EASTON GAZETTE.

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TOM FANE AND I.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Common as light is love
And its familiar voice wearies not ever."
Shelley.

TOM FANE's four Canadian ponies were whizzing his light phæton through the sand at a rate that would put spirits into any thing but a lover absent from his mistress. The 'heaven kissing' pines towered on every side, like the thousand and one columns of the cistern of the Palæological at Constantinople, their flat and spreading tops shutting out the light of heaven almost as effectually as the world of Mussulmen, mosques, kiosks, bazaars and giaours sustained on those innumerable capitals, darken the subterranean wonder of Stamboul. An American pine forest is as like a temple, as a sublime one, as any dream that ever entered into the architectural brain of the slumbering Martin. The Methodists in their camp-meetings, have but followed an irresistible instinct to worship God in the religious dimness of the forest.

Tom Fane and I had stoned the storks together in the palace of Cræsus, at Sardis we had read Anastasius on a mufti's tomb in the *Nekropolis* of Scutari. We had burnt with fig-fevers in the same caravansarai at Smyrna; we had coloured out hot foreheads and cursed the Greeks in emulous Romaic in the dim tomb of Agamemmon at Argos—we had been grave at Paris, and merry in Rome, and we had picnic'd with the beauties of the Fanar in the Valley of Sweet Waters in pleasant Roumelia—and when, after parting at Paris, he had returned to England and his regiment, and I to New England and law, whom should *I* meet in a summer's trip to the Lawrence, but Captain Tom Fane of the ——th; quartered at the cliff perched and doughty garrison of Quebec, and ready for any 'lark' that would vary the monotony of duty.

Having eaten seven mess-dinners, driven to the falls of Montmorenci, and paid my respects to Lord Dalhousie, the hospitable and able governor of the Canadas, Quebec had no longer a temptation; and obeying a magnet, of which more anon, I announced to Fane that my traps were packed, and my heart set on *a l'avant courier* to Saratoga.

'Is she pretty,' said Tom.

'As the starry-eyed Circassian we gazed at through the grille in the slave-market at Constantinople.' (Heaven and my mistress forgive me for the comparison—but it conveyed more to Tom Fane than a folio of more respectful similitudes.)

'Have you any objection to be driven to your lady-love by four cattle that would buy the soul of Osbalderston?'

'Objection, quotha?'

The next morning four double-jointed and well-groomed ponies were munching their corn in the bow of a steamer on the St. Lawrence, wondering possibly what, in the name of Bucephalus, had set the hills and churches flying at such a rate down the river. The hills and churches came to a stand still with the steamer opposite Montreal, and the ponies were landed and put to their mettle for some twenty miles, where they were destined to be astonished by a similar flying phenomenon in the mountains girding the lengthen waters of Lake Champlain. Landed at Ticonderoga, a few miles trot brought them to Lake George and a third steamer, and with a winding passage among green islands, and overhanging precipicies, loaded like a harvest-wagon with vegetation, we made our last landing on the edge of the pine forest, where our story opens.

'Well, I must object,' says Tom setting his whip in the socket, and edging round upon his driving box. 'I must object to this republican gravity of yours. I should take it for melancholy, did I not know it was the 'complexion' of your never-smiling countrymen.'

'Spare me, Tom! I see a hand you cannot see! Talk to your ponies, and let me be miserable if you love me.'

'For what, in the name of common sense? Are you not within ten hours of your mistress? Is not this cursed sand your natal soil? Do not

'The pine boughs sing
Old songs with new gladness?'

And in the years we have dangled about here-and-thereians together, were you ever before grave, sad, or sulkey, and will you without a precedent, (and you a lawyer,) inflict your stupidity upon me for the first time, in this waste and beingless solitude? Half an hour more of the dread silence of this forest, and it will not need the Horn of Astolpho to set me irremediably mad.'

'If employment will save your wits you may invent a scheme for marrying the son of a poor gentlemen to the ward of a rich trader in rice and molasses.'

'The programme of our approaching campaign, I presume.'

'Simply.'

'Is the lady willing?'

'I would fain believe so.'

'Is Mr. Popkins unwilling?'

'As the most romantic lover could desire!'

'And the state of the campaign?'

