Carrie's Recollection of Bank Street

The old home on Bank street was a plain, comfortable old house, built in the from-street-to-alley style, one room back of the other, with no pretension to style or beauty, but just Home – with large rooms, cool and airy in summer, and warm and cosy in winter, with elastic walls so that there was always room, and a warm welcome for all who came – and come they did, at all times and whenever they could – Aunts, Uncles, Cousins, and many who were strangers, but who were welcomed.

Your grandfather bought the house in an unfinished state, in the spring of 1852. Later, in the sixties, the house was remodeled, the roof raised, the front hall lengthened and made wider – a new front door replaced the old one that now is at the other end of the hall. The back of the house was enlarged, an attic added, and a bathroom, supplied with rain water from a tank in the attic. For many years after, the old laundry stood back of the kitchen. It had brick floor, a set boiler, long benches for tubs, and a large outer drain. The yard was full of trees, shrubs and flowers.

As I have said, this was a plain home, but O, such a happy one, with relatives, friends of all sorts, ministers, missionaries, colporteurs, coming and going, and always swarming with children, such busy, happy children, who were never at a loss for something interesting to do. They were playing with the kittens and with the white bunnies in the hayloft of the barn that was covered with sweet-scented woodbine and Sweet-briar Rose; climbing the sweet cherry tree or the grape-arbor, where in season they found Catawba or Isabella grapes; climbing sometimes to the top of the latticed end of the wide upper porch, to get the lovely purple bunches; dressing up with hats made of the leaves of the Lombardy poplar, pinned together with twigs. (The poplars and the altheas with their slender lithe limbs, we called "switch trees" – can you guess why?) These hats were set upon curls of wood shavings, or the stripped stems of dandelions, which curled so beautifully. Earrings of hyacinth or fuchsia bells were hung by thread from small ears. We wore necklaces and bracelets of braided bands of white clover, carrying catalpa leaves for fans, and the immense leaves of the Pawlonia Imperials for parasols. Our short skirts were properly spread to conform with the prevailing style, with barrel hoops run thro the hems of our petticoats.

In the season came marbles, top-spinning, jack-stones, or as we played the game with crystals, we called it Bounce Jacks; hopscotch too, was a favorite pastime. Later came blowing bubbles with the beautiful trumpets of the Jimpson weed. On rainy days, the swing on the upper porch was in constant motion, and here we played with our large families of paper dolls, cut from old Godey magazines, and quiet games like "I came to see Miss Jinny-a-Jones", "I Come, I Come" and "Still Palm".

In the afternoons, when we were freshly dressed, we loved to go across the street for an afternoon of croquet with the Culbertson

children, Emma, Florence and George, and sometimes in the late afternoon we were allowed to go into the Billiard Room, a small building at the back of their lot, built for a billiard room. There we watched Mr. John Culbertson, with his friends, at their game. His brother-in-law, Judge George Bicknell, Mr. John R. Nunemacher, Professor O. V. Tousley, and Dr. Morrill were often among the group of players.

On Saturday afternoons, dressed in our second-best clothes, we, Hattie, Nannie and Carrie walked the two blocks to the First Presbyterian Church – "our" church – where, in the Lecture Room, Miss Hattie Scribner taught us to sing the lovely new songs from our Sunday School Hymn Book, The Oriole – "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old", "Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us", and "Who Should Sing, If Not the Children" were among our favorites. We so loved this book, that often at home, Nannie would play the melodeon and we would sing straight thro the book, and if there was a tune we did not know, that made no difference, we "made one up". That poor long-suffering melodeon!

There are some dark threads woven in the bright pattern of the years. One of these is the death of "Aunt Betsey". This is, I believe, my first memory of important happenings. Important, because Aunt Betsey was an important member of our family for three generations. In Lexington, Virginia, she was employed, at about fourteen years of age I believe, to help Grandmother McClung in the care of her small children. When the family came west, her parents permitted her to come with them. Harriet Newell, who was born in Cynthiana, Kentucky, became her special care and pet. James, Eliza, Addison Alexander, Mary, John and Lavinia were born in Virginia.

When the McClung family came to Indiana, Betsey came with them, and lived with them, first in Fredericksburg, and then in Charlestown. Faithful Betsey had cast her lot with the family, and was devoted to my Mother's children. She died in our home when I was three and a half years old.

I seem to have a clear picture in my mind, of the room where (I know now) Aunt Betsey lay dying. Lying high on her pillows on a four-posted bed, with curtains and valance – I can see now, the blue and white checked pattern of the curtains – and of the people standing about the room. I did not know then what it meant. I do not remember Betsey clearly. She is buried in our family lot in Fairview, the spot marked with a stone bearing "Betsey Clinebell – A Friend". And a true friend she was.

A strongly characteristic story was told of Betsey: My Grandfather McClung's ancestors, both McClungs and Houstons were Covenanters, and observed the Sabbath in the strictest manner. None but absolutely necessary work was done in their homes on Sunday, every possible preparation being made the day before. After Lavinia married Mr. Brownlee, a Presbyterian minister, Betsey lived with them for a time. Once, having brought some of their members from the country home to dinner with them, Aunt Lavinia thought it necessary to order more coffee

made. This necessitated grinding more to add to that prepared the day before. She closed a door to the kitchen, and Betsey came and flinging it open, said "Lavinia, if you will have coffee ground on the Sabbath Day, you can stand the noise."

