

You will direct your letter to me, 62 Ohio Reg. Gen. St. ~~division~~  
 I hope to get a letter from you as soon as possible after receiving this. Now my dear Rhoda adieu for the present, my love to mother and kisses for Sirga. We'll write again in a day or two. There is now regular mail from here.

I was with quite a feeling of security. Thursday, April 3, 1862  
 Kiss in good heart dearest  
 My dear, very dear wife  
 and all loved ones at home

Winchester, Va. <sup>Dear wife</sup> <sup>and your faithful</sup> <sup>husband</sup> <sup>M. Daines</sup>  
 Arrived here last night, very tired and sleepy, so have deferred writing until this morning, got a good night's rest, and a hot cup of coffee and now feel better. Of course my thoughts, my most anxious thoughts, like winged spirits are wending their way back to you and home. I need not tell you how the spirit of sadness like an incensus weighed upon my spirit as I left you, and of the struggle between the promptings of public duty and private affection - you know it all dear and appreciate it all. — I had an interesting and very pleasant trip all the way except last night coming up from Harper's ferry in a train crowded to suffocation with passengers and moving at the rate of 3 miles per hour — But you want all the particulars don't you? so you shall have them in some kind of shape. I met on the train at Cambridge B. Rush Cowan, Secretary of State and Paymaster in the army, and passed the time with him to Belleair. The train only stopped at Barnesville about 3 minutes, our folks, Papa, Mamma, Ruth, Sadi and Frank were at the station. I just had time to step out and say good bye to them, and it was so dark I could not see their faces. Poor Mamma seemed to be

The town is occupied by two regiments of Infantry and some cavalry. The streets are thronged with oldi coats & accoutrements. I played out here and my mind who wishes their well in it are ruined. but they are more, every thing is quiet and safe. This is a tolerably good horse - but crowded with officers. I think I can stay here a few days until I get acclimated.

affected very much - so did they all - but she the most.  
This did not tend to relieve my feelings, already overflowing  
I put my soldier boy off at Bellaire, and Charly Moore and I  
went on up to Wheeling for the night - at his suggestion put up  
at the old Monroe house, had most wretched fare but slept well  
as the train did not start out till 10 - I went down to the McClure  
house to get a peep at Gen. Fremont. I planted myself in the  
door way to the breakfast room - thinking I should recog size him  
from his portraits without difficulty - but he and his staff all passed  
in and I had to have my pointer out to me after all - he was  
sitting at the far end of the room, which was kind of foggy, and  
I got a side view only, and at that distance, he was the last  
man among the large number of military distinguished at the  
McClure that I should have taken for Fremont, expecting to see  
see a kind of Mexican Mustang of a man with black hair long  
and parted in the middle - with black whiskers accordingly -  
instead of that I saw a small plain man with neat blue uniform,  
hair closely cropped and brushed to one side - temples white  
whiskers and mustache cropped pretty short quite grey - almost  
white - I should have taken him <sup>for</sup> a Presbyterian preacher -  
he sat talking with his staff - sipping his coffee out of the cup  
but holding it in the saucer - he ate but little, talking all the  
time - aside from the above description I saw nothing peculiar  
about him except an occasional glance of the eyes - a dark  
brilliant, flashy - french looking eye - his top head is high  
round and full - forehead good medium height - getting tired

waiting I turned around a moment for something, but when I returned my bird had flown! Jessic was there but not at table and saw her not. Saw Gen. Rosecrans, and Gen. Klee both fine looking men took the train at ten, for a trip through the mountain country, and mountain country it is done - I stood most of the time on the hind end of the train to see the country better - it becomes mountainous as soon as the road leaves the river at Moundsville - 15 miles below Wheeling - the road winds about among the hills in all directions - turning and twisting about, now up a narrow ravine - now around the spur of the mountain, now through a tunnel - now across a bridge and through another tunnel - and so on indefinitely. The hills steep rocky and projecting out over head almost perpendicular. Skirted along the banks the streams with hemlock and laurel - which was some little relief from the leafless, and barren appearance of the trees - 3 o'clock P.M. took dinner at Gafton where the Parkersburg road came in, a little town in the upper Monongahela - the scenery along here was very pretty - leaving that river we commencing climbing western slope of the mountain a steep grade for perhaps 30 miles before reaching the summit - ~~no oft we crossed it~~ we came upon the Cheat river - here suddenly opened out upon the view one of <sup>the</sup> wild and most gorgeous scenes imaginable - opened wide my eyes to catch if possible the whole scene - the road leads along the side of the mountain - below on the left - down, down the precipice for hundreds of feet is the Cheat river dark and rapids

looking not larger than a mill race - its banks fringed with dark  
pine trees - and the interminable laurel - on the opposite  
side - rising abruptly - up - up comes the huge mountain  
monster - but look again - up - up you gaze until your  
head grows dizzy with the sight - across it seems but  
a stones throw, but trees look little larger than walking  
sticks - we now come to the famous Russell bridge - a  
short span - 200 feet high - not across Cheat river as I  
expected, but across a deep gorge in the side of the mountain  
all solid iron framework - I was so occupied with the  
natural scene before me that I cared but little for the  
bridge - it was but the busy work of man - that man  
must be an idiot who can see nothing in this but a  
big hill. The scene was so impressed upon my nervous  
system that it haunted me all night - and robbed  
me of a whole night's sleep - as you approach the  
summit of the mountain, the atmosphere becomes very  
cool and bracing - and as the weather was mild and  
clear its effect was most delightful. here is a range  
of high table land - for 20 miles tolerably level - called  
here the "glades" it was here the sun left us sinking behind  
a sheet of cloud forming an irregular semi-circle. I stood  
watching the sun hide behind the edge of the cloud, now  
fringing it with gold, as I caught the last view of it, a  
huge volume of smoke from the engine rolled back  
hiding from view everything but the deep beautiful gold  
fringe - I involuntarily clapped my hands with a kind  
of extacy - it was the most superlatively beautiful scene  
I ever witnessed, so from hence to Chambersland by night.