Dear Grove, Martin, and Poupette:

Once more I shall try to tell you the long promised stories of Lee and his family. This is a role I do not relish for besides being as inept with a tape recorder as the duck billed platypus -- Nixon to you -- I keep thinking what a wonderful storyteller Lee was and I do not want to spoil his image. He brought alive events, sad and ridiculous, heart-warming or fabulous. Sometimes I'd think as I listened that he was embroidering facts. But he seldom deviated from the first telling. So I shall plunge into this complex history, and if I seem to hop and skip without any particular sequence, it is the way the stories were often told to me, as they came, about some particular piece of furniture or an old manuscript or some piece of jewelry.

The first John Boyle came to this country from Ireland as an indentured man. He'd gotten into a fight with the British protecting a stranger in a pub and was given the choice of America or Australia. He was an educated person and acted as ship's clerk on the voyage and landed in Philadelphia. Soon he worked out his passage. This is what makes the story so fabulous. Here was an indentured servant and in 30 years he is acting Secretary of the Navy. In 1804, he married Catherine Burke of Baltimore, daughter of Captain Richard Burke, and that's where you get your nose, Grove. They prospered and had Levinia, Franklin, Eugene, Ron,

Cornelius and maybe more for all I know. He acquired property and possessions. They lived where the Kennedy Center now stands. His lime kilns I showed you. He bought Pretty Prospect from the Keys, and a lot more property.

Some of John Boyle's money was made by purchasing land grants which had been given to the Revolutionary War soldiers. Have you seen all the letters from around Peoria in that trunk I gave you? The Duncan Phyfe table and wine chest were his, as well as the not too good gilt edge mirror made in Baltimore. He was an ardent admirer of Andrew Jackson and their hot tempers did give them a kindred feeling; he served as Acting Secretary of the Navy under Andrew Jackson. But he had a row with a Naval Officer and slapped him and called him a liar. First he had to apologize and then resign. He did so, but "he was sorry that the man was still a liar." By the time Cornelius grew up, there was money, position, glory. Still he wasn't an idle person. Because he became a physician, that's Cornelius. And for those times, a good one. I have the feeling of an intensely proud man.

To go back to John Boyle, the books that I have, the Dryden, the Shakespeare, belong to John. This is not characteristic of an uneducated man. I wish I had the means to delve back into their past. Who was he? From where did he come? Anyways he was important enough to be buried in St. Patrick's Churchyard at 9th and G Streets. And when Woodward and Lothrop's expansion occurred his body was taken to the Catholic Cemetery at Forestville where the National Park

Seminary was; it is now part of Walter Reed Army Medical Center. There is an old Catholic Church there. The candelabra, the Sheffield footed tray with the grape border, the melon shaped coffee urn, the butter dish with the cow on top, the Sheffield bread tray with grape border, these were all part of the Boyle silver. I suppose they were part of the silver that Mrs. Hardesty once told us about, of going out to the Tucker Farm where Catholic University now is and seeing the family dig it up. Tucker was related but I'm not sure how. The silver had been buried there during the Civil War.

Cornelius, attended by his secretary -- this is Cornelius Boyle -- went to a ball in Virginia, saw Frances Greene, and turning to the young man, his secretary, said, "There's the woman I'm going to marry." And he did. Frances was the daughter of Thomas Dabney Greene, who was Pastor of the Episcopal Church of Norfolk, Virginia. His father had been the brother of Gen. Nathaniel Greene and was also a general himself, from Rhode Island. He successfully chased the British out of South Caroline and North Caroline and aided in the victory at Yorktown which ended the Revolution. There is a scrap of green brocade made into a little apron in the camphor chest which is part of Frances' wedding dress and which she is wearing in the tinted photograph we have of her. She looked so lovely and serene. I have a feeling, though, that she was equally as strong a character as Cornelius. Anxious for your evaluations of her letters.

