Charles Philip Yorke, Fourth Earl of Hardwicke, Vice−Admiral R

Lady Biddulph of Ledbury

Table of Contents

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Lady Biddulph of Ledbury

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CHARLES PHILIP YORKE

FOURTH EARL OF HARDWICKE

VICE−ADMIRAL R.N.

A MEMOIR

BY HIS DAUGHTER

THE LADY BIDDULPH OF LEDBURY

WITH PORTRAITS

DEDICATED

TO HIS GRANDCHILDREN

PREFACE

It is with great diffidence that I lay this memoir before the public; it is my first experience in such work, but my reasons for so doing appear to me unanswerable. It was to my care and judgment that my father, by his will, committed his letters and journals, and my heart confirms the judgment of my mind, that his active and interesting

life, so varied in the many different positions he was called upon to fill, and the considerable part he played in the affairs of his time, deserve a fuller record than the accounts to be found in biographical works of reference.

It has been a labour of love to me to supply these omissions in the following pages, and to present in outline the life of a capable, energetic Englishman, for whom I can at least claim that he was a loyal and devoted servant of his Sovereign and his country.

In fulfilling what I hold to be a filial obligation I have made no attempt to give literary form to a work which, so far as possible, is based upon my father's own words. Primarily it is addressed to his grandchildren and great−grandchildren, to whom, I trust, it may serve as an inspiration; but I have also some hope that a story which touches the national life at so many points may prove of interest to the general public. I am greatly indebted to my son, Mr. Adeane, and to my son−in− law, Mr. Bernard Mallet, for the help and encouragement they have given me; and I have also to acknowledge the assistance of Mr. W. B. Boulton in editing and preparing these papers for publication.

ELIZABETH PHILIPPA BIDDULPH.

LEDBURY: January 1910.

LIST OF PORTRAITS

CHAPTER I. THE YORKE FAMILY

The family of Yorke first came into prominence with the great Chancellor Philip Yorke, first Earl of Hardwicke. This remarkable man, who was the son of an attorney at Dover, descended, it is claimed, from the Yorkes of Hannington in North Wiltshire, a family of some consequence in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was born in that town in the year 1690, and rose from a comparatively humble station to the commanding position he held so long in English public life.

My object in this chapter is to recall some of the incidents of his career and of those of his immediate successors and descendants.

Philip Yorke was called to the bar in 1715, became Solicitor−General only five years later, and was promoted to be Attorney−General in 1723. In 1733 he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, and received the Great

Seal as Lord Chancellor in 1737, and when his life closed his political career had extended over a period of fifty years.

Lord Campbell, the author of the 'Lives of the Chancellors,' 'that extraordinary work which was held to have added a new terror to death, and a fear of which was said to have kept at least one Lord Chancellor alive,' claimed to lay bare the shortcomings of the subjects of his memoirs with the same impartiality with which he pointed out their excellences. He mentions only two failings of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: one, that he was fond of acquiring wealth, the other, that he was of an overweening pride to those whom he considered beneath him. Neither of these is a very serious charge, and as both are insufficiently corroborated, one may let them pass. He acquired immense wealth in the course of his professional career, but in an age of corruption he was remarked for his integrity, and was never suspected or accused of prostituting his public position for private ends. In his capacity of Attorney−General Lord Campbell remarks of him:

'This situation he held above thirteen years, exhibiting a model of perfection to other law officers of the Crown. He was punctual and conscientious in the discharge of his public duty, never neglecting it that he might undertake private causes, although fees were supposed to be particularly sweet to him.'

But it was as a judge that he won imperishable fame, and one of his biographers observes: [Footnote: See Dictionary of National Biography.] 'It is hardly too much to say that during his prolonged tenure of the Great Seal (from 1737 to 1755) he transformed equity from a chaos of precedents into a scientific system.' Lord Campbell states that 'his decisions have been, and ever will continue to be, appealed to as fixing the limits and establishing the principles of that great juridical system called Equity, which now, not only in this country and in our colonies, but over the whole extent of the United States of America, regulates property and personal rights more than ancient Common Law.'

He had a 'passion to do justice, and displayed the strictest impartiality; and his chancellorship' is 'looked back upon as the golden age of equity.' The Chancellor is said to have been one of the handsomest men of his day, and 'his personal advantages, which included a musical voice, enhanced the effect of his eloquence, which by its stately character was peculiarly adapted to the House of Lords.' [Footnote: Ibid.]

This is not the place for an estimate of Lord Hardwicke's political career, which extended over the whole period from the reign of Queen Anne to that of George III, and brought him into intimate association with all the statesmen of his age. It was more especially as the supporter of the Pelham interest and the confidant and mentor of the Duke of Newcastle that he exercised for many years a predominant influence on the course of national affairs both at home and abroad. During the absence of George II from the realm in 1740 and subsequently he was a member, and by no means the least important member, of the Council of Regency. 'He was,' writes Campbell, 'mainly instrumental in keeping the reigning dynasty of the Brunswicks on the throne'; he was the adviser of the measures for suppressing the Jacobite rebellion in 1745, he presided as Lord High Steward with judicial impartiality at the famous trial of the rebel Lords, and was chiefly responsible for the means taken in the pacification of Scotland, the most questionable of which was the suppression of the tartan! Good fortune, as is usually the case when a man rises to great eminence, played its part in his career. He had friends who early recognised his ability and gave him the opportunities of which he was quick to avail himself. He took the tide at its flood and was led on to fortune; but, as Campbell justly observes, 'along with that good luck such results required lofty aspirations, great ability, consummate prudence, rigid self−denial, and unwearied industry.' His rise in his profession had undoubtedly been facilitated by his marriage to Margaret Cocks, a favourite niece of Lord Chancellor Somers, himself one of the greatest of England's lawyer− statesmen. There is a story that when asked by Lord Somers what settlement he could make on his wife, he answered proudly, 'Nothing but the foot of ground I stand on in Westminster Hall.' Never was the self−confidence of genius more signally justified than in his case. Not only was his own rise to fame and fortune unprecedently rapid, but he became the founder of a family many of whose members have since played a distinguished part in the public and social life of the country. By Margaret Cocks he had, with two daughters, five sons, the eldest of whom enhanced the fortunes of the family by his

marriage with Jemima, daughter of the Earl of Breadalbane, heiress of Wrest and the other possessions of the extinct Dukedom of Kent, and afterwards Marchioness Grey and Baroness Lucas of Grudwell in her own right. Of his next son Charles, the second Chancellor, something will presently be said. Another son, Joseph, was a soldier and diplomatist. He was aide−de−camp to the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy; and afterwards, as Sir Joseph Yorke, Ambassador at the Hague. He died Lord Dover. A fourth son, John, married Miss Elizabeth Lygon, of Madresfield. The fifth son, James, entered the Church, became Bishop of Ely, and was the ancestor of the Yorkes of Forthampton. I had the luck many years ago to have a talk with an old verger in Ely Cathedral who remembered Bishop Yorke, and who told me that he used to draw such congregations by the power of his oratory and the breadth of his teaching, that when he preached, all the dissenting chapels in the neighbourhood were closed!

It was in 1770, only six years after Lord Hardwicke's death which occurred in London on March 6, 1764, that his second son Charles (born in 1722) was sworn in as Lord Chancellor. His brilliant career ended in a tragedy which makes it one of the most pathetic in our political history. Although unlike his father in person he was intellectually his equal, and might have rivalled his renown had he possessed his firmness and resolution of character. He was educated at Cambridge, and before the age of twenty had given evidence of his precocity as the principal author (after his brother Philip) of the 'Athenian Letters,' a supposed correspondence between Cleander, an agent of the King of Persia resident in Athens, and his brother and friends in Persia. Destined to the law from his childhood, Charles Yorke was called to the bar in 1743, and rapidly advanced in his profession. Entering the House of Commons as member for Reigate in 1747, he later succeeded his brother as member for Cambridge, and one of his best speeches in the House was made in defence of his father against an onslaught by Henry Fox. But in spite of his brilliant prospects and great reputation he always envied those who were able to lead a quiet life, and he thus wrote to his friend Warburton, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester:

'I endeavour to convince myself it is dangerous to converse with you, for you show me so much more happiness in the quiet pursuits of knowledge and enjoyments of friendship than is to be found in lucre or ambition, that I go back into the world with regret, where few things are to be obtained without more agitation both of reason and the passions, than either moderate parts or a benevolent mind can support.'

Charles Yorke was an intimate friend of Montesquieu, the famous author of the 'Esprit des Lois' and the most far−seeing of those whose writings preceded and presaged the French Revolution, who wrote, ' *Mes sentiments pour vous sont graves dans mon cour et dans mon esprit d'une maniere a ne s'effacer jamais*.'

On the formation of a government by the Duke of Devonshire in 1756, Charles Yorke was sworn in, at the early age of thirty−three, as Solicitor−General, and retained that office through the elder Pitt's glorious administration. In 1762 he accepted from Lord Bute the Attorney−Generalship, in which position he had to deal with the difficult questions of constitutional law raised by the publication of John Wilkes's *North Briton*. In November of that year, however, he resigned office in consequence of the strong pressure put upon him by Pitt, and took leave of the King in tears. Pitt failed in his object of enlisting Yorke's services on behalf of Wilkes in the coming parliamentary campaign, and the crisis ended in an estrangement between the two, which drove Yorke into a loose alliance with the Rockingham Whigs, a group of statesmen who were determined to free English politics from the trammels of court influence and the baser traditions of the party system. When, however, this party came into power in 1765, Yorke was disappointed of the anticipated offer of the Great Seal, and only reluctantly accepted the Attorney−Generalship. The ministry fell in the following year, partly in consequence of Pitt's reappearance in the House of Commons and his disastrous refusal of Rockingham's invitation to join his Government, though they were agreed on most of the important questions of the day, including that of American taxation and the repeal of the Stamp Act; and Pitt, who then (August 1766) became Lord Chatham, was commissioned to form a new government in which, to Yorke's mortification, he offered the Lord Chancellorship to Camden. Yorke thereupon resigned the Attorney−Generalship, and during the devious course of the ill−starred combination under Chatham's nominal leadership for during the next two years Chatham was absolutely incapacitated from all attention to business, his policy was reversed by his colleagues, and America taxed by Charles Townshend he maintained an

'attitude of saturnine reserve,' amusing himself with landscape gardening at his villa at Highgate, doing its honours to Warburton, Hurd, Garrick and other friends, and corresponding among others with Stanislas Augustus, King of Poland, to whom he had been introduced by his brother Sir Joseph. Gradually, however, Chatham made a recovery from the mental disease under which he had been labouring, and in January 1770 he returned to the political arena with two vigorous speeches in the House of Lords. His first speech spread consternation among the members of the Government and the King's party, led by the Duke of Grafton, who had assumed the duties of Prime Minister; and one of the first effects of his intervention was the resignation of Lord Camden, who had adhered to Chatham, and openly denounced the Duke of Grafton's arbitrary measures. This event placed the Court party in the utmost difficulty, and no lawyer of sufficient eminence was available for the post but Charles Yorke, who thus suddenly found within his reach the high office which had been the ambition of his life. The crisis was his undoing, and the whole story is of such interest from a family point of view, that, although it is well known from the brilliant pages of Sir George Trevelyan's 'Life of Fox,' I may be excused for telling it again, mainly in the words of two important memoranda preserved at the British Museum.

One of these was written by Charles Yorke's brother, the second Lord Hardwicke, and dated nearly a year later, December 30, 1770; the other, dated October 20, 1772, by his widow Agneta Yorke; and the effect of them, to my mind, is not only to discredit the widely believed story of Charles Yorke's suicide, which is not even alluded to, but also to place his action from a public and political point of view in a more favourable light than that in which it is sometimes presented.

Both the 'Memorials' to which I have alluded give a most vivid and painful account of the struggle between ambition and political consistency which followed upon the offer of the Chancellorship by the Duke of Grafton to one who was pledged by his previous action to the Rockingham party. Lord Hardwicke wrote:

'I shall set down on this paper the extraordinary and melancholy circumstances which attended the offer of the Great Seal to my brother in January last. On the 12th of that month he received on his return from Tittenhanger a note from the Duke of Grafton desiring to see him. He sent it immediately to me and I went to Bloomsbury Square where I met my brother John and we had a long consultation with Mr. Yorke. He saw the Duke of Grafton by appointment in the evening and his grace made him in form and without personal cordiality an offer of the Great Seal, complaining heavily of Lord Camden's conduct, particularly his hostile speech in the House of Lords the first day of the Session. My brother desired a little time to consider of so momentous an affair and stated to the Duke the difficulties it laid him under, his grace gave him till Sunday in the forenoon. He, Mr. Y., called on me that morning, the 14th, and seemed in great perplexity and agitation. I asked him if he saw his way through the clamorous and difficult points upon which it would be immediately expected he should give his opinion, viz. the Middlesex Election, America and the state of Ireland, where the parliament had just been prorogued on a popular point. He seriously declared that he did not, and that he might be called upon to advise measures of a higher and more dangerous nature than he should choose to be responsible for. He was clearly of opinion that he was not sent for at the present juncture from predilection, but necessity, and how much soever the Great Seal had been justly the object of his ambition, he was now afraid of accepting it.

'Seeing him in so low and fluttered a state of spirits and knowing how much the times called for a higher, I did not venture to push him on, and gave in to the idea he himself started, of advising to put the Great Seal in commission, by which time would be gained. He went from me to the Duke of Grafton, repeated his declining answer, and proposed a commission for the present, for which precedents of various times were not wanting. The Duke of Grafton expressed a more earnest desire that my brother should accept than he did at the first interview, and pressed his seeing the King before he took a final resolution. I saw him again in Montague House garden, on Monday the 15th, and he then seemed determined to decline, said a particular friend of his in the law, Mr. W. had rather discouraged him, and that nothing affected him with concern but the uneasiness which it might give to Mrs. Yorke.

'On Tuesday forenoon the 16th, he called upon me in great agitation and talked of accepting. He changed his mind again by the evening when he saw the King at the Queen's Palace, and finally declined. He told me just after the audience that the King had not pressed him so strongly as he had expected, that he had not held forth much prospect of stability in administration, and that he had not talked so well to him as he did when he accepted the office of Attorney−General in 1765; his Majesty however ended the conversation very humanely and prettily, that after what he had said to excuse himself, it would be cruelty to press his acceptance. I must here solemnly declare that my brother was all along in such agitation of mind that he never told me all the particulars which passed in the different conversations, and many material things may have been said to him which I am ignorant of. He left me soon after to call on Mr. Anson and Lord Rockingham, authorising me to acquaint everybody that he had absolutely declined, adding discontentedly that It was the confusion of the times which occasioned his having taken that resolution. He appeared to me very much ruffled and disturbed, but I made myself easy on being informed that he would be quiet next day and take physic. He wanted both that and bleeding, for his spirits were in a fever.'

Up to this point Mrs. Yorke's account, written apparently to explain and vindicate her own share in the transaction, tallies with that of her brother−in−law, except that she states that Lord Hardwicke had been much more favourable to the idea of Charles Yorke's acceptance than the above narrative leads one to suppose; according to her the family felt 'it was too great a thing to refuse.' Lord Hardwicke's wife, the Marchioness Grey, indeed, had called upon Mrs. Yorke to urge it, saying among other things that 'the great office to which Mr. Yorke was invited was in the line of his profession, that though it was intimately connected with state affairs, yet it had not that absolute and servile dependance on the Court which the other ministerial offices had; that Mr. Yorke had already seen how vain it was to depend on the friendship of Lord Rockingham and his party; that the part he had acted had always been separate and uninfluenced, and therefore she thought he was quite at liberty to make choice for himself, and by taking the seals he would perhaps have it in his power to reconcile the different views of people and form an administration which might be permanent and lasting; that if he now refused the seals they would probably never be offered a second time ... and that these were Lord Hardwicke's sentiments as well as her own.'

Lord Mansfield's advice had been more emphatic still. 'He had no doubt of the propriety of his accepting the Great Seal, indeed was so positive that Mr. Yorke told me he would hear no reason against it.' Mrs. Yorke herself was at first opposed to the idea; but influenced by such opinions and by her husband's extreme dejection after refusing the offer, she ended by strongly urging him to accept, and was afterwards blamed for having encouraged his fatal ambition. Lord Rockingham alone, who had been greatly dependent upon the advice and assistance of Mr. Yorke, 'to whom,' as Mrs. Yorke remarks, 'he could apply every moment,' and 'without whom he would have made no figure at all in his administration,' put the strongest pressure on him to decline, for selfish reasons as appears from Mrs. Yorke's story. It was therefore against the advice of his own family and 'the generality of his friends,' including Lord Chief Justice Wilmot, that Charles Yorke, in obedience to his own high sense of political honour, at first refused the dazzling promotion, and this fact must be recorded to his credit.

The decision, however, brought no peace to his mind, and ambition immediately began to resume its sway. He passed a restless night, and said in the morning to his wife 'that he would not think of it, for he found whenever he was inclined to consent he could get no rest, and want of rest would kill him.' But after another day, Tuesday, spent in conference 'I believe with Lords Rockingham and Hardwicke,' he was persuaded, by what means does not appear, to go again to Court. Lord Hardwicke, who, as Sir George Trevelyan observes, played a true brother's part throughout the wretched business, thus continues:

'Instead of taking his physic, he left it on the table after a broken night's rest, and went to the *levee*, was called into the closet, and in a manner compelled by the King to accept the Great Seal with expressions like these: My sleep has been disturbed by your declining; do you mean to declare yourself unfit for it? and still stronger afterwards, If you will not comply, it must make an eternal break betwixt us. At his return from Court about three o'clock, he broke in unexpectedly on me, who was talking with Lord Rockingham, and gave us this account.

We were both astounded, to use an obsolete but strong word, at so sudden an event, and I was particularly shocked at his being so overborne in a manner I had never heard of, nor could imagine possible between Prince and subject. I was hurt personally at the figure I had been making for a day before, telling everybody by his authority that he was determined to decline, and I was vexed at his taking no notice of me or the rest of the family when he accepted. All these considerations working on my mind at this distracting moment induced me, Lord Rockingham joining in it, to press him to return forthwith to the King, and entreat his Majesty either to allow him time till next morning to recollect himself, or to put the Great Seal in commission, as had been resolved upon. We could not prevail; he said he could not in honour do it, he had given his word, had been wished joy, &c. Mr. John Yorke came in during this conversation, and did not take much part in it, but seemed quite astounded. After a long altercating conversation, Mr. Yorke, unhappily then Lord Chancellor, departed, and I went to dinner.

'In the evening, about eight o'clock, he called on me again, and acquainted me with his having been sworn in at the Queen's house, and that he had then the Great Seal in the coach. He talked to me of the title he intended to take, that of Morden, which is part of the Wimple estate, asked my forgiveness if he had acted improperly. We kissed and parted friends. A warm word did not escape either of us. When he took leave he seemed more composed, but unhappy. Had I been quite cool when he entered my room so abruptly at three o'clock I should have said little wished him joy, and reserved expostulation for a calmer moment.'

Mrs. Yorke's account of these 'altercating conversations' between the brothers, at the second of which, on the evening of the 17th, she was herself present, is naturally much more highly coloured. Charles Yorke was evidently terribly discomposed by it, speaking of Lord Hardwicke's language as 'exceeding all bounds of temper, reason, and even common civility.' 'I hope,' he said to his wife, 'he will in cooler moments think better of it, and my brother John also, for if I lose the support of my family, I shall be undone.'

I need not pursue the subject of this distressing difference between the brothers, which no doubt assumed an altogether exaggerated importance in the sensitive and affectionate, but self−centred, mind of poor Charles Yorke, shaken as he was by the strain and struggle of these days, but which was probably the immediate cause of his fatal illness.

'We returned home' (from St. James's Square), writes Mrs. Yorke, 'and Mr. Woodcock followed in the chariot with the Great Seal. The King had given it in his closet, and at the same time Mr. Yorke kissed his Majesty's hand on being made Baron of Morden in the county of Cambridge. Not once did Mr. Yorke close his eyes, though at my entreaty he took composing medicines.... Before morning he was determined to return the Great Seal, for he said if he kept it he could not live. I know not what I said, for I was terrified almost to death. At six o'clock I found him so ill that I sent for Dr. Watson, who ought immediately to have bled him, instead of which he contented himself with talking to him. He ordered him some medicine and was to see him again in the evening. In the meantime Mr. Yorke was obliged to rise to receive the different people who would crowd to him on this occasion, but before he left me, he assured me that when the Duke of Grafton came to him at night, he would resign the seals. When his company had left him, he came up to me, and even then, death was upon his face. He said he had settled all his affairs, that he should retire absolutely from business, and would go to Highgate the next day, and that he was resolved to meddle no more with public affairs. I was myself so ill with fatigue and anxiety that I was not able to dine with him, but Dr. Plumptre did; when I went to them after dinner I found Mr. Yorke in a state of fixed melancholy. He neither spoke to me nor to Dr. Plumptre; I tried every method to wake and amuse him, but in vain. I could support it no longer, I fell upon my knees before him and begged of him not to affect himself so much that he would resume his fortitude and trust to his own judgment in short, I said a great deal which I remember now no more; my sensations were little short of distraction at that time. In an hour or two after he grew much worse, and Dr. Watson coming in persuaded him to go to bed, and giving him a strong opiate, he fell asleep.

But his rest was no refreshment; about the middle of the night he awaked in a delirium, when I again sent for Dr. Watson; towards the morning he was more composed, and at noon got up. In about an hour after he was up, he

was seized with a vomiting of blood. I was not with him at the instant, but was soon called to him. He was almost speechless, but on my taking his hand in an agony of silent grief he looked tenderly on me, and said, How can I repay your kindness, my dear love; God will reward you, I cannot; be comforted. These were the last words I heard him speak, for my nerves were too weak to support such affliction. I was therefore prevented from being in his room, and indeed I was incapable of giving him assistance. He lived till the next day, when at five o'clock in the afternoon, he changed this life for a better.'

Lord Hardwicke meanwhile had decided to follow the very friendly and right opinion of Dr. Jeffreys, 'that he would do his best to support the part which his brother had taken,' and came to town with that resolution on 'Friday in the forenoon' but he found that Charles Yorke had been taken very ill that morning.

'When I saw him on the evening of the 19th he was in bed and too much disordered to be talked with. There was a glimmering of hope on the 20th in the morning, but he died that day about five in the evening. The patent of peerage had passed all the forms except the Great Seal, and when my poor brother was asked if the seal should be put to it, he waived it, and said he hoped it was no longer in his custody. I can solemnly declare that except what passed at my house on the Wednesday forenoon, I had not the least difference with him throughout the whole transaction, not a sharp or even a warm expression passed, but we reasoned over the subject like friends and brothers.... In short, the usage he met with in 1766 when faith was broke with him, had greatly impaired his judgment, dejected his spirits, and made him act below his superior knowledge and abilities. He would seldom explain himself, or let his opinion be known in time to those who were ready to have acted with him in the utmost confidence. After the menacing language used in the closet to compel Mr. Yorke's acceptance and the loss which the King sustained by his death at that critical juncture, the most unprejudiced and dispassionate were surprised at the little, or rather no notice which was taken of his family; the not making an offer to complete the peerage was neither to be palliated nor justified in their opinion. It was due to the *Manes* of the departed from every motive of humanity and decorum. Lord Hillsborough told a friend of mine, indeed, that the King had soon after his death spoke of him with tears in his eyes and enquired after the family, but it would surely not have misbecome his Majesty conscious of the whole of his behaviour to an able, faithful, and despairing subject, to have expressed that concern in a more particular manner, and to those who were so deeply affected by the melancholy event.

'A worthier and better man there never was, no more learned and accomplished in his own profession, as well as out of it. What he wanted was the calm, firm judgment of his father, and he had the misfortune to live in times which required a double portion of it. Every precaution was taken by me to prepare him for the offer, and to persuade him to form some previous plan of conduct, but all in vain. He would never explain himself clearly, and left everything to chance, till we were all overborne, perplexed and confounded in that fatal interval which opened and closed the negotiation with my brother. With him the Somers line of the law seems to be at an end, I mean of that set in the profession who, mixing principles of liberty with those proper to monarchy, have conducted and guided that great body of men ever since the Revolution.'

Fever, complicated by colic and the rupture of a blood−vessel, caused Charles Yorke's death, the consequence of the extreme nervous tension which he had undergone, of which his widow has left a most touching and graphic description. I wish I could have found room for the whole of her account of those days. The circumstances of his physical constitution and the mental struggle he had suffered are quite sufficient to account for his death without the gratuitous assumption of suicide, which there is nothing in the family papers to support. There is no doubt that this idea was prevalent at the time, and allusions to it are to be found in many subsequent accounts, down to that in Sir George Trevelyan's 'Life of Fox.' Perhaps it is not too much to hope that this allegation may be at last disposed of in the light of the papers by his brother and his wife. We have two clear and positive declarations in these papers: first, that in the beginning of his illness he declined his physic, and afterwards took an opiate; second, that there followed the rupture of a blood−vessel. When Lord Hardwicke saw him for the last time on the 19th he was 'extremely ill'; 'there was a glimmering of hope on the 20th in the morning, but he died that day about five in the evening.'

This is the summary of the evidence, which to my mind is conclusive. Unless one assumes a conspiracy of silence between Lord Hardwicke and Mrs. Yorke, I do not see that I can reasonably admit any other hypothesis. I therefore claim that phrase of his brother's as a solution of the supposed mystery of Charles Yorke's death.

If hereafter the vague rumours which have so long been current should be supported by any real evidence, my judgment will be disputed, but I am glad to have this opportunity of asserting my own firm conviction that the version of the unhappy affair given in the family papers is correct, and that Charles Yorke's death was due to natural causes.

Charles Yorke was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of Williams Freeman, Esq., of Aspeden, Hertfordshire, by whom he had a son Philip. This son succeeded his uncle as third Earl of Hardwicke, he inherited the Tittenhanger and other estates (which passed away to his daughters on his death in 1834) from his mother, and he is still remembered for his wise and liberal administration as the first Lord−Lieutenant of Ireland after the Union (from 1801 to 1806), the irritation and unrest caused by which measure he did much to allay. [Footnote: A recent publication, *The Viceroy's Post Bag*, by Mr. MacDonagh, gives some curious details of his correspondence from the Hardwicke Papers at the British Museum.] As a Whig he had always been in favour of Catholic Emancipation in Ireland, and though he agreed to postpone it on joining Addington's Administration, he adhered to the cause till its triumph in 1829; and he gave a qualified support to the Parliamentary Reform Bill in 1831. He was created a Knight of the Garter in 1803, [Footnote: Lord Hardwicke married in 1782 Elizabeth, daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres, the sister of Lady Anne Barnard, the authoress of *Auld Robin Gray*.] and had the misfortune to lose the only son who survived infancy in a storm at sea off Lubeck in 1808 at the age of twenty−four. The succession to the peerage was thus opened up to his half−brothers, the sons of Charles Yorke's second wife, Agneta, daughter of Henry Johnston of Great Berkhampsted: Charles Philip (1764− 1834) who left no heir, and Joseph Sydney (1768−1831), father of the subject of this memoir. I have already alluded to the public career of their half−brother, the third Lord Hardwicke; and it is interesting to see how the tradition of political and public work was maintained by the two younger brothers, who both, and especially the younger of the two, added fresh laurels to the distinguished record held by so many of the descendants of the great Chancellor. The Right Honourable Charles Yorke represented the county of Cambridge in Parliament from 1790 to 1810, and joined Addington's Government at the same time as Lord Hardwicke, first as Secretary at War in 1801, and then as Secretary of State for the Home Department, till the return to office of William Pitt (to whom he was politically opposed) in 1804. In 1810 he became first Lord of the Admiralty under Spencer Perceval, with his younger brother Joseph as one of the Sea Lords, and retained office till Perceval's assassination broke up the ministry; and when in 1812 Lord Liverpool became Prime Minister he left the Admiralty and never afterwards returned to office, retiring from public life in 1818. The splendid breakwater at Plymouth was decided on and commenced while he was at the Admiralty, and a slab of its marble marks his tomb in Wimpole Church.

With Joseph Sydney Yorke, afterwards Admiral and a K.C.B., opens a chapter of family history with which this volume will be mainly concerned; and the navy rather than the law or politics henceforth becomes the chief interest of the story in its public aspect. Sir Joseph, indeed, may be looked upon as a sort of second founder of the family. Although Wimpole in Cambridgeshire, which the Chancellor purchased from the Harleys, Earls of Oxford, was for many generations the principal seat of the family, Sydney Lodge, on Southampton Water, [Footnote: Attached to Sydney Lodge on the shore of Southampton Water is a white battery containing guns taken from a French frigate and bearing an inscription, written by my father, commemorating his last parting with my grandfather, Sir Joseph. The battery encloses a well, known as 'Agneta's Well,' which has refreshed many a thirsty fisherman. The inscription is as follows:

IN MEMORIAM

THESE GUNS WERE THE FORECASTLE ARMAMENT OF THE DUTCH FRIGATE 'ALLIANCE'

OF 36 GUNS

CAPTURED ON THE COAST OF NORWAY IN 1795

AFTER A CLOSE ACTION WITH H.M.S. 'STAG' OF 32 GUNS

COMMANDED BY CAPTAIN YORKE

OF SYDNEY LODGE

THE FATHER OF THE FOURTH EARL OF HARDWICKE WHO ON THIS SPOT IN 1829

PARTED FROM HIS BELOVED PARENT FOR THE LAST TIME

AND SAILED IN COMMAND OF H.M.S. 'ALLIGATOR'

FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN.

HE PLACES THIS STONE TO HIS FATHER'S MEMORY

September 4th, 1871] the charming house which Sir Joseph built out of prize−money earned during the French wars, has all the associations of a home for our branch of the family, and the love of the sea is an inheritance which we all derive from him. His professional ability is shown by the position he won in the service. Entering the navy in 1780 when he was fourteen, he had plenty of opportunity of active service in those stirring times. After serving on board one or two other vessels, Joseph Yorke joined the *Duke* commanded by Sir Charles Douglas, whom he followed to the *Formidable*. That vessel was one of Rodney's fleet in the West Indies, and the boy fought in her at the famous action of April 12, 1782 in which that admiral completely defeated the French under De Grasse. He remained in the *Formidable* until she paid off in 1783, and spent the years 1784− 1789 on the Halifax station. In the latter year he was promoted Lieutenant in the *Thisbe* under Captain Sir Samuel Hood and returned in her to England. Promotion followed rapidly. Yorke became a Commander in 1790 and Captain in 1793, in which capacity he served continuously on the home station, taking part in the blockade of Brest, until the Peace of Amiens.

During this time he had the good fortune to capture several large privateers from the enemy; he also took the *Espiegle*, a French corvette, close to Brest harbour and in sight of a very superior French squadron. In 1794 Captain Yorke was given command of the *Stag*, 32, and cruised in the Channel later off the coast of Ireland, and later still, with the North Sea Fleet under Lord Duncan.

'On the 22nd of August 1795, Captain Yorke being in company with a light squadron under the orders of Captain James Alms, gave chase to two large ships and a cutter. At 4.15 P.M. the *Stag* brought the sternmost ship to close action, which continued with much spirit for about half an hour, when the enemy struck, and proved to be the *Alliance*, Batavian frigate of 36 guns and 240 men. Her consorts the *Argo* 36, and *Nelly* cutter, 16, effected their escape after sustaining a running fight with the other ships of the British squadron. In this spirited action, the *Stag* had 4 men slain and 13 wounded, and the enemy between 40 and 50 killed and wounded.'

He was at the Nore during the dangerous mutiny of 1798, and he left among his papers a very stirring address made to his crew on the day that the mutineers were hung at the yard−arm. When the war broke out again in 1803 he was again employed in the Channel, and after commanding the *Barfleur* and the *Christian VII* he was appointed a junior Sea Lord in May 1810, when his brother was First Lord. In this year he was knighted when acting as proxy for Lord Hardwicke at his installation as a Knight of the Garter; on July 31 he was promoted to the rank of Rear−Admiral; and in the following January, with his flag in the *Vengeur*, he was sent out with reinforcements for Wellington to Lisbon. These were landed on March 4, 1811, and on the news being received, Massena broke up his camp in front of the lines of Torres Vedras and began his retreat. This was Sir Joseph's last

service afloat. In 1814, while still a member of the Board, he was appointed First Sea Lord under Lord Melville as First Lord, and held that high post till 1818, a period of office which covered Lord Exmouth's expedition against Algiers in 1816. He became Vice−Admiral and Knight Commander of the Bath on January 2, 1815, when he also received the freedom of the borough of Plymouth, and he was made a full Admiral on July 22, 1830. He had been member for Reigate since 1790, with an interval as member for Sandwich, from 1812 to 1818.

Sir Joseph married in 1798 Elizabeth Weake Rattray and had a family of four sons and one daughter, afterwards Lady Agneta Bevan. Lady Yorke died in 1812, and in 1815 he married Urania, Dowager Marchioness of Clanricarde and daughter of the twelfth Lord Winchester, who survived him. During his later years he lived mostly at Sydney Lodge, occupied with family interests, and in the administration of various charities, naval and other. My grandfather was a fine type of English sailor, very handsome in his youth, as Romney's portraits show, affectionate and high−spirited; altogether one of the most attractive figures in our family history. Some following chapters will show him in his relations with his son, and mention the peculiar circumstances attending his accidental death by drowning.

CHAPTER II. ALGIERS. 1815−1816

Charles Philip Yorke was born on April 2, 1799, at Sydney Lodge, Hamble, and like his father, was destined from the first for a naval career. He must have been quite a small boy when Sir Joseph presented him to Lord Nelson, and the family tradition is that the hero accosted him with a kind smile and said, 'Give me a shake of your daddle, my boy, for I've only one to shake *you* with.'

The boy was sent to Harrow, and after a few years at that school was entered, in his fourteenth year, at the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, where he formed a friendship with John Christian Schetky, then drawing master at the college, and later Marine Painter to Queen Victoria, and a man of note in his profession. What little is known of young Yorke's career at Portsmouth points to diligence and capacity, for he gained the gold medal in his second year after little more than eighteen months at the college, a distinction which ensured his immediate entry into the service. On May 15, 1815, he was appointed midshipman on board the *Prince Regent*, 98 guns, the flagship at Spithead, and a training which stood him in good stead in after life was begun under the commander of this vessel, Captain Fowke. A month later he was transferred to the *Sparrowhawk*, a brig of 18 guns commanded by Captain Baines, then under sailing orders for the Mediterranean.

There was no coddling in the navy in those days, and those who survived its rigorous life were probably the fittest. I have heard my father say that at this period the middies' soup was served in the tin boxes which held their cocked hats, and that one of their amusements was provided by races round the mess table of the weevils knocked out of the biscuit which was a part of their daily fare. Young Yorke, however, accepted this life and its hardships with all cheerfulness; and the spirit with which he entered the service and the interest he took in his profession from the first are, I think, abundantly clear from a letter he wrote home to his father on July 15, 1815 from the Mediterranean, off Celebrina, after he had been a little more than a month at sea.

* * * * *

'I am afraid you will be surprised at my not writing to you oftener but I have had no opportunity of sending letters home, as we have spoken no ships bound for England. I am happy to say that I am in perfect health and have been so ever since I left you, and the hot country does not at all oppress me, or make me uncomfortable, as I expected it would at first, and I have not had a moment's sickness since I have been out. I can only say that I am in every way so comfortable on the *Sparrowhawk* that I have no desire to quit her at all. Perhaps you may think I am comfortable in her through idleness and not having much duty put upon me; but I am one of the three Mids in the ship and the duty is heavy, there being only one Mid in each watch, and he has the duty of Mate of the watch, there being none; but I like my messmates, and we have a capital berth. Captain Baines is also a kind friend to me

in every way; whatever may be said of him is nothing to me, his advice and friendship to me is good and kind; he keeps me in practice with my navigation, for I work all the observations for the ship and take them also. It is, as you may perceive by my writing, my wish to remain in her, but to the will of my Father I submit; and I am also certain that seamanship and my profession I shall learn by being six months in a brig. When we get to Genoa I shall see Lord Exmouth, but I will not give your letter until I hear from you again, but I shall tell him I have written to you concerning the *Sparrowhawk*, and beg to remain in her till I hear from you.

'I shall now give you some short description of our voyage. We sailed from England on the Tuesday after I left you and tided it down channel, at Yarmouth we went ashore with the Captain and Officers to play cricket and had an excellent match, *Sparrowhawks* against Rosarios. In general we have had calms and fine weather, now and then a few puffs. Cape St. Vincent was the first land we made, that was on the 9th July, we anchored off the rock of Gibraltar on the 12th. Captain B. took me ashore with him to see the place, it is a most extraordinary thing. It is dreadfully hot, the reflection of the sun being so great; from thence we sailed the following day and are now off Celebrina in a dead calm. I think I shall see much of the Mediterranean in this ship, for she will be always kept cruising and likely to stay out some time. Yesterday we cleared for action for a large brig that was bearing down upon us, but to our great disappointment, it proved to be an English brig from Santa Maria to London with fruit. There is on board the *Sparrowhawk* a carpenter by the name of Beach who sailed with you on the *Stag*, and he wishes to be shifted into a larger ship; if you could at any time have a thing of that sort in your power, you will be doing him the greatest kindness. He did not apply to you, because when he was with you he refused a warrant, not thinking himself fit to hold that situation. If you could do this, let me know, for I should like to see him get a larger ship, for he is a most excellent man.

'17th. Here we are still in the same place off Celebrina detained by calms and light breezes, just now a breeze has sprung up which is likely to last. Last night we all went overboard and had a delightful bath.

'29th. We have just arrived at Genoa after a tedious and unpleasant voyage, the last six days squalls and heavy gales of wind and lightning. Genoa is a most beautiful city, and situated most delightfully. Last night I was at the Opera, and it is exactly the same as our own in England, it is much larger and a most magnificent theatre. The houses are mostly of marble and beautifully ornamented, they are immensely high but the streets very narrow. There are no ships here and we sail for Marseilles as soon as we have watered. Pray give my best love to Lady C. and all hands on board.'

* * * * *

It is of interest to note the mention in this letter of Charles Yorke's first visit to Genoa, and the impression that beautiful city, 'Genova la superba,' made upon his youthful imagination. As will appear further on in this memoir, he visited it again some thirty−five years later in very different circumstances, and that Genoa exists to−day, with much of its beauty unimpaired, is mainly owing to the part played by Charles Yorke when, as Lord Hardwicke, he again appeared in a British man−of−war off that port.

The boy's wish to stay on the *Sparrowhawk* expressed in this letter to his father was not fulfilled, for a month after his arrival in the Mediterranean he was transferred to the *Leviathan*, of 74 guns, commanded successively by Captains F. W. Burgoyne and Thomas Briggs. In her he remained a little less than a year, during which he had a serious attack of scarlet fever followed by rheumatism, which left him very weak, and raised a question as to whether he should be invalided home. He was, however, exceedingly popular with his superiors, who were most kind and attentive to him through his illness, and he was lucky enough to recover without having to return to England. In August of 1816 he was again transferred, to the *Queen Charlotte*, Captain Brisbane, a ship of the line of 120 guns, and the flagship of Admiral Lord Exmouth, commanding in the Mediterranean.

The young midshipman was most fortunate in being stationed under that command, for it was the one place in the world at that moment where there was any probability of seeing active service. The supremacy of the British navy

which had been established over the fleets of France and Spain at Trafalgar, and the recent peace which had followed the defeat and surrender of Buonaparte, had removed any possibility of collision with a European State. But, as a matter of fact, the naval Powers, England in particular, had long been waiting an opportunity to settle a long−standing account in the Mediterranean with a set of potentates established on the north coast of Africa, who had for years availed themselves of the dissensions between the Great Powers to carry on a system of piracy and rapine of the most insolent and atrocious character. During the naval wars which had lasted with short intervals for half a century, the fleets of England, France, Spain, and Holland had been so much occupied in fighting each other that they had been unable to bestow much attention on the doings of these petty rulers, who were known collectively as the Barbary States, individually as the Deys of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli. All of these owned nominal allegiance to the Sultan of Turkey at Constantinople when it suited them, but in reality claimed and exercised complete independence when such was convenient to any purpose they had in hand.

For half a century at least, the depredations of these barbarians had made the Mediterranean a sea of great peril for the merchant vessels of all nations, and even for the fighting ships of the smaller Mediterranean powers like Naples and Sardinia, whose weakly manned vessels were often no match for the galleys and feluccas of the Barbary corsairs. The ruffianly Deys made little attempt to conceal the piratical nature of their proceedings, and became a perfect scourge not only to the mariners of all nations in the Mediterranean, but also to the unfortunate inhabitants of its shores. They ravaged the islands and coastline of the mainland wherever there was plunder to be gained or an unprotected town to be raided, impudently hoisted the flags of one or other of the great naval powers then at war, and preyed upon the commerce of the rest, plundered and burned their shipping, and, worst of all, consigned the crews of the vessels they captured or destroyed to all the horrors of slavery in a Mohammedan country.

Among these Barbary Powers the Deys of Algiers had long been the most powerful and the most truculent. During a lull in the fighting between France and England in the middle years of the eighteenth century, Admiral Keppel, [Footnote: Admiral Keppel, second son of the second Earl of Albemarle, created Viscount Keppel for his gallant services; died unmarried in 1786. He was the eponymous hero of so many public houses.] then a very youthful−looking captain, had been sent with a squadron to curb the insolence of the Dey of that period, which he effected without the firing of a shot. Keppel demanded an interview with the Dey, and went ashore to the palace without a guard, and stated his business in very plain terms. The Dey wondered at the presumption of King George in sending a beardless boy as his ambassador. 'The King my master,' replied Keppel, with a glance at the Dey's hairy countenance, 'does not measure wisdom by the length of the beard, or he would have sent a he−goat to confer with your Highness.' The Dey raged at this bold repartee, and began to speak of bowstrings and the ministers of death. 'Kill me, if you will,' replied Keppel, pointing through the open window to his squadron riding in the roadstead, 'and there are ships enough to burn your city and provide me with a glorious funeral pile.' Keppel's firmness had the result of checking the Algerian piracies for a time, but during the long wars between the Powers which were shortly resumed, these were overlooked in the press of matters of more urgency, and it was only with the return of a permanent and general peace, as already noted, that the Powers had leisure to turn their attention to a state of things in the Mediterranean which had long been intolerable.

In view of her established supremacy at sea, England was generally regarded as the police−constable of Europe in naval affairs, and upon her fell the chief duty of chastening the Dey of Algiers, though on this occasion the Dutch Government also lent its assistance. Quite early in the spring of 1816, Lord Exmouth placed himself in communication with the Dey, and stated the terms of the British demands. These were that the Ionian Islands, long a hunting−ground for the Barbary pirates, should be henceforth treated as British territory; that the British Government should be accepted as arbitrator between the Barbary Powers and Naples and Sardinia, who had a long list of claims and grievances against them; and that the Barbary Powers should enter into a definite undertaking to abolish all slavery of Christians within their dominions, and to treat all prisoners of war, of whatever nation, in accordance with the customs of civilised nations. The Dey agreed to the first two demands and released the Ionian slaves as British subjects, but declined all promises as to the abolition of slavery. Leaving that matter in abeyance, Exmouth sailed on to Tripoli and Tunis, whose Deys he found more amenable to reason,

and who consented to make declarations in the form demanded by the British Admiral upon all three points.

