



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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Mistress Lady T

Notes on a manuscript used.

Historical New York notes ~~also~~  
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## Forty odd Years in the Literary Shop: Ford.

Born, 1854. Childhood recollections, then, cover 50s and 60s. Not a single house in Brooklyn with a bathroom; the first one a novelty/ Every block had its pump. Well to do residents in the Heights their own cows. A day's journey to what is now 125th St....to a gray farmhouse. Academy of Music, the Park Theatre and Hooley's Minstrels, amusement centers. In New York still several families of distinction on the Battery and Bowling Green. Young men made New Years calls from there to 34th St. Pickled oysters. No women in industry, of course. Coney Island, a waste of white sand with a few sheds and bathing houses and one or two old fashioned hotels. A strictly family resort then; no Nortons Point. Barnums Museum Broadway and Ann St. A good description of this. All this before Civil War. Mention of Lincoln's speech in Cooper Union. Minstrel shows. During the 60s Mr. Bateman appeared in N Y as manager of French Opera Bouffe. Mme. Tosse. Now 14th St. theatre. Opera bouffe vogue in N.Y. following Civil War. James Fisk Jr. purchased Grand Opera House. Green room for his own entertainment. Mme. Aimee always introduced Eng. song, "As pretty as a picture." The Black Crook. Stockings of white cotton replaced by those of horizontal stripes, then solid colors. The Black Crook, tights. Sept. 12, 1866. P. Markham, the Stalacta. She came 2 years later, however with Lydia Thompson. Lydia Thomapson, 1868, to Woods Museum, afterwards Daly's Theatre. Sept. 1868. Various cos. of British Blondes followed. Shoo Fly, don't bother me, this period. Evangeline, in 1872. Reached Nibbles Garden, 1874. Harbor still white with sails. Great clipper ships N.Y. to San F. 1866 Volunteer Fire Dept. replaced by a paid one. Harry Howard, one time chief of volunteer fire department a popular figure. "My childhood came to an end with the close of the war." 21 W. 19th St. an unlucky house; a good incident. "hat a local chronicler has aptly termed "the flash age of New York." A period of crime, reckless extravagance, political corruption and the false prosperity

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engendered by Civil War and the inflation of the currency and the rapid rise of contractors and others from poverty to wealth. Its annals punctuated with murders, bank robberies, spectacular Wall St. gambling and the goings of many bizarre characters. During this time the illegal registration and naturalization and colonization of voters. Carried on during and subsequent to 1867 enabled W. Tweed and his gang to carry on municipal robbery. See Thomas Nast's cartoons in Harpers Weekly. The spirit of the Flash Age, James Fisk Jr. Began life as a New England silk peddler. Became a partner of Jay Gould. On Fifth Ave. in a four in hand brake filled with gaudily bedizened and painted women. On these occasions he received the respectful and admiring salutations of citizens of a kind that would laugh at him today. His chief rival in this sort of exhibition was a quack doctor named Helmbold whose cumbrous vehicle was drawn by 5 horses. Fisk's quarrel with Edward S. Stokes grew out of the latter's attentions to Josie Mansfield whom the former had established in a house on W. 23d St., conveniently near the Grand Opera House where the Erie Railway had its offices. She tried to pump her protector about the stock market and he under promise of secrecy gave her knowledge which cost ~~him~~ Stokes many thousands of dollars. Fisk caught the popular fancy of the day; his pictures seen everywhere; known to be a free liver, a liberal spender and a diligent patron of the stage in its baser forms. His virtues fitly commemorated in a song with this refrain: "He may have done wrong but he thought he done right,  
And he always was good to the poor.

Another murder that attracted much attention, an elderly Hebrew named Nathan in his home on W. 23d St., directly opposite Fifth Ave. Hotel. His son Washington suspected. Abe Hummel ~~was~~ told me a man named Forrester was arrested on suspicion, sent at once for a

lawyer, and confessed he had once escaped from St. Question prison. Begged to be sent back without delay.

Many other crimes in N.Y. during Flash Age. Boast openly made that "hanging is played out in N.Y." The Rogers murder. The killing of Matt Dancer. Many bank robberies. Distinguished members of the craft known by sight and pointed out to interested strangers. a little 2 story house at corner of Clinton and Rivington St. which was for many years the headquarters of some of the most daring criminals of the country. Many of most daring robberies were planned there. Front part of house devoted to sale of cheap dry goods. But parlor in read fine furniture and silver. Mother ~~Mandelbaum~~ Mandelbaum, as she was affectionately termed by more than one generation of crooks. Produced from musty corner of her cellar cobwebbed wines of rare vintage. As talk became more interesting accents of unlettered German Jewess disappeared, left in an belief that she was a remarkable woman and one better educated than most supposed. She was a receiver of stolen goods. Jewelry, rolls of silk, silverware etc. could be disposed of to her for about half their real value, the old lady assuming all the risks. Short, squat and ugly. . . pages of Viennese comic paper. One for whom she showed affection, Geo. Leonidas Leslie. generally known as Howard, son of a well to do western brewer, a graduate of one of the smaller universities, possessor of fine mind and agreeable personality. On the course of a dozen years said to have participated in robberies amounting to millions of dollars. Lived on Fulton St., Brooklyn/<sup>same house</sup> with a highly respected theatrical family with whom he and his wife were on intimate terms. Killed in June, 1878. Only \$5 left from all his stealings. Mrs. M. paid cost of funeral. Shot in Westchester woods. Two of her henchmen, Billy Porter, suspected of Howard's murder, and

Pheeneey Mike, who figured in a story of a later period. Mark Shinburn amassed a fortune thru burglary and bought a castle on the Rhine. The Patchen Ave. gang, high grade crooks, ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ composed of high grade crooks, every one of which was known by sight and record to N.Y. police. Some of them to sophisticated public as well. Their operations hampered by ~~XXXX~~ police knowledge of their hangouts. They tried a new trick and established headquarters in house with ample garden in Patched Ave., a quiet residential st. in Brooklyn. Atmosphere of quiet respectability carefully maintained. Neighbors called and were graciously received by an amiable hostess. Visitors of their own kind came in broad daylight. My mysterious scurrying to and fro. A sense of complete security to which all were unaccustomed grew upon little household. As spring advanced set out a croquet set on the lawn and played openly in sight of neighbors. This innocent diversion their ruin. They played on Sunday. Never since the Battle of Long Island such a sight in staid City of Churches.

Cornelius Vanderbilt nearing end of remarkable career and could be seen nearly every afternoon behind a pair of swift trotters speeding uptown to Judge Smiths or some other popular roadhouse. Behind his residence on Washington Place was his stable and between the 2 buildings a ring where he was wont to have his horses exercised while he watched from his piazza. Boys of neighborhood glad when they could exercise Mountain Boy in presence of Commodore.

Peter Cooper, great humanitarian. Broadway contained no more familiar sight that Mr. Cooper and his one horse chaise. Teamsters, carriage and omnibus drivers, many of them rough men who used to fight one another with their whips, never failed to give him the right of way. Died in 1882.

A contemporary in marked contrast was Alex T.

Stewart, founder of N.Y.'s greatest dry goods business. At Broadway and Chambers Sts. He was a mean man from the north of Ireland. Huge marble home at corner of 34th st. and Fifth A ve. Society firmly entrenched since antebellum days. Civil War and Flash Age gave ambitions to newcomers. Browns young men (Brown the sexton of Grace Church) were dancing men supplied as required like ice cream and creamed oysters.

During the early seventies the direful work of replacing the city's comfortable hotels with structures then considered modern. This began with building of Windsor and Buckingham. The Grand Central, now the Broadway Central, dates from the late ~~xxxxx~~ sixties. There Stokes shot Fisk. All three considered marvels of luxury. Its bar has vanished but main hall and lobby still remain, paved with marble, its huge dining room. Old New York Hotel, with its quiet courtyard, the Clarendon, Everett, St. Nicholas and historic Astor House in every one of which a guest could sit before an open fire in his own room. First apartments called French flats.

N.Y. already one way to become a leader in letters as she was then in the fine arts. This was the age of what has been called the North River school of artists. Albert Bierstadt and his "Heart of the Andes." Henry K. Brown made equestrian statue of Washington in Union Sq. Artists earned extra money by painting panels in Broadway omnibuses. Boston, the literary center of the country during the Flash Age. Editor of ~~XXYX~~ Atlantic Monthly the leader. Henry James and William D. Howells, laying foundations of their fame. Mark Twain and Bret Harte looming up in far west. 2 houses in N.Y. conspicuous for celebrities entertained there. One...Mrs. Vincenzo Botta, a Conn. poetess wedded to an Italian scholar. Other...that of Alice and Phoebe Cary. Their habit of entertaining their friends on Sunday night regarded with disapproval by the conservatives.

New York's writers of distinction...William Cullen Bryan, R.H. Stoddard, Geo. Wm. Curtis, E.C. Stedman, Geo. Bancroft and Bayard Taylor. Bryant until 1878, editor Evening Post. Bryan Festival, on his <sup>70th</sup> birthday, 1864.

A group of writers very different from those to be found within the Century walls was that known as the Pfaff crowd whose headquarters were in the beer cellar of a Swiss publican and who styled themselves Bohemians, having taken the name from Henri Murger's famous book. Harry Clapp, editor of the Saturday Press, king of this Bohemia and an actress named Ada Clare, the queen. This, before Civil War, it seems. Artemis Ward, E.C. Stedman, Georges Clemeneau, in this group. Disliked conservative world of letters...Emerson and Edgar Poe, the jingleman. In early 70s descended to that cellar and saw survivors of that old crowd.

"The conditions that I have described literally ended in a single night with the panic of 1873. Years afterwards a friend who lived then in the Haight House, corner of 15th St. and Fifth Ave., and connected with Delmonicos next door by a passageway, told me that up to the moment of the panic there was a constant succession of waiters between the 2 buildings bearing costly food and wines and that that procession ceased, never to return, the day after the panic began."

Astoria, oldest and most attractive of the city's suburbs.

Followed years of sobriety; then the Beecher scandal.

MEMORIES OF MANHATTAN IN THE 60s and 70s. By Chas. T. Harris .

Six stories was the limit, as the hand pumped engines

could nothrow water any higher.

Washington Hotel, once the Kennedy mansion, an old style brick mansion painted white, on the Bowling Green. Going up Broadway...Trinity Church, St. Paul's Chapel, then the Barnum's Museum. Destroyed 1865. The old Aster House. A boy, he shook hands with Lincoln there.

The City Hall Park, up to the late 60s, was enclosed by a high iron fence with raised stone surbase, much patronized by park loungers and the begging fraternity. The fire tower , just west of City Hall, with its big bell.

To resume journey up Broadway, above thePark on the east side was the marbe A.T.Stewart building. Across th e street from it, the uptown Delmonicao's. On the west side, between Duane and Worth, theNady lawn of the N.Y.hospital.

Continuing our ramble, on the west side of Broadway, the conspicuous buildings were the St. Nicholas and New York Hotels, the La Farge house, Lafayette Hall, the Chinese Building, Winter Garden Theatre, St. Thomas Church and the Roosevelt Mansion. On the east stood the Metropolitan Hotel containing Niblo's Theatre and Grace Church.

Every day scene on Broadway. The paid fire department going to a fire!

In the later sixties, Broadway's misfortune to be known as the worst paved street in the city, thanks to Boss Tweed. Truck and stage drivers on old Broadway in rainy weather, how they swore. One large depression at St. Paul's south corner was known as Lake Fulton, in which many an unwary pedestrian came to grief. As a relief to foot passengers who were obliged to cross Broadway at

Fulton, the Loew Bridge was erected. It had a brief existence as people did not care to climb it. Kate Fisher, playin Mazeppa, rode across it.

The n.e. corner Broadway and Fulton known as the most crowded point in the city.

Broadway squad, first traffic police in country. Celebrities to be seen on Broadway. Walt Whitman - well described.

A portly ruddy faced and smiling old gentleman wearing a broad brimmed beaver hat, a blue brass buttoned coat and buff vest and trousers with gold headed cane - Dr. Harrington, son of Geo. 4 and a finer gentleman than his sire.

A small fragile old man who made his daily way to Park, Frederick Crouch, composer of Kathleen Mavourneed, father of Cora Pearl.

A short swarthy man with piercing black eyes and a wooden leg, bound for Staten Island ferry, was Gen. Santa Ana "the butcher of the Alamo."

Gen. Winfield Scott, in Quaker drab, broad brimmed beaver.

John C. Heenan the prize fighter, sylishly dressed.

Herman Melville, Richard Grant White, Geo. F. Morris editor of Home Journal and author of O. Woodman Spare that Tree. Wm. Cullen Bryant.

Newspaper district... Horace Greeley, John Biglow, etc. Wm. Porter, the Tall Son of New York, editor of Porters Spirit of the Times.

Art world on Broadway - Wm. M. Chase, brothers Beard, Alfred Bierstadt, Geo. Innes, Tom Nast, etc.

The stage folk most frequently seen on the Broadway

rialto, from 14th St. to Canal, were James W. Jr. and Lester Wallack, John Broughton, Chas. Fisher, etc. etc.

Conspicuous female figure, Dr. Mary Walker in male attire.

What is now the aquarium was in the 60s and 70s, the immigrant landing depot from which daily issued a string of future citizens.

Each year the battery boatmen had a regatta; good description of these men and their boats. Near the foot of Whitehall St., the Western Hotel.

Post office on Nassau Sts, from Cedar to Liberty.

Beadle's Dime Novels.

Theatres of Old New York:

Hot dogs in the future; but hot corn and baked potatoes plentiful.

Ward called "the Bloody Sixth" - Park Row and Chatham St. on the south, Walker and Canal Sts. on the north, the Bowery on the east, and Broadway on the west.

Jack Reynolds originated the saying "Hanging in New York is played out" - and he was hung.

Greenwich Village, at first separated from the main city by Lispenard Meadows. Then a cholera epidemic drove town people out there and it got its start.

No section of New York City has undergone so few radical architectural changes as Greenwich Village. The greatest change is in the character of its inhabitants. No Bohemianism then.

