

Chapter Two

"You look so Nice such a long way off!"

(from "Happy Thoughts," *Punch*, September 1, 1866)

U.S. M. A. West Point N.Y.ⁱ

Jan. 3rd, 1873

My dear dear Miss Nannie

You said you would be lonely when you returned to Washington and so I am going to write you a long, long letter to try and cheer you up it will at least give you something to occupy yourself with for a few minutes. I would do anything I could to keep my darling Miss Nannie from having a moment of sadness or loneliness. How it cheers my loneliness to be thus with her no one knows but myself. So that is a great blessing to be with you so soon again, for you notice I am commencing a day earlier than usual to write my letter and I have taken this paper because it has a good large envelope and I hope then to spend many happy moments with you between now and Sunday night. After searching diligently, I at last found today a prayer book or rather St. John's something or other, any way it had a table from which I found that Easter Sunday comes on the 13th of April. That's a very, very long time and the plain that is now so white will be soft and green! If you come up then and stay any length of time you will see riding whether it will be of the circus description I can't say, but won't you let it tempt you into delaying your departure?

Why do you dislike Miss Burriss so? (if it's not impertinent) The most attractive feature to me about her was that she would talk so kindly and adoringly of you. But only meeting her for one short evening what could I tell concerning her. Who are not your friends are not my friends. I only wish to know why you dislike her because you seem to me so good and gentle that I am curious to know why you dislike anybody who apparently is fond of you.

No you never told me that you came near being adopted by Dr. Alan Smith.ⁱⁱ I should like to hear about all that concerns you. I suppose you love all your uncles so much that it is hard to tell which one you do love the best for you told me once that your Uncle Foster was your favorite and now you say you love your Uncle Alan the most. Well it's a very pretty blunder any way and one that ought to make both uncles happy. I should so like to see you in your bridesmaid dress when you stand up dutifully to see that your uncle is properly married by the little mischief maker Cupid. I have not the slightest doubt but that you will look lovely; my only sorrow being that I cannot see you.

Is Mrs. Gibbon reconciled to the idea yet? I hope so sincerely for your and Gen. Foster's sake. By the way dear Miss Nannie in what way has Miss Fannie changed? I don't think I understand you; for wishing to be a nun would not afflict her mother to tears would it?ⁱⁱⁱ

And do you mean when you write that she is “so sorry I can’t be one” that she refers to herself or do you refer to yourself? Because if she is sorry you can’t be one I can’t say that I participate in the sorrow, for if you were to take it into that wise little head of yours “not to be” and were to retire from God’s (wicked) world what on earth would become of me? That’s not of much importance to any one else but it is to me I assure you.

I am afraid I must begin to think of leaving you my darling Miss Nannie. You know it is not Saturday night. I was so lonely that I could not help coming to you for just a little while and then I thought of your own loneliness, dear, dear Miss Nannie how I wish I could be with you.

Good night and good bye until tomorrow.

Many pleasant and happy dreams and again – Good night my own darling Miss Nannie. Believe me

Ever yours lovingly

C,E,S, Wood.

A Fashionable Wedding

Nannie was no stranger to drama and uproar, and her theatrical talents proved valuable even within her family relationships. The “much-talked-of marriage of Miss Annie J. Davis and General J.G. Foster” was a Washington newspaper headline but an understatement to the commotion that swelled within the Moale family as the impending nuptials came to light. Widower John Foster^{iv} had been living in Dr. Lincoln’s household for a few months when Nannie introduced her 49-year old uncle to one of her schoolmates, Annie Davis. Like sisters, the girls made their society debut together in early 1872, but Nannie disregarded the age difference (over 30 years) between her girlfriend and her beloved uncle as inconsequential. The young ladies knew it would be great fun to plan a military wedding and Nannie would soon have a girlfriend for an aunt. She would have yet another home to visit and best of all, the hostess would be a new relative as well as a socialite friend.

Nannie’s aunt, Mary L. Moale, Foster’s wife of twenty years, died on June 6, 1871. Wasting little time, his engagement to Miss Annie Davis was announced the following autumn and a wedding date set for January 9, 1872. Foster’s married daughter, Annie Moale who shared the Confederate attack on Fort Sumter with cousin Nannie in 1861, was married now and stationed in the West with her husband, Lieutenant Henry Seton and could not attend the wedding nor could she influence her father’s plans.

