

EARLY DAYS IN NEW ALBANY

A

Personal History

With

A Short Sketch of the Settlement

of

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA

by

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS SCRIBNER, M.D.

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W.A. Scribner

Early Days in New Albany

New Albany, Ind., April 3rd, 1862.

My dear Daughter:--

In compliance with your oft repeated and urgent requests, I now take my place at the desk to give you some account, not only of my own early history, but that of the "Scribner family" before my time, that is, as far as I know from hearsay testimony, and also the history of the city of New Albany from its commencement -- but where shall I begin? with the date of my first recollection? or with my father's family? or with his Father's family? I hardly know.

The first recollection I have of myself or of anything is, that I was a little "chub" going to school a mile and a half distant from my Father's residence, spelling in the "Primer", b-l-a. We were then living in a country village called Weston, (probably in Fairfield County) in the State of Connecticut. I remember distinctly that our house was situated on the top of a hill, with a small stream of water at the base of the hill, running by, which, I suppose, was a branch of Saugatuck river. This stream was large enough to run a mill, as there was an old one near by, and just below it, a wool-carding machine had recently been built and put in operation, probably after we moved to that place, as my Father was concerned in the business. I was then three years old, and I remember we went to church to a place called "Green's Farms" and old Doctor Ripley was the officiating minister. I might have begun farther back and told you that my Father, whose name was Joel, was a son of Nathaniel Scribner, of whose history I know little, except that when my father was a young man, his Father was engaged in building a merchant mill in Milford, Connecticut, ten miles west of New Haven; here my Father found and married his wife. My Mother was the daughter of Jabez Benedict and Mara N(aomi) Bull, and her name was Mary -- her mother used to call her "Polly". Our family, however, moved from Milford before my recollection, and perhaps to this same town of Weston.

My Father, Joel Scribner, was born at South East, Dutchess County, New York, in the year 1772.

Of my Grandfather Scribner I know but little, but have learned that he was a Captain in the Revolutionary War, and was wounded in the battle of (Monmouth) in the arm, by a musket ball, which entered at the wrist and came out at the elbow. After the close of the war, he with his family, moved from Dutchess County to Compo in Connecticut, on Long Island Sound. Efforts have been made to ascertain to what company and regiment he belonged, in what engagements he fought, and where he was wounded, but the answer returned from the War Department in Washington, states that the records were destroyed by fire, and his name appears in the Pension Office as a Captain of Connecticut Volunteers, drawing a pension up to the time of his death, which occurred in the year 1800, in the town of Louisville, Georgia, whither he had gone on business. He was a man very much beloved by all who knew him, being generous and kind in his disposition, and was possessed of very ample means which became lost through speculation.

My first recollection of my Grandma Scribner, whose maiden name was Phebe Kellogg, is, when I was some four or five years old, that she was, at that time, to me, an elderly lady, living at Compo, Connecticut, with some two or three of her younger children, a woman of strong mind, great mathematical powers, and deep religious feeling.

My Grandparents on both Father's and Mother's sides, were blessed with a number of children, but my Mother's parents and relatives, all living in and around Milford, I never knew much concerning them, as we seldom saw any of them.

There were twelve children of the Scribner family, six of each sex living at the time we moved from New York in Oct. 1811, all but one of whom I have seen, and have been acquainted with the most of them. Their names were -- Eliphalet, -- James, -- Jenima, -- Joel. -- Phebe and Martha, (twins), -- Esther, -- Elijah, -- Elizabeth, -- Nathaniel, -- Anna, -- Abner. Perhaps I have not named them according to their ages, but I have, as well as I can recollect. I have nothing but memory for my guide.

Eliphalet went to the West Indies before or about the time that I was born, say in the year 1800, and died there some twenty or twenty-five years after.

Jenima became the wife of Mr. Samuel Penny and lived in Bridgeport, Connecticut, for a few years, whence they removed to New York City, where Mr. and Mrs. Penny died.

