

Vassar College, Jan. 18, 1867.

Good-evening to you my dear brother, how is your health this evening, and that of your family? I am all ready for tea, but tea will not be ready for me for some fifteen minutes. So X think I can do no better with these few spare moments than devote them to you, although I am not In debt to you, only so far as this) that X think I ought to write you at intervals not too long, whether you respond or not. However, X hope this will not encourage you in your remissness. I have not heard from a soul in Portsmouth town, for four or five weeks, and I am provoked with all of you. I will not say more of this, but, by way of instituting a beginning to a "coal-of fire-heaping-on-your-head" process, which I intend to continue until you are brought to terms, X send you the enclosed picture, taken, as you will observe, in the great city of Bosting. X should be pleased to know your opinion of it, when you feel disposed to write. We are having some very cold weather now. Today, it was so stormy, we didn't go to the Observatory to our Astronomy Class, almost an unheardof thing. We are to take observations, as soon as the weather is clear enough. O, if you will look in your "New Encyclopaedia," under Mltchel, Maria, you may find out a little concerning our teacher in Astronomy. X feel a little better disposed towards the inhabitants of Portsmouth, in general, and the dwellers at Aunt Mary's, in particular, since I received a letter from Sallle, this morning. I have taken my out-door exercise today, and have written my composition, so my mind is comparatively easy, though my Astronomy-problems are yet to be solved. X am going to Dec. 25, 1865 - 18

the French table this evening, and X expect my meals will be a system of torture to me, but it is a good opportunity to learn to "parlea-Fran«ais," so I think I had better improve it. I suppose you will perceive, before this, that the latter part of this was written, and is being written, Saturday morning. I am awaiting now, in anxious expectation, to hear the gladsome tone of the dinner-bell.

I am so hungry. I had ever so much fun this morning, out walking. Another young lady and myself, were armed with leggins and over-shoes, and so we went through the deepest snow, we could find, and tumbled about in it as much as we could. Z have not heard from Carlos since my return. Yes, there was a letter awaiting me, on my return, but how long it had been here, I wont pretend to say. We had anticipated the pleasure of a lecture, last evening, from Rev. Mr. Manning of Boston, and, at the appointed time, were all seated, in the chapel awaiting the appearance of the lecturer, when the president of our society appeared upon the stage and announced to us that Mr. Manning had not, as yet arrived. So we were disappointed. I have just come from dinner, and as the clearness of my head was not increased by two cups of chocolate, and, as I want this letter to go by the afternoon's mail, I will say adieu.

With many kisses for Robbie, love to Mary and yourself.

Your aff. sister,

Annie.

(Annie (Glidden) Houts, '69,