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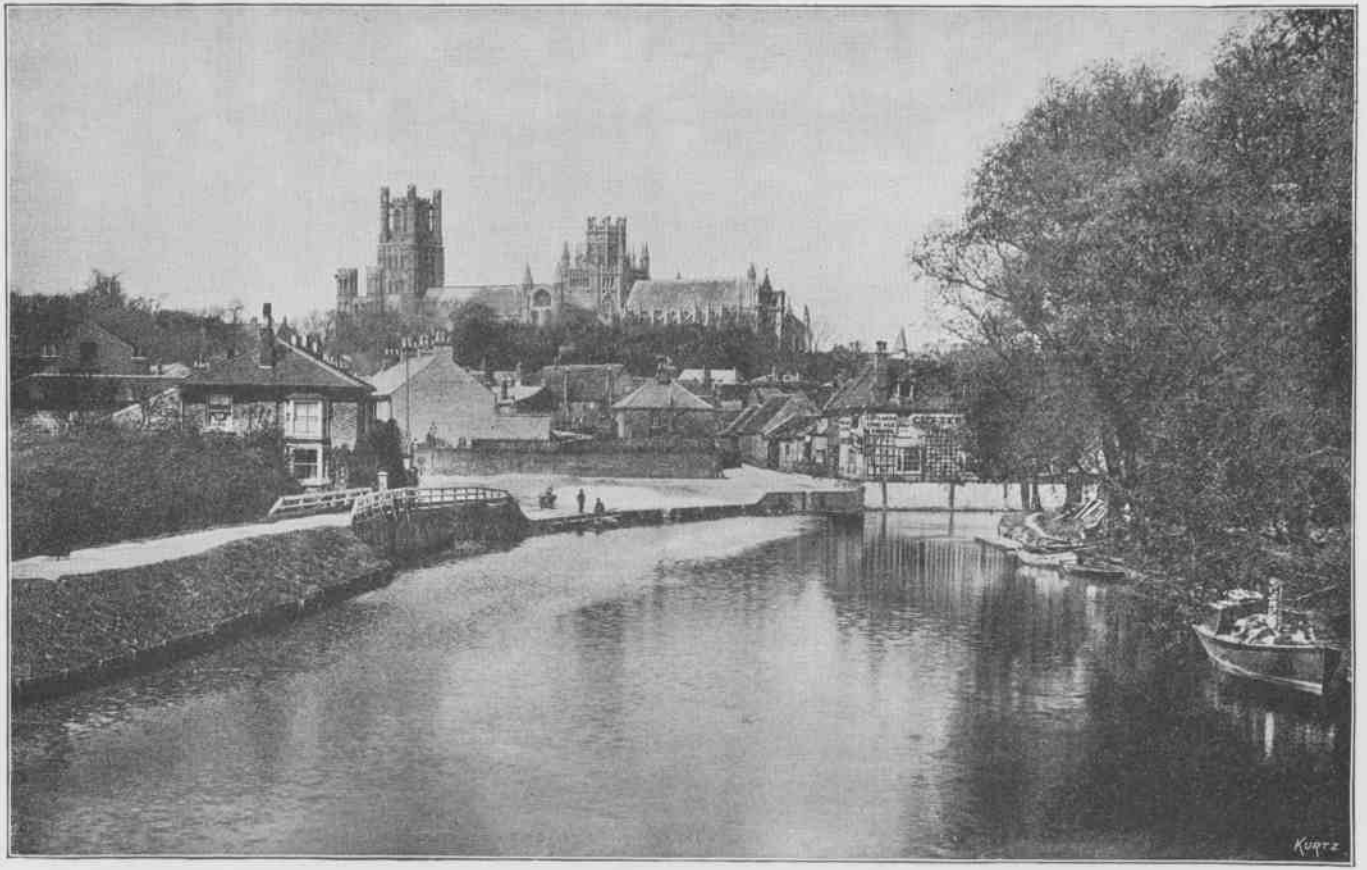

View of the City of Ely, England,

From the River Ouse.

MEMORIALS

OF THE

SCRIPPS FAMILY

A CENTENNIAL TRIBUTE

BY JAMES E. SCRIPPS

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PREFACE.

Over nine years ago I published in a pamphlet of 28 pages a History of the Scripps Family. It had scarcely appeared before a mass of fresh information on the subject came to my hands, and this has continued steadily to accumulate up to the present date. This new light does not materially alter the facts as related in the publication of 1882, nor does it carry the history at all further back, but it clears up many points of uncertainty and supplies much interesting detail. After having for nine years industriously collected all I possibly could regarding the family, I now, in the centennial year of the emigration of the major portion to America, proceed to edit my collections and reduce them to print.

With due respect, I herewith dedicate my little volume to the memory of William and Grace Scripps, who, in 1791, planted the family on this continent.

This worthy couple came to America just a century ago this month with five young children, their eldest being left in England. To-day their lineal descendants number not fewer than 226 souls, of whom 136 are residents of the United States, 80 of England, and the remainder are scattered through Asia, Africa and South America.

If not of noble descent, the Scripps family can at least look back upon a record of respectability running through the long period of nearly three centuries. In all this time no member has dishonored the name by entering the ranks either of pauperism or crime, while many have honored it as able mechanicians, men of large business capacity, hardy pioneers, brave soldiers, and men and women of exemplary piety. With no crusader's scutcheon to rest our pride upon and to limit our aspirations, but with a high percentage of intelligence, energy, and all the sturdier virtues, we may well adopt as our motto, *Aspiciens in Futurum* —"Looking Forward."

If this little volume shall in any degree enhance among its members a pride in the family name, and if any shall be stimulated by it to deeds and lives that shall add to its record of usefulness and honor, the prime object of the author will have been attained.

It will be observed that I have treated of Rev. John Scripps's history before that of his elder brother, William A. Scripps. This is because Rev. John Scripps's career followed more naturally that of his father, while William A. Scripps's came in more appropriately in connection with his diary and letters, which most largely centre about a period some time subsequent to his father's death.

The name Parrotte will be found sometimes spelled without the final *e*. This is because up to a late period it was universally so spelled. In the case of those members of the family, therefore, who died before the change

became common, I have retained the old orthography, while in the case of living members the modern spelling is adopted.

To many members of the family I am indebted for valuable assistance, and for the loan or presentation of precious manuscripts. To my cousin Charles F. Scripps I am especially indebted for much time given to patient research in the Heralds' College and British Museum, as a result of which I have been enabled to clear up in large measure some notable obscurities.

No doubt many of my readers will criticise me for inserting matters which, in their opinion, might as well have been left out. Others may regret that I have omitted as much as I have. I can only assure all that I have used my best judgment in the premises, and ask their kind forbearance as to anything that may possibly offend.

The book is not sent out in permanent binding, as many will no doubt find pleasure in additionally illustrating their copies with photographs, sketches, autographs and continued family records.

DETROIT, July, 1891. J. E. S.

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MEMORIALS OF THE SCRIPPS FAMILY.

I. ANTIQUITY OF THE NAME.

The surname Scripps originated about 1634 in a corruption of the more common name Cripps. The latter was, in its turn, a corruption of Crispe, which, under the forms of Crespin and Crispin, appears to have been introduced into England at the time of the Norman conquest. Going still further back, under the form of Crispus or Crispin, the name had its origin in a remote Latin antiquity.

Crispus was the name of the chief ruler of the synagogue at Corinth, who was converted to Christianity under St. Paul's preaching, and was one of the very few baptized by that apostle (see Acts xviii, 8; 1 Cor. i, 14). According to tradition he was afterwards bishop of Ægina.

Another Crispus, a brother of the Emperor Claudius Gothicus, was the great-grandfather of Constantine the Great.

Saints Crispin and Crispinian were missionaries from Rome to heathen Gaul in the 3d century. They located themselves at Soissons, where they suffered martyrdom A. D. 287.*

St. Crispina was a rich and noble lady of Proconsular Africa, who suffered martyrdom for the faith December 5, 304.

Flavius Julius Crispus was the eldest son of the Emperor Constantine the Great, an amiable and accomplished youth, whose genius accomplished the capture of Byzantium in 323, but who was put to death by his father in A. D. 326 at the instance of his jealous stepmother Fausta.

At the beginning of the 7th century a Roman patrician named Crispus married the daughter of the Emperor Phocas, whom he betrayed to his rival Heraclius. The latter rewarded his treachery by condemning him to embrace monastic life.

* Camden (Britannia, Vol. I, p. 322) says: "Among the pebbles near Stoneend (Kent) is an heap of larger stones, which the neighbors call the tomb of Saints Crispin and Crispinian, who, they pretend, were shipwrecked here and called to heaven."

Gilbert de Crespin was the friend and counselor of Robert, Duke of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror. Upon Robert's death in the Holy Land he fell a victim to his fidelity to his youthful son William, in the violence of the times. Osberne de Crespin, at one time the seneschal and governor of the town of Theroulde, was dispatched in his bed by a brother of the celebrated Roger de Montgomery. These assassinations occurred about or soon after A. D. 1035.

About twenty years later the French King Henry I. attempted the annexation of the Dukedom of Normandy to the French crown. In the war which ensued, Count de Crespin distinguished himself.

Roscoe, in his Life of William the Conqueror, tells us that at the battle of Hastings the grand banner consecrated by the Pope was intrusted to the hands of Toustain du Blanc, lord of Bec Crespin.

The name Guillaume Crespin appears in John Foxe's list of those who participated in the conquest of England by William of Normandy in 1066. He found the list in a very ancient MS. copy of the Annals of Normandy.

That this was not the only Crespin who followed the fortunes of William of Normandy appears from Thierry's History of the Conquest of England by the Normans (London, 1847, p. 205): "This castle (Rougemont, at Exeter) was then confided to the keeping of Baldwin, son of Gilbert Crespin, also called Baldwin de Brionne, who received as his share as conqueror and for his salary as Viscount of Devonshire twenty houses in Exeter and one hundred and fifty-nine manors in the county."

Again in Camden (Britannia, Vol. II, p. 50) we read that "the principal landholders in this county (Bedfordshire) at the Domesday survey were the King, Milo Crispin, * * * *" etc.*

* We learn more of this Milo Crispin in Vol. I of Camden's Britannia (p. 215): "Wallingford (Bedfordshire) owned for its lord Wigod, an Englishman, who had an only daughter married to Robert D'oyley, by whom he had Matilda, his sole heir, who was first married to Milo Crispin, and on his death given by Henry I. to Brient Fitz Count. This nobleman, trained to the field and following the interests of the Empress Matilda, bravely defended this castle against Stephen, who raised a fort opposite to it at Craumesh, till the peace so much desired by the whole kingdom was concluded here, and that destructive dispute for the crown between Stephen and Henry II. was terminated. Brient and his wife found themselves so inspired with the love of God, that, renouncing all frail and sublunary pursuits, they devoted themselves to Christ, and this honour of Wallingford fell to the crown."

In the south walk of the cloisters of Westminster Abbey is the gravestone of Gislebertus Crispinus or Gilbert Crispin, one of the early abbots, who died in 1117. He was a Norman from the Abbey of Bec, a pupil of Lanfranc and Anselm, and for genius and learning the equal of the greatest men of his time. Some of his works in MS. are still preserved in the British Museum.

In the calendar of close rolls, 12th Henry III. (A. D. 1228), appears the name of Theob. Crespin in connection with lands in Chaugrave, Berkshire.

In the same year appears the record of the terms of payment of a debt of a son of Thomas Godfrey to Benedict Crespin, a Jew of Canterbury.

The commonness of the name through the first twelve centuries of the Christian era is thus seen. It was probably quite frequent among the Romans for a long period previous.

James Anthony Lower, in his Essay on English Surnames, regards Crispin as a baptismal name, from which the surname Crispe was derived. But, in my opinion, the change from Crispin to Crispe was a very natural one, and I make no doubt there were Crispes at a very early period —long before surnames came into use for family identification.* The names Robert le Crespe and Reginald le Crispe are mentioned by Bardsley† as found in ancient rolls, but he does not specify the date. Certainly there were Crispes in the 12th century.

It is, of course, not to be supposed that any necessary relationship subsisted between the various bearers of the name prior to the full adoption of the system of surnames.

* Prior to the middle of the 11th century surnames were entirely unknown. About 1050 began the custom of using surnames, but it made way so very slowly that even at the close of the 12th century it had not diffused itself beyond the ranks of the higher nobility, and throughout the 13th the old habit of self-designation by the Christian name merely was still exemplified in a vast number of instances.—*Encyclopedia Britannica.*

† English Surnames, their Sources and Signification. London, 1875.

No common ancestry can therefore be predicated for families bearing so ancient a name.

In England, Crispe became the most usual form of the name, and that it became a very common surname is evidenced by the fact that between 1510 and 1760 no fewer than 266 wills and administrations were probated in the cases of decedents of this name in the prerogative court of Canterbury alone. In the court of the Archdeacon of Suffolk, between the years 1454 and 1800, the number was 132, to say nothing of the numerous other probate courts of the country.*

Owing to the prevailing illiteracy of early times, and to proper names being written mostly from sound, great variations are found in the spelling of this as well as other surnames. In the wills alluded to, as registered in the court of the Archdeacon of Suffolk, for instance, thirteen different spellings occur. These are as follows:

Cryspe.	Chryspe.	Kyrspe.
Crysp.	Chrispe.	Curspe.
Crispe.	Chrisp.	Cripps.
Crisp.	Cresp.	Cryppes.
Kryspe.		

* A transcript of one of the earlier wills, omitting legal verbiage, will be of interest. Here is one, proved Dec. 2, 1535:

"I Thomas Cryspe of Erwarton in the disc off Norwych, Carpenter"—"to eche of my godsons beryng my name oon Lambe of the next yere ffalle"—"to John Clouer oon Lambe of the next yere"—"to Roger Jennyng of eche of my Tole pte that longythe to Carpentrye Work"—"I will that Margarett my wiff shall have all that myn house or ten't to dwell in wt all the londs as well Arabyll pasturs and Medows sytting and lyeng wt in the Towne of Erwerton aforesaide," &c. "And all other my stuff of Houshold Cornys and Cattalls excepte xx shepe The whych I bequeth to John my son & a Mylche Cowe the which I bequeth to Johan Cryspe the Doughter of John Cryspe of Ippswych," and after said wife's decease the house and lands "shall remayne to John my son and to the heyers of his body laufullye" (begotten) and in default of such issue the same shall be sold—"to eche of my Doughters chyldren John & Anne vjs viijd And Agnes Card my doughter xiijs iiijd And to Margarett Brome my doughter vjs viijd And to Anne my doughter xxxs. Itm I bequeth to the said Anne oon ewe shyppe"—After said wife's decease "all myn aboue rehersyd stuff of Housholde Cornys & Cattalls shall be solde"—"to Agnes Carde my doughter my ten't wt a pece of Lond," &c., "in Ewerton aforsaide callyde Sprotts"—"John Cresy & John Cryspe my son" Executors.

That the change of form was accidental, and does not indicate necessarily a different family, is proven from several instances where, in the same pedigree, variations occur. Thus, in 1559, the will of Harry Cryspe, of Oxfordshire, makes the testator's brother, Christopher Cryppes, the executor. Again, in a Crispe pedigree, from the visitation of Kent in 1619, ten generations are mentioned, all springing from William Cripps, son of Crispe, of Stanlake, in the county of Oxfordshire, who must have lived at the beginning of the 14th century, or even earlier, and all except this progenitor are recorded as Crispes. In another pedigree the father appears as John Cryspe, the son as William Crispe, and the grandson as Edward Crysp.*

The transmutation of the name from Crisp to Cripps seems very natural when it is known that the country people in some parts of England, notably in Kent, transpose in other words, the sound of the letters *sp*, thus pronouncing wasp, waps. Crisp would similarly become Crips.

Kent, Suffolk and Middlesex seem to have been the counties in which the name was most common, though in Surrey, Oxfordshire, Norfolk, Essex, Gloucestershire and others it was of great frequency.

II. THE SCRIPPS FAMILY AT ELY.

The particular branch of the Cripps family which, early in the 17th century, began to write the name Scripps, we find residing at Ely, in Cambridgeshire, England, between the years 1619 and 1758—possibly for some time before and after those dates. As will be shown hereafter, the name does not appear among the householders of Ely in 1610, nor at all in the parish registers earlier than 1619, although the said registers extend back to 1559. The

* See Collections relating to the Family of Crispe, by Fred. A. Crisp. Printed for private circulation only. London, 1882–4.

inference is, therefore, that the family removed to Ely in the reign of James I., but from whence they came it is utterly impossible to determine, no clew whatever having been found to guide us. I have conjectured, however, as the family were evidently not rich, and as the means of communication in those days were restricted, that they came from one of the adjacent counties, possibly Norfolk or Suffolk, where the name seems to have been very common in the 16th century. It may, however, have been from a more remote county, as we find in the Public Record Office an inquisition taken in the second year of Charles I. (1626), after the death of one Thomas Cripps, yeoman, who held a grange, dwelling house and farm called Collwicke, at Waddesden, in Buckinghamshire, as the hundredth part of a knight's fee, and other land at Stewkley, in Bucks. His widow Elizabeth held a third for her dower, and the heir was his daughter Elizabeth, aged 11 at his death. Here we have, too, the very common family name Thomas.

In 1538, Thomas Cromwell, as Henry VIII.'s vicar-general, enjoined that "Every parson, vicar or curate, for every church, keep one book or register wherein he shall write the day and year of every wedding, christening or burial made within his parish. * * * And for the safe keeping of the same book the parish shall be bound to provide of their common charges one sure coffer with two locks and keys, whereof the one to remain with him and the other with the wardens of the parish wherein the said book shall be laid up," which book he was every Sunday to "take forth, and in the presence of the said wardens, or one of them, write and record in the same all the weddings, christenings and burials made the whole week afore."

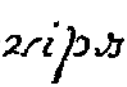
Many of the clergy neglected to comply with this injunc-

tion, and further requirements were made at different times. Finally, at a convocation held in London in 1597, it was ordered that these registers be written in parchment books, and that the entries in the then existing books be copied into the parchment ones from the time that the law was first made, so far as such books existed, but especially since the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This accounts for so many of the existing registers commencing in 1558.

The parish registers of Trinity parish, Ely, begin April 1, 1559, a few months after the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. A careful examination of them from the beginning develops no entries concerning any one of the name of Crips till 1619, when on January 16th Amy Crips, an infant, was buried. The next entry is that of the marriage of Thomas Crips and Agnes Finch, January 21, 1630. Thereafter, down to 1758, the baptisms, marriages and deaths are very numerous. The following is a complete transcript:

BAPTISMS.

1630, Oct. 31, William Crips, son of Thomas.
1631, Jan. 9, Jeffrey Crips, son of William.
1632, Oct. 21, Thomas Crips, son of Thomas.
1634, Jan. 15, Sara Crips, daughter of William.
1634, Mar. 30, William SCrips, son of Thomas, (the surname was first written Crips and afterwards the S added).
1636, Feb. 21, John Crips, son of Thomas.
1637, Jan. 29, William Scrips,* son of William.
1638, Jan. 28, Joan Scrips, daughter of Thomas.
1639, Aug. 18, Moses Scrips, son of William and Anne.
1641, May 16, Robert Scrips, son of Thomas and Anne.
1657, Aug. 30, Anna Scrips, daughter of William.
1660, May 6, Faith Scrips, daughter of William.

* The appearance of the name in the caligraphy of the last part of the 17th century, as seen in these parish registers, is something like this: 

1662, Nov. 16, Mary Scrips, daughter of William and Anne.
1668, Oct. 11, Thomas Scripps, son of Robert and Elizabeth.
1669, Dec. 23, William Scrips, son of Robert and Elizabeth.
1670, Aug. 7, William Scrips, son of William and Anne.
1672, May 27, Anne Scrips, daughter of Robert and Mary.
1673, Aug. 30, Mary Scrips, daughter of Robert and Mary.
1681, Feb. 24, Anne Scrips, daughter of Robert and Mary.
1684, April 6, Thomas Scrips, son of Robert and Mary.
1688, Jan. 23, William Scrips, son of Robert and Mary.
1704, Mar. 16, Simpson Scrips, son of Thomas and Mary.
1706, Feb. 5, Mary Scrips, daughter of Thomas and Mary.
1708, Aug. 1, Anne Scrips, daughter of Thomas and Anne.
1710, Aug. 27, Thomas Scrips, son of Thomas and Mary.
1713, June 28, Robert Scrips, son of Thomas and Mary.
1718, April 13, Rose Scrips, daughter of Thomas and Mary.
1718, April 13, Thomas Scrips, son of Thomas and Mary.
1719, Dec. 31, William Scrips, son of Thomas and Mary.
1720, Nov. 6, Thomas Scrips, son of Robert and Sarah.
1721, Jan. 14, Sarah Scrips, daughter of Robert and Sarah.
1724, Sept. 6, William Scrips, son of Robert and Sarah.
1726, Jan. 4, Mary Scrips, daughter of Robert and Sarah.
1747, Feb. 12, Sarah Scrips, daughter of William and Susannah.
1749, April 6, William Scrips, son of William and Susannah.
1751, Feb. 16, Mary Scrips, daughter of William and Susannah.
1753, May 13, Mary Scrips, daughter of William and Susannah.
1755, Sept. 1, John Plowright Scripps, son of William and Susannah.
1757, May 15, Anne Scrips, daughter of William and Susannah.

MARRIAGES.

1630, Jan. 21, Thomas Crips and Agnes Finch.
1638, Jan. 16, William Scrips and Joan Fox.
1645, May 14, William Riches and Joan Scrips.
1651, Dec. 16, Thomas Scrips and Elizabeth Atkin.
1655, Oct. 28, William Scrips and Anne Sare (Sayre).
1657, Oct. 18, Thomas Scrips and Jane Boston.
1668, Jan. 26, Robert Scrips and Elizabeth Sargison.
1671, May 2, Robert Scrips and Mary Westfield.
1703, June 28, Thomas Scrips and Mary Simpson.
1718, April 13, Robert Scrips and Sarah Plowright.
1746, Feb. 24, William Scrips and Susannah Chapman.

BURIALS.

1619, Jan. 16, Amy Crips, infant.
1630, Sept. 9, Lettis (Lettice), wife of Thomas Cripps.
1634, Jan. 18, Jasper Scrips, infant.
1637, Nov. 26, Anne Scrips, wife of William.
1638, Dec. 25, William Scrips, son of William.
1640, April 2, Sarah Scrips, infant.
1647, Mar. 15, Moses Scrips, child.
1650, Oct. 27, Anne Scrips, wife of Thomas.
1657, Mar. 27, Elizabeth Scrips, wife of Thomas.
1661, Oct. 15, Faith Scrips, infant.
1664, Sept. 30, Elizabeth Scrips, wife of Robert.
1669, Dec. 23, Elizabeth Scrips, wife of Robert.
1670, Oct. 19, William Scrips, infant.
1670, Nov. 14, William Scrips, infant.
1672, Aug. 18, Anne Scrips, infant.
1673, Mar. 5, William Scrips.
1674, April 28, Lettis Scrips, infant.
1675, Mar. 25, Thomas Scrips, infant.
1682, Sept. 13, Anne Scrips.
1682, Nov. 24, Thomas Scrips, infant.
1686, Nov. 5, Elizabeth Scrips.
1690, April 5, William Scrips.
1690, July 29, Anne Scrips, widow.
1700, Jan. 31, Robert Scrips.
1705, Feb. 4, Simont (Simpson) Scrips, infant.
1712, Feb. 13, Mary Scrips, widow.
1712, June 29, Thomas Scrips, infant.
1715, April 18, Robert Scrips.
1720, Mar. 20, Thomas Scrips, infant.
1720, June 30, William Scrips, child.
1721, Nov. 29, Anne Scrips, child.
1722, Jan. 17, Sarah Scrips, infant.
1722, May 22, Thomas Scrips, child.
1722, Aug. 9, Rose Scrips, child.
1723, April 15, John Scrips, infant.
1723, April 21, Thomas Scrips, infant.
1727, Sept. 3, James Scrips, infant.

1728, Feb. 9, Mary Scrips, infant.
1728, Feb. 9, Anne Scrips, infant.
1729, May 3, Sarah, wife of Robert Scrips.
1729, May 20, Robert Scrips, carpenter.
1736, May 4, Mary Scrips, wife of Thomas.
1741, Sept. 22, Thomas Scrips, laborer.
1751, Feb. 23, Mary Scrips, infant of William.
1755, Sept. 7, John Plowright Scrips, infant of William.
1758, June 25, Susannah Scrips, wife of William.

For further light on the history of the family during its 140 years or more sojourn at Ely, recourse was had to the wills registered in the office of the registrar of probate at Peterborough, to the manor rolls at Ely, and to the subsidy rolls found in the Record Office, Fetter lane, London.

But five wills were found in which the name of Scripps is mentioned, viz., those of Mary Scripps, executed December 21, 1710; John Plowright, executed March 2, 1720; Thomas Plowright, executed November 23, 1733; Sarah Plowright, executed February 21, 1735; and John Plowright, executed June 4, 1757.

The will of Mary Scripps reads as follows:

In the Name of God, Amen. The one and twentieth day of December, one thousand seven hundred and ten, in the eight year of reigne of our most gracious sovereign Lady Queen Anne by the grace of God over Great Britain ffrance and Ireld. Defender of the faith &c. &c. I Mary Scripps of Ely in the Isle of Ely & County of Cambridge, Wid. being sick & weak in Body but of a sound & pfct mind & disposing memory, God be blessed for it, making null and void all other wills by me heretofore made, do make and ordain this my last will and testament following, that is to say, first & principally I comitt my soul into the mercifull hands of Almighty God my creator & to Jesus Christ my Saviour & Redeemer, by & through whose precious Death & Meritts I hope to have full & free pardon of all my sins, and to the holy Ghost my sanctifier & preserver; and my body I comitt to the earth whence it was taken to be decently buried at the discretion of my Execut'rs herein hereafter named, in sure & certaine

hope of a joyfull resurrection to life eternal. And to that portion of worldly goods that God of his goodness hath bestowed on me I give devise & bequeath them & every of them as followeth: Imp'is, I give devise & bequeath unto Thomas Scripps, my eldest son, all that my piece or parcel of ground lying & being in one of the ffens of Ely afores'd called cawdle ffen, containing by estimation six acres more or less, and also my four acres in one other of the s'd ffens of Ely called Padnall Ruff being the same more or less & belonging to the s'd six acres in Cawdle ffen afores'd, To have and to hold the afores'd six acres of ground & the s'd four acres of ground as afores'd to the use & behoof of him my s'd son Thomas Scripps & to his heirs & assigns forever. Item I also give devise & bequeath to him my s'd son Thomas Scripps & to his heirs & assigns forever all that my cottage standing & being in a ctain place in Ely afores'd comonly called or known by the name of Smock Alley Lane with all & singular the apptences. Item I give & bequeath unto Ann Scripps my grand-daughter, daughter of my s'd son Thomas Scripps, one flexen sheet & two riding hoods. Item I give devise & bequeath unto Robt Scripps my youngest son & to his heirs & assigns forever all that my messuage in Wallpoole lane in Ely afores'd holden of the manor of Ely Porta with all & singular the apptnences. Item all the rest & residue of my goods & chattles not hereinbefore bequeathed I give devise & bequeath them and every of them unto Wm. Scripps & Robt Scripps, my sons, whom I make joint exectrs of this my last will & testamt, to pay my debts & the legacies herein bequeathed & to bear the charge of my funerall in bringing my body decently to the ground. Item my will & mind is that in case my s'd son Wm. should not come to ptake of his pte in this executorship that then my s'd son Robt Scripps shall be full & sole exectr of this my s'd will & testamt. I the s'd Mary Scripps have hereunto set my hand & seal the day & year above written.

MARY SCRIPPS, X her mark.

in the presence of Thomas Hitchcock, William Hull, Jeremy Rider.

The other wills are in substance as follows:

The will of John Plowright of Ely, carpenter, executed Mar. 2, 1720, devises copyhold house wherein he lives to his son Thomas, on condition that he pay £15 to Sarah, the testator's daughter, then the wife of Robert Scripps of Ely, carpenter. He gives to Sarah Scripps the feather bed whereon he lies; to his daughter Mary the feather

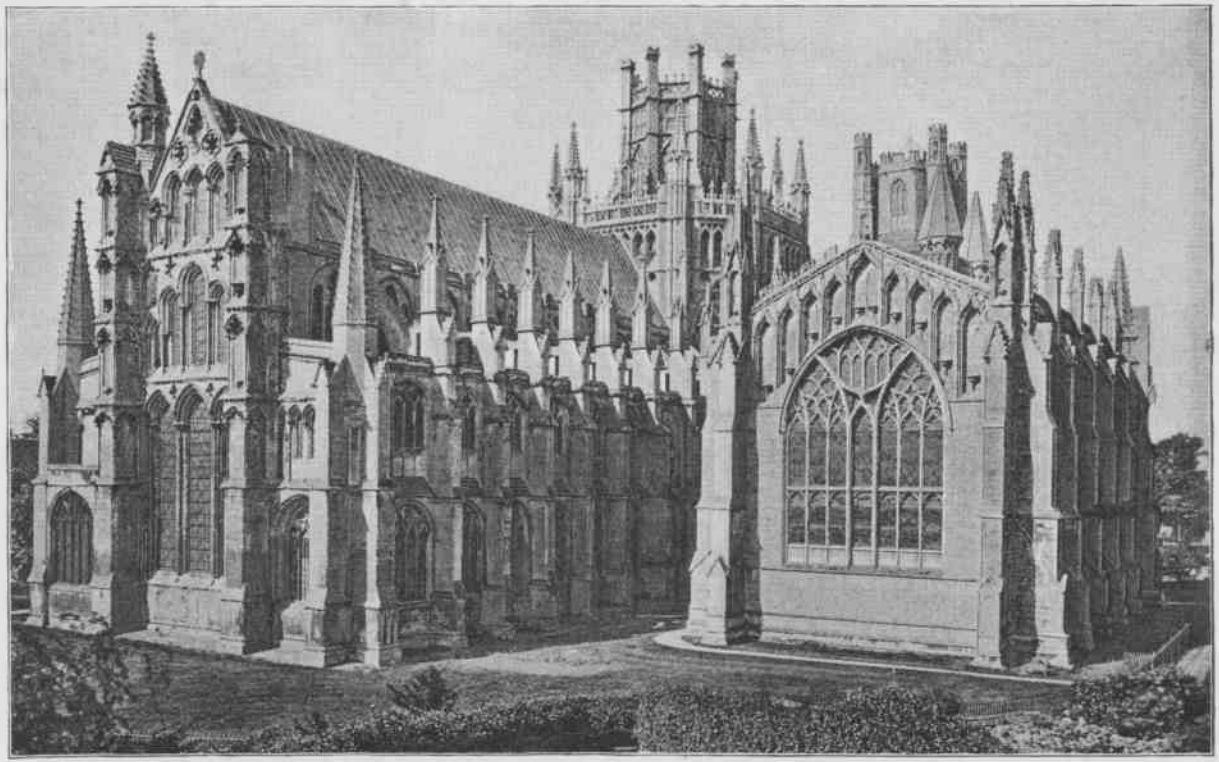
bed whereon his wife died; to his son John the feather bed whereon he, John, lies. Will proved Oct. 1, 1722. Personalty sworn under £20.

The will of Thomas Plowright of Ely, executed Nov. 23, in the 7th year of George II. (1733): devises to his wife Sarah his tenement in Broad lane, Ely; to his nephew William Scripps his other messuage, Harrison's, in Broad lane, upon conditions of his surviving his said wife Sarah. His wife Sarah is made sole executrix.

The will of Sarah Plowright, widow, of Ely, executed Feb. 21, 1735: devises to William Scripps, son of Robert Scripps, deceased, her messuage in Broad lane, Ely, formerly Harrison's, copyhold of the manor of Ely Porta; also other property to her brother John Plowright. Will proved June 1, 1736.

The will of John Plowright of Ely, carpenter, dated June 4, 1757, devises "a lot in Cawdle fen, late Scripps's." Devises to his nephew William Scripps a piece of freehold garden land, formerly Martin's, and forgives him a debt of £24 and interest which he owed him on mortgage. Devises to William Scripps, son of William Scripps his nephew, a copyhold tenement and barn, formerly Aungiers. Devises to Sarah Scripps a room lately occupied by Chevill, and another room in the yard next Mrs. Moore, with half the yard occupied by Bentley, being freehold. Devises to Ann Scripps a room next Mrs. Moore's, being under one roof, occupied by Benton, and a tenement in the yard occupied by Clements, being freehold. Appoints his nephew William Scripps guardian for his son and daughters. Rev. Lewis Jones of Ely, clerk, executor. His wife, Sarah Jones, is also a legatee. Will proved Dec. 3, 1757.

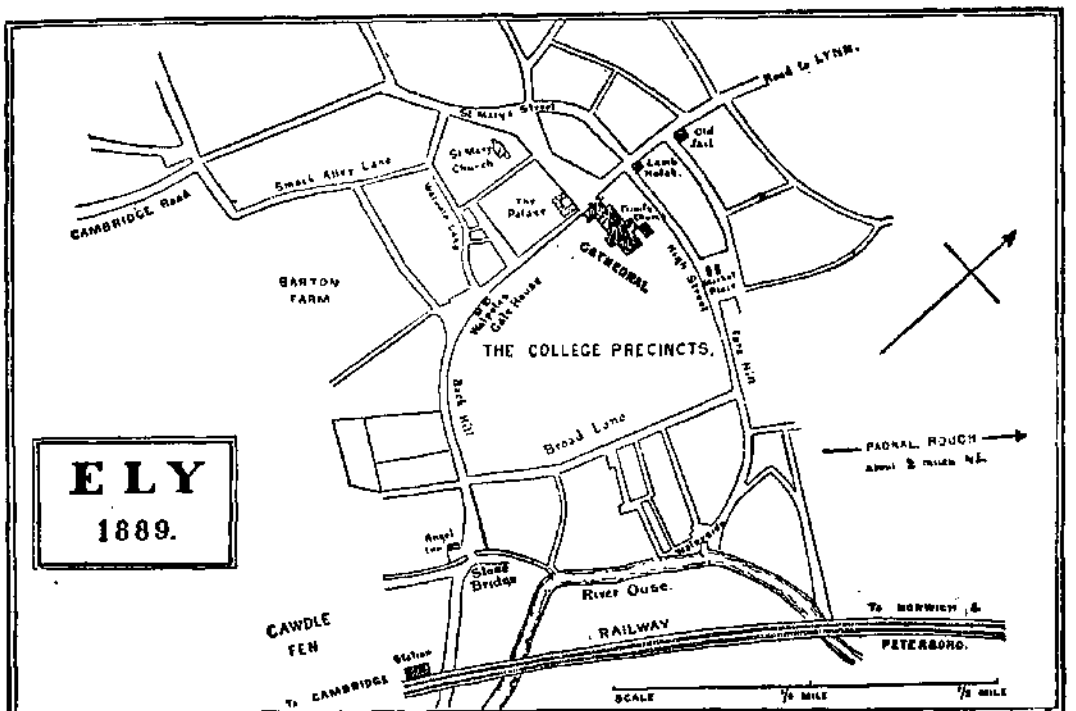
Ely is situated on a slight eminence on the banks of the river Ouse, 16 miles north of Cambridge, and about 66 from London. It is surrounded by low, flat, wet land, known as the fens. These constitute the southern portion of the tract known as the Bedford Level, which embraces some 450,000 acres surrounding the bay called The Wash. In the earliest times these lands were covered with a dense forest, which was destroyed by the Romans upon their conquest of the country. For a long period the tract was then an uninhabitable swamp, with here and there elevations of land, such as that upon which Ely is built, rising



Ely Cathedral from the northeast, showing Trinity Church to the right.

above its dreary surface. In the 13th century the land seems to have suffered a subsidence, for the sea flowed in upon it, and it became a vast morass. As early as 1436 its reclamation was attempted, but without success. In 1634 the Earl of Bedford obtained from Charles I. a charter for the work, when it was immediately proceeded with, and completed some fifteen or twenty years later. Hence its name, the Bedford Level. In 1664 a corporation was formed to manage the drainage, and this corporation still exists. The earliest knowledge we have of the city of Ely was the founding of a monastery there in the year 670. In 870 this was destroyed by the Danes, and it remained in ruins till 970, when the monastery was re-established. Owing to its defensible position, surrounded as it was by almost impassable swamps, Ely was the last place in England to hold out against William the Conqueror in the 11th century. Henry VIII. dissolved the monastery, and the immense monastic church, one of the largest in England, has since remained the cathedral church of the diocese. The Norman nave dates from the middle of the 12th century; the Galilee porch, a beautiful example of Early English Gothic, was built between 1198 and 1213, and the magnificent octagon at the intersection of the nave and transept, considered one of the gems of English Gothic architecture, dates from 1321. The whole church is 525 feet in length, and its western tower 220 feet high. It is surrounded by a beautiful park-like close. The Lady chapel of the cathedral is detached from the main edifice, and since 1566 has been employed as a parish church, being dedicated to the Holy Trinity. It was built in Edward II.'s reign, and is regarded as one of the most beautiful and perfect examples of the Decorated Gothic period.* It

* This chapel was the work of Alan de Walsingham, one of the monks and afterwards prior of the convent. It was begun in 1321 and completed in 1349. The same gifted architect constructed also the octagon and lantern of the cathedral.


ELY
1889.
Road to LYNN.
St Mary's Street
Old Jail
Lamb Hotel.
St Mary's Church
Smack Alley Lane
CAMBRIDGE Road
The Palace
Walpole Lane
CATHEDRAL
High Street
Market Place
BARTON FARM
Walpole's Gate House
THE COLLEGE PRECINCTS.
Fore Hill
Back Hill
Broad Lane
PADNAL ROUGH
about 2 miles N.E.
Angel Inn
Stone Bridge
River Ouse.
CAWDLE FEN
RAILWAY
To NORWICH &
PETERBORO.
Station
To CAMBRIDGE
SCALE
1/4 MILE
1/2 MILE

was in the registers of this parish that the above records of births, marriages and deaths were found.

The land in and about Ely is embraced in two manors, known respectively as the manor of Ely Porta and that of Ely Barton. The boundary line separating the two, I believe, is the street passing immediately in front of the cathedral. Ely Porta takes its name from the ancient gateway to the cathedral close, where, perhaps, the business of the manor may have been formerly transacted, and the lordship of this manor vests in the Dean and Chapter of the cathedral. A barton in the olden time was that portion of a manor not rented, but reserved for the immediate cultivation of the lord of the manor. Perhaps, as embracing the farm or barton of the ancient monastery, the westernmost manor is known as Ely Barton, and the Bishop of Ely is its lord. Most if not all the lands included within the limits of these two manors are held under the respective lords, subject to a nominal rental, as a recognition of manorial rights, and to a fine payable at each change of ownership. Transfers are made in open courts periodically held by the lords of the manor or their stewards, and the manor rolls, or records of the proceedings of these courts, form the legal registration of ownership.

In the manor rolls of Ely Porta appear the following references to members of the Scripps family:

At a court held 13 Oct., 1679, Archdeacon Palmer and Josiah Best, M. D., surrender to the use of Robert Scripps a messuage in Ely, formerly belonging to John Pegs. Rent 2*s.* 6*d.* Robert Scripps is admitted to occupancy.

At a court held 25 Oct., 1698, John Bell surrenders to the use of Robert Scripps and Mary, his wife, four acres of marsh lying in Padnall. Rent 1*s.* The parties are admitted to occupancy.

Court of 9 May, 1712: Presentment of will of Mary Scripps, devising to Robert Scripps, her youngest son, her messuage in Wallpool lane, formerly Westfield's, to which Robert Scripps is admitted.

Court of 28 Oct., 1712: Presentment that Robert Scripps had died seized of a messuage near the stone bridge, formerly Palmer's, and that Thomas Scripps is his eldest son and is of full age, and being present in court he is admitted.

At the same court: Presentment that Mary Scripps died seized of six acres of marsh land in Cawdle fen and four acres in Padnall ruff. Thomas Scripps produces her will and is admitted.

Court of 2 Nov., 1714: Mortgage by Robert Scripps to Thomas Robins, for £20, of the house in Wallpoole lane and the four acres in Padwell recited. Robins, alleging the said sum to be still unpaid and praying to be admitted to said premises, is admitted.

Court of 4 Nov., 1729: On 17 May, 1729, Robert Scripps surrendered cottage with back yard and garden in Broad lane, lately Thomas Poole's, to the use of John Plowright, carpenter, by way of mortgage for £15. Plowright now alleges the money to be still unpaid, and is admitted to said tenement, late Scripps's.

Court of 29 Oct., 1736: Presentment that Sarah Plowright had died seized of a messuage in Broad lane, having by will devised the same to William Scripps, son of Robert Scripps, deceased. William Scripps admitted, and, being but 14 years of age, guardianship is granted to John Plowright.

Court of 19 May, 1746: Presentment that on 29 Jan., 1745, William Scripps, carpenter, had surrendered a messuage in Broad lane, late Plowright's, to the use of John Warman, carpenter, who is admitted. Rent 1*s.* 10*d.*

Court of 1 May, 1759: John Plowright having surrendered to the use of his will and died, William Scripps, aged 9, brings into court the will of John Plowright, devising to William Scripps, his nephew, a tenement and barn called Aungier's, in Broad lane, to which he is admitted, and William Scripps, his father, is appointed guardian.

Court of 5 May, 1773: Presentment that William Scripps had surrendered messuage in Broad lane, formerly Aungier's, to the use of William Armiger of Ely, gentleman, who is admitted.

Among the entries in the manor rolls of Ely Barton is the following:

Court of 19 April, 1699: Presentment of the will of James Ayres, and of his death, seized of one cottage in Mill lane, St. Mary's parish, rent 2*d.*, which he had devised to his wife Mary, who had died,

and that Mary, the wife of Robert Scripps, was her daughter and next heir; and she came into court by Robert Scripps, her husband and attorney, and was admitted tenant. Fine 25 shillings.

There are a number of other similar entries in the rolls of both manors, but these will suffice.

Subsidy rolls are parchment documents formerly belonging to the Exchequer, but now preserved at the Public Record Office, Fetter lane, London. They are returns made to the barons of the exchequer by the commissioners appointed to collect the king's subsidies, and beginning at an early date extend down to the time of Charles II. They include returns of subsidies, loans, contributions, benevolences and hearth moneys.

An examination of rolls relating to the Isle of Ely for the 34th year of the reign of Henry VIII. (1542), the 30th of Elizabeth (1588), the 39th of Elizabeth (1597), and the 7th of James I. (1610) develops no record of any one of the name of Crips or Scrips residing in Ely at those several periods. In a roll of hearth moneys, however, assessed in the 13th of Charles II. (1651), the following appear:

The Bishop's Palace,	assessed for	 7	hearths.
Simon Plowright,	"	 2	"
William Scripps,	"	 2	"
Robert Scripps,	"	 1	"
Mark Westfield,	"	 3	"

In a similar roll for 1664, Symon Plowright is assessed for four hearths, but the name of Scripps does not appear.

We trace five generations of the family at Ely. A record in an old family bible speaks of them as "a race of carpenters." It is certain that the last two generations followed that honorable calling. The family would appear to have been in comfortable circumstances, as the times went, owning their own houses in the city and farming or grazing lands in the surrounding fens. They also appear

to have intermarried with families of considerable respectability, as the Westfields and Plowrights—the latter family being, as the evidence goes to show, also "a race of carpenters." William Scripps, the last of the family to spend his life in Ely, was clearly a man of great talents. He was largely employed by the cathedral authorities, and is well known to have borne a conspicuous part in the reconstruction of the great wooden dome and lantern of the cathedral, which, having fallen into decay, was rebuilt between the years 1757 and 1762.* Possibly he was the contractor for the work. At all events, the family tradition is that having a dispute with the Dean and Chapter regarding some payments, he refused to take down the scaffolding employed in the work until his claims were recognized, and so ingeniously was it constructed that they could find no one else to remove it, and were at last compelled to yield to his demands.†

From the occurrence of the names Moses and Faith in the family records it is possible that during the period of the rebellion and commonwealth our ancestors were roundheads and puritans. There seems, however, to have been throughout a marked preference for the names Thomas, William and Robert in the case of males, and Mary, Anne and Sarah in the case of females. I have before explained my theory of the change of the surname Cripps to Scripps, which occurred in or about 1634.‡ Thomas was then the most common Christian name in the

* The work was done under the direction of Mr. James Essex, a native of Cambridge, born in 1723, who acquired distinction by his skill in Gothic architecture. He restored the chapel of King's college, Cambridge, and made extensive reparations on both the cathedrals of Ely and Lincoln. He was also the author of several works on architecture.

† On the opposite page is the somewhat reduced fac-simile of a bill rendered to the Dean and Chapter of the cathedral, by this William Scripps, in 1769, for work done for them on some of their outlying property.

‡ History of the Scripps family. Printed for private circulation, 1882.

the Rev^nd of Dean & Chapter to wm Scripps
to work Don att Stuntney Bridge
July of 24th to of 29th — 1769

	L	S	D
To - 6 Days wg Selfe	0	12	0
to - 6 Days ½ Benjamin Thirston	0	13	0
to - 5 Days ¾ Mo Wethers	0	11	6
to - 5 Days ½ Lubrow wm watson	0	9	2
to - 5 Days ½ wm Sewin	0	11	0
to - 6 Days ½ thos Dunn	0	13	0
to - 6 Days ½ Luke Dench	0	13	0
to - 6 Days ½ Robte Coule	0	13	0
to - Carridge to of Pump	0	0	6
to Carridge to of Rails of of Bridge	0	0	6
	£4	16	8

Rev^nd of Contents in full by me
wm Scripps

The Rev'nd the Dean & Chapter to Wm. Scripps
To work done at Stuntney Bridge,
July the 24th to the 29th, 1769.

	£	s.	d.
To 6 days wg. self	0	12	0
To 6½ days Benjamin Thirston	0	13	0
To 5¾ days John Wethers	0	11	6
To 5½ days laborer Wm. Watson	0	9	2
To 5½ days Wm. Sewin	0	11	0
To 6½ days Thos. Dunn	0	13	0
To 6½ days Luke Dench	0	13	0
To 6½ days Robert Coule	0	13	0
To carriage to the pump	0	0	6
To carriage of the rails of the bridge	0	0	6
	£4	16	8

Rec'vd the contents in full by me. WM. SCRIPPS.

family, and both in speaking and in recording from dictation the final letter of the Christian name easily became conjoined with the surname, and Thomas Cripps became Thomas Scripps. I still hold to this opinion. In the parish registers the name is almost uniformly spelled with but one *p*, but in all other records the double *p* is used, as in the modern spelling.

A noticeable fact in relation to the family during its sojourn at Ely is the great proportion of those born who died in childhood, and the very slow multiplication of branches of the family and the frequency of their extinguishment. Notwithstanding the large number of births, the close of the 140 years sees but a single male member of the family surviving. The only case that appears of any member removing from Ely until the final exodus about 1770, was that of William Scripps, brother of the last Robert, who in 1710 appears to have been living at a distance. His mother made him one of her executors, but made provision also for the administration of the estate in case of his non-return. If there should be anywhere in the wide world another branch of the Scripps family, it will unquestionably prove to be the descendants of this William. But I do not think any such branch will ever be discovered.

No tombstones of any members of the family are to be found at Ely.

III. THE REMOVAL TO LONDON.

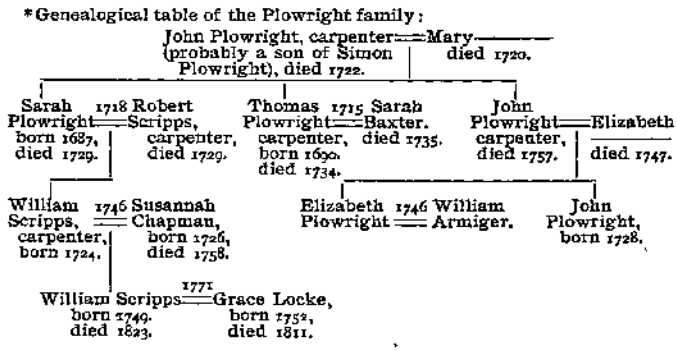
For the circumstances attending the transplanting of the family from Ely to London, the data are very meager. Rev. John Scripps, speaking of his father's early life, said: "He learned his father's trade (that of carpenter), but standing between William Armiger and an estate, as expectant heir, he was knocked down in the street and left for dead, it was supposed by Armiger, and his whole youth was spent upon crutches. In consequence of this he was bound to the tailor's trade, which he learned but never followed. His wounds, which were principally in one of his legs and ankle bone, growing worse, and making him still more a cripple, brought him up to London to put himself under Sir Astley Cooper; but, when on consultation amputation was resolved on, he gave them the go-by and put himself under a German doctor, who perfectly restored him, after relieving him of several pieces of bone, and he never even limped afterwards."

The question will naturally arise, what estate could have been the cause of his misfortune. His paternal grandmother was Sarah, daughter of John Plowright, apparently a man of some means, as wealth went in those days. Besides this daughter, Sarah, John Plowright left two sons, Thomas and John. Both married, but Thomas seems to have had no children, and at his death left his property to his widow Sarah. She, dying a year later, left it in turn to her nephew, William Scripps, son of her sister-in-law, Sarah, wife of Robert Scripps. To John Plowright and Elizabeth, his wife, we have in the parish registers a record of the birth, in 1728, of a son, also named John, and eighteen years later the record of the marriage of an Elizabeth Plowright, whose birth is not recorded, but who was probably a daughter of John and Elizabeth,

to one William Armiger. A son was born to this couple in 1753, but he died the following year:*

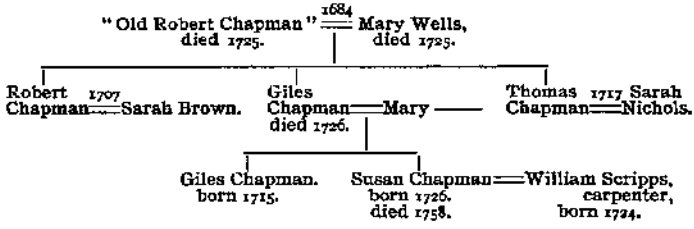
I infer that Elizabeth Armiger died prior to 1757, leaving no children, and that her brother John also died before his father. The father, John Plowright, thus having neither children nor grandchildren to leave his little property to, must needs choose between his widowed son-in-law Armiger and his nephew William Scripps. He died in 1757, and, as his will shows, divided the property between the said William Scripps and his grand-nephew and nieces, William Scripps's children. This would seem, therefore, to have been "the estate," which provoked the murderous assault, if, indeed, such were committed. It seems inconceivable, however, for Armiger ranked as a gentleman, and the property was of too trifling value to incite any ordinary person to such an outrage. Besides this, friendly relations seem at a later date to have subsisted between the parties, for not only was the property ultimately sold to Armiger, but the alleged victim of the assault named his eldest son after his alleged assailant. The younger William would be about eight years old at the time of the assault. His mother, Susannah Scripps, died the following year at the age of 32, the

*Genealogical table of the Plowright family:



last recorded death in the family at Ely.* The son would hardly be apprenticed to a trade earlier than 14, and seven years was the usual term of apprenticeship. This would bring it to the year 1770 when he went up to London for surgical treatment, but as he was married in 1771 it was possibly somewhat earlier. His father, William Scripps, and his sisters Sarah, Mary and Anne† were probably then the only survivors of the Scripps family remaining in Ely. Rev. John Scripps intimated that the elder Scripps took to dissipation, and died at his son's house in London somewhere between 1770 and 1780. We may, perhaps, be able to fix the date of his removal to London by an entry in the manor rolls at Ely, which shows that in May, 1773, William Scripps conveyed to William Armiger, gentleman, his property in Broad lane, Ely, the sale being, perhaps, preparatory to the final removal to the metropolis. As Wil-

* Ancestors of Susan or Susannah Scripps (*née* Chapman.)