'Why, thus: Mr. George Washington Jefferson Frump, whom you have irreverently called Mr. Popkins, is sole guardian to the daughter of a dead West Indian planter, of whom he was once the agent. I fell in love with Kate Lorimer from description, when she was at school with my sister; saw her by favor of a garden wall; and, after the usual vows——'

'Too romantic for a Yankee, by half!'

'Proposed by letter to Mr. Frump.'

'Oh, bathos!'

'He refused me.'

'Because—'

'*Imprimis*, I was not myself in the 'sugar line, and, *in secundus*, because my father wore gloves and 'did nothing for a living;' two blots in the eyes of Mr. Frump, which all the waters of the earth would never wash from my escutcheon.'

'And what in the deuce hindered you from eloping with her?'

'Fifty shares in the Manhattan Insurance Company, a gold mine in Florida, heaven knows how many hogsheads of treacle, and a million of acres on the banks of the Missouri.'

''Pluto's flame coloured daughter' defend us! What a living Eldorado!'

'All of which she loses, if she marries without old Frump's consent.'

'I see—I see! And this Io and her Argus are now drinking the waters of Saratoga.'

'Even so.'

'I'll bet you my four-in-hand to a sonnet, that *I* get her for you before the season is over.'

'Money and all?'

Mines, molasses, and Missouri acres!'

'And if you do, Tom, *I*'ll give you a team of Virginia bloods that would astonish Ascot, and throw you into the bargain a forgiveness for riding over me with your camel on the banks of the Hermus.'

'Santa Maria! Do you remember that spongy foot stepping over your frontispiece! I had already cast my eyes up to Mount Sypilus to choose a cleanniche for you out of the rockhewn tombs of the kings of Lydia, I thought you would sleep with Abyattis, Fred!'

We dashed on through the dark forest and open clearing—through glens of tangled cedar & wild vine, over log bridges, corduroy marshes and sand-hills, till, toward evening, a scattering shanty or two and an occasional sound of a woodman's axe betoken our vicinity to Saratoga. A turn around a clump of tall pines brought us immediately into the broad street of the village, & the flaunting shops the overgrown hotels, riddled with windows, like honey combs, the fashionable idlers out for the evening lounge to the waters; the indolent smokers on the colonnades, & the dusty and loaded coaches driving from door to door in search of lodgings formed the usual evening picture of the Bath of America.

As it was necessary to Tom's plan that my arrival at Saratoga should not be known, he pulled up at a small tavern at the entrance of the village, & dropping me and my baggage, drove on to Congress-hall, with my best prayers and a letter of introduction to my sister, whom I had left on her way to the Springs, with a party, when starting for Montreal. Unwilling to remain in such a tantalizing vicinity, I hired a chaise next morning, and, despatching a note to Tom, drove to seek a retreat at Barhydt's—a spot which cannot well be described in the tail of a paragragh.

Herr Barhydt is an old Dutch settler, who, till the mineral waters of Saratoga were discovered some five miles from his door, was buried in the depth of a forest solitude, unknown to all but the prowling Indian.—The sky is supported above him, (or looks to be,) by a wilderness of straight columnar pine-shafts, gigantic in truth, and with no foliage, except at the top, where they branch out like round tables spread for a banquet, in the clouds. A small, ear-shaped lake, sunk as deep into the earth as the first shoot above it, black as Erubus in the dim shadow of its hilly shore and the obstructed light of the trees that nearly meet over it, and clear and unbroken as a mirror, save the pearl spots of the thousand lotuses, holding up their cups in the blue eye of heaven that peers through the leafy vault sleeps beneath his window; and around him, in the forest, lies, still unbroken the elastic and brown carpet of the faded pine tassals, deposited in the yearly layers since the continent rose from the flood, and rotted a foot beneath the surface to a rich mould, that would fatten the Symplegades to a flower-garden.—With his black tarn well stocked with trout, his bit of a farm in the clearing near by, and an old Bible, Herr Barhydt living a life of Dutch musings, talked in Dutch to his geese and chickens, sung Dutch psalms to the echoes of the mighty forest, and except on his far-between visits to Albany, which grew rarer and rarer as the old Dutch inhabitants dropped faster away, saw never a white human face from one maple-blossoming to another.