Exmouth then returned to Gibraltar, where his squadron was assembled, and at once resumed negotiations with the Dey with the intention of procuring his adhesion to the all−important undertaking to abolish Christian slavery. The Dey, after many evasions, at length repeated his refusal on the ground that he was a subject or vassal of the Sultan, and could not consent to so important a stipulation without his authority. Exmouth granted a delay of three months accordingly, and himself lent a frigate, the *Tagus*, to convey the Dey's envoy to Constantinople.

Meanwhile, however, the Dey committed an unpardonable atrocity. A coral fishery at Bona worked under the British flag was suddenly and treacherously destroyed by an attack of the Algerines. The fishermen engaged at their work were, without warning of any kind, almost annihilated by artillery fire from the fort and by the musketry of 2000 Algerian infantry, their houses and goods were given over to the looting of the soldiery, the company's stores and magazines were rifled, and their boats either seized or sunk. This atrocity, of course, put an end to all negotiation, and the Admiral, who had sailed for England, was at once directed by the British Government to complete the work which he had initiated, and to exact the most ample satisfaction and security for the future. He was offered any force that might be necessary, and surprised the naval authorities by his opinion, which was the result of observation upon the spot, that five line−of−battle ships, with frigates, bomb vessels and gun brigs, would be sufficient for a successful attack on the formidable defences of Algiers. In less than two months Lord Exmouth commissioned, fitted, manned and trained his fleet, and on August 14, 1816, the expedition, including his own flagship the *Queen Charlotte* of 120 guns, the *Impregnable* of 98, three vessels of 70 guns, the *Leander* of 50, four smaller frigates and several armed vessels of lesser tonnage, sailed from Gibraltar. One of these, a gunboat, towed by the *Queen Charlotte* from that port, was placed under the command of Charles Yorke, who had just completed his seventeenth year. The English admiral's force was joined at Gibraltar by a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a sloop under Admiral Baron von de Capellan.

On the very eve of the sailing of this powerful force, young Yorke wrote home a letter to his father which shows the spirit of the young sailor and the enthusiasm which animated the fleet.

* * * * *

'MY DEAR FATHER,

'We are hove to for a Packet, and she is coming up fast, so my stave will be short, with a strong breeze, which is to say I am quite well. We have a great deal to do, shall be at Gibraltar to−morrow if the wind holds. We clear for action there, and leave all our chests, bulkheads, and everything we have except guns, powder, shot, &c. &c. of which we have not a little.

'I have the honour to command one of H.M.S. *Queen Charlotte's* boats on service, and if there is any work, expect to cut no small caper. I have seen the plan of attack; all our fire is to be on the mole head. Us, the *Leander, Superb* and *Impregnable* are to be lashed together and as near the walls as possible. *Minden* engages a battery called the Emperor's Fort, and *Albion* stands off and on to relieve any damaged ship. As soon as the Mole is cleared, we are to land; glorious enterprise for the boats.

'Give my love to dearest Uranie and Lady C. [Footnote: Dowager−Marchioness of Clanricarde, his stepmother.] &c. &c.

'Your affecte.

'C. YORKE.'

* * * * *

The British fleet with its allied Dutch squadron arrived off Algiers on August 21. Lord Exmouth had sent in advance a corvette with orders to endeavour to rescue the British Consul, a humane effort which, however, succeeded only in rescuing that gentleman's wife and child, and resulted, on the other hand, in the capture of the boat's crew of eighteen men. The captain of the corvette reported that the Dey refused altogether to give up that official, or to be responsible for his safety, and also that there were 40,000 troops in the town, in addition to the Janissaries who had been summoned from distant garrisons. The Algerine fleet, he said, consisted of between forty and fifty gun and mortar vessels, as well as a numerous flotilla of galleys. Works had been thrown up on the mole which protected the harbour, and the forts were known to be armed with a numerous artillery and to be of excellent masonry with walls fourteen to sixteen feet thick. The Dey, thinking himself fairly secure behind such defences, was prepared with a determined resistance.

On August 27, Lord Exmouth sent a flag of truce restating his demands and giving a period of three hours for a reply. Upon the expiration of that term and on the return of the flag of truce without an answer, he anchored his flagship just half a cable's length from the mole head at the entrance of the harbour, so that her starboard broadside flanked all the batteries from the mole−head to the lighthouse. The mole itself was covered with troops and spectators, whom Lord Exmouth vainly tried to disperse before the firing began by waving his hat and shouting from his own quarter−deck as the flagship came to an anchor at half−past two in the afternoon.

'As soon as the ship was fairly placed,' writes Lord Exmouth's biographer, 'the sound of the cheer given by the crew was answered by a gun from the Eastern Battery; a second and a third opened in quick succession. One of the shots struck the *Superb*. At the first flash Lord Exmouth gave the order Stand by, at the second Fire. The report of the third gun was drowned by the thunder of the *Queen Charlotte's* broadside.'

Thus opened an engagement which is memorable among the attacks of fleets upon land fortifications, and which fully justified Lord Exmouth's opinion that 'nothing can resist a line−of−battle ship's fire.' The Algerine tactics were to allow the British squadron to come to an anchor without molestation, and to board the vessels from their galleys while the British crews were aloft furling sails, for which purpose they had thirty−seven galleys fully manned waiting inside the mole. To the surprise of the enemy, however, the British admiral had given orders for the sails to be clewed from the deck, instead of sending men aloft for the purpose, and the British ships were thus able to open fire the moment they came to an anchor. The result of this smart seamanship was an instant disaster for the Algerines; their galleys were all sunk before they could make the few strokes of the oar which would have brought them alongside, and tremendous broadsides of grapeshot from the *Queen Charlotte* and the *Leander* shattered the entire flotilla, and in a moment covered the surface of the harbour with the bodies of their crews and with a few survivors attempting to swim from destruction.

On the molehead the effect of the British fire was terrible; the people with whom it was crowded were swept away by the fire of the *Queen Charlotte*, which had ruined the fortifications there before the engagement became general, and then crumbled and brought down the Lighthouse Tower and its batteries. The *Leander's* guns, which commanded the principal gate of the city opening on the mole, prevented the escape of any survivors.

The batteries defending the mole were three times cleared by the British fire, and three times manned again.

'The Dey,' wrote a British officer on the *Leander*, 'was everywhere offering pecuniary rewards for those who would stand against us; eight sequins were to be given to every man who would endeavour to extinguish the fire. At length a horde of Arabs were driven into the batteries under the direction of the most devoted of the Janissaries and the gates closed upon them.'

Soon after the battle began, the enemy's flotilla of gunboats advanced, with a daring which deserved a better fate, to board the *Queen Charlotte*, and a few guns from the latter vessel sent thirty−three out of thirty−seven to the bottom. Then followed the destruction of the Algerine frigates and other shipping in the port, which were set on fire by bombs and shells and burned together with the storehouses and the arsenal.

The Algerines, none the less, made a most determined resistance, and maintained a fire upon the squadron for no less than eleven hours. Young Charles Yorke was in command of a tender of the flagship which was moored near to his parent ship, and was consequently in the midst of the hottest fire, within sixty yards of the mouths of the enemy's guns, throughout the engagement. Long before that period had elapsed, however, he found himself running short of ammunition, and taking one marine in his dinghy, pulled in her to the *Queen Charlotte*, climbed her side and made his way to the quarter−deck, where, saluting Lord Exmouth, he said, 'Sir, I am short of ammunition.' 'Well, my lad,' replied the admiral, 'I cannot help you, but if you choose to go below, and fetch what you want yourself, you are very welcome.' Charles Yorke, wishing for nothing better, again saluted and withdrew. He then descended into the flagship's magazine, and single−handed brought up 1368 lbs. of ammunition, which he lowered over her side to his single marine in the dinghy, and in her returned to his gunboat to resume his firing until the close of the action, when, by the aid of a land breeze, which turned about half−past eleven into a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, the fleet was able to draw out from the batteries. Nothing had been able to resist the concentrated and well−directed fire, and the sea defences of Algiers, with a great part of the town itself, had by this time been shattered and reduced to ruin.

This success was only purchased at heavy cost, for the British casualties, considering the size of the squadron, were enormous, the *Impregnable* being the chief sufferer. One hundred and twenty− eight men were killed and 690 wounded, while the Dutch lost thirteen and fifty−two respectively. The *Leander* had every spar injured and her rigging cut to pieces, and when her cables were at last shot away, was unable to set a single sail, and so was drifting helplessly ashore, when a fortunate change of wind allowed her boats to bring her to a second anchorage. On the flagship the enemy's fire was so hot that Lord Exmouth himself escaped most narrowly, being slightly wounded in three places, and the skirts of his coat were shot away by a cannon−ball.

When the morning broke, the admiral found that he had brought the Dey to reason. Having first beheaded his prime minister, that potentate released the British Consul and the boat's crew he had detained before the action, handed over the ransom money he had extorted from captured subjects of Naples and Sardinia in exchange for their freedom, amounting to no less than 382,000 dollars, and undertook, 'in the presence of Almighty God,' to release all Christian slaves in his dominions, to abandon the enslavement of Christians for the future, and to treat all prisoners of war with humanity until regularly exchanged, according to European practice in like cases. About 1200 slaves, the bulk of them Neapolitans and Sicilians, were embarked on the 31st, making, with those liberated a few weeks before, more than 3000 persons whom Lord Exmouth thus had the satisfaction of delivering from slavery. He sailed away from the city without leaving a single Christian slave, so far as could be gathered, in either of the Barbary States.

Charles Yorke's conduct at this engagement was fully recognised by Captain Brisbane, who, when the young midshipman came to leave the *Queen Charlotte* a few months later, wrote his certificate in the following terms:

* * * * *

'These are to certify the principal officers and commissioners of His Majesty's navy that Mr. Charles Philip Yorke served as midshipman on board H.M.S. *Queen Charlotte* from the 11th day of July to the 16th October 1816, during which time he behaved with diligence and sobriety, and was always obedient to command. His conduct at the battle of Algiers was active, spirited, and highly meritorious.

'(Signed) JAMES BRISBANE,

'*Captain.*'

* * * * *

Charles Yorke's share in this action, together with his later services, is recorded on a tablet, next to a similar one to Lord Exmouth, in the English chapel at Algiers, by his daughter, the writer of the present memoir.

It may be added that he always cherished the memory of the distinguished admiral under whom he served on this occasion, and that in later years he purchased from Sir William Beechy's studio a portrait of Lord Exmouth on his quarter−deck at Algiers, in full dress and orders as the naval fashion then was, which hung on the great staircase at Wimpole.

Still in his seventeenth year, Charles Yorke had not yet served long enough for promotion, and was transferred on October 17 of the same year, 1816, to the *Leander*, commanded by Sir David Milne, who had been second in command at Algiers, and was then under orders for the North American station at Halifax, where the *Leander* shortly sailed.

CHAPTER III. THE NORTH AMERICAN STATION. 1817−1822

A few letters which my father wrote home from the Halifax station, covering a period of about twelve months from July 1817, I set out here as giving better than any comment of my own an account of his life and experiences in Nova Scotia at that time. They present a self−reliant character, and the young midshipman who was so early recognised by his superior officers as efficient and capable was found worthy of a small, but most important, command soon after joining this station. His father, Sir Joseph Yorke, who lost no opportunity of watching his son's progress in his profession, was a little nervous at his undertaking a responsibility of the kind, but how well his superiors' confidence was justified will be evident from his letters. Young Yorke was full of pride in his little sloop the *Jane*, and there is no hint in his letters of the risk and danger of this service. As a fact, she was an exceedingly difficult craft to handle, and if not unseaworthy, was, to say the least, an unpleasant vessel in a sea, with decks constantly awash, and the character she bore in the service appears in her nickname the *Crazy Jane*. I have often heard my father describe this as a most arduous and dangerous service, and say that life upon the *Jane* was 'like living on a fish's back.' In her he made voyages to Bermuda from Halifax and back with despatches and ships' mails in very heavy weather, and I find the following note referring to this service in my mother's handwriting:

'C. commanded the *Jane* at the age of nineteen, carrying mails from Bermuda to Halifax during winter months when ordinary mail was struck off, during which perilous service he had not a man on board who could write or take an observation. This *crazy Jane* was hardly seaworthy, and he finished her career and nearly his own by running her into Halifax Harbour in the dark, all hands at the pump.'

His certificate from Sir David Milne contains the following passage:

'Mr. Charles Philip Yorke, Midshipman of H.M.S. *Leander*, commanded the *Jane*, Sloop, tender to the said ship bearing my flag, from the 23rd of December 1817 to the date hereof, during which time he took her twice in safety from Halifax to Bermuda, and from Bermuda to Halifax, and was at sea in her at different other periods, and conducted himself at all times so as to merit my entire approbation.' Dated 28th December.

* * * * *

H.M.S. 'LEANDER,' HALIFAX:

July 10, 1817.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,

'I almost fear my letters have not reached you, for the May packet has arrived, and no letters. But silence I always take in a favourable light, so I conclude you are all well and happy; indeed I had a letter from Lady St. Germans which informed me so.

'I am, thank God, very well and like my station very much; it is really a very pleasant place, and the inhabitants attentive and hospitable. I am now very well acquainted all over Halifax thanks to Captain Lumley's kindness; pray tell him so, for the family he introduced me to is very pleasant and kind, so that it is a great comfort to go on shore, and to be able to spend your evenings among friends instead of being obliged to go to a dirty tavern.

'I have been on several very delightful fishing parties, and have never returned with less than three or four dozen fine trout. This will make the English sportsmen stare, but the fishing here is beyond everything I could have imagined. The shooting has not come in as yet, and does not until August, and then it will be very fine.

'The way I go fishing is this. I have got an Indian canoe, and I just jump into it with my gear, paddle on shore, shoulder it, and carry it to the lakes. I am become quite an Indian in the management of this canoe, and with the expense of only one ducking. I was upset in the harbour, but swam on shore and towed the canoe and all with me quite safe. I can paddle this canoe much faster than any gig in the fleet.

'We are now just on the point of sailing for Shelburne with Ld. and Lady Dalhousie, and I fancy shall be absent about ten days. The *Jane* has not yet arrived, so I am still a mid, not a captain, but expect her hourly. Last Monday we mids of the *Leander* gave a grand entertainment to the inhabitants of Halifax and officers of the fleet; a play, ball, and supper, which went off remarkably well. *The Iron Chest* was the play; the *Wags of Windsor* the farce. I did not perform being steward of the supper, but merely spoke the prologue. Our stage was very large and scenery very good, and on the whole, nothing could go off with more *eclat* than it did.

'The girls of Halifax are pretty, generally speaking, and certainly rather ladylike in their manners, but not very accomplished, but there is one thing very formidable in their structure, which is tremendous hoofs, so that a kick from one of them would make you keep your bed for a week. But they certainly are 50 degrees better than the Bermudians, they are very affable and agreeable, which is the great point to an indifferent person.

'Now I have tired your patience with lots of nonsense, which in fact is all the news I have to tell, so you must excuse it. Give my kindest love to Lady Clanricarde, Urania, and all the boys, not forgetting little Agneta, who by this time must be grown and improved much.

'I remain, my dear Father,

'Your most affectionate son,

'C. P. YORKE.'

SIR J. S. YORKE,

Admiralty.

* * * * *

H.M.S. 'LEANDER,' HALIFAX HARBOUR:

Aug. 8, 1817.

'MY DEAR FATHER,

'I have received your letter by this packet, and am very sorry to find you disapprove of my commanding the Admiral's tender, and am also astonished to find that you can imagine I have so little command of myself that I cannot keep from what you term low company. This is a thing which since I have been at sea I have never kept, and especially at a time when I had charge of a vessel and the safety of men's lives. I am happy to say I took care of myself and of the vessel, and pleased the Admiral as much as I could wish. I have not got the large tender, as I expected, on account of a prior application having been made, which I am now glad of, as you disapprove of the sort of thing, and it certainly will deter me from accepting any offer of the kind made to me, though at the same time I consider myself perfectly capable in every sense of the word.

'I am very glad to hear Grantham has so well got over the measles.

'We have had a very pleasant trip along shore to Shelburne, Liverpool and Mirligash(?), all of which ports you knew well in their former state. Shelburne now is miserably fallen off, not above 200 inhabitants in that once populous town, and more than half the houses falling to the ground, having no owners. I asked the price of a good house and about 40 acres of land, and they said the most they could ask for it would be L30, a cheap place to settle, for provisions also are cheaper than anywhere I have been. Liverpool is a very flourishing little town, and on the contrary with Shelburne, a rising place with a vast deal of commerce and trade which keep the place quite alive. At these two places I had capital fishing both salmon and trout. I caught one day at Liverpool three very fine salmon and two or three dozen trout. In this country they take most with the fly, and it does not matter of what description. I am now become a very expert fly fisherman, make my own flies, &c. Pray next season send me out a good assortment of fly gear which is rather difficult to get here and not good.

'I am going to−morrow to Salmon River, a very fine river about seven miles inland on the Dartmouth side. I was there last week with two of our officers, and between the three of us we caught eleven dozen salmon trout. Fine sport, and all with the fly. Do not forget to send me a flute as soon as possible and some music; let it be new. Give my kindest love to Lady C., Urania, and all hands. How delightful the Lodge must look. I suppose the Urania is by this time ready for sea, and Henry fighting captain. I must say I envy your circle, but Adieu!

'I remain, my dear Father,

'Your most affectionate son,

'C. P. YORKE.'

* * * * *

Aug. 14.

'I imagined that the packet was just going to sail, but I am happy to say I am disappointed because I have a little news to tell you. I am just returned from a cruise of rather a curious sort. I have been sent along the coast with a party of armed men to take some smugglers who ran from the *Leander*. I landed at Chester, and marched and rode just as I could to Lunenburg, but without success, and then back, and so about twenty miles to the eastward. It gave me a good opportunity of seeing the country, and made it very pleasant, from the kindness and hospitality of the inhabitants. I have no doubt I shall have many of these trips from being in the admiral's and captain's notice. This letter I send by Moorsom, whom you may recollect when I was at college. Now I shall conclude with love and best wishes to all.'

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H.M.S. 'LEANDER,' HALIFAX: Novr. 12, 1817.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,

'I received both your most kind letters by the *Forth* and packet, which as you may suppose, gave me great pleasure and satisfaction. I return you my most grateful thanks for your great kindness in attending to my little wishes, and hope the things will arrive quite safe. I have written as you wished to Lady St. G. and told her all the news I could think of, which I shall now relate to you.

'We have not been out of harbour since the cruise to the east, so I got leave of absence and accepted the invitation of Judge Wilkins (Lumley's friend) to go and spend some time with him at Windsor, a small town about forty−five miles N.E. of Halifax, where I assure you, I passed my time very pleasantly in shooting, fishing, &c. In that part of Nova Scotia the country is beautiful, completely cleared of wood, very well cultivated, and yields to its owners immense crops of grain. I am now returned to the ship, and we sail for Bermuda in about a fortnight or three weeks. This I am rather sorry for, for Halifax is very pleasant during the winter, and Bermuda always very much otherwise. But Sir David Milne dreads the cold, so we go.

'I am remarkably well in every point, and find the climate agrees with me very well indeed. I am glad to hear Urania made her *debut* with so much *eclat* in the *beau monde* at Winchester, pray let me also hear of her in town. I am glad to hear all the boys are well and getting on so fast in their respective schools. Agneta [Footnote: Agneta, afterwards Lady *Agneta Bevan*.] by this time must be a very fine little girl; does she ever talk of me? I really have no news to tell you worth mention, but the service is very stale for want of war, every day the same story. Adieu, my dear Father.

'Your most affectionate son,

'C. P. YORKE.

'Tell my uncle Mr. Yorke I will write to thank him for his present as soon as I have it in my possession.'

* * * * *

H.M.S. SLOOP 'JANE,' BERMUDA:

Jan. 23, 1818.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,

'I sit down to write to you after rather a long silence, but I have been quite well and by no means ill employed. I did not hear from you by the last packet, so by your silence I consider all is well and right in England.

'I have the satisfaction to communicate to you I am honoured by the command of the *Jane* Sloop on this station, which command I shall in all probability keep till my return to England. The young man who commanded her before and whom I superseded, was obliged to invalid from her after he brought her from Halifax. She sailed in company with us and we experienced a heavy gale of wind, and the poor *Jane* was nearly lost, but escaped with the loss of her bulwarks. She really is a beautiful vessel; was a Yankee clipper in the war; 80 tons and 12 men. I am remarkably happy in her, as you may suppose. I anticipate much pleasure going up the St. Lawrence in her next summer. I am sure you will be happy to hear of my good luck, but pray do not have any more dreads of my inability to command. I positively would not accept it if I thought myself in the least inadequate to undertake it. I have now again fitted her at the dockyard at Ireland where I saw much of your friend Commissioner Lewis, who really is to me a very kind and affectionate friend; I like him exceedingly.

'The packet is just arrived, and I have received your letter of the 26th ult, and likewise one from Lady St. G. You may believe your letter gave me sincere gratification to find that I am giving you all satisfaction; it is the first wish of my heart to be a credit to my friends and an honour to my country. It is not my wish to be expensive in the least beyond what it is necessary for a gentleman to be, to pay my debts, have a good coat on my back, and sufficient in my pocket never to be made look foolish. Now that I keep house for myself I shall, I fear, be a little more expensive, for reasons which you must well know, and the first fit out is the worst and greatest, after that all is regular, and I am sure you do not wish me to live on His Majesty's own altogether. Bermuda is a terrible dear place.

'This vessel you may know something of by hearsay, Mr. Brett, the 1st Lieut. of the *Wye* had her up the Bay of Fundy.

'You may rely on it I will express your gratitude to Lord Dalhousie for his attentions to me the very first time I have an opportunity. I need not express to you how much I regret the loss of your departed friend Mrs. Rattray, but her great sufferings in this world made it rather a blessing than otherwise, especially to one I believe to have been so truly good. Your advice of the prudence of keeping a ship's head off shore when near the land at night is a point of my profession I have long seen the absolute necessity of, especially on the coast of Nova Scotia where the fogs are so intense, and the shore so dangerous. But if ever there was in my humble opinion a lubberly series of accidents from the time she got on shore to the time she was on her beam ends alongside the wharf, it was on board H.M.S. *Faith*. The first thing she did after getting on shore was to anchor in Halifax harbour with her B.B. anchor without a buoy on it, slipped her cable and never buoyed it, took in moorings, unshipped her rudder and let it go to the bottom; slipped her anchors without a buoy on them, and to cap the whole, let three of her guns fall overboard in getting them out alongside the wharf. Sir D. Milne was furious, no wonder. I am sure I can with pleasure meet you halfway in your wishes to establish a free intercourse of sentiment between us, for I am perfectly sure, my dearest Father, I can nowhere find a better friend and adviser.

'I am exceedingly happy to hear so favourable accounts of the youngsters, and of Lady Clanricarde and her fair daughter.

'Bermuda is a dull place. I am perfectly at my ease and my own master, and the only things which annoy me are the tremendous gales of wind which blow here, and which I, of course, feel much in the *Jane.* The admiral did think of sending me to the West Indies for a cruise, but I believe that is dropped, as he now and then uses me to sail him about for his health. I am a very good pilot for Bermuda, what with the schooner and sloop *Jane*.

'Remember me most kindly to all; I shall answer Lady St. G. immediately.

'Adieu, my dear Father,

'Your affectionate son,

'C. P. YORKE.'

* * * * *

'JANE,' HALIFAX: June 16, 1818.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,

'... I am still in the *Jane,* and continue in every way to give satisfaction. I brought her from Bermuda, parted company from the squadron in a fog, and got in before the admiral; you may suppose I was not a little pleased with my navigation. I have pretty often the honour of presiding at my own table, as Sir David often takes trips

with me along shore, on fishing excursions, &c. &c., which makes it exceedingly pleasant.

'... I have been somewhat uneasy about some drafts upon you heavier than usual and I fear you will be led to think I am getting into an extravagant turn, but it is not so, I assure you. In this vessel I am obliged to find everything, and Bermuda charges are so extravagant that nothing can equal them. At any time you please to call for my bills and receipts they are at your service, but mark, I have no debts. I never leave a port that I do not pay every shilling. Pray let me know what you wish; if Sir D. Milne goes home, shall I return with him or not? I have not quite a year more to serve; or shall I remain with Ld. −who I understand will supersede him?...

'C. P. YORKE'

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'JANE,' HALIFAX:

Aug. 19, 1818.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,

'It is with the greatest pleasure I received your most kind and affectionate letter from St. James's St. I am delighted to see by your letter you are recovering your spirits and that you have been elected for Reigate, for I should have been very sorry for both you and my uncle to give up.

'I am happy to inform you that I am in perfect health and enjoying all the happiness that that invaluable blessing brings, and all the little comforts which your bounty affords me, together with the happiness which the perfect approbation of my superiors and respect of my inferiors can alone give a man. I feel your great kindness and generosity more than I can express; by the way you speak on money matters I hope to God I never may offend you by an absurd extravagance.

'I am excessively delighted with all you say of my kind family, particularly Lady St. G. who I am truly rejoiced to hear is so much better. Say everything that is kind from me to her, and my apology for not writing is that my right hand is very weak, as you may see from my writing, from an inflammation I have had in it occasioned entirely by a slight scratch on the knuckle of the fore finger; but it is now quite well, but still weak.

'You are now enjoying the sweets of Sydney Lodge and its appendages, the *Urania* by no means the smallest of the inanimate sort, on board of which ship I hope your 1st Lieut. that gallant officer Mr. H. Yorke continues to give perfect satisfaction, and also the mate of the decks, Mr. E. Y. mid. continues to improve his mind in those studies which a young gentleman of his abilities should attend to. I am very happy to hear Urania is grown up so fine a young woman; I most sincerely hope that all the wishes of her fond and amiable mother may be perfectly fulfilled. Pray give my love to her, if I may say so much now, if not, my esteem and regard. Pray give my love to Lady C. and tell her that I look forward with extreme pleasure to the time when I shall see her and all the family. Among my remembrances do not forget Nurse Jordan.

'Now I will tell you the little or nothing I have been doing since I arrived. I sailed on the [ ] of June on a cruise of pleasure having the honour of the company of Sir D. Milne and Col. Duke. We sailed up the Muscadobit, or Bank's Inlet, to fish, in which river the pilot ran us ashore three times; each time obliged to shore up, being left almost dry at low water, and on one night about eleven, all in bed, down she came bumpus on her bilge; in consequence of our shores being made of trees with the bark on, the bark and lashings went together. We returned to Halifax where I refitted, and have not been out since, but sail on Monday on a cruise to the eastward in company with *Leander* and *Dee*, which will be very pleasant, as we touch at every harbour where there is lots of sport. Oh, I quite forgot to thank my uncle and yourself for the books that are coming....

'C. P. YORKE.'

* * * * *

'JANE,' HALIFAX:

Octr. 19, 1818.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,

'... We had a very agreeable cruise of six weeks and on my return I am now fitting for Bermuda, to which place we sail next Sunday in company with *Leander* and *Belette*. I have not time to give you an account of our cruise, so I must defer it to my next; suffice it to say I have enjoyed most perfect health and my little command now in high order and beauty....

'C. P. YORKE'

* * * * *

My father got his first promotion as acting lieutenant on the *Grasshopper* early in 1819 at the age of twenty, and was confirmed in that rank by commission bearing date of August of the same year. In the following October he joined the *Phaeton* frigate, on which vessel he served during the rest of his service on the North American station until 1822, when he got a second step.

There is no doubt he learned his profession very thoroughly during those years in the North Atlantic; he deplores the absence of the excitement of war in one of his letters, but he had ample opportunity of graduating in the details of seamanship, which, like other professions, can be best learned at an early age, and by those whose hearts are in their work and are diligent in their business. In those qualities my father was certainly not lacking, though he managed to procure a share of enjoyment, which is the privilege of youth and high spirits. There are many anecdotes told of him at this time. On one occasion he swam across the harbour at Halifax, a feat which, in the circumstances, I have heard described with great admiration. On another, a lady giving a ball and wishing to prolong the pleasures of the evening, consulted Lieutenant Yorke as to the best way. She suggested putting back the clocks, but he advanced a step or two on that proposal, and while dancing was going on vigorously, stepped away and hung all the ladies' cloaks on a large tree not far from the front door. Imagine the confusion and merriment! I have often heard him tell the story.

His next appointment, in 1822, was to the command of the brig *Alacrity*, where I shall be able to follow him in some interesting and important service on the Mediterranean station.

CHAPTER IV. GREEK PIRACY. 1823−1826

Charles Yorke, having attained the rank of commander in May of 1822, was in August of the same year appointed to the command of the sloop *Alacrity*, and in her sailed to the Mediterranean in the autumn, anchoring at Gibraltar on November 29. He was dispatched to that station to take up some important duties in the Greek Archipelago, which arose out of the Greek War of Independence, then in full progress.

Until the year 1821, the Greeks, though often ready to rebel against the Turkish government at the instigation of the agents of foreign Powers like Russia or France, had shown little capacity for any really national movement. But the gradual spread of liberal ideas which followed the French Revolution; the bravery which distinguished the resistance of certain sections of the Hellenic peoples, such as the Suliotes, and Spakiots of Crete; the aspirations

of Ali Pacha, who conceived the idea of severing his connection with the Sultan and assuming the independent government of Albania; the impunity with which the Klephts or pirates pursued their calling in the Levant, all combined to demonstrate the real weakness of the Turkish rule, and at last brought about a national rising.

This is not the place to enter into any detailed account of the War of Independence which followed, but its main events must be mentioned in order to make clear the letters which my father wrote from the scenes of the disturbance. The insurrection was begun in 1821 by Prince Alexander Hypsilantes, who crossed the Pruth in March of that year, but his efforts failed and he fled to Austria three months later; and other movements in the northern provinces had a similar fate. But the rising in the Peloponnesus under Germanos, the Archbishop of Patros, was more successful; his forces drove the Turks before them, and the independence of the country was proclaimed in January of 1823. The Greeks, however, displayed little power of combination, and their partial success was followed by internal dissensions which greatly weakened their cause. Mavrocordato was elected president, but the aspirants for honours and leadership were numberless, the various factions were continually quarrelling with each other, and there was at length open civil war inspired by Colcotronis.

Meanwhile the aspirations of Greece had excited great sympathy throughout Europe; a Greek Committee was formed in London; the Philhellenes became very powerful in most countries on the continent, as well as in America, and many volunteers, of whom Lord Byron was a notable example, enlisted in the cause of Greek liberty.

The Greek fleet, led by Miaoulis from 1823 onward, was exceedingly active; the Greek seamen inspired the Turks with great terror, and did immense damage to their fleets. The Turks retaliated by taking vengeance on the unprotected islands of the archipelago, and committed unspeakable atrocities on the inhabitants of Chios in 1822, and two years later upon those of Kasos and Psara. In 1824 the Sultan invoked the aid of Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, whose stepson, Ibrahim, landed in the Peloponnesus and with his Arab troops carried all before him, when the Greeks lost most of what they had acquired. The war, however, was continued for many years; Lord Cochrane became admiral of the Greek fleet and Sir Robert Church took command of the land forces. The action of Navarino, which occurred in 1827 almost by accident, had a great effect upon the fortunes of the struggle. The fleets of England, France, and Russia were cruising about the coasts of the Peloponnesus to prevent the ravages of the Turkish fleet on the islands and mainland, and selected a winter anchorage at Navarino, where the Turkish and Egyptian fleets lay. The Turks thinking they were menaced opened fire upon the combined fleets, and were annihilated in the engagement which followed. In the following year the Greeks had the aid of the French, who cleared the Morea of Turkish troops, and by the end of the year Greece was practically independent. Some anarchy followed the assassination of the President Capodostrias in 1831, but at length Otho of Bavaria was crowned king, and in 1832 a convention was signed by which the protecting Powers of Europe recognised the new kingdom and assigned its limits; and Greece attained an independence which she has since maintained.

Among the results of this long period of anarchy and insurrection was an outbreak of piracy among both Greeks and Turks. Individual chieftains called their followers together, established their head−quarters in out−of−the−way creeks, and preyed upon the commerce of the Levant without any interference from their Government. As in the case of the Barbary Powers, the depredations of these pirates became at length so intolerable that the Governments of Europe were obliged to interfere for the protection of their subjects.

Commander Yorke's part as representing his country in the mission he undertook, to put down this state of things, appears fully in the letters written to his father at intervals, which follow, and we there see the important position he had to fill. He was, as he says, in those eastern waters in the double capacity of warrior and diplomatist, or in other words to command a neutral armed vessel, act impartially between Greek and Turk, and protect trade from the piracies of both nations. This was no easy task, and it appears that though his sympathies were with the Greek cause, of the two he preferred the Turk as by far the best to deal with.

It will be seen that he had to go round visiting the chief islands, Corfu, Cephalonia and Zante, and ascertain from the governors if they had any grievances to be remedied. He had no positive orders for his guidance, but only 'act as you think most fit.' Often he found himself in difficulties without even an interpreter, and so obliged to make himself understood, if he could, in French. His short but graphic description of Lord Byron at Missolonghi and his rencontre with Colonel Leicester Stanhope will interest many readers.

From a journal kept by Commander Yorke during this service, which he heads 'A few Miscellaneous Remarks. H.M. Sloop *Alacrity*,' beginning in 1823, and now with the Hardwicke MSS. at the British Museum, I find a few facts which supplement those of the letters. He records receiving much civility from Lord Chatham at Gibraltar, and sailed from that port on December 2 in company with the *Sybella* for Malta, a passage which occupied about fourteen days. After ten days at Malta refitting, he was ordered to proceed to the Ionian station. He describes with great admiration the beauty of the scene at sunrise on New Year's Day of 1824 as the *Alacrity* made the coast of Epirus, the snow−covered mountains of Albania contrasting with the green and fertile shore of Corfu with its olive gardens reaching down to the water's edge. At Corfu he dined with commissioners, generals, and at messes; and records meeting Lord Byron's 'Maid of Athens,' 'who is now rather *passee*, but certainly has remains of a fine face and a bad figure; large feet, of course, that all the Greeks have,' he writes. There are accounts of other diversions, including a week's shooting with a Mr. P. Steven and the officers of the 90th Regiment, which he describes as 'a marvellous slaughter of woodcocks,' after which he sailed to Missolonghi, where he arrived on January 23. The letters describe his further experiences.

* * * * *

H.M.S. 'Alacrity,' Gibraltar:

Nov. 29, 1823.

'My dearest Father,

'I this morning at six o'clock anchored under the cloud−cap't top of this extraordinary rock, and found that *Alacrity* had made a better passage by some hours than either *Ganges* or *Sybella* who are all here. I paid my devoirs to Lord Chatham who asked after you, also your old Teetotum G −who I found in the very act of entertaining the ladies of Gib with breakfast, music and a trip to Algeciras in the *Tribune's* boats to spend the day. He seems in great force and sorry to leave this part of the world, indeed, they say that love has much to do in the case. I afterwards paid my devoirs to the American Commodore, Jones, who is here in the *Constitution*, and went over his ship; I felt proud to see the ship that had captured our frigate she is enormous. Her cable and rigging in inches the same as the *Ganges* by level measurement, for they have taken the pains to examine, but she is now in what I should call a state of nature as bad as I could wish to see a Yankee in, with 450 men on board who look as if they were tired of their work, and the officers say so.

'I have met a very intelligent man just left Cadiz, and have seen and conversed with some of the Spanish Constitutionalists. Spain is in a dreadful state; anarchy, confusion, highway robbery and assassination daily take place. The game is up, if France has got and will keep military possession of Cadiz. The French are disgusted with the whole thing the country and the people.... Officers and nobles are on the highway.

'I shall sail for Malta on Monday. I am engaged in taking big guns up. *Alacrity* is the most comfortable vessel I have ever been in.

'Adieu. Love to all.

'Your affectionate and dutiful son,

'C. YORKE.

'I sailed without my Government chronometers, they were so bad I would not take them, but the one C −has on board is capital and we made the rock to a mile.'

* * * * *

GIBRALTAR:

March 9, 1824.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,

'It is a long while since I have had an opportunity of putting pen to paper to address you, not having been in any Christian Port for some time, nor have I received a single line from any one since I left you.

'I am just arrived at this port having brought Convoy from Malta, and now I am here I think I had better begin at the other end of my story, and so come down to the present time, instead of going back; relating all the little matters just as they are and how H.M. sloop and her crew have been employ'd since I last address'd you from the same place.

'I sailed from Gibraltar to Malta in company with my friend Capt. Pechel, and after remaining at that Island for ten days to put a little to rights I proceeded to the Ionian Islands and there, as I believe I before told you, to act in the capacity of warrior and diplomatist, or in other words, as an arm'd neutral vessel between the Turks and Greeks, to protect our trade from the piracies of both Nations, I assure you no very easy task, but certainly of the two the Turk is the best by far to deal with. I visited the Islands of Corfu, Cefalonia and Zante, inquiring of the Governors and if they had any abuses to be remedied, and I soon had over ten Petitions from Merchants whose boats had been plundered and pillaged by both parties.

'Now we are on this station placed in rather awkward circumstances, having no positive orders how to act in cases of refusal and obstinacy on the part of these People, but only, *to act as you think most fit* ; how the Government would bear us out in any act of violence such as taking by force that which they will not give up I know not; even with justice on your side, I question much whether they would support you.

'I ask'd and consulted Sir T. Maitland on the mode I should adopt, but he seem'd to advise that where they had captured a vessel, or property, and refused to give it up on a fair review of the case, to take vi et armis an equivalent or the vessel that committed the act. Thus armed with his opinion it was not long before an opportunity offered, and one, take it all in all, which was to me most interesting. A vessel of the Greek fleet had captured an Ionian vessel coming from Patras to Zante with a cargo *as the Petition stated* worth 400 Dollars, and having plundered her and ill used the crew, permitted the vessel herself to depart. This petition is put into my hands by Col. Sir F. Steven the resident of Zante, for here a Capt. of a man of war is a species of Penang Lawyer, and whenever a petition comes to any of these gentlemen they always say Oh! give it the Capt. of the Brig or Frigate, &c. he will soon settle it, and do it by *Club Law*. However away I went to Missolonghi, and anchored off the Town on the 23rd of Jany. observing ten sail of Turkish men of war to leeward, went on shore, and with much difficulty we poked our way through the narrow channels of this extraordinary place, there being a low flat of sand turning out from the land about seven miles; it seems to be the only defence the town has. Had an interview with Mavrocordato who received me of course, with civility, on Divan, supposing that I came to do him no good, having with me two or three officers and an arm'd boats crew. When I landed I met with a face that put me in mind of Hyde Park, Balls, Parties, Almacks, &c. This was no one more or less than Col. Leicester Stanhope come out with Jeremy Bentham under his arm to give the Greeks a constitution.

'Powerful in strength must he be who can manage this; long in pocket, with a head filled up with every talent that man is capable of possessing and a pair of loaded pistols in his belt, with no more words than are absolutely necessary to warn people, if they do not do this, that they will have a chance of being sent to sleep with their Fathers.

'St. James's Street and English notions must be abolish'd, so must all Romance of Liberty and the children of the antient Greeks struggling to shake off the yoke of the bloody Turk; Lord Byron knows all this, and is in fact the only man that has ever come out to them who understands the people. He was at Missolonghi, living in every way like a great Chief; and in fact he is so, arm'd to the teeth with 500 Suliotes, the bravest and best troops the Greeks have, and twenty German Veterans, besides a certain Count Gamba, a beautiful Albanian Page, an Italian Chasseur, and an old Scotch butler, making in all about 530 well arm'd men, besides the Suliotes from all parts of Greece flocking to him daily, he could if he liked set up a Govt. in Missolonghi, but as he hates governments, and likes this sort of life where his nod and beck are a law, he will have nothing to do with their legislation altho' they come and offer to place him at the head of the Government victorious. He however has pay'd their fleet for them, who immediately landed their Admiral and sailed away the Lord knows where. 'The first interview I had with this Prince Mavrocordato I could do nothing, as I plainly saw they were detaining me while they made out a case and that Stanhope's wits were put in requisition. In addition to which I had no interpreter, and so I was obliged to speak French, the only other language Mavrocordato understood besides Greek. So I broke up the interview by saying it was late and that I should wait on him again to−morrow. This however I did not effect, as it blew a gale on the following day, but the next I again saw him, and having previously put a few questions to the purpose on paper I defeated his quibbles, and made him refund in hard dollars the value of the cargo, threatening that if he did not I should burn, sink and destroy immediately. I gave him four hours to consider of it, and stay'd with Ld. Byron until the time elapsed, much amused by all his sayings and anecdotes, firing pistols at a mark, eating, &c. &c.

'The time pass'd and the money came; thus ended my diplomatic Mission at Missolonghi. I have just seen some English papers, they talk of Missolonghi having sixty pieces of Cannon and a large garrison.

'I can only say from personal knowledge that if it has sixty pieces of Cannon they are all on the wrong side, or where the Dutchman had his anchor. The garrison consisted of about 1000 arm'd men 500 of whom were Lord Byron's Suliotes. The only defence towards the sea is what bountiful Nature has given it, and a small fort on an island with two guns, one dismounted, much more like a pig stye than a fort. In short there seem'd to me to be nothing to prevent the Turkish Admiral from landing men and destroying every soul in the place, but their style of warfare is very harmless (except now and then, when they catch some poor devil alone, then they murder him). The Greeks talked much of a fine ship, and Ld. Byron recommended Mavrocordato to take boat with him in the evening and smoke a cigar against the Turkish fleet which however he declined. I was obliged soon to return to Zante for water, intending to go up to Lepanto and be present at the storming of that place by the Greeks. Ld. Byron and myself had agreed, he was to lead the attack and indeed had undertaken the Enterprise entirely, and as he jocosely observed to me a very fit man he was as he could not run if he wished, alluding to his club foot; but it was otherwise ordained, for to my great grief news one evening was suddenly brought me as I was dining at the Mess of the 90th Regt. of the loss of H.M. sloop *Columbine* at Sapienza, my friend Abbot's ship. I lost no time in being at sea and was with him on Saturday the 31st of Jany. having put to sea from Zante with a gale from the N.W. and had much ado to keep clear of the Coast of the Morea. On my arrival in Porto Longue, I found my friend and his crew all well having only lost two people; the brig's tops just above water; she was lost by parting her S.B. cable, and had not room to bring up; she soon bilged on the rocks, and the people had much ado to save themselves; little or no property was saved, they had tents on shore and miserable enough, as the rain was almost constant. The Pasha of Modon e Aron supplied them with provisions and was most attentive to them. Abbot and myself pay'd our respects to the old boy, he regaled us with Pipes and Coffee: and acknowledgement was made him for his attentions to the shipwreck'd crew by a salute of twenty guns from H.M. sloop, four of my cut glass tumblers as sherbet glasses, and 1 lb. of Mr. Fribourg's and Palets' best snuff. I think you will laugh at our presents to him, but I assure you it was thought much of, and highly valued. I think the Turks, tho' they speak seldom, yet when they do are more profuse in their compliments and fine speeches and questions than any people

I have ever seen.