Martha (we used to call her Aunt Patty) became the wife of Uriah Rogers Scribner, her own cousin. I remember distinctly the time she was married. Her mother was living at a place called Compo, in Connecticut, on Long Island Sound, which was about three miles from Saugatuck, where my Father then lived, and I, some four or five years old, was at the wedding.

James married and lived in the State of New York, some fifty or sixty miles above the City, and soon after New Albany was laid out, immigrated to this place, being then a widower with two sons, Alanson and Isaac.

Phebe married a Mr. William Waring and settled in Ridgefield, Connecticut. The other brothers and sisters of my Father will be mentioned hereafter, as I proceed.

My parents have told me that I was born on the 19th day of February, 1800, in the aforesaid town of Milford, and my brother Harvey, the first born, on the third day of August, 1798; next was my sister, Lucy Maria; next, Mary Lucinda; I cannot now call to mind the time of their birth, nor the place where we lived at the time, but my impression is, that it was at "Weston". Eliphalet being next, I remember distinctly, was born at Saugatuck, and I think it was in January, 1806. Sister Julia Ann was next, and we then lived about three miles from Norwalk, Connecticut, at a place called "Shercrow", which I believe is an Indian name, and near to an uncle of my Father's, whose name was Enoch Scribner. I think this was in April, 1807, and I remember distinctly that Brother Harvey and I had the measles at the time of her birth, and that we were prohibited from seeing the precious "baby" for a long time, as we thought; and I think it probable the other children might have had the disease at the same time, but I do not know, or remember for certain.

In the fall of 1807, I was sent to Stamford, another town in Connecticut, near the Long Island Sound, where my Grandmother Scribner then lived, say fifty miles from New York. I remained with them all that winter and went to school, sometimes in the snow over knee-deep. Some two or three of my unmarried Aunts were at home with their mother; I remember distinctly Aunts Esther and Anna, and I think a part of the time, Elizabeth, though Aunt Elizabeth might have come home on a visit, as I remember that she was at a boarding-school in New Jersey, finishing up her education.

In the early part of the year 1808, my Father moved to the City of New York, and soon afterwards, perhaps in March or April, my Grandmother and family moved to Morristown, New Jersey, some thirty miles from New York, but we went to New York

first, and I remained at my Father's, who was then living on the corner of Broadway and Spring Streets, in a new, two-story, brick house, the front being used as a "Family Grocery" and "Feed Store", of which my Father was the proprietor.

Buring the latter part of the spring of 1808 or 1809 (I cannot remember which) I was put on board a small sloop under the care of Captain Bristol, a cousin of my Mother's and was handed over by him early on the morning of the following day, to my relatives in the aforsaid town of Milford. The Captain left me at the house of Mr. William A twater, whose wife was the only sister of my Mother. I remained there, perhaps a couple of hours, when one of my cousins came in, a son of my Mother's brother, and escorted me up to the old homestead, and introduced me to my Grandfather and Grandmother Bull. The old lady was in the pantry when I first entered the house, which was a small room, the floor of which was a foot or two below the level of the other rooms. We, my cousin and myself, had gone into the front door without knocking and were standing in the middle of the floor when Grandma came stepping up out of the pantry, and appeared as if she was about to meet some strangers, but I noticed she made a straight line towards me, first looking at me through her spectacles, of which she had two pair on her head, then, lowering her head and peering over the glasses, having by this time come close up to me, throw up her arms and exclaimed in a loud voice, " I do believe this is one of Polly Bull's children!" and then she gathered me and wanted to know how I came there, &c., &c., from all of which I suppose she must have been taken by surprise.

There were several brothers of my Mother's residing in Milford, who had families; some of the cousins being older and some younger than myself. A few days after my arrival I began to go to school, as I remember, in a small, brick house, I think it was, in the centre of a large square. I made my home chiefly at Grandpa's, spending, now and then, a few days at the house of some Uncle, where I invariably found "lots" of children, cousins. And of course, during my stay, I became quite well acquainted with many of my Mother's kin before I left. I assisted Grandpa in digging his potatoes, and I well remember that we found one very large, which pleased the old gentleman very much, so that he took it to one of the stores and weighed it, and my impression is, that its weight was two and three-quarter pounds. I returned to New York in the month of October on the same vessel, Capt. Bristol, and had a pleasant voyage.

