

PLANTATION LIFE IN MISSOURI

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The years of childhood pass swiftly, with so little concern, with comparatively no attention to surroundings or events, but as one looks back, there are many peaks that stand up, etched indelibly on memory's walls. I like to recall a few of these pictures, and they may be of interest to others as they partake of the quality of a past generation, and portray the life of those who breathed a different atmosphere from the air now surrounding us.

The period to which I allude is the one immediately following the Civil War.

On the large plantations, or farms, old customs still prevailed, and many of the servants, as many as could be cared for, remained, although slavery was a thing of the past. It was an accepted fact that the Negro could not be turned out into the cold world, of which he had no experience, and left to shift for himself. So the erstwhile master assumed the burden as best he could.

Into this revolutionized, and yet only slightly modified world, I was born, and my earliest recollections are colored by the vivid impressions of those patriarchial, picturesque times.

My birthplace and home was in St. Louis, but frequently and especially in summer, I was taken to the country to spend happy weeks with my grandparents, Mr. (or Captain, as he was affectionately designated) and Mrs. William Daniel Swinney, my mother's parents, and on the death of my father when I was seven years old, I remained permanently under the care of my grandmother.

In 1832, accompanied by their small son, Oswald, they left Lynchburg, Virginia to found a home in Missouri. My grandfather had heard glowing accounts of the beautiful fertile country and had already bought a large tract of land in Missouri where he proposed to settle and go into the raising and manufacture of tobacco, a business which had engaged his attention in Virginia.

The journey west in those days was long and formidable, only to be undertaken by the young and adventurous. They drove in the carriage, Grandfather also riding, so they must have had relays of horses for one was soon spent on those rough, primitive roads. They took their slaves, and some household goods.

The legend goes that Mr. Swinney, after a short time considered Missouri so primitive that he started back to Virginia and met his wagons of slaves and furniture en route, for they travelled much more slowly than he had. Back they all went to Lynchburg, but when he saw the red soil and compared it with the fertile fields of Missouri, he did not even unharness the teams, but turned right about and struck out for the west! As a matter of fact, he remained about a year in Virginia, but he never regretted the move to Missouri, for there he had a happy and successful career.

A very old man, Horace, lived to my time and has told me of this journey. He was thirteen years old at that time and body servant to Unlce Oswald, then a child of five.

Uncle Horace said that en route there was an eclipse of the sun. All of the Negroes were terribly frightened. They ran to the Master and throwing themselves on the ground at his feet, cried out, "Master! Master, the Judgment Day done come!"

Uncle Horace said he was a little jockey riding a race and, "You know, Miss Berenice, your Grandpa liked a fine horse. Well, he bet on me and the horse and won us both. He took us home and told your Grandma here's a boy and a horse for you. So I belonged to Mistiss."

Early in the morning, on a bright Spring day in 1832, there was to be seen a crowd of men and women gathered in the main street of Lynchburg, Virginia. There were a number of wagons, horses and mules, to say nothing of excited negroes. Something of interest and moment was taking place. The sleepy town was wide awake in spite of the early hour. William D. Swinney was leaving for the West -- he was going to Missouri, beyond the Mississippi River. He was undertaking the great adventure, accompanied by his young wife and small son. There were no railroads, but there were roads, very rough, no doubt, but roads that were well known and constantly travelled by emigrants; and there were boats on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers; boats for passengers, the accommodations being rather primitive, and flat boats for freight. Bingham, in his pictures, has preserved this type for us, the forerunner of the fine barges now in use.

There must have been many friends to see the Swinneys off. His sister, Lucy, wife of Henry Wade; Swinney uncles and cousins, and any number of Joneses and Stiths to say good bye. When the last word was spoken, the last embrace given, the cavalcade started on the long, arduous journey.

Billy Swinney on horseback leading the way, and Lucy Ann, sitting in her high swung carriage, drawn by four horses with outriders, waving a last farewell to her dear mother. Perhaps there were tears in her soft brown eyes as she looked back at the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains and flung a protecting arm around little Oswald.

But Lucy Ann did not encourage mournful thoughts; she had a happy, buoyant nature, and perfect confidence in her blond, sanguine young husband. Some of those who watched this departure very soon followed in their wake. Several Swinney cousins, two sisters of Lucy Ann and, best of all, her mother came out to Missouri to spend the last years of her life at Sylvan Villa.

Not only in America, but all over the world, the travel was by wagon and horseback. In the Central West, the migratory routes were in Kentucky, The Forbes Route, and the route from Cumberland Gap to the Ohio where Fort Pitt, or Pittsburgh, was situated, thence to Cairo on the Mississippi River.

Archer Butler Hulburt, the historian, says in his thrilling work "Historic Highways of America" (Vol. II, page 91), "A way from the seaboard to the interior of the continent, the trough between the Blue Ridge and Cumberland Ranges was early found to lead surely, but circuitously, westward. This trough between the mountain ranges was the course of the great path from Virginia to Kentucky and Illinois, which played so great a part in the history of the central west. Two great branches from the Warrior's Path ran into what is now Tennessee and West Virginia. The main trail held steadily onward to Cumberland Gap. Passing this point, it ran onward through Crab Orchard, Kentucky, and the Falls of the Ohio at Louisville.

The great route onward to St. Louis may be said to have been this same

roadway, making for the Mississippi. Warrior Path was the early name for this route, as, for a distance at least near Cumberland Gap, the trail was a link in the great warpath from the North to the South . . . At a later date Daniel Boone, heroically opened a road over this route to Kentucky which took the appropriate title of "Wilderness Road."

This "Wilderness Road" played a mighty part in the opening of the first settlement of the West . . . this path was a famous traders' path by which pack horses went and came from all parts of the great expanse between the Tennessee, Cumberland and Illinois Rivers . . . Romance and interest in these three great pathways are built upon the others, which wind through the Alleghenies of Northwestern Maryland and Southwestern Pennsylvania, from the Potomac to the Ohio River . . .

The Indian Path over the summit of the hills, or Braddock's great road which nearly followed the Indian Course, or the Cumberland Road which followed closely the general alignments of Braddock's Road. This Cumberland Road carried thousands of population and millions of wealth into the West, and more than any other material structure in the land, served to harmonize and strengthen, if not save the Union. It was the Nation's highway -- this famed old Cumberland Road . . .

This road, conceived in the brains of Washington, then of Albert Gallatin, took its inception in 1806 when commissioners to report on the project were appointed by President Jefferson . . . The road was opened to the Ohio River in 1818. In a moment's time, an army of emigrants and pioneers were en route to the west, over the great highway, regiment following regiment as the years advanced.

Squalid cabins, where the hunter had lived beside the primeval thoroughfare, were pressed into service as taverns. Indian fords where the water had oft run red with blood in border frays, were spanned with solid bridges. Ancient towns which had been comparatively unknown to the world, but which were of sufficient magnetism to attract the great road to them, became on the morrow cities of consequence to the world.

As the century ran into its second and third decades, the Cumberland Road saw an increasing heterogeneous population. Wagons of all descriptions, from the smallest to the great "Mountain Ships" which creaked down the mountain side and groaned off into the setting sun, formed a marvelous frieze upon it.

Fast expresses, too realistically, perhaps, called "Shakeguts" tore along through the valley and over the hill with important messages of State. Here, the broad highway was blacked with herds of cattle trudging eastward to the market, or westward to the meadowlands beyond the mountains. Gay coaches of four or six horses, whose drivers were known by name even to the Statesmen who were often their passengers, rolled on to the hospitable taverns where the company revelled.

All night, along the roadway, gypsy fires flickered in the darkness, where wandering minstrels and jugglers crept to show their art, while in the background crowded traders, hucksters, peddlers, soldiers, showmen and beggars -- all picturesque pilgrims on the nation's great highway . . .

Long trains of wagons bringing the produce of the little farms on the banks of the Ohio, to the markets of Philadelphia and Baltimore. In any other section of the country, a road so frequented would have been considered

eminently safe and pleasant, but some years later, the traveler who was forced to make the journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh in his carriage and four, and beheld with dread the cloud of dust which marked the slow approach of a train of wagons. For, nothing excited the anger of the sturdy teamsters more than the sight of a carriage. To them, it was the unmistakable mark of aristocracy, and they were indeed in a particularly good humor when they suffered the despised vehicle to draw up by the roadside without breaking a shaft or taking off the wheels, or tumbling it over into the ditch. His troubles over, the traveler found himself at a small hamlet, then known as Pittsburgh."

I have quoted this long account from Hulburt, as it gives one of the best, most concise descriptions of the highways of America in those early days. His writing is so vivid that one obtains a perfect idea of those times. Those caravans creeping over hill and dale and breasting great rivers; those hardy pioneers filled with courage and sublime faith, pushing on to the West.

My grandparents lived on an estate of several thousand acres, three miles from Glasgow, in Howard County, Missouri. Here, my mother was born and here she and Uncle Oswald grew up. The simple, commodious two-story brick house, four rooms across the front, was painted a soft yellow; the front porch was painted white and was supported by fluted columns. Sylvan Villa was appropriately named, for it stood in a wide, spacious yard, surrounded by beautiful trees and flowering, old fashioned shrubs: lilac, mockorange, bridal wreath, snowball, and there were two mounds of gorgeous peonies, one on either side of the herring-bone brick walk that led from the front porch to the driveway, circling the lawn which stretched away down to the big gate. Never can I forget those beautiful trees on the lawn: oak, locust, thorn trees with delicate leaves and long pods, a kind of acacia. We called the fruit, "St. John's bread" and liked the green, soft substance in which the seeds were imbedded. There were tall hackberry trees and we filled our pockets with their tiny fruit, and ate the sweet coating covering the hard seed. We called them "Skin and Bones." Another fine tree was the coffee bean. We roasted the beans in hot coals; often they would pop out of the fire and hit the wall or ceiling, much to our delight. I can not omit the catalpa trees with their showy blossoms and later, their long, dangling pods that we smoked with the glow of secrecy; and the mulberry trees with their sweet, sticky fruit. It is said that one could locate a Virginian in Missouri by the groves of locust trees.

But the trees above all that we loved best, were the beautiful silver poplars. Their limbs grew low on the trunk. Like monkeys, we climbed from branch to branch, regarding them as our houses, playing in them by the hour in preference to the playhouse which was so much less exciting. The poplar leaves turned with the slightest breeze on their delicate stems, trembling, fluttering, green-silver, silver-green, and two slim little girls perched high in their branches, lived in an imaginary world.

Years later, when I read the fascinating book "Green Mansions" by Hudson, I could so easily picture the heroine flitting from branch to branch in her arborial home.

My Uncle Oswald's daughter, my cousin Anne, was my beloved and constant companion. Two years my senior, absolutely fearless, she was the leader in all our sports and activities. With perfect confidence and adoration I followed her, and sometimes I had difficulty in keeping up for she was much

stronger and larger than I. We each had our own saddle horses but often I liked to sit behind her on her swift mare, Jennie Lightfoot. Anne didn't care so much for this and would not come very close to the stile block. "Well, jump on if you can," she would say, and although she was so far away I could not touch her, I would take a flying leap and land on the horse's back. Strange to say, I never fell.

My own horse was called Rosenante. He was quite a handsome bay, not in the least like the famed steed of Don Quixote, but when that classic story was read to me, I thought Rosenante such a beautiful name. There was one resemblance between them, however: both were patient and long suffering. At times we would burden the poor creature with four children on his bare back, sitting astride, one behind the other. If he grew tired of the game, he would stand still and just shake us off. He, too, had a sense of humor. I had other saddle horses, Humming Bird my first pony when I was five, and later Rainbow, a grey mare skittish and tricky and a horse named Chester, but I loved my five gaited, Kentucky-bred Rosenante best.