† Rev. John Scripps speaks of his aunt Ann being older than his father, and, so far as he had ever heard, being the only sister his father had. He also identifies her with Mrs. Pear. The parish records at Ely show that there were two other sisters, Sarah and Mary, the former older than William, the latter younger, while Ann was the youngest of the family. A memorandum in William A. Scripps's handwriting in his family bible speaks of Mary as being Mrs. Pear, and her age at the date of her death corroborates the identity, as it refers her birth back to just the year the parish records show Mary to have been born. It is strange Rev. John Scripps should never have heard of the other sisters of his father, especially as cousins by the name of Grimstone and Mitchell are frequently referred to by William A. Scripps in the correspondence with his father. These cousins, I infer, must have been the children of Sarah and Ann Scripps.

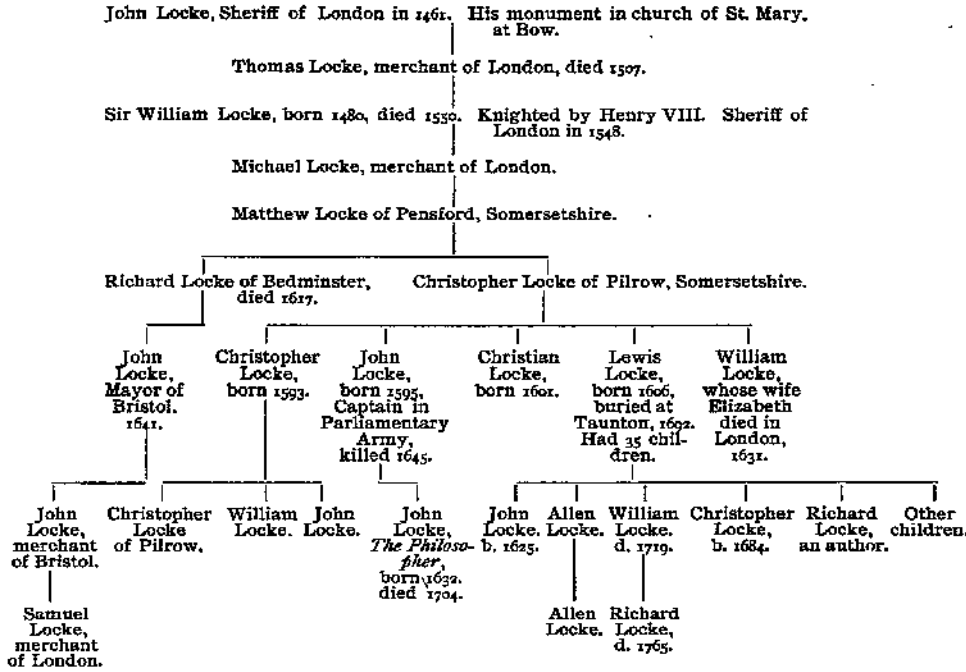
liam Armiger Scripps, born in 1772, was baptized in Spitalfields church, it is not unlikely that the grandfather died in the same parish, and his burial may be recorded in the registers of that parish.

His son, William Scripps, it is stated, began life in London as a carpenter. When or how he came to embark in the business of shoemaking it is impossible to conjecture, unless it were through connection with his brothers-in-law John Pear and Joseph Locke, both of whom followed that trade. He seems to have been of a jolly disposition, and I have heard an amusing story of his once, for a wager, undertaking to kiss every female he met in the street on his way home from some convivial gathering. His propensity for jokes seemed to be the characteristic most clearly remembered by elderly people in our own day who had known him in their youth. In 1771 he was married to Grace Locke.

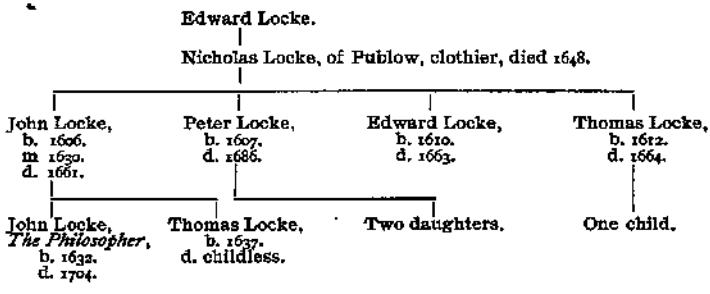
The Locke family have been exceedingly numerous in England for the past three centuries or more. The name is found in various counties, but chiefly in the southwesterly ones, notably in Somersetshire, in which county the celebrated John Locke was born. Seafaring life seems to have been a very common profession in the family. In 1630 there were several persons of the name residing at Pool, in Somersetshire, who were chiefly commanders of merchant ships. One, Capt. Robert Locke, commander of the ship Speedwell, of London, was prosecuted in 1656 by the government of Massachusetts for bringing Quakers into the colony, and was imprisoned for the offense. He was ultimately fined and compelled to carry them back. The pedigree of John Locke, the famous philosophical writer, is quite uncertain. The two accompanying genealogical tables have been compiled, the one from an article in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1792 and from data

found in the Heralds' College, London, the other from H. R. Fox Bourne's Life of John Locke, published in 1876. It will be observed that they differ in every respect.

PEDIGREE ACCORDING TO THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.



PEDIGREE ACCORDING TO H. R. FOX BOURNE.



Grace Locke, who married William Scripps in 1771, was the daughter of one Joseph Locke, who previous to his marriage had led a seafaring life, and it is believed had commanded a vessel. After his marriage he settled down in London as a cheesemonger. That he was of the family of John Locke the philosopher has always been the family tradition, and of the general trustworthiness of such family traditions I have become deeply convinced from experience with other cases, in which I have been able to verify them. With nothing but the bare tradition to guide us, we can only assume that Joseph Locke was a first or second cousin, with, perhaps, one or two removes, to the famous author of the Essay on the Human Understanding.*

Grace Locke was born in Golden lane, in the parish of St. Luke, London, on May 8, 1750, and was baptized on the 20th of the same month. She took her name from a great aunt, one Grace Chambers, wife of Giles Chambers, and daughter of Anthony Pearson or Pierson, a notable personage in the annals of Quakerism.† He was a magistrate for

* John Locke will rank with Bacon and Newton among the greatest of English philosophical writers. He was born in 1632, and was educated at Oxford. Most of his life was spent as secretary to one or another of the eminent statesmen of his day, and in office in the civil service. His leisure he devoted to literature and philosophy. As a controversialist he was remarkable not only for the clearness and cogency of his arguments, but also for the perfect fairness and respect with which he treated his opponents. He was a firm believer in and defender of the Christian religion, and was no less distinguished for his virtues and piety than for his intellectual endowments. His great work was an Essay on the Human Understanding, written in 1671, but not published till 1690. He was much of his life an invalid, and died unmarried, Oct. 28, 1704.

† Very little has been gathered as to Anthony Pearson, except in connection with the Quaker movement. Anthony was a country squire, presumably "of high degree," for he was a magistrate for three counties, probably Northumberland, Westmoreland and Durham. His wife was a Cumberland lady, for Margaret Fox, the wife of George Fox, tells us in her "Testimony" that he married his wife "out of Cumberland." He had been, we are told, a strong opponent of the Quakers, and at Appleby (the capital of Westmoreland) he sat, in 1652, as a magistrate upon the trial of two Quakers, James Nayler and Francis Howgil, who were charged with blasphemy and sedition. Anthony was so

three counties, including Westmoreland, in the days of George Fox. A violent persecution was being waged against the new sect, and upon one occasion, while sitting with other magistrates upon the trial of some Quakers, he was so struck with their strong religious convictions and spirited defense that he himself became a convert, being

much impressed with their earnestness and piety that in the following year he fell a willing convert to the apostolic zeal of George Fox.

The account of Anthony's conversion is interesting. It is given by George Fox in his memoirs: "About this time (1653) Anthony Pearson was convinced, who had been an opposer of Friends. He came to Swarthmore, and I being then at Col. West's they sent for me. Col. West said, 'Go, George, for it may be of great service to the man.' So I went, and the Lord's power reached him. * * I went again into Cumberland, and Anthony Pearson and his wife and several Friends went along with me to Bootle, when Anthony left me and went to Carlisle sessions, for he was a justice of the peace in three counties." (Fox's Memoirs.)

The arguments of Fox convinced Anthony, and henceforth "he became a valuable member of the society. He wrote a book on the tithe system in England, in which he evinced much ability and research." (Janny, Vol. 1, pp. 160, 161.) It is easy to see that a learned, powerful and wealthy proselyte was a great acquisition to the new sect. The Quakers were at this time without learning, influence or refinement, and, as often happens, they united an extraordinary zeal for the cause, with a remarkable want of discretion, and, it must be confessed, a remarkable capacity for exasperating their religious opponents. Anthony Pearson was acquainted with the godless learning of the world, and was well versed in the evil laws of the Midianites. When, therefore, George Fox was cast into prison at Carlisle, charged with being "a blasphemer, a heretic and a seducer," Anthony was the first to come to his assistance.

A favorite but quite illegal method of the times was to refuse trial to a man obnoxious to the government, and so keep him in prison indefinitely, and it will be remembered that it was not until the reign of Charles II. that the statute of habeas corpus was passed. In pursuance of the usual custom, the judges at the Carlisle assizes postponed the trial of Fox, and then it was that the sect experienced the valuable assistance of their new champion. Pearson, in Fox's behalf, wrote to the judges (1) remonstrating against his continued imprisonment; (2) demanding a lawful trial; (3) a copy of his indictment; and (4) the privilege of answering for himself. At the time this remonstrance was unavailing. "At length," says Janny, "Anthony Pearson prevailed on the governor of the castle to go with him and inspect the castle" (the jail). "They found it so exceedingly filthy that they cried shame upon the magistrates for suffering the gaolers to do such things." Calling the gaolers before them, they made them give security for their good behaviour, and the under gaoler (who had struck Fox and the other prisoners) was himself cast into the very same dungeon where the vagabonds and tramps, who were not "Friends," must have made things exceedingly

the first person of high social position and political influence to avow himself a Quaker. He became of great service to the sect in procuring the mitigation of the severities practiced against them, and was among the first to hold Quaker meetings in London. He also published at least

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warm for him. Subsequently, by Pearson's exertion, Fox was liberated forthwith. (Janny, Vol. 1, p. 163.)

The following is the text of Pearson's remonstrance:

"*To the Judges of assize and gaol-delivery for the northern parts, sitting at Carlisle:*

"You are raised up to do righteousness and justice, and sent forth to punish him that doth evil, and to encourage him that doth well, and to set the oppressed free. I am, therefore, moved to lay before you the condition of George Fox, whom the magistrates of this city have cast into prison for words that he is accused to have spoken, which they call blasphemy. He was sent to the gaol till he should be delivered by due course of law, and it was expected he should have been proceeded against in the common law course at this assizes. The informations against him were delivered into court, and the act allows and appoints that way of trial. How hardly and unchristianly he hath been hitherto dealt with I shall not now mention, but you may consider that nothing he is accused of is nice and difficult. And to my knowledge he utterly abhors and detests every particular which by the act against blasphemous opinion is appointed to be punished, and differs as much from those people against whom the law was made as light from darkness. Though he be committed, judgment is not given him, nor have his accusers been face to face to affirm before him what they have informed against him, nor was he heard as to the particulars of their accusation, nor does it appear that any word they charge against him is within the act. But, indeed, I could not yet so much as see the information, no not in court, though I desired it both of the clerk of the assize and of the magistrate's clerk; nor hath he had a copy of them. This is very hard, and that he should be so close restrained that his friends may not speak with him, I know no law nor reason for. I do therefore claim for him a due and lawful hearing, and that he may have a copy of his charge and freedom to answer for himself, and that rather before you, than to be left to the rulers of this town, who are not competent judges of blasphemy, as by their mittimus" (warrant) "appears; who have committed him upon an act of Parliament, and mention words as spoken by him at his examination which are not within the act, and which he utterly denies. The words mentioned in the mittimus he denies to have spoken, and hath neither professed nor avowed them. ANTHONY PEARSON."

In 1654, Anthony, in company with Edward Burroughs and Francis Howgil, visited the metropolis, and founded the first Quaker community in London, other members of this little band of missionaries being John Audland, John Camm and Richard Habberthorn. "They were instrumental in making many proselytes." (Janny, Vol. 1, p. 181.) Elsewhere we are told "they preached in the house of Robert Dring, in Watling street."

In 1658 we find Anthony still zealous in good works for the cause. In company with Thomas Aldam (one of George Fox's earliest converts in the north of England) he "paid a visit to all the gaols in England in which Quakers were confined, to get copies of their commitments, and to endeavour to release these prisoners for conscience sake or to ameliorate their deplorable condition. The two friends then proceeded to interview Oliver Cromwell, before whom they laid the information they had so painfully procured. The Protector either could not or would not take any steps to liberate the prisoners, and Aldam, disgusted at such coldness, was moved to an exhibition of some violence. Removing his

one book in their defense, The Great Case of Tithes.* He was, of course, an intimate friend of George Fox,† the founder of the sect.

Grace's mother's maiden name was Mary Topliffe or Topcliffe.‡ Rev. John Scripps represented her to be a granddaughter of Anthony Pearson and niece to his

cap from his head (Sewel says he tore it to pieces), he said, 'So shall thy government be rent from thee and thy house.'" (Bickley's Fox and Early Quakers, p. 84.)

Sewel describes Anthony Pearson at the time of his visiting the prisons as a "minister," which is obviously a mistake, as the Quakers recognize no orders of ministry of any sort or kind whatever. This points, however, to Anthony's having obtained much reputation as a popular preacher of Quaker tenets in 1658. Anthony Pearson then, as we know him, was a man of deep piety and of much practical philanthropy. That he was a man of fearless courage is sufficiently displayed in his uniting with Aldam in bearding Oliver Cromwell in his den. Cromwell was an Independent, and had no love for Quakers, and many would have been pardoned if they had thought twice before attempting to browbeat the terrible Protector.

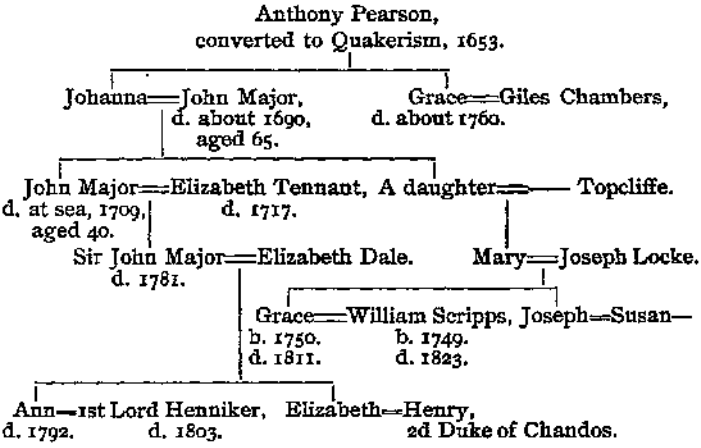
As all the present Scrippses are descended in a direct line from Pearson through the Lockes and Majors, their ancestor is a man they have no cause to be ashamed of. The Pearson family bore arms before the present noble family of Henniker or the Majors had attempted to assume armorial devices. According to the Laws of Heraldry, as explained by the College of Heralds, a body learned in such laws, the Scripps family are entitled to bear the arms of Anthony Pearson, if they choose to do so.—W. H. S.

* This was published in 1659, and was replied to in 1661 by one Rev. J. Bourne, a copy of whose book is preserved in the British Museum.

† George Fox was the son of a pious Leicestershire weaver, and was born in 1624. In his boyhood he was employed as a shoemaker, and at 16 conceived that he was commissioned by heaven for religious work. Five years were spent in the severest self abnegation and study of the Scriptures. His first public appearance as a religious reformer was at Manchester in 1648, where he was imprisoned as a disturber of the peace. After preaching in all the principal cities of England, he in 1671-2 spent two years in America and the West Indies. On his return he was imprisoned for a whole year for refusing to take an oath. He then visited Holland and other parts of Europe, diffusing his principles of Christian simplicity and meekness, when worn out by excessive labors and austerities he returned to England and spent the residue of his life in retirement. He died in January, 1691. His followers denominated themselves Friends, but were more popularly known as Quakers. They never at any time exceeded 200,000 in number, and at the present time are believed to fall considerably below that number. Fully two-thirds of their membership are found in the United States, the rest being scattered over every part of the world.

‡ Said to have been of a Westmoreland family.

daughter Grace Chambers, who lived to the advanced age of between 90 and 100, and was a frequent visitor at her house.* He also mentioned Sir John Major and Lord Henniker as being relations of the family.† Joseph Locke, Grace's only brother, in a letter still extant, speaks of Sir John Major as first cousin to his mother. The Heralds' College having been searched for the pedigree of Sir John Major develops the fact that his grandfather John Major married one Johanna Pierson, of Northumberland, no doubt the daughter of Anthony Pearson. With this data I construct the following genealogical table, according to which Mary Topcliffe would be the great-granddaughter of Anthony Pearson and great-niece of Grace Chambers:



* Grace Chambers lost her father at the age of 15. She inherited from him a considerable fortune. Her husband, Giles Chambers, was a plain, quiet farmer. They appear to have had no children. Grace died at between 90 and 100 years of age, about or soon after 1760. She was a preacher of the Quaker sect, and spent almost her whole life in traveling about the United Kingdom preaching and prosecuting charitable work. Rev. John Scripps possessed down to a recent period the head of her staff, which had been treasured as a memento of her by his mother and grandmother.

† Sir John Major, of Worlingworth Hall, Suffolk, was married in January,

IV. THE EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

William Scripps continued to live in London for twenty years after his marriage. That he carried on a large business is evident from his employing as many as 70 hands in his shop. Still he does not seem to have succeeded, and if he did not fail he at least left debts in England when he emigrated to America. Rev. John Scripps says these were paid by his son William. He seems to have resided in the vicinity of Oakley street, Lambeth. On May 1, 1791, he sailed for America with his wife and five younger children,

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1724, to Elizabeth Dale, of Bridlington, Yorkshire. He was senior elder brother of Trinity House from 1741 till his death in 1781, and was created a baronet in 1765 in recognition of his services. He had two daughters: Ann, who married in February, 1747, John Henniker, son of an eminent Russian merchant of the same name, and who succeeded to the baronetcy upon the death of Sir John Major; and Elizabeth, who married in July, 1767, Henry Brydges, 2d Duke of Chandos. She was still living in 1807, but died before 1816.

Lady Henniker is buried in the south aisle of Rochester Cathedral. The imposing monument over her remains bears this inscription:

IN A VAULT
NEAR THIS MONUMENT
IS DEPOSITED ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF
DAME ANN HENNIKER,
LATE THE AFFECTIONATE WIFE OF
SIR JOHN HENNIKER, OF NEWTON HALL
AND STRATFORD, IN THE COUNTY OF ESSEX, BAR'T.
HE REPRESENTED SUDBURY IN THE FIRST PARLIAMENT
OF HIS PRESENT MAJESTY AND OF TWO SUCCESSIVE
PARLIAMENTS THE TOWN AND PORT OF DOVER,
IN THIS COUNTY.
SHE WAS THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF SIR JOHN MAJOR, BAR'T,
OF WORLINGWORTH HALL, IN THE COUNTY OF SUFFOLK, MEMBER FOR
SCARBOROUGH, AND CO-HEIRESS WITH HER SURVIVING SISTER, ELIZABETH,
DOWAGER DUCHESS OF HENRY, DUKE OF CHANDOS.
TWO SONS, JOHN, LATE MEMBER FOR NEW ROMNEY,
AND BRYDGES TREGOTHICK, LIEUT. COL. OF HIS
MAJESTY'S 9TH REGIMENT OF DRAGOONS,
AND ONE DAUGHTER, ANN ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF ALDBOROUGH,
ARE LEFT WITH THE DISCONSOLATE AND MUCH AFFLICTED
HUSBAND TO MOURN HER LOSS, WHO AFTER 45 YEARS
OF CONJUGAL FELICITY IN THE PRACTICE OF
EVERY VIRTUE, RESIGNED HER SOUL TO GOD
AT BRISTOL HOTWELLS, THE 18TH OF JULY, 1792,
AGED 65. HER SECOND SON, MAJOR, MERCHANT
OF LONDON, DIED THE 3D OF FEBRUARY, 1789, AND
LIES BURIED AT STRETHAM. HE LEFT
5 CHILDREN, VIZ., JOHN MINET, MARY ANN,
MAJOR JACOB, ELIZABETH DALE AND
BRYDGES JACKSON, ALL INFANTS NOW LIVING.

Her husband was created Baron Henniker, of Stratford upon Slaney, Kingdom of Ireland, in July, 1800, and he died at the age of 79, on the 18th of April, 1803.

William, who was a young man of 19, remaining in England. In a fanciful account of the trip written by Rev. John Scripps, the ship Bald Eagle, Capt. Landrum, is mentioned as bringing them. They landed in Baltimore in July of that year, and in the September following settled in Alexandria. This was the same year in which the city of Washington was laid out as the National Capital. In Alexandria William Scripps engaged in trade and did well, bidding fair to become wealthy, but possessing a strong inclination for an agricultural life he was led to purchase 200 acres of land near Morgantown, in Monongalia county, Virginia, which he did without first seeing it. Upon removing to Morgantown in December, 1792, he found that he had been duped, as the land was hilly, and of thin, barren soil, scarcely worthy of cultivation. I believe he was unable to sell it and simply abandoned it, and I have been told that to this day it is still known as "the Scripps place." It is situated a mile or two from Thom station, on the Morgantown branch of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. He then bought other lands which equally proved worthless, and finally in November, 1793, settled on a small unimproved tract, upon which he lived till 1809, when he removed to Missouri. The farm produced but a scant living, being neither of very productive soil nor enjoying market advantages. No doubt these were years of great hardship and deprivation.

As stated above, his eldest son William, 19 years old at the time of his father's emigration, had been left in England, where he was engaged as a clerk. Some time later he entered the office of the True Briton newspaper, and later became its publisher. At a still later period he became the publisher of the Sun.* The following letters

* I have been wondering if the True Briton and the Sun were not practically but different editions of the same newspaper. Mr. John Heriot edited the True

from William to his parents, written during the first twelve years of their residence in America, are not only interesting for the family history they contain, but for the general light they throw on the times in which they were written.

LETTER FROM WM. A. SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM AND GRACE SCRIPPS.*

LONDON, Feb. 6, 1794.

Hon. Parents:

I embrace this opportunity of sending you a few lines enclosed in a letter for Mr. Wools, from his father. This is the third letter I have writ, during which time I have not once rec'd a single letter from you. The last I rec'd was near 18 months ago, by Mr. Bladen. If your letters have miscarried, I am sorry for it. I have waited with the greatest anxiety, time after time, expecting to have some account relative to you and my dear brothers and sisters, but now quite despair of hearing from you again. We were informed by Mr. Wools you had left Alexandria, and had gone up the country and commenced farming. Whatever change you may make, my duty demands me to wish it for the better, and I heartily do, and hope you have by this time proved it to be for the best. For my part, I have reason to thank God that my changes have hitherto been for the best; and I am at present very well situated in the same situation as when I writ last, and have had half a guinea a week more increase in my salary, tho' to be sure, I have my head and hands full of business, but I endeavor to compass it. I seldom see Mr. Coombs, but when I do, he enquires when I heard from you, and seems much surprised you do not write. With respect to Mr. Pear and aunt, they continue much the same. Mr. Pear officiates as clerk

Briton; he was also editor of the Sun. Both papers were supporters of the Pitt ministry. I think I have heard my father speak of the True Briton being a morning edition, the Sun an evening. I should fancy the True Briton to have been the older paper, and the Sun, perhaps, to have been launched when the great popular demand for news of the French wars rendered necessary an afternoon issue. Ultimately I assume the True Briton was discontinued, while the Sun continued to shine for many years into this century.

* These letters were discovered in the residence of George H. Scripps, Rushville, Illinois, when, after his death, the property passed into other hands. The originals are now in the possession of his son, George W. Scripps, of Detroit.

to a chapel. His pay for that is only £4 per annum. For further matters concerning him and relatives in the country, I refer you to a few lines which he promised me he would write and enclose in mine. I must recite a few particulars which I think you will be desirous of hearing.

First, Mrs. Bell,* my mother's poor old acquaintance, has resigned this life for a better. She was much distrest the latter part of her life, having only Lord Grimston's pension of £10 a year to subsist upon. The two guineas allowed her by Lady Onslow was taken off laterly thro' the extravagance of Lord Onslow. I insisted on her receiving that sum from me whilst she lived, or whilst it pleased God to permit me to afford it. I went last Monday week to see her and pay her the second quarter, when I was informed that she had been dead six weeks. She much feared coming to the workhouse the latter part of her time, everything being so very dear. But however, she left enough to bury her decently. Mrs. Neale undertook that charge and buried her where her husband was buried.

Yurrell is dead. Owen, the shoemaker, has failed and gone to America. Great numbers of people emigrate to America, which opens her arms and affords an asylum for all manner of fugitives from all parts of Europe, where persecutions for principles and opinions prevail; or where the distress of the times exhibit nothing for an alternative but the miserable reception of a gaol or prison. In short, trade is very dead in general, rents high, provisions dear and taxes heavy. Bevan, the leather cutter, has married Miss Barnard, the other niece of Stevens. Neither he nor Loaring has recovered a half penny of Pigott. Mrs. Cannon, of Oakley street, has married one of her men. Mr. Hardwick is removed from Bridewell, and is master of Clerkenwell workhouse. I keep up your club payments regularly, and must inform you the act for bringing under protection of the laws all benefit societies has passed some time since, though the society entertains some objections against it and will not receive the benefits it holds forth. Want of room will not permit me to state the heads of the act nor the objections. I forget whether I informed you of Mrs. Hodges' death or of Uncle Lock's marriage. A member of your club, I think of the name of Ford, was enticed by the allure-

* Mrs. Bell was nurse to Grace Scripps, and also, according to Rev. John Scripps, to Lady Henniker; but, if so, it is inconceivable that she should have been permitted to die in penury.

ments held out, to go and settle in Bulam, an island on the coast of Africa. He took his wife and, I think, five children; but, having lost the greater part of his stock, and the place not agreeing with the healths of his family, nor the expectations he held of it, he left it, and, on his passage to Sierra Leone, on his way to England, he lost his wife and, I believe, two children. When he came to the coast of England, his ship was wrecked, and he found it difficult to save himself and one child, and lost all he had in the world. After he had been some little time in England, he died himself. The stewards have got his surviving daughter in the asylum, and keep the fifty pounds for her in trust. Deighton, the carpenter, is dead, and several others of your club members.

I am quite hurried for time and can't say much more, for Mr. Wools is packing up his parcels; but I once more request you will write a few lines describing your situation, and informing me if you have a prospect of doing well, or, if you are desirous of coming to England. If you are, I will contribute what assistance lies in my power. I think Bevan and Loaring would be content if I would pay them half you owe them. I desire particularly to know whether all my brothers and sisters who left England are alive. Give my love to Benjamin, John, Nancy, and little Sally.* George is too young to remember me. I do not invite you here, for 'tis a dismal place for a man in trade, and, if you can get plenty of food and clothing, you are better where you are, for folks must not speak their sentiments for fear of a gaol. Newgate is full of men who are committed for two or four years imprisonment for speaking seditious words against the king and constitution, and wishing success to the French. The Scotch court of justiciary have gone further. They have sentenced four men to fourteen years transportation, one of whom I knew very well, for the same crime. But the Jacobins† of London, which are no small numbers, are resolute, and have threatened by a small pamphlet, in case any foreign troops should be landed in England, to resist by every means and establish another British convention. The French threaten us with an invasion, and Mr. Pitt has opened a loan of 11 millions for the services of the next campaign. Mr. Fox

* Sally had died at Morgantown in the September of the previous year, aged five years and seven months.

† The term Jacobin was applied to the extreme revolutionary party in England. It was derived from the famous Jacobin club of Paris, over which Robespierre presided, and which took its name from the Jacobin convent, where it at first held its meetings.

continues a strenuous opposer of ministerial measures, tho' his party is very small. In anxious expectation of a letter, I remain your dutiful son.

W. SCRIPPS.

P. S.—I desire to know how the Americans proceed in their war with the Indians, and what resources they have, and what taxes are levied, and how the general opinion stands affected with regard to the war with France. There are a great many republicans in England, but government takes every method to stifle such destructive principles, and indeed there is but two opinions respecting affairs, and those are entertained by the parties of republicans and monarchy men; the one totally objecting to the war, the other supporting it to the utmost of their power by voluntary contributions. There are now subscriptions for clothing the army on the continent with flannel waistcoats, drawers, shoes, stockings, caps, gloves and socks; subscriptions for supporting the numerous French emigrants; subscriptions for the relief of widows and children of such as fall in battle, soldiers and seamen; and subscriptions for the relief of the poor distressed Spittlefields weavers, who amount to many thousands, and are actually starving. The Jacobins and dissenters support this last. In short, there is no end to subscriptions. Mr. Fox has a subscription.

Young Perry, the bricklayer, is dead. The old man is still quite hearty and talks of going to America. Page, your old glazed heel man, talks of going over. I believe I mentioned Uncle Lock having married, but is much the same as usual.*

WM. A. SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM AND GRACE SCRIPPS.

LONDON, April 6, 1796.

Hon. Parents:

Your letter I received, dated Dec., 1794, in April, '95, since when I have had none. I writ answer in June following.

By a letter from Mr. Wools to his father, dated Dec., 1795, I am informed he has received no letter from me, and I since understand the vessel I sent by (the Virginia, Butts, master) put in at Norfolk. Of course, Mr. Wools remains ignorant of his father's death, and you of the contents of my letter, the most weighty part of which consisted of about twenty awl blades. I sent nothing else, and had I

* Joseph Locke was apparently an easy, improvident man, a would-be dependent on his more wealthy and aristocratic relations. He is frequently referred to in this correspondence.

not sent them, it is most probable you would have received my letter. But however, I shall send nothing more, as you find so much difficulty, by living so remote, to obtain anything from this side of the water. I intend coming myself in a year or two, and I shall endeavor to carry what articles you find most necessary; but before I come you must send every species of information what I am to do there, as I am ignorant of farming, and unacquainted with any mechanical art, and if I hazard my small capital in a bad speculation and lose it, I shall regret leaving England. Therefore your advice is necessary to direct my proceedings, by comparing my situation in England with a prospect in America. In order for you to judge, I must give you a sketch of my situation. In money and goods I am worth about 500 pounds, unencumbered with any debts. My place is worth from 100 to 150 a year, but my attention and labor is equivalent, as I rise by 5 A. M., and seldom leave my office, except to meals, till 9 or 10 at night; but am under no particular restraint, provided I rise in time and do my business. You must know I publish a ministerial newspaper,* conduct all the business so far as relates to money matters entirely myself, the returns about £10,000 yearly, which all goes through my hands. I have had my place ever since I left Grove's, about three years and one-half ago; but if you think I can, with my small capital, do better in America, I shall take your advice, for you would not advise me, I am certain, to run any risk, for I should feel it the more being the fruits of my economy and labor, so that every kind of information would be needful in my circumstances. It is my intention to come sometime or other, but whether I had better stay and save a little more or come as I am is the question, as places are precarious. I might lose my place in a month. In such a case I should sail (please God) with the first ship, as I remain unmarried, and, having no prospects of marrying a woman with money, I have nothing but myself to rely on. It is not a recital of the difficulties you have undergone, however I may deplore them, that would discourage me. I should prepare to meet with many troubles in every respect by leaving my native country, and I should think myself amply repaid by enjoying the peace, plenty and liberty of America.

Tho' I have little reason to complain, yet to see the wretchedness of my countrymen of the lower and middling classes is truly distress-

* The True Briton.

ing. Could you form an idea of the miseries they endure you would fervently thank heaven for having removed you from such a scene of warfare and woe. Bread was last week 15d the quartern loaf.* Everything is in proportion. The mercantile world is in the greatest distress for money, as the Bank has stopt discounting even for the most respectable houses, and the specie seems to be entirely engrossed by contractors, loan lenders, stock jobbers and monopolists, and yet we are prosecuting another campaign. Trade is extremely dead, and we are taxed up to the crown of our heads. A tax of one guinea is imposed as a license to wear hair powder. Those who wear it are nicknamed guinea pigs; those who do not, cut off their tails, and are of course called crops. I am a crop. A tax on dogs is under consideration. But bad as England is, we hear daily accounts of the wretched state of America, but which I suppose is not all truth. If America is worse than England, I should wish my father and his family were here. I would willingly pay the expenses of the voyage to make them happy; but if it is not that horrid place, as many describe it, you will see me, as I said before, in a year or two, on your side of the Alleghany mountains. From what I have read, I think your climate will suit my constitution better than any in America, as I can bear almost any degree of cold, but not heat so well; as a hot climate all the year would be sure to kill me, my constitution is so relaxed. The cold, on the contrary, braces my nerves, and makes me healthy, especially when I can enjoy the exercise of skating, as I am not troubled with chilblains.

You do not inform me what land you have, and how situated, nor what you gave for it, which I should like to know, and how much money will purchase negroes, and any other matters you think I should like to know. Uncles Pear, Mitchell† and Lock are much the same as usual, excepting they find the times harder. Mitchell was almost ruined by the breaking of the banks last year. Pear must be obliged to leave his shop, and Lock manages to make both ends

* In American money, 30 cents the 4 ℔ loaf, and coarse black bread at that.

† Query: Who was his uncle Mitchell? Could he have been the husband of one of his father's sisters, as Pear was of another? Rev. John Scripps says Mary and Joseph Locke were the parents of but two children, Grace and Joseph, so Mitchell could not have been an uncle on the mother's side. William Scripps had three sisters, Sarah, born in 1747; Mary, born in 1753, married to John Pear; and Ann, born in 1757. It is possible Sarah and Ann may have married, the one a Mitchell, the other a Grimstone.

meet. But you must not expect to see J. Lock, as his wife would not accompany him. The same may be said of J. Pear, nor do I think J. Lock would be contented anywhere but where he is, he is so much attached to his old customers. You must not expect to have any remittances from Pear, as he can scarcely gain a bare subsistence, tho' he is certainly an honest, well meaning, industrious man.* I had almost forgotten to congratulate you on your being restored to health after suffering so much illness, and I shall always hold in grateful remembrance the hospitality and kindness you met with from strangers, and shall always respect the inhabitants of Morgan Town as long as I live. I hope you enjoy your health now, and all the family. Give my love to my brother Benjamin and all the rest, and believe me to be your dutiful son,

W. SCRIPPS.

P. S.—Inform me of the situation and population of Morgan Town, and how far you are from it, and how far you are from Kentucky, and describe the face of the country.

WM. A. SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM AND GRACE SCRIPPS.

LONDON, Jan. 16, 1797.

Honored Parents:

It was with the greatest pleasure I rec'd your letter of last August on the 8th ult., and I hasten to answer it by a ship that I believe will sail about the latter end of this month. I shall begin with informing you that I still enjoy my health, and that I continue in the same mind to pay you a visit. Would to Heaven the ship that conveys this could take me also; but I am sorry to say that I must further delay the time of my departure for perhaps a year or two, as what property I was worth in cash this time twelve months ago was about 184 pounds, with which I purchased stock in the funds. Since then the aspect of affairs has so changed for the worse, and the funds have had so great a depression, that, was I to sell out at this time, I should be upwards of 30 pounds minus. Therefore, however distant the period, I must wait the arrival of peace, which only can raise the funds to anything like the original value.

There are other obstacles to my immediate embarkation, one of

* Possibly John Pear had purchased the business of William Scripps, upon his emigration to America.

which is the appearance of a rupture between France and America.* As no doubt should such an event take place, America would direct her attention to the conquest of the Spanish possessions in the Floridas, and the country west of the Mississippi (as the Spaniards are the allies of France), the peaceful country of my parents would be subjected to the miseries of war by becoming the scene of reprisals. I fear the crooked policy of the cabinet of St. James too much influences the councils of America.

Should hostilities commence openly, there would be no protection for emigrants, and I might possibly exchange for the boundless plains of America, the narrow walls of a French prison. There is no prospect of peace in Europe, and since the failure of the pretended negotiation for that purpose, she is once more committed to the horrors of a bloody war of unknown continuance. When I intend to

* "Towards the close of the session, a report from the Secretary of State made a full exhibit of wrongs inflicted by the French on American commerce. Besides particular instances of hardship and suffering, it appeared that Skipwith, who had been appointed Consul General, had presented to the French government no less than 170 claims, many of them for provisions furnished, a large part of which had been examined and allowed; also claims for 103 vessels embargoed at Bordeaux, and for which indemnity had been promised, though in neither case had anything been paid. To these were to be added enormous depredations then going on in the West Indies. Victor Hughes, still in command at Guadaloupe, had issued three decrees of his own, one declaring all vessels with contraband articles on board, good prizes, no matter whither bound; a second confiscating the cargoes of all neutral vessels bound to or from British ports; and a third subjecting to like seizure all vessels bound to any Dutch or French settlements in the possession of the British, or cleared out of the West Indies generally. The same policy had been adopted by the agents of the Directory on the coast of St. Domingo. In their correspondence with their own governments they frankly acknowledged that, having no other resources, their administration during the last three months of the year just expired had been wholly supported by the captures made by 87 privateers engaged in cruising against American commerce. Not only were American vessels captured; their crews were often treated with great indignity, and even cruelty. Bitter complaints were made of Barney, then in the West Indies with his two frigates. He was accused of having treated with scornful indifference and neglect, his fellow citizens brought in as prisoners by the French privateers, and even of having shown his contempt for his country by hoisting the American ensign union down. Such was the doubtful state of foreign relations when Washington retired from the administration. Encouraged by the accession of Spain to the Alliance, and by the victories of Bonaparte in Italy, the French Directory grew every day more insolent."—*Hildreth's History of the United States, Vol. IV, p. 102.*

leave England, I shall pay particular attention to your remarks on the most salable and profitable articles to carry with me; but I fear when I boasted of being worth two or three hundred pounds, you mistook me for thousands, as my property will never embrace half the extent of the goods you mention. But I shall purchase as far as my money goes of those of the first necessity. I must now reply to your request for articles for your own use, which I shall send the earliest opportunity, such as wearing apparel, etc. But as to the stills I fear you have made a mistake, as you write for two, one of 75 gallons, one of 40; at least I read it so. In London they would cost near 100 pounds, and the weight would be, with the worms, upwards of 11 cwt. Medicines I shall not forget. I hope you received a box which I shipped to Mr. Macqueen last September, containing medicines, threads, etc., by the Diana, Potts, to Philadelphia.

Jan. 17.—Your journey over the Alleghany mountains, and emigration to an uncultured wilderness, was an hazardous undertaking. The boldness of the attempt shows great exertion of body and mind. May the Universal Parent bestow His rewards, and may you be blessed in reaping the comforts of your incessant toils. I am sorry you was not better advised with respect to your furniture, but it cannot now be helped. It may turn out for the best. You don't tell me of all the multiplied difficulties you have met with, and troubles you have encountered; but I can conceive them, tho' you fear by telling me the worst you would make me unhappy, but if it does 'tis for you, not for myself—the hardships you endure, not what I must expect, for come when I will, I shall come with many advantages on my side which my dear parents had not. It gives me great pleasure to hear my dear father seems to like the farming business.

Jan. 18.—It is reported to-day that Mr. Adams is elected president of the United States. We have heard too of the dreadful conflagrations at New York, Baltimore and Savannah.* Late last night, advices were received in town of an embargo having been laid on all American vessels in French ports, and that the French cruisers have orders to capture all American ships from or to British ports. There are reports of part of the French fleet being taken by the English admiral, Lord Bridport. You have no doubt heard of the French attempt on Ireland, which, from the tempestuous weather at the

* In Savannah, in November, 1796, a fire destroyed property to the value of $1,000,000.

time, was frustrated.* The expedition consisted of 56 vessels, transports and ships of war, 26,000 soldiers and a great store of every necessary. They were a long time on the Irish coast. Part have put back to Brest, and the far greater part are now at sea. Their loss has been considerable from the stormy weather, and more they will lose no doubt from our cruisers and squadrons, with which the channel is covered.

Provisions continue at an exorbitant price. Beef, mutton, veal and pork, from 7 pence to 10 pence, and a shilling per pound. Last Christmas, raisins were from two to three shillings per pound; lemons, 6*d.*, 9*d.*, and a shilling apiece. Red port is from 26*s.* to 2 guineas per dozen; brandy, from 1 guinea to 1 pound 5*s.* per gallon; rum 18*s.* and 20*s.* the gallon; bread is 8¼ the quartern, which is thought very cheap. Irish linens and calicoes have risen in price most astonishingly, as well as all kinds of clothes. About eight millions sterling of fresh taxes have been imposed during the war. Additional debt about 200 millions.

J. Lock, fortunately, has no children; grubs on as usual. He pays me a visit now and then, is hearty, and sends his love to you all. Mr. Pear and his wife continue in every respect as heretofore, and notwithstanding his troubles, he pays his rent, keeps out of debt, and is cheerful as a lark; always, when business permits, "a yawping," as my aunt calls it; that is, singing hymns, psalms, anthems, etc. Times are extremely hard with them. F. Mitchell was in town last November. He and his family are well. He has three children in town, the youngest† with Mr. Pear, Bill, 'prentice to Mr. Pear's brother, a white smith, and Polly in service with very good people. They are promising children. F. Mitchell finds it easier to keep three mouths less. All well at Sutton. Cousin Grimstone‡ and his wife are well. They have but one child, a fine boy.

When you write again, which I hope shall be immediately, advise me concerning my furniture. I suppose I may bring my books. My library is valuable; I suppose worth 50 pounds and upwards. The Encyclopedia Britannica forms a part.§

What think you, if you disapprove of my bringing all my furniture,

* See Alison's History of Europe, vol. iv, p. 211.

† Frank Mitchell.

‡ See note on page 38.

§ Probably the third edition, published in 1788–97 in 18 vols., quarto. The first edition appeared in 1771, in three vols., quarto.

if I bring a part. It chiefly consists of mahogany bookcase, cost me 8½ guineas; carpets, 6 pounds; window curtains, about 6½ guineas; six chairs, mahogany, cost me 5 guineas; bed, bedding, and four-post bed-stead, costing me about 20 pounds.* Any of those things you think it necessary to bring, mention them, and what is best to sell here. Don't forget to make enquiries at Philadelphia concerning the small box I sent, if you have not received it. It contained articles to the amount of about 5 pounds sterling. I am glad to hear Benjamin is so willing and understands plowing. I hope he has laid aside his roving disposition, and thinks nothing of a seafaring life. Pray give my kind love to him, though he has never favored his brother with a letter; no, nor even a line in his mother's letter. I suppose John and my sister Nancy become useful by this time. Give my love to them, as likewise to George. Tell them all I often think of them, and what amazing travelers they are, while their brother has scarcely been out of the smoke of London. I fear to make any promises concerning matrimony, lest I should get my neck in the noose. I thank my dear mother for her advice, and think her reasons substantial; and I believe I may promise with safety one thing, which is not to marry a woman *with a fortune*. I owe my mother many obligations for her last letter, so full of information. I have read it to several of my friends; one gentleman in particular, a very sensible and learned man, a Mr. Cullen, and an intimate with the famous Mr. Burke, passes many encomiums on it. I should like to know what is the appearance of the country where you live, whether you live near any river, whether you have much fish or fowl; whether your house is a block or a framed house, if a block house, whether comfortable; whether you have any coal mines near you, as I hear there is plenty at Fort Pitt; whether the climate is hotter in summer than at Alexandria.

I went to the club last quarterly night myself to pay, for the first time these five years, and I staid talking with Mr. Hodge and another member near half an hour. Several of the members enquired after my father, observing that he was a good hearty fellow.† I did not see Mr. Hardwick, as he was gone. Your club has, or is going to put itself under the benefit of the new act which was founded on

* This was before the days of cheap machine-made furniture, and once purchased, it lasted for generations.

† This confirms my characterization on page 24.

the project of my father* and Mr. Hardwick. I think it is time to conclude my tedious letter. In future, direct to me as follows: Mr. Scripps, True Briton office, Strand; or to the care of Mr. Corderoy, at Mr. Mainstone's, 37 Essex St., Strand, London. In that case, should any letters come for me after I am gone, Mr. Pear will receive them safe. Mr. Corderoy is an attorney, and a very intimate friend of mine. May you enjoy health and happiness for many years, is the sincere wish of your dutiful son,

W. SCRIPPS.

P. S.—The Pies are all well.† I eat my Christmas dinner with them. Christmas day was the coldest day ever remembered in England. The thermometer was 28 degrees below freezing point. We have not had a very severe winter altogether. Temple Bar is coming down.‡ Yarrel's old house is almost the only one standing in Butcher Row. The Strand is to be widened. I have a few good pictures in handsome frames. Have you sold the two hundred acres you purchased at Alexandria, or do you keep it?

WM. A. SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM AND GRACE SCRIPPS.

LONDON, June 21, 1797.

Dear Parents:

I received your letter of Feb., '97, the 24th of last May. I had rec'd one last December, dated August, '96, since when I have sent you two letters. I am very sorry you have not received them. You say you have written several letters which I have never received, but I scarcely hear from you above once in a twelvemonth. This is my third letter since last September. About two months ago, Mr. Pear sent a letter by a young man who was going to Philadelphia. Mr. Pear has been in my office about four months; 'tis not a lucrative place to him, having but 18*s*. per week, tho' he appears to like it. He has not parted with his shop yet. I shall give him such know-

* An indication that William Scripps, with all his jollity, was a man of thought and energy, and not without considerable influence.

† Wm. A. Scripps named his youngest son Thomas Pie, though, on account of the jokes of his schoolfellows, he always repudiated it. The name is undoubtedly of French origin. The family alluded to in the text may possibly have been that of Henry James Pye, who was born in London, 1745, made Poet Laureate in 1790, and died in 1813. The office, which had fallen into great contempt, was, upon Pye's death, offered to Sir Walter Scott, and declined by him.

‡ It finally came down in 1878—eighty-one years later.

ledge of the business and manner of conducting the accounts as I trust will enable him to succeed me when I leave England. I shall use my interest to secure him the place. I still continue in my intention of visiting you, but when is utterly out of my power to say. At all events I must wait for a peace, as I should lose near 40 pounds by selling my money out of the funds in their present depreciated state. We are in hopes peace is not a far distant object. The preliminaries were signed between the French republic and the Emperor in April last, and couriers are now passing between France and England preparatory to our sending plenipotentiaries to treat for a peace for us. Our administration plunged into the war to assist our allies, the Dutch, then the restoration of the French monarchy, then the conquest of France, then the causes of religion and humanity, then the restoration of any kind of regular government in France, then security for the future and indemnity for the past, and last, the retrocession of the Netherlands to the Emperor, our ally, who has himself, as the price of peace, consented to give them up to France forever. Now, having nothing to fight for, we are on our bare knees suing for peace, and if the French, having no power to contend with but us, should refuse us peace (which many apprehend will be the case) and direct their combined forces against us, we shall be driven to the dreadful necessity of fighting for our political existence. Thus being impelled by folly and pride, it seems likely to terminate in our ruin unless prevented by an immediate peace. Our home prospect is no brighter. Trade quite flat, money scarce. The bank has paid no gold since last Feb. 26th. The dividends are paid in paper and Spanish dollars with King George's head in miniature stamped on the King of Spain's neck, and pass for 4*s.* 9*d.* currency. We have twenty and forty shilling notes in abundance. Gold has almost disappeared.

The sailors of the channel fleet have been in an alarming state of mutiny.* They annihilated the authority of their officers, sent many of them on shore, assumed the entire command of the fleet, and appointed delegates from each ship to meet daily on board what they termed the Parliament ship, to conduct business and maintain order. The utmost regularity was observed, and they had several conferences with a board of Admiralty sent down purposely to Portsmouth. The result was they had their grievances redressed, an increase of pay and a free pardon. No blood was shed. The fleet at Sheerness

* See Alison's History of Europe, Vol. IV, p. 232, *et seq.*

conceiving they had only done the business by halves has since been in a more alarming state of mutiny than the others. They made several other demands, one of which was a more equal distribution of prize money, and they blocked up the mouth of the Thames, seized on all ships going up and down the river, so that the trade of London was completely stopped for several days. At the height of the mutiny there were two or three and twenty ships of war, several of them of the line, at anchor in the Nore, attended by upwards of a hundred sail of merchantmen which they had taken. All the coast of Kent was in such a state of alarm as cannot be described, expecting the ships to besiege Sheerness. Red hot shot was continually heating, a numerous garrison poured into that place and Tilbury fort, and all communication was cut off with other parts. This mutiny is just quelled without government acceding to any of their demands. The delegates or leaders are taken, and this day, June 22, the trial by court-martial of one Parker, the chief delegate, commences on board the Neptune, lying off Gravesend. On board one or two of the ships they are not entirely settled yet, as they are not desirous of giving up their delegates. Some apprehensions were entertained of a mutiny among the soldiery, but government prevented it by giving an increase of comforts before they asked for it. They have now a shilling a day.

The stocks were never so low by 5 or 6 per cent. during the whole of the American war as they were the beginning of last month, though the rumors of peace since have contributed to raise them a little. We have generally two crops of taxes every year. One new tax just passed, is an additional duty of three halfpence on all newspapers, which makes them six pence apiece. If this does not increase the revenue it will stop the propagation of political knowledge among the lower classes of the people. In either case, Pitt's ends will be answered, though his taxes in general fall considerable short of the estimated produce. We have seven millions a year of new taxes imposed on us, in addition to what we paid before, within these five or six years. Pitt appears to stand firm in his office, tho' petitions and addresses have been presented from many parts of the country, praying the king to discharge his weak and wicked ministers, but he is too obstinately attached to them for any good to be expected from such petitions. The disturbances in Ireland are nearly at an end, strong coercive measures having been adopted, and a great part of that distracted country declared to be under martial law.

You hear of a famous prophet, an ignorant enthusiast of the name of Richard Brothers.* He declares himself to be a nephew of God. By making use of the scriptures and applying them to political concerns, he gained many disciples among the democrats in this country, as all his prophesies tended to the destruction of Great Britain. He had scarcely claimed notice had he not been patronized by a Mr. Halhed, who wrote a defense of him and his predictions, and not only so, but, being a member of Parliament, he made several motions concerning Brothers in the House of Commons, one of which was that his prophesies be read in the House, but such motions were treated as they ought to be. Many people wondered that a man of Mr. Halhed's learning and abilities should lower himself so much as by patronizing an imposter as he did. Brothers predicted more than once the destruction of London by an earthquake, but the time is long past. Brothers had a saving clause, viz., that by his relationship to the Almighty and his intercession the calamity was averted. Don't you think we ought to be much obliged to him? Many people absolutely retired into the country in consequence, but many more left the country, sold their property, and prepared to take a jaunt with him to the holy land where he was to lead all God's elect to drive out the infidels and take possession. Government at length took cognizance of him and committed him to a madhouse where (sad disgrace to God Almighty's nephew) he has remained ever since. He is almost forgotten now. I have his works, which I hope shortly to be able to give you a perusal of.

We have every prospect of a plentiful season, but our rulers pervert

* Richard Brothers was born about 1758. He was for some years a lieutenant in the British Navy, and upon quitting the service in 1789 refused to take the usual oath to enable him to draw his half pay. He was consequently reduced to great straits, and lived for a time in the workhouse. He styled himself the Nephew of the Almighty and Prince of the Hebrews, and announced that he was appointed to lead the Jews to the Land of Canaan. In 1794 he published his book, "A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophesies and Times." Having predicted the death of George III. and destruction of the monarchy, he was imprisoned in Newgate. His disciples included Halhed the orientalist, William Sharp, the eminent engraver, who engraved his likeness, and other persons of distinction. His new Jerusalem was to be founded in 1795, and in 1798 he was to become the ruler of a universal empire. At last he was committed to Bedlam as a dangerous lunatic, whence he was released by Lord Chancellor Erskine in April, 1806. He died Jan. 25, 1824, at the house of a Mr. Finlayson, who still retained his belief in his divine mission.

the blessings of the Almighty to curses, and what is intended to cheer the heart and sustain the strength of the laboring community serves but to pamper pride and surfeit the drones of the state.