On the first day of April, 1810, I was sent to Morristown, New Jersey, I think my Father accompanied me. The ride was twenty-eight miles by stage, after crossing the ferry at the foot of Courtland Street. I found my Grandmother, (my Father's Mother,) living there with three of her daughters, (viz) Esther, Elizabeth, and Anna, conducting a female boarding-school, and house-keeping. I boarded with them and attended the Academy for boys, which was quite a celebrated school in those days. It was a large, two-story, frame building, with two large rooms in each story, besides the basement. Three brothers by the name of Whelpley, were the teachers. William Whelpley taught the languages, James Whelpley, the higher branches in English, and he was my teacher, and Orlando, the youngest brother, the primary department in the basement. After remaining one year, I went home during vacation, and returned in about a week, and stayed until the fall of 1811. During my absence in 1810, my sister Phobe was born.

My Father having determined to emigrate to the west, he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, William Waring, he (Waring) being a practical tanner and currier, to establish themselves in business in Cincinnati, Ohio. Accordingly on the 8th. day of October, 1811, the two families left New York City in a small vessel, and crossing New York Bay, 15 miles, landed in New Jersey at Elizabethtown. We had a wagon for each family, each drawn by three horses. One of the horses met with an accident in getting out of the boat at Elizabethtown, hurting one of his legs quite seriously, on which account we were compelled to remain for several days; this was considered one of the best and strongest horses of the whole six, and although we were then on expenses, our men-folks thought it best and most economical, to wait and let his get entirely well before leaving. So on the seventeenth day of

October, having been detained eight or nine days almost in sight of the home we had left, we took up our line of march for the "Far-West", which indeed it was in those early times. Our whole company consisted of William Waring and wife, and his brother Harry Waring (unmarried), and four children, to-wit, Jesse,--Nathaniel,--Moses,-- and George; the oldest perhaps, not more than seven or eight years. These all belonged to what we called our "Yankee Wagon"; then Joel Scribner and wife, with their children, Harvey,--William Augustus,--Lucy Maria,--Mary Lucinda,--Eliphalet,--Julia Ann,--and Phebo, seven, occupying our "Jersey Wagon", making a total of five adult persons and eleven children. We journeyed directly across the state of New Jersey, passing through Scotch Plains, Plainfield, Somerville, and many other towns, the names of which I do not remember; crossing the river Delaware at Easton, and travelled through the state of Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh, on what was, at that time, considered to be the best route. A great many towns, no doubt, have been laid out and built up since that time, and many that we passed through, I have forgotten, but I will give you the names of some of the principal ones. Leaving Easton, then, we passed through Bethlehem, Allentown, crossing the river "Schuylkill" at Reading, and the "Susquehanna" at Harrisburgh, the capital of the state, then journeying through Carlisle, Shippensburgh, Chambersburgh, Bedford, Somerset, Laurel Hill, and Greensburgh, to Pittsburgh. Many incidents occurred on our journey, but being compelled to give you this little history entirely from memory, not having even the scratch of a pen for reference, and so many years having elapsed since, I shall not be able to give you many of the particulars, only now and then one, which made a distinct impression on my mind at the time. In the first place, then, there was a difference of opinion between the Messrs. Warings and my Father, as to the propriety of travelling on Sunday; the Warings in favor of it, as, in their opinion, we could keep the Sabbath as well in that way as to stop, gaining time and lessening expenses; but my Father, on the contrary, being a Christian man, objected, arguing not only the great sin of Sabbath-breaking, but insisted that by resting, our horses would stand the journey better, as well as men, women, and children, and he verily believed we should gain time instead of losing it, and so it was we rested on Sunday. I remember that we tarried some two or three days at Reading, perhaps having to make some repairs to our wagons, horse-shooting, &c. We arrived at Carlisle just before sunset, intending to put up for the night, but the Court being in session, we were told by all the tavern-keepers that they were full and we could not be accomodated, so we drove on three miles and stopped at a country-tavern -- and such fare as we had! Uncle Waring and myself took one of our horses, hitched him before a sled with a barrel on it, and went about two miles to get it filled with water, so that we might have a little for ourselves and horses, and besides that, we could get nothing of the grain kind but green corn to feed our horses, the consequence of which was, that the next day one of our horses became sick and died at Shippensburgh; then we (that is, the children) thought we were almost broken up. However, we journeyed westward, and the next day met a man with an old, revolutionary-looking steed and bought him for fifteen dollars. The roads, nearly all the way, were exceedingly muddy and our progress necessarily slow, and what made them still worse, turn-pikers were at work ploughing up the old road in many places, so that we found it very hard work to get through. We met with many large road-wagons, drawn by five or six horses, hauling goods across the mountains to Pittsburgh for western merchants, there being no other mode of transportation at that time. We made it convenient to reach the top of the Allegany Mountains about sundown, though we could not see the sun, as it was raining, and put up at a large stone tavern, finding many travellers and some teamsters in beofre us. We called for supper, but it seemed as if we should all starve before it was ready, and after waiting till about nine o'clock, we had some hot coffee, fried chicken, and other good "fixins" which were not bad to take.