Then, there was a horse of my Uncle's, a big sorrel, very swift and powerful. It was a great treat to ride him. He was absolutely kind and sure-footed. Anne in the saddle and I sitting behind, she would urge him to a fast gallop, then put the bridle under her knee. We would stretch our arms and hold hands riding at top speed, singing Glory Hallelujah, fairly to burst our lungs. Those were the great days!

We rode side saddle and often bare back. We wore long, full skirts that buttoned around the waist and down to the hem on one side. In summer, they were made of brown Holland; and in cold weather, of some kind of woolen material. These skirts were worn over any kind of a dress we happened to have on. If we went to call upon a neighbor, we simply took off our skirts when we arrived and put them on again when leaving.

Naturally, we had what we called "real" riding habits; mine was blue, very stylish, but we preferred the skirts, so simple, so practical!

Joe, a powerful young negro with a broad grin, showing strong white teeth and handsome as a marble faun, kept our horses in perfect condition. Occasionally, Anne and I liked to help with their toilet, and while Joe curried and brushed, we braided the long tail and mane into small plaits, so that when combed out later, the hair fell in graceful waves. Of course, to a more experienced eye, such fancy artificial appendages must have looked ridiculous, but we considered them very handsome.

The household was made up of a variety of individuals. First after Grandmother, was Uncle Oswald, his wife, dear Aunt Maria, "Aunt Rye" and their daughter, Anne, my beloved companion. There had been a son, "Little Billy" just my age, but he died when he was five years old.

Aunt Rye read to us indefatigably, Walter Scott, The Scottish Chiefs, Strickland Queens of England, Miss Young's Stories, Don Quixote, Irving, Longfellow, Hawthorne, The Leather Stocking Tales, to all of which we listened with bated breath. Her Scotch accent, probably quite wrong, did not trouble us and was, no doubt, more intelligible to us than a more correct pronunciation would have been. Aunt Maria was something of an invalid and we perched on the foot of her bed, or drew our chairs up close to her as she lay on the chaise-longue. I feel sure we not only taxed her strength, but

her good nature, although she never let us see it and would amiably read to us by the hour.

Then, there was our Governess, Miss Laura Strong, and later, our dear French governess, Mlle. Adele Baudy. Also, Mr. Belden, Grandfather's and afterwards Uncle Oswald's secretary, and finally Miss Mary, the efficient housekeeper.

My cousin, Anne Swinney, was a beautiful girl and grew into a lovely woman. She had violet eyes and dark, wavy hair with bright auburn flashes. She had the most generous, sympathetic disposition, combined with a strong individual character. Beloved by everyone, the whole community mourned when she was ravished by death from the arms of her doting parents and broken-hearted young husband, and helpless babe.

There was a great going back and forth among neighbors. We had many playmates among relatives and county families. It was nothing to jump on a horse or into a buggy and dash over to a neighbor's and spend the afternoon, or even stay all day. In fact, all day visits were frequent for both parents and children. We simply dropped in on each other without ceremony, and always met with a cordial welcome. Then, naturally, there were company days when friends were especially invited and great preparations were made for their entertainment. But there always seemed to be visitors, both grown up and small -- a gay, jolly lot. Visitors frequently remained for weeks or months! There were Swinney and Lewis cousins, Morgans, and delightful companions among the county families, the Cockerills, Pritchetts, Turners, Harrisons, Birchs, Shackelfords, Duncas and Dr. Vaughan, the beloved physician and his family; Dr. Vaughan was Uncle's favorite chess adversary.

These large farms were almost self-sufficing. Everything that could be raised or made for home consumption was brought to a fine art.

A few years ago, in looking over some old papers that had belonged to my husband's Grandfather, I found a letter written to him by a cousin of his, who at that time was visiting a married son in New York. Among other novelties, she mentioned the skimpy way in which they lived. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker calling every day to leave a few provisions. She wrote, "it is awful -- they only live from hand to mouth!" So much for the plantation lady.

The domestic management of the plantation was left to the Mistress, and she had few idle moments. My Grandmother had a competent housekeeper, a lady, some kind of family connection but not a relative. We called her Miss Mary and were very much attached to her, being especially devoted on the days she made candy. She was renowned for her caramels, all flavors; she also made lemon drops, peppermint sticks, and when nuts were ripe, it was no trouble at all for us to gather pecans, walnuts, hazlenuts, hickory nuts in the woods and then spend hours cracking and picking out the meats for Miss Mary to make into tempting nut brittle. Molasses candy, too was a wholesome favorite, but I had no skill in pulling it and envied those who tossed the gleaming succulence from hand to hand while I only had fists full of sticky sweetness.

I recollect that peaches were brought up in big clothes baskets. We feasted upon them, first smothered in thick cream, or partook of peach cobbler, a kind of deep tart full of juice, covered with a thin, light pastry top. Then, too, there was delicious shortcake, although we liked strawberries for all of these

dishes even better; and naturally, strawberry preserves with hot biscuits. "Putting up" or, as we say, preserving, was a great business. Jars and jars of marmalade, spiced peaches, brandy peaches, and another condiment called "peach leather." The fruit was mashed and rolled out on a clean white board and left in the sun protected from insects by netting stretched on a frame, until it became a solid paste. Then, sprinkled with sugar, it was cut into strips and rolled in convenient sizes to be packed in tins. Often in foreign countries, I have eaten this peach paste made by confectioners, but Grandmother was the only person I ever saw make it.

Cordials were also on the program -- Cherry Bounce, Raspberry Shrub, Blackberry Cordial, Prune and Peach Brandy. But I can not remember that wine was made, although there were Concord and Delaware grapes. There was plenty of cider; it was clear and sparkling like champagne.

Wine, however, was used on the table. Catawba, Scuppernon; and imported from Europe was claret, sherry and port. A summer drink called Sangaree, made of claret with sugar and nutmeg, was well liked. Another refreshing summer drink was tamarind, a dried oriental fruit, brought in by whaling vessels. It was mixed with water and ice, but lemonade always had my vote.

Whiskey was kept on the sideboard, with a large bed of mint in the garden -- one can easily imagine a delectable combination.

Decanters containing sherry and port had silver labels hung from little chains. A bottle of quinine was also on the sideboard, for at times, "chills and fever" otherwise malaria in a mild form, would attack some member of the family and he would take a few doses of the specific. In that day, there were no capsules and medicine was administered in powdered form, wrapped in a large, moist wafer, floating in a little water in a tablespoon. Then, there was lemon juice or jelly as an after taste to reward the young.

Fine napery was a sine qua non of well-to-do families and a good housekeeper was very fastidious as to the setting and serving of her table. Customs then were quite different; flowers were seldom used for decoration but a silver or glass epergne for fruit or cake occupied the center, and many dishes to be eaten were put on, such as jelly, pickles, butter, sliced bread, olives, pitchers of water and milk, sweet and buttermilk, also vegetable dishes after being passed.

Carving was a proficient art and done by the Master of the house.

There were two sweets to which I was partial, namely frozen custard and "Ambrosio" which was a combination of sliced oranges and grated cocoanut and jelly cake, especially if the jelly was quince or grape.

Coffee, Java and Mocha mixed, was the universal drink. It was bought green and parched at home. For Sunday night supper, there was hot chocolate. Tea was seldom served. Of course, there was wine for "grown-ups" but not for children. I can not recollect that we had coffee either; milk was our standby and what we called "cambric tea", hot cream and sweetened water.

Dinner was at midday and William stepped out on the back porch and rang a large copper bell to call us to the feast.

When I resided for a few years in Howard County, old Horace, whom I have already mentioned, was still living at about the age of ninety. He looked up to me and called me his "family." One morning I was called to the telephone and an excited voice said, "This is Champ, Miss Berenice. Please

ma'm, come in here as fast as you can. Pa was sittin' in front of the house and a runaway horse knocked him over." Naturally I inquired if he were badly hurt and if they had sent for the doctor. "No, ma'm," Champ replied, "we ain't done nothin'; we'se waitin' for you."

So I ordered the carriage and dashed full speed into town to take care of Uncle Horace. Fortunately, he was only frightened and bruised. In spite of the fact that for the whole of my life this old man had been freed from slavery, I recognized my family responsibility. I had already buried his old wife and, later, also gave him a decent funeral.

Anne and I had a favorite little playmate, Jinny. At times, we bullied her outrageously, yet we really loved her and on the whole treated her well. Sometimes, she would rebel when we told her to jump off a high place. She would say "No, Miss Berenice and Miss Anne, I's feared; don' make me do dat." One day, we told Grandmother that Jinny refused to mind us and asked her to back up our authority. Grandmother made us sit down beside her and explained very seriously that we were behaving very unkindly, that we chose to play with Jinny, making her our companion and therefore, Jinny had her rights, too, and was not obliged to mind us if she did not want to. She made us understand that we must respect Jinny's feelings just the same as we expected her to respect ours. We learned our lesson and there was no more trouble.

One of the great evils of slavery was the arrogance it created in the Master. Absolute power over the lives and destiny of others is a terrible responsibility, and few are capable of sustaining such an ordeal. To my best belief, my Grandparents possessed a sense of justice and were kind Master and Mistress, for their slaves loved them and wanted to stay with them. Naturally, slaves were very valuable property and no Southerner could, with equanimity, contemplate so great a loss, even while he deplored the institution of slavery. During the Civil War, my Grandfather Swinney sent fifty negroes to Texas, in the care of a responsible white man, so that in case the South won the war, they would be saved for him. However, before the war was ended, he freed all of his slaves and gave them what money he could spare besides retaining as many as possible on the home place. It was a terrible problem to a man of tender conscience, quite impossible for the fanatic/abolitionists to understand. Ideally and theoretically, their ideas were right; but practically they were fraught with great injustice and cruelty.

In parts of our county today, thousands of negroes and many whites, are still suffering from this social upheaval. It could have been done and should have been done, in quite a different way, with the hearty cooperation of the Southern planter, many of whom felt the incubus of slavery. But, between the hot heads of the South and the fanatics of the North, it was inevitable that the sword should leap from the scabbard.

When Captain Swinney settled on his farm three miles from the Missouri River, there was no town accessible. There was a small hamlet on the Chariton River, an insignificant stream, a tributary of the Missouri but quite inadequate for navigation. Therefore, it became necessary to select some site on the big river where a wharf and warehouses could be built to facilitate trade. The hills rose abruptly from the river bank, and were covered with a luxuriant wild growth of trees and shrubs, untouched by the hand of man.

My Uncle told me he could recall the day when he rode, seated behind

Grandfather on a big grey horse, and listened to the conversation of his father and several other gentlemen while they paced slowly along the river bank, discussing the vital question. They finally decided upon a strategic place for the wharf, where steamboats could dock, to bring the outer world to them, and take their products to market. Thus was founded the infant town of Glasgow, named for a friend of Grandfather's, Mr. James Glasgow of St. Louis. The settlement grew rapidly, becoming, in a few years, a charming, picturesque village.

The Missouri River is a powerful, tortuous stream, temperamental and untamable -- a true daughter of the wild West. The name does not mean Big Muddy as we are often told, but was taken from the name of a tribe of Indians, the Missouris, the inhabitants near the mouth of the River at the time of its discovery. Although so difficult to navigate, man has ever tried to conquer it, and with marvelous ingenuity, he succeeded.

