasion, when, as he was hauling in a small fish, a large bass swallowed it to be caught and landed with some difficulty in the absence of a suitable net.

Most of the day was thus spent enjoying the sea air and watching ship movements and other marine activities, with time passing quickly - too quickly. Perhaps, our most enjoyable moments were spent on a long weekend at Penzance where we spent one very successful morning fishing for Pollack off the rods. Brighton and Southend were no good, eventually leaving us to toss up between Southampton and Newhaven, the former carrying the advantage of Greek restaurant serving passable food, the owner a cheerful rogue. I enjoyed these fishing excursions enormously and especially so, on that KP proved the ideal companion in that we held similar ideas while he never fussed or bothered, enjoying, like me, only simple ways of doing things.

The War and family life largely put an end to these excursions - and perhaps as well, as I do not think I would have enjoyed them as formerly. This form of fishing I found offered one of the best of ways of doing nothing in total relaxation and this in the wonderful sea airs.

As fate would have it, KP as an Armenian, unsurprisingly gained financial advantage from his hobby. We were somewhere in Hampshire when he started talking about settling into the countryside to breed pigs or chickens - he the most unlikely of men to undertake such work. Then as happened, we passed a farm which was up for sale, and KP in furtherance of his scheme bought two or three grass covered fields. He did nothing about these but a year or so later they were taken over by the local council for housing purposes - to KP's very large gain.

Note; The fishing expeditions carried on after the war as I have memories of going on them in the late 40's and early 50's.

JWW.

PART IV

THE ENVIRONMENT

CHAPTER I

SMYRNA

In 1809 Charlton Whittall left Liverpool by sea to act as agent for the firm of Breed & Co. in Smyrna at an initial salary of £250 a year, rising by annual increments of £50 to a maximum of £500. To a young man this must have offered prospects of exciting adventure with possibilities of advancement unattainable at that time in England, where unemployment was rife. In addition the post offered a chance of relieving family distress. His Father, another Charlton, had on inheriting a patrimony given up a promising career in the Navy to set up as a merchant, as also to indulge in horse racing. Losing money on both counts he eventually became impoverished and unemployed, leaving his wife and two daughters, one of whom was consumptive to earn what they could. To young Charlton, therefore, Smyrna offered relief from a drab and depressing home life, as also the possibility of helping his much loved Mother.

The journey out took close on three months owing to the ship calling at various ports en route. Charlton seems to have proved a good sailor as his Father wrote: "I am sorry to hear you were not sick." A little sea-sickness would have done you good." How is not specified.

First impressions of Smyrna were not too favourable, but Charlton, being young, soon settled down to his new life. A contemporary traveller describes the town as having narrow, filthy streets, bordered by mean, wooden and fragile-looking houses, with the air more sultry and oppressive, and the mosquitoes, fleas and other vermin larger in size and more persecutory than he had ever seen. Sewers and drains ran through the streets and the courtyards of the best houses only a few inches under pavements which were frequently loose and full of crevices that emitted foul smells, so much so that it was claimed that the town became almost insupportable from May to the end of October.

In many of the outskirts of the town there were low-lying areas, crossed by ditches whose stagnant waters made ideal breeding grounds for malaria carrying mosquitoes. The Christian cemetery lay in one of these, and with the water table lying only two feet deep, in winter coffins were laid in water. The British Hospital for Seamen lay close by, its building small, low and damp and in want of repair, with patients lying on wretched pallets, some not provided with mosquito nets, which "appendages were indispensable to anyone wishing to close his eyes" On taking over from the Levant Company the British Government had set up a commission to look into things but nothing had resulted.

Fortunately there was nothing but praise for the English doctor in charge.

The population of the town at that time was about 100,000, mainly made up of Creeks, Armenians and Jews, which led to its being known among the Turks as "Giaour Izmir", Infidel Smyrna. The Jews were of Sephardic origin, stemming from Spain, and still

Spanish-speaking, as were those in Salonica until well after the first war. There were also numerous non-Turkish subjects, mostly originating from Mediterranean countries and known as Franks. These were mainly occupied as boatmen and skilled craftsmen. They came under the jurisdiction of their respective consuls, to whom on the whole they gave little trouble apart from an occasional odd spot of thieving or from the complications associated with the running of more than one wife. It was said that far more significance was laid on any lack of respect shown to the consul, such as failing to take off their hats when meeting then in the street. Thieving was of rare occurrence with the Franks being usually at fault. The Greeks and Armenians being possibly scared by the severity of punishment, while the Turks are described as holding such practices in the utmost contempt. In consequence of the resultant sense of security front doors were usually left on the latch.

At a later date my great-grandfather described one aspect of the town as follows: " Smyrna at this time had the reputation of being the Paris of the Levant, from the large European colony embracing the Dutch, French and English factories, and its many reputed commercial firms, the high-class standing of its merchants, their polished manners and superior style of living as well as their fine and spacious mansions in the town as well as in the surrounding country, luxuriously furnished for those times. The merchants lived in Frank houses of their own extending from the main street, called the Frank street, down to the water's edge terminating generally with a kiosk on the harbour, with projecting jetties into the sea. Goods landed from lighters onto these were transferred to adjoining store-houses, while the whole area was so enclosed as to allow of it being cut off from the rest of the town in times of civil trouble as also at night.

The British with some twenty houses had the bulk of the trade in their hands, and enjoyed a general reputation for honesty, fair dealing and love of justice of which Sir Edwin Pears, British Legal Adviser in the latter part of the century wrote: " Relations with the Turks have always been excellent whatever the political situation of the time, and we have always been popular by reason of our reputation for honesty and fair dealing among peoples of the Turkish Empire." In parenthesis I may add here that my grandfather was frequently called upon to judge in disputes between individuals, with his judgement being almost invariably accepted.

In the early part of the century Smyrna was the great trading centre of Asiatic Turkey, and it was said that for every ten ships calling there only one called in on Constantinople. The principal imports at that time were cotton and woollen goods, manufactured goods and metal hardware of all kinds. Cotton twist and yarn were sent to Brusa for the making of fine cloths or mixed with silk for the production of handsome and durable materials.

The chief exports were figs and raisins, bales of raw cotton and of silk, mohair, sheep and camel wool, rabbit and hare skins, valonia for tanning, madder root and yellow berries (dyes) and opium. This latter found no use among the local inhabitants as a narcotic and was mainly shipped to America for use in the China trade. Raisins were shipped from Chesme and not Smyrna, as the prevailing summer West winds could prevent sailing ships leaving the harbour for weeks on end.

On arrival in Smyrna Charlton found quite a considerable and well-established foreign colony which included pastors of various denominations, Catholic, Anglican, Lutheran, Dutch among others, who cooperated closely, there being little or no inter-denominational tension. My ancestor William Barker had settled there in 1760, and marrying locally fathered 20 children,(by two wives I hasten to add, one of whom John became Consul in Aleppo where he had the unenviable task of looking after the affairs, financial and otherwise, of Lady Hester Stanhope. At the baptism of my great-grandfather Samuel Barker in 1793, the officiating priest was the Rev. Benjamin Keun, a Dutchman, and the

sponsors were a Maltass and a Charnaud, Members of all these four families persisted in Turkey., until well on into this century. Interestingly the British colony included a number of families of Huguenot origin, Charnauds, Gouts, La Fontaines and Moriers* James Morier the author of " Hajji Baba of Isfahan " was born in Smyrna in about 1790. Of Dutch families there were the Keuns, the Van Lenneps and the Counts de Hochepped. The latter had been consuls in Smyrna as also Ambassadors at the Porte since the seventeenth century. Of French families the Girauds settled in Smyrna in 1767, in which year Jean-Baptiste arrived from the South of France.

Social life was free and easy, with a total lack of ceremony and stiffness and an abundance of gossip and laughter, newcomers receiving a kindly reception and being made immediately welcome. The favourite time for social visits , known as avant soupers, was between the hours of seven and eight o'clock of an evening, during which all those so inclined were either in circulation or receiving at their homes. At these ladies were served with sweetmeats and coffee, men with wine.

A contemporary traveller wrote:" Etiquette is unknown except among the Consular Corps and every evening if you like you may go to an unceremonious soiree, with pretty young Levantines who can laugh and dance and be agreeable, and where you meet with men, undistinguished it is true by high qualities either of principle or intellect, but who are civil, friendly and cheerful. So travellers are apt to set Smyrna high in the places of pleasant residence, while drawing a veil over its deformities and impurities."

*the Moriers were Swiss not Huguenot.

The great centre for entertainment and for meetings was the Casino, in which dances were held almost every week. Of it my great-grandfather wrote: "The Prank Casino was then a most aristocratic and exclusive organisation, its members restricted to European colonists, and only the respectable members of the mercantile and professional classes and the consular officials being admitted after special balloting. At such entertainments as were held the ladies appeared in such costly toilettes and so covered with gold as to suggest that Smyrniote ladies, however small the fortune they brought with them, could prove expensive wives".

Outside the conditions prevailing in the town, one more worldly traveller had two complaints to make. One was that while Greek girls looked enchanting when sitting framed in a window, they disappointed when seen in their entirety by reason of the ugliness of their figures. The second was over cooking: "I have been in few places where the vulgar proverb of God sending the materials and the Devil the cooks is better exemplified than in Smyrna, for with an abundant supply of partridges, woodcocks, snipe, wild boar and other game, and a tolerable fish market and pretty good beef and mutton, I hardly ever ate a dinner that was not spoiled in the cooking."

When Charlton first settled in Smyrna Italian was the lingua franca, and in fact the passport issued to him in 1819 was worded in that language:

NOI FRANCESCO WERRY
CONSOLE DE SUA MAJESTA BRITANNICA
IN SMTRNE E SUE DIFENIENZE etc.

French was however slowly supplanting Italian and soon became universally spoken in polite society, with Greek as a vehicle for everyday use, while Turkish in general was only spoken by men.

As in most situations in which Christian communities were living in a non-Christian country, a notable feature of Smyrna life was the tolerance and cooperation shown by

priests and adherents of different sects. True there was one occasion in which the arrival of a fanatic priest disturbed and roused the Catholic community, but on his departure everyone thankfully reverted to their former, happy, easy-going ways. At the same time it was said that of all places for a Puritan to witness his faith Smyrna was probably the hardest.

To illustrate this point when in 1814 Charlton became engaged to a French, Catholic girl Marie-Madeleine Giraud, the customary objections to her marriage to an Anglican were raised in a somewhat formal way, only to be quickly quenched when she stoutly averred that she would rather go to hell with her future husband than to Heaven without him.

Following this, it was only a few years later that the Catholic priest in Smyrna, in a letter introducing Charlton to the Head of the Franciscan Order in Rome, spoke of Charlton as the most generous supporter of his Church, and always the first to respond to any appeal for advice or financial support. There would seem also to have been a degree of political tolerance for Charlton married his French wife during the latter part of the Napoleonic War, and in addition after the War was over gave refuge to two of Napoleon's generals Marshal Savary (the Duke of Rovigo) and General Lallemand, and kept them incognito until it was possible for them to return to France.

Charlton's affairs were meanwhile progressing well. In 1811 he founded the firm of C. Whittall & Co., and in 1812 he was made a member of the Levant Company. A year or so later he brought his younger brother James out to help him. He proved a good and steady assistant, but lacked his brother's acumen. Also, in consequence of Charlton's help things were going better for the family in Liverpool, and his Mother was able to write: "Your Father looks very genteel. He wears a black coat and black waistcoat and kersimere small clothes and leggings every day." But Sarah, his tubercular sister was no better and died in 1818.

Charlton's Mother repeatedly expressed concern over his health, firstly by reason of his love of horse riding (especially after a Duke in England had been thrown and died from his injuries) and secondly over his keeping of late nights especially during Carnival. Towards the end of the century the British had started hunting behind a pack of hounds, a sport which was described as 'a prodigious mystery to the Turks', but whether the hounds were still in existence in Charlton's time, or whether if so he hunted with them is not known. A further source of worry to his parents lay in the recurrent epidemics of plague, of which that of 1814 led to 40,000 deaths in the Smyrna Vilayet.

But despite the incidence of such epidemics and the existence of endemic diseases such as typhoid and malaria, mortality among the Franks does not appear to have been high, while to judge from the size of families infantile deaths seem to have been relatively few in number, while expectation of survival into old age as good as elsewhere. Also to retain a sense of proportion it must be remembered that in the mid-nineteenth century Parliamentary sessions had on occasion to be abandoned by reason of the stink arising from the Thames.

One favourite topic of conversation in Smyrna was over the relative merits of two outlying villages, Bouja and Bournabat (to-day known as Bornova.). The former was fancied by the British, and the latter by the French. During the course of the Napoleonic war Charlton's Father-in-law had suffered a considerable financial loss through the capture of one of his ships by the British. This hastened his death and in his will he left a half share of his house in Bournabat to his daughter. Charlton bought the other half and settled in the village in 1816. From here he commuted to Smyrna each day on a jackass meeting others so doing every morning at a fountain set among pine trees. Every donkey involved in this daily journeying acquired the name of its regular patron, and thereafter was known by no other, which makes one wonder how proud merchants felt having a

moke named after them. This practice continued until 1860 when the railway to Smyrna was opened.

Of his house Charlton wrote: "My country house is a real palace. Household expenses are high and amount to at least £500 a year. But to gain this I need only one good consignment from England." One reason for this high expense arose from having to engage three heavily armed men to protect the family from brigands.

Bournabat must have been an attractive village, blessed with an abundance of water, and a climate cooler than that of Smyrna. The better off lived in commodious houses set in large gardens. These were of a distinctive architectural style, described in an article in "Country Life" of August 24 1961. Suffice it here to say that, mostly of one or two stories, all rooms gave off large central halls, with in general veranda's at each end. Later in the century Gertrude Bell described the village as follows: "A warren of little winding lanes, running between continuous high walls, relived only by the impressive front gates to the beautiful houses and gardens inside". (Those that have survived are to-day under preservation orders).

Soon after settling in the house Charlton sent an order to England for 2 dozen gooseberry bushes, one dozen black currant, 5 moss roses, seeds, tools and a book on gardening. It is possible that these were the first gooseberries to be introduced into Turkey. Meanwhile in the course of time his example in settling in Bournabat was followed by other members of the British colony, and the village lost its purely French character.

As time went on Charlton became the leading merchant in Smyrna, by reason of his acumen and unshakeable honesty. A man of small stature he was known in Turkish circles as the "buyuk kutchuk adam," - the big little man. He and his wife kept open house entertaining all manner of visitors to Smyrna. Marie-Madeleine was renowned for her charity, being ever ready to help anyone in trouble, and it was said that neither creed nor race made any difference to her and that Moslem, Jew and Christian were all treated alike to her aid and succour. Bouja had already an Anglican church, built in 1834. There being none in Bournabat Charlton built and endowed one at his own expense in 1857, leaving it to the congregation on his death.

The year 1863 was marked by what was perhaps the highlight in Charlton's career, a visit from the Sultan, His Majesty Abdul Aziz, who was passing through Smyrna on his return from a trip to Egypt. When the visit was proposed Charlton was thunderstruck; as such an honour had never previously been paid a foreign resident. In addition no one had any idea as to how to receive a Sultan. Anxieties were however soon laid at rest, for, after Charlton had sent a suitably worded answer to the proposal, he was informed that all arrangements for the visit would be seen to by the Sultan's entourage. So on the day before the visit a string of camels and donkeys carrying stoves, food, tents and table equipment. «Mt accompanied by a host of servants cooks and stewards arrived and took over the garden and set to work. on the following morning, April the 24th. 1863 the Sultan arrived to be received at the gate of the property by Charlton's two daughters-in-law, dressed in Turkish costumes, who presented him with the keys of the house on a silver platter. He was followed by a brilliant staff, including the Foreign Minister, Fuad Pasha.

The Sultan spent the whole day in Bournabat, not returning to his yacht, the Sultanich, till after sunset. He ate his meals in private, while those who accompanied him and the 'Notables', native and foreign invited to attend the reception were entertained in the large marquees put up in the garden. He also took a walk through the extensive gardens of his host, and at his own request was ushered into the Church which Charlton had had built. Here it is said, that on entering the portals he un-covered his head, a most unusual sign of respect, such as would never have been shown by Christian Greek and Armenian officials, who in those days wore their fezzes everywhere.

Following this visit Charlton received the following letters:
Smyrne, le 26 Avril 1863.

Monsieur,

J'ai l'honneur de vous annoncer que S.M.I, le Sultan, mon Auguste Maître et Souverain, ayant bien voulu vous conférer la décoration de l'Ordre Imperial de Medjidie de 4eme Classe, Je m'en presse de vous l'envoyer avec un grand plaisir, en vous priant en même temps de vouloir accepter mes félicitations a cette occasion.

Tout en vous souhaitant des honneurs plus élevés je vous prie de vouloir bien présenter mes amitiés a votre famille et agréer les assurances de ma considération distinguées.

AHMET

Sublime Porte, le 8 Aout 1863.

Monsieur

Sa Majesté Impérial le Sultan a conservé un agréable souvenir des moments qu'il a passés dans votre maison de Campagne lors de son passage de Smyrne.

Pour vous donner une preuve de Sa haute satisfaction, j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer, ci-joint, par ses ordres et an Son nom, deux broches en brillants destinées aux deux dames de votre honorable famille. Je suis heureux, Monsieur, de m'acquitter d'un message si agréable et je vous prie d'agréer a cette occasion avec mes félicitations 1*expression particulière de mes sentiments les plus distingués.

FUAD

Sublime Forte. Ministère des Affaires Etrangères.

Constantinople, le 12 Octobre 1853.

Monsieur

Nous avons appris par Son Excellence Ismail Pasha, Gouverneur de Smyrne, avec quel empressement et quel désintéressement vous avez bien voulu contribuer aux efforts de l'autorité dans l'intérêt du bon ordre.

Vous avez donné, Monsieur dans cette circonstance une preuve éclatante de vos sympathies pour l'Empire Ottoman et pour son Gouvernement, C'est donc avec un véritable plaisir, Monsieur que je vous transmets en serviteur dévoué de Sa Majeste le Sultan, l' expression de toute ma reconnaissance ainsi que de ma haute considération.

RECHID.

A Monsieur Vitel

Négociant Anglais a Smyrne.

Charlton died in 1867, but prior to his death forty of the leading merchants of Smyrna, of all nationalities, presented him with his portrait and an address in which reference is made to "one whose name will ever be remembered and cherished by us, as much for his irreproachable honour as for his unbounded and never ceasing acts of charity and generosity."

His married life was one of complete happiness, marred only by the instability of two of his five sons, one of whom died of yellow fever in Havana, and the other, under tragic circumstances, in California. His two daughters died at an early age. He was followed by his eldest son James as head of the family firm.

He was a quiet studious and methodical man, whose main interest outside his work lay in his collection of coins, over which he used to shut himself in his study while his wife kept an eagle eye on his children to ensure his not being disturbed, this interest had been with him since boyhood, and there is a letter extant referring to his grief at losing some coins, with an answering one from his Father promising to replace them. He was a member of the leading British Numismatic Society and published one paper on the "Unpublished Coins of Taba in Caria." In connection with this the Curator of Coins at the British Museum wrote me; "It is a pity that he did not write more than he did, but from the one paper he did leave us it is clear that he was more than a mere accumulator of coins, and was very knowledgeable in his own field viz. the Greek coins of Asia Minor."

Sotheby's held no fewer than four sales of his coins, namely in 1858, 1867 and 1884-5, the last two after his death. From the last two which comprised some 1,600 lots it would appear that he had a very large and fine collection of Greek and Roman coins of Asia Minor.

He married a Giraud cousin, and by her had 13 children of whom ten married having 87 children in all. Interestingly one of the boys died of hydrophobia at the age of 12. His wife Madeleine Blanche was a very strong character and a great personality, ruling her family with a rod of iron. Every Christmas she insisted that all her offspring of all generations lunch in her house, and it is said that at times they sat down 100 in number. At her death in 1912 she had 201 living descendants, scattered through four continents.

One great benefit following the end of the Napoleonic wars was an improvement in postal services, letters now travelling overland and taking only 2-5 weeks to arrive instead of the former 2-3 months by sea. Another benefit was that Turkey now being open to visitors there was an influx of writers, artists, politicians, archaeologists and antiquarians into Smyrna, of whom a large number stayed with Charlton and James, although there was an English hotel in Smyrna, called the Navy, which was modelled on an English inn.

Among these were Richard Cobden and Sir David Wilkie, the artist. Interestingly I came across a painting by him of my Grandfather as a child in an exhibition in Bond Street, which I am glad to say is now in family possession.

Another visitor was Frederick Selous, the big game hunter, who went after wild goat in the interior, of which he gives a vivid description in one of his books. Gertrude Bell came out initially with Sir William Ramsay, and subsequently stayed several times in Bournabat with her "Whittall friends." Of Bournabat she wrote: "The big gardens touch one another, and the ladies walk in and out of each other's homes all day long, gossiping and laughing. I should think life presents itself nowhere under such easy and pleasant conditions? On another occasion she goes on to describe what she calls the Mediterranean race: "It speaks no language though it will chatter to you in half a dozen. It has no native land, though it is related by marriage to half Europe, and with the citizens of each country it will talk of its compatriots and itself as "We". It centres round no capital and is loyal to no government, though it obeys many. Cheerful, careless, contented, hospitable to a fault it may well be all, for it is divested of all natural responsibilities. It has little to guard and little to offer but a moat liberal share in its own inconceivably higger-mugger existence. Kindness is its distinctive quality, and I hope I may have many opportunities of sampling it further."

Another to write of Smyrna was Norman Douglas, the author of *South Wind* who arrived there from Russia in 1895: "The fortnight in Smyrna proved to be one of the happiest in

my life, during which I was in a state of beatitude and fully aware of it all the time. Everything played its part, beginning with the Robinia blossoms which came dropping in creamy clusters outside my window and filled my room with fragrance. To be drenched after the Russian gloom in the brightness of an oriental spring was exhilarating. Smyrna, whatever it may now have become, seemed to be the most enjoyable place on earth with its fascinating bazaar, the variegated crowds about the harbour, the eastern bustle, and when in softer mood the cemeteries with their glorious cypresses. And what has happened to the British colony, the Whittalls and others who took me for such pleasant trips in the countryside".

All those to whom I have talked about life in Smyrna in those days confirm that existence there was as near to Paradise as one could find. The climate, the country-side, the social life, the opportunities for sport, all were unmatched, and even the cooking so much maligned in earlier reports had taken on a quality almost unrivalled elsewhere.

In winter men went shooting, and fishing and played games. In summer there was yachting and bathing and tennis, and the seaside village of Flija had its cliff-top bungalows taken over by emigrants of European origin from Smyrna and its villages. Gardening was another stand-by, but in this my great-uncle Edward went one further, and with a vast knowledge of the local flora roamed the hills to discover several new plants which were named after him. He also had a garden on the Nymf Dagh in which he grew and watched many of his findings.