A roving mineralogist tasted the waters of Saratoga, and like the work of a lath-and-plaster Aladdin, up sprung a thriving village around the fountain's lip; and hotels, tin tumblers and apothecaries multiplied in the usual proportion to each other, but out of all precedent with every thing else for rapidity. Libraries, newspapers, churches, livery stables and lawyers followed in the train, and it was soon established from the plains of Abraham to the savannahs of Alabama, that no person of fashionable tastes or broken constitution could exist through the summer without a visit to the chaleybeate springs and populous village of Saratoga. It contained seven thousand inhabitants before Herr Barhydt, living in his wooded seclusion only four miles off, became aware of its existence. A pair of lovers, philandering about the forest on horseback, popped in upon him one June morning, and thenceforth there was no rest for the soul of the Dutchman.—Every body rode down to eat his trout, and make love in the shades of his mirrored lagoon; and at last, in self-defence he added a room or two to his shanty, enclosed his cabbage-garden, and put a price upon his trout dinners. The traveller, now-a-days, who has not dined at Barhydt's with his own campaigne cold from the tarn, and the white headed old settler 'gargling' Dutch about the house, in his manifold vocation of cook, ostler and waiter, may as well not have seen Niagara.

Installed in the back chamber of the old man's last addition to his house, with Barry Cornwall & Elia, (old fellow travellers of mine,) a rude chair, a ruder but clean bed and a troop of thoughts so perpetually from home that it mattered very little what was the complexion of any thing about me, I waited Tom's operations with a lover's usual patience. Barhydt's visitors seldom arrived before two or three o'clock, and the long soft mornings, quiet as a shadowy elysium on the rim of that ebon lake, were as solitary as a lover could desire. Didst thou but know, oh gentle Barry Cornwall, how gratefully thou has been read and mused upon in those dim and whispering isles of the forest, three thousand and more miles from thy smoky weatherboard, me thinks it would warm the flush of pleasure around thine eyelids, even though the 'golden tressed Adonis' were waiting her good-night kisses at thy knee!

I could stand it no longer. On the second evening of my seclusion, I made bold to borrow old Barhydt's superannuated roadster, and getting up the steam with infinite difficulty in his rickety engine, higgled away at a pace to which I could not venture to affix a name, to the gay scenes of Saratoga.

It was ten o'clock when I dismounted at the stable of Congress-hall, and giving *der teufel*, as the old man ambitiously styled his steed, to the hands of the ostler, stole round through the garden to the eastern colonnade.

I feel called upon to describe 'Congress-hall.' Some fourteen or fifteen millions of white gentlemen and ladies consider that wooden and windowed Babylon, as the proper palace of delight, a sojourn to be sighed for, and economized for, and sacrificed for—the birthplace of loves, the haunt of Hymen, the arena of fashion, a place without which a new lease of life would be valueless—for which the conjuring-cap of King Errious could not furnish a season-ticket—it might lie as unnoticed on a lady's toilet as a bride's night cap a twelvemonth after marriage. I say to myself sometimes as I pass the window of 'White's,' and see a world-sick nobleman with the curl of satiety and disgust on his lip, wondering how the next hour will linger on to its death, 'if you but knew, my lord, what a campaign of pleasure you are missing in America—what belles than the blue-belles slighter & fairer, what scents than the dew-drops fresher and clearer, are living their pretty hour, like gems undived for in the ocean; what foliage, what Titans of trees, what glorious wildernessess of rocks and waters are lavishing their splendors on the clouds that sail over them—and all within the magic circle of Congress-hall is the centre, and which a circling dove would measure to get an appetite for his breakfast—if you but knew this, my lord, as I know it, you would not be gazing so vacantly on the steps of Crockford's nor consider 'the grey-beard' such a laggard in his hours.'

Congress-hall is a wooden building, of which size and capacity could never be definitely ascertained. It is built on a slight elevation, just above the strongly impregnated spring, whose name it bears, with little attempt at architecture, save in a spacious & vine-colored colonnade serving as a promenade on either side, & two wings, the extremities of which are lost in the distance. A relic or two of the still astonished forest towers above the chimneys in the shape of melancholy group of firs; & five minutes walk from the door, the dim old wilderness stands looking down on the village, and its primeval grandeur, like the spirits of the wronged Indians whose tracks are scarce vanished from the sand. In the strength of the summer solstice, from five hundred to a thousand dine together at Congress-hall, and after absorbing as many bottles of the best wines of the world, a sunset promenade plays the valve to the sentiment thus generated, and, with a cup of tea, the crowd seperates to dress for the nightly ball. There are several other hotels in the village equally crowded, and equally spacious, and the ball is given alternately at each. Congress hall is the 'crack'-place, however, and *I* expect that Mr. Wescott will give me the preference of rooms on my next visit to Saratoga, for this just and honorable mention.