Commodore Vanderbilt at No. 10 Washington Sq. He was very democratic; had his own way of doing things. Tall, broad-shouldered, all bone and muscle, with the quick step of a man half his

years. Hair silvery grey with side whiskers, the face of a warrior and a deep commanding voice. Generally dressed in grey, wearing an old-style wing collar with snowy white cravat, and a beaver hat. People looked at him as he passed along the streets or rolled up Fifth Ave. behind his pair of fast trotters, Flatbush Maid and Mountain Boy.

South St. from Coenties Slip to Roosevelt St. was a forest of ship spars.

Husking bee p. 118...for Minn. section?

Read tomorrow....

Minnegerode's Certain Rich Men... "The crash of Jay Cooke precipitated the great panic of 1873." Cooke born in Sandusky. Handsome and lovable. Drew, Fisk, Gould and Vanderbilt.

"Law! What do I care about law? H'aint I got the power?" Vanderbilt. Earned money as a boy to buy a harbor boat, a periagua. Vandervilt, really ill and irascible. Made his fortune first in ships, then in railroads. Jay Gould/ <sup>son of a dairyman. Born Delaware county, N.Y.</sup> The Wizard of Wall Street. The Most Hated Man in America. The gold corner and the treachery of Gould and Fisk. Gould. "He was to startle a not at all finicky financial world by the extent of his mercenary chicaneries, his ruthless manipulation and speculation, his profiteering in panic and bankruptcy. He was to put one corporation after another, his own included to the sack and pocket his profit, he was to subject himself to the accusation of having purposely ruined his own friends, he was to accumulate hatred and inspire industrial revolt through his merciless grinding down of wages. In a business era never surpassed for swindlery and brigandage, he was to have no equal." "He was an extraordinary little man with an amazing memory for names and faces. A thin, bilious, swarthy, silent, heavily bearded, rather Jewish appearing little man with shrinking ways and slightly effeminate manners, who seldome looked with his staring steely eyes at the person to whom he was speaking. His private life was

irreproachable. He was not ostentatious. He was more generous than frequently supposed. etc. etc." He was a great lover of flowers...his conservatories were celebrated/ Men who worked for him are said to have been devoted to him. "...Jim Fisk, the Mountebank. Big, rollicking good natured Green Mountain boy. The man to whom Henry Ward Beecher referred as "the ~~mountebank~~ supreme mountebank of fortune remains unchallenged as an exhibit of the success and popularity which a generous, shrewd, energetic, corrupt and altogether native vulgarity could achieve in the post Civil war period of American financial life. A big burly blonde creature with "kiss curls" who looked like a butcher, jovial and quick witted, manners and gaudy habits of a publican...a fat man who never grew up. etc." Born in 1834 at Bennington Vermont. son of James Fisk, a country pedler. Worked for a time as waiter in his father's hotel. Travelled with Van Amburgh's circus and with his father as a pedler. His own career as a pedler with circus methods successful; he bought out his father. A "jobber in silks, shawls, dress goods, jewelry, silver ware and Yankee notions." Offered a position by Jordan and Marsh of Boston; a failure as a clerk. But a success with them selling blankets during Civil ar. Soon he was a partner. Incident of cotton smuggling, but store crowded. Failed in his own store and failed, at first, as a N.Y. broker. "Wall Street has ruined me, and Wall Street shall pay for it." It did, in the late sixties. His dealings with Jay Gould and the Erie. His responsibility for Black Friday.

A fake colonel and a fake admiral. Splendidly luxurious three decker s-bronzes, mirrors, gildings and brass bands. "A huge diamond sparkling in his shirt bosom." His was president of the Narragansett Steamship Co and until the novelty wore off the showman was there every afternoon at the pier in N.Y? to see them start "in a full admiral's uniform of the finest make, a huge diamond sparkling in his shirt bosom, taking his place at

the gangway where he must be seen by all who entered. Sometimes attended by his female favorite of the hour attired in a jacket of navy blue with gilt buttons and epaulettes, a hat in the sailor style, etc." There was "nothing the matter with my old tin stove" as he was so fond of saying when things were going well with him." At the same time he fancied himself as impresario. Rebuilt the Fifth Ave. Theatre and managed it for a while, as well as the Academy of Music, bought Pikes Opera House on 23d St. and turned it into a glittering three hundred thousand dollar white marble palace for French opera. His greatest success, the 12 Temptations, a spectacular piece with a tremendous ballet in which blondes and brunettes appeared on alternate evenings. In his opera-bouffes he sometimes sent on a different cast in each act. He caused the offices of the Erie railroad to be moved and installed at the Opera house. The most fantastic offices ever occupied by a business corporation - a splendor of marble, and black walnut inlaid with gold, and silver name plates and crimson hangings and painted ceilings and washstands decorated with nymphs and cupids... "opening chamaghe and oysters." "Dollie" and Sardines. "She dont even let me leave my gum shoes in the house." His promiscuity with ladies of the ballet; her fondness for Stokes. He was doing his best to ruin Stokes. Josie gave Mr. Stokes all of Mr. Fisk's letters for publication. He paid \$15,000 for them. Josie "jaunty little Alpine hat with a dark green feather." A rumor that the Grand Jury had indicted Stokes for blackmail. Shot, not on stairway I saw. Thousands of people came to see his military lying in state in the Opera House. 23d St. was packed. The roofs and windows black with spectators. BarberCharley twirled deceased's blonde mustache. "One more twirl, dearest of friends, for the last time." His spectacular funeral, the crowds. etc. Good, if needed. "A big hearted fellow in shirt sleeves."

Ready charity at time of Chicago fire; unsuspected roll of his  
lavish private kindnesses. No one had ever been turned away. He was  
the poor man's friend. Forgo~~t~~ about Black Friday and the Erie. Along  
the sidewalks of N.Y. they missed his big laugh. the quick unostenta-  
tious generosity of his big, diamond flashing hands. A song was written

"Let me speak of a man who's now dead in his grave,  
A good man as ever was born;  
Jim Fisk he was called, and his money he gave  
To the outcast, the poor and forlorn.  
We all know he loved both women and wine,  
But his heart it was right I am sure;  
Though he lived like a prince in a palace so fine,  
Yet he never went back on the poor.  
If a man was in trouble Fisk helped him along  
To drive the grim wolf from the door;  
He strove to do right though he may have done wrong,  
But he never went back on the poor."

(Could my M.L. hear the children singing that?)

JUBILEE JIM; By Robert H. Fuller. Fiction, so not for me.

~~The Life of James Fisk Jr. By Willoughby Jones. Pub. 1872. A picture of  
Fisk's Hotel, Brattle boror. Revere House. Three stories and an attic.~~  
N.Y. Herald "Mrs. Mansfield looked so lovely that she created quite  
a flutter in court by her appearance...She is much above the medium  
height, having a pearly white skin dark and very large lustrous eyes  
which, when directed at a judge, jury or witness, have a terrible  
effect. Her delicate white hands are encased in faultless lavender kid  
gloves, and over her magnificent tournure of dark hair was perched a  
jaunty little apline hat, with a dainty green featherperched thereon.  
Her robe was of the heaviest black silk, cut a' imperatrice, and having  
deep flounces of the heaviest black lace over Milanaise bands of white  
satin. At her snowy throat, the only article of jewelry on her person  
a small gold pin glistened and heightened the effect. Her hair was worn  
a la Cleopatra, and a superb black/<sup>velvet</sup> mantle covered her shoulders...Mrs.  
Williams wore a sealskin jacket, a plush velvet hat, pink colored kid

gloves and a wine colored silk dress. Stokes...all glorious in a new Alexis overcoat of a dull cream color. An elegant diamond ring glowed on his little finger, and a cane swung to and fro between his manly legs....Fisk a strange kind of naval blue uniform that fitted him wretchedly, with double rows of brass buttons. His mustaches bristled ferociously, in the fashion of Gen. Boum, and a big diamond pin shone out of his fat chest, like the dangerlight at Sandy Hook bar." Stokes, a society man. 359 W. 23d St..Josie's house. Stokes lavender colored trousers and patent leather shoes. Fisk, dying, asked where his diamond stud was.

"The city was reaching further and further north, converting small farms and market gardens into block squares and replacing squatters shanties with brick buildings. The opening of the Fifth Avenue Hotel about 1859 at the corner of 23d St., where Broadway crosses it, made that point a ~~center~~ center of uptown activity. Fashion, having assured Washington Sq. as a citadel, pushed up along 5th Ave. while business took possession of Broadway. Madison Sq. was made a park where these two famous streets met. In Civil War times the social life of the city, which includes fashion, theatres and shops, was centered between 14th St and 23d. Not until the northward expansion some years later had flowed over Murray Hill did the region east of ~~the~~ Fifth Avenue and north of the Bowery begin to show much improvement. It was then believed that 7th and 8th avenues would become the residence and business centers and they had been broadly laid out in this anticipation. A man named Pike with faith in this idea built an elaborate opera house on the n.w. corner of Eighth Ave. and 23d St and called it Pike's Opera House."

"New York in these days was wide open in fact. The stores along Broadway below 14th St. were interspersed with saloons and gambling houses; the

side streets harbored houses of prostituion. There was no police interference. The proprietors simply paid and were allowed to run. A popular dance hall was Harry Hill's in Houston St., near Broadway. His establishment contained a bar, a stage for what were known as "low comedies" and "broad farces", lunch counters, and a dance hall upstairs which was the center of attraction. He had a reputation for honest dealing. Dance Hall created by knocking out the partition between small rooms which left ceilings ~~xxxxxxx~~ <sup>uneven</sup> and walls irregular. Men paid a quarter admission, women admitted free thru private door. Kept order in his place. Threw out the drunks. Every man had to dance and to buy a drink after each dance. He wouldnt allow anybody to be robbed.

Dorlons in Fulton Market. A sawdust floor, wooden tables without cloths, coarse white china, and it was quite the thing for opera girls and that sort of people to drop in there for a stew or a pan roast on their way home.

For Bohemians who liked stronger meat than Harry Hill's... the Bowery. Even on Sunday the Bowery was full of animation, with clothing stores, apothecaries, jewelers and saloons all wide open. The pullers-in laid hold of every stranger who passed. From Catharine to Canal St.s the saloons were thronged with men, women and children and lager beer gardens were crowded. These were filled mostly with Germans who had settled near St. Marks church at the lower end of 2nd. Ave. In the evening negro minstrels and indecent farces aided the saloons in entertaining the population. Newsboys, street sweepers, rag pickers, beggars, cinder collectors and cripples begged coppers of every passer-by, which they spent in dance cellars, concert saloons and other depraved resorts. Later in the evning the prostitutes swarmed on the sidewalks advertising their trade in dress and language. Women beckoned and called from windows and loafers on the corners

insulted passersby. The sink of iniquity where the Bowery met Park Row, sheltered the wreck of humanity which drifted downward from the gayety of the abandoned Bowery. All these places and many more, we explored in our expeditions from Pfaff's. Many of the reporters I met at this time became my friends for life. The Scotchman James Gordon Bennett who started the New York "Herald" in 1835. He built (Much later) a marble home for his Herald where Barnum's Museum had stood on my first visit to N.Y. I knew Joe Howard Jr. of the New York Times when he was a star writer on that paper and later managing editor of the Brooklyn Eagle. Chas. Nordhoff of the Evening Post often drank beer with us. So did Manton Marble, editor in chief of the World, and Wm. H. Hurlbut of the same paper. Of course, everybody knew the benevolent looking owner and editor of the Tribune, Horace Greeley. His white overcoat, his fair skin, his bald head fringed with flaxen hair, and his stooping gait were a feature of the city's life. One of our most popular boon companions in Pfaff's was Miles O'Reilly, whose real name was Chas. G. Halpine. Allan "Evins" of the Post.

When Fisk got to wall street...Uncle Dan'l Drew had taken a fancy to him.

I spent my evenings in Pfaff's in Broadway where...(the reporters and editors)...where they congregated to drink beer and smoke. Newspaper making hadn't become a business then. The Bohemian tradition which involved long hair, dirty nails, drunkenness and debt was flourishing. The average reporter was encouraged to look upon himself as a sort of genius because he wrote and he claimed for himself all the conventional privileges and immunities of genius.

Justice Barnard was one of the boldest men that ever abused judicial power for personal ends or to oblige a friend. He stuck at nothing.

Sometimes we went to Harry Hills or McGlory's.

Annie Woods in West 24th St...an establishment where a certain degree of luxury and suppression of coarseness was practised. Here Fisk met J. Mansfield.

Tony Pastors in existence then.

Mention of American Club Hotel

Josie first at 18 W. 24th. He made her house his headquarters tho he kept his room at the Grand Central. Men used to play poker at her house. Once gave her the winnings.

The Grand Opera House a white marble building. A wide entrance on 8th Ave. leading to the theatre. A grand stair caseled up to the second floor and to huge doors of carved oak. Beyond these doors was a marble paved hall, surrounded by stained glass partitions, carved oak panels, gilded balustrades and cut glass chandeliers with a thousand tinkoing ppendents. Walls and ceilings frescoed by Garibaldi. Carvings and furniture came from Mancotti. In the entrance a bronze bust of Shakespeare (Save the mark! M<sup>3</sup>H.L.) and the date 1869.

Begin p.271 Book not available.

A LIFE OF JAMES FISK Jr. (No author. Polhemus and Pearson, printers.)

His father's wagon, a small variety shop upon wheels, carrying nearly everything a rural community ordinarily purchased, from a silk dress to a jewsharp.

James bought two 4-horse carts, 8 showy and spirited horses, harnesses with glittering mountings. When on the road on these trips, he always drove in a dashing style at the rate of ten miles an hour.

First he purchased Pike's Opera House and changed it to Grand Opera House; then he almost entirely rebuilt 5th Ave. Theatre in 23d St.; then he leased the Academy of Music in 14th St. and was thus

operating all at one time the three finest places of amusement in N.Y. This was in 1870. My year? Only one piece at Grand Opera House (he eventually sold the other two) had any success and that was The Twelve Temptations. It was a piece in the spectacular Black Crook style.

His fight with Maretzek.

Quarrels with his prime donne- first Mlles Montaland and Silly; then Aimee.