It gives me a great concern to hear that my brother Benjamin is so very unsettled. I could have hoped he would be very serviceable to you, and, notwithstanding his being weakly, have done his utmost to assist his father in the farming business, a profession, in my opinion, more honorable than that of a mechanic. I hope he will think better of it, and remain with you and consider his father's declining years, and the great exertions he has made to maintain him and all of us. Give my love to him and all the little ones, particularly John and Nancy, as I have but little acquaintance with George. Please to tell them that I hope shortly to procure them some books to read, and, please God, by a safer conveyance than I have usually sent by. I often wonder what reason Benjamin has that prevents him from obliging me with a letter, a single letter, in upwards of six years. I have no good news to tell you concerning myself, as, far from saving money, I have been running out lately, and I suppose when the expense of my passage is paid, and my furniture sold, I shall not have above 150 pounds clear. Perhaps you will say 'tis good news I am not married.

I sent you some account of the stills in my last, and how much dearer they are here than in America. J. Locke continues much the same as usual. He complains of the times, but I believe he would find some cause of complaint were he in America. I offered to assist him to procure a passage, but, as hard as the times are here, he is too much attached to this country to leave it. He cannot persuade his wife to work at his business.*

June 29th.—I have this moment received a duplicate of your last letter, dated Feb. 8, '97, and am overjoyed to find that notwithstanding the difficulties you have met with you can make yourselves so happy and contented. I hope that if it please God to grant me a safe passage I shall be able to make your situation more comfortable by reason of the little property I shall bring with me to throw into the common stock. I shall not appoint any specific time when I shall come, for fear of disappointing your expectations, but I shall embrace the very earliest opportunity, having made already some arrangements for that purpose. I hope that with respect to the club, my

* Joseph Locke appears also to have been a shoemaker.

dear parents don't think I do more than my duty. I even think I have been very deficient in my duty in not sending you many articles that you stood in need of, and that I could have sent you, but my fear of miscarriage always prevented me. I shall not forget to take advantage of the club articles, and shall leave it in such hands when I come as will ensure regular payments. Mr. Pear would gladly come were his wife not so extremely averse to it. All relations in the country were well when we last heard from them; * so are all in town. Mr. Pear is this day attending Union Hall, having some trouble with his apprentice. Rivet, the glazier, and Grist, the publican, are dead. Pigot has been dead a long time.

Your remarks concerning the high price of land and its increasing value lead me to suggest an idea to my father on the propriety of making a purchase of some additional land if he shall meet with a bargain, not exceeding 100 pounds, and could agree for the payments of it in such a manner as not to distress himself, in case any unforeseen accident should happen to me on my passage. I do not advise in such a case, but leave it to my father's consideration, as I should never forgive myself if I should be the means of entangling you in any trouble by any speculations of mine.

My mother may depend on having those things she writes for the first opportunity of sending them in safety. More friends than my paper will permit me to name desire to be remembered to you, among whom I reckon Messrs. Pear, Locke, Ems, Hardwick, Page, Wools and Jemmy Thompson, whose wife, poor fellow, is dead, and his children and grandchildren a great burden to him. Little Frank Mitchell says he will go with me, and leave his father and mother and brothers and all behind, if I will take him. He is a fine boy, and lives with Mr. Pear.

July 1st.—The ship having not sailed yet I shall add a few lines more. Yesterday Lord Malmsbury, attended by Lords Morpeth and Grenville Levison, left town on their journey to Lisle, in French Flanders, to negotiate a peace with the French republic, and Mr. Pitt opened his third budget of taxes for this year. Clocks and watches are to be taxed, 10*s.* a year for a gold watch, 2*s.* 6*d.* for a silver, and 5*s.* for a clock. Yesterday, also, Richard Parker, the chief mutineer

* Who these relations could have been I cannot conceive, unless the Mitchells or Grimstones, who if related, as suggested on page 38, may have been still residing at Ely, or possibly at Sutton, in Bedfordshire, near the border of Cambridgeshire.

of the fleet at the Nore, was executed at Sheerness. He died like a man. We expect many more will be hanged. An Hamburg mail arrived yesterday, which brings advices that the King of Prussia has acknowledged the Batavian or Dutch republic.

July 7th.—The ship sails this day, so I must conclude my tedious letter by subscribing myself your ever dutiful son,

W. SCRIPPS.

P. S.—I have more news that you must know; Mr. Wools' daughter has been married a few months, and this day I hear that her grandmother, the relict of the late Mr. Wools, of Lambeth, is to be married in a week or two.

FROM WM. A. SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM SCRIPPS, NEAR MORGANTOWN, VA.

LONDON, Jan. 3. 1798.

Dear and Honored Parents:

This being the first Wednesday in the month, and as the mails for New York will be forwarded, I embrace the opportunity of sending you a few lines, and as I have but little time you will excuse my being very brief on the following important subjects:

Imprimis, I must inform you that, contrary to your advice, I took unto myself a wife,* as I began to fear I was getting into the old bachelor's list. I have no time to give you any account of her. Suffice it to say I have been married near five months, and, wonderful to tell, I do not repent either my choice or what my prudent friends may term my precipitancy. In consequence, I enjoy better health than ever I did, and I begin to think I am strong enough to fell any tree in the American forests. My wife, too, enjoys her health, excepting being a little sick in the mornings, but we think that argues a small increase (please God) to my fortune. We intend (I say we, as my wife agreed to go to America before we were married) going to America this spring. There is a ship now in the river that will sail to Alexandria in the course of the next month or March. I rather think I shall take a passage in her, but if you do not see us do not be alarmed, as some circumstances may detain us longer. I have 100 pounds left me by a gentleman, a Mr. Bosquain, of St. Ives, and must wait till I receive it. That may detain me. That legacy came very opportunely, as I had sold my little money out of the funds, which, with other losses and expenses, made a large drawback in my small sum total.

* Mary Dixie, born in 1771, and, consequently, 26 years of age.

My wife brought me no money, but I am content on that head. I received your letter dated Oct. 12th on the 12th day of Dec., just 8 weeks after you wrote it. I am much concerned for my father's accident, but hope he is quite recovered. I also hope I shall find you in the same place when I come that your last letter left you in, and that by making a common stock with my small property it will please God to crown our common exertions with success. Previous to my embarking I shall take all the possible benefit contained in my mother's very informing epistle, but as French privateers cover the seas and take American vessels I shall previously calculate on the chance of being taken prisoner, and resign myself to the will of Providence, as they certainly will not take our lives, and you will receive us if we arrive as poor as Job. One thing lays on my mind, and that is the accommodation my wife will have during her lying-in, as we reckon she will be brought to bed as soon as she lands in America. I do not fear the hardships of the voyage will make her miscarry, tho' her friends are fearful. They wish and are anxious for us to stay till autumn. Give my sincere love to all my brothers and sisters, particularly to Benjamin.

In very respectful assurance of love and duty my wife joins me, and I subscribe myself yours,

W. A. SCRIPPS.

P. S.—All friends are well. Mr. Bosquain has left Mrs. ——— a legacy something more than mine. My aunt Pear and I have never seen each other since she heard I was married. She is down in the country. Mr. Pear is with me still. A projected invasion of England is much talked of on a novel plan, and Pitt is endeavoring to raise the chief part of supplies for the year by taxes, without the assistance of a loan. His plan is very unpopular. We are as far from peace as usual. Old Johnny Wilkes is dead,* and Alderman

* John Wilkes was a celebrated public character in the last half of the 18th century. He was born in 1727, married a fortune, lived a dissipated life, got into Parliament, and in 1762 founded the North Briton, through the means of which he drove Lord Bute from office. In No. 45 of his paper he assailed the King, charging him with falsehood. For this he was arrested and thrown into the Tower, but released on account of his privilege as a member of Parliament. He then took refuge in France, and, in his absence, was expelled from the House of Commons, and other prosecutions against him instituted. Upon change of ministry he returned to England, was arrested, but rescued by a mob. He was several times elected to Parliament for Middlesex, but was refused his seat. Coming to be recognized as the champion of public liberty, he became the most popular man in England. In 1769 he was released from prison, and in 1774 elected Lord Mayor of London. He died Dec. 27, 1797.

Clarke was yesterday elected chamberlain in his room. Affairs here show in general but a gloomy aspect. Mr. Cullen has laid aside his intention of going over the Atlantic. He informs me he has the place of a paymaster of a regiment given him by government.

FROM WILLIAM A. SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM SCRIPPS.

LONDON, May 1, 1798.

Dear and Honored Parents:

Seven years have elapsed this day since I last saw you. I would not by that remark recall to your recollection the bitterness of the hour of separation. You have had troubles enough without it; my troubles have been but few and trivial, and bear no comparison with yours. So long a separation from my dear parents I count the greatest that has befallen me. I cannot account for the motives that induced me to stay behind you. What has kept me here so many years, I may say contrary to my inclinations, is still more unaccountable.

The mails for America will be made up to-morrow, and I embrace this opportunity to write a few lines and think you will be anxious to hear from me, and there is no ship here bound for Alexandria. I fear your disappointment must be great to find I have not adhered to my promise which I made in my last, viz., of embarking for America in Feb. last. This letter, I hope, will sufficiently account for it. I had then made several dispositions to come. I had sold my property in the stocks by which I lost not a little, owing to the badness of the market, and I had nearly agreed with the captain of the Suffolk, when several obstacles at once threw themselves in my way. First, I was informed the legacy of £100 left me would not be paid till next July. Second, my wife, it appeared, was further advanced in her pregnancy than we thought. Third, I had engaged my present apartments for a term, of which nine months were unexpired, and for which I must have paid all the rest. Lastly, French injustice decreed that all vessels having English persons or property on board should be seized as lawful prizes. These considerations have compelled me to stay till my wife gets about again. I expect she will be in bed some time in June next, so that by September she will be able to undertake the voyage. I hope that my dear parents did not put themselves to any inconvenience in expectation of our coming. Were the expenses not so great, I should be inclined to

come first and see how the country suited me, and prepare for the reception of my family. We have horrible accounts of the country, the climate, the government, and the manners of the people of America; sufficient almost to deter any person leaving this country for that. Among those who give so black an account of America, is a man named Durham, a last maker. You knew him, when in England, and bought lasts of him. He has been to America, and come back again, but his accounts pass the bounds of credibility, and I pay little credit to them. He will not deter me from going. Indeed, I must do something better than a guinea or two a week, please God, to maintain a fair prospect of a rising family. To embark my small capital in trade in this country would be a hazardous speculation. I am already obliged to have all my thoughts about me, how to live decently, not that I find matrimony more expensive than a single life, or that I regret being married; but I have no reason, as my dear Mary is the good wife to me, and makes everything very comfortable, and we are very happy. Mrs. Pear is not reconciled to my marriage. I have not seen her these eight months.

You will perhaps expect me to say something concerning the appearance of affairs on this side of the water, which I shall, in as few words as I can possibly. Whatever I may formerly have said concerning the French revolution, and, however I may have been rejoiced to see Frenchmen tear assunder the fetters of slavery; however I may have abhorred the conduct of the coalesced powers in their endeavors to check the rising liberties of a great nation, yet I must deprecate the unjust proceedings of the French rulers. After a struggle of nine years, France is a land of bondage yet. I detest tyranny, whether it appears in a republic or a monarchy. The French government not only tyrannizes over its own unhappy subjects, but over every State that has the misfortune to bend before its colossal power, either by conquest or by alliance. The French behave with a most unsufferable hauteur and intolerable cruelty wherever their influence extends. Plunder, devastation, fire and flame follow everywhere the dictatorial powers of their generals and their rapacious armies. By force and fraud they have rendered Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and the ceded states of Germany miserably dependent. Spain, Portugal and Naples are under continual solicitude for their political existence. Under the guileful pretense of giving the people

liberty, they have misled millions to the ruin of their respective countries. These examples before our eyes, added to their inveterate enmity to England, and their astonishing preparations for invasion, are sufficient to make all parties unite and endeavor to avert the impending storm.

It is not a party question whether we should be a subjugated province to France, however we may detest the administration, and pant for a radical reform of abuses. All ranks and degrees of people, classes, districts, parishes, etc., are forming armed associations. In short, what France was, England now is, a nation in arms. As such no power on earth can conquer us, nor do I see how they can contend with such a powerful navy as we have, and which now blocks up most of their ports.

A voluntary contribution has opened at the bank for the service of government in repelling the French. It amounts to nearly a million and a half. Ireland is in a most deplorable state of civil warfare. A French invasion could not make that country more truly miserable. The *habeas corpus* act is suspended in England, and a great many persons are apprehended, many of whom are committed to take their trial for high treason. The trial of four or five came on at Maidstone, in Kent, the 21st inst., for corresponding with and aiding the enemy, among whom is Arthur O'Conner, Esq.,* formerly a member of the Irish House of Commons. Our last new taxes are to be laid on salt, tea, and coats of arms. I suppose you must have heard that the French have packed off the Pope. From what I have said, you will perceive that peace is as distant as ever; indeed, there is some appearance of hostilities re-commencing between France and Germany.

We had a surprising mild winter, not a single fall of rain for I believe from October to March. Everything continues as usual. Taxes increasing, and everything very dear. If any ship sails to Alexandria between this and the time I set off, I shall make up a box of articles. I have got some salve ready to send. I hope you

* Arthur O'Connor was born near Cork in 1767. He became a member of the Society of United Irishmen, and was sent by them on a mission to France, where he negotiated with Gen. Hoche regarding the liberation of Ireland. In the spring of 1798 he was tried for high treason, but acquitted. He then entered the French service and became a general of division in 1804. In 1807, he married a daughter of Gen. Condorcet. He died in 1852.

received the last box I sent you. Your club payments are not reduced, owing to the low price of stocks, nor won't be till peace. Many friends have desired me to remember them to you, among which are Messrs. Harper, Pear, etc. My wife sends her love to you, and joins me in love to my brothers and sister.

I remain your most affectionate and, I wish I could say, dutiful son.

W. SCRIPPS.

P. S.—Pray write to me in case I should not leave England as soon as I expect; at any rate a letter would be acceptable to Mrs. Pear.

FROM WILLIAM A. SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM SCRIPPS, MORGANTOWN, VA.

June 4, 1800.

Dear & Hon. Parents:

I suffer a continual state of anxiety on account of your very long silence. The last letter I received from you was dated October, 1797, since which I have never heard a syllable of or from you. A friend of mine at Philadelphia has informed me he has written to you, and that he will advise me of the result, but I cannot expect to hear from him for some time to come, and in the state of anxiety in which I am, I am compelled to conjecture many things, and put anxious constructions on your long silence. My wife thinks you are displeased with my marrying, but I rather suppose you have written and the letters have miscarried, or that you have changed your residence, or that you suppose I am on my way to America, from the nature of some of my letters. Whatever may be your motive, for heaven's sake do not keep me longer in suspense as to your situation, health, welfare, &c.

You probably wish to know how I am situated. You must know, then, that I am one of the most unsettled, most (restless) married men on the face of the earth. I have a little money, and many opportunities have offered of disposing of it to advantage in trade and yet keep my situation at the True Briton office at same time, which may bring me in from 120 to 150 a year, but which is quite inadequate to the expenses of a family in these dear times. But I have always rejected these opportunities because I would not fetter myself too closely to this country. I have many times been on the point of embarking, but a Superintending Providence has always counteracted (and I hope for the best of purposes) my designs. Last

September, the friend I above alluded to, Mr. James Nice and his brother, together with myself and family, had engaged to take passage in a ship called the Woodrop Sims for Philadelphia. I had paid a deposit of 10 guineas in part of 40 for our passage in the cabin. Mr. Nice and brother took a passage in the steerage. I had resigned my situation. Other people were engaged. My wife had been into the country to take a last sight of her friends, when I altered my mind, and well for us I did. The captain, a worthy fellow, returned me my deposit. He sailed the beginning of September, but neither himself or ship has yet reached America. They were taken by a French privateer after a desperate engagement, in which some lives were lost, and carried into Spain, where crew and passengers were confined in a dungeon. My friends, through the intercession of some American merchants, obtained their liberty, after having lost everything, and were obliged to work their passage to the West Indies, from whence they worked their passage to Philadelphia, where they arrived last February, after a voyage, including imprisonment, etc., of between five and six months, and as poor as Job. I had sent a packing case with salve, a little money (not wishing to hazard much) and other little trifles, together with some long letters, but all were lost. I ought to be extremely thankful that it pleased God I should alter my mind, as we should have lost everything, and, perhaps, have lingered in a prison till now, had we gone. It is somewhat remarkable that every ship I have had any intention of embarking in met with some misfortune. One, after beating off a privateer, put into Lisbon almost a wreck. I have now made up my mind that, unless I am compelled to leave my place, not to embark for America till there is a peace, and not then if I could persuade you all to come to England, for, after all, industrious people may meet with a few comforts. Indeed, it is a thing nearest my heart to have you with us, or for us to go to you. In either case I could be happy, and much may be said in favor of both countries. If children are really riches in America, I think that it is the properest place for me, if I may judge of what is to be by the past, as I have another little one, a William,* and a fine fellow he is, and tho' only 3 months old he is nearly as big as his sister,† who is nearly 2 years old.

I leave you to judge of the expenses of housekeeping by the follow-

* William Washington Scripps, born Feb. 26, 1800.

† Mary Heriot Scripps, born Aug. 1, 1798, afterwards Mrs. Tudor.

ing list of prices: Bread has been for many months fluctuating between 17 and 18 pence the quartern. It is now 17 pence. Butter, fresh, 18 pence per pound; salt, 14; meat, from 1 shilling to 1*s.* 6*d.* per pound; bacon, one shilling; cheese, 9 pence; coals, from £2 10 to £4 per chaldron within these few months. Everything in proportion, house rent, etc.; candles, 11*d.*; soap, 10*d.* I pay Pear 9 shillings for my shoes. In short, we cannot live for less than £160 per year, and I am at present going back. I have assisted uncle Joseph to get a place in the Tower as a labourer, where he works from 6 to 6 for 10*s.* 6*d.* a week, and that he thinks better than his trade. He goes out a night as a watchman, which brings 3 shillings or 4 shillings more. He is much the same as ever. I could with a little money have got him into the India house, but he is over age. Pear has left Oakley street.* My aunt and I have never made friends of each other yet. Give my love to brothers and sister. Wish some of them would write to me. My wife begs you all to accept of her love and kindest wishes. I remain yours, &c., &c.,

W. A. SCRIPPS.

Pray relieve me by writing soon.

FROM WM. A. SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM SCRIPPS, MORGANTOWN, VA.

LONDON, Feb'y 21st, 1801.

Dear and Hon. Parents:

I snatch a few moments from the hurry of business to answer your letter of July 21st, last, which is the only letter I have received from you for more than three years, during which time I have suffered much anxiety upon your account. Have often wished you were here, or I with you in America. In either case I could be happy, and not till then; but it somehow always happens that whenever I make up my mind to embark, that something is sure to prevent it. It was firmly my intention of coming this spring ensuing, but an affair prevented it; that is, the publisher and clerk of the Sun newspaper† absconded

* Oakley street, Lambeth.

† The Sun was an evening newspaper, established through the agency of George Rose, Charles Long, and other friends of Mr. Pitt, to support his measures. As Pitt became prime minister in 1783, the Sun must have been established some time between that date and 1801. Its first editor was a Mr. Heriot, after whom, no doubt, Wm. A. Scripps named his eldest daughter. The reign of George III. was a bitter period for the newspaper press, so severely were the libel laws then construed and relentlessly enforced. For a libel on Lord St.

leaving a deficiency in his accounts of upwards of 2,000 pounds. I was immediately put into his place, which is better than my former, as I expect it will produce me upwards of 200 pounds per annum. I shall try it for a twelve month, when, if I find that it does not enable me to save something, I shall give it up and embark for America. It is a situation of great exertion and responsibility, and I am fatigued to death nearly. This change took place only a fortnight ago, and my predecessor, John Beswicke, is supposed to have fled to America, as he has been advertised, and with no effect. I had begun to carry my intention of visiting you into effect by beginning to buy some wearing apparel, which I should have been glad to have sent to you, but the hazard of your receiving parcels is so great that 'tis like throwing money away or I would gladly remit to you a 100 pounds or so if I knew how to convey it safe to you; but I do not. I have sent several parcels which I find you have never received.

We are in a distressed case here in England, everything is so exorbitantly dear. We are restricted from eating white bread, and brown bread is 1*s.* 8½*d.* the quartern. We are to have white bread again shortly, when it is thought that the quartern loaf will be two shillings. It has been 1*s.* 9¾*d.* already. Everything is proportionably dear.

You talk of taxes, but here we are oppressed to the greatest degree. Every man who has an income of a certain amount pays a tenth part yearly, besides all other taxes. We scarcely see any gold in circulation; the one and two pound notes seem to have superceded the use of guineas. Meat is extremely dear. A leg of mutton fetches 10*d.* a pound; a bullock's head they will ask 7*s.* 6*d.* for; a leg of beef, four shillings; prime beef, 1*s.* per lb. and upwards. Poor people's wages the same as formerly, and the mechanicks in many trades starving

Vincent, the staff of the Sun were once convicted *en masse*, and one inconvenient afternoon, just as the paper was about ready to go to press, the bailiffs walked in, and walked off Mr. Heriot, the editor, to six months' imprisonment in the King's Bench prison; Carstairs, the printer, and Mr. Scripps, the publisher, to one month each, while Mr. Taylor, one of the proprietors, was required to pay a fine of 100 marks. This I gather from Wm. Jerdan's autobiography. In May, 1813, Jerdan became the editor of the Sun, and continued to hold that position till 1817, when, discord arising between the partners, he retired from it and assumed the editorship of the Literary Gazette, of which also, in January, 1820, William A. Scripps undertook the publishing.

for want of employ, or entering into the army or navy. Poor uncle Joseph is sadly put to it. If he had not got a labourer's place in the Tower, and which I was obliged to make some interest for, he could not have found a sale for his work, and must have been much distressed, as I could not assist both him and his wife too. He only gets half a guinea a week. Such a workman as Joe Page can't find employ. He is nearly starving, and wishes, but wishes in vain, he was in America. Indeed, I can scarcely look around anywhere without seeing the greatest distress. Poor Mr. Christmas desires his remembrance to you.

Porter is four pence half penny the quart, and not worth drinking, there being scarcely any malt or hops in it. Everybody, almost, is scheming something as a substitute. One makes his beer of sugar and wormwood; another of treacle and quassia, etc., etc. Indeed, last summer numbers of families drank spruce beer. We drunk nothing else; made it ourselves; we like it much. I have had another increase in my family, a boy, born last February, named William Washington. He is the finest child you almost ever see; large and strong, and so active that he ran about alone before he was nine months old. Indeed, he was born in a cold bleak place, Tothill Fields, where I have a little house and garden, but must leave on account of my late change, which makes it too fatiguing to me to go so far, tho' I suppose we must pay at least 20 pounds for any kind of lodging in London that is decent. Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Wools' daughter, waits for my letter, so I must conclude with my best wishes and hopes soon to see you. I wish you would come to England if you do not find things easier. I am sure I could do for you and put you into some way of business with what little money I have. I remain your ever affectionate son,

W. A. SCRIPPS.

Give my love to Benjamin, John, Anne and George. I suppose that is all your family. Give my wife's love also to them, and accept her love also to yourselves. Tell Benjamin I should like to have travelled with him much better than being as I am. Indeed, I am miserable on account of my absence from you, and never shall know happiness till I see you. I hope none of my brothers will leave you on any account, nor my sister. They will never thrive if they do. I could wish you had not run away so far from the sea, which makes the communication more difficult.

For God's sake, dear father and mother, write to me soon, and direct to "Sun office, Strand, London," as my poor friend, Mr. Corderoy has been dead three months. He had just succeeded his master in a most capital business.

[On the back of the above letter appears the following fragmentary draft of a reply in the handwriting of Grace Scripps.]

* * Yr Fr. and you can discuss at future opportunities. We should be happy if you'd make good your promise of visiting us, as you can better leave your family. Can you continue your place in the Sun office if you come? But I fear I shall not live to partake of the comfort of seeing you, as I get very infirm, and have been laid up with the rheumatism for three weeks in my right side; at this time can hardly hold the pen to write. We wrote to you last October, and hope you have rec'd it. Your (father) is nearly, if not quite, as ill as myself. The children has bad colds. This a bleak winter.

FROM JOSEPH LOCKE TO WILLIAM SCRIPPS, MORGANTOWN, VA.

LONDON, Feb. 28, 1801.

Dear Brother and Sister:

This comes with our kind love to you, hoping these few lines will find you in good health, as it leaves us by the blessing of God. I am very happy to inform you it gave me much pleasure to hear you are all well to do. I wish I could say as much of myself, but the times are so altered since you left England that it is out of my power to relate it bad enough. Sufficient it is to say that we are all forced to eat bread of the brownest sort, for we are forbid to eat any white, and that we pay above 18 pence a quartern loaf. Meat from 10*d.* to 1*s.* a pound, and all other necessaries in proportion, and trade entirely at a stand. I have nothing to do at my trade, for people can scarce get victuals to eat, so that they are obliged to let their children go barefoot. But as Providence never shuts one door, but he opens another for us, so I got me a place in the Tower to be one of the labourers, but the wages is very small, being only 10*s.* 6*d.* per week, which sum at this present time is scarce sufficient to buy food for the belly; for clothes I can get none, as I have another to provide for besides myself, which makes it very hard. Was it not for some assistance I received from your son I could not have subsisted at all. But as he has a wife and family increasing on him I cannot expect much from him, but what lays in his power he does for me. I wish we could see

one another once more, but I am afraid we never shall. I wish I had gone with you when you went. I let our cousin Grimstone* know as soon as I heard of you. Agreeable to your desire, I took the first opportunity to write these few lines to convey them to your son to be transmitted to you with his own. In the meantime, I remain, with my best wishes for your health and prosperity, your loving and affectionate brother,

JOS'H LOCK.

[On the fly-leaf of the above letter appears the following fragmentary draft of a reply in the handwriting of Grace Scripps:]

* * * has given him a heart so to do; but, as you observe, he has a family coming on very fast, and it is not in his power as it has been. I wish as well as you we could see each other once more, but that cannot be, without y'd come here, for if my family was here I should not wish myself back. Dear Br., the passage from Ireland to A. is not above 5*l.* or 6*l.* per head, and find provision for you.

If you have any furniture or property sufficient to pay y'r passage, sell it and come over, as we can't help you at that distance. If not, have patience, as its improbable such high prices can continue long, and perhaps peace may set things to rights. Thank God we enjoy a tolerable good state of health, except rheumatick pains, failure of sight, &c. Benj'n is gone to the Spanish territory† upwards of a year ago. Since that we have received but one letter from him, which was just after his arrival. Jn. helps his Fr. to plough. Anne can spin and weave very pretty. George can chop, hoe, &c. They beg their uncle to accept their love, to which we join ours. Most affectionately in love and best wishes.

WM. G. S.

[Memorandum for a letter to W. A. Scripps, penned on the back of another letter, in the handwriting of Grace Scripps. Of date, probably the latter part of 1801.]

Y'r Fr thanks you for y'r kind offer you have made him to come to

* From this expression Grimstone might appear to be a relation of the Lockes.

† Up to February 1, 1801, all the territory west of the Mississippi river, with the whole of the present States of Louisiana and Florida, belonged to Spain. On that date, all the present State of Louisiana and all west of the Mississippi north of the Arkansas river was ceded to France, and two years later (April 30, 1803), the same extent of territory was sold by France to the United States for $15,000,000.

England. He sees no chance, though, at present, accordg to yr letter & ye information we have in papers to tempt him back. You know when your father left England it was his intention for a country life. Had he been content to have lived in Alexa. there is not a doubt but by this time he might have formed an independent fortune, as he had quitted the bootmak'g and had engaged in a store, and for which he was well calculated. But his partiality for a country life induced him to settle here and exposed him to many difficulties before he was competent to his undertaking, & time has so naturalized him to the country he would not wish to leave it. He joins with me in best wishes, and hopes soon to see you in America. We have p'd due attend almost every week to ye postoffice in Morgan Town for near twelve months & no letter, which keeps us worried & unhappy. Let us earnestly entreat you to write as often as you can make it convenient, at least every three months, as it will in a great measure contribute to our happiness till we see you.

FROM WM. A. SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM SCRIPPS, MORGANTOWN, VA.

March 4, 1803.

Hon. Parents:

It is now more than twelve months since I had any letter from you, and I fear you are offended at my so often deceiving you with assurances of visiting America; but you may believe me when I say that the hopes of seeing you and my brothers and sister some time or other, enables me to exert myself to acquire the means. Anticipating the moment when we shall again unite, after so long a separation, affords me nearly all the happiness I enjoy, for till then I cannot be said to experience any degree of happiness whatever, and I am the more confirmed in the expectation of that content which I want here, from the conviction that America must ensure a greater share of the blessings of life to my children than a place so depraved and so populous as England. I may truly say that for many years back I have considered myself as a foreigner here, and never look upon myself as settled, nor ever shall, till I set myself down somewhere on your side of the water. I have been wondering what effect the projected cession of Louisiana to the French will have upon you, as when you writ last Benjamin was there and invited you there also. It excites much interest in this part of the world. We hope it will terminate happily. I have little news to give you.

We have had an execution for high treason of eight men who were said to be engaged in a conspiracy to kill the king and overturn the government. They were executed last Monday week, the 21st of February, in the Borough. It is a remarkable circumstance that they were taken up from the Oakley Arms, Oakley street, Lambeth. It occasioned very little sensation as we seem all dead as to political occurrences.

I have to inform you of the melancholy end of Mr. Buckmaster. His uncle in Jamaica died about two years ago, and he succeeded to the estates, and with his oldest boy, Samuel, went over there and left Mrs. B. and the rest of the family at home. He had enjoyed his good fortune about ten months, when, last September, he went to visit on the Dover estates with his son, when the young one was taken with the fever, and died on the 3d of October last. Buckmaster was so affected that, disregarding the necessary precautions, he fell ill and died on the 11th. They were both buried together.

As for domestic news, I have very little. Uncle Lock is the same as ever, so far I believe every other relative, Pear, Aunt Pear, etc. We have had a very sickly time in London. Many people are and have been ill. My family has had a little indisposition. My oldest girl is but poorly now. She is always ill. As for myself, I am always healthy, but am devilish thin. This, I am told, is owing to my continual action. Indeed, I could not work much harder in America; I am sure I could not have more anxiety of mind. But I live in hopes yet that my staying here is for the best. I should not like to come empty handed, but God knows I am hard put to it in my private business for money, and have a great deal out; but it will pay well if I am long enough in it, and when I get the fore horse by the head, I think I shall at least pay you a visit, if I come by myself, for my family will be earning a living in my absence. I dare say before I write you again, I shall have another young one, so that *one* way I am providing riches for America,* but here they are expensive enough. James Nice, the shoemaker, in Philadelphia, with whom we were about to sail, tells me that he is going to live near you. I hope he will see you; he is a worthy young man.

The next ship that comes that Mrs. Pope sends anything by I shall

* Quite prophetic! The expected "young one" was James Mogg Scripps, who 41 years later emigrated to America with his six children. Of his descendants, 23 are now living (1891).

again venture a parcel to you. We expect them soon. Pray is Benjamin returned from his travels? As I am a bookseller,* he might send me over an account of the countries he has visited, and which are so little known here that travels in that part are eagerly sought after. I would publish it and give him half the profits and prepare it for the press. I have much more to say, but little time and little room. Pray write to me soon, and inform me how you all are, as I am very anxious to hear from you. Give my love to Benjamin and brother and sister. I should feel myself extremely happy to hear from them, if they could find time to write. Messrs. Grimstone, Hodges and Hardwick are, I believe, all well. Mr. Coombes desired to be remembered to you when I saw him last; so does poor Emms, of the club. I must now conclude with subscribing myself your dutiful son,

W. A. SCRIPPS.

My wife and children send their love and duty.

FROM JOSEPH LOCKE TO WILLIAM SCRIPPS, MORGANTOWN, VA., POSTMARKED SEPT. 8, 1808.

Dear Brother and Sister:

This comes with our kind love, hoping that these few lines will reach you. I cannot express the happiness I felt when William informed me and showed me a letter he had just rec'd from you, as it relieved me from a long anxiety, it being six years since I heard from you last. William has wrote several times, and as often remembered me to you, but could get no answer, as we see one another every day nearly. I am very much concerned to hear my dear sister has been so bad in health, but I hope that Divine Providence, who is able to do all things, and has so long preserved her from so many dangers & difficulties, will, by his blessing, restore her health once more again, and preserve her many years; as for my health, thanks

* William A. Scripps had, probably in the latter part of 1802, or early part of 1803, purchased an interest in a book-selling, stationery and news dealing business, established some 15 or 18 years before, at No. 7 South Molton St. The firm name was Brown & Scripps, and the partnership still continued in 1816, and probably for several years later. A legacy left him by Mr. Brown contributed to establish James Mogg Scripps in business for himself upon the completion of his apprenticeship, probably about 1825. So the partnership must have terminated by Mr. Brown's death, prior to that date. William A. Scripps continued meanwhile to publish the Sun.

be to God, I enjoy it tolerable well, considering I am getting advanced in years. My circumstances in life are something better than they was, thanks be to God and good friends, as I always studied to maintain a good character. I began to find my trade would not support me and my dear partner in life with any decency or propriety, as Leather got so very dear I could get nothing of any profit by it, and my eyesight began to fail me, which made me slower and slower. At length I see several of my neighbors engaging themselves at the ordnance in the Tower as labourers. I set about trying myself. I got William to write me a character, and I got myself engaged soon at 14 shillings pr week, one half year from 6 to 6, the other from 8 to 6 or dark. After some time I was appointed to carry the letters from the ordnance at the Tower to the ordnance at Westminster, without any benefit, excepting some of my work hours taken off. At length I resolved to take the advice of the gentlemen of the ordnance to see if I could not get any advance of wages for wear & tear, etc. I rec'd great encouragement, and I got a petition wrote, and presented it the Board, and after some time I rec'd the agreeable tydings that I was to be allowed 3*s*. 6*d*. pr week extra with more of my working hours taken off. They likewise made me a present of 17 guineas, being near two years pay back at 6*d*. pr day, but as house rent and all kinds of provisions are more than double what they was in your time, I am under the necessity of going out of nights as a watchman, though very hurtful to my constitution. I have followed it now upwards of 7 years, and I bear it as cheerful as possible, as most of my fellow servants do the same. I have two benefit societies to support for my wife & myself in case of sickness or death, so that I am obliged to be very frugal. I hope, please God, these lines will reach you, and that I may have the pleasure to hear from you again as soon as I possibly can expect. I am very sorry to hear of your son's misfortune; at the same time I am glad to hear he has got better. When you write again, let me know, if you can, how Benjamin does, and all the rest of your family, and let us know if you can hear anything of George Welch. I see Thomas Grimstone at times. He seems to hold his health very well. His wife and he has parted a long time. He keeps his son, a lad about 14, with him to bring him up to his business. I see sometimes William Chadwick; he is married, and got a son about 13. He tells me his brother James is dead. We have been very busy at the ordnance at the Tower, fit-

ting out expeditions for Spain & Portugal, as our King and country seem determined to lend all their assistance possible. We have just rec'd an account of the success of our arms in both them countries, where the French have been totally defeated and put to rout. Our newspapers have been full of the accounts of the embargo, but our country does not seem to mind it. At a grand dinner given in the city to the Spanish patriots by the merchants and traders, among other toasts, Sir Francis Baring proposed the health of Mr. Jefferson, which gave great disgust to the company, and he has been severely censured for it, as it was thought to give encouragement to French principles. I must now conclude with our sincere love to you and family.

JOS'H AND SUSAN.

V. THE REMOVAL TO MISSOURI.

In 1800, William Scripps's second son, Benjamin, being now of age, started west to seek his fortune. He worked for some time at Cape Girardeau, Mo., then under Spanish dominion. There, in the winter of 1802, he served in a Spanish battalion against the Indians, for which service he became entitled to 300 acres of land, which, however, he never came into possession of. In the spring of 1804, he traveled through eastern Texas, and in November of that year reached New Orleans, where he engaged in some business with a partner. According to Rev. John Scripps, he kept the American tavern there. On May 1, 1806, he dissolved this partnership and engaged in trading, with a boat on Red river, his capital being $350. From this time we lose sight of him till the spring of 1809, when he owned a farm in Catahola parish, in Louisiana, a short distance west of Natchez. To this place he sent for the rest of the family to come. The latter left Morgantown in the early summer of 1809, and arrived at Cape Girardeau on June 29th, expecting there to meet Benjamin, who would thence conduct them to Catahola. Anx-

ious months, however, passed away, and still he failed to join them. The mails in those days were slow and precarious, and it was, perhaps, autumn before Benjamin heard of their arrival at Cape Girardeau. He then started on horseback through the wilderness for Missouri. He was last heard of crossing the Mississippi to its west bank, at or near the mouth of the St. Francis river, on Christmas day, 1809. It has always been assumed that he was thereabouts murdered for a sum of money he was believed to have had with him, though he may have been lost, and have perished in the almost uninhabited wilderness, which then stretched over eastern Arkansas. His failure to reach Cape Girardeau led to the family permanently remaining in that place.

The following correspondence throws light on Benjamin's character and career:

FROM BENJAMIN SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM SCRIPPS, MORGANTOWN, VA.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, July 23, 1801.

Dear Parents:

This being the first opportunity I have had of writing to you since June, 1800, which letter, I hope, came safe to you. It gives me great uneasiness that I have not received a single letter since I left home, though I have heard of and seen several that have come down from Monongalia, in particular a Mr. Dial from Western Port on the North Branch. He was in Morgan Town about the middle of March, and was at Mr. Crear's till he started. He was followed by his son-in-law, a Mr. Bayley, and his family a few weeks after. Since that time Sommerville the pedler & two of the Cunninghams from the forks of Cheat, but I expect you have not been apprised of their coming. I had a slight spell of the fever & ague last summer while at Mr. Ramsey's, which place I left last August, & engaged to crop with one Conly this summer. In the course of last winter I cleared 10 acres of land and planted it in corn this summer, together with about six acres more, the whole of which I laid by on the 9th of July in a very promising condition, & am to have ¾ of the new & ⅓ of the old ground, which, as soon as I can sell, I propose to go down to

New Orleans & view the country to the westward of the Mississippi, from whence I expect to return in the course of next summer to Monongalia once more, as I think I should be wanting in my duty to advise you to stay in the States, labouring to maintain y'r family in an inhospitable mountainous country, governed by severe laws & oppresst with taxes, while by crossing the Mississippi you have 240 acres of land & for every child or slave you have in your family 50 acres for the maintainence of each bestowed to you by the King of Spain,* having the advantage of being governed by mild laws, being only what is consistent with your duty to the King & the public & the recovery of debt. We pay no taxes, & while the country remains under the government of his Catholic Majesty it is supposed never will. We have all the advantages of good land and good water, & navigation by the Mississippi & its numerous branches to the Natchez, Orleans or the West Indies. But the advantage of being more convenient to the Orleans market induces me to explore the country lower down. As I would not advise you to move down until I come to you, I should wish you to get the rights of y'r land settled & sell out to the best advantage you can. As I suppose you will have to take goods for pay, the best articles for this country are upper and sole leather, Irish & home made linens, men & women's saddles, window glass & rifle guns, a few dozen p'r of cotton cards, common wool fur hats & crockery ware, a few p'r plough irons, axes, grubbing & corn hoes, bells, screw augres, or any other sort of farming tools. But in particular, a good negro fellow, if you can possibly. I seem to think it would be to my brother William's advantage if he was likewise in this country. With a negro or two† he might by farming & trading live more independent than by a precarious employment. As this leaves me in perfect health, so I hope by the blessings of God it may find you all, is the sincere wish of your dutiful son.

B. SCRIPPS.

Give my love to William the next time you write to him, & tell him I think it will be to his interest to come to America. Give my love

* The writer had evidently not heard of the transfer of the trans-Mississippi country to France, which had been consummated nearly six months before.

† Slavery was not abolished in the British Colonies till August 1, 1834. It is not surprising, therefore, that Englishmen should regard it as legitimate a generation earlier.

to John, George & Nancy. Remember me to Minor* and all inquiring friends.

B. S.

FROM WILLIAM SCRIPPS TO BENJ. SCRIPPS, NEAR NATCHEZ.

MONONGALIA, March 5, 1804.

Benj'n:

Yours of the 1st of January, as well as three others from you came safe to hand. In your last you make no mention of y'r return nor of the state of y'r health, which gives us some uneasiness, but shall be happy to find this meets you in good health, as it leaves us at present.

We have not rec'd any letter from Wm. since last March. He had engaged in partnership in an old established bookseller's & stationer's shop in Southmolton Street. The neat profits amount to about 9*l.* pr week, in addition to his employment as publisher of the Sun Newspaper, which amounts to about 200*l.* per annum more, so that his situation is comfortable at present. John I have placed with Mr. Jacob Stealey, of Clarksburgh, tanner, for four years. He went ye 17th of June last. As you have given over any return at present, you will not be surprised if you should see me with the family next fall. We have well considered you under every disagreeable circumstance; sometime, in yr mother's opinion you was drowned, at other times you was sick & among strangers, at other times you was coming home, & possibly murthered†, and last of all your journey to the Natchez had of course terminated y'r end, or you would of a certainty have returned last fall. Under these various opinions y'r mother suffered much. It almost cost her her life, but y'r letter of 4th of April happily gave her great consolation, and all her wish was that she should be happy to have you with us on the journey. Nancy & George join in love. From y'r affectionate father & mother,

W. G. SCRIPPS.‡

P. S.—Mr. Jacobs informs me you had entered 480 acres of very fine land, but omitted surveying it. I would have you see to it, as the treaty mentions all grants are to be valued. Minor sends her best remembrance to you.

* A female slave owned by William Scripps.

† He unhappily was murdered, as stated in the text, something less than six years later, while finally on his way to rejoin his parents after a nearly ten years' absence from them.

‡ Intended for William and Grace Scripps.

FROM BENJAMIN SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM SCRIPPS, NEAR MORGANTOWN, VA.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 25, 1805.

Dear Parents:

I arrived in this city on the 14th of Nov. last, before that dreadful contagion called the yellow fever had ceast to destroy its inhabitants. Several persons of my acquaintance fell victims to the dire disease, but by the blessing of God I enjoy my health, having but had one week's sickness during the whole season, & that at Natchez. I attribute my health in a great measure to a regular mode of life and a particularity of diet highly necessary in this hot climate, the neglect of which proves fatal to the generality of travelers.

I received from you, dated the 28th of June, a letter, & two more before that, which I got immediately on my return from my western excursion, but your last gave me the greatest satisfaction, as by that you appeared disposed to wait for my return, instead of taking that rash step which your two former letters induced me to believe, and which caused me great uneasiness, as such an undertaking would, in my opinion, be very prejudicial at present, and perhaps fatal to your lives. As I mean to leave Orleans before the setting in of the sickly season (which is the beginning of August for the Y fever), when by that time I hope I shall know what will be most to our advantage in respect to settlement. For in the unsettled state everything remains at present, I despair of getting land under the U. S. government, together with an utter dislike to the present constitution under Jefferson, which I think has considerably curtailed the privileges of the middle and lower class of citizens, besides many other disadvantages attending the climate and low situation of the territory of New Orleans, all which induces me to wait for the opportunity of making interest for settlement in the Spanish provinces* with Spanish officers, who, together with the Marquis De Casa Calvo and a part of the garrison, still remains here. I would wish you to write every post, if possible, as it is the greatest gratification I can at present receive. I hope that you will not bind John, but let him gain as much insight as possible in that line, as I hope to have it in my power yet for to settle to our satisfaction in some country more agreeable than where you are at present. Until such time I would wish you to remain on your little farm.

It gave me the greatest pleasure to read the flattering accounts

* He probably had in mind settlement in what is now Texas.

you gave me of the progress of my dear brothers and sister, and I hope they may always deserve your commendations and be dutiful children. Give my love to them all. Never forget me when you write to William. In hopes of you all enjoying every blessing God can bestow, I remain your dutiful son until death,

I am in hopes of your answering this by return of post, and every opportunity. Address to Benj'n Scripps, New Orleans. Remember me to Minor.

FROM GRACE SCRIPPS TO BENJAMIN SCRIPPS, NEW ORLEANS.

MONONGALIA, Nov. 19, 1805.

Dear Benjamin:

Your father has intended to answer your last letter, dated August 16th himself, (we received it the beginning of Nov.,) but knowing he is apt to be tedious I wrote a few lines, hoping it might (as you kindly observed) be some elevation to you in that sickly, unwholesome country to hear your dear parents are as well as our age and infirmities admits of, and your brothers and sister is well. We thank you for attention you paid to our last letter in giving an account of your past and present situation. We sincerely feel for our dear child that at so early an age he should experience the rascality of mankind, and what can we do for you or what advice can we give you but remove from that sickly country which does not seem calculated to be any advantage to you, but, on the contrary, might even indanger your life. From the account you give us, what can detain you in such unprofitable sickly place? You say you are not in debt. If your circumstances are such as that you cannot reach home, where we should all be happy and joyful to see you, sure you might get to Cape Girardeau, which place you regret leaving, and where I have reason to think you have friends. If you would write from that place your father would come there and meet you. Your long absence has made us very unhappy. I hope you will make us amends by returning as soon as possible, as there are many boats goes from Morgan Town to the Orleans, and you being so well acquainted with the Mississippi, I think they would be glad to employ you. I have known them

employ young men unacquainted with the river or trade, and pay them very handsome for the trip. However, there's no fear of your doing well here, as this place improves very much. We have several forges and furnaces and mills about Decker's creek and the river, which is a help to these parts. Your brother George last winter cut cordwood one week for Tate, and earned 18*s.* for a coat for himself. He is a sober, industrious little fellow, does the chief of the work on the place, as your father breaks very fast, and not able to work much. John has about 1½ years to stay; is well respected. (He is not bound.) I hope when that time's up, if God grants us life, to see you all once more together, and that we may no more be divided from our children, at least not for such a distance, till it please God to call us to our last home, is my sincere prayer. Nancy is a good girl. It seems to be her chief aim to do her best for us, and I hope answer her brother's wishes in her favor. She is chiefly employed in weaving. She and her brothers present their kind love and best wishes for your safety and speedy return, and beg you will write soon and give us your answer on that subject. Indeed, it is incumbent upon you to return, as we can't determine about selling the place till we see you, and it will not suit John for his trade; therefore we must remove somewhere else. William we heard from last spring. He and his family consisting of four children was well. In a former letter he wishes you to write your travels in those parts & send it to him. He will compile it and have it printed at his expense, and allow you one-half the profits. He says it would sell well, as they are unacquainted with those parts in England. Andrew Ramsey has been at his brother's for some months back. I believe is there now. He appears to be a friend of yours, speaks highly in your favor, wishes to see you at Cape Girardeau. He has a box of clothes of yours at his house, and says you have cattle at that place. Advises you to come and see after your property. He further informs us that you have a grant of land that you can make title to from the governor or commandant of Lance le Grace or New Madrid, I don't know which, as you was one of a party that guarded some Indians, I think I am right, and for which service he ordered, I believe, 200 acres each man, and wrote a list of their names, and he thinks had it recorded. One of Andrew's sons or nephews has got his, and he thinks if you knew of it you'd come to see after it, as your name must be in the list. Minor sends her respects to you, and says you have

staid away so long she fears she shall never see you. Mr. Foster is dead and his widow is married one Mr. Browning, son-in-law to Col. Putman. We have sent money to Reece Woolf to pay your taxes. They inform us that they are settled pretty thick about where your lot lies. An Englishman that lives adjoining lot breakfasted at our house, wishes us to come and live there. If you come back that way you had better enquire, tho' we are pretty well satisfied Woolf will be punctual.

I must now conclude my tedious detail which has tired me in writing as well as you in reading, hoping when your father writes he will be more explicit. As he is uncertain, answer this as soon as convenient. My prayers to the Almighty to bless and preserve you with health my dear son, and enable you to return safe to your affectionate parents.

WM. & G. SCRIPPS.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER FROM WM. A. SCRIPPS TO BENJAMIN SCRIPPS, UNDATED, BUT SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE END OF 1805.

Dear Brother:

I received your letter dated in May last, & feel myself much flattered by your brotherly attention, more particularly as it has removed some anxiety I had entertained respecting our parents, not having heard of them for four years, bating a few months. During that time I have written five or six letters. I cannot account for their silence, tho' you give me a great consolation informing me they are comfortably circumstanced.

Your offer of an epistolary correspondence I embrace with pleasure & fervently hope it will form an epoch in our lives, of future additional happiness to us both, of which no doubt our dear parents will participate, but in future it will be better to address your letters to me at the "Sun Newspaper Office, London," & in your first letter give me some address to you, as there are frequently ships going & coming between London and New Orleans.

I should very much like to pay our parents a visit, but God only knows whether I ever shall. As to settling among you, I can't say that America holds out as many temptations to Europeans as formerly, I think new settlers meet with too many discouraging obstacles to render it eligible, more particularly when they can do

tolerably well in their own country, tho' I can assure you that I have not entirely relinquished every idea of becoming an American settler. You speak of disappointments and misfortunes in your projects. I hope they have not been very serious ones, & that upon the whole you are doing pretty well, though you do not gratify my curiosity by informing me how you are settled & whether you are married. In the last letter I received from our mother I was informed that you were doing very well. This I should be happy to have confirmed by yourself, & whether you think of remaining in Louisiana. With respect to Louisiana we are led to suppose that it is a very valuable acquisition to America, being in general considered as a fine rich country, but Europeans are very little acquainted with it, indeed I am surprised that we have no account of its modern state and description in print, considering the great interest it continues to excite. I should except two translations from the French of Charlevoix and Page, the latter a very dull and uninteresting performance, and both of them obsolete. I am well convinced a good sum of money might be made by a correct descriptive publication written by a person resident there, and edited & rendered fit for the press in London. I wish you had time to undertake the former, I would engage for the latter part of the performance, and it would pay us both well, for you can't think with what avidity travels in America, &c., is yet read, and I should really think your travels & observations would be particularly interesting, particularly if accompanied with sketches, no matter how rudely drawn, if from nature, such as costume of Indians & Americans, buildings of log houses, &c., boats & vessels navigating the western waters, carriages, &c. But good description, even without drawing, would excite much attention. We have a translation from the French of Michoux, a person who traveled westward of the Alleghanies, which sells well, but he made a rapid and short journey. You speak of the conduct of the American government in the disposing of their lands, I can't help remarking that perfection embodies—

[Here the sheet being full the MS. abruptly ends, the remainder of the letter being missing.]

FROM BENJAMIN SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM SCRIPPS, MORGANTOWN, VA.

NEW ORLEANS, May 10th, 1806.