'I am obliged to close my discourse as I am ordered to take another convoy, and a ship is this moment weighing for England.

'So with affte. Love to Lady C.: and all haste,

'Believe me most sincerely,

'Your affte. Son,

'C. YORKE.'

* * * * *

H.M.S. 'ALACRITY,' MALTA:

May 24, 1824.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,

'I am once more in this part after divers peregrinations and events which in due time I shall narrate. But first of all I am in despair at hearing from no single soul in the land of Roast Beef. One solitary letter from yourself is all I have received since I sailed from England. You last heard from me from Gibraltar where I was waiting to take Convoy to Cape St. Vincent having brought four sail to that place. Made short work of the Cape St. Vincent trip having a gale of wind through the Gut of Gib. And not able to show a stitch of canvas, so next day I was able to haul my wind again having made the Cape. The letter which I hope you received was sent by one of the ships. On my return to Gib. I again three days afterwards took convoy to Malta where I did not remain more than six hours being called on to perform a service of some delicacy; different are the opinions of the way in which I acquitted myself but I feel conscious of having strictly done my duty, and if I have done wrong, all that I have to say is that the laws of nations were not the groundwork or capital of my education, but it has made me take books up a little in that way. The fact was a vessel under English colours received on board at Rhodes 250 Algerians to take passage to their native city (among whom was the brother−in−law of the Dey) with all their money and effects; on this passage they hear of the war between their country and our own, the master of the vessel wishes to bear up for Malta but the Turks will not allow it, and he is obliged to use the stratagem of cutting his main topmast rigging and so let the mast go overboard for his excuse. He cannot reach Malta, but he gets into Messina, the Consul for our Government there was applied to in this matter by the Sicilian Authorities, &as by the salutary laws of that country no barbarians can perform quarantine in any of their ports, it became their desire to get her away. The master of the *Crown* refuses to go, stating that his life was in absolute danger from the people. I arrived in Malta from Gib with Convoy and in six hours after I sailed for Messina with orders and that caused his untimely end.

'Give my kindest love to Lady Clanricarde and if she wants Turkey carpets, shawls, &c. &c. now is the time. Affectionate love to all. I wish Hy. was with me, I think if he would read as he travelled he would make good use of his time.

'Your affectionate son,

'C.Y.'

* * * * *

H.M.S. 'TRIBUNE,'

In the Channel off Corfu, on the coast of Epirus:

July 16, 1824.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,

'I am here with G −under sail and about to eat the gouty old Commodore's dinner, *Alacrity* in company. We start together for Zante, Cephalonia, Cerigo, &c. though I leave him to take command in the Archipelago.

'He is, as you well know, all that a kind and affectionate friend can be. I wrote you a few days ago a very short letter and one that I know you will abuse much when you receive it, but I promise a long one when I am in for the Station and business that will naturally occur therefrom. I have already one affair in hand with a Greek corvette for plunder which will be acted on by me in a burning manner, for these fellows require it.

'All the Algerian business is settled and the Admiral has expressed himself well pleased with my conduct. Hamilton of the *Cambria* promised me to see you and acquaint you with all particulars of the affair.

'Love to all.

'Your affectionate son,

'C. Y.'

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H.M. SLOOP 'ALACRITY,' SMYRNA:

Sept. 17, 1824.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,

'I received your kind letter of the 1st of May a few days ago at Spezzia on the Gulf of Napoli di Romania (Nauplia) by H.M.S. *Martin* which arrived from Malta. Capt. Eden commands our little squad (for squadron I will not call it as there are only 46 guns among three of us) and being my senior officer has of course taken possession of the Green Bag, &my command in these seas has expired after having held it nine weeks. 'I believe before I go further it will be wise of me to explain to you what this Green Bag, as I call it, is, and when you hear I rather think you will be a little amused.

'From the present state of Greece and the islands in the Archipelago some Greek, some Turk, some both, and some neither, much piracy and murder goes on against all the flags of Europe; and of course we fall in for our share, and hardly a week passes but some appeal to humanity or justice is brought to the Senior Officer, or any cruizing ship in the Archipelago, indeed of late owing to the small force up this country these papers have so accumulated that a large bag became necessary to hold them, and when I gave up my command to Eden of the *Martin*, up the side after me came the awful Green Bag. The Senior Officer here is in himself an Admiralty Court for all the Archipelago, and a most difficult and delicate service it is, for *truth is never to be got at* and the Ionian who is always the person aggrieved is as bad as the Greek. I foresee myself getting into a discussion, but I must say a little of my opinions to you, faulty as they most likely are, yet such has been the impression made on my mind by what I have seen and heard; but I shall not break out here as I wish to give you an outline of what I have been about since I left Malta.

'I had a passage of five weeks to Smyrna touching at Corfu and Milo and delivering at the former 120,000 Dollars for the Government, found our friend Guion there as much the ladies man as ever. I gave you a line from *Tribune* myself, I parted from her two days afterwards. After remaining a few days at Smyrna I sailed on a cruizer leaving the *Rose* there for the protection of the Trade. But before I weigh and make sail I shall say something of John Turk, who has always stood rather well with me until you take him into the field, and there he is bloody, cruel, ferocious and desperate but *not brave*. In the drawing room he is polish'd, well bred, and from the pomp and magnificence of style in which he lives he cannot fail at first to impose on the stranger a good opinion of at least his gentlemanly manners, and courtlike behaviour. On my arrival at Smyrna I did not fail as soon as I was able to gain an interview with Hussan Pacha, the Governor. This man gain'd his Government by some merit of his own; marching thro' Smyrna on his way to take possession of his Pachalick with his troops, he was called on by the Authorities and Consuls of foreign powers to exercise his military authority in restoring order to the town which was at this time (1821) in a state of anarchy, massacre and cruelty, against the Greeks; he undertook the task and succeeded in restoring order and stopping the slaughter in twenty−four hours, after which service, in consequence of a representation from the Consuls, the Porte confirm'd him to the Government.

'My party on the visit consisted of Capt. Dundas, Mr. Whitehead (the Admiral's son who has been with me from Malta) Lt. Trescott and Mr. Forester Wyson, with the Dragoman; we were received with all due respect and pomp and after many compliments, pipes, coffee, sherbet, &c. &c. we took our leave. The conversation that took place is not worth relating, as it was of that nature which such a visit might be supposed to produce.

'I afterwards went a round of visits to the Turkish nobles and principal officers of the Town, Delibash Beys, Beys, Agas, &c. &c. Smyrna is a large town, and like all other Turkish towns has narrow streets, low dirty houses, and long Bazaars; the people from their costume and arms forming the most amusing and picturesque objects of the whole. Here and there you saw strong symptoms of firing in the dominions of the Porte, doors full of shot−holes, and now and then a random ball whizzing over your head. Above the town on an eminence is a very picturesque old castle built by the Genoese, now in ruins and nothing more than a very beautiful object, and one of the finest roadsteads in the Mediterranean. The country at the back of Smyrna is rich and beautifully wooded.

'I rode out one evening with Capt. Dundas to the Consul's, the roads infamous and my horse stumbling exceedingly I did not quite enjoy the beauties of Asia, and the romance of the ride thro' the burying−place of the Turk, studded with the Turban [Footnote: The Turks at the top of the tombstone have the turban of their rank] or stone and Cypress, as much as I ought.

'On the 4th of July, I sailed from Voorla, a watering place on the south side of the Gulf of Smyrna, for Psara and arrived there on the 5th. The Turks having attacked the place on the 3rd, which they carried in about twelve hours, excepting a strong work on the west end of the Island which did not fall till the following day. I thought at first that this had been a decided and bloody blow struck at the root of the Greek revolution, but the Turk has gone to sleep since, or nearly. I have myself little doubt that the French had much to do with the capture of this island, for I learnt from many that a Frigate had been at Psara on the 22nd of June, and for four successive days had sounded round and round the Island and then sailed for Mytilene where the Capt. Pacha was. Moreover when I was on board the Pacha's ship he show'd me a Chart or plan of the Island, which the moment I saw it, I exclaimed This is done by a Frank, and he said, yes that it had been done for him. The attack was made on the north side, the only place in this Island that Turkish troops could land on with safety, and even here the pass was so narrow up the mountain that only one man could pass at a time. To shew the difficulty of gaining ground, and how easily this place might have been defended, one Greek who was near the spot asleep on hearing a noise jumped up, and with his single arm killed seven Turks, one after the other as they came up; and then fled.

'As soon as I anchored on the roadstead, I sent to say I wished to pay my respects to the Captain Pacha, who returned a very civil answer, and I went *en grande tenue*, to see this mighty conqueror and Royal Prince. Our interview was truly amusing. I began with saying that having anchored in the road, and finding his fleet there (which consisted of one 80 gun ship, seven frigates and about eighty Corvettes, Brigs and Transports) I had come

to pay my respects to him and to congratulate him on his successes over his enemies; he whimpered and simpered, like an old woman, thank'd me, but pretended to be excessively sorry for the loss of life on the part of the Psariotes, *he* having taken very good care that not a *man* on the Island should have his head left on his shoulders; but the women would not give him a chance, they did that which would do honor to the Antient Hist: of Greece! throwing their children from the precipices into the sea, and then following themselves. The Pacha told me he had not taken a single woman, and only a few children, that some of the boats pick'd up floating. We conversed on different topics, but more particularly on the politics of Turkey and Greece. I ask'd him if he meant to strike the iron while it was hot, and get on to Hydra, and strike a blow there, telling him at the same time that I was going to the Naval Islands on business and should tell all I had seen. He replied, No, I love the Hydriotes. The crafty old dog loves them like a cannibal well enough to eat them. After having sat above an hour (for I was determined to see all I could) he was called out by the Admiral who whispered in his ear; out he went, I was curious, and walked to the front part of the cabin opening a little of the Door; I saw him on the deck surrounded with Turkish soldiers who were each producing their day's work, in the process of extermination. Each head got the possessor a few Liqueurs. After he came into the cabin again, I tax'd him with what he had been at. He smiled and ask'd me should I like to see it. I told him I had read of these things among Eastern nations, but was not quite sure before that it was true, upon which he not knowing that I had seen a great deal, ordered the head of a Greek Priest just taken off, and still reeking with gore, to be brought in to me, which was accordingly done. After this I took my leave of the Old Turk, who pressed my hand cordially; I ask'd his permission to go on shore, but he would not give it, saying that it was a horrid sight and that most likely I should be shot myself. The Turks here killed about 8000 Greeks and lost themselves by their own account about 3000, but the fact is they cannot tell, for they never know the number of people they have on board.

'Ismail Pacha had one of his Captains wounded, and he ask'd me to allow my surgeon to visit him, which I did. This Ismail Pacha is an Albanian and served under the old lion Ali for a long while and was by him raised to a Pachalick which was confirm'd to him by the Porte after the death of Ali; he commanded the 12,000 men that landed at Psara. Another desperate act of heroism took place in the strong fort situated on an eminence at the West End of the Island, it held out till the last and was not destroy'd until everything was lost. The Turks had made a forlorn hope to storm it, the Greeks allowed them easy access, then fired the magazine. Thus perish'd 1000 Greek men, women and children and 400 Turks. I sailed in the evening after saluting the Pacha with twenty guns, and saw them fire the Town, the Plunder being finish'd.

'From Psara to Hydra where I had a grievance to try to redress, but from its being a year old, I had much fear that with my small force I should not be able to effect that which a larger ship would have immediately succeeded in, with nothing more than threats. I intended to try *those* first and ultimately to do more and take my chance of what the Govt. might think.

'But the *Martin's* arrival has taken the Green Bag away from me. I will now relate that on my arrival off Hydra, I found Miaoulis the Greek Admiral on his way to assist Psara. I hailed his vessel and invited him on board, he came and I made him acquainted with the capture and massacre at the place, (since I left Psara I found that about twenty−five sail of vessels had escaped, with some women and children). He seem'd much distressed, but said he would push on and see what was to be done. I afterwards heard that he kept aloof until the Captain Pacha quitted, he then attack'd the gun boats in which about 2000 [Footnote: The garrison left at Psara] Turks were attempting to escape and destroyed nearly the whole of them. Now the Island is desolate and *neutral* having neither Greek nor Turk on it; but I hear that the Captain Pacha is going to adopt the miserable and contemptible policy of destroying its harbour, and then taking no more regard of the Island. I must say the want of unanimity in the Greek against the common enemy is here too perceptible. The Hydriotes well knew that Psara was soon to be attack'd and it was in their power to have saved it, but its having been in former days a rival island in commerce, and was now a rival island in achievements in war, they delay'd sending their ships until it was too late. There were also traitors among their own people, no doubt of it!

'My business at Hydra was a case of piracy, against a British merchant of Alexandria, and all the property was stolen and the vessel burnt, &c. &c. I called off the island and as *they* wish'd to refer back to the affair before they would give an answer, I passed on to Napoli di Romania (Nauplia) where the Greeks have set up an attempt at a government, for a government I cannot call it that has neither laws or courts, not even a national assembly is yet instituted; but anarchy seems to reign among them, and until something like a strict union among the chiefs of this people takes place I fear their cause is not likely to be progressive, or their means effective.

'The people who are now at the head of what they style the Provisional Government of Greece are men who under the Turks were merchants, or masters of merchant ships. The Chief or Primate of this Government (Condenotti by name) is an Hydriote (his Brother is now Primate of Hydra) who during his life has amassed a fortune of Five million of dollars, having had for twenty−three years the Trade, I may say, of the whole of the northern part of the Archipelago; himself a ship owner, having no less than eighteen or twenty fine Brigs and ships from 180 to 300 tons burthen. This man has never given a Para to the cause of his country; what can you expect with such a beginning? The Govt. have in their pay about 10,000 men, ragamuffins of all sorts. This is that part of the population of Greece that our Committee in London send money to.

'Are the Greek Committee such fools as to suppose that they are honourably dealt with, and that this money is all put to the uses they would wish to see it put to, or that the money sent from England will ever do any good to the Greek cause, unless they appoint proper Commissioners to receive it, and to dole it out, in such a way as to be of service to those who merit it? Is the Provisional Govt. of Greece such a Committee? Or are they who have been tricking and trafficking to make money all their lives fit people to be entrusted with such a Commission? *There is not one Patriot among them!* And they are accountable to no one by law, for there are no laws in the land.

'Money has arrived lately from the Greek Committee and it was put into the hands of the Provisional Govt. What they have done with the *whole* of it I do not know; some they have given to Odysseus. When he heard that money was coming from England to Napoli he left his stronghold in Parnassus and came down with the small retinue of 300 men to demand of the Govt. some remuneration for his services, he had expelled the Turks from Livadia, and he now required that they would pay 5000 men for him. This Odysseus is the only man whom I should call a Patriot among them. So different in style is the free Mountain Chief from the Lowland long enslaved Greek, that you would hardly believe them to belong to the same nation. Odysseus ever called and thought himself free, and his family before him never own'd the dominion of the Turk, living in inaccessible holds no Turkish turbaned head was ever near them. This man tho' wild and untaught is patriotic, brave, devoid of superstition, and last and most rare among the Greeks, has an utter contempt for money. He has talents for war or peace, and the most moderate in his principles of any of them. If there is a man in Greece who is to be depended on *he* is the man. He maintains that one of the greatest steps towards the well−being of Greece is the putting down the ascendancy of the Priests, with that you will put down intolerant avarice and much crime. At first the Govt. would not give much ear to his demands, but he goes to them in person, stripped of his arms, telling them he is no longer a soldier, that he would turn barber for he could shave; he said he would get an honest livelihood as a poor man but not pilfer &c. *as some of his friends did* who had neither patriotism or virtue, and who thought of nothing but aggrandizing and enriching themselves. Such was his opinion of this Govt., and he assured me himself that not one of their heads should be on their shoulders in ten days if they did not distribute this money in such a way as to ensure something like a successful campaign against the Turks. They have however given what I suppose they could not keep from him and what he *had before*; the command in *Livadia*, and pay 5000 men for him.

'I had some very amusing excursions with this Chief and we became great friends, he is in person one of the handsomest and finest men I ever saw, and had Maria seen him manage his horse she would never have forgotten it. I could give very interesting accounts of our picnics and rides, when his Albanians roasted the sheep whole stuffed with almonds and raisins, &c. &c. but it will take more time than I can spare, and I fear by this time you will be nearly tired, but you must bear with me up to the date I write from before I give up. The other Chiefs of Note, Mavrocordato and Colcotronis, are men of perfectly different characters but both by their different means attempting to aggrandize themselves. The former's weapons are his talents and his tongue, the latter's his courage

and his sword. Colcotronis rebelled and try'd to overthrow the provisional Government, he blockaded Napoli and was for some weeks fighting with the Govt. Corps in the Plains of Argos, but Odysseus appearing on the mountain, neither knowing which side he would take, they suspended their arms and a reconciliation was brought about. I think of late there has been a little more apparent conduct in the Chiefs than before. I see in our papers great puffs about the fighting in Greece. The warfare, in fact, is desultory and next to ridiculous excepting in the passes of the Mountains, and when Turkish cavalry are caught there the Greeks always kill them all. As yet the campaign is rather against the Greek by the loss of Psara, their chief Naval Island, which from its situation much annoy'd the Turk.

'But to the Greek Committee! Great as the respect is which I feel for a set of men who have wished to give assistance to that cause so dear to every Englishman, yet I regret much the material and money that has been wasted and frittered away to no purpose. Had the Greek Committee fully understood the business they were about to take in hand they would not have sent out the quantities of valuable yet useless stores which are now I believe in the possession of the people of Missolonghi. If instead of sending out surveying instruments, sextants, telescopes and numberless instruments used by our artillery and engineers, they had caused to be manufactured musquets, yataghans and pistols in the fashion of the country together with powder and ball, and had taken care that a proper commission was there ready to receive it and take care that they were properly distributed, I would have given them some credit; but as yet I think what they have sent has created bad blood among the people and rivalry among the Chiefs who should possess the whole. When Odysseus heard that supplies of stores had arrived from England at Missolonghi he sent 300 men and a captain to get some, he demanded a share and it was refused; he then forcibly took away four field guns and forty barrels of powder on mules and carried them safe to Parnassus. The man who did this was Mr. Trelawney from whom I had the circumstance. Of the money the Committee have just sent out, a little comes back to us, for the Greeks always allege they cannot pay for the piracies committed on our Flag until the money arrives from England! This is too great a farce! I have actually been once to Napoli for money, which has been owing for this year pass'd and which they never would pay until they were able to pay it in English sovereigns.

'Greece has the name of fighting but with the present sort of warfare that goes on, unless some interference is made or the one party or the other gets weary, it may continue without progression towards the grand end, peace, until doomsday.

'After leaving Napoli I went to Hydra where I had some piratical business to settle. On pulling into the port in my boat I saw a vessel there under British colors that informed me they had that morning been captured by an Hydriote corsair, I desired that she should be instantly given up to me which they refused doing; I that evening cut her out with the *Alacrity's* Boats; I put half my crew and all my marines into the three boats going myself in my gig, making Trescott in the brig stand slap into the port with her guns loaded with round shot and grape. The shores of the harbour (which is not more than two cables lengthward) lined with about 12,000 men, her guns would have made dreadful havoc. In three minutes from the time we got on board, the Greeks had jumped overboard and her cables were cut, and out she came without the loss of a single man. They have protested against me to the Govt. at Napoli but *it's all right*, and I did what was perfectly proper in all points. These rascals must not be allowed to capture British vessels on any pretence whatever; if they are allowed to do so, even on pretences of assisting their enemies, no vessel but a man of war will be able to sail in these seas.

'From Hydra hearing that Samos was about to be attacked by the Turks I sailed thither, and on the first day of their attack (in which they were repulsed) I took off 106 women and children with their property, *being British subjects*, and carried them to Smyrna. From there on my way to Napoli I fell in with the *Martin* and returned to Smyrna, where I found *Euryalus*. He went to sea and has left me Gardo here. Finding that for a time my sea trips were suspended I set off for Magnesia and much delighted I have been with my trip, suffice it to say that nothing can be kinder than the great Turks are to me, and in a few days I return to Magnesia to hunt with Ali Bey the Governor of that Town. But I must reserve a description of these trips until another letter, as I am sure you will be heartily tired by the time you have got through my *griffonage*.

'I have enjoy'd all this summer most excellent health, and the climate has completely left off its baneful influence upon me, thank God.

'Tell Lady C. I have collected for her a quantity of antient Greek, Roman and Egyptian pottery, the greater part of which is most exceedingly valuable, and some that I dug myself at Samos.

'I have also collected a quantity of very fine Coins (Greek) which *if* I get a safe conveyance, I shall send Uncle Charles. Tell him so! This letter I know he will see, so if he will, take it as written as much to himself as you and indeed all the family, To whom individually & collectively give my afftn. love.

'Don't show my letters to any but the family Pray!

'You will be amused to hear I wear the Turkish dress on these excursions.

'Your most afftn. Son

'C. YORKE.

'PS. Affectionate Love to U. K. and Agneta an affectionate Embrace to H. Y., E. Y. and G. Y.'

* * * * *

ALEXANDRIA:

Dec. 27, 1825.

'MY DEAREST FATHER,

'Although I cannot write as long a letter as I intended and wish, for lack of time, yet, as there are several vessels in this harbour on the point of sailing for England, I must, after so long an interval, put pen to paper in your behalf.

'By the finish of my last letter to you which I trust was prolix enough I was at Smyrna, and had informed you of my visiting in this country its nobles and princes: and I think mentioned something of a visit I paid to Ali Bey, the Governor of Idun a country to the Nd. of Smyrna, whose capital is Magnesia, where the residence of the Governor is. I twice visited this Prince, and, so much was he pleased the first time, that he invited me to come a second when there was to be a hunt of birds and beasts. On the 13th of September, Forrester the Surgeon, Weatley my 2nd Lieutenant, and myself with a young Armenian as an interpreter and a Janissary for a Garde du corps, started au point du jour from Smyrna, and arrived in the afternoon at Magnesia, one of the prettiest Turkish towns I have seen. Our journey slow, over bad roads, did not afford any circumstances much worth relating. We found our new acquaintances Turk and Christian, both in their way agreeable; the Armenian, young, sensible, and an extraordinary linguist, speaking nine languages though not twenty years of age. The Old Turk, funny, fat and good−natured. The latter part of our journey lay thro' a pass in the mountains from the summit of which the Valley of Magnesia suddenly burst on our view, with the town on the eastern side at the foot of a perpendicular rocky mountain very like the rock of Gibraltar, but if anything higher, more craggy, and bold: the valley that lay before us, bounded on the W. by a ridge of regular round topped hills, and to the Nd. the eye could not reach the extent of this immense plain, which is covered with vines, and fig trees, corn, and tobacco, the best in Natolia. On my arrival, I sent my Janissary from the Kane I put up at to say I was arrived, when an officer from the Bey came, and marched us thro' the street till we stopped at one of the best looking houses I had seen; we were ushered in, and I was then informed we were to live here and that if I did not like it and was not comfortable that I should have another. But I soon found out we could not be better off; the Bey having sent us to the house of the Primate of the Greeks, who was obliged to receive us whether he liked it or not, it being sufficient that a Turk orders it.

But in truth, I believe the old Patriarch was very proud of the honor for no hospitality could outdo his: the fatted calf was killed and we feasted sumptuously. Fingers were now called into requisition as knives and forks are no part of the necessaries of these Oriental nations. Such tearing of fowls and tucking up of sleeves! After dinner the water, and then the Alpha and Omega of all oriental visitings, mornings, noons, and nights, Coffee and Pipes. During the evening some pretty girls, the daughters of the Old Man, danced before us, those dances which the women of the country are so famous for: tho' none of the most decent yet very curious, some young men playing the guitar and singing, for the song always accompanies the dance. My Janissary was so delighted, that, he swore if he had only had two glasses of wine he would fire his pistols right and left. I felt rather satisfied he had not had the wine he spoke of. We were all fagged enough to find our beds on the floor capital; and the next day we visited the Bey.

'January 16, 1825. I am now at sea and had intended this letter from Alexandria, and, as I said before, it was to be short; but now I shall send it from Malta, and it is to be long.

'But to resume my story. When we arrived at the palace he was dining in the Kiosk with some of his friends, and we had to wait a little while until the repast was ended when we were ushered in. He received us very haughtily, and in a manner not at all consistent with the kind messages he had sent us. Pipes and Coffee were served, and the conversation was rather slack. At his feet sat one of the most extraordinary figures I ever saw in my life; a countenance more devilish was never given to Dervish before. After we had been seated some time, this man, who had never opened his lips but had eyed us with the greatest attention and ferocity, at length began to mutter, Kenkalis, Kenkalis, taib ben (English, English, I hope you are well"). This was one of those privileged people which in these countries are called Dervishes, who are dreaded and respected by the superstitious, and who afford amusement by their extraordinary antics to others. They have the *entree* of all houses great or small, rich or poor, and are never refused food or raiment: it being in itself a crime, to insult or offend all who are in any way extraordinary: the more mad, the more sacred the person. Madness in Turkey is an excellent trade.

'At length I soon discovered how it was that my new friend the Bey was thus: his friends (Turks) rose to depart, so did I but he desired me to sit down again. The moment the Turks had departed he was a new man. I have never been so pleased with any Turk in my life as with Ali Bey. His affability and kindness were European, which, when blended with the handsomest form and face the costume of a Turk and pomp of a prince, made a most agreeable acquisition to my Eastern acquaintance.

'He now began to make his attendants play all sorts of tricks with the Dervish to draw him out; who seemed to be a perfect prince in the art of buffoonery. We were amazingly amused. He now told me he had a grand *chasse* in twenty−five days' time, and desired that I would come to him on that day, bring my gun, and stay with him a week; nothing could have pleased me more than this offer. And as I lay Gardo in Smyrna, twenty−five days afterwards I again found myself in Magnesia, housed with the old Greek Patriarch a second time. He now sent us down to the village of Graviousken (?) (Infidel Village) where we were well lodged: his cook and household chief accompanied us, and the following day he came himself. Our hunt, tho' not much sport to English taste, yet was most amusing. The magnificence of the horses and riders; their equipage and management of the animal; riding at speed, as tho' they were on the point of being dashed to pieces, against a wall or down a precipice, at once coming to a dead stop. Riding at each other, delivering the jareed, firing their pistols and wheeling short round in an instant, and at speed in the opposite direction. We had greyhounds and killed a few hares. The following days were unfortunately wet; we returned to Magnesia.

'The first visit I paid the Bey this time, I honored him with my full dress for reasons very good, he was not quite sure who I was. It was also necessary that his people should have outward shew, to satisfy them: this I was nearly paying dear for. There is a horrid custom in this country, of paying a certain sum to the attendants of these great people every visit you make. A few piastres had heretofore satisfied, but on leaving, after this Golden Visit, they seized my interpreter the moment he took his purse out, tore it away from him took all he had saying, they should never see such a man again and returned him the empty purse. He fortunately had been prepared for such

an attack and had a proper sum and no more in his purse, but had it not been for this sagacity, I might have lost all the money I had with me. Our dinner at Graviousken was capital, he had wine for us; fingers were again in requisition, and we were obliged to eat of twenty−six dishes, each brought separately on the table, one after the other, which you had no sooner begun to think good, than it was immediately snatched away and disappeared. After having given to my old Greek some presents of silks for his wife, and caps for his daughters, we returned to Smyrna, where I found H.M.S. *Cyrene*, Captn. Grace, and soon after arrived Clifford in the *Euryalus*, who most kindly gave me an opportunity of seeing a great deal of other countries by an order to visit the coast of Syria, &c. &c.

'Oct. 24, 1825. We passed thro' the Straits of Scio, and on the 25th anchored at Scala Nova. I shall not trouble you with nautical details, as all my remarks, bearings, soundings, &c., which I have carefully taken in this voyage I keep in a distinct remark−book. It is a small town, governed by an Aga, situated on an elevated promontory, with a small island and fort off the point, bad shelter for a winter anchorage. Scala Nova had much interest to me, as I was completely able to appreciate the conduct of the Captain Pacha with regard to his pitiful attempt on the island of Samos, which is distant about twenty miles. This Pacha had 100,000 men at Scala Nova, with a sufficient number of boats and transports to convey them, and about eighty sail of men of war to protect them. Yet he made the attempt to land 3000 men, which I myself was a witness, and they nearly all perished by the musketry of the Greeks. No further attempt was made on the island, the fleet remains to the Northward of Samos, under sail for fourteen days, (fine weather) the Greeks thirty−five sail of small vessels and fireships in the little Bogaz, which separates the island from the main. At length the fleet sail for Mytilene. The troops at Scala Nova know not what to think, no provisions, no water, 25,000 die of famine, the rest in a most pitiable condition, receive orders to return to their homes, massacre, pillage, and plunder the whole way back. Nevertheless, the Turks contrived to lose two small frigates by the fireships of the Greeks. The conduct of the Pacha, and his disgraceful mode of entering Constantinople with about fifty sail of small Greek Boats for the occasion, with a Greek hanging at each mast head, you might have seen from the public prints. My business with the Governor of Scala Nova being settled (having obliged him to release an Ionian Vessel one of his cruizers had captured), Ephesus three hours distant became the next object. Little is now left of this once celebrated city, and the site of Diana's huge temple I think is not to be found. One splendid relic still remains. A part of a fluted Corinthian column, of Parian marble, about 111 feet long, broken; the remainder is gone; but from the diameter, the block forming that part could not have been less than fifty feet; a part also of a huge cornice which was immediately over this column remains, of marble also, weighing about 15 tons. The carved work on the capital and cornice is as fresh as the day the artist finished it, tho' most likely above 2000 yrs. old. Ephesus is thought by many to have been latterly destroyed by an earthquake, and this small relic certainly tends to prove the assertion. On examining this column carefully, I found that the fluting, about half way down, was finished and polished, and a part in the rough. The ancients always finished and polished, after the column was erect. Certainly, some sudden accident must have occurred to have prevented the artist from completing so fine a piece of work, and the manner in which it is broken leads me to suppose an earthquake, without doubt, to have been the cause of the abrupt departure of the chisel from its occupation.

'Leaving Scala Nova, we sailed thro' the little Bogaz, by Patmos when we fell in with some Greek cruizers, on the look out for the Egyptian fleet under Ibrahim Pacha, whom we found at Bodrum (?) where we next anchored. Nothing whatever of antient Halicarnassus, or the wonder of the world, here remains! Not a trace, not a vestige! One tower more modern, the base of which appears Roman with a Turkish superstructure, and one block of granite on which is an inscription stating that Caesar mounted his horse from this stone: I would have carried this relic away, but Mr. Arbro, Premier Interprete et Lieutenant a son Altesse Ibrahim Pacha, informed me that he had laid hands on it. Here I no sooner anchored than a number of Maltese captains of merchant vessels, in the employ of the Viceroy of Egypt, came on board to beg my interference with the Pacha as to some grievance they had suffered. I was quite determined I would have nothing to do with these blackguards in the Turkish service; but, on going on shore I could not help feeling immensely enraged at seeing upwards of twenty large Red Ensigns (English), flying on his fleet of Transports, loaded with Turkish soldiers going to carry them to the Morea! I presume the British subject is free to trade as he pleases but, at the same time, that he must take the consequence

of his speculations. Whether this large national flag was to be displayed at sea, in a rencontre with the Greek fleet, became a question with me? Whether our ensign was to be borne by vessels actually engaging Greek ships, was also a question I asked myself. And the reply instantly was, *No*, it cannot be neutrality. I determined to take the ensigns from them which was done, and having cut the Unions out I gave them back, which I have since been sorry for. In short, I should have taken all the vessels as they were all sailing under false papers, or have taken the flags away altogether and have considered them as they really were, Turkish transports. But I felt it a very delicate affair as Ibrahim Pacha, when I waited on him, declared, that I should be the means of his losing his expedition, and that he trembled for the consequences. He had previously sent his Secretary on board me, to try and talk me over to give back the flags. But it would not do, I saw thro' the whole thing. The fact was, these mercenaries employed in the Egyptian service had refused to proceed any further, their contract having expired. He having exhausted five months in reaching Bodrum (?) from Alexandria wished to throw the whole of the revolt of the Maltese on me, as having taken their colors; they declaring that they could not go to sea in safety under any other flag. He wished to be able to use this pretext to his father, the Viceroy. After about four hours' conversation we parted as we begun, I would not return the colors. We parted however the following day better friends, the revolted vessels were moored in a line before the loyal ones so that those who were willing could not go to sea. He sent for me, and begged me to speak to the Maltese which I did, and desired them to move their ships to let the other Transports pass out. What he said to the Viceroy of Egypt I know not, but be that as it may the old man was very civil afterwards to me in Egypt. I daresay you will think me a great fool for having troubled my head in this affair at all; but really, whether I am right or wrong, I could not bear to see the flag under the Turk, and the vessels bearing it conveying troops to the conquest of the Morea. Much as I dislike the Greek character, yet I love the cause.

'I was not sorry to get clear of Ibrahim and his expedition, as I inevitably saw difficulties would increase and that from the situation of the British subjects violence might be resorted to by the Turk, and that my presence only added fuel to the fire. For while I was there the Maltese grew more and more impudent. However, all since has ended well. The Maltese have been honorably paid off by the Viceroy of Egypt.

'Passing between Stanco(?) and the main on the 2nd of Novr. we anchored in the Harbour of Marmorico (?), certainly the finest in the Mediterranean. Here we remained in consequence of bad weather, but we managed to wood and water. After leaving this port I visited Rhodes, so famous an island requires me to give some description. Keeping the Brig boxing about between the island and the main, I made my visits leaving her early in the morning, she standing in the evening to pick me up. The Port here I by no means considered safe for the *Alacrity*. Small merchant vessels do go into the Port, and often pay for their temerity by being totally wrecked. Here you see the remains of what the island was, with some of the Knights, but nothing more ancient except the remains of a temple to Apollo. The works and fortifications are very like Malta on a diminished scale, and the great Street of the Knights with their arms and devices over each door. To see a turban'd head sticking out of the window is a provoking proof of the triumph of the Mussulman over these deserted Christian Knights.

'January 28th, 1826. I am just anchored in the Quarantine Harbour at Malta; I find the packet for England on the point of sailing so I cannot finish my letter, but I think it already too long. In my next I shall take up my proceedings from Rhodes, going into Cyprus, Scandaroon, Beirut, Tyre, Sidon, St. Jean D'Arc, Deir−il−Kamr in the Mountains of Lebanon, Lady Hester Stanhope with whom I stayed one week, Alexandria, Cairo, &c. and back to Malta after a cruize of eight Months.

'I must now finish with a little Turkish politics. The whole arrangement of the Greek War is put into the hands of the Viceroy of Egypt. The Captain Pacha does not go afloat this year but is I fancy in great disgrace. The Constantinople and Egyptian fleets are to be combined under Ibrahim Pacha, who is now at Marmorico, waiting for reinforcements to go to the Morea. I fancy the divided Councils of the Greeks now gives a fine opportunity of success. Colcotronis has secretly sided with Mehemet Ali, and it is supposed that Albania is bought with Turkish gold. The Greeks are quite capable of this. The only way in which the Turk will do anything in the Morea is by corrupting the Greeks: if it is to be a contest, I prophesy the Egyptian army *will never return*. The conduct of the

French to the Turks has been most decided. The King of France wrote to the Viceroy of Egypt, complimenting him on his genius, and wishing him all possible success. The bearer of this letter was General Boyer who has come out to discipline the Turkish army, has assumed the Turkish dress, being installed in his command with the title and allowance of a Bey and a salary of 10,000 Dollars per annum. He brought out also two most beautifully manufactured carpets, and 500 stand of arms and accoutrements complete, as a present from the King to the Viceroy. The Turks of the country do not know what to make of this gracious like conduct, but they say he has formed an alliance with France either to stop, at any time they wish, our overland intercourse with India, or to strengthen himself so that he may be better able to shake off the Turkish yoke of Istamboul. His views are certainly most ambitious; but as yet have not sufficiently developed themselves for anyone, I think, decidedly to form an opinion.

'Dr. Father, Adieu!'

* * * * *

The letter from Vourla which follows is that promised to his father in the preceding letter from Alexandria, and is strictly of an earlier date as it takes up the story of his experiences in the later months of 1824. The narrative requires no comment, as it speaks for itself, and the description of Captain Yorke's visit to Lady Hester Stanhope at Djoun will be read with interest. He attained the rank of Captain on June 6, 1825.

* * * * *

'... After a tedious passage from Larnica we anchored at Beirut, once the capital of the Druses but conquered in the time of Daher Prince of Acre by the Turks. The place is supposed to be the ancient Baal Berith. Here we stay a week. Beirut is a curious town. The architecture is substantial, perfectly different from any seen in other parts of Asia until you arrive in Syria; quite Saracenic, arches in abundance and curious tesselated pavements of coloured stones. But this is not Turkish, though now in possession of the Turks, but the architecture of its former inhabitants remains. I made short excursions into the country with some English and Armenian missionaries who have resided some years in the country, but except the beauties of nature little else remarkable is to be seen. For the best information in a small compass of this part of Syria Mr. Hope's Anastasius will give it. But within the compass of a letter I cannot enter into very great detail unless I were to write it on the spot and take more time and pains than my disposition inclines to. As far as professional remarks go, I have as much as a boat and lead line and bearings will give.

'Here I was in some distress, for the pilot, a Greek, that I got at Rhodes declared he knew nothing of the coast, so I discharged him. A Turk now undertook to pilot us to Seyden, though on our arrival there I determined to have no more pilots, as they rather confused the navigation, not being able to give positive information at any time.

'After leaving Beirut we next let go anchor at Saida (Sidon) once so famed, and now a very tolerable Turkish town. Here no relic of antiquity is visible except a large block of marble about a mile to southward of the town with a Greek inscription (which *I* did not see; Mandiel gives a sufficient account of it, and my friends who visited it say it appears to be in precisely the same state that he saw it in) with some remains of a galley mole, which the Turks in their profound policy have blocked up so that it is with difficulty that a small boat can get in. Here my attention was greatly diverted from examining much of the town and its contents by the circumstance of my dispatching a civil line with Captain Y's compts to Lady H. Stanhope" offering my services in any way to take letters &c. to Malta or elsewhere that I might be going. Lady Hester for some years has refused to see English people, therefore I had not a hope that she would give me an interview; but to my surprise, on the evening of my writing, her Armenian interpreter came on board with a kind note by which I found that a horse and escort were at Saida waiting to conduct me when I might please to Djoun her residence in Libanus, about three hours from Saida. Accordingly on the following morning, with Luca my Armenian interpreter whom I have mentioned in company, we started for the residence of her ladyship. The ride, uninteresting from any circumstance but that of

actually being on Mount Libanus, deserves no remark, sterile, and but little cultivated in this part. Her residence is on an eminence about ten miles from the sea which it overlooks; on the other side it does not look into the bosom of the Valley of Bernica, yet it is high enough to enjoy the beautiful verdure of the mountain rising on the opposite side, whose tops are the most lofty of Libanus. The air is pure and the scenery bold. On a hill about a mile to the southward of her habitation is a village which flourishes in the sunshine of her favour and protection. Her house is a neat building, a mixture of Oriental and English. From the entrance gate a passage (on either side of which is a guard room and some apartments for soldiers and servants) leads to a square yard, half way across which is a terrace with three steps, round which terrace are the different apartments of servants, interpreters, as also spare rooms for visitors. On the left side of the terrace under a lattice work of wood woven with rose and jessamine I was ushered, and shewn into a small apartment furnished in the Eastern style. The chiboque and coffee were instantly brought me by a French youth in the costume of a Mameluke, with compliments from my lady begging I would refresh myself after my fatigue. On my ablutions being finished I was sent for. Passing through several passages I was shewn into a room rather dark with a curtain drawn across, which being withdrawn I found myself in the presence of a Bedouin Arab chief who soon turned out to be Lady Hester. She expressed great joy at seeing the son of one of the most honest families in England, so she was pleased to express herself. She received me as an English lady of fashion would have done. I at once became delighted with her, with her knowledge, and I must say her beauty, for she is still one of the finest specimens of a woman I ever saw. She spoke much of Uncle Charles; her conversation beyond any person's I ever met; she was in fine spirits. Her dress, which well became her gigantic person, very rich. I shall pass over our conversation which was full of liveliness, of marvels and wonders, manners and customs of the people, plagues, troubles, and famines &c. &c. I went back to the brig the following day and returned in the afternoon to Djoun, taking with me Mr. Forrester, my surgeon, who she requested I would allow to arrange her medicines which were in confusion and disorder.

'In the evening she sent for me; she smoked the chiboque, her mind was wrought to a high pitch of enthusiasm, she talked wildly and was much distressed in mind, in short her intellects were much disordered and it was very distressing.

'However, she arranged that I should next morning start for Deir−el−Kamr, the capital of the Druses, with a letter to the Emir Bashire, the prince of that nation. I perceive that, were I to begin a description, I should waste much good paper without stating any thing that is new. The Druses are a most extraordinary people; the Palace of the Emir superb, the country richly cultivated by the greatest labour being all in ridges on the sides of the mountains, but I shall refer you to Mr. Hope's Anastasius for a good description and for all that is supposed, for nothing is known of their religion. The Emir treated us with much kindness and I stayed two days in his palace where we had apartments, visited him in the forenoon after which he did not interfere with our pleasure; excellent living, about fifty dishes served to about four people for dinner.

'On a visit to the Emir was a son of the Pacha of Damascus, who offered me to accompany him back to that city where, he said, I should reside in the palace of his father and see all that was to be seen. Such an offer almost tempted me to cut the *Alacrity*. I suppose a Christian hardly ever had such an opportunity which he was obliged to lose. Lady Hester said it was my djinn or star which got me into such favour. On the third morning we breakfasted at Deir−el−Kamr, the town about one mile distant from Petedeen the palace, and returned to Djoun arriving late that night. She made me several presents, the most valuable of which I sent home to your charge by *Euryalus*. She has written to me once since.

'I wrote a letter to Lord Chatham about her as I know her family knew little or nothing about her; in a manner I found myself called on.

'Much more could I write, but really just now my attention is so much called off by continual calling from Capt. Hamilton, who sends for me on every occasion, that this despatch will be curtailed, but I trust that more particulars will come *viva voce*.

'Tyre was the next place where we anchored; no vessel of war with English colours had visited this port in the memory of any inhabitant living at the place, which to be sure is not many; it is little better than the prophecy states it should be a rock for fishers to dry their nets upon. There are here some superb remains of antiquity, Alexander's isthmus and Solomon's cisterns. Alexander's famous siege of this place is too well known and it is quite out of my power to say anything new of it, but his work will remain for ever; the isthmus he made to connect the island on which Tyre stood with the mainland is perfect to this day and has no appearance of being a work of art, but of nature. It is 200 fathoms wide in its narrowest part. The most ancient relic in the town of Tyre is the east end of a Christian church which is mentioned by Mandiel; this stands nearly as he left it. Tyre itself is a wretched place; any little attempt that the people have lately made to improve themselves has been thwarted by the Pacha of St. Jean d'Acre, who squeezes them so for money that they never have a para in their pockets. Filth, misery and starvation are the legacy of a Tyrian. The country around is rich and superb, its produce might be enormous, but so it is with all Syria that I have seen.

