

MY MEMOIRS

Chapter 1.

OUR GRANDPARENTS.

Our grandfather, Charles Simpson Hanson, was born in England, in or near Bagshot, in 1803.

When he was about twenty, he was anxious to "travel," and practically ran away from home, and boarded a ship to cross the Channel. This ship was wrecked in a storm, but Grandfather was picked up by a fishing boat, and eventually landed in Norway. He could not get away in the winter, but somehow in the following year returned via France to England, and made his way home. Apparently it was a large house with grounds and a lodge.

The wife of the lodge keeper, herself very startled at his appearance, told him that his mother had become very delicate, and warned him that he was supposed to be dead, and the family were in mourning for him, and proposed that she should take the news of his return. But "Master Charles" objected to this plan - he liked doing things for himself - and proceeded to the House.

He told us children "One sister came to the door, and thinking she beheld my wraith, she swooned, and lay on the ground." A second sister followed, and nearly did likewise, but "a charming young damsel," a stranger to Grandfather, came out, "and with much common sense" tackled the swooning sister, spoke to Grandfather, and went to take the joyful news of his return to his Mother.

The "Charming damsel"s name was Charlotte Smith. She was an orphan, was born in the West Indies (Island of Santa Lucia, I think), anyhow, one of the smaller West Indian Islands.

Her father, an English doctor, and the delicate mother had both died, and Charlotte was sent to England to the care of her guardian (Hanson).

She owned some property and slaves in the West Indies. I once saw a paper of Grannie Hanson's giving details of property and number of slaves.

She was apparently in her "teens" at this time, and must have been very pretty and dainty, according to a little miniature that used to live in Grandfather's dressing room.

We (her granddaughters) used to go to Grannie's house to sew clothes for the poor Greek villagers, under her supervision, and used to persuade her to tell us of her young days, and the following was the tale of Grandfather's courtship.

Apparently some "titled gentleman" was "paying her attention" but she objected to be "bespoke" by him, and finally, at her first Ball, Charles Hanson proposed to her "behind some marble pillars" out of sight of the "titled gentleman," and Charlotte accepted Charles, and eventually they were married.

Charles was in some English Bank, and was to go to Constantinople to a Branch that was opening there. Charlotte, his bride, insisted on going too.

They went by Marseilles, driving in a "chariot" from Paris. Charles took his "man," Charlotte took her "woman," also a small pianoforte and a large harpsichord which stood always in the drawing room.

Apparently they drove in stages from Paris to Marseilles, and then chartered a small ship, and eventually reached the Dardanelles in six weeks, where they were becalmed for some time as the north wind and strong current through the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles was against them, but finally they arrived at the Golden Horn, the port of Constantinople, on the European side of the Bosphorus.

I believe Grannie was the first English lady to live in Constantinople, except the ladies of the English Embassy. Others spoke English, but had not been born in England.

The Hansons lived first in Pera, the European quarter of Constantinople, in winter, and in summer they moved to Therapia, at the northern end of the Bosphorus, near the Black Sea, where the air was much cooler and invigorating.

But I really do not know much about this period except that their first child, a boy, was born, and died, and was buried at Therapia.

He was followed later by Louisa, Charles, Henry, Arthur, Fanny, Helen, William, Adeline.

CHAPTER II.

CANDILLI. THE VILLAGE OF LIGHTS.

The Hansons eventually settled in Candilli, a village on the point of a hill, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

We were told Candilli meant "Village of Lights." It is possible that this name originated from the fact that at the extreme point of this headland, which is the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, there was (and I believe still is) a lighthouse which shows two red lights to warn vessels of the sudden narrowing of the Bosphorus.

Several members of the Hanson family have swum across from this point in Asia to Arnautkerry in Europe, but always accompanied by a boat, as there are very treacherous and strong currents in the Bosphorus.

The Upper Current, flowing from the Black Sea in the North, has weak patches in it, and anything or anybody falling in at those spots might be caught by the under current flowing in the opposite direction and dragged under water and carried along some distance.

Once I dropped an oar of a skiff at one of these spots; it was immediately sucked under water and carried some distance, where I suppose there was a weak spot in the lower current, and the oar was seen rising to the surface, and retrieved from steps in Arthur Scalfie's garden.

Candilli is difficult to describe. A very lovely, hilly point on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, about midway between the Sea of Marmora in the South, and the Black Sea in the North, so this Candilli has the unique advantage of beautiful and extensive views looking to the South and to the North from the garden terraces rising behind the houses.

A house on the water's edge is called a Yali. They were wooden, painted in various colours, with red tiled roofs. The lowest floor, literally the ground floor, was the boat house, with a shelving earthen floor sloping into the water, with gates at the end, which could be locked.

Generally a bath house was at the end of the garden, where you undressed and went down a ladder into a spacious room of water, with a water gate, if you wished to swim in the open Bosphorus. From a little balcony in the dressing room above, you could take a header into the Bosphorus. On the roof above, the family wash was hung out to dry in the sun and air. Having been washed in tubs with hot water and soap, then placed in "bougatha" baskets like

English gardeners' tall weed baskets, but with strong canvas tops and bottoms. The washed white clothes were folded, and packed in the bougartha baskets, and, in the top canvas a thick layer of wood ash was placed, and buckets of boiling water poured over it, and yet another deluge to carry off any ash that might have got through. The sun and the air did the rest, and certainly I have never seen whiter clothes anywhere.

Along the shore behind the houses was the only street (with no pavements) that could be traversed by wheels. Branching up the hill was another stony, winding road that led up to a small plateau facing north, with a high wall to the south, which hid a huge "Kiosk" belonging to the Sultan, who came there very occasionally. Beyond the Sultan's Wall was a row of wooden houses painted in various colours, facing north, belonging to quite a large French colony.

Then came the "Hanson houses." In front of them, on the opposite side of the stony road, was a low wall over which we threw chopped up melon rinds and scraps for the fowls that lived on a terrace below, also shouted orders to the grooms whose stable and kennels were down there, approached by a steep, stony slant from the road.

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CHAPTER III.

THE "KONAK." THE BIG HOUSE.

"The Big House" was a large wooden house, painted grey, with red tiles, and was really the Selamlık or Men's Quarters of a Turkish house. At a short distance, but in line with the Selamlık, was a smaller, lower house for the Harem. The space in between was soon built over by a passage, with additional rooms for servants and the former Harem was occupied by the young men and their friends. The daughters lived in the "Big House" with their parents.

The "Big House" had long raised stone steps at the entrance, for mounting horses, and a large porch with coloured glass windows, which were removed in the summer.

The French colony used to sit outside their houses and have their after dinner coffee in the street, but the Hansons were "very English," and never sat beyond the porch steps.