Dear Parents:

I rec'd yours of the 3rd of March on the 9th instant, and it gave me great satisfaction to hear of the welfare of my dear relations. I congratulate you on the flattering description you give me of my brother John's mental improvements. I shall ever lament that a boy of his genius never had a sufficient chance of cultivating those qualifications he is possessed of by a more liberal education. It gives me pleasure to hear he is so agreeably situated at Clarksburgh, & of the pecuniary advantages he derives from Mr. Stealy's liberality, together with Mr. Tower's library, that enables him to indulge himself in the pleasing pursuits of literature. When you write to him present his absent brother's love, and inform him that it gives me the greatest pleasure to hear that he is respected by his connections & obtains the good will of his fellow citizens by his good conduct. I hope he may continue to merit their commendations. As a brother I would wish to take the liberty to recommend one thing to him, that is to avoid pedantry in conversation (not that I suspect him to be guilty of that absurdity, far be it from me to entertain that opinion), as I would observe it is commonly very disgusting, particularly among friends, & without a person is very careful learns themselves an arrogant superciliousness in company, which is not easy to break themselves of. As for my brother George I would wish him not to be discouraged by his brother's witticisms, but strive to improve himself so as to write with propriety. Give my love to him & sister Nancy, who I am highly delighted to hear is an industrious girl. I now once for all, as it is uncertain when I shall return, recommend them both to write me at least a few lines on a separate piece of paper, & inclose it in your letter. As to John I shall request him to write separately as he resides in a post town & has an opportunity of writing letters to me every mail. I rec'd yours of the 19th Nov. on the 17th of Jan., & answered it on the 13th of Feb., which I hope you have rec'd, since which on the 1st of the present month I dissolved partnership with my friend & settled our business to our mutual satisfaction. We met with great losses as well as profits, which made my dividend but small; however, I am about to embark in business with a Mr. Henry, a trader on Red river. He has accepted my small capital, which does not amount to more than three hundred & fifty dollars, & allows me a proportional dividend

of the profits in trade, though I have obtained some credit in the city, nearly to the amount of my capital. My employment will be to run our boat from hence to Red river, where Mr. Henry is about establishing a store, and back to this city with our returns. If I should meet with success in this new arrangement I shall make purchases of lands, being persuaded, from the great increase of population west of the Mississippi, that it will be the most advantageous. But I have still great expectations from the settlement of the province of Texas by the Crown of Spain, as you will find by the enclosed copy of an order of the Vice Roy of Mexico. You will observe that the encouragement is held out for his Catholic Majesty's former subjects, the inhabitants of the Louisiana, whereby I shall be privileged, but you will find there will be emigrants enough from the States who will be introduced by the American Louisianians, and by their recommendations will obtain settlements. It is a fine country, I having traveled through the Eastern parts of it in the spring of 1804, and I conceive it to be much healthier than Louisiana, never seeing a single case of sickness while in that country. In my last I mentioned my correspondence with William. Remember to present my love to him & family, & inform him that most all vessels bound from here to England make Liverpool their port & are apt to be negligent, as we have no regular packets. Besides the business I am at present engaged in hinders me from giving that necessary information he writes he would wish to obtain, but inform him that as soon as I find myself at leisure to correspond, I will give him every information that comes to my own knowledge concerning this country. I expect, by every inquiry I can make, that I possess 300 acres of land in the Louisiana, by means of the muster roll of the Spanish battalion I served in in the winter of 1802, as I am informed there was a reserve made. I should dedicate the ensuing summer to the obtaining of it did I not consider it would interfere too much with the business I am engaged in. Write often & direct in future to Benj. Scripps, to the care of Mr. Malachi Jones, New Orleans. I now conclude my tedious letter by subscribing myself, dear parents, your dutiful son.

BENJ. SCRIPPS.

I desire to be remembered to Minor & hope she merits her mistress' approbation.

FROM BENJAMIN SCRIPPS TO WILLIAM SCRIPPS, NEAR MORGANTOWN, VA.

NATCHEZ, February 28th, 1809.

Dear Parents:

I arrived at this place on business on the 22nd inst., and acknowledged the receipt of your tender and affectionate letter dated the 16th of last May, and which I did not receive until about the 16th of last month at Catahola. My not receiving it before, I impute to an alteration that took place in the post office establishment, the delivering letters at this parish being removed to that of Rapide, distance seventy miles, and which has occasioned I presume the difficulties attending our correspondence for some time past.

In perusing your letter I could not refrain from tears to hear of your complicated family distress. I very much commiserate the situation of my dear mother for the loss of her faithful servant Minor, I might say with more propriety friend, who has gone I hope to receive that reward which the great Omnipotent grants to every good & moral being without distinction of colour or feature, or respect to persons, and which she justly merits for her affectionate & faithful services towards her mistress for a series of years past. But to proceed, the deplorable situation of a dear father bore down with age & sickness served to awaken my most tender sensation, and by no means served to elevate my deprest spirits from the recital of the above misfortunes in the family, but on the contrary left the pangs of the most poignant reflections in the breast of an undutiful son, for such I consider myself to be when I look back on my past conduct. But I live in hopes under the divine blessing that I may yet have it in my power to make my dear parents amends for my past unaccountable conduct, and have the felicity to administer that comfort to them in their latter days that may atone for my past folly & neglect. It is with shame I acknowledge that my present situation can scarcely justify an assertion of this kind, my circumstances being very much impaired from what they have been from want of that prudence & necessary economy which youth & inexperience are commonly so destitute of, and which can only plead my excuse.

On receipt of your letter I at once determined within myself to return and make arrangements to assist you down to this country between this and the ensuing winter. I therefore sold out part of my live stock to pay what debt I had contracted last season & put a family on my little farm till my return. I then made application to a person who was in arrearages to me upwards of one hundred dollars

cash, lent near two years past, thinking it would defray my expenses home, but judge my disappointment when I could not obtain a single dollar. In fact there is such a scarcity of specie all through this country owing to the embargo system of Jefferson that it will be ruin of the whole of the Western settlements, should it continue and no revolution take place. Under present circumstances I am obliged to remain where I am for the want of the necessary requisites to proceed with, and can only blame myself for disposing of my stock and property & giving up my farm for the ensuing summer before I knew I could not obtain what was in due me to proceed with, but I have it in contemplation to set in & crop it this season on some of the plantations contiguous to my little estate & await your coming. I can therefore only offer you my advice until you see me.

I have considered that the invaluable blessing of health appears to be as precarious in the mountains of Monongalia as in the plains of Louisiana & Orleans. I should therefore recommend you to descend the river to this country as soon as you possibly can, and I shall recommend my present residence in Catahola as the most healthy situation for the following reasons: First the Catahola & the adjacent highlands form the western highlands of the Mississippi river, & in a physical sense the air is more pure & the climate more healthy than on the east side, owing to the sun attracting & drawing off the gross vapours & noxious effluvia of the stagnated lagoons & lakes of the Mississippi swamps from forty to fifty miles in extent, & the westerly breezes which generally blow from the westward in the summer months & dispel the whole of this impure air on the Mississippi territory and makes the east bank of the Mississippi river so unwholesome. Second the western Highlands are timbered with pine, intersected with the finest streams of pure water, on the banks of which are extensive bottoms which the inhabitants cultivate, the extensive pine hills and the uncultivated cane bottoms furnishing food sufficient for their numerous stocks of cattle, horses & hogs, who keep fat all winter without the assistance of their owners. Third, the settlers of the western highlands, though much addicted to intemperance, enjoy their health, & I can safely say it, that I have not had a moment's sickness in the country for the three years that I have resided in this parish. I therefore think I can recommend it with propriety to you. I shall therefore advise you to turn what you can into whiskey, which will at Catahola fetch you from one to two

dollars per gallon; iron & castings from 18¾ to 25 cents pr lb., flax & woolen cloth from $1 to $1.50 pr yd—this & bacon enough for y'r first year's consumption is all I recommend you to bring, though negro property is invaluable & if you can make out to purchase one it will be to your advantage. I feel a considerable desire to be with you on your voyage, it not being attended without difficulty & danger. I would therefore advise you to superintend the building of your own boat, and, if you can, get in company with some of the regular traders that comes down from Pittsburgh, Charleston, Wheeling & Marietta. If you should miss with these you will stand a chance to meet with some boat from Kentucky, Tennessee or Ohio before you get in the Mississippi, but by no means attempt that river without such guides or a well recommended pilot. I would wish you to land on the west bank about eighteen miles above the Natchez, where there is a road to Catahola parish, where I reside. I shall then advise you to come out & let me know of your arrival, as we have to provide keel boats on perogues for the ascending Red & Black rivers. I depend on my brothers John & George accompanying you. Inform John that nothing but the non-receipt of some of your letters has prevented me giving him the necessary advice & encouragement for him to come to this country before, as I think it will be much to his advantage. If you write to my brother William before you come down give my love to him & inform him that time and distance has not made me forget him. If you should be wind bound or detained in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Ohio or at New Madrid, I would wish you to go up to Cape Geredeau, distance within sixty miles of either place, and in my name to collect some arrearages in due me for some cattle, &c., I left in the hands of Robert Giboney to collect, and which the said Robert Giboney has informed me he has collected some part of, in a letter from him to me sent by Mr. Abraham Bird June last summer, & informing me he would send by the first opportunity. Perhaps Andrew Ramsey can give you some information respecting my concerns in that country, but the length of time & the vicissitudes of life have almost erased it from my own mind. Try & get what information you can respecting what gratuity in lands the militia under Governor La Suse obtained for their services in the expedition to New Madrid in the winter of the year 1802, as I am afraid from my not being there to make application for my rights to the Commis-

sioner, I have lost it. I have understood it was 320 acres. But without you'r detained by unavoidable circumstances, I would wish you not to detain for the sake of what little trifle of property there may be collected for me, as it is very dangerous landing & laying by at both these places, and the quicker you get down here the better. I shall now conclude by requesting you to write & let me know your intention immediately, & when you expect to come down, that I may make some preparation for your reception. In hopes of seeing my dear parents, together with the rest of my dear relatives, I remain till then your absent and disconsolate son,

BENJAMIN SCRIPPS.

FROM WILLIAM SCRIPPS TO BENJAMIN SCRIPPS, CATAHOLA, LA.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, Aug. 28, 1809.

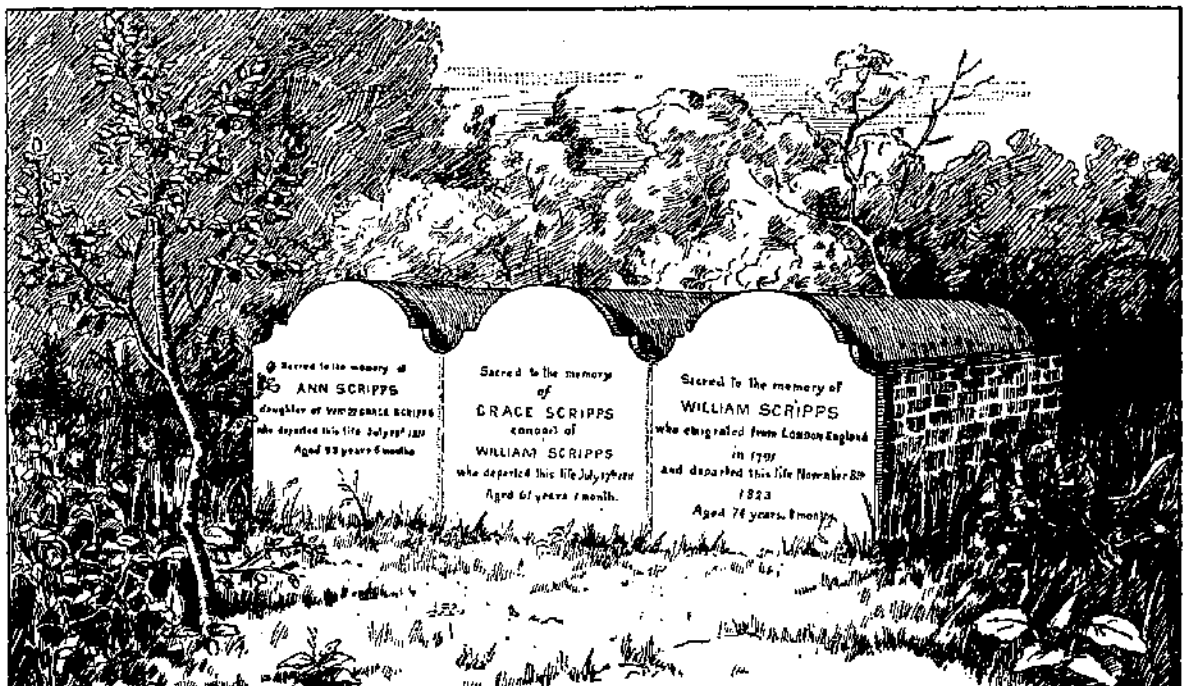
Dear Benj'n:

I take this opportunity pr favour of Mr. David Shaw of this place to forward this to you, that in case you have not rec'd two letters I sent you, one by Maj'r Hayden about ye 14th of July & ye other about 14 days after by ye post, to inform you I arrived at this place about 29th of June last, that our situation ever since has been very uncomfortable. Nancy has the ague & fever & Geo. has the fever. Yr mother I thought I should have lost her last Wednesday, but thank God she happily recovered. The place appears to be very sickly. Capt. Jno. Ramsey lost a favorite daughter about 18 years of age about 10 days ago. I am very anxious to see or hear from you before I can determine what measures to take. It appears to me I ought to have continued on my journey & not have stopt at this place, as I do not expect to obtain any of your property, as I find you left a power of attorney with Rt. Giboney to act for you. He has Josh Simpson's note for two heifers, for which he agreed to let me have two cows with their calves, but he has not compleyd with the terms, and am informed he does not intend it, as he has made over his property. J. Jacobs says he owes you one bushel of salt & three yds of lining, for which he offers me $3.50. Giboney says he owes you almost $64—thirteen dollars & half in cash the rest in trade, but am doubtful whether I shall be able to get from him, as I have no authority to enforce the law. John's patience I have almost tired out by my unsettled situation, as he wants to be at his business, he not being calculated for any other employment except keeping school, and the uncertainty of my stay here prevents him from that.

I am informed by Mr. Rodney you were in the Floridas at the time he was down. If so I fear you have not rec'd my letters, & unless I hear from you soon I must be under the necessity of settling myself some where to keep Jno. with me; if not I fear he will travel. He wanted to leave us to come to you, but the uncertainty of your residence, &c. I prevailed on him to stop, all'g you might be on y'r journey to us. I conclude this with request'g you to write or come immediately; as I must come to some conclusion. Y'r mother, brothers & sister join me in love & best wishes to you. From

Y affectionate father
W Scripps

Six months after the dispatch of this letter, the family were saddened by the intelligence of Benjamin's death. Of course all idea of proceeding to Catahola was abandoned. Whether anything was realized from the farm and other property in Catahola, I have never heard, but probably not. The family forthwith settled down to a permanent residence in Cape Girardeau. John bought out or established a tan yard, the remains of which are still to be seen a short distance from the village. His father probably took up his old trade of shoemaker. In the summer of 1811, an epidemic, perhaps a sort of malarial fever, visited Cape Girardeau, and great numbers fell victims to it. Among them were Grace Scripps, who died on July 17th, and her daughter Anne, who survived her but five days. They were buried side by side in the little cemetery, situated high up on the bluff overlooking the Mississippi for miles in both directions. Three years later, George married, and his father resided with him for the remainder of his life, employing his time as cutter in a shoe shop carried on by his sons in con-



Graves of William, Grace and Ann Scripps, from a sketch made by William A. Scripps in 1833.

nection with their tannery. He died at Jackson, the county seat of Cape Girardeau county, to which place George had removed, on November 8th, 1823, and was buried beside his wife and daughter at "the Cape."

In the absence of any existing portrait of William Scripps, a verbal description of him given by a Mrs. Louis Painter, an aged lady whom I met in Jackson in 1886, and who, as a girl, well remembered the Scripps family at Cape Girardeau, may be worth recording. She says he was of medium highth, rather thick-set, wore his hair short, and was always smoothly shaven. He was quick, active and bustling in his manner. His wife was "a nice lady. She always looked as if she were dressed up to go to meeting." She was about 5 ft. 2 in. tall, and slender. Anne, who was familiarly called Nancy, was taller and heavier than her mother. Both died of an epidemic, with which nearly every household in Cape Girardeau was affected. They were badly attended by a Dr. Ellis, who afterwards sent in an exorbitant bill for his services. The family lived up on the hill beyond the present court house, and they had in their house "the finest furniture ever seen in Cape Girardeau—all mahogany and kept covered." Continuing, Mrs. Painter said that Benjamin was only one of many persons murdered by desperadoes, who, in those days infested the banks of the Mississippi. Among other Cape Girardeau victims were a Mr. Hinkster and a Mr. Stewart, the latter an Englishman, who were on their way to New Orleans to buy goods. John Scripps, she said was the "homely" member of the family, but he was famous for his knowledge and "smartness." When he became a Methodist he burned a large library of novels to the great disappointment of his friends and acquaintances, who had expected a distribution of them. (This fact I have myself heard Rev. John Scripps relate, but as I

understood him, it was his father's library, which had come into his possession.) Mrs. Painter closed with the remark that all the family were very highly respected, and anything that a Scripps said could always be relied on. She repeated, also, a remark of William Scripps's, which for three quarters of a century had fastened itself in her memory. It was, "When you learn anything, learn something useful."

According to Rev. John Scripps, William and Grace Scripps were the parents of 19 or 20 children, most of whom died in infancy.

VI—REV. JOHN SCRIPPS.

In June, 1803, John Scripps had been placed by his father with Jacob Stealey, of Clarksburg, Va., for an apprenticeship of four years at the tanning business. This business he subsequently followed, as we have seen, at Cape Girardeau, though his tastes lay in the direction of more intellectual pursuits. As a boy, he had shown a remarkable fondness for books, and, while at his apprenticeship, was in the habit of walking many miles, after the close of his day's work, to borrow a volume of history or science, which he then not only read but made a manuscript digest of for his own use after the book should be returned. A volume of these manuscripts, numbered 13, and dated Clarksburg, February 28, 1807, is in my possession. Its title page shows it to be "Extracts from Hermes, or a Philosophical Inquiry Concerning Universal Grammar, by James Harris." * It consists of 353 pages of small quarto size, rudely bound in pasteboard, covered

* This work was first published in 1752, and though, according to Lowndes, unmercifully ridiculed by Horne Tooke, passed through six editions, besides appearing in several editions of the author's collected works. It was also translated into French.

with paper, evidently the work also of the writer. He had been a careful student of the Bible, and, with his mother, had become a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. Soon after settling in Cape Girardeau, he was licensed to preach, and, in the autumn of 1814, gave up the tanyard, and was appointed to the charge of a circuit in Indiana. In 1815, he was appointed to the Illinois circuit, embracing the counties of Madison, St. Clair, Monroe and Randolph, and was this year elected secretary of the Missouri Conference, which position he filled for nine years. In 1816, he held the first Methodist services ever held in the city of St. Louis. In 1818, he was stationed at Cape Girardeau, and this year organized the first Methodist church at Alton, Illinois. In 1821, he appears to have been again in Indiana, and in 1822, he rode the Arkansas circuit. The following year he was placed on the superannuated list on account of failing health.

The following letter, addressed to his brother, George H. Scripps, at Hilerville, near Jackson, Mo., will throw a little light on the ministerial work in the west at that early day:

PAOLI, IND., June 11th, 1821.

Dear Brother:

Yours of April 29 I received three weeks ago, being taken out of the office by the postmaster with others that had arrived for me, and sent after me by private hands, but as I generally write all my letters at Paoli I have deferred writing again till to-day. When last here I wrote you two letters. I am well. Since I was at this place, Father Cravens with two or three of the greatest preachers of this State and Kentucky held a two days' meeting here, the appointment long and wide diffused, but was not as well attended as my last, six weeks ago, which was far exceeded by my yesterday's congregation. I baptised in the court house by sprinkling. Owing to Baptist influence and opposition, my predecessors have baptised what few they have administered the ordinance to secretly in class meetings. They have passed thro' very easily, and the number of unbaptised Methodists

and Methodist children, preachers' children and exhorters' children are astonishing. Our quarterly conference is respectable and weighty—between 50 and 60 in number. I sometimes, where I have the opportunity, publish six weeks beforehand the administration, and am as public in it as I possibly can be, endeavoring to provoke challenge. I have had several, but have been as often disappointed. Judge Vandevert, their great champion, sent me one last Sunday to Orleans, where I preached, that he would meet me yesterday at Paoli, for he had as much right to the court house as myself; that he would then and there forbid, first, my baptising children, proving them not fit subjects; 2dly, by sprinkling, proving it not the ordinance; 3dly, baptising face downward, by immersion, proving Christ was baptised face upward, and that he was also buried so; 4thly, that I had no right to baptise, not being baptised myself. He gave out this appointment to meet me on these grounds three weeks ago in the court house, but very prudently thought fit to send in his withdrawal of the challenge the day before yesterday. I have reserved some of my principal shot for such a contest, but no opponent has had the courage to meet me but Friend Pricilla Hunt, five weeks ago at the court house, Salem, to prove, in a sermon from Genesis i, 3, that the ordinance was abolished. Her appointment was at 11 o'clock, mine at 12. She was a woman of excellent language and fluency of speech, but her ideas figments of the fancy and her arguments vapours. I could not consent to wield the weapons of controversal warfare against a woman, and a handsome, rich, young widow, too. I could only sit & wish she were a man. She intruded 15 minutes on my time. The congregation was numerous & respectable, Abel Sargent was there *incog*. As I am to be his antagonist on the Trinity and divinity of Jesus Christ next Thursday two weeks, he had come thus to hear me preach, but was much disappointed, as I invited Bp. Roberts, who was present, to take the pulpit in my place, which he very willingly accepted, and preached on the subject of Deism. Sargent and myself then exchanged some civilities by dumb signs & the intercourse of some enormous quids of tobacco, & he went away before the Bishop was done. In preaching on the subject of baptism, I have had recourse to arithmetical calculations to prove from Luke i, 5, & Acts ii, that neither John nor the Apostles had time to baptise by immersion the numbers that came to them, not allowing more than a minute to a subject. But Hochstuter, a Dunk-

ard,* at a Dunkard camp meeting not long since, says it is a lie, for he can baptise 5,000 in a day himself. This would allow him eight seconds to a subject. After his round assertion he baptized three in 47 minutes. The Baptists have expelled five members, and but five, from their communion since I have been on the circuit, for believing in the possibility of falling from grace and the necessity of holiness and watching unto prayer, and one, a preacher, for baptising an infant by sprinkling. I have a list of about twenty-five habitual drunkards, who confess their besetting sin every church meeting, and are retained. One is Vandivert's brother, & they are as mad as March hares, because I publish it everywhere, showing that repentance is forsaking as well as confession. My principal friends and admirers among other sects are the Dependers, a species of the Baptists; 2d, the Presbyterians; 3d, the Quakers, only in the affair of baptism, which they do wish they could convert me from, tho' I have an invitation from one of them (whose daughter I have baptised) to stay with him to-night. I sometimes have three or four of them in class meeting at a time. They think well of it. At Hindostan the Presbyterians and Deists, for there are no others, would make me almost a salary. They have no preaching but mine there, and I can only slip out of my circuit once in six weeks and ride ten miles after preaching to give them a night meeting. They turn out large congregations. Brownstown is another county seat, eleven miles from my circuit, that I preach at 10 o'clock on Sundays to crowded congregations, and back to my circuit and preach at 4 o'clock the same day. There was but one town (Paoli) in this circuit where the Methodists preached before I came, but I have now taken them all in & the adjoining county seats. My circuit is thro' Orange, Washington, Lawrence, part of Jackson and Martin counties. The Dependers come and shout at my meetings. They think I can almost preach as good as Peter Wright, their founder here, and when I last saw him he said the whole of the scriptures was unfolded to his mind clearly, with the exception of two mysteries, Those were what Jesus wrote on the ground, Jn. viii, 6–8, & what the seven thunders uttered, Rev. x, 34. That all the rest of the Scripture he could preach from, one text as well as another (I believe him), and assisted him with a clew for Jn. viii, 6–8, by assuring him that the Latin vulgate records that

* The Dunkers, sometimes called in the west Dunkards, are a sect of German Baptists, founded in 1708 by one Alexander Mack. Between 1719 and 1729 they all emigrated to America, to which the denomination has since been confined. They are most numerous in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio and Indiana, and are said to have over 500 churches. They attempt to revive many of the primitive usages of the Christian Church.

Jesus wrote down the accusers' sins. He was thankful for my light, and has since preached from the words of the seven thunders, consequently there are no more mysteries for him to puzzle his noddle with. See what learned men and profound divines we are here.

The men who went after Bro. Steward's (the ct. preacher's) horse mentioned in my last, overtook the horse & thief at Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, & brought them safely back in 15 days. John Deahman, a most atrocious murderer, for which he was confined in Albany jail in the spring 1820, broke jail last June & another prisoner with him. He killed his fellow fugitive that night and disfigured the dead corpse to make his pursuers believe it was himself that had died, if they should discover it. He succeeded. But his letters to his wife in Albany being intercepted, it was found he was yet alive in Canada. He was then pursued thither & decoyed on board an American ship by men in his (Deahman's) wife's clothes, he being informed it was her. He is brought back, tried, found guilty & condemned to hang July 6. As Br. Floyd, the Judge, pronounced the sentence "till you are dead," he (Deahman) rejoined "& be d—d & in hell," he then cursed the Judge for not hanging him at once instead of procrastinating his life so long.

I visited Jacob Stealy a few nights ago, his father was there. I believe he has not been at home since last spring. He told me he was waiting to receive 37,000 dollars in Tennessee, due him by Roberts & his brother Peter in Cairo. He says they are all broke up. Jake carries on a farm, mill and distillery. John Decker was drowned a few weeks ago in Silver creek.

Since I have been on the circuit times have generally been discouraging. Almost every day brings members to trial; & expulsions are necessarily numerous, but congregations & societies are visibly increasing.

[The remainder of the letter is so torn as to be unintelligible].

On November 25, 1824, Rev. John Scripps married Agnes Corrie of Corrieville, Lawrence County, Illinois, and soon after engaged in mercantile business at Jackson, Mo. In July, 1831, he removed to Rushville, Illinois, then but newly established, and was thus one of its very earliest citizens. Here he embarked heavily in business, carrying on also a tan yard. At a later period he resumed the pulpit, and for some years edited and published a

Rev. John Scripps.
From a photograph.

weekly newspaper, The Prairie Telegraph. His death occurred in Rushville, July 26, 1865.*

* The following biographical sketch of Rev. John Scripps is from the "History of Methodism in Illinois from 1793 to 1832. By Rev. James Leaton, D. D., of the Illinois Conference, Cincinnati. Printed by Welden & Stowe for the author, 1883."

John Scripps was a native of England, having been born in London, August 26th, 1785. When he was six years old his father removed to America, settling first at Alexandria, and afterwards in the neighborhood of Morgantown, Virginia. John, who was a sickly child, was not sent to school, but was allowed to avail himself of his father's excellent library, which he did to such advantage that when in his twentieth year he entered the Virginia Academy, with the exception of the dead languages, he was found the best scholar in the institution. On his eighth birthday, under the direction of his mother, he began reading the Scriptures consecutively—a practice which he kept up as long as he lived. And yet, in spite of this, he early imbibed infidel notions, of which he did not get rid until he read "Grotius on the Truth of the Christian Religion." He now became a firm believer in the truth of Christianity, and united with the Methodist Episcopal church, of which his mother had already become a member. But he could never give the exact date of his conversion. In 1809 he removed to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, and established a tan yard. He was soon after made class leader, and was then given license to exhort, and afterwards to preach. In the fall of 1814 he was employed by the presiding elder to travel the Illinois circuit whilst the preachers went to conference; and on their return found, to his surprise—for he had not been consulted—that he had been received into the conference and appointed to Patoka circuit in Indiana. He went to his charge, however, resolved to do his duty. Up to this time no society had been formed in Columbia, the only town in his circuit; but Mr. Scripps not only formed a class there, but extended his circuit so as to include Evansville, on the Ohio river, where he also formed a good society, in which nearly every family in the town was represented. In 1815 he was appointed to the Illinois circuit, to which, as stated before, the Okaw circuit was attached. In it was Kaskaskia, the Capital of the Territory, which Mr. Scripps made one of his preaching-places, and where he had good success. At the close of the year he had to prepare for the session of the newly formed Missouri conference, which was to be held at Shiloh, in his circuit. He was to meet Bishop McKendree at a camp-meeting near Vincennes, to conduct him to the seat of the conference. But instead of taking the circuitous route down the Mississippi and up the Ohio and Wabash, which was usually taken in order to avoid danger from the Indians, and keep within the settlements, Mr. Scripps resolved to take a straight course for Vincennes, though it would compel him to travel one hundred and thirty miles through a country infested with Indians, and uninhabited by a single white settler. In company with several others, he made the trip in safety, preached four times at the camp-meeting, and then returned by the same route with the bishop, starting from the camp-ground on Tuesday, and reaching Shiloh on Saturday, after resting four nights under the open canopy

of heaven. Before this, Mr. Scripps had often doubted his call to the ministry; but after conversing with Bishop McKendree on the subject whilst on this trip, the bishop told him that if John Scripps had not been called to preach, neither had William McKendree. After the first session of the Missouri conference, Mr. Scripps was its secretary until the formation of the Illinois conference, in 1824. In 1816 he was appointed to Coldwater, afterwards called St. Louis circuit. He took the city into his charge, and made his *debut* in an old dilapidated log building used as the court-house, legislative hall and theater, which was the only public building in the place, except the Roman Catholic cathedral. He stood on the stage, surrounded by comic scenery, and preached to a large and attentive audience, composing the entire American population. He continued to preach there, and in a school-house which was built during the year; but his successors abandoned the place, and there was no more Methodist preaching in St. Louis until Jesse Walker re-established it in 1820. During this year Mr. Scripps visited Kaskaskia, where he had preached the year before. He was in rough pioneer costume, with knees, toes and elbows out. Two other well-dressed missionaries from the East were in the place. But when the time for preaching came, Governor Edwards selected Mr. Scripps, who had been tried, in preference to the untried strangers, and put him in the sheriff's box, a small platform above the heads of the audience, for a pulpit. His next appointment was Boonslick. In 1818 he was sent to Cape Girardeau, in 1819 to Boonslick and Lamoine, and in 1820 to Blue River. For the two following years he was on the Arkansas district, and in 1823 on the St. Louis circuit. At the close of the year, his health having failed, he was granted a superannuated relation to the Missouri conference, in which he continued until the division of the Church in 1845. Refusing to go South with his conference, he was transferred to the Illinois conference in 1846, and placed on the superannuated list, and continued in it until 1850, when he withdrew from the Church. In 1854 he reunited with the Church, was restored to the ministry, and remained a local preacher until his death July 26th, 1865. He was a member of the General conferences of 1820 and 1824.

Soon after his superannuation he married Miss Agnes Corrie, of whose conversion an account is given in the history of 1820.* In 1825 he settled in Jackson, the county seat of Cape Girardeau county, Missouri, and engaged in the mercantile business. But, being unwilling to lead his children into temptation by

* The following is the account of the conversion of Agnes Corrie, above referred to:

"The camp meeting season (1820) was especially prosperous. Two of these meetings were held on the Mt. Carmel circuit this year, of which Mr. Beauchamp gives an account that is quoted by Dr. Bangs in his history of the Church. The second was held near Mt. Carmel, and resulted in the conversion of about 45—23 of whom united with the Church. Among the converts were the Corrie family, who had removed from Kircudbright county, Scotland the year before, and had settled some miles north of Mt. Carmel, in what was afterwards Lawrence county. The family had been raised Presbyterians, but the mother only knew anything of experimental religion. At the camp meeting, the father, his son John, then a youth of 17, three daughters, and two cousins who had come to America with them, were all converted in the course of a few hours, and united with the Church. John in 1834 removed to Schuyler county, and for many years has been a pillar in the church. [He died in 1891.] The eldest daughter Agnes married John Scripps, and was long a mother in Israel, and all the family, so far as known, held fast their confidence unto the end."

bringing them up in a slave State, in 1830 he removed to Illinois and settled in Rushville, where for a time he engaged in merchandising. He afterwards published a county paper, and held several county and township offices. Soon after his removal to Rushville he organized a Sunday-school, of which he was superintendent for seventeen years, and was afterwards a teacher in it for ten years. Mr. Scripps was a man of more than ordinary ability. Small in stature, he was yet possessed of remarkable energy and determination. Sometimes, indeed, the strength of his will and his adherence to his own convictions of right impressed others with the belief that he was obstinate, and occasionally brought him into collision with his pastors or presiding elders. He could not endure oppression in any form, nor would he submit to be dictated to by others. Having made up his mind in regard to right or duty, it was with difficulty he could be induced to change his course, and the slightest exercise of compulsion would excite in him the most determined opposition. Having done so much to build up Methodism in Rushville, having shown his love to the Church by a life of labor and sacrifice in her behalf, and having a vastly wider experience than most of those appointed as pastors of the church there, he felt that his views of church polity were entitled to some consideration from them—more, indeed, than they were always disposed to give them. At the conference of 1848 his character was arrested, on the ground that he had imprudently indulged in the use of intoxicating liquors. The matter was referred to his presiding elder, Dr. Akers, who investigated it, and concluded that there was no ground of complaint in the case. Mr. Scripps, on the recommendation of his physician, and for a disease from which he suffered greatly, and which eventually caused his death, did of necessity use spirituous liquors, but only as a medicine. And so well satisfied was the presiding elder of the groundlessness of the charge that he employed him for six months of the year to fill a vacancy in the station where he lived. But in 1850, his pastor, W. W. Mitchell, took such strong ground in opposition to him that he withdrew from the Church, and surrendered his ordination parchments to the conference. Yet during the four years in which he was out of the Church, he kept up the family altar, and attended to all the outward duties of religion, and was frequently called on to officiate at funerals. After his reunion with the Church he seems to have become more spiritual, and in March, 1850, he writes in his journal, "This month I obtained a second blessing." Mr. Scripps "possessed an iron will, never tired till his object was accomplished, and clung to his opinions with a tenacity that commanded admiration, if not assent. Self-educated, a close student in early life, he maintained the same habit to the close of his days. While a mere boy in the wilds of Virginia, with no schools, and but few facilities for acquiring knowledge, he commenced the work of self-instruction, and though his time was all occupied in labor, except at night and on the Sabbath, yet, by the light descending through an old-fashioned chimney by day and pine splinters by night, he learned to write by epitomizing two large volumes of the History of Rome. A careful observer of particulars and generals, with a strong, retentive memory, the incidents of his early career were ever fresh in his mind in all their details, thus rendering him a most delightful companion. Industrious and methodical in all his habits, both secular and religious, he accomplished an amount of labor equaled by few, and surpassed by fewer still. Given to hospitality, with enlarged Christian benevolence, much of his time and means were employed for the good of others,

and many a young man has gone forth to bless the world who owes his aspirations and success in life to the early and long-continued training received from him."

Dr. Stevenson well says of him: "To an intellect naturally vigorous there was added a culture that was extensive, accurate and intensely practical. A close and critical examination of his numerous papers failed to discover a misspelled word, a sentence faulty in construction, or a sentiment that would not bear the closest scrutiny."

To his pastor and other friends, who were with him in his last moments, he expressed himself as assured of a blissful immortality. A short time before his death he called his family around his bedside, gave to each of them his dying admonition, bade them an affectionate farewell, and then, in full possession of his mental faculties, quietly sank to rest in Jesus his Saviour.

He was a careful observer and faithful recorder of passing events. He was a good preacher, his sermons being always thoroughly evangelical and indicative of much thought. In doctrine he was sound. He was very fluent in conversation, and his habits of close observation and his very retentive memory made him, in his old age, one of the most delightful companions. He was an excellent business man, careful, correct, and yet prompt and ready. The writer knew him well during the last years of his life, being often entertained by him at his quarterly visitations to Rushville, and learned to esteem him highly for his intelligence, geniality and piety. He had the sad privilege of visiting him on his death-bed and preaching at his funeral. He died well in the full faith of the gospel.

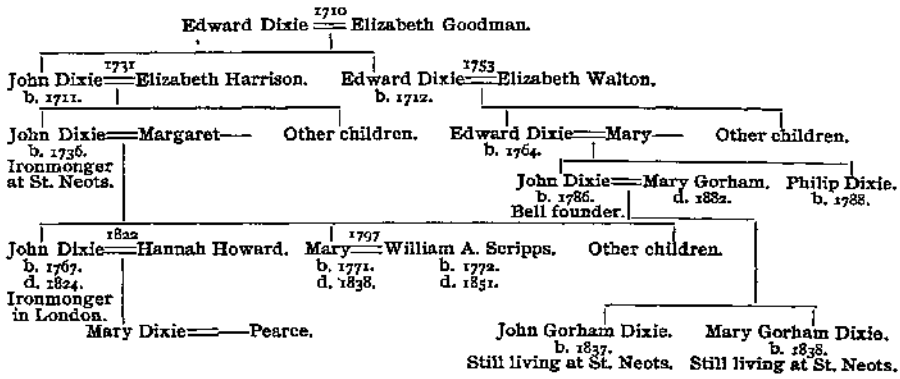
One of his contemporaries and fellow itinerants, Rev. John Hogan, thus writes of him: "I have been acquainted with him for many years. I have traveled several circuits that had been traveled long before by John Scripps, and the recollections of him by all the people were very vivid and pleasant. He was very strict and particular in all the minutiæ of a Methodist preacher's duty. I have often been shown, as a relic, treasured by the old class-leaders, the class papers prepared by Brother Scripps. How singularly neat they were! He wrote a beautiful plain hand. He made no flourishes, no extras, everything so clean and neat; and then the state of life and state of grace were so particularly noted; and on the front leaf, clearly written out, the disciplinary requirements as to the regular quarterly fast. He was very careful to have all these matters regularly attended to.

"In his day there were but few public roads, and in most places not even a pathway from one settlement to another. Sometimes the preachers traveled by the use of a pocket compass. Sometimes they took along a little hatchet, and being shown the way, blazed or notched the trees to point out the road, or rather course, afterwards. John Scripps had a sharp iron with which he would scratch the trees in the course he was to pursue in going from one appointment to another, and these remained plain for years afterwards. When the trees had not been disturbed, I have often followed these marks upon such parts of his original circuits as remained in my bounds. I have heard many anecdotes of his manner of preaching, of study and devotion to his work. The people loved him; and his ministry was profitable to them, and his memorial was written on their hearts. No wonder, then, that his memory was cherished, and they loved to speak of his work of faith and his labors of love."

VII. WILLIAM ARMIGER SCRIPPS.

As we have seen, when William Scripps emigrated to America in 1791, his eldest son William Armiger Scripps remained in England. He was then a young man of 19, and held a clerkship which it was thought best he should not abandon. In the following year he entered the office of the True Briton, and soon rose to the position of publisher. In February, 1801, upon the defalcation and flight of the publisher of the Sun, he became also the publisher of that paper. The office of the Sun, at a somewhat later date, if not at that time, was at No. 112 Strand, the rear windows of the premises overlooking the church yard of the Savoy chapel. In August, 1797, he was married at St. Pancras church, to Mary Dixie, who was born at St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, on March 30, 1771.* He seems

*From a careful examination of the parish registers of St. Neots and the neighboring parish of Eynsbury, I deduce the following pedigree of Mary Dixie:



The Dixies of St. Neots are supposed by some to be of the family of Sir Wolston Dixie, of Market Bosworth, Leicestershire, who was created baronet in July, 1660, and who possessed an estate about 10 miles from St. Neots. He was one of the benefactors of Christ's Hospital, and I believe at one time Lord Mayor or Sheriff of the city of London. According to local traditions at St. Neots, however, they were of Scotch origin—refugees at the time of some rebellion in the sister kingdom. They appear to have been as inherently given to metal work-

to have resided at first at or near his place of business, as the baptism of his eldest child, Mary, is registered at St. Clement Danes, in the Strand. The baptism of his second child, William, is registered at St. John's, Westminster. In 1802 or 1803, he removed to No. 7 Southmolton street, parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, and this probably marks the period of his engaging with a Mr. Brown in the book-selling and news business, the firm for a number of years being Brown & Scripps. At some period between 1806 and 1809, he built a house at Brixton, in Surrey, which he occupied for several years, but returned to Southmolton street prior to 1816, from finding his business to require his more immediate care. It was perhaps at this time that, the lease of No. 7 falling in, he took the more commodious premises, No. 13 Southmolton st., still occupied by his descendants. He seems all this while to have continued his connection with the Sun, probably leaving that paper only in January, 1820, when he became the publisher of the Literary Gazette* at No. 7 Wellington

ing as the Scrippses of Ely were to carpentry, several generations being recorded as blacksmiths, ironmongers or bell founders. Christopher, John, Philip and Edward were conspicuous family names. John, who was born in 1767, came up to London as foreman for Philip Dixie, a wealthy relative in the ironmongery business. The latter was established at Falcon square, Aldersgate, and died in Spring Gardens, St. James's Park, leaving two sons, who went abroad, and became dependent on their father's late foreman. He, John Dixie, carried on business for himself at 13 Sun street, Bishopgate, E. C., and the iron railing surrounding the Roman Catholic chapel at Moorfields is an example of his work.

* The Literary Gazette was founded in January, 1817, by Colburn, the publisher. In July of the same year William Jerdan, who had in the previous May retired from the editorship of the Sun, became its editor and part proprietor, and on the failure of Pinnock, the well known school book publisher, who had undertaken the management of its business affairs, he, in January, 1820, secured William A. Scripps, his old associate on the Sun, as publisher. The Literary Gazette was the first paper of its class in London. Its success incited the establishment of numerous similar enterprises, and it finally went down under the pressure of competition, but not, I think, until after the death of its publisher in 1851. Jerdan died in 1869 in rather poor circumstances, being dependent, I believe, on a government pension for his support. He was the author of a volume of biographical sketches, entitled "Men I have Known," published in 1866, and an autobiography in four volumes, published in 1852–3, and to which I am indebted for many facts incorporated in this history.

street, Strand. On May 3, 1833, he sailed from Portsmouth in the ship Thames to visit his brothers in America. On the journey he kept a voluminous diary, from a portion of which in my possession the following extracts are culled:

May 20, 1833.—More misery still. Kept my berth all day, excepting at meals. Received a violent blow from the corner of the table coming in contact with my *os coccygis* during a lurch. Intended to-day to conquer my aversion to ship poultry, as the fowls looked very fine when brought on table, but where they did not remain many seconds before, being well buttered, as every eatable is, they took a slide to leeward from the table to the floor, which they traversed two or three times before they were caught and replaced upon the dish. * * * Towards the latter part of the day the gale subsided, and as it rained hard it was remarkable how soon the swell of the sea was smoothed.

May 21.—Latitude 41° 18′, longitude 34° 17′. Sun shining, and the children again appearing upon deck, from whence they appear to have been banished since last Thursday, the 16th. Miss Taylor invited me to a piece of English-made plum-pudding, and I think in eating it I felt all the pleasure of an epicure with the most delicate dainty before him. However, if it please God to confine me on shipboard for a month more (not at all unlikely), I must endeavor to conquer antipathies. Amidst all my troubles, can I be sufficiently thankful to the Almighty for preserving me in health. Every one compliments me on the improvement in my appearance since I came on board.

May 22.—Latitude at noon 40° 17′, longitude 37°. Wind north, and going about 16 miles an hour. I may now and ought to thank God for having accomplished half the voyage, and the 19th day from Portsmouth hardly completed.

May 23.—The wind has been subsiding, and is now almost (at noon) a calm. The sea beautifully placid. Thermometer 65°. All upon deck and enjoying themselves. Conversed with Berks, who is one of the 12 Jews converted about three years since by the Bishop of London. Conversed, too, with Mr. Pilbrow on the subject of cathedral antiquities.

May 24.—Foggy all day for the first time on the voyage, and rained nearly all day. The humidity penetrated every place in the vessel.

We may consider ourselves in the Gulph Stream. * * * We have only gone about three knots an hour to-day, and that not exactly on our course.

May 25.—The morning foggy and calm. Everything wet and comfortless, and the floors slippery. Read "The Refugee in America"—poor stuff! Longitude at 3 P. M. 43°, so that having completed 22 days from Portsmouth at about that time, we may say we have made 2° on our course, or very nearly, each day, and as 31° are to be accomplished, at the same rate we shall require 16 days more, if we are not becalmed on the banks of Newfoundland. * * * This day the captain called on the passengers for their Xtian names, ages and residences, to fill up a report to be given to the commissioners of the poor at New York, as, according to the laws of that State, the owners of every ship must give a bond that no passenger brought out by them shall ever become chargeable to the State, but this bond is now commuted at $1 per head, paid for every passenger landed. The steward got drunk to-night. The man sleeps upon the floor in the cabin. Turned in about 8, but could not sleep. My mind was rambling in every direction, to my home, family, business, Tudor's affairs, Banks; then to my destination, calculating whether my brother John has my letter yet. It was put in post April 3. What time I went to sleep I cannot tell, but I suppose 11 or 12, and about 4 o'clock—

May 26.—Sunday, I was awakened by the roaring of the winds and the shouting of the seamen, and the trampling about over my head, with every now and then a sea banging against the sides of the ship, making it quiver like a reed. At this time, 10 o'clock, we have only double-reefed fore-topsail and jib set, with a very heavy sea, and yet I sit at perfect ease, without fear or apprehension, making my notes. I trust my confidence proceeds from a proper reliance in the Providence that guides and guards us effectually to his Divine purposes, upon the pathless waste of the troubled ocean as upon firm land, and the most favored country and the most populous cities. Can we then be sufficiently grateful for such mercies. And are we permitted to see the wonders of the Lord with impunity, and not be sensible of his power. Truly is it said, "Those that go down into the great deep see the wonders of the Lord." But do not vainly suppose that across the boundless expanse of the ocean the weak and fragile planks of the ship secure us from eternity. On the contrary, it is the

WILLIAM ARMIGER SCRIPPS.
From a crayon portrait, made about 1838.

power and the mercy of God alone that protects us. I am interrupted by the sailors putting up the dead lights in the cabin—a proceeding ominous of another storm being expected. Few of the passengers have made their appearance yet; only the three oldest took their breakfasts with the captain, myself, Miss Taylor (54) and Mrs. Keating (51). * * * I cannot refrain from again remarking upon my extreme good health. The air of the ocean seems to agree amazingly with me, and my appetite would be corresponding but for my aversion to the cooking, etc. As it is, I continue to live upon the most simple and unsophisticated food and drink, that is, what requires least handling of those abominable moving muck heaps, yclept cook, steward, etc.—a cup of tea and a dry biscuit, a slice of roast pork or roast or boiled mutton, potatoes, a little bottled porter and two or three glasses of claret (the sherry is far from good), and as much champagne as comes to my share. We have only ten tumblers left out of forty-eight, all the rest being added to the former valuables swallowed up by the deep, deep sea. The toilets are divested of their tumblers for dinner, and returned again in part when done with. I rose at 7 this morning, and did the toilet on deck, shaving included, which I have not once omitted daily. Yesterday at dinner I received my pea soup partly in my lap and partly up my coat sleeve. This is the first mishap of the kind that has happened to me.

May 27.—This morning it blew another gale. * * * The captain and mates say they never knew so adverse a passage before at this time of the year. * * * I am now reading Vertot's "History of the Knights of Malta," wherein is mentioned the Albigenses. Query: Who was it that wrote their history within these few years? * * * Longitude at 4 P. M., 45° 7′.

May 28.—Several females made their appearance for the first time on deck, the morning being beautifully mild and inviting, and no wind (unfortunately). * * * Only made ten miles since yesterday.

May 29.—* * * This is the twenty-sixth day of my imprisonment. Longitude at 3 P. M., 47° 30′. The weather continues fine all day, and the vessel going about six knots. It is indeed the first fair wind for fifteen days, during which time it has blown almost continually from the northwest, accompanied by gales. * * * The cabin has turned out upon deck quadrilling, and I mean to turn in and dream away the few intervening hours till another day rises upon the

face of the ocean, and endeavor to meditate upon Mrs. Keating's remarks this morning, which I doubt not, oddity as she is, were spoken in sincerity—the subject prayer and thanksgiving to that Almighty Being that so miraculously supports and holds together the frail materials upon which 170 living beings attribute all their security. She alluded in the course of conversation to the more than indifference that our captain, as well as most other American masters of vessels, evince to the observance of any form of distinguishing the Lord's day by prayer, etc., on board their ships. Indeed, it appears to me that they have an objection to it. I have heard the remark before. Played at draughts a great deal to-day and beat all my antagonists. No more lemons on board; tartaric acid a substitute. As the captain and his people are Americans, American cooking is of course the adopted mode, and as these memoranda will form the subject of my letters or conversations, let me here enumerate a few peculiarities in that line. First, everything swims in grease or butter. Gravy is not seen but in sauce boats. Chops are fried, or rather dried, and dished up in their grease. Leg of mutton is boiled till the gravy is boiled out, and dished up swimming in butter. Many joints are hardly recognized by their shape. Fowls are boiled and sent up in a dish full of melted butter. We have salt pork baked in a dish of haricot beans; bean soup; fritters floating in molasses. No bacon on board, and I am advised not to think of bacon till my return, as none is cured in the United States.

May 30.—* * * The weather is beautiful. * * * How delightful is the scene. Were a voyage across the Atlantic always such, with a few arrangements that might easily be made, I know of nothing that could be more inviting. * * * We killed a pig to-day, and have four left and five sheep. A brilliant sunset to-night, succeeded by a fine, bright moon, at the full to-morrow. All hands on deck, the lady part unitedly squalling the Canadian boat song, which appears a mighty favorite with them. They are generally accompanied by two or three gentlemen, and all sing the air together, though were each one to sing separately there would be no want of voice or taste. Singing reminds me of home, sweet home, and sets me guessing and calculating how all the folks are getting on. One above the rest claims much of my cogitations. Then, how are things managed? Does machinery work smoothly? How are the invalids? Is Martha B. alive? Mr. Ruff? Tudor's affairs? It is curious while

writing these lines the singers on the deck have just struck up their eternal and united throats to the burthen of "Home, Sweet Home." * * *

May 31.—This day completes my fourth week's confinement, and I awaked to as beautiful a morning as ever shone, and a nice breeze speeding us along at about four knots an hour. * * * Got through this day by reading Bullock's little pamphlet and Drake's account of Cincinnati, playing at draughts, etc. *Mem.*—Let it be noticed that I am the best draught player and earliest riser in the ship. * * *

June 1.—The breeze has continued all night, carrying us along at about 8 or 9 miles an hour. * * * As my approach to the American shores is proceeding with some rapidity, I begin to calculate upon my land journey. I conclude, from the united sources of information, that the distance I shall have to travel into the interior of that country will not be less than 1,400 or 1,500 miles, and I am asking myself whether my brother has received my letter, and whether my reception will be such as shall repay me for my toil and expense. * * *

June 2.—A most heavenly morning, but no wind. Thermometer 70°. Latitude, noon, 39° 4′, longitude 55°. * * * Had the morning service read by Fawsett, and a sermon by Mr. Wolsey. Some short time afterwards an application was made to Captain Griswold to permit Berks to preach a discourse. He was evidently disconcerted by the request, but gave a denial by observing that they would want to tack the ship, and it would produce confusion on board, observing obliquely that we had already had one head wind. I rallied him upon what I considered superstition, and he endeavored to put it off by a joke, observing that he never had a prosperous voyage with a parson on board. I must own that I should have much liked to hear a converted Jew, under such circumstances, deliver a sermon. But in charity to Captain G., I must think it superstition, however he may disguise it. He further said he always prayed when on shore, but the curious distortion of his lips convinced me that his soul was in his refusal, as if he really thought that the appearance of any religious ceremony would actually influence the winds and the waves. I read to-day a "Eulogy on Dr. Godman,*

* Dr. John D. Godman was an eminent American naturalist and physician, born at Annapolis, Md., in December, 1794. He served in the war of 1812, then studied medicine, graduating in 1818. He spent most of his career as professor in one or another of the medical colleges of Cincinnati, Philadelphia and New

being an introductory lecture delivered November 1, 1830, by Thomas Sewell, M. D.,* of the Columbian College. Printed at Washington, and reprinted by Hains & Crossfield, Market street, Manchester." It is a remarkable counterpart to the memoir of Dr. Bateman,† and accompanied by similar circumstances attending his conversion. * * * Mr. Pilbrow and myself had a long confab together. He is one of the unbelievers respecting the claim of Fawsett to the authorship of the Diary. He justly asks why, if he was the author, did he consider it necessary to disguise his claims to the high reputation, such a production must ensure. * * * Beautiful night, the moon at her full, and all on deck, cabin and steerage, from which I was one of the first that retired, and that at 11 o'clock. The brilliancy of the moon is very observably superior in the clear atmosphere of this latitude. * * *

June 3.—* * * The latter part of the day gave signs of a gale, and I turned in at about 8 o'clock, and soon enough the expected gale arrived in due course. * * * I could have slept sound had I been lashed securely in my space of 2 feet 6, but the width was too much for my spare carcass, and I kept rolling from side to side by every motion of the laboring vessel. It appeared as if the Fates had done spinning and had turned weavers and used me as a shuttle upon the occasion, or as if the four winds were playing a rubber at whist and I was a pack of cards in their hands, which they shuffled to and fro all night long. After twelve hours, no rest, I rose upon the 32d day of my imprisonment.