The Moale family was so disturbed by their former brother-in-law’s sudden choice for a second wife – and the acts of Cupidity performed by Nannie to promote it – that they threatened to sever ties. Nannie’s Aunt Gussie suggested a convent “would be very beneficial”^v for her niece where she might learn to be “less selfish” and more self-controlled.

Suddenly, as Wood's letter implies with regard to Uncle Alan Smith, Nannie's paternal family – the Smiths in Baltimore – seemed a more welcoming body of relatives to the orphaned girl.

Nan's memoir and treasured news clippings revealed many details. As the wedding day approached, the eighteen-year-old girls spun themselves into a frenzy spending hours and hours orchestrating the wedding ceremony, designing the fashionable finery, and entertaining bridesmaids and groomsmen in the preceding weeks before the grand event. Like the books of fairy tales Cousin Nathan had given her as a little girl, this was a spun-sugar world come true. Uncle Foster was a generous and loving uncle who enjoyed the immeasurable pleasure experienced by his bride and her friends as the festivities mounted and the day approached. Money was not to be spared, the bride's family was rich and the General was even wealthier. Every detail was addressed, and as if it was her own grand wedding march, Foster's niece was the center of attention and in full command.

American women gained a degree of independence in the 1860s as men of the North and the South marched to fife and drums, leaving wives, daughters and young lads to assume masculine occupations. By the 1870s, some women absorbed control of family fortunes and properties, managing businesses but often still directing behind the scenes. But times were changing rapidly with expansion across the continent, and all social levels were impacted. In the West, the donation land claim and homesteading acts firmly established women's rights to legally own property, and in a few territories and states, those women who owned property held the right to vote. They were the same women who emigrated from the East to the West, and a few of them were army wives who travelled and corresponded frequently comparing notes and sharing new ideas. Word spread quickly that their sisters in the West managed their own destinies.

Orchestrating grand events, like socialite weddings and dinner parties for the well-known or famous, fell well within the talents and acceptable purview of the female upper echelons of Washington and Baltimore. Military officers of all ranks fell into formation and marched to different orders for social extravaganzas.

Society weddings of the early 1870s were grand events – opportunities for the children of the Civil War and their supportive families to splurge and with gaiety and laughter, they incorporated militaristic pomp and circumstance into lavish, magnificent events. The nation breathed a sigh of relief when widows of the war once again donned colors in place of the solemn dark widows' weeds so many had worn for nearly a decade. Among the wealthier classes, a greater variety of fabrics and skilled seamstresses were available to design sumptuous gowns. The influence

of European couture gained prominence as popular journals like *Harper's* touted new fashions and printed dress patterns.

Cotton resumed its popular market after the insufferable shortages and disdain by abolitionists a decade earlier. Encouraged by more reliable heating systems and the demand for garment flexibility that allowed engrossing activities, women's fashion replaced heavy brocades, wide crinolines and woolen undergarments with more supple flowing cottons, muslins, gauzes, and tightly woven grosgrain^{vi} that reflected light and shimmered in the ballroom. Gossamer organzas and sheers formed overskirts and feminine dressing gowns.

At Last the Day Arrives

Confiding in Nannie that an unsuitable chore still remained, one that was slightly embarrassing, Foster solicited his niece's help in burning all of the love letters he had accumulated after his wife's death. Judging by Nan's memoir there must have been a sizeable number as one by one, on the eve of the wedding, Nannie assisted her uncle by tossing each letter into the stove that burned in his room at the Lincoln household.

An hour before the ceremony, serving as an attendant daughter might, Nannie wound the scarlet sash around her uncle's brilliant uniform. With a kiss on the cheek, she pronounced him ready for battle.^{vii}

The Washington society reporter was very attentive and keenly provided a detailed account for the public. Many of the specifics might otherwise have passed unnoticed. The news story revealed much of the sentiment of the day:^{viii}

“The wedding of General John G. Foster, of the United States Army, and Miss Annie J. Davis at St. Matthew's Church,^{ix} at eight o'clock last evening, was a brilliant and fashionable event. Long before that hour the street, steps, and portico were thronged with a crowd of curious lookers-on, which became so dense that the invited guests found it almost impossible to effect an entrance; but once at the door the wisdom of allowing none but those provided with cards of admission was manifest; for, although the number of guests invited was immense, everyone was provided a seat, and there was no confusion. This was a great measure owing to the exertions of the ushers attired in full evening costume, Messrs. Morris, Roache, Edwards, and [Wager] Swayne.^x “The church was crowded with one of the largest assemblages of the higher circles of society ever witnessed on any similar occasion in Washington, D.C. The ladies, as usual in all such affairs, were in the majority, and many of the toilets were exceedingly rich and elegant.”