The Front Hall was very spacious, with a marble hall, and in my day was the scene of our Christmas Tree parties and dances. It was large and very lofty, and in winter three large orange trees in green tubs used to stand on each side of the Big Hall. Beyond this was another section in which stood a full sized billiard table, a stove, and arm chairs.

Under the great double staircase stood Grannie's mountain chair, and another closed Sedan chair to carry her in wet weather to the steamer landing place, Vanikein Scalá, and to pay visits or go to her caique (rowing boat). During the Crimean War it took her to and from the landing place for her visits to Miss Nightingale and Scutari Hospital laden with mattresses and other necessities for the English soldiers.

Behind the "Big House" the garden rose in a succession of terraces to the top of that spur of the hill of Candilli, to the spot where they could see the Bosphorus from the North to the South.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CRIMEAN WAR (1854).

When the war broke out between Russia and Turkey (1854), England assisted Turkey by sending many thousands of soldiers, in the wooden "three-deckers" of that day, to fight with the Turks against the Russians in the Crimea.

The great cumbersome wooden ships passed through the Dardanelles and Bosphorus and Black Sea. The actual fighting took place in the Crimea Peninsula, on the South Coast of Russia.

The wounded were brought back past Candilli to Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus.

A very large square building, intended for barracks, had been lent by the Turks to the British, to use as a Hospital, but, as the Turks never slept on bedsteads, there were none, nor were mattresses provided, nor chairs, nor tables, nor fireplaces, nor kitchen coal ranges. All these necessities had to be provided by the English.

Grandfather and Grannie Hanson went immediately to interview Miss Nightingale, and helped in many ways, interpreting in Greek and Turkish her many needs and necessities, and giving orders to native workmen, carrying materials back to Candilli in the big caique for their daughters and the Greek women to turn into mattress covers, stuffed with straw from the Candilli stables, until, as I found in a note made in one of my mother's diaries, "all the men on second gallery now have a mattress to sleep on," viz., a cotton case stuffed with straw, on a stone floor!!!

The building had been intended and was built for barracks. There was a huge square centre, open to the sky, rain and snow. Much of the "cooking" was done in that square over charcoal in braziers (mangals) in the courtyard.

When wounded men arrived from the Crimea they had to be got down steep ladders over the sides of those old wooden ships and put into rowing boats to get them landed on a rocky point of land, no proper landing place. They were then carried up a steep hill to the so-called Hospital, and laid upon the stone floor.

I was not in existence then, but I saw the same procedure in the Turco-Russian War (), only a landing place among the rocks had been built by that time and the wounded men were Turks, accustomed to sleep on a mat, and to sit cross-legged on the floor, and not expecting any food that required coal fires or baked in ovens.

There was another extraordinary difficulty at Scutari Hospital in the early days of the Crimean War. A certain number of sergeants' wives were allowed to accompany their husbands in ships to foreign parts. There was absolutely no provision made for them on landing, and they established themselves round the Hospital Walls between the huge stone buttresses which were built at intervals to strengthen the building in earthquakes. Awnings were strung up in front of these recesses, and there, many little English babies were born. Our Grandmother made these women her special care, and got them into a house where they did the washing for the Hospital.

Miss Nightingale walked through all the rooms and galleries every night carrying a little hand lamp, a wick floating in oil. The men lovingly called her "The Lady of the Lamp," and many kissed her shadow as she passed.

Miss Florence Nightingale was always my ideal woman, and rather curiously when I was at school in Germany I found I was quite near Halsorswerth, where, in the house of a German Pastor and his wife, she helped and learnt how to nurse and to treat girls leaving prison. I was much interested to hear all anyone could tell me of her, and many years later, when I had married and my children were about 5 and 7, I was staying with some naval friends, Admiral and Mrs. Pigott at , who told me Miss Nightingale was visiting some cousins not far off, and would like to see me. No Royal Command could have given me more pleasure, and I found a little, frail old lady in a white shawl, with such a sweet face and bright eyes, and a marvellous memory, asking all kinds of questions about "dear Mrs. Hanson," and so very interested to hear of how we had made many things for the Hospital in the Balkan War of from her patterns.

One of my treasures is a very small brass Cross given to my mother by a Russian prisoner, brought to the Scutari hospital; a little piece of the metal is chipped off by the weapon that wounded him. The emblems are those used in the Greek Church. I believe on one side there was the Lord's Prayer in Russian, but it is illegible now. The soldier gave it to my mother in Scutari Hospital, and I have worn it for over 75 years; my Grandmother gave it to me on my Confirmation Day, when I went to my Confirmation in a closed Sedan chair!

CHAPTER V.

MY MEMORIES.

AFTER THE CRIMEAN WAR.

Apparently there was much marrying and giving in marriage in the Hanson Family after the Crimean War. I am not quite certain in what rotation they came, but:-

Charles, the eldest son, took Holy Orders, and married Fanny Ede. They had no children, but adopted a motherless niece.

Louisa, the eldest daughter, married Robert Cumberland, H.B.M. Consul in Berdiarest, Prussia. He was a widower with one young daughter, Ellen.

Fanny married Lieut. Thomas Fellowes, R.N. He was promoted to Admiral, and Knighted.

Henry married Edith Oldham, daughter of Dr. Oldham, London.

Arthur married Alice Ogilvy, Scotch.

William married Mary Oldham, sister of Edith.

Adeline married Harry Rumball.

Helen married George Henry Clifton, my Father, barrister at the English Court. My Mother died when my brother Charles was born.

NURSE ROBINSON.

Newly married Hansons, husbands and wives, lived for a short time in the Big House, while they settled on a house for themselves in Candilli, and I had the necessary repairs and alterations done to suit their English ideas.

Many of the first grandchildren were born in the Big House.

My Father and Mother lived in the original Harem part of the Big House, and I and my brother Charlie were born there. We had an English nurse, Mrs. Robinson, the widow of the English Embassy gardener. The under-nurse was a very pretty Greek woman, Dadda Maria.

My mother died very suddenly after the birth of my brother. We lived for some years there under dear Grannie's care.

As the family storeroom was in this part of the Big House, Nurse Robinson held the keys. She rang a bell after breakfast each morning and gave out stores to the Greek servants, who called her "Madame Rob," and stood in great awe of her, as she firmly refused to open the storeroom more than once a day. She spoke an extraordinary mixture of Greek, Turkish, even French and English, and used to be deaf to all appeals from late comers. "I might live in the storeroom if I gave in to them," she used to say, and depart upstairs to the nurseries.

She was the friend and adviser to all the other English nurses who came by degrees to the Hanson families who lived in Candilli, and she was devoted to "my Old Lady" as she called my Grandmother, and in time became her lady's maid.

To give an idea how the Hanson Colony was growing, I will give a list of the grandchildren of Charles and Charlotte Hanson.

