

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^r 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-