

Bethel. Constantinople.  
Turkey in Europe -  
January 11 - 1880.

My darling Mother,

Since you  
were so unfortunately slighted  
the last time I wrote to the  
Macaulay class, I, this time am  
going to write to you first.  
Had I only known that you  
belong to the class, when last I  
wrote, you may be sure you  
of all the others would have  
been the last one left out.

It has been so long since I  
have written a letter that I really

scarcely know where to begin, but  
think I better begin with 1880 -  
or rather with New Years Eve -  
when we were serenaded by bands  
of Greek boys - also I think there  
were Armenian & Turkish boys.  
We were rather startled by the  
first band who came close up to  
our door, sang & played a sort of  
flutes & drums, then knocking at  
the door requested a present, or  
as they call it a "bozichisk" - I  
think there were about five bands  
went to the house opposite ours, we  
I believe had three serenades, you  
would I am sure have been very  
much interested to see the little  
boys in their odd costumes, the  
music to say the least was not as  
fine as I have heard, just here  
I want to say what you I suppose

you already know, but what I  
did not know till I came here,  
that the Greek Christmas is six  
days after our new years day -  
their new years day one week later,  
making it the thirteenth of January  
as we count time, they celebrated  
Christmas here in Boston with quite  
a good deal of festivities, - Here!  
What a sentence that last is! It  
is all owing to my darling little  
niece Ellen being so beautifully  
beautiful that I cannot help looking  
at her, a few moments ago she  
looked up and smiled at me too  
smelly for any thing.

New Years morning I was looking  
out of my window at eight half-  
pasts who were in the street in front  
of our house chopping wood, when  
a man servant came from Mrs  
Lawrence Beaus with a New Year  
card from Mrs Beaus for me, I am

for each of our young ladies, about  
an hour later the Post man brought  
a card from Mr James Thompson.  
Mr Thompson & Mrs Riis are Scotch  
do you know The Scotch celebrate  
New years day instead of Christmas,  
I only had one call, his name is Mr  
Bliss, He brought me a riding whip,  
& a card he left for one next <sup>day</sup>,  
In the evening I went to a party  
at Mr Seagars, I wore Mary  
Coopers dress, my Brussels lace at  
my neck, light grey gloves, & looked  
quite elegant, one young lady  
wore a white cashmere dress, with  
a long train, trimmed <sup>in</sup> with  
white satin, that dress having been  
made long was more dressy than  
mine, I was glad when I got near  
her for our dresses looked lovely  
together, We had a very pleasant

Evening music, & no end of  
gams - elegant refreshments, there  
were only two people in the company  
that did not take wine, one was  
Bill Bliss, the other was your  
dear daughter - Caroline, Mrs  
Seagar was very much surprised  
that I did not take wine, you  
know the English drink wine  
almost as much as they do water.  
We came home about one o'clock  
I think. By - me - I mean that  
I brought Bill Bliss to spend  
the night with me, Bill & I had an  
invitation to dine in Hissar  
at Dr Longs on the second so  
Bill spent Friday with me, and  
in the afternoon about half past  
four we took a steamer for  
Hissar. — Hissar is the next

"Skala" (Landing) above Bebek.  
not more than two miles from  
Bebek, perhaps not that far.  
When we had been at Dr Long's  
about half an hour Mr Bliss  
who had also been invited to  
dinner came. We had a very  
pleasant time. Dr Long has a  
lovely house, four rooms are  
new & built on the American  
plan. After dinner a little  
while, we went up to the College,  
where we had been invited to  
be present at the closing exer-  
cises of the College, or as it  
really was Theatricals. The play  
was in Turkish, consequently I  
did not understand very much  
of it - only two or three words.  
It was a triumphously noisy

play & not very interesting. one  
reason was because it was a  
French play & that was not so  
odd as if it had been a Turkish  
one. Had the students only known  
it they would have been much  
more pleasing to a good many  
of us if it had been all Turkish.  
All the securing was Turkish. The  
stage was curtained one side  
with an American flag & the  
other with a Turkish. Between  
the acts were Armenian. The  
Musical Professor played on  
the piano. One piece composed  
by himself, called "The Armenian"  
was quite pretty - After the exer-  
cises were over all the guests - there  
must have been two or three hundred  
- were invited to the dining room

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To have a cup of tea, Mr Bliss  
my escort took me to the dining  
room, but we concluded the tea  
& cake could not tempt us, so  
after walking around the galleries  
& making a short call in Dr Wash-  
burns room - Dr Washburn is the  
President of Robert College -  
we went home, Bill staying at  
the college - her brother & I going  
back to Dr Louge. ~~As I think~~  
~~I have written this letter so as~~  
~~to interest all of the History~~  
~~Class & as I propose to write~~  
~~the rest of the letters so that~~  
~~all the class can read them &~~  
As I have so little time to write  
I will bid you a very loving good  
evening & write my second edition

Most affectionately  
to  
Dad