

ORIGINAL in private collection of Susan Lewis Clapp

Clara Drew Smith (aboard *Sea Bird*, Smyrna) to her sister-in-law, Judith Winsor Smith (Pembroke, MA), Nov. 15, 1852

Dear Judy,

I think as you are living out of the word up there in Pembroke, that it would be almost too bad for you not to have a letter from your friends of the *Sea Bird* all to yourself. We arrived here safely in the harbor of Smyrna after a passage of 37 days -- We had much better weather than when I came before, and I was not as sick, though I had plenty of those awful seasick feelings. We have received no letters either from Mr. Lombard or from home as we expected to have done this last week, I have one from you, one from mother and another from Zilpah, which I get out and read over occasionally -- the recollection of my last visit to Pembroke as well as the many others has served to beguile a good many tedious hours on this voyage. When I was too sick to read or work and Jona was obliged to be on deck all I could do, you know, was to lie and think -- and many the time I assure you I thought over and over those pleasant hours spent with you at home and among the bushes and whether we should ever spend as many more in the same way. I suppose you have heard from us some time before this will reach you by Z's letter -- Yesterday was Sunday here but very little like that day is seemed at home -- before we were out of bed in the morning, the Jews commenced coming on board and strewing the decks with their rattletraps -- everything here nears the appearance of a holiday instead of a holy day -- the Turks have their Sabbath on Friday, the Jews on Saturday -- the rest are nearly all Catholics, they go to church early in the morning, after that they do as they choose -- we were invited to dine at Mr. Mirma's they came off for us at about 11 -- We me Mrs. Langdon & Davie there two Americans who have lived in Smyrna for several years. We sat down to table at half past one and sat there for over an hour, which you will judge would be necessary one should do when I tell you we had upwards of twenty different courses and thirty different dishes including the fruit of which there were 12 different kinds -- There were various sorts of wines but those we neither of us touched. I ate a little of almost all or tried to and have been sick all night to pay for it, did not gut up until 10, and have left off once since I have been writing to vomit -- Have just taken a dose of Tincture Rhubarb and think I shall soon feel better -- After dinner we had music, waltzing and dancing, shouldn't you have thought it would seem like any other day rather than Sunday? I have just been out on deck to look at a little Austrian man-o-war, which has laid here ever since we were here. She is going out today and so is dressed in her gayest colors. She is only a little brig but has 13 different colors on each mast, her ensign at the stern, beside another small one forward -- she makes quite a show for so small a concern. I must hurry though the mail goes out at two and it is now after eleven and I have two other letters to finish. How I wish I could send some grapes, and get them to you as we have them here, but everyone tells us it is useless to attempt to get any home, that it has been tied repeatedly but always fails. The figs are very high, 5 or 10 cents per pound for nice ones as much again as they were a month ago but we get a large bucket full of those grapes for 20 cents. We have been here just a week are unloaded and about on third laden for Boston, are in hopes to get away the last of the week -- Jona says you may begin to look for us by the middle of the January, shortly after the arrival of the barque *Stamboue*, Captain Kingamn, which will sail a few days first. That barque and the *Sea Bird* are all the American vessels here now. On our passage out there were two flying fish that come on board that the mate got and Jona cleaned and cooked them for me. They were the first thing I could eat which I kept on my stomach. Jona likes his crew very well they are all Dutch, with the exception of one Frenchman. I could write much more if I felt well but I do not a bit so I must stop -- kiss all the children for me -- Jona sends his love to all -- has written to his mother and Charlie will write to Mr. Lombard just before we go

which will suffice for him. He is as busy as you can imagine. He has been makin air pipes for the cargo for which Mr. Lombard paid 14 dollars before, he told him that he would do them himself this time to save the 14 dollars.

From your affectionate sister,

Clara