Music was another great resource, with most of the "girls* learning the piano. That in the church was of a very high standard, largely owing to boys at school having learnt about it in England. The church in Bournabat was especially lucky in having more applicants for the choir than could be accommodated.

GWW 1987

CHAPTER II

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The city into which Grandfather settled in 1870 was much smaller than that of to-day, its population in 1876 being 800,000. In one way it was changing in character, for, having hitherto played second fiddle to Smyrna in the way of international trade it was now catching up to such an extent that many members of the British colony in Smyrna such as the Barkers, La Fontaines, Charnauds and Maltasses changed their place of work.

In those days the town was known to all foreigners as Constantinople, whereas to the Turks it was Istanbul (or Istambol), a name derived from the Greek Ist-in-polin, to the town. (A derivation hotly contested by the Turks of today.) Interestingly at the same time it was known to the Arabs as Kon-stantiniyey while all coins minted in the town until 1926 bore the inscription "Darabafa Constantiniye' struck in Constantinople." The alternative name of Istambol was corrupted to Stambouland. This name was applied to that quarter of the town comprising the old Byzantine city, situated on the Western aspect of the Golden Horn, that narrow inlet of deep water which effectively split the town in two and offered the original settlers a superb harbour.

This quarter of the town was mainly inhabited by Turks, except for a few enclaves, such

as that of the Orthodox Patriarchate, in which lived Greeks. It contained the Sultan's Palace as well as the main Government Offices, as also the main Byzantine and Ottoman "sights" and the quiet bazaars. In addition the main commercial offices were sited on its lower reaches alongside the Golden Horn, surrounding the General Post Office, the Stock Exchange and the Sirkedji rail station.

From this part of the town a bridge over the Golden Horn acted as link with the quarter of Galata across the water, which from Byzantine times onwards had been the main seat of foreigners, mainly Venetian and Genoese in those days, living and working in the town. But at this time it was mostly connected with shipping offices, warehouses and quays, abutting on the usual sleazy, crowded, dirty and neglected housing of a typical Eastern Mediterranean port. The bridgehead was surrounded by shops, and from it ran a broad road lined with foreign banks which led past the Pera Palace Hotel and the British Embassy up to the quarter of Pera on the hill-top. This could also be reached by an underground funicular, the Tunnel, dating back to 1873 as also by Step Street, the Yildirim Sokak. This lived up to its name and passed through a very low quarter, the story running that in those days it was dangerous for a lone man to climb the street, as the young ladies from adjoining houses tended to run out, and seize a hat, to return in haste hoping that the owner would follow them into their lairs.

No foreigners of any repute lived in Galata, leaving it to the very mixed port population, they preferring to live in Pera, a quarter making no claims to either beauty or interest, and mainly consisting of narrow streets lined by tall ill-kept houses and generally by no means clean. But at its upper end, by the open space of Taxim, there were better class houses, as also on the hillside facing the Bosphorus, from which magnificent views were obtainable as also the benefit of the cool afternoon wind in summer.

The main road, the Istiklal Caddesi, more commonly known as the Grande Rue de Pera, ran from the tunnel to Taxim, to form the main shopping centre of the town, in which more or less everything was obtainable. Along it stood Talatlion's, the rival hotel to the Pera Palace, as also Leban's patisserie, in which everyone used to meet. Another favourite was Baker's, an English run store for household goods. The original Baker had come out as gardener to the Embassy in 1846 and later started importing and selling goods from England, with considerable success. One son moved to England where he set up a factory colour-printing household textiles, with such success, that an exhibition of the firm's products was later held at the Victoria and Albert Museum. He however became better known for his interest in the wild flowers of the Near East, having many of his discoveries named after him.

The British Community in Turkey enjoyed certain very considerable privileges, following on a treaty entered into in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and generally referred to as the 'Capitulations'. Under these Britons paid no taxes and their persons and property and houses were inviolate to the police and the armed forces, without their getting prior approval from the Consul. In addition, all children born to them and registered at the British Consulate retained their nationality as in my case. I am of the fourth generation to be born in the country. In addition a British Post Office was sanctioned, and used British stamps, overprinted Levant, as also a British Legal Officer, entitled among other things to settle any disputes not involving the Turkish Law Courts. These Capitulations endured until 1924, in which year they were abolished.

The British Community was roughly divided into four groups residing in Town, up the Bosphorus, in Moda and finally in San Stefano, where the modern airport now exists. That in San Stefano was too small to be represented in sport, but the other three were able to

raise teams for football, cricket and tennis and so to allow of regular tournaments. Socially, the main trouble lay in the difficulties in getting about, so that in general members of the different communities either met in town or on special occasions, such as dances, sporting events, weddings and funerals. Grandfather was better placed in this respect for his yacht could pick up guests and land them in his garden. He entertained on a grand scale, for, much involved in Ambassadorial circles, he met all important newcomers and visitors to the town and was a participant in all activities.

Communications with the Asiatic shore became much easier with the construction of the Anatolian railway, with its terminus at Haidar Pasha. Landing stations were constructed, and a ferry service inaugurated, with the use of paddle steamers brought out from the Clyde, and serving Haidar Pasha and Kadikeui, and later Moda, the Coast and the Princes Isles. Subsequently trams were introduced into the town, but even with these facilities the various communities tended to 'stew in their own juice.'

In the way of water, adequate supplies came from series of dams and aqueducts, dating back to Byzantine times and mostly situated in the Forest of Belgrade to the North of the city, while lighting was mainly by gas. All drainage was discharged into the sea, which in those days remained clear, but giving a very different story now that the population has increased fivefold.

The climate of Constantinople has always been more continental in type than that of Smyrna, with cooler summers and colder winters, often accompanied by heavy snowfalls. On occasions in the past the Bosphorus has been completely frozen over and in 1929 it was blocked by ice-floes descending from the Black Sea. One result of climate and geography is that the town is on one of the main migrating routes for birds, a very conspicuous one being the daytime movement of storks, which first appear as a small cloud in the distance and is followed by a long line of birds flying at no great height.

As to education the British High School for Girls, founded after the Crimean War offered good opportunities for girls, although in this connection there is no indication as to how safe it was for girls to travel to and fro alone. Certainly Turkish women never went out alone unless accompanied by a man, although this may only have applied to the upper classes. Facilities for British boys did not come into being till the early nineteenth century, so before that they either had to be sent to England or to attend a local French School, of which there were a number. But in general most boys were educated in England.

Following the Crimean War, a competition was held over the design of a proposed Crimean Memorial Church. This was won by that great Victorian William Burges, but sadly when it came to building, his design was considered to be too expensive, and an alternative and humdrum one by Street was selected, which, with the fall in the number of resident Anglicans has recently been deconsecrated. As for medical care, there was a resident British doctor, who amongst other things looked after the British Seamen's Hospital, now also gone.

Until the opening of the railway, Constantinople was only attainable by sea, unless one wanted to brave the slow and tedious journey overland, involving much discomfort. Even then, the rail passage through Thrace was slow, for the German Engineer in charge of construction, had been paid by the mile, which resulted in the lines being carried over huge and unnecessary loops, to increase this mileage. Nevertheless rail travel, once it started, was faster and more convenient, especially for the towns of Central Europe, but it missed out in one respect, the view of the city from the sea in the early morning light as a ship approached was one of almost unsurpassable beauty.

In those days the quays and the harbour were alive with ships, with those anchored at sea discharging their cargoes into lighters. Numerous shipping lines offered regular services

to neighbouring countries, Roumania, Greece, Italy, France and Egypt among others, with British and other merchant lines making regular calls. And, in addition, there were the regular Turkish lines serving the Aegean and the Black Sea coasts. In the days of sailing vessels, these in the presence of a North Wind used to congregate at the mouth of the Bosphorus, awaiting the favourable South Wind which would carry them into the Black Sea against the prevailing current.

Apart from the occasional sight-seeing visit to Saint Sophia and its neighbouring relics and to the Bazaars, few residents ever wandered further afield. And yet the old quarters of Stamboul were fascinating with their narrow streets lined by rows of low, grey wooden houses, these broken in places by a high wall, interrupted by a tall and important looking gate, concealing within a probable large house and garden, which shut off as they were, gave a touch of mystery as one speculated as to what went on within their enclosure.

Rarely one was able to get a glimpse of the interior to have one's visions of luxury and beautiful houris dispersed by the all too visible air of general neglect.

Otherwise the grey monotony was here and there broken by an ornate fountain or tomb, or by a mosque, usually set in a tree-clad open space and adding a touch of the picturesque. Here and there a large open area gave an indication of a former fire, not an infrequent event, seeing that the dry houses would burn like tinder. It was said that fires were most frequent in the aubergine season, during which, in the course of frying, paraffin stoves standing on the floor were easily knocked over. Other open spaces marked the sites of former Byzantine water reservoirs, one of which on my last visit I saw converted into an excellent football ground.

But of all places the Bridge over the Golden Horn with its seething crowds offered the best panorama of life in the town. On it one saw all manner of men, ordinary men about town, their usually sombre clothes relieved by the brilliant scarlet of the fezzes they inevitably wore, as also Christians without that touch of gaiety, although numerous Greeks and Armenians copied Moslems in that respect. Then there were smartly clad officers in uniform, often accompanied by grey-clad soldiers, as also grey-bearded dignitaries, in flowing robes and white turbans, setting off beggars, plying their occupation in all manner of rags. Porters (hamals) carrying seemingly impossible loads balanced on their bent backs, and water vendors clinking their glasses as they sold their precious liquid for a farthing or two. Other passers by were gypsy women, with face uncovered, and outside Christians, about the only women to be seen on the pavements. These wearing the brightest of colours, with small jackets, and ballooning trousers clasped round the ankle, and often carrying in their arms or to the breast, a sickly looking baby. The carriage way was likewise crowded with vehicles of all descriptions as also beasts of burden, mainly horses and donkeys, well laden and either ridden or driven. Some of the carriages carried women, veiled to the eyes, safe in the company of the male driver, for Turkish women in general never went out alone or unaccompanied.

And outside of these there were men from all parts of the Turkish Empire and from neighbouring countries, Arabians, Egyptian, Albanians, Montenegrins, Circassians and others, all dressed in accordance with their national customs and adding a yet still further touch of variety. One could in effect spend hours just regarding the scene.

Sadly to-day all this is over. Stamboul is pierced by wide streets; the old wooden houses are giving way to bricks and mortar and animal drawn vehicles to the motor car, and the former comparative peace and quiet to unbridled noise. Also gone are the cheerful clothes and the fez. Nothing is left but monotonous uniformity.

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CHAPTER III

SHOOTING IN TURKEY 1912 -1928

I. Background

Apart from a brief reference in the family papers to the effect that one member of the family was killed by a wild boar in 1850, there is no suggestion that shooting was enjoyed as a sport until the days of my grandfather's generation, two members of which Great Uncle Herbert and Grandfather William were devotees. The former of these two actually accompanying that great hunter Edmund Selous in his search for wild goats - mouflon - in Asia Minor.

Grandfather William took life more easily, and in his early days could start shooting after an easy walk from his home in a suburb of Constantinople. On the other hand I know next to nothing of what went on in Smyrna, except that my uncle Jim was captured by brigands while out shooting and had to be ransomed by his father. In Constantinople two of grandfather's sons, Uncle Edwin and father, became addicted to the sport.

Uncle Edwin was a first class shot and was the first man to record and shoot a red deer in Turkey. In my younger days specimens shot by him were on display in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. Father took to the sport from early days and when at work after office hours he would walk the 10 or 12 miles into the country, to sleep in a Turkish village, and then shoot over the weekend, returning home on foot on Sunday night. I do not know whether it was through the influence of her brothers or of father, or a combination of the two, that Mother became a great upholder of the sport, although never actually participating, and this so much so that she held in poor opinion any boy who had no use for a gun.

To father shooting was the breath of life, never suffering discouragement from any degree of discomfort, and I have often pondered over which came first in his mind - the actual shooting, or a long day walking, often under adverse conditions, or an association with the local peasants whom he greatly loved and who in return loved him. A first class shot at woodcock, he was not so good in open ground - not that this worried him, for his main enjoyment came from a day spent in the country.

He was a great collector of equipment and after every trip to England returned with more and more to add to his store and this meant that he was never in lack of anything required. I particularly remember two long and heavy coats, lined with wolf fur, which he had bought in Russia, and also, if we went camping, there was everything to hand. If he had any bee in his bonnet it was on the matter of gun safety over which he was meticulous, the carelessness in the handling of a gun being to him the greatest of all crimes.

I have made mention of his love of the village peasant, and the respect and affection was passed over to us boys, so that however wild and unkempt and rough looking they might be, we never experienced any fear of them, but at the same time showed them all respect in illustration of the regard in which Father was held. Sali, an old friend, once walked

some fifteen miles to reach our house because he had heard in Moda that Father was ill. Father's gun was a Holland and Holland. He also owned a revolver which hung, I think loaded, by his bedside. This I never heard used.

Life In The Countryside

Turkey is a large country displaying large variety in its physical and climatic features, extending from high mountains to almost semi-desert, but with all this my experience of shooting was mainly limited to a small area on the southern shore of the sea of Marmara, within easy reach of our house. In this area climatic conditions were fairly stable, with warm summers and cold winters, the latter often accompanied by heavy snowfalls. In respect of landscape the sea shore was bordered by a belt of flat land lying under cultivation or covered with coarse grass and low scrub, brown and arid in summer. Further inland this flat land gave place to ranges of low hills, rising at times to 1,000 feet or so. These in general were bare-topped, with steepish and stony slopes, covered in scrub, heath, pyracantha and the like, which in places gave way to tall forest, as in the vicinity of our Alemdagh house or to low oak coppice. Springs fed streams in the valleys which in places were occupied by almost impenetrable coverts

Early Years - Pre -1914

Father introduced all his five sons to the art of shooting as soon as they had become capable of holding a gun, the first of which kind being a single-barrelled 36 bore, followed by heavier as they grew older. I remember going out with a man called Omk, and shooting my first bird, shamefully a blue tit. I also remember going after larks, who were attracted by the flashing lights as a mirror studded bird shaped apparition was rotated in the sun.

I only experienced one mishap, and that when for some reason or other the gun went off against my mouth, the resultant kick damaging my lips. This short experience of shooting then came to an end with the outbreak of war in 1914, when we all had to leave.

II. Hamamli 1919 -1922

The War ended in November 1918, and father returned to Turkey early in the following year to find the Moda house in reasonably good order. The same, however, could not be said of the Alemdagh house, it having been occupied by the military. This was in a dreadful state, with the kitchen almost needing rebuilding, in consequence of which it could not be used as a shooting headquarters.

There was added reason for this. The town of Constantinople and the surrounding area was under the control of the allied military forces, who kept the city under good control, but this did not apply to the countryside in which poverty and the lack of legal enforcement led to an upsurge of brigandage, which rendered the Alemdagh house unsafe for occupation, with Father no doubt remembering that two of his brothers-in-law had, in the past, been captured by brigands with a need for ransom.

In consequence, Father looked out for a replacement in the shape of a house to rent nearer to the town and in a safer situation and found this in a locally known as Hamamli stretch of open country within easy reach of the town. The house he leased stood in open country in a somewhat isolated situation and had two floors, the upper of which was fitted up for father and his friends, with the lower rooms for use by the men, and as stabling for the dogs - all being housed in simple comfort. Except for woodcock in the winter the shooting

in the immediate vicinity of the house was not good, but daytime excursions further afield could be made by car or cart.

The position in regard to brigands was unusual. In former days father had roamed all over this part of the countryside, and was well known and respected in all surrounding villages. In consequence he was a familiar figure to all locally raised brigands and had no fear of these, the real danger arising from those entering the district from further afield. In the course of shooting, Father often came into contact with such men. One lot telling him that they had seen mother out walking alone, and had followed her about to ensure her safety.

On another occasion, Ossie and I had become separated from the main body, and were excited, at the same time, on being approached by two men on horseback, with rifles slung over their shoulders, and with belts of cartridges across their chests, evident brigands. They stopped by us, asked us where Father was and told us that on hearing that he was in the neighbourhood they had come to pay their respects to him.

On another occasion the heads of a band approached Father to ask if he could get hold of some water proofs for them - they not daring to go into town - and this he did. The most renowned of these gentry was a man called Milti - and him we often met, until he was captured. Strangely, while father was hobnobbing with these gentry, Cousin George Whittall, in the army, was doing his best to get rid of them.

Soon after moving Father found that there was insufficient accommodation for friends and relations and so a Nissen hut was erected and divided by a curtain to separate the sexes, who presumably slept on mattresses laid on the floor. On one occasion there was a scene of confusion when in the process of undressing the curtain fell down (or was let down). Mother loved Hamamli, and especially in the autumn with its black berries and mushrooms.

Hamamli became especially popular on the occasion of a boar shoot, when every space in the Nissen hut was occupied by participants and onlookers - but of these I cannot write, not having been present.

At this period of time I was only in Turkey during the school summer holidays, and did little shooting from Hamamli. As against this I loved straying there, by reason of its lying in open country and also of the dogs. I will mention these later on, but in the mean time I thoroughly enjoyed their company and look back on our association with nostalgia. I have mentioned that shooting round Hamamli during the early autumn months, was not productive and we had far more fun on day trips to the village of Samandra. On these we were often accompanied by army friends of father's, who certainly enjoyed these occasions.

As I have mentioned Hamamli did not have much to offer Ossie and me in the way of shooting during our summer holidays, and so we were helped out in this respect by day trips to Samandra, a village situated in a stretch of flat land, half way between Alemdagh and the sea and bordering on the hills. The routine for such excursions ran as follows. The preceding evening would be occupied with loading cartridges, with white powder for ourselves and black for the men's guns, some of which I would have hesitated to use. And so to bed, to be woken by father at 3.00am, the lights in the house immediately making the dogs kennelled in the garden restless. A light breakfast was followed by all, together with

the dogs, bundling into a car - in very early days usually a model T-type Ford, in later days a large one bought by father. The only signs of life in the town streets came from the reflection of the car's lights in cat's eyes and the journey usually took about three quarters of an hour.

Arrived at Samandra we would be joined by our two friends, Kara Mehmet and Ahmet Chaoush, and off we would set in the dark to reach the foot hills as the sun rose, at which hour we could hear partridges revealing their presence by their calls. Then would start the slog up and down the steep, stony scrub covered hills, of which two were called Keraz Bain and Delmen Bair. Apart from a mid-term halt at a spring to refresh ourselves, we would battle on until, close on midday, we left off in the heat of the day to take on the hour's walk home, back to the village, to be revived by the cold beer, drawn from the well, in which it had lain in a basket since our departure in the early morning. Lunch then followed, and afterwards a rest and return home to Moda. On these day's outings we were often accompanied by British army officers, friends of father's who thoroughly enjoyed themselves even on a blank day.

III. Post 1922

Following on the expulsion of the Greeks from Asia Minor, and the signing of a peace treaty with Turkey, the allied forces quit Constantinople, which now became known as Istanbul. With this change, security was soon restored to the countryside, and following this the Alemdagh house was restored and refurbished. Many of its previous contents had been looted, with the piano later found abandoned on the slopes of the Alemdagh Hill. It was now safe to spend nights at Samandra village and this became our shooting headquarters.

We had at our disposal two houses in which to stay, each offering advantages and disadvantages. That of Kara Mehmet was single storied and lay in the centre of the village. It was fronted by a yard, and had no garden. The warmer of the two in cold weather, it was also the warmer and offering no escape in hot. Ahmet Chaoush's house lay outside this village, and was set in an orchard. It was two storied and in hot weather allowed us to pick up our sleeping bags and take refuge in the cooler garden.

In the house we occupied a room upstairs, this, as in the alternative house, being fitted with a seat lining the wall on all sides. At night bedding was taken out of a sort of cupboard and laid on the floor. Meals were taken out of doors on table and chairs. Toilet arrangements were primitive but adequate, and I rather suspect that night soil was used on the fields. One summer we could not stay in Ahmet Chaoush's house as one of the external, wooden walls had collapsed.

Cooking was left in the hands of Yorgi the Yalanddgi- George the Liar - our inevitable companion. He was a superb cook, although his methods may not have been of the most hygienic.

Morning shooting followed the same pattern, but was not confined to the same area, as now available was a patch of marshland which aroused hopes of a teal or a snipe, but in the main our chief targets were red-legged partridges and hare. Often late afternoon, after a sleep, we would walk the mile or so to Sari Ghazi, to sit under some trees, surrounding a pool, and await the arrival of doves. The atmosphere of relaxation, accompanied by much chaffing and jeering to greet a miss, and back home as dusk fell and after the heat and the

toil and the sweat of the day to sit in the quiet of the evening over a glass of beer or raki and discuss the successes and failures of the day. Kara Mehmet in particular enjoyed his raki, which made him more voluble than ever. And so as we talked, Yorgi prepared supper, and enjoying his share of raki, added to the conversation.

In the meantime, men from the village drifted in and so father, sitting on his chair, was surrounded by a group squatting on their heels, discussing village concerns and the events of the day, a conversation of which sadly I could understand little.

On the other hand, it was on such an occasion that Father appeared to us at his happiest and his best and most characteristic, surrounded by men whose company he so enjoyed, and who in return held him in all trust and respect. Today, some sixty years later, this is the picture of father that I most like to remember. And so to bed and the start of a new day.

Samandra, obscure village as it was, held two points of interest. One of which was some massive ruins of Byzantine brickwork. For the second, an area of marshland close to the village was the gathering point for all storks in the district, prior to joining the main body of migration on its way south. This latter made its first appearance as a small cloud in the distance, gradually to reveal itself as a long broad line of thousands of birds, slowly passing overhead~ an awesome and unique sight as the thousands upon thousands of birds slowly passed overhead.

Father had one sad experience while shooting in these parts. He was out with an old friend, Nazmi Bey, and on coming to a hill each skirted opposite sides. But on reaching the far end no Nazmi Bey turned up, and father on going to investigate found him lying dead on the ground, with gun and dog by his side, an ideal way to die.

Alternatively in the early autumn when a north wind gave promise to a passage of quail, we would set off early in the morning from Moda and take a short car ride down the coast to where an extensive flat area of low scrubland formed a favourite landing place for these birds on their passage south. Shooting here was not as interesting as at Samandra, the countryside being flat and dull in character, while the actual shooting, demanded a slow pace of walking, with the birds tending to get up at one's feet and fly straight ahead. In general offering easy shots, especially with cartridges loaded with no 10 shot. Whereas on the hills we had the world to ourselves, here there were always large numbers of other sportsmen, and with them there was always a danger of being peppered. Leon Trotsky, the Russian Revolutionary, was said to have participated on occasion in this shooting, but I cannot claim ever to have recognised him, that is if I ever saw him

Whereas on the hills a good bag was a comparative rarity, this was not the case with quail and especially on a good day. Dick La Fontaine on one day shot 100 birds, though what pleasure this gave, except to pride, I cannot conceive.