Junius Boyle was the brother of Cornelius and sailed around the world with Matthew Perry as commander of the Southampton. The Irish penny with the notation by Cornelius, "My brother has carried this around the world with him and so on," is one relic of that voyage. This was the voyage that opened Japanese ports to American trade. The lovely turtoise shell sewing box is another relic as is the Chinese shawl in the camphor chest. Mrs. Hardesty told me one time that her father had wrapped her in the shawl and held her on his knee while they watched the main building of White Sulphur burn. But that's another story. The ten Chinese pennies on rice paper are part of the Perry Expedition that Eugene brought back, as is that one Japanese print of the "Go Down" where the American forces waited nine months to be admitted to Japan's ports. There is also a silver fish match safe which I think is from the expedition too. Franklin Boyle, also a brother of Cornelius, was often at odds with him. See the diaries. Lee, your father, never knew what happened. Seemed to think Cornelius thought that Franklin had married a bit beneath him.

And then there was Esmeralda, daughter of Cornelius' brother, Junius, who wrote poetry, never married and was always called Aunt Essie. I think I did tell you about meeting dear Mrs. Loughboro. She came out one Sunday morning in the spring to see the snow drops once more. This is when we were living in the stone house in Green Acres. She was then in her eighties, and told of Esmeralda visiting them after the Civil

War. Said she was a stuck up piece. Esmeralda objected to seeing the Loughboros washing their own dishes. Who did she think was going to wash them now, Ms. Loughboro said.

Juan Boyle was another child of Junius, and through him, Grove, you are related to Colonel William Ashton Ely of the Army. Judy Ely Gloringer whose mother was Eleanor, daughter of Juan, was married to Major General Hanson Ely of World War I fame. I told you, I think, about a cousin of that branch of the family who came to Washington to visit them shortly after the Lincoln Memorial was completed. They were driving her over to Arlington House and were swinging around the monument when a quiet little voice from the back seat said, "And how does Mr. Lincoln look?" "Why, Cousin Mamie, there he is, right there. We are passing him." And she answered, "I wouldn't look at him." There she sat primly with her eyes scrinched shut.

Cornelius also had a sister Catherine, and I think she above all the rest was his favorite. She went to the Baltimore Academy and I am sorry to admit I gave the dear little book he gave her when she went off to school to my friend Molly Masland. It was a thing on manners and morals for a young gentlewoman. My favorite letter of Cornelius is one he wrote Catherine when he was about to leave to colonize in Mexico. You've heard the story of how when Cornelius formed a company of southern sympathizers at the outbreak of the war between the States, they drilled earnestly, were investigated and innocently claimed it was a social club for

the purpose of marching in parades and so on. But when Fort Sumter was fired on, Cornelius marched his band over the bridge into Virginia. I believe Frances and the children followed and joined her brother, agreeing to live near Warrenton. Cornelius became the Provost Marshall of the Army of Northern Virginia, where his very exact knowledge of the political scene and persons who were Federal or Southern partisans seemed valuable. He was much hated by the Federals, called the "infamous Major B." He got into some trouble for his treatment of prisoners. This is one of the reasons that he wasn't allowed to come back into the District after the hostilities ceased and was not granted amnesty as were most southerners. I feel too, that he was kept out by Stanton, the Secretary of War. The story goes that he had paid taxes on his properties in Washington through Stanton who had been his friend, but the greater part of his property was lost because Stanton didn't pay the taxes. After his death, his son Boyle, John "Wallstreet John" of the Wall Street Journal and Frances, his oldest daughter whom we called Godmother, became guardians of the minor children, Catherine, Cornelius Breckenridge, Watson, Eustacia and for a long time they lived by selling quit claim deeds to Washington property owned by Cornelius which had been illegally seized during the war. As late as 1922 the government paid Eustacia some small sum for her property that they were trying to clear up near the Capitol.