The next morning, just as we had harnessed up ready for a start, two men came riding up briskly, saying that some one had stolen some shovels or pick-axes, and they pretended to have a search-warrant and said something about searching our wagons &c. My Father told them to search his and welcome, but they did not seem inclined to do it. Uncle Waring, on the contrary, took his heavy wagon-whip in his hand, and, standing near his wagon, being very indignant, swore by his Maker that

the first man who made the least attempt to search his wagon, would be knocked down; that they might know that movers, as we were, had enough to haul through the mud without any of their shovels or picks, and furthermore, he doubted whether they had anything in the shape of a search-warrant and was more likely after stealing something themselves; the result of all which was, that they kept themselves at a respectful distance, making no effort to search his wagon.

We reached Pittsburgh, as near as I can recollect, about the first of November, all very much rejoiced that we had done travelling through the mud. After resting a few days, we purchased a small flat-boat, say fifty feet long by twelve or thirteen wide, and fitting it up as conveniently as we could for the women and children, and getting some provisions aboard, and all our plunder, except the horses, which we sent through by land, we weighed anchor and started for Cincinnati, taking it very moderately, and tying up at night, the river being very low; arrived at Cincinnati on the thirtieth day of November, being just three weeks since we left Pittsburgh. We found it extremely difficult to procure a house, so many immigrants arriving daily, and we had to remain in the boat at the shore, for five weeks, which brought us into the first week of January before we left it. Many other families in boats along shore went through the same ordeal.

During the winter, I think in the month of February, 1812, the whole western country was visited with earthquakes, many of which were very severe, so much so, that in Cincinnati, the inhabitants were very much alarmed, and some almost terror-stricken forsaking their houses for the streets, for the time being; and the town of New Madrid in the state of Missouri on the Mississippi river, was almost destroyed by them.

Uncle Waring obtained a house on or near Water street in the upper part of the town, and moved his family into it. The house we first moved into was a small frame on one of the back streets, which we occupied but a short time, and then moved into a new, two-story brick, immediately in the rear of an old frame, situated on the west side of Main Street at the top of the hill or second rise, owned by a Mr. Ezekiel Hall, a boot and shoe maker, and who carried on his business in an adjoining building.

