

1-1-1850

## Letter from William M. Finley to James B. Finley

William M. Finley

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### Recommended Citation

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

Ed

Rev. James B. Funder  
Eaton Public County

Chas

W. H. Funder  
Jan 1850



Write me a long letter - I am not half done yet - but, I have run out of paper I suppose - you are good in a few things if you have not forgot

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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 Cumberland Presbyterian, 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 5 hundred 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 uncles games, my daughter Ana Martha has just come home from an errand and crying with the cold, "for tis 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 aspire to fine things in this country such as apples cider or pine cones

I have been lame for 2 months, and was one  
boot and over shoe, I thought I would take a ride  
on hitched 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-  
per cent profit, I have bought and sold a  
great many Land Warrants, I have bought  
some for 4000 and sold them on the land  
for 2400 by valuing a year; when spring  
opens I may in all probability commence selling  
Goods again, John P. Tully 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 would always think more of Bill  
than him, Elizabeth has gone to Arden or  
little Rock, <sup>Hutch</sup> 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 <sup>call</sup> job of the Halls is the deavils 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 rock  
that the Deavil has his People, and the Lord  
his, we will drop the subject of theology.

Ante 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 I supposed 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 laugh 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 also the corner, Well Come in the  
Spring and if <sup>you</sup> do not come then you will  
never come, but do not still part  
Wm. H. Hough