After the war was over, Cornelius decided to leave the country and went to Mexico to investigate the possibilities there. He met Eustace Baron, a wealthy landowner in Mexico City, and in a very orderly fashion promoted a scheme to start a colony. You have all the materials from that promotion scheme in the trunk, Grove. He was not alone in this idea; Major General Early was there in Mexico at the same time. And there was an interesting notation either in a letter to Frances or in the diary. "General Early returned to me the pistols he had borrowed during the flight from the Shenandoah Valley." This was in the final stages of the War between the States when Grant encircled General Lee and pushed him closer and ever closer to the surrender at Appomatox. Eustacia Baron Boyle, Grove's grandmother, was named for Eustace Baron for she was born while Cornelius was in Mexico. Another interesting item to me, Damn Yankee and Civil War buff that I am, is that Cornelius' bodyguard in Mexico was the infamous bushwacker Quantrelle. He was a horrible character in the mid-west who raided both sides equally. I'm sure he headed for Mexico because if either side caught him he would have been hung. I suppose he was a good bodyguard.

So Cornelius came home and gathered up Frances to let her see his grand scheme in Mexico. She traveled with him over the Isthmus of Panama and then up to San Francisco by boat. Her charming letter to her boys written from the posh hotel in San Francisco is in the trunk. And then down to Baja California where the land was located, and then she balked.

She refused to bring her children up in a heathen country. She was a courageous creature to stand up to Cornelius. Even the feat of crossing the Isthmus and going to California was no small act for a woman, so the Mexico venture folded. Frances died in childbirth in Virginia. The baby died too. Cornelius wasn't even granted the courtesy of having Frances buried in Washington in the family plot. No amnesty even in death. She was buried first in Virginia and later transferred to Glenwood Cemetery, across from the Catholic Shrine, in the Boyle family plot. Be sure to read that pathetic first entry in the diary of that year: how it rained when he brought her back. There is another bit I wanted to go back to. While Cornelius was in Mexico his daughter Levinia died. Frances wrote him and his first reaction was that of a father, but then in the second letter his reaction was that of the physician. Why? and How and What Happened? Be sure you try to read Cornelius' and Frances' letters in conjunction with each other. So there Cornelius was in Virginia, unable to come home and pick up the pieces of his life and his profession with six young children: Frances, John, Cornelius Breckenridge, Watson, Catherine, Eustacia. So he had another idea. He started the White Sulphur Springs venture. He was going to run a spa.

The diaries of this time tell all that I know of it except that one brief lucid moment when Mrs. Hardesty, Eustacia, told me of the fire when the main building burned and her father held her on his knees wrapped in the fabulous Chinese shawl. Her chin raised up and she said very proudly,

"My father was a very handsome man." They were a proud lot. Frances, "godmother," Cornelius' oldest daughter, must go off to a ladies seminary and become a young gentlewoman and have a new dress. How did he scrape together the money? By selling ice from his ice ponds. I think the diaries of this time are most revealing of the stamina of that wonderful man. There are other oddly revealing bits in the diaries. Only one brief mention of seeing Miss B. out driving and she was very pretty. This was Cherry Bethune whom he later married. She was the daughter of General James Bethune of Georgia. Frances, god-mother that is, was furious, hated her passionately for usurping her mother's place and her own place as the feminine head of the household. The quarrel was so bitter that Eustacia was farmed out with some of her mother's relatives. When Cornelius died Cherry Bethune returned to her father's people in the south and John and Frances took over the raising of the minor children.

It was a struggle. But Cornelius Breckenridge, Uncle Breck, went through medical school and later married Cecilia DuHamel. There were no children. John and Frances never married. I don't believe Watson, a newspaper man, did either. You remember reading of his death in the Rockies in a blizzard. Lee loved him for he used to come east to visit when Lee was a young lad and there is a lovely moss agate pin which he brought to Sister (Eustacia, Lee's sister) on one of his visits which is upstairs in my house. Catherine Boyle married Dr. Francis Cameron and they had two children.