"The doors are of massive, elegantly carved black walnut, all the offices are fitted up and furnished in black walnut and the most expensive glass, and over the door of each office is a silver plate sign. About him (Fisk) are numerous clerks, messengers and lackeys, doing his bidding and laughing at his humor. Within his reach are springs sending signals to all parts of the building, so that every employee in the establishment can be summoned to him instantly in case of necessity. All the ceilings are richly frescoed, that in the main room being an elegant symbolic design having at the 4 sides the words New York, San Francisco, Chicgao, St. Louis. On the floor above is a grand banquetting room. The Erie Railroad pays \$75, 000 rent for the apartments. 1869, president Narrangannsett Steamship Co. The two boats Providence and Bristol, were thoroughly overhauled, renovated and fitted up in most luxuriant style, refurnished with elegant carpets, upholstering, bronzes and general fixtures. Dining rooms on the  $\frac{1}{2}$  la carte or European plan. A fine band of music accompanies each steamer. (A novel featrre) Each after noon, a half hour or so before time for steamer to start, he came upon the pier, retired into company's offices, emerged as an admiral. There in his elegant uniform, with the huge diamond sparkling in his shirt bosom, stood the man who had trapped

both Vanderbilt and Drew, etc etc etc. At first he remained on board until the steamer was well out of the bay. Sometimes he was accompanied by "female favorite of the hour, attired like himself in naval style.

Great Peace Jubilee in Boston, President Grant to attend, best of accommodations on Mr. Fisks steamers placed and at his disposal and accepted, Jay Gould and others went on the trip, to cultivate the president, the admiral accompanied the President to the Coliseum where the Jubilee was held and quite outshone the President. Nicknamed Jubilee Jim. A grand floating palace his new senstauon for summer of 1870...the Elymouth Rock. Especialty designed for the summer travel to Long Branch - of late the most famous of our seaside watering places. On Sunday he took her for a pleasure excursion up the Hudson He also established a new ferry from Erie Depot in Jersey City to 23d St. and a free line of omnibuses from the ferry , past the Grand Opera House to the Fifth Ave. Hotel. James Fisk Jr. and Jay Gould.

Now Col of the 9th regiment National Guard State of N.Y. This 1870. The Jubilee had been in 1869. At first rumor considered a joke as he a civilian and the regiment had an excellent war record but on April 7th he was elected. Moonlight parade on April ~~xxxx~~ 14th. He merely a figurehead, all orders being given by the Lieut Col whom he had displaced.

May 13th, so the Grand Opera House to witness the 12 temptations. Owing to the elaborate toilet of the colonel, he was narly an hour behind hand Summer encampment at Long Branch.

she (Josie) in an elegant residence frescoed and furnished in the most luxuriant manner. She had one of the grandest turnouts that was ever seen

in the Park (what park?) enjoyed the pleasures of Long Branch and was a conspicuous specimen of a certain type of beauty.

Fisk on receiving Josie's note asking him to remove his effects; to Stokes; "See here, Ned, she won't even let me leave my gum shoes in her house. #

His residence is in 23d St., near his Erie Castle. He keeps a stable of fine horses, seeming to delight more in a fine large turnout than in a fast team. He is often seen in the Park or on Fifth Avenue with a beautiful four in hand, and sometimes with six fine horses, three blacks on one side and three whites on the other. Not unfrequently he holds the reins himself which he can do in a style that few owners of a turnout can boast. On his large drag or coach are four colored men in livery, two footmen behind and the driver and assistant in front. No other turnout in the city creates anything like the sensation that his does.

He has a summer cottage at Long Branch and here, as elsewhere, during the season, he appears in the grandest style and has the most striking turnouts.

Mrs. Fisk in Boston; a beautiful summer villa at Newport, and she has the most striking turnout that appears upon Bellevue Avenue.

When his carriage halts....crowds gaze into the carriage to inspect its blue silk lining,,,make the genteel coachman blush on his box.

The LIFE OF JAMES FISK JR. The story of his youth and manhood, with full accounts of all the schemes and enterprises in which he was engaged including the Great Frauds of the Tammany Ring. Biographical sketches of railroad magnates and great financiers, with brilliant pen pictures in the Lights and Shadows of New York Life. Josie Mansfield, the Siren, How a beautiful young woman captivated and ruined her victims. The Mansfield Mansion, The rejected and the accepted suitors. Edward S.

Stokes the Assassin and an

an account of the assassination. By Willoughby Jones.

30 years ago he was a sprightly village boy; 12 years ago he was a country peddler; five years ago he was a banker in New York; a millionaire in Wall Street; and soon thereafter he became the master of a great railroad ~~line~~ corporation; the owner of two lines of magnificent sound and coast steamers, and the terror of Wall St. financiers - all this - and assassinated in the 37th year of his age.

Died Sunday, Jan.7, 1872. Came to New York in end of year 1864. His contribution s to Chicago fire sufferers.

In 1871 took his regiment to Boston. Really saw service in breaking up the orangemens parade, July 12, 1871.

Womans Rights, according to this author, leads to free love. A most amusing paragraph.

Mansfield born 1840. Early in 1868 he gave her her house.

Drove out and appeared "dressed and attended as a lady of great consequence."

Black velvet coat.

Picture of her house...narrow...four stories... a tree in front...Other trees in front adjoining houses.

Expression, "Bully for you. #

Shooting, Jan.6."It was about the time that New York's great thoroughfare presents the pleasantest sight. Men of business were walking liesurely homeward, troops of ladies were lingering amongst the glories of the shops, stately carriages lined the curbstones awaiting the pleasure of their mistresses and the color and sound of life were more subdued and harmonized than at busier hours of the day. The rumbles of the vehicles was not so noisy, for the heavy drays and trucks had done with their incessant dragging and had left

Broadway, going home by the by-streets.

As Mr F's carriage dashed over the pavement before reaching the hotel, guided dexterously thru the tide of other conveyances, a coupe...at ~~the~~ some distance to the rear.... On the box of this coupe...etc.

Scene in the death chamber most amusing. His mustaches sticking straight out. A high backed wooden bed and a rocking chair nearby. Handkercheives at eyes of all.

"Oh God ~~if~~ you must take him, take his soul."

Life and Times of James Risk Jr. By MCAlpine.

Much more of the same.

"Show" always a favorite word with Risk. Pop for father.

Picture of him driving 6 horses in Central Park. The illustrations for this book are more helpful than the book itself.

Risk and Gould going to Jersey...another amusing illustration.

"It may seem a fine thing to be able to wear a diamond and a velvet coat, and to be stared at and run over by a hungry curious crowd, whichever way you may turn, but I can assure you that it is not half so big a thing as it seems. + hope none of you will hanker after big diamonds and velvet coats for I know you will be far happier without them. I see before me men who, I will venture to say, are rising 60 years old, but they can't show as many grey hairs on their head as can be found under the velvet cap that I wear. Sleepless nights and work that never ends are not your portion. Your homes may be humble but your work is over when you staddle the legs of your supper table."

(From address to officers and soldiers of Ninth Regiment.)

Ref. to gaslight in Grand Central Hotel.

Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City.

Examinations of Fisk pamphlets.

"The colonel~~/~~..clothed her in silks and satins, sprinkled her with diamonds and other gems, gave her a rich mansion with a brown-stone front, furnished it sunptuously and placed carriages and servants at her disposal..."

Boys on the beams of the lampposts...at Fisk funeral.

Charley the barber, as Fisk lay in coffin, "One more|twirl, dearest of friends, for the last time #

Gould on Black Friday...a pair of eyes and a suit of clothes.

BACKWARD GLANCES...FLoyd-Jones.

Central Park opened. 1856-57.

Astor House. Broadway, Vesey and Barclay.

This book is informative but dull and a little earlier than my period. The fifties and early sixties. See again if needed.

CITIES OF MANY MEN? Taylor.

1865. See Valentines Manual.

Begin with this book.

MRS. BURTON HARRISONS HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. EXAMINED. NO GOOD.

WEINSTEIN. ARDENT EIGHTEES. EXAMINED. BUT NOT MY PERIOD.

CHRONICLES OF GOTHAM. R. GRANT WHITE. NO GOOD.

NEW YORK SOCIAL NOTES. HENRY JAMES. NO GOOD FOR ME.

HORACE GREELEY. RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

Name, Zaccheus

Webster's Spelling Book, Morse's Geograpby.

He read the Bible at 5.

Song - Cruel Barbara Allen

Names Leonard and Nathan appear

Reached New York in August, 1831. City about one third of size in 1867. "Our city stood as if besieged until spring relieved her." The

bad wells of New York. Bad cholera of 1832. Nobody reads much in N.Y. on New Years Day but visiting cards. (NEW YEARS DAY IN MANKATO?) His first real paper, 1834, The New Yorker. Great Ann Street fire of 1835. My filial duty to fill and light my mother's pipe. Weddings, funerals, everything celebrated with liquor. Pious drank more discreetly than the ungodly. But they all drank. Dr. Graham and the Graham system. (Graham bread?) Made his wife's acquaintance at the Graham house. N.Y. Tribune, April 1841. Margaret Fuller, his guest. (READ HER ACCOUNT OF ILLINOIS IN 1839 in "Summer on the Lakes.") She came to live with Greeleys. Desc. of their house on page 176 might be worth copying. Most amusing desc. of Margaret Fuller in their house. Her need of a masculine arm in crossing the room or street. New York, the metropolis of beggary. Early in 1850, the Fox family, and knockings. A NOVEL IN SPIRITUALISM? His country home, 9 miles above White Plains.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD NEW YORK. Hemstreet. Pub. Scribners, 1899. (I would love to own this book.) State St. facing the Battery, still holds several fashionable old houses. No. 7 for example. 4 and 6 Pearl St. the old Stadhuisk. 81 Pearl St. Bradfords Press. Alex. Hamilton lived south side of wall St. at Broad. Inn which still stands at 122 William St. from Revolutionary Days. William and Beaver, the third Delmonicos; also at Chambers and Broadway. 14th St. and Fifth Avenue. 26th St. and Broadway. 44th St. and Fifth Ave. 17, 19 and 21, the old John St. Theatre. Shakespeare's Tavern, tablet at Nassau and Fulton. Barnums Museum, first at Broadway and Ann. Park Street Theatre, on Park Row, burned 1848. Liberty Pole, p.o. building. Governor's Room of City Hall, where Lincoln laid in state.

where Tombs Prison now stands - Freshwater Pond.

The Five Points - where Worth, Baxter and Park Sts. meet. Mulberry Bottle Alley, Bandits Roost, Ragpickers Row.

Chatham Sq. Large Bouweries or farms on the east side.

Earliest Kissing Bridge near Chatham Square

Tea Water Pump on Chatham St. now Park Row, near Queen, now Pearl St. n. side Pearl St. Charlotte Temple died.

Bulls Head Tavern on present Thalia, (formerly Bowery) Theatre.

Cherry Garden.

During 100 years what is now Broadway the only road which ran the length of the island.

See 41 Broadway.

1846, present Grace Church.

Oldest grave in Trinity, n.e. section of churchyard; w.c.

See also Sydney, Sydeney. Near porch, Wm. Bradford.

Astor House, BROADWAY BETWEEN VESSEY AND BARCLAY.

See Vesey, Greenwich and W. Broadway, for a real old-time house.

Greenwich St. follows the line of a road which led from the city to Greenwich Village.

In 1857 Columbia College moved to Madison Ave. between 49th and 50th.

In the vicinity of what is now Greenwich and Warren Sts., the Bowling Green Garden, later Vauxhall Garden.

A.T. Stewart, east side of Broadway, between Chambers and Reade. Stewart residence, n.w. corner 34th st. and 5th Ave.

Broadway and Duane, first roasted chestnuts.

Corner of w. Broadway and Franklin Ave. was Riley's fifth Ward Hotel.

Ranelagh Gardens. Broadway and Thomas St.

453 Broadway, between Grand and Howard, in 1844, first chiropodist.

485 Broadway, near Broome, Broughams Lyceum, built in 1850.

In 1852 became Wallacks Lyceum. Then, much later, Broadway Theatre.  
Wallacks New Theatre (MY PERIOD) built 13th and Broadway, 1861.  
Greenwich Village sprang from oldest known settlement on island. Fatal  
yellow fever of 1822 made Greenwich a thriving suburb instead of a strugg-  
ling village. Irregular lines of village streets still to be seen on  
city maps. Bank Street named in 1799. Washington Square, once a  
potter's field. Chelsea long ago swallowed up by city, 1811 included  
in city map. In 1831, the streets were cut through.  
Little frame house at n.w. corner Rivington and Clinton Sts. was  
home of "mother" Mandelbaum for many years, until driven from city, 1884.  
Queen of the Crooks. Read "The Two Orphans," Frochard. Mother M.  
Died Hamilton, Ont. 1894.  
ST? NICHOLAS HOTEL was at Broadway and Spring St. on Ground floor.  
A tobacco shop there. There 1842, murder of Mary Rogers (mystery of  
Marie Roget.)  
On east side Broadway between Prince and Houston Sts., July 4, 1828, Wm.  
Niblo opened his Garden Hotel and Theatre. Metropolitan Hotel, built  
there in 1852, one million. Corner Broadway and Prince.  
624 Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker Sts. Laura Keanes Theatre.  
Tripler Hall, 677 Broadway. Destroyed by fire in 1854 and rebuilt 1854.  
N.Y. Theatre and Metropolitan Opera House, ~~xxxxx~~ Rachel there 1855.  
Later became the Winter Garden.  
Marble Houses, Broadway, opposite Bond, 1825. Afterwards Tremont  
House.  
Bouwerie Village centered about present St. Marks Church.  
See at 13th and 3d Ave. site of Peter Stuyvesants Pear Treet. n.e. corner  
Cooper Union built, 1854.  
Astor Place Opera House, Astor Place and 8th St. Built 1847. Here, the  
first of the McCreechy riots. 1852, name changed to N.Y. Theatre. Directiob,  
Chas. R. Thorne. Then Frank Chanfrau. In 1854, Mercantile Library.

Astor Library in Lafayette Place, 1853.

Middle Dutch Reformed Church in Lafayette Place 1839. n.w. corner Fourth. Next to it lived Madam Canda (?) who kept mos fashionable school for ladies.

Wallack died in 1864.