It was the purpose of Scribner and Waring, immediately upon our arrival at Cincinnati, to establish themselves in the tanning business on a large and extensive scale, and they very soon began to purchase hides for that purpose before they had even selected a site for a tan yard. It was their intention also to add to their business, the boot and shoe making in all its branches, Mr. Harry Warring superintending that department, and in a short time they had a large shoe-shop in operation. In order to compete with the best shops of the kind in the place, and for the purpose of procuring the very best material for "fine work", it was thought best that my Father should visit New York and purchase such stock as they desired. Accordingly, he left his family, strangers as we were in a strange place, and as there was nothing better than stage coaches in those days, for the travelling public, he was gone nearly all winter and had the misfortune of having his pocket picket of \$300 in bank bills, on his return, soon after leaving New York, perhaps at New Brunswick in New Jersey, which was one cause of his long absence. When he discovered that his pocket had been cut open, and had no pocket-book in it, (it was about midnight) he called for a light, the stage having just then driven up to a stage house, and found his pocket-book lying wide open in the bottom of the stage and the papers it had contained lying around loose, but the money was all gone. He used every means to try to find it, by causing his fellow passengers to be searched, and one suspicious looking fellow, whose place in the stage was immediately behind him, he had searched some two or three times, in different places, but never a five dollar bill did he find of it. This, under the circumstances, was a very sad catastrophe.

According to the custom in those days, all the men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, had to train or muster, as it was called, either among the militia of

of the state, or in some independent or volunteer company. The two Mr. Waring's concluded that they could not condescend to appear among the militia, so William Waring joined a cavalry company and was made an officer of his company, and a finer looking officer on horse-back would be hard to find. Harry joined a Light Infantry company; and soon after which, war was declared between the United States and England, commonly called the War of 1812; and when a call was made for soldiers to go to the frontier, to Detroit, for instance, these two companies in which were the Mr. Waring's, were among the first to be offered, who, of course, were received; and this was the cause of the breaking up of all the business arrangements of the firm of Scribner and Waring. Consequently the stock on hand of hides, leather and manufactured work had to be sold off to the best advantage, and during the summer and fall of this year, my Father remaining at home, closed up the business of the concern. Martha Ann Waring was born March 17th., 1812 in Cincinnati, Ohio. During this year, all the troops from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Indiana, passed through Cincinnati on their way north, which was a very interesting spectacle, especially for the children, who seemed to enjoy it very much.

Cincinnati was a small town when we first arrived, though it was filling up with immigrants chiefly from the north and east. At that time there were no public improvements of any kind, except a small Market House on the bottom just east of Main Street, perhaps. No street improvements, no wharf or other improvement of the bank of the river. There was an old stone building called the Court house standing on the hill west of Main street, near and a little north of Doctor Wilson's old frame church, with a large graveyard in the rear, west of it.

During the fall of 1812, My Father's brothers, Nathaniel and Abner Scribner, came to Cincinnati, and in December or January following, they, with my Father, started off on an exploring expedition, and after viewing the present site of New Albany and the country for a short distance around, concluded to make the purchase of the tract of land upon which the city is located, having in view, before the purchase, the idea of laying out a part of it into Town-lots. Upon inquiry they ascertained the owner of the land to be Col. John Paul, a resident at that time, of Madison, Indiana. They went immediately to see him and made a purchase of all his ownership of land lying in Fractional sections Nos. 2 and 3, together with the sole right of ferriage across the Ohio river from said Fractional sections of land; and very soon after their return to Cincinnati, we began to make our arrangements for leaving Ohio for Indiana. On the 2nd. day of March, 1813, the first tree was cut down, by way of beginning to clear a spot for a cabin to be placed for a dwelling house. This particular spot was just above what is now Captain Samuel Montgomery's present residence, on the same side of Main street. On the 2nd day of May, just two months from the date of the first cutting, the two families before mentioned, to-wit, my Father's and William Waring's landed at the place we now call the upper ferry landing, and found this dwelling house of two months in building, to be a large "double cabin" with quite a wide hall between them and a large kitchen attached to one of the wings, as yet in an unfinished state, and although made of green logs, just from the woods, we, of course, were compelled to occupy them in the condition they were and make the best of it, and finish them up during the summer. Of course, you will expect to be told that at that time, the place where the city of New Albany now stands, was a perfect wilderness, and it was, indeed. Not only very heavily timbered with poplar, beech, and sugar-trees, the usual production of the river bottoms, but the whole surface of the earth was thickly covered with spice-wood, pawpaw, greenbrier, and almost every other growth incident to rich soil; really, it was so thick in the spring and summer, after the leaves had obtained their full growth, that one could not see more than a rod ahead, in the woods. Oh! it was romantic, especially on the top of Cane Knob, west of the city, where we could take a fine view of the surrounding country.

