



Maud Hart and Delos Wheeler
Lovelace Family Papers.

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From Aunt Jessie:

Ernst Hungarian Dances

The Mendelssohn Concerto

"An ambition to play the Bruch with some great orchestra; he could practise it"

He studied with Ysaie in Belgium, Brussels

The Schumann songs

Hubay Hungarian dances

Mozart Lullaby

Have him practise the slow movement of the Bruch

Suggest his improvising

He would practise scales and exercises, would drive Richard mad practising "harmonics or double stops" With an exercise on the G string.

Ysaie. Prof of Royal Conservatory, Brussels, 1886-98. Bo1858. Studied with Wieniauski and Vieuktemps at Brussels.

Henri Vieutemps, 1820-81. Belgian violinist and composer. From 1833 on, in concert tours. 1871-3, teacher of violin class in ~~conservatorium~~ conservatorium in Brussels conservatoire. Paralysis, died '81. Succeeded at Brussels in '73 by

Henri Wieniawski. 1835-80. Polish violinist and composer. Born, Lublin in Poland 1835. Pupil Paris Conservatoire, 1843-6. And 1849-50. In 1850 entered upon career of travelling virtuoso. Taught in Conservatoire St Petersburg, '62 to '67. On tour again in 1872. with Rubenstein in America and on his return in 1874 was appointed to succeed Vieutemps at Brussels. Gave up in 3 years from ill health

him then that he would not dance that night with Cathy. The American doctor had returned from Exile Hall, and his story was in everyone's mouth, that damning story which was so damningly upheld by the "artins' innuendos.

When the senior Halliday cut him on the street the following morning, Richard had known that a social ostracism was decreed. The bachelors of the hunting set had stood by. "Come out any time," Trevenen had urged, but Richard had speedily noticed that when women were to be present there was no specific invitation. Hook had finally intemperately admitted as much. "Damn it!" he had cried. "Don't think it's our doing. We think it's a rotten snare. But the family men just won't have you, Dick. You're dangerous. You're the sort of chap who coaxes married women into rigging up signals with petticoats and lanterns."

Richard rather than Meta had been singled out for judgement. Richard was thankful for that, and yet this situation too had its ironical side. Meta, in public opinion, was a victim, and every sigh of sympathy for her meant a blow at his own reputation.

She had been aided, of course, by her illness and by the enforced seclusion, ~~which had followed~~. The former had aroused a degree of pity for her, and the latter had given time for the first storm of public disapproval to subside. But her subsequent demeanor ^{must be given credit, too. It} had been no less than perfect. ^{her manner} ~~her manner~~ had been completely assured, albeit gentle, as befitted the manner of ^{one} ~~a~~ daughter of an earl who was ill and needed friends.

As soon as it had become apparent that none of the English ladies meant to call at Exile Hall, Lady Meta had been prompt to write to Lady Throop.

Mme were in purple satin and black lace, good for a dowager at one of the balls. (M.H.L.)

No fashionable accomplishments.

For summer, a white grenadine with violets.

Gathering beans for dinner- little figure among high bean poles, in trim pink chintz with dainty white ruffles, frills and buttons.

Broad brimmed hat.

My school mate at pensionnat in Germany

"little shooting box"

poisonaise

A Gothic villa has sliding doors from main hall into drawing room.

Stars in hair, at evening party. Many many artificial flowers etc in hair

House dress of poplin

Knitted pelisse with jacket

Huge gingham overall protected next morning dress

Scanty ringlets

Evening dress, crimson silk, vest of white satin, open loose sleeves

Green cloth walking dress, with polonaise

Important to evening dress, the sash.

Dinner dress of white muslin with green ribbons and white marguerites

Sealskin cap fashionable

Astrakan cloaks for mourning.

Boa and muff

Tulle bodices with bands of Valenciennes lace.

because you were our first friend here. I...I want you."

Still Richard did not answer.

Trevenen swung through the doorway. By the light from the lamp still burning in the porte cochere, his face bore the gratified expression of a stage supernumerary unexpectedly entrusted with a part. He made straight for Cathy.

"Miss Cathy, I've come with a royal command. Lady Meta Bannister thinks you waltz so beautifully. She wishes to meet you."

"Oh," said Cathy. "how kind of her...I'll be in presently..."

