

Olive Rush Diary, 1890

Extracted on Apr-17-2024 10:33:33

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To look down our street makes it have the appearance of a big canal.

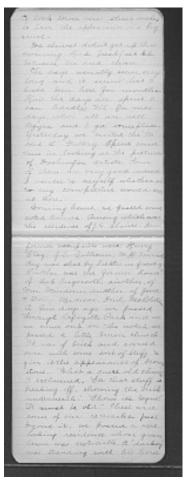
We almost didn't get up this morning. Had breakfast [[strikethrough]] In

[[/strikethrough]] between ten and eleven.
The days usually seem very long and it seems that I have been here for months. How the days are spent I can hardly tell. On nice days, when all are well, Myra and I go someplace. Yesterday we visited the "W and L" Gallery. Spent some time in looking at the pictures of Washington

artists. Some of them are very good indeed. I wonder to myself whether or no my corn-picture would sell up there.

Coming home, we passed some noted houses. Among which was the residence of J.G. Blaine. Some former occupants were; Henry Clay, J.C. Calhoun, W.H. Seward. Key was shot by Sickles in front of it. Another was the former house of Bob Ingersoll; another of Wm. Windom; another of James & Dolly Madison, Genl. McClellan.

A few days ago we passed through Lafayette Park and as we came out on the north, we passed a little brown church. It was of brick and covered over with some sort of stuff to give it the appearance of brown stone. "What a queer old church," I exclaimed. "See that stuff is breaking off, showing the brick underneath." "Shows it's bogus!" "It must be old." These were some of our remarks Just beyond it, we passed a neat looking residence whose green lawn was noticeable. A "darkey" was standing with his horse



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