



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler  
Lovelace Family Papers.

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NOTES TAKEN ON SECOND ~~XXXXXX~~ RESEARCH TRIP TO MINNESOTA. July-August 1935.

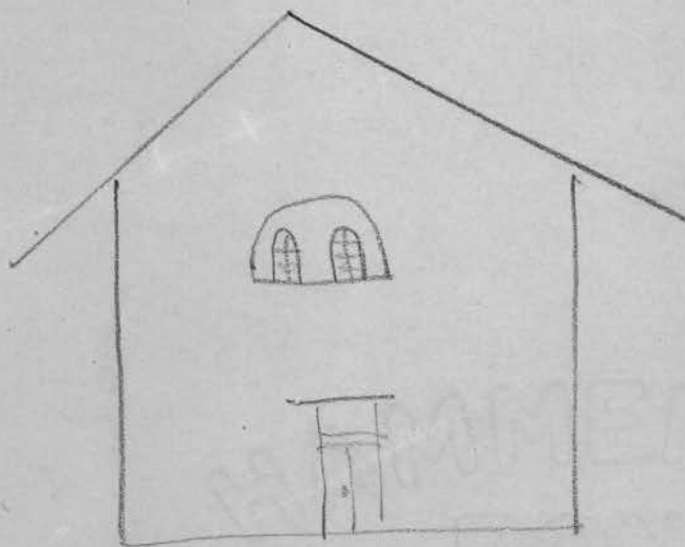
July 30. River valley at Chaska about ten miles across. Musk rat houses every winter, says dad. Magnificent view today as dad and I ride to Fairmont. Corn tasseled out; roasting ears. Oats in the shock. Rust? on wheat. Oats, rye, barley in shock. Harvesting about a week. Early, this year, from heat. Purple weed, daddie calls it a ragweed. (I believe I discovered it was ~~alfalfa~~ <sup>lead plant</sup> and not grown in my period.) Jordan, in Big Woods. North ~~xxxxxx~~ border of woods entering Le Sueur. Road used to wind through. Burr oak openings. Name, Web (Webster) Rosie. He inherited and lost all. Sold out and came to Minneapolis. From a family of Hollanders. Clock to oldest son. Stands on floor, goes to ceiling. Heavy, hand carved. L'huillier, Pigeon Hill, Minneapolis Falls. Very hot last night. No relief. Today cooler, but still warm. 96degrees. Lunch in Lake Crystal. After Madelia, wide rolling prairie. Sun flowers. Red winged black birds. Picket pin gophers. Open prairies. Threshing, hauling in grain going on. Meadow lark. A blue flower along roadsides. Fairmont. Discouraging business finding a place to live, but town and lakes charming. Yellow warblers. Geese. Ducks. Lovely rolling country. Tasseled grass. Harvest fields, groves, Lake shimmering, a yellow glow on it, or a dark stormy blue. On from Hall and Amber Lakes to East Chain. A real little hill and at the rise, such a panorama of green meadows and golden harvest fields. Stubble, golden, color for a Britishers beard. Our visit to J.A.A.nderson, Anderson Oaks, Fairmont, Minn. on Iowa line.

August 2. With dad, mother and Merian to Ossian and Winnebago.

9 a.m. Around lakes and out Lyndale; a perfect summer day. Spelling De Cow. Along road, burr oaks. Petunias in gardens. Black and white and tawny cows. Tiny calves. At Farmington, cut-off to Cannon Falls, Zumbrota, etc. Stopped Rochester for second coffee. On south through old Chatfield. Country rolling, wooded spots and cloud strewn sky.