The next event in my young life occurred a few months later, in July, 1860, when my oldest sister was married. I recall that the large double parlors were crowded with friends, and that my Mother's cousin, Samuel Cassiday, held me up that I might better see the group in the end of the back-parlor. Just an impression of white clouds is all I remember – and no wonder, for the slender groom, with the four groomsmen, as they were called then, and the heads of the four bridesmaids were but shadows on a mist of tulle and tarleton, billowing over the many skirts and the wide-spreading crinoline of that day.

I do recall the two supper tables, one in the dining room, decorated with flowers, and bearing the many-storied bride's cake, surmounted by the lovely little ride of spun candy, and a pyramid of fruits at one end, and one of candy at the other. The other table – the "meat table" from which the more solid portion of the supper was served was on the porch, which was brightly lighted with kerosene lamps. I was not enough interested in this table to notice detail.

I have a vivid memory of a morning some weeks later, when the family were gathered in the back parlor for Prayers, a daily institution in our home. I can see the large room, the light filtering thro the bowed shutters upon the white and gold walls; the green velvet carpet, the black hair-cloth furniture and the tamboured muslin curtains, and upon the form of the bride lately returned from the wedding journey to New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Niagara Falls, sitting at the melodeon, leading us in our usual morning hymn. I remember her morning robe of buff pique, form-fitting, and opening all down the front over an under robe of white embroidery. She looked beautiful to my admiring eyes.

The melodeon was always used at prayers and to accompany our evening hymn-singing Sunday evenings. The big concert grand piano in the front parlor was only used for secular music.

There were many happy Sunday evenings when the family, married children and all, after an early tea, gathered in the parlor to sing favorite hymns till church time. "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" to the tune "Dennis", "A Charge to Keep I Have", "How Firm a Foundation", "I Love to Steal A While Away", and "O, For a Closer Walk With God" were favorites. Always on Easter Sunday morning we sang one of my Mother's best loved hymns, "How Calm and Beautiful the Morn, That Gilds the Sacred Tomb". How proud I was when my brother Will would have me sit beside him on these occasions, that he might teach me how to sing alto! So proud was I of my new accomplishment, and so lustily did I display it, that my Father had to suppress me.

Our great holiday celebrations were Thanksgiving and New Years. Christmas was more quietly celebrated. This may have been because of our Pilgrim ancestry.

Thanksgiving Day was our big family day. All went to church in the morning for a patriotic service, and then gathered at the old home for dinner and the day. Sometimes, usually, I may say, there were other guests, and two long tables were stretched to full length to accommodate the happy crowd, never fewer than twenty, sometimes over thirty. These tables were loaded with the traditional Thanksgiving dainties and solids.

Maybe you would like to hear about one of these dinners. This one in the middle Seventies – Mrs. Lapsley and the Haskins family were added to our large family and thirty-two sat at table that day – the children at the extra table. A bowl of fruits and flowers formed the centerpiece on the grown folks' table, and the children were delighted with their substantial table decoration – a well-roasted suckling pig, with a small red apple in his mouth, kneeling in a bed of parsley. The first course was oysters served in an ice-bowl, which was a square block of ice, chipped out to form a bowl. After the soup and fish came the big Thanksgiving turkey (two turkeys, in fact), baked ham, baked beans, potatoes, sweet and white, tomatoes, etc., and always, two quivering moulds of jelly, cranberry and lemon, and following, pie, mince and pumpkin, ice cream, fruit cake, black and white, nuts and grapes. The afternoon belonged to the children. If there was snow, as sometimes there was, there was a brisk game of snowball, and on this particular occasion, the children were all piled into a big four-horse sleigh, and taken for a merry ride. This was their Uncle Will's special treat. Then in the twilight, came the usual hymn sing, followed later by speeches and songs from the children, and shadow pictures and charades, and the Virginia Reel.

Another hazy earlier memory is of my oldest brother's wedding, which took place at the home of the bride of two months earlier. A short time before the time fixed for this wedding, the Davidsons were driven from their home by fire, and my sister offered her home for the wedding, an evening affair, but the details are not clear to me, perhaps because I did not witness the preparations, and did not feel so much at home.

I believe my very first memory of Christmas is of being warmly wrapped in cloak, scarf and woolen hood, my feet protected by fur-lined (probably rabbit skin) overshoes, and of being lead thro the snowy, gas-lighted streets to the Market Houses, on Market street, between Pearl and First streets. The picture is not a clear one, but a bright one – just an impression of red, green, and white, with gas-light flaring over all, and of fat men in white aprons, laughing and joking. There were garlands of green over the stalls and the spicy odor of pine, which always means – it is Christmas. On the white-covered counters were displayed choice cuts of meat, while whole carcasses hung from the hooks on the walls.

The first Christmas tree I ever saw in a church was in St. Paul's Episcopal church, on Spring street, where St. Mark's now stands.

I have a vivid memory of our Christmas tree at home when I was six years old. In addition to our own family there were Aunt Cornelia and her family, Addison and Jane McClung with little Eddie, Miss Hattie Scribner and Ettie Shields, and sixteen-year-old Eddie Scribner, and Mrs. Lee, and her children, Hamlet, Theodore and Jennie. The guests came early for a Christmas supper. After supper all lined up on the side porch to watch a display of fireworks. That surely indicates a "green Christmas" with mild temperature, and also hints at the influence of our neighbors across the river.

After the fireworks we gathered in the back parlor, where the melodeon stood in front of the closed folding-doors. Here, our twenty-one-year-old brother, Will, grouped the little girls, Alice, Florence, Jennie, Hattie, Nannie and Carrie who sang Christmas hymns – "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks", "Merry Christmas", and "Goodnight", a sweet German melody. We were trained and accompanied by our brother Will.