Union Square (14th St.) Fountain operated for first time in 1842, on occasion Great Croton Water Celebration. Washington erected in 1856. Academy of Music, 14th St., Irving Place. Built 1854. Burned 1866. Rebuilt, 1868.

Friends Meeting House on East 16th St. since 1860.

St. Georges, built 1845.

In 1845, Madison Square laid out as Public Park.

Turtle Bay, at 47th St. (THERE HORACE GREELEY LIVED?)

Fifth Avenue Hotel, 23d and Broadway.

28th St. and 4th Ave. s.e. corner, the Cooper mansion.

1871, Little Church Round the Corner given its name. At death of Holland.

Fifth Avenue at 37th St. Brick Church (Pres.) Put up in 1858. Green fields there, then.

A potters field where Bryant Park now is. In 1842, a reservoir. The Park called Reservoirs Park until 1884. ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS PEOPLE WENT ON A JOURNEY TO THE RESEVOIR.

Murray Hill derives name from Robert Murray whose house, Inclenberg, stood at what is now 36th St. and Park. Destroyed by fire in 1834.

Kip mansion, until 1851, at 35th and Second Avenue.

50th and 5th Ave. cornerstone of St. Patricks Cathedral laid 1858.

1874 was destroyed Beekman House, near 51st and 52nd and First Ave nue; a tenement there.

Old tower (is this still standing?) near East River at 53d St and an old Dutch farm house still there. Another in 54th and First Avenue. First suggestion Central Park, came fall of 1850. Property known as Jones's Woods.

CITIES OF MANY MEN. (I must see this again.)

Going to Fulton Market to eat juice rockaways at Dorlans on Saturday night.

PRINTS IN LIBRARY HALLS:

View of New York, 1855, shows Reservoir (Bryant Park) and sails on waters.

Union Park, New York, (14th St.) Fenced, a fountain, so charming, so unlike what it is now.

GODEYS LADIES BOOKS

1868, 69, 70.

1868 shows curls, voluminous skirts, small hats. A brooch on a plain linen ~~xxxxxx~~ collar (a brooch containing a lock of grey hair). Mention of a blue bonnet; she "crimsoned to the roots of her blonde frizettes." "Clara Mallory had been her desk mate at Mme. Tourbillou's Seminary". "A serviceable merino or an all-wool delaine" "a whale bone and gingham encumbrance" (umbrella)

Sashes, paletots, sacques.

Black alpaca with linen cuffs and collars; a cherry ribbon at her throat.

9000 { "A pretty house in a pleasant street; 2 parlors and a dinign room with a hall on the first floor; chambers and a bathroom abovel a snug attic bedroom for the servant; 3 marble steps outside and front door cleaned every day by said servant. 2 silk, 2 merino, 1 grenadine, 1 poplin and 1 lawn dresses each year. Also delaines and calicos for common wear."

Balmoral boots.

Penwiper. Napkin Ring. Needlebook.

White alpaca morning dress, open in front, showing a blue silk petticoat.

Long dress, looped to simulate a short morning dress.

Every variety of paletot is worn. The sack shape prevails. Some bordered with fur or astrachan cloth. Bonnets of velvet, trimmed with satin and flowers. Hats are worn by old and young. Sashes continue to be the rage. Neatly trimmed mustache and sweeping beard.

1869

Looped up dresses, trains, sashes, great fullness (especially toward backs), long alexandria curls. Mention of "a real camel's hair shawl." Skirt edged with quilling of black satin.

Walking dress of scarlet silk poplin, made with an overdress of black velvet. White uncut velvet bonnet trimmed with scarlet velvet flowers and green leaves.

Another dress, white muslin sleeves, puffed and divided by bands of black satin.

"Children are dressed so exactly to imitate their elders that descriptions would be superfluous."

"You have been distrait all day"

Scarlet geranium against glossy jetty braids.

In reading these stories, the feminine ideal of the period comes sharply to sight. The "little woman" the "little humming bird" the "hands like snowflakes." If she reads, the book is as big as she is. She trots out with jellies to the poor...M.H.L.

One girl to another, "My dearest life"

Needlebook, worked in imitation of a playing card.

A picture each month of a surburnan residence. These show many towers; tall arched windows.

Suit for a boy - brown velveteen, brown velvet hat trimmed with fur.

In 1869 crinolines have not gone out of fashion; they have merely changed their shape. Trains continue long and bonnets small. The short dress is worn in demi toilette only and for promenade. In drawing room

as ample a train as ever. Hair cloth now used instead of steel springs. Watteau bodice of colored satin over a white silk or muslin dress, the novelty of the season.

All evening dresses have pannier or tunic.

Sashes placed behind to give a bulky tournur.

Round pelerine capes of lace or puffed tulle are newer than fichus crossed on the bosom.

Soft flowing curls for eveningl cashmere fashionable.

Flat sailor hat of black velvet is stylish.

In both hat and bonnet, ear entirely unprotected. "The winter bonnet is a sad misnomer for the fragile little structure , just large enough to serve as a stem to a flower or a perch to a bird." No strings.

Bonnets seem to have a fall of silk or lace behind.

"Rosy little ears" etc. Yet the ideal of the period was large, or at least buxom.

"I darned her stockings, sewed on missing buttons, combed and curled her beautiful hair, mended and sponged, etc."

scented, cream-laid sheets of notepaper.

Sermons against tight lacing - it makes nose red and causes ankles to swell.

Watteau morning robe of grey cashmere. The silk ruchings, cords and tassels are scarlet. Petticoat of black silk, quilted with scarlet.

Costume for a little girl - pearl colored poplin, trimmed with narrow band of plush. Hat of pearl colored felt trimmed with narrow band of feathers.

Fasten train of last year's gored dress up in back to make puff. Or use it as an under -dress. Double skirts much worn.

Trim the under skirt with a plaited flounce around edge.

Inexpensive dresses of white tulle with garniture of flowers.

Powdered hair still in favor. Blonde powder of a light yellow hue.  
false light hair.

Brunettes use

Curls fall to waist. NEED NOT BE NATURAL, as no one would believe it anyhow.

Bonnets very small; somewhat of the fanchon shape. (A fanchon is a kerchief for the head.)

Tight fitting casaque for outdoor wear.

Small <sup>velvet</sup> ~~pannier~~ bag pendent from the waist. May match the dress.

"the more degrading position of saleswoman in a store"

A handsome carriage, a pair of fine horses, a liveried coachman.

"Miss Field swept a flourishing curtsy"

Thank God, I didnt live them. Why dont a write a novel about that?M.H.L .

Overskirts to muslin or silk dresses are quite short and very much puffed up in back.

Panniers are still worn. The new "bee pannier".

Dress improvers (bustles)

A hat veil - fits all round the hat.

Curled chignon still in favor.

High heels are indispensable.

Mixture of yellow and mauve fashionable.

Fainting... "these foolish turns."

Girl of 12 with hat of fur, with small bird at one side.

Dec. 1869. Fancy for masculine looking garments. Suits, jackets and closefitting basques have not disappeared, but with ruffles and sashes have taken a new lease of life.

Plaids in vogue.

The increased size of the bonnet is to be found in height. Higher than the fanchons were.

Chatelaine braids are replacing high chignons.

Round hats are almost universally worn this season. The popular shape curves low in front and behind. A scarf encircles it, and is permitted

to fall behind. This style of hat is called La Fronde.

A locket and ear rings for jewelry.

Cravat bows have displaced brooches.

The Patti jets for morning, a ball of jet pendent from a ribbon.

Hoop skirts are of most modest dimensions. Merely prevent skirts from clinging to the limbs.

New kid gloves show novelty in color.

### 1870

Anthracite in the grate.

Mayn't I light the gas?

The living room, shut off by folding doors from the better furnished "front parlor"

I have been out paying New Years calls since 12 o'clock. Margaret made out my list.

Our ship has not been telegraphed as yet.

Now - short suits prevailing costume for street and house. Trained dresses for ceremonious occasions. The skirt just clears the ground. An upper skirt imperative. (They dont mean by suit what we do. M.H.L.)

2 sleeves are frequent.

Polonaise, or casaque, is the favorite for those who prefer a separate overskirt or jaunty jacket.

Graceful Metternich mantle.

Scotch plaids and poplins fash onable as ever.

In bonnets, the coquettish gypsy shape is fashionable. Hair worn lower. Bonnet requires depth, hence the quaint cape or curtain.

Round hats; bonnets are larger.

Satin has lost its popularity for trimming. Velvet has taken its place,  
VALENTINES MANUALS. 1868. <sup>Valentines new book, & think, manual called</sup> manual of the Corps of the City of N.Y.  
Picture of New York and Environs shows both sailing vessels and steam-

boats in the river. City seems to be (thinly) settled as far as Harlem River. Reservoirs at 42nd. Picture of the Loew(?) Bridge, Broadway and Fulton St.

Central Park, with the lake and the new Bow Bridge; another view of lake.

Pictures of various dispensaries. All buildings seem to be three stories and an attic. Shutters.

Printing House Square, 1868. The Sun, the Tribune, the Times, the World shown. Horse cars. Horseback riders. Carriages.

View of Pike's Opera House. 8th Ave. at 23d.

### 1869

In engraving, New York and Environs, I see no bridge over <sup>East</sup>~~North~~ River. Men with high hats - ladies with spreading skirts and parasols.

Note sign, Dental Depot.

More views of Central Park and views of various corners. Broadway and 11th St., for example. Quiet streets with scattered carriages and horseback riders. 4 story and attic buildings with store on first floor, like a small town.

Picture of "Contemplated East River Bridge."

The Battery, 1869. How rustic!

### 1870

Town seems to have virtually ended with Central Park, altho' mapped further.

N.Y. Stock Exchange, no. 10 Broadway, 40(?) stories high.

View on Broadway, opposite Bond, looks like 7 stories and an attic.

The old church in Hamilton Sq. was demolished 1870.

Remember Godkins library, typical of my period...M.H.L.

REPEADING OF EDITH WHAPTONS OLD NEW YORK SERIES.

The Spark - The Sixties.

"the rich dimple which now and then furrowed his cheek with light"

"the only people who are never put out are the people who don't care"  
a man's dinner, with canvas backs and bowls of punch.

When a fellow's been through the war....Remember, in your book, how recent the war is.

Grim old house in Irving Place.

The old New York of their youth, the exclusive and impenetrable New York to which Jenny Lind and Rubini had sung and Mr. Thackeray lectured, the New York which had declined to receive Charles Dickens <sup>and</sup> ~~or~~ which, out of revenge, he had so scandalously ridiculed.

He had "gone out" with the great Seventh, and the Seventh ever since had been the source and center of his being.

People who dined in the middle of the day.

A man who had had to resign from his clubs (drink and dishonesty) went down into a pit presumably bottomless.

Society soon grows used to any state of things which is imposed upon it without explanation. D - never explained.

New Years Day. The Seventies.

Fifth Avenue Hotel.

House in West 23d, built by my grandpapa when people shuddered at the perils of living north of Union Square (it is now in the 70s). New houses advanced steadily parkward, outstripping the 30th streets, taking the Reservoir at a bound, and leaving us in a - which in my schooldays was already a dullish backwater between aristocracy to the south and money to the north.

New Years calls beginning to be unfashionable.

New York house luxuriously warmed by the new hot air furnaces and searchingly illuminated by gas chandeliers. Grandma's generation brought up in unwarmed and unlit houses and shipped off to Italy to die. Chocolate colored house fronts. Evening ties (in afternoon, but this

a cause for ridicule, I think) behind coat collars.

Fifth Avenue Hotel on fire. This on New Years Day. What year

No longer fashionable.

Noble edifice of white marble. Deep piled carpets. Rich sultry smell of ~~anthracite~~ and coffee. Frequented now by politicians and westerners.

Densely lace curtained and heavily chandeliered public parlors.

Gentlemen with long hair, imperials and white gloves.

New Yorks fire brigade in action.

Glare of polished brass, coruscating helmets and horses shining like table silver. Low necks and short sleeves in broad daylight. White ties at 2 o'clock.

Good horseman, good shot, crack yachtsman, cabin full of racing trophies.

Broadway as usual at that hour and on a holiday, nearly deserted.

Crowd poured up and down Fifth Avenue.

Well scrubbed steps, shining bell and door knob.

Toilet table, ruffled and looped like a ball dress.

One of first women in N.Y. to wear a teagown. Put off walking dress.

His sister's brougham.

White gloved hand - opera hat on his knee. At a party.

NEW YORK HERALD. James Gordon Bennet, prop.

1868

I was especially impressed with the Personal column which ran daily on the front page and was full of romance. I quote from that frequently. Sometimes it was like a serial story.

Personal:- ~~xxxx~~<sup>if</sup>/B who left N.Y. the 17th Dec. will return or will correspond with his -, some satisfactory arrangement can be made.  
-----

will the lady in black who was on Broadway ~~xxxx~~ on Tuesday last in company with a female, permit the gentleman who bowed to make her acquaintance.

Mr. Wilkinson, Hoffman House, New York.

Darling Chasseur - Do not believe reports. Use V---e as a blind for 33; am thine. M...

Advertisement for harness, robes, sleighs, bells and all sorts of stable equipment.

Chimes of Old Trinity rang out a merry greeting ; 1868 came cheerily tripping into world of sin and sorrow. Young America fired off muskets. Grand feature of the day, the calling. Weather unpropitious. But general observance of custom which has been handed down to us from good old Knickerbocker ~~xxxx~~ ancestry. Night's snow - a sloppy slushy mush. Warning the expense, many clubbed together and hired carriages. Mention of festive youth ---topmost circles of society and apprentice boy ---boss given him a dollar ---dress circle of old Bowery with his Mary Ann.

The Park ponds, for skating. The principal one is the main sheet of water north of the terrace. Macmillans Pond. Calcium lights and a band of music. Major Oatman's Pond. Major Mitchell's Fifth Avenue Rink....

At the Five Points House of Industry, the poor sent in their petitions.

The theatres -

Broadway - Mrs. Bowers in her best characterization, Mary Stuart.

Niblo's - The Black Crook.

Wallack's - Oliver Twist.

N.Y. - The Merry bright-eyed Worrell sisters - Under the Gaslight.

Banvard's - The Willow Copse.

Olympic- Midsummer Nights Dream.