Merian happy with her presents. Hilly around Chatfield. River which overflowed. Root River, often washes out valley. Very beautiful country. Different shades of green. Brown eyed susans and snakeweed. Roadsides plied with yellow and purple. Over state line into Iowa. Hesper, Iowa. Village of Burr Oak(?) Est. 1876. Winding down into pretty wooded valley. Iowa River. Date, Decorah, 1849. Grandma Hart on platform-spring wagon, 2 seats on a box, a 2 horse wagon. First thing that took place of lumber wagon. Grandma Hart had one at last. Prairie country. Ossian. Old house. Small open porches. Hollyhocks, gladioli, petunias. Dad on horseback to school. Black mud road. Rolling country. Yellow stubble and fields of corn. The Colline Hill. A pair of Morgan horses with corn. Hogs died with cholera. 40 bushels of corn on a load. De Cow house on a hill; big barn in dad's day. De Cows, of the elite. Grandma Hart stayed with them as a bride. Wept. Below, farm where stole apples. Dad went with the hired men and they left him up in a tree. He ~~xxxxxxxx~~ quieted the dog, who knew him, and remembered to take sack with James A Hart on it. Honey, red apples. Bannins, Russells, and then Harts farm. Old swimming hole. One hundred and sixty acres, now a big red barn. Part of old house still stands. Well across the road. Owner away selling a pig. Dad's story of shoes in a row, greased Saturday night, couldn't do it on Sunday. Lean to. Old limestone foundation under barn. Trees with pigeons. Hazel nuts. Swimming hole. Lean to kitchen, front room parlor, 2 bedrooms, the preachers bedroom, parents and new baby, children in loft upstairs. Stove hole in kitchen. Elevated oven stove. Down stairs from middle of front room. White walled walls. Tub on porch. After swim scrub off. Scrub oak trees where bees finally swarmed. Heavy timber. Twelve acre pasture. Barley, oats, wheat and corn. Black-birds gathering to go south. Dad's excuse (for school; he saved it and

presented it again and again.) Little white church. Burying ground. De Cows here. Rosas. Blanch Lucy Roas. Daniels. Here lies a true wife and loving mother. Oxley. George Washington Oxley. Uncle Wash died 1900. 75 years old. Phineas Banning. Then our grave: Arosmond, wife of James A. Hart, Died January 17, 1879, aged 44 years, 8 months and 13 days. She hath done what she could. Ersula Hart, 1869- 1913. James A Hart 1832-1913. Edna died Sept. 17, 1878, aged 9 months and 10 days. Jesus called a little child unto him. Name Lovina Kneeskern. In the little burying ground at Ossian, one big pine. Still. Yellow fields around. A meadow lark. Sky a dark blue. Harvest fields golden and green. Distant houses and barns. A cowlowing. A meadow lark. Inside the church, yellow benches, matting, striped brown and gold walls. Organ and pulit. Lamps hanging from ceiling. Sheet iron around two stoves in back corners. Mother playing organ, Merrill humming. Merian and I come out into church yard. How faintly voices come.



Pleasant night at Hotel Winnishiek, Decorah.

August 3. 7 a.m. Up and at breakfast. Drive around Decorah where dad went to school. Brick and stone dormitory, \$6.00 a week. Tuttle's house, room \$3.00 a month, kept house with sisters. Parents brought

in wood and bread. Boarded with Mrs Tuttle later. Painted cream brick. Left Breckenridges, <sup>DD & Mrs Tuttle for Academy?</sup> marched two or three blocks to recite, stopped to play pool. To Dana Bachelors to recite. I was chalking my cue, looked up, there sat Breckenridge. <sup>Twin</sup> House full of small brick houses with white trim. School, a church, white, one large room, Prof Rich and his wife assisted Breckenridge. Bachelor later committed suicide. <sup>Prax 11?</sup> At 8.45 a.m. and 4.4.5. "Now you boys and girls - to please me put on clean clothes and go among clean people." Algebra, philosophy, etc. Literary societies. Painted brick very popular. Red brick with curly white trim. Dad here in 79, 80 and <sup>also 82.</sup> 81. Boarded at Tuttle's. Homesick. Friday, not to Tuttle's. Stiles, where farmers put teams. Father not there. Went home, walked 12 miles, old dog met him. M.E. Church, Decorah, built 1874. ~~Breckenridges~~ Oratory flowing, group of his boys wanted to be lawyers or preachers sent to hear trials.