We heard a distant sound of sleigh bells growing louder as Santa Claus approached. The folding doors were thrown open, and there burst upon us in all its beauty, The Christmas Tree, so large that the chandelier had been taken down to accommodate it. Then the sound of bells came nearer, and old Santa appeared. Poor two-year-old Eddie and baby Lucy set up a duet in their fright. There were presents for all the happy crowd.

One Christmas stands out clearly, although I think that was earlier, when I received my biggest doll. It was a life-size "wax" doll and looked very much like a real baby. My sister Mary was so determined that I should have it, that [she] saved money by self-denial, and also levied tribute from the family to make a sum much too large to be spent for a four-year-old.

Another family day was the Fourth of July, always celebrated with true patriotic spirit, and usually with a family picnic, for which elaborate preparation was made, for food and entertainment, and the whole family, sometimes with friends invited, spent a long lovely day in the woods. Usually there was a grand display of fireworks at the old home in the evening.

There was much entertaining in a quiet way in the old home. I was often sent to the homes of friends, sometimes to the home of a newly-made member of our church, or to that of a stranger lately come to town, having been carefully coached in my little formula of invitation, thus: Mrs. S. C. Day presents her compliments, and would like to have Mr. and Mrs. Blank take tea, or dinner, as the case might be, with her, carefully mentioning the day and hour. Then there was a stirabout in the kitchen, with some dependable colored Auntie or Mrs. Timmons, always ready, on call, to serve on such occasions, and my short legs were almost worn out

running for this or that, some forgotten ingredient for the dainties in preparation. I can see the long table, with its sweeping linen damask, the silver caster in the center, the silver service on its tray at the head of the table, the gold-banded china and the dishes set precisely in pairs down its length. Fried or smothered chicken, or slices of pink ham, or smoked tongue, Saratoga potatoes and sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, if in summer, or chicken salad and oysters in some form in winter, with hot biscuits, brown and melting in one's mouth, or Fat Rascals, as one cook called her puffy Parker House rolls. Sparkling jelly or preserves, pineapple or Edam cheese served from the shell, and finally Ambrosia, which was sliced oranges with fresh cocoanut grated over the top, or canned peaches or pears in their clear, amber syrup, or in summer whatever fruit was in season, with two or three kinds of iced cake.

Church Socials were held in the homes, with often a hundred people present. These were abandoned when in the early Seventies our Church parlors were built, and such social affairs were held there.

New Albany was always attractive to visitors, who loved to come and were loath to go. There was a touch of New England formality about her social life, a conventionality that blended charmingly with a Southern warmth and freedom, and her people were neighborly and "folksy". There was much "calling" and returning of calls, neighborly "Spend the evenings", with always something good to eat served, and also spending the day, which usually meant from ten to five. When the Aunties, sisters and sister-in-law came, they often brought their white "wrappers" (in summer time) and a siesta or nap as we called it, was in order in the afternoon.

Candy-pullings, and Charade parties were favorite forms of amusement, and we had some creditable Charade Clubs. When we were children we must have had a strong liking for drama, although we never went to the theatre. We were always acting out stories and songs. We called these efforts "exhibitions". After seeing Tom Thumb and his troupe, we put on our stage, the side porch, "Villikens and Dinah". I was Villikens and Florence Culbertson, Dinah. Our acting was superb, and our costumes wonderful for originality.

Mrs. John Culbertson often helped us with our more ambitious tableaus and plays which were put on in the Culbertson drawing-room, and were creditably costumed with Mrs. Culbertson's help and they really did quite a bit to impress upon our memories the historical events we produced.

We had plenty of supervised freedom, as well as encouragement in wholesome fun and recreation. Our young friends were always warmly welcomed by our parents, and we never seemed to be in the way of our elder brothers and sisters, who indeed often went out of their way to help us in working out our schemes.

Ice skating was a favorite sport, especially when we could go with the older group and their friends, a gay, brightly dressed party to the

Loop. Many of our best skaters could waltz gracefully on the ice, and cut their name and fancy figures on its glassy surface. The Luse family, having come here from Lafayette, where they had long cold winters in which to practice, were all unusually fine and graceful skaters. There was a fine skating rink at the lower end of Main street, near the tone bridge, at the terminus of our first street railway line, which was the scene of many gay parties. Our first roller skating rink was in this vicinity, this with the ice rink were constructed by Captain Ephraim Whistler (Drue Fawcett's great-uncle) to encourage travel on his street cars. I had learned to skate on rollers in the Culbertson home, on rubber parlor skates.

Croquet parties were popular in milder weather, when often the grounds were lighted with a locomotive headlight. Sometimes these ended in a watermelon feast.

Evening parties were more or less formal, when "a cold collation" was served; thin slices of cold boiled ham, tongue or turkey, sometimes, all three, chicken salad, pickles, and cold buttered biscuits, with the addition of hot coffee, which, as the guests stood around the walls of the dining room, with plate in hand, required great dexterity in handling. This was followed by ice cream and cake, and at a young peoples' party, by "candy kisses", with a love couplet wrapped in each one, and heart-shaped mottos as they were called, each bearing a tender sentiment which was handed, bashfully, by the young swain to the maiden then in special favor.

