

LEAVES

From an Old Washington Diary

1854-1863

Written by

Elizabeth Lindsay Lomax

EDITED BY LINDSAY LOMAX WOOD

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From an Old Washington Diary

* * 1854 - 1863 * *

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FIRST EDITION

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Editor's Note

I am grateful to the many friends of Elizabeth Lindsay Lomax, who recently read a shorter and less personal form of her Diary in the *Washington Star* and encouraged me to publish this fuller account of the mind and spirit of my Civil War Grandmother.

LINDSAY LOMAX WOOD

PREFACE

I HESITATE to describe or to express an opinion of Elizabeth Lindsay Lomax, the writer of the Civil War journal.

Her nature was so strong, simple and courageous, with such loyalty and love for those near and dear to her, that I fear to add any word to hers for fear of blurring the picture of her personality.

However, it can do no harm to write a few words of her background.

Elizabeth Lindsay was born in Norfolk, Virginia, many years before the Civil War. She was the daughter of Colonel William Lindsay, who was born on his estate, "Lindsay's Mills," near the quaint village, Port Royal, Virginia. He was a personal friend of General Washington and General Lafayette and a gentleman of wealth, and he served in the army of the war of the Revolution without pay.

Colonel Lindsay was appointed a cornet of the Virginia Horse Dragoons, June 14, 1776. He was promoted to a captain in the famous "Lee's Legion" in April, 1778 — later he was severely wounded in his bridle hand while defending a place in New Jersey called the Red House from the British Dragoons and was disabled

Preface

as a cavalry officer, but continued in the army until he died from the effects of his wound at Newport, Rhode Island, on September 1, 1797.

Colonel Lindsay was a direct descendant of the Lindsays of Scotland. His father, Sir William L. Lindsay, came to America in the early seventies and settled at Port Royal. In 1749 he married Miss Taliaferro of Gloucester County, Virginia.

Elizabeth Lindsay married at the early age of sixteen Mann Page Lomax of Port Tobago, a plantation near Fredericksburg, Virginia, which was a crown grant to his ancestors.

Major Lomax was educated at William and Mary College in Williamsburg. In 1811 he became a lieutenant in the third artillery United States Army. During the years 1835-1838 he served in the war against the Creek and Seminole Indians in Florida. He was then selected as one of the officers to form the Ordnance Corps and was put in command of Watertown Arsenal where he died a few years later from the effects of wounds received in the Indian warfare. This left his wife, Elizabeth Lindsay, a widow with six small children and almost no income save her pension, but with splendid courage and dauntless spirit and her great musical talent, she made a new life for herself and children — not only a useful, but a happy life.

The Children of ELIZABETH LINDSAY
and MAJOR MANN PAGE LOMAX

JANE TAYLOE LOMAX (*Mrs. Francis Worthington*), 1821-1846

ANNE CORBIN LOMAX (*Mrs. Thomas Green*)

VIRGINIA L. LOMAX

JULIA LAWRENCE *and* MARY L. LOMAX (*twins*)

VICTORIA LOMAX

LINDSAY LUNSFORD LOMAX (*married Elizabeth Winter Payne*)

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* LEAVES *

From an Old Washington Diary

* * 1854 - 1863 * *

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*“These words may all be idle words,
And yet – they once were life.”*

Chapter I

Washington, D. C.

Sunday, January 1, 1854.

Last evening we sat up until midnight to welcome in the new year, which dawned upon us clothed in snow.

This morning the trees and other objects present a beautiful appearance, unbroken whiteness glistening in the rays of a brilliant sun.

The snow is deep enough for sleighing which delights the young people.

We were very fortunate in the Old Year — no ill health, making many new friends, our precious boy doing well at West Point.

If we had a few hundreds added to our income, I should say our lot in life was an unusually happy one.

We attended early service at St. John's Church this morning to give thanks for our many blessings. God grant that they may continue through the New Year.

Monday, January 2, 1854.

Clear and cold. As yesterday was the Sabbath, the New Year celebrations were observed today.

It is a charming custom, beginning the New Year in a spirit of friendship and good cheer.

Open house all day — it is now eleven o'clock in the evening and visitors are still arriving — a buffet supper, music and dancing providing amusement for the young.

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Wednesday, January 4, 1854.

Warmer today.

Virginia Tayloe invited us to dine with her at the Octagon House this evening, will send her carriage for us. She is always thoughtful and kind.

Later the girls are going to a party at Mrs. Bayard Smith's, (author of several interesting books and a charming woman.)

Great anxiety felt for the safety of the steamer, *San Francisco*, which had on board the Third Regiment of Artillery.

Saturday, January 7, 1854.

Cloudy.

The Vestry of St. John's Church have selected my dear Virginia as leader of the choir. She is very proud of the honor conferred upon her. Virginia has a beautiful voice.

I have just finished reading *Villette*. Was somewhat disappointed in it. Lucy Snow, the heroine, was too transcendental for my taste, too credulous.

Perhaps experience and a more intimate knowledge of life may have changed the romance of my nature to a greater sense of reality. I can hardly imagine *any* woman going into ecstasies over the receipt of a letter of cold friendship — nonsense!

Sunday, January 8, 1854.

Snowing hard.

Outside of New England I have never witnessed such a snowstorm. The wind blowing furiously and bitterly cold. A part of our fence was blown down, thereby disclosing our winter fuel. However, I would not have the heart to be angry with any poor soul for stealing a little coal this bitter weather.

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All cars are delayed, no mails from north or south.

We could not venture to Church, the snow drifts are too deep.

The Crawford boys and Chandler dined with us. We had a musical evening, which was delightful.

Lindsay has passed his examination at West Point. Always a great relief to my mind.

Monday, January 9, 1854.

Still bitterly cold.

Sad news from the steamer *San Francisco*. She sank off the coast of California on December 24th with a loss of three hundred lives. Many of our friends in the third artillery were on board the steamer, but we have heard no particulars of the tragedy.

Wednesday, February 1, 1854.

A mild day — almost like spring.

This, my dear Jane's birthday. What a darling she was.

The birth of a first child, attended by no ill consequences, physical or mental, surrounded by tender love and care is an event of pure happiness never to be forgotten.

Alice, Jane's precious child, grows more like her every day and is the source of the greatest happiness to me.

Jane was the most talented and beautiful of my children.

When only eighteen, she was writing regularly for several well-known magazines. I came across a clipping from *The Sun* the other day, which I shall quote that her dear child Alice may realize what a gifted and lovely woman her mother was. It said, "There are certain articles in the present number of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, worthy of notice, especially the

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essay on Madame de Staël by Jane Tayloe Lomax. The article before us is quite remarkable as the production of so young an author. It gives promise of talent and excellence, which in time may rival the genius of the great woman whom Jane Lomax portrays with such clever understanding and appreciation.

“Had we the space we would call your attention to several passages in this essay of exquisite beauty. We prophesy that if God grants the young author life and health, she is destined to reach an enviable distinction among the great authors of this country, and as long as the Mr. White, the editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, can provide such intellectual feasts as written by Professor Drew and Jane Tayloe Lomax, he may feel assured of the success of his magazine.

“It seems that Miss Lomax, although living in Massachusetts, is the daughter of the gallant officer, Mann Page Lomax of Port Tobacco, Virginia, and the beautiful and witty Elizabeth Lindsay of Norfolk, Virginia.”

Alas, poor darling, Jane died when little Alice was born (at the early age of twenty-two).

Sometimes one cannot help wondering why, *why* these sad events must be.

I was not surprised when dear Jane fell in love with, and married a northern man. Her youth had been spent at Watertown Arsenal and Newport, where she had many devoted friends, and seemed more in sympathy with them than with our relatives and friends in the South. She once said to me that she could never be happy living in a slave owning state. That is a condition that many of us deplore, but I sometimes think that the slaves who belong to families who are kind to them, who consider their welfare and give them real affection, are happier and better off than those who are free, but do not seem to know how to rule their own lives.

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All men should be free, but as Balzac wisely said there will always be intellectual supremacy.

Friday, February 3, 1854.

Raining, snowing, blowing. Stormy without, but cozy within. A perfect day for reading by one's own fireside. I have been absorbed in reading *Jane Eyre*. The characters must have been drawn from life with remarkable sincerity. I once knew a man like Rochester. George Wycke of Virginia. A most fascinating person.

It cleared in the afternoon and several friends came in for tea, Mrs. William Gordon, Mrs. Harrison of Brandon, Captain Farragut, Florence Contee and Captain Almy. We had a pleasant afternoon. In the evening Vic and I dined with Major and Mrs. Scott, later going to Julienne's concert. A feast of enchanting music.

Tuesday, February 14, 1854.

Many pretty valentines received by the girls. Vic received more than her share, also exquisite yellow roses from Chandler.

I have been as busy as a hundred bees today sewing on the costumes for Anne and Vic to wear to the fancy ball at the Octagon House this evening.

General and Mrs. Mason, their son John, Colonel McClellan, Chandler and the Crawford boys dined with us, later going to the ball.

Mrs. Mason was very charming with her high pompadour and lovely costume as a French countess of olden times, Colonel McClellan quite imposing as a colonial general. Bob Crawford represented the Missouri Compromise, Chandler a California cowboy, Anne as Pocahontas, completely disguised with a black Indian wig, her fair skin transformed to a dusky brown.

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They told me later that Anne was a great belle at the ball which surprised me as Anne is usually rather shy.

Vic was bewitching as a demure little Quaker maid, gowned in a frock of pale gray taffeta with a fichu of real lace, her thick auburn hair wound in braids around her proud little head.

Demure she may have looked, but she was her own gay self.

While waiting for the young people to return from the ball, I read Lieutenant Herndon's *Explorations in the Valley of the Amazon*. It read like a fairy-tale.

Ash Wednesday, March 1, 1854.

March came in like a lion. High winds and cold.

We went to early service at St. John's Church. Were almost blown there. Had to hold on to our bonnets with both hands.

Colonel McClellan walked home with me and stayed to breakfast. We had a pleasant time talking over old Newport days. He kindly said he would try to secure me some writing to do for the War Department.

General Totten returned from West Point today bringing me welcome news of my dear son. He graciously said he was proud to have given Lindsay his appointment to West Point.

Maria Cooper and Lieutenant Wheaton dined with us this evening. They are to be married within a few months, but are so reserved and discreet that the closest observer could not detect the shadow of a romance. Romance is rare and lovely and should be allowed to flourish like a green bay tree.

Saturday, March 4, 1854.

Blue sky, clear and mild.

How I long for a garden.

Vic has gone for a drive along the river with Chandler, who again sent her those lovely yellow roses. That young man is

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very extravagant, but so good-looking and well mannered that one could never scold him.

Saint John's choir met here this evening as usual and Chandler met the choir.

Mr. McBlair, the grandson of Mrs. Gadsby, was an addition to the choir. He has a beautiful voice.

Saturday, April 1, 1854.

“All Fools Day.”

Many are the pranks the young people have played on me today. I know that I must have been fooled a dozen times.

I must admit that Vic and Julia played a most successful hoax upon me — sending me by the post a fictitious letter from my kinsman, the Earl of Balcarres, inviting me to spend my remaining days in the home of my ancestors in Scotland. Had they not looked so guilty and laughed so much I might have written a reply to the letter. Imagine their delight if I had committed such a folly.

Jackson Lindsay of the mounted rifles came to see me this afternoon on his way to Saint Louis. He is my favorite nephew, good-looking, clever, with a most distinguished and charming manner. He made me feel at once that I was the one person in the world he wished most to see and talk with. Colonel McClellan, Major Macrea, Mrs. Maynadier, Colonel Magruder and our beautiful Adele Cutts came in for tea. I was glad for Jack to meet our famous beauty. It was a witty and delightful group of people. They seemed charmed with Jackson Lindsay and I was very proud of him. Before they left we had a little music. Vic played on the piano, Anne on the harp and Virginia sang our favorite Scotch ballads for Jackson. She has been taking lessons from Mr. Dannstrom and we now hear her voice in its full beauty and strength.

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I believe that when friends are assembled and end their time together with music, they part with a feeling of harmony which nothing else could produce.

If I had a fairy wand, I should wish for some one to play for me softly the last thing at night — to drift off to sleep by music. Wouldn't that be heavenly? The world is becoming so practical. I suppose in the future there will be no more lullabies for the babies. Poor babies.

Sunday, April 16, 1854.

Easter Sunday.

We went to the early service at Saint John's as the eleven o'clock service is apt to be crowded. The service gave us great pleasure. The church was decorated with lovely spring flowers and the music was beautiful.

I love Saint John's Church. It is not pretentious, has no atmosphere of a cathedral, but when one enters the church door there is a soft, subdued light, a quiet restfulness, that makes it seem a veritable temple of Love. Loving hands arrange the flowers, loving thoughts prepare the music, loving friends gather there to give praise to God for his many blessings.

Many friends came in for tea this afternoon. We repeated some of the Easter music. It was so pleasant we lingered in the drawing room until almost dark. It was a happy Easter.

Monday, April 17, 1854.

A beautiful spring day.

Early this morning I heard the glad call of a robin.

I spent most of the day in the garden with Virginia. We planted roses, heliotrope, and quantities of other flowers. I know of no more pleasant occupation — and how generously one is rewarded for one's labor.

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It has been a late season, but the recent rains will benefit the vegetation and we shall soon have spring flowers.

I had a letter from Lindsay today, which worried me a little. He wrote that some of his classmates were to be court-martialed for going to a ball at Buttermilk Falls. I do hope that Lindsay was not with them. It was wrong, but a boyish adventure. He also said he had been given two demerits for having a beard — what an achievement for eighteen!

In the evening we had quite a levee — I suppose because it was warm and such a lovely evening. We had supper in the garden and after supper music to our hearts content.

Chandler stayed later than the other guests — I heard him close the front door softly and then Vic came tiptoeing up the stairs very slowly — she paused at my door as if she had something she wished to say to me — then gave a little sigh and passed on — I wonder.

Tuesday, April 18, 1854.

Another pleasant day.

This morning at breakfast Vic said to me casually — “Lady Elizabeth” (Chandler’s name for me) “will you be home at five o’clock this afternoon — Chandler wishes to come to say good-bye to you.”

“To say good-bye to me,” I echoed stupidly.

Vic laughed, “Why are you so surprised?” she asked, “Did you think he would be here forever?”

“I hoped so” I replied.

“No,” Vic said, shaking her head a little sadly, “He is going to Mexico never to return to this country.”

Later in the afternoon, Charlie Turnbull came to say good-bye — He was also going to Mexico. Why do all roads lead to Mexico — Is it a refuge for discarded lovers?

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Sunday, May 1, 1854.

Beautiful morning. After the warm rains we have been having, nature is assuming her spring garb in all of its loveliness. The trees putting forth a healthy green foliage which is ever welcome.

They have commenced the open air concerts at the President's. They are very pleasant — wandering about the beautiful grounds, listening to good music, meeting one's friends in such an informal and pleasant way.

Emily Page is staying with Mrs. Maddox — Seven Buildings, Pennsylvania Avenue — I shall go to see her and try to persuade her to come to us — I am sure that she would enjoy the lovely concerts.

This afternoon, Virginia Tayloe took me for a delightful drive — the fruit trees were in bloom — the whole country side filled with dogwood. Nothing is more lovely than the star-like blossoms of dogwood. It seems a fairy-like spirit of the woods.

We must have driven at least twenty miles, but Virginia's fine horses did not seem at all weary, but the extremely dignified black coachman was evidently bored with our rural tastes and would have preferred to drive his prancing team down the Avenue.

Saturday, June 17, 1854.

Clear and pleasant.

Since early dawn we have been looking forward to the arrival of our dear boy. Anne filled the house with roses to welcome him. Old Charity, the cook, has been making cake and other delicacies for Lindsay all day.

He did not arrive until eight o'clock this evening. Oh! such a rapturous welcome! — such a racket.

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The Crawford boys, Dick Poor and other relatives were sent for. We soon had quite a party and the young people danced until long after midnight.

Vic and I took turns playing on the piano. Allan Magruder played on his violin.

Sunday, June 18, 1854.

Showering.

Drove to St. John's Church with Aunt Tayloe.

Kate Eveleth, Dr. Hagner, Colonel McClellan and many other friends came in to congratulate me upon the return of my precious son.

Monday, June 19, 1854.

Very warm today, overcast, with clouds hanging low.

In my spare moments I have been busily engaged in repairing the remnants of Lindsay's wardrobe — Plenty of work for me.

Lindsay dined at Willards this evening with Custis Lee and several of his classmates, later they gathered here for a dancing party.

The girls looked sweet in their ruffled tarletans in pastel shades — like flowers in a summer breeze.

Sunday, June 25, 1854.

This was such a perfect morning that we walked to St. John's Church where Bishop Whitingham gave us a delightful discourse on the definition of true goodness which he said must always spring from the heart.

Monday, June 26, 1854.

Another lovely June day.

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Lou Addison came in this afternoon for a few moments to tell me that my life long friend Dr. Mercer was in town and wished very much to see me. I wrote him a note — He called the same evening.

After thirty years we met again in the kindly glow of candle light, but even so we could not ignore the fact that Time had laid his heavy hand upon both of us.

I should never have known Dr. Mercer — I suppose he felt the same way about me. However, we spent a delightful evening talking over our childhood days and early youth. The hours flew on wings and we were both startled when the young people came home from a party and said it was after one o'clock — Even then Dr. Mercer lingered a while laughing and talking to Vic.

When Dr. Mercer was leaving I walked to the front door with him — It was a lovely starlight night — He turned and looked at me and gave a little laugh, saying "Ah, now you look the same — the same lovely deep gray eyes and determined little chin. You have fought your battles bravely, Elizabeth — I wish that I could have fought them for you." Before I could answer, he was gone.

Dr. Mercer is on his way to the Greenbriar White Sulphur Springs where he spends every summer, not for his health, but for pleasure — Arriving in style in his coach and four, with his coachman and valet in dark blue livery. Luxury has always been a part of his life — His family having been wealthy planters in Mississippi for many generations.

Dr. Mercer with his tall, slender figure, good features and thick silvered hair is still a distinguished looking man.¹

¹ Doctor Mercer — mentioned in a recent book — *The Springs of Virginia* was a frequent visitor at "The Green Briar White Sulphur Springs" and was a friend of Henry Clay.

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Thursday, July 20, 1854.

Very warm today. Nevertheless I finished my work for the War Department and sent it in.

Dear Vic's birthday. She received many charming little gifts from her friends and at noon Adams Express brought a mysterious package for Vic — We were consumed with curiosity and hovered around Vic like bees around a flower. It proved to be a most lovely topaz bracelet set in links of dull gold with a note from Dr. Mercer saying "Dear Little Vic, you remind me greatly of an old sweetheart of mine. In gratitude to you for recalling those precious memories so vividly, I am sending you a small token of my affection."

Vic was enchanted, she danced around the room gaily, holding up the bracelet to catch the sunlight and singing naughtily — "Lizzie Lindsay, Lizzie Lindsay, in your kirtle of green" — "I know — I reminded the old dear of you, you were the old sweetheart." "Nonsense" I protested, but Vic only laughed and I felt as foolish and self-conscious as if I were sixteen.

In the evening we had a small birthday party for Vic and who should appear to wish her many happy returns of the day but Chandler, laden with a box of the most fragrant and beautiful yellow roses.

Chandler's face beamed with joy when he greeted Vic — She laughed lightly and said, "So the wanderer has returned."

"Like the moth to the flame," he answered just as lightly.

But I knew, with the intuition of love, that Vic was very happy over Chandler's return, though she never mentioned his name while he was absent. I knew that she missed him.

The party was a merry one, much laughter over blowing out the candles with wishes — Of course Chandler would not tell his wish, but a child of four might have guessed it.

Later I played the Strauss waltzes for the young people to

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dance — How charming they are, such perfection of rhythm.

As the girls waltzed in their party frocks, so full and light, they seemed to be floating like figures in a dream — No talking, just music and waltzing which somehow gave the impression of a lovely silence.

Friday, August 25, 1854.

Warm but pleasant.

The whole household busily engaged in arranging Lindsay's belongings for his return to West Point.

In the evening, the family assembled here with the addition of Mary Turnbull, Kate Frick, Captain Thom, Chandler and several others to make the last evening of our dear cadets a gay and happy memory — Even I was persuaded to dance the Virginia Reel — We had a merry time.

Saturday, August 26, 1854.

This morning very early, Mrs. Lee arrived with a large box of edibles for our boys to take to West Point. It contained Virginia ham, beaten biscuits, cakes and all manner of good things. What fun the boys will have treating their friends.

My darling boy left on the noon cars — The house seems desolate without him.

Wednesday, August 30, 1854.

Very warm.

Yesterday several baskets of figs were sent to me by friends in Norfolk. They came on a boat which landed at the Navy Yard. I reached there just before the gates were closed — drove so rapidly that it attracted considerable attention on the Avenue — drove home more sedately.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogle Tayloe, Mrs. Mason and Judge Tayloe

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Lomax (first Professor of Law at the University of Virginia, appointed by Jefferson) of Fredericksburg dined with us.

Everyone enjoyed the delicious figs.

After dinner Ogle Tayloe and Judge Lomax went to call on the President.

Judge Lomax is a distinguished and charming person — tall and slender, with an intellectual face and a courtly manner.

I invited him to stay with us, but he declined, saying with that kindly smile of his, "My dear Elizabeth, I am here to try a case before the Supreme Court, my hours are much too irregular to make me an agreeable guest. Perhaps some other time you will permit me to avail myself of your gracious hospitality."

Tuesday, September 19, 1854.

The weather is enchanting now — I love September with its warm sunshine, long shadows and cool nights.

Mr. Latham, a member of Congress from California, called to see me today to ask if I would consent to give his young wife lessons on the harp — I assented to his request — He seems to be a very genteel man and his wife is quite lovely.

With my large family my expenses increase daily — After much consideration, I have decided to make use of the talent with which God has blessed me and give lessons on the harp and piano. Would my dear Page be displeased with me for deserting my woman's sphere — the home fireside? On the contrary, I believe that he would understand and approve.

Wednesday, September 20, 1854.

Distressing news from Fort Larabie — they have been surrounded by hostile Indians and expect an attack at any moment.

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Poor, dear Emily Page — Her baby was expected this month —
God only knows what may happen.

Thursday, December 7, 1854.

Bitterly cold.

Anne Scott is to be married this evening to James Young —
a large reception after the wedding. We lent them our best silver
and glass.

Mr. St. John called this afternoon and presented me with a
daguerreotype of himself — Why I do not know. He has such
an inflated ego that he does not realize that I do not like him —
He has the reputation of being very witty, but always at the
expense of some one else — There is no place in my life for a
scoffer.

Nothing is so ridiculous as to ridicule every thing. To despise
the world is to condemn ourselves. It is far wiser to believe too
much than to question all — for doubt leads to despair while
faith leads to Heaven.

Friday, December 8, 1854.

Still very cold.

Captain Anderson and Captain Burke dined with us this eve-
ning, later taking Anne and Vic to the burlesque opera, which
they said was very sprightly and amusing and the music quite
good.

Tomorrow the St. John's choir will meet here to practice the
music for Christmas which is always beautiful. Virginia will
sing a solo, that inspiring hymn —

From East to West, from Shore to Shore
Let every heart awake and sing.

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How proud I shall be as I listen to Virginia's lovely voice.

Wednesday, December 20, 1854.

Clear and crisp.

This afternoon about five o'clock, Vic, Chandler and I attended a large reception at Colonel Cooper's where we met many old friends in the city for the holidays. Among others, Colonel R. E. Lee, Superintendent of West Point. I had forgotten that he was such a handsome man, though Lindsay wrote me from West Point that Colonel Lee was the handsomest man he had ever known, just like "a marble model" — Handsome yes, but not like marble. Colonel Lee is "very human, kind, calm and definite."

The cadets are fortunate to have a superintendent to whom they can look up to with whole hearted admiration and respect — That means a great deal to youth.

Colonel Lee spoke of Lindsay with a feeling of friendship that pleased me greatly. In leaving he held my hand a second and said kindly, "Never worry about your boy, dear lady. He is a very promising young man." I beamed with pleasure.

Allan Magruder looked very disconsolate this evening — I suppose he proposed to that naughty little Vic who never seems conscious that any one is in love with her, but Allan evidently believes that "faint heart ne'er won fair lady," for he whispered to me during the evening, "Vic is really too young to know her own mind"; which argument coming from a man had a slightly familiar sound.

Chandler spent evening.

Friday, December 22, 1854.

Very cold but bracing and clear.

Chandler brought me some lovely new music as his Christ-

Leaves from

mas present — German music which I am so fond of. Chandler is going to join his father, who is our ambassador to Spain, in Philadelphia for the holidays. He gave me a mysterious looking little box to put in Vic's stocking — I imagine it is some rare perfume.

How he adores Vic — It is not surprising, Vic is a bewitching little person — I say little, yet she is quite tall, but so slender she gives the impression of being small. Vic and Chandler are very congenial, like the same books, people, music and have the same viewpoint about a great many things. They are truly sympathetic and unknowingly happy when together. It is sweet to see them — “Young love is the silver cord linking us to beauty.”

I had a letter today from Robert Cunningham, saying he had sent me several plants of yellow jasmine for Christmas — How I shall enjoy it. Perhaps some day I may find it possible to transplant it to my very own garden — the dream of dreams.

What a treat I have had this day — three strolling Italian musicians stopped in front of our house, two playing on harps and one on the violin. I invited them to come in, gave them food and a few dollars. They were so grateful they played for me for over an hour — *Norma*, and other operas, lovely Italian music. I accompanied them on the piano when familiar with the music. It was quite a lark for me. I do not know when I have enjoyed anything more. Was sorry to part with my musical friends, but they were on their way to Baltimore to become members of an orchestra.

Sunday, December 24, 1854.

Christmas Eve — Very cold.

Washington is like a deserted village — so many people have gone away for the holidays.

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I had a long letter from Harriett Webber yesterday inclosing a small photograph of our old home at Watertown Arsenal.

It made a wave of homesickness sweep over me.

Life is very strange — One goes on from day to day, occupied, contented, interested in one's present life, then some small incident will raise the curtain on the past and it is all there, so vividly that one wonders which is the most real — the present or the past.

Assuredly, today my dear Page was with me — I could hear his kind voice, his merry laugh and the scenes and emotions of our youth together came surging back — It lasted all through the day — At night the curtain will mercifully fall again, the past be lost in sleep.

Chapter II

Washington, D. C.

Monday, January 1, 1855.

New Year's Day — Clear and cold.

The visiting commenced today immediately after the church hour and continued until midnight.

The young people danced until two o'clock.

Among others, my old friend Colonel Gardiner of the artillery called, also Mr. and Mrs. Marsh. He is our minister to Constantinople and she is an exceedingly interesting woman who seems to have profited by her extensive travels.

Monday, January 8, 1855.

Sun shining brightly.

This was a gala day — the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. The veterans of 1812 marched through the city to the President's mansion, escorted by the military and several bands.

Mrs. Latham invited us to witness the parade from the portico of Brown's Hotel — There we met Senator Keller and his pretty young wife. It was an enjoyable and interesting occasion.

Tuesday, January 16, 1855.

This afternoon, in spite of the bitter cold, Vic and I attended the wedding of Cora Semmes to Lieutenant Ives. I have never seen a more charming couple — Cora was such a spirituelle and lovely bride and Lieutenant Ives unbelievably handsome. As they are both very popular, the wedding reception in the Semmes mansion in Georgetown was attended by all of the representative people and was very gay.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

The house was lighted by dozens of wax candles, flowers in abundance, soft music, delicious refreshments and champagne corks popping every moment.

The bride and groom were clever enough to escape without the usual good-byes and shower of rice. May God bless the beautiful young people and give them every blessing.

Wednesday, January 17, 1855.

Still very cold.

But today I had a letter which warmed my heart with its friendliness and belief in my ability. It was from my old friend Dr. Tunstall asking me to write a series of love letters for his magazine — How I laughed.

Rather late for me, the mother of a large family to be writing love letters — But I shall try — I suppose hidden in the heart of every thoughtful woman is the image of the ideal lover of her youthful dreams — I shall write to mine.

This evening I dined with Colonel and Mrs. Cooper, where I met Colonel Walker, who is stationed at West Point. He spoke in highest praise of my dear boy.

I now have twelve pupils for the harp and piano. It is interesting, but rather arduous.

Sunday, January 21, 1855.

Raining.

Did not go to church.

Colonel Edwards called after church to tell me he thought my Revolutionary bill would certainly pass — Cheering news for us. How grateful I am to Senator Mason.

General Worthington, Grace Totten, and Mr. Steele from Cambridge came in for tea — Mr. Steele is a devoted admirer of Mattie Cunningham's — I liked him.

Leaves from

We dined with the Ogle Tayloe's at the Octagon House to bid farewell to Judge Tayloe Lomax who leaves for Fredericksburg tomorrow — It was a delightful evening.

Saturday, March 3, 1855.

Cold and windy.

The new army bill passed today — Great rejoicing as it means many promotions — there are to be four new regiments.

It is reported that the United States brig, *The Tortoise*, foundered at sea — Mr. Potts had a son on board — poor man.

Old Charity was called home today by the illness of her daughter. We dined at Gautier's — had oysters, partridges, salad, a sweet and some very good Rhine wine — we enjoyed our outing. I must have resembled "the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe."

Came home and sat up very late reading *Tancred* by D'Israeli. He is a forceful writer of great imagination, with a marvelous command of words, but of doubtful morality. How could he, a Hebrew, understand the holy aspirations of a Christian at the sepulchre of our Lord.

Wednesday, March 28, 1855.

Windy and cold.

We were distressed to hear today of the death of Washington Totten at sea — He was a great friend of Lindsay's — Every one was fond of him — It must be a great blow to his family.

Last evening I was surprised by a call from John Wormeley of Rosegill — He said his brother, Carter Wormeley, wished to know if one of my girls would take the position of governess for his small children.

I laughed and said there is not a single girl I could spare.

"But you have five," he protested.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

“I know,” I replied, “but we are so contented and happy together that not even a handsome salary would be a temptation.”

John Wormeley is a near relative of my dear Page and he seemed grievously disappointed not to have one of Page’s daughters added to his household.

Rosegill is one of the most historic and charming places in Tidewater Virginia, noted for its marvelous library and wonderful portraits. Among others, Sir Thomas Lunsford’s, whose seal ring now belongs to Lindsay — The land grant was given to the first Ralph Wormeley in 1640.

Wednesday, April 18, 1855.

Warm and springlike.

The occultation of Venus and the moon took place tonight. I watched the disappearance of the star and thought how wonderful that human wisdom had attained such knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies as to specify the exact time when the event would take place. Wonder of wonders and what next — perhaps the cable will be laid across the Atlantic.

Tuesday, May 1, 1855.

Beautiful day — and a festive one. An old English custom which still prevails in this country.

The fire engines turned out in force, their fine horses decked with garlands of flowers. The children had Maypoles and daisy chains and the whole world seemed to be in holiday attire.

The girls have gone fishing with Chandler and the Gordon boys, and will have their picnic lunch in the woods near Rock Creek.

Leaves from

In the evening the young people will assemble here for supper and dancing.

It has been so warm lately that the locust trees are in full bloom — fragrant and lovely, especially lovely when etched against the sky in the evening.

Wednesday, May 16, 1855.

Perfect weather.

The controversy between Bishop Hughes and Senator Brookes is still raging, and a very unprofitable discussion it is.

Have been quilting all day, finished my quilt and put another on the frame.

Friday, June 1, 1855.

Bright and cool.

My darling boy's examinations will commence this month — a time of great anxiety to me.

Tuesday, June 5, 1855.

Most remarkable for this season of the year. Cold enough for open fires.

Great excitement in the city yesterday, due to the election of city officers — the mayor wisely ordered all bars to be closed to prevent rowdyism.

This morning a little negro boy playing in the street was rendered unconscious by a stone thrown at him by his brother. We brought the poor little boy in to our home and bathed his head; he soon rallied, but was badly frightened so Vic took him home to his mother.

Thursday, June 14, 1855.

It is warmer and more pleasant today.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Aunt Tayloe died yesterday morning, aged eighty-three. We are asked with a few other relatives to attend the funeral at the Octagon House at five o'clock. She will be buried at Mount Airy, the ancestral home of the Tayloe's in Virginia.

Monday, June 18, 1855.

Beautiful morning.

A letter from my dear boy — he passed his examinations but seemed disappointed that he did not make higher marks. I wrote telling him not to worry, that I was perfectly satisfied.

Anne received a note from Virginia Tayloe this morning saying as she would probably be in mourning for several years she hoped Anne would accept her party frocks and a few other trifles. They were lovely things, graciously given, graciously accepted.

Tuesday, June 19, 1855.

Pleasant day.

I wrote a note to the President today, asking him to appoint a time when I could see him. He replied that he could see me about three o'clock.