"You can go ^{to her} now," said Richard. He could not embroider the dismissal with polite regrets or phrases. And he dared not linger; ~~give her time to refuse to accept the dismissal,~~ for he knew she was quite capable of refusing to accept his ~~departure.~~ ^{release} She bowed

Harley an Aquarian; the water bearer, sign of the zodiac
Jan 20 to Feb 19

creatures of impulse and fluctuating desire...blown about
by every wind of doctrine....constantly seek advice they do not
take...lazy, deficient in ability to concentrate...

noble honest and kind hearted. Agreeable. Retain their dignity.
not rote scholars

A COMPREHENSION OF SPIRITUAL CAUSE AND EFFECT ALL HAVE A GIFT
OF THE SPIRIT WHICH IF THEY CHOOSE TO USE IT IS WONDERFUL INDEED.

Their failings are FEAR THE HABIT OF PROCRASTINATION

CHRONIC PROMISE BREAKING VACILLATION AND CAPRICE

THEY SHOULD FIGHT LAZINESS AND INDIFFERENCE

THEY SHOULD MAKE NO ENGAGEMENTS THAT THEY DO NOT INTEND TO KEEP

Governing planets are Saturn and Uranus; gems are sapphire, opal,
turquoise. astral colors are blue, pink, green Nile.

So was the boiling of the pudding. Four hours for boiling a pudding were hard to find on Christmas Day, but they might be managed on the day before, and then at the time of the feast the pudding could be reheated in a twinkling. Before it was assigned to its bag each member of the family visited the kitchen. Each one, down to Vickie, gave the pudding a stir for luck, and there were dropped into it with an hilarity which only equalled the hilarity with which they were withdrawn at Christmas dinner, a ring (the finder would be the next one married), a button (that would go to for one who would not marry at all), and a dime

So on the day before Christmas the house at Green Lawn was filled with spicy odors, but before the pudding went into its bag a ceremony ~~was~~ ^{was} observed. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ The family was called to the kitchen, each member, down to Vickie, gave the ~~pudding~~ ^{pudding} a stir, and there were dropped into it with an hilarity which ~~only~~ ^{only} equalled the hilarity with which they would be withdrawn at Christmas dinner, a ring, for the first to be wed, a button, for the one who would not be wed at all, and a ring ~~for~~ ^{for} predicting riches for the finder.

Cathy had always loved Christmas. Ever since she could remember the ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ smell of evergreens, the peal of Christmas hymn or carol had awakened a keen delight.

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie"

She liked that one best because of the stars in it, but every one of the familiar melodies send shivers of pleasure down her spine.

Every small family observance, every annual was dear to Cathy. She never was

Chas. V Rileys book on locusts.

Rate at which locust swarms move, average twenty miles a day, depends on velocity of wind. Remain two or three days.

General movement is conspicuously toward the south and east.

Newly hatched insects leave in June and July.

The book has a good chapter on means of combatting the plague.

Young insects hatch February to June but May or June most likely. In Minnesota usual time first to third week of June. At first create no apprehension, quiet, the food at hand sufficient, but soon commence to migrate, frequently in a body a mile wide, devouring all grass, grain and garden truck in path. SEE AGAIN ON YOUNG LOCUSTS WHEN YOU WRITE BOOK TWO. HOW THEY CONGREGATE IN LARGE NUMBERS IN WARM AND SUNNY PLACES.

See foliar for details
against locusts.

Just show 'em to me; that's all I ask. Just show 'em to me."

While they ate, the Englishmen told their brand and Grice's mouth tightened in real concern.

"I figured to ride west myself today. Guess I'll saddle up and go along."

"You aren't worried about the 'hoppers, are you, Captain?" Richard asked.

"I don't waste time worrying," Grice replied. "But this wind we've got today is the kind they ride on."

"If you believe those fantastic stories," Trevenen put in.

^{He} Grice emptied his cup and returned it to the table with a bang.

^{Grice answered} "I've talked with a man from Sheraton township," ~~he said~~ grimly. "But it takes more than a mess of 'hoppers to scare me," ~~he added, as he rose in surprise,~~

"And it takes more than a mess of 'hoppers to scare the British," Bannister put in, clapping Grice's shoulder. "So come along, old chap."

They all blinked for a moment at the blazing brightness of the prairie. In spite of his two glass windows, Bob Grice's kitchen was dim. The sun was a little beyond its meridian, still high in a brilliant sky. The prairie grass still rippled in the wind.

Bob Grice ^{licked} ~~wax~~ his finger and held it upward.

"Still blowing out of the west," he said.