Usually during the season there were a few grand parties, with two or even three hundred guests, where all who could, wore strictly evening dress, and others were just as happy in their Sunday best, or the best black silk, made to look festive by a breast knot and hair ornament of artificial flowers, and, always, white kid gloves. Some few had a hairdresser come from Louisville to dress their hair. At these grand parties the supper of several courses was ordered from a Louisville caterer, and served by him. Oysters, fried and in stew, salads, cold meats and accompaniments, followed by several kinds of ices and sweets.

There were many handsome drawing rooms or parlors where these parties were held, some of which made no special impression on me, but two or three I specially remember, because I thought them beautiful.

I have been reading Mr. Peake's interesting story of home decoration as he remembers it in the days of his youth, and as reminded of the artistic creations that were in vogue some years before the time to which he refers, when baskets woven of crystal beads and filled with dried grasses were suspended from chandeliers, to be replaced later by "air castles" ingeniously constructed of hog bristles and bits of red flannel. Wall pockets for newspapers were made of wire from discarded hoop-skirts, painted a lively green.

But I prefer to recall the dignified drawing rooms and the comfortable double parlors of an earlier period, with their large-patterned velvet carpets, their tall windows draped with silk and lace, their mid-Victorian furniture and mantel mirrors and pier glasses with ornate gold frames, reflecting and repeating the beauty of the rooms.

Two such drawing rooms I particularly remember. One in the home of Mr. John C. Culbertson on Bank street – a well-built house with beautifully proportioned rooms. The drawing room was about thirty by seventeen feet. There were three wide windows in this room draped with crimson silk over "real" lace, hanging from brass cornices. The walls were papered with a chaste pattern in white and gold – the woodwork finished in white "steamboat" paint. A rich velvet carpet covered the floor. The graceful chandeliers were of brass and crystal. Over the square piano that stood between the two doors opening into the central hall, hung a large painting of the Roman Forum which was one of many fine paintings brought by Mr. Culbertson from Europe. It was said to have hung in the Tuileries during the French Revolution, and its beautiful surface was marred by a sword thrust received during that reign of terror.

In the library across the wide hall, there were other choice paintings. There [was] some beautiful pieces of furniture that would have delighted the soul of antique hunters. One piece was a small cottage "melodeon" for the use of the children. In one corner of this room was a unique arrangement of tobacco pipes from many countries, among them a Narghila. There are other interesting [things] I might tell about this home.

Another beautiful room was in the home of Mr. J. K. Woodward on West First street. The lovely things in this room that caught my childish fancy, were the delicate, misty lace curtains at the windows, the magnificent white velvet carpet with a pattern of green ferns, and the beautiful statuary, not Roger's Groups, but really good pieces brought by the family from Italy.

And I must mention the library of Hon. M. C. Kerr in their home on upper Main street. The walls of this room were covered from floor to ceiling with books. I believe this was said to be at that time the finest library in the state. Of the many attractive rooms I might mention, these are the ones that made the most lasting impression on my youthful mind.

Musical entertainments of various kinds were always popular. New Albany was always fortunate in having good musicians, and a music-loving people who encouraged musical effort. Mr. Anderson employed as teachers of music in his school several fine musicians. In the fifties and early sixties New Albany had a Handel and Hayden Musical Society, who devoted their time to the study and rendering of Oratorios. I think Mr. Nutting was the director. Mr. Nutting organized

and directed the Silver Band, which under his leadership took first prizes at Boston and New Orleans.

My older brothers and sisters were members of the Handel and Hayden Society. The younger members of the family were members of the Choral Union, which numbered from sixty to one hundred singers, which owned its own piano, and had a library of good music, specializing in Opera Choruses. Mr. J. F. Gebhart and Mr. A. N. Siegfried were directors of this society. Mr. Siegfried was at that time manager of the Louisville Courier-Journal and organist at the Third Presbyterian Church. Later had an organ in Louisville [College St. Presbyterian Church]. Miss Hattie Scribner was the popular accompanist thro all these years. The Choral always gave two concerts during the winter, which were social events, given in the Opera House. This old theater was opened about 1867, with a week of Italian opera. Here we heard later, Carlotta Patti, sister of Adelina, Adelaide Phillips, and The Boston Philharmonic Society. The Cantata of Esther was given by local talent several times, and always to crowded houses. The first time, under the direction of Mr. Nutting, two or three times, by Mr. J. F. Gebhart, and the last time under the direction of his son, Ridgway Gebhart. Mr. Henry Merker, who had a beautiful tenor voice, impersonated Mordecai on at least four of these occasions. The queens – the Esthers whom I can remember were Charlotte Burnett, Kate Luse, Jennie Hedden and Kittie Clokey.

Of course, much of our time was spent in school. My first experience was at Mrs. Kerr's school on Pearl street, in Mrs. Kerr's home which was just north of the Elsby building. I was five years old when I started to school, and was, with the other children under the care of Miss Jennie Murray, who taught the smallest children in a small building in the yard, apart from the others.

Miss Jennie was very kind to us, and won our love and admiration. A little later, we were sent to school to Miss Carney, a lady from Maryland, who had her school in the basement of Centenary church. I think she must have been an unusually good teacher. We sang action songs, with all appropriate gestures; studied spelling from small dictionaries, and were required to define words as we spelled them. One form of punishment for small misdemeanors was to have to write a certain number of words, with definitions, from our dictionaries. With this, she encouraged us to bear one another's burdens. When we thought the penalty a little severe, we generously offered to bear a part of the burden, by writing some words for the little sinner, who, if popular, sometimes escaped with very light punishment. The morning session was opened with a worship period in one of the class rooms, and on Monday morning each child was expected to recite the text of the sermon heard the day before.