Godmother thought that she was going to take over that menage on Catherine's sudden death from a heart attack. There were stupendous rows and Dr. Cameron bundled up his two children and divorced himself from the whole family. From what I gather Eustacia, your grandmother, was the darling and spoiled pet of the older children. Lots of beaux and so on. Sawyer wooed her for a long time. She was about two years older than he and he enjoyed spoiling her all the rest of his days. Anything "Stacie" wanted she got. And as their fortune improved she gloried in spending and he gloried in indulging her. Eleanor Ely, a cousin, told me of a visit to Dulin and Martin's with Stacie one day when she spent four thousand dollars on crystal and china. Here's a little divergence about John Boyle, or Uncle John, who was head of the Washington office of the Wall Street Journal. He was quite a character, much loved by my Lee. He was much given to enjoying his liquor. He and cousin Tucker arrived at the Manor Club House one Sunday afternoon, wet to the knees where they had waded the little stream instead of using the bridge. They spent some time shooting the wings from the bees as they sat on the porch with their feet cocked up on the railing much to Stacie's (your grandmother, Grove) embarrassment. Also he broke off with William Jennings Bryan, his bosom drinking companion. When Bryan came out for temperance, he vowed "I'll never speak to the SOB again, the hypocrite." Lee could never pass the statue of William Jennings Bryan that used to be next to Henyer's Brewery without a chuckle. He cherished the memory of Uncle John's cuss words.

Another thing I came across the other day was the notice of Anne Ely's death at the age of 81. She was the granddaughter of General Robert E. Lee and my Lee was a groomsman at the wedding. The man she married was Hanson Ely, a step cousin of Lee's, who had been in love with Lee's sister Eustacia before she died. Later on he married Anne Ely. The wedding was held at Upperville, Virginia, and word got out that General Lee's sword was to be brought up from the museum in Richmond to cut the cake. That brought out all the old Confederate Veterans because there were still some living at that time. They came trudging out, walking miles some of them, and converged on the house. Came up on the porch. The table was a great long one set on the porch. As they came down the porch, some of the guests at the breakfast table gave them a sip of champagne and by the time they got down to "Marse" Robert's sword they were higher than billy goats. Lee's description of it was just wonderful; I wish I could do it the way he did. He said that they were giving the rebel yell. They would get down on their knees and kiss the sword. One old codger grabbed the sword, waved it and brandished it. Ah, but I haven't his gift of description.

Tales of Hardesty are equally as fabulous. The first ones are supposed to have come over on the Ark and the Dove with Lord Calvert. Originator of the tribe was supposed to have sired 18 sons and one daughter. He had two wives. But the first set of children fought with the second set and left southern Maryland (this is the branch from which Lee descended),

settled in the Shenandoah Valley at Harrisonburg and became prosperous dealers in cattle.

Your great grandfather, Grove, was Joseph Robert Lee Hardesty, who became a doctor because his prospective father-in-law, Samuel Ficklin, refused the hand of his daughter Susan to anyone but a professional man no matter how much money he had. So Dr. Hardesty became an eye specialist and surgeon and graduated from the University of Virginia. It was well he did, for Susan and the doctor suffered greatly from the War between the States. As you know, General Robert E. Lee joined the Confederate forces at the outbreak of the fighting between the North and the South. The Federal Government seized Arlington House, that same Arlington House on which John Boyle lent $2,000 to George Washington Parke Custis, Robert E. Lee's father-in-law. The South then seized Monticello in retaliation. Now the Ficklins lived at Belmont, the estate next to Monticello which had been sold by Jefferson's daughter to Commodore Levy of the United States Navy. The Ficklin and Hardesty families thereupon bought Monticello for $30,000 British gold from the Confederate government. Sam Ficklin, his daughter Susan (married to Joseph Robert Lee Hardesty), Susan's brother Ben, the blockade runner, and another brother, "Dissolute Willie," all moved into Monticello. The Hardestys had been burned out of their pleasant farm home in the valley. Subsequently, Dr. Hardesty took a trip abroad with Ben the blockade runner to purchase medical supplies for the Confederate Army. After the war ended, the family returned the

property to the Levy family knowing they could not prove title to it. The Levys are supposed to have been most grateful to the Ficklins for the care taken of the property and said that any of the family would always have the freedom of the house. Sawyer, Grove's grandfather, is the only child of the family who claimed the prerogative and did visit the Levys, riding up on horseback in the 80's, and was cordially welcomed.

