My Dear Augusta:

Your letter came to hand yesterday, accompanied by the newspaper; I wish I could send you back a pleasant letter, but I cannot write this morning, and would not, did I not think you would be disappointed if my letter failed to come on Saturday or Sunday. I always think a few letters is better than none at all.

There is nothing new around here to write, except that we were invited on Sunday by Geo. Reed; we spent a tolerable time in drinking brandy and inspection. He having marched around with me a good part of the time without saying anything. I invited him to lunch to my quarters, to get a drink, but Harry would not go! Aren't I sorry!!
There is some talk of ordering the families out of the Fort, also, of taking down all the steps leading into the ditch, and all the buildings therein, which would be of very great expense to the Government. If it is going out very cold this winter, then there will be nobody left but the Chaplain. I don’t know where he can go if he were obliged to leave. The Surgeon’s office, take great pains to fit themselves up in the most comfortable style, but they don’t count the comfort of others very much. It is rather out now, than officers being in the city all day. I think Peter is staying a present. As I see more of them than the other officers, I feel their absence more. I hope they will get their work in a day or two.

I find it no use for me to try to write this morning. I have been so busy, I may write again before Sunday, if anything turn up, or if I should see much like writing.

Love them for me. Frank & Nettie. Rememberance to all the friends. God be with them.

Yours,

[Signature]