The dinner-tables were piled into an orchestra and draped with green baise and green wreaths, the floor of the immense hall was chalked with American flags and the initials of all the heroes of the revolution, and the band were playing a waltz in a style that made the candles shiver and the pines tremble audibly in the tassels. The ball room was on the ground floor, & the colonnade upon the garden side was crowded with spectators, a row of grinning black fellows edging the cluster of heads at every window, and keeping time with their hands and feet in that irresistible impulse of their music-loving natures. Drawing my hat over my eyes, I stood at the least thronged window, and with my face concealed in the curtain, waited impatiently for the appearance of the dancers.

The bevy in the drawing-room was sufficiently strong at last, and the lady patroness handed in by a state governor or two, and here and there a member of Congress,, (the founders of our future nobility) achieved the *entree* with their usual intrepidity. Followed beaux and followed belles. *Such* belles!. Slight, delicate, fragile-looking creatures elegant as Retzch's angels, warm eyed as Mahommedan houries, limbed like nothing earthly except an American woman.—I would rather not go on! When I speak of the beauty of my country-women, my heart swells. I do believe the new world has a newer mould for its mothers and daughters. *I think* I am not prejudiced. I have been years away. I have sighed in France; I have loved in *Italy*; I have bargained for Circassians in an eastern bezestein, and have lounged at Howell and James's on a sunny day 'in the season,' and my eye is trained, and my perceptions quickened, and *I do think* (honor bright, and Heath's Book of Beauty forgiving me!) there is no such beautiful work of God [illegible] earth or the sky as an American girl in her bellehood!

Enter Tom Fane in a *Stultz* coat and Sparding tights looking as a man who had been the mirror of Bond-street might be suppose to look, a thousand leagues from his club-house. *She* leaned on his arm. I had never seen her half so lovely. Fresh and calm from the seclusion of her chamber, her transparent cheek was just tinged with the first mounting blood from the excitement of lights and music. Her lips were slightly parted, her fine-lined eyebrows arched with girlish surprise, and her ungloved arm lay carelessly and confidingly within his, as white, slender, and matchlessly turned as if Canova had wrought it in Parian marble for his Psyche.

If you have never seen a beauty of northern blood nurtured in a southern clime, the cold fairnesss of her race warmed up as if it had been steeped in some golden sunset, and her deep-blue eye darkened and filled with a fire as unnaturally resplendent as the fusion of crysoprase into the diamond—and if you have never known the corresponding contrast in the character, the intelligence and constancy of the north kindling with the enthusiasm and impulse, the passionateness and the *abandon* of the more burning lattitudes, you have seen nothing, let me insinuate, 'Though you have been i' th' Indies twice,' that could give you an idea of Kate Lorimer.

She waltzed, and then Tom danced with my sister, and then resigning her to another partner, he offered his arm again to Miss Lorimer, and left the ball-room, with several other couples, for a turn on the colonnade. I was not jealous, but I felt unpleasantly at his returning to her so immediately. He was the handsomest man out of all comparison, in the room, and he had dimmed my star too often in our rambles in Europe and Asia not to suggest a thought, at least, that the same pleasant eclipse might occur in our American astronomy. *I* stepped off the colonnade, and took a turn in the garden.

Those 'children of Eternity,' as Walter Savage Landor poetically calls 'the breezes,' performed their soothing ministry upon my temples, and, having replaced Tom in my confidence with an heroic effort, I turned back to the colonnade. A swing hung between two gigantic pines just over the balustrade, and flinging myself into the cushioned seat, *I* abandoned myself to the musings natural to a person 'in my situation.'—The sentimentalizing promenaders lounged backward and forward above me; and, not hearing Tom's drawl among them, I presumed he had returned to the ball-room. A lady and gentleman, walking in silence, stopped presently directly against the swing. They stood a moment, looking into the dim shadow of the pine grove, and then a voice, that startled me as if a trumpet had brayed in my ear, remarked, in a silvery tone, on the beauty of the night.