Bowery - River Pirates, No Thoroughfare, Raby Rattler, Jolly Cobblers, Slasher and Crasher.

Fifth Avenue - Queen Bess (Burlesque)

Theatre Comique - Variety.

Butlers American Theatre.

N.Y. Circus. The Grand Comic Pantomime "The Miser of Bagdad"

Tony Pastors. Pantomime. There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.

Delley and Leans Minstrels (Santa Claus present)

San Francisco Minstrels.

Hooleys Minstrels (Under the Lamplight. A capitol burlesque.)

Bunyan Hall.

Joking about drinking at New Years Calls. Young men, emerging, don't know proper direction to take.

Description of White House reception. Gen. Grant's rivalled it.

Personals - Children offered for adoption....

Bertie. Essie sadly disappointed in not being able to meet you. Tues.

Please try Friday afternoon.

Dickens is reading in N.Y. Criticism of his voice. Will he surprise Americans by reading from American Notes and Martin Chuzzlewit?

Johnson is president?

Ristori at the Theatre Francais. Mr. Dickens is at Steinway Hall.

January 4 Personal:- Will the young lady who on descending from the Broadway bridge yesterday, 4 p.m., and was so intently gazed at by person standing near, send her address to XY. Herald Office.

Academy of Music. English Opera, Maritana. Richings Co.

QIn this miserable weather when walking is reduced to wading"...

Tonight, Bohemian Girlk.....Dickens, again.

Lester Wallack appears after absence of one year. His return a gre at event.

Fikes New Opera House , 8th and 23d, opened for first time, under the gaslight, so that a select co. might judge of its effects under these brilliant circumstances.

Acad of Music, Richings Troupe with Dickens onex one side and the circus on the other- a full house. Bohemian Girl. Castle, the tenor.

Campbell, the baritone; Miss Richings...

Jan. 8. Will lady in velvet dress who rode up Broadway in Wall St. stage at 2 p.m. yesterday with elderly companion, favor gentleman who sat next to her with an interview. Address D.L.E. Herald Office.

Henry Ward Beecher auction sale of pews.

Jan. II.E. Both notes rec'd. Am sorry for disappointment to myself. Shall count the minutes until day named. Oil Regions.

Madison Ave. stage. Stage seems word for bus.

Fulton Ave. car, Fri. eve.

There goes Walters Crackers. How naughty to have forgotten your promise. Was it not a little selfish?

Marigrita - Your brief note of Fri. has thrown me into unendurable suspense. Write immediately explaining fully cause of your alarm and stating where and when we may prudently meet. Fausto/

Jan. 12. Realms of fashion in state of considerable excitement. The opening of the new opera house, the near approach of the great balls of the season, the skating ponds and rivalry between some of the fashionable churches - have put ladies and modistes at their wits ends. Gorgeous butterflies to loop up trains.

Jan. 12. Long article on skating.

Sleighting, it says, is the luxury of the few.

3 ladies in blue silk, trimmed with down, sleeing over ice in unison. Caps of unique and exquisite design, Jerome Park Pond.

This issue much on ponds and skating.

Petticoats. The cut of all robes is exactly the same. Long gored and trained. Plain in front, and narrow. Skirts are plaited at the back. The most elegant mantle is the Metternich.

Jan 13. Mme. Ristori's farewell week. Roles of Elizabeth and ?

Wallack returned in The Captain of the Watch and (same eve.) Woodcock's Little Game.

-39-  
Reinstatement, in war department, of Mr. Stanton.

Curls and Ben are having quite a correspondence in the Personals.

Young Widow, also.

The Eighth Avenue cars.

At the White Fawn, successor to Black Crook, a comic character, "Fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Rec'd with cheers, then hisses.

Jan. 9. Ristori closed her brilliant engagement yesterday before immense house. Edwin Booth at Memphis. Black Crook (which just closed in N.Y.) at Young Mens Hall, Detroit.

From Paris, steel and gold mania. Worn on everything.

The Twenty-third Street stage.

Jan. 21. N.Y. Theatre. Under the Gaslight still holdsboards. Large audiences. The pier scene and the railway scene never fail to bring out plaudits of spectators.

Wonder, or Womanx Keeps at Secret, at Wallacks.

Mr. Lester Wallack, Donx Felix; Miss Rose Eytinge, Violante.

Fatti and Marquis de Caux approach nuptials.

Jan. 22. A personal. Antony! Antony! Antony! Fifth Ave. stage.

Missing. Since Jan. 9, 1868. Miss Annie Muldooney, aged about 25 years. Had on when last seen a black dress with orange stripe, woollen shawl, green silk bonnet, dark hair, fair complexion. Additional information 49 West 25th St. N.Y.

Personal column is headed Personal and is on upper left hand corner of front page each day.

Jan. 26. Season of masked balls has fairly commenced. Balls of the cercle francaisx at Academy of Music. Conducted with propriety.

Discussion of immorality of White Fawn at Nibles Gardens. Bonnets are of microscopic dimensions.

Exquisite little comedienne, Lotta, coming.

Spiritualism ridiculed; also S.P.C.A.

Broadway cars; got out at 43d St.

For my plot. TIE UP WITH SOMEONE WOUNDED IN CIVIL WAR?

Personal. To lady with ermine muff.

To Diamond Pin. Signed Bread Crumbs.

A house "below 60th St."

Elegant business writing guaranteed.

Terrible railway accidents. Stoves and kerosene lamps. Great risks  
abd are (says the Herald) unnecessary.

Working up sentiment for a bridge to Brooklyn. "advantages to both  
cities are palpable. Feb. 2.

E. Note just rec'd. Have been out of town. Do let me see you soon. Oil  
Regions.

Information wanted of Corp. John Kelley, Co. F, First N.Y. Cavalry, wounded  
at Gettysberg and sent to Hagertown Hospital.

Italian Opera at Pikes Opera House.

For skating - coquettish little caps set off with steel aigrettes  
abd pretty fur topped boots. Costumes - green, garnet, black and grey.  
Style, a la polonaise. Material velvet. Trimmings of fur and satin.

MY MANKATO CHILDREN COULD SEE THESE NEW YORK PERSONALS.

Paris letter. My old persian consul at the opera.

One personal writer signs self - Book in Hand.

Lotta and Maggie Mitchell both playing now. Lotta, "Old Curiosity  
Shop"; Mitchell "Fanchon/" Story on White Fawn, "Display of pretty  
legs more variegated in Fawn than in Crook. The closing transformation  
scene of the dazzling dominions of the dragon fly knocks the spots  
not only out of the crook but out of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, etc  
etc. Draws like a house on fire.

TO LADY WITH BABY ON LAP. I smiled; did you? Signed Whiskers and Mustache.

Empress in white and straw colored tulle. Trimmed with white acacias. Population of New York, about a million. West of park to be residential in future. East manufacturing. Issue of Feb. 9.

Henry Ward Beecher's sermons recorded, Plymouth Church.

Lady with black astrachan beaver coat and light muff.

Jump yto July 1869. Information wanted of so and so. Juno Lee? Secluded \$250.

There are letters for you at the Astor House.

Long Branch. This fashionable seashore resort is now fully opened (July.) Hotels and cottages rapidly filling up. 3 years ago - Blythe Beach, south of the Stetson House, farmlands. Now it is graded and laid out in Central Park style.

Signor Operti's orchestra has been engaged at the Continental House and will give concerts on the Mall every evening and a ball once a week. Splurging Long Branch and dashing Saratoga - Newport, different. The aristocratic are dribbling in, n state. Bellevue Avenue.

Grant now president? Yes.

Leah, the Forsaken, at Grand Opera House. Tragic correspondence of Laura and H.R.C. Lover calling for my M.L.? The summer season upon us. Merchants complain that business is dull, the pretty milliners sit in their stores awaiting customers who do not come, theatres are languishing in the withering heat, but our hotels, railroads and steamships tell a different story.

ten theatres closed, 10 and one minstrel hall open.

Mrs. Bloomer has abandoned her bloomers.

July 4. A military parade. Line of march down Broadway, through Canal to the Bowery, up the Bowery and 4th Ave. to 23d St., then 23d St, to Madison Ave. , up Madison Ave to 32nd St., then 32nd to 5th Ave., and down Fifth Ave to 23d.

Rising of the Sun, salute fired from Battery. See issue of July 6 for good desc. if needed.

Fireworks in Madison Sq. (23d.)

Laura. This suspense is fearful. You should in some way relieve it.

H.R.C.

Tompkins Sq., Madison Sq. and Union Sq. constantly linked.

Not shade enuf in Central Park. Trees have not grown. Not enuf benches. Signs too few. Neighborhoods around avenue not built up. Madison Ave not paved and lighted out to the park.

Quiet reigns once more at Niblos. Vestibule, reading room and bar room of the Metropolitan Hotel, where at this particular season of the year actors and managers most congregate, etc.

Jolly Thespians there in good numbers, vainly trying to barter away talents for a small pittance. All quiet in immediate vicinity of the theatre. Beautiful fountain in Niblos Garden. Alligator.

Jubilee Jr. mentioned.

Evidently, in numbers I missed, Fisk bought the Grand Opera House.

Laura. My heart is breaking. Your cruelty is inh man. I pass daily. Where are you?

July 11. Jim Jubilee Jr.'s wharf matinees are an immense success.

Songs \* I'm the chap that's nobby. *W.H.* The Pet of the Girls am I.

Pass Cooper Institute this afternoon at half past three. Chas.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Booth at Long Branch.

Securely Secluded. Will give you your price.

"Hop" for dance. Chests of finery and trunks as big as the Great Eastern.

August 16. 3 theatres open. Fifth Avenue stock co. of Augustin Daly with 4 act comedy "Play", given for first time (By T.W. Robertson.)

Theatre Comique and the Tammany also open.

A fashionable millinery store w. 11 St.

Fisk - a benefit matinee for Avondale Mine Sufferers. Sept II, 1869 .

Erie-pressible Fisk Jr.

East Lynn at Grand Opera House with Lucille Western.

Good on 469  
so saw a  
while

Mistress Lady



NEW YORK



Unfortunately can't find my own article in the Sun on Union Square, which would be of help. Some notes from which I prepared that are at hand and include these stray references:

The most celebrated managers of the theatrical and operatic world conferred there with their actors, singers, agents, playwrights, scene painters, even printers.

The novice, sitting intent on his bench, might see A.M. Palmer or Augustin Daly draw his date book from his pocket and arrange forthcoming tours with his most famous stars. He might see Booth and Barrett in friendly confab. He might see Jos. Jefferson back from a new winning of the west, or Chas. Thorne fresh from his triumphs at the Union Square Theatre over the way. The gold headed cane and high silk hat of the successful actor passed along the paths with the flowing locks which were the only mark of his profession the unsuccessful brother carried, unless he had been able to borrow a tile for his mornin promenade.

A fashionable carriage might pause on the square. The feathers or flowers of a bonnet sliding down over the forehead, the gleam of a rich shawl, might proclaim Miss Clara Morris or Miss Rose Eytunge or Miss Fanny Davenport herself. They would lean out to chat, to see and be seen and to carry on business chats also. Bridle of velvet under bonnet, black tulle looped over petticoats. Long curling mustaches of the men.

For not only was the Union Square Theatre near, but the Academy of Music, and Tony Pastors, and Wallacks, and all of the favorite restaurants and saloons and hang outs of the Thespians. Here in the square strolled those happy ones already "booked", studying their blue paper covered parts. Here the hungry ones sat on benches muttering lines

Comedians, heavy men and women, singers from 10,  
20 and 30c. opera.

"muttering lines and dialogue"... "going back to  
the sticks"... "What...ask for salary when the blackberries are ripe?"

Stove pipe hat and green waistcoat.

J.H.Haverly, Col. McCaull, Mapleson, Grau,  
E. E. Rice.

Booth's Theatre opened in 1869. Winter Garden  
had been destroyed by fire.

Occasionally a sleek manager and a thin actor  
vanished into the saloons of the period to consummate a deal. Occasionally  
a whole company ate at a table d'hote before going away. One saw  
an actor hastily memorizing a play ~~xxxxxx~~ which he was stealing for  
the use of his road company.

Gossip in those days. At the Union Sq. Theatre,  
Rose Michel had run a hundred nights. That was a lucky theatre, for  
before Rose Michel had been The Two Orphans and before that Led  
Astray,

Chas. R. Thorne, matinee idol of the day. Stuart  
Robson. McKee Rankin. Rose Eyttinge. Kate Claxton.



~~Also Minnesota Pioneer Sketches, Frank O'Brien.~~

~~Strohbecher, a good book.~~

The ravine invited for a second reason. Kong, still roaring his triumph, had picked Ann up and was moving off. His course bent at an angle which, it seemed to Driscoll, would carry the beast-god around to the far side of the ravine. Only by crossing on the log bridge could they keep in touch.

At first it seemed that the surviving tricerotop would pass them by. It was some distance away. It, too, had been struck by more than one of Kong's asphalt slabs and had suffered injuries which held the center of its thoughts.

"Keep down!" Denham repeated Driscoll's warning.

They got a little closer to the trees.

Suddenly, without reason, the tricerotop wheeled at right angles to its line of retreat and lumbered toward them. They dared not risk the chance that it would turn again before seeing them. All leaped erect and fled. And again, as with the dinosaur, all got clear except the slowest man. Glancing back in fright, this one crashed into a low-hanging branch, fell, and picked himself up too late. He tried to swing behind the shelter of a small tree but the blundering tricerotop crashed into this and came down in a heap, man and tree underneath. Then, as the others watched from the edge of the ravine, the beast rose on its fore knees, felt for its victim with its long central horn, and gored him to death.

flour and corn meal had given out; butter was bringing 30¢ a pound and eggs 25¢ a dozen in little Henderson before the opening of navigation in 1856. Each spring immigrants arrived in huge waves for their choice to travel if possible at a time when transportation was certain. In 1856 the Reville late in April left St. Paul with 370 passengers. Three days later 400 passengers with their goods and chattels. Navigation of Minnesota usually possible several weeks before first steamboat arrived at St. Paul from below, because of the length of time required for Lake Pepin to open. Not many supplies to carry however. Boats lay at foot of Lake Pepin and many people set out on foot for Red Wing. At Red Wing met by Minnesota River boats, which flourished on this early season business made up of passengers who cared little for the facilities provided. See St. Paul Pioneer and Democrat for April 17, 29, 1857. Poor accommodations, crowds, but the captains made money. The M.L. would come this way and be attracted by a description of Cloudman given by Capt. Louis Robert. Owners of Minn. River steamboats made snug fortunes before their season opened. Before daylight April 17 Time and Tide came into St. Paul with a full load of passengers and the Red Wing and such trips must have brought a broad grin to the countenance of the jovial and picturesque Louis Robert. 25 hundred tons of freight dumped pell mell on St. Paul levee. Em

Emerson in Minnesota, 1867.