A few minutes before eight o'clock the organist played the grand march from Meyerbeer's "Huguenots,"^{xi} and the bridal party entered, preceded by the ushers. The bridesmaids and groomsmen led the way, separating at the chancel.

Katie Roache, who wore a white tarlatan, *en train*, corsage low, pannier very *bouffant*, and trimmed with silk violets that looped the overdress, was escorted by the remarkably fine-looking groomsmen Lieutenant [Richard Leveridge] Hoxie,^{xii} attired as were all the groomsmen in full military dress in the rich new uniform only recently adopted.^{xiii} An elegant sash of broad velvet gros grain fell from the right side of the bridesmaid's waist and was draped in a graceful knot with a cluster of violets low on the skirt on the left side.

Miss Annie [Nan Moale] Smith and Lieutenant [Oliver D.] Greene^{xiv} followed the first couple down the aisle. Her gown was made in the same style, looped with trailing vines of blue silk morning glories, sash of broad, blue gros grain looped in similar fashion and fastened with morning glories. Several knots of black velvet effectively disposed made this dress *particularly noticeable*.

The attractive design of Nannie's dress was elegantly eclipsed by the stunning beauty of Nettie Morgan who was escorted by Colonel [George] Wheeler.^{xv} Her white tarlatan gown was trimmed with blue morning glories and a sash of blue gros grain.

Lizzie Knowlton and Captain Post proceeded next. Her dress was fashioned in the same style but trimmed with pink roses and a sash of pink gros grain.

Kate McIntire with Colonel Liford concluded the bridesmaid procession. She wore tarlatan, *en train*, corsage low, trimmed with deep pink morning glories and a sash of matching pink gros grain.

Mrs. Davis, the bride's mother, was escorted to her seat at the front of the church by the groom, General Foster. A widow, she wore rich black gros grain, in contrast to the maids all in white, elaborately trimmed, *en train*, high corsage, and ornamented with sparkling diamonds at her throat and scattered over the train of her gown.

The bride, on the arm of her brother Lewis Davis, was lovely. Tall and stately, her gown was designed of rich white silk gros grain, *en train*, trimmings of *point d'Alencon*, corsage low, and her dark brown hair was styled with simplicity. Her veil of tulle was fashioned to the contour of her head, held across her brow with a wreath of fragrant orange blossoms, and then draped and arranged in such a manner that there was no fullness over her face, but all at the sides and back, where it hung in soft folds as if a summer mist. Diamonds, a gift of the handsome groom, sparkled and glittered at her ears and throat.

Reaching the sanctuary, the bridal party knelt for a few minutes, and then, preceded by six acolytes wearing white surplices and black cassocks, the Rev. Dr. White took his place at the center in front of the altar. The gates of the sanctuary opened, and the party entered.

All eyes rested on the striking and stalwart form of the groom, resplendently attired in full military uniform with scarlet sash, and the graceful young bride leaning upon his arm. A discourse of some length was delivered, and then Father White proceeded with the short ceremony. The joyous strains of the wedding march pealed forth from the organ as the bridal party left the church.^{xvi}

The handsome, happy couple repaired to the residence on M Street of the bride's brother, Lewis Davis, where they received the congratulations of the immediate family and a few close friends. All of the city's prominent army officers attended, including Secretary of War General and Mrs. Parke, General Sherman and his wife and daughter, Secretary Robeson of the Navy, as well as Mr. Justice Miller, Dr. Nathan Lincoln, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moale of Baltimore. The parlors were filled with rare and beautiful flowers and even an exquisite "marriage bell" bower under which the bridal pair received their friends. An elegant supper, served by Washington's incomparable Welcker, attracted many to the dining room, where more and even lovelier flowers exhaled rich fragrances and charmed the eye. Bright smiles and sparkling conversations made all hearts captive. The german that followed until after midnight proved, if possible, more charming than its predecessor. The fashionable gowns were very elegant, and the young ladies were, as always, irresistible.

