

Wednesday, Feb 24th 1864

Norwich University. Norwich Vermont

Dear Grandpa,

Knowing you would like to have another letter from me, I thought I would send you one. The weather here hitherto severely cold, has once more changed and changed very greatly, for the thermometer at present is near 60^o, the warmest time we have had yet and most of the snow has turned into water, and I have to go slop, slop, slop in my India rubbers up and down the roads –Truly the weather here is wonderfully and fearfully constructed. In 24 hours it went from 26^o below zero to about 20^o above. I am very busy indeed now, working from sunrise to sunset in my laboratory, and at night writing lectures and reading scientific works. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays I spend partially in studying German, and Arabic. I thought I would take advantage of the dreary country hours to study the tongue in which the adepts in alchemy wrote many of their masterpieces in the 14th and 15th centuries and which still lie buried, untranslated in the musty libraries of Spain of all the relics of the ancient civilization which conquered that territory by far the most interesting to me. I find time occasionally to pay attention to town meetings, concerts and Saturday night's sparkings, all of them also interesting subjects for study to the Physiologist. At the town meetings, long haired, blank-faced, dirty hatted, coat-buttony Yankees stick their elbows into each other, and make mighty orations, where every 5th word is emphasized by a violent clap on a board produced by the hand, horny and knobbly, widely spread. "Considabul kalkilatin' " goes on, and on turning to a lady and explaining a deep point: "I want to know" dissolves the romance. The concerts consist of much Yankee, black haired, black eyed, coat to the heels, the women fat, abolition songs and big fiddle. Dirty little boys kicking tinpans, disturbing the music and their elders who "kalkilate they'd give them a quarter to quit the hall." But I see I have no more room so goodbye.

Your aff. Grandson,
Albert H. Gallatin

P.S. give my love to grandma and Uncle John