I donned my best bonnet, and went to the Executive Mansion at the appointed time. I was received with great courtesy.

The President listened with interest to my request, then gave me a strong letter to Secretary McClellan, which I took at once to his residence on "E" Street.

Saturday, June 30, 1855.

June came in like an iceberg, but it goes out like a flame.

I do hope that my dear boy is exempt from guard duty this excessively warm weather.

Received a dispatch this morning announcing the death of

Leaves from

Elizabeth Lindsay, my brother's youngest daughter. She was married last March to Mr. Mason and was only seventeen when she died. Such a lovely child — what a tragedy for her parents.

Monday, July 16, 1855.

Very warm but pleasant.

Mrs. Maynadier and Kate Eveleth came to tea this afternoon. I told them of Anne's delightful invitation to visit Colonel and Mrs. Walker at West Point — They were much interested — Said in a chorus "Oh, Anne must go."

"I am afraid it is impossible," I replied, "I cannot consent to her taking that long trip alone."

"But she need not go alone," Mrs. Maynadier insisted, "Major Anderson is going to West Point on Saturday and I am sure he would be delighted to be Anne's escort."

I shook my head, "Too young, too good looking for a chaperone."

They laughed and Kate Eveleth said, "You are old-fashioned, Elizabeth, you must keep up with the times."

I was not greatly surprised when Major Anderson called the same evening saying he had come to offer his most willing services as a chaperone.

He is very intelligent, very charming — I was persuaded — Anne is leaving for West Point on Saturday under the protection of Major Anderson.

Tuesday, July 17, 1855.

Still very warm.

Colonel Cooper called to say that Mr. McClellan was sending me more writing to do for the War Department, which is good news.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

A letter from Lindsay — He had more demerits than usual this month — I wrote scolding him mildly.

George Gordon spent the evening with us — He has become the editor of the *Alexandria Standard* and seems much interested in his future literary career.

I made some quince jam today — to my intense surprise it turned out beautifully — In my former reincarnations I was never a cook.

Saturday, July 21, 1855.

Beautiful day.

I awakened with the birds as Anne was leaving for West Point at the unholy hour of six o'clock. My intention was to go to the depot with Anne for the sake of propriety — but lo, and behold Major Anderson called for Anne in a stylish, but strange looking vehicle (I think he called it a hansom cab). At any rate it could only hold two people — A coachman driving from the rear. Thus I watched my child drive off with a charming young man — but I had no qualms — Anne is such a sedate little person and so reserved that I knew she would probably be absorbed in the beauty of the Hudson River and forget all about the attractive young man seated beside her — Dan Cupid would fold his wings and seek an easier subject.

I received a check for three hundred from Rufus King — My property pays well — I do not owe a bill in the world — Thank God.

Tuesday, July 24, 1855.

Cloudy and cool.

Two letters for me by the early post.

One from Anne, most enthusiastic about the beauty of West Point, the hospitality of our friends, the delightful companion-

Leaves from

ship of her brother, not one word of Major Anderson, nothing about herself, but Lindsay writes in his usual light hearted way that his dignified little sister is a great favorite and shadowed by several cadets who already seem to think life would not be worth living without her.

I had a chill this evening, the girls became frightened and sent immediately for Doctor Hagner, who said I had malaria, which is quite usual in Washington. He sent to the apothecary for an abundance of quinine, which I suppose I shall have to take.

Many friends have been to inquire about me and sent me delicacies which revived my drooping spirits. Taliaferro and James Hunter and Emily Handy spent the evening with the girls.

Wednesday, August 1, 1855.

Quite warm today.

This month was ushered in by a very pleasurable event. At least for me. Colonel Cooper's messenger brought a ponderous volume of papers from the War Department for me to copy, which means that I am regularly installed as a worker for the Government, which pleases me mightily.

Miss Emily Mason, Mrs. Archie Campbell, Mrs. Gordon and Miss Nicholson came in for tea this afternoon — Clever interesting women — Miss Emily Mason has written several books — Is original and full of ideas — I like her.

Tuesday, August 7, 1855.

Somewhat cooler I am thankful to say — It will be of benefit to those suffering from the fever epidemic in Norfolk and Portsmouth.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

It makes one's heart ache to read of the ravages of the fever — We have lost so many dear friends.

Mattie Poor and her children arrived this morning from Norfolk on the steamer *Water Witch*. They are fleeing from the fever epidemic and will go to the Greenbriar White Sulphur Springs.

Saturday, September 1, 1855.

A perfect September day.

I rose at dawn this morning and commenced writing, accomplished a great deal.

Anne returned from West Point today — accompanied by Jackson Lindsay, Major Anderson and Lieutenant Scott. Anne gives glowing accounts of West Point, but still seems "heart whole and fancy free."

Friday, September 7, 1855.

Exquisite weather.

Tomorrow Vic, Alice and I are going to Albemarle to visit our cousins, the Gordons. General Gordon is a great favorite of mine — I am taking him *The Lives of the Lindsay's* which I feel sure he will read with a great deal of pleasure.

Saturday, September 8, 1855.

Raining slightly — We need a good rain for the second blooming of our roses.

This morning after an early breakfast at home, Vic and Alice and myself went in an omnibus to the boat. On the way we took up Mrs. Washington and her daughter. On the boat we found Mr. and Mrs. John Hipkins and family running away from the fever in Norfolk, which is still raging.

At Gordonsville, Mason Gordon met us with their carriage,

Leaves from

took charge of our luggage, from then on everything was made easy and pleasant for us. We were most hospitably received by all the family.

How delightful is the tranquillity of this beautiful country — I already feel refreshed by the pure, cool mountain air and these dear people live in such plenty, they do not know what it is to want for anything.

Grieved to read in today's paper of the death of Walter Taylor of Norfolk — Five members of that family have died in the fever epidemic.

This dear place is filled with memories for me — On a pane of glass in one of my windows there is the name "Jane Tayloe Lomax" cut with Jane's diamond engagement ring. I scolded her severely, but she only laughed, saying "Do not worry, Mother dear, some fine day you and the cousins will be proud to have my name cut upon your window pane." — And truly she was right — How proud we were of her literary success and the name she made for herself and how we loved her — I love her still in the present tense, for she is often with me here.

Edgeworth, Albemarle County.

Wednesday, September 12, 1855.

This is a sweet place — It is a large plantation on which they raise almost everything they need. I like to watch the different phases of farming and listening to the black people sing as they work. I wish that I could write some of their songs, but they have a strange rhythm of their own that is difficult to catch.

At sundown they sing in chorus a very simple little song which I have succeeded in putting to music as it is almost like a lullaby.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

De Sun is settin' in de West, Our day's long work is done,
Now we'll git our banjo's out, and have a little fun,
And when we lays us down to sleep, happy we will be,
For our dear Lord who loves us all takes keer ob you and me.

Which after all is rather a pleasant philosophy of life.

Thursday, September 13, 1855.

A beautiful day but a sad one.

Yesterday afternoon Margaret Pryor and her husband arrived and told us that Maria Walker was very ill — They lent me their carriage and I immediately drove to Logan where I found a scene of great affliction — Dear Maria suffering terribly and nothing could be done to relieve her until death released the poor child from her pain. I remained with her all night — It was heart rending. Maria was such a devoted wife and mother, so young and so pretty — One of the few really happy people I have known — She leaves four little boys.

Nannie Gordon drove me back to Edgeworth — I was greatly pleased with her appearance and manner — There are times in life when a sympathetic *silence* is a lovely thing.

Friday, September 21, 1855.

Cloudy and cool.

Margaret Pryor and Nannie Gordon left yesterday for the Green Springs where they are staying until October.

We left Gordonsville this morning after an early breakfast and stopped at Lindsay's Turnout for the cars — Mason accompanied us to Charlottesville — Churchill Gordon met us with Hannah Gordon's carriage. We then drove to Farmington¹ where we had luncheon with my old friend Julia Peyton and

¹ Now the Farmington Country Club near Charlottesville, Virginia.

Leaves from

spent a delightful hour under the fine old trees enjoying the beautiful view of the Blue Ridge — At four we drove to Charlottesville and took the cars for Washington.

Washington, D. C.

Saturday, September 22, 1855.

A charming day — It is a grand thing to be in one's own home, no matter how delightful one's visit may have been.

The *Bible* says I am fifty-nine years old today — (old age!) yet I do not feel old — Have no aches and pains, no gray hairs, no wrinkles. The girls and Lindsay gave me a new piano — What a heavenly present.

I invited a few of my friends in for tea — Mrs. Davidge, Mrs. Meade, Mrs. Hagner, Mrs. Kearney and a few husbands drifted in later and drank my "good health" in some very old Madeira wine Tom Buckler had sent me for my birthday.

In the evening Chandler, Allan Magruder and the Crawford boys came in for music and dancing.

Such a happy day — One to be remembered.

Tuesday, October 23, 1855.

Clear and quite cold.

Mattie Cunningham's wedding day — to Mr. Steele — May the smiles of heaven be lavished upon her.

Tomorrow I begin the last hundred certificates in volume thirty. It will not take me long to finish this work.

Wednesday, October 31, 1855.

Beautiful weather.

I finished volume thirty and am now working on volume thirty-two. Went down on the Avenue to Perry's and did some shopping for Alice, also bought a vest for Lindsay

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Walker — So ends October with a pocket full of money from Uncle Sam.

Thursday, November 1, 1855.

The month begins mildly, but with clouded sky.

The Crawfords are moving to I Street which has become very fashionable, many fine mansions being built between Connecticut and Pennsylvania Avenue.

I had a letter today from Mrs. Jordon, the former Cornelia Mathews, requesting me to send her dear Jane's poetry that she might include it in a book she is publishing entitled, *The Poets and Poetry of Virginia*. I shall think about it — I would rather publish Jane's essays and poetry in a book dedicated to her work alone.

General and Mrs. McComb and Mrs. Maynadier, Colonel and Mrs. Huger of Charleston came to tea this afternoon.

Chandler and Dick Poor dined with us and spent the evening — After dinner I played whist with Dr. Hagner, Ogle Tayloe and Mrs. Totten. We had an interesting game and played until a late hour.

Friday, November 30, 1855.

Winter is upon us — It is cold today and open fires are welcome.

I have been occupied with my writing all day — Finished volume thirty-three and received one hundred dollars which will add to the comfort and pleasure of our Christmas.

Monsieur Guillame, the young French artist who has painted so many portraits in this country, came in for tea this afternoon. Of course I thought he wished to paint one of the girls,

Leaves from

but to my amazement he sat down beside me saying with a most agreeable manner "Madame would you permit me to paint your portrait?"

"Never," I replied shaking my head.

"But why?" he persisted.

"I was once quite pretty," I told him, "And I am too vain to be handed down to posterity pictured in the autumn of my life."

"But no, you do not understand," he said in his pleasant broken English, "There is so much more that is lovely to paint in your face now than when it was an unwritten page."

I was greatly flattered, but still declined — The girls scolded me severely.

Miss Van Wyck called this afternoon to invite us to a musical at Colonel Aberts.

Chandler spent the evening.

Saturday, December 1, 1855.

Snowing.

The *Minnesota* launched today with great ceremony.

Renewed my subscription to *The Evening Star* — an excellent paper.

Have been occupied making myself a black silk for Christmas. I shall wear my rose point fichu with it to prevent it from looking too sombre, that is, if I ever finish the frock, the skirt is so full that the hem seems miles and miles around.

Wednesday, December 5, 1855.

Snowing again.

Congress not organized yet. No speaker chosen.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Received a barrel of oysters from Norfolk today — a most acceptable present from Powhatan Stark.

Chandler spent the evening.

Monday, December 10, 1855.

Clear, but very cold.

Wrote a note to Senator Mason, thanking him for his efforts in behalf of my Revolutionary claims.

Governor, "Extra Billy," Smith called upon me to ask if he could be of any service to me in presenting my claim to the Senate — exceedingly kind of him.

This is the dear Twins' birthday.¹ An aroma of cake baking throughout the house would indicate a party on the horizon.

Wednesday, December 19, 1855.

Mr. Mason presented my petition to the House. Quite eager to hear the results.

Saturday, December 22, 1855.

Bitterly cold and snowy, real Christmas weather.

Received one hundred dollars for copying today. My Christmas present from Uncle Sam. I am dreaming dreams these days — of building a home of our own — with a garden.

If my Revolutionary claim goes through I shall certainly build a house — "all the King's horses and all the King's men" could not stop me!

Chandler sent Vic lovely flowers today. He is going to the theatre with us this evening to see Murdock in *Hamlet*.

¹ Julia and Mary were twins — Julia gay and very witty. Mary was a fragile little thing who never went to parties or took any part in the usual life. She was a devout Roman Catholic and spent her life adoring Julia.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Monday, December 24, 1855.

Very cold, it snowed steadily all through the night. It makes it seem more Christmasy when the ground is covered with a deep snow — One almost expects on such a Christmas Eve to see the beautiful star of Bethlehem reflected in the snow.

I shall have all of my precious children with me except my dear boy.

All of the young people have gone to parties, even Alice — who went to a party at Mrs. William Gordon's. She looked very lovely in a typical young girl's costume — a white be-ruffled tarletan frock with a blue sash and a blue band holding back her golden curls — funny little square toed white kid slippers, with open work silk hose to match the slippers. Alice was so pleased with herself that it made us laugh heartily.

At eleven o'clock Anne went for Alice — She returned looking radiant — her blue eyes dark with excitement, her face flushed the color of a rose — She was really beautiful. How I wished dear Jane could see her lovely child — Perhaps she could — Who knows?

This was Alice's first appearance in public, but I foresee many invitations for her in the future.

Monday, December 31, 1855.

Still very cold.

Busily occupied today preparing for the New Year festivities. This past year has been one of great interest to us, one of prosperity and many blessings — We have been very happy.

We are truly grateful for our many blessings and pray God they may continue through the New Year — So ends the year of our Lord — 1855.

Chapter III

Washington, D. C.

New Year's Day, 1856.

The visiting commenced today at an early hour and continued until late. Everyone seemed happy and gay. Our house must have been the last "port o' call"—So many lingered on for supper and dancing.

No mails, due to the heavy snow. No church today.

Invited to a levee at the Crawfords'. Will probably have to go in a sleigh. Sleigh bells have been ringing merrily since early dawn.

Tuesday, January 15, 1856.

A letter from my dear son. He passed well in his examinations. We have been discussing the propriety of purchasing a lot with the hope of building as soon as we can afford it.

Chandler here this evening — I might safely put ditto after that remark, every evening.

Agreeably surprised by a note from the State Department sending me more writing to do immediately.

Sunday, January 27, 1856.

Snowing steadily — we have had a great deal of snow this winter. Been obliged to feed the birds which seemed in danger of starving — most of the birds have flown to the South. I should like to fly South myself and sit in the sun. In some prehistoric age I must have been a sun worshipper.

Leaves from

A long visit from Mr. Thomas, Secretary of the State — He complimented me on my work for the State Department.

Chandler and the Crawford boys spent the evening. I played for the young people to dance until midnight. Allan Magruder played on his violin — Bob Crawford played the fiddle.

Friday, February 1, 1856.

Bright overhead, but ground still covered with deep snow.

The Horner girls drove here from the country this morning in a sleigh, which was a real adventure — which they enjoyed. They brought us a wild turkey, home made sausage, jam, apples, sweet potatoes — Such a basket — filled with good things and kind thoughts.

Wednesday, February 13, 1856.

Snowing again, very cold.

But the weather did not prevent our friends from coming in this afternoon — An open fire, tea with hot scones seemed very cozy on an afternoon like this. We were much amused when Julia came in padded out generously and dressed as a black Mammy — Even her hands blackened. She handed around some delicious chocolate cake with a low curtsy for each one and witty remarks which were greeted with peals of laughter — No one but Julia could have done it.

Churchill Gordon seemed bewitched by Julia.

In the evening Vic, Chandler and I went to a concert — All German music, which I always find so beautiful and satisfying.

When Chandler was saying good night he turned to me and said quite earnestly.

“It was a beautiful concert, I enjoyed it, but Lady Elizabeth, no music gives me the pleasure I derive from your music — If you are playing on the piano or the harp, one feels in your

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

music all of the happiness, all of the sorrow of life." Then as if embarrassed by his own eloquence, he quickly ran down the steps — Dear boy, I was pleased — Sincere flattery, when graciously proffered is always accepted with gratitude.

Friday, February 29, 1856.

At last a beautiful day, the snow has melted and it is almost spring-like.

Aimee brought her sister Madame Roger to tea this afternoon — A very intelligent and exquisite young woman with a charming manner. I have always liked French people — Their love of their own country, of tradition, literature, and the arts,— their courtesy to each other, even to their children in their own homes — all that goes for gracious living — deeper than that I will not go. What wag was it who claimed that morality was merely a question of geography?

Allan Magruder and Mr. Corbin of Virginia dined with us and spent the evening.

Mr. Corbin is on a courting expedition and seems a trifle nervous — He is very attentive to Nannie Maury, but as yet no one knows if she smiles upon his suit or not — I imagine he is uncertain of his own fate.

Sunday, March 23, 1856.

Easter Sunday — A beautiful day.

We attended the early service at St. John's. The Church was fragrant with the most lovely spring flowers, the organ was played softly by a real musician. When Virginia's voice rose above the music in that triumphant hymn — *There Is a Land of Pure Delight*, it was so beautiful, I felt my eyes fill with tears and yet above all others, Easter is a hopeful season — "For Christ is risen."

Leaves from

Monday, March 24, 1856.

A speaker of the House has been elected at last — Mr. Banks of Massachusetts.

Marshall Crawford, Mr. Steele and Chandler spent the evening. Anne played on the harp, Vic on the piano, Virginia sang. When not lost in the beautiful music, I was consumed with pride that my children are so gifted.

Friday, April 9, 1856.

This morning I received from Senator Mason a printed form of my petition to the Senate for my father's back pay — it reads as follows:

34, Congress
1, Session

SENATE

Rep. Com.
No. 123

Ordered to be Printed
April 9, 1856

Mr. Durkee made the following report:
(To accompany Bill S.234)

The Committee on Revolutionary claims to whom was referred the petition of Elizabeth Lindsay Lomax, heir of William Lindsay.

William Lindsay, the Father of the Petitioner, was appointed a cornet in Colonel Bland's regiment of the Virginia State Line on the 16th of June, 1776. Was promoted to a Lieutenancy of the fifteenth of March 1777. Was transferred to Lee's corps on the thirty-first of March 1777.

The petitioner refers the Committee to the third volume of Marshall's *Life of Washington*, (Pages 377 and 378) where it speaks of the gallant conduct of Lieut. Lindsay in a skirmish with the British in January 1778, in which he was badly wounded. As a reward for his gallantry on this occasion he was promoted to a

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Captaincy, as will appear by the resolve of Congress of the seventh of April 1778.

In consequence of the wound received on the occasion alluded to he became physically incapable of service as a cavalry officer and resigned his commission on the 1st of October 1778.

Captain Lindsay was provided for as an invalid under the resolution of the 26 of August, 1776, but for some cause unknown to your committee, he never applied for it. In view of these facts your Committee beg leave to report a bill allowing the petitioner the pension that her Father was entitled to from the date of his disability, which occurred on the first of October, 1778, to the first of September, 1779 [*Sic* 1797] the date of his death.

Senator Mason seems to think that the petition will be approved and settled in my favor — it would seem a gift of the gods.

Thursday, April 15, 1856.

Our claim passed the Senate today which is most *cheering*.

Sunday, May 11, 1856.

Beautiful day, but very cold.

Today is the anniversary of my wedding day, how the climate as well as other things have changed.

Then the house was decked with spring flowers, we had an abundance of delicious strawberries, everyone dressed in summer attire, light hearted and gay, but now it is quite wintry still.

Sunday, May 18, 1856.

Went out to St. Alban's Church this morning.

It is a beautiful church, sweetly situated in a grove of fine old trees. It gives one a feeling of restfulness and peace.

Leaves from

Thursday, May 22, 1856.

Summer is coming, much warmer today.

General Totten who has been quite ill is much better.

David McComb here today, he has just returned from the Ringgold Expedition. Had many interesting experiences to relate to us.

Sunday, June 1, 1856.

Lovely June day.

Sent package of new shirts to Lindsay by Cadet Emory. Just a short time now when my darling boy will be with us. Bought a lovely Irish poplin which Anne will make into a frock for Alice.

Thursday, June 19, 1856.

This is a joyous day — our darling boy is expected home from West Point.

Later. Lindsay arrived safely, looking much stronger.

He is tall and thin, but never awkward.

He brought with him his roommate at West Point, George Bayard, an interesting and good-looking young man.

I am sorry to hear there is some difficulty in regard to Sinclair's graduation; he has two demerits over the allotted number.

Lindsay's standing is very good, he has been recommended for the artillery, but his fancy is for a mounted regiment.

Dr. Hagner, Marshall and Chandler spent the evening.

Friday, June 20, 1856.

Beautiful weather.

Kate Eveleth, Vic, Chandler and young Mr. Speiden attended the President's reception which they said was very enjoyable as the warmth and sunshine permitted the guests

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

to wander over the beautiful grounds where the lilacs were in bloom, and although the Marine band was indoors, they could hear and enjoy the music.

Colonel Payne called this afternoon, he looks very old and infirm — I believe selling Wakefield was a great sorrow to him, he has never seemed the same since he gave it up — but is always clever and entertaining. Colonel Payne's father, Colonel John Payne, bought Wakefield from Lawrence Washington.

Kate Andrews and Julia went to the Capitol to hear the new speaker, Mr. Banks of Massachusetts, and were very much pleased with his address.

Tuesday, July 1, 1856.

Lindsay heard that he has been assigned to the first cavalry which is in Texas.

General Worthington sent me Littell's *Living Age* — a charming present. It is dependable as well as interesting.

Lindsay, Fitz Lee and George Bayard are dining with classmates at Brown's Hotel this evening.

Thursday, July 3, 1856.

Very warm today.

Our days glide by happily now that we are all together.

I cannot be thankful enough for the blessing conferred upon us.

The young people invited to a party at Mrs. Turnbull's on F Street this evening. Vic has gone for a drive in the country with Chandler, who will dine here, later going to the party with Vic. How he adores Vic, but I hardly think she is conscious of it.

Leaves from

Wednesday, July 9, 1856.

A sweet morning.

Sandy Stark spent the evening — poor fellow, he lost both his parents in the fever epidemic in Norfolk while he was at sea, which made it particularly hard on him.

Friday, July 25, 1856.

Another warm day — we are having summer in good earnest now.

I am reading the first volume of Commodore Perry's book — find it most interesting.

This is a day of great importance to us. Our bill for my father's Revolutionary pension has passed, which gives me \$5,000. I think we should have a celebration.

The "Castle in the Air" — a home of our own, looks as if it might become a reality. I feel newly inspired.

I have been writing all day.

A letter from Rufus King, he has made the loan to Morgan for ten per cent, very satisfactory to me.

Thursday, August 21, 1856.

The extra session of Congress meets today.

The House insists on the "Kansas Rider" to the Army bill.

Mrs. Kearney called and told me Mr. French has been appointed Professor of Ethics at West Point.

Friday, September 5, 1856.

Lindsay received his orders this morning to report at Carlisle Barracks on the 30th of this month. This is infinitely better than faraway Texas.

Fielding Lewis and his family are at the National Hotel. I shall go to see them tomorrow.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Chandler brought me Bulwer Lytton's last novel. I am saving it to read tonight.

Tuesday, September 9, 1856.

Gloomy day.

This morning when I returned the volume which I had just finished to the War Department, instead of receiving another one, I had a note from the chief clerk saying my time had expired which was quite a blow. I immediately enclosed it to President Pierce and wrote him a note asking him to remedy the evil.

Thursday, September 11, 1856.

A warm day, but very beautiful.

As I had no reply to my note to the President, I called at the White House this afternoon. The President was not at home, but was expected shortly. I then drove to the post office where I found several letters. Then returned to the White House. The President received me cordially, but said he was unprepared to give me an answer. This may be the last I shall ever hear of it. The Chief Clerk said the Government is obliged to retrench as a contingent fund is not sufficient.

Sprigg Carroll¹ called this afternoon, invited Vic and Anne to dine with them tomorrow evening.

Monday, September 22, 1856.

My boy left us today for Carlisle Barracks.

Oh, what a blank.

¹ General Sprigg Carroll.

Leaves from

Sunday, October 26, 1856.

An autumn day, very bracing.

Miss Emily Mason was here this afternoon, she said the reason I lost my writing was because the Government was obliged to reduce expenses and diminish the number of clerks, but Mr. Claxton was here also and said he was present when the President said to Mr. McClellan that he must give me more writing to do.

I hope and pray it may be true.

Bob Crawford and Virginia Lang and Chandler spent the evening. Anne played for them on the harp.

Invitation to the Adjutant-General's Friday evening.

Thursday, October 30, 1856.

Miss Randall married to Mr. Webb this evening.

Vic and I are going to the reception.

Saturday, November 1, 1856.

This month opens with a bright, bracing atmosphere.

My old friend, Colonel Gardner, dined with us, he is just from Carlisle Barracks. Said he left Lindsay well and apparently much pleased with his first post.

Tuesday, November 4, 1856.

The election of the President takes place today.

This is my dear son's birthday. Twenty years old today.

Wednesday, November 5, 1856.

Cold and clear.

The Sun this morning says that Buchanan is elected.

Thayer Abert, Bob Crawford and Chandler spent the evening. Much music and laughter.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Sunday, November 16, 1856.

There was a large fire in this part of the city last night. Also a man killed in the suburbs. The city is becoming very rowdy.

Letter from Lindsay sending me his first month's pay. Dear, generous boy.

Joe Taylor here today — just from Carlisle. He told me about Lindsay's love affair. I do not believe that it is very serious.

Paid subscription to St. John's Benevolent Society.

Friday, November 21, 1856.

Cold today — may snow.

Mrs. Davidge, Mrs. Pendergast and Mrs. Peter came in for tea and talked at length about the beauty and charm of Georgetown — endeavored to persuade me to build in Georgetown. I admit all of the advantages, but it is too far from my work.

Joe Skerrett dined with us. His engagement to Miss Taylor of Carlisle has just been announced. He said he had been spending several weeks in Carlisle and saw Lindsay frequently, also told us of Lindsay's love affair and laughed merrily as he described it. He said the young lady was old enough to be Lindsay's mother, but knew how to catch 'em young — but alas, for her they always recovered and escaped after a few weeks' siege — Poor girl, what a fate.

Tuesday, December 2, 1856.

Clear and cold.

Congress met yesterday. I read the President's message in *The Star*. A first rate document — full of sound advice to the nation.

Leaves from

Wednesday, December 10, 1856.

Delightful weather. Still quarreling in Congress over the slavery question.

A message from the War Department brought me a note from Mr. Campbell, the chief clerk, asking if I could copy the paper sent by twelve o'clock tomorrow. I commenced work at once and finished the paper by one o'clock the same night.

A letter from Lindsay. He says Joe Skerrett is in Carlisle and engaged to Miss Taylor from there, but says nothing of his own sweetheart.

Tuesday, December 23, 1856.

Last night the wind blew a perfect gale. It snowed steadily all through the night.

This morning it is excessively cold and still snowing. The ground is in fine condition for sleighing, being hard frozen for some days.

We should be thankful indeed for the comfort we enjoy — good fires, plenty of food, comfortable beds — I dread to think of the poor and needy in this kind of weather.

Wednesday, December 24, 1856.

No news from Lindsay. I fear he cannot obtain his Christmas leave of absence.

Charles Poor spent the day with us.

The girls had gone to a party. I had seated myself before an open fire to finish reading *John Halifax* when the door opened suddenly and in came my precious boy — such happiness.

We shall have a merry Christmas tomorrow.

Christmas Day, Thursday, December 25, 1856.

Clear and cold.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

This Christmas has been a particularly happy one. All of my family with me, which has not happened for six years.

We dined with Anne Cunningham and a good large party it was. Anne and Robert and their seven children, Mrs. Steele and her son-in-law, myself and six children, Charlie Poor and several other young people.

After dinner we were joined by our cousins, the Crawfords. The young people danced — and young and old were as merry as crickets.

Saturday, December 27, 1856.

After our party with Anne Cunningham we spent a quiet day at home luxuriating in the rare pleasure of being together.

This evening we had a small levee to return some of the courtesies shown to us. All of those invited came and stayed until the “wee sma’ hours,” dancing and singing, being as merry as only young hearts can be.

I do love to see my children happy.

Wednesday, December 31, 1856.

Very cold. The last day of the year.

Upon a review of the past year, I have cause to be very thankful — we have enjoyed good health — my dear son has graduated from West Point, taking a high stand in his profession — our money affairs in the past year have improved — the Lord has been gracious to us and my heart is filled with gratitude.

Chapter IV

Washington, D. C.

January 1, 1857 — New Year's Day.

New Year's Day — very cold but clear.

We are not receiving today — Alice has been ill for the last ten days with pneumonia. Doctor Hagner and faithful nursing pulled her through a very severe illness. She is now sitting up but is a little shadow of her usual bright self.

Friends have been wonderfully kind, sending Alice all manner of delicacies, coming every day to make inquiries about the darling child. Their kindness helped me over a distressing period.

Tuesday, January 6, 1857.

Cloudy, looks as if it might snow.

Have just heard that Sinclair Cunningham received an appointment in the Tenth Infantry. I am so glad for his sake and for the sake of his family.

Charlie Poor is staying with us.

Captain Tilton and Captain Cunningham called to ask about Alice and remained to tea. Sinclair and Sydney Crawford also came to tea.

Vic played for us on the piano — at times she seems inspired, one never has to say “play this or that,” she drifts on from one lovely thing to another unconscious of her audience until the mood is exhausted — then she is overcome with confusion for fear she may have bored others with her music. If she only knew what a *delight* it is to hear her play.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Wednesday, January 21, 1857.

It has been snowing steadily for two days, the outside world is very beautiful, but oh, so cold. No mails from north or south. No *Star* delivered yesterday evening.

The bill has passed for the relief of retired Naval officers which is good news.

Vic went with Chandler to Miss Brooke's soiree this evening. Her dress was pale blue taffeta with a voluminous skirt draped with garlands of tiny pink roses. She wore a pink rose in her hair — she looked very lovely.

Chandler said to me in an ardent whisper, "Isn't she adorable?"

Tuesday, January 27, 1857.

Somewhat milder today.

The bill for increasing the pay of the Army passed the House — great rejoicing among our friends.

Have been anxious about my boy — read in *The Star* that the officers' quarters at Carlisle Barracks were entirely destroyed by fire.

Friday, January 30, 1857.

Raining.

Received a dispatch from Lindsay — he lost nothing in the Carlisle fire except some money and burned his hands slightly.

Emily Page spent the day with us. She gave us a graphic description of her life at Fort Laramie, the journey across the plains, encounters with Indians and other unbelievable hardships for a woman, yet she looks well — an eventful life is far more stimulating than a monotonous one, unless one has many resources within one's self.

Leaves from

Thursday, February 5, 1857.

Delightful day.

Anne and Vic have gone to the wedding of Maria Cooper and Lieutenant Wheaton.

Fitz Lee is here for a few days. It is always a pleasure to have dear Fitz with us, he is so light hearted and gay — he will never grow up.

Thursday, February 12, 1857.

Still pleasant weather.

My darling boy arrived today. He is on his way to Fort Leavenworth, the Headquarters of his regiment.

Captain McIntosh, Fitz Lee and Lindsay are dining at Willard's Hotel this evening and going with the girls to a party at Mrs. George Riggs.

Saturday, February 14, 1857.

Valentine's Day.

So many pretty valentines — Alice received her share this time which makes me realize she is growing up. Vic received her usual lovely roses from Chandler — They must have some especial message from Chandler to Vic — but what it is will never be known.

In the evening the girls gave Lindsay a farewell dinner, asking his friends and classmates. Later they went to a Valentine party at Mrs. Linthicum's — and how charming they looked. I was bewitched by their costumes which made one and all look so very different. The young men wore black silk knee breeches, velvet coats and white wigs tied with a black ribbon, buckles on their black patent leather pumps. Every goose seemed suddenly [to] become a swan and too handsome for words. The girls were all dressed as old-fashioned Valentines — Vic

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wore a pale yellow tarlatan over a hooped skirt, very long but every time she moved her skirt swayed, displaying her cunning little pantalettes and laced slippers. She carried an old-fashioned bouquet of small flowers, edged around with lace and tied with blue ribbon which hung down in long streamers.

They made me feel as if I had stepped back into the eighteenth century, one of more form and beauty and grace than exists in the present day. They must have felt it also for they seemed far more stately than usual, as if they would never think of dancing anything less dignified than the minuet.

Even Anne, as she looked over her tiny ivory fan, looked more of an old world coquette than I ever dreamed she could be — but one never knows. Her costume of pale green taffeta draped over a cream lace underskirt, was more elaborate than Vic's.