IV. Trips

In the course of these schoolboy holidays we, on three occasions went on trips away from home.

The first of these was after quail at Eregli, the ancient Heracleum, on the northern aspect of the Marmara. For this purpose father borrowed an uncle's yacht, on which we set sail

one afternoon, to anchor shortly before dark. A net was immediately let down into the sea and next morning we set off at daybreak, to wander over rather uninteresting, but good quail country, which offered us some quite good sport. There were several other gunmen on the spot, but also and more interestingly, some were using hawks for the same purpose as us and to my joy and surprise one of these birds swooped and flew off with a bird which was falling as I shot it. Apart from the 'hawkers' I saw one or two men on donkeys, each equipped with a sort of shrimp net which was skillfully used to trap birds sitting tightly. These men must have had astonishing eyesight, the one I talked to having already caught several birds live. We eventually returned to the yacht to enjoy a breakfast of fresh fish, taken from the recently drawn up net.

Later there was bathing in the lovely transparent sea, followed by lunch, a short sleep, and a return ashore for more shooting and so back to the yacht. A truly idyllic day, to return home after a further morning's shooting. There was very little left of the old town, and all I could find were mosaics and pieces of pottery embedded in the cliffs.

On another occasion we spent a couple of nights in a Greek house, up the coast at Kartal. The house garden gave onto the sea, and shooting started a mere half mile away. On this occasion father was not with us and we were in charge of Yorgi - feasting on quail pilaf. This occasion proved leisurely and was only disturbed by the monotonous and endless music arising from a Turkish wedding across the way.

Our third trip took us further afield to the village of Teperen, south of the inland town of Afion Karalissac, where we lodged in a Turkish village house. The organiser of this trip was one Sedat, a voluble but amusing man who spent much time vaunting his honesty and running down the dishonesty of all other men in his line. We arrived at Terepen after a longish train journey and car drive to find that Sedat had found us comfortable lodgings, which were free of bugs and here we spent three nights. The shooting was various. In that wide valley there were grey legged partridge, in some abundance, while in the adjacent hills there was a good number of red legged, while everywhere there was an abundance of hare. Outside of these there were said to be some sand grouse, but of these I did not see any

One day, at an hour when thoughts turned to lunch, we found ourselves some distance away from our village and decided to ask for eggs and bread at one close by. The head man saw that these could be found and ushered us into a largish room and offered us washing facilities. We sat there waiting patiently and then a man came in, carrying a large bowl of stewed chicken, and (I think) one of rice, and a loaf of bread. Those were set on the floor in the middle of the room, as we all squatted down and partook of a veritable feast. Under these circumstances, to have offered to pay would have been accepted as an insult, but luckily, we were able to repay our hospitable and needless to say, poor hosts by presenting them with some hare. Our stay in Teperen was most enjoyable, in part by reason of the abundance of game, and also in great part by reason of the welcome given us by the local people who could not have been more helpful and hospitable.

One aspect of life in the Turkish countryside which interested me was the local knowledge of springs and of the quality of their water, some being charted as good and others indifferent or bad. On one occasion I drank at a spring without asking advice, and paid the penalty by reason of its content of Epsom salts.

V. Men, Dogs and Game

Men

To my mind one of the greatest pleasures associated with shooting in Turkey came from our close association with the men who accompanied us on our outings.

We had three stalwarts - Yorgi the Yalandgi (George the Liar), who ran a drinking bar on the water front at Kavi Kern, Kara Mehmet and Ahmet Chaoush, who lived in the village of Samandra.

Yorgi lived up to his nickname, never missing an opportunity of coming out with a good story. Thus he told one that during the War he had looked after father's great dog Jibbo, and that the arrival at first sight of father on his return to Turkey, leapt out of a first floor window to greet him, whereas father told me that he was met with indifference. Then on another occasion, while out shooting quail, spent small shot from my gun bespattered his impressive backside as he was bending over with no apparent ill effects. By next day however, I heard a graphic story of how his wife had spent the evening extracting small shot from his behind - and this despite the fact that neither trousers nor his walking ability appeared affected. He was also an excellent cook, but above all an excellent companion, with a great memory for the past. Thus I remember him stopping me at one point to remind me that it was on this spot that I had shot my first hare, something which had completely slipped my memory. Also I always found it interesting talking to him about past experiences, while at the same time being tolerant of one and of my inexperience, pointing out our errors and always prepared to laugh at mishaps.

He enjoyed his raki of an evening, which after made me wonder whether he drank away his day's profits. Outside of this he was immensely proud of the hammered Purdey gun he had bought for a song in the bazaars as also of his dog, Bitzu, a bitch of the utmost perfection in his eyes. He got one very well with our two Turkish friends. Of these Kara Mehmet was grey haired and of uncertain age, but still vigorous and tireless. He largely directed our operations - and this very successfully and reliably. He was a great talker, and especially so of an evening after a few glasses of raki, which he loved.

Ahmet Chaoush was older and less active, but in contrast to his fellow, a more gentle and kinder disposition. He could well be described as a 'dear old man', whose quiet reminiscences were fascinating. His health was failing and he died before I had ceased shooting, to everyone's regret. We usually stayed in his house, except on one occasion when one side had fallen down. I loved, respected and greatly admired these two old Turks, and especially so as they held father in such regard. In fact Kara Mehmet attended father's funeral and at the gravestone, threw in a bunch of wild flowers he had brought from the village. What was particularly impressive about these men, was that despite their ignorance and low origin, they behaved like gentlemen. Such was their innate dignity that they behaved like gentle folk in what ever company they were set. In addition to his un-moslem drinking, Kara Mehmet always appreciated us going shooting during the fast of Ramadan, for on such occasion he considered he was travelling, and so was allowed to eat and drink in daylight.

Dogs

How these arrived on the scene I do not know but we always had about six, some, from their black and white colouring, evident descendants of Jibbo. I loved these animals and today glossing over their names, Samouri, Mimik, Ginmish, Kurt, Cedar, Spot and Yell brings back happy memories. They were not highly trained but effective under local

conditions, I particularly remember one incident. A pheasant had been shot but could not be found, and so we went on, when, to our surprise, Cedar turned up out of the blue, with the bird in his mouth. I once spent three nights at Alemdagh alone but with the dogs, thoroughly to enjoy their company.

Game

My experience was very limited so I am limited in what I can say.

Partridge - were of the red-legged variety and present everywhere in the hills, but never in abundance. They could offer very difficult shots in this terrain, and especially so when walking over the unstable stony surface of the hills, when a crossing shot at speed presented problems to one of my calibre.

Pheasant - were scarce and mainly to be found around Alemdagh, often only indicating their presence by footprints in the dust on the roads. They chose thickets to live in. I once got a right and a left to the intense annoyance of Uncle Edwin's man, who was preserving these for the ambassador in hopes of a good tip.

Wild Fowl - for these one had to cross to the European side of the Marmara, to the lagoon of Buyuk Tchekmedje. I never went there.

Quail - A few bred locally, but the majority arrived on passage south in the autumn, often in large abundance. On these occasions they landed on open country on both sides of the Marmara, with us up the coast and within easy striking distance. Their arrival brought out innumerable sportsmen, so that one had to be careful to keep out of their range. Quail shooting was not particularly fun, as the landscape was uninteresting and in general they offered easy shots, to cause annoyance if missed.

Dove - These were universal, but never very abundant and the same applied to Snipe.

Woodcock - These gave rise to the best shooting, but mainly during the colder months, when bad weather in Russian and elsewhere sent them south.

I never was able to have a go at these birds, but I managed to shoot one - probably a native. In bad weather they could arrive in abundance, to settle in tall scrub and among low trees to render conditions potentially most uncomfortable, what with cold, damp and thick scrub - all of which often necessitated snap shooting: Father loved this kind of shooting and was completely impervious to discomfort. At this game he was an excellent shot requiring speed of action as the birds flitted through the covert.

At one time he had bells attached to one dog's collar in order to know where they were or perhaps pointing. This shooting also proved very hard on boots and clothing, to leave father constantly in search of the ideal.

Once the Alemdagh house had been restored, father used this as his Headquarters, to take over from Hamamli, and it must have been fun in the house seated by a huge fire in the sitting room.

Of big game, there were wild boar, and roe-deer, but these required organised shoots, of which I only attended one to shoot a roebuck. In general the technique was to put the dogs into a thicket at the foot of a gully, with the guns stationed on the surrounding slopes. The

dogs were of astonishing variety, extending from what looked like relics to those of much larger size.

A final word about cooking. The quail were fat and juicy and incomparably more palatable than those available in this country, while mother made a woodcock pie, without comparison in the world of game pies.

VI. Addenda

1 Many Turkish men would not kill wounded birds, so that in practice it was as well to look into the game bags they were carrying, to despatch any such birds.

2. The area on which we used to shoot quail are today completely built over with houses,

PART V

OTHER ARTICLES etc.

CHAPTER I

CHARLTON'S VISIT TO THE MASSÉNAS IN PARIS.

Charlton was in Paris in 1820: There he was made much fuss of by the Duke de Rovigo, formerly Marshal Savary, one of Napoleon's Generals, to whom he had given refuge for several months after Waterloo, when on the 'wanted' list by the new Government.

On April 11th, 1820 Charlton wrote as follows to his wife in Smyrna:

"While we were at dinner the Duke (de Rovigo) received a note from Mme. la Marechale de Massena saying that she had heard of my arrival in Paris and asking him to present me to her. I agreed to see her although this was a visit unlikely to give me any pleasure. On the following day I was at the Duke's to accompany him in his coach to Mme. Massena. She received me in perfect manner, saying that she had long wished to know me, and talked of your Father and Mother and of the Marshal, her husband, and referred to a letter she had received from your Mother which had made her cry. She also said that the Marshal had also cried over the letter which had greatly affected him. She also went on to say that her eldest son, who at that moment was not at home, would call on me in the morning. I will let you know what he has to say ...I am told he is not over-intelligent. I will not post this letter till to-morrow as I will write more tonight. I have received a visit from whom do you think? The Marechale who came herself to invite me to dinner in her house on Thursday. Her son-in-law M. Reille also came but I did not see him. I told her that I was in the course of writing to you and she asked me to send you all the best wishes in the world. She has the bearing of one of the finest ladies in the world. You must realise that Mme. Massena is one of the great personalities in Paris and did me very great honour in coming to see me. I will be dining with her and her daughter and all the family.

At a later date on May the 9th. 1820 Charlton wrote that the Massena family covered him with kindness:

"The last letter I wrote to you was from Paris and in it I told you with what kindness and friendliness the Massena family had received me, with this attitude being kept up until I left Paris. The Marechale's daughter who is married to a General Reille is one of the most charming ladies I have ever met and if you are jealous you can at least be pardoned as she is fully worthy of being a rival to you.

N.B. Charlton married Marie Madeleine Giraud, whose father Jean B. Giraud was cousin to Massena, and Mme. la Marechale referred to him as 'mon petit cousin' in view of his short stature.

Marshall Massena commanded the French forces during the Peninsular War. After the end of the Napoleonic wars two French Generals, Savary and Lallemand, appeared in Smyrna, almost destitute and Charlton took them in for many months, concealing them from the French authorities until the way was open for them to return to France. Massena was later made Prince of Essling.

Charlton later had some difficulties with Rovigo over his trading enterprises.

CHAPTER II

EXTRACT FROM SPUN YARN BY ADMIRAL SIR HENRY WOODS PASHA

On his (HM the Sultan Abdul Aziz) return voyage from Alexandria he stopped at Smyrna, and spent a whole day in the Country House at Bournabat of Mr. Charlton Whittall. The Sultan was received at the lodge gates of the Avenue by my wife's Mother; one of the three renowned beauties of Smyrna, and by Mr. Whittall's other daughter-in-law, Mrs James Whittall. My Wife's Mother presented the keys of the house upon a silver plateau, and the Sultan, noticing the Embroidery upon the rich Zouave jacket she was wearing, read thereon the Turkish writing in characters of gold, and seemed very pleased.

His Imperial Majesty had been preceded by a host of servants, his Cooks and Stewards, with a string of Camels carrying the food for himself and also his table equipment, etc. and was followed by a brilliant Staff, one Member of which was Fuad Pasha, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time. Abdul Aziz remained the whole of the day at Bournabat, not returning to his yacht, the Sultanieh, until after sunset. He ate his meals in private, whilst those who accompanied him and the "Notables" native and foreign, invited to attend his reception, were entertained in large "marquees" outside the house. The Sultan had asked to see the menu of the banquet prepared for his Staff, and noticing a favourite sweet dish, dates with pistachio nuts and cream, he requested that a portion of it should be served to him.

The Sultan took a walk through the extensive garden of his host and at his own request was ushered into the Protestant Church at Bournabat built by Mr. Whittall some years previously. But I have been told that upon entering its portals the Sultan uncovered his head, thus showing a most unusual mark of respect not shown even by Greek and Armenian Officials, who in those days wore their fezzes everywhere. Upon his return to Constantinople Fuad Pasha was sent back to Smyrna to present to each of the ladies who had received him at Bournabat a costly souvenir of his visit in the shape of a broach set with large brilliants and pearls.

CHAPTER III

The Whittall Family by C.F.Derrick

The earliest member of this family to appear prominently in the records was a James Whittall, who came from Shropshire, but who eventually settled, lived and died in Worcester. He was born in 1705 and died about 1780. He is believed to have been a hop merchant and estate agent for the landed gentry and was certainly a wealthy man. He drove his own four-in-hand, owned race-horses and won cups at the Worcester and Chester races.

James was the great-grandfather of Charlton Whittall, who was the first of the family to emigrate to Smyrna (now Izmir). Charlton was born in Liverpool in 1791, and in 1809, when barely 18, was sent to Turkey by Breed & Co. to foster trade between Britain and Turkey. The latter was then considered virgin territory and a land offering opportunities to the young and energetic trader. Other European traders were already established there, some of Huguenot origin, some Italian and others Greek. The Whittalls later married into families of French descent.

Charlton was reasonably successful in his business, and in 1811 launched a firm of his own. C. Whittall & Co., to enable him to trade for his own account. Later his brother James joined him, taking a one-third share in the firm, and after a number of difficult years the business began to prosper, and continued to trade until 1938. Charlton became a very well-known personality not only in Smyrna, but in Turkey generally, so much so that the Sultan, Abdul Aziz, spent a whole day, with all his retinue, being entertained at Charlton's country home in Bornova, a village some six miles out of the town.

Both the brothers and other gentlemen of substance who had residences in the village were to be seen each morning riding to work on their donkeys.

Charlton lived to the age of 76, and after his death in 1867 the business was carried on most successfully by his eldest surviving son, James. James died in 1882 but was survived by his widow for 29 years. She was a lady of the Giraud family (one of the Huguenot families previously mentioned) and was a woman of striking personality with the strongest of characters. At the time of her death, direct descendants in Turkey numbered more than 150, and during her lifetime, the family Christmas dinner required seats in the dining and ballrooms of the "Big House" for well over 100 persons,

The eldest son of Charlton's partner James was born in Smyrna in 1838 and was named James William. He spent the early part of his business and married life in England, but later returned to Turkey. In order not to prejudice the interests of his younger brothers, who were carrying on the business, he founded in 1873, in partnership with Mr. Sydney La Fontaine (a member of another family of merchants of French extraction and whose sister he was later to marry) the firm of J.W. Whittall & Co., in Constantinople (now Istanbul). A British company with registered offices in London, the family hopes to celebrate its centenary less than two years hence. It is engaged in importing and exporting goods between Britain and Turkey, and has represented many British firms. Lloyd's Agency for Istanbul and North Turkey has been held by the family for 74 years.

James W. Whittall built himself a massive stone house in Moda, on the Asiatic coast of Istanbul and would travel to town on the European coast in his own large boat manned by three oarsmen. He was knighted by Queen Victoria, and died in 1910, the business being carried on by his sons.

Changing conditions in Turkey after the first and second World Wars caused many of

the younger members of the family to leave the country, and it would now be difficult to gather together a dozen remaining in Istanbul, and there are even less in Izmir. In consequence of this exodus, the family is now dispersed all over the world, and there are now more Whittalls in Canada, particularly in Vancouver, than anywhere else. Others are to be found in Australia, Ceylon and the USA. In 1953 the British Consul in Montreux was one of the Whittalls who originated in Istanbul. It was also reported that another, James had settled in the Low Veld of Rhodesia during the 1920s. At that time this district had only a thin African population and was labelled as unfit for Europeans. By 1966 a ranch of 65,000 acres had been established, with a population of 500 Africans. It grows maize and raises 3000 head of fine cattle and 1,000 sheep.

One branch of the family in Turkey last century included William, the father of our Arthur James, Edward, who was with the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank and died in Java about 1898, James, the father of Major J. M. Whittall of Chandler, Hargreaves, Whittall & Co., and "Uncle Bob" Whittall who was A.J.W.'s deputy. May we hope that there will be future generations of the family to supply men of their calibre*.

An interesting story is told of Frederick E. Whittall, C.B.E., son of Sir James Wm. Whittall. He had succeeded his father as head of the family, and in 1914 was a director of the National Bank of Turkey (a British bank) and in that capacity was closely involved in the negotiation of a £5m. loan to the Turkish Government to finance the Istanbul Municipality just when war was imminent. The loan was not granted, and moreover the British Government refused to deliver the two warships then under construction in Britain for the Turks. This was a golden opportunity for the Germans, who promptly gave Turkey the famous "Goeben and "Breslau", thus bringing Turkey into the war on their side. It is known that many Turkish officers had earlier received training in Germany, so maybe our Government's attitude to the proposed loan was sound.

During the Royal Visit to Istanbul in 1971, Mr. H.M. Whittall, D.S.O., M.C., a director of J. W. Whittall & Co., who fought on the Gallipoli beaches during the First World War, accompanied the Royal Party when they visited the Dardanelles War Memorial and the war graves on the Gallipoli Peninsula on the 22nd October. Seven members of the family had the honour of meeting the Royal visitors in Istanbul on 24th October and will never forget their charm and friendliness,

No less than 12 of the "Turkish" Whittalls served in the 1914 war; three of them were killed, two at Gallipoli.

Now for an entirely different character in the person of Edward Whittall, who flourished from 1851 to 1917. He was one of three brothers who ran the business in Smyrna during a rather difficult period. Edward, however, was never very happy in his office, but was an ardent sportsman and loved out-of-door occupations. He organised hunting expeditions into the mountains at least once a year, and during these trips became interested in the local flora, and gardening eventually became his principal interest.

During the pursuit of my interests in horticulture, I noticed that several plants had their generic names suffixed Whittallii, and found that they were indeed called after Edward Whittall. I was sufficiently interested to delve into the subject at the British Museum (National History) and at the Library of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew. where, there are extensive records of Edward's activities. His grounds and garden near Smyrna were one of the first things visitors were taken to see. They contained trees of great size and variety and large greenhouses filled with plants. He opened a flower shop, partly at least with the idea of imparting knowledge to all and sundry, thus giving impetus to the cultivation of flowers locally, which had been unknown.

His letters to Kew describe how he sent out many of his villagers during slack business seasons, to scour the mountains for new varieties of bulbs. At times he had as many as 50 men out at once. The men were paid liberally, and part of the costs were defrayed by sales of surplus bulbs to the trade in England and Holland. Initially Edward hoped merely to give a few weeks work to some deserving poor in his village, but by 1899 he employed hundreds of families on similar tasks, and business with the European trade had grown sufficiently to cover his expenses. The letters disclose how distressed he became when any of his collectors were much delayed in their return to base, he was so solicitous for their welfare, It is quite clear that he was indeed a most generous and kindly man. For the large quantities of material sent to Kew he would accept no payment, though eventually was persuaded by the Director of the Gardens to accept the bare cost of packing and forwarding. The correspondence continued from May 1890 until December 1907.

At times there were considerable surpluses of bulbs, and rather than destroy them, an additional garden was created at the top of Nymph Dag, a mountain close to Smyrna, where a number of men were employed.

As indicated above, the quantity of plants (including dried herbarium specimens) sent to Kew was enormous: the records of them occupy 15 pages of the registers, with more than 30 entries to a page. Bulbs were Edward's main interest, but the lists also include trees, shrubs and herbaceous plants.

The Kew authorities record that Edward Whittall had considerably enriched their collection of bulbous plants, and that they owed their unique display of early flowering spring bulbs in great measure to the constant liberality of Edward Whittall.

As may be surmised, I am deeply indebted to several members of the Whittall family for much of the information on which these notes are based: They have indeed taken much trouble in satisfying my enquiries. For the rest I have to thank the prompt and ample assistance of Dr. W. T. Stearn of the British Museum and of Mr. R. Desmond, Chief librarian at the R.B.G., Kew.

cc.1971

(Neither Arthur James Whittall nor his father William appear in the family tree. The firm of Chandler, Hargreaves, Whittall & Co. was dissolved on the 31st March 1915 (London Gazette) with A J Whittall as one of the directors. It appears to have been re-established as there are records of them being Lloyds' brokers in the 1930's. They were still active in the 1960's. JWW.2014)*

APPENDIX

PART I

NOTES ON THE WHITTALL FAMILY

FOR THE INFORMATION OF HIS DESCENDANTS

by

JAMES WHITTALL

or

**according to the Smyrna Consulate Church Register;
James John, Son of Charlton & Magdaleine Blanche Whittall.
Born at Smyrna 20th October 1819**

Commenced 1st January 1879

On the day I begin writing these Notes I am the oldest living member of the Whittall family residing in the Ottoman Dominions and the only one who knew any Whittalls of an older generation than that of my father, as I went to England for my education at the age of six years, at which period my Grandmother and a Great Uncle called William, were still living, the former in Liverpool, Lancashire and the latter at Worcester.

1. Origin;

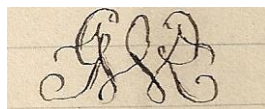
According to a Liverpool gentleman (Dr. Hume, I think) skilled in tracing family genealogies, the founder of that of Whittall was a Norman soldier of fortune, who came over to England in the thirteenth century and whose name was spelt Whittell. I leave to any descendants to verify this. All I know is that during nearly the whole of the eighteenth century my ancestors wrote their name Whittall and not Whittell. In Fox's Book of Martyrs, of which a copy belonged to my grandfather in England, there is the account of one Thomas Whittell or Whittle, an unmarried priest, having been burnt at Smithfield in the reign of Queen Mary for not retracting his Protestant errors. Whether the martyr of the reformed faith was of our blood I do not know, no more than whether the Birmingham worthy of our name was, from whom was named one of its central streets.