"Remember that big elm tree on Water Street? Every morning and evening when you pass that tree, take a deep breath and expel it slowly. Cures stooped shoulders and sunken chest. If you come from other direction, do same by monument." Dan Shay late to school. His quick retort. When he was on time. ~~Know Rich was praying this~~  
~~xxxxxxx~~ "Rich is having a vacation today and I heard you were doing the praying." Couldnt play horse with an Irishman. Breckenridge had a white beard. Tim Donovan. Brick small roomed houses. Vaccination. Rolled up sleeve and scratched arm with glass. Our call on the Hexoms. Name Diderikke Brandt. 1827-35.

Leaving Decorah Valley, beautiful rolling tree-studded prairie. Sunshine. On horizon, mauve white clouds. Tree shadows. As we rode I asked mother to tell me her earliest recollections. Grandmother Austin (then Palmer) came about 1870, Grandpa Palmer here 9 months before. Came for consumption cure, of course. Stella remembers her grandfather holding her in his arms as he carried her

Stella's  
trip from  
to Minnesota

to a boat. Must have been an Ohio River steamboat. Remembers that a girl on the boat had a sandwich. Holding up doll. In Indiana (where they were leaving) Tell City was where they did shopping; Hoffmans Mills. It was across from Kentucky. <sup>Boat to Wells?</sup> Went by rail, probably, to Wells, Minnesota, thence by stage to Winnebago. Stage was driven by a Mr. Fellows. Remembers waking up in the night during stage ride, awful juts in the road, It was late fall, cold, when we got there. Father in bed. Got him out of bed. A bar room in the old Kimball? House. They built up a fire there and got father down. He had a blue breast pin for me. For a while <sup>we</sup> lived at hotel. <sup>Wiz</sup> Remembers swing door. Remembers hired girl or waitress who said she would "grease me, pin my ears back and swallow me whole." Moved into a house, <sup>Grand-</sup> mother kept 2 or 3 boarders. Mr Gibeon played the violin. Used to suck thumb and lean against him. On fifth birthday mother gave me a birthday party. Someone, a pink tarlton dress. Had a kitty. Never loved anything so much. Squeezed it so hard it died. Buried it. Father had consumption. Built us a little home. He was singing everywhere. He and mother in choir. ~~Mother~~ <sup>Stella</sup> sang "I like little pussy" and "Grandpa's Spectacles." Used to stand up on table. Another song about mother and child, trying to get home through a blizzard. Mother found stiff with cold, baby smiling. I broke down and cried when I sang it. Sang the Spettacles song at a Christmas Ex. People clapped. I thought they were making fun of me and ran to my mother and put my face in her lap. ~~She~~ wore a paper bustle. I sat up in choir with her. Her bustle not big enuf to suit me, and when she stood up to sing, I stood behind her and poked it up, she motioning me away in extreme exasperation. Grandmother Crocker lived with us. I never liked her. Mother learned dressmakers trade. Remember winking at mother when grandmother braided my hair. A boy (staying with them) got scarlet fever and died. Father sick

so long. We thought he was cured at first and I remember finding mother crying over blood in the chamber. At last we lost our house. Mother bought out millinery store and we lived upstairs. Father quite sick. He was a great Oddfellow. Every night for three months 2 men sat up with him. He was city clerk. Looked like Uncle Frank. Hemmorage the morning he died. Found mother <sup>in back room, on floor</sup> cutting out cotton underwear to lay him out in. "Afraid papas awfully sick ~~underneath~~ Sunday morning he died, all stood around bed, ~~xxxxxxx~~ Mother leaning over him. Church bells ~~xxxxxx~~ tolling. ~~xxxxxxx~~ The night before he died, two Oddfellows there, wanted to sing. They sang together, "Pass me not, oh gentle savior. Hear my humble cry." He joined in, in his beautiful bass voice. This morning, conscious to last. Died just as bells stopped tolling. As he lay dying, talked to her. "Oh, I'm so happy. It's so beautiful over there." Saw so and so, so and so. He was 6 feet two inches tall, broad, name Soloman Bickmore Palmer. Bickmores now in Old Town, Maine. His hair color of Rachel's. Remember mother getting me ready for funeral. Put black bows on my white dress. Proud of them when we came out of church. <sup>Some must be an Odd Fellow</sup> Masons crossed swords. Mother, Frank and I. Looking back. Carriages winding. Mrs S.B. Palmer went on keeping millinery store. Went to Christian Church Convention at Mankato. Milliner there Wanted to sell out. Competitor in Winnebago so mother eventually sold and so met and married Grandpa Austin. But further memories of W.C. Basement Presbyterian Church to school. Too young to be elegible, went with Frank. Pet True at school. Said something about my red hair which made me mad. Della Moulton. Mayme Payne. My black and white muff. Boys said it made out of a cat. Passed lumber yard and hid muff there each day so mother would not know did not carry it to school. Mother needed thread. Asked her to run barefoot to store. Cried. Then dried tears and held parosol over feet. From basement, to new school. Taken to someones home day of the blizzard (incident used in Black Angels.)