June 4.—The wind almost due west. No one scarcely at breakfast table except myself and the captain. I would have given anything almost for a cup of tea—not a cup of slop. How much more tolerable a voyage across the Atlantic might be made with a filtering machine on board, with good tea, good coffee and good wine, with plenty of

York. He died in Germantown in April, 1830. His principal work was one on American Natural History (3 vols. 8vo, 1823-28). He had adopted the materialistic views of the French naturalists, but on being called in 1827 to witness the death of a medical student who died a Christian, he was led to embrace Christianity, and was ever after a devoutly religious man.

* Dr. Thomas Sewall was an American physician, author of an essay on phrenology. He died in Washington in 1845, aged 58.

† Probably Dr. Thomas Bateman, an eminent London physician and author, born in 1778. He contributed the principal articles on medicine to Rees's Cyclopædia. Died in 1821. An account of his life was published in 1826.

fruit and *quantum suf.* of real sound bottled porter and ale. And all these things might be had without any great additional expense. Our wine, on the contrary, except the doled out twice a week champagne, is most execrable. The claret was tolerable until lately; now some filthy stuff is substituted. The port never was drinkable, and the sherry scarcely better, and what is called tea and coffee is, I think, inferior to that the public houses in London supply to the journeymen in the numerous workshops, and dealt out in the same manner. Oh, London, London! with all thy faults I love thee still; aye, much better now, I think, than ever I did since I undertook, in penance for my sins, this pilgrimage to the holy land. Another gale about noon. * * * Kept my berth nearly all day.

June 5.—Wind rather fair, and proceeding upon our course at about seven or eight knots. * * * I am now almost out of patience with everything around me. My lodging, my boarding, my traveling are all calculated to disgust. Perhaps it is owing to my pampered habits, for I see others eat and drink—I should rather say stuff and swill—whilst I find nothing now sufficiently unsophisticated for my palate but a dry biscuit, a potato and a bit of cheese. The beer I cannot touch, and as for dirty water, drunk from unwashed glasses, what is more abominable? Yesterday I kept my berth nearly all day, but my cabin companion makes that place my last refuge, for there he lies from morn till night casting his accounts under my nose, and making the space six feet by six little better than a water closet. * * * What is equally nauseating, out of my cabin, are the habits of the Professor, whose continual spitting everywhere and upon all occasions is almost intolerable. * * *

June 6.—Beautiful morning, unruffled sea and almost a calm. * * * Brilliant sun and temperate atmosphere, whilst numbers of the stormy petrels skimming the surface of the sea, with the grampus and porpoises rolling about, while the waters seemed to teem with varieties of small fish, many specimens of which were caught by throwing a small net, three of which I have copied at the end of the book.* This employment of fishing and sketching occupied the whole forenoon, and every one seemed alive and actively concerned in the amusement. And I could not but be flattered that even among artists my sketches were praised, if not admired. This also was champagne

* These water color drawings are most admirably done. I only regret my inability to reproduce them.

day, so, what with one thing and another, and beating everybody at draughts, I preserved myself from *ennui*. The events of this otherwise tedious day were numerous. A sheep was slaughtered, a pig was seasick, a sow farrowed eleven pigs, two stormy petrels were caught, with numerous fish and specimens of Gulph Stream weed. Besides all these attractions I overhauled my little box of presents. I fear I have lost two purses and the chain that Nancy took so much pains with. I have offered a reward of 10*s*. to the Steward & Co. if recovered.

June 7.—About 10 o'clock this morning a sail on the weather quarter, and numerous conjectures as to what she was were entertained. A probability was hinted of its being the York, that sailed ten days after us. Glasses were pointed, and one of the mates in an undertone, as she came a little nearer, ventured an opinion that she was the York. The captain mounted the round house with the most anxious solicitude, and, as she approached nearer, thought he made out the fatal four letters, Y O R K, upon the foretopsail. At about 2 o'clock all uncertainty was at an end, and to the great chagrin and evident vexation of all, her name was fairly ascertained, and at about 6 she was alongside of us, about three or four miles distant, and will doubtless be in New York about a day before us. * * *

June 8.—Ascended the deck at half-past seven, and found the weather foggy, damp and cold. * * * The fog cleared off about half-past nine, and we discovered the York not more than five miles ahead. Just counted twenty-nine children on deck. * * *

June 9.—Beautiful morning, and the York still in sight at 9. Wind rather fresh. Lat. 40° 48', long. 70°. Thermometer 56°. The color of the water greatly changed to a bottle green, being in soundings. Soundings at 9 A. M. 30 fathom. About 35 or 40 miles S. by E. off Nantucket. Six vessels in view. Speculation and impatience in every group as to when we shall get into New York. * * * The Professor expecting, or rather expectorating, anxious to know whether I have drawn his picture in my notes. I tell him I have noted nothing personal. I think I might strike a bargain with him if I were so disposed, conditionally that I treat him handsomely, or even tenderly, for he is evidently very sore and apprehensive, I may expect the same from him in his lucubration, which he makes no secret of concocting and publishing. He strenuously asserts the authorship of the Diary, but his articles signed T. F. in Vol. VII of the Olio

most assuredly disparage the assertion. * * * F. says his father is lord of the manor, and resides at Bolingbroke Castle, Lincolnshire. * * * I will endeavor to enumerate the delicacies of our feed on board this "floating palace:" *Imprimis.* Dirty water for tea, coffee, toilet, and everything wherein that element is required. Then all implements, from the cook and steward down to plates, glasses and half pint earthen pots for tea and coffee, half washed or not soiled at all with dirty water. Then the breakfasts standing about or upsetting in a lurch to give you an appetite. * * * A table set out with ill-cooked, dried up and half cold mutton or pork chops, slices of tongue and ham, repeated if not eaten; salted fried mackerel, salt fish and potato baked in a pudding, fried liver, omelets, eggs and fried ham, soft bread and biscuits, with Johnny cakes and waffle cakes, and sliced potatoes fried. Lunch at 12, ditto repeated. Dinner at 4 or 5: old tough cocks and hens and little turkeys, a boiled leg of mutton swimming, or rather drowned, in butter; boiled ham, very good, and tongues ditto; cod's sounds, good; salt fish and egg sauce, ditto; a mutton or pork pie, very palatable; boiled leg of pork, good; boiled rice; roast joint of pork, good; sometimes a bit of salt pork or junk beef, a dish of haricot beans with a piece of salt pork in the middle, baked in the oven; with potatoes and cabbage and broccoli for the first three weeks; pickles; removes, boiled batter pudding with currants, baked rice, sago or millet pudding, green gage tarts, gooseberry pies, raspberry and plum roly poly pudding, macaroni fritters and molasses, all well cooked and very palatable, forgetting the manner of the cooking and all that. * * * Sundays and Thursdays two bottles of champagne between sixteen persons, but if insufficient as to quantity, good as to quality. Porter, brandy, and the other wines bad as bad can be. Tea and supper: tea and coffee as per breakfast, with a similar set-out, except no hot meats, with sometimes hot cakes, very good, I should say nice, but my qualms forbid when I suspect the uncleanliness of the concocting. * * *

June 10.—Again the rising beams of glorious morn behold me inglorious on the ocean wave! But that's no go, for waves there are none, and though we go it is all the wrong way, though not much more than five score miles from port. Expectation is high, and stores pretty considerably low. Here we are at noon this thirty-eighth day from Portsmouth and the forty-third from London, eaten up by *ennui* and disappointment, watching the changes of the wind as if

our existence depended upon it. * * * Employed myself in preparations for disembarkation. Packed up all but Stewart's 2d volume,* which Mr. Pilbrow has. My luggage consists of portmanteau, deal case, hat case, carpet bag, cloak and umbrella. 6 o'clock—Just dined and sitting by the round house, endeavoring to snuff the scent of land, which many on board assure me they can accurately discriminate. My cogitations are all homeward bound, and I think I see you all preparing for bed, yawning, and perhaps the few parting words are of the far distant traveller, and wondering whether he has arrived at his journey's end, or guessing at some intermediate stop—Albany or Niagara—little dreaming that, with my patience almost exhausted, I am tumbling about upon the ocean with a head wind and three score miles from Long Island, having made scarcely any progress since noon. Waft me your prayers, or rather direct them to the Throne of Grace and Almighty Disposer of events, beseeching him in his mercy, if he sees fit, to release me from this endurance and state of peril. * * *

June 11.—Rose and went upon deck in my cloak only, to see the sun rise, which it did in a cloudless horizon, about 34 minutes past 4. I turned in again. Eleven o'clock—Land very visible on deck. * * * Noon—The scene becomes every minute more interesting. We are now within four or five miles from the sand hills on the Jersey shore. Having tacked, we are now standing up to northward by east towards the Highlands of Navesink, running along shore. The trees quite distinguishable, but not a village or a house to be seen. The numerous vessels, however, principally coasters, enliven the scene, which, with the highly excited countenances of the passengers on deck, make up some for our wearisome pilgrimage across the wide waste of waters. * * * The animals on board are evidently sensible of our proximity to land. The cow has been mooing and the cocks crowing, and a dog on board appears more than usually lively. * * * The sun set beautifully over the Jersey shore, from which we are about two or three miles distant. The air quite different from what we have been accustomed to, mild and sweet, and the atmosphere bright. We can smell the land distinctly. * * * A man and a cow seen on shore, and smoke from a chimney. After dinner to-day I, as senior passenger, was requested to return thanks to the captain, in the name of the passengers, for his attentions, etc., etc., during the

* Probably "Walking Stewart's" collected works, in 3 vols., 1810.

voyage. "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," I believe I blundered through my address tolerably well. * * * About 11 a rowboat came alongside. The ladder was let down. It was a news boat containing a reporter employed by two or three papers to collect news and papers, but as the York had already got in this morning about 6, we had nothing in the way of papers but what they already had. However, he made notes from the ship's manifest, and took down the names of the cabin passengers for insertion in the list of arrivals. He brought with him also a couple of this day's New York papers, which I sat up reading till 12. Many accidents are noticed in the papers of vessels lost on their passage from England. One bound from Belfast to Quebec struck by ice, and all perished but 15 out of 230. Another vessel at Fire Island,* with 130 passengers, all perished, besides several others. What mercy that we should have escaped such perils in our journey, and how thankful we ought to be for the interposition of such Divine protection as has enabled us to escape the innumerable perils, accompanied by disease and privations. It is well our voyage is terminated, as stores begin to run low. No wine left but execrable port, or, as Mathews says, "Day & Martin's best;" no fuel to cook with, no fruit for many days past, and every other thing upon an attenuating scale. * * * We made land in about lat. 40°

July 12, and the 40th day of our departure from Portsmouth, arose upon us with all the glory of a pure and sweet atmosphere. I was awakened about 5 by another newsman who came on board with the pilot. Ascended to the deck and took a peep first at our new commander, the pilot, then at the contiguous land, the highlands of Navesink, which we are abreast of at a short distance, Long Island to the north and the Hook and its white lighthouse midway. No wind or tide to carry us up. We have anchored and are told we shall not get to Staten Island till 4 o'clock. Of course we shall lose the sight of the public entry of General Jackson into New York. * * * The poor German corrector of the press let his letter of credit fly overboard this morning. The captain, with great promptness, ordered the boat to be lowered, which was no slight affair, and three men started in pursuit; the sails put back, and the lost treasure restored in little less than half an hour. I should not

* On the Long Island coast, a few hours' sail from Sandy Hook. Now a signal station for steamers.

omit the presence of mind of seafaring men. The moment the loss was announced, a small barrel was thrown overboard, so that by keeping company with the paper, it enabled those sent in pursuit to know where to look for it. Without his letter, which contained addresses, besides order for cash, the unfortunate man would have been ruined.. After a most delightful sail, came to anchor at 20 minutes past 2 P. M. at the quarantine grounds, Staten Island. A most lovely day, and the scenery of the sweetest character. A revenue officer informed us that the President was soon expected from Perth Amboy, and soon after the Ohio steamer made her appearance in the Narrows, and shortly after the North America with the President on board, the vessel being highly decorated with flags, and the forts saluting. As he passed the Thames he had three cheers. * * * Went ashore at Staten Island, and, by particular desire, took a mint-julep—that is mint leaves laid at the bottom of a tumbler, then a wine glass of brandy, ditto of rum, then a little water, pounded lump sugar and a lump of ice. Had a plate of strawberries and cream, and spent a highly pleasant hour or two till the arrival of the steamer at 6, when we went aboard and landed at New York about 7. Put up at the Atlantic, No. 5 Broadway. The city of New York of course a great novelty. Took tea and found out Mr. Newby, went then to Drew's and retired to bed.

June 13.—Early as 7 started and took a warm bath in Chambers street; returned to breakfast. Again to Mr. Newby, who gave me John's* address, 451 Broadway. Went there and found him at

* John Jardine, organ and piano builder, who emigrated from England in 1831. He accompanied the author of this diary to Niagara in 1833, and was soon afterwards married to Miss Harriet Drew, who is still living at Clifton, N. Y., a bright old lady of 79. He died in 1858. Two sons, Japhet and Albert, also survive. His brother, George Jardine, came out from England in the ship Mediator in the spring of 1837 with his wife and six children, and, settling in New York, founded the extensive organ building establishment of George Jardine & Son, now located at 318 and 320 East 39th street. Mrs. Jardine, who was originally a Miss Hughes, died in 1862. Her brother, Philip Hughes, was visiting William A. Scripps at Niton, Isle of Wight, and was enjoying a walk with him on the occasion of his sudden death in 1851. George Jardine died in 1882, leaving four sons, Edward G., who continues the organ business, Joseph, Frederick, since deceased, and Dudley. Frederick left two sons, Charles, 20, and Frederick, 18, and Joseph has one, Edward, 19 years of age at this writing.

The Jardines formed a numerous clan in Scotland, famous for their incursions across the border and their rapacity in looting the property of their neighbors.

work, he and his partner, completing a very good square instrument, fine tone and handsomely made; price $200. Put on his coat and went out with me. Called at the Town house and, with difficulty, obtained ladies, which were necessary conditions for presentation. Shook hands with the old man,* very gray and severe in his looks. Hear sad stories of his moral conduct, and an instance of his committing murder by shooting a man who offended him. These republicans are not immaculate, nor the Government free from low intrigue. The late turnout of the high officers of State was attri-

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Sir Walter Scott mentions them in his novel, "The Monastery." In later days they were settled at Applegarth, near Dumfries, which town they shared with another clan of the name of Johnson. They tell a story of a poor woman, who, in seeking assistance, asked one of the inhabitants if there were any Christians in the place, to which he replied, "No, only Jardines and Johnsons!" Joseph Jardine was born at Jericho, in the parish of Dumfries, in 1757, and settled in Dartford, Kent, in 1780. Seven years later he married the daughter of Sir Edward Barker, by whom he had nine children. John and George, mentioned above, were the two youngest sons. John was apprenticed to Mr. Samuel Deacon, and he introduced his brother George into the Scripps family, where he met Miss Hannah Hughes, a friend of Miss Scripps, afterwards Mrs. Tudor, whom he married in 1828.

* President Andrew Jackson, born in South Carolina March 15, 1767; served in the revolutionary war; began the study of law in 1785; settled in Nashville, Tenn., 1788; married in 1792 the yet undivorced wife of Lewis Robards; was elected to Congress in 1796; Senator in 1797; Judge of Supreme Court of Tennessee 1798 to 1804. In 1806 killed Charles Dickinson in a duel; defended Aaron Burr in 1807, commanded the U. S. forces in Louisiana in the war of 1812, and fought the battle of New Orleans January 8, 1815, a month after a treaty of peace had been signed. Conducted a successful war against the Seminole Indians in 1817–18; was Governor of Florida in 1821; again U. S. Senator in 1823. Elected President in 1828; issued his famous proclamation against nullification December 11, 1832. Retired from public life March 4, 1837; joined the Presbyterian church, and died June 8, 1845. Parton, in his life of Jackson, relates these incidents of his visit to New York in 1833:

"In New York the President had a narrow escape or two. After receiving in Castle Garden the address of the corporation, he mounted his horse and passed over the long wooden bridge which formerly connected the fort with the Battery, followed by his suite and a great concourse of officials. He had just reached the land when the crowded bridge gave way and let the multitude down among the rocks and into the shallow water below. Vice-President, governor, cabinet ministers, mayor, aldermen, military officers and citizens generally were mingled in an indiscriminate and struggling mass. The wildest confusion and alarm prevailed for several minutes. Gradually, however, the crowd emerged from the ruins, and no one was seriously hurt. * * * Again, in going up Broadway, the General's horse took fright, and would have thrown any horseman less accomplished than himself. On another occasion the wadding of a cannon came within a few inches of singeing the President's white and bristling head."

buted to some female intriguer,* the Secretary of State's wife. Jackson has recently been taken by the nose by young Randolph,† who considered himself aggrieved by his reversing the sentence (in his favor) of a court-martial. Drank tea at Mr. Newby's; found Mr. N. very conversable and friendly. Met an Englishman at Drew's, 12 months out, a bookbinder, and has not had one day's work here. Executed several commissions to-day and looked about me. I must consider this a fine city; many very splendid houses with marble fronts or doorways, and fine marble columns. Mr. Newby a dry-salter and manufacturer.

June 14.—Raining. About town all day. Went to see Fayette Place; splendid marble-fronted houses with a grand colonnade of

* In 1831 Jackson's cabinet resigned in a body. Scandal attributed the change, and the rupture which preceded it, to the influence of the fascinating Mrs. Eaton, wife of the Secretary of War, with whom the wives of the other members of the cabinet had refused to associate. Jackson zealously espoused Mrs. Eaton's side of the quarrel.

† This occurred during the summer trip of the President in 1833. "On the 6th of May the President, accompanied by members of his Cabinet and by Major Donelson, left the Capital in a steamboat for Fredericksburg, Va., where he was to lay the corner stone of the monument to the mother of Washington, which is still unfinished. At Alexandria, where the steamer touched, there came on board a Mr. Randolph, late a lieutenant in the Navy, who had been recently dismissed the service. Randolph made his way to the cabin, where he found the President sitting behind a table reading a newspaper. He approached the table as if to salute the President. 'Excuse my rising, sir,' said the General, who was not acquainted with Randolph. 'I have a pain in my side, which makes it distressing for me to rise.' Randolph made no reply to this courteous apology, but appeared to be trying to take off his glove. 'Never mind your glove, sir,' said the General, holding out his hand. At this moment Randolph thrust his hand violently into the President's face, intending, as it appeared, to pull his nose. The captain of the boat, who was standing by, instantly seized Randolph and drew him back. A violent scuffle ensued, during which the table was broken. The friends of Randolph clutched him and hurried him ashore before many of the passengers knew what had occurred, and thus he effected his escape. The passengers soon crowded into the cabin to learn if the General was hurt. 'Had I known,' said he, 'that Randolph stood before me, I should have been prepared for him, and I could have defended myself. No villain,' said he, 'has ever escaped me before, and he would not had it not been for my confined situation.' Some blood was seen on his face, and he was asked whether he had been much injured? 'No,' said he, 'I am not much hurt, but in endeavoring to rise I have wounded my side, which now pains me more than it did.' One of the citizens of Alexandria, who had heard of the outrage, addressed the General and said, 'Sir, if you will pardon me in case I am tried and convicted, I will kill Randolph for this insult to you in fifteen minutes.'"—*Parton's Life of Jackson.*

Corinthian pillars. Beyond this they are leveling for building. This is a curious peculiarity of New York, to level the land wherever they build, so that the city is nearly a dead level in every part. Saw several brick and other houses that were being lowered down from the eminence to the new level, and others being pushed many hundred yards distant; went into one that had been recently moved 84 feet, to make room for a church, its dimensions were 24 feet by 42, brick built, and three stories high above the shop; not a crack in the walls, ceiling or windows was discernible. Informed that the Richmond Hill theatre is the largest building removed, being lowered 65 feet besides many feet laterally. Delivered Sharp's letter to Champley, the bookbinder. Discovered him to be a most extraordinary character. He had been in Mexico, had connected himself conspiciously with the revolutionary parties, and had subjected himself to the consequences; had crossed the Isthmus of Panama, made surveys of the coast on the western side; had also surveyed the land between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific, and had determined against the practicability of a canal, except by tunneling the mountains at a great expense.* Had returned to New York, and finally finds bookbinding so extremely bad for a master, that he was winding up his concern with the view of again returning to Mexico, which he describes as a most beautiful country. * * * Saw a bookbinder at Drew's, named Whiting, less than 12 months from London. Knows James and something of his concerns; says he paid his men too much for Lewis's work.† Went on board several steamboats, the President, DeWitt Clinton, Ohio, Benjamin Franklin, North America, etc. They are all prodigious for splendor and convenience as well as magnitude. The DeWitt Clinton has an engine the cylinder of which is 66 inches in diameter, the stroke 10 feet; the fuel (wood) for the voyage, so prodigious in quantity, as must apparently exhaust a forest in a few trips. The hackney coaches are remarkable for cleanliness and lightness, and good cattle; the omnibuses for the same, in addition to which they are very superiorly conducted to those in London.

* This canal is now (1891) in actual course of construction.

† Lewis's Topographical Dictionary of England. London, 1831-1833 (4 vols., 4to), the contract for the binding of which James M. Scripps secured, and which from its extent, required the employment of additional premises, and proved in the end a serious loss.

I have been unable for various causes, such as fatigue at night, the heat in the day, and the various engagements, to continue my journal while at New York. I arrived there on the 12th, and left on the 20th at 7 A. M. for Albany in the steamer of that name. * * * Spent Sunday, the 16th, at Jersey, with John's friend, Mr. Ellis, and had an excellent dinner, with some of the best ale I ever drank, brewed at Poughkeepsie. Had Dr. Barry, the minister of the Episcopal church, to dinner, a well-informed and educated gentleman. Accompanied him to church, a large up-stairs room, with a chamber organ, at which John presided. * * * Took tea with John's intended, Miss Harriet Webb, and her sister. * * * Introduced to Dr. Bartlett* of the Albion. Dr. B. is an inveterate tory. He says the Albion has a publication of 7,000. It is a weekly paper. His recipe to convert a whig or radical into a tory is to send him to America. Saw Jackson, the bookseller from Baldwin's, who introduced me to Mr. Adlard, Wheatly's late partner, a most intimate friend of Jerdan's.† They showed me the reprint of the Penny Magazine, also a great many English books; "Records of my Life," by Taylor,‡ excellently well printed, in one large 8vo vol., good paper and well printed, selling for $1.62. Americans, they say, fond of light reading. * * * New York must become the largest city in the world at no remote period, its facilities so great and its quays so extensive. * * * Settled with the steward of the ship. Gave him a 5 dollar note. My

* John Sherren Bartlett, M. D., a physician and journalist born in England in 1790. He emigrated to the United States, and in June, 1822, established in New York, the Albion, a journal of the English conservative school of politics, which he conducted with signal ability. Later he founded the European in Liverpool, a journal intended for American reading, and in 1855 commenced the publication of the Anglo-Saxon in Boston. He died in August, 1863. The Albion long continued a useful and influential paper. "Peter Simple," "Midshipman Easy" and "Japhet in Search of a Father" were first introduced to the American public through its columns. Dr. Bartlett sold the Albion in 1848. It is not now in existence.

† See note on p. 94.

‡ John Taylor, one of the editors of the London Sun newspaper, and author of the clever and popular story "Monsieur Tonson," illustrated by George Cruikshank. After 1817, when Jerdan retired, Taylor became chief proprietor of the Sun. He died, I believe, in 1832. His work, "Records of my Life," in two vols., 8vo., published in London in 1832, is remarkable as containing scarcely a line of his own personal history. It is a mere collection of anecdotes of actors, literary men and women, and others, with whom in the course of his life he had had some acquaintance.

bill at the Atlantic was $15.25. No gold coin current; little or no copper. The dollars are paper; very little silver. I drew from Messrs. Fish, Grinnell & Co. only £50, the exchange being 8½, and I received for the £50 a check for $237.99. * * *

June 20.—Started for Albany in steamer of that name. A competition is afloat, and passengers have been taken the whole distance for 50 cents. Arrived at Albany at a quarter to 6. * * * Put up at the Eagle tavern. Tea'd, slept and breakfasted. Charge $2 per head. Embarked in the steam coach at half-past 10. Drawn out of the town by horses; the engine put to, and the journey to Schenectady performed by half-past 11.* Contest between the packet boat agents and those of the luggage boats.† We chose the latter on account of the changing of luggage, the packet boats changing at Utica and Rochester. The charge by packet $12.50, by the common $8, and board the whole of five clear days. The packet does the distance in better than a day less. The rail or tram road fare to Schenectady 75 cents. * * * Albany a large populous town much like New York. Having rained it was dirty. Near Schenectady the road descends, engines taken off, and they descend the inclined plane with a rope attached, which brings up wagons loaded with stone and heavy materials. Schenectady a large town, very busy. We immediately started, to the decided astonishment of the more aristocratic packet boat proprietors. We soon entered upon the beautiful scenery of the Mohawk, such as I had never seen any to equal, and such as I consider cannot, if equalled, be surpassed in any part of the world. * * * The lights and shades of the ever-varying landscapes give them a very picturesque appearance, that would repay any clever artist for a trip on purpose for sketching. * * * No description can do anything like justice to the lovely and romantic scenery of the Mohawk.

June 22.—* * * Accident to-day, or what might have been one, by one of the 1001 bridges over the canal knocking me down whilst on deck. Not hurt, but frightened. * * * Arrived at Utica about 7 P. M. A most remarkable place, containing immensely large store

* The first link of the present great New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

† On the Erie canal. This canal, constructed at the instance of DeWitt Clinton, is 363 miles long, and connects the Hudson river at Albany with Lake Erie at Buffalo. It was begun in 1817 and opened in 1825, having cost $7,602,000.

houses, manufactories, mills and hotels, wide streets, some paved and others in a state of nature. Numerous low bridges over the canal, which carries its black, muddy course through the town, every part of which wears the appearance of premature decay. Houses and stores shut up, broken windows, unpainted wooden buildings, and the streets and wharves encumbered by litter, chips, stones, logs and dirt and pools of stagnant water. No appearance of business but at the hotels and the passing of the various boats to and fro. Indeed, my fellow passengers inform me that the decay of this place is not apparent but real.* It soon sprang into celebrity and magnitude, and as soon decayed, the trade being carried into other channels. Rochester is considered as having superseded it. * * * [From a mention under this day's date, it appears the writer was on the canal boat Richmond, Capt. W. D. Wallace, whose politeness he eulogizes.]

June 23.—Sunday. Up at 5 and washed in a bucket at the bow of the boat. Breakfasted at 7, the people here, as elsewhere in the States, early risers. We are now passing through what the Yankee passengers call a howling wilderness. Nothing beyond fifty yards or so to be seen for primitive forest. * * * The number of boats are about 2,500, of 30 or 40 tons each, 8,000 horses employed. The size of the boats not varying much, on account of the locks. They all have two horses, and the task for a pair of horses is twelve miles, and they proceed at the rate of nearly three miles an hour. The packet boats have three horses, and make four miles. Some of the luggage boats have four horses, two living on board the boat in a small stable and two drawing. * * * Half-past 4, the thermometer 86° and the sun perfectly scorching upon deck. The closeness of the cabin insufferable. The coolest board and a recumbent posture most desirable. * * * The approach to Syracuse reminds me very much of that to an English town. Three church spires are in view, and the country is open and as much resembling English scenery as I have seen on my journey. * * * Beautiful and extensive hotel,

* Many of our larger American western towns have had a like experience. They spring up in a day, are flocked to by multitudes of fortune hunters; speculation is brisk, and for a time they evince the greatest prosperity. But a reaction follows; the boomers move on to new fields, and a long era of deadness follows, until the settling up of the country stimulates a healthy growth, when, despite their backsets, they become large and prosperous cities. Utica now has a population of 44,000 souls.

the Syracuse House, three stories high, with veranda to each, and a splendid lookout at top. Some very handsome brick buildings, stores and dwellings, and everything wearing the appearance of cleanliness and thrift. Streets very wide. The court house handsome. Here are very extensive salt works, covering 300 acres of land. The evaporating pans are made of wood, having movable tops to cover them in wet weather. The salt works belong to the State, which leases them out, receiving one shilling per bushel. When the canal was laid out, one house, only, stood at Syracuse.

June 24.—Turned out at 5. Washed on deck in the bucket. Toweling rather scarce, soap ditto. Rained very hard. * * * This may truly be called the poor man's country. Here are no appearances to make, and his situation being that of the vast majority, his pride is so far from being hurt that it is his boast, and it is no disgrace for his children to be running about barefooted and barelegged. A man who has nothing to lose has in this country everything to gain, and to begin from the lowest ebb of privation or want is the surest road to competency and comfort. * * * Our boy driving the horses to-day on the tow-path encountered a snapping turtle, which he was half afraid of, but, being encouraged from the boat, after many attempts, as the animal fought fiercely, he contrived to seize by the tail, and throw on board the boat. Its bite is very severe, and its tenacity in holding something like a bull dog. However, here he was, and one of the American passengers stood on his back to prevent his escape, whilst others by irritating it caused it to open its immensely large mouth, as it snapped at everything. It could not weigh less than ten pounds. Its head was at length cut off and the insides taken out, and to our astonishment there were no less than thirty-six full-grown eggs, larger than those of a pigeon, and rounder and with a firm shell, and thirty-six small unshelled eggs. The meat looked remarkably fine, and the black cook declared that it represented all the kinds eaten, much of it resembling chicken, some parts mutton and beef. * * * Challenged to a game of checkers, as draughts are called, by a Yankee, in consequence of some observations I made on seeing him play with a countryman. He was the champion, and I beat five games in succession, when he threw up. He said I was the best player he ever saw, and I found him very courteous and well acquainted with the game. Instead of men we played with black and white Indian corn, two standing for a

king. * * * We had the turtle that was caught in the morning brought to table at dinner in two very nice pies, but at one table nobody but us Englishmen partook of it, and we did it justice. We were very much pleased with it, as the meat was very nice and tender. The black cook also displayed his taste in giving the crust the appearance of a turtle with its head and four legs. This boat is a good epitome of the people generally. I believe all are Americans, and are very civil to us, calling me good-naturedly the old gentleman or the old man. The company at table resemble much in their manners a society of mechanics in England. They help themselves with their own knives. Even the more respectable at New York take the salt with their dirty knives. Here, too, are pewter spoons and two-pronged forks. * * * We had the turtle eggs for tea, but few were eaten except by ourselves. We found them very nice.

June 25.—Tuesday. Arrived at 8 this morning at Rochester. * * * A subscription has filled, and the books closed for a railroad from Schenectady to Buffalo, $4,000,000, which will pretty well do up the canal.* Rochester is deserving of all the eulogiums that have been passed upon it. It is large, populous and well paved, and the principal street extremely wide, more so than Regent street, London. Wood predominates in all their buildings. The quays and by-streets and environs are profusely strewed with chips, shavings and sawdust. Go where you will in this place you seem to walk on wood in some shape or another. We did not leave Rochester till 2 o'clock, and then made our way out with some difficulty from the vast number of boats in the canal. One old gentleman who embarked with us at Schenectady goes on with us, as he is about taking Niagara in his route to visit some relatives near Montreal, whom, I believe, he never saw. I told him that I got myself laughed at for undertaking my journey for a similar purpose, and I was pleased to find other old blockheads who do likewise—the second instance I have met.

June 26.—Rose at 5. Fine morning. Walked several miles. Hurt my arm in dropping from a bridge. As we mean to quit the boat at Tonawanda, we have 38 miles to travel, when I shall have completed 512 miles of inland journey. Slow as I have traveled, as I am disposed to consider, yet I have only been 54 days from Portsmouth, the

* Nearly 60 years have passed, the railroad is built, the only four-track line through its entire length, I believe, in the world, and still the canal is in active operation, though passenger travel upon it has long since ceased.

voyage from England frequently exceeding that period from land to land. * * * Arrived at Tonawanda at 8 o'clock. Rain falling very fast, and after walking or wading from the canal about 150 yards through chips of wood and mud, we arrived at the Driggs hotel, the best in the village. We were ushered into a large room, I must not call it a tap room, coffee room, drawing room or parlor, but something of which we, thank God, know nothing like on the European side of the Atlantic. Though it was cold and wet outside we passed into the opposite extreme. A stove with a large wood fire, around which were seated an old crone, a young woman and three children. Close around the stove they sat, the man with his hat on and a little pool of expectorated matter on the floor by his side. Not one of them moved, but rather drew closer to the warm embers, and we, that is John, myself and our traveling friend, formed an outside circle. All the children cried. * * * We were agreeably surprised to find we could be accommodated with a room with only four beds in it, and we were further indulged by permission to occupy three—one was already tenanted. The room was about forty feet long and eighteen wide, and there was communication out of it to other rooms. I found my bedstead furnished with apparently clean cotton sheets. I would not say they had not been occupied since they were last washed, but a soft chaff bed and two pillows allowed me a good night's rest. Our pious old companion, Mr. John Wilson, kneeling by his bedside, in audible tones, craved Divine protection for the night.

June 27.—At 6 left the Tonawanda House, kept by Mr. Uriel Driggs, paying him three shillings for his night's accommodation and refreshment this morning of cheese, crackers and cider, and gin and water last night, which, with fifty cents, the stage fare to Niagara, made ⅞ of a dollar, which is 87½ cents. These cents and dollars and shillings bother one sadly. If they would say nothing of shillings and sixpences, New York currency, I think I might acquire a knowledge of money matters. Terms of the Eagle tavern (at Niagara), $7 per week, $1.25 per day for three days, and $1.50 per day for one or two days. After breakfast viewed the falls at the ladder on the American shore. We visited Goat Island, kept by Mr. Hooker, our fellow stage passenger from Tonawanda. The bridge has been made about thirteen years. The views of the rapids and falls from various parts of this small island, varied and superb. The island is about a mile

and a quarter round, and contains about 75 acres. There is a paper mill upon it, and some very fine timber. * * * Crossed the ferry and saw Capt. Creighton, at Clifton. He took us to his cottage and explained his views and showed me his plans. He means the houses to be all built, conformable to the plan, upon the table-land adjoining the falls, and will admit of no mills or manufactories of any kind, or anything that shall detract from the villa-like appearance of his town. He either sells or leases the sites. The best building lots are £75—dimensions 61 by 200 or 300 feet. A house suitable to his plans may be built for £200. A long, rank grass covers the whole surface of the intended city. We crossed it and went down Lundy's Lane, where the action was fought in the late war. * * * Capt. Creighton means to establish a fox hunt. * * * The views of the falls and the walks are grand. I observed to him the similarity of the banks or rocks of Niagara river to those of St. Vincent's rocks at Bristol. He replied that it was the great resemblance that suggested to him the name of Clifton. * * * Sitting on the trunk of a prostrate tree, within a few yards of the horseshoe, and amidst the roarings of its mighty waters, the shades of evening are closing upon me, and the mists proceeding from the awful gulph beneath arising like steam from an immensely large boiling cauldron; the deep, sombre tints of green contrasted with the white foam, is inconceivably grand. Whoever pretends, either by pen or pencil, to describe this wonder of nature must possess the most insufferable vanity, or be totally destitute of feeling. But no one fears painting it too highly. 'Tis impossible. 'Tis beyond the power of man to do it. Nor let any traveler fear its falling below the expectation he may have formed by reading its description, for that also is impossible. As twilight increases, the spray becomes more apparent, rising with majestic grandeur and forming clouds in the atmosphere.

June 28.—The morning fine. I have been standing on the bridge over the rapids, which are foaming and roaring around me in the most furious manner. Again crossed the ferry to-day. * * * Returned to my room and wrote home, giving J. Jardine my letter.

June 29.—Started for Buffalo at 10:30 A. M. Arrived at half-past three. * * * The view from the roadside over the Niagara river is very fine. Grand Island, containing about 17,000 acres, appears an entire forest. It was upon this isle, I was informed, that an enthusiast by

the name of Noah* wished to assemble the Jews from all parts of the world, and from thence lead them to Jerusalem. Buffalo is a large, loose, straggling town, that is to say the streets are long, wide, and at right angles, but only half built upon and half paved. Its appearance struck me as being, like Utica, overdone. * * * Here were the first Indians I had seen in the States, and I listened to their language, which sounded to me very pleasing, and they used much pomp and gesticulation whilst speaking. Some of their women appeared very clean, and their costume peculiar—men's black hats and moccasins, with a blanket as a mantle. In many respects they resemble the gipsies. Black Hawk† is here, and the town seems all alive to see him. * * * Charge for dinner, bed and breakfast at the Mansion House, one dollar.

June 30.—At 8 o'clock my luggage was sent off to the boat, and I soon followed and found it all on board. Black Hawk, his son and

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* Major Mordecai Manuel Noah, born of Jewish parents, in Philadelphia, in 1785. Studied law and became interested in politics. In 1811 was consul at Riga, and in 1813 at Tunis. In 1819 he published his travels, and, settling in New York, edited successively several newspapers, including the New York Enquirer, which later became famous under James Watson Webb. In 1820 he formed his Jewish scheme of settlement on Grand Island. His city, however, never advanced beyond the erection of a monument inscribed: "Ararat, a city of refuge for the Jews, founded by Mordecai M. Noah, in the month of Tishri, 5586 (Sept., 1825), in the fiftieth year of American Independence." No vestige of this monument now remains. In 1840 Mr. Noah published a translation of the Book of Jasher. He died in 1851.

† Black Hawk was a noted chief of the Sac and Fox Indians. He was born about 1768, became chief by the death of his father in 1788, took sides with the English in the war of 1812, and was the principal instigator and leader of the Black Hawk war of 1832. The ancient home of his tribe was the northwestern portion of Illinois. In 1804 some of its chiefs were induced to cede all their lands to the government for a paltry annuity of $1,000 a year. The tribe were discontented with the treaty, and claimed it had been extorted while their chiefs were drunk. In 1815 and 1816, however, they confirmed the cession, and the larger part of the tribe removed to west of the Mississippi. In 1831 the ceded tract began to be settled, and the remaining Indians were forcibly driven from their ancestral homes. Black Hawk, who was of a warlike disposition, roused his tribe to resist. A force of 1,500 militia was sent against the Indians by Gov. Reynolds, but the hostiles retired without a conflict, and the militia were disbanded. In April, 1832, Black Hawk again invaded the country east of the Mississippi, and again a large force was raised to resist him. The troops were undisciplined and badly commanded, and sustained much loss. Numerous massacres of white settlers and their families took place, the most notable being on Indian creek, about 15 miles from Ottawa, on the Illinois river. The war

suite came on board, and will be my fellow passengers to Detroit, I learn. Black Hawk is a slight-made man, about 50 or 55 years, and about 5 feet 5 or 6 inches, dressed in a short blue frock coat, white hat and red leggings tied round below the knee with garters. He carries his blanket about with him folded up under his arm. His shirt not very clean, and his face very dark complexion, much like our gipsies. The cartilages as well as the lobes of his ears are loaded with glass bugle ornaments, his nose perforated very wide between the nostrils, so as to give it the appearance of the upper and under mandibles of a hawk. He wears light-colored leather gloves and a walking stick with a tassel. His son is a fine looking young man, with what may be called an open countenance. He carries his head high, and looks about him. He is covered with a scarlet blanket or cloth, wears nothing on his head but a feather or two stuck in his hair, great bunches of bugles in his ears, his face and bosom painted red, and his forehead either painted or tattoed with a sort of band. His hair turned up in front and pomatumed. He has many ornaments about him, and little bells that jingle as he walks. The Prophet is covered with a green blanket or mantle. Black Hawk seemed greatly disturbed lest his hat should blow off. * * * Arrived at Dunkirk at half-past 2; stayed there more than an hour taking on fresh fuel. Black Hawk and suite dined at the second table. Little attention paid to them. The engine of our boat (the Uncle Sam) deranged and makes a great noise. Considerable emigration towards the Michigan

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spread over the entire northern part of Illinois and southern Wisconsin. Gen. Winfield Scott was ordered from Fortress Monroe with a regiment of United States regulars to assume the chief command. He arrived at Detroit on his way to the seat of war on June 30th, and here the cholera broke out among his troops in most virulent form. Out of 208 sent ashore here, only nine survived. Ninety more died before Chicago was reached. Scott remained a month in Chicago, and did not reach the Mississippi till August, before which the war had ended by the capture of Black Hawk. The Indians had been defeated on July 21 and again on August 2, when, the failure of their enterprise being apparent, Decori, a Winnebago chief, provided for his own safety by capturing Black Hawk, his son, the Prophet, and other leaders, and delivering them to the whites. The result of the war was another treaty with the Indians, by which nearly the whole of the present State of Iowa was ceded to the Government. Black Hawk and his suite were taken to Washington, and thence to Fortress Monroe, where they were confined till June 4, 1833. They were then taken the rounds of the Eastern cities, and finally sent home via the Erie canal. They arrived at Detroit on their way west on July 4. Black Hawk died October 3, 1840.

territory.* Difficulty of gaining information as to routes remarkable.

July 1.—Warned up by the bell at 4.45. Black Hawk slept on the same shelf with myself, next berth, the Prophet's son on the floor under my berth. The others slept where they could. Black Hawk walks about with very much the habit of a respectable old gentleman. He is 66 I am informed. His son makes great use of a silver toothpick. The old man showed much interest with my map and asked for Chicago, and by signs asked the course to it and his route, which I showed him. He then, pointing to the head of the boat and at the same time stamping the floor with his cane, intimated a wish to know what was our situation. I showed him on the map. * * * Numbers of persons slept on the deck last night, men, women and children. Indeed, the weather was so fine, and the cabin so close and hot, that it was by far the preferable place. The moon at full and brighter than I ever saw her. A great deal of lightning in the northeast.

* Michigan was first settled by the French soon after the middle of the 16th century, Mackinac and Sault de Ste. Marie being the locations of the earliest settlements. In 1701 a colony was founded at Detroit by De la Motte Cadillac. In 1760 all this region with Canada fell into the hands of the English, in consequence of the capture of Quebec by Gen. Wolfe. By the treaty of Paris, which ended the war of the revolution, Michigan was relinquished to the United States, but it was not fully taken possession of by this government till 1796. It was then embraced in the Northwestern Territory, which included also the present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin. In 1802 Ohio was formed into a State, and the remainder of the Territory was reorganized as Indiana Territory. In 1805 the Territory of Michigan was formed, with Detroit as its capital. The settlements were confined to the shores of the lakes and larger rivers, the interior being an unexplored wilderness. It was not till 1816 that the government began the survey and sale of lands in Michigan. In 1819, by a treaty with the Indians, 6,000,000 acres in the eastern part of the territory were ceded to the government, and in 1821 by another treaty the aborigines retired from all the lands south of Grand river. In 1829 immigration was pouring in rapidly. Eight new counties were this year organized, and were named after President Jackson and his Cabinet, viz: Jackson, Calhoun, Van Buren, Ingham, Eaton, Branch, Barry and Berrien. In June, 1830, the territory contained 31,698 white inhabitants. There were then 15 organized counties. The central parts of the territory were reached by Indian trails, though a government road had been surveyed from Detroit to Chicago and was partially opened. This, it will be noticed, was but three years before W. A. Scripps's journey. Already the subject of a State government was being agitated, but it was not till 1834, when the territory numbered 87,273 souls, that active steps were taken to attain that end. Owing to a dispute with Ohio regarding the southern boundary line, it was not till January 26, 1837, that Michigan was finally enrolled as a full-fledged State.

Cannot get any decided information as to the best route, whether by Detroit or Sandusky. Each has its advantages and each its disadvantages. Old Black Hawk has just complained to me that it is very warm. He was dreadfully so in the night. He got out of bed two or three times, and was half inclined to dispense with his mattress. Ashtabula a very pretty looking place. A fine durable pier of wood. Clean-looking town upon an eminence. * * * Most of the men are large, and have an independent gait and a severe look. By asking a question you are not certain of a satisfactory answer. * * * Respecting the Michigan territory, some extol it beyond measure,—fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, contiguity to every part of the Union. Others damn the place as the worst that mortal man can inhabit.* The Prophet, his son and another sitting in the cabin, I took particular notice of their features. High cheek bones, Chinese looking eyes, etc. All, excepting Black Hawk, large, athletic men, evidently impatient of the present restraint, though putting a good appearance upon it. The ladies' cabin, I am told, must have been insufferably hot last night. I never perspired more myself, though out of the influence of the boilers. * * * Arrived at Grand River at 2 P. M. to take in wood. Black Hawk left us here. * * * Cleveland appears a large, handsome town. Took in wood here, and repaired the engine, and started about half-past 8. After all the pros and cons, I have made up my mind to go on to Detroit. * * * Thermometer in cabin at 10 P. M., 86.

July 2.—Waked this morning by the boat arriving at Sandusky, a most miserable looking sort of place. Fearing that my luggage might by mistake go ashore, I got on deck about 4 o'clock. Raining very fast. A person well acquainted with my intended route assured me of its impracticablity, and I had my luggage carried ashore. The captain refused to change my one hundred dollar bill. A person on shore again so fully convinced me of the difficulties of that route that I returned again to the boat.

* For a long time it was popularly supposed that the interior of Michigan was a vast swamp, and the whole territory most unhealthy. This belief, no doubt, caused Michigan to be passed over, and the earlier tide of emigration to favor Illinois, which hence possessed sufficient population to entitle it to admission as a State as early as 1818. It has really only been within the past twenty years that the interior of Michigan has become fully known, and the erroneous ideas of its character finally exploded.

At this point the diary suddenly breaks off, the small book in which it is recorded being full. Happily I am in possession of copies of three letters, which take up the narrative where the diary leaves it, so as to form altogether a pretty connected history of the trip, almost to the period of his embarking on his return voyage to England. It is much to be regretted, however, that the diary did not continue one day further, so as to convey to us the writer's impressions of and his experiences in Detroit, which was destined a quarter of a century later to become the permanent home of one branch of his descendants. The letters alluded to read as follows:

FROM WILLIAM A. SCRIPPS TO HIS WIFE.

RUSHVILLE, ILLS., July 27, 1833.

My Dear Love:

I wrote to you from New York immediately upon my arrival there. I also wrote to you from Niagara on the 28th ult. * * * I arrived at this place on Thursday last, after a very fatiguing journey of thirty-six days from New York, experiencing during that period many of the perils and inconveniences attending a journey through a wild and unsettled country, so very recently, too, the seat of a bloody war with the Indians.

I shall in future put little confidence in maps, and when I see roads laid down I shall inquire whether they are passable for any but Indians, and whether they have any means of conveyance upon them; and when I see towns or cities laid down with pompous names, such as Rome, Carthage, Pekin, *cum multis aliis* shipping ports, I shall ask whether they contain so much as a log cabin to shelter a traveler, and where he may calculate on getting even a glass of water. For the want of such knowledge led me to take a route mainly destitute of these accommodations, and through pathless prairies, with grass over-topping the head, along Indian trails and swamps, and the Lord knows how.

I left Niagara for Buffalo on the 29th of June, where I embarked on board the Uncle Sam steamer for Detroit—310 miles—in company with Black Hawk and his suite. This voyage was protracted

in consequence of a squall which capsized a schooner during the night, and which our captain, actuated by feelings of humanity—and $50—raised up and towed into port the next day.

After some detention at Detroit, I took the stage to Tecumseh, 56 miles. Another stage, two days after, conveyed me to Niles, 130 miles. Though a road to Chicago around the head of the lake is laid down on the map, 90 miles, yet there is not only no conveyance over the road, but it is almost impassable except for a horseman. This brought me to a standstill, and, after waiting two days, I was about purchasing a wooden box, made of four boards, for $3, to descend the river St. Joseph, when a keel boat came up, in which I embarked. After a voyage of nearly two days down this beautiful river, making some 50 miles in its windings, I arrived at the city of St. Joseph. Here I found the chances of proceeding still less than before, and I now regretted that I had not embarked in a steamer at Detroit through the lakes St. Clair, Huron, Green Bay and Michigan, although the latter being on a trading voyage of uncertain duration, I had declined it. I was again locked up, and could neither proceed or return, but after a few days a schooner was ready to cross the lake with timber. I took passage on her for Chicago, but, unfortunately she grounded on the bar on getting out, and a day or two more was spent in unloading and loading her again. After a stormy passage of nearly two days, I felt happy on landing in Chicago,* where I slept at the first hotel—31 in one room. Here I learned that a stage or wagon proceeded to Ottawa once a week; but as several days

* The earliest mention of Chicago is on a map published in 1683, when the site is designated as Fort Checagon. This fort was probably abandoned when the Northwest was ceded to Great Britain in 1760. In 1804 the United States government built a fort called Fort Dearborn at the mouth of the Chicago river, remains of which were visible down to the time of the great fire of 1871. In 1827 Congress granted lands for the construction of a canal connecting Lake Michigan with the Illinois river. Under directions of the commissioners appointed by the State to construct such canal, the city of Chicago was laid out in 1830. In 1831 it contained twelve families, besides the garrison of the fort. It was not incorporated as a town till August, 1833, when it contained 550 inhabitants (of whom 29 only were voters) and 175 buildings of all kinds. The entire property of the town was then valued at $60,000. This was consequently its condition at the time of Wm. A. Scripps's visit. In 1844, when my father passed through it on his way to Rushville, it possessed probably fewer than 10,000 inhabitants, although then a prosperous and ambitious city. The public square, now occupied by the city and county buildings, was then a hay field, in which as a child I

would elapse before she started, four of us hired, for $30, a private wagon drawn by two horses to carry us thither. We arrived there on the third day after leaving Chicago, from which it is distant 80 miles. Ottawa was the center of the seat of war with the Indians last year. In the course of this journey, which was over one almost boundless prairie, part of our route was through rank grass five or six feet high, guided by the sun, as every one had forgotten a compass.

Ottawa is situated at the confluence of the Fox and Illinois rivers, a miserable place, with a great many miserable Indians hanging about. I was ferried over the river by a particular friend of John's, a Dr. Walker, who is, besides ferryman, chief magistrate, clerk of the place, commissioner of lands, in some military command, and doctor of medicine. His son-in-law is sheriff, postmaster, hotel-keeper, and Indian trader besides. He is half French and half Indian by birth. The doctor is a wealthy man, and has his residence on the opposite side of the river, to which he kindly invited me, on learning my name, assuring me that I should have no chance of continuing my journey for a week at least. I was not over ready to accept his invitation, however, as he had a son lying very ill of suspected cholera, and whose bed occupied the only living room in the house. Fortunately an opportunity occurred of purchasing an Indian canoe, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, in which we left Ottawa the second day, and descended the river—four of us, with all our baggage, and our vessel rather leaky. But we passed the rapids, and spread our umbrellas to the wind, and made about 40 miles the first day. The next day we only made 12 miles. The

chased butterflies, and was driven out for trampling down the tall grass just ready for the scythe. The hotel we put up at was a rude wooden building at the northwest corner of the public square, kept by a Mr. Day. There were no railways leading out of Chicago at that time, and we were detained there for a week or more in waiting for the roads to dry up sufficiently for wagons to cross the prairie lying just west of the city, which, from the excessive rains of that summer, was impassable for vehicles. The Illinois & Michigan canal was opened in 1848, and was the means of attracting much attention to the place. It was then that John Locke Scripps established himself there. In 1850 its population was 29,963. In 1857, when I began a two years' residence there, it was a busy metropolis of 80,000 inhabitants. In 1870 this population had increased to near 300,000, and notwithstanding the almost entire destruction of the city by fire in October, 1871, its growth became more rapid than ever, until in 1890 the official United States census accorded it a population of 1,098,576 souls, making it the second city on the continent in size and importance.

wind shifting round contrary to the stream, made our further progress that day a matter of danger, as this river is as wide as the Thames at Greenwich—in many parts much wider. We stopped at a miserable log cabin on the bank of the river, where some cool water, with a bit of fried pork, formed our supper. Our beds were spread upon the floor, and we might have rested from our toil had the musquitoes permitted, but they, and a dreadfully hot night (increased by fire inside and out to smoke these persecuting insects), drove us from our couches at 3 o'clock in the morning. The canoe loaded (all but umbrellas, which were forgotten), and the weather being calm, we proceeded on our journey, all that was left of us, and arrived at the city of Rome (two houses), 35 miles, at 7 in the evening. Here we got a few gallons of nice milk (which we drank), and met a small steamboat, called the Exchange, going down to St. Louis. We embarked on board of her, leaving our host, at Rome, the canoe and paddles in return for his milk. We started about 8 o'clock, and I expected to reach Rushville the next day (my birthday), but fate ordained otherwise.