LIST OF HANSON GRANDCHILDREN.

Charles and Fanny adopted two nieces, Katie Ede and Lillie	- 2
Henry and Edith had Cecil, Ernest, Hilda, Hugh, Basil,	
Severin, Gladys	- 7
Arthur and Alice had Ethel, Clare, Dorothy	- 3
Willie and Mary had Clarence, Kathleen, Jack	- 3
Adeline and Harry Rumball had Herbert, Walter, Winifred,	
Beatrice, Alfred	- 5
Louisa and Robert Cumberbatch, through living in Smyrna,	
used to send their children to Candilli for	
cooler summers. Ellen, Bertie, Henry,	
Arthur, Edith, Gertrude, Cyril	- 7
George and Helen Clifton had Evelyn and Charles,	- 2
and by his second marriage Montague, Ellen,	
Mildred, David, Ernest	- 5
	<u>34</u>
Add to these grandchildren the fourteen parents	14
	<u>48</u>
The nurses and governesses, the visitors in children each	
house for the week-end in the country	6
Grandparents	2
	<u>56</u>

CHAPTER VI.

MY BIRTHDAY.

March 22nd, 1870.

I had received many presents and a beautiful English doll, and I was going to take her with me to a real big picnic to the Giants' Mountain - but I was not happy. I was feeling ashamed, and could not tell anyone why. They might laugh, and they could not help me, but I was now 7 years old and had never been to England!! And I had a secret, growing, fear I might become a Greek, perhaps! I already had very dark hair, and most of the cousins were fair. I had blue eyes, moreover.

We went in the lovely big caique (Turkish rowing boat) with 3 boatmen (caique gees) rowing, using six oars, and they rowed us right up the Bosphorus to the foot of the Giants' Mountain, near the Black Sea - the highest hill on the Asiatic side.

We landed and climbed into a large bullock araba (wagon) with a little narrow seat all round, and a red canopy over the top with a red fringe to keep out flies, and little tinkling bells to keep the "EVIL EYE" off us. In this slow-going vehicle we journeyed up and up the Mountain, until we reached a low wall enclosing a mosque with a minaret. A Hadji (a pilgrim who had been to Mecca - we knew by his special head-dress) guarded the gate. Inside was a long narrow mound with a railing all round and a mosque at one end. This was the grave of the Giant's Toe. Little rags were tied on the railing, and the Hadji told us if we wanted anything very much, we might wish for it at the railing, and tie a rag on the railing, in silence, and tell no one. I had a brilliant idea. I would wish a wish and tie on something to the railing - but what? I could only think of my birthday doll's new sash. I consulted Charlie, and we wished to go to England, and we sacrificed the dollie's sash, and told nobody.

That was March 22nd, and on May 1st we actually started for England by doctor's orders, and were taken by Mrs. Robinson, by sea!!!

CHAPTER VII.

THE JOURNEY TO ENGLAND.

Grannie and Nurse Robinson took us and our boxes in the big caique down the Bosphorus to the Golden Horn, where we went up a steep ladder on to an English steamer, and we were told we were going to live on it for a whole fortnight.

Father came to say goodbye, and took Grannie back to Candilli, and Nurse Rob took us and put us to bed on shelves in a tiny room - our cabin. I think we got to Smyrna in a very few days, where Uncle Robert Cumberbatch was Consul, and he and Aunt Louisa took us on shore to their house. The big cousins had gone to England to school, but Edie and Gertie and their nurse Jane were there, and they took us to see the railway station, as we had no trains in Constantinople then. I believe the European train came no nearer than Pesth, possibly Belgrade, in those days, so we had never seen one; and when a real train came rushing and whistling into the station Charlie and I took to our heels and fled for our lives out of the station and down the main road, with Edie and Gertie and Nurse Robinson and their nurse and the "canvass" (guard with pistols in his belt who always went out with the Consul's children) all shouting to us. We were very soon sent back to our steamer! And Nurse Rob gave us "a piece of her mind" on our terrible lack of manners.

The Hermit on Cape Matapan.

Our next excitement was when we stopped somewhere near Cape Matapan. An old hermit lived in a hut on the top of the high cliff, and our captain stopped the steamer and sent off a boat with some sailors and a parcel of food to the shore.

The hermit let down a rope with a basket attached, into which the sailors put the parcel of food, and returned to our steamer.

We could see the hermit pulling it up and waving his thanks to us.

We stopped to coal at Malta, and were taken ashore to get out of the coal dust; but I don't remember anything we did there that time.

Of Gibraltar I only remember the fruit market, and at long last we reached Liverpool.

There we saw our first cuckoo clock, and Charlie aimed a ball at it and it never "cuckooed" again we were told.

We went to Llandudno on a little steamer - I think Nurse Robinson was nervous of a railway journey with us.

LLANDUDNO.

What a wonderful place! A beach and sands to dig in and make castles like Father had told us about. We had to go straight out to the shops and buy buckets and spades and come back to bed.

And the very next morning, when we woke up we were horrified! The sea had gone!!! The whole big English sea had disappeared! We both sat on the floor in our nighties and howled. But Nurse Robinson promised we would see it coming back. So we took our lunch to Great Ormes Head and picked harebells which we had never seen before, and filled our buckets with bunches of them, and when we got back to the shore the sea was really rolling nearer and nearer. There is no tide in the Bosphorus, and very little in the Mediterranean except as the result of north or south winds, so this exodus and return of the ocean was a never-to-be-forgotten incident in our lives.

The next great event was the arrival of our Father in Llandudno, and he took us to see a waterfall at Bettyscoed - water tumbling down over high rocks and splashing lovely ferns and flowers - and he took us to Carnarvon Castle, where we saw English soldiers for the first time; but the Castle did not impress us very much for had we not big round castles on the Bosphorus hills, and there, at Rowmeti Hissar in one of the Castle Walls was (and probably still is) a huge iron or stone ball half in and half out of the wall. And we always hurried past that particular Castle in case that ball should come down and shoot us dead.

Another day Father took us to Chester Cathedral, but I had never heard an organ before and fainted, and was carried into the Cloister. Years after I went again to Chester Cathedral and recognised the place in the Cloister where I had wakened.

After this we went to London in a train, but by now we were hardened travellers and enjoyed it, only London was

wrapped in a yellow fog, and there were only streets and houses, and we felt we "did not belong" and were very afraid of getting lost (I think I still have that feeling). However, Father took us in a cab to a lovely toyshop - we had never seen one before, and Charlie chose a train packed in a box and I chose a big baby doll dressed in real long clothes and a long cloak and bonnet which was a cherished possession for many years.