"Of all variable things in creation, the most uncertain are the action of a jury, the state of a woman's mind, and the condition of the Missouri River." Quoted from Sioux City Register, March 28, 1868.

At first, with the birch bark canoe devised by the Indian, then the piroques, dug out from tree trunks, by the early French, similar to those strong Viking boats that crossed the North Sea, later, the mackinaws, keel boats, bateaux, and finally the steamboat. The first was built to navigate the Ohio River in 1811, but it was fifteen years before it came into general use. The first steamboat in Missouri, in 1819, was used for Army purposes, but because of inexperience with the River, they proved a failure.

When my Grandfather Swinney arrived in Missouri in 1832, the steamboat was an accomplished fact and they were going as far as the Yellowstone, under such intrepid pilots as LaBarge and others.

One memorable trip made by Captain Sire, with Captain LaBarge at the wheel, was in 1843, in the steamboat "Omega" which left St. Louis on April 25th. There were about one hundred passengers in all, a mixed company -- some of them, Indians returning from a visit in St. Louis. But the most important person was the celebrated naturalist, Audubon, with his party of scientists, going into the wilds of a new country to study its fauna in its native habitat, and to depict it with his marvelous brush.

There were many boats on the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. Some of them were elegantly furnished and were noted for thier cuisine, which was better than that of many hotels, but these boats were also famous for gambling and were frequented by many disreputable, dissipated men. It was an era of abundance and lavish expenditure, especially for the Southern planter -- Cotton was King!

The earliest white men to brave the dangers and vicissitudes of river travel, were the fur traders. Gradually, better boats came into use; there was great traffic in general merchandise, tobacco, coal, whiskey and grain. My grandfather was part owner in several packets. Ox or mule teams hauled his hogsheads of tobacco on the steamboats and started on their long voyage across the ocean to Liverpool -- the obscure village of Glasgow and Britannia met!

The Kate Swinney, one of these boats, is thus described in the local Glasgow newspaper of April 1, 1852:

"Another New Boat. The 'Kate Swinney,' A. C. Gaddin, Capt. passed down

On Tuesday from her first trip up river. The Kate is one of the handsomest little crafts that floats on our water. She was built under the supervision of her gentlemanly captain, expressly for the packet trade between this place and St. Louis, and so far as we can judge, combines all the requisites necessary for the business for which she is destined. She is of light draught, good carrying capacity, and swift. Her cabin is exceedingly neat, well ventilated and commodious. Her rooms are large and those of the ladies cabin, particularly, elegantly furnished. The ornamental work of the cabin is plain and in exceedingly good taste. She will fix upon a day and start in the packet trade worthwith, under her obliging and gentlemanly officers, is destined to be a popular boat."

Speaking of steamboats, I remember that when we went to Glasgow to visit Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Thomson, I would go out on the front porch and be permitted to look through Uncle Thomson's spy glass at the steamboat coming around the bend, a long way off. The Captain always whistled when he got there and it was an exciting moment. Uncle Thomson would ask, "Can you see what boat it is?" No, I could not; it was so far away. "Well, I'll tell you," he said, "It is the So-and-So." It was, too, but what marvelous sight Uncle Thomson had! Of course, in later years, I realized that he knew which boat was due and Uncle Thomson was not so sharp-sighted at all -- but he fooled me. I considered him a second Solomon.

The Missouri River steamboats were neither so large nor so luxurious as those on the Mississippi, but they were excellent, the staterooms ample and the food, good. In my childhood, I frequently took trips from Glasgow to St. Louis by boat. It was such a treat to visit the pilot house; best of all, to listen to the negro crew sing! I shall never forget one who sang, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," whistling the refrain in perfect imitation of the bird.

The "Kate Swinney," named for my mother, met with disaster -- burned, I think. Some of the "Saloon" furniture was rescued and I possess one of the handsome high-backed arm chairs, probably now the only relic. It was given to my great-grandmother, who had it placed in church near the pulpit, where she could sit at her ease and enjoy the services. Now, as the years press upon me, I sink into its capacious depths and crave her blessing.

Francis Parkman tells us, "Marquette and Joliet, in 1673, in search of the Mississippi River, passed down the Illinois River and glided into the great Mississippi. After they passed what is now called Alton, they were suddenly roused to a real danger for a torrent of yellow mud rushed furiously into the calm waters; it boiled and surged, sweeping logs, branches and uprooted trees in its course. They had reached the mouth of the Missouri, where that savage river, descending from its mad career through a vast unknown of barbarism, poured its turbid floods into the bosom of its gentler sister. Their light canoes whirled in the miry vortex like dry leaves in an angry brook." (LaSalle and The Discovery of the Great West).

Great freedom was allowed us children, we roamed and played when and where we liked, usually accompanied by one or two small negroes, attended by Anne's Mammy or my Fanny.

We never went to the creek, ponds or woods without a grown woman. She watched over us, but in reality let us do exactly as we pleased, wading in the creek, skipping stones. If the haws or pawpaws were out of reach, she held down the branch while we picked and ate, or helped us fill our little pails with

rinnows or pollywogs. Sometimes Mammy would say, "Come on home, chillun, doan' yo heah dat yallerhammer 'hollerin' fer rain?"

Our parents and grandparents were indulgent when it came to pets. We had dogs, cats, squirrels, white rabbits, canary birds, and I possessed a handsome African parrot. She was grey with a red tail, but she had no love for me; she loved my grandmother, but treated me with contempt. Often, when Grandmother called me to get up in the morning, Polly would scream, "Get up Berenice! Get up you dirty dog!" If she disliked a person, Polly called him a "dirty dog." I could relate many of her sayings. One day, a young man was at the house, talking and boasting a good deal and finally Polly called out, "Oh, Henry! you're a jackass." Henry happening to be his name; then, Polly burst into peals of laughter.

Polly spoke a little French, but always whispered it, "Sh! escoutez, fermez la porte." She also sang with gusto, "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins, how do you do, how do you do? None the better Tommy Tompkins for seeing you, for seeing you," winding up with her wild parrot squawk.

We had chickens for pets, too, and took the greatest care of the hen and her brood. There were many chickens, turkeys and guineas and ducks, but I can not remember any geese. There were, however, peacocks, quite a number and not very domesticated -- at least they did not permit any familiarity. They looked very picturesque, strutting about the lawn, lifting and spreading their tails in jeweled fans. Beautiful long fly brushes were made of their feathers; long cylindrical affairs, the feathers graduated, each row lapping over the next in perfect symmetry, the quills fastened to a ring frame. The whole, attached to a strong handle; this supple, exquisite brush was, at mealtimes, wielded by a negro boy, bare-footed, dressed in white slacks and tunic, standing on a stool high enough to escape the heads of those seated at the dinner table. Back and forth it waved, rhythmically, keeping off the flies.

The peacocks had one favorite perch -- they walked or sat on the stone wall encircling the cemetery; we would creep up as quietly as possible, hoping to pluck a feather from the long, hanging tail. Mr. Peacock always eluded us; never did we rob him.

Every plantation or large estate had a private burial ground. Here, members of a family were laid to rest, not far from the old home, amid the scenes of their former activities, in the place they loved and were beloved. Our cemetery was beyond the garden, surrounded by a thick granite wall. It was a lovely, peaceful spot; there were many rose bushes; violets and myrtle bloomed on the graves and in the spring there was a carpet of anemone and "Quaker ladies." We sometimes went there to play in a sweet, quiet way.

In the garden and grounds, there were many beautiful roses, pink and red, and big bushes of white ones. I liked the white, the jacqueminot and the small, prickly yellow ones best. Lots of rose geranium and lemon verbena and calacanthus, the bud of which we carried in our pocket or put in our bureau drawers. There were bright beds of portulacca, and touch-me-nots -- when I pressed the pod, how the seeds scattered! One plant in the garden fascinated me; I do not know its proper name, we called it "Sensitive Plant." It had fine, small leaves which would droop and fold up at the slightest touch; many and many a time I have experimented with it and no matter how delicately I approached, it would resent my familiarity and shrink from contamination.

There were rows of hollyhocks and tall swaying phlox of lovely colors and

exquisite wistaria blossomed and cascaded down the corner of the house.

The garden was vast and lovely, the summer house was covered with sweet and coral honeysuckle on which the humming birds feasted. Within were rustic benches where we often sat in the shade to "cool off" after playing too hard.

I liked to step into the kitchen for a little coarse salt, and then gather a bunch of sorrel mixed with chives, very savory to munch, but even better was a ripe tomato, warmed by the sun. Those who eat the stale, half-frozen fruit taken out of refrigerators, never know the real taste of a tomato sun kissed and luscious.

There are some smells that recur as vividly as the colors of flowers. For instance, the pungent delicious odor of the thick outer shell of green walnuts, the honey sweet locust bloom, and the fragrance of crisp ripe apples.

The garden was laid out in symmetrical beds, planted with small vegetables, such as radishes, beets, cabbages, onions, etc. and the beds had flower borders, violets, petunias, iris (flags), bleeding hearts, mignonette, verbenas, balsam, pinks and cockscomb, sweet william and such like. While some of the vegetable beds had borders of herbs for cooking, chives, sorrel, sage, sweet marjoram, etc.

Asparagus and strawberry beds were set apart as they required a great deal of space, and on one side of the garden there were small fruits, currants, gooseberry, blackberry and dewberry, a kind of glorified blackberry. Scattered about there were choice pear, cherry and damson trees. Most of the fruit trees, however, were in the extensive orchard on the other side of the fence from the garden.

There was an abundance of good food on these plantations; one might truly say the Master's table "groaned," for although there was no rapid transportation or refrigerator cars to bring vegetables and fruit from the South, the pantry was replete with corn, tomatoes, beans, ochra, etc., that were "put up" for winter use; and there were apples, pumpkins, sweet potatoes, etc., in the root house. Buffalo tongue was a delicacy, and much preferred to ox tongue, which was considered rather coarse. Oysters were brought from the East in tins labeled "cove oysters." They had undergone some kind of pickling, but were not acid, and very good for soup and stuffing turkeys.

The kitchen was not connected with the house. It was in a separate building, a few steps from the back porch. It consisted of a room with a big, wide fireplace to hold cord wood. Here, the roasting was done, much of it turned on a spit before the great, piled-up logs. Another small room called the "bake room," contained the oven, where much delicious pastry was baked. There were shelves for bowls and pans, and the cutting board, where the dough was rolled, to be cut into biscuits, cookies, crullers, and also "light bread" and "Sally Lunn." Many happy hours we spent doing the cutting, making tiny shapes to be served as an extra for us children or taken to our playhouse to be a feast for the dolls.

Aunt Milly was a small, wiry woman, very black, with bright eyes and a lovely smile. Her slender fingers could work miracles with food. She never lost her temper with us, even when we made terrible messes, which we called "cooking" in her immaculate kitchen. She adored us, and would permit anything within reason. I used to measure myself back to back with Aunt

Milly, and my growth was encouraging, for she was the smallest person in the place. She lived with her husband, Uncle Ebbin, in two rooms behind and attached to the kitchen and she kept them as neat as a pin. Her daughter, Kitty Jane, had been my mother's personal maid, but after my mother's death, she shared attendance on my Grandmother with another maid, the latter sleeping on a pallet in Grandmother's room after the death of Grandfather.

In the kitchen, Aunt Milly ruled supreme, helped by a woman and a boy.

In the dining room, a few steps away, and across the back porch, the dishes were carried to be received by House William and his boy assistants. It was quick work to get the food, piping hot to the table, one boy or other was forever running back and forth for biscuits, muffins, waffles, eggs, etc. Woe be unto the boy who slipped or spilt a drop!