2. Crest;

As to our crest and arms the only family relic in my possession bearing any is an old snuff box, a land tortoise shell mounted in silver, with the following crest



and under it the monogram



possibly the initials of my great grandfather George Whittall. Shortly after the Crimean War, my brother Charlton, then living, commissioned a friend to search out our family coat-of-arms. His friend not to give himself trouble simply got new arms for him and his descendants. These arms do not belong to either myself or my descendants, and they must never confound them with the old ones of the family, which, doubtless can be got from the Herald's Office in the City of Worcester.

During the greater part of the eighteenth century our branch of the Whittall family inhabited and was connected with the City of Worcester, of which City most of its members were freemen. In my early youth I remember having pointed out to me a fine large house (in Broad Street I think) that had belonged to my ancestors. I was told, also, that the family Burial place was in the vault of one of the City churches, situated, if my memory does not mislead me, not far from the fine stone arched bridge over the river Severn. I was shown, also, in the picturesque Burial ground of the village church of Hallow an altar tomb dedicated to the memory of James and Betty Whittall who died in the early part of the eighteenth century. (*The tomb actually bears the names of George and his sister Betty, children of James Whittall.*) From my great uncle William Whittall, a decayed old gentleman of very short stature and bearing a strong resemblance to my own Father, I learnt that his Grandfather a Hop merchant and agent for the Estates of the

Leighton family in Shropshire, wealthy and driving his four-in-hand, was an owner of Race horses and winner of Cups at the Worcester and Chester Races, of which mention must be made in the Racing Calendars of the past century, assuming he ran his horses in his own name. I remember likewise being taken to see a number of small houses situated in Turkey Street on the Banks of the Severn which had long belonged to our family, and to make the acquaintance of one of the tenants that had lived in one of them for eighty years. She was very old and blind, yet managed to keep her house and furniture in beautiful order. What struck me most was the pewter dishes and plates which were burnished to a point which made them shine like silver.

At the opening of the tomb of King John in the Worcester Cathedral in the year 1799 my Grandfather was present. A snuff box with a finger bone of the King inserted in it existed in our family, but what became of it I do not know. An old interesting relic of Worcester was also owned by our family in the shape of the first piece of porcelain ever manufactured in the City. A milk jug of somewhat classic form with a fine peacock painted on it. I saw it when its beaker was broken. It was afterwards done away or stolen by a female servant of my Grandmother's.

3. The Family Bible;

The old family Bible in my possession is the Oxford edition printed by John Baskett in 1727 with over 200 historical cuts curiously engraved. It is bound up with the Oxford Prayer Book of the year 1726 by the same printer, in an elaborate binding with brass clasps. By an annotation it was apparently purchased for £1.10s. on the 11th May, 1731. The frontispiece is a finely engraved portrait of George the first, styled "Georgius D.E. Mag: Brit: Fran: et Hib: Rex." On the first page of the prayer Book is inscribed "Mary Speed, her book", the maiden name of my Great Grandmother.

On the first fly page is written the following: Charlton the son of George and Mary Whittall was born the 19th Day of October 1764 at 5 o'clock morning. William his brother was born the 6th of October 1769 at 20 minutes past four in the morning.

Apparently these two sons Charlton and William were the only offspring of my Great Grandfather & Great Grandmother, George and Mary Whittall. From their elder son Charlton we are descended. I fancy that our Grandfather was the first member of the family that bore the Christian name of Charlton, & for whom very possibly Sir Charlton Leighton Bt. stood Godfather and gave him this name.

To the best of my knowledge our ancestors George and Mary Whittall died young, at least the former, and their two sons, the times considered, inherited fair fortunes from their Grandfather the Hop merchant.

4. Great Uncle William & his descendants.

Of my Great Uncle William I need say little. When I knew him in my youth his fortune was so reduced that he lived as a Glove manufacturer. He was a kind-hearted, weak-minded & vain old man, a boaster of the consequence of the Whittall family, when he should have blushed at having brought it down so low in his own person. His wife was a member of the old and respectable family of the Welsh Percies. She was a fit mate for her husband, kind-hearted and weak-minded in the extreme, spoiling her children & helping him by her household mis-management, to ruin. If I believe aright, my Great Uncle William lost most of his fortune on the racecourse. Some of his descendants still exist in Worcestershire, but none to my knowledge well-to-do in the world. I only know one, a clerk in the firm of Hill Evans & Co. of Worcester, a good and steady person with children. There are also some old maids, daughters of his son George Percy still living

(Elizabeth, Selina and Emma, the three Geneva cousins (See Giraud p. 47) and the children of a deceased sister of theirs, Mary Anne, that married Mr. Alfred Chapman, of whom I may have to write, in connection with our family history in my Father's time. Before closing the subject of this branch of the family I may as well state that the finest family portrait in my possession is that of George Percy Whittall, who presented it to my Father. It is a large oil painting by an eminent artist Knight. R.A. On the first fly page of our family Bible is to be found also, the two following entries in the handwriting of my Grandfather: Sarah Galliers was born 23rd September 1762. Charlton Whittall and Sarah Galliers were married at Trinity Church, Chester, on Wednesday, 25th, March 1789.

5. My Grandfather Charlton Whittall.

These were my Grandfather and Grandmother & by the dates of birth noted, the latter was nearly two years older than her husband.

I never saw my Grandfather as he was dead before my arrival in England. From my Grandmother and others I learned the following particulars of him. At an early age & yet not before he had received a fair classical education, he entered the Royal Navy as midshipman & that he followed the naval profession until he had passed his examinations for Lieutenant. My Grandfather served at one of England's great naval combats of which he wrote a graphic description in his prayer book & which I have read. If I can find the book I will copy same in this volume.

My Grandfather was represented to me as resembling in person his nephew George Percy Whittall, (of whom I have the portrait), a gentlemen in manners & education, kind-hearted to a fault, & one who could never say "nay" to the appeals of even the unworthy. On his marriage, or even before, he must have quitted the naval service, his first step to ruin, for had he remained, with his then means he would probably have died an Admiral, in those times of easy promotion. I believe also, that on the strength of the fortune inherited from his Grandfather he went in as a sporting character in 'the racing line', which diminished his fortune. Let this be a warning to my descendants & make them refrain from betting & keeping race horses. I remember how my Grandmother retained to the day of her death an ill-feeling against her brother-in-law William & his family over the possession of the houses in Turkey Street, Worcester, which her husband lost in a gambling transaction.

4. Settling in Liverpool.

Shortly after his marriage my Grandfather went & settled in the town of Liverpool in Lancashire & set up as a merchant. He must still have possessed some fortune, as the first house inhabited by him in Liverpool was situated in the then fashionable Paradise Street, which was a mansion spacious enough to be converted into the Star and Garter Inn at which I once afterwards attended at a grand dinner given by the Commander of one of Hugh and Jas. Horn by and Co's China men, Ricketts by name, & an officer in the E.I. Co's fleet.

My Grandfather did not prosper in business as he was too easy going in everything. His proper feelings as a man & Christian made him abstain from entering into the African trade, which was the most lucrative of all in his time, that of slaves. We may thank God that he abstained from that horrid traffic, yet his career was ever a downward one until despair drove him into intemperate habits. These hastened his end, bringing on disease of the heart, by which he was carried off very suddenly. Let my descendants take warning from his sad fate & never give way to drinking, the great curse of England their Fatherland, also, to learn to say "nay" to the appeals of the unworthy, especially to their demands for loans or what is far worse to guarantee their debts by endorsing their bills. Harrowing are the details which I heard my Grandmother recount of her sufferings &

those of her children from her husband's conduct in these respects. To what a low point, alas, he, a gentleman & a man of education & of many virtues could fall. I would gladly have refrained from writing these painful details, but the truth must be told to serve as a warning. There is no family in this world without its "skeleton in the cupboard".

5. Will of James Whittall. dated 27th. June 1780.

Since writing the preceding six pages I have laid my hands on a document in the handwriting of my Grandfather, Charlton Whittall, of Liverpool, which is a copy of his Grandfather's James Whittall's last will and testament, & which shows that after paying certain legacies, my Grandfather was his sole heir & that only fifty pounds was left to his younger Grandson, William Whittall. It shows also that the testator had a daughter, Margaret Somner, of Chester widow: viz.

"This is the last Will and Testament of me James Whittall, of the parish of all Saints, Worcester, made this 27th day of June 1780. First I give and bequeath to my daughter in law Mary Whittall the two beds on which she and her two sons commonly sleep with the bedsteads, curtains, blankets, bed cloths and everything thereto belonging and also six pairs of sheets. Also I give, devise & bequeath unto my said Daughter in law Mary Whittall an annuity or yearly sum of ten pounds for and during the term of her natural life the first payment thereof to be made on the day that shall be twelve months next after the time of my decease. Also I give and bequeath to my daughter Margaret Somner of Chester widow the sum of thirty pounds to be paid to her but without interest at the end of three years next after the decease of my said daughter in law Mary Whittall. Also I give and bequeath to my grandson William Whittall the sum of fifty pounds to be paid him but without interest when he shall attain the age of twenty one years and I do direct my executor here after named at his expense to properly educate and bring up the said William Whittall to school and to find and provide for him proper food and raiment and properly educate and bring him to a trade or otherwise till he is twenty one years of age. Also I give and devise to my Grandson Charlton Whittall all my messuages and tenements, lands, Hereditaments and premises and real estate whatsoever and whosoever to hold to him the said Charlton Whittall his heirs and assigns for ever, subject nevertheless to the present encumbrances & the payment of the said annuity to my said Daughter in law and also I hereby give and bequeath to my said Grandson Charlton Whittall all the remainder of my goods, chattels and personal estate not herein by me before disposed of to hold to him his executors & for ever subject to the payment of the several legacies before mentioned (except the said annuity of ten pounds herein before charged on my real estate) & I hereby nominate my said grandson Charlton Whittall sole Executor of this my last Will and if I should happen to depart this life during his minority do recommend Mr. Hugh Williams of Worcester, Distiller, to be his Guardian and hereby revoking all former Wills I sign, seal, publish & declare this to be my last Will and Testament the day and year first above written."

James Whittall

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the Testator as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who at his request in his presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as witnesses.

Wm. Haden – Rd. Mug Mence - Jas. Ethersey.

(Extracts from the Register of Wills of the Diocese of Worcester:

19.12.1771. George Whittall died intestate, and his goods were held in custody for Mary

his wife.

22.8.1780. *James Whittall. Certified that the value of the estate does not exceed £300.*
(G.W.W.)

I have also found the original draft of the above will in the handwriting of the Testator, James Whittall. In it the witness William Haden (styled Alderman), and his brother Moses Haden with I. Peirman and John Williams he thought of appointing assistants to his Executor and for their trouble each gentleman to receive three guineas to be paid when it pleased them to demand same.

Although this Will does not state it, yet from its tenor, the daughter in law, Mary Whittall, my Great Grandmother, must have been a widow at the date the Will was drawn out. On my Grandfather's being admitted as Freeman of Worcester on the 21st. January 1798 by the then Mayor, Francis Wilson Esq., the document in my possession designates him as the first-born son of his late Father, George Whittall Tobacconist. By Tobacconist might mean either manufacturer or tobacco merchant. Whether my Great Grandfather left any fortune I have yet to ascertain, possibly his widow had some fortune of her own, as her family, the Speeds, was of some note and wealthy as shown by the fragment of a letter in my possession, written by Mary Speed, doubtless her Mother, On the outside it bears the address:

To.

Mr. Hugh Speed, at Mr. Edw. Wrenches, at ye sign of the Hand in Hand, Wood Street, London."

Apparently written June 18th. 1732, from the endorsement in another handwriting (that of the recipient) Mother, June 18th. 1732. The first part of the letter is missing & what remains is as follows;

"Morley and the per(sona)ll we paying of all legacies and funeral expenses the attorney made a mistake writing the letter in haste of which I give you an account of your Brother and you being left equal with me in the personall. The heads of the Will is as under; to Brother Gerrard the silver Tankard and Decanter. Sister Gerrard all her books. Cousin George Gerrard a hundred pounds. Sister Fearclough the House, Shops and Sellers in town, a silver Cup and her rings. Cousin William, one guinea. Myself a silver Teapot and a large silver Porringer. her silver spoons along with the rest of the personall to be equally divided. Some other trifling legacies Cousin George Gerrard's money sum she had out at interest in Cousin Croxton's hands. We found about a hundred pounds in the House.

Your money Brother says he will either take care to put it out to in good hands or keep it then you have occasion for it. We are now all going into mourning. Your Brother has a dark grey Druget which if you think fit of and have a mind to go into mourning if you will take a suit up and your master be pleased to advance the money. Send me a Bill and I will advance the money to Mr. Wrench.

Excuse haste. All friends join with me in respect of you.

I conclude with my Blessing, your loving Mother

(signed) Mary Speed."

6. Benjamin Whittall, Midshipman.

My Great-Grandfather had a Brother, Benjamin, who died young in the Service of his Country, as shown by the following copies of documents in my possessions:

1. These are to certify the Honble. Officers and Commissioners of his Majesty's Navy that

Benjamin Whittall, able seaman, served on board His Majesty's ship Dublin under my command in the station of Midshipman from the 13th. day of May 1757 to the 28th. of Jany. 1759, during which time he allways behaved with Diligence and Sobriety and always obedient to command.

Given under my hand on board the said ship, the 28th. day of Jan, 1759.

(signed) G.B.Rodney.

2. These are to certifie the Right. Honble. the Lords Commissioners for executing the Office of Lord High Admiral of Great Britain and Ireland, that Mr. Benjamin Whittall served in the Quality of Midshipman from the 24th. Feb. 1762 to 1 July 1762 on Board His Majesty's ship Cambridge under command of Capt. Win. Goustrey, who received a mortal wound engaging the Moors' castle at the Havana wherein he expired in an hour afterwards. During which time he behaved with care, sobriety and Diligence, being always obedient to command. Given under my hand aboard the said ship the date above mentioned in Chorrera Bay.

(signed) J. Phillips.

The first of the two preceding certificates is signed by G.B. Rodney, then a Captain of the Navy, and who afterwards became the celebrated Admiral & Earl of Rodney.

On the 23rd. June 1757, executed his power of attorney in the presence of G.B.Rodney, Thos. Atkinson & Wm. Brown constituting "My loving Brother George Whittall of the Parish of All Saints in the City of Worcester my attorney & for claiming his salary, prize money etc." The printed form being filled up in a singularly clear but almost female handwriting. With the documents was the following letter;

Little Town, Isle of Wight, June 5th 1873

Sir,

I have wrote to you twice before this since my arrival in England where to meet you in London but have never recd an answer, the certificate of your late brother I still have in my possession and shall bring them to London with me next week, you will hear of me at the Jamaica Coffee House. I am in your debt considerable and it gives me uneasiness not receiving an answer from you, so I beg you wont neglect meeting me as I should be glad to settle all affairs.

I am Sir,

Your most obedt. Humble Servant

William Stagg.

P.S. Please to give my compliments to your Father tho' an unknown friend.

(The date 1873 is clearly an error for 1773 in James' MSS).

From the foregoing it would appear that my Great Great Uncle Benjamin was mortally wounded at one of the many repeated attacks of the Fort Moro by the British forces under the Earl of Albemarle. The Moro fort was only carried or taken afterwards on the 30th. July 1762. Ten or eleven days later Havanah and the puntal fort capitulated. With the city the Spanish fleet also surrendered, the victors gaining in addition booty computed at nearly two millions sterling.

In the handwriting of my Grandfather the following piece of poetry of which I believe he was the author;

On Drowning an old Spaniel 1791.

By Hemp half strangled and half choked with mud,
And roll'd, perhaps to Gloucester, by the floods,
A Dog as harmless as a Dog could be
The muse would wish to save from infamy.
Old age & indolence, and teeth worn out
By carrying, like a puppy, stones about.
Deserved not death: Alas! a cur, whose brain
Boiled with the ferment of a fever's pain
By chance came by; ah, Prince what didst thou there?
Why then forget thy old preserver, fear?
He saw, he followed, mingled in the fray,
And if not bit, yet dirty came away;
Hence just suspicion claimed his forfeit blood,
He fell a victim to ye public good,
A fate more glorious sure no dog could hope,
It dignifies ye stone, the River and the rope.

I have heard that my Grandfather devoted much of his time to the discovery of perpetual motion, in which he failed like all others that preceded & that have succeeded him. During his time all the ancestral plate, Race Cups etc. were disposed of to meet pressing wants, with the exception of a silver tea service which I bought at the sale of my Father's effects & afterwards gave to my son Richard Watson Whittall. Of ancestral portraits preceding my Grandfather's generation, none have descended to me. Possibly some exist in the possession of the Perrin family, New Trafford Hall, Cheshire. Of my Grandfather himself I have only one cut out in black paper by that singularly gifted little boy Master Hubbard, who was a notoriety of his day. Also another cut out by him of my Grandmother, to the striking likeness of whom I can answer for. Even such trifling memorials often offer much interest to families. I possess a gold mourning ring of my Grandfather on which is inscribed C. Whittall, obt. 13 Jan. 1823, cet. 59. The little hair in it is still of a dark brown colour,

7. My Grandmother Sarah Whittall, née Galliers.

My Grandmother Sarah Whittall, née Galliers, was the daughter of a respectable Shropshire farmer. According to what she herself, told me her early years were spent in Shrewsbury or Ludlow, living with an Aunt there, so that she learnt with her better manners than those of a country maid. Notwithstanding her prominent Roman nose, she was considered in her youth one of the Shropshire belles. When I knew her, which was at the decline of life, she looked the type of a Roman matron, & it is not improbable that she was of Roman descent, possibly Galliers being a corruption of the name Gallia. Her features did not belie her character, she was stern, with a marked sense of what was right and wrong. She often told me "to do always my duty in life at whatever cost or peril". Thanks to my good Grandmother's energy and management the family did not reach a pauper's fate, and although of little education she yet succeeded in giving my Father a good classical education and to her daughters music, drawing and other accomplishments taught. She kept a rigid hand over her children's conduct, who, otherwise, would have been spoilt through the weakness of their father. Without being vain yet my Grandmother was a proud & ambitious woman. From her counsels & warnings I got my horror of low associates, of doing anything wrong or mean, of gambling, intemperance and getting into

debt, to which I attribute my success in life & under many adverse circumstances. Peace be to her memory & may my descendants ever respect and venerate it. I was constantly by her during her last illness and present at her last moments, in which the last words uttered were: "It is hard to live but it is harder to die," My Grandmother was a Methodist in religious belief and had a great horror of the Roman Catholic religion. Notwithstanding this she still possessed some of the old superstitions, she held to fasting on Good Friday & also attributed in some measure to death having occurred in her house, to having played at cards, inadvertently, on the evening of a Good Friday.

I learnt much of our family's history from my Grandmother. This was during her last illness when, in the absence of her daughter Mary on a trip to Smyrna, I was the only one to take care of her. Amongst other things she imparted to me was that my Grandfather had contested in law & had failed to establish the right to the ownership of New Trafford Hall & estate attached thereto, in Cheshire.

8. The Trafford Estate.

She maintained that this estate ought to have been her husband's, but that it had wrongfully got into the possession of the Perryns, through my Grandfather's cousin of that name & the occupier of the same, being a Judge. The old lady used also say that it would return to our family as the family unjustly holding it, was consumptive. Amongst the family papers in my possession there are several Deeds in parchment of the time of the reign of King James, on the possession of which doubtless my Grandfather founded his claim, also other documents connected with same. They establish that the Trafford hall and estate annexed to it belonged originally to the Garrard or Gerrard family, the name is spelt both ways, consequently the Perryns & Whittalls were only entitled to it from female descent.

In the English newspapers of January 1878 the following paragraph appeared: "Sudden death at Oxford. The Revd. E.A. Perryn D.D. of Trafford Hall, Chester, formally Scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford, died suddenly at the Randolph Hotel, on Friday night. Mr. Perryn was Lord of the Manor of Wimbolds, Trafford, Chester and was formerly curate of Grappenhall, Chester, & of Guilders, Sutton, near Chester, and was in the 55th year of his age."

God knows I wish no harm to the Perryn family, of which the male members apparently from the devil's profession of the "Law" have changed to the holier one of that of the Church of England or Anglican, yet should the Trafford estate ever come into the market for sale, I trust one of my descendants will become the purchaser of it, for instance, my son Frederick George Whittall, who at present resides at Bowdon in Cheshire.

The Liverpool of the time when the Whittalls first went there must have been a very small, although a rising place. As already stated, Paradise Street, now the centre of trade with only shops and taverns in it, was then the fashionable quarter. The then representatives of many families of note of this day, such as the Gladstones, the Ewarts and others, were such small people that I have heard my Grandmother say that they felt honoured by her husbands' noticing them. At that time the money made was chiefly by the infamous slave traffic, but the fortunes made by it brought a curse to those who made them & those families are 'no-where' or as then to be pointed out as labouring under God's anger.

9. School in Liverpool.

When I was sent to England for my education in 1826 & placed under my Grandmother's care, she with her unmarried daughter Mary lived in a small house, with a little garden before it, situated in Finch Street, then almost in the country & a respectable quarter. We afterwards moved to a larger house, with a garden to the back, in Daulby Street, in which my Grandmother breathed her last, surrounded by her daughter Mary, George Percy Whittall his wife and myself. She died on the... of 183... and was not interred for a week as usual in England. In her shroud my Grandmother's features recovered something of their youthful expression and showed she must have been good-looking in her youth. Her remains were placed in the family grave in St. James churchyard, where lay those of my Grandfather and three of her children that died before her, Sarah, George & William.

Before dying my Grandmother made her Will & appointed as her sole executor George Percy Whittall of Worcester. She left a piece of land she possessed at Everton and her furniture, in trust, to her daughter Mary and her heirs should she marry, after her to go to my Father or his eldest male heir. Whilst George Percy Whittall lived he held the trust money & at his death the trust not having lapsed, the money fell into the hands of his son-in-law and successor Mr. Alfred Chapman. This individual, through imprudent commercial speculations, came to grief & absconded from his creditors, taking with him, it is supposed, a large sum of money. With him vanished the money left by my Grandmother. Nothing more has been heard of the man Chapman & whether he be living or dead I know not, nor do I entertain the slightest hope of his ever turning up or paying me the amount which should have come to me at my Father's death. I make mention of this unpleasant family interest, that it may serve as a warning to my descendants always to appoint two or more executors or trustees in their Wills, to ensure their heirs of being robbed of their inheritance.

10. Relations in England.

In the family Bible are noted the births of my Grandfather & Grandmother Whittall's children as follows;

Sarah Whittall was born January 15th. 1790.

Charlton Whittall (my Father) do. July 4th. 1791

George Whittall do. August 9th. 1792

James Whittall do. June 9th. 1798

Mary Whittall do. Feby. 4th. 1800

William Whittall do Augst. 16th. 1804.

Of these children two died young, George on the 27th. Dec. 1798 & William on the 28th. August 1806, as noted in the family Bible.