She was not answered, and, after a moment's pause, as if resuming a conversation that had been interrupted, she turned very earnestly to her companion, and asked, 'are you sure—quite sure—that you could venture to marry without a fortune?"

'Quite, dear Miss Lorimer!"

I started from the swing, but before the words of execration could struggle to my lips, they had mingled with the crowd and vanished.

I strode down the garden walk in a frenzy of passion. Should I call him immediately to account? Should I rush into the ball-room and accuse him of his treachery, to his face? Should I drown myself in old Barhydt's tarn or join an Indian tribe, and war on the whites, or should I—could I be magnanimous and write him a note immediately, offering to be his groomsman at the wedding?

I stepped into the punch-room, asked for pen, ink and paper, and indicted the following note:

DEAR TOM—If your approaching nuptials are to be sufficiently public to admit of a groomsman, you will make me the happiest of friends by selecting me for that office. Yours very truly,

FRED.

Having dispatched it to his room, I flew to the stable, roused up 'der teufel,' who had gathered up his legs in the straw for the night, flogged him furiously out of the village, and giving him the rein as he entered the forest, enjoyed the scenery in the humor of mad old Hieronymo in the Spanish Tragedy—'the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve.'

In the course of the next day, Tom's 'tiger' dismounted at Barhydt's door, with an answer to my note as follows:

DEAR FRED—The devil must have informed you of a secret I had presumed safe from all the world. Be assured I should have chosen nobody but yourself to support me on the occasion, and however you have discovered my design, a thousand thanks for your prompt and generous consent I expected no less from your noble heart.

Yours devotedly, TOM.

P. S.—*I* shall endeavor to be at Barhydt's with the materials for the fifth act of our comedy to-morrow morning.

'Comedy!' cail you this, Mr. Fane? I felt my heart turn black, as I threw down the letter. After a thousand plans of revenge, formed and abandoned, borrowing old Barhydt's rifles, loading them deliberately, and then with a changed purpose discharging them in the air, I flung myself exhausted upon my bed, and reasoned myself back to my magnanimity. I *would* be his groomsman!

It was a morning like the burst of a millenium on the world. I felt as if I should never forgive the birds for their mocking enjoyment of it. The wild heron swung up from the reeds, the lotuses shook out their dew into the lake as the breeze stirred them up, and the senseless old Dutchman sat fishing in his canoe, singing one of his unintelligible psalms to a quick measure that half maddened me. I flung myself upon the yielding floor of pine-tassels, and with the wretched school philosophy of '*si gravis est brevis est*,' endeavored to put down the tempest of my feelings.

A carriage rattled over the little bridge mounted the ascent rapidly, and brought up at Barhydt's door.

'Fred!' shouted Tom, 'Fred!'

I gulped down a choaking sensation in my throat, and rushed up the bank to him. A stranger was dismounting from his horse

'Quick,' said Tom, shaking my hand hurriedly, 'there is no time to lose. Out with your inkhorn, Mr. Poppletree, and have those papers signed, while I show the ladies up stairs, and tie up my ponies.'

'What is this, sir?' said I starting back as the stranger deliberately presented me with a paper, in which my own name was written in conspicuous letters.

He gaped at me with a look of astonishment.

'A contract of marriage, I think, between Mr. Frederick ——, bachelor, and Miss Catherine Lorimer, spinster. Are you the gentleman named in that instrument, sir?'

At this moment my sister, leading the blushing girl by the hand, came and threw her arms about my neck, and drawing her within my reach, ran off and left us together.

There are some pure moments in this life that description would only profane.

We were married by the village magistrate in that magnificent sanctuary of the forest, old Barhydt and his lotuses the astonished and only indifferent witnesses of vows as passionate as ever trembled upon human lips.

I had scarce pressed her to my heart, and dashed the tears from my eyes, when Fane, who had looked more at my sister than at the bride, during the ceremony, left her suddenly, and thrusting a roll of parchments into my pocket, ran off to bring up his ponies.

I was on the way to Saratoga, a married man and my bride on the seat beside me, before *I* had recovered my astonishment.

'Pray,' said Tom, 'if it is not an impertinent question, and you can find a spare breath in your ecstacies, how did you find out that your sister had done me the honor to accept the offer of my hand?'