In cold weather when hot dishes were brought from the kitchen, it was necessary to have hot plates ready for the food, and there was an ingenious arrangement for this. A cylindrical, rather large, Japanned and decorated metal affair was placed before the open fire. In it, on the shelves, were put the plates to be warmed, exposed to the heat, and on the opposite of the warmer was a door through which the butler drew forth the plates as needed. Other families must have had their plate warmers, but ours is the only one I ever saw.

House William, so called to distinguish him from two other Williams, presided with pride and dexterity over the functions of dining, a perfect autocrat. Annie and I had no love for him. He was too severe. If we dared to take a knife to peel an apple, or take a spoon, if he caught us, we were in for a scolding. Any complaints were met with, "Perhaps, children, William would let you have a spoon if you asked him instead of just helping yourselves. You know he is responsible for the dining room." It seemed to us that they always took his part! In later years, I understood why. We must have been little nuisances. William sat on the back porch to polish the knives and if we had been delinquent he would flourish a carving knife and say, "Do you want me to cut off your haid?" As far as his duties were concerned, I expect he was irreproachable, but our personal relations with him were sometimes strained.

Besides the kitchen, there were other out houses. The smoke house was a big, high structure and the scene of much activity in hog killing time.

There were beams on which were hung hams, bacon, sausages, etc. Where the actual slaughter of hogs took place, I never knew. The clean, fresh carcasses were brought to the side yard, near the smoke house. There they were carved into a variety of pieces to be prepared for future use, although some of it was eaten at once, such as spareribs, tenderloin, chine and sausage, and of course, there was the suckling roast pig. We young ones liked the tail, well scraped and broiled in hot coals. We smacked our lips over such a tidbit. Then, there were the pigs' feet and head souse, all so good!

An expert negro woman rendered the lard in immense iron kettles hung over a fire out of doors. Jars and crocks were filled with the snow white product. The cracklings that were skimmed off, were mixed with meal, giving a rich flavor to the corn bread.

Every particle of the hog was used, most of it put away for winter use in the smoke house, where the delicate fumes of smoking hickory wood brought

the meat to perfection. A perfection with which no Armour can compete.

I believe my Fanny's husband, Bradley, helped with all this work and also was the carpenter, turning out many a neat job.

Back of the kitchen there were two rows of cabins built of hewn logs, very solid and comfortable. Inside, they were whitewashed. The chimney was built outside in the old fashioned style, such as one sees in many old New England and Cap Cod houses today. These cabins were perfectly snug and comfortable. Cisterns in the quarters provided sufficient water for all. Some cabins had only one room; others had two or even three and a few had an upstairs room. It all depended upon the size of the family. Aound every house was a small patch of ground, thus each cabin was separate and private. This was referred to as "the quarters", and we children were not allowed to visit them except for some special reason such as to view a new baby, or take some delicacy from the Master's table to the sick.

As a great treat, we occasionally went to prayer meeting at Aunt Hulda's but we did not go inside, only looked through the window, listened to the singing, the emotional praying, or watched with fascination the swaying, gesticulating faithful souls -- Bress de Lawd. Amen.

My Grandparents held that their servants had a right to lead their own lives, as much as possible. The negroes had parties, dancing in a fashion of their own and there was nothing more exciting to us than to see Sam or Ben, jump "Jim Crow" or "Pigeon Wing." They sprang into the air, clapped their feet together with the grace and rhythm of the true ballet dancer; it was the natural expression of exuberance and complete abandon in joyful activity.

My Uncle Oswald Swinney had studied for the ministry and once in a while, we would congregate in the dining room to witness a marriage. The bride dressed in white, with a long veil which, as I look back, resembled mosquito netting. Then, after shyly but with beaming smiles receiving our congratulations, the wedded pair returned to the quarters to partake of their home made refreshments, followed by singing and dancing. The singing was beautiful, accompanied by banjo and jewsharp and fiddle. How we loved all this! We children were just as happy as they were, but we were not permitted to linger; we kept our distance -- it was their party, not ours.

Joe played the fiddle, holding it lovingly against his chin, and Ben was an expert with the bones (Negro castanets). They played in perfect tempo although they had no training, but possessed the Negro's natural musical gift. And how they could sing:

Racoon's tail is ring all round
Possum's tail is bar
Rabbit has no tail at all
But a pretty little bunch of har!

The 4th of August (Missouri's Emancipation Day), was picnic day for the negroes and early in the morning, most of them drove off in the farm wagons or rode mules, to enjoy the holiday.

Christmas was also celebrated by them with gusto. Very early in the morning, they came to the door of the Master's and Mistress' chamber calling out, "Christmas Giff, Master," "Christmas Giff, Mistress," and we children also ran from door to door with this cheery call. We hung up our stockings, but the servants received a hearty greeting from the white family, useful presents of some kind, oranges, nuts, candy and some money. The men

received a ration of whiskey or brandy. Then, every one went to work to make the Christmas feast -- a big turkey, a big ham, a haunch of venison, mince pies, plum pudding, ice cream, and all the "fixin's".

In the afternoon, both white and black played or slept. I must not forget to mention that egg nog was partaken of early in the day! The negroes would sing,

"Christmas comes but once a year
Let every nigger have his shear!"

It was a happy day for everybody.

Right here, I wish to bear witness to the character of the negro as I knew him on the plantation. He possessed a cheerful good humor and a natural courtesy. To the best of his ability, he imitated the polished manners of the Master and Mistress, and took pride in good behavior. I never heard a vulgar word or saw an improper gesture. They not only were trained in deportment, but tried to live up to the standards of their "white family." They looked down upon what they called "Poor white trash" as common and utterly beneath them. The colored mammy was proverbial for her devotion to and tender care of the white child.

If, at times, they yielded to the temptation to "lift" a chicken, a side of bacon, a handkerchief or small piece of clothing, it was not exactly stealing in their eyes. In one sense, what belonged to the Master was theirs. All they possessed came from him. They could not gauge the money value of anything, for they had little or none at all to spend. To take an article now and then was a peccadillo, not a crime. Being entirely dependent, they had the right to be cared for.

I expect that on every plantation, a blacksmith was a sine qua non. Grandfather's shop was not far from the factory. There were many horses to be shod, wagons to be repaired, farm implements to put in order, etc., etc. Comfort, a very powerful negro, was the blacksmith. How he could make the sparks fly! How he could thunder at Mose, the youthful helper! Mose did not mind. A moment later, in perfect accord, his immature tenor would join in the deep bass when Comfort sang, "I don' wan' yo' grievin' after me", to the accompaniment of the sonorous anvil.

Big cottonwood trees grew in the pasture. They were a favorite haunt of crows. Crow Conventions, with great cawing and flapping, were held there. It is interesting to recall that the bark of the cottonwood was used for fodder for horses and mules, by the pioneer, en route from the East to the West. Ordinarily, there was rich pasture and, to some extent, corn was carried; but if neither were to be had, there were always cottonwood trees; they grew in abundance. The bark was stripped, water-soaked and cut up for food; it was well liked by the animals, and very nourishing.

There was the roothouse to be filled with potatoes, carrots, turnips, etc., -- everything that could be stored for winter use.

The ice house was very important. It was capacious, dug deep in the ground, and solidly boarded up; the roof was scarcely raised above the ground, and the entrance door was reached by several downward steps. The roof was not too steep, with eaves only a foot or so above the ground; we called it our "Mountain Slide." Our short legs climbed it easily, then we coasted -- scrambling up, sliding down, again and again -- which one could do it oftenest and quickest -- an exciting game! But it played havoc with our

panties! Grandmother threatened us with leather breeches.

It was quite a job to harvest and store the ice. A large pond on the farm supplied most of it, but sometimes it was hauled from the Missouri River, three miles away. It was packed in thick layers of sawdust. Near the top of the ice house, there were shelves where articles were put to cool, notably cantaloupes and watermelons; the gardener would gather them in the early morning and bring them in a wheel barrow, to be served on a big rustic table in the summer house which stood in the center of the garden. As a rule, everyone took half a melon cut lengthwise which she or he scooped out with a silver spoon. If a melon was not perfect, Jim would take it away and bring another.

The rinds of cantaloupe were made into delicious sweet pickles, and the watermelons were cut into fancy shapes, flowers and fruits, and were preserved in clear syrup in which floated bits of ginger and bleached almonds. This delicacy we called "melon sweetmeat."

On either side of the back porch, there was a small room; one was the store room with many shelves to hold all the goodies. Underneath, on the floor, were crocks of pickles, jugs of wine and big barrels of flour, corn meal and sugar, white and brown. Then, there were large cone-shaped sugar loaves, wrapped in blue paper; this was cracked up into lumps for table use. How good that store room smelled: spices, orange peel, citron, sugar, vinegar, all mingled into a marvelous perfume! Every morning, Grandmother or Miss Mary got out the provisions for the day. If Anne or I were near by, we would maybe get a taste of some choice delicacy, olives, candied orange peels, citron, a stick of cinnamon, or a handful of raisins.

The other room opening onto the porch contained a large bath tub, and here we had our daily ablutions in the summer, but in cold weather we had a bath in a large foot tub, on the hearth in front of a grand fire. Foot tubs and buckets of hot and cold water were taken to every bed room, and set before the fire. There were old fashioned fire places, made for big logs, and in some rooms there were stoves, also for burning wood. No coal was used.

There was no running water anywhere, but a number of cisterns and wells, and it seems to me that some man was always busy sweeping fallen leaves out of the gutters, so that the water would be clean if it rained. There were rain barrels, too, well covered; a small pipe leading from the gutter, was introduced into the barrels. Every drop of water was precious.

There must have been many cords of wood used. It was cut on the farm and brought in convenient sizes to the wood shed where it was cut into fire wood by a machine worked by horses on a tread mill; then, it was stacked according to size, in neat rows. I never liked to see the horses do this work; it was against the nature and habits of a horse. I often protested, but Ben would say, "Law, Miss Berenice, it ain't no trouble to them; they likes it -- they think they is runnin' a race." Just the same I did not believe him. Ben was an ingratiating fellow.

I recollect one day Uncle Oswald came out on the back porch, probably to get a drink from a large brass bound bucket filled with water and ice which was kept there on a shelf; a coconut, long handled dipper floated in it. My Uncle Oswald wore a new hat. Presently Ben appeared from nowhere, stood by the rail and said, "Good morning, Marse Oswald." "Good morning,

Ben." "Master, you got on a mighty fine hat, mighty fine." After a moment he added, "I ain't had a new hat for more'n a year; more'n a long year -- maybe two years." All this with a sigh, and a mournful voice. Then, my Uncle laughed, took off the hat and said, "Here, take it, you rascal." Thereupon Ben clapped it on his head at a jaunty angle, and with profuse thanks, danced off.

The laundry was some little distance from the house. It had its own well or cistern, portable tubs and stove for heating irons. Every day in the week several women were busy washing, hanging out and ironing household and quantities of personal linens. We all wore wash dresses, and my Uncle wore white suits in summer.

The soap was made at home, hard soap moulded into bars, and soft soap in jars for scrubbing purposes. Toilet soap was imported from England. One kind I especially liked was labeled, "New Mown Hay"; it had a delicious smell! There was also an English delicate face powder and cold cream used by Grandmother. Ladies never used rouge; they wore false hair, bustles and "bust improvers", but rouge was left for the adornment of a more flamboyant type of woman -- they who were not ladies.

Every one, even the children, had starch bags -- small, flannel bags, scalloped in fancy colors and filled with fine perfumed corn starch; they were most refreshing on hot days.

