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Finley Letters

James B. Finley Letters

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1849

## Letter from Thomas Coke Wright to James B. Finley

Thomas Coke Wright

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Our Saviour when he ascended to glory in the Heavens  
left us something better than the cloak of Elijah - the hope  
of one day being with him in a glorious immortality!! &c

The foregoing extract is merely an average one. Some passages  
may be found better than this

I saw Richard W. Sale lately and  
he told me he had found some writing to you a letter from  
your brother John P. to his father; also a letter from Judge McLean  
to him on the subject of education. He thinks these letters might  
be of some use to you and if he can be informed when you  
will be in Roma what day he will meet you here and deliver  
them to you. He resides at present at his mother's

The pages I send

up have not been corrected nor printed but in

the those intended for the press that matter will be  
attended to I send them by Mr. A. E. Glenn  
a dealer of Columbus. I have no doubt but your  
book will sell well.quire Harris an intelligent  
book seller of this place says Murray will by and by

825  
Sharon as late as night  
July 49

read it on account of the nature of the contents while  
there are others again who will buy it on account  
of the other - but no doubt but it will do well  
I have much curiosity to see it myself

Wishing you health happiness & prosperity

Fremantle & Thomas Cooke Wright

Roma Greene County Ohio  
July 1849

Dear Uncle

Having a chance by private conveyance  
I send you a few pages of my sketches of Hamilton that you may  
see how I made my commitment. In copying what is here  
sent I inadvertently left out a paragraph which not being willing  
to lose I determined to copy it over again that is the reason I happen  
to have these sheets to send. This commitment will show  
you in what manner I have brought in collateral matters  
suggested by the subject and which can either be retained or left  
out just as circumstances may require. A more detailed statement  
of what he wanted to me would be tolerable dry as it was confined  
mostly to his business and pursuits. For instance he did not tell  
me any thing about Governor Tacon or his administration nor of  
the state of morals in Kalamazoo &c &c. All he told me was that he  
rented Tacon Theatre and what he did with it. When and where I  
learned what I have said about him and his government I know  
me more than the man in the moon. It was in my head &  
I put it down knowing I had learned it some where in the  
course of my reading and thought it a good place to introduce it.  
Neither did Hamilton give me any account or description of  
the town and facts &c which I knew about before.

I have read what  
is sent with this to one or two of my literary friends who seem  
to think it will read pretty well and be interesting

But his speech will be the great attraction and his letters  
must. In one of them he draws a picture of your own self  
and very correctly too. In one them I find the following in  
looking over them it stands me to find a quotation he gave you  
a specimen of his style. "But some doubt the immortality of the  
soul. And if the soul be not immortal then religion is but a  
splendid delusion. Men of great talents have devoted their lives to  
undermine this mighty structure upon which rests the future  
hopes of millions. Did they consider that they were seeking to break  
down that column which supports the pillars of humanity  
and which is the only hope of the poor, the unfortunate and the  
despised in this world. O tell me not when my body is reposing  
in the silent grave that I am doomed to a night of eternal darkness.  
For what purpose did Christ come into the world? For what purpose  
did he yield up his life on the cross? if there is no hope beyond the  
grave "Verily if in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all  
men most miserable" I have seen nature arrayed in her most  
beauteous robes wither and die. Yet I have beheld this scene  
renewed, the fair buds come forth and unfold in gorgeous flowers  
to the sun. The rose, the Lily, the moss rose, the tulip and all  
"the beauteous sisterhood of flowers" again decorate the hills and  
adorn the valleys. The song of the Linnet the Thrush and the lark  
the bubbling fountain and the gushing stream all proclaim the

the resurrection from the tomb of winter. I have seen  
the worm turn itself a serpent. For a while it lay in its  
silken case but at length it came forth transformed from  
a crawling worm to a beauteous butterfly in gorgeous robes to  
flourish abroad amongst the beauties of nature. Thus shall it be with  
the ~~man~~ man. They must be laid in the dust but there is a  
voice that can call thee into being again. At the sound  
of that voice thou shalt burst a sinner from the confinement of the  
tomb and come forth with renewed life to participate in the  
weal or woe of an ever ending eternity. There is something sad in  
the falling leaves. There is something melancholy in the reflection that  
nothing that is beauteous can escape the consuming hand of time.  
There is something awful in the thought of death. But there is a  
hope in a blessed immortality. Hope is the cordial of life. It commences  
with us in the morning of life existence and through our journey  
through life it scatters its flowers along our path. Human hopes are  
frequently doomed to bitter disappointment. But the hope of the  
Christian never fails and never will mislead us. One is a meteor  
which after leading us into many places and is extinguished on its hurried  
hordes, the other is like the pillar of light which guided the  
Hebrews through the pathless desert from the house of bondage  
and only left them when they had reached the promised land.  
The Christian's hope is a passion flower sprung from the blood of  
a Saviour and watered by his grace. Elijah as he ascended in  
his fiery chariot threw his prophetic mantle on his favourite disciple