The General and Mrs. Foster departed Washington the following day for a wedding tour of two weeks to New York, Philadelphia and Boston. They returned to a suite of apartments at The Arlington where they passed the winter months of 1873.^{xvii}

***"Through the Long Distance that Separates Us"*^{xviii}**

Wood's lengthy letter to Nannie continued, January 4, 1873:

Saturday night -----

All this time I have been thinking of my unfinished letter and looking forward to this moment when I would resume my talk with you. O! if I could only tell you how sweet to me are these few moments, too, too few, of silent intercourse with you, these moments when, to me at least, we are absolutely alone with each other. But I never can tell you, so must leave all to your imagination. I was again disappointed. I expected one of my dear loving and loved letters tonight but it seems you are leery of bestowing too much happiness and if I take my letter on New Years day I cannot have it to keep me company on Sunday. Well! I suppose I must read the last one for the fourth time and imagine that it came tonight.

I waited to be with you all afternoon, but on New Years day Mrs. Andrews^{xix} made me solemnly promise if I was not in confinement that I would come there this afternoon. I did so because I thought I could easily get a confinement indeed I thought I had one but she

made Col. Conrad promise to see that I had none and so I went and going, stayed. I had a very pleasant afternoon, met a young Bostonian, (You always meet young Bostonians there) who was bright, educated and argumentative as all Bostonians are supposed to be. Pretty? Well not very. Miss Nellie was charming and is improving very much. Then I thought as I was all "spooned" up I might as well kill all my birds with one stone; that is bore all my friends in one afternoon. So I called at Maj. Eagan's to see a Miss Palmer whom Miss Jeanie West^{xx} met while she was here. A very short visit here and another to our worthy surgeon and I finished.

Then supper and a dance and a frolic in the half hour following and here I am! Miss Buckmaster has deserted us. The Misses Weir^{xxxi} go next week that is Miss Carne and Miss Nelly do and we will soon be left in our former state of loneliness. Oh! for someone at the Hotel that would make this almost a Paradise and the society a crowd to me.

And will April ever come? How strange it will seem to me to see you actually back at West Point, taking the same walks, sitting in the same nooks at the Hotel. Yes! Sitting in the very same chairs. I'll never realize that you are coming till I see you here. See you here! Ah me! What visions of the Past and the Future that calls up. In my mind I see you with your little blue jacket and the dear old Japanese parasol visiting through wind and rain the attractions of the Point and I recall your looks and your dress — O! everything and passing quickly to the future I picture to myself a day of your second visit.

One thing I want to ask you before I forget it. Where did you learn the logic that teaches the longer you know a person the more you think of them?

You speak of Miss May Stump and of Miss Shoemaker and say "You have known them both much longer than you have me and naturally think more of them" I wish I knew if you were sincere in that belief, but I know you can't be for I have told you that my darling Miss Nannie was all in all to me and I fancy there would be no need of telling it. -----

In case the little sketch of my room has not yet reached you (I mailed it with the letter) I will tell you that I directed it to Balt. And ask you to let me know whether you received it or not for in the latter case I shall make you a better one. My sketch book did me its first service today since the time it amused you. I was walking down Professor's Row with it under my arm when a lady stopped me and asked if that was my sketch book. I answered that it was and she begged the favor of looking at it. "Great pleasure, etc., etc.," after she had closed it she returned it with a polite remark about the excellence (?) of the pictures and said with a smile that was meant to be very winning, "I shall be happy to have you call and see me Mr. Wood." You're very kind Ah! Thanks. Most happy to do so. Was kind of her wasn't it? Wonder which she invited, me or the sketch book?

That horrid, horrid clock. Good night dearest Miss Nannie, take care of yourself and don't get any more sore throats; write me very soon and tell me how you are. I do hope that you are better please be careful.

Oh Miss Nannie I wish I could take your hand and bid you good-night but I must send my love and my fond wishes to you on this cold paper through the long distance that separates us.

Good night

E.W.

It was apparent to a few close friends and relatives as early as 1873 that Nan and Wood already lived in polar social circles and activities. While her friends and acquaintances graciously complimented West Point's hops with their mere attendance in the summer, the winter social season at West Point was barren and as frigid as the Hudson River. The cloistered cadets returned to the Academy in January 1873, joining a handful of cadets like Wood who with too many demerits had never departed for the winter holidays. A cold, stormy winter loomed ahead, confining them to quarters when snow and ice prohibited daily drills and visitors were rarely seen.