After the young people had gone to the party, I went outside on our little balcony to look at the brilliant stars — It was a beautiful night. Suddenly out of the silence I heard voices and looking down I saw two men standing under the gas light, one middle-aged, one young.

The older man was trying to persuade the younger man to immigrate to Salt Lake City. "I'd go in a minute," he said, "if I were younger — Why just think man you can have two or three wives and no one objects." The younger man evidently liked the idea, but said it was all he could do to dress one wife, he did not know what he would do with three.

I was amused and yet indignant that our government should permit such a state of immorality to exist in our country. I could not resist saying from my high up balcony, "Good evening, gentlemen, I am afraid I do not agree with your views, so perhaps you had better move on." Two more startled men I never saw — I am afraid that I giggled, for they simply fled. They were quite nice-looking and very well-dressed.

Leaves from

Tuesday, February 17, 1857.

The weather mild.

The new army bill is now a law and gives Lindsay quite a handsome salary — He left this morning at six o'clock for Fort Leavenworth. God grant that he may arrive safely at his journey's end.

Mrs. Kennon, Major and Mrs. Maynadier, Mrs. Gordon, Mattie and Dick Poor came in for tea — I was delighted that they came — I was feeling rather desolate without my dear boy.

We received an invitation today to Betty Maury's wedding on Tuesday, February 24th.

Ash Wednesday, February 25, 1857.

As usual we attended the early service at St. John's.

The quiet of Lent is very welcome and pleasant. We would spend our lives more worthily if we had more hours for quiet thought and meditation — In that the Roman Catholics are wise — They go into retreat and return refreshed mentally and physically.

I received this morning an ambrotype likeness of my dear boy — He looks very handsome in his new uniform. The likeness was taken in Saint Louis and sent to me from there.

A letter from Rufus King today inclosing a draft for five hundred — A part of my principal, but I cannot help it — I paid some small debts, deposited the balance with Pairo and Nourse for the home we are going to build — for the idea has firmly taken root.

Friday, February 27, 1857.

Quite spring-like today.

Vic left this morning on the early cars for Richmond where she will visit the Wyndham Robertsons. Bob Crawford

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escorted her as far as Alexandria and put her under the care of a reliable conductor.

Many friends came last evening to bid farewell to Vic. She is a great favorite.

Sunday, March 1, 1857.

There is a touch of spring in the air today — lovely sunshine and warm.

Walked to St. John's this morning.

I wrote to General Gordon this morning asking him to use his influence in my behalf with Governor Wise — I am not neglecting any opportunities of obtaining employment — Which of course means writing for the Government under the new regime.

We have had many guests today; Mr. Turner from Newport, Lieutenant Griffith, Dick Poor, Lieutenant Mullen and many others.

We had an evening of sacred music, but missed Vic's contribution of lovely music on the piano.

Wednesday, March 4, 1857.

Windy but clear.

This is the day of the grand inauguration of Mr. Buchanan. The girls, the Crawford boys, Chandler and Dick Poor have gone down on the Avenue to see the parade.

There are many strangers in the city and a pleasant atmosphere of revelry, but no disorder.

Thursday, March 5, 1857.

Another beautiful day — The sun shines upon the new President — He is fortunate. The inauguration of Mr. Buchanan

Leaves from

passed off brilliantly, it was too crowded to be much pleasure — a great many strangers present —

No Cabinet yet known.

Anne, Vic and Julia went to the President's ball with Major and Mrs. Maynadier, Dr. Hagner, Chandler, Bob Crawford and Lieutenant Griffith — They dined at home and went in three carriages with much merriment about how the party should be divided — no one was frank about it so naturally the wrong ones went together — Perhaps they were better assorted on their returning drive.

They all agreed that the ball was a brilliant occasion. The President and his niece Miss Harriet Lane received their guests with charming ease and graciousness.

The music was lovely, delightful refreshments and many distinguished people present. They almost made me sorry I had not donned my gray brocade and participated in the festivities myself.

Saturday, March 7, 1857.

Very windy, but bright sunshine, a veritable March day.

Colonel Davis and Lieutenant Griffith came in for tea. Colonel Davis was in the Mexican War and gave us interesting accounts of some of the campaigns.

Julia is going riding with Colonel Davis tomorrow morning — will ride one of the horses of the Flying Artillery — I fear she will not have a pleasant time.

Allan Magruder came this evening and played on his guitar and sang delightfully.

Monday, March 9, 1857.

A pleasant day.

This afternoon about five o'clock I heard a familiar voice

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from the past asking Lavinia, "Is Mrs. Lomax at home?" I answered for her, "I am always at home to you," and looked up into the smiling face of my old friend Governor Wise.

After we had talked for some time Governor Wise said, "I brought you a note to present to Governor Floyd in regard to your writing — I feel sure that he will listen to my request and I am glad to be of any assistance to you."

"How kind of you," I replied, "I'll send the note by a special messenger this very day."

"No," he said, "that will not do."

I thought I detected a well known twinkle in his eyes — "What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, "I advise you to deliver the note yourself — Has no one ever told you, my dear Little Lady (I always thought I was tall) that you have the most lovely gray eyes with the longest lashes, and when you look up at a man he is almost sure to grant any request that you might make."

"Flatterer," I exclaimed, and then I laughed.

"Why are you laughing," he asked.

"Because," I explained, "I have not heard words like yours for so long — and I like them so much."

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth," he said, shaking his head and smiling, "What a delight you are — I know no one else as spontaneous and natural."

That very evening at eight o'clock, I took the note from Governor Wise to Governor Floyd.¹

Governor Floyd received me kindly — He read the note while I remained silent — Then looking at me rather searchingly, he said, "I shall send you some writing to do immediately."

¹ Governor Floyd was Secretary of War.

Leaves from

I thanked him quietly and left — but as old Charity would say I was so happy I had “frustrations in my heart.”

Wednesday, April 1, 1857.

This month opens with gentle showers which will encourage the lovely spring flowers which are just beginning to bloom.

We heard today that Lindsay had been ordered out on the Plains against the Cheyenne Indians. I had a letter from him this morning, he made no mention of any such order — it may have been just a rumor.

Mrs. Kennon and Mrs. Pendergast called this afternoon and remained for tea. We are dining with Mrs. Kennon at Tudor Place on Saturday evening.

Thursday, April 23, 1857.

There have been showers all day, but one should not complain, all vegetation was clamoring for rain.

Mrs. Thompson, the wife of Secretary Thompson, called this afternoon, looking a little damp, her plumes a trifle pathetic as she had been caught in one of the unexpected showers. She is a good, plain, estimable lady, but devoid of humor or imagination. I dared not smile or mention the disaster to her plumage.

Today Colonel Cooper brought me a strong letter from Governor Floyd to the Secretary of the Interior asking him to give me other writing to do as soon as possible.

Friday, May 1, 1857.

“But winter lingering chills the lap of May.”

It is cold enough for an open fire today.

Dick Poor is with us — he came from Norfolk yesterday.

He expected to be engaged on one of the wagon roads being constructed from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. The

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position of chief engineer was offered to him, but with commendable modesty, he declined so important a position and requested them to give him a more subordinate one.

A long letter from my dear boy. He has been made Adjutant of General Sedgwick's division.

Wednesday, May 6, 1857.

Most extraordinary weather for this time of the year — vegetation of every kind is suffering from the cold.

The papers of today say that the Mormons are becoming troublesome and warlike, enlisting hostile Indians in their cause.

The Government will be compelled to enforce law and order if they continue to be unruly.

Thursday, May 7, 1857.

At last we have a genuine spring day and oh, how delightful it is!

Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Wickam and Mrs. Kennon called this afternoon. Mrs. Kennon wishes us to dine with her again at Tudor Place next Tuesday evening. I love to go there. Tudor Place is delightfully situated on the Heights of Georgetown with a beautiful view of the Potomac and the hills of Virginia.

Monday, May 11, 1857.

Just such a beautiful May day thirty-seven years ago, I was married — what an eventful period of my life.

I cannot say that it was the happiest, though mutual love was the basis on which my darling Page and I built our new life, but I had yet to learn to relinquish self and live for another.

It has ever been my opinion that the first year of a woman's married life is one of trial. Traits of character hitherto lying dormant develop by the force of circumstances and create a

Leaves from

phase almost akin to bewilderment. Deeply impressed upon my mind are some of the events of that year. I desire never to forget them. I cherish them with gratitude as a means of knowing myself and learning to weed my garden — even at the early age of seventeen.

For twenty-two years I possessed the tender and loyal love of my husband and my heart reciprocated every evidence of his devoted attachment. Sixteen years of widowhood and I am not yet consoled. Many years ago an intimate friend of mine said to me: "Bright, beautiful sunshine makes me wretched." I thought at the time "what folly." In those days I delighted to saunter forth with my children and charming husband for a walk on the beach at Newport, and felt at such moments that I was the most blessed of mortals; but now in sunshine and in storm I am desolate and live only for my dear children. Memory is not always a blessing, for the weakness and frailty of our human nature will always picture the shadows of the present while the sunbeams flit away unheeded and only the past seems completely happy.

Monday, May 18, 1857.

I rose early this morning and walked for an hour by the river that I might enjoy the beauties of spring undisturbed by the busy world — which began to stir a little later.

May is a beautiful month — Full of beauty and hope.

Dr. Page and Emily Page are staying with us at present. They leave in a few days for Fort Smith, Arkansas.

This afternoon we had many guests — Miss Tabb from Gloucester, Mrs. Davidge, Dr. Hagner, Thayer Abert and others — It was a pleasant afternoon.

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Sunday, May 24, 1857.

Another delightful day.

The new colored Baptist Church was consecrated today and had their first service — The deacon asked me if I would play on their new organ for the service — I accepted with genuine pleasure. They have some wonderful voices in their choir and a natural love of music. I enjoyed the occasion.

Monday, June 1, 1857.

A beautiful June day. A letter from my precious son this morning from Topeka, Kansas.

They had traveled seventeen miles a day and had not yet reached their destination on the Plains, where I fear they will encounter hostile Indians.

Anne and I dined with Major and Mrs. Lindsay this evening. It was a large and distinguished party — the dinner served with much form and elegance and lovely music after dinner. Captain Ritchie of the Navy came home with Anne and myself — it was after midnight, but he came in for a glass of sherry and we had a pleasant talk over world events in general.

Saturday, June 13, 1857.

Lovely weather, flowers blooming in profusion.

A letter from my darling boy from Council Grove, on the outskirts of civilization — the last post office in that part of the world. He said not to expect another letter from him for some time.

Mrs. Gardiner from Newport came to see me this afternoon. It was a great pleasure to me — I shall never outgrow my love for Newport and our friends there.

A letter today from Judge Lea in regard to my father's estate. I answered it at once.

Leaves from

Marie Wheaton, who is at home on a visit, came in to tea this afternoon and gave me late accounts of my dear boy — she said he was well, loved his army life and was a great favorite with his regiment.

Sunday, June 21, 1857.

Warm and fair. June is an exquisite month.

I should like to go to a small country church today, with the windows open, bees buzzing on the outside and the perfume of honeysuckle drifting in — I know just such a little church near dear old Port Royal.

Thursday, June 25, 1857.

Rose early, the mornings are so beautiful that I cannot bear to miss them.

Vic returned today — a great joy to all of us.

This evening the Crawford boys, Chandler, Allan and other young people came to welcome Vic home. We had an evening of charming music — Allan sang all our favorite songs.

Wednesday, July 8, 1857.

Tremendous storm last night, cloudy and cool this morning.

Greatly disturbed by a paragraph in the *Baltimore Sun* saying a part of Colonel Sumner's command had been massacred by the Indians. The report is not credited here. Nevertheless I feel anxious.

Today is Lindsay Walker's and Mary Elam's wedding day. God bless them. I hope they will come by to see us on their way to Boston.

Our kinsman and life long friend, Commodore Newton, was buried today with military honors. He will be greatly missed.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Friday, August 14, 1857.

A letter from my dear son. Thank God the rumor of the massacre of Colonel Sumner's troops was an error.

Colonel Sumner has joined Major Sedgwick and Lindsay was made adjutant of the whole command — God bless him.

Sunday, August 16, 1857.

A charming cool day, such a relief after the intense heat.

I went to Trinity Church this morning to hear Bishop Johns. He is greatly beloved and speaks, he does not preach to his congregation, with great wisdom.

Have just finished the second volume of the *Survey of the Pacific Railroads*, also the *Memoirs of the Duchess Longueville* and the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*.

I think the latter possessed great strength of mind and vision, but a morbid sensibility.

Saturday, August 22, 1857.

Quite cool, the weather feels autumnal.

Mrs. Nelson called today to tell me that her husband had been appointed President of the St. John's College at Annapolis — they are much pleased over the appointment.

Tuesday, September 1, 1857.

Cool and clear.

A brief letter from Lindsay describing a hand to hand encounter with Cheyenne Indians. I thank God that his life was spared.

Mr. Steele brought me a copy of *The Intelligencer* which contained an account of the fight, which was evidently much more serious than Lindsay led me to believe — they barely escaped with their lives.

Leaves from

Friday, September 4, 1857.

Pleasant morning.

Walked to Riggs Bank and drew my pension, one hundred and eighty dollars, always a certainty.

Made some wine jelly and took it to Mrs. Nathaniel Wilson, who has been quite ill.

Mary Rowan called this afternoon for Anne and Vic to go to the Observatory — Chandler and Bob Crawford went with them.

Monday, September 14, 1857.

Cold and cloudy.

We had a small sum of six hundred dollars in the bank of Pairo and Nourse — today they failed. We expected to use the six hundred in our new house, but it was ordained otherwise.

Friday, September 18, 1857.

It has been very stormy lately.

The sad news of the loss of the ship — *Central America* confirmed — The ship was on her way from Havana to New York — Our old friend Captain Lewis Herndon was in command and went down with his ship — Such a brave, capable man.

Tuesday, September 22, 1857.

Vic accepts the loss of the six hundred with her usual calm philosophy. However, there has been great consternation among the people we know over the many bank failures. The general topic of conversation is the wretched financial difficulties of the country.

Mary took a draft of fifteen dollars to market as usual this

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morning, but every one declined to cash it — something unheard of before. It is a strange state of affairs.

Wednesday, September 23, 1857.

Clear today.

Received a letter by a messenger this morning from Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart from Fort Kearney, telling me of having seen Lindsay and of his gallant conduct in the engagement with the Indians. He said nothing of his own wounds — I pray they are slight.

Also a letter from Lindsay, written from Walnut Grove, September third. He said four companies had been ordered to Utah. His does not go — I am glad. Bless his kind heart, he sent me a draft for two hundred dollars, says he has no need of money in the life he is leading at present.

Mary Rowan and Mr. Steele and Mattie Cunningham dined with us. It has been a long time since I have had so many members of my family with me. It was a great pleasure. Captain Rowan did not come with Mary — he is stationed in Norfolk.

Wednesday, November 4, 1857.

Cold and clear.

My darling boy's birthday.

Have been reading Irving's *Life of Washington* and enjoyed it thoroughly.

We are dining with General and Mrs. Totten this evening — a friend sent them some wild ducks which they wish us to enjoy with them.

Sunday, November 22, 1857.

Winterish.

Leaves from

Things look even more gloomy in regard to the Mormons. They seem to be increasing steadily and determined to hold their own. We shall have trouble in that quarter as they show every evidence of resisting the United States troops.

Marshall brought a young German here this evening, Mr. Hildebrand — he was beautifully educated and very musical. We had a delightful musical evening.

Tuesday, November 24, 1857.

Dismal weather.

Revelations in regard to our nice little housemaid, whom we believed to be almost an angel, so efficient, cheerful, always anticipating one's wishes; but alas, for human frailty, time proves that she is *very* human.

I shall send her home to her mother, who is fortunately a kind person, and not scold, or give her advice until her trouble is over — perhaps not then.

Vic and Julia went to a reception at the President's this afternoon. Doctor Hagner, Allan and Chandler came home with them.

Julia kept us laughing incessantly with her descriptions of people and events — she is a witty little person, but never unkind in her witticisms.

Sunday, December 20, 1857.

Very cold.

A long service at St. John's Church this morning, — Ordination, confirmation, communion — Bishop Whittingham officiating.

I received a short letter from Lindsay — He expects to escort the mail to Arkansas next week — There is still trouble in Kansas with the Mormons.

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Friday, December 25, 1857.

Snowing hard, cold and Christmasy.

Many Christmas presents have arrived. Mrs. Floyd sent me a large turkey, the Gordons in Albemarle sent us a wild turkey, Powhatan Stark sent us a barrel of Lynn Haven oysters. We shall be living like lords during the holidays.

We have had many invitations — the usual eggnog and fruit cake. It has all been very cheery — but in my heart of hearts I miss my precious boy.

We are dining at the Octagon House this evening, which is sure to be an enjoyable occasion — As Virginia Tayloe has the rare gift of collecting together guests with congenial minds and spirits.

I have another friend who claims that she enjoys bringing together unrelated minds to see what the result will be — Rather a precarious amusement I should imagine.

Chapter V

Washington, D. C.

New Year's Day, Friday, January 1, 1858.

I never remember such a mild sweet New Year's Day as this. It is mild as May with beautiful sunshine.

The perfect weather made the calling very general. We retired after one o'clock, exhausted with the ceremonies of the day.

Hundreds of persons attended the President's levee.

Many Indians are in town and have attracted a great deal of attention.

Monday, January 4, 1858.

Bright morning.

The holidays are over, the busy world at work again — but the gaieties continue. The girls have a great many invitations — I am occupied with my writing and music pupils.

Saturday, January 23, 1858.

Colonel Sumner, Lindsay's commanding officer, called upon me this afternoon. He is a fine, soldierly looking man and very agreeable. He spoke handsomely of my dear boy. Colonel Sumner said there is a rumor of a recent conflict with the Mormons — That his regiment has been ordered to Utah.

I had a long letter from my dear boy today. He has gone to Santa Fe to escort the mail,¹ expects to be back at Fort Riley the twenty-eighth of this month.

¹ Along the Santa Fe Trail.

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Mrs. George Riggs, Miss Stockton, Lieutenant Stockton of Lindsay's regiment and Miss Coolidge came in for tea — Miss Coolidge also has a brother in Lindsay's regiment. The regimental pride and affection is very strong, an excellent spirit to promote the ideals of the army.

Monday, January 25, 1858.

General Winfield Scott has been ordered to California to raise a force and quiet the Mormons in Utah. He will quell the trouble if any one can.

Tuesday, January 26, 1858.

A dreary day.

This afternoon the girls attended a formal reception at Secretary Floyd's, later going with Chandler and the Crawford boys to the Navy Yard to witness an exhibition of Indian dancing. They said it was remarkable, especially the Fire Dance, but very barbaric and terrifying.

Returned my documents to the War Department this morning and received enough work to keep me busily engaged through next week.

Rumors of another Mormon conflict — How thankful I am that my boy was not ordered to Utah.

Friday, February 5, 1858.

Mild and pleasant.

Dick Poor spent the night with us, having just returned from the Rocky Mountains. He leaves for Norfolk tomorrow.

Virginia Tayloe, Chandler and Bob Crawford dined with us this evening. Later we went to a concert — it was a treat to us from Dick Poor. The music was charming.

Leaves from

Ash Wednesday, February 17, 1858.

I spent yesterday in Baltimore with our cousins, the Bucklers — Tom Buckler met me at the station with his carriage. I found Evergreen (The present home of Mr. & Mrs. Garrett), much changed, but greatly improved with all manner of modern luxuries.

I had a delightful day. On my return, Mr. Steele met me at the cars and drove me home where I found the girls eagerly awaiting my arrival to hear all details of my visit.

Chandler spent the evening, made himself as agreeable as ever — he is so good-looking, such a darling I do not see how Vic can help loving that boy.

Sunday, March 7, 1858.

Clear and windy.

Vic and Chandler have gone to St. John's Church. Virginia to Epiphany. In the evening we are going to vespers.

Monday, March 8, 1858.

"It is snowing like the 'dickens,' with every prospect of a deep snow.

"My darling Vic came down this morning looking as radiantly beautiful as ever — with such a quantity of red hair — Oh, would that my other children were as beautiful and as industrious."

From the word *Monday*, the above is a forgery — every word of it written by that naughty Vic of mine. I refrain from making comments.

Tuesday, March 16, 1858.

Cold but clear.

A letter from my dear son enclosing a draft for one hundred

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dollars — God bless him — he is so generous and kind.

Mr. Riggs' agent came to see me — offered me the lot at the corner of Nineteenth and G Streets for fifty cents a foot. It is a beautiful lot with many old trees on it, a desirable location, but I can do nothing until I hear from Rufus King about my property which I authorized him to sell.

Mrs. Cabell invited me to go to the Smithsonian this evening to hear Mr. Everett's lecture on Charity. I was greatly interested. Two thousand people were present and after Dr. Everett's lecture the Marine Band played wonderfully good music.

Monday, March 29, 1858.

Beautiful morning. We attended early service at St. John's, where we found many friends. Chandler, Eliza Scott and Colonel Magruder came home with us to a delightful breakfast. I must confess that I was surprised to find John Bankhead Magruder at early service. I think of him as a very clever man, a fine soldier, but not religious — but "Who knows?"

We had two pleasant surprises yesterday. A box from Fredericksburg — It contained some charming old-fashioned jewelry from Judith Lomax for Anne and Vic. Judith is a very beautiful woman, but a religieuse and almost a recluse, she wears simple but lovely clothes and no ornaments, therefore she sent all of her heirlooms to my girls. They were enchanted with the jewelry.

Our other surprise was a draft of four thousand dollars from Rufus King for the sale of a portion of my dear father's estate.

Now the new home of our very own is a certainty.

General and Mrs. Totten and Grace Totten came to tea with us this afternoon. Mrs. Totten is distressed because they have been ordered to Europe. They have rented their house to Judge Wayne.

Leaves from

Grace Totten's engagement has been announced to Mr. Stephens.

As usual Marshall Crawford and Chandler spent the evening. They are always welcome.

Tuesday, March 30, 1858.

A clear morning, the bright warm sun will encourage the flowers, the tulips are almost ready to bloom.

I rose early this morning, finished volume twenty-seven on Menasha, Wisconsin, and commenced volume eleven on Chariton, Iowa. Will send them to the Department tomorrow.

I shall have my reward this evening — Anne, Vic, Virginia and myself and their attendant cavaliers will dine at Guatier's and later go to the opera — The latter a rare treat. On such occasions I miss Allan Magruder. He is not only musical, but knows a great deal about music — At present he is lecturing in New York.

Easter Sunday, April 4, 1858.

Charming day.

My precious children gave me an Easter offering — a beautiful prayer book, bound in dark red leather with my name embossed upon it in small gold letters. They know that I am fond of reading my prayers alone in my own room, so it is quite large with the most beautifully clear print — no glasses necessary.

David Cohen called this afternoon, he was in high spirits, brought his sword presented to him by the Marine Guard on board of the *Roanoke*, of which he is in command.

Colonel Walker called also to see if we had anything we wished to send to Lindsay — he belongs to the same regiment.

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Tuesday, April 6, 1858.

Showers.

For days I have been spangling costumes, making turbans, and all manner of things for Mrs. Gwynn's fancy ball.

Julia insists upon going as a black Mammy, wearing a blue calico frock, starched very stiff with a white fichu and red bandana turban. I highly disapprove of Julia's blackening her pretty young face, but she seems to think it will be a great frolic. I suppose I shall be persuaded to yield my objections.

Anne is going as Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, Vic as "Lizzie Lindsay" with her "kirtle of green." Bob Crawford as a wandering gypsy, which suits him perfectly. I expect he will win many feminine hearts with his dark good looks, banjo and gay songs. Chandler as Sir Walter Raleigh, marvelous looking in his beautiful costume, ready at any moment to place his velvet coat upon the ground for Vic's dainty little feet to tread upon.

Great excitement in the household over the anticipated ball.

Friday, April 9, 1858.

Raining.

Well, the fancy ball is over, it is now noon, the young people are still asleep. They came into my room about three in the morning with glowing accounts of the wonderful ball. Anne whispered to me that Julia was so amusing that she was surrounded by admirers the entire evening. I can readily believe it, she is not only amusing, she is an imp.

Saturday, April 17, 1858.

About seven this morning we had a severe hail storm, now the sun is shining — fickle April.

I had a letter from Mr. Thornton this morning asking if I would write an article giving my views on education for

Leaves from

women. I shall do so with pleasure. It gives me an opportunity to say what I have long believed — that men and women should have the same advantages of education. Any mind not cultivated and permitted to vegetate will deteriorate — and that is the fate of the average feminine mind — but some not far distant day women will come into their own.

Every woman should be fitted to be a mental companion for her husband and sons, though I still believe that the duties of men and women should be different.

Saturday, April 24, 1858.

This is a lovely day — an eventful day for us.

We have purchased the lot Corner of Nineteenth and G Streets, from Mr. Riggs. Mr. Baldwin, the architect, says the house built of colonial brick with white trim will cost six thousand. My friends are sternly surprised that I should undertake it, but I feel that I am sensible to put the little I have in a home for my dear children.

Mr. Baldwin came this morning to discuss the plans for our house, wishes to leave out the conservatory for winter flowers to bring the house within our means, but even so it will be delightful to have a home of our very own — and a garden.

Mary Rowan and her boy dined with us this evening. He is a fine little boy. Chandler spent the evening.

Sunday, May 23, 1858.

Warm and delightful. Spent the early morning collecting white flowers to decorate the font at St. John's for Whitsuntide.

Byrd & Williamson here yesterday. So many architects and contractors have called, one would think I intended to build a palace.

Anne received a box by Adams Express yesterday, containing

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four wistaria plants from our old home in Newport, sent by Colonel Cranston — how very thoughtful of him, they must grow and blossom on our new home.

Mrs. Cutts, Colonel Freeman, Doctor and Mrs. Hagner and Bob Crawford came in for tea. Bob brought me a letter from my dear son — he leaves for Utah tomorrow.

Grace Totten dined with us — “Chandler spent the evening.”

Tuesday, June 16, 1858.

Anne and Vic went to Baltimore today to Leslie Buckler's wedding. They will stay at Evergreen and Warren Buckler will return with them.

Monday, June 28, 1858.

Much warmer, many of our friends have left for the White Sulphur Springs.

They tell me the cavalry has been recalled from Utah and sent to the Cheyenne country. We had a letter today from Lindsay from Fort Kearney where they had halted for a short time. He sent his pay for April, May, June, as his gift to our new home — the darling boy.

Tuesday, June 29, 1858.

As a privilege of my advancing years, in the house I very often wear a pair of very beautiful moccasins my dear boy sent me from the West. They are soft, making no noise.

This afternoon just before twilight, I strolled into the library to find a book I wished to read — On the colonial sofa in the French window, I saw two shadowy figures with their heads quite close together talking very earnestly.

There was nothing for me to do, but to cough gently — Chandler sprang to his feet and taking both of my hands in

Leaves from

his he said, "Ah, Lady Elizabeth, why, why did you come in just then — Do you know," he added with smiling eyes, "I had almost persuaded Miss Vic to marry me."

"Do not believe him," Vic said laughing, "I have made up my mind to be a spinster and stay with you always."

"Impossible," Chandler exclaimed, "You are much too pretty for spinsterhood."

For some unknown reason I felt rather guilty — As if a flower might have bloomed had it not been for my untimely touch. In my embarrassment, I drifted to the piano and found consolation in the lovely music of Schubert, until harmony was restored.

I shall give away the moccasins.

Thursday, July 1, 1858.

A pleasant change in the weather. Much cooler with a delightful breeze.

Last evening for the second time Chandler proposed to Vic. She refused his offer again. He is going away — to South America — I shall miss the dear boy. Of course he will return — but suppose some day he should not return! — Oh, the heartache.

The wistaria plants from Newport are growing beautifully and putting out small green leaves — I do not believe they will bloom this year.

Thursday, July 15, 1858.

Midsummer. Pleasant morning.

The sad news reached us today of the death of Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Gaston of Colonel Steptoe's command, in a battle with the Indians in Oregon. Every prospect of an Indian war.

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Thursday, July 22, 1858.

It commenced raining in the night and is still raining. I love rainy days when we are at home together.

The Atlantic cable broke again yesterday — what a difficult feat that is, but what a marvelous one — it seems almost incredible that one should be able to wire a message across the broad Atlantic.

Rufus King and his wife are stopping at Brown's Hotel. They are dining with us this evening — I am glad that Rufus approves of our decision to build a house of our own. They will start on the foundation tomorrow.

Thursday, August 5, 1858.

Beautiful day.

We were aroused at an early hour this morning by the fluttering of the birds. Jim Anderson, the cat, had his claws on Anne's canary, but Mary reached there just in time to save its life. The poor bird was deprived of many feathers, but not injured and Jim, the cat, with his usual male cleverness managed to escape without punishment.

I walked down to Miss Bolton's this afternoon and there met Mrs. Gordon. Augusta Mechlin walked home with me.

Mr. Steele called this evening bringing me an interesting book, *The Siege of Sebastopol* by Major McClellan.

Tuesday, August 31, 1858.

Raining, cleared at noon.

The Atlantic cable was laid successfully this month.

Virginia and Vic have gone to Mrs. Maynadier's soiree. Bob and Marshall Crawford went with them — I am sure they will enjoy the charming music.

Leaves from

Colonel Cooper kindly sent me a copy of an order granting Lindsay a leave of absence for next Christmas — what joyous news!

Wednesday, September 1, 1858.

Cool, delightful weather, but long shadows suggest the approach of autumn.

This afternoon we went to the President's — Armistead Pendleton went with us.

They were busy hauling bricks to our lot today — the house will soon be growing.

Monday, September 27, 1858.

Clear and cool.

Letter from my dear son, he has been ordered to Fort Arbuckle in the Cherokee Nation.

Thursday, October 28, 1858.

Quite cold today. Received another package from the War Department. Have to make two copies — worked hard all day.

Will have my reward this evening — we are going to the opera — Bob Crawford and Dick Kearney are going with us.

Churchill Gordon is staying with us. He came to Washington to endeavor to prevent a duel between Lindsay Walker and William Gordon, which I rejoice to say was happily effected. From the mystery which surrounded the affair I imagine that "Woman, lovely woman" was the cause of the quarrel.

Monday, November 22, 1858.

Raining, but nevertheless a bright and charming day for me. My precious son arrived this morning.

Also they finished the brick work on our house. The hod

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carriers came over for their usual treat. Lindsay gave them some money — they seemed very grateful.

Friday, November 26, 1858.

Looks and feels as if we might have snow.

There was a rumor abroad that Major Emory and his command had been massacred by the Indians. It was contradicted in *The Star* this evening, but we shall feel anxious until we hear more particulars.

Monday, December 26, 1858.

Cold, snowing.

We had a very cheery Christmas, have not yet recovered from the gaieties and late hours, but what a delight to see the young people so merry and happy.

It is rumored that Lord Napier has been recalled, which will be a great blow to Washington society.

Dick Poor spent Christmas with us. He had just come in from the Plains and looked strong and well. Dick is such a dear.

Tuesday, December 27, 1858.

Clear and very cold.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Pendleton called this afternoon to invite Anne and myself to dine with them at Tudor Place on New Year's Eve. They seem to be enjoying that lovely home, but I believe our dear friend Mrs. Kennon rather regrets renting it.

Mrs. Pendleton is the daughter of one of my favorite relatives — Eliza Magruder — The clans of Magruder and Lindsay have ever been closely connected and devoted.

Chapter VI

Washington, D. C.

Saturday, January 1, 1859.

New Year's Day.

As usual we attended early service at St. John's to give thanks for our many blessings during the past year. May our hearts gratefully acknowledge them and God bless and protect my dear children in the New Year.

At present we have the great happiness of all being together, an event which has not occurred for two long years.

Lindsay is paying calls with other officers — will return here later with his friends for supper and dancing.

Visitors have been pouring in all day; Mr. William Gordon, Dr. Hagner, General McComb, Captain Maynadier, Colonel Magruder, Colonel Mac Tilton, Lieutenant May, Chandler, Marshall Crawford and many others. The girls had a wonderful day. Marshall Crawford is devoted to Julia. Anne has acquired an old admirer — *nous verrons*.

Tuesday, January 4, 1859.

Every prospect of a snow-storm.

Congress will reassemble today.

Lieutenant Armstrong and Fitz Lee¹ are staying with us. They are dining with Major Belger at Willard's Hotel this evening, later taking my girls to the party at Judge Campbell's.

¹ Later, General Frank Armstrong and General Fitzhugh Lee.

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Wednesday, January 5, 1859.

It has stopped snowing and is now clear and cold.

Invitations to Secretary Floyd's on the twelfth. The gaiety of the season has commenced. There are parties every evening.

Damp and drizzly. Anne's birthday — God bless her.