There was a cherry colored English toothpaste, and a refined preparation of ox marrow pomade to keep rebellious hair in place.

Grandmother made little moulds of camphor ice, which was applied to chapped lips and hands, and refined mutton tallow to be rubbed on chests for bad colds. We had a honey preparation for sore throats and other simple household remedies which I have forgotten. Some kind of ginger tea, too; slippery elm bark, sassafras, calamus root and tansy and sage infusions come to my mind.

We had eau de cologne, but not perfume; and there were sachets of powdered orris for the bureau drawers. I recollect that Grandmother always kept a lump of orris and a vanilla bean in her work basket; and, of course, according to tradition, lavender wafted us to sleep.

On the corner of the mantelpiece in Grandmother's room, was a small basket containing the keys to the store room, linen closet, smoke house, and no doubt many another receptacle that it was well to keep locked. So many persons were always coming and going, one could never tell; there might be "light fingered" ones. Better no temptation.

Another domestic industry I must mention is spinning; this was carried on in the "loom house." At intervals, a large spinning wheel was produced and set in motion by a woman trained in the art. I think the thread was a combination of wool and cotton; it was spun for socks and stockings, and there were many knitters.

We had a material called "linsey woolsey," evidently also of wool and cotton, from which garments were made for the servants -- trousers and jackets for the men, and skirts for the women. There was great "cutting out" and sewing on the sewing machine. Grandmother and Miss Mary supervising the work, they kept several women busy for days and days. Plain white goods, too, was made into shirts, skirts, gowns, petticoats and sheets, and aprons for the servants.

Many of the negro women were fine seamstresses, not only sewing for the mistress, but making beautiful patchwork quilts, and rag rugs for themselves. We, too, made quilts for our dollies' beds; we learned to make cross stitches of fancy wool on rather coarse canvas stretched on a wooden frame. We also did crocheting for dollies' afghans. Without being aware of it, we were taught a few useful arts.

Negro women all wore white or bandana kerchiefs on their heads, for their hair was kinky and hard to comb. They braided it in tight little braids and bound it neatly on the head, and then wound the kerchief dextrously about it. Hair straightening, a boon to the negro, had not yet been invented.

A plantation was a busy place, something exciting every minute!

Uncle Ebbin, Aunt Milly's husband, was responsible for the yard and lawn. He was "death on weeds" and he employed several youngsters to aid and abet him in their destruction.

The lawn was mown with a scythe, and then gone over with a rather primitive lawn mower. It was also swept with a broom made of twigs tied to a broomstick. I recollect Tilly, a small barefoot girl, dressed in a single shirt-like garment; one day I heard her talking to herself, leaning on her broom, "How I does hate to sweep de yard an' how I does 'spise to pick up chips." These being her only occupation.

Then, what fun to watch the milking! When the long shadows of the trees began to waver across the pasture, and the cows, as many as a dozen or more came in slowly to the call of cooee, cooee, to have their heavy bags eased of the rich nectar! The little calves always had the first taste, then they were ruthlessly shooed away, which I considered very cruel, protesting vehemently, although I was assured that the crying little fellows would have plenty later on. We also had our taste, our little cups were filled as often as we liked, with foaming, warm milk.

I fancy the cows were mild enough, but I was timid and preferred to sit in the crotch of the rail or "worm" fence, sometimes called stake or rider fence.

Once when I was in Amsterdam, visiting the Art Museum, an American lady asked my daughter to point out a picture which her guide told her was a celebrated work of art; Paul Potter's famous bull. The lady stood before it and finally remarked in a subdued voice, "I never cared much for bulls, did you?"

The milking done, the procession consisting of half a dozen negro men and women, with big buckets of milk poised on their heads, wended its way back to the dairy, the spring house where shining pans were soon filled. In those days, we had no separators; the gathering of cream was a slow process. There were glass bowls, too, to hold clabber, with extra cream added for richness. This latter had to be eaten at exactly the right moment, when it was perfectly firm, before the curd and whey began to separate. A sprinkling of sugar, preferably pale brown, but no nutmeg or cinnamon as is used in Europe. Rich and cold, it slipped down our eager throats. Cottage cheese was often on the table, but there was no attempt at scientific cheese making. Cheese was bought.

The churn was an old fashioned cylindrical affair, the dasher being wielded by a vigorous human hand, usually a negro boy, or several of them taking turns. Many pounds of butter was the daily output. The dairy woman watched

over the process carefully, herself pressing out the milk and finally, the yellow rolls, a pound each, were wrapped in linen cloths and laid on a clean, well scrubbed board in the spring house. I liked the fresh, rich, cold buttermilk and a piece of hot corn bread dripping with molasses, or a slice of buttered bread liberally sprinkled with brown sugar.

There was one place we dearly loved, namely the tobacco factory. It was not far from the house, perhaps a quarter of a mile beyond the stable lot. I can shut my eyes now and recall that big, wooden structure, spread out irregularly three stories high, and smell again the fragrant, pungent odor that was wafted to me. After the violets and mignonette in the garden, this came next! On the top floor, the tobacco leaves, tied by their stems, were hung from slender poles to dry, at least to mature sufficiently to be manufactured into smoking and chewing tobacco. On the floor below, were long tables, where the leaves were "stripped" and tied together by a number of young women, to be hung on the above mentioned poles.

Then, there was the room where the "weed" was put through some process, and flavored with liquorice; out of these large kegs from which the staves had been removed, emerged a great, black, shiny pillar and we children would take a chip, liking the strong, bitter-sweet taste. Little gourdmands that we were! Whichever way we turned, there was something to tempt the palate. No liquorice was ever so good as that!

The office was on the ground floor, as also were the high hogsheads, which held the product packed in tight, the top pressed down by robust negro men, pushing on an iron bar held strongly in place. One man on either end, pushing with all his might, slowly turning the screw tighter and tighter, pressing the tobacco down. The men intoned a kind of chant so that they kept the rhythm, something the way sailors do.

These great hogsheads were shipped directly to Liverpool, England, for the use of the British navy. Grandfather had five factories: one in Glasgow, one in Fayette, one in Salisbury and, I think, another in Huntsville, besides the one on his own farm. It was a great industry, although the quality of the tobacco was not so fine as in some other states, notably Virginia and Connecticut. At present, I believe, it is no longer grown in Missouri, for there could be no profit in it.

Besides tobacco, there were other important crops in Missouri. Hemp was extensively cultivated, and more oats than at present, but corn was a great staple and still is, being the food par excellence for horses, mules, cattle and hogs, as well as man. There was also broom corn and sorghum, from which a syrup was extracted, a good substitute for molasses. It was given in abundance to the servants and a kind of drink was made from it and taken in jugs to the fields in harvest time, to refresh the reapers. We liked it, too, but always had thick, black molasses, made from sugar cane, brought up from New Orleans. This molasses is no longer on the market, the process of making sugar having been altered by modern machinery. There was also golden syrup and sometimes maple.

There was a variety of vehicles such as carriages, buggies, surreys and phaetons. Every one could drive a horse. As children, we learned to drive, not even remembering how or where we were taught. It seems as though we had always known. Uncle had two trotting horses and he would climb into his sulkey, which we called "the spider" to train them. I believe he raced

them at the county fair. Trotting was the great American sport, and horses were bred and trained for this purpose. Some of them became very famous.

I must not forget to mention sleighs for it was the greatest lark to go sleighing with a high-stepping horse, jingling bells, and plenty of fur robes. But, alas! it was a luxury rarely indulged in. The snow seldom remained long enough to get hard. Snow in the morning was mud in the afternoon. Although I have experienced Missouri winters when the thermometers registered zero for days.

When driving, one always took a boy along to open gates, or to let down the bars in case one crossed a field. There were no wire fences, all were either made of planks or of rails, the first were nailed to posts, but the latter went zig-zag, the ends of the rails lapping over each other to be held in place. They were called "worm" fences. We liked these best; they were so easy to climb.

When I say that the tobacco was hauled by mule or oxtteam, I wish to convey the idea of those primitive roads. Dust in the summer, and mud in the winter, made travel difficult. The following incident will give an idea of the bad roads:

Once, I drove to Fayette with Uncle Oswald in his buggy, to spend the day with some Watts relatives. He left me to play happily with the young cousins while he attended to some legal matters at the Court House, that picturesque building set in a green square, shaded by beautiful old trees. A white painted fence, with hitching posts, surrounded it. There, every day, teams and saddle horses waited patiently for their masters.

A heavy rain came up on our way home -- it was a regular cloudburst! In a short time, streams of water coursed along beside the road, and great pools filled the hollows. I was delighted, calling them rivers and lakes (having recently begun the study of geography, applying to these miniature manifestations the names of real lakes and rivers.)

Suddenly, Uncle said, "Whoa!" and the horse stopped short. There was a deep gully, crossed by a little plank bridge -- at least there had been a bridge that morning when we went to Fayette, but now the gully was full and overflowing! Water covered everything! Was there still a bridge?

Uncle said, "I'll have to get out and test it." But he hesitated, for it meant getting very wet. While he was cogitating, the miracle happened -- along came a pig! With exclamations of encouragement and crackings of the whip, the pig was persuaded to proceed and, after due deliberation, trotted across. The bridge held, although invisible. We safely followed our little guide.

Indeed, not so many years ago when, for a time, my husband and I lived in Howard County, the roads were still almost impassable at times. I recollect on one occasion, when returning from Glasgow to our house (a house built by my Uncle, only two miles from Glasgow) we got mired. The carriage wheels seemed rooted to the ground, and the horses pulling with might and main, suddenly broke the doubletree as they plunged forward. The coachman leaped over the dashboard, clinging to the reins, and prevented a run-a-way. A farmer pried out the carriage and loaned us a double-tree and eventually we reached home.

For several weeks, I was delighted to drive behind a fine pair of mules my husband offered me. They overcame the mud without difficulty, such intelligent creatures as they are, and so strong! The Missouri mule is without peer!

The automobile has now changed all this.

There was, during my childhood, a "plank road" between Glasgow and Fayette, and a toll gate on the edge of town; the one on the outskirts of Glasgow was kept by an old man who frightened me, for he had lost his palate and could not talk properly -- it was so uncanny that I tried neither to see him nor to hear him.

There were still Indians in Howard County at this time, a friendly tribe, but I don't recall which tribe. Aunt Maria told me that once she was lying in bed, not feeling well, and upon looking up, she saw standing in the door, an Indian, draped in a blanket and wearing a large pair of ox horns on his head. She said it was a good thing that she was lying down, otherwise she might have fallen from fright. The Indian said, "How, how," and smiled. She realized he meant no harm and smiled back. He made signs that he wanted something to eat, whereupon she pointed out the way to the kitchen and his hunger was soon satisfied. This, however, was a rare occurrence.

I imagine the migration toward the West had taken many of the Missouri Indians. Uncle Sam's government had not been tender to the aboriginals. Farther and farther West the tribes were pushed, the pioneers following to take the land vacated by the Indians. However, there were still quite a few in 1832, and later up to 1860s as a small child, I was taken to see Indians dance in Glasgow. I recollect when two or three years old, following my father out on the front steps of our house at the corner of 17th and Locust Streets in St. Louis, and being rather frightened at the sight of a tall Indian wrapped in a blanket; my father picked me up in his arms while he chatted with the Chief.

The covered wagon was not unknown to me. It was a familiar sight. Someone would call out "The movers are coming!" and we would race down to the end of the lawn, climb the big gate and sit on top of the wide gate posts and watch them pass. Sometimes there were only one or two wagons, "Prairie Schooners," but often half a dozen or more. Faces of men and women and little children peered out at us. "Good day! Good day!" and we would wave a hand in greeting. The far West was calling; they were going to Glasgow to be ferried across the Missouri River, and then on through to Kansas, Nebraska, Utah, and, maybe to California!