Considering Mr. Wood just another "friend" with whom to flirt in Nan's ever-widening circle of male suitors, she set an unfortunate precedent by dangling descriptions of events and acquaintances before the love struck cadet. In like manner, Wood mentioned the unnamed "lady" who begged to see his sketchbook and then invited him to call on her. Nan's letters of 1873 were peppered with detailed accounts of dances and the affectionate attentions from gentlemen that did not include Cadet Wood. The tone of her letters was often amusing but readers in this century cannot be sure if she was teasing the lonely fellow, taunting him with her frequent escapades and societal conquests, or simply speaking her mind. She held pointed opinions about cadet associations with the fair sex and did not hesitate to express herself on the matter.

"...really I think if cadets were only a little more careful to whom they devoted attention it would give them a higher opinion of & more respect for ladies. But the fact is they don't know half the time what a lady is. I really think it would be a great advantage to the corps to have a Professor to show you the difference to some of the fair sex that yearly visit the Point. You make the greatest fuss over a girl, devote your whole attention to her, then "it is Miss that & Miss this" & half the time you don't know but that this damsel's father sells turnips in the Fulton Market & you never make a difference between ladies & some of the fast common girls who come up to the Point & you think are so lovely and charming, but I think it shows such depraved taste. Oh you cadets are so chaotic sometimes. I have no patience with you & I have come to some very bad conclusions. And then you are so abominably conceited, & about nothing at all for really I do not see that you are the least bit better than other men,

but you imagine every one who comes to the Point comes to see you only & it strikes me that they go not to see you individually but your surroundings, your parades & other doings.

Naturally as a body you attract notice, but gracious me do you suppose for one moment that singly you are of so much importance? Oh, you make me so mad. How soon all this conceit will have to be dropped when you leave West Point, when you will not even be cadets but plebe officers. I am in a terribly malicious mood this morning, cannot help it whether you get furious with me for expressing such sentiments but you know you said it is always best to "share your feelings than to conceal them." Now I am doing that very thing." ^{xxii}

Old Time Religion

Following the wedding and Christmas in Washington, Nan and her stepfather spent the New Year in Baltimore with the Smith family, relatives of both her father and stepfather. Her mother's family home at Atamasco, MD, was in the Baltimore countryside at Owings Mills and just a few miles from Rosewood Glen, the Wood family home.

In later years, Lieutenant Wood's spiritual beliefs were called into question by others, as well as Wood. The roots of those challenging thoughts may be traced to some of his earliest letters, and the following is among the first of those.

Wood's letter to Nan resumed Sunday morning, January 5, 1873.^{xxiii}

Good morning Miss Nannie, I hope you spent a very pleasant evening yesterday, and this is your last day in Baltimore. Well! I am sure I sympathize in any regrets you may have at leaving "Beautiful Baltimore". How many happy hours I have had there I couldn't tell, indeed it is hard to realize that I ever was there when I look out of the window by which I am writing and see only Barracks and Academy Buildings, from every door of the former the grey uniforms are swarming in and out making it look like some gigantic beehive inhabited by grey coated bees. And the sounds heard are nothing but the everlasting drum, fife, and bugle. But I started to say that I have had such happy times in Baltimore that I can fully appreciate your regret at leaving it and your desire to consider it your home. You were born in Baltimore were you not? You have so many homes that you can make your own choice. You ought to be very happy for you are loved in each of them. But No! I believe I am wrong. I do not think a person can have more than one home at the same time. There is one hearth to which all our feelings involuntarily turn as our home, don't you think so?

I presume the Radford youth you mention is a son of Admiral Radford. I hope he will pass and if he does I will look after him if he is a friend of yours. I always let the naval representatives alone, which is a negative sort of protection any way.

Do you know whether Presley Jenkins is coming next year? I hope not. I doubt if he will pass ~~any~~ if he does. I suppose you (if you go at all) have been to the cathedral to mass and I – I'll go to our chapel and look at the trophies and the frescoes and finally I will go off on a visit to you. All very improper in such a place I know but I cannot help it. If they will give us dry stupid chaplains I cannot force myself to listen and be prosecuted. There is the first drum for Church I must go. Good bye.

