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James B. Finley Letters

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Letter from William M. Finley to James B. Finley

William M. Finley

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if you come out in the Spring Land at Churchhill, or Keshua

Rev. James B. Funder
Eaton Free County
Chas

Wm. W. Funder
Jan 1850

Write me a long letter - I am not well down yet - but, I have never felt of before. I suppose - you are good in a way strong & you have not forgot

Bloomfield Davis Co Iowa
Jan. 1st. 1850

Dear Uncle:

I take the present moment to reply to your letter, which came to hand a few weeks ago, "Old Time" is still pressing on and I find myself this day at home with my family; my wife is putting on the lid kettle, to fix up some dinner for us to fill up on; I wish you could be here to partake of our hog & hominy, and also discourse to us to night, we had a good sermon to day from a Cambridge Brewsterman, on the atonement. - "I have to stop my Epistol till after dinner" - This new year finds us in the enjoyment of plenty we have five bushels of corn meal, and a thousand weight of flour, 2 barrels of meat, plenty of wood corded up at the door, hay in the mow and corn in the shed, and astonishing to relate my son J B Funder has mounted on the rocking chair with stick in hand and commenced rocking to go on ride to Ohio to see his uncal games, my daughter Anna Martha has just come home from an errand and crying with the cold, "for this old fashioned cold" my wife is punching the fire to make it burn, to throw out some spare ribs, and you know this time of the year people have "sorengus" we do not asper to fine thing in this country such as apples cider or fine houses,

I have been lame for 2 months, and was one
boot and over shoe, I thought I would take a ride
on his horse my horse in my Buggy got the children
in and the horse started to run away, and begin to
kicking from the rear, I kept the children out of
the way with one hand and held on the lines
with the other, and so he went kicking and running
but the hole town got after us and finally stopped
him, the children was not hurt, but I come
off with my legs. bruised up and badly mangled
and so by the blessing of heaven we are spared
to see this year 1850, I am now practicing
medicine and turning my money out at 25-
p. sent per annum I have bought and sold a
great many Land Warrants, I have bought
some for 403⁰⁰ and sold them on the Land
for 24000 by valuing a year; when spring
opens I may in all probability commence selling
Goods again, John P. Lundy is practicing here
and is well liked, that letter I rec'd and procured
some getting, John said that he had written
to you and you would not answer it, I supposed
you made a mistake, taking it for mine, well
said he never always think more of Bill
than him, Elizabeth has gone to Arden or
little Rock, ^{Hutch} went away in my debt 1000
hundred dollars and I could not get it without
going and attaching property, I wish that all the

Been been in Toadon when it was sunk
the ^{alt} ~~hole~~ of the Huts is the deavels own Children
and I hope they will go to their Master, Amen!!
"Amen!!!" I want them to go for I am not want
to meet them in heaven, I believe in the 2nd doctrine
that the Devil has his People, and the Lord
his, we will drop the subject of theology.

Ant. Hawath Hough and family is living about
30 miles from this place I intended to go
and see them but my lameness prevented me
but will soon as I can ride, Mother is
getting better satisfied to stay in Iowa but
she has a grand Child by the name of Belle
big fat Girl and she will lift and carry
her around like a baby, old people gets
childish You was saying in your letter that
we write Expect you out in the spring, I
will make no calculation on it. if you come
we will see you, I suppose But you have
been coming so long!!!! I left to myself
about John Brooks idea of this Country, but
men I have many notions concerning matters
and things, I hope you may come and if
you do write to us so we may look out for
you; you will find many old friends to meet
you I suppose that Ant. still sweeps
yet and cleans the corner, Well Come in the
spring and if ^{you} do not come then you will
never come, but do not slide past
Wm. A. Hough