The resounding woods rang with his unmerciful laughter at the explanation.

'And pray,' said I, in my turn, 'If it is not an impertinent question, and you can find a spare breath in your ecstacies, by what magic did you persuade old Frump to trust his ward and her title deeds to your treacherous keeping?'

'It is a long story, my dear Fred, and I will give you the particulars when you pay me the 'Virginia bloods' you wot of. Suffice it for the present, that Mr. Frump believes Mr. Tom Fane, alias, Mr. Jacob Phipps, sleeping partner of a banking-house at Liverpool, to be his ward's accepted suitor. In his overwhelming delight at seeing her in so fair a way to marry into a bank, he generously made her a present of her own fortune, signed away his right to control it by document in your possession, and will undergo as agreeable surprise in about five minutes, as the greatest lover of excitement could desire.

The ponies dashed on. The sandy ascent by the Pavilion Spring was surmounted, and in another minute we were at the door of Congress Hall. The last comers from the breakfast table were lounging down the colonnade, and old Frump sat reading his newspaper in the portico.

'Aha! Mr. Phipps! back so soon, eh? why I thought you and Kitty would be billing it till dinner time.'

'Sir!' said Tom very gravely, 'you have the honor of addressing Captain Thomas Fane, of his majesty's —th Fusiliers, and whenever you have a moment's leisure, I shall be happy to submit to your perusal a certificate of the marriage of Miss Catherine Lorimer to the gentleman I have the pleasure to present to you, Mr. Frump, Mr. ———!'

At the mention of my name, the blood in Mr. Frump's ruddy countenance turned suddenly to the color of the Tiber. Poetry alone can describe the feeling pictured in his countenance:

"If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep each one with a particular life
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so.
Or had it drizzled needle points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald."

George Washington Jefferson Frump Esq, left Congress Hall the same evening, and has since ungraciously refused an invitation to Mr. Fane's wedding—possibly from his having neglected to invite him on a similar occasion at Saratoga. This last, however, *I must say*, is a gratuitous supposition of my own.

Correspondence of the U. S. Gazette.

LETTERS OF A TRAVELLER IN VIRGINIA.

No. 1.

I left Philadelphia on the 13th August, 1834, in company with my friends S. and N. to perform a tour of six or seven weeks in the mountains of Virginia. We left Chesnut st. wharf at 6 A. M., in the Robert Morris, an excellent boat, no doubt as good as that of any other Line. We vapored across the Peninsula in an hour, and were paddled down the Chesapeake in the Carroll of Carrollton, a spacious, rapid, and very clean boat. An excellent practice obtains in this boat: one or two servants are constantly employed in wiping up the extract of tobacco, with which our Southern friends are wont to describe parabolic curbes in every direction; touching which singular custom the refined Trollope has some pertinent remarks. This is done by the servants with a view of keeping the skits of the ladies clear of this great offence; and,—ne quid nigh Miss, as Terence hath it.

We were detained half an hour near the mouth of the Patapsco, by putting some passengers and baggage on board the Norfolk boat. When the boats approached each other, the effect of their mutual attraction was evident.

We arrived at Baltimore at 3 1-2 P. M., and stept from the steamboat into the Coach for Washington, where we arrived at 9 1-2 P. M. The road is very bad and will grow worse, and is expected to become impassable just as the Baltimore and Washington Rail Road becomes ripe for use. Thus we Americans make the two ends meet.

We went to Fuller's, where every thing was good except the weather, which was altogether too hot for comfort. I take this opportunity of hinting to friend Fuller, that it is a bad plan in very hot weather to set out a dinner for 3, on that end of his long dining table which is immediately over his furnace. We made an attempt to reach the happy spot, but the heat drove us to take refuge in private apartments, where we had an excellent dinner at greater cost.

As I intend these letters to be useful as well as agreeable, *I* shall here set down a few items of route information. You can go by Frederick-burg or Richmond; but when you have come to Washington, the former is the best route: the latter *I* think preferable for those who do not wish to visit Washington, and who can transfer themselves to the Norfolk boat near the mouth of the Patapsco, and be in Richmond the following evening.

To go by Frederickburg you leave your Hotel at 6 A. M. in an omnibus, to which you pay half a dollar for carrying you and your baggage, to a very good

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