Now why I don't write you on Sunday — promised has been ordered by Genl. to move the men in the hospital at New York. Coming down to the camp tonight to get into a fight and am in both his eyes tied up. I obtained some wine and hope he will be found as a sollier tomorrow. He will have a black eye. Very probably. There is nothing new here. Nothing to write about. Smith will probably over the staff 173 and into the field, in which case Remmick says the will resign the regiment and take to the canteen. August 24th, back to be made W.O. of my Battery. What I shall be my grief. So he is very acquainted with the men far more than any of my officers. How I am going to be — if I think of any thing more I'll mention it.
sleepy this evening, so far: how soon the Sursky God may attack me and send me to bed I do not know. But you made such a sad and sweet story of your not writing to you on Xmas that I feel bound to submit to you to-night, although you have no right to expect a letter from me at this hour on the New Year. If I had gone to bid there or four hours since, tolerably sober, you might have been very well satisfied. As I did not make any calls out side of the garrison, and arrived only two, I have remained deep sober, then you are in a condition to write you this letter.

Now for New Year: has been observed. I do not know. Mr. Jay seemed to think it would not be generally observed, but I am probably because he did not intend to help open because. He left work to get me to go out to Flatlands with them where it was because he expected me to stay up the Canadian of casting that. I am there a week, I think they. But although I was anxious enough to call upon Mr. R I felt too busy owing to my ten of the last two night to consent to go. Mr. L. offers to go to Washington on Sunday with Major Peat and I have an engagement to go to Flatlands on Sun Day. Should I go, you will
Morning. — I hope to be able to send you a description of flowers picked on the last day of the year.

But when the time came, it proved to be strong and the ground was covered, and if there were any they were not to be found. I don't know where the plant blooms so late at home, but I found a very flower near my dug late in December, and sometimes after he had had some severe weather — all the pum's being frozen this or for mornings in succession.

A Happy New Year to you and your Chick, now I should like to have commenced it with you; it would be better still to live together than it.

But that may not be I fear.

Yours by Peacant L. B. 13