Lieutenant Armstrong, Fitz Lee, Dick Poor, Major Belger, Marshall and *Chandler* dined with us. We had a cake and candles for Anne. They ragged her unmercifully about being a spinster of twenty-five summers, knowing full well that she has had many offers of marriage. She looked very lovely this evening in a soft blue frock — she has such sweet blue eyes.

After dinner the young people went to the theatre to see Agnes Robertson — a very talented actress.

Our new home is to be finished and ready for occupancy the first of June — what a pleasant thought.

Tuesday, January 11, 1859.

Lord Napier called to say farewell. He will be greatly missed in Washington.

Wednesday, January 12, 1859.

Bitterly cold — hatching a snow-storm.

Lindsay and Vic went to the party at Secretary Floyd's this evening — Vic looked simply lovely in a pale green taffeta, made with many ruffles and wearing my rose point fichu — her lovely auburn hair wound around her head in two thick braids.

Dick Poor and Chandler went with them. Dick told me the next morning that *Addie Cutts*² and Vic were the belles of the ball. Vic did tell me that she had a delightful evening, but not a word of her own popularity.

² Adele Cutts married Senator Stephen Douglas.

Leaves from

Monday, January 17, 1859.

Very foggy this morning — wind from the south.

My precious, unselfish son presented me with one hundred dollars today. May the Lord bless him as *I* think he deserves to be blessed.

Sally Magruder and her four girls spent the day with us — Sally's health is much improved by the new water cure.

Tuesday, January 18, 1859.

Still cold.

The gas man came this morning to know where we wished the pipes laid in our new home — things are progressing rapidly.

Lindsay's classmate and roommate, George Bayard,³ is staying with us. He is a dear, almost like one of my own children. The friendship between Lindsay and George Bayard is a life time friendship which I'm sure neither time, a woman, nor war could destroy.

Lieutenant Long, Eugene Pendleton, Dick Poor, Chandler and Marshall dined with us — we had a great deal of music and a merry evening.

Thursday, January 20, 1859.

Cold and clear.

The Secretaries are receiving today.

We had many visitors; Mrs. John Mason, Mrs. Kennon, Eliza Scott, the others were all young people.

The Crawford boys and Dick Poor stayed to dinner.

Anne and Lizzie Poor went to a party at Paymaster Brown's — Anne wore a white and Lizzie a pink tarlatan — both exceedingly dainty and pretty.

³ General George Bayard. Killed in the battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia.

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Monday, January 24, 1859.

Still very cold.

Many visitors — I find it rather difficult to continue my writing.

Dick Poor called for Vic this afternoon with a carriage and a spanking pair of horses and they attended numerous receptions.

This evening the young people are going to the Linthicums for a party. George Bayard and Lindsay seem to enjoy the festivities greatly. Bless their dear hearts.

Thursday, January 27, 1859.

The weather has moderated.

All of the party-goers seem bright this morning.

Eugene Pendleton called to ask Lindsay to go with him to Baltimore to Mrs. Taggart's ball. They are going to a party at Lady Napier's this evening.

Tuesday, February 1, 1859.

This month opens with a cold day.

All disposed to sleep late this morning, which enabled me to have a quiet time for my writing.

A number of visitors, among others Colonel Roberts of the Rifles; an old Newport friend, also Miss Dusenbury, the daughter of General Dusenbury of the army, an old and dear friend of Page's, and Mme. Ravenelle who lives in Paris — that is the great charm of Washington — *it is cosmopolitan.*

Later in the afternoon Mrs. Emory, Colonel and Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. John Mason, and Mrs. Kennon came in to tea.

Thursday, February 3, 1859.

Cloudy morning.

Leaves from

Lindsay and the girls, Chandler and the Crawford boys went to the party last evening given by Mrs. George Riggs — Vic must have become overheated from dancing, she is not at all her usual bright self this morning — I shall send for Doctor Hagner.

Wednesday, February 9, 1859.

Foggy and damp.

Sophia Snyder and Emma Tayloe spent the morning with me.

There are two parties this evening, one at the Floyds' and one at Colonel Freeman's. Vic is not well enough to go; Anne and Julia will go with Lindsay, Dick Poor and Bob Crawford.

Monday, February 14, 1859.

St. Valentine's Day. Quite cold. The girls received many beautiful valentines, and Vic her usual yellow roses from Chandler.

Thursday, February 24, 1859.

Spring-like day, warm and misty.

The Cabinet receives today for the last time during the present session.

Lizzie Poor, Dick, Austin and Vic went to a party at Mrs. Pendleton's — the girls looked lovely in their party frocks — said they had a most enjoyable time.

Sunday, February 27, 1859.

The weather clear and pleasant.

A most shocking occurrence took place near the Club House today about two o'clock which resulted in the death of Barton

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Key, a man distinguished for his talents and the son of Francis Scott Key, the author of *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

The deceased had some difficulties with Mr. Sickles, a member of Congress from New York — meeting Mr. Key on the pavement they had a few words, when Mr. Sickles fired and killed poor young Key, thus ushering him into eternity with his sins unconfessed or absolved.

Mr. Sickles immediately rushed to Judge Black, the Attorney General, for counsel, who advised him to give himself up to the law, which he did and is now in jail.

Mr. Sickles is said to be a man of great wealth with a very pretty, but frail young wife — the cause of the dreadful deed. There seems to be little sympathy for Mr. Sickles.

We spent a quiet evening at home, no visitors, everyone distressed by the sad event of the day.

Tuesday, March 1, 1859.

Cool, bright day.

Went down in the city to Perry's on the Avenue to purchase a pale yellow tarlatan for Vic to wear to Mrs. Turnbull's party.

A letter from Lewis and Maria Walker inviting us to spend the summer with them at their beautiful place in Albemarle. A most kind and generous invitation which I hope two of the family may find it possible to accept. I am wary of taxing the kindness of one's friends.

Many visitors this evening, everyone still talking of the dreadful murder of young Key.

Friday, March 4, 1859.

Raining.

The Water Bill passed today. Congress adjourned at noon.

Leaves from

Wednesday, March 9, 1859.

Ash Wednesday, a pleasant day.

Now we shall have some quiet times for music, writing and other domestic pursuits. Lindsay has made all of his farewell calls. He leaves tomorrow, will go to Richmond where he will join Lieutenant Wheaton. They will travel to Fort Arbuckle together — I am glad that Lindsay will have a companion on his long and tedious journey.

Lindsay and I are dining at Mrs. Dahlgren's this evening. I shall be very proud of my tall soldier boy.

Thursday, March 10, 1859.

A charming day.

My darling son left this morning at five o'clock — God bless him and grant that he may be preserved in health and safety.

I am teaching Emma Tayloe to play on the guitar — my music is always a resource and pleasure to me. Mrs. Maury called this afternoon to ask if I would give her daughters music lessons — Mary and Eliza Maury are very attractive girls — I consented with pleasure.

Friday, March 11, 1859.

Misty and mild this morning.

The Postmaster General, Governor Brown, was buried yesterday, we have lost a kind friend, who will be universally regretted.

Lieutenant [Commander] Semmes [later — Admiral Semmes, who commanded the *Alabama*] called for Anne to go with him to the new Catholic Church — I believe Anne has an unconfessed preference for the Catholic religion — it rather suits her temperament.

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After all life is in the living, not in the outward profession of religion.

Monday, March 21, 1859.

Hazy and warm.

I read with some anxiety that the Indians are again becoming troublesome in the neighborhood of Fort Arbuckle. There has been a fight there recently, but I pray that my dear son has not yet reached his journey's end.

They have found a verdict of murder against Mr. Sickles.

Friday, April 1, 1859.

April comes in with smiles, as yet no tears — a beautiful day.

Paid Mr. Baldwin, the architect, one thousand dollars on our home. The house is becoming more interesting every day.

Monday, April 4, 1859.

Beautiful morning.

A letter from my dear son, dated Little Rock, March twenty-second, expected to be at Fort Smith the following Thursday.

Wednesday, April 6, 1859.

A beautiful day.

Last evening Miss Corcoran was married to Mr. Eustis of Louisiana. It was a very brilliant affair with a large reception after the ceremony.

Bob Crawford spilled champagne on Anne's charming new frock, he was most contrite. Came this morning to see if he might be allowed to replace it. Anne very properly declined. "Aren't we cousins?" he asked reproachfully.

Leaves from

Anne and Julia have gone down to the city to look for summer bonnets. Colonel John Magruder came to see me today. Spoke highly of my dear son, said he would make his mark in the world. I did not tell him that *I* already knew it.

Virginia wishes to go to the musical festival in Norfolk, but I do not approve of a young girl traveling without a chaperone. A letter from Rufus King enclosing check for the balance of my money loaned to Morgan. A relief to my mind. The Overland mail is in but no letter from my dear boy.

Thursday, April 7, 1859.

Clear and delightful.

We went to Kate Kearney's wedding today at St. John's Church at two o'clock and afterwards to the reception at General Kearney's.

Captain Henry of the army was the groom and a very handsome young man. Phil Kearney [later General Kearney] brought Alice some wedding cake to dream on. She is rather young for it — still one must dream.

Saturday, April 9, 1859.

Quite cool this morning.

Lord Lyons, the new British Minister, has arrived in Washington and is being extensively entertained.

Monday, April 11, 1859.

It commenced raining last evening and has continued to rain ever since.

Virginia Lenthall spent the day with us. Her father came for her and gave me helpful advice about our garden.

My neighbor, Mr. Eveleth, brought me beautiful roses for our garden. It is fast becoming a garden of friendship — so many

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friends have sent us plants, which seems to enhance their value.

Dr. Hagner, Marshall Crawford and Lieutenant [Commander] Semmes spent the evening with us.

Tuesday, April 26, 1859.

Sickles acquitted!

Sunday, May 1, 1859.

Charming morning — the month of the poets comes in with a blue sky.

After plentiful rain followed by brilliant sunshine the trees and the plants in our garden are flourishing.

Vic has taken charge of Fannie Hawley's Sunday School class at St. John's.

Major Wayne called to say that his sister, Mrs. Cuyler, would be glad to chaperone Virginia to Norfolk, which is very agreeable to me.

Monday, May 2, 1859.

The air is cool for this season, but the sky is clear and blue.

I hope to accomplish a great deal in our garden this week. The brick wall is finished giving it a delightful seclusion, the brick walks have been laid. There are fine old trees and some lilac bushes which is a wonderful beginning for a garden.

Wednesday, May 4, 1859.

Clear and beautiful.

Transplanted many roses today, a little late, but with Virginia's loving care I feel sure that they will prosper.

We have concluded to cover our chairs and sofas ourselves as the upholsterers are so expensive. Fortunately I have lovely old chintz brought to me from England years ago, the soft tones will prevent it from looking too new.

Leaves from

Lieutenant [Commander] Semmes spent the evening with us — he has just returned from extensive travels — I enjoy hearing him talk. His information is very general, he has a great command of words, but little imagination.

The music at the President's commenced this evening.

Tuesday, May 24, 1859.

Delightful morning.

I rose early to work in the garden.

Our house is almost finished.

I bought a new harp yesterday, paid two hundred dollars for it, but do not regret it.

Saturday, May 28, 1859.

Stormed very hard last evening.

Miss Fannie Hagner sought shelter in passing and spent the evening with us.

Today it is cool and clear.

The new harp arrived — it is a darling. Allan and Sally Magruder, with their charming children, spent the evening.

Wednesday, June 1, 1859.

Beautifully clear, a typical June day.

It rained during the night which was fine for our new sod and the roses.

An Irish cook offered me her services today, but I am accustomed to, and prefer the blacks. When well trained they are efficient, faithful and cheerful.

Friday, June 3, 1859.

Beautiful day.

Day of days — we moved into our new home.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

I was up with the lark.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Pendleton kindly sent her carriage to move our small belongings and with the movers, who were capable and obliging men, we soon had our things in place without any trouble or confusion.

In the evening we dined with Mrs. Pendleton, Judge and Mrs. Black were the only guests. It was very pleasant.

Saturday, June 4, 1859.

Rose early after a restful night, nothing like sleeping under one's own roof.

We had visitors all day long and far into the evening. A great many came from kind feeling to congratulate us upon taking possession of our new home, a few from idle curiosity — all were welcome.

The gas was turned on this evening at seven o'clock and burned beautifully.

We are now delightfully comfortable and happy in our new home — for which blessing I desire to give thanks to Almighty God.

Sunday, June 12, 1859.

Bright morning.

We attended the eleven o'clock service at St. John's, with grateful hearts.

Marshall and Bob Crawford dined with us, also Dick Poor and many friends came in to tea, we have a regular reception every day.

Received a letter from Lindsay, dated Fort Washita, May 26. He has been on scout duty which accounted for his long silence.

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Tuesday, June 14, 1859.

Cloudy and cooler.

Lieutenant Stuart [Jeb Stuart]⁴ of Lindsay's regiment came to see me today — he is on leave, having been wounded slightly in a battle with the Comanche Indians — I never met a more interesting and charming young man. He is very musical and sang many songs with Virginia and Vic.

Tomorrow is the day for the German musical festival at Arlington Springs — I pray the weather will be propitious — they usually have wonderful music.

I made the last payment on our house today, now it is really ours.

⁴ General J. E. B. Stuart.

Chapter VII

Washington, D. C.

Monday, July 4, 1859.

Cool and pleasant.

The nation's jubilee was ushered in by ringing of bells, firing of cannon.

This evening the young people are going to the President's to see the fireworks.

Sunday, July 10, 1859.

Very warm.

All of the children at St. John's — too warm for me to expose myself to the heat.

In my own home I do not realize the extreme heat, our rooms are spacious with high ceilings, and the French windows opening into the garden create a delightful current of air.

Tuesday, July 19, 1859.

It rained during the night. Beautiful rainbow about six o'clock this morning, which according to the old saying portends a storm — "Rainbow in the morning is a sailor's warning."

Major and Mrs. Nichols called and said that Lindsay had gone with Major Emory to the Antelope Hills. I am afraid I shall not hear from him for some time.

Wednesday, July 27, 1859.

The locusts were singing early this morning which indicates another warm day.

Leaves from

Received a letter from Mattie Poor; she expects to be here in September on her way to Annapolis to place Charlie in the Naval Academy. I shall be glad to see dear Mattie — I love her dearly.

Thursday, July 28, 1859.

Cool and delightful, there must have been hail in the cloud that passed over the city yesterday evening.

At five o'clock Mrs. Pendleton took me for a lovely drive along the canal. It was most picturesque and peaceful. On our return we stopped at the post office where I found a letter from my darling boy and an invitation from "The sons and daughters of Newport" who are to meet in Newport on the twenty-third of August. I should like to go. We were stationed in Newport for so many years, several of my children born there, my dear father, Colonel William Lindsay, is buried in the Trinity churchyard at Newport. My heart often turns to the dear old town of my youth.

Saturday, July 30, 1859.

Showery. The foliage is much refreshed by the rain of last evening.

Put a quilt on the frame and commenced quilting today.

A great many of our friends have gone to the springs for the warm season. My girls are visiting their cousins, the Gordons, at Gordonsville. I remained here because I am happy and comfortable in my own home and have a great deal of quiet for writing.

Captain and Mrs. Tilton spent last evening with me — friends always drop in during the evening.

Every day I thank God for this delightful home.

A letter from my dear son, he has been on special duty with

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

some other officers opening a road to Fort Smith. Said he had sent me a hundred dollars by Lieutenant Hawkins. Dear generous child.

No water as yet although the bill has passed for laying pipes in the first ward.

Thursday, September 1, 1859.

Clear and beautiful.

I walked to Riggs' bank and drew my pension — the certainty of that one hundred and eighty dollars is a great comfort to me.

Have been busy sowing winter mignonette and housing the more delicate plants.

The girls arrived this afternoon much improved by their trip.

Dr. Snyder, the Crawfords and Dick Kearney spent the evening with us. Dr. Hagner came in for a few moments.

We had some delightful music and were happy to be together in our home again.

Wednesday, September 21, 1859.

Tremendous night, it rained in torrents and the wind blew very hard — it still continues to storm.

Thursday, September 22, 1859.

Rained all night with no prospect of clearing.

A letter from Lindsay, he expects to leave Fort Arbuckle tomorrow for Fort Cobb, a new post, farther from civilization, he does not seem to dislike the idea.

The curtains are up. The carpets are down, the house looks delightfully cozy for winter.

Leaves from

Saturday, October 1, 1859.

The clouds hang low, the atmosphere is damp.

Jackson Lindsay spent the day with us; Dick Kearney, Marshall Crawford and Lieutenant [Commander] Semmes came in the evening.

Tuesday, October 4, 1859.

Beautiful day — a light frost last night.

The steamer from New York arrived today. Bob Crawford and the girls went down to see her come in. After the passengers disembarked they went over the steamer, said she was quite large and very luxurious.

Friday, October 7, 1859.

This is a charming day. Mrs. Davenport and Mrs. Emory spent the afternoon with me.

We spent a quiet evening at home. Vic played on the piano and Nan on the harp — I had the pleasure of listening to some exceedingly good music.

Monday, October 17, 1859.

Raining and every prospect of a storm.

Read a notice of the death of Mr. J. Y. Mason, our minister to France. A deplorable loss to this country and to his friends.

Commenced my charity work for the orphans which Mme. de Janney brought me last evening.

Reported insurrection of the blacks at Harper's Ferry — instigated by Western and Northern abolitionists.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Tuesday, October 18, 1859.

Reports from Harper's Ferry are really startling. The rioters have killed several persons and taken possession of the public works.

Friday, October 21, 1859.

Snowing hard early this morning, unusually cold for this season of the year.

All quiet at Harper's Ferry.

Monday, October 24, 1859.

This was the day appointed by the abolitionists for a general outbreak among the slaves of the South, but their plan was defeated by the goodness of God.

Wednesday, October 26, 1859.

Foggy and damp. Quilting all morning at Ann Crawford's. Miss Mary Lenthall and Dr. Hagner spent the evening.

Mr. Thomas Greene came to see Anne.

Lieutenant [Commander] Semmes came to see Vic — he is truly a strange young man, seems to take no interest in the current events of the day — only in travel in foreign lands.

Saturday, October 29, 1859.

Quiet morning, writing.

General McComb and Mrs. McComb, Fanny Halsey, Miss Hagner, Mrs. Scott, Bob Crawford and Dick Kearney spent the evening. I believe Julia is Dick's favorite. Allan has gone to Harper's Ferry.

Tuesday, November 1, 1859.

The leaves are falling — drifting down with a dry rustling

Leaves from

sound that sends a chill to one's heart. This is a beautiful season, but to me a melancholy one, the crimson and gold of October turning to a lifeless brown.

Alice is going to a party at Ella Abert's tomorrow. Anne, who is Alice's devoted slave, is making a pretty blue tarletan frock for Alice to wear to the party. The other girls are going to a party at Mrs. Carroll's.

This morning, Virginia with the assistance of Sydney Crawford and Uncle Jim Taliaferro, our very ancient and very black gardener, set out the boxwood hedge and the beautiful roses we bought from Saul. By next June they should be blooming profusely.

Thursday, November 10, 1859.

Gloomy day.

John Brown and Cook, the insurrectionists, have been sentenced to be hanged — poor souls.

Monday, November 14, 1859.

Bright and clear.

More documents to copy for the War Department were brought to me early this morning by a messenger.

Played whist until quite late last evening with Miss Bolton, Ogle Tayloe and Dr. Hagner.

Tom Buckler came over from Baltimore this morning and spent the day with us. We asked several of his friends in for tea and had a very enjoyable time.

Marshall Crawford is trying to persuade me to buy stock in the proposed car line on the Avenue.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Friday, December 2, 1859.

This is the unhappy day that Brown, the conspirator, is to be hanged — God have mercy on his soul.

We spent a quiet evening at home, with some music and discussion of a higher education for women which always meets with my approval.

Monday, December 5, 1859.

Raining all day.

Congress met today. No Speaker elected.

The Sun contains many accounts of the doings and sayings of abolitionists — all in abuse of Southern rights. This state of affairs cannot continue — it is bound to cause trouble between the North and the South.

Thursday, December 8, 1859.

The wind blew hard last night. This morning everything is covered with sleet.

The newspapers have been more temperate in the last few days.

A letter from my dear boy — he will be in command of Major Emory's escort as far as Fort Smith. How I do wish he could come home.

Tuesday, December 13, 1859.

We are having beautiful nights, clear and cold with millions of brilliant stars.

Agreeably surprised by a visit from Judge Robertson of Charlottesville and George Gordon. They dined with us and spent the evening. Later Dr. Hagner came in and the four of us discussed the state of the Union at large. I was gratified to hear such patriotic sentiments of loyalty to the Union as

Leaves from

expressed by these clever Southern men. George Gordon gave us a cordial invitation to visit them this summer. He little knows what it would mean if my family should visit them en masse — only six in the family.

Friday, December 16, 1859.

This morning the ground is covered with snow.

I was startled to read in the morning paper that Cooke and Coffee had made their escape from prison. However, later they were discovered and arrested — I fear they will be hanged. This has been a tragedy from the beginning.

Tuesday, December 20, 1859.

Clear but very cold.

Major Emory called this morning to give me the latest accounts of my dear boy and brought me a Christmas draft of two hundred dollars from Lindsay — what a darling he is — he never thinks of himself.

Major Emory seems devoted to Lindsay.

Virginia and Julia left on the Aquia Creek boat this morning to take some small gifts to our relatives in Fredericksburg. They will return day after tomorrow.

I am busy dressing dolls for the Christmas tree at St. John's Church.

We are having a Christmas tree and a family party of about thirty relatives on Saturday evening.

Beautiful evergreens have been sent us from Virginia. Anne is decorating the house with them this morning. When I finish dressing my dolls I shall make the eggnog for the party.

Saturday, December 24, 1859.

Christmas Eve.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Our house looks very gay and charming with holly, other evergreens and open fires.

Dick Poor brought me a large turkey as his Christmas present, bless his young heart.

Dick and Charlie Poor, the Crawfords and dozens of young people have assembled here and are as merry as crickets. I know they will have music and dancing this evening, I really love to play for them.

I miss my dear boy.

Charlie Poor returns to Annapolis on Monday.

Chapter VIII

Washington, D. C.

New Year's Day.

Sunday, January 1, 1860.

The ground is covered with snow, all at church except myself.

As New Year's Day falls on the Sabbath this year the usual celebration will be observed tomorrow.

Monday, January 2, 1860.

It is bitterly cold, the ground still covered with a deep snow, but the sun shining brightly.

Many sleighs are out with their bells ringing merrily, and all seemed inspired to make the day a gay one.

The diplomats, army and navy officers calling in full dress uniform which adds greatly to the brilliancy of the occasion, and as I have said before it is really a charming way to begin the New Year.

This was the first time that we had received in our new home. The house was decorated with holly and evergreens, with an open fire in the drawing room to warm the cold hands and the Lindsay punch bowl filled with eggnog to warm the spirits of our guests.

The snowy day made the occasion very informal and merry and the young people danced until a late hour.

Saturday, January 7, 1860.

A bright cold day.

The girls have planned a dinner party for this evening, and

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

later will go with Dick Poor and the Crawford boys to the Carroll's dance.

A letter from my precious son, he wrote from Washita — it seems so far away.

Sunday, January 8, 1860.

Thawing, very bad walking.

Drove to St. John's with Virginia Tayloe, where Bishop Whittingham confirmed a large class of young and old.

Our flowers are very lovely in spite of the extreme cold.

Monday, January 9, 1860.

Thawing, every prospect of rain.

No speaker as yet.

Dick Poor is staying with us. The young people are going to a party at Mrs. George Riggs' this evening.

Wednesday, January 11, 1860.

South wind and mild weather.

Julia and Dick Kearney have gone to the President's reception, Anne and Vic went to Mrs. Pendleton's soiree.

Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Ives, Mrs. Hagner and several other friends came in for tea.

Friday, January 27, 1860.

Rather cloudy.

Wednesday, February 1, 1860.

The deepest snow that we have had this year, but no sleighing as it is melting rapidly.

At last, a Speaker of the House has been elected; Mr. Penning of New Jersey.

Leaves from

Tuesday, February 14, 1860.

Saint Valentine's Day.

A great many valentines received by the girls. A few comic ones which to my old-fashioned way of thinking rather spoils the romantic spirit of the day — No yellow roses for Vic — Did she miss them — I wonder?

In the evening the young people, including Dick Poor and Phil Kearney assembled here for dancing.

Mrs. Kearney came to see me today to tell me that Kate Henry has a daughter born on the twelfth of this month.

Ash Wednesday, February 22, 1860.

Bright overhead, but ground still covered with snow.

Great celebrations today — the unveiling of the statue of General Washington at Washington Circle — A large crowd expected — Bands and regiments of soldiers.

Friday, February 24, 1860.

Spring-like day — sunshine warm and delightful.

Captain and Mrs. Tilton, Kate Andrews, Mr. Eveleth, Virginia Tayloe and Colonel McClellan came in to tea — We had a little music before they left which was very enjoyable.

Julia and Bob Crawford went this afternoon to see an exhibition of paintings at the Art Union — What Bob does not know about paintings would fill a book — but it does not make him any the less lovable.

Thursday, March 1, 1860.

March came in like a lion —

The high winds of March are tearing through the land, waking up vegetation, blowing seed pods hither and yonder, for spring is near.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Virginia is now in the garden tying up the climbing roses to save them from destruction. Virginia's whole life is devoted to her music, her flowers and reading — She is quite a student, perhaps the most intellectual member of my family. I feel sure that she will never marry. She speaks frequently of joining an order of Episcopal nuns in England. I should not feel that I had the right to oppose such a decision, even though it would tear my heart strings to part with the precious child.

I am enjoying the quiet of Lent — Quiet is essential to mental repose and mental repose is essential to harmony in living.

Saturday, March 17, 1860.

Weather fine.

Our flowers are doing remarkably well, the girls have planted many new flowers in our garden.

A package from the War Department today, more copying for me, I am only too glad for the occupation and remuneration.

Kate Andrews (Sister of Snowden Andrews¹), Mattie Steele and Mr. Hutton were here for tea. Mr. Hutton is the architect, employed to remodel and beautify the old Presbyterian Church at Four and a Half Street. He is a very cultivated and charming person.

Tuesday, March 27, 1860.

Very cold but clear.

Our pavement has been restored to its proper state, the pipes are laid from the street to the back building and we shall soon have water in the house.

Captain Tilton brought me some rare tea from China today. I shall try it this afternoon when our friends come in to tea.

¹ General Snowden Andrews.

Leaves from

I do not feel well today, but think it is more mental than physical — this is the eighteenth anniversary of my dear Page's death — always a sad day for me. And yet it gives me pleasure to find a quiet spot where I am free to dwell alone with my loving thoughts of the days gone by.

I was so young when I married Page, just sixteen, that I could not appreciate him as I do today — I realized that he was very charming, witty and gay, but I did not realize his strength and cleverness — I did not realize that there was anything unusual in the love that his brother officers felt for him.

How they enjoyed telling the story that during the War of 1812 Page was Adjutant General to General Wilkinson in a camp near the St. Lawrence River, he was sent blindfolded within the British lines with an important military message.

The British officers were very civil to Page and invited him to dine with them — He accepted with pleasure.

At the table many toasts were drunk — One British officer sprang to his feet and gave the toast, "Here is to President Madison — dead or alive."

Whereupon Page rose to his feet very slowly and standing very tall and straight, gave in his pleasant voice the toast, "Here is to the King of England, drunk or sober." (I think it was King George III who was never quite sober.)

The British officer turned to Page and said fiercely, "Sir, do you intend that as an insult?"

"No," Page replied coolly, "As a reply to an insult."

After that they troubled him no more.

Page was one of the four officers selected to form the Ordnance Corps. When the Secretary of War asked him how long he had served as a Major, he smiled and said as far as he knew no one had served longer except Joshua who was Captain of the Israelites for forty years.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

There are many compensations in life if we look for them — To me dear Page is ever young and charming — It would have distressed me to see his soft brown hair grown thin and gray, the deep blue eyes dimmed by time, his step less elastic.

I like to remember when he would place his slender hands on my shoulders, saying gaily, "Come, Lizzie Lindsay, let us dance the Highland Fling, even if I *am* only an *English American*," and away we would go.

God is very good when he permits us to lead a full life — and realize it. Mine still goes on in memories of the past, happiness in the present and hopes for the future.

Friday, March 30, 1860.

Pleasant morning, all of us at work in the garden.

There was an alarming fire last evening between F Street and the Canal. It was extinguished with great difficulty.

Received invitation to Jack Lindsay's wedding — he is marrying Miss Delaney of Louisiana, who is said to be beautiful, wealthy and wise — a happy combination.

Sunday, April 1, 1860.

Palm Sunday.

Showery, but we went to the service at St. John's between showers.

People are building on the lot opposite us — It is to be expected I suppose, but I am thankful that we have our own beautiful trees which cannot be destroyed by the hand of man. The man who is building the house as a home for himself and family used to be my bacon merchant — He is now my wealthy neighbor.

Our nice little maid, Lavinia, made too free with the elixir of life last night and had to be sent to bed to regain her equilib-

Leaves from

rium — She went to confession this morning at an early hour — No doubt that will restore her efficiency for many moons to come.

Julia Totten, Miss Tayloe from Alabama, Dick Poor and *Chandler* came to tea.

Friday, April 6, 1860.

Good Friday — Everyone at Church.

Two letters today from my dear son — joyous news — he may get a leave of absence in October. I do not see how they could have the heart to refuse it when he has been on duty for such a long time.

The water pipes are now laid on — We shall have a real bathroom — a great luxury.

Tomorrow Anne and Vic are going into the city to purchase Easter bonnets — I shall rejuvenate my old one.

Sunday, April 8, 1860.

A beautiful Easter Sunday. We walked to St. John's.

The music was beautiful. I could hear Virginia's lovely voice soaring above the other voices. She sings like an angel.

Alice made her first communion today. May she be duly impressed with the holiness and importance of this event as becometh a Christian.

Thursday, April 19, 1860.

Cloudy. Vic spent the day at Dr. Snyder's in Georgetown, walked there and Austin returned with her and dined with us.

Virginia went to market for me this morning, brought back two exquisite yellow roses and other flowers — but forgot about the food!

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Sunday, April 22, 1860.

Terrible storm last evening, the lightning brought all of the girls rushing into my room. It is clear and pleasant today.

Mrs. Beale, who lives in the country, sent me a basket of spring flowers with the request that I drive out to see her. Her sister, Mrs. Houston, is staying with her. They are daughters of Commodore Truxton, and have known my family for many long years.

After dinner this evening we had delightful music. Vic played on the piano, Anne on the harp, Chandler on the violin and Virginia singing softly in her lovely voice. The time passed all too quickly. It was one o'clock before one could say "Bob White."

Monday, April 23, 1860.

Weather clear and pleasant.

I spent the afternoon at Mrs. Whiting's where I met a most agreeable young man, Mr. Washington, the artist.

Allan Magruder, Sally and their children dined with us this evening. The children are tiny tots, but somehow I felt that Julia² had the most definite personality. I liked her inquiring blue eyes with the curled up lashes and the twinkle of fun which shone through the lashes.

Monday, April 30, 1860.

Quite cool, unlike the season of flowers.

Cannot use the water again today — It seems fraught with many difficulties.

Mattie Steele has taken a house on H Street, not far from

² Julia Magruder, author of *Across The Chasm* and many other novels, essays and poetry.

Leaves from

the Hagners — Her children spent the day with me while my girls helped Mattie with curtains and arrangements in her new house. The children are darling.

This morning, Charity, our old cook, brought me an old-fashioned yellow rose from her cabin in Virginia. I have forgotten the name of the rose — It is a single rose with the most delicate and heavenly fragrance — It recalls my youth in Port Royal and many happy memories — A priceless gift.

The Charleston Convention is in a row — There is a rumor that the South has seceded — It *cannot* be true.

Tuesday, May 8, 1860.

Warm and pleasant — Our garden is flourishing.

Bob Crawford brought the girls some wedding cake to dream on — He had been to the wedding of Miss Parker to Mr. Bouligny, a member of Congress from Louisiana.

Kate Andrews and Mr. Washington spent the evening with us — We had a musical evening and a pleasant time.

Thursday, May 10, 1860.

Lovely day.

There are two beautiful deep red carnations in bloom in our garden.

The Baltimore convention has nominated Mr. Bell of Tennessee for President, and Mr. Everett, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President. A very good selection — I admire Mr. Everett — I only know the other man through the press.

Monday, May 14, 1860.

Rainy and cold.

I see by the newspapers that the *Isabelle* did not arrive at Charleston until yesterday.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Everyone greatly interested in the arrival of the Japanese legation. They were received with much honor and ceremony.

Wednesday, May 16, 1860.

Clear and warmer.

The Japanese attended the State Department today.

Thursday, May 17, 1860.

Clear and pleasant.