Why do they on the first Sunday of the year always entertain you with the cheerful probabilities of misfortune and death before its close? I dislike disagreeable subjects. I wouldn't mind if talking about them did any good but it don't. If I am going to die before next New Year's day I can't help it and I think it very impolite in Dr. Forsythe to cior it up to me. He could scare me by it so why does he do it? Can you answer me.

It is a very disagreeable day outdoors but just the day to sit in my room and whisper all I know to you. A warm heavy rain is pouring down on the immense mass of snow and consequently walking is wading. I very much fear that your sleighing is ended but at least you now know what it is. Did you visit Atamasco?^{xxxiii} I should not suppose that you would have time. You have never been out there in the winter I believe. It looks very different. Some people think the country bare and desolate in the winter but I do not. I only find fault with the roads and means of communication. I do not say that I would not prefer the city for there I find more of everything more amusement, more instruction, more activity, more life, but if I am in the country I can find much to amuse and instruct me. There is always a peacefulness and quietness and grand beauty about the country that is best explained and the whole question settled by the words "God made the country, man made the Town."

But wherever you've been and however you've spent your holidays don't forget to entertain me with a recital of all your doings. All that you do has a great interest for me and I want to share your pleasure and may I add here if you will let me – your sorrow, but I pray Heaven to keep you from it. Ah yes I remember Mrs. Boyleston but I remember that night far better – it was the night you would not come and sit beside me at supper but devoted your attention to the same gentleman. I am astonished that you should ever forget him. But after supper you danced with me and we stood together on the lawn looking at the beautiful "Aurora" and then we turned to the porch and I gave you a geranium leaf which you lost two minutes afterward and then I laid my paw beside your hand and tried to discover some similarity which naturally I failed to do but my hand meanwhile served as an excellent foil to its pretty little neighbor. Oh! but that is only one evening of many. What times we used to have! Will they ever come again?

C,E,S, Wood.

ⁱ Wood File, Box 1, Folder 1-8, Lewis & Clark College.

ⁱⁱ Dr. Alan P. Smith, Nan's paternal uncle, succeeded his father, Dr. Nathan Ryno Smith, in his private practice and was considered "one of the most prominent American surgeons" in 1877, according to *The New England Journal of Medicine*, August 16, 1877.

<http://www.nejm.org/doi/pdf/10.1056/NEJM187708160970710>

ⁱⁱⁱ If Fannie Gibbon became a nun, the editor has found no trace of such, but she was a devout Catholic and thus helped place her father in a precarious position at Vancouver Barracks in 1886. A conflict so vicious arose between the Catholic Church and the US Army that Archbishop Gibbon of NY (the editor has not determined if they were related but he was rumored to be Gen. Gibbon's brother) came west to Vancouver, W.T. to settle the affair. It was not settled and resulted in lawsuits kept alive until the early 1930s. The Catholic Church claimed to own land acquired during the tenure of the HBC at Vancouver and taken for military occupation in 1849. The City of Vancouver was also involved in the dispute because the Church claimed city land in the blocks surrounding St. James Cathedral in downtown Vancouver. The disputed land claim also included the only consecrated Roman Catholic Cemetery in the region and the adjacent Post Cemetery (a National Cemetery). One of the Gibbon daughters died at Vancouver during his term as Dept. Commander while living on Officers' Row. Daughter Katie was married to an Army officer and died giving birth at the Barracks hospital. To temporarily resolve the political precariousness of his daughter's burial, she was interned in the Vancouver City Cemetery and then later removed when the Gibbon family moved on.

^{iv} John Gray Foster (1823-1874) was born in Whitefield, NH, and attended schools in Nashua, NH. He graduated with U.S. Grant from West Point in 1846, fourth in his class of 59 cadets, and he served as an engineer throughout his military career, becoming a postbellum expert in underwater demolition. Foster was severely wounded while serving with Gen. Winfield Scott at Molino del Ray during the War with Mexico and received two brevet promotions for bravery. He returned to the Military Academy as an instructor and in 1858, while serving on engineering duty in Charleston Harbor, Foster assisted in the final construction elements of Fort Sumter. He was in command of the garrison at Fort Moultrie when the Civil War erupted. Transferring his small force to Fort Sumter, he became second-in-command to Major Robert Anderson during the ensuing Battle of Fort Sumter. He was appointed brigadier general of volunteers in October 1861, commanding the 1st Brigade in Major General Ambrose Burnside's North Carolina Expedition. Following the fall of Fort Bartow in the Battle of Roanoke, the Confederate fort was renamed Fort Foster in honor of the General.