But Lee and I, while waiting to get into Monticello, had this encounter. There was a good old colored man taking tickets at the gate. Lee asked him how long he had been around these parts. The good old colored man says, "Seventy two years come Tuesday," Lee asked, "Do the names of Ficklin and Hardesty mean anything to you?" The old colored man, turning his eyes with horror upon Lee, said "You any kin to Mr. Willie?" It seems that Uncle Willie sold some of the Jefferson furniture left in the house to pay his gambling debts. He died in 1914, but his memory had lingered on in Charlottesville and that's why there is so little Jefferson furniture left in the house. Whenever my Lee bragged too long about his family, I'd say, "You any kin to Mr. Willie?"

Sam Ficklin, Grove's great-great grandfather, is supposed to have died in Jefferson's bed. He is buried, I believe, in the cemetery in Charlottesville for which the Ficklins have donated the ground with the proviso that if it was ever used for anything other than the cemetery, it would revert to the heirs. The little diaries and few letters Dr. Hardesty wrote from England tell only a little of his

adventures abroad when he went to buy supplies for the Confederate Army. He was supposed to have studied eye surgery in Austria and according to Lee was the first to use cocaine in eye surgery in this country. He hobnobbed with Dr. Lister in England, and I find one of his little notebooks most interesting with his prescriptions and so on. The same notebook has a list of things he was going to bring back for Susan and children. He did bring back among other things a diamond-set chateleine in royal blue enamel for Susan and a glove box inlaid with Mother of Pearl, a fine inlaid wood sewing box now holding buttons, and a darling inlaid box holding a few little perfume bottles from Paris. From these inlaid boxes comes another tale. He also brought an early Wedgewood copy of the Etruscan vase which is badly damaged, I'm sorry.

Dr. Hardesty was quite a good eye surgeon but unfortunately one day his knife slipped and he cut himself, contracting blood poisoning from his patient. He lost the use of his arm in those septic days and never recovered its full use and that is why they moved from Baltimore to Wheeling, West Virginia. Something about the sulphur air being good for his arm. To go back to the boxes, all those lovely inlaid boxes around the house which Dr. Hardesty laboriously carved with his surgical tools must have been inspired by those boxes he brought Susan from England and France. He also made the large silver chest with its velvet lined trays and it too is a marvel of fitting.

Somewhere vaguely I remember that the Hardesty's were burnt out three times in the Shenandoah Valley during the war. Life in Wheeling wasn't very affluent I believe. Once Uncle Will asked his father how his day had gone and Dr. Hardesty replied, "Today I've been working in my Master's Vineyard." Which meant he had been paid in potatoes.

The Hardestys were very prosperous cattle dealers in and around Harrisonburg before the Civil War. For some time after the war Dr. Hardesty practiced in Baltimore. There is a tale about a grand ball held there after the war which was supposed to heal all the sorry feelings and so on. Dr. Hardesty and Susan went, only to see a Federal officer's wife go parading by in Susan's very own and very special paisley shawl which her brother Ben (the blockade runner) had brought her from Scotland on a jaunt that he had made in the war. She had initialed it and she went to the woman and flipped up the corner and saw the initials and said, "Madam, I believe you have my shawl." The woman replied, "Pooh! Fortunes of war, fortunes of war my dear." It nearly broke up the party.