'Solomon's cisterns, which are situated about three miles from Tyre to the south east, are of an octagonal form built of gravel and cement that form a solid stone. The elevation of the largest above the level is twenty−seven feet on the south side, and eighteen on the north; a walk round on the top eight feet wide, a step below twenty−one feet broad, a stream leaves it turning four mills. There are two smaller ones turning two mills at a small distance to the northward of the large one. Their original shape appears to have been square, but now much disfigured. The large one is thirty−three yards deep, the people believe it has no bottom and that the water is brought there by genii. Where it comes from no one knows, but it is always full. I think these cisterns originally supplied Tyre with water; I traced the remains of an aqueduct from them nearly to the walls but better than half way across the isthmus, so that I think they are of a later date than the time of Solomon because the aqueduct could not be built over the isthmus before the isthmus was made. They are on the whole the most curious relics of antiquity I have seen, they must at least be 2300 years old and they are in no way injured, but the supply of water is constant even in the wannest weather. The country for seven miles round is a perfect level: I think the water must be brought by some underground drain from the mountains in the distance to the eastward. The story is that Solomon among the presents made to King Hiram for his assistance in building the Temple built for him these cisterns, but they are not mentioned in the Bible, and I think the story improbable for reasons before mentioned, and that Solomon certainly had not such good artificers as King Hiram himself.

'By the bye there are considerable remains of the old port, a mote, by the ruins of which you can easily trace its extent.

'Haipha and St. Jean d'Acre, Mt. Carmel and the river Kishon that ancient river became next the objects of my amusement. I bivouacked one night on the banks of the river at Mt. Tabor and Carmel in sight. At this time an alteration in the weather took place, the gales of wind began to blow here and the coast consequently became exceedingly dangerous. I thought it prudent to quit it and arrived in Alexandria in fourteen days after leaving Haifa, having had a contrary gale nearly the whole time.

'During my stay in Egypt I was four days in Cairo, eight days on the Nile, two days at Sakkara and one day at Gizeh. Salt lent me his house and his boat with twenty men, and I saw all that was to be seen. Mehemet Ali gave me a Turk to attend me and I play the traveller here for a few days; time for description I have none. You will be sorry I have hurried over the latter part of this despatch but I assure you it is unavoidable. The vessel that takes our letters to Malta I expect will put herself in quarantine every hour.

'I have returned to Malta, refitted, and am again up the Archipelago with Captain Hamilton who has just joined company. We have been the last forty−eight hours rather harassingly employed routing out a nest of pirates which we have done nearly to a man. Our boats have been away all night and the brig under way. My marines took the men under Lieut. Weately, and my men took two Greek boats with nine men each on board one of which was the Captain of the Pirates; the *Fury's* boats took the vessels and their prizes, eleven in number. There was no fighting. Captain Lethaby in the *Vengeance* and *Alacrity* brought the Bey of Rhodes to his senses the other day; the Consul

had been insulted, he would give no satisfaction, so we took the old way and began at him, when he came to terms. One 18 lb. shot through his palace made him know that we did not always bark and never bite. *Alacrity* was near enough the battery to receive a heavy fire of stones from the Turks which, with a few muskets discharged at us, was all the return made by the Turks before the thing was amicably arranged....

'Love to all; I wish Lady Elizabeth Stuart (de Rothesay) would write to me, I do sincerely love that cousin of mine; Grantham's letter I will answer next opportunity, I am delighted with it.

'Adieu,

'C. YORKE'

VOURLA, GULPH Of SMYRNA:

June 10, 1825.

CHAPTER V. A HOLIDAY IN NORTHERN REGIONS. 1828

My father appears to have had a long leave between the two commands, in the *Alacrity* (1826) and the *Alligator* (1829), during which commands he was employed in the Mediterranean, with a roving commission a free lance, in short to put down piracy and watch the War of Independence between the Greeks and the Turks. He never let the grass grow under his feet, so off he started with his friend Walrond on a roving tour through the greater part of Scandinavia, and his journals contain a daily record, extending over nearly six months. He crossed the Dovrefeld Range between Norway and Sweden (a journey seldom undertaken to−day), and in 1828 the lack of travelling facilities was exceptional.

The energy and resource of my father's character and his great powers of observation appear to great advantage in these journals, and there are many facts which I shall endeavour to relate as far as possible in his own graphic words.

He was greatly impressed by the kindness and hospitality he received from all classes in both countries with the exception of one district near Gottenborg, where he met with some outrageous conduct on the part of a postmaster, who either thought he was robbed, or else fully intended to rob his guest.

He was honoured by interviews with King Charles John IV, better known as Bernadotte, Napoleon's Field−Marshal and founder of the present royal dynasty of Sweden, and it is worthy of note that as far back as 1828, Norway was chafing under the Union with Sweden which was brought about by the Treaty of Kiel in 1814 and has so lately been dissolved.

On the 10th of May 1828, Captain Yorke started from the Customs House Wharf on the Thames, in a small steamer of 300 tons. Steam navigation being then in its infancy the vessel was of great interest to the traveller, who notes that she had 'two very fine engines of 40 horse power!'

The passage to Hamburg took exactly fifty−five hours. It is curious in the light of eighty years' commercial progress to read that 'The commerce on the Elbe has no comparison with that of the Thames.' Then follows a difficulty with the Customs officer, who, unaware of the habits of British sportsmen, was horrified to find gunpowder among the captain's baggage, a discovery which necessitated an appeal to the British Consul and entailed a delay of several days.

Kiel was reached on 14th of May, and after exploring the pretty little town the two friends took the Caledonian

steam packet for Copenhagen. This little steamer was built as a pleasure boat for James Watt, and had run nine years making much money for her owner though a very 'bad boat.'

At Copenhagen Captain Yorke was much impressed by the royal palace of Frederiksborg, with its chapel where are crowned the Kings of Denmark, and its pane of glass on which Caroline Matilda [Footnote: Sister of George III, Queen of Christian VII. She was entrapped into a confession of criminality to save the life of her supposed lover Struensee, who was afterwards beheaded. She was condemned to imprisonment for life in the Castle of Zell, and died there aged twenty−four in 1775.] had scratched, 'O keep me innocent; make others great.' His professional interest was kindled by the Trekroner Battery which he visited in a boat, and of which he noticed both the strong and the weak points. He failed to get into the dockyard, though here again he was careful to note the number of ships of the line, frigates, and launches afloat; but the royal stud of 700 horses and the riding school struck him most. On the 20th of May our travellers reached Elsinore, and crossing over in an open boat to the Swedish coast they landed at Helsingborg.

My father was a good sportsman, and fishing was his favourite sport. It was combined with that love of scenery which was one of his characteristics, and his first fly was thrown in a beautiful river at Falkenborg, rented by two Englishmen who paid L300 a year for it. Here he remarks that the Swedes 'are poor, honest, and exceedingly good natured.'

'I believe,' he wrote, 'that much of the great civility we received arose from our travelling as we did, without speaking or understanding the language, with no servant and no carriage, taking the common conveyances of the country. Our fare, chiefly fish, black bread, and brandy. The country round Falkenborg is barren, with cultivated spots here and there.

'After leaving Falkenborg we experienced a great change in the character of the people. Kindness and honesty were changed for ill−looks and petty extortions. On a bridge between Moruss and Asa, the woman who kept it and our drivers charged a double toll, and drank the overplus in schnapps before our faces! Our vehicle is changed from four wheels to two, so we now travel in little wooden gigs and four horses, forming a pretty cavalcade.

'We arrived at Gottenborg about 1 P.M., dined *table d'hote* and left at four. We passed along the banks of the Wener, a superb river. The vessels that trade from Gottenborg to the Wener See pass up this river. To pass the falls a canal is cut through the solid rock, with two locks. I saw a vessel of 80 tons go through. Considerable saw mills are erected here, the timber cut up, the lumber is just marked, launched down and the owners look out for themselves.

'The Wener shows one of the finest works of art perhaps in the world! To navigate this river at the falls it has been necessary to cut a canal for one English mile at least through mountains of solid rock, and has eight locks. The mountains are granite and basalt. There is a cut through the rock also parallel with the river. This cut is useless, for there is in it a fall of sixty feet perpendicular, so that what it was made for it is difficult to conceive.'

Between Trolhatta and Gottenborg our travellers were detained four hours on the road. The reason for this detention is fully explained in a letter my father wrote to Sir Joseph Yorke a month or two later, from which I make the following extract:

'While the servants were shifting our luggage at Gottenborg I went into the house to get change for a three dollar Banco Note. On receiving the change I found it was only two Dollar Rix Geld, a depreciated currency, after which I offered, with a remonstrance, a two dollar 'Banco' note. The woman took it, and was then possessed of five dollar Banco, for which I could get no further exchange than the two Rix Geld before mentioned, neither would she return my money. I took the first opportunity of snatching it from her, first the two dollar note and then the three, and pushing the small change lying on the table towards her, walked out of the house. Having managed to pay the horses we wished to proceed but the driver refused to go, under the plea that I had taken three dollars

from the woman of the house, and they would not move till I returned it. Neither threats nor entreaties prevailed, and we remained about two hours till the Postmaster arrived in person. I appealed to him, it was useless, and I saw no alternative but to offer him the three dollars, making him understand as well as I could, that he being Postmaster was responsible, and that I should acquaint the authorities at Gottenborg of his conduct in taking from me three dollars which neither belonged to him nor the woman of the house. He looked at the note and threw it on the table, then left the inn, and in a minute returned with a pair of screw irons to which was attached a chain, himself and another laid hold of me, and attempted to force my hands into them.

'By this time we had all come out of the house. I struck right and left and effectually released myself. We were set on by the seven or eight men standing by, and though successful in repelling their attack, seeing my servant badly wounded and that iron instruments were beginning to be used, I thought it better to suffer myself to be secured, which was done by screwing my hands into the irons and making me fast by padlocking the chain to a part of the room. In this situation I remained for about half an hour, the Postmaster preparing to accompany us, which he did taking me with him in his car as a prisoner. On a remonstrance from Walrond on the tightness of the screws from which I suffered dreadfully, he took off the irons before getting into the car, but he was armed.

'On arriving at Lilla Edet, we were taken before a magistrate, showed our passports and were dismissed, after refusing to compromise the affair for five dollars. This is the story and a very strange one it is. The King has ordered a process to be begun against the men. I can make no comment upon it. The reason for such treatment it is impossible to conceive.'

But on arriving at Gottenborg, I find my father called on the Governor, and found him justly very indignant, and he declared the Postmaster should go to prison for three years with hard labour, exclaiming at the same time, '*Nous ne sommes pas des Barbares, monsieur*.'

Changing vessels of passage twice, my father arrived at Christiania.

'Xtiania fiord is deep and the town is situated at the head of it. Part of the passage of the fiord is very narrow among the small islands, and the water very deep. Though Christiania is but a poor town compared with other northern towns, yet its environs may boast of more beauty than perhaps any capital in the universe.'

My father finds the politeness of the inhabitants expensive, and says, 'in walking the streets of northern towns, you can wear out a good hat in three days.'

In return they received the greatest civility from two fellow−passengers who took them to call on Count Plater, the Stadt−Holder or Governor of Xtiania, who was an admiral in their navy and spoke excellent English; also on Count Rosen.

'Went to see the Storthing in the morning. Strangers were admitted to the Gallery on requesting a ticket from the Police!'

My father writes:

'The origin of this Constitution, (now such a thorn in the side of the King,) was in the reign of the Danish Prince Christian, who himself assembled a body of the people to consult on the affairs of State at the moment previous to Norway and Sweden falling under the power of France. The body thus met, constituted themselves into a perpetual assembly for the government of the country, and by their prudence and independence, it is now permanently established (1828) and never were a people more attached to their constitution.' Dining with Count Plater the Viceroy of Norway, at 3 P.M., he met forty people, all the Ministers of State and great officers in full dress with their 'orders' on; also three peasant Labour Candidates in the costume of their country, being Members of the Storthing. He also met Count Videll, a 'most fascinating person' who, being asked as to the purchase of a

carriage, replied politely, 'I will give you one'; and he sent it, saying, 'It is nothing, I have plenty.' The valley of the Drammen he beheld from the mountain of their descent, 'charm and awe' by turns are the sensations of the travellers, and this led them on to Kongsberg, at one time famous for its silver mines, but the mines not being worked and the timber trade also decreasing, the population went with it and was then only 4000. The travellers went down the only silver mine then worked, in the dress of a miner, walked through a horizontal gallery a mile long till they came to the shaft, and descended two storeys but could not proceed, the fire being just lit below.

'This mine returns about L1250 sterling of silver per ann. Sixty miners are employed at L14 a year each! Bears, wolves and reindeer abound in this vicinity. There is plenty of iron, not worked, and gold has also been found in Kongsberg. From thence to Topam(?) we were surprised to find ourselves driven up to the door of a gentleman's place, out came Jack Butler, and the master of the house, pressing us to walk in; after excuses and proper hesitation we accepted, and found ourselves in a room with people at supper, ladies pretty ones too, who spoke English!

'The fact is that Topam, of which we had heard so much, is a gentleman's place; after dinner we were shown to our room (one only was vacant). Walrond had a bed and I slept in my cloak.'

Next day they engaged a well−organised *chasse*. My father pronounces Topam (?) the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. 'Mr. Benker of Berlin, their host, purchased it from the King of Sweden for L150,000. It is the only thing on this scale in Europe.'

The travellers now returned to Christiania, apparently to be received by the King. They intended dining with their old friend Count Plater, but the King commanded them to dine with him. After waiting some time they were ushered in by Baron Lamterberg, the head Chamberlain, and after a few minutes the King entered (here follows the interview in Captain Yorke's own words):

'I apologised for being in plain clothes instead of uniform or court dress; he replied, I do not want to see the dress but the man, I am glad to see you both. He then addressed his conversation in different topics, viz.: policy of Sweden, change of ministry in England, the navy, the country, and the mines of Sweden; all of which he enlarged much on.

'He remarked, speaking of England, That she must have a strong government or things would not go right in a turn of affairs which he seemed to think must soon come. A strong government is absolutely necessary for England. He asked me if *I* thought that much order or signals could be attended to after a naval fight had once begun? I answered, I thought it depended much on the weather, and which fleet had the weather gage. With a strong wind and the weather gage I thought a well−conducted fleet could keep in good order, as long as spars stood. We stayed with the King for an hour before dinner which was served at half−past five, after taking schnapps and anchovies, &c. (at which preparation the King did not appear, they being served at side tables). The company, about thirty generals, Colonels and Officers of State, were scattered about in different rooms; the King suddenly entered and took his seat; everyone did the same, nothing was said; he fell to work, a very good dinner. I sat opposite the King who never spoke, or even changed his countenance, or his knife and fork, which were of gold, and wiped them himself on bread.

'He ate of many dishes, and drank claret and Seltzer water. The plate was silver except what he had, the glass plain except his, and the knives and forks were wiped and given to us again. Dinner over, coffee was served and he talked to me, hoped to see me at Stockholm, bowed to the company and retired. The King is a perfect gentleman and man of the world, elegant in his manners and dress, the most intelligent countenance, and very upright, and good looking in feature.'

I have before noted that my father had really no evening dress or uniform and was sorely put to it what to do, when he remembered he had given his servant Jack Butler an old black coat, so he borrowed it for the occasion,

Butler remarking 'that it looked as good as new, as he had blacked the seams with ink.' This was told to the Chamberlain, who repeated it to the King, who went into a paroxysm of laughter.

June 13. We now come to the parting with Walrond, faithful friend and companion, and sad was the leave−taking. Both were sorry to part, my father with a long and dreary journey before him alone in a strange land. As before, he seems to have been most hospitably treated wherever he halted. Excellent rooms and good food were provided. Between this and Brejden (? Trondhjem) he passed by the wooden monument erected to Sinclair, who was there shot. The Norwegians say that silver bullets were cast on purpose to kill him. Here also they murdered forty Scots, prisoners, in cold blood. Between Brejden (?) and Langan Pass, the spot where the action was fought, 700 Scots fell. The pass is, even with a good road, very narrow, and the mountain above and below nearly perpendicular; at the foot runs the Langan, a rapid stream. The Norwegians held the heights, and with them a handful of men might defeat the enemy.

In crossing the summit and then the descent of the Dovrefeld Range, he suffered much fatigue both to the eye and limb, 'for never did my eye wander over so desolate a waste as the summit of these mountains, the peaks covered with snow, and spots of deep snow in the valleys.' Not a vestige of herbage or tree to be seen on the northern summit, nor for one Swedish mile of the descent; then begins the stunted birch, next the Scotch fir, and 'towards the end of the day our eyes were cheered by the sight of pines.'

'The inhabitants of the Post−houses are the cleanest people I have seen, and one is surprised by meeting clocks, carved, painted and gilded, and walls covered with inscriptions or rudely painted figures. All their utensils are well scrubbed, and as white as wood can be made. They wear plaid and recall in their delivery the people of the Scotch Highlands.'

Here comes another description of meals, the table at the latter being covered with 'glass, flowers and sweets,' *Diner a la Russe*, now so completely our own fashion. 'A general welcome to the board is first given, and on rising from table we shake hands all round and the words, much good may it do you often accompanies this greeting.' This again reminds one of the German *gesegnete Mahlzeit*.

Captain Yorke continues his inquiries by visiting the Arsenal at Trondhjem which he finds in good order with stores and gunpowder in small quantities. Twenty gunboats are here laid up in houses built for the purpose, everything connected with them in good repair. They have a large lug sail with a mast that falls down. How quaint all these descriptions must appear to sailors of modern times!

'Besides the Arsenal, the King's Regalia was inspected with laudable curiosity. It distinctly belonged to Norway, but was made at Stockholm for the coronation of the present King in the old Church. A very gorgeous affair, the jewels (pearls) no diamonds, and the other stones in the crown chiefly amethysts. The Bernadotte family, on the whole, is not popular in Norway. Sport is always mingled with hospitality and entertainments; a vast quantity of eider duck is everywhere on the water, and to take a boat and go out on the Fiord with a gun, is one of the delights of this most delightful tour. It is curious to see the affection of the old ones for the brood, which they never will forsake and so fall an easy prey to the fowler.'

Trondhjem was left with much regret. The pictures, the old town with its hospitality, the fishing for trout and shooting of eider duck with the gorgeous scenery left an indelible impression, but night beginning to darken at twelve put the traveller in mind that time was passing with rapidity and that to effect the journey before him he must depart.

The next point of general interest is a visit to a family of Laplanders a mile up the mountains. Herick Anderson, the head or chief of his family, received the whole party, consisting of Captain Yorke, a friend (Mr. Charter), and their servants, with 'great delight.'

They were milking the deer, so the travellers could not have arrived at a more fortunate moment. Five hundred of these animals were enclosed in a circular space with birch trees cut down and made into a temporary fence, so giving a good opportunity for looking at the animal. It is about the height of our common fallow deer, but much stronger and larger in make, large necks and feet, large−boned legs, with immense antlers covered with flesh and skin, a dark mouse colour, coat thick, most even and beautiful to look at. The milk is rich beyond any ever tasted. They dined with the Laps on reindeer soup and bouillie, scalded milk and cheese a characteristic meal. The scalded milk was delicious, but so rich they could hardly eat it.

They also had a fine sight of Lapland deer dogs, and bought one for 10s.; I suppose that quarantine was not invented then!

After a good deal of brandy drinking the travellers departed with some difficulty, for the Finns got so riotous that it was with force they got them from the horses' heads, holding on to the bridles to prevent their departure.

The Diet at Stockholm (November 1828) was opened with great pomp and ceremony. My father was present and went in the suite of Lord Bloomfield, our Minister at the Swedish Court. The ceremony began at 10 A.M., the King and Crown Prince going in state to the church where divine service was performed. From there a procession to the palace.

The nobles, Ministers of State, &c., with bands of music met them, the King and Crown Prince walking under a canopy with their crowns on their heads. Then followed Foreign Ministers with their suites, then twelve men in armour with large helmets (a bodyguard established by Charles XII), and more burghers, clergy, and peasants; guards on one side, artillery on the other, and on entering the square of the palace, the Horse Guards lined the way. The King took his seat on the throne at the upper end of the Riks Salon, the Crown Prince on his right a little below him; the Ministers of State at the foot of the throne, behind officers of the household, below in a semicircle the guards in armour. At each side on seats the members of the Diet, in a gallery on the left sat the Queen and Princess Royal with their ladies. In another gallery opposite the throne sat the Foreign Minister and strangers of distinction. The King then delivered his speech to the Crown Prince, who read it, silence being obtained by the chief minister striking his baton three times on the ground (which reminds one of a beadle in a Roman Catholic ceremony!).

The marshal of the ceremony also struck his baton three times on the ground the signal for the speakers from the Diet to deliver their respective addresses, after which the whole procession left the Riks Salon as it came.

'Carl Johan did the King to admiration, though he looked weary and distressed.

'The Prince was more at his ease, he put one in mind of the pictures we see of our old Saxon Kings, the crown being made to that shape.'

On November 17 my father received a summons from the King at 7 P.M., and was most kindly received.

'He first conversed on Norway, and asked about the new road between Norway and Sweden. You, I think, have been in Egypt, said he, the Pasha is a most extraordinary man? I replied, One of the most extraordinary men in the world. Egypt is well governed, is it not? Perhaps so, sire, to answer the Pasha's own ends, but horridly tyrannised over, and the people dreadfully oppressed. But they are a barbarous people, and must be ruled with severity, are they not? True, sire, barbarous, yet his system of Government must militate against his own wishes; for example, he would fain contend with your manufactures in the market, yet he will not allow the manufacturer to work for himself, and do his best to get the best price, but will have the article made for his own sale, paying only so much a day for his labour. Perhaps, said the King, in Egypt the people are slaves, but in Europe, Kings are the only slaves. In England and Sweden, your King and I myself are the only slaves. Eh? is it not so?

' If your Majesty will use any other word than slave, I shall be happy to agree.

' What word can I use? he said. It is true, I am the only slave in Sweden. Now, Captain Yorke, do you suppose that Egypt could be governed by a representative government?

'My answer was immediate, Impossible, sire.

' There, Count Welterdick, do you hear that? Turning to the courtiers and Lord Bloomfield, he ejaculated with considerable force, There, there, you are right, sir you are right! During all this conversation the King seemed considerably excited. The Diet had just met and things had not gone there so as to please him. After a few more commonplace observations he said, Good evening. The Queen wishes to see you below, go to her, and dine with me before you leave us. '

CHAPTER VI. GREEK INDEPENDENCE. 1829−1831

In letters written from Stockholm to his father and brother in the autumn of 1828, Captain Yorke expresses very urgently his desire to find himself again on active service. 'I see the Lord High Admiral is out,' he wrote to Sir Joseph in September of that year, 'and whoever comes in, pray try and get me to the Mediterranean if it is possible.' A month later his brother, the Rev. Henry Yorke, is reminded of the same wish. 'Since the Russians have blockaded the Dardanelles and old Melville has again taken up the cudgels, I do not know what to think, and I anxiously await a line from England. Employment is what I most wish, and now more than ever, for England will be at war ere long. I trust in God my friends will stir for me.'

Captain Yorke's anticipation of a war in which England should be involved was not fulfilled, but the chafing at a life of inaction by the ardent sailor which appears so clearly in his letters was soon relieved by his appointment to the command of the brig *Alligator* in November or December of 1828.

After some short service in home waters, during which he visited the Orkneys, Captain Yorke was ordered to take the *Alligator* to the Mediterranean station, where it doubtless occurred to the authorities that the energy and ability he had shown when in command of the *Alacrity* in Greek waters a few years earlier would be of service in the new circumstances which had arisen in that part of the world. The Greek War of Independence, which was in full progress when Captain Yorke was engaged in suppressing the piracy of which it was a chief cause in 1823−26, was now drawing to a close. In 1827 Great Britain, France, and Russia were all united in securing the independence of the country, which was recognised by a treaty between the three Powers in that year, and in January following Count Capo d'Istria was elected President of the new republic. There remained, however, the difficulty of extracting the same acknowledgment from the Sultan, and from his powerful and practically independent vassal, Mehemet Ali Pacha of Egypt, whose aid he had invoked, and whose son Ibrahim held much of the revolted country. But in 1828 the Allies at last came to an arrangement with Mehemet, and by a convention concluded by Sir Edward Codrington, that potentate agreed to evacuate the Morea and to deliver all captives. There then remained the difficult work of fixing boundaries, of taking over such parts of the country as were occupied by the Turkish and Egyptian forces, and of reconciling the inhabitants of those portions of the Hellenic territory which had not been allowed by the Powers to attain their independence to a continuance of the Turkish rule. Of these the island of Crete with its heroic Spakiotes, who had never acknowledged the Sultan as their sovereign, was perhaps the most troublesome and difficult. There remained also the incidental suppression of the piracy which still continued. This duty, as before, fell mainly to the share of Captain Yorke in the *Alligator*.

From a journal among the Hardwicke MSS. at the British Museum, I am able to trace my father in that service from September 1, 1830, onwards. He was then ordered to visit Volo, Salonica, and the neighbourhood, 'owing to the reports of piracies lately committed, and to express all manner of good will to all parties excepting such pirates, whom I am ordered to destroy should I fall in with them.' On his arrival at Napoli at the end of August he

found the admirals of France and Russia and the Commissioners for settling the boundaries of the new republic. 'The work goes slowly on,' he records; 'Russia makes difficulties and throws obstacles in the way.' He reports that Capo d'Istria was generally unpopular, an opinion which was confirmed by his assassination only a year later. He found the islands of the Archipelago much dissatisfied with the result of their rebellion, many of them apparently preferring to remain under the Turk; others with a grievance because they had not been included in the transfer; all of them intensely jealous of each other. 'The islands are particularly dissatisfied,' he says. 'Their situation is much changed. Under the Turk the islander was freer and was rich and had great trade; now, ruined by the war, he has lost his ships and his commerce.' On September 3 he sails along the coast of Negropont, about to be evacuated by the Turks, and hears of piracies committed by them in leaving that country. 'It is not to be supposed,' he says, 'that these reckless ruffians would desist from insulting Greek boats and vessels when they fall in with them.' Going on to Volo, the Aga of that town assured him that no piracies had taken place recently in the district, and 'that a small boat might now go in safety to Constantinople,' but of this the captain evidently had his doubts. On the 6th he fell in with the *Meteor*, Captain Copeland, and anchored with her near Zituni, between Negropont and the coast of Thessaly. His impression of this part of the world is of interest.

'In this part of Thessaly,' he says, 'an English ship had never been before seen to anchor. I was greeted by the natives. The Greek population are armed, and the number of Turks in the surrounding district does not exceed fifteen. Opposite to us is the pass of Thermopylae, of which pass there is now no remains, the sea having receded and a considerable plain of alluvial soil now exists where the Pass must have been. The part of Thessaly opposite the Negropont is the ancient Myseria and the first scene of the memorable Argonautic Expedition. Volo was Iolcos, from which Jason embarked his band of adventurers. Pelion is seen from the gulf.'

While lying near Zituni, Captain Yorke received news of a pirate named Macri Georgio, who two days before had plundered a schooner, and was apparently at large in two boats with sixty armed ruffians in the Gulf of Salonica. He immediately set sail for Cape Palliouri, anchored his brig by lantern light just round that point on September 11, and at moonrise led an expedition of five boats with sixty men and three days' provisions in search of the pirate. There followed many interviews with the Agas of different districts, who gave him much conflicting evidence about the doings of Macri Georgio, but with no result, and the *Alligator* was finally brought to an anchor at Salonica, where he prosecuted further inquiries. Salonica, which to−day promises to become a bone of contention among some of the Powers of Europe, he found 'a clean town, containing about 70,000 inhabitants. The walls are in the Turkish style of fortification and without a ditch; the city stands on an inclined plain gently sloping to the sea, the sea wall is flanked by two towers at either end. The surrounding country is plain with mountains rising at the back.' He already noticed a great change in the attitude of the Turks, owing to the long struggle they had sustained with the Greeks and with Russia during the late war.

'As it is, the empire is weakened, and the Turks know not what to make of it. They say the Sultan is a Giaour. The Turks, too, seem to have lost all their former pride, the lower orders are afraid, and the upper classes are quite disaffected. The change has been most wonderful, nor is it quite possible to reconcile to oneself how it has been brought about. The Koran is no longer the law of the land, and therefore you can hardly say they are any longer Turks. In Salonica this day, an independent Greek was seen beating an armed Turk in the streets.'

From Salonica Captain Yorke, hearing of another clue, started in search of the elusive Macri Georgio, whom he thought he had at last located in the Peneus. So there is another expedition in the boats with sixty men and a twelve−miles pull to Platamona. At a village, Karitza, they hear of an atrocity of the pirates, who had burned a boat and killed all the crew, leaving one poor fellow only, dead on the beach with his right arm missing, as witness to the outrage. So the little force bivouacs on the beach, and at 4.30 next morning chase and fire on some men whom they see hauling a boat over a sandbank into the river Peneus, with others retreating into the forest. There followed another chase up the river with the lighter boats, which after rowing up stream as far as they would float found only the small boat seen the day before, abandoned and with no one in sight. In these expeditions the name of Lieutenant Hart is frequently mentioned by my father. When in later years Captain Yorke succeeded to the earldom of Hardwicke, he remembered this gentleman, found him a place as agent of his estates,

and had in him a second right−hand for many years at Wimpole.

On October 30, 1830, Captain Yorke had taken the *Alligator* to Karabusa, and as from that point onward his journal is of great interest, I print it in his own words. It shows, I think, the qualities of firmness and energy which have appeared so fully in all that he did, as well as diplomatic talents of a high order in circumstances of some difficulty. His orders were to take over Karabusa from the insurgents and hold it pending the settlement. There is a gap in the journal of some six months at the end of the year 1830, and on the 2nd of June 1831 he records leaving the *Alligator* for England. In nothing that he wrote does his love of the sea and of his profession appear so convincingly as in the touching words in which he records leaving his crew and his ship. These require no comment, and I set them out as he left them, together with some reflections on the home voyage which help to display his character, and some remarks upon the steamer in which he reached England, which have a peculiar interest in showing the difficulties of the early days of steam navigation.

'Oct. 13, 1830. Arrived and moored to the shore at Karabusa (off Cape Busa in Crete). I am sent here to take possession of the fortress from the Greeks, and to hold it in the name of the Allies until I am ordered to surrender it to the Turks. It is an extraordinary rock very high and difficult of access on the western side. Its face to the sea is perpendicular. The Venetians fortified this height, and it is a perfect Gibraltar. A small garrison could defend it as long as the necessaries of life remained within. The anchorage is bad, the bottom being rocky; but it is a perfect harbour, being open to view only to the west and here a breakwater of rock runs across on this breakwater the *Cambria* was lost. I communicate on my arrival with Mons. Le Ray of the brig *Grenadier* and Captain Maturkin of the brig *Achilles*, my colleagues for France and Russia.

'Oct. 15. Arrived at Karabusa and desired to see me three Candiotes (Spakiote chiefs) professing to be a deputation from the Cretans requesting to know what we meant to do with Karabusa; speaking of their forlorn condition, of the Turks being about to break the armistice, and praying me to give protection to those who wished to fly to Karabusa. In reply I said that my power was limited, that I had my orders and they were, to receive the Island of Karabusa from the Greeks, and to hold it in the name of the Allies until I received orders to surrender it to the Turks. *Voila tout!* After this I said, I now may speak my own private opinion and give my advice. That is that Candia belongs *in toto* to the Turks, and you had better submit. I used all the arguments I was master of to induce them so to do, and said that on their heads would rest the blood that might be spilt by deceiving the people, and inducing them to resist; that the Pacha of Egypt had made a proclamation, the most gracious. They said they had never seen it, but on producing a copy of it we found they were well acquainted therewith. Sent for the Russian and French captains to give their opinion and advice, which precisely tallied with mine. Mons. Le Ray was for requesting the Turk to extend his armistice, which expired to−day and give more time for the surrender of arms, but I differed with him on this point, for you must be cruel to be kind, and in prolonging the time of their submission you prolong hope, the Greek will after such time is expired only ask for more.

'Three chiefs Chrisaphopulo and Anagnosti and another whose name I did not know are the same who made the attempt to retake the island sixteen days ago.

'They are pirates and were then in Crete and had much to do in Karabusa formerly; I expect that the proclamation of Mohammed Ali has been prevented reaching the ears of the Spakiotes by them.

'Oct. 16. Arrived here a secretary of a Greek chief in Candia and tried by intrigue to gain what he thought would turn to his advantage, the opinion of the Russian captain as to our future intentions and proceedings here: he tried to persuade him to give them some ammunition &c. &c. He expressed his abhorrence and hatred of the English, saying that in Candia all said we had sold the island to the Turks and had undone them. He declared that the Greeks had not yet lost all hope of gaining Karabusa but when they had they would carry their women and children to Spakia.

'Yesterday received news from Canea the Egyptians have established a good police in the town and two councils have been established, one Greek and the other Turk. Also, a proclamation of Mustapha Pacha, most affectionate in its language, offering protection to those who surrendered and denouncing vengeance on those who still held their arms.

'Oct. 20. During the night a brisk fire of musketry began, about half− past one; went to quarters, went on shore with marines. At daylight took seven prisoners of which Chrisaphopulo was one, two of the others were Candiote captains.

'I consider that as there were about 100 [Footnote: Proved afterwards to have been 800.] men on the opposite side that it was an excursion made by them during a dark and tempestuous night to reconnoitre. Chrisaphopulo came to the house of Apostolides and said I had come with ten men, on which the said Apostolides sends a corporal to inform the garrison; after which every stone they saw was a man. Query: if Chrisaphopulo had said I came with 100 what would he have done? To− morrow we mean to quarter the prisoners. I think that D'Aubigny has surrendered Karabusa and not his lieutenants.

'Chrisaphopulo presses me to receive petitions of the inhabitants. He when alone with me said the Candiotes would fain be in the service of the English. I think this will follow, that he will offer to give Karabusa to the English and assist them to defend it if I will protect their families.

'It is necessary that something should be done for the Greeks at Karabusa, also, that the President should do something for those Greek families who are about to leave Greece.

'Oct. 22. Canaris interfered with the commandant of the garrison in the affair of Wednesday night. He came out here to−day and I met him, Captain Maturkin, and M. D'Aubigny. I said I had nothing to do with this affair, as the Greek flag was flying on the fortress, that what had passed was purely a Greek affair, but that should they wish me to assent to the examination of the prisoners I should be most happy. Canaris wished that I and Maturkin would not remain in the room; we consequently went away, after expressing a desire to have a report of the decision, as it must be a matter of great interest to me.

'They were allowed to depart with their arms. From all I have been able to make out it must have been an attack which was intended but which failed owing to their not getting over quick enough. They had 150 men on the other side. These seven got over in a row boat, passed my sentry on the beach running, a few minutes after the firing began from the fortress the *Alligator* was at quarters with her ports lit up, and a rocket was thrown from the ship. All this showed that there was no hope of a surprise, the others consequently went back.

'The next morning, thinking that their chiefs were slain or taken, they upbraided each other, quarrelled and fought; many were killed and wounded; among the former two captains, one of whom was a man that was tried at Malta for piracy but escaped. I told those that came over that if I caught them again here, they would be shot.

'Oct. 27. Left the ship (on the information that the Pacha was about to march) in the gig with a great chief, for Kesamos; on my arrival was received by all the chiefs on the beach, and conducted with my companion (Simpson) to Castelli (a small fortress about a musket shot from the sea, the interior of which is a perfect ruin), where I was ushered into a room up a ladder and followed by the chiefs, and the armed population of the place, who quietly began plying me with questions not one of which I understood, until a Greek of Milo appeared who spoke a little English. Various were the questions asked: Might they fire on the Turks ; could I get for them more time ; why do the Turks make war on us ; might they hoist the English colours? A great deal of excitement was visible among this *canaille* of a population and I was in considerable apprehension of consequences, particularly as there were present three or four of the captains whom I had ordered to be shot if they put foot in Karabusa. At length after much detention, terms were procured and I was permitted to depart saying that I would do my possible to stop the march of the Turks for a few days. I left Castelli as I had entered it

under a salute of three guns. In five hours we reached Gonia, a monastery situated on the coast of the Gulf of Canea where we were most hospitably entertained, good fare and good beds; our party was very talkative on Greek affairs. There were among the party the Spakiote chiefs Vanilikeli and Chrisophopulos.

'The next morning we proceeded, and as it was raining heavily we were obliged to stop for two hours in a ruined house. Here in a few minutes little streams became torrents carrying before them trees and lands, in four hours we reach the Greek lines. The country we passed through was level and rich in oil and wine; yesterday the country was rugged and mountainous. When we advanced from the Greek lines across the neutral ground towards the Turkish lines, considerable anxiety was apparent in the Turkish advanced post; we were about twenty horsemen, the chiefs well mounted and armed to the teeth, and took post on a level rising ground, where we dismounted, and lit our pipes as a preliminary to conversation. The Turkish vedettes now advanced to about musket shot, when I mounted my horse and rode over to them, desiring to be taken to Mustapha Pacha; a young Greek chief named Leuhouthi accompanied me. We were soon joined by Hafir Aga, a stout good−natured Turk who, after giving us a good luncheon, accompanied us on our journey to Canea where in about three hours we arrived sending a courier to the camp. In one hour more found myself in the tent of Mustapha Pacha, and was addressed with *Asseyez−vous je vous prie* by Osman Bey. After having conversed on the affairs of Karabusa, at which the Turk complained bitterly of our policy in keeping his men from landing, I requested him to stay his march against the Greeks for a few days as my crew at Karabusa was weak and I feared his first movement would be a signal for a second attack; but, as I expected a reinforcement of French, he might then march as we should be efficient for the defence of Karabusa. I saw at once this would not do and next morning again tried my hook, but the fish would not bite; when on the point of marching, three Greeks were brought into the tent with the information that the Greeks had made a display of the three flags of England, France and Russia.

'I immediately said that the Pacha could not with propriety march against those flags until I had in person visited the position and had ascertained how the case stood. The Pacha gave me a horse and throwing his own cloak over my shoulders (for it rained hard) I started off with my Greek friend and a few Turkish guards whom I requested might return, as I wished to go alone, my mission being perfectly pacific. In about eight hours I reached Cambus (? Kampos), a prodigiously strong position in the mountains, and on approaching afar off I beheld the three Greek flags flying on the pinnacle of the highest mountain in sight. The pass to the position of Cambus is most narrow and difficult, and then at the summit it is a plateau of fine soil with large trees and gardens. It is a most beautiful spot and well worth fighting for. I was soon ushered into an assembly of the chiefs who were Spakiotes, and Mons. Resiere was there also. This Mons. Resiere was originally a physician of Canea; born in Crete and having received a good education and speaking European languages, he was considered by the President of Greece as a fit man to govern Crete. He now wishes to keep up the shadow of that power which he once had, and has established a council, at Milopotamos in Crete, of which he is president, for the government of the Greeks and arrangement of the future plans of operation. In quietly conversing with Resiere I found by his own confession that the object was to gain time, and he beseeched me to use my endeavours for that purpose. To be sure comments may be made of the conduct of the allies towards the Candiote Greeks this year, for the sale of property does not expire until February and the enemy has been permitted to march against the Greeks; their olives are ripe and they wish time to gather their crop and reap the advantages of it, for though the Greeks love liberty they love money better. As matters were I had used my endeavours for that purpose and without success. I now spoke publicly, and the captains and troops were assembled in a large room. I desired the flags of the three nations to be immediately surrendered to me. There was now a long silence, during which time the captains eyed one another, apparently to read in the countenance of each what was to be done. At length the headmost and best speaker (his words coming out like drops of water from an exhausted supply) You may send and take away that of your nation, but the others we will not give up. I replied I had made a demand and required an answer; after much consideration they gave one in the negative. I on this made a verbal protest against the colours of the allies being hoisted in opposition to the Governor and departed. On my journey over the mountains, it rained hard, and enveloped as I was in the cloak or mantle of the Pacha, I feared I should be taken for a Turk and shot at, or that my neck would be broken in the difficult passes of the mountains; but in this case the excellent animal I rode served me most faithfully and never made a blunder. Oh Maria [Footnote: His stepsister.]! and ye lovers of

horseflesh, how you would have praised and petted this animal had you ridden him; pitch dark on my return, nearly perpendicular flights of stone and not a false step! Excellent beast, your master the Pacha knows your value. I got back about 10 P.M. wet through nearly the Pacha's cloak served me well though. The tent of Osman Bey received me and we found some excellent rum to season my sherbet with. The next day about one o'clock we started on horse−back to attack the strong position of Gambus, two regiments of regulars, 1000 each, had gone on in the morning. My object in going with the Turks was a mixed one, curiosity and hope of doing some good in preventing bloodshed. But there was no need for any personage of that humane disposition, the Greeks themselves were so full of humanity that they decamped bag, baggage, and colours a quarter of an hour before the leading Albanians entered the place of Cambus. I shall only remark that it stood on the top of a mountain; only to be reached by the most narrow and difficult passes, and had the Greeks intended to fight at all, they never could have had a better opportunity.

'The day after I left Canea in a small boat I had hired to take me to Karabusa. It was a fine calm morning, but when we had gone about two miles along shore a very heavy gale came on, our sails were blown away and with great difficulty we reached Cape Spada, rowing for two hours within fifty yards of the shore, and could not reach it. We lay in a level with a rocky headland this night with but little to eat. The next day we tried to get round Cape Spada but could not; the wind then shifted to the northward and blew a hard gale. We were now wrecked among the breakers at the bottom of the bay of Gonia. Thank God I reached the dry land and was well taken care of at the monastery. There I found Chrisophopulos and Vanilikeli, who escorted me to Castelli and from thence to Karabusa.

'December 12. At Canea. Find the Greeks here well contented with the Turks. No taxes or impositions get laid on, in fact at present the Greeks are better off than the Turks. The Spakiotes have not all submitted. Three Spakiotes taken prisoners with their arms are made Primates of their respective villages and members of the Council.

'December 13. Left the ship in the cutter, in company with Signor Capogropo and Mons. Corporal. Landed at Celivez, a surf on the beach, all got wet, it was *sauve qui peut* and we left our cloaks behind us, which to people on the point of bivouacking for the night was not really pleasant. But Signor Capogropo, though eighty−two years of age, seemed to make so light of the matter that it was out of the question to complain. Here we found horses sent for us to the camp, where I arrived about ten o'clock having passed through a rich and beautiful country to the village which, like all in Candia, gives a good idea of the ravages of civil war. Here I found the Pacha and Osman Bey had established their head−quarters. I was treated like a Pacha, boys attended to wait on me with pipes, coffee, a barber, &c. I made my toilet in the morning attended by seven or eight servants. Nothing can be better than the manner in which these chiefs are conducting affairs in this country.

'June 2, 1831. Left Malta for England, left my ship in Malta harbour in the hands of new officers. Poor *Alligator*, I did not know I had so much of the love of ships, no not ships, I knew that, but of men, in me. I could have kissed every man jack of them to death and have cried over every blue jacket on parting, and my dear Mids, they I believed were surprised; they did not think I cared so much about them till I took leave of them.

