I have just received a letter from California and another from Mothe and Laura at New Port. Col Hooker who is still in the valley on his farm, says that the barley and quail crop is very abundant this season. The former is down to 2cts per lb which will not more than pay the farmer expenses, but it will probably be much higher when the past excess of the crop is sold. The season has been very favorable but the barley is not so heavy or so fine as it was last year. My tenants are doing very well with my farm, and will improve it vastly. I have had several offers for it and I dare say that I could get a very good price for it, but I shall hold on to it as a kind of a nest egg at large. I wish I were out there again although things have changed very much since I left. Most of the officers are away, and I do not admire Gen Hitchcocks regime at all. General Scott is a candidate for the Presidency and so far there is so little excitement that I think he can hardly be elected any way. In case he should, it would a vacancy among the General Officers, which perhaps might cause promotion in my regiment. I am not very hopeful however on that subject, but I take no interest in politics any way. You will have heard that our old Adjutant General Roger Jones is dead, after a tour of near thirty years in that office. His successor is Colonel Cooper, the first assistant. There have been a great number of vacancies among the high officers lately, and there is an almost an entire change among the old veterans. Mother writes that she has been unsuccessful in her efforts to get the town to buy the old Mill lot, and Uncle William is so contrary that she can not sell it for any other purpose, and so it stands. Uncle Wm is at Brattleboro' water cure establishment, your aunts at Sharon. William and his wife somewhere north in a kind of a community, I forget what etc it is, but some confounded humbug. Fred and Mary Custis are at one of the farms at the beach, and Wolcott is flirting philosophically with Miss Lily Cuby. Poor little Grace Marriam is dead, and the family are in great affliction although they have long been expecting that sad event. The Lawrence and