We attended the reception for the Japanese at the President's — Very brilliant — A great crowd — I was *not* favorably impressed by the little people — They do not inspire one with confidence.

Saturday, May 19, 1860.

A pleasant morning.

I was out on our small front lawn this morning cutting lilacs for the drawing room, when the Japanese princes passed by. They were on their way to see the statue of General Washington at the Circle, were escorted by Lieutenant Alexander. When Lieutenant Alexander saw me he lifted his cap and smiled pleasantly. The little Japs endeavored to do likewise, but somehow they could not look pleasant.

Monday, May 21, 1860.

Beautiful day.

Anne and Vic went to the Capitol this morning with Rhett Horner, to see if they could discover anything about the Horner Revolutionary claim. They were fortunate enough to have a talk with Mr. De Jarnette who is so well informed and such a courteous gentlemen. He is from Tidewater Virginia, and our families have long been friends. He promised Rhett

Leaves from

that he would do all in his power to advance the claim.

This evening we went to a soiree at Miss Brooke's Seminary. The school girls gave a play, which was exceedingly well done — Alice was very lovely as the golden haired Princess of the play — I was proud of her.

Miss Brooke presented Alice with a gold pencil in token of her esteem and for good scholarship.

Tuesday, May 29, 1860.

The girls were invited to General Lawson's this evening to meet the Japanese princes — They accepted with pleasure — A new experience, said they had a most amusing time — Every one was showered with small Japanese gifts — Some of the imitation flowers were works of art and very lovely.

Later the Maury girls, the Crawford boys and *Chandler* came in to hear about the reception.

Chandler simply cannot stay away — Sometimes I am sure that Vic loves him — but he demands too much from her at present. Strong affections are ever selfish unless tempered by abiding faith in those we love. He probably thinks that Vic has so many admirers that his role must be one of eternal vigilance — A great mistake.

Lieutenant [Commander] Raphael Semmes called this afternoon to say good-bye — He is returning to his home in [Mobile] — I shall miss him — He has a very unusual mind with great determination and a French courtesy that is very attractive.

Thursday, May 31, 1860.

So ends the month of flowers — Raining slightly, but the sun may come out and then the flowers will blossom forth in all of their spring beauty.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Tuesday, June 5, 1860.

Beautiful morning.

The roses we bought from Saul are already in bloom and are fragrant and lovely — they do Virginia credit for she is the one who works over them so lovingly.

Barrett is re-elected Mayor over Magruder and Wallack.

Thursday, June 7, 1860.

Very cool.

Virginia is sowing Italian flower seeds which Mrs. Totten brought her from Italy. It will be interesting to watch them grow.

Received a letter from my dear son, enclosing check for two hundred and sixty dollars — he is a generous boy, far too generous.

Alice is going to a party at Mrs. Woodhull's this evening — Bob Crawford and Anne are chaperoning Alice. Alice looks charming in her pale blue taffeta with the hoop skirts. Her coloring is exquisite.

Friday, June 29, 1860.

Very warm today.

The convention in Baltimore has adjourned — after the split of the Democratic party, so now we have four candidates. The Secessionists nominating Breckinridge for President and Lane for Vice-President. The other party nominated Douglas and Herschel V. Johnson.

This afternoon Anne and I had a delightful drive to Kendall Green.

Saturday, June 30, 1860.

Weather mild and pleasant.

Leaves from

Company almost all day.

Vic and Julia went to a reception at Commodore Aulic's. In the evening Mrs. Aulic, Wylie Aulic, Nannie Rolando, Nannie Lemon and Mary Buckler, the Crawford boys and Snowden Andrews spent the evening. We had a musical evening as it was too warm for the young people to dance.

Sunday, July 1, 1860.

A tremendous storm last night. I hope that it will clear the air and make it cooler.

Poor old Sally Smith is dead. Her belongings are to be sold at auction tomorrow, she was at one time very beautiful — a woman of some notoriety, but helped many a lame dog over a stile — may her soul rest in peace.

Wednesday, July 4, 1860.

A bright, beautiful morning. Many excursions planned for the day.

Received a letter from my dear son. He was at Pawnee Fork, no Indians as yet, but great scarcity of water.

Monday, July 16, 1860.

The middle of the summer. Very warm, but a charming breeze. We have not suffered at all from the heat.

Heard this morning of the sad death of Lieutenant Houston. He died at Naples on board the *Iroquois*. His wife was to meet him and travel in Europe while he was on leave, when she reached Marseilles she was informed of his death. What a tragedy.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Wednesday, July 18, 1860.

The grand eclipse of the sun today.

Took a bath this morning at five o'clock, found the temperature of the water delightful, much cooler and more refreshing than later in the day. I finished my writing before breakfast.

Virginia Ellicott called in the afternoon. We discussed sewing machines — a very useful invention — I wish that we owned one, I could make shirts in a jiffy for my precious boy.

Thursday, August 16, 1860.

Quite cool, agreeable change after the warm sunshine of the last few days.

The girls have gone down to the city to look at sewing machines; Wheeler and Wilson's seems to be the best.

The Star of last evening reported that the troops out West have had a fierce engagement with the Indians, but no particulars were mentioned.

I feel anxious about Lindsay — he is so exposed to danger from the Indians. I shall go at once to see the Secretary of War about his leave of absence.

Friday, August 17, 1860.

Charming weather.

I took a "Sir Joseph Paxton" rose over to Kate Eveleth — she seemed delighted with its beauty and fragrance.

Anne bought a sewing machine yesterday, the agent is coming today to give the girls instructions. They say it requires a good deal of practice. I shall try my hand at it when no one is watching.

Leaves from

Tuesday, August 28, 1860.

Much warmer today, but clear.

The overland mail is in but nothing from my darling boy.

Ogle Tayloe called and brought me some delightful books — a great treat for me.

The New York boat came in beautifully this morning about five o'clock.

I have conquered the sewing machine — I made Lindsay two shirts today in a jiffy. Once in a while I become too enthusiastic; pedal too fast, and it runs away with me, but I shall soon learn to *adapt myself* to the *machine* — What a thought.

Thursday, August 30, 1860.

Raining gently — a restful day.

At last a long letter from my precious boy. He wrote from Fort Riley, saying the command had had a fight with the Indians, killing many, wounding a number, while only two of the soldiers were wounded and one missing, poor devil!

Just before we received Lindsay's letter Mr. Thompson told me that Captain Sturgis and his command had been attacked by the Indians but knew nothing more. I *wish* my boy could come home.

Friday, August 31, 1860.

Beautiful day.

The second blooming of our roses has just commenced and the house is filled with their fragrance.

Drove down to Perry's on the Avenue this morning to do my shopping. Bought Alice a lovely blue frock which will be charming with her blue eyes and golden hair.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Friday, [Saturday] September 1, 1860.

Another lovely day.

Mrs. Scott sent me a basket of quinces which I shall convert into marmalade.

Julia and Bob Crawford went to the Georgetown College this afternoon to see Armand Young. Said they had a very pleasant visit.

Saturday, September 15, 1860.

Much cooler today, the equinox must be approaching.

The girls insisted upon my having an open fire in my room, always a delightful luxury.

Marion Ramsay is to be married next Thursday to Mr. Cutting of New York, said to be very wealthy. We have had my mother's miniature framed and it now hangs over the little secretary given to me by Madame Bonaparte.³

Wednesday, September 19, 1860.

It rained last night, but cleared at noon.

Mrs. Goldsborough and Kate Andrews called. It was so warm that we had tea in our garden which is still lovely.

While we were at dinner this evening, a messenger came bringing a very handsome bust of Henry Clay with a card on which was written "For Mrs. Lomax with the compliments of Armand Young." Which one of my girls is he in love with, I wonder?

Saturday, September 22, 1860.

Lovely September day.

This is my birthday, I had hoped to have all my dear children

³ "Betsy Patterson" of Baltimore.

Leaves from

with me but that cannot be. Lindsay is in the West, Vic is with relatives on the James River, Virginia in Norfolk.

However, this evening we had quite a levee.

At least twenty friends came bringing flowers and other small gifts. It was very gratifying to one of my age to receive so many tokens of affection.

Being Scotch, it was difficult for me to express my appreciation — I could only do so with my music and played the things they loved best.

Monday, September 23, [24] 1860.

Stormy today.

Mattie and Charles Poor are with us. Charles is on his way to the Naval Academy.

Wednesday, October 3, 1860.

Delightful day, atmosphere very bracing.

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, arrived this afternoon. He is staying at the White House. John Magruder [General John B. Magruder] is to be his aide while in this country. John is always to the fore.

Thursday, October 4, 1860.

Clear and cold.

Mr. Steele and Marshall Crawford called for Anne and Vic to go to the White House to the reception for the Prince of Wales from twelve until one o'clock. The crowd was very great, but they met the Prince, said he was not tall or handsome, but had great charm of manner.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

There is to be a state dinner at the President's this evening and later a ball for which over a thousand invitations have been issued. We are invited, but only Anne and Vic are going. They are going with Dr. and Mrs. Hagner, Marshall Crawford and Dick Poor.

Friday, October 5, 1860.

Raining slightly.

The Prince of Wales goes to Mount Vernon today and this evening dines at the British Legation with Lord Lyons.

Saturday, October 6, 1860.

Cleared off beautifully yesterday about sunset.

Captain Ramsay came home with Anne from the dinner at Lord Lyons' and gave me a most interesting account of the occasion. Said the dinner was formal, but perfect in every detail, and very brilliant because of the varied uniforms and lovely gowns and jewels of the women. Everyone seemed charmed with the Prince.

Sunday, October 7, 1860.

Still quite cold.

The city was the gayest of gay last week due to the visit of the Prince of Wales — now I suppose we will resume our usual quiet. Fitz Lee is staying with us. He is as light hearted and gay as ever.

Wednesday, October 24, 1860.

Heavy frost last night, fear some of our flowers were injured.

The tone of the newspapers within the last few days has been very strange and gives one cause for anxiety as to the present state of our country. However, the bids for the ten

Leaves from

million dollar loan certainly show confidence in the Federal Government.

The idea of secession or disunion is terrific and *appalling*.
God defend us from such a calamity.

Thursday, October 26, 1860.

Delightfully mild today. Anne, Virginia and I drove to the Capitol grounds. It is a beautiful spot, so peaceful, it was difficult to realize that bitter arguments were being held in the Capitol.

Fitz Lee brought me a report of the battle with the Indians in which he and my dear son participated. Fitz Lee said that Lindsay saved his life in a hand-to-hand encounter with an Indian — bless his brave heart.

Monday, October 29, 1860.

Bright day. Received a letter from Richard Randolph in regard to my father's estate. He sent me an interesting old will of my grandfather's (Colonel Lindsay), which he found in Norfolk, Virginia.

I went to Riggs' Bank this morning to endeavor to sell some of my stock, but no one wishes to buy in the present unsettled state of affairs.

Tuesday, October 30, 1860.

Pleasant weather.

The Presidential election takes place next month — God grant it may be *favorable to the Union and peace.*

Wednesday, October 31, 1860.

Raining hard all day.

This morning I went to see Mr. Fisher about transferring my stock even at a great loss.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

The times are so dubious that I prefer having the money — I drove to the Bank of the Metropolis and arranged it satisfactorily.

Major and Mrs. Buell, Mrs. Greenough, Kate Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, Bob and Marshall Crawford and Chandler spent the evening with us. We had some music, but were not very merry. I believe that everyone is subconsciously conscious of a dark cloud upon the horizon — the *appalling* war cloud growing darker and darker each day.

Friday, November 9, 1860.

Great excitement — Mr. Lincoln elected President of the United States.

The papers speak of the dissolution of the Union as an accomplished fact — *God spare us from such a disaster.*

Monday, November 12, 1860.

Beautiful morning, but cloudy at noon.

Things look very ominous politically.

Fitz Lee is with us but not at all his usual light hearted, gay self. I have never known Fitz to have so little to say.

Ogle Tayloe and Virginia came for me this afternoon to take a drive in the country.

Ogle thinks the state of our country is very serious, seems deeply concerned as to the fate of the South.

Mrs. McBlair, Mrs. Buchanan, Lieutenant and Mrs. Maynardier, Thayer Abert, Dr. Hagner and the Crawford boys and Mac Tilton spent the evening with us. There was no music — we spent hours discussing the state of the Union — there were many and diverse opinions.

Leaves from

Sunday, December 2, 1860.

Wind blowing, very cold.

The girls are at church. The twins looked very sweet in their new moreen frocks.

The papers are teeming with secession.

Monday, December 3, 1860.

The weather has moderated.

Congress meets today. A stormy session expected.

No letters from Lindsay. The South seems determined on disunion. God forbid!

Wednesday, December 5, 1860.

The first snow of the season this morning.

The country still in a *distracted* state.

Many persons have gone to the Capitol to hear the debate in Congress. Much excitement expected. One retires at night with the feeling anything may happen tomorrow.

Saturday, December 8, 1860.

Bright day.

Exciting times are anticipated in the House on Monday. The general opinion seems to be that there is little hope of preserving the Union.

Nothing from Lindsay — I fear he may be prevented from coming home by the lack of funds. The Treasury pays nothing to officers at the present time — a dreadful state of affairs.

Snowden and Kate Andrews spent the afternoon with me. They think, as so many do, that a war between the North and South is to be the result of the present maladjustments.

Snowden does not seem depressed by the prospect — to me it seems a frightful and tragic calamity.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Friday, December 14, 1860.

The ground covered with snow.

A happy day for me — my dear boy arrived unexpectedly this morning — he has now gone to the Capitol with Fitz Lee and Vic.

Captain⁴ and Mrs. Decatur, Colonel and Mrs. Freeman are dining with us this evening.

There are very few parties, though usually Washington is gay at this season — everyone is too anxious over the political situation to indulge in light hearted gaiety.

Monday, December 17, 1860.

Bright overhead, but streets very muddy — It does not prevent anyone from going to the Capitol to hear the heated and excited debates.

Tuesday, December 18, 1860.

Snowing.

I am, after much thought and deliberation, *definitely for the Union with some amendments to the Constitution.*

Every day some political event of tremendous importance occurs — anxious times for those who can see the trend of events.

Thursday, December 20, 1860.

South Carolina has seceded — God defend us from civil war.

Monday, December 24, 1860.

Still snowing.

The times are gloomy in the extreme. I see no prospect of a favorable change. The very air seems charged with suppressed excitement.

⁴ Admiral Decatur.

Leaves from

We are fortunate in having our dear boy with us in these troubled times. Lindsay and Fitz Lee have driven in a buggy over to Arlington to call on Mrs. Lee. I hope they will not stay late. Everything is in such an unsettled state that it makes me anxious.

Tuesday, December 25, 1860.

Christmas Day — Very cold.

This is the most eventful Christmas that I have ever spent. It is true that I have Lindsay and my dear girls with me to cheer my lonely heart, but in the background is the terrible feeling of uncertainty — and fear. Fear of separation, fear of danger to those we love, fear for our beloved country. God grant us peace.

Churchill Gordon sent us a beautiful wild turkey from Virginia and we had a large family gathering for dinner, a great many presents for the young people, and after dinner they danced until one o'clock.

I do not think that the young people realize as yet "The sword of Damocles" hanging over our heads — perhaps it is just as well.

Thursday, December 27, 1860.

Bright cold day.

Major Anderson has spiked the guns! He has moved his troops from Fort Sumter to Fort Moultrie which is considered a much stronger fort.

There is trouble ahead.

Friday, December 28, 1860.

The snow very deep.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Secretary Floyd has resigned — there is no end to the political troubles.

The bitterness of feeling between North and South seems to be increasing daily.

This has been a most eventful year. Heaven grant that the New Year may be more auspicious to us as a nation and grant us peace.

Chapter IX

Washington, D. C.

Tuesday, January 1, 1861.

New Year's Day. Growing colder every minute, but it is clear.

This is usually a gala day in Washington — but this day is oh, so different. No social calling, everyone looks harassed and anxious — the state of our beloved country the cause.

Lindsay and Fitz Lee went to Baltimore — I imagine to escape paying official calls.

Alice went to a small party at the Gordons' in Georgetown and Custis Lee and Dick Poor are dining with us, which is the extent of our gaiety.

Thursday, January 3, 1861.

Rained all night, still raining —

The walking is very bad, but it does not deter the most fragile women from going to the Capitol to hear the heated debates, which take place almost every day.

Lindsay has gone with Custis Lee to dine with Captain and Mrs. Lee. Later they are going to a party at Lieutenant Hunt's.

Bob Crawford came in this evening very much excited, said martial law had been declared in the District — I cannot believe it. Last night was a very noisy and rowdy night. Carts laden with planks for building stables passing all night.

Friday, January 4, 1861.

Clear and cold.

The President appointed today as one of fasting and prayer.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

All of the churches are open and the day will be generally observed.

God grant that the prayers offered this day for peace may find favor in His eyes who ruleth the destiny of all nations.

Sunday, January 6, 1861.

Beautiful day.

We went to St. John's Church as usual, but even the Sabbath is not exempt from exciting incidents and rumors.

Committees are sitting and political affairs going on as usual.

Fort Washington on the Potomac is now garrisoned by marines from the marine barracks.

Monday, January 7, 1861.

The President seems aroused to a sense of danger and is arming all accessible points. Heaven defend us from Civil War!

Lindsay drew his pay today which seems as if some order has been restored.

Tuesday, January 8, 1861.

Snowing and raining. We have had a great deal of damp and gloomy weather this winter.

Nothing cheering in the news today — events begin to look warlike.

Lindsay left hurriedly for New York today to see his friend and classmate, Lieutenant George Bayard.

Friday, January 11, 1861.

Snowing. Julia and Kate Andrews have gone to the Capitol to hear Senator Hunter speak. Mr. Seward speaks tomorrow.

Chandler, Bob Crawford, Custis Lee and Dick Poor spent the evening with us.

Leaves from

Tomorrow Vic leaves for Fredericksburg on the Aquia Creek Boat.

Saturday, January 12, 1861.

Cold and dreary. Mr. Seward speaks today. Much depends upon his speech.

Monday, January 14, 1861.

Snow falling on frozen ground, very cold.

Mr. Seward's speech was not considered conciliatory. Political events breathe defiance to the Federal Government.

Tuesday, January 15, 1861.

Mr. Crittenden's resolutions discussed today.

Lindsay arrived late this evening. He had to walk across the river on the ice at West Point to take the cars.

Miss McKnight, the charming niece of Commodore Farragut, spent the evening with us.

Friday, January 18, 1861.

Raining, walking frightful.

Senator Crittenden's resolutions were tabled yesterday. Thus ends the last hope of reconciliation of our difficulties.

Monday, January 21, 1861.

High wind, which will dry the streets. Yesterday's *Star* spoke rather more favorably of a reconciliation between North and South. Tomorrow the subject will be discussed at length.

We have had a regular levee today in the way of visitors. Everyone seems too tense and excited to remain at home. There is a veritable fever of unrest in this city at present.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Friday, January 25, 1861.

Ground covered with snow.

The Southern Senators, with the exception of Mr. Bouligny of Louisiana, have all gone home.

Monday, January 28, 1861.

Bright day. The political horizon very, very gloomy.

Great preparations being made on Dr. Lawson's lot for Government troops — building quarters and stables. Last night was dreadfully rowdy, one could not sleep.

A battery of light artillery arrived about eleven o'clock and are quartered in the Lawson house on this street. [G Street, N.W.]

Wednesday, January 30, 1861.

The wind blows cold. I fear that there are no hopes for the Union — what a *tragedy!*

Thursday, January 31, 1861.

A bright, cold day.

On Monday next a general convention meets here to discuss the affairs of the nation and to propose some plan for reconciling the North and South. Their interests are so different, their views of government so opposite, that I despair of an adjustment.

This has been a turbulent month. I fear the next may be more so.

Friday, February 1, 1861.

This month does not open auspiciously in regard to the weather — it is cold and raw.

Leaves from

Mr. Mason and Mr. Seward had an interesting debate in the Senate, but no good will result from it.

Julia has gone with Bob Crawford to hear Senator Benjamin's valedictory.

Saturday, February 2, 1861.

Rained all night, the fog is so thick this morning that I cannot see Miss Mary Lenthall's house across the street. No prospect of clearing.

The Baltimore Sun says that Fort Smith has been taken by the Arkansas troops.

Lindsay's company is there.

Monday, February 4, 1861.

Snowing again.

The peace convention meets here today — Heaven prosper their deliberations.

At the elections in Virginia today the Union men were elected on the entire ticket. Many persons think this a favorable sign.

Sunday, February 10, 1861.

Still snowing but with some prospect of clearing.

Mr. Wyndham Robertson dined with us today. He seems hopeful for the Union.

My darling son has been ordered to remain here on temporary duty. We shall only see him at mealtimes as he has to sleep near his command.

Invited to the Douglas's for a party this evening for the Peace Convention. Declined: we do not feel in a party mood.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Wednesday, February 13, 1861.

John Lee came this morning to tell us that Lindsay would not be at home today. I felt rather anxious as this was the day for counting the President's votes and trouble was threatened. However, it passed off quietly.

Thursday, February 14, 1861.

Our first spring-like day.

Lieutenant Alexander and Custis Lee came home with Lindsay to dinner this evening. They seemed to avoid talking of political affairs.

Mr. Drinkard has been dismissed and Mr. John Potts appointed chief clerk of the War Department.

Friday, February 15, 1861.

Cloudy.

The paper this morning does not sound much like peace.

Friday, February 22, 1861.

Weather cold and windy.

The hundred and twentieth anniversary of Washington's birthday. It is being celebrated with great pomp throughout the country. May its next coming find us a united and happy people.

We went to Mrs. Hagner's on H Street to see the regulars marching by, wonderful looking men and well drilled.

Lindsay came home very tired. John Lee came by for him to go to a party at Arlington, but Lindsay declined. He is not at all like himself.

Saturday, February 23, 1861.

The President is to arrive here today.

The reception will be a very quiet one.

Leaves from

Have just heard that President Lincoln arrived in the six o'clock train — Mrs. Lincoln and son came in the afternoon.

Sunday, February 24, 1861.

High winds, threatening rain.

Everyone at church.

Lindsay is officer of the day and will not be at home today.

Thursday, February 28, 1861.

The Peace Commission has adopted Mr. Guthrie's resolutions.

A salute of a hundred guns fired today in honor of the peace resolutions which passed the House.

It is not much of a victory — I cannot believe that Virginia will accept the resolutions.

Bob Lincoln (son of President Lincoln) and Lieutenant Griffin and Lieutenant Alexander came home with Lindsay this afternoon and dined with us. Bob Crawford, Dr. Andrews, Mrs. Addison and several other friends came in during the evening. There is very little entertaining these days, but a great deal of visiting.

The city thronged with strangers.

Monday, March 4, 1861.

This dreaded day has at last arrived. Thank Heaven all is peaceful and quiet.

The girls left about nine o'clock to go down to Perry's on the Avenue to see the procession. Chandler and Bob Crawford and Dick Poor went with them.

They said there was a large crowd, a great many strangers, but that everything was perfectly orderly and quiet. My dear son commanded the escort for President Lincoln.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

We did not get our *Star* until very late this evening, due to the fact that it contained President Lincoln's inaugural address. We read it aloud. Many and varied were the opinions expressed by our friends. I thought there was no doubt of its sanity and its excellence.

After playing several rubbers of whist with Dr. Hagner, Ogle Tayloe and Mary Warrington, I retired feeling very weary from the repressed excitement of the day.

Wednesday, March 6, 1861.

Still windy. Weather much colder.

I drove to Riggs' bank and drew my much needed pension. Other things are not paying at the present time. Captain Stewart and Captain Beale called this afternoon, the former is a son of our old friend, General Stewart of Baltimore.

In the evening Lieutenant Long, Lieutenant Stanley, Lieutenant Beranger and Bob Crawford dined with us. At the last moment Lindsay sent word that it would be impossible for him to come, a great disappointment.

Lindsay's West Point friends seem devoted to him.

Monday, March 11, 1861.

Cloudy.

It is said that the troops from the Southern ports have been recalled. I sincerely hope it is true.

Friday, March 15, 1861.

Snowing and thawing.

Colonel Sumner has been appointed in General Twiggs' place.

Colonel Cooper has resigned and gone South.

Ogle Tayloe made a long visit here today talking to Lindsay

Leaves from

privately. General Sumner called to see Lindsay. Presented him with a ring which he said Lindsay must wear for his sake — that it would bring him good luck.

Colonel Emory also called to see Lindsay.

Monday, March 18, 1861.

Very cold and cloudy.

Colonel Brook of the artillery spent the evening with us. He played delightfully on the piano and seemed entranced with Virginia's singing — Anne also played on the harp. It was our first musical evening in a long time and oh, how pleasant.

The girls had a wood fire made in my room this evening which was very charming and tempted me to read until a late hour.

Tuesday, March 19, 1861.

A bright sun this morning. The ground well covered with snow — I hope the last of the season.

Lindsay has gone to drill.

Captain Maynadier called and read me his reply to Jefferson Davis.

Emily Page is staying with us — wishes to go to Fort Cobb with Major Emory to join her husband, but the older officers advised her not to go at present.

Easter Sunday, March 31, 1861.

A bright day, full of sunshine.

All of the churches were well attended. Dear St. John's decorated with the most beautiful flowers.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

The political horizon still clouded with rumors of war, which I pray will soon disappear and leave us the sunshine of peace.

Monday, April 1, 1861.

Showery, cleared as the day advanced.

No April fooling today. People are too much distressed and concerned over the unhappy state of affairs in our country to be hilarious over anything.

The girls were invited to Miss Buchanan's wedding tomorrow at the Navy Yard, but as it would incur some expense they have declined the invitation.

Wednesday, April 3, 1861.

Some of the artillery with the sappers and miners have received marching orders. Many surmises as to their destination. The general belief is that they are to reinforce Fort Pickens.

Mary Rowan and Lieutenant Sullivan and John Lee spent the evening with us.

Monday, April 8, 1861.

Raining.

Papers very warlike — trouble brewing!

The troops who left New York within the last few days for the South will have a bad time this stormy weather.

Some of the steamers carried five hundred horses.

Wednesday, April 10, 1861.

Little prospect of clearing.

The papers as warlike as ever.

Exciting rumors of Virginia seceding and troops being sworn into service.

Leaves from

Lieutenant Ramseur dined with us this evening — he has resigned and is going South.

Allan Magruder is also completely Southern in his sympathies.

Thursday, April 11, 1861.

Great anxiety about Fort Sumter.

Saturday, April 13, 1861.

Rained all night.

Fort Sumter was attacked yesterday — greatest excitement everywhere.

The news from the South makes me wretched — God help us!

Sunday, April 14, 1861.

Went to early service at St. John's to avoid my many friends who do not think as I think about States' rights.

Various reports in circulation — a frightful feeling of suspense in the air.

Jane Turnbull, Mary Rowan, Dick Poor, Lindsay and Lieutenant Alexander came in for tea. We avoided arguments about secession and other dangerous topics of the day.

Monday, April 15, 1861.

Sumter has surrendered — we are in great trouble.

A number of troops ordered here. Lindsay has been promoted to a first lieutenant and transferred temporarily to a company of the second cavalry, which has just arrived from Texas.

They are to be quartered in the south wing of the Treasury Building.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Tuesday, April 16, 1861.

Rained all night.

Reported again last evening that Virginia has seceded, but it is not believed.

Events crowd so fast that I cannot relate them in my diary.

Thursday, April 18, 1861.

Virginia *has* seceded!! Heaven help us!

Friday, April 19, 1861.

Visitors all day long.

Many people are leaving the city. Great excitement and unrest.

Saturday, April 20, 1861.

Mary Buckler and Julia went to Alexandria this morning to see Emily Page, and found difficulty in returning home, crowds everywhere and soldiers on guard and everything in a disturbed state.

Mrs. Mason came to ask me to advise her where to take old Mr. Mason for quiet and safety. It is hard to say, I suggested Charlottesville.

Sunday, April 21, 1861.

This has been a frightfully exciting day. Riots here and in Baltimore, many persons shot, also a heartrending day for Lindsay and for me.

Colonel John Bankhead Magruder, Ogle Tayloe and Custis Lee spent the morning in a serious consultation.

This evening Lindsay told me that he had sent in his resignation; Colonel Magruder has also sent in his resignation from the

Leaves from

army and will go to Virginia tomorrow where Lindsay will join him. It will be a sad, sad parting from my darling son. I greatly deplore the necessity for his resignation, but after he gave me the following letter to read I felt that I had no right to try to persuade him to do otherwise. He wrote to his classmate whom he loved so dearly:

Washington, D. C.
April 21, 1861.

Dear Bayard:

I cannot stand it any longer and feel it my duty to resign. My State is out of the Union and when she calls for my services I feel that I must go. I regret it very much, realizing that the whole thing is suicidal.

As long as I could believe in a war on the Union and the flag I was willing to stay, but it is a war between sections — the North and the South and I must go with my own people. I beg of you not to let my decision alter the friendship between us.

Tell Mac and all my friends that I love them more than ever. I hand in my resignation about the first of May and I want to hear from you before that time.

I feel too badly to give you rumors but they say that Baltimore will be the field of action. I hope to God there are conservatives yet in the North. I find the Southern officers are all going.

God bless you Bayard.

L. L. LOMAX

To Lieut. George Bayard, U. S. A.

[Letter is on record at War Department as characteristic of the spirit of the times.]

Monday, April 22, 1861.

Lindsay stayed at home last night, left early this morning for Alexandria.

God only knows when I shall see him again.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Sad, sad was my heart at parting with my precious boy.

Tuesday, April 23, 1861.

The city seems quiet this beautiful spring morning. I received a note from Churchill Gordon saying we must leave Washington and spend the summer with them in Virginia. It was kind, but I had rather be here where we receive all news more quickly.

My old friend, Colonel Gardner from Newport, also came to see me and begged that we leave the city, said there were ten thousand men from the North on their way here, that as Southerners we would not be safe. We have so many old friends in the army that I feel sure we would be in no danger.

The thought of leaving makes me very unhappy. Here I am quickly in touch with all that transpires and can hear of my dear boy, and I do not wish to give up our own home. I shall remain as long as it is possible without danger to my children.

Chandler has joined the *Federal Army*. Has a commission as a first lieutenant. Vic will not see him — will not speak to him. Oh, the waste of devotion. Real love is so rare and youth so blind. Bob Crawford spent the night with us. I retired early — sick at heart.

Monday, April 29, 1861.

Charming weather.

More and more troops arriving.

A letter from my dear son, he was at James Hunter's on the James River but expected to leave the next day for Richmond.

He wishes me to leave the city and go to our relatives in Albemarle — we shall remain at home as long as we find it possible.

This has been a month of great anxiety — the country riven with dissensions, with no prospect of the evil becoming

Leaves from

less. Our destinies are in the hands of an all wise God – May He in His merciful goodness prevent this frightful, fratricidal conflict and grant us peace.

Wednesday, May 1, 1861.

Cloudy and cold.

May has changed its character since the romantic days of poetry and instead of being ushered in with the flowers and cloudless skies, we have chilling blasts and storms of wind and rain.

This is in accordance with the disturbed state of the times.

More troops arrived today from the North. It is rumored that an attack on Alexandria is expected within the next few days.

Tuesday, May 7, 1861.

Warmer today.

An expected attack on Alexandria, Harper's Ferry and Norfolk – Troops quartered in the Potts' house on this street.

This morning Julia and Vic went to the depot to meet Mattie Poor; when they arrived they found the depot filled with armed soldiers, they became alarmed and put themselves under the protection of an army officer who was very courteous and brought them home safely. They were so frightened they forgot to ask his name.

This afternoon Virginia Tayloe came to take me for a drive. We drove out to the Soldiers' Home and on our return stopped at the Stone's lovely place where the Seventh Regiment is encamped. They have a charming military band and are a wonderful looking body of men. We stayed to see them drill,

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

but oh, to think they are drilling to kill — and to kill my own people.

The house next to General Totten's is occupied by troops.

Thursday, May 9, 1861.

Delightful day.

A letter from my dear son, he writes that he has been promoted to a captain in the Virginia Army and attached to General J. E. Johnston's staff. This we hope is good news.

Friday, May 10, 1861.

Cold today.

A part of General Twiggs' command, which he surrendered to Texas, marched by this morning looking very weather-beaten and weary. They are quartered in an empty house on G Street.

Saturday, May 11, 1861.

Forty-one years have I been married this day, and never in my life have I been so surrounded by such a complication of unfortunate circumstances as at the present time. The country riven with dissensions, obliged to forsake my home, to scatter my children, some here, some there, to know that my darling son is in constant danger, to endure poverty, to see armed men everywhere knowing that they are the enemies of my own people, and never knowing the outcome of this frightful war.

I feel *desolated*.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Sunday, May 12, 1861.

A calm, beautiful day. Everyone at church.

It has been decided that we must accept the invitation of our kind relatives and leave tomorrow for Charlottesville.

