

Washington March 7. 1861

My dear little daughter:

It is long distance from Dayton to Washington. When I left home, after kissing you and Frank and Robby, I got into the omnibus & went down to the place where the cars stop for us to get in. As soon as they came I stepped into what is called a sleeping car, where people can lie down and sleep and all the time be riding just as fast as if they were wide awake. ~~But~~ But I did not sleep much, the cars rattled and jolted so that I could not sleep much; it was very different, I tell you, from lying down to sleep in a quiet room with nothing to disturb me but Della Bruen's snoring!

When I got up, I found that we were in a town, called Zanesville, where I got my breakfast. If you want to know why it is called by that name, you must ask your grand father, for I think he knows. After we got breakfast, we got into the cars again and away we went, and after awhile we came to Bellair. There we got into a steamboat and crossed the Ohio River and into the State of Virginia. Then we got into the cars again and rode all day and all night and next morning I reached Washington. Some times we went through long holes in the ground, - one of them was about as long as from our house to your uncle Jerry's, and another was about one half as long. In these holes which we called tunnels, it is so dark that you cannot see any

thing, not even your hand when you put it close to your eyes. Sometimes, we were on the side of a high mountain and ~~you~~^{we} could look down ever so far, and some times we were riding between high rocks, so high that you could not see the top from the cars, and the rocks looked like they might fall down on us at any moment as we were passing along. A man with a white flag stood by the road side every mile or two to tell us if there was any danger. We got here safely, and I stopped at the house where your uncle Robert was staying. We are all anxious to get home and I think we shall start pretty soon.

When I do ^{come} home I hope your mother will be able to tell me that you have been a very good girl. So good by my dear little daughter,
your loving father Luther B. Brown