A lady came with us when we left England, who became our governess.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURN VIA PARIS TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

We went back via Paris and Marsoilles, staying en route in Paris shortly after the siege of Paris (1870) by Germans was raised. A woman drove our fiacre (cab) to a small hotel kept by an English lady who told us blood-curdling tales about what they had endured during the siege, and when we went to bed we saw bullets in the ceiling, and were terrified they would come down and shoot us dead in the night. However, we arranged that Charlie should sleep while I said "Our Father," and I should sleep while he said "Jesu tender Shepherd," so as I was the eldest I began, and needless to say we both slept through the whole night and were comforted to see the bullets still stuck tight in the ceiling in the morning.

The next day we went to a beautiful garden called the Louvre, and saw broken marble statues lying on the ground. Then we went to the Church of Notre Dame and the Church La Madeleine, where we saw chairs stacked up and the police were pulling out pieces of rag soaked in paraffin from underneath them.

I think Father hurried up our departure then, and we left by the night train and slept peacefully until morning.

When we arrived at Marsoilles we felt more at home. Bright striped awnings in the narrow streets over huge piles of melons and oranges, and men in fez and turbans from Africa and the East, in familiar kinds of costumes were sitting on low stools or lying on mats on the ground, leisurely smoking their long pipes and even

"narghiles," which are bottles of water with a kind of cap holding red hot charcoal, and the pipe goes through this into the water and makes a lively bubble-bubble.

We had a rough passage through the Gulf of Lyons and I was seasick and miserable, and implored my Father to throw me overboard as I could swim, but he would not agree to this, nor to my suggestion that he might tie me on a rope to keep me near the steamer; but he said the captain would not allow that and I had to be content to lie down and go to sleep on board.

We did not stop off Cape Matapan this time, but we did stop at one of the islands of the Greek Archipelago, where we took on bags of mail and other things, and also bought delicious and familiar Turkish and Greek sweets.

After a few days we reached the Golden Horn, and there was the big caique, with three boatmen, waiting to take us all up the Bosphorus to the dear Grandparents and the "Big House" at Candilli.

Here we found great changes. A new lovely little room for me and another room for Charlie, and they not only looked into the garden on one side, but they had a window looking down into the servants' hall, where we could see them at supper, talking and laughing, so we were not afraid of being alone upstairs.

Here we started a new phase in our lives. Nurse Robinson had been called "Oppidoppi" by a small cousin (Ethel Hanson), and the name was used by all the cousins. She superintended our baths and dressings and aches and pains, but Miss Jay, our governess, taught us and prepared Charlie for school in England.

Later on my Father married cousin Ellen Cumberbatch, and we moved into a smaller house on the other side of the Big House; the gardens joined at the back of the houses.

"Oppitoppi" remained as housekeeper to Grannie in the Big House. Miss Jay taught us in the house next door, and we had great excitement over the arrival of a little baby brother, Montague.

The Henry Hansons, and the Arthur Hansons, and the Willie Hansons, had all moved into other houses in Candilli, and had families and English nurses and governesses, so we were quite an English colony, but the

Big House was the Centre in more ways than one.

At Christmas there was a lovely Christmas Tree in the Big Hall, and on the Greek Christmas Day a fortnight later it was all lit up again and hung with bags of sweets and shining tinsel streamers, and the little Greek children from the village used to come in for their Christmas treat and presents.

Over the big entrance hall were two drawing rooms opening on to a large balcony, from which a glorious view to the north was obtained, of the Bosphorus growing wider, with the old Genoese Castles on each side, and in the far distance the Giants Mountain.

A Service was held on Sunday in the big drawing room. Grandpapa read "Morning Prayers. Sweet old Grannie, in her pretty lace cap with "lappets," led the responses, my Father read a sermon. The small children sat with their respective nurses, and sometimes slept soundly on the sofas. Aunt Edith played the hymns on a harmonium, we, the elder children who could read, were the choir, and I stood near Aunt Edith. At the end there was always a "Babies' Hymn" which the quite little ones sang. After which we all were regaled with "rahat concourm" (Turkish Delight), and the great prize for good behaviour was to be allowed to hold Grandfather's big magnifying glass in the sun and set fire to a piece of paper in the garden.

During the afternoon Canon Curtis, who was in charge of Christ Church, the Crimean Memorial Church, came up from Town and, after tea, had a Catechism class before Evensong. Sometimes there was a new baby to be christened, and Grannie had a beautiful little alabaster font which always stood in a window with a jar of special flowers in it. This was removed, and a bowl of water placed in the font. After the baptism the water was poured over special ferns in the fernery window. When the baby was considered able to stand the journey to Town it was taken to Christ Church in Pera and was "received" by Canon Curtis in the beautiful Baptistry. The large font was marble and built for immersion, with three steps going down into the font, but with babies there was a small bowl which, after the service, was carried out to the Church garden and the water poured over roses. After baptizing the baby Canon Curtis "presented" it at the altar, and the name was inserted in the Church Book in the vestry. This was the only

Register of Births for some years, until it was made obligatory to register children of English parents at the British Consulate.

On Monday morning Canon Curtis held an Early Celebration in the Big House frontdrawing room, which had the wonderful view of the Bosphorus.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GARDEN.

The garden rose in terraces behind the house. I wish I could describe them adequately; there were seven, each with a white stone balustrade in front, each mounting to the next level by a flight of steps covered with arches of a creeper of some kind, banksia roses and Virginian creeper, and each terrace had a "pavouza" (little pond) fed from a huge cistern under the Stone Terrace. I do not know from where that cistern got its supply.

- 1 - In the lowest terrace at the back of the house and hall was a huge magnolia tree and several tall pomegranates. It did not get much sun, but ferns thrived there.
- 2 - The next terrace was on a level with the drawing room, to which it was joined by a wooden gallery. It was "Grannie's Terrace," with all her special English flowers, bordered yellow primroses.
- 3 - Was the Terrace of Roses and Carnation beds, bordered with violets, double and single.
- 4 - The Stone Terrace, where we had evening parties, and Grannie used often to have her breakfast, under a fig tree in the corner. This terrace was a long one, as it took the whole length of the Big House and the Harem part.
- 5 - A small terrace where English mushrooms and celery were cultivated, and on the other side a vineyard.
- 6 - The "Koukownaria Terraces" (pines which bore cones with a hard black nut with an edible kernel,) and the Spring bulb garden on the terrace.
- 7 - The croquet ground, which was the highest point of the garden, with beautiful views to the north. On the other side of the croquet ground was a long stretch of ground, fruit trees and flowers, and vines, and at one extreme point, the Olive Terrace, from which could be seen the Bosphorus, extending almost to the Sea of Marmora, and a good distance to the north.

These were the gardens and views described in Murray's Guide Book as the best view points of the Bosphorus, and led to many visitors.