Susan was a wonderful cook and her cookbook survives. There is also a complicated story about the Hardestys fleeing before the Federals as they came down the Valley. The Federal officer who occupied the house after the Hardestys fled toward Charlottesville kept his men from looting the place and left a note for Susan who he had known at University of Virginia parties. He said that they hoped that they would find the place undisturbed. Unfortunately, he was followed by another

troop, which completely looted the place and wantonly destroyed a lot. But they left the note behind and the first officer was roundly blamed and berated for his careless sarcasm.

I seem to be off on Hardesty tales, but the Valley reminds me of them. In the early 1800's a daughter of the family was about to be married and her grandmother told her to go up to the attic with her finance and take anything she wanted from the things stored there. The old lady was busily knitting by the fire when the girl and boy dashed down the stairs carrying a portrait of a young, handsome, British officer and asked the grandmother, "Who is this?" The old lady snatched the portrait and with her steel knitting needles, slashed it out of the frame and threw the beautiful painting on the fire saying, "Never speak to me of this again." The story is that it was her first husband, son of Benedict Arnold. After his father's betrayal of the country, his son joined the British forces and died. Susan and Dr. Hardesty's first son became estranged from his parents and he married a widow "beneath him" (I love that phrase). This made the family furious because he named his adopted son Isaac Robert Lee. Roberta was the first name of the Hardesty daughter to marry Jack McBlain, regular Army officer, Indian fighter. He had a son Jack who is a retired Brigadier General in the Air Force. Last I heard he lived in California. And that brings me up to the subject of the funerals and the warring Hardestys.

Aunt Mamie Hardesty, born Mary Stuart, daughter of the Superintendent of Schools in D. C., was about to marry

Uncle Will Hardesty. Invitations were out for a large and very fashionable wedding. When poor old Jack McBlain died in Texas, he was shipped home to Arlington. The body arrived for the burial on the day of the wedding and to the horror of the family Aunt Mamie refused to change her wedding plans. So none of the family came to the wedding and that was the start of that feud. I can close my eyes and see and hear Aunt Mamie telling the tale. All those presents, the flowers, the caterer, the dutchess lace on her wedding gown and all those presents. Those presents grew larger and larger.

The next funeral melee happened when Lee's sister Eustacia died, and this one takes so much background I keep putting off the day of writing it down. When my Lee was about 8, his father Sawyer Hardesty began making more money, I suppose, and because of Lee's and his mother's hay fever, Canada seemed a good summer refuge. They built a lodge on a lake and their neighbors were the four famous doctor-founders of Johns Hopkins; the families became close friends. I have an idea this affluence was a bit hard on Aunt Mamie and Uncle Will. But not until sister's funeral did it really burst out, for they weren't asked to sit upstairs with the family and the famous Hopkins doctors but downstairs with just ordinary people. How that cut, not to be with the high and mighty -- and the indignation still bubbled in Aunt Mamie's throat when she told it to me in 1956, for she was so proud of the doctor's degree that Uncle Will earned after they were married, acquired the hard way while he worked as a Congressional secretary by

day and studied by night. We never knew whose particular oversight this had been at sister's funeral. I have an idea "godmother" Frances Boyle, daughter of Cornelius, was behind it. But then I may be maligning her. She was guaranteed to stir up a row at the drop of a hat. That was one family member Lee's father, Sawyer, absolutely refused to live with.

All their family life they seemed to have some family member to care for, grandfather and grandmother Hardesty, Jack McBain, Jack McBain's widow, and so on. The Boyle family always thought themselves a cut above the Hardestys. Susan and Robert Lee Hardesty had a lot of children. There was first of all Joseph Robert Lee, who I told you was an estranged one, and Roberta married to the Indian fighter Jack McBain, Frederick Sawyer Hardesty, Grove's grandfather, Anne Remington who died early, Ben, father of Betty Phillips and Josephine Moses, and Uncle Will (Dr. William Slaughter Hardesty who married Mary Elizabeth Stuart, Aunt Mamie; they had no children). There was also a brother Lewellyn, who died in his teens. Lee had no great admiration for Ben Hardesty. He was always showing up promising great things for his parents; new furniture, bigger apartment and so on, leaving Sawyer to foot the bills and then disappearing from all their lives for several years. Lee warned me that Betty, his daughter, was quite like Ben, but I had to find that out for myself.