A great many of our friends came today to say farewell.

I retired with a sad heart at the thought of leaving our sweet home — perhaps forever.

Chapter X

Charlottesville, Virginia

Monday, May 13, 1861.

Allan Magruder acted as our escort when Vic, Alice and I left in a hack early in the morning for Alexandria, arriving at the depot in good time.

We had a pleasant travel, encountering many soldiers, all eager for a fight, all ardent for their rights. Poor fellows, they little know what is before them, the difficulties they are bound to encounter.

Tuesday, May 14, 1861.

We arrived yesterday morning and were met with such a reception as only Virginians know how to give. When one is a refugee with several children it warms one's heart to be greeted with so much cordiality and affection. May God reward them for their kindness.

In the evening we had family prayers, with all the servants present — called in by the soft tones of an old copper bell.

Thursday, May 16, 1861.

This is truly a beautiful place, the sunsets beyond the Blue Ridge bring a sense of beauty and eternity that one never finds in a crowded city.

We drove to the University of Virginia today — I was charmed with the dignity and classic beauty of the buildings and the wonderful old trees — I am glad and proud that Virginia possesses such a university — an everlasting monument to Jefferson.

Leaves from

Saturday, May 18, 1861.

Marvelous days, full of sunshine, the soft, clear air of the mountains, fruit trees in bloom and the song of mocking birds thrilling the soul with delight in the soft moonlit nights. Who could dream that a horrible war is imminent.

These good, dear, kind people are too sanguine of their success in this great struggle which is to rend our country.

If we are conquered it will be because we are outnumbered. They tell me that in the North they are hiring Hessians to fight against us while the South sends her own men and her best men — God save them. Many troops passing on their way to Harper's Ferry and Richmond.

Sunday, May 19, 1861.

Another beautiful day.

The girls have gone to church. There is something peculiarly soothing to a troubled spirit in the tranquillity of a Sabbath in the country. All nature seems at rest. As I sit by my window and view the sublime stillness of the beautiful blue mountains all my troubles seem but a ripple on the vast ocean of eternity.

The Secretary of the Interior has decided that all persons from the seceded states shall not be allowed to draw their pensions — our only means of support at the present moment.

We took a beautiful drive, on a good road this afternoon, the country was green and peaceful, but oh, how at variance with my feelings.

Friday, May 24, 1861.

Raining.

Sad day. Virginia goes out of the Union today.

News has arrived that the Federal troops have taken possession of Alexandria, that Colonel Ellsworth in an attempt to

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

take down a secession flag was killed by a man who set it up and he in turn was shot to death. Truly these are dreadful times.

Saturday, May 25, 1861.

The papers still breathing vengeance — nothing cheering except the letters from my children.

Bob Crawford came to see us today, he belongs to an Amherst regiment and looked very handsome in his uniform.

James Gordon was here this afternoon. Reported a battle at Hampton and one at Harper's Ferry — but reports have not been officially confirmed.

Saturday, June 1, 1861.

A beautiful June day.

Churchill Gordon arrived this morning from Craney Island. Does not look well.

He had come up on leave to be married.

Sunday, June 2, 1861.

Rained this afternoon. Report of a battle at Fairfax Court House in which the enemy was repulsed.

Tuesday, June 4, 1861.

A lovely day.

Churchill Gordon's wedding day. He is to marry pretty Mary Pegram at five o'clock in her own home, later going to Richmond for two days, when he must report for duty and leave his young bride.

A letter from my dear son — he is still at Ashland.

Sunday, June 9, 1861.

Quite warm today, weather perfect.

Leaves from

Everyone here seems tranquil and not at all apprehensive, yet twelve thousand men marched by here today on their way to western Virginia where the Union men are in the ascendancy and have driven back the secessionists — Oh, this horrible war — families separated, homes ruined and property of every sort abused and destroyed. Heaven grant us peace.

Tuesday, June 11, 1861.

Still warm.

Judge Robertson went to Manassas today and probably to Harper's Ferry — was very silent about his movements.

Wednesday, June 12, 1861.

Bright day, but dark within my heart — I am sometimes so overwhelmed with sorrow that I cannot conquer my feelings.

The papers of today say there was heavy firing heard in the direction of Newport News.

More troops passed today.

Thursday, June 13, 1861.

President Davis has appointed this as a day of fasting and prayer. It will be observed by one and all in the South.

The battle at Newport News was between Magruder and General Butler — the latter was repulsed with heavy losses.

Sunday, June 16, 1861.

A fine breeze today, but warm in the sun.

I pray that this beautiful Sabbath will not be profaned by another hideous battle.

A letter from my dear son, who seems in good spirits, but is

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heartily tired of the drilling at Ashland, is eager to get into the fight — I fear his wishes will soon be realized.

Troops still passing to Manassas.

Tuesday, June 18, 1861.

Very warm day.

Great cheering at the depot early this morning. I suppose more troops on their way to Manassas.

Hannah prepared for officers and privates to have supper here this evening, but they had orders to hurry on and did not stop even for a bite.

The Daingerfields are here, they are refugees from Alexandria.

We would like to pay board as our stay seems to be indefinite, but these kind people will not hear of it.

Thursday, June 20, 1861.

Piping hot here today.

A large body of cavalry came in town today looking weary and dusty. They halted in a grove of trees near here.

Hannah sent them two barrels of ice and an invitation for fifteen to come to supper. When they appeared for supper who should be with them but Bob Crawford — a private, looking very rowdy, but in the highest of spirits.

“I knew you were here, Cousin Liz,” Bob said gaily, “So I brought you some new songs. When you see them you will turn up your pretty, aristocratic nose, for I must admit, they are not your kind of music, but you wait, when you have tried them out, I’ll wager you will be singing them the rest of your life.”

“We will try them after supper, Bob,” I replied, “You know that I love anything that is real music.”

Leaves from

After supper, I played on the piano and the girls and young soldiers sang, *Lorena*, *The Bonnie Blue Flag* and other war songs and then I said, "Bob, where are your songs?"

"Here," he replied, producing them at once.

They were songs by a young composer named Stephen Foster — I read music quite easily so we were soon singing, *Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair*, *Oh Don't You Cry Susanna*, *Where My Love Lies Dreaming* and many others.

I was fascinated with the songs — The young composer, although a Northern man, has caught and produced an intangible beauty of the South — Bob was right — They will live "Until the Stars Grow Cold."

After the songs, the young people danced, were so light hearted and gay it made my heart ache to think of what might happen.

The last sound I heard was the clap, clap of the horses as the young soldiers rode down the road to camp and Bob's gay young voice singing *Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair*.

Saturday, June 22, 1861.

A tremendous storm last night which cooled the atmosphere.

The cavalry left before dawn this morning — ordered to Manassas — There was no singing, no bands when they went by, marching silently, except for an occasional order. There was a grimness about it that brought the war nearer than ever before — I could not sleep — I read my prayers and tried not to think.

This afternoon a card was brought to me from young Tom Emory. He is the second son of Colonel Emory, Lindsay's former commanding officer, is a charming boy, blond and good-looking with a composed, well bred manner.

He is now a student at the University of Virginia, but the

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

poor boy is without funds, not having been able to hear from his family for over two months. I lent him ten dollars which was all I could spare at the present, but at least he must feel that he has found a friend.

Tuesday, June 25, 1861.

A delightful breeze today — much cooler.

I long to go home.

The obligations we are incurring here are tendered in the most gracious and generous spirit, but they weigh upon my mind — then, too, I am so far from my other children who are still in Norfolk.

Churchill Gordon told me this afternoon that Tom Emory left for Richmond just as soon as he heard that his father had remained in the Federal Army. Tom is entirely Southern in his sympathies and fully intended to join the Southern Army.

Saturday, June 29, 1861.

Very warm.

A great many troops passing to western Virginia.

Captain and Mrs. Heyward are staying here. He is General Beauregard's aide and goes to Manassas tomorrow. Captain Heyward speaks in highest praise of Dick Poor, who is also an aide to General Beauregard. I am so thankful dear Dick is on the Southern side — Charles Poor is with the Federal Navy — That is one of the most tragic elements of this war — families divided, causing dissension and bitterness.

There is every evidence that a great battle is to be fought in the near future, the people here who were so sanguine are beginning to look apprehensive.

Leaves from

Thursday, July 4, 1861.

Cloudy and warm.

This is the memorable Fourth. The day when every good American should think of his country with pride and pleasure, but what do we witness, a country torn with dissensions, with hatred and cruelty and injustice.

Our land invaded, our property destroyed, our best men to be destroyed by this frightful conflict. Is this a just cause for pride and love of a country.

An extra session of Congress has been called in Washington — perhaps a final blow may be given this day, which commemorates our liberty, to end this terrible and unnecessary war brought upon us by *ruthless politicians*.

Friday, July 5, 1861.

Cloudy and warm.

Startling news that General Johnston had surrounded General Cadwalader's army at Martinsburg, there must have been a terrible fight.

Nothing as yet from Congress.

Saturday, July 6, 1861.

Excessively warm with showers.

Reports of the death of General De Bussey in an engagement at Newport News — greatly distressed.

No news from my absent children.

Tuesday, July 9, 1861.

Another very warm day.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph left in their coach this morning for the White Sulphur Springs — a beautiful drive over the mountains.

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A letter from Anne from Norfolk by way of Memphis, Tennessee, several weeks old but better than no news.

Congress has donated six million for the present necessities of the Federal Army!

Monday, July 15, 1861.

Cooler this morning.

The morning post brought us the heartrending news of the defeat of General Garnett's command and of the tragic death of young Captain Lattine. Colonel Pegram was taken prisoner. His mother and sister are at the Tavish Tavern — were here only yesterday, poor dears. This sad news depressed us dreadfully.

The latest news is that General Robert S. Garnett was also mortally wounded at Garrick's Ford.

A terrible loss to his country and to his friends — May God rest his soul.

Tuesday, July 16, 1861.

The sad news of yesterday confirmed.

It is said that my old friend, General McClellan, has possession of the valley between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies — at that rate he will soon be here — God forbid!

Thursday, July 18, 1861.

Pleasant weather.

Wrote to my children this morning. Sent letters by Adams Express.

Received an affectionate letter from our kinsman, Judge Lomax, begging us to come to Fredericksburg and make our home with them as long as we wished to stay, at their sweet old place Menokin.

Leaves from

The one compensation of this terrible war is the great kindness one meets from one's own people.

A great many troops passing today.

Monday, July 22, 1861.

Yesterday was a beautiful day, but it was marred by the reports that there had been a terrific battle at Manassas.

Judge Robertson went to the cars which came in very late filled with wounded and dying men and there he heard that we had gained a complete victory over the Federals, taking prisoners, guns and ammunition and completely routing the enemy. A victory, but oh, how dearly bought.

The loss of life was great on both sides.

Thank God the Crawford boys were not wounded. We received a dispatch from Bob this evening.

Tuesday, July 23, 1861.

Very warm.

Every home here filled to its capacity with wounded men, everyone occupied in endeavoring to alleviate their suffering.

Dr. Bradley from Alabama is staying here, he is the assistant surgeon in an Alabama Regiment.

He is suffering from exhaustion from his arduous duties on the battlefield at Manassas. After dressing the wounds of our soldiers a sense of humanity prompted him to aid the wounded Federals left on the field.

Eleven of their doctors were taken prisoners and were released with the understanding that they would attend the wounded Federals, they proved themselves heroes in their inexhaustible care of the wounded.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Tuesday, July 30, 1861.

We have decided to go to Fredericksburg to stay with our relatives there. Lindsay is sending an escort for us tomorrow.

Wednesday, July 31, 1861.

Bright morning.

Lieutenant Bullard, of Alabama, came for us at an early hour. Such a handsome and courteous young man.

We parted from our kind friends here with many misgivings. No one knows what may happen next in these uncertain days.

The cars were crowded with a motley crew of wounded men — I felt ill myself.

Page Hunter met us at the Junction with their carriage, and to my delight Lindsay was with him. We drove to Ellangowan where Ellen Hunter received us with open arms.

Ellangowan, near Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Thursday, August 1, 1861.

Clear and cool.

This is a charming place — the trees are wonderful.

Lindsay returned to Ashland today.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Garnett, Mrs. Fitzhugh and other old friends called to see me this afternoon. Seven unexpected guests are spending the night. How kind and hospitable these dear Hunters are. May Heaven reward them.

Everyone talking of the great battle and jubilant over our success, but knowing the strength of the North I am afraid to be too optimistic.

No war news in the paper today.

Vic and Alice have gone for a ride. They love the country.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Wednesday, August 14, 1861.

Lovely day.

James Hunter went to Richmond this morning and brought home with him a wounded soldier: Mr. Saint Martin from Louisiana. He is very good-looking, very agreeable and has been a great traveler, visiting Europe, the West Indies, Africa and every section of this continent. His father is a wealthy planter, his mother lives in France — which sounds a little strange, and he has been a wanderer since the age of fifteen. A soldier of fortune type and I fear a wayward young man, but fascinating.

I am rather glad that my girls are going into Fredericksburg tomorrow to stay with Judge and Mrs. Lomax.

Chapter XI

Fredericksburg, Virginia

Monday, August 19, 1861.

It has been raining for days.

The roads are almost impassable, but today we ventured forth to go to Fredericksburg and from there to Menokin to stay with Judge and Mrs. Lomax.

The Judge looks so much older — I find many of my friends looking older — aged by the anxiety and horror of this dreadful war.

The Judge has persuaded me to send for my absent children who are still in Norfolk. He thinks they should be with me as Norfolk is in danger of being attacked at any time.

It will require some influence to obtain passes for the girls to make the journey through the lines, but I believe that it is possible.

Thursday, August 22, 1861.

Clear today.

No war news of importance — again I fear it is the calm before the storm.

Emily Page is here, she leaves tomorrow morning by Mathias' Point to join her husband who is stationed at Fort McHenry with the Federal Army.

With her two small children she will be obliged to cross the Potomac in an open boat — a *hazardous* journey for the poor child.

Leaves from

Friday, August 23, 1861.

Another terrific rain storm.

I have thought so much of dear Emily and wondered how she fared on her trip to Baltimore.

That gay young soldier, Lieutenant Saint Martin, has ridden over several times to see Alice. I am somewhat relieved that he is now well enough to report for duty, though Heaven knows I wish him no harm.

Mr. William Tayloe and Emily Tayloe of Mount Airy spent the day here. It was a great pleasure to see them again.

Monday, August 26, 1861.

Still cloudy.

There was a rumor of a battle at Falls Church this morning, but it has not been confirmed.

Lieutenant Thornton and Stuart Lomax came to see me today. They looked very handsome in their uniforms and so young. That is one thing that hurts, that these fine *young* men should go into the war to be maimed and killed.

Lieutenant Thornton brought me one hundred dollars in gold from my dear boy — I shall try to send it to Anne for their journey from Norfolk.

Through my old army friends I was successful in obtaining an order for the girls which will enable them to pass through the lines with comparative safety, even in these tempestuous times. May God watch over and protect my children in this hour of danger.

HEAD QUARTERS OF THE ARMY

Washington, 28, Aug., 1861.

The Misses *Nannie, Virginia, Julia* and *Mary Lomax* with

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their baggage will be permitted to pass through the United States lines to Virginia at Fort Monroe and are commended to the courtesy of the troops.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

By Command: E. D. Townsend,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Washington, August 28, 1861.

Major General Wool,
U. S. Army.
Comd., etc.
Fort Monroe, Va.

My dear General:

The daughters of the late Major Mann Page Lomax have received a pass from General Scott to go, with their baggage, via Old Point Comfort, to Fredericksburg, Virginia. Their Mother has been there since last Fall, and they now wish to join her to allay her anxiety on their account because of the extreme difficulty of communicating with them. These ladies leave their home and furniture standing as it is in this City.

I beg leave to commend them to your kind offices and assistance in proceeding on their hazardous journey, so far as may be consistent with the good of the service.

Believe me, dear General,

Very truly yours,

E. D. TOWNSEND.

[Copy of original order.]

Wednesday, August 28, 1861.

How refreshing to see the sunshine once more.

Lieutenant Thornton returned today from Manassas whither he had gone to take blankets, clothes and other necessities to the soldiers. He reports that the troops are under marching orders — but to where — no one knows.

Leaves from

Lindsay Walker was with Lieutenant Thornton — such a handsome boy. It really makes one's heart ache to see these fine young soldiers. Each time one cannot help thinking "This may be the last time" and yet they go to their fate with brave, smiling faces.

Friday, August 30, 1861.

Another sunny day.

This weather seems delightful after the rainy days we have had. The crops and the poor children have suffered from the bad weather.

It is reported that General Butler has landed at Cape Hatteras, taken possession of the fort, also taken a great number of prisoners, but it is difficult to obtain correct information at the present time.

Sunday, September 1, 1861.

Beautiful day.

I received several letters this morning by special messenger. One from my dear son saying he had received his orders to join General McCulloch in Missouri. He seemed much pleased, but it is a dagger in my heart.

Another letter containing the power of attorney for Anne to draw my pension.

It is no use—President Lincoln having decided that pensioners must take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government.

That I will never do — Perish the thought.

Wednesday, September 4, 1861.

Foggy and damp — may rain.

No news of importance.

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Have been sewing all day on clothes for the soldiers. Vic is nursing wounded soldiers at the hospital.

Vic is not strong, but she seems to feel no fatigue from the long hours of nursing. Mr. Jackson, the soldier Vic nursed so faithfully, died this morning. His was a hopeless case from the first, but Vic is greatly distressed.

Anne, Virginia, Julia and Mary arrived safely after many vicissitudes, but were treated with courtesy and consideration by the Federal officers and had no real trouble during their adventurous journey.

It is a great happiness to have them with me.

Saturday, September 7, 1861.

Delightful weather.

About a week ago Judge Lomax received a letter from Willoughby Newton in Norfolk which contained a mysterious looking key. He wrote that he was sending me a box by the river boat — We were all excitement — What could it be? We imagined everything under the sun — secret papers, war information — There was no limit to our imagination and every time we heard the river boat whistle, we would go racing down to the landing, but no box. Finally today the box actually arrived — We opened it quivering with excitement — It contained nothing but warm winter clothes sent to me by my thoughtful sister — How we laughed — We thought we would be the heroines of an exciting war drama.

Thursday, September 12, 1861.

East wind and cloudy.

Mrs. Robb and her daughter called to see me today. The

Leaves from

daughter very beautiful and the image of her grandmother — one sees these throwbacks once in a great while — as if nature charmed with her own creation repeats it lovingly.

I spent most of the day quilting. Occupation is absolutely necessary to keep one sane in these troubled times, but sewing materials, like everything else, have doubled in price — due to the war.

Friday, September 13, 1861.

Still cloudy.

It is reported that the Federals have landed at Urbanna. God help us!

Wednesday, September 18, 1861.

Weather still unsettled.

There is a rumor in circulation that the firing we have heard for the last few days is in Alexandria.

That General Lee has taken General Reynolds and his whole command. Heaven grant it may be true — General Lee is a marvelous soldier.

Saturday, September 28, 1861.

Quite cool.

Vic is still nursing the wounded soldiers at the Hospital today.

Vic had a beautiful letter from Mrs. Jackson, the mother of the young officer who died. The Judge thought it should be published, but Vic said no, that it was too personal to be made public.

It is reported that Arlington Heights will be attacked today. If so, a terrible battle may be expected.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

We heard this evening that the Confederates had a victory over the Federals at Lexington, Missouri – two thousand prisoners taken.

Sunday, September 29, 1861.

Clear and cold. No news today.

The girls spent the day with their cousins, the Wellfords, at Sabine Hall. Kate Wellford is to be married next month.

Mr. Randolph, the Episcopal minister, came home with Vic after the evening service. Vic played on the piano and sang many songs. He has a charming voice. I did enjoy the music.

Wednesday, October 2, 1861.

Gloomy day.

Reported that a large army of Federals have crossed to Alexandria with the intention of destroying the fortifications on the Potomac, but we can hear no more.

I am becoming restless. I should like to be in Washington where one can hear the authentic war news quickly. Rumors without confirmation are maddening to those who are anxious for their loved ones and for their country.

I think I shall return to Washington, even if the traveling is fraught with danger.

Friday, October 11, 1861.

A pleasant day.

A number of visitors today; Mrs. Douglas Gordon, Dr. Mason, Mrs. Wellford and others.

We talk of nothing but war, war.

Sunday, October 13, 1861.

Beautiful day, but only nature smiles, our hearts are too

Leaves from

filled with anxiety and dread of what the day may bring forth to indulge in smiles.

I walked to church this morning – Found the church filled with crippled soldiers, a pitiful sight – some of them mere boys.

I heard at church that Captain Hollis sank the ship *Preble* at the mouth of the Mississippi River – No other war news.

Wednesday, October 16, 1861.

Heavy frost last night – very cool this morning.

There was great excitement all day yesterday, due to the heavy firing quite near.

It was rumored that a gun boat commanded by a Federal officer risked coming up the river to rescue our friends at Elmwood, as he knew that a battle was expected to take place at Fredericksburg in the near future. It was a brave and daring deed.

[For many years the furniture, clothes, children's toys remained just as they were hastily left in the face of danger, but within the last few years vandals broke into the house, robbing it of many beautiful and valuable things. Elmwood is still standing desolate, unoccupied since the Civil War, it is said to be haunted which may be some slight protection.]

Thursday, October 17, 1861.

Very cold.

James and Ellen went to Richmond today. They invited me to go but some vague instinct held me here.

In the late afternoon, I went outside to see the sunset and stood by one of the pillars on the porch waiting, watching, as we all find ourselves doing unconsciously these days. My heart sank when I saw some soldiers bearing a stretcher turn in at our gate. As they came nearer, I realized the long, slender figure

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on the stretcher wore a blue uniform. "Then it is not Lindsay," was my first thought, but my second thought was, "Oh, poor boy," for the blond head looked so young and helpless.

A sergeant stepped forward and saluting, said, "Madame, could you take care of this young officer, he has been severely wounded, is still unconscious."

"Of course," I said, "Bring him to my room and we will do all we can for him."

The soldiers undressed the boy quickly, with great deftness, putting on him a comfortable dressing gown.

Once during the night, the young officer opened his eyes — I managed to give him a little broth.

"Who are you — where am I?" he asked.

"I am a friend," I replied, "who is glad to take care of you and you are in the home of friends, but you must not talk, you need all of your strength."

He smiled drowsily. "Very well," he said, "I'll be good because you have kind grey eyes like my mother's, but it is good to have some one to hold my hand — and nice clean sheets." Then he drifted off and seemed to sleep quietly.

In the early morning light I looked in the pockets of his coat to see if I could find anything to identify him, but there was not a letter, not anything, except a small red leather case with the name Robert Wyndam engraved upon it in small gold letters, and inside the case two miniatures. One, of a beautiful woman about forty and a very pretty young girl. I looked up, the boy was watching me with longing eyes — he held out his hand. I took the miniatures to him. He looked at them a long time, then turning to me he smiled and murmured faintly, "Mother, Sweetheart," then slept again.

I realized after a short time that he was sleeping the last deep sleep. The tears streamed down my cheeks, but I was

Leaves from

thankful that God had permitted me to comfort his last hours.
And *this* is War.

Saturday, October 19, 1861.

Dense fog this morning.

Miss Wirt came to see me this morning, she is a cousin of George Bayard, Lindsay's great friend.

The difference in our sympathies makes no difference in our friendship.

I was more than glad to assist her in procuring a flag of truce and a military escort to Washington. From there she can travel to her own people.

Charles Hunter stopped by to tell me that his father had been made a Colonel in the Engineer Corps and would go to Manassas at once to superintend the construction of winter quarters for the soldiers.

Mr. Washington, the young artist we met in Washington, was here also. He spent the evening with us.

Monday, October 21, 1861.

Fog again today.

News of skirmishes at Harper's Ferry, in which we were successful.

A letter from my dear boy. He has been made adjutant general to General McCulloch.

Heavy firing heard today and again late this evening.

It proved to be an attack of the batteries on a fleet of vessels on the Potomac — no particulars known except that one ship was struck.

News came in late tonight that there had been a fierce fight at Leesburg. The enemy routed, General Baker and several other officers killed, six cannons and ammunition captured.

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Tuesday, October 29, 1861.

Very cold.

It was barely light this morning when Nellie came for me, saying that I must go to Ellen Hunter at once — that she had just received a dispatch from Richmond saying her young son, Thomas, had been killed; no further particulars.

The drive over the bad roads in the cold, early morning seemed endless. I found Ellen calm, distressingly brave, but she begged me not to leave her.

Friday, November 1, 1861.

All Saints Day.

Many friends came to see Ellen today, Maria and Lindsay Walker, Kate Wellford and others.

Ellen received them as quietly as if no tragedy had touched her life — and yet I know that her heart is broken over the death of her beautiful boy.

Tuesday, November 5, 1861.

Raining.

From all accounts our enemies are beginning their hostilities with renewed force, with grim determination to conquer the South. God protect us from their violence!

There has been a rupture of the Cabinet in Washington; Cameron and Blair have resigned — General Scott retired and General McClellan promoted to succeed him. The proceedings of inquiry in regard to General Scott interested me deeply. I am more and more convinced that he was victimized for party purposes. But he will come out all right. Whatever follies he may have committed as a man I do not pretend to justify, but as a soldier he is unequaled.

We may expect great activities very soon.

Leaves from

Sunday, November 10, 1861.

Cloudy, probably more rain.

Reported that the Federals are landing in King George.

Have heard nothing from my dear boy for ages.

Tuesday, December 3, 1861.

Snowing steadily, big, soft white flakes. I do not dread a snowstorm here. It is very beautiful. The unbroken expanse of lawn surrounded by fine old trees and everything so beautifully white.

We have abundant open fires throughout the house which keep us perfectly warm and comfortable.

The fine piano is a great pleasure to me. I go into the silent drawing room, and with the snowy world outside, I feel isolated and play to my heart's content. In the evening I play for Ellen and the family.

Friday, December 6, 1861.

Bitterly cold.

Vic rode to the Junction today and returned with several letters for me — all were several weeks old.

Colonel Rogers wrote saying that if I felt that I must return to my home in Washington, that he was quite sure that he could arrange it for me.

I have decided to avail myself of his offer.

Vic will remain here with Judge Lomax to continue nursing the wounded.

Our friends are very much opposed to our leaving. I have thought a great deal about our perilous journey, but all things considered, I feel sure that my decision to return to our own home is a wise one.

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Monday, December 16, 1861.

The weather has moderated.

Vic and Virginia, with Lieutenant Thornton as a military escort went to Richmond this morning to endeavor to secure passes for our trip to Washington.

They saw General Cooper who said he would have it all arranged for us in a few days.

Tuesday, December 17, 1861.

Cold and clear.

Vic rode on horseback to the Junction this morning where a messenger met her with our passes. We will leave on the Central train *tomorrow morning*.

Friday, December 20, 1861.

Frightfully cold.

We left early in the morning [Wednesday], spent the day and night in Richmond with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson.

Captain Henry, Mr. Cabell and many old acquaintances came to see us. We spent a very pleasant evening. Left in the morning [Thursday] before light, breakfasted in Petersburg and dined in Norfolk.

On our arrival we were met by Lieutenant Winder of the Federal Army, who took us to the Atlantic Hotel, kindly attended to our luggage and made all arrangements for us.

He was a very pleasant young man. We did *not* discuss the war.

The *next morning*, [Friday] we went on board the boat for Craney Island where we were met by a Federal flag and taken to Old Point — there we went on board the Baltimore boat.

Leaves from

Throughout the journey we were treated with every consideration and courtesy.

The boat was filled with soldiers — Union soldiers — I showed the girls to their staterooms, then returned to the lobby where the soldiers were lounging around looking rather weary and bored. I was interested in seeing the Union soldiers at close range, but pretended to be reading a magazine. Presently a tall, good-looking young soldier came over and sat down by me and said very politely in a pleasant Boston voice, "Lady, won't you play something for us on the piano — it is rather tin panny, but perhaps you can do more with it than I could."

"With pleasure," I replied.

He offered me his arm quite formally and led me to the piano. I played *Annie Laurie*, *Auld Lang Syne*, Stephen Foster's *Camp Town Races*, *Oh, Don't You Cry Susanna*, and everything cheerful I could think of. The piano was not so bad and soon I had a number of the soldiers grouped around me singing at the top of their lungs.

We had a great evening.

Even though enemies of my country, I was glad to amuse them, they looked so young and were going into battle the next day and might never go home again. I could not help thinking, "They know not what they do."

War is so terrible — so unreasonable and barbaric.

Saturday, December 21, 1861.

Beautiful morning. We arrived about seven o'clock.

Tom Buckler met us with his carriage and drove us out to Evergreen, where we had a delightful breakfast.

Tom Buckler will not hear of our going to Washington, insists that Washington will be bombarded; that we would be in great danger, that I have no right to expose my family to

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such a danger. Finally I consented to take a small rented house here until things look more propitious.

I am bitterly disappointed, but I shall have my dear children with me, with the exception of Vic and Lindsay.

Wednesday, December 25, 1861.

Christmas Day, but it does not seem like Christmas.

We dined at Evergreen and returned to our tiny house which we find very comfortable and cozy after being wanderers for so long.

We have no maid, but the girls have taken hold with great enthusiasm and everything goes on harmoniously.

Fortunately General Reno has rented our house in Washington for six months.

We have a piano.

Tuesday, December 31, 1861.

Mason and Slidell will be surrendered.

Events have so crowded the last year that I become giddy in reviewing them.

Heaven grant that the coming year may bring us peace and a happy reunion of my scattered family.

Chapter XII

Baltimore, Maryland

Wednesday, January 1, 1862.

New Year's Day. The New Year opens propitiously in regard to weather, clear and cold, but sadly as to the prospect of peace.

The liberation of Mason and Slidell is an accepted fact, whether for good or ill to the South remains to be seen.

We have commenced the year established in our small and temporary home in this city, where we shall remain unless General Reno gives up our house in Washington. We have many friends here, I am sure our sojourn will be as pleasant as possible under the existing circumstances. A letter from my dear little Vic. She is still nursing the wounded soldiers in Fredericksburg, she is so frail and her spirit so strong.

Friday, January 3, 1862.

Pleasant weather.

Walked to market this morning, met several old friends. War does not seem as near and personal here as it does in Washington and in Virginia.

Distressed to hear of the death of General Philip Saint George Cocke — I wrote at once to his sister, Mrs. Barrard, a very old friend of mine.

Mr. and Mrs. Markoe and Mitty Poe spent the evening with us. Also Mr. Pinckney of South Carolina and Mrs. Bayard Smith.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Sunday, January 5, 1862.

The snow fast disappearing under the rays of the bright sun.
News of a repulse of the Federals at Port Royal.

Regret to hear of the destruction of the Richmond theatre by fire — many lives lost. It is thought to be the work of an incendiary.

Monday, January 6, 1862.

Bitterly cold.

We do not suffer from the cold in this little box of a house, but I dread to think of the soldiers exposed to the severe cold, combined with other hardships which they must endure. They say the roads in Virginia are beyond description. That not only the artillery, but the horses become mired in the red mud. I can readily believe it.

Tuesday, January 7, 1862.

Snowing and still very cold.

I received this morning a letter and a draft from Lindsay's friend, David Stanley (General David Stanley, United States Army). When Lindsay resigned from the Federal Army, David Stanley bought Lindsay's horse, (Prince). Lindsay told David to send the draft to me.

He said he had just discovered my address, to please write and tell Lindsay that Prince died a soldier's death, having been killed under him in battle.

I shed a few tears for poor old Prince — Lindsay raised him from a colt.

Monday, January 13, 1862.

Raining and freezing as it falls.

Leaves from

The Burnside expedition, which is to carry destruction to the South, sailed today.

Tom Greene came over from Washington today to invite Anne and Julia to a party at his beautiful home, the Van Ness Place, but they wisely declined. It is well known that we are Southern sympathizers and so many arrests are being made without just cause.

Every day we receive fresh fruit and vegetables from Evergreen — Tom Buckler is the kindest relative in the whole wide world.

Wednesday, January 15, 1862.

Terrible weather — raining and sleeting.

No news this morning in the papers, but Mr. Cameron's resignation and Mr. Stanton's appointment as Secretary of War.

Nothing of the Burnside expedition.

Thursday, January 16, 1862.

Thank Heaven the sun shines brightly today.

The Burnside expedition is said to have gone to Pimlico Sound to attack Norfolk in the rear. God save my native town from the power of the enemy!

It is also reported that General McClellan is advancing — we can do nothing but commend our cause to a righteous God.

Monday, January 20, 1862.

It has been raining steadily for three days, is still raining —
Nothing more from the fleet.

Tuesday, January 21, 1862.

Snowing and raining — The poor soldiers!

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

News of a victory and also a defeat in Missouri. General Zollicoffer reported killed.

Wednesday, January 22, 1862.