My Aunt Sarah, according to a gold mourning ring in my possession, died on the 15th. May 1823 at the early age of 33. I consequently never saw her. She must have been very handsome, as shown in a very beautiful miniature I have of her by a celebrated Liverpool artist, whose name has escaped my memory. My Aunt Sarah, poor thing, died from Consumption, brought on, very possibly, by witnessing the misery & hard times of her family. I never heard of any other Whittall dying of consumption. I mention this as there exists in England a very proper repugnance against contracting alliances with families tainted with hereditary consumption, scrofula or madness. Let my descendants scrupulously avoid contracting such alliances!

My Aunt Mary, were it not for being fearfully pock-marked, would have been as handsome as her sister Sarah. She possessed very regular & delicate features & a graceful

figure. I have two good portraits of her, one a miniature by Turmeau, a highly thought of artist of Liverpool, and another a large oil-painting taken, at a more advanced age, by a German painter. Both figure amongst the family portraits in my dining room.

My Aunt Mary's education had not been neglected and she possessed many accomplishments. She drew well & her water colour drawings showed talent, having been a pupil of Samuel Austin, a Liverpool artist of some repute. Altogether my Aunt was a clever woman with considerable wit & strength of character.

After her Mother's death she devoted the best years of her life in taking care of the numerous nephews & nieces sent from Smyrna to England for their education. A responsible and thankless task cheerfully undertaken by her & for which she got little return afterwards from her youthful charges. She remained single on their account, having refused several advantageous offers of marriage sooner than abandon the care of the children to others.

In the year 1831 my Aunt Mary made a voyage to Smyrna, of which she gives interesting particulars in a journal she kept. In page No 21 of Appendix Volume, I give a copy of this. She must have been the only Women who ever set foot on Graham Island before it finally disappeared and became the existing shoal near Malta.

After all her nephews and nieces finished their educations in England, she came and lived with her brother (my Father) in Smyrna, where she died on the ... of ... 1850 from the effects of a severe cold. Her constitution had been undermined before her coming to Smyrna by a severe attack of pleurisy whilst still in England. The remains of my Aunt Mary lie in the family vault of the Whittall cemetery adjoining the Roman Catholic Church in Bournabat, to which they were removed from the town British cemetery at the same time as those of my Uncle James and his wife.

My uncle James on leaving school was placed in a merchant's office in Liverpool where he received his first commercial education. He afterwards was sent out to Smyrna and, after a little time, became his brother's (my Father's) partner, but with only a third share in the firm of C. Whittall and Co. I need not speak of his commercial career as it is blended in that of my Father's. He was not clever in business as my parent was. In person my Uncle James was of middle size & stout build, in manners bluff and genial but not over polished. He was a Freemason.

My Uncle James married a Miss Mary Schnell, member of a family of Hanoverian extraction & also of the Reformed faith. Of this union only one boy, to my knowledge, named George died in early youth. The remaining children, six in number, are still living;

Emily, born 9th. June 1826

James, born 29th. May 1827

Mary, born 12th. Sept. 1828

Charlton, born 14th. January 1830

Edward, born 23rd. April 1832

Ellen Banche, born 19th. February 1831.

Being very corpulent & short-necked my Uncle James was suddenly carried off by apoplexy on the 27th. day of December 1836, and his widow did not long survive him, dying from a nervous fever.

The last years of my poor Uncle's life were embittered by his having built at Bournabat the mansion I now possess & inhabit, which cost him a much larger sum than he had anticipated on commencing it & more than his means warranted him to spend. Let my descendants keep in mind the adage: "that fools build houses and wise men live in them," for as sure as fate, every one that builds a house finds that he spends over it three times the amount of his original estimate.

I know of nothing memorable in the life of my Uncle. Amongst other family records I have found a sort of journal he kept in the year 1822 during a voyage in the Archipelago in connection with business. As it contains some particulars of events connected with the Greek struggle for independence, I give a copy of same in my Appendix Volume Page 36.

11. The Life of my Father, Charlton Whittall, the Founder of the Whittall Family in Turkey.

Copy of Baptismal Certificate.

Charlton Whittall, son of Charlton Whittall, merchant, and Sarah (his wife, formerly Galliers) his wife was born on the fourth day of July 1791 and baptized on the fifth of August in the year of our Lord 1791 as appears by the Register of St. Thomas' Church in Liverpool, the same being examined this 3rd day of July in the year 1811 by one (signed) Robert Harrison, Clerk.

As already related in this volume my Father saw first the light in this world on the 4th July 1791. As Saint Fortunatus's day one of happy augury, but, unfortunately, it was also the anniversary of the American Independence, and amongst those who participated in the Liverpool festivities of the day was the family Doctor. For a long time he could not be found and only arrived just in time to save both the Mother's and the infant's life. The child so born was a "wee bairn", & for many a year his Mother despaired of rearing him. Thanks to unwearied maternal care the infant ailments were overcome, but in manhood the child never attained over five feet three inches in stature. In after life when my Father had attained eminence as a leading merchant in Smyrna, renowned for his unswerving probity, munificence & never failing benevolence, he was designated by the Turks as the "kutchuk buyuk adam" or the little big or great man. Notwithstanding his short stature, my parent's regular features and intellectual countenance, his ever erect and well proportioned figure & his dignified deportment always impressed others as his being a man of superior stamp.

Considerable care must have been taken over his education. He was brought up at Dr. Lewson's school, then the best educational institution in Liverpool. Besides a good grounding in English, my Father also acquired a fair knowledge of the Classics and Mathematics.

As usual in his day for youths intended for commercial pursuits; my Father was placed at an early age in a merchant's office. He must have displayed in it much ability and capacity for his principal Mr. R.F. Breed, who traded with Smyrna, to have considered him fit at the age of nineteen years to be sent out to said city to replace an agent who didn't afford satisfaction.

The firm was styled R.F. Breed & Co. doing, an extensive business with foreign countries and more especially with the United States, its chief being an American citizen. A large portrait of him in oil colours is in the possession of my son Richard W. Whittall, which he purchased at the sale of his Grandfather's effects.

The following is a copy of a letter outlining his terms of service in Smyrna:

Liverpool, 4th. July 1811,
Mr. Charlton Whittall.

Sir,

You will consider your salary from this day to be at the rate of two hundred pounds p annum for the first year that may expire during which you shall transact the business of the Milo, at Gibraltar, Malta, Messina, Palermo and Smyrna, or any other of my business at the latter port, or in any part of the Mediterranean; and for the second year that you may continue to conduct my business in the Mediterranean your salary shall be at the rate of two hundred and fifty pounds; and to advance fifty pounds p annum until it shall amount to five hundred pound p annum.

Wishing you health and happiness

I remain truly your friend

R.F. Breed.

The £40 forty pounds in money advanced you here you will consider to be a present.

By the annexed copy of a letter from his principal it will be seen that my Father on his twentieth birthday begun receiving £200 a year for his services, with the prospect of a progressive increase of £50 per annum. Shortly afterwards, he must have sailed onboard the "Milo" for the Mediterranean in the capacity of supercargo. It was in wartime when merchant vessels had to sail under convoy or under the protection of British ships of war, & I have heard my parent say that he did not reach his final destination, Smyrna in Asia Minor, in less than six months time, calling on the way at the intermediate ports of Gibraltar, Messina, Malta and other places for the purpose of selling the merchandise loaded onto his vessel. As his future agent in the Levant, Mr. Breed applied for and got him admitted as member of the Levant Company. He received his Freedom of the Honorable Levant Company on the 13th. February 1812, before being of age, as shown by the following copy of his certificate in my possession viz,

Levant Company's House

I hereby certify, that Mr. Charlton Whittall jr. Merchant of Smirna was, on the 13th. day of February 1812 duly admitted to the Freedom of the Levant Company, agreeably to Act of Parliament.

(signed) George Liddell
Secretary.

I have as yet been unable to lay my hands on any letters written by my Father to his relatives from the Mediterranean ports he called at, or from Smyrna after his arrival there. They would have been highly interesting as in them he doubtless communicated his first impressions of foreign parts and of the city in which he was fated to settle for the remainder of his long life. Judging by what is written in his own handwriting on the fly-page of a prayer Book in pencil viz: Charlton Whittall jr. of Liverpool at Smyrna 1st March 1812, he probably reached his destination at said date. On landing he must have been received by a Mr. Devon, whom he was to supersede as agent for R.F. Breed & Co.

Smyrna at this time was already styled by the Turks as Giaour Izmir & had earned the

reputation of being the Paris of the Levant from its large European colony embracing the English, French and Dutch factories, its many reputed wealthy commercial firms, the high class standing of the merchants, their polished manners & superior style of living, their fine & spacious mansions in the town as well as in the surrounding villages, luxuriously furnished for those times. The Frank Casino was then a most aristocratic and exclusive Institution, its members restricted to the European colonists, only the respectable members of the mercantile and professional classes & the Consular officials being admitted after special balloting & when three black balls sufficed to exclude the aspirant proposed. The Consuls of that day were of a superior class, amongst the Dutch it was an hereditary post in the family of the Counts de Hochepped. Smyrna could also boast of its remarkable men like the renowned antiquaries & authors Guys, Cousinery, Fauvel & others. The merchants lived in Frank Hanes of their own, extending from the main street, styled the Frank Street, down to the Water's edge, terminating generally with a kiosk on the harbour with projecting jetties in the bay. Smyrna was likewise a favourite naval station & foreign ships of war made prolonged stays there, so that the officers almost made part of the European society, thus arose many intermarriages between officers & the young ladies of the city, such as those of Lord Radstock & the Count de Chabanne with members of the Dutch family of Van Lennep, besides other similar alliances. In the British community the families of note were those of Lee, Malta, Boddington, Werry, Perkins, Wilkinson, Wilkin, Woodmuss, Jackson, Gout, Hayes, Barker, La Fontaine etc. The British Consul was Mr. Werry a somewhat eccentric character but an Englishman to the backbone.

The population of Smyrna was then within a hundred thousand, with a larger proportion of the mahometan element than of late years. The Pacha was the somewhat notorious rebel Kiatipoglu, who held his own for many years against his sovereign, although, at last, he was subdued and bowstrung. The dreaded Janissaries were still all powerful and ruled both the Sultan and the Country.

Such was Smyrna & its inhabitants when my parent, a youthful, inexperienced Englishman, looking younger than twenty from his short stature, landed to settle there as agent for a Liverpool firm. Of his commercial career I unfortunately can say little, not having discovered any letters or correspondence to enlighten me on the subject, but that his principal was well pleased with his services is clearly shown in the following copy of a letter he addressed to my Grandmother:

London, 5th. January 1813.

Madam,

Conceiving that it is not possible to convey to your son Charlton my approbation of his conduct, in a more agreeable manner than through the medium of his Mother, I have taken the liberty to order a small present in token thereof, to be handed to you by your other son, who is in my office, the acceptance of which I request,
And am your
most hum. & obedt. Sr.

(signed) R.F. Breed

In conversation with my Father I have heard him say that, that England at that time being

at war with France, the English vessel under his charge as supercargo was provided with forged American papers to show in the event of encountering any French cruisers. I fancy that he, himself, had become a Freemason before leaving Liverpool for his own personal welfare had he had the misfortune of falling into the hands of the enemy. My parents description of his first impressions on reaching Smyrna was very ludicrous, for instance his mistaking the Armenian House brokers with their large Kalpaks, that came off to land him, for Turks, & his refusing to admit them on board his vessel at first. His reception by Consul Werry was cordial & characteristic of the man. "Mr. Whittall," said he, "I hear you have come to settle in Smyrna, well, it is my duty to counsel you as a newcomer, now the first warning I have to give you is never to trust a Greek, with one exception, naming the individual, they are the greatest scoundrels that ever existed under the sun." Six months later on he sent for my Father to tell him that he had discovered the honest Greek to be worse than his fellows!

As regards my parent's commercial career whilst acting as agent for Mr. Breed, he, of course, had simply to follow the instructions of his principal & to afford him satisfaction, which he evidently did as shown in the letter addressed by Mr, Breed to my Grandmother. Notwithstanding his youth, however, his commercial abilities, good education & general intelligence combined to his being a member of the Levant & representative of a respectable mercantile firm in Liverpool soon obtained for him a prominent position among the Europeans in Smyrna. This position was further assured on his marriage with my Mother Magdeleine Victoire Blanche Giraud, of whose family I give some account in my appendix. Her marriage portion consisted of a third share of the Giraud Frankhane, now bearing our family name & owned by myself in the city of Smyrna, the fine Giraud country mansion at Bournabat, now in the possession of Mr. Hagi Costi; some fine jewels, chiefly of the Cortazzi diamonds, valued then at a thousand pounds sterling, besides the third share of the furniture & personal effects of her father, who had died some time before her alliance with mine. This union threw my father into connection with French society as well as with that of his own countrymen.

How shall I describe my beloved Mother? As the only daughter and idol of her Father's heart she was most carefully brought up and no money spared over her education and in teaching her the accomplishments of a young lady. She became as proficient in music and singing, playing admirably on the piano and the harp, and her voice was a powerful and well modulated one. Having always belonged to the first circles of society in Smyrna and been accustomed to receive the distinguished savants and travellers that frequented her Father's house, she early acquired great self-possession and most polished manners, even for a Frenchwoman.

Without being a beauty she was very fascinating and pleasing in looks. Tall for one of the fair sex with a very erect and graceful figure, she at first impressed the beholder as being haughty, but her gentle feminine smile soon dispel'd that impression. I never knew a woman who possessed in so high a degree the tact of never giving offence or pain, or one who had so high a regard for the feeling of others. Although of the Roman Catholic faith she had none of the narrow-mindedness of those of her Church inhabiting Smyrna. With a sincere and true piety she was tolerance itself and to all she was equally good. Sufficient was it to her that her neighbour was suffering from want, sickness or grief to move her compassion. Neither creed nor race made any difference to her, whether Mahometan, Jew or Christian, all were alike to her and had her aid and succour. A gentle word and smile ever awaited the poor that approached her. Proud may my descendants feel at having had

such a noble ancestress, whose virtues and charitable acts are still the household words of the poor she succoured in her lifetime, and her memory will long be preserved among them even by tradition.

With such a partner in early life it is not surprising that he himself, should have acquired those refined and dignified manners which so prominently distinguished my Father among Englishmen.

In my appendix volume will be found an account of my parents, having boldly and generously given hospitality and refuge to Savory, Duke of Rovigo, and to General Lallemand, both followers of Napoleon the First, and at that time proscribed and pursued by the French officials of the restored Bourbon dynasty. Doubtless my Father, then young, must have acquired much of his knowledge of the world and of modern events from his two distinguished guests. After the fall of Napoleon and the restoration of peace to Europe, also, many distinguished travellers came to Smyrna, of whom my Father saw a good deal, receiving them at his house, which, likewise, must have greatly contributed to the opening of his mind. Many of these travellers published their travels, in which my Father's name figures. As these books fall into my hands I will copy into my appendix volume extracts from these works for the edification of my descendants.

In my appendix volume I make allusion to my Father's having had as his French master Mons. de Lascaris Ventimille, an ancient Knight of Malta. Concerning this strange personage I have found a curious letter among my Father's papers, written by one Peltier from London to Mr. Lee of Smyrna dated 5th May 1816. I give a copy of it in my Appendix Volume as a strange relic of the ideas of some enthusiasts of said times. It is a pity that I do not possess the key to some of its allusions.

PART II

APPENDIX to

NOTES ON THE WHITTALL FAMILY

For the information of his Descendants

By

JAMES WHITTALL

Or

**According to the Smyrna Consulate Church Register,
James John, son of Charlton and Magdaleine Blanche Whittall,
born at Smyrna 26th. October 1819.**

THE CORTAZZI FAMILY

**Nous, Conseiller de Cours de sa Majesté l'Empereur de toutes les Russes, son
Consul General a Smyrne et Chevalier de l' Ordre de St. Wladimir de la 4eme.
Classe.**

Sur l'instance á nous faite par Mons. Pierre Cortazzi, domicilié en cette ville, qui nous auroit exposé que son frère majeure ou aîné se trouvant domicilié sur le territoire du glorieux Empire de Russie, dont il auroit dument pris acte de naissance du Métropolitain de cette ville qu'il nous auroit exhibé du nom de Jean Cortazzi, lui faisait réquisition par mandat adhoc de faire procéder par ce Consulat General á la vérification des titres et documents existants en mains de la famille des Cortazzi, prouvant et constatant que la dite famille est d'une noblesse ancienne et averié sur quoi il nous auroit remis trois liasses de papier duement scellés, signés et authentiques. Le premier contenant vingt trois documents passés en tems et extraits des Chancelleries du Sénat de Venise, de ceux du Royaume de Candie, de ceux du Royaume de Morée lorsque ces pays étaient en pouvoir de la République de Venise. La seconde liasse ou cayer contenant quarante trois actes ou instrumens de même que le premier et le troisième treize actes ou documens lesquels tous écrits les uns en idiome Grec, les autres en Latin, et les autres en Italien, lesquels tous actes et documens contenus dans les trois liasses ou cayers nous aurions duement examine et computé tout ces titres originaux que les copies authentiques légales tant des Doges et Dues de- Venise que des Gouvernemens Généraux de Candie et de Morée, Amiraux de la République de Venise son Consul des Sages. Sur quoi nous aurions forme ce suivant résumé historique et provant de l'ancienneté & Noblesse de la famille de Cortazzi. L'an 1182 Alexis Comnène, Empereur Grec, envoya en Candie son fils Isaac pour Vice Roy avec 101 galères, douze desquelles étaient montées par douze Nobles Constantinopolitaines avec leurs familles formant en tout quatre vingt dix personnes. Ces Nobles furent envoyes par l'Empereur comme pour commander la Candie après en avoir soumis les peuples rebelles. Etant heureuse-ment arrivé dans les ports de cette île, ils effectuèrent leur débarquement et ensuite mirent le feu á toutes leurs galères afin d'en imposer davantage á ces peuples indociles. Cette mesure obtint son effet et ils se soumirent sur les champs et ils abandonnèrent la paisible possession de l'Isle aux douze nobles familles Constantinopolitaines, une desquelles était celle des Cortazzi. Isaac Comnène ayant ensuite divisé le Royaume de Candie en fiefs aux douze Nobles familles leur laissa aussi le commandement et la direction du Royaume avec le titre de Noble Crétois, et fut rappelle par l'Empereur son père qui attendu son age avança voulu l'avoir auprés de lui. Il partit de l'Isle en 1185 et avant de se rendre á Constantinople il fit les voyages du Mont Saint, Mont Sinai, Jérusalem et divers autres lieux ou il laissa des riches présens qui dans plusieurs endroits qu'il visita subsistent encore.

Isaac Comnène ayant succédé á l'Empire avec son père Andronico, d'un commun accord ils marièrent leur soeur dans l'annexe 1185 á Boniface, Marquis de Montferrat & lui constituèrent en dot le Royaume de Candie & Salonique. Mais, comme ces lieux étaient très éloignés de sa résidence il en passa la vente en 1204 á la République de Venise pour la somme de 100/m pauperi & mille marks d'argent sous le Dogeat de Enrico Dandolo. En conséquence de cette vente les Vénitiens firent partir une flotte sous le commandement du Noble Renier premarin provéditeur de l'armée & avec lui une colonie de nobles Vénitiens et des transports d'infanterie pour se mettre en possession du Royaume de Candie. Mais les douze nobles familles crétoises soulevèrent la totalité du peuple en leur

faveur & à la suite de divers combats sanglans détruisaient totalement la flotte Vénitienne.

Le Sénat de Venise se vit contraint d'expédier une autre armée qui fut également repoussée et détruite. Les douze familles nobles crétoises qui étaient devenues très puissantes ne voulant pas perdre leurs biens et abandonner l'autorité dont elles jouissent depuis tant d'années.

Enfin après cinquante-huit ans d'opposition et de guerre, le Sénat usant de cette prudence qui le caractérisait, proposa un arrangement en s'obligeant de laisser les douze nobles familles Crétoises comme elles étaient par le passé, avec la condition que le peuple de Candie se soumettroit et reconnaitroit pour souverain la République.

Ces conditions furent acceptées et signées le mois de Février 1264 entre le Noble Marco Dandolo et les douze familles nobles Crétoises avec le consentement unanime du peuple qui tous jurèrent paix & obéissance à la République Vénitienne, ce qui fut confirmé et ratifié par un décret du Sénat, par lequel il confirma aux douze familles la possession de l'île divisée en douze fiefs, leur accordant leur cavalerie, les traitant honorablement et leur concédant toutes les prérogatives et privilèges dont précédemment elles jouissaient paisiblement & sans aucun trouble durant 405 ans, c'est à dire depuis 1264 jusqu'à 1669, qu'après vingt quatre ans de résistance, l'île fut conquise par les Ottomans. A cette époque diverses familles des douze se soumirent à eux et les autres ne voulant pas supporter ce joug abandonnèrent leurs biens et se rendirent à Venise parmi celles-ci la famille Cortazzi à laquelle il fut donné par la République à la suite de ses longs & mémorables services tant aux armées que dans l'administration des possessions considérables dans le Royaume de Morée, dont ils furent mis en possession.

Divers années s'étant écoulées, une nouvelle rupture éclata entre la République et la Porte Ottomane, celle-ci s'emparant de la Morée la famille Cortazzi fut réduite et traînée en esclavage par les Turcs. Ses parents aidés par le Sénat les rachetèrent et ils vinrent se fixer à Venise, ou après quelques années de séjour & la conclusion de la paix entre la Porte et la République, le Sénat, en récompense de leurs services nomma un des Cortazzi Consul à Smyrna, emploi qui par eux a été rempli de père en fils à deux ans presque jusqu'à l'époque où la République de Venise par le Traité de Campo Formio passa sous la Domination de l'Autriche.

De quoi tout nous délivrons acte et attestation en suite des pièces probantes et authentiques à nous exhibées & plus haut énumérées et avons signé le présent contresigné par M. le Vice-consul de ce Consulat Général qui y a apposé le Sceau Aa Smyrne le dix huitième jour de mois Mars mille huit cent.

In addition to the foregoing reference to the Cortazzi family recourse may be made to the Old Histories of the Republic of Venice, in which their deeds of arms & in civil capacities are spoken of. I believe, also, that a branch of the family went & settled at Salonica ruling there. A member of it brought the running water that still supplies the city from a neighbouring mountain & that still bears the family name. This branch of the family adopted in their armorial bearings a stream flowing from a mountain side.

The foregoing official attestation of the antiquity & high nobility of the Cortazzi family was obtained for a female branch of it that settled at Odessa, & who, although Tricorns by

right, adopted their mother's maiden name.