'My loss is great. God's Will be done. God only knows whether I shall return to my ship again, but I think I have love enough for her to make it no difficult task on my part.

'Nine o'clock at night, blowing strong from the N.W. course in the dirtiest steamboat I ever was in, nevertheless she wears a pendant.

'June 23. Foul wind cold dark day making little progress, that is 100 miles a day. What a change in seamen's distances, 100 miles a day, right in the wind's eye, and call that doing ill. What would Benbow say if one could tell him that? I will tell you, You lubberly dog, you lie.

'Nevertheless I go fast towards home or God knows what! What part in the play am I to act, I wish my mind was made up on this cursed Reform question. It will be carried, but I should like to do what I think right and honourable towards myself, that is act and vote as I really think. We must become republican England as well as republican France (damn France, she is the root of all evil and the branch of no good). It matters little how; whether by Reform which will produce national bankruptcy, or by a starving population which will produce rebellion and civil war. Reform certainly means No taxes and cheap bread. Have been reading Moore's Byron. Poor Byron, quite what I believe him to be in many things and more than I believe him to be in others. I saw him at Missolonghi.

'June 6. This day six years I was made a Post Captain, had my poor father lived to−day he would have completed his sixty−third year. Strong winds and contrary directly in our teeth. Nevertheless we make good more than four miles per hour. Yesterday hove to under the lee of Gibraltar all day. I finished Byron's Memoirs by T. Moore. Many sentences in his latter letters from Missolonghi which he word for word said to me when I saw him there. Our passengers are a gentleman in the government of Corfu and a young officer of the *Britannia* said to be dying of a consumption eats like the devil very obstinate will do as he pleases, seems determined to do what is quite right send the doctor to the devil. Learn that a horse power in steaming is 32,000 lbs.

'June 9. Fell in with the *St. Vincent* bearing the Flag of E.A. Sir H. Hotham on his way to relieve Sir P. Malcolm. Received letters from my uncles, &c. &c. Melancholy enough and politically disagreeable. Shall rejoin my dear *Alligator* again. Nothing can be more kind than the conduct of the Admiralty. Allow ship to come home if I please, &c. &c.

'Steam boilers leak. Put fires out, lose seven hours obliged to empty boilers the Devil and all! At least the men here are devils incarnate two of them entered the boilers and drove rivets with the thermometer 160 in there.

'Sir H. Hotham wrote me a kind note in answer to my request to allow Hart to bring the ship home after me.

'June 20. At sea hove to off the coast of Portugal in the steam packet. Sailed from Gibraltar (the 2nd time having put back once in consequence of the coals being bad Welsh). On the 15th called at Cadiz. On the 16th went on shore, Consul B y pompous, &c. Daughters, music, painting, &c. William the Conqueror, &c. &c. Last night the Jew groaned heavily in his sleep, woke him he was dreaming of being robbed of his money.

'June 23. Put into Vigo Bay for coals and left it in the evening of the 24th. Beautiful Bay, fresh day; St. John's market a beautiful sight, if fine women constituted that. The steamboat all day crowded with strangers. Heard that Don Pedros had left Brazil and been received in London.

'June 30. Arrived in sight of Falmouth and anchored in 30 fm. having burnt the guts and bulwarks to bring her thus far. Went to town the next day by mail.'

CHAPTER VII. COURT DUTIES AND POLITICS. 1831−1847

On the voyage home from the Mediterranean in the steamship *Meteor*, which is described in the journal I have quoted in the last chapter, my father received the sad news of the death of Sir Joseph Sydney Yorke, an event to which he makes no allusion in the journal. Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, who had just been appointed to the command of the Mediterranean station, and had sailed in the *St. Vincent* from Portsmouth, was the bearer of a last letter written by Sir Joseph to his son on the 3rd of April 1831. The *St. Vincent* met the *Meteor* at sea, and Sir Henry, in handing the letter to Captain Yorke, had also to announce Sir Joseph's death, which occurred only two days after he had finished the letter. This letter was found among my father's papers, and I set it out at length; it is quite typical of others which display the affection which existed between father and son, and it shows very convincingly the success which attended Captain Yorke's career in the Mediterranean. The circumstances of the

accident in which Sir Joseph lost his life appear, so far as they can be known, in a note to Sir Joseph's letter written by my brother John, the late Earl of Hardwicke. [Footnote: He died from influenza, March 1909.] From this it will be seen that Sir Joseph was returning from a visit to the St. Vincent, which he had made in order to hand his letter to Sir Henry Hotham, when he met his death. It appears also from the annotation by my father that Sir Henry sailed without hearing of the accident, and only learned of Sir Joseph's death by subsequently reading a notice of it in Galignani's *Messenger*.

* * * * *

14 NEW BURLINGTON STREET, LONDON:

April 2, 1831.

'MY DEAREST CHARLES,

'Your last note to me enclosing your long recital of occurrences in Candia, addressed to your brother Henry, was duly received about a month ago, and has made us all equally happy and highly interested in your fortunate and successful mission. I proceeded to the Admiralty as you desired, and looked over the whole of the correspondence there, and I was much struck with the encomiums passed on you by my friend Sir Philip Malcolm, and of the coincidence, of the Admiralty minute and all the observations made by that chief, on your conduct. It runs thus, acquaint Sir P. M. that their Lordships entirely concur with him in the opinion he has formed of the conduct of Capt. Yorke during his service at Karabusa. I see by the *United Service Journal*, that you sailed for Smyrna on the 8th of January, two days after your letter to me, and that you were at that port on the 18th, of course this acknowledgement of your correspondence will go by the Admiralty bag, but I doubt whether I shall save the packet. It will however be conveyed by your new Chief, Sir Henry Hotham, who is very desirous to render you all attention, for in a note I had from him, about a Middy I asked him to take with him in the *St. Vincent*, he says, had I been able I would have fulfilled your wishes with much pleasure in this instance, as I shall have the pleasure in doing in regard to the captain of the *Alligator*, and if you have anything to send to him I will take the charge of it with pleasure. Thus you see, my dear Charles, that Sir Henry Hotham will be as much interested about you as any of his predecessors if you desire it, which I am sure you will.

'You may indeed say, or rather exclaim, What changes! The chances now are that our order in the State (to make use of Lord Grey's words about his own order), instead of being Lords of the Admiralty will be hewers of wood and drawers of water, that is, if the Reform Bill passes in its present shape. For it cannot be denied that it must give a preponderating bias to that class, namely the L10 householder, which are by far the most numerous, active, and republican class, who by living in towns, can be collected for any political purpose at a moment's notice; who are shopkeepers, citizens, manufacturers, possessing great intelligence and spirit, and whose business it will be to have the chief government, and bring down the interests of the funds. This will, of course, straiten most severely all those who at present derive any income therefrom, and as the small sums into which the said funds are divided, are spread over a widely extended population of humble but respectable persons, it will totally ruin a great many. However, there seems to be an opinion that the Bill will be greatly modified. For the sweeping away of sixty boroughs (amongst which Reigate goes at once) and taking one member from four more, is a measure of such violent disruption, as to create a resistance that may be fatal to the public peace of the country. Persons are much excited all over the land, particularly the class of householders I have already mentioned.

'With regard to foreign affairs, it appears still problematical whether France will take part in defending by force of arms revolutionary movements and doctrines in other countries than her own. You will of course know pretty readily, how these matters are to go in the Italian States, or those of the Church.

'With respect to my family in domestic matters, we continue to remain without change, or much appearance thereof. Your brother Grantham, however, is rather an exception to this rule, for he has been so very ill of a

rheumatic fever, that a great change has taken place in his appearance. He is however considered convalescent, but up to yesterday remained quite helpless. Eliot went yesterday to see him for the first time, and comes up to−day to dinner from Hampton Court Palace where Lady Montgomery, as you have heard, has apartments and where your brother and Emily his spouse have been residing for the last six or seven weeks. I have been also very much indisposed for the last three months, but have according to my own practice abstained from medical advice, and am now fast convalescing. It was a cough and of asthmatic tendency which bothered me, off and on, for some time, and which I got at Xmas attending the grand jury at Winchester on the Special Commission. But my own opinion is rather that at sixty−three age brings about such changes in one's bodily organs, as renders these attacks necessary in order to hasten on the great events of life, namely, Old Age and Death.

'Lord Hardwicke is wonderfully well, your Uncle Charles but so so, Lady H. and Mrs. Charles Yorke and all their tribe very well. Lady Clanricarde better than usual, not very strong, Henry fit for a monk in point of appearance. Eliot, for him very well, Grantham I have described, and last and least A. Y. [Footnote: Agneta Yorke, his only daughter, afterwards Lady Agneta Bevan.] who is very well indeed, except when hot rooms and late hours come on, and then she is but so so.

'We always look out with very serious desire to hear from you, every post, as you are an interesting object and rather a lion to be looked at. But I am thankful to know you are well and busy, business generally makes you well. I am going down for two or three days to Sydney Lodge on some business and I shall send this to Sir H. Hotham to take care of and forward. The whole of us here and elsewhere unite in every good wish. For myself I can only say that you may rely on my regard and affection and believe me always dear Charles, your affectionate Father and sincere friend,

'J. S. YORKE.'

Finished April 3, 1831.

'This was my dear father's last letter. He lost his life on the 5th, visiting the *St. Vincent* at Spithead, which ship had Lord Hotham's flag bound for the Mediterranean. This letter was given to me at sea by Sir H. Hotham on my way home, having read in *Galignani* my Father's death.

'(Signed) H.'

* * * * *

The following note by my late brother gives all that is known of the accident:

* * * * *

'I have no record of the accident that caused Sir Joseph Yorke's death, but I know he was in his small sailing yacht coming over from Portsmouth with Captain Bradby and Captain Young and one or two men of the crew, when the boat was struck by a heavy squall in a thunderstorm somewhere off the Hamble river, and they are all supposed to have been struck by lightning. Sir Joseph's body was found floating, the boat was picked up derelict in the West Channel. No one was left to tell the tale; the tablet in Hamble church, which is the only record I know of it, merely states he was drowned by the upsetting of a boat. I believe he had a blue line going down his body, and the fact of his being found floating gives the impression that he was killed by lightning, as I suppose all the other occupants shared the same fate.

'HARDWICKE'

SYDNEY LODGE, HAMBLE:

October 14, 1908.

* * * * *

I may perhaps add that on the day Sir Joseph Yorke was drowned, Miss Manningham, the sister of Mrs. Charles Yorke, was at one of the Ancient Music concerts in the Hanover Square Rooms, and during the performance fainted and was carried out. On coming to herself and being questioned as to the cause, she said she had seen before her the dripping form of a man whose body was covered with a naval cloak, and although she could not see his face, she knew it to be the body of Sir Joseph Yorke. There were of course neither telegraph nor daily posts in those days, and the news of his death only reached the family some two days later, when it was found that the day and hour corresponded with the vision Miss Manningham had seen.

From certain remarks in his letters from Sweden it appears that Captain Yorke had long the intention of entering politics so soon as there was any interruption of his active service at sea, and shortly after his arrival in England in 1831, he carried out this intention by offering himself as candidate for Reigate, for which borough he duly took his seat. In October of the same year, however, a vacancy occurred in the representation of Cambridgeshire upon the resignation of one of the sitting members, Lord F. G. Osborne. Captain Yorke at once decided to offer himself as the representative of a county with which his family had been long and closely associated. His opponent was Mr. R. G. Townley, who was the Ministerial candidate and had the support of Lord John Russell on his committee and at the hustings.

The politics of those strenuous times of the Reform Bill are well known, and need no more than a passing reference here. The election began on October 27, only a little more than a fortnight after the Ministerial bill had been rejected by the House of Lords. It is needless to say that Captain Yorke stood in the Tory interest. In his address and speeches he expressed himself in favour of a moderate scheme of reform which would abolish such constituencies as were proved to be saleable and corrupt, and as ready to support a proper extension of the franchise. But he refused altogether to sacrifice the agricultural interest to that of the manufacturer, and took his stand upon the necessity of affording protection to the farmer by the maintenance of the existing Corn Laws. Lord John Russell declared that he and his party had no objection to Captain Yorke as a man, but exhorted his hearers to bear in mind that this was no personal contest, but one which would decide the question of Reform or no Reform. There were the usual hearty proceedings which we associate with the elections of that period at the hustings on Parker's Piece, Cambridge; Captain Yorke was escorted by a body of freeholders on horseback, and there was the customary cheerful fighting to celebrate the conclusion of the poll. This resulted in the captain's defeat.

He was not long excluded from Parliament. Upon the passage of the great Reform Bill in the following year he was again nominated, and taking his stand upon his old principles, and declaring himself resolutely opposed to the poisonous and revolutionary ideas which France was promulgating in Europe, he was returned by a large majority and took his seat in the first reformed Parliament, where he represented his county until called to the House of Lords by the death of his uncle.

Meanwhile, Captain Yorke had been most happily married on October 18, 1833, at Ravensworth Castle, Durham, to the Hon. Susan Liddell, daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth, and sister to the Countess of Mulgrave, Viscountess Barrington, Lady Williamson, Mrs. Trotter, and the Hon. Georgiana Liddell, afterwards Lady Bloomfield.

By the death of the third Earl of Hardwicke on November 18, 1834, Captain Yorke succeeded to that earldom, to which he had long been heir− presumptive. As already mentioned, the third earl's elder son, Viscount Royston, had been lost in a storm in the Baltic in 1808, and two younger sons had died in infancy. Captain Yorke therefore succeeded to the estates in Cambridgeshire and to the historic mansion of Wimpole. These came into the possession of his family by purchase, the Lord Chancellor having acquired them from Edward Lord Harley,

afterwards Earl of Oxford, for L100,000. I print here a letter describing Wimpole in 1781, written by the Countess of St. Germans to her aunt Lady Beauchamp, [Footnote: Wife of Sir William Beauchamp of Langley Park, Norfolk, sister of Mrs. Charles Yorke.] as illustrating life at a country house at that period.

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'MY DEAR AUNT (writes Lady St. Germans from 'Wimple' October 1781), We came to this place last Monday about half−past three o'clock; just time enough for dinner and found all the good family in perfect health. Lady Bell Polwarth is now here, also my brothers. P. Y. had been here before, Charles came yesterday on purpose to meet Mama, and goes away again to− morrow. He is not at all the worse for his journey but looks remarkably well. Here is likewise an unhappy victim of a clergyman on a visit. His name is Rouse and he is minister of some place near Wrest. This is the society here at present, and now I shall tell you of our journey, and how I like the place. Mama had desired my brother Phil as he passed through Hertford to order four horses to come to Tytten after six o'clock and four more to be ready at the Inn to change, but knowing the forgetfulness of the young gentleman, Mama and I were in a peck of troubles lest he should forget the horses, and then we could not have gone. However, they did come, and at eleven o'clock after various directions and orders given we packed off and got to Hertford safely. Changed horses without alighting and proceeded to Buntingford, where we changed again. As we passed by Hammells we saw the new Lodges which are built at the entrance of the Park, and look very pretty; at present they are only brick, but are to be painted white. When we entered Cambridgeshire, I confess I was not struck with the beauties of the country, but thought it very ugly, disagreeable, and uninteresting. However, when we approached the environs of Wimple, I was in some measure repaid by the delightful appearance of the Park and country round it, for the ugliness of that we had passed through. I assure you I was very much pleased with the beauty of the grounds and the grandeur of the house itself. Most part of it is furnished in the old style, as for example, Mama's and my apartment are brown wainscots, and the bed−curtains and hangings are crimson damask laced with gold most dreadfully tarnished. The rooms below stairs are excellent, and very handsomely furnished. Lady Grey, the Marchioness, has just fitted up some new apartments, that are beautiful, particularly the new dining−room which is very elegant indeed. Her Ladyship was so kind as to take us yesterday morning to see the new park building, which is very pretty. It commands a very fine and extensive prospect and is seen at a great distance. I have not yet seen the ruined tower which I can behold from my window. Everything here is quite new to me, as though I had never seen it before, for you know it is at least seven years ago since my brother drove us over at full gallop, all the way from Hammells. The State Bed, which you may remember stood below stairs, is now moved upwards into one of the new rooms. The paper with which the walls are covered is common and white to match the bed, and there are two dressing−rooms belonging to it. In short, I like the place exceedingly. Lady Grey is very kind to me, and I am much obliged to her for permitting me to come. One thing here, however, is disagreeable to me as I have never been used to it, and that is, the sitting so long after breakfast and dinner. We breakfast at ten o'clock and sit till twelve. Then if the weather is fine, which it is not to−day, we take a walk, if not, retire to our own apartments. From half−past two till four is spent in dressing. From four till past six at dinner. Then coffee, afterwards working, looking at prints, talking and preaching till ten. Then I go to bed, and supper is announced. Everybody is in bed at eleven; before breakfast Mama and I have some little time, as we get up at eight. I always take a walk in the garden before breakfast. Before that time everyone but Lady Grey and my Lord go into the Library, which is a noble apartment.

'My brother has come home delighted with having found in Ireland a hard name to puzzle everybody to death with. This was the name of a young lady at Limerick, not more than 6 foot 4 inches without her shoes. What do you think of Miss Helena Macgillokilycuddy? This name is always in his mouth, but I believe he has added four syllables to the real word. As to Charles, he was charmed and captivated with another young lady at Limerick, a Miss Fitzgerald, whom he danced with and thought the most amiable of the company. In short, they are much pleased with their journey, and are ready to break a lance with anyone in favour of the Irish. I must not forget to tell you that they ran away from Dublin with two new coats, without ever paying for them. I have no news to send you.'

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Lady Grey mentioned in this letter married the second Lord Hardwicke, who had no son.

There is an interesting allusion to Wimpole and its associations in one of Lord Melbourne's published letters to Queen Victoria. After giving Her Majesty some particulars of the place, and mentioning incidentally that he was 'very partial to Lord Hardwicke,' Lord Melbourne says:

'The cultured but indolent Lord Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, had married Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, who brought him L500,000, most of which he dissipated. Their only child Margaret, the noble, lovely little Peggy of Prior, married William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland. Lady Oxford sold to the nation the Harleian Collection of Manuscripts, now in the British Museum (to hold which the gallery at Wimpole was built). There is much history and more poetry connected with it. Prior mentions it repeatedly, and always calls the first Lady Harley, daughter of the Duke of Newcastle, Belphebe. If Hardwicke should have a daughter he should christen her Belphebe. The Lady Belphebe Yorke would not sound ill.'

Thus Lord Melbourne to Queen Victoria. I may perhaps add that my father had three daughters, but it did not occur to him to give either of them that name. Prior died at Wimpole in 1721, and his portrait was hung in the library, and on the table are framed the following lines by the poet:

'Fame counting thy books, my dear Harley,
shall tell
No man had so many who knew them so well.'

At Wimpole accordingly my father, after an active life at sea which had continued with scarce an interruption for sixteen years, settled to the quieter life of a country gentleman; he was a good agriculturist, identifying himself with all the interests of the land, and resolutely opposing any changes which he considered detrimental to the prosperity of the country. I should add that he became a successful breeder of shorthorns, and that he was President of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1845, when the show was held at Derby.

In 1834 he was appointed Lord−Lieutenant of Cambridgeshire. Sir Robert Peel recommended his name to King William, as he explained in a letter to Lord Hardwicke, as an exception to the rule 'which disinclines the minister to continue a member of the same family in succession in the office of Lord−Lieutenant of a county ... a rule by which in ordinary cases I should wish to abide, but not for the purpose of depriving me of the real satisfaction of making an exception in the case of the present vacancy in the county of Cambridgeshire, and naming you to His Majesty, which I have done this day for the appointment of Lord−Lieutenant.' Upon the return of Sir Robert Peel to power in 1841, Lord Hardwicke's great influence and loyal principles were recognised by his appointment as Lord−in−Waiting to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

It was in that capacity that my father was appointed to attend King Frederick William IV of Prussia, the elder brother of the Emperor William I, upon his visit to England in the early months of 1842. An interesting letter from Mr. John Wilson Croker to my father shows that Lord Hardwicke took pains to inform himself as to the character and tastes of his Prussian Majesty before entering upon his period of waiting. Mr. Croker was staying with Sir Robert Peel, where the minister was entertaining the Duke of Cambridge:

'I have as I promised you' he writes, 'turned the conversation on the subject of the K. of Prussia, and as the Duke of Cambridge happens to be here, we have heard a good deal on the subject of H.M. The sum is that H.M. is a good and enlightened man, well read in books and well versed in current literature and affairs; a Christian in heart and rather fond of theology, so much so, that he has read twice over, they said, Gladstone's book on the Church.

'I am not surprised at the twice over, if H.M. really wished to understand the author. I found that one reading left me as much in the dark as I was at the first, and I only doubt whether a second perusal would have made me any wiser.'

As illustrating the King's religious feeling I may mention that among His Majesty's experiences with Lord Hardwicke was a visit they made together to Newgate, where they were present in the chapel at a service Elizabeth Fry was holding for the prisoners. The King knelt and was deeply affected, and my father always described the scene as 'deeply touching' and said that he left the prison with an ideal memory of that great and holy woman.

The King of Prussia became much attached to Lord Hardwicke during this visit to England, and made him promise a return visit to Prussia. This took place in June of the same year, when my father went to Berlin and accompanied the King on a visit he made to the Czar Nicholas at St. Petersburg. My father wrote a series of letters to my mother while upon this journey, describing much that he saw and did, and as these give many interesting particulars of the Czar and his Court, and describe some of the old towns in North Germany in a way which may tempt many a wanderer to visit some of them even to−day, I here print some extracts from them.

The first of these is dated June 20, 1842, from Hamburg, where my father was detained by a short illness, during which he had the help of Mr. Schetky, the marine painter to Queen Victoria, whose acquaintance he had made years before at the Naval College at Portsmouth. It gives some interesting particulars of the great fire which raged in that city on May 4, 1842, and two days following, and destroyed 2000 dwelling−houses as well as many churches and public buildings.

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'I send you some little sketches of parts of the dilapidated town showing the ruins of the great church of Saint Peter. The history of the fire is told in a few words; no one knows how it began, the want of order, power, and a commanding head was the cause of the great devastation ... the mob said in a free town we can do what we like. They pumped spirits from the engines instead of water by mistake, and thus a scene of devastation and plunder was begun which ceased only from the exhaustion of the people and a shift of the wind.

'Then came in some troops from Prussia and Denmark, and order was restored. The number of lives lost is not known, but not above two hundred it is believed.

'As you well know, Hamburg is a free town and a republic of itself, governed by the Burgomaster and a senate. It is one of the three remaining Hanse towns.... The loss suffered here is to be now stated, it is fairly computed at 12,000,000 pounds sterling; of this 8,000,000 falls on individuals and foreign and British insurance offices; 4,000,000 on the city of Hamburg. The foreign insurance offices have paid very well; the Hamburg, that is the individual who had such an office, is ruined and can pay nothing; the city of Hamburg will borrow 4,000,000, and raise the interest by a tax on the houses of the city throughout. The cause of this is that Hamburg allowed no foreign insurance to be made for a house, but the whole city is an insurance office against the destruction of a house by fire. What the house contains as furniture, &c., the city has nothing to do with. So each individual will receive for his house destroyed by fire its value from the city, but he will be taxed to pay the interests of the money. This may not be quite clear, it requires rather more words to make it so. I hope to find a letter from you in Berlin. Yours,

'CHARLES.'

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The next letter was written from Berlin.

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'I arrived here this morning at four o'clock from Hamburg to Boitzenburg, where we slept.

'I went down to the King (at Sans Souci) by railroad; he was at dinner, I got some brought to me by his old servant. The King soon came out of his dining−room to me and gave me a most hearty welcome, and took me into the garden, where all the court ladies and gentlemen were gathered; presented me to the Queen, both asked after and about you and were very kind. I can hardly say how much interest I felt in being for a few moments at Sans Souci again; it is a most beautiful place. It is wonderful to think of its creation, but there will be speedy decay and dissolution, if it is not ere long repaired. The Palace is small, and not worthy the name of a Palace, but beautiful. I am not expected to remain long I think, from what I gather.

'As I was staring about the town yesterday evening after my return from Sans Souci, I was tapped on the shoulder and informed that the King desired that I would come to sup with him at nine, so as it was half past eight, off I went to dress. By the by I did not tell you that after our dinner at Sans Souci the whole Court moved up to Berlin by railroad, thus I was at the Palace at nine. The supper was served at six small tables, without any covering, the plate and glasses standing on the mahogany. At one table sat the King and Queen, the Princess of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick; the rest of the party and his household were at the other tables. A seat of honour was kept for me by the great lady of the Court, but I had already found myself seated by a maid of honour whose sweet smiles had attracted me and I did not think it worth while to move. You need not be alarmed, for the stock of beauty here is small. The King and Queen both crossed to speak with me before and after supper, and on taking leave for the night the King kindly shook me by the hand. The King is gone, he visits some of his provincial towns on his way, and takes no one with him but one Aide−de−camp and no escort. I go tomorrow in my own carriage, thank God; a route is given me, a number painted on the carriage, and all paid, so I go like the devil without anything to pay. I shall be at Dantzic before the King.

'The road from Hamburg to Berlin lies through a portion of the Danish territory and the territory of the grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin and the Prussian, the whole way the country is cultivated, the Danish territory of Holstein is sandy and little done with it. That of M. Schwerin is of a better quality, though what we should call moderate soil but very fairly cultivated. I never saw better farming in my life, or a country more cared for, the crops looked well and not a weed to be seen, the road−side planted, and every tree that was young staked and tied, the side of the roads mowed and trimmed, and stone gutter on each side of a fairly macadamized road. I felt humbled after my boasting thoughts of England, as this pattern they have no doubt followed, but the Prince of Mecklenburg Schwerin deserves well of his people for his superior copy. The people are well clothed, and I have not been asked for a farthing since I came to this country.

'Then in Prussia on crossing the frontier the authorities were most civil, cast an eye at the carriage, made a bow, and would not look at an article; the regulations of Prussia are in all departments most excellent, and a painstaking discipline exists everywhere, which makes the position of the traveller quite charming. Here only one side of the road is macadamized, the other half is the soil, but the road is very wide, so down hill you take the soil, very safe. All through Prussia, as far as I have been, the farming is very good, the land very clean, but the soil very, very poor; it is a great desert in fact, made habitable by the perseverance and industry of the people; round this town it is wonderful to see what can be done by the hand of man. This town stands in a desert of driving sand, but the town has created a soil round it which is now pushing the desert back every year, and it is now in the centre of a large circle of fine green fields and corn lands; of course the produce is not great but the labour is small, and the improvement progressing. The accommodation is very fair even to an Englishman. The innkeepers are a very respectable class, and though I have not seen a bed that is larger than a child's crib without curtains, yet they are clean, soft, and well made with lots of pillows for the head.

'Up to this time I have seen nothing but what I may call the outside of Berlin, my impression is that on the whole it is a very fine city. The public buildings are numerous. The architecture is fine, with more of the florid ornament

than the style permits; much statuary and grouping of figures in marble and bronze. Streets wide, buildings low and large; but more of this bye and bye.

'My friend Schetky has been very useful to me in killing much ennui and comforting me when sick. He is an extraordinary fellow, sixty−three, with the spirits and fun of a boy, and the appetite of a horse. He is bent on going to Dantzig, so puts himself into the mail−post or public conveyance. He thinks he can make a picture [Footnote: Now at Sydney Lodge.] of the King's embarkation; I hope he may succeed, for he is a worthy soul.

'I have passed my morning in the museum of statues and pictures. The museum was founded in 1830 from designs by Schinkel; it is pure Greek Doric (I don't like it), a double column facade, up a great flight of steps; before the entrance stands a basin of polished red granite twenty−two feet in diameter, one block; it was a boulder that lay thirty miles from Berlin called the Markgrafenstein, it lay at a place called Furstenwald.

'The collection of the museum consists of vases and bronzes, sculpture and pictures. My view was so very cursory, and without a catalogue, that I must not say much about it. It is very large and the statues are mostly antique, and I should say fine. The pictures are numerous and many very fine, but on the whole the collection I should say was not first rate, indeed if it were it would be the finest in the world from its number.

'There is a very curious collection of very old church pictures by very ancient masters of the art, but the Italian school of its best day is, I think, small, as well as the Dutch. But I must not be supposed to give judgment on the gallery, I must have a long day at it on my return, and another some day with you, my love.

'I find that I am not even to pay for a potato on my journey, my beds, breakfasts, dinners, horses are everywhere ordered. And apartments were ready for me at Sans Souci, had I arrived sooner, and this morning I was ordered to the Palace for to−day and to−night, but I begged off, the Hof−Marshall not thinking my rooms here good enough; surely this is enough honour. But it is given to the Queen's servant, to an Englishman, and not to myself, so I do not take it all. I dine with Westmorland to− day at five.

'Your devoted,

'CHARLES.'

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KONITZ: June 25, 1842.

'I have arrived at the end of my second day's journey towards Dantzig, where I meet the King, who went by another road for the purpose of paying a visit to the frontier town of Posen, where he was to be entertained by the inhabitants. As I told you, I had a route given me and thus far am I advanced, post horses standing ready at each station, the authorities waiting on me and showing me every attention that a Pacha might require. I must say more could not be done to make all most agreeable to me, I have come 100 miles in twelve hours on the most excellent road without a jolt, very good accommodation and eating.'

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DANTZIG: June 26.

'I am safe and sound at the ancient Port of Dantzig, the corn exporting place, the terror of English farmers. I found that I was quartered on arrival at the English Consul's, where I have an excellent apartment and was most kindly received by him and his family, the lady being a Prussian, and from what I have seen of her a most excellent and charming person.

'My journey to−day has been less agreeable than the two previous ones from heavy rain all day, country passed through of the same general character, the land improving in quality as we approach Dantzig. Between Konitz and (?) Pral Rittelm we cross a small stream called the Pral, full of salmon and fine trout. I thought of my absent fishing tackle, but it is better I had it not, as I should have got wet to a certainty, but I mark him for some other day.

'The country is a Catholic country, wooden images of the crucified Saviour on the road−sides, and the greater part of cottages here built of timber log, and the people in an inferior condition.

'As soon as I had dined with the Consul I took my way to the shore of the Vistula. The sight of its banks was to me most interesting, covered with sheaves of wheat covering acres of ground, while the river is covered with rafts of timber and large boats built for the voyage down, but being broken up for fire wood as soon as the cargo of wheat is landed. Here the grain remains till sold to the merchant, when it is carried to the granaries in the town, or rather to an island in the middle of the town called Speicher Insel. On this island there is no other building but granaries. The corn contained is 500,000 or 600,000 qrs. of wheat. On a fine day on the shore of the river are to be seen the figures of two hundred men and women, Poles, working the wheat by turning it over and over with shovels till it is dry, as the voyage down the river is sometimes five or six weeks, and the corn heats and grows; thus it requires much turning on its arrival.

'The Poles who come down with it, are the most savage and uncouth looking people I ever saw, excepting Finns and Esquimaux; indeed, they are very like them. But their character here is that they are a most inoffensive race, suffer much fatigue and privation, and gain but little by their voyage. They are in the hands of Jewish supercargoes, one of which nation is to be seen in every regiment and in every boat. These poor people, after the cargo is sold, walk home again 600 or 700 miles. Price of wheat on the shore 55s. per qr. That won't hurt us. The King is expected tomorrow late in the evening. Good−night.

'Monday night, ten o'clock. The day is past and I have returned for the night. The King arrived at six o'clock, I waited on him directly he was in the room; he had me to dine with him, and seated me next him at table. The Prince Menschikoff, the head of the Russian Navy, was there; he has come to take the King to Russia with two steam ships.

'I visited to−day the lions of Dantzig the Exchange, the Cathedral, and the Armoury. The Exchange is a most curious building of great antiquity, and the hall is certainly the most curious and grotesque room in the world. The walls are covered with large pictures and wooden statues painted in colour. It is a Gothic edifice built in 1379, and the roof of the hall is supported by four slender pillars. The most singular picture on the wall is a representation of the church under the form of a ship sailing to heaven full of monks, who are throwing out ropes and hooks to haul on board a few miserable sinners, who but for this timely assistance would be drowned.

'In front of the building is a fine fountain ornamented with a bronze figure of Neptune drawn by sea−horses. The whole effect of the hall is most curious and beautiful. Near this building is the Town Hall, in which is the room in which the old Senate, now the Corporation, sit. Its beauty is difficult to describe, the ceiling is richly carved in wood, in each compartment is a fine and brilliant picture by some old master.

'The church, of which I send a sketch, is one of the most curious in Europe; the Lutherans have preserved it exactly as it was; rich to a degree in painting, sculpture, and brass, though not of the highest order, yet, to the eye, rich in effect. The two great objects in it are a picture by Van Eyck, and a crucified Saviour in wood as large as life. It is called the Marien Kirche, and was begun in 1343 by the grand master of the Teutonic Knights. The architect was Ulric Ritter of Strasburg. The vaulted roof is supported by twenty−six slender brick pillars, ninety−eight feet from the pavement; around the interior are fifty chapels, originally founded by the chief citizens for their families. The great ornament is the picture by John Van Eyck known as the Dantzig picture. It was painted for the Pope, and while on its way to Rome was taken by pirates. It was retaken by a Dantzig vessel and

deposited in the cathedral, where it remained till 1807, when the French took the town and it was carried to Paris. On its return after the war, the King of Prussia wished to retain it in Berlin, and offered the town 40,000 dollars as a compensation, but they would not part with their picture. I think it a wonderful picture, it is as fresh as the day it was painted, and the colour bestowed on it is amazing; but, like all this class of pictures, to me it is only wonderful.

'The Crucifix is fine, and the story goes that the artist crucified his servant that he might make a good article.

'Fahrenheit, who invented the thermometer, was born here. The great street of the town is the most beautiful I ever saw, the houses with the gables to the street no two alike, richly ornamented with elaborate cornices and carving of figures and flowers. Flights of steps from the door, some projecting more than others into the street, some with stone rail, some iron, some brass. Most curious, antique, and beautiful. It is a fine and interesting old town. So much for Dantzig.'

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At the Entrance of the Gulf of Finland, on board the Emperor of Russia's Steam Frigate *Bogatir*:

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June 30, 1842.

'Since I despatched my letter from Dantzig I have made progress thus far towards my ultimate and extreme point, and to−morrow evening I expect to be safe under the roof of the Emperor of all the Russias. I closed my letter to you on the 27th, and I shall resume the thread of my story from that time. At nine o'clock on the 28th the King reviewed the Garrison of Dantzig, a small army of about 2000 men, consisting of two regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and eight guns. I accompanied him on horseback; the turn−out was very good indeed, the men small but healthy and active, and moved very well, in all points extremely well equipped. Afterwards His Majesty drove about the town and visited everything, not only the public buildings that I have described to you, but also wherever a bit of old carving, or old wardrobe, or the facade of a house that was curious was to be found, there he paid a visit. He gave a great dinner at two o'clock to 100 of his chief people and officers. During the repast a regiment of infantry sang national songs in parts most beautifully, the choruses, with 800 or 1000 voices, very fine. We embarked at seven in a small steam boat which took us down the Vistula and aboard the frigate. Throughout the day I have been struck with the position of this Monarch and his people.

'No guards, no escorts, not even a guard of honour or police, all affection and order. He walked about amongst thousands of his people, like a father among his loving children. He was remarkably well received everywhere and it made him very happy. He is very familiar with his officers, and talks to his servants with kindness and good humour, frequently making them laugh and laughing in return. In short, I am much struck with the difference of forms in the constitutional and despotic country, and with the pomp of the former and familiarity and freedom of the latter. In parting with his officers he pressed many of them with warmth and affection to his heart.

'The two Russian steam ships that convey us to St. Petersburg are very fine vessels, the one we are on board of is the smallest of the two, being about 1000 tons and 200 horse power, the other 1800 tons with 600 horse power. This vessel, the *Bogatir*, is superbly fitted and quite equal in all points to any I have seen in England.

'July 1 (Friday, 5 P.M.). I was obliged to leave this scrawl of mine yesterday, for really what with the engine, the eating and the talking, I could do little in the way of writing; moreover, I have had no bed, though a very good cabin, but have slept three nights in my clothes on the sofa. Well here I am well lodged with a suite of apartments in the Palace of Peterhoff with the Emperor and the Court. It has been a day of great interest, and ought to have been one of excitement, but I find that nothing of this sort excites me; so much the better, I can profit more,

though I do not enjoy so much.

'This morning at four o'clock I was on deck and we passed a division of the Russian Fleet under sail, one three−decker and eight two−deckers of 80 and 74 guns, four frigates, two corvettes, and three or four brigs; the line−of−battle ships formed the line of battle on the larboard tack and bore up with us, but the wind being light they did not keep long in company. At equal distance were placed, for the purpose of communication by signal, vessels of war, frigates, and brigs, who gave the Emperor early information of our approach. Of course we were everywhere received with a cannonade from every vessel.

'On approaching Cronstadt the Emperor, Empress, and all the Court came out to meet us in a steam yacht; there was also on board the Prince of the Netherlands and his Princess. At Cronstadt another division of the Fleet was at anchor, nine sail of the line and six or seven frigates. Of the Fleet I shall speak another time.

'After passing the batteries at Cronstadt we anchored, and the Emperor pushed off in a boat from his yacht and fetched the King, his suite went on board in another boat. The meeting between the King and the Imperial family was most affectionate, and after the hurry and excitement of this event had subsided, I was presented by the King to the Emperor.

'You cannot conceive anything more frank, noble, open, and kind, than the bearing of this great man, he put me at once at my ease, and talked to me both in French and English, on such commonplace matters as best suited the occasion.

'He then presented me to the Empress, her manner was most kind and gentle, but her beauty is gone, and she looks very thin. Luncheon was served on deck, the Imperial family and the King at one table, as they sat down the Emperor called out Lord Hardwicke these are my daughters, they speak English. I of course went off to the two most lovely women, Olga and Alexandrina, most charming in every way, their beauty is surpassed by their sweetness of manner and address. An old lady of the court took me under her protection during luncheon, but I have not yet found out who she is. After luncheon the yacht which had anchored got under way and stood over from the roads of Cronstadt to Peterhoff, accompanied by six sail of small ships. The Emperor came up to me and pointing to them he said, These are my boys, explaining that they were the pupils for the navy under his own eye. They live on board these six vessels during summer and are always at work. Two little boys were on deck in uniform, and I said, And these are yours, are they not? The Empress was standing by and the Emperor replied in English, Yes, they are our own fabrique, are they not, Madame Nicolas? placing his large hand all over her face, she rejoined in Russian, How you do talk. This made me laugh, and the Emperor and Empress did so in a manner that showed the joke was a good one. On landing, I, in company with the Prussians, paid visits to the hereditary Grand Duke, to the Prince of Prussia, to the Grand Duke Michael and his Duchess, a most charming person, and two or three officers of state. I should tell you that on the reception of the King there is a Guard of Honour before the Palace of about 200 men, not more on the ground. I was struck with the manner of the Emperor; he ordered what words of command should be given, and as they broke into sections to march before the King, the Emperor placed himself on the left of one of the companies, and marching with them, saluted the King, and then fell out. The whole manner of this man is most remarkable, and quite unlike anybody I ever saw.

'He is one of the finest and best−looking men in the world, and his bearing corresponds. At four o'clock we went to dine, the Imperial family dine at the Palace of the Grand Duchess Helena close by, and the Court dined here in the Palace. I sat between Count Menschikoff, whom I like very much (he is, as I told you, the head of the Navy) and a little Court lady from Moscow, who might fascinate easily a heart that was free. Dinner is over and I sit down to write this to you. As to myself I am quite well, and shall profit all I can by this trip, but I shall be heartily tired of it, I assure you; it is no joke. I would not be tied to one of these Courts for all the world could give, it is such a continued business of eating and dressing.

'I shall say nothing of Peterhoff or St. Petersburg, which I have not seen. I see before me in all directions from the windows frames of wood of enormous dimensions and various shapes for lighting up the gardens of the Palace on the night of the Fete, although there is no night, so it must be going through the forms of illumination only. However, we shall see when it takes place, no doubt it will be most magnificent.

'All about me is most strange, a mixture of East and West, such as can be nowhere else seen: savage and civilised life is here blended together, blackies and turbans and laced footmen all wait at table together.'

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PETERHOFF: July 2, 1842.

'I find myself most completely provided for here. I have a sitting−room, bedroom, and servant's room with all comforts....

'I must now give you some description of this place, but shall wait till to−morrow that I may profit by my ride with the young ladies, who will show me all the gardens.

'The Palace of Peterhoff with a front to the main building of 510 feet, is situated on the top of a terrace which runs to a certain distance along the left or north bank of the mouth of the Neva opposite Cronstadt. The terrace overlooks the wide expanse of the Neva to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg and far towards the sea; the distance from the terrace to the sea is about half a mile. This part is planted with trees of various kinds, fir, elm, ash, common kinds, and having attained no great size, about the size of thirty years' growth in a tolerable soil in England these are cut into avenues or vistas at right angles to one another, in which are statues, fountains, and canals, and this at once gives you the character of the place. I neither rode nor wrote yesterday evening, but fell asleep till I was called to dress at half− past eight. By the bye, I have dressed six times to−day. I must leave my description of Peterhoff to be continued till another time, as I wish to relate to you what has passed here since nine o'clock P.M. till this time. Your letter was delivered to me yesterday evening by one of the Emperor's aide−de−camps in the middle of a game of romps such as I've not enjoyed since I was a boy. At nine o'clock I was in the receptions room of the Palace according to orders, all the Court were assembled, but no strangers; the company might amount to about sixty, the Emperor, Empress, the three Grand Duchesses, their daughters, the Czarewitch, the Prince of the Netherlands, and many others, with the King of Prussia. After some little formality the doors of a large apartment were thrown open, in which was no furniture but a few chairs. In the room adjoining was a full band. The Empress said to me, You must come with us and not play cards, we are going to play some innocent games. All formality was now at an end, the Imperial family joined with the Court and the game began. It was the game with a rope, which I daresay you have seen. All take hold of it and one is in the middle, the one in the middle must strike the hand of anyone holding the rope, who then takes his place in the middle. I think you must have seen this game, a very innocent one, and makes fun. After this had gone on for some time, the Emperor takes hold of the cord, pushed it and the company into a corner of the room, and the game became more vivacious, and a general romp ensued, some fell, some rushed into the Emperor's arms, who stood like a colossus at the end of the room with open arms to receive those who sought shelter there. This could be seen nowhere else. We then supped at round tables, the ladies sending for the gentlemen they chose to make the party. After supper the Imperial family retired. It was a most delightful evening.

'Words cannot convey an idea of the affability and kindness, the sweetness and amiability of this great family. I shall put by my pen just now and write the details of the day to−night, if not too sleepy. But it is not a Sunday passed as it ought to be, though we have been to church.