60 yr. Sherin gave me much material

Beck Smith. Teacher, Mrs L.L.Davis. Wore long curls. Teacher mimicked her. Emma Ingram. Girls to work board and learn trade, "ather very sick. Mother left me, a tiny girl, in charge. Young lady came in, wanted to see this and that, showed her everything, asked me to charge it. Spotted face veil with border. Fancy ribbon. Kept showing her things. Never paid of course. Mother never found out who she was. I so delighted at making the sales.S.B.P. died at 39. Married 15 years. Hopeful to last. Planning all would go to Colorado. Thought t.b. inherited not catching, Born in Old Town. When in Winnebago, English would go to hotel across street. Wore red coats. Grandma went to sew with Mrs Robinson, 50c a day and learned trade. Now coming into Austin, Albert Lea, Blue Earth and Winnebago. In Winnebago, went to Grandpa Palmers grave. The marker, Palmer, with a flag. Under a pine tree. A six foot grave. A country graveyard, cornfields surrounding, birds singing. Merian playing happily on her great grandfather's grave, In Winnebago Talked with Mr. Sherin, at Hotel Florence (Bartholomew, Prop.)

He told me how Sherman, the Connecticut Yankee, brought out these young Englishmen, fine family, classical education, father gave \$ one to 500 pounds for placing them "to learn the art of American farming." Took one to H.W.Holley, very desirable American home. Tried to place him there. Holley didntlike Englishmen. Britisher said, "What are your facilities for a bawth?" H - answered, "Oh we go down to the Blue Earth River every spring and fall." Britishers paid fabulous prices for their horses. Banged their tails. Some were army officers, ~~cashiered~~ <sup>cashiered</sup> out of service for cheating at cards. They went fox hunting over farmers fields. Then they would settle with the farmer.

Bellaire was cousin of an archbishop. Married to a titled ~~xxxx~~ German lady, a former singer, fine looking. Most of them were of high caste

except for Wollaston .

<sup>British,</sup>  
When arrived at W.C. hotel, put shoes outside door. Protested in morning, "they didnt black 'em." "Are your shoes there? You're very lucky. Some one might have stolen 'em."

Collins House, W.C. White picket fence, a porch.

"Best thing he (Lenny Burton) ever did was when he married Capt. Whirlands daughter." (So says Serle.)

Little Dem wagon, only stage to Fairmont. Horseback to Fairmont, usually. Race track, southern part of town. Hurdle races. Used to leave farms and come stay i n hotel. Wearing pajamas? and playing pool / Most Americans didnt care for English. English didnt care for American institutions. On the Fourth, "A pretty big day in your country."

"Yes, about as big as March 17 is in your country."

They were the upper crust.

After they had been here some time, discovered Sherman had sold them land worth ~~\$20xx~~ \$5 an acre for \$20-25 an acre. Had guns, waiting to meet <sup>4 horse stage</sup> stage when S returning from England. Sherman burst off, "Brought you a fine (cant read it - coach horses? as I recall, it was a saddle) straight from ~~England~~ London."

Sherman fine looking, 200 lbs. a smooth faced. He graded railroad to Fairmont without a dollar. His Two Flag Farm. Union Jack. Between here and Fairmont. He had a personality. Velvet jacket. Bellboys jumping. Beaumont a fine violinist. Capt Bellairs drifted from here to St Louis. Capt had a riding school.