During the period of high water in the early spring, vessels of fair size which normally plied the Mississippi could operate on the Minnesota,

At time of Tides "the region being unknown to boatmen, and the risk of running up so high amid the serpentine windings and labyrinthine dells and entanglements of heavy timber and undergrowth being considered very great.... May. The river is high - some 30 or 40 feet above low water mark. The bottom lands of the Minn. valley are all under water. many places of sufficient depth to navigate a steamboat

People who characterize phases of the past as  
~~outlined on page one.~~

Marguerite Marsh and her grandfather: the fur trade.

The Black Angels: the Indians.

Midge: the Germans. (Rather, all the Gerlachs.)

An imaginative child: could bring to life the  
Le Saueur legend, by hunting in the valley for the treasure.

*Dr. Wakefield: the*

*Pioneer doctor,*

and romance must lie in the Mistress Lady herself. The story must actually reach back into the east.

A romance between the children could, perhaps, be ever so faintly forecast but it could not be the ~~xxx~~ main romance of the story.

#### MISTRESS LADY.

What is Miss tress Lady&s story?

It must be a tragic, colorful, glamorous story/ A story of the theatre or of the operatic stage.

It weaves back and forth between New York of the fifties, sixties or seventies, and Minnesota of the same period.

The children must somehow be concerned, vitally concerned.

The hotels, the boarding houses, the theatres, the opera of New York of that day, when Union Square was the theatrical center of the town all appeal to me so enormously. I would love to tie them up to a little frontier village.

I could jump from Minnesota back to the man who is hunting for her. The clue, of course, lies in the man who has given her the idea of coming to Minnesota, who has arranged her transportation.

The children, by meddling, can get her into terrible difficulties which, however, turn out fortunately, but after a bitter interval.

The children, oddly enough, are as plain as day.  
Miss tress Lady is.....Violet, Viola, Viola Langhorne,  
There is the millionaire Gregg Brancher.

There is her husband ...

Why does she hide herself? Why does a woman hide herself?

Because she thinks she has betrayed her lover to irretrievable ruin.

--- Notes on Mauckato navel ---

To Bick and Midge

CHAPTER 12.

Stumbling toward the ravine, the weary survivors of the searching party showed none of the confidence which had been so high in them when they trotted away from the great gate. They were picked men. Every one had been proved more than ordinarily resourceful. Again and again when confronted with sudden danger they had revealed and sustained that high courage which is the adventurer's final salvation, more potent than any weapon. Cast away in any ordinary wilderness they would have boldly combined their wisdom and ingenuity and won out. But here, for the first time, they knew the meaning of utter helplessness. Of what use was such guile and wit as theirs against the huge fantastic beasts of this nightmare island? Their frail knives, too, were useless. As they ran it was borne home upon them that along with their rifles and bombs had sunk their last hope. Armed with these they could have fought on. Lacking them they were as helpless as the trapped triceratops and its mate slowly smothering to death back in the morass. No one, not even the buoyant Jimmy, stood ready now to say that the odds were fifty-fifty.

Hard, sullen oaths dropped from their lips as they ran; not oaths of defiance, but the bitter, resentful bursts of men who have been enmeshed through no fault of their own, and who see no way of escape.

Only Driscoll and Denham fought against this mood of surrender. Leading the tired flight the young mate cudgelled his

That boat had left the fort with a heavy tow 24 hours before...but had had difficulty in stemming the 30-foot stage of water that flooded the lowlands of the Minnesota Valley. The heyday of steamboating on the Minnesota 1855-65. when almost 3000 arrivals at St. Paul wharves. "Prices on the advance since the close of navigation."

~~After a long winter siege~~ After a long winter siege the towns along the river began to look forward with impatience to the opening of navigation. Late in March 1857 a Shakopee paper urged its readers to listen for the whistle of the first steamboat. Mid April ushered in the opening of navigation. Late on a rainy Sunday night the citizens of Shakopee were awakened from their slumbers by the hoarse, wierd moan of a steamboat whistle. In a twinkling the levee was alive with people. As the boat glided triumphantly up to the landing ~~xxxx~~ with its flags flying, its whistles blowing and a brass band dispensing martial music, the assembled throng burst into a frenzy of wild huzzas. Guns were fired, hats were thrown into the air - a new year had opened for the little town of Shakopee. And thru all the excitement Capt Chas Sencerbox beamed down from the deck of the Equator, his ambition realized the E was the first boat to ascend the Minnesota that year, The progress of the first boat of the season was regularly accompanied by a series of joyful demonstrations and the captain who was fortunate enough to bring his craft to port first was certain of aliberal patronage all thru the ensuing year. Midsummer usually brought low water and the merchants along the Minnesota bought a heavy supply of merchandise early in the year to guard against a shortage in case the boats should be unable to proceed on their regular schedule. "The merchants of the valley are taking advantage of the high water (May 1, 1856) and are bring up a larger amount of goods and stock than that of the 2 preceding years. Several steam mills are being erected in different parts of the valley and the present high water affords facilities for getting the machinery with but little cost or delay." Fresh and salt beef were unobtainable; pork was scarce;

of the low water. Immigrants were surging into the valley, however. In 1858 a total of 394 steamboats docked at the St. Paul levee from the valley towns. Shakopee, Chaska, Henderson, St. Peter, Mankato and other points along the Minnesota River became distributing centers for the inland settlements and as quickly as the tons of freight were dumped upon their levees, they were carted away into the interior. Intense rivalry between the river towns. Each pointed with pride to its own rapid growth and viewed with alarm or derision the progress of its neighbor. 5 different stage lines advertised in spring of 1856 in the Henderson Democrat. "Saddle, Carriage and Buggy horses will be kept ready for the accomodation of ~~xxxxxxx~~ persons arriving by ~~the~~ Steam Boats and desirous of visiting the interior and returning by the same Boat." From Steam boat advertisement s/ "The proprietor of the Steamer Equator will have a boat in readiness at the commencement of the low water season that will only require a heavy dew to make her run." The mad stampede up the Minnesota River and off into the interior. A St. Peter paper advised other cities along the Minnesota to cease tearing one another down by their persistent croaking. In June 1856 a large supply of goods, including 200 barrels of flour for the firm of Bigsby and Gardner, was rolled off the steamboat Equator, completely blocking the St. Peter levee. A writer in Henderson Democrats describes the Indians, tepees etc on the banks when the Anthony Wayne and nominee ~~xxxxx~~ made their early trips and continues, "How changed! Now a dozen embryo cities sit proudly on its banks whilst settlers and settlers homes occupy almost every mile of space. From Shakopee, Henderson and St. Peter the press issues forth its thousands every week and the valley and the valley towns are fast rising into importance and increasing in wealth and beauty."

While immigrants and immigrant supplies to the valley towns formed the chief cargo, the transportation of government supplies and Indian annuities was a source of profit. . . .Erection of a Sioux Agency and of Fort Ridgley important....At Henderson it passed the Clarion,

That boat had

CHAPTER 17.

Lumpy saw them first. There had been so much talk about this big black brute called Kong that Lumpy felt a trifle jumpy. It was all wind, of course; all just so much jaw exercise. The idea of grown men holding to such a notion! But just the same it wouldn't do any harm to ramble over to the open gate and take a look out onto the consolingly empty plain...

Lumpy strolled with studied nonchalance over to the gate. And what he saw sent tingling currents through all his dry old bones. The plain was by no means empty. Not by a long nautical mile!

"Yo-o-oh!" Lumpy howled and tacked through the gate as fast as his surprised, ancient legs would take him. "It's Miss Ann! And the Mate!"

Denham cut short his confident praise of Driscoll, forgot his philosophical summation of Beauties and Beasts, and ran. Englehorn swallowed a freshly cut half-inch of plugcut, but in spite of this he was the third man out into the Plain of the Altar. Behind swarmed a delirious, shouting train of sailors.

Just in front of the altar, close enough so that the longest rays of high-held torches picked out his drenched, sagging figure, walked Driscoll. In Driscoll's arms was Ann whose white, still form opened the sailors' mouths wider.

"Gott sei dank!" said Englehorn, finally coughing up his plugcut. And the measure of his gratitude was indicated by his use of a language he had discarded for English these twenty years.

Old Rail Fence corners lots of good Mankato stuff of a slightly earlier date. "The farmers had not developed their farms much at that time. (58.) A farmer who had 20 to 25 acres under plow was considered to be a very big farmer indeed. Much about tightness of money, etc, bad crops. p. 170. Birds, such a pest. Johnny cake, pork, potatoes and milk - good fare,

Thread came in hanks then instead of on spools.

Speaking of wild boats. If water was at a good "stage" fine profits would result. I found that use of stage in Hughes' article. Dictionary says/ A landing stage. See landing stage. Landing stage says: A stage or platform, usually floating or anchored at the end of a pier or wharf, for the landing and embarking of passengers and freight to or from vessels." Captain who stole a young calf from one of passengers to provide veal for meals. There was always great strife to be the first boat to arrive at St. Paul and many risks were taken by steamers to get thru the ice at Lake Pepin. One advantage to the first boat was free wharfage the balance of the season in every town and city along the river. Two steamers hardly ever came in sight of each other without a race.

The Nominee, ~~xxxx~~ in 3 trips to St. Paul late in the season of 1851, carried more than 600 passengers while her lower decks creaked and groaned with heavy loads of live stock, merchandise, agricultural implements etc. QUERY? WHAT WAS MY BOAT LOADED WITH? PIONNEFS? The Excelsior, her cabin and deck jammed with immigrants.

St. Paul the entropot, supplying the needs of Shakopee, Chaska, Henerson, St. Peter, Mankato and points beyond.

Continued low water in the years following the signing of the Treaty of T des S, greatly retarded the growth of steamboating. After the usual spring floods the Minnesota River would suddenly dry up and notwithstanding the efforts of steamboats to rub their bellies over the innumerable sandbars that blocked the way. only a few score trips were made each season. Freight rates were much higher than usual because

"Jack!" cried Denham. He turned to the sailors with the air of a man who has just scored a personal triumph of the first magnitude. "By God!" he roared. "Didn't I tell you Jack would bring her back if anybody could?"

No one disputed that. Eyes popping, tongues loose at both ends, the crew trotted around Driscoll and Ann pouring out an unintelligible confusion of relief. All save Lumpy! He promptly got back his customary manner, blunt and casual.

"Lively!" he snapped. "Some of you mudhens take Miss Ann from the Mate before he falls in his tracks. Can't you see he's dead beat?"

"Give her to me!" Denham said.

Englehorn pulled out the bottle from which Driscoll had taken his pick-me-up earlier. It still held something. He went over to Driscoll as Denham turned toward the gate with Ann. The Mate took a long swallow and shuddered.

"Do you good, " Englehorn murmured.

"I got her!" Driscoll said hoarsely. "I got her, Skipper."

"Good man, Mr. Driscoll."

"Good man, my eye!" snapped Lumpy. "Great Man!"

Driscoll, helped by the liquor, turned a broad smile in Lumpy's direction and plodded ahead surrounded by a back-slapping ring of sailormen.

Ann had been stretched out in the council square, upon a hastily built bed of coats and whatnot. Driscoll knelt stiffly and tried to pour the remainder of the bottle's contents down her throat. She swallowed a spoonful, choked and pushed the bottle away.

would make a fine red wine - Burgundy.

Wheat from crow of a wild swan.

Dont forget the pigeons - p. 21.

New Years calls in Minn. if needed. p.22. Incident of hat blowing away, amusing and good. p. 23,

Easy for youngsters to get at lye for every house had a leach for the making of soap.p. 124.

We had wild plums and little wild cherries with stems just like tame cherries on our farm. They helped out tremendously as they with cranberries were our only fruit.

The man who got homesick for codfish...p. 159.

Mrs. Funk..." decided to locate at the Great Bend of the Minnesota River. We landed about 4.08clock in the morning and father took us to a little shack he had built on the brow of the hill west of Front St. near the place where the old Tourtelotts Hospital used to be, Back of this shal ('53) at a distance of a couple of blocks were 20 Indian tepees which were known as Wauquacauthah's Bad. Good desc early Mankato I60,1 2 .

The old Nominee with a cabin full of passengers and decks and hold loaded with freight,...One of the happy things about this same trip of the old Nominee was the fact that almost every citizen of St. Paul came down to see this welcome messenger of spring. Provisions had become very scarce and barrels of eggs and boxes of crackers and barrels of hams, in fact almost everything eatable, was rolled out on the land and sold at once. It didnt take long to empty a barrel of eggs or a box of crackers and everyone went home laden

Mrs. Pfeffers house, near Minneopa. "a stopping place for lodging and breakfast for settlers travelling over the territorial road towards Winnebago and Blue Earth City. Pigeon hill , a mile beyond our house, was used as a camping ground for the Sioux all of that inter.

"Pretty stiff stuff for her," Englehorn murmured.

"I don't need anything," Ann gasped, sitting up.

"I'm all right." She caught at Driscoll and hid her face against him. "Oh, Jack! We're really back." She began to sob.

"Now! Now!" Englehorn soothed her. "Of course, you're back. And we'll have you on the ship in no time."

"Cry away, Honey!" whispered Driscoll. "You've got a cry coming.

"It's the first time," he said to the others, "that I've seen even a tear from her."

They had all been so absorbed in the miraculous return of Ann and Driscoll that no one had noticed the returning natives; but the whole tribe was filtering back. At first a single woman had peered from her hut at the reunion out on the plain, and then had slipped out of sight. Other women had followed to stare in unbelief. Then one had gone swiftly to the dark outskirts of the village. And now the men, led by the chief and the witch-doctor, were edging slowly into the council square. Some, with newly lighted torches, were climbing to the top of the wall.