Sawyer was a generous, loving soul. Whatever Stacie wanted she was given and when Sawyer took that long trip around the world with the White Fleet as an engineer, somewhere about

1900, something to do with testing coaling, I think, he brought back fabulous things bought at every port. Cream colored Maltese laced silk shawl, teakwood elephants, the little repousse Indian tea set were some of the things. A fabulous yellow diamond, which was stolen, was another. He had so much he had a camphor chest made in Korea to put all the gifts in. It is still sturdy and intact in my guest room. He built up quite a business as a representative for GE and many large companies. During World War I, they lived in a 14-room apartment on 16th Street. They abandoned the camp in Canada and joined a very swank Adirondack Club instead. When they bought the Manor Club they did a huge remodeling. GE put in a complete refrigeration plant for the dairy that was to make it a working farm. They had a farm manager who subsequently absconded, leaving huge farm expenses for which Mr. Hardesty had given him the money. These bills were all unpaid. The ballrooms were added and housed the family portraits by Galli who also did the Larz Anderson. Mrs. Hardesty's portrait was lovely. But it was 5x7 feet without the frame; what can one do with a 5x7 foot portrait? Nothing would house it and after getting the four portraits out of storage where they had been eating their heads off and costing a small fortune and farming her out to various willing and unwilling friends and relatives after Lee's death, I finally gave her to Bob Jolin, my friend Olive's son, who cut her down to size. He still has her. The portrait of sister I gave to Betty Phillips and only Lee and his father are in my possession. Have you caught the

resemblance in Sawyer's portrait and Martin? And of course Lee's portrait is quite like Grove. These portraits were painted shortly after Sister's death.

Sister's death was a terrible blow. Lee was in the Army Engineers in Kentucky when she died in the flu epidemic. And then came the end of the war, cancellation of the lucrative contracts, the embezzlement of the farm manager and the gradual decline of Sawyer's empire. Lee always felt that he lost interest after Sister's death. They were such a loving family. Sawyer struggled on but the spark was gone. The Manor Club was sold. Miss Ryan, Sawyer's secretary, once bewailed the fact to me that Sawyer didn't declare bankruptcy and instead paid off everything. They moved to a small apartment on Connecticut Avenue. Lee had married Elsa by then. Sawyer still had retainer fees coming in, but the glorious days of horses, wonderful servants, prize German Shepherd dogs, the Chevy Chase Club, the Canadian and Adirondack camps were gone. Lee moved on to New York and came back here in the Army as a purchasing agent when World War II broke out. He had married Elsa in the thirties. Sawyer and Eustacia, after Sawyer had survived a dreadful asthma and bronchial attack, had gone to Cuba to prospect for tungsten on the Isle of Pines. Pursuing his dream of finding tungsten, Sawyer begged Lee to let him die with his boots on. He was then in his 70's and very frail. He acquired the rights to a wonderful patent process of plating the tungsten. When war broke out they were marooned in Cuba and Lee had an awful time getting them back

to the States. They were in Florida when Sawyer Hardesty died.

By this time Elsa and Lee had moved to Nyack, New York and Mrs. Hardesty came to live with them, which proved impossible. When Elsa died in 1948 Lee kept his mother in a nursing home in Nyack and later on in Washington. These were bitter, hard times for Lee. He worked for Dr. Sarbacher, the brilliant electronic engineer, and all the time expenses mounted up, all the collection of furniture from the Manor Club was eating its head off at Security Storage. He finally had a sale at Sloane's and was mourning the loss of the family treasures when I met him.