Having rowed very hard all day, and being consequently much fatigued, we took some tea and immediately turned into our berths. A little before 10 we were roused out of a sound sleep by a most dreadful crash, that threw some of us out of our berths, followed by loud cries for everybody to provide for his own safety; also for water to put the fire out in the furnace. I lost no time in dressing, I assure you, and was soon on deck (a dark night), where I learned that another steamer called the Utility, going up the river, where it is one and a half miles in width, had run right into us, displacing the boiler and tearing the Exchange and her machinery to pieces. The Utility, which was not much injured, towed us ashore, and then went on her journey up the river to Hennepin; not, however, before I and another passenger had jumped on board of her (without our baggage), knowing that she was to return the next day and go down to St. Louis. We thought, also, that the Exchange could not swim; but here we were wrong. The next day she was got afloat and swam down, by help of oars, to Pekin, ten miles from Peoria, or Fort Clarke, where the accident happened. On Monday another small steamer called the Dove, which had discharged a cargo of coal at Pekin, took her in tow and carried her down to St. Louis. As soon as I found myself safe I again went to bed, but in half an hour was again roused by the

vessel running right ashore amid grass and rushes, the pilot having made a mistake! Although only drawing about thirty inches of water, there she lay till as before, by unloading, they got her off. A leaky skiff conveyed us back to Peoria, where we remained from Sunday night till Thursday morning, when the Utility returned and took us up, and finally landed us safe at Beardstown, 80 miles from Peoria and 105 from Rome, where I had embarked the week before. I had now to cross the river and travel fifteen miles by land. A wagon on the opposite side, bound for Rushville, afforded the means of reaching that place, where I arrived at 9 P. M. on the 25th, after thirty-six days from New York, and traveling over 1,650 miles of a route not usually traversed. My health had decidedly improved by the trip; my face and hands were the color of old oak, beautifully mottled with musquito bites. A kind and brotherly welcome, a bed *all to myself*, and a room at my disposal in a very pleasant house, have already made me forget all my toils, disappointments, musquito bites and heat (the thermometer during my journey generally ranged from 80 to 95, and even higher), and I only regret that my tedious journey will shorten my stay here.

This is an inland town, very healthy and dry and free from musquitoes, situated on a prairie, with extensive woods behind it. When John came here there were only four or five houses. Now the population is 500 or 600, with a court house, steam mill, seven stores and two groceries, and is increasing in trade and magnitude. Business to any extent could be carried on here at enormous profit. Money is in great demand, for which 25 to 50 per cent can be obtained and mortgage security. Twelve per cent is the legal interest, which is considered so very little that capitalists despise it.

As for living, this is a land literally flowing with milk and honey. Fine cows cost about $10 each, cost nothing to keep, and scarcely any attention. Honey, if bought, is about six cents a pound. The finest coffee I ever tasted, brought up the Mississippi from San Domingo, retails at five pounds for $1, or 20 cents a pound. Tea is equally good and cheap. Beef is about four cents a pound, pork about half that price; chickens, from 75 cents to $1 a dozen; flour is from $4 to $5 a barrel. In short, eating and drinking they consider as costing next to nothing. But wages and clothing are very high. A journeyman carpenter or smith gets from $1.75 to $2 a day, besides lodging and board.

John is a "smart" man, as the Yankees term it—that is, a man of business, and evidently thriving. He is connected with another house in St. Louis, and is very solicitous to have branches at New York and New Orleans. His house (residence) is a framed one, very neatly built, with veranda and rooms of good dimensions. Upon a piece of ground of three acres in extent, he keeps cows, oxen, horse and carriage, pigs, poultry and bees, all of which seem to call for no attention whatever. He has also a tannery here, besides other property. He means to build himself a brick house soon, also a larger store of brick, a chapel and a school-house, but he does not profess the ministry now, business engrossing his attention. Tell T. the white lead speculation would succeed hereabout, say St. Louis.

I shall have much to say on my return. The last week or two have opened my eyes a little. The traders are carrying all before them—100 per cent!! 12 per cent on unpaid accounts!! household expenses scarcely anything.*

Cholera has been, and still continues, very prevalent on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi. I think it prudent for me not to proceed to the South till the disorder is abated, and the heat mitigated (the thermometer is here from 90° to 94°). A letter from George, who is slowly recovering from the cholera, says that eleven of his family have been attacked. The towns in the South have suffered very severely. Our hours here are: Rise about at 5; breakfast at 6, dine at 12, and sup at 6 in the evening. John's wife wishes you would pay her a visit; says you could take shipping for New Orleans, and there a steamer would set you down within ten miles; and she really speaks of the thing so seriously that I can't help laughing.

Begging that you will take care of your precious health, and not suffer my long absence to put me out of your mind and prayers, I remain yours, most truly and sincerely,

W. A. SCRIPPS.

* The great apparent prosperity of the West in 1833–5 was reacted from in 1836, when a serious bank panic occurred. Men who thought themselves rich found their possessions to have no salable value, while their debts had to be paid in full. Extravagant public improvements were suspended, never to be revived, and the millions invested in them were wholly lost. In fact, the whole western country was ruined, and fifteen years elapsed before it could really be said to have recovered. A railroad connecting Rushville with Beardstown, on the Illinois river, was one of the ambitious schemes of the day. Considerable money was spent on it, but the panic of 1836 caused its temporary suspension, and the burning of the building in Rushville, which contained all the books and papers of the company, buried the scheme forever. It was more than a quarter of a century later before Rushville had any railway outlet.

FROM WILLIAM A. SCRIPPS TO HIS WIFE.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, August 25, 1833.

* * * I have been down to Cape Girardeau on a visit to brother George, and am thus far on my return up the rivers to Rushville again, instead of descending the Mississippi to the Ohio, as I had intended. This arrangement was made by John, and I was the more disposed to accede to it from a wish to avoid ascending the Ohio river, the waters of which are uncommonly low, so much so that the steamboat that brought me hither from Cape Girardeau was sixteen days descending that river from Cincinnati, and how long I might be going up under such circumstances I could not even venture to guess. My brother John accompanied me to Jackson and returned home in a day or two, and George is now going back with me to Rushville, where he has never yet been, and where we hope to find an expected accouchement all well over, and where, too, I am to remain till the christening ceremony is performed, and then hie for home overland via Jacksonville, Vandalia, Vincennes, to Louisville in Kentucky; then, if there is water enough to float a steamboat to Pittsburgh or Wheeling, I shall go up the Ohio to one of these two places, then descend by stage the Alleghany mountains to Baltimore and Washington, and up the coast through Philadelphia to New York or Boston, where I fear from all circumstances I cannot arrive until the early part of November, travel as fast as I can.

I left Rushville on the 4th inst., and arrived at Jackson on the 6th, about 300 miles down the Illinois and Mississippi. I found George and his family all well, and just recovered from the cholera, which had prostrated 11 of his family, besides negroes (he has 24 in family). The disorder has been very fatal at Jackson and its immediate neighborhood, particularly amongst heads of families; both parents in several cases have been taken off. The last death, I believe, was on the day of my arrival, a widow lady, to whom George is executor, leaving a large family. By-the-by, her eldest daughter was married on the day I left Jackson, by my brother's partner, Mr. Bacon, who is a magistrate. Many have died on the river, on board the steamboats from New Orleans, principally German emigrants. As for myself, I am in the enjoyment of the best of health, notwithstanding the very warm and enervating state of the atmosphere and change of living. George was quite delighted to see me, as well as his wife and family, and we parted on Thursday last not without tears.

William, Catherine and Benjamin accompanied us to the Cape, about ten miles, where we remained waiting a steamboat up until next day. Here I was introduced to a number of old friends and neighbors of my dear parents, dining with one (a Col. George Henderson), and supping with another (Capt. Dutch). I also paid the visit "you wot of." The graveyard is in the forest about a mile from town, open only to the Mississippi, from which it is distant about 300 yards, on a considerable eminence, and overlooking the river. The "three rude mountain stones" are converted into a mausoleum of brick and stone (with suitable inscriptions) that would not disgrace an English cemetery.

Tell Tudor that Capt. Dutch kills about 4,000 beeves or oxen annually, and throws away the hoofs and offal. You may also tell him that in the midst of lead mines, where you can hardly walk without stumbling over pigs, there is no white lead manufactory,

This is a beautiful city, very healthy, and also very warm, with about fifteen or eighteen thousand inhabitants, the center of a considerable trade by way of New Orleans, and all the Western States. How long I may remain here I cannot tell. The waters of the Illinois are uncommonly low, and only one steamboat, the Peoria, bound upwards to Beardstown, and she may not start till Wednesday or Thursday. I arrived here yesterday morning. To-morrow I visit the museum and dine with Mr. Smith, a merchant here. I told sister George that I meant to write home, and she desired me to present you her love, as did also Catherine and Lydia, William, John and Benjamin. William has already formed a friendship with Tom, and Catherine with Nancy, which they much long to cement by personal acquaintance. The family is most affectionately united. William, though less than eighteen, is quite the man of business in the store, the tan-yard and the farm. Mr. Bacon, George's partner, is a person very highly esteemed. John also has a partner, a Mr. McAllister, resident at St. Louis. Both firms are carrying on a considerable business. Business is done here at great profit, while the expenses of living scarcely deserve mention. George admits his only house-keeping expenses worth notice are tea and coffee! Bread, milk, honey, potatoes, poultry, pork, cattle, horses, and game all cost little or nothing—scarcely care. A single man might board and lodge in Jackson for a dollar a week, and with another dollar clothe himself, keep his horse, shoot his game and live like a gentleman. The soci-

ety is good also. Many well-informed, sensible men are to be found in these western parts, and if a man is fastidious in the company he keeps, he may associate with generals, majors, captains, squires, doctors, clergymen, judges and magistrates *ad libitum*. Money can be lent to almost any extent on mortgage security, at ten per cent. in this State and twelve in Illinois. Land is a property that thousands are investing capital in to their great advantage. Fortunes are making here in a few years.

In speaking of the attack of cholera in George's family, I omitted to observe that sister lost thirty-five out of thirty-eight turkeys in two days of that disorder. The symptoms were nearly the same as in the human race.

Up to the 4th inst., when I left Rushville, I had received no communication of any kind from home or London. News makes its way *via* New York very slowly in these Western States. I hope to find letters on my return to Rushville. I certainly expected to have heard from you before the 4th of August, as the post arrives there (at Rushville) from New York in fifteen days, and there have been several arrivals from London and Liverpool that might have brought me news to the middle of June. I am now four months, within a day or two, without any account of how you are getting along, as the Yankees have it. * * * I am anxious extremely about Tudor. I shall almost regret to hear of his embarking in the affair at Hull. I have but little time to say more, as the dinner bell has rung, announcing 45 minutes past 11 A. M.!! Therefore give my kindest love to all the boys and girls, as well as kind regards to all inquiring friends. * * * I could wish that John would call upon my old cousin Grimstone* and see how he is and his son and family. I cannot give a direction, but perhaps Tudor may remember. As they are the only survivors of my dear parents I should like them to know where I am, and to know, if possible, how the old gentleman is (if alive). And now, my dearest love, I hope you are in the enjoyment of health, and quite easy on my account, and, in bidding you adieu, I commend you to the care of a superintending Providence, who, I pray, will in his gracious dispensations protect, preserve and bless you and all our family.

Yours most affectionately,

W. A. SCRIPPS.

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* See notes on pages 23 and 38.

FROM WILLIAM A. SCRIPPS TO HIS WIFE.

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO, September 23.

I turned my face to the east on the 10th, and have made my way thus far on my journey homeward. George and his brother-in-law, Mr. Baker, drove me to Beardstown, from whence I proceeded by hiring a carriage to Jacksonville, where George and myself parted, he to return home and myself to go to Springfield. At Springfield I was locked up, there being no conveyance to Vandalia for some time, so I returned by the first stage back to Jacksonville, these marches and counter-marches amounting to 110 miles, and was then obliged to go to St. Louis, in Missouri, 100 miles more by stage. From St. Louis I booked myself for Salem, 80 miles, then to Vincennes, 85 miles, then through the roughest country in the world, across Indiana from Vincennes to Louisville, in Kentucky. Here I was lucky enough to meet with a steamer about to attempt to ascend the Ohio, and which succeeded in reaching Cincinnati last Saturday morning about 11 (150 miles), just as another steamer was starting for Portsmouth (115 miles), which we reached yesterday afternoon. From the unusually low state of the Ohio river I found much uncertainty prevailed as to when a boat would attempt to go up to Wheeling or Pittsburgh, and, if attempted, how long they would be reaching either of those places. I availed myself, therefore, of a tow boat going up the Ohio canal, and put my baggage aboard about 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and arrived in this beautiful little town about two hours since (51 miles), having completed 801 miles, some parts sufficiently fatiguing, having to walk up tremendous hills and rocks in the dead of the night, fording of rivers, etc., never having my boots off my feet for four days and three nights, and my legs were swelled frightfully when I arrived at Louisville. But I am now all right again after three days' rest. I expect to reach Hebron (75 miles) some time to-morrow, when I quit the boat and take the stage to Wheeling on the Alleghany mountains, just 100 miles. Then, whether I shall proceed to Pittsburgh or immediately start by whatever conveyance the country affords to Washington, I cannot determine yet, as my traveling verifies your prediction. I find that I cannot remain unoccupied long in any place. However, I expect to be on the seaboard by this day week, when I shall work my way up to New York. I calculate that I have yet to travel 700 miles before I reach New York. However, I consider the most fatiguing part of

the journey is over, and more than half the distance performed. I expect to have the advantage of a railroad for 60 miles.

The stage fares are as dear or dearer here than in England—about 6¼ cents per mile in the Eastern States, in Indiana and Illinois 5 cents only, that is, five dollars for 100 miles, with expenses of sleeping every night at hotels, except in crossing Indiana, through which there is traveling night and day; and the United States mail scarcely proceeds so fast as three miles an hour. This varying the mode of traveling by tow boat is, though tedious, very pleasant and very economical, the charge being scarcely half the stage fare, board included, and gives one an opportunity of walking and looking about you and viewing the country.

The weather is beautiful, the thermometer about 64°. Indeed, the opportunities of looking about just now, when my thoughts are all homeward bound, are rather more than I wished. The boat is taking in 1,000 bushels of wheat.

I left all at Rushville quite well. The baby is a fine child and named Anne Virginia Ellen, they having already a Mary. I gave the names conformably to brother John's wish, that all the females in my family should subscribe a name. I also registered her in the family bible, which is the principal legal evidence received in the courts of law of birth, etc. I have not been able to avail myself at all of the kindness of those friends who favored me with letters, particularly Mr. Corrie, from the great difficulty I found in deviating from the direct roads, and the further difficulty of getting conveyances. Had I bought a horse, or accepted one from George, and had no more baggage than I could stuff in my saddle bags, I might have gone anywhere, but even for that mode of traveling a man must be a tolerable horseman to get through these countries. I have met with a few difficulties in some very short excursions.

I have before said I am in good health, I think much better than I have been for some time past, and I hope this will find you and all the family equally blest. I am very anxious to get on board some vessel for England, but must indulge in a day or two's delay at Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia; but I am most anxious, nevertheless, to reach New York, as I expect to find letters there. I have received none but one from Tom, dated May, and one from Nancy, dated June 1. If any have been forwarded to Jackson, I shall find them at New York, as I requested brother George to forward them

there on his return home, where I expect to find some information from England, if nothing from you.

When I began this letter I had intended to finish it at some other place on my way home, but the loading of this wheat has become a tedious affair, and I now think I shall forward it from this place.

My mode of traveling and the routes that I have taken have had advantages that could not be had by embarking for New Orleans, as I have had opportunities of seeing much of the country and of the people, so much so that I think I begin to talk very learnedly of corn, and prairie, and oxen, and rich and poor lands, and of this country and that country—at least as much as many that I converse with, and my opinion is not unfrequently required by travelers who are possessed with the quicksilver disease and cannot remain stationary at home. As to the countries that I have traveled through, I am happy to say that the people that I have associated with in any way have shown me many marks of kindness and civility upon all occasions.

As I cannot expect answers to my queries, I shall save myself the trouble of making any. I have a variety of matters to ask about, and am anxious to be made acquainted with, but I must subdue my impatience, trusting that a few weeks will (with the blessing of God) restore me to you and home. In the meantime, give my love to all the children and kindest remembrance to old friends, who will excuse my enumerating them. William may inform Mr. Huntsman or Mr. Orme that I shall follow this letter as quickly as circumstances will allow; in short, that I am on my way home. Give Nancy kisses for me, and believe me to be yours, most affectionately,

W. A. SCRIPPS.

P. S.—This is my sixth letter. I last wrote to Tom, dated Rushville, September 9th. The names of many of the places that I have enumerated constitute part of Mr. Stuart's* route. I have also stopped at many of the same houses that he did. I shall not get on so fast as I thought. The wheat is not all on board yet, and it is 6 o'clock.

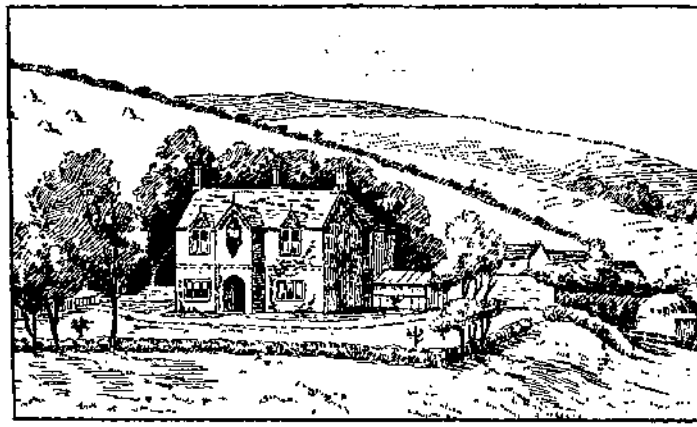
* The reference here may be to John Stewart, the traveler, commonly called Walking Stewart, whose life and adventures, including his travels in the East Indies, Turkey, Germany and America, appeared in London in 1822. DeQuincey speaks of him as a man of very extraordinary genius, and adds: "He has generally been treated by those who have spoken of him in print as a madman. But this is a mistake, and must have been founded chiefly on the titles of his books. He was a man of sound mind and of sublime aspirations, but he was no madman, or, if he was, then I say that it is so far desirable to be a madman."

It was, I believe, before this journey to America that Wm. A. Scripps removed from Southmolton street to Earl's Court, then a suburban locality far from the bustle and turmoil of business. Here his wife, Mary Scripps, died on the 6th of October, 1838. She was the first of the family to be buried in Kensall Green cemetery. Soon after her death he removed to Stratford, Essex, occupying a house in the Gore. In 1843 he made a second trip to America, this time accompanied by his daughter, Anne Elizabeth. Of this journey I have no account save one letter and a few family recollections. Among the latter, Edward G. Jardine recalls Mr. Scripps telling of his being called upon, while at Rushville, to make a Fourth of July speech, which he essayed, denouncing the Declaration of Independence as a tissue of lies because it stigmatized George III. as a tyrant, whereas a more amiable and kind-hearted old gentleman never lived. On his way home he traveled for several days in company with Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Tecumseh notoriety.* Soon after his return he purchased a freehold property known as St. Catherine's Hall, at Niton, near the extreme southern point of the Isle of Wight, and here, surrounded by various members of his family, he spent the greater part of his time for the remainder of his days. His death was sudden and occurred on the 26th day of August, 1851. In the appended chart B will be found the complete record of his descendants, of whom 134 are living (June,

* Col. Richard Mentor Johnson, ninth Vice-President of the United States, was born near Louisville, Ky., in 1780. He was elected to Congress in 1807, and served continuously for twelve years. On the breaking out of the war of 1812, he commanded a regiment of mounted riflemen on the Indian frontier, and contributed greatly to Gen. Harrison's victory of the Thames, on October 5, 1813. The Indian chief Tecumseh, who fell in this battle, has generally been reputed to have been slain by Col. Johnson, who was himself dangerously wounded. In 1819 Johnson was elected to the United States Senate, and in 1837 was chosen Vice-President, Van Buren being President. He was defeated for re-election in 1840, and died in 1850.

1891). Of these 80 are residents of England, 44 of the United States, 8 of South Africa, and one each, I believe, of Japan and Buenos Ayres.

William A. Scripps's character can be read from the diary and letters above reproduced; suffice it to say further, that he was a man of large reading and varied information, a wise counselor, successful in business, and of a most amiable disposition. He was buried in Kensall Green cemetery, London, grave No. 1665, square 133.



St. Catherine's Hall, Niton.

VIII. GEORGE HENRY SCRIPPS.

George Henry Scripps, less intellectually ambitious than his brother John, was, perhaps, the more thrifty and successful business man. He was a vivacious youth of 19 when the removal to Cape Girardeau was made. There he soon afterwards, with his brother John, embarked in the tanning business. At 24 he married, and the year fol-

lowing (1815) was appointed by Gov. Wm. Clark* a justice of the peace for Cape Girardeau county. About 1816 or 1817, he removed to a farm three or four miles distant from Jackson, a village about ten miles west of Cape Girardeau, where he conducted a tannery in connection with agricultural operations, subsequently adding thereto the carrying on of a store in Jackson. About 1832 he moved in to the village of Jackson, sold his farm and tannery, and soon after purchased another farm and tanyard within a mile of Jackson, and there continued the business of farming, tanning and merchandising till his removal to Rushville, Illinois.

In 1820 he was one of the forty delegates that met in St. Louis and framed the constitution of the State of Missouri. Later he served at least one term in the Missouri State Legislature, being elected in 1824. Some time after his marriage, he received the appointment of local preacher from his Church (Methodist Episcopal), but he never felt that he possessed fully the qualifications to fill that position, and, after holding it for a time, resigned, much against the wishes of his friends. The court records of Cape Girardeau county show that on August 24, 1822, he filed in the office of the clerk of the circuit court a certificate of the freedom of his slave, George, to take effect July 4, 1829. On his removal to Rushville in 1836 he gave

* William Clark was born in Virginia in 1770. When 14 years of age his parents removed to where Louisville now stands. In 1808 he was appointed, in conjunction with Capt. Merriwether Lewis, to the command of an expedition designed to explore the territory lying between the Mississippi and the Pacific ocean. In this he acquitted himself with consummate ability, and his observations and discoveries were most valuable. The two principal branches which form the great Columbia river are known respectively as the Lewis fork and the Clark fork. In 1813 Clark was appointed governor of the Northwestern territory, which then embraced Missouri, and this position he held till Missouri was admitted as a State in 1820. He was later Superintendent of Indian Affairs. His death occurred in 1838.

freedom to a large family of slaves, for, though an actual slaveholder, he was always in principle an anti-slavery advocate. In Rushville he engaged heavily in the tanning business, being the first to use steam power for the more laborious processes. Later he established a steam flouring and saw mill. He also for a time carried on a store in Rushville, and was always more or less engaged in farming. He was eminently a man of large business capacity, and in a place and period of larger opportunities would have become very wealthy. In 1838 he made a trip to England, returning the visit of his brother William, made in 1833. His wife, Mary Hiler, whom he married in 1814, died August 14, 1851, and on December 16, 1852, he married Jane Vandevanter, who survived him. He died in Rushville, November 22, 1859. He was a man of the highest character, of superior judgment and energy, and one universally looked up to and respected. In the words of another, he was "pre-eminently a good and consistent man and a useful citizen."

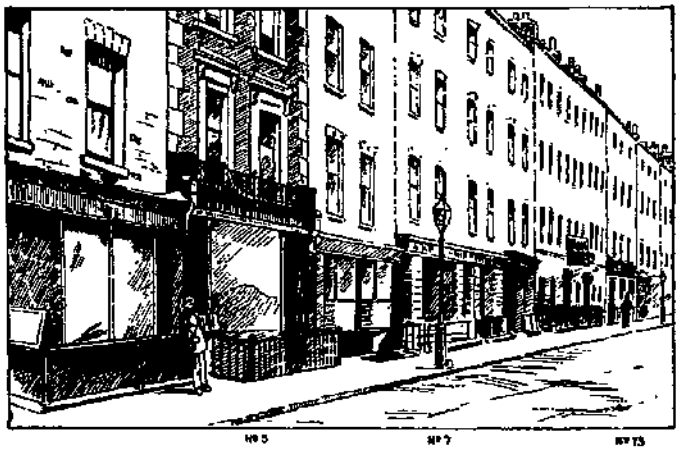
IX. THE GRANDCHILDREN OF WILLIAM SCRIPPS.

Of the second generation from William Scripps, who, one hundred years ago, planted the family in America, several in their day made some mark in the positions in which they were respectively placed.

William Washington Scripps, eldest son of William A Scripps, born in 1800, early developed a remarkable aptitude for study, and while a mere infant in years mastered the Latin language. He was as a youth appointed secretary to a prominent government official in Trinidad—possibly Mr. Heriot, who, on retiring from the editorship of the Sun, accepted some such position. His promising career, however, was blighted by habits acquired in the colony, and while he maintained his love for books he

never put his acquirements to any practical account. His death occurred in April, 1852.

His brother, James Mogg Scripps,* excelled in mechanical skill, conscientious fidelity, and a nice artistic taste. He was early apprenticed to a bookbinder in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, and having completed his term of service, placed himself under Charles Lewis, himself a pupil of Roger Payne, and the most eminent English bookbinder of his day. He then began business for himself at No. 5 Southmolton street, where he continued for nearly twenty



Sketch in Southmolton street, London.

years, numbering among his customers some of the most eminent public men of the day, and some of the most noted bibliophiles. Familiar with the work of Payne and Lewis, I can see no inferiority, either in solidity of execution or

* James Mogg Scripps was named after John Jenner Mogg, Esq., of Bristol, who was an intimate friend of his father. Mr. Mogg was born in 1784, and died unmarried, February 3, 1876. His father was the last of three generations of Abraham Moggs, all buried in St. James's church yard, Bristol. The family came originally from Wells, in Somersetshire. John J. Mogg's eldest sister, Elizabeth, born January 9, 1776, was married on October 6, 1801, to Edmund Saunders, who was a native of Somersetshire, and connected all his life with H. M. customs service. Their eldest daughter, Ellen Mary Saunders, was married in 1833 to James Mogg Scripps.

tastefulness in ornamentation, in his work when compared with that of either of these artists.* The Queen's library, if I mistake not, contains some examples of inlaid work from his *atelier* of the rarest beauty. He was not, however, what would be called a successful business man, and though industrious and earnestly devoted to whatever he undertook, he entirely failed to accumulate wealth. After the death of his second wife,† he, in 1844, disposed of his business in London, and, with his six young children, the youngest but 3 years old, emigrated to America. The family left London on the barque Frances Burr, Capt. Foster, and after a voyage of forty-four days landed in Boston some time in May of that year. Proceeding west via Albany, the Erie canal, the great lakes to Chicago, overland to Ottawa, and thence down the Illinois river to

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* Roger Payne was a native of Windsor forest, and was born in 1739. Coming up to London, he was set up in business near Leicester Square, somewhere between 1766 and 1770, by his namesake and patron, Thomas Payne, the bookseller. He died in 1797. As a bibliopegic artist Payne stands at the head of the English school. I have in my library an example of Payne's work, with his bill for binding mounted on one of the fly leaves. It reads as follows:

"Mr. Payne's Bill.

To binding Tacitus 4 Toms Xtra.....£2 : 2 : 0

May 7, 1772. Rec'd the contents in full of all demands.

pr. ROGER PAYNE."

Payne was terribly dissipated, and to the end of his days was poor and slovenly in his personal habits and appearance.

Charles Lewis was born in London in 1786, and, I have always understood, was a pupil of Payne's. He was as thrifty in business as Payne was improvident. Of the character of his bindings Dibdin says:

"The particular talent of Lewis consists in uniting the taste of Roger Payne with a freedom of forwarding and squareness of finishing peculiarly his own. His books seem to move upon silken hinges. His joints are beautifully squared and wrought upon with studded gold, and in his inside decorations he stands without a compeer."—*Bibliographical Decameron, Vol. II., p. 522.*

† He was three times married: First, on January 25, 1829, to his cousin, Elizabeth Sabey, of Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, whose mother was half sister to John Dixie and Mrs. W. A. Scripps. She died May 19, 1831, leaving one child. Second, on January 9, 1833, to Ellen Mary Saunders, who was born January 21, 1804, and died April 30, 1841, leaving five children. Third, on November 26, 1844, to Julia Adeline Osborn, who was born at Ogdensburgh, N. Y., December 18, 1824, and who is still living.

Beardstown, they reached Rushville towards the end of June. The Mormon excitement was just then at its height,* and every house was an arsenal, and the streets were nightly patrolled by armed citizens in anticipation of a Mormon raid. Here James M. Scripps first joined his uncle, John Scripps, in the tanning business, then married again and settled on the farm a mile west of Rushville, upon which he resided for the rest of his life. His cultivated taste soon transformed as uninviting a tract of land as could be found in the vicinity into one of the most delightful of homesteads. His mechanical genius found vent for itself in a thousand little contrivances in house, barn and field. I believe him to have been the first to contrive a machine for planting corn, the principle of which is still in use in the best corn planters. His enterprise first gave the citi-

* The sect of Mormons was founded by Joseph Smith, who was born in Vermont in 1805. In 1827, he pretended, guided by a Divine revelation, to have discovered the Book of Mormon engraved on plates of gold. In 1830 he published it, and made it the basis for a new religious organization. The following year the followers of Smith formed a colony at Kirtland, Ohio, where, in 1836, a large and costly temple was constructed. The leaders engaged in unauthorized banking and failed, which brought great discredit upon the church, and compelled its removal to a new field. An attempt was made to settle in Missouri, but there the Mormons became embroiled with the people, and were driven from the State by force of arms. They then concentrated at Nauvoo, on the Mississippi, sixty miles northwest of Rushville. This was in 1838. Here, in 1841, was laid the foundation for a magnificent temple. In July, 1843, Smith put forth the doctrine of polygamy, which caused great scandal. A newspaper was established in Nauvoo to expose the iniquities of Mormonism. Smith, at the head of a mob, destroyed the office. He was summoned to appear at Carthage, the county seat, to answer for the outrage, but refused to respect the process, and drove the sheriff's officer out of Nauvoo. The militia were called out to enforce the law, when the Mormons armed to resist. Finally the Governor of the State prevailed on Smith to surrender himself, and he was taken to the jail at Carthage. On the evening of June 27, 1844, a mob attacked the jail, overpowered the guard, and shot both Smith and his brother. The revenge of the Mormons was greatly feared in the neighboring counties, and, as stated in the text, every house and village armed for defense. So deep-rooted was the hostility to the Mormons that it was impossible for them to remain in Nauvoo, and in 1847 they began their removal to Utah, where, in Salt Lake City, they established their third New Jerusalem.

zens of Rushville the luxury of ice in summer, and being among the first in that part of the State to take up the cultivation of sorghum, or Chinese sugar cane, few equaled him in the excellence of the syrup produced from it, or in the system with which the operations were conducted. In 1850 he established in Quincy, Ill., the first planing mill ever operated in that city. but it failed to prove a financial success. So with his other business operations. He was too conscientious, too generous, too ambitious of perfection, to make or save money, and, though a hard and incessant worker, he never succeeded in more than making ends meet. In 1856 he revisited his native country. In August, 1870, he had the first premonitions of the disease which for nearly three years confined him closely to his room, and rendered him a constant sufferer. He died May 12, 1873, in his 70th year, and was buried in the Rushville cemetery. Few men were more generally well informed. He was a kind and considerate friend and neighbor, and an affectionate husband and father. At an early age he had attended the services of an independent clergyman, but after his marriage he became an earnest member of the Church of England, and, upon his removal to Rushville, endeavored, in conjunction with a few other citizens, to maintain an Episcopal church there. This not succeeding, he joined the Methodist Episcopal church, of which he was a regular attendant up to the time of his last illness.

John Dixie Scripps, third son of W. A. Scripps, adopted the legal profession, and but for his early death would inevitably have been called to the bar, so diligently did he pursue the intricacies of the law. As a lad he sustained a severe injury from falling from a trapeze in a gymnasium. From this injury he never recovered, and its aggravation by hard study was primarily the cause of his sad death.

Thomas Scripps, fourth son of William A. Scripps, was

a man of gentle and amiable disposition, though he made few friends, possessing strong convictions, and, like Dr. Johnson, being impatient of contradiction. He was a firm believer in tory principles, perhaps imbibed when a young man from being a witness of the famous Bristol riots which grew out of the Reform bill.* His life was somewhat embittered, too, by a chancery suit (Clarke *vs.* Scripps), which lasted many years, and which was brought to secure an interpretation of his father's will. It is worthy of notice that this suit was the first case decided on the Interpretation of Wills Act (1 Victoria), and is a leading case constantly cited in the English courts.† He visited Amer-

* The Bristol riots occurred in 1831, and resulted from the second rejection of the Reform bill by the House of Lords in October of that year. There was some slight rioting in London, serious outbreaks at Derby and Nottingham, but at Bristol nothing so terrible had happened in the kingdom for forty years. Harriet Martineau says: "The Bristol mobs have always been noted for their brutality, and the outbreak there was such as to amaze and confound the whole kingdom." Sir Charles Wetherell, recorder of the city, was a vigorous opponent of the bill. His usual entry in state into the city for the purpose of holding court was the provocative of the uprising. This was on Saturday, October 29. That night the Mansion House was attacked and its wine cellars broken into, and very soon Queen Square was strewed with the bodies of the dead-drunk. Thence the mob proceeded to attack and burn the bridewell, the jail, the bishop's palace and the custom house, besides all the private residences on two sides of Queen Square, each measuring 550 feet in extent. The bodies of the drunken were seen roasting in the flames. All day Sunday the riot prevailed, the civil authorities being panic stricken, and the military unauthorized to act. On Monday morning order was restored. A large number of rioters were hanged, the mayor and magistracy were brought to trial, also Col. Brereton, the commander of the troops. The civil officers were acquitted, but Brereton cut his trial short by suicide. Thomas Scripps was visiting at the time in the family of Mr. Edmund Saunders, who was an officer of the customs, and assisted him in carrying to a place of safety the civic plate, which was, I believe, deposited in the custom house.

† "Sir John Dodson delivered judgment in this case. The question, he said, arose upon the will of the late W. A. Scripps, of Southmolton street, and of Niton, in the Isle of Wight, who died on the 26th of August, 1851. After his death, which took place suddenly, his will was found in a mutilated state, cut and torn, and the point for decision was, whether the will was to be considered as revoked *in toto* or in part only. It seemed that the deceased was desirous of

ica in 1857. He was a man of the highest integrity, and in his business affairs was prudent and successful. He succeeded to the business of his father at No. 13 Southmolton street, which in turn he transmitted to his eldest son, who still continues it.

John Locke Scripps, second son of George Henry Scripps, notwithstanding the wild western surroundings amidst which he was brought up, acquired largely by his own energy and exertions a high degree of literary culture. He graduated at McKendree college, Illinois, which later conferred on him the degree M. A. He settled in Chicago in 1848, and at first devoted himself to the legal profession, but, with strong inclinations towards a literary life, he quickly gravitated into journalism, and in 1848, in conjunction with John E. Wheeler and —— Stuart, founded the Chicago Daily Tribune, which to-day stands in the foremost rank of American newspapers. Three years later, in consequence of political differences with his partners, he sold his interest in the Tribune, and in conjunction with William Bross, afterwards lieutenant-governor of Illinois, established in 1852 the Democratic Press. The Republican party being later formed in opposition to the extension of slavery in the territories of the United States, this great interest overrode all others, and the Press and Tribune, no longer differing polit-

avoiding as far as possible the payment of legacy duty, conceiving himself to have been very harshly treated by the government officers, who had compelled him to pay duty, together with twenty-five years interest, upon a legacy which he had never received, but which he had given up on account of the smallness of the assets. He, therefore, intended to make a provision for a part of his family by settlements, and had partially removed by excision the legacies from his will. The court was of opinion that he did not mean to die without a will, but had altered the one propounded with a view to the execution of another. He spoke of himself, however, as having a will, and the court thought that he intended to revoke it *pro tanto* only. The will, therefore, must be pronounced for, and the costs paid out of the estate."—*The Times.*

ically, were merged together in 1858, under the chief editorship of Mr. J. L. Scripps. Upon the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency in 1861, being a warm personal friend of Mr. Scripps's, the important position of postmaster at Chicago was conferred upon him, a position which he held for four years. Under his administration great improvements were made in the postal service, and some of the most important, as the distributing of the mails on the railway trains while in transit, had their origin in the Chicago office. Had he been an aspirant for political position he might easily have had other offices, as well elective as appointive, but until the Chicago postoffice was pressed upon him, he refused to be tempted away from his editorial desk and the influence it wielded. Overwork and too close application told on a naturally not over strong constitution, and after some months of declining health he died at Minneapolis on September 21, 1866, and was buried at Chicago. He had previously disposed of his interest in the Chicago Tribune, but in other hands it has persistently held its high rank among the great newspapers of the country. John L. Scripps was a man of the purest morals, and possessed of the highest conceptions of honor. Anything in itself wrong or ignoble he scorned, no matter how much his personal interest might be concerned. He was a strong and polished writer, a wise and prudent business man, an affectionate husband and father, and a warm and generous friend to all who once commended themselves to his notice. Altogether few purer and nobler men ever lived.

Benjamin Franklin Scripps, third son of George H. Scripps, suffered from a delicate constitution, and died at the early age of 28. For a few years he carried on a school for boys in Rushville, and then established in that place, about 1847 or 1848, the first newspaper ever pub-

lished there, The Prairie Telegraph. When compelled by illness to relinquish business, the newspaper was continued by Rev. John Scripps. Under the name of The Rushville Times it still exists.

William Henry Baker Scripps, third son of Rev. John Scripps, likewise died young. He held a responsible position in the Chicago postoffice under John L. Scripps, and was later connected with a bank in the same city. He possessed good business talents, and was a most amiable young man. He left two sons, who are to-day the only grandsons of Rev. John Scripps bearing the family name.

X. THE FAMILY'S WAR RECORD.

When the rebellion against the United States government broke out in 1861, ten members of the family patriotically shouldered their muskets in defense of what, in the northern States, was universally held to be a just and holy cause. Of the ten, five were lineal descendants of the William Scripps of 1791, and five were husbands of lineal descendants. Two lost their lives in the service. The list is:

George Henry Scripps, Co. B, 27th Michigan infantry.
John Mogg Scripps, Co. B, 27th Michigan infantry.
Enoch David Thomas Sharp, Co. A, 89th Illinois volunteers.
Charles Harrison Sweeney, Co. B, 119th Illinois volunteers.
John William Chase.
George William Parrott, Co. G, 16th Illinois volunteers.
William H. McAllister, Co. G, 16th Illinois volunteers.
Josiah Locke Parrotte, Co. K, 137th Illinois volunteers.
George C. Ray, Co. K, 137th Illinois volunteers.
Albert B. Clark.

George Henry Scripps, fourth son of James Mogg Scripps, was born in Chelsea, August 14, 1839. In 1861 he left Rushville and settled in Detroit, and in the summer of

1862 enlisted in the 27th Michigan infantry. His army experiences are detailed in the extracts from letters given in connection with John Mogg Scripps's record in subsequent pages. Being invalided from the hardships endured in the Vicksburg campaign, he remained in hospital at Cincinnati from the middle of August till November 19, 1863, when, still in a state of great feebleness, his discharge from the service was procured.

John Mogg Scripps, fifth son of James Mogg Scripps, was born at No. 5 Southmolton street, London, November 24, 1840. His mother died in the following April, and he was brought up by his aunt, Mrs. Tudor, who had a son, Frederick, about the same age. He was in his fourth year when his father emigrated to America. When 8 years old he was severely burned while engaged in burning corn stalks in the field, from the effects of which he suffered more or less to the day of his death. As a boy he was industrious and plodding, and a voracious reader. His plans for life were those of a farmer, but in the autumn of 1861 he visited Detroit for a few months for the purpose of learning bookkeeping. In May, 1862, he went to Marquette, where at that time there was a great demand for labor of all kinds, and where wages were high. While there a company was enlisted for service in the war of the rebellion, and as a matter of patriotism, feeling that at least one member in so large a family should enter the army, John enrolled himself as a member. The company was attached to the 27th Michigan infantry, and went into camp, first at Saginaw, then at Fort Gratiot, and finally at Ypsilanti, where it remained till it went into active service in April, 1863. It was while at Ypsilanti that a serious anti-negro riot broke out in Detroit (March 6), in the course of which several blocks in the vicinity of East Fort and Beaubien streets were entirely burned over. Eighty-five

buildings were destroyed, and one person killed. In quelling this riot the 27th participated.

On Sunday, April 12, the regiment was removed to Cincinnati, whence, after a short stop, it proceeded to Nicholasville, Ky., twelve miles south of Lexington. The next day, April 15, it marched sixteen miles to Camp Dick Robinson. I quote now from letters received from George and John during their campaign.

From George, April 23, 1863: "Before commencing our march, the boys concluded to lighten their knapsacks, which they continued to do all day, or until they got them light enough. There must have been $700 or $800, if not $1,000, worth of clothing thrown away on that march. We encamped that night in a field where there had been a skirmish just three weeks before. The only relics we found were a gun barrel, an old sabre bayonet, and two or three dead horses. We are encamped here about half a mile from the main camp, another regiment, the 8th Tennessee, being with us. We are not drilled very hard here, and have very little camp guard duty to do. The boys can go all around within a mile of camp so long as they are in at the roll calls and at duty hours. There are between 40 and 50 men detached for picket duty every day from our regiment. I have not been on picket yet, but John is on to-day."

From George, May 23, 1863: "A little more than a week ago we had orders to go on to Liberty. We got teams enough to carry our knapsacks, they charging us ten cents apiece. Our road was down the valley of the Green river, which we had to wade twice, about middle deep each time. We got to our camping place about noon, and spent the afternoon in gathering dry grass and hemlock boughs for bedding, and as there was plenty around we had before night the best camp we have yet had. It was nicely situated, too, close to the river, and handy to wood and water. Upon arriving there the colonel told us that we had the advance (it was only the 27th that marched), and that there were no troops between us and the enemy, though there were to the right and left of us. He told us further that we might have a fight with Morgan at any moment, and to keep ourselves in readiness for such an event. Well, we went to bed and to sleep, and slept till 12.30 o'clock, when the captain came around and woke us up, and told us to pack up and get our breakfasts, as we had

to go back again. We were all ready in a little while, but did not start till daylight; so we built big fires of rails and laid around them, and kept ourselves as comfortable as we could. In coming back we avoided crossing the river, hiring a guide and going around the bends of the same. We went single file through the woods and over the bluffs with our knapsacks on. We got back before 8 in the morning. There is not near so much sickness in the regiment as there was at Camp Dick. I suppose we have got used to camp life and Southern pies. The latter are quite an institution. They consist of two round pieces of imitation sole leather with a little stewed dried apple spread on the lower piece. You could not get a tablespoonful of apple out of any one of them. They sell at ten and fifteen cents apiece, but as we have little else to do here but eat and sleep, and don't want to knock all our teeth out eating hard tack, the pies find ready sale."

From John, May 28: "We were lying at Liberty on Sunday last on our way to this place (Columbia). We started from Middleburg at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, and marched to about two miles this side of Liberty. Gen. Welch would not march on Sunday, so we laid over till 5 Monday morning, when we again started. We marched till 2.30, which made us about fourteen miles nearer our destination. The next morning we started at 4 o'clock, and reached here at half-past 9, distance another fourteen miles. There are four Michigan regiments encamped around here, the 2d, 8th, 17th and 20th. They soon found out we were here, and several of the boys came over to hunt up acquaintances. Of course, our boys returned the compliment, and there is now quite a lot of visiting done. * * * I hope the next time I write I shall have something more interesting to write about—an engagement with the enemy, for instance."

From George, June 4, 1863: "We staid at Columbia two or three days, when we went on eighteen miles further to Jamestown, where we were pretty close to the Rebs. We were four miles from the Cumberland river, on the other side of which they were in force, and between us and the river there was some skirmishing going on all the time, though without much harm being done, except in the taking of a few prisoners on each side. While we were there the long roll beat twice, but we had no fight, though we fell into line and were ready for it. We left there day before yesterday at noon, and have marched sixty miles since, up to noon to-day. We made eighteen miles the first half-day. As John and I, with some others, had been to Colum-

bia as a train guard, and marched eighteen miles the day before, it makes very nearly eighty miles we have marched in four days. We are here (at Lebanon, Ky.) on our way to Vicksburg.* We get our pay to-night, and take the cars on the Louisville & Nashville railroad to-morrow morning for Louisville, where we take the river for Vicksburg. * * * When we are on a march we don't put up our tents, it is too much trouble. We make our bed in the open air, and sleep just as sound, if it don't rain."

From George, Memphis, June 14: "We left Lebanon last Sunday noon, and got to Louisville that evening. We did not get our pay at Lebanon, and expected to get it at Louisville, but, after waiting there for it all night, they sent us on without it, as it took all night to pay another regiment. Our regiment stacked arms in a street called Broadway, and, as we were expecting all the time to be paid, we did not lie down or go to sleep. We stole a lot of wood and lumber and kept up good fires, though, for it was a very chilly night. At daylight we crossed the river to Jeffersonville, Ind., and took the cars to Seymour. Here we staid half a day, and got our pay. At night we took the

* Vicksburg, Miss., was settled in 1836. Early in the war of the rebellion the place was strongly fortified for the purpose of commanding the navigation of the Mississippi. In May, 1862, Admiral Farragut ascended the river to that point and demanded the surrender of the city, which was refused. In June he bombarded it, but deeming the co-operation of a land force essential, and the river falling, he was compelled for a time to abandon its reduction. In the autumn of that year the command of the post was given to Gen. Pemberton with a garrison of 24,000 men. In December, Gen. Grant sent Gen. W. T. Sherman with a force of 42,000 men to effect its capture. The first attempt to approach it from the land side disastrously failed. In January, 1863, Gen. Sherman was superseded by Gen. McClernand, but soon after Grant himself took the immediate command in person. On April 30, having crossed the river and marched a considerable distance southward, he recrossed with the purpose of attacking the city from the South, its least guarded point. Being opposed by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, he pursued him to Jackson, the State capital, where he destroyed the arsenal and shops. Turning west again, he met Pemberton, who had sallied out to attack him in the rear, and worsted him in an engagement at Baker's creek on June 16, compelling him to return to his fortifications. On the 18th of June the city was formally invested, and on the 19th an unsuccessful attempt was made to carry it by assault. Grant's forces were then increased to 70,000 men, and the city closely besieged. On July 3 Pemberton asked terms of capitulation, and on the following morning Vicksburg, with all its fortifications and 27,000 men, was formally surrendered. The captured troops were paroled. The entire losses during the siege are estimated at 8,575 on the Union side and 10,000 on the Confederate.

cars again on the Ohio & Mississippi railroad for Sandoval, Illinois, where we again changed cars, and took the Illinois Central to Cairo. In going through Indiana and Illinois, from Seymour to Sandoval, at nearly every station the citizens came out with cake, coffee, etc., for the soldiers. * * * We laid at Cairo from early in the morning till 4:30 o'clock, when we took the boat and started down the Mississippi. The Illinois Central and O. & M. railroads furnished two cars to each company, the other roads only one and a half, and the men had to get on top. We had cattle and freight cars on all the roads, one passenger car being run with each train for the field and staff officers. The line officers all rode with their men. I don't know how many trains it took, but there was an awful lot of them. They ran them one right after another, within sight sometimes, and it took two or three days to get all through. The whole corps, the 9th, has not got down here yet. Eight or ten boats have gone on ahead, and several are lying here now loaded with soldiers. We have been here since Thursday evening waiting for orders. The fires are all out in the furnaces, and there is no knowing when we shall leave. The boats are all very crowded, and all the way we have of cooking is around the smoke stacks. It is awfully hot down here, especially on board the boats. We went ashore to-day, and out into the woods to get cool, and staid all day. * * * Since writing the above four or five boats with soldiers have fired up and gone down stream."

From George, near Vicksburg, June 21: "We left Memphis last Wednesday morning, and got here Friday. The reason we were so long was that we had to tie up to the shore every night and wait till daylight. We were convoyed by gunboats through the most dangerous parts of the river. We did not get fired into, but some of the boats that went down ahead did, though no one was hurt. * * * We did not go clear down to Vicksburg, but stopped for a while at the mouth of the Yazoo, eight or nine miles above, and then went up that river twenty or twenty-five miles and landed. We then marched across the country some four or five miles, and some of the roughest country I ever saw. We are now about ten miles from the city, and can hear the firing quite plainly. They kept it up hard all night the first night we were here. The whole 9th corps are encamped here, between Johnston and Grant. Johnston is only about fifteen miles away. The weather here is tremendously hot—so hot that to move about at all goes quite against the grain with me, if with no one else.

Blackberries are ripe and are pretty abundant, but it is harder work getting them than it is up north, for the bushes here have ten thorns where they have one there. The woods are full of magnolia trees, which are just now in bloom, and look very pretty. Trumpet flowers grow wild down here. John has been rather unwell for a day or two, but nothing serious."

From George, July 5, 1863: "I last wrote two weeks ago to-day, since which time we have made three or four short marches, and have worked on fortifications and rifle pits a good deal. We are on our way now towards Joe Johnston. You will have heard long before you get this that Vicksburg was taken yesterday, with 27,000 prisoners. Within a few hours after it was taken our corps and 30,000 of Grant's men started after Johnston. We have marched about ten miles, and are close on to the enemy."

July 7: "John is not with the regiment because he has been sick for two weeks or more, and quite sick at that, but is better now. He is back about fifteen miles from here, at the hospital at one of our old camps. I have not seen him since Saturday morning, when I walked seven miles and back to take him your last letter. I have heard from him once since then. I got half a dozen papers yesterday, some of them as old as the 1st of June, while we have received them some days ago, as late as the 22d, but they are all worth reading where we have nothing else to read. We moved on a little last night, and are now close to the Big Black, waiting until they get a bridge across. They were all day yesterday about it, and are not through yet. Some of our men are working on it. They tore down a whole village of log negro huts and a gin house to build it with. When we got here last night the pickets were firing pretty briskly across the river a few rods ahead of us. There have been some thirty or forty killed and wounded in our brigade while on picket and bridge building, but none in our regiment. Some three or four bridges are in course of construction. The river here is only about thirty yards wide, but is very deep. Now for a little description of the country. I suppose you know it is hilly, but, without seeing it, you could form no idea of it. They cultivate hills here that you would hardly think a team could stand on. All the land is in corn this year, but it won't amount to much, though it is very fine corn, for it don't take long for an army corps to clean the roasting ears out of a field, and they are just in roasting ears now. Besides the

fences are all being burned to cook with, and all the horses are foraged on the stalks or fodder. There is not much live stock running loose now, as it, with everything else, has been confiscated, and what has been left by the Government is soon finished when the boys come along. The reason I let two weeks slip by without writing to you was because I was sick myself several days, and then I was separated from my writing materials some days more. * * * We find there is one advantage in being close to the enemy, and that is we don't have to make forced marches of fifteen or twenty miles. From three to seven or eight miles is all we have had to march at a time here, and we find that quite enough for the climate. By some blunder or other our regiment are carrying their knapsacks, while we ought to have been on light marching order, and have left them behind, as the other regiments have all done. We find a great deal of difficulty in getting water here. At nearly all our stopping places we have to go half a mile or so for it, and then take it out of puddles, or dig a hole in a damp place and let it seep in. It is very poor water. The dust is awful; in some places it is a foot deep."

