and returned $33.00 for
apts in spring.
Abner F. Farnum home
with "Bel Air", Gray
"Dionysus", "Clypeus", "Tula"
"Black Maria", "Jonathan", "Virago"
"Gallatin".

About 1825 Capt. Lewis built
the well known "Bellevue" in Washington.

He resided at this residence
from 1801 to his death in 1825.

W.H. S. June 26, 1848
In Old Virginia by J. R. Miller

Pictures caught from every corner and every mountain trip.

The train halted for a moment adjacent to old Fredericksburg.
At the top of a hill lay the Rapido bluffs.

A picturesque, lonely, old mansion that seemed to me to embody all the

trauma of the old days before the war.

The structure shone up redly in the

sunlight, bringing into relief its gray

walls and steep roof, whose thick

shingles were mottled with age.

No light shone from its windows.

The wind swept through its empty

galleries, and the only sign of life

I discerned in the old place was a

smoke drifting across the end

sky from grist mill.

This was Chatham, once the

town of Fitzhugh, and now the Old

King of Virginia life.
It was here that Seneca came accosting, but now the place is hush
Twilight thought

On Monterey Mountain Highland Ca. 36
The face mark Tennessee's shadow
crept gradually up the trunk of
all forest trees until its last design
vanished from their summits
only the tops of the loftiest pines
in Big Alleghany still record the
force of the dwindling sun and
a moment—tut—They too shared
the morning twilight

There, perhaps is no Indian
sunshine as perfect as in Va. The
mountains seem suspended
by unseen wires, on which they
appear to vibrate as though
the fingers of life spirit had punctured
their buoyant envelopes and
given them the touch of a strange
vitality. The first time having
reigned the choked tide of
beauty from the early first hour
exchanged their emerald mont-
omy for a prismatic variety of
shudderingly beautiful bits
sandwiched between the many
colored foliages of the forest's edge
the gleam of pine that retains un-
changed their serrated line
and fields of golden maize.

The almost plane of Virginia
is an atmosphere of shadow
by the kind that lowers bar
the valley from the Blue Ridge
and Alleghany, so they traverse
over its varied surface till
valleys, and wrenched through
its fertile seem to grant the
fancy with suggestions of
romantic glory. I find the
imagination with thoughts
of love.
Indian Summer in Virginia
once enjoyed is never forgotten. The golden hues of the
vegetation contrast with the azure glory through which
the eye penetrates and sees
the wildest hue with color
wilted color with an enchanting
suggestiveness that can be felt but
never described.

In the distance, Blythewamp
intercepts our view as we stand
on hunter mountain, watching the
daylight sun as it strikes about
the mountain side, and the far
reaching shadows covering up.
The hints of light until the
mountain crules sink into
darkness and mingle with the
broody of cloud floating thee
there.
That night as we crossed the valley from Big Allegheny the moon was sinking undeal. The shadows cast by the brush along the hike seemed pinned by some failure and a jumbled net enveloped me half of my face. The branches were doubled with alliums light and shadow, with mist and dew floating from the brush. The leaves had worn a robe of jewels pavement over all the earth.

A moment smelt:

Against the still blue sky the pines stand outlined dark on wind and sun: Liv ename beyond the curve red full between these first shadows shines: The mist drugs their tongues unfold, glance as in some cathedral old.
One afternoon, Big Alley Kany's herd
wreaked havoc in a flood of light
shimmered like a field of sunworn
gold.

While in the
Valley below, every leaf and spear of
grass glittered in golden sheath.

Then as the lengthened shadows
marched dial like the clock's hand
the fleeces' clouds of the west-sought the
slopes of the ridge in echo of the
tight, away on the wind. The dark
clouds spread like an encircling
wall, lifted like a curtain as they
Alley Kany's jagged crest displayed a
bank of violet-colored clouds.

Sooner or sooner grew the shadowed
field in the Valley losing their
golden hue, while the pinkish
clouds crimsoned darker with ripple
of pink radiating to the horizon.

Slowly the light faded out.
remotest sky, but still in the
east lingering exquisite tints of red
yellow, the grey green softening in
fine until built a farthing smile
of golden light at first but
earlier rose and grew, and might, on
a sudden evanesce swept over
the valley from mountain to
mountain bring ing the darkness
which grouped together tree visibly
separated in the daylight, as the
night of dark oblivion all difficulty
and distinction
In the Alleghenies. Oct. 29, 1901.

What with the waning sunshine and lengthening softening shadows of these late autumnal days, their strange translucent everywhere of things ideal, their glores crowning the mountains range, and their softness flooding the mellow air, they bring one what no other season of the year can offer, and in the delight which they hold...
now charm us to a forgetting
of the privations & tolls
That is a capacity in late
antiquity. That is simply
incapable of my perfect
sensibility when beautiful
monsieur Caetoli, her true home
into the belief that she never
before nor by reasoning, as beautiful
dress. All these antique
garments stand by themselves
of the act & given their border
Persianism. My flaming earth
and enriched by the delicate
face work. The yezl cannot
how beautiful. They are two
floating in their beauty!