Englehorn was first to see the pressing black mass, and he whipped about with a sharp command.

"Bado!" he ordered. "Stop!"

The sailors were prompt to encircle Ann, but it was immediately plain that the natives meant no trouble. They were, simply puzzled and, like their women, unbelieving. They stared at Ann and babbled low and monotonously:

"Kong..Kong..Kong..Kong..Kong..Kong..Kong."

"That," said Denham emphatically, "is just what I want to know, too. What about Kong?"

just before the grave yard. ~~You'll see a sign there.~~ By the Mistress Lady's house."

You will ask of Joan amusedly. "What do you know of the Mistress Lady?"

*Joan will ask, puzzled, but not at all amused. She will wrinkle her finely freckled nose over the tea with a stick in it.* "What do I know of God?"

"Joan!" Clementina will reprove. ~~Clementina~~, although beloved of youth, and dispensing hospitality from her vine wreathed porch just as she did in her youth, Clementina insists on certain ~~eccencies~~ *eccencies*, and the young folk who crown her porch seldom ~~draw down her soft voiced rebuke.~~

Clementina, having frowned at Joan, smiles at you. *smile as soft as her voice* She has a soft but still radiant smile, which wrinkled her very fine soft skin into myriad lines, and seems to halo her much as does her mist of fine white hair. Her white net collar.

~~Clementina smiles at you.~~

"The Mistress Lady is part of Cloudman. Isn't she," she will ask, excusing Joan. "she's like a name of a street - Hickory or Cherry. ~~Or a name of a park. Or a name of a school. She's in the wind. She's in the smell of the town in spring. She's in the very weather.~~ It seems strange, doesn't it, that she was here less than a year."

"Less than a year? That isn't possible, you say," settling into the cushioned *wicker* chair, refilling your glass.

"It is possible." Clementina avers. "Less than a year, and that over fifty years ago. She came in the spring....."

In a desperate attempt to get my plot formulated (writing is already underway, but the plot not clear) I am reading through my notebooks and jotting down every possible plot idea to see how they may be put together later.

Beginning next Monday, I am going to write two pages of my rough draft EVERY DAY without fail. NOTHING MUST INTERFERE WITH THAT. In addition I will do what polishing I care to on the finished draft, which is already started.

So much for that.

Rereading my notebooks I find:

Names Viola Langley - Brancher Gregg. or Gregg Brancher.

The children - two girls; or a girl and a boy. The girl is Clementina Minters. The other girl? The boy?

The Civil War background. Johnny Comes Marching Home Again.

Shall I use the trip by train and steamer? I think not. Except in backwash. I think I must begin with steamer arriving. Of course I may be able to use it with another character.

The Personal Column of the New York Herald. This will certainly come into the yarn.

Pfaffs

Nothing small would have brought her to Mankato. It was some great grief - such as having betrayed her lover to ruin. For to her, a New Yorker of the sixties, Mankato was the end of the world. Also, perhaps, she must have some reason for selecting it. Or did she select it just because it was the end of the world? Lac Qui Parle was that.

She arrives in black; in grief; in mourning. But, her nature being volatile, that need not last.

She had gotten information thru Fisk which ruined her lover?

She is musical. Shall she be an opera singer? A piano teacher? A musical comedy star (The Black Crook?)

Different lines for New York - Pfaffs - Mother Mandelbaum -

The story could easily be the story of a boy who loved her - a romantic, high spirited boy. He loved Clementina also, and would go back to her at the end of the story.

My model for the Mistress Lady - Pauline.

She lives in the house of the child who is the heroine of the story? Her trunks? Her mementoes and souvenirs of the east?

If I use these children as children. then my real mystery

into and through a second cloud, and a third.

By now he was no more than a hundred yards from where Driscoll hurried Ann into a boat, but his great speed was gone. His deep challenging cry changed into a strangling cough, his head swung from shoulder to shoulder, and his gait was no more than a staggering walk.

"What did I tell you?" Denham cried exultantly.

Recklessly the director stepped close enough to break a fourth bomb so squarely against Kong's chest that the liquid in it soaked into the thick hair and evaporated in a cloud which stayed with Kong as he struggled blindly on.

One slowly swinging hand of the beast-god grazed Denham and knocked him down. Both hands rose toward Ann, now almost within arm's reach. Unable to lift his heavy feet, Kong groped, swung in a wide dogged circle and crashed to the sand. Prone, his body still made a figure of incredible bulk in the moonlight.

"Man the boats," Englehorn ordered. "We'll get out of this."

He ran to pick Denham up.

"Are you hurt?"

"Me? Not a bit! Come on, we've got him."

"We'd best get back to the ship, Mr. Denham."

"Sure! Send some of the crew. Tell 'em to fetch anchor chains and tools."

"You don't dare..."

"Why not? He'll be out for hours. Snap into it."

"What are you going to do?"

"Chain him up, And build a raft to float him out to the ship and steel chamber."



She came in the spring \*----

-1-

The steamboat's arrival. Pioneer Cludman of the  
One family from New York.  
boom period. A happy pair of young married folks. Clementina...the  
romantic and imaginative child. The Mistress Lady as she first appeared.  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ The excitement. The mystery.

-2-

She gets settled in the town. Her black garb. Her  
air of mystery. She is asked to sing in the church. She does sing in  
the church. She gives music lessons. How the children adore her.  
The husband starts falling in love, but Clementina does not see it.  
Clementina gets one small clue as to the Mistress Lady's identity.

-3-

New York of the Flash Age. Jack Ennersbey, her  
lover. Putting a personal in the New York Herald Brancher Gregg, her  
husband. Also putting a personal in the New York Herald Lina Ravoli,  
of the Black Crook Company. Also putting a personal in the New York  
Herald. The New York situation developed.

-4-

Clementina's passion for the Mistress Lady reaches  
a height. She gets one more clue. There is some festival, such as singing  
school, or a barn raising. A disillusionment, as she sees the husband  
falling in love? Her desire to do something. Her decision to do something.

-5-

Clementina siezes upon a personal. She takes command  
of the situation at any rate and calls the wrong man from New York.  
A strong twist to the plot here. It will come clear later. I must get  
the Mistress Lady. Her character and her history.

Chapter Three.

Clementina and Maria had planned to go together to watch the arrival of the first steamboat of the season.

This was not surprising, for they went everywhere together and were known as the inseparables of Cloudman. It was not surprising, but it was difficult.

How strange that steamboat day, the most important of the year, more important even than Christmas, did not come at any stated time. It came this year in March and last year in April and the year before that in March and --Clementina and Maria couldn't remember back farther than that. And it came without warning. In the ~~xxxx~~ old days, before the Indians had been sent out of this last, a runner had been wont to come with word that the welcome harbinger of spring had arrived at St. Peter - or Mankato. But now one did not know until one heard the whistle at the great bend of the river. And that did not give time to put on boots or a hair ribbon.

Not that that would matter ~~ixixixixixix~~ so much to Clementina and Maria - so long as they were together.

So long as they were together. That was what mattered. And how tragic it would be if they were not. If they were hustled off by callous parents with families instead of together. So through March and April Clementina and Maria stuck even closer than usual. Always of course they went to school together, swinging lunch pails; always they assisted each other with disagreeable chores; they were separated briefly even at church for Maria went to early mass in order to arrive at the Baptist church in time to scuff her heels and watch Clementina appear, surprisingly clean with her parents.

MISTRESS LADY  
By Maud Hart Lovelace.

-I-

Clementina and Gretchen had planned to go together to watch the arrival of the steamboat.

This was not surprising, for they went everywhere together. To ~~xxxxx~~ school, to picnicking, to ---, even to church, Clementina scuffing her heels while Gretchen went to Catholic and Gretchen waiting with bored placidity while Gretchen went to Baptist. It was not surprising but it was difficult.

How strange that steamboat day was the most important of the year, more important even than Christmas, and yet one did not know at all when it came. It came ~~this~~ this year in March and last year in April and the year before that in March again. And it came without warning. One had not time even to run home for shoes or a hair ribbon. One must go as one could to the levee for the great event.

But at least Clementina and Gretchen must be together. It would be too awful if they saw it separately and alone.

They stuck even closer than usual to each other as March ran into April. They spent every waking hour together. And at night each one tied a string to her biggest toe and let the string hang surreptitiously from beneath the covers out through a hole bored into the storm window. It was easy for Clementina who slept only with Billy and Bee in the room but more difficult for Gretchen whose family was numerous. Nevertheless Gretchen achieved it, and slept unessily

MISTRESS LADY

-I-

Clementina and Gretchen had planned to go together to watch the coming of the steamboat.

That was difficult for one never knew when the steam boat was coming. It was not as though one could plan to be together for the Easter or the Fourth of July. ~~That first steamboat arrived in 1855~~ Although the arrival of the first steamboat was an event of greater importance even than ~~the~~ Christmas, one could not know when it was about to take place. It was very confusing.

• It varied from year to year. The year Clementina was ~~ten~~ eight it had come in March; the year she was seven it had come in April; the year she was six it had come in April too but very early, almost as early as crocuses. Clementina couldn't remember back farther than that; at least <sup>was</sup> about steamboats.

Since the beginning of March she had slept with a string tied to her biggest toe and hung out the window through the hole bored in the storm window and Gretchen had done the same; the agreement was that when the either one heard the great news that the steamboat had arrived at St. Peter or Mankato, or when the steamboat whistled; the lucky hearer would, if it were night or early morning run over and pull the other's toe. Clementina couldn't sleep; she couldn't study; she was so afraid that she and Gretchen might have to go separately to the steamboat.

But as luck would have it they were able to go together.

Gretchen had an older sister...Margarite. She was blonde too and very kind to the children. She was newly married to Robert Squill and ~~they lived in a house on the river~~ Clementina and Gretchen went to play with the baby.

The pursuit had drawn closer to Kong. He stood now on a dry mound in the center of the morass. He had put Ann down on the far side of the mound, away from the tricerotops. The farthest behind of these was apparently out of the fight, and probably out of all other fights as well. It had lumbered into a spot too soft to walk upon and was speeding its own end by fruitless struggles. The other two, however, were almost at the edge of the mound. Luckier than their companions, they had picked out dry paths and were sure to reach their objective.

Already Kong was carrying on a long distance fire. Great slabs of the hardened asphalt swung up over his snarling face and went hurtling down upon the tricerotops' horny heads.

"No!" Denham said as he watched. "I won't believe it. There never was a beast as strong as that."

What amazed him, and all the others, was the power with which Kong cast his huge projectiles. One, striking fairly, broke off a horn. The tricerotop staggered, obviously hurt and Kong redoubled his attack. The second of the two beasts swung grudgingly off to the flank and moved slowly toward the watching group on the crest. The first also tried to retreat, but another missile hit it again on the head and it fell. Kong roared in triumph and beat his breast.

"We'll have to get out of this," Driscoll said. "Creep back through the bushes."

Off to the right, through a fringe of trees, could be seen the rocky edge of a narrow, stark ravine; and at one point what looked like a fallen log led to the seeming safety of the far side. Driscoll pointed, and they all began sliding away.

twice the size of ours. The morning air comes bracing from the hills, and the company of the cabin are out upon the guards and the hurricane deck enjoying it.

Mark of the pioneer settler is everywhere apparent along the shores. In Hennepin County, Bloomington, a clean tidy looking place with farms opening all around. Shakopee, quite a town already. Little Rapids now known as Louisville, from Capt. Louis Roberts. Stop for repairs at Bevana Landing and see how some St. Paul boys are getting on. We remained here 5 hours and had time for an extensive stroll over surrounding country. Bevana boys not dressed up. Our wheel mended, we jogged on and tied up for the night at Walkers Landing on the lower verge of the "Big Woods." Later Faxon in Sibley county. Next, Henderson. Inundated dwellings. Inhabitants in tents. Jos. Brown there. Le Sueur City, beautiful and eligible town site. Then Traverse des Sioux. Babcocks Landing; then Kasota. 2 Le Sueuers and 2 Mankatos, two Mankatos lying side by side. At the original landing P.K. Johnson and his family. Wooding at Mankato we started out again and at 6 o'clock passed mouth of Blue Earth. Boat got on slowly owing to the weight she carried and towed and to the time lost in making short bends. The river perceptibly diminished in width above the Blue Earth and also becomes more crooked. "We were now on a portion of the beautiful Minnesota never rippled by the machinery of Fulton.... We found the craft jammed up in a short bend of the river with Captain and all hands aboard chopping wood.... The country continues to improve and the river to grow worse. The soil is richer and deeper; the trees more plentiful and larger; the river more snakishly twisted and contracted. The bluffs incline evenly and gradually up from the bank. On the north side mostly prairie; on the south heavily beset with huge sugar maples, ashes, elms, white walnuts and lindens. etc. Now past my country.

Chapter One

In Cloudman, they still speak, familiarly, of the Mistress Lady. ~~She~~ Although vanished, she is part of the town's life. Like the spot just opposite the Union Depot where in the ~~xxxx~~ middle decade of the last century, the Indians were hung. Like the breweries and colleges which overhang the valley; like the park at the river's bend; like the river itself. Not only is she interwoven with the history of the community; she still exists; she is kept alive, as she was alive when she stepped, head bent, from the old Nominee steamboat (Captian Lee, master) The clouds ~~fixingx~~ floating above the valley, the beetling hills, the broad flag lilled river bottom, the little town which follows the stream and climbs the hills, all preserve her.