From John, July 10: "I have joined the regiment, and we are now near Jackson (Mississippi.) We are going on our march in light order, only taking one blanket with us. The enemy is only three or four miles off, and there is a prospect of a fight this morning."

From John, camp near Haines' Bluff, July 24: "I suppose you heard that the 9th army corps had gone to Jackson. I sent you a letter while near there. We were in the fight, and the 27th heard the bullets whistling about their heads for the first time. I think we only had two killed (one out of our company) and several wounded. I was with the regiment only one day out of the three they were engaged, though it was not through fear, but on account of sickness that I was not in my place. I was too weak to go the day I did. We lay on reserve the day I was there till about sundown, with the bullets whistling about our heads, and once in a while a few grape or a shell would cut off the trees close above our heads. We laid down all day; the consequences would have been much worse if we had not. At sundown our company and Company H were ordered out to support the skirmishers. Company B went right in, while Company H were held in reserve. We fired several rounds, and then lay by till morning (about 3.30 or 4 o'clock) when we commenced again. When we would fire too fast the rebels would give us a charge of

grape. It was one of these that killed our comrade. That morning we were relieved by the 2d division, and lay back half a mile or so in comparative security for two days, when they again went out for two days. This day they were in rifle pits. I did not go out, as I told you before. Before we had to go on again the rebels 'skedaddled.' We went out on the railroad and tore up the track for several miles, burned the ties, and heated the rails so that they cannot be used. On Monday we started for this place, which we reached yesterday afternoon. * * * We have been on half rations ever since we have been gone. We did a good deal of foraging, however. We cleaned out all the country round about Jackson for several miles. We got corn meal, molasses, sugar, hogs, calves, sheep, and, in fact, everything that we could eat. Each company had out its two or three men with their confiscated mules all day, picking up what they could get. It got pretty scarce, however, in a few days, and a great many went hungry. George is very sick here in the hospital. He has got the fever. I hope he will get better when we get further north, which, I hope, will be in a few days.

From John, on board steamer Hiawatha, above Memphis, August 9, 1863: "I wrote you soon after coming back from Jackson that George was very sick. He is now, with the worst of the sick, gone up the river. He left camp about a week ago; destination supposed to be the Louisville hospitals. He was considerably better when he left. We started from Milldale on the evening of the 5th, about 4 o'clock. I was at Vicksburg, having been detailed the day before to go down and help load some forage for our horses. I had begun to think I was not going to see Vicksburg, after having come so far for that purpose, but I was agreeably disappointed, not that it was any great sight to see, but it would not do to go home without seeing it after laying so near for so long. The buildings did not suffer near so much as I expected to see them, though I did not go very far into the city. Their fortifications I did not see at all, as it was too far to go, considering I did not know when I should be wanted. We are very crowded on our boat—hardly able to turn around. We have three regiments and a battery on board—I think about 1,500 men and 100 horses and mules, besides cannon and wagons. And then, too, we have none of the cabin, that being occupied by the officers. We reached Memphis yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, and left at 5 in the evening. We were taken off the boat while there, and stretched our

cramped limbs beneath the trees above the city. We were thus able to cook some meat and make a good cup of coffee, having had to live on raw meat and such coffee as we could make out of coffee and hot water, by letting it steep. I cooked enough meat to last me up to Cairo while I was at it. Our regiment has just been re-brigaded, so that Col. Morrison, of the 79th New York, is our brigade commander. Our corps has been ordered to have Vicksburg and Jackson inscribed on their banners, in honor of the part they took in taking those places. You ask me to tell of my experience in the hospital. The fact is I did not have much experience in it. There was no room for me in the hospital, so I occupied my own tent, and walked down for my medicine and meals, if meals they could be called, for they had run out of provisions almost, and had nothing but coffee without sugar, corn-meal gruel and molasses, and crackers. They could not get even fresh meat. I found out a little, while I was there, and that is that the stewards and nurses get the best of everything, if the sick have to go without. I hope it is not so in all hospitals."

From John, Covington, Ky., August 14: "We are laying here at Covington waiting for our pay, which we expect to get to-morrow. The Major says we shall lay here five days. George is in West End hospital, Cincinnati, getting along very well, as I hear. I have not been able to see him yet, but shall try to get a pass to-morrow. To-day I am on guard, and yesterday they would not let me go over, as we expected to be off at any time."

On August 15, learning that George had reached Cincinnati, I visited him in the hospital, and was fortunate in finding the regiment still at Covington, and being able to enjoy an interview with John. In conversation he related many details of his experience, not covered by the above letters. After the skirmishing at Jackson, in which he participated, the rebels retired, and our army proceeding a short distance beyond Jackson, destroyed the railway. The ties were laid in piles, from one to another of which the iron rails were extended. Then, midway between the supports, another pile of ties was laid above the iron, and this being lighted, the weight, as the rails heated, caused them to bend and twist, whereby they were rendered per-

manently unserviceable. The weather was intensely hot, and both John and George, being sick, could only look on while this work of destruction was progressing. The army then started back to Vicksburg. George, by this time, was so ill that it would have been impossible for him to have gotten back had he not, with great difficulty, secured a seat in one of the regimental wagons which was already crowded with sick. Then in a broiling sun, jolting over rough roads, without a soul to so much as give him a cup of water, he rode all that day. John, who had been marching with his company, looked him up in the evening, and seeing his sad condition, obtained permission to remain with him during the rest of the journey. The next day, by the help of their muskets and a tent cloth, they constructed a shelter for him that protected him from the burning sun. Arrived at Milldale, on the Yazoo river, George was placed in hospital. The surgeons despaired of his recovery, but he was, nevertheless, in a few days, placed on a boat, the Dacotah, and taken up the river. On the boat the surgeon in attendance was unsupplied with medicine, and proper diet was also wanting. For several days he lay in his berth almost suffocated with heat, and almost entirely without attention. He remained in hospital at Cincinnati till November 19, when he was discharged from the service as permanently disabled.

On Sunday, August 16, I paid John another visit at his camp. He told me he had suffered terribly from dysentery at Vicksburg, and had not yet recovered from it. It was brought on by heat and improper diet while on the Jackson expedition. For days, he said, they had nothing to live on but green corn, fresh pork and bad water. He was sick when he started on the trip, and ought not to have gone, but did not like the idea of shirking just when the

regiment was probably going into its first fight. When he left the hospital the regiment was some distance in advance of him. He started on foot to overtake it, but after traveling all day was unsuccessful, and in the evening waited for the company wagon, on which was his knapsack, to overtake him. It must have passed him, however, unobserved in the long train, so, supperless and without shelter, he laid down under a tree to pass the night, having walked till dark without finding shelter. The night was very chilly, and he almost froze. With the break of day he discovered a planter's house near by, and made his way to it. No one was at home save an old negro, and though he wandered through all the rooms he could find nothing to eat but molasses. Luckily a party of soldiers came up about this time, who gave him some cold corn cake. He then continued his journey, and in due time came up with his regiment. In the first day's fighting at Jackson, John was engaged, though still far from well. The second and third days he was unable from sickness to take part in the engagement. From what George told me, John displayed great courage on this occasion. While others were loading and firing at random, John maintained the most imperturbable coolness, only firing when he could see indications of an approaching enemy, and often exposing himself in order to get a better aim. His regiment had been lying flat on their faces all day (July 11), with the enemy's bullets and grapeshot whistling and crashing through the trees over their heads. Towards evening his company was ordered out as skirmishers, and all night long they held a position immediately in front of the enemy. For an hour or two they kept up a fire, but shortly after dark they were ordered to suspend firing. They were placed in twos along the line and instructed not to go to sleep, and one of each couplet

was required to watch while the other rested. So completely exhausted, however, were they all, that almost every man slept more or less, and no secret was made of it. It is presumable that the enemy were equally exhausted, and as unlikely to make an attack as our men were unprepared to receive them. About 3 o'clock next morning, firing recommenced. Whenever it was particularly rapid from any portion of the line the rebels would throw a few shells or grape in that direction from a battery concealed in the woods. As it became light, John, tired of firing at an unseen enemy, moved his position to get a better view. In doing so he suddenly came upon an opening in the woods, through which he could see distinctly the battery which had been annoying them. Coolly discharging his musket at one of the gunners he returned to his covert. It was soon after this that his company was relieved. On the way up the river the heat was intense, and the only source of comfort the men enjoyed was bathing in the wheelhouse of the steamer, allowing themselves to be drenched by the water thrown up by the paddles.

I left John that afternoon, and the same evening his regiment left Covington. From his subsequent letters I make the following extracts:

Near Nicholasville, Ky., August 24, 1863: "We left Covington the same evening that you left me, and reached this place Tuesday morning, having camped all night at Nicholasville. We are about four miles from that place. * * * We got our pay a day or two after reaching this place, and are now, in the eating way, making up for what time we lost in Mississippi. All kinds of vegetables and fruit are brought into camp and sold at reasonable rates."

Crab Orchard, Ky., September 7, 1863: "We started from our old camp last Tuesday, the 1st. It took us three days to get here, marching only ten miles a day. The water here is mineral water—sulphur, iron and salts. I have got much better since leaving the other camp. Whether it is the water, or what, I am unable to say. I hope in a

week or so to be entirely well. You must direct your letters to the 2d brigade in future, our regiment having been transferred to that brigade. The other regiments of our brigade are the 29th Massachusetts, 46th New York and 50th Pennsylvania. The 27th is nearly as large as the rest of the brigade put together. Ever since we have been here we have had dress parade and drill, as we used to have in Michigan. It has been so long since we have drilled that we need it badly enough. We have a very nice camp here now. The tents are laid out in regular streets, and the whole regiment have good-sized bushes stuck up in front of their tents in straight rows, and it makes it look very pretty. Most of us have also raised our tents off the ground and made tables to eat off of."

Ten miles from Cumberland Gap, September 19: "We started from Crab Orchard on the morning of the 10th, and have marched from ten to fifteen miles a day ever since, with the exception of three days that we laid by. We were paid two months' pay on the third day of our march. I overran my clothing account $5.27 in my first year, $42 being allowed. After deducting what I had thus overdrawn I had $20.75 left. We have a pretty easy march of it, though we started with eight days' rations in our knapsacks and haversacks. We never carried more than three days' before. We passed over Wild Cat mountain on Friday, and crossed the Cumberland river this morning, after marching along its banks for about fifteen miles."

Cumberland Gap, Tenn., September 21: "We came over the Gap this morning, and are now in Tennessee. We marched all the morning in a heavy fog till we were within a mile or so of the mountains, when the fog cleared off, and we had a good view of them."

Knoxville, Tenn., October 4, 1863: "We started on the 21st for Morristown, the nearest point on the railroad, somewhere near forty miles from the Gap, which we traveled in two days. We lay at Morristown a day and a half, when we started for this place. If there had been cars enough we would have had a ride this last forty miles, but as it was we had to tramp it. We reached here Saturday morning, the 26th.* At Morristown we had three days' rations of flour issued to us instead of hard bread. You can imagine what fine light

* Knoxville was settled as early as 1789, and from 1794 till 1817 was the capital of Tennessee. At the opening of the war it was noted for the strong Union sentiment of its citizens, but it soon fell under Confederate control. It was abandoned by the rebels in September, 1863, upon the approach of Gen. Burnside with the 9th army corps, by whom it was occupied. After the Union reverse at

pancakes we made out of our flour and water. Since we have been here we have had light bread and plenty of meat, but they are coming down on the coffee and sugar half a ration. Camp life is dull business; nothing to do but drill; nothing to read. The only paper we get is the Knoxville Bulletin, a half sheet, about 12 by 18. Keep writing. I may not get all you write, but the more you write the more I'll get. I will do the same."

This was the last letter our poor John wrote. A few days later it was ascertained that Stonewall Jackson, with several regiments, was advancing down the line of the Virginia & East Tennessee railroad, and on October 9th Gen. Burnside sallied out of Knoxville with all his forces to arrest his progress. Jackson had taken up a position at Blue Springs. Burnside's troops left the train at Midway, and next morning started in search of the enemy. Shackleford's cavalry brigade took the advance and drove in the enemy's pickets, but up to sunset was unable to dislodge him. Gen. Ferraro's division of the 9th corps, to which the 27th Michigan belonged, was then ordered forward, Company B of the 27th being employed as skirmishers. It was while in this service that John was shot and instantly killed. His comrades buried him on the battle field. At the close of the war his body was exhumed by the government and re-interred in the National cemetery at Knoxville, in grave No. 186, circle 10. He was a kind-hearted, generous fellow, and popular with all his associates. His habits were most exemplary.

Enoch David Thomas Sharp was born in Ohio November 29, 1829. On May 1, 1858, he married Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of James Mogg Scripps. He enlisted

Chickamauga, the city was closely besieged by Gen. Longstreet with a superior force, and was reaching a condition of serious distress, when Grant's victory at Chattanooga, on November 24 and 25, forced Longstreet to retire. The siege was one of the memorable episodes of the war, but, of course, John M. Scripps did not live to participate in it.

August 12, 1862, as a private in Company A, 89th Illinois infantry, known as the Railroad regiment. The regiment was first assigned to the 3d brigade, 2d division, of the Army of Kentucky. In October, 1862, it was transferred to the 6th brigade, 2d division, of the 20th Army corps (McCook's). Its service throughout was in the west—Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia. Thomas Sharp participated in the battles of Lawrenceburg, Perryville, Stone River* and Chickamauga. He was made prisoner at Stone River, December 31, 1862, and was confined in the Libby prison† at Richmond till January 22, 1863, when he was released on parole. He then remained in camp at Annapolis, Md., until exchanged in March of the same year, when he rejoined his regiment. He was taken prisoner again at the battle of Chickamauga‡ Sep-

* The battle of Stone River was fought at Murfreesboro, Tenn., thirty-two miles southeast of Nashville, and was in progress from December 26, 1862, to January 2, 1863, the main engagment being that of December 31, which was most severe, but indecisive. Gen. Bragg commanded the Confederates, and Gen. Rosecrans the Union forces. The battle, which in proportion to the numbers engaged, was one of the most bloody of the war, resulted in the defeat of the rebels. The Union army numbered about 43,000 men, of whom 1,853 were killed, 7,000 wounded, and 3,000 were made prisoners.

† Libby prison was a large tobacco warehouse in Richmond, employed during the war as a prison for Union prisoners. It was a three-story brick building of the plainest character, but it became so famous as the prison of many of our brave officers and men, and was the scene of so many daring escapes, that it has lately been taken down and removed to Chicago, where it has been re-erected for exhibition purposes.

‡ The famous battle of Chickamauga was fought twelve miles southwest of Chattanooga, on September 19 and 20, 1863, between 55,000 Union troops under Gen. Rosecrans, and 50,000 Confederates under Gen. Bragg. Owing to an erroneous order from Rosecrans a wide gap was left in the Union center, through which the Confederates poured, and routed all of McCook's army corps, driving them from the field in utter confusion. The battle was a formal victory for the Confederates, who retained the battle field and captured forty or fifty guns and some thousands of prisoners. Rosecrans, however, retained Chattanooga, to recover which, by the Confederates, the action was fought. The entire Union loss was not far from 18,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners. A month later Rosecrans was superseded by Gen. Grant, who, on November 23-25, gained a decisive victory over Bragg in front of Chattanooga.

tember 19, 1863, was again confined for a month or two in Libby prison, and then transferred to Andersonville prison, Georgia,* where he died of prison diarrhœa June 13, 1864, and was buried in the National cemetery at that place. His grave is numbered 1899. His last letter to his wife was written from Libby prison. It was but a short note in pencil. He said he was well treated, and had abundance of all necessaries, but that there would be no use in her writing to him, as no letters were allowed to be received by prisoners.

Charles H. Sweeney, who was a native of Kentucky, was married in 1861 to Maria, fourth daughter of Rev. John Scripps. He enlisted August 2, 1862, as a private in Co. B, 119th Illinois infantry, commanded by Col. Thos. J. Kinney. The regiment was ordered to Tennessee in Octo-

* Andersonville is a village 62 miles south of Macon, Ga. The notorious military prison there was established November 27, 1863. It embraced 22 acres on the side of a hill of red clay. Near the base of the declivity was a stream of unwholesome water, about five feet wide, and not over six inches deep. The site was surrounded by a double stockade of pine logs, and commanded by a cordon of earthworks mounted with seventeen guns. A wooden railing three feet high, nineteen feet from the inner stockade, constituted the "dead line," prisoners passing beyond which were summarily shot. Many acres adjoining the stream were soon trodden by the feet of the prisoners into a deep and filthy quagmire, deducting which, and the space cut off by the "dead line," and there were left but about 12 acres, upon which, in the summer of 1864, there were crowded over 30,000 prisoners of war, the average area for each man being only about seventeen square feet. A small open shed afforded the only shelter from the weather. Bloodhounds were kept for the pursuit of escaping prisoners. The horrors of Andersonville are indescribable. The crowding together of such immense numbers, the absence of shelter from the sun and rain, the inadequate and badly cooked food, and the filthy condition of the prisoners and prison generally, the latter being described by a Confederate commission of medical men as "a morass of human excrement and mud," all combined to render the mortality of the unfortunate inmates most appalling. In 13 months 49,485 prisoners were received, of whom 12,462 perished, being 26 per cent of the whole number received. In August, 1864, the number of deaths reached nearly 3,000, or 97 per diem. Diarrhœa was the principal form of disease. For the cruelties practiced on the prisoners Henry Wirz, the superintendent of the prison, was, at the close of the war, formally tried and hanged.

ber of that year, where it was employed for some months in guarding the Mobile & Ohio railway. In March, 1863, it was detailed to guard the approaches to Memphis, and in May was attached to the 16th army corps, commanded by Gen. Hurlbut. It remained at or near Memphis on provost guard duty till January, 1864, when it was ordered to Vicksburg, which had been captured in the previous July. In the meantime, private Sweeney had been promoted (August 14, 1863) to be 1st lieutenant of his company. From Vicksburg the 119th marched under Sherman to Meridian and Jackson, seeing much skirmishing by the way. Returning to Vicksburg, the regiment was attached to an expedition fitting out under Gen. Banks to ascend Red river, and participated in all the details of that unprofitable campaign. It was at the engagement at Fort De Russey, the capture of Alexandria, the battle of Pleasant Hill, the skirmish at Mansura, near Marksville, La., and the fight at Yellow Bayou. It also assisted in the great work of getting the gunboats, embargoed by the lowering waters, over the rapids of Red river, by the construction of wing dams. After participating in this campaign for forty days, Lieut. Sweeney was sent to New Orleans in charge of a transport loaded with wounded soldiers. On his return he took part in the engagement at Lake Chicot, Ark., and on July 14 in that at Tupolo, Miss. From thence the regiment returned to Memphis. Here he was prostrated by sickness, and was joined by his wife, who was with him when Gen. Forrest made his raid on the city. A cannon ball went through the house in which she was staying, and the enemy made a dash through the yard belonging to the same. Thus one female member of the family was brought in close contact with actual warfare. On November 5, 1864, Lieut. Sweeney was promoted to the captaincy of Co. B, his commission being signed by

Richard Yates, Governor of Illinois. From Memphis the regiment was transferred to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., whence it marched to Kansas City, to intercept an advance of the enemy under Gen. Price. Marching back to St. Louis, it was transported on boats to Nashville, Tenn., where it arrived in time to participate in the defeat of Gen. Hood, and in the pursuit which followed. From Clifton, on the Tennessee river, it was transported to Eastport, Miss., where it suffered greatly for want of provisions. Thence it proceeded down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where it arrived towards the end of February, 1865. Embarking on the steamer Guiding Star, it was conveyed to Dauphine island, off the mouth of Mobile bay, and from this base took part in the famous storming of the forts which defended this last stronghold of the Confederacy. The investment of Spanish Fort continued from March 27 till April 8, when, after a magnificent bombardment, it was taken by assault. But the attention of the 119th was directed to Fort Blakely, which was stormed on Sunday afternoon, April 9, the day after the capture of Spanish Fort, amid a perfect hail storm of shell, canister, grapeshot and musket balls. The assault consumed about an hour, when the capture was complete. In describing it, Capt. Sweeney remarked, "I cannot tell why we were not all killed." This battle was fought after Lee's surrender at Appomattox, which practically ended the war; the news, however, had not reached Mobile, and was not known to the regiment till some days afterwards, while on its march to Montgomery, the capital of Alabama. At Montgomery, Capt. Sweeney served as judge-advocate of a court-martial. The next move was back to Mobile, in the hottest of weather. Col. Kinney was there made provost-marshal of the city, and Capt. Sweeney was detailed as his assistant. At various times during his military

career, Capt. Sweeney acted as aid-de-camp on brigade staff, and was also at one time aide to Gen. A. J. Smith, commander of the 17th corps. But his preference was for service with his company, to which he returned as often as opportunity occurred. Through all its service the 119th never retreated, nor was ever engaged in any action which could not be claimed to be victorious. Its particular function in the contest seems to have been the successive reinforcement of weak commands in the operations along the line of the Mississippi, and in the States bordering on that river. Capt. Sweeney was finally mustered out September 11, 1865, five months after the practical suppression of the rebellion. He has since been engaged in the practice of law at Des Moines, Iowa.

William H. McAllister was married in November, 1857, to Nancy Maria Parrott. In April, 1861, immediately upon the breaking out of the war, he enlisted in Co. G, 16th Illinois volunteers, of which company he was elected captain. The regiment was mustered in at Quincy, Ill., and was at once ordered to Missouri for service. In an engagement at Macon, in that State, Capt. McAllister received five bullet wounds, and was supposed to have been killed. He afterwards recovered, however, and was appointed paymaster, with rank of major. He was then stationed at New Orleans, where he served until the close of the war. He died in Rushville, September 1, 1871.

George William Parrott, born July 27, 1837, enlisted in Co. G, 16th Illinois volunteers, in April, 1861, at the same time with his brother-in-law, Capt. McAllister. He became orderly sergeant of the company, and was later promoted to 2d lieutenant. He served with the regiment through its Missouri campaign, then at Nashville, Tenn., where it was stationed for some time. The 16th was then employed in various parts of Tennessee, but participated in no

important engagements. It finally formed part of Gen. Sherman's grand army, which, in 1864, marched through the heart of the Confederacy to Savannah, Ga. At the close of the war it participated in the grand review at Washington, where it was discharged. Lieut. Parrott was with his regiment throughout. On December 17, 1873, he married Lizzie Wishard, who died on March 2, 1876. He survived her but a few months, his death, which was sudden, occurring September 24 of the same year.

Josiah Locke Parrotte, brother of the last mentioned, born November 16, 1844, enlisted under Capt. Robert Williams on May 9, 1864, in Co. K, 137th Illinois volunteers, for 100 days' term of service. He was detailed as commissary sergeant, and served in Tennessee. He participated in a brisk engagement with Gen. Forrest's command on the Hernanda road, between Memphis and Holly Springs, on the 21st of August, 1864, and was discharged September 24 of the same year.

George Clinton Ray enlisted in the same regiment and for the same term of service as Josiah L. Parrotte, and took part in the same engagement. On September 17, 1867, he married Lydia Frances Parrotte.

Albert Bear Clark, born July 5, 1840, enlisted early in the war in an Illinois cavalry regiment. In an engagement in Missouri he was taken prisoner. After being exchanged, he re-enlisted in a regiment of infantry as orderly sergeant. He served principally in Missouri and Tennessee, and was mustered out at Memphis at the close of the war. He was in several engagements, and it was his boast that in one critical action he had brought down a rebel general. Upon his return from the war he married, in July, 1866, Sarah L. Parrott, who died November 30, 1885. He died August 17, 1890.

John William Chase, who was but 13 years of age at the

breaking out of the war, enlisted in June, 1861, at the first call of President Lincoln for 75,000 men for ninety days. When his regiment re-enlisted for three years he was not permitted to sign, and so returned home. Later he enlisted under a call for men for one hundred days' service, but remained on duty for five months. He was in no engagements, as his corps was employed in guarding government property from Rolla to Springfield, Mo.

XI. THE JOURNALISTIC RECORD.

We have seen that William A. Scripps became the publisher of the Sun and True Briton in London nearly a century ago. He continued to publish the Sun down to about 1820, when he became the publisher of the Literary Gazette, and continued in that relation for some thirty years.

His son, Thomas Scripps, was all his life connected with the press as a general news agent in London.

Charles F. Scripps, son of Thomas Scripps, continues the business of his father.

William Henry Scripps, fourth son of Thomas Scripps, is a valued writer on the staff of the Detroit Evening News.

We have seen that Rev. John Scripps for seven years edited and published the Prairie Telegraph in Rushville, Ill.

His son, John C. Scripps, was for most of that time a partner in the business, and the printer of the newspaper.

His younger son, William Henry Scripps, spent all his youth at the case as a printer in his father's office.

As has been related before, John Locke Scripps was the founder, and for a number of years editor of the Chicago Tribune.

It has also been shown that his brother, Benjamin F.

Scripps, was the founder of the Prairie Telegraph, above mentioned.

George Washington Scripps, another brother, was brought up a tanner, then for several years taught a school in Rushville, and about 1855 established in that place the Schuyler Citizen, in support of the newly orga-ized Republican party, of which he was an early and ardent adherent. The paper still continues, but its founder has turned it over to other hands, and is now a member of the editorial staff of the Detroit Evening News.

His son, George C. Scripps, was brought up to the printing business, and, besides the Schuyler Citizen, was at various times connected with the publishing departments of the Detroit Tribune and The Evening News of the same city.

James E. Scripps began his journalistic career on the Chicago Democratic Press, under John L. Scripps, in 1857. Removing to Detroit in 1859, he was for thirteen years connected with the Detroit Tribune, most of the time as manager. In 1873 he founded The Evening News, which quickly became the most important newspaper property in Michigan. Later, he became interested, also, in the establishment of successful journals in Cleveland, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

His brother, George H. Scripps, has for eighteen years been his business partner and assistant in the financial management of their properties.

Edward W. Scripps, another brother, and a talented journalist, has in a few years placed the Cincinnati Post in the front rank among the newspapers of that city.

Ellen B. Scripps, a sister, was for fifteen years actively engaged in editorial work upon the Detroit Tribune and The Evening News.

William A. Scripps, another brother, was for several years connected with the publishing department of the Detroit Tribune, and for a time was manager of the St. Louis Chronicle.

William Scripps Deacon has been all his life a printer and proof reader in London and New York.

Octavius Deacon, his brother, carries on an extensive newspaper advertising agency in London.

Arthur Deacon was for the last ten or twelve years of his life connected with the publishing department of The Evening News.

His son, Robert T. Deacon, is the business manager of the Detroit Times.

John Scripps Sweeney was one of the founders, and for several years the successful manager of the Cleveland Press. He has since established the Sun at Indianapolis and the World at Baltimore.

His brother, Cleon F. Sweeney, is connected with the publishing department of the Cincinnati Post.

Mrs. Frances M. Blades, *neé* Bagby, has for a number of years been actively engaged in editorial work, and was for some time the managing editor of the St. Louis Chronicle. She is now on the staff of the San Diego (Cal.) Union.

Her brother, Arthur Frederick Bagby, is connected with the publishing department of the Detroit Tribune.

We thus see that the family have been actively and continuously connected with the honorable profession of journalism, in England and America, for almost a full century, and that no fewer than twenty-four of its members have, either as a life business or for a considerable period, been more or less closely identified with the newspaper press, and, generally, with more than ordinary success. As our ancestors, prior to the removal from Ely, were aptly described as "a race of carpenters," the Scripps family of the

19th century may well go down to posterity as a race of journalists.

XII. THE FAMILY ARMS.

I have been unable to find that the Scripps family ever aspired to armorial bearings. Still, no doubt a coat of arms could be constructed that might, without impropriety, be assumed.

The Crispe and Cripps families have, in all cases that have come to my knowledge, borne the same general armorial devices, viz., a field of gold or silver, bearing a chevron of black or green, charged with five horse shoes of silver or gold—reversing the metal of the field.* In like manner the arms of the different branches of the Pearson family are, I believe, blazoned with a sun in splendor, in gold.

* To illustrate the universality of the horse shoe in the Crisp and Cripps arms, and the great antiquity of the device, I quote nine cases from the records of the Heralds' College:

In the records of the visitation of Kent, in 1574, is found the pedigree of William Crispe, Lieutenant of Dover Castle, son of John Cryspe. His recorded arms are: Or, on a chevron sable five horse shoes argent.

From the visitation of Kent, in 1619, we have a pedigree of ten generations springing from William Cripps, who, I estimate, must have lived at least in the latter half of the 14th century. His descendants are all written as Crispes. Arms: Argent, on a chevron sable five horse shoes or.

In the visitation of Sussex, in 1634, the arms of the Crispes of Ore, in that county, are given as Argent, on a chevron sable five horse shoes or.

In the visitation of London of the same year, two families of Crispes of that city are shown who bear the arms last mentioned.

In the visitation of Sussex, in 1662, a pedigree of four generations of John Crippses is shown at Homestall, in the county mentioned, the arms of whom were: Argent, on a chevron vert, five horse shoes or.

The Crispes of Maidstone appear by the visitation of Kent, in 1663, to have borne arms: Or, on a chevron sable five horse shoes argent.

The same arms are attributed to the Crisps of London by the visitation of that city in 1687.

In 1774, a grant of arms was made to William Crisp, of Hexton, county of Hertford, viz: Or, on a chevron vert between three lions rampant gules, as many horse shoes argent.

Now, from the general characteristics being the same in families not known to be related to each other, a great antiquity for the heraldic device may be argued. The horse shoe was, doubtless, a Cripps emblem long before any existing genealogies of the family were constructed. Its use in some form may, therefore, be proper, provided, of course, it is not so specifically employed as to identify with any particular branch of the family already authorized to display arms. So with the sun in splendor. A combination of the two emblems would at once indicate a Crispe and a Pearson ancestry.

How they should be arranged I should have preferred to leave to others better versed in heraldry, but make bold to suggest as the family arms a shield per fesse argent and azure, charged with a horse shoe sable and a sun in splendor or. The reasons for this emblazonment will, perhaps, suggest themselves to the reader. The sun being naturally in gold required a field in color. As the sun in nature shines from a blue sky, the appropriate color is azure (blue). But the field in all the Cripps arms that I have found is of metal. I have accordingly made the upper half of the shield argent (silver), and the horse shoe upon it, being necessarily of color, and, iron being black, I have blazoned it sable (black). I had selected as a motto *Prospiciens*, "looking forward," in view of the fact that we have no ancestors of martial fame to look back to, while we do indulge every hope that the family in the future will make its mark in the world; but it has been suggested that *Aspiciens in Futurum* would better express the sentiment. The accompanying cut will illustrate my suggestion.

In America there are no restrictions upon the adoption or use of arms. In view of the growing desire for such useful emblems, it is, indeed, rather to be regretted that

we have no government regulation. Nor can the employment of heraldic devices with justice be imputed altogether to silly snobbery, any more than would be the employment of a trade mark on one's productions, or symbolic sign over one's place of business. It is simply a survival of an ancient custom, a recognition of the fact that pictorial representations are more easily and widely read, and more deeply impress themselves than mere arbitrary signs.

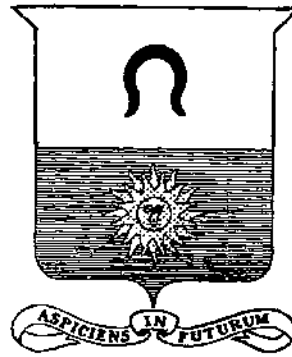


CHART A.—*Genealogy of the Scripps Family through the 17th and 18th Centuries.*

LETTICE —— (d. 1630) = THOMAS CRIPS = ANN —— (d. 1650)

- Agnes Finch (1630) = Thomas Crips (1651) = Elizabeth Atkins (d. 1657)
  - William Crips, b. 1630
  - Thomas Crips (1657) = Jane Boston, b. 1632
  - William Scripps (1655) = Ann Sare, d. 1690; b. 1634, d. 1690
    - Anna Scrips, b. 1657, d. 1682
    - Faith Scrips, b. 1660, d. 1661
    - Mary Scrips, b. 1662
    - William Scrips, b. 1670, d. 1670
    - Lettice Scrips, d. 1674
  - John Crips, b. 1636
  - Joan Scrips, b. 1638
  - Elizabeth —— (d. 1664) = Elizabeth Sargison (d. 1669)
- Ann —— (d. 1637) = William Crips (1638) (d. 1673) = Joan Fox
  - Thomas Scrips, b. 1668, d. 1675
  - William Scrips, b. 1669, d. 1670
  - Anne Scripps, b 1672, d. 1672
  - Mary Scripps, b. 1673
  - Anne Scripps, b. 1681
  - Robert Scripps (1668) = Mary Westfield (1671), d. 1712
    - Simpson Scripps, b. 1704, d. 1705
    - Mary Scripps, b. 1706
    - Ann Scripps, b. 1708, d. 1721
    - Thomas Scripps, b. 1710, d. 1712
    - Robert Scripps, b. 1713, d. 1715
    - Rose Scripps, b. 1718, d. 1722
    - Thomas Scripps, b. 1718, d. 1720
    - William Scripps, b. 1719, d. 1720
    - Thomas Scripps, b. 1720, d. 1722
    - Sarah Scripps, b. 1721, d. 1722
    - John Scripps, d. 1723
    - Thomas Scripps, d. 1723
    - William Scripps (1746) = Susannah Chapman, b. 1726, d. 1758; b. 1724, d. bet. 1772 & 1780
      - Sarah Scripps, b. 1747
      - William Scripps (1771) = Grace Locke, b. 1750, d. 1811; b. 1749, d. 1823
        - William Armiger Scripps (1797) = Mary Dixie, b. 1771, d. 1838; b. 1772, d. 1851
          - For descendants, see Chart B.
        - Benjamin Scripps, b. 1770, d. 1809
        - John Scripps (1824) = Agnes Corrie, b. 1800, d. 1866; b. 1785, d. 1865
          - For descendants, see Chart C.
        - Ann Scripps, b. 1787, d. 1811
        - Sarah Scripps, b. 1788, d. 1793
        - Mary Hiler (1814) = George Henry Scripps, b. 1790, d. 1859; b. 1797, d. 1851
          - For descendants, see Chart D.
      - Mary Scripps, b. 1753, d 1828
      - John Pear
      - John Plowright Scripps, b. 1755, d. 1755
      - Ann Scripps, b. 1757
    - Mary Scripps (1703) = Thomas Scripps, b. 1684, d. 1741; d. 1682
    - William Scripps, b. 1688
    - Robert Scripps (1718) = Sarah Plowright, b. 1687, d. 1729; d. 1729
    - Mary Scripps, b. 1726, d. 1728; d. 1728
    - James Sc[illegible], d. 172[illegible]
  - Mary Scripps, b. 1673
  - Anne Scripps, b. 1681
  - Thomas Scripps, d. 1682
  - Thomas Scripps, b. 1684, d. 1741
  - William Scripps, b. 1688
  - Robert Scripps, d. 1729
  - Mary Scripps, b. 1726, d. 1728
  - James Sc[illegible], d. 172[illegible]
- Amy Crips, d. 1620
- Joan Scrips (1645) = William Riches

CHART C.—*Showing the Descendants of Rev. John Scripps.*

JOHN SCRIPPS (1824) = AGNES CORRIE
b. 1785, d. 1865 — b. 1800, d. 1866

- George Henry Dickson Scripps, b. 1825, d. 1836
- John Corrie Talbot Scripps, b. 1827 = Emma Truett (1854), b. 1833
  - Della Sarah Agnes Scripps, b. 1855
  - Ellen Virginia Scripps, b. 1857, d. 1861
  - Emma Grace Scripps, b. 1859
  - Mary Scripps, b. 1861, d. 1861
  - Minerva Scripps, b. 1862 = Henry Huston (1889)
  - Henrietta Duncan Scripps, b. 1868
  - Eliza May Scripps, b. 1870
  - John Scripps, b. 1873, d. 1873
  - Henry Scripps, b. 1874, d. 1874
  - Corrie Scripps, b. 1875
- Eliza Agnes Davis Scripps, b. 1829 = Edmund Parker Chase, b. 1821 (1846)
  - John William Chase, b. 1848 = Flora Bell McCain (1877), b. 1855, d. 1881
    - Margaret Agnes Chase, b. 1878
  - Anna Agnes Chase, b. 1849, d. 1863
  - Charles Rich Chase, b. 1851
  - Mary Elizabeth Chase, b. 1853 = Harry West, b. 1850 (1873)
    - Frances Eliza West, b. 1877
    - Edmund Chase West, b. 1887
  - Jennie Maria Chase, b. 1856, d. 1875
  - Edmund Corrie Chase, b. 1858 = Catherine Mills, b. 1865 (1888)
    - Katherine Chase, b. 1890
  - William Henry Scripps Chase, b. 1860 = Clara Iowa Givin, b. 1862 (1887)
    - John Givin Chase, b. 1887
  - Heber Franklin Chase, b. 1863, d. 1863
  - Howard Lincoln Chase, b. 1865, d. 1865
  - William Parker Chase, b. 1870
- Mary Margaret Hiler Scripps, b. 1831, d. 1886 = Joshua Merriwether Sweeney, b. 1829 (1852)
- Anne Virginia Ellen Scripps, b. 1833 = Joshua Nichols Speed, b. 1833 (1861)
  - Cleon Fleece Sweeney, b. 1854 = Eva Maria Parrott, b. 1855 (1881)
  - John Scripps Sweeney, b. 1855 = Lizzie Stanley, b. 1865 (1885)
    - Stanley Scripps Sweeney, b. 1886, d. 1886
    - Mary Margaret Sweeney, b. 1889
    - Eliza Stanley Sweeney, b. 1890
  - Jessie Saunders Sweeney, b. 1858 = Dexter W. Corley (1890)
  - William Henry Scripps Speed, b. 1863
  - Agnes Corrie Scripps Speed, b. 1866, d. 187[illegible]
- Penelope Jane Maria Scripps, b. 1837 = Charles Harrison Sweeney (1861)

CHART A.—*Genealogy of the Scripps Family through the 17th and 18th Centuries.*

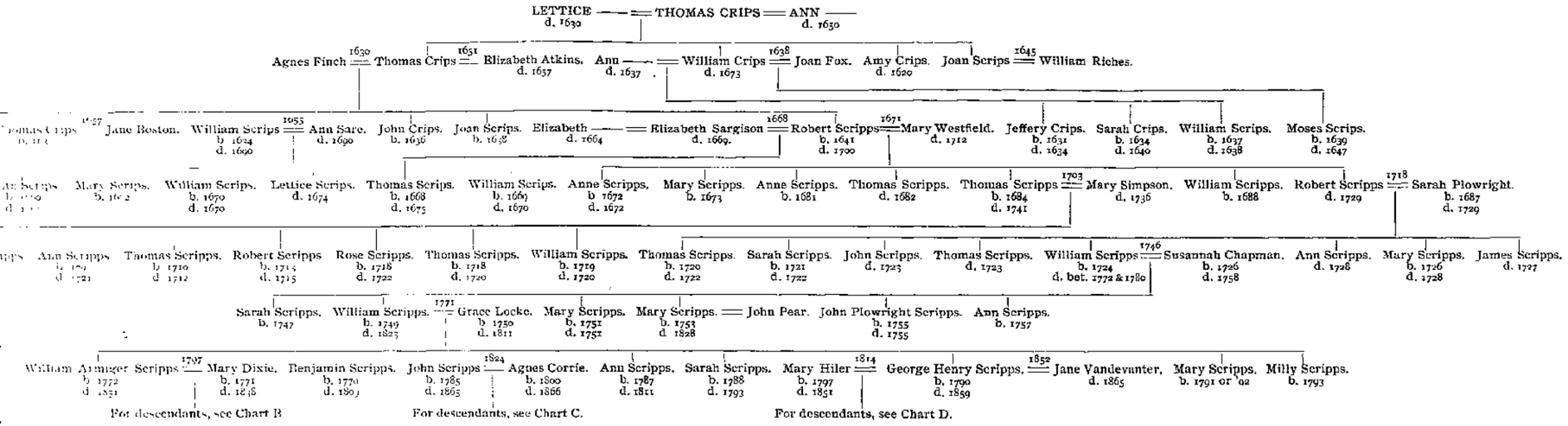
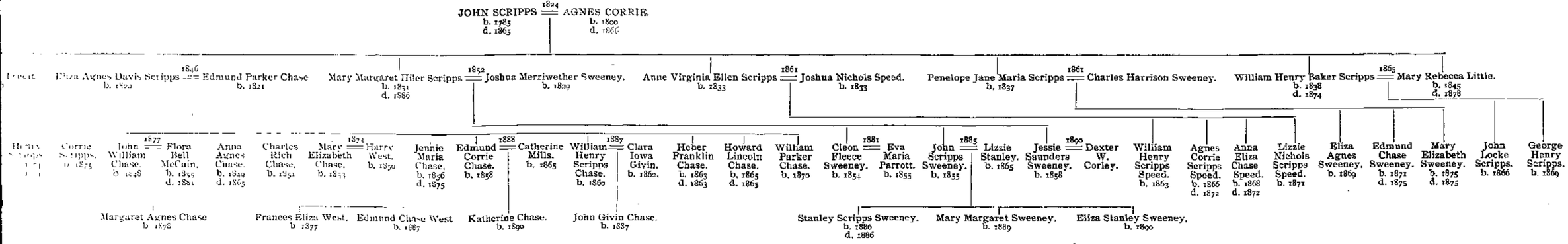


CHART C.—*Showing the Descendants of Rev. John Scripps.*



APPENDIX.

After the foregoing pages were in print, I was put in possession of a MS. record of the recollections of Rev. John Scripps, prepared by him between January 7 and February 10, 1865. Much of it would be a mere repetition of what has been already printed, but many things that were new to me, some that were explanatory of other facts, and much that tended to throw light on the pioneer life participated in by the writer of the MS. and his parents, I have thought deserving of a place in this work, only regretting that it could not have been introduced in its proper place. The MS. comprises about 80 pages, and is neatly written on the blank leaves of an old account book of small quarto size. From it I glean the following:

I was born in the parish of Bridewell, London, the smallest and least promising of life of any of the nineteen children my mother bore, being very puny, weighing less than two and one-half pounds, and the capacity of a quart measure completely encompassed me at two weeks old. * * *

My parents broke up housekeeping and moved to Wapping in April, to be near the shipping, where my father chartered the brig "Minerva," Capt. Porter, of Baltimore,* and set sail with his family. * * * We arrived at Baltimore early in July, soon enough to be at the celebration on the 4th. The captain had his wife and son (afterwards Commodore Porter) † on board, who all ate at my father's

* This corrects a surmise on page 32.

† Commodore David Porter was born at Boston in 1780. He commanded the frigate Essex in the war of 1812 with distinction. He was later American Minister Resident at Constantinople, where he died in 1843. He was the father of Admiral David D. Porter, who captured New Orleans in 1862; later commanded the gunboat fleet on the Mississippi and Red rivers; and in January,

table, he laying in all the provisions for the cabin during the voyage, the ship's cook preparing it for the table.

At Baltimore my father lived very expensively till October, when he removed to Alexandria, Va. Here, in December, he set up his business, employing six or eight journeymen. In his immediate neighborhood was the only auction store in the city, where great bargains were to be had for money, which, so near the close of the Revolution, which had impoverished the country, was very scarce. But he, being yet pretty flush, availed himself of it, and set up, in connection with his boot and shoe establishment, a medley store. His establishment became very popular, and he drove a thriving business, particularly with the country people, to enlist whose attention he had a most fascinating advertisement in the shape of a remarkable breed of hogs, brought from England by him, and which he kept in his back yard.

Suddenly recollecting that he had come to America to be a farmer, he suffered himself to be victimized by land speculators in the purchase of a large tract of land said to lie on the banks of the Monongahela river, and began immediately to prepare for removing to his purchase. The mode of transit in those days, particularly across the mountains, for all movables, was on the backs of pack-horses. But his chests of books and clothing, mahogany tables, cushioned chairs, high-post bedsteads, and even large flat boxes of window-glass in frames, with which to furnish his new abode, would not admit of such a mode of conveyance. His movables filled three wagons—one six-horse and two four-horse teams. My mother rode Chevalier, a favorite horse that had carried Gen. Washington through the War of the Revolution, but, being old and superannuated, he was sold by the General's overseer to my father as suited for my mother. This was the last essential service poor Chevalier performed. The settlers on our road had been revolutionary soldiers, and generally recognized and sympathized with the poor animal. * * * My father took upon himself the entire expenses of the journey, not only of the wagoners and their teams, but also of some hangers-on, mechanics, who were to form a little colony on his estate and carry on business

1865, commanded the naval attack upon Fort Fisher at the mouth of Cape Fear river, North Carolina, the key to Wilmington. Gen. Grant pronounced this the most formidable armada ever concentrated upon one given point. From 1870 till the time of his death, February 13, 1891, Admiral Porter held the highest rank in the American navy.

under his patronage. * * * There was not a public house on the whole 250 miles we traveled, unless in the towns, which were few and far between. We were three full weeks on the road, and arrived at Morgantown early in December, 1792. * * * My father, on his arrival at Morgantown, found his land twenty miles from any settlement, and, as he was not prepared to settle in a wilderness where no help could be hired, he set about purchasing another more suitable tract, but was again victimized, and bought another and another with the same results. The first he bought on the testimony of others, but found it nothing but mountains and rocks. The next tract he must see for himself. It was level, with groves of beech trees like those on gentlemen's parks in England. True, the soil was bare of all other vegetation, but that was for want of seed, which he could soon remedy; but, after purchase, found that it was sterility that caused its nakedness, for a seed would scarcely sprout in it. In one instance he purchased a tract which was found to be in a Methodist neighborhood, and he was too strong an Episcopalian to have any association with long-faced Methodists. Thus he went on recklessly purchasing till he found himself exhausted of funds and involved in debts. Through the year 1793 he lived expensively in Morgantown, and in 1794 removed out to the least objectionable of his purchases. Here my father entered on his long desired new mode of life, a farmer, without one qualification for its requirements, having only himself, my elder brother and a young negress to commence with, not one of whom had ever swung an axe or handled a plow, and all entirely ignorant of every process of their new occupation. In the beginning my father could be seen grubbing in his broadcloth and satin till they were worn out, before he could get any other. For there were no stores in the country, and no money in circulation to buy with if there had been. Everybody made their own clothes of flax, beginning with the cultivation of the staple. Wool there was none, for wolves prevented our keeping sheep. We once got a flock of twenty, but they were all soon destroyed. Provisions were not to be obtained save only by hard and constant labor, for few settlers had land in cultivation more than sufficient to raise food for their own consumption, and generally by spring there would be no bread in the country, and people lived on greens of spontaneous growth, which were daily gathered by women and children until they could raise vegetables. It was some time before we had tillable land enough to

raise wheat. Butter we could not indulge in, for what little we made, with our surplus maple sugar at six cents a pound, and a few eggs, was all we could market to get money to pay taxes. My father, finding himself of little efficiency on the farm, plied his trade, and by shoemaking obtained some money, but generally bartered his work for work on the farm.

In 1800 my elder brother went to Cape Girardeau to prepare for the removal of the family thither, but wrote back advising us to remain where we were till he could suit us better.

In 1801 I went to the Virginia Iron Works, about twenty miles from my father's, near Cheat river, to act as sub-clerk till I should become acquainted with the business, then to have the entire clerkship; but I remained but six weeks, seeing that the proprietor, who had become deeply involved, would soon fail, which he did eventually, when his entire family, wife and five children, were added to my father's household, while he went to Ohio to secure lands. In eight months he returned and wished to compensate my father with lands, for he had nothing else; but, for pure friendship's sake, his offers were not accepted.

In 1803, at 18 years of age, I was sent an unbound apprentice forty miles from home, to Clarksburgh, Harrison county, where I served out my time, four years, and continued one year longer at journeywork at $2 higher wages per month than was wont to be given. These five years were the turning point in my life. My coming out to the West had established my health, and I had become robust; and my perpetual application to work, exposure to all weathers, general privations, frequent fatigues, hard and cold lodgings, etc., had habituated me to any endurance, so that my new mode of life, which to my fellow apprentices was a little purgatory, was to me a terrestrial paradise. I had greater liberty and much more leisure than I had ever enjoyed, and I worked with a will and attained a greater proficiency in the trade than even my seniors, and, being the only scholar among them, had the books of the concern put into my hands, with the entire management of the business at the end of my second year.

There were two very distinct classes of society in the town, the one consisting of the upper ten—the merchants and professional characters; the other of the mechanics, journeymen and employés —a' reckless, drinking, swearing, gambling class, who spent all

their leisure and every night at the tavern. This class I could not associate with, for, although raised in a tavern, which my father had kept to help out for our awkwardness and deficiencies in farming, yet I could neither endure spirituous liquors nor the hilarity they occasioned; and being naturally addicted to study and literary pursuits I spent most of my leisure in them. This drew to me the attention of the better class. Rev. G. Towers, a Presbyterian clergyman and professor of the academy, and his wife, the only religionists in the town, gave me access to their large and select library. He was sociable and instructive, and at his special request I visited him two or three evenings every week. Both he and his wife smoked, and encouraged me in my smoking as an incentive to study, and kept a pipe constantly for my use. Everybody then used tobacco, and amid its fragrant fumes I derived much instruction. Dr. Williams, by marriage cousin to Stonewall Jackson, the most literary man in the community, found me out, and often visited me. He also advised me to smoke for the benefit of my eyes, which had become much impaired by the small-pox, and were always sore afterwards, insomuch that it was thought I would become entirely blind before my thirtieth year. But the humor left my eyes, and has never since returned.

My parents were Episcopalians, and early taught me the church catechism, but without any explanatory remarks. * * Preaching we had none, and our Sabbaths were holidays prostituted to recreation, hunting and dissipations, of which latter my father's house was the center for the neighborhood. * * Mr. Towers preached regularly twice a month in the academy, but he had no church members.

In May, 1808, I left the place against the strongest remonstrances of my friends, and even of my own biased feelings, for I had the free offer of gratuitous induction into either of the three professions of law, medicine or divinity, and board and lodging and washing for the mere superintending of work in the tanyard and currying shop, which would require no more than an hour's daily attention, with two months' work in the shop in the fall season at highest wages. All these were great temptations to me, but my father's indigent circumstances and the low associates my younger brother had to mingle with induced me to forego these friendly offers, and the brighter prospects they held forth, to help them into a better condition by

removing to some other place where I could set up my business and bring out a better state of things. Cape Girardeau offered the best prospects, and it was resolved to move there.

On my return to my father's I found religion had taken hold of the community, and there was a great revival, with considerable excitement. My father and sister had joined the church, and family prayer was set up. My mother had joined the church in Morgantown some years before, but had enjoyed no church privileges since till now. I had already investigated the tenets of the different denominations. My predilection was in favor of Methodism, and here it was in all its glory. The excitement was great, and led to many ridiculous extravagances in what were called religious exercises, consisting of various contortions of body, loud singing of silly and, as I thought, presumptuous rhymes, or no rhymes at all, called spiritual songs and oft-repeated choruses, in strains and manner that seemed entirely destitute of reverence for the Being professed to be worshiped. Yet these extravagant ebullitions of weak, untutored minds did not alienate me from my predilection for Methodism. I resolved to join the church at the first opportunity, which did not happen till the eve of my leaving the country, when I was the first of nine who presented themselves—the first young men who had as yet joined the society in that place.