Professor O. V. Tousley was for some time a very popular schoolmaster, teaching during his first residence in New Albany in

Scribner High School, and during the second period, in the old building at Seventh and Elm which once housed the Theological Seminary. He had a reputation for severity, but I am sure that only those who deserved such treatment received it. I remember him as a very courteous and kindly gentleman, and have always been glad that I had a year under his tuition.

Some of my schoolmates were Caddie Bragdon, Mamie Fitch, Bettie McMahon, Mary Cardwell, Anna Cardwell, and their brother John, Emma Culbertson, Jennie Howk, Charlotte Devol, my sisters, Hattie and Nannie and my brother Charlie; Jim and Charlie Hubbert, Sam Kerr, Joe and Charlie Culbertson, Frank and Lew Mann and others.

I began Latin with Mr. Tousley, and enjoyed that and our Well's Science of Common Things, an elementary Nature book, which he made very interesting. Of the earlier years of his stay here, I know only by hearsay. I have heard stories of his cruelty and unkindness, which still persist when his name is mentioned, but I think these must have been exaggerations, for I never saw anything of that kind, and when I remember the enthusiastic welcome he received later from his old pupils and his many friends, when, having been invited by them to visit New Albany, he was met at the train by a large, and eager group of his pupils, as a formal Committee of Reception, and was handsomely entertained by old friends, and was given a banquet when he was lovingly lauded and toasted, I am inclined to think that those unpleasant stories were false.

New Albany always had a reputation for having good Schools. The New Albany Theological Seminary had its own building with class and recitation rooms and dormitories, which was erected by the generosity of Elias Ayers, at the corner of Seventh and Elm. This building was later occupied by a "Female Seminary" which was, I think, under the care of a Mr. Spencer, where my sister Eliza, the Scovel girls and the Shields girls, and Emily Browning Lynd finished school. This group were editors of a school paper "The Megaletheum". There was also the John B. Anderson school for girls and one for boys, both having high reputation, and drawing pupils from East and South.

The Anderson school was thought to be an exceptionally fine one, and I have heard that there were boarding pupils there from the east and south. Much has been written about this school. Your Aunt Hattie Scribner and cousin Nannie Rogers graduated from the Anderson school. My sister Eliza was a graduate of the Spencer school, as was Emily Browning (Staughton Lynd's mother), also the Scovel sisters, Harriet (Mrs. Alling), Hannah (Mrs. Muzzy), Kitty (Mrs. Thompson or Tompkins), the Shields sisters, Kate, Cornelia, Joanna. I have omitted Sallie Scovel, who became the wife of Edward Shields, a Presbyterian minister. Anna Shields, Isabelle Scovel and Kittie Atterbury were classmates of your mother at the Potter school. The graduating class of the Spencer school of which the above-named pupils were members, issued a class paper called "The Megaletheum" as I remember it. I remember nothing of the

Theological Seminary, but remember Dr. McMasters and Dr. Sylvester Scovel's names mentioned as professors. Dr. Charles Shields, son of Mr. James Shields, who was later a professor in the Theological School at Princeton, New Jersey, and Edward Shields, sons of Henry and Joanna (Aunt Joanna] Shields were graduates of this Seminary.

I have not been able to fix the date when the buildings which housed our larger private schools, as well as the four Public School buildings, Main Street, Fourth Street, and the two school buildings on west Market and west Spring were turned over to the government for hospitals for wounded soldiers. But I do remember visiting these hospitals. The one at 7th and Elm was in charge of Dr. Samuel Reid, who came here from Salem, Indiana, and one of his assistants was Dr. Edward Crosier. I have pleasant recollections of these two gentlemen, who treated with courtesy and kindness the group of little children, who on several Friday afternoons, accompanied by their school teacher, Miss Elizabeth Carney, visited this hospital, carrying baskets of apples and cookies for the soldiers. They were allowed to distribute them themselves, and to talk with the convalescents. Then they were lined up and sang their school songs, action songs and children's hymns.

I think Dr. Pleasant S. Shields had charge of the hospital at Main and Lafayette, once the Anderson school – later the Tabler House, and I think Dr. John Sloan was in charge of the one in a business block which stood where the Grand Theater now stands. Another stood where Prinz's bakery is now. This was the hospital I knew best, for it was back of our home, and we were often allowed to carry delicacies and reading matter to the sick. Our favorite was Colonel Hawley of Michigan. My mother was a member of the Christian Commission, which was a National organization, with the spirit of the Red Cross. We little girls had a sewing club called the "Busy Bees" and made comfort bags to send to soldiers in the field. These little bags contained needles, thread, pin-balls, buttons and a cake of toilet soap. The women were exceedingly busy, sewing, knitting, and preparing tempting food to supplement the government's provision. There were also boats on the river, used as hospitals. The town was full of blue-coats, and there was always some one on the alert to do them a kindness. One Sunday, our little four-year-old, Charlie, wandered out to the front yard while the rest of the family were lingering at the dinner table. He came running back, crying "I want something for two soldiers who are sitting on the kerb stone. Mamma gave him a lemon pie (and I tell you I know it was good] and plates for them. Some time later he received from them a little book, and on the fly-leaf was written "For the little boy who gave two wounded soldiers a lemon pie, with the gratitude of two Michigan Soldiers."

Mr. Lincoln was loved and revered in our home. One of my most cherished possessions was a framed engraving of him with his son Tad that hung in my room. I had the privilege of visiting his tomb in Springfield when I was eleven years old, and there I picked up and

brought to my sister Mary, an oak leaf the exact shape of a Maltese cross.