Foster assumed command of the Department of North Carolina from Burnside and rose to major general in 1862. In 1863, Foster assumed command of the Department of the Ohio in Tennessee but was there but a short time before he was badly injured in a fall from his horse. Recovering, Foster took command of the Department of the South, but his wounds soon forced him to relinquish command to Major General Quincy A. Gilmore. He then assumed command of the Department of Florida with the rank of major general in the volunteer service and brevet major general in the regular army.

Foster remained in the army in the postbellum period and was promoted to lieutenant colonel of engineers in 1867. His specialty and work in military and underwater surveying and as an expert in underwater demolition led to his publication of a definitive manual on the subject in 1869. From 1871 to 1874, Foster was assistant to the Chief of Engineers in Washington, D.C., serving his final post as superintendent of the Harbor of Refuge on Lake Erie.

Foster died at his home in Nashua, NH on September 2, 1874 with his young wife at his bedside. The future of Annie Davis Foster following his death is unknown. (Researched at en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_G._Foster, *History of Nashua, N.H.* www.nashua.lib.nh.us/ParkerHistory.htm, and Scrapbook accounts already cited.)

^v Huntington Collection Nan to CES Wood August 13th – a letter in which Nan discusses the idea of attending a convent for the winter season to be closer to cousin Fannie Gibbon and perhaps to remove her from family turmoil. Nannie remarked "I think it would make a better change in me for I could learn to depend on myself & be a little less selfish than I am now."

^{vi} This was a tightly woven fabric similar to the popular grosgrain ribbon today. The slender, textured ribbing catches and attractively reflects light but it remains a sturdy and durable ribbon or fabric. Today grosgrain fabrics are generally made of polyester and are often found in the upholstery departments due to their heavy weight and textures.

^{vii} Nan's Memoir

^{viii} Lewis & Clark College Collection, Scrapbook, p. 123.

^{ix} The parish of St. Matthew the Apostle was the fourth established in the District of Columbia, on the northeast corner of 15th and H Streets, NW. It was dedicated on November 1, 1840 and served its parishioners through the 1890s. The present St. Matthew's Cathedral was built in the 1890s. In 1892, its then-pastor, Monsignor Thomas Sim Lee, purchased the land on which the current church structure is located on Rhode Island Avenue, NW. He commissioned the architect Christopher Grant LaFarge (the LaFarge family

were personal acquaintances of Nan Smith) to work on the design of the new church structure. LaFarge had worked on the plans for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City and later designed the Cathedral of St. James in Seattle. His church design was accepted in 1893. The cornerstone was laid and blessed in 1893 and the first Mass celebrated in 1895. Construction continued in various stages with the dome put in place in 1913. After Monsignor Lee's death, the new pastor, Fr. Edward Buckey, completed the interior. President John F. Kennedy's funeral was conducted at St. Matthew's Cathedral in 1963. (<http://www.stmatthewscathedral.org/about/history>)

^x Colonel Wager Swayne (1834-1902) was a friend of Generals Foster and Oliver O. Howard with whom he worked closely in the Freedman's Bureau at the end of the war. Swayne received the Medal of Honor for conspicuous gallantry for leading his regiment in a charge at the battle of Corinth, MS, 4 October 1862, while serving as a Lt. Colonel 43rd Ohio volunteer infantry. He became an attorney and practiced law the remainder of his life. He and his wife Ellen (Harris) are buried in Arlington Cemetery.

^{xi} Enjoy playing this music while reading the chapter: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wtfCOF4rf4I>.

^{xii} Lieutenant Richard Leveridge Hoxie (1844-1930) MA Class of 1868, entered the service as a Bugler in 1861 and rose through the ranks to corporal Co. F, 1st IA Cav. before attending West Point 1865-68. Like General Foster, he was involved with engineering and construction of defenses, improvements to rivers and harbors, and lighthouse establishments. He accompanied Lt. Wheeler to the West in the early 1870s as a member of the exploration survey team. Married Vinnie Ream in 1878. He retired as a brigadier general in 1908.

