

a better time coming down, if I did
half to walk a mile and a half of
the bank in the mud. Fortunately I used
go along the rail road and knew I
wouldn't get into the mud more than
so deep.

I was sorry to hear of baby's
sickness, but hope it doesn't prove se-
rious enough to interfere with the
prognosis of tumor. We have had no
mail for two or three days, & of course
I have had nothing from you since
the letter I found awaiting me which
gave me the news of her illness. If
I do not hear soon I shall imagine
that the sickness did not prove serious.

When in Washington I ascertained that I was
not a Lt. Col. all rumors to the contrary notwith-
standing, nor am I likely to be one soon.
Maj. Child is the last and he is not "written
up" yet. - This is a disappointed and un-
satisfactory letter, written with several
officers in my tent, all talking or fash
as they could. It will let you know that
I am still alive and kicking, which
will be something pleasant for you to know.
Much love from yours L. B.

Camp near Kettle Run

Jan. 1. 1864

A Happy New Year to you, my dear one,
and may you live to enjoy a many more!

I was very sorry to disappoint
you and to be disappointed myself in
not getting a leave at Washington. On
my return, I immediately sent in an
application, but now I am doubtful
whether I shall get that as soon as I
hoped. Col. Burbank told me on Kettle Run that
he wanted to go away about the 15th
inst., but on my return I learned that
he had made an application for sick
leave & would probably leave very soon.
I also hear that some of the other regi-
mental commanders are trying to get
away. These things may combine to keep
me here; if so, my visit will have to
be deferred for some time. But I mean
to visit you just as soon as I am able
to do so, and don't think I shall be
hindered very long, but we must have
patience.

We have got back to our old place on Kettle Run & are just across the railroad from our old camp. It rained all day Sunday and Monday, on which days the regiment marched here & came into this camp, and it rained hard all day yesterday and most of the night, so that there is no scarcity of mud. I have got myself so fixed that I am not very uncomfortable when in my tent, and it is so muddy that I don't care to go out any more than is absolutely necessary and I don't.

Robert did not say anything to me about the Brady girls and probably doesn't know what you did not choose to tell me. So you can go on and tell me the secret in your next.

R. doesn't look very well with his whiskers, - they give him a sort of D-Oldish look which isn't at all agreeable. I don't like the appearance of some of the

people he goes with.

Luther Brady was with him a good deal and seems to have adopted some views of the world and of men, which would have pleased Sir Pertinax Macynephant very well. He is not a very interesting person. He appears to be trading in old iron and trying to make a penny in almost any way.

I am not sure that R. was perfectly candid with me, but he professed to be working to secure Chase's nomination for the Presidency. He is intriguing for something, either that or something else. His work however will probably not amount to much, but it seems to keep him occupied and may possibly do good in that way. All this is between us however.

I went to Washington on Sunday: it took me fourteen hours to get there; I arrived about 11 o'clock P.M. after a most disagreeable trip & I had a