The days of the gold and silver rush to California and Nevada were past, but Colorado glittered, Utah beckoned, and the fertile Dakotas were only waiting for the plough. The cowboy was throwing his lariat over millions of cattle, and hundreds of families were trekking west to take up the homesteads offered by the United States Government.

I have often thought of these caravans creaking, creeping slowly along when in later years I saw the "Cannon Ball" fast express from St. Louis to Kansas City drop down the hill at Steinmetz, pause a few moments at Glasgow and then speed across the river on the long, iron bridge.

As there were no window screens, flies and insects were a great pest in summer. Early in the morning, outside shutters were drawn together, leaving only a trace of light. By this means, flies were invited to go out, which they did, but at night when the lamps were lit, every kind of beetle and moth, and occasionally even bats would bother us. We were deathly afraid of bats, and would throw our skirts over our heads for protection.

Uncle once caught a bat and chloroformed it so that we might examine it

at close quarters. After all, we had been mistaken in thinking it was an ugly bird -- it was more like a mouse, but could fly by means of a curious web-like membrane stretched between its little claws. We stroked the soft, silky back and ears, and noticed the sharp teeth and square, flat face. When we discovered they were hunting for food and not just trying to frighten us, we took an interest in their swooping!

How I abhorred the Katydid. Of all insects, they were the worst! Arriving promptly on the Fourth of July, as though to celebrate our national fete, they killed the air with strident noise, fairly setting one's teeth on edge. I never knew whether or not they were food for birds, but I hoped they were and wished the birds good feasting, and yet those horrid creatures were gauzy and beautiful.

I do not remember that there were many mosquitoes, but over every bed there was a netting.

In cities, houses were supplied with illuminating gas, but in the country, lamps and candles prevailed. The lamps were usually made of glass, cleaned and filled every day with "coal oil" or, in other words, kerosene. The wick was flat and the light not very strong. In large rooms such as the parlors and dining room, several lamps were required.

Anne and I each had a favorite lamp that we claimed as ours. Mine had a pink flannel rose floating in the oil. I thought it added a beautiful, artistic touch! Then there were candles of wax and tallow. In the parlors and for the dinner table, they were wax, looking lovely in silver candelabra. Once in a while, we would chew up a candle, liking the taste of the beeswax. Children will experiment with anything!

Then, there was a front parlor and a back parlor, opening onto each other with wide, high folding doors. The doors did not really fold back, but slid back into the wall. When thrown together, the two rooms made a large, spacious chamber.

The carpets were heavy velvet, a dark background, scattered over with immense bouquets of bright flowers. The wall paper was a creamy white, with a small gold empire design. The furniture was mahogany, upholstered with black horse hair. That sounds rather awful today, but then it was the fashion and of course, the bright carpet helped some.

I must admit that every chair and sofa was very comfortable and well proportioned. I still possess some of these pieces and nothing could be better, or look better in a modern dress. There were charming small tables with white marble tops, and etageres holding curious shells, rare corals, a bit of ivory, wood carving, and facing each other one in the front between the windows and one in the back parlor, were long mirrors in gilt frames, called pier glasses. The old fashioned square piano was in the back room, and here we practiced our scales, or played and sang "Silver Threads Among the Gold", "Juanita", "Listen to the Mocking Bird", the song about Maggie, old English and Scotch ballads; in fact, we made a great deal of music of a simple kind; Anne being really talented and industrious, I learned to play very well.

I possess a beautiful English harp of turquoise blue enamel and gold, on which my mother played, singing English, Scotch and Irish melodies charmingly to its delicate accompaniment. I also have her piano, an early Chickering, the square shape, with hexagonal legs. Recently, Chickering & Sons of Boston furnished it with entirely new works so that it may be again played

upon; the lovely old case and ivory keys are perfectly preserved, attesting to its age and dignity.

In every room was a candle stand, usually a tiny lacquer table on which the candle, snuffers and matches were placed.

There were few closets, but large wardrobes, often with long mirrors. Besides this, every bedroom had a wash stand holding a large bowl and pitcher, and a smaller one, and there was a foot tub of china and a glop jar to match. The wash stands were of mahogany, with white marble tops. There was a drawer, and underneath, double doors inside of which were shelves, a commodious piece of furniture.

In one of the bedrooms, was a trundle bed to be used if extra children came to visit. It was very low and slid right under the big four-poster. There was a phrase "trundle bed trash" sometimes used by older people when speaking to young ones. An affectionate reminder of youthful inferiority, just as today one hears the expression, "only a kid."

On Saturday evenings, Uncle Oswald gathered the household in the parlor to study the Sunday School lesson. He read the lesson and explained it, and we asked questions when we did not understand. He was a genial, charming teacher. Then, we sang hymns, gradually drifting into secular music. It was a jolly, happy time, winding up with nuts, raisins, apples and, maybe, a glass of cider; in the summer there was milk, cookies and some kind of fruit.

We loved going to Church and Sunday School. It was a kind of mild dissipation! The atmosphere of the home was distinctly religious, but it was of a cheerful happy nature. We were taught that the Spirit of Jesus was right there in our midst, loving us, and watching over us. Grace was said at meals, and the household gathered for prayers every evening. It was a simple, naive faith, unencumbered by Dogma.

We were encouraged to play games in the house such as dominoes, checkers, backgammon, jackstraws, charades, but not cards. Both cards and round dancing were frowned upon because of religious prejudice. They are connected in the minds of our elders with gambling and wild dissipation. They did not realize that the games we did play were also games of chance.

Children are often tempted to tease, and can positively torment one another, but my Cousin Ann and I were united in such affectionate and congenial companionship, that we never had to be reproved for this stupid, unkind behavior. Our indulgence never passed beyond the bounds of good natured banter. But, I recollect a young man who sometimes came to visit, who had such a proclivity; he was very fond of us and liked to play with us, but every now and then he would tease us unmercifully. We liked him, and we didn't like him; he was fascinating when showing off on his trained, spirited horse, but when he tried to throw us with our skipping rope, we hated him.

I think the reason my parrot did not like me, or in fact, any other child, must have been because she had been teased before she came into my possession, by some hateful child; resentment is the natural result of such treatment.

All grown people played chess, or at it; as children, we were taught the moves.

We played many out-of-door games: ball, jack stones, hoop, grace hoops, battledore and shuttle cock, but our favorite was croquet. We never tired of that, screaming with excitement when in a tight place. In fact, we grew to

be very expert and challenged neighbors to compete. Tennis had not yet become popular in America during my childhood; it was played in the cities, but had not reached the country where one would have expected it to be.

We never tired of romping games, hide and seek, blindman's buff, follow the leader, prisoner's base, and the round games, lustily singing the refrain. Our boy friends were particularly enthusiastic rompers and croquet experts, and we had many boy playmates.

We ate green gooseberries, too; if we could do it without making a face, our sweetheart loved us!

Anne always had a sweetheart, but while I had youthful admirers, clamoring for my heart, I was never quite willing to part with it and gave the evasive reply, "Some time, maybe, but not now."

There were several swings; standing on the seat and "working up" was great sport. There was one large double swing in which we sat or stood face-to-face. I recollect once Fanny, (my mammy) and I were standing and going pretty high when my feet suddenly flew out from under me and I pitched out, somehow floating out, and was only a little bruised when I hit the ground; but Fanny, who instantly jumped out after me, had her head cut rather badly. She had followed me instantly; it never occurred to her to stay in the swing and save herself.

My French Governess and I found many congenial pursuits, for she was young and lively. We often impersonated characters drawn from books. I never grew tired of enacting the role of Dan in Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" and Hamlet! especially the scene on the ramparts, "Angels and ministers of Death, defend us". I gloried in that great speech and mademoiselle wrapped in a sheet, although she knew very little English, would reiterate "Swear! Swear!" in a sepulchral voice as she rose up from behind a sofa, or a big chair.

We had a large family of dolls and they lived in a charming playhouse. It stood under several fragrant locust trees, about fifty yards from the big house. We called it a Swiss cottage, but later in my travels I discovered it bore no resemblance to Swiss architecture. It contained three rooms, each perhaps twelve to fourteen feet square, two rooms in front and another at the back, drawing room, bed room and dining room. Anne had half and I had half of each room. There was the doll furniture and our own small chairs and sofas. The dining room had a long low table and little chairs and corner cupboard for dishes, etc. The rooms were communicating, and each could be entered from without, two steps up from the ground. The cooking stove was outside the back door and not much used; occasionally, Anne would produce some well-flavored, but not very well cooked dish. I preferred to set the table and decorate it with flowers; many a "banquet" was enjoyed there, our parties and dolls' parties.

We often begged Grandmother to let us borrow Chloe. I do not remember what her domestic duties were, but for us she possessed an inestimable attribute. She could say grace with remarkable fluency. She appealed to de Lawd and in the most picturesque language, called His blessing down upon us. She placed our feet on the path of Heaven, and dazzled us with images of the glory that was to be ours in the better world. We listened spellbound, with closed eyes and folded hands, and uttered a fervent Amen at the end. Chloe would then take on her ordinary expression, hasten to the kitchen and

return laden with fried chicken, ice cream and whatever was reserved for us.

Our dolls were tenderly cherished; one of mine, with a china head, had long, black, real hair. It could be, and was continually shampooed, combed and done up in a chignon, held by an imitation tortoise shell comb. Her name was Mrs. Montague and she was married to Mr. Morris, one of Anne's dolls. The difference in names never struck us; they had a number of children for instance, Gertrude, a large wax doll belonging to me, and another rather small French doll, Hattie. She was brought to me from Paris and possessed a trousseau of beautiful clothes, hats, shoes, little coats, dresses, lace trimmed petticoats and a parasol and fan! Although we knew Hattie was the child of Mrs. Montague and Mr. Morris, we regarded her as French and would say, "Oui, ma cherie" when addressing her.

Mr. Morris was charming; when dressed in his black broadcloth suit, his finely tucked linen shirt, silk hat, a cambric handkerchief peeping from his pocket and a cane hanging by a cord from his wrist, he looked the perfect gentleman that he was. Grandmother spent many hours designing and fashioning clothes for our numerous dollies. It was truly a labor of love.

When the carpenters built the playhouse, they carelessly failed to join the baseboard at one place; a part of it stuck out and lapped over, this making an opening between the boards in behind, like a small, half-concealed door. That filled my imagination and I would sit in front of it, waiting for the "little people" to come out. I believed that there was a whole world of "others" back there, and that this hole was the entrance to their country. I thought I could hear them passing back and forth behind this partition and that if I only waited long enough, one would come out. I would call to them in a whisper, and sometimes I believed they answered, but they never appeared. To me, they were real, although unseen.

It is a mistake to think a child's life is aimless. On the contrary, they consistently live in another world, a world of their own making. For days and weeks, they carry on a perfectly harmonious imaginary life quite independently of their surroundings.

One's personality is not changed by changing country or language; wherever we go, we take our personality with us, this distinction between ourselves and others. There are, however, two exceptions to this rule, namely the poet and the child. The child can easily, through vivid imagination change his personality; he can make believe so hard that he slips from the world of reality around him, and becomes a different character in a different world. He may be, and often is, a pony galloping over the lawn; a bear shuffling through the woods, a mowgli living the life of a wild creature in the forest. He ceases to be little Tommy -- he is a pirate, a Buffalo Bill, a Charles Lindbergh; he has a double life, each distinct and separate. The poet, too, lives on another plane, forgetting his habitat and his name. The heartbeat alone unconsciously keeps count of time.