A.B. Denny? <sup>o</sup> Lenny Burtons brother married his sister. He had remittances. Owed many bills. Money came. Found dancing jig. Monocle in his eye, "Pay my debts, man? Why, what would I have to go on!"

Winnebago City, about 1500. Fairmont, 3-400 in 1878. Winnebago terminus from 1871. The English bought farms, but were miserable failures.

Al Davis, sheriff of Faribault county, used to pilot Englishmen. He sold them horses, \$150- \$6 or 700. Coach dog. Spotted dog. English had hounds to follow fox. Sometimes used annie seed in a bag instead of fozes. Used to take their hounds to St Paul, to fairs, etc. Al Davis? a genuine western character.

Back to Minneapolis and on August 5, down to Fairmont alone. Left Minneapolis by bus, 2.10. A hot and tiring trip. Arrived 6.40 and registered at Hotel Edgewater.

August 5. 2.10 p.m. Bus to Fairmont. It seems as though the sky is trying to atone for the monotony of the landscape by its ~~xxxxxy~~variety. First covered with grey clouds, colorless. Now breaks of pale greenish blue. Clouds whiter and more pearly. In one direction they glisten in drifts below a line of pale green-blue. Trees are green. Prairies golden with spears of a purple flower and some taller spears ~~xx~~ without flowers. (Could one or other be blue vervain?) (Could second be common plantain?) Now blue space in sky much wider. Clouds more scattered. A few long wisps, also long rolls of cotton wool. Above golden harvest fields and green trees. Be sure to find out what are tall flowerless spikes. Growing hot. Heading into rain. One section of sky is now a dark slate color while rest is still gay. A copy of Books on the bus. It grew very hot; then at Mankato a squall of rain. Sky still vivid with pearly iridescent clouds. Across the aisle a girl slight, with curly black hair, small mouth, spectacles, earnest, navy dress and white shoes and hat. Travelling with small brother. Now a dark cloud over a wing of brightness with white clouds beneath. After Mankato rain over. Sky blue with huge luscious pearly pyramids and smaller gobs of white. Sun slanting over harvest fields at 5 p.m. Now fields dazzlingly brilliant, almost green gold. No great display of wild flowers now. (Contrast with British colonization in east.) Now sun from west, sweeping full over harvest fields, turning to golden.

A few brown eyed susans and lavender snake weed. In the towns, hollyhocks and small green apples on the trees. Vernon Center. Amboy, where I used to visit Aunt Flora. Clouds great popcorn balls? Too hard. Birds? Snowdrifts? Mourning dove on wire. Cows standing in streams. At Winnebago, a boy on a pony. This is the way the English used to jog to Fairmont. Country flat, very flat here. Planted wind breaks. Sheep. Mother sow with little ones. Great glistening clouds. Now we are going straight into setting sun, Land now not flat as a plate. Slightly rolling. Fields ride up to blot out the sky. (First good line in my notes so far.) West, a pale smile. What is that bearded grass, that blue spiked flower. Dont fail to discover. Fields of it. (Alfalfa?) Black earth and green fields gilded by setting sun.

August 5. Evening in my room. Clouds still visible on sky although it is now dusk. Still puffy. Look hot. Lake a tender pink, a pale salmon pink, or even dimmer color. A small soft breeze. Later. Moon is making a soft path across the lake. Crickets singing. A few stars.

August 6. INTERVIEW WITH LENNY BURTON.

By Jove. Faint trace of English accent still. Says his parents are buried in Westminster Abbey, his neices presented to court, friend of the Kaiser and Lady Drummond Hay. An old liar, I fancy. But very charming. His letter head says, Archer-Burton, Fairmont, Minnesota. From a Castle on the Rhine to a Log Cabin in Minnesota. 200,000 miles in the saddle.

Tells of the Fairmont Hunt. Met twice a week at the Lair. Would ride after the hounds. Can see fox yet on top of knoll. <sup>originally from Southampton</sup>

Family/had lived 22 years on the Rhine, <sup>a house from Coblenz?</sup> Saw Sherman's advertisement in The Field, a London sporting paper, "Beautiful Minnesota, the land of myriads of game, only a guinea ~~xxx~~ an acre."

In 1874 came on White Star Liner. His two brothers had preceded him.