An upper gate led to my Bugbear, viz., a Greek and Armenian cemetery through which we had to go to reach Uncle Arthur and Uncle Henry's houses, for who could tell what ghosts we might see there? We often saw funerals, and in those days the coffins had to be open in case they were being used by Christians to bring supplies of firearms into Turkey. I saw the same custom in Greece as late as and the same reason was given there!

The nurses and prams all came through the Big Gate from the cemetery as they could not come up the many flights of steps of the terraces. I was allowed to push a pram and look after the small cousins while the real nurses sat and talked to each other and brought their grievances to Nurse Robinson. At first I felt very important, but was very relieved when my music lessons took the place of the small cousins.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHEEP DOG.

My own Mother was buried in a little cemetery at Therapia, where British soldiers lay. My Father and I had taken flowers to my Mother's grave, and then started to walk up the hill behind, which was covered with wild pink primroses. I went ahead, picking primroses, when suddenly a great sheep dog, which had broken the rope by which he had been tied up in the sheep fold at the top of the hill, came dashing down and seized my leg. Fortunately I was wearing a very thick and rather long overcoat, so that the actual bite was not severe, but Father, who knew how fierce these dogs (partly wolves) could be, fired his revolver at him and killed him. According to Turkish law, the dog was tied up to a wooden beam, the nose touching the wood, and the tail touching the ground, and father had to pay for as much grain as would cover him. The owner had the right to chose the grain. As it was a large dog, the sum demanded was considerable, but - it was the law of the land and I had not been killed.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SULTAN'S BIRTHDAY.

Once a year, in summer, the Sultan had a birthday feast day. All the villages and steamers and ships on the

Bosphorus were beflagged by day and illuminated by night and parties were given both by Europeans and Turks to show their zeal for the Sultan. The Hanson colony congregated at the Olive Terrace in the Big House Garden in full view of the Turks seated in the Sultan's Kiosk. Once we had no sooner lit all our little wicks floating in oil in glass saucers, than we received a message from the Sultan that they must all be extinguished immediately as the wind was bringing a bad odour to the Sultan's nose. However I only remember that happening once, and we made up for it by consuming many "shokers" sweets and doudoulmas ices with which the sellers had toiled up many flights of stone steps and terraces, until the lights in the Sultan's garden were extinguished.

This was a signal that the Sultan now wished to sleep, and darkness and silence were required.

But we had had a wonderful day and the Sultan's birthday illuminations still remain a beautiful memory in all the Hanson children's experience.

MY FATHER'S MARRIAGE.

One of my early visits to Smyrna was on the occasion of my Father's marriage to Ellen, Uncle Robert's eldest daughter by his first marriage. Still more important to me was the fact that Edie Cumberbatch and I were to be bridesmaids. I know that there were several others, but that was a detail. I do not think I had ever seen an English wedding before and certainly had never been a bridesmaid.

CHAPTER XII.

DAY WITH BOYS IN STAMBOUL.

The edict had now gone forth that Cecil and Ernest Hanson and Charlie Clifton were to go to England to school, their governesses Miss Rankin and Miss Jay were to take them, but before they left they were to see more of the sights of Constantinople, and sisters were to be included in the party.

We went in a Bosphorus steamer to the Golden Horn, and then under the care of one of our men servants, probably a Montenegrine, with pistols in his waist band, we visited the Turkish Bazaars.

These were a number of arched covered streets. Each street sold one kind of merchandise - carpets, jewels, silks, embroideries, etc., etc., and the owners of these shops sat at ease on rugs on the floors smoking long pipes or "narghiles." These are bottles of water, and the smoke was drawn through coloured flexible tubes, through a small receptacle in the neck of the bottle holding red hot charcoal and tobacco.

After touring the bazaars we went to a little raised kiosk which formed a centre to the bazaars. Here we sat on low stools, round a centre one which held a large dish of pilaff - rice boiled with tomatoes and mixed with pounded chicken meat. This was followed by a sweet dish of "mahalabi," ground rice with highly coloured rose water sprinkled over it, and eaten with a curious brass spoon with a triangular flat end which made it somewhat difficult to get the "mahalabi" into our mouths.

We then walked to the old Greek racecourse, but did not appreciate broken remains of stone memorials and by the time we arrived at the old Greek Church of Santa Sophia were too weary to be interested, except that I actually picked up a small coloured mosaic which had fallen from the roof of the apse and which I still have in an old box of treasure.

CHAPTER XIII.

HADJI BEKIR.

Our Stamboul day was not considered complete without visiting Hadji Bekir's sweet shop. He wore a curious head-dress which showed he had made a pilgrimage to Mecca to the Tomb of the Prophet Mahomet, and was then given the distinctive head-gear and the title Hadji "Pilgrim."

He had now a very lucrative sweet shop, not far from the Bazaars, so having made the boys walk round the old Greek racecourse and made a rather hurried inspection of the beautiful old Greek Church of St. Sophia, now turned into a Turkish mosque, we felt the time had come to go to Hadji Bekir and be refreshed.

Once upon a time our Grandfather had given Hadji help in some financial crisis, and in return the Hadji always entertained the grandchildren who came to see him.

He allowed us to stir the contents of the great copper bowls of boiling sugar and into which we threw handfulls of dark red rose petals which turned the contents red, and chopped nuts into another, and then we watched the contents being poured into shallow marble trays, where we fanned it to hurry the cooling process, and watched it being cut into large oblong pieces which the grown-ups warned us should make three mouthfuls each. These lovely pieces were then packed into round wooden boxes and presented to each of us, and Hadji Bekir would never accept payment from us for his "rahat-louccum Turkish Delight." It was his backsheesh to us.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR RETURN TO CANDILLI.

As a finish up of this sight-seeing day the boys demanded a ride in an "English bus." There was only one line in those days which ran from the Galata end of the wooden bridge over the Golden Horn. So we walked the whole length of the bridge, from old Stamboul, across the Golden Horn to the European business section of Constantinople, and in due time found the new English vehicle.

We climbed inside and were thrilled to see a man on each side of the London bus carrying a red flag, driving off beggars and curious bystanders from being run over, to say nothing of the numerous "street dogs" who had no other home.

At last we started, escorted by the two "hamals" with their flags who shouted at intervals "tehabeuk, tehabeuk," (quick, quick).

This exciting journey took us as far as Ortakong, where we boarded the steamer which we should have taken at "the Bridge."

These Bosphorus steamers had come out from England under English captains, who trained Turks to replace themselves. We were accustomed to hear the Turkish pupils shouting down the speaking tubes to the engine room "Sle down," "Steppaire," "Go-a-ed."

This steamer would take us across the Bosphorus and up the Asiatic side to Candilli. En route "caffajis" men in white aprons come round with trays of small

cups of coffee very sweet but no milk, and no handles on the cups which sat in little metal holders like egg cups, and also sheets of paper with small round biscuits of almond paste adhering to them.