The four Public School buildings used as hospitals were vacated by the government in August 1863 and were returned to the school Board. The president of the school board at that time was Judge D. W. LaFollette.

I find I have not mentioned one of the older schools, Asbury Female Seminary, which was under the care of the Methodist Conference. The school's building was where the DePauw Apartments now stand. In my girlhood Dr. Rowley was president of this institution, a boarding school. I attended this school three months and was graduated there in 1872. My teachers were Dr. Rowley, English, Moral Science; Miss Macauly, Botany and Physics. I had been four years at Morse Academy, at the corner of Eleventh and Market, where is now St. Paul's church, and my proficiency in other required studies was taken for granted, and I had two periods a day in the above naked branches.

Professor Samuel Morse was a graduate of a New England College – Dartmouth, I think, as was also Professor John Gilley Fales. Mr. Morse later filled the "S. C. Day chair of mathematics" at Hanover College. Professor Fales, a chair at Centre College at Danville, Kentucky, Professor Paul Mosemiller taught German and French, Miss Zella Ried (of Salem) the primary classes, and Miss Rella Barth, a graduate of Oswego NY Training School, conducted the kindergarten and taught "gymnastics". Miss Hattie Scribner taught piano.

Miss Amelia Woodford and a sister had a small school for young children in their home on Main Street above Eleventh.

There were many pleasant neighborhoods – ours was Bank, the quiet street, shaded with forest trees, was a pleasant place to live, and there were many comfortable homes. Our immediate neighbor on the south was one of favorites, as children. We called it the vacant lot, into it was occupied by a stonecutter's shed, and we loved to watch the fascinating work of the men with their chisels. Sometimes they gave us a bit of stone and some chisels, and we were happy. In the corners of this lot grew the Jimpson weeds whose blossoms we used for blowing bubbles. Just beyond was the long low house – four tenements, in the nearest of which lived the owner "Grandma Akin" as the children lovingly called her. The walk in front of the house was irregularly paved with broad flag-stones, a treacherous walk in winter or in rainy weather. Mr. Jacob Murphy lived on the northwest corner of Bank and Spring. On the north-east corner stood the large white brick house built by Henry B. Shields who married my father's sister, Joanna. Mr. Edward Mann lived there for a time when he first came to New Albany. Later, it was bought and occupied by Dr. Elijah Newland. Still later it became the High School, and the ground is now held by Carnegie Library. There was a beautiful weeping willow in the side yard. The house still standing back of the library, on Bank street, was always inhabited by families who were

not neighborly. Next came the house built for Madame Culbertson by her sons John and William. Later Mr. James Sprowle and his family lived there. Mr. Sprowle was an elder in our church. Next was and is, the large brick house, the home of Mr. John Culbertson, his wife, who was Mary Bicknell, a sister of Judge George Bicknell, and their children, Emma Valeria Pintard Bicknell, Florence and George. Mrs. Culbertson was queenly, had a coloratura soprano voice (highly cultivated) and was an exceptionally fine housekeeper.

In my childhood Mr. John E. Crane lived in the next house, and in the other side of the double tenement, lived Mrs. Dunn and her family, with her brother, Mr. W. H. McKnight, who was proprietor of a large wholesale carpet house on the corner of Pearl and Main, in partnership with Mr. Hiram Webber. Later Mr. McKnight was in the same business in Louisville.

In the absence of the Culbertsons in Europe, Dr. and Mrs. Browning, with their daughter, Emily, later Mrs. Lynd, occupied the house, and on later occasions, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Vance, with Carrie and Arthur and Colonel and Mrs. B. O. Carr, with their children Mamie and George, and Mrs. Carr's sister Hattie Pratt. Mrs. Carr's father was interested in the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. In the late nineties Mrs. Carr wrote a book – "The Big Four" - a story, interesting and dramatic, of the exciting days of the building of that road.

Milton Gregg's family were neighbors, and Judge John S. Davis lived in the brick house on the corner of Bank and Elm. My brother James M. Day, the Joseph Cadwalladers, the Claggets, the Morris McDonalds and Captain Ephraim Fawcett families lived on the next block.

Captain John B. Ford, then owner of the glass works, lived on the corner of Elm and Pearl, and next-south - Mr. William S. Culbertson, Mrs. Eliza Vance Culbertson, and their daughter, Julia, died in this house.

In the early sixties Bank street was an attractive neighborhood, quiet and retired, but enlivened mornings and evenings by the passing of the busses and express wagons going from the depot of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railroad, sometimes called The Long Narrow, Awkward and Crooked, to the ferry boats that landed at Portland, and proceeded to Louisville. There were hogs and cows to be seen upon the streets, but as that was the case in most small towns, this condition was accepted, and the careful householder made the best of it, and kept the street in front of his home in order. The streets were lighted with gas jets on iron standards, and children watched eagerly for the coming of the lamplighter, jogging along in a little trot, like Trotty Veck, carrying his short ladder and torch.

