

No. 6.

Pera of Constantinople 6th March 181⁵ 55

My dear Dick

Your letter of July, which reached me I think in Sept. or October, found us Prisoners within our Garden Walls & in all the horror of apprehension, the Plague having by that time completely surrounded us. — Our back Gate opened into a Muryeng ground in which the Graves were so numerous & so fresh, that it resembled a new ploughed field. — by the bye, in time of health these Muryeng grounds are extremely interesting, but they become serious evils during the Plague. — When I say Muryeng grounds I talk of every empty space in the Towns & their Neighbourhoods. Walks, Roads, all grass through Turkish ones (the Christian ones are more retired & unornamented) which are amongst the most striking objects in the Country. — at each Grave, of any distinction, a Stone is placed — an end-crowned with a Turban which, from its form, denotes the rank of the Deceased. The remainder is filled with inscriptions — generally passages from the Coran, all is painted & gilded in the gayest manner, — at the back of each Stone there is a lypse — of a Magnificence to astonish. These lypse form beautiful Graves which are, in Summer,

filled with Turtle Doves whose constant melancholy Note accord
so sweetly with the Cypress's, while the scene is so singularly
enlivened by the painting & gilding of the Turbans & Incriptions.
Private Mourning grounds make the ornaments of this garden
& Pleasure grounds. —

During the Plague all this beauty, for the time,
disappears, the Modies — & they often died a thousand a day, — are
usually placed very little below the surface of the ground,
& often without coffins — sometimes the Dogs (which form
one of the Nuisances of the Country) dig them up, & at all
times the heat occasions a smell worse than disagreeable,
for it carries Death along with it. —

From this shocking scene we retired late in
Octob^r. to the Village of Malgrade. twelve miles from Pera,
where we were detained later than we intended, by M.
Historic's having a fever of cold, such as he had some years
ago at Millburn, — Malgrade is the Elysian fields of Lady
Mortley Montague. It is, allowing for her high colouring, — a
very charming ^{pretty} Village. — In the midst of an immense forest,
beautifully diversified with green meadows, lakes, streams,
& fountains, & surrounded with wooded hills. — But this
Paradise, — which in summer never fails to give fever & ague,

can be inhabited no later in the season than the middle or end of June. - unless, like us, you chuse to return in October. - We intend to go there in April & quit it finally in June. - for though the House is very charmingly situated & the walks delightful yet, the roads are so execrable, & the necessity of removing twice a year so inconvenient that we mean to take leave of it. -

This Country certainly is the most beautiful in the World, but with a thousand inconveniences, at least, an equal number of uglinesses: - There is little Society (during War) & that little not the best - every one dies of ennui - after the very brilliant outside is seen. - Yet M. Anton cannot find time to write to his friends, & I pass my hours pleasantly enough; - but that is partly because, ^{as} I am not disturbed by morning visits, I can & do read & write more than I ever did in the same space of time. - We scarcely ever dine with our family alone & seldom drink Tea without Company. - We walk when the weather allows it, & then often make calls; - for we pay no other visits. - except in Summer to Buyukbeg to the Prussian, Spanish, Swedish, & Sicilian Ministers; - from all the rest of the Diplomatic Corps & their Friends the War excludes us. - Our House is large & charming, our garden extensive, & we begin to dress it up. - The view from the top of our House, even from the Windows of our Drawing rooms,

is well worthy the pencil of an artist. — We are out of your World it is true, but we are in the Oriental one. — The Posts from Persia, from Bagdad, from Smyrna — Vepels from the Greek & the Mediterranean Islands — all less or more interest us (we are now eating Honey from them — the produce of Mount Lyconettus, — but alas! no Butter.) No say nothing of that from Vienna which gives us very early news from Paris.