1. Our Descent from the Cortazzi Family.

The last Cortazzi who held the post of Venetian Consul at Smyrna was my maternal Great Grandfather. Of him I have two portraits, one a large oil painting in which he figures in his uniform and the other a small water colour by Count Valdimar, in which my maternal ancestor is depicted in extreme old age, wrapped up in a fur pelisse. Amongst my family portraits I have also that of his Wife, a large-sized and extremely curious picture. She was one of an illustrious family, a Contessa Capo d'Istria, of the same race as the President of Greece who was assassinated. My ancestress wears the curious costume and headdress of her time, the fur on the dress being ermine. They were of different religious faiths, that of the husband being Greek Orthodox, whilst the wife was a Roman Catholic.

2. My Great-Grandmother Cortazzi, nee Capo d'Istria

My Great-Grandmother was celebrated for having been the Mother of thirty two children. Of these no males attained maturity, but by the females there are numerous descendants in almost every part of the globe. Even in England, beside my son Frederick George and his children, the Hornby's of Sandown Hall, the Murray's of Hornby House, the Jones of Lark Hill, the Turdis of Queens-town beside other families claim their descent from her. She must have been of a very masculine character, as curious tales are told of the dread in which she was held by the unruly Slavonians under her husband's protection, upon whom she inflicted the bastinado when offended. She did not reach an advanced age having fallen a victim to rupture from over-childbearing. Her remains are interred in the vaults of the Catholic Church of Chocolants, commonly called the Austrian Church.

3. My Great-Grandfather Cortazzi.

My Great-Grandfather Cortazzi must have been wealthy as he owned and lived in the fine double Prankhane, which passed into the hands of the Baltazzi family, & in the principal house of which the Tidjaret, or mixed Commercial Tribunal now holds its offices. His Country house was in the village of Bournabat, the first fine one built there by a European. It no longer exists having been razed to the ground, & the site, being near to the bazaar of the village is now converted into a coffee house and shops. My Great-Grandfather's most notable public act was his having obtained a firman from the Porte to build a Bund, or reservoir of water in the vicinity of Homer's grotto, & bringing the water so collected at his own expense to Bournabat, which greatly contributed to its becoming the fine village it now is with its splendid houses and gardens.

From my Mother who knew her Grandfather I have heard some particulars of him, of the great style he lived in, his power from the number of Slavonians under his sway, who inspired even the respect of the Mahometans of Smyrna; how a Greek priest acted as his chaplain & read before him morning prayers while he leisurely partook of his breakfast, allowing his lordly person afterwards to be perfumed by the priest by the burning of incense; how on state & religious occasions the Church honoured him with lighted candles preceding his august person. Alas! Poor humanity! Fortunately for the credit of his memory it was not under his Consular rule that the fearful massacre of the Christian population took place, but under that of his successor. Of this terrific public calamity of Smyrna I shall have to write later on.

The daughter from whom we hold our descent from the Cortazzi family first married a Mr. Tricon, by whom her eldest son was adopted by her Father & took his name. From

this son are descended the Cortazzis of Odessa. On her becoming a widow she became the wife of my Grandfather, Jean Baptiste Giraud, of whom I shall have to write in connection with the Giraud family. Of both my maternal Grandfather and Grandmother I have nice but somewhat faded miniatures, from which are taken the portraits in oil in my dining room.

4. My Grandmother, Mme. Giraud, nee Helene Cortazzi, daughter of Venetian Consul Cortazzi by his wife née Contessa Capo d'Istria.

I have a faint recollection of my Grandmother as a stout & very erect & tall old lady. She dressed pretty nearly as represented in her portrait, possessed a somewhat stentorian voice & inspired no little awe in my youthful mind. Her conversational powers were great & her manners were those 'd'une grande Dame.' As her Mother, she was masculine minded & I have heard my Father recount a curious account of her last hours. The immediate cause of her death was a tumour produced by her imprudently riding to town at her very advanced age. When gangrene manifested itself, her family assembled & with her physician, the old Dr. Cross, for their mouthpiece, went to her bedside to announce the sad news. On Dr. Gross's first words she understood the state of matters and exclaimed: "You old fool, out with it, am I going to die?" On receiving an affirmative reply she said "of course I have to die, like all others and you also will have to do so soon". After this she begged all to retire from her bedroom, except her waiting maid, so as to prepare for her death. After some time the bedroom door was opened wide and all outside were invited to go in. They found her propped up with cushions, after having performed an elaborate toilet in which the pencilling of the eyebrows and the roseate tinting of her cheeks was not neglected. She then proceeded to say 'farewell' to those present, to her children first down gradually to the servants, to whom she gave her hands to be kissed. The priest was then called into near her confession and after that the Holy Sacrament was administered to her. The poor priest, abashed before such an august penitent, by misadventure offered the Holy Wafer with his left hand, upon perceiving which, she looked at him & asked the question of "man, where were you brought up to offer a lady anything with the wrong hand?" which discomfited the unfortunate priest to the point of almost dropping what he held. This delicate point being arranged, the last offices of the dying were gone through, & she quietly breathed her last. From this I judge that the noble daughters of Venice, inscribed in the Golden Book of the Republic, considered themselves, of no common clay. She died in my Father's house & was interred in the family vault of the Girauds in the Church of the Capucines, belonging to the French nation, or, more properly speaking under its protection.

A curious sight it must have been, often witnessed by my father & related by him to myself, the visits of Admiral Dandolo, commanding the Austrian squadron, to my Grandmother, on which occasions he respectfully kissed the hand of the venerable, noble daughter of Venice, whose ancestors and his had bravely fought against each other, then reconciled & fighting again on the same side. The pair talking as descendants of such illustrious families, of the past glories, and then deploring the then recent and sad downfall of the once all-powerful Republic of Venice. I saw Admiral Dandolo, then very old In 1846 at Venice wearing his uniform of the Insignia of the Golden Fleece, as an Austrian dignitary, at the service in St. Mark's Cathedral in honour of the Emperor's birthday. Venice is now united to Italy, will she ever regain her former position of the City of the Sea? Alas, No.'

I possess a fine relic of my Great-Grandfather Cortazzi, a splendid large ancient Greek

cameo bearing the head of Socrates, He wore it as a ring set around with diamonds. It is now set in a gold bracelet with family hair and forms part of my wife's jewels. From the Cortazzi family have descended to us many beautiful diamonds, brilliants of the finest water. Some now are my wife's, others are among the jewels of my daughter Mrs. Wilkinson, & others in a necklace and ring in the possession of my Daughter-in-law, Mrs. W. Jas. Whittall of Constantinople.

According to my Mother, my Great-Grandfather Cortazzi had a great taste for porcelain with which his dining room was surrounded on shelves. During the last days of his advanced life he got into the hands of some female favourite who preyed upon his fortune to the detriment of his family. He was buried in one of the vaults of the Greek Orthodox Cathedral of St. Photini, & had a fine slab monument over his remains which probably exists to this day.

Of the Tricon Cortazzis that settled in Odessa, one, namely Louisa married Mr. Hugh Hornby & is still living at Sandown Hall, near Liverpool. She was ever a kind relation to me and mine. Through her influence I was made an apprentice of her husband's commercial firm, Hugh & Jos. Hornby & Co. of Liverpool. I remained their apprentice three years & with them begun my commercial career. During my time they did an extensive trade with Russia in tallow and other produce of that Empire, supplying it also with West Indian sugars besides doing a large trade with China and the West Indies owning Indiamen etc. Another of the Odessa Cortazzis, named James, was for many years Mayor of the City, & held a very distinguished position there. His great friend was Prince Woronzow & the Imperial Family also looked upon him with great favour. According to all accounts James Cortazzi was distinguished by his gentlemanly manners & bearing & also by his being a very clever man.

One of his brothers, Richard, married a member of the Roumanian princely family Mavroyanni, another brother, John, married a sister of Mr. Hugh Hornby, by whom he had issue, two daughters still living, & I believe a son, a civil engineer. Lastly another sister Mimi, a charming spinster of 85 or upwards, still living, of great conversational powers & who always imagines herself young.

We are connected with the Wilkinson family through a Mlle. Majastre who married a Mr. Wilkinson, for many years Her Majesty's Consul at Syra, and the Father of my son-in-law Richard Wilkinson, now British Consul at Malaga in Spain. Another Mlle. Majastre married a French merchant named Fonton, hence arises the connection with the family bearing that name.

I leave my descendants to regain their ancestral possessions, the twelfth part of Candia, the domains held in the Morea & sway at Salonica. If they fear God, respect themselves and act with a determined will, this might be accomplished within the space of a century. The breaking up of the Ottoman Empire and the approaching downfall of its present Mahometan rulers joined to their British nationality all combine to favour them! Let my descendants ever hold to their Fatherland, England, & in identifying themselves with the country of their allegiance they will best serve their own interests. The Anglo-Saxon race by its broad sense, its enlightened Christianity, its aptness for colonisation, justice and love of free institutions will become the paramount power of the World & promises to attract all other nations into its embrace. It is surprising how foreigners after the third generation merge into Englishmen under British rule so as to exhibit no signs of foreign

descent, the very Jew is absorbed and can scarcely be recognised as an Israelite.

5. On the Giraud Family.

Having no documents in my possession concerning this branch of my maternal ancestors, I can only write from hearsay. According to what I have heard from my Mother and others the Girauds in France lived in Antibes or neighbourhood, where their chateau may still exist and be in the hands of the family. To the best of my knowledge they were wealthy and enjoyed a respectable standing, if they were not of the 'petite noblesse' as my Mother once told me.

The Girauds were Royalists and after the Great Revolution felt aggrieved at the marriage of one of their family with Massena, who ultimately became a Maréchal, with the title of Prince d'Essling under the empire of the First Napoleon. I also know that my Grandfather in Smyrna once got his share of family linen from France which was still in use in my time.

My maternal Grandfather Jean Baptiste Giraud came and settled in Smyrna to escape the horrors of the Revolution of 1789. He became a merchant of a certain eminence in Smyrna, occupying a first position among the French. The fortune he acquired unfortunately was lost at the latter end of his career by the capture of two vessels of his by the British, which entailed a loss of two millions of francs. This broke his heart & at his death what remained to his family consisted chiefly of the Frankhane, now my property, his fine country house at Bournabat, now the property of Hagi Costi, his furniture & family jewels.

My Grandfather Giraud has been represented to me as a man of education & a gentleman of refined manners & tastes. He married Helene, daughter of the Venetian Consul, Cortazzi, widow of Mr. Tricon by her first marriage. As already related in this book I possess portraits of both husband and wife.

My Grandfather occupied the post of Austrian Consul & for this service received an order of knighthood from the Government he represented.

In 1820 on his way to England my Father spent a few days in Paris, where he was very cordially received by the Masséna family, as shown by the following extracts from letters he addressed to my Mother at the time. In one dated Paris, 11th, of April he wrote as follows: "Pendant que nous étions a dîner le Duc (de Rovigo) a reçu un billet de Madame la Maréchale de Masséna disant qu'elle avait appris que j'étais arrivé a Paris et le prie de me présenter a elle: j'ai consenti y aller quoique c'était une visite qui ne me faisait nullement plaisir A trois et ½ (le lendemain) j'étais chez le Duc, et nous nous sommes rendu, avec son équipage, chez Madame. Masséna. Elle m'a parfaitement reçu, elle me disait qu'elle avait désiré vous désiré, elle me parlait de votre père, de votre mère, du Maréchal, son mari, de la lettre que votre mère lui a écrit; elle pleurait et disait que son mari a beaucoup pleuré aussi quand il a reçu la lettre, qu'il en était extrêmement affecté ... elle a fini par me dire que son fils aîné qui n'était pas chez lui, viendrait me voir ce matin, je l'attends. Je vous raconterai tout ce qu'il me dira, on me le dit bête ! Je n'enverrai cette lettre que demain, en conséquence je vous écrirai encore ce soir. Je viens de recevoir une visite chez moi, qui croyez vous ? C'est la Maréchale Masséna, qui est venue elle même me prier de dîner chez elle jeudi. Son Beau-fils M. Reille est venu aussi, mais je ne l'ai pas vu. Je lui disais que je, vous écrivais dans ce moment, elle m'a

prie de vous dire toutes les plus belles choses du monde & elle a l'air d'être la plus brave femme du monde. Il faut que vous sachiez que la Maréchale est une très grande personnage à Paris, et qu'elle m'a fait un grand honneur en venant chez moi. Je dînerai chez elle, ou je verrai sa fille et toute sa famille."

On the 9 May 1820 from Liverpool my Father writes as follows:

" La dernière lettre que je vous ai écrit était de Paris, elle vous racontait les honnêtetés dont la famille Masséna me comblait. Ils n'ont pas cessé jusqu'à mon départ. La fille du Maréchale, qui a épousé le Genl. Reille, est une des femmes les plus aimables que j'ai jamais connu; si vous en étiez jalouse au moins on pouvait vous pardonner parce que elle est digne d'être une rivale. Elle m'a donné une commission etc. etc."

The reader must not criticise too closely my Father's French, he was an Englishman writing in a foreign tongue, and in his time few of his nation wrote the French tongue well. Regarding the Masséna family he has further told me that the old Princess d'Essling used sportively to call him "mon petit cousin" in allusion to his short stature, & that she pushed her kindness to the point of offering him capital to carry on his business, even to the amount of a million francs.

After their alliance with the Maréchal Masséna the Girauds got reconciled to the Napoleon dynasty, of which I have a proof in possessing from my Grandfather Giraud, a fine and valuable bronze bust of Napoleon the first, when he was still young and very thin. The Royalist families after the great Revolution of 1789 were many of them but too glad to contract alliances with members of those on the revolutionary side. Amongst others, the wealthy family of Clary at Marseilles, that was nearly related to the Majastres. The Mdme. Callry of that time accepted as husbands for two daughters Joseph Bonaparte, (afterwards King of Spain) & Bernadette that became King of Sweden, whose offspring still retain the throne. Another candidate then presented himself for the hand of a third daughter in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte, but Mdme. Clary would not listen to a third connection with the revolutionary party, telling her husband that they were already quite enough connected with it. Clary would have lived to see herself the Mother-in-law of an Emperor & two Kings in Europe. Who knows, also, had the marriage been permitted, how future events would have ruled in Europe. Napoleon the first might and most probably would have had a son & heir to consolidate the dynasty, the obnoxious & unholy wedlock with an Austrian Archduchess would have been avoided & the many after evils of interminable wars, till his downfall, might not have happened. Let us believe that God willed it otherwise for the good of humanity.

My Grandfather Giraud by his wife nee Hélele Cortazzi, had two sons named Frederic & Alexander and an only daughter, the idol of his heart, my beloved Mother.

The following is a copy of my Mother's Baptismal certificate, obtained from the French Consul Theodore Pichon on the 24th. Sept. 1853:

"L'an de notre Seigneur Mil sept cent quatre vingt dix, le vingt-septième de mois d'Avril, je soussigné P. Hubert d'Amiens, Capucin Missionnaire, Apostolique Supérieur et Cure de la paroisse de St. Polycarpe de Smyrne, Chapelle Royale et Consulaire de France, paroisse des Français et autres Catholiques certifie que j'ai baptisé une fille née le vingt deux Avril a une heure et demi du matin en légitime mariage de Monsieur Jean Baptise*e Giraud

négociant Français et de Dame Hélène Cortazzi Giraud, ses père et mère . Le parrain a été Monsieur Victor Marie Xavier, la Marraine Jeanne Malastre les quels ont impose a l'enfant le nom de Magdeleine Victoire Blanche. En foi de quoi j'ai fait et signé le present acte le même jour, mois et an que dessus.
P. Hubert comme dessus. M

I have also the original certificate of my Mother's marriage with my Father by the Catholic Church. After which her history blends with that of the Whittall family. My Grandfather and Grandmother Giraud's eldest son was Alexander. He was brought up in Paris & received a first rate education under the surveillance of the Masséna family.

Unfortunately he led a very wild life in France & on his return to Smyrna his career was not one that reflected credit on his family. He married a Bournabat girl called Francoise Pletas, by whom he had two sons, William and Alexander who in their turn married. Both died young leaving widows without offspring. Also two daughters, the eldest Helene that married Zaba, Russian Consul at Erzeroum, and Magdelaine Blanche, my wife. After my Uncle Alexander's death his widow had a second husband in W. B. Llewellyn Esq. of Salonica, merchant and United States Consul there, by whom she had several children, still living.

My Grandfather's second son was named Frederick, a very quiet, good man in his way but not blessed with much talent. He also married a Mlle. Marie Gion, by whom he had a son and a daughter. The former named Jean Baptiste I need not describe as he is still living and resides at a farm of his own near Ludjakuy. The only notable thing about him is that on serving the British during the Crimean war as interpreter attached to General Beatson's Ottoman contingent, he quelled a mutiny by fair words and then was given the rank of Lieut. Colonel by General Beatson, which he holds to this day without any other emolument however. This Jean Baptiste Giraud married the Baroness Annette Daughter of a Count de Hochepped, the last Count of the family who was Dutch Consul in Smyrna. By this marriage there are three children still living, Fanny who is the widow of a Professor of Music named Haydn, nephew of the great composer of the same name; Rowena married to a Swiss merchant established at Marseilles, named de Senn; and Frederick Giraud, the husband of my Daughter Mary, by whom there are three sons now living, Charlton, Edgar and Harry.

My Uncle Frederick's only daughter, Hélène first married the Count Edmond de Hochepped, Dutch Vice-Consul, by whom she had a son, the present Count of that name. After becoming a widow she married again and became Mdme. Alphonse Guys, by whom she had a numerous family, now orphans by their Father's death.

I must not write more of the Giraud family of which the Smyrna branch now possesses five male members living. The Lt. Col. Giraud, his son Frederick now married to my daughter Mary, & their three sons. I trust the rising generations will raise the family name of Giraud to its former high standing. The Whittalls have ever done their best to aid them since my Father's time, & the only return we look for is that they should flourish again and be an honour to us.

It may be remarked that by the union of Lt. Col. Giraud with a de Hochepped, his offspring and future descendants, male or female, have the titles of Baron & Magnat, which was conferred on all the male and female descendants of Daniel John de

Hochepped, Dutch Minister at the Ottoman Porte in 1698 by the Emperor Leopold for having distinguished himself in the negotiations which terminated in the peace of Carlowitz in January 1699. The Larpent family in England are Barons de Hochepped on the strength of their descent from Daniel John de Hochepped through a female descendant. On this subject reference can be made for full details to Burke's Peerage and Baronetage. Among the Travels in the East I find the following allusion made to the Giraud family in "La Contemporaine" (Mdme. Saint Elmes) a work published in Paris in 1831 by Ladvoat. She was at Smyrna in 1829 & states the following: ' Mons. Giraud (my Uncle Frederick) le négociant qui nous avait comblé de politesses a Tchesme etc. etc. M. Giraud est marié a une femme bien jolie et fort prévenante: c'est la seule que j'ai vue a Smyrne que ces horrible ailes de moulin ne défigurassent pas: ce qui tient sans doute a ce que Mme. Giraud ne les outre pas. Elle les pose avec toute la grâce que ce ridicule coiffure peut admettre. Il y avait aussi ce jour la une de ses soeurs, mariée a un Anglais, fort riche me disait on : je l'avais déjà remarquée a cause de haut air de tête." Vol.2, page 241,242. Of my Grandfather Giraud's paintings only two exist in the family, & both are in my possession. They represent a village or rural fete in one, and washerwomen at a riverside in another. Painter's name F. Verdusson, 1757. Both are fine compositions, they were in the Giraud country house at Bournabat and were given to me by my good Mother.

LE DUC DE ROVIGO.

In the Duke of Rovigo's memoirs, 8 Volumes published in Paris in 1829, the second edition, in the VIII vol. page 286, will be found the following: "Nous gagnâmes l'embouchure du port ou nous fumes déposés á bord d'un brick de commerce Anglais, qui mit à la voile sur-le-champ pour Odessa. Il devait relâcher à Smyrna et à Constantinople. J'avais d'abord eu la pensée de me fixer dans cette dernière ville, mais j'eus occasion de rencontrer dans la première Monsieur de Ventimille, ancien Chevalier de Malte, qui nous avait suivis en Egypte. Nous renouvelâmes connaissance et d'après tout ce qu'il m'a dit du caractère des habitants européens de Smyrne je me décidai à ne pas aller plus loin. Un négociant Anglais M. Charles Whithel (Charlton Whittall, my father) de Liverpool, auquel était adressé le navire qui nous portait, eut le généreux courage de nous offrir un asile. Il se chargea de nous à tous risques et périls. Nous fumes, le Général Lallemand et moi, les objets des soins les plus délicats de la part de toute sa famille."

For three months the Duke of Rovigo was my Father's guest & received the protection of his roof, at a time when he was a proscribed man & the French officials in Turkey had orders from their Government to arrest him wherever found. The Duke never forgot the kindness shown him by our family in the days of his adversity, he kept up a correspondence with my Father till his death.

When my Father went to Paris in 1820 the Duke of Rovigo showed him every kind of attention and respecting him and his family my Father wrote "to my mother the following particulars in a letter dated the 11th of April viz.

"J'ai été trouver le Duc de Rovigo, il m'a reçu très bien; nous avons causé de Smyrne pendant deux heures. Le soir j'ai dîné chez lui en famille. La Duchesse est encore une jolie femme, on peut l'appeler belle. Elle n'a que 32 ans, au moins ainsi dit son mari. Cependant elle a fait 11 enfants. Elle était très polie, cependant elle lui manquait quelque chose de ce

que j'attendais trouver chez la femme de Savary. (The Duke was formerly Marshal Savary in Napoleon's army.) Il me parait qu'elle manquait de délicatesse et je croyais apercevoir dans sa manière quelque chose qui disait, Monsieur, le Duc de Rovigo vous a fait un grand honneur en se réfugeant chez vous. M. le Duc a sept enfants, cinq filles et deux garçons. Sa fille aînée n'est pas jolie, elle a 17 ans. J'ai causé avec elle sans plaisir, quelques minutes, elle m'a dit qu'elle fut étonné que je fus marié', et que j'avais l'air d'un garçon. Son père voulait en faire un compliment que je n'ai pas voulu recevoir. Je lui ai dit que j'avais huit enfants, pour toute response elle a ouvert ses yeux et sa bouche. La seconde fille n'est pas plus belle, mais elle me plait plus. La troisième est encore petite, mais elle est parfaitement belle, elle a la plus belle jolie figure qu'on peut imaginer. Les autres enfants sont trop enfant pour en parler. Les garçons sont _a peine 5 et 7 ans.

While staying at my Father's house he allowed him to take a copy of a most curious & interesting manuscript entitled " Les Matinées du Roi de Prusse, écrit par lui-même A.D. 1764, " which was purloined by the Duc de Rovigo from Frederick the Great's library at Sans Souci, when in attendance on the Emperor Napoléon, who himself touched nothing nor took anything that had belonged to the great hero of Prussia. When Savary discovered what an important manuscript he had stolen he felt somewhat ashamed of himself. The Duke carried it with him wherever he went & allowed my father, as a great favour, to take a copy of it under a promise that it should never be published, to which my parent faithfully adhered during his lifetime.