Turkish women always sat apart from the men on a part of the deck screened off by heavy sailcloth curtains, but the sellers of coffee and biscuits and water were allowed entrance to sell their wares inside the curtain.

CHAPTER XV.

ROBERTS COLLEGE.

Another outing before "the boys" left was to the Roberts College at Raimeli Hissar - on the European side and narrowest part of the Bosphorus. I think the founder was an American named Hamblin. It took in numbers of boys of different nationalities especially from the northern provinces of Turkey, speaking Bulgarian, Turkish, American, Greek, but all Christian.

We used occasionally to go to the English service held by Dr. Washburn, one of the American rulers of the College. The English Church Service was held in a large hall with double glass windows, and in one of these, bees had established themselves. They got through a small hole in the outside pane of glass and we could watch the whole process of the life and work of bees building, carrying in supplies, fighting for precedence in their orderly entries and departures, with an occasional battle to clear the way.

It was well worth coming over in the caique, walking up a steep hill past the great stone towers of Genoese days, though in one of these towers there was a huge stone ball only partly embedded in the masonry, past which we used to run - for who could tell? It might come down and "shoot us dead," so it really was much the best thing to run past it on our way up and down to Roberts College.

Opposite Raimeli Hissar was Anatoli Hissar, another but smaller group of old stone castles guarding the narrowest part of the straits.

At last the actual day of departure came and the boys left for England, and I went with them as far as Smyrna, where I stayed with my cousins the Cumberbatches

until they came on their annual summer visit to Candilli to escape the hot summer months in Smyrna and get in exchange the invigorating north wind from the Black Sea.

CHAPTER XVI.

SMYRNA.

The boys went to England by Marseilles. I accompanied them as far as Smyrna, where I was to stay with the Cumberbatch cousins and return with them when they came for their annual summer trip to Candilli.

As I stayed several times with these cousins at Smyrna I cannot remember now exactly what happened each time.

At the first visit I know we were very much occupied in learning not only to fly our own kites, but to bring down those of our neighbours. Every boy and girl, I think, was an enthusiast in the art.

Uncle Robert, as British Consul, generally insisted on us obeying the rules.

We all flew our kites from the flat roofs of our houses. We tried to entangle the kite ropes of other fliers and to pull them down on to our house tops. That constituted them ours for that day. They were generally restored to their rightful owners in the evening.

A more peaceful occupation was to watch little blind fishes that fell occasionally from the mouth of a stone dragon into a "havusa" pond in the Consulate orange garden.

A visitor at the Consulate, an English ex-engineer, was much intrigued by these little blind fishes, and welcomed an invitation to remain there longer and try to unravel the mystery.

Eventually the little blind travellers were tracked through quite a long distance of some open, and some underground, water courses to a large underground pool of water which had evidently once been above ground, and probably closed in during one of Smyrna's many earthquakes.

Another place we visited was the plantation at

the extreme end of the Smyrna Gulf of special deep red roses, very highly scented, used for the manufacture of "Attar" (oil) of roses. This oil was measured by drops, and sold in long thin bottles more like tubes with a fine space running up the centre which would hold five or ten or twenty drops, and were very expensive.

In Smyrna we also saw figs being packed for export. Each fig was dipped into a bucket of salt sea water and then pressed into shape in the shallow boxes we buy in England. Whether they are still packed like that I do not know, but in those days the fig packing was one of the sights of Smyrna.

Each woman in the row had her own bucket of water on one side, the basket of purple figs on the other, and her supply of little boxes in front. There was much rivalry, and they were paid by the number of boxes. Probably all this is done quite differently now.

During one of my Smyrna visits the family was full of anxiety about a Hansen connection, a young man who owned a cheflik (farm) in the country behind Smyrna. I think his name was Alfred van Lennep. He had just received a new kind of cart from England. The natives did not know exactly how to use it. Alfred scrambled from the back full length into the cart. His legs were promptly seized and tied together, and he was carried into the cave in which the men lived. They were of the so-called brigand type, and intended to extort a large sum of money from the English "chelibes" gentlemen relatives for his return.

An old woman who had been a servant in the British Consulate helped Alfred to escape from the house and hid him in a ditch, where she brought food to him for three days.

The brigands had demanded a large sum of money for his return, and had said it was to be put in a bag under a certain stone in a certain field on a certain day.

When the brigands went to collect the money it was found to be short of the full amount. As a matter of fact it could not be got into the bag provided, and the extra sum was placed in another bag. This was pounced on by two of the party and a fight ensued during which Alfred made his escape with the old woman's help.

Another episode in my Smyrna visits was when I was a good deal older.

Three English Bishops were visiting Smyrna. The Bishop of Gibraltar, who was, I think, Bishop of the whole Mediterranean diocese, and the Bishop of Jerusalem, and a third Bishop were being escorted by my Uncle Robert Cumberbatch to see the places of interest in the neighbourhood.

On this occasion there was to be an excursion by train to ruins of several of the Churches of Asia, and Uncle Robert had extended an invitation to any member of the congregation of the English Church in Smyrna. A large number accepted. Uncle Robert, who had lately returned from a visit to England, was very anxious the Bishops should miss nothing, and as we were nearing Sardis was pointing out the curious fact that one of the two standing columns of the ancient temple of Sardis had a quite crooked capital - it had been shifted in an earthquake many many years ago - Uncle Robert was just explaining this with his head out of the window when he sneezed violently.

He seized the cord to the engine driver and signalled "Stop," clapped his hands over his mouth and said "My teeth have gone into a bush."

The train stopped, everyone got out. Uncle Robert said "Now, ladies and gentlemen, please follow me. I have marked down the bush; kindly surround it carefully when we come to it."

And so we followed him and eventually reached the bush out of which Uncle Robert triumphantly retrieved his dentures unbroken.

I do not think we had an address at Sardis, but I do remember the laughter and chattering, the scents of the wild thyme and sage and the brilliant sunshine and the two tall columns that had withstood so many gales and storms and earthquakes.

At Ephesus there were many storks nesting on the tops of pillars, and we had our addresses there.

There was a second day of ancient churches, but I am not sure how they were divided by train since, but we also went to Magnesia Glasim and I eventually returned to Constantinople.

Uncle Robert died at a later period, and Aunt Louisa and the younger girls Edith and Gertrude, and their youngest brother Cyril, and the English nurse Jane, came to Constantinople and lived with Grannie Hanson.

Bertie Cumberbatch, the eldest son, had died, Constance married Adam Block. Henry was in the Consular service at in the Black Sea, and Arthur, I think, was in business in Constantinople.

CHAPTER XVIII.

My Father moved into a house on the other side of the Big House, where my step-brother Montague, and later Ellen, were born.