When we lived in trees, we never took the dolls, relying on imaginary characters to people our world.

I had another pet, one whom I loved and was beloved by -- a beautiful tawny Newfoundland dog. He was a delightful, affectionate companion, and was trained to wear a harness and draw me about in a little cart. He was only a frisky puppy when given to me, and I named him Cinderella, my favorite heroine at the age of six. For some, to me unaccountable reason, my father

did not approve of this name. He said Cinderella was a long name and although my puppy would grow to be a big dog, the name was too long; papa thought it ought to be shorter. Why not call him Cinder? That was a very fine name, so easy to say, and seemed more appropriate for such a strong, noble creature as my dog would become. After some persuasion, I reluctantly consented to name him Cinder.

One of my favorite cats was a pure white beauty, Lady Jane Grey, with blue eyes. She would let me dress her in doll clothes and lie on the doll's bed, her head on the pillow, until I gave her permission to get up -- the dear, long suffering creature!

We renounced having squirrels for pets because they were so destructive; book bindings, shutters and other objects fell a prey to their sharp teeth. Grandmother put the ban on them.

We had "lady come to see" dresses, long trains and bonnets, cast-off finery of the grownups. I recollect to this day how proudly I wore a garnet velvet bonnett trimmed with large bunches of red and white currants and wide moire ribbon tied in a big bow under my chin!

Sometimes, we children walked through the fields and plucked a few ears of "corn field corn," shelled the big grains and parched the kernels. With a dash of butter and a sprinkle of salt, it was excellent to eat and so good for the teeth. We also filled our pockets with ripe wheat -- it was much better chewing than anything made by Mr. Wrigley. We not only gathered corn and wheat, but cockleburs and stick-me-tights, skirts and stockings covered -- something for Mammy to do.

The "bob-white" or quail welcomed us to the fields. Occasionally, we surprised a covey of little ones. We thought them too sweet for anything and would not have hurt them for the world. However, a few weeks later, we forgot to be sentimental when offered quail on toast.

There was a large pasture with a pond and double stable and barns for the horses, and a separate pasture for the donkeys. In the latter was a stable with a pointed roof and a steeple on it, on which turned a weather vane, in shape of a fine rooster. We called this stable "Jack's and Jinny's Church. It was a source of endless pleasure to watch the little donkey colts with their short legs and long ears scampering around the lot, and hee-hawing like Pa and Ma.

Billy, the coachman -- dear, black, intelligent Billy was a great favorite! Gently, but firmly he guided the mettlesome bays, Star and Crescent; he would admonish them, "Star, what you think you doin'? Is you puttin' on airs? Crescent, keep your side de road. You boys want me to tech you up wid de whip?" The horses would twitch their ears as much as to say, "Yes, Billy, we hear; but we don't listen." Presently, they would calm down, trotting in perfect unison, and Billy would chuckle.

Anne and I used to argue with Billy about anything and everything under the sun. He finally ended the discussion by saying, "Yes, Missy; not disputin' your word at all, but 'tain't so!"

In the winter, Billy put on a fur collar and wrapped himself in a buffalo robe, sitting like a big bear on his high perch. Buffalo robes were in common use for everybody, rich and poor; every farmer had this cheap, warm cover. The thick fur, lined with flannel, kept out the cold and was proof against

damage by rain and snow.

Thousands of buffalo were killed for their hides and tongues.

There was a serenity pervading the family life which made for perfect naturalness of behavior, a great asset in the development of the child. We were never allowed to be frightened. If our mammies knew weird tales, they did not impart them to us.

I recollect one fright I had, when nobody was to blame. I had occasion to speak to our governess, Miss Laura Strong, so I went to her room and finding the door ajar, tapped lightly and entered. The wash stand was near the door and on it was a fearsome object: teeth! lying there in all their blatant nakedness! I, who had never seen teeth save modestly sheltered within the mouth, was for one breathless moment petrified with horror, and then fled as if the foul fiend was after me. For some time after this, I furtively watched Miss Laura -- I was so afraid the teeth would seek adventure!

This hospitable home was enjoyed by many of the clergy, the "preacher" was a welcome guest. Bishop Marvin was an intimate friend, but the poor and obscure were treated with equal courtesy.

I remember one evening, after Fanny had bathed and dressed me in a fresh white muslin frock, a blue sash, a pair of little blue slippers and a blue ribbon in my hair, I sat down in my little chair in the wide, cool hall for it was a hot summer day. I was resting after a hard day of play while waiting for the welcome sound of the supper bell. Presently, down the stairs came a gaunt, rather shabby figure, an old man with a long grey beard, not at all tidy or clean looking. He also took a seat in the hall and to my embarrassment, eyed me in no kindly manner. At last, he asked me my name and then proceeded to tell me I was a vain, naughty child all dressed up so fine, listening to the devil instead of saying my prayers.

Never had I heard such talk and I fled in tears to the arms of my grandmother. She said, "My darling, do not let anything Mr. W. said trouble you; he is a poor old preacher. Be sorry for him that he has never enjoyed the good things of life and besides, he is just a queer, lonely old man and knows nothing about little girls, what they should do, or what they should wear."

Just the same, I kept as far away as possible from the Rev. W. and was mightily glad when he left the following day. I was never encouraged to dwell upon my dress, although I was indulged in my preference for blue sashes and hair ribbons, but I recollect perfectly how I was dressed on this painful occasion because of the undue and unkind emphasis placed upon it by this old fanatic.

The dress of that period offers quite a contrast to the styles of the present day. A lady had full, long skirts, many plaits and gathers holding them in to a tight waist band, for their corsets were stiff and tightly laced. I have two beautiful dresses which belonged to my mother, one a fancy blue organdie with wreaths of pink roses on the flounces, and the other a soft, ashes of roses faille. Lace collars and lace undersleeves were worn with fine dresses. They were real lace, for in that day there was no imitation. Ribbon or braid trimming was lavishly used on heavier materials, such as poplin, moire, silk, grosgrain, berege and wool grenadine. Most of the materials were solid colors with fancy weaves; lovely shades: dove and quaker grey, pearl, autumn leaf, robin's egg blue, etc. A great many flowers and feathers adorned the bonnets, with wide fancy ribbons tied under the chin or pinned across with a

jewel. Small watch pockets made of the dress material, or ribbon trimming, were sewed to the "basque" as it was called, at the waist line, the watch being suspended from a brooch.

Ladies wore their hair parted in the middle, combed down and slightly puffed over, hiding the ear.

Even when not old, ladies wore caps, very pretty and becoming ones, made of laces and ribbons. Those who were elderly, had large caps of the thinnest white crepe that covered the entire head. When going out to dinner, or to spend the day, caps were carried in fancy hand-boxes or baskets, for the guest took off her bonnet and donned the cap. The colored maid would politely say, "Will you rest your wraps?"

The hoop skirts of those days must have been hard to manage. In playing hide and seek, I sometimes crept under Grandmother's voluminous skirts. Fortunately, they went out of fashion before I grew up. I have an old chair, called a crinoine chair; it permits the skirts to fall gracefully at the sides. Ladies were exquisite needlewomen; embroidery on caps and underwear was beautiful and elaborate.

The young people of the present generation have heard that, in the dark ages, the times I am endeavoring to depict in this narrative, a curious garment was worn by women. It was favored by old and young, rich and poor, it was plain or beautifully embroidered according to the taste or means of the woman. It was most useful and comfortable in winter, although now extinct: the flannel petticoat! Recently, I heard rumors of its return to the wardrobe, but I doubt the truth of this.

When in mourning, ladies wore heavy crepe veils and dresses elaborately trimmed with crepe was the fashion and this sombre costume was worn for years.

In summer, Grandmother wore a lace shawl, very fine, and in winter, an India shawl and large sable capes with wide bands falling in front, a big muff, and little fur wristlets.

Men wore these wristlets, too, as well as ear muffs. Men also wore warm thick shawls of soft, tweedlike material and pinned together with two long steel pins which were connected by a little chain. I can recollect seeing my Uncle ride off on his horse, clad in such a shawl, and I possess a pair of the pins. He also had a fur collar which turned down about his neck and up to cover the back of his head. How funny it would look now to see a man dressed like that!

In summer, everybody wore dust coats, made of linen or pongee; they covered the person from neck to foot and were invaluable in keeping off the dust. As the roads were never watered, save by the gentle rains from heaven, there were times when one was literally smothered in dust.

Gentlemen were more dressy in those days. They wore fancy waistcoats. I remember my father had a black velvet one, the buttons of which were carbuncles set in gold -- and he was a dignified, conservative man! My daughter wears the carbuncles set in a charming bracelet. Their stocks or cravats were held by a diamond pin. On their fobs or watch chains, hung a seal and a gold key with which to wind the watch, for stem winding watches had not been invented. They carried a gold pencil and a very dainty gold tooth pick in their waistcoat pocket.

We wore sunbonnets to protect our delicate skin, although I must confess

that many times the bonnet hung down our back. It would have been thought terrible for a girl to have dark, parched skin; peaches and cream was the ideal of feminine beauty.

It amuses me today to think how the negro must laugh! Imitation is the sincerest flattery!

In cold weather, we kept a small shawl or a "sontag", a crocheted triangular wrap to slip on when crossing the hall, going from room to room, or worn in the room when distant from the fire, for the face might burn while the back was cold. The big fireplaces were grand, filled and blazing, great flames leaping up the chimney. Boys were kept busy replenishing the fires, always seeing to it that there was a big back log to hold the heat. At night, extra wood was put on well covered with ashes, and in the morning there was a bed of hot coals ready for the fire.

At night, everybody put on a night cap to keep the head warm in those icy rooms when the fire died down; there being no central heating in the country. There were feather beds to lie upon and soft, wool wadded quilts to cover with.

Grandfather's office was a small room back of the dining room. Those who came on business, entered the back way. I remember it in my uncle's time, for he kept the same routine after Grandfather's death. There was an iron safe studded all over the front with rather flat knobs. By turning one, or perhaps two of them, the safe would open. It was an intriguing game for us children, but try as we would, we never succeeded in finding the right knob. Uncle Oswald would say, "I'll give you a dollar if you open the safe." We worked with patience to earn that dollar, but without success.

In Grandfather's office was the desk at which I am now sitting. It is the old-fashioned kind that pulls out and then lets down. Here, he made out the bills of lading for his hogsheads of tobacco going to England. I am writing with a fountain pen and use blotting paper, but Captain Swinney had a gold pen which slipped in and out of a gold holder. He also wrote with a quill, and there was a small mother of pearl handle pen-knife with which to sharpen the quill. When his writing was finished, Grandfather picked up a little wooden box, something like a salt shaker, but with larger holes, and from this he sprinkled a fine sand over the sheet of paper, thus drying the ink. Then, the letter was sealed with sealing wax and stamped with a seal engraved either with the initials or crest of the writer. Every one also used gold pens and pencils as well as quills. I possess some letters written by my grandfather, on large sheets of paper which, when folded a special way, obviated the necessity of envelopes. Envelopes, however, came into general use during his life time, and also stamps.

There is another process that my writing will undergo, something that Grandfather could never have imagined, namely, the typewriter, one of the most useful and now universal, of all modern inventions.

The library where we listened to Uncle read Shakespeare and where he played chess was a large, cheerful room, but did not contain many books -- only two book cases full. There were English classics, poets, histories, philosophy, and a number of religious books, American histories such as Mobley, Prescott, etc., Emerson, Poe, Hawthorne and the usual American books, but very few novels.