Colder, perhaps it may clear.

From last accounts the fleet was still in Pimlico Sound.

No confirmation this morning of General McClellan's advance.

The girls are invited to an assembly ball tomorrow evening, but we feel this is no time for frolicking and decline all invitations except for music.

I was restless last night, could not sleep, read until very late, *The Petty Annoyances of Matrimony* by Balzac — clever and amusing.

Wednesday, January 29, 1862.

Hailing, raining, blowing.

It is rumored that several vessels of the Burnside Fleet have been lost in the late storms. I have never known such dreadful, depressing weather as we have had this winter.

Saturday, February 1, 1862.

This month opens with a snowstorm.

Had a pleasant visit from Colonel and Mrs. Morris today, old Newport friends, Colonel Morris is at present stationed at Fort McHenry.

He was very kind in saying that we must call upon him if at any time we felt the need of a friend in the Federal Army.

Monday, February 10, 1862.

Many rumors this morning.

It is said that the Federals under General Burnside have been

Leaves from

repulsed twice from Roanoke Island, that General Crittenden was drunk on duty and lost a battle for the Confederates. The news from the West generally discouraging.

The intelligence here is very uncertain as it passes through so many sources before it reaches us which makes the suspense almost unendurable.

I have not heard a word from my precious son for weeks. I suppose he is still with General McCulloch.

Wednesday, February 12, 1862.

Cloudy.

Matty Poor came in this morning to tell us that important news had been received from Europe relative to our recognition.

She also said my neighbor, Mrs. Merrill, was very anxious to talk with me. Her husband is a prisoner at Fort Warren. He declined to take the oath of allegiance.

Later —

This has been a sad, sad day. The news respecting the surrender of Roanoke Island to the *Federals* confirmed. The loss of life on both sides very great. Oh, how dreadful this war is becoming. Heaven grant it may soon cease.

Monday, February 17, 1862.

Sleeting.

I fear that Fort Donelson has fallen into the hands of the enemy. The last accounts were at one o'clock this morning when it was still holding out, but was expected to surrender.

The Federal gunboats were much crippled, but there was little hope left for the Confederates.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Grieved to hear that Dr. Selden of Norfolk had a son killed in the battle of Roanoke Island, also Jennings Wise, the eldest son of General Wise.

Dear God, why, why must we endure these terrible horrors of war?

Tuesday, February 18, 1862.

Raining, somewhat milder.

The surrender of Fort Donelson confirmed. Fifteen thousand Confederates taken prisoners. The Confederate Generals were Floyd, Pillow and Buckner.

Our cause looks blank at present.

Thursday, February 20, 1862.

Tempestuous night, clear this morning.

Troops passing through the city all night.

Rhett Horner and Mr. Wyeth were married in Philadelphia today — will spend tomorrow with us.

Saturday, February 22, 1862.

The news sheet of this morning says General McCulloch and General Price joined forces and were defeated.

God save my boy!

Sunday, February 23, 1862.

Yesterday was the natal day of our national hero. The city was decorated with flags, but the rain beat upon them gloomily.

One of our neighbors, a young girl, appeared at her drawing

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room window waving a Confederate flag in each hand. A crowd quickly collected and hooted at her derisively. The girl terrified fled from view and the crowd dispersed, but it demonstrates the bitterness and intensity of feeling at the present moment.

I feel anxious whenever my girls go out on the street alone. That madcap Julia has the photograph of Churchill Gordon in a Confederate uniform in the back of her watch and nothing will induce her to take it out.

No news from the West.

Wednesday, February 26, 1862.

Bright and clear. Never was sunshine so welcome.

The admirable address of President Davis published in *The Sun* today. It is a dignified, state paper — written by an intelligent, thoughtful man.

Friday, February 28, 1862.

The last day of this month is blessed with a clear sky and bright sunshine.

Anne, Virginia and Julia are at church in compliance with the President's proclamation. Our country is in need of prayers. I know they will be offered in "sincerity and truth." "Save and deliver us we humbly beseech Thee from the hands of our enemies," to which I say, "Amen."

Chapter XIII

Baltimore, Maryland

Sunday, March 2, 1862.

Clear and windy.

Great commotion in the city last night, troops passing from one train to another, bands playing, the sound of marching feet all through the night — going South to desolate our lands and our people.

Current report says there is a battle raging on the upper Potomac between General Jackson's army and General Landers.

We receive no official news here — I think I *must* return to Washington — I cannot endure the suspense of not knowing.

This is thought by many to be the crisis of the war.

Many and sad have been our disasters this month, but our trust is in a merciful God — that He will not desert us in this hour of danger.

Mr. Markoe came in this evening and gave us most deplorable accounts of conditions in the South.

Friday, March 7, 1862.

Still clear and cold.

The newspapers of today are a little more encouraging for the South.

Mattie Poor arrived unexpectedly this morning, she is on her way to Old Point, where Charles is stationed. I was so glad to see Mattie — I love her dearly.

Leaves from

Sunday, March 9, 1862.

Beautiful day.

Great excitement in town, reported that the ironclad ship, the *Merrimac*, created havoc at Old Point among the Federal ships — Heaven grant that it may be true.

Mattie will tell us about it when she returns. Her boy Charles is in the Federal Army.

Monday, March 10, 1862.

Mattie returned from Old Point on the early boat, she confirmed the report of the exploits of the *good old Merrimac*.

It is rumored that McCulloch's Division has been defeated — God help my dear boy.

Saturday, March 15, 1862.

Fine weather.

This is the middle of the month. The South still unconquered!

The Southern Army has retired from Manassas and the Northern Army is mystified.

It is thought that the Federal Army is going to Richmond by way of Fredericksburg — God forbid! Vic is still in Fredericksburg nursing the wounded.

Sunday, March 16, 1862.

All at church in the morning; a great many visitors in the late afternoon.

Allen Carmichael, Tom Buckler, Mrs. Snowden Andrews, Rhett Horner and Mr. Wyeth and many others.

Miss Garnett spent the evening. I think she is a sister of General Garnett who was killed in western Virginia. I dared not ask her. She was wearing deep mourning.

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Thursday, March 20, 1862.

Rainy.

A great many rumors afloat today, one was that General Burnside has captured Newbern, North Carolina.

Also that the Federal Army is on its way to Fredericksburg, that eighty thousand men are going to attack Norfolk and Richmond.

I am so anxious about my dear boy and Vic I can think of nothing else — not a word from him since McCulloch's defeat.

Saturday, March 22, 1862.

Raining.

Not much news. Island Number Ten still holds out.

Two canal boats went ashore at Seawell's Point in a storm and were captured by the Confederates. Rumor that Captain Buchanan, Lindsay's West Point friend, has been killed; I do hope it is not true.

Monday, March 24, 1862.

Clear and pleasant.

I spent a restless night, tried to read but could not keep my mind on what I read.

A number of Confederate prisoners arrived from Winchester, looking most forlorn.

Tom Buckler and Anne went to the jail to see if young Burwell was among them, but the warden would not admit them or give them any information.

I shall see what I can do tomorrow.

Thursday, March 27, 1862.

This day twenty years ago my dear Page breathed his last at Watertown Arsenal, where he was in command. What a

Leaves from

world of misery he has been spared by being taken before this Government disgraced itself by entering into this unholy war.

I went to the jail this morning to see young Burwell. Armed with a permit from a Federal officer, I was admitted and soon found young Burwell — he was ill and in need of all of the necessities of life — clothes, shoes, comb and brush, everything. The rest of the day we spent in making up a basket filled with things to contribute to his comfort. The boy was so overcome with gratitude that he could hardly speak.

It was reported the prisoners had had nothing to eat for two days. The news spread quickly and within an hour's time they had cart loads of all kinds of provisions. The Baltimore people never fail to respond to an appeal for kindness and assistance.

Saturday, March 29, 1862.

Cloudy.

Mrs. Stephens called this morning. She has a daughter married to Daingerfield Lewis — their place is on the Potomac and she is very unhappy about her daughter. I was glad to be able to secure her a pass which enabled her to join her daughter.

Accounts have come in of several battles which were afterwards denied — so now we are simply waiting until the truth is made known.

The prisoners have been sent to Fort Delaware. How glad I am that I sent the things to young Burwell before he was sent away.

Wednesday, April 2, 1862.

Cold and unpleasant.

Startling reports of a battle between Newport News and Yorktown, but can hear nothing more.

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Sunday, April 6, 1862.

Beautiful day. Spring is gradually coming to us and oh, how welcome it will be after the long, unhappy winter.

On the Bulletin board yesterday it said: — The Army had marched on Yorktown the day before, and we have since heard that the *Merrimac* is in York River attacking the transports.

The Penny Post today brought me several letters, one from Mattie Poor and one from Colonel Carr from Springfield, Mississippi.

Colonel Carr (of the Federal Army) wrote to me saying he had received a letter by flag of truce from L. L. Lomax, enclosing a letter to me to relieve my anxiety, but the Commanding General thought it best *not* to send my letter. Colonel Carr said however that "Mister Lomax" (Then Colonel in the Confederate Army) was well and at Fort Smith, Arkansas, on the sixteenth of March.

It would have been a great comfort to have had the letter from my darling boy.

Wednesday, April 9, 1862.

Many battles are reported today — all Federal victories. My heart is broken, our reverses are so great.

We are busy making all manner of garments for the Fort Donelson prisoners — the women in Baltimore are working untiringly for the wounded prisoners.

Saturday, April 12, 1862.

Showers.

The *Merrimac* has been dealing destruction again, but we cannot hear the particulars.

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Sunday, April 13, 1862.

Palm Sunday.

The victory of the Confederates at Corinth confirmed. Nothing from Yorktown.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemon and Nannie spent the evening. Mr. Lemon was in fine spirits, but I could not share his faith in the success of our cause.

Good Friday, April 18, 1862.

Clear weather.

Prisoners from Ashby's cavalry were brought to the jail today, looking starved and sadly in need of shoes and clothes and infinitely weary. God knows what will become of them — sent to Fort Delaware I fear.

Easter Sunday, April 20, 1862.

Beautiful day. Everyone at church. I was too weary to go.

The anxiety and suffering of others, which we witness daily, is exhausting to one's heart and mind.

This morning Mrs. Hayes brought me a letter to read from Colonel Herron of the Federal Army. He wrote that he was taken a prisoner at the battle of Pea Ridge, then sent to Van Buren in Arkansas where he was under Colonel L. L. Lomax who treated him with great consideration and kindness. Bless my dear boy. This is the last news I have heard of him.

Chapter XIV

Baltimore, Maryland

Tuesday, April 22, 1862.

Raining.

Nothing decisive heard from Yorktown.

Terrified to hear that the Federals have possession of Fredericksburg. Sent a dispatch to Vic but have had no reply.

Wednesday, April 23, 1862.

Cold and clear.

Mittie Poe came to tell me that I could send a letter to Vic by addressing it to General Doubleday, Fredericksburg, which I shall do at once.

Anne and Julia have gone to Washington with Mrs. Snowden Andrews to see if they can procure any news from Fredericksburg.

Vic and my relatives there are in peril and I am helpless to assist them.

How long, Oh heavenly Father are we to endure this terrible ordeal? Grant us peace that we may live according to Thy will in love and kindness, not in strife and hatred.

Thursday, May 1, 1862.

This month of the poets opens with rain and gloom — nothing cheering from the outward world while our hearts are tortured with reports of defeat and suffering in every form. Oh merciful Father end this frightful war, we pray and beseech thee.

Leaves from

Monday, May 5, 1862.

Raining and gloomy.

The papers are filled with disasters and defeat for the Southern people. I have never felt so despondent.

Firing salutes in honor of the Yorktown victory.

Negroes are to be enlisted in the Navy as well as garrisoning the Forts. We do indeed live in strange times.

There is much activity among the orderlies and wagons — Something brewing.

A letter from Mrs. Mason asking if I would rent my house to General Rucker.

Monday, May 12, 1862.

The sun is shining, but there is darkness within my heart. Poor old Norfolk is in the possession of the Federals. The brave *Merrimac* blown up.

Wednesday, May 14, 1862.

Still clear.

Yesterday, a year ago, Vic, Alice and myself left Washington with Allen Magruder as our escort expecting to return in a few weeks — we have never returned.

There is something of importance agitating the public mind in regard to the intervention of England and France. Time will show — I doubt the possibility myself.

Friday, May 16, 1862.

Delightful weather.

This is the day appointed by President Davis to humble ourselves in prayer for the success of the Southern Cause.

I know many and sincere will be the outpourings of the spirit of supplication at the Throne of Grace. May God

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hearken to our petitions and grant us the fulfillment of our prayers that we may be a free and happy people.

Saturday, May 17, 1862.

Cloudy and damp.

Have been very much occupied sewing for the wounded sent from Williamsburg. It is reported that fighting still continues at Williamsburg.

Numbers of dead and wounded arrive every morning on the early boat. It is harrowing.

Tuesday, May 20, 1862.

Much news in the town this morning. All to the advantage of the South. Am afraid to believe it until it is officially confirmed.

My precious son has been promoted to a full colonel for meritorious action in battle. I am glad, but more glad that he is safe and sound in these perilous times.

Mrs. Catherine Mason is greatly distressed. Both of her sons are prisoners in the old Capitol in Washington. No one knows what tragedy is just around the corner.

Sunday, May 25, 1862.

Beautiful day.

How apparent is the contrast observed in the beauty of nature all around us in the works of God and the uncontrolled, wicked passions of man.

All day this beautiful Sabbath has been desecrated by rioting and fighting in the streets. Several people were killed and quite a number injured.

I finished my sewing, sent it to the prison and will begin tomorrow on another assortment.

Leaves from

Tuesday, May 27, 1862.

Weather still fine.

General Banks has retreated to Harper's Ferry. The President has called for two hundred thousand more troops!

The papers say the Federal's have taken Hanover Court House. My heart is sorely troubled for Vic is now staying with the Hunters near Hanover Court House. I insisted on her leaving Fredericksburg and going to the Hunters for safety! And now —

Monday, June 2, 1862.

A thunder storm during the night, vegetation looking much refreshed this morning.

The Maryland News says the great battle at Richmond has commenced, also a battle at Winchester. God save us!

Reported that General Casey and General Palmer were killed in battle. General Dixon has been ordered to Norfolk and General Wool comes here.

Wednesday, June 4, 1862.

Rained all night long.

The papers this morning speak of the battle of Richmond as a Federal victory — rumor says otherwise.

Thursday, June 5, 1862.

Still raining.

Feel nervous today, something unusual for me. Think I sewed too steadily on the soldiers' clothes. I was so eager to have them finished.

Saturday, June 7, 1862.

Charming day.

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I walked to market this morning, purchased a beautiful Devonshire rose and some mignonette — the flowers are so lovely they are a great temptation.

Tom Buckler came this afternoon and insisted upon my going out to Evergreen. I am almost afraid to leave home for any length of time, but finally consented and enjoyed the restfulness of the country after the unrest of the city.

We drove home through the Park — it will be a beautiful spot when finished.

Sunday, June 15, 1862.

Midsummer and still no signs of peace.

Wednesday, June 18, 1862.

Beautiful day, but a sad day. Have just heard of the death of the gallant young officer, Turner Ashby (General Ashby, who, like "Jeb" Stuart, was a gay cavalier — always wearing a plume in his hat). He was killed leading his men to battle, riding his conspicuous white horse, but without fear or thought of himself. He is a great loss to the Confederacy.

There are many rumors afloat today, but none reliable. I dread to read the papers and yet one must.

Thursday, June 19, 1862.

A very warm day.

Anne returned from Washington today. General Reno has been ordered away and we have been endeavoring to re-rent our house, but it is almost impossible on account of the uncertainty of affairs. We will probably return to Washington and occupy the house ourselves — a not unpleasing prospect to me.

Anne Carmichael here today from Fredericksburg, she brought the gratifying news that Vic is well, a great favorite

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and still faithfully nursing the wounded. She also told me that Chandler was in the hospital in Fredericksburg, severely wounded. Poor, poor boy – and my poor little Vic is nursing him.

Chapter XV

Washington, D. C.

Friday, June 27, 1862.

Lovely day.

We arrived here safely. Tom Greene and Anne met us at the station in his carriage. We drove through crowds of soldiers and every church that we passed was converted into a hospital.

Our own house seemed delightful to me. The garden, though neglected, is a wilderness of roses and filled my soul with pleasure.

I found a letter here from my dear boy, dated Balwin, Mississippi, June 3, 1862. He was with General Van Dorn and was well and comfortable, which was cheering news for me.

Sunday, June 29, 1862.

A thunder storm last night and drums announcing the arrival of more troops. Another big battle reported just outside of Richmond.

Tuesday, July 1, 1862.

Very warm.

Wounded pouring in. It is said that the houses of all Southerners will be confiscated for quarters for the wounded.

Last night we had reinforcements going to the Peninsula and troops racing about all night.

Everyone belonging to the Government wears a sad face which argues something.

Leaves from

Friday, July 4, 1862.

Beautiful day. No demonstrations save the firing of a salute.

There is a report that General McClellan has been defeated with the loss of sixty thousand men. Driven from Richmond by Lee and Jackson.

Long lines of wagons have been coming in steadily, filled with wounded men and driven by contrabands. The dust is terrific and bad for the poor ill soldiers.

Sunday, July 6, 1862.

This bids fair to be another very warm day.

The papers do not seem so sanguine as to the raising of the additional troops for General McClellan.

Thursday, July 10, 1862.

The Federal Government has consented to an exchange of prisoners.

It comes too late for poor Bob Crawford. I went to the prison and was allowed to see him, but he was too ill to recognize me.

Captain Wilkes, with a flotilla of boats, has been sent to the James river.

General Burnside is now at Fortress Monroe — destination, the Peninsula.

Sunday, July 13, 1862.

I do not believe it could be any warmer in the tropics than it is today. Federal soldiers are lying on the green grass in every direction, finding it more comfortable than their over-crowded quarters. Poor devils — I wish they were all safe in their own homes.

Bob Crawford died from his wounds last evening — poor

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boy, he was so young. Mr. Pinkney read the burial service for him and every arrangement was made to take his body to Fredericksburg on the six o'clock Aquia Creek boat, but the captain doubted the genuineness of the passport and refused to permit the body to go on board. After returning, and with great difficulty, the funeral party succeeded in leaving in the cars, but how distressing and harrowing for the family and friends of the poor boy.

It is reported today that General Morgan is marching on Louisville.

Monday, July 14, 1862.

Another warm day.

There is great activity today amongst the orderlies and wagons and immense droves of horses and mules passing constantly.

We were frightened last evening by a tremendous fire on the corner of H and Twentieth Streets. It started in the Government storehouses and was extinguished with great difficulty.

This evening I was so interested in reading *The Life of Napoleon* that I sat up quite late and was startled to hear our door bell ring about eleven o'clock. My first thought was "a dispatch"—was greatly relieved when our little black maid, Lavinia, ushered in a handsome young Federal officer in a captain's uniform.

He said with a pleasant smile, "Dear Madam, I hope that you will forgive me for intruding upon you at such a late hour, but I feel sure that you will when I tell you that I am the bearer of a letter for you from your charming daughter in Fredericksburg." I suppose that I *beamed* for he immediately sat down. We had a glass of sherry together and a most interesting talk, but he declined to tell me his name with many apologies,

Leaves from

saying it might cause trouble for others, no doubt he risked a court-martial himself.

I may be wrong, but I have an idea that when Vic nursed this charming young officer, he promptly fell in love with her.

Wednesday, July 16, 1862.

Beautiful morning, but promises to be another warm day.

Colonel Brooke of the Federal Army called today. Strongly advised us to leave the city, said it was not safe for women alone, especially Southerners. I should leave with great reluctance as war news is authentic and reaches me quicker than elsewhere.

The Star of last evening said that Van Dorn had recaptured Baton Rouge — Lindsay must have been in the engagement as he was with General Van Dorn when I last heard.

It was said that fourteen thousand men were taken prisoners, also military stores and wagon of supplies captured.

Rumored that a battle is expected at Warrenton some time today.

Friday, July 18, 1862.

Rained last night, still raining.

A letter from Cousin Maria Clark. Her brother is a prisoner at the Rip-Raps. She is desperately unhappy about him. Wished me to see the Secretary of War, but my influence, which was always one of friendship, is a thing of the past.

General Pope has taken Gordonsville!

Saturday, July 19, 1862.

Delightfully cool after the rain yesterday.

News boys are calling "The capture of Gordonsville by General Pope — A Great Victory." A deserted village — it

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may be disastrous to the South, however, inasmuch as railroad facilities are interrupted.

Sunday, July 20, 1862.

Still delightfully cool.

News boys are now calling "Defeat of the rebels at Charlottesville!" Can this be true?

Monday, July 21, 1862.

Warmer today.

Anne had a pathetically cheerful letter from Marshall Crawford. He was wounded in the battle before Richmond and since then has been in the prison at Fort Delaware.

Anne immediately went to see General Wadsworth to ask permission to visit Marshall to secure medical attention for him, also asked if he could be released from jail on account of his wounds. Both requests were refused.

Mr. Barton of Fredericksburg is a prisoner in the old Capitol here — he is detained as a hostage for some Union men who are in prison in Richmond.

The Penny Post of today brought me a letter from my dear Vic. Poor Chandler is still desperately ill — My poor little Vic.

Saturday, July 26, 1862.

Pleasant day.

At four o'clock this afternoon Mr. Barton came to see me. He had been released from prison on parole and will go with Mrs. Brune, his daughter, to Baltimore. He gave us graphic and terrible accounts of the conditions in the prison.

Tom Greene came to tell us that General Jackson is on the move with sixty thousand men.

When that young man moves let the world beware!

Leaves from

Tuesday, July 29, 1862.

Cool morning.

The papers report that General Price has taken Saint Louis, and that General McClellan has advanced two miles from his former position. I call that rather slow, when General Jackson advances he covers far more ground.

Thursday, July 31, 1862.

The Star said last evening that the Chicago papers report, by way of Memphis, the arrival of ten ironclad vessels from England for the assistance of the South. This is marvelous and important news *if true*.

The triumphs of the South have continued through this month and it closes hopefully. God grant they may continue and bring us peace.

Friday, August 1, 1862.

Sydney Crawford came to see us this morning, he had been to see poor Marshall, but was not permitted to see him. Marshall is still very ill from his wounds.

Saturday, August 2, 1862.

A clear day but a sad one.

A dispatch was brought to me early this morning which merely said, "Please send me immediately four dozen yellow roses. Lovingly, Vic."

Not another word, but I knew at once — Chandler.

I feel as if I had lost a dearly loved son and my heart aches for Vic — The young suffer so keenly.

Sunday, August 3, 1862.

Warm, oppressive day.

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Could not sleep last night, the air charged with excitement.

There seems to be some uneasiness on the part of the Federals in regard to the movements of the *Merrimac, second*.

Friday, August 8, 1862.

Very warm.

General Burnside has gone to Aquia Creek with a large force, destination supposed to be Richmond.

Reported that there was a skirmish at Malvern Hill, the Federals victorious and now in possession.

Rumor of a great battle between General Pope and General Jackson — my faith in General Jackson is unlimited.

Tom Greene spent the evening with us — He is very kind in bringing us the latest war news.

Monday, August 11, 1862.

Cloudy.

The news boys are crying, "A great Federal Victory." I am afraid to hear what it is.

Thursday, August 14, 1862.

Delightful morning.

There is much excitement in the city over a battle at Culpeper.

As far as I can tell from varied accounts, it seems to be a Federal victory.

Sunday, August 17, 1862.

A beautiful day, but I suppose it will be profaned by a battle somewhere on the soil of Virginia.

A letter from Mattie Poor — Charlie is a commander in the Federal Navy and ordered to the San Jacinto. He is now on

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the James river fighting against the South, and yet I love Charles.

Thursday, August 21, 1862.

Cool and pleasant.

The news this evening is that Pope's army is retreating, that General Pope is at Arlington, having lost three battles.

There are four hundred prisoners in the Old Capitol, all in need of clothes and other necessities.

Saturday, August 23, 1862.

No hope of rain to cool the air which is heavy and warm.

The news this morning is that Pope's army had been terribly mutilated by Jackson's command and that Pope is still retreating.

The report has general currency — we have heard it from several sources.

I do not believe the Confederates intend to attack Washington at this time, but I suppose a few days will decide it.

Chapter XVI

Washington, D. C.

Tuesday, August 26, 1862.

Cool, bright morning.

Crowds of soldiers coming and going. The Avenue filled with wagons and horses, but no more definite news.

A letter from Ellen Hunter saying that Vic is well but sad, that they have lost all their negroes and there is no one to work the plantation, the men of the family all in the war. I fear they are quite destitute. They have never known what it is to want for anything.

I walked to the Scotts this afternoon, found them in great trouble — Mr. Warrington has been missing since Saturday. They think he must be a prisoner.

Tom Greene came in quite late this evening to tell us that firing could be heard in the direction of Alexandria.

He is very attentive to Anne, and strange to say Anne seems to smile upon his attentions. I say strange because he is twice her age, though a very intellectual and charming man. The Penny Post brought me a letter from Vic.

Wednesday, August 27, 1862.

Lovely morning. Nature so refreshed by the rain. Oh, for peace.

A suspicious lull in events. I hope that it does not forbode evil.

Large reinforcements have been sent from here to General Pope.

They tell us that the Confederates are in the neighborhood

Leaves from

of Manassas, and have destroyed a great deal of Federal property.

Yesterday I had a visit from my old servant, Ailsa. She looks well and has seen a good deal of the world since she became free. She has selected Boston as her future home. This family of negroes has been in my family for generations. Her grandfather was my father's body servant and attended him throughout the Revolution.

Ailsa was given to me by my mother early in life as my personal maid. I raised her with great care, teaching her not only her duties, but her lessons and the religion and prayers of the Episcopal Church. She repaid me fully with her devotion and care of my children. It grieved me to part with Ailsa, but she was persuaded that it was the right thing for her to do.

Ailsa looked at me very wistfully when she said good-bye. I am sure there were tears in my eyes, but I had no money to offer her to remain with me. I feel that I shall never see her again.

Later —

The newsboys are calling "Another great battle at Manassas!" God help us!

Saturday, August 30, 1862.

Soldiers very drunk and rowdy last night. We were obliged to lock our windows at an early hour. Oh, day of days! News was brought to the city about one o'clock that a terrible fight was in progress across the river — the firing could be heard distinctly from our house.

The whole population seems to be in a state of excitement and alarm.

Hundreds of ambulances getting grain from the storehouses and taking up clerks to convey them to the scene of action to assist eight thousand wounded men.

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Every physician in the city hurried across the river and every one seems frantic.

I have never witnessed such a scene of excitement. Dr. Page came here to tell Emily good-bye, full of anxiety for the Federal soldiers. He took with him only his amputating instruments. The horrors of this war cannot be described.

I dread to hear the result of the battle for the odds are so against us, and there are all manner of rumors to the disadvantage of the Confederates.

Sunday, August 31, 1862.

Raining hard. Nature weeping for the sins of man.

A great deal of passing of ambulances and soldiers all night, but strangely quiet.

One newsboy has just cried out "General Jackson and sixty thousand rebels taken." Oh, my country, shall I live to see you conquered by our enemies? I will not believe it.

Later —

The papers were rather premature. The latest news is that the Federals are falling back.

Monday, September 1, 1862.

Beautiful morning.

I dare say we shall hear some alarming news today.

The Government has notified Tom Greene that they will confiscate his beautiful home, the *Van Ness Place*, as a hospital for the wounded.

Also Mr. Corcoran's fine residence as well as the handsome home of Mr. Hill, and they call this a free country.

The wounded pouring in by the hundreds. No news as yet from the battle.

Leaves from

Tuesday, September 2, 1862.

Quite cool.

The report is that the Federals were repulsed within four miles of Alexandria and it is expected that they will be compelled to fall back on their fortifications.

A number of officers have been killed on both sides. I dread to hear the details of the battle more and more.

The gunboats are assembling at Alexandria. I suppose to shell the town in the event of the Confederates gaining possession of it. Washington, I am told is to share the same fate.

The Capitol, the President's mansion and the churches are occupied as hospitals.

Wednesday, September 3, 1862.

Really cold.

We had a quiet night but for the passing of ambulances still bringing in hosts of wounded from the battlefield.

We had company today from breakfast time until midnight. People are in such a state of excitement they cannot stay at home.

All manner of reports are in circulation, one is that the Confederates are planning to attack this city.

It seems to be the general opinion that Washington is to be destroyed — either by friend or foe.

The gunboats have moved up to the aqueduct. The Federal Army occupies the fortifications and all looks warlike.

I feel much concern at the thought of my house being battered down, myself and children thrown destitute on the world, but if our cause is triumphant I shall not murmur.

It is said that General Jackson with a large force has gone to Pennsylvania.

Dr. Page has been taken a prisoner by the Confederates.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Emily is staying with us, and is very miserable about her husband.

Thursday, September 4, 1862.

Beautiful autumn day.

The United States are in my debt to the extent of five hundred and forty dollars this day. Although I have no winter fuel, and my necessities are very great, with no money to supply these needs, and by taking the oath of allegiance I could draw the amount due me — never will I sacrifice principle to interest and disgrace my children and ancestry.

Excitement still continues.

Pope's army constantly coming in.

The gunboats look very formidable at the end of our street.

Large numbers of troops have gone up the river to prevent Jackson from crossing into Maryland.

Saturday, September 6, 1862.

Lovely weather — desecrated by man.

The soldiers, quartered on Nineteenth Street, "made night hideous" by their profanity and tumult, but this is only one of the minor evils of war.

The newsboys are now crying, "General Jackson has crossed into Maryland." That young man usually does the thing he starts out to do. Now we shall have fighting in good earnest.

Sunday, September 7, 1862.

Beautiful day.

We went to service at St. John's which is the only Episcopal Church not used as a hospital, and there we prayed as we never prayed before that God would send us peace.

Tom Greene came to tell us that the Confederates had

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

crossed the Potomac in force into Maryland, taken Frederick, blown up the bridge over the Monocacy River and taken possession of the Ohio Rail Road.

Jackson again I am sure — he is a military genius with unlimited courage.

The gunboats have gone down to Glymont to prevent the Confederates from crossing.

Chapter XVII

Washington, D. C.

Monday, September 8, 1862.

Beautiful morning.

There was fighting at Poolesville this morning.

Some thirty or forty Confederates were brought in as prisoners today. They were exhausted men.

Wednesday, September 10, 1862.

Looks as if we might have rain which is much needed — the dust terrific.

Reported that General Burnside has met with defeat at Cold Spring, between Baltimore and Frederick. Lost all of his artillery and otherwise much crippled.

Thursday, September 18, 1862.

This is the day appointed by President Davis for thanksgiving and praise for our late victories. God grant they may continue.

Wednesday, September 24, 1862.

Decidedly cool. Reminding one of the approach of winter. Alas, a sad thought with no fuel. The President's proclamation for freeing the negroes was made public yesterday. It had my approval.

Tom Greene came to see me last evening to ask my permission for him to propose to Anne. "If she should consent," he said, "may we be married quite soon — I already have so many years to my credit," he added smiling, "that I cannot afford to

Leaves from

lose a precious moment." I gave my rather reluctant consent. From Anne's smiles and blushes later on I gathered that his proposal was accepted.

Mrs. Bayne was here today to see if she could obtain the release of her brother who is a prisoner in the old Capitol — it seems an almost hopeless quest.

The Penny Post brought me a pencil note from my dear son, the first line I have had for an eternity. Said he had been ordered to Virginia. Dear boy, he no doubt thought that would delight my soul, but I do not know whether to be glad or sorry. Every inch of Virginia seems to be a battle ground at the present moment.

Wednesday, October 1, 1862.

Very cold — and no fuel.

There is some great excitement in the city today. I am so apprehensive from day to day that sometimes it seems as if my heart must cease to beat. I wonder if I shall live to see my family reunited — I fear not.

Julia has gone to Georgetown to see if Dr. Snyder would go with her to see Lunsford Lomax who is seriously wounded and in a hospital in Maryland. Dr. Page has been taken a prisoner by the Confederates. Emily Page is our guest!

Monday, October 6, 1862.

Beautiful day.

But this has been a day of sorrow.

This morning's paper announces a great battle at Corinth between Van Dorn, Price and Lovell's forces, the Federals commanded by General Grant.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

The Confederates were defeated with heavy losses of men and ammunition. My own darling son was with General Van Dorn.

I am *stricken* with grief and fear.

The girls tell me that the reports are frequently exaggerated and in error, but I cannot reason thus, I can only pray, pray God to spare my dear boy.

Tuesday, October 7, 1862.

Anxious almost to madness — the *uncertainty unendurable*.

Wednesday, October 8, 1862.

Lovely weather, the nights are beautiful — I know because I cannot sleep.

The morning paper has a notice in it of the death of Judge Lomax. Thus has departed a great and good man. I firmly believe that his heart was broken by the conflicts of his beloved country.