The copy taken by my Father from the original manuscript is in the hands of my eldest son, James William Whittall of Constantinople. From it he copied another, now in my possession, in 1867, which bears the following P.S.: "Part of the manuscript was published in London in 1863, Williams and Norgate, the printers. I judge that the part thus published was derived from a person, named Bingham, in my service in 1816 to whom I allowed the perusal, and who must have written from memory, as he was not permitted to copy any part of it, & of which there was evidence in the numerous mistakes he made. My copy of 1816 is among the papers in my cabinet. This second copy comes, of right, to my second son Richard Watson Whittall, to whom I hereby give it, simply retaining the possession of it during my lifetime."

The Monsieur de Vintimille, ancien Chevalier de Malte, mentioned in the Duke of Rovigo's memoirs, was, if my memory does not mislead me (as related by my Father) a needy guest of my parents & as some return for the hospitality accorded him, instructed him in French, also that the Chevalier died in his house. I have heard my Father state that M. de Vintimille worked several years amongst the Arabs to found an empire for Buonaparte, & that, to effect his purpose he instituted freemasonry amongst them. After the Chevalier's death, his papers were claimed & received from my Father by a person who was entitled to have them.

PART III

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNALS etc.

BY JAMES WHITTALL

CHAPTER I

CHARLTON WHITTALL'S JOURNAL (OF THE BATTLE OF THE SAINTS).

In searching amongst the family papers I have at length fallen upon my Grandfather Charlton Whittall's pocket book on entering the Naval Service. On the binding is inscribed C.W. 1782 and on the first page inside:

"Total expenses of Charlton Whittall from the time of his setting out from Worcester on Saturday, Feb. 16th. 1782 to go to Sea."

Among the items of expenditure figure for Uniform and Jacket and Waistcoat £7.1. For sword and belt £1.17.6. Paid for Power of Attorney 5/-. Another item notes having recd prize money at Jamaica 17 dollars $\frac{1}{4}$, Sterling £3,17.7 $\frac{1}{2}$.

My grandfather's pocketbook contains the following journal, which is sufficiently interesting to be noted herein, in full, viz.

Lying off Gros Islet Bay St. Lucia. Monday 8th April 1782. Winds East. Moderate and cloudy weather throughout, empl. occasionally & getting ready for sea. Ye Admiral made the signal for sailing, rept. the sig. for the fleet to prepare for action. A.m. rept. the sig. to weigh & weighed at 11. The fort made the signal for the enemy's L. of B ships going into Martinique, the frigates standing out. Eros Islet Bay bore S.S.E.

9th April. At noon North end of Dominique E of S 5 or 6 leagues. This 24 hours fresh breezes & cloudy. P.m. at 2 rep. the signal for the fleet to form the line, 1 cable length asunder, at 3 for the fleet to close & to form the line from N.E. to S.W. At 6 for the fleet to close. A.m. rep. the sig. for the form the line ahead 1 cable length asunder. Saw part of the enemy's fleet at anchor off Prince Rupert's Bay. $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 the signal for the van to fill, $\frac{1}{4}$ past 6 rep. the sig. to engage, $\frac{1}{2}$ past do. the sig. to annul the former signal & the Alfred and Royal Oaks sig. to make more sail. $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 the French Admiral fired a shot at the Alfred, which she returned with 4 guns, the French Admiral fired again, on which our van began to engage with their line, their transports in the meanwhile getting out of the bay by the favour of the wind. At 10 the firing on our side ceased, the French keeping their wind & firing some straggling shot to no purpose. At 11 rep. the sig. to close the line & for the van to fill. The French firing on the & she and the Formidable engaged with such of the French as they came up with.

Dominique, bore N.E. 7 leagues. April 10th. Do. Wr. P.m. the French van and our rear

began to engage very briskly at 2, the firing ceased $\frac{1}{2}$ past. Saw the Royal Oak bear up out of the line with her M.T. mast gone. The sig. to form the line from N. to S. 1 cable length the headmost of the French tacked, the sig. for the 3rd. in command to tack and gain the wind of the enemy. A.m. 25 sail Fr. in sight.

Vaux Fort, Guadeloupe N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$, & 5 leagues. 11th April. Do. W.P.M. the sig. for the third in command to make more sail. The sig. for the fleet to tack. 55 sail of the enemy in sight. The sig. for the headmost ships to tack first. Abt. 18 Fr. in sight. The signal for general chase to windward.

12th April. N. end of Dominique N. and dir. 7 leagues. First & middle parts fresh breezes and cloudy, latter light airs p.m. The sig. to call in all cruisers & to form the line at 6, to close $\frac{1}{4}$ past the order of sailing, 27 sail Fr. in sight. The signal to form the line 2 cables lth, for the 3rd in command to lead & the second to send a ship in chase, $\frac{1}{2}$ past six to form the line S.W. 2 cables lth, $\frac{1}{4}$ past 7 one cable lth. $\frac{1}{2}$ past to close. 40 minutes past 7 saw the Fr. form N.W. to N.N.E. $\frac{3}{4}$ past the French Admiral began to fire on Admiral Drake's div. The sig. to engage the action begun & was carried on very hot on both sides, their van being to windward bore down to the assistance of their rear & centre they firing at a great distance. 5 min past 8 the sig. for close action. 50 min past 8 Admiral Rodney began to engage. At 9 Admiral Hood began to engage. $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 saw one of the French line of battle ship's masts gone by the board & 2 others of their ships obliged to bear up through our line. 48 minutes past 9 we were obliged to bear up from them, the sig. for the ships ahead to alter their course. $\frac{1}{4}$ past 10 the sig. for the third in command to tack & gain the wind of the enemy. 18 minutes past ten saw one of the French ships with her miz T.M. gone, their ships standing to leeward with their heads to the southward & making sail. The enemy's van ceased firing but the centre continued. Our van and centre standing to the South after the enemy.

Fresh breezes & cloudy. The Sig. for the van to close, the firing ceased for some time. Saw one of the French line of battle ships take the wreck into some of our ships firing on them with occasional some straggling shot. Admiral Hood's division still engaging such ships as were to windward. Saw the Prince George had lost her foremast & the Duke her main topmast. At 2 the sig. for close action, the French still making off to the southward. $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 Commodore Affleck engaged one of the French ships which was out of their line, the Royal Oak took the dismantled ship in tow. 50 minutes past 3 the French ship that engaged Commodore Affleck struck & hauled to the S.E. At 4 Admiral Rodney engaged the Ville de Paris our fleet standing after the enemy. $\frac{3}{4}$ past 3 another French ship struck and the Alcides took possession of her. 35 minutes past (5) the Ardent struck to Admiral Hood the Princess no sig. to keep her station. $\frac{3}{4}$ past 6 the Ville de Paris struck. Recd. 12 prisoners on board from the Ardent.

The foregoing roughly noted yet precise relation of the naval combat in which my Grandfather took part is very creditable to him, he having so recently entered the service & his being scarcely eighteen years of age. In Russell's History of Modern Europe the naval victory of England is mentioned as follows: "The maritime success of this period, though the dispatches of Rodney were brought while Mr. Fox was in power, was not derived from his administration; for an order had been sent for the removal of the gallant Admiral from his command. Hood had been unable to prevent the reduction of St. Christopher's, which the French however, did not gain without considerable loss of men. After its surrender, Rodney, Hood & Drake took signal vengeance on the enemy. Their fleet exceeded that of the Count de Grasse in number; but all their ships could not be brought into action. Between Guadeloupe and Marie-galante the French were drawn into

an engagement (April 12, 1782) by the manoeuvres of Rodney; and when a close fight had continued for 5 hours, his own ship and 3 others broke their line, gained the wind, and threw their whole fleet into disorder. Yet, for six hours and a half more, they resisted with desultory efforts; and then a confused retreat announced the triumph of their antagonists, who sent one ship to the bottom by a simple broadside, took the celebrated *Ville de Paris* and four other ships of the line, and greatly damaged the vessels that escaped from the battle, two of which were captured in the following week. Six thousand of the vanquished (nine thousand by some accounts) were killed or wounded, and nearly one thousand of the victors. Rodney hastened with the captive Count to Jamaica, where he was hailed as a deliverer; for the inhabitants had been menaced with an attack from an eventual junction of the French and Spanish fleets.

In my Grandfather's narrative the name of the ship on which he served is not given I remember my Grandmother saying that during the naval action her husband was employed in the perilous duty of carrying orders from one ship of war to another, which doubtless afforded him the opportunity of noting with such precision the order of the engagement.

On another page of the pocket book my Grandfather wrote: "May 12, 1782, came aboard the ship *Champion*, with Capt. Wills",

The pocket book contains some verses apparently original compositions of my worthy ancestor which I copy as specimens of his poetic genius. (*These are included in the Appendix. G.W.W.*). James goes on to say: Should I find anything more connected with my Grandfather I will note it in my appendix volume.

CHAPTER II

MY UNCLE JAMES WHITTALL'S JOURNAL

Entitled:" Remarks on a Voyage through the Archipelago".

May 25. (1822). At 11 o'clock went onboard the *Dandy*. At 3 the wind appearing fair got under weigh & the wind falling calm did not pass the Castle of Smyrna until 11 o'clock on the 24th. At about 1 came up and passed the *Britannia* beating wind. At 5 could not see her. In the course of the day we passed *Imperials* (Turkish ships of war?) apparently on the same route as ourselves.

May 26th. Came in sight of *Ipsina* where we counted 33 sail of vessels, which appeared, when at a distance to be very fine brigs. The wind being very light & contrary we did not get into the port before 5 o'clock on the morning of the 27th. At 8 o'clock went on shore, we were boarded in the night by a Greek cruiser, the Captain would not come onboard until invited, he was very affable & behaved very much to our satisfaction. We asked him into the cabin and gave him some spirits to drink. He enquired the news from Smyrna and heaved a deep sigh when we told him that the peace between the Turks and the Russians was almost certain. He asked why the English were so inveterate against them. Told us they expected the Turks would attack them, which they wished, as they had 15 fire ships prepared. Indeed

they said they intended to attack the Turkish fleet in a few days & were very anxious to know the number of troops marching towards Scio. I told them at least 50,000 & that as many more were going towards Samos. We out sailed the whole of their vessels, the worst armed & most miserable looking, when near them, that I ever beheld, dirty to excess, guns long & short & of all weight of metal in each ship. They said they expected a reinforcement & mentioned to us the Sardinian fleet. They have on shore 500 Albanian troops & say they expect as many more. They told us they had from 120 to 150 men onboard each vessel. I could never see more than 50 to 70 and do not believe they had more. They told us they had 60,000 fighting men, I should calculate them, including their sailors, at about 10,000, certainly not more. They said they had saved about 30,000 souls from Scio & had sent them to the Morea. They have a very fine church now and hospital for the wounded carried away from Scio; a most terrible sight to see some without legs others without arms etc. apparently miserable. Left 20p for them. The town is the dirtiest & most miserable I ever beheld, the picture of poverty and laziness. They said they had about 40 ships on the stocks. I suppose the fleet & those we saw laying up in the arsenal amount to about 70 sail.

The island of Ipsina produces nothing and all trade is stopped through fear of the Turks making an attack. Good business had been done some 15 days ago in purchasing diamond rings & silver plate from the Sciots who escaped there, silver sold then as low as 12 or 15 paras the drachm. They are very much in want of biscuit & would have contracted with me for 500 to 1,000 kintals at from 33 to 35 piastres per kintal. Wheat from Alexandria worth 9p per kilo, that from Black Sea 14 piastres. Ammunition very plentiful, they had purchased the cargo of an English brig consisting of bombs etc. The only thing we could have purchased was old brass cannon taken from the frigate burnt, I did not ask the price as I thought they were making a fool of me.

We left this miserable spot & made the best of our way to Syra entering the port on the 28th. We saw seven Imperial & one Dutch vessel, which had all generally speaking wheat on board. They are not allowed to land it in the town but sell to the boats that come from Negroponti & the Morea. The trade in the place seems to be monopolised by two or three houses. The town is built on the top of a steep hill & would be difficult to take as it is now walled in since they had a visit from 2 Sfaciot vessels looking for plunder & their houses are all armed.

We left Syra at 6 o'clock in the evening the wind having been too strong to get under weigh before. We had a fine breeze & arrived at Suza on the 30th. We found the plague raging, we therefore did not come to anchor. We were informed also that it was raging very hot at Rethimo from whence they had taken it, that the people had burnt most of their house to get clear of it. We immediately sailed for Canea arriving the same evening & came to anchor by a small island in company with H.M.S. the Cambrian & Martin and all the Greek blockading squadron. Captain Hamilton behaved extremely well to us, said he would remain until we had decided what to do, giving me Petro, who was well acquainted onshore, to go with me to the town. We landed and went there but could not contract for olive oil advantageously. We left Canea for Smyrna on Saturday evening. I could not procure any freight for Smyrna or any other port. The Turks are completely blockaded in the town & are always coming to blows at the gates of it. We witnessed several engagements, in one of which they told us the Greeks had lost 40 men & themselves 4. In coming down from Platania for Canea there is a reef of rocks which Capt. Bale went to examine, on approaching the shore he received a volley of musket shots, one ball of which struck under the boat's oars and another about half a yard astern of the boat.

On Thursday we arrived at Paros, it is a very poor island and contains about 2,000 inhabitants. This number is however very nearly doubled by the poor refugees from Scio and Aivali. It is said they grow sufficient corn & wine for themselves and to allow of exportation, besides 1000 kintals of very coarse wool. Here we met with one of the Greek brigs collecting taxes amounting to 10% on the crops of the year. The people did not much admire the proceeding but being the weaker had no resource but to submit.

CHAPTER III

MY AUNT MARY WHITTALL'S JOURNAL - 1831

June 21st. 1851. Sailed from Liverpool, wind moderate, but adverse, passed Holyhead.

The 22nd. Quite calm.

23rd. Still in sight of Holyhead.

24th. Very windy.

25th. Wind fair

26th. do.

27th. Saw Cape Finisterre.

28th. Strong wind all night.

29th. Passed the Burlings.

30th. Very fair.

July 1st. Beautiful weather with fair wind, passed Cape St. Vincent.

2nd. Came through the straits of Gibraltar, beautiful view of the Spanish coast including Touja, Algeciras, St Roch, Marbellas, Ladrones & Malaga. Wind changed at 6p.m. continued adverse the next day. Saw Cape Tresforcas on the African coast bearing S.E., distance about 15 miles. Saw 5 grampus.

4th. Wind strong but contrary, got up to see the sun rise at 4 in the morning over the Granadian mountains covered with snow.

5th. Wind moderate but contrary, still close to the Granadian Mountains.

6th. The Britania, 120 gun ship, hoisted her ensign, we answered and showed our numbers. Saw three turtles but the sea was running too high to lower the boats. Fine weather but contrary winds, within 3 miles of the African coast which is quite barren, no habitations.

7th. & 8th. The same.

9th. Morning moderate, about 4 in the afternoon a sudden squall came on whilst under canvass which lasted about three quarters of an hour. Wind became fair but changed in the night, tremendous lightning & rain in torrents.

10th. Fine light weather but contrary wind, spoke a Dutch ship from Trieste for Holland.

11th. Wind the same.

12th. Wind the same, spoke the Emerald for Liverpool.

13th. Wind more favourable.

14th. Passed Algiers. Became calm in the night, changed every five minutes.

15th. Fine, breeze fair.

16th. Light airs & variable, passed Galita & Hurmesses, saw a number of fishing boats for

Coral off Bona.

17th. At four in the morning passed Cape Blanco, shortly after had a fine view of Bizerta and its fortifications, mosques etc. 8 o'clock saw St. Pila with 4 mosques, Zibieb and several other small villages in the province of Tunis. 12 o'clock passed Zembse & passed Cape Bon, fine breeze, fair, all sails set.

18th. Arrived off Malta, landed at the quarantine ground. Saw the palace built by Buonaparte & now converted into an hospital, the Governor's palace, Harbour Valetta. Malta is the cleanest city I have ever seen, all the streets are upon a descent except one, the Strada Reale. Saw the gibbets of Capt. Delano, Thompson & two seamen. The entrance is well fortified, three tiers of guns at the front of the harbour.

19th. Light air from S.E. Oppressively hot.

20th. Wind the same. The boat was lowered to gain information from a French Bombard about two miles distant from Alexandria bound to Marseilles, about 75 miles from Malta.

21st. Light airs from S.E. Extremely hot, two vessels in sight.

22nd. Weather the same. Warmer of the two.

23rd. Fine weather, wind fair.

24th. The same.

25th. Fine breeze, fair. Off Cape Matapan a boat was lowered down to take a letter from me to a vessel supposed to be bound for Smyrna.

26th. Off Cerigo, got up at half past 3 in the morning to see Egg island and Cerigo. At 5 wind changed, fresh breeze but contrary. Saw a suspicious Greek vessel, the American corvette Lexington in chase of her.

27th. Wind still contrary, saw a number of islands in the Morea, including Hydra, Spezia, Milo, Antimilo, Battapoll, Carava, Falconera & Napoli di Malvisa. Saw a Greek vessel which reconnoitred us all day.

28th. Wind still contrary, passed Aegina, Paros and Hydra. Still in company with the Lexington.

29th. Came within half a mile of the Greek town of Macronisi, which island appeared for the most part uncultivated. Sailed close to Zea, a fertile looking island & an abundance of curious windmills on both these islands we distinguished several Greeks. On the night of the 29th. we entered the Dora passage or Strait of Silota between Negroponti and Andros. At twelve o'clock it blew a gale (carried away our foresail). Gale continued.

30th. Carried away 2 jibs and were obliged to put back and get into Syra about 3 in the afternoon. Capt. Bale obtained pratique and we went ashore. It being Sunday we had an opportunity of going to a Greek church during service, with which I was much gratified. The building is very handsome with, in the inside, paintings of all the Saints on record very well executed. The service was performed by four priests two little boys and the Bishop, whose hand everyone was eager to kiss. On leaving the church he moved very politely to us. The streets are narrow irregular but from the Harbour the town has a pretty appearance. The houses are all one story with flat roofs. The women are very ordinary & slovenly in their persons. The town is situated on the side of a hill. Upon my landing I could scarce be persuaded that I had not forgotten the day so much noise and bustle, everything being exposed for sale as on a market day in England,

August 1st. Monday morning, wind very high, so much so that the vessels in the harbour can scarcely keep their mooring which prevents our going on shore as early as intended. After dinner we went on shore and walked to the highest point of the town from which we had a view of the islands of Paros, Antiparos, Naxia, Delos, Michini, Tino and Nicori, also the Gnat. We went to the house on the top of the hill inhabited by a Smyrniote, who immediately served us with green figs & grapes, and when Capt. Bale mentioned my

name he said he knew Charlton.

2nd. Tuesday morning. Wind the same, several more vessels put in. Went on shore to the English Consul, immediately coffee and lemonade were served, the Consul very politely offered to show us everything in the town. He accompanied us to the different schools, explained the different costumes we saw, came onboard to dinner and went on shore in the evening with Mr. & Mrs. Holt.

3rd. Wind moderate. The Consul's two sons, Mr Nicolaydi & two other gentlemen came on board to take leave of us having the flag hoisted for sailing at 12 at noon. Got under weigh & bid adieu to Syra. Passed close to Tino, a very pretty town & much cultivated. Passed Miconi, a pretty village close to Delos, upon which we could just discern an old castle.

4th. Passed Scio, which is highly cultivated. Wind adverse.

5th. Sailed close to Scio, C Carabourna, Mytilene. At Scio & around Cape Carabourna is the best cultivation I have yet seen.

About 3 in the afternoon we discovered the Smyrna packet and a schooner. The latter came towards us & made a signal she wished to speak to us. When she came up to our great surprise we were informed that Charlton was on board the Smyrna packet. The boat was immediately lowered & in about a quarter of an hour we had the extreme pleasure of having him on board the Mary. He told us the two vessels had come in search of us to prevent our going to Constantinople on account of the plague & cholera morbus which raged there. He then ordered Capt. Bale to cast anchor at Long Island for the night about 20 miles from Smyrna, the other vessels did the same. At 4 o'clock in the morning of the 6th of August we went onshore at Long Island, visited an ancient ruin supposed to have been a reservoir for water, there are now standing 480 columns. An old Greek goatherd is the only inhabitant of the island, from whom we obtained some goat's milk. It is covered with myrtle, wild thyme & valonea and is about two miles across. We returned to the ship at about 7 and weighed anchor at 10 and proceeded to Smyrna, sailing close in shore up the Gulf. It is impossible more beautiful scenery than the Gulf presents, it is mountainous, the vallies produce abundance of oranges, olives, pomegranates & other fruits.

We arrived at Smyrna at 2 o'clock and had soon several boats alongside to welcome us. We then heard that the whole of Pera was burnt on the 2nd. August & that consequently the greatest distress prevailed in Constantinople. On the night of that day 50,000 people were without shelter. We congratulated ourselves upon not going there as we could not have landed. Smyrna has a pretty appearance from the bay but I was much disappointed on landing, the streets are narrow & dirty and can scarcely be said to be paved at all. We went to my brother Charlton's town house where we remained until 5 o'clock. In the meantime my brother James came to town having heard of our arrival and we all proceeded to Bournabat and found the house there crowded with visitors.

7th. Sunday was spent in receiving visits, each visitor is presented with sweetmeats & coffee.

8th. Monday was spent in returning visits, every evening in cards and dancing.

10th. Wednesday. Set out for Bournabashee at 5 in the morning to breakfast. We passed through a Turkish village (Hadgilar) in ruins, most delightfully situated in a plain but abandoned for lack of water, we also passed through Haslikuy another Turkish village and arrived at Bounarbashee, a village on the side of a hill with abundance of water. Having breakfasted in the shade by the side of a running stream, we walked to a large Turkish burying ground.

Smyrna Bazaars. There is a separate one for every kind of merchandise. The building is anything but handsome and the shops very small.

Mosques. They are similar inside to an English church except that there are no pews. The floor is spread with rugs and mats, upon which each Turk squats himself to pray five times a day. Upstairs is appropriated to the women. No one is allowed to enter with his shoes on. The minarets are very high, from the top of which an Imam summons all good Mussulmans to prayers by extending his arms and crying Allah il Allah. Outside each mosque there is a fountain where each Turk washes before entering the mosque. Diana's Bath. There is very little of the buildings remaining. It is a fine spring and forms a beautiful sheet of water.

Fountains. Every mile or two you find a fountain throughout the Turkish Empire with a place to pray in built by the Turks for the refreshment of travellers.