Well, the first thing to be done was to procure a surveyor, and commence the survey and platting of the town; and I can hardly tell you, how or where the proprietors found the wone who had the honor of doing it. His name was John K. Graham,

and my first recollection of him is, that he moved his family into a small cabin, built after we came here, located some two or three hundred yards this side and west of ours, and I soon became acquainted with him as I often assisted him as chain-carrier. After some time he bought a farm, or rather, a tract of land some three or four miles north and moved to it. During all the summer of 1813, we had a number of men hired to work at chopping down trees and piling the brush, building cabins, grubbing the undergrowth, and more especially where streets were known to run; and the proprietors commenced very soon the building of a steam saw-mill, and did afterward connect a gristmill with it. This was built on the ground where the foundry of Lent, South and Shipman now stands. Among other buildings, one among the first after the family residence, was a large, square cabin for a school house, on one of the four public squares on each side of the intersection of State and Spring streets, not far from where the Court house now stands, which said building was also occupied frequently for a meeting house, until we could build a large one.

The first public sale of lots in the Town of New Albany, took place on the second and third days of November, 1813, by which time there were several log-cabin residences along down Main street from the one we occupied, reaching as far down, perhaps, as Lower Second street, and in the course of the summer, quite a number of families had moved in.

We pass over to the summer of 1815. My sister Harriet was born in New Albany, February or March, 1815. In the month of June of this year, Uncle Nathaniel was under the necessity of going to New York on business, and I accompanied him to Cincinnati. This, you will observe, was before any steam-boats were running on the river, or any other public conveyance for travellers; so we left here on horse-back, travelling through Kentucky, and passing by "Big Bone Lick" we performed the journey in three days. I found Cincinnati looking pretty much as we had left it two years before, except that the city authorities had begun to improve their streets somewhat by grading and paving, and building a wharf at the foot of Main street; and I remember, too, that Doctor Wilson's old frame church building had been demolished, and a substantial brick one was in course of erection, on or near the same ground. I remained there some three weeks, and before I left, the first story window frames had been put in their places; while there, Uncle Nathaniel made a horse trade with a man of his acquaintance, by which he got two for one, the consequence of which was, that I had a horse to lead home besides the one I rode, but as well as I can remember, I got along very well on the journey home, consuming three days as before. I was then fifteen years of age. Uncle Nathaniel returned in the fall, and his sister Esther and the present Aunt Clapp (who was then Miss Elizabeth Edmonds) came out with him, and soon afterwards Uncle Nathaniel and Miss Edmonds were married. I do not now recollect at what time Uncle James Scribner came west, neither the precise time that Grandma and Aunt Elizabeth arrived, but they were all here within two or three years of our first landing here.

In the summer of 1816, I went to live as a store boy with one James Pearson at Paoli, Orange County, Indiana, and remained with him eight months; came home the latter part of April, and about the first of June I went to Vincennes into the drug store of Messrs. Hale and Wood. Dr. Hale had some time previous become the husband of Aunt Esther, and, perhaps in 1818, Mr. Wood married Aunt Elizabeth. I returned from Vincennes in October, 1817, and found nothing special at home for me to do, my Father at that time not being engaged in any business which required my services. He was elected Clerk and Recorder of the county of Floyd, soon after the county was formed, which, I think, was the following winter.