But the circumstance which has most interested & occupied us is, the War betwixt Russia & France. — our information has been at least as early as yours, — The Russian Minister here Stalenski receives frequent Carriers & M. Siston had them during the heat of the Contest. still sooner from Sir Robert Wilson, who had been sent by M. Siston to Russia soon after our arrival here on business. — The Carriers of Military Men are generally officers, it happened that three of Sir Roberts Carriers, who were here, prepared to return in the Month of Decr, — two of them were Military, the third a private Gentleman of the name of Levy — one of the officers M. Siston sent by Land, — Levy having three Soldiers of Sir Roberts that had been left there — & the finest Fellows I ever saw, — together with a great deal of Baggage. — insisted, contrary to M. Siston's opinion, ^{on going} with the other officer — one days Voyage by the Black-Sea — He was obstinate & set out in bad weather but with a fair wind for Varina, — There is no Sea

more formidable in Winter than the Black Sea. — Our suspense was long & painful, at length it proved that, after incredible hardships, this little Mark was wrecked on the Coast of Asia, & no soul escaped except one poor Sailor, who saved himself on the Wreck & was dreadfully crushed. — I cannot tell you how much we were shocked & distressed, feeling ourselves the innocent cause of this sad fate.

Donapartes being fairly beat off the field, — half his Army having perished in their retreat from cold & hunger, he must now, it is probable, yield to the wish of the Emperor of Russia, — whose advice is — a general Peace, & who stands in a position to enforce it. — The escape of the King of Persia will lessen Donapartes difficulties. —

We are not without our Political embarrass here. The Turks, besides this universal contempt of all Christian Powers, particularly hate the Russians & fear the French — England & Austria are the only Governments they at all confide in. — Andrieff arrived, as Ambassador Extraordinary, soon after us, he was sent as being a near match to the British Ambassador than the young Man who we found here; — Andrieff's first orders were to prevent the Peace, for that he was as much too late as M. Lator had been to make it. — his next important step was, to renew the War. & the Turks having in truth

made a very disadvantageous Peace it required some address to counteract
him: - Thus the Summer was past in discontent, irritation & ill humour.

This was wound up by two most atrocious Executions of the York
Princes Monrois; of all which I hope the French Ambassadors conscience
is clear - but I would not exchange consciences with them. - yet it
must be confessed that this savage & despotic Nation make less account
of Mens heads than of any thing else in their Kingdom.

The late wonderful successes of the Russians against the French
aided by Galenski & M. Sison, begin to open the eyes of the
Turkish Government, & the ensuing Summer must, I think,
decide the fate of the World. - If the French continue the War &
conquer Russia, Turkey must fall of course, (to this the Sultan
knows perfectly) the favourite point of Bonapartes ambition
being, to be crowned Emperor of the East on the Throne of the
Great Constantine. - It is likewise known that he has sworn
Revenge against the Ottoman-Porte for the Malapropos Peace
they made, & against Austria for the weak assistance she gave.

I hope the late Successes have a little cleared your
Political Atmosphere since your letter to me.

Though I have not replied to you, I immediately did
as you requested, I wrote to my poor friend M^r. Hamilton. - I
cannot express how much we were grieved - there is really
something peculiarly hard in their fate, - poor charming young

Men in so short a time who seem to have quite their Parents out to die.

Pray tell me how they all are & whether my letter was received,

Miss W. Hopkins mentioned to me that my friend Mrs Hamilton of Cochrane had lost another Daughter since we left England & that her son was dangerously wounded - mention them all to me when you write - for if there are any late letters for us they are locked up in the Pardoelles by a long contrary wind.

Did you make out your jaunt to England? are you again in your own House? & what is more important, how is your health? & how is Sandy, for he says little of himself.

I think you were right as to Mrs P. Chamage's Money - apropos of money, I wish you would urge Sandy to give Mr. Weston the Satisfaction of knowing that the Money is paid & the Bond taken up for the two thousand five hundred pounds - whenever your Uncle has time to think of home or future projects - that is his first wish, & Sandy has never even mentioned it - Mr. d. says he is determined to build nothing more at Mellinors (though he is anxious to have the East Stables converted into bed chambers, & the Barn fitted up) till he knows that the Money in question is actually paid, & then he'll go on cheerfully.

He begs to be affectionately remembered to you all - I wrote to Sandy last week - Write soon & fully

Yours most affectionately
Henrietta Weston

Dick Chamage: Egg
Seaton Park near

Inews: Ferry

W. Austin
Constitutional
6 March 1813.