Various experiments were tried for my education, not very successfully. One lady who used to come up to Candilli by steamer several days a week used to be so exhausted she slept soundly during the lesson time. Then I went to different cousins' houses for tuition. The music mistress lived at the Arthur Hanson's. She was German, and taught that language as well. An English governess lived at the Henry Hansons', but I was several years older than Hilda, which was awkward. A French girl had come to live at the Rumballs', and I spent my time wandering between them all, including a gymnastic course in the Henry Hansons' "stable house."

Then a terrible shock to us all came when our dear Grandfather Hanson died very suddenly one Easter.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PASSING OF GRANDFATHER HANSON.

It was Eastertide, and everything seemed exquisitely beautiful that Spring, but the dear Grandfather had been struck down with a bad chill.

Our dear typical "old English gentleman," a keen sportsman, a good raconteur, was sinking, the English doctor said in answer to the many anxious enquiries, and in a few days the end had come to his earthly life.

And now we were preparing to lay him to rest in Soutari cemetery.

An early Communion Celebration was held in the drawing room where we had so rarely seen his chair vacant. Later a large gathering collected in the street, all villagers, Turks, Greeks, Armenians, and French. The old village bekgeu (watchman) led the way, and each nationality with its own priest and choir and candles and carrying their own special silver Cross and eikens draped in crape, chanted their special prayers in turn as a flower-strewn coffin was carried out by the gardeners, grooms, and caiquegees (boatmen).

We children laid our flowers on the coffin as it was carried on to the Scala at Vanikeui, where an English tug was waiting, and a large number of people from other parts of the Bosphorus were already on board.

Grannie had been carried down the hill in her closed sedan chair, but walked on board at the Scala, the children stood and waved goodbyes as the tug started on its journey down the Bosphorus to Scutari cemetery, where dear Grandfather was laid to rest.

Some years after H.R.H. Edward, Prince of Wales, came to Constantinople and was brought to Candilli to see the view from the Big House garden so extolled by Murray's Guide Book. He told Grannie he had seen her husband's grave and monument at Scutari, and added he considered her husband had been a British "landmark" in the East.

CHAPTER XX.

CORFU - OUR EXODUS.

I am not quite certain of dates or the exact sequence of events, but after the death of Uncle Robert Cumberbatch in Smyrna, Aunt Louisa and her children and English nurse came to Candilli and lived with Grannie. Constance, her eldest daughter, married Adam Block. Bertie, the eldest boy, had died, Henry was in the Consular Service at Saluna in the Black Sea, Arthur was in business in Constantinople.

Apparently, though we children did not know it, every one was getting very uneasy about political affairs, and at last it was not considered safe for

English women and children to be left all day at Candilli on the Eastern side of the Bosphorus while all their men folk were at their offices in Galata on the Western side of the Bosphorus.

The Russians were again trying to get to Constantinople from the European side, and if they succeeded a massacre was feared, so preparations were made for the English women and children of the Candilli colony to leave suddenly and secretly from Constantinople.

Easier said than done!

One day a message was brought to Grannie by an old trusted Greek, Giovanni by name, who had been the butler in my Grandfather's lifetime. The message was "Be ready to-night."

At this period I was living next door to the Big House with my Father and my Stepmother, their little son Montague and my beloved one-year-old little sister Ellen.

To my utter amazement I had been told on several days to carry little Ellen up several terraces, and to take her to the remains of an old kiosk which had by degrees deteriorated into a regular depot for garden refuse, and there I sat with Ellen on my knees, keeping an anxious watch for snakes and scorpions and at last heard the bell rung which summoned me back to the house.

On this occasion Ellen was snatched out of my arms by the Greek nurse, and she told me I was to go into the Big House immediately. Our own house seemed to be in great confusion, and Grannie's was in a still more puzzling condition. Grannie and Nurse Robinson seemed to be collecting all the silver and making it into bundles. Edie Cumberbatch reported her Mother was doing the same, and presently she and I were dressed up with bundles of silver spoons and forks tied round our waists under our petticoats.

Then we were instructed to go up the Big House garden to the Stone Terrace, where Costi, the old Greek gardenor would meet us. On our way up we were told to pick a large bunch of roses each!!!

We did all this, and Costi met us on the Stone Terrace, led us into a corner where, under a

low spreading branch of a large fig tree, he carefully removed the packets under our skirts, and to our amazement packed them tightly in a basket tied to a string and let them down a well or rather a large cistern under the Stone Terrace. He then told us not to tell anyone, but to hurry back to Grannie Hanson with the flowers we had plucked, and to tell the ladies he could take care of anything they wished to send him.

That day was full of mysterious doings, and the night still more so, for nobody went to bed! But when it was quite dark the Henry Hansons and the Arthur Hansons, the Cliftons and Cumberbatches, the English nurses and governesses and all walked in silence down the hill, joined by the Willie Hansons at the foot of the hill.

I am not sure whether the Rumballs joined us that night.

Again an English tug came to the Scala, and as silently and quickly as possible we were all hustled on board with our bags and bundles, and dear Grannie with her bird cage and pet canary.

It was funny starting to travel without any trunks, but we could not have hamals (porters) to carry them.

We steamed slowly into the golden Horn, and aside an Austrian steamer which took us and our queer belongings on board as quickly and silently as possible, and left the harbour as the sun rose.

I am not sure how many days we were on board, but we reached our goal, Corfu, one of the Ionian Islands in the Adriatic Sea, about midnight. I was planted in the saloon with Baby Ellen on my lap and children, bundles and packages from various cabins were brought out and surrounded me. The family had been counted; some were going on to England via Trieste and I had got muddled as to the exact number of those disembarking at Corfu.

The English Consul, Mr. Taylor, came in his launch to meet and take off Mrs. Hanson's party, and found me surrounded by bags and wraps and children and babies, Ellen on my lap. He asked if any of us belonged to Mrs. Hanson, when I said "Yes, all of us and more in the cabins."

I quite remember his look of dismay, and he muttered "Must be some mistake," and went off to make enquiries, and arrange his launch must make more than one trip to the shore.

When we did get to the hotel there were no more vacant rooms, and we slept on sofas and chairs and doubled up on the beds till better arrangements could be made in the morning.

Brilliant sunshine, pepper trees, carnations and scarlet geraniums were my first impressions of Corfu next morning, and still more striking, some English soldiers in scarlet uniforms here and there.

We had several months in Corfu. I always remember lovely walks and the joy of finding real maidenhair and growing wild wherever a little spring bubbled out of the earth among ferns and bushes.