^{xiii} Regulations for the Uniform and Dress of the Army of the United States (Government Printing Office: July, 1872) FULL DRESS FOR OFFICERS. 1) All officers shall wear a double-breasted frock coat of dark blue cloth, the skirt to extend from one-half to three-fourths the distance from the hip joint to the bend of the knee. 2) For a General: Two rows of buttons on the breast, twelve in each row; placed in fours; the distance between each row five and one-half inches at top and three and one-half inches at bottom; stand up collar, not less than one nor more than two inches in height, to hook in front at the bottom and slope thence up and backward at an angle of thirty degrees on each side, corners rounded; cuffs three inches deep, to go around the sleeves parallel with the lower edge, and with three small buttons at the under seam; pockets in the folds of the skirts, with two buttons at the hip and one at the lower end of the skirts, with two buttons at the hip and one at the lower end of each side-edge, making four buttons on the back and skirt of the coat; collar and cuffs to be of dark blue velvet; lining of the coat black. . . . 5) For a Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel and Major: The same as for General, except that there will be nine buttons in each row, on the breast, placed at equal distances; collars and cuffs of the same color and material as the coat. The upper half of the cuffs to be ornamented with three double stripes of gold braid running the length of the cuff, pointed at their upper ends, and with a small button below the point of each strip, according to pattern. 6) For a Captain, 1st Lieutenant, 2d Lieutenant, and Additional 2d Lieutenant: The same as for a Colonel, except that there will be seven buttons in each row, on the breast, and two stripes on the cuffs.

^{xiv} Colonel Oliver D. Green (1833-1904) MA Class of 1854, a close friend of Generals Foster and Howard. Greene received the Medal of Honor for gallantry in the battle at Antietam, MD in September 1862 while serving as a lieutenant colonel, assistant adjutant general, and chief of staff to the commanding general 6th Army Corps. (General O.O. Howard commanding)

^{xv} Colonel George Montague Wheeler (1842-1905), MA Class 1866, was exceptionally well-known for the Wheeler Surveys and cartography expeditions to the West throughout the 1870s. Wheeler knew Foster well, and another groomsmen, Lt. Hoxie, was a member of his survey team in 1872.

^{xvi} Very likely the familiar Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" from *A Midsummer's Night Dream*. Piano virtuoso Anton Rubenstein completed an American tour in October 1872 and this was one of the featured selections of his program. (www.rallenlott.info/rep4ar.htm)

^{xvii} Nannie's Aunt Fannie and Uncle John Gibbon did not attend. It was several years before the family rift was buried. General Foster died suddenly at his home in Nashua, NH, on September 2, 1874, barely a year after the wedding. Strangely, there is no mention of John Foster's daughter Annie who married Captain Henry Seton in 1870. Her husband served in the Austrian Army under the Duke of Württemberg, as well as variously in the American Army. They are believed to have been stationed in the West in 1873. Annie Foster, born in late 1851, was just a few years older than Nan and her father's bride.

^{xviii} Wood File, Box 1, Folder 1-8, Lewis & Clark College.

^{xix} Likely Mrs. George Leonard Andrews (Harriet Leonard) whose husband was the professor of French at West Point from 1871-82. (*Who Was Who in American History – The Military*, 1976 ed., p. 12)

^{xx} Jeanie West soon became Wood's older brother's fiancée.

^{xxi} Robert Weir's daughters and sisters to J. Alden Weir. Robert Weir, famed oil painter ("The Embarkation of the Pilgrims") was the painting instructor at West Point. He and Wood became very close when Wood returned to West Point as Howard's aide-de-camp in the early 1880's. A short time later, Wood met J. Alden Weir who had been studying in Europe. The two became life-long friends. A news clipping in Nannie's Scrapbook, page 15, claims that Mrs. Foster was Weir's daughter, but she was Nannie's maternal aunt and sister to her mother. This does not rule out the Weir family as relatives and may account for Wood's frequent and relaxed references to Weir's daughters when writing to Nan.

^{xxii} The Huntington Library Nan Smith to C.E.S. Wood August 13

^{xxiii} Wood File, Box 1, Folder 1-8, Lewis & Clark College.

^{xxiv} Moale family home in Green Spring Valley where Nannie lived early on in the Civil War with her widowed mother, aunts, grandmother and half a dozen cousins. Nannie returned to Atamasco many times in her youth for summer vacations. The name Atamasco is drawn from a beautiful lily, native to the wilds of Maryland. Conveniently for the two lovers, it was not far from Rosewood Glen, the Wood family home.