During the year I remained in this neighborhood I worked on my father's farm in summer and taught school in winter, and kept up private praying sometimes 20 times a day. I abstained from eating flesh of every kind. I fasted twice a week, abstaining from all food from Tuesday evening till Thursday morning, and kept continuously reducing the quantity of food I ate on other days till I became reduced to a mere skeleton and had a severe attack of sickness, which the doctor attributed to my unusual abstemiousness, when I again returned to my former habits of living. During my long fast I attended a camp-meeting 40 miles from home. I started on Friday morning before eating, attended all the services, and spent all intermissions in a laurel thicket in prayer, but got no good, and on Monday morning partook of breakfast—the first meal since the Thursday before. It was a great meeting; thousands were there, and a very large supply of preachers. Asa Shinn was one of them. Thornton Fleming was presiding elder. Bishop Roberts was preacher in charge, it being before his episcopate. I had gone to this meeting with the full expectation of obtaining religion. I thought it would

necessarily exert an irresistible influence over me and induce a disposition to shout and praise. But although there were great excitements and numerous conversions, I remained unimpressible and returned home quite disappointed and discouraged.

My anxiety to get my brother away from his associates caused me to hasten our departure. We left in May, 1809, descending the Ohio river in a flat-boat, and arrived at Cape Girardeau in June, where we found a letter from my brother Benjamin advising us not to settle there, as he had provided for us on a farm of a half-section of land on Red river, and would be at Cape Girardeau about Christmas. On Christmas day he crossed the Mississippi at Chickasaw Bluffs and entered what was then a pathless wilderness, on his way to join us. He had with him $500, which he had just collected of an old debt. This was known to the ferryman, and Benjamin was never heard of afterwards. My brother George went down to his vacant residence to learn what further he could of him. He found his house plundered of everything except his library of well-selected books, among which was his daily journal from the time he left home to the last day on his farm. These were unsuited to the vandal tastes of the depredators, and we got them. From his journals we found he had many valuable papers and a large number of notes for moneys due him, but these were all gone—no doubt used to the advantage of the plunderers. But concerning his fate we could learn nothing further. The universal belief was that he was murdered. As we no longer intended to live by farming, and as my brother's farm was some hundreds of miles from us, and not in a suitable place for business, I purchased a six-acre lot in Cape Girardeau and commenced business. First before my brother started south we put up a two-story hewed log, shingle roof dwelling, 20 by 28 feet, with our own hands, taking every particle of it from the forest and making every shingle, together with shop and bark mill, only hiring the making of a large six-foot stone wheel to crush the bark under. My brother then left on his mission. I laid in a large stock, but had none to work it but myself. My brother was absent ten months, and on his return was eight months prostrate with sickness. In July, 1811, an epidemic prevailed, and every member of the family was prostrate but myself. No nurse could be obtained. Neighbors partially attended, and did what they could, but their own sick required almost their undivided attention, and I was left alone to wait on them. At the same time my tanyard stock was in

a most critical situation, and our whole dependence for a living liable to be ruined for want of attention which no one could give it but myself, even if I could hire. I was deeply involved in debt, the payment of which depended on my success in the tanyard, which looked most gloomy, for there was work enough for the constant employment of two good hands.

My mother and sister died within five days of each other. My father recovered, but my brother, who alone could have helped me, lingered till the next spring before finally restored to health. All this while we had two able physicians in attendance. In time I also was taken down helpless, and now unable to be actively engaged, I asked myself why these accumulating afflictions were thus heaped upon me, and could attribute them to nothing but the judgment of heaven for putting myself out of the way of discharging my duty; for although I was yet destitute of converting grace, it had for years been deeply impressed on my mind that it was my duty to preach. The impression now returned to me with redoubled force, so much that I solemnly covenanted with God that if he would open my way I would obey it. From that time I began to recover health. I obtained apprentices, journeymen presented themselves, my brother soon became proficient, my custom largely increased and the basis was laid for an independent fortune, which my brother afterwards fully realized. This year (1812) my brother joined the church.

Circuit preaching had been established at our house from its first occupancy, once in three weeks, and was well attended by the townspeople. A class of seven members, including our family, was formed, and the class paper was put into my hands as leader, though I had never been in a class meeting in my life, and never offered up a prayer in the hearing of any one. After taking up family prayer, which had been broken off by my father on board the boat while descending the Ohio in 1809, and had never been resumed till now, I occasionally officiated at prayer meetings, held some miles off, and once attempted to exhort. At the next camp meeting I was made to follow a preacher with an exhortation to a congregation of some 600 or 700 persons, and about two weeks after, at another camp meeting, was handed, by the presiding elder, a license to preach, which he had procured from the quarterly conference unknown to me. It was in vain for me to remonstrate. I was made to preach that night to a very large congregation, to whom I held forth one full hour. This was my third attempt at addressing any kind of an audience. I

then continued with the presiding elder in his rounds on his very extensive district, embracing all the settlements in Missouri, Illinois, and the west half of Indiana, preaching at all his camp meetings and at private houses where we lodged. In the fall (1814) I was put on the Illinois circuit, by far the most important in our work at that time, while the preachers went to conference. Seeing no fruit, and doubtful of my call, I resolved on the return of the preachers to refrain from preaching any more; but their return brought me an appointment on Patoka circuit, Indiana.

[What follows has been largely covered by Dr. Leighton's narrative in preceding pages. I resume from the MS. at the year 1824.]

I took a superannuated relation and married November 25, 1824. My father had died just one year before, aged 74 years 8 months. In December I returned home and staid at my brother's, transacting his business while he went to the Legislature at Jeffersonville, the capital.

In March, 1825, I commenced keeping house in Jackson, where I established myself in merchandising. Here my family increased by two sons and a daughter, and unwilling to lead them into temptation by raising them in a slave State, I took a tour through Illinois, in June, 1830, to seek a final residence, and selected Rushville as presenting the greatest inducements. It was a new place, containing about ten or a dozen families. I purchased a corner lot on the square for a store, and in October I removed my family to my wife's mother's to winter, while I returned home to settle up my business and remove my effects, with a new assortment of goods. I took Rushville on my way home, and purchased a three-acre lot, in a most eligible situation, for a residence. In April, 1831, I started for Rushville with my household furniture and a stock of goods, but there was not a house in the place to rent, and I had to put up a temporary building to commence in, and afterwards a residence for my family, who arrived about the middle of July, with the addition of another daughter. Business of all kinds was conducted altogether on the credit system. Scarcely one farmer in five lived on his own land, as the lands had not been brought into market, and the whole county, which then included the present counties of Brown and McDonough, was Congress land or soldiers' claims, and where settled was occupied by squatters having but little money and scarcely any produce for market. Many had to go to older settled counties for produce for their

own consumption. Many were purely migratory, and after one or two years' residence would sell their little improvements and be gone in a night; and as my customers were dispersed over a large area of country they would be gone to unknown regions a week or two before I could hear of it, and I lost thousands by it. But I should still have succeeded and by this time have been wealthy had I continued obtaining my supplies from St. Louis; for having been stationed there the last year of my itineracy I had acquired many friends and acquaintances among the merchants, from whom I obtained goods at a small per centage. But I had taken in a partner, and was over-persuaded to try the eastern market. We borrowed $3,000 from the bank, and with what money we had on hand my partner went on to Philadelphia and laid in a heavy stock, and went $7,000 in debt. In the transit we lost in the canal all the goods. He did not have them insured, and just at this juncture a money panic prevailed, and our legislature, to favor debtors, enacted laws that precluded all possibility of compelling payments; and as I had been unusually indulgent I had a vast amount of outstanding debts, many of them running for years, as I had always been negligent of pushing collections. To cap the climax Congress passed the bankrupt law, and I was for months in daily receipt of bankrupt notices. We were, however, by collections from such as did not avail themselves of these laws, enabled to meet all our liabilities; but were left so impoverished that, although we had $12,000 in notes and accounts due us, yet as the forementioned laws still existing raised impassable walls around all possibility of collecting, we wound up and retired from business; my partner to a farm on which he has succeeded well, and myself to my tanyard, which I found too inconvenient to be attended to by myself, and from the impossibility of procuring an efficient foreman, I was obliged to relinquish. I had an excellent farm to which I might have gone, but beginning to be too old for farm labor, I turned publisher and edited a newspaper, taking my eldest son into partnership; but the business disagreeing with his health we sold out.

In 1840 I was elected school treasurer, which office I have continued to hold for 25 years.

Thus in the chequered vicissitudes of a long life of four-score years, I have been severally a farmer, a tanner, a currier, a school teacher, a wagoner, a preacher, a merchant, and an editor, besides filling several municipal and minor offices.

ANTHONY PEARSON.

Mr. Charles F. Scripps, who has given much time and research to the history of Anthony Pearson, has settled the fact that his home was Rampshaw or Ramshaw Hall, in the county of Durham, about twelve miles southwest of the city of Durham, and near West Auckland. The house is still standing. One of Pearson's letters is dated from Rampshaw in 1653, and he is mentioned as of Rampshaw in the will of Judge Fell, whose widow subsequently married George Fox. This will is dated 1658. A Susannah Pearson was one of the witnesses at the marriage of George Fox to the widow of Judge Fell in 1669. To another marriage in the Fell family one Agnes Pearson served as a witness in 1678. Anthony Pearson's memorable interview with Oliver Cromwell probably occurred in 1658.

Future historians of the family will have an interesting field for research in tracing the family of Anthony Pearson, and verifying the hypothetic pedigree given on page 30 of this little work.

JOHN AND MARY PEAR.

A letter of John Pear's, in my possession, shows him, in October, 1820, to have been living at No. 7 King street, Westminster. The date of his death I have been unable to ascertain, but according to an entry made by William A. Scripps in an old book recently discovered, "Mrs. Pear died June 26th, 1828, at night, and was buried in St. Margaret's churchyard, under the stone of Capt. Geo. Van Geran, on July 1st."

CHART B.—*Table Showing the descendants of William Armiger Scripps.*

WILLIAM ARMIGER SCRIPPS (b. 1772, d. 1851) — 1797 — MARY DIXIE. (b. 1771, d. 1838)

- William Washington Scripps. b. 1800 d. 1852
- Virginia Grace Scripps (b. 1802, d. 1868) — 1822 — Samuel Deacon. b. 1790 d. 1861
  - Scripps (b. 1822) — 1848 — Eliza Jane Grove. b. 1828
    - Frederick Edward Tudor. b. 1880
    - Arthur William Scripps Deacon. b. 1849 — 1870 — Harriet Smith. b. 1848
      - William George Deacon. b. 1875
      - Frank Joseph Deacon. b. 1877
      - Edith Jane Deacon. b. 1880
  - Virginia Deacon. b. 1825
  - Mary Deacon. b. 1827
  - Ellen Deacon. b. 1829
  - Alfred Deacon b. 1831 — 1858 — Emily Jones.
    - Cecilia Louisa Deacon. b. 1851 — 1875 — Herbert Frederick Hay Elmore. b. 1848 d. 1883
      - Maud Arvilla Jane Elmore. b. 1876
      - Cecilia Grove Elmore. b. 1877
    - Alfred Harold Deacon. b. 1854 — 1883 — Helen Laird. b. 1863
      - Mary Hay Elizabeth Elmore. b. 1878
      - Grace Bertha Virginia Elmore. b. 1880
    - Grace Virginia Deacon. b. 1858 — 1880 — James Wryde Vickerman.
      - Helena Jane Deacon. b. 1884
      - Grace Deacon. b. 1887
    - Florence Katherine Deacon. b. 1859 — 1887 — John Francis Coyne
      - Percival Grant Coyne. b. 1890
    - Albert Charles Edward Washington Deacon. b. 1862 d. 1864
    - Eliza Jane Deacon. b. 1867 — 1884 — George Allison b. 1851
      - George Deacon Allison. b. 1885
      - Grace Julia Allison. b. 1887
      - Thomas Henry Allison. b. 1889
      - Albert Victor Allison. b. 1889
    - Alfred Deacon. b. 1861
    - Edgar Deacon. b. 1863
    - Arthur Richard Deacon. b. 1858 — Margaret Harriet Lamb. d. 1891
      - Arthur Philip Deacon. b. 1888
    - Alfred George Deacon. b. 1860 d. 1866
    - Philip Owen Deacon. b 1862 d. 1883
    - Mercy Edith Deacon. b. 1864 d. 1866
    - Robert Tuck Deacon. b. 1866
    - Alice Mary Deacon. b. 1868
    - May Deacon. b. 1870
    - Elgiva Louisa Deacon. b 1869
    - Dora Augusta Deacon. b. 1870
    - Owen Bismarck Deacon. b. 1872
    - Mary Etheldreda Deacon. b. 1874
    - Willoughby Deacon. b. 1876
    - Eleanor Deacon. b. 1878
    - Jessica Deacon. b. 1880
    - Harold Octavius Deacon. b. 1883
    - Alexander Deacon. b. 1886
    - Roderick Scripps Deacon. b. 1889
  - Mercy Elizabeth Tuck b. 1834 d. 1871 — 1857 — Arthur Deacon b. 1833 d. 1889 — Laura Anna Stillman.
  - Grace b. 1834
  - Octavius Dixie Deacon b. 1836 — 1868 — Louisa Anna Horncastle. b. 1846
  - Samuel Archer Deacon b. 1839 — 1865 — Catherine Mary Ann Hitge.
  - Catherine Anne Deacon. b. 1842
  - William Sabey Scripps. b. 1829 d. 1831
  - Elizabeth Mary Scripps b. 1831

CHART D.—*Showing the descendants of George Henry Scripps.*

MARY HILER (b. 1797, d. 1851) — 1814 — GEORGE HENRY SCRIPPS (b. 1790, d. 1859) — 1852 — JANE VANDEVANTER. (b. —, d. 1865)

- William Hiler Scripps b. 1815 — 1848 — Mary Caroline Johnson. b. 1825 d. 1889
  - ge ps. 3 — Eliza Scripps. b. 1855
    - riey nter ay. 951 — Mary Caroline Gray. b 1886
    - Lida Frances Gray. b. 1888
  - Johnson Scripps. b. 1857 d. 1873
  - John Scripps. b. 1861
    - Wayne Scripps. b. 1883
  - Winter Scripps. b. 1864
  - George Blanchard Scripps. b. 1849 — 1874 — Fanny M. Hudnell. b. 1854
    - Grace Bernice Scripps. b. 1876 d. 1878
    - Charles Locke Scripps. b. 1877
    - Dwight Blanchard Scripps. b 1880 d. 1889
    - Mabel Ethelind Scripps. b. 1882
    - Earl Hudnell Scripps. b. 1886
  - Mary Virginia Scripps. b. 1851 d. 1852
  - Grace Locke Scripps. b. 1863
- John Locke Scripps b. 1818 d. 1866 — 1848 — Mary Elizabeth Blanchard. b. — d. 1866
  - George William Parrott. b. 1837 d. 1876 — 1873 — Lizzie Wishard. b. — d. 1876
  - Nancy Maria Parrott. b. 1839 d. 1877 — 1857 — William H. McAllister. b. — d. 1871
    - Catherine Elizabeth McAllister. b. 1858 — 1880 — Francis C. Grable. b. —
      - Catherine Lee Grable. b. 1887
    - Susan McAllister. b. 1860 d. —
  - Sarah Lucretia Parrott. b. 1841 d. 1885 — 1866 — Albert Bear Clark. b. 1840 d. 1890
  - Lydia Frances Parrott. b. 1842 — 1867 — George C. Ray. b. —
    - William Henry Ray. b. 1868
    - Anna Parrott Ray. b. 1871
    - George Clinton Ray. b. 1873
    - Mary Catherine Ray. b. 1876
- Catherine Ann Scripps b. 1819 — 1836 — Josiah Parrott. b. — d. 1881
  - Josiah Locke Parrott. b. 1844 — 1866 — Mary L. Worthington. b. —
    - Anna Catherine Parrott. b. 2867
  - Lewis Watts Parrott. b. 1846
  - Agnes Catherine Parrott. b. 1848 d. 1880 — 1871 — Simon P. McIntyre. b. —
    - Moses Dwight McIntyre. b. 1877
- Benjamin Franklin Scripps. b. 1821 d. 1849
- Lydia Elizabeth Scripps b. 1823 — 1852 — George Little. b. —
  - Franklin Scripps Parrott. b. 1851 d. 1852
  - Charles Samuel Parrott. b. 1853 — 1884 — Lizzie Wells. b. —
  - Walter Lee Parrott. b. 1855 — 1880 — Mary E. Tunnicliff. b. —
  - Marcus Lindsay Parrott. b. 1858 — 1885 — Mary H. Hamer. b. —
  - Ellen Virginia Parrott. b. 1861 d. 1888
  - George Henry Little. b. 1853 d. 1880
  - John William Little. b. 1857 d. 1861
  - Grace Little. b. 1861
  - Virginia Ellen Little. b. 1862
- George Washington Scripps b. 1825 — 1850 — Sarah Ellen Clarke. b. 1827
- Isaac Scripps. b. 1825 d. 1825
- Joseph Edm b. d.

lants of William Armiger Scripps.

PS 1797 MARY DIXIE. b. 1771 d. 1838

Elizabeth Sabey d. 1831 — 1829 — James Mogg Scripps b. 1803 d. 1873 — 1833 — Ellen Mary Saunders b. 1804 d. 1841 — 1844 — Julia Adeline C b. 1814

e Anne Deacon. b. 1842 | William Sabey Scripps. b. 1829 d. 1831 | Elizabeth Mary Scripps b. 1831 — 1858 — Thomas Sharp. b. 1829 d. 1864 | Ellen Sophia Scripps. b. 1833 d. 1834 | James Edmund Scripps b. 1835 — 1862 — Harriet Josephine Messenger. b. 1838 | Ellen Browning Scripps. b. 1836 | William Armiger Scripps. b. 1838 — 1869 — Ambrosia Clarinda Antisdel. b. 1847 | George Henry Scripps. b. 1839 | John Mogg Scripps. b. 1840 d. 1863 | Julia Anne Scripps. b. 1847 | Thomas Osborn Scripps. b. 1848 d. 1858 | Frederick Tudor Scripps. b. 1850 | Eliza Virginia Scripps. b. 1852 | Edward Willis Scripps. b. 1854 — 1885 — Nackie Benson Holtsinger. b. 1866

Mary Eldfreda Deacon. 1874 | Willoughby Deacon. b. 1876 | Eleanor Deacon. b. 1878 | Jessica Deacon. b. 1880 | Harold Octavius Deacon. b. 1883 | Alexander Deacon. b. 1886 | Roderick Scripps Deacon. b. 1889 | Samuel Deacon. b. 1866 d. 1866 | George Hitge Deacon. b. 1867 | Albert Deacon. b. 1869 | Plestina Ann Deacon. b. 1871 d. 1872 | Gilbert Deacon. b. 1873 d. 1874 | Virginia Grace Deacon. b. 1873 | Walter Deacon. b. 1875 | Catherine Younger Deacon. b. 1879 | Emily Deacon b. 1883 | Mary Ellen Deacon. b. 1885

Jesse James Sharp. b. 1859 — 1888 — Sophia McKnight. b. 1869 d. 1890 — Thomas Enoch Sharp. b. 1890

Mary Rebecca Sharp. b 1861 — 1886 — Harry Nevins Billmeyer. b. 1857 — Elizabeth Matilda Billmeyer. b. 1891

Ellen Warren Scripps. b. 1863 — 1887 — George Gough Booth. b. 1864 — James Scripps Booth. b. 1888 | Grace Ellen Booth. b. 1890

Anna Virginia Scripps. b. 1866 — 1891 — Edgar Bancroft Whitcomb. b. 1866

James Francis Scripps. b. 1870 d. 1882 | Harriet Mary Scripps. b. 1873 d. 1875 | Grace Messinger Scripps. b. 1878 | William Edmund Scripps. b. 1882

Florence May Scripps. b. 1870 — 1890 — Frederick William Kellogg. b. 1866 — Florence Ellen Scripps-Kellogg. b. 1891

Ellen Winnifred Scripps. b. 1873 | James George Scripps. b. 1886 | John Paul Holtsinger Scripps. b. 1888 | Dorothy Blair Scripps b. 1890

nts of George Henry Scripps.

RIPPS 1852 JANE VANDEVANTER. b. — d. 1865

shington Scripps b. 1825 — 1850 — Sarah Ellen Clarke. b. 1827

Isaac Scripps. b. 1825 d. 1825 | Joseph Edmondson Scripps. b. 1827 d. 1830 | James Corrie Scripps. b. 1830 d. 1850 | Mary Agnes Scripps b. 1832 — 1850 — John Courts Bagby. b. — | Virginia Ellen Scripps. b. 1834 d. 1851 | Henry Gates Scripps. b. 1836 d. 1837 | Margaret Frances Scripps. b. 1838 d. 1846

arcus Andsay Parrotte 1888 — Mary H. Hamer. b. —

Ellen Virginia Parrotte. b. 1861 d. 1888 | George Henry Little. b. 1853 d. 1880 | John William Little. b. 1857 d. 1861 | Grace Little. b. 1861 | Virginia Ellen Little. b. 1862 | John Scripps Little. b. 1864

George Clarke Scripps. b. 1851 — 1876 — Anna Adelaide Mattice. b. 1852

Jessie Adelaide Scripps. b. 1877 | George Mattice Scripps. b. 1880 | Sarah Adele Scripps. b. 1885 | Edith Clarke Scripps. b. 1889

John Franklin Scripps. b. 1853 d. 1870 | Anna Jane Scripps. b. 1855 d. 1859

Ernest O'Hern Scripps. b. 1858 — 1880 — Linnie Louise Wills. b. 1859 — Howard Ernest Scripps. b. 1882

Charles Herman Scripps. b. 1860 — 1891 — Helen May Knappen. b. 1865

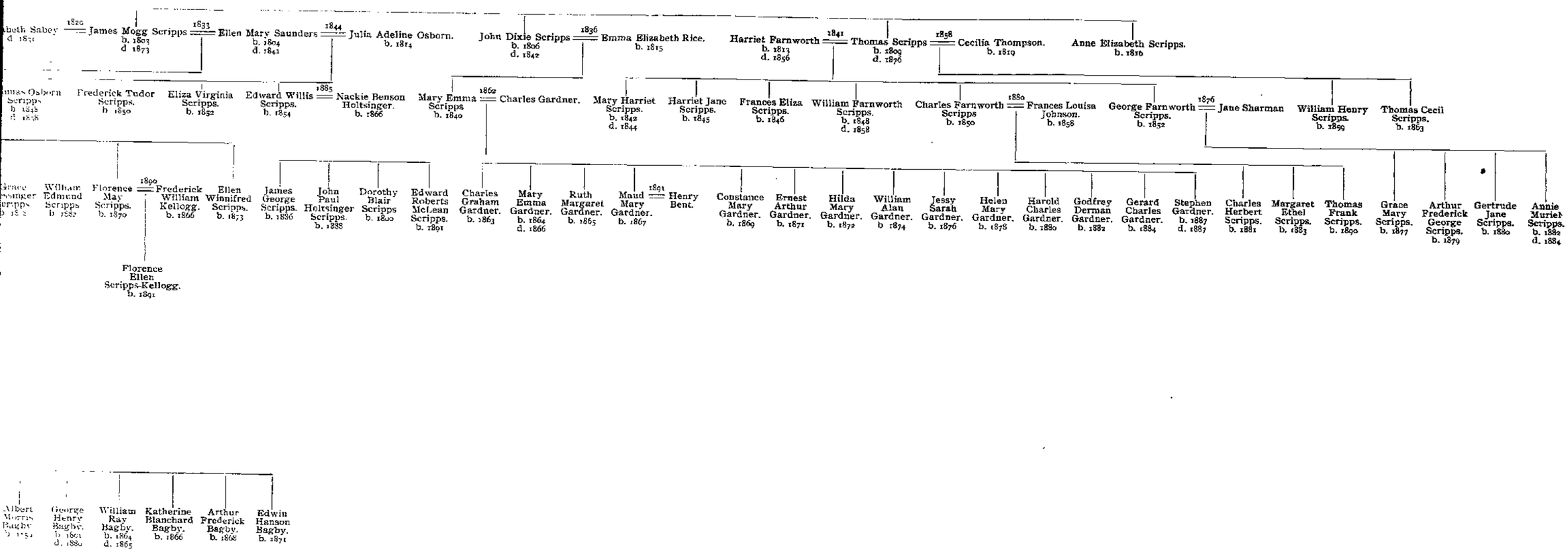
Catherine Elizabeth Scripps. b. 1862 — 1887 — William Duty Southwick. b. 1864 — James Scripps Southwick. b 1888 | Helen Marjorie Southwick. b. 1890

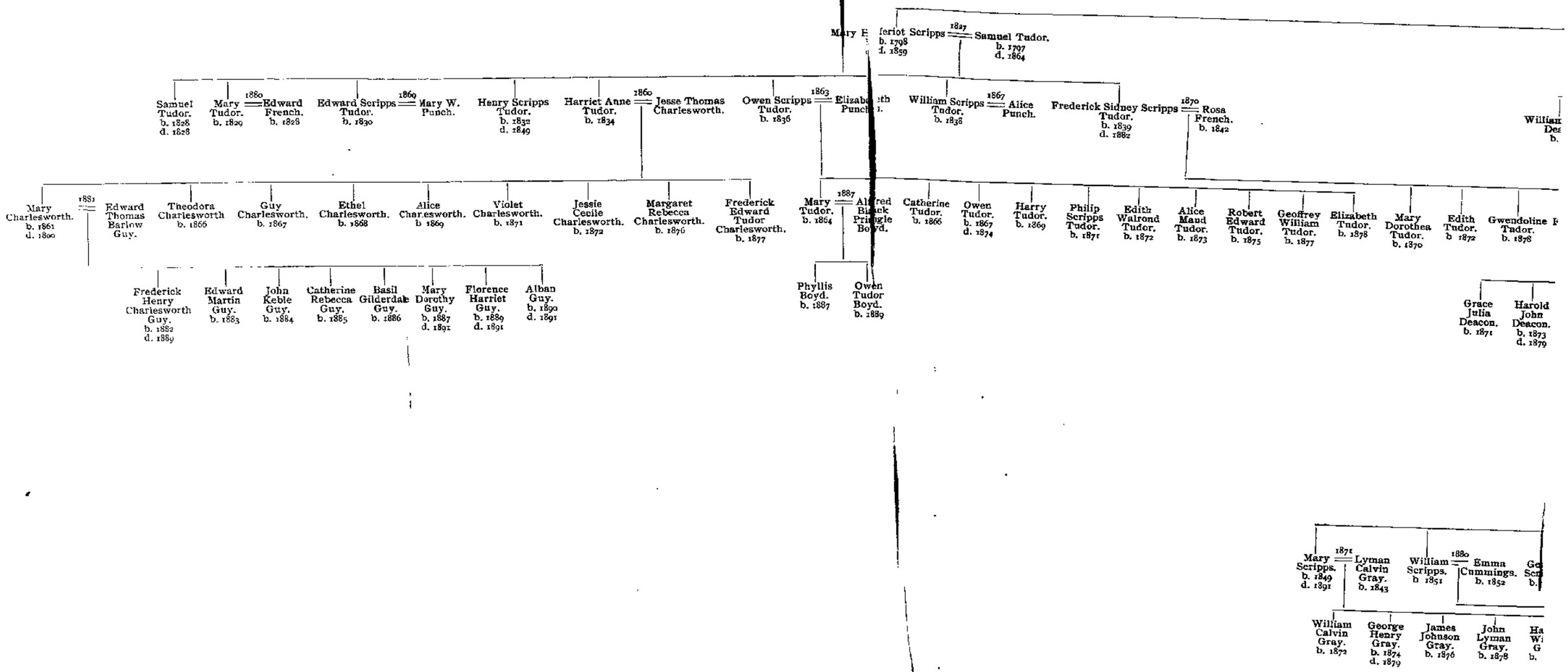
Thomas Henry Scripps. b. 1864 d. 1865 | Benjamin Locke Scripps. b. 1866 d. 1866 | William Locke Scripps. b. 1868 d 1888 | James Albert Scripps. b. 1870 d. 1878

Mary Frances Bagby. b. 1851 — 1891 — Paul Blades.

John Scripps Bagby. b. 1853 — 1879 — Louella Anna Walker. b. 1858 — John Walker Bagby. b. 1880 | Susan Louella Bagby. b. 1882 d. 1884 | Katherine McAllister Bagby. b. 1884 | Francis Cyrus Bagby. b. 1886

Virginia Elizabeth Bagby. b. 1855 d. 1865 | Albert Morris Bagby. b. 1859 | George Henry Bagby. b. 1861 d. 1889 | William Ray Bagby. b. 1864 d. 1865 | Katherine Blanchard Bagby. b. 1866 | Arthur Frederick Bagby. b. 1868 | Edwin Hanson Bagby. b. 1871


beth Sabey d 1831
1820
James Mogg Scripps b. 1803 d 1873
1833
Ellen Mary Saunders b. 1804 d. 1841
1844
Julia Adeline Osborn. b. 1814
John Dixie Scripps b. 1806 d. 1842
1836
Emma Elizabeth Rice. b. 1815
Harriet Farnworth b. 1813 d. 1856
1841
Thomas Scripps b. 1809 d. 1876
1858
Cecilia Thompson. b. 1819
Anne Elizabeth Scripps. b. 1816
mas Osborn Scripps b 1848 d 1858
Frederick Tudor Scripps. b 1850
Eliza Virginia Scripps. b. 1852
Edward Willis Scripps. b. 1854
1885
Nackie Benson Holtsinger. b. 1866
Mary Emma Scripps b. 1840
1862
Charles Gardner.
Mary Harriet Scripps. b. 1842 d. 1844
Harriet Jane Scripps. b. 1845
Frances Eliza Scripps. b. 1846
William Farnworth Scripps. b. 1848 d. 1858
Charles Farnworth Scripps b. 1850
1880
Frances Louisa Johnson. b. 1858
George Farnworth Scripps. b. 1852
1876
Jane Sharman
William Henry Scripps. b. 1859
Thomas Cecil Scripps. b. 1863
Grace ssinger cripps b 1872
William Edmund Scripps b 1882
Florence May Scripps. b. 1870
1890
Frederick William Kellogg. b. 1866
Ellen Winnifred Scripps. b. 1873
Florence Ellen Scripps-Kellogg. b. 1891
James George Scripps. b. 1886
John Paul Holtsinger Scripps. b. 1888
Dorothy Blair Scripps b. 1890
Edward Roberts McLean Scripps. b. 1891
Charles Graham Gardner. b. 1863
Mary Emma Gardner. b. 1864 d. 1866
Ruth Margaret Gardner. b. 1865
Maud Mary Gardner. b. 1867
1891
Henry Bent.
Constance Mary Gardner. b. 1869
Ernest Arthur Gardner. b. 1871
Hilda Mary Gardner. b. 1872
William Alan Gardner. b 1874
Jessy Sarah Gardner. b. 1876
Helen Mary Gardner. b. 1878
Harold Charles Gardner. b. 1880
Godfrey Derman Gardner. b. 1882
Gerard Charles Gardner. b. 1884
Stephen Gardner. b. 1887 d. 1887
Charles Herbert Scripps. b. 1881
Margaret Ethel Scripps. b. 1883
Thomas Frank Scripps. b. 1890
Grace Mary Scripps. b. 1877
Arthur Frederick George Scripps. b. 1879
Gertrude Jane Scripps. b. 1880
Annie Muriel Scripps. b. 1882 d. 1884
Albert Morris Bagby b 1852
George Henry Bagby. b 1861 d. 1880
William Ray Bagby. b. 1864 d. 1865
Katherine Blanchard Bagby. b. 1866
Arthur Frederick Bagby. b. 1868
Edwin Hanson Bagby. b. 1871


Mary E feriot Scripps b. 1798 d. 1859
1827
Samuel Tudor. b. 1797 d. 1864
Samuel Tudor. b. 1828 d. 1828
Mary Tudor. b. 1829
1880
Edward French. b. 1828
Edward Scripps Tudor. b. 1830
1869
Mary W. Punch.
Henry Scripps Tudor. b. 1832 d. 1849
Harriet Anne Tudor. b. 1834
1860
Jesse Thomas Charlesworth.
Owen Scripps Tudor. b. 1836
1863
Elizabeth Punch.
William Scripps Tudor. b. 1838
1867
Alice Punch.
Frederick Sidney Scripps Tudor. b. 1839 d. 1882
1870
Rosa French. b. 1842
Mary Charlesworth. b. 1861 d. 1890
1881
Edward Thomas Barlow Guy.
Theodora Charlesworth b. 1866
Guy Charlesworth. b. 1867
Ethel Charlesworth. b. 1868
Alice Charlesworth. b. 1869
Violet Charlesworth. b. 1871
Jessie Cecile Charlesworth. b. 1872
Margaret Rebecca Charlesworth. b. 1876
Frederick Edward Tudor Charlesworth. b. 1877
Frederick Henry Charlesworth Guy. b. 1882 d. 1889
Edward Martin Guy. b. 1883
John Keble Guy. b. 1884
Catherine Rebecca Guy. b. 1885
Basil Gilderdale Guy. b. 1886
Mary Dorothy Guy. b. 1887 d. 1891
Florence Harriet Guy. b. 1889 d. 1891
Alban Guy. b. 1890 d. 1891
Mary Tudor. b. 1864
1887
Alfred Black Pringle Boyd.
Phyllis Boyd. b. 1887
Owen Tudor Boyd. b. 1889
Catherine Tudor. b. 1866
Owen Tudor. b. 1867 d. 1874
Harry Tudor. b. 1869
Philip Scripps Tudor. b. 1871
Edith Walrond Tudor. b. 1872
Alice Maud Tudor. b. 1873
Robert Edward Tudor. b. 1875
Geoffrey William Tudor. b. 1877
Elizabeth Tudor. b. 1878
Mary Dorothea Tudor. b. 1870
Edith Tudor. b. 1872
Gwendoline F Tudor. b. 1878
Grace Julia Deacon. b. 1871
Harold John Deacon. b. 1873 d. 1879
Mary Scripps. b. 1849 d. 1891
1871
Lyman Calvin Gray. b. 1843
William Scripps. b. 1851
1880
Emma Cummings. b. 1852
William Calvin Gray. b. 1872
George Henry Gray. b. 1874 d. 1879
James Johnson Gray. b. 1876
John Lyman Gray. b. 1878

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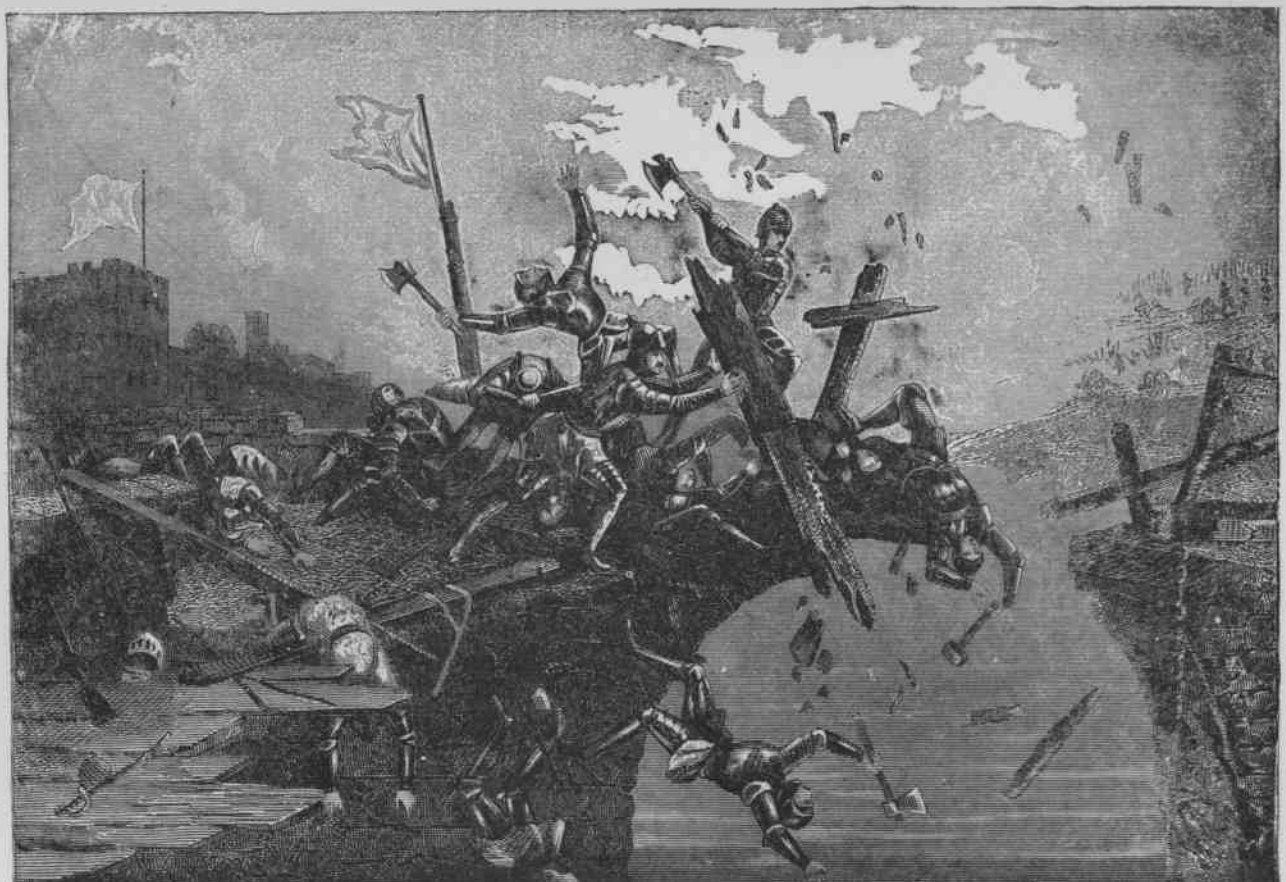

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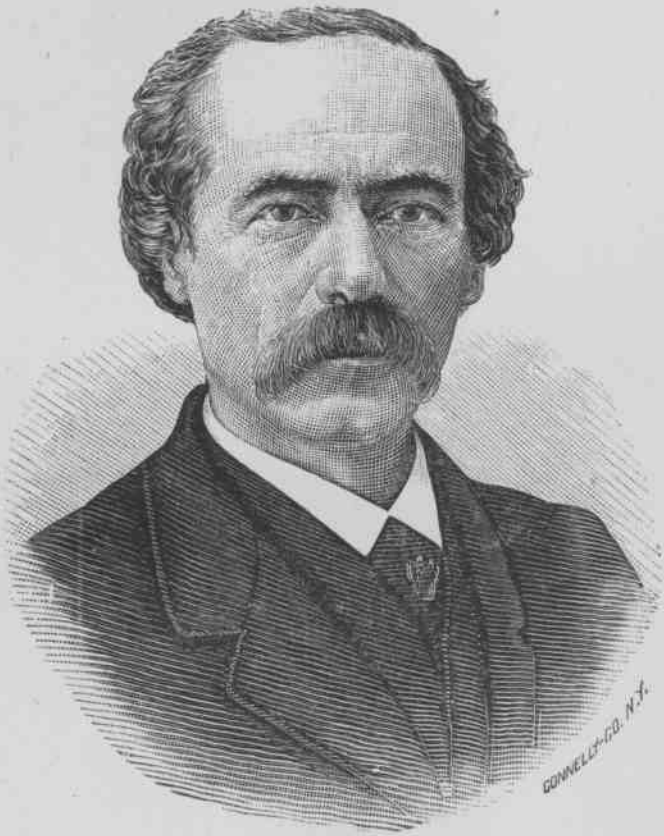

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IRELAND AS SHE IS.

IRELAND AS SHE OUGHT TO BE.

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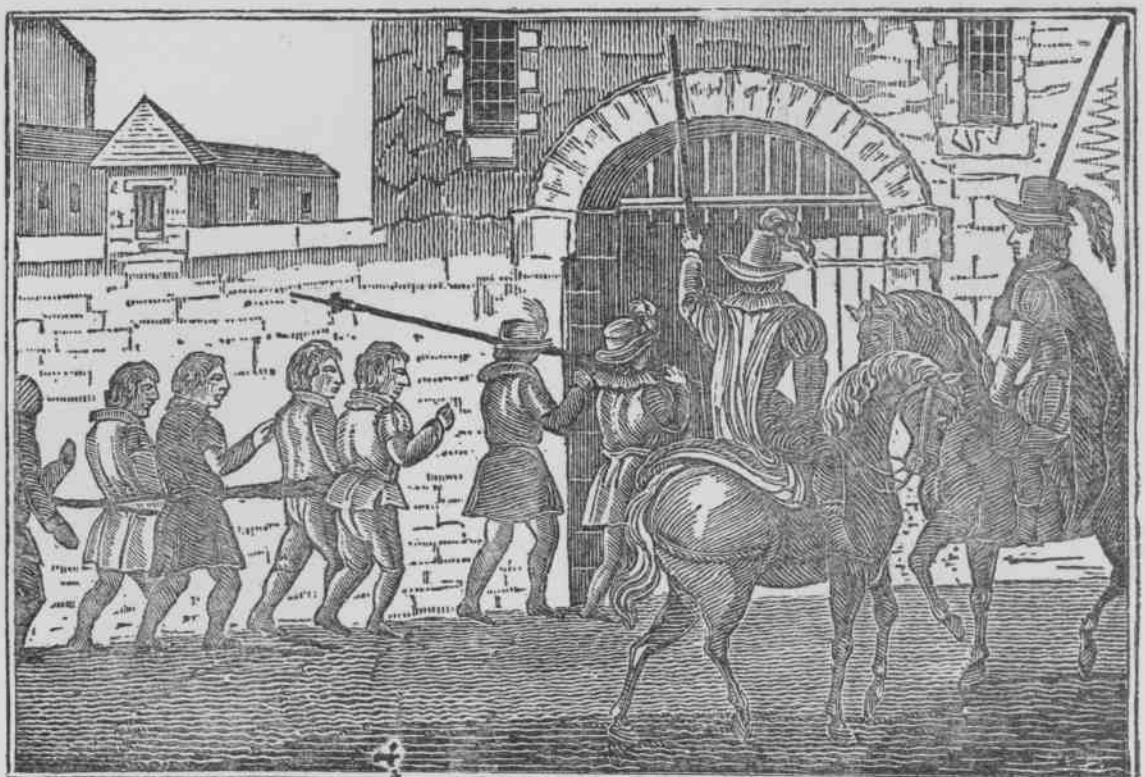

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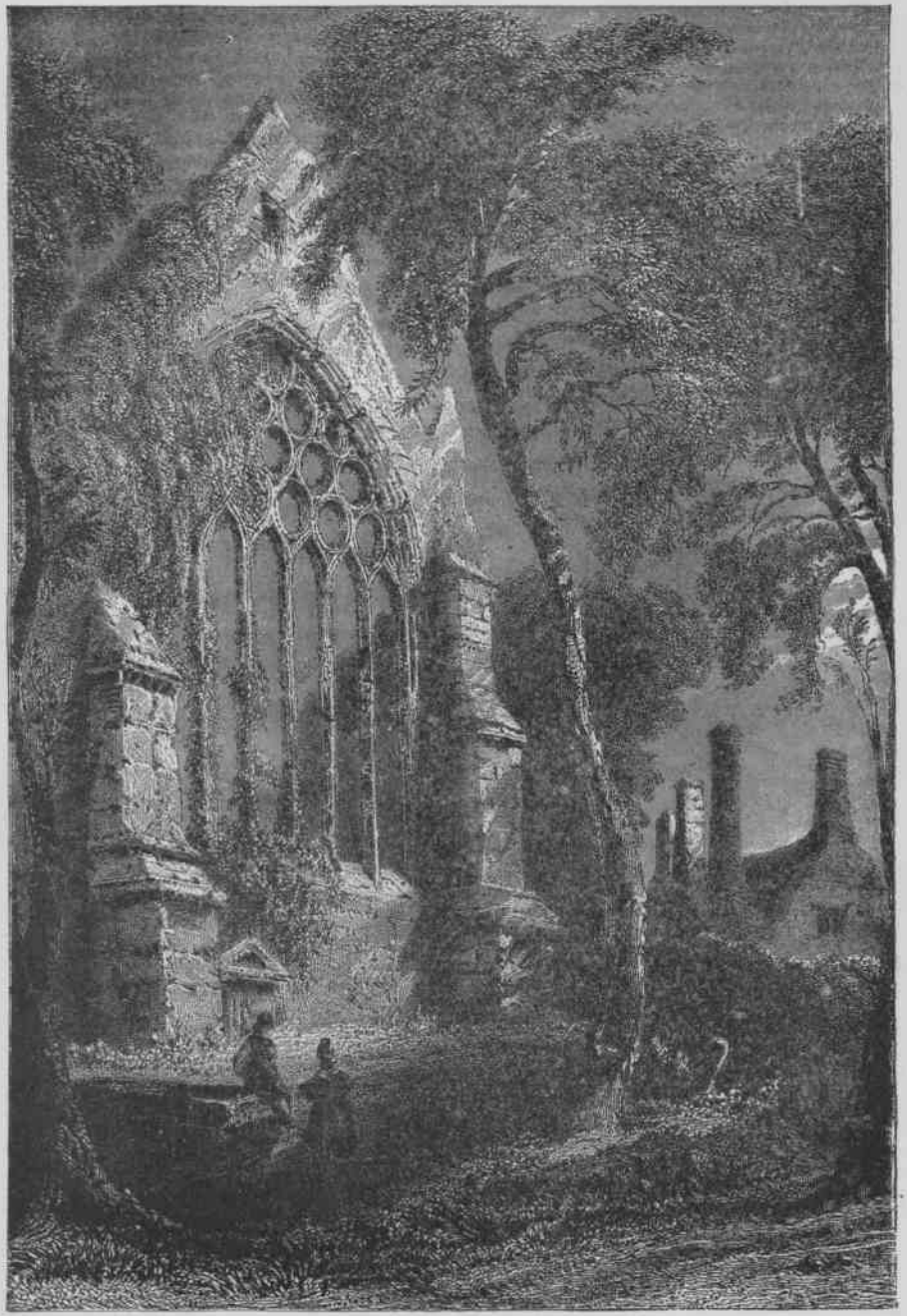

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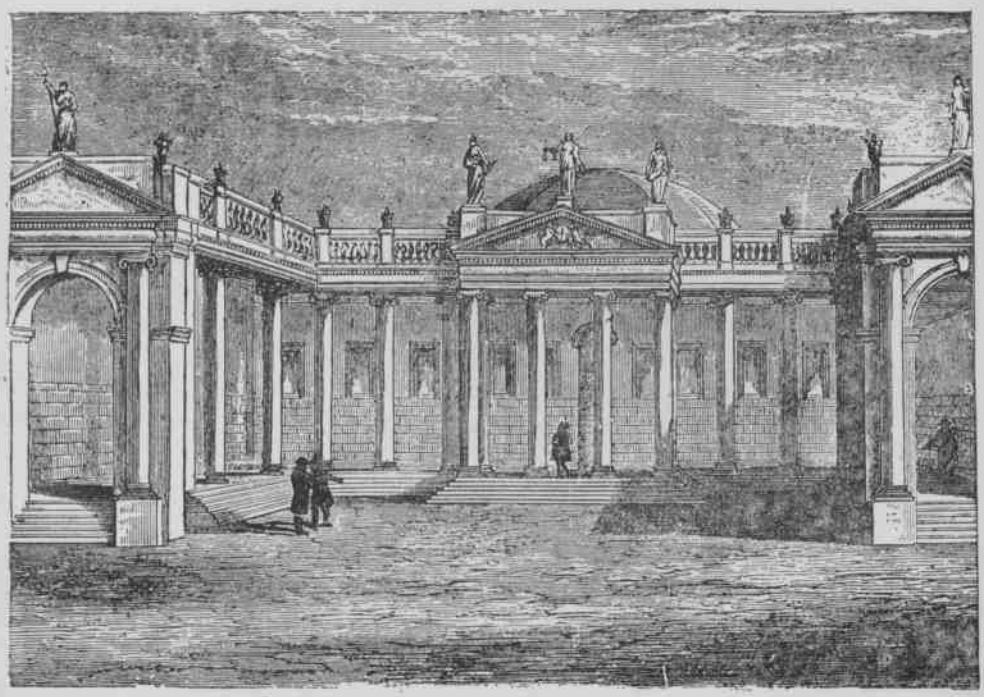

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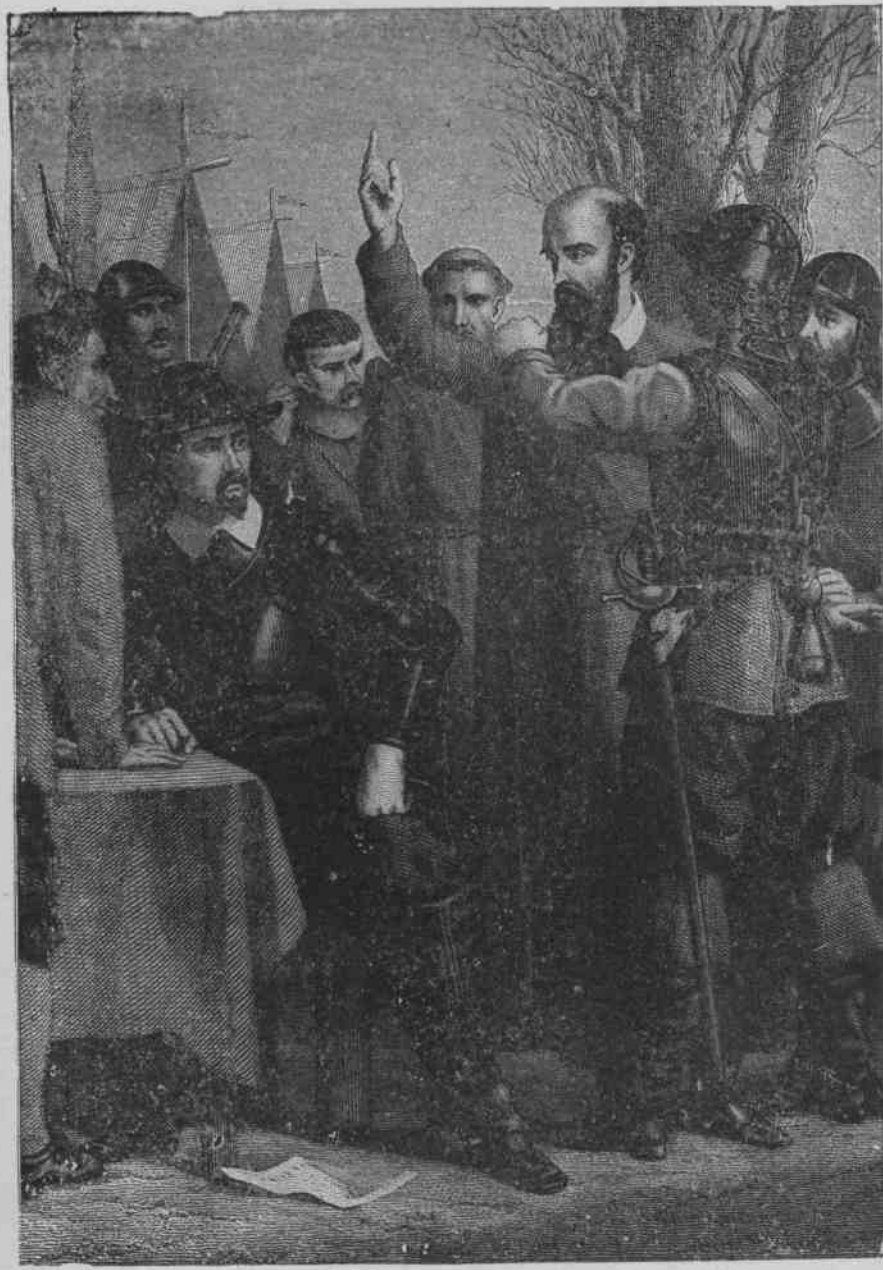

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O'GORMAN MAHON.

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ROBERT EMMET.

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THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

EDMUND BURKE.

ARCHBISHOP O'HURLEY UNDERGOING MARTYRDOM.

MASSACRE AT DROGHEDA.

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