'Monday, 10.30 A.M. I am waiting for a message from the Emperor, who yesterday told me that I was to go to Cronstadt with him this morning, and warning me at the same time that he would do all he could to tire me completely. We yesterday had a very hard day. At eleven o'clock we went to the Greek chapel in the Palace, the

whole Court attending divine service. Of the ceremonial of the Greek Church I shall only say that its forms are in appearance more absurd than the Romish. The music and chanting was most sublime and beautiful, nothing could exceed the excellence of this performance. The chapel is small but highly decorated in the interior with paintings of rather a high finish and gold, in the style of Louis XIV, though the form of the chapel does not much vary from the same date, yet its proportions do, for it is three times as lofty as its area is broad, with a domed ceiling. After church a parade, here the Emperor and the King of Prussia played soldiers for an hour and a half. Suffice it to say, without relating all the marching and counter−marching of the troops, that the King of Prussia's regiment (for he is a colonel in the Russian Army) was drawn up, the King inspected the men and then put himself on the right of the line, the Emperor then went up to him and, taking him in his arms, kissed both his cheeks, then the King marched past the Emperor at the head of his regiment. The Empress was on the ground.

'Monday. I dined with the Royal Family, 150 sat down; we did not go to Cronstadt to−day, I am not sorry, for it rained. The dinner was good for a Russian and not long. The service on the table all china from Berlin, given by Frederick the Great to Katharine.

'After dinner to the St. Peterburg Gate, about three miles off, where I found a horse ready for me to attend a review of the military cadets. It was a very interesting sight, 3000 boys in heavy marching order with eight guns, a small body of light horse, and a small body of Circassian Horse, forming a complete little army. Their marching and evolutions were most excellent, no troops can move better than these boys. The Emperor and his staff rode so as to cut the column off three times, then they passed in review three times before him, and were dismissed. As soon as they had time to disarm, the youths came rushing out in all directions. The Emperor dismounted and was at once surrounded by them. He lifted one, took another in his arms, passed two or three under his legs, and spoke with frankness and affection to all. The love and enthusiasm of these children for him is such as is found only in the breast of youth, but must grow in time; and what a power this one institution must give him. These boys are all of good family, and go from this training to the army as officers. After this, at nine, a ball at the Emperor's cottage.'

* * * * *

Lord Hardwicke remained in St. Petersburg for a fortnight, leaving that city on the 13th of July for Memel, in attendance on the King of Prussia, who was returning to Berlin by way of Silesia.

As long as he was in Russia at the Court of the Emperor Nicholas, he experienced (as the foregoing letters show) the most generous, nay lavish, hospitality. In this connection the following anecdote may be recorded. An allowance, consisting of one bottle of brandy and one of champagne, was placed on a tray in his room each morning. He rarely touched it, but when at the end of his visit the servant in waiting brought him a bill for the champagne, he sharply turned and said, 'Very well, I shall show this bill to the Emperor myself,' at which the servant turned deadly pale and replied, 'I beg you will do no such thing, or I shall certainly be sent to Siberia!'

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MEMEL: July 18, 1842.

'This will be a short letter as the time passed since I wrote is small. We arrived here about noon to−day, having had a good passage and are all well. You will by this time feel that I am returning, and that my face is towards home. The King has pressed me to stay and go to the Rhine with him, but I have decided the point, and have declined his great kindness, thus I shall keep my word and hope to be at home again, at the time I stated.

'I believe I told you that the *fete* passed off well, our promenade amongst the lamps in the garden was stupid enough. I tried to stir the Maids of Honour up a little, but it was hard work even to make them laugh, and the people looked glum, being as it were a sort of contradiction to the illuminated garden. The last day was a day of

repose. The next day being Saturday, the Imperial Family received us to take leave, and nothing could be more truly kind and affectionate in manner than they all were to me. I say to me, for I know not what was said to others, but I have no doubt they were so to all the Prussians. The Emperor and Empress both gave me special messages to the Queen. I then, when the audience was over, drove to visit the Grand Duke Michael at Orienbaum, about six miles from Peterhoff, an ancient palace, and a very fine one, I think. The Grand Duchess Helena, his wife, is a most charming lady and very lovely; she took me all over the house, and showed me how little by little she was making it comfortable.

'The Grand Duchess Marie did not see me, and I was very sorry for it. At twelve o'clock the King and Emperor came on board the *Bogatir* and we got under way immediately. At about one we passed Cronstadt; at half− past one we had passed the last ship of the fleet. I was standing on the paddle−box near the Emperor and King, when on a rocket being thrown up from the *Bogatir*, all the fleet, mounting 3500 pieces of cannon, discharged all the guns at once, and the Emperor at the same moment took the King in his arms and embraced him. This bit of stage effect took me by surprise and affected me exceedingly; there was something very imposing and touching in this *coup de theatre* and the King was much affected. After this the boat was manned for the Emperor to depart, and he stood some time on deck without speaking, the King and all of us standing near him. I saw he was much moved. At last he pressed the King in his arms and kissed him; after he embraced the Prussians. When he came to me, he held out his hand; I gave him mine and bowed, but he said, No, no; you must do so, and taking me round the neck kissed me most affectionately.

'I assure you it was a very striking scene and I shall never forget it; he was no more the Emperor, but a warm−hearted man. He was most affected at parting with the King, and this had softened him towards all, and his heart was uppermost. I was glad to see him thus. I did not think before he was a man of feeling, but he has a warm and affectionate heart. I shall not easily forget this evening.

'Our voyage was too good a one to produce any anecdote worth relating. As I passed the bar I remembered that I was indebted to its broken waves for my present station. The King spoke to me of Royston's death; he was at Memel when it happened and remembered all the circumstances of it. He knew Mrs. Potter very well. We start to−morrow on our way to Silesia, our first day's journey is to Tilsit....

'CHARLES.'

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ERDSMANSDORFF: July 27.

'I arrived here last night about six o'clock after a prosperous journey of four days and one night from Konigsberg, from which place my last letter is dated. The Queen is just arrived, the King is expected about four in the afternoon. From Memel to this place the whole country is flat and tame. Erdsmansdorff is situated at the foot of a large mountain that separates Silesia from Bohemia, called Riesengeberg, which means Great Mountain ; the chief of the chain is opposite my windows, the highest in Germany, being 4983 feet above the level of the sea. The outline of this chain is undulating but not bold. The valley is lovely, and the King is building a house here; the grounds are partially laid out, we are living in a building which will form a part of the offices of the new house. My apartment is on the ground floor, and the King and Queen are above me. The people are an industrious race. Here is a colony of Tyrolese the King received and gave lands to; they were persecuted by the Catholics on the other side of the mountains, and he said, Come here, and I will give you rest. So here they are 300, and have built themselves houses after the fashion of their country, which has much added to the beauty and picturesqueness of this land.

'I cannot say how well I am treated everywhere, you cannot conceive the civility and attention that I have received from all and everyone, poor and rich, a proof how much the King is loved; for the poor know me as the King's

friend.

'I must now go back a little to Konigsberg and say something of the Palace of that place. It is a most ancient structure of enormous size, being built round a quadrangle with round towers at the corners. It is not beautiful, but ancient and large, towers above all other buildings, and stands on the edge of a hill that overlooks a great part of the town.

'The town of Konigsberg was once the capital of Prussia proper, and a long time the residence of the electors of Brandenburg. It is the third city in the Prussian dominions and contains 70,000 inhabitants. It is not fortified, but is going to be.

'After the battle of Jena, the Royal Family of Prussia took shelter in this town, the present King being then twelve years old. The Palace is now chiefly used for provincial offices, and a suite of apartments is kept furnished for the King. There are some very ancient archives kept here which must contain a fund of interest; I looked at several letters from our Sovereigns both of the Plantagenet and Tudor line to the Teutonic Grand Masters, thanking them for falcons sent from Prussia.

'As I told you, I was to go in search of an elk and kill one if I could. Accordingly I started at 3 P.M., accompanied by the master of the forest, to a forest about seven English miles from the town, and without making the story long, I had the good fortune to see, but not to kill, six of the enormous animals; only one passed within shot, and this was a female with her calf. I was desired to fire at the calf, and I missed. I will not make the excuse that I might for so doing; my only bag will distract Eliot when he hears it, a fox, on the death of which all present raised their hats. It made me laugh and think of the old proverb, What's one man's meat.... I returned to Konigsberg at 9.30 and at 10 started for this place.

'I arrived at Marienberg at nine next morning, and stayed there an hour to see the Palace, and breakfast. The Palace is the most interesting building in Prussia, and is very fine of its kind. The King, with his love of architecture, has restored a great part of it, and will, by degrees, restore the whole to its original state. This was the seat of the Knights of the Teutonic order, they, in fact, were the founders of the Prussian kingdom, after fifty−three years' struggle. The oldest part of this Castle was built in 1276, the middle Castle in 1309. The rooms in the interior and the great hall are built in a singular way: the rooms are square, the hall is in three cubes. The ceiling of each room, which is arched, is supported by a single slender column of granite, in the centre hall by three columns in the same way.

'The King and Queen have arrived and dinner is over, they are both very happy and are gone to drive together quietly, and we shall not see them again this evening. He has been through part of Poland, where his reception has been most enthusiastic.'

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ERDSMANSDORFF: 31st July.

'Here I have abode quietly with the King and Queen since I last wrote to you, and should have been quite content if I had only your company in addition, but although all ought to be charming to me, yet the want of employment or excitement after the first view of environs was over leads me to wish my stay shortened. I have, however, walked hard though not far and looked about the country for fear I could not go, as the dinner− hour at three cuts the day in twain. Life has been quite devoid of form or uniform for all, even the King has been what is called here *en bourgeois*. After dinner we usually drive to some hill or dale, some favourite haunt to take tea, returning late to supper and to bed. The Queen is a sweet woman, the very best of her sex, most plain, modest, and unaffected, but doing the Queen perfectly when necessary. Yesterday we had a full dress day at Fubach, the residence of the King's uncle, Prince William. His daughter, about to be married to the Prince Royal of Bavaria, was confirmed in

the parish Church. A great exhibition. The church was crammed and the Princess at the altar underwent a two hours' catechising and examination, which she bore with great talent and conduct. To−day she receives the sacrament. She is a lovely girl of seventeen, and her future husband is the future King of Bavaria, a roue of 30. He was there, arrived the night before. There was a great gathering of the Prussian Royal Family, who live in this valley and neighbourhood....

'11 P.M. I have just seen the King, and he has allowed me to go to−morrow morning, and meet him at Sans Souci on Saturday.'

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BERLIN: 5 August.

'I arrived here yesterday at 6 P.M. by railroad from Dresden, having quitted that town at 6 A.M.; a very good railroad and well conducted. On my arrival I was greeted by your letter of the 27th; a very good cure for blue devils. The news you give me of all things at Wimpole is very satisfactory. The offices in size and appearance of the east wing corresponding with the library I was aware of, and I am of opinion that it will not be noticeable to any degree, and if it is, can be easily remedied when I build the conservatory. On the subject of chimneys we shall agree.

'To−morrow I go to Sans Souci, the King arrives for dinner, and apartments are prepared there for me. Now my object will be to get away from my kind and excellent friend, for I cannot find another word so proper, but I must at the same time consult his wishes.

'My journey from Erdsmansdorff to Dresden was very prosperous, though it rained all day. I found my horses ready and paid to the frontier of Saxony, and no one would take money from me. I stopped at the residence of General Bon−Natzmer for breakfast, he lives about sixteen miles from Erdsmansdorff, a very nice residence with pretty scenery, and his wife a perfect lady; they gave me an excellent English breakfast. I arrived in Dresden, having been twenty hours performing the journey.

'I saw all that was worth seeing in Dresden, and well worth the journey it was, if it had only been to look at the face of the Madonna di San Sisto, which I think surpasses anything I have seen in nature. It has left a deep remembrance on my mind, the copy here conveys only an idea of the original. It lives and breathes, the eyes look as if moving, and it is perfectly true that I was riveted to the spot with wonder at the performance of the beyond all famous master. If he had never painted any picture but this, he must have died the greatest painter that ever lived. After looking through this fine gallery I again returned to the Madonna, and feel now that I had not exaggerated to my own mind the wonder and power of this picture. The face of the child, too, carries all that the strongest imagination can picture of wisdom and childish innocence. I grieve to say this *chef d'oeuvre* is going to ruin. Your Father's copy is of great value, for it is excellent, nay wonderful, and will in fifty years be what the great picture now is, for much of the expression of the countenance is caused by the softness which time has given to the tone of the picture. The Gallery wants weeding and repairing, the pictures are going faster than they ought, and the effect of the Gallery is injured by a quantity of inferior pictures and copies. It now contains 2000 pictures, if it was reduced to 1500 it would be more valuable. The museum of History is well worth a visit, the quantity of beautiful and valuable things here collected are most interesting, a suit of gold and silver armour by Benvenuto Cellini would hold a high place in your estimation, a collection of various costumes within 150 years would amuse you.

'The great fair annually held here in August has just begun. I spent my two evenings in the booths, very idly, but very much to my amusement. I dined with our minister, Mr. Forbes and his sisters, Lady Adelaide and Lady Caroline, two ancient maids, old friends of mine twenty−four years ago.

'The King and Royal Family are at the fair taking part in the games of the people, shooting with the cross−bow at the bird on the top of a pole; large tents are pitched for their reception, and they spend the evening; the court ladies came the second evening. You would have enjoyed it much. The Germans are a more rational people in these matters than we are, the best society enjoy this fair, and sit out under tents taking their coffee and meals and enjoying the sight with their families and wives. All the musicians from Bohemia, Tyrol and various other districts of Germany were here playing on various instruments and singing the national ballads. Two or three women take harps like our Welsh harps, with the voices in parts, and sing together Tyrolese and Bohemian songs. Perfect order, and I did not see one person drunk. Whatever may be the secret faults of the Germans they are a decent and orderly people. The weather is very warm, the thermometer eighty−four in the shade. I dined with Westmorland and drove out with him in the evening, to−day I go to Sans Souci. I must be two days in London before I go to Wimpole.

'CHARLES.'

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SANS SOUCI: 6th August.

'My hope of being with you as soon as the 15th is at an end. It is with feeling of the greatest sorrow that I feel I am compelled to make a sacrifice of a few days and arrive later. This evening we all went, that is the King and Queen, and Prince Charles of Prussia with his wife, to drink tea in one of the beautiful spots of this most lovely place. The King called me to his table. When we sat down he said, Pray, when do you mean to leave me? I said, I intend to do the only painful thing I have done since I've been in Prussia, and that is to ask His Majesty's permission to take my leave on Monday. He said, I will not ask you to do what is contrary to your duty, but I must beg you to stay with me a little longer. I must ask you to remain with me at least till after the 15th. This was said in so kind a manner, with the Queen looking me full in the face, that I at once said, So much honour was done me by the desire expressed that I could not refuse.

'They both at once expressed most unfeigned pleasure, but it is a sacrifice. I now leave Berlin on the 16th, and shall be in London on the 21st, please God, without fail. You cannot conceive how affectionately I am treated by this great family. I never have received so much real attention from out of my own family in my life. I feel sure you will approve of what I have done, and think after all this kindness I was bound to make a sacrifice, if asked. The King said to me at supper this evening, I cannot think what became of you one morning on board the steamer. I went three times to your cabin to look for you, and could not find you. I asked for you, and no one had seen you; and then the horrid idea came over me that you had fallen overboard or were ill. I mention this to show the sort of feeling he must have for me. I believe I was asleep on the sofa with a table before it, and he did not see me, being very nearsighted. I am most charmingly lodged here, the walls of my room are all marqueterie and they have put sofa and bed, &c., as the Chamberlain told me like it is done at Windsor. '

It is clear from these letters that Lord Hardwicke's character and personality were much appreciated both by the King of Prussia and by the Emperor Nicholas. He was indeed so great a favourite with the latter that when the Emperor paid a visit to Queen Victoria in 1844 he was appointed to attend His Majesty, and took command of the *Black Eagle* steam yacht which carried the Czar from Woolwich to Rotterdam on his leaving this country. As a memento of this service and of his esteem, the Emperor presented Lord Hardwicke with a snuff−box of great value, bearing his Majesty's miniature mounted in brilliants.

In 1843 Lord Hardwicke had the honour of receiving Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort at Wimpole, upon the occasion of the Prince's visit to Cambridge to receive the degree of LL.D., and the following mention of the event occurs in one of the Queen's letters to the Queen of the Belgians:

'We returned on Saturday highly interested with our tour, though a little done up. The Royal party went by road from Paddington to Cambridge, and stayed at the Lodge at Trinity. On the following day Prince Albert was made LL.D. The party then went to Wimpole. At the ball which was given at Wimpole, there was a sofa covered with a piece of drapery given by Louis XIV. to the poet Prior and by him to Lord Oxford, the owner of Wimpole before its purchase by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke.'

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Lord Hardwicke rode out to meet her Majesty at Royston at the head of a large cavalcade which included the gentry and yeomanry of the county. After an inspection of that little town, the party started for Wimpole, and on arriving at the House in the Fields the Queen's escort of Scots Greys filed off at Lord Hardwicke's request, their places being taken by a troop of the Whittlesea Yeomanry Cavalry, the Lord−Lieutenant roundly declaring that 'the county cavalry was well able to guard her Majesty so long as she might stay in Cambridgeshire.' On the following day Lord Hardwicke gave a dinner in honour of her Majesty, followed by a ball, of which the Queen makes mention in her letter, to which three hundred guests were invited.

I may perhaps print here another reference by Queen Victoria to my father. Writing to Lord Melbourne in 1842 her Majesty said:

'Lord Hardwicke the Queen likes very much; he seems so straightforward. He took the greatest care of the Queen when on board ship. Was not his father drowned at Spithead or Portsmouth?'

Lord Hardwicke, as commander of the *Black Eagle* yacht, had taken her Majesty to Scotland.

He was in waiting during a visit of the King and Queen of the Belgians to Windsor, and wrote on that occasion to my mother:

'Our Court news is not filled with much interest; to−morrow the King and Queen of the Belgians go back to their own country, and yesterday at dinner the Queen of the Belgians told me her father (King Louis Philippe) was so fond of English cheese that he had sent to her to procure for him a Single Gloster, I could not refrain from offering a Wimpole cheese that she graciously accepted and which I must now beg you to give.'

I find a reference to this little incident in the Queen's Letters, vol. ii, p. 28. In a letter to her Majesty during King Louis Philippe's visit in 1844, the Queen of the Belgians wrote:

'If by chance Lord Hardwicke was in waiting during my father's stay, you must kindly put my father in mind to thank him for the *famous cheese*, which arrived safely, and was found very good.'

Queen Victoria's conversation with my father upon this occasion I find related at length in a copy in my mother's handwriting of a letter he wrote to Sir Robert Peel. This letter is of so private a character as to preclude its publication, but I may say that it is clear that the Queen (though, as Lord Hardwicke says, 'in very good humour; I never saw her so gracious to all as she was during her stay at Wimpole') was still quite ready to state in very plain terms her objection to certain points of the policy of the Tory party, which, as she said, she could 'forgive but not forget.' All this Lord Hardwicke reported at length to the Prime Minister for his information and instruction.

Several letters from Sir Robert to my father at this period show him very anxious to learn from Lord Hardwicke the details of the proper arrangements for receiving the Queen at Drayton Manor. 'I have the prospect,' he wrote, 'not only of one but two royal visits, for I must arrange that Queen Adelaide should meet the Queen each with her several suites. If you have any device for making stone walls elastic,' he adds humorously, 'pray give it to me. Did Lord H. new furnish the rooms allotted to H.M.? How many apartments did H.M. require? Did he observe anything especially agreeable to the Queen's wishes, and did Lord H. attempt to keep any order among his

mounted farmers, and if so how?'

Lord Hardwicke and his brother, Mr. Eliot Yorke, though both pledged to the maintenance of the Corn Laws, refused to oppose the government of Sir Robert Peel upon the rumours of the minister's intentions which became rife in the course of the year 1845, when the Irish Famine forced the question to the front. By that time the Anti−Corn Law League had done its work of educating the country, and under its great leaders, Cobden and Bright, had organised a strenuous campaign throughout the kingdom, collected large funds, and united the great body of employers and operatives in favour of Free Trade. There were counter organisations of farmers' societies, of which those in the eastern counties were, perhaps, the most active, and at a meeting of one of these, the Cambridge Agricultural Society, Lord Hardwicke and Mr. Yorke met with some criticism. A letter from Lord Hardwicke to the chairman, however, made his position perfectly clear:

'I believe the meeting is intended to follow others that have taken place in the agricultural districts of England, owing to certain reports of contemplated changes on the opening of Parliament affecting agriculture.

'I have endeavoured to learn what these are, and have failed; I have heard various opinions, but no facts, and I have no knowledge of the intentions of the Government. I therefore feel, were I to attend your meeting, that I could give no advice, neither could I combat or support any plans. I think it best to hear and know what is intended.'

Acting upon this determination, Lord Hardwicke waited for the announcement of the Government policy. At the opening of the session of 1846 Sir Robert Peel then made it clear, that as Lord John Russell had been unable to form a ministry, he himself intended to propose the abandonment of the Corn Laws, and to follow this up by the gradual removal of protective duties, not only upon agriculture, but also upon manufactures, and thus to place himself in opposition to the sentiment and principles of the party of which he was the leader. Lord Hardwicke, as might have been expected, was among those 'men of metal and large acred squires,' as Disraeli called them, 'the flower of that great party which had been so proud to follow one who had been so proud to lead them, whose loyalty was too severely tried by the conversion of their chief to the doctrines of Manchester,' and early in February he wrote to Sir Robert to resign his post as Lord−in−Waiting, on the ground that as he could not support the measures of the Government and act up to his own opinion, he thought it not respectful to her Majesty to oppose her minister and hold an office in her household. Some correspondence followed, which shows the regret of Sir Robert Peel at the loss of a friend and colleague, and testifies to the cordial personal relations between the minister and Lord Hardwicke. Here is one of the letters, two or three of which were earnest attempts to persuade Lord Hardwicke to reconsider his decision:

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'MY DEAR HARDWICKE,

'If anything could tend to diminish the pain with which I contemplate separation from you in public life, it would be the kind terms with which you accompany your tender of resignation.

'I should indeed deeply regret it, if the termination of official relations were to cause any interruption of private friendship and regard.

'Most faithfully yours,

'My dear Hardwicke,

'ROBERT PEEL.'

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So ended Lord Hardwicke's political connection with the great minister, and it is pleasant to me to know that the aspirations of Sir Robert's letter were fulfilled, and that their personal friendship continued unbroken until it was brought to a close by the tragic death of the statesman on Constitution Hill in 1850. At a time when that same great question of Free Trade or Protection is again dissolving many political alliances, it is, perhaps, worthy of mention that my father came to change his view of the policy which had led to his political severance with Sir Robert Peel. In a speech delivered at a meeting of the Western Cambridgeshire Agricultural Association in 1858, twelve years after his resignation, he said:

'The last agricultural meeting I had the pleasure of attending was in the golden days of protection, when we all thought we could not do without it. I am happy to find however, now that the legislature has thought fit to abolish those fiscal duties, that I formed a wrong opinion on the subject.'

Meanwhile, however, Lord Hardwicke's political severance from his old leader was complete and final, as appears very fully from letters from such uncompromising opponents of the minister as Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. John Wilson Croker, which I find among his papers. 'Pray come up and fire a double shotted broadside into these fellows,' wrote Lord George in 1848, in soliciting Lord Hardwicke's assistance for Lord Desart in the House of Lords on the debate on the Copper Duties, who as that ardent spirit complained was 'grossly insulted by Grey, Clanricarde and Granville.' A few months later, again, upon his resignation of the leadership of the irreconcilables in the House of Commons, Lord George wrote: 'I come to you, therefore, as a private and independent member of the House of Commons, with none but such as you who admire consistency so poor to do me reverence. '

All of Mr. Disraeli's letters to my father are written in very cordial terms, and express much gratitude for the support which was so valuable at that period of his career. Lord Hardwicke is 'his dear and faithful friend'; 'I am shaken,' he says in October of 1848, 'to the core, and can neither offer nor receive consolation. But in coming to you I know that I come to a roof of sympathy, and to one who at all times and under all circumstances has extended to me the feelings of regard by which I have ever been deeply honoured and greatly touched.' Two years later he wrote: 'I am pained that you should have been so long in England without my having seen or heard from you, my first, my best, and most regarded supporter and friend. DISRAELI.'

I may perhaps look forward a few years in order to quote another letter of Mr. Disraeli of December 30, 1851, which contains an interesting reference to Lord Palmerston, who had just been dismissed by Lord John Russell for having given a semi−official recognition to Louis Napoleon and the *coup d'etat*.

'If he had not committed himself in some degree by approbation of the massacre of the boulevards as it is styled, I hardly think Lord John would have dared to dismiss him. He said to a person the other day, I was not dismissed, I was kicked out. '

Five days later, on January 4, 1852, Mr. Disraeli wrote:

'That my last letter should not mislead you, I just write this to say that I have authentic information that Palmerston's case is a good one; that the Government cannot face it; that Johnny has quite blundered the business, and that P., whatever they may say at Brooks's, is *acharne*.'

Mr. Disraeli was a true prophet. On February 27 following, the Whig Government fell, mainly owing to Lord Palmerston.

CHAPTER VIII. GENOA. 1849

In spite of the many interests of his position as a great landowner and the distractions of politics at a time of great political unrest, Lord Hardwicke had never wavered in his love for his true profession of the sea. In his own words, 'in piping times of peace he was loth to take the bread out of his brother officers' mouths after he became a peer,' by applying for active employment in the navy. He had, nevertheless, always placed himself at the disposal of the Admiralty, where his wish to serve his country at sea was well known. To his family he made no secret of his ambition to resume his career in the service which had been interrupted by his succession to the peerage. I have often heard him say that his ideal of a happy death was to be killed by a round shot on his own quarter−deck.

This longing for active service was, perhaps, a little relieved, but was scarcely satisfied, by a short voyage he made in 1844 in command of the *St. Vincent*, line−of−battle ship of 120 guns. That vessel formed one of a small squadron which included also the *Caledonia*, *Queen* and *Albion*, and sailed under Admiral Bowles upon an experimental cruise of six weeks in order to determine the respective merits of those ships.

It was, perhaps, the menacing aspect of European affairs which followed the revolutions of 1848 which decided Lord Hardwicke again to seek active service. He had certainly become restless, and his craving to resume the profession which lay nearest his heart and once more to command a battleship was daily growing stronger. Most of his friends were opposed to that step; he had done so well and showed such aptitude for politics, had lived so energetic and useful a life in his own county of Cambridgeshire, that they felt so great a break in that life as was involved in service abroad was a mistake. Moreover, Lord Hardwicke had now a family of seven children, the eldest being only about twelve years of age. Many were the counsels heard by his friends to dissuade him from the step. His old friend John Wilson Croker was among those who sought most urgently to persuade him to abandon the idea, and the esteem and admiration in which he held Lord Hardwicke and his devotion to Lady Hardwicke and to 'Lady Betty' (who often sat on his knee) are plain in several letters of advice he wrote at this juncture. But all was unavailing; Lord Hardwicke applied to the Admiralty for a ship, and was given command of the *Vengeance*. Mr. Croker rather unwillingly acquiesced in this course in the following letter:

* * * * *

WEST MOLESEY: 9th Novr. '48.

'MY DEAR CHARLES,

'I cannot say that I like losing you from home at so important a crisis, and I fear the good ship *Wimpole* will have cause to regret the absence of the padrone, and all the world will say that this is proving the love of the profession with a Vengeance. But seriously,... if dear Lady Hardwicke not only does not object, but becomes the accomplice and partner of your exile, no one else has anything to object, not even political friends, as you can leave a proxy. It may also be an advantage to all the children, for it will perfect the young ones and indeed all in the languages, and the two elder young ladies will have opportunities of seeing what all the world desires to see. Whatever you do, and wherever you go, you will be followed by the affectionate solicitude of your old constant and most attached friend,

'J. W. CROKER.'

* * * * *

Lord Hardwicke sailed early in 1849 to join the Mediterranean Fleet under Sir William Parker who was in command at that station. Lady Hardwicke and her family were installed at Malta, where a hotel in the Strada Forni was engaged for them.

In order to understand the insurrection at Genoa in April 1849, in the quelling of which H.M.S. *Vengeance* and its captain, the Earl of Hardwicke, took so notable a part, it is necessary to take a short retrospect of the history of Italy.

At the end of the Napoleonic Wars the opinion of Prince Metternich that Italy is only a geographical expression was true enough. This cynical minister of the Austrian Empire was the embodiment of the reaction which set in after the fall of Napoleon.

Europe, worn out by the struggles first of the Revolution and then of its conquering offspring, had one idea only the reorganisation of the different States and the suppression of all revolutionary movements. The Powers therefore stood aloof from all interference in Italy and Austria had a free hand.

By the Treaty of Paris in 1814, Savoy, Genoa and Nice were assigned to Piedmont. This was not popular in Genoa which, hitherto a Republic, was now handed over to Victor Emmanuel I, a reactionary of the most extreme type. The old privileges of the Church and nobility were restored to them. The Jesuits were allowed to overrun the country and were given the control of education, and in the army all those who had served under Napoleon were degraded. In fact the *ancien regime* was restored with interest to all those who had lost their privileges since 1793. The hatred of France on the part of the reigning sovereigns of Italy was a great strength to Austria. It was to the latter country that they looked for their ideal of government. Such was the position when, in 1821, a rising took place in Piedmont for reform and a constitution, and for the expulsion of the Austrians. It was not aimed at the King, on the contrary the insurrectionaries professed the greatest loyalty. Victor Emmanuel I, though a lover of his people, was not a lover of their liberties, and the hopes of the Reformers lay in the Prince of Carignano, a nephew of Victor Emmanuel, who afterwards ascended the throne as King Charles Albert. This prince, though in sympathy with reform, refused to go against the wishes of the King, who abdicated, appointing the Prince of Carignano Regent. The constitution of Spain was granted 'pending the orders of the new King.' This monarch, Carlo Felice, Duke of Genoa and brother of Victor Emmanuel I, lost no time in repudiating the constitution, which was also opposed by the Russian and Austrian Governments.

Santarossa, who had been appointed Minister of War by the Regent, and who was at the head of the insurrection, issued a proclamation in which he expressed the views of the promoters of the movement. 'A Piedmontese King in the midst of the Austrians, our inevitable enemies, is a King in prison. Nothing of what he may say can or ought to be accepted as coming from him. We will prove to him that we are his children.' Liberty and freedom from Austrian influence was the cry, not disloyalty to the ruling House of Piedmont. The rising of 1821 was not supported in Lombardy, and was finally put down by the Austrian power.

Carlo Felice, the new King, suppressed all movement for reform and maintained all the old prerogatives of class and caste. He, however, proclaimed the Prince of Carignano his heir and successor, and the latter succeeded to the throne as Charles Albert in 1831.

In every part of Italy there was revolt against mediaval government and Austrian supremacy. In Naples after 1815 the Bourbon King had been restored. Here the same demand for a constitution was put forward as in Piedmont and accepted insincerely by the King. An Austrian force of 43,000 men soon relieved his conscience of any concession, and the constitution was withdrawn.

Sicily, which under English influences during the Napoleonic War had acquired a certain amount of constitutional freedom, was on the restoration of the Bourbons thrown back, so far as government was concerned, into the Middle Ages; with the same result as in the other Kingdoms of Italy, insurrection, finally suppressed by Austrian power. The same movement occurred in all the different States of Italy and in all the basis of revolt was the same a desire for unity, demand for a constitution, and hatred of the Austrian power made more odious by the severity of Metternich.

The forces of insurrection were stirred not only by the revolutionary instigations of Mazzini, but also by the contributions of literary men, the most notable of whom were Gioberti, Cesare Balbo, and D'Azeglio. Gioberti aimed at unity, independence and liberty; the first two to be obtained by a confederation of the various States under the Presidency of the Pope, the last by internal reforms in each State. The ambitions of Balbo were for a Kingdom of Italy. A confederation of States was to him, as to Gioberti, the only practical solution. D'Azeglio, who preached peaceful methods instead of violence, interviewed the King in 1845, and received the following reply: 'Let these gentlemen know that they must keep quiet at present, there is nothing to be done, but tell them that when the time comes, my life, the life of my children, my army, my treasury, my all, will be spent in the Italian cause.' From this time the King of Piedmont was regarded as the leader of the Italian movement.

King Charles Albert, now a convert to liberalism, said: 'I intend to make a form of government in which my people shall have all the liberty that is compatible with the preservation of the basis of the Monarchy.'

In 1848, the King's hand was forced by the revolution in Vienna and the five days' insurrection in Milan to declare war on Austria. At Milan the liberal committees prohibited the use of tobacco which was a monopoly of the Austrian Government. This led to a fracas which was the immediate cause of the insurrection, and the Austrians were driven out of Milan. Simultaneously with the movement in Lombardy there was a rising in Venice, the Austrians were driven out and a Republic was proclaimed. This proclamation was a great mistake, as it created distrust between Venice and Piedmont. The war with Austria was carried on with the utmost inefficiency by Charles Albert; he wasted every opportunity and gave himself up to fasting and prayer, and defeated, he had to submit to the terms of Radetzky to obtain an armistice which stipulated for the evacuation of Lombardy, the Duchies and Venetia.

The Piedmontese Constitution was proclaimed March 1848. It established two Chambers, gave a veto to the King, the prerogative of making peace or war, and to the Chambers the control of expenditure.

The armistice ended March 12, 1849, and hostilities were renewed, and the Italians were completely defeated at Novara. Charles Albert, who had struggled bravely but incompetently, abdicated in favour of his son Victor Emmanuel II. The new King signed the Treaty of Peace on March 26, 1849.

The war though disastrous was remarkable. For the first time an Italian army had fought under the Italian flag with the distinct purpose of establishing Italian unity.

The Venetian Assembly resolved that fusion with Piedmont was desirable. The Assembly at Milan came to a similar resolution.

Nowhere was the armistice, signed by Victor Emmanuel after the battle of Novara, more unpopular than at Genoa. A deputation from the city waited on the King immediately after Novara, urging the continuation of the war. On March 27 a rumour that the Austrians were in the neighbourhood and intended to enter the city lit the fires of revolt which, fanned by the municipality and the clergy, broke out into open insurrection on the 29th. Arms were distributed and a Committee of Defence was formed composed of Constantino Rata, David Morchio, and Avezzana. It was stated that the movement was not republican in its nature, but sprang from a feeling of indignation with the King for having concluded what the Genoese thought a disgraceful peace with Austria.

The foregoing pages dealing with the history of Italy were necessary in order to show the position of affairs in that country at the time when the episode took place of which the following is the narrative. Three of Lord Hardwicke's letters remain giving an account of his action at Genoa. Simple, straightforward, clear, they give not only an admirable picture of the events of those exciting days, but also show the character of the man who, having to act on his own initiative, cast all feeling of self−interest aside and did what he conceived was his duty, with, as will be seen, the happiest results to the city of Genoa. This heroic action because an act undertaken in a good cause without fear of consequences and at great personal risk is heroic gained nothing for Lord Hardwicke in his

profession; indeed it militated against his promotion in the service to which he was devoted; and though his application for active service in the Baltic during the Crimean War was refused on technical grounds, his action at Genoa was sedulously used by certain parties against him. All the more honour to the man who could risk so much for a great cause. He saved lives, he preserved from destruction Genoa with its palaces and treasures, and he did indirectly help forward the unity of Italy. In these days of quick communication, independence of action is almost impossible. The nervous man at home may spoil the bold man at sea; but it was not formerly so, and it has been by the initiative and on the responsibility of the man on the spot, that most of the great deeds have been done by our fellow−countrymen. If Nelson had not had a blind eye at Copenhagen the history of our country might have been different. If Lord Hardwicke had been in closer communication with Sir William Parker, Genoa might have been destroyed.

Lord Hardwicke had no sooner joined his ship in the Mediterranean than difficulties arose in Italy, and it fell to the duty of the fleet to protect the interests of Her Majesty's subjects living in the different ports. In February 1849, owing to the unrest in Tuscany and the Roman States, he was ordered to proceed in the *Vengeance* to Leghorn.

The following were his instructions from Admiral Sir William Parker:

* * * * *

'The Grand Duke of Tuscany having quitted Sienna for the Port of San Stefano, and a Provisional Government established itself at Florence,

'The Roman States having also declared themselves a Republic and apprehensions being likewise entertained that some change of Government is contemplated in the Kingdom of Sardinia it is desirable that British subjects and their property in those quarters should be duly protected.

'It is therefore my direction that your Lordship proceeds in H.M. ship *Vengeance* under your command, to Leghorn where you may expect to find the *Bellerophon*, and will learn from Captain Baynes the state of affairs in that vicinity, and the latest intelligence from Genoa.

'If you find that fears are entertained of any disturbance threatening the safety of the persons or property of Her Majesty's subjects at Leghorn, you may prolong the stay of the *Vengeance* there for a few days, to give them additional confidence and security, unless you have reason to apprehend that commotions are also expected at Genoa, in which case, you should lose no time, weather permitting, in repairing off that Port, where you may place the *Vengeance* within the Mole provided you deem her presence necessary for the protection of the English and that the position is secure for Her Majesty's ship.

'You will apprise his Excellency Mr. Abercromby, H.M. Minister at Turin, of your arrival off Genoa, and the nature of your orders, acquainting his Excellency that *it is not desirable you should remain longer than may be absolutely necessary for affording due protection to British subjects.* And you will throughout carefully abstain from any interference with the political affairs of the Kingdom of Sardinia or any other foreign Power.

'Her Majesty's Consul, Mr. Yeates Brown, will, of course, visit your Lordship on your arrival.

'If you consider the Mole at Genoa an objectionable position for Her Majesty's ship you will make the best arrangement in your power for the safety of the English, and then repair to Leghorn or the port of Spezzia, as I hope it may be in my power shortly to send a steamer to Genoa.

'If you find the services of the *Vengeance* are not required at Leghorn or Genoa, you are to rejoin my flag at this anchorage, unless any increase of the smallpox in the *Bellerophon* should render it desirable for the latter to

proceed to Malta to land the patients, in which case you will relieve Captain Baynes in the duties at Leghorn and direct him to join my flag as he passes to the southward.

'Your Lordship is to keep me informed of your proceedings and of the passing events in your vicinity, by any opportunities that offer during your absence, sending the state and condition of the *Vengeance* monthly, and on returning to the south you will supply any of the ships which may remain at Leghorn with such provisions as you can spare.

'(Signed) W. PARKER.'

NAPLES: 14th Feb. 1849.

* * * * *

Later in February the following letter was addressed to Lord Hardwicke giving him further instructions and remarking on the general unrest in Tuscany and the Roman States.

* * * * *

Private.

'HIBERNIA,' NAPLES: 28th Feb. 1849.

'MY DEAR LORD HARDWICKE,

'The *Bulldog* will join you after delivering the provisions which she takes for the *Bellerophon*, and I hope will find Piedmont in a quieter state than is rumoured here, and that your fever patients are recovered.

'You are to keep Commander Key if you think the presence of the steamer necessary, and then send him back to Naples, touching on his route at Leghorn.

'The Grand Duke of Tuscany has, I fear, made a fatal mistake in quitting his dominions. He is now quartered in a very indifferent inn at Mole and rests his hopes on being restored by the combined Catholic Powers after they shall have reseated the Pope at Rome, but there are as yet no signs of a military movement.

'The Romans threaten daggers if the Austrians, Neapolitans or Spaniards enter their States, and if overpowered mean to burn the Quirinal, &c., I have not, however, much opinion of their prowess.

'I hope King Ferdinand has at last had the prudence to moderate his terms of adjustment with the Sicilians, at least so far as to afford a chance of their acceptance. Admiral Biuder and myself will proceed in 2 or 3 days to convey the ultimatum; I fear they will still be obstinate, but if it is rejected the armistice will be denounced by the Neapolitan General, and the Sicilians must trust to their own resources.

The *Prince Regent* is expected at Mette to get a new Main−Yard. Sir Charles Napier was at Gibraltar with his squadron on the 8th, and had been joined by the *Rodney* and *Vanguard.*

'Believe me, dear Lord Hardwicke,

'Very truly yours,

'W. PARKER.'

* * * * *

A memorandum of the same date from Sir W. Parker informed Lord Hardwicke that H.M. steam−sloop *Bulldog* was to co−operate with his Lordship in the event of any disturbances in Piedmont.

* * * * *

Memo.

'HIBERNIA' AT NAPLES: 28th Feb. 1849.

'Having ordered Commander Key of H.M. steam−sloop *Bulldog* to proceed to Leghorn with a supply of provisions for the *Bellerophon,* he is directed, after he shall have delivered them, to join your Lordship for the purpose of rendering any protection or refuge that may be desirable, to British subjects in the event of disturbances occurring in Piedmont.

'You will therefore take Commander Key under your orders and employ the *Bulldog* accordingly as long as her presence appears necessary, sending her back to Naples whenever you think her services can be dispensed with, directing Commander Key to call at Leghorn on his route, for the purpose of conveying any communications which his Excellency Sir George Hamilton, H.M. Minister at Florence, or Captain Baynes, the Senior Naval Officer may have to forward.

'W. PARKER, *Vice−Admiral*.'

* * * * *

On March 4, 1849, Sir W. Parker tells Lord Hardwicke to remain at Genoa or at Spezzia.

* * * * *

Private.

H.M.S. 'HIBERNIA,' NAPLES:

4th March 1849.

'MY DEAR LORD HARDWICKE,

'Accept my thanks for your two acceptable letters of this 24 and 28 ult. I wish I could send you an answer more deserving of them but we are now getting under weigh for Palermo with the *Queen*, *Powerful*, and *Terrible* in C ., carrying the King's ultimatum of the terms of adjustment with the Neapolitans, on which we have obtained some favourable and necessary modifications altho' I doubt whether the Sicilians will accept them. I think however that they ought to do so and I shall do my best to induce them.

'I think it will be better that you should remain at Genoa or Spezzia for the present, resorting to either place at your discretion.

'My family left me three days ago by the *Antelope* for Malta or they would unite in every kind wish with, my dear Lord Hardwicke,

'Yours very faithfully,

'W. PARKER.'

* * * * *

On March 12, 1849, the armistice with Austria ended, and the following proclamation clearly shows with what eager hope the Genoese welcomed war.

* * * * *

'GENOESE!

'Our brothers, who for seven months, have been groaning under the Austrians, are waiting for us: Italy for many centuries has been called the Servant of the Stranger : banishment to the words! Perhaps the country will desire great and terrible sacrifices from us; let us prepare ourselves. Let us assist our brave Army which is about to renew the wonders of her courage: remember that this is the second trial and that it ought to be the last. Conquer or die.

'And now, Genoese, my work is finished, I am preparing to depart in a short time; presenting myself to the King and parliament, I can tell them with safety without being contradicted: Genoa is tranquil.

'DOMENICO BUFFA,

'Minister of Agriculture, &c. &c., for the City of Genoa.'

GENOA: 14th March 1849.

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The renewal of hostilities was quickly followed by the crushing defeat of Piedmont at the battle of Novara. On the abdication of Charles Albert and the succession of Victor Emmanuel to the throne, the new King signed the Treaty of Peace on March 26, 1849. The terms of this treaty were considered disgraceful by the Genoese and were the immediate cause of the rebellion in that city.

