

Going back to tell you more of this parlor room, when my mother eloped and married my father in 1843, she was married by the Justice of Peace near Keytesville. The next day my grandfather sent a Negro runner after her to return home. On their arrival he asked my father, Anthony Walton, if he objected to another ceremony. My father, replied "No indeed". Brother Friso, the Baptist Minister of the family, was called in and my mother and father were re-married in this beautiful parlor room. To me it is a sacred spot, I can understand my grandfather's feeling in this matter. He was a great man. A civil marriage did not mean to him what a religious marriage meant and he was not satisfied until the religious ceremony was over.

In this same parlor room many, many years afterwards and after the Civil War, this Aunt Sue Boggs was married, in thunder, lightning, and in storm. Mother said that it seemed that the elements had turned loose the night of her wedding and after she passed away so young, my mother often spoke of it.

This marble top table which I have spoken of is now in the hands of the younger son, Luther Winn of Marshall. He is quite an old man now, perhaps 82. This table will probably pass into the hands of his son, Horace Winn who is a merchant in Marshall, Missouri. From this great parlor room was a hall which lead to the front door, opening from this hall was a guest room. There again you see the quaint fireplace. Mother told me that the young men who came on Saturday afternoon always stayed until Monday morning, visiting the girls in the family. This was the custom of that period. These young men were met on the lawn by a Negro butler, their horses were taken, they were met at the front door by another Negro butler, they were escorted to the guest room and there were provided with house slippers. The boots were taken and polished and soon returned to them. They then could appear in the parlor. And so on went the hospitality of this Winn family. Far and near they came and went. Politicians, Ministers, Winn kinfolk- rich and poor. They met the same hospitality from this great man's hands. Despite this great life of his which was an expensive one, he accumulated quite a fortune. If the Civil War had not come on and destroyed all that he had, I do not say all- I should say most of all he had, he would have died a very wealthy man. After the war depreciation was met on every side. Each child to whom he had given a farm had moved away, some of them sold their land and invested in land in LaFayette County. One son, John, did not sell his land and he is the one whom our grand mother went to live with. My mother kept her land the longest of all. He deeded it to her in 1853. She sold it and invested in Columbia property in 1905. By this means she was well provided for all the 86 years of her life, and I have often heard her say "Thank the Lord for a wise old father who looked into the future and provided for his children."

I would like to tell you a bit of the brick kitchen which stood in the yard. This brick kitchen was very large and had a very large fireplace. The hearth and walls were of large stone. In building this fireplace a great iron bar was placed across it and there the great iron kettle hung, day in and day out. You all have read Longfellow's poem "The Hanging of the Crane". Well, I know what the little poem means because I have stood beside this great fireplace and I have seen the large hams cut in halves and placed and then filled with cabbage cut in quarters for the large family. In the corner of this large fireplace stood a large three cornered baking pan. The coals of fire were raked down under it and then the soda biscuits with the buttermilk so good in them were there placed. The iron cover was put over the pan then a shovel full of hot coals were placed on it. This was magic to a child such as I.