Friday, October 10, 1862.

Cloudy morning.

A dispatch from my dear son. Thank God he is well and for the moment — safe.

Saturday, October 11, 1862.

It rained last night, is still drizzling.

Dr. Snyder came to give me an account of Lunsford Lomax, not an encouraging one. They doubt if he will recover from his wounds.

Among the wounded Dr. Snyder found Colonel Meems, the husband of Virginia Preston. Anne and Tom Greene walked to the Georgetown Heights this afternoon. They say it is

Leaves from

beautiful country and very suitable for wealthy people who can afford many acres of ground.

Anne and Tom Greene seem very devoted — stranger than fiction.

He has been married twice — is twice Anne's age — but as Will Shakespeare says, "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments."

Wednesday, October 15, 1862.

Clear and quite cold.

Nothing more from Corinth.

A rumor this morning that "Jeb" Stuart's cavalry has crossed the city and that General Johnson is near Alexandria with a large force. The rumor caused a great stir here.

Friday, October 31, 1862.

Beautiful weather.

This month closes without any dawning of Peace.

The newspapers do not give us much hope for the success of the Southern cause. England and France say they intend to recognize us as a nation, but they are too tardy in their movements. How many precious lives might have been spared if they had done so at first, but God's will be done!

Sunday, November 2, 1862.

White frost last night, quite cold. A fire would be welcome.

The girls have gone to church. Tom Greene is waiting for Anne to return. This seems to be his church!

I had a letter from Ellen Hunter today describing the destruction and desolation on the James River. Nothing could be more deplored than the ruin of some of those beautiful old places. Blandfield, [on the Rappahannock River] the home

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

of the Beverley family, suffered cruelly in the hands of the enemy.

Tuesday, November 4, 1862.

Still cold.

This is my dear boy's birthday. I had a letter from him dated Holly Springs, Miss., October 26. God bless him and preserve him from all evil.

Mr. Seymour, the democratic candidate for Governor of New York, was elected.

Mrs. Kennon of Tudor Place had tea with me this afternoon. She advised me strongly to hold on to my own house and not be induced to rent it, but Tom Buckler advocates our returning to Baltimore and certainly conditions are becoming more and more desperate for us.

Thursday, November 6, 1862.

Snowing.

Ogle Tayloe came today to say that he had a friend who wished to rent our house, that he would pay us a very good rent — I did not feel that I could refuse.

Friday, December 12, 1862.

Cold and dreary.

We have rented our house to the Millers.

I doubt if they are genteel, but under the circumstances cannot allow that to influence me.

We will return to Baltimore.

Poor old Fredericksburg in flames — the Federals have crossed the Rappahannock and are now in possession. God help us.

Leaves from

[Battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. Federals crossed the Rappahannock on pontoon bridges, and on December 13, charged the heights. Federals made, in all, six unsuccessful attempts to take hills about Fredericksburg, their loss was fearful. Waddy Thompson's *A History of the United States*.]

Monday, December 15, 1862.

Lindsay's great friend and classmate, General Bayard, was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg. He was an only son. Poor fellow — Lindsay will be heartbroken. Although fighting with our enemies it makes no difference in the deep affection we had for him.

When Bayard was found severely wounded they carried him to Mannsfield the home of our relatives the Pages.

The papers and reports say that Fredericksburg and dear old Port Royal are both in ashes — Oh, when will this dreadful war ever cease.

The latest editions of the papers say that Burnside and all of his army have been driven back across Rappahannock, after sustaining many losses — that our army is holding its own. God grant that it is true.

Monday, December 22, 1862.

Cloudy and cold.

Trouble in the Cabinet — Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase and Mr. Blair have resigned.

Tuesday, December 23, 1862.

Weather more agreeable.

The Secretaries have been reinstated by the request of President Lincoln.

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Wednesday, December 24, 1862.

Very cold.

Anne Carmichael came today. She wished Julia to go with her in search of their family portraits — They were stolen during the battle of Fredericksburg and she heard they were on exhibition in this city.

George Carmichael has offered large sums of money for the return of the portraits, but so far without success. I doubt if Anne finds them.

Alice went this morning to see her relatives, General and Mrs. Worthington, who are staying at Willards, and made an engagement to go riding with James Worthington, who is an aide to some Federal general. To my amazement, my gentle Anne said no, that Alice must break the engagement — that she would not permit Alice to go riding with an officer in Federal uniform. I laughed at first, but it came nearer to being a scene than anything that has occurred in our family. Alice in tears, Anne angry, while I tried to add a calming word without the slightest success.

Alice did not go riding with the young captain.

Today Anne is making arrangements to send Alice to the Ingleside Seminary.

There was a terrific rain storm this evening with a high wind — Later it cleared and the stars came out, but the high wind continued — A weird night — What the black people call, “a witches night.” One felt that somewhere strange things were happening. It was impossible to sleep.

Chapter XVIII

Baltimore, Maryland

Thursday, January 1, 1863.

New Year's Day.

Weather beautiful.

We attended early service this morning. The church was filled, one and all offering prayers for their dear ones in danger.

A large body of cavalry passed through the city this morning on the way to Washington.

Saturday, January 3, 1863.

Clear and cold.

Report of a great Federal victory at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. It is also said that the ironclad steamer *Monitor*, is lost off Cape Hatteras, which is very probable as she was never considered very sea worthy. John Bankhead was her commander. She was part of an expedition fitted out to carry death and destruction to the South.

Monday, January 12, 1863.

A charming day.

Anne and Julia have gone down in the city to do some shopping. They have been gone some time, I feel anxious about them. It is generally known we are Southern in our sympathies.

General John Magruder has retaken Galveston, the *Harriet Lane* and several other vessels. It is a dashing affair and worthy of John.

Mrs. Bayard Smith and Mrs. Mason came to tea with me. Mattie Poor is staying with us, she is all kindness even though

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

our families *are* divided. Her family fighting for the North, mine for the South. How sad it all is.

Tuesday, January 13, 1863.

A dismal day — cheered a little by a visit from Colonel William Armistead of Virginia. He is an interesting person and a brave soldier.

Each day is filled with so much anxiety and suspense that it becomes an ordeal. I am becoming nervous — My health is evidently failing under the strain of war. Perhaps it is just as well — I have had a long, interesting, happy life. When I can no longer be of use to my dear children I might become a burden to them — that I could not bear. No, — death holds no terror for me. I believe firmly in the immortality of the soul — Even believe that in some manner, we earth-bound mortals cannot fathom, that those who have gone to the Great Beyond are at times near to the ones they have loved on earth.

Great Love is so strong a current that it flows far beyond human conception.

“Our dead are never dead until we have forgotten them.” I feel sure that my precious children will remember me, that I shall be near them always.

Sunday, January 25, 1863.

Conflicting accounts of the Army of the Potomac having crossed the river. Also that Norfolk has been retaken by the Confederates, but no confirmation of the news.

I long to be in Washington where one hears the war news quickly and correctly.

Tuesday, January 27, 1863.

Still raining and stormy.

Leaves from

The Army of the Potomac will have more cause than ever to complain of the roads of Virginia.

Burnside has resigned. Hooker is in command.

The Alabama commanded by Admiral Raphael Semmes, has sunk the United States Transport *Hatteras* off Galveston. Pretty bold!

The pavements are now a sheet of ice. My heart aches for the poor soldiers contending with the mud and cold in Virginia.

Saturday, January 31, 1863.

Bright day.

Anne and Julia have gone to take some food to two wounded Confederates, one very ill.

Just received a dispatch saying Lindsay has been ordered to Vicksburg — my heart is sick with fear — Oh, God, I implore Thee to spare and protect the life of my dear boy.

Monday, February 2, 1863.

A dismal day, but any day is better than the night when one's thoughts are beyond control and the pain in one's heart so great that sleep is impossible.

Yesterday Anne and Julia were arrested as Southern sympathizers, sent to Old Point to be imprisoned in the casemates there — Virginia was sent to the Old Capitol in Washington. My poor darling, I'm afraid she will fare badly. We have friends stationed at Old Point, I feel sure they will treat my dear Page's daughters with consideration.

“My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!”

(The writer became too ill to write more.)

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Copy of Letter to General Benjamin F. Butler.

Old Point, Virginia.
November 28, 1863.

Dear Sir:

We, the undersigned, desire to respectfully protest against what we consider the hasty action in regard to our arrest, and to make the following statement.

That in the absence of the General commanding in Baltimore we were arrested by the order of the Provost marshal and charged with actions against the Government. As no proof of our guilt has been shown we believe ourselves innocent and therefore ask from the War Department further investigation.

In reply to a telegram to that effect we are informed that the Secretary of War declined to interfere with orders originating with the command in Baltimore.

With the hope that what we ask may not be construed into a petition for sympathy, when we only desire to ask for justice, we wish to state that we have never offended against the laws of the United States, that we contribute to the support of our Mother, the widow of a gallant Officer of the Army, and we feel our lot to be one of especial hardship in our sudden banishment from home and friends.

Yours respectfully,

ANNE CORBIN LOMAX
JULIA L. LOMAX

Leaves from

HEAD-QUARTERS 18TH ARMY CORPS
Department of Virginia & North Carolina

Fortress Monroe, Dec. 6, 1863

Ladies:

The Provost Marshal, as was his duty, submitted to me your communication asking, for reasons therein stated, that you be permitted to see the Secretary of War. I am obliged to inform you that it is impossible for me to grant your request.

I beg to assure you that I have gone to the very verge of any discretion given me in this behalf, in your favor, in allowing the delay in the execution of the order which I have, so that Col. Townsend might apply in your behalf. That application has been unsuccessfully made, and I have no alternative save to comply with the order, the propriety and justice of which I am not permitted to doubt.

I have the honor to be,
Your Obedient Servant,
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER
Maj. Gen. Commdg.

The Misses Lomax
Present

If the Misses Lomax, who were sent to Ft. Monroe Saturday week, by order of Gen. Schanck to be sent through the lines, will sign a parole dictated by you, the Gen. Comdg. directs that they be returned to Baltimore.

W. L. FISH

To Gen. Butler

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PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE
Depart. of Virginia and North Carolina.
Fort Monroe, Va.

Dec. 8th, 1863

Miss Nannie Lomax:

I send the ambulance for yourself and sisters. Your luggage will be placed on board the Baltimore Boat, and you will please come to my office.

Major Gen. Butler has directed me to have you sign the Parole.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant

JOHN CASSELL
Capt. & Prov. Marshal

EDITOR'S NOTE

EDITOR'S NOTE

IT WAS through the ceaseless efforts of the young provost marshal, Captain Cassell, that Anne and Julia were finally returned safely to their home in Baltimore — Captain Cassell was their escort — They had a great deal to tell of their experiences in the casemates, which I regret that their Mother was too ill to write in her diary, but I shall quote from a very imperfect pencil copy of a letter Anne wrote to General Butler on her return to Baltimore which throws some light on the subject:

To General Benjamin Butler,

Baltimore, Md. Jan. — 1864.

My dear Sir,

I have this moment heard, greatly to my surprise and distress, that there is a rumor in circulation to the effect that my sisters and myself have expressed dissatisfaction at the treatment rec'd during our late detention at Old Point. Your personal knowledge of our case is such, that you can speak advisedly with regard to it, and I believe you will not hesitate to assist us in the contradiction of the false report alluded to, and thus add your testimony to our own, in favor of the great courtesy and consideration extended to us by Maj. General Butler and the Prov. Marshal, (Captain Cassell). Fearing that the unfounded assertion to which I have referred may reach these gentlemen, I ask your positive denial of any such statement, and I feel assured that you will comply with my request, not only as an act of friendship towards my sisters and myself, but also as an act of justice to these officers to whom you so clearly perceive it to be due.

With best wishes I remain,

Very truly yours,

NANNIE LOMAX.

Editor's Note

It is easy to read between the lines — Anne and Julia *were* treated with the “courtesy and consideration” which was their due — but also Captain Cassell lost his heart to Anne — Was devotion itself and quite naturally Anne did not wish any reflection made upon his attitude while they were virtually his prisoners of war — It must have been explained satisfactorily, for even though they both married someone else, there always seemed to be a mysterious bond of friendship between them.

Virginia was more unfortunate in her experience in the Old Capitol — She was there some months under most unhappy conditions and was quite ill for a time. She was a very sensitive person and what with the fact that Mrs. Surratt's room was just over hers and that, as she said, she could hear “Mrs. Surratt's little feet walking up and down, up and down all through the night” it is not surprising that Virginia became ill. She afterwards wrote a book about her experiences in the Old Capitol, on the flyleaf of which she said with a fine sarcasm — “Written by a Lady who was the Guest of the Government for several months.” Thus ended a stormy period but better days were in store for Elizabeth Lindsay and her family.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

There have been many requests to know what became of Elizabeth Lindsay and her family after the Civil War. I regret to say I never knew Elizabeth Lindsay, as I was born after she died. I shall therefore relate what my godfather, General Fitzhugh Lee, told me about the family.

He said that at the close of the Civil War men like himself and Lindsay Lomax were left without a profession, so Lindsay decided there was only one thing he could do and that was to become a gentleman farmer. Little did he know that one cannot become a farmer in a day — it takes years of experience, a knowledge of the elements, of labor and many other conditions.

However, remembering the great kindness of the people in Warrenton to himself and his soldiers during the war, when private homes and churches were turned into hospitals for his wounded, he decided that Warrenton was the one and only place he wished to live.

He persuaded his mother to sell the house in Washington and buy a farm of four hundred acres a few miles outside of Warrenton. It was the old Payne place called Belle Vue with a quaint brick house and a marvelous view of the Blue Ridge.

He had many qualms when he moved his mother and sisters to this remote place in the country, but to his amazement — they loved it.

His mother immediately started in restoring the forsaken garden and his sisters made delicious butter and cheese and had visions of making a fortune, but their friends and relatives soon discovered the charm of this country home with its enchanting view of the Blue Ridge, the cool mountain breezes, the fried

Epilogue

chicken, Virginia ham, fresh country vegetables — they flocked to see them from Washington, Baltimore and Norfolk.

There were servants galore, also little pickaninnies galore to feed. They must have been pleasant days. It was only Lindsay who sat up late at night going over his account books with West Point precision, wondering if the next sale of cattle would pay the grocery bill, but it was not his nature to worry. It gave him so much pleasure that his mother was contented that he would call John Marshall and say, "Well, John, you and I will forget dull care in the morning and go fox hunting."

"Yes, Ginneral, dat we will," John would answer with a grin on his black face.

I met old Uncle John Marshall on the streets of Warrenton not so many years ago and I said to him, "Why, isn't this Uncle John Marshall who used to work for General Lomax at Belle Vue?"

"Yes, Miss," he replied, removing his hat from his gray head. "Dat is," he added, smiling and showing his white teeth, "if you calls it workin'— de Ginneral an' me used to go fox huntin' 'mos ebery mornin', but us did a pile o' work de res 'ob de day. He sho was a fine gentman."

I pressed a small note into his old black hand thinking what a pity it was that such a fine, faithful type should ever become extinct.

But I have digressed — To return to the past; one day with a party of friends (there were no stylish "week ends" in those days), General Fitzhugh Lee and General Beverley Robertson arrived to spend a few days at Belle Vue. In the twinkling of an eye General Beverley Robertson took in the whole situation. He said to Lindsay, "I want to talk with you alone. Let's tell the women we are going to inspect the cattle, then they will not follow us — they are scared to death of anything with

Epilogue

horns," and laughed as only General "Bev" could laugh. But he was quite serious when he talked with Lindsay. "Dear old boy," he said, "you must get out of this. You are no farmer — never will be. You are getting in deeper and deeper and I grant you it is a lovely place, but it is no place for you. Through your army friends in the Engineer Corps, I can procure you a place on river and harbor work tomorrow, that will pay you well and give you a wider, more interesting life."

Lindsay looked at "General Bev" with his honest blue eyes and said with a sigh, "I know that you are right, Bev, but I cannot give up here while my mother lives — She loves it here. I never expected to see her as happy after all she has been through in the war — I shall keep going somehow."

"Well, Lindsay," General Bev replied, "I admire your courage, but if you ever need my assistance, do not fail to call upon me."

About two years later Elizabeth Lindsay had a heart attack from overexertion in her beloved garden and died the same evening. She died as she had lived, with calmness, dignity and great sweetness. "Do not grieve for me," she murmured, "I shall be with you and loving you always." She closed her eyes as if sleeping and was gone.

Belle Vue was sold — General Robertson secured the river and harbor position for Lindsay, and from that time on Lindsay was very fortunate for a man without a profession, for he had strong friends and a great sense of duty. The last chapter for him was the most congenial and enjoyable. Without seeking the position, in 1905 he was appointed by William H. Taft (then Secretary of War) a member of the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission, the most congenial work and surroundings he could have had anywhere. Day after day he drove over the battlefields, not in a car, but in a vehicle the colored driver

Epilogue

called a surrey, with a fine horse which did not travel too fast for the battlefields and incidents of the battles to be explained. Also every day brought visitors to the battlefield, principally Englishmen and Northern officers, and the battles were fought over again, but always amiably; there was no bitterness between these men who had fought on opposite sides.

I remember so well hearing General Charles Fitzhugh say to my father, "Lomax, you had us on the run at Brandy Station; why the Devil didn't you follow us up?"

Lomax laughed, "My heavens, man," he said, "we were starving, had been starving for days. I never wish to see a raw apple or raw onion again as long as I live, for that was all we had to keep us going. Then," he added smiling, "we captured your food supplies and some d— good whiskey, so we stopped a few moments and took a little nourishment, but we went after you harder than ever after that."

"I know d— well you did," said General Fitzhugh laughing good-naturedly.

Before the night of the battle of Gettysburg General Lee, Major Holmes Conrad¹ and Lindsay stood on Seminary Hill discussing the oncoming battle. I think the last two had ridden over from Cashtown, but at any rate from the moment Lindsay became one of the Commissioners at Gettysburg he was obsessed by the desire to erect a monument to General Lee on the spot where he had stood the night before the battle. I shall quote from an article which, to the best of my knowledge, appeared in the *West Point Magazine* (The Association of the Graduates of the United States Military Academy) before the completion of the monument:

¹ Solicitor General under President Cleveland.

Epilogue

It was through the efforts of General Lomax that the State of Virginia made provision for the Virginia Memorial in the Park of Gettysburg, and he obtained permission from the Secretary of War to place it there. It will be a beautiful memorial when completed, inscribed "Virginia to Her Sons at Gettysburg," with General Lee on Traveler in bronze at the top and three groups, representing the three branches of the service, at the base.

Lindsay did not live to see the monument unveiled; nevertheless, it was his swan song.

"The girls" rented a house in the town of Warrenton and started a school, which they ambitiously called "The Young Ladies' Seminary." From the very first it was successful, so much so that in a few years they built a home of their own on the edge of Warrenton. I shall quote from a brief diary written there by Virginia which tells of the twilight of their days better than I could ever dream of telling it.

ELIZABETH LINDSAY LOMAX WOOD

Warrenton, Virginia, 1943

SUPPLEMENT

By VIRGINIA LOMAX

Warrenton, Virginia

Saturday, January 1, 1881.

New Year's Day.

I am going to keep a journal for my own diversion — Apologies to none.

This is a bright lovely Saturday, Mary and I are quite alone. The snow is very deep, no services in the church that I have heard of — a wonderful opportunity for some quiet reading.

What a gala, delightful day this used to be in Washington — I suppose is still, though not quite the same as it was before the war.

Anne is receiving today in her home, the Van Ness Place and Alice and Colonel Winthrop are receiving in their home on Massachusetts Avenue. Julia is spending the holidays with them.

We sent Alice the Lindsay emeralds and some of the family silver for the occasion — Louis, the colored butler, came for them. He is a faithful soul, can be trusted with anything.

Sunday, January 2, 1881.

Snow too deep for church. The fields and trees are very beautiful. We have had many visitors today in spite of the deep snow.

Our dear Rector, Mr. Nelson and Mrs. Nelson came bringing us fruit cake and a bottle of old sherry — which we enjoyed together, drinking a toast to "The Absent."

Jennie Day and Alice Payne came bringing me two exquisite roses and strawberry jam, which Mrs. Payne made for us herself.

Mrs. Mason sent me six potted geraniums, a lovely shade

Leaves from

of cerise. If I put them in the sun in the library, I am sure they will bloom for months to come. How kind our friends are.

Thursday, January 6, 1881.

Bitterly cold, but clear.

Today is the anniversary of Anne's marriage to Mr. Thomas Greene. I sent her some of my hothouse violets which are blooming profusely and are very fragrant.

A letter today from Lindsay with a check enclosed — Bless his kind heart. He never forgets.

Sunday, January 9, 1881.

Snowing steadily.

How well I remember this day last year. Vic and I stayed after the service at church to practice with the choir — then I sang a solo *There Is a Green Hill Far Away*, Vic accompanied me on the organ. As we were walking home, Vic said to me sweetly, "Jan dear, you have the most lovely voice — you brought tears to my eyes when you sang, *There Is a Green Hill Far Away*." And she hummed it softly in her own sweet voice until we reached our gate.

That afternoon, as usual, Vic taught the servants the prayers and hymns of our church. I walked alone to Lee's Ridge to see the sunset. It was a beautiful wintry sky of orange and fiery red, reflected in the fields of unbroken snow.

In the evening we had our hour with the children. Vic enjoyed it as always, she adored little Lindsay and they were so sweet and gay together. After the children had retired, we had several hours of music. My darling played and sang a number of Scotch ballads out of an old book of Mother's. Turning to me Vic said, "Do you remember, Jan, the long winter evenings at Belle Vue, shut in by the snow and the mountains,

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

when dear Mother played so beautifully on the piano, Nan on the harp and you sang. It was a world of our own," she added thoughtfully, "A long, long time ago — and yet of late it sometimes seems very near."

Monday, January 10, 1881.

School opened today — The children came in as gay as little larks. They love the snow.

Went out to the hothouse to see my flowers, they are doing beautifully, in spite of the severe cold. I am looking forward to the time when I can transplant them.

Thursday, January 20, 1881.

A bear trail discovered on Lee's Ridge — and three bears seen. Poor things, they must be starved to death.

This day last year was one of those mild, lovely days that sometimes come to us in midwinter.

Vic and I drove to a high point on the Waterloo Pike, from which we could see our new home. "How she grows," Vic exclaimed joyfully, "Why Jan dear, we will soon be looking out of the windows of our new house, and what fun we will have — planting flowers all over the place."

Wednesday, January 26, 1881.

I sat up very late last night reading — among other things I read over my last story and wondered why it won the thousand dollar prize. It is a very simple little story, written because I was lonely.

This day last year the stairs had just been finished in our new house and Vic and I went exploring all over the place, looking out of every window deciding which views we liked best, which rooms we would select as our own. Vic liked the

Leaves from

large room in the back of the house with a view of the blue hills and rolling fields. I chose the room in the front of the house next to a large cedar tree with branches tapping gently against the window and where the red cardinals build their nests. I thought if I fed them they might be induced to remain throughout the winter.

The morning after we had been over the house Vic came down to breakfast in a new pretty blue frock. "Aren't you proud of your sister, am I not the last word of fashion?" she asked with that gay smile of hers. "Vanity, vanity," I answered smiling, but thinking all the while I had never seen my darling look more lovely.

"I had a very vivid dream last night," Vic said thoughtfully, "I dreamed that dear Mother came to me and putting her hand on my shoulder gently said, 'Vic darling, you have spent your last Christmas with your family, you will not be with them much longer, but have no fear, all will be well.'"

"Nonsense Vic," I exclaimed, "you will live to be seventy."

My darling looked at me with the wonderful smile of hers and shook her head, and though she looked so well and so lovely, my heart grew cold with apprehension.

Friday, January 28, 1881.

Much milder today.

I wrote to Lindsay begging him to send little Lindsay to me for a long visit, the child loves the flowers and there is so much to interest her now, as there is something new in bloom in my hothouse almost every day. I sent a list to Saul this morning of roses for my spring planting.

Today was my darling's birthday — I filled her room with her own lilies of the valley. They are blooming wonderfully.

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Sunday, January 30, 1881.

Doctor and Mrs. Day dined with us.

Nannie Bispham brought me beautiful roses. They have lovely flowers.

This day last year was my darling's last time at church. She played on the organ after the service — so softly, so beautifully that the whole congregation lingered to hear her. As we walked home we made many plans for duets in the future, but that was the last time I ever sang in the choir.

Saturday, February 12, 1881.

A lovely spring-like day, so warm and sunny that I planted out some seeds in my garden. Just such a day as this last year my darling and I took our favorite walk to Lee's Ridge — walked as far as Leeton Forest, stood there almost an hour leaning against the rail fence watching the sun go down beyond the blue, blue mountains. There was an exquisite afterglow of delicate spring colors of rose mauve and pale green, and high in the sky the silver sheen of a lovely new moon.

“Jan dear, spring is almost here,” Vic said joyfully, and that evening her music was so light and gay — as if the coming of spring had been an inspiration to her.

Tuesday, March 15, 1881.

Beautiful day. We are having an early spring, the robins can be heard every morning and the red cardinals are busy building a new nest in my cedar trees. The trees are putting out little green leaves, wild violets, and what the children call, “Spring Beauties” are in bloom in the woods.

This day one year ago my darling and I took a drive out the Bethel Road. Vic was greatly amused because Lothaire, our little gray horse, became frightened by a log on the side of the

Leaves from

road — said he was putting on airs. I had to get out and coax him to pass the log.

Vic laughed and said, "Do you remember Jan, one warm day when you fanned Lothaire with a palm leaf fan because you said he was overheated from pulling up a tiny hill?"

"Never mind Jan," she added with her eyes twinkling, "even if Lothaire is a naughty little gray horse, I know that you love him, and if anything happens to me he is yours."

As we were returning from our delightful drive, we saw Doctor Ward sitting out on his porch, beside him there was a lovely white lily in full bloom. The Doctor waved to us and my darling called out to him gaily, "If you miss your beautiful lily do not be surprised."

"I'll come straight to you, Miss Vic," he answered smiling.

When we reached home we compared our lilies with Doctor Ward's, but they were not as lovely.

Thursday, March 17, 1881.

Worked in my garden all day.

Letter received from our cousin Tom Page in regard to the story for Scribners about Judge Lomax — an excellent story.

Sat up very late last evening writing a poem. Will send it off tomorrow to try my luck, which strange to relate has been very good with the few things that I have written.

This evening last year Vic and I spent several hours singing and playing old songs and a few new ones sent to us by dear Nan. Then Vic went to find Lindsay, she returned holding the child by the hand.

"Jan dear," she said, "will you please hear Lindsay's prayers and put her to bed." I looked up in surprise — knowing that was one of her greatest pleasures. "I am a little tired," she answered to my look of inquiry.

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The thought came to me how lovely she looked standing there — so tall and slender in her soft blue dressing gown with her long braids of auburn hair.

When Lindsay was asleep, Vic and I sat by the open fire for a long time, talking of everything under the sun. She was so clever, so witty that I forgot there was such a thing as time.

Vic's maid, Mary Washington, came in to ask something about her lessons, as she was leaving the room Vic said, "Come back, Mary, and kiss me good night — you have always been so good to me."

The girl kissed her shyly on the cheek.

Finally my darling went to bed, I still sat by the fire, strangely loath to leave her. In a few moments she said, smiling, "Jan, I am a bothersome person, but would you mind bringing Lindsay in here, even if she is asleep, I should like to kiss her little red head."

I brought the child in and though half asleep, she nestled down by Vic contentedly. I stood by the bed thinking what a sweet picture they made. Then I took Lindsay to her own little room and returned to the library to continue my reading. Once I thought that I heard Vic's voice call, "Oh, Jan." I went to her room — all was quiet so I concluded I must have been mistaken.

Friday, March 18, 1881.

It is clear today, but windy.

Received some pansy plants from Mrs. Day, she is such a kind friend. Jennie and Alice brought them to me. The children seem to know with the sensitive intuition of children, that I am very lonely now and come to see me frequently. I do not know what I should do without my flowers and my friends.

It was very early in the morning a year ago, that my darling

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sent Mary Washington to ask me to come to her. I found her walking up and down in great pain. "It is my heart, Jan," she gasped.

I sent at once for Doctor Ward. He came immediately and gave my darling a hypodermic of morphine. She did not wish to take it and said pitifully, "Oh, please wait a little while, must I take it?"

"It will relieve you of the frightful pain, darling," I answered persuasively.

"Very well," she replied with a faint smile.

But the hypodermic did not seem to relieve the pain and in about a half an hour the Doctor repeated the dose. I sat beside my darling holding her hand, just before she drifted off into unconsciousness, I whispered to her, "You are better now, aren't you, darling?" In answer she only pressed my hand.

The Doctor stayed until noon, Vic seemed to be sleeping quietly and he said to me, "I must go to my other patients now, Miss Vic is doing splendidly, but if you feel at all anxious about her do not hesitate to send for me."

My darling slept all day. At seven in the evening I asked Nettie Herriot if she thought Vic was sleeping too long. "No," she replied reassuringly, "it always takes a long time to sleep off morphine." But my heart was not at rest. I could not leave my darling and sat beside her all night in my big chair, now and then dozing off and waking up with a start and a terrible fear in my heart.

The wind at dawn blew one of the shutters partially open, a ray of light fell across the face of my darling. I was alarmed. I saw how white she looked, like marble, she had not changed her position, the light did not disturb her.

I sent for the Doctor. He tried to give my darling some brandy, she sighed faintly, but could not swallow the brandy.

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Then Doctor Ward turned to me and told me my darling was dying.

He sat beside her, holding her hand with the tears streaming down his face. I knelt at her little sewing table by the window and read aloud her favorite prayers, and while I read God took her from us — a purer, sweeter spirit never lived.

Sunday, March 20, 1881.

I walked to church with Mr. Nelson this morning, he has a very lovable nature, seems extremely fond of Lindsay. They served together during the war. He was Lindsay's chaplain — a true "fighting parson." I liked his sermon, it was very human and not too long.

My flowers looked lovely on the altar.

It was just such a bright day as this last year that my darling was buried from Saint James' Church. Before the service Mr. Nelson came to our house to have prayers, the servants and the household present, all except Lindsay. "I cannot bear it, Jan," he said and slipped away by himself.

Doctor Ward brought one of the white lilies my darling had admired so much and placed it in her beautiful hands. My darling lay there so peaceful and sweet looking.

The Church was crowded, the balcony filled with black people, for everyone loved my darling. Janet Weaver attempted to sing a solo — *There Is a Green Hill Far Away*, but broke down and a beautiful silence expressive of sorrow filled the church.

That night I kept the blessed candles burning all night in my darling's room — she so often begged me never to have things gloomy.

An OLD WASHINGTON Diary

Monday, March 21, 1881.

The stars were very lovely last night. I sat up until after midnight star gazing through my funny old telescope. Is my darling beyond the stars – I wonder?

Written by Virginia Lomax.

1881.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

From The New International Encyclopædia. Second Edition.

Volume XI.

LOMAX, LINDSAY LUNSFORD. (1835-1913). A distinguished American soldier in the Confederate Army. He was born at Newport, Rhode Island, and after graduation from the United States Military Academy in 1856 was assigned to the Second Cavalry. He resigned from the United States Army on April 25th, 1861 and was at once made a captain in the Virginia State forces. He served on the staff of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, as assistant adjutant general, and as inspector general on the staffs of General McCulloch and General Van Dorn. In 1862 he was made inspector general of the Army of East Tennessee. After much active service in the West, he was made a Colonel of the Eleventh Virginia Cavalry in 1863 and participated in the Pennsylvania campaign. In 1863 he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general and was given command of a brigade of Virginia and Maryland cavalry, which did effective work in the operations of General Fitzhugh Lee's division. He was made a major general in 1864 and rendered distinguished service in the Valley campaign under General Early. In 1865 he was given full command of the Valley District of the Department of Northern Virginia.

Appendix

Letter to Colonel L. L. Lomax, C. S. A.

Head Quarters Cavalry Division
Army of Northern Virginia
April 6, 1863.

Colonel:

Your letter was received, I will not put you to the trouble of reporting in person to my Hd Qrs, though I should like very much to see you. I enclose your commission and wish you as soon as possible to proceed to take command of your regiment. I am very glad at last to get you into service in Virginia, where you ought to have been in the beginning, and hope ere long you will take your rightful place — in the front rank of her defenders. I am profoundly grateful to Van Dorn and other friends for their remembrances. When you write, please present my regards to them.

You can ascertain at Staunton the precise location of your reg. you may find some rough edges to smooth down but (with) a steady devotion to duty with those talents and energy which you possess you will succeed.

Let me hear from you.

Yours truly,

J. E. B. STUART
Major General, Cavalry, C.S.A.

This letter has been printed from a copy of the original, and it is therefore, impossible to vouch for its absolute accuracy.