From this point Lord Hardwicke's letters tell the tale.

* * * * *

GENOA: April 12, 1849.

'MY BELOVED S.,

'I may quote the old ditty of Now the rage of battle endeth and find time to sit down and collect my thoughts, to write to you my dearest wife. I shall always consider myself most fortunate in having been the means of ending this serious conflict, saving from ruin a beautiful city and its inhabitants from all the calamities of civil war. Whatever may be said or thought hereafter of this affair I shall invariably feel that it is *the best act of my life*.

'April 11. The forces of the King of Sardinia did on Wednesday make a public entry into the town and presently took possession of it to the satisfaction of the citizens, who now look (as they feel) that a load of terror has been taken from them, and that the tyranny that hung over them is removed. There are, no doubt, some honest and dreamy minds that feel and imagine that Italy is still to groan under the yoke of the oppressor, but ere long that dream will dissipate when the true position of Genoese affairs is known, and that the city was on the point of

being reduced to a heap of ruin because a few blackguards had deceived the Genoese that they might profit by the confusion and misery of its inhabitants.

'I have many anecdotes to tell, and you may easily imagine that in such a state of things, a fierce attack being made on the town by shot, shell and troops, I passing from side to side, sometimes standing in batteries under fire and firing, sometimes on horseback to find the General, landing at night &c., could not do this without some risk. Moreover the *Vengeance* being in the Mole was directly between the batteries engaged, and all the shot passed over or fell round her. Then shell burst over her and tore up her decks, musketry was at times bestowed on us sufficiently to make me order the sentries on board and the officers of the watch under cover; but no one was hurt, and it is all over, so you will have your fear and your anxiety immediately put under, by the joy for the safety of all.

'(We never know here when to have letters ready, for conveyances start out every moment. I find I *can* send you a line, so I shall, but no, on second thoughts I believe I'd better wait for the regular packet, ten to one the person going to Malta will only take the regular packet.) I believe I'd better write you a little narrative of myself and the old ship Britannia's Pride and France's Terror.

'For some time past (as you will have learnt from my previous correspondence) matters in the city had been drawing towards that point on which decisive measures are forced on both parties. What was believed by some good citizens in Genoa to be *buffonata*, was in reality working up the public mind to revolutionary feelings against all law and authority. A national or civic guard existed in the town under the new Constitution of Sardinia (for they had a constitution and free institutions) composed of the citizens of all grades and numbering about 8000 men.

'The municipal council with the Syndic or Mayor at their head, together with the General of the Civic Guard carried on the Government of the town, and put themselves at the head of a movement, which had for its pretence the support of the King in a war against Austria, and a preparation of the City of Genoa for defence against the common foe.

'After the defeat of the King of Novara by the Austrians and the conclusion of an armistice, the articles of a Treaty became known which the Genoese thought disgraceful. There was now the sacred pretence for keeping up and augmenting a spirit of disaffection towards the Government, and a demand was made by the municipality on General Asarta (who commanded for the King here with a garrison of about 5000 men) to give up the forts and defences of Genoa to the Civic Guard, and serve out arms to the people; this was said to be for the purpose of resisting all who joined in the aforesaid Treaty, and to defend the city against the Austrians. General Asarta appears throughout the whole of this affair to have conducted himself with great weakness. He gave up Bigota and Specola, the two most important forts, to the National Guard and distributed to the people 1400 muskets.

'This was about the state of affairs when I began to interest myself in the state of Genoa. Seeing the populace in large numbers armed and giving up their work, the National Guard assuming an air of more importance, and constant drumming and parading and reviewing going on, I saw clearly what all this was fast coming to. And on calling on La Palavacini I seriously spoke of the prospects of Genoa, she laughed and called it *Buffonata*; but as you will see in the sequel the laugh of the lady was shortly changed, as were all smiling faces in Genoa.

'On the morning after, I paid a visit to my friend the old Admiral (who is a Genoese), and on enquiring What news have you to−day? he answered with a gloomy look that it was bad; that the acts of the General were great faults, and he feared much that having once dealt with the insurrectionists on terms of equality, they would acquire confidence, &c. On the following morning the British Consul came on board to me and begged me in the name of General Asarta and the Intendente Generale, or Civil Governor of the Dukedom of Genoa, to come at once to the ducal palace to consult with them on the state of affairs. (By the bye I have omitted to mention that the day previously the National Guard had seized the Civil Governor and General Fenetti, the second in Command, in

the streets and cast them into prison, but a few hours after, released the Civil Governor.)

'I am of opinion that the advice of a foreigner is always offensive even if asked for, and not likely to be taken; I therefore determined to give no advice, but to go to them, and state, that I held them responsible for the security and peace of the town.

'Before, however, going I determined to see the old Admiral (whom I had a good opinion of, but I found I was in error). I told him what I thought of advice by a foreigner on such occasions and that my English ideas were decided in such a case, to defend all the property of the Crown to the last, and make no further concessions.

'He said, Go for God's sake. I went and gave no advice, but formally stated to the King's officer that I held them responsible; they begged me to put down in writing what I said, which I did.

'That very afternoon General Asarta fled from the ducal palace to the military arsenal, and withdrew his troops from the outposts and concentrated his fire in and around the arsenal, leaving his wife and three daughters in the hands of the Municipality.

'On the following morning I went on shore, and on landing at the dockyard I met the old Admiral, he was very low in spirits and informed me that he had information that an attack was intended (immediately) on the dockyard for the purpose of getting hold of the shot and cannon and instruments of war. I expressed a hope that he had made all necessary arrangements for defence of the dockyard, and that he was prepared to defend it to the last. He answered that he was ready and would do his duty, he was then dressed *en bourgeois*. After leaving the dockyard I went to visit General Asarta at the military arsenal. I found him with 2000 men in and about the building, and two howitzers mounted on a terrace which overlooks the street leading to the dockyard.

'He told me that he had thought it better to concentrate his forces, and that as the arsenal contained a large quantity of arms, he had made it his headquarters, that concession had gone to its limit, and that he was determined if attacked to defend his position, but that he would do nothing to provoke an attack.

'I, considering the present position of affairs, commended the course he proposed, more particularly as General La Marmora with 20,000 men was advancing on the City; and that he with his advanced guard was not more than twenty−four hours' march from Genoa.

'From this time matters took a more serious and determined course. The Genoese had by degrees screwed themselves up to do something, but they did not know what. The mob, now armed, soon began to feel that they must either work or plunder, and as they had arms in their hands, with the municipality and the General of the Guards committed to revolt against the authority of the Crown, they were easily worked on to begin the affair. Whilst reading the newspapers at the public room, I was roused from my ease by the *generale* being beat through the streets. I took my way to the dockyard, where, on arriving, I found a fieldpiece brought up against the gate. At this moment the gates were opened and the mob rushed in, a few muskets were fired, I have since found by people looking out of the windows, and the pillage of arms and shot began. I met the Admiral, still out of uniform. I was ashamed to look at him; I put my hands before my face and passed him without speaking.

'I went on board the ship and from her deck witnessed the attack of the National Guards and mob on General Asarta's headquarters. Their easy victory over the Admiral stimulated them to act against the General; a fire of musketry and cannon was opened from both sides and was maintained for nearly an hour, when the city party retreated leaving the guns in the hands of the General and twenty−one men dead how many women was never known.

'The General lost two killed and three women. Among the killed was a colonel of one of his own regiments. The city was now fairly up, the tocsin was rung, everybody took up arms, barricades were thrown up everywhere, and

troops bivouacked in the streets. Sentinels, both male and female, stood at the barricades, and priests in their proper garments shouldered the musket. This evening a barbarous murder of a Colonel of Carbineers was committed by the armed populace; he after the attack on the arsenal put on a plain coat, and walked out to see his wife who was alone at his home in the town. He was recognised by the people, they led him to a church where twenty−one bodies of the slain were laid out, they ordered him to count the bodies audibly. He did so. They then said, We want twenty−two and you shall be the twenty−second. With that he was pierced with bayonets and shot at. From this mode of treatment he was an hour and a half before death released his sufferings. His wife was hunted from house to house till she found shelter on board the *Vengeance*.

'There have been, of course, a number of similar and even more revolting crimes committed, but I shall not speak of this more. General La Marmora has shot all his men that have taken the lead in plunder or rapine, and imprisoned the remainder, and I hope and believe that nothing of this sort now goes on.

'In this state of affairs I next morning went to visit General Asarta, having previously called at the ducal palace to see his wife and children. I got access to them, but found her carefully guarded, and, in fact, a hostage in the hands of the mob for the conduct of her husband. It was a painful interview, the manner of her guards towards her was in my presence respectful, but cold and severe; she and her children have escaped all personal injury but have been plundered of all they possess.

'I was met at the gate of the arsenal by Captain Cortener, an artillery man that I knew, in tears; from him I learnt the disgraceful surrender of the troops, and that the General with 5000 men was to evacuate the town in 24 hours. I found the General had lost his head, he hardly knew me, and so I rendered him the last service in Genoa, that of sending a carriage to take him the first stage to Turin, leaving his wife and three daughters in the hands of General Avezzana, the head of the revolt.

'Every preparation was now made by the Municipality and National Guards for the defence of the place against the King's Forces, approaching under the command of a young and energetic General. I amused myself with visiting all their posts, and observed that in the affairs of war, there were very few among them who knew anything about it.

'Great importance was given to barricades the word seemed to be ominous of security they reconstructed them now, building them of the fine paving stones of the Place, with sand filled between the stones. They had embrasures in them in which they mounted one or two heavy pieces of ordnance; but all this time they were neglecting the forts and walls of the town their real defence; and I saw what would happen, and it did happen, viz. that the town wall was carried easily by escalade.

'The man now holding the military command was one General Avezzana, a Piedmontese, of low origin I should think; he was an adventurer, had been concerned in former revolutionary affairs in Italy, and had about twenty years ago gone to America, where he married a Miss Plowden, an Irish emigrant in New York. He seems, between the two avocations of a military and a commercial life, to have made some money. Last year when Italy and France began this revolutionary concord, he, loving troubled waters, came over to Genoa and by some means got the King of Sardinia to give him the appointment of General of the *Guardia Civica* of Genoa, a force of nearly 10,000 men of all arms, having cavalry and artillery included in the force. This force included the noble, the shop−keeper, and the small trader, and even people having no stake in the town beyond the occupation of a lodging. It was under the orders, constitutionally, of the Crown in the first place, and then of the Mayor, or Syndic, and his council.

'Genoa now stood alone with its own Government and its own army, at war with its legitimate Monarch the King of Sardinia. They hoisted the Sardinian flag nevertheless, but without the Royal Arms in the centre.

'In addition to this force there were in the town persons who had been by degrees arriving for a long time past, people who form the *Guardia Mobile* of Italy, and have gone from town to town exciting discontent, about 2000 in number of all nations, under officers French and Poles. In addition, about 30,000 muskets with ammunition in abundance had fallen into the hands of the Genoese on the taking of the arsenal, so that women and boys were armed. This was the state of things early on the morning of the 3rd of April; during the 2nd, a Provisional Government had been formed for the Duchy of Genoa and the Genoese flag paraded through the streets. This Government consisted of Albertini, a scoundrel and a blackguard, Reta, and Avezzana.

'I contemplated the state of things with deep interest. On the afternoon of the 3rd, as I was walking slowly from post to post towards the Porta della Lanterna I heard the crack of a musket, followed by eight or nine in rapid succession; there was great stir in the streets immediately and the *generale* was beat, and the tocsin began to sound. I passed on rapidly towards the Porta della Lanterna from which point the firing had now become rapid, and meeting a man who had received a musket ball flesh wound, I asked him the news; he said that La Marmora's *bersaglieri* or light troops, had got over the wall.

'I now turned back towards the town and was much questioned at the first barricade by the people; when I told them that General La Marmora had got into the suburb, there was a universal flight from the barricade, which made me laugh exceedingly, and did not give me a very high opinion of the valour of the Genoese insurrectionary troops, but it was only the first panic, and they recovered from it.

'At this moment a gun was fired from the head of the old Mole, and as its direction was towards the *Vengeance*, I went on board.

'Now to give you an idea of the powers I had as a spectator of the coming conflict, I must tell you that the Mole of Genoa is semicircular, all the land rises in hills and terraces from the water, and the ship lay in that part of the semicircle next the Porta della Lanterna, and not above 300 to 400 yards from the whole field of battle. You will see what a good view I had of all the affair, and that all the shot from the opposing batteries passed over, or round the ship.

'On arriving on board, I saw that the light troops of General La Marmora were carefully and slowly descending from the heights, and driving in the outposts of the citizens; it was very pretty to see the way in which these men conducted the proceedings. First of all, they are very picturesque troops, having on their heads a hat which has a long flowing feather (which is a gamecock's tail dyed green); figure to yourself the rifle men in the *Freischutz*, and you have the men before you. Singly and silently did these men advance, peeping over every wall, making every bank a cover, and killing or wounding at almost every shot; while the citizens were crouching in confused groups, and as a man of the group fell from the unseen shot, the rest ran away, fired on from ten to twelve points, and thus dispersed. On all this I looked as upon a map. The consequence of all this was, that in about three hours 120 light troops, the general, La Marmora in person, which was all of his army that had arrived, took possession of the suburb of Genoa up to the first barricade of the town; but behind, and cut off, was the fortress of the gate, the key of Genoa, which the National Guards still held.

'About this time as the troops of La Marmora were seen on the heights, the town battery on the Mole had opened its fire, but no reply could be made to it; as yet La Marmora had no guns over the wall.

'About 1 o'clock P.M. three cheers and a shot from a gun showed that he had mounted his first piece of ordnance on the height above the gate. During the night the fire was kept up between this one gun and the guns on the town mole head.

'I must now pause to let you know that many refugees were on board, and as the fight thickened, I had no doubt that the morrow would fill the ship with folks of all nations and both sexes.

'During the night a portion of La Marmora's advanced guard had arrived, and a battalion of light troops as well as one of infantry had got over the wall. He now made his attack on the gate, which was soon taken; some few escaped to the seaside and hid themselves in the rocks, but the greater part were killed. He also pressed forward along the road towards the city's first strong position, but his men got on but slowly, for the houses and points that afforded cover were well contested, and he lost many men.

'However, now he had got possession of the batteries of the Lanterna, mounting 19 guns, 68−and 32−pounders, with which he began to thunder away about 1 o'clock on the town. Before dark La Marmora had possession of all between the Lanterna and the Doria Palace, but here his difficulties increased; the fighting was severe during the whole of this day, and for the last five hours General La Marmora did not advance a foot. At about two o'clock in the afternoon General La Marmora sent an aide−de−camp to me, to beg to see me.

'I was on shore at the time looking at how the rebels got on at their advanced post, but as soon as I was informed I went to him. He was out on horseback at his attacking point, so asking for a horse, I mounted and rode towards his post of attack. I met him returning. We were very well fired on with round shot on our return, but as he and I rode together two shots struck on each side of us, which led me to remark to him that they fired well; he told me that that battery was commanded by a deserter from their artillery.

'In this ride back with him I got at all his intentions with regard to the city.

'He told me he had 25,000 men coming up, that there was no mode of warfare that he would not visit on the city, shot, shell, night attack, and I added, What say you to pillage, he replied, I cannot guarantee the contrary.

'After dismounting at his headquarters, a room in the gateway, he begged me to look out for the Sardinian fleet expected, and to deliver to the Admiral two letters.

'I then, after visiting his batteries, went on board. Whilst standing in the battery of the Lanterna his men, after begging me to bob under the parapet and then trying to pull me down, were surprised to hear that on board ship, bobbing was tabooed to me, and therefore we were not accustomed to do so, but, as I told them, I had not the least objection to their doing so. Both sides fired very well and with great rapidity, and at this time La Marmora had thirty guns and mortars bearing on the town, to which the town was replying with about forty, so there was a very respectable cannonade carried on.

'At about 6 P.M. he took the Doria Palace, the fire from his artillery forcing the city people to leave it. He now established his advanced posts for the night in the Doria Palace. This day had put more than 120 refugees on board the ship, but she was not so comfortable as we expected. I was full; and for three nights never pulled off my clothes, indeed I could not find a square foot to rest on, in either cabin.

'I really, my dear, must leave out all the interesting details of my arrangements and difficulties with your sex, the state of things such as this beggars description! I was anxious to give shelter to all, and in the afternoon, before I saw the General, it began to grow rather warm in Genoa. I called at the house of my Genoese lady friends, and such as had not already fled I induced to take shelter on board. At one lady's house the fair owner was in such a state of indecision I could bring her to no resolution, as a shell passed or fell near her house she would wring her hands and cry out, What shall I do? My beautiful furniture! My beautiful house! but she never said one word about her husband who was in a fort above the town, which fort I knew must soon be attacked, or her infant child who was with her. At last on my telling her I must go, as I had much to do, she came and was taken on board; but I must leave this part of the play to be told *viva voce*.

'At about half−past eight this evening, having served the poor frightened refugees with the best fare I could give them, finding that La Marmora's fire was very serious against the city, and that to−morrow it would be twice as severe, seeing the wretched state of the poor Genoese women on board, and the more dreadful state in prospect

for them in the town, I took the resolution of, at all hazards to myself and without consulting anyone, to try and stop this state of things; I ordered my gig to be manned.

'I must here, my love, break off my narrative till next post; the steamer will wait no longer and my dispatches must go on board.

'Adieu, my love.

'I am, ever your devoted

'CHARLES.'

* * * * *

GENOA: April 20, 1849.

'MY BELOVED S.,

'I have no sooner dispatched my letter to you this afternoon than I again take up my pen to carry on the narrative of the recent events here.

'I left off at the point where I determined to interfere and start for the shore in my boat. It was fortunately a fine night, a few low light clouds floated in the atmosphere, the roar of artillery, so close that the ship shook at every discharge, the roaring hiss of the shot, the beautiful bright fuse of the bomb−shell, as it formed its parabola in the air, sometimes obscured as it passed through a cloud and again emerged, gave an active and anxious feeling to my mind. I could not but feel that I had a great and a good work in hand, I was soon on shore, the only gate in the city that was guaranteed to be open I pulled for; it was directly under the fire of the Boys' Home, two round shots struck the ground as I landed passing close over our heads. Desiring my coxswain to pull the boat back among the shipping and out of the line of fire, I walked to the gate and beat against it with the butt end of my sword; it was opened by one of the few officers of the Civic Guard who now wore his uniform. Saying a few civil words to him I passed on up the street to the ducal palace. This city was at this moment worth contemplating.

'Usually crowded with both sexes in rapid motion and gay laughing conversation, it now was like the city of the dead, its silence only disturbed by the explosion of the shells or a wall struck by shot, and the occasional reports of musketry in quick succession.

'I had to pass three barricades before reaching the Palace, the two first were deserted, on passing the third a bayonet was presented to my breast. On looking up I found the other end was in the hands of a pretty delicate woman. I pushed the weapon aside and giving her a military salute, passed on. I got easy access to the Municipal Body.

'It is not easy to give in writing a perfect idea of this night's scenes. You must carry in your head the state of Genoa; the people who formed the municipality were persons who had only read of war, they had never seen its terrors before; they were fathers and husbands, men of property, all within the city walls; they were the heads of the revolts in the first instance, about soon to become the followers or slaves of the armed rebel, or die.

'The present state of things favoured my plan. I was received by four of the good people who sat quietly waiting for others, and about twenty people, among whom was the Bishop of Genoa, were soon in the room. I opened my mission to them and drew as strong a picture as I was able, obliged to speak French, of the position, and then asked them if they agreed to my view of that part of this case. They concurred in all I said.

'It was to the effect that the military power was outside and inside. That the one inside was most to be feared, and that no question existed at this moment to warrant a resistance which would destroy the city, give the wives and children to rapine, and their homes to pillage, without a chance of success on their side.

'I next put before them their duty, which was at once to set a good example; to rally the respectable people, and people of property in the town, and separate themselves from foreigners and niggards; next, to surrender the city to the King's general, and not to sit to see it destroyed without a struggle to save themselves from ruin and disgrace. To all this they gave a ready assent; but how to act was the question.

'I said, If you have confidence in me let us act together, and moving to the table I took up a pen and began to write on a sheet of paper, when lo! a visitor made his appearance that aided me much in my intentions. A shell knocked off the top of the chimney and perforated the wall, exploding in the chimney of the ante−room to the one we were in. The effect was great, but I coolly said, Oh pooh, only a shell let us go on, and the fear and excitement which had for a moment prevailed subsided, my words and manner restoring confidence and stopping observations. La Marmora's messenger did me good service, for on finishing my draft of a treaty it was generally approved of; but they added an additional clause giving an amnesty to all for recent offences. This clause I objected to, but being in haste to see what General La Marmora would say to me, I deferred all discussion till my return.

'I got quickly down to my boat and pulled across the mole to the Porta della Lanterna, and found no interruption from the sea to the works above, till I came to the gate; here of course I had to wait till all the forms were gone through which state of war required. I found the General had gone to St. Pierre de la Regina, two miles off for the night; no wonder, for nineteen 68−and 32−pounders were firing from the lantern battery, and a fire of ten or twelve guns returning the salute from the town on this point alone.

'Away I trudged, and, after some lost time, found the General in his bed. He had been up like me three nights, this was my third, and was ill with fatigue and anxiety. I prefaced all I had to offer by an apology for putting myself forward in such a case. I made my proposals for the surrender of the city. He was most frank and manly in his answer. He said he thought all I said and offered was most fair, and if I would add a clause for the disarming of the population he would sign. This was a great step; I saw the man liked me and that I could deal with him. I saw too that he was a gentleman, a soldier and a humane man. I now determined in my own mind that the city should surrender, and I hoped on my own terms. So I went to work with a good will. I was soon back again with the municipality, and sat in their room till four in the morning fighting in debate clause by clause of my articles.

'By this time the lawyers had come, Avezzana the general had arrived, and it was hard work. I got all the clauses passed even to the disarming of the people, but the great tug was a general amnesty which they demanded. On this point I was determined.

'Imagine my debating this with the proscribed whose case was life and banishment, or death!

'First fury and anger and threats were used against me; then supplication and tears. I was firm. I said I could never ask of any one that which I myself would not grant; that I thought the city of Genoa highly criminal; that some punishment must be and ought to be inflicted on it; but that I would be fair and merciful in what I did, and that I would find out from the General La Marmora what his most lenient views were in regard to the leaders of the revolt. At five I was at the landing place of the Porta della Lanterna, when as soon as I landed, the Piedmontese sentry fired right at me at about three yards' distance, and ran as fast as he could, the ball passed quite close to my right. I came up with him, and took his musket from him, shaking it I found it had just been discharged. I taxed him with firing at me, he owned it saying his regiment had arrived in the night and he was just put on as sentry. He heard he was surrounded with enemies so he fired at the first man he saw. I frightened him by pretending to drag him before the General, but laughing let him go. The fact was, as he stated, he was in a devil of a funk, and so thinking to make short work did not challenge before firing. I was surprised at finding a sentry on this spot, he

had been put there since I was last there.

'I found La Marmora at the Lanterna; he now drew up a paper in accordance with mine, giving life and property to all, with a promise to intercede with the King to−morrow; the punishment of the leaders to as few as possible; with this I again returned to the ducal palace.

'Before leaving him he proposed to cease his fire on the city till my return. I told him in reply I did not ask him to do so, however as soon as I left him his fire ceased. This was most humane on his part, for it was full an hour and a half before I got the town batteries to cease their fire. La Marmora, however, began a fierce attack with musketry, &c., on the advance post of the town.

'This my last visit to the Municipality was the most painful of all, for I had to sit apart and allow them to fight among themselves. I stated that what I had laid before them was the ultimatum, that I could and would ask no more, and that if they did not agree to this I should take my leave; that the fire would be resumed with increased vigour and that the destruction of the city and blood of its inhabitants must lie at their door.

'They then proposed to me, finding I was inexorable, to go in a body to the General if I would go with them. I consented and took them over in the barge. On my way I informed them that I would not help them in their appeal to General La Marmora with regard to entire amnesty, but that I would join them in gaining time; on which it was agreed to press for 48 hours of cessation of arms, and that a deputation from the city might go to the King at Turin.

'On going into the presence of the General I drew aside and sat on a bed, whilst the deputation urged their claims, and as in Italy everybody is eager and full of gesticulation, the noise and confusion was tremendous. I had not seen this for we were treating under fire and all were silent, those who had the best nerves were the speakers. If you want to make peace treat under fire; for me it will become a maxim. However after about two hours' wrangle, the General came up to me and said, Are you not 'accord' with me? that you do not speak, so much had I gained of his mind that he would not act without me. In short I may now say, the 48 hours were granted. The deputation went to Turin, they got 48 hours more, and the city was surrendered on my treaty, the King granting an amnesty to all but twelve persons named, and they had been allowed to escape.

'During all this time a severe engagement had been carried on at the advanced posts. The Doria Palace had been taken by the King's troops the evening before. Batteries had been erected against it by the rebels and the contest was most fierce, all the morning batteries were firing on both sides with high guns. An attack by escalade was preparing against Fort Bogota, a sally had been made from it to destroy La Marmora's works, more troops were coming up, and occupying ground on the east side of the town. My business now was to exert myself to make the fire to cease on all sides.

'My love, I must leave my narrative for another letter, I find it takes more time even to relate it shortly than I thought. I must write my despatch to the Admiral and write to you a short note.

'H.

'Excuse faults, I've no time to read it over.'

* * * * *

GENOA: April 27, 1849.

'MY DEAREST S.,

'I have so long neglected to pursue the narrative of events at this place, that I fear you will think I had forgotten both you and it, but in truth since the troubles have ceased, I have been so well employed in writing and disciplining this ship, this each day takes me till 1 P.M., that I have not found the days too long. But now I am out of the port, for I weighed this morning with *Prince Regent* for a little exercise, I shall finish this short narrative of past events.

'I think I had acquainted you of the completion of the armistice and terms, signed by all parties, for surrendering and accepting the surrender of the town. Having therefore seen the deputation of the town off for Turin, my next most anxious endeavour was to cause the battle to cease, which had been carried on at the advanced posts with great smartness. I therefore once more took to my boat to begin the arduous duty of separating the combatants. General La Marmora sent aide−de−camps, but it took time before they could reach all points from which cannon were firing, not on the town but all the points of attack. The first stop I put on the firing was by landing on the mole and taking a 32 lb. gun that was being worked against the Doria Palace. I landed with my six gigs, and they drove them with their swords from the gun, which I ordered to be drawn and all the ammunition to be thrown into the sea. But my coxswain thought the powder too good, and when I again got into the boat I found it all stowed away in her. Of course a body of muskets mustered against us to drive us away, in turn, with fixed bayonets. I walked quietly up to them, and after being informed how the case stood, with a little grumbling they went quietly away.

'From hence I went to the naval arsenal; here I was warned at the entrance, by sentry, to take care, for the houses that commanded the basin and storehouses were full of armed men, placed there in readiness to attack the arsenal with a view to release the galley slaves. I went in, however, and saw the Commander of the Bagnio, and looked at the means of defence that might be offered if attacked; he told me he was quite deserted, but if matters came to the worst he would make an attempt to defend the prison. From the Arsenal I went directly to the headquarters of the rebel General. Here elbowing my way amid a host of armed brigands and people of the lower and lowest class of Genoese I found the general, Avezzana, seated at a table in a moderate sized room. As soon as I was offered a seat at his table, a crowd of armed folk filled the room and pressed hard upon us. He was haughty and distant in his manner; I said that I had just seen the deputation off for Turin and that as an armistice was agreed on for forty−eight hours I begged he would at once do all in his power to cease the firing on his side; he was out of humour and said: When General La Marmora does! He then charged me with being a partisan. I said I feared I was, and belonged to a party in the world that loved order and government. Oh ah! said he, but you have taken on you and thrown the ammunition of the people into the sea on which there was a shout as he raised his voice in finishing his sentence. I saw my ground was critical and that much depended on myself, so I quietly but audibly said, Yes, I did so, and shall do the same whenever I find the like; I have not toiled for two nights and days to save the property of the poor, the widow from affliction, and the orphan from wretchedness (I might have said more) and now for the sake of a few cartridges to allow more blood to be shed, when you have signed a peace. This was a blow he did not expect, for he had not told the people he had signed, but on the contrary went out and harangued at the barricades talking stuff about liberty, death, patriotism and all other fine things. He quietly listened though, and began to question me as to many things he said I had done against the people. On this I rose, took up my hat and in a haughty tone said, I don't come here to be questioned, but to make peace, so I wish you good morning.

'There was a murmur, and then a civil speech from those about me to pray I would be seated, when suddenly the tone of questioning was taken up by a young man in a blue and red uniform, standing close to the General in a most intemperate manner. To him I civilly said I would not be questioned, and rose, took my hat and departed. They made a lane for me; the young man followed me and grasping my hand said, I beg your pardon, I know I was very hot, but I have had two horses killed under me this morning. I said I thought that ought to make him cool, on which he laughed and said, I am not a Genoese, I am a Frenchman. He then told me he was sent by the Republicans in France to aid the cause of liberty in Italy.

'I said, Well, if you wish to see me, come on board to−morrow at 9. I never saw him again.

'I remained on shore visiting several points where the fire had been most active, and about 3 P.M. all was silent, the battle was over, and I came on board to my crowd of women and children. You may suppose I was well tired. I had not had my clothes off for 3 nights, and only a plank and an hour or two the nights previous to the last. I, however, took the head of my table at 6 o'clock; it was a beautiful evening, and with the Genoese ladies and Captain Tarlton to take care of me I sat out in the stern gallery till 10 P.M., when Tarlton told me he had a bed made for me in a spare cabin below. In this I got a good night's rest in spite of the diabolical witlow; the witlow is so unromantic a wound that I shall leave it out of the narrative for the future. The next morning I was with General La Marmora at daylight and from him I went to the municipality. I found them in a sad plight, full of terror. The Syndic, or Mayor had been threatened in the night. Albertini, a leader of the revolt, one of the worst of ruffians I am told, entered his bedchamber at midnight with money orders and proclamations ready drawn out, and with a pistol to his head forced him to sign them. I had a long conversation with them on the state of affairs, I found that the Red Republicans had shown themselves in reality.

'I advised them to send out confidential emissaries to all the National Guards of a respectable character that could be found, to come to the ducal palace; to get the mob on pretences of various kinds out of it, and at once begin to endeavour to rally the better spirits within the town. They promised me they would do so. They then showed me an excellent paper they had drawn up, containing the truth in regard to the armistice and present position of affairs. They were afraid to publish it, for Avezzana had told another story. I suggested that such a paper, published with the signatures of all the European Consuls, would have an excellent effect. They thought it the best, but again were afraid of being thought the authors; so I then offered that it should be mine and I could at once try and get the consuls to sign it. You can hardly conceive the relief even this small act, and truth having a chance of being told, seemed to give them. I went straight to the French Consul and found him at home, showed him the paper which he seemed to approve, said I might leave it to him and he would summon the Consuls and do the needful. He did nothing. Leon Le Favre, brother to Jules Le Favre, editor of the *Nationale*, Red Republican; but more of him by and bye.

'I now went on board to breakfast, having the day previous had a letter from Sir William Abercromby, our Minister at Turin, begging me to do all I could for the King of Sardinia in his distress; and the letter containing a positive request that I would prevent all the Sardinian vessels from entering Genoa, as they are bringing more Reds and Lombards to assist the revolt; and having had one of my cutters fired on with grape in relieving guard the evening before, I determined to move the *Vengeance* into the inner mole, where I could work the ship effectually, if I chose, to prevent the entrance of anything into the harbour for disembarkation. While in the act of moving the ship I received the serious news from the Municipality, that it was the intention of the Reds, with Albertini and Campanelli at their head, to at once open the Bagnio and let loose the galley slaves; begging at the same time that I would take it on myself to prevent this, as it could only be in contemplation for purposes easily conceived, though dreadful to contemplate.

'I now placed the ship in a position to command with her guns the dockyard and houses opposite to it. She had opposed to her a 20−gun battery in the dock−yard and Bagnio, and a 20−gun battery on the opposite side to the dockyard, one of 15 guns on the bow, and various small masked batteries on various heights about the ship; not naming the great forts on the heights. But be it remembered that these works were ill−manned, and none provided with trained artillery men. Having secured the ship and got her ready for action, not loading guns, I never loaded a gun while at Genoa, I went on shore and found that the Governor of the prison had received his summons to open the doors, and had refused. He was glad to see me, we now settled his plan of defence as far as he was able, and to my astonishment he struck chains off fifty *forcats* and put a musket into their hands. He made excellent arrangements for defence, and assured me he could rely on these men. I had them drawn up and found they all understood the weapon. I told them if they behaved well, &c. &c. &c. I now informed him that at the first report of a musket fired from a point agreed on, I should land with 150 marines, and my gun boats would enter the mole and would sweep with grape the houses and wharfs, while the ship could do as she pleased. I am praised in a public letter from Sir William Parker for this, the only act that was not neutral and that would, had the Reds acted, have brought the *Vengeance* into the whole affair. To end the affair at once these acts of mine stopped the whole

thing, and broke up the Red gang in Genoa.

'It also had another effect; it cleared my ship of every soul. As soon as we anchored and prepared for battle, every soul fled the ship and got away through Marmora's army to St. Pierre de la Regina, where they were quite safe.

'Just after the sun had set this evening and it was growing dark enough not to know green from blue, a steamer at full speed was seen entering the port, and to my horror La Marmora's nineteen gun battery at the lighthouse, while she was passing close under *Vengeance's* bows, opened fire upon her, putting two 30 lb. shots through her hull. In an instant all the batteries opened on him, I thought all my efforts in a moment destroyed. In a fit I jumped into the first boat, and shoved on board the Frenchman, sending an officer to La Marmora's batteries to beg them to leave off firing. To end this story, the officer at La Marmora's battery had mistaken the French for the Sardinian flag, and fired on it. The mistake cleared up, to my joy the volcano ceased vomiting, but here was more fat in the fire. I sat down to my dinner at six once more in peace and *tete−a−tete* with Tarlton talking over our affairs with the gusto given by a superior appetite to a shocking bad dinner, when in burst the two French captains, one of the *Tonnerre* a frigate in the port, and the other the captain of the packet.

'I won't try to paint with my poor pen the scene, but I was highly amused and in such imperturbable good humour, that even the captain of the *Tonnerre*, calling me a party man and attacking me as if I had fired at his nasty flag, did not make me call him what I might with truth have done, a Red. He would not eat, or drink, or do anything but fume. At last I coolly said *Eh bien, Monsieur, c'est votre faute*. Why, how, what you mean, Monsieur? That you have set the example of *Tricolor*, and desire all the world to adopt it, and are now angry because blue and green are so much alike, that after the sun has set one colour cannot be known from the other ; on which the Captain of the packet said *Bon!* and laughed heartily; he was a good little man and made light of the whole affair. The French have insisted on the extreme of satisfaction in this case.

'The next morning I was with the municipal body at 5 A.M. I found them in the lowest possible state of despondency and terror, although there was a change for the better in the appearance of the National Guard. They with anxious looks led me to their chair, shut the doors and then revealed to me in low tones that the state of affairs was worse. Of this I felt sure that it would either end in a pillage and a massacre, or cease from that moment.

'They placed before me a letter of Avezzana's addressed to the municipal body, threatening them with energetic measures if they did not advance the revolt by more activity. I found he and Albertini had instituted a tribunal, Albertini as president, with power of life and death with instant execution. Guillotines were built; these poor devils were waiting their doom. I sent for him, by a civil message, of course, I taxed him roundly with his intentions and bad faith. He, cowed, answered in a subdued tone. In short, the game was up, he that day tried to put an insult on me through the flag, failed again, got aboard an American ship and fled that night.

'I can't go on with this story any longer, I have written it to its positive finish to amuse you, my dearest wife. I have told it very ill, it may form, when we meet, a subject for an evening's conversation, when I can fill up gaps, explain incongruities, but not read my own handwriting.

'If you show it to anyone, take care it is only to a mutual friend or sister; it is not fit to meet the eye of a critic or indeed of anyone, but it is a note of the time from which a statement might with some further details be made.

'I have not said a word of loss of life. The King of Sardinia has about 100 killed, 15 officers and 300 wounded. What the loss on the side of the revolt is, no one can tell. My surgeons attended the wounded, sent by me; all the time the hospitals were full, but they said more were carried home than went there. They must have buried their slain in the night, for I have seen many women who have never seen their sons or husbands since the day the firing began.

'The Doria Palace and houses round it show the chief destruction. The town has suffered little, it did not last long enough to make impression on stone and marble houses. Five shell fell into the Ducal Palace, and six into the great hospital, the rest are scattered about, so that the damage only meets the eye here and there.

'I have a satisfaction in feeling that I shortened the punishment of the beautiful city.

'Its frescoes and its pictures, given to the bomb and the sack, would have been forgotten in Europe, and its ancient splendour might only have been talked of as existing before the bombardment of 1849.

'I say this to you only, and now shall hold my peace for the future.

'Yours ever,

'H.

'PS. Packet sails at 6; hour 5 P.M. April 30.'

* * * * *

These graphic letters, which were never intended to see the light, clearly show the important part taken by Lord Hardwicke as mediator between the insurgents and the King's army. They show him cool under fire and intrepid in action. Humane he certainly was, and it was the feeling for the city and its inhabitants which prompted him to take action outside the strict limits of his duty. Nothing succeeds like success, and all this was accomplished without a gun being loaded on board the *Vengeance*. If Lord Hardwicke had had to 'sweep with grape the houses and the wharfs' as he threatened to do, the fat would have been in the fire and the question of interfering in the affairs of a foreign nation might have been raised. The knowledge, however, of his determined character, and that he would not hesitate to shoot should the necessity arise, was sufficient to deter the rebels from carrying out their threat to open the prison doors and let loose the convicts on the town.

A striking proof of the part the *Vengeance* took in foiling the schemes of the rebels is afforded in the pages of a little book written at the time by one who was in sympathy with the Revolution. It is entitled 'Della Rivoluzione di Genova nell April del 1849. Memorie e Documenti di un Testimonio Oculare. Italia 1850.' 'The capitulation which shortly took place,' says the author, 'was his [Lord Hardwicke's] work (*opera sua*) and that of the English Consul in concert with the municipality.' He had accomplished a great work to the satisfaction of all parties with the exception of a few agitators.

The fact that a few days after these events Lord Hardwicke was able to gather at his board in convivial entertainment not only the Generals and Staff of Victor Emmanuel's army, but also the Syndic and Municipal Body of Genoa, is a proof of the complete success of his undertaking.

'I gave a grand dinner to 73 persons, consisting of the English residents, General de la Marmora and 6 of his generals, all his colonels of regiments and his staff. The two Admirals, all the Captains of the Sardinian Navy, the Syndic and Municipal Body of Genoa, 4 Judges, all the following Consuls and some of my officers.

'It was admirably done, an excellent dinner very well served indeed. The room was decorated with the Queen's arms and naval trophies, together with two Bands of music. When the Queen's health was drunk at 9 o'clock, the ship was brilliantly illuminated, the yards manned and she fired a royal salute. The whole gave great satisfaction here, the heads of the revolt, the Conqueror and Mediator dined together, and La Marmora gave as his toast, Success to the City of Genoa. '

So it was a day of shaking hands and conviviality under the shade of the British flag.

It was not until August 6, 1849, that a treaty of peace between Piedmont and Austria was finally settled; by its terms the Piedmontese had to pay a war indemnity of 75,000,000 francs. The National Parliament, however, hesitated to ratify the treaty, and the King was obliged to dissolve Parliament and make a personal appeal to the country. The result was satisfactory and the treaty received the necessary ratification. Piedmont was not in a condition to renew hostilities with so powerful a foe as Austria, and for the moment had to play a waiting game. In the meantime the King, in spite of the reactionary spirit which was abroad, honourably maintained the liberties of the country, and in the courageous appeal to his people he gave a pledge of his intentions.

'The liberties of the country run no risk of being imperilled through the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, for they are protected by the venerated memory of my father, King Charles Albert; they are entrusted to the honour of the House of Savoy; they are guarded by the solemnity of my own oath: who would dare to have any fear for them?'

The liberty which was now firmly rooted in Piedmont gave umbrage to the other states of Italy, especially in Naples, where Ferdinand II established a tyranny. It was at this time that Mr. Gladstone, after having visited Naples, published his famous letters to Lord Aberdeen summing up the position as 'The negation of God created into a system of government.' Under the influence of Cavour, Piedmont became the centre of the movement for Italian unity and Garibaldi took for his watchword, 'Italy and Victor Emmanuel.'

Every endeavour was made by the leaders of the Italian movement to interest Europe in their cause. Much had been done in this direction at the Paris Congress of 1856. Piedmont had taken part in the Crimean War by contributing 15,000 men to the allied army. Napoleon was known to be sympathetic to the Italian cause, and in 1859, on Austria calling on Piedmont to disarm, war was declared.

The successes of Magenta and Solferino, as far as Northern Italy was concerned, gave Lombardy to Piedmont, but left Austria in the possession of Venice. Napoleon, who was by no means a whole−hearted supporter of Italian Unity, had designs of his own, and therefore did not press the campaign to its ultimate conclusion which, as Cavour had hoped, should have been the total exclusion of Austria from Italian territory. A great step, however, had been gained, and Victor Emmanuel showed his accustomed wisdom in accepting the position for what it was worth and waiting on events. This course was soon to be justified. Cavour did not live to see the success of his policy. He died in 1861, five years before the war between Germany and Austria, in which Italy took a part against her ancient foe, gave the opportunity of freeing the Peninsula from Austrian rule. On the outbreak of the war attempts were made through the mediation of Napoleon to sever Italy from her alliance with Germany, Austria offering to voluntarily cede Venice. Victor Emmanuel, however, wisely stood firm to his alliance, and the war ended in the complete discomfiture of Austria, and Sadowa must rank with Magenta and Solferino as one of the decisive battles in the Liberation of Italy. By the Peace of Prague Venetia was ceded through Napoleon to Italy, and on November 7, 1866, Victor Emmanuel made his entry into the city as King.

Rome was still a difficulty; there the Pope, supported by French bayonets, held out for his temporal powers against free Italy which wanted Rome for its capital, and Garibaldi's expedition of 1867 was a failure. 'In the name of the French Government, we declare that Italy shall never take possession of Rome,' were the brave words of the President of the French Ministry on the eve of the Franco−Prussian War.

In 1870, after his first defeat, Napoleon failed to secure the help of Italy, and Rome being denuded of foreign troops fell an easy prey to the army of the King. Thus it was through the agency of Prussia that Italy secured Liberty. The statecraft of Cavour and the patience and self− control of Victor Emmanuel gained what the impetuous bravery of Garibaldi and the revolutionary efforts of Mazzini could never have realised. Each, however, had done his part. The spirit of a people to accomplish great things must be aroused to create the energy which the master−hand must hold in check.

The force must be there, ready to propel the State when times are ripe. The discontent which showed itself at Genoa after the battle of Novara, the ideals which animated the thousand who sailed with Garibaldi to free Sicily, were both of them valuable assets to the nation.

