

New York, May 14, 1858.
Friday morning.

My dear Wife:

Because I am disappointed, this morning, in receiving an expected letter from you, I will still do my duty in writing to you, albeit I have nothing interesting to communicate.

You asked me, in a recent letter, how I was "enjoying" myself — from which I infer you to mean, what sights have I seen, &c.? This week, I have been to a "Musard Concert" where about 150 instruments were engaged & several songs were sung by distinguished Italian & French singers. Also, to hear & see the opera of "The Barber of Seville" — which I enjoyed so greatly that I could not help wishing you with me, at least a dozen times. Madame Lagrange is a splendid singer, has the most wonderful control over her voice of any person I have known — trilling and rolling her voice almost with the facility and sweetness of the finest canary.

On yesterday, I went with Mr. & Mrs. Deane to Greenwood Cemetery — I was literally delighted.