During the session of the Legislature of 1818 and 1819, Uncle Nathaniel and our surveyor, John K. Graham, went to Corydon, the seat of government at that time, to use all their influence with the members to grant our petition for a new county; we were then in Clark county. The Legislature granted the petition at that session. Uncle Nathaniel was taken sick while at Corydon, and on his way home became worse; he parted with Mr. Graham on the top of the Knob near where the town of Edwardsville now stands, and after getting down the Knob and almost home, he was compelled to stop at a house on the road becoming too sick to travel further. Mr. Richard Watson was

was the occupant of the house, some two and a half miles from here, on the Corydon road. Uncle Nathaniel remained there all night, and while we were eating breakfast the next morning, a messenger came for the Doctor, informing us that he was very sick. Doctor Clapp was then boarding at my Father's, and he and my Father and Uncle James Scribner started immediately for Mr. Watson's and found the patient past all hope of recovery; he died during the day or that night. This was in the latter part of December, 1818, and the weather was bitter cold.

My sister Mary was married to Dr. Asahel Clapp (I think) in the summer of 1820, and died the latter part of August, as near as I can remember, in 1821, within a day or two after having given birth to a little dear immortal.

In the month of March, 1818, I commenced the study of medicine with Doctor Clapp, and continued with him until August, 1822, when, after being examined by the Medical Society, in June, at Charlestown, Clark County, I went to the aforesaid town of Paoli and commenced the practice of medicine. I very soon formed the acquaintance by the name of Thomas F. Chapman, an eastern man, from Hanover, New Hampshire, who was very successful in his business, and in the year 1826, he loaded a couple of flat-boats with produce, flour, beef, and pork, at Leavenworth on the Ohio river, twenty-six miles south of Paoli, and started for New Orleans for a market, but was, unfortunately, taken sick, and died before he reached there; being buried at a place called the "Red Church", some twenty miles above the city. It was his intention, immediately after his return, to visit Hanover, his old home, and bring our with him his two sisters, they being the only near relatives he had living, his mother having died, I think, in the year 1823 or 24. And you must know that he had promised me his youngest sister for a wife; of course that was jesting in earnest. The news of his death was received at Paoli, on the fourth day of July, 1826, and such a distressed wife and children (of whom there were four) I hardly ever witnessed. Being the family physician, I was very intimate at the house and treated already like a brother, and it became my painful duty to write to the sisters conveying the melancholy intelligence of his death. They, being aware of his intended visit in the fall, concluded, after his death, that it was a duty they owed to him and his family, to make a visit to them, as there was nothing special to keep them at Hanover. They accordingly made arrangements for the journey, and started late in the fall or early in the winter of 1827, for Paoli, and after travelling as far as Cincinnati, the weather becoming very cold, the river froze up and they could proceed no further except by land, and there being no public conveyance, they remained there some weeks. Mrs. Chapman, the widow, feeling very anxious about them, having received several letters from them while at Cincinnati, was much concerned to know how to get them to Paoli. Providentially, a four-horse spring wagon put up one night at the public house opposite to Mrs. Chapman's residence, filled with members of Congress, and would go as far as Cincinnati with them, and return empty unless passengers could be found coming west. So Mrs. Chapman called on me to write to the girls, by the driver of this conveyance, (who, by the way, was quite a gentleman,) to make up their minds to take passage with him for Paoli, and they did even so; and during the succeeding fall, to-wit, on the twenty-fifth day of October, 1827, Miss Caroline Matilda Chapman, changed her name for that of Mrs. Doctor Scribner. I might have mentioned before that during the summer, the said Caroline taught school at Paoli for some six months.

Harvey Kellogg Scribner, our first born, was born at Paoli, Orange County, Indiana, September 16th., 1828. and died October 5th., living nineteen days. Harvey Augustus Scribner, born at Paoli, November 28th., 1829.

We lived in Paoli after our marriage until January, 1831, when I sold out my little property, and moved to New Albany, and became a partner in business with Doctor Clapp.

During my residence at Paoli, Uncle James Scribner died, I think, in the summer of 1823; his wife and son Alanson, also died while I lived there; his son Isaac went to St. Francisville, La. and died there some time in 1822, I think.