Few seem to remember the Baptist church, a low brick building on the corner of Bank and Spring. "Grandma Schellers", a member of Centenary church, a devout and shouting Methodist, lived across the

street. Mr. R. G. McCord lived on the west side of this block (where the Foreman home is now) and on the corner of this lot was a small two-roomed brick house, the study of the pastor of the First Presbyterian church. The large brick on the corner of Spring and Third was built by Mr. Thomas Danforth. The large white brick on the corner of Spring and Seventh, where St. Edwards Hospital stands was built by Mr. Charles Shipman, as was the house afterward occupied by Mr. R. G. McCord. The large house on Thirteenth and Market was built by Mr. John E. Crane, (later the home of my sister Eliza Riely and her family; she died there.) The YMI was built by William Arthur Culbertson, son of William Stewart... and was later the home of John F. Gebhart. The house now occupied by Mr. Frank Baker was built by Mr. Jesse J. Brown. Mr. John McDonald's home was built by W. S. Culbertson, and the next house for his son Samuel Vance Culbertson. The Klerner home built by Phineas Kent, and his brother, Bela Kent, I think built the house on the northwest corner of Tenth and Main. I remember hearing that he built a house on Dewey street. I think it was on the southeast corner of Dewey and Fifteenth, while his brother, Horace Kent, built the one at Tenth and Main, and that they exchanged property. My first recollection of the Bela Kent family was when they were living on Elm above Fifth. The Barth home on the northeast corner of Main and Tenth, which has been called the Cromie house was built by a Mr. Pepin, who moved with his family to Washington D.C. The house on the northeast corner of Twelfth and Main was at one time occupied as a manse by the pastor of the first Presbyterian church, Dr. Robert Breck, who resigned his charge at the beginning of the Civil War, because he was in sympathy with the secessionists. Later Mr. Hiram Webber of the firm of McKnight and Webber lived there.

The building on the southeast corner of Pearl and Main was put up by Elias Ayers about 1821. The dormer windows have been removed, and some changes have been made in the front, but the old "tied chimneys" remain, that mark that period. The lower floors were used for the general merchandise business, carried on by Mr. Ayers. He had formerly been in the silverware and jewelry business in Louisville, in partnership with Mr. Beard, and their firm name marks the "Wheat" spoons that I have inherited from him thro my father, who was his nephew. He took my father into his store, when he, my father was fourteen years of age, and afterward into partnership with him and Mr. David Hedden – the firm name being "Ayers, Hedden and Day".

Our old home on Bank street was bought by my father in an unfinished condition in the Spring of 1853, from Mr. John Crawford, Builder. An interesting bit of history is that Mr. Crawford built three similar houses, lived in each for a short time, and sold them, each home was occupied in time by a family named Day.

Mrs. Kate Wade is still living in the house that Major Isaac Smith built at least seventy-five years ago. The house next above was the home

of Mrs. Anna Fitch and her son-in-law, Captain Joshua Bragdon and family.

There are some interesting things about the old First Church which should be remembered. The Scribner family being musical, naturally fostered the use of good music in the church and her musical standard has always been high. Some one of the Scribner family served as director of the choir of the church for [???]

The church building nor the Lecture room was ever used for any money-making project (I feel sure this is correct) until about 1874 when the women of the church gave a "Mush and Milk" supper. The menu was mush served with milk or butter, or cream if desired, coffee, and for desert, popcorn and cream, cake and coffee. It was a great success socially. I do not remember as to the financial success. There was always until recent years, a Sewing Society, under that name or another, in connection with the church, sometimes sewing for money sometimes for the poor, or for some city-charitable project. Much of the activity of the members, both men and women, were connected with the church mission on Main street below Seventh. The first superintendent of this school was Mr. A. W. Bently, followed by James J. Day, James Riely, W. H. Sage, and finally J. F. Gebhart. Sometimes, especially near Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Fourth of July, our attendance reached 500, with a corps of from twenty to thirty faithful teachers, in preparation for the entertainment of the children, by tableaux and concerts, Thanksgiving and Christmas treats, Christmas trees, and picnics.

There was much time spent by the teachers, in visiting the poor and sick, and in meetings for the repair and making of clothing for the needy, and there were many of them. The church had a permanent shoe fund, and teacher's orders for shoes for needy families were always honored at the shoe store of Captain Welman. There were no money-making enterprises until the need of a new building became apparent, and as the church could not finance this, Mr. Gebhart assumed the responsibility, and by fairs and dinners put on by the teachers, by concerts, and a notably successful performance of "The Cantata of Queen Esther", and with the assistance of some of Mr. Gebhart's business friends, the new building became a reality. In visiting some of the churches of our city I find among their active and prominent membership, some of our mission's former pupils.

The first "Infant Class" in the church Sunday School was organized by Miss Hattie Scribner, and James M. Day, I think about 1858. I was a member of this class later.

One interesting fact is that Thomas Toney and Joel Scribner were the first elders chosen by the new church in 1816.

You want the names of the Scovel family: Dr. Sylvester Scovel and Hannah, his wife, lived I think in Hanover where he had some connection with Hanover College or the Theological Seminary. I think he died in

Hanover. His wife and family came to New Albany, were members of the First Presbyterian Church, and lived in the house on East Third street, second house from the south-east corner of Third and Spring, where Dr. Bowman afterward lived, and where he, his wife, George Butler, and Miss Nellie, their daughter, died.

Henry was I think, the eldest son of the Scovels. I do not know anything about him. Sylvester Fithian was next, I think. He became a Presbyterian minister, whose first charge was in Jeffersonville. He was later the President of Wooster University, Ohio. Sarah, or Sallie, as she was always called, married the Rev. Dr. Edward P. Shields, son of Henry B. and Joanna Day Shields. Harriet married Charles Alling of Madison, Ind. Fithian married Caroline Woodruff. Hannah married Daniel Muzzy or Muzzie of Springfield, Ohio. Catherine – Kitty, married Thompson of Ohio, and Isabelle Nesbit married – Barnett, a sugar-planter and owner of refineries in St. Mary's Parish, Louisiana. Robert was unmarried when the family left New Albany to live in Springfield, Ohio. He afterward lived in Chicago.

