

Executive Mansion,

Washington, August 8, 1863.

My dear wife.

All as well as usual, and no particular trouble any way. I put the money into the Treasury at five per cent, with the privilege of withdrawing it any time upon thirty days notice. I suppose you are glad to learn this. Tell dear Sam, poor "Nanny Goat" is lost, and Mrs. Lullwater & I are in distress about it.

The day you left Nanny was found resting herself, and chewing her little cud, on the inside of Sam's bed. But now she's gone! The gardeners kept complaining that she destroyed the flowers, till it was concluded to bring her down to the White House. This was done, and the second day she had disappeared, and has not been heard of since. This is the last we know of poor "Nanny."

The weather continues dry, and sometimes warm here. Nothing very important occurring. The election in Kentucky has gone very strongly right. Our Mr. Wickliffe got ugly, as you know, ran for Governor, and is terribly beaten. Upon Mr. Kenttenders death, Brinton Klay, Larnes's brother, was put on the track for Congress, and is largely elected. Mr. Menzies, who, as we thought, behaved

very badly, but person of Congress, is largely beaten in the
District opposite Cincinnati, by Green Bay Smith, Cassius
belays nephew. But enough.

Affectionately,
A. Lincoln