I well remember hearing a young lady, a Virginia cousin, rave about the

poems of Byron, a name new to me. So I took a volume of his out of the book case and sat down to enjoy myself. My Uncle found me with bewildered mien and puckered brow, and inquired what I was struggling with. I told him Cousin Mamie recommended Byron as the most beautiful thing in life. Uncle laughed, saying, "Give me the book you don't know enough words yet to understand Byron. Better go back to those really splendid stories of Grimm and Hans Anderson." With a sigh of relief, I returned to my favorites, not omitting that blood-curdling thriller, "Dick Onslow Among the Red Skins." One thing we especially liked in the library was the stereopticon. It was filled with beautiful pictures on glass, those of Niagara Falls were lovely. I never tired of looking; every turn of the handle brought a new world.

I wish I could remember my Grandfather better. He did not live to be old, and died when I was only four years of age. He had fair hair and blue eyes, and possessed the sanguine temperament of the blond. From all accounts, he had a lively wit and great personal charm. Sitting on the hill at Sylvan Villa did not satisfy him. Even in that day, when travelling was not easy, he took his family on frequent trips, spending weeks at fashionable resorts: White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, Saratoga, Newport, the White Mountains; also going to New York where he had business connections and where they heard Jenny Lind sing.

In those days, there were no sleeping cars. It took several days to go from Missouri to the Atlantic coast. It meant taking a Missouri River boat from Glasgow to St. Louis, then crossing the Mississippi River on the ferry and board a train in Illinois. Every night, a stop was made, and the following morning, the journey continued.

Niagara Falls was always selected for one stop-over, and often several days would be spent there. Even in my day the habit of staying a few days at Niagara Falls was continued and my earliest recollections are glamorous of the splendid, mighty Falls. The tower that stood on the edge of the great horse shoe was still there in my childhood, and many a time, I have climbed the steep stairs and stood on the little iron protected balcony to watch and listen to the thunderous cataract roaring at my feet. How happy is the child who is confronted with the marvelous power and beauty of nature at an early formative age, thus standing in awe and wonder in the presence of the Infinite. My earliest childhood is connected with Niagara Falls, Saratoga, and the White Mountains.

When my father took me up to the top of Mount Washington, and I was told to look down to see the clouds rolling under me, I was filled with awe and wonder, although only five years old. I told my little playmates to look up at the clouds, and then said I had been above them. They did not believe me and replied, "What an awful story!" "But my Papa said so!" "He couldn't! You are a wicked liar." Neither protestations nor tears had any effect. They never believed me, yet I knew I was right. Yes, I had been above the clouds, and as I passed through them, they felt like rain against my cheek. How marvelous! How beyond the understanding are those first glimpses of the sublime in nature.

In my young days, there were no dining cars; we got out at stations for meals. But, suppose the train was late -- did we go hungry? By no means! We carried a well filled lunch basket: cold chicken, ham and tongue sandwiches, beaten biscuits, gingerbread, cookies, jars of jelly and pickles and

other delicacies such as a plump roast prairie chicken or quail, if they were in season.

Like all other children, I was never ready to go to bed, even dropping from sleep or fatigue -- I might miss something. But on the sleeping cars, being tucked in behind the curtains, I experienced a feeling of mystery: it was like hiding -- there was a fascinating "aloneness" and adventure, dear to all romantic children. Lying in my little bed at home, I could watch the firelight flicker fantastically, dancing on the ceiling; but, in the sleeping car, how wonderful it was! By pulling up the shade, I was launched into another world. I could plunge my eyes into the stars -- I felt caught up by a strange power, an unspeakable longing possessed me, a mystery enfolded me and my heart, my childish but untrammelled heart, beat with a great happiness. I would resolve to gaze upon the marvelous heavens all night, feeling myself an intimate part of these wonders. But, Lo! it seemed only a minute before I heard a gentle voice saying, "Wake up, darling; breakfast time."

It is remarkable how concerned Mr. Swinney was for the education of his children. My Uncle was sent to a boys' boarding school at St. Charles, Missouri, later going to Yale College and the University of Virginia. My mother went to Madam Gardelle's French School in Philadelphia, after finishing with a governess at home.

Captain Swinney was one of several men to found Central College in Fayette, Missouri, Fayette being the county seat and only 12 miles from Glasgow. Dr. William A. Smith, its first president, was an old friend and Grandfather was largely instrumental in inducing him to go to Missouri after the Civil War, when Randolph Macon College, Virginia, of which Dr. Smith had been president for twenty years, closed its doors, it having been taken over for a freedmen's bureau by Northern troops.

Dr. Smith, for a short time, occupied the pulpit in the Centenary Methodist Church in St. Louis.

William Swinney and Dr. Smith were very old friends; their early manhood had been passed together at Lynchburg, Virginia, and without doubt, Mr. and Mrs. Smith were among those to bid farewell to the Swinneys when they left the old dominion for the West. From a quaint volume published in 1858, entitled "Sketches and Recollections of Lynchburg," by the Oldest Inhabitant, I quote the following priceless gem:

"Miss Ellice Miller and companion, Miss Hilton, visited Lynchburg in the Spring of 1828. Notice having been given that a female would preach in the Methodist Church, that building was crowded to overflowing long before the hour fixed for service. This remarkably interesting lady did not ascend the pulpit, but stood within the altar, taking for her text, 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come'; so profound was the silence which reigned throughout the church, that not a word was lost of her beautiful address; and several of the sentences of that discourse, heard in childhood, are still remembered.

"At one time her eloquent appeal being in these words, 'Oh, Immortal Spirits! bound for the bar of God, what madness hath possessed you?'

"At that time, the Rev. Wm. A. Smith was the stationed Methodist Minister of Lynchburg. He was a very young man, but even then giving promise of what he has since become. The eloquence of his preaching, his zealous prayer meetings, his pastoral visits, were all greatly blessed, so that during

the Summer of 1828, a revival took place in his church which, for permanency and effect, has never been equalled.

"In the Fall of that year, Mr. Smith was united in marriage to Miss Ellice M. Miller, the female preacher; and since that period, his history and brilliant career have placed this distinguished man so before the public that farther comment is here unnecessary."

Dr. Smith was very successful in raising money and adding largely to the endowment and prestige of Central College. Several of his faculty from Randolph Macon College came West with him. They settled in a congenial atmosphere in their new home at Fayette. This College has done honor to its founders; it has had a steady growth and is now one of the leading educational centers in Missouri.

In later years, my Uncle Oswald Swinney was the leading spirit in establishing a fine school in Glasgow. It was called Pritchett Institute and was presided over by Dr. Carr W. Pritchett, a man of wide learning and experience as a teacher. He was not only a fine classical scholar, but also of great scientific attainments, a noted astronomer of international recognition. The school flourished under his direction, but after he retired, it gradually lost prestige and finally became extinct.

There was a richness in Missouri's virgin forests, a great variety of growth-oaks, hickory, buckeye, elms, alders, hackberry, splendid walnut and others such as osage orange which made beautiful hedges and bore a curious fruit like an orange in size and color, but unfit to eat; they made beautiful hedges with their glossy foliage and prohibitive thorns. Then, the hawthorn, pink and white; dogwood, red bud, persimmons which we gathered after Jack Frost had stamped them with his cold seal. There were wild cherries, plums and grapes, and many a swing did we enjoy on those strong, twisting vines, inhaling the delicious scent of the blossom and making believe we were Daniel Boone.

Then, there were such lovely wild flowers: tiger lillies, sweet william, jack-in-the-pulpit, snow drops, may apples, primrose, morning glories festooning every fence. Milk weed seed were for dollies pillows, and star of Bethlehem made into wreaths were tenderly laid on the graves of our small pets, for if one died, we had a funeral -- Anne pronounced the eulogy and I sang.

We made ink from pokeberries and Mammy told us milk weed juice cured warts. We never tried this remedy, for we had no warts. She had some use for mullein, too; I forget what. Eglantine, the wild rose, and the delicate white elder blossoms were precious to our childish hearts.

One of the delights the country offered was the joy of listening to the birds. There were many varieties. The martins and wrens had houses made for them, but all the others were their own architects. The mourning doves made flat, trivial nests in the mock-orange or seringa bushes; the orioles swung their babies from branches of high trees; others had snug holes in tree trunks. Early in the morning, the red bird's clear whistle greeted us, and the thrush bade us good night and the whip-poor-will was our talkative friend. We thought the jays with their beautiful plumage and their tricks, were cute, but hated them for being so noisy and cruel. Sometimes, they would catch a humming bird on the wing and peck it to death; then we hoped the cat would eat the jay. Many another bird, however, we saved when

stalked by pussy. Then, the blue birds, meadow larks, flickers, the large and tiny woodpeckers running industriously round and round, up and down the tree trunks, tap-tapping for their breakfast worm. We especially loved the little fellows wearing a red cap.

There were flocks of blackbirds and red wings, and there was the cat bird with an ugly call, but such a beautiful song; but the mocking bird was our favorite concert performer. All these and more claimed our love. The flying squirrels were almost like birds. The wild geese, too, we would watch, as with long necks stretched, they would fly and wheel in perfect formation, calling honk, honk, "farewell! farewell!" We waved our little hands and answered "goodbye."

Uncle Oswald shot wild ducks, grouse, prairie chickens, quail, and occasionally wild turkey, at one time very plentiful in Missouri. I think some of the servants must have brought in game for the table, as there was an abundance. The negroes would go out with their dogs at night and tree a fat "possum" for their own enjoyment.

In the autumn, Uncle went hunting with a party of gentlemen. They crossed the Missouri River, camping out in Saline County, and returned in ten days or a fortnight with delicious venison. Imagine a deer now in Missouri! It is sad that the ruthless hand of man has destroyed the game, so bountifully bestowed by nature!

As for fish, the only kind I recall is Buffalo and cat fish, caught in the Missouri River. Strange that these should be named for other animals! The latter was ugly and rather formidable to look at, but of a fine texture, excellent for eating, cut into suitable pieces, rolled in corn meal and delicately fried.

When Uncle Oswald went shooting, he hung about himself a bag for small game, a powder horn, and a metal, flask-like receptacle filled with shot. The size of the shot or bullets depended upon the game. He had a long, slender gun and a ram rod with which to ram down the charge. Sometimes, I sat on a little stool by Uncle in front of the fire, while he melted lead and poured it into moulds to make bullets. Many a time I have watched him load the gun, and every time the gun was fired, he would be obliged to reload and again ram it down. The birds and rabbits must have had an easy escape in those days; ducks and geese could laugh and fly away.

It is refreshing to recall the aroma and quiet peace of those past days. It is like resting in a cool, shady grove, far from the heat and glare, the rush and noise of modern life. Good manners and gentle breeding are forgotten in this era of indecent haste.

To me, there are no sunsets quite as beautiful as those I saw in my childhood. The colors, the changing clouds forming mountains and lakes, opening the gates of Paradise in glory, carrying me away to fairy lands, filling me with an ecstasy of longing, as though my spirit were free to move on an ethereal plane, far from the trammels of earth.

Then, as the brilliance faded, and the lightning bugs began to flash their tiny lanterns, the little owls to flit on silent wing, the while they uttered their chromatic call, and the tinkling voice of the tree toad, and the cricket's chirp. There wafted upon the air the soft night noises, mingled with the languorous perfume of locust blossoms, and the sweet, undefined scents of flowers and earth, thus enfolded one in mystery, and leading one into the land of dreams.

This simple, rural life, all so far away as the years go by, is ever present to me in memory.

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