I'd better get off that subject and add a lighter note or two. Before we were married, Lee confessed to having 16 trunks. They were then in storage or tucked away with friends. And some furniture too. He finally came through with 26 trunks. What does one do with 26 trunks in a two bedroom apartment? The contents couldn't be casually dumped in an incinerator. It all had to be sorted carefully. There were lots of things that Lee didn't even know about. They had belonged to dead aunts and uncles for he was the last of the tribe. For instance, I found one of the Robert E. Lee letters next to a 1908 Christmas card. Everything was all scrambled together, helter skelter. Took months to sort out the linens and so on. We counted up 448 napkins. What does one do with 448 napkins?

Instead, I'll talk about some of the things that survived the holocaust. An old barometer of Dr. Cornelius Boyle, "the notorious Major B." Have you been able to decipher the diaries and notice how carefully he recorded the temperature and so on? One box of Cornelius Boyle's I am pretty sure is from the Perry expedition; lovely tortoise shell and inlay. One of the relics I particularly like is the tufted upholstered rocker in my bedroom. Lee always said its loving arms surround you, and they do. I treasure that blanc-mange mold that belonged to Susan Ficklin Hardesty which Uncle Will Hardesty gave me. The Jefferson Coat of Arms picture Lee said belonged to John Boyle. I thought it would have been more appropriately a Hardesty relic and have come from Monticello, but Lee swore it was Boyle's.

There is quite a bit of family jewlry. The piece that Lee loved best was the bracelet made of sections of the first transatlantic cable which was laid by the shop Great Eastern and set in rope gold by Tiffany. This was a Boyle possession, as was the first John Boyle's watch fob pendant of quartz and pearl. I love to think of that ex-indentured servant, condemned to America or Australia, becoming acting Secretary of the Navy, driving around with a gaudy fob on his tummy. Another treasure is the cameo portrait of Dr. Cornelius Boyle. It was made by Saunt Gaudens, whose statute of Grief is in the Rock Creek Church Cemetery. The memorial is quite close to the Hardesty plot. The blue enamel diamond set chatalaine was brought back by Dr. Hardesty to his wife

when he went to Europe to buy the medical supplies.

A lot of these things are like stepping back in history and time. There is the Mexican war sword of Eugene Boyle, son of the first John, distinguished himself at the battle of Monterey, died of yellow fever and was buried at sea on his way home. I wonder if it was before or after Vera Cruz; I never thought to ask Lee. Major Boyle's dress sword is here too. He served as Provost Marshall of the Army of Northern Virginia under General Lee. Because he had been a prominent physician in Washington he knew most persons of consequence in the District. While stationed at Manassas he could sort the wheat from the chaff and keep out with the suspected spys and sympathizers. So he was cordially hated by the Federals and it was one of the reasons he was not given amnesty until five years after most southerners. Or was Lincoln's Secretary of War, Stanton, hanging onto his property, I wonder?

Some of the old silver as I said earlier, was buried in Tucker Farm during the Civil War. I imagine it was the big urn, the small Sheffield tray, the graceful but battered pitcher, the big candelabra, and the butter dish. They are Boyle. The large Tiffany coffee service and tray were Elsa's grandmother's as is the tremendous set of Tiffany flatware. There are 13 dozen of these plus many serving pieces. But the silver I love best is the Hardesty Stieff and older things. I can imagine Susan gathering them up and fleeing from the Federals as the Army swept down the Shenandoah Valley. My

Lee said they were burnt out three times. The little beaded tray is another relic of Susan's but the story Lee used to tell about the small Gorham tea service always intrigued me. He swore up and down that his mother won it as a prize from the Ladies Home Journal for submitting the idea for Baked Alaska in a contest. He always would add with a quizzical look that Mother couldn't cook. And I'd say, "Either you or your mother are making this up." Either way there is the little set, nice but not gaudy. There is not much furniture left. Only John Boyle's Duncan Phyfe table and a wine chest mentioned in the inventory of the estate. There is a lot of memorabilia, the silhouette of John Boyle and Catherine Burke. I swear you have her nose, Grove. I also have John's picture and naturalization papers signed by Judge Nicholson who is considered by many to be the father of the American Navy.