As I write, memories throng – trifling incidents and pictures of members of the family at special times and in interesting and sometimes ludicrous attitudes. To quote Cousin Nannie, "Many and beautiful are the pictures that hang on Memory's walls".

I see my new sister-in-law, Susan Virginia, whom we called Jennie, as she looked when she, a bride of a few weeks, was "paying her bridal calls", to use the old phraseology. She was barely seventeen, and very fair. She wore a Mazarine blue silk dress, trimmed, as I remember with black velvet ribbon, a black velvet cloak, and a small bonnet of uncut velvet, the same shade as her dress, and trimmed on one side with a white marabou plume.

And I see my sister, Mary, at a later day, standing in the wide front door, dressed for visiting. Over her full merino skirt of dark blue, she wore a loose, short, wooly white coat, with pearl buttons like dinner plates, and on her head a small black velvet bonnet, with a velvety pink rose resting on her rich dark hair.

I see her later, in her wedding gown of white tulle, her long, full tulle veil sweeping back from a wreath of orange blossoms, and standing beside her, the other Mary, my brother Ad's bride, married in her home in Cincinnati the day before, who was attired in an exact duplicate of your Mother's costume. One had to look closely to see whether the eyes were blue or brown, the hair fair or dark to tell "t'other from which", as Grandma Horner used to say. At the reception for these two brides there were present several other June brides – Mrs. Cornelia Warner Culbertson, Mrs. Marietta Ray Day, Mrs. Emma Woodward Welman, and Mrs. Mary Hill Haughhe.

I mentioned Grandma Horner. She was an acquaintance made thro business, and often came to the house when I was a child. She was a strong and interesting character of the old pioneer type. I do not

remember her very clearly, but I do remember her "riticule", as she called it – a black silk bag which always hung from her wrist. There was a seductive rattle about that black bag, which always lured me to her side. In it she carried her metal spectacle case, her thimble and some delicious ginger cookies, and these were for good children, of whom I was at the moment, one. She was the only one who called me Cassie.

I can see my brother, Jim, sitting at the kitchen table "dunking" or dipping as we called it, a big fat ginger cake in a glass of clear water, and making his midday meal on that. For the kitchen, usually a busy place at that hour, was quiet on that day. It was "Fast Day". No loaded table on that day. Those whose conscience would allow them, might find what they could to stay their hunger, and the small children had bread and milk, but no other provision was made. I think this must have been one of the days set aside by proclamation by President Lincoln, when the people were expected to fast and pray for the preservation of the Union. Services were held in the churches, and our family were usually there in their places.

I can see my brother Ad, standing – a slender college boy, on a flag-decorated platform in Hedden's Grove, reading the Declaration of Independence to the members of our Church and Sunday School assembled for their annual Fourth of July picnic.

I remember on that same day some of us slipped across the road to the Fair Grounds where the Germans were having a picnic, and attracted by the music stood outside the pavilion and watched the dancers whirling in a lively waltz.

And the many pictures of my brother Will – putting up Christmas trees, preparing Christmas and birthday surprises, building snowmen and snow houses, putting up curtains on the porch, and seats in the yard, for our "exhibitions", and coming home weary, sick and worn from his terrible experiences in the Civil war, dressed in his Captain's uniform of blue. Always an active figure in our family gatherings, putting on shadow pictures for the children, getting up fishing parties for the boys, and picnics and nutting parties for all. Taking us sleigh riding in winter, carriage riding behind a fine team of greys in summer, always thoughtful of everyone's comfort.

There were many interesting people who had a fascination for us when we were children. There was the scissor-grinder, who carried his machine on his back, and who always had a crowd of children around when he set his wheel in motion, and the sparks began to fly. Then that harbinger of Spring, the man with his hand-organ and monkey. And "Grandpa Garretson" who regularly brought butter and eggs, who loved children, and who often had lovely red apples buried in the straw in the floor of his covered wagon, and "finders were keepers", or who treated us to a ride, or to candy, or ice cream. I remember the prickliness of his cheek when he asked to be paid with a kiss. There were two or three people, pitiful "God's Fools" who wandered thro our streets. I do not

remember that they were ever mistreated, but we looked at them with interest and with awe.

I have said our home often sheltered relatives. My Father and Mother were married when she was seventeen, and he took her to his own home, a two-storied house, with porch across the front, upstairs and down, perhaps having only five or six rooms. It stood on Spring above Fifth, where Dr. Bence's office is, the third house above Fifth street. His Mother, somewhat of an invalid, lived with them, and had a young girl to wait on her, who went to school, whom my Mother had to look after and clothe. They were married October 5th, 1837. From that time until our cousin Emma was married in 1890, there was some one of the relatives living with them. The first was Nannie Rogers, Aunt Eliza's daughter, who came to them when she was six years old and lived with them as their daughter till she married Papa's nephew, Josiah Fairchild, who lived with them while clerking in my Father's store. Cousin Nannie was like a dear elder sister. Both Mary and Andrew Rogers lived with them for a time. Also John and Margaret McClung; Will, Mary Jane and Thaddeus Kelso; Mary Brownlee; Mary and Harriet Otwell; for a time Cornelia Shields, and for longer or shorter periods, other members of the families of brothers and sisters, most of them, however, remaining for the duration of the school year.

- Carrie Day Bowman