That there were men who for their own ends took advantage of the situation cannot be doubted, and the revolutionaries in Genoa were of this kind. The ruin they might have brought on the city of Genoa and the difficulties they would have put in the way of Victor Emmanuel had they been successful are easily imagined.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER VIII

In view of the reflections made upon Lord Hardwicke's conduct at Genoa which I have considered in the preceding chapter, I have thought it well to print, without further comment, copies of certain documents which were found among his papers. These, I think, leave no doubt as to the light in which that conduct appeared to those best able to judge of it.

A letter from General La Marmora: dated 'La Lanterna,' 9 April, '49. Three o'clock.

STATO MAGGIORE, QUARTIER GENERALE,
della 6 Divisione, addi 1849.
OGGETTO.

'MILORD,

'J'aurai des depeches tres importantes a vous communiquer. Si ce n'est pas une indiscretion je vous prierai de passer un moment ici d'autant plus que j'espere le Sindic de la ville voudra y venir aussi ainsi que je l'ai invite.

'Votre tres humble serviteur,

'ALPHONSE LA MARMORA.'

* * * * *

Letter from the Syndic of Genoa to Lord Hardwicke.

'MILORD,

'Le Syndic de la Ville de Genes s'empresse a votre demande de vous envoyer les copies des projets de capitulation entre les representants de la Ville sousdite et le General La Marmora contr[e]−signees par vous a l'original, et cela d'une maniere toute confidentielle et sans aucun caractere d'autenticite, le Municipe ne pouvant pas, (des que tout est rentre dans l'ordre,) se meler d'aucune chose qui directement ou indirectement puisse avoir trait a la politique.

'Agreez, Milord, les sentimens de haute estime et de reconnaissance que nous et la Ville entiere vous devons par la part genereuse que vous avez pris pour la conciliation de nos differences.

'De V Se Milord,

'Tres−humble et tres obeissant serviteur

'le Syndic

'A. ROFUMOTTI.'

GENES: 12 Avril, 1849.

A MILORD HARDWICK,

Commandant le Vaisseau

de S. M. Britannique,

La Vengeance.

* * * * *

Letter from General de Launay, Minister for Foreign Affairs to Victor Emmanuel II, King of Sardinia, conferring the Cross of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus upon Lord Hardwicke.

SECRETAIRERIE D'ETAT POUR LES AFFAIRES ETRANGERES.

TURIN: le 22 Avril, 1849.

'MILORD,

'J'ai eu l'honneur de faire connaitre au Roi, mon auguste Souverain, les importans services que vous avez rendus a Son Gouvernement pendant les graves evenemens qui ont afflige la ville de Genes et l'empressement efficace avec lequel vous avez puissamment seconde Mr le General de La Marmora pour y ramener l'ordre. Sa Majeste, prenant en bienveillante consideration l'activite que vous avez deployee pour empecher toutes nouvelles bandes de factieux de penetrer dans la place et de se joindre aux rebelles, ainsi que les mesures promptes et energiques que vous avez adoptees pour prevenir la mise en liberte des forcats, detenus dans le bagne, que les revoltes voulaient armer, a pris la determination de vous donner, Milord, un temoignage eclatant de Sa satisfaction Royale, en vous conferant la croix de Commandeur de Son Ordre religieux et militaire des Saints Maurice et Lazare.

'Persuade que vous trouverez, Milord, dans cette marque flatteuse de la bienveillance du Roi, une preuve du prix que Sa Majeste attache au service important que, suivant les intentions toujours si amicales de l'Angleterre, Son ancienne et fidele alliee, vous avez rendu a Son Gouvernement dans les circonstances penibles ou il s'est trouve, je m'empresse de vous envoyer ci−joint la decoration qui vous est destinee.

'En me reservant de vous transmettre votre diplome aussitot que la Grande Maitrise de l'Ordre de St Maurice me l'aura fait parvenir, je vous prie d'agreer, Milord, les assurances de ma consideration tres distinguee.

'G. DE LAUNAY.'

A LORD HARDWICKE,

Commandant le Vaisseau

Anglais '*Vengeance*,' &c. &c.

* * * * *

Despatch from Vice−Admiral Sir William Parker, commanding the Mediterranean Fleet, to Lord Hardwicke.

'CALEDONIA' AT MALTA:

26 April, 1849.

'MY LORD,

'I have this morning received your Lordship's letters Nos. 11 and 12, of the 18th and 20th insts. detailing your proceedings with reference to the late events of Genoa, reported in your despatches of the 2nd, 7th and 10th April.

'I am satisfied that your Lordship's energies and personal exertions have been anxiously exercised for the preservation of order, and the humane object of preventing destruction, pillage and other atrocities in the City, and I fully appreciate the advantages which the Community has derived by their deliverance from a state of anarchy and the lawless acts of an unprincipled rabble.

'I therefore freely approve the arrangements made by your Lordship at the request of the Municipality, to protect the town as well as Her Majesty's subjects from brigandage. And also your commendable intercession with the Sardinian General on behalf of the individuals compromised for political acts, trusting that there has not been any actual infraction of the neutral position of Her Majesty's ship, or undue interference in the political contention of the opponents.

'I am, My Lord,

'Your very humble servant,

'W. PARKER, *Vice−Admiral*.'

* * * * *

Letters from Viscount Palmerston, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the Lords of the Admiralty, enclosing copy despatch from the Marquis of Normanby, Her Majesty's Ambassador in Paris.

FOREIGN OFFICE: April 24, 1849.

'SIR,

'I am directed by Viscount Palmerston to transmit to you for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty a copy of a despatch from H.M. Ambassador at Paris, stating that the French Minister for Foreign Affairs has expressed his conviction that during the late insurrection at Genoa, that City was in a great measure saved from pillage and destruction by the energetic attitude assumed by H.M.S. *Vengeance*.

'I am, Sir, &c.

'(Signed) H. A. ADDINGTON.'

H. G. WARD, ESQ.

* * * * *

FOREIGN OFFICE: April 30, 1849.

'Sir,

'I am directed by Viscount Palmerston to request that you will acquaint the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that his Lordship has received from H.M. Minister at Turin, a copy of a despatch addressed by the Earl of Hardwicke to Vice−Admiral Sir William Parker, dated the 18th inst., giving an account of the measures which he took to promote the surrender of Genoa to the Forces of the King of Sardinia, and I am to state to you at the same time for the information of their lordships, that Lord Hardwicke's conduct on this occasion seems to Lord Palmerston to have been highly praiseworthy, and Lord Palmerston is of opinion that the Earl of Hardwicke, by his promptitude, energy and decision saved the City of Genoa from the calamities of further bombardment, and prevented a great effusion of blood and much destruction of property and life.

'I am, &c.,

'(Signed) H. A. ADDINGTON.'

H. G. WARD, ESQ.

* * * * *

PARIS: April 19, 1849.

LORD,

'Monsieur Drouyn De Lhuys has more than once expressed to me his conviction that during the late troubles at Genoa that City was in great part saved from pillage and destruction by the energetic attitude assumed by the British Naval Force in that port. The Minister read to me extracts both from Monsieur Bois le Conte and from Monsieur Leon Favre the French Consul at Genoa, stating that there were moments when the lives and properties of the peaceable inhabitants would have been in great danger but for the dread inspired by the position taken up by H.M.S. *Vengeance* and the efficient support given by Lord Hardwicke to the Consular Authorities. Monsieur Drouyn De Lhuys said there had been no distinction whatever between the two Commanders of the two nations except inasmuch as the British Naval Force at that time in the Port of Genoa was of so much more commanding a character.

'I am, &c.,

'(Signed) NORMANBY.'

* * * * *

Extracts from 'An Episode of Italian Unification' by General Alfonso la Marmora.

'Lord Hardwicke conducted himself to me like the honourable man that he is, expert in dealing with men and circumstances. He did not propose unacceptable conditions to me; indeed, he charged himself with the task of persuading the Municipality to submit to the conditions which I might impose, for the welfare of Genoa itself, and the permanent re−establishment of order.

'On the 9th another complication developed. I have said that the English Captain placed his ship opposite the docks to prevent the liberation of the convicts. Avezzana allowed two days to pass without protesting against this menace: then he addressed to the aforesaid commander a letter of truly radical insolence, ordering him to vacate the harbour before 6 P.M. and declaring that *if by that hour he were not gone he should be sunk by the batteries of the people, and so teach the Queen of Great Britain that it did not suffice to entrust her men−of−war to men of high lineage unless they were also men of judgment.*

'Lord Hardwicke, like a man of sense and good feeling, contented himself with acknowledging the receipt of the insulting letter, being determined not to stir a finger to leave his drawn position.

'He submitted copies of the correspondence to me and to all the representatives of the friendly powers.'

CHAPTER IX. POLITICS AND LAST YEARS. 1850−1873

Having resumed the profession to which he had always been devoted, it was the ambition of Lord Hardwicke's life to continue his naval career, and to complete a period of active service afloat which would have entitled him to promotion to flag rank. He was encouraged in this desire by all his friends, even by those who, like John Wilson Croker, had opposed his return to active service. In a letter written by that gentleman to Lady Hardwicke in 1849, he said: 'I never was very favourable to his going to sea, but I am now decidedly against his not going through with it, and I cannot but believe that his services are appreciated, if not at their full value at least with respect, on the part of the Whigs. But however that may be, and however glad I shall be to see you all again at Wimpole, I earnestly advise him to play his hand out.'

Unhappily, Lord Hardwicke was prevented from carrying out his intention by the very serious illness of Lady Hardwicke, which caused him the gravest anxiety, shortly after the termination of his arduous responsibilities at Genoa. Lady Hardwicke was brought to death's door by an attack of fever at Naples, and he immediately resigned his command of the *Vengeance*, and hurried to her bedside. She happily recovered, and after her convalescence the whole family returned to England.

Apart, however, from this urgent private trouble, it is doubtful whether Lord Hardwicke would have continued his service in the Mediterranean. He felt, indeed, that the approval of his conduct at Genoa by the Whig Government was less hearty than Mr. Croker believed was the case, confined as it was to the barest official acknowledgment of services which to everyone else appeared not only creditable to Lord Hardwicke as a captain of a British ship of war, but of the highest value to Italy, to the cause of good order, and, by the havoc and bloodshed his tact and firmness had certainly prevented, to humanity itself. As the documents set out in the appendix to the last chapter fully show, all this was highly appreciated abroad. King Victor hastened to confer on Lord Hardwicke the order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus for what were described by General de Launay, his foreign secretary, as 'les importans services que vous avez rendus a Son Gouvernement pendant les graves evenemens qui ont afflige la ville de Genes et l'empressement efficace avec lequel vous avez puissamment seconde M. le General de La Marmora pour y ramener l'ordre'; Lord Normanby, the British Ambassador at Paris, reported to his government that the French Minister at Turin had more than once expressed his conviction 'that during the late troubles at Genoa that city was in great part saved from pillage and destruction by the energetic attitude assumed by the British naval force in that port, and that the French consuls had stated to him that there were moments when the lives and properties of the peaceable inhabitants would have been in great danger, but for the dread inspired by the position taken up by H.M.S. *Vengeance*, and the effective support given by Lord Hardwicke to the consular authorities.' There was less value perhaps in the thanks given by 'the Count and Colonel, Director of the Bagni Maritim,' whose gratitude was mingled with a sense of favours to come, in the possible exertion of Lord Hardwicke's good offices with King Victor Emmanuel for clemency for the convicts under the Count's charge, whose conduct had added so much to the dangers of the situation. But of the foreign testimony to Lord Hardwicke's service at Genoa perhaps the most eloquent was that of Mazzini, who admitted to Lord Malmesbury that his career in Italy had been spoiled 'by one English sailor at Genoa called Hardvick.'

This universal approbation of the part played by Lord Hardwicke was of course perfectly well known to the Government; it was also more or less known to the public from the letters written by the *Times* correspondent at Genoa. 'But for the decision and judgment Lord Hardwicke manifested,' he wrote, 'Genoa would, in all probability, have been at this moment a ruined and pillaged city. The very worst vagabonds were hired to mount guard and man the walls, since the National Guards had retired for the most part to their own dwellings. It was

indeed a reign of terror, and it was most fortunate for Genoa that the *Vengeance* was in the port to prevent its being a reign of blood.'

Under these circumstances Lord John Russell's government could scarcely withhold official recognition of Lord Hardwicke's success in having virtually saved a great and historic city from destruction. His conduct, moreover, was such as would certainly appeal to Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, who took the occasion to inform the Admiralty 'that Lord Hardwicke's conduct seemed to him highly praiseworthy, and that he was of opinion that the Earl of Hardwicke by his promptitude, energy and decision saved the city of Genoa from the calamities of further bombardment, and prevented a great effusion of blood and much destruction of property and life.'

This official approval, as we have seen, was conveyed to Lord Hardwicke by his admiral, Sir William Parker, who had already indicated his own rather tepid approval accompanied, however, by the hope that there had been 'no actual infraction of the neutral position of Her Majesty's ship, or undue interference in the political contention of the opponents.'

But it seems clear that both political and professional influences were already at work against Lord Hardwicke. On the happy conclusion of the trouble at Genoa by what he truly described in a letter to Lady Hardwicke as 'the only English interference that has been successful in Europe since the affair began,' he had already detected a certain faintness in the praise he received from Admiral Parker: 'The good admiral gives me negative praise,' he writes, 'but I leave it all to him to judge my acts. I have no fear of results; I have a good reason for all I did.' But from a memorandum written by Lady Hardwicke after his death, it appears that he felt very acutely the grudging spirit in which his services had been received by a section, at least, of the Cabinet. Upon reporting himself at the Admiralty on his arrival in London he was greeted by Sir Francis Baring, the First Lord, with these words: 'Well, Lord Hardwicke, you certainly did do well at Genoa, and it was lucky that you succeeded, for if you had failed you certainly would have been broke.' He made no complaint, however, but returned to Wimpole, resumed his life of a country gentleman, and renewed all his interest in the affairs of his estate and his county.

He was called at length from this retirement by the return of his own party to power. In March of 1851 Lord John Russell had announced the resignation of the Government owing to their defeat on the franchise question; Lord Stanley was sent for by Queen Victoria, but found himself unable to form a ministry, and upon the advice of the Duke of Wellington the Queen had requested her ministers to resume office. But this arrangement lasted less than a year. On the 27th of February following Lord Stanley, by that time Earl of Derby, became prime minister in the new Government with Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Spencer Walpole, Lord Malmesbury and Sir John Packington, among his colleagues, and in this cabinet Lord Hardwicke sat as Postmaster−General. It was a short term of office, which lasted less than a year, during which time, however, Lord Hardwicke's energy and powers of organisation were much appreciated in his department, where he came to be known as 'Lord Hardwork'; but his official life came to an end with that of the Government upon the return to power, in December 1852, of the Aberdeen administration, which included Lord John Russell as Foreign Secretary and Sir James Graham as First Lord of the Admiralty.

A characteristic souvenir of the immortal Duke of Wellington occurs to me in connection with this first administration of Lord Derby, well known as the 'Derby D'Israeli Ministry,' which may find a place here. A great many new men necessarily composed it, and when they were all mustered before being 'sworn in' the Duke began chaffing them 'as somewhat *raw recruits*,' and then taking his stick he put them into line and said, 'You will require a little drilling' and he flourished his stick about, imitating a sergeant, and amused them all very much. Such was the great man's way of putting a *home truth*.

The fall of Lord Derby's government was the occasion for a letter to my father from Mr. Croker, in which that gentleman appears to admiration in the characteristic role of candid friend. I print this, not only as a typical effort of that critical spirit, but because it contains a very just appreciation of my mother's great qualities, to which her husband and her children owe so much.

* * * * *

Dec. 31, 1852.

'... As for the party, I cannot but feel with you, that a party without a spokesman in the House of Commons is as nothing, but with such a spokesman as Disraeli, it is worse than nothing. In Opposition, his talents of debate would be most valuable, if there was any security for his principles or his judgment. I have no faith in either.

'But after all, nobody is so much to blame as Derby; why did he not take higher and surer ground. Why are you all turned out on neither you nor anyone else can say what? You had not even hoisted a flag to rally round. You have been like some poor people I have read of in the late storm, buried under the ruins of your own edifice, but whether you were stifled or crushed, killed by a rafter or a brick, nobody can tell. You have died a death so ignoble that it has no name, and the Coroner's verdict is Found Dead.

'Why did you not die in the Protestant cause; on something that some party could take an interest in? Why did you spare Cardinal Wiseman? Why butter Louis Buonaparte thicker than his own French cooks? Why did you lay the ground of the confiscation of landed property by a differential income tax and by hinting at taxing property by inheritance? You have left undone the things you ought to have done, and you have done those things which you ought not to have done, and there is no help for you.

'My own grief is this, that Disraeli's vanity, or as he would say, his character, was committed by his electioneering speeches and addresses, and that you all, half generosity and half prudence, resolved to stand by him rather than break up the Government, which his resignation would have done. That's my solution of the greatest political riddle I ever encountered.

'I know not what to say about your going to sea, I fear observations on your resigning the ship abroad and taking one at home for the mere purpose of making up a little time. Pray think well of it. I daresay you would receive a civil answer, perhaps get a ship, but *cui bono*. What is your flag to you? [Footnote: He was promoted to the rank of Vice−Admiral in November 1858.] I wish you were on the Admiral's list for the sake of the country if we are to have a war, but I see no advantage in it if there is no prospect of distinguished service.

'Give my best love to all the dear people round you and, above all, to the dearest of all, whose solid good sense and natural sagacity, quite equal to her more charming qualities, will be your best guide in the topic last treated. Indeed, if I knew her opinion on any of those topics, it would have a prime chance of becoming my own.

'Ever most affectionately hers and yours,

'J. W. CROKER'

* * * * *

The Aberdeen Government will always be remembered as that of the period of the Crimean War, and it was in connection with that great struggle and his wish to serve his country afloat that Lord Hardwicke found just reason to complain of more than the mere belittling of his services at Genoa which had been his sole reward upon his return to England in 1849.

Lord Hardwicke's desire to obtain active employment at sea so soon as hostilities with Russia appeared probable was well known at the Admiralty, but political rancour as well as professional jealousy were both employed in a secret but active agitation to prevent his obtaining that employment. The entirely honourable distinction he had received from the King of Sardinia by the bestowal of the order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus was made the opportunity of a series of slanderous suggestions which caused him the greatest pain. It was perfectly well known

that a regulation in force at the English Court forbade the acceptance of foreign distinctions of that kind without the express permission of the Crown. Yet it was stated that 'The English Government had desired that the order should be returned on the ground that Lord Hardwicke had acted at Genoa without orders.' Further than this, as Lady Hardwicke records, 'Much jealousy was created by his successful diplomacy at Genoa, and his enemies disseminated a report that he had disobeyed Admiral Sir William Parker's orders, and made the Mediterranean sea too hot to hold him. '

These injurious statements, however, did not reach Lord Hardwicke's ears until some time after they were first made 'he was of course ignorant of what was going on to defame his professional character and stop his career in a service to which he was devoted and in which he had spent the best years of his life.' They at length, however, came to his notice under more responsible authority than that of mere rumour at service clubs, and at a moment when their acceptance by a member of the Government was allowed to stand in the way of Lord Hardwicke's selection for an important command.

By a recent regulation of the Admiralty, Lord Hardwicke with many other senior captains who had failed by a short period to complete the active service afloat necessary to entitle them to the rank of rear−admiral, was placed upon the retired list. In his case, the regulation took effect upon January 28, 1854. Meanwhile, however, the probability in 1853 of a declaration of war between this country and Russia had led to great naval activity, and Lord Hardwicke had applied for active employment. 'Sir Charles Napier,' writes Lady Hardwicke, 'who fully appreciated his courage and ability, applied for him as his flag− captain.' His offer, however, as well as Admiral Napier's wish for his assistance, were both disregarded by the Admiralty, and his appointment as flag−captain refused.

There was, perhaps, no legitimate grievance in this refusal, but at this moment information reached Lord Hardwicke through Lord Clarendon, that the refusal had been accompanied by a revival at the Admiralty of the injurious suggestions, already mentioned, of his having exceeded his instructions from Sir William Parker at Genoa.

'I believe it to have been at this juncture,' writes Lady Hardwicke, 'that his friend Lord Clarendon, feeling acutely his position, informed him of the slanders which had been spread abroad. ... This statement was made use of by Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty and successor to Sir F. Baring, and carried by him to the ears of his best friends, the Queen and the Prince Consort.'

It will be readily understood that the adoption of these injurious reports by a cabinet minister, and their repetition by him in his official capacity to the Queen and Prince Albert, placed the whole matter upon a different footing. Queen Victoria, almost from the beginning of her reign, had honoured my father with her regard and confidence, and so recently as his return from Genoa he had received a letter which shows very plainly the terms upon which he stood with his Sovereign.

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BUCKINGHAM PALACE: March 4, 1850.

'MY DEAR LORD HARDWICKE,

'The Prince is anxious that you should resume your seat at the Council of the Duchy of Lancaster which you resigned when you went abroad. I hope that you will be willing to do so as it is important for the Queen's interest that the persons upon that Council should be well acquainted with the peculiar details of the Duchy business, as well as generally accustomed to the management of property, and it would be a considerable time before any person could acquire the knowledge of the subject which you have gained. The change in the Chancellor of the Duchy will not, I hope, make the working of the Council less easy.

'Sincerely yours,

'C. B. PHIPPS'

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In such circumstances, and apart altogether from any question of the refusal of employment by the Admiralty, it is obvious that the matter could not be allowed to rest where it was, and a letter received by Lord Hardwicke in September 1853 from Lord Clarendon makes it clear that he lost no time in seeking an explanation from Sir James Graham.

* * * * *

September 30, 1853.

'MY DEAR HARDWICKE,

'I hope you will excuse me for not having answered your letter by return of post as I ought to have done, but I assure you that the last two days, I have been unable to do anything but fight against an extraordinary pressure of public work. My firm belief is that the *personal errors* into which Graham had fallen are now quite removed. Hardwicke is a good sailor, and an officer of real ability and merit is an extract from a letter of Graham's in answer to mine about you; but I see that the bar to your being employed, is your own position in the Service and your having one year and eleven months to serve afloat before you can render yourself eligible for the Flag. There are only three captains above you and if when your turn arrived you were in command of a ship, and your full period of requisite service was not accomplished, I suppose that a question, which has not yet arisen, would then arise, respecting your right to promotion to the Active Flag. This I take to be the real difficulty, and your professional knowledge will enable you to judge of its value. I sent a copy of your note to Graham, and as far as I am concerned I hope you will now take any course you may think most expedient, only bearing in mind that Graham has no unfriendly feeling towards you. I have said to you upon that point, nothing more than what he told me, but I should be sorry that he thought I had said less. I fear that all endeavours to keep the peace are exhausted or nearly so, and I don't anticipate much active hostility at this time of year, if hostilities we are to have. The Emperor of Russia is quite without excuse, he persists in asking what the Turks cannot concede, and he wants a power in Turkey which would be useless to him, except for overturning the Ottoman Empire, the independence of which he declares must be maintained.

'Ever yours truly,

'CLARENDON.'

* * * * *

From this letter it is clear that Lord Clarendon as a friend of both parties did all he could to explain the conduct of Sir James, but his mention of 'personal errors' into which the First Lord had fallen seems an ample confirmation of that gentleman's indiscretion in giving an official countenance to the rumours of which Lord Hardwicke complained. In any case, Lord Clarendon's letter was obviously an explanation thoroughly unsatisfactory to Lord Hardwicke, who, as Lady Hardwicke writes, 'immediately wrote to Sir William Parker and obtained from him the following memorable credential.'

* * * * *

SHENSTONE LODGE, LICHFIELD: 14 Nov., 1853.

'My DEAR LORD HARDWICKE,

'I fully enter into your feeling of mortification and disappointment in not obtaining professional appointment in the present threatening aspect of affairs; I am much grieved that a fallacious impression should for a moment have obtained that the slightest approach to a misunderstanding between your Lordship and myself had ever occurred. I am indeed at a loss to conceive on what pretence such an idle and mischievous rumour could have originated. Sir Francis Baring intimated to me the astonishment and annoyance you had expressed to him at such a fabrication; I assure you my reply quite corresponded with your sentiments. I can truly say that the *Vengeance* was very satisfactorily conducted under your command, while attached to my flag, and all your proceedings manifested genuine zeal for the Service. I cannot forget with what anxiety your Lordship withdrew your application to be relieved in the command of that ship, when on the Squadron being ordered to the vicinity of the Dardanelles, there appeared a temporary prospect of more active service. I truly regret it that on our departure from the East you again felt yourself compelled to resign your ship, in consequence of the illness of Lady Hardwicke at a time when I believe you were within a short period of completing the requisite servitude for your active Flag.

'I remain faithfully and cordially yours,

'W. PARKER, *Admiral*.'

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'Armed with this letter,' continues Lady Hardwicke, 'he sought an audience of the Prince Consort, and stated his case, placing the refutation of these calumnies in the Prince's hands. Upon reading this generous and truthful statement, Prince Albert expressed his satisfaction at having seen it, and his astonishment at the falsehoods that had been circulated, and requested Lord Hardwicke that he might place it in the hands of the Queen, which he accordingly did and returned to express Her Majesty's gratification on its perusal.'

All this took place at the end of 1853: meanwhile Sir Charles Napier was unwearying in his applications to the Admiralty to obtain Lord Hardwicke's assistance in the expedition which was shortly to sail for the Baltic. In January Lord Hardwicke was placed upon the retired list, but Sir Charles was still anxious to secure him as one of his admirals, as is very clear from a memorandum of a conversation by Lord Hardwicke which he left among his papers.

* * * * *

March 6, 1854.

'I met Sir Charles Napier in the United Service Club. He took me aside and told me that Sir James Graham had consulted him as to whom he would select as 3rd Divisional Admiral for the Baltic Fleet. He answered Sir James Graham by saying that he would have asked for Lord Hardwicke as Captain of the Fleet as he preferred him, but he thought he would have no chance of having him. But now he was again to select an Admiral, he should ask for Lord Hardwicke as he should prefer him to anyone. Sir James Graham said, Very well, I will appoint him, but in this peculiar case, I must apply to the Cabinet. The result was the refusal of the Cabinet to appoint me, in consequence of their fearing to excite emotion in the officers of the Active List; but that although at the beginning there was this ground of refusal, yet by and by it might be done. Sir Charles Napier added, I shall want one more Admiral and I shall again apply for you.

'H.'

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The controversy with Sir James Graham perhaps affords a sufficient explanation of the failure of Sir Charles's repeated efforts in behalf of Lord Hardwicke, though there is no doubt the Government had an answer in the Admiralty regulation which had placed him upon the retired list.

'Lord Hardwicke's application for employment was brought before the Cabinet,' writes Lady Hardwicke, 'but the Admiralty declaring that an order in Council to make this exception would bring the whole retired list upon their shoulders, his request was politely declined, with the feeling that the late enactment had fallen cruelly upon his professional career.'

'Few but myself,' concludes Lady Hardwicke, 'who have seen the anguish of disappointment caused by such a termination of the cherished ambition of a whole life, can at all appreciate the severity of this blow. This statement of facts engraven on the tablet of my heart I have drawn up with a view of placing in the hands of my dear children the means of vindicating their beloved father's memory in case upon any future occasion they should be called upon to do so. Let them remember that the Lord nourisheth with discipline and accept the trials and disappointments of life with the same spirit of resignation which their beloved father always exhibited, to my great and endless consolation.'

To me, his daughter, it has seemed that the occasion of which my mother speaks, for the vindication of my father's memory, has arrived with the publication of this memoir of his life, and I have therefore set out the facts as she wrote them down.

The long period of Whig rule, which had lasted with the single break of a few months in 1852 since the year 1846, was at length terminated by the return of Lord Derby's second administration to power in 1858, and Lord Hardwicke took office as Lord Privy Seal with a seat in the Cabinet. His energy and professional zeal, however, had been fully employed since 1856 as the Chairman of a Royal Commission which had been appointed to inquire into the question of the manning of the Navy. The negative results of the expedition to the Baltic during the late war with Russia had brought the question into public notice, and the great changes which were taking place in the design and construction of ships of war by the invention of the screw propeller and the evolution of the ironclad battleship had given a more than ordinary urgency to the question of national defence.

Lord Hardwicke entered upon his duties with the greatest energy. One of the instructions to the Commission was to 'determine in case of need the means necessary to man at short notice thirty or forty sail of the line.' In a speech at Cambridge in 1858 he pointed out some facts regarding the Navy of which the public were quite ignorant, and which pointed to a serious decrease in the naval power of the country which caused much uneasiness. Lord Hardwicke reminded his hearers that though during the period of the American, Revolutionary, and Napoleonic wars we had maintained an establishment of from 105,000 to 140,000 seamen and marines, and had experienced little difficulty in manning a fleet of ships of the line which averaged 120 sail, yet during the recent war with Russia the Admiralty had with difficulty found crews for the thirty−three vessels which took part in the operations in the Baltic. 'These ships,' he said, 'went to sea in such a condition as to inflict a positive injustice on the brave officers in command of them, and if it had not been for the efficiency of the latter and the way their crews were disciplined, they might as well have stopped at home.'

Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort both took great interest in this important question, and the Prince in the following letter showed his practical knowledge of the subject by urging the importance of the training−ship as a source of an efficient personnel for the Navy.

* * * * *

'My DEAR LORD HARDWICKE,

'In your position as chairman of the Manning Committee I wish to draw your attention to a point, which I consider of the utmost importance.

'We have two brigs, the *Rollo* and the *Nautilus*, at Portsmouth and Plymouth for apprenticing boys for the Navy. You are perfectly acquainted with their excellent system, and the fact that, after having completed their time of instruction, these boys form the best sailors in the Queen's service, having acquired a taste for the Man−of−War service early in life, and are free from any connection with the Merchandise. But these two ships give the Navy only about 200 seamen a year. What are 200 annually to a fleet of 50,000? Why should not each of the Coast Guard Ships have a brig attached to them on their respective stations for receiving boys? The brigs are worth nothing to the service, and I am told that the applications for the entry of boys is always far beyond the present means of receiving, whilst men are frequently not to be had. If 2000 boys so trained were added every year to the Navy for ten years' service, it would be none too many. It would only give us 20,000 men at the end of ten years; but these would be permanently added to the stock of seamen of the country, which I am sorry to say appears to be gradually falling below our wants.

'Ever,

'Yours Truly,

'ALBERT.'

OSBORNE: July 24, 1856

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The labours of Lord Hardwicke and his colleagues were received with general approbation on all sides, although his own declared opinion of the advisability of reviving the Press−gang in certain circumstances was not generally accepted.

I must here mention that although Lord Hardwicke was debarred by the regulation in force from accepting the decoration from King Victor Emmanuel of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, his Majesty was still determined to mark his sense of my father's services to Italy at Genoa. Six years after the revolution of Genoa he caused a medal to be struck bearing the national arms and inscribed with the words:

'Al Valore Militare. Lord Conte di Hardwicke, commandante il vascello *Vengeance*. Distinti servizii pel Ristabilmento del Ordine. Genova, 1849.'

Queen Victoria's permission to wear this medal was accorded to Lord Hardwicke by the following letter from Lord Clarendon.

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GROSVENOR CRESCENT: July 24, 1855.

'MY DEAR HARDWICKE,

'The Queen's permission has been duly received for you to wear the medal conferred upon you by the King of Sardinia and I have communicated the same officially to the Admiralty.

'Very truly yours,

'CLARENDON.'

* * * * *

The end of every life is the hardest to describe. The time of rest must come, and with it retirement from public work. The parent begins life again in his children, and in making place for them in the world. We have followed the career of an active and energetic man, who thoroughly lived his life, and enjoyed it. We have seen his first great disappointment in the profession that he loved, when an opportunity offered itself for service under Sir Charles Napier in the Baltic Fleet during the Crimean War. To die in action, fighting for England, was his ambition, and the failure of an opportunity for its fulfilment brought with it much depression.

Meanwhile, however, he lost no time in vain regrets, or ceased from active and useful work on his estate and in his county. We have read a letter describing old 'Wimple' in 1781; I shall now try to carry on the description in few words from 1855. It was a beloved home; we 'were seven,' and in the adjoining rectory lived my uncle the Hon. and Rev. Archdeacon Yorke, Canon of Ely, with six cousins, a merry party in holiday time. The house was big and the furniture, books and pictures fine, but my father's life would have satisfied the severest of socialist critics by its simplicity. Our own dress was scrupulously simple. Our boots I well remember, they were all made by a little hump−back cobbler who lived at New Wimpole, and used to come by the avenue to the 'Big House,' as it was always called, to measure us. These substantial thick boots and leather gaiters from the village shop, with short linsey skirts, formed our walking attire. And in the Christmas holiday we all tore about the muddy fields in 'paper−chases.'

Later on I remember writing a paper for my friends on how to dress on eighty pounds a year, which was my allowance at eighteen.

The cottages were beautifully clean and the furniture solid, all the men wore smock−frocks and very thick boots with large nails that lasted a year: no such thing as a blue suit and yellow boots would have been tolerated then. The best dressed wife wore a red cloak and neat black bonnet. The family Bible was found in every cottage, and my uncle gave two cottage Bible−readings every week of his life. There was no attempt at Cathedral services in country churches. The Communion service was reverently given once a month, and on the great feast−days my uncle preached in a black gown. And such a fuss was made when the black waistcoat now commonly worn by the clergy was introduced: it was called the *M. B. Waistcoat* (mark of the beast).

My uncle ultimately adopted it, when promoted to a canonry at Ely. What changes since those days, what luxury has crept in everywhere, and how often one sighs over the simplicity of the past, which certainly produced a stronger, if not a better race.

My father was very courteous, especially to ladies, cheery, full of life and spirits; liberal in heart though a strong Conservative in politics. If anything pleasant or amusing was on hand, such as a dance or our 'private theatricals,' he would wave his hands and say, 'Clear the decks! Clear the decks!' We often used to 'clear the decks' for games of *Post* and Magical Music!... Evenings at Wimpole were never dull. We attempted to keep up old traditions, and intellect and vitality were not wanting. There was always a sprinkling of rising men in all the practical departments of life among the guests at Wimpole, statesmen, agriculturists, shipbuilders and owners, besides intimates and relations; dear old 'Schetky' with his guitar among the most popular, and the delight of the children after dinner when he would sing his favourite ballad 'When on his Baccy Box he viewed.' Amateur music was greatly encouraged, not that it came up to the requisitions of the present day, but it was very pleasant. My mother's ballad singing was exceptional, and without accompaniment very interesting.

'Annie Laurie' and all Lady John Scott's ballads, besides 'Caller Herrin'' the Scotch cry for fresh herring were her favourites and brought tears to one's eyes. Nothing was spared where education was concerned, and music and languages were among the great advantages afforded to myself and my sisters. To the latter I attribute one of the

greatest enjoyments of my life, especially when in later years I often lived in Paris. Histrionic art also was cultivated in the holidays under the able management of uncle Eliot Yorke, M.P. The 'Wimpole Theatre' opened in 1796 with 'The Secret,' with Lady Anne, Lady Catherine and Lady Elizabeth Yorke and Viscount Royston as the caste. It was reopened in 1851 with the 'Court of Oberon: or The Three Wishes,' by the Dowager Countess of Hardwicke, with Viscount Royston, the Hon. Eliot Yorke, Mr. Sydney Yorke, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, the Hon. John Manners Yorke, Lady Agneta Yorke, the Hon. Victor Yorke, and the Hon. Alexander Yorke in the caste, and the Hon. Eliot Yorke, M.P., as stage manager. This company in 1853 repeated the 'Court of Oberon' with 'The Day after the Wedding.' In 1854 'The Day after the Wedding' was again given with a comic interlude 'Personation' by Charles Kemble and a popular farce 'Turning the Tables.'

In 1855 'Personation' and 'Popping the Question' were given before their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary. A very smart party was invited to meet their Royal Highnesses, and a great deal of merriment was our reward.

The excellent training of 'Uncle Eliot' during the dull winter evenings made the winter holidays a real joy; we rehearsed and acted in the Gallery, originally built to hold the Harleian Manuscripts, and divided by columns into three parts, making an admirable theatre and a handsome proscenium. On one great occasion we had Frank Matthews as prompter, and we none of us forget seeing him initiate Lady Agneta in the art of making a stage kiss. Oh! how we laughed. He cried so much during the performance that he prompted badly; but perhaps the dear man was touched by the family talent! A letter from Tom Taylor recommending plays suitable for our company will be read with interest.

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'There is a play called Hearts are Trumps which I think would suit your friends, from what you tell me of their troupe and requirements. We played a piece at Canterbury called Palace and Prison adapted by Simpson from La Main gauche et la main droite which, as far as I remember, is unobjectionable. I think Palgrave Simpson had it printed, though I do not think it has been acted in London. My little comedietta Nine Points of the Law is free from all critical situations and language, but perhaps Mr. Sterling's part may be too old for your *jeune premier*.

'There is a piece called the Secret Agent well suited to drawing−room theatricals; you might look at it. You can't marry your Grandmother is a good one−act piece, free from objectionable situation and dialogue. See also Time tries all, A Match in the Dark, and Kill or Cure.

'Ever yours truly,

'TOM TAYLOR.'

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In 1857 the Wimpole Theatre reopened with the same company and gave 'Sunshine through the Clouds' and 'Only a Halfpenny'; and in 1860 for the last time with 'The Jacobite' by Planche; a scene from 'King John'; and 'Helping Hands' by Tom Taylor. The last was a beautiful play, but too refined for the ordinary theatre, and consequently did not have the run it deserved.

All these performances were strictly confined to the family, including the painting of the scenery and the composition of Prologues, Epilogues, &c. As we said in one of those compositions, 'We are no London stars; we're all of Yorke.'

While we were play−acting, my father would continue persistently the work of his estate and county. It was his habit to hire his own labourers for the estate and home farm, and these, well and carefully chosen, were secure in their posts from year to year, and loved him. He also made a rule every Saturday of passing elaborate accounts at the estate office with his steward. He dined at Cambridge once a year with all his tenants; never was a landlord more beloved. The old−fashioned harvest home was celebrated in the spacious coachhouse cleared for the occasion; my mother and 'all of us' went down to welcome the labourers and hear my father address them. He settled things in his own way, sometimes differing considerably from ordinary routine, but he was scrupulously just, liberal and kind, with a most attractive sense of humour.

My father had seen and felt acutely the harm raw spirits had done in the Navy. This made him very careful when at Wimpole. According to old custom, beer was brewed twice a year, and he kept the key of the cellar and punctually opened it every morning before breakfast to give out the 'measure' for daily consumption. I remember so well a new butler arriving with a pompous manner and *very red nose*. Shortly after arrival he was taken ill and retired to his bed for several days, the family doctor from Royston attending him. On his recovery, going into luncheon with us all, my father with his usual courtesy said, 'I hope you are better.' Answer: 'Oh yes, thank you, my Lord, it was only *the Change of Beer!'*

I remember the average doctor's bill for domestic servants at Wimpole was L100 a year. May I be allowed for once to speak of self? Mine, with a more or less teetotal home, comes on an average to L1; I give extra wages and no strong drink, and this system works admirably, except for the *poor Doctors*, whom I fear sometimes find their incomes sadly diminished by the Temperance movement!

My father made great additions and improvements at Wimpole House. He found it needing repair, and after releading the extensive roof, he built offices on the left side, and later restored the large conservatory on the right, besides entirely rebuilding the stables, and placing the handsome iron gates at the Arrington entrance. A group of sculpture by Foley in the pediment of the stone porch over the front door greatly improved the centre of the house, which was very flat. In round numbers he spent L100,000 in these improvements. There were twelve reception rooms *en suite*, including the beautiful chapel painted by Sir James Thornhill, and no sooner had No. 12 been done up than No. 1 began to call out! It was always beginning, never ending.

In 1867 came the first home bereavement, the first heart−breaking loss, from which my father never recovered; he kept to his daily work, but gaiety forsook him, and the trouble no doubt told upon his constitution, which was threatened with a serious form of rheumatic gout, and with gradual heart failure. His beloved third son, Victor Alexander, Queen Victoria's godson, died suddenly whilst assisting at a penny reading at Aston Clinton, the residence of Sir Anthony and Lady de Rothschild, to whom he was devoted. Victor was a lad of great promise; he was in the Horse Artillery, and a bad accident in Canada is supposed to have left some injury to the back of the head and spine. He had been suffering from pains in the head, but was in the highest of spirits the day before he died. An accomplished fellow, fond of music and poetry, he was reading 'The Grandmother' by Tennyson, and at verse three

> Willy my beauty, my eldest born, the flower of the flock,
> Never a man could fling him, for Willy stood like a rock'

he fell forward on his face and never spoke again.

The tenderness and sympathy shown by Sir Anthony and Lady de Rothschild on this occasion made a deep impression on our bereaved hearts. It was quite beyond words, and from it sprang that happy marriage between my brother Eliot Yorke, Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and Annie de Rothschild, their daughter. It was founded on the truest love, and admiration of great qualities which have stood the test of many years. The marriage took place in Wimpole Church in February 1873.

It was about June in the same year that my father left Wimpole for the last time in an invalid carriage. The fatigue of the journey brought on a severe attack of heart failure, and as he reached his house in Portman Square, we feared it was his last. But not so. A few weeks later he reached his beloved Sydney Lodge, where his room was arranged on the ground floor and a young doctor always in attendance. His patience and fortitude were heroic. Unable to lie down, he sat for weeks in an armchair, supported at night by his two attendants. Nothing could be more sad than to witness his lingering end. Sometimes he rallied sufficiently to be wheeled into the drawing−room and be refreshed by our singing hymns to him in parts. He was a firm believer in Christ, and constantly asked for St. Paul's Epistles to be read to him: 'Read me my St. Paul,' he would say. The conclusions of the great Apostle to the Gentiles as to the divinity of Christ supported him through all his troubles.

His last letter, dated September 7, 1873, was written to his friend Tom Cocks.

* * * * *

'I send my Banker's Book and beg you will return it made up with a balance. I am a dying man, and shall be glad when it pleases God to call me home.

'Yours truly, my dear Cocks,

'HARDWICKE.'

* * * * *

On September 17 he expired at Sydney Lodge, Hamble, conscious to the last, and was laid to rest in the family vault at Wimpole. These lines, 'to his beloved memory,' were written by his widow and engraved on a stone cross erected in the grounds of Sydney Lodge overlooking the Southampton Water:

'To thee, the fondly loved one I deplore,
I dedicate this spot for evermore.
Here, 'neath the shade of spreading beech, we sought
Some brief distraction to overburdened thought,
Some balm for pain, immunity from care,
To lift thy soul and for its flight prepare.
Here forest glade and wat'ry flood combine,
To stamp on nature the impress divine;
The sluggish murmur of retiring tide
Whispers Much longer thou can'st not abide ;
The trembling light of sun's retreating ray
Suggests th' effulgence of more perfect day,
And soothing warblers of the feathered tribe
Hymning their orisons at eventide,
Point to the Sun of righteousness which springs,
Saviour of souls, with healing in its wings.
Hallowed by sacred musings be this ground
Where last we sat, and consolation found.
Brief be the space which binds me here below,
Thy spirit fled, all life has lost its glow.'