27th. August is the feast day of the Virgin Mary. The Greek church or rather chapel of Bournabat is dedicated to her, she consequently is the patron saint of the village. It is a low building without the least outward appearance of a place of worship. There are benches outside and it is quite immaterial if you enter the church or remain outside during services. The inside has nothing remarkable except the paintings of the Saints. Upon entering & leaving the church everyone kisses the painting representing Christ and makes the sign of the Cross bowing very low.

For a day or two previous to the 27th. I noticed an additional number of persons entering the village from all quarters, and some with novel appearances, at least to me. There were women on foot without shoes or stockings (having made a vow to walk barefoot from their native village probably many miles distant to Bournabat), but with dresses embroidered with gold, families of a dozen with one ass or mule, on which the mother or children were mounted and such furniture as was considered necessary for comfort or display. The arrivals first were by dozens they then progressively increased to hundreds, and finally the evening previous to the feast day all the roads leading to the village became crowded with as motley a set of votaries as ever addressed vows to a Virgin. They entered the village singing laughing & with every appearance of anticipated pleasure as well. Those fortunate enough to possess the means of having an ass (the expense of which was doubled or trebled for the occasion certainly more for the benefit of the owners than of the poor asses who were most unmercifully worked to the utter destruction of any devotional feelings towards the Virgin they might otherwise have had) as those less favoured by fortune and forced to travel on foot amidst clouds of dust, nor did I notice any very marked sign of contrition in the countenance of those coming in performance of a vow made after the commission of a crime or during some calamity - all appeared happy except the four-legged asses.

The important crux of the Feast having arrived, the point of attraction became the church, which was decked with laurel, myrtle etc. I went there about 9 o'clock in the evening and found the church, churchyard etc. quite crowded with people, men, women & children. Some sleeping, some bellowing or singing, others kissing something very holy in the shape of a picture - all was animation and anything but holy in my protestant opinion. Before the church was a small space about sixty yards diameter, neither a square nor a crescent nor an oblong nor a triangle but something of all these. This space was crowded by spectators to see the crowds go to & return from the church, there were all the Europeans of the village seated on chairs. Boys letting off fireworks not exactly such as are seen at Vauxhall, but they made a fiz and sometimes to the no trifling annoyance of

bystanders. The famous Greek singer Lucca was there, famous in my opinion for a most disagreeable nasal twang but which is amongst the Greeks considered the height of perfection & harmony. The scene was animated enough and pleasing from its novelty to me. I noticed some Turks walking philosophically among the crowd and heard them say "a strange religion this." At 11 o'clock I returned home and left the busy scene in full activity as it continued through the night. On the following morning at 7 o'clock I went to see the people come out of the church after having performed their vows etc.

In the evening I went to the place chosen for the promenade for this special occasion called the Reservoir. I expected to find crowds of people in some beautiful situation, of which there is no want in the neighbourhood, so far as the people my expectations were realised, but the situation was the very reverse, figure to yourself a road, as bad as road can be, and when you arrive consider yourself fortunate if you find a stone to sit and rest yourself upon. Although there is no scarcity of stones all are pretty well occupied. You see here all nations, Turks, Greeks from all the different islands in their respective costumes and Europeans who make a point to put on their best clothes for the occasion. Having strolled about for upwards of an hour we returned home perfectly gratified with the novelty of the scene.

I had heard of a place called Homer's grotto being in the neighbourhood of Bournabat, and here I determined to go to see what sort of a place so celebrated a person could have chosen for a residence. We started from Bournabat at about 7 o'clock in the morning on asses, with servants & the wherewithal to make a good breakfast.

After travelling an hour & a half on as bad a road as can well be imagined, we arrived at the bottom of a ravine and found we had to mount up a rock on the opposite side to that we had descended. After some difficulty we got to the top and there found four holes, which it certainly acquired a great stretch of imagination to call grottoes, Two of them are about six feet deep and five feet high and three feet wide, the other two are somewhat deeper, about as wide but not so high. These are what the sapient antiquarians who have visited Smyrna have discovered to be Homer's birthplace and residence whilst he wrote his immortal poems. It may be so but some trifling difficulties occur to me that stagger my faith. I defy any blind man to find the place and I would bet a thousand to one that a blind man could not live there a week nor even a day without breaking his neck down a perpendicular precipice just in front of the grottoes about six feet from them. The discoverers will not admit any objections of this kind, they say Homer was born in a grotto, and here it is not only one but four, and the grotto where he was born was situated on the borders of the river Meles now at the foot of those four grottoes, you see there is a river which no doubt is the Meles, indeed the Meles it is. Thus they are quite confirmed in their opinion. I have described the grottoes, the river I cannot describe, because there is no such thing in the neighbourhood - there is merely the bed of a mountain torrent.

Left Smyrna at 7 o'clock of the morning of the 6th. October 1831. Arrived at Chesmé at 11 am. of the 7th.

My Aunt Mary's Journal here relates the story of the Turkish Sai or carrier, who lost a group of gold confided to him to take to Constantinople, which he left in a poor Turkish coffee house on the road & afterwards recovered as a trait of Turkish honesty, The Sai's name was Sheriff. The tale is given, I think, in Major Keppel's Travels in Asia Minor and as related to him by my Father.

Chesmé is about 60 miles from Smyrna & contains about 20,000 inhabitants. There is nothing in the town worthy of notice except the Greek Church and the castle. The former was building when the Greek insurrection commenced, it was entirely destroyed by the Turks at the time but is now nearly rebuilt. It is supported in the inside by large marble pillars, the same that were used in the former erection of it, they were then broken into several pieces which are now repaired. It is a large building, the pillars at the entrance are most beautiful marble resembling porphyry which was brought from Scio.

The castle was built by the Genoese, it is a very strong building and has very large brass guns.

The town itself is miserably poor and dirty. there being no trade except during the fruit season. The luxury of glass in windows is completely unknown.

Upon our arrival three of the chiefs of the town came on board, bringing presents to me of all kinds of fruit, fowls and partridges. We were just sitting down to dinner when they came off & they partook of our meal in the Turkish fashion that is on their knees without either knife or fork. Formerly wine or spirits were prohibited with the Turks, at present the Sultan allows every soldier two glasses of Racci per day and as Rum was not known in the time of Mahomet he did not prohibit it, however they are for the most part very abstemious.

The day following I went to visit the wives of our friends, and was shown into a room with no other furniture than sofas placed all round it. I was met at the door by the wife of the Turk who led me to the corner of a sofa which is considered the seat of honour. Soon after sweetmeats were served & coffee handed me by the mistress of the house in the same manner as I had seen in Smyrna. Upon my taking leave she took my hand and kissed it and put it to her forehead.

Having heard there were hot baths within about two hours ride of Chesmé we determined to go thither so mounting our mules and being accommodated with the saddles of the country which to me were anything but comfortable we proceeded to the baths. The buildings are low and very ancient. In the middle is a basin where the water is brought to a certain heat, it being boiling hot at the source, the women's bath is the same as the men's but rather larger. These baths are used as a cure for every disease.

After having viewed the Baths we again mounted and proceeded to a Turkish village called Alatzata which our guide informed us was ½ an hours ride further. It is a miserable, dirty place with nothing at all worthy of notice. The country all the way from Chesmé to Alatzata appears very barren, the soil being a kind of limestone. Alatzata has a good harbour though vessels seldom venture there.

The day following our visit to Alatzata we determined should the weather permit it to proceed to Scio, we accordingly hired a Turkish Caique and proceeded to the once most celebrated Greek island in the Archipelago.

After 2 ½ hours sail we landed and were met by Monsieur Vedova the English Consul who had been apprised of our coming the day before. Never could I have conceived of such desolation as everywhere presents itself. Before its destruction it contained 180,000 inhabitants all in opulent circumstances, a few hundred yards from the water there is a space of a mile in circumference which was the strongest part of the town, now there is not one stone upon another. We proceeded up several of the streets not one house remains, the streets are wider and better paved than any other in the archipelago. From the remains of the houses outside the town they must have been superb, gilded cornices marble porticoes all lying waste the streets are almost impassable from the ruins of the houses. Outside the town we found mules waiting to convey us to the house of the

English Consul, who resides a few miles in the country. On the road we alighted to view houses superior to palaces in England now nothing but heaps of ruins. The gardens are very extensive groves of orange trees indeed every kind of fruit that can be imagined is in perfection at Scio.

Scio has a very strong castle built by the Genoese. The Turks found it was impossible either to take it or to destroy it.

On each side of the harbour of Scio there is a lighthouse, the only ones to be found in the Levant. After remaining some time to view the ruins of this once delightful isle we returned to Chesmé highly gratified with our excursion, but it was a melancholy gratification to think of the unfortunate inhabitants, although the Greeks were the aggressors.

Kasacoglu's Dog.

Kasacoglu was a resident of Bournabat, celebrated for his virtues and numerous charities, of which several public fountains near Bournabat bear evidence. He was a kind of gentleman farmer cultivating his own land, which was extensive, He was notorious for having, at the commencement of the Greek revolution and when it was considered by a true Mussulman a meritorious act to kill a Greek, given asylum to scores of poor Greek inhabitants of his village who would otherwise have been murdered, and this at the risk of his own life for he defended them sword, in hand, and, respect for his known virtues alone saved him and his poor Greeks,

This virtuous Turk died five or six years ago at a mature old age, respected and regretted by everyone. He had an old guard dog who was noticed following the funeral procession to the grave. A short time afterwards the family noticed that the dog was never to be found at home during the night but always during the day. This excited curiosity and he was watched, when it was discovered that regularly every evening at sunset he went to his master's grave and remained seated on it keeping watch till morning. This was told to me by my brother Charlton who learnt the circumstances by a person saying to him, on seeing the dog pass his door, there goes Kasacoglu's dog. The next night exactly at sunset my brother made a point of being at his door again and saw the old dog winding his way to the grave where he was found dead one cold morning two years after his master's death.

Mr. Matheyz's Dog.

Another remarkable instance of the fidelity and sagacity of dogs was also related to me by my brother Charlton.

Mr. Matheyz was a highly respected Austrian merchant, his family is yet residing in Smyrna. He was particularly fond of shooting and was an excellent sportsman. One day that he had gone out shooting his dog a pointer returned in the evening alone and by his unusual manner, whining, barking & biting Mr. Matheyz's brother, he excited some alarm for his master's safety, particularly as he was expected to be back in the evening, however no notice was taken and the dog left the house at night. In the morning he returned and renewed his importunities, which then induced the brother to more particularly notice him. The dog did all he could to cause the brother to follow him, which he did and, with some friends, was led to about seven miles from Smyrna to the dead body of Matheyz. It was found in a ravine covered with brushwood, and plundered. The body was conveyed to Smyrna and every possible search was made after the murderers, but in vain. Two whole years passed, during which the dog constantly sat at the door of the Matheyz's house in Frank Street whilst the doors were kept open which nothing could induce him to leave. After two years and when the search after the murderers had been abandoned, the dog sprang upon an Albanian who was passing in the street and neither by fair nor by foul

means could he be induced to quit him. The strange tenacity of the dog excited surprise the family naturally went into the street to see what was the matter for a crowd had assembled, and it instantly occurred to the brother that the murderer was before him. He had him seized by the guard and taken before the Governor, when he confessed that he had killed Mr. Matheyz and robbed him, and that he had a companion who was then in Smyrna and that neither of them had been in Smyrna before that day. They were both immediately executed. I believe that Elizoglu Derribey or Prince of Sokia begged and obtained the dog.

Left Chesmé at 8 o'clock in the evening of the 12th. October arrived at Malta at 8 a.m. of the 18th.

On the 20th October landed on Graham's Island. It lies N.W. by N. by compass from the harbour of Valetta, distant about 114 miles. N.E. & by N. from Cape St. Marco in the Island of Sicily, distant about 30 miles. N.E. by E. from Pantelleria, distant about 35 miles. In latitude 37.7 longitude about 12.38.

On landing I must say I felt some alarm lest an island that had made so sudden an appearance should disappear in the same manner. However summoning courage I stepped out of the boat and found myself ankle deep in hot cinders. We then proceeded to a pool of water at a little distance on the shore, which is almost boiling hot and rather salt. We then sought for a place where we could ascend to the summit, but from the looseness of the earth which is entirely cinders we found that at the only practicable place we came down much faster than we got up; one of the sailors having with some difficulty mounted the first height, he threw ropes down to us by which we ascended to the top, a height of about 160 to 180 feet above the level of the sea. Exactly on the summit there is an opening of about 3 inches wide from which a strong sulphurous smell issues and down the sides of which cinders are constantly rolling. I did not long remain near this chasm as in my opinion from the nature of the island it will ere long be nothing but a shoal. I was surprised, to see so many birds on it, principally robins, one of which we caught but it died soon after we brought it on board.-

Note: Mary's forecast was correct and the island has disappeared and is now an underwater shoal. It was first noticed by a Captain Graham, whence its name and he planted the Union Jack on it and claimed it as British territory. Mary is said to be the only woman who went ashore on the island.

G W W

CHAPTER IV

THE LAST DAYS OF SARAH WHITTALL

Extracted from the diary of Mr. Breed. 1831.

It will naturally occur why hold such conversation relative to business with Mrs. W. who is very ill (Apparently the question of a disposal of a cargo of raisins from Charlton had been under discussion). Why not, I reply, adopt that which interests her and excites her in the most desirable way? She delights in it.

Having heard of some excellent results from the use of a new laid egg an hour before rising, beat up, I told Mrs. W. I had ordered a few for her. She has promised to take them. Will Mr. and Mrs. C.W. try them? I recommend a trial for a week or ten days as an experiment. Let the eggs be beat up and mixed with a little water, and taken an hour before rising.

Oct .15th. Mrs Noyes reports Mrs.W. as being very weak to-day. She found her excessively cold (tho' the day was warm) seated close to the fire. I was pleased to hear that the servant Betty now sits in the same room with her mistress, for in her very weak state, and inclined as she is to fall asleep I should feel apprehensive that she might get burnt.

Nov. 8th. I have been absent to Plymouth and returned this latter day. Reports have been made to me during my absence of Mrs. W's health, they were alarming. I apprised Mr. George P. Whittall that I had directed that immediate communication be made to him in the event of dissolution. I also wrote that I should immediately return, and for Mrs. Noyes, in the absence of Mr. George to adopt every necessary step.

Nov. 9th. Mrs.W. is gradually wasting away. She appears to delight to see me, I always leave her more cheerful than when I enter the apartment. Mrs. Noyes' report to-day, the 15th. is very unfavourable. James is ceaseless in his duty to his Grandmother, his confinement is operating on his health. He is a very prodigy of affection and a boy of extraordinary talents. I am almost without hope now that Mrs. W. will live to see her daughter (The Mary was on her way from Smyrna). The weather is very rough, and the wind as adverse as possible for the Mary.

Nov. 16 to 19th. There is no material alteration. The Mary is telegraphed to-day. I sent Mr. McCan immediately from my office to announce the facts gently. He returned and said he had done so and that no visible change took place. Mrs. Noyes reports that the announcement caused much delight after Mrs. W. recovered from the shock.

Nov. 20th. Sunday. Excitement in the highest degree, it was expected by me that the Mary would arrive to-day. I desired Mrs. Noyes to say that the wind had been too much in the North and that the Mary could not get in, and thus damp expectations that might be ardently indulged. Betty was sent previously to the pier head and had reported just prior to my calling from Church to announce there was no Mary. I pacified Mrs. W. all in my power. I saw she was actually irritable, I did not like this feature. She appeared to put forward quite extraordinary and quite unnatural energies, seeing the very weak state in which she is in. I left Mrs. W. again after a time, again in astonishment.

21st. Monday .At half past 10 I espied a ship coming round the rock. I had been watching more than half an hour with my telescope. I soon got a view of the yellow flag. It blew a gale and she was under close reef topsails. As soon as I saw the shear of the vessel and a boat on her quarter I was convinced it was the Mary. I dispatched master Stanhope at once to state the fact to Mrs. Whittall, and that she might be sure it was the Mary.

Considering the awful gale since Saturday, at 3 o'clock I had felt no little uneasiness, and this unquestionably had produced an effect on Mrs. Whittall's mind. Master Stanhope returned and said that Betty told him that her mistress had taken to her bed and determined there to remain. Mrs. Noyes prepared her-self to go to Daulby St. at once. My first decision was to get Miss Whittall released from quarantine by return of post, on this I ruminated as I went to town. On reaching my office I learnt that the Mary had slipped a chain and left an anchor near the M.E. buoy in the gale. I dispatched a boat and six men with a promise of five pounds if they obtain them. (I thought this a most desperate undertaking for the men).

I dispatched a note to Miss W. desiring her to name anything she and her nephews might require, and sketched a letter for her to write me, couched in the strongest terms, begging

me to obtain permission for her to see her dear Mother and to obtain her release. I wrote Dr. Carson a note and sketched a letter for him to address me on the state of Mrs. W's health. This letter and Miss W's I determined to subjoin to one I should write to the Lords of the Privy Council. At this time I received my letters from the Mary and also received a note from Miss W. stating that Ball had only delivered the Chesme Bill of Health and that he had said to the quarantine Master that the Smyrna one was delivered up at Scio.

I obtained Sir Thomas Branchey's verification of Carson being of high professional merit, and dispatched my letter to the Lords of the Privy Council at 9 o'clock. I also wrote to Mr. Fletcher of London of my fears that Miss W. would not see her Mother alive, and desired him to call at the Council Office and put my letter as forward as possible whatever might be the fee to secure it coming before their Lordships.

I reached home completely fagged out with completing what I had intended. I sent for James to come out to see me for 8 o'clock to-morrow intending to dispatch him as his Aunt wished to see him. I reached home at 10 o'clock and sent Master Stanhope to know the then state of Mrs. Whittall's health; he reports that she was more easy and tranquil and that Mrs. Noyes intended to remain with her all night. I had desired Dr. Carson to call this day. He had told her the chances were that Miss W. would now see her Mother alive.

Nov. 22. Mrs Noyes and James came over at 8 o'clock this morning. As the tide suited before I could go to town I dispatched James under charge of Mr. Eccleston to go to quarantine and see his Aunt, and with orders not to have a sail up and to have oars only used, and to be landed afterwards on the ? tide and get on board a steam boat at the Hook House.

Mrs Noyes reports Mrs. W. as being much more tranquil, though with a good deal of fever. She says she took nearly a cupful of calves' feet jelly she made her. Dr. Carson has told Mrs W. that whatever Mrs W. could take or had an inclination for she could take. Mrs. Noyes reported to me that Mrs. W.'s house yesterday was like a thoroughfare for people who previously had been as it were strangers within the doors called. They had flurried Mrs. W. much. She said she did not want to see them and that no more callers be admitted. What palling attention this to the Mother, on the verge of the grave by the exhibition of such a burst of attention to the healthy youthful daughter, two of the ladies having been to see Miss W.

Nov. 25th. Mrs Whittall will now, whenever it will please God to take her, die in the arms of her beloved daughter. I feel on this occasion relief that is quite indescribable.

Nov. 28th. to 29th. I have not seen Mrs. W. my last two calls. The less of agitation for her the better. Charlton's boys are rough subjects in comparison to James. James appears to feel elevation at the idea of having younger brothers to look up to him. Joseph has learnt a little of the King's English and amused us by his attempts to make conversation. He also filled up chasms with introducing "Mr. Breed" which he pronounces very well.

Mrs. W. I learnt was very comfortable, but gradually wasting away. Matters highly important not long since I judge pass like a shadow over her mind. How can it be otherwise? The vigour of the body is gone, the brain must necessarily partake in the decay, and mind is there fixed and its healthy activity must depend on that of the body and brain, Mary told me that she thought her Mother was dying this morning.

Nov. 30th. Mr. George F. Whittall arrived yesterday. I was at Mrs. W's this morning, she cannot hold out but a day or two longer. Mary asked me if I had sold the valonea. I told her I had sold it capitally at £16 longside the vessel. She said Mr. Nevitt (the mad one, half an idiot who did much damage in London) informed her that he could readily get eighteen guineas a ton for the whole. I said "Mary, don't believe such nonsense. The object is very obvious." The finest valonea on the market, quite as fine as the Mary's is retailing by a dealer in the article at £17 at which I can send in an hour and buy 2 tons.

This evening I received a letter from C.W. & Co, dated 19th October. It was written in Mr. James' hand - an extraordinary fact - and mentioned the awful alarm caused by the cholera morbus. I feel much apprehension regarding the circumstance of this letter being written by James. Mary would be distracted were she to know it. She told me Charlton was shockingly frightened of the idea of cholera. Charlton's life is of immense importance with his large family. I wish he had placed Richard in my office. I would have qualified him for a high post in business and made him at an early age fit to be his Father's representative with an English mercantile education. Mary has now elevated my opinion of the habits of the English in Smyrna. She does not like her native country the less for what she has seen there.

Dec. 1st. & 2nd. Mrs. W was very considerably better this morning, at least so the servants reported. I was desired to walk up into her chamber, she evinced little emotion at my presence. She rose up in bed and I placed the pillows on her back and shook her by the hand. The attendants left the chamber. The door was closed. She told me she prayed God for her release and was on a very low key. I told her she had nothing to fear, she had nobly done her duty and that she might repose confidently in the Creator who made her, not without an object, that he had a right to take what he had made, that events did not happen by chance and that she might depend on the happiness which is a certain consequence of duty being well performed. She appeared perfectly resigned, collected and tranquil. The Charlton's children were "nice children", but nothing more of them. She did not appear to feel anxiety but confidence in Mary's talents. To my astonishment Mrs. W. at once commenced a well-directed conversation on the subject of business. She spoke of George having sold his raisins, and asked if I had sold the valonea, and told me it was worth £18. I told her it was cruel for Mr. Nevitt to have made an intimation to have caused her pain, that she could not know the circumstances which had influenced me, that they were purely those which had in view the interests of her sons, that if the valonea had not been sold I would this day sell it for £80 less than I had obtained, and that her sons urged me to effect an early sale because other parcels were in progress. These remarks seemed to gratify.

Mary was out paying the landlady her rent. I got George out of the Custom House difficulty to-day. Mary I heard from Mrs. Noyes is greatly alarmed at the letter of the 19th. Oct. being written by James, and was anxious to know whether my letter was also written by James. I told George it was and that it was impossible for me not to feel anxious at so unprecedented an occurrence, and the more so as George informed me James mentioned he was returned from Chesme and confined to his room, facts not named in the letter to me. My anxiety however I told him must not be mentioned.

Dec 3rd, to 6th. Mrs W. is better and worn. She had a bad night last night. She lingers wonderfully. She is ignorant of the last Smyrna letters being written by James

Notes.

The manuscript ends here. It appears to be in Mr. Breed's handwriting.

Valonea is the shell of an acorn derived from a special type of oak tree which used to be used in tanning.

The George Whittall mentioned is the son of Charlton's elder brother, William of Worcester.

Richard is Charlton junior's eldest son who died young.

James is Charlton's eldest surviving son.