~~Even~~ Today, when the town has its landing field, and its golf club, and its parking spaces along Front Street for the parking of cars, when ~~the~~ <sup>Cloudman</sup> the turn of a dial in the living rooms in the residential streets bring ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> New York cafes for Cloudman feet to dance to, and when the stars of Hollywood twinkle with cosmopolitan manners and ways for from half a dozen streens, even today the Mistress Lady lives there. On the broad vine wreathed porch of ~~Clementina Williams~~, for example, one may pause of a summer's afternoon for a ~~cup~~ <sup>cup</sup> glass of iced tea, and one of ~~Clementina's~~ <sup>Clementina's</sup> famous crisp thin cookies; ~~Clementina's~~ <sup>Joan's</sup> granddaughter, ~~Lucy May~~ <sup>Joan</sup>, swinging silk sheathed legs from the railing, may ask you if you want a stick in it, implying that she never drinks hers, any other way, and may epitomize, as indeeds she means to, modernity, the youth of today, ~~and not one second of yesterday~~, <sup>yet</sup> even ~~Lucy May~~ <sup>Joan</sup>, if you ask directions from her as to the way to Highland Park, which she travels by car, and not by foot as you travelled it in your youth, with picnic basket, even ~~Lucy May~~ <sup>Joan</sup> will answer indolentl. "Take the left turn

A SEARCH FOR MATERIAL FOR NEW OPENING ON STEAMBOAT ARRIVAL \*

"following the Minnesota river from its headwaters on the western boundary southeastward to where it takes a big bend toward the northeast. On the south shore of this great curve once stood the prosperous little town of South Bend, of which nothing now is left but two or three old stone buildings and a large number of grass grown holes in the ground." Started in Nov. 1853. During the fifties, a fleet of over 50 steamboats plied a busy trade on the Minnesota River between Fort Ridgley and St. Paul, carrying settlers and their household goods by the river and bringing back crops.

I came to Minneapolis on the Ben Franklin. She was a wood burner, and every time that her captain would see a pile of wood that some new settler had cut he would run ashore, tie her up and buy it. A passenger was considered very haughty if he did not take hold and help.

The Yankee. . .she was really more of a freight than a passenger ~~train~~ boat. She only made 3 trips to St. Paul that year. We bought wood along the way, anywhere we could see a few sticks that some settler had cut. The Indians always came down to see us wherever we stopped. 22x

22nd day July, '50, a number of citizens of St. Paul and some travelers chartered a little stern wheel steamboat, the Yankee, and intended to explore the St. Peters River, if possible to its source. We invited the ladies who wished to go, promising them music and dancing. As we entered the sluggish current of the St. Peters at Mendota the stream was nearly bank full and it seemed like navigating a CROOKED canal. The first stop was at an Indian Village etc. etc. (p.42) Next we landed at a beautiful grassy meadow called Belle Plaine, where we tried to have a dance. The next stop was at the mouth of the Blue Earth called Mankato where a tempting grove of young ash trees were cut for fuel. Here the passengers wandered about the grove while the boat hands were cutting and carrying the wood. Leaving the Blue Earth we slowly

Behind them the crashing in the forest came again. It was still far behind, but they both heard it distinctly. The menace of it urged them ahead.

The tumbling stream whirled about them, swept them down the water chute.

It was over in a moment, but this time, in the brief descent they both suffered. Driscoll's right arm hung down, numb and bleeding; Ann's white thigh was streaked crimson from hip to knee, when they clambered out onto the shore.

"Is it broken?" Ann whispered at sight of the loosely swinging arm.

"Just numb; and the cut isn't anything at all. But Ann! You're hurt."

"The poor girl hasn't a bandage, either!" Ann laughed down ruefully at her virtually non-existent clothing. "But what does it matter. Look, Jack! Look!"

Across the black plain, beyond the dimly visible bulk of the altar, rose a long shaft of light. It required a second look to make clear what it was...torch light showing through the slightly opened gate.

"They're waiting for us!" Ann cried. "Jack, oh, Jack! We're safe!"

Standing still, hands clasped, they stared in relief and thanksgiving. Then, stooping, Driscoll cradled her weight into his good left arm and marched toward the beckoning torches.

Once, as they went through the darkness, Ann thought that she heard again a faint crashing up on the precipice, but it was very faint, and she heard it only once. She put it out of her mind, and rested, exhausted but at peace, against Driscoll's breast.

ascended the stream, hoping to arrive at the Cottonwood where La Framboise promised some fuel for the boat, but night overtook us and Capt. Harris tied up to the bank and announced the voyage ended for want of fuel. Millions of mosquitoes invaded the boat. A smudge was kept up in the cabin which gave little relief. I stationed myself on the upper deck of the boat and with watch and compass beside me tried to map the very irregular course of the river.

The wild plums were as large as small eggs and looked like wild peaches.

"Mr. Morgan was a great bookworm and not very practical. If his horse got out and was put in with the other strays, he could never tell it, but had to wait until everyone took theirs and then he would take what was left."

"I can well remember the dazed look that came on my father's face when he realized that there were horses in town that he did not know."

"I took one of the steamboats which then ran regularly on the Minnesota River...we stuck on a sandbar just below town and my husband came over in a boat and lived on the steamer for nearly a week before we could get off the sandbar."

The turnips grew so enormous in our virgin soil that we could hardly believe they were turnips. They looked more like small pumpkins (Everyone mentions the turnips and how delicious they were.)

The year before I had gone into a clump of plums when they were fruiting and tied red rags on the best. I had moved them into my garden and they were doing fine...p.123.

We people who lived in Minnesota thought there was only one kind of wild grape. A man by the name of Seeger who had been in Russia and was connected with a wine house in Moscow came to St. Peter. In the Minnesota valley were immense wild grape vines covering the tallest trees. Here he found five distinct varieties of grapes and said one

you had started to slip. That place down there is breeding spot for the rottenest thing on this foul island. Look!"

As though exorcised by his pointing finger, a spider like a keg on many legs came crawling out of a cave. It may not have been aware of the watchers on the high margin of the ravine, but every one would have sworn the thing stared up malevolently. Something which would have been a lizard except for its size lay warming itself on a sunny ledge. The spider moved toward it, then thought better of the impulse and looked about for smaller prey. This was provided by a round, crawling object with tentacles like those of an octopus. The spider crawled to the attack. Both octopus-insect and spider vanished into a fissure.

"I'm not going to cross that log with those things under me," a sailor announced.

Denham looked back. The tricerotop, in its short-sighted fashion, was blundering about at the edge of the trees. It had taken some time to lurch through the narrow woods, and now did not seem to know which way to go.

"Maybe we won't have to," he said. "Stand fast. If we don't move, that half-blind brute may think we're rocks, or tree trunks."

The tricerotop broke past the last of the trees, moved undertainly and finally began a slow advance, its great horned head lifted high, its deep-set eyes peering forward.

"That settles it," Denham said reluctantly. "We'll have to cross."

Obedient to his motioning hand, the men moved out on to the long bridge. They moved cautiously, because of what crawled

The Chippewa Falls was the first steamboat to reach Cloudman, in the spring of 1867.

It was late, that year, the 18th of April when the magnificent new side wheeler, piloted by Captain Alex. Griggs, announced by its "low baying whistle" that it was rounding the big bend of the river and might ~~xxxxxx~~ soon be seen from the levee. The ice had broken early, and spring floods had brought the river full to the hills which hemmed it in on either side and to a depth which would float any steamboat. But the Chippewa Falls had encountered difficulties in her three day journey from St. Paul.

She had had to pause longer than usual to chop wood; she had become entangled with the overhanging tops of trees; she had run into a snag; she had gone aground on a sandbar. Every vicissitude known to stea,boat captains on an inland river had been encountered by Captain Gregg on his way. And it was the more annoying because he had in the ladies quarters this strange woman, this mysterious lady, wrapped about in black and veiled, low spoken and swaying walked, who had come aboard at St. Paul, vanished into the ladies room and not been seen since. Captain Alex Gregg had sent chicken to her room, he had sent brothe and wine, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ obtaining but a low voiced musical "Thank you!" for his pains. At Cloudman he would at least see her disembark, and perhaps there would be someone to meet her, which would unravel the mystery.

He speculated on who might meet her as the steamboat rounded the big bend. There were the Dustins; there were the Minters; there were the Butterfields. Aristocratic families all. He brought the New York Herald every week for Alexander Dustin. There was La Croix too a solitary but romantic and not Unaristocratic figure; and there were the Burtone and the Webbs. He had inquired at every stop down the river

"What about him?" Driscoll asked.

"I came here to make a moving picture," Denham replied.

"But Kong is worth all the movies in the world. Now Jack and Ann are safe, I..want..that..beast!"

The crew, Englehorn, and Driscoll, who was holding Ann in a close embrace, all stared.

"What?"

"He's crazy!"

"Don't he know when he's got enough?"

"I mean it," Denham insisted. "We've got our bombs. If we capture him alive..."

"No!" Driscoll burst out. Concealing the portent he had read in the distant crashing sounds which had followed him and Ann on the last stages of their flight, he faced Denham in denial. "Kong is miles away. In his lair. And that's on top of a cliff an army couldn't get at."

"Not if he chooses to stay there," Denham agreed.

"But will he choose?"

"Why not?"

Denham eyed Driscoll meaningly.

"Because we've got what Kong wants. You're the man who knows that, Jack, as well as I."

"Something he'll never get again, Denham., If you're planning to..."

"To use Ann as bait?" Denham finished. "Not a bit. You know better than that, Jack. But you know, too, and so does everybody else, that when I start a thing I finish it."

"Well!" His gaze circled, challenging one man after

MISTRESS LADY

Chapter One

In Cloudman they still speak, familiarly, of the Mistress Lady. Although vanished, she is part of the town's life. She is at once of yesterday and of today, like the small square just opposite the depot which announces dustily upon a marker that here in the 'sixties thirty-eight Sioux Indians were hung and which now is a haven of parked cars for those who go about most urgent modern business. She flows on from the past into the present like the hills along the river, like the river itself - which has borne in turn upon its sky-tinted waters the ~~adventuring feluccas of Le Sueur, the canoes of Indians, the bateaux of voyageurs, the lusty side-wheelers of pioneer~~ <sup>days later</sup> ~~years~~ and the leaky row-boats which today carry youthful Cloudman out to picnic among the sand-bars, the willows, the flag lilies and the cranes. She is of the ~~very~~ essence of the town which descends so charmingly from battlemented breweries and rosy brick colleges upon the heights, through misting trees, to River Street. Not only is she interwoven, a bright thread, with its history; she still exists there; she is still alive as she was excitingly alive when she stepped, head bent, black garbed, from Captain Roberts' Time and Tide.

Even today when the town has its landing field and golf club, when the turn of a dial brings ~~the~~ brazen tunes <sup>from</sup> ~~of~~ New York ~~orchestras~~ <sup>night clubs into</sup> decorous Cloudman living rooms, and the stars of Hollywood twinkle with revealing brightness down the length of River Street, even today the Mistress Lady <sup>is present there</sup> ~~lives in~~ Cloudman. On the broad vine shaded porch of Clementina Minters Rogers, for example, one may pause of a summer's

Characters - the Mistress Lady (Paris) (Pauline)

Clementina (me)

Gretchen (Bick and Midge)

George Hadley *Marguerite*

~~Miss Hadley~~ *Robt*

Jack Ennersley

Lina Poliani

Brancher Gregg.

VIII The children got in touch with  
New York

IX The scene with the gro. readers on  
deux.

New Year's Day in Montreal  
Dolan on Sat. night (p 28)  
away to Montreal,

1865 - no bridge over E. River

skating - packed balls -

mt had been in Black Creek

Ann Par - Schiller Hall

1867 - new school house + 7 teachers

coll. sister since 1865 ---

CHAPTER 11.

Everyone worked at top speed, Driscoll fastest of all. He dared not risk the moment's idleness which would enable the suppressed picture of Ann as he had last seen her to push too far forward into his mind. He had another reason, too. Denham was plainly waiting for an opportunity to say how he blamed himself, how sorry he was. Driscoll felt he couldn't bear that, either.

The raft was finished quickly. There were vines in abundance, and the half score of logs they required were easily found; this lagoon-like widening of the stream seemed a catch-all for everything that fell into its waters farther up.

"How deep do you think it is?" Driscoll wondered.

"Not over ten or fifteen feet most of the distance," Denham guessed. "But from the way the grass disappears in the center, and the stillness of the water there, I think we may hit a pot-hole going down to the mines."

"We can paddle a little then."

Veiled in the still perceptible mist, the sailors clambered carefully aboard, each with a pole in addition to his rifle. There was scarcely room for the last man. He managed to get on only by the narrowest fit.

"Don't get the guns wet," Denham warned.

"Oke!" said Jimmy for them all.

"All set?" Driscoll looked around.

"Setting pretty!"

"Watch those bombs, Jimmy!"

"Ain't I watching?"

I. Arrival - mystery - see real  
small town curiosity into it -  
she locates + studies in  
cladman.

II. She snips in church. She teaches  
sniping & piano playing. She  
curiosity of the town, esp. of  
the children.

III. She ~~finds~~ notices Geo. But is  
too sad to start a flirtation.  
~~He finds her by the river. She~~

IV. ~~She~~ <sup>sees her hair</sup> she chides Geo a day during the old period.  
V. He finds her by the riverbank.

VI. Rescues her, falls in love.  
VII. The children get another clue.  
His town festival approaches.

She is indeed to come. She  
~~later~~ shows her first pleasure  
in George's love.

VIII. ~~The woman gets a clue. She~~  
~~is the old period.~~

"All right! Shove off."

They were away with a jerk and a clumsy roll that all but toppled the hindside men into the water. These were saved by their poles and presently were shoving with cautious earnestness along with the others.

Everyone was suddenly dead sober. The fog; a reaction from the forced bits of jocularly at the start; the thought of Ann, which was almost as heavy a weight upon the minds of the sailors as upon Driscoll's; all helped to darken their mood. The raft was no very tractable craft, either, and the problem it offered helped to lower their spirits.

"Easy now," Denham said. "'ware the balance. Don't let her swing."

One edge of the raft went awash.

"Keep your weight toward center," Driscoll cautioned.

"Well toward center."

They were in the middle now, and as Denham had predicted the poles found no bottom; not even a hint of one. It was necessary to use them as paddles, and this added to the danger of capsizing. The poles were badly balanced, and any sweeping movement that had real force behind it tipped the raft ominously.

"I think I see weeds ahead," Driscoll said encouragingly.

"We'll find bottom there. What's that?"

The stern of the raft had scraped over something. A knob? The upward jutting end of a water-soaked log?

"Christ!" Jimmy burst forth.

A strangled raging bellow followed close upon the blow,

The story traces their efforts to find her and, running simultaneously, the children's effort to help her, which is really to hurt her, as their efforts are all designed to put her in touch with the wrong man.