My Father died in October, 1823, of bilious fever, and my brother Eliphalet, followed him in January, 1824, of congestion of the brain; he would have been eighteen years old had he lived a few days longer.

Uncle Abner died at Memphis, Tenn. in the latter part of the summer or fall of 1827; and Grandma Scribner, in September of the same year, aged about eighty years.

New Albany, February, 8th., 1867.

Nearly five years since, as you will perceive by the date, I wrote the foregoing narrative, except that I have now added some few notes and interlineations by way of correcting in some particulars, and in others, to be more explicit.

We will now take a long step backwards, and consider ourselves just entered upon the year 1816; and the first subject I take up will be the organization of the First Presbyterian Church, in which our family took so prominent a part; and in order to give you the full particulars, I here copy from the Church Records of that date, which is, of course, authentic.

"RECORD"

"On the 16th. day of February, A.D. 1816, a church was organized at Jeffersonville, in the state of Indiana, composed of members residing in that place and New Albany, by the Rev. James McGready, a missionary under a commission from the General Assembly, which Church was to be known by the name of the Union Church of Jeffersonville and New Albany. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was, at that time, administered, and the following were the members then in communion; viz:-- Thomas Posey, (the Governor,) and his wife, John Gibson and his wife, James M. Tunstal, James Scribner, (my uncle), Joel Scribner, (my Father), Phoebe Scribner, (my grandmother), Esther Scribner, (my aunt and afterwards Mrs. Hale), and Anna M. Gibson; of whom Thomas Posey and Joel Scribner were chosen elders."

"Subsequent to that time, Mary Merriwether, the wife of Doctor Merriwether, and Mary Wilson, a widow, were received as members of the said Church. Since that time, Thomas Posey and his wife, removed to Vincennes and united with the Church at that place; John Gibson and his wife removed to Pittsburgh, and united with the Church there; and James Tunstal went to Louisville and joined the Church there; and Mary Merriwether, Mary Wilson, and Anna M. Gibson, were, at their request, dismissed from this church to join the church in Louisville."

"Afterward, to-wit, on the 7th. day of December, A.D. 1817, at a meeting of the members of the Union Church at New Albany, the Rev. D. C. Banks, moderator, it was RESOLVED:-- That as all the members of this Church, residing at Jeffersonville, have withdrawn and all the present members reside in New Albany, the Union Church shall, from this time, hereafter be known by the name of THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NEW ALBANY. At the same time, Jacob Marcell, and Hannah, his wife, were received as members of this Church, on a letter from the Church in Elizabethtown, New Jersey; Stephen Beers and Lydia, his wife, were also received as members of this Church on a letter from the Church in Louisville, Ky."

"The Church then proceeded, by ballot, to the election of two additional elders; Jacob Marcell and Stephen Beers were unanimously elected, and accordingly, were afterwards ordained as ruling elders in the Church."

"Members in communion at the close of the year 1817, nine."

The meeting of the church at the time of its organization took place in Grandma Scribner's House, being what is now the middle part of the old "High Street House;" the congregation occupying the parlor and back room.

There being no communion plate, two large pewter plates belonging to my Grandmother were used instead, for the bread, and being of a very fine quality, were considered very appropriate.

The next year, 1818, we had the ministerial labors of the Rev. Isaac Reed, from, perhaps, the latter part of the summer for one year ensuing. After he left us the Church was vacant for some time. At the end of the year 1818, the number of Church members were seventeen, and at the end of the year 1819, they had increased to thirty-two. I perceive by reference to the records of the Church, that my sister Lucy Maria, with myself and several others, united with the church on the thirty-first day of October of this year, 1819; that Aunt Clapp (then Widow Elizabeth Scribner,) on the fourth day of September of the same year, at the same time her infant daughter, Lucinda Anna, (now Mrs. Shipman,) was baptized; and that Cousin Martha Ann Waring (now Mrs. Gonzales,) was also baptized on the twenty-eighth of November following.