

New York, May, 10, 1867.

My dear Brother,

It is so long since I have heard from you I have lost the reckoning. I suppose you are thinking the same of me * but, I wrote last. I suppose you are rather surprised to hear from me, from this place. Jennie & Katie came up Friday morning. I returned with them, the same afternoon. They are stopping at a very pleasant private boarding-house, so I am having quite a nice visit with them. We were out, all day yesterday. In the morning, we went to the "Academy of Design", and in the afternoon to see the Japanese. Such performances as they had! twisted them-selves into all imaginable and unimaginable positions. It didn't seem to make any particular difference to them, whether they stood on their heels or head or on some one else's head. This morning we went over to Brooklyn, and heard a most excellent sermon from Mr. Beecher. It was very characteristic. The church was jammed. We just managed to get a back seat. The organ in the church is a very sweet-toned & powerful instrument, and I liked the singing so much. I think It is so much more sensible to have such singing, than it is to hire four professional singers, & have the congregation sit in mute admiration or consternation, whichever the case may be. Tonight we are going to hear Dr. Chapin, up on 43rd street. Dear me! I don't believe I could ever stand it to live here. So many people, it tires me} and such long distances. It takes one an hour to go anywhere. Perhaps I might endure it, if I had a mint of money & could have every luxury, I wanted; but then, I don't
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know whether I should care for it or not. Well, how about "Nephew No.2"? Has he received a name, as yet? I hope there is a letter for me, at the College, from you. I shall be very busy, when I go back, and, so, cannot write for some time. So thought I would write today. I have not heard from any of Aunt Mary's folks for a long time. You must write as soon as you can. I am afraid you can not read this scrawl; but you must excuse it, for I am not accustomed to this kind of a pen. With much love and a prayer for you all,

Your loving sister,

Annie M* Glidden.

(Annie (Glidden) Houts, '69,