One terrible affair which befell Hilda Hanson and me in a queer round building with a gallery where "English Church Service" was held. We all sat in the gallery, and Hilda Hanson had walked proudly to Church under a parasol she had been given. This unfamiliar possession slipped through the gallery rails and fell on an old gentleman's shoulder in the congregation below. He rose up and shook it violently at us. Hilda and I scuttled down the gallery twisting stairs and ran as hard as we could to our hotel in case we were seized by a "red soldier" policeman.

There were still a few stray Englishmen apparently on the island. Mr. Taylor took us for several excursions in his steam launch, especially I remember one across the water where we landed in Albania, and another in Eperus on the mainland of Greece. As we had a gardener from one and a groom from the other province we were much interested.

In time we all returned to Constantinople, but I felt somehow I had left my childhood in Corfu.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARSEILLES.

After our return to Constantinople there seemed to be some delay and difficulty in settling down again.

Hilda Hanson went to England to her Grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Oldham, and to an English day school.

The nurseries in our "Pink House" had an additional inmate, as Baby Mildred had arrived, and after several experiments for my education had failed, it was decided that I too should go to school, but in Germany, where our so-called "cousins" Katie Ede and her two sisters were already established.

Uncle Tom Fellowes and Aunt Fanny had taken Grannie and Nurse Robinson to the French Riviera, where they had spent the winter, en route to England. So it was decided I should travel with a lady going to Marseilles, and Uncle Tom would meet me and take me to Montreux first, and then to Germany, and leave me at school at Dusseldorf.

We had one night in Marseilles, and Uncle Tom asked if I would like a hot bath. I was delighted, as none had been procurable on board ship, but the maitre d'hotel said that would be "impossible" that night, but in the morning they would "accommodate" me.

Next morning I was awakened by an extraordinary noise as an enormous full length bath on wheels was dragged along a stone passage into my room by two porters, with much noise and talking, followed by two others carrying buckets and pails of hot and cold water, all of which they emptied into the bath.

I got into that bath with much more fear than I used to feel jumping into the Bosphorus! I have often wondered what price was charged on our bill for that "Marseilles bath."

CHAPTER XXII.

MONTREUX.

The next morning we went on by train to Montreux. It was delightful to see dear Grannie and Aunt Fanny and dear old Nurse Robinson again. The latter proudly escorted me to the French shops and she astonished me by what she achieved in her purchases, speaking a mixture of English, Turkish, Greek, and a few words of very Anglicised "French".

However, we returned triumphantly to the hotel carrying many parcels, and I was eventually considered ready to accompany Uncle Tom to Dusseldorf and to the school, 21 Goltsteinstrasse, where I was to spend the next three years.

I don't think I ever realised what loneliness meant until I said "goodbye" to Uncle Tom and watched him go down the Goltsteinstrasse and round the corner and out of sight, and I went into the school.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SCHOOL.

But the "authorities" were two very charming clever ladies who had had a school in Italy for some years.

The girls were very friendly, and two were connections and I had known them in Constantinople. We were a very mixed household, English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, Belgian, French, and German, day girls.

In the short Easter holidays we went for excursions down the Rhine and visited other school mates in their homes in Belgium, Holland, France.

Once I had a very special experience of great interest to me at Kaiserswerth, where Miss Florence Nightingale had lived in the house of the Prison Pastor and his wife. They had given up a small house in their garden where they nursed girls from the prison, and Miss Nightingale lived there for some time to study the German method. I am not quite sure whether this was before or after her time spent in a Paris Hospital, but before she entered a Hospital in London.

The summer holidays were spent by me in England, Scotland, or Ireland, after having been inspected by Aunt Fanny Fellowes, who put my clothes in order - and always had a large reunion to meet the brothers and cousins who were going out to "Constan" for their summer holidays.

Several of the boys went to Elstree, where Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson were the heads of Elstree School. They were cousins of one of the officers of the H.M.S. Antelope, which was the English Man-of-War attached to the British Embassy. The officers used to come to Candilli for tennis and cricket and

dances, and when schools in England were discussed for the boys Mr. Townsend recommended Elstree many years after I married him.

I was kindly invited by several schoolfellows to go to their homes, so I saw the Giants Causeway in Ireland. Another year I was in Scotland and went down a coal mine which went some distance under the sea, and I was very thankful when we got to the surface again, for there were continual drippings down the walls and I expected the whole ocean would come down upon us.

At the end of the holidays all the English girls travelled out to Dusseldorf together.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

Christmas preparations began very early as we had a tree for poor orphans before our own festivities. Each schoolgirl had an orphan allotted to her, and during the term we had to make an entire set of clothes (except the dress) and knit a pair of stockings.

The orphans had an excellent tea first, and then the tree, and then the Drawing Room was closed until Christmas afternoon.

Christmas in the Hospital.

But my last Christmas was the most eventful as I was the first victim of Scarlet Fever, which eventually brought 23 companions to the Town Hospital.

One day I suddenly realised that hot air was coming up between my bed and the wall. With my experiences of fire in wooden houses in Turkey and stove pipe chimneys on fire, I knew no time must be lost in giving the alarm. I forthwith dragged on a thick grey stocking, which was miraculously lying on the bed, and another the nurse had been knitting beside me, which was not easy as all her needles were sticking round it. However, I scrambled somehow into the corridor and there I shouted in Turkish "Yangin var, Yangin var" (there is fire). This used to be the Turkish watchman's warning cry, followed by the name of the village supposed to be on fire.

Doors in our corridor opened in all directions.

I was hustled back to bed, grey stockings and knitting needles taken off, and in time I understood that the rooms were heated by hot pipes behind the wainscoting, but there was no visible fire.

We were wakened by English and German Christmas Hymns and Carols, and then breakfast and our letters.

The tree was brought into the centre of the room as many of our patients as could be moved were brought in for tea, and the tree, and I always think of it as the most beautiful and wonderful Christmas in my life.

Ushered in by the Sisters' lovely voices singing "Stille Nacht" and other German and English Hymns and Carols, a wonderful sunrise seen through frosty windows.

CHAPTER XXV.

DAY OF DEPARTURE.

Seven of us were taken to the bathrooms, and then we had a mid-day meal and a rest in a sitting room, then taken down to the Hospital Chapel, where the "Pastor" held a short Service of "Thanksgiving and Resolutions."

He interviewed each girl separately, and gave us a card with specially selected Text. I have mine still - I Peter II-9.

We returned triumphantly and thankfully to school.

I was very fortunate that year in having really good music as my school days included two Muzik Festas.

I always had to sit by the door with the French governess in charge as organ music still affected me, but I only once disgraced myself by fainting, and had just managed to get outside the door.

That summer Fraulein Begmann escorted me to Paris and handed me over to the wife of the Chaplain of the English Embassy in "Constan," who was going out via Marseilles with their two young daughters - my sixth journey through the Mediterranean!

I felt an